

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons
2nd Edition

GREYHAWK® ADVENTURES



Greyhawk: Folk, Feuds, and Factions

The good, the bad, and the in-between: People who make the city what it is

Introduction

Greyhawk: Folk, Feuds, and Factions details life in the Free City; politics, trade, society, law, the learned and cultured, the low and shady, the entertainments and festivals and sights of the city.

A very large number of NPCs are detailed herein, for the character of the city is reflected in, and made up of, the people who live within it. The detailing of NPCs varies slightly, but all important NPCs are described by the following characteristics, given in this order:

Armor Class (AC)—almost always followed (in parentheses) by a description of the armor, ability (high Dexterity), and equipment the character possesses that account for the given AC. When two numbers are given, separated by a slash, the second number applies when the NPC is using all of the equipment at his disposal. For example, Vesparian Lafanel (Chapter 5) is described as having "AC 2/0 (*bracers of defense* AC 5 and *Dex 17; boots of speed*)." This means that when he is stationary, his *bracers* (coupled with his 17 Dexterity) give him AC 2; when he is moving (taking advantage of the *boots*), his AC is improved two more places to 0.

Movement (MV)—normal movement rate, given in tens of yards per round outdoors, tens of feet per round indoors.

Class and Level—a one- or two-letter abbreviation for class, followed by a number for level. Designations for multiclassed characters or humans with two classes are separated by a slash.

Hit Points (hp)—the standard AD&D® game designation.

THACO—acronym for "To Hit Armor Class 0," indicating the minimum attack roll (1d20) needed for that character to score a hit on an opponent with Armor Class 0. The entry includes adjustments for Strength and Dexterity (when they apply), but does *not* include adjustments for the use of a magical weapon. If two numbers are separated by a slash, the first is for melee combat (when a Strength bonus or penalty applies) and the second is for missile combat (when high or low Dexterity is relevant). To calculate the "to hit" number for an attacker against a different Armor Class, simply

subtract or add. For example, an NPC with a THACO of 12 hits AC 6 on a roll of 6 or better ($12 - 6 = 6$), and needs a 15 to hit AC -3 ($12 + 3 = 15$).

Number of Attacks (#AT)—the normal number of attacks the character can make per round, not adjusted for extraordinary circumstances (hasted or slowed) or for the use of a weapon (a *scimitar of speed*, for example) that causes this figure to be changed.

Damage per Attack (Dmg)—usually given as the standard damage figure (versus size M opponents) for the NPC's preferred weapon(s), and augmented by bonuses for magic or high Strength when applicable. The character is, of course, always proficient in the use of the weapon(s) mentioned, and may have other weapon proficiencies at the DM's discretion.

Ability Scores—given for every human or demihuman NPC, listing even those scores that are not remarkably high or low, as an aid to the DM in role-playing the character.

Special Attacks (SA) and Special Defenses (SD)—given when they apply (innate or class-related ability, special magical item, etc.) These categories do not encompass spellcasting ability, which is listed separately.

Alignment—the standard one- or two-letter abbreviation. A second abbreviation in parentheses indicates an occasional tendency toward that alignment.

Thieving skills—determined according to the AD&D® 2nd Edition game rules; adjusted for race and Dexterity, but not for armor.

Spells—listed by the number of each level that the character can cast each day. If a priest's high Wisdom increases the number of spells available to the character, this fact is incorporated in the entry. For some NPCs, a listing of spells typically memorized is given. These NPCs are usually ones who may be met in combat situations, or ones who are given exceptional detailing for a certain reason. In other cases, the DM can determine specific spells as desired, and of course the suggested spell listings given may be altered—the listings provided are merely given to save time for the DM.

Magical items—a complete listing (when applicable), including all items mentioned in the other parts of the description. The number of charges (doses, applications, etc.) is left to the DM.

Following these basic details are simple physical details of the NPC—height, weight, age, appearance, typical attire. Some NPCs are given two ages, the second in parentheses. The first number is the chronological (actual) age of the NPC; the second is the character's apparent age (the one which will be assumed by an observer without special knowledge or some sort of magical aid). In such cases, the NPC has undergone some magical change (usually through the consumption of a *potion of longevity* or *elixir of youth*) which has caused this discrepancy.

Further detailing of the NPC gives information on his or her personality, likes and dislikes, quirks, and so on. Where the NPC can be found is cited, together with (in most cases) notes on how the NPC might interact with PCs adventuring in Greyhawk. Some few NPCs have been left undetailed in this regard, however—as an example, the supremely powerful Archmages and others of the Circle of Eight need very careful consideration by the DM before PCs meet them in many cases. Mordenkainen and Bigby, for example, live hundreds of miles from Greyhawk, although they have a keen interest in what transpires there, and PCs may only interact with them indirectly. But even these distant heroes have friends and agents within the Free City, and who is to say how their schemes may not mesh with those of even humble 1st-level adventurers?

Because dozens of NPCs are detailed in this book, page 96 provides an index for the main entries of NPCs. Many of them know each other (and cross-references are given in the text), so it will be helpful to know which page contains the detailing for each major NPC. By the way, the term "NPC" should not be taken too strictly. The list includes some entities who are not characters *per se*—but this is for you to find out in the pages yet unread.

Chapter 1: Economics and Politics

The Free City of Greyhawk occupies a pivotal position within the lands of the Flanaess, since it is the major port along the southern shore of the Nyr Dyv. Northeast from this great lake, the Artonsamay River and its tributary the Yol give rapid access to the Bandit Kingdoms, the Duchy of Tenh, and the Theocracy of the Pale. The eastern and southeastern shores are the lands of the County and Duchy of Urnst, and by land or along the Franz River a brisk trade with great Nyrond flourishes. To the northwest, the mighty Velverdyva runs through Furyondy into Veluna, and on as far as Perrenland. Greyhawk stands on the Selintan River, which flows south into Woolly Bay and on to the Azure Sea, so that river and sea trade extends to all the major lands of the south. By river and by sea, many cargoes destined for almost all known lands pass through Greyhawk.

Major trade routes and economic relationships include the following, although

of course not all of this traffic is conducted year round (because of weather, growing seasons, and other limiting factors):

From spots within Veluna and as far away as Highfolk, rare bronzewood and hornwood is shipped, with smaller amounts imported from the Vesve Forest. These superb hardwoods are sought in almost all lands.

Nyrond exports much food—staples, including grains and the kara fruit of the Celadon forest—westward to the Ulek lands (the southern trade to the Iron League lands passes down the Nesser and Duntide rivers).

Veluna and Furyondy both export textile goods to the southern lands.

From Onnwal and Idee come pearls, and also rare spices and ivory which Iron League merchants ship in from Hepmonaland (this trade is also quietly expanded by the Scarlet Brotherhood, although the origin of their exported spices is usually concealed).

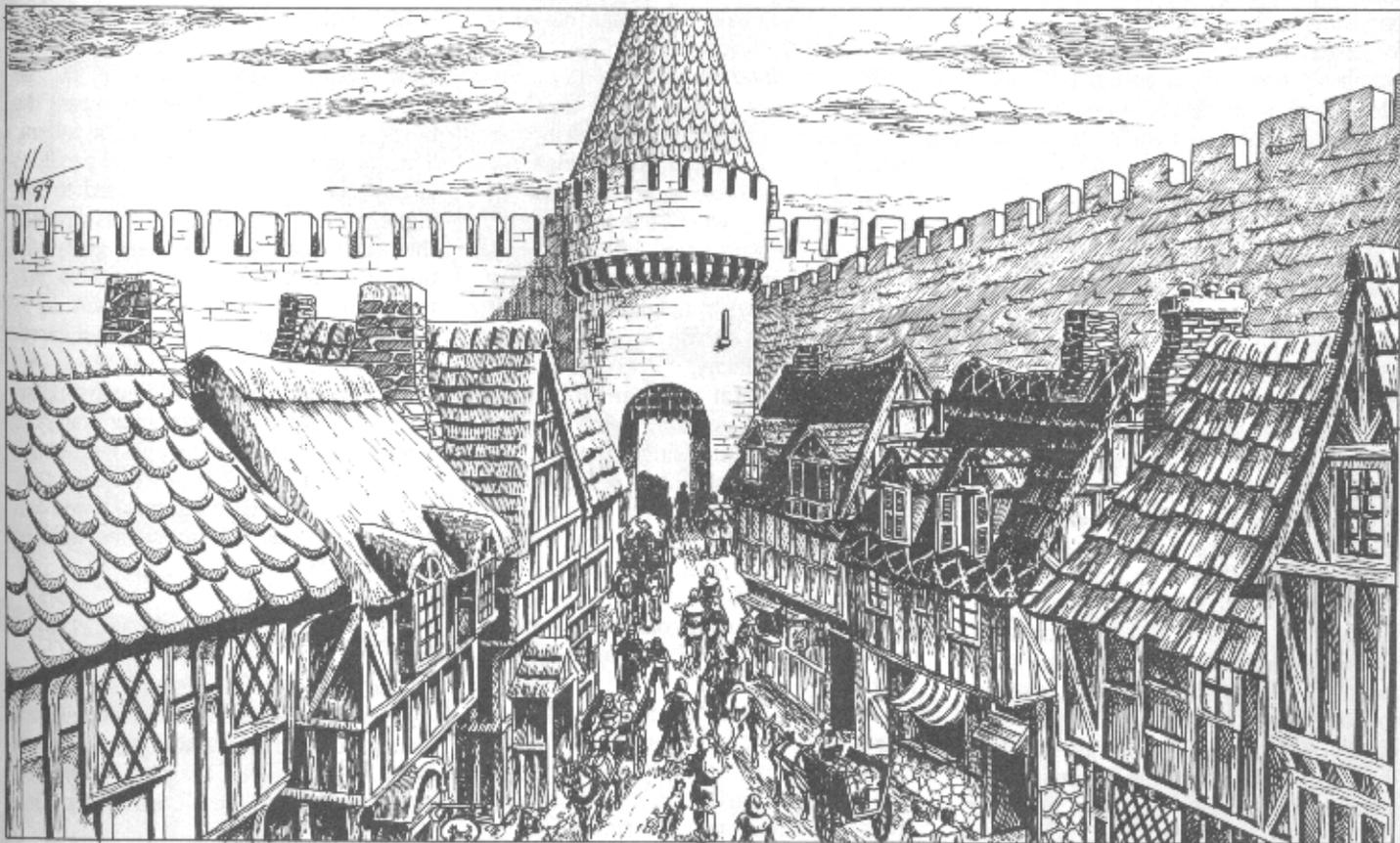
Very high-grade platinum is brought from the Duchy of Urnst for the manufacture of coin in Veluna, Furyondy, and even as far away as Keoland and the Yeomanry.

Celene's magnificent nectarwine and other rare liquors from that area are brought by land or river to Greyhawk, where many merchants eagerly seek to purchase them.

Rarer goods seen in Greyhawk include furs from the far north, and the strong-flavored, herb-streaked and smoked cheeses of Ket and Perrenland.

The superbly crafted weapons made in the Bandit Kingdoms—mostly shipped from Stoink—are widely sought after, although this trade is often covert and surreptitious. It is also certain that the Horned Society sends goods (foodstuffs and cloths) to Greyhawk via Stoink, and thus benefits from Greyhawk trade.

Greyhawk also trades in mercenaries in some sense; it is a natural place for





those seeking gainful employment to look for patrons, be they from the Iron League, an independent city in the ravaged lands of the Wild Coast, or desperate men planning a further attempt to retake the Shield Lands from the bandits and servants of the Hierarchs who now occupy them.

Greyhawk itself has important sources of wealth. Greyhawk Castle still yields up treasures to intrepid adventurers, bringing money into the Free City and stimulating local business. The mines in the Cairn Hills claim the lives of no few miners, but the rewards are good—especially high-value gems, prized everywhere since their possession allows merchants and others to carry substantial funds without being weighed down by thousands of coins.

So, business and trade booms in Greyhawk, and the city is prosperous and wealthy. There is a snowball effect here: The wealthier a major trade city becomes, the lower the taxes on trade can become, so the more attractive a place for trade the city becomes also. Trade popularity and wealth go hand in hand. This has major implications for all aspects of Greyhawk life, notably for taxation.

Coinage and Taxes

Because of rising affluence in the city, the coinage system was reformed in 579 CY, and the old low-value iron and bronze pieces are no longer accepted coinage. Many of the old residents moan about the change, but there is no doubt the new coin system is simpler: 500 copper commons = 50 silver nobles = 10 electrum luckies = 5 gold orbs = 1 platinum plate. (For the sake of convenience and brevity in this book, currency designations are abbreviated as “sp,” “gp,” and so forth, where the “p” stands for “pieces.”)

The Free City has its own mint (location C7), where its own coin is manufactured (details of the City Mint may be found in Ch8 GoF). Greyhawk coinage circulates freely in all the lands that border the Nyr Dyv, but the reverse is not always true. While “foreign” coinage

may be accepted (and the coin of such lands as Veluna, Furyondy, and Urnst often is), Greyhawk merchants will often direct people using such coin to the Guild of Moneychangers and Pawnbrokers (location F4), where it can be exchanged for the coinage of Greyhawk. Details of this guild and its conversion rates are found in Chapter 4 and in Ch10 GoF.

Taxes in Greyhawk are fairly low, and the rulers have curried favor with the people by imposing them mostly on trade which is passing through the city. The major taxes are these:

Ship Tax: Any vessel berthing in Greyhawk must pay a sum of between 3 sp and 5 gp per day (or part thereof), depending on the size of the craft; a river barge would pay the smallest fee, a large cog able to sail the Nyr Dyv or an ocean would pay the highest amount.

Cargo Tax: Imported cargo being traded in Greyhawk is subject to taxation at a rate which is variable, but always only a small fraction of its value (never as much as 1%), since so much cargo is traded within the city.

Precious Metal Tax: This is an exception to the general rule of low taxation. Because Greyhawk wishes to sell its own metals from the Cairn Hills mines (on which no tax is levied), precious metals arriving from elsewhere are taxed at 1% for any trade transaction within the city. The sole exception is the fine platinum of Urnst, Greyhawk’s neighbor, which is taxed at 0.5% as a trade favor to the powerful adjacent duchy. “Precious metal” means any metal used in coinage—copper, silver, electrum, gold, or platinum. Because any single vessel will never carry a cargo solely composed of such metal—the risk (not to mention the weight) would be enormous for such a concentration of wealth in one craft—such cargoes do not evade Greyhawk, given the low taxes on other cargoes, so that this tax is a good source of income for the city’s coffers.

Freesword Tax: Any adventurer not a citizen of Greyhawk (usually, a mercenary) is required to pay the sum of 3 gp upon entrance into the city. This payment gives the adventurer a written license,

without which he may not legally approach employers as a mercenary for hire within the city; may not trade plunder gained from Greyhawk Castle; and may not perform any other actions or transactions of a similar sort.

Guild Tax: Members of guilds of skill (not general laborers) pay an additional guild membership levy each year, and this is passed on to the coffers of the city. This sum varies, from 5 sp for the lowest artisans to 5 gp for lawyers and scribes, whose services are expensive and much in demand.

Other special taxes can be levied when the need arises (for example, special costs for rebuilding part of the town gutted by fire). Further, Greyhawk’s rulers have shaped the city’s legal system so that sentences of dispossession of goods and exile are handed out in preference over long terms of imprisonment. Lord Mayor Nerof Gasgal persuasively argued some years ago that keeping people in prison at the city’s expense was pretty stupid compared to the alternative of taking their money and property, and this view rapidly gained acceptance. Income from hefty fines has thus increased the burgeoning wealth of the city’s coffers. This inclination toward financial penalties is especially strong with regard to foreigners who infringe the law; as a result, the families or friends of these guilty parties are often held responsible for payment of sometimes exorbitant fines (since the foreigner is usually not carrying many objects of great value).

As a way of indirectly adding to its affluence, the city has a flourishing system of workhouses (see Chapter 2) so that the cost of labor on public-works projects is often low, balancing the books well and adding further to the riches held in Greyhawk’s coffers.

The Powers That Be

The Free City is ruled by a Directing Oligarchy—a group of technically coequal rulers, currently numbering 16 members. Heading the Oligarchy, and elected by its members, is the Lord Mayor. This



The Directing Oligarchy of Greyhawk

Name	Role/Title/Function	Further detail
Nerof Gasgal	Lord Mayor and Assistant Guildmaster of Thieves	See below
Derider Fanshen	Constable	Chapter 2
Sental Nurev	Captain-General of the Watch	Chapter 2
Org Nenshen	Guildmaster of Thieves	Chapter 5
Turin Deathstalker	Guildmaster of Assassins	Chapter 5
Kieren Jalucian	Guildmaster of Wizards	Chapter 3
Otiluke	President, Society of Magi	Chapter 3
Ravel Dasinder	Patriarch of Boccob	Chapter 3
Jerome Kasinskaia	Patriarch of Rao	Chapter 3
Ren o' the Star	Guildmaster, Merchants' and Traders' Union	Chapter 4
Laup Cobrun	Merchants' and Traders' Union	See below
Carmen Halmaster	Merchants' and Traders' Union	See below
Dernen Nathane	Merchants' and Traders' Union	See below
Bodmi Hollardel	Guildmaster of Jewelers and Gemcutters	Chapter 4
Sir Anton Palmirian	Guildmaster of Lawyers and Scribes	Chapter 4
Glodreddi Bakkanin	Inspector of Taxes	Chapter 2

group is variable in number; it may include as few as 12 or as many as 18 members. Thus, the rulers are not always obliged to replace an oligarch who retires, is dismissed, or dies.

There is a dominant subgroup within the Oligarchy which effectively plans and schemes to ensure its supremacy. This group consists of Nerof Gasgal, Org Nenshen, Turin Deathstalker, Glodreddi Bakkanin, Carmen Halmaster, and Dernen Nathane. The latter pair are general merchants, fairly prosperous, who are also middle-ranking members of the Thieves Guild and thus owe formal allegiance to Org Nenshen and Nerof Gasgal. Although this group is only less than one-third of the total membership, Ren o' the Star, Bodmi Hollardel, Laup Cobrun, and Sir Anton Palmirian usually line up with them, giving the collaborators and their allies a majority whenever something critical is brought to a vote.

These secondary supporters are not party to the central intrigues of Gasgal's group, but they have learned through experience that the Lord Mayor's policies are good for trade, and so they will almost always support him. Also, Cobrun is under the instructions of Janziduur (Chapter

3) to report back to her (and thus to the Church of Trithereon) about the decisions of the Oligarchy, and he usually plays safe by supporting majority views so as to appear inconspicuous; of course, this generally means going along with the Gasgal-Nenshen faction. Further, Sental Nurev hardly dares to speak in Oligarchy meetings any more, while Ravel Dasinder is not truly interested in politics. Thus, Gasgal and Nenshen and their accomplices usually win the day, and the wily thieves more or less direct the politics of Greyhawk.

As a result, Nerof Gasgal is not "just" Lord Mayor, but the driving force and the most important man in the City of Greyhawk.

Nerof Gasgal, Lord Mayor of Greyhawk

AC 5 (leather and Dex 17); MV 12; T10; hp 45; THAC0 16/14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 +2 (*long sword* +2); Str 10, Dex 17, Con 12, Int 11, Wis 18, Cha 16; SA quadruple damage from backstab; AL LN.

Thieving skills: PP 50, OL 60, FT 70, MS 30, HS 25, DN 65, CW 70, RL 50.

Magical items: *long sword* +2 (and see text below).

Gasgal is 42 years old, 5' 9" tall, 157 lbs., with graying dark hair. Even as Lord Mayor, he dresses conservatively, but his clothes are of exceptional quality and tailoring. Note that Nerof has access to many magical items if he needs them (as the DM decides)—after all, he can call on Kieren for the aid of the Guild of Wizardry—but prefers not to rely on magical aid unless he has to. For a fuller description of Nerof, see the *GREYHAWK® Adventures* hardbound book, page 35.

Nerof is a talented politician—none too bright (but Nenshen's superior Intelligence helps here), but very wise and cunning, and possessed of persuasive and manipulative skills (high Charisma). His goals are twofold: to be the best mayor of Greyhawk in history, and to be accepted as a member of the upper classes. He is very conscious of his social standing because as a child he lived in the Slum Quarter, and he has spent his life trying to transcend his humble beginnings. Despite the fact that he has attained a position of great power, he is still looked down upon by many members of the city's aristocracy.

As Lord Mayor, Nerof has ruled wisely and capably. He has simplified the currency system, and reformed taxes so that the common folk hardly pay any taxes at all—thus keeping the masses happy with his rule. He has rebuffed advances to Greyhawk's growing economic power from many quarters, and kept a delicate balancing act going.

However, maintaining this balance is now becoming extremely tricky. Since the invasion and carving-up of the Shield Lands by the conspiring forces of the Horned Society and the Bandit Kingdoms in 579-581 CY, Greyhawk's dominant trade position is under threat. This dominance depends wholly on the relative safety of the Nyr Dyv, and should the rapacious forces of the north decide to send a fleet of pirate vessels forth, Greyhawk could be slowly strangled. Thus, Nerof (against his will) has been forced, after discussions with Org Nenshen alone, to surreptitiously help Furyondy maintain an increased naval force on the Nyr Dyv,

sailing out of Willip. The assistance of Godreddi Bakkanin, the corrupt Inspector of Taxation, has also been needed to keep secret this bleeding of funds away from the city. This violation of Greyhawk's traditional neutrality and independence could have dangerous consequences.

Should Greyhawk's secret alliance with Furryondy become known, it could escalate the skirmishes on the Nyr Dyv into a full-scale invasion of Greyhawk by bandits or even the forces of the Horned Society, striking at the easiest target. Currently, the Horned Society benefits from trade with Greyhawk, and has not enough naval strength to mount a concerted attack, but it is building up its forces. At present, a war of nerves is being waged, and it is not surprising that Nerof appears agitated and ill at ease, but he has kept matters secret so far.

The People's Opinions

Although none of the residents of Greyhawk are truly dissatisfied with their form of government or the people who occupy powerful political positions, feelings about the city's ruler do vary from one social/economic class to another.

The professional and established classes are content, for the Oligarchs have levied fairly low taxes on trade and have zealously protected the rights and privileges of the guilds. (Nerof knows he needs the votes of the merchants in his pockets, and his thief plants could not credibly vote with him should he decide to buck guild interests.)

The upper classes and the aristocracy tend to regard a career in politics as terribly middle class, marginally better than being an artisan (although master artisans have a high social rank) but not becoming for a person of rank and esteem (this attitude utterly infuriates Nerof Gasgal).

The teeming hordes of Old City know they are leniently ruled, but they regard the Oligarchs as figures of fun, and are completely cynical about them. This is only partly an affectation; after all, it is openly known that Nerof Gasgal and Org

Nenshen are thieves, and slum dwellers resent the fact that while they are fined (or worse) for thievery, their rulers have actually made a career in politics on the basis of a lifetime of thieving.

There is no desire for any change of rule—Greyhawkers know things could be a lot worse, and many of them are well off—but the Oligarchs, as a body of rulers, are scoffed at and ridiculed in many quarters.

Ambassadors

The rulers of Greyhawk do not encourage formal diplomatic ties with anyone, wishing to maintain the city's independence. However, there are some ambassadors present, for good reason.

Count Reichart Petrides Ambassador from the Duchy of Urnst

AC 4 (*chain mail* +1); MV 12; F7; hp 40; THAC0 14; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d8 +3 (*long sword* +3); Str 18/17, Dex 15, Con 12, Int 15, Wis 13, Cha 14; AL LN.

Magical items: *chain mail* +1, *long sword* +3, *ring of mind shielding*, *phil-ters of glibness* (several), *amulet of proof against detection and location*.

Petrides is 49 years old, 6'1" tall, 246 lbs., with light brown hair tapering to a widow's peak and hazel eyes. He has a long, ugly scar which runs from the inside of his left wrist around his arm to the elbow joint, the legacy of a wound sustained from an envenomed magical tiger's claw weapon used by an assassin of Iuz some years past. He conceals this reminder of his adventuring past, but is secretly proud of it. Petrides thinks he has grown too old for fighting, and now represents the interests of his homeland in Greyhawk. He lives in a grand house in the High Quarter (location H1) where, to his annoyance, two City Watch constables are always on guard. Although he's not a habitual liar, it's easy to see how his magical items come in very handy in his line of work.

Since the Duchy of Urnst is Greyhawk's closest neighbor, and trade

is good in both directions, it is not surprising that Urnst should have an ambassador here, and his presence does not compromise the neutrality of the Free City. Petrides is treated cordially by Gasgal, and also has helpful dealings with the administrators of the City Mint, so that Urnst coinage is freely accepted in Greyhawk. Petrides is currently pressuring Gasgal to fund an Urnst fleet to drive the northern pirate ships off the Nyr Dyv, unaware of Gasgal's existing aid to Furryondy. The Lord Mayor, of course, hems and haws and protests by citing Greyhawk's need for independence, which irks Petrides. The ambassador is currently quietly approaching other Oligarchs to get support for his point of view, which infuriates Nerof and makes his position on the ruling council even more difficult to maintain.

Fioranna Aielestriel Ambassador from Nyrond

AC 3 to -2 (*ring of protection* +3 and *Dex* 18; *robe of scintillating colors*); MV 12; M12; hp 28; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 +3 (*dagger* +3); Str 9, Dex 18, Con 9, Int 18, Wis 15, Cha 18; AL NG (CG).

Spells: 4 1st, 4 2nd (but see below), 4 3rd, 4 4th, 4 5th, and 1 6th.

Magical items: *ring of protection* +3, *robe of scintillating colors*, *dagger* +3, *dust of illusion*, *dust of disappearance*, *amulet of proof against detection and location*, *ring of wizardry* (doubles 2nd level spells).

The beautiful and demure gray elf representative of Nyrond stands just 5'0" tall and weighs a mere 83 lbs., but the force of her personality is considerable. Her shining violet eyes and ready smile grace a high-cheekboned face, topped with a nimbus of fine, silver-gray hair. She wears earrings and a neck choker resplendent with scintillating emeralds, and dresses in creams, blues, and silvers. She is 712 years old but appears to be in her late 20s in human terms.

Since Nyrond is the most important single supplier and buyer of the goods which pass through Greyhawk, the presence of an ambassador to represent that

country's commercial interests raises few eyebrows. Eyebrows are raised for Fioranna as herself, not for her role in politics. Fioranna is known to be a mage, but she poses as one of minor accomplishment—a ruse that is accepted by all in the absence of evidence to the contrary. It would not square well with her alleged mercantile role to be known as a powerful elven wizard.

The choice of an elf for ambassador by the rulers of Nyronnd was particularly smart because of the way Fioranna and her post are perceived by the people of Greyhawk. They generally assume that Fioranna was given this job because she has a lot of time on her hands (as elves do). Further, elves are not common in Nyronnd, and the choice of a nonhuman suggests to many people that this posting is not deemed of importance in Nyronnd and that, therefore, that great nation does not particularly attach importance to events in the Free City.

Nothing could be farther from the truth.

Fioranna's major secret function is to act as a representative of the interests of the Iron League, which has a treaty of mutual assistance with Nyronnd. Shipments of foodstuffs, cloths, and weapons headed down the Selintan River and on to Onnwal and beyond are desperately needed to maintain the southern buffer to the Great Kingdom, and Fioranna oversees this trade and reports to her superiors in Rel Mord. Much support for the Iron League comes directly from Nyronnd (materials shipped across Relmor Bay), but many other supplies—and also exports—have to be shipped to and from Scant and ports beyond, via Greyhawk.

Fioranna specializes in mind-affecting spells and concealments such as *invisibility* to allow her to pass freely and undetected in many areas of the city, as she watches over the precious shipments of supplies. To further serve this purpose, she uses items from the small store of magical gear she has brought with her. Should she need to do so, she can tele-

port back to Rel Mord and obtain scrolls of almost any wizard spells, and necessary permanent magical items.

She does her best to collect gossip and intrigue relating to the Oligarchs, although she has not discovered anything especially scandalous in her five years spent in Greyhawk to date; she is very wary of stepping out of line and being discovered snooping. Her meetings with Gasgal are purely formal and deal with trade to and from Nyronnd only, and she carefully sustains the appearance of being a token representative. She often visits the Star of Celene (location G5).

"Aaron Strachan"

Ambassador from Furyondy

AC 6 (*ring of protection* +3 and Dex 15); MV 3 (but see below); M16; hp 43; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 +4 (*dagger* +4); Str 10, Dex 15, Con 15, Int 18, Wis 16, Cha 7 (but see below); AL LG.

Spells: 5 1st, 5 2nd, 5 3rd, 5 4th, 5 5th, 3 6th, 2 7th, and 1 8th.

Magical items: *ring of protection* +3, *dagger* +4, *hat of disguise*, *amulet of proof against detection and location*, *medallion of ESP*, *ring of X-ray vision*, miscellaneous potions and scrolls (DM's discretion).

"Aaron Strachan" is a doddering old codger pushing 80 who would be about 5'9" if he didn't walk bent double. He is gray-haired and has gray eyes, and dresses in a dilapidated set of moth-eaten brown and gray robes. He knows about trade and the prices of goods, and he does sometimes intone dire warnings about the pirates—"shameful bounders and cads"—on the Nyr Dyv. He is a harmless old relic treated by most Oligarchs with patient condescension.

"Aaron Strachan" is predicated on a simple thesis: It would be very surprising if Furyondy did not have a representative in Greyhawk City, since the Nyr Dyv is a place of tension and incipient piracy. If no such publicly known figure could be seen, agents of the Horned Society and others

would go looking for the secret figure which must surely exist. But Strachan is such an old coot that these evil spies have been deceived into believing that Furyondy has despaired of allying with Greyhawk (a deception carefully fostered in Furyondy, where very few in Chendil know the truth of the business) and leaves only this harmless, helpless old man in the city.

Indeed, the real Aaron Strachan was a dim-witted old coot, but since he died in an obscure backwater town in Bissel some years ago he could hardly represent Furyondy now. "Aaron" is the cover identity for Elskan Saramade, a 40-year-old wizard whose true appearance is that of a 6'0", slim (165 lbs.) man with black hair and brown eyes. Elskan wears a *hat of disguise* to appear as Aaron, and an *amulet of proof against detection and location* to escape detection. The latter would not be surprising to anyone scrying upon him; all ambassadors wear such items, for obvious reasons. When not maintaining his guise as Aaron, Elskan has MV 12 and Cha 15.

Elskan meets secretly with Nerof Gasgal and Org Nenshen, the only two Oligarchs who know of his real identity. It is through Elskan and the use of *teleport without error* spells that gems are sent to Furyondy to help pay for the fleets on the Nyr Dyv. In return, Elskan has relayed pledges of the acknowledgment of Greyhawk's independence—not that Furyondy or allied Veluna ever considered violating it by conquest, but the nervous Lord Mayor needed the reassurance.

Elskan is very careful about keeping his cover as Aaron Strachan intact, and when he visits Gasgal it is only by night and with great secrecy and the use of a *dimension door* spell for entry and exit. Likewise, any spying and snooping he does usually involves magical scrying and, if he feels it necessary to go about the city on some personal spying mission, he uses many magical protections to avoid being observed.

Chapter 2: The Military and the Law

The Domain of Greyhawk

The Free City rules an area bounded by the Selintan and Neen rivers, extending north to the shores of the Nyr Dyv and east to the border with the Duchy of Urnst in the Cairn Hills. In addition, the lands south of the Neen River, to the Abbor Alz, are ruled by the Despotrix of Hardby, who pays tribute to Greyhawk and can call for military assistance should this be needed.

The Free City maintains a garrison force in the Grand Citadel and also a force in the Cairn Hills. The garrison force is 350 men, including the following troops:

180 infantry (80 F1, 100 F2)

100 archers (50 F1, 50 F2)

55 cavalry (25 F1, 30 F2)

15 troop leaders (lieutenants and sergeants, each F3 to F6)

These soldiers have equipment as appropriate: long swords or broad swords, plus halberds or pikes, for infantry; composite longbows, crossbows, and swords or axes for archers; and so on. Chain mail is the preferred protection.

This force is technically commanded by Nerof Gasgal, although Sental Nurev is the day-to-day commander of this force. The garrison is not large, since Greyhawk has suffered no military threat for many years, and should such a threat appear the Free City has ample funds for procuring mercenaries—and there are plenty within Greyhawk at any given time. In extremis, conscription may be used, and members of temples and the Guild of Wizardry called upon to defend the city.

The force in the Cairn Hills consists of six garrisons, in various locations, each of 21-40 infantry (fighters of levels 1-3 who have bow proficiencies also) with a leader fighter-type of level 4-7, plus 1-2 priests of levels 1-6 (typically clerics of warlike deities such as Heironeous) and a 50% chance of a mage of level 3-7. These troops offer protection to the miners in the hills, and frequently go out culling monsters and humanoids. The force is under the command of Tigran Gellner,

who occasionally rides to the Free City to make detailed reports to the Directors about events in the Cairn Hills. Since he may be used to commission PCs for assistance or an adventure in the Cairn Hills setting, stats are given for him here.

Tigran Gellner

Commander, Cairn Hills Force

AC 2 (*chain mail* +2 and Dex 15); MV 12; F8; hp 48; THAC0 10; Dmg 1d8 +4 or 1d8 +6 (*bastard sword* +1, +3 vs. *evil humanoids*); Str 18/63, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 16, Wis 12, Cha 15; AL LN.

Magical items: *chain mail* +2; *bastard sword* +1, +3 vs. *evil humanoids*; *ring of regeneration*, *winged boots*, *composite long bow* +1, quiver of arrows +1.

Tigran is 37 years old, 6'1", 205 lbs., and shaves his scalp—not that he has much of his blond hair left anyway. He has deep blue eyes, hands like shovels, and is gruff and to the point. However, he is smart, with an excellent grasp of tactics and strategy, and loves nothing better than a good scrap. He is a reverer of Pholtus, however, and keeps his troops in very strict order. His parade inspections of equipment and dress are greatly feared by his men.

His *winged boots* are of the highest quality (MV F124, Maneuverability Class D). The effect of a *wish* spell cast upon him some time ago makes him permanently immune to any magically induced alignment change. He is wholly loyal to Greyhawk, is treated with respect by Gasgal and the other Directors, and his troops—while grumbling about his strictness—greatly respect and admire him, and know that he does not risk anyone's life without considerable forethought.

In addition to the abovementioned troops, Hardby has a standing force of some 150 infantry and 100 cavalry, who are usually able to maintain order in the lands south of the Neen River with little difficulty. Raids by humanoids from the Abbor Alz are rare, given the extremely inhospitable and impassable nature of

those hills, but in such an event the Directors will send additional forces to assist Hardby.

The City Watch

The military garrison in Greyhawk does not act within the city except in the case of a major public disturbance or external assault; maintenance of law and order is done by the City Watch, of whom the Guild of Nightwatchmen is an important part. The City Watch has as its headquarters the Grand Citadel, but there are also Watch Houses in all quarters of the city except for the Slum Quarter. The supreme command of the Watch is in the hands of the Captain-General of the Watch, Sental Nurev, and his second in command, Derider Fanshen.

Sental Nurev

Captain-General of the Watch

AC 3 (splint mail and shield); MV 9; F13; hp 85; THAC0 8; #AT 2; Dmg 1d10 +2 (*halberd* +1); Str 16, Dex 13, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 15, Cha 14; AL NG.

Magical items: *halberd* +1, *man-catcher* +3, *bo stick of striking* (as staff), *symbol of hopelessness* beneath hinged panel on shield.

Sental is 39 years old, 6'2" tall but walks with a slight stoop so he looks shorter than this, weighing 190 lbs., with thinning blond hair and a moustache. He fights with his *halberd* +1 if he must, but prefers to disable enemies with his *man-catcher* +3 or a lasso if he can. His shield has a hinged cover which he can move to reveal a *symbol of hopelessness* beneath it—very useful in riots!

Sental Nurev is a Director, a trusted and usually incorruptible man. However, he is currently under desperate stress. His brother Sarek is being held prisoner by rulers in Stoink, and Sental has been blackmailed into providing information about political decisions in, and the defenses of, Greyhawk to the agent of these men in the Free City, Skandar Gundersson. Further, this hold has been strengthened by Gundersson's acquiring

material evidence of Sental's acquiescence in this matter, so not only his brother's safety but Sental's own neck depends on his continuing to feed information to the bandits. Sental would not worry for himself, but the fate of his brother, his wife, and his three young children worry him to distraction. It is very hard for him to keep up with his duties, and some people are beginning to notice this. There are already whispers that Sental should be retired.

Derider Fanshen

Constable of Greyhawk

AC 3 (full plate and shield, Dex penalty); MV 6; Pr12; hp 58; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +3, 1d6 +6, or 1d6 +9 (*staff of striking*); Str 13, Dex 4, Con 16, Int 10, Wis 17, Cha 16; AL NG. Spells: 8 1st, 7 2nd, 6 3rd, 3 4th, 2 5th, and 2 6th.

Magical item: *staff of striking*.

Derider Fanshen is 43 years old, 5'10", 152 lbs., with honey blonde hair and bright gray eyes. Her tanned skin testifies to an active life, although she has retired from adventuring for some years now. She is a devoted cleric of Pelor, and is very friendly with High Matriarch Sarana of Pelor's church and knows almost all the other clerics of Pelor personally.

Derider is Sental's second in command, and there is a major difference in their functions. Sental is overall commander, receiving regular reports from Watch House sergeants and keeping the Directors fully briefed. Derider deals more with the day-to-day human contacts with the Watch, talking with the ordinary Watchmen and taking a personal interest in problems, crimes, and troubles. Sental is respected by the Watchmen, but Derider is held in stronger affection. She also has a soft spot for many people who offend against the code of justice in

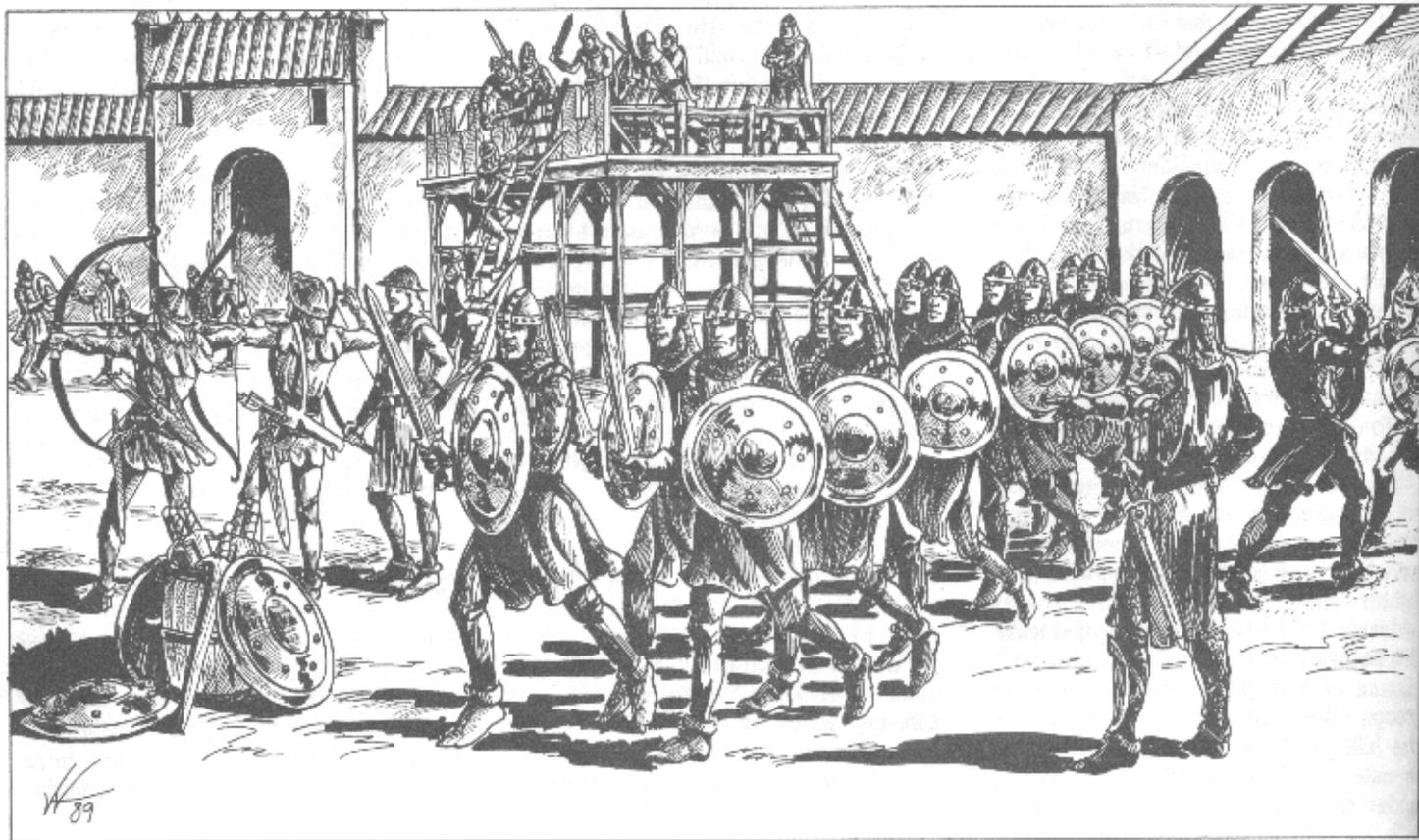
Greyhawk, if they are poor or underprivileged folk, and will often speak on their behalf at the Courts of Justice in cases where such people could receive harsh sentences if found guilty. She is a Director of the Free City, and her major concern is always the well-being of the poor and disenfranchised.

For more detail on both of these native Greyhawkers, see the *GREYHAWK® Adventures* book, pages 36-38.

The Watch

Ch5 GoF gives schedules for patrols, which vary depending on the quarter of the city they are encountered in. The major units of the Watch are these:

Standard Patrol: This is a group of 4-7 (1d4 + 3) Watchmen, all standard men-at-arms, with a 50% chance of a junior sergeant as leader.



Elite Patrol: An elite patrol will be summoned if there is a large-scale disturbance, and back-up support (an additional standard patrol) may also accompany them if the disturbance is severe enough (as the DM decides). An elite squad contains 5-8 (1d4 + 4) men-at-arms, 1-2 junior sergeants, and a sergeant-at-arms.

Special Patrol Group: Special Patrol personnel are housed in the Citadel, and are only called out in times of really major disturbance (mass riot, multiple murder, a marauding monster in the city, magic use, etc.). The SPG is composed of six sergeants-at-arms, the two Deputy Constables of Greyhawk, and either Derider or Sental, plus a cleric of Heironeous, Pholtus, or similar deity (level 5-8) and a member of the Guild of Wizardry (mage of level 5-8), these spellcasters being "loaned" to public duty on a rotating system from their temples and guilds.

Typical profiles for these people are given below.

Man-at-Arms

AC 4 or 3 (chain mail and shield, 50% chance of Dex 15); MV 9; F1; hp 7; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type +1 (usually carry club for 1d6, broad sword for 1d8, or light crossbow for 1d4); Str 16, Dex 14 or 15, Con 15, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10; AL varies (usually LN).

Junior Sergeant

AC 4 or 3 (chain mail and Dex 15, sometimes shield); MV 9; F2; hp 13; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type +1 (usually long sword for 1d8, halberd for 1d10, or light crossbow for 1d4); Str 17, Dex 15, Con 15, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 12; AL varies (usually LN).

Sergeant-at-arms

AC 3 or 2 (chain mail +1 and Dex 15, sometimes shield); MV 12; F3; hp 20; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type +1 (usually long sword for 1d8, halberd for 1d10, dagger for 1d4, or composite long bow with sheaf arrows for 1d8); Str 17, Dex 15, Con 15, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10; AL varies (usually LN).

A sergeant-at-arms has a 25% chance for possessing each of the following items: +1 weapon (of whatever type carried; change damage accordingly); *scroll of protection from fire*; *ring of protection +1*; *boots of speed* (change AC); *shield +1* (change AC).

Deputy Constable

AC 1 or 0 (chain mail +1 and Dex 16, sometimes shield); MV 12; F5; hp 38; THAC0 14/13; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type +3 (usually long sword +1 for 1d8 +1, light crossbow +1 for 1d4 +1, halberd for 1d10, mancatcher, or quarterstaff for 1d6); Str 18/60, Dex 16, Con 17, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 14; AL varies (usually LN).

Deputy Constables have the same chances for possessing magical items as sergeants-at-arms (see above), plus a 20% chance for each of the following: *potion of flying*, *ring of mind shielding*, *net of entrapment*.

If the Special Patrol Group has to be called out, the priest and mage accompanying will need individual design by the DM. An important note is that both spellcasters will have several scrolls of disabling spells such as *light*, *hold person*, *silence 15' radius*, *continual light*, and the like from the priest, and *magic missile*, *sleep*, *stinking cloud*, *web*, and *slow* from the mage. Each will be equipped with 2-5 (1d4 + 1) offensive magical items of moderate power, such as a *wand of paralyzation* for the mage.

The People's Constables

These doubtful enforcers of the law are a special case, and will be considered after taking a closer look at Greyhawk's system of justice.

The Criminal Code in Greyhawk

Serious Crimes

These offenses are enumerated on the accompanying table. A person accused of such a crime will be tried by a Judge of Greyhawk. This judge is usually a member of the Guild of Lawyers and Scribes, who is an ex-lawyer elected to the bench by the Directors; there are eight such judges in Greyhawk. In cases of extreme importance, a panel of three Directors may sit in judgment, but in this case the accused is permitted to object to any two of these judges, and such objections are always heeded (other Directors must be appointed). Convictions may be appealed if the judge permits, and will always be allowed in the case of a capital crime. The appeal is heard by three judges, frequently including Nerof Gasgal. Which judges try which cases is determined by the Senior Judge, but Nerof takes an active interest in major cases and has the authority to appoint judges.

SERIOUS CRIMES

Offense	Possible Sentences
Arson	1, 5-7, 9
Assault (grievous)	3, 6-11
(Any assault which results in a broken bone or major facial injury or worse.)	
Blackmail	1-2, 4-10
Bribery of city official	5-11
Burglary	3, 7-11
Burglary of city property	3, 6-11
Damage to property	5-11
Embezzling	2, 4-10
(Higher sentences only for embezzling from the City Treasury.)	
Fraud	2, 4-10
Genocide	1
(A very rare crime, dating from a time when racial killings of half-elves by a secret gang of half-orc assassins was rife.)	
Impersonation of city official	7-11
(Impersonation of a Director or person of similar importance may be tried as sedition; see below.)	

Importation of controlled items	2, 9
(This includes monsters, evil relics and artifacts, highly dangerous magical items such as a <i>sphere of annihilation</i> , and the like. Bootlegging and similar offenses are usually considered minor crimes.)	
Incitement to riot	2, 6-8
Magical interference with the integrity of the person	2, 3
(This includes the use of spells such as <i>magic jar</i> , <i>polymorph other</i> , <i>hold</i> spells, <i>charm</i> spells, and other magic which causes the affected person to lose volitional control of his mind and/or body.)	
Manslaughter	2, 5-8
(Includes all killings that are arguably justified—avenging one's honor, reacting to extreme provocation, and so forth.)	
Mass Murder	1
Murder	1, 4
Perjury	6-10
Possessing unlicensed monster	10
(Primarily otyughs, neo-otyughs, and black puddings kept as status symbols; see Chapter 4.)	
Rioting and affray	2, 7-11
Robbery	3, 7-11
Sedition	1-5
Tax Evasion	10, 11
(This applies only to major tax evasion. Evasion of sums of 50 gp or less is considered a minor crime.)	
Tomb Robbing	2, 6-11
(Severe sentences are only levied for robbery in the Lords' Graveyard.)	
Treason	1
Vandalism	8-11

The Sentences

- 1: Death.
- 2: Permanent exile and banishment.
- 3: Mutilation. This is usually the severing of a hand for thief-related crimes, but other symbolic punishment may be applied (for instance, severing of the tongue of a rabble-rouser found guilty of sedition).
- 4: Labor for life.
- 5: Labor, 11-20 year sentence. (Note:

The term of sentence here and in the following lines is tailored to convictions of human criminals. It is not mandatory, but not unusual, for a judge to impose a much longer term of sentence on a demihuman with a life span longer than that of humans.)

- 6: Labor, 7-12 year sentence.
- 7: Labor, 5-8 year sentence.
- 8: Labor, 1-4 year sentence.
- 9: Enormous fine.
- 10: Heavy fine.
- 11: Standard fine.

Note that labor sentences all involve imprisonment with hard labor—street-sweeping, rock-breaking, cleaning out stables, and all manner of unpleasant work (whatever needs to be done). Certain offenders (including those under the age of 16) will be sent to slightly less awful workhouses rather than the prison in the Citadel. Labor sentences in the prison or a workhouse will be imposed if a fine is not paid, and this is true for all categories of crime. Imprisonment without hard labor is allowed only for those who are too weak and feeble to work. Finally, note that any sentence may also be accompanied by another lower in the list—thus, banishment may follow a period of imprisonment, or be accompanied by a fine, and imprisonment with fining is not unusual.

Fines have deliberately not been quantified here for two reasons. First, different DMs may deal with quite different levels of money floating around in their Greyhawk campaigns, and fixed sums are not appropriate here. Second, Glodreddi Bakkannin, the Inspector of Taxes, has an amazing ability to find out what people are worth and notifies judges accordingly, so that fines are usually a percentage of an individual's wealth with a minimum figure acceptable. These percentages are: enormous, 90-95%; high, 60-80%; standard, 25-40%. If the minimum is not available, then a prison or workhouse sentence with hard labor will be imposed.

Attempted Crimes and Conspiracies

Attempted crimes, and conspiracy to commit crimes, are usually treated as commission of the crimes themselves, except that the most severe sentence in the list above is not imposed if an alternative is listed there. The exceptions are sedition and murder, where a conviction for conspiracy leads to an equal sentence. Obviously some attempted crimes are not possible (for instance, attempted serious assault would usually be treated as assault, a minor crime).

Magic and Justice

The use of any magic in criminal proceedings, including *detect lie* and *ESP*, is not part of standard proceedings in the Courts of Justice. This is partly due to the libertarianism of Greyhawk, and also to the edicts of Zagig Yragerne. That chaotic arch-mage believed strongly that uncertainty should be part of the legal process and outlawed all such spells from judgment. The Directors who have followed have upheld this view, and—since thieves have always been powerful in Greyhawk—they have obvious reasons for doing so.

The one exception to this is in the case of an accusation of perjury, when the charged person has no right to silence and when a priest of Pholtus will cast *detect lie* as the defendant speaks. It is not permitted for a defendant to appeal for the spell to be cast on his behalf, since it is considered that this would be unfair to defendants who might wish this and cannot afford it. The criminal justice system in Greyhawk depends on human judgment and reason, and it is believed that even priests of Rao support this to the exclusion of magical means determining the outcome of trials.

Minor Crimes

Minor crimes are tried by magistrates, who are members of the Guild of Lawyers and Scribes, each case being heard by only one. Appeal against sentence is very rare, and may be made only on the order of the Lord Mayor (Nerof) himself, and he rarely intervenes in such matters. The punishments for these offenses are typically hard labor for from 14 days to up to 2 years, and/or fines which typically extract 1%-20% of a person's monies, up to a maximum fine of 1,000 gp. Frequently, the severity of the punishment depends as much on the magistrate one gets (from the "bleeding heart social reformist" magistrate to the "hanging's too good for 'em" variety who wears a black cap at all times), so the DM is allowed free rein in determining punishments for offenders. The most notable minor crimes are these:

- Assault, minor
- Blasphemy against a priest
- Blasphemy against a temple (usually this means defilement or destruction)
- Dangerous conveyance of a vehicle in a public place
- Dangerous navigation within the harbor (includes non-authorized landing, etc.)
- Disturbance of the peace (excessive noise, etc.)
- Drunkness and disorderly conduct
- Offenses against public propriety
- Producing, brandishing, or holding with intent an unlicensed weapon
- Receiving, possessing, or fencing stolen property
- Slander or libel (this is sedition if against a city authority)
- Slavery and procurement of slaves
- Tax evasion (50 gp or less)
- Trespass and violation of privacy
- Unlawful hindrance of business
- Use of magic in a public place without due cause

Again, the DM should apply similar logic to attempted crimes and conspiracies to that noted above.

Weapons, Taxes, and Magic

The laws pertaining to these three issues are the most likely ones for PCs to possibly run afoul of in their early days in the city.

It is legal to wear any armor about town, but weapons are another matter. The following objects may be carried freely: dagger, dart, sling, staff, staff sling, club, and knife. While it is permitted for people to carry other weapons, they may only do so legally if they obtain a license from the office of the Captain-General of the Watch (in the Citadel). License costs vary from 5 gp (long sword, broad sword) to 20 gp (two-handed sword), and the clerks will make careful notes about PCs and their weapons, especially paying heed to distinguishing characteristics which might enable PCs to be tracked down if they are involved in acts of violence. Licenses are not given for weapons larger than a two-handed sword, so that halberds, pikes, and the like may not be legally carried in the streets of the city.

Taxes are a special case. The basic taxes of Greyhawk have been noted in Chapter 1, but the nefarious and sinister head of the GRS (Greyhawk Revenue Service) needs detailing here.

Glodreddi Bakkanin Inspector of Taxes

AC 1 (dwarven-sized *leather armor* +2); MV 12; T10; hp 44; THAC0 16/14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 +2 (*battle axe* +2; also uses *net of entrapment*); Str 11, Dex 18, Con 15, Int 16, Wis 17, Cha 5; AL LE (LN).

Magical items: *battle axe* +2, *leather armor* +2, *net of entrapment*.

Glodreddi is a male dwarf some 314 years old, 4'11" tall, 175 lbs., with black curly hair, brown eyes, and an ever-present sneering grin. He has dwelt in Greyhawk for some 25 years, gaining a thief level or two on the way, and due to his exceptional mental abilities soon found himself book-keeper for the Thieves' Guild. It has been a

logical progression for him to become Inspector of Taxes.

All that one needs to know about the head of the GRS is that only one person has ever been brought to trial for trying to bribe him, doubtless due to the ridiculously small size of the bribe offered (Glodreddi's pride was offended). Glodreddi makes a great deal of money because of his role in advising judges and magistrates of a defendant's ability to pay fines expressed as a percentage of the convicted person's total wealth. The usual deal is for Glodreddi to understate someone's wealth by about 20%, in return for which 10% is paid to him by the defendant, and about one-third of this amount is kicked back to the junior inspector who assessed the value of the person's property and assets in the first place.

Fully three-quarters of Glodreddi's staff of 120 are dwarves, almost all of LN and LE alignments. Some are accountants, but many are the dwarves who go around knocking on doors, usually clad in chain mail and carrying clubs and axes in case of violent resistance, plus the unquitting nets and mancatchers.

Glodreddi makes sure that the coffers of Greyhawk stay full. Appointing the People's Constables was one of his ingenious ideas, and likewise the use of forced hard labor for any prisoner capable of it has reduced public spending and saved the Free City a fortune. Glodreddi likes burgeoning coffers which please Nerof and the other Directors, who are then much less likely to hear any complaints against Glodreddi from other quarters. The GRS head is a wily, devious, and very greedy dwarf, and he is feared by most Greyhawkers. PCs may learn to fear him as well!

Magic

Strong prohibitions apply to the use of magic in public places. There must be good reason for such use; for example, healing spells are permitted, and the use of nondamaging spells such as *hold person* or *slow* to apprehend villains is acceptable. Damaging spells such as *magic missile* are only acceptable if the spell-



caster can prove that his life was in danger at the time. Intrusive spells such as *know alignment* and *ESP* are strongly frowned on, as are spells such as *invisibility*. Major damaging spells such as *fireball* may result in trial for a crime such as arson, which carries a very heavy sentence as a major crime.

Of course, casting spells to assist city authorities without advance permission tends to be received more favorably by the authorities.

The People's Constables

These very special individuals maintain law and order, and assess fines against offenders, for trivial crimes not worthy of the time of magistrates. Their appointment began in 575 CY, following a suggestion by Glodreddi that was approved by the other Directors.

In brief, the large majority of the 200 or so People's Constables are low-level members of the Thieves' Guild (75% T1, 25% T2), the few others being adolescent and young adult males with a little literacy from apprenticeships who have set out to make some money for themselves. The Directors appoint a People's Constable (up to a limit of 200) upon payment of 10 gp for a year's license and a personal reference from some reputable person (these are never checked—which is just as well, since they are almost always forged). The license is jealously guarded by the new constable, and such documents are very rarely stolen or forged—the penalties are too great.

The public constables are then empowered to fine offenders for trivial crimes such as obstruction, threatening language, slanderous utterances against ordinary persons, emptying foul refuse into the street, and so on. Such fines vary from as little as 1 cp to a maximum of 10 sp.

However, matters do not end there. Certain enterprising thieves have discovered that there are a large number of wholly bizarre by-laws enacted by Zagig Yragerne when his madness was most full, which have never actually been repealed due to clerical oversights. The offenses specified are quite ridiculous.

Fiendish DMs are strongly encouraged to add to the list given below:

—Eating kara-fruit on a Starday when there is a "Y" in the month

—Fondling a duck or related waterfowl on the Processional (i.e., carrying it, but Zagig preferred "fondling" in the wording of the law)

—Helping a halfling across the road (this can be construed as occurring whenever one merely accompanies such a halfling)

—Conspiring to belch in the direction of a scribe, sage, or other Learned Gentleman in a public place

—Conveying vegetables in excess of one grommitt upon one's person in the presence of an elf or person with similarly pointed ears (the grommitt is an archaic unit of weight equal to roughly 6 oz.)

The People's Constables who have been operating for any length of time often have a large, leatherbound book in which they have a written record of 5-100 (5d20) such ludicrous offenses, plus a ledger of levied fines in the case of those who can write. The fact that many of these constables cannot read is no great hindrance, since the people they charge are almost invariably illiterate anyway; guilty parties just see the official license and pay up if they can.

These constables, for obvious reasons, work in the Old City. They pick on soft targets—washerwomen, old people, street urchins, beggars (but are careful not to offend the Beggars' Union by making their fining light and infrequent), and the like, taking care not to hit the same person too often (fining someone who's broke is no way to make money). However, if there is a group of these constables, and especially if they have had a few beers, they may well pick on foreigners and try to swindle a few silvers out of them.

Further, the constables' ability to extract a fine often depends on whether they can run faster than their prey, although their readily apparent daggers and good leather armor (with a few having short swords in scabbards) usually make their poor targets too fearful even to resist capture. Still, it is not so rare for a People's Constable to be

found with a knife in the back or floating in the river. Despite this, many desperate young thieves or similar types who can steal 10 gp are only too ready to try to recoup their investment with a few weeks of frantic fining, and there is a healthy turnover of constables—as Glodreddi expected, this brings thousands of gold pieces into Greyhawk's coffers each year.

The people's constables are heartily detested in Greyhawk, but the people they annoy are not exactly able to express their irritation in ways which make much difference to the authorities. The members of the Watch dislike the People's Constables and do not usually assist them unless they are threatened with violence, but they also know that this ragtag bunch saves them a lot of time bothering with trivial crime, so they put up with them. These characters offer the DM a chance to annoy and pester PCs to no end, at least in their first visits to Greyhawk and when they enter the Old City.

The Nightwatchmen

The Guild of Nightwatchmen is an organization that augments the forces of law and order during the hours of darkness. As darkness falls, the People's Constables tend to desert the streets, due to their general unpopularity among the common folk of the Free City, and without the assistance of this guild, the City Watch would be hard pressed to keep the peace.

While the Nightwatchmen, to a large extent, provide a public service, they are nevertheless privately funded. Private individuals seeking extra protection when venturing onto city streets after nightfall can hire their own personal bodyguards, complete with lanterns or torches, from the guild. Merchants with valuable consignments in warehouses, or individuals who fear for the security of their dwellings or business premises, can hire guildmembers for static security purposes. Finally, in some areas of the city, whole neighborhoods band together to hire the guild to patrol their streets and scare off those who might visit the area with dishonest intent.



The members of the Guild of Nightwatchmen are thus a common sight on the streets of the Free City after dark.

Guildmembers are easily recognized by their light blue tabards bearing the cudgel symbol of St. Cuthbert and their light blue hats with extravagant white feathers tucked into the band. While guildmembers traditionally carried cudgels in deference to their patron deity, these have now been abandoned in favor of more seemly and authoritative weapons. The Nightwatchman have a special license from the Directing Oligarchy to carry weapons openly on the city streets.

Typical Composition of Nightwatchmen units

Escorts and Bodyguards: Largely dependent on the relative standing and importance of the escorted individual (and, of course, the price they pay for their protection), the smallest escort will consist of one ordinary guildmember and a torchbearer. Important personages may also be assigned an additional guildmember and a sergeant. Very important persons may be assigned a full patrol (see below).

Costs vary according to the risk (escorting someone with a coffer full of gems is obviously more hazardous than escorting someone to the Grand Opera). Actual costs should be determined by the DM to fit the campaign. If the DM doesn't want the PCs, for whatever reason, to have protection, then the cost should be prohibitively expensive. The members of the Nightwatchmen are well paid for their labor (certainly much better than the City Watch) and do not come cheap!

Static Security: Dependent on the size of the establishment to be guarded, the smallest assigned unit will typically comprise of two guildmembers, a torchbearer, and a darkman, increasing to a full patrol for larger establishments.

Street Patrol: Streets are assigned a full patrol composed of five guildmembers, two torchbearers, a sergeant and a darkman. On occasion, junior priests from the Temple of St. Cuthbert will be assigned by their Patriarch for duties in the field.

Typical Nightwatchmen Profiles

Guildmember or Torchbearer

AC 7 (studded leather beneath tabards); MV 9; F1; hp 6; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4 (ranseur) or 1d6 (short sword); Str 15, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 12; AL LG or LN (rarely NG)

Torchbearers do not carry ranseurs, and are normally expected to avoid combat. This is obviously not always possible, and they are issued short swords for emergencies.

Sergeant

AC 4 (chain mail beneath tabard and shield); MV 9; F3; hp 22; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 +1 (long sword); Str 16, Dex 14, Con 16, Int 13, Wis 13, Cha 14; AL LG or LN.

Darkman

AC 3 (chain mail beneath tabard and shield, plus Dex 15); MV 9; F2; hp 14; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (short sword); Str 15, Dex 15, Con 16, Int 11, Wis 11, Cha 10; AL LG or LN (rarely NG).

Darkmen are always demihumans (most commonly gnomes) with infra-vision for when the Nightwatchmen require extra eyes beyond the vision of their normal torches or lanterns.

The guild maintains stations in each of the city's quarters. Applications for the services of the guild should be made to the desk sergeant at the appropriate station. Stations are constantly manned by 1d6 guildmembers and 1 sergeant. Attacks against guild stations used to be a common event, but have eased off considerably in recent years as the activities of the Thieves' Guild have changed in character.

Relations between the Guild of Nightwatchmen and the City Watch are always good. The Nightwatchmen's presence on the city streets makes the Watch's job easier. The guild technically has no powers of arrest, and will restrain suspects and wrongdoers either at the scene of the crime or at their stations until the Watch can arrive. The members of

the guild are renowned for their honesty and integrity—there has never been a dishonest Nightwatchman—and the Watch will always trust.

The guild's reputation for honesty is due entirely to its selection procedure. All candidates for membership must be examined by the guild's council. This council is composed of the most senior Nightwatchmen in the city, and these highly respected gentlemen will question all prospective members very closely. During the interrogation, one of the priests employed by the guild will cast *know alignment* on the candidate. Ultimately, it doesn't matter how much the candidate impresses the council panel; the guild will only employ people of lawful good or lawful neutral alignments (although on very rare occasions when reinforcements are urgently required, neutral good applicants are acceptable).

Sir Garvin Ambus

Nightwatchmen Guildmaster

AC -2 (*full plate* +3); MV 6; F12; hp 88; THAC0 8; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d10 +3 (*two-handed sword* +2); Str 17, Dex 12, Con 16, Int 15, Wis 17, Cha 16; AL LG.

Sir Garvin is 6'2", 180 lbs., and 64 years old. An ex-military man, he has thinning gray hair, steely gray eyes, and sports an enormous moustache. Sir Garvin is a popular figure among the common honest folk in the city, and this popularity has kept the Thieves' Guild from disposing of him in the past. Also, his many contacts with powerful clerics, the Guild of Wizardry, the Guild of Jewelers and Gemcutters and most importantly the Merchant and Traders Union make any action against the Nightwatchmen an exceedingly dangerous undertaking.

Sir Garvin is a decent, moral and up-standing citizen, devoted to keeping the city safe. Sir Garvin spends most nights touring the streets with his patrols, although he will rarely be encountered at the Golden Phoenix, the Opera, or the more socially conscious establishments in the High Quarter. Sir Garvin will be especially well disposed to paladins and all fighters of lawful good alignment.

CHAPTER 3: Mages and Priests

The Guild of Wizardry

Founded in 393 CY by Zagig Yragerne, the so-called Mad Archmage, the Free City of Greyhawk's Guild of Wizardry is the principal seat of magical research and training in the Flanaess.

Membership in the Guild of Wizardry is open to all wizards of any race or alignment (although membership may be refused to those of an undisputably evil disposition and to those who would pervert the guild to their own ends). Membership fees are relatively high at 100 gp a year, but the benefits of membership outweigh the material cost. Guildmembers receive instruction at 10% less than normal cost and, depending on their tutor's assessment, can expect the very best choice of new spells. The guild also carries an extensive stock of spell components available at reduced prices for guildmembers and also a store of magical items for sale to guildmembers. Discounts and prices can vary considerably from guildmember to guildmember. The guild looks favorably on those who take an active interest in the organization. The guild is always on the lookout for rare spell components, and a guildmember who donates a share of the powdered lich dust he acquired on his last adventure, or makes a gift of the odd quart of black dragon blood here and there, will find that the services and the facilities of the guild are more freely available to him, and cheaper too.

The guild also accepts commissions for the production of customized magical items (they are currently working on *thieves tools of opening* for Org Nenshen, master of the Thieves' Guild). The production of these items provides a valuable source of extra income for the guild. The guild also casts spells for various organizations within the Free City, most especially for the Jewelers and Gemcutters Guild in return for specially cut or powdered gemstones for spell components.

Kieren Jalucian

Master of Guild of Wizardry,
Principal of Greyhawk
University of Magic Arts

AC 3 (white robe of the archmagi, ring of protection +2); MV 12; M18; hp 42; THACO 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +3 (quarterstaff +3); Str 17, Dex 10, Con 14, Int 18, Wis 17, Cha 17; AL NG.

Spells: 5 1st, 5 2nd, 5 3rd, 5 4th, 5 5th, 3 6th, 3 7th, 2 8th, and 1 9th.

Magical items: robe of the archmagi (white), ring of protection +2, quarterstaff +3, carpet of flying; also see below.

Kieren is 6'3" tall, weighs 200 lbs., and appears to be in his early 30s. His true age is unknown, although he is undoubtedly very old indeed. He is a large, heavy-set man who sports a mane of sandy blond hair and dresses in colorful, billowing robes of the finest Celenian silks. Kieren is fastidious about his appearance, always appearing clean-shaven and smelling of the finest scents and perfumes.

Kieren enjoys city life to the fullest, and is equally at home in the lowest dive of the River Quarter or at the most fashionable social gathering or cultural event in the High Quarter. Kieren cultivates an almost frivolous attitude to his work, which belies the seriousness and conviction with which he undertakes it. This attitude has made him much more approachable than the average studious and condescending mage, and he has become a great favorite of the people and has done a great deal to improve the public image of the magical arts, which most people still distrust. Kieren is also highly amused by the serious politicking of his fellow members of the Directing Oligarchy and refuses to get involved in what he sees as their petty rivalries. Kieren has satisfied what lust for power he ever possessed and intends to enjoy it, using it for the common good rather than abusing it.

Kieren is very much enamored of Jallarzi Sallavarian and the two of them will often be spotted touring the town on Kieren's *carpet of flying*, or dining at the Golden Phoenix. From time to time the adventurous spirit overtakes them, and

they will travel incognito into the seedier areas of the Free City, where Kieren enjoys a good arm-wrestling contest or similar feats of physical prowess, sometimes (just for fun!) enhancing his own considerable muscle power with a surreptitious strength spell.

Apart from his *carpet of flying*, Kieren has few personal magical items. He can, however, draw at will from the collection maintained by Kondradis Bubka, the Mage of Exchange.

Kieren can be encountered virtually anywhere in the city, sometimes in disguise and often in the company of Jallarzi Sallavarian. To keep up appearances, Kieren always attends major social and cultural events within the city and is a major protagonist at the Feast of Fools.

The Porters

The dwarven porters are responsible for the security of the Guildhall and the University and are charged with maintaining law and order within the walls. The Porters will be the first of the Guildhall's many denizens that visitors will encounter. The porters are all uniformly strict in the enforcement of the rules and regulations of the Guildhall and stalwart in the performance of their duties. Under no circumstances will they admit anyone who is not a Guildmember or enrolled as a student at the University (and they keep lists—long lists!).

Guests are allowed in at the express invitation of a Guildmember, but their names must be entered in the guest book before dusk the previous day. The only exception to this rule is visitors willing to buy, sell, or exchange magical items and spell components with the Mage of Exchange. These individuals will be escorted to Kondradis's study and back by two of the porters. No amount of bribery will persuade the porters to do otherwise, despite the legendary dwarven greed for precious metal. Anyone foolish enough to attempt to force an entry via magical means will discover that the great black adamantite gates have a 75% chance to negate all spells cast at or through them, and the great magics used



in the creation of the Guildhall prevent the casting of all mind-affecting spells such as *charm person*. The use of *teleport* or *dimension door* to gain entry is also impossible (but these spells can be used to get out). One further, slightly disturbing, aspect of the gates is that the peephole for the porters to peer at visitors prior to admitting them, although at dwarven eye-level on the inside of the gate, can appear anywhere on the outer surface.

The porters are always gruff and give short shrift to strangers or those whom they perceive as inferior or undeserving of respect. It's an entirely different matter with those in positions of authority, who will always be greeted with the utmost respect: "A very good morning to you, Mr. Jalucian, sir; Miss Sallavarian awaits you in the refectory, sir," or "Good afternoon, Mr. Tenser, sir; important message from Mr. Bigby for you at the porters' lodge, sir."

Darnak Khorshkan

Head Porter, Guild of Wizardry

AC 3 (*chain mail* +2); MV 6; F6; hp 58; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 +6 (*hammer* +2); Str 18/34, Dex 9, Con 17, Int 10, Wis 16, Cha 12; AL N.

Members of Darnak's family have been porters at the guild since its founding and are extremely proud of their tradition of service. While successive Principals, guild wizards, and students have entered and left these hallowed halls, the Khorshkan family has watched the gates and upheld the sanctity of the Guildhall and the University.

The Khorshkan family was first brought to Greyhawk by none other than the fabled Zagig himself, who was quick to realize that dwarves with their innate magic resistance were ideally suited to guard his palace and treasures. When the Guild of Wizardry and the University were founded, the Khorshkan family even helped plan and construct the building, and members of the family have been installed in the Head Porter's apartment in the gatehouse ever since.

Darnak will almost always be encoun-

tered at his post at the gatehouse. He does on rare occasions visit the Barge Inn and other dwarven hangouts with a few of the apprentice porters.

The Guild Library

The library of the Free City's Guild of Wizardry is purported to be the finest collection of magical tomes in Oerik. Among the many and varied scholarly and studious volumes on the magical arts are rumored to be the spell books and notes of Zagig the Archmage. The library itself is a vast, windowless hall filled with rank upon rank of shelves that stretch from floor to ceiling and groan beneath the weight of many centuries of accumulated magical knowledge and theory.

While the library's collection of spell books contains every single spell yet known to mankind (and maybe even a few long forgotten among the thousands of books), wizards cannot simply wander in and start copying them down. Guildmembers will only be allowed access to a particular requested spell after the request has been approved by a senior guildmember—and in the case of spells of greater than 4th level power, with the additional consent of Guildmaster Kieren Jalucian himself.

In addition, a charge will be levied for each spell to be copied. The cost will vary from 100 gp to 1,000 gp per spell level, depending on the member's standing within the guild. Guildmembers who contribute actively to the guild by supplying components, additional magical items, and the like will pay less; members who merely visit now and again to use the facilities of the guild will pay more.

The library is officially closed at dusk and opened at dawn (although this is obviously not the case for the most senior guildmembers). The collection is watched by 8 beholders, which have been magically domesticated (a forced alignment change) and rendered invisible. Each creature has been assigned a section of the library to guard, and it will do everything in its power to prevent any damage or theft of the books in its area of responsibility. The beholders do not ordi-

narily communicate with one another, so as not to disturb Jawal Severnain, the librarian, and generally know best to just leave him to his studies.

Jawal Severnain

Librarian, Guild of Wizardry

AC 8 (Dex 16); MV 12; M12/F2; hp 29; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger); Str 10, Dex 16, Con 7, Int 18, Wis 12, Cha 10; SA innate spell ability; SD magic resistance 74%, save vs. any magic at +2; AL LN.

Spells (innate): *dancing lights*, *faerie fire*, *darkness*, *detect magic*, *know alignment*, *levitate*.

Spells (memorized): 4 1st, 4 2nd, 4 3rd, 4 4th, 4 5th, 1 6th.

First-time visitors to the library are often shocked when they gaze upon the sharp aquiline features, inky black skin, silver hair, and piercing violet eyes beneath the librarian's cowl—for Jawal is a renegade dark elf who has devoted his life to the cataloguing and maintenance of the guild's library of magical texts. Except at the request of Kieren or members of the Circle of Eight, Jawal rarely leaves his precious collection. He has a pallet bed in a corner of the library, and the porters bring him all his meals; those who would consult with him must do so on his own territory. Jawal is more than 400 years old and has spent at least the last 150 years closeted in "his" library.

Jawal detests bright lights, and the library is a dark and gloomy place where the shadows seem to have a life of their own. Visitors will be sure they are being watched by someone or something at the edge of their vision.

Jawal is well respected by the Circle of Eight, and his knowledge of the contents, history, and whereabouts of magical texts is second to none. Jawal's monastic existence and devotion to his work has led him to view most others as his inferiors; he has little respect for anyone but archmages and acknowledged masters of "the Art." Over the years Kieren and Jawal have become firm friends, and he is generally on good terms with the membership of the Circle of Eight. Jawal, how-

ever, loathes Kondradis Bubka, the Mage of Exchange, and Heironymous Tigan, the Guild Alchemist, both of whom he perceives as lacking true dedication to the magical art and being merely "in it for the money." Surprisingly, Jawal and Darnak Khorshkan, the Head Porter, get along extremely well. They both see in each other the same devotion to their allotted tasks and respect for tradition, and Darnak will frequently drop in for a pipe and a drink on his late-night rounds.

Beholder custodians

AC 0/2/7; MV Fl 3 (B); hp 55 each; THAC0 9; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4; SA magic; SD anti-magic ray; AL LN.

Magical Items and Spell Components

Guildmembers wishing to sell (donate) or purchase either magical items or spell components will be directed to Kondradis Bubka, the person in charge of administering and recording such transactions.

Kondradis Bubka

Mage of Exchange

AC 8 (Dex 16); MV 12; M12; hp 31; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 +1 (*dagger* +1); Str 9, Dex 16, Con 10, Int 18, Wis 15, Cha 8; AL N.

Spells: 4 1st, 4 2nd, 4 3rd, 4 4th, 4 5th, and 1 6th.

Kondradis is 5'10" tall, 152 lbs., with gray hair (balding at the crown and cut very short) and slightly rheumy gray eyes which betray his 57 years. He dresses very simply, in a plain gray robe without decoration.

Kondradis handles all magical exchange, buying, and selling for the Guild of Wizardry. He specializes in divination spells, and he has developed his own variant of the *identify* spell. He keeps this completely secret, even from other guild members, and under no circumstances will he be willing to let any PC see the spell book with this spell inscribed in it.

This spell, which Kondradis has immodestly named *Bubka's Superior Identification*, is treated as a 5th level spell, so

that he can cast this up to five times per day (by using *Mordenkainen's lucubration*, which Mordenkainen has taught him in return for his work in identifying magical items, to gain the ability to cast an extra 5th level spell).

Bubka's Superior Identification

(Divination)

Level: 5

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 5 rounds

Area of effect: 1 item

Saving Throw: Special

When this spell is cast, one item may be examined by the mage so that he may identify the nature of its enchantment. The item need only be hand-held or touched, not worn or used in any way. The following information can be obtained:

(1) One basic magical property of the item (or the fact that it is not magical) is always revealed to the mage. This takes 1 round.

(2) There is a chance that a second magical property will be revealed. The mage will know in 1d4 rounds if there is a second such property, and will need a further 1d3 rounds to identify the nature of this enchantment. The chance for successfully identifying a second magical property is $(\text{level} + \text{Int}) \times 3$ (90% in Bubka's case), to a maximum of 95%. Failing this check indicates that, as far as the caster can determine, the item does not possess or contain any additional enchantments.

The spell may be repeatedly cast on the same item to inquire about third and subsequent magical properties (if there are any), with the same $(\text{level} + \text{Int}) \times 3$ chance for success. However, attempts to confirm earlier detections will always reveal the same result (even if that finding was in error).

Exact properties are revealed by this spell, such as the fact that a weapon is a *sword +1*. (If the weapon was also of the

flame tongue variety, this could only be discovered as a second property.) In the case of charged items, the number of charges is treated as a second property and, if the mage makes the $(\text{level} + \text{Int}) \times 3$ roll, there is still a 25% chance that the number of charges is overestimated or underestimated by 2d10% (equal chance for over or under, but the number estimated will never be less than 1 or greater than the maximum possible).

Unlike the 1st level *identify* spell, casting of this magic does not subject the mage to a loss of Constitution. However, the spell cannot be cast more than once every two hours due to the intense concentration it demands, or else the mage repeating the spell will at once suffer a severe headache lasting 1d4 hours and be unable to memorize or cast any spells for a further 12 hours after the headache subsides. The material components for the spell are the same as for the *identify* spell, except that the pearl must be of high quality (at least 250 gp value).

Kondradis charges 350 gp (no haggling) for casting this spell. He will always use it to check on any magical items offered for sale, and will set the price he is willing to pay according to the result he obtains from the casting.

The sale prices and purchase prices of magical items (whether the transaction is with Kondradis or someone else) should be set in accordance with other prices in the campaign, depending on whether money—in the PCs' possession or in the campaign in general—is scarce or plentiful. The XP values for magical items given in the AD&D® 2nd Edition game *Dungeon Master's Guide* will provide guidelines of the relative value of magical items, although it's usually not appropriate to simply assume a one-to-one correspondence between XP value and gp value. (For example, a *cloak of arachnida* and a *cloak of displacement* both have an XP value of 3,000. This means that they will probably carry gold-piece prices that are identical or very close to each other—but this does not mean that each of them will be priced at 3,000 gp.)

Kondradis will ordinarily pay no more

than 75% of the standard price for a magical item, or 85% if buying from a member of the Guild of Wizardry. He takes a further 5% off his best offer for any charged item, due to the inherent uncertainty of knowing how many charges are present in the item (and the standard price should be adjusted for the number of charges present in any event). Kondradis will barter magical items (paying in kind) at this percentage, but anyone who wants to make an outright purchase will pay at least 115% of the standard price, (110% for a guild member). The DM is advised to be very careful about selling magical items. Minor items such as *potions of healing* and the like, and scrolls of spells of levels 1-3, are fairly readily available. Permanent items are rarely sold, almost always being retained for use in bartering for items the Guild of Wizardry wants for itself.

Kondradis will not haggle, and he uses spells such as *ESP* and *know alignment* to check the people he deals with. Do not forget that such spells as *charm person* cannot be cast in the guild house, and Kondradis will be extremely angry if any such attempt at spellcasting is made, ejecting the PCs at once. If they are stupid enough to attack him, the dwarven porters will arrive in 1-3 rounds, followed by 2-8 mages of levels 1-10 in 1-2 further rounds. Since Kondradis is the "stock keeper" of all the Guild's magical items, assume he has access to whatever he needs from these considerable resources.

A special point concerning Kondradis is that he strongly dislikes elves, and will buy from and sell to them at a further 5% benefit for the guild above the noted margins. This animosity is due to an unfortunate experience in Celene, where a court bard sang a witty verse or several mocking his disheveled appearance, and to a lapse of character when he made a pass at Fioranna Aielestriel and was rebuffed in no uncertain terms.

This animosity, and his uncaring neutral alignment, means that he is happy to accept dead elves and also other "creatures" from the Shapechangers (see Chapter 5), buying their supplies quite

readily and passing them on to Heironymous Tigana (see below) for his work, with which Kondradis sometimes assists him, for neither man wishes it to be widely known what they use in alchemical work. Awkward questions might be asked if this was known to Kieren Jalucian, the Guild Master, or to Jallarzi Salavarian (see below). Kondradis takes pride in making good money for the guild, and doesn't wish it to be known how this is sometimes managed.

Kondradis may easily be encountered if the PCs wish to buy, sell, or exchange magic, of course. Any attempt to do this anywhere in the city will always result in the PCs' being referred to the guild and, hence, to Kondradis. In addition, the mage may rarely be found in the Savant (location C11), taking dinner and a small tittle, and he can sometimes be found in the Wheel of Gold, Nerof Gasgal's gambling house, where he attempts to socialize with the well-to-do and any Directors who might be around (who usually treat him with patient respect, which just masks their terminal boredom with the dry-as-dust fellow).

Heironymous Tigana **Alchemist, Guild of Wizardry**

AC 7/6 (Dex 17; *gauntlets of dexterity* sometimes worn); MV 12; M12; hp 27; THAC0 19/17; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon -1 (Str penalty); Str 5, Dex 17, Con 6, Int 17, Wis 10, Cha 4; AL N (NE).

Spells: 4 1st, 4 2nd, 4 3rd, 4 4th, 4 5th, and 1 6th.

Magical items: see below.

Heironymous is a spectacularly ugly man. At 4'11", with sparse tufts of gray wiry hair atop his bumpy-knobbed scalp and bulging gray eyes on either side of his huge, red-veined nose, he looks like a slightly elongated alcoholic and geriatric gnome. He is, however, notably sprightly and dextrous for his 71 years, and his intelligence has not dimmed. He dresses in a leather jack and apron (this is not treated as armor), and smells horrid—there is a miasma of stale sweat, acidic vapors, and boiled cabbage about him. He is irritable, and has time only for his work.

Heironymous has his own laboratory in the basements of the guild house, where he insists on total privacy and seclusion for his work. No guildmembers will enter without making an appointment through Kondradis (usually at least two days in advance) unless there are exceptional circumstances (fire, threat to the city itself, etc.). This enables Heironymous to go about his work undisturbed, and he will cheerfully slice, dice, grind, boil, purée and simmer whatever it is that he needs to use, whether it is wing of griffon or the bone marrow of a comely elf. Heironymous labels his materials in an old Suloise runic alphabet which is known to no one else in the guild except Kondradis, so that a casual inspection might not reveal what the bottles (opaque to conceal appearances) and urns hold.

Heironymous accepts useful materials from whoever will supply them. Usually such people come to Kondradis, who also deals with the selling side. Heironymous has shelves of books with almost all known alchemical recipes, and he knows all of the common potion recipes (*healing*, *ESP*, *flying*, *invisibility*, and the like). For each type of rare potion (*dragon control*, *super-heroism*, etc.), there is a 90% chance that Heironymous knows the recipe. Word has gotten around that if one wants a potion, Greyhawk is the place to get it, and the biggest demand of all is for *potions of longevity*. After all, who does not want youth returned and life extended?

This is why elf bone marrow and blood (used in the recipe for a *potion of longevity*) are so valuable to Heironymous and Kondradis, and why they eagerly deal with the Shapechangers. Chapter 5 gives further details of this dubious trade and how PCs may become involved with this business.

Heironymous sits and sulks down in his laboratories, staring at the glasswork and equipment most of the time. However, he is also an alcoholic, and he has expensive tastes in wine. He will not trust anyone else to buy his wine for him, so from time to time he is forced to venture out into the better markets to purchase his own. He then takes back his cases of nec-

tarwine and similar potables, using an *unseen servant* to push along a *Tenser's floating disc* with the wine atop it. He has tried to send an invisible stalker out to do this shopping, but the merchants refuse to deal with such a creature, and so Heironymous is forced to make this trip every week or so. Also, on rare occasions, a half-drunk Heironymous uses *invisibility* and *fly* to make a perilous trip to Old Mother Grubb's (see Chapter 5); amazingly, he has not yet collided with any rooftops on this bumpy journey. He only gambles there, and never risks significant sums; he just likes the seedy atmosphere of the place. The predatory staff of this dubious establishment knows that Heironymous's disappearance at their hands would be very dangerous for them, since magical scrying and determined investigation would lead Kieren and the other mages to their place, so they have not attacked the old alchemist.

The University

One of the guild's major functions is the training of wizards, both the novice and the experienced. Every year, new fresh-faced students arrive to begin their studies and learn their first spell (which is always *read magic*).

Trainee mages enrolled at the University can expect the very best in training and preparation for their career in masonry. The University can draw upon the considerable resources of the associated Guild of Wizardry and includes some of the most distinguished practitioners of the Art among its tutorial staff.

The University encourages both established wizards and students (under supervision) to undertake research into various aspects of the magical arts, and there are several secure laboratories beneath the Guildhall.

Tobin Potriades

Senior Tutor, The University

AC 10; MV 6; M16; hp 34; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 +2 (*dagger* +2); Str 9, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 18, Wis 15, Cha 17; AL LG.

Spells: 5 1st, 5 2nd, 5 3rd, 5 4th, 5 5th.

3 6th, 2 7th, and 1 8th.

Magical item: *dagger* +2.

Tobin is a genial old man of about 90 years of age (although his exact age is uncertain, and Tobin himself gave up counting long ago) with a pronounced fondness for good food and wine. Tobin is responsible for the instruction of all mages who come to the University for training, and although he rarely lectures these days he still takes an active interest in his students and their studies.

Tobin's eyesight is dwindling rapidly, and his hearing is bad at best. So far he has refrained from using magical means to correct these problems; he wears thick half-moon spectacles and carries a large, unwieldy ear trumpet.

Tobin is accompanied wherever he goes by Tiddles, his changecat familiar (see *GREYHAWK® Adventures*, page 24) that generally retains the form of a moth-eaten old tabby cat.

Tiddles the Changelogat

AC 8 (7); MV 9 (15, 45 sprint); HD 4; hp 28; THAC0 15; #AT 1 claw, 1 bite (2 claws, 1 bite); Dmg 1d2 (claw), 1 (bite) (1d3/1d3 claws, 2d6 bite); SA rear claws for 1d2 (rear claws for 1d4/1d4); SD surprised only on a 1; AL N (NG).

Statistics in parentheses are for the changecat in cheetahlike form. Tiddles will take on this form if Tobin is threatened. Tiddles is devoted to Tobin and will defend him fanatically.

Ephraim Blackrod

Master of Ceremonies

The position of Master of Ceremonies was written into the founding charter of the Free City's Guild of Wizardry and University by Zagig the Archmage. Holders of this position (which is normally passed from father to son) have a duty to ensure that the correct ceremonies and rituals are observed.

Dressed in his ceremonial robes and clutching his staff of office, Ephraim Blackrod, often accompanied by the Head Porter, tours the halls and buildings

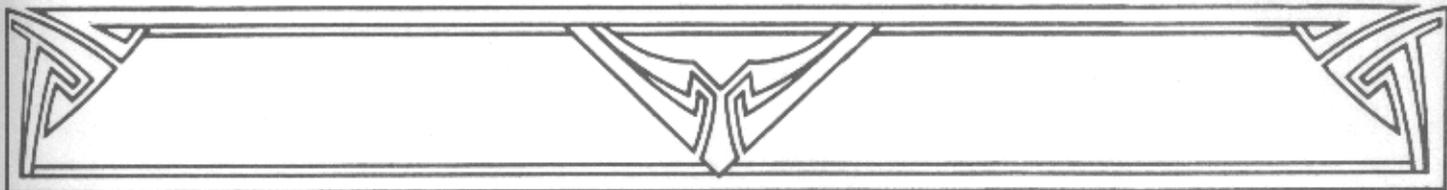
of the guild and the University, performing the multitude of small tasks and rituals essential to the well-being of the guild. It is the Master of Ceremonies, for example, who must procure the fifteen halving trampolinists to perform at the annual pickled quails' egg banquet on the last day of Fireseek, or to ensure that the principal is wearing his ceremonial moosehead at midday every Starday. It is also the Master of Ceremonies who organizes the Desportium of Magick and the first-year students' annual raft-race down the Processional.

Ephraim is a dour, serious man who (like all his predecessors) takes his job very seriously. Although many might see him as a figure of fun, students and guild members normally know better than to laugh at him or his duties. Many a first-year student has winced at the lash of his acid tongue and (for Ephraim has power vested in him by the founding charter over the student body) spent the rest of the day whitewashing the garderobes with nothing more than a songbird's feather.

Over the years many have questioned the necessity and economy of the post of Master of Ceremonies. Revisionists in the Guild argue that such ridiculous nonsense is worthless in today's modern age of magical science. Yet Ephraim still remains in office. The truth is that the post was delineated clearly in Zagig's founding charter, and no one can be sure that the Master of Ceremonies does not play a crucial part in preserving the powerful magics wrought in the construction of the building.

Mordenkainen and the Circle of Eight

This very powerful grouping of wizards is a major force across the Flanaess. While only two of the Circle's members reside in Greyhawk, all are detailed here for several reasons. First, their actions and intrigues affect all the Flanaess, including the Free City. Second, they have servants



in Greyhawk who spy, recruit help, and consult sages and the like if so instructed. Further, each of the Circle of Eight is known to visit Greyhawk on occasion, and to have friends in high places within the city. Last but not least, seasoned veterans of campaigns set in Oerth will appreciate the updated, official profiles given for such luminaries as Mordenkainen, Bigby, and Tenser, archmages all!

The majority of the members of the Circle of Eight are of pure neutral alignment, and do not revere one deity to the exclusion of others. Their actions are usually directed toward preventing any country, faction, or organized group from growing too powerful and overwhelming others, spreading a growing influence across the lands of Oerth. The history of this young world has taught them that great dominance arising from any quarter leads to great wars, hubris which may draw down the wrath of one or more deities, or even greater disasters. Power has corrupted the once good and great, as well as making the evil more ruthless and bloody in their rulership. If the actions and plans of the members of the Circle of Eight are more often directed to thwarting evil than good, this is because it is more often the evil powers of luz, the Hierarchs of the Horned Society, and others which seek conquest and dominion over the heartlands of Oerth. Opposition to evil humanoids (the Circle is fairly humanocentric) and magical research are further shared goals.

The Circle of Eight is composed of eight mages in addition to Mordenkainen himself. Their dispersion across Oerth allows them to glean information from many quarters, and it is known that Mordenkainen has enchanted devices which can summon any and all members of the Circle to him in time of peril. More usually, each member acts independently, reporting to other Circle wizards by magical means at regular intervals. While Mordenkainen might be the "leader" of this group, it is not a hierarchy, but a close group of wizards with similar concerns.

Although individual wizards of the Circle have developed their own spells, which are predominantly of one type

(e.g., Tenser and Drawmij have their own spells which are mostly of the alteration school), all of them are considered as general (non-specialist) wizards. While the magical research they have performed to develop these spells is specialized, their original training was not so. Mordenkainen and Tenser, at least, are known to incline strongly to the view that a member of the Circle of Eight must have all-round talent. Complete spell lists are not given for all the wizards; the DM can add spells as desired to reflect the circumstances of any encounter with these powerful people. Likewise, only major magical items are listed; each mage will also have several scrolls or potions, as chosen by the DM. High-powered magical items have not been included in these NPC profiles, but may be added if the DM has been running an overly magic-rich campaign in the Greyhawk world.

Mordenkainen

AC -3 (*bracers of defense AC 2, ring of protection +2*, Dex 17); MV 12; M20; hp 66; THAC0 14/12; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 +2 or 1d4 +3 (*dagger +2, +3 vs. large creatures*); Str 10, Dex 17, Con 17, Int 18, Wis 15, Cha 18; AL N.

Spells: 5(6) 1st, 5(6) 2nd, 5(6) 3rd, 5 4th, 5 5th, 4 6th, 3 7th, 3 8th, and 2 9th.

Magical items: *dagger +2, +3 versus large creatures; dagger +1; bracers of defense AC 2; ring of protection +2; bag of holding* (500 lbs. weight limit); *carpet of flying; crystal ball with ESP; pearls of power* (1 each for 1st, 2nd, and 3rd level spells), *wand of fear*, and *wand of frost*.

Mordenkainen is 72 (46) years old, 6'2" tall, 142 lbs., with cropped black hair, brown eyes, and a black beard streaked with silver. He often dresses as a humble merchant when traveling, otherwise donning robes of brown or black with silver decorative threading. He can be a stubborn, difficult man, and he does not tolerate fools at all. Usually he will spend much more time listening than talking in discussions, but when he does speak his judgments are authoritative and rarely disputed.

He is keenly aware of his (albeit self-

imposed) responsibilities, and has less time for magical research and study than he would like. His massive library—stacked with spell books which contain all known spells, except those particular to individual mages other than Mordenkainen himself—is increasingly filled with tomes on history and politics, and sheafs of written reports from his many servants and aides.

Mordenkainen lives in the Obsidian Citadel, a symmetrical complex of towers and walled defenses in the Yatil Mountains. Very few know its precise location; only Tenser and Bigby of the Circle of Eight know exactly where it is. It is protected by sheer and harsh mountains, fierce winds and swirling clouds, and also by illusions and disorientating magical effects which cause the searcher for the citadel to become confused and lost. Magical defenses also prevent access by such spells as *plane shift* or *teleport* to "unauthorized" persons, and the magical illusions also extend into the Ethereal plane to confuse those who would seek to enter by this route. Those whom Mordenkainen wishes to approach and enter are given magical amulets by the archmage which effectively act as *find the path* spells (one use per amulet only) so far as locating the citadel goes.

Mordenkainen has many servants in, and around, his Obsidian Citadel. He can summon and ride a very old silver dragon of largest size, and is known to be on very good terms with a strong clan of stone giants who assisted in the building of the citadel. The citadel's defenders are marshalled and organized by two 12th level fighters of LN alignment, the lords Eraj and Felnorith, both of whom ride trained griffons. Dwarves, gnomes, and humans all serve as troops within the citadel, and are usually of elite quality and strongly loyal to the archmage. Many do so in grateful return for Mordenkainen's help in protecting their clans and homes against marauding humanoids in the Yatil range. There is also a 10% chance, at any time, that Mordenkainen has 1d4 cloud giant guests (all of NG alignment). These giants offer assistance, should it be needed, in remembrance of Mor-



denkainen's help in destroying a flight of evil dragons which were wreaking havoc on them in 575 CY. One of these giants will be an exceptional shaman, with the abilities of a 9th level priest.

Mordenkainen is rarely in Greyhawk himself, and has not performed actions within the city which make him a figure of direct importance to the rulers, or one who is known to the common populace. Should he travel to the area, he will usually be at Tenser's fortress. His aides and friends in Greyhawk are many, but the most important are Jallarzi Sallavarian and Ravel Dasinder.

Tenser

AC 1 (*ring of protection +3, cloak of displacement, staff of the magi*, Dex 16); MV 12; M20; hp 60; THAC0 14/13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +3 or more (*staff of striking*); Str 10, Dex 16, Con 16, Int 17, Wis 11, Cha 18; AL LG (N).

Spells: 5 1st, 5 2nd, 5 3rd, 5 4th, 5 5th, 4 6th, 3 7th, 3 8th, and 2 9th.

Magical items: *ring of protection +3, cloak of displacement, staff of the magi, staff of striking, amulet of proof against detection and location, dust of disappearance, pearl of the sirines, ring of human influence, ring of fire resistance, staff of thunder and lightning, wand of enemy detection, Zagyg's spell component case.*

Tenser is 57 (47), 5'10" tall, 157 lbs., with dark brown hair and eyes and a prominent aquiline nose. He always dresses in blue garments, light predominating over dark, and his home is decorated in the same way. He is polite, quick-witted, and gregarious; he enjoys intelligent conversation and likes entertaining guests in his home. He is the strongest proponent for the causes of Law and Good within the Circle of Eight. He is known to be slightly disrespectful of the rights of others in such matters, being quite ready to use the *geas* spell to force others into serving those causes dear to his heart. He is also aggressive when roused, and uses offensive spells in combats immediately when this is feasible.

Tenser lives in a castle on the southern shores of the Nyr Dyv. It is well defended

physically (built on a craggy rock outcrop protruding from the coastline) and also magically. Disconcerting magical illusions and distortions within it impede any intruders and leave them off guard, as an amused archmage watches their blunderings with magical scrying. Once protected by a very rare water dragon which has now left for the depths of the Nyr Dyv, Tenser's castle still has its many magical guardians, and Tenser has friends among sirines, swanmays, nixies, nymphs, and other good- or neutral-aligned races who dwell in the area.

Tenser has many alliances with nonhuman creatures which reflect his gregarious, curious, and helpful nature and his alignment. He has aided jann against the depredations of marauding dao, gained respect among the rare, chaotic good firbolg of the Welkwood, and rescued a herd of centaurs from formorian giants in the Gnarley Forest. In return for this favor, the centaurs watch over that fell place and inform Tenser of any evil growing rapidly in power within it. It is also known that Tenser has at least respect, if not friendships, among groups of galeb duhr, brownies, sprites, and werebears.

Tenser's concern for thwarting the plans of Evil is indicated by his contacts in the courts of Furyondy, Urnst, and Nyron, and by his very strong friendship with the High Patriarch of Rao in Mithrik, none other than Hazen, priestly ruler of that bastion of righteousness.

While Mordenkainen and others feign boredom with Tenser's continual warnings concerning the ambitions of Evil, there is no doubt he is often right in his claims, and his desire to shift the balance of power toward Law and Good is tolerated by other Circle members at least in part because of the extensive intelligence network he has.

Tenser is a not-infrequent visitor to Greyhawk City, coming out of curiosity, concern, or simple sociability. Any sniff of excellent imported rich fabrics (Tenser is slightly vain), unique ornaments and decorations which he could buy for his home, or rare magical items he could purchase or barter for will also bring him to the city. He usually stays either at the house of his

good friend Otto (location G2), with Jallarzi (location H16), or treats himself to a little luxury at The Golden Phoenix (location G11). The Wizard's Hut Inn (location R4) is another favored hangout of his.

Bigby

AC -4 (*bracers of defense AC 5, ring of protection +3, staff of power, boots of striding and springing*); MV 12; M18; hp 46; THAC0 15/13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 +2 (*dagger +2*); Str 9, Dex 17, Con 15, Int 17, Wis 15, Cha 12; SD has cast *permanency* for *detect invisibility*; AL N.

Spells: 5 1st, 5 2nd, 5 3rd, 5 4th, 5 5th, 3 6th, 3 7th, 2 8th, and 1 9th.

Magical items: *bracers of defense AC 5, ring of protection +3, staff of power, boots of striding and springing, crystal ball, djinni bottle, ring of mind shielding, wand of fire, wand of frost, wand of negation, winged boots.* Bigby also possesses at least one of all known *protection scroll* types.

Bigby is 48, 5'11" tall, 149 lbs., with light brown hair and dark brown eyes. He is pale and very lean, and dresses very simply in a hooded dark gray robe. He is quiet and soft-spoken, and appears anxious and nervous. "I think we should be very careful about what we're going to do" is Bigby's pet phrase. He is overly cautious, and adding this to his natural desire to think out the tactics of any plans in depth makes him a worrier and fretter. Bigby's main influence within the Circle of Eight is to slow down their plans—but they end up all the better for it. Bigby is also rather puritannical, eschewing all pleasures of the flesh, and can appear carping and nitpicking. Only those who know him well get the benefit of his wry sense of humor and relaxed smile when he feels secure in good company. It is his usual insecurity which drives him to covet defensive magical items, of which he possesses many.

Bigby is an exile from the Great Kingdom, having long ago fled that corrupt and vile nation and taken up residence in Scant, at the western edge of Onnwal. He "fronts" as a merchant there, living in a well-to-do but austere town house, be-

low which is a very extensive warren of chambers and passages which Bigby has *disintegrated* out and filled with guards, wards, alarms, and magical traps of all sorts. Bigby is never without a *teleport without error* spell which can take him to Mordenkainen or Tenser should he become trapped within these tunnels.

Bigby rarely adventures now, and is almost a "sleeping" member of the Circle, coming out of his lair only when something major in the affairs of Oerth is afoot. He has few spies or agents, but the reclusive archmage seems always to know should a defensive magical item appear on the market. Superior *bracers of defense* and items such as a *cloak of displacement* would tempt him forth, offering large sums or many scrolls and potions for the prize. Rare and special material components which he could use for creating such items will also attract him, and he will (unwillingly yet compulsively) travel to Greyhawk or almost anywhere else to get them.

Otto

AC 2/0 (*chain mail* +3; *boots of speed*); MV 12; Pr5/M14; hp 45; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +5 (*footman's flail* +3); Str 16, Dex 7, Con 15, Int 17, Wis 15, Cha 16; AL N (NG).

Spells (priest): 5 1st, 4 2nd, and 1 3rd.

Spells (wizard): 5 1st, 5 2nd, 5 3rd (but see below), 4 4th, 4 5th, 2 6th, and 1 7th.

Magical items: *chain mail* +3, *boots of speed*, *footman's flail* +3, *bag of holding* (250 lbs. weight limit), *cornucopia of blissful satiation* (see below), *medallion of ESP*, *phylactery of faithfulness*, *ring of feather falling*, *ring of wizardry* (doubles 3rd level spells), *wand of conjuration*, and *wand of steam and vapor*.

Otto is 44, 5'10" tall, 332 lbs., with long, curly brown hair and green-hazel eyes. He usually wears voluminous rich robes of purple and gold, and several gem-set rings. Hugely fat, the sociable and ebullient Otto travels widely, claiming to be a merchant, and trading in luxuries, especially foodstuffs. Otto is a gourmet, and what he doesn't know about good food isn't worth knowing. He

has been writing a book on special dishes and good places to eat for some ten years, and is looking forward to visiting many more fine hostelrys still. Otto's *cornucopia of blissful satiation* is an item which provides him with three gourmet meals per day, but these must be ones which Otto has eaten before, and no particular dish can be reproduced more than once per year by the *cornucopia*—hence Otto's desire to eat as many wonderful (and different) dishes as possible on his travels. Otto is also a very cultured man, with a love of all arts, especially music.

Otto began life as an acolyte of Boccob in the Prelacy of Almor, but despite his enthusiasm he did not make good progress. His superiors suggested switching to a career as a mage, and Otto has never looked back. Possibly due to some wry assistance from Boccob—or more likely Zagig—Otto made extraordinarily rapid advancement (gaining experience levels very quickly), but in a very special manner. It is Otto's keen musical sense which has assisted his study of magic. Otto is always ready (when he drops the cover of being a merchant and is known for what he is) to wax lyrical about the similarities between the structure of musical forms and the structures of the laws of magic, and believes the two to be closely linked.

In addition to his own personal spells using alterations of sound accompanying, or causing, magical effects, Otto is notorious for his bizarre singing *fireballs* and for casting *magic missiles* which leave a sound wave of polyphonic chanting behind them as they streak through the air. One Frost Barbarian who incurred Otto's wrath is reported to have said, "I have been struck by that which the foul dabblers in sorcery call an *ice storm* before, but never before by one which yodelled as it hailed down on my head."

Otto is well-liked among the rulers of Almor, and has a large town house there. If he needs to carry out magical research, he uses the resources of the Wizards' Guild in Chathold, or those at Tenser's fortress. He spends most of his time in Almor, where he learns much of what is happening in the Great Kingdom and the troubled lands of the Bone March and

Ratik, information carefully studied by the Circle of Eight. He is also known to assist druids and rangers and their friends in the Adri Forest, and generally his neutral alignment is tinged with good tendencies.

Otto is a frequent visitor to the City of Greyhawk and keeps a well-appointed town house there (location G2). He visits to see Tenser, to trade, but mostly to attend major cultural events in Greyhawk, especially the opera. Otto has been in love with Aestrella Shanfarel for years, and adores listening to her. He has showered her with flowers, gems, and gifts of all sorts, and has even dined with her twice (as her way of acknowledging the funds he has donated to the Grand Theatre and Opera House). He has no idea, of course, of her true nature (see Chapter 5). Otto greatly enjoys the excellent food in Greyhawk, and often stays at The Golden Phoenix, talking to the chefs and swapping hints and gossip. On his most recent visit, Otto was able to add kraken steaks stuffed with fillets of rare star-eel, poached in Celene nectarwine and served with a mousse of moonberry and lemon, to his vast store of culinary experiences. He will travel far and wide to enjoy such rarities, and will pay well for recipes he has not already recorded in the many books which fill his *bag of holding*.

Drawmij

AC 0 (Dex 16, *gray robe of the archmagi*, *ring of protection* +3); MV 12; M16; hp 44; THAC0 16/15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 +3 (*dagger* +3); Str 7, Dex 16, Con 15, Int 18, Wis 17, Cha 9; SD 5% magic resistance; AL N.

Spells: 5 1st, 5 2nd, 5 3rd, 5 4th, 5 5th, 3 6th, 2 7th, and 1 8th.

Magical items: *gray robe of the archmagi*, *ring of protection* +3, *dagger* +3, *chime of opening*, *figurine of wondrous power (serpentine owl)*, *helm of underwater action*, *ring of shooting stars*, *wand of magic missiles*, *wand of polymorphing*, and a *folding boat* of special sort (see below).

Fully six feet tall, weighing 172 lbs., Drawmij is 54 years old but appears a youthful 29. He has dark blond hair, deep



blue eyes verging on violet, and wears cool colors with his magical robe, often favoring elven designs. He is very silent and intensely secretive. He spends long periods in his undersea lair (about 150 miles southeast of Gradsul, in the Azure Sea) studying magic and experimenting with it. His current passion is experimenting with magics which affect time and distance, but the results of his work with customized versions and combinations of spells such as *haste*, *slow*, *distance distortion*, *dimension door*, *teleport* and others are unknown. Drawmij is well known within the Circle of Eight for saying nothing about anything until he is very sure of himself.

Drawmij's magical boat is a metal vessel capable of sealing itself and traveling along the bottom of the sea, using a shaped wall of force as a buffer and some form of *telekinesis* for travel. Drawmij can see outside through the *glassteel* windows, and has some unknown magical way of seeing to an extended range (120 yards) even in the gloomiest of waters. From his cavernous home below the surface of the Azure Sea, Drawmij deals with merfolk, whales and dolphins, and many other denizens of the deep. From them, and his own scrying—for Drawmij has few contacts as such outside of Keoland—little of importance happens along the shores of this massive ocean which Drawmij does not hear of sooner or later. Drawmij and Otto have enchanted a rare, singular magical item which allows Drawmij to hear the songs and messages of the great whales at scores of miles distance, so that information can be relayed very quickly.

Drawmij's lair is built within an undersea cavern lying not far below the continental shelf, and is fully self-sufficient and self-replenishing. Drawmij is known to have coral golems (similar in nature to stone golems) as custodians, in addition to the many magical protections within his home.

Drawmij is known to have friends among the minstrels and bards at the court of Yolande of Celene. How Drawmij the recluse befriended such garrulous and roguish (for the most part) folk is

something which not even Mordenkainen knows. Lastly, Drawmij has an enduring hatred of Jaran Krimeeah, the Mage of the Valley, and is forever trying to persuade other members of the Circle of Eight to help him kill the wily old archmage. Jallarzi Sallavarian has suggested to Otto that Drawmij's real antipathy is for Jaran's aide, Tysiln San the drow, and Drawmij's explosive reaction to this suggests that it might well be true—but why? As with so much else about Drawmij, this is unknown.

Drawmij only visits Greyhawk when he must. This is usually to consult the mages guild concerning some rare magical item, or arcane text, which Drawmij seeks to purchase. If he does this, he arrives unheralded and leaves as quickly as possible.

Nystul

AC 0 (*bracers of defense AC 5, ring of protection +3, cloak of displacement*); MV 12; M16; hp 57; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger); Str 7, Dex 10, Con 15, Int 18, Wis 17, Cha 15; SD has cast *permanency for protection from evil*; AL N.

Spells: 5 1st, 5 2nd, 5 3rd, 5 4th, 5 5th, 3 6th, 2 7th, and 1 8th.

Magical items: *bracers of defense AC 5, ring of protection +3, cloak of displacement, boots of levitation, dust of disappearance, hat of disguise, helm of telepathy, wand of enemy detection, wand of illusion, and wand of illumination.*

Nystul is 43, 6'7" tall, 184 lbs., with mousey brown hair (lank and uncombed), brown eyes, and rather plain features. His ridiculous gangling beanpole figure sticks out anywhere, so it is hardly surprising that the mage places strong reliance on magics of disguise and deception. He often travels in the form of a demure half-elven maiden with his *hat of disguise*; as he says, this is ideal for gaining protection from stalwart paladins and chivalrous knights.

Flippant and humorous, with a preference for puns and quips which displeases Mordenkainen and the sober Bigby and Drawmij, Nystul is nonetheless a profound thinker and a master of subtlety.

His tactical sense is unerring. He believes that almost any battle can be won if his side has enough obscuring magic (invisibility and illusions) to deceive the opposition. While Nystul is proficient with the dagger, he almost never uses it (except to peel an apple occasionally). He argues reasonably that if a mage is caught in melee, he has totally failed to conduct himself correctly—a mage with sound obscuring and defensive magic should never be so caught. However, to allow for surprises, Nystul will usually have his personal spells *crystal dagger* and *crystal dirk* memorized (see *GREYHAWK® Adventures*, page 59).

Nystul hails from the Duchy of Tenh, where he has many worries about his home which he sometimes feels others do not express enough concern about. Bandits to the northeast, humanoids to the north, a well-meaning but often intolerant Theocracy to the east and yet more bandits to the west and southwest—the Duchy is ringed by problems. Nystul is eternally scrounging for information about events on the borders of the land, which he feeds surreptitiously to the rulers. The last thing he wants is personal recognition or publicity; he operates secretly, in disguise, and some of his friends might be less friendly if he was known for what he is, and not as the elven maid, chortling gnome, or barbarian he chooses to appear as. Nystul avoids any proffered contact from the rulers of the Duchy, often being "away" should some message or summons arrive.

A special interest of Nystul's is spells which involve alterations of light and darkness, some of which he has developed himself. Otto has heard, from a contact in northern Nyrond, that Nystul has been working with powerful druids within the Phostwood to develop a potent form of *faerie fire* which blinds the victim in addition to normal effects, but what has come of this is as yet uncertain.

Nystul visits Greyhawk on occasion, seeking magical items or new spells for the books which fill his ever-expanding shelves in the inconspicuous house he maintains in Redspan. He travels using a *teleport without error* spell to Tenser's

fortress, and makes his way on from there. Nystul has been known to seed information among mercenaries and adventurers that employment awaits them in the Duchy when bandit raids loom, although Nyrond and the County of Urnst are usually his first ports of call on such missions. He also "shadows" shipments of weapons from Stoink down the Artonsamay River and across the Nyr Dyv, on their way to the western lands of the Iron League, where he has ex-apprentices now of medium (7-12) level.

Rary

AC -7 (*bracers of defense* AC 0, *ring of protection* +5, *staff of the magi*); MV 12; M23; hp 50; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +5 (*quarterstaff* +5); Str 7, Dex 11, Con 12, Int 19, Wis 19, Cha 16 (18 to Paynim); AL N.

Spells: 5 1st, 5 2nd, 5 3rd, 5 4th, 5 5th, 5 6th, 5 7th, 5 8th, and ach o 3 9th.

Magical items: *bracers of defense* AC 0, *ring of protection* +5, *staff of the magi*, *gem of seeing*, *helm of brilliance*, *ring of animal control*, *ring of mind shielding*, *robe of stars*, *rod of beguiling*, *stone destrier* (see below), and *wand of paralysis*.

Rary is 71, 6'0" tall, 170 lbs., with thinning auburn hair and green eyes, and a tanned complexion. Rary dresses in a tan-colored robe with highly intricate gold patterning of Baklunish origin. He is growing old, but he is still sprightly, and the glittering green eyes in his handsome face are not watery or dimmed with age.

Rary has major sage abilities, and he still devours knowledge and learning. He is ever eager to find and buy, or trade for, books and other items which convey knowledge of the history of the peoples of Oerth. He is quiet, dignified, and a skilled mediator and peacemaker.

Rary is Archmage of Ket, and largely retired from the Circle of Eight, living in his tower in Lopolla. He still attends meetings when there is peril in the land, however, and his advice and judgments are often sought by the others. His gentleness, and his duties as Archmage, prevent him from leading the Circle of Eight,

but he has never sought this position. He would, in any event, have found it hard to deal with the aggression of Otiluke, and regularly expresses irritation at the younger mage's intemperance.

Rary is of mixed Baklunish-Suloise stock, and is a living legend within Ket. His sage and archmage talents are legendary, but his strange affinity with the marauding Paynim is as well-known and causes Ket folk to shake their heads in wonder. Certainly, the wild raiders from the plains have great respect for "The Rider," as they simply call him.

This is only partly attributable to Rary's specially enchanted *stone destrier*, an "animal" which can travel tirelessly at a gallop in the usual manner on Oerth, but across all terrains, and also across the Astral plane, rendering its rider astral also. On Oerth, this magnificent beast is unequalled for size and strength (having 52 hit points, twice the normal amount), and the Paynim speak in hushed tones of awe about the stallion. Further, Rary knows the history and beliefs of the Paynim in great detail, and has spent many days talking with Paynim shamans and wise men, bringing back to the wild men long-lost echoes of their ancestors, legends, and past. The Paynim thus hold him in the greatest respect, and the frequency of their raids into Ket has greatly diminished in recent years.

In the event that Rary should meet with real hot-heads, he uses his *rod of beguiling* and similar magic to subdue, eschewing offensive spells. Rary's own personalized spells reflect his preference for "mental magic" over what he disparagingly refers to as "blood and thunder stuff." He also favors defensive magic for self-protection, and has been able to create a pair of *bracers of defense* unequalled for their protection.

Rary travels to the City of Greyhawk upon occasion to visit his brother, Arkalan Sammal, who is a sage in residence. Rary sometimes grows tired with his duties in Ket and regards a few weeks with his brother as relaxation. Those who have attended their ferociously learned conversations, which stretch well into the early hours, come away from them

exhausted and with a deep sense of intellectual inferiority.

Otiluke

AC 4 (Dex 17, *cloak of protection* +4); MV 12; M16; hp 39; THAC0 15/13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 +2 (*dagger* +2); Str 5 (raised to 9 by *gauntlets*; see below), Dex 17, Con 10, Int 17, Wis 8, Cha 11; AL N.

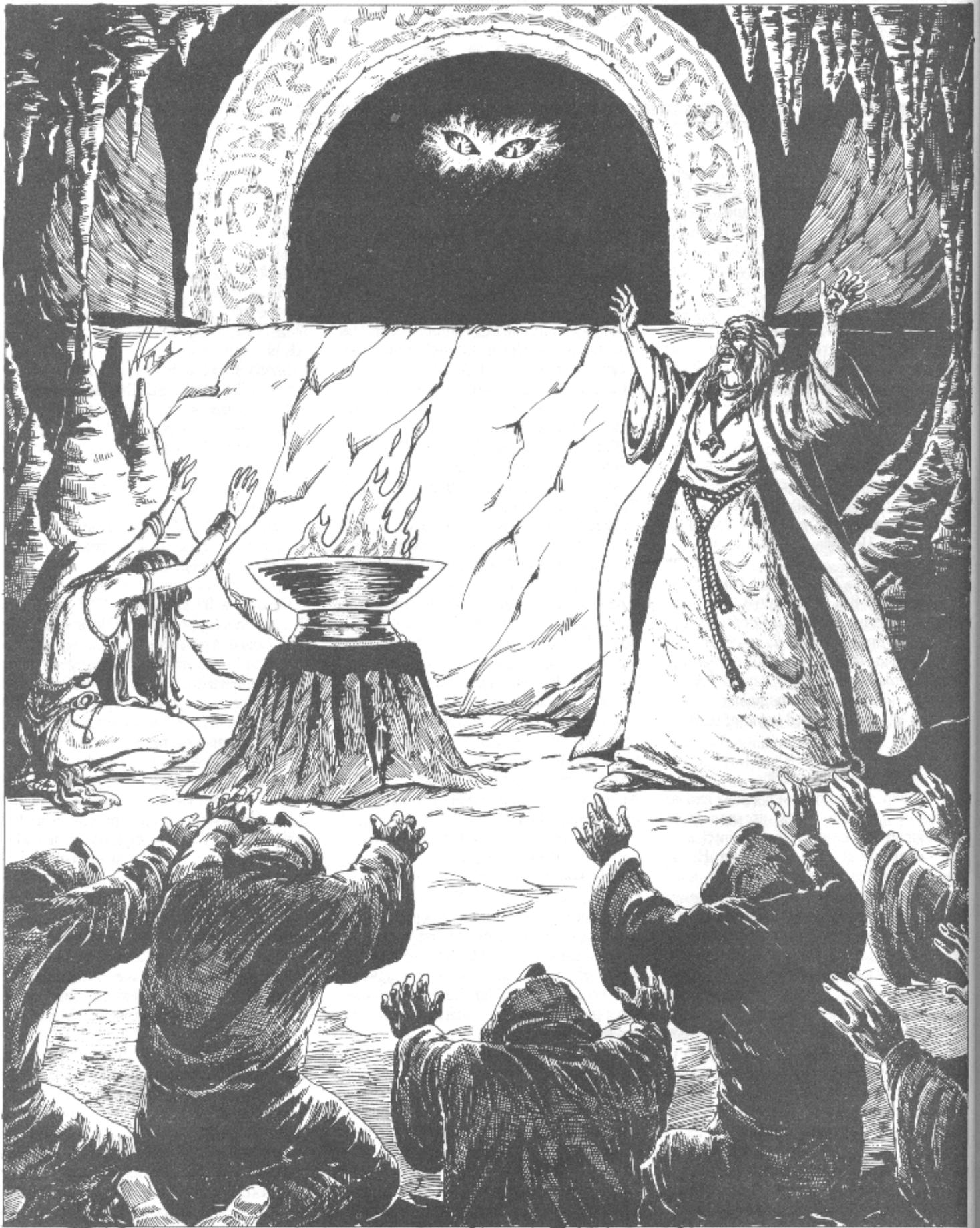
Spells: 5 1st, 5 2nd, 5 3rd, 5 4th, 5 5th, 3 6th, 2 7th, and 1 8th (but see below).

Magical items: *cloak of protection* +4, *dagger* +2, *gauntlets of kobold power* (see below), *horn of blasting*, *ioun stone* (pale green; adds 1 level of experience and additional spells accordingly), *necklace of missiles* (1 of 8HD, 3 of 6HD, 3 of 4HD), *periapt of proof against poison* +2, *ring of spell turning*, *wand of fire*, and *wand of frost*.

Otiluke is 39 years old, 5'1" tall, 102 lbs., with cropped short black hair and thin beard and brown-hazel eyes. His long hands are always active, gesturing and emphasizing. It is surely Otiluke's small size and physical puniness (the magical gauntlets he wears, usable by any class, raise his miserable Strength to an effective 9) which have made him compensate by becoming an aggressive and abrasive personality. Otiluke specializes in, and loves studying, area-effect spells which cause physical damage in a wide variety of ways, and he is always interested in bartering or buying offensive magical items.

Otiluke's *ioun stone* is an interesting indicator of his mood; he has possessed it for some years, and it has become attuned to him. The mage is easily animated and irritated in discussions, and the more aggressive he feels the faster the stone whirls around his head.

Otiluke has been a member of the Circle of Eight for only some five years, and some within the Circle were unsure of the value of this impulsive, aggressive wizard. However, Otiluke's position in Greyhawk is of major importance. As President of the Society of Magi, he is one of the ruling Oligarchs. He was maneuvered into this position by Kieren Ja-



lucian as explained above; the Circle knew they needed a member permanently in residence in the Free City—and who better than an Oligarch?

Kieren was considered unacceptable to join the Circle by virtue of alignment at the time, and so Otiluke was approached. He enthusiastically accepted the invitation from Otto and Tenser. Otiluke's membership in the Circle is a complete secret within Greyhawk, and he is often under some strain because of the need to maintain total secrecy in this matter. Otiluke is the direct (one-way) line between the city rulers and the Circle of Eight.

Otiluke is in the Free City some 90% of the time. His own home is at location R15, and he may also be found in any of the following places at certain times: at Otto's home (location G2), Jallarzi Sallavarian's home (location H16), the Guild of Wizardry (location H13), or at any reputable hostelry, often in the company of one of the noted mages or with . . .

Jallarzi Sallavarian

AC -4 (Dex 18, *bracers of defense AC2, ring of protection +2*); MV 12; M14; hp 38; THAC0 16/14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +3 or better (*staff of striking*); Str 10, Dex 18, Con 9, Int 18, Wis 17, Cha 17; SD pseudodragon familiar; AL NG.

Spells: 5 1st, 5 2nd, 5 3rd, 4 4th, 4 5th, 2 6th, and 1 7th.

Magical items: *bracers of defense AC 2, ring of protection +2, staff of striking, arrow of direction, boots of elvenkind, cloak of elvenkind, hat of disguise, rope of climbing, ring of feather falling, wand of fear, wand of illusion, wand of magic missiles, wand of metal and mineral detection, and wand of secret door and trap location.*

"We do not need another agent in Greyhawk. Otiluke is our eyes and ears there, and we learn all that transpires at the Oligarch's councils."

"So? Jallarzi is friendly with Derider Fanshen, and learns much more of the seamier side of the city. Many travel there and conduct business in disguise which the Oligarchs do not hear of. She is wise, Mordenkainen, she sees what oth-

ers do not. And she is related to the Palatine Duke, and is close to the councils of the wise in Urnst. She has advanced far in so few years. She would strengthen our hand, and return us to a full Circle again."

"She will disturb the Balance. She is zealous for Good; she reveres Pelor. This is not our way."

"Most of us follow the Balance. We can constrain her actions within the Circle. Further, she is in awe of you; you could twist her around your little finger, you old goat. And is the Balance so weak that the Circle cannot accept the spur of one such? Has it also not been swayed by the Hierarchs who even now gaze on Greyhawk? Is her presence in the Free City not serving the Balance in such times?"

"Tenser, she's a woman!"

"Yes, and very charming, and a lot younger than most of us. It's about time, in my opinion. Sometimes, Mordenkainen, this place gets like an old coot's drinking club."

"I don't like this. I know that Rary says she is wise and knowledgeable, and Otiluke likes and approves of her and says it will make it easier for him. I am not convinced."

"Well, then, probation? A trial period?"

Mordenkainen reflected, and regretfully agreed. . . .

And thus Jallarzi Sallavarian, youngest member of the Society of Magi, became the youngest and only female member of the Circle of Eight. After a mere six months, she is still only "on trial" and is not party to the central intrigues of the group, but is still astonished at the singular honor awarded her. Tenser was the strongest advocate of her election, trying once again to push the Circle in the direction of Good.

Jallarzi is a mere 33 years old, 5'7" tall, weighing 100 lbs., and distractingly attractive with her long, wavy honey-blond hair and light blue eyes. Her broad smile and pearly-white teeth set off her healthy, tanned complexion most flatteringly. She is, however, in no mind to be flirtatious and gives overattentive males short shrift.

Jallarzi is noted for the highly intricate arm bracers of red dragon hide, bound with platinum filigree and bloodstone settings, which she wears with her silks and satins. These act as *bracers of defense AC 2* and also as a *ring of fire resistance*. She is also noted for what Otiluke refers to disparagingly as "that damned parrot," her pseudodragon Edwina. Edwina is a character in herself and is detailed in the NPC profiles of Chapter 7.

Jallarzi is friendly with Derider Fanshen and with High Matriarch Sarana at the Temple of Pelor, since she is an ardent reverer of this deity. She is strongly neutral good aligned, but she is also patient and wise, and has a cautious temperament. She does not act precipitously in combating evil. "Victory tomorrow is better than rushing to defeat today" is an old Suloise proverb she often uses.

Jallarzi is a much-in-demand trainer for medium-level (7th-11th) mages and readily accepts those of any good alignment, believing that such prompt training will strengthen the power of Good. Her own home is at location H16, but she rarely receives visitors there, preferring to make appointments at the Guild of Wizardry (location H13). There, she is very friendly with Kieren Jalucian, and there are rumors of a romantic dalliance between them. She also often ventures forth into the Old City in the evenings and at night, wearing her *hat of disguise* to appear as a beggar or street urchin, spying on shady society (which fascinates her), using magical detection spells to check alignments, magical items being carried, polymorphed creatures, and the like, reporting anything of possible importance back to Derider Fanshen. Finally, Jallarzi has a weakness for magical wands, and is always eager to purchase these.

Major Priests of Greyhawk

Temples to evil deities are not tolerated in the Free City, and those who follow the path of darkness meet in secret

and hidden places. While most non-evil deities known to Oerth have at least shrines in Greyhawk (the GoF book lists locations), it cannot be said that priests are a major force in the city, even though two are members of the Directing Oligarchy. There are particular reasons why this is so.

First, religious reverence is not strong in the Free City. A prayer or placation when some issue of personal importance arises is commonly practiced by the ordinary folk; worship and sincere belief is rare. The common people would not take well to a strong priestly presence in the halls of power, even though they are cynical enough about their rulers. Second, the powers that be certainly do their best to keep lawful and smart priests from infringing on their power. They fear a loss of Greyhawk's long-standing neutrality and liberality from this direction. Third, the priests themselves have various reasons for not aiming for political power.

For one thing, Greyhawk is a free and nonaligned city. This helps guarantee its independence and stability. Neutrality and noncommitment are the order of the day. Any strong priestly skewing of this neutrality might attract the attentions of opposed forces, and many good priests argue that this would bode ill for the common folk and also for the value of Greyhawk in aiding Good elsewhere. Greyhawk's stability allows trade and aid to pass to the Iron League from its helpers; would it be good to see this ended? Of course not. Likewise, the northern forces of the Horned Society might strike at Greyhawk should it become too openly aligned with Good, and the consequent probable loss of life weighs heavily on the consciences of the more pacifistic good-aligned priests.

Further, there are priestly rivalries. There is great enmity between the churches of Pholtus and Trithereon, and much of the energies of the priests of Rao and Pelor are taken up preventing this coming to blows rather than exerting their influence on city politics. Again, many good-aligned priests are concerned with public works, or are away adventuring against the evils which beset the Fla-

naess elsewhere, and do not wish to be sidetracked into politics. Last but not least, while priests are wise they are not generally noted for intelligence and guile, and many have a simple aversion to the wheeling and dealing of politics.

Hence, few priestly leaders are of major importance in public affairs. However, certain leaders of Greyhawk churches have influence in the corridors of power, or are of unusual importance in the society of the Free City as a whole, and these are detailed below.

Ravel Dasinder **Patriarch of Boccob**

AC 1 (Dex 15, *chain mail* +2, *shield* +1); MV 12; Pr17; hp 70; THAC0 10; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +3 (*quarterstaff* +3); Str 14, Dex 15, Con 15, Int 16, Wis 18, Cha 14; AL N.

Spells: 9 1st, 9 2nd, 8 3rd, 8 4th, 5 5th, 3 6th, and 2 7th.

Magical items: *chain mail* +2, *shield* +1, *quarterstaff* +3, and also see below.

Ravel is 64 years old, 6'0" tall, 155 lbs., with thinning gray hair and gray-blue eyes. His face is dominated by a beaked nose, and his lips are thin and bloodless. He is quiet, studious, and extremely reticent, taking an age to reply to any query. Ravel effectively possesses many magical items, since he has the resources of his temple available; assume he has access to almost any divinatory magic he requires, likewise scrolls and potions.

Ravel is a member of the Directing Oligarchy, elected precisely because he virtually never interferes in the affairs of the city. Ravel knows much and says almost nothing. He is only truly concerned with the safety of Greyhawk, and cares little about the day-to-day minutiae of politics. However, when a sound judgment on some tactical issue is needed, most Oligarchs look to Dasinder. The High Patriarch of Boccob has unequalled knowledge of future events, and it is this which makes him a valued contact of Mordenkainen. Both men thirst for knowledge, but have different ways of obtaining it: the archmage through contacts and his forms of scrying, the patri-

arch by communing with the All-Knowing Boccob and by other such means. Ravel is not an agent of the Circle of Eight, but his sympathies often lie in the same direction.

Ravel Dasinder has a great dislike of in-temperate people. Cunning, deviousness and downright dishonesty are acceptable—he finds Nerof Gasgal amusing on this score—but aggressiveness is not. Thus, he strongly dislikes Otiluke, and is currently trying to get him removed from the Oligarchy, making representations to an amused (but concerned) Kieren Jalucian on this score.

Sarana **High Matriarch of Pelor**

AC 6 (*ring of protection* +4); MV 12; Pr14; hp 88; THAC0 12; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +3 or more (*mace of disruption*); Str 16, Dex 10, Con 16, Int 11, Wis 17, Cha 15; SA *mace of disruption*; AL NG.

Spells: 8 1st, 8 2nd, 7 3rd, 5 4th, 3 5th, 2 6th, and 1 7th.

Magical items: *ring of protection* +4, *mace of disruption*, *staff of curing* (several); also see below.

Sarana is 54 years old, a homely-looking woman with straw-colored hair and green eyes, dressed in the yellow and gold robes of Pelor. She is kindly and forgiving, and Pelor's faith is important in that it is the one faith of Good which the common people feel closest to. Sarana herself dislikes dealing with the high and mighty, and prefers talking with the lowly and shunned. She claims that beggars and slum folk are rascals, but often have more goodness in their hearts than the rich and greedy who live in the High Quarter.

She has many magical items which assist her in her work of healing, notably several *staves of curing*. Much of her time is taken up by participating in, and directing, the production of such magics. For PCs in Greyhawk, it is the temple of Pelor—if not necessarily Sarana—which is always recommended if aid such as *cure disease*, *remove curse* or *raise dead* is needed, but in the last-mentioned case a *commune* spell will always be cast to avoid *raising* any evil-aligned individual.

Sarana is extremely friendly with Derider Fanshen and has trained the Constable many times; the two women have an unbreakable camaraderie.

Jerome Kazinskaia
Patriarch of Rao

AC 2 (Dex 16, *cloak of displacement*, *ring of protection* +4); MV 12; Pr19; hp 61; THAC0 8/7; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 plus variable bonus with *crooked staff of Rao* (magical bonus +2 vs. neutrals, +5 vs. evil); Str 12, Dex 16, Con 11, Int 13, Wis 18, Cha 18; AL LG (NG).

Spells: 11 1st, 11 2nd, 9 3rd, 9 4th, 6 5th, 4 6th, and 2 7th.

Magical items: *cloak of displacement*, *ring of protection* +4, *crooked staff of Rao*.

Jerome stands 6'0" tall, weighs 152 lbs., and his appearance takes the breath away: although he is 77 years old, magics such as *potions of longevity* have reduced his apparent biological age to 45 or so, and his flowing dark blond hair and ready smile, together with his perfect, pearly-white teeth and brown-flecked green eyes, make the white-cloaked patriarch an imposing and handsome figure. Jerome is one of the highest-ranking priests of Rao in the entire Flanaess, and it is known that he receives many visitors from foreign lands requesting his advice and counsel.

Indeed, it is precisely this which makes Jerome an Oligarch with restricted freedom. It is known that he has dealings with many influential people from far-flung lands, and thus his objectivity and impartiality as an Oligarch is implicitly questionable. For this reason, Jerome has long wished to abdicate, but has not done so over concern of who might replace him and also because the wily Nerof Gasgal and his allies (realizing how the patriarch is compromised) have unctuously flattered his wisdom and counsel and pleaded that the Directing Oligarchy could not do without him. Jerome knows exactly what is going on, but still hesitates to resign. While he represents priestly interests well, he feels very inhibited from having his say in discussions.

Janziduur
Priest of Trithereon

AC -1 (*plate mail* +3); F7/Pr9; MV 12; hp 77; THAC0 13; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d6 +6 (*spear* +3); Str 18(22), Dex 8, Con 17, Int 7, Wis 17, Cha 13; AL CG.

Spells: 6 1st, 6 2nd, 4 3rd, 2 4th, and 1 5th.

Magical items: *plate mail* +3, *spear* +3.

Janziduur is a 37-year-old woman, head of the small church of Trithereon in Greyhawk. Formerly a fighter, she converted to Trithereon's faith after enthusiastically hearing a charismatic priest of the vengeful deity in Ulek. Janziduur's past is painful, her Bisselite parents and siblings having been murdered before her eyes by goblins when she was a baby, and revenge is her driving motivation.

Despite her bitter experience and low Intelligence, Janziduur has come to be-

lieve that "stupid" and instinctual evil (such as that of goblins and their kin) is one thing, but the real enemy is intelligent and directed evil. Evil mages, priests, and their servants—especially organized, repressive, lawful evil—are her arch-enemies. Janziduur leads a small but fanatical group of priests and warriors within the city who seek out such evils and destroy them. She also has a great dislike for the church of Pholtus, which she sees as repressive (lawful) and hypocritical (claiming to be good, but being lawful neutral "behind their holier-than-thou front," as she puts it).

Politically, Janziduur is important because she has the merchant Laup Cobrun under her thumb, through blackmail (being chaotic good, Janziduur is not too fussy about she achieves her aims), and thus gets regular reports about the goings-on in the meetings of the Oligarchy.

OTHER TEMPLE HEADS IN GREYHAWK CITY

Deity	Temple Head
Beory	None fixed (rotation between various druids, levels 7-10)
Fharlanghn	Adari Farwander, male gnome, sage and cartographer, N (priests wander)
Heironeous	Jaikor Demien, male F5/Pr7, LG
Istus	Mathilde Dessenter, female Pr12, N
Norebo	Parlane Agutter, male Pr7, CN
Olidammara	Shalm Furrikan, male Pr10 with abilities of 5th level bard, CN
Pholtus	Arkandy Bennis, male Pr8, LN (G)
Procan	Arvanter Kuleris, male Pr4, CN (G)
Ralishaz	Barris Bechetir, male Pr8, CN (E)
St. Cuthbert	Eritai Kaan-Ipzirel, female Pr11, LN
Ulaa	Guldan Rockflint, female Pr8, LG
Xerbo	Talrand Quehris, male Pr12, N
Zilchus	Stakaster Villaine, male Pr10, LN (N)

Chapter 4: The Guilds of Greyhawk

The guilds of Greyhawk are all designed to protect and further the social and economic interests of their membership. While not all of the Free City's Guilds have been granted or have been able to maintain a monopoly on the services and crafts they provide, they can nevertheless present a united front to any form of competition and have a recognized degree of political influence with the Directing Oligarchy.

On the first days of Fireseek, Planting, Reaping, and Patchwall, the Grand Council of Greyhawk Guilds meets at City Hall. All the city's Guildmasters are required to attend (and must send deputies should they be unable to do so). This meeting is used to discuss petitions and legislation before the Directing Oligarchy that may affect the trade or business of one or more of the Free City's guilds, and allegedly serves the purpose of granting those city guilds not directly represented in the Directing Oligarchy a say in the city's government.

Apprenticeships

All guilds offer apprenticeships, and indeed most guilds will only extend membership to apprentices who have successfully completed their training under the supervision of an established Free City guild member. Costs of apprenticeships vary in accordance with the relative social acceptability of the profession. An apprentice to the Union of Sewermen and Streetcleaners might only expect to pay 1 gp to begin his or her career, while the Guild of Lawyers and Scribes only accepts apprentices from established Greyhawk families and charges 500 gp for the privilege. Apprentices, if accepted by a guild member, are provided with board and lodging for the duration of their apprenticeship and can expect to be kept busy performing numerous menial household chores in return.

The Guilds and Adventurers

It is assumed that player characters are unlikely to swap the life of an adventurer for that of the average guildmember. In most cases, PCs are not going to be qualified for membership and thus would be expected to serve apprenticeships—not exactly a truly awe-inspiring prospect for the average dungeon crawler.

Dealings between player characters and guildmembers will be colored by one thing: money, and the more the better. There are very few guildmembers in the Free City who perform their allotted tasks for the love of it. Money talks in the Free City; the most unpleasant task suddenly seems more attractive, and lengthy processes can be speeded up, when the air is split by the chink of a bagful of coin.

Every year on the first day of Planting, all guilds must submit a complete list of their entire membership to Glodreddi Bakkannin, the Inspector of Taxes. The entire roll is then proclaimed aloud by a team of scribes in City Hall, where the list is subsequently posted for all to see for the following year. PCs can thus check to see whether the people they are dealing with are genuine guild members.

While the associations described below are collectively known as guilds, many refer to themselves as unions. The title "Union" tends to refer to groups of workers, while the title "Guild" generally denotes an association of craftsmen.

The Guild of Apothecaries and Herbalists

Not every citizen can afford priestly healing, and the Guild of Apothecaries and Herbalists holds the license to practice chirurgery, concoct herbal remedies, and mix a wide variety of drugs.

The present membership totals 140, of which 86 are apothecaries and 54 herbalists. Generally regarded as cranks and

frauds by the upper echelons of Greyhawk society, most of the guild members derive their income from the sale of love philters and wart-removing cream to the denizens of the Old City.

The Guild of Apothecaries and Herbalists is known to purchase rare herbs from adventurers. Because many of its concoctions contain a bewildering array of bizarre ingredients, the guild can be a useful source of spell components for those who, for whatever reasons, would rather not obtain them from the Guild of Wizardry.

The Guild of Architects and Stonemasons

This guild is responsible for all building and repair work undertaken within the city. The guild has been granted the monopoly on all building work within the Free City, largely because this guarantees that all building work conforms to an acceptable standard of safety and construction.

The operations of the guild are directed from the Guildhall (location A1) in the Artisans' Quarter. Here the guild maintains an archive of plans and surveys of all of the city's major buildings. These are, for obvious reasons, not available to the public.

The Guild of Bakers and Cooks

The Guild of Bakers and Cooks takes great pride in maintaining the Free City's reputation as the gastronomic capital of the known world. The flow of trade through the Free City ensures that guildmembers always have access to the best and the rarest of Oerth's produce, and it is not unknown for the guild to finance expeditions in conjunction with the Merchants' and Traders' Union to seek out and secure supplies of exotic ingredients.

The master of the guild is chosen each year from the guild membership at the great gastronomic festival held at the

Bakers' and Cooks' Guildhall on the last three days of Brewfest. Gourmets from neighboring regions flock to the Free City and a panel of judges selects the winner in each of the categories.

The Guild of Barbers and Dentists

A guild consisting mainly of native Greyhawkers, its membership are frequently itinerant, traveling to nearby cities and towns during festival periods to ply their trade. Members of this guild are often useful sources of information.

The guild has a reputation for the speed at which they work—being paid by the head, the quicker they work the more they earn—and the most extreme example of this can be seen at the annual competition for the Zagig Medal (see Chapter 6). It should be added that the member-

ship of the guild is also extremely skillful, and cases of customers losing anything vital while being shaved or shorn are thankfully quite rare. The skill of the present Guildmaster, Otto Dernholm, is almost legendary. Winner of the Zagig Medal five years running, Otto plies his trade in the inns and taverns on the Strip.

The Butchers' Guild

Membership in this guild totals 80—20 master butchers, 35 journeyman butchers, and 25 apprentices. The guild maintains no Guildhall; meetings are generally held in the house or store of the Guildmaster, and in normal circumstances only the master butchers are invited to attend.

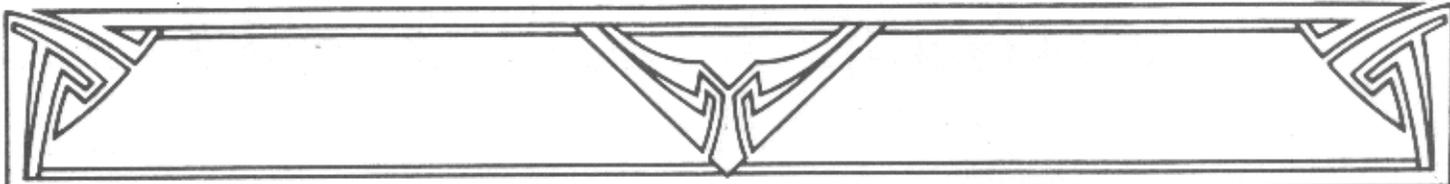
The Butchers' Guild is the city's oldest guild, formed following an unfortunate and fatal outbreak of food poisoning at an important state banquet attended by the

Directorship and ambassadors from neighboring powers, and naturally deals with the butchering, seasoning, preparation, curing, and storage of all manner of livestock, game and poultry.

All the butchers within the guild have served an apprenticeship to a guild-recognized butcher and thus produce an established high quality of salted buffalo steak, spiced boar-meat salami, Galdawood-smoked hogsflesh, and pickled Celene skylarks, to name but a few items in the guild's vast repertoire.

However, the present Guildmaster, Grendel Trinkwasser, is one of the guild's specialist butchers, catering mainly to the decadent tastes of the citizens resident in the High Quarter. Grendel often boasts that he can supply any type of meat within two days if the price is right, and he has lived up to this boast in the past. To this end, Grendel has dealings with Harral Shastri of the Shapechangers (see Chapter 5).





The Butchers' Guild, although the first guild to be granted a charter from the Directorship, does not possess a monopoly within the Free City on the sale and preparation of meat. Other butchers do exist within the city, most especially within the Foreign Quarter where the preparation of meat may vary for reasons of religious necessity or national preference. Ultimately, those who choose to purchase their meat from nonguild butchers do so at their own risk!

The Butchers' Guild will occasionally sponsor adventuring bands to seek out new varieties of edible flesh with which to tempt the purses and palates of the Free City's assembled gourmets. In association with the Merchants' and Traders' Union, the Butchers' Guild is also known to purchase whole herds of cattle, buffalo and other types of free-ranging livestock, and pay good rates to drovers prepared to make the often perilous cattle drive back to the Free City.

The Cartographers' Guild

Maps and charts are always in great demand from the military, the Directorship, merchants and, of course, adventurers. The Cartographers' Guild maintains one of the greatest collections of geographical and topographical information in the whole of the Flanaess. The membership spends much of its time in copying and updating maps and charts, or checking the accuracy of new information gleaned from travelogues and merchants' tales.

The guild's entire membership is employed at the guild headquarters (location F9). Apprentices normally spend the first years of their training making fine parchment and preparing dyes and inks, before finally being admitted to the Guild Library and beginning the arduous process of copying and checking the maps themselves.

The present Guildmaster, Master Cartographer Jawan Sumbar, is an aging gnome who has spent much of his 643 years satisfying a wanderlust that has taken him from the Sea of Dust to the Spindrift Isles. Fasci-

nated by maps and charts from an early age, Jawan eventually settled in Greyhawk and joined the Cartographers' Guild simply to be able to study the vast collection in the guild archives. Jawan's firsthand knowledge of many of the more distant regions of the Flanaess stood him in good stead, and he advanced rapidly within the guild hierarchy.

The guild jealously protects its collection of maps and travelogues and will not allow any non-guildmember access to its library. Players must refer all questions to a member of the guild, who will then conduct research on their behalf. For game purposes the guild should be treated as a sage whose resources are such that Geography, Astronomy, Geology & Mineralogy, and Topography & Cartography are considered its specialist fields (although a particular guildmember may not be a specialist in all these areas, someone in the building will be able to fill in the gaps).

The Cartographers' Guild will purchase maps and travelogues from adventuring bands and is always interested in even the most fragmentary sketches and plans of dungeon complexes. The guild is also especially interested in any information on the other planes of existence and will pay premium rates for any maps. Adventurers are also employed to mount expeditions into uncharted regions (most especially the Sea of Dust and Hepmonaland) and to trail-blaze potential new trade routes (the latter information subsequently for sale to the Merchants' and Traders' Union).

The guild is especially interested in dungeon maps for one particular reason: Whenever guild funds are low, the guild's mappers copy a few "treasure maps" from accumulated dungeon plans, embellish them with extra treasure rooms and promises of riches to come, and then take them out and hawk them around the Free City's inns and taverns.

The Dockers' and Wharfmen's Union

Often regarded as the most militant of Greyhawk's unions, The Dockers' and Wharfmen's Union controls the flow of all trade that reaches the Free City via the Selintan River docks. Union members are the only people permitted to offload and transfer cargoes to warehouses in the city, and they will take drastic action to protect their monopoly. They are *not* sailors or rivermen, however. Transactions with the union must be undertaken with the utmost care—be it for wages, working conditions, or just an excessively heavy crate, the members are always ready to throw down their tools and strike, blockading warehouses and bringing the wharves to a standstill. It is common knowledge that a small pecuniary consideration added to the standard union portage fee will ease the transit of cargoes, but occasionally a representative of the Merchants' and Traders' Union must be brought in to arbitrate disputes (the outcome of which normally involves the further exchange of coinage).

The union's apparent militancy is, in fact, a clever ploy on behalf of the Guildmaster, Hugo Dorfmann. Hugo has amassed a sizable personal fortune from those merchants concerned enough to slide the odd bag of gold pieces in his direction to ensure that their cargoes are offloaded promptly and stored safely within city limits (or for cargoes of competitors to be left on board ship to rot).

Hugo Dorfmann is nevertheless opposed to real villainy, and his refusal to become involved in Thieves' Guild-sponsored smuggling activities has earned him the enmity of the Thieves' Guild in the past. However, the Directorship of the Thieves' Guild was clever enough to realize that the reputation of the union's leader provided a useful cover for their activities so long as they could be kept a secret from him, and thus arranged for members of the Thieves' Guild to be inducted into the Union.

Members of this union have neutral relations with the Rhennee bargefolk. The

Rhennee do not use the services of the union's members, preferring to load and unload downriver in the shack town abutting the River Quarter, and union members leave them alone out of respect.

The Guild of Embalmers and Gravediggers

The Guild of Embalmers and Gravediggers maintains civic cemeteries and burial grounds for the Directorship. Over the years the guild has also invested funds in the purchase of vacant plots adjacent to the New City cemetery, which members have made into private burial grounds.

This guild has a monopoly on the legitimate disposal of corpses within the Free City. Only when a certificate confirming the death and burial of a citizen is issued by the guild and delivered to the office of the Inspector of Taxes will the name of that citizen be struck from the census register (and a guild roll, if applicable) and the person cease to be eligible for taxation. It is therefore very important that the relatives of the deceased ensure that a body is passed onto the guild to avoid further tax demands (for which the immediate family will be responsible). The guild's certificate is the only proof of death that the Greyhawk Revenue Service will accept, and it is not unknown for unscrupulous members of the guild to sell these certificates to healthy citizens.

The present Guildmaster, Selczek Gobayuiik, is a half-orc with great relish for his chosen profession. Preferring to dress in thick black robes, Selczek is unspeakably ugly, even for a half-orc. The social acceptability accorded to other Guildmasters has eluded Selczek—a guest who reeks of embalming fluid ceases quite rapidly to be a novelty at society cocktail parties, and perhaps he shows a little too much professional zeal in measuring up potential clients when they are all too fit and healthy. Conversational gambits such as a fixed glare and an utterance of "Didn't I stuff your uncle

last month?" also fail to increase Selczek's appeal. The half-orc and his wagon-load of coffins and ghoulish apprentices also have an unnerving habit of being first on the scene whenever there is a serious accident in the city, and he is well known for his dislike of priests and their nasty habit of healing and curing people. Despite his considerable wealth, Selczek still lives over his store in the seamier part of River Quarter (location R9).

Selczek Gobayuiik Guildmaster of Embalmers and Gravediggers

AC 5 (*leather armor +1* and Dex 16); MV 12; F5; hp 43; THAC0 16/15; Dmg 1d8 +2 (*scimitar +1*); Str 16, Dex 16, Con 17, Int 10, Wis 7, Cha 4; AL N.

Selczek is 36 years old, 6'2" tall, 196 lbs., with short cropped black hair and dark brown eyes. He has oily skin, and thick black hair on the back of his hands. He favors plain black apparel, and always carries a black bag containing bottles of embalming fluid, instruments, tape measures, and a sheaf of death certificates. The bag is locked and trapped with a lethal poison needle trap, given the value of the death certificates in particular.

As a complication, Selczek has an arrangement with Agaran Esiassen, a priest of Incabulos, whereby surreptitious guild-organized grave-robbing supplies the latter with bodies to be animated into zombies for sale in the Pomarj. In return Agaran animates skeletons for the Guildmaster, to be sold clandestinely as guards within the Free City. For further details of this operation, see Chapter 5.

The Guild of Jewelers and Gemcutters

The Guild of Jewelers and Gemcutters is one of the Free City's senior and most influential guilds. Major shareholders in the Cairn Hills mines, all the guild's members are exceedingly rich and many are uniquely talented craftsmen producing remarkably beautiful jewelry and per-

fectly finished gemstones. Only a small proportion of their wares is destined for local consumption; the vast majority is produced for trade and forms Greyhawk's most lucrative export. Samples of their handiwork are to be found across the Flanaess.

The guild has a well-fortified Guildhall in Clerkgburg (location C5) which boasts excessive magical protections on its vaults (notably because of the work done preparing expensive and rare material components for the mages) and is permanently staffed by a well-trained, very well-equipped and very well-paid contingent of guards. The guard is often bolstered by adventurer groups who may be able to devise unique ways of protecting the guild's riches (and are well rewarded should they do so) and indeed, adventurer bands are often employed to test the Guildhall's defenses.

A surprisingly good relationship exists between this guild and the Thieves' Guild, helped by the fact that Guildmaster Bodmi Hollardel sits on the Directing Oligarchy and is friendly with Nerof Gasgal and Org Nenshen. The thieves do not attempt to break into the Guildhall, and in return they are sometimes fed information about recent work and deliveries made by the artisans.

The Laborers' Union

With a membership in excess of 4,000, the Laborers' Union is clearly the largest organization within Greyhawk's guild structure. The membership of the union is composed mainly of lower-class unskilled workers and a small proportion of failed apprentices from other city guilds.

The Laborers' Union was created under special charter from the Directing Oligarchy to provide a labor pool for established Greyhawk businesses and to protect the interests of the common working man. To this end, the Laborers' Union has established a scale of minimum wages for the various types of employment that may be on offer to the membership, and insists that prospective employers provide the union member



with at least one hot meal a day during the course of his or her work. While prospective employers are supposed to guarantee these conditions, this is not always the case, and most workers are merely glad they have a wage, however small, to look forward to at the end of the day.

Membership in the Laborers' Union is open to everyone, including noncitizens of Greyhawk. It costs 5 sp to register as a union member, for which the new member receives a registration certificate and can enter the main hall of the union building where employment notices are posted (and proclaimed, for the benefit of the illiterate), and prospective employers assemble work gangs. Because 5 sp may be a hard price to pay for the very poor, the union may sometimes agree to have the fee paid in installments from wages if extreme poverty can be proven.

Because of the city's system of justice (see Chapter 2), most municipal menial labor is carried out by convicts; thus, members of the Laborers' Union can expect to be hired by private individuals or as temporary labor by other guilds.

The Lamplighters' Guild

The Lamplighters' Guild is primarily responsible for the illumination of the city's streets by night. The Directorship funds the lighting of the city's main thoroughfares and the more important civic buildings, while the residents of individual streets and alleys pay the appropriate fee should they require the lamplighters' services. Illumination can vary from a few guttering torches or lanterns in the River Quarter, to majestic stained glass globes lit with *continual light* spells in the High and Garden Quarters.

The Lamplighters' Guild has established a monopoly over its area of business in the Free City, and the more elderly guild members are employed in the manufacture of candles, lanterns, and all manner of practical and decorative illumination devices. The excess from this enterprise is sold to traders throughout

the city, and the Greyhawk Lamplighters' Guild is a byword for quality illumination throughout neighboring lands.

The Lamplighters' Guild has established close ties with the Nightwatchmen's Guild. Both take to the city streets at dusk, and the Nightwatchmen keep a close eye on the Lamplighters' property (the guild removes all illumination devices at dawn). In return for escorting the lamplighters when they are collecting their lighting fees, the Nightwatchmen are provided with lanterns and torches for their patrols.

The guild has no hall, but rather maintains depots in each of the city's quarters (with the exception of the Slum Quarter, where guildmembers do not venture). The Guildmaster, Stendal Bhaksi, is normally to be found at his office in the High Quarter depot.

The Guild of Lawyers and Scribes

The Guild of Lawyers and Scribes is the most powerful of all the guilds and unions within the Free City, and its members go to great lengths to maintain this position. The lawyers perform all judicial and legal functions within the city (senior lawyers within the guild are appointed as magistrates by the Directorship), while the scribes fill all the positions within the extended bureaucracy that translates the Directorship's rulings into action.

The Guild of Lawyers and Scribes further maintains its monopoly position through the exclusive use of the otherwise almost extinct Suloise language in all their proceedings. Unless a defendant speaks and understands Suloise, it would be impossible for him to defend himself within a court of law, and city legal records are similarly incomprehensible.

Guildmaster Sir Anton Palmirian is a member of the Directing Oligarchy and the city's foremost authority on legal affairs. Although a city judge, Sir Anton rarely arbitrates in court, instead spending much of his time advising the Lord Mayor and the Directing Oligarchy on le-

gal matters. With his long white hair and beard, pince-nez, and grandfatherly demeanor, many people naturally suppose him to be a gentle, benevolent old man with the best interests of the populace at heart. In fact, Sir Anton is a cold, calculating and ruthless individual who fiercely defends his position at the head of the city's most powerful guild and uses his considerable influence within city affairs and a liberal interpretation of the word "treason" to further his extensive mercantile interests.

The Guild of Leatherworkers, Tanners, Smiths, and Stablers

Commonly referred to as the "Downwind Guild," the Guild of Leatherworkers, Tanners, Smiths, and Stablers is a confederation of businesses and crafts that no one wants as neighbors. Whether it be the noxious fumes from the vats of the leatherworkers and tanners, clouds of choking smoke from the smiths, or the ever-present reek of ammonia and dung from the stablers, the guild is uniquely antisocial yet nevertheless vital to the city. Most of these businesses are located on the far western boundaries of the River and Foreign Quarters, where the stench and fumes are gently wafted by the prevailing winds over the wharves and Shack Town and across the Selintan River.

The Merchants' and Traders' Union

The Guildhall of the Merchants' and Traders' Union is probably the most important economic center in the whole of the Flanaess. This union is one of general mercantile activity; members are merchants who do not qualify for membership in another guild (such as that of the Jewelers and Gemcutters, for instance). Since most merchants diversify their trading,



the majority of them belong to this powerful interest group. The Guildhall is a massive structure incorporating a hostelry for visiting members, secure warehousing for small, valuable cargoes (the union maintains several warehouses elsewhere in the city for the storage of large consignments), barracks for the union's own contingent of guards, shrines to both Zilchus and Xerbo, numerous offices and private meeting rooms, and large courtyards where the actual business of the union is transacted.

The Guildhall is open day and night, every day of the year, and from dawn to dusk the courtyards are thronged with merchants displaying samples of their wares, investors buying into trading expeditions, representatives from practically every city guild both buying and selling (many guilds invest their funds in speculative ventures), and moneylenders touting for trade. Trading ceases at sunset, and the union uses the lull to catch up with the day's business—recording transactions, posting the day's prices (used to determine the tariff value of goods entering the city the next day), and (preparing for the next day's frenzied activity) checking the quantity and quality of cargoes consigned to the guild warehouses. (Most large cargoes are conveyed into the city by night, when the streets are less congested.)

The Guildhall and the day-to-day business of the Union are administered by Stimtrin Cannasay, the dwarven Assistant Guildmaster, and all applications for membership or admission to the Guildhall are directed to his attention.

Membership in the Greyhawk Merchants' and Traders' Union is essential for any merchant or trader who has business within the Free City. Not only do accredited guild members gain the benefit of tax concessions on cargoes entering the city, but membership also permits them access to the various facilities available within the Guildhall and brings them under the protection of this powerful and influential group.

Affiliate membership, which allows entry to and the use of the Guildhall, is available to merchants and traders who are

not full-time residents of the Free City at a cost of 30 gp per year, while full membership is available only to Greyhawk citizens for the annual sum of 15 gp.

Four union members presently serve on the Directorship: Guildmaster Ren o' The Star, Laup Cobrun (covertly manipulated by Janziduur of Trithereon), Carmen Halmaster, and Dernan Nathane (the latter two serving a dual purpose in that they are firm supporters of Nerof Gasgal and middling members of the Thieves' Guild).

Ren o' The Star Master of the Merchants' and Traders' Union

AC 0 (bronze plate mail and shield, Dex 17); MV 6; F7/M7; hp 58; THAC0 13/11; #AT 3/2; Dmg 2d4 +1 (morning star); Str 17, Dex 17, Con 18, Int 17, Wis 10, Cha 16; AL CN.

Spells: 4 1st, 3 2nd, 2 3rd, and 1 4th.

Magical items: *wand of lightning*, *gauntlets of swimming and climbing*, *necklace of adaptation*, *folding boat*.

Ren is 94 years old, 5'9" tall, and 180 lbs. A half-elf, Ren clearly takes after his father with black hair, upswept eyebrows, pointed ears and a thick moustache. Ren was already a successful and wealthy merchant when he arrived in the Free City, and his wide geographical knowledge and elven connections made him a valuable recruit to the union. When Ren was eventually appointed Master of the union, one of his lifelong ambitions was fulfilled.

Ren's main weakness is his gambling. Ren found little to entertain him in the Free City, and his taste for risk became overwhelming. Ren spends endless hours at the Wheel of Gold and will bet on just about anything. While Ren is wealthy, he has run through an incredible amount of money—much to the distress of his friends and his colleagues in the union. Already there are murmurs of discontent among the union membership.

The Mintworkers' Guild

This is a furtive, secretive guild whose members largely keep to themselves. Membership is normally hereditary, and under no circumstances will the guild accept dwarves. This practice somewhat irks Glodreddi Bakkanin, the Inspector of Taxes, though he can understand the wisdom of this restriction—having personal experience of the dwarven racial lust for precious metals.

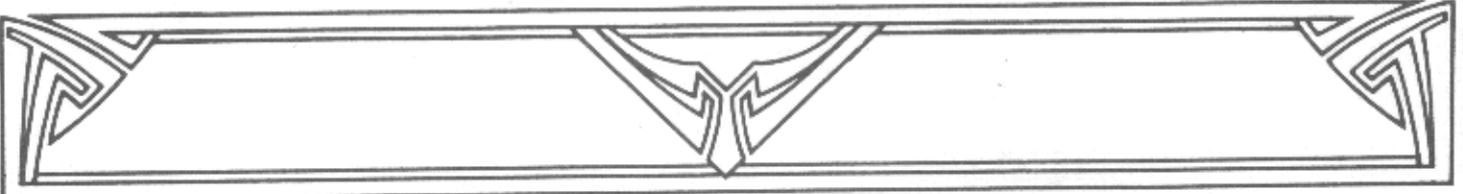
The Mintworkers are based at the City Mint in Clerkborg. This sturdy, windowless building houses the furnaces and molds used in the manufacture of the Free City's coinage. The building is kept under constant guard by a detachment of the Greyhawk military. New coinage is transferred from here to the city coffers under heavy armed guard prior to its distribution around the city.

The Union of Moneychangers and Pawnbrokers

The Union of Moneychangers and Pawnbrokers is a potent force within the Free City. The union members are effectively the city's bankers, lending money for trading ventures and issuing credit notes for merchants who would rather not travel with cumbersome chests and coffers of heavy coinage.

The union has members throughout the city (though in the poorer district they tend to be more pawnbrokers than moneychangers) and has several permanent representatives at the Merchants' and Traders' Union Guildhall.

Interest rates on loans vary with the risk of the venture and the relative social standing and reputation of the borrower. Members of the Merchants' and Traders' Union can normally expect to pay between 20% and 50% on top of the original loan, while other individuals could be charged in excess of 100%. Obviously, if



the DM chooses to allow player characters to borrow money from the union members, he has complete freedom to impose strict limitations on the amount of the loan and to charge exorbitant interest rates. The Moneychangers do not risk money lightly and are very careful in their lending. Player characters who renege on their debts will be in serious trouble. The union has many important contacts within the city (most importantly with the Thieves' Guild) and the money to buy additional help should it be required.

Credit notes issued by the union bear the union's official seal and are redeemable at 100% of face value at the stores of accredited union members. Because of this, Free City credit notes are highly prized by merchants and moneylenders in neighboring cities and states.

While the coins of Veluna, Furyondy, and Urnst are normally acceptable tender within the Free City, coinage from other states is not. The Free City's moneychangers will exchange foreign coin for Greyhawk luckies, orbs, nobles and plates. Coinage from most neighboring states and the city's trading partners will be exchanged at face value with the union taking a 10% commission. Coinage from distant lands is another matter. In such cases, the rate of exchange is dependent on the purity of the metal from which the coin is manufactured, and the assessment will always be in the union's favor with the union taking at least 50% of the total value.

The union also performs another important function within the city. A large number of the union's members are affiliated with the Thieves' Guild. Effectively, the union fences stolen goods and ensures that the guild's share from all thievery activities is passed on to that guild. In return, the union's members are granted protection from thievery depredations. The union maintains extensive ledgers and accounts of these transactions, and although the accountants may not be too scrupulous about passing on the full share to the Thieves' Guild, the thieves do well enough keep them from complaining about particulars.

The Guild of Nightwatchmen

Granted their charter by the Directorship in order to curb the growth of the private armies of bodyguards being raised by Greyhawk's wealthier citizens and to avoid spending further civic funds on expanding the City Watch to maintain law and order on the streets, the Guild of Nightwatchmen is a privately funded body providing a variety of static security, street patrol and escort services.

Recruits to the Nightwatchmen's Guild are examined for membership by a panel of senior Nightwatchmen. The guild employs several priests of St. Cuthbert, (the guild's patron deity; hence the members' preference for cudgels while on duty) specifically to cast healing spells, to cast *know alignment* at interviews (the guild only employs those of lawful good and lawful neutral alignments, although rarely a neutral good applicant is accepted) and to maintain the guild shrine.

The composition of Nightwatchmen patrols, details of their operations, and the senior NPCs can be found in Chapter 2.

The Ostlers' and Brewers' Guild

Membership in the Ostlers' and Brewers' Guild is open to all innkeepers, tavernkeepers, brewers and distillers in the Free City. Although ostensibly created to maintain a standard of quality and service throughout the Free City's hostleries, the guild now performs more of a social function, hosting regular banquets and allowing the membership to swap tales and eat and drink far too much.

A fair proportion of the membership are retired adventurers or mercenaries who have invested their accumulated wealth in the innkeeping business. The incumbent Guildmaster, Dougal McBain, landlord of the Brazen Hippogriff, is a former fighter who has adventured extensively in the lands south of the city.

Few independent breweries and distill-

eries exist within the Free City; the majority of brewing is done on the premises by the landlords of the respective establishments. Imported wines, liquors, and ales are obtained from the Merchants' and Traders' Union, and the guild will occasionally finance trading ventures to obtain bulk supplies of assorted alcoholic preparations.

With the exception of the brewers and distillers, apprenticeships are rare within the guild, and qualification for guild membership involves little more than operating an inn or tavern within the city walls for a year to accepted guild standards, being accepted by a majority of the guild membership (this involves entertaining as many guild members as possible at the candidate's expense), and paying the membership fee of 10 gp.

Less salubrious establishments fail to meet the criteria for membership, and many of their proprietors don't think highly of the guild. Visitors are advised to stay in guild-accredited hostleries.

The Guild of Performing Artistes

From street jugglers to soloists in the Grand Opera, every performer in the Free City is required to join the Guild of Performing Artistes.

The guild has many wealthy patrons, most notably among the cultured nobility of the city. Otto of the Circle of Eight (see Chapter 3) is a member. The guild is open to accepting anyone with any ability in the field of performing arts, and it is not unknown for the guild to tempt famous performers from other regions to take up residence in the Free City.

The Guild of Performing Artistes has the largest proportion of demihumans of all the Free City's guilds within its ranks, including elven poets, half-elven bards, gnome musicians, and even a troupe of half-orc clowns. Present membership exceeds 700, although by no means are all of these artists normally present in the city at the same time; some take shows on tour around neighboring towns and cit-

ies, and some are just itinerant by nature.

The Guildhall of Performing Artistes (location A5) is an ostentatious building which contains a small theatre (used for rehearsal and for staging private performances before the guild's patrons), an art gallery, and a shrine to Lirr, the goddess of poetry, prose, and art. As a rule, the members of the Guild of Performing Artistes are abnormally superstitious, and a dedication to Lirr is always performed on opening nights.

The Union of Sages and Academics

This union is a loose confederation of sages and academics who form the basis for tutelage at the University of Greyhawk. Unlike many of the other guilds and unions within the city, The Sages' and Academics' Union has no monopoly, and the majority of the union's membership consists of those who merely partake of the sumptuous feasts on each of the city's festival days.

The University is closed for summer vacation between the first day of Richfest and the first day of Brewfest, during which period the majority of the union's membership leave the city to undertake research for a variety of rich patrons. During the academic year, some 1,000 students swell the population of the Free City, mostly living in rooms and apartments in Clerkgurg. Since most of these students are well off, and since the sages bring other wealthy persons into Greyhawk seeking consultations, the University pays only nominal taxes to the city coffers. The sages are typically unworldly men, not given to involvement in politics, which they regard as vulgar.

Since the sages and savants of Greyhawk are the most knowledgeable in the Flanaess, the DM may assume that the University has a sage who *could* answer virtually any query, on any subject, that PCs could ask about—given the time, the money (and *lots* of it), and a remarkable patience with stubbornness and a cantankerous temperament. Sages often view answering such queries as

something they only do for the money, and they're also used to talking down to students. In short, the DM has complete freedom to make decisions about sages to suit the needs of his own campaign.

The Sewermen's and Streetcleaners' Union

Granted its charter following an outbreak of plague in the Foreign Quarter that rapidly spread, despite quarantine, to the River Quarter via the sewers, the Sewermen's and Streetcleaners' Union was originally a civic body funded directly from city coffers, and charged with keeping the streets free of trash and the sewers unblocked and intact.

When the funding of such a mammoth operation became too much of a strain on city resources, the Directorship sold the streetcleaning franchise directly to the union. In turn, the union divided the city into manageable areas to be supervised by the union's Master Streetcleaners. Each Master Streetcleaner is responsible for collecting the union's streetcleaning fee from householders and businesses within his or her area, paying 10% directly into union coffers with the remainder going toward paying expenses such as the understreetcleaners' wages, apprentices' board and lodging, and lining the Master's purse. Sewer work is still directly funded from city coffers.

The Sewermen's and Streetcleaners' Union maintains a monopoly on its services. This is easy to enforce with regard to its sewer work, since the rest of the citizenry is quite happy to let the union members get on with the job, and freelance sewer cleaning isn't high on most people's lists of ambitions. From time to time, the inhabitants of some streets object to paying the streetcleaners and band together to clear the streets themselves. The streetcleaners have a simple remedy to cure this independent action—arranging for several wagonloads of putrescent offal (supplied through the courtesy of the Guild of Leatherworkers, Tanners, Smiths, and Stablers) to be accidentally dumped in the

street at dusk. By morning, the residents are normally only too happy to pay the guild fee to have the stuff removed.

The union has no hall, but maintains an office in the Civic Depot (location T23). Its present membership totals 400, with 150 fully qualified union members (at least two years experience) and 250 apprentices. (The union employs proportionately far more apprentices than other guilds, so that the trainees can do most of the dirty work.) The union's work force is further augmented in High Summer (when the health risk is the greatest) by convicts from the city workhouses and work gangs from the Laborers' Union.

The union also includes a special group within its membership known commonly as the Sewer Rats. This is a division of the Sewermen's and Streetcleaners' Union which is made up of the shortest, meanest, and toughest dwarves and gnomes to be found in the Free City of Greyhawk. Generally numbering no more than twenty, the Sewer Rats are the union's special task force charged with the upkeep and repair of the more inaccessible parts of the sewer system. They are actively discouraged from being too exploratory in their forays, since several people in positions of power (notably thieves) don't want their secret ways into and out of the sewer system discovered by nosy, prying dwarves.

The Sewer Rats are all fighters between 2nd and 5th level with Strength and Constitution scores of 16 or greater, and are outfitted with leather armor, hammers, small picks, and axes. They are a rough, tough, and hard-living bunch and normally congregate at the Barge Inn tavern in the River Quarter. They are none too fastidious in their personal hygiene and are always accompanied by the unmistakable odor of the longest-neglected sewers.

Guildmaster Imre Petrosian purchases zombies from Old Mother Grubb's for use in sewer work (see Chapter 5). The use of zombies is common knowledge in the Sewermen's division of the union, but has so far remained a secret from the Directorship and the general populace.

Chapter 5: Low Life

The Thieves' Guild

To the general citizenry of Greyhawk, the thieves are everywhere and into everything. There is little you can do within the city that won't be spotted by the thieves and reported to their masters. Anything that is lost or goes missing in the city is blamed on the Thieves' Guild ("Those damned thieves have been at the cheese in the larder again") and Greyhawk mothers will even tell unruly children who refuse to sleep that the thieves will come in the night and steal them away.

The Greyhawk Thieves' Guild has become part of the myths and legends of the Flanaess. It has become, in the many tales that are told around campfires and in taverns across the continent, the very epitome of stealth, cunning and thievery excellence. The reputation of the city itself as a den of thieves has spread far and wide over the course of the city's history, and travelers will be warned off by innkeepers and tavernkeepers many hundreds of miles away with terrible stories of the guild's ruthlessness, and the thieves' amazing, almost supernatural, ability to part you from your riches.

In reality, the Thieves' Guild is now but a shadow of its former self, although nonetheless still skillful and influential. Once a truly massive, clandestine organization, the guild saw its membership dwindle as the city grew in economic strength, and as more time and effort was spent by honest folk within the city to defeat the guild's efforts and foil its plans. More recently, the war precipitated by former Guildmaster Arentol against Theobald and his Beggars' Union both killed off or discouraged many low-level thieves and apprentices, reducing the guild's pool of thievery talent. Nevertheless, the guild is still a force to be reckoned with; the Guildmaster openly sits on the Directing Oligarchy, the Lord Mayor (unbeknownst to the general populace) is also Assistant Guildmaster, and two of the Merchants' and Traders' Union representatives on the Directorship are also senior members of the Thieves' Guild.

Actual thievery, although still an important part of the guild's activities, is not as common as many people would imagine. The Thieves' Guild prefers to rob outsiders, be they merchants or adventurers, and leave the locals (especially those who belong to the more powerful or influential of the city's guilds) alone. There are strict quotas imposed by the guild's leaders on exactly how much can be stolen from the Merchants' and Traders' Union in any month, for example, and the possessions of any member of the Greyhawk Guild of Wizardry are generally considered inviolate (for good reason!). However, non-union traders are fair game, and adventurers offer rich pickings.

But that is not to say that the Thieves' Guild does not steal at all from the natives. They do whenever possible (although many of the city's average residents have little worth stealing), and this fear of robbery allows the guild to extort protection money from small businesses and middle-class households to supplement the guild's considerable income.

The guild is organized into sections corresponding to each of the city's quarters. The membership of the guild in each quarter normally remain in that quarter; there are few transfers, although members will occasionally be temporarily transferred to the control of another Master in another quarter for a joint operation. The exception to this is the Thieves' Quarter. A large proportion of the membership here are apprentice thieves who are then transferred to another quarter upon their effective graduation. The guild's activities in each quarter are coordinated by a Master Thief, all of whom sit on the guild's Directorship which meets regularly in the basement of the Thieves Guildhall. (The title "Master" is an honorific and does not necessarily denote that the individual has attained or exceeded a certain level of experience.)

The Guild in the High Quarter

The High Quarter maintains only a small contingent of guild thieves, but what they lack in numbers they make up

for in skill. Only a few of their number are ever active in the city; most are normally engaged on missions elsewhere in the Flanaess. These missions are generally guild-sponsored operations to relieve persons and governments or extraneous wealth, to acquire rare magical items or artifacts for parties prepared to pay for their extraction and delivery, or frequently as spies for the Directing Oligarchy. Guild membership in the High Quarter is believed to total no more than 20; all are thieves of level 8 or higher, all are literate and multilingual, and receive the very best in training, equipment and magical aid. It is rumored that the legendary "Shadow," a thief of at least 16th level and a master of disguise, who was recently responsible for the liberation of the *Jacinth of Inestimable Beauty* from the coffers of Niolo Dra, is one of the High Quarter's guildmembers.

The operations of the High Quarter thieves are directed by the present Guildmaster, Org Nenshen.

Org Nenshen

Master, Greyhawk Thieves' Guild

AC 1 (elven chain, Dex 18); MV 12; T14; hp 50; THAC0 14/12; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 +2 (*sling* +1 or *dagger* +2); Str 13, Dex 18, Con 11, Int 15, Wis 11, Cha 16; SA quintuple damage from backstab; AL LN.

Thieving skills: PP 80, OL 85, FT 75, MS 95, HS 80, DN 60, CW 95, RL 50.

Magical items: *sling* +1, *dagger of throwing*, *dagger* +2, *cloak of the bat*, *ring of jumping*, *boots of elvenkind*, and *chime of opening*.

Org is 43 years old, 5'9" tall, and 180 lbs. Org is a graceful man with blond hair, violet eyes, and tan skin. He always dresses well and likes to keep himself in shape, regularly training at the Thieves' Guildhall. Org was an apprentice thief at the same time as Nerof Gasgal (see Chapter 1), who is now Lord Mayor of Greyhawk and the Assistant Guildmaster. The two have been friends since their early days, and they are now two of the most powerful and influential men in the city.

Although he was a unanimous choice for Guildmaster when the position last became open, Org secretly nurtures a feeling that he got the job through misrepresentation—he is convinced that the position of Guildmaster should have gone to one better qualified than he, and he constantly pushes himself to greater feats of skill and daring to prove himself. Org still actively pursues a thieving career despite his advancing years and vaunted position. (For a full description of Org Nenshen, see page 38 of the *GREYHAWK® Adventures* book.)

Org will be frequently encountered in conversation with Nerof at the Wheel of Gold. Not a great man for the arts, Org will only attend cultural events within the city when his position on the Directing Oligarchy demands it. Org lives in a modest but respectable house in the High Quarter (location H15).

The Guild in the Garden Quarter

As with the High Quarter, the part of the Thieves' Guild that operates in the Garden Quarter has only a small membership and only rarely engages in actual thievery. The Garden Quarter Guild specializes in blackmail and extortion, and is not above occasional kidnapping. It is believed that around 30 guildmember thieves operate in the Garden Quarter (and their activities will often take them across the boundary into the High Quarter), and all use their skills to spy upon the wealthy and influential. Garden Quarter thieves will be encountered at all the best parties, restaurants, and social functions, monitoring the gossip and keeping a lookout for potential victims. The thieves in this Quarter are generally well connected socially and go to great lengths to keep secret their true identities as guildmembers. The present Master, Pavel Alektrion, is no exception.

Pavel Alektrion

Master Thief, Garden Quarter

AC 0 (*bracers of defense AC 4* and *Dex 18*); MV 12; T11; hp 42; THAC0 15/13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 +1 (*hand crossbow of speed*); Str 10, Dex 18, Con 10, Int 16,

Wis 13, Cha 15; SA quadruple damage from backstab; AL N.

Thieving skills: PP 80, OL 80, FT 75, MS 85, HS 75, DN 30, CW 80, RL 25.

Magical items: *bracers of defense AC 4*, *hand crossbow of speed*, and *ring of chameleon power*.

Pavel is 30 years old, 6'0" tall, and 160 lbs. A debonair young man with a taste for the finer things in life, Pavel maintains a town house in the more fashionable part of the Garden Quarter and is regularly encountered at all the best social gatherings. His Thieves' Guild membership is still a secret; in fashionable society he is known as a flamboyant adventurer who left the city at an early age and returned with great wealth, determined to enjoy life to the full.

Indeed, Pavel has led a distinguished career as an adventurer. The son of a wealthy merchant, his reckless youth brought him into contact with the guild at an early age. Life as a thief held tremendous romantic appeal for the young Pavel, and his advance was rapid. But the adventuring life also beckoned to Pavel, and it was not long before he left the city (although still maintaining his guild membership in his absence) and embarked on a series of adventures, in the course of which he acquired his treasured *hand crossbow of speed*, his *bracers of defense* and *ring of chameleon power*. The wealth he amassed, added to his sizable inheritance, is more than enough for him to maintain a life of luxury and ease for many years to come. Pavel is a thief out of love, not necessity.

Pavel will befriend and ingratiate himself with adventurers he encounters on his hectic social rounds. He will try to size up their strength, resources, and wealth, and get ready to tackle them at a later date. The blackmail potential with adventurers is fairly low, but he will probably try to frame them with a fairly serious misdemeanor or, if he is unsuccessful at parting them from their cash, on them into handing it over somehow. Always remember that Pavel is resourceful and intelligent—he will not betray his identity as a Master Thief or guildmember.

The Guild in the River Quarter

The River Quarter is the busiest region for guild activities within the city. Thieves' Guild business here tends to be fairly straightforward with few subtleties, reflecting, to a large extent, the character of the Master in this quarter, Tomas Ratek. Tomas claims a membership for the River Quarter in excess of 500, but the actual number is probably half that. The guild's activities include muggings and pickpocketing in the alleys and taverns on the Strip, burglary, pilfering from the warehouses along the wharves, and smuggling (guildmembers have been infiltrated into the Dockers' and Wharfmen's Union for this purpose).

Tomas Ratek

Master Thief, River Quarter

AC 5 (*leather* and *Dex 17*); MV 12; T10; hp 52; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 +10 (*dagger of throwing +3* and *gauntlets of ogre power*); Str 17, Dex 17, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 9, Cha 9; SA quadruple damage from backstab; AL CN (E).

Thieving skills: PP 75, OL 60, FT 60, MS 70, HS 55, DN 20, CW 95, RL 40.

Magical items: *dagger of throwing +3* and *gauntlets of ogre power*.

Tomas is 45 years old, 5'11" tall, and 210 lbs. He is the archetypal thug: bald and overweight, yet surprisingly quick and agile for his build. His face is a mass of scars that bear testament to his numerous brawls and bar fights. His present position within the guild structure is due more to sheer brute force and ruthlessness than his skill as a thief. He is constantly surrounded by six brutish bodyguards (all fighters of between 1st and 3rd level, but nonetheless enrolled as members of the Thieves' Guild) and his headquarters are in a shabby old warehouse building in the seedier part of the River Quarter. Tomas will often be encountered in the various dives and dens of iniquity of the quarter, looking for trouble—which he usually finds without much effort. Tomas covets the position of Guildmaster and is presently biding his time, amassing his forces, ready to launch a takeover bid. He resents the careful, even-



handed approach to business presently adopted by the guild; once Tomas is in charge, things will be different. The whole city is there for the taking as far as he is concerned—and who knows? Maybe he might just abolish the Directing Oligarchy and proclaim himself King of Greyhawk. As might be gathered, Tomas is blissfully ignorant of the other powers that coexist within the city, partly because he seldom leaves the River Quarter except to attend guild meetings.

Tomas is an aggressive man who is suspicious and resentful of strangers on his turf. Adventurers are likely to come in contact with his lackeys in their first forays into the River Quarter, where they will be told in no uncertain terms of the established status quo in the quarter. Woe betide those adventurers who refuse to take heed of this warning, as Tomas will take any transgression of his unwritten laws as a personal insult.

The Guild in the Thieves' Quarter

Traditionally the driving force behind thieving activities in the Free City, the part of the Thieves' Guild operating in the Thieves' Quarter also takes responsibility for the training of apprentice thieves and the administration of the entire guild.

The Thieves' Guildhall (location T21) is a large, fortresslike building with a central courtyard and few windows facing the street. The building itself contains only dormitories and training rooms; the real business takes place below ground in the building's cellars and additional subterranean chambers. Here there is a library of maps and plans of the city (stolen from the Cartographers' Guild and the Architects' and Stonemasons' Guild), numerous private chambers and meeting rooms, a shrine to Kurell, and, of course, the heavily guarded and trapped Guild Treasury. Few guildmembers like to use the front gate; most of them gain access to headquarters by means of the secret entrances in neighboring buildings, in the sewers, or most commonly at the back of Zorbo's House of Fun and Devin

Halfhock's Pawnshop.

There is also a small, select group of forgers based in the cellar of the Thieves' Guildhall who produce fake credit notes ostensibly issued by moneylenders in the cities of Dyvers, Radigast, Leukish or Admundfort. These documents are then insinuated into the city's economic system, sometimes through the Thieves' Guild's agents within the Merchants' and Traders' Union, or are sold directly at discount to less scrupulous members of the public.

The day-to-day administration of the Guildhall is undertaken by the present Master of the Thieves' Quarter, Sharyn Messandier.

Sharyn Messandier (Sharyn of Kurell)

Master Thief, Thieves' Quarter

AC 2 (chain mail, *cloak of protection* +2, and Dex 15); MV 12; T6/Pr7; hp 31; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +2 (*footman's mace* +1); Str 11, Dex 15, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 17, Cha 11; SA triple damage from backstab; AL CN.

Thieving skills: PP 45, OL 35, FT 35, MS 45, HS 35, DN 20, CW 85, RL 30.

Spells: 5 1st, 5 2nd, 3 3rd, and 1 4th. Spells usually memorized: *command, cure light wounds, detect magic, pass without trace, remove fear, aid, find traps, hold person, silence 15' radius, wyvern watch, dispel magic, locate object, meld into stone, cure serious wounds.*

Sharyn performs a special function for the guild. Although she originally trained as a thief, after a serious mishap in which the rest of her thief band was killed and only Sharyn escaped, she became convinced that she was the chosen of Kurell, god of thieves, and began training as a priest. Her advance as a priest has been rapid, and she has been retained by the guild to administer the Guildhall and take charge of operations within the Thieves' Quarter.

Sharyn believes that she is a woman with a mission. She has converted part of the Guildhall into a shrine to Kurell and insists that the thieves in her quarter attend regular services. So far this has

been tolerated by the membership, since Sharyn's unique blend of priest spells and thief abilities has provided valuable assistance on numerous operations.

But this is not enough for Sharyn. She has cultivated a friendship with Tomas Ratek of the River Quarter and convinced him that he should launch a bid for guild leadership, with herself as his lieutenant. This is only part of her plan, however; once Tomas is installed, she believes he would be easy to manipulate and she would wield the real power, convert the entire guild to worship of her god, and lead a holy war of thieves for control of the city.

Except for Thieves' Guild missions, Sharyn does not normally leave the Guildhall. She is polite to adventurers she may encounter (though obviously not if they've broken into the Guildhall), seeing them not as potential sources of income for the guild but more as potential converts to her deity.

The Guild in the Artisans' Quarter

Thieving activities in the Artisans' Quarter are largely confined to collecting protection money from businesses within the quarter and stealing from those who don't or won't pay up. The Artisans' Quarter maintains only a small number of indigenous thieves, relying on the other quarters' guild contingents to provide extra manpower as required. The thieves in the Artisans' Quarter are coordinated by Repnel Porton.

Repnel Porton Master Thief, Artisans' Quarter

AC 3 (*leather armor* +3 and Dex 16); MV 9; T8; hp 32; THAC0 17/16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 +2 (*broad sword* +2); Str 14, Dex 16, Con 15, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 13; SA triple damage from backstab; AL N.

Thief skills: PP 60, OL 50, FT 50, MS 50, HS 45, DN 25, CW 90, RL 25.

Magical items: *leather armor* +3, *broad sword* +2, *ring of truth, potion of diminution, and robe of blending.*



Repnel is 34 years old, 5'8" tall, 180 lbs. He has shaggy brown hair and beard and green eyes. Repnel fronts as a Master Streetcleaner of the Union of Sewermen and Streetcleaners in the Artisans' Quarter, using his normal round of collecting streetcleaning fees to pick up the guild's protection money. He has arranged for his entire cleaning detail to be made up of thieves and apprentice thieves, and thus they can use their legitimate business to keep watch on those who refuse to pay up and even undertake burglaries in broad daylight. Repnel is not an evil man, but he has a job to do and must make sure that the guild gets its dues from the quarter.

Repnel will most often be encountered doing his rounds of the Artisans' Quarter. He is not particularly interested in tackling PC parties, preferring less dangerous pursuits such as harassing storekeepers and ordering punitive raids. If adventurers are especially stupid and obviously ripe for divesting of their hard-won cash, then Repnel will divert some of his work force to waylay them. Repnel will get extremely angry if the PCs interfere with his protection racket, and may perpetrate crimes that are much worse than robbery and assault.

The Guild in the Foreign Quarter

The Foreign Quarter is an exciting place for thieves. Few of the quarter's inhabitants are Greyhawk natives, and fewer still are offered any kind of protection by or from the Thieves' Guild. Thieving activities here often degenerate into a chaotic free-for-all, as gangs of thieves work through the crowded markets and streets pocketing everything that isn't nailed down.

The thieves in the Foreign Quarter are controlled by the only demihuman presently on the Guild Directorship, the halfling Simpkin Furzear, more commonly known as "The Weasel."

Simpkin Furzear (The Weasel)

Master Thief, Foreign Quarter

AC 1 (leather armor, *ring of protection* +3, and Dex 18); MV 6; T12; hp 56; THAC0 15/13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +2 (*dagger* +2, *longtooth*); Str 9, Dex 18, Con 13, Int 15, Wis 10, Cha 10; SA quadruple damage from backstab; AL N (NE).

Thieving skills: PP 95, OL 85, FT 80, MS 90, HS 85, DN 30, CW 80, RL 40.

Magical items: *ring of protection* +3; *dagger* +2, *longtooth*; and *ring of human influence*.

The Weasel is 72 years old, 3'2" tall, and 72 lbs. The Weasel is plain and simply a nasty piece of work. His rasping speech, greased-back black hair, and appalling sense of dress mark Simpkin as a truly repellent character. The Weasel controls the gambling at The Pit, where he will often be encountered keeping a close eye on his business. The Weasel and Pietain Morvannis, the manager of The Pit, do not have a good working relationship, but Pietain is careful (at the insistence of Andrade Mirrius, the owner) not to antagonize the halfling. Despite his own considerable power and contacts, Andrade cannot afford a head-to-head confrontation with the Thieves' Guild.

The Weasel loves his work, and there is nothing he enjoys more than seeing taller folk squirm. He brings out his *ring of human influence* occasionally, to help him deal with an emergency or to further his devious schemes and plans. It was this ring that prompted Org Nenshen to appoint Simpkin as Master of the Thieves' Quarter despite the Guildmaster's reservations. The Weasel struts arrogantly (well, as arrogantly as someone only just over 3' tall can strut) around the Foreign Quarter and is liable to pick on adventurers without any provocation. In short, the Weasel is a bully—and a very dangerous one at that!

The Guild in the Slum Quarter

Traditionally this area is the exclusive domain of the Beggars' Union, but the thieves do maintain a small presence here. The Slum Quarter thieves are

largely agents provocateur, skilled in rabble-raising and recruiting whenever the guild needs a bit of extra manpower (and there's nothing like a riot to distract the attention of the City Watch). When the Thieves' Guild is active in the Slum Quarter, its operations are controlled by Larrat Helfdene.

Larrat Helfdene

Master Thief, Slum Quarter

AC 5 (studded leather and Dex 16); MV 12; F5/T6; hp 46; THAC0 16/15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (club) or 1d4 +2 (*sling* +2); Str 15, Dex 16, Con 10, Int 11, Wis 12, Cha 17; SA triple damage from backstab; AL CG.

Thief skills: PP 35, OL 25, FT 30, MS 50, HS 40, DN 20, CW 30, RL 30.

Magical items: *sling* +2, *sling bullets* +3 (10), and *wand of secret door and trap location*.

Larrat is 38 years old, 5'11" tall, and 190 lbs. Larrat is generally clean-shaven with close-cropped silver hair, a pale complexion and dark brown eyes.

When Larrat lost a hand while on a mission for the Thieves' Guild, it seemed as if his useful life as a thief was at an end. Larrat's thieving skills requiring actual manual dexterity are now considerably impaired although not nonexistent. Org Nenshen, however, had always had a soft spot for the amiable Larrat and was determined that Larrat's disability should not impair his usefulness to the guild. Org had Larrat enroll himself as a "sleeper" agent into the Beggars' Union in the Slum Quarter. While Larrat can draw upon the help of a number of thieves for guild activities in the quarter, he can also manipulate the beggars himself for guild purposes.

The Beggars' Union, through its own spies and agents, has discovered Larrat's dual responsibilities. Rather than dispose of him, the union leaders have determined that it is better to leave him in place and carefully feed him misinformation to confuse the thieves' own intelligence-gathering operations.

Larrat leads a hand-to-mouth existence in the Slum Quarter, in keeping with his front as a beggar. Org has promised him



that this is only a temporary appointment and he will be well rewarded by the guild for his endeavors in the future.

The Guild and Adventurers

The Thieves' Guild does not take kindly to nonguild thieves plying their trade within the city's boundaries. The guild takes great care in balancing its activities so as not to provoke angry reactions from some of the more powerful groups within the city. Freelance thieves who are caught by the guild will be dispossessed of their valuables, told to join the guild, pay their dues, and abide by guild law, and are warned of the dire consequences should they wish to carry on their own individual activities. Freelance thieves caught a second time by the guild do not get a second chance to make amends.

The guild will provide training for nonmembers, but only when the applicant has made a sworn statement not to use his abilities within the boundaries of the Free City, nor to betray any of the guild's secrets. Training for nonmembers is charged at the normal rates for training by NPCs, and the character's name is entered in the register of thieves in the Guildhall. All nonguild thieves, once on the register, must report to the Guildhall prior to their departure from Greyhawk and whenever they subsequently return to the city.

Guildmember thieves receive free training from the guild. Since joining the guild is a viable option for thief player characters, some details on the benefits and responsibilities of guildmembers should be detailed here. Guildmembers pay an annual fee of 3 gp and, in return for free training and the use of guild facilities, member thieves are required to pay a full 10% of all their earnings into the Guild Treasury. Such payments are normally made to the guild's agents within the Union of Moneychangers and Pawnbrokers, who will also fence goods for guildmembers. Guildmembers must also avoid protected businesses and households, and operations against any city guilds may only be undertaken with the consent of the Quarter's Master.

One final note about free training of

guildmembers: While training is indeed free, such training will be undertaken at the tutor's leisure, and since there is nothing really in it for the tutor, it could be a while before he gets around to starting the course. It is a well-known fact among member thieves that a little palm-greasing goes a long way, and tutors are much quicker to respond when they are given a suitable financial incentive.

The Assassins' Guild

Assassinations of Greyhawkers are rarely commissioned by other city residents, if only because of the fear of reprisals. The Master of the Guild of Assassins, Turin Deathstalker, is never openly referred to as such, but his name is mentioned with fear, and most will say that he has connections with the dread killers. It is also known, of course, that he is a Director of the city. Hence, any commissioned killing may well get back to the Directors, so that many potential patrons for assassins are frightened off by the fear that the rulers will know who is planning to assassinate whom. Hence, native Greyhawkers are very rarely the targets of members of the Assassins' Guild. Rather, it is outsiders who are the prime targets. The rulers are less likely to care about such people, unless they are of exceptional importance (nobility and the like).

Given this lack of business, there are relatively few assassins in Greyhawk; Turin has just 25 people as guildmembers. They are, however, mostly highly competent and accomplished assassins. At any given time, 5-16 (1d12 +4) of them will be absent from the city, on missions elsewhere. Greyhawk is known as a place where one can hire a very good assassin who will travel far to eliminate almost anyone, if the price is right. The Thieves' Guild and Assassins' Guild are on good terms generally, since their Guildmasters are likewise friendly and cooperative with each other.

The Assassins' Guildhall is very carefully concealed. It is a subterranean complex of chambers, partly created by magical means, lying deep underneath the surface

of the Thieves' Quarter. There are several secret doors in sewer walls (all locked and frequently trapped with devices which only guildmembers can open automatically) in the Thieves', Slum, and River Quarters, and also a passage below a secret trap door in the floor of Gundri Garraldson's locksmith's shop (location S6). Turin Deathstalker has a set of rooms on the top floor of this building.

Contacting the Guild of Assassins is not an easy matter. PCs will need to ask very discreetly in disreputable taverns in the River, Thieves', or Slum Quarter to have any chance of being referred to an assassin, who will usually agree to a meeting on his own "turf" with 1-2 other assassins, and a 50% chance of 1-4 thieves also, quietly dotted about the place—a busy, noisy tavern is preferred.

Rich merchants and the like have quite different ways of contacting assassins, often using intermediaries and "dead letter drops," which PCs cannot normally expect to have mentioned to them. The DM must script subsequent events depending on the nature of the target (which will be referred to Turin if it is a person of social importance), fee offered, and the like. Notably, the assassin available will never be a half-orc; Turin does not permit such creatures in the guild. However, the alignments of the assassins in the guild show that PCs should be wary of dealing with them: 4 are lawful neutral, 3 are neutral, 1 is chaotic neutral, 10 are lawful evil, 3 are neutral evil, and 4 are chaotic evil.

Turin Deathstalker

Master, Guild of Assassins

AC 4 (chain mail, *boots of striding and springing*); MV 12; F15; hp 79; THAC0 6; #AT 2; Dmg 1d6 +2 (*short sword* +2, +5 vs. *humanoids*) or 1d4 +1 and special (*dagger of venom*); Str 15, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 14, Wis 10, Cha 16; AL LE (LN).

Magical items: *boots of striding and springing*; *short sword* +2, +5 vs. *humanoids*; *dagger of venom*, *cloak of invisibility*, *ring of regeneration*, *carpet of flying* (one-person size), and various *arrows of humanoid slaying* (orcs, goblins, hobgoblins, and bugbears in particular).

Turin is a Shield Lander, 6'1" tall, age 37, 194 lbs., with olive skin, gray eyes, and auburn hair. It could be said that, in more ways than one, orcs made Turin what he is today. He had a grim upbringing after his family was slain and he was enslaved by orcs, and he grew up the slave of a half-orc fighter who taught him the rudiments of assassination. From there, he progressed to serve the Horned Society, even entering desolate Molag, biding his time until he could escape.

These desperate experiences have instilled in him a hatred of orcs, half-orcs and hobgoblins—and indeed all their kin—and he regularly goes out on solo killing sprees against them, to the Wild Coast, over the Nyr Dyv to the conquered Shield Lands, or even as far as the Pomarj. He owns three businesses in Greyhawk—the locksmith's shop (location S6), Vesper's pawn shop (location T27)—in partnership—and Turin's Servant Agency (location T1). Turin may reside in any of a number of locations—above the locksmith's or pawnbroker's shop, or with any of the three mistresses he has about town. In public, he may be found at the Golden Phoenix (location G11), the Black Dragon Inn (location C4), or the Hanged Man (location T25). If at the Golden Phoenix he may be in the company of Nerof Gasgal and/or Org Nenshen, or Vesper (see below). If in one of the downtown taverns, he will be with 1-4 lesser ranking assassins.

At present, Turin is consumed with the invasion of his homeland (the Shield Lands) by the forces of the Bandit Kingdoms and the Horned Society. While he knows and strongly approves of the money being supplied to Furyondy to support that nation's fleet, he yearns to do something more direct, and solitary exterminations of hobgoblins are hardly the answer. It may not be long before Turin ignores the calming influence of Nerof and Org and begins to organize a mercenary force to retake the Shield Lands. (For further detail of Turin, see page 39 of the *GREYHAWK® Adventures* book.)

Senior Guild Members

Aside from Turin Deathstalker, four other members of the Assassins' Guild are important enough and accomplished enough to be worthy of special mention here. They include:

Vesparian Lafanel, popularly known as "Vesper," described below.

Gundri Garraldson, a gnome who is the proprietor of Garraldson's Locksmithy (location S6) and is described in Ch12 GoF.

Caprice Molar, who is described below.

Ramann Damian, a 9th level lawful evil fighter who resides in the Thieves' Quarter (and who can be further detailed by the DM if desired).

Vesparian Lafanel ("Vesper")

AC 2/0 (*bracers of defense AC 5* and *Dex 17*; *boots of speed*); MV 12; M7/T7; hp 41; THAC0 17/15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 +2 (*long sword +2*); Str 12, Dex 17, Con 16, Int 17, Wis 7, Cha 15; SA +1 to hit with sword or bow; AL N.

Spells: 4 1st, 3 2nd, 2 3rd, and 1 4th.

Magical items: *bracers of defense AC 5*, *boots of speed*, *long sword +2*, *amulet of proof against detection and location*, *crystal ball with clairaudience*, *wand of magic missiles*, *potions of extra-healing* (at least 2 at all times), and scrolls of lower-level spells.

Vesper is a male grey elf, 5'3" tall, weighing 100 lbs. His hair is dyed black, offsetting his pale face and violet eyes. Vesper is second-ranking within the Assassins' Guild, and is an intriguing character. In town he is wholly a teetotaler, and extremely fastidious—he bathes every day, uses lots of scented oil on himself, and dresses in conservative but very expensive clothes. When adventuring, he appears to alternate between being vigilant to the point of paranoia being moderately carefree, sometimes to the extent of doing foolhardy things. He is, in fact, extremely brave and a very good companion to his trusted friends (of whom he has extremely few).

Vesper covets and owns many magical

items. (The DM can add to the list given above if desired.) He has several spell books, some in secret and trapped places in his own pawn shop, and others stored in the Guild of Wizardry.

Vesper is very proud of his "art," as he refers to it. A clean, quick assassination is greatly preferable to hacking some wretched creature to death with axes and swords, in his view. He uses spells such as *invisibility* and *fly* to enable him to do his work, and he has an exceptional knowledge of poisons—he has had most of his 433 years to study them. Oddly, when adventuring (as opposed to assassinating), Vesper does not use lethal poisons (instead carrying ones which *slow* enemies and the like); he thinks the use of lethal poison at such times casts doubt on his personal prowess and honor. His very high Intelligence and low Wisdom make him the perfect assassin—very smart, but not in touch with his (or anyone else's) emotions. He is cold, calculating, and very thorough. He has a notable hatred of dwarves, for which Turin rebukes him—until he reminds Turin of his own hatred of humanoids. "At least I don't kill dwarves on sight," he points out. Turin has no answer to this.

Vesper handles much administrative work for the guild (collecting fees, keeping a register of actions, etc.), which is all noted in a great ledger which Vesper has paid to have a *symbol of stunning* inscribed upon (he keeps the book wrapped in black cloth). The book also has *explosive runes* within it on the first page, and other magical protections against the unwary reader.

Vesper is usually in his shop, if not away adventuring. Since he is a teetotaler, he will rarely be found in taverns, unless he is dining with Turin or, less commonly, a middle-ranking mage (Vesper is in very good standing with the Guild of Wizardry, whose members at least pretend to be unaware of his career as an assassin). He is not sociable or gregarious, even to other elves, and is thus difficult to approach.

Caprica Molara

AC 0 (*chain mail* +2 and Dex 17); MV 12; F10; hp 62; THAC0 10/8; #AT 3/2 or special; Dmg 1d6 +6 (*footman's flail* +2) or 1d8 +7 or more (*long sword* +4 of *dancing*); Str 18(23), Dex 17, Con 12, Int 14, Wis 9, Cha 12; AL NE.

Magical items: *chain mail* +2, *footman's flail* +2, *long sword* +4 of *dancing*, *boots of levitation*, *rope of climbing*, *ring of free action*, *ring of invisibility*, and two scrolls of *protection from traps* (all).

Caprica is a woman one wouldn't look twice at in a crowd, except to note her muscular build. She is 33, stands 5'7" tall, weighs 138 lbs., has plain brown hair and brown eyes, and a tanned skin. She has been in Greyhawk but three years, having been one of the last to flee the Shield Lands when the last remnants of that area fell to the bandits and humanoids. It is this background which ensured that Turin would sympathetically receive her application to join the guild. Caprica has always hoarded, and bartered for, magical items which increase her mobility, which accounts for her possession of most of the enchanted accessories listed above.

Vesper has warned Turin about Caprica, to no avail; anyone who hates humanoids as much as Caprica does is all right by Turin. The elf's reservations came from the use of a *know alignment* spell, which told him that there was something badly wrong with Caprica, although he could not identify exactly what. In fact, in addition to the fact that Caprica is neutral evil, she is also insane, an insidious and slow-acting legacy of seeing a *symbol of insanity* cast by a mage in the army of the Horned Society.

Caprica suffers from a split personality, both her "halves" being evil. Her dominant side is sociable and rational (she is wily and cunning but knows the need for cultivating friends and contacts), but her darker personality is a homicidal maniac possessed of vicious cunning and extreme brutality. The maniac has already indulged in the gratuitous slaughter of several people in the dock areas and many street urchins in the River and Slum Quarters. Her dominant side is aware of her other per-

sonality (although the recognition does not work in the other direction); however, Caprica is too terrified to discuss the problem with anyone.

To make matters worse, her second self has become involved with the Cult of the Shriven Sickle (detailed later in this chapter). This makes dealing with Caprica extremely dangerous. When she changes personalities—an event which is totally unpredictable, but usually doesn't happen more than once a week—her second self takes over for 13-24 (1d12 +12) hours, plus an additional hour of transition from one personality to the other, during which she is in a very docile, almost trancelike state.

Caprica lives in humble lodgings in the Thieves' Quarter (location T17) and appears to be an adventurer living off past gains. She is fairly easily found in a variety of shady dives in the Slum, Thieves', and River Quarters, sometimes with a coterie of evil hangers-on, more rarely with Turin.

The Beggars' Union

When Beggarmaster Theobald, King of Junk, precipitated the war between the Thieves' Guild and the Beggars' Union some fifteen years back, and the beggars were ultimately crushed, it seemed as if the Beggars' Union was finished as a credible entity within the Free City's power structure. The Beggars' Union under Theobald had become too greedy, the activities of the union had encroached on the activities of the Thieves' Guild, and the thieves were less than happy.

Following the disappearance of Theobald when the Thieves' Guild attacked the Palace of Trash, Gaspar took control of the union and sued for peace with Arentol, who was then the Guildmaster of Thieves. Together they drew up a new, mutually acceptable charter for the operation of the union—acceptable to the thieves because they got what they wanted and gave up only what they cared to lose, and acceptable to the beggars because they were in no position to argue.

This charter effectively gave control of

the Slum Quarter to the beggars, allowed them to perform a small degree of pick-pocketing and pilfering, but expressly forbade them from indulging in any of the activities claimed exclusively by the Thieves' Guild (effectively all manner of organized crime). The tradition of cooperation between the thieves and the beggars was to be revived, and the beggars were to receive a 1% share of the haul from any thieving operation in which the beggars assisted.

The beggars' main role in the city now is to act as the eyes and ears of both the Thieves' Guild and also for anyone who pays them for gathering information. Beggars flock around all the main city gates and around the wharves and in all the markets, and are thus ideally placed to observe the comings and goings of potential targets for the thieves. Relay teams of beggars can expertly shadow individuals all across the city and covertly convey information back and forth using the beggars' secret sign language.

When private clients are involved, the beggars' services do not come cheap. Gathering information is a complex affair involving many beggars in many parts of the city, and each participant must receive a share of the fee. For PCs trying to locate a particular individual with the aid of the Beggars' Union, a charge of at least 5 gp will be levied and the information could take a day or more to be communicated back to them. (Obviously, the DM has complete control on exactly how much help the Beggars' Union can be to a PC group.) In addition, many groups and individuals pay the union to spread misinformation, and reports of PCs who have paid for investigations could well be passed on by the union to those individuals the PCs are seeking. The members of the Beggars' Union are not running a public information service—they only do it for the cash!

Members of the Beggars' Union also act as guides for groups willing to pay them the requisite sum to do so, and the beggars have intimate knowledge of the city's streets and alleys. Members of the union are also skilled at moving through the city without attracting attention. The

union also maintains numerous secret paths that allow its members entrance to all the city's quarters, should the City Watch turn them away from the gates.

Street urchins at the city gates will throng around adventurer bands and merchant caravans entering the city, offering to lead them to inns and gaming houses or other such places of entertainment, and advertising many of the services and businesses in the city. The less mobile and older beggars crowd around, rattling their begging bowls and pleading for alms in the name of just about every god and goddess in the known world. Adventurers should be especially careful here; being too generous and making too ostentatious a show of wealth and good fortune will mark them down as good targets for the Thieves' Guild, while giving the beggars nothing will spur the union to alert the thieves anyway, to cure the visitors of their meanness.

The activities of the Beggars' Union are centered around the Palace of Trash in the Slum Quarter (location S3). This large, imposing building, a relic from the Old City's age of greatness, contains several large apartments for senior union members decorated with an astounding collection of old ornaments and furnishings scavenged from all parts of the city, dormitories and cubicles for junior members, training rooms, and an enormous dining hall and kitchen. The Palace of Trash has many secret entrances and exits that lead into the sewers from its cellars, and the building even has its own well in case of siege.

Gaspar maintains (as have all previous Beggarmasters) his own personal retinue of indentured beggars who are based at the Palace of Trash. These beggars are by and large children who have been sent to the municipal workhouses and then later "liberated" for sale to the Beggarmaster by unscrupulous guards. These beggars are intensively trained by the Masters of the Beggarmaster's inner circle and are destined to become the union's senior representatives and agents within the Free City. During their apprenticeship, these indentured beggars must donate every last copper common

to the Beggarmaster. They are taught Beggars' Cant (the secret language of the Beggars' Union) and the beggars' secret signs. Their minds are trained to recall the most minute details about people and places and to instantly recognize and assess potential targets for the Thieves' Guild. They are taught to contort themselves and look pitiful to play on people's sympathies, and the most promising students are taught to read, write and draw.

The membership of the Beggars' Union includes bona fide beggars (either genuine down-and-outs, or those crippled by disease or injury) as well as those who see being a beggar as just another profession and as good a way to earn a living as any other. The latter group tends to be the union's main activists, and a very few of the more skillful have respectable homes and families and earn a considerable income, donning their rags at dawn and returning home at dusk to change into more comfortable clothes and relax by the fire.

Individuals can apply for membership at the Beggars' Guildhall (the Palace of Trash in the Slum Quarter), where they are issued the wooden hand symbol which all union members must wear at all times around their necks. Members are expected to give 50% of all their earnings to the union, although the actual collection of this fee is a rather hit-or-miss affair. Senior members of the union (the strongest and toughest beggars) mill around with the crowd wherever beggars congregate and grab the union's share as the beggars earn their money. In return, the senior union members get to keep half of what they grab and the rest goes to Simeon Hellwater, the Union Treasurer, to swell the union coffers.

The activities of the Beggars' Union are directed by the Beggarmaster's inner circle, which consists of Gaspar, Haarkon Diadra, Simeon Hellwater, and Diarmid Hesperion.

Gaspar

The Beggarmaster

AC 5 (leather armor, *cloak of protection* +3); MV 9; F10; hp 82; THAC0 10; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d8 +2 (*scimitar of speed*

+2); Str 17, Dex 10, Con 15, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 14; AL N.

Magical items: *cloak of protection* +3, *scimitar of speed* +2, plus various minor items secreted in the Palace of Trash (DM's discretion).

Gaspar is 55 years old, 5'8" tall, and 220 lbs. As seems to be the tradition with Beggarmasters, Gaspar is bald and overweight, and dresses in a gaudy array of tattered silks and faded finery. Holding court from the throne room of the Palace of Trash, Gaspar is the undisputed King of the Beggars. Under his leadership the union has prospered as never before, and the union's coffers are swollen to the bursting point.

Gaspar scrupulously ensures that the Beggars' Union's activities stay within the boundaries defined by the charter with the Thieves' Guild. Union members who violate the charter are ruthlessly dealt with, and reparations are made when necessary to the thieves. While they have never been friends, Gaspar and the present Grandmaster of Thieves, Org Nenshen, have a good working relationship, and the natural antagonism between the two organizations has eased considerably.

Haarkon Diadra

The Taskmaster

AC 1 (*leather armor* +3, Dex 18); MV 9; T10; hp 37; THAC0 16/14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 +1 (*long sword of wounding* +1); Str 13, Dex 18, Con 12, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 14; SA triple damage from backstab; AL CG.

Thieving skills: PP 80, OL 70, FT 60, MS 75, HS 65, DN 30, CW 95, RL 25.

Magical items: *leather armor* +3, *long sword of wounding* +1, *boots of striding and springing*, *eyes of minute seeing*, and *pouch of accessibility*.

Haarkon is 35 years old, 5'10" tall, and 150 lbs. He has deeply tanned skin, black close-cropped hair and brown eyes. Formerly a Master of the Ceshra Thieves' Guild in the Sultanate of Zeif, Haarkon was forced to flee his native land when assassins employed by Sultan Murad were

sent to eliminate senior guildmembers following the theft of the Crown Jewels (which, incidentally, have never been recovered). Upon arriving in the Free City some three years back, Haarkon chose not to seek membership in the Thieves' Guild because of the group's high profile and political connections, and instead fell in with Gaspar and the Beggars' Union. His experience in and knowledge of thieving have put him in good stead with the union, and Haarkon now trains Gaspar's indentured beggars.

Haarkon is essentially a hard but good man, not reluctant to reward success and achievement. However, he will not tolerate failure or sloppy work by his charges, and constantly reminds them that they will never know when the skills he teaches them might save their lives. Haarkon was forced to sell many of his treasured possessions during his flight from Zeif and now retains only the items listed above. He spends much of his time at the Palace of Trash but does sometimes venture forth into the Foreign and Thieves' Quarters. Haarkon is a very cautious man, constantly aware that the Sultan's assassins will not give up until they return with his head.

Simeon Hellwater **The Treasurer**

AC 3 (*bracers of defense* AC 6, Dex 17); MV 12; F4/T5; hp 35; THAC0 17/15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d3 +3 (*buckle knife* +3); Str 13, Dex 17, Con 14, Int 16, Wis 10, Cha 9; SA triple damage from backstab; AL N (E).

Thieving skills: PP 50, OL 40, FT 40, MS 40, HS 35, DN 20, CW 80, RL 20.

Magical items: *bracers of defense* AC 6, *buckle knife* +3, *ring of X-ray vision*.

Simeon is 43 years old, 6'2" tall, and 150 lbs. His pallid skin is in part due to the many years he has spent indoors, poring over the accounts and ledgers of the union in his office at the Palace of Trash. Simeon is Gaspar's closest confidante and ultimately knows more about the running of the union and the union's business than does even the Beggarmaster himself. Simeon is trusted implicitly by all who deal

with him, he is meticulous in all his calculations, and he has a fine eye for detail.

Simeon is a dour, somber man who likes to keep to himself. He dresses in simple black robes and spends practically all his waking hours engrossed in his work. Perhaps his honesty and selfless devotion to duty should have aroused suspicion, for indeed his infrequent visits to the Hanged Man Inn (location T25) tavern are not for recreational purposes. Simeon has been a fully paid-up member of the Thieves' Guild since his youth and has been acting as a guild agent within the Beggars' Union from the time of Gaspar's takeover. Simeon passes on full details of the union's finances and operations to Org Nenshen's agents in the Thieves' Quarter.

Diarmid Hesperion **The Spymaster**

AC 5 (*ring mail* +2); MV 9; F8; hp 74; THAC0 12; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d6 +6 (*quarterstaff* +3; Str 18/24, Dex 10, Con 16, Int 17, Wis 12, Cha 14; AL NG.

Magical items: *ring mail* +2, *quarterstaff* +3, *gauntlets of swimming and climbing*, *lens of detection*, and *hat of disguise*.

Diarmid is 40 years old, 5'11" tall, and 200 lbs. His graying hair is shaved short, and he always sports several days of stubble on his chin that never seems to grow into a beard. Diarmid lost an eye in a beggars' squabble in his youth and now wears an eyepatch over his left eye.

The Spymaster coordinates the intelligence-gathering efforts of the beggars on the street. Dressed in rags that cover his *ring mail* +2 and clutching his magical quarterstaff, he is a common sight wherever beggars congregate. Diarmid is a jovial fellow but is very serious about his work, and with the heightened Intelligence he now boasts as the result of once possessing a *gem of insight*, he rarely misses a thing, and never forgets a face. His *hat of disguise* comes in handy on spying missions (but any face he adopts as part of a disguise must have only one eye).

The Rhennee

The Rhennee are gypsy folk who ply their barges along the Selintan River, and across the Nyr Dyv to all ports of call beyond. Their "barges" are large, sturdy vessels well capable of negotiating the Lake of Unknown Depths, and the Rhennee are expert sailors and navigators. Along rivers, Rhennee barges usually travel in groups of 7-12 (1d6 +6).

Rhennee are strong, dextrous (2d6 +6 Dexterity) people, with skin tones ranging from tan to olive. They have black curly hair and a typically wiry build, although they are not tall (males average 5'6"). Rhennee folk are largely (85%) of neutral alignment, with lawful neutral and chaotic neutral accounting for another 5% each, and the remainder of various evil alignments.

Their society is one with very strictly observed customs, which can be highly confusing to outsiders. For a start, they have their own language, a variety of Thieves' Cant, although they can speak the common tongue also. A non-Rhennee thief can readily have a basic conversation with a Rhennee, or pick up a fragment of Rhennee Cant, but anything complex or lengthy requires a successful Intelligence check for the thief to understand correctly what is being said. All Rhennee have thieving ability; even children have 1st level ability, and even an adult Rhennee who does not practice the thieving profession has the abilities of a thief of level 1-4 at least.

Rhennee are extremely loyal to each other so far as outsiders are concerned. Any threat given, or harm inflicted, to a Rhennee by an outsider will arouse the wrath even of Rhennee who are hostile to the injured party, unless truly exceptional circumstances prevail. The leaders of Rhennee society are called "lords" or "nobles." These titles may have been originally adopted in mockery of true aristocrats, but the nobles are the Rhennee's major decision-makers, together with their wise women. It is the nobles who are the most knowledgeable about tides, winds, and currents, and they know the





secret bays and sites where Rhennee meet in large numbers or take shelter during winter, when severe winds make travel difficult for them. A Rhennee noble is effectively dual-classed as a fighter of level 8-9 and a thief of level 10-13.

Below the nobles are the bargewrights—the men who own the barges the Rhennee travel on. Each bargewright is responsible for, and protects, the people on his barge; each of these men is a fighter of level 4-7 and a thief of level 5-7. The Rhennee on each barge are more or less an extended family, although several barges together may often be an even larger “family” under the leadership of a noble traveling with the group. A Rhennee barge has a variable number of people on board, depending on the size of the craft: 2-4 guards (all males; fighters of level 3-5 and/or thieves of levels 2-4), 13-24 ordinary folk (50% males, 50% females; fighters of levels 1-2 and/or thieves of levels 1-4), plus 7-12 children, and a wise woman.

The wise woman is a symbol of the odd role of women in Rhennee society. A wise woman is 35 to 85 (5d10 + 30) years old, and in addition to being a thief of level 1-4, she also has talents (similar to spellcasting, and treated as such here) which make her a major source of advice and comfort to the superstitious Rhennee folk.

Wise women have skill in herbalism and healing; 75% of them can cast one *cure light wounds* spell per day.

They can read tea leaves and perform similar actions, allowing them to cast *augury* once per day (“time limit” 8 hours rather than the usual 30 minutes).

A small number of wise women can use *legend lore* once per week with a 50% chance of success.

Finally, wise women can predict, in general terms, what the weather will be for the next 12 hours, with a 75% chance of being utterly correct and a 50% chance (if not utterly correct) of being correct within reasonable limits. For instance, if a wise woman says “It will rain in six hours,” she may be absolutely correct; she may be off by an hour or two in either direction; or she may be completely

wrong—but she’s at least partly right often enough so that people keep on trusting her predictions. This ability is usable once per day.

Wise women are the real power in Rhennee society, for their word will not be knowingly contradicted even by a Rhennee noble. They do not use this power for leadership, however. They suggest, insinuate, and use cryptic prophecy to influence their men, whom (basically) they can twist around their little fingers.

On the other hand, other females (except for the 1-2 females who attend the wise woman) are treated as helpmates and with some respect by their menfolk, but basically they are regarded as chattel. There is no formal marriage rite among the Rhennee, and nobles and bargewrights have as many cohabiting females as they can afford to keep.

This chauvinism, and the macho behavior of Rhennee males in general, can be used to embroil PCs in embarrassing disputes. A Rhennee male may challenge any other (usually non-Rhennee) male who looks at his female in the wrong manner, as he sees it. Further, if his female looks at another male in an interested way, he will issue a challenge. The challenge is for immediate combat, with whatever weapons one has at hand. Declining to fight is regarded as shameful, and the use of underhanded means such as magic or a poisoned weapon will bring down the wrath of all Rhennee in the area on the offender.

The Rhennee in Greyhawk

In the city, the Rhennee usually live on board their barges, conducting business (trading and selling) in the nearby wharf area adjacent to the River Quarter. However, groups of Rhennee also can be encountered in the Shack Town north of the city, and throughout the Old City. These groups will almost always (90%) consist of 7-12 (1d6 + 6) males, but there is a 10% chance that a wise woman, with 1-2 younger females and 7-12 males, is present. If the group has a wise woman, she will be telling fortunes and perform-

ing similar services, charging a little copper or silver according to what she sees as the customer’s ability to pay. Rhennee males may visit taverns all over the Old City, but usually remain within the River Quarter. The River Rat (location R7) is an inn well known for catering to Rhennee, as is the Green Dragon Inn (location R2).

In Greyhawk, the Rhennee are very careful about using their thieving skills. They very rarely pick the pockets of native Greyhawkers, or burgle them. They know the importance of not angering the people who live in places where they ply much of their trade. However, they are nowhere near so scrupulous when it comes to foreigners in Greyhawk. They will appear to be friendly and helpful, but will scheme, cheat and lie as it suits them. Local thieves and ne’er-do-wells leave the Rhennee alone, knowing that stealing from, or assaulting, one of them will ensure that a large group will come looking for the culprit, and with their thieving skills and powers of persuasion they will usually find whom they are looking for.

However, the Rhennee are always ready to smuggle people into Greyhawk who want to enter unheralded, and this has led some of the more unscrupulous Rhennee into dangerous territories at times. Spies from the Horned Society, Bandit Kingdom spies who have come to deal with Sental Nurev (see Chapter 2), and all other types of people inimical to the well-being of Greyhawk have been ferried into the city by Rhennee bargefolk at one time or another. Conversely, the Rhennee’s willingness to ferry anyone in or out may be useful to PCs who need to exit Greyhawk in a hurry.

There is one notably bad apple amongst the Rhennee—Zoran Sarraith, a noble who is in the pay of the cult of the Shriken Sickle (detailed later in this chapter). Zoran makes regular trips with his large two-masted barge, the *Dyvwrraith*, to sheltered bays on the coast of the conquered Shield Lands, and then ferries information, weapons, magic, and money from there to his contact, Pietain Morvannis. Zoran is also a regular visitor to Willip and other Furyondian ports, where he quietly seeks out good priests and pal-



adins (notably Knights of the Holy Shielding) for passage to Greyhawk. He then reports to Pietain about these passengers and their conversations aboard his vessel, and directs the good folk to hostilities where the Shriven Sickle will attempt assaults and assassinations on them later, after maintaining a surveillance operation. Zoran is paid a bounty for his work in tipping off the evil priests in this way.

Zoran Sarraith Rhennee Lord

AC 3 (*leather armor +2* and *Dex 17*); MV 12; F9/T11; hp 75; THACO 11/9; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d6 +2 (*short sword +1*) or 1d4 +3 (*dagger +2*); Str 17, Dex 17, Con 16, Int 10, Wis 14, Cha 14; SA quadruple damage from backstab, blade venoms; AL NE.

Magical items: *leather armor +2*, *short sword +1*, *dagger +2*.

Zoran is 38 years old, 5'7" tall, 141 lbs., with typical Rhennee build and color. He has a scar running from just below his left earlobe halfway around his throat, a permanent reminder of an unsuccessful assassination attempt. Zoran has two "wives," Mestrella and Avien, aboard his barge, with 3 guards and 16 ordinary Rhennee folk, plus 5 children. They are all family members, and are highly loyal to Zoran.

Zoran is as loyal to the Shriven Sickle, and to his Horned Society paymasters, as his pay and his growing fear of them make him. For a large enough sum of money, he would tell all he knows to an enemy of the Shriven Sickle and then flee to a far distant land to ply his trade. In Greyhawk, his only contact with the Shriven Sickle is through Pietain, but he knows that there are at least four priests of Nerull in the group. The DM should consider carefully what further information Zoran knows and will reveal—he will lie if he thinks he can get away with it—and how much money will be needed to get him to talk (it should certainly be thousands of gold pieces).

Further Game Information on Rhennee

Rhennee have good Strength: take best three of 5d6 for males, best three of 4d6 for females. Rhennee wear leather armor at all times, although one or two suits of chain mail may be kept on a barge and worn if the Rhennee are going ashore with the intention of fighting (e.g., pursuing a feud). The larger barges have ballistas, and all barges have 3-6 (1d4 +2) heavy crossbows on board. All the people on board are trained in the use of light crossbows—even children over the age of 8 (use 1d12 to determine the age of children)—and all have daggers also. Each guard may have a battle axe (70% chance), and will carry either a long sword or a broad sword (50% chance of each). Barges will also have 2d6 spears and 1d4 harpoons on board.

Rarely (25% chance for a Rhennee barge group), a Rhennee bard will accompany a group. The bard will be of neutral alignment, and will be of level 2-9.

In addition to trade and transport, Rhennee make some little money from craftwork (sailmaking and repair, cloth making, etc.) and fishing.

Finally, on rare occasions outsiders who perform some important service for the Rhennee, or who have valuable skills and gain an exceptional reaction from them, may be treated as "honorary Rhennee" and given some token of this fact. Future reactions from Rhennee will be at +10 to +25 (depending on the nature of the service, the status of the Rhennee for whom the service was performed, etc.).

Old Mother Grubb's House of Fortune

This disreputable establishment is located in the Thieves' Quarter (location T12). It is known as a gambling house and a haunt of ladies of dubious virtue. It is also a much more dangerous place than it appears. The fact that doxies will pick your pockets here is well known, but there's much more to it than this.

Old Mother Grubb is, in fact, a vampire *polymorphed* (through the use of a wand she possesses) to appear as an old crone. She uses the fact that numerous persons of social significance in Greyhawk visit her establishment to extort monies through blackmail, but this is only a sideline, since few Greyhawkers would much care who had visited this place. For ordinary Greyhawkers, there is no special risk from her attentions. (She cannot use any of her physical vampiric abilities, including her gaze, while in the form of an old woman.) Adventurers, however, are in a potentially much more dangerous position if they visit here—and especially if they try to cause trouble.

In the basement below Old Mother Grubb's are two chambers chock full (or only partially full, depending on the DM's sense of leniency) of other individuals who have been turned into vampires by Old Mother Grubb's *energy drain* attack. The main responsibility of these minions is to guard the treasure chamber, but Mother Grubb can and will bring them forth to deal with any major threat in her establishment or the nearby vicinity (such as the kind of threat that would be posed by treasure-seeking or experience-seeking adventurers).

Old Mother Grubb has friends about town—thieves and low-lifers in her employ (who do not know her true nature). They keep an eye out in the bars and taverns of the Old City, looking for half-drunk adventurers (or ordinary citizens) and then befriending them (by buying drinks, losing to them at cards and dice, etc.). These people then suggest a gamble, some fine drink, and a good time down at Old Mother Grubb's. The hapless individual who agrees is then fed drink and allowed to win at the fixed gambling tables, and fawned over by the ladies in the employ of Old Mother Grubb, all tactics designed to put the victim at ease and cause him to eventually pass out from overindulgence. Sleep-inducing drugs in his drinks may also be used, especially after the victim has been taken off to one of the private rooms by one of Old Mother Grubb's girls. Then, one of the vampires (usually a minion,

sometimes the old lady herself) enters and slays the helpless, sleeping male.

Old Mother Grubb (Disguised Vampire)

AC -1 (*ring of protection* +2); MV 12, Fl 18 (C); HD 8+3; hp 38; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 +4 (dagger) or 1d6 +4; SA energy drain (2 levels), *charm* gaze; SD +1 or better magical weapon to hit; immune to sleep, charm, hold, poison, paralysis; cold and electricity do half damage; assume *gaseous form*; summon minions; *spider climb*; AL CE.

Spells (wizard): 5 1st, 5 2nd, 5 3rd, 5 4th, 5 5th, 3 6th, 2 7th, and 1 8th.

Magical items: *ring of protection* +2 and *wand of polymorphing*.

The information above applies to the vampire in her true form. In her *polymorphed* form, the vampire looks like a crone of 70 or more years with lank gray hair, wrinkled skin, and yellow teeth, of

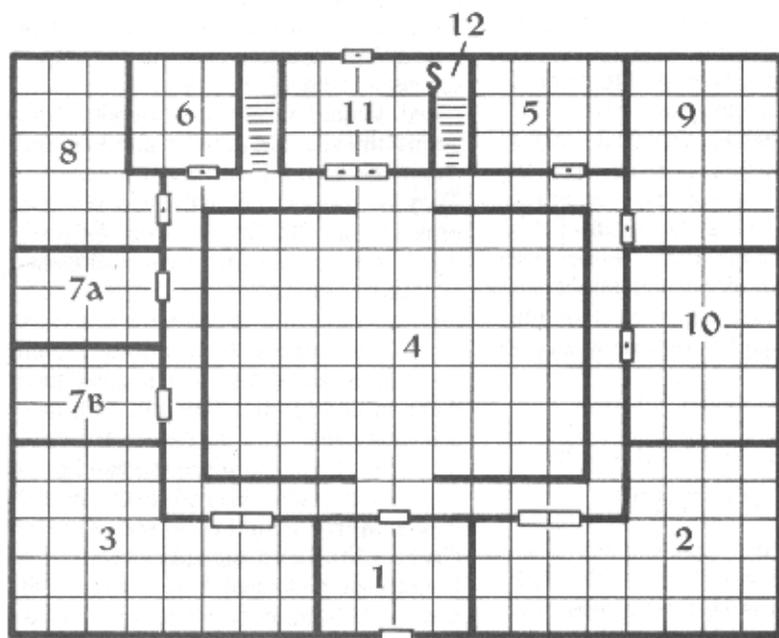
average weight and build. She wears an over-bold black and red dress, and lots of costume jewelry. In fact, this is very similar to the appearance that Old Mother Grubb (her given name is unknown) had as a mortal. The old woman was a mage of great accomplishment, and retains her ability to learn and cast spells. She uses *dispel magic* to instantaneously negate the effect of the *wand of polymorphing* whenever she wants or needs to assume her true form, and in either form she has the spellcasting ability of a 16th level mage.

Vampire minions

AC 1; MV 12, Fl 18 (C); HD 5; hp 24; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger) or 1d4 +4; SA energy drain (1 level), *charm* gaze; SD +1 or better magical weapon to hit; immune to sleep, charm, hold, poison, paralysis; cold and electricity do half damage; assume *gaseous form*; *spider climb*; AL CE.

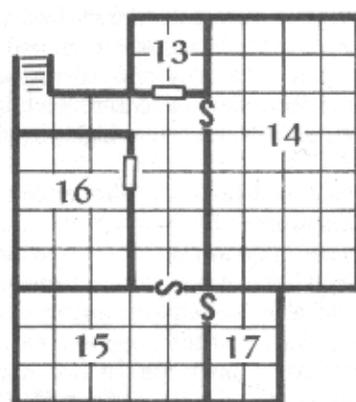
The vampires that Old Mother Grubb keeps in her basement are not as powerful as she is (which makes it easier for her to keep them under her control. Most of them do not have any special class-related abilities (spellcasting, etc.) brought over from their mortal existences (although the DM may choose to make certain of these minions special in this regard, particularly if some notable characters end up joining the ranks). These vampires will not attack of their own volition unless their underground lair is violated, or unless they are summoned forth by Old Mother Grubb to do her dirty work.

During her mortal life, Old Mother Grubb successfully researched a method for using the *permanency* spell in conjunction with *charm person*. She has used this knowledge to enslave a staff of barmaids (ranging from 12 to 16 in number at any given time) who assist her in waylay-



first floor

1 square = 5 feet



Basement

ing patrons so that they can be disposed of inconspicuously. The vampire prefers to "hire" women with thieving abilities; there is a 70% chance that any barmaid in her employ has the skills of a thief of level 1-3 (although each of the women will have only 1d6 hit points in any case).

Old Mother Grubb's "croupier" at the gaming tables is a willing conspirator, for she is a priest of Erythnul who helps with a useful sideline of the operation.

Kaarain Mandair

Priest of Erythnul

AC 8/1 (*chain mail* +2, not worn when working, and Dex 16); MV 12; Pr7; hp 33; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +1 (quarterstaff); Str 16, Dex 16, Con 9, Int 11, Wis 17, Cha 16; SA *scare* spell ability; AL CE.

Spells: 5 1st, 5 2nd, 3 3rd, and 1 4th.

Spells usually memorized: *darkness* (×3), *fear* (×2), *aid*, *hold person* (×3), *silence 15' radius*, *animate dead*, *dispel magic*, *prayer*, *protection from good 10' radius*.

Kaarain is 27 years old, 5'8" tall, 130 lbs., with strawberry blond hair and green eyes. She looks innocent and even naive, but she is sharp at the gaming table and misses very little. She is cruel, malicious, and thoroughly unpleasant, and thus gets along very well with Old Mother Grubb.

The Second String Operation

When someone has been slain by a weapon attack from one of Old Mother Grubb's minions (or, more rarely, by the old woman herself), Kaarain uses *animate dead* to raise the corpse as a zombie. These zombies are stored in the basement of the gambling hall, where there are 1 or 2 at any given time, and then shortly thereafter sold to the Sewermen's and Streetsweepers' Union for use as mindless labor in the sewers (see Chapter 4 and below). Old Mother Grubb ventures forth at night, accompanied by Kaarain, who controls the zombies until they are passed into the possession of the union through a contact

with Imre Petrosian (see below) at the civil depot (location T23). If Imre Petrosian is present at the meeting-place, the two females head off and return with the cowed, cloak-wearing zombies and exchange them for gold. The usual price is 25 gp per zombie.

Also, adventurers frequently have magical items. Kaarain casts *detect magic* on their possessions and, if any magic is present, the item is usually taken to be identified by a member of the Guild of Wizardry, usually Kondradis Bubka (see Chapter 3). However, items taken from mages are not so checked, for the three are wary of a guildmember recognizing any such item and instigating an investigation about how it fell into the hands of its current owners. Items are sometimes retained for use by Kaarain or Old Mother Grubb if one of them wants a particular object, but more usually the items are sold and the proceeds divided between the three principals.

Adventures at Old Mother Grubb's

A map of the ground floor and the basement level of Old Mother Grubb's is provided with this text. In brief, the major features of the rooms are as follows:

1. The entrance hall, where customers are greeted by one or more of the barmaids and directed through the northern doorway, which leads into the main gambling hall and into a corridor that circles the perimeter of this enormous room.

2. A lounge and bar, where patrons can drink to forget about the money they've just lost—but anyone who imbibes too much is liable to wake up as an entirely different sort of person.

3. A game room filled with billiard tables, dart boards, and other such amusements.

4. The hall where most of the action is: a huge, smoke-filled room reeking of liquor and sweat, with gambling games (cards, dice, roulette, you name it) going on at every one of the closely packed tables. Barmaids circulate through the room, cajoling customers and delivering drinks. Kaarain, the head croupier, can

run any game that is played here, and is liable to be found anywhere in the room.

5-6. Storerooms stocked with liquor and other mundane supplies and equipment.

7a-b. Men's and women's bathrooms.

8-10. Bedrooms, empty unless they are being visited by a patron in the company of one or more barmaids.

11. Back entrance hall, used only for deliveries of supplies and furtive entries and exits.

12. A secret door, magically locked and trapped (but openable by Old Mother Grubb at a moment's notice), that opens onto a stairway leading to the basement.

13. A small storeroom, used mainly for the safekeeping of expensive liquor.

14-15. The rooms that are occupied by Old Mother Grubb's vampire minions when they aren't out and about. There will be at least two in each room (and available for service) at any time, up to a maximum (DM's discretion) of whatever the room can comfortably hold.

16. The room in which zombies are kept until they are sold to the Sewermen's and Streetsweepers' Union. It is rare for more than 1 or 2 to be here, since the zombies are sold soon after they are "manufactured."

17. Old Mother Grubb's treasure hoard. The contents (adjustable by the DM as desired) are as follows:

The most prominent object in the room is a large, locked wooden chest (Old Mother Grubb has the key) which has a *glyph of warding* placed upon it for 14 points of cold damage and paralysis (which lasts 11 rounds unless dispelled). Inside the chest is a suit of dwarf-sized *chain mail* +1, a *wand of frost*, a set of *bracers of defense* AC 5, a *dagger* +2, and a very ornately decorated *broad sword* +1, *flametongue* which is too singular in appearance with many gem settings in hilt and pommel (add 3,000 gp to sale value) to risk being sold.

In a plain silver tube (value 25 gp) there is a scroll of wizard spells: *confusion*, *dimension door*, *duo-dimension* and *polymorph other*.

The chest also contains a small leather pouch with 11 rhodocrosites (value 10 gp

each), five moonstones (value 50 gp each), two chrysoberyls of exceptional quality (value 250 gp each) and a gold ring set with four moonstones and a fire opal (total value 1,800 gp).

On the floor, beside the chest, is a small sack with mixed coinage; 240 ep, 315 gp, and 219 pp.

Smart players will have their PCs avoid Old Mother Grubb's like the plague, so it may require a lure to drag characters in. In that vein, it should be noted that the large majority of the ordinary working girls here are of neutral or good alignment; in most cases, it's not their fault they were *charmed*. Thus, good-aligned characters should be looking to help them, not slay them (and killing them may be considered a deviation toward evil alignment unless truly exceptional circumstances are involved).

The Shapechangers

The Shapechangers, also known as the Polymorph Squad, are a group of associated evil characters who specialize in a unique form of crime, but who have other interests also. Full details are given below for the three core members of this group, with notes on their individual interests outside the group, and the main activities of this evil grouping.

Clannair Blackshadow

AC -1 (*elven chain +2* and Dex 18); MV 12; F5/M8; hp 36; THAC0 16/14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 +1 (*long sword +1*) or 1d3 +special (hand crossbow); Str 13, Dex 18, Con 10, Int 17, Wis 10, Cha 11; SA innate spells, poisoned bolts (save vs. poison at -4 or fall asleep for 1d6 turns); SD innate spells, 66% magic resistance; AL NE.

Innate spell abilities (once per day each): *dancing lights*, *darkness*, *detect magic*, *faerie fire*, *know alignment*, *levitate*.

Spells: 4 1st, 3 2nd, 3 3rd, and 2 4th.

Spells usually memorized: charm person, feather fall, magic missile (4 missiles), protection from good, darkness

15' radius, stinking cloud, web, hold person, fly, slow, polymorph other (x2).

Magical items: *elven chain mail +2, long sword +1, wand of paralyzation, ring of invisibility, oil of slipperiness, and a scroll containing hold person and dimension door.*

Clannair is a renegade dark elf who fled from his homeland after crossing a high priestess of Lolth. He is 5'1" tall, with typical white hair, violet-black eyes, and ebony skin, and always dresses in black. He is 612 years old, but has the ageless appearance typical of the drow.

Clannair hides by day in a family tomb in the Lords' Tomb (Ch13 GoF), having found a tomb complex with secret passages behind secret doors which lead to the sewers. Clannair only works with the Shapechangers, although he has seen the graverobbers (see below) at work and is considering muscling in on their action. Clannair's half-crazy idea is to earn sufficient funds from his work in Greyhawk to muster a mercenary force to take on those who banished him, deep within the Deepearth.

Imogen Gellett, "Barmaid"

AC 3 (*leather armor +1* and Dex 18); MV 12; T9; hp 44; THAC0 16/14; #AT 2 (uses two weapons, secondary attack at -1); Dmg 1d6 +1 (*short sword +1*) and 1d4 +1 (*dagger +1*), both +special; Str 12, Dex 18, Con 15, Int 12, Wis 8, Cha 16; SA poisoned weapons; AL CE.

Thieving skills: PP 75, OL 70, FT 60, MS 70, HS 60, DN 30, CW 95, RL 40.

Magical items: *leather armor +1, short sword +1, dagger +1, ring of fire resistance, boots of elvenkind, dust of disappearance, and potion of flying.*

Imogen is chronologically 32 years old but her appearance is that of a young woman of 20, due to a *potion of longevity* prepared from one of the Shapechangers' victims. She is 5'3" tall, weighs a mere 92 lbs., and has auburn hair and tanned skin. She dresses in cottons and leather, smiles and laughs freely, and is expert at ducking the lecherous grabs from the clientele at the Green Dragon Inn (location

R2) where she works as a barmaid. She lives in an apartment on the top floor of this hostelry.

Imogen does pilfer from drunken carousers in the Thieves' Quarter now and then to keep in practice, and likes the challenge of trying her luck on an adventurer, but her main role in life at this point is as an information broker. Her position as barmaid in the rowdy tavern ensures that she overhears many indiscreet remarks from the customers there, of whom adventurers form a goodly percentage. She passes certain of this information on to the Thieves' Guild, but keeps some to herself for the benefit of the Shapechangers, as discussed fully below. When she is out on the hunt (operating as a thief), she has all of her magical items with her.

Imogen is a sly, cunning woman, full of guile and with a honeyed tongue. She is also ruthless, vicious, and fights dirty, as attested to by the venom she uses on her weapons—lethal poison if she is on her own, paralyzing venom (effect lasts 1d6 hours) if she is with the Shapechangers.

Harral Shastri

AC 8 (*ring of protection +2*); MV 12; M9; hp 34; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 +2 (*dagger +2*); Str 10, Dex 9, Con 15, Int 16, Wis 16, Cha 11; AL LE.

Spells: 4 1st, 3 2nd, 3 3rd, 2 4th, and 1 5th.

Spells usually memorized: detect magic, magic missile (5 missiles), protection from good, shield, forget, invisibility, mirror image, dispel magic, fly, lightning bolt, minor globe of invulnerability, polymorph other, hold monster.

Magical items: *ring of protection +2, dagger +2, ring of free action, potion of extra-healing, scroll of protection from magic, wand of magic missiles, and wand of polymorphing.*

Harral is 39 years old, 5'9" tall, 154 lbs., with short black hair, a goatee, and a rather greasy complexion. He dresses in dark blue robes, but he is color-blind and sometimes wears shocking clashes of clothing (such as a yellow scarf and a purple hat). He spends much time in the tav-



erns and superior hostilities of the New City, looking for well-to-do contacts with plenty of cash or jewelry about them. Thus, he keeps a lookout for a quite different type of person than does Imogen, although Imogen makes an occasional foray into New City now and then (but not with Harral), to go gambling and enjoying a little high life.

Harral carries most of his magical items at all times, but is only in possession of his wands when he is on a job for the Shapechangers. He has a set of rooms above a bakery shop in the Thieves' Quarter (location T27).

How the Shapechangers Work

There are several steps in a typical operation by the Shapechangers. The first one, usually, is identifying the prey. For their work, the Shapechangers could easily select drunken sailors and wretches from the Slum Quarter, but they prefer adventurers and rich people for two reasons: First, adventurers (and particularly fighters, with their typically high Constitution scores) are more likely to survive the shock of being *polymorphed*. Second, adventurers and rich people are likely to possess magical items or other objects of value, which the criminals can sell to raise even more money.

If a quarry is being tracked, Harral will often discreetly check the potential victim(s) with a covertly cast *detect magic* to see how magic-rich the target is. (Members of the upper class are also useful because they can be held for ransom instead of being *polymorphed*, a second-string operation that the Shapechangers are just beginning to get involved in.)

Harral covers the New City, Imogen the Old. Imogen also has paid informers in the River Quarter who alert her to any adventurer types newly arrived in town; they believe this information is for her use in picking their pockets. When a target is selected, attempts are made to get the victim into some darkened area of the city late at night. Many ways of doing this exist—comely Imogen can lavish her attentions on a male, promising fun after

the bar closes; she may have a friend pose as a drunken male pest and plead with a male PC to help protect her. Harral can keep people in learned conversation until late and invite them home for a nightcap; a paid doxy in a bar can beg for help pursuing a thief who has stolen from her and enlist the help of some gallant who is lured into an ambush; and so on. The DM is encouraged to think up devious ways of maneuvering PCs into this situation, using contacts of this group if necessary.

An attempt will be made, then, to get others to help. Usually Clannair will travel to the vicinity of the Green Dragon Inn just before closing time, under cover of invisibility, to see if Imogen has gotten lucky, but Imogen and Harral both have street-urchin contacts and can get messages to the other quickly; then the uninvolved party can fetch the dark elf in any case. If they have a possible group of victims on their hands, they may send out for the help of Tarnek McGloogan (see below) for any rough stuff.

The Shapechangers are heavily rehearsed, and Clannair and Harral are very smart. They will spring an ambush on the victim in some dark alleyway or street. Both will be invisible, and Harral will have precast defensive spells such as *protection from good* and, above all, *shield* (this lasts 45 minutes, and will be precast well before the action). *Minor globe of invulnerability* will only be used if there is reason to believe that the victim(s) may be able to use spells. *Fly* will be precast by both NPCs, if possible.

If Harral is accompanying the PC victim, then all efforts will be made to have Tarnek intercept the group. Tarnek will appear to be drunk, staggering along, barge into the PC and knock him down. This gives Harral time at least to cast his *shield* and *fly* spells, which he deems essential. Then the trap will be sprung.

Both spellcasters will use spells that incapacitate the victim; *hold person*, *slow*, *stinking cloud*, *web* from the drow, while Harral will pull out his *wand of paralysis* after using the *hold monster* spell. Harral uses *dispel magic* to destroy any effect such as a *hold* spell from a PC af-

fecting a friend of his, and keeps *lightning bolt* for emergencies (such as a powerful, plate-armored fighter flying at him). The aim of the game is always to overcome the victim, and as well as spells the poisoned weapons of drow and the thief are important in this respect.

The *polymorph* spells and wand are used when the victim has been overcome—paralyzed, made unconscious, etc. The *polymorph other* spell is used to turn the victim(s) into a creature or monster whose body parts can be used in the manufacture of magical inks, potions, and the like. Elves are a favorite target, since their blood and bone marrow is used for the much-in-demand *portion of longevity*, but a victim may be *polymorphed* into almost anything.

Sometimes, not all of the creature is needed and indeed could not be used; the hearts and sinews of giants are used in *potions of giant strength*, but a whole giant could hardly be delivered to the Guild of Wizardry, so usually in such a case the Shapechangers take the victim off to Clannair's subterranean gloom, then *polymorph* him, and do any home butchery necessary, Harral casting a *dispel magic* finally to return the corpse to its natural form so that it can be disposed of (usually by dumping it in the river with stones to weight it down) the next night.

The *polymorphed* creature (or part thereof) is shipped in a box or crate to Kondradis Bubka (see Chapter 3) at the Guild of Wizards, marked for the attention of Heironymous Tigana. This shipment is made up by Tarnek McGloogan at McGloogan's Warehouse in the River Quarter (location R6). Monies payable are collected by Harral, and shared between all involved.

One final note: Clannair sometimes operates solo, using his *hold person*, *web*, and *stinking cloud* spells to disable his victim, then his crossbow bolts if necessary, and then gets down to his ghoulish work.

Tarneke McGloogan

AC 3 (*chain mail* +2); MV 12; F9; hp 95; THAC0 10; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d10 +5 (sledgehammer), 1d8 +5 (huge club), or 1d8 +5 (*broad sword* +2, *giant slayer*);

Str 18(93), Dex 9, Con 18, Int 7, Wis 7, Cha 15; AL N (NE).

Magical items: *chain mail +2*; *broad sword +2*, *giant slayer*.

Tarneke is a brutal man who does, however, have a certain rough charm about him. This may have something to do with his 6'6", 310-lb. frame, and the cropped black hair which gives his broad face and glittering green eyes one of those "Insult me and you die" looks. He is a very accomplished fighter—he has fought giants and trolls in the Hellfurnaces as a mercenary, and has much action packed into his 31 years.

He is now running the family business, since his father is terminally ill and his brother died on the Nyr Dyv two years ago. He itches for excitement and is happy to go along with the Shapechangers' plans whenever his help is needed. Imogen sized him up as a patsy, but his ability to get things shipped up and out very fast under his business cover makes him ideal for the job. He makes good money at this sideline activity and, when his father dies, hopes to sell his business (which, under his inexpert guidance, is losing money, so the funds from the Shapechangers are vital to him) and go back to beating out the brains of anything bigger than he is.

Tarneke is reluctant to use his magical sword in the city—and since he's so strong (and there aren't any giants walking the streets of Greyhawk anyway), he doesn't really need it. If there's work to be done involving Shapechanger victims who might get rough, Tarneke prefers to use his sledgehammer to bash their brains in, and carries a big club at his belt for backup.

Adventures With the Shapechangers

This group is strong and dangerous, so the DM must think carefully about how to bring them into an adventure. Turning them loose on one or two PCs guarantees that the Polymorph Squad will win if they have their ambush tactics set up right. Instead, PCs should be involved not by be-

ing set up as targets, but indirectly. They may be hired to help find a missing person (a victim); a worker at McGloogan's might break down in an inn the PCs are in and mutter that he saw the arm of an elf being stuffed inside a crate; and so on. The DM must also realize that if fully uncovered, the plots of the Shapechangers will lead to a senior mage and alchemist within the Guild of Wizardry, which could be a politically explosive issue if handled wrongly by them.

Down in the Sewers

If Zagig Yragerne did one thing correctly, it was ordering the building of Greyhawk City's extensive sewer system. Unfortunately, the old stonework is now crumbling and the sewers are beginning to fall into disrepair, as the Union of Sewermen and Streetsweepers keeps insisting to the Directors, who are complacent about the matter. If they knew half of what went on down in the sewers, they would be far less complacent about this gloomy realm.

Secret Portals in the Sewers

As the Undercity map shows, there are many secret doors in the sewer walls, and labyrinthine passages beyond. Who built these is unknown, but some lead to the lairs of dark and evil folk—Clannair Blackshadow (see above), the lair of the Cult of the Shrivens Sickle (see below), and others. Few sewer men know of these entrances and exits; the DM should determine whether any such man does know about such a portal, depending on adventure needs.

However, these numerous portals do mean that unexpected denizens may be encountered traveling the sewers. Encounters with unusual NPCs should be used carefully by the DM with a view to the larger-scale adventure to which such an encounter may lead.

There's Good Money in Sewage

Members of the Sewermen's and Streetcleaners' Union (in this context,

particularly the sewer workers) are not paid well, and they resent this fact, since their work is unpleasant and unhealthy. They have two ways of remedying this state of affairs.

1. **Zombie Labor:** Imre Petrosian, head of the union (see Chapter 4), purchases zombies for work in the sewers from Old Mother Grubb (see above). Some 25% of the "people" working in the sewers are, in fact, zombies. Zombies are ideal labor—untiring, not prone to disease, and totally uncomplaining. Squads of sewer men cut their working hours significantly by working with zombies, and most of them know about these creatures. They protect this secret with the utmost care, and pretend that their co-workers are mute, fatigued by disease and hard work (zombies move slowly), and so on, if anyone gets suspicious.

2. **Flotsam and Jetsam:** Sewermen recover an amazing diversity of items that fall down drains and get lost; rings, small jewelry items, ivory combs, coinage, and the like. Each team of sewer men collects such discovered items at the end of each working shift, and takes them to the union office, where Imre Petrosian issues a receipt and then sells these items to various merchants through an intermediary, his brother Nastain (a pawnbroker by trade). Nastain sells the merchandise to his friends, takes a cut, and issues a receipt with cash to Imre, who takes a cut for himself plus a slice for the union, and then passes the rest to the team of workers that discovered the prize. This is done for all items except coinage, which is kept by the team, and for valuable gems or jewelry, which are fenced by Destain Hallwell, Imre's thief contact.

Monsters in the Sewers

The Undercity Random Encounter Table (Ch13 GoF) lists several types of unsavory creatures likely to be found in the depths. Certain of these need a bit of explanation. Rats in the sewers are treated as giant rats, but are big and vicious, with a minimum of 3hp. Otyughs, neo-otyughs and black puddings usually have escaped



from wealthy owners who keep them for refuse disposal, although some are deliberately "liberated" (see below). Giant crocodiles derive from the time when possessing a baby crocodile was a big fad in Greyhawk, but when they grew too large certain foolish owners dumped them down drain holes. They feed on rats and ordure and can be a serious hazard.

However, an enterprising mage who has befriended Imre Petrosian has been able to protect the sewer men while lining his own pockets at the same time. His profile is followed by notes on his operation.

Samrad Bevrain

"Master of Monsters"

AC 3 (*bracers of defense* AC 6, *ring of protection* +1, and Dex 16); MV 12; M8; hp 31; THAC0 18/17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 +1 (*dagger* $\frac{1}{2}$ I); Str 11, Dex 16, Con 15, Int 15, Wis 12, Cha 16; AL N.

Spells: 4 1st, 3 2nd, 3 3rd, and 2 4th.

Spells usually memorized: *charm person*, *detect magic*, *grease*, *magic missile* (4 missiles), *flaming sphere*, *mirror image*, *web*, *fly*, *gust of wind*, *hold person*, *charm monster* ($\times 2$).

Magical items: *bracers of defense* AC 6, *ring of protection* +1, *dagger* +1, *periapt of health*, *ioun stone* (clear), *wand of paralyzation*, and a ring that enables him to *speak with monsters* three times per day.

Samrad is 5'10", 35 years old, 163 lbs., and has black hair and brown eyes. He is well-mannered and has a very pleasant open smile, and a melodic, charming voice. He dresses very practically, in tight-fitting moleskin trousers that are waterproofed with an aromatic oil, a leather jack over a thick cotton shirt, and knee-length waterproofed Samrad tracks down escaped otyughs and puddings and *charms* them, using his magical ring to calm them and give them orders. These monsters can then be sold to high-class people in the city, who pay very highly for them. Samrad also has links with the Thieves' Guild, and may have accomplices "liberate" these monsters and tempt them into the sewers with a trail of food, where Samrad can *charm*

them and lead them to his lair. The thieves get a cut of the final sale price. Samrad does the selling himself, and is known about town as the man you need to see if you want fast rubbish disposal and an unusual pet. He increases the price he gets with his high Charisma and the judicious use of a *charm person* spell if this seems safe. His (aboveground) home is in the Thieves' Quarter, where he is safe since the thieves know him as a helper and a source of income they could not otherwise obtain for themselves.

Samrad keeps his otyughs and crocodiles in cages he has had constructed at the junction of two sewer tunnels (location U7 on the Undercity map). The puddings are more difficult to keep (since they will make mush out of any wooden or metal enclosure), but Samrad ensures that they are well fed and because of this they tend to stay where they are, in the same general area.

At any given time, Samrad has 1d3 otyughs and neo-otyughs (50% chance for either), 1d4 puddings, and 1d6 giant crocodiles in his control. By charming these monsters and thus keeping them from being hostile, he makes life easier for the sewer men, who pay him protection money. They are happy because this protection works, and the union gets a kick-back of part of the license fees that must be paid by people who purchase the monsters Samrad sells. (Samrad has not yet found a market for the crocodiles, but he's working on it.)

However, there is an annoying fly in the ointment with this otherwise cozy set of affairs. This is Maritai, the good priest who infuriates the sewerfolk with his helpful and charitable work.

Maritai Jaruman

Priest of Pelor

AC 4 (chain mail, Dex 15); MV 9; Pr5; hp 35; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +1 (footman's flail); Str 12, Dex 15, Con 17, Int 5, Wis 17, Cha 10; AL CG.

Spells: 5 1st, 5 2nd, and 2 3rd.

Spells usually memorized: *cure light wounds* ($\times 4$), *light*, *find traps*, *slow poison* ($\times 2$), *speak with animals* ($\times 2$), *cure disease*, *water walk*.

Magical items: *Keoghtom's ointment*, and a stone with *continual light* cast on it that he wears on a leather thong around his neck.

Maritai is 24 years old, 6'0" tall, with long blond hair and blue-green eyes. He is slightly built, weighing only 160 lbs., but is tough (high Constitution) and resilient. For his sewer jaunts, he wears stout waterproofed clothing of treated leather, and thick boots.

Maritai is young, and feels that the plight (as he sees it) of the stout servants of the city who serve in conditions of darkness and squalor deserves his attention. He travels in the sewers using his *cure* spells for any who need aid, and when he's not underground, he collects donations for the sewer men by aggressive street hustling, calling out and displaying a large box (for coins) which he thrusts at passers-by.

The sewer men like the money, and the free *cure disease* spells, but they regard Maritai as an interfering pest. Fortunately, with his magical light source he can be seen coming some distance off, but with his *water walk* he can reach a working group fast. Sometimes it is hard for the sewer men to get the zombies out of sight fast enough, but they have learned to bluff their way through. Maritai is wise but not too smart, and is thus rather gullible. His charitable and kindly nature makes him want to believe anything the sewer men tell him—he has an unrealistic, romantic idea of the nobility and public-spiritedness of their toil.

So far, the sewer men have managed to detour Maritai away from Samrad's cages, and somehow the wandering priest has not bumped into any of the evil NPCs who wander through the sewers. How long this state of affairs will last is very uncertain.

Adventures in the Sewers

There are many adventure opportunities here, involving monsters, discovery of secret doors, planned encounters with the Shriven Sickle or other such groups, and many "hooks" the DM can use to get

the PCs down in this gloomy realm (lost property, a pursuit, etc.). The chance of a PC catching a disease (without special protection, such as that conferred by paladinhood) is 2% per hour spent in the sewers, to a maximum of a 15% chance per day. See "King of the Rats" in Chapter 8 for an outline of a specific adventure that could take place in this unpleasant environment.

The Dead Do Not Rest Easy

Graverobbing is a constant menace in Greyhawk—prevalent even in such a great place as the Free City, because there is no shortage of evil people within the walls and certainly no shortage of corpses. Even for everyday citizens who never get into life-threatening situations, the average life expectancy is not very high—and then there are the unlucky and the impetuous (adventurers, for the most part) who enter the city, or Castle Greyhawk, and never leave. . . .

This situation is exploited by Agaran Esiassen, a priest of Incabulos. He has a dual role in Greyhawk. First, he fronts as a merchant who ships arms from Stoink down to Onnwal and Idee for the benefit of those beleaguered lands—except that instead of delivering the cargo where Agaran told the suppliers it was going, his wicked crewmen take their vessels to the Pomarj, arming the humanoids there for attacks on the Principality of Ulek.

When staying over in town, Agaran meets his fellow evil-doers by night and raids the cemeteries (either one), digging up the dead for his nefarious purposes. Agaran *animates* certain corpses as zombies for shipment to the Pomarj; this is done on the night before a ship's departure. However, he also *animates* long-dead bodies as skeletons for another purpose. Bones are dug up and moved to the warehouse of Selczek Gobayuik, Master of the Embalmers' and Gravediggers' Guild (where embalming fluids, coffins, wood and the like are usually stored). They are then subjected to *ani-*

mate dead by Agaran, and shipped out in coffins to be sold to unscrupulous and wicked folk of Selczek's acquaintance who use the skeletons as guards for personal property, in warehouses, and the like, having been commanded by Agarat to perform guard duties (as instructed by the first person they see upon emerging from the coffins they were interred in.

Agarat Esiassen Priest of Incabulos

AC 3 (*chain mail* +2 worn under robes); MV 12; Pr9; hp 55; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +1 (*quarterstaff* +1, +3 *versus lawful good*); Str 13 (18/00 with *gauntlets*; see below), Dex 8, Con 15, Int 10, Wis 18, Cha 7; SA *hypnotism* spell as 7th level wizard once per day, permanent *sleep* spell once per day; SD 36% immunity to diseases and slimes; AL CE.

Spells: 6 1st, 6 2nd, 4 3rd, 3 4th, and 1 5th.

Spells usually memorized: *curse* (reverse of *bless*), *cause light wounds* (×3), *darkness*, *sanctuary*, *hold person* (×4), *silence 15' radius*, *spiritual hammer*, *animate dead* (×3), *continual darkness*, *cloak of fear*, *poison*, *protection from good 10' radius*, *slay living*.

Magical items: *chain mail* +2; *quarterstaff* +1, +3 vs. *lawful good*; *gauntlets of ogre power*, *figurine of wondrous power (serpentine owl)*, and a scroll containing the spells *continual darkness*, *dispel magic*, *spell immunity*, and *cause blindness*.

Agarat is 6'0" tall, weighs 172 lbs., and has black hair, olive skin, and deep brown eyes. His left eye has a notable opaque occlusion of the cornea which slightly (but only slightly) obscures his vision (it does not affect his reactions in any way). He dresses in very ordinary merchant's clothes—brown robe and plain britches and boots. When he is on one of his nighttime missions, he will always be wearing his *gauntlets of ogre power* (adjust attack and damage capabilities accordingly). The *serpentine owl* is useful as an aid to nighttime vision and for spying on graveyards prior to conducting his wretched

business therein. He is accompanied on his robberies by four members of the Embalmers' and Gravediggers' Union, and by a junior priest of Incabulos who happens to be a female hobgoblin (described below).

The four union members are 2nd level fighters, each armored in leather and carrying daggers, shovels, and pickaxe handles in case of trouble (treat as clubs; THAC0 19 due to Strength, damage 1d6 +1). Each of these men has 2d10 +4 hit points due to high Con. Two are neutral evil, the other two chaotic evil. They are paid 10 gp per mission (by Agarat if animating zombies, else by Selczek, the Guildmaster).

The junior acolyte always stays on Agarat's ship at the docks except during this nocturnal activity, when she walks with a cowl tightly drawn about her to conceal her features.

Kaak'erek Arglowan Hobgoblin Shaman of Incabulos

AC 7; MV 9; Hobgoblin Pr5 with HD 2; hp 14; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (*quarterstaff*); SA *hypnotism* spell as 1st level wizard once per day; SD 28% immunity to diseases and slimes; AL CE.

Spells: 3 1st, 3 2nd, and 1 3rd.

Spells usually memorized: *curse*, *cause light wounds*, *darkness*, *hold person* (×2), *silence 15' radius*, *dispel magic*.

Magical items: *potions of healing* (2).

Kaak'erek has a typical middle-aged hobgoblin appearance. She is Agarat's "middlehobgoblin" for his sales in the Pomarj, and her spell use is a useful insurance policy against being surprised while Agarat is busy in the cemetery.

Robbery by Night

This group of despicable people (to use the term loosely) is very careful. Advance spying of a cemetery is done by the union members (who have every right to be there) and by the *serpentine owl*, and only if the coast is clear will the priests move in with the union men. The four men and the hobgoblin will do the digging while Agarat keeps watch, usually



through the *owl* to give himself plenty of advance visual warning. If anyone comes close, Agarat or Kaak'erek will use *silence 15' radius* to keep the noise of a fight down, casting this on a stone carried by a union worker and staying at a distance to cast spells in support. A night's dig will last for 1 to 4 hours, depending on how many zombies Agarat can fit into his ship and how much demand there is about town for skeletons.

PCs can chance upon this group at work, or catch a glimpse of hobgoblinish features under a cowl (but be careful—being a hobgoblin is not a crime!), or could become involved in other ways (e.g., employed as guards in the graveyard by relatives of someone just buried who are fearful of tomb-robbing).

If a fight ensues, Agarat will try to flee to his ship to escape. This has a crew of some 20 men, of whom 10 are normal (0-level) men, 6 are F1's, 2 are F2's, and 2 are F3's, all evil and loyal to Agarat. They wear leather armor and are variously armed with daggers, clubs, and spears. Again, discovering Agarat's full dealings would implicate a Guildmaster, and from his receipt book many in the city who have bought skeletons from him, who will not be pleased to be found out. This latter racket might be hushed up by the authorities, and/or someone in a high place might come gunning for the PCs, although not with real perseverance should a first attempt to harm them or run them out of town fail.

The Cult of the Shrivens Sickle

This group of unsurpassed perpetrators of evil is designed as an ultimate enemy for PCs who are adventuring on a long-term basis in the City of Greyhawk. The four members of this cult are priests of Nerull, the dread deity of darkness, death, and dissolution, and they spread evil throughout the city in many ways.

Locating the Cult

This will never be easy. Two of the priests remain always in their underground lair (location U5). The main entrance to this lair is through a secret door, locked and trapped with a *glyph of warding* which will cause at least 18 points of cold damage plus *paralysis* (lasts 15 rounds or until dispelled). Within the lair, the DM should add trappings and furnishings for decoration, and many *glyphs* and other traps, to suit the strength of the adventuring party. These details have deliberately not been scripted to allow the DM this flexibility.

The leader of the Shrivens Sickle will be a priest of at least 11th level. Again, this is variable to leave flexibility for the DM, but in Chapter 7 this leader—Andrade Mirrius—is scripted as a special nemesis NPC, detailed at three different levels of experience (11, 14, and 18). His "official" role is as the proprietor of The Pit (location F8; also see Chapter 6 in this book). He is the one who, through agents and intermediaries, organizes much of the cult's work.

What Does the Cult Do?

Specifics are left to the DM, again to allow flexibility. However, the following are some examples of what the cult does to spread evil in Greyhawk.

1) Slaying of Knights. The cult works tirelessly to kill those few Knights of Holy Shielding in Greyhawk, who are trying to raise support for their aims. This is not done through the Guild of Assassins; rather, Andrade Mirrius and Jamir Kellstar (see below) do the spying, often through at least two hierarchical levels of intermediaries (petty thieves, urchins, those who owe Jamir money), to follow their targets. They may use deception (pleas for help, lures, etc.) to get these people off guard and alone, and then kill them or use *hold person* spells and the like, taking them to be sacrificed to Nerull later. Jamir has a special advantage here; see below.

2) Slaying of the Good. Priests of Pelor (especially hated), Heironeous, and

Rao are prime targets. Procedures are much as described in #1 above. The cult will not risk slaying a senior priest of Greyhawk, preferring to kill juniors and outsiders. PCs may well be at risk on this score. Whenever the cult manages to dispose of someone of this sort, the act serves a dual purpose. In addition to eliminating the specific advocate of Good, the cult causes rumors to spread among the local people that it is dangerous to follow the path of the dead priest's deity, which has the effect of cutting down the supply of new initiates to that faith.

3) Disgracing the Good. Again, flexibility is important here. Jamir has many people in his pocket because of debts they owe him, and can use this as pressure to get people of power in the city to frame decent and honest men for embezzlement, fraud, and crimes they did not commit. An NPC who is disgraced in this way may beg the PCs for help in clearing his name.

4) Disrupting Greyhawk. While this activity is a poor second to slaying people, the cult likes to spread rumors which disrupt trade. Superstitious riverfolk are ready to believe that there is a vampire in the docks after the cult has killed a sailor and ripped out his throat there, and this may lead to them being too scared to work at night, leaving goods rotting and ships unloaded. This is but one example of how the cult would wish to disrupt Greyhawk, leading to poverty, unrest, and possible chaos, so that their evil work could go ahead more easily as the authorities become preoccupied with the social and financial troubles of the city.

5) Espionage. Nerull is held in high esteem by the depraved Hierarchs of the Horned Society, and the Shrivens Sickle supplies information (often from Jamir's pressured victims) to these enemies of Greyhawk, usually via Zoran Sarraith (described in the Rhennee section earlier in this chapter). For this transfer of information, the Shrivens Sickle is paid, funds being brought back from across the Nyr Dyv by Zoran (who dares not cheat his masters).

6) Making money. Whether accomplished by murders and theft, blackmail,

or other means, this goal is also important to the cult. The funds are used to support temples of Nerull in those lands depraved enough to allow them to operate, including (but certainly not limited to) the Horned Society and the Great Kingdom.

The Priests of the Shrivven Sickle

As mentioned earlier, cult leader Andrade Mirrius is described in Chapter 7 as a special nemesis. The other four priests involved in this evil operation are outlined below. The first two, Xanthi and Garyne, are the ones who spend all of their time in the underground headquarters (location U5), while Jamir Rellstar moves about in Greyhawk society . . . and Grotnek Urteknis is, so to speak, in a class by himself.

Xanthi Lamman

High Priestess of Nerull

AC -3 (full plate +2, Dex 16); MV 12; Pr10; hp 55; THAC0 14/13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 +1 (sickle +1, +3 vs. good-aligned creatures); Str 10, Dex 16, Con 15, Int 10, Wis 18, Cha 14; AL NE.

Spells: 6 1st, 6 2nd, 4 3rd, 4 4th, and 2 5th.

Spells usually memorized: *curse* (reverse of *bless*), *darkness* (×3), *fear* (×2), *hold person* (×2), *know alignment*, *resist fire*, *silence 15' radius* (×2), *animate dead*, *continual darkness*, *dispel magic*, *glyph of warding*, *cloak of fear*, *undetectable lie*, *protection from good 10' radius*, *spell immunity* (cast against *hold person*), *cause critical wounds*, *true seeing*.

Magical items: *full plate +2*; *sickle +1, +3 vs. good-aligned creatures*; *wand of fear*, *necklace of adaptation*, *boots of elvenkind*, *necklace of strangulation*.

Xanthi is 42 years old, 5'10" tall, 147 lbs., and of terrifying appearance—her eyes are as black as the glooms of her infernal master, her face radiant with the homicidal mania which infects her soul, and her flowing black hair cascades down her back. Her magical items make her an

even more dangerous opponent—particularly the combination of *boots of elvenkind*, which allow her to sneak up behind a victim, and the *necklace of strangulation* she then puts around the character's throat (successful attack roll needed with standard bonus for rear attack, plus negation of Dexterity and shield, if she is not detected).

Anyone who encounters Xanthi in the cult's subterranean hideout will find that she is always protected by 2-5 zombies, and a monster zombie (bugbear) of exceptional size (45 hp) which acts as a personal bodyguard.

Garyne the Shroudrender

AC 0 (plate mail +2 and Dex 15); MV 12; Pr7; hp 46; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 +5 (sickle +2, +3 vs. spellcasters); Str 18, Dex 15, Con 17, Int 8, Wis 18, Cha 7; AL NE (LE).

Spells: 5 1st, 5 2nd, 3 3rd, and 2 4th.

Spells usually memorized: *command*, *cause light wounds*, *darkness* (×2), *fear*, *aid*, *darkness 15' radius*, *hold person* (×2), *silence 15' radius*, *bestow curse*, *continual darkness*, *dispel magic*, *obscure tongues*, *spell immunity* (cast against *hold person*).

Magical items: *plate mail +2*; *sickle +2, +3 vs. spellcasters*; *rod of alertness*, *ring of warmth*, *potion of flying*, *scroll of protection from gas*, *Keoghtom's ointment*.

The fearsome Shroudrender stands 6'4" and a hulking 258 lbs., his short-cropped brown hair and beard making him look a little older than his 29 years. His eyes are hooded, seeming almost always half-closed, but the vigilant Garyne is ever alert. When he is asleep, his *rod of alertness* warns him of any approaching creature, and his entourage of *commanded* undead (2-5 zombies and 2-5 skeletons) is led by a ghost of notable cunning, ferocity, and size (28 hps).

Garyne rejoices in pain and death, and is even more evil than his High Priestess, if this is possible. Garyne is also fascinated by numbers, in a specific way: he has ledgers of every last copper piece sent to Molag, Rauxes, and similar ha-

vens of Nerull temples, and he loves to add up the sums, work out how much has been sent on average per month, and so on. Since he is fairly dumb, this takes him a lot of time, but he gets there in the end.

Should PCs get their hands on these ledgers, they might become aware of struggling temples of Nerull in less affluent lands which have been supported by actions in Greyhawk. This sets up an opportunity for the DM to send the PCs on a mission to root out one or more of these temples. Specifics are left to the DM, who will wish to choose carefully which countries outside of Greyhawk he would want to set such an adventure in.

Jamir Rellstar

AC 9/3 (chain mail +1 worn under robes, on occasion, and Dex 15); MV 12; M5/Pr6; hp 27; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger, in town) or 1d4 +2 (sickle +1, in lair); Str 9, Dex 15, Con 15, Int 15, Wis 17, Cha 16; AL NE.

Spells (priest): 5 1st, 5 2nd, and 3 3rd.

Priest spells usually memorized: *command*, *darkness* (×3), *fear*, *aid*, *darkness 15' radius*, *hold person* (×2), *resist fire*, *continual darkness* (×2), *dispel magic*.

Spells (wizard): 4 1st, 2 2nd, and 1 3rd.

Wizard spells usually memorized: *alarm*, *charm person*, *magic missile* (3 missiles), *shield*, *ESP*, *levitate*, *fireball*.

Magical items: *chain mail +1*, *sickle +1*, *ring of free action*, *wand of negation*, an amulet that protects him against *ESP* and *know alignment* spells, a scroll containing the spells *dispel magic*, *ice storm*, *minor globe of invulnerability*, and *wall of ice*, and a ring that enables him to cast *dimension door* three times per day.

Jamir is a small man, just 5'3", very dapper and slim at 97 lbs., with short, curly auburn hair and a tanned complexion, and sparkling green eyes. He looks younger than his 33 years, partly due to the high-quality and fashionable clothes he wears. He is a native Shield Lander, now a servant of the Horned Society working with the Shrivven Sickle.

Originally a mage, Jamir became so attached to evil and murder that he elected to become a priest of Nerull, a conversion



that he undertook in secret during a stay in Molag in 580 CY. He got into the city along with a group of fighting adventurers who were captured by hobgoblins and priests of the Horned Society—after being betrayed by Jamir (his first gesture of allegiance to Nerull). To cover the secret of what actually took place, Jamir claims to have been captured along with the group of adventurers. But, he says, he managed to escape—and he can show scars and burn marks to “prove” that he was tortured by his captors. (Actually, the injuries were the result of a test of his worthiness to become an initiate of Nerull; he had to be willing to suffer pain inflicted by members of the priesthood. Because of those circumstances, a *detect lie* spell will show that he is telling the truth when he says the evil priests of Nerull tortured and marked him.)

In Greyhawk, Jamir is known as a mage. He has enrolled in the Greyhawk Guild of Wizardry, where he has cultivated the friendship of Konradis Bubka (see Chapter 3). He is a punctilious attendee of guild lectures and all social meetings. His friendliness is well known among the literate classes; the reasons for this feigned sociability are not.

Jamir is also an expert gambler. He cheats if he thinks he can get away with it, but usually doesn't; he is simply extremely good at gambling (as if he had a double-strength nonweapon proficiency in this area). For this reason, and his persistent attendance at high-class gambling halls, many people owe Jamir money. (As noted earlier, exactly who these people are is left to the DM so that the plot of an adventure involving Jamir can be tailored to the PCs and the needs of the campaign.) However, Jamir will always home in on people who have many social contacts in political and business circles, since their coerced information is most useful to him.

Jamir is careful to protect himself magically. He has obtained a special magical amulet which keeps *ESP* and *know alignment* spells from revealing his true nature. His *wand of negation* has only a small number of charges remaining, so he will not use it except in truly life-

threatening situations. The spells on his scroll can be used as if cast by a wizard of 12th level. He will take no chances in combat, using his *dimension door* ring to flee from any obvious peril.

Jamir maintains a small residence in the Garden Quarter, although all his money except for a few spare coins is kept in the lair of the Shrivens Sickle. He can be encountered almost anywhere in the New City, socializing and chatting to people. He appears to make his money from gambling, and not to take his mage skills very seriously (which indeed he does not, since he cannot progress in that class any longer). He will be very happy to befriend PCs, using *ESP*, *know alignment*, and such spells, and talking of his career in the Shield Lands, to get to know them well—maybe sizing them up as potential victims for later.

Jamir also has good character references in one obvious quarter the PCs may check on him—Lady Valderesse Sharn of the Knights of Holy Shielding (see Chapter 7) does indeed believe that Jamir fought for his country against the Horned Society, and other Shield Landers the PCs may meet either will confirm this (30%) or will truthfully say that they have not heard of Jamir (70%). Thus, PCs may well be deceived into accepting Jamir's story. If the topic of his past life comes up in conversation, Jamir will say that his adventuring days are over for a while—he does not feel that he can help the Shield Landers regain their (and his) home at this time. So he has decided to enjoy Greyhawk and earn a few coppers at the gambling tables.

Jamir is a wily, highly dangerous, NPC and he should be played as being every bit as smart and cunning as he is!

Grotnek Urteknis

AC -2 (*field plate* +1 and Dex 17); MV 12; F8/T8; hp 76; THAC0 11/9; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d10 +5 (*two-handed sword* +2); Str 18(58), Dex 17, Con 18, Int 5, Wis 6, Cha 7; SA quadruple damage on backstab; AL NE.

Thieving skills: PP 50, OL 55, FT 55, MS 70, HS 50, DN 30, CW 90, RL 15.

Magical items: *field plate* +1, *two-*

handed sword +2, *potion of extra-healing*, *necklace of missiles* (one 7HD, one 5HD missile remaining).

Grotnek is a half-orc fighter/thief mercenary from the Wild Coast recruited by Jamir during a rare jaunt to the River Quarter. The skulking half-orc was beating the brains out of a few hapless sailors at the River Rat (location R7). Jamir used a *charm person* spell to quiet the half-orc down, paid out plenty of gold to keep the matter from coming to the attention of the City Watch, and got himself a really tough friend.

Grotnek is 6'10", more human than orich in appearance, with thick black wavy hair and brown eyes. He weighs a remarkable 352 lbs., with barely an ounce of fat on him. He is 23 years old, but in human terms appears in his mid-30s. He is as repulsive as he is evil; his personal habits are frightful. The half-orc chews tobacco and spits great plugs of the stuff, hacking up phlegm to mix with the filthy brown juice. His clothing is sweat-stained and malodorous, and dark bloodstains bespattering it speak graphically of this vile wretch's love of torture and murder.

Grotnek stays in the subterranean lair of the cult almost all the time, coming forth with Jamir and sometimes with Andrade Mirrius (see Chapter 7) if there is serious work to be done. Pitifully, he tries to learn card-sharking from Jamir and bookkeeping from Garyne, but is unable to master either skill and sometimes has temper tantrums in which he smashes anything in reach. Only Jamir (because of his *charm* spell) is safe from being injured during one of these violent outbursts. However, the other priests have learned to put up with Grotnek's temper because of his value as cannon fodder (you can't get cannon fodder much stronger than this), as a bodyguard and sentry against intrusions (the half-orc needs only 4 hours of sleep per day because of his strength and stamina), and the fact that one backstab from this evil brute could slice many adventurers in half.

Chapter 6: Entertainment in Greyhawk

Well-to-do Greyhawkers, and people of learning and culture, enjoy spending their money on classy entertainments. The theatre, the opera, and high-class gambling establishments are the most favored.

The Grand Theatre

This is in the Garden Quarter (location G9), with the smaller Playhouse Theatre adjoining it. The Grand is a spectacular place—all faded baroque splendor and gilt—and provides a variety of classical drama, exceptional bardish entertainment, poetry readings and the like all the year round except for the annual holiday in the second week of Goodmonth. Experimental and avant-garde works, and comedies, are presented at the Playhouse.

Charges for admission vary with the production—a bardic matinee might be as little as 5 sp, but a box for six on the last night of a major classical play could cost 30 gp or more, and tickets for such luxuries are usually sold out well in advance, so that PCs may have to deal with scalpers who charge two to four times the face value (and there is a 25% chance the ticket is forged anyway).

The Theatrical Director is a Keolandish half-elf, Kahari Kellainen, who is a priest of Lirr, the goddess of prose, poetry, and art. He organizes the schedule of productions for both theatres, arranges for traveling theatrical companies to visit (Celene bards and the Leukish Ducal Theatricals are very popular), and hires and fires the work force, in addition to directing plays. He is a very busy half-elf!

Kahari Kellainen

Theatrical Director

AC 7; MV 12; Pr5; hp 19; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +1 (footman's mace); Str 11, Dex 17, Con 9, Int 13, Wis 16, Cha 16; AL CG.

Spells: 5 1st, 5 2nd, and 1 3rd.

Kahari is 5'8" tall, 122 lbs., lithe and wiry, with fair blond hair and blue-violet

eyes. He is 92 years old (appearing to be about 30 in human terms). He is a handsome and cultured half-elf, immaculately attired in silk blouson and tight leather britches, and is very popular with the ladies. He is very knowledgeable about drama and art generally, and will discuss it with passion, but his natural graces and sense of humor stop him from being boring. He is very proud of his achievements at the theatre, and is reasonably friendly with many important people.

The twin theatres maintain a staff of some 12 performing artists (members of the guild), of whom one is a 6th level half-elfen male bard, Jarufel Seffairen, a CG devotee of Olidammara. The stage hands are about 10 in number, of whom four are halflings and four are gnomes. The little people are adept at under-stage mechanical work and running around at the top of the *continual light* gantries and scenery sets, and one of the gnomes is a 5th-level illusionist who helps create the special effects used in certain plays.

Two of the halflings serve as waiters in the between-act intervals, keeping a lookout for newly arrived persons and the nouveau riche and informing their masters at the Thieves' Guild of possible targets for street muggings and burglaries, and they may also try to pick a pocket or two when theatre-goers are on their way home. Both halflings are 4th level thieves of neutral alignment with 17 Dexterity.

The Royal Opera House

The title "Royal" is only honorific; there has never been a royal ruler of Greyhawk city, but the name dates to the time of Zagig, who appreciated the joke. Now this magnificent building (location H8) is in a state of poor repair due to the immense cost of maintaining it, and regular appeals are made to the people of Greyhawk to donate funds for its repair. Livered attendants with collecting boxes are usually present, going through the aisles before performances and lurking in the lounges to which patrons retire for refreshment between acts.

Partly in response to the need for funds, the Director, Amadeus Wolfzart, has introduced theatrical events in the afternoons which are typified by cheap sensationalism, often featuring screaming, brainless heroines in scanty clothing being rescued from equally stupid (and often monstrous) villains by extremely improbable heroes. This has certainly started the money rolling in, but Amadeus has to put up with the scorn of Kahari Kellainen, who scathingly refers to the "silver dreadfuls" (cost of admission to these productions is 2 to 8 sp) and hints that if the Royal Opera was honestly and competently run it would not need to so debase itself. There is now intense antipathy between the half-elf and his opposite number, and also between the staffs at the two establishments, which even breaks out into violence. Recently, operatic stage staff pelted the gnomes of the Grand with vegetables after taking more snobbish abuse than they could stomach. Definitely, this "play" will have a very long run.

Amadeus Wolfzart

Director of the Opera

AC 9; MV 12; NM; hp 5; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d2 (fist) or 1d4 (dagger); Str 10, Dex 14, Con 10, Int 15, Wis 15, Cha 14; AL N.

Wolfzart is 41 years old, 5'11", 176 lbs., with grey hair balding at the crown and brown eyes. He dresses rather ostentatiously in long, thick, purple and gold robes, and is affected in speech and manner. He absolutely grovels at the sight of nobility. He administers the Royal Opera and directs its productions, but leaves the afternoon entertainments to the direction of his "personal secretary," Selmund Rogerssen.

Selmund (AC 10, NM, hp 3) dresses in even more ostentatious clothing than Wolfzart's and is frightfully jolly and sociable. He takes the standard line of the scoundrel that his nasty little productions are just "giving the public what they want," and will happily regale anyone with his plans for even more tasteless ventures in the near future.

The staff at the Royal Opera consists of 21 singers, 10 stage hands (5 of whom can manage to sing in the chorus without disgracing themselves), and the one reason why the place has not gone wholly bankrupt—Aestrella Shanfarel, Grand Diva of the opera. She is detailed fully in Chapter 7. All of the other staff members are normal men and women, with no special skills other than being able to sing well or do their jobs as stage hands adequately.

Encounters at the Theatre and the Opera House

The main function of both these places is to allow the DM to set up encounters with, or simply allow the PCs the sight of, major NPCs among the upper crust of Greyhawk. Almost any such NPC can be seen in one or the other location—any Director, most mages, sages, and learned men (lawyers, scribes, those who work

in the Clerkgburg), and NPCs such as Pavel Alektrion, Vesparian Lafanel (watching Celene bards), Harral Shastri, Samrad Bevrain (hunting for business), Jamir Rellstar, Lady Valderesse Sharn, and even upwardly mobile guild heads.

Such people may be introduced to the PCs by a friendly NPC in the refreshment lounge between the acts of plays, or the PCs can simply have people pointed out to them. These places allow the player characters to see many important NPCs in the same place at the same time. They are also places the PCs should be seen in if they want to gain social standing in the city.

Of course, adventures can be started in these locations. The rivalry between the Grand Theatre and the Royal Opera can get out of control, with one faction even calling in thieves, saboteurs and the like to deal with the other, or worse! Kahari could appeal to elven or half-elven PCs for help. Aestrella might use her *charm*

person spells to get the PCs to help stop the discord. Having a thief or even an assassin (e.g., one in the gantries using a blowgun with poisoned darts) active in a packed house could lead to a frantic cross-town chase, or even a pursuit through the sewers (you may locate an exit to the sewers below the stage, for example).

Another avenue to adventure is for PCs in need of cash to get jobs as stage hands, special effects men (mages and especially illusionist specialists)—or even entertainers, in the case of bards or PCs with a relevant skill or nonweapon proficiency. (Kahari will react very favorably to an elven or half-elven bard; however, any character must obtain membership in the Guild of Entertainers and Performing Artistes before he can be hired.) There are many ways in which these two cultural establishments can be used to set up fun role-playing and encounters for PCs.





The Wheel of Gold

Any well-to-do gambler fancying a few hours of diversion at roulette, dice, or cards will head here (location H5). Admission charge is 1 gp for nonmembers; a year's membership costs 10 gp. The place is owned by Nerof Gasgal, who also happens to be Lord Mayor of the city (see Chapter 1).

The Wheel of Gold is extremely comfortable, with a small eating room and a relaxation lounge, but most space is given over to the gambling tables. DMs should note that the entrance is guarded by two 7th level fighter-bouncers in leather armor, both of whom have 18/76 Strength and clubs, and who do not permit entry to those who are not properly dressed. Weapons (except for daggers) must be left at the door. Any form of armor is not acceptable dress.

If PCs wish to gamble here, the DM should take into account the fact that the odds are stacked by 2%, and sometimes more, in favor of the house. This is, after all, a business establishment, and Nerof Gasgal will take any necessary steps to ensure that the business shows a profit. He has, for example, supplied two of his most trusted croupiers with a *ring of telekinesis* they can use to fix the results on many throws of dice and whirls of the roulette wheel where large sums of the house's money are on the line if the house is having a bad time.

These two croupiers do not swindle Nerof; they would not dare, and this is true of all the staff here. These men have Int 16 and Cha 16, and are very smart in choosing which throws of the dice or spins of the wheel to fix; people do win large sums from the house sometimes. They are also very careful about whom to cheat; victims are virtually always non-Greyhawkers, people such as rich noble fathers of students at the Halls, affluent adventurers fresh from Castle Greyhawk, people with riches from the Cairn Hills—and PCs, of course.

Medium-level thieves are allowed to practice their arts here by arrangement with Nerof (who is also assistant master of

the Thieves' Guild), using sleight of hand to cheat people—but not the house!—and they tend to pick on the same sorts of targets (listed above) as the croupiers do. Well-to-do courtesans also latch onto gamblers who are winning here, hoping for a share of the largesse. A successful gambler here will soon find himself surrounded by a sycophantic coterie.

Encounters at the Wheel of Gold

Precisely because this place is owned by the Lord Mayor, and everyone knows this, any serious trouble here is very unlikely unless caused by some foolish foreigner. If there is any trouble, an elite group of Watch men will arrive in 5-8 (1d4 + 1) rounds, and within the gaming house itself there will be 1d4 thieves of levels 5-8 in addition to the two 7th level fighters at the door. Any major NPC Greyhawker present will probably also jump in in the interests of the house, to get on Nerof's good side. Getting the PCs seriously implicated in any trouble here is a great way of making sure that they will have to hide from a lot of people in the city, and be forced to look for help and a means of escape in the nastiest quarters of Old City!

Of course, influential NPCs can be found here at various times—Nerof himself, Ren o' the Star (frequently), Jamir Rellstar, certain guild heads (as you choose), even some of the more sociable and extroverted tutors from the Halls. This location is best used for setting up role-playing encounters, or having the PCs hear some chitchat between NPCs, and the like.

The Golden Phoenix

This glorious establishment stands resplendent in its exotic gardens in the Garden Quarter (location G11). It has 12 double rooms, 18 single rooms, and two restaurants, the Velunese Grill and the Celene Feast Hall. The Velunese Grill does breakfasts, light luncheons, afternoon herbal teas, and light suppers; the Celene Feast Hall opens only for High Luncheon (lasts until 4 P.M.) and Grand Supper (8 P.M. to 2 A.M.). Set meals cost

10 gp to 15 gp; a la carte costs 25%-100% (1d4 × 25) extra; and a chef's specialty can cost as much as 35 gp.

On the last day of each month, and on any public holiday, a Grand Feast is held in the Celene Feast Hall, which costs 50 gp per head for a ten-course meal with wines and liqueurs which lasts six hours and is accompanied by musicians, bards, jugglers (who sometimes stagger diners with their flambé-juggling acts) and suchlike. This place is amazing. Do not come here unless you have plenty of gold and can afford to put on a lot of weight. Of course, only persons of refinement, good manners, and sound dress habits are allowed in here.

As examples of foodstuffs, the kitchen staff of 12 chefs (eight halflings and four half-elves) under the direction of Grand Master of Repasts Suleril Aleris (also a half-elf) consider the following dishes among their finest work.

Rabbit Velunaise: From an old Velunese recipe, joints of succulent young rabbit are basted in a fine stock and cooked with browned carrots and onions to which herbs and garlic are added. The stock is drained and the rabbit meat glazed, and then the meat and vegetables are simmered in sparkling uskberry wine, which is drained before serving. The dish is usually accompanied by a green vegetable and a baked potato stuffed with small, delicious fungi sauteed in garlic butter.

Almorian Stuffed Stirge: The rich meat of the stirge is leavened by a stuffing of chestnuts and whole meal bread with herbs and lemon, the skin of the bird being rubbed with yarpick nut oil and ground pepper. The stirge is fully boned prior to cooking, with the chefs expertly folding the flesh of the bird so that it remains intact during roasting.

For a group of four or more, a whole cooked stirge may be dextrously mounted atop a ribcage of the bird in a swooping posture, with some local delicacy such as dormouse stuffed with olives and capers being added to the platter below the beak of the stirge. Buttered green vegetables, an astringent yogurtlike dip with breads, and a delicious

relish made from a cranberry-like fruit usually accompany this dish.

To these notables could be added Celene Moonberry Cakes, Trout with melted Perrenland cheeses cooked en crouete with herbs, Ixixachitl fillets served with a sauce of cream, prawns, lemon butter and dill, and hundreds of similar delicacies. The wines and liqueurs are of the same high standard.

Encounters at the Golden Phoenix

PCs could consider staying here, of course. Rooms have exquisitely comfortable goose-down mattresses and pillows, rich carpets and fine furnishings, running hot water (from a boiler and a *wall of fire* on which *permanency* has been cast), and 24-hour room service. Rooms with breakfast cost 10 gp per night (single) or 15 gp (double), but such luxury is not a bad option after weeks of adventuring! If PCs decide to stay here, they might find themselves embroiled in an adventure after their rooms are robbed. If they can't afford an extended stay or a big meal, then afternoon tea in the Velunese Grill (a mere 2 gp) is a more economical option.

Again, the Golden Phoenix is a place to be seen and to meet important NPCs. At Grand Feasts, in particular, the place will be thronged with upper-crust NPCs, and many such people take lunch or dinner here when they feel like having a good (and expensive) time.

An occasional hazard is the presence of rich, drunk, and rowdy students, but usually such persons are quietly but forcefully ushered out by the attendants—if a major NPC mage doesn't quiet them by simply going to their table and suggesting that either they leave now or he will *polymorph* them into something that the chef could work up into a nice specialty for the mage's dinner. Lady Valderesse Sharn, Tenser, Otto, Jallarzi Sallavarian (sometimes looking for Edwina, who is friendly with the pastry chef here and may be too fat to fly home), Nerof Gasgal, and Org Nenshen are among the place's regular patrons, so this is an ideal place to have

PCs meet NPCs at the highest levels of political involvement—or even members of the Circle of Eight!

The Green Dragon Inn

This establishment (location R2) is a well-known haunt of adventurers (often looking for, and finding, patrons who may not be of notably sound ethics and morality), riverfolk, Rhennee, and the like. Occasionally a bunch of students may be found here, or a Watch party hunting some criminal.

The Green Dragon is a rough, tough place; any weapons and armor can be (and often are) worn in here. There are six members of the bar staff, of whom three are on duty at any one time. One of the six is Imogen Gellett (see Chapter 5), who does night shifts; the others may be treated as fighters or thieves of levels 2-7 (1d6 +1), as the DM wishes. The proprietor of the establishment, Ricard Damaris, is also not a person to be dealt with lightly.

Ricard Damaris Proprietor, Green Dragon Inn

AC 1 (*chain mail* +2 worn under leather jack and Dex 16); MV 12; F8; hp 54; THAC0 12/11; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d6 +3 (club) or 1d8 +5 (*broad sword* +2); Str 18/40, Dex 16, Con 15, Int 13, Wis 9, Cha 12; THAC0 12; AL N (CN).

Magical items: *chain mail* +2, *broad sword* +2 (see below), *ring of free action*, and an *amulet of proof against charms and illusions* (see below).

Ricard is 36 years old, 6'3", 236 lbs., with thick black hair worn to shoulder-length and brown eyes. He has a small triangular scar on the left side of his chin, and the fourth finger is missing from his left hand.

His *broad sword* +2 is kept below the bar counter. This CN-aligned weapon has Int 12, Ego 12 and the special abilities of casting *darkness* 3 times per day (Ricard uses this attack to blind people), *weakness* (reverse *strength*) twice per day,

and once per day (when Ricard wishes it) a hit from it on any lawfully aligned character can *paralyze* that person for 2-8 rounds. Ricard's special amulet gives him a +4 bonus on saving throws against all *charm* spells or spell-like effects, and also against all illusion magic.

Ricard is gruff but sociable enough; he is a reverer of Olidammara, and enjoys seeing a rowdy but nonviolent inn full of intoxicated people. Fistfights, and even broken-glass and dagger fights, do not bother Ricard unduly, although he may wade in with his club to subdue people if matters are getting out of hand—his regulars know when to stop. However, if any more powerful weapon is drawn, if a member of his staff is attacked (or if he is himself), or if magic is used, Ricard will make straight for the offender with his sword and is fairly unlikely to accept any surrender unless he considers himself in danger. Ricard also has a wife, Florence, who is not seen in the inn—she does the bookwork and prepares the plain bill of fare served as food here. He also has a nine-year-old daughter, Clarissa, of whom he is deeply proud, and his spoiling of her has made her a quite intolerable little brat who has temper tantrums and kicks and screams a lot.

This location has many adventure and encounter possibilities, and the DM can choose from many options here.

Ricard as a contact

Ricard knows a lot about low life in Greyhawk. He gets information from the Rhennee, who trust him, and thus could know about smuggling and the like. From riverfolk, he could have heard rumors about zombies being shipped out by Agarat Esiassen (see Chapter 5), or he could have heard that there is a cowed hobgoblin on Agarat's vessel. He might well have found out, from drunk sewer-men in his bar, that they don't have to work too hard because they get special help—now, what could that be? He could overhear all sorts of gossip from thieves.

In short, PCs could pick up a lot from Ricard. A good move is to have Ricard be



in the PCs' debt in some way—perhaps his horrid daughter could be kidnapped, for example, so the PCs could rescue her (best to do this after the PCs have been tormented in the bar by this repellent little brat). Ricard can be used as a source of information about many aspects of low life in Greyhawk.

NPCs in the Green Dragon

Again, almost any low-lifer can be found here, and Imogen Gellett (see Chapter 5) is a standard fixture at night, often with Tarnek McGloogan (see Chapter 5) hovering about. An NPC adventurer foreign to Greyhawk can be met here if you wish to set up adventures outside the city—even, perhaps, one of the entourage of Lady Valderesse Sharn (see Chapter 7), showing how desperate the Shield Landers are for help by virtues of her coming to such a disreputable place.

A player character thief can find an NPC thief to introduce him to the Thieves' Guild here. Rivermen can be found to smuggle PCs or their goods in or out of the city. A vendetta with an offended Rhennee noble can be forced on the PCs after one of his "wives" takes an obvious fancy to a charismatic male PC (this is an especially mean trick to play on a male PC paladin if he should venture here). And so on; encounters here have not been scripted because of the great range of possibilities, but these suggestions should help any DM to make this a place which will never bore any PC who sets foot in it. Similar encounters can be created at other establishments of similar nature throughout the Old City.

Street Games

While traveling in search of entertainment and fun, the PCs may find it thrust upon them. Street entertainers are part of the general social life of Greyhawk. In the New City (especially in the Garden Quarter), bards and musicians and street artists jostle for the attention of the crowds. A comely half-elf may offer to paint a portrait of a PC for a few gold pieces. A bard may ask the PCs if they

knows they're being followed, and if they don't, would they like to hear details . . . for a small fee? (The fee may not be all that small, and the bard may or may not be telling the truth, at your option.) A member of the Guild of Barbers and Dentists may offer a PC a quick trim while his friend entertains with a hurdy-gurdy and a trained pet monkey; and so on.

Men may be seen posting advertisements for coming attractions at the Grand Theatre or the Royal Opera House; others may shout out details of the match of the day at The Pit; and puppet shows, poetry recitations, priests collecting for charity, and many other types of street scenes are liable to be found in Greyhawk. Even in the Old City there will be a lot of street activity, although beggars and street urchins will replace those advertising events at the theatre and opera! Use street encounters to convey the sounds and sights of this cosmopolitan city.

Such encounters may also be used to set up small-scale adventures, or to delay PCs when they are trying to cross the city. Open thievery, assassination, and the like are extreme examples, but consider a PC simply seeing one NPC hand a bag (obviously heavy—coins?) to another in a narrow alley, then the two separate, looking about quickly, and start to melt into the crowd. What is happening? It could be entirely innocuous, or an chance to tail a nefarious NPC gang. Similarly, street entertainers may no longer be amusing sights when a group of them "accidentally" collide with PCs chasing a fleeing villain. Accidental, or were they paid to do it? If so, will they talk for money, or are they too scared to do so?

Still further, maybe one of those entertainers or beggars is actually a *polymorphed* creature or NPC of considerable power in disguise. At the most extreme, it could even be a visiting Greyhawk dragon (see *GREYHAWK® Adventures*, page 26), a gold dragon, or even an avatar. A seemingly "trivial" encounter can sometimes be anything but!

Festivals in Greyhawk

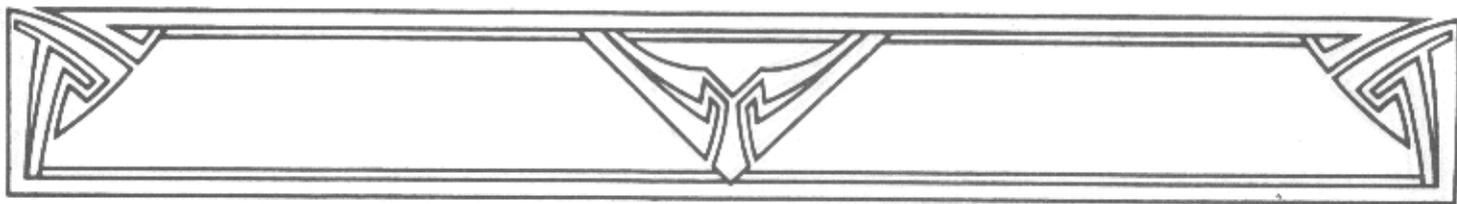
In the common calendar of the Flanaess, there are four seven-day festivals, at intervals of three 28-day months. However, in such a busy and vibrant city as Greyhawk, not every day in these four festival weeks are public holidays. The four major festivals of the year are detailed below.

Holy Day of Pelor (Midsummer Day)

The god of sun, light, and healing is the deity most widely loved by the common populace, and on this day public servants have a rest day (except for essential work). Many merchants also shut up shop for the day out of respect for the deity, or respect for his worshipers. Gambling houses and the like in the New City are closed, but not hostleries, for feasting and enjoying the fruits of the earth warmed by the heat of the sun is an important part of this holy day.

Public services are held by Pelor's priests, often outdoors if the weather permits (and it usually does) because even Pelor's temple is not large enough to hold the many who come to worship. However, it must be said that many of them come to the services because of the free meal provided afterward; Pelor's priests are well aware of this, but believe that for the sake of the poor and needy, this is not to be decried. "A full stomach is not wisdom, but wisdom never came to a starving man" is a saying these priests often use.

Public processions led by the priests in their finest raiments of yellow and gold make the streets a colorful place, and most Greyhawkers wear at least one article of yellow cloth out of respect on this day. Pelor's priests go to great lengths to seek out those in the Old City who need their help, especially in the Slum Quarter. Even cynical Greyhawkers—if they are present to see it—admit that seeing starving, rag-clad children flock to the priests of the sun god for food, healing, and comfort is a moving sight. Pelor's priests are quite relentless in the way



they milk this sympathy (which is short-lived) to collect as much money from the rich folk for their work, often leading sickly and ill children into the New City to their own homes and shrines to maximize the effect of seeing these poor sufferers on the rich.

PCs present will be pressed by Pelor's priests to give, give, and give, and protestations that one has given once are met by the reply that "to give twice is to be twice blessed amongst men" (or women, as the case may be).

Guild Days

The various artisan guilds of Greyhawk have as their Guild Days the first and second days after Midsummer Day. Public displays of craftsmanship are placed in the High Market near the Grand Citadel, and the quality of crafting of jewelry, furnishings, sculptures, and other products of artisans is exceptional. Items may be reserved for later sale to admiring bidders here, and indeed many merchants, nobles, and rich folk from neighboring lands come to these Guild Days to purchase items and materials of truly exceptional workmanship.

The master of each guild, along with a committee of 1-4 senior guildmembers drawn by lot (who may not enter their work for judging, but may enter it for show and sale), judges the work of the other guildmembers and awards the creator of the finest single piece of work the greatly coveted Medal of Zagig. This is hugely important, for an artisan who can show this gold medal with blue and red ribbons in his shop window or workshop can be assured of higher sales and prices for years to come.

It goes without saying that bribery, sabotage, blackmail, and theft are not uncommon as artisans strive to attain this coveted prize. There are clearly many opportunities for the DM to embroil PCs in lighthearted adventures as they are commissioned to retrieve (or steal!) a stolen marble sculpture of an unclothed male elf, or recover the biggest smoked ham in Greyhawk before it is eaten by commercial rivals of the desperately anx-

ious member of the Guild of Butchers, who offers the PCs excellent money to get it back.

Some truly startling competitions have been introduced as variants on this theme. Most notable is the Zagig Medal for the Guild of Barbers and Dentists. This is a two-stage competition. In the first part, the competing guildmen have a number of sufferers from bad teeth lined up in chairs (there are plenty of volunteers from the Old City, who are paid an incredibly precious 10 sp for this), and each contestant has to extract as many teeth as possible in 30 minutes. (Extraction of good teeth results in severe marking down by the judges.) The second part of the competition allows the guildmen an hour to administer good haircuts to the same people. Marks are awarded by judges for the number of teeth extracted and the number of people given haircuts, and also for expertise and artistic interpretation (this latter mostly for hair cutting). The amazing speed of these experts staggers most people who have never seen this event take place before.

Also, farmers from outlying areas have latched on to this idea and, on the same days, have competitions for the finest livestock and vegetables. In the weeks immediately preceding the competition, there may be jobs available providing round-the-clock protection of prize items on the farms. Unfortunately, scandal hit this competition in 581 CY when Farmer Giles, owner of the largest squash ever seen in Greyhawk, was disqualified when it was found he had paid a spellcaster to cast *enlarge* on his vegetable, and the atmosphere of these competitions has been soured by this, and by extensive sabotage. Here is an excellent opportunity to have PCs of low level hired to protect a giant leek or some such potential prizewinner.

Brewfest

This seven-day period is one in which many shops, inns, and even temporary market stalls and marquees hold celebrations of harvest and brewery. There is a competition held in the guildhouse of the

Guild of Ostlers and Brewers for ales, beers, meads, wines, fortified wines, spirits, liqueurs, and the skull-bursting fortified liqueurs (distilled several times over). Senior guildmembers taste and judge the beverages, which come from as far afield as Perrenland (a notorious thick black mead) and Sunndi (a magnificent madeira-like sweet wine). In recent competitions, a drink from the Duchy of Tenh has stolen the show in the dessert wine category. Although Greyhawk as a city does not celebrate the entire festival, the first and last days are public holidays, and an alarmingly high percentage of the population is significantly intoxicated on any one of the seven days of this festival.

Needfest and the Feast of Fools

The full seven days of Needfest is a public holiday, and in the deepest of mid-winter the people of the city celebrate and make merry, eating and drinking their fill. Entertainment establishments of all kinds are full to the bursting point during this great collective blow-out. In addition to general and excessive self-indulgence, the last night of Needfest—the first day before the months are counted in the calendar once again—is very special. This is the Feast of Fools, which begins at the stroke of 5 P.M. and ends at midnight.

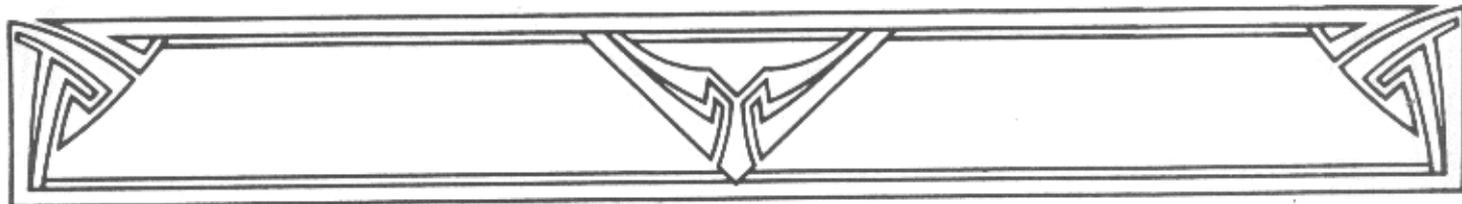
During this time, the high is made low and the low is made high. For example:

Nerof Gasgal and the Directors troop the Old City wearing dunce's caps and straitjackets, pausing to hear the learned words of idiots and simpletons among the crowds who cheer them along their way.

In the courthouses, the judges and senior officials are placed in the dock and their humble clerks and messenger boys enact the roles of the learned, trying the judges for absurd crimes such as conspiring to urinate in the river.

The sages and tutors of the University sit along the benches of the lecture halls while the stupidest students in their classes regale them with nonsense.

Priestly rites vary: among priests of Rao, for example, maniacs and idiots are invited to address the senior priests and reason is stood upon its head; intake of al-



cohol is excessive and it is even whispered that ladies of dubious virtue attend the priests in the evening hours (but this may be a scurrilous rumor). Priests of Heironeous seek for known cowards to lecture the holy men on their exploits in slaying dragons, giants, and worse. Priests of Olidammara behave much as usual.

Above all this towers the figure of The Fool. The Fool is usually the most talented bard or jester within the city; he is appointed by the Directors, and this post is a very honorable one. For the seven hours of the Feast, The Fool is King. What he says goes, but he too is bound by a careful logic of paradox which infiltrates the whole business.

Nothing which jeopardizes the safety of the city is permitted. Nothing which involves physical violence, destruction of property, or the like is permitted. The Feast of Fools is predicated on pretense and fun, but even The Fool must be careful about how far he carries things. Commanding Nerof Gasgal to be the rear end of a pantomime horse is acceptable. Putting him in the stocks—technically allowed—would be a stupid act as opposed to a foolish one (Nerof reigns for the rest of the year and may have a long memory).

Some NPCs who stand pompously on their dignity do not participate, but this results in a loss of face with their peers. Foreigners are expected to enter into the spirit of things, but are not expected to debase themselves. For example, a paladin may reasonably be expected to dance with an ugly old crone from Old City and treat her decorously and even flirt as if with a comely young maiden, if this does not violate any precept of the paladin's religion; the paladin would not be expected to degrade himself in any manner. Foreigners may not always understand such subtleties, so Greyhawkers make allowances, but a failure to enter the spirit of the Feast of Fools is very bad form indeed.

With the world turned upside down like this, there are many adventure and encounter possibilities for a wily DM to embroil PCs in. Perhaps some real vil-

lainy is going on, and the PCs have to deal with it while accepting the role-play limitations of the Feast—a superb challenge to a skilled player. An NPC may be kidnapped during the revelry and the PCs asked to help, or the PCs be commanded by The Fool to perform some absurd quest, such as finding a pearl in the sewers—of course, a pearl must be there, but in the spirit of things this should be symbolic or punnish—for example, a girl named Pearl who has hidden in the tunnels from the wrath of her father, who refuses to allow her to marry an impoverished young man. The PCs have to find their Pearl and find a way to bring her the happiness she seeks—perhaps her beau has no money, but knows of some secret unclaimed treasure cache. If the PCs can find her, and find that treasure (providing their own money will not do), they will gain an esteemed reputation among Greyhawkers, and their deeds will be discussed for years to come at the Feast of Fools. Adventures using symbolic, allegorical, or romantic logic are strongly commended for this unique festival day.

The Desportium of Magick

This annual festival night is held on the last night of Growfest, just after dark, at and around the Grand Citadel. Torchlight lights the area, and great crowds throng the square and surrounding streets. Then, to great applause, the fifteen contestants are led out to the contest.

The contestants are mages specializing in illusion magic, working in five teams of three members each. Around the Grand Citadel, they create the most magnificent illusions possible, based on a standard central theme: an attack upon the Citadel by various humanoids, repulsed by warriors and spellcasters within. This motif dates from an ancient event in the history of Greyhawk, the attempted invasion of the city by a mass humanoid army with mage support, which occurred at an unknown time in the far distant past. The mages within Greyhawk repulsed the rabble of humanoids by the skilful use of illusions, and it is this which is reenacted

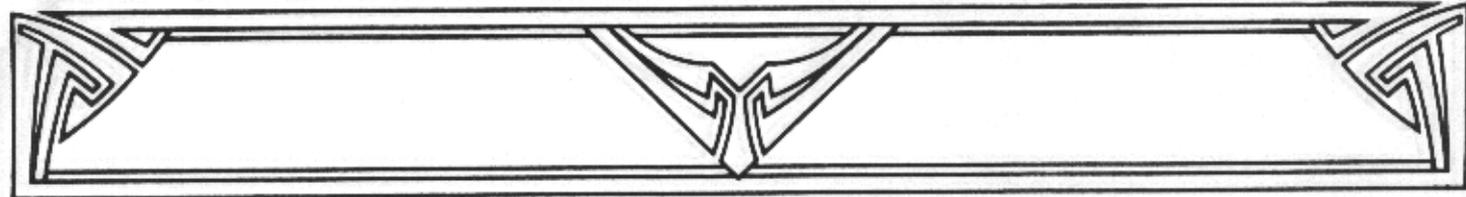
in this spectacular display. Using the full range of illusion-type spells, the teams strive to portray the most vividly real and detailed illusions to the admiring crowds.

The basic theme has, by now, become embroidered far beyond the simple reenactment of the past. The invading force is now shown as including evil dragons, hydras, and other monsters of the most terrifying sort, so that crowds gasp in half-real fear at the terrors the illusionists conjure.

However, there remains one major limitation which affects the brilliance of these displays: the quality of the illusions is directly related to the personal experiences of the mage. The best detailed and most striking of the illusions can only be created of those monsters which the illusionist has actually seen in a threatening situation. The event is organized by Ephraim Blackrod of the Guild of Wizardry and the judging of the displays is made by Kieren Jalucian, Jallarzi Sallavarian, and Otiluke, and their marking is keenly attentive to detail. Finally, the maximum duration of a display is 40 minutes.

This night can be used for encounters of the type noted earlier—villainy is going on while everyone is absorbed in the magical display—or else the PCs can use this as a chance to meet such luminaries as Jallarzi, Kieren, Otiluke or other major mages. However, a PC illusionist may wish to enter the competition. If this happens, then you will need to determine some rules for the competition (and the PC will need to find team workers to join forces with, since no PC party is likely to include three illusionists). This eventuality is not dealt with in detail here, because of the wide range of possibilities—what has the PC illusionist seen, and what can he create a striking illusion of? Both his experiences, and his Intelligence, may be very important here, and the DM will need to balance these against NPC competitors designed to achieve a fair balance in the competition.

The reward for victory is usually 500 gp per winning team member, plus half-price training for the next experience level at the Guild of Wizardry (and also



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The reward for victory is usually 500 gp per winning team member, plus half-price training for the next experience level at the Guild of Wizardry (and also

free membership). As a final detail, note that hot chestnuts, roasted squirrels, and mulled wine are usually served up by vendors during the display, and that a large, hot repast is usually taken by all concerned after the conclusion of proceedings.

The Gladiators and The Pit

The Pit is a large and distinctive building in the Foreign Quarter (location F8). Various forms of gladiatorial-based entertainments are held here: both warrior against warrior (lethal and nonlethal), and warrior against monster. The Pit is visited by the respectable and well-to-do, whenever they feel like slumming and indulging their jaded tastes, and by the common rabble, simply to satisfy their lust for mindless violence. The Pit is owned by Andrade Mirrius (for full description and statistics see Chapter 7), but the day-to-day business of the Pit is run by Pietain Morvannis.

Pietain Morvannis

Manager of the Pit

AC 2 (*chain mail* +2 and Dex 15); MV 12; F6; hp 38; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +2 (*trident* +1); Str 16, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 10, Cha 13; AL LE.

Magical items: *chain mail* +2, *trident* +1.

Pietain is 5'11" tall, 170 lbs., 32 years old with red hair and a fair but somewhat weathered complexion. A native of Jet-som Island in the Hold of the Sea Princes, Pietain arrived in Greyhawk in 577 CY after a fairly disastrous career as a merchant seaman (privateer). Penniless and in a strange city, he was drawn to the Pit. His skill with the trident (a fairly rare weapon proficiency) was highly useful in gladiatorial combat, and he won two good purses in one day. This success caught the eye of Andrade Mirrius, who, recognizing Pietain's potential, summoned the young man for a drink and a discussion. Impressed by his intelligence—unusual in a fighter—Andrade offered him a perma-

nent position at the Pit. Pietain has never looked back since.

As Manager of the Pit, Pietain is responsible for regular combats (Andrade occasionally organizes special events), hiring and firing all staff, the procurement of monsters, and the establishment's finances. Pietain runs a tight ship; he is harsh but fair.

Entertainments at the Pit

There are four basic types of entertainment at the Pit. The first is nonlethal gladiatorial combat, typically fought with blunt weapons such as clubs and shields or nets. The second type is full-blooded gladiatorial combat which can be fought with any of a variety of edged weapons. This is where the real money is; these events are the biggest crowd-pullers. The third form of combat is warrior(s) against monster, the most common monsters used being large humanoids (such as bugbears), trolls, owlbears, and others such. The management frowns upon the killing of any of the monsters because of the replacement cost, although the death of a gladiator is regarded as an occupational hazard. To this end, the warriors are equipped with blunt weapons and are expected to beat the monster unconscious. The exception to this is combat against trolls, in which edged weapons can be freely used due to the trolls' regenerative abilities.

Monster combats are always well attended, and for the last two years the Pit has featured regular fights against Oswald, their resident mantichore. The mantichore's tail spikes have been docked (although he has learned to use a side-swiping, clubbing action with his tail for 1d6 damage), and his wings have been clipped to prevent escape. Oswald is a firm favorite with a faction from the River Quarter who cheer him on, hiss and boo his opponents, and purchase exorbitantly priced leather and feathered models of the beast for their children as presents.

The fourth type of event is unarmed combat between wrestlers and pugilists. For these contests, which are very popular with the older generation, the combat-

ants generally wear a wide assortment of garish and lurid costumes. These fights are strictly for entertainment only, and the outcomes are usually fixed.

Rashif Iqbal

Champion Wrestler

AC 10; MV 9 (due to excess bulk); F8; hp 78; THAC0 11; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d2 +4 (fist); Str 18/89, Dex 9, Con 18, Int 10, Wis 13, Cha 14; AL N.

Rashif is 33 years old, 6'4" tall, 430 lbs., with a shaved head and a bound top-knot. Rashif has black hair and eyes, and the deeply tanned skin of his native Tusmit; his huge build is directly attributable to his former "career" as head eunuch to the Pasha of that land. Exactly why he left this trusted job, and what brought him to Greyhawk, Rashif does not say. In his wrestling bouts he adopts the persona of "The Sun Pasha," strutting arrogantly around the ring prior to the start of the bout in a costume of yellow and gold cloth accompanied by two scantily clad handmaidens.

Rashif is a great favorite with the crowd and an important member of Pietain's staff. He is Pietain's eyes and ears among the gladiators and arranges the fixing of wrestling matches. He helps look after the denizens of the beast pens below the Pit—he can even wrestle the owlbear into submission. He also explains to young or new gladiators the need for not killing expensive monsters, trains newcomers in unarmed combat, and takes a fairly benevolent interest in the welfare of those who survive more than a couple of lethal (or highly dangerous) combats. Rashif keeps strict discipline, however, and accepts no nonsense or fooling around from his gladiator minions.

To a certain extent, the fights are only a part of the entertainment at the Pit. This is a noisy, boisterous place, and the three tiers and private boxes that overlook the arena are packed with people from all parts of the Free City. The shouts and cries of spectators (such as "Killin's too good fer 'im!" and the legendary "Come on, you've still got one leg left!") mingle



with the groans and screams of the combatants and the frantic calling of odds by the bookmakers.

Gambling is a major activity here and is controlled exclusively by the Foreign Quarter Thieves' Guild (see Chapter 5). These bookmakers take up stations around the lower tier, signaling changes of odds to their companions with a special and secret sign language because of the noise, while their apprentice thieves clamber from tier to tier collecting the bets. Visitors should take special care to keep a tight hold on their purses and valuables! Monies placed as bets are exchanged for colored tickets that serve as receipts, and after each bout, winning bettors wave their tickets and scream for their winnings. Since most bookmakers are aware of the fixing of certain bouts (and those not in the know soon find out by observing the odds others are offering), they make a fair living, and do not cheat customers by refusing to pay on winning tickets.

A special health hazard here is presented by the piemen, who patrol the gladiatorium between bouts and throw warm pies wrapped in brown paper to customers who flick silver coins to them for their wares. These pies are known simply as meat pies—if anyone knows exactly what kind of meat they contain, he isn't saying. As in most cases in the seedier parts of the city, let the buyer beware.

Encounters and Adventures at the Pit

Impoverished PCs may be forced to seek their fortune at the Pit. The monies which may be won depend on the type of bout to be fought. As suggestions, wrestling bouts bring in a purse of only 1d4 gp; nonlethal combat with another warrior will bring in 1d8 gp; combat with a monster, or lethal combat with a warrior, bring in significantly more (1d10 × 5 gp or even more in special combats). A gladiator who is friendly with the boys and halflings who run around the gladiatorium cleaning it up between bouts can also pick up 1d10 cp, 1d10 sp, and (monster/lethal combats only) 1d10 gp equivalent in lesser coinage as a share of what the crowd threw down in the way of appreciation. The DM should feel free to adjust these values to fit individual campaign needs, but the rewards available should never be high. This place is for the desperate!

A second possibility for involving the PCs here is that they are hired to capture an escaped monster—*alive*—before the City Watch can find and kill it. Replacing a rarity such as an owlbear or Oscar the manticore could cost hundreds of gp or more, and Pietain would be desperate to get all the help he could, should one such beast escape. This is a cue for a cheerful fast-action whirl around the streets of Greyhawk, and an excellent way of intro-

ducing PCs to the sights and sounds.

PCs could also be commissioned to go out and hunt a monster for the Pit (or Pietain could let it be known that he is interested in considering any purchase offered to him, within reason and the laws of the city). Lizard men, aaracokra, mongrelmen, verbeeg, and similar humanoids would be very acceptable, as well as reasonably sized and aggressive monsters which can be kept safely in the beast pens (banderlogs, giant lizards, great cats, etc.). Of course, Pietain will not buy any such creature if it is not reasonably healthy and capable of fighting. Trolls (and other regenerating monsters) always command a premium price, since these creatures can literally be dismembered and still recover in time for the next day's show.

Andrade Mirrius can be seen at the Pit only rarely, and then only if a lethal combat is taking place. He smiles unpleasantly at the sight of plenty of blood, and loves to watch the killing blow. He does not entertain guests in his private box, and he will not agree to meet the PCs here, although it may be a good location at which simply to see him. Other NPCs who may be met here will typically be those of non-good alignments whose descriptions suggest that they bore easily, or that they have rather unpleasant tastes in entertainment.

CHAPTER 7: It Takes All Kinds

It should be obvious from what has preceded this chapter that the streets and structures of Greyhawk are filled with NPCs of every imaginable sort. This section of the book is devoted to detailed descriptions of yet more powerful and significant personages—most (but not all) of them good folks.

The Fellowship of the Torch

This group of five medium-level NPCs is given as an example of an adventuring group whose members reside in Greyhawk most of the time. All are of good alignment, and can be brought into contact with PCs in many ways—at taverns, at temples, through racial affinity with Kiri, Nastassia, and Fischer, through advertisements for fellow adventurers made by either side, and so on. Individual PCs may meet individual NPCs and become friendly, and then the wider groups of friends can be introduced—an obvious possibility would involve Fischer looking for help “with a little job.” The five NPCs are fully detailed below, followed by a detailing of their fellowship and history, likes and dislikes, and locations.

Nastassia Aiareni Nightstar Fighter/Mage

AC 2 (*bracers of defense* AC 5, *cloak of protection* +2, and Dex 15); MV 12; F4/M4; hp 34; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 +1 (*long sword* +1); Str 13, Dex 15, Con 15, Int 16, Wis 13, Cha 18; AL LG.

Spells: 3 1st and 2 2nd.

Spells typically memorized in town: *detect magic*, *light*, *sleep*, *know alignment*, *locate object*.

Spells typically memorized when adventuring: *read magic*, *sleep*, *unseen servant*, *detect invisibility*, *stinking cloud*.

Magical items: *bracers of defense* AC 5, *cloak of protection* +2, *long sword* +1, *potion of extra-healing*, *scroll of protection from paralysis*.

Nastassia is 25 years old, 5'5" tall, 100

lbs., with blonde hair and startling violet-blue eyes. She is, simply, stunning in appearance, despite her modest and simple raiments. She is not a half-elf, but there must be elven blood in her; her ears have very slightly pointed upper surfaces, and the shape and color of her eyes are virtually unknown among humans. She is a native Greyhawker, and is demure and kindly, slightly otherworldly and mystical at times.

Nastassia has always deeply revered Rao, but was struck by a paradox she has felt deeply for many years. While priests revere Rao most deeply, and wisdom is the ability which gives priests their understanding of their faith, it is Nastassia's intelligence which she feels most links her to this deity. Conversely, in her readings and study Nastassia felt strangely drawn to Wee Jas, patron of many magicians, through the apprehension of her wisdom—even though intelligence is the dominant mental aspect for wizardry. Dedicated to Rao, she nonetheless reveres Wee Jas, and she has received no sign that either deity is displeased with this state of affairs.

Geren Larraith Ranger and Werefriend

AC 4 (*elven chain* and *shield* +1); MV 9; R5; hp 58; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +3 (*spear* +2); Str 16, Dex 10, Con 17, Int 13, Wis 14, Cha 11; SA +4 to hit vs. bugbears; AL NG.

Magical items: *shield* +1, *spear* +2, *potion of healing*, *arrows* +2 (4), and a stone with *continual light* cast on it.

Geren is 24 years old, 6'3", 180 lbs., with brown hair and hazel eyes. Born in Dyvers, he has spent time patrolling the perilous Gnarley Forest, where he has wreaked havoc on a bugbear tribe which killed some of his childhood friends. Geren is a rough-and-ready woodsman, with no time for pretensions or affectation, but he likes elvenkind and gnomes, and readily strikes up friendships with them. Geren strongly dislikes paladins and other lawful good fighter-types, however, having had an unfortunate experience with a stuck-up warrior in his youth.

Nastassia? “Well, she's different,” he says curtly. The gruff man is rather in love with her, as most males who know her are.

In the wilderness, Geren often carries a composite long bow, but uses his magical arrows sparingly unless he happens to have a good supply of them. In general, he regards his great physical resilience (his very high hp total) as being his major asset, and feels no great necessity for magical aids. His honorific name is due to his friendship with werebears who live in the Gnarley Forest, whom he visits at least once each year.

Kirilarien Allavesse Mistress of Magic

AC 1/-1 (*elven chain* +1, Dex 17 [with *gauntlets*], and *shield* +1; shield not often used); MV 12; Pr6/M6; hp 39; THAC0 18/16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +3 (*footman's flail* +2); Str 10, Dex 16 (17), Con 16, Int 16, Wis 17 (18), Cha 11; SA 55% pick pockets chance, 42% open locks, due to magical *gauntlets*; SD 90% resistance to *sleep* and *charm* spells; AL NG.

Spells (priest): 5 1st, 5 2nd, and 3 3rd.

Priest spells usually memorized: *bless*, *cure light wounds* (×4), *aid*, *find traps*, *hold person*, *know alignment*, *silence* 15' radius, *locate object* (in city) or *continual light* (elsewhere), *dispel magic*, *prayer*.

Spells (wizard): 4 (5) 1st, 2 2nd, and 2 3rd.

Wizard spells usually memorized: *feather fall*, *magic missile* (×3), *charm person*, *invisibility*, *ESP* (in city) or *stinking cloud* (elsewhere), *slow* (in city) or *fireball* (elsewhere), *fly*.

Magical items: *elven chain* +1, *gauntlets of dexterity*, *shield* +1, *footman's flail* +2, *pearl of power* (extra 1st level wizard spell per day), *pearl of wisdom*, *bag of holding* (250 lb. capacity), and *footman's mace* +1.

Kirilarien, usually called simply Kiri for obvious reasons, is a young elf, still 11 years short of her 300th birthday. She is very small—only 4'4" tall, and weighs but 63 lbs. An indulged child in Celene because of her precocious mental talents,

she is a little narcissistic, and dresses slightly flamboyantly in blues, creams, and silver. She has a pet giant lynx, Sam, who lives with her in her town house in the Garden Quarter and accompanies her on adventures when she feels the animal's life will not be in risk. Visitors to Kiri's home are warned that Sam is curious and often invisible.

Kiri reveres Corellon Larethian, and has settled in Greyhawk because she likes the cosmopolitan life and the theatre, opera, art and culture. She is well thought of in the Guild of Wizardry, which may have something to do with her remarkable penchant for collecting magical items. Her already considerable abilities have been further enhanced by the two magical pearls she treasures, and she likes to use her *bag of holding* to carry her spell books in. Kiri's great spellcasting power—up to 22 spells in a day—earn her the half-joking title "Mistress of Magic" from her friends.

Marie Sennefort Illusionist

AC -1 (white robe of the archmagi, ring of protection +2, and Dex 18); MV 12; 17; hp 25; THAC0 18/16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 +2 (dagger +2 or 1d3 +2 (dart +2, six owned); Str 7, Dex 18, Con 15, Int 15, Wis 8, Cha 14; SD 5% magic resistance; AL CG (CN).

Spells: 4 1st, 3 2nd, 2 3rd, and 1 4th.

Spells usually memorized: *change self*, *chromatic orb*, *hypnotism*, *phantasmal force*, *improved phantasmal force*, *mirror image*, *spectral force* (×2), *phantasmal killer*.

Magical items: white robe of the archmagi, ring of protection +2, dagger +2, darts +2, hat of disguise, ring of invisibility, wand of illusion, boots of levitation.

Marie is 30 (21) years old, 5'8" tall, 101 lbs., with auburn hair and blue-green eyes above freckles which span the bridge of her nose. She is greatly enjoying a second youth, as she feels it to be, although she has no regular male consorts. A native of the city, her parents are both dead, and she has happily settled with Kiri in their shared home.

Marie is a dedicated illusionist, and has always sought magical devices of the appropriate sort, sometimes exchanging more powerful items for such illusion-creating magic with Kondradis Bubka. Her items are all treated with a *magic mouth* spell which screams "Thief!" if anyone other than her or Kiri should so much as touch them.

Grimmri Fischer Jokester

AC 3 (gnome-sized leather armor +2 and Dex 17); MV 12; T8; hp 29; THAC0 17/15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +2 (dagger +2, longtooth); Str 13, Dex 17, Con 10, Int 13, Wis 9, Cha 15; SA quadruple damage on backstab, +1 to hit kobolds and goblins; SD -4 from AC vs. certain large humanoids; AL NG (CG).

Thieving skills: PP 60, OL 65, FT 60, MS 65, HS 50, DN 35, CW 75, RL 25.

Magical items: leather armor +2; dagger +2, longtooth; bag of holding, ring of feather falling, ring of invisibility.

Grimmri, usually known simply as Fischer, is 3'10" tall, 72 lbs., 414 years old, with black hair, a ruddy complexion, small but brightly alert black eyes, and a handlebar moustache of which he is inordinately proud, waxing it often. Fischer's chronic lament is that he always wanted to be a bard, but failed the entrance examination because of his voice. Fischer's singing voice has to be heard to be believed; it sounds like a hobgoblin with a hernia being slowly strangled inside a dustbin.

Fischer is a practical joker of the first order. Inside his *bag of holding* the gnome hides articulated snakes made of wire and pliable wax, horribly hairy spiders with long, dangling legs, luminous false noses, a variety of instruments for making rude noises, and worse.

The gnome has recently gotten his hands on a malleable rubberlike substance obtained from Hepmonaland trees, which he has gleefully fashioned into models, including the notorious Luminous Rubber Chicken which he has flourished at night and frightened the living daylight out of Kiri with it. Fischer

gets away with this sort of behavior partly because of his amusing personality, and also because the little gnome's humor and good spirits keep up the morale of any group in difficult times.

Fischer hails from the Highfolk close by the Vesve Forest, and is an itinerant wanderer, but he has settled in Greyhawk and runs a small, modestly profitable locksmith's shop in the Thieves' Quarter (placement left to the DM) with a 3rd level dwarf thief apprentice of NG alignment, Dunnlen Samrad.

History of the Fellowship

Fischer and Kiri, as befits their races, have adventuring careers which go back far longer than the humans do. Kiri began her adventuring career in the Pomarj well before that land was overthrown by humanoids, serving a half-elven petty noble, and played her part in the defense of the realm before the evil creatures decimated the fractious nobles and took over the land. She served masters in the Wild Coast, but found herself cheated and lied to by some of them, and now she strongly prefers good-aligned fellow adventurers, rejecting any prolonged association with neutrals (save for those of lawful neutral alignment), druids excepted.

Fischer started life as a street hustler and prankster, the son of some impoverished gnomes, a background he prefers to forget. A little petty pilfering developed into burglary, and when apprehended by the authorities he was offered the choice of military service or amputation of his right hand. Fischer suddenly discovered an amazing aptitude for military life, assisting Highfolker and Velunese raids on outposts of the Horned Society. His japes made him a popular regimental mascot, and his commanding officer realized Fischer was good for morale. His term of service was extended, and extended again, so that Fischer is a retired sergeant-at-arms in the Highfolk military, and his connections there include important folk in senior military circles. Moving on, Fischer has had several adventures in countries around the Nyr Dyv, but he is not often ready to say too



much about them. (The DM has flexibility here to determine which persons of doubtful respect for legality may know Fischer, and in which lands, although he is certainly well known by many of the leaders in the Bandit Kingdoms.)

Geren gained his early experience serving under a Ranger Knight in the Gnarley Forest, as noted; Nastassia saw early service in the Cairn Hills during a term with the military forces of Greyhawk; Marie gained her spurs in and around Onnwal, where she has relatives, often traveling by sea and also using spells such as *hypnotism* to assist in getting good prices for cargo.

The group (except for Fischer) met for the first time in 578 CY, four years ago, in response to a proclamation from Tigran Gellner (see Chapter 2), who was looking for adventurers to assist in a peremptory strike against a nest of bugbears and a few ogres in the Cairn Hills. After being scrutinized by *know alignment*, the adventurers were deemed acceptable for the job, and together with a half-elf fighter-thief they undertook their first adventure together. The half-elf was killed, but so were many of the bugbears and ogres, Geren distinguishing himself by slaying six bugbears in one fight.

The half-elf could not be *raised*, but the rest of the group agreed to continue working together and to form a mutual insurance policy, so that if some misfortune befalls any individual the group will do all in its power to obtain help such as *remove curse*, *raise dead*, *resurrection* (needed for Kiri if she should die), *regeneration*, and the like. Nastassia gently insisted that her natural leadership was important, since none of the other characters was lawful, and her influence could sway them a little closer to her own beliefs and behaviors. An intelligent person, Nastassia knows that she may prefer those of her own alignment, but consorting with others brings them closer to her own goals and values.

Geren then learned from his Ranger Knight of the need for adventurers to undertake a dangerous mission in the Wild Coast, close by the Gnarley Forest and just north of Narwell. This involved the

discovery and investigation of a secret evil temple to Incabulos. Since the group needed thieving talents in such a place, Marie used contacts in the Guild of Wizardry to get information from the Thieves' Guild about suitable adventurers. Fischer was invited to join the group, having just arrived in the city and having enthusiastically joined the Thieves' Guild. The five set off, with a mercenary man-at-arms to accompany them.

This quest proved dangerous indeed, for the adventurers had to fight many undead, and Geren was *drained* of a life energy level by a wraith. Nastassia and the mercenary were both slain by a guardian daemon lurking within the temple, but the survivors got out with a fair magical haul, including Kiri's *pearl of wisdom*. Sadly, while traveling to Greyhawk upriver their barge was holed below the waterline and the body of the mercenary, plus some minor magic and much treasure, was lost. However, there was sufficient money left to have Nastassia *raised* and a *restoration* cast for Geren.

These expenditures left the group rather impoverished, and during 580 CY they worked separately, Geren returning to patrol work, Fischer setting off to unknown lands (probably the Duchy of Urnst) to acquire some funds fast—preferring not to risk thieving in Greyhawk itself—while Kiri returned to Celene to visit family. Marie was paid for accompanying merchant ship convoys to Onnwal, and Nastassia took some time to study magic and undertake paid work for the Guild of Wizardry, assisting in the production of minor magical items, subsequently serving in the temple of Rao.

The group joined up again in Greyhawk early in 581 CY, after Fischer had "obtained" a treasure map and documents pertaining to a hidden cache of gems and gold in the eastern Cairn Hills, together with references to a magical torch of strange aspect. Needing money—there was not enough left for the group to cover the cost of major spellcasting such as *resurrection*—the five set out across the Nyr Dyv and landed at a small port just across the hilly range. Careful searching was necessary to locate their goal, and

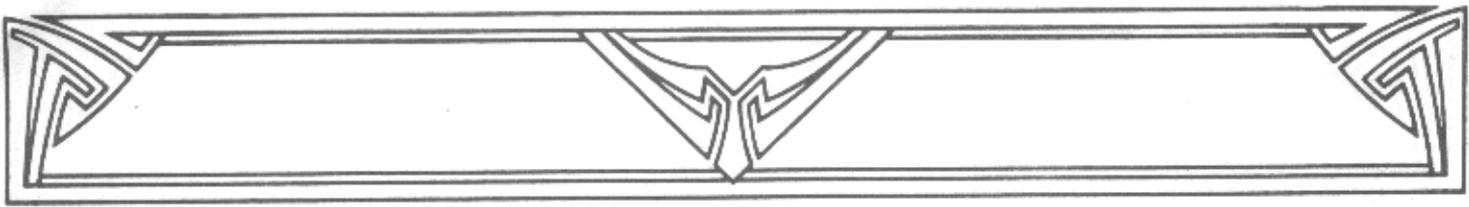
the group had a difficult run-in with a suspicious group of mountain dwarves who had a notable antipathy to elves. However, Fischer's presence proved helpful, and after paying the dwarves a "tribute," they were allowed to pass. Penetrating a warren of mazelike passages, the group fought a small group of minotaurs, hitherto not known in the hills, Marie's spells and Kiri's battery of *magic missiles* winning the day in tough fights. Further advances brought the group into conflict with a substantial group of orcs, and hit-and-run tactics were employed to decimate the horde. The mountain dwarves became much more helpful when evidence of the party's battle against this evil was produced, and helped the group with shelter, food, supplies, and secure rest.

It took more than six weeks of strikes, strategic retreats, resting, and advancing again to defeat the evil subterranean creatures and allow access to the deepest caverns, which were filled with bizarre luminous fungi, blind albino creatures, and twisted and unnatural rock formations. Forcing their way past mostly unintelligent monsters—reptiles, slugs, slimes and the like—the group finally came upon a sealed treasure chamber, which required many *knock* and *dispel magic* spells to enter—and then a guardian daemon had to be defeated before the adventurers could finally acquire what they came for. Gems and gold were present as Fischer's map had promised, and several spell books, two of which were still usable (and rapidly snaffled up by Kiri).

The group also found a strange torch, made of an unknown matte gray metal, tipped with a fire ruby ringed by chunks of rosy quartz which had runes enscribed on them in an ancient, and unknown, tongue. It is the possession of this item which gives the group its name.

The Torch of Anazander

What has been learned about this magical item so far is as follows. It was once possessed by a great paladin hero, Anazander, an inveterate traveler to other



planes and slayer of evil creatures of all sorts. While Anazander is known to have possessed a *bastard sword +5, holy avenger*, it is also known that he regarded the torch as his greatest weapon. Only a fighter or priest of lawful good alignment may bring the magic of the *Torch* into play. In Nastassia's hand, the *Torch* has the following powers:

1. It can duplicate the effect of a *phylactery of faithfulness*.
2. It grants a +4 bonus to saving throws against all spells or spell-like effects which affect the mind.
3. It enables the holder to cast *cure light wounds* on touch for up to 4 creatures or characters of good alignment, once per day, but no more than one application per character or creature.
4. It enables the holder to cast *continual light* once per day in a 30-foot radius.
5. It enables the holder to cast *strength* upon up to 2 creatures or characters of lawful good alignment each day, the effect lasting for 18 hours.

Knowledge of the final power was only gained when Nastassia achieved her current level of experience as a fighter. Magical scrying has revealed that, as a lawful good fighter or priest gains experience levels, further powers of the *Torch* become usable, but it is not known what these may be.

Nastassia carries the *Torch* whenever the group goes on an adventure, although it is regarded as a party treasure, for all believe that the effects it currently creates and may create in the future are for the benefit of all, and at the end of the fight with the daemon every one of the group stood one blow from death. This experience, and the possession of this item, have brought the five adventurers very close together, and it seems certain that they will be lifelong friends. They all trust each other totally, even with their lives, for in their final shoulder-to-shoulder battle before gaining the *Torch*, none flinched or sought to preserve his or her own life at the expense of their fellows.

With the wealth obtained from this expedition, Kiri and Marie purchased the

modest town house they share. Geren gave his funds to the followers of Ehlonna. Fischer invested his slice in the locksmith's shop ("You can't steal an entire shop", he points out), and Nastassia donated most of hers to the temple of Rao and made offerings to Wee Jas. Sufficient funds have been retained for the purposes of insurance, although property might have to be sold if a very costly spell is needed.

The Fellowship in Greyhawk

Currently, Kiri and Marie have set up home together, with a room set aside for Nastassia. Nastassia herself moves between the temple of Rao, the Guild of Wizardry, and this house. Fischer lives above his shop. Geren is often back with his ranger friends, but less so than before, and when in the city he takes lodgings in a variety of hostleries, usually in the Thieves' or River Quarter. He dislikes a settled home or a regular place to stay.

The party is now actively looking for adventure, although Kiri (due to her extreme longevity and the different attitude to life, and haste, this brings) and, to a lesser extent, Fischer, are not so bothered as the rest.

Nastassia spends her everyday life mostly in prayer and study, enjoying an odd evening at the theatre or some such place. She has a greater fondness for good cuisine than she is ready to admit, too.

Marie is the most bored of the group, and has taken to indulgence in gambling, which alarms the others and gives them a good reason for seeking adventure again!

Kiri has plenty to do with her priestly and wizard skills, and elves think little of spending an entire week daydreaming and fantasizing anyway.

Fischer is sufficiently well thought of in the Thieves' Guild to be employed as a trainer for juniors, and has made many friendships with lower-level thieves by virtue of his goodnaturedness, informality, and his ability to make juniors enthusiastic about their work. He also tells outrageous tales about his adventures.

The number of evil monsters he has fought tends to be multiplied by about five when Fischer retells stories which are true in essence. Wide-eyed young apprentices love this storytelling, and maybe Fischer's old ambition to become a bard was not wholly misplaced.

Geren spends the time when he is in the city having his armor and weapons repaired, talking and drinking with rivermen, exchanging tales with other adventurers in the Green Dragon Inn (where he is always delighted to meet a fellow ranger), and making trips out of town to the shrine of Ehlonna set in a small wooded area east of the city.

The Fellowship in Game Play

Where and how the PCs meet these NPCs is easy to decide, since much detail has been given on their habits and places they visit or spend time at. The major question to decide is, why is their involvement with PCs desired? There is a wide gamut of options, depending on part on the experience levels of the PCs, but possibilities include:

1. The PCs need some assistance with contacts or training. These NPCs may be either trainers themselves, or contacts (Fischer especially).
2. The PC party is under strength for some adventure and needs help. One or more of these NPCs will be interested in joining, the others not being so available (e.g., Fischer is off on one of his mysterious trips abroad, Marie is in Onnwal, Geren is in the Gnarley Forest).
3. One or two PCs are looking for a party of NPCs to join. This is a good way of working if you have only one or two players, having their PCs work with a subset of these NPCs (running them all is too much hard work unless two DMs are involved).
4. Simple companionship. Being involved with NPCs of similar beliefs and ideals on a long-term basis is unusual for PCs in many campaigns—NPCs are customarily encountered as henchmen, tutors, patrons, and so on. These NPCs can well be played as equals, their experi-



ence levels and magical items being progressed at a similar rate to those of the PCs. This allows the DM to script off-stage adventures for the NPCs using simple narrative style, and as PCs and NPCs adventure independently (maybe sometimes joining up) they can both make contacts, friends, and acquire information, which can be helpfully exchanged with the other group. This also allows the DM to feed information to players about events, and possibly adventure opportunities, in distant places given the contacts these NPCs have. It also introduces such simple pleasures as having a friend's home to visit for a meal, or having someone to take out to the theatre or to dinner.

5. Patronage. The Fellowship would love to learn more about the *Torch*, and they have enough money to pay for this. Perhaps they have accepted a commission for an adventure of their own and then discovered a possible source of information about the *Torch* they would pay the PCs well for.

There are many possibilities indeed, but there are two major considerations to keep in mind here. First, this group is strongly good-aligned, and save for exceptions like druids, neutrals will not be trusted until they have had good reason to know the trustworthiness of such people. A party of PCs must be predominantly good-aligned to befriend this group.

Second, this group is not particularly physically powerful. The best AC in the group is -1, and the highest Strength score is 16. They do, however, have a lot of magical ability between them, and a high degree of mental ability and potential. This is a thoughtful and smart group, and should be role-played accordingly.

Beautiful People

While there is much evil and many disreputable folk in Greyhawk, there are also many good and pleasing people too. They can be every bit as varied and surprising as the shadier side of life in this city, as this section shows.

Valderesse Sharn

Lady of Holy Shielding

AC -4/-5 vs. evil (*full plate +3, shield +2*); MV 12; P9; hp 77; THAC0 11; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d8 +4 (*long sword +3*) or 1d6 +3 (*composite long bow +2*); Str 17, Dex 9, Con 17, Int 10, Wis 14, Cha 18; SA turns undead as Pr7; SD cure disease 2/week, cure 18 hp 1/day, radiates half-strength *protection from evil 10' radius*, immune to disease; AL LG.

Spell (priest): 1 1st (usually *light*).

Magical items: *full plate +3, shield +2, long sword +3, composite long bow +2, phylactery of faithfulness, ring of free action, bracers of archery*, and a special amulet that gives her the permanent power of *negative plane protection*.

Valderesse stands a majestic 6'1", a sturdy 158 lbs., and at 27 she is in the prime of life. She has shoulder-length auburn hair flecked with gold, deep green eyes with flecks of brown, and a healthy, tanned, smooth complexion. She wears no jewelry or adornments, and is simply stunningly lovely, while radiating a strength of personality and conviction which marks her as a very special individual.

Valderesse is the most senior of the six Knights of Holy Shielding in Greyhawk. Fugitives from the conquered Shield Lands, most have left for Furryondy, but Valderesse and her small group (the DM may wish to design four more of her associates, to go with Artur as described below) have stayed in Greyhawk. Her position is awkward, for she wishes to recruit people who will help in attacks or even a full-scale invasion of the Shield Lands, starting at Admundfort. However, while Nerof Gasgal has expressed

sympathy with her aims in private, he has pointed out that Greyhawk simply cannot afford to openly harbor sworn enemies of two powers—the Horned Society and the Bandit Kingdoms—both more powerful than Greyhawk and possessed of burgeoning naval forces. Valderesse knows in her head that Nerof is right to think of Greyhawk's safety in this way, but in her heart she is bitterly disappointed. While she is in touch with Knights of Holy Shielding in Furryondy, she does not know that Greyhawk is supporting that noble land.

Artur Jakartai

Knight of Holy Shielding

AC -3 (*plate mail +5* and Dex 15); MV 12; F11; hp 103; THAC0 7; #AT 2; Dmg 1d10 +10 (with two-handed *sword of light*, see below); Str 18/00, Dex 15, Con 18, Int 6, Wis 17, Cha 8; AL LG.

Magical items: *plate mail +5, sword of light* (see below), *ring of free action, ring of regeneration*, and a *horn of Valhalla*.

This giant, standing exactly seven feet tall, is a source of amazement in Greyhawk. A staggering 355 lbs of muscle and sinew, Artur is plain in appearance except for his size, with plain brown hair, brown eyes, and lightly tanned skin.

Artur is the most powerful of the Knights of Holy Shielding in Greyhawk. He has refused to go to Furryondy because Valderesse also refused. He is devoted to her safety and is overprotective of her at all times. He is in love with her, and has been for the last five years, when they met at his coming-of-age celebration (he was 21 then). They would surely have been married, except for Valderesse's singleminded devotion to the cause of freeing her homeland. She has no time for romance now, only the liberation struggle.

Artur has a goodly supply of magic, gained from the adventures which gave him his amazingly rapid rise in experience levels. His *sword of light* is a two-handed sword +4 with Int 9 and Ego 15, LG alignment, which casts *detect evil, protection from evil*, and *detect invisibility* 2/day each, and which has the special

purpose of destroying priests of evil deities. Any hit from this weapon will *disintegrate* such a priest unless a save vs. death magic is made.

Fate has played a cruel trick on Artur, by giving him exceptional Wisdom coupled with low Intelligence. The intuitive fighter is thus often stumped for how to express himself in words, and he usually says, "I feel that" as opposed to "I think that," which is partly the cause of his lowish Charisma—he is clumsy at expressing himself, and sometimes expresses his frustration at this by thumping his knee (the onlooker realizes that were this anyone else's knee he was thumping, there could well be a broken knee resulting). But Artur is a surpassingly decent man—loyal, honorable, brave unto death. Artur has fought evil in more lands than almost anyone living; he has slain fire giants, red dragons, and evil creatures of all sorts—even a lich, which he dispatched single-handedly when the rest of his party fled in

magically induced fear. Not that he will tell PCs this, though—he is too modest. Now he itches to get back to the fray, and only his adherence to Valderesse keeps him in Greyhawk.

Encounters with the Knights

Valderesse may approach the PCs—assuming they are non-evil—with a plan for a raid on Admundfort, or even a plan for reinvading the Shield Lands, if the DM wishes an adventure on this scale.

Alternatively, one of the Knights could vanish—perhaps a victim of the Shriven Sicke (see Chapter 5)—and Valderesse could approach the PCs for help. As a variant on this theme, the Shapechangers or the evil denizens of Old Mother Grubb's (both also described in Chapter 5) could be responsible.

Third, Valderesse could need a message taken to Furyondy for her. Her own trusted courier has fallen ill, or vanished,

or might be away elsewhere. Valderesse has many friends in the noble houses of Furyondy and Veluna or Urnst (as the DM determines), and this could lead to the PCs being commissioned for courier missions or adventures by those folk. This is a good route into lawful good high society for PCs to whom this would be suited.

Artur is also readily encountered at the shrine of Heironeous (of whom he is a devoted follower), or on a rare self-indulgence—in the Old City at a drinking contest (Artur loves good ale and dwarven folk, so the Gold Digger [location T8] and the Barge Inn [location R11] are good possibilities).

More generally, as potential encounter locations for any Knight of Holy Shielding, the Sanctum of Heironeous (location G14) or the temple of Rao (location R12) are obvious possibilities. Finally, any Knight can be introduced by having him or her witness a crime—perhaps one





committed by a thief, by Clannar Blackshadow (see Chapter 5), or another NPC in this chapter—and talk to a PC about it. (“Wasn’t that appalling? Stay with me, good friend, and we shall seek the Watch,” and move on from there.)

So far as permanent locations are concerned, the Knights have taken a large building in the High Quarter (location H2) which is home to all of their number.

Of course, a classical stunt for the DM to pull is to have the PCs meet Valderesse, be bowled over by her charm and Charisma, and then have her kidnapped for ransom (she, and the Knights, have tens of thousands of gp equivalent in the city). PCs to the rescue!

Other Good “Folks” to Know

Aestrella Shanfarel

Greyhawk Dragon

AC 0; MV 12, Fl 24 (E); HD 11; hp 66; THAC0 10; #AT 3; Dmg 1d10/1d10/3d10; SA breath weapon (gas; save vs. poison at -4 or die, 3/day, area of effect 30’ cube), spells, *fear* effect (in dragon form); SD *polymorph self* (5/day), *detect invisibility* within 60’, immune to wizard spells of levels 1-4, otherwise 75% magic resistance; SZ Huge; AL LN (G).

Spells usually memorized: *charm person* (×2), *comprehend languages*, *sleep*, *ESP*, *invisibility*, *know alignment*, *wizard lock*, *clairaudience*, *clairvoyance*, *dispel magic*, *suggestion*, *charm monster* (×2), *magic mirror*, *wizard eye*, *cloudkill*, *passwall*, *stone shape*, *telekinesis*, *anti-magic shell*, *globe of invulnerability*, *legend lore*, *stone to flesh*.

Aestrella appears as a 5’0” tall, slender half-elven maiden of youthful age (about 22 in human terms) and comely appearance, with honey-blond hair and blue-green eyes typical of Celene half-elves. She is the grand diva of the Royal Opera, and patrons marvel at how such a slim young female half-elf can produce such impassioned, powerful soprano operatics. No one in Greyhawk knows Aestrella’s secret, her magic resistance having protected her against the few covert scrying attempts which have been made.

Aestrella adores the applause, the longing looks of handsome young men, the flowers and gems and lovely gifts which are showered upon her by many admirers, both Greyhawkers and foreigners. She is a dragon, after all, and as such adores flattery. She likes to discuss artistic work of all kinds with cultured and theatrical people, and is on good terms with Kahari Kellainen (see Chapter 6), who is presently trying to get her to leave the Royal Opera and come to sing in the Grand Theatre instead. Aestrella is very unhappy about the current disputes between the Grand Theatre and the Royal Opera, but is uncertain how to resolve the dispute.

Aestrella favors the use of mind-affecting and investigative spells, and if she *detects* an evil (or CN) character with *know alignment* she will investigate that person further, using *invisibility* and spells such as *clairaudience*, *clairvoyance*, *magic mirror*, and *wizard eye* to pry further. She may then send an anonymous note to a priestly Director, or use her *charm* and *suggestion* spells to create problems for that character by persuading others into courses of actions which create obstacles for the evil individual. Her powers of persuasion are, of course, attributable to her high Charisma (appears as 18 in half-elven form) and physical attractiveness.

Involving this NPC in game play is not easy. She does not wish to reveal her identity as a Greyhawk dragon, and will not do except under the most extreme of circumstances. However, it is not necessarily improbable that she could have knowledge of intrigue in Greyhawk; she knows, and is admired by, many men in powerful positions (any major NPC you like could be smitten by her charms). Thus she could plausibly feed information to PCs about evil goings-on or political skulduggery in the city. In any event, a cultured PC could easily meet her privately—even if only for a short time—providing he is a reasonably charismatic male bringing a fine gift.

Further possibilities would include having a lovestruck NPC hire the PCs to do his wooing of Aestrella by such means as

bardic entertainments (a bard PC is asked to compose and recite an epic love poem which presents the NPC in a good light), procuring some priceless or none-such treasure as a gift for her (possibly from Greyhawk Castle), and so on. Also, Aestrella could plausibly befriend Lady Valderesse and hear of some adventure opportunity which would introduce the PCs to her by performing some service. In short, ingenuity is required in bringing this NPC into game play.

Griffith Adarian

Druid

AC 3 (*leather armor* +3, shield, and Dex 15); MV 12; D9; hp 60; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +2 (*quarterstaff* +2); Str 11, Dex 15, Con 16, Int 11, Wis 17, Cha 17; AL N.

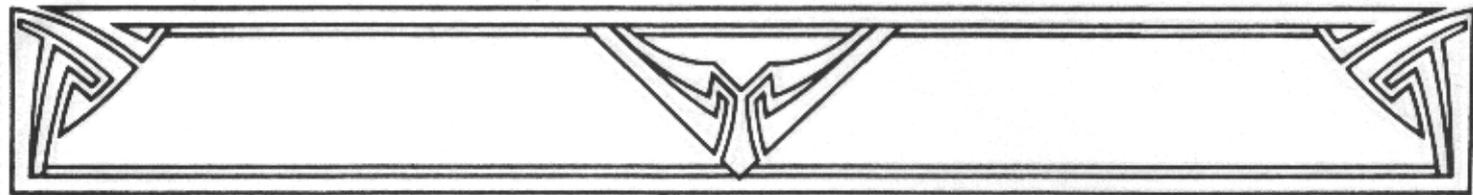
Spells: 6 1st, 6 2nd, 4 3rd, 2 4th, and 1 5th.

Magical items: *leather armor* +3, *quarterstaff* +2, *staff of swarming insects*, *ring of water walking*, *boots of elvenkind*, and a special amulet (see below).

Griffith is 31, 5’10” tall, 170 lbs., with rich brown curly hair and green-hazel eyes, and (unusual for a druid) clean-shaven. His handsomeness is, if anything, accentuated by his simple clothing; green robes and white garments, with fine brown boots.

Griffith is a druid of Obad-Hai, come to Greyhawk to seek for help in the Adri Forest, where he lives. He seeks rangers, elven folk, and reverers of such deities as his own and Beory to help the folk of his home against the depredations of the Great Kingdom on the one hand, and the humanoid rabble increasingly forced south from the Bone March by successful warriors in Ratic on the other.

Fear for his home, and beloved forest, is one of the reasons why Griffith has a permanent air of melancholy and sadness about him, even though he is unusually sociable for a druid and likes ales, wines, and the novelty of a comfortable bed in a good hostelry. Elves are allowed a Wisdom check to realize (after a time spent in Griffith’s company; the DM can decide



when to allow this check) that there is something elven about Griffith's underlying sadness. Griffith harbors something of the sadness of elvenkind at the transitoriness of the world, but at a deeper level, and this causes him a sadness verging on anguish in his darker moments.

Griffith's secret lies in the special magical amulet he wears. A blue gem of indeterminate sort set in a silver chain, this item radiates intense magic of the enchantment, charm, and evocation varieties. The relic is akin to a *soul gem*, in that it harbors the memories of an elven warrior lord of incredible antiquity, an elf who lived and died when Oerth was very young and men had only just come upon it, a time when forests covered almost all of the Flanaess. Griffith found this object in a hidden, dense heartland of the Adri Forest, a secret place which no others knew, and which he has never been able to find again.

The ancient memories rise into Griffith's mind when he dreams, as he does most nights, and he relives fragments of the elf's centuries of life in that dim, distant, and grim past. As a druid, Griffith is especially tormented by these dreams, for upon that young Oerth magic lived in the forests, waters and rocks to an extent unimagined today, and his acute awareness of this makes him realize how greatly his beloved forests have shrunk and their power faded. This awareness leaves him sunk in the deepest depression for a day or longer after a particularly vivid dream.

The gem also contains immense power, although Griffith is loath ever to call upon it, for by concentration and calling upon the name of the elf, Rachleach (*Rak-lee*), Griffith is possessed by him. This power can only be called within the Adri Forest itself, and when the forest is imperiled. The elf-lord (and thus Griffith) is treated as a 17th-level fighter, with 125 hit points, and a natural AC of -5. Whatever weapon Griffith has at hand is transformed into a *long sword* +5 with the powers of *sharpness* and *wounding*, and Griffith/Rachleach also possesses a *composite longbow* +4 which can fire as far as the horizon, together with *arrows of*

slaying for men, ogres, and orcs (10 of each type), has 90% magic resistance, and *regenerates* 3 hit points per round.

Further, Griffith/Rachleach can call an elven horse of great power as his steed; this singular creature is treated as a *ki-rin* in all respects except alignment (neutral), and it will serve Griffith/Rachleach with complete loyalty. Calling the steed causes Griffith still further heartbreak, for it is the last of its kind, and lives alone in the clouds and winds.

Griffith has called upon all of these powers just once, when a force of some 300 warriors of the Great Kingdom assaulted the forest with axe and fire following the hot summer of 581 CY, hoping to smoke out many of the forest folk who wish only for their own way of life and independence. The troops were headed right for the heart of the forest, and were accompanied by an evil patriarch with a special *wand of defoliation* and evil mages using acid and fire to lay waste to nature. Griffith's heart was so pierced that he called on Rachleach's power and rode forth, slaying scores, and scattering the forces of Aerdi to the winds—and the forest bears and wolves who pursued the survivors.

Griffith took nearly a month to recover, stuporous from depression, feeling the wounds to Adri a thousand times more keenly because of his emotional bonding with Rachleach. He fears desperately that a second use of this power will drive him insane, and while Obad-hai continues to grant him spells, he knows not whether his god will accept such an action again. To be Rachleach felt like immortality, felt like being a demigod, and Griffith is very frightened of this. Worst of all, Griffith has suffered a wound to his soul so deep that he fears that he may bear it through many lives as he moves through the wheel of reincarnation. He also knows that the gem may never be discarded or passed to another, for he cannot remove it from around his neck, and even if he could he would never allow another to possess it.

Prayers for advice, and an audience with the Grand Druid, have not eased Griffith's mind. It even seems to him that

his druidic brothers and sisters shun him while feigning their usual friendship, and Griffith reproaches himself for this unworthy thought; but then he wonders whether it is not Rachleach's lack of love for the men who destroyed the world of ancient elvenkind which the other druids sense. Perhaps, Griffith's ultimate fear is that he may lose his mind wholly to Rachleach.

Griffith is a tormented and tragic figure, but his own miseries have made him more determined than ever to bring all the help he can to the Adri. If the forest becomes and remains well defended, he might never need to call that power down to aid the forest again. From his many adventures, Griffith has accumulated large sums of treasure—he has a cache worth some 30,000 gp—and will certainly pay well for adventurers prepared to defend the forest against the twin perils.

On a different level, Griffith has another problem—his long-time animal companion, Reza the tigress. Although she is growing older, Reza is a formidable animal (with 41 hit points), and Griffith will not leave her to allow her to become wild again (as she would if they were separated for more than a few days). When he is in Greyhawk, Griffith takes over an entire stable, and has Reza kept there, visiting her every day and feeding her. However, traveling with her is quite a problem since few boatmen are comfortable with an 11-foot tigress on board their ship. If PCs decide to accompany Griffith, Reza will always be with him, and she has a way of licking her lips when looking at a gnome or halfling which conveys the word "snack" very clearly. Accommodating and feeding her can be an adventure in itself.

Griffith is a handsome, charismatic, and charming man with a truly tragic burden and a secret which will only be revealed to any character when he has wholly gained the trust and friendship of that person. His mysteriousness, sadness, and tendency to wake sweating and frightened from his vivid dreams can make him an intriguing and powerful NPC for PCs to befriend.

Evil Times Three: Nemesis NPCs

The three NPCs in this section are of a special sort—they are nemesis figures, each designed to be an ongoing enemy who will plague the NPCs for years in game time, thwarting their plans and making life hard for them in different ways. Each of these NPCs has been described at three different experience levels to provide an increasing challenge to keep pace with PCs who gain experience levels, with notes on how their social roles and powers change accordingly. There is nothing as satisfying for PCs as finally nailing a long-detested evil enemy, and nothing as much fun for a DM as bringing back the same villain to dog their footsteps again and again!

The villains have been created to suit varying levels of PC experience at the start, and this illustrates their other versatility: the DM can use just one version of each nemesis, at an experience level suited to those possessed by PCs. If this is done, the NPC should probably have the social niche documented in Version I irrespective of the experience level chosen unless the DM is happy with one of the "progressed" versions.

Andrade Mirrius

Patriarch of Nerull

Version I: 11th level priest

AC 1 (*plate mail* +2); MV 12; Pr11; hp 60; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 +5 (*sickle* +3); Str 16, Dex 10, Con 15, Int 13, Wis 18, Cha 15; AL NE.

Spells: 7 1st, 6 2nd, 5 3rd, 4 4th, 2 5th, and 1 6th.

Spells usually memorized: *command*, *curse* (reverse *bless*), *darkness* (×3), *protection from good, fear, aid, hold person* (×2), *know alignment, silence 15' radius* (×2), *animate dead, continual darkness, dispel magic, glyph of warding, prayer, cloak of fear, poison, spell immunity* (usually cast against *magic missile*), *sticks to snakes, flame strike, slay living, heal*.

Magical items: *plate mail* +2, *sickle* +3, *beads of force* (4), *chime of hunger*,

dust of disappearance, necklace of adaptation, potion of flying, and ring of free action.

Andrade begins as 45 years old, 5'11" tall, with gray-streaked black hair and brown eyes. At this stage, he is the head of the Cult of the Shriven Sickle in Greyhawk (see Chapter 5). The aims, objectives, and actions of this group are fully detailed there. Andrade is owner of the Pit, where he gloats over the pain and death at the gladiatorial combats which take place there. His secretary is Pietain Morvannis (see Chapter 6).

Version II: 14th level priest

AC 0 (*bracers of defense* AC 3, *cloak of protection* +3); MV 12; Pr14; hp 66; THAC0 12; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 +5 (*sickle* +3) or 1d4 +2 and special (*staff of withering*); Str 16, Dex 10, Con 15, Int 13, Wis 18, Cha 15; AL NE.

Spells: 8 1st, 8 2nd, 7 3rd, 6 4th, 3 5th, 2 6th, and 1 7th.

Spells usually memorized: *command*, *curse* (reverse *bless*), *darkness* (×4), *protection from good, fear, aid, augury, hold person* (×3), *know alignment, silence 15' radius* (×2), *animate dead* (×2), *continual darkness, dispel magic* (×2), *glyph of warding, prayer, cloak of fear, cure serious wounds, poison* (×2), *spell immunity* (usually cast against *magic missile*), *sticks to snakes, flame strike, slay living* (×2), *blade barrier, heal, fire storm*.

Magical items: *bracers of defense* AC 3, *cloak of protection* +3, *sickle* +3, *staff of withering, amulet of proof against detection and location, chime of hunger, dust of tracelessness, gem of seeing, hat of disguise, necklace of adaptation, necklace of missiles* (1 ×9HD, 2 ×7HD, 1 ×5HD), *ring of free action, ring of spell storing* (*invisible stalker, mind blank, power word stun, teleport without error*), and *wings of flying*.

Andrade's age here obviously depends on the number of years taken in game terms to attain this level. If he is still in Greyhawk, he will be owner of the Pit, but he will have expanded his influence.

Exactly how he does this depends on how play has been going in Greyhawk, but suggestions include: killing the priests of Incubulos and taking over the zombie-smuggling racket to the Pomarj with Zoran Sarraith in his pay; exercising control over merchant Directors through blackmail, kidnap (similar to Sental Nurev's fate), having a separate "front" with his *hat of disguise* (e.g., fronting as a non-native merchant), and so on.

It is suggested that Andrade should now have become the Horned Society's most senior spy in Greyhawk, and he may work with otherworldly denizens of Nerull (which can appear aboveground in polymorphed form) hidden below the city to spread the influence of the Cult of the Shriven Sickle or that of the Hierarchs. If he is no longer in Greyhawk (for instance, because the cult has been destroyed and Andrade escaped), he will be a senior Hierarch stationed in Admundfort or elsewhere, and still able to visit Greyhawk and move about undetected with the aid of the magical hat.

Version III: 18th level priest

AC 0/-2 (*bracers of defense* AC 3, *cloak of protection* +3; *boots of speed*); MV 12; Pr18; hp 74; THAC0 10; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 +6 or 1d4 +8 (*sickle* +4, +6 vs. *neutral good* (paralyzes NG for 2d4 rounds on contact, normal save); Str 16, Dex 10, Con 15, Int 13, Wis 18, Cha 15; AL NE.

Spells: 10 1st, 10 2nd, 9 3rd, 9 4th, 6 5th, 4 6th, and 2 7th.

Spells usually memorized: *command*, *curse* (reverse *bless*), *darkness* (×4), *detect good* (×2), *detect magic, protection from good, fear, aid, augury, hold person* (×3), *know alignment, silence 15' radius* (×2), *slow poison, animate dead* (×2), *bestow curse, continual darkness, dispel magic* (×2), *glyph of warding, prayer, cloak of fear, cause serious wounds* (×2), *cure serious wounds* (×2), *poison* (×2), *spell immunity* (usually cast against *magic missile*), *sticks to snakes, dispel good* (×2), *flame strike* (×2), *slay living* (×3), *blade barrier, conjure animals, heal, harm, destruction, fire storm*.

Magical items: *bracers of defense AC 3, cloak of protection +3, boots of speed; sickle +4, +6 vs. neutral good; amulet of proof against detection and location, brooch of shielding, gloves of missile snaring, hat of disguise, horn of blasting, necklace of adaptation, oil of elemental invulnerability (all), ring of free action, stone of controlling earth elementals (1/day), and wand of steam and vapor.*

If Andrade is still in Greyhawk, then he will have very extensive influence. Through blackmail and terror, he will have many Directors in his pockets, and he will have had assassins from Molag kill (or try to kill) others, attempting to replace them with further pawns. He will have cat's-paws controlling the Union of Sewermen and Streetsweepers, and the Embalmers' and Gravediggers' Guild, at the least, so as to raise below the city an undead army which will rise up and lay waste to the place.

NPCs such as the Shapechangers (some or all), Glodreddi Bakkanin, and other evil folk may be in alliance with him, although they may know little of his plans. Andrade's secrecy will ensure that one of his servants may know nothing of the others working with him to a common goal. He may well have disappeared from public view. At this stage, PCs against Andrade means PCs trying to save Greyhawk.

If Andrade has been exiled or fled, he will be a senior Hierarch in Molag, and will arrange for the PCs to be persecuted by a stream of enemies such as assassins, agents from the Bandit Kingdoms in his pay (if the campaign keeps the Horned Society and the bandits in alliance—it is not an easy one to keep!), and ultimately the most powerful evil creatures (dragons, giants, etc.) that Andrade can control and command. Only by killing him—which may mean heading for Molag or tricking Andrade out of that infernal city—will the PCs be able to put a stop to his evil plans!

Dmitri Valonis Ambitious Rhennee

Version I: Aspiring Young Rhennee

AC 5/4 (*leather armor +1* and Dex 16; shield in melee combat only); MV 12; F4/T4; hp 29; THAC0 17/16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 +2 (*long sword +1*); Str 16, Dex 16, Con 16, Int 15, Wis 12, Cha 16; SA double damage on backstab; AL N (NE).

Thieving skills: PP 40, OL 40, FT 30, MS 25, HS 30, DN 25, CW 75, RL 10.

Magical items: *leather armor +1, long sword +1, medallion of ESP.*

Dmitri is 24 years old, 5'1" tall (with a terrific inferiority complex about his height), 127 lbs., with lightly tanned skin, brown eyes, and lustrously curly long brown hair tied back in a bound ponytail. He wears a couple of plain gold earrings and has a gold medallion on a neck chain about his neck.

From an early age, Dmitri has been determined to lead the Rhennee in the Greyhawk region. Leaders among the Rhennee are not selected on a hereditary basis; rather, it is power, wealth, and prestige that are the deciding factors. To this end, Dmitri enters his barge in a race against two other Rhennee barges to Grelight Cove on the western shore of Midbay. Not only does Dmitri stand to gain in stature among his people should he win the race, but also substantial bets have been placed and the winner stands to gain a considerable purse.

Dmitri has hatched a plan to both win the race and gain him valuable and "willing" allies in future schemes. Dmitri needs spellcasters (which the Rhennee themselves have in short supply), and he doesn't intend to pay them for their services. Dmitri will use his spies among the Beggars' Union to watch for and assess the strength of low-level adventuring parties arriving at any of the city gates. Once a target group is selected (the PCs) he has them trailed to their place of lodging and bides his time waiting for his chance to strike. A gang of Rhennee "muggers" (F2/T2; adjust numbers according to the size and relative strength of the PCs) in Dmitri's employ will waylay

the PCs, concentrating on unarmored individuals. This attack will obviously be staged during the hours of darkness in a relatively quiet area.

Dmitri will then run up, brandishing his sword, and apparently chase the muggers away. Informing the PCs that the muggers were from one of the less savory Rhennee families, he apologizes for their behavior, and offers to buy the PCs a drink. In any event he will end up returning to the PCs' hostelry and attempt to engage them in conversation.

During this time, Dmitri will have one of the younger Rhennee slip into the PCs' room, secretly put a vial of deadly poison into their possessions, and then summon Junior Sergeant Lodol of the City Watch. Lodol, who is also in Dmitri's pocket, arrives at the PCs' hostelry accompanied by 10 men-at-arms of the City Watch and insists on searching their baggage. Upon finding the poison, Lodol informs the PCs that this is a serious crime that carries a sentence of up to two years hard labor. Protestations of innocence by the PCs will be treated with derision.

Dmitri, who has accompanied them to their room, protests and takes Lodol to one side where an animated but whispered conversation ensues. Lodol then turns to the PCs and says, "You were lucky you had Mr. Valonis with you. For the time being no charges will be pressed, but I will keep the file open." Lodol then leaves, taking his men with him.

This now gives Dmitri a hold over the PCs—the threat of smuggling charges being brought against them at a later time. To start with, Dmitri will ask for but a small favor—help in winning the barge race. He leaves it to the PCs' ingenuity to slow down and hamper his rivals in subtle and clandestine ways (e.g., using a *speak with animals* spell to persuade barnacles on Dmitri's barge to migrate to the hulls of those of his opponents). Whether he wins the race is up to the ingenuity of the PCs (and the generosity of the DM).

Version II: Young Rhennee Lord

AC 4/3 (*leather armor +2* and Dex 16; *shield +1* in melee); MV 12; F6/T8; hp



45; THAC0 15/14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 +2 (*long sword +1, flametongue*); Str 16, Dex 16, Con 16, Int 15, Wis 12, Cha 16; SA triple damage on backstab; AL N (NE).

Thieving skills: PP 55, OL 55, FT 50, MS 35, HS 50, DN 30, CW 95, RL 20.

Magical items: *leather armor +2, shield +1; long sword +1, flame tongue; medallion of ESP, ring of free action, wind fan.*

Dmitri will now beguile the PCs into helping him with more clearly illegal activities—smuggling, weapons shipping, eliminating rivals within the Rhennee families in the region. During this period, Dmitri will accumulate more and more evidence of the PCs complicity in “wrongdoings” in order to consolidate his hold on them.

Dmitri will pay the PCs well for any missions they undertake against his Rhennee rivals. In order to become overall leader without becoming extremely unpopular with his fellow Rhennee, Dmitri particularly wants outsiders to be responsible for the tragic early deaths of his rivals so that he cannot be connected with them.

Version III: Rhennee Tyrant

AC 3/2 *leather armor +2* and Dex 16; *shield +2* in melee; MV 12; F9/T13; hp 68; THAC0 12/11; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 +4 (*long sword +3, frost brand*); Str 16, Dex 16, Con 16, Int 15, Wis 12, Cha 16; SA quintuple damage on backstab; AL N (NE).

Thieving skills: PP 85, OL 85, FT 70, MS 60, HS 70, DN 40, CW 95, RL 40.

Magical items: *leather armor +2, shield +2; long sword +3, frost brand; brooch of shielding, cloak of the bat, medallion of ESP, ring of free action, wind fan.*

By this stage Dmitri, with the help of his “allies,” will have eliminated virtually all of his opposition to leadership and will be generally recognized as leader by all Rhennee along the southern Nyr Dyv. Assassination of the few surviving high-level rivals will be the PCs’ sole task. Un-

fortunately, those surviving rival Rhennee Lords will also have enlisted the aid of adventuring parties—leading to a high-level shootout on the Nyr Dyv!

Should Dmitri succeed in his ambition to become the supreme Rhennee Lord in the region, the PCs turn into a liability for him. They know far too much about his activities and the methods he has employed to achieve this lofty position. Dmitri will contact the Assassins’ Guild in the Free City and take out a contract on the PCs. Should an attempt by the guild on the PCs fail, Dmitri will be on hand to “assist” in their rescue. Back to the beginning. . . .

It should be noted that all the way through the PCs’ association with Dmitri, he appears to be their friend and ally. Initially the PCs will not be called upon to do anything more than loosen a rival’s rudder or infest a perishable cargo with vermin. Only gradually will the PCs’ missions become more and more illegal and of dubious morality, and by this time Dmitri will have amassed a considerable amount of damning evidence of criminal acts committed by the PCs. At all stages, he will also have other “friends” and employees who can be used in a variety of ways to emphasize to the PCs the practical wisdom of continued cooperation with Dmitri. The DM may also wish to consider having a subset of a PC group affiliated with Dmitri—most obviously, those of questionable ethics and/or morality.

Varmai Zendeihei The Cursed One

Version Ia: The Good Warrior

AC 2 (*plate mail +1*); MV 12; F7; hp 57; THAC0 13; #AT 3/2; Dmg 2d4 +2 or 2d4 +5 (*bastard sword +1, +4 vs. reptiles*); Str 17, Dex 12, Con 17, Int 17, Wis 11, Cha 13; AL LG.

Magical items: *plate mail +1; bastard sword +1, +4 vs. reptiles; amulet of proof against detection and location, ring of free action.*

Varmai is 26 years old, 5’8” tall, 129 lbs., with light brown hair and gray eyes. She is quiet and detached, with some-

thing of an air of amusement about her. Perhaps this is because most people do not expect fighters to have the intelligence she has, and treat her accordingly.

Despite her alignment, Varmai is something of a loner, and undertakes missions for a variety of acceptable masters—within Greyhawk itself (as the DM sees fit), for important people in Furyondy and Veluna, and for others still farther afield. She is rather cool toward the Knights of Holy Shielding, considering them ill-advised and unrealistic. She is secretive about the people she works for, although the DM may wish to have the PCs involved with her on some rescue mission so they can experience first-hand her unquestionable lawful good alignment. People of lawful good alignment within Greyhawk will, also, speak highly of her if PCs make inquiries.

Varmai’s abrupt change in personality will occur when she undertakes a mission in the Vesve Forest, without the PCs being involved, and returns a month or so overdue. At this stage, her behavior and demeanor seem unchanged. In fact, her alignment has changed radically; she is simply concealing this, which she does with considerable cunning and ingenuity. The profile below shows the effects on her which the item she carries (detailed below) has had.

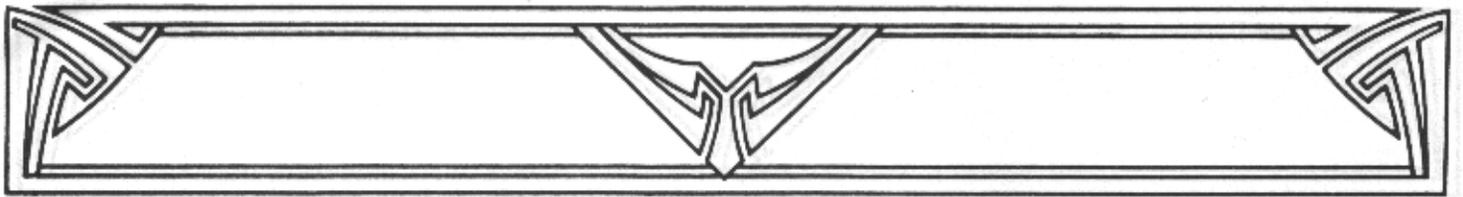
Version Ib: A Short-term Effect

AC 0 (*plate mail +1* and *protection +2* effect from bracers; see below); MV 12; F7/M5; hp 57; THAC0 13; #AT 3/2; Dmg 2d4 +2 or 2d4 +5 (*bastard sword +1, +4 vs. reptiles*); Str 17, Dex 12, Con 17, Int 17, Wis 11, Cha 13; SA controls undead as 7th level priest; AL NE.

Spells: 4 1st, 2 2nd, and 1 3rd.

Spells typically memorized (spellbook from Dorakaa): *charm person, magic missile (×2), protection from good, invisibility, stinking cloud, fly.*

Magical items: *plate mail +1; bastard sword +1, +4 vs. reptiles; amulet of proof against detection and location, ring of free action*, and a special pair of bracers (see below).



On an adventure, Varmai has found a pair of powerfully cursed evil arm bracers crafted by none other than Vecna, evil lich of antiquity. These baleful items have the following effects:

1. Alignment change to neutral evil.
2. Ability to control undead as a 7th level priest.
3. -2 bonus to Armor Class and +2 bonus to saving throws.
4. Immunity to *caused wounds, disease, blindness* and similar magical effects.
5. Abilities of a 5th level mage, with the chance to progress in experience with a 20% XP bonus.

After slipping on these attractive gem-encrusted arm bracers (Varmai was slightly vain), the alignment change was instant. Varmai made her way to Dorakaa and was there accepted into the ranks of the dread servants of Iuz. Her return to Greyhawk is for the purposes of spying and assassinating enemies of Iuz within the Free City.

At this stage, Varmai conceals her alignment change and behaves to PCs in the same way as before, except that she will not attend any lawful good church, always finding a good reason to stay away. She will gradually begin to change to a clearly different personality, first betraying non-lawful tendencies and then neutral ones, finally showing more evil impulses and behavior—this latter only at the end of a long pattern of changed behavior. She will also gradually develop links with other evil groups in the Free City—as the DM sees fit for the purpose of advancing storylines with respect to such groups as the Shapechangers, the Cult of the Shriven Sickle, Agarat Esiasen's graverobbers, and others.

At an early stage, Varmai will reveal her newfound talents as a mage; it will not take her long to progress, given her XP bonus, and the profile below can be used for her within a couple of months or so of her original return with the bracers.

Version II: The Budding Mage

AC 0(*plate mail +1* and *protection +2* effect from bracers); MV 12; F7/M7; hp 57; THAC0 13; #AT 3/2; Dmg 2d4 +2 or 2d4 +5 (*bastard sword +1, +4 vs. reptiles*); Str 17, Dex 12, Con 17, Int 17, Wis 11, Cha 13; SA controls undead as 7th level priest; AL NE.

Spells: 4 1st, 3 2nd, 2 3rd, and 1 4th.

Spells typically memorized: *charm person, magic missile* (×2), *protection from good, invisibility, ray of enfeeblement, stinking cloud, fireball, fly, hold person*.

Magical items: *plate mail +1; bastard sword +1, +4 vs. reptiles; amulet of proof against detection and location, ring of free action, ring of regeneration, and the special bracers.*

Varmai will begin to betray her changed alignment by being more irritable, more pragmatic (as opposed to moral) in decision-making, more sarcastic about "do-gooders" (claiming that people should help themselves more, charity begins at home—the usual litany of pseudo-justification from the uncaring), and in similar ways. One of the characteristics of her personality change will be a hatred of her former friends trusted and true, and she will grow to plot against the PCs. She may still consort with them, but will hire thugs and assassins to attack them. This can go on for months, even years, in game time as Varmai and the PCs take trips away, returning to Greyhawk only at intervals to resume their uneasy relationship.

The final version of Varmai given below is for her as a powerful mage, and at this stage of her career she will be the most trusted agent of Iuz in the whole of the lands south of the Nyr Dyv. At this point, the attentions of Iuz himself will turn to those who thwart his plans as represented by her. If the DM allows Varmai to survive in an ongoing opposition to the PCs for this long, then they will be attracting the wrath of major evil forces such as powerful priests, undead, and similar horrors.

Version III: The Evil Mage

AC 0(*plate mail +1* and *protection +2* effect from bracers); MV 12; F7/M12; hp 73; THAC0 13; #AT 3/2; Dmg 2d4 +2 or 2d4 +5 (*bastard sword +1, +4 vs. reptiles*); Str 17, Dex 12, Con 17, Int 17, Wis 11, Cha 13; SA controls undead as 7th level priest; AL NE.

Spells: 4 1st, 4 2nd, 4 3rd, 4 4th, 4 5th, and 1 6th.

Spells typically memorized: *charm person, magic missile* (×2), *protection from good, invisibility, ray of enfeeblement, stinking cloud, web, fireball, fly, hold person, lightning bolt, protection from normal missiles, confusion, fear, ice storm, cone of cold* (×2), *feeblemind, hold monster, death spell*.

Magical items: *plate mail +1; bastard sword +1, +4 vs. reptiles; amulet of proof against detection and location, ring of free action, ring of regeneration, gloves of missile snaring, wand of fear, wand of paralyzation, and the special bracers.*

The challenge here is for the PCs to find out what has been happening. They know that Varmai is good, brave, and loyal—or was originally. She changes only gradually, and the PCs should hopefully care enough about her to try to find out what has happened to change her so. Removing the arm bracers could be dangerous—perhaps Varmai could be thrown into a coma from which she would not recover for some weeks, and perhaps only a combination of *remove curse* and *dispel magic* spells cast by a priest of 12th or higher level could remove them anyway. Then again, these evil items need destroying, and a good-aligned PC group can certainly find an adventure in that task. If the PCs are not up to trying to help Varmai, she will only grow more threatening and powerful as a nemesis, and the PCs will certainly not be able to avoid her spiteful and hateful plans to do away with them.

Smooth Operators and Individualists

Blain Wintergard

Retired Gladiator

AC 8 (Dex 16); MV 9; F8; hp 65; THAC0 12/11; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d6 +1 (makeshift club); Str 17, Dex 16, Con 16, Int 9, Wis 10, Cha 14; AL LN.

Blain is 53 years old, 5'11" tall and 220 lbs. He is balding, and his face is a mass of scars acquired during his many years earning a respectable living in The Pit. The years have not been kind to Blain, and the situation has been exacerbated by his increasing dependence on alcohol. Blain is still strong and relatively agile, yet he tires easily and his mind is too often fuddled by strong drink for him to keep his concentration on one thing for long.

Once a champion gladiator and monster-fighter at the Pit, Blain now roams the taverns of the the River and Foreign Quarters. He made some money during his gladiatorial career, but his savings have now practically run dry. Blain has many fond memories of his years as a professional fighter. He yearns for the applause and the acclamation that used to be his, and to forget about that yearning, he all too often turns to drink. His drinking is becoming more and more of a problem, with what little cash he has left disappearing rapidly into the pockets of numerous inn and tavernkeepers. Blain will often be encountered at the Barge Inn cheering on competing arm wrestlers and reminiscing about the old days at the Pit.

Blain has been forced to pawn his *net of entrapment* and his *spear +3*, both relics of his bygone days as a gladiator. Blain was desperately sorry to see them go and longs to get his hands on them again. Luckily, the pawnbroker in question is a close friend of Blain's who was happy to give him a good price for them and keeps them safe should he ever manage to somehow raise the money to buy them back.

Blain will do anything to get his old

equipment back. While not much good as a fighter due to his advanced years, his knowledge of the fighting art is practically second to none within the Free City. He will willingly train fighter characters, although his drinking habit may need curing a little first.

Christa

"Little Miss Streetwise"

AC 7/5 (Dex 17; *boots of speed*); MV 12; NM; hp 4; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger) or 1 (fist); Str 9, Dex 17, Con 11, Int 13, Wis 15, Cha 16; SA pick pockets 30%, hide in shadows 35%; AL N (CN).

Magical item: *boots of speed*.

Christa is 12 years old, 4'9" tall, very skinny (73 lbs.), with straggly black hair and green eyes. She is tanned, and very wiry. She wears ragamuffin clothes, suited to her life as an orphan in the Old City. However, Christa has one big advantage: *boots of speed*. She will never say how she found these, but they enable her to elude any street ruffian or Watchman trying to catch her. She sleeps in a variety of shanty shacks, secret hideaways, and dark places in the River, Thieves', and Slum Quarters.

In addition to her thieving skills (usually used to victimize drunks), Christa has four further advantages which give her a head start. First, she can easily appear as a boy or a girl, since she is tomboyish in looks, and can pass unrecognized quite often. Second, she is wily and smart, and highly attentive to detail; she has a near-photographic memory. Third, she knows the cheapest places to get virtually anything. Fourth, her bare-faced cheek and lack of embarrassment, coupled with her natural charm, make it difficult ever to take offense at her.

Christa knows lots of people in the Old City, and is most easily found hanging around the Green Dragon Inn (location R2), where Ricard Damaris (see Chapter 6) shoos her away after giving her a little hot food and perhaps a copper coin—he has a soft spot for her but doesn't want her influencing his daughter. She hangs around to pick the pockets of people com-

ing outside, usually when it is dusk.

Christa can be an amusing and useful contact for the PCs, since she can tell them where to find almost anyone or anything—in exchange for a few coppers or some hot food. She will take a shine to a kindly PC who realizes her mental abilities, or a thief who teaches her a little skill. A mean trick is to pick on a charismatic male PC and have Christa fall in love with him, which will lead to her following him about and being intensely jealous of and spiteful to any female associate or fellow adventurer.

Corben DeBlare

Underground Entertainer

AC 0 (*elven chain mail +2* and Dex 17); MV 9; B9; hp 34; THAC0 16/14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 +4 *broad sword +3*; Str 16, Dex 17, Con 13, Int 15, Wis 15, Cha 17; AL CG.

Spells (wizard): 3 1st, 3 2nd, and 2 3rd.

Spells usually memorized: *charm person*, *detect magic*, *protection from evil*, *ESP*, *invisibility*, *mirror image*, *hold person*, *suggestion*.

Magical items: *elven chain mail +2*, *broad sword +3*, *ring of sustenance*, *cloak of elvenkind*.

Corben is 46 years old, 6'0" tall, and 180 lbs. Corben has sandy-colored hair that he wears long and which is now tinged with gray, and an enormous bushy beard. Corben was born in Schwartzbruin in Perrenland, although his tanned skin is the result of many years weathering on the roads. Corben has always been a wanderer and frequently visits the Free City.

Corben wanders the lands that border the Nyr Dyv. Equally at home in the city or in the wilds, Corben prefers good wine and good company.

Corben has a strong dislike of the Greyhawk Guild of Performing Artistes, whom he regards as a bunch of pompous fools who pontificate over the performing arts. What he dislikes especially is their ruling that nobody except guildmembers may perform in public within the boundaries of the Free City. Corben believes in freedom to perform where and when he

likes, and regularly taunts the Guild of Performing Artistes by holding illegal underground recitals in the back rooms of inns and taverns or at the houses of the rich who require something a bit more special for their parties. The guild is determined to put a stop to this and has had a warrant issued for his arrest on sight. This doesn't deter Corben, who finds the whole situation highly amusing and has discovered, with the help of friends in the Beggars' Union, a number of ways of entering and moving about the city unseen.

Corben will most often be encountered either entering or leaving the city and may require the services of a PC party to distract the Watch or assist him in a like manner. Corben is an affable chap who is also a veritable treasure trove of information on neighboring lands. He has made many powerful and influential allies on his travels outside the city, and these contacts could prove useful to the PCs in the future. Naturally, any aid in irking the Guild of Performing Artistes would be gratefully accepted.

Edwina

Pseudodragon

AC 2; MV 6, Fl 24 (B); HD 2; hp 15; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d3 +special; SA +4 to hit with poisoned tail stinger, save or become cataleptic for 1d6 days, 25% chance of death; SD chameleon power, 35% MR; AL N (NG).

Edwina is the familiar of Jallarzi Salavarian (see Chapter 3), who used a *find familiar* spell to summon the little creature from her home in the Gnarley Forest. Jallarzi got a lot more than she bargained for. Edwina is a fiercely independent little creature and had the effrontery to bargain with her mistress, who allows Edwina freedom to travel about the city.

Edwina is curious and inquisitive, although she keeps away from the dangerous parts of town. She is regularly to be seen in the Roc and Oliphant (location C14), where she occasionally chides students for overindulgence in drink and inattention to their studies. She may also be found in the Savant (location C11), of-

ten with Jallarzi, where she enjoys annoying relaxing mages by sitting on their chairs and reading arcane tomes over their shoulders.

Despite her rebukes to students, Edwina is herself quite greedy, with a notable liking for the rind from roast pork, sickly-sweet cakes, and sweet wines. She has been known to run up bills at the Golden Phoenix, where the pastry chef (a halfling) has a soft spot for her and allows her to gorge herself. After a major binge, Edwina is too fat to fly for 1d3 days and may have to be carried home to Jallarzi, who also has to foot the bill for her familiar's indulgence.

Edwina is notably friendly to elves and halflings, and if greeted in an affable manner may enjoy a good gossip with a PC of either race. She is not terribly discreet and after a few sherries or similar she may well give the PCs some useful information, allowing the DM to use her as an amusing contact to feed the PCs information. Notably, since she can detect thoughts by telepathy, she may sometimes pick up something which the person in question believes to be true, which is not actually true in fact, so that information picked up by PCs from her may not be wholly correct.

Naas Sarainy Siobharek

Spy

AC 1 (*bracers of defense* AC 5 and Dex 18); MV 12; T4; hp 17; THAC0 19/17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 +1 and special (*dagger of venom*); Str 9, Dex 18, Con 10, Int 17, Wis 11, Cha 14; SA triple damage on backstab, poison; SD 30% *sleep/charm* resistant; AL LE.

Thieving skills: PP 45, OL 50, FT 40, MS 50, HS 60, DN 50, CW 95, RL 35.

Magical items: *bracers of defense* AC 5, *dagger of venom*, *boots of elvenkind*, *cloak of elvenkind*, *ring of invisibility*, *slippers of spider climbing*, *potion of flying*, and a special scroll (see below).

Naas is a rarity, a half-elven spy for the Scarlet Brotherhood. He is 5'5" tall, 103 lbs., with blond hair and deep blue eyes, and dresses inconspicuously—as a student, since this is his cover. Naas is tak-

ing a course in Human Politics and Genealogy at the Colleges, and claims that he hails from Veluna (since he knows Veluna well, this pretense is easily kept). Naas is 77 years old, but looks to be in his late 20s in human terms. His surname is pronounced *shuh-var-ek*.

Naas is not a high-level thief, but he is extremely smart, and a trusted spy for the Scarlet Brotherhood. He steals documents from guilds pertaining to all manner of business activity, and also official documents pertaining to trade and mercenaries, although he prefers to copy these if he can. He has a *magical scroll* which can duplicate nonmagical writing simply by being placed against the written item, up to some 10,000 words at a time, and can copy from this later at his leisure, the magical scroll returning to blankness with a suitable command word.

Exactly what the Scarlet Brotherhood is up to here is for the DM to determine according to the needs of a wider campaign, but Naas is smart, wily, and a loner. His activities might usefully be used to implicate a PC or two in illegal acts, for Naas is cunning enough to try to frame any convenient patsy if he can.

Noblock

Master Pest

AC 1 (leather armor, *ring of protection* +3, and Dex 18); MV 12; T5/14; hp 24; THAC0 18/16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +2 (*short sword* +2); Str 12, Dex 18, Con 16, Int 15, Wis 7, Cha 13; AL CN.

Spells: 3 1st and 2 2nd.

Spells usually memorized: *change self*, *color spray*, *hypnotism*, *blur*, *improved phantasmal force*.

Magical items: *ring of protection* +3, *short sword* +2, *cloak of the bat*, *ring of invisibility*, and a special ring (see below).

Noblock is a gnome, 3'11" tall, 92 lbs., with thick black hair and brown eyes alive with mischief. He is 361 years old. His magical cloak and ring are both useful for getaways if he gets into trouble, which is by no means unusual. He also has a magical ring which allows him to *taunt* a lawful-aligned character twice per day. Noblock hails from the Highfolk, and has heard of



Fischer (detailed earlier in this chapter), who is avoiding him like the plague. Noblock has a room above the Barge Inn, although he moves on frequently.

Noblock is, simply, extraordinarily chaotic and ill-mannered. He insults people for the sake of doing it, but his favorite targets are those in authority. He loves mocking such people, and drawing them into abusive arguments. He considers himself a master of the put-down; one of his often-used lines is "The last time I saw a face like that it had a horse's tail above it to keep the flies off."

Added to this rudeness is Noblock's appalling sense of fashion. He wears bright pink and yellow clothes, and often skips about town wearing a set of bells on his belt and playing a silver flute (extremely badly).

How does Noblock get away with this? To a large extent, he doesn't; he has been barred from more taverns, and thrown out of more adventuring parties, than most anyone else the PCs will ever meet. But he is smart, and his split-class skills are valuable; when adventuring, he does his work well and is honest, not stealing from his fellows. He also assesses situations so that his insults will not be punished. For example, he knows it is beneath the dignity of a paladin to issue a challenge to such an absurd-appearing creature half the paladin's size, and he relies on such social conventions to keep out of major trouble. However, he can be impulsive, and knows what it is like to spend time in prison, or the stocks.

Noblock is an excellent nuisance character. He might steal something and plant it on a PC for fun, mock (and *taunt*) a PC paladin, try to get friendly with a gnome or dwarf PC (and be hard to shake off, delighting in trading insults), and so on. Life is never boring with Noblock around.

Skandar Gundersson

Bandit/Blackmailer

AC 3 (*chain mail +1* and Dex 15); MV 9; F5; hp 47; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10 +4 (*two-handed sword +1*) or 1d6 +3 (*crossbow of accuracy*); Str 18/08, Dex 15, Con 15, Int 14, Wis 7, Cha 11; AL CE.

Magical items: *chain mail +1*, *two-handed sword +1*, *crossbow of accuracy*, *philters of glibness* (several), *ring of jumping*.

Skandar Gundersson hails from the Bandit Kingdoms, having been raised in and around Riftcrag by a surly, drunken father (his mother died in childbirth). He is 6'0" tall, 203 lbs., with wavy blonde hair and light blue eyes. He walks with a slight limp, the remnant of a poorly set broken thighbone sustained in a club fight in Stoink. Despite his alignment, Gundersson is trusted by his nefarious masters in Stoink, and spies carefully on Sental Nurev. Gundersson delivers messages to him using his magical crossbow, which combines the properties of accuracy and distance, making it a formidable weapon. Gundersson enjoys embellishing the orders to Nurev with graphic descriptions of what will happen to the Captain-General's unfortunate brother in the event of him not doing what he is told.

Gundersson can be found in almost any low dive in the River or Thieves' Quarter, and his depraved tastes take him into the Slum Quarter from time to time. He is an unpleasant, unscrupulous, and sadistic brute, but he does know a thing or two about the Horned Society (as the DM determines, concerning its agents and activities in Greyhawk) and in extremis might trade this for his life, to PCs or to the authorities if apprehended in his spying.

Stivak Dorbredin

Freelance Thief

AC 4 (*cloak of protection +3* and Dex 17); MV 12; T11; hp 48; THAC0 15/13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 +2 (*dagger +2*); Str 12, Dex 17, Con 11, Int 16, Wis 16, Cha 15; SA quadruple damage from backstab; AL CG.

Thieving skills: PP 50, OL 65, FT 65; MS 80, HS 75, DN 35, CW 95, RL 40.

Magical items: *cloak of protection +3*, *dagger +2*, *potion of invisibility*, *rope of climbing*, *ring of telekinesis*, *wand of secret door and trap location*.

Stivak leads two lives. By day he is a well-to-do and respected merchant with a

fine house in the High Quarter. By night, Stivak becomes "the Phantom," a renegade thief who specializes in cat burglary. Stivak is a major source of irritation to the Thieves' Guild. He has proved altogether too skillful, too daring and too careful in his activities to betray his identity. Some of his escapades are still talked about in the city, and Stivak is extremely proud of having stolen the *violet oracle of Greyhawk* (the most important one) from right under the very nose of the Lord Mayor himself—and Nerof is justifiably furious at the theft!

Unlike members of the guild, Stivak targets the homes and property of the rich and influential and has managed to cultivate some very dangerous and powerful enemies. Stivak knows that he is pushing his luck, but the thrill and excitement of it all forces him to repeatedly do "just one more job." Stivak will always leave a coin bearing a ghostly image at the scene of his thefts. These coins are specially minted by a forger acquaintance of Stivak's in Admundfort.

Stivak is no lover of violence, carrying no more than a *dagger +2* and wearing no more armor than his *cloak of protection +3*. This simply adds to the excitement in his eyes—all he simply has to do is avoid being caught, which, with the aid of his other magical possessions, is not difficult to do.

Stivak will be encountered at all the best parties and most important cultural events (though not on opening nights, as these are normally good nights for working). Stivak will often befriend adventurers, although he will not betray his secret unless he is absolutely sure that they are completely trustworthy. He is extremely proud of his achievements and dreams of doing the "big one": breaking into the vaults beneath the Thieves' Guild.

Torrentz Hebvard

Unfortunate Mage

AC 0 (conferred by artifact); MV 12; M10; hp 32; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +3 (*dart of homing*); Str 9, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 9 (18, see below), Wis 12, Cha 14; AL LN.

Spells: 4 1st, 4 2nd, 3 3rd, 2 4th, and 2 5th.

Spells usually memorized: *friends, read magic, sleep, spider climb, invisibility, mirror image, stinking cloud, web, dispel magic, hold person, suggestion, confusion, polymorph self, hold monster, teleport*—but see below.

Magical items: *dart of homing* and a special artifact (see below).

Torrentz is 72 (40) years old, 5'6" tall, and 150 lbs. He is clean-shaven with long black hair, pale skin and amber eyes.

Once an adventuring mage of some renown, Torrentz acquired an ancient artifact, in the form of a plain iron circlet, from deep beneath the Yatil Mountains. This artifact, which Torrentz refuses to be without and which appears to be of elemental origin, has the unfortunate side effect of gradually reducing its wearer's Intelligence. The loss has been relatively slow, a point every six months, and Torrentz's Int score has now been reduced down from 18 to 9. Apparently the artifact must also have the power of *delusion*, since Torrentz is unaware of his diminishing Intelligence. His fifth level spells no longer work, although he believes he has them properly memorized. Torrentz's research into the artifact has been limited. He has discovered that it confers on the wearer an effective AC of 0 and gives him the power of *regeneration* at the rate of 2 hit points per turn. Torrentz wears the circlet at all times. If he is parted from it, it remains to be seen whether the Intelligence loss is only temporary or permanent.

Torrentz can normally be found at the Green Dragon Inn, although he does occasionally frequent the Savant. He is first and foremost an adventurer at heart and will be eager to join up with a group of

PCs. Torrentz's choice of spells is a little haphazard, to say the least, and it may be too late before the party realizes his magnificent magery is more a liability than a help.

Torsten Hardrick Bandit

AC 5 (chain mail); MV 9; F4; hp 40; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10 +6 (*two-handed sword +1*); Str 18/98, Dex 9, Con 18, Int 7, Wis 8, Cha 15; AL CN (G).

Magical item: *two-handed sword +1*.

Torsten is 25, 6'4" tall, 260 lbs., with long blonde hair and green-hazel eyes, wearing his chain mail under rough-and-ready leathers. He can be found in many taverns in the River Quarter, and has lodgings at the notorious River Rat Inn, where he partly pays his way by throwing barrels about. Torsten is unofficial arm wrestling champion along the dockside.

Torsten is friendly to anyone who buys him a drink, especially with dwarves (whom he respects as tough fighters), although he calls male elves and half-elves "fairies." He likes Greyhawk, but is looking for a group of adventurers who need a strong fighter to go "bashin'." Torsten isn't too bothered about what he bashes as long as he has his sword, affectionately named Headslicer. But there's more to Torsten than this. He knows the Rhennee well and they treat him as an honorary Rhennee, and he is an expert on arms, having been involved in shipping them from Stoink, where he was brought up. He can judge their worth perfectly. His money is beginning to run out, so he needs funds, and will happily act as guide (to the Old City) and bodyguard if he can't find anyone to take him bashin'.

Xerien Albhart Dreamer

AC 7 (Dex 17); MV 12; T3; hp 14; THAC0 19/17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 +1 (*dagger +1*); Str 10, Dex 17, Con 12, Int 13, Wis 7, Cha 13; AL N (CN).

Thieving skills: PP 40, OL 40, FT 30, MS 35, HS 25, DN 25, CW 70, RL 0.

Magical item: *dagger +1*.

Xerien is 17 years old, 5'2" tall, 81 lbs., with chestnut brown hair worn long and green eyes. Her dress depends on where she is encountered; she has many jobs. She is a waitress at the Wizard's Hat Inn, and also makes a little money as an extra from time to time at the Playhouse, or in a minor acting role. She lives in a room in the Thieves' Quarter.

Xerien is a sad case—a young girl who thinks she can make it as a serious actress whereas, in fact, she just doesn't have the ability. Her low Wisdom prevents her from becoming even a decent actress, and also from seeing that fact. She loves to talk about theatre, and art generally, with the patrons of the Wizard's Hat if they will spare her any time, which many do after seeing the girl's hurt expression when they try to shoo her off—she looks like a kicked puppy. Since she knows most cultured locations in Greyhawk, an encounter with PCs can be set up with her as an informant when they arrive in the city—she does sup and take wine elsewhere in the New City.

Xerien is a refugee from Admundfort after the invasion of the Shield Lands, and she will say to someone who has gained her confidence that her father is someone important, and she will be coyly mysterious about this. No one ever believes her, of course, and since her mother—confined to a sickbed long before the difficult birth which killed her—never told her father about the child, hoping to produce the infant as a surprise, probably no one knows. The truth is, she is Nerof Gasgal's illegitimate daughter, product of a dalliance with a young and flirtatious thief in the days when Nerof did that sort of thing. She does not closely resemble him unless one looks at the two together carefully, and he has not seen her other than briefly. If someone knew of this, the possibilities for intrigue for obvious, and all that is necessary is for the DM to decide which person, or tiny handful of people, do know. . . .

Chapter 8: ADVENTURES

Tears at the Orphanage

This is an adventure for 1st-level PCs. They are paid a small sum to collect children's presents, but lose them when they get mugged. They have to trace their assailants, and bring back the presents for the orphans, before the feast and ceremonies of Pelor's Day.

Involving the PCs

The PCs should be in the position of needing money (e.g., starting characters). Have them see a poster wherever they are in the Free City, reading as follows:

WANTED

Trustworthy persons to assist in the collection of items for Pelor's Day celebrations. Only persons of sound morality and ethics need apply.

Apply to: Sergeant Erkennis, Guild of Nightwatchmen, Guild Station, Blue Boar Street, River Quarter.

If the PCs need persuasion to undertake the mission, you can have a couple of NPCs come up as they are reading the notice. One will say to the other: "Oh, them! They pay quite well. Let's go over and check it out—right after we put down a couple." Then they cross the road to a tavern. That's the cue for the PCs to hurry up and head for the Nightwatchmen's headquarters.

When the PCs arrive at the guild station, Sergeant Erkennis greets them politely and then sadly informs them that all the important work of guarding and escorting the transport of sacred icons of Pelor and the like has been commissioned. Make the work the PCs have missed out on sound (a) important, and (b) probably very lucrative.

Then one of Erkennis's men coughs to clear his throat, and starts, "Well, sir, there is the matter of the artisans' gifts. Old Matlock is down with consumption

and being treated at the Temple, and we need people to collect them." Erkennis is then reminded that he has work for the PCs after all. They will be paid 6 gp each (not much, but they *are* poor) to spend one day collecting Pelor's Day gifts from artisans, to be donated to poor and sick children and orphans of the Free City. The PCs are given a long list of some 60 addresses, plus three large sacks, and told to visit the addresses in the order listed (more or less) and collect the artisans' gifts. They are to return when they have collected all the gifts (or visited all the places at least twice trying to collect them). The PCs are given a letter of authority to collect the presents, with the wax seal of the Guild of Nightwatchmen and the signature of Erkennis.

The PCs can then trot off around the River Quarter visiting the listed homes of the artisans collecting the crafted gifts and toys for the children—wooden puzzles; glass globes which, when turned upside down, produce miniature ice storms; an abacus; a decorated wooden horse's head on a pole; and other items of similar sort.

During this time around town, you can role-play minor encounters and have the PCs see several of the major sights and NPCs around River Quarter, as you wish. This can be a good way of introducing the PCs to later adventure possibilities. The general public will be well-disposed toward the PCs, given the nature of their work. Since the PCs need to rest for meals, it is easy to have them see one or two NPC notables here.

Have the PCs delayed late in the day by tiresome old artisans who get home late, offer them tea, are deaf as a post and twice as irritable, and so on. The result of all this is that they finish their work late, and it is dark (this is only two days before Midsummer, so it is late indeed). On the way home, along one of the smaller and darker streets, they get mugged. Their assailants are well concealed in the shadows, doorways, and the like, and gain automatic surprise. Profiles for the NPCs are at the end of this adventure.

Marina Torassen, the NPC mage, will cast a *sleep* spell, and this should take out

a majority of the PCs. Hubert Mazian, the leader of the thieves, will also use his poisoned-dart blowpipe on this round, trying to paralyze a PC. The NPCs don't want to kill anyone, and attack using clubs after this first foray. When a PC reaches zero hit points, he or she is unconscious. The NPCs should win this fight, and the PCs will be left unconscious. Their assailants take all the sacks of toys and there is a 50% chance for each PC that any easily removable item of value (ring, pouch or purse, etc., but not weapons other than a silver dagger—this *will* be taken if any PC has one) will have been stolen.

The PCs come around as a group of Nightwatchmen arrive on the scene a few minutes later, and they are taken to the guild station. There, Erkennis is furious, both at the wickedness of anyone who would steal poor orphans' toys and at the incompetence of the PCs. Make the PCs feel like real heels; pile on the sob story about the orphans having no toys to look forward to, the tears and sobbing which will ensue, etc. Erkennis will ask the PCs to do what they can to retrieve the stolen goods, as a matter of honor. Given the lateness of the hour, this means on the following day—Erkennis's own men are searching the area and checking for any witnesses right now.

Next Day Search

Erkennis's men find someone helpful: a witness! A small, undernourished, snotty-nosed boy in rags answering to the name Timmy is brought in, and he says he was scrounging for scraps when he saw the PCs waylaid. He can give a fair description of Mazian (see his profile at the end of the adventure) and correctly repeats such details as the blowpipe, the NPCs having clubs, etc. He did not see where they went, since he was frightened and laid low after the fight. He didn't get close enough to clearly see any others of the attacking group, but thinks he might recognize one or two if he saw them again.

Erkennis tells the PCs to take Timmy with them, since he may recognize one of their assailants. Use Timmy to give the





PCs a bad time—the little lad is always hungry, sniffles a lot and wipes his nose on his shirt sleeve, is at the awful stage where he asks “Why?” about almost anything, follows the strongest male PC and asks if he is anyone’s daddy, and so on. The PCs also have to protect him, although no adult NPC will attack the child (who is AC 10 and has 2 hp, for reference).

The PCs need to check around the area in which they were attacked (if they don’t think of this, then Timmy will point it out as being obvious). Of course, the PCs might do almost anything. There are, however, two ways in which they can find a lead through talking to people.

The first possibility is one of the beggars around (have beggars pester the PCs before the important encounter suggested here also). The PCs can find a beggar who will answer their query with a reply of “Tall feller running off with a blowpipe and a sack, eh?” (or whatever is appropriate from the description given him). The beggar puts the word about, and will have information for the PCs a few hours later—for a price (as you decide, but at least 10 gp will be asked).

The second possibility is, surprisingly, the Rhennee. A young Rhennee bull, Ygor Lavane, did see Mazian’s group fleeing down a back alley last night, and might give the PCs a better description of them and where they were headed—if the PCs agree to help him. In order to get to this situation, of course, the PCs will need to extend their inquiries to those taverns frequented by Rhennee (notably the River Rat and the Green Dragon, locations R7 and R2). They will have to role-play encounters with these distrustful river folk diplomatically and carefully to meet Ygor.

What Ygor demands is help from the PCs in repulsing a raid from hoodlums which he expects on his father’s barge this night. The PCs have to retrieve the presents before then, of course, so this should not be a problem. If they agree, then the attack on the barge will come after the adventure of retrieving the presents is over, and you can script a raid on the barge (with more NPCs for the

PCs to fight!) as you see fit. A suitable skirmish would involve Ygor with 2 guards and 10 normal folk plus the PCs against 10 1st level fighters, 6 1st level thieves, and 3 2nd level fighters in the NPC raiding group.

If the PCs are too dumb to think of asking either Rhennee or beggars in the River Quarter, Timmy can suggest the beggars to them as people who see everything that comes and goes. One way or another, the PCs should get a lead to the abandoned, run-down warehouse where the NPCs are hiding out. This building has a large ground-level inside space with much rotting sacking, wood, boxes and the like, but nothing of any interest (although you can include a monster such as a giant spider or some giant rats for PCs who waste time searching through the mess here).

The NPCs are hiding out upstairs, in an office which is reached by a rickety wooden staircase which ascends some 20 feet along the side of the building. There is always a lookout at the top of the stairs and outside the building (one of the junior thieves with Mazian), so it is unlikely that the PCs can gain surprise (unless they use a *sleep* spell or manage to surprise the guard and kill him with missile fire in a single round, etc.).

Past the door at the top of the stairs is a small antechamber with one junior thief who will scream an alarm as soon as the PCs enter and then run to join his fellows in the room beyond. In that larger chamber, Mazian, Marina Torassen, and Griffen Arblaster the fighter are seated arguing. Marina and Griffen thought they were stealing things for their money value, and think that some of the toys must have gems or some such hidden inside them. They therefore want to start smashing them up to find the hidden treasure. Mazian, however, simply wanted the toys. He has arranged them in a circle around him on the floor and has been playing with each one in turn.

This group will have to be fought. Marina will not hesitate from using her *sleep* spell, and so you should rule that PCs can only enter both the antechamber and the main office at the rate of one character

per round, or else she would be able to take out almost all the PCs with this spell alone. After casting it, she tries to evade melee and will surrender rather than fight if she is cornered. Mazian’s henchmen here try to fight their way out, but they will surrender after Mazian has done so, or when he is killed (unless they are obviously in better shape than the PCs). Mazian himself will not surrender to the PCs unless reduced to 1 hit point.

The PCs can interrogate any prisoners they may take and ascertain what was happening—Mazian hired the others (common thugs and mercenaries) to help with mugging the PCs, and the other thieves are not Greyhawkers or guild members (which will save the PCs from the enmity of the Greyhawk Thieves’ Guild). Mazian had paid his helpers 15 gp each, with the promise of more, but while the others had thought that the sacks contained valuables, Mazian just wanted the toys to play with. Coming from a tragic and deprived childhood himself, Mazian’s theft was an attempt to make up for the loss of affection he experienced in childhood. At least, this is the story the PCs will get from a follower of Pelor, although Sergeant Erkennis will say this is soft-hearted nonsense and Mazian was simply a thief and a criminal.

Erkennis will commend the PCs on recovering the presents (which he gets them to wrap up all over again), and ask them to deliver them to the orphanage in person. There, teeming hordes of bright-eyed children throng the gates waiting for the PCs, and cheer them when they arrive. The PCs are thanked by the governess (an ardent Pelor reverer) and given herbal tea and cakes. Little Timmy says a tearful farewell to his newfound friends. Pile this on thick. The children sniffle and cry as the PCs wave a last goodbye, and walk down the street for some well-earned dinner. It is when they attempt to pay for it that they find that their purses have disappeared. . . .

NPC Profiles

Hubert Mazian

Thief

AC 3 (*leather armor +1* and Dex 18); MV 12; T3; hp 14; THAC0 19/17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (short sword) or 1 hit point + special (blowpipe dart); Str 14, Dex 18, Con 15, Int 11, Wis 12, Cha 11; SA venomous darts (save vs. poison or be paralyzed for 1d4 turns); AL CN.

Magical item: *leather armor +1*.

Mazian is 24 years old, 5'5" tall, 120 lbs., with dark brown hair and brown eyes. He has with him personal treasure: a pouch with 18 gp and 12 sp, a silver signet ring worth 15 gp, and a fine leather belt with silver buckle and decoration worth 5 gp.

Marina Torassen

Mage

AC 8 (Dex 16); MV 12; M1; hp 4; THAC0 20/19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger); Str 11, Dex 16, Con 10, Int 16, Wis 16, Cha 10; AL N.

Spells: 1 1st.

Spell memorized: *sleep*.

Marina is 24 years old, 5'6" tall, with light brown hair and green-hazel eyes. She has only her spell book with *read magic* in addition to *sleep*, and a well-concealed pouch with 16 gp.

Griffen Arblaster

Fighter

AC 3 (chain mail, shield, and Dex 15); MV 9; F3; hp 9; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 +1 (long sword); Str 17, Dex 15, Con 15, Int 7, Wis 4, Cha 10; AL NE.

Griffen is 21, 6'0" tall, 194 lbs., with thinning blond hair and light blue eyes. He has notably pudgy and short hands, his fingers looking rather like uncooked sausages. He is an evil, and thoroughly dislikeable, individual. He has just returned from a successful adventure in the Cairn Hills, and has a pouch on his belt with three 50 gp gems, a 100 gp gem, and 10 pp, plus 15 gp. He also wears a gold brooch with carnelian settings which is

worth 150 gp (but is rather tastelessly ostentatious).

Junior Thieves (2)

AC 6 (leather armor and Dex 16); MV 12; T1; hp 5; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (short sword); Str 13, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 12; AL N.

These two are merely hangers-on, hired for a job by Mazian, and in no hurry to get seriously hurt along the way. They are from Hardby, which both have left to avoid the interest of the authorities, and are not members of the Thieves' Guild of the Free City. One has a pouch with 15 gp and a solid gold bracelet plated with bronze to disguise its true value (it is worth 5 gp as bronze, 125 gp as gold); the other has 10 gp and 15 sp in a pouch, plus a 200 gp gem hidden in the time-honored false heel in the right boot.

King of the Rats

This an adventure for PCs of experience levels 4-6. The PCs are employed by a wealthy merchant whose warehouse has being broken into and its contents spoiled. This raid threatens the merchant with bankruptcy, and he will pay the PCs well to discover who is performing these acts of sabotage and prevent the culprits from committing any further dastardly deeds against his other warehouses.

The raid on the warehouse was all part of a plan hatched by Kelas, a wererat priest of Incubulos. Kelas desperately needs more money to continue his research into using birds as carriers of virulent strains of disease. On a recent adventure he discovered an extremely powerful set of *pipes of the sewers* and, counting on the aid of his rodent brethren, hit on the plan of extorting money out of merchants by holding their warehouses and goods for ransom.

Involving the PCs

By this stage in their careers the PCs should have established a reputation as adventurers of some skill and ability. They will be approached somewhere in

the Free City, either at their place of lodging or at the inn or tavern that they commonly frequent, by a well-dressed merchant by the name of Morton Hammel.

Morton is an extremely worried man. For many years now he has run the trading business left to him by his father from his three warehouses in the Foreign Quarter. Morton ships foodstuffs (fruits, grain, and corn) from Nyron and cloth from Furyondy for sale in the Free City. Last night one of his warehouses, which had just received a fresh consignment of perishable foodstuffs for sale this very morning, was broken into. The watchman was found asleep at dawn and the entire consignment had been ruined as if a giant swarm of famine-crazed rats had suddenly been loosed upon it.

What's more, a note was found among the debris that threatened a further raid against another one of his warehouses unless a ransom of 10,000 gp in emeralds is paid by midnight tonight. There is absolutely no way that Morton can raise the cash, but he will pay the PCs 500 gp apiece if they will guard his warehouse against attack tonight and bring down the scheming villain behind this outrage.

Morton would avail himself of the protection afforded by his membership in the Merchants' and Traders' Union but is afraid to do so. A few nights ago he beat Ren o' The Star at cards down at the Wheel of Gold. Ren, who was extremely drunk, accused Morton of cheating, and Morton believes that Ren would be most unlikely to look favorably upon his petition for aid in this time of need.

The Mission

If the PCs accept, Morton will lead them to the threatened warehouse. This warehouse is stacked with bales of cloth, unspun cotton and crates of kara fruit. The watchman of the warehouse that was attacked the previous night is still fast asleep, and all attempts at waking him have so far failed. A *dispel magic* will awaken him, though, and if questioned, he will remember nothing of the night's events except hearing the skittering and



scratching of rats before he abruptly remembers no more.

The PCs may wish to make themselves comfortable and wait for something to happen. If instead they suggest delivering a fake ransom to the appointed place (a small, dark alley on the edge of the Foreign Quarter), Morton will remind them of the value of the goods in the warehouse, and how his very livelihood is staked on its safekeeping, and that he would rather they stayed and kept guard. If the PCs insist on going to the appointed spot, the bag containing the "ransom" will be approached by a giant rat who will grab it between his teeth and bolt for a nearby sewer grating. The PCs may be able to prevent its escape, in which case it will fight to the death, but whatever else happens they will not be able to follow it once it vanishes through the grating in the sewers.

Back at the warehouse, just before dawn when it seems that the night's vigil has passed without incident, the door to the warehouse is suddenly smashed open by a zombie, *animated* specifically for the purpose by Kelas. This is immediately followed by an enormous swarm of rats, mainly normal sewer rats but with a few of the giant variety mixed in, which pours through the warehouse door and falls with relish on the cloth, cotton, and kara fruit. A *Speak with Animals* spell will do the PCs no good, since there are so many rats here and they will not stop to pay attention.

If the PCs start attacking the rats, the 12 giant rats in the group will attack them back, while the rest of the horde continues gnawing through the cloth and devouring the kara fruit. Once six of the giant rats have been killed, the rats will swarm back out through the door of the warehouse and down an open sewer manhole in the street. The PCs will probably try to follow them down the manhole, but once in the sewers the rat pack splits up into numerous small groups and vanishes off in all directions down the tunnels.

As the PCs are pondering the direction their pursuit will take, they will be interrupted by the arrival of the first shift of

the day's Sewermen's and Street-cleaners' Union work detail. A head will peer down from the street above and say, "Excuse me, gents (and ladies), but you really shouldn't be down there!" The foreman of the work detail will brook no argument; either they vacate the sewers or he calls the City Watch. The PCs should be persuaded that trying to follow any of the rats would be futile, and that leaving the sewer would probably be the wisest thing to do.

If the PCs manage to capture one of the ordinary rats, a *Speak with Animals* spell may be very helpful (although the rat may be very scared if the PCs have killed many of its kin). From such a rat the PCs might learn that the rat was "instructed" to enter the warehouse, and felt itself compelled to do so by the music (piping) it could hear.

Once the PCs are out of the sewers, they will find that the men in the work detail are actually quite friendly. They already have a kettle on the boil and suggest the PCs might like a cup of tea and explain what they were up to. If the PCs tell the foreman that they were chasing a huge swarm of rats that attacked the warehouse, then he will offer to help them on the grounds that "We don't particularly like rats on their own, but swarms is another thing altogether," and suggests that the PCs might like to wait for a bit while he sends for someone who may be of help to them.

A few hours will pass before the foreman comes over to the PCs and tells them "He's here," and leads them over to the open manhole. He tells the PCs that he must insist that they be blindfolded while he and a few of his men escort them to the meeting point down in the sewers. If any of the PCs refuse, then they will not be allowed to go anywhere else in the sewers.

Once down in the sewer, they will be poled down the stream on a small skiff to a junction where another small branch sewer joins the main course. Here squats a man in waterproofed clothing, clutching a staff and with a spindle-shaped *ioun stone* whirring above his head. The foreman introduces the man as Samrad Be-

vain (see Chapter 5) and adds that "He probably knows most of what goes on down here."

Indeed, Samrad knows rats intimately from his long period underground but has never known them to swarm so purposefully as described by the PCs. He has noticed greater numbers of rats than normal in a section of the sewers not far from here, and has also heard curious piping and weird humming chants recently in the same area. If the PCs are interested, he will draw them a rough sketch map to the area but will not accompany them, since he "has a lot of work to do yet before nightfall."

The DM may wish to throw in a few random encounters or events on the way, but the PCs' progress to the indicated spot should be relatively straightforward. There are indeed quite a few rats here, but no signs of any piping or chants. There is a secret door in this section of the sewer that leads to Kelas's hidden shrine to Incabulos. This secret door is protected with a *glyph of warding* (16 points fire damage, save vs. spell for half damage, plus *cause disease*). The magically caused disease is a feverish pox, which develops after 12 hours and kills in 36 hours unless *cure disease* (or *heal*) is used.

This secret door can be discovered by searching (which will take quite some time) or in two other ways. A *detect magic* or *find traps* spell will reveal the presence of the *glyph*, and thus of the door. Alternatively, a *Speak with Animals* spell can be used to quiz an ordinary sewer rat running around. In return for a scrap of food, the rat will tell the spellcaster that many rats, including giant ones, dwell in a chamber in such-and-such a place—and the rat indicates the presence of the secret door with a flick of its tail.

The secret door opens onto a narrow passage that leads to a small chamber, in the center of which is a raised stone slab bearing the verdigrised bronze eye of protection symbol of Incabulos. The shrine is guarded by a wight (see stats at end of this adventure) and the remainder of the giant rats that escaped from the as-

4, ring of protection +1, necklace of missiles (one 5HD and two 3HD missiles remaining), pipes of the sewers, scroll of protection from magical edged weapons, potions of extra-healing and flying.

As a human, Kelas is 31 years old, 5'10" tall, 142 lbs., with dark brown hair and eyes and a sleek, well-cropped beard. He wears plain brown and gray robes. He has been a man of independent means, having gained a fair inheritance from his father, but his funds have quickly run out as his work on disseminating disease has demanded more and more time and resources. Kelas is not displeased to have developed lycanthropy on an adventure some years ago, and regards it as a sign of Incabulos's favor.

Wight

AC 5; MV 12; HD 4 + 3; hp 22; THACO 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; SA energy drain; SD silver or +1 or better weapon to hit; Int Average; AL LE.

Giant Rat

AC 7; MV 12, Sw 6; HD 1-4 hp; hp 3 each; THACO 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d3; SA disease; SZ T; Int Semi-; AL N (NE).

Common Rat

AC 7; MV 15; HD ¼; hp 1 each; THACO 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA disease; SZ t; Int Animal; AL N.

Dark Justice

This adventure is for a small (up to 5) group of PCs of levels 7-9. The PCs are hired by a judge of the Free City to act as bodyguards for one night, and they have to contend with the attentions of a highly dangerous enemy—a shadow-mage and his conjurations and allies—who will stop at nothing to kill the judge. But why is the shadow so hell-bent on revenge? What has the judge done to merit these attentions? The PCs may find out, and then wish that they hadn't done so. . . .

Involving the PCs

PCs of levels 7-9 may be assumed to have some reputation as competent adventurers, and so an approach from Tristram Whackerton-ffolkes, personal secretary to Judge Porthos, requesting their assistance on his master's behalf, will not be out of place. Tristram asks the PCs to visit his master at once (at least, by late afternoon) to discuss their employment at very lucrative rates. Porthos's home is in the Garden Quarter.

Assuming the PCs turn up for a meeting, Porthos offers them 1,000 gp each to stay with him in his house and do all in their power to protect his mental and physical safety and well-being for the period of 12 hours (or equivalent depending on the time of year) between dusk and dawn. He has contracts already prepared with only the names of the PCs needing to be filled in and for the signatures of both parties to the agreement to be written in to make them legally binding documents.

PCs may well want to know why they are being offered so much. To this question, Porthos replies, "For this money it will not be a cakewalk, but I hope to survive it, and my money—plenty of it—says you are capable of making sure of that." He will not say more than this. If the PCs agree, Porthos will have his domestics dismissed for the night and will stay behind with the PCs.

Background

Here, you need a full background to this adventure, because the PCs may find out a quite variable proportion of it, depending on how complicated you want their lives to become.

Three years ago, the mage Arkalyne Tostoni was executed in Greyhawk for murder, although he protested his innocence loudly and to the end. He was convicted of killing a major trade rival, Pieter Kugeleijn, for the purpose of furthering his own merchanting interests. The truth of the matter is that Sir Anton Palmirian, currently Chief Judge of Greyhawk Free City, had Kugeleijn killed and the mage

framed, because Palmirian was a merchant rival to both of them.

Palmirian sat in judgment on the case with two other judges, Porthos and Sullar. At the time these were two junior judges; they have become significantly more senior since then. Porthos and Sullar were not actually told to convict, as such, by Palmirian. It is simply that he argued strongly for the guilt of the defendant, and they were not going to buck the clear convictions of the Chief Judge of Greyhawk.

Arkalyne Tostoni was executed, but not before an apprentice of his managed to smuggle a highly unusual potion to his master in prison. Drinking this has conferred on Tostoni the ability to return to Oerth from beyond the grave. Tostoni returns in the form of a shadow-mage, a special hybrid of qualities of an undead creature and the characteristics that Tostoni had as a mortal. A by-product of the potion's effect is that the mage can only reappear once every two years or so, at the time of a relatively rare conjunction of Celene and Oerth.

On his first visit back to the Prime Material plane, the vengeful mage killed Sullar—on his second attempt. In between the attempts, Sullar managed to get a garbled, half-crazed message to Porthos's home (Porthos was away at the time) before lapsing back into the shocked catatonia into which Tostoni's reappearance had thrown him. Tostoni slew Sullar shortly thereafter, and cast a *limited wish* spell to affect Sullar's chances of surviving a *raise dead* spell (which, indeed, Sullar did not).

Porthos has been making quiet and discreet investigations ever since, and he has found out about the potion from Tostoni's old apprentice. Porthos has also commissioned research from sages concerning Tostoni's possible time of reappearance. He thus knows that the time is upon him, and his emotions are a mix of desperate fearfulness (inside) and icy coolness (outside). He has not gone to the authorities because he doesn't think that even an Elite Squad of the Watch could handle what's coming, and he also doesn't want officialdom involved—

unsurprisingly, since he has by now realized that this matter runs deep.

Tostoni's plan is simple: to kill Porthos, and then return for a final time two years hence and kill Palmirian. To him, this is simply a matter of justice.

How much of all this the PCs find out (if anything) is up to you. Porthos knows a lot, and if he cracked and told the PCs everything, that could put them on the trail of Palmirian as someone who has conspired against justice, not to mention hired assassins for murder. A denouncement from the Tostoni couched in slightly cryptic terms could lead to the PCs asking awkward questions of the Chief Judge. The implications of this are obvious. It is up to the DM how much he wishes to complicate the life of PCs by making this material clear to them.

A Night to Remember

Porthos has a cold buffet supper ready and avoids drink (and orders the PCs to do the same). He himself wears a *ring of spell turning*, so he is confident that only physical melee is a major risk to him. From his connections with the city authorities, he has managed to borrow *bracers of defense AC 2* and a *ring of protection +3*, plus a *cloak of displacement*, so that he has AC -4 (with a Dexterity bonus) and he also has 6 hit points. Thus, he is not exactly a sitting duck, but he demands a cordon of PCs around him to keep him protected. This will restrict them from pursuing intruders who turn tail and flee, investigating the house, and so on.

Tostoni's tactics are fairly simple. He will send in the monsters listed below, in small groups, to weaken the PCs (he will suspect that Porthos probably has helpers and guards with him) and to draw their more useful spells, with any luck. Later on he will send in his stronger monster friends, and the last stage—just before dawn—is to enter himself with his summoned invisible stalker to get Porthos.

Attacking and killing Porthos is Tostoni's only goal; he doesn't care for a second whether the PCs live or die. Tostoni

will not leave any combat while Porthos remains alive. If Porthos is killed, Tostoni will at once retreat, to cast a *limited wish* at a distance (to reduce Porthos's chance of surviving a *raise dead* spell to one-third normal).

The statistics for Tostoni given below are those which apply for him in shadowed illumination. Unlike a full-fledged undead shadow, Tostoni's true (mortal) form is visible, although usually obscured as long as he does not find himself in an area that is brightly lit. Because of his *cloak of shadows* (a unique magical item, detailed below), he will almost always be enveloped in semi-darkness.

Arkalyne Tostoni Shadow-Mage

AC -4 (*bracers of defense AC 3*, *ring of protection +2*, *cloak of shadows*, and Dex 18); MV 12 (and special); M14; hp 70; THAC0 16/14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 +4 (*dagger +3*); Str 16, Dex 18, Con 16, Int 20, Wis 16, Cha 13; SD 70% magic resistance, *shadow images* (generates 1d4 +1 shadowy duplicate images of self within 30 feet); AL N.

Spells: 5 1st, 5 2nd, 5 3rd, 4 4th, 4 5th, 2 6th, and 1 7th.

Spells usually memorized: *burning hands*, *charm person*, *magic missile*, *protection from good*, *unseen servant*, *darkness 15' radius*, *detect invisibility*, *invisibility*, *Melf's acid arrow*, *web*, *dispel magic* (×2), *fly*, *haste* (×2), *dimension door*, *Evard's black tentacles*, *monster summoning II* (×2), *animate dead*, *conjure elemental* (×2), *monster summoning III*, *invisible stalker*, *monster summoning IV*, *limited wish* (this last not used in combat).

Magical items: *bracers of defense AC 3*, *ring of protection +2*, *dagger +3*, *chime of opening* (15 charges), *figurine of wondrous power* (*marble elephant: mastodon*), *wand of paralyzation* (4 charges), and *cloak of shadows* (see below).

Tostoni's *cloak of shadows* is a unique item, made by the mage when he was alive. It confers +2 protection to AC and saves, and casts a permanent area of shadows in a 5-foot radius about the

wearer. This negates normal daylight and even light as strong as bright sunlight or a *continual light* spell. Vision within the radius, or across it, is not affected. Tostoni made it because his eyes suffered badly in bright light and he wanted a protective cloak which would also protect his sight. He could not have guessed, at the time, how useful it would be to him in times to come!

As a shadow-creature, Tostoni is 6'2" tall, very lean and gaunt, with his originally saturnine features heavily accentuated in his shadow-form. He was 35 years old at the time of his execution, but looks a good 10 years older than this. His face is impassive and expressionless until he sees Porthos, when a snarl of elemental fury will spread across his lips. He look only for Porthos, and largely ignores the PCs, although he will use spells to support his monster helpers in melee to overcome the PCs.

Forces Available to Tostoni

Monster Summoning II: 5 gnolls, each with 12 hp; then 5 troglodytes, each with 10 hp.

Monster Summoning III: 4 ghouls, each with 10 hp.

Monster Summoning IV: 2 5-headed hydras, each with 40 hp.

Conjure Elemental: Earth elementals (2), with 92 hp and 67 hp.

Invisible Stalker: One, with 41 hp.

Marble Elephant (Mastodon): 13 HD monster with 70 hp.

A first foray will be made with gnolls and troglodytes alone, with 1-2 monsters returning to Tostoni to give a report on PC strength inside. The earth elementals will be sent in one at a time, with a delay of at least an hour in between, for protective spells (such as *protection from evil 10' radius*) to run out. The ghouls will be sent in with one of the elementals, and one will carry the marble elephant, which Arkalyne will activate when it is inside the house. Facing four ghouls, an earth elemental, and a rampaging mastodon will certainly tax the PCs' ingenuity! In the interim between the elementals, the hydras will be summoned to create more



mayhem and damage.

Arkalyne may come onto the Prime Material plane briefly at an early stage of combat, using a spell such as *magic missile* or his wand to weaken, kill, or demoralize the PCs and force them to back off. Only when he is down to the *invisible stalker* spell will Tostoni enter himself for a full-scale showdown. Arkalyne can enter or leave the Prime Material plane in but a single segment.

The PCs have legally binding agreements with Porthos—and he will let them know that if they fail in their duty, the whole city will know and their names will be mud. The PCs can run out at any time, but they must then be made to endure the mockery and derision of Greyhawkers for months (or years!) to come.

This is a war of attrition. For years the PCs have gone down into dungeons and terrorized the hapless inhabitants. Now it's their turn to have waves of murderous invaders assaulting them. Wear them down, make them feel more and more helpless, until the final attack from Tostoni and the stalker. Monsters attack from all available directions, no portals can be held safe against Tostoni's *chime of opening*, and Tostoni's *haste* spells will certainly be cast upon the gnomes and troglodytes and hydras to turn them into fearsome attackers. The PCs should be wound up into a state of higher and higher tension until the final climax!

Concluding the Adventure

If the PCs manage to make it through, and Porthos stays alive, then Tostoni will be finally slain—never to return—and Porthos will regain his composure. He will pay the PCs in full, and (unless Porthos has broken down and given anything of the background away) the PCs will know someone in a high place who thinks highly of their competence and would commend them to others as discreet and effective operators. More commissions might well be forthcoming soon!

However, if the PCs have learned anything much of why Tostoni has been trying to slay Porthos—either from Porthos or Tostoni's utterances—then the PCs

might do well to leave the Free City for a year or so. Porthos will find their continued presence embarrassing and irritating. Sir Anton Palmirian's very considerable influence could begin to act adversely on them. Of course, the PCs might start some detective work to find out why they are being leaned on, in which case an intrigue adventure is developing and you will need to develop details for the background given above.

If the PCs fail, then Tostoni will cease hostilities as soon as Porthos is slain and explain why he has killed him—but without mentioning Palmirian (who will be his next target two years from now!).

If the PCs run, whether Porthos lives or dies the contracts will exist, and the characters' desertion and/or incompetence will be common knowledge. Rumors will even exaggerate it so the PCs hear stories of wrongdoing and negligence on their part of truly epic proportions! Within Greyhawk, their reputations will be ruined; time to relocate to another part of Oerik, and perhaps pay a tourist visit to the Free City a decade or so from now. . . .

The Heart of Al Rakim

This is an adventure for characters of levels 6-8. The PCs are contacted by agents of the Sultan of Zeif. When the Palace of the Sultan was raided by thieves several years ago, the crown jewels and many important relics went missing. Among them was an enormous ruby known as the Heart of Al Rakim—a symbol for many centuries of the Sultan's authority and power. The Sultan's agents have spent many years tracking down the missing jewels and have recently discovered that the Heart of Al Rakim is here in Greyhawk. They offer to pay the PCs a substantial sum if they recover it for them.

Involving the PCs

The PCs will be contacted at their lodgings or usual place of entertainment by three swarthy-looking gentlemen in fine

robes and turbans who will introduce themselves as agents of the Sultan of Zeif and inform them that they have need of a party of adventurers with their excellent reputations. They will explain how the fabulous gemstone, the Heart of Al Rakim, was stolen from their lord, the Sultan of Zeif, and how after many years of searching they have finally tracked the stone down to the Free City of Greyhawk.

They discovered the actual whereabouts of the stone quite by accident, overhearing a conversation between two of the city's guildsmen, and through the liberal application of gold coin, have pinpointed the location of the stone as one of the great vaults beneath the Guildhall of the Jewelers' and Gemcutters' Guild. The Sultan's agents will offer each of the PCs 1,500 gp, and the eternal gratitude of the Sultan and his people, if they will break into the Guildhall and recover the gem.

The Guildhall of the Jewelers and Gemcutters has a reputation in the city as being thief-proof. This, say the Sultan's agents, should not deter the PCs, because they have established a valuable contact within the guild who has supplied them with information that the PCs will find useful on their mission and will make sure he will do everything he can to make the PCs' job easier. The only time the Guildhall is deserted and physically unguarded is between the hours of midnight and about an hour before dawn (four hours all told). The contact will leave the tradesmen's entrance at the rear of the building unlocked and will provide the PCs with a map from there to the entrance of the vault. Unfortunately, the contact cannot provide the PCs with any details of the defenses in the vault, since he has never been allowed to enter that area. From here, it is all up to the PCs.

In fact, things are not quite what they seem. The Sultan's agents are merely actors (albeit very good ones) employed by the Jewelers' and Gemcutters' Guild. There is no contact within the guild—the guild itself will leave the back door unlocked and untrapped and allow the PCs to gain access to the vault entrance. The



guild merely wants to test its defenses in this particular vault, and the PCs are going to do the testing—although they will not be aware of that until the very end.

If the PCs think to verify the Sultan's agents' story, they will discover that the crown jewels of Zeif were indeed stolen from the palace many years ago (Haarkon Diardra of the Beggars' Union was just one of the many thieves involved in the operation). At the Guildhall, members of the guild will (guiltily) deny they have the stone and will mutter suspiciously among themselves as the PCs depart. The guild has meticulously prepared this scam, and the DM should make sure that all the evidence the PCs uncover should indicate that the stolen Heart of Al Rakim has been clandestinely coveted by the guild.

Into the Guildhall

On the night the PCs intend to perform the mission, they should contact the Sultan's agents so that they can arrange for their contact to leave the back door open. The PCs will find the door unlocked and should follow the contact's map to the entrance to the treasure vaults. The rooms and chambers they pass through en route are mundane meeting and business rooms with nothing of interest in them for the PCs.

1. Entrance to the vaults. Stairs lead down into this large circular chamber. There are eight sturdy iron doors set into the walls. All have neither locks nor handles. The door indicated on the map given to the PCs by the Sultan's agents is *wizard locked* but not trapped.

2. Empty Chamber. This room is completely (and disturbingly for the PCs) empty. The door to the north is locked and a *Nystul's magic aura* has been placed on the lock.

3. Paralyzing Gas Chamber. There is a small metal grille in the ceiling in the center of this room. In a small niche above the grille is suspended a small sealed glass vial of clear liquid. This liquid, if exposed to air, creates a powerful

paralyzing gas which will paralyze all persons within the room for 1d4 +1 hours unless a successful save vs. paralyzation is made. The door on the northern wall of this room is locked and if anyone but a gnome opens the lock or the door, a *magic mouth* spell cast on the eastern wall will emit a high-pitched monotone wail which will shatter the glass vial and release the paralyzing gas. A *neutralize poison* spell will negate the effects of the gas if cast in time.

4. Revolving Floor Trap. This corridor is filled with mist which limits visibil-

ity to about 5 feet. The central 20-foot section of the corridor here is hinged along its central axis so that unless equal weight is placed on either side of the corridor, the floor effectively flips over, dumping whatever was on its surface into the 20-foot-deep pit beneath (2d6 damage), and sealing those unfortunate individuals in the pit. The walls of the pit are lined with *obliviax* (the equivalent of 10 fully grown individuals) which will attempt to steal spells from any trapped spellcasters. Unless attacked, the *obliviax* will not use the spells; rather, the unfortunate PC will discover at a later stage that he has forgotten a particular spell.

Obliviax

AC 10; MV 0; HD 1-2 hp; hp 2; #AT nil; Dmg nil; Int Average; SZ S; SA steals spells; SD uses stolen spells; AL NE.

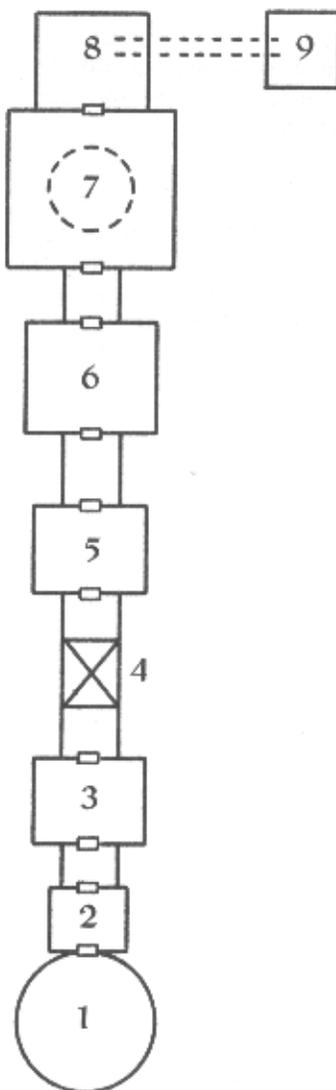
5. Chamber of Fear. In the center of this otherwise plain chamber there is a raised podium bearing a small demonic statue upon which a permanent *fear* spell has been cast. PCs who fail their save vs. spell will flee screaming back down the corridor (and hopefully straight back into the revolving floor trap).

6. Chamber of Elementals. When the southern door to this chamber is opened, the action breaks a vial of oil which flows down a groove in the floor toward the center of the room. As the oil pours into the groove it is lit by a slow-burning candle, and the stream of oil flows toward a bronze bowl sunk into the floor. The bowl is a *censer of summoning hostile air elementals*, and the burning oil will ignite the incense within it and summon one enraged 8 HD air elemental, which will immediately attack the PCs.

Air Elemental

AC 2; MV 36; HD 8; hp 52; THAC0 12; #AT 1; Dmg 2-20; THAC0 12; Int Low; SZ L; SA whirlwind; SD +2 or better weapons to hit; AL N.

7. The Cloud and The Pit. This chamber is filled with a permanent *stinking cloud* (save vs. poison or be incapaci-





tated). The floor of the central square 15 feet of the chamber is illusory and conceals a deep 40-foot pit. However, 20 feet down the pit, a permanent *web* spell has been cast to trap falling people. The web can support the weight of three people before collapsing. The resultant fall to the sandy bottom of the pit will only inflict 1d6 damage, but the sandling who lives down there will attack immediately.

Sandling

AC 3; MV 12; HD 4; hp 18; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2d8; Int Non-; SZ L; SD immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold* and other mind-influencing spells; AL N.

8. Fake Treasure Chamber. In the center of this room there is a large 4-foot-wide raised cylindrical podium upon which rests, to all appearances, the Heart of Al Rakim. However, this is just a cut-glass replica—but a very good one, and it is unlikely that the PCs will realize this fact. The capstone of the podium can be removed with a combined strength of 24 to reveal a 3-foot-wide chute that leads down 30 feet into chamber 9.

9. The Real Treasure Chamber. In the center of the room lies the real Heart of Al Rakim (well, not really, it's just an enormous ruby). The ruby is guarded by a stone golem which has been bound to the chamber. (The guild uses *telekinesis* to remove whatever is stored in this chamber.) The golem will attack anyone entering the chamber or trying to remove the stone.

Stone Golem

AC 5; MV 6; HD 14; hp 60; THAC0 7; #AT 1; Dmg 3d8; SA *slow* spell every 2 rounds; SD +2 or better weapon to hit; Int Non-; AL N.

If the PCs are having too easy a time defeating the traps, the DM should feel free to add a few of his own and extend the adventure.

Concluding the Adventure

If the PCs succeed in retrieving the gem, they will find a reception committee waiting for them at the back door composed of the Guildmaster and several senior members of the Jewelers' and

Gemcutters' Guild, two senior mages from the Guild of Wizardry, and two patrols of Nightwatchmen. They will congratulate the PCs, ask them for the gem back and pay them the agreed fee (1,500 gp apiece). The senior guildmembers will then explain the whole plot and invite the PCs back the next day to help improve the defenses (for which they will pay extremely well).

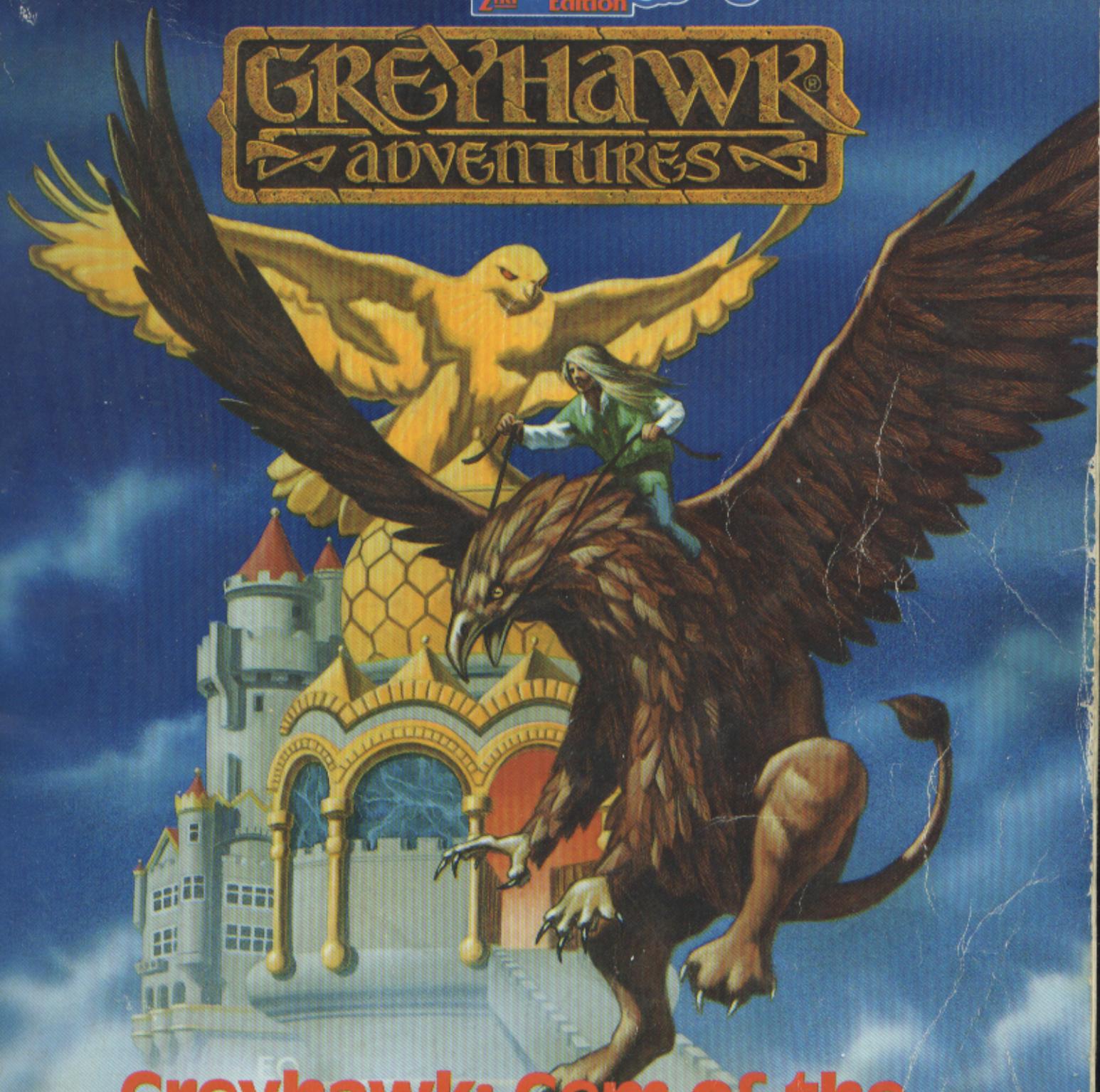
If the PCs fail or give up at any stage the guild and attendant retinue will once again be on hand. They will congratulate any surviving PCs and pay them their fee just as if they had succeeded.

In all cases, the guild will fund any magical healing that is required and will even go so far as to pay for a *resurrection* spell. The important part is that the PCs are not aware that this whole mission is but a test, and that they can effectively pull out at any time.

Ultimately, the PCs will gain the gratitude of the Guild of Jewelers and Gemcutters and can expect further employment from this extremely wealthy and influential guild in the future.

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons
2nd Edition

GREYHAWK® ADVENTURES



Greyhawk: Gem of the Flanaess

A gazetteer of the
Free City of Greyhawk and the surrounding area

Chapter 1: The Gem of the Flanaess

From the darkest alleys and most fetid cellars of the Old City, along the alabaster spires of temple and university lining the great length of the Processional, and on to the regal grandeur of the High Quarter and the looming towers of the Grand Citadel beyond. . . .

The city beckons. Greyhawk, grandest jewel of the Flanaess, awaits you, offering adventures to stagger your imagination, treasure beyond your wildest dreams—and of course, dangers aplenty.

The city and its lands lie in the heart of civilized Oerth. The barren slopes of the mysterious Cairn Hills loom to the north of the city, within sight of the high walls. The placid expanse of the great river Selintan meanders past Greyhawk's bustling wharf region, giving the city its primary claim to strategic significance, for it lies along that waterway between the great lake of Nyr Dyv to the north and the broad surface of Woolly Bay and the Azure Sea to the south.

In light of the recent revival of arts and education occurring in this grand city, and particularly in view of its new-found prosperity and increasingly important political role in the area, it seems only appropriate that this guide to the city be encrypted.

Thus, without further ado, let us turn our attention to the contents of this massive, the life's labor of a veritable host of sages—and your profitable companion for many adventures to come.

Maps

The maps included with the package are the works of skilled cartographers who relied heavily upon the researches of explorers, sages, and others. You will note that the maps, four in number, give you looks at different aspects of our topic.

The First Map of Greyhawk, as the initial parchment is named, provides a magically enhanced view of the city and its environs. In truth, the artist who did the painting endured long hours of levitation, perched at a precariously high altitude, to gain the perspective view of the city as portrayed here. We trust you will agree

that her efforts have paid off handsomely.

This map does not attempt to picture every building in the vast maze of the Free City. Its purpose is to give the visitor an example of the city's districts as they look. Thus, the general appearance of houses in a neighborhood, or of the temples and inns of the city, is shown. This information is useful for description and atmosphere, as well as trail-finding. Keep in mind that the actual number of buildings in the city is greater than those shown on the map.

For those who prefer more detail to their cartography, we also provide a conventional street map of the city. This, most adventurers discover, proves useful in negotiating the byways of the city itself. Many of Greyhawk's more notable features are displayed on this map, lures for the curious, unwary, or both.

Closely tied to the aforementioned map, of course, is the Undercity Map. This sheet displays the network of pipes, passages, and sewers that lie beneath the streets and buildings of the city. Adventurers may find themselves crossing from upper to lower map and vice versa at different points during their explorations of the city. We trust you will take the time to fold a map neatly as you finish with it, tucking it away until such time as it must again be pulled forth. A wrap of oilskin is recommended if adventuring is likely to result in prolonged immersion in water.

Most of the locations described in these two books are indicated on one or more of these three maps. Each of the sections of the city is detailed in its own section in this book. In order to aid players and DMs in locating these areas, an abbreviation for each city quarter is used as part of the location description. For example, location G1 is the first listing in the Garden Quarter.

The Quarters of the Free City, together with their abbreviations, are listed here:

- H — High Quarter
- G — Garden Quarter
- C — Clerkgburg
- R — River Quarter
- F — Foreign Quarter
- A — Artisans' Quarter

- T — Thieves' Quarter
- S — Slum Quarter

The final map displays the lands surrounding Greyhawk in all their glory. While the districts of the city itself offer more than enough opportunity for adventure, there comes a time in many a stalwart hero's life when he desires to move on. Such a time often precedes the sudden arrival of the city watch, as those worthy guardsmen actively seek the recently motivated character. Or perhaps your activities have caused some unhealthy interest to be directed in your direction—the interest of enforcers hired by the Thieves' Guild, for example. Even the most courageous individual finds that some of that fresh country air, which seems to grow more invigorating as one journeys farther beyond the city walls, is just the cure for such a malady. Thus this map shows you roadways and riverways that take you beyond Greyhawk City, but not far beyond.

For we suspect that you will want to return.

Using the Adventure Cards

The adventure cards are used in much the same way as the adventures in the *Book of Lairs I and II*. These are pre-designed encounters that can be inserted almost anywhere and anytime in a campaign. They are to help the DM flesh out an area of Greyhawk and its environs, or to provide a change of pace in a long-term mission.

Each adventure card is self-contained. The section of initial statistics helps the DM place the adventure and tells the DM if the adventure is really suitable to the levels of the PCs. The "Total gp" line gives the value of all treasure (including gems and jewelry) in the adventure, but does not include the monetary value of magic items or other objects of value that may be gained, since attaching values to such objects is the DM's prerogative. The "Monster XP" number gives the amount of XP the party will earn for defeating the opposition. The DM may alter the XP award for an adventure, adding or



subtracting points from this total to take into account how the PCs perform in ways that don't directly relate to defeating monsters.

The "Set Up" section gives the DM one or more suggestions as to how to get the PCs started on the adventure outlined. From that point on, the course of the adventure is up to the DM and the players.

The Tomes

The true key to the City of Greyhawk lies in the wealth of information contained in this tome, entitled the "Gem of the Flanaess" and its companion volume, "Greyhawk: Folk, Feuds, and Factions." In these pages you will find the masters and mastered of Greyhawk, the rich and the poor, the mighty and the miserable.

These selfsame documents will take you on a guided tour of our fair—and sometimes not-so-fair—city. You will be spared no detail of shameful darkness, no scrap of seemingly insignificant detail.

The "Gem of the Flanaess" book provides a general look at the city and environs. Many locations are explained, and the general appearance and atmosphere of the city districts is revealed.

The "Folk, Feuds, and Factions" book brings you the city in great detail. There you will find characters of all varieties, friends and foes. The important people of the city are introduced there, as are the powerful guilds that determine so much of the city's nature.

Additionally, that volume offers glimpses of the politics of the city and the workings of its society. You will read of the entertainment offerings in Greyhawk, hear of its legal and military structure, and even gain insight into the worshiping habits of the city's many faiths and faithful.

But in essence we hope you will find a place that grows richer for your presence.

Note on Locating References: When additional information is indicated, the cross-reference will provide a chap-

ter number and one of the two book titles, as in Ch1 GoF (Chapter 1 in "Gem of the Flanaess") or Ch5 FFF (Chapter 5 of "Folk, Feuds, and Factions").

Why the Gem of the Flanaess?

A number of factors have contributed to Greyhawk's key position in the affairs of the Flanaess. Among them are its location, long history, economic versatility, and the vigor and variety of its population.

Greyhawk has long been a beacon for men and women of learning, or great faith, or high magic. Such people of power often seek the companionship, or at least the acquaintance, of equals. Thus the city has provided for them a focal point and gathering place. Many are the mages who study for a decade in Greyhawk before embarking on an adventuring career that might span half a century. In the twilight of their lives, such wizards often return to the place of their training.

But currently active adventurers are also drawn to the city. The nearness of the great ruin, Castle Greyhawk, has proven to be the most irresistible draw to treasure-seeking bravos ever discovered. (Of course, more of these bravos visit the city before their excursion into the castle than after.)

The city contains all sorts of people, and a few other sorts of individuals. About 80% of the city's population are native Greyhawkers, with another 14% humans from about the Nyr Dyv, Rhennee, barbarians from the north or the wild coast, and those from farther afield.

The largest group of nonhumans are the half-orcs, making up perhaps 2.5% of the population. Halflings count for 1.5%, dwarves for 1%, elves for perhaps 0.5%, and the remaining 0.5% is gnomes and other demihuman or humanoid types that are able to function as citizens.

The result is a thriving city with room for all sorts of individuals. It is a city with rules, no more or less corrupt than any other ma-

yor center, but for those who can learn to live within its rules (which are quite different from its laws, it should be noted), it is a city of unparalleled opportunity.

Greyhawk's Climate

The city is not subject to the extremes of the weather across the Flanaess. This fact is important to the poorer denizens of the Slum Quarter, who often must sleep without a roof over their heads.

The city suffers a midwinter period of 10-16 weeks where the nightly temperature dips below freezing regularly, sometimes plunging 15 or 20 degrees below that mark. Daytime temperatures remain below freezing for an average of 11-20 days per year.

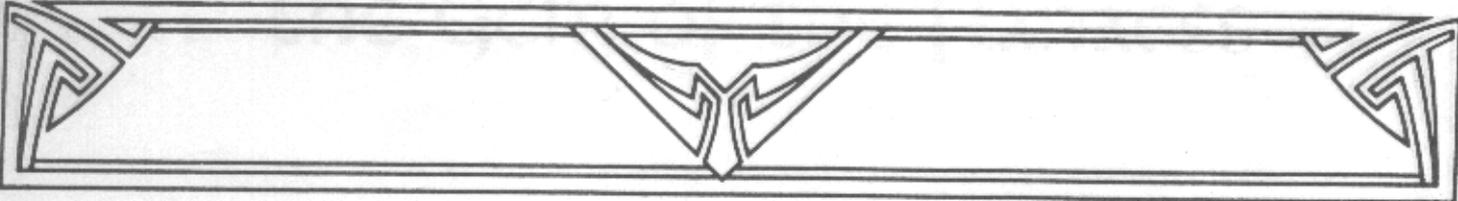
Winds, tending to blow from the east, pose few problems in the city. The Cairn Hills absorb the brunt of the worst northeast winter gales, and only the shanties of Shacktown have any vulnerability to damage from high winds.

Precipitation is common, with a 25% chance per day of 1/2 inch or less of rainfall. During the winter, there is a 60% chance that the precipitation will fall as snow, 1d6 inches of accumulation.

If a 01 is rolled for the precipitation check on 1d100, the city suffers a major thunderstorm (if it rains), with lightning striking 1d6 × 1 locations in the city and an inch or more of rain falling. The sewers fill with water and the streets are generally awash, though the sloping ground of its site keeps Greyhawk City safe from flooding. If the precipitation is snow when the 01 is rolled, the storm is a blizzard that drops 2d8 inches of snow, lasts for 1d4 days, and brings travel to and from the city to a halt. Even the city's inhabitants tend to remain inside.

Greyhawk the Trading Center

The city has its roots, of course, as a riverbank trading post during the time when the lands of the Flanaess underwent the great influx of humanity. As the



great frontier lands of Furyondy, Urnst, and Nyronnd took hold and began to flourish, they quickly produced more food than they needed.

In addition, the arts of weaving and garment making began to flourish in all three lands, encouraged by the ready availability of pasture land for sheep, and the ability of cotton to grow in the warm summers.

Originally, the town was a wild frontier settlement. It served simply as a meeting place for traders from the lands south of the Lortmil Mountains, and along the coast of the Azure Sea to meet with the producers of Furyondy, Urnst, and Nyronnd.

Gradually the town's central location and high standard of living led to the creation of great textile mills in what is now the Slum Quarter of the Old City. These in turn drew workers from the surrounding lands, and slowly the town became a city. A great meatpacking industry also began to flourish, aided by the ready access to salt from Woolly Bay.

But as the kingdoms grew more self-sufficient, as better roads began to cross the Flanaess, Greyhawk became a less important cog in the trading circle. For a long time its growth stagnated, its size delineated for us today by the walls of the Old City.

But as the standard of living rose throughout the continent, Oerik witnessed the development of the adventuring breed. With the discovery of great treasures in the Cairn Hills and, more recently, in Castle Greyhawk itself, these adventurers have flocked to the city in great numbers. Many have chosen to stay, and many more dispose of their treasure here. In a sense, it is the presence of these adventurers as much as any other factor that has given the city its current healthy economic status.

Now Greyhawk serves again as a trading center, as often for the trading of precious metals and gems as for food and clothing. But the city leaders have invested the earnings of this recent boom wisely, strengthening the city in all its aspects. Thus, when the nearby dungeons have been cleaned and the treasures dis-

persed, the city will have a solid financial base upon which to grow.

Never again will it simply fade into the past, allowing the events of the present to pass it by.

For full details on the types of trade currently flourishing in Greyhawk, see Ch1 FFF.

Greyhawk the Banking Center

The exact amount of financial dealings going on in Greyhawk is impossible to calculate, for it passes through many hands, leaving its mark in countless ways. Suffice to say that no place on the Flanaess sees as much value pass through its gates during the course of a year.

And each parcel of wealth that passes through the city leaves a little behind. The powerful Guild of Moneylenders and Pawnbrokers contributes to the city coffers an amount exceeding that of every other guild, save the Thieves' Guild, of course.

Virtually any type of coin recognized across the Flanaess is accepted by a Greyhawk moneychanger. The rate of exchange worsens the farther the origin of the coin lies from the city, however. The guild is well organized, so visitors who visit several moneychangers find that the rates of exchange offered by each are almost identical. (Discounts may be offered for large transactions.)

Also, the low taxes charged by the city, and the many advantages of living here—especially for the wealthy—have drawn numerous well-moneyed citizens to the city. Here they live and spend, the rest of their funds safely stored in one of the city's great moneylending centers.

Greyhawk the Fortress

The sanctuary of the New City's high walls has thus far been tested only by the depredations of bandits and isolated bands of ruffians. Indeed, since its expansion the city has never faced a serious

military threat.

Yet always its walls stand ready, and if pressed by an attacker, the City of Greyhawk can certainly muster a tenacious and effective defense.

The overall commander of the city defenders is Sental Nurev, Captain-General of the Watch. This force can quickly become considerably larger than the standing force of men-at-arms serving the City Watch.

The standing garrison of the City Watch, a complement of some 800 men, is a steadfast and capable force, well trained in combat. It fights as two brigades of three companies each. One company fights with spear, another with long sword and shield, and a third with long bow and short sword.

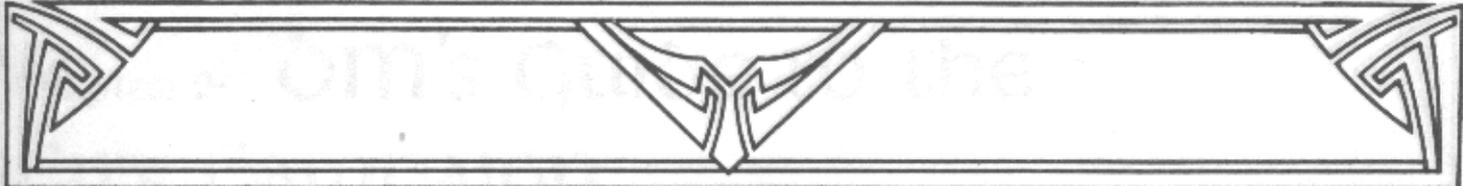
In addition, a quick recruitment of mercenaries can add another 1d4 +4 companies of veterans, up to two of them cavalry. Each company of foot has 110-200 fighters of 1st to 3rd level. Cavalry companies average about half that size, though the troopers are 2nd- to 4th-level fighters.

Finally, the city maintains several large arsenals, and a capability to call a levee from the masses of the population. The city can effectively mobilize and arm nearly 7,000 unskilled militia. Cumbersome to maneuver, shaky in morale, the militia nonetheless presents a daunting array of steel when it is lined along the city's parapets.

But the defenders of the city are not limited to the foot soldiers who stand upon the walls. The city, of course, is home to numerous colleges, universities, schools of magic, and temples. As such, it has a very high population of skilled inhabitants.

From these inhabitants, the city demands only one thing (after taxes, of course): Should Greyhawk be plagued by some outside threat to the sanctity of its walls, all priests, mages, engineers, architects, and scholars must stand to her defense. Failure to do so (or sudden departure from the city in the face of attack) results in permanent banishment from Greyhawk and all its dominions.

In the face of a raiding band of enemies,



the Watch and mercenary companies might be sent into the field, but only if a short, decisive campaign seems likely. Greyhawk is more likely to rely on the security of its neighboring states to keep such groups away.

If threatened by a truly powerful attacker, the defenders of the city retire to the walls of the New City. Most of the militia are then stationed along the perimeter of the wall. Each gate is held by a company of militia, reinforced by veterans. The bulk of the veterans, and any cavalry, is held in various places near the walls as reserves.

The wizards, in the meantime, are spread among the defenders. The more powerful wizards stand upon tower tops, or along the parapets. Apprentices and lesser mages form small companies, generally armed with *magic missile* spells.

The priests serve upon the walls as well, though their spells do not assault the foe except in crisis most dire. More often they tend to the wounded even as they fall, or *bless* the performance of a unit before battle. During siege, of course, the *create food* and *cure disease* abilities of this class prove invaluable.

The engineers and architects, meanwhile, construct and operate as many war machines as materials and time allow. With the exception of the Citadel, the city is not permanently protected by catapults, ballistae, and trebuchets. However, these military craftsmen can build up to four war machines a day, to a maximum of 50 +1d20, prior to battle. Once combat begins the engineers stop building and start fighting.

Should the outer wall suffer a breach, Sental then commands a defense of the city street by street, as much as possible. If this proves impractical, the defenders consolidate at two primary strongpoints: the Old City and the Citadel. In addition, the great buildings of the colleges and temples, and the stone mansions of the nobility, are defended as long as possible.

The Citadel is the site of a last-ditch stand, if necessary. The best of the troops are gathered here, as well as the most powerful defenders of all classes. The city's richest citizens will doubtless

try to buy their way—probably with considerable success—into the sanctuary of its walls. A maximum of perhaps 5,000 individuals might find shelter here.

The actual defense of the Citadel is described in Chapter 5. The secret hiding place below it can provide sanctuary to no more than 100 of the city's inhabitants.

Greyhawk the Learning Center

The Free City of Greyhawk is the home of the most prestigious school of magic across the Flanaess. The distinctive pyramid of the University of Magic Arts is one of the Free City's most unique landmarks. Greyhawk's colleges are among the most respected in the known world. And its great libraries are the destinations of sages and scholars from all corners of the continent.

The Greyhawk University of Magic Arts, under the principalship of Kieren Jalucian (see Ch3 FFF for a full description of this NPC) is the college selected by the most qualified apprentice mages—those who can afford the tuition, that is.

The "Wizard School," as the university is often called, is overseen by the Guild of Wizardry. Its students work hard, and are subject to harsh discipline. By and large the apprentices have time for little but their studies.

Among the great centers of learning, their imposing halls grandly arrayed along the Processional, Grey College stands proudly as the oldest and most prestigious. It offers a broad program of literary and historical arts, as well as studies in architecture, military engineering, the fine arts, and many other specialties.

Also prominent is the School of Clerkship, which focuses on literacy skills and record-keeping. Its graduates assist many of the most powerful residents of the city, and the land, often scribing for masters who themselves can neither read nor write. Consequently, the graduates of this school are highly sought after, and a degree from the School of Clerkship offers much more status than the term "clerk" might imply.

Other colleges also line the broad boulevard, and smaller and smaller schools are to be found in the parklike maze of Clerkborg. These range from tutors who teach but a single student to colleges with a staff of five and a dozen students, to the halls of Grey College itself, where a class of graduates might approach 100 individuals, during a good year.

Greyhawk the Religious Center

In a sense it is odd that, since Greyhawk is such a center of magic and learning, it is not equally a center of the priestly arts. Some of the reasons for this are examined in Ch3 FFF.

Suffice to say that priests come to study in Greyhawk only if they seek the tutelage of a particular instructor, such as some of the masters and patriarchs listed in Ch3 FFF. While this is not uncommon, individuals first seeking to enter the priesthood are not as likely to travel to Greyhawk for study as are prospective mages or scholars.

Temples and monuments to evil deities are expressly forbidden in Greyhawk City. The few of the city's shrines to evil gods that exist are carefully hidden, their locations secrets that followers generally carry to the death, rather than divulge to the enemies of the cult.

When such an illegal shrine is discovered, penalties are harsh and immediate. All wealth of the sect and its members is immediately confiscated by the city. The leaders of the sect, or those suspected of providing spiritual guidance in the evil doctrine, are put to death. All other members, thus destitute, are banished from the city for life.

There are numerous temples, many of them quite grand, erected to the glory of the various good and neutral gods. Most of the known deities along of these alignments have at least a shrine within the city.

The finest of the temples and pyramids stand along the Processional, but those of lesser stature are to be found in all parts of the city.



Though the city is not overflowing with high-level priests of all sects, the actual number of priests in the city is quite high. Many of these, particularly those of good alignment, operate small shrines and shelters in the Old City, tending to the destitute, starving, and diseased to the best of their abilities. Indeed, though all three scourges are still to be found in the Old City, their spread is nowhere near as great as it would without the services of these devoted men and women of faith.

Greyhawk the Adventuring Center

Actually, this is one aspect of the city that its more respectable citizens would rather downplay. But it's already too late, for the word is out: Greyhawk is a splendid place for adventure!

Beginning with the general locale, the Cairn Hills have drawn the reckless and daring to this section of the Flanaess for

many years. One of the original cornerstones of the Free City was its convenience as a place for entertainment and recuperation for such adventurers.

Now, with the ongoing exploration and plundering of Greyhawk Castle—an even closer site—the flow of adventurer-found wealth into the city has grown to a flood.

But even the city itself has proven a suitable locale for derring-do. Of course, instead of wandering monsters, such adventurers must contend with the City Watch and that even more jealous guardian of the city status quo, the Thieves' Guild.

Characters who embark on lawless pursuits here, such as nonguild theft, unauthorized entry, or assault and perhaps manslaughter, find the officers of the watch to be diligent investigators, far from stupid. If the suspects have infringed in any conceivable way upon the activities of the Thieves' Guild (or even if such infringement is alleged by a friend of the guild), the watchmen are aided in

such investigations by the members of that guild—and the guild has eyes everywhere.

But for characters wishing to discover the headquarters of a secret, evil cult, or expose the efforts of slavers smuggling their wares through the wharves of the city, they are rewarded not only by the fruits of their own efforts, but also through the gratitude of the officers of the watch and city officials.

Other Esteemed Sources on the City and its World

A spate of publications have detailed the secrets of this unique and wonderful realm. Among them are the earlier **WORLD OF GREYHAWK®** boxed game accessory, the **GREYHAWK®** *Adventures* hardcover book, and the *Castle Greyhawk* module.

Chapter 2: DM's Guide to the City Campaign



Using Stories and NPCs (DM Section)

Actually this entire product is best kept in the hands of the DM, so that players can discover the city from their characters' points of view. This best preserves the mystery of the city and enhances everyone's enjoyment.

This is not an entirely realistic expectation, however. However, the material in this section specifically relates to how the DM can work the city into his campaign in a way that will provide the most enjoyment for all concerned. So players, don't read this!

Most DMs realize the importance of a good story to any role-playing campaign. While a city campaign is no different, some of the story design tasks faced by the DM do change in comparison to a wilderness, underground, or exploring campaign.

Most significant is the sheer number of characters that the PCs can interact with. While many of them are detailed within these pages, the DM will find numerous instances arising where he will need to quickly create a barmaid, thief/informer, old beggar, or some other citizen that the PCs wish to meet.

Whenever you do this, try to take a few seconds to note the NPC's name, location, job or role in the city, and any other pertinent information that applies—possessions, combat abilities, even attribute scores if they become necessary. Then if the PCs wish to meet that NPC again, you have the information at your fingertips. (If you generate a lot of NPCs, you might want to use a separate page to list those in each of the city quarters to aid in finding the information again when you need it).

Thus, as you add more and more characters to the city—and the PCs become acquainted with these NPCs—the city

will begin to take on a life of its own. Your players' characters will feel at home there, and your campaign will flow smoothly from one adventure to the next.

The stories you develop for your city campaign can be tremendously varied. The situations presented in these volumes give you the framework for dozens of campaign story lines. It simply becomes a matter of your PCs finding a challenge that interests them, and going to face it.

Story Ideas

The best source of story ideas for DMs is, and has always been, the players in the campaign. Listen to them; find out what interests and challenges them, and provide them opportunities for adventures that appeal to those interests.

Many story ideas will grow out of the interaction between your players and



NPCs, especially if you throw in an appropriate piece of information at the right time. ("Alas," lamented the voluptuous barmaid as she brought yet another pitcher, on the house. "I have been forced to resort to this degrading existence ever since the evil Lord Plankton drove my parents from their home! If only I could find the key to the family treasure. But I don't mean to bore you with my troubles.")

Of course, you don't have to be this melodramatic, but you get the picture.

Because of the intricate nature of the city environment, you will have to concentrate more of your efforts on presenting that environment than you would in a dungeon setting. Conversely, the characters will have many more options open to them, and so the story itself might grow more out of their actions than your plot design.

Story Elements

In any campaign, you will have to create the key elements of the story, even if—as is likely in a city campaign—the plot and progress of the story are determined by the players. Some of these elements are briefly explained here. If you include these elements in your campaign, the players should be able to do the rest.

Villains: This ingredient, all by itself, is enough to drive many a story. Spend time designing your villains, for these are your most important NPCs. Make them worthy of your PCs. Give villains motivation, intelligence, and most important of all, nastiness! If a villain gives the PCs good cause to bear a grudge, many enjoyable gaming sessions can follow as the players seek the villain, learn about him, and finally face him.

It is best to use a hierarchy of villains in a campaign setting. Thus, as the PCs finally vanquish the foe that has opposed them for so long, they find that he is a mere lackey working under the orders of an even nastier foe!

Foreshadowing: This key story element is ignored by many DMs, yet it is easy to use in a gaming situation. Foreshadowing is the vague warning or feeling

of unease that might precede a dangerous encounter. ("I've got a bad feeling about this. . .")

Rumors are a good means of foreshadowing, as are cryptic messages from beggars or sages, signs to PC priests, or even dreams you relate to the players.

Mystery: Don't give the characters all the information up front, as in: "The sage says you should go this way to the cave shown here, climb down to the third level, and bring back the emerald eye from the pagan statue."

Instead, something obscure ("Seek ye the low places, returning not until ye have gained the orb of green fire") will give the players the information they need, but add the enjoyable element of mystery to the story.

Other good sources of mystery can include keeping the villain's identity a secret, allowing the PCs to find remains of previous battles where they must decipher the enemy's nature and tactics, providing cryptic maps or clues to mysterious treasure, or giving the group a magical item that cannot be used until the PCs solve a riddle or find a secret location.

Challenge: This should go without saying, but it all too often needs to be said. Whether you challenge your players with hordes of nameless monsters, deadly traps, sinister puzzles, obscure clues, or nasty ambushes, you need to come up with encounters and information that force your player characters to really work. Without challenge, there is no adventure.

Timing: The PCs might control the direction and even the pace of the adventure, but you still control the timing. A good DM will introduce a fresh clue just as the players begin to grow frustrated with their lack of progress, or throw a combat encounter at the PCs if they begin to grow too complacent.

Reward: A key ingredient by any measure, reward figures with extra prominence in a gaming setting. The rewards given the characters—and hence, the players—can be of many different types. They must be there in some form or other in order to make the campaign seem worthwhile.

Rewards should be tailored to the challenges the PCs overcome in obtaining them—small rewards for minor challenges and great rewards for the most awe-inspiring obstacles.

Of course, the first type of reward that doubtless occurs to players and DMs alike is treasure, whether magical or mundane. Indeed, treasure for their characters is a fine medium for rewarding players. However, treasure, like rich food, is best enjoyed in tiny bites that leave the diner craving just a bit more.

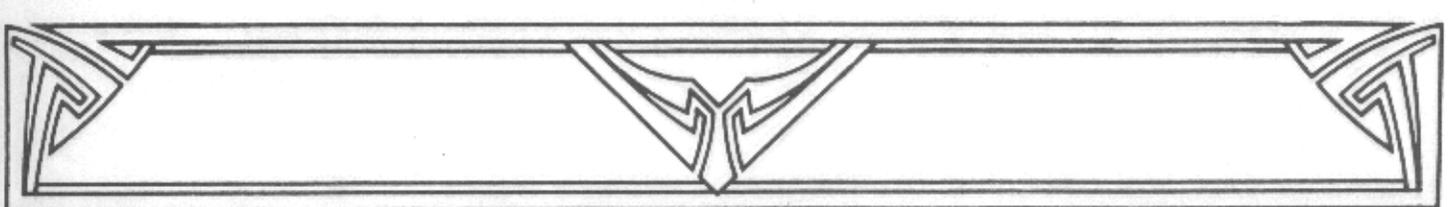
Probably more campaigns have been ruined by an excess of treasure tossed into the hands of the PCs than from any other cause. If gold pieces start to be as numerous as blades of grass, they become about as valuable (and useful for reward) as so many blades of grass. Far better to give a character a few gp and let him ponder for awhile how to spend that treasure than to load him down with enough funds to buy everything he wants.

When you give a character a very valuable treasure or magical item, it often pays to attach some "catch," or use the treasure to tie in to another story element.

For example, if a character is unconscious for 2d6 turns after he uses his *wand of nuclear detonation*, you can be fairly certain that he will not use that wand against every band of goblins in his path. Or if the Crown of Avalon, carried by the players, is also sought by some powerful king or evil wizard, the PCs' lives can get very interesting in a hurry.

A valuable treasure with a mystery attached ("What's the stupid command word, for crying out loud?") can continue to motivate and intrigue players for many gaming sessions after they acquire it. Perhaps a magical item puts out a potent effect at random intervals, and the PCs must journey to its point of origin to find out how to control it. Maybe an item even has a trait that the PCs don't know about until, suddenly and in the nick of time, it saves their lives.

Though successful adventurers enjoy and should receive treasure, you must take care that this is not the only type of



reward in your campaign. Even the largest pile of fantasy riches loses its glitter after a while.

Experience is another valuable reward, quantified in the gaming context as Experience Points (XP). A good DM uses experience points wisely, as he does treasure, not overdoing it but granting enough experience points that the players realize that their characters' efforts are worthwhile. Don't hesitate to award extra points if the players take some course of action that clearly merits reward.

Experience points work particularly well when the primary goal of an adventure is not the acquisition of treasure. But don't overlook the following forms of reward, either. They can all work well as a means of making the players feel good about their characters' accomplishments, without necessarily filling the PCs' pockets with gold.

Curiosity has always been a great human motivator, and the satisfaction of that curiosity becomes a reward. Whether the PCs explore a new location (above or under ground), solve an ancient riddle, or simply learn of some tactic that will aid them in a tough upcoming encounter, learning new things can give players a good feeling. If the information points to new adventures or other rewards, so much the better.

The gratitude of NPCs is another very significant reward. Of course, any character would delight in knowing that the Lord Mayor, or a great wizard, or a nearby king owes that character a big favor. And in most cases, when the character claims the favor, the NPC's gratitude causes him to repay the favor, with interest. Of course, kings have been known to be fickle, and wizards forgetful, but these should be the exceptions rather than the rule.

However, don't assume that only the gratitude of the rich and powerful can reward the PCs. The orphan a fighter rescues from a gang of bullies can prove to be a veritable font of information. Likewise the poor beggar or harlot. These less fortunate characters, in fact, are usually more likely to take risks and go out of their way to help one who has

helped them. After all, kings expect that sort of thing; orphans don't.

This ties into the final type of reward. It is the most intangible, but it can be the most important, particularly for good players. This reward is the moral sense of accomplishment that comes from doing the right thing at the right time.

The DM has a lot of control over this reward, but it should relate directly to the actions and accomplishments of the PCs. In a city as well organized and policed as Greyhawk, this is not hard to accomplish. The examples discussed here apply to characters of good alignment since, for evil characters, this reward is a lot less satisfactory.

This is one reason why playing evil characters has little appeal to most good role-players. Perhaps a new player might find some enjoyment in playing the role of a bully or a thug, but as the player's sophistication increases, the satisfaction of the role decreases. Even a 15th-level evil mage in command of a legion of humanoids and a flying wing of dragons is essentially a bully and a thug. It is far better to use this NPC as an adversary than as an ideal for the PCs.

When good characters save a village from the bandit horde, stop the depredations of a band of monsters, return the kidnapped prince to his family, or disrupt the activities of an evil cult, the sense of satisfaction gained should provide a considerable reward in itself.

Gaming Opportunities in Greyhawk City

Greyhawk was the first city designed for an AD&D® game campaign. It has more gaming history than any other locale. And yet we have barely scratched the surface of its gaming potential.

The background and surroundings of the city are sometimes familiar to many players. In other cases, these might be different than in the world in which you and your players campaign. As always, the DM has the last word on what is "real" in his particular campaign. Just because this book says the Inn of the Gold

Dragon is located at the Processional and the Garden Gate does not mean you have to place it there in your campaign.

Of course, if you have long campaigned in Greyhawk, or if you are starting a new campaign, the city slides easily into place. Even campaigns not set in the WORLD OF GREYHAWK® fantasy world setting, however, can often benefit by the addition of a detailed, large-scale city setting. And you don't have to design it yourself!

You can adapt features of your existing campaign to fit the city, or adapt the city to fit the campaign. It should not prove too difficult to find a way to merge the two, and your campaign will have gained a vibrant centerpiece of a city in the process.

The other Greyhawk products already mentioned provide details on the world of Greyhawk in general, though the city is left relatively undefined, save for the detailed history given in the earlier WORLD OF GREYHAWK boxed set. The *GREYHAWK® Adventures* hardcover book introduces some of the main NPCs of the city, and those are further detailed herein. Module WG7, *Castle Greyhawk*, gives a complete description of that massive dungeon complex, just a half-day's march from the city gate.

DMs are encouraged to add their own detail whenever they want to. Several aspects of the city are left intentionally open-ended. No resolution is provided for most of the political intrigues described. Ideally, the actions of the PCs will be decisive in determining how these events end up.

If you don't wish to employ some of the conflicts presented here, simply ignore them. The humanoid horde currently preparing the lair of Blackthorn as an invasion route to the surface world is one such situation. If this plan proceeds as outlined, it will have a profound effect on the lands around Greyhawk and even the city itself.

Of course, the PCs might stop this plot before it comes to fruition. Alternatively, if this whole series of events is inconsistent with the direction you would like to take your campaign, you might decide that the humanoid lair doesn't even exist.

Give Some Thought to Your Players

City adventuring appeals to many players, particularly those who enjoy role-playing the more mundane dealings of their PCs in great detail—a bartering expedition to the market, for example, or a series of interviews with a highly regarded sage. But this type of game is not suited for everyone. The following sections give a brief overview of three general types of gamers. You might find it useful in determining what type of adventures to present to your players.

There is an infinite number of ways you can employ a detailed setting such as this in a campaign. The most appropriate for your game depends on the type of players you have, and your own interests as DM.

Though there is a great amount of crossover from one category to another, three basic types of role-playing gamers seem to be well represented in our hobby. The kinds of adventures suitable for one gaming type are not necessarily the best for another. These gaming types are commonly referred to as the "Adventurers," the "Role-Players," and the "Problem-Solvers."

Adventurers

This first type of gamer is perhaps the most common. Certainly it is very typical among players new to role-playing. Many of those players eventually move to one of the other gaming styles, but for a lot of us this type of play is what role-playing gaming is all about!

The adventurer prides himself on overcoming the physical challenges of the gaming session. Combat with horrible monsters, bashing down doors, and grabbing hoards of treasure mark the high points in the Adventurer's gaming session.

The worth of a character played by this type of gamer is measured by his attribute scores and his possessions, particularly magical items. Replacing the *short sword* +1 with the *long sword* +2 represents a big moment in his career.

For this type of player, Greyhawk City is a maze of confrontations and obstacles, scheming thieves and petty nobles, evil wizards, thugs and bullies, and even more sinister perils.

The city adventures most suited for the Adventurer's style of gaming include any type of combat situation—a duel, a thief caught in the act by the PCs or nearby citizenry, the discovery of a monster loose in (or under) the city, service with the City Watch, encounters with gangs of toughs, watchmen exceeding their authority, extortionists, members of evil cults, and visitors to the city who get out of hand. You will have to wax imaginative after a while to continue to devise imaginative combat challenges in the city environment.

Good plot lines for these players include stealthy missions into evil temples, criminal headquarters, rival guildhalls, and the mansions of wealthy nobles. They might also enjoy active service in the City Watch, or exploratory excursions below the city streets.

It is for these players that the boxed set includes the dungeon settings around the city: in the Mist Marsh, Cairn Hills, and Gnarley Forest. And much space has been purposely left open in those regions, for you to add your own dungeon and wilderness settings.

When designing and running a campaign where most of your players are of the Adventurer sort, your story line will not be as important as the individual encounters within that overall context. Put most of your effort into creating challenging encounters, each as different from the others as possible. Throw surprises, such as a mage disguised to look like a thief, at the players. Introduce as many different creature types as you logically can. Surprise the party with a clever trap.

Use good tactics for the NPCs; don't just have them march into battle like lambs to the slaughter. If the NPCs are losing, let them retreat. If they hear the PCs coming, let them set up an ambush. If an NPC has a useful magical item, it shouldn't be stored in that chest under his bed if he can use it.

Many players, after enjoying this style of play for some time, move on to one of the different approaches explained before. Many others continue to enjoy this straightforward type of gaming for many years. By paying attention to the needs of your players, you can help insure that you provide the right type of gaming experience.

Role-Players

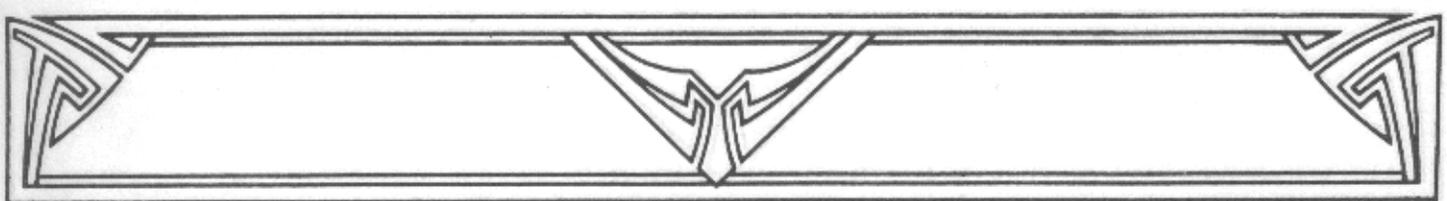
This type of gamer derives great pleasure from the visualization of his player character. Creating that character, from the rolling of attributes to the outfitting of every detail of apparel and kit, is a very enjoyable procedure for the Role-Player. He enjoys developing ancestries for his PCs, and defining small details of appearance.

The personality of the character is more important to this player than are the character's attributes. If the PC gains a magical sword, the name and history of that sword make a bigger difference to the player than does the fact that it is +2 instead of +1.

Of all three types of gamer, this one is perhaps most naturally suited to city adventuring. The greatest gaming pleasure for this type of player comes from the interaction of his PC with other PCs and with NPCs. Of course, the one thing a city is always well stocked with is NPCs.

Role-Players enjoy each bargaining session with a shopkeeper and each flirtation with a barmaid (or bartender). They want to play out, word by word, an important meeting with a noble lord. They want to know where their characters live, what the rooms look like, and how much they cost. Role-Players often enjoy keeping detailed records of their characters' funds, paying attention to the allocation of each silver piece.

The story lines generated for these players' adventuring must have interesting and memorable characters. Unlike games for Adventurers, combat situations and physical challenges are not the central feature of the game, though Role-Players enjoy a tense battle as much as anyone else.



Strong villains make for splendid motivation with Role-Players. If something of importance to the character is wronged, the player is motivated to send his character after retribution. Remember the importance of the character's personality—a character who enjoys wearing all manner of finery will be greatly offended by one who insults his appearance or dirties his garment.

The DM's job for this type of gamer relies less on designing encounters than on NPCs. If you keep a stable of well-defined NPCs on hand for your players to interact with, you will find your adventures almost designing themselves. And best of all, those adventures will grow out of the players' motivations!

Problem Solvers

Problem-Solvers, like Role-Players, are generally fairly experienced players. These players most enjoy the mental challenges of an adventure: deciphering a code, solving a riddle, negotiating a maze, or figuring out a complicated trap.

This can be the hardest type of player to referee, because the DM must remain two or three mental jumps ahead of the group. It takes a lot of preparation to design the types of challenges that appeal to the Problem-Solver player.

The best story lines for these players involve mysteries. Perhaps a dying messenger or obscure beggar provides them with a clue to a sinister plot, together with a code name of one of its minor participants. The adventure is primarily an attempt to gather enough clues to put together a picture of what is going on. Certainly there will be role-playing and combat encounters along the way, but the significant objectives of the adventure can be information instead of other treasures.

In order to maintain the interest of this type of gamer, it is essential that each gaming session introduces new and unique occurrences, settings, and information. Borrow ideas from any source you can in order to keep up the freshness of your campaign. You'd be surprised how easy it can be to take a great mys-

tery movie or novel that you have enjoyed and turn it into an AD&D® game adventure. Using the same plot, clues, and situations, you might find your players engrossed in a medieval version of "The Orient Express" or some other good story.

It also helps to rely on modules when you referee this type of player. Within the City of Greyhawk you will find a number of conflicts: the slow corruption of Sental Nurev, the illicit treasury payments to support the Furyondy fleet, the jealous hierarchy of the Thieves' Guild. These situations are all ripe for development. While you of course will have to create the specific encounters and clues that get your players moving in the right direction, all the groundwork is done for you right in this package.

These are good players, incidentally, to recruit for the City Watch. If your party is of medium level, they can qualify as officers and investigators, and mysteries will naturally find their way to the PCs' doorsteps. Even as lowly 1st- or 2nd-level watchmen, however, the characters might find clues coming their way. And an impressive performance from such a lowly guard is sure to win the notice and approval of superiors.

Using This Knowledge in Your City Campaign

You will probably recognize aspects of your players in each of the three types mentioned. In truth, most players do not want to limit themselves to one style of play. A truly successful campaign generally manages to blend elements of good PC motivation with puzzling, yet useful clues, leading to dangerous and challenging encounters. In fact, DMs should take some initiative in exposing their players to different types of gaming. Maybe the group of PCs spends all its time bashing monsters because the players thought that was their only option. So give them a chance to solve a mystery. Ask them to develop some background details about their characters.

This overview might help you to recognize some of the things your players most

enjoy, and least enjoy. If you find the group bored by the bartering session to acquire expedition supplies, don't try to role-play the entire affair; tell them how much everything costs and get on with it.

On the other hand, if the group shows little enthusiasm when they are ambushed by yet another group of thugs, perhaps you need to add a little more of a cerebral challenge to your gaming sessions.

The best DMs blend elements of all three styles, observing their players all along to see what works and what doesn't. You will see that the Free City of Greyhawk offers enough opportunity for all types of adventure to flourish here.

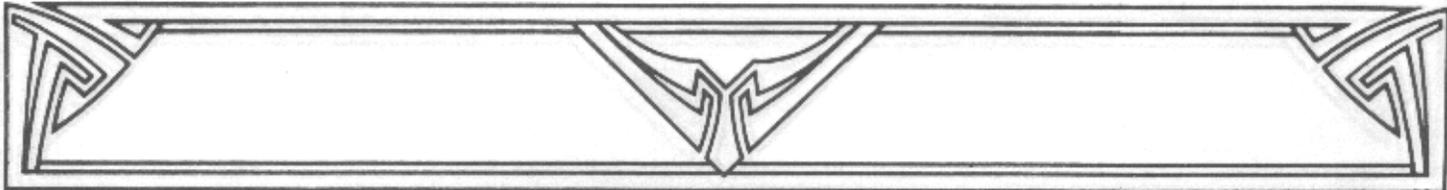
Placing the City in Your Campaign Context

The Free City of Greyhawk can be used in a number of ways. The best way for your particular campaign is the one that most suits your players and the group's style of gaming.

The city and its environs can serve as a locale for an entire adventuring career. Characters can start here, in whatever class they choose, and work their way up in experience without ever venturing far beyond the city walls. Such a campaign requires a lot of note-keeping by the DM, since the players are sure to become intimately familiar with the twists and turns of Greyhawk's streets. ("How come the gem-cutter's shop was on the other side of the street last week?")

Another possibility, especially suited to players who like to explore and have combat, is to use the city of Greyhawk as the goal of a long journey, instead of a locale for the entire campaign. Greyhawk is used here as a mystical place of power, wealth, and hope, lying some distance down the long road of adventure.

The adventure starts quite far from the city, but the DM gives the players a problem that can only be solved by some individual, agency, or resource of the great city. As the PCs work their way toward



Greyhawk, they can explore wilderness dungeons, battle bandits and orcs, and generally take their own sweet time. They may even learn something, or acquire something, that will prove of great value when they eventually reach the city.

Finally, the most balanced use of the Free City in a campaign is as a base of adventure. The characters know the city well, and often face exciting challenges there, but they also know the world beyond the city walls. This approach keeps the campaign varied, while making full use of the wealth of detail presented here.

A Note About Money in Your Campaign

Many services and goods in the Free City are explained in the text without a specific notation of their cost, while others things are noted with price attached. As in any campaign, the exact state of the city economy is a matter for the DM to carefully adjudicate.

The prices listed in the AD&D® 2nd Edition *Player's Handbook* are representative of typical communities and towns. Because of the tremendous influx of treasure into the Free City, prices here tend to be a little higher.

Prices that are not listed specifically can be considered variable, though the official prices should serve as a baseline. Factors that might modify prices include friendship (or enmity) between buyer and seller, points of common ground (same home town, followers of the same temple, etc.), previous business relationship between the two, and the value of the payment offered to the seller. As an example of the latter, a sage might require 500 gp to wrestle out the answer to some tough query. If, however, the PCs were to acquire a certain ancient tome, known to be in the keeping of one Bruto Iglatious, renowned thug, such service will be accepted in lieu of cash payment.

Among the bustle of the Petit Bazaar, one can usually find a way of bargaining a price downward to the vicinity of the offi-

cially listed amount. On the other hand, goods of exceptional quality—or the appearance of such quality, whatever the reality—are sold for two or three times the listed amount if the seller can find a buyer.

If your PCs bring an exceptional amount of treasure into the city, you might have to adjust the whole city economy upward just to keep them from buying up everything in sight. It is far better to avoid this necessity by handing out treasure carefully, in such a way that the PCs are rewarded, but not so much that they disrupt entire economies.

Starting Your Characters

The *GREYHAWK® Adventures* hardcover volume introduces a system for starting 0-level characters. If you are starting a new campaign or introducing new player characters, you should give this procedure a look. It enables you to take a young character adventuring before he has determined what class to play or even what basic interests the character holds. It also provides a framework for interesting and challenging adventures—a nice change of pace for players who might be used to stomping on everything in sight.

Simple adventures such as exploring the city or its surroundings, an encounter with a lone thief or bandit, or even a job as a squire or apprentice to some noble can offer conflicts and challenges that might generate only a bored yawn from a higher level character, but become matters of life and death for fledgling PCs.

Even if you are starting a new campaign, however, you don't have to begin your PCs at 0 Level. The standard starting procedure works well whether characters are in a city, small town, or wilderness lair. The following table might give you a little added character detail, particularly for those characters who begin their careers in Greyhawk City itself.

Of course, nothing says that the results of this determination have to be made by die roll. You can assign, or let players

choose, from among the varied backgrounds presented. If the die indicates a result you don't want, by all means ignore the result and assign a more appropriate selection, or let the player reroll.

As far as the character's race is concerned, this decision is best made by choice rather than random rolling. This applies not just to demihuman or human types, but to the specific breakdowns within those types.

Of course, if you have a reason for not wanting certain racial subclasses (sea elves, for instance) in your city, you can certainly decree that all elves present in Greyhawk are of the other types of elf. But if a human character wants to be born of the Rhennee bargefolk, you and the player will probably have the best gaming experience if you let the choice be made freely.

However, the status of their parents in that community, the legacy given to the character, and the contacts he has made during youth can all be determined with the following tables.

These tables are designed for player characters born and bred in the Free City itself. You may use them for other PCs, but you might want to consider deleting some of the better results, since characters born in rural towns or villages are much more likely to hail from humble origins.

The first step in determining parentage requires a 1d10 roll, with the result checked on the following table.

Living Parents of PCs Table

D10	Status of PC's Parents
1-2	PC is orphaned or abandoned *, ignorant of family origin
3	Both parents are deceased
4-6	One parent is deceased
7-8	Parents live together
9-10	Parents live separately

*This doesn't mean that 20% of the population is orphaned with no knowledge of its parentage or familial home. However, an exceedingly high proportion of such orphans and homeless waifs turn

to the adventurer's life, hence the skew in the table.

Orphaned characters often begin the campaign with some tiny scrap of evidence indicating their ancestry. Generally, the additional clues needed to solve the puzzle only come to light through long and perilous campaigning.

If one parent is deceased, the player can choose whether the character's mother or father still lives. When an occupation or status is rolled for the PC's parents (on the next table), the player can assign the result to either mother or father, and to a living or deceased parent.

Ordinarily, only one parent has a listed occupation, and consequently most players get to roll only once. However, if a player has two parents living separately, he can make a 1d100 roll on the following table for each parent.

It is even conceivable that a happily married couple could have different occupations: One might serve on the city watch while another is a weaver, for example. To determine if a player has two such parents, the player rolls 1d100. On a result of 81-100, he can roll to determine the status of his second parent.

However, a character is unlikely to have a father who is a wealthy merchant happily married to his mother, the beggar. To ensure that the PC's parents aren't too far apart on the table, the player should roll 1d100 normally for his first parent, then roll 1d20. An odd numbered result is added to the roll for the first parent to determine the second parent's placement. An even-numbered roll is subtracted.

Players should make a note of the number rolled on this table, since it may bear directly on the amount of inheritance (if any) the PC is likely to receive.

It can be noted as a sidebar that the ranking of careers and roles on the table is a very close approximation to the social status of such roles in the Free City itself.

The higher the family status, the more likely the character is to get good service in the city's business establishments, luxury boxes in the theatre, invitations to official and social events, and the like. Such char-

acters are also more likely to be known to the city's elite, and not-so-elite. Thieves are always seeking to learn of new targets for their activities, and the lord mayor keeps a nervous eye on potential upstart troublemakers or usurpers. A character who makes a good name for himself may find the Lord Mayor tapping him for a hazardous assignment, some distance from the Free City.

PC Parentage Table

D100

Roll	Parents' Status
1-6	Parent is low-life scum, too disgusting for specific description
7-12	Parent is beggar in Slum District
13-17	Parent is laborer living in Old City
18-20	Parent is nonguildmember thief
21-28	Parent is guildmember thief
29-36	Parent is scribe or tutor
37-50	Parent is merchant of little wealth
51-61	Parent is member of City Watch
62-70	Parent is mercenary
71-77	Parent is average craftsman
78-82	Parent is merchant of moderate wealth
83-87	Parent is City Watch or mercenary officer
88-90	Parent is merchant of considerable wealth
91-93	Parent is famed Master Artisan
94-96	Parent is minor noble
97-98	Parent is military commander
99-00	Parent is powerful noble or ambassador

Childhood Contacts

It is likely that a character born and bred in the city will have come to know one or two persons of influence during his growing up, even if only as a little boy he once broke the window of the great wizard Haraldo during a game of stickball years ago.

Such contacts can become useful later in life, however. Each player character who hails from the city is entitled to roll on the following table to see if he has such a friend.

The player should roll 1d12 and compare the result to the table. Certain results grant a second, third, and even more rolls; there is no limit to the number of times the player can roll, as long as the "roll again" result comes up.

Player characters who started as orphans, not knowing who their parents are, can add 2 to their roll when checking against this table.

Childhood Contact Table

D12

Roll	NPC Contacts
1-4	No useful contacts
5-6	City Watch Sergeant
7	City Watch Inspector
8	Priest, level 5-10, of St. Cuthbert or Pelor
9	Wizened sage*
10	Mage, level 5-10* (50%) or level 9-14 (50%)
11	Mercenary Captain (60%) or city noble (40%)
12	Beggars' Union Master (50%) or Thieves' Guild Master (50%)

* This result counts, and you also can roll again.

Such contacts are not automatically helpful and friendly to the PCs, but will be inclined to listen tolerantly to reasonable requests and questions. The contacts might be inclined to help the character get a job, or might provide aid if the PC is injured or in trouble. These NPCs are most certainly not going to take the PCs into their homes, feeding and sheltering them for months on end, or otherwise protecting the adventurers from the real world. What kind of adventurer would want such protection, anyway?

Modifiers to Starting Money

It is not unnatural that young adventurers hailing from wealth and station should enter their campaigning life a trifle more well-heeled than their less fortunate brethren. To reflect this, characters who rolled higher than 40% on the PC Parentage Table can roll 1d100 against the Extra Starting Money Table to see if they get lucky.

To determine the result on the Extra Starting Money table, add the result of this 1d100 roll to the one rolled on the PC Parentage Table. Check the sum of these two rolls on the Extra Starting Money Table.

Extra Starting Money Table

Sum of D100 Rolls	Added Money
41-140	None
141-160	Double starting
161-170	Quadruple starting
171-180	Ten times starting, plus 1 special item*
181-199	25 times starting, plus 1 special item*
200	100 times starting, plus 2 special items*

* Special items must be designed or selected by the DM, but generally represent a family heirloom and valuable magical item useable by the young PC's given class.

Starting and Using a Story Matrix

It is not difficult to launch your players on the road to adventure from the first moment the characters make each others' acquaintance. The story matrix suggested here gives your players lots of interesting decisions, but does not overload you with details of adventure design all at once!

The key to the matrix is to provide each character with at least one possible course of action, originating from the character's background or from the very

first encounter he experiences. If you have a small group, more than one possibility per player is recommended.

For example, one player might have a mysterious background and unknown parentage. He remembers a cruel caretaker with a certain tattoo, and one or two street corners in the Old City, but nothing more, since that caretaker sold him into slavery a decade ago. The character just now returned to the Free City in search of his name and parentage.

Another character inherits from his father a letter of recommendation and introduction to a wealthy merchant (or high ranking mercenary, or powerful mage or priest or whatever). Still another brings a unique locket, trinket, or other item of unknown value that he has had all his life. A fourth—or maybe the entire party—witnesses a sudden attack upon a helpless victim that virtually compels him to intervene.

Using rumors from the Greyhawk's Abuzz Table at the end of this book is another way to introduce the initial thread of a story line to your PCs. Or you can include an NPC in the starting group of characters who knows something of significance, and then is killed by unknown assassins because of this knowledge.

You can even place a high-level NPC among the PCs to give suggestions and offer one or two courses of action. This is an easy task for the DM, but a less attractive alternative for the players since many of their initial decisions are made for them.

Whatever beginning threads of story lines you place in your city campaign, you do not need to fully develop each one to its ultimate and dramatic climax. You don't have to know an orphaned PC's parents are at the start of the PC's quest to find them (but you have to stay at least one step ahead of the player as he tries to discover his PC's parentage).

Instead, you simply need to create several encounters and developments along each story line—enough to keep the players interested for that gaming session. Generally, the group will select one of the courses of action and follow it to its conclusion, rather than trying to solve every-

thing at once. Thus, you will get an idea of where the following gaming sessions will go, and can prepare in anticipation of your players' activities.

For example, you might determine that the tattooed character remembered by the orphan is currently the assistant master of the Beggars' Union. He stole the babe from a caravan of merchants from the north. The tiny bundle was swathed in a wolf skin, which he still has, but that's all he knows. (However, the wolf skin is inked with mysterious runes that only appear if the skin is wet. . . .)

The second character's letter of introduction, meanwhile, leads to a job offer from the merchant. He needs guards for his freight wagon, which has been ambushed twice in the Cairn Hills. (But he's also smuggling secrets, such as detailed drawings of the city defenses, to agents of the Bandit Kingdoms that he meets in Elmshire.)

The third character is shocked when her precious locket is stolen by a scraggly beggar. After a chase and a fight, they get it back, only to have the dying beggar (really an assassin in disguise) gasp, "The Snake Lord will never let you keep his talisman." An old sage has heard of the Snake Cult, but it died out a century ago. (Then one night the PCs are attacked by a group of scaly human fanatics, who strike from darkness and are covered with the mud of the city sewers.)

But even as the party goes to investigate one of these possibilities, they come upon a poor woman and her babe in the process of getting robbed by a gang of toughs. After the characters save her, and following a torrent of tearful thanks, she warns them that Gaptooth, the gang's half-orc leader (who was not present at the robbery, nor was 95% of his gang) will not rest until he drives the characters from the city. (Gaptooth and his gang becomes a constant thorn in the PCs' collective side. They eventually discover him to be the overlord of an illicit trade in young slaves.)

Note that each of these encounters starts a story unto itself, with separate villains, mysteries, challenges, and rewards. The players choose the conflict

that appeals to them. They may make this choice based on the way they feel about the NPCs they have met, or because of the type of adventure offered, or the potential for reward. In any event, they choose.

Once the PCs follow up on one of these possibilities, you simply have to keep a session or two ahead of them, providing further challenges and complications until the story line climaxes with a confrontation between the PCs and the major villain. And even this does not need to resolve the conflict for good. If the PCs shatter the Snake Cult and force the High Priest to use his *word of recall* to some distant plane, you can be sure that he makes note of the characters' names and faces before he leaves.

Even if the players choose to interrupt a current story to follow one of the other plot lines, you still have the unused encounters of that thread of the matrix.

And it is certainly the DM's prerogative to ask the party, at the conclusion of a gaming session, what general direction the players plan to take from there.

Focusing the Matrix

It might be that you want to do more than simply allow the players to wander about in search of adventure. Perhaps the group is slated for an epic quest, or you have some wonderful story you have created and you wish to make sure the players experience it. All you need to do with your story line is to focus it.

This simply means tying all of your plot threads into a single story line, generally centered against a single, very powerful, very distant villain. Each of the above suggestions can easily fit into this story line since, it may be noticed, none of them ends with the simple resolution of an immediate problem.

It doesn't take a lot of work from this point to make sure that this ultimate villain is the power behind the Snake Cult, or the bandit spies, or Gaptooth and his toughs, or the Beggars' Union.

Then, as the players solve their first challenge—discovering and arresting the traitorous merchant for example—you can provide them with another matrix of possibilities. Perhaps, as they examine the fellow's effects, they find evidence of similar agents in the Old City. But they also find the name of a reputable city lord scrawled on a piece of parchment, and letters of credit from a cargomaster in Hardby.

Each of these threads might lead them one step closer to the ultimate goal. Perhaps whichever course they follow informs them that these individuals serve an inhuman master with a base of operations in the Gnarley Forest. And so on.

Chapter 3: TERRITORY SURROUNDING GREYHAWK

The city is in many ways a product of its surroundings. Even more significantly, those surroundings control the approaches to the Free City of Greyhawk, and offer a great deal of adventure to those who base their travels in the city.

From the Cairn Hills to the north, along the blue shores of the Nyr Dyv, to the winding and placid course of the Selintan River, adventure awaits the brave adventurer within a short ride from the city walls.

The area discussed in this section is displayed on the large "Greyhawk Area" map included in this set. Specific numbered locations are described under their general geographical areas. For example, the gnomish warren of Grossettgrottell (area 2) is described in the section on the Cairn Hills.

Area 1: The Free City of Greyhawk

A detailed description of this location is the province of both these books, and the other maps in the package. This map, however, shows the city in relation to its immediate surroundings.

Major points of access to the city are the Selintan River and the River Highway that runs beside the waterway for most of its length. However, any place on this map may be reached within, at the most, three days ride from the city.

The general surrounding areas of the Cairn Hills, the Nyr Dyv, the Selintan River itself, the swampy reach known as Mistmarsh to the southeast of the city, the eastern fringe of the Gnarley Forest, and even Woolly Bay and the city of Hardby.

The Cairn Hills

This barren string of hills is the northern prominence of the massif known as the Abbor-Alz. Its name refers to the ancient discovery of mysterious burial sites here, containing relics from an unknown civilization. These relics proved to be of great value, though their acquisition was

a matter of no little risk. Though Greyhawk was no more than a wild trading town at that time, this was the beginning of its role as a starting and ending place for would-be adventurers and treasure-seekers.

The hills fringe the territories of the Free City on two sides, providing strong and visible borders. In addition, their rugged nature and general lack of settlements make them the wildest territory near the City of Greyhawk.

The hills are the remnants of an ancient range of mountains. Their foundation is the bedrock of the earth itself and in places this rock—dark gray granite and rose quartz—juts through the shallow covering of earth that gives the hills their characteristically drab appearance.

It is this same bedrock that guards the gems from which the Cairn Hills derive their most significant commercial usage. The Free City of Greyhawk operates several vast mining regions in the hills, producing a variety of large, high-quality gems, especially emeralds and rubies, though a few diamonds are unearthed here as well.

Most of the diamonds lie among the hills to the north of the Selintan River, land claimed and jealously guarded by gnomes. The humans have found it easier and much more practicable to purchase diamonds from gnomish miners rather than to try and conquer these hills. Though the surface of the land might fall to human invasion, the underearth—where the gems are—would remain forever in the hands of the industrious gnomes.

The gnomish capital of Grossettgrottell is described later in this section.

The northern slopes of the hills, in their gentle descent to the shores of the Nyr Dyv, offer little in the way of mineral wealth or any other commercial enterprise. This might be why the halflings have been allowed to live here unmolested for so long.

The halflings fish the shallows of the Nyr Dyv, maintain small flocks of sheep on the slopes of the hills, and practice whatever trading they can with vessels passing into and out of the Selintan River.

Their bustling town, Elmshire, is also described in additional detail on pages 20-21 of this book.

From the north slopes, the hills curve through a vast crescent toward the south, where they meet the Abbor-Alz. For much of this stretch the hills are devoid of permanent habitation. Instead, a few scattered monsters roam the hills here, where patrols from Urnst and Greyhawk seldom venture.

Only at their very southern extremity do the hills again host inhabitants. Here the dwarves hold sway from their rocky fastness called Greysmere. Though the mining is poor here, the quarrying is superb. The dwarves have erected vast underground halls and long tunnel networks far beyond the needs of their current population.

The hills are also dotted with the mysterious burial cairns of the ancients. Two of these, a minor and major cairn, are detailed later in this chapter. The ones marked on the map are all sites that have been thoroughly plundered by previous adventurers. Of course, there is a good (75%) chance that one of these robbed cairns has become the lair of a large monster, the shelter of a group of bandits, or the seething nest of a dark-dwelling horror.

Random Encounters in the Cairn Hills

As always, encounters should serve the purposes of your game when the PCs adventure among these hills. Many DMs will find it useful to pick among the following types of creatures, placing a strategic encounter here and there as the situation calls for it.

If you want to determine encounters randomly, check four times a day with 1d6; a 5 or 6 result indicates an encounter.

If there is an encounter, roll 1d20 and compare the result to the following table. If the players are among the Cairn Hills along the eastern map edge, do not modify the roll. If the location is in the hills ringing the shore of the Nyr Dyv, in the northern quarter of the map, then add 5 to the 1d20 roll.

Cairn Hills

Random Encounter Table

D20

Result Encounter

1	3d6 Dwarves (surveying)
2	1d6 Hill giants
3	1d8 Trolls
4	50-Dwarf company from Greysmere
5	1 Manticore
6	1d8 Dwarves (hunting patrol)
7	2d6 3rd-level human fighters (Urnst border patrols)
8	Four-headed hydra
9	1d4 Human hunters
10	1d8 Riders (Greyhawk hill 2 garrison)
11	3d8 Orcs
12	3d8 Goblins
13	3d10 Bandits
14	1d6 Bandits
15	2d4 Halflings (hunting)
16	1d6 Ogres
17	1d8 Hobgoblins
18	1-2 Rocs
19	1 High-level NPC, renegade
20	20 +1d20 Troop Greyhawk garrison patrol
21	5d6 Halflings (patrol)
22	1d6 Gnome illusionists, exploring
23	10 +1d10 Gnome patrol
24	1d8 Greyhawk garrison troops
25	2d6 Gnome miners

Flora and Fauna of the Cairn Hills

Though the barren nature of the terrain is the most visible feature of the Cairn Hills, they are home to a variety of plant and animal species.

The rocky nature of the soil carries water away quickly, though the area suffers no particular shortage of rainfall. However, the only lake among the hills is the frigid Greysmere, and marshes and swamps are extremely uncommon.

The streams shown on the map have water flowing through them during all but the driest of times. The "Partial Streams" are wet only during and following periods of significant rainfall. These are dry stream beds again within two or three days.

The pattern of plant life in the hills follows the course of these waterways to a great extent. The actual dirt of the crests and slopes of the hills holds root only for a scraggly form of tough grass, and an occasional tough bush. These plain growths produce a variety of stunning blossoms on the morning after an all-night rain. Oddly, the colors of the blossoms seems somehow in phase with the cycles of the moon—the flowers are purple, dark blue, and maroon when it rains during the new moon, and white, bright yellow, pale blue, and pink after a full moon.

Along the stream beds can be found lilacs and other, larger bushes, and even some small trees. Many of these are evergreens, resembling small cedars, but also to be found here is the occasional galda tree. These are nowhere numerous enough to lure an orchard-keeper, but occur with enough frequency along the permanent streams to have sustained many a hungry traveler. The fruit is ripe for four months at the end of winter and beginning of spring.

Aside from numerous mice and other rodents, the hills are home to the grey hawks that first gave the city its name. These fierce predators are too small to threaten a man, but are greatly prized as hunting birds. A prime fledgling can fetch anywhere from 40-100 gp among the city's wealthy citizens.

The hawks nest on ledges near the tops of the steepest cliffs they can find. During spring and summer, a nest holds 1d4(MS)1 young hawks. Though the adult hawks can do little except harass those who steal the fledglings, there is a 5% chance (per nest visited) that one of the rare rocs that roam these hills is attracted by the commotion. The roc always attacks the nest robbers.

Two species of large mammals also attract occasional huntsmen to the Cairn Hills. Small herds of wild pigs inhabit the lower valleys, especially around the permanent streams. These number 6d4 animals, led by a boar with stats equal to those of a giant boar.

The hills are also home to a hardy breed of small deer. These surefooted grass-eaters inhabit the higher slopes of

the hills. They are extremely shy and elusive. However, their meat is sweet and tender, and so they are highly sought after by human, halfling, gnome, and dwarf hunters.

Specific Locations in the Cairn Hills

2. Grossettgtrottell

This warren is actually a collection of small, underground villages, connected by mine tunnels, natural caverns, and overland trails. Its primary population centers are the five locations shown on the map.

The Gnomes: These industrious demihumans labor in their mines, jealously guard their frontiers, and shrewdly trade with emissaries of Greyhawk and beyond.

Gnomes encountered are not unfriendly unless the PCs' behavior gives them cause. Nor are they exceedingly kind or generous. If aid is granted, payment—within the aided ones' ability to pay—is expected. Likewise, aid granted will be rewarded.

The Warren: All of the dwellings are safely underground. The five entrances are all small, natural cave mouths, and each is screened with brush. Finding them is equivalent to finding a secret door.

The tunnels within the caves are large enough to accommodate a human; they average two to three feet in width and five to six feet in height.

Each cave mouth is guarded by a gnome patrol. The map of Grossettgtrottell shows the tunnel network, the entrances, the mining regions, and the villages of the warren itself.

Gnome Patrol:

Captain: AC 3 (*ring of protection* +2); MV 6; F4; hp 29; THACO 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +1 *short sword* +1

Illusionist Gnome: AC 7; MV 6; I7; hp 15; THACO 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; Spells (at least one per spell level must be in the illusion/phantasm school): 5 1st, 4 2nd, 3 3rd, and 2 4th

20 Patrolling Gnomes: AC 5; MV 6; F1; hp 6; THACO 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6



The patrol stations, including those at the entrances, are located in shadowy niches in the tunnel walls, alcoves barely large enough to conceal the contingent of gnomes stationed there. Here they will be unseen by any traveler approaching from any direction. There is a 25% chance, as one approaches a patrol station, that one or more of the gnomes there will sneeze, curse, or speak loudly enough to alert a watchful and quiet traveler.

The villages each house about 150 gnomes. Half of these are adults. The gnome villages are large, airy caverns, expanded by excavation from the original caves naturally formed in the rock.

The dwellings are smaller caves, each a complex of several tiny rooms, with a single entrance leading into the village cavern. Several of these individual complexes are larger than most. One of these in each village is a large inn, replete with hearth, fire, and an assortment of food and drink. Though these are quite low-

ceilinged by human standards, a person can squeeze into a gnomish tavern if he really wants to.

Another large cavern complex, often approaching 20 separate rooms, with pipes carrying running water throughout, and usually boasting an ornamental fountain in the central gathering room, is inhabited by the village mayor, his family, and servants.

This mayor, or headman, also commands the village militia. That formation numbers approximately 50 fighters of levels 1-3, plus 2d4 gnomes of other classes—especially illusionists and thieves—of levels 1-4.

Each of these villages has a well. This is a pool of clear, cold water near the center of the village area. Each also has a smithy, gemcutters and toolmakers, and stonemason shops. The majority of the gnomes, however, serve on the guard patrols or work in the mines.

The Great Hall, at the center of the

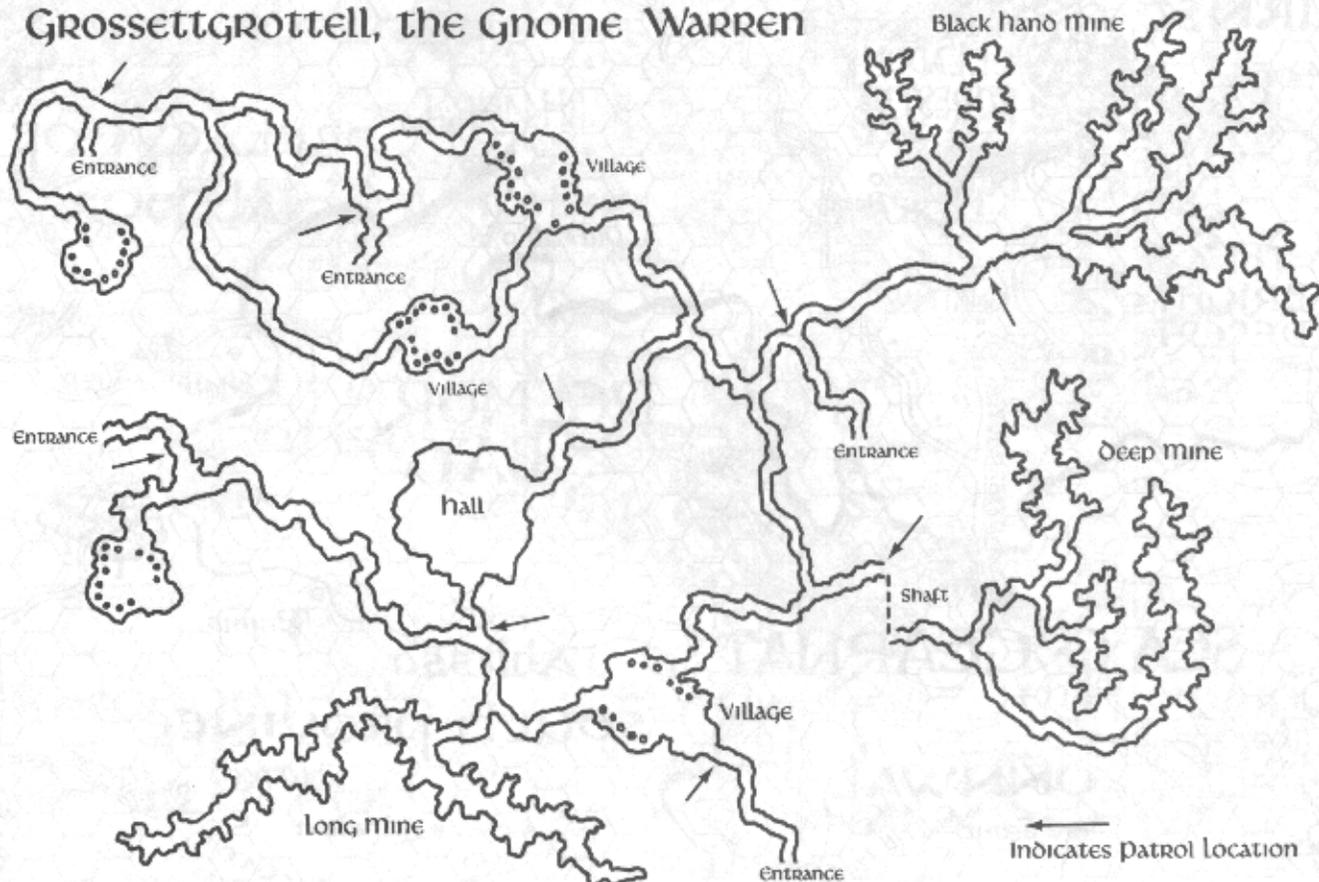
warren, is large enough to hold the nearly 800 gnomes of Grossettrottell without seeming crowded. Stalactites of rare slenderness hang down from the ceiling of the hall. These glow with a pale green phosphorescence that casts faint illumination through the whole, vast chamber.

A beautiful pool of crystalline water, reputedly capable of granting a wish to one pure of heart and selfless of desire, reflects this light from the center of the floor, amplifying and coloring it.

A wide variety of fungi grows throughout this chamber, giving the air a heavy, musty smell that is really quite pleasant. The gnomes use the fast growing fungi as the staple element of their diet. They purchase most of the rest of their food from the traders on the surface.

The hall is the location of the gnomes' great vault, wherein they store the products of their mining endeavors until these are traded. This is guarded by a double contingent of guards, led by a 5th-

Grossettrottell, the Gnome Warren



level fighter/illusionist.

Fighter/Illusionist Gnome: AC 3 (shield +2); MV 6; F5/I5; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +2 (short sword +2); Spells (at least one per spell level must in the illusion/phantasm school): 5 1st, 3 2nd, and 2 4th

The vault can be opened only in the presence of all five headmen, who must turn their keys simultaneously. At any given time it holds 2d20 × 1,000 gp of stones, cut and uncut. It is generally opened only once a week.

The three mines are all situated along veins of rock proven to contain gems of several varieties. Diamonds and emeralds are the most valuable stones pulled from the earth here, though even more common are jade and amethyst.

The shaft leading to the Deep Mine plunges more than a mile into the earth. It has proven to yield the richest haul of all, but even great pay incentives have made the gnomes reluctant to work there. Gnomes laboring in the Deep Mine suffer an extraordinary rate of fatal accidents, and are far more prone to madness than their cousins working above. Rumors of a dark and evil presence, lurking just below the level of the Deep Mine, are commonly whispered throughout the warren.

3. Castle Greyhawk

Though not far from the Free City itself, Castle Greyhawk might as well be a world away for all the resemblance it bears to the city of the same name. The castle is inhabited, ruled by one Herzog Akitrom the Merely Worried. He rules benignly over the several hundred citizens of the keep. No one rules over the teeming labyrinth, filled with monsters, that lies under the castle.

The courtyard is surrounded by a circular wall more than 400 feet in diameter. Within this wall stand two towers—Herzog's Sanctum and the Tower of Wizardry—and one large keep called the Citadel Union. There are shops and inns in the union, and the residents of the castle treat treasure-seekers well (you never know when one might come out of the dungeon a very

wealthy person). Of course, most of them never come out again.

This setting is described fully in the *Castle Greyhawk* module. If your players are interested in exploring it, DMs are advised to use that module.

4. Elmshire

Rickety piers extend into the shallow, weedy waters along the shore of the Midbay. Blue, sweet smoke wafts upward from tiny chimneys jutting from the grassy ground beyond. And everywhere people are walking, riding ponies, running, and talking.

This pastoral settlement of halflings has grown to become a major center for the diminutive demihumans, no doubt because of its proximity to Greyhawk itself.

Halflings, as a rule, enjoy the Free City for a time but grow tired of living there. Consequently, more than 5,000 of them have settled here, near the inlet of the Selintan River.

Wide banks of shallows have made the shores of Midbay inhospitable to large craft. Those vessels keep to the clearly indicated channel in the center of the wide waterway, following deep water all the way to the wharves of Greyhawk.

But the halflings, with their light canoes of leather and bark, found good fishing in those shallows. They brought sheep to the lower slopes of the Cairn Hills, and found that their flocks flourished along the grassy lake shore.

And here, among a collection of low hills lying under the shade of a vast grove of elms, the halflings have settled. The solid wooden doors of their burrows dot the landscape, as do the shutters over their small windows and the often-smoking chimneys above their hearths.

Elmshire is a city of good food and cheery folk. Many inns have raised doorways and ceilings, and at least one or two human-sized beds, for human visitors are not uncommon here. Indeed, its shoreline often offers shelter to the barges of the Rhennee. In winter, the population of the town swells with the bargefolk who encamp here for the season.

At night Elmshire glows with thou-

sands of candles, torches, and lanterns all flickering cheerily. If the air is clear, boatmen following the deep channel into the Selintan can mark their progress by the sight of the bustling town along the shore.

The mayor of Elmshire, Windsor Greenshade, is an accomplished politician who retired some time ago from a life of adventure. He is a fighter/thief, level 5/6.

Windsor Greenshade, Halfling Mayor: AC 8/2 (ring of protection +2, wears chain mail w/shield in combat situations); MV 9; F5/T6; hp 33; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +3 (short sword +3)

Windsor puts on an air of the country hick for outsiders, but he is much shrewder than he looks. He is always looking for a way to make money, both personally and for Elmshire.

He is conscientious to his people, and they respect him for his wisdom and courage. Under the years of his leadership, Elmshire has nearly doubled in size.

Thievery and violence have decreased dramatically, while trade with Greyhawk has improved.

The halflings can assemble a ragged militia of some 600 fighters in an emergency, under the command of their mayor. These fighters, levels 0 to 2, further divide into five companies of 120 troops. Each company is commanded by a 5th-level fighter.

All of the militia are armed with daggers. Three companies in addition use short bows, while the other two use short spears.

5. The Castle of the Wizard Teaser

This lonely edifice, standing proudly on its rocky promontory and nearly surrounded by the waters of the Nyr Dyv, is visible for miles in all directions.

The promontory juts into the water of the lake for nearly half a mile, and for most of its length is barely two or three paces wide across its top. The surface is broken rock, so rough that a person must slow his pace to a crawl in order to walk here.

For more details on this castle and its inhabitant, see Ch3 FFF.

6. The Gorge of the Selintan

The heights of the Cairn Hills fall rapidly away here, plummeting more than a thousand feet in places to meet the placid waters of the River Selintan.

And the water is placid here, surprisingly for such a gorge. Its width approaches 100 paces, and so it rolls along with a steady majesty that enables even clumsy barges to be poled upstream toward the Nyr Dyv. Only the most leisurely of travelers allow the current to carry them downstream, for it moves little faster than the walk of an old man.

The wide bottom of the gorge offers numerous gravelly shelves along the bank, some of them large enough to beach the largest of river craft. However, access from the shore to the hills themselves is a matter of climbing a cliff ranging anywhere from 400 to over 1,000 feet in height.

The only suitable crossing of the river during its run through the Cairn Hills is an ingenious bridge of gnomish construction, called simply Stonebridge.

At one point during its course, though the river is 800 feet wide below, the lips of the gorge overhand the water on both sides, stretching to within 100 feet of each other.

Here originally stood a flimsy suspension bridge of rope and wood. But gnomish sculptors and architects, over a period of nearly three decades, gradually formed a huge, stone arch to bridge the gap. The structure looks almost to be a part of the bedrock itself, so gracefully does it follow the natural curve of each of the overhanging edges. These curves sweep upward to meet in the center at an enormous keystone.

The bridge climbs steeply to this center. It is 20 feet wide, with a low wall along each outer edge. Persistent rumors claim that the entire structure rests on the strength of a single iron pin, somewhere within the bridge. If this is pulled, the bridge will supposedly collapse.

The rumor is true, for this was designed as a defensive feature should the gnomes ever face attack from south of the Selintan. The pin is located near the

base of the arch, not on the bridge itself. Its location is known by each of the gnomish headmen in Grossettrottell.

7. Mining Towns—Blackstone, Steaming Spring, Diamond Lake

These working communities are all governed and protected by the Free City of Greyhawk. See Ch2 FFF for information about the Watch garrison in the Cairn Hills. While the mines themselves are scattered over this portion of the hills, the ore is carried to one of these three towns for assaying, smelting, and further transportation.

The communities, from west to east, are Steaming Spring, Blackstone, and Diamond Lake. They resemble each other in most particulars except location, and hence are described together.

Blackstone is nestled in a steep-sided canyon of dark gray granite. During wet weather, a slender waterfall, nearly 500 feet high, spills glittering water into the canyon to collect in a once-crystalline lake.

The mines of Blackstone bore into the canyon walls all around the town. Some of these tunnels entrances, several hundred feet up sheer walls of granite, are reached only by the most precarious of trails. Others, near the top of the wall, can only be entered by those first taking the steep switchbacks of the main trail up the side of the canyon. The miners then circle the rim to a point over their mine entrance. There they are lowered over the edge with huge cranes.

Steaming Spring lies in a wider valley, and draws its name from the several geysers outside the town. These regularly spew hot water, steam, and occasionally mud into the air. The mines dig into the lower slopes of the hills to either side of the valley. Unlike Blackstone, which sits primarily on a stone foundation, Steaming Spring is built upon dirt that has long since turned to mud. The town is visible from miles away as a brown smudge across the bottom of a once verdant valley.

Diamond Lake is the smallest and most remote of the three towns. It services the largest number of mines, over a

wider territory than then other towns, but these mines tend to be much smaller than those among the lower operations.

The town stretches along the shore of a lake whose clarity once must have inspired the community's (and the lake's) name. Now it is as stained and muddy as the water around the other towns, soiled with vast heaps of mine tailings and churned by the busy commerce along its shore.

Each of these towns is made of wooden buildings, except for a central blockhouse and vault, which is of stone. The towns are governed by Governor-Mayors, appointed by Greyhawk's directors. These are lucrative posts, and thus are filled with qualified candidates who are not likely to succumb to corruption.

Each Governor-Mayor is fighter of 5th-8th level, of at least a score of years proven service to the city. He, and his detachment of the watch garrison, is responsible for order in his town and the surrounding mines, protection of the area against bandits and monsters, and seeing that the mining operations run without a great deal of interference.

The mines are owned by the city, but are leased to various individuals for life. These mine managers are usually industrious nobles who are responsible for the business of mining. Fully half of the product of each mine is the property of the city, but many mine managers, Governor-Mayors, and prospectors have made good fortunes on the other half.

Common buildings in the mining towns include large boarding houses for the miners, a large, smoky smelting house, several smithies, wainwrights, carpenters, a large teamster yard with numerous heavy wagons and draft horses, small markets of expensive fresh food and low-quality dried goods shipped from the city, and of course inns, taverns, eating-houses, dance halls, and brothels—all the social accoutrements demanded by a well-paid, hard-working, and generally unmarried populace.

The mine managers maintain large houses in the towns, usually with their families and servants. The Governor-Mayor, his watch officers, and skilled ar-



tisans such as the Chief Smelter or Master Smith have individual houses as well, though with not so much finery or as many servants as the mine managers.

8. Highroad

This broad roadway represents the work of many previous decades. It has now become, for the length of its passage through the Cairn Hills, a highway capable of providing the most elegant of carriages, or the most humble of farm carts, with smooth and safe passage.

The surface is crushed stone packed almost to rocklike solidity. It is everywhere at least 12 feet wide, and in most places a full 20 feet. The grades are gentle and the curves easy, so a speedy coach or rider can travel quickly.

The road is an extension of the River Road that connects Greyhawk to Woolly Bay, though the Highroad meanders much farther from the Selintan River than does its lower counterpart.

In fact, some few miles north of the city the Highroad turns inland to begin its gradual climb into the hills. From then on, the river is only visible at rare moments from the roadway.

The Highroad is patrolled regularly by the watch garrison in the Cairn Hills, and travel upon it is fairly safe. When rolling random encounters for travelers on the road, an encounter is indicated on a roll of 3-6, not 5-6, on 1d6. On a 3, the encounter is with a party of merchants, hunters, or tradesmen. On a 4, the characters meet mine wagons carrying ore to the city or supplies back to the mining towns. On a 5, they meet a detachment of the watch. Only on a 6 should the DM roll for some other Cairn Hills encounter.

Though the Highroad is smooth and wide, the side roads leading to Diamond Lake and Blackstone are much more primitive. They climb steeply, with many switchbacks, narrow spots, and rough places. It is not uncommon for a teamster to have to stop and clear away the debris from a rock slide before he can continue. It takes a strong mount to carry or pull any weight up these roads, and good brakes to get a wagon down safely.

9. Encampment of Rosco Two-Finger

Rosco Two-Finger is an exception to the general state of law and order existing in the Cairn Hills. This bandit was formerly a high-ranking thief in the guild of the Free City. Following his own treachery there, he exiled himself to a life as a mercenary.

Rosco has gathered a band about him and laid claim to these grounds so close to his native city.

Rosco Two-Finger: AC (MS)2 (*chain mail* +3, shield, and Dex 17); MV 12; F7/T9; #AT 3/2; THAC0 14; Dmg 1d8 +7 (*long sword* +3 and Str 18/81)

Rosco is at heart a vain and social creature, hence his lair is close to Greyhawk. He has some skill at disguise, and often enters that city to enjoy its nightlife, cultural events, or festivals. Should a high-ranking member of the Thieves' Guild recognize him, however, his life would immediately be forfeit. Thus, he takes great care with his disguises and never appears in the same one twice.

He rules his camp with a military rigidity that keeps his ragged band very well in line. His two lieutenants, Kressic (a 6th-level mage) and Desero (an 8th-level priestess of Nerull) help him maintain this order.

His band consists of 30 1st-level fighters and ten 5th-level fighters. In addition, he employs ten 1st-level thieves and three 5th-level thieves to serve as scouts and spies.

The bandit encampment is located in a small hollow in the top of a high, steep-sided hill. The location is not specified on the map, so that the DM can place it where he will (and so that nosy players are prevented from learning everything).

The entrance to the camp is actually a narrow crack leading into a concealed cave at the bottom of the hill. From here a long tunnel spirals upward through the middle of the hill. Rosco's band, which is about 80% male, lives in a series of sturdy cabins in this hollow.

A small herd of sheep and goats provide food and wool, but most of the things

they need are stolen or purchased with stolen loot.

The buildings are cleverly camouflaged so that any mage or other observer who might be flying overhead sees only a few ragged shacks and a muddy sheep pen, not unlike a score of other shepherd's hovels among the hills.

Rosco's activities are so subtle that the watch does not yet know that there is a bandit group in the hills. His victims are often kidnapped and freed for ransom, with threat of death should they ever involve the authorities.

Following a report of an orc band marauding far to the south, he massacred a caravan of great wealth and managed to make the attack look like the work of the demihumans.

10. Empty Cairns

These sites are those ancient treasure troves that have given the Cairn Hills their name. Only those that have already been discovered and plundered are shown on the map. Now they generally stand open to the air, and what remains of their fabulous interiors quickly corrodes into rust and rot.

The cairns are of many types, obviously the work of people from many different cultural backgrounds. Some are pyramid shaped. These have usually been plundered, since their aboveground shape provides an obvious clue to their locations. Others are ritual barrows and burial mounds, far harder to identify. Still others are underground tombs and catacombs, excavated from the rocky hills or utilizing natural cave formations.

One, allegedly discovered long ago but since then its location has again become a mystery, is reputed to be a long, metal cylinder. Its surface is a type of steel far superior to any known on the Flanaess, and it is filled with a variety of deadly traps that can confound the most astute of thieves and defeat the most diligent of magical detections. However, the few items brought forth from that cairn sold for fabulous prices, due more to their uniqueness than any intrinsic properties. These items have long been dispersed

judge from the ranks of humans bowing toward him on every side. A black doorway and descending stairway pass between the giant's legs.

B. Stairways Down: Each of these passages is a deadly trap. The trap cannot be triggered until at least one character has descended 30 feet down the stairs. For each character on the stairs when you check, there is a 10% chance of triggering the trap. For example, four characters stand a 40% chance. Make a check each round when one or more characters is more than 30 feet down the stairway.

When the trap is triggered, the stairs collapse into a smooth ramp, sliding characters to the pit at the bottom. Here they plummet 100 feet to the bare rocks, suffering 10d6 points of damage. A character on the stairs is allowed a Dexterity check (against $\frac{1}{2}$ of his Dex) when the trap is triggered. Success means that he stays in place instead of sliding. If a character slides onto him from above, he must make a Dexterity check (against $\frac{1}{4}$ of his Dex) or fall. Success stops the other character's slide as well as retains the first character's hold.

Alternately, a kindly DM might allow the pit to be filled with water, connected to a vast underground cavern network. After jettisoning heavy items, the PCs might be able to swim to shore. Shivering, nearly empty-handed, and surrounded by darkness and horrible challenges, the party can then have a *real* adventure.

Each stairway runs for 120 feet.

C. True Entrance: The stairway behind the secret door is not trapped, instead leading into this high-ceilinged chamber. The walls are carved with exaggerated images of food and temples, palm trees and bird-filled marshes, all evidence of land's bounty.

Standing opposite the entrance is a large stone golem. He is pressed so tightly against the wall that he resembles the carvings. The DM can roll Intelligence checks (against $\frac{1}{2}$ their Int) for the first couple of PCs to determine if they detect the ruse.

The golem attacks two rounds after a character enters the room, or if it is attacked by an intruder, whichever happens first. In the latter case, it loses initiative but makes an attack the same round it is attacked.

Stone Golem: AC 5; MV 6; HD 14; hp 60; THAC0 7; #AT 1; Dmg 3d8; SA casts *slow* spell (10' range) every other round; SD +2 weapon or better to hit

D. Hall of Dead Warriors: The walls of this room resemble the skeleton carving in room A. They display rank after rank of skeleton warriors, each wearing a proud feathered headdress.

In fact, 24 of these are actual skeletons. If a character passes more than halfway through the length of this room, the skeletons emerge from the wall and attack. They do not pursue beyond this room; survivors step back into the walls after combat is concluded.

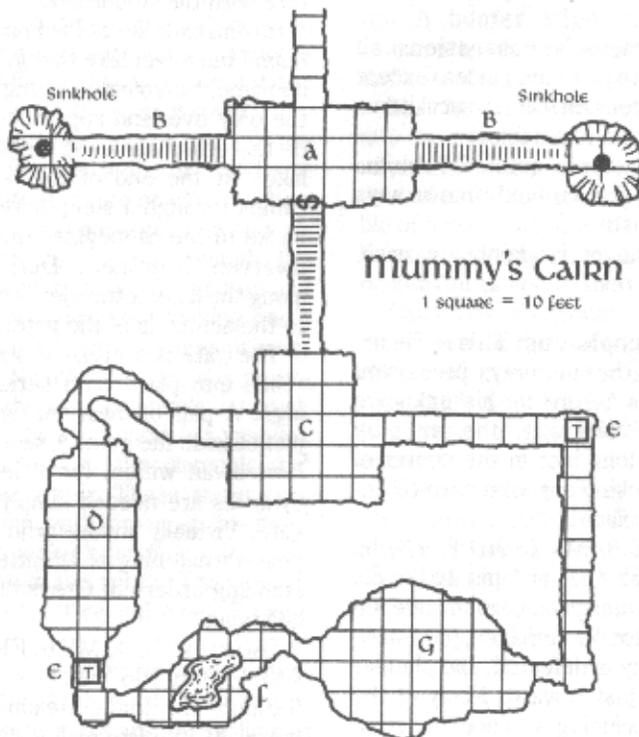
24 Skeletons: AC 7; MV 12; HD 1; hp 6; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; SD $\frac{1}{2}$ damage from sharp or edged weapons

E. Pit Traps: These are areas where the floor is a frail mat of reeds suspended over a deep pit, probably connected to the same deep labyrinth below traps in B. Assume it's 100 feet down to bare rocks. (Water if you're having a nice day.)

Each pit has a six-foot-wide ledge running along each side. Though covered over with dust so that it looks like the rest of the floor, the mat will easily collapse if poked with a pole or other prod.

F. Pool of Fortune and Madness: This is a shallow pool of crystal pure water, practically invisible in its clarity. A smattering of gold and platinum coins are visible if light is cast upon the pool, perhaps 120 gp worth. If any coin is ever removed from here, the pool loses all of its magical properties.

Until this occurs, the pool has unique and very potent powers, capable of affecting any character who makes an offering of at least 1 gp. The result takes effect immediately. To determine exactly what happens, roll 1d20 and check the roll against the following table.



Add 1 to the die roll for every pp of value in the character's offering, up to a maximum modifier of +5. A character can make an offering as often as he wishes, until he suffers a Madness result. After this, the pool no longer works for him.

Pool of Fortune Results

D20

Roll Magical Effect

- | | |
|-------|--|
| 1-10 | Madness—see <i>confusion</i> spell for effects, which last 1d8 months |
| 11-13 | Character and companions enjoy benefits of <i>bless</i> spell for 1 week |
| 14-16 | Enchantment of character's favorite weapon increased by +1 |
| 17-19 | All wounds suffered by character and companions are healed |
| 20 | Enchantment of character's favorite weapon increased by +2 |
| 21 | Character gains ability to use <i>ESP</i> as in the spell, once per day |
| 22-23 | Character's possessions all turn to platinum pieces (except weapons, armor, magical items and other valuables) |
| 24 | Character is granted 1 <i>limited wish</i> now, or next time he says "I wish . . ." |
| 25 | Character is granted a <i>wish</i> , with restrictions as in 24 |

G. The Sarcophagus: This is the actual crypt of the mummy, preserved many centuries before by his unknown descendants. Naturally, the mummy rises from his long bier in the center of the room, attacking any who dare to enter his resting place.

Mummy: AC 3; MV 6; HD 6 +3; hp 32; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d12; SA causes *fear*; SD magical weapons needed to hit, only cause 1/2 damage

If the mummy is defeated, the plunder of his tomb is just reward. Many of the goods here, including a canoe, massive amounts of food and drink, fine leather

goods, tapestries, wooden utensils, and the like have rotted to the point where they have worth only as museum pieces.

However, there is a golden pitcher and set of goblets worth 400 gp, not to mention the 2,500 gp of gems they contain. A small chest, its lid standing open, contains 3,000 silver pieces.

Finally, hidden in a secret compartment in the base of the bier is a trove of 1,800 platinum pieces. The secret door to this compartment is trapped, and if the trap is not removed the entire complex collapses. Characters struggling to get out in this event must roll a Dexterity check each round to avoid injury. Failure means they suffer 1d6 points of damage from falling debris. On a 5-6 result on the damage roll, the character is knocked down and must spend a round getting up, making no progress toward the entrance until he does so.

12. Greysmere

This brooding dwarven stronghold marks the point where the Cairn Hills briefly become mountains at their juncture with the Abbor-Alz.

Its entrance lies at the head of the rock-bound mountain lake that gives the place its name. Surrounded by high mountains, the only overland approach is along one or the other shore of the long, winding lake. At the end of the lake, the trail climbs through a steep series of switchbacks to the Stonegate, the entrance to dwarven Greysmere. During the march along the lake, a traveler is clearly visible to the sentinels at the gate.

The gate is a massive slab of granite, rolled into place on a series of smooth logs. A pair of dwarven fighters stands just outside the gate. A score of their fellows await within, for at least 15 or 20 dwarves are needed simply to open the gate. Virtually anyone who does not appear threatening is admitted under the standing orders of Greysmere's unusual headman.

Dwarves: AC 4; MV 6; F1; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +1

Fionor the Rude, Headman of Greysmere: AC 0 (*plate mail* +3); MV 6; F10;

hp 76 (Con 17); THAC0 11; #AT 3/2; Dam 1d10 +6 (*halberd* +2 and Str 18/76)

Fionor comes by his name honestly, for he is indeed one of the surliest and most unpleasant hosts a traveler could ever hope to sup with. For all that, however, he allows the gates of Greysmere to open for such travelers and provides them with rest and sustenance, even a place to weather out one of the sudden blizzards that sometimes ravages the high country.

Fionor is a crusty old veteran of many a campaign, and counts dwarves, humans, halflings, and even elves among his friends and former companions. It is perhaps this background that has given him such an undwarlike generosity with his hearth and home.

In any event, whenever Greysmere shelters a guest, Fionor insists that the traveler dine with him. He will regale him with a volume of tasteless stories, bawdy jokes, and world-class belches, until such time as he passes out from an excess of drink.

Greysmere itself, while not large, is a good example of dwarven stonemasonry and fortification. It is very old, but sits in a relative backwater of dwarven commerce. Thus it has never outgrown its present location.

The Stonegate is the only entrance to the surface, and its steep approach makes it virtually invulnerable to overland attack. Even should the gate be breached, the attackers would have to crowd onto a ledge barely ten feet wide in an effort to force their way into a narrow corridor crowded with dwarven defenders.

The community shelters nearly 400 dwarves, roughly organized into a huge clan. Great underground living halls shelter as many as 50 dwarves each, though the elders in each family have private compartments within those halls.

In addition, there are several huge meeting halls for feasting and arguing. A huge cavern provides a military training ground for aspiring fighters, and a practice chamber for the veterans. In a pinch, Greysmere could put a company of 200 doughty warriors into the field.



The lower reaches of Greysmere encompass several vast fungus-farm caverns and a large fish-breeding pool in which blind trout are raised by the thousands, adding an important supplement to the dwarven diet. Also below the living level runs a series of mine tunnels excavating a rich vein of iron ore. A complete underground smelting operation purifies the metal, so that the dwarven smiths can craft their weapons, tools, and armor. These products are the primary commodity of Greysmere, on those rare instances when the dwarves trade with the outside world.

While entrance to the world of sunlight is quite restricted, Greysmere offers several passages branching to distant reaches of the Underdark. In addition to the small mining operation maintained by the dwarves, they have tunneled far underground to a source of prime limestone. Here they quarry blocks of this material and, with great effort, roll them back to Greysmere for building and sculpting.

In addition, still deeper caverns lead to regions of unknown depth and dark terror. This is a mazelike network of natural caves, however, and traversing it from top to bottom is a matter of great difficulty.

Still, rumors persist among the dwarves, telling of a vast, underground ocean and whole cities of races that never see the sun.

The Mistmarsh

Occupying a huge bowl formed by the encircling Cairn Hills, the Mistmarsh is the source of two significant rivers—the Ery and the Neen—which flow together and then join the Selintan some distance below Greyhawk City. This area is a huntsman's paradise of fowl and other game.

The central reaches of the marsh, however, rarely encounter a human footstep. Of course, rumors abound—of the mad druid that lives there, the haunted cemetery of an ancient peoples lying at the heart of the marsh, the savage and reptil-

ian predators slithering from the muck to claim helpless victims on moonless nights.

From its fringes the Mistmarsh is virtually invisible, for it gradually gives way around its entire perimeter to a wide belt of grassland, dry and smoothly devoid of any great trees.

As a traveler pushes through this grassy stretch, he gradually finds the ground squishing wetly underfoot and the grass around him growing thicker and higher. In summer, clouds of insects fill the air around him, creating at the very least an annoying nuisance. During a hot, wet summer the mosquitoes and biting flies are savage enough to discourage all but the most hardy from moving any farther into the Mistmarsh.

The ground grows swampier still, and soon each foot sinks calf-deep in sticky muck. Open patches of water begin to appear, never very large or deep but more and more common.

Then there is a clump of trees, and the weary traveler might think, "Dry land!" But instead these are the entangled groves of the mangaroo tree. This hardy growth takes root in soft marsh or even shallow open water, extending its tendrils ever outward and downward until it becomes a forest on stilts, as it were.

The mangaroo groves dot much of the Mistmarsh. The tangled trunks and soft ground underfoot create an effective barrier to most human passage. The only effective means of moving through the twisted mass of limbs is to climb up and down, over and through, snaking one's way through whatever passages present themselves. Needless to say, it is an exhaustive and discouraging mode of travel.

The rest of the Mistmarsh is a vast sea of grass, broken by the channels and ponds of open water. These waterways gradually widen, with imperceptible flowage, into two major branches, one in the north and one in the south. These flowages become the Ery and Neen Rivers, respectively.

These rivers might seem an attractive alternative for travelers into the swamp. However, their waters are too shallow in many places for all craft except the light-

est of canoes. But the deeper stretches are inhabited by, among other things, ravenous giant crocodiles that can make short work of any craft smaller than a barge. Consequently, those who seek to penetrate the depths of the Mistmarsh generally do so on foot.

The characteristic mist that gives the marsh its name is nearly always present from two hours before dawn until mid-morning, and again for one to six hours following sunset. When it is humid or raining, the mist hangs over the marsh all day and all night. It limits visibility to double that in darkness, and in addition seems to muffle sound.

Random Encounters in the Mistmarsh

Travelers are generally safe from dangerous encounters in the outer belt of grassland around the Mistmarsh. Here they are unlikely to discover anything more threatening than a small wild boar or blink dog. Deer and waterfowl—ducks, geese, and swans in vast numbers—are all relatively easy to stir up. A hunter might have 1d12 -1 chances to shoot game during a typical day of stalking.

But characters who poke more boldly into the swamp run the risk of numerous unpleasant meetings. The random encounter table lists only the more notable of these. The mosquitoes and flies can be assumed to be constant traveling companions.

The types of encounters vary with the actual part of the marsh traversed. The chance of an encounter is based on four rolls (1d6) per day for a party of PCs. Each result of 4, 5, 6 indicates a random encounter.

When checking to see what has been encountered, roll 1d8. If the location is a grassy or swampy section of the marsh, do not modify the roll. If it is a mangaroo grove, add 3 to the result. If it is an open waterway, add 6 to the result.

Mistmarsh Random Encounter Table

Modified

D8 Roll	Encounter
1	1d6 Water buffalo
2	Tar pit
3	2d6 Ghouls
4	2d10 Lizard men
5	1d6 Lizard men
6	1 Poisonous snake
7	2d6 Giant spiders
8	3d10 Giant rats
9	2d6 Giant leeches
10	1 Cockatrice
11	1-3 Will-o-wisps
12	1-3 Giant crocodiles
13	2d6 Killer frogs
14	1d12 Lizard men

Items of Note in the Mistmarsh

Aside from the eternal life of the marsh, only a few things of note stand out. One is really several places, for scattered about the swamp are dozens of stone statues of animals, hunters, and even an occasional lizard man. These are the victims of the cockatrice that roams the marsh. The other item is the only permanent dwelling in the marsh. It also might prove an appropriate setting for adventure, should a character discover its existence and find the way to the entrance.

Lair of the Lizard Men

At the heart of the marsh lies the well-camouflaged entrance to a lizard man lair. These reptilian creatures keep their existence a close secret, to the extent of even removing the petrified members of their own race that encounter the cockatrice. As with the bandit lair in the Cairn Hills, this dungeon is not indicated in any specific location on the map.

Their lair is entered from a raised platform in the heart of the marsh's largest mangaroo grove. Twenty of their stoutest guards are always concealed within that grove.

These lizard men are of the more advanced type, being armed with shields,

javelins, and wooden clubs as deadly as morning stars. The javelins are used when an intruder approaches through the grass to within a range of 20 to 30 feet of the mangaroo grove.

Lizard man warriors: AC 4; MV 6, Sw 12; HD 2 +1; hp 12; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (javelins), 2d4 (clubs)

Fifteen of the guards meet the initial approach of intruders while the other five watch the other sides of the grove, to prevent a diversion from thwarting their guardianship. If the fighting becomes desperate, all of the remaining guards try to drive the intruders back. Failing in this, they retire to the entrance to the lair, fighting to that last rather than allow an intruder into the lair.

1. Entrance: The entrance to the lair is invisible from more than 10 feet away, so much does it resemble a tangle mass of mangaroo trunks. It is actually a crude construction of lizard man design.

The actual entrance is a shaft descending into the earth, but to enter the shaft one must first climb to a wooden platform. The shaft itself is lined with smooth mangaroo trunks from its entrance all the way to the muddy chamber at the bottom. If the surrounding foliage could be cleared away, it would like a 60-foot-long wooden pipe, of which all but the last six feet are under ground.

The entrance shaft is about 10 feet wide at the top; it is surrounded by a circular wooden platform that extends for another six feet on all sides. The platform rests on top of the entrance shaft. That part of the shaft jutting upward from the ground looks, from the outside, to be no more than a densely packed bunch of mangaroo trunks.

If the guards get a chance to fall back to the platform, they make their stand there. In addition, they pound wooden mallets against the shaft to raise an alarm. Another 1d6 lizard men join them each subsequent round until 30 more warriors have emerged, or the guard party is defeated.

Should intruders enter the lair itself, the surviving lizard men withdraw into its various tunnels and chambers.

The inside of the shaft is provided with a solid wooden ladder that descends the 60 feet to the muddy floor of the lair.

Interior of the Lair: This entire network of tunnels and caverns is a mud-lined, mud-walled, and mud-floored enclosure. Shorings of mangaroo trunks stand at five-foot intervals along the walls and across the ceilings. The larger chambers have mangaroo trunk pillars to support the ceiling at ten-foot intervals.

Each corridor and room has a pair of gutters, like muddy ditches, running along each wall. These always contain a trickling flow of sludgy water, which flows until it reaches the nearest of the quicksand patches.

The ceilings themselves average about eight feet high in the corridors, though they soar to nearly 15 feet in the centers of the larger chambers. They are lined with a matting of intertwined grass and branches, supported all over by the mangaroo trunk shorings. This matting seems to absorb the water and muck that would otherwise drip from overhead. The liquid is carried by the matting to the walls of the room, where it runs to the floor without dripping on the occupants.

Somehow the lizard men have discovered a place where this water collects in the quicksand pools, but maintains them at a constant level. One would expect a lair like this to gradually fill up with water, but here it just seems to drain away.

Defenses of the Lair: This is the home of 80 lizard men warriors, all told. Twenty of these are hunting and roaming the marsh at any given time, but all the others are here. The total includes the 20 guards outside the lair.

The term "lizard man" refers to monsters of both sexes, as the males and females have identical attributes.

The lizard men organize to drive off an intrusion. Because the secrecy of their lair is so important to their continuing existence, they go to great lengths to see that no intruders get away alive.

If the PCs somehow enter without triggering an alarm, they find some 20 lizard men asleep in each of the lairing cham-

bers (7). The others are roaming the lair. Check for an encounter every turn with 1d6. A 4, 5, or 6 means that the PCs bump into 1d4 awake lizard men. Unless these can be dispatched in the first round, the lair is then alerted.

2. Quicksand: This thick, brown ooze is indistinguishable from the normal floor of the lair. Unless characters are poling or prodding the ground before them, the leading rank of characters steps into the stuff. Those immediately behind must roll successful Dexterity checks to avoid following, though characters at least ten feet behind the leaders do not have to check.

These muck-pits are no obstacle to the lizard men, for they simply dive in at one end and slip out, a little slimier for the trip, at the other. Indeed, any unencumbered character who thinks to swim here will find that he is in no danger of sinking. The mud drags at him but does not pull him under. It will take such a character 1d4 + 1 rounds to pull himself free, however (subtract one round for every character helping him).

However, characters who are encumbered or who thrash mindlessly sink completely below the surface the round after they fall in. The character must thereaf-

ter check for drowning (AD&D® 2nd Edition *Player's Handbook*, page 122) until he dies or is rescued by companions.

After a dip in the quicksand, all of a character's possessions weigh twice as much as they did before, and everything he owns is grimed with the pasty mud until he can clean himself off.

Naturally, if the lizard men are alerted they plan to attack the characters as the latter attempt to deal with one of the quicksand pools.

3. Lair of the Harpies: These scraggly fowls live here as the treasured "pets" of the lizard men. Their song, while as melodious as usual, has no apparent effect on the reptilian creatures.

However, any characters reaching the intersection of corridors labelled 3A will hear the song of the harpies, and be required to roll a saving throw vs. spell.

The harpies sing until all potential victims have been drawn into the quicksand. Characters who take that rude plunge are allowed an additional saving throw vs. spell to see if they can break the spell. If not, they must be rescued by their companions or face certain suffocation.

When all likely characters have been drawn into the muck, the harpies rise to attack any that are still standing on dry

ground, or are struggling to free themselves from the quicksand.

5 Harpies: AC 7; MV 6, FI 15; HD 3; hp 14; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1d3/1d3/1d6; SA song *charms*

The harpies have collected no treasure, but two of them are armed with magical weapons seized from previous victims. One of these is a *dagger +2* and the other is a *short sword +1*.

4. Sump Room: This foul-smelling pit makes the rest of the lizard man lair seem like an airy palace by comparison. Combined odors of death, offal, garbage, and other scents rise from the blackness.

The pit is not deep, perhaps only six feet below the level of the pathway running past it, though it might have been deeper at one time.

Now it is filled with all the garbage of the lizard men. They use this as their communal toilet, and throw away meat that has gone too rancid for even their indiscriminating palates.

However, the neo-otyugh that slurps around in this mess could not be happier. It is well fed, with a varied diet that would thrill any member of the otyugh species.

The lizard men have meticulously trained the neo-otyugh not to attack them, and when it senses the passage of one of the reptilian carnivores the offal-eater simply chuckles moistly, hoping for a new handout. However, if creatures that are not lizard men attempt to pass here, the monster reaches forth with its two tentacles and attacks.

Because it blends so well with its lair, the neo-otyugh has double the normal chance of surprising intruders.

Neo-Otyugh: AC 0; MV 6; HD 12; hp 56; THAC0 9; #AT 3; Dmg 2d6/2d6/1d3 + disease

Any character struck by the Otyugh must roll a successful Dexterity check to remain on the ledge. Subtract the hit points of damage delivered by that blow from the character's Dex before he checks.

Characters making an unfortunate plunge must roll a Constitution check before acting each round. If the check fails, the character is overcome with revulsion

LIZARD MAN LAIR





and can do nothing save retch miserably and struggle to get out of the pit.

The neo-otyugh fights silently. If the PCs do likewise, they do not necessarily alert the lizard men. If the owners of the lair do discover the PCs here, they rush to attack, knowing the characters must fight at a real disadvantage here.

5. Lizard Man Mascot: This room is sealed with the only door in the entire lair—a crude thatching of mangaroo roots pivoting on sockets built deeply into the floor and ceiling. A heavy beam of four entwined mangaroo trunks locks this door, from the outside, it will immediately be noted.

The lizard men have imprisoned a monstrous troll here. The monster somehow emerged from a secret passage out of the Underdark, or wandered into the Cairn Hills from its mountain fastness, before stumbling into the Mistmarsh.

The lizard men met the troll here, fed it enough rice wine to render it harmless, and tossed it into this pen. Now they use it as a guinea pig, trying out a brew of herbs and buds from the marsh that a lizard man stumbled upon by accident.

The potent mixture has the unusual property of enlarging its recipient, though deforming it in the process. The troll has grown far huger than any known representative of its race.

The monster greatly resents its imprisonment, even though it is well fed and rested. The troll is exceedingly anxious to emerge from its cage.

Monster Troll: AC 6; MV 18; HD 20; hp 100; THAC0 5; #AT 3; Dam 1d10 +8/1d10 +8/2d6 +10; SD regenerates 3 hp/round

6. Chamber of the Roper: A dank stench permeates this room, but it is not so reptilian an odor as wafts through the rest of the lair.

Indeed, the floor of the corridor leading to this chamber rises gradually, and is much drier than the other stretches of the lair. The corridor eventually opens into a large, domed chamber. Here the smell grows stronger, becoming an overpowering odor of deep-seated rot.

In this chamber is staked the other monstrous guinea pig for the lizard man brew. Like the troll, its steady ingestion of the potion has increased its size and strength far beyond normal.

The monstrosity is a roper, lying in a shallow depression in the center of the chamber so as to resemble the dirt floor itself. A heavy chain binds its center, and that in turn is attached to a stake of stout mangaroo, holding the roper in place.

Monster Roper: AC 3; MV 0; HD 20; hp 120; THAC0 5; #AT 1; Dmg 5d10; SA six rope attacks causing *weakness*

This roper can shoot its strands a full 60 feet. It is nearly 15 feet long, though bloated and deformed by the ministrations of potions. Nonetheless, it is hungry and aggressive. It attacks with all six ropes every round, except for those that are currently drawing victims toward its gaping maw.

7. Sleeping Chambers: These two huge caverns are the actual lairs of the lizard men. The one to the left is inhabited by the males, to the right by the females.

In the unlikely event that intruders come upon a sleeping chamber without having triggered an alarm, they find 2d10 lizard men there. About half of these are actually sleeping. The others are resting idly or tending to a weapon or shield.

The rooms are also littered with the clean-picked bones of deer, boar, fish, fowl, and humans. Each lizard man has a cache of food, mostly old, dead fish, buried somewhere in the chamber.

8. Egg Room: This chamber is not just the egg repository for this lair of lizard men. Indeed, it has come to represent a far more sinister threat.

The floor of the room in the two alcoves bulging to the sides is covered with a mass of pale, stickily gleaming eggs.

There are more than 2,000 eggs here. They are not in immediate danger of hatching, for the lizard men are not through treating them yet.

These eggs have each been injected with a dose of the enlargement brew the lizard men have stumbled upon. In some future month, perhaps even years from

now, they will hatch, to yield the most monstrous mass of lizard men ever to mar the face of Oerth.

Monster Lizard Men: AC 5; MV 18; HD 12; hp 60; THAC0 9; #AT 1; Dmg 3d10

Several large pots of black, sticky paste stand among the eggs. If it is ingested by a human or other mammalian creature, that individual must roll a successful saving throw vs. poison or die. If the saving throw succeeds, the creature approximately doubles its size and Hit Dice.

There is no known antidote to the paste.

The Plain of Greyhawk

This grassy reach surrounds the city on all sides and runs the length of the Selintan River valley. The plain is characterized by low, gently rolling hills that gradually climb away from the river. Though travelers can see great distances across the grassy swales, it is also possible to be unobserved by remaining in the low places.

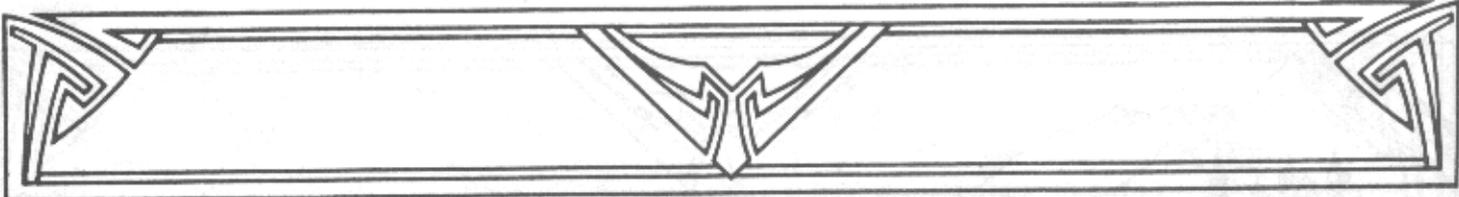
The land is not particularly fertile, but the hungry mouths of Greyhawk city have made farming a profitable endeavor. Many tenant farmers work small fields, or tend flocks of sheep, goats, or chickens.

The land itself is claimed by the Free City, though the terms granted the farmers are not miserly. Each farmer is granted only a large enough plot to gain a comfortable livelihood.

The farms tend to cluster in the more sheltered low places, with three, four, or more often gathered around a single well or creek bed. These gatherings are not actually towns, but such communal collections dot the landscape in all directions, with one every few miles.

In places there are larger holdings, manor houses built by some warrior or mage who has done great service to the city. Such grants of land are few, reserved only for the greatest of accomplishments.





These lords in turn gather tenant farmers to their plots, which usually extend a mile or so from the manor in all directions.

The manors, perhaps two score in all, are scattered all about the countryside, though none lies closer than five miles to the River Selintan and the River Road. The lord mayors of the city have taken care to see that no lord gains too much control over the city's economic lifelines.

Specific Locations in the Plain of Greyhawk

13. Lord Blackfair's Manor

One manor is described here as representative of the rest. Not only is it fairly typical, if a bit grander than average, but its primary claim to fame—horseflesh—draws many a shrewd shopper from Greyhawk itself.

Lord Blackfair I established himself as the premier commander of cavalry in Greyhawk's long history. Of course, that was some 200 years ago and the campaigns in which he distinguished himself were not historically significant, falling as they did during the reign of the Mad Archmage, Zagig Yragerne.

Nonetheless, that worthy ruler awarded his war hero an impressive and strategic plot of land, for it lies at the confluence of the Ery and Neen Rivers. It is fully three miles across, roughly circular in shape, and includes land on all sides of the fork in the river.

Lords Blackfair II, III, IV, V, VI, and the currently titled Lord Blackfair VII have continued their ancestor's interest in riding mounts. The manor is now the primary breeder of the fastest, most durable medium war horses across the breadth of the Flanaess.

The lord is a hospitable enough landowner, with an overriding passion for horses. A visitor who knows horseflesh, and is willing to listen to the host expound at great length on a variety of horse-related topics, will be royally treated at Blackfair Manor.

The lord is a thin and wiry man with a black beard, now turning to gray. Still a royal servant of Greyhawk, he is con-

cerned about sightings of lizard men reported from the Mistmarsh. Thus far the city directors have expressed no alarm, and his own excursions have come back empty handed (though a pair of watchmen mysteriously disappeared from one detachment).

Lord Blackfair invites visitors that he likes to share the hospitality of his manor house. Others are left to room at the inn on his estate.

The stables now hold over 100 breeding mares, some two dozen stallions, and perhaps 200 fillies and colts in various levels of training. The purchase price for one of the young horses is double the asking price in the High Market of Greyhawk, but generally considered worth it.

For those who take their horses very seriously, the Blackfairs may consider parting with a breeding mare, for 2,000-3,000 gold, approximately. Some of the stallions can be had for as little as 10,000 gp, while others have fetched five times that amount. The stud of the herd, called simply Father Black, is not for sale, though it is rumored that the lord has been offered more than 100,000 gold for that horse.

The lord's manor overlooks the river and the pastures. Behind stretch a ring of tenant farms, larger than the average, upon which are grown winter fodder for the horses as well as food for the entire estate.

The Blackfair Manor is a virtual palace of some 30 rooms, plus servants' quarters (there are two dozen servants) and a small garrison quarters. These three buildings are surrounded by a courtyard and a wall. Entry is gained through a small gate house. Twenty men-at-arms serve the lord at all times, while 150 peasant farmers will answer the call in an emergency.

Besides the scattered farms, Blackfair boasts a mill on the riverbank, a tavern frequented by the farmers and watchmen, another tavern and boarding house for visitors with more money, and a nearby smithy, carpentry shop, bakery, and tackshop/saddlery.

The saddler, Tonsel Ralls, is an artisan

of some repute. He does work for private customers in his spare time, though he primarily tends the rigging needs of his lord.

Selintan River and the River Road

The river is the broad avenue that first gave the Free City of Greyhawk its location, then its commerce, and now its communications line to the rest of the world.

The Selintan River is placid and wide along its entire length. From Greyhawk City south to Woolly Bay, the river follows a deep channel, marked with buoys for much of its length. Though the river is wide and shallow this entire way, the channel is constant and deep enough to allow even fairly large seafaring vessels to forge upstream.

Upstream from the city, only shallow draft vessels can complete the voyage to the Nyr Dyv. However, a significant number of barges and other craft make this journey as well, so the river is busy along its entire length.

The River Road follows the west bank of the river south from the City of Greyhawk, running all the way to the gates of Hardby, on Woolly Bay.

The river is free of threatening fish or monsters, but it offers trout, perch, and, during the runs in spring and autumn, huge schools of salmon. Fishing for food is common practice among those living anywhere near its banks or floating on its surface.

Friendly inns are spaced at no more than five-mile intervals along the River Road. Each inn offers a sturdy pier to which river travelers can lash their craft.

The road fords the Ery river shortly before that waterway joins the Selintan. This ford is a wide gravelly stretch, across which the water flows gently and is rarely more than eight or ten inches deep.

The Selintan can also be forded in two locations, though not so easily. These fords connect the trails leading to Dyvers (in the north) and Narwell (in the south)

to the River Road. Each is a well-graveled, smooth crossing of about two-foot depth. These fords become impassable for some hours after periods of rain.

Several ferries connect the two banks of the river at various places along its length. A traveler has a 50% chance of finding a boat waiting at a ferry crossing. Otherwise he faces a wait of 1d100 minutes.

The average cost for crossing is one cp per person, or three cp for a person on a horse. Wagons cost a full sp. Livestock and other unusual loads are negotiated on the spot.

Midbay and the Nyr Dyv

The blue expanse of the Nyr Dyv is the largest known fresh-water lake upon Oerik. Midbay, where the waters of that lake gather to form the Selintan River, is one of its most placid regions.

The Nyr Dyv has three major inlets (the Artonsamay, Veng, and Volverdyva Rivers), and an outlet greater than the Selintan in the Nesser River. All of these are even more navigable than the Selintan, and thus the lake has become a major center of commerce in the known world.

Monsters of a variety of horrid types are known to dwell in the Nyr Dyv's darkest reaches (its name means "Lake of Unknown Depths"). Fortunately, the shallow waters of the Midbay seem to prevent these creatures from intruding there.

Naval fleets from several bordering nations patrol the waters of the lake, protecting commerce against piracy or, more often, seeking and slaying the troublesome sea serpents wherever they can be found.

If a party ventures onto the deeper waters of the lake, there is a 5% chance per day of a molestation by one of these unsavory beasts. Should this occur, roll 1d6 to see what pops up:

Nyr Dyv Random Encounter Table

D6	Roll	Encounter
1	1	Dragon turtle
2	2d6	Giant gar
3	1d4	Giant lampreys
4	1d4	Giant snapping turtles
5	3d4	Sea lions
6		Horrific beast from the outer limits of the DM's imagination (or roll again)

Woolly Bay

This bay is the northernmost prong of the Sea of Gearnat, which is itself the northern extension of the Azure Sea. Though some distance removed from Greyhawk, it serves as the highway for all waterborne commerce from the south. As such, its status is of some concern to the directors of the city.

The peoples on all sides of the great bay sail its waters in small cogs, easily capable of making the journey up the Selintan. Large galleons and galleys from the seas to the south are not uncommon here. Most of these must load their cargo onto smaller craft if it is destined for Greyhawk, though the smaller galleys can make their way up the river.

Specific Locations in Woolly Bay

14. The Despotrix of Hardby

The heavy traffic in trading vessels has given the town of Hardby its reason for being. Surrounded by its wooden palisade, the town rests in a sheltered cove along the shore of the bay. It has docks and wharves far grander than its size would seem to warrant.

But here is where the seagoing vessels of deep draft unload their cargoes, and here the cogs of the native folk load them. Hardby is a town of small, steady population growth, but contains a great number of inns, hostels, boarding houses, and eateries for these visitors from the water.

Nights in Hardby are wild, with the waterfront saloon district being the scene of frequent robberies, fights, and slayings.

Other districts are quiet and pleasant, however, and the general opinion seems to be that those in the Dock District deserve what happens to them.

Hardby also supports some small business in fishing, and serves as a base for several of the war galleys that patrol the waters of Woolly Bay and combat the constant outrages of pirates.

The town pays a regular tribute to the Free City of Greyhawk, primarily for the protection offered by Greyhawk's powerful wizards and the Thieves' Guild.

The town of Highport, at the opposite end of the bay from Hardby, is the haven of the lawless pirates. That town is a center of depravity and bawdiness, for it is ruled by ignoble orcs. It provides a haven for pirates of orcs, human, and other races. Its military might is too great for it to worry about direct assault from its Woolly Bay neighbors.

Gnarley Forest, Eastern Reach

Only a small portion of this great forest lies anywhere near Greyhawk's sphere of influence. Though the Free City has often claimed dominion over this fringe, the patrols of the watch never venture here and the city collects no revenue from its shady reaches. Indeed, those living here would doubtless consider themselves quite free of outside rulership.

The strip along the edge of the Gnarley Forest is quite a bit tamer than the very heart of the wood, but even this is wild country. It is inhabited by elves and woodsmen, but recently it has become home to more sinister denizens.

Appearance of the Wood: The Gnarley Forest is an ancient place, full of immense trees. In most places the shade provided by these forest giants chokes out the undergrowth to the extent that walking is quite easy. These stretches might almost resemble parkland except for the riotous assortment of fallen timber, like the scattering of so many match sticks, across the ground.



Mossy stumps are everywhere, often resembling furry green statues. Wild flowers bloom here in the spring, summer, and fall. The white-petaled ivoryblossom, which only grows in the heart of the forest, is the most precious of these beauties. The buds of the ivoryblossom only bloom in the depths of the forest. When they do, the blossom lasts for only 1d8 +6 days. However, they bring as much as 10 gp apiece (for fresh, undamaged flowers) in the Greyhawk High Marketplace.

A single individual, in the heart of the wood during blooming time, might come upon 2d10 blossoms in a single day of searching. Of course, the likelihood of an unpleasant encounter is high as well.

The Gnarley Forest is predominantly a mixture of oak and ipp trees, growing side by side throughout the length and breadth of the wood. Their broad branches spread the leafy canopy well overhead, but those same branches offer easy climbing. Most any character can move through the wood 30 or 40 feet off the ground simply by passing from the horizontal branches of one tree to those of the next. Characters without Climbing proficiency need to roll frequent Dexterity checks if they attempt this.

Several groves of dekla trees have claimed their space here, crowding the lesser trees aside as they soar, sometimes 120 feet high, above the rest of the forest. Their massive trunks take as much space as a small cottage. The gnarled roots have made the ground within these dekla groves a twisting surface of hummocks and swales.

The only other commonly growing plant is the yarpick, or daggerthorn. Naturally, the clumps of this nasty vegetation are rarely penetrated by woodsmen. Every autumn, however, the children of the woodpeople are sent to the outer fringes of the yarpick clumps, there to gather the rotted fruit of the trees. The bitter pulp is discarded, but the seed of the yarpick fruit—a nut the size of a plum—is nourishing, tasty, and keeps very well. A bushel of these nuts fetches one to two gp in the Greyhawk High or Low Market, depending on their availability.

Inhabitants of the Wood

This portion of the Gnarley Forest is home only to one human settlement, the village of Five Oak. The other community, Blackthorn, is not the least bit human in nature, and its existence is a closely guarded secret. The humanoids who have gathered here remain furtive and sneaky, taking care to conceal the existence of their lair.

The sylvan elves of the deep forest occasionally venture into this part of the wood, for hunting, or simply exploring. Occasionally a band of elves comes to Five Oak to trade an exquisite cloak, or a pair of soft leather boots of mystical elven craftsmanship for many pounds of salt, a rare perfume, or some other product of the outside world that the elves have come to enjoy.

Many individual woodsmen, sometimes with their families and sometimes alone, have carved little homesteads in the forest. These are usually within a day's march of the forest's fringe, for its darker depths are known to be too unsafe for unguarded settlements, let alone individual cottages. In some places these homesteads have grown to be clans of 20 or 30 people, living in a collection of buildings centered around a family lodge. Even these minor collections of humanity are rare.

Random Encounters in the Gnarley Forest

Travelers in the forest run a good chance of meeting some of its denizens. The DM should check with a 1d6 roll four times a day; a result of 5 or 6 indicates an encounter.

The inhabitants of the forest are used to its quietness, its shade, its scent—everything. Unless the travelers are experienced woodsmen, or take extreme care to move with stealth, they will almost certainly apprise the forest dwellers of their presence before the travelers discover the forest dwellers.

If an encounter is indicated, roll 1d12 and check the following chart.

Gnarley Forest Random Encounter Table

D12 Roll	Encounter
1	1d6 Sylvan elves
2	1 Brown bear
3	3d6 Orcs
4	1d6 Ogres
5	1d4 Woodsmen
6	1d4 +1 Human hunters
7	1d6 Giant spiders
8	2d6 Sylvan elves
9	2d6 Gnolls
10	1 Weretiger
11	1 Unicorn
12	2d4 Satyrs

Specific Locations in the Gnarley Forest

Farmsteads

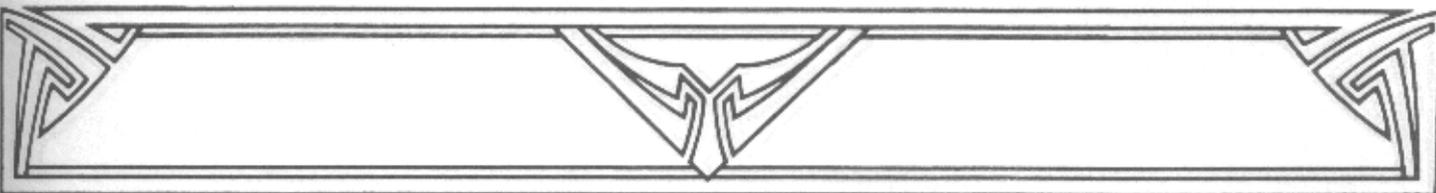
The tiny home sites marked on the map represent collections of at least three buildings. Individual huts, cottages, and cabins are not uncommon in this part of the forest either.

Every building, whether single-room hut, cozy cottage, or two-storey house, is made out of wood. Some smaller buildings are shingled with leaves, but most use wood here as well.

Those settlers who have chosen to live here survive by gathering mushrooms, berries, fruit, tubers, and other bounty of the forest, as well as by hunting the venison and rabbit so common here, or snatching the trout from the clear, shallow streams. All in all, the living is good, for the woods are bountiful.

A typical steading is a cluster of buildings in the shade of several stately trees. A space perhaps 100-200 feet wide has been cleared of forest, a belt of tilled ground around the buildings. Fresh water, in the form of a well or stream, is always near. A sanitary hut stands a discreet distance from the occupied buildings.

These forest folk often have a pack of dogs about, 2d4 hounds of good size and keen intelligence. Not only do the dogs aid in the hunt, but they serve as alert



guardians of the steading and able fighters, should its defense become necessary.

Those woodsmen who have lived here for a while are skilled in the use of the bow, in tracking, and camouflage. A typical fellow of 37 years of age has reached 5th level of ranger ability. He has a long bow, leather armor, and plenty of arrows at hand. For a sidearm he carries a short sword, dagger, or throwing axe.

The woodsfolk are poor, generally having little more than a few silver pieces stored away in some homemade box. There are exceptions to this rule. Adventurers who know a bit of woodcraft, and find themselves in trouble with the powers of the Free City, often move to the woods for a few years of private living. Of course, they bring their accumulated treasures with them. And protect those treasures accordingly, it must be added.

15. Lord Lockswell's Manor

This property is one of the oldest of the forest homesteads, now grown far beyond its humble beginnings as a woodsman's cottage. Its current lord and master is the fifth descendant of that original woodsman. His family has come to be respected by humans throughout the Gnarley Forest, and the Lockswells have long served as captains of the irregular company of bowmen that occasionally must assemble to resist an incursion into the forest.

The title "lord" has not been granted by any recognized monarch, but that does not lessen Lord Lockswell's rank in the eyes of his loyal followers.

His manor is the largest building in the forest, a huge and shambling structure reminiscent of some great emperor's hunting lodge. It has an attached stable, and a nearby guest house, inn, and smithy, the whole being surrounded by a stout wooden palisade.

A dozen cottages and farmsteads lie within hailing distance of that wall, and a small sawmill is located just downstream on the placid brook that meanders past the manor.

Lord and Lady Lockswell live in the manor house together with five grown sons, two daughters-in-law, four grandchildren, and a dozen servants. They share the courtyard inside the palisade with the family of Earl the Innkeeper and a half-dozen gardeners and liverymen.

Also within the courtyard is a small shrine to St. Cuthbert. Lady Lockswell is a priestess of that benign deity, and her generous ministrations to the sick, injured, and hungry of the forest has earned for her even more devotion than that given her husband.

Lord Lockswell of Gnarwood: AC 0; MV 12; R12; hp 102; THAC0 9; #AT 3/2; Dam 1d6 +2 (*long bow* +2), 1d8 +7 (*long sword* +4 *acfeuder* and Str 18/58)

Lord Lockswell is a man of wisdom and vision, well aware of the responsibility he has inherited. It has been a characteristic of the Lockswell line that, since the fealty of the family's "subjects" has been given so freely, the weight of rulership has been felt that much more keenly.

He is a man of great patience and fine sense of humor. He enjoys a feast and a party, and at least four times a year throws open his manor for a grand celebration. Residents of all parts of the wood and beyond attend these functions, which generally last four or five days.

Lord Lockswell has also inherited the mantle of military command over the woodsmen who assemble into a militia when the need arises. True to his forefathers, he is a cautious and successful commander. He keeps the casualties among his own men to an absolute minimum, while exploiting their skill with the long bow to inflict harassment and demoralization upon any foe. This company will always retire in the face of great numbers, fighting on ground of the lord's own choosing.

This tactic, employed by the current lord's grandfather, once resulted in the sacking of the manor house by a large band of marauding orcs, driving upward from the Pomarj. The men of Lockswell fell back from the attack, but then slew so many of the orcs on the monsters' return march that they never ventured this far north again. Lockswell's company lost

two men killed in the entire campaign.

Lady Lockswell: AC 5 (*ring of protection* +1); MV 12; C10; hp 54; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +2 (*staff of the serpent, python*)

Lady Lockswell is the daughter of a minor Greyhawk city noble. She met Lord Lockswell as he accompanied her father on a hunting trip. The lord pursued her to the city, wooed her, and they were wed just prior to their return to the forest.

She has come to love these verdant surroundings as much as her husband, and could no longer bear the thought of a return to the city.

Here, too, she feels that her service to her god is making an important contribution to the welfare of the people. In the city she felt like one more sidewalk vendor, peddling her goods from the grand temple on the Processional.

Any traveler who appeals to her mercy for food, shelter, or healing is tended to the best of her ability. Even those suspected or proven of thievery, vandalism of the forest, or worse crimes are first cared for by the lady. She then turns such perpetrators over to the fair, but stern, justice of her husband.

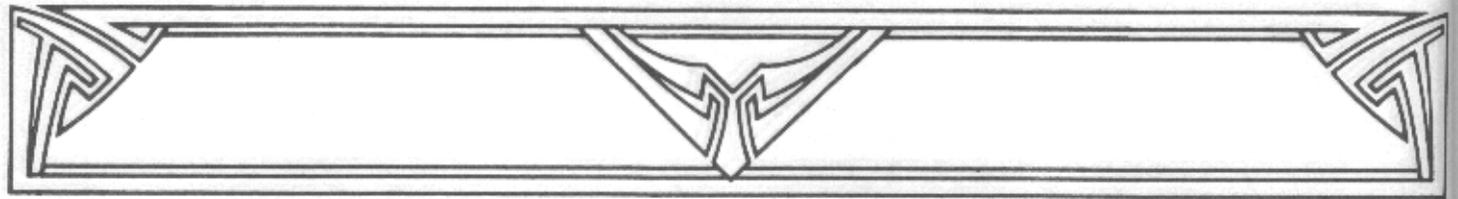
16. The Village of Five Oaks

This is the largest community within the eastern fringe of the Gnarley Forest, and is representative of the other villages and towns throughout the rest of the vast wood.

Home to perhaps 100 people, Five Oaks boasts barely as much cleared ground as Lockswell Manor. Nor is the village surrounded by any kind of wall, the sheer number of its populace being its best hope of defense.

The brook that washes through the town is crossed by a small stone bridge leading onto the village square. Around this small meadow are poised the mayor's house, the sawmill, and the trading post. The other houses are generally two- or three-room cabins. Such artisans as dwell here keep shops, of an additional room or two, with their houses.

Five Oaks boasts, beside the sawmill, a carpenter, blacksmith, tanner, leather-



worker, innkeeper, livery/dairyman, and woodcarver among its industrious craftsmen and women.

The sawmill is powered by a water-wheel, and turns a blade nearly 12 feet in diameter. Boards are sawed for fee or barter, with barter preferred. Prices throughout the town are reasonable.

The trading post is the most exotic part of Five Oaks. It exists not so much to serve the local population, though it does so on a daily basis, but to offer goods from beyond the fringes of the forest to the elven traders who occasionally emerge from the heart of the Gnarlley Forest to trade their valuable products.

The proprietor, Malco Frump, is an entrepreneur working for the Free City Merchant and Traders Union.

Consequently, in addition to the usual collection of flour, bacon, nails, tools, clothing, and the like, Malco keeps a variety of unusual and valuable goods on hand. His stock includes small amounts of things otherwise impossible to find in these lands: brilliant feathers from southern jungles, turquoise and platinum from mines in the east, sea shells, and salt, as well as ivory and jade carvings.

Malco employs a pair of bodyguards, 4th-level fighters, to guard his treasures. The trading post is a stout building, with two doors that can be locked and barred.

Blackthorn

Blackthorn is the closely guarded secret of Gnarlwood, the lair of orcs and ogres concealed not far from the very edge of the forest itself. It is underground and in the process of expansion and development. Unlike most such sites, however, the labor at Blackthorn is invisible to the outside world. There is no messy collection of refuse, no steady stream of workers coming and going.

For those who come to Blackthorn come from below.

Any orcs, ogres, or gnolls encountered in this portion of the Gnarlley Forest have emerged from the tunnel entrance at Blackthorn. However, those creatures will perish before they will knowingly reveal the existence of the lair.

Like several other underground lairs, Blackthorn is not specifically indicated on the DM's map. Instead it should be placed where the interests of story and adventure are best served.

Entrance: The entrance to the Blackthorn lair is a hole in the ground that lies in the heart of a yarpick thicket. The thorny growth is penetrated by a low tunnel carved through the branches, but the entrance to this tunnel is concealed with a loose tangle of thorns.

Neither the thicket nor the opening in the ground are posted with sentries, for the humanoids know that the presence of such a sentry would indicate, by scent, the location of the lair much more assuredly than the chance of accidental discovery.

The rim of the hole is a circle roughly 30 feet across. Moss hangs over the edge, onto a cracked limestone wall that lines the interior of the shaft. The walls drop away to the limits of vision, and only inky blackness awaits below.

A rope ladder, made from tough vines and using the thickest of the yarpick thorns as rungs, is staked to the ground on one side of the hole. It hangs into the hole and, like the shaft, disappears into the darkness far below.

Upper Cavern: The ladder runs the full 250 feet of this descent. For the first 100 feet it rests against the side of the shaft, but after this the rope drops through the ceiling of a vast underground cavern. For the final 150 feet it swings sickeningly in the air.

Finally it reaches the floor of this once massive natural cavern. Stalactites and stalagmites abound, but all the formations are faded and dusty.

Sounds of hammers and picks, and the grunting and cursing of slaves and their overseers, is audible. No activity is going on in here, however.

An attempt to find the source of these sounds will lead explorers to a tunnel mouth in the wall of the cave. This entrance has obviously been hewn from the rock, as have the wide stairs leading upward within it. A huge pile of crumbled limestone fills the cavern on both sides of

this opening.

This tunnel is fully 15 feet wide and ten feet high. The entire floor is covered with stairs climbing steeply upward. The air in here is dusty, and the sounds of rock-breaking are louder now.

The stairs are gradually being extended upward, with parties of orc slaves working around the clock. Each labor party consists of 40 orcs and three ogre overseers. A shift lasts for six hours. When it is time to rotate, a work party marches up from the lower cavern.

The work is a matter of hammering and chopping at the relatively soft limestone, and carrying the excavated stone down the stairs and into the cavern below. About 15 orcs are actually chopping and digging, while the rest are hauling stone.

The upper cavern can also be exited by another stairway, opposite the first. This second stairway leads down, and is complete, but otherwise resembles the first in all particulars.

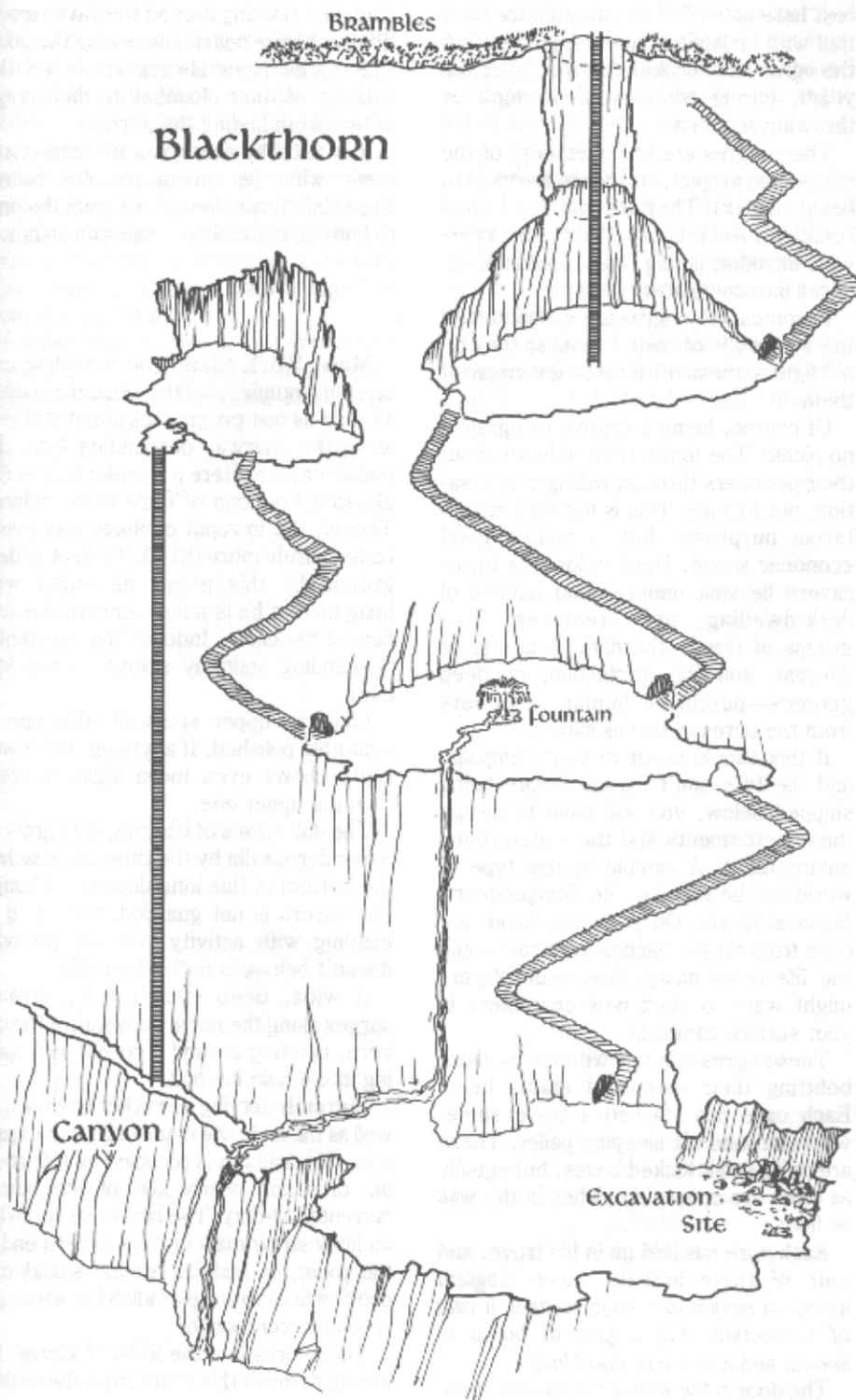
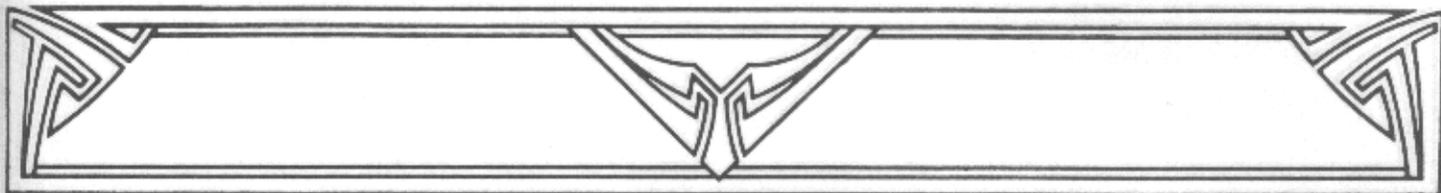
Middle Cavern: Anyone descending the stairway to this cavern becomes aware of a dim light in the tunnel almost as soon as he leaves the upper cavern. (Carrying torches or other artificial light delays this awareness until much later.) Each stair on this descent is smooth and shiny, as if thousands of boot steps have given it a sheen.

As the descent continues, the light grows stronger until, at the bottom of the stairway, one might suspect that he is about to go outside, under the light of a noonday sun.

The source of this brilliance is the Fountain of Pure Light, a magical geyser that erupts in the center of this cavern, filling the air with fine mist. But its most striking feature is the shining illumination that emanates from the water itself, like liquid sunlight. It is painful to look at, but it gives off no heat.

The stairway descends into the bright cavern, giving way to a broad floor that is plush with moss over all its gentle undulations.

The orcs find this brightness hateful to look upon, though the middle cavern is a key link in their grand pathway. Thus



they have built a high wall of mushroom stalks, split lengthwise like boards. This wall shades the section of the cavern connecting the stairway up to the stairway down.

This cavern is generally only occupied when the work parties of orcs march up from below, to take their place with pick and shovel in the upper cavern.

A work party troops through here 15 minutes before each shift change (going up) and ten minutes after (going down). There is also a 10% chance per turn that 1d6 ogres march down from their lair to go to the cavern underneath or inspect the work above, or sometimes to take a look outside the lair.

The Fountain of Pure Light: This potent example of natural magic has been flowing here for centuries, but was only discovered a decade ago by the upward burrowing hordes. Though they abhor its light, even to the point of erecting the barrier for their pathway through here, the humanoids of the underworld have many times benefitted from the fountain's enchanted water.

The geyser spurts from a pipelike hole in the floor, perhaps one foot in diameter. The water itself gleams as it emerges from that opening, maintaining its brilliance as it spumes upward and then cascades into a shimmering umbrella of falling water. Only when the droplets finally fall back to earth does the light fade, quickly disappearing entirely as the liquid spills into the shallow ditch that carries it deeper into the earth.

The waters are potently magical, though their effect is limited to this location. Any character splashed by the water gains the benefits of a *cure light wounds* spell, instantly recovering 1d8 hit points of damage.

If the character immerses himself in the pool below the fountain, he will quickly regain all hit points of damage. In addition, immersion in the pool cures all diseases and reverses all unnatural types of body decay, such as blindness or magical curse effects. The fountain cannot restore a limb that has been lost, however.

The benefits of the fountain water, like



its glow, vanish as soon as it strikes the ground, or any other surface. Thus it cannot be stored, carried away, or otherwise exploited. Of course, if the area could be cleared and secured, this could become the greatest health spa on Oerik!

Even in the latter case, the fountain will not last forever. If the PCs somehow come into control of this site, you can let them enjoy it for a while, but then the fountain will gradually lessen in both quantity and potency of its cures. Finally it will cease altogether.

Side Cavern, the Ogre Lair: The stairway leading up to this large chamber is dirty and unkempt. The floor stonework does not show the shiny surface of the main up and down passage, because it is used much more rarely. A heavy stench hangs in the air in the steeply climbing passage, as if a barnyard of swine lies ahead.

This is actually an injustice to all those swine out there, who clean up when the opportunity presents itself. The ogres that dwell in here, as is customary for their breed, never bathe. A dozen or more ogres have dwelled in this cavern for a decade, so the smell is pretty well entrenched.

But alert characters may notice that the smell is carried into the corridor on a very slight breath of wind. The breeze is so faint that a character notices it only if he specifically asks if the air is moving.

The stairway enters this underground cave at the base of one wall. The stench is not as bad in the ogre lair itself, since the slight breeze carries most of the odor away.

The cavern is the permanent home of some three dozen ogres. There are 1d10 + 10 in here at any given time. The reception for unauthorized visitors is quite rude.

Ogres: AC 5; MV 9; HD 4 +1; hp 20; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10

The ogres in here are engaged in sleeping, eating and drinking, and gambling (about equal numbers for each activity). Their weapons are close at hand.

The room is huge and dimly lit by a few smoky cooking fires. The right side of the

chamber is filled with an immense pile of bones, mostly of wild game animals, but an occasional human skeleton has gone to rest here as well. The cavern once bristled with stalactites and stalagmites, but the ogres have broken these off over the years, during contests of strength or throwing accuracy.

These ogres are the overseers of the excavation project, and hence are used to being masters. They are cocky and overconfident, and it is quite likely that a nervous intruder, acting timid, could lull the ogres into complacency.

In combat, the ogres are satisfied with the surrender of their enemies; they do not fight to the death if battle goes against them.

Of course, being a captive of ogres is no picnic. The ogres seek to learn about their prisoners through willing conversation, not torture. This is not for humanitarian purposes, but it makes good economic sense. Deep below the lower cavern lie vast underground nations of dark-dwelling, evil creatures. Two groups of these—the dark dwarves, or duergar, and the svirfneblin, or deep gnomes—purchase human prisoners from the ogres to use as slaves.

If this should occur in your campaign and the PCs don't escape before being shipped below, you will have to design these settlements and the underground environment. A sample of this type of world can be found in the *Dungeoneer's Survival Guide*. On the other hand, escape from these reaches is so rare—and the life is so nasty—that your players might want to start new characters in your surface campaign.

These ogres are not without treasure befitting their esteemed status here. Each ogre has stashed a trove somewhere around his sleeping pallet. These are often solid, locked boxes, but equally as often are concealed niches in the wall or floor.

Each ogre has 3d6 gp in his trove, and four of them actually have magical items—a *potion of human control*, a *ring of protection +2*, a pair of *boots of speed*, and a *stone of good luck*.

The door in the wall of the cavern oppo-

site the entrance is more of a concealed door than a secret door. It stands behind a pile of wrecked cave formations, though someone walking around the cave formations will have no trouble seeing the door. The ogres have always relied on the sanctity of their chamber to discourage others from finding the portal.

It is used by the ogres to connect secretly with the cavern complex below, since sometimes they do not want the orcs to know about their comings and goings.

Main Work Site: The pounding and banging sounds from this area are audible as soon as one progresses about 300 feet along the stairway descending from the middle cavern. Here a traveler leaves the pleasant Fountain of Pure Light behind. Though the intrepid explorer has penetrated barely more than 1,000 feet underground by this point, he might well imagine that he is miles beneath the surface of the earth. Indeed, the constantly descending stairway seems to run forever.

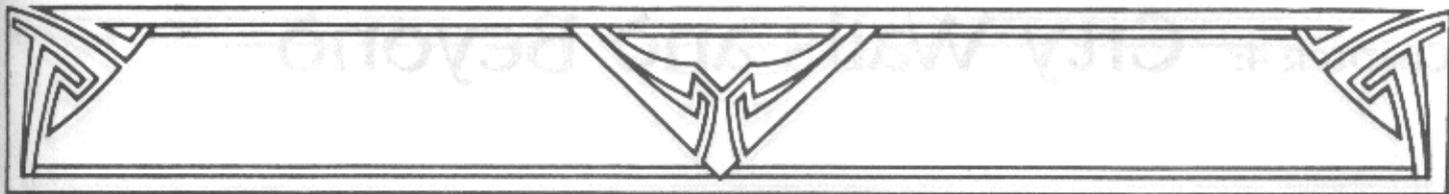
Like the upper stairwell, this one is smoothly polished. If anything, the lower route shows even more signs of wear than the upper one.

The dull noises of laboring orcs grow to a thunderous din by the time one reaches the bottom of this long descent. Though this cavern is not guarded, per se, it is bustling with activity and anyone who doesn't belong is noticed quickly.

A wide, deep underground stream surges along the northwest wall of the cavern, twisting around a corner and spilling into a hole beyond.

Currently serving as worker barracks, as well as the main site of underground expansion, this chamber is occupied by 120 laboring orcs and nearly 200 of the beasts currently off-duty. The latter are sprawled on filthy straw mats in the southern end of the room, or huddled around smoldering cooking fires to slurp a ladleful of some un-speakable concoction.

These orcs live the lives of slaves, laboring to finish this route from the under-



world. A dozen or so ogre overseers supervise the working orcs. The off-duty orcs are not watched by guards, as they are not likely to desert.

The cavern is a far larger space already than the monsters currently in the lair require. The excavation in this chamber proceeds at a steady pace. The laboring orcs carve rock from the northern and eastern walls of the cavern, while others cart it across the open space and dump it in the whitewater rapids. The swift current carries even the larger boulders with it as it sweeps out of sight through the drain hole in the floor.

A solid stone bridge arches across the stream at a narrow point, descending again to a shelf on the other side of the

water. In the wall along this shelf, a dark hole is apparent.

This is the entrance to a narrow tunnel that runs beside the stream, separated from the water by only a few feet of limestone for its first 50 feet. Then the tunnel veers to the right and finally ends at the top of another long stairway.

The Canyon: This last stairway is different from the upper ones in that it is not a tunnel. Instead, it clings to the sheer sidewall of a vast subterranean canyon, offering a drop of unimaginable distance to the right.

Some distance to the left, barely visible to those with keen infravision (also visible if artificial illumination is used) rumbles a

foaming cascade of water, obviously the continuation of the rubble stream.

The air in the canyon is moist and a bit warmer than the air throughout the rest of the lair. The waterfall spills more than 1,000 feet, filling the air with spray, before it crashes to the floor of the canyon and gushes ever deeper into the earth.

The canyon walls are sheer, but equipped with enough cracks and ledges that a skilled climber can negotiate them. Of course, the bottom of the canyon is a rubble-filled trough foaming with a plunging stream. The stairway descends to the bottom of the canyon, turning into a narrow path along the bank.

The destination of this path is up to the DM.



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Chapter 4: City Walls and Beyond



Outside the Walls

The area just beyond the city walls has certainly developed because of the city, though these locations cannot truly be called part of that same city. Nonetheless, a description of its immediate surroundings is essential to a full understanding of Greyhawk City.

These surroundings range from the dilapidated shacks of Shack Town and the muddy backwaters of Barge End on the city's northwest side to the mysterious ring of stones outside the city wall to the southeast. This description begins with the hilly area north of the city and proceeds clockwise around the areas outside the city wall.

North Hills

The scattered extensions of the Cairn Hills extend to the very wall of the city. Groves of birch and quaking aspen dot

the land. It is not uncommon for a deer or other wild creature to approach to within touching distance of the city wall here, for there are no settlements or farmsteads on this side of the city.

Instead, the region from the city north to the first crest of the Cairn Hills was designated by Zagig as parkland. It is hunted on a very limited basis, only by the archers of the City Watch, and no one is allowed to live there.

The open fields of the park are speckled with flowers during all seasons except midwinter. The colors of the blossoms change as the tulips of spring give way to the daisies of early summer, and so forth through a delightful progression of shades and hues. Though many types of flowers have been planted here to achieve this effect, they have been placed in scattered locations. A viewer sees wild flowers, not the carefully tended products of the gardener's art.

The hills tend to slope upward away

from the city, though many of the mansions and estates in the High Quarter are on high land that might properly be considered the southernmost elevations of the Cairn Hills. Though some of these hills look down onto the parkland immediately beyond the city wall, the slopes quickly climb to the north.

The residents of the city, especially those of wealth and leisure, visit the park frequently. Several pairs of young lovers can usually be seen, strolling arm in arm through the flowered meadows. Families make outings here, and children often run and tumble across the grass and flowers. Small springs bubble from several of the shady hollows, spilling into the Selintan River.

In autumn the leaves turn bright shades of red and gold and the aspens blaze with a brilliance that can be seen from most high places in the city.

West Plain

The ground quickly levels out here, and the aspens do not extend onto this flat land. Small farmsteads are scattered across the land, though these are generally poor plots, long ago worked almost to exhaustion.

The fields are covered with a short, hardy grass that is green during the spring and after periods of rainfall throughout the rest of the year. At other times it dries to a wispy brown.

The farmers that labor here generally sell their goods in the Old City market, as the quality of their foodstuffs is low. But so is the cost, since the food does not have to be transported very far to get to the city.

Grey College Observatory

Located a little way from the city wall to avoid the torchlight spilling from the guard posts at night, this domed building serves as classroom and laboratory for the study of the skies. It is owned by Grey College, and the Observatory Tutor, Hiram Macksenian, is a full professor at the college. The observatory is used by sages, alchemists, students, faculty of other colleges, and nobles as well. All of these other users provide a pleasant influx to the coffers of Grey College.

Lord Wainwright's Manor

This stately home, surrounded by its stable, shop, and servants' quarters, is the grandest property outside of the city walls. It had its beginnings as a humble wagonmaker's cottage and shop, when the Free City was still in its infancy.

The wagonmaker, and later his child and grandchild, was skilled at his profession, and his prices were reasonable. As Greyhawk's prosperity as a regional trading center increased, the Wainwrights (as the family had come to be called) slowly expanded their shop.

They built farm wagons, two-wheel carts, and huge freight wagons. Wainwright wagons, recognizable by the "W" branded onto the bottom of each near the hitch, have become the most

sought after examples of their types. The quality of the work has improved over the generations, as each new master to the art offers his or her own refinements to the building process. They have added luxurious carriages and sturdy chariots—both hunting and military—to their line.

Now it seems that a half-dozen youths and young women are always undergoing apprenticeship, with several more journeymen teaching them. And the Wainwrights always have at least three master builders in the family, one of whom is the current lord.

Living in the manor are three generations of the family Wainwright (five men, seven women, and 11 children), some ten house servants, and five men-at-arms the lord employs as bodyguards and watchmen. The barn houses another 12 men and women—workers who tend the horses and perform much of the menial labor of wagonmaking, leaving the Wainwrights to tend to matters of quality and finishing.

Examples of the family's work—a cart, a farm wagon, a carriage, and a hunting chariot—all stand proudly in the courtyard. Others can be found in various stages of completion in the half of the barn that is the shop. The other half of the barn contains stalls for the two dozen horses owned by the Wainwrights.

StoneRing

The StoneRing of the druids is an ancient site, predating the city by an unknown, but assumedly vast, number of years. While far from unique in the Flanaess—such rings form a central feature of the druidic faith—the Greyhawk circle is among the oldest yet discovered.

The tops of the stone columns are worn smooth, the edges rounded by wind and rain. This is not a scene of regular worship, but druids often stop for a moment of prayer as they pass.

A character standing among the central stones of the arch can speak, act, and think without being observed by any magical means (a *crystal ball* or spells, such as *clairvoyance*, *ESP*, or *clairaudience*).

South Plain

The grassland extends to the south much as it does to the west, covered with scattered farmsteads but mostly growing wild. The farmland all around the city has suffered drastic depletion in nutrients over the years, forcing the productive farms farther and farther away.

West Bluff

This is a bluff in name only, for the wall of the city stands upon land that is only 20 feet or so above the surface of the river. However, the ground slopes downward to the water with a sharp bank along most of its length. South of the wharves, the ground is overgrown with scrub brush and cut by numerous rivulets and gullies.

Garbage Hill

The hillside and riverbank south of the wharf is strewn with garbage and sewage from the city that didn't quite make it to the river. Sometimes the end of a garbage hauler's workday comes before he drops his last load, and so he dumps it when the bell sounds. Or perhaps a wagon breaks or a horse goes lame. Also, citizens living near the Marsh Gate often haul garbage through the gate and dump it here to be spared the rigid schedule of guild pickup.

The garbage is not so much piled here as spread thinly across a great expanse of ground. It is impossible to walk among it without begriming boots or shoes, but leggings and pantaloons are safe.

The garbage is the constant feeding ground of ravens, rats, and dogs. All of these scavengers are aggressive about their choice feeding sites, and the dogs often pack together to drive intruders out of the garbage. Of course, they don't bother those who dump additional garbage at the fringe of the slowly growing waste.

Wharves

The docks of the Free City lie outside the city wall, below the noble mansions of the High Quarter.

Access to the city is provided, for pe-



destrians only, through the Wharfgate into the High Quarter. Access for freight and livestock, as well as some of the foot traffic, is through the Cargo Gate into the River Quarter.

The wharves are primarily rickety wooden docks extending into the muddy waters of the Selintan River. The river sweeps through a gentle curve here, and this has deepened the channel right up to the sides of the large docks, enabling the seafaring vessels from Woolly Bay to embark and disembark goods and passengers. Countless smaller docks accommodate the shallow-draft river boats that ply their way between the Nyr Dyv and Woolly Bay, as well as the barges of the Rhennee and the numerous pleasure boats of the well-to-do.

The wharf is a relatively narrow strip, bounded by the water and the city wall. The High Quarter of Greyhawk rests on land more than 100 feet above the river, so for much of its length the wharf runs at the foot of the sheer bluff. The face of the bluff is precipitous, requiring a thief's climbing ability, a rope from above, or a tall ladder to scale. Small patches of brush cling to its ledges and chimneys. The city wall runs at the top of the bluff, at the very lip of the precipice.

The wharf offers a couple of filthy taverns and some roach-infested eateries, but no other amenities. Space here is constricted, and hence too valuable for such frivolities. Instead, most of the landward side of the wharf is a continuous line of storage buildings, mingled with a few residences.

In addition, an Office of the Cargo Inspectorate is placed every 250 feet along the wharf. These are easily identified at night, because they are lighted and active while the rest of the wharf sleeps. Each is staffed by four City Watch members (see Ch2 FFF) and two Cargo Inspectors.

Cargo Inspectors: AC 4; MV 12; F5; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 +1 (*long swords +1*)

These warehouses hold cargo on its way into or out of the city, as well as cargo merely undergoing transfer from one vessel to another. The Cargo Inspectors must appraise each lot of items, col-

lecting the cargo tax that adds such a significant amount to the city treasury.

Every cargo of greater than 50 gp value must receive an entry stamp before being passed through the Cargo Gate and into the city. Obtaining this stamp can take 1d8 days, though the only actual cost is the payment of the Cargo Tax. It just seems to take the inspectors a long time to get around to the stamp.

Of course, a few gp in the right place—the palm of the cargo inspector, for those who still do not get the picture—can dramatically hasten stamping of the cargo approval. Such inspectors become virtual whirlwinds of efficiency when the bribe exceeds 1% of the cargo value. Otherwise, the bribe simply hastens the approval by a day or two.

In addition, the inspectors serve as the unofficial bouncers of the wharf district. Regular patrols of the watch are rarely summoned here. The inspectors reign as virtual dictators, and they are brutally effective in maintaining order.

Barge End

This is a muddy backwater where a small part of the flowage of the Selintan sits in sluggish stagnation, forming a shallow, mosquito-infested cove. No one else wanted it, so the Rhennee barge folk have claimed it as their home.

During spring, summer, and fall, Barge End is filled with the flat, sturdy watercraft of the Rhennee. Only during the winter is it empty, when the Rhennee pole upstream to their annual gathering along the shores of the Nyr Dyv.

There are 4d10 barges here when Barge End is occupied. The mass of barges are lashed together into a huge, floating platform with one corner lashed to the northern terminus of Greyhawk's wharf.

Each barge is a rather elaborate craft, with a raised deck over an enclosed cabin. They range in length from 30 to 45 feet. The largest have a pair of masts, the rest have but one. Each barge houses 1d6 +14 Rhennee, 75% of whom are capable fighters (levels 1-6) with good weapons.

Barge End is a small, private community all unto itself. The inspectors and watchmen do not step onto the barges; disturbances among the Rhennee are left to the Rhennee to resolve, a system that works well for all concerned.

If one is a friend of the Rhennee, any Rhennee, then one is welcome in Barge End. Such an individual may even find a hiding place here, though this form of aid is reserved for good friends, or rich friends.

Similarly, anyone who is disliked by a Rhennee had best not step aboard. Likely as not his departure from the vessel will be over the side.

More details on the Rhennee are given in Ch5 FFF.

Shack Town

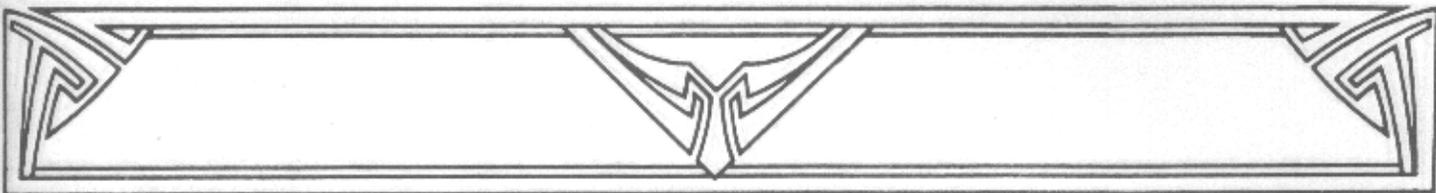
Across the backwater of Barge End sprawls an unsightly collection of shanties, huts, tents, and other miserable housing. Shack Town is the slum of Greyhawk City, too miserable even to be granted a place in the Old City.

Shack Town, as a rule, is inhabited by the rejects of the lowest levels of Greyhawk society. A few families live here, but most of the inhabitants are alone. Often these unfortunates are hiding from enemies in the city but are too frightened of the outside world to flee far from their home.

Perhaps 500 souls live in Shack Town, though the number declines in winter. There are no business establishments here, and only one shrine: a small place kept by a devoted follower of St. Cuthbert. This priest, Nicholi Nortoi (3rd level), and a few devoted followers give what comfort they can to the residents of Shack Town.

While he cannot alleviate all of the suffering here, at least he prevents the outbreak of dread diseases such as the plague, and keeps the few children in Shack Town from starving.

The collection of shanties is squeezed into a narrow and marshy stretch of land. The river crowds it, and even fills the muddy streets of Shack Town during rainy springs, washing many of the crude



structures away. Away from the river, the town presses against the steep bluff leading upward to North Hill Park.

A sturdy wooden dock, called simply the Shack Town Pier, stands at the waterfront of the squalid community. Shack Town's most magnificent edifices, many of them actually possessing four walls, stand (or lean) in a row behind the pier. The rest of the town straggles away along the riverbank.

Access to Shack Town from the city of Greyhawk is gained via boat from the wharf, except when Barge End is crowded with 30 or more barges. In the latter circumstance, there are enough barges to bridge the open water, and a corner of the barge-raft anchors at Shack Town Pier. Those on agreeable terms with the Rhennee can step across the barges from wharf to Shack Town. Otherwise, boaters are always waiting about, willing to ferry characters across for a few coppers.

Shack Town is a perfect place to remain unnoticed, so some of the men living here are doing just that. These men include agents of each of Greyhawk's foreign ambassadors as well as refugees from the Thieves' Guild and the Beggars' Union.

Shack Town is considered beneath the notice of even these guilds. Only in extreme circumstances will the Thieves' Guild, for example, seek an enemy among the shanties. Normally, the fact that the miserable scum has been driven to take refuge in Shack Town is considered humiliation enough. Of course, if that enemy should return to the Free City and be recognized, the chase is on again.

Greyhawk: Her Walls and Gates

These stone guardians of the city have never faced the test of steel, but the city architects, residents, and defenders are all confident of their worth. Though her walls are not the highest in the world, nor the thickest, Greyhawk's defenses present a formidable barrier to any enemy that would dare assault them.

Information on the city defensive plans, garrison, and tactics are presented in Chapter 1 of this book. The intent here is to describe these features as they might be encountered by inquisitive PCs.

The wall top is patrolled at all hours of the day and night. Likewise, each gate is permanently staffed with troops of the City Watch. Most of the gates are closed from three hours past sunset until dawn; only the Cargo Gate and Highway Gate remain open always.

Winding like a snake around the city's circumference, rising from the plains beyond like a ribbon of hope and promise, the great city wall encircles all quarters of the city. Two other walls, identical in height, guards, and other features to the outer wall, separate the city into its three great sections.

The Black Wall, to the south, divides the Old City of Greyhawk from the new. Originally the city's outer wall, the stone surface has been so stained by the soot and smoke of countless fires that it is, at least on the side of the Old City, quite black.

The Nobles' Wall divides the High and Military Quarters of the city from its other sections. This wall serves only to reinforce the feeling of superiority enjoyed by the city's elite.

Wall Description

The wall of the Free City is a uniform 30 feet high along its entire length, except where the gates and gate houses interrupt it. It is 18 feet wide at its base, and made of solid granite fitted together in a tight pattern. The platform along the top is ten feet wide, with a parapet running along both the inside and outside edges.

Access to the wall top can be gained from each gate house. Additionally, hidden compartments are located inside the base of the wall at 300-foot intervals. Each of these contains a dozen ladders, and their locations are known to all officers and sergeants of the City Watch.

During an emergency, the ladders would be pulled out and used along the entire inside length of the wall. The thou-

sands of fighters of the militia would then use them to climb to the parapets, then pushing the ladders to the ground behind them.

The wall top is regularly patrolled, both where it borders the city and where it runs between two city districts. During daytime, the typical patrol is one watchman placed every 300 feet along the top of the wall. At night, the guard complement is quadrupled, with two sentries standing together every 150 feet along the wall. Also at night, torches are maintained on the wall top by the Lamplighters' Guild. These torches are placed at 150-foot intervals, but staggered from the guards so that each sentry station is 75 feet from a torch in each direction.

The Gates

Each gate has its own name, and no two are alike in the amount and types of traffic that uses them. However, they have certain similarities in design and function.

Each gate comprises a pair of huge wooden portals, each at least 12 feet high, eight feet wide, and one foot thick. Made from tough roanwood, heavily reinforced with iron, the gates can endure a tremendous pounding before they fail.

Four gates—Black, Highway, Garden, and Cargo—are larger than the others, reaching 16 feet in height and a total entrance width of 24 feet. In all other respects mentioned here they resemble their smaller kin.

Each gate is backed by a massive portcullis of iron bars two inches thick in a closely intertwined pattern. A very small child might squeeze through, but not a youth, or even an adult halfling. The portcullis is usually left open even when the gates are closed. If some flaw with a gate's door renders it temporarily inoperable (they require a significant amount of maintenance), the gate is propped open and the portcullis used to close the entryway when necessary.

Each gate is contained within a small gate house, consisting of a pair of towers flanking the gateway itself, and an enlarged, enclosed area over the gateway.



The tower tops and connecting block-house are well equipped with arrow slits and ingenious methods for delivering boiling oil (straight down) or other liquid attack forms.

Each gate house tower connects to the city through a door in its base, and to the wall top by a door in its side. The towers contain three platforms, beginning at the top of the wall and extending upward. Each of these can shelter and provide a firing platform for a squad of 40 archers.

These towers serve in peacetime as shelters and resting places for the city watch. Each gate house is normally garrisoned by a standard patrol of the watch (see Ch2 FFF). Most of the guards are stationed in the central passage of the gate house, but there is always a sentry somewhere in each tower. This guard complement is in addition to the guards on duty at the gate itself; the latter guards are outside, patrolling the actual gate passage.

The two gates within the city—Black Gate, leading from the Old to the New City, and Garden Gate, leading from the upper district of the city into the Foreign Quarter and Clerksburg in the more crowded central district—divide the city, in function if not necessarily by intent, into three classes. The Garden Gate remains open except in rare instances of emergency, such as riots or panic. The Black Gate, on the other hand, is closed during the deepest hours of the night.

All persons passing through these gates are subject to signing a written roster. Illiterate users sign their "X," together with a brief description written by the guard.

Those passing through these gates are not asked to explain their business, nor are they detained or turned back (unless, of course, one is a wanted fugitive who gets recognized).

The gates connecting the city to the outside world, however, are maintained a little more diligently. For one thing, all except two of these outside gates (the Highway and the Cargo Gate) are closed from dusk until dawn. They are opened during the hours of darkness only for a traveler who pleads the urgency of his

case, and who can produce a written message from the Lord Mayor or Captain-General of Greyhawk, or the head of state of some other nation. In the latter case, the guards make sure that the traveler is harmless before they open the gates.

All of the gates, when they are open, keep a roster of those passing through. In addition, those arriving in the city are asked their business. If this business is recreation, or if the guard has any other reason for being suspicious (20% chance just for the heck of it; more if a PC is belligerent) the guard notes the nature of the character's business beside his or her name.

If it is later proven that the character has misinformed the city, that character is subject to banishment and confiscation of all wealth acquired within the city. A long list of individuals, as well as citizens of states currently hostile to the Free City, are not welcomed at the gates.

Should one such *persona non grata* arrive, he or she is sent quickly away. If such a character is discovered trying to sneak into the city, the punishment is immediate arrest, sentence to a workhouse for 2d12 months, and then banishment from the city.

The information contained on the gate rosters is stored in the Great Library of Greyhawk (location C2). Officially, only the directors of the city and the officers of the watch have access to this information. It is rumored (correctly) that certain powerful guild masters have also been able to make use of this roster information.

Contraband

A very few things are actually banned from the city properties. These include poisons of the most toxic varieties and idols or objects of worship pertaining to an evil cult or deity. Persons caught with such idols are dealt with as explained for members of such cults (see "Greyhawk the Religious Center," Chapter 1 of this book).

Carrying poison results in a sentence to the workhouse, in the neighborhood of

2d12 months' worth. However, one convicted of using such poison in a murder is sentenced to death. The execution is accomplished with the use of a rare venom, always lethal but killing only after a prolonged day or two of excruciating agony.

A far more common type of contraband is a bundle of goods smuggled through the gate to avoid the Cargo Tax or the Precious Metal Tax. Or perhaps an adventurer, down on his luck, seeks to avoid the Freesword Tax of three gp, concealing his blade and armor in a saddlebag.

Watchmen are prone to search about 25% of the bundles, packs, hay wagons, panniers, and other bulk objects brought into the city. Individuals are frisked only if they are grotesquely obvious in attempting to conceal contraband upon their persons. If PCs approach a gate with contraband, require a Wisdom check of each character. Those who fail automatically trigger a search of their belongings; all others stand the basic 25% chance of a search.

Penalties for such smuggling generally come down to a bribe offered to the guards to overlook the incident, as well as paying the requisite tax on the discovered contraband. It becomes a challenge to the guards to discover smugglers, for these bribes add up to no little sum for each watchman. Of course, they must take care not to delay traffic through the gates, and to avoid ruffling the feathers of an important citizen or visiting dignitary.

If no bribe is offered, the smugglers are taken to the gaol (H12). They face a magistrate in a day or two, and receive a fine much stiffer than the bribe would have been. If unable to pay, the city confiscates the contraband.

The gates, their guard complements, and typical traffic patterns are discussed individually below. As with the city's outer perimeter, these are presented clockwise, beginning with the Wharfgate on the northeast corner of the city.

Wharfgate

This small gate is reached from the river-front wharves by a long path that



snakes its way up the bluff to the gate in the city wall. It is open only from dawn until dusk. This is the only city gate with restrictions upon the type of travel through it. No wheeled vehicles, beasts of burden, or livestock may pass here.

In part this is justified by the steepness of the roadway, but it also serves to limit the traffic through the stately neighborhoods of the Garden and High Quarters.

The Wharfgate's most notable feature is the splendid view afforded from its high vantage point. When outside the wall one can see many miles of the Selintan River. The heights of the Cairn Hills stand to the north in stately majesty. On a clear day the trees and rocks of the crests are clearly visible. And looking toward the city from inside the gate brings all of Greyhawk under view.

It is guarded day and night by an elite patrol of the City Watch, reinforced by a standard patrol in the gate house.

Duke's Gate

This gate is typical of the smaller of the city's entrances and exits. Its traffic consists mainly of food goods brought by backpack, saddlebag, cart, wagon, even on the hoof, destined for the High Marketplace. The Duke's Gate is also the point of entry for all traffic into the Cairn Hills and to the southern shore of the Nyr Dyv, though this traffic is not nearly as numerous as that through the Highway Gate at the southern end of the city. However, freight wagons and their escorts of soldiers enter the city here, bringing the smelted and partially processed products of the mines to the city's craftsman and markets.

The gate was named in honor of a former Duke of Urnst, nearly a century ago. That duke was a renowned sportsman and gambler. He traveled often to the Free City, partaking enthusiastically of the pleasures there. He turned each journey from the duchy to Greyhawk and back into a hunting expedition through the Cairn Hills. His route always brought him down from the hills and through this gate. The good duke lost so much of his wealth in the city's gaming houses and

inns that the grateful populace gave the gate his name as a token of rare honor and esteem.

The gate is manned by an elite patrol of the City Watch, reinforced of course by the standard patrol in the gate house.

Druids' Gate

This small gate is designated by the ring of stones standing just outside of the city here. It is the least-used gate of the city. Most of its traffic consists of goods from the outlying farmsteads and manors destined for the Low Marketplace.

It is manned by a standard patrol of the City Watch, with a second patrol in the gate house.

Highway Gate

This is the grand entrance to the city, the portal by which so many travelers first enter this magical realm. It, together with the Cargo Gate, remains open at all times, except of course in the event of an extreme emergency.

Through its wide portal pass caravans of seaborne goods from Hardby, a huge amount of foodstuffs from the fertile farmsteads along the valley of the Selintan, huge timber wagons with raw materials for carpenters and builders, and virtually all overland trade with Dyvers, Celene, Furyondy, the Wild Coast, and all parts south and west of the Free City.

The Highway Gate guard post is a prestige assignment for the troops and sergeants of the City Watch. Those sergeants who perform well here over a period of years can expect to move on to much greater responsibilities in the service of the Captain-General. Thus the guards at this gate pay the closest attention to details of procedure. Of course, bribes are still accepted for dismissal of contraband charges, but the searches for such contraband are more meticulous.

Because of the experience of the guard details stationed here, they search a lower proportion of the travelers, but discover a greater amount of contraband. Characters attempting to smuggle here suffer a $\times 4$ penalty to their Wisdom for the Wisdom check to see if they can bluff

the guard. And random searches against smugglers are 35% likely to occur.

The Highway Gate is the duty post of two elite patrols of the city watch. There is also a standard patrol stationed in the gate house.

Marsh Gate

This is another small gate, used mainly for local traffic to farmsteads along the riverbank, fishermen's docks located at frequent intervals along the bank, and sometimes as an alternative to the busy Highway Gate.

The Marsh Gate is patrolled by a standard patrol of the City Watch, with a second patrol in the gate house.

Cargo Gate

This is the other large gate leading into and out of the city. In its dimensions, and the diligence of its guards, it resembles the Highway Gate.

The Cargo Gate is the busiest of the Free City's portals, bustling at all hours of the day and night with freight wagons, pack trains, porters, and carts of goods from the wharf to the city and vice versa. Every manner of goods brought to Greyhawk by boat enters the city through the Cargo Gate.

Like the Highway Gate, the Cargo Gate remains open both day and night, and is guarded by a double elite patrol of the City Watch, together with the standard gate house garrison.

Garden Gate

This gateway remains open day and night. It is watched with casual indifference by a standard patrol of the Watch—though the patrol makes certain that all who use the gate sign the roster to mark their passage. There is usually no guard patrol stationed in this gate house, though such a patrol is stationed if a major manhunt is in progress or some other internal strife threatens the city.

Black Gate

The Black Gate separates the Old City from the New. More significantly, it sepa-



rates those who have wealth and power from those who do not. Consequently it is manned by an elite patrol, with a standard patrol always stationed in the gate house.

The Black Gate is closed two hours after sunset and remains closed until an hour before dawn. When the gate is opened, the roster is diligently maintained, and the guards keep a sharp lookout for fugitives. The Thieves' Guild also maintains a constant surveillance of the Black Gate, from a discreet location in a second-floor apartment just inside the Thieves' Quarter.

The Processional

This grand avenue of the Free City is at once the center of its commerce, the heart of its culture, and the thread that binds its citizens together. It begins at the Highway Gate, at the terminus of the Old City, and runs more or less straight north, past many of the city's grandest buildings, to its final end at the gate house of the Grand Citadel.

The Processional is not paved, but its surface of hard-packed sand might almost be paving stone for all its durability and weather resistance. The roadway is slightly mounded in the center of its 120-

foot width, insuring that even the heaviest of downpours runs quickly into the gutters. The Processional itself seems immune to mud and ruts—an unusual feature here, where the smaller avenues routinely soak up rainwater and become mud-clogged morasses.

During its course, the Processional passes through the Black Gate and the High Gate. It runs through the heart of the Low Marketplace, and forms one side of the High Marketplace. The roadway splits around the vast roanwood tree in the city, once used for hanging criminals and ever afterward called the Hanging Tree. The tree serves simply to provide shade and greenery now. Beyond the tree the road curves slightly to cross a wide wooden bridge over the Millstream.

From there it climbs gently, almost imperceptibly, to the slope below the Citadel. For its final stretch the roadway climbs a man-made embankment, carrying it gently up to the gate house of the Citadel.

During the daytime it teems with carts and wagons, pedestrians and riders, even the occasional shepherd or herdsman driving some of his stock before him. The patrols of the City Watch are common here, for this is the thoroughfare

used by those patrols as they march to the far corners of the city and back. Preceding and following the changing of guard patrols (see the Citadel description for times) the Processional sometimes has the look of a military parade ground, as more and more patrols come together on their way back to the Citadel.

Indeed, the Processional might well have been designed with parades in mind. During major festivals, as well upon special occasions such as the arrival of an important ambassador or the celebration of a newly appointed Lord Mayor, the entire length of the broad avenue becomes a parade route, and virtually the entire city population turns out to watch.

For occasions requiring a truly grand expanse of open area, a Great Square is created in the High Marketplace. Tents are struck, and even the temporary merchants' huts are folded down and moved aside. The result is actually a pair of wide plazas, with the one closer to the Citadel being slightly higher than the one closer to Garden Gate.

These are used for the annual review of the Free City troops and militia as well as for occasional maneuvers or festivals.

Chapter 5: The Grand Citadel

The Grand Citadel of Greyhawk—simply called “the Citadel” by the city’s inhabitants—occupies the dominant ground within the city walls, overlooking all quarters of the city from its position on a low rise. The great, stone edifice dates back to Greyhawk’s earliest days, when it was erected as a bastion of defense for all the city’s residents.

Back then the city occupied the low, accessible ground of the Old City, which was deemed of poor defensive value. So the Citadel was erected on the nearby knoll, and it commanded the length and breadth of the river valley. Gradually, of course, the New City has moved upward to embrace these old stone walls, and now the Citadel stands as a part of the city itself.

Also changed by history has been the fortress’s role as a shelter for the city population. Now, of course, the Citadel’s looming walls, dark gray almost to black, could offer shelter to but a tiny fraction of the populace. In actual use, its purposes are several.

In the mundane life of the city, the Citadel serves as the prison in which the most hardened criminals—barbarians, dwarven thieves, half-orcs and the like—are incarcerated. The walls, originally designed to prevent intruders from entering the castle, serve quite adequately as a means of preventing escape as well.

Now escapes are rare, and the prisoners tend to be generally well behaved. The brutal guards hired to enforce the imprisonment are none too bright, but manage their tasks effectively.

The huge blockhouse of the prison occupies the northern portion of the Citadel courtyard. To the south stands an even larger building called, simply, “the Redoubt.”

Within the walls of the Redoubt are found the quarters of the City Watch and the offices of its commander, Sental Nurev, as well as those of the Constable of the City, Derider Fanshen. There also is the City Arsenal, containing a large store of armaments for use by the masses that would be levied into the militia in the event of an emergency.

Below ground, underneath the stead-

fast protection of the Redoubt, can be found the last bastion of Greyhawk’s elite in the event of disaster. There too is the Greyhawk City Treasury.

All is bounded by those high walls and sealed by the Battle Gate and its solid gate house.

Citadel Location

The stately walls of the Citadel overlook the Processional to the far end of that avenue’s length. The castle is set well above the roadway itself; indeed, the wide avenue is raised upon an even wider ramp simply to reach the Citadel gates.

Nowhere is the Great Citadel approached by neighboring buildings. Instead, rolling meadows descend steeply away from the fortress for several hundred feet on all sides. Clear, deep ponds cover some of the ground, filling in the dips in the convoluted terrain.

Although their placement appears random to all but the most careful observer with experience with engineering, these ponds actually create a layer of defense for the fortress.

By use of a few well-placed *dig* spells, the ponds can be connected into an eight-foot-deep, mud-bottomed moat. If the *dig* spell is augmented by a *raise water* casting, the damage that could be inflicted upon an attacking force is quite astounding.

During times of peace—such times as Greyhawk has known for all of current human memory—these grassy meadows are used by the people of the city as a vast commons. Thieves are actively discouraged from visiting the area, and rigid codes of proper dress insure that the commons is primarily used by the families of nobles and the wealthier merchants or adventurers.

To the west and south, beyond the ponds and meadows, some of the elegant mansions of the High Quarter are visible. Beyond the city walls, the land falls away even more steeply, prohibiting all but the most tenacious from approaching by that route.

The Citadel, in turn, is visible from

most parts of the city, as long as the viewer is high enough to see past obstacles in his immediate vicinity. Its commanding presence can be seen from the entire length of the Processional.

Citadel Routine

The activities of the Citadel conform to a regular pattern, repeated day by day and altered slightly only on Godsdag.

Many of these events involve the opening of the Battle Gate, noted below. When opened, the gate is quickly closed after each use. The daily schedule is listed here:

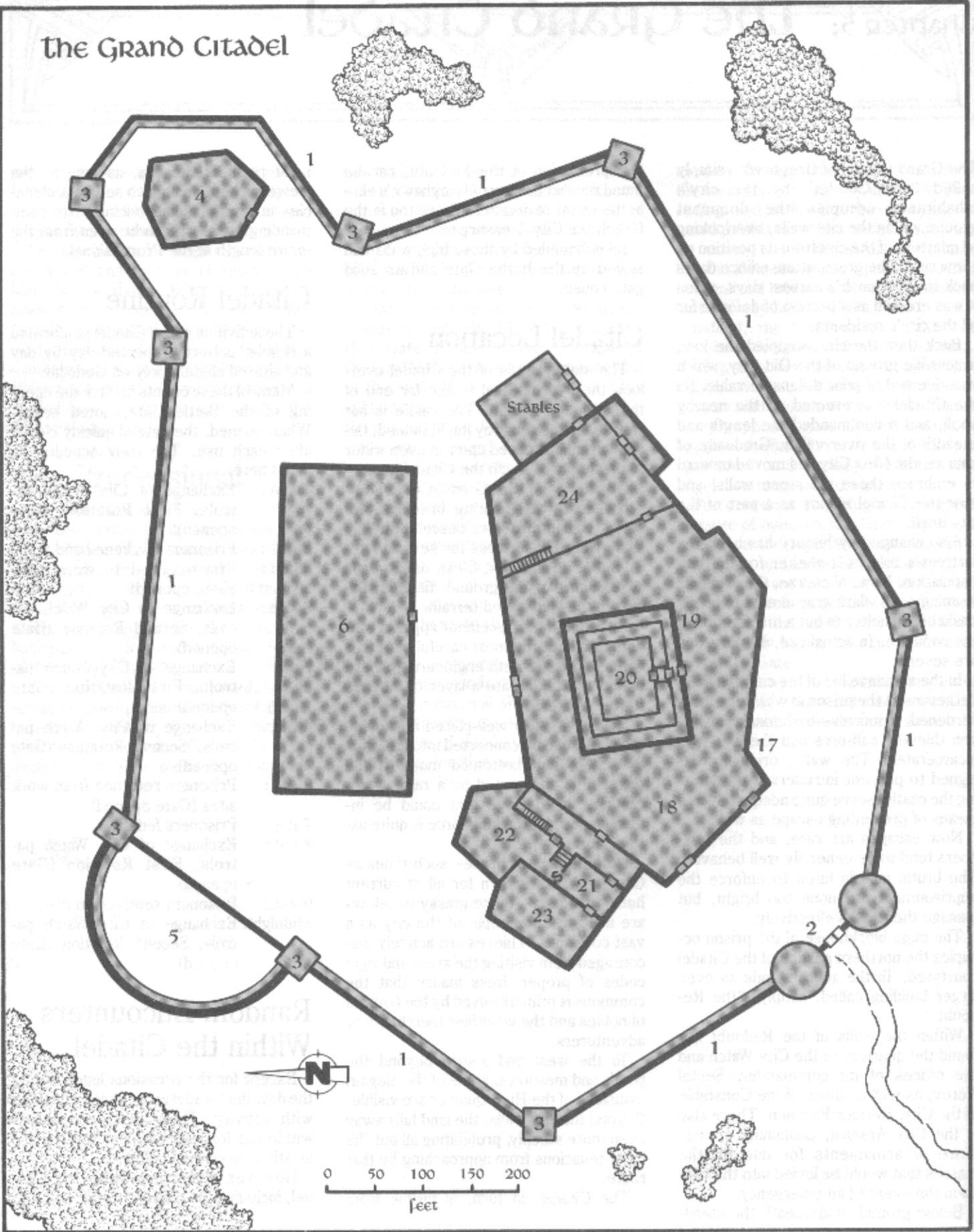
- 4 A.M.: Exchange of City Watch patrols, First Rotation (Gate opened)
- 5 A.M.: Prisoners awakened and fed
- 6 A.M.: Prisoners led to work sites (Gate opened)
- 8 A.M.: Exchange of City Watch patrols, Second Rotation (Gate opened)
- Noon: Exchange of City Watch patrols, First Rotation (Gate opened)
- 4 P.M.: Exchange of City Watch patrols, Second Rotation (Gate opened)
- 6 P.M.: Prisoners returned from work sites (Gate opened)
- 7 P.M.: Prisoners fed
- 8 P.M.: Exchange of City Watch patrols, First Rotation (Gate opened)
- 9 P.M.: Prisoners returned to cells
- Midnight: Exchange of City Watch patrols, Second Rotation (Gate opened)

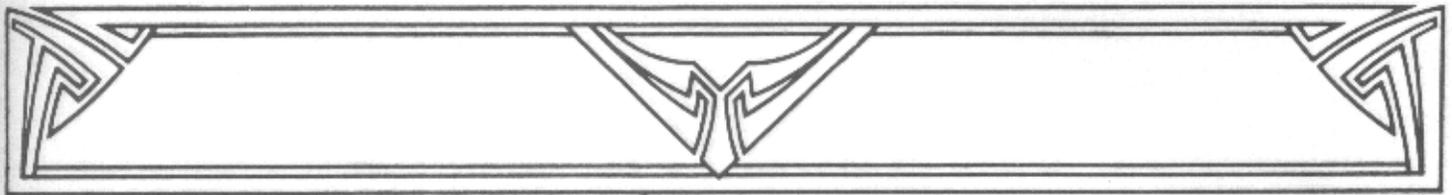
Random Encounters Within the Citadel

Except for the occasions listed during the day, the Citadel is not exactly bustling with activity. Thus, most encounters within the fortress occur at the specific locations described below.

However, characters within the Citadel, including the courtyard, the wall top,

The Grand Citadel





and the rooms and corridors on the ground level of the Redoubt, may encounter others as they move about. To determine these occurrences, roll 1d20 and compare the result to the following table.

Citadel Random Encounter Table

D20 Roll*	Encounter
1-8	No encounter
9-13	Standard Guard Patrol
14-16	Elite Guard Patrol
17	Deputy Constable
18	Prisoner Work Party
19	Nobleman or other official (choose NPC from FFF book)
20+	Standard Guard Patrol, (drunk and suspicious)

* Add 4 to all encounter rolls made during the hours of darkness.

There is a 75% chance that a guard patrol assumes that the PCs are present on some legitimate errand. If the PCs are furtive, odd-looking, or otherwise arouse suspicion, and in any event during 25% of random guard encounters otherwise, the patrol stops the intruders and question them.

Unless the PCs have documented evidence of their legitimacy, the guards demand the name of an official the characters are visiting, or other reasonable explanation, before they let the visitors go.

A deputy constable will always inquire, politely, about the business of strangers he encounters. An NPC or official will probably take no notice, however.

Specific Locations in the Citadel

1. Battle Wall

It looms sheer and imposing from the ground, gaining magnificence not from its more than adequate height but from its sheer, breathtaking expanse. Nearly a

thousand feet long, the wall gives one standing before it the impression of something greater than man-made. It seems to spring from the ground itself.

The wall is actually 45 feet high around its entire circumference, except where the towers and gate house loom even higher. On the outside it drops in an almost vertical descent—the base of the wall juts only five feet beyond the top. The top of the wall is 20 feet wide around its entire length, while the bottom is 40 feet wide. Thus, the other 15 feet of the bottom's extra width is gained on the inside, which slopes into the courtyard at a much more gentle angle than the outer surface of the wall. Even so, it is too steep and smooth to walk on, though the slope grants thieves a +10 to their percentage chance to climb sheer surfaces here.

The rim of the wall top, both outer and inner, is protected by a five-foot-high parapet, notched every six feet with a two-foot-deep, one-foot-wide gap for a defender. There are no stairways connecting the wall top to the ground. The only access is through the towers and buildings.

The wall itself is solid stone. Within its solid surface are a number of gas traps, placed so that any attempt to bore through the wall, employ a *passwall* spell, or otherwise open a hole into the stone has an 80% chance of striking one.

These traps contain a gas that explodes violently when exposed to air, inflicting 12d6 points of fire damage to anyone within 50 feet of the hole when it is opened. Victims out to a range of 100 feet suffer half-damage from the explosion. All affected are entitled to a saving throw vs. breath weapon, with success reducing the damage by half.

This explosion is directed outward from the wall and does not affect individuals on top of the wall or on other side of the wall.

There are no standard guard postings on the wall itself, for its top is generally clearly visible from the towers. At night, torches placed every 40 feet along the outer rim of the wall cast flickering light and shadows along the wall. Thieves suc-

cessfully hiding in shadows can cross and avoid notice altogether. Other characters and thieves who fail their hiding attempt stand only a 33% chance of being noticed by guards if they cross the wall top at night. During the day there are no shadows, and there is a 95% chance that an individual is noticed.

Once again, nonchalance pays off, however. Characters who look like they belong there are not accosted by the guards on the tower tops. Check for random encounters on the wall top with the Citadel Random Encounter Table.

2. Battle Gate and Gate House

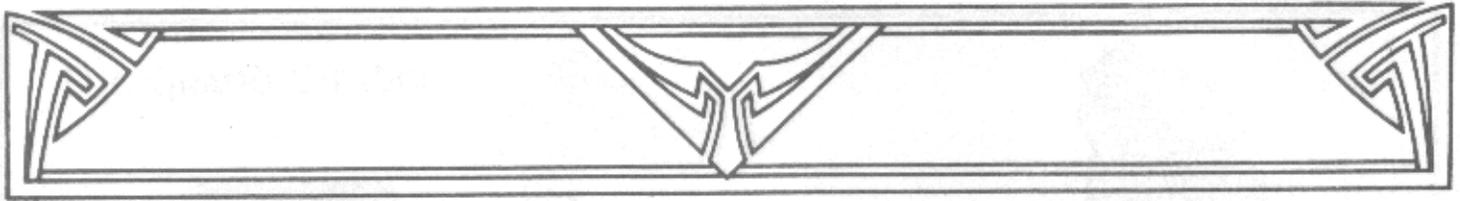
The Battle Gate's massive timbers clearly once ruled the heights of a lofty forest, for the sturdy beams exceed the height of a man in their girth. Banded together by belts of the blackest iron, hammered in place with spikes the size of a human arm, the weathered wooden surface stands as a mute challenge to any attacker.

And around the Battle Gate, a worthy frame for its fundamental might: The gate house, with its white granite walls now stained with soot and grime, but still bright enough to glare on a sunny day. Together, the gate and its small fortress bar entrance to the Citadel, allowing only those with good reason to pass, and even then only at regularly prescribed times.

The gate is only the first of a series of barriers standing in the way of would-be invaders. All the others are normally standing open, however, to be closed only in the event of actual attack.

The Gates: Each of the double gates towers 40 feet into the air. Each door is 20 feet wide, for a full portal width of 40 feet. The doors are two feet thick and made of hardened roanwood heavily belted with iron. They open outward and, when closed, rest solidly against a heavy stone door frame. A massive timber is supported just above the gate, inside the gate house. In time of crisis it can be lowered by the winch and pulley mechanism that supports it to bar the huge gates.

The Gateway: Even if entry is somehow gained through these gates, an in-



vader is faced almost immediately by their twins located a mere 40 feet into the gate house. These secondary gates are every bit as solid as the first, though normally they stand open.

After these gates is a massive portcullis, made of iron bars as thick as a man's wrist. It is generally raised to allow passage through the gate house, but can be dropped within one minute of the sounding of an alarm.

Finally comes the third pair of wooden gates, identical to the first two save that they open into the Citadel's courtyard. Thus, even an attacker who surmounts the walls may still find the gate house to be a fortress of resistance.

The gates are always guarded by a standard patrol of the watch, posted directly outside. They have contact through a speaking tube to an elite patrol, posted just inside the gate.

The elite patrol has control over the opening of the gates. They are not opened except at the regularly scheduled times, or for a messenger bearing an emergency pass on the authority of the Lord Mayor, Constable, or Captain-General. Those pleading emergency may be able to persuade the watch to make an exception, but this requires a substantial bribe for every watchman currently on duty at the gate.

The Gate House: The gate house is 60 feet high, surrounded by a parapet like that which lines the Citadel wall. Its surface is solid stone and its walls are five feet thick. The only entrances are the two doors leading into the gateway on the ground level, a pair of doors leading onto the top of the wall, and a single trap door leading to the roof from the third floor.

The great rooms to either side of the passage through the gate house can be entered only through doors leading into the gateway itself. These doors, while not as heavy as the gates, nonetheless require the strength of a large man to move them. Iron bars can secure them from the inside.

The pair of steep stairways climbing to the second level of the gate house from these two rooms are designed for defense from above. The entire length of

each stair lies below an open gallery, subject to the missiles, oil, and other nastiness dropped by the garrison.

The second floor of the gate house is divided into three sections, one over the gateway and one over each of the side rooms. The north and south rooms on the second floor are bare except for the stairways leading to the ground level, a door in each exiting onto the top of the Citadel wall, and a door in each leading into the central room of the second floor.

Within that chamber are stored huge kegs of oil, great iron pots, and mounds of charcoal. The floor in the center of the room is slitted with murder holes, allowing the boiling oil to be poured upon intruders below. Also within this central room is a stairway, like the others exposed along its length to fire from above, leading to a third-floor central chamber.

The third floor of the gate house is a single room. It is filled with 120 wooden bunks, long swords and spears, shields, many arrows, and enough food and water to support a company of defenders for three months. In the center of this room a narrow ladder leads to a heavy trap door—the only means of entry onto the roof.

3. Citadel Towers

Square and blockish, the towers nonetheless convey an air of grace as they reach above the surrounding fortress and the city beyond. The broad square of each base, fully 50 feet on a side, balances the impressive 70-foot height of the tower. Narrow arrow slits glower ominously from each face of stone, frowning a warning at all who approach the great castle.

The walls of each tower are ten feet thick. There is one door at ground level leading to the hollow interior of each tower. A stairway winds about the circumference of the tower's inside walls, leading to platforms 45 feet off of the ground. Each platform connects to a door leading onto the top of the wall in each direction.

The stairway continues on, finally leading to a trap door on the roof. The top of

the tower is surrounded by the familiar five-foot parapet.

Each tower is garrisoned by a standard patrol of the watch. Two members of the patrol are stationed inside the tower, on the ground level. (This is considered comfortable duty by the guards, since their only duties involve opening the tower doors for the occasional passer-by.) The rest of the watch is stationed atop the tower.

4. The Great Blockhouse

Extending beyond the walls of the fortress proper, proudly jutting from the southeast corner of the Citadel, stands the looming bulk of the Great Blockhouse. Soaring 100 feet from the ground, it stands as a solid challenge, visible from all quarters of the city.

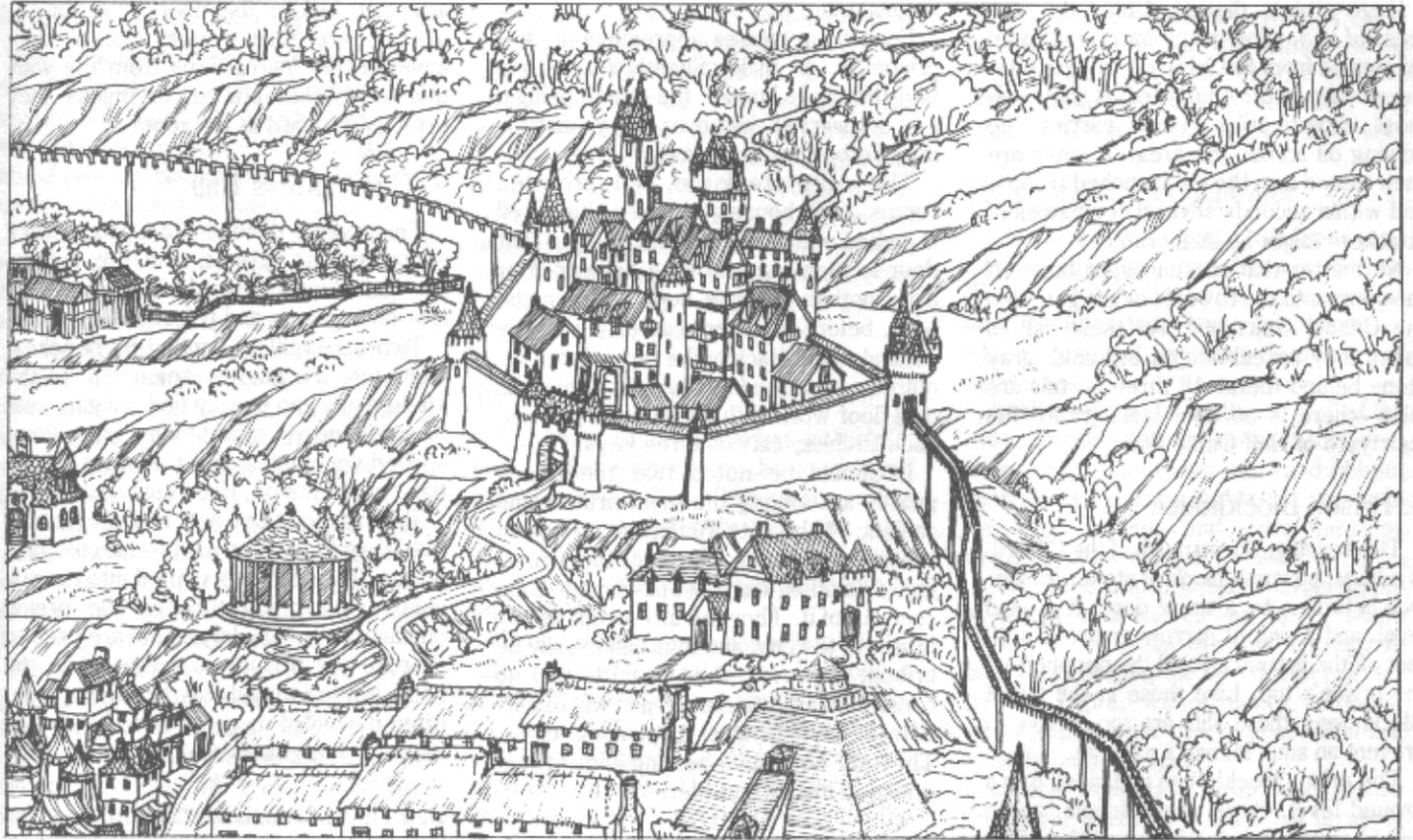
The blockhouse has been designed, like the gate house, as a small fortress in its own right. It also serves as the central artillery platform for the Citadel.

The top of the blockhouse is surrounded by the typical Citadel parapet, allowing a full company of archers to dispense their missiles from the broad platform.

Additionally, a huge catapult is mounted at each of the four corners of the blockhouse roof, and an even more monstrous catapult sits upon a swivel mount on a raised platform in the center of the roof. From their commanding height, these weapons can rain death upon any attackers to the south and west of the Citadel walls, or within the courtyard itself.

Access to the blockhouse is controlled by a single door leading onto the top of the Citadel wall. The higher walls of the tower—starting at 50 feet, and then at 10-foot intervals to the full height of the blockhouse—are lined with narrow arrow slits, too small to allow any but a halving or child to pass.

The interior of the tower is primarily stonework columns supporting heavy, damp timbers through a series of six floors. The structure is designed, effectively, to be resistant to fire attacks. The six floors are connected by a spiraling



stone staircase passing up the middle of the tower.

The bottom floor is at ground level, below the level of the entry door. Here are stored kegs of salt pork, dried fruit, and other nonperishable food, enough to feed three defending companies for three months. A deep hole in the middle of the floor leads to a well of cool, clean water. A secret door, known only to Derider and Sental, connects the inside of the well to the secret underground tunnels.

An undisguised trap door in the floor leads to a ladder descending a narrow shaft. This shaft connects to another tunnel that leads from the Blockhouse to a walled garden on the grounds of Grey College. This passage is used occasionally by officials and other guests of Derider or Sental who wish to enter or leave the Citadel unobserved. Its existence is not as closely guarded a secret as the tunnel connecting to the well, but neither is it public knowledge. In the event of an at-

tack, this upper tunnel would be immediately collapsed.

The second level is a large, open room, designed as a mess hall and general assembly room for defenders. The upper four floors each have beds to accommodate 75 bowmen, blockhouse defenders, and also provide access to the arrow slits on the wall. Space for an extra group of 25 artillerymen is crowded onto the upper floor.

During peacetime, the blockhouse is the quarters of 100 members of the City Watch, ten of whom are always standing guard atop the blockhouse. Another two are posted at the door to the wall top. Thirty guards are sleeping on one floor while another 1d20 are relaxing, off-duty, on another.

5. Half Circle Wall

Veering out from the sheer, straight walls of the Citadel comes this smooth,

rounded surface—a mere 20 feet high in the shadow of the great fortress's forbidding barrier. Many a casual observer has smugly judged this to be the Citadel's weakness, the little touch of architectural vanity that would prove the castle's undoing in the face of a truly persistent attack.

Nothing could be further from the truth. The illusion of an easy approach is very much intentional: this nice, gentle wall providing a convenient step halfway up the side of the main Citadel wall. Though the courtyard above the wall lies under the fire of two towers, the actual surface of the Half Circle Wall is screened from missile attack in most direction.

The intent of the wall is to draw an attacker onto the courtyard above the Half Circle Wall. A savage attack would quickly result in many defenders packing themselves into this small area. But this courtyard, far from offering easy access to the Citadel, will then become a killing ground.



Huge grates, disguised until the moment of use, allow many barrels of oil to be poured from the adjacent towers onto the surface of the courtyard. A slight, almost imperceptible, slope carries the flowing oil across the area. Torches are then tossed into the oil-drenched troops, and within seconds several companies of attackers might be incinerated.

No matter that the oil might burn off the doors into the towers, or the gate into the Citadel courtyard. As these fall to ashes they reveal nought but cold, gray stone behind them. All three portals are false—there is no door leading into the courtyard of Half Circle Wall.

6. Prison Blockhouse

This building, like so much of the Citadel, is a huge, squarish block of stone. Its surface is broken by a single door, at ground level, and a ring of narrow arrow slits 40 feet off the ground around the periphery of the prison's top. Like those in the Great Blockhouse, these slits are too narrow to prevent an adult human's passage.

The prison blockhouse is divided into a ground level, three upper levels, and a below-ground level. All except the basement follow the same floor plan. The single door is locked and secured with an iron bar on both the inside and outside.

An elite patrol of the watch always stands guard at the door. The sergeant-at-arms commanding the patrol always carries the keys to the main door. The only other copy of the key is kept by Sental Nurev himself.

The four prisoner-inhabited floors each have a large central area with crude tables and benches. This is the prisoner dining and assembly area. An iron stairway, clearly exposed to view from the room, connects each floor with those above and below. The upper floor connects to the roof through a trap door, locked with the same lock as the main door.

A latchkey (typical man-at-arms) stays on each floor when the prisoners are in their cells. When they are released to march to work or to eat, each latchkey is aided by a large standard patrol of 20 ad-

ditional men.

Each floor houses approximately 400 prisoners, all male. Slightly more than two-thirds are human, the others being a mix of dwarves, half-orcs and a smattering of other demihumans.

The cells are large, but crowded rooms, each housing ten men. Each cell is locked with a door of metal bars. That door is then secured by a hallway door and another security door, all of metal bars, before prisoners can pass into the central room. Each of the three doors requires a separate key, though all the cells on a floor work with the same key. Thus, each latchkey carries three keys.

It should be noted that the prison guards are among the most brutish and sadistic of the City Watchmen. Some of these men rotate through the prison guard position, but most have made a career out of it. They are as corrupt as any official in the city, and thus can usually be bribed. However, these guards feel no constraints of conscience, and will readily betray anyone who displeases them. They are not above beating and, for aggravated insults, murder.

Areas 7-16: The Lower Level

Below the ground in the Blockhouse is the office of the warden, a small guard barracks, and a secret compartment fashioned by wardens in past years. The familiar metal stairway leads through the floor of the ground level into area 7. As with the other stairways, there are no doors separating the floors from each other.

7. Guard Room

This barren chamber is the duty post of 20 guards at all times. They respond quickly to any loud disturbance among the prisoners. It takes them one minute per floor to respond—they would reach the first floor one round after an alert, while it would take four rounds for them to reach the top floor.

In addition, this room is a checkpoint for all visitors who would see the warden. Two of the guards in here are posted at

attention before the door to room 11. Visitors are turned away unless they have written instructions from the warden or another official, or unless they bribe each guard in the room.

8. Guard Mess Hall

This room is divided into a dingy eating space for the guards, and the smoky, rank-smelling kitchen facility that services both guards and prisoners.

Two bare tables, flanked by benches, constitute the guards' amenities. In the kitchen one can usually find hanging cuts of moldy, nearly rancid meat, gritty flour, spoiled vegetables, and the other essential ingredients of prison cuisine.

Two massive cook pots and one smaller kettle each sit over deep, charcoal fireplaces. The smoke is vented into narrow chimneys running through the prison building walls. The large pots are used to prepare the prisoners' meals while the small kettle is used for the choice cuts, often devoid of maggots altogether, that make up the guards' meals.

9. Prison Guard Barracks

This large room is used as a living quarters for the prison guards. During the day it is virtually empty; perhaps 2d6 off-duty guards might be sleeping here. At night, however, it reverberates to the snores of about 120 sleeping men.

10. Prison Arsenal

The heavy, locked door to this room bars entrance to one of the city's official weapon caches, to be employed in the event of a general muster. Though this cache has never been used, the blades are regularly sharpened and oiled, and the wooden parts are inspected for rot and replaced, if necessary. Copies of the key to open the door are carried by Derider, Sental, the Lord Mayor, and the warden.

Within the room are stored 500 spears, 300 short swords, 300 shields, and 5,000 arrows for long bows.

11. Office of the Warden

This large room, though spartan, is the first of the prison chambers to have any measure of comfort and grandeur whatsoever. The floor is stone, but consists of slabs of pink and black quartz instead of the gray fieldstone used throughout the prison.

The Warden, Kaltek Werm, is within the office (25%) or the apartment (25%) half the time, and gone on some errand or dalliance the rest of the time.

A huge brown bearskin, once the pride of some monstrous cave bear, now spreads across the floor within the doorway. Its glass eyes and gleaming array of teeth, locked in a permanent snarl, greet all who enter.

Both the desk and the table in the room are huge, with surfaces of gleaming black wood. The chairs in the room are practical, bare wood, but nonetheless shine with the quality of their workmanship.

The desk contains a drawer with writing equipment, a large leather-bound roster of the prisoners, and a bottle of gin with three glasses. Careful examination (find secret doors roll) might reveal the secret compartment behind it.

It is locked and protected with a poison needle trap. The warden has the only key. Additionally, the desk is so solid that it can only be broken with a successful bend bars roll (though a successful roll will alert everyone in rooms 7, 8, 12, 13, 14, and 15).

If the drawer is opened, a searcher will discover 11 platinum plates, a large bloodstone worth 120 gp, and a *ring of invisibility*.

Kaltek Werm, Warden of the Citadel Prison: AC 3; MV 12; F9; hp 73; THAC0 12; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d10 +6 (*two-handed sword* +3 and Str 18/55)

Kaltek Werm is a handsome, well-dressed man who might be dismissed as a dandy, except for a certain hardness in his eyes.

An accomplished huntsman, Kaltek Werm views his job as a troublesome detail that interferes with his true life's pursuit of outdoor sports and gambling at one of the nicer establishments in the High Quarter.

He enjoys wooing the young ladies he meets, and he maintains a discreet apartment in the Garden Quarter for his frequent rendezvous. He never brings women to his apartment in the prison.

His high standard of living is a product of opportunism, for he profits handsomely whenever a bribe is transacted within the prison walls. This includes such bribes as are levied to allow certain prisoners—those with well-heeled friends—to escape.

12. Warden Werm's Apartment

The door to this chamber is locked, with the key held only by the warden and his manservant, Kimi. The private rooms of Kaltek, shared only with the loyal Kimi, are luxuriously appointed, with food, drink, and other entertainments fit for nobility.

Three magnificent chandeliers illuminate the long central room. Its floor is lined with furs of every variety, all the victims of Kaltek's bow or lance.

A small kitchen occupies an alcove around the corner. There is a 75% chance that Kimi is present in the room when the door is opened; if not, he enters within one round from his chamber (15). He will always sense someone entering the apartment, through the door or via any other means.

Kimi, the warden's man: AC 4 (Dex 18 and leather armor); MV 12; T13; hp 37; THAC0 14; Dmg 2d4 (two-handed bastard sword); SA quintuple damage with backstab

Kimi spends all of his time within the walls of this apartment. He serves Kaltek with devotion and is privy to all of his secrets. If he encounters intruders in the apartment, he will attack suddenly and without mercy, fighting to the death or surrender of his foes.

Next to the kitchen is a pantry containing stocks of fine foodstuffs and drink of all varieties. Kaltek will occasionally have male visitors—sergeants and other officers, occasionally Sental, and once even the Lord Mayor—for drinks and dinner.

A huge fireplace, which like the kitchen stoves is vented through the walls of the

prison, stands against the wall. A great griffon's head leers at the room from its trophy mount above the hearth. Several softly cushioned divans surround the blaze, which Kimi maintains at all times.

13. Kaltek's Bedchamber

This is another room, posh far beyond its surroundings, that displays Warden Werm's taste for luxury. A huge featherbed, covered with layer upon layer of silken coverlet, assures him a good night's rest.

A tall wardrobe lining the far wall of the room contains more than 50 outfits, uniforms resplendent with braid and ribbon, satin finery for many nights of clubbing in the High Quarter, and more mundane working uniforms of stiff leather.

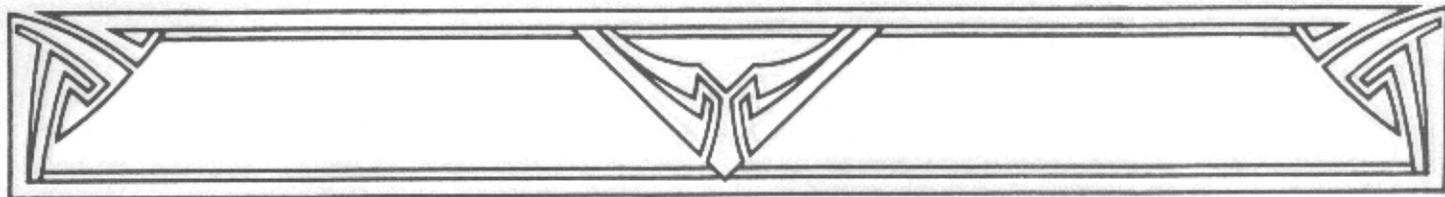
The warden also keeps a large supply of boots and moccasins here, sized slightly larger than the average human male foot. Among the two dozen pair are hunting boots, winter boots, slippers, and a plain leather pair of shoes that are actually *boots of speed*.

Several wigs stand upon busts before the huge, mirrored vanity. An array of powders and mascaras help Kaltek to look his best whenever he leaves the prison. Several vials of cologne are also visible. All of them are normal, except for one that contains a sticky, foul-smelling oil (see room 16 description).

14. Kaltek Werm's Storeroom

This wooden door is locked, with keys carried by Kimi and Kaltek. It is of normal construction, however, although it is nearly twice as wide as most of the doors in the prison blockhouse.

The contents of the room are mundane supplies and collectibles owned by the warden. Among these are several full-sized stuffed animals, poised to give intruders quite a start. The snarling form of a manticore squats just within the doorway, while the sinuously winding coils of a young black dragon glisten in the darkness just beyond.



Both of these are merely stuffed souvenirs of Kaltek's previous adventures. Also in this room are spare kegs of wine, iced crates of fruit and meat, and one or two hanging cuts of fresh meat.

15. Kimi's Quarters

This tiny chamber is unlocked. It contains a simple straw pallet and wool blanket, and a locked wooden chest containing the servant's few possessions. He carries the only key to the chest.

If it is opened without the key, and the trap is not located and removed, a pair of scythe blades slash forward from the base of the chest. Each blade inflicts 1d12 points of damage, though the lockpicker is allowed a saving throw vs. petrification for each blade. Success means the character dodges out of the way, avoiding damage from that particular blade.

Within the chest is a petrified harpy egg, an old woolen tapestry with a faded print of a tropical leaf pattern, a spare pair of sandals and an extra tunic, and a pair of *gauntlets of ogre power*.

16. Escape Route and Treasure Room

The secret door leading to this chamber is concealed by the wine rack in Kaltek's kitchen. When the neck of one of the cheaper bottles is pushed sharply upward, the entire section of wall swings away. It can be opened only from the apartment, though a knock from the other side is audible to one within the apartment itself.

Kaltek keeps this chamber as a carefully guarded secret, though he will pass it along to his successor as warden if circumstances allow. It has been a part of the prison for more than a century, constructed after a warden perished during a prisoner riot. Now, if all else fails and the prisoners run amok throughout the building and enter his apartment, Kaltek and Kimi will escape via this tunnel.

The room is literally seething with giant rats, 250 or more of them. Kaltek gives them enough food to keep them

alive, but just barely. Consequently, they are half starved and attack anyone entering the chamber with extra savagery.

Giant Rats: AC 7; MV 12, Sw 6; HD 1/2; hp 3; THACO 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d3

The warden has perfected a means of protecting himself from the rats, however. One of the bottles of cologne upon his vanity contains a rancid, foul-smelling oil. He has taught the rats, through painful example, that this smell is associated with fire and death. By smearing himself and Kimi with the stuff, they can enter the room without fear of the rats. In fact, the rodents will flee in a cowering mass before him.

The secret door leading into the actual tunnel beyond the prison is simply a loose pile of earth. It takes 1d6 +10 rounds of digging with a knife or trowel to get through.

17. The Redoubt

This bastion is the ultimate line of defense in a battle for Greyhawk City—not that such a battle is conceivable to the current residents of that fair city. The building enjoys far more ornate and grandiose architecture than do the Prison and Blockhouse. Entry can be gained through any of three pairs of doors, but all of these have been designed to withstand the pounding of a heavy ram.

The two doors on the south side of the building are each manned by a detachment of two guards. These doors are used for all official comings and goings.

Four men-at-arms, commanded by a deputy sergeant, watch the door in the north wall. This door is never opened to admit anyone from the outside, and only rarely used by some official who, with the approval of Sental or Derider, wishes to leave the Redoubt unobserved.

The ubiquitous row of arrow slits lines the top of the building, and this roof also is protected by a parapet.

In the daily routine of the city, the Redoubt serves as the offices of the Captain-General of the Watch and the City Constable. In addition, the largest single garrison of the watch stays here between shifts of duty.

But the Redoubt is designed as a fortress within a fortress. Its defense could be conducted floor by floor, if necessary, until the last defenders sealed themselves in the bunker beneath it.

18. Entry Hall

The long floor here, with its reflective sheen of ebony marble, might be a pit yawning to the unimaginable depths below. Instead it is simply hard, smooth stone of great beauty. The walls, too, are marble, though of a lighter hue.

Three magnificent doors, crafted of darkened yew wood embellished with silver-plated hinges, can be found in this hall. A pair of guards stands before each one.

19. City Vault Room

One of the primary functions of the Citadel is to serve as a repository for the often considerable funds stored in the official Treasury of the Free City of Greyhawk. To this end, the heart of the Redoubt has been converted into a vault designed to remain secure in a city full of thieves and mages.

Room 19 appears to be a large, C-shaped corridor, for the vault occupies the greater part of the chamber. The rest of the area is occupied at all times by an elite patrol of the watch, stationed so that all three lengths of the room are under constant observation. These guards are assisted by a pair of war dogs, trained to be alert for the slightest untoward sound on the vault side of the room.

The door from the entry hall can only be opened on the inside, and requires a password—"Alabaster Shadows"—that is known to all sergeants-at-arms and higher ranking officials of the Citadel.

The vault itself is opened with an intricate combination of dials, levers, switches, and gears. The precise combination is known in two parts, by Sental Nurev the Captain-General, and Giodreddi Bakkanin, Inspector of Taxes. Both men must be present for the combination to work.

The odds of stumbling on the combina-

value. A typical breakdown in types of valuables might be 50% gold orbs, 30% platinum plates, 10% electrum luckies, 5% in gems, and 5% in silver. The total can vary from as low as 10% of the listed figure to double, or perhaps even triple, the amount (after some particularly lucrative commerce season, for example).

Any DM of a group of PCs that successfully masters the vault's defenses should of course tailor the amount of their haul to fit the economic parameters of his campaign.

21. Office Foyer

This is one of two offices off a central entry hall, the other being the office of Sental Nurev, Captain-General of the Watch. A pair of guards stands before each of these two doors, which are not locked.

A stairway climbs from the room to a hallway above this hall.

22. Office of the Chief Constable

The small entry chamber is furnished with several hard wooden chairs and a desk. A guard sits behind the desk, checking all arrivals for names and appointments.

The door leading to the Constable's chambers is not locked, but this guard blocks anyone who does not have a reason to be there. Derider is gone from the office 75% of the time during daylight, and she is never there at night. When she is not here, the guard does not let anyone enter her office.

Derider's instructions to the guard are lenient, however, and when she is present, anyone who presents a fairly legitimate reason to see the Constable is likely to be admitted.

Derider Fanshen occupies the chamber within. She has a small desk and several shelves well stocked with court records for the city over the last 20 years.

For a complete description of Derider as an NPC, see Ch2 FFF and the *GREYHAWK® Adventures* hardcover volume.

Much of the space in her office is de-

voted to a modest, beautiful altar to her god, Pelor. A gold-plated bronze statue of a blazing sun, supported on a tripod of three of its rays is handsomely mounted upon a red marble platform. The whole rests upon a one-foot cube of granite.

The gold in the statue is worth perhaps 400 gp. However, anyone tampering with the altar suffers an immediate and permanent curse from Pelor—DM's discretion as to its exact nature.

When Derider is present, there is always a metal bottle filled with clear liquid, carefully placed on the altar below the sun and an equal distance from each of the three supporting legs.

She uses the altar to create a *potion of healing* or holy water, one dose per day of one or the other. She places a vial of water on the altar when she reaches the offices and removes it when she departs. She dispenses the stuff freely among the destitute of the city, but has a stock of 2d6 *potions of healing* and 1d6 bottles of holy water in her desk at any given time. All of the potions are in metal tins or leather sacks, not glass or clay.

23. Office of the Captain-General

The entry to Sental Nurev's office is similar to that of Derider's, except that Sental always has two men-at-arms and a sergeant-at-arms posted without.

He never receives visitors except by appointment, or if the sergeant tells him of a visitor with a compelling reason for a meeting—evidence of treachery among the Directors, for example.

The guards wait in the reception room. The sergeant-at-arms knows of the secret door in this room, the only access to the underground fortress below the Redoubt.

Sental occupies his office 80% of the daylight hours, the rest of the time he is out inspecting the various garrisons of the City Watch or the defenses of the city. He spends his evenings at home with his wife, except when called away for surreptitious business.

The office contains a large clear area where Sental engages in weapons practice with some of the highest-ranked in-

structors in the city.

He also has a large desk, a cabinet containing roster information on the City Watch, diagrams of the city defensive works, and a map of the sewer network as accurate as officialdom can be.

Sental has a well-furnished bar and several comfortable chairs before a large fireplace. However, though he used to entertain visitors with gusto, his current difficulties have turned him to brooding. Now he jealously guards his privacy, and seeks a quick end to any interview.

For more information on Sental, see Ch2 FFF of this set, and the *GREYHAWK® Adventures* hardcover book.

Hanging on the wall behind Sental's desk are his *mancatcher* +3 and his *halberd* +1. Below these weapons, innocuously cloaked, rests his shield with the *symbol of hopelessness* upon the front. On more than one occasion he has virtually disabled unruly visitors simply by whisking the cloak away.

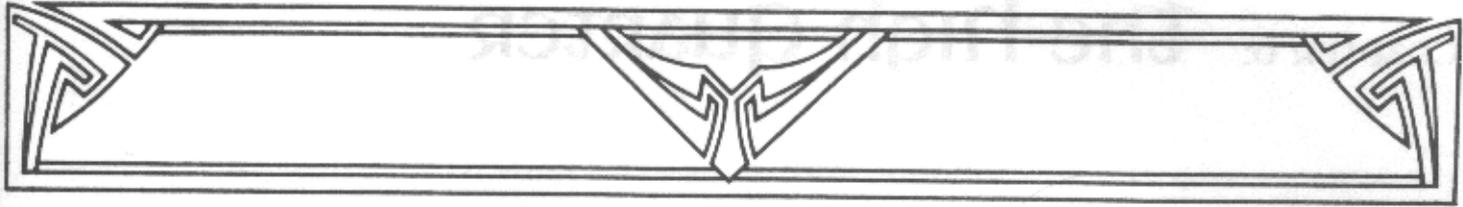
A secret drawer, located below the bottom drawer in his desk, contains several emergency supplies: two platinum plates, 20 gold orbs, and a flask containing a *potion of gaseous form*.

24. Practice Room

This large chamber is used for the weapons training that is a weekly part of each watchman's duties. Classes are conducted at various times of the day and night to accommodate the round-the-clock nature of the watchman's work.

There is a 20% chance that a class is going on in here at any given time. If so, 3d10 members of the City Watch are practicing sword and shield tactics, or pole arm, dagger, or hand-to-hand combat.

The large closet in the south end of the room contains padded armor, dummy wooden shields -1 to AC, but 33% liable to break with each round of combat), and various dull swords, blunt spears, and wooden daggers.



The Upper Level of the Redoubt—East Wing

(Above Area 24)

The stairs leading upward from the practice room give entrance to a hallway running the length of this wing of the Redoubt. That corridor in turn leads to ten separate bedrooms, each good-sized, and a much larger gathering room. Tucked away in the back is a small servants' quarters, with a kitchen.

The bedrooms are the living quarters of the Special Patrol Group, a reserve branch of the Watch used only in times of dire need. The bedrooms belong to the six sergeants-at-arms, two Deputy Constables, and the cleric (level 5-8) and mage (level 5-8) currently on duty with this group.

Each bedroom is quite first class in appointment, with feather pillows, silk sheets, down mattresses, and the like. Each has a mirror and an assortment of woven and fur rugs on the floor.

The members of the SPG rotate each fortnight, and are selected from among the best of their respective fields. The duty is easy and the pay is good, so they

make little complaint.

In addition to the possessions provided for each NPC (see Ch2 FFF for more details) each member of the SPG has 2d10 -10 gp with him. About 90% of it is stored in a locked location in each member's room.

The central meeting room for the SPG is as luxurious as any gentlemen's club of the High Quarter. There are gaming tables, soft divans, expensive rugs, and a huge fireplace with a massive hornwood mantle, carved in exquisite detail and depicting numerous hunting scenes.

A comfortable dining table, with silver and crystal service, takes up a good portion of the room. A bar, stocked with plenty of everything, fills the other corner. The members of the SPG spend most of their time in here, gambling, reading, conversing, and drinking.

They are called forth an average of once every six weeks, on the authority of the Captain General, Lord Mayor, or (rarely) on the initiative of one of the members of the SPG. The group only acts on its own in an emergency situation, when presented with information from a source of proven trustworthiness.

Center Wing

(Above Areas 18-21, & 23)

A narrow corridor runs along the periphery of this area, granting archers access to the arrow slits around the wall of the Redoubt. The great majority of the space in here, however, is occupied by a mass of solid stone.

This stone is poised as a giant trap, the final element in a scheme that would enable the city's richest and most powerful citizens to stand a chance of escaping even the most pressing assault.

The stone trap can be loosed by remote control from the cellar of the Redoubt. Its weight crashes into the hall above, crushing everything in areas 18-21 and 23. It also seals off, probably for years, the entrance to the secret escape passage leading under the fortress.

Under the Redoubt

The secret door outside the Captain-General's office descends in a winding stairway, carved through the living rock for more than 200 feet. Finally it enters a large excavated area, described with the rest of Greyhawk's Undercity (U6).

Chapter 6: The High Quarter

What a grand array of buildings and personages await the fortunate traveler who decides to stroll down the Promenade! What marvels of architecture! What splendid grace and beauty, such impressive style!

The grand edifices of the Free City's High Quarter are, in general, mansions that would be fit for the ruler of most political entities. In Greyhawk, however, such homes are the just rewards for successful merchants, important ambassadors, the city's own Directors, and others of wealth and station. (Actually, in the Free City, wealth *is* station.)

The mansions sprawl over large estates—an equivalent amount of property might hold the homes of 1,000 souls in the cramped confines of the Old City.

Stores and shops are not found in the High Quarter; the residents can usually find everything they need at the city's High Marketplace. The only businesses in the quarter are those gambling houses, taverns, and clubs that cater to a wealthy clientele.

The noble district is the best illuminated of the city's quarters after dark, for each mansion maintains a lamp on the road before it, and the city maintains other lamps at frequent intervals along each thoroughfare.

In addition, the guard patrols of the city watch are diligent and common in the High Quarter. A standard patrol will arrive within 1d6 rounds following any loud cry of alarm in the High Quarter.

Also, the private agents of the Nightwatchmen are employed throughout the High Quarter, sometimes to watch a single mansion, and other times to patrol a region of several estates. When the Nightwatchmen form such roving patrols, they go in groups of five, accompanied by two great hounds (war dogs).

The roads of the High Quarter bustle with crowds only on the occasions of parades and festivals. The quarter receives a lot of traffic every Starday, attracted by the grand array of booths and stalls in the High Marketplace.

Otherwise, the quarter is quiet, with only a few people moving about at any

one time. These travelers are nobles in carriages, on horseback, and afoot, their servants (with or without their masters), craftsmen hired to work in the High Quarter on their way to and from the job, and many others. Travel is allowed to and from the High Quarter with no restrictions, but a visitor to the quarter who appears to be up to no good (loitering about, acting furtive, associating with known criminals, etc.) is quickly accosted by a guard patrol. If the visitor can produce no good reason why he is in the High Quarter, he is escorted to the Garden Gate with orders not to return without a valid purpose.

Specific Locations in the High Quarter

H1: The Mansion of Count Reichart Petrides

This exotic estate was once the summer home of Zagig himself. It has been well maintained, and now houses the honored ambassador from the Duchy of Urnst. Count Reichart Petrides and his objectives are detailed in Ch1 FFF.

The onion-domed towers of the sprawling house, with their wide bases and high, narrow windows, are unique among the buildings of the Free City. The mansion is too large for its current residents—the count shares the house with his courtesan, a few servants, and the two city watchmen assigned to protect him.

The most unique features of the mansion include the round ballroom in the widest of the towers. A wide arch connects it to the smaller tower adjoining it, wherein sits a raised orchestra platform. Also, the count was once a renowned hunter, and three of the smaller rooms at the rear of the mansion have been given over to a display of creatures he has slain, skillfully stuffed. Each room has a large centerpiece—a cave bear, a griffon, and a troll, respectively—as well as numerous other creatures such as a wolf, a giant frog, a carrion crawler, an axe bear, and a basilisk.

H2: House of the Knights of Holy Shielding

This grand edifice of wide windows and high, domed ceilings is the central meeting place and living apartments of the knights of this heroic and virtuous order. They are fully detailed in Ch7 FFF.

The apartments here are all in the cellar of the building. The first floor is a large, airy room open on all sides to wide arches. The stately columns ringing the outside of the building are one of the architectural marvels of the Free City.

H3: Lord Henway's Manor and Menagerie

Lord Henway is one of the more eccentric nobles of the city—a trait he inherits from a line of eccentric ancestors. His mansion is unique not only in its bizarre mixture of architectures, but in the fact that it houses a menagerie of some 100 varieties of birds and perhaps 20 different types of other, larger animals. He opens the menagerie to the public on Freeday afternoons, charging a nominal fee from nobles, merchants, and craftsmen. He admits the people of the low quarter for free, though not many of them make the journey across town to see the menagerie.

The apartments of the lord, and the six or eight relatives and hangers-on that share his abode, occupy half of the area. These apartments are a chaotic amalgamation of styles. One set of rooms resembles a desert palace, the next a mountain villa, the third a spacious tropical bungalow.

Lord Henway keeps a dozen servants, mostly to tend the menagerie. Consequently his table is less sumptuous than many, and he has no stables of his own. Nor does he keep much treasure here, preferring to invest the proceeds from his family lot in the city mines in new animals for his zoo.

The great, conical building that dominates the estate is home to a variety of tropical birds. The air is moist and warm, heated by a coal brazier and steamer that operates on all except the hottest days. A variety of vines and ferns cover the floor



and hang across the walls, even criss-crossing overhead like giant beams. Indeed, the highest part of the ceiling is invisible from the floor because of the profusion of greenery.

But the birds are the true attraction of this huge structure. Screeching and squawking their annoyance at any intrusion, they flutter about and strut back and forth on the heavy branches. Their feathers cover all the spectrum of known colors. It is truly a resplendent display, and the observer always feels moved.

Walking into the hall beyond the aviary, the visitor passes on a catwalk, protected on each side by a thin chain railing, among deep pits, each housing one or more unique and fearsome creatures. The roof here can be opened, and this is an airy, pleasant yard on a sunny day. At night, by torchlight, with the growls and snarls of hungry carnivores rumbling up from the depths, the experience is quite different.

Exhibited here are three lions, two tigers, four brown bears, an owlbear, two manticores (with clipped wings), a leucrotta (with a *silence* spell always cast over its cage), three hell hounds (in an extra deep pit), a griffon (also with clipped wings), two elephants, a displacer beast, two sea lions and four giant sea horses (each type of animal is in its own salty aquarium), and the pride of the menagerie: a four-headed hydra.

Lord Henway often purchases new animals, if an adventurer can actually return a new creature to the Free City and offer it for sale. Henway authorizes payment ranging from 400 gp for the great carnivores, to 1,000 gp for monsters such as hell hounds and sea lions, to up to 4,000 gp for an amazing find like the hydra. (He paid 3,200 gp for the leucrotta).

H4: Aaron Strachan's House

This rambling mansion is the home of the readily recognizable ambassador of Furyondy, Aaron Strachan. Most residents of the High Quarter know the lecherous old goat quite well, but he is universally recognized as harmless. He is also a great patron of the arts, generous in the extreme, to the extent that even

his snoring in the grand box during a dull performance is quietly overlooked. Strachan is detailed in Ch1 FFF.

His mansion is well maintained. The grounds are tended by a pair of gardeners; a dozen servants, four nurses, and usually a few young doxies all share the house with him. As with Count Petrides, the city has assigned a permanent detail of two watchmen to protect him.

This watch detail is considered delightful duty, incidentally. Aaron generally retires immediately after dinner, bidding his guards and doxies to enjoy the hospitality of his house.

H5: Wheel of Gold Gambling House

This luxuriously appointed club is among the most exclusive of the Free City's public houses. Proper attire, meaning clean, finely tailored fabrics without armor, is required. There is a nominal fee at the door.

The Wheel of Gold, with several encounters, is detailed in Ch6 FFF.

H6: Patricians' Club

This is the finest of all the Free City's fine clubs. Guests are expected to dress well at all times, with silk or satin evening wear expected after dinner. The club opens late in the afternoon and does not close until very near the dawn.

A "members only" establishment, the club admits most anyone who is properly dressed and groomed and pays the membership fee of 20 gp per annum. Known reprobates, low-class thieves, and the like are barred from entrance or quickly removed. Drunkenness is tolerated only as long as the drunk spends lots of money and doesn't offend anyone important.

The guests on any evening include glamorous courtesans, young knights, the elite of the city's actors and musicians, officers and nobles, and grand dames. An occasional elf or halfling spruces up for a visit to the club, but dwarves are very rare.

Security at the club is maintained by Ralston Tour, an 11th-level fighter. He

has elsewhere in the club six 5th-level fighters—three men and three women—who assist him in the event of a major emergency. So far Ralston has never met a problem he couldn't handle, usually with discretion. He is always in the gaming rooms during the club's hours of operation.

Ralston Tour: AC 3 (*ring of protection* +3 and Dex 17); MV 12; F11; hp 84; THAC0 10; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d8 +5 (sword cane [*long sword* +3] and Str 17); SD vial containing *dust of sneezing*.

Bouncers: AC 6; MV 12; F5; hp 31; THAC0 16; Dmg 1d6 (short swords); SD bucklers and nets.

The Patricians' Club offers several large gaming rooms, offering all manner of dice and card games. The cellar has been made into a fine restaurant, the city's best and most expensive. A smaller restaurant, as well as an ample bar room, shares the first and second floors with gambling activities. The third floor is a huge, marbled hall, available for rental (250 gp, plus catering musician costs, etc.). It has been the scene of many of the city's grandest weddings and balls.

Much gambling occurs between guests of the club, on virtually any game a pair of characters agree upon. In games pitting a character against the house, the house shades the odds 1% in its favor.

H7: Estate of Lord Silverfox

This rambling manor house might be considered representative of the estates of the city nobles. Lord Silverfox earned his title by inheritance, the fifth such lord in his family line. The original lord was crowned by the legendary Zagig, rewarded for the service of establishing new trading routes through the Gnarley Forest.

Prospective heirs to the line still, according to family tradition, spend their early adult years exploring unknown territory. They seek first to discover new markets for Greyhawk's goods—as well as new goods for her markets—but also gain a seasoning and maturity that can only come from years of self-sufficiency amid challenges and dangers. No city-

bred milksops are the Lords of Silverfox!

The large house contains the apartments of the lord and his lady, together with their five children. Also living here are eight adult relatives and their seven children. All family members are entitled to noble status in the city, though only the Lord and his Lady actually carry titles.

The family holds a clan treasure in gems, jewels, and precious metals. It is buried in an underground vault beneath the master bedroom, with an entrance hidden beneath the bed. An investigation of the large cellar will eventually reveal this to be the only area beneath the house that has apparently not been excavated.

The vault is protected first by a *sleep* gas trap, and finally by a poison needle trap that is activated by a failed attempt to pick the lock. The vault contains 50,000 gp in gems and jewelry, 20,000 gp in gold bars, and 15,000 gp in platinum bars.

The Silverfox clan is tended by two dozen servants. The house includes a stable and a kennel for the fine war hounds bred by the family for generations. There are 1d12 +12 of these hounds here at all times. They are offered for sale, at 100 gp apiece, to wealthy fanciers of powerful dogs. They are indeed great aids to adventurers, learning commands quickly and being very loyal to a single master.

Silverhounds: AC 5; MV 18; HD 3; hp 18; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8

H8: Royal Opera House

From its name onward, this building is an example of Greyhawk trying to be a little grander than perhaps it really is. Though its architecture is unsurpassed in elegance and intricacy, its current state of disrepair is becoming a city disgrace.

For a full description of the Royal Opera house, as well as suggested encounters there, see Ch6 FFF.

H9: The Lords' Tomb

This grand edifice is the burial place reserved for city nobles and those merchants and others wealthy enough to afford 1,000 gp or more for a private

crypt. For those who can pay, the service must be worth it. At least, as the guards joke among themselves, "Ain't been no complaints!"

A private staff of guards is hired to patrol the aboveground mausoleum and its entry chamber. These guards consist of fighters, a thief, and a mage. Though the exact individuals rotate, a qualified staff is on hand at all times.

Five Fighters: AC 3; MV 9; F7; hp 44; THAC0 14; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d8

Thief: AC 6; MV 12; T9; hp 31; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +3 (*short sword* +3); SA quadruple damage with backstab

Mage: AC 10; MV 12; M6; hp 18; THAC0 19; Dmg 1d4; Spells: 4 1st, 2 2nd, and 2 3rd

The area below the Lords' Tomb is detailed in Chapter 13.

H10: Villa of Fioranna Aielestriel

Fioranna, elven envoy for the state of Nyrond, is detailed in Ch1 FFF. Her house is simpler than most in the High Quarter.

All of the rooms open onto the outside, and she has surrounded herself with plants, flowers, and gardens. A fountain, with streams and cascades splashing through several pools, surrounds the grounds.

The most interesting feature of the villa is a secret entrance connecting to the city sewer system.

H11: City Guard Barracks

This huge, rambling building is the mostly empty barracks reserved for city garrisons in times of emergency or mobilization. Now, perhaps 200 members of the City Watch live here, maintaining the building and serving in the High and Garden Quarters.

When fully utilized, these barrack buildings can hold as many as 2,500 troops.

H12: Watchhouse/Courts of Justice/Gaol

This long structure actually serves as three different official offices. The section closest to the Processional is the official Watchhouse of the Nightwatchmen in the High and Garden Quarters. See Ch2 FFF for more details about the Nightwatchmen.

The central section of the building holds the Courts of Justice for the Free City. Here one of several magistrates tries the minor cases, while a high noble or even the Lord Mayor hears cases of major crime.

The types of crimes and penalties typical in Greyhawk are detailed in Ch2 FFF.

The third section of the building, farthest from the road and most run-down, is the city gaol (jail). In here are held those prisoners who have not yet faced trial, or whose crime (disorderly drunkenness with no harm done, for example) is not sufficient to warrant a sentence to a workhouse. The gaol is staffed by three standard patrols of the city watch. It contains a large holding cell for most prisoners, and a dozen or so smaller cells for unruly or dangerous individuals.

H13: Wizards' Guildhall

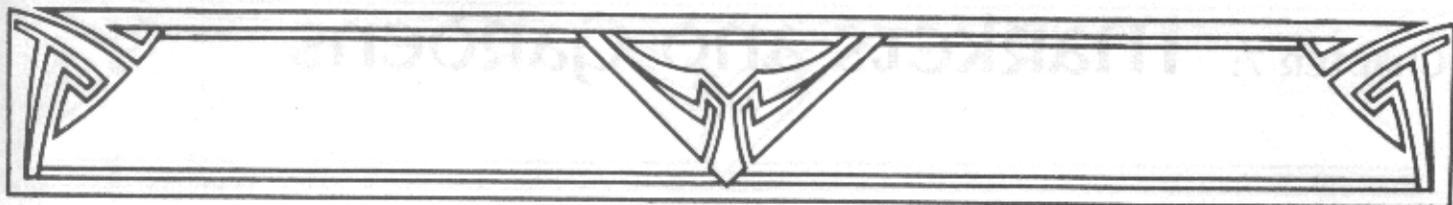
This great pyramid is the headquarters of what could be the city's most powerful guild. Fortunately for everyone else, the wizards are usually too busy with their own affairs to meddle too much in the politics of the city.

The guild and the porters who tend it are detailed in Ch3 FFF.

H14: Lord Mayor's Palace

The grand mansion of the Free City's Lord Mayor is perhaps not palatial, but it is one of the finest residences in the city. It is reserved for whoever holds the title of Lord Mayor, and of course his family. This has been Nerof Gasgal for many years now.

Details about Nerof Gasgal can be found in Ch1 FFF and also on page 35 of the *GREYHAWK® Adventures* hard-



cover tome.

The mansion itself is constructed in style and quality fitting for the city leader, avoiding the excesses that have led to the premature decay of the Royal Opera House.

The outer walls are a tasteful combination of dark wooden planking and colorful fieldstone. The porch, and many hallway floors within, are made of marble. In the ballroom this marble floor is laid in a black-and-white checkerboard pattern.

The mansion includes a small, but very elegant recital studio. It holds an audience of about 35, with a stage large enough to seat a half-dozen musicians and their instruments.

The Lord Mayor's office is enclosed in the tower at the rear of the building. A guard always stands at the single door, whether or not it is occupied. The first floor is a reception and conference area, while the second is Nerof's workroom, containing drawing tables, a large desk, and his personal library of titles relating to the history of Greyhawk. The third floor of the tower is a private study, with several comfortable chairs and a large fireplace. It is here that Nerof conducts the most secret affairs of the city.

It is also from this top floor that a secret door leads into a stairwell. That stairway spirals down into the ground, connecting to a tunnel leading to the secret fortress below the Redoubt. The other users of the fortress's escape system do not know of the Lord Mayor's tunnel.

To the rear of the mansion is a private stable, containing the Lord Mayor's two official coaches, as well as a score of

splendid horses. A large formal garden decorates the surprisingly spacious estate behind the house.

The mansion is staffed with 20 servants, including an excellent chef and kitchen staff. The food served Nerof and his guests is the equal of the best to be had in the Free City. An elite patrol of the City Watch is permanently stationed here as well.

H15: Org Nenshen's House

This restrained little home is the residence of Greyhawk's Master Thief, guildmaster of the Thieves' Guild. Org goes to great lengths to put on an air of respectability, however, so none of the accoutrements of his office are found here.

Org is detailed in Ch5 FFF.

The house is decorated like a typical noble mansion, perhaps with a slight overemphasis on gaudy color rather than tasteful style. Gaudy or not, Org maintains displays of art objects worth a total of perhaps 60,000 gp. The prize of his collection is a priceless ivory statuette of a dancer, decorated with real diamonds and worth perhaps 15,000 gp alone.

But the house is well guarded by the two skilled fighters Org has as bodyguards and by the pair of thieves that he keeps hidden in case of a truly life-threatening emergency. They only emerge to save their master or to slay departing intruders.

Two Fighters: AC 0; MV 9; F14; hp 80; THAC0 7; #AT 2; Dmg 1d10 +9 (two-handed swords +3 and Str 18/00)

Two Thieves: AC 2 (leather armor +2

and Dex 18); MV 12; T11; hp 48; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 +2 (long swords +2)

H16: Jallarzi Sallavarian's House

The home of this great wizard, proud member of the Circle of Eight, is plainly appointed and contains little of value.

A pair of servants tend to the mage's housekeeping and eating needs. She maintains a pleasant parlor and sitting room where she meets with her guests. Jallarzi also has a luxurious personal suite and several for guests. The rest of her large house is unfurnished.

Jallarzi Sallavarian is detailed under "The Circle of Eight," Ch3 FFF.

H17: Glodreddi Bakkani's House

The home of the city's Inspector of Taxes is a small fortress, for Glodreddi is not a popular man. He maintains 12 doughty dwarves as a personal bodyguard, six of whom accompany him whenever he goes out.

Dwarf Guards: AC 1; MV 6; F5; hp 44; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 +4 (battle axes +1 and Str 18/25)

His home is a solid stone structure, with heavy iron-banded doors. Although Glodreddi keeps much of his wealth in the City Vault at the Citadel, he generally has about 5,000 gp value in gold, platinum, and gems kept in his private vault. The vault is protected by a poison needle trap; even though it has killed thieves before, the Inspector of Taxes somehow avoids prosecution for violating the city's poison control law.

Chapter 7: Markets and Gardens



The High Market

The High Market is a maze of elegant awnings, genteel art galleries, courtly gentlemen, gracious ladies, and money—lots of money. The High Market does not offer quite the variety of goods as may be found in the Petit Bazaar, nor the bargain prices. But if a customer seeks exquisite artisanship, exotic ingredients, and unique styling, the High Market is the place.

The High Market moves lazily every day except Freeday, when the number of stalls doubles and customers throng the narrow aisle.

The City Watch maintains diligent patrols through the High Market, never more than a round or two away.

The DM will have to haggle his way through negotiations for most items, using the prices listed in the *Player's Handbook* as guides. Generally, High Market

prices run about 120-150% of the normal price of an item. The quality stands about a 50% chance of being equivalently superior.

Following is a partial list of booths to be found at the High Market. Booths in *italics* are present only on Freedays; all others are here every day.

High Market Merchant List

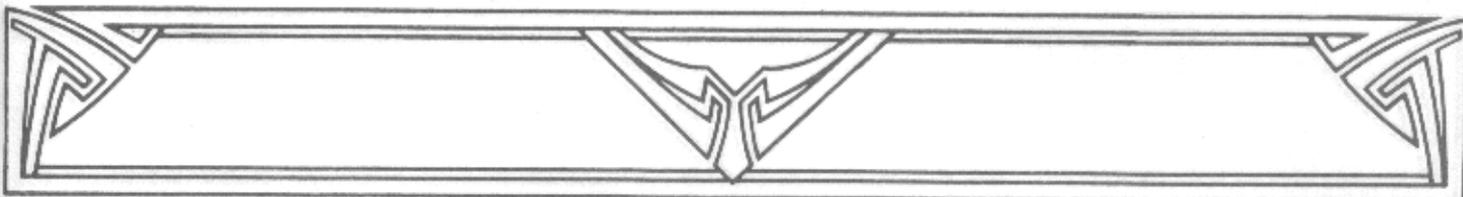
Turquoise and jade jewelry
Rare colognes and perfumes
Silks
Fresh fruits, domestic
Fruits and vegetables, imported
Fine meats, minutes after slaughter
Steel helmets and shields
Chain mail armor
Long swords, engraved
Boots of common and rare leather
Dwarven axes, hammers, and halberds
High fashion dresses and cloaks
Portrait painting

Ruby statuettes
Local wine, excellent quality
Sculptures
Diamond and emerald jewelry
Exotic hounds and cheetahs
Fresh cakes and pies
Imported whiskey
Gold and silver jewelry
Windup toy dragons
Flowers and floral arrangements
Plate mail armor—orders taken
Leather armor

The Garden Quarter

The Garden Quarter marks a great arc about the city's High Quarter. In truth, an untutored observer could not tell where one district ends and the other begins. But the boundaries are clearly defined in the collective social consciousness of the city's elite.

If the estates in the Garden Quarter



tend to be a little smaller than their uphill neighbors, if their statuary is less exquisite and the architecture more plain, these deficiencies are more than made up for by the brilliant profusion of blossoms grown here. The sweeping expanses of manicured beauty have given the quarter its name and its character.

On a pleasant spring day the fragrance of lilac is carried by each passing breeze, while in summer a stroller can sample the dewy aroma of the lilies, and so on.

The patrols of the city watch are as diligent and common here as in the High Quarter, though there are fewer hired security agents in the Garden Quarter.

There are no shops in the Garden Quarter, save for the region of the High Marketplace. Several fine inns and clubs offer fine cuisine and often gambling to wealthy patrons.

G1: City Botanical Gardens and Well

This expanse of plant life, centered around a large gazebo, is maintained by the city for the enjoyment of its citizens. Located just inside the Wharfgate, the gardens cover a series of gently sloping hillsides, offering a variety of panoramic views over all regions of the city.

The gardens include small groves of unusual trees, plots of brilliant blossoms, and bushes and shrubs trimmed into hedges and topiaries. Pleasant walking trails of crushed gravel meander through the gardens, offering a selection of short or long paths.

The gazebo is centered around a small spring, which collects in a concrete pool within the structure. The water then trickles along several different drainage paths, over miniature waterfalls, even turning small water wheels beside model millponds. The gardens are indeed an idyllic setting for thought, meditation, or quiet conversation.

G2: Otto's House

This small dwelling seems almost a cottage among the grandeur of the surrounding mansions. Often it is inhabited

only by the white-haired groundskeeper and his wife.

About 25% of the time, however, Otto himself comes to stay here. This powerful and respected wizard, member of the Circle of Eight (Ch3 FFF), visits Greyhawk for 1d4 weeks at a time.

His house is comfortably appointed, and the housekeeper is a splendid cook. The old man tends the fine gardens on the estate. Otto keeps little of value here.

G3: The Nymph and Satyr

This drinking house offers an exotic variety of malt beverages, wines, and liquors—reputedly the greatest selection in the Free City. The cost is reasonable, except for the rarest of specimens, and the place is usually crowded after dark. It is open from late afternoon until well past midnight.

The Nymph and Satyr offers a number of small private and semiprivate rooms for its guests' relaxation. For a small fee, a customer can arrange to have a private waiter or waitress, and a steady supply of beverages for himself and a few friends. The inn also rents relatively cheap, plain lodging for overnight guests.

The Nymph and Satyr is frequented by young, unattached citizens of both sexes. Courtesans, officers of the watch, noble damsels, maiden daughters of the city's wealthy citizens, and successful young adventurers can all be found here. It is generally avoided by more respectable citizens, and has a bit of a wild reputation, but on the other hand there is rarely a fight here, and visitors are required to check all weapons and armor at the door. (In fact, visitors are expected to leave such things at home when they visit the Nymph and Satyr.)

G4: The Sacred Temple of Saint Cuthbert

As perhaps the largest religious group in the Free City, the followers of St. Cuthbert felt compelled to erect a temple suited to their own prosperity, and symbolizing the benign good will and blessings of their good deity. They claimed this

low rise long ago for a shrine. Through the years that shrine has grown into a grand temple, lined with golden ornaments and fitted with silver and jeweled symbols of faith.

The temple is the setting for a full day and night of ceremonies every Godsdays. The rest of the week it is the home of its priests and acolytes, and those of the faithful or needy who come begging for the favors of the god through his priests.

The temple of St. Cuthbert is presided over by Eritai Kaan-Ipzirel, a female 11th-level cleric. She is assisted by a pair of ascetics, 6th-level clerics, and a dozen 1st-level pupils.

These clerics are all of the Billets of St. Cuthbert order. They dress in the rust-brown garments symbolic of their order; they strive to help those who have demonstrated their faith to the god.

Though the temple is full of valuables, gold and silver items totaling perhaps 15,000 gp and another 4,000 in gems, the priests have no additional guards or agents. Their faith is so strong, and their deity so potent, that they become aware of any plot hatched within the city that is directed against their sanctuary. They cannot be surprised by thieves, nor do they restrain their holy vengeance against would-be intruders.

G5: High Tower Tavern and Hostelry

This inn, distinguished by its tall tower, pointed at the top like the hat of an old and eccentric wizard, is a favorite of the city's upper reaches. It is unpretentious and not as expensive as most neighboring establishments. The style of dress might not be as elegant here as at the Patricians' Club, but it would be hard to find customers who are having a better time.

The proprietor, Eric Goodfellow, was once an aspiring mage, even reaching the 4th level of experience before deciding that his life calling involved more sedentary pursuits. He still keeps his hand in the magical arts, but he keeps his magic use quiet, known only to himself, his good friends, and the occasional customers who have seen him cast a magical spell.

observances every Godsday. Two other large rooms are also devoted to the advancement of the faith.

One of these is a large chamber used as a shelter for those who have nowhere else to stay. Abuses of this hospitality are prevented by *know alignment* spells—only those of virtuous nature are admitted—and a maximum stay of three nights. The acolytes of the church devote time each day to helping the needy individual find employment and lodging.

The second large room is used to serve food and drink for those who attend the services in the sanctuary.

High Matriarch Sarana, leader of this congregation, is fully detailed in Ch3 FFF. Other priests here include one 7th level, two 4th level, and the eight 1st-level acolytes.

G11: The Golden Phoenix

The Golden Phoenix is one of the city's more renowned luxury inns and dining houses. It is detailed fully, with suggested encounters, in Ch6 FFF.

G12: Temple of Zilchus

This squat pyramid, made of brown stone, looks deceptively plain and simple beside the grand temples and mansions of the Upper City. However, entry into the temple sanctum dispels any illusions of humility or modesty. Crystal chandeliers, golden ornaments, silver statuary, and ceremonial candle holders of platinum are the order of the day.

The temple's congregation is small, but their donations to the temple coffers belie their numbers, for Zilchus is the greater god most favored by businessmen, mo-

neychangers, and merchants. There are considerable numbers of each in the Free City, and they have not neglected the deity watching over them. Services are held every Godsday evening, but the rest of the time a visitor will likely find only the temple staff here.

The value of treasures within the temple is tremendous, exceeding 100,000 gp in precious metals alone. Perhaps half that amount could be gained from the bulk items such as statues and tapestries. But the temple is not easily burgled.

The interior consists of a great, square room with a huge stone door in each side, leading outdoors. These doors cannot be forced open by total Strength of less than 150. The room within is airy, with a reflective marble floor, black columns arranged in a square about the center of the room, and several cushioned benches. Most of the valuables are on display, standing ready for use.

The Revered Speaker Stakaster Villaine presides here. He is a 10th-level priest and is assisted by several younger followers.

Stakaster Villaine: AC 4; MV 9; Pr10; hp 44; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; Spells: 4 1st, 4 2nd, 3 3rd, 3 4th, and 2 5th

Assistant: AC 6; MV 12; Pr5; hp 21; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; Spells: 3 1st, 3 2nd, and 1 3rd 5 Novices: AC 7; MV 12; C1; hp 5; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; Spell: 1 1st

Additional temple defense is provided by eight stone golems that emerge from the columns upon the speaking of a command word by any of the clerics. Another command word causes all four doors to slam shut, openable only by the reverse

of the command. All of the clerics know the "close" command, but only Stakaster and his assistant can open the doors again. Naturally, they are slammed at the slightest sign of disturbance.

The locked vault contains the temple treasury of some 60,000 in coins and 25,000 in gems. The vault is protected by a crushing block trap (4d10 points of damage).

G13: Chapel of Fharlanghn

This quiet temple is set back from Temple Row, surrounded by its own gardens and the Upper Wall. The priests of this benign deity—favored lord of travelers and mercenaries—work quietly here, primarily offering rest and nourishment, as well as healing, for those travelers with no homes in the Free City. Several small cells are maintained for these guests.

The priests also perform missionary work in the Old City, tending to the sick and hungry. Their temple is plain, with little ornamentation, but a cheery fire always burns at the hearth, and a hot meal for a hungry traveler is never more than a few minutes away.

G14: Sanctum of Heironeous

This temple is devoted to the guardian of chivalrous combatants and righteous warriors. It is attended by many City Watch officers and mercenary captains; in fact, Captain-General Nurev is an honored elder. The temple hosts small observances on Godsday, and it is customarily the scene of great celebration before the embarkation of any military expedition.

Chapter 8: CLERKBURG—the halls

The city district that houses Greyhawk's universities, colleges, and schools is referred to by two names: "Clerkburg," as a reference to the students, tutors, scribes, and clerks who live here in great numbers; and "The Halls," meaning the large, airy buildings that typically house the schools.

Though it is not apparent from outside the quarter, Clerkburg is an area of plants, grassy yards, and small parks. It is second only to the Garden Quarter in the number and variety of its greenery.

The City Watch does not neglect Clerkburg. Generally a patrol arrives within 2d6 rounds of a summons. The People's Constables tend to avoid Clerkburg, to no one's disappointment.

An interesting feature of the quarter is the outside seating, or veranda, available at most of the small taverns and eateries. It may be squeezed precariously between the building and the street, barely wide enough for a single row of tables, but this outdoor dining area is required of any successful eating establishment in Clerkburg. In fact, the major attractions of this district to the citizenry of the city are these street-side tables. On Godsdays with nice weather, the streets of Clerkburg swell with folk from all over the city, coming to enjoy their meal in the fresh air.

The Millstream winds its way through Clerkburg, and much of its bank has been preserved as a grassy parkway. Students often come here to study or relax.

Clerkburg is not a thriving business district—most of the buildings not used for schools are the residences of students and instructor. However, the following types of establishments can be found here:

Clerkburg Businesses

Type of Business	# in District
Art Gallery	1d4
Baker	1d4 + 1
Boarding house	1d100 + 100
Book bindery	2d4
Butcher	1d4
Inkseller*	1d4 + 2

Launderer	1d6 + 4
Leatherworker	1d4
Locksmith	1d4
Potter	1d4 + 1
Private Library	2d4
Scribeshop	1d6 + 6
Tailor	1d4
Tavern, no food	1d6 + 4
Tavern, with food	1d8 + 6
Tiny food shop	1d6 + 12
Weaponsmith	1d4
Weaver	1d4 + 1

* The inkseller will also have, in his or her tiny shop, parchment, quills, sealing wax, and other implements of writing.

Specific Locations in Clerkburg

C1: Grey College

This renowned institution has long produced many of the best-educated men and women in the civilized world. It has rigorous entrance requirements and offers scholarships to excellent students from distant lands or poor households.

The main buildings of the college are centered around the area shown on the map. But certain parts of the school are scattered throughout other small buildings in Clerkburg and even beyond, for the small observatory of the Astronomy School is located outside Garden Gate.

The largest buildings of the College are the Hall of the Dean, College Hall, and Timber Hall.

The Hall of the Dean is the largest; its tower is visible along the Processional for much of its length. It is a mazelike building of classes, libraries, laboratories, closets, and storerooms. Like a grand mansion it rambles up and down wide staircases, with here the faculty offices of the School of Geography, and there the laboratory complex of the School of Alchemy. Since it is the original college building, all departments are represented here, but none is entirely contained here.

The cellar under the Hall of the Dean is a pleasant, quiet tavern and restaurant.

Its prices are very high, but students and faculty of any school or tutorial service in Clerkburg are granted a 90% discount. It has become the focal point of literary discussion and liberal ideas within the city. Those not associated with the college community in some way rarely come here.

College Hall is a building of fine, classic architecture. Here are the offices of the faculty, the college library, and some classrooms and meeting halls. Timber Hall, the other structure, is an uninspired block of brown boards, containing most of the classrooms of the college.

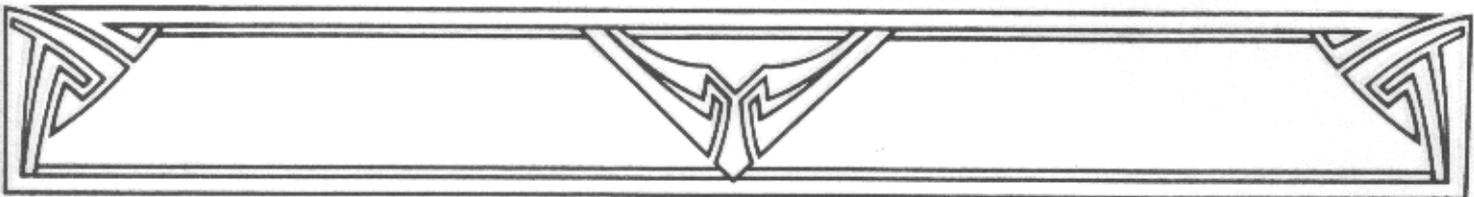
Other classes, most notably the School of Music's chambers for both instrumental and vocal education, and the School of Sculpture's studios, are spread among the smaller buildings on the university's parklike grounds.

Grey College has an average of about 400 students during a term. Like the other colleges in the city, a Grey College term begins a month after Midsummer, and ends the following year a month before Midsummer. During the intervening 10 months, classes and school exercises are pursued six days a week, every week except for a break of a week or two in midwinter.

The college offers courses of study ranging from two to eight years in duration. Its schools encompass most of the great realms of learning—Alchemy, Engineering, Healing, Geography, Economy, Architecture, Painting, Sculpture, Theatre, Literature, and History.

Tuition varies, based on the level of program sought. It begins at about 50 gp for the first term. The total tends to double each subsequent year, so the later years of schooling become very expensive.

However, each student can be assured of receiving instruction from knowledgeable and motivated professors. Classes are small, with individual attention common during the later years of schooling.



C2: Great Library of Greyhawk

The front of this building, facing the Processional, is a grand sweep of granite walls and tall columns. Three wide stairs lead to a pair of massive front doors, suitable for a castle or fortress.

The building beyond the facade is not so grand, but its true worth lies in the treasures kept within its walls. And indeed, the Great Library of Greyhawk is repository for more volumes than are gathered in one place anywhere else in the Flanaess.

The library is unlocked during the hours of daylight, and all free citizens of the city as well as foreigners are welcome to enter the library and browse through its cool, musty halls. Silence is expected of all visitors, and weapons and armor are not permitted.

Any visitor is welcome to peruse the volumes in the six public halls in the front of the building. Only those who are Contributing Members of the library board can remove these volumes, up to three at a time. Contributing Members must donate at least 100 gp annually to the library in order to maintain membership status.

Contributing Membership is often granted by sponsorship. For example, a rich merchant or powerful noble will generally employ a personal secretary or scribe. While the noble or businessman might not be a member, he will certainly make sure to purchase a Contributing Membership for his scribe.

The high desk of Gratus Saghast, head librarian, sits upon a raised platform inside the front door. Gratus is always found here. He is crusty and irascible, but a sage of great repute. He shares his knowledge (including simple directions on the library's contents) only reluctantly, though the flattery of a pretty young woman always gets him to open up.

Six wings lead off from the main entry hall—three to the right and three to the left. Each is separated from the entry by an open arch. These are labeled History, Geography, Artistic Studies, Poetry, Science, and General. Each, of course, contains volumes on the listed topic. There

are 3d6 × 1,000 books in each wing.

Funded through the good offices of its contributing members, the library is well able to acquire new volumes. Indeed, it has several sages and scribes under contract to actually write books, mostly detailing current affairs in the Free City itself. This surplus of capital also enables the library to maintain a selection of exquisitely rare, even magical, tomes, and to protect those treasures accordingly.

The rear of the library building is a stone edifice, layered over on the outside to look like wood. Only Contributing Members are allowed back here, and even they may never remove any book from these chambers.

An iron door leads to a narrow hallway behind the head librarian's desk. Several scribes labor constantly in here, not so much from scholarly diligence as from duty. Their true purpose is to serve as sentries, for their hallway guards the three locked, iron doors to the Library Vaults. These large metal chambers, surrounded by heavy stone, are the repositories for the library's most valuable works.

The sentries' task is a simple one. Beside the desk of each of the three scribes is a pull cord hanging through a hole in the ceiling. A tug on any one of these cords releases a pair of pigeons from the loft above the library. Those birds then fly, one to the nearby College of Magic (in 1d6 rounds) and one to the Wizards' Guild Pyramid (in 2d4 rounds), and a powerful mage (level 8-13) then *teleports* to the library the next round to see what the trouble is.

Each of the three vaults contains books of a specific type. One contains examples of all the various sorts of magical tomes and volumes, one of each. These, of course, cannot be read by anyone, since to do so would mean the destruction of their writing. However, they prove useful for study, and wizard/scribes have discovered that, by starting from the back and working forward, it is possible occasionally to copy one of the works without destroying it.

Another room contains books of rare art. The entire collection is valued at over

1,000,000 gp, with individual volumes worth 1d20 × 100 gp. Included are rare paintings from the east, rendered upon silk, and feather-pictures from lands in the far south.

The third and largest room contains the official records of the Free City, including tax reports for the past 30 years, military strengths and expenditures, and the official treaties and partnerships to which the Free City is subject. One whole wall of the room is dedicated to the rosters maintained by the guards at each city gate. Rosters are kept for five years.

Also secured here are books deemed of a libelous or scandal-provoking nature, when those doing the deeming were influential. It is an interesting comment on these cases that even when a book is effectively banned from distribution in the city, one copy remains guarded at the Great Library.

Below the library are several cellar apartments. Gratus Saghast lives here in several austere rooms, and other tiny apartments are kept to offer scribes and scholars whose labors keep them in the library often for days at a time.

If the PCs Seek a Book: When word of a specific volume comes the way of player characters in a campaign, or if they simply desire to read about a topic for other reasons, they might seek the book at the library.

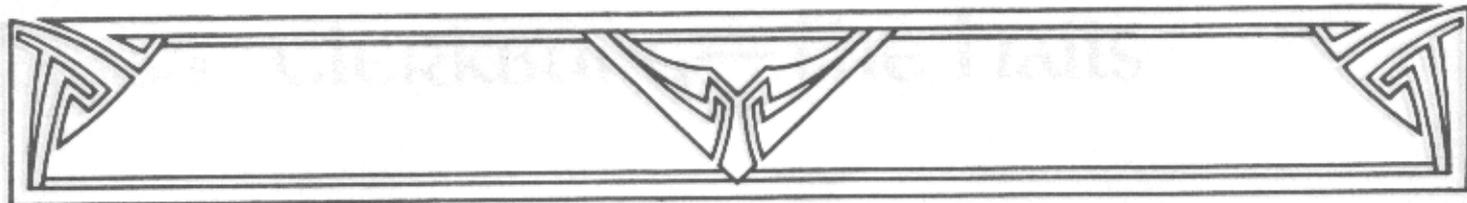
There is a base 50% chance that a specific volume is here, and an 80% chance that a specific topic is covered.

Add or subtract 10% or 20% based on the relative likelihood you, the DM, attach to the book's presence. (An unnamed, general volume on the history of the Grand Citadel might have a 95% chance, whereas the named work "The Plundering and Disposition of the Silver Metal Cairn" by Vasco Plugge might be encountered only upon a 30% chance.)

C3: The Old Mill

This quaint structure is a relic of bygone Greyhawk, but still serves in its time-honored role. If anything, it is more important now than ever.

For this is the only functioning mill in



the Free City. It is fed constantly by teams of six millers at a time, and is one of the few workshops in the city that operates around the clock. It has nothing really to do with the other business of Clerkgburg, but remains here because this is where it has always been.

The mill is owned and run by Lord Wheatmill, a descendent of the original owner. Of course, the lord now lives in the High Quarter and leaves the day-to-day operation of his business to underlings.

C4: The Black Dragon Inn

This is the largest inn in Clerkgburg, offering 60 rooms for rent as well as good food for breakfast, lunch, and dinner—and all night long, for that matter. The Black Dragon Inn also has a large common sleeping room, where a traveler can rent a straw pallet, together with his supper and a pitcher of ale, for 2 sp. A good private room can be had for 5 sp, and the inn offers several comparatively luxurious suites for 1 to 2 gp.

A small stable is located behind the inn, with stalls for a dozen steeds and a courtyard large enough to hold several carriages. The inn employs many young men and women, mostly students, during the full 24 hours of the day. At any one time there might be two stable hands, four cooks, three bartenders, 10 or 12 serving maids, four bouncers (3rd-level fighters), and four housekeepers here.

The proprietor of the Black Dragon Inn is Miklos Dare, a retired adventurer who loves to share stories of his experiences with interested listeners. A great red-bearded bear of a man, with a peg leg and numerous scars, Miklos is affable but assertive in maintaining his establishment.

Miklos knows many of the secrets of the city and its environs. For characters who ply him with ale, and listen attentively to his tales, he is 50% likely to share one of the rumors from the rumor table (page 94). He will not provide a PC with more than 1-3 rumors over the course of a year, however.

C5: Jewelers' and Gemcutters' Guildhall

This ornate structure is the gathering place for one of the most self-important guilds in all the city. Though the makers of jewelry and cutters of gemstone have an amount of influence in the city befitting their status as wealthy citizens, and the guildmaster even serves as a city Director, the extent of ceremony at their hall can only be described as pompous.

The hall is first and foremost a fortress, sheltering the guild's vaults that might hold 1d100 × 1,000 gp worth of uncut gems. The guild's vaults are detailed in Ch8 FFF, as an adventure titled "The Heart of Al Rakim."

But aside from the vault, the central meeting hall is gaudy in the extreme, with a riotous collection of rich draperies, elaborate tapestries, exotic carpets, and miscellaneous art work.

When the guild members meet, as they do on a weekly basis, each garbs himself in a huge cape, complete with puffy shoulder pads and a great crown, surmounted by antlers from the rarer types of herd animals.

These meetings, with members and escorts present, are riotous affairs with drinking and feasting and carousing lasting until well after midnight.

C6: University of Magical Arts

One of the most striking buildings in Clerkgburg, from an architectural point of view, is the dramatic, three-sided pyramid of the College of Magic, as this university is often called. Its sheer sides and pointed crown are visible from many places in the district, and even from high locations in other parts of the city.

But the drama doesn't stop there. As one approaches the college at street level, he faces a long, featureless wall—one section of the triangular courtyard wall. Since the gate is not here, one might turn the corner to the next, and then the third wall.

But there is no gate.

Entry to the Wizard School (another common nickname in the city) is by invita-

tion only. Apprentices, arriving to begin their studies, are whisked through the wall by the power of their teachers. Often, they do not emerge again for one or two years.

The pyramid is divided into 15 floors, or levels. Each level, naturally, is smaller than the one below, and each houses a successively smaller number of students. But the higher up in the pyramid, the more advanced the student.

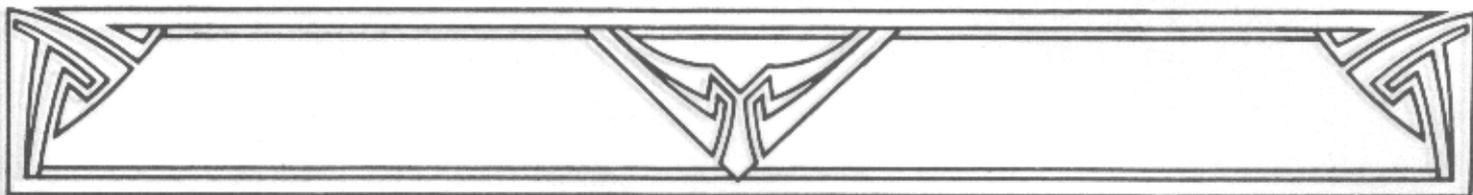
The cellar of the pyramid is a huge, deep chamber, large enough to serve as auditorium for the staff and students of the school, as well as many more. This basement drops some 40 feet into the ground, and has a high, domed ceiling. Often, the room is cleared and used as an arena for *levitation* or *flying* classes, where students can practice without fear of wind gusts or derisive remarks from observers outside the school. (There is nothing quite so ungainly as a young mage trying to use his first *flying* spell.)

Each floor serves as dormitory, dining hall, and classroom for the students there. As a rule of thumb, the level in the pyramid corresponds to the student's level of experience. The teacher on the floor is always at least three levels higher than the highest student, with a minimum instructor level of 7th.

The first (apprentice) floor has perhaps 100 hopeful students, characters of 0 level. This number decreases to about 60 1st-level, 40 2nd-level, 20 3rd-level, and so on, with only single students or pairs studying levels above 6th. At the lower levels there is one teacher for every 10 students (1 per 20 for the apprentices), while there is one teacher per level above the 5th.

In addition, each of the lower floors is staffed with a priest or two, of levels equivalent to the teacher. These assistants generate food and water for the younger students, since these aspirants are not allowed to leave the temple during the course of their studies.

Also, the work of the Porters is much in evidence here, for these dwarves handle all of the heavy work not delegated to apprentices. See Ch3 FFF for a full description of the Porters, and of Kieren Ja-



lucian, Principal of the College. Though Kieren lives at the Wizards' Guild, an apartment is kept ready for him at the top of the pyramid. Tobin Potriades, the Senior Tutor, also lives at the top of this pyramid. Full details of Tobin and other NPCs at the College of Magic can also be gleaned from Ch3 FFF.

Unlike many other universities, the College of Magic does not often keep students for three or four years in a row. It is far more likely that a student will study here for one, or perhaps two years, and then embark on the road to adventure for a while. After the character has earned some money and learned a little about the real world, he might come back to spend a year at the college before going on the road again.

Some of the students in the higher levels of the temple are quite old.

The magical protections and wards in this college would require an entire module to describe in detail. They include such things as invisible walls, *magic mouth* spells, clever use of *permanent levitate* spells, traps filled with *slow gas*, and entire rooms blanketed with *silence* or *darkness* spells. If these protections are put to the test, the DM will be obliged to fill in the details. Keep in mind that the college, while not designed as a fortress, is very well defended.

And it needs to be. After all, the vault at the top of the pyramid contains several (2d4 + 1) valuable magical items. These are not listed because they change regularly, consisting of whatever is relevant to the current lesson. There is little money kept here, but an intruder might find some scrolls, and certainly a few spell books, if he knew where to look.

C7: The City Mint

This repository of wealth is the stamping and casting center for the official coinage of the Free City of Greyhawk. Its heavy stone vaults are lined with lead, guarded with *magic mouth* spells and a permanent guard detail of one elite and two standard patrols of the City Watch.

Each vault contains a separate precious metal, or coinage already rendered from

that metal. About 80-90% of the value is in ingot or bar form. Those entering the mint must pass through a heavily fortified entry hall, followed by the manufacturing shop, and then a small hallway with reinforced granite walls ten feet thick. This room is always occupied by a young mage (level 2-5) assigned by the guild to this temporary duty with the city. He or she always wears a *ring of teleportation*, and immediately pops to the Guildhall or University of Magical Arts to summon a wizard or two to defend the mint.

The value of money in the vaults varies from day to day, as reserves are accumulated or coins are manufactured. Typical values might be as follows:

Platinum: 1d100 × 1,000 gp worth

Gold: 2d20 × 1,000 gp worth

Silver: 1d10 × 1,000 gp worth

Electrum: 1d8 × 1,000 gp worth

The city no longer manufactures coins of copper, tin, or iron. The rate of inflation triggered by treasure brought to Greyhawk has made such bits virtually worthless.

C8: New Mill and The School of Culinary Art

The various skills of food preparation, from the grinding of grain and the storing of milk to the final spicing and steaming of an exotic dish, are well taught at the institution commonly referred to as the "New Mill," or Mill College.

The instructors here include some of the finest chefs from across the Flanaess, each of course with his or her specialty dishes. But the college teaches far more than the preparation of delicacies.

The buildings and grounds include the New Mill building (in contrast to the Old Mill, a little ways downstream), which doubles as classrooms and offices. A small slaughterhouse and brewing cellar occupy the basement. The mill itself, while a working shop, is small, intended more for the teaching of students than the mass grinding of grain.

Next to the mill building is the Chateau, an establishment that is gaining ground in its bid to be the finest eatery in all the Free City. This elegant restaurant, with

large, low-ceilinged dining rooms—each furnished with imported rugs, dark wooden beams, and a constantly crackling fireplace—serves only the products of the school. Its wines and beers are made in the basement of the school. The cooks, waiters, and other workers are students at the school. Though a Professor Chef supervises the kitchen, the students do all the food preparation. The prices at the Chateau are comparable to other fine eating establishments in the city. Open only during the dinner hour, it is always crowded.

Tuition here is about double that of Grey College, for the teachers are paid well. In addition, students pay for the materials they use in their studies, an amount that approaches the tuition amount. However, diligent but poor students can work off some of their school fees by putting in extra time in the mill, dairy, or slaughterhouse.

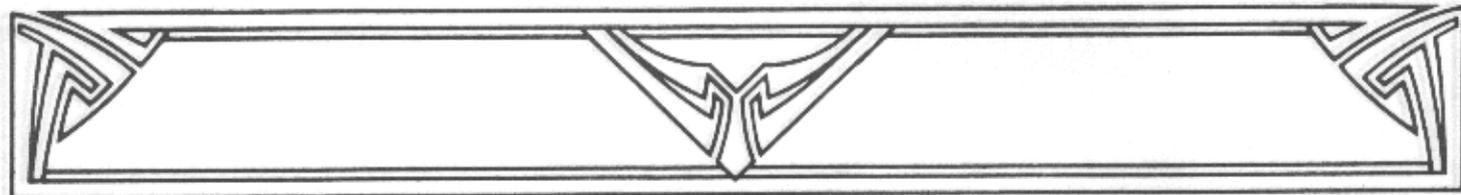
Students spend their first year here milking cows, grinding wheat and corn, butchering pigs, and other unappetizing activities that are all necessary to the production of food.

By the second year, many students begin to branch into one of the college's specialty areas, though many others continue the entire course with the aim of getting a general culinary education.

The specialties include Brewing, Cheesemaking, Winemaking, Baking, Basic Chef Cookery, Exotic Cuisine, and Dietary Health. After three years, a student with passing marks is declared a Master in his chosen field—except for Exotic Cuisine. Only Master Chefs are admitted to this course, which takes another two years of study.

C9: The Bardschool

Originally a small adjunct to Grey College, the Bardschool broke away nearly a century ago over a dispute in the curriculum. The college attempted to channel students into a specific area of expertise, whereas the Bardschool offered a much broader, more general program. As it happens, many of the Bardschool's graduates have gone on to become great



bards of the harp, lute, or flute.

Though small, with only 30-40 students at a time, the Bardschool features superb instructors in each of its fields. These are men and women motivated more by a desire to spread knowledge than to live well, for their skills could command high teaching fees.

The tuition at the Bardschool roughly approximates that of Grey College. There is no set period of instruction at the school, though students generally can gain little more after five or six years here.

The Bardschool has an impact on the city that goes far beyond its size, however. The practical jokes performed by its students (and by others, in revenge upon those same students) are nearly legendary. Bardschool students never cease attempting to embarrass the students and faculty of Grey College, which is their most constant rival. The Bardschool fields teams for every competition and college game at the arena, again overcoming the limitations of its small size. The student body is composed of splendid specimens of physical fitness and wit, so they more than hold their own against the larger schools.

The High Tutor and headmaster of the school is Lactile Furlo, a master bard. His ribald sense of humor sets the tone for the pranks of his students and faculty.

But the bards serve a serious role as well, particularly in chronicling the day-to-day life, and the grander historical march, of the Free City and its people.

True, the scholars in the Great Library perform much the same function, with access to a greater wealth of facts and figures. One who wishes to learn the exact value of the jewels traded through the city during a specified year will indeed do better by consulting the library's history.

But for one who wishes to remember the sunsets that blazed during a misty autumn, or the lyrics of a song raised in celebration of the fall harvest, there can be no substitute for the History of the Bards.

C10: Bridge of Entwined Hearts

Tradition holds that this bridge is the finest setting for romance in all the reaches of the Free City. During all hours of day and night, in weather fair and foul, one can always find a couple, or two, or occasionally three couples, engaged in quiet and romantic conversation.

Of course the bridge serves as a thoroughfare and carries a fairly significant amount of traffic each day. The Millstream separates Clerkgburg into two parts, and the bridge is the only one in the district. Each of the mills has a dam, with a walkway across it, but this bridge is the only crossing that can carry a horse or coach across the Millstream during its entire course from Temple Row to the Processional.

But travelers use the roadway, and lovers use the balconies set off the road at the highest point of the bridge. One of these balconies overlooks each side, and each has a small bench in it, large enough to hold only two. If a couple comes along, but there is already a pair on each balcony, it is considered poor form to loiter about the bridge, waiting for space. Perhaps, if the time is right, the space will be there—or so go the stories.

Rumors state that a marriage proposal made and accepted upon the bridge will lead to a life-long union. The theory has been tested thousands of times, but no one has compiled the results. There are no magical effects present on this bridge, but the view is lovely, the passers-by friendly, and who knows what a rising moon might foreshadow. . . .

C11: The Savant

This small tavern looks more like a stately residence than an inn. It is frequented by many professors, sages, and other educated gentlemen. In recent years it has also seen the attendance of a few learned gentlewomen, but this trend is discouraged by the inn's regulars.

Inside, the Savant is a rambling maze of small rooms, tiny alcoves, and fireplaces. Most tables have a small room to themselves, with at the most three or four

small tables in a single chamber. Many of the walls are lined with bookshelves, and a variety of interesting, albeit well-worn, volumes can be browsed by the customer.

The woodwork is dark, simply hewn yet beautiful in its grace and styling. The lighting is kept low, but each table is provided with an oil lantern that can be brightened for reading. Conversation is also low, though earnest debate about all matters is not only common, but expected.

C12: Free City Arena

The arena began as a joint effort between Grey College and Lord Mayor Zagig, to be used for college assemblies and events as well as entertainments for the citizens of the city. It proved somewhat of a bust as the latter—apparently the citizens of Greyhawk had plenty of ways to entertain themselves without the grandiose spectacles hosted by Zagig. And indeed, the arena can seat but 18,000 souls, if they squeeze together, so the bulk of the city's population had to miss each event.

As a college focal point, however, the arena has been a grand success. It serves as a neutral ground for representatives of all the schools in Clerkgburg, as well as self-proclaimed fraternities of students using individual tutors, to gather and face off in the endless series of games and contests these students use to amuse themselves.

In addition to these contests, the arena is still used by the city for those occasions when a grand celebration is required. Many holidays are commemorated with a service here. Illusionist shows, offered once or twice a year, are extremely popular. And every few years a traveling circus comes to the Free City, remaining for two or three weeks. These festive occasions are cause for nightly crowds in Clerkgburg, even though they occur over Midsummer when the colleges are not in session.

Also, the men of the City Watch hold drills and mock battles here. Only twice a year are the mock battles performed be-



fore an audience, once in spring and once in autumn, but the troops often practice here during the day, or even under the light of a bright moon.

The grand stone edifice was once a gleaming white circle of limestone. The color first faded to gray, and then one day nearly 20 years ago, suffered the indignity of a practical joke by the students of the Bardschool: the citizens of the Free City awakened one morning to find that their coliseum had been painted all over a throbbing, vibrant shade of pink.

Of course, it has mostly faded by now, but in places an observer can see a streak of pink running through a seam in the limestone. And from a distance, the entire edifice seems to take on a rosy hue when the sun hits it just right.

The arena is capable of hosting all sorts of functions. Its field is large, and normally covered with hard-packed sand. However, it has been covered with lush turf or filled with enough water to float small boats—both transformations accomplished with the aid of powerful priests—on more than one occasion.

Spectators can enter the stadium by any one of a dozen gates spaced around its outside wall. Seating occurs in 12 banks of 1,500 seats each. All the seats offer splendid views of the field, as they are not very far away.

Below the seats is a complex labyrinth of dressing rooms, cages for wild animals or prisoners, and storage halls for the equipment that is sometimes employed in the events of the arena. The short, narrow skiffs used by the various college teams for the rowing races and mock sea battles fought in the flooded stadium, for example, are locked up under a section of the stands.

The arena floor itself has only two entrances, one at the east end and the other at the west end. Each of these is 20 feet wide by 16 feet high, and can be secured with massive wooden doors. These doors fit so snugly that water barely trickles under them when the arena is awash.

Above the western entrance rests the Grand Box of the Lord Mayor. This luxurious accommodation can seat 100 per-

sonal guests of the lord mayor. During college events, the box is used by the student and faculty leaders of the college that last triumphed in the event.

The arena floor is surrounded by a wall 15 feet high on each side, and 20 feet high in the east and west ends. The front rank of spectator seating reaches almost to the edge of this wall. In fact, an observer in this row who leans too far forward may find himself flat on his face in the arena.

The arena is used once nearly every week, except during the heart of winter, for some function or another. Usually these are small college competitions, with attendance of under 1,000. About once a month a major college competition such as the "Sea Wars," or a major city function such as the welcoming of a new ambassador, draws enough people to fill the arena to capacity. All Clerkgurg bustles on these occasions, as graduates return to cheer for their school, or the influential folk of the High Quarter journey here in their carriages and coaches.

C13: City Watch Station

This is the Clerkgurg outpost of the City Watch. See Ch2 FFF for details of its staff.

C14: The Roc and Oliphant

This boisterous tavern is a favorite of students, renowned for cheap drink and ample portions of tolerable food. It is busy at mealtimes, and during most evenings. Earthday evenings are the wildest, usually with music from some group of minstrels or bards. Since most colleges do not hold classes on Freeday, the carousing goes on until well past midnight.

The large building consists of a huge main room heated by a central fireplace, and several smaller rooms to each side. The kitchen is in the rear. The whole place has a distinctive odor combining wood smoke, stale beer, and human perspiration.

C15: The University of the Flanaess

This poor sister to Grey College struggles for recognition in the shadow of its rival. The "university" (its title is overly grandiose for the reality of the school) offers four-year programs of education in most of the fields offered by Grey College (except Alchemy and Astronomy).

Tuition here costs only half that of Grey College, and the student body is large—this is the third biggest school in Clerkgurg. But it is common knowledge that the graduates of Flanaess do not receive the thorough education that Grey College alumni can claim.

The buildings of the college are smaller than at Grey, and are crowded closer together. Classes are larger, and the school offers no extended course work beyond the four years.

However, the university fields vigorous teams to the interscholastic competitions, and its student body is lively and loyal. Flanaess students contribute much to the good character of the Clerkgurg District.

C16: Guild Station of the Nightwatchmen

This guild house is typical of those described in Ch2 FFF.

C17: The School of Clerkship

This sprawling campus is second only to Grey College in size and history, though it offers a very different program of studies. Its campus does not have the parklike atmosphere of its cousin on the other side of Clerkgurg, nor do its buildings convey the grandeur of Grey College's Hall of Deans.

But the School of Clerkship serves a student body nearly as large as Grey College's. Graduating classes tend to be larger than at Grey's, since most students take but a two-year course of study here. Four- and six-year programs are available for aspiring sages or master moneychangers.

A year of tuition here costs only about



two-thirds of the cost of a comparable year at Grey College. The School of Clerkship, of course, does not offer the abundance of choice that its rival does, but its teaching in its selected fields is unsurpassed.

The school is indeed a college, but it has clung to its original name for misguided reasons of tradition. In a sense the name reflects the feeling of inferiority that seems to pervade the entire student body. They regularly compete with Grey College, the Bardschool, and various fraternities in the events at the arena; just as regularly, the School of Clerkship loses nearly every competition.

But academics is where this college surpasses every other. The Clerkship curriculum offers its basic program in Enscription (which qualifies one to work as a scribe) to all of its students, teaching them in two years all the finer points of dictation, penmanship, style, and accuracy.

Students who wish to continue their studies may then elect to take advanced

course work in Finance or Journalism. The former field involves all aspects of bookkeeping, accounting, and money-changing, while the latter teaches techniques of persuasion, observation, cartography, description, and illustration. The latter field is only now coming into vogue, and many graduates of the school find themselves highly valued as agents of various ambassadors and lords. After all, a spy who can write down what he sees accurately, together with pertinent maps and diagrams, is worth far more than an illiterate footpad.

C18: Gnarlyhouse

This historic house predates the wall of the new city. It was named after the massive stump of an oak, now long gone, that stood before it. It has served at various times as an inn, a brothel, and a schoolhouse.

Now it contains the largest and most notorious of the independent student fraternities that have formed throughout

Clerkburg. Its members refer to themselves simply as the "Gnarlys." The once-grand old house is a wreck, with windows boarded up, skeletal remnants of furniture piled in the yard, and weeds sprouting everywhere. There is a 75% chance, day or night, that 1d8 +1 members are lounging on the porch and automatically harass women, or small groups of unarmed men.

They are led by a young tough named Horst Manual (F3), and number some 25 young men. They fist-fight, wrestle, and brawl as 1st-level fighters, but if real weapons are involved they are treated as level 0.

The Gnarlys drink to excess, harass women, host loud parties that last well into the dawn, and generally make a nuisance of themselves. Some of them are no longer students, while most attend the more lax tutorial schools in Clerkburg.

If you roll up one of these toughs, take a few points off of Int and Wis and put them into Str and Con.

Chapter 9: The Artisans' Quarter



This small quarter of the Free City is one of the most peaceful, lacking the wild taverns and crowds of most other districts. The Artisans' Quarter is home to hard-working people and their families. Its major features are the guildhalls for many of those craftsmen and women.

Sure, the Artisans' Quarter has its share of taverns, but these are quiet, neighborhood places. Most of the customers recognize each other and the proprietor—who is usually the owner. Strangers are treated cordially, but any unruliness arouses the resentment of the entire establishment.

The City Watch, while not a great presence here, is not neglectful. If a patrol is summoned, it arrive within 2d8 rounds.

The houses here are small. At first glance one might think they are crowded uncomfortably close together. Upon closer examination, the buildings all seem to fit snugly together, while leaving a surprising amount of space between them.

With its convenient location next to the Low Marketplace, the residents of this quarter rarely have to go elsewhere in the city for their needs. More than any other district, the Artisans' Quarter seems a self-sufficient community all unto itself.

The hallmarks of each tradesperson can be seen on the front of the house: an ornately carved balcony and railing for the woodcarver, a wide, sweeping stairway for the carpenter, an imposing facade of granite for the stonemason, and so on. Weavers, painters, metalsmiths, and the like use an example of their craft to decorate the front of the house—a tapestry, unusual color scheme, or metal rack of tools, for example.

While some of these artisans work for employers and travel to a different location for their job, the majority work in shops within their homes. Consequently, a great number of different businesses can be found in the tiny Artisans' Quarter.

Artisans' Quarter Businesses

Type of Business	# in Quarter
Shipper and Hauler	1d4 + 1
Brewer	2d3
Leatherworker	2d4
Weaver	1d6 + 1
Tailor	1d4 + 1
Metalsmith	1d6 + 6
Jeweler	1d4 + 2
Gemcutter	1d4
Furniture Maker	1d4 + 1
Carpenter	1d6 + 7
Stonemason	1d6 + 4
Architect	1d4 + 2
Tavern with Food	1d6 + 10



Specific Locations in the Artisans' Quarter

A1: Guildhall of Architects and Stonemasons

As befits the meetinghouse of artisans specializing in quality construction, this guildhall is one of the most unique buildings in the Free City—the only one with an address on each side of the same street!

The guildhall resembles a bridge in the way it straddles Smith Road. It rests on two square pillars, each a stone building of no little size. Supported by eight massive trunks—single beams more than 100 feet long and nearly three feet thick—the upper portion of the building rests upon these bases. The structure is phenomenally strong. As if to prove the point, the Guild Ballroom, where the members hold their social gatherings and dances, is located in the part of the building suspended over the road.

The guild maintains a small museum in the left leg of the hall, wherein are displayed detailed scale models of some of the greater accomplishments of guild architects. Models of the Citadel, the Lord Mayor's Palace, the Hall of Deans at Grey College, and the Guildhall of the Performing Artistes are the only buildings of the Free City displayed here, but a dozen more models represent palatial structures from other parts of the Flanaess.

Each model is provided with its own alcove in the museum, lighted by its own chandelier. The museum is a mazelike area of stone passages, columns, freely swinging stone doors, and other examples of the stonemason's art. It is open to the public during the afternoons. It is staffed by one master architect or stonemason, and about six young teenage children of guild members who aspire to apprenticeships.

The other pillar of the bridge holds a storeroom of rare tools and a large drawing laboratory. Its facilities are available to guild members who have temporary need of equipment or space exceeding their own resources.

The upper part of the hall, reached usually through the museum but connecting to both sides, contains small meeting rooms, the large ballroom with a raised orchestra platform, and an amply provisioned bar and kitchen area.

A2: The Fat of the Hog

This friendly neighborhood bar is famous for the variety of its pork menu. Waldo Parstiche (commonly known as "Wide Waldo"), the honorable proprietor, considers it a personal insult if a guest refuses to try whatever delicacy is the special of the day.

The tavern is small, with a dozen tables and twice as many seats at the bar. Open from noon until midnight, it always seems to be crowded. The prices are very reasonable and the portions more than ample.

Waldo's brother, Ernest, is lord of a manor a day's ride west of the Free City. Ernest Parstiche has focused the attention of the farmers around his holdings into hog breeding. These hogs are regularly herded to the Free City slaughterhouse, which gives both brothers a sizable discount because of the volume of their business.

Waldo's specialties include pork ribs simmered in a spicy pepper sauce, then grilled. All but the most hardened diners must immediately wash down each bite with a mug of chilled ale, for the scalding heat of the pepper sauce is unequalled by any other public dish in the Free City.

However, Waldo also offers roasts, bacon-wrapped delicacies, pungent smoked hams, and his own invention, lard soup. Most of his menu is delightfully sumptuous, and even the latter item is edible.

A3: City Watch Station

This is the outpost of the City Watch in the Artisans' Quarter. See Ch2 FFF for details of its garrison.

A4: Guildhall of the Carpenters

This large building runs the entire length of a city block, rising above all neighboring structures as if to announce

the mastery of its residents, the carpenters of the Free City. It is made, naturally, entirely of wood.

An ornamentally carved facade frames each of the building's three stories. The shutters, doors, and trim wood all show the attentions of skilled carvers.

The interior is no disappointment. Like the architects, the carpenters maintain a museum open to the public, occupying the entire ground floor of the hall. The museum here serves as a classroom for apprentices as well. Its displays include examples of the carpenter's tools, diagrams of their use, and examples of finished work. The museum is a loose circle of interconnecting rooms, and each room is done with a different type of wood, in a different style.

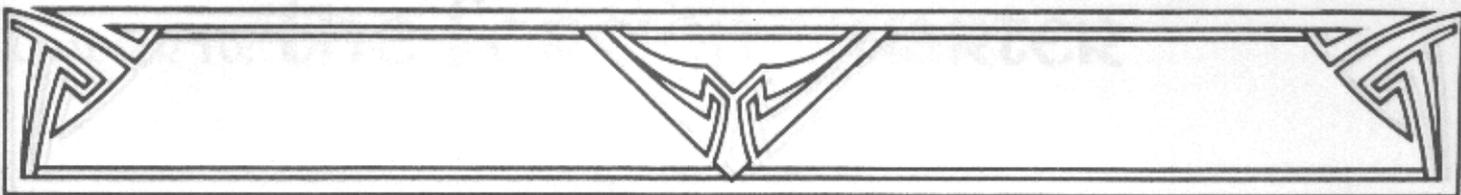
The middle floor of the guildhall is the social center and meeting area, similar in most respects to the second floor of A1. The upper level of the carpenters' hall, however, contains a dormitory and classroom. Here up to 12 apprentices live, working on crews for various master carpenters during the day, and studying techniques by night.

A5: Guildhall of the Performing Artistes

This grand structure far exaggerates the status of this guild within the city, to the considerable resentment of other, more serious unions. However, the castle once known as Lord Ren's Hold came into the possession of the guild of actors and musicians quite legally.

That lord of the last century was a noble of eccentricities and foibles second in note only to Zagig himself. The most inflamed of his many passions was his love for the arts, whether song, drama, painting, sculpture, every type of art! He amassed a considerable fortune, and was a great sponsor of Greyhawk culture. The very existence of the Great Theatre, in fact, can be traced to the generosity and persistence of Lord Ren.

As he approached death with no heir, he decided upon a plan to guarantee the flourishing of artistic accomplishment in the Free City for generations after his



own demise. Thus, he willed his fabulous keep, and its hoard of priceless art work, to the guild of performers who had brought him such delight.

The Guildhall now serves as an art gallery—the finest upon the Flanaess—and small theatre, as well as the headquarters of the guild and living quarters for many of its members.

The Guild itself includes performers of all types: jugglers, clowns, musicians, singers, actors, acrobats, snake-charmers, and so on. It enjoys the patronage of the great wizard Otto (of the Circle of Eight, see Ch3 FFF), and a shrine to the goddess Lirr in the guildhall seems to engender her favor as well.

The guildhall is always home to several dozen young performers, too poor to have yet acquired lodgings. Roll 2d12 +25 to determine the exact number. They pay their rent by serving to guard the hall—together with the three 5th-level fighters the guild has hired as security sergeants. A staff of 20 residents (0 level) is always on hand to aid these sergeants.

The castle is small, but impressive in architecture and impregnability. The gate is locked tight except when the art gallery is open—afternoons six days a week, all day and into the evening on Godsdag. The gallery, a complex of many rooms on the second and third floor of the keep, is protected by *magic mouth* spells, invisible strings on the valuable objects (naturally, the strings ring alarm bells at a nearby guard station), and other protections. Pieces have been successfully stolen from here, but only rarely does the thief escape the wrathful vengeance of Otto the Great.

The theatre in the guildhall is used for rehearsals and for small performances before select audiences. Often the nobles of the city and visiting ambassadors are honored with an invitation to pay 12 gp for a private preview of an upcoming performance. Such previews are performed in the guildhall, traditionally the night before they open in the Great Theatre.

A6: Guildhall of Leatherworkers, Weavers, and Tailors

This catch-all guild has eventually come to represent nearly every artisan engaged in the production of clothing, blankets, and the like. In addition to the three named professions, the guild represents cobblers, dyers, seamstresses, curtain makers, upholsterers, hat makers, yarn-spinners, cloak makers, knitters, embroiderers, and hosiery makers.

However, perhaps because of this diversity, the guild is nowhere near as organized or powerful as are, say, the carpenters. This is evidenced by their small guildhall, used only for the gatherings of the members at the monthly meetings, and the infrequent get-togethers of the various masters.

The one unique feature of the hall is the luxurious apartment in the rear of the building. A well-furnished bar, comfortable chairs and rugs, a large fireplace, and a huge bed are the central features of this suite. One door, always locked, connects the apartment to the hall. Otherwise, entry is gained through a door into the back of the guildhall, discreetly screened by other buildings.

The apartment is reserved for the use of the guild masters, through a rigid reservation procedure. Each master has a key, but no one else even knows the apartment exists (except for the housekeeper from Old City who arrives every morning to clean). The apartment is used for those affairs when it is imperative that the guildmaster's spouse remain ignorant of the liaison.

A7: Fruit of the Mill

This delightful little shop offers wine and ale for sale, together with a variety of pastries salty, sweet, or meaty. It caters to workers especially.

The proprietor is Karin Keoffel, a petite woman who has originated most of her own recipes. She hires several young women as barmaids and cooking help.

The eatery is open from dawn until an hour after dark. Meals are good and filling, with a variety of pastry for every

taste. Specialties include cheese and tomato pastries, all manner of fruit pies, beef and lamb wrapped in crusty rolls, and many others.

Karin employs no bouncer, nor any brawny help, but she and her maidens are favorites of the workers hereabouts. Any rude comments from customers are greeted with stern rebukes from these regulars. Those who persist in the disturbance find themselves facing 1d6 +6 large, angry men (1st-level fighters).

Low Market and Bazaar

The stalls, tents, and booths of the Greyhawk Low Market offer a maze of tiny stores. Some merchants ply their trade from more or less permanent locations here, but most simply pitch their tents wherever they can find space.

The market is open every day from dawn until dusk. During six days of the week, the pace of buying and selling proceeds comfortably. There is no frenzy of activity, and the market seems plenty big because there is a lot of unused space. Foods and drinks, as well as common household needs (cloth, wood, tools, utensils, clothing, tacking, toys, inexpensive jewelry, paint, etc.) are available here at all times.

The market truly comes into its own, however, on Starday—the start of each new week. On these days, the number of stalls and booths in the marketplace doubles, as does the number of potential customers browsing through.

On Starday, virtually every readily obtainable item in the campaign world is offered for sale here—and a few not-so-readily obtainable items. Weapons and armor, horses, dogs and birds, imported silks and dyed cottons, art work, and a host of other unique services and activities can all be obtained here.

Prices are generally slightly lower than a merchant in a permanent shop might ask, but the quality of goods here also tends to be less than fabulous.

There are exceptions to both generalizations, of course. Some trinkets are of-

ferred at incredibly inflated prices, while other works of skilled artisans and craftsmen can be purchased for a song.

The Low Market is not the place to buy items of luxury. Naturally, such goods as expensive perfumes, rare jewelry, exotic spices, and the like can be obtained only at the High Market.

DM's Guide to the Low Market

Any attempt to detail the entire marketplace is doomed to vanish in a morass of information. If a group of PCs walks around here, asking what they can see, read some selections from the Low Market Booth list. Feel free to add things to the list, change the order around, and otherwise modify it to suit your campaign.

Items marked in *italics* are available only on the Starday market. All other goods are sold daily.

Low Market Booth List

Copper and silver Jewelry
Colognes from around the Nyr Dyv
 Swords and daggers, made in Greyhawk
Axes and halberds, dwarfmade
 Cheap jewelry, halfling merchant
Portraits while you wait
 Apples and other fruit
 Bolts of colored cotton
 Dresses and petticoats
 Melons in season
 Colorful woolen capes
 Boots and shoes
 Leather armor
Fruity ice treats (rare!)
Shields and plate mail
Pennants made while you wait
 Dried pork sticks
 Saddles
 Feathered ornaments for dandies and their ladies
 Gambling games of all sorts
 Wine of all sorts
Whisky imported from Dyvers
 Fortune-telling
 Carved wooden soldiers, painted
 Toss the dagger at the target for a prize trinket
Freak show (one large tent)
 Freshly baked bread
Hunting hounds and puppies

Steamed sausages on a stick
 High- and low-quality arrows
 Flowers (in season)
 Tiny dolls
 Freshly popped corn

If the players ask about something that isn't listed and you can't decide whether it would be found here or not, roll 1d100. There is a base 50% chance of any item being here. Modify with a + or -20% based on how common the item is, and add a further 15% if the item is sought on Starday. If the resulting roll is successful, the item is available somewhere in the market.

Prices for everything need to be established by the DM, remembering that the actual selling price tends to be on the low side. The asking price, of course, can be quite a bit higher, leaving it up to the PCs to negotiate for a bargain or not.

Hassles in the Low Market

A character suffers a base 10% chance of undergoing a pickpocket attempt every time he enters the market. Characters who look impoverished, diseased, or exceedingly dangerous are not selected as victims, however. On the other hand, characters wearing grand finery or flaunting large amounts of money run a full 25% chance of being targeted by a pickpocket.

To determine the level of the thief, roll 1d10, using the following table to determine the thief's level:

Low Market Pickpocket Level Table

D10 Roll	Thief's Level
1	0
2	1
3	3 less than victim*
4	2 less than victim*
5	1 less than victim*
6	Same as victim
7	1 more than victim
8	2 more than victim
9	4 more than victim
10	Twice victim's level

* To a minimum of 1st level

Other common encounters include children hawking for one or another vendor, who follow wealthy-looking shoppers with incredible persistence; and pleas from beggars of every pathetic variety, some hobbling about the marketplace while others settle into one place, often enduring the kicks and insults of nearby merchants.

Selling in the Marketplace

Stall space is available for a minimal fee—five sp for a 6' x 6' area, one gp for a 12' x 6' space, and so on. The fee is charged every day a character uses the space, regardless of sales or portion of the day used.

For an additional fee equal to the stall fee, a merchant can hire the services of a guard, called a "shopwatcher." Such guards are fighters of level 1d4 + 2, generally working for several merchants at a time. They browse through the marketplace, trying—usually unsuccessfully—to look like shoppers. All the while they observe the stalls under their protection, quickly apprehending any thieves or shoplifters.

The usual penalty for such foiled thieves is the return of the heisted goods, and a shakedown by the fighter, who will take anything else that suits him, including any weapons. Only in the case of violent resistance or repeat offense does the shopwatcher summon the City Watch.

Chapter 10: The Foreign Quarter

This is the most crowded quarter of the New City, not just because this is the residential district assigned to all those who have not inherited or adopted Greyhawk citizenry, but because it is a nice place to live. It offers a variety of eateries and taverns, as well as tiny shops of many unique types.

It has long been city policy that visitors who take up residence in Greyhawk should not be allowed to inhabit certain areas, particularly places adjacent to the city wall. Thus, all foreigners who actually rent a residence (as opposed to taking a room in an inn, even for many weeks) must find such a residence in this quarter. Of course, foreign nobles and official guests of the city are exempt from the restriction.

Foreigners are not permitted to purchase property in the Free City. After seven consecutive years of residence (at least six months each year) in the city, a foreigner can apply for citizenship. Provided he has two citizens to vouch for him, and no record of troubles with the watch or any influential guilds, citizenship is granted.

Certain of the Foreign Quarter's shops and inns retain a distinctive character reflecting their owners' origins. But for the most part this district has blended very well into the rest of the Free City's character.

The City Watch is here, but not in any considerable numbers. If summoned, the watch patrol is not likely to arrive for 3d6 rounds. The People's Constables (Ch2 FFF) on the other hand, are a common and bothersome presence during daylight. At night, the Nightwatchmen's Guild puts regular patrols through this and the neighboring River District.

In many ways it is representative of the city in miniature, with its diversity of shops, its theatre (the Pit), and its mix of people from all places and all levels on the social scale. Indeed, the Foreign Quarter even has its own nobility, in the form of The Duke.

The shops of the Foreign Quarter are not listed as they are for Clerkgburg and other areas. Instead, you can assume

that there is at least one example here of every type of shop listed anywhere else in the city. And even if a type of shop isn't listed anywhere else, there is a 60% chance it can be found in this quarter. However, a passer-by asked for directions is only 50% likely to know the answer.

Specific Locations in the Foreign Quarter

F1: Mercenaries' Guildhall

This sturdy block of a building contains the headquarters of the Free City's organization of hired swordsmen and other warriors. While the guild cannot claim the membership of all mercenaries in the city, a great proportion of them make certain to pay their dues immediately upon entering the city, though at ten gp per year, these are more costly than most guild memberships in the city.

Membership in the guild gains for mercenaries several advantages. Firstly, the guildhall maintains a well-stocked bar, with drinks at no cost to members. A bunk in a community sleeping room is also offered, free, for a member who needs shelter for a few nights. Those mercenaries in town for a week or longer are expected to eventually arrange their own lodgings.

But even more importantly, the guildhall is the most commonly used employment center for mercenaries. Hired fighters who betray their employers are forever barred from guild membership. The guild requires most prospective members to pass a combat test (requiring 1st-level fighting skills). Thus one who seeks hired fighters can be fairly certain of finding skilled, reasonably loyal troops at the guildhall.

Certain mercenaries offering skills other than pure fighting knowledge, such as healing ability, magic use, horse training, or scouting skills, are often exempted from the combat test. These individuals, while still mercenaries and guild members, are referred to as "specialists."

Arms and armor may be worn in the hall, but a rigid code of discipline prevents any fighting—even fisticuffs—within the guild headquarters. Though a pair of warriors may have come here from the same battlefield where they fought against each other, all such differences must be set aside as they pass through the door of the guildhall. Fighters lacking the discipline to observe this restriction—and there are quite a few—generally have the good taste to avoid the guildhall when the potential for trouble exists. Again, violation of this tenet results in banishment from the guild.

F2: Silver Dragon Inn

This is the grand inn of the Foreign Quarter, often the first place sought by new arrivals in the city. Prices are average and servings are huge. From the spicy bean recipes of the south to the seafood delicacies of the wild coast to the rice and vegetable concoctions made across the plains of the Flanaess, every manner of food and every means of preparation is available here.

Weapons larger than daggers must be checked at the door, together with shields. Customers wearing metal armor are not admitted. A pair of bouncers stands at the door, politely enforcing the rule.

The Silver Dragon Inn has three different restaurants on the first floor and in the cellar, specializing respectively in frying, grilling, and baking. Much of the cellar is given over to the kitchens. The second floor is a vast drinking hall, always crowded with an assortment of dwarves, halflings, ruddy barbarians, dusky sailors, nomads in furs, other nomads in turbans, even half-orcs and squinting mercenaries from unknown distances.

The proprietor, Olaf Al-Azul, is an odd mixture of a barbarian mother and desert silk merchant father. He speaks a dozen languages fluently and rules the inn with bluff good humor. He can almost always break up a fight before it starts, generally with a round of drinks for the instigators. Like as not the would-be combatants part the inn as fast friends.



When such tactics don't work, Olaf is swift and sure with the use of force. He carries a rolling pin in his belt (treat as a club) and a slender short sword concealed in his tall boot. The two bouncers also quickly respond to disturbances, though they have been instructed not to interfere unless real trouble breaks out.

Olaf Al-Azul: AC 7 (Dex 17); MV 12; F11; hp 84; THAC0 10; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d6 +5 (Str 18/92)

Two Bouncers: AC 5; MV 9; F6; hp 36; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8

The upper level of the inn offers two dozen sleeping rooms, ranging from chambers with one large bed to those containing a dozen straw mats. Cost is reasonable, but not cheap.

F3: Sages' Guildhall

This unpretentious guildhall is maintained diligently, outside and in, by a staff of a dozen servants and groundskeepers. It is furnished within like a combination between a library and a gentleman's club.

Despite the progressive attitudes of the Free City, the Sages' Guild remains an all-male preserve. This fact has not escaped the notice of some of the city's more prominent, and disapproving, matrons.

The hall maintains several small apartments for bachelor members and their valets. In addition, small, well-illuminated studies are available for the use of all members. An unofficial narrative history of Greyhawk City is maintained here, based as much on the gossip learned by the hall servants (sages are notoriously nosy about such stuff) as on the more traditional historical events. Needless to say this is a delightful read, though it would be the subject of many slander charges should its existence become public knowledge.

F4: Moneychangers' Guildhall

This grand edifice serves one of the most powerful guilds in the Free City, and one of the most unpopular. The moneychangers also lend money to those whose credit looks solid, and their rates of inter-

est have often provoked deep hard feelings.

Much of the work of the guild's members is transacted here at the hall, for their unpopularity coupled with the cash they must carry along, make the moneychangers disinclined to walk the streets or ply their trade from booths in the marketplace.

Generally, a character can get any type of coinage translated into Greyhawk denominations for a fee of 10% of the transaction amount. The fee is reduced to 5% for currencies from Dyvers and Urnst (both of which are accepted at nearly all places of business anyway); but it increases to 20% or even 25% for a transaction involving currency from a source far from Greyhawk.

The vaults of the guild are protected by a permanent staff including two 8th-level thieves, four 7th-level fighters, and a 9th-level mage. Another dozen security guards (1st-level fighters) stand around the huge lobby during business hours. All attack without mercy any thieves discovered here.

These sentries live in apartments above the lobby and always remain on the premises. Six of the guards and one of the thieves remain awake, patrolling the guildhall, during the night.

The vaults contain 5d4 × 10,000 gp (50/50 split between Greyhawk coins and other coinage).

The guild maintains a large ballroom in the basement of the hall for guild gatherings and festivals.

F5: Blue Dragon Inn

The owner of this inn, Felipe Namarhz, doesn't have a lot of originality, but he knows what he likes. And he likes the Silver Dragon Inn.

Felipe set out to copy the Silver Dragon in every way possible, from the appearance of the building to the contents of his menu.

He has succeeded in every aspect save one: quality. The Blue Dragon Inn is indeed a poor sister to the grand establishment next door.

Nearly everything available at the Sil-

ver Dragon is available here, in imitation form, though the price is an exact replica of the Silver Dragon's. Consequently, the Blue Dragon Inn is rarely crowded. Even so, the service is still terrible.

Felipe imposes the same dress code as does Olaf Al-Azul at the Silver Dragon, though his bouncers are less formidable: two 3rd-level fighters.

The only reason Felipe stays in business is that he is secretly financed by Duke Garand (see location F7). These subsidies have also guaranteed that Felipe will do anything the Duke asks him to.

F6: City Workhouse

This penal institution houses young offenders who are judged too redeemable to be placed in keeping with the hardened criminals at the Citadel. Perhaps 120 youths and young men, with a score of firm, but not overly brutal guards, live here in the evening.

Every morning at dawn the guards march the prisoners to a different location in the city where they perform mundane tasks of garbage collection, street repair, and the like. The prisoners return to the workhouse at sunset.

F7: Duke Garand's House

This blockhouse of a building is the home of the self-declared, but nonetheless feared, boss of the Foreign Quarter. He hails from some distant, unknown land, and "Garand" is all that remains of his unpronounceable name. The title is his own claim, but it has become common usage.

The Duke lives here with his small, private army of enforcers. They are led with brutal efficiency by a half-orc sergeant-major named Forlorn.

The house consists of grand living and dining quarters on the first floor together with the kitchen. The second floor holds the servants' and fighters' quarters. The Duke's luxurious personal suite occupies the entire top floor, with splendid views of the quarter in all directions. Here is where he keeps his personal treasury of

some 10,000 gp, 30,000 sp, and 3,000 gp in jewelry.

The Duke: AC 8 (Dex 16); MV 12; F11; hp 84; THAC0 10; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d10 +8 (*two-handed sword* +3 and Str 18/96)

Forlorn: AC 1 (*chain mail* +3 and shield); MV 9; F6; hp 38; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 +5 (*long sword* +2 and Str 18/10)

20 Guards: AC 6; MV 9; F2; hp 12; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8

The Duke has gained an interest in many of the shops and businesses in the Foreign Quarter through activities that straddle the shadowy edge of legality.

He offers loans to those turned down by the moneychangers, at only slightly higher rates of interest. His tactics against those who fail to repay him are brutal and heavy handed, often directed at the loved ones of the debtor. Many good men have been driven to thievery and worse by the threat of the Duke's enforcers. This also accounts for the high percentage of real estate he owns in the district.

He also operates, very quietly, a book-making service for events at the Pit. If the Thieves' Guild should learn of this, the Duke's life would be forfeit, so he takes care to involve only those he feels he can trust.

F8: The Pit

This is the largest single building in the quarter, though from the outside it resembles a collection of town houses built unusually close together. It is the scene of many types of gladiatorial combat. On the nights of events, this entire section of

the city (even the Blue Dragon Inn!) comes alive with citizens out for the fights. Events are generally scheduled for Godsdays and Freedays, with special events at other times.

See Ch6 FFF for a full description of the Pit and its entertainments.

F9: Cartographers' Guildhall

The front of this modest building contains a small office and a reception room. Here potential customers can interview cartographers about their knowledge, and hire a map viewing or copying session.

For a few sp, a character can be admitted to the Hall of the Flanaess, the large area to the rear of the building. The entire floor of this room is a detailed mosaic, hand-lettered, depicting the known reaches of the Flanaess.

An additional sp will purchase an opportunity of studying any map in the extensive library here. There are detailed maps of most of the nations, and street maps for the major cities, throughout the Flanaess. Purchase of a map generally runs about 10 gp.

Most of these maps, of course, need to be created and introduced to the game by the DM as necessary. Use them as tools for future adventures or clues to an ongoing mystery in your campaign, among other things.

F10: City Watch Station

This is the Foreign Quarter outpost of the Watch, as detailed in Ch2 FFF.

F11: Translators' Guildhall

The small offices of this guild are contained here. Translators here can read and write most of the major languages from the area around Greyhawk. When someone needs a translation in a language not known at the guildhall, the character will be directed to someone else in the Foreign Quarter who can perform the translation.

F12: Red Serpent Restaurant

This restaurant specializes in an assortment of pepper-and-rice dishes, all of which are exceedingly spicy to the unprepared Greyhawk palate. The Red Serpent has a small but slowly growing and very loyal clientele. Also served here is an assortment of strong, cold drink, much recommended for soothing the fiery burn that lingers long after the food is gone. The meals are expensive but proclaimed very much worth it by the restaurant's loyal customers.

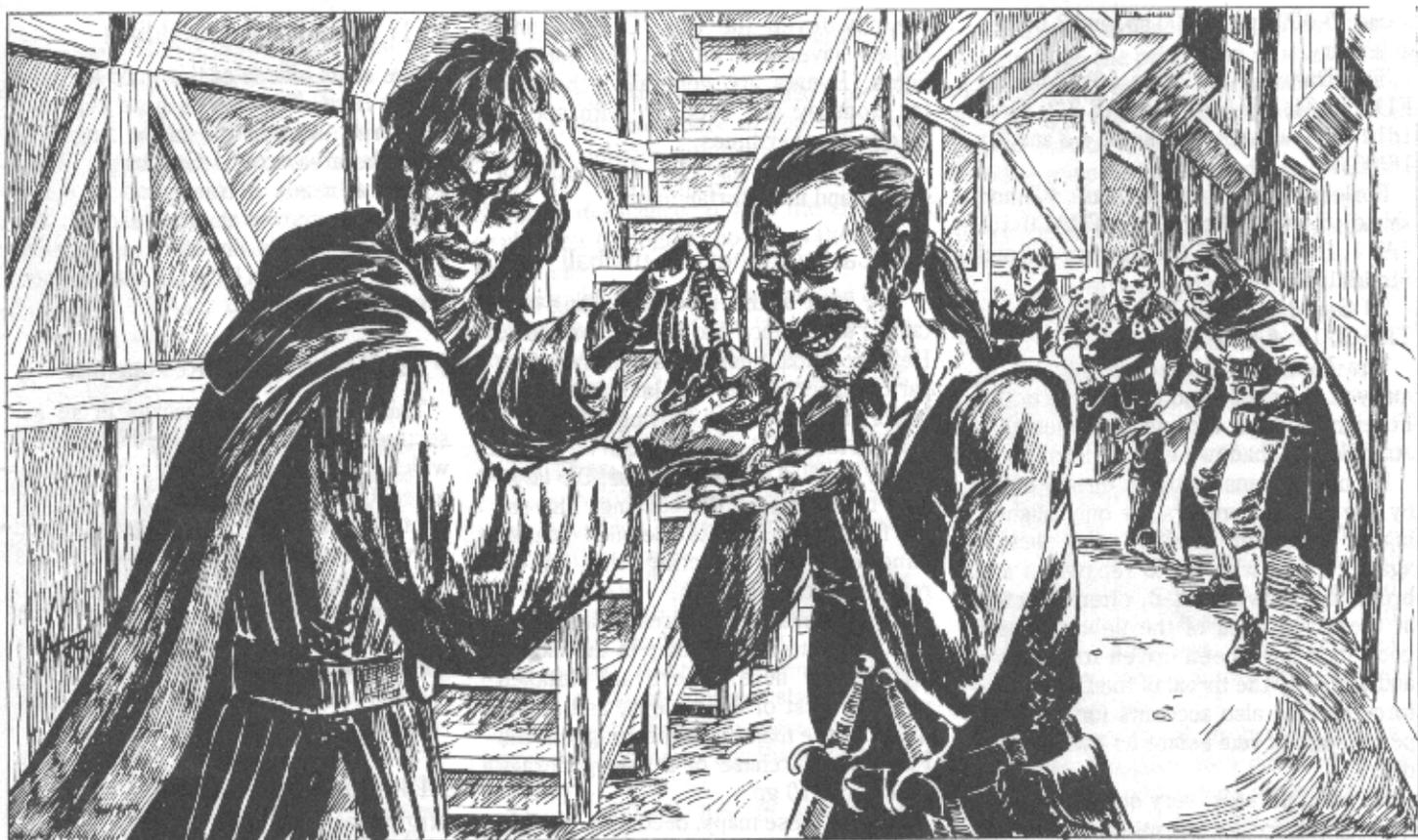
F13: Guildstation of the Nightwatchmen

This guildhouse is identical to those described in Ch2 FFF.

F14: Burrow Heights

This is perhaps the most unique neighborhood in the Free City, in that all of its buildings consist of holes in the ground. It is quite popular with the city's dwarven and halfling residents, as well as those humans who have spent perhaps a trifle too much time away from the light of the sun.

Chapter 11: The River Quarter



This most riotous district is centered around the great curving avenue known as the Strip. With its taverns, brothels, gambling dens, and worse, the Strip at night is a cacophony of noises, a shadowland of flickering torches and blazing lamps. And always, day and night, it teems with drunks and toughs, rivermen and cityfolk.

Always there are many who fight at any implied slight, and never are there enough patrols of the City Watch to keep the peace. Generally it takes a patrol 3d6 rounds to respond to an alarm.

People's Constables are common during the hours of daylight, especially near the Cargo Gate. There these tinpot enforcers of law and order (see Ch2 FFF) nab many people just off the river, before they have a chance to adjust to city life.

Naturally, adventurers love it here. Lodgings are cheap, and news from the world beyond is plentiful. There are numerous merchants and innkeepers willing

to relieve a traveler of his heavy load of treasure.

Behind the Strip the River Quarter is a mixture of boarding houses and warehouses. While much cargo brought up the river is stored on the wharf, many small warehouses are offered for rental here as well. Cargo moves quickly in the lively economy of the Free City, so a load generally remains in a warehouse only for a week or two.

Most of the business in this quarter centers around entertainment, as the table indicates:

River Quarter Businesses

Type of Business	# in in Quarter
Armorer	1d4
Bakers	1d4 + 2
Bawdy house	1d6 + 3
Boarding House	(1d4 + 4) × 10

Boats/Nautical Equipment	1d4 + 1
Boot maker/Leatherworker	1d4 + 1
Butcher	1d4 + 1
Eatery	1d10 + 10
Expedition Supplier	1d4 + 2
Shipper and Hauler	1d4 + 3
Tailor	1d6 + 2
Tavern	1d10 + 20
Warehouse	1d6 + 10
Weaponsmith	1d4

Specific Locations in the River Quarter

R1: City Watch Station

This headquarters of the City Watch in the River Quarter is typical of those described in Ch2 FFF.

R2: The Green Dragon Inn

This is a favorite haunt of adventurers and of those seeking adventurers for various tasks. It offers relatively mundane fare, but in copious quantities. Its location on Blue Boar Street, just off of the Strip, insures that it stays a little quieter than most of the establishments in the quarter.

The Green Dragon Inn is fully detailed in Ch6 FFF.

R3: Low Seas Tavern

This place has a well-lighted porch and lively sounds of laughter coming from within. It is a favorite of the River Quarter, though its standards are a trifle higher than most of the inns in the district. Weapons longer than daggers, for example, must be checked at the door.

Good food in small portions is available here, as is expensive but very high-quality drink. In addition to the wide assortment of adventurers usually encountered here, the inn is a favorite haunt of the wealthier Rhennee barge-folk.

The Low Seas Tavern is the domain of One-Eye Halloran, a man that, to hear him tell it, was at one time wizard, high priest, lordly knight, and master thief during his travels across the Flanaess.

One-Eye is also known as One-Leg. He proudly explains the history of each injury to anyone with the lack of judgment to ask, as well as the origins of each of the several dozen scars across his body. The stories always change, so the DM need only spin a yarn if a PC asks.

Halloran has indeed lost an eye (he wears a patch) and a leg, which he has replaced with a sturdy peg. He is adept at wielding the leg as a cudgel (1d6 points of damage), and during melee combat he gets an attack with the leg before any other attacks each round. The leg attack does not count toward Halloran's number of attacks per round.

There is a bit of truth to Halloran's tales, insofar as his multiple abilities go. In addition to his widely observed fighting prowess, One-Eye is a 5th-level mage.

One-Eye (One-Leg) Halloran: AC 8; MV 9; F14/M5; hp 108; THAC0 7; #AT 2 + leg-cudgel; Dmg 1d6 +4 (*long sword* +3 and Str 17); Spells: 4 1st, 2 2nd, and 1 3rd.

Halloran retains order pretty much by himself, but if real trouble threatens he asks for help from the regular customers. That lot is an adventurous breed from the ground up, so the innkeeper always gets 1d10 + 10 allies, half of them fighters and the others of random classes (and of sufficient level, usually, to overcome the threat).

R4: The Wizard's Hat Inn

This excellent hostelry is one of the best-kept secrets in the city. The secret is tacitly kept by most of the regular customers, and thus the inn is never too crowded.

Rooms are rented for reasonable prices. The crowd is generally friendly, and weapons must be checked at the door, though armor may be worn.

The proprietress is a half-elf matron named Dwaven May. She has outlasted her human husband, and even her children have grown old and died. Now she commits herself to the inn, body and soul, and this commitment is reflected in the superb food, drink, and hospitality she offers her guests.

And if the inn is not crowded, neither is it ever empty. The food is excellent and includes the potato and rice dishes so common in the Free City, given the chef's signature with a tingling blend of spices.

The inn also serves its specialty, roast venison brought in by huntsmen in the Gnarly Forest who have been hired by Dwaven May. The cleaned carcasses are carried swiftly to the inn, where they are simmered and marinated for days. The result is a tender and moist haunch of meat with a delightfully distinctive flavor.

Dwaven hires no bouncers to enforce order in the place. On those rare occasions when unruly customers get out of hand, the half-elf's loyal friends—to the tune of a dozen fighters, a few wizards, and a couple of thieves, all in the 4th- to 7th-level range—immediately leap to her defense.

R5: Guildstation of the Nightwatchmen

See Ch2 FFF for information on the guild and its stations.

R6: Tarnek McGloogan's Warehouse

This circular building, strategically located near the Cargo Gate, is a busy storage facility that has made its owner a great deal of money.

Not content with that, Tarnek has built a secret room in the basement, entered by raising a trap door that looks like another block in the stone floor. This is where the secret activities of this establishment, detailed in Ch5 FFF, are centered. Tarnek himself and his associates are described there as well.

R7: The River Rat

The River Rat is the central gathering place of the Rhennee in the Free City, when they leave their barges, that is. Located in the busiest part of the Strip, the River Rat never closes and never seems to want for rowdy customers.

This inn can best be described as a dive. Food and drink are cheap in every sense of the word. Rude drunks are common, and no one seems to bathe before coming here. Those dressed in a grand fashion, or those who look even moderately weak and helpless, or attractive women of any type are ruthlessly badgered by the customers.

The proprietor, a Rhennee who has lived in Greyhawk for decades, is named Zalkan Sooth. He never intervenes to break up fights, preferring to bill those involved for damages in the harsh light of the morning after.

Ch5 FFF contains extensive information on the Rhennee in Greyhawk.

R8: Temple of Pholtus

This gleaming white edifice stands as a tribute to the god Pholtus, he of utmost Law and Order, regulator of the Sun and Moon and inflexible as the tides. Pholtus—He of the Blinding Light—has



commanded his followers to spread the word, and so they do in the River Quarter with a vengeance.

The interior of the temple is primarily taken up by the tiny cells allocated as living spaces to the members of the sect. The faithful are expected to circulate around the district, as well as other nearby quarters of the city also prone to wallow sinfully in chaos, for at least 12 hours a day. During this time they preach the glory of Pholtus and plead for a very occasional donation from pedestrians in the city.

There is little of value in the temple, which contains a kitchen and dining hall in the cellar. Only the vestments of the some of the priests, with their gold and silver embroidery, would be considered treasures. Each gold robe contains 150 gp of gold, while the silver robes contain 150 sp in silver.

Two Shining Priests (gold and white robes): AC 5; MV 9; Pr11; hp 57; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +2 (*footman's mace* +1); Spells: 5 1st, 4 2nd, 4 3rd, 3 4th, 2 5th, and 1 6th

Four Gleaming Priests (silver and white robes): AC 7; MV 12; Pr4; hp 20; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; Spells: 3 1st and 2 2nd

Ten Glimmering Priests (white robes): AC 8; MV 12; Pr1; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; Spell: 1 1st

R9: Establishment of Selczek Gobayuik, Undertaker

This quiet little embalming studio nevertheless performs brisk business. As the owner is the master of the Embalmers' Guild, he has managed to arrange that most of the business in the River Quarter comes to his door.

See Ch4 FFF for a description of the Embalmers' Guild and Selczek Gobayuik.

The other members of the guild don't complain, for under Selczek's leadership they have secured their monopoly on the legal disposition of corpses in the city.

This establishment is fairly typical of the type, if a bit grander than most. Selczek has a large display of coffins, stones, and the like. He maintains a small chapel,

though generally a deceased person of strong religious faith is memorialized at his own temple.

Selczek lives here alone with his treasure. He has accumulated quite a sum over the years, keeping 8,500 gp value in gold, silver, and platinum coins locked in a crypt below his house. The crypt is guarded against intrusion by 12 skeletons.

R10: Tomas Ratek's Warehouse

This large building is located away from the noise and bustle of the Strip, at the end of a shadowy cul-de-sac. It is the perfect setting for Ratek's Thieves' Guild activities. The thieves gather at the warehouse each day and night before embarking on their missions in the quarter.

The building is locked twice at each door, and the few windows are heavily boarded. A secret trap door in the center of the floor conceals the treasures, which are generally (1d20 -1) × 100 gp in value, depending on how recently the haul has been shipped off to the Thieves' Quarter. The treasure is shipped out about once every six days.

The warehouse is always watched by a master thief and two apprentices. These sentries occupy a comfortable and hidden apartment in the loft, from which they can keep on eye on anyone entering the building below. The warehouse itself is mostly empty.

R11: Barge Inn

This is another of the thriving taverns on the Strip, a favorite of dwarven visitors to Greyhawk. Generally about 50% of the clientele consists of these stocky demihumans, the rest being humans of the city, bargefolk, mercenaries, and sailors.

The largest inn in the quarter, the Barge Inn occupies a commanding curve on the Strip as well. Thus it is one of the busiest and rowdiest taverns in the city.

The owner and manager, Brack Snagtooth, is a dwarf originally from Greysmere, banned from that stronghold a century ago for some forgotten slight.

He has made a new home for himself,

becoming the most highly regarded dwarf in the Free City. He is unofficial arbiter of disputes between dwarves here.

Brack and his "waiters" are also the enforcers of what little order there is at the inn. They move quickly to throw troublemakers out the front door with profane admonishments never to return. Of course, the brouhaha will be forgotten by the following day.

Brack Snagtooth (Dwarf): AC 5 (*ring of protection* +4); MV 6; F12; hp 72; THAC0 9; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d8 +3 (*battle axe* +3)

Six Waiters (dwarves): AC 6; MV 6; F8; hp 48; THAC0 13; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d8 +1 (Str 17)

R12: Temple of Rao

This humble sanctuary is the home of the Patriarch of Rao, Jerome Kazinskaia (C19), and the center of Greyhawk's devotions to that god of peace and serenity. The Patriarch is described in Ch3 FFF.

The temple is the scene of the unusual worship services held in honor of Rao. Instead of the typical religious harangue, these observances involve long, reasoned discussions among church elders on the virtues of a controversial topic, followed by hours of silence during which the entire congregation meditates upon the issue. Few individuals remain for the entire ceremony—it runs eight to ten hours—but the chapel is filled all day on Godsdays as the faithful arrive, linger for an hour or two, and depart.

This gentle and practical religion remains one of the most popular in the city.

In addition to the patriarch, the sect claims several other powerful clerics among its clergy in Greyhawk.

Though the chapel contains some gold and platinum sacramental objects, worth several thousand gp, any intruder would have to face Jerome and his assistants.

Jerome Kazinskaia: see Ch3 FFF.

High Priestess of Rao: AC 5; MV 9; Pr11; hp 57; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +3 (*footman's mace* +2); Spells: 5 1st, 4 2nd, 4 3rd, 3 4th, 2 5th, and 1 6th

Two Revered Elders: AC 7; MV 12; Pr6; hp 20; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6;

Spells: 3 1st, 3 2nd, and 1 3rd

Ten Studios Aspirants: AC 8; MV 12; Pr1; hp 4; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; Spell: 1 1st

R13: The Silver Garter

This grand house is one of the most infamous social establishments in the Free City. While its exact nature is too delicate to be discussed in a scholarly study such as this, it must be stated that the name of the establishment pretty much sets the tone.

The prices for drinks are exorbitant. No food is served here, and the prices for other services are the highest in the city.

But for all this the Garter is a friendly, convivial establishment. The invitations to handsome passers-by from the hard-working ladies perched on the house's second floor balcony are nothing if not sincere. And the welcome given one who steps through the door is even warmer.

The proprietress is a battered old ogress known only as Rhina. She has a handful of musclemen discreetly available to help in times of disturbance.

Rhina the Ogress: AC 4; MV 12; F11; hp 83; THAC0 10; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10 +9 (two-handed sword +3 and Str 18/00)

Eight Garter Bouncers: AC 5; MV 9; F5; hp 34; THAC0 16; Dmg 1d8

R14: Temple of Trithereon

This stout building, with its low tower, is the heart of a small but vibrant sect: the followers of Trithereon the Summoner. The tower holds the massive golden bell, (12,000-gp value) that is rung to signify the call to worship. The summons come hourly on Godsdays, from dawn until midnight, and otherwise once per day at sunset.

This gonging, which goes on for a minute or more, has insured that most of the

rooms and houses near the temple are taken by followers of Trithereon. Other citizens, even those living a block or two away, resent the intrusive noise.

The High Priestess Jandizuur presides over the temple. She is detailed in Ch3 FFF.

The temple is the home of the combat-ready priests of Trithereon, ready to do battle for the causes sacred to their lord: freedoms for every individual, self-protection, and retribution. Often the priests whip several dozen worshipers into a frenzy; isolated acts of violence against those deemed repressive and tyrannical have been reported following these services. Recently the priests have held back, since they do not want to face official reprisals from the city.

Jandizuur: see Ch3 FFF

High Mother, Tender of Trithereon: AC 0 (plate mail +3); MV 6; Pr11; hp 56; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 +3 (footman's mace +2); Spells: 5 1st, 4 2nd, 4 3rd, 3 4th, 2 5th, and 1 6th

Sacred Daughters of Trithereon (3): AC 7; MV 12; Pr6; hp 28; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +1; Spells: 3 1st, 3 2nd, 2 3rd

Hopeful Initiates of Trithereon: AC 7; MV 12; Pr1; hp 4; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +1; Spell: 1 1st

The followers of Trithereon are taught to revile the sects of Pholtus and other strict lawful orders, as well as slavetraders, soldiers (especially sergeants and officers), and other authority figures.

The most valuable item in the temple is the great bell, protected against attack from outside the tower by a wall of force. Anyone fighting his way past the priests to enter the inside of the tower will have to contend with the divine retribution of Trithereon himself, in the form of his messenger, Nemoud the Hound.

The hound appears the first round someone enters the top of the bell tower, showing up as a ghostly outline that is very doglike, but nearly the size of a horse. It attacks on the second and subsequent rounds.

Nemoud the Hound flies, can become ethereal at will, +2 or better needed to hit, chomps for 2d12 points of damage, and has a paralyzing gas breath (10' x 10' x 10' cloud, -4 penalty to victims' saving throws). Nemoud leaves paralyzed victims for the priests to finish off.

R15: House of the Mage Otiluke

This important personage, City Oligarch and member in secret of the Council of Eight, is detailed in Ch3 FFF.

His house is a simple dwelling that he shares with a young apprentice/concubine named Glorial, and several servants.

Glorial: AC 8 (ring of protection +2); MV 12; M5; hp 17; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; Spells: 4 1st, 2 2nd, and 1 3rd

Otiluke has numerous art objects and valuable trinkets about, mostly reflective in nature as he greatly admires his own looks. His collection might be worth as much as 25,000 gp.

Aside from the lock on his door, Otiluke maintains no sort of security system for his belongings. Instead, he has studied each one to the most minute detail.

In the event anything is removed, he notices immediately. Using a *locate object* spell, he simply goes to the object, finds the thief, uses a *polymorph* spell on the thief—or *meteor swarm* or other bombardment if the thief is part of a gang—and returns the stolen object to his collection.

Chapter 12: The Old City

This maze of alleys, shacks, boarding houses, and everything else is the true soul of Greyhawk. Herein lie the city's roots, and herein also live its most volatile citizens.

The Old City, separated by the Black Wall from the New City, has taken on a life all its own. If the New City should suddenly disappear from the earth, the Old City would function much as before. The same cannot be said for the reverse.

The Old City sees less of the City Watch than do its neighboring districts. Crime and misery are commonplace here, but so are gallantry and decency.

Thieves control the bulk of the business ventures and other activities, but nowhere else is the proverb "honor among thieves" more in evidence.

The Nightwatchmen maintain two regular stations here, and many families devote a proportion of the precious incomes for the additional protection provided by the guild. And the Nightwatchmen in the Old City take their duties very seriously indeed—their fee is always money well spent. The City Watch patrols are scarce to nonexistent, but the Nightwatchmen usually respond within 3d6 rounds, but only when the alarm is raised by one of their clients.

The People's Constables are a major nuisance here during the day, nit-picking every possible weapons violation, subjecting disreputable-appearing characters to searches, and quoting an assortment of vague and obscure regulations. ("And that'll be another two silvers, oaf—you should know better than to blow your nose on the same street as waves the city banner! Be thankful I don't run you in!")

The balance of power in the Old City centers on the Thieves' Guild, which controls the major sources of income here, except for the Public Bath, which is owned by the city. The Beggars' Union is a force to be reckoned with in the Slum Quarter, however, and the Merchants and Traders are also well represented in the Old City. The patrols of the City Watch move unchallenged here during the daytime, but at night two patrols always march together. Even then they re-

main on the lighted thoroughfares of the Processional, Caravan Street, and other major avenues.

The border within the Old City between the Thieves' Quarter and the Slum Quarter is ill-defined. A single Old City business Table is provided for use in both quarters.

Old City Businesses

Type of Business	# in Old City
Armorer	1d3
Baker	1d4 + 3
Bawdy House	1d4 + 1
Blacksmith	1d4
Boarding House	1d8 + 10
Brewer	1d3
Butcher	1d4
Carpenter	1d6 + 5
Embalmer	1d4
Expedition Supplies	1d4 + 1
Inn with Food	1d10 + 20
Jeweler	1d4
Laundry Service	1d4 + 1
Leatherworker/Tanner	1d6 + 4
Livery Stable	1d4
Locksmith	1d4 + 1
Pawnbroker	1d6 + 3
Potter	1d4 + 2
Scribe	1d4
Shipper and hauler	1d4
Stonemason	1d4
Tailor	1d4 + 1
Tavern	1d6 + 14
Warehouse	1d4 + 1
Weaponsmith	1d4
Weaver/Dyer	1d4 + 3

The Thieves' Quarter

Specific Locations in the Thieves' Quarter

T1: Turin's Servant Agency

This service agency, located as it is just within the Old City at the Black Gate, is popular with many of the wealthier citizens of the better quarters. Turin's offers butlers, maids, cooks, laborers, gardeners, valets, and most other sorts of ser-

vants for hire, on a temporary or permanent basis.

The service is profitable, and almost legitimate. However, the owner is Turin Deathstalker, Guildmaster of Assassins. See "The Assassins' Guild," Ch5 FFF, for further information about Turin and his activities.

The only nefarious goings-on at Turin's involve the use of the company seal and letters of recommendation used as cover identities by assassins, and the occasional scouting of a noble mansion or merchant's estate by a servant of the agency. Such scouting reports are then sold to the Thieves' Guild, or kept on file in case a resident of the house should become a target for the Assassins' Guild.

T2: Whitehorse Inn

This grand old inn is most commonly visited by travelers worn from the long march up the River Road. The inn's large stable and corral are ideal for small caravans, and the rooms for rent are clean and cheap.

The food is plain, but nourishing and served in ample proportions. A traveler can eat and drink his fill, as well as enjoy a small, semiprivate room, for a few sp.

T3: Old City Watch Station

This sturdy blockhouse is the center of the City Watch activities in the Old City. It is always garrisoned by an elite patrol of the watch, together with an extra sergeant-at-arms in nominal charge of all watchmen in the Old City. This generally totals, besides this station, about four standard patrols.

See Ch2 FFF for a full description of the City Watch and its patrols.

T4: Merchants' and Traders' Guildhall and Livery

This compound is a rural island amid the masses of the Old City. A large corral and even larger yard give the horses, mules, and oxen kept here ample room to stretch their legs. A large storage barn holds freight wagons owned by the guild,

reserved for the use of members.

Another wing of the building holds the servants' quarters and the stables, where many of the guild's 20 horses, 30 mules, and 12 oxen are found. Some of the beasts are embarked upon caravans at most times, but usually half or more of them are here.

The center wing of the building contains the guild of the merchants and traders. It a splendid hall, worthy of a grand guild even discounting the vast spaces to each end. See Ch4 FFF for a description of the guild-hall and its activities.

T5: Madame Serena's FortUNETelling

This tiny shack sits at the busy corner of the Processional and Caravan Street. There Madame Serena, a wrinkled woman wrapped in colorful rags who appears to have seen eight or nine decades, sits all day and all night, cackling merrily at passers-by and taunting and daring them to have their fortunes told, for a cost of 1 sp. She offers nobles and other wealthy individuals a detailed reading for 5 sp.

She really is a little prescient, though how much information she gives away to a player character is clearly up to the DM. However, she will try to help her regular customers as much as possible, and can be used as a DM tool to provide warnings, clues, or information to the PCs.

T6: City Slaughterhouse

This blocky building is the source of all fresh meat butchered in the Free City. It is also the best market for those seeking to buy meat, though cuts are shipped from here to the marketplaces, restaurants, and other food merchants as well.

The slaughterhouse is owned by a consortium of nobles, most of whom do not know that the majority of the shares are in the hands of representatives of the Thieves' Guild.

The building is the scene of hog, cattle, horse, sheep, and even poultry butchering. Generally only one type of creature

is slaughtered here per day, or one type is butchered all morning and another type during the afternoon.

T7: Guildstation of the Nightwatchmen

See Ch2 FFF for information on the guild and its activities.

T8: Gold Digger Tavern

This raucous establishment is the primary gathering place for dwarves in the Old City, though many humans and some halflings can be found here as well. Half-orcs are usually roughed up if they so much as show their faces. All customers except dwarves are expected to check their weapons at the door. Armor, even chain mail, is not uncommon garb with the guests of the Gold Digger.

The proprietor is Axel Tharnhew, a long since retired adventurer. He is still renowned as one of the great dwarven explorers of the early Flanaess. After being plied with drinks he will often regale customers with centuries-old tales, mostly quite true, of the early days of civilization in the Flanaess.

His chief barmaid is a halfling matron named Glenda Silvertoe. She presides over the bar while Axel supervises the kitchen and dining room. In the event of trouble, they get 1d6 +6 dwarven fighters to willingly support them.

Axel Tharnhew: AC 4; MV 6; F14; hp 104; THAC0 7; #AT 2; Dmg 1d4 +10 (*dwarven hammer +3 and gauntlets of ogre power*)

Glenda Silvertoe: AC 5 (Dex 18); MV 9; T11; hp 35; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +1 (*short sword +1*)

Dwarven Fighters: AC 4; MV 6; F5; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 +2

The tavern offers cheap rooms and meals. The longest bed in the place is not quite five feet long, however, so most of the sleeping guests are dwarves, with a few halflings sprinkled in. This is a center of demihuman gossip in the Free City.

T9: Brass Dragon Inn

This grand-looking establishment is the first building many travelers see after long days on the River Road, anticipating the Free City's hospitality. The sight is not disappointing.

The inn is a rambling maze of wings, towers, sleeping and dining rooms, a kitchen, comfortable firelit lounges and smoky, noisy beer halls. In short, there is something for everyone.

But the prices charged are the highest in the Old City, with room and board costing in the neighborhood of 1 gp. And though the menu lists seafood and vegetable dishes, beef and chicken, and everything else, all the food seems to taste the same, which is not very good.

The inn employs a small army of security agents to protect the premises against troublemakers and to enforce the collection of all weapons larger than daggers at the door. These fighters include a 7th-level sergeant and ten 3rd-level guards.

T10: Chapel of Olidammara

This is the lively center of worship for the deity of social gaiety, music, good fellowship, and drinking. Passers-by are welcomed every Godsdays to the celebrations here, which last well into the night and include plenty of the very sweet wine favored by these priests and their followers.

The central sanctuary is a low-ceilinged chamber with many columns throughout the room. The heavy columns cast numerous shadows about the room, accented by the few torches and lanterns burned here at night.

The chapel contains little of value. The priests fight fanatically to prevent its desecration, however, using their thieflike hide in shadows ability to surprise opponents within the chapel.

Six Priests of Olidammara: AC 4; MV 6; Pr5; hp 28; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; Spells: 3 1st, 3 2nd, and 1 3rd

T11: Shrine of Beory

This pleasant garden is dedicated to the worship of the Flanaess's version of the universal earthmother. Here she is called Beory, and though she has no permanent clerics or druids in the Free City, many of her faithful pass through here and make sure that the plants of the shrine are well watered, and that the flowers bloom for all to enjoy.

T12: Old Mother Grubb's House of Fortune

This run-down building stands by itself, as if the neighboring places have leaned away in outrage . . . or fear.

Mother Grubb's is lively nearly every night, and it has the reputation of quite a funhouse. The doxies are pretty and young, though a customer had best keep a hand on his purse.

More sordid details concerning the House of Fortune can be gleaned from Ch5 FFF.

T13: Public Bathhouse

This grand edifice was once the preserve of nobles and the wealthy, but as the city grew beyond its original boundaries the bathhouse gradually became a facility for all the citizens of the Free City.

Now the building is open to anyone with a silver piece to buy the weekly pass. Three gp buys an annual admission. Those with tickets can use the bathhouse as often and as long as they want.

The building consists of a two long, screened wings—one each for men and women—and two entrance foyers and lounges. The wings contain dressing rooms, steam rooms, and massage cells, while the lounges serve expensive drinks and provide a comfortable, tropical setting for conversation or meditation.

T14: Temple of Xerbo

This is the temple favored by merchants and travelers who are required to journey often by boat or ship. A miniature replica of a great galley stands in the foyer of the temple, which leads to the

richly appointed sanctuary beyond.

The priests of Xerbo are humble and faithful. They have little of financial value here, save the Six Tapestries that each depict a dramatic scene of storm, monster, or battle at sea. Each is worth perhaps 500 gp.

Talrand Quehris, Patriarch of Xerbo: AC 3; MV 9; Pr12; hp 56; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +3 (*footman's mace* +2); Spells: 6 1st, 5 2nd, 5 3rd, 3 4th, 2 5th, and 2 6th

Six Priests: AC 4; MV 9; Pr5; hp 28; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +1; Spells: 3 1st, 3 2nd, and 1 3rd

T15: Common Crypt

The common crypt marks the mouth of the catacomb network that is the public graveyard of Greyhawk. The ground level of the crypt is a vast mausoleum, where the ashes of those who have been cremated can be stored. A wide stairway leads down into the shadowy network of the catacombs, where the vast majority of the city's citizens are eventually buried.

The catacombs are detailed later in Chapter 13, "The Undercity."

T16: Millrose Brewery

The distinctive smell of growing yeast wafts up and down the Processional from this large building and its connecting smokehouse and steaming vats.

This is one of the few manufacturers in the city that runs three shifts, so there is not letup in activity at night. During the day is when the freight wagons arrive frequently with their hops and barley and malt, and depart just as frequently with their carefully stacked cargoes of kegs destined for the city's inns.

T17: Madame Zaccaruso's Rooms For Rent

This grand boarding house charges upper crust rates for the Old City—in the neighborhood of four sp per week—but the price includes a hearty breakfast every morning. Madame Zaccaruso is a one-eyed hag of a woman, rumored to be a

witch, who nonetheless keeps a clean and quiet house. Rooms are always available.

An item of note: This is where Caprica Molara lives. Read all about her in "The Assassins' Guild," Ch5 FFF.

T18: The Great Burn

A decade ago a great fire consumed this portion of the Old City, causing great loss of life, especially among children and the elderly. Rumors claimed it was set by agents of the Beggars' Guild as an attack against the Thieves' Guild. Proof was never found, but the beggars suffered horrible retribution for many months afterward.

The scar of the fire remains, perhaps left by the guildmaster as a reminder to thieves of the perfidy of their Old City neighbors. This is now a haven of dogs, cats, rats, and crows. A few hermits pick their way through the refuse, but none spend the night here.

Rumors abound claiming that the burn site is haunted by the ghosts of those killed in the fire. Other tales tell of the treasure vault of a master thief, lying somewhere in the wreckage but guarded by the vengeful spirit of the thief and his three great hounds.

T19: Zorbo's House of Fun

This building is organized as a long maze. It is popular among parents of young children, and for a silver piece an entire family can enjoy a few minutes of harmless excitement and terror.

The House of Fun involves imaginary encounters with a fire-breathing dragon, a mummy emerging from its crypt, a pit that seems to fall away forever, and other very real-seeming challenges. Most of the stunts are performed mechanically or with the use of actors and makeup, but in a few places, repeating *illusion* spells are employed.

A side activity of the House of Fun involves its service as an alternative entrance into the Thieves' Guild Headquarters. It is customarily used by thieves returning from a successful foray, and if they deposit a gold or platinum

piece instead of the silver as they enter Zorbo's, the guildmasters know it was a very successful mission.

T20: Devin Halfhock's Pawnshop

Devin Halfhock is a crude, slurring half-orc who is far more clever than he seems. Many are the times he has outsmarted clever merchants and wheeler-dealers in negotiating the fees for his services.

His pawnshop contains an assortment of weapons and armor types, clothing, various tools, and other items of equipment. It's all slightly overpriced, but Devin can be talked down and a discerning customer can get away with quite a deal.

The real purpose of his shop is to serve as a secret entrance to the Thieves' Guild headquarters. It is often used by thieves leaving on missions, though few return by this route. Devin only admits those he recognizes to the secret entrance (which is a door behind a row of shelves in his storeroom).

Devin Halfhock: AC 5 (*leather armor +1* and Dex 16); MV 12; T11/F9; THAC0 12; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d8 +3 (*long sword +2* and Str 16)

T21: Great Hall of the Thieves' Guild

This imposing edifice is the true heart of the Old City, for here most of the significant decisions affecting all aspects of life in the Low Quarters are made.

For a full description of the Guild and all its nefarious activities, as well as the interior of the house, see "The Thieves' Guild," Ch5 FFF.

The guildhall is surrounded by streets, giving a clear view of all approaches. Apprentices are standing guard at all times. The two doors and all the windows of the building are equipped with elaborate traps, including slashing scythes beneath each window frame and trap doors over pits filled with sharp stakes at each door. Secondary traps, with stabbing spears emerging from the walls, are also installed at each door.

T22: Black Orchid Boarding House

This small house is almost invisible from the street, being set well back between neighboring buildings. No sign states the nature of its business, for the Black Orchid accepts boarders by referral only.

The proprietor of the house, Derken Gale, is a very light-skinned, white-haired elf. She is taciturn to the point of rudeness with strangers, and jealously guards the privacy of her boarders. She is actually a drow elf, but has succeeded in bleaching her skin and hair to conceal this fact. She retains all other characteristics of her true race.

Derken Gale: AC 2 (*bracers of defense, AC 2*); MV 12; F6/M7; hp 42; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +1 (*short sword +1*)

She has collected a dozen or so boarders here, all of extremely evil disposition. They do not work together—Derken does not allow her house to become headquarters for anyone else's activities—but find a very secure sanctuary here. The house has two secret entrances, one on the roof and the other in the cellar through a 200-foot-long tunnel.

Among Derken's current residents are Imogen Gellet, a shapechanger; Hawar Leek, apparently a traveling ascetic who is actually a 9th-level priest of Incabulos; Dooth Wyrmsill, a crude and stupid half-orc assassin; and other assorted thieves, smugglers, and low-life types.

T23: City Depot

This long, barnlike building contains the major storage sheds, stables, barns, and workshops of the Free City government. It all functions smoothly under the keen-eyed supervision of Foreman Fenrous, the gruff gnome who is the city's chief engineer.

From here Foreman (no one seems to know whether this is his name or his title) Fenrous dispatches garbage wagons, street repair crews, sewer scourers, whitewashers, and all the other city workers.

The garbage men, in their smelly wagons hauled by a pair of sedate draft horses, collect in a different quarter each day. The Free City has come up with a splendid sanitation plan for disposal of its garbage: the garbagemen dump it into the river. A few burnable items are incinerated on the rubbish pile outside of the city, but the river has proved an effective waste removal system for most of it.

The street repair crews work mainly at keeping the Processional and other major thoroughfares smooth and dry. Occasionally they fill ruts or holes that are formed during muddy days on the side streets, but these minor avenues receive little attention most of the time.

The sewermen, whitewashers, the city blacksmiths and carpenters, and so on, do not get sent out unless a specific task presents itself. At other times they work in the depot, servicing wagons and other city property.

T24: Gritch Hariad, Jeweler

This modest shop is the home of a jeweler of surpassing skill and talent. Gritch Hariad is blind, but claims that he can feel the colors in stone and metal. In truth, his works are without parallel in the Free City. He will generally triple or quadruple the worth of the raw materials he works into brooches, necklaces, rings, earrings, or any other type of jewelry.

Gritch operates under the specific protection of the Thieves' Guild. Though he keeps 10,000 gp or more in metals, stones, and finished works at his shop, he has never been successfully robbed.

Thieves keep a round-the-clock watch on the shop, which is stone-walled and has metal bars protecting the windows, together with poison needle traps (sure, they're illegal in the Free City, but no one has ever complained) on all locks on doors and windows.

Gritch is personable and friendly. He always has time to accept a new job, generally charging his customers for stone and metal (or using customer supplied material, which he commonly does) plus 50% of the increase in value between raw material and finished product.

T25: The Hanged Man Inn

This grand inn services as motley a collection of thieves, assassins, cutthroats, river scum, and the like as any honest citizen could hope to meet in a lifetime. The outside maintains its splendid appearance, with gold paint splashed over trim, and the walls whitewashed regularly.

Inside, the rugs are threadbare, and it smells more like a river dive than a comfortable club. One can usually find many of the Free City's most important thieves and assassins here, though the inn is occasionally visited by respectable merchants, officers, and even a rare noble. Located in the deepest heart of the Thieves' Quarter, the Hanged Man Inn is considered by the privileged to represent the purest sort of "that Old City atmosphere."

In truth, the inn is primarily owned by the Thieves' Guild, though the ownership is wielded very subtly. For the most part, the inn serves to generate legitimate profit for the guild, but it also provides a place for thieves and others to gather without fear of robbery.

For theft is forbidden within the walls of the Hanged Man. Any thief apprehended here (including cheaters at the gambling games often played between customers) is killed on the spot. It goes without saying that these must be nonguild thieves, since the prohibition against theft is universally observed by members.

The manager of the inn is Kymm Warde, a friend and lieutenant of Thieves Guildmaster Org Nenshen. He has no bouncers or other hired muscle because he can always count on 1d10 +10 guild members in the crowd (levels 2-7) to come to his assistance.

In general, the inn is a safe place to visit (though the trip to and from the inn is another matter), but a customer who goes out of his way to be obnoxious or vain will quickly become the butt of practical jokes and ridicule. The abuse grows until the insulted oaf leaves or gets into a fight and gets kicked out.

T26: Esteemed Chapel of Norebo

This pleasant sanctuary is dedicated to the god of good luck, gambling, and risk taking. He is much favored of adventurers.

Services are simple, with devotions conducted by the priests whenever a few members of the congregation gather together. These worshipers generally make an offering to the church and then depart.

The offerings are quickly and magically teleported to the sect's great sanctuary, high among the distant Barrier Peaks, so there is never much treasure here.

The priests are simple folk. The teleportation is accomplished by means of a small box, a cube about six inches on all sides. Anything placed in the box is moved instantly to the sanctuary, unless it is attached to something outside the box.

Four Priests of Norebo: AC 4; MV 6; Pr5; hp 28; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; Spells: 3 1st, 3 2nd, and 1 3rd

T27: Pawnbrokership of Vesper

This large pawnshop specializes in objects of art and jewelry, though higher quality weapons and armor (even a 50% chance of a magical item of +1 or +2 enchantment) can be found here. Vesper asks a lot for his goods and is inclined to shrug and ignore a bargainer who does not quickly increase his offer.

The value of his stock is in excess of 100,000 gp, though only 20% or so is in readily cartable goods. Like so many businesses in the Old City, Vesper's is protected by stone walls and heavy bars over the windows. He even lowers a miniature portcullis behind the only door at night.

But the true defenses of the place lie in Vesper and his three apprentices. The pawnshop is owned by Turin Deathstalker, Guildmaster of Assassins. Vesper is Turin's right-hand man, and the three young men are skilled assassins studying under Master Vesper.

Vesper is detailed under "The Assassins' Guild," Ch5 FFF.

T28: Mama Esther's Bakery and Boarding House

This shabby little building is the source of wonderful aromas beginning well before dawn and lasting throughout the day. Mama Esther makes wonderful breads and rolls of all sorts, and even cakes and pies for special occasions.

She has four single rooms for rent, cheap (1 sp per week). The most noteworthy thing about the rooms is that one of them is rented by Harral Shastri, the Shapechanger (see Ch5 FFF for more details about the Shapechangers).

The Slum Quarter

Specific Locations in the Slum Quarter

S1: Caravan Warehouse

This is one of the largest buildings in the city. It is owned by the Merchants' and Traders' Guild and serves as the most common embarkation and arrival point for overland caravans to and from the city.

Within, the merchants store the goods of the last few arriving and next few departing caravans, as well as 20 to 30 freight wagons and nearly 100 draft horses. And the warehouse still retains a large open area for the loading and unloading of wagons and pack animals.

The warehouse is also made available to nonguild merchants bringing goods into the city. Usually the cost is 5-10% of the goods shipped, but this is deemed worth the price; a more public unloading zone would be prone to relentless thievery.

The Merchants' Guild, however, has made an agreement with the Thieves' Guild so that the warehouse is off limits to guild thieves, and the guild helps to catch any other thieves who dare flaunt the prohibition. The warehouse is also patrolled by four guards and eight dogs at all times.

S2: Stairnezh Stables

Lucious Stairnezh owns this livery and shipping service. His stock includes several dozen draft horses, ten light riding horses, and eight large freight wagons. Lucious buys and sells horses in addition to those he keeps.

Lucious is actually Erik Du Urnst, oldest son of the brother of the current Duke of Urnst. His father and brothers were slain by the Duke, and he survived by fleeing to Greyhawk with his governess when but a youth. He has remained in hiding, under this alias, since then.

He plays the part of the genial buffoon, but dreams about a return to the throne that he feels is rightfully his (it isn't). He has a small fortune (25,000 gp) buried deep in the ground within his stable, while he lives off the profits of his well-run business.

Still, he is willing to listen to wild schemes, and he is impressed with bold adventurers. When he has gathered the right crowd of allies around him, he vows, then he will begin his triumphant return to the Duchy.

Lucious Stairnezh: AC 7; MV 12; F8; hp 62; THAC0 13; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d8 +3 (Str 18/11)

S3: Guildhall of the Beggars' Union

This sturdy edifice is, like the guildhall of the thieves, surrounded by alleys and roadways. It is a blockhouse of a building, grand home of the Beggarmaster, and crowded lodgings of his many minions.

For full details of the Beggars' Union, see Ch5 FFF.

S4: Temple of Ralishaz

This lonely building is avoided like the plague by all save the priests who tend it. Ralishaz, god of ill luck, sudden mischance, and disastrous accident, is understandably ignored by the thinking citizens of the Flanaess.

The god serves quite well the luck needs of his subordinates, however, especially when they occupy the sacred

precincts of his temple. Thus the priests in the temple automatically receive the best possible result any time the DM would normally make a die roll for one of these NPCs.

This benefit does not carry beyond the walls of the temple, though.

The diligent efforts of the priests in combing the streets in search of dropped coins and jewels has allowed them to amass quite an amount of treasure. This is kept in a chest, buried in the ground under the altar.

The chest is locked; it contains 5,700 gp value in gold, silver, and platinum coins, together with a few diamond, ruby, and emerald pieces, such as rings and earrings.

Barris Bechetir, Patriarch of Ralishaz: AC 7; MV 12; Pr8; hp 64; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; Spells: 3 1st, 3 2nd, 3rd, and 2 4th

Eight Understudies: AC 8; MV 12; Pr3; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; Spells: 2 1st and 1 2nd

S5: Assassins' Guildhall

This nondescript building looks like a run-down boarding house or tenement. Only rarely is anyone observed entering or leaving.

See "The Assassins' Guild" in Ch5 FFF for more information on the guildhouse and guild.

S6: Garraldson's Locksmithy

This little shop is the establishment of Gundri Garraldson, a wizened old tinkerer who makes wonderfully complex locks. They sell for 10-25 gp, depending upon size and complexity. The better ones provide a -10% penalty to thieves attempting to pick them.

The shop also serves as the main nearby entrance to the assassins' guildhall. The two intervening buildings are owned by the guild but are not connected to the shop or the hall.

Gundri is remarkably spry for his age, though he has lost a step or two. He has a wealth of experience, however, and a *short sword +5 defender*.

Gundri Garraldson: AC 5 (Dex 17) or 0 with sword bonus; MV 9; T9; hp 44; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +5

S7: Dragon Turtle Tavern

This small inn is surrounded by large, shady oak trees. It has a remarkably rural atmosphere for a place located on a backstreet in the city's dingiest quarter.

This is the cheapest tavern in the Free City, though its fare is far from the lowest in quality. True, the straw beds are lice-infested, the ale warm, and the servings of food small. But that same food is delicious, and the warm ale flows many pitchers for 1 sp, and as for the beds, they're usually left for those who have had too much of the warm ale.

S8: Left Hand Inn

This nondescript inn offers cheap food, drink, and lodgings. The owner, known simply as "Mad Al," is surly and silent. Over the years he has driven away most of his regular customers with his rude observations and thoughtless insults.

Consequently, the inn is usually fairly empty and quiet. Characters are unlikely to run into anyone they know here.

The inn gets its name because of the left-handedness of the original proprietor. Drinks and food are free for any character who can throw a dagger into the bull's-eye of a small target over the bar, using his or her left hand. The attack roll must hit AC 4, but be sure to also consider the character's handedness and proficiency with thrown blades.

The one lively night here is Earthday Eve, when most laborers look forward to the following Freeday. The inn hosts knife-throwing contests in both left- and right-handed categories, with prizes of 20 gp for each winner.

If PCs join the contest, the DM simply needs to determine the THAC0s of several other skilled knife throwers. Each player throws, taking turns. A player is eliminated when he misses the bull's-eye. If all contestants miss on a given round, however, the round is repeated.

S9: Fedroot's Daggerarium

Fedroot is a craftsman of swarthy nature, surly disposition, and unknown origin. He is the finest weaponsmith in the Free City, and he knows it. He likes to be flattered, and he tolerates no questioning of his prices.

If a character can put up with the smith's arrogance, he can come away from the deal with a magnificent piece of steel.

Fedroot's reputation was originally established with daggers, and he still carries an amazing selection. He has switchblades, throwing knives, stiletos, knives concealed in pipes, belts, and hats, knives with hollows for poison in the blade, and knives made to the specifications of wealthy customers.

Fedroot also makes swords of all types, and steel heads for arrows and spears. All of his weapons are of exceptional quality, though they are not magical.

There are several ways the quality can be reflected in the game, however. For example, the DM might give the weapon a 10% chance of breaking an opponent's blade in combat. Or it might do an additional point of damage against leather armor or softer targets. Or you can simply describe the wonderful attention to detail in the blade, hilt, and guard, leaving it to the player to savor his character's fine blade.

S10: Chapel of Ulaa

This tiny cottagelike building, with a roof of straw thatch and windows open to the air, is the house of worship devoted to Ulaa, the bright goddess of mountains and hills, and the stuff of those rocky heights: gems and precious stones.

This chapel is situated near the woody periphery of the Old Well, and not by accident. Ulaa's devotions are best performed in the wild, but when the constraints of city life surround her followers she accepts

such a shrine instead of pure wildness.

The actual observances of Ulaa occur three times—morning, afternoon, and evening—each Godsdays, and are performed beside the well. The priests call the followers together for several hours of meditation, song (involving the 12 priests drumming an assortment of different sized boulders around the well), and exhortation to faith and good deeds.

The chapel itself contains little of value. The order has 12 sacred gemstones, each worth $(1d6 + 12) \times 100$ gp, but these are magically buried in the drum/boulders around the well, one per boulder.

Guldan Rockflint, Matriarch of Ulaa: AC 7; MV 12; Pr8; hp 50; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; Spells: 3 1st, 3 2nd, 3 3rd, and 2 4th

Eight Candlebearers: AC 8; MV 12; Pr3; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; Spells: 2 1st and 1 2nd

Chapter 13: The Undercity

Another sort of city lurks just below the teeming streets and bustling markets of Greyhawk. The Undercity is dank and fetid, mostly uninhabited—a place where sane folk have no wish to venture. The sewers are known, of course, mapped out in perfect detail. Even the burial catacombs, though vast, are familiar to a few undertakers and the like.

But there lurks a whole lot more to the Undercity than sewers and catacombs.

There are those guilds, most notably the Thieves' Guild, that have excavated complexes and communication networks here. There are the great city cisterns, long rumored to be bottomless. And there is still more.

Entrances to the Undercity are few, with most of these kept as closely guarded secrets.

Map of the Undercity

The Undercity map displays the locations described here and more places. The colors of the map details indicate what part of the Undercity they represent. Blue is the sewer system, for example, so all the blue lines are the wide sewer pipes. Black lines indicate secret tunnels—an entirely separate feature of the Undercity. Where a blue line crosses a black line, a connection between systems might occur, but it is marked as such. If no door or connecting passage is marked, there is no contact between the two underground passages and one passes below the other.

The green passages marked under the city are not detailed in this book. In fact, they do not exist in many campaigns. But if your players like nothing better than wading into dungeons and cleaning them out, feel free to stock them with whatever you want, and let the PCs go to it!

Denizens of the Undercity

An assortment of monsters live under the streets of Greyhawk, among the passages of the Undercity. Even a few hu-

mans have elected to take refuge down here, usually for nefarious reasons.

Each part of the Undercity is detailed with its specific denizens listed there. A few other types of creatures roam everywhere under the city, and these can be encountered in sewers, crypts, or secret passages.

To determine these encounters, the DM should roll 1d6 every turn. On a 6, the PCs have one of the following encounters. If the encounter takes place in a watery area, the DM should roll 1d4 to see what is met; if the area is not one of standing water, roll 1d12.

Undercity Random Encounter Table

Die Roll	Encounter
1	1d4 Giant crayfish
2	1 Giant crocodile
3	3d6 Giant rats
4	1 Giant snake, constrictor
5	2d12 Giant centipedes
6	2d6 Large spiders
7	100 Bats
8	1d6 +1 Carrion crawlers
9	1d4 Poisonous snakes
10	1 Neo-otyugh
11	1d4 Black puddings
12	1d4 Otyughs

The Sewer System

Greyhawk's sewer system does not always prevent flooding in the city, but it can cope with most deluges. Its drainage points serve to keep the wider avenues and major intersections free of water, though some of the more crowded backstreets have been known to lie under a few feet of water now and then.

The sewers are the preserve of the Guild of Sewermen and streetcleaners (see Ch4 FFF) headquartered at the City Depot (location T23). These guild members embark on a daily rotation of sweeping and scouring. They visit each section of sewer an average of once a week.

Encounters with specific NPCs, and some of the more interesting locations down here, are explained in Ch5 FFF. The description of the actual sewer pas-

sages themselves can be found in the following text.

Entrances

The entrances to the sewers are iron grates placed generally at roadsides throughout the city. The Undercity map shows the location of all used and unused sewer grates.

Each grate is locked in place, though all foremen on the city work crews have keys. Citizens are discouraged from venturing into the sewers, and if they are discovered there (almost always by sewer-men), they are asked to leave. The City Watch is summoned only if the citizens are unruly or obviously dangerous.

The locks on the grates can be picked with the normal chance of success. Members of the Assassins' Guild don't even have to pick them—their guildmaster has obtained a copy of the key and had one made for each guild member.

The grate can be unlocked from the inside or outside, though lockpicking attempts from inside the sewer have only 1/2 the normal chance of success as the angle is very awkward.

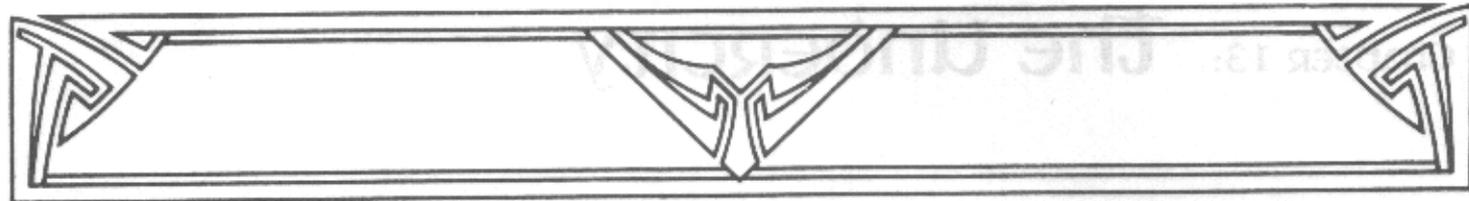
Each grate leads to a vertical pipe about six feet in diameter, and 12 to 24 feet long. Ladder rungs are set into the side of the pipe, which ends at the bottom by opening into the top of one of the main sewer pipes.

Pipelines

The bulk of the sewer system is made up of the lateral pipes that carry water from the city. These pipelines exist in four distinct networks, three of which drain under the wharves into the River Selintan, while the fourth (which drains the Old City) empties into an underground stream carrying the water to the southeast.

Each pipe is ten feet in diameter. It slopes downward, almost imperceptibly, in the direction of flow. The pipes are made of tile and fieldstone, and in many places they are cracked and crumbling.

There are 1d12 inches of water in a sewer pipe. Generally, water that is



deeper than three or four inches of water is flowing fairly fast; water of ten inches or more forces characters to roll frequent Dexterity checks to retain their balance. The DM can determine the depth randomly or keep track of the weather—the water is deeper during and following rainstorms.

Not all of the subterranean passages beneath the city are detailed on this map. At the DM's discretion, other unused (but potentially usable) pipes and tunnels may be laid in. Unused pipes are too choked with rubble to carry water, and consequently are mostly dry, though mud often accumulates in the low places. They might still be able to be traveled through (DM's judgment), but this involves crawling on hands and knees frequently, pulling rubble out of the way, and running the small risk (perhaps 2% per 100 feet traveled) of encountering another cave-in.

The secret doors connecting to the sewer passages are generally stone portals designed to look like part of the tunnel. They can be found as any other secret doors.

Cisterns

In places, the water run-off from the sewers collects in great cisterns underground. These tanks tend to hold 1d10 + 10 feet of water, with 1d6 + 4 feet of air space between the water and the ceiling of the cistern.

The pipes leading into the cisterns enter high in the wall, so any water carried by a sewer pipe spills down into the cistern.

The pipes flowing out of the cisterns are sealed off with iron grates. The grates are locked (the locks are out of the water), but can be opened if the lock is picked. The bars are not too difficult to bend, either.

Waterways

The water flows gently out of each cistern, controlled by an adjustable floodgate. The pipes carrying this flow are 18 feet in diameter, and about half-filled with

water. The flow rate does not vary too much, because of the adjustable floodgates, though a severe downpour may cause these pipes to flood as well as the rest of the system.

The three pipes spilling into the river all have grates at their outer ends, and again ten feet from the end, with as stout a set of iron bars as a character could ever want to see. These are welded in place, and require more than human strength to bend.

The City Burial Sites

Most citizens of the Free City choose to take their final rest within these proud walls. The lack of open land above ground has led to the excavation, over the centuries, of a vast catacomb beneath the Old City. Though cremation now accounts for some 25% of dispositions, and perhaps 10% of the population gets buried in the Lords' Tomb, these catacombs still receive the majority of the city's deceased citizens.

The entrances to these crypts are guarded closely, for the more affluent citizens are often buried with considerable finery. Even if the guards at the entrance fail, however, the catacombs have their own protections. . . .

The Common Crypt

This is a labyrinthine network of narrow tunnels, darkened alcoves, and large rooms filled with row upon row of stone crypts. The only known entrance is at the Common Crypt building, area T15.

Bodies buried here are commonly entombed in a wall alcove, sealed with fieldstone, or placed in a large coffin in one of the crypts in the large rooms. Under no circumstances is the body left exposed to the air.

The crypts and catacombs to the west of the building are the ones currently used for burials. Every few years another of the large chambers is excavated. Burial parties pass through here every day or two, and the catacombs are not too dusty, nor inhabited by many creatures of the darkness. Random encounters (roll on

the Undercity Random Encounter Table, on the previous page) are rare, occurring on but a 5% chance (1 on 1d20) per turn.

The old crypts, however, are a far different story. Here very few brave souls tread. Random encounters are twice as likely (5 or 6 on 1d6) as elsewhere in the Undercity.

In addition, certain parts of the old crypt have taken on a life of their own, so to speak. Aided by the nefarious attentions of evil priests over the centuries, the crypt now houses a large number of undead. There is a base 10% chance per hour of PCs encountering these. The chance increases by 10% for every large room between the PCs and the exit.

The following types of undead might be encountered in the old crypt.

Old Crypt Undead Encounters

D6	Roll	Encounter
1	2d12	Skeletons
2	2d8	Zombies
3	2d6	Ghouls
4	1d8	Wights
5	1d4	Wraiths
6	1d3	Ghasts

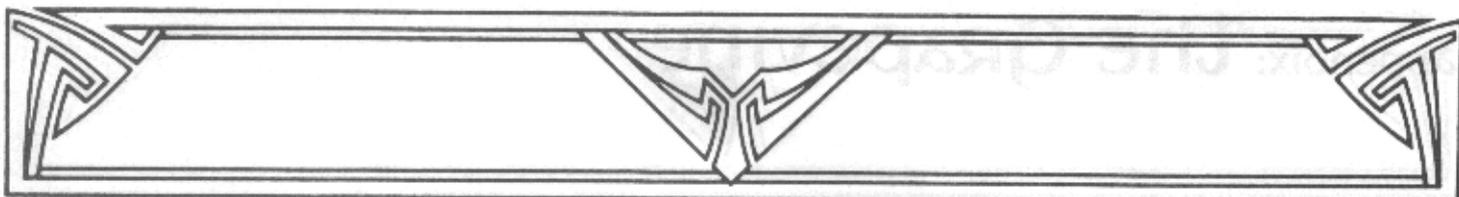
Characters who persevere with the unpleasant (and certainly not good-aligned!) activity of crypt-plundering stand perhaps a 5% chance per hour of exploring or discovering a crypt with 1d6 × 100 gp equivalent of treasure. If a 01 was rolled, the treasure is a minor magical item.

The Lords' Tomb

The Lords' Tomb is an innovation of the previous century, occurring when the city nobles realized that civilization had progressed to the point where they no longer had to be buried with the common people.

Though the catacombs here are not as extensive as those of the common crypt, they are nonetheless adequate to cause all but the most careful of explorers to become hopelessly lost.

The graves and crypts here are much grander than those of the commoners. Of



course, their defenses are inherently more potent as well.

Intruders here stand the normal chance of encountering the creatures of the Undercity. In addition, characters have a 10% per turn chance of encountering one of the true defenders of the Lords' Tomb, listed here:

Lords' Tomb Guardians

D6 Roll	Encounter
1	1 Mummy
2	1 Vampire
3	1d6 Spectres
4	1d3 Vampires
5	1d4 Ghosts
6	1 Lich (M19)

Of course, DMs should feel free (and are encouraged!) to design lairs and encounters for these NPCs rather than simply have them harass the PCs now and then. A good way to balance a PC vs. undead encounter is to choose an undead that the highest level priest can turn only on a very lucky roll.

These crypts, naturally, have more treasure than those of the common crypt area. Any attempt to break into a tomb, however, triples the chance of encountering a tomb guardian. In addition, tombs are protected with 1d4 locks each, with each lock 50% likely to be trapped.

Common traps include stabbing blades, trap doors into pits, falling blocks, and alarm bells (guaranteed to bring one or two types of guardians).

A tomb is only 25% likely to contain treasure, though they are all locked. If the plunderer is lucky, the riches found might equal 1d8 × 1,000 gp per tomb, with a minor magical item. If the percentile roll was 10% or less, the tomb contains a fairly powerful magical item. At the DM's option, he could allow a roll of 01 to yield an artifact, but the plundering of that tomb should then kick off a whole series of future adventures.

The Secret Passages

The network of interconnecting tunnels and passages beneath the city is a street system in its own right, enabling one who has mastered it to travel virtually anywhere in the city.

Of course, the entire network shown here is only known to a few individuals—the masters of the Thieves' and Assassins' Guilds, Samrad Bevrain, and Agarat Esiassen (the latter two explained in Ch5 FFF). Perhaps an enterprising sewer-man has mapped out many of them, while keeping the secret from his colleagues, or an enterprising thief has copied his master's map, but such individuals are rare.

On the other hand, there are more passages than are shown here. Some of these are known to only one or two people and might simply connect one house to another, or an apartment to a shop. Others might link into the sewer system, while their users remain unaware of the vast network all around them.

Specific Locations in the Undercity

U1: Thieves' Guild

The network beneath the Thieves' Guild contains some of the training chambers for guild activities, as well as the entrance and exit tunnels leading to all parts of the Undercity.

U2: Secret Shrine of Orcus

This foul chamber, decorated with skulls and a large, crudely carved statue of that wretched deity, is the central chamber of Agarat Esiassen, priest of Incabulos (see Ch5 FFF). There is a 60% chance that the priest is here during the day, but only a 30% chance at night.

His sanctuary is filthy and smelly, devoid of anything valuable, except for the

two rubies used for the eyes of the statue of Incabulos. Each is worth 2,500 gp, but any attempt to remove one causes the statue to activate, attacking as a giant stone golem.

U3: Assassins' Guild

Even more of this guild is located underground. The whole network is accessible from the guildhall, Garraldson's Locksmithy, and numerous underground entrances.

U4: Burrow of Darek Halfplow

This is one of the underground homes on Burrow Heights. Its primary distinction is that it is the residence of an apparently retired dwarf miner named Darek Halfplow.

Darek is in reality a quite accomplished thief, though the guild does not know this. He has excavated his own connecting tunnel to the main sewer line, and used his dwarven skills to locate most of the other secret passages.

Darek Halfplow: AC 6 (Dex 16); MV 12; T7; hp 31; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 +3 (*battle axe* +2 and Str 17)

U5: The Cult of the Shriven Sickle

This is the underground headquarters of this fiendish cult, whose members are detailed in Ch5 FFF.

U6: Citadel Cellar

This is the network of caverns below the Redoubt that will protect the city's VIPs in the event of total disaster. The caverns contain vast stockpiles of dried food, wines and ales, several deep wells, and over 100 beds in large halls and a few smaller private rooms.

appendix: The Grapevine

In a city the size and complexity of Greyhawk, just about anything is liable to be a topic of conversation at one time or another. Not everything people talk about is true, of course—but that's what makes rumors so interesting!

DMs are advised to toss in one of the tidbits on these pages whenever the city campaign needs a little kick-start. Feel free to make up your own bits of gossip, both true and false, to supplement what's here.

The truth of these rumors, you will note, is not always indicated here. This is so the DM can decide which rumors really apply to his campaign and which are just old adventurers' tales.

However, some rumors are noted as being "confirmed easily." This indicates that those particular stories are common knowledge, and perhaps 30-60% of the citizenry might be acquainted with equivalent, or slightly altered, details.

Rumors noted as "can be confirmed"

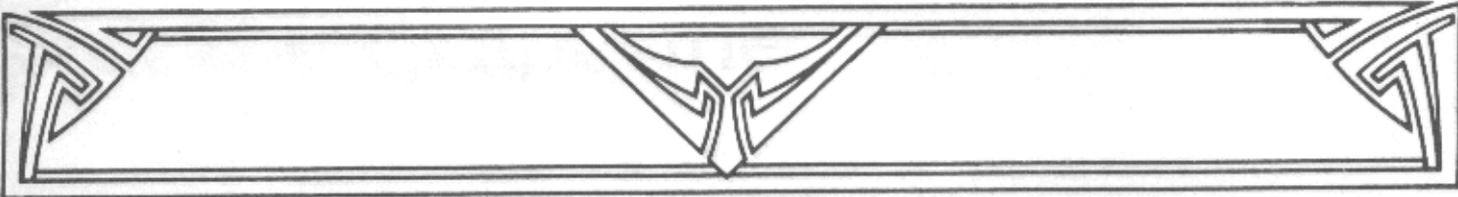
indicate tales that can be verified (at least as verified rumors) if the PCs make some diligent effort to gain information on the story—interviewing likely witnesses, offering bribes, etc.

Confirmation does not mean that a rumor is true, however! A greater proportion of them may be true than for the other rumors, but some easily confirmed rumors are still simply tall tales.

- 1 The vast treasury of the city is stored in a great vault beneath the Citadel. (Confirmed easily)
- 2 There is a magical protection existing in the center of the StoneRing.
- 3 Someone, not long ago, accidentally dumped a whole fortune in raw gems into their garbage. That fortune lies in the muck on Garbage Hill. (Can be confirmed)
- 4 The Great Library contains an incredible array of books, including powerful magical volumes containing all the secrets of the universe.
- 5 A proposal made upon the Bridge of Entwined Hearts will result in a marital bond of lifelong joy. (Confirmed easily)
- 6 One of the cairns in the Cairn Hills contains a vast horde of daemons, awaiting some sign before they emerge.
- 7 The proprietor of the Wizard's Hat Inn is himself a very powerful wizard.
- 8 The chapel of Norebo contains a treasure of vast, uncounted wealth—unguarded such that a babe could take it!
- 9 Somewhere in the Petit Bazaar is a small booth with goods from the Ethereal and Astral planes. You can get *potions of longevity* or even *rejuvenation* as well as other wondrous things.
- 10 A great many donations are known to go into the coffers of the Temple of Xerbo, but the clerics keep it well hidden.
- 11 The Temple of Ralishaz, too, is reputed to contain great wealth.
- 12 A cairn in the Cairn Hills is actually the sleek vessel of a young god, killed when his ship crashed as a falling star to Oerth. It has never been located. Some claim that this is the Silver Metal Cairn. (Can be confirmed)
- 13 The mansion of Count Petrides, in the High Quarter, is a thief's dream: The house is ill-protected because the count arrogantly trusts the security of the clever disguise of his valuables. He has a fortune in rubies and diamonds, on display to his guests, and they never know it! These gems are used as the eyes for the stuffed animals in the count's famous trophy collection.
- 14 There is a fully furnished cellar below the Grand Citadel. It is intended as a retreat for the city's rich and powerful in the event of some disaster. The rest of us will be left to fend for ourselves. Some say they also have enough treasure to buy a small country, or pay a city's ransom, collected and hidden down there. (Can be confirmed)
- 15 Fedroot's Daggerarium in the Old City is the best place to get weapon steel in the whole city. They're almost like magical weapons! (Confirmed easily)
- 16 There is a disgusting cult of snake worshipers living in the bowels of the city. They emerge every cloudy night and snatch one or two healthy young adults for their fiendish rituals.



- 17 There are whole fortunes buried with the nobles of the city in the catacombs of the Lords' Tomb. Of course, many have gone seeking and few have emerged. Also, a friend of a friend knows someone who tried to plunder the lord's tomb and came out alive, but his hair had whitened and his skin shriveled. The fellow hasn't spoken a word (other than inarticulate strangled syllables) since that time, some years ago. (Can be confirmed)
- 18 The master of the Thieves Guild maintains a posh mansion in the High Quarter. Imagine the riches he has concealed there! (Can be confirmed)
- 19 There is a dirty old man named Aaron Strachan living in the High Quarter. He has a tremendous hoard of money, and squanders it at a fantastic rate on good-looking women and expensive drink. He is very generous to his friends.
- 20 The Knights of Holy Shielding is a valorous organization with headquarters in the High Quarter. They can offer good, honest work to a fighter with a strong arm and a pure heart. The knights follow a rigid code of behavior and ethics. (Can be confirmed)
- 21 The Wheel of Gold gambling house is run by crooks and thieves. Don't go there, or you'll get robbed blind! Unless, somehow, you hit a run of good luck—a friend of a friend once made a fortune there in an evening, beginning with a stake of 25 gp. (Can be confirmed)
- 22 The Silver Dragon Inn, Foreign Quarter, is a great place to meet people from all across the Flanaess. It also has excellent food. News from many countries can be gained more easily here than perhaps anywhere else in the city. The proprietor, Olaf, keeps a fortune in gems hidden beneath a loose floorboard in the kitchen floor.
- 23 Lord Henway keeps a menagerie at his mansion in the High Quarter. He pays good coin for exotic animals, provided the creatures are in good condition and don't duplicate exhibits he already has. (Can be confirmed)
- 24 There is a witch that walks the streets of the Old City on moonless nights. She looks like a beggar. One who treats her kindly may be granted a wish, while one who abuses or taunts her suffers a fate too horrible to describe. (Confirmed easily)
- 25 Jeweler Gritch Hariad, Old City, is an artisan of fantastic skill and fabulous wealth. He stores this wealth, and keeps his shop, almost in the shadow of the Thieves' Guild stronghouse, and the guild has protected the jeweler completely from any criminal activity. Many nonguild thieves, barely noticed by the guild, have ended their careers in an ill-advised theft attempt against Jeweler Hariad.
- 26 The house of Glodreddi, the city's official tax auditor, is stuffed with a fortune in gems and jewelry, the floors tiled in gold and platinum! It is protected by a band of strong-arm thugs, but anyone who cleaned that old robber out of his ill-earned goods would be doing the free citizenry of Greyhawk a favor.
- 27 The Thieves' Guild is on the verge of complete disintegration. Feuds, even murderous plots, have arisen among the guild's leadership, leaving the guild with little time or attention for its normal enforcement activities. (Can be confirmed)
- 28 There is a fabulous city under the city, deep in the bowels of the earth beneath Greyhawk. It is connected to the city's sewer system, and is a marvelous and magical place full of iridescent enchanted fungus and wondrous creatures of peaceful nature. The fungus lights the place nearly as bright as daylight, casting reflections off the gold and silver rooftops of the many tall, slender buildings.
- 29 The Dragon Turtle Inn, Slum Quarter, is a real diamond in the rough. It's clean, with great food and drink, for a fraction of what such service costs in the New City.
- 30 The Hanged Man Inn, in the thieves Quarter, is the informal gathering place of most thieves and other low-life types. It's a good place to learn about what's going in the city, and there's often work to be had for someone who's not too particular about the ethics of a task.
- 31 A stable in the Old City is the center of a rebellion against a neighboring government. The owner is an expatriate ruler, and is anxiously gathering fighters to his banner.

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- 32 The Left Hand Inn is a great place to visit, every Earthday Eve. It's pretty much dead the rest of the time. (Can be confirmed)
- 33 There is something very mysterious, very magical about StoneRing, but no one seems to know what it is. Some the city's greatest sages, priests, and wizards have occasionally been observed holding small, hushed meetings at the center of the ring. These meetings usually occur at night, but have occasionally been held in daylight.
- 34 There is a bandit group in the Cairn Hills, somewhere north of town. Fighters who know how to use a sword, and perhaps need refuge from the law, can sometimes find employment. Ask for "Roscoe." (Can be confirmed)
- 35 Miklos Dare, proprietor of the Black Dragon Inn, is perhaps the most knowledgeable man in town. He often shares his valuable information.
- 36 There is a dungeon containing a host of fabulous treasures and a magical fountain that rejuvenates (or cures, heals, regenerates, etc.) somewhere underground in the Gnarley Forest. It is guarded by a small army of monsters—look for them and you'll find the dungeon. (Confirmed easily)
- 37 The Chief Constable of Greyhawk has served as a friend of the poor and downtrodden throughout her long term in office. She is always fair, and will take steps to see that authority is not abused. (Confirmed easily)
- 38 Barge End, Shack Town, and the city of Hardby are all places where a person can disappear from the powers in Greyhawk for a while, whether it is the Watch, the Thieves' Guild, or some nobleman you wish to avoid. (Confirmed easily)
- 39 There is a mad noblewoman living in one of the mansions in the High Quarter (she's some lord's aunt). If a beggar comes to the door and she answers the knock, she is inclined to give exceedingly generous contributions from the family's treasures, art collection, and the like.
- 40 The City Mint of Greyhawk contains the largest collection of money treasure in all of Oerth. Its defenses against thievery include every manner of physical and mechanical protection, backed up by a host of magical barriers. (Can be confirmed)
- 41 There are still un plundered cairns in the Cairn Hills. In fact, there is supposed to be an old beggar, somewhere in the back alleys of the Old City, who has a map to several of them. (Confirmed easily)
- 42 If you want a good horse, don't buy one in the city—take a trip to Blackfair Manor, to the south. The horses bred and trained there are the finest in the whole area. (Can be confirmed)
- 43 The Jewelers' and Gemcutters' Guildhall is the repository for a legendary amount of precious stone and metal. (Confirmed easily)
- 44 If one is down on his or her luck, but has some kind of performing talent, lodging, food, and a job can often be obtained at the Guildhall of Performing Artistes. (Can be confirmed)
- 45 In Clerkburg, a little tavern called the Savant is an interesting place to go for stimulating intellectual conversation and debate. The wisest men and women in the Free City are said to gather there.
- 46 The Patricians' Club (in the High Quarter, of course) is the grandest of the city's gambling clubs. Proper dress is required, and security is tight—but the customers are the richest nobles and merchants of the city, always dressed and bejeweled in the finest fashion. (Can be confirmed)
- 47 Lord Silverfox, in the High Quarter, breeds splendid dogs for all sorts of adventurous activities, including war. (Can be confirmed)
- 48 If you know someone who's been dragged to gaol by the City Watch, it is sometimes possible to go to the courts of justice and quietly, quickly, arrange his or her release. This procedure can be expensive. (Can be confirmed)
- 49 The house of the great wizard Jallarzi Sallavarian is in reality a portal to many different universes. It is said that one of these planes is strewn with gold and silver as Oerth is strewn with rocks and clay.
- 50 The City Watch has slowly been organizing under the militant command of its Captain-General. One of these days, perhaps very soon, they will launch a revolt against the city leaders and seize control of Greyhawk.

Minding the Store

Terrain: City of Greyhawk
Total Party Levels: 6 (Average 1st)
Total gp: Variable
Monster XP: Variable

Set Up

* Between adventures, the PCs are asked by Sennard Porbell to mind his pawnbroker's store while he attends to some important business outside the Free City.

Background

Sennard Porbell is in a bit of a difficult position. He has recently developed an overwhelming passion for gambling. This wouldn't be so bad but for the fact that he is also one of the Thieves' Guild's accountants and he has just managed to lose this month's Guild payment at the gaming tables.

Sennard has decided to cut his losses, take what small amount of cash he has left and the more valuable hocked goods in his store, and see if he can raise the money to pay the Guild off in Dyvers, or Verbobonc, or Veluna City, or Mitrik.

However, the PCs are not aware of this and Sennard most definitely does not want anyone to know his plans. He tells the PCs that he has pressing business to attend to in Hardby and will be gone a few days at the most. The PCs are to carry on business as usual and guard the contents of the store, most especially the safe under the stairs. The safe is locked and Sennard will take the key with him for safety's sake.

In return for looking after the shop in his absence, Sennard agrees to pay the PCs a 50% commission on the price of all goods they manage to sell. Finally, he gives them a large purse containing 50 gp in mixed gold, silver and copper coins with which to make change, and bids them farewell.

Porbell's Pawnshop

The DM should locate the pawnshop in a suitable part of the Free City; the Artisans', River, or Thieves' Quarters are the most suitable. The PCs will probably

want to take a look around the store before opening up the shop.

Area 1. The Store: This is the actual place of business in the store and the only area to which customers are supposed have access. Thick iron bars are set into the windows and the door is made of thick ironwood planks bound with iron. The door itself has no lock, but is rather secured with four heavy iron bolts.

If the PCs have had occasion to visit the store previously, they notice that the shelves around the walls of the store seem rather more empty than is usual. Characters with Appraisal proficiency who spend a turn examining the various

odds and ends here will realize that, without exception, it is all practically worthless junk with little or no viable sales potential.

If necessary the DM should create an inventory of the goods here awaiting sale, most of which are either pretty trivial, useless or simply bizarre, for example: tin candlesticks, hourglasses with no sand left in them, scales that don't balance, paper wizard hats (the big pointy ones covered with moons and stars), etc. The locked storage cabinets beneath the counter, where more valuable items are generally stored, are all empty.

Area 2. Storage Room: This room is generally used for the storage of adventuring equipment and items of special interest. Such items that are here at the moment include a dented suit of bronze plate mail, a badly rusted two-handed sword, several hundred feet of frayed rope, etc.

Area 3. Kitchen: The kitchen is moderately well equipped with several large iron and copper pots.

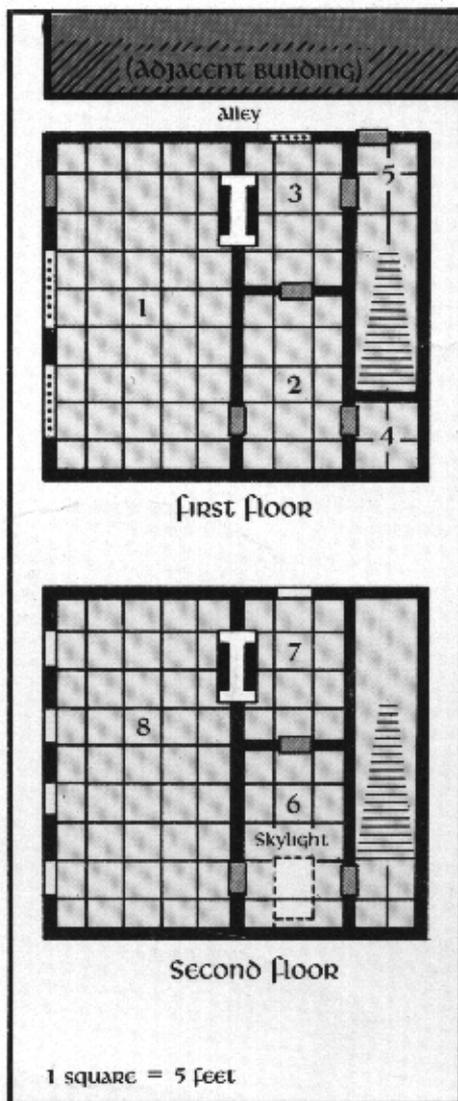
Area 4. Secret Safe: This is where Sennard usually stores his gold, gems, valuable items of jewelry and magical items. The door is locked and trapped, although Sennard does not bother to mention the latter. Anyone attempting to pick the lock is struck for 2d10 points of electrical damage (successful save for half damage). This is only a one-shot trap, so subsequent attempts are not subject to further attacks. The safe is, of course, completely empty.

Area 5. Back Door and Hallway: The back door opens onto an alleyway that runs by the side of the shop. This door is also made of hornwood with iron banding. This door does have a lock (Sennard gives the PCs the key to this one).

Area 6. Storage Room: This room was used for extra storage when the stock room downstairs overflowed, but is now empty, apart from a few empty crates. A skylight opens onto the roof of the house next door.

Area 7. Bedroom: This room contains a small hard bed.

Area 8. Living Area: This room contains nothing but a small table and a single



chair (Sennard had to pawn the drapes to finance his gambling habit).

Minding the Store

Following are two events that occur in any order while the PCs are looking after the Porbell's store. The DM should also create a number of genuine customers, either buying or selling, to get the PCs trading and haggling. Given that Sennard is unlikely to reappear (not for many months at least), just how long the PCs continue to fulfill their obligation to Sennard is up to the DM and the players.

The Adventurers

A band of five adventurer types stagger into the store. While the mage, thief, priest, and dwarven fighter hang around the door and inspect items on the shelves, the drunken human fighter lurches up to the counter, slams down a whole sack full of coins and asks for his sword back. The fighter explains that he brought his sword in two weeks ago when the party was a bit short of cash, but now they've had a bit of luck and he wants it back. The sword was a magical blade and the sack contains the 1,000-gp asking price (in gold and gems).

Sennard has, however, taken the sword with him for sale elsewhere. With no sword forthcoming the fighter draws his current sword and leaps over the counter to attack the PCs. The rest of the adventuring party immediately joins the fray.

The Fighter: AC 5 (chain); MV 9; F2; hp 18; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8+1 (long sword); Str 17, Dex 12, Con 15, Int 9, Wis 8, Cha 12; AL CN; XP 65

The Dwarven Fighter: AC 3 (chain mail +1, shield); MV 6; F3; hp 26; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6+2 (axe +1); Str 16, Dex 10, Con 17, Int 11, Wis 12, Cha 8; AL NE; XP 120

The Mage: AC 8 (cloak of protection +2); MV 12; M4; hp 8; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d3+2 (dart +2); Str 8, Dex 13, Con 9, Int 16, Wis 13, Cha 13; AL LN;

XP 175; Spells: *charm person*, *hold portal*, *magic missile*, *scare*, *stinking cloud*

The Priest: AC 3 (splint mail +1); MV 9; Pr2; hp 12; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (quarterstaff); Str 15, Dex 14, Con 11, Int 15, Wis 17, Cha 10; AL NE; XP 65; Spells: *bless*, *cure light wounds* (×2), *cause fear*

The Thief: AC 5 (leather armor, Dex bonus); MV 12; T3; hp 9; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6+2 (axe +1 and Str bonus); Str 11, Dex 17, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 13; SA double damage from backstab; AL N; XP 120

If the adventuring party seems to be losing then they tactically withdraw out of the shop, informing the PCs in no uncertain terms that they haven't heard the last of this business yet.

Indeed they haven't. Late the next night, the adventurers come back, determined to get even with the PCs. This time, the party tries to gain entry to the shop via the skylight in Area 6. If any of their band were killed, their numbers are bolstered by three hired thugs (AC 8; MV 9; F1; hp 6 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (clubs); AL CN; XP 35 each).

Statistics and equipment are essentially the same as above, except that the mage has memorized the following spells: *magic missile* (×3), *knock*, *flaming sphere*. If the group fails to gain entry via the skylight, the mage casts *knock* at the back door.

The Thieves' Guild

It is not long before representatives of the Thieves' Guild come for their cash. Three individuals enter the store, the last through the door locking it behind him, while one keeps watch out of the store window and the third approaches the PCs behind the counter. Basically the Guild wants its money, and it wants it now! In the absence of the ledgers in which Guild transactions are listed (Sennard took them with him), the leader of the gang estimates the monies outstanding based on

seasonal averages—a total of 2,500 gp!

The thieves are not placated by excuses from the PCs. If the PCs haven't got the cash, the leader of the group gives them until the same time the following day to come up with the money, or else!

Sure enough, the thieves turn up the next day. If the PCs have not accumulated the money, the three thieves shake their heads at each and mutter, "Oh dear, oh dear," and inform the PCs that the matter is now entirely out of their hands. They then leave the store, casually tossing a brick through the store window as they head off down the street. If the PCs attack the thieves, the leader is 4th level (AC 3 [leather armor +2, Dex bonus]; hp 20; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8+1 ([long sword +1] and his two assistants are 2nd level (AC 5 [leather armor, Dex bonus]; hp 8 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 [short swords]).

Before the Thieves' Guild takes further action, they want to make sure that there is no cash in the building. The three thieves break into the building (preferably when the PCs are out or at night) and search for money. If they find none, they subsequently attack the store at night (having bribed the City Watch to be elsewhere). The two junior thieves hurl flasks of flaming oil through the windows of the store and attempt to set the building on fire. They then take up positions in nearby alleys and doorways and harass the PCs with missile fire from short bows as they try to extinguish the blaze.

The PCs may save the building, but whatever happens the PCs may have gained themselves some extremely powerful enemies in the Thieves' Guild. However, if the PCs take the trouble to present themselves to the Guild and explain the facts of the matter, they discover the rarely seen forgiving nature of the Guild. (But they may have to undertake a small task to prove their sincerity and make reparations to the Guild.)

Wine Harvest

Terrain: Hills
Total Party Levels: 6 (Average 1st)
Total gp: Variable
Monster XP: 5,430

Set Up

* The PCs are approached in the city of Greyhawk by Burrbarr Drenn, a wine merchant and vintner. Burrbarr offers the PCs 50 gp each to return with him to his vineyard and stop the creature (or creatures) that have recently been damaging his vines.

* PCs in search of employment are offered 20 gp, board, and lodgings to assist with the grape harvest at Burrbarr Drenn's vineyard.

The Lair

Burrbarr Drenn's vineyard is located in the Cairn Hills northeast of the city of Greyhawk, although it could just as easily be located in any hilly area not too far from civilization. Drenn's vineyard sweeps across the south-facing slopes of a broad and lightly forested valley. The vineyard is quite remote, the nearest human settlements being a good six hours ride away.

For five successive nights now, vines in the eastern portion of the vineyard, heavy with ripening and ripened grapes, have been trampled and badly damaged. Great swaths of destruction lead from the eastern wall of the vineyard and randomly up and down the terraced slope. Also in the southeastern corner of the vineyard, down by the river, the vines have systematically been stripped of their fruit.

At first Burrbarr sent his hired hands out to patrol the eastern portion of the vineyard, but they now refuse to leave the bunkhouse after dark, reporting that the vines themselves snaked out to snare them, strangely colored lights darted to and fro at the edge of their torchlight, snatches of eerie music wafted on the night breeze, and frenzied screams and shouts could be heard somewhere out there in the dark.

Burrbarr's men are a superstitious

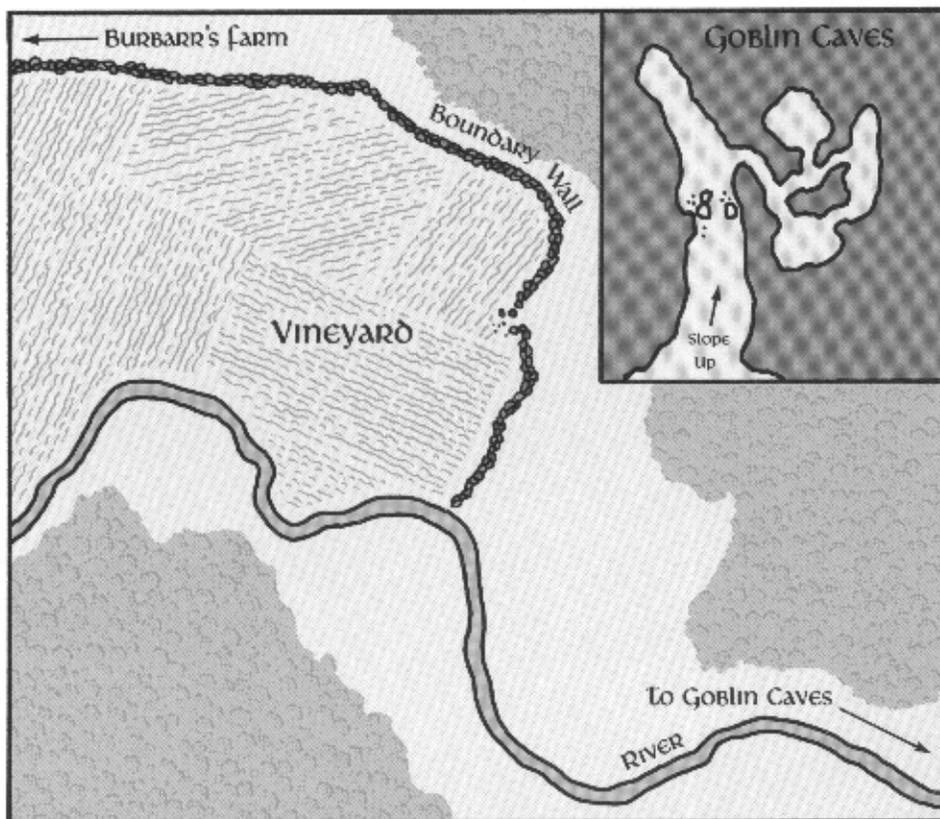
bunch and are convinced that some dreadful band of spirit creatures has come to claim the vineyard. So far the incidents have happened reasonably far from the farm buildings, so they haven't got scared enough to pack their bags and leave, but they do make sure they are off the vine terraces and firmly barricaded into their bunkhouse well before sunset.

The real cause of the disturbances is actually more bizarre. The valley to the east of Burrbarr's vineyard is seldom visited by human settlers. The terrain is rugged and heavily forested. A small clan of goblins has dwelt for several years in a deep cave in the valley only a mile or so from the vineyard's eastern boundary. These goblins have been living a quiet peaceable existence; hunting is plentiful in the valley and so long as they avoid attracting the attention of their human neighbors, they can just get on with their lives in peace and guard the great sacred stone of their ancestors.

All was fine until a few weeks ago when

a faerie dragon named Tummbutt and a merry band of leprechauns wandered into the valley. Not only did they discover vines laden with fruit, but they also encountered the band of goblins that was determined to be left alone. Five nights ago Tummbutt used *telekinesis* to steal the goblin's sacred ancestor stone and, pursued by the clan of screaming and frantic goblins, rolled the stone down the valley and into the vineyard.

When the spell expired, the goblins got their stone back, but they were harassed all the way back to their cave by the leprechauns and faerie dragon with an awesome array of pranks and practical jokes. In fact, the night was such fun that Tummbutt and the leprechauns have played the same trick every subsequent night and will probably continue doing so for many more to come. In turn, the poor old goblins, with no defense against such elaborate trickery, fear the setting of the sun and the inevitable chasing of the stone down the valley.



Getting Started

The PCs should arrive at the vineyard in the early afternoon with enough time to make a few cursory investigations of the scene of the disturbances. If the PCs question the men, their answers are extremely vague. There is considerable confusion as to the actual sequence of events during the night they spent out there, but it seems as if the whole vineyard practically came alive (and, of course, their accounts are considerably embellished to make them seem more courageous in the eyes of the PCs than they actually were). The DM should give their varied accounts a strong impression of the supernatural—the hired hands are, after all, convinced that some strange and malignant force lurks out there in the eastern part of the vineyard.

If the PCs visit the southeastern part of the vineyard where the vines are reported to have been stripped of their fruit, they find small piles of grapes freshly picked from the vines. They also get the impression of small movements and rustling in the surrounding vegetation, but they cannot pinpoint the source. (The leprechauns and Tummbutt spend the day here lying by the river and feasting on the grapes. They are careful, however, and have guards posted who warn of any approach. If alerted by their guards they all turn invisible and hide themselves from prying eyes.)

In the eastern portion of the vineyard where the vines have been trampled and flattened, the PCs discover that the seemingly random trails of destruction all emanate from the same point on the eastern boundary wall. The wall itself is only about four feet high and made from loose stones piled on top of one another.

The wall serves to mark the boundary, not to keep any creatures in or out.

Beyond the wall numerous game trails crisscross the slopes and lead into the denser woodland further up the valley. Rangers investigating the destruction in the vineyard or the trails beyond the eastern wall discover a large number of small humanoid tracks. The sheer number of prints (and the fact that the goblins were running back and forth and up and down and here and there, all accompanied by screaming and frenzied activity) means that no definite trail can be followed away from the vineyard.

The PCs may decide to search the valley away from the vineyard, in which case the DM should feel free to include a minor encounter with some of the varied game animals that frequent the valley, and

maybe even discover a few crude traps and snares (set by the goblins), but the PCs should not be allowed to find the goblins' cave at this stage.

The PCs will probably decide to stage an ambush at the crossing point on the eastern boundary wall as night falls. Tummbutt and his leprechaun cronies once again taunt the goblins out of their cave and lead them the usual merry chase down the valley and into the vineyard. Both Tummbutt and the leprechauns are invisible so PCs waiting in ambush see only a huge wheel-shaped stone (six feet in diameter), carved with crude runes, come hurtling out of the undergrowth pursued by 16 screaming goblins.

If the PCs are in ambush positions, Tummbutt rolls the stone directly at one of the concealed characters. Unless that PC jumps immediately out of the way, he must roll a successful Dexterity check to avoid being hit by the stone for a glancing blow of 1d4 points of damage. The moment the PCs break cover, the goblins come to a sudden halt and the stone crashes on down the hillside. The goblins have no wish to fight and turn and flee.

The faerie dragon and his gang view this turn of events as a welcome source of further amusement and the whole scene quickly degenerates into chaos. The leprechauns cast *pyrotechnics* spells to lighten things up, Tummbutt casts his *polymorph other* spells on PCs to turn them into goblins. The faerie dragon and the leprechauns have no desire to see any violence take place and thus if the PCs pursue the goblins with obvious hostile intent, the pranksters cast *entangle* spells to immobilize the PCs.

Subsequent events are largely dependent on the PCs. Tummbutt and the leprechauns have completely forgotten, for the time being anyway, about the stone and the goblins, having found something new (the PCs) to entertain them. They now head off to plan some spectacular pranks involving the PCs.

The goblins in turn are furious at having lost their sacred stone and are preparing to attack the vineyard the next night.

The PCs are in a tricky situation. Apart from the fact that two of their number may now be goblins, to all intents and purposes, they must still find some way of stopping further damage to the vineyard.

Negotiation is really the key to the successful completion of this adventure. The PCs must persuade Tummbutt and the leprechauns to leave the goblins alone

and turn their companions back into humans again. This is going to take exceptional flattery and good humor on the PCs' part as they are subjected to particularly intense practical joking while they attempt the negotiations.

The goblins are going to take a bit more pacifying. Ideally, the PCs should persuade Tummbutt to return the stone and apologize, but the goblins still demand a guarantee to be left in peace in the future. If the PCs fail to reach a compromise, then the goblins will march on the vineyard the next evening, first to retrieve their sacred stone and second to destroy the farm and eliminate all those who now know of their presence in the vineyard.

Goblins (15): AC 6; MV 6; HD 1; hp 5 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (short sword or spiked club); Int Low; AL LN(E); SZ S; XP 15 each

Goblin Leader: AC 4; MV 6; HD 2; hp 16; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 + 1 (*mace + 1*); Int Average; AL LN(E); SZ S; XP 35

The goblins' treasure is kept in two locked chests hidden behind some rocks at the end of their cave. The treasure amounts to 230 gp, 500 sp, and 1,200 cp. There is also one piece of jewelry worth 750 gp, a *hat of disguise*, and four pieces of *incense of meditation*.

Tummbutt, Faerie Dragon: AC 5 (1 when invisible); MV 6, Sw 24; HD 9-10 hp; hp 10; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d2; SA breath weapon, spell use; SD invisibility; MR 60%; Int High; AL CG; SZ S; XP 3,000. Typical spells: Wizard: *dancing lights* (×2), *sleep*, *unseen servant*, *forget*, *pyrotechnics* (×3), *phantasmal force*, *slow* (×2), *polymorph other* (×2), *telekinesis*; Priest: *entangle* (×2), *faerie fire* (×2), *charm person or mammal*, *obscurement*, *trip*, *warp wood*, *plant growth* (×3), *call woodland beings*.

Tummbutt's treasure is buried in a bag of holding in the river bank where the boundary wall joins the river. This consists of six gems (one worth 50 gp, the other five worth only 10 gp—they just looked pretty), a *philter of love*, a *decanter of endless water*, and a *portable hole*. The latter items Tummbutt hasn't decided what to do with just yet, but they are bound to come in useful sometime.

Leprechauns (8): AC 8; MV 15; HD 1/2 + 1; hp 3 each; #AT 0; Dmg 0; SA spells; SD special; MR 80%; Int Exceptional; AL N; SZ S; XP 270 each. Spells: *create illusion*, *invisibility*, *polymorph nonliving object*, *ventriloquism*.

The final Resting Place of Dorshak Krane

Terrain: City of Greyhawk
 Total Party Levels: 12 (Average 2nd)
 Total gp: Variable
 Monster XP: 2,280

Set Up

* The PCs are contacted by members of the Jewelers' and Gemcutters' Guild and offered 50 gp each, plus expenses, to investigate the mysterious disappearance of Dorshak Krane, a member of the Guild.

* A representative of the Guild of Lawyers and Scribes offers the PCs 500 gp to find and recover the deeds of ownership of a house in the Artisans' Quarter.

* Agents of the Greyhawk Revenue Service offer the PCs 250 gp to determine whether Dorshak Krane still lives or has indeed passed to the great counting house in the sky. Either way, no formal death certificate has yet been issued and there are still taxes to be paid!

In all three cases above, the PCs are advised by their employers to begin their investigations at Dorshak's mansion in the Artisans' Quarter.

Dorshak Krane, Zibber, and Dophdar

Dorshak Krane was probably the meanest, greediest, and most miserly of all the dwarves who have called the Free City their home. Dorshak was a gemcutter of incredible skill and artistry, an exceedingly wealthy dwarf, and a major shareholder in the Habendorf amethyst mine in the Cairn Hills. Yet he was still incredibly mean. True he had a large house, a mansion even, in the Artisans' Quarter, but he dressed in rags and his fellow members in the Jewelers' and Gemcutters' Guild used to estimate that his total expenditure per year probably never exceeded a single gold piece!

Two months ago Dorshak failed to turn up at the Guildhall where he was due to put the finishing touches to a large fire opal. A delegation from the Guild subsequently broke into the house to find that Dorshak had disappeared without a trace. By order of the local magistrate

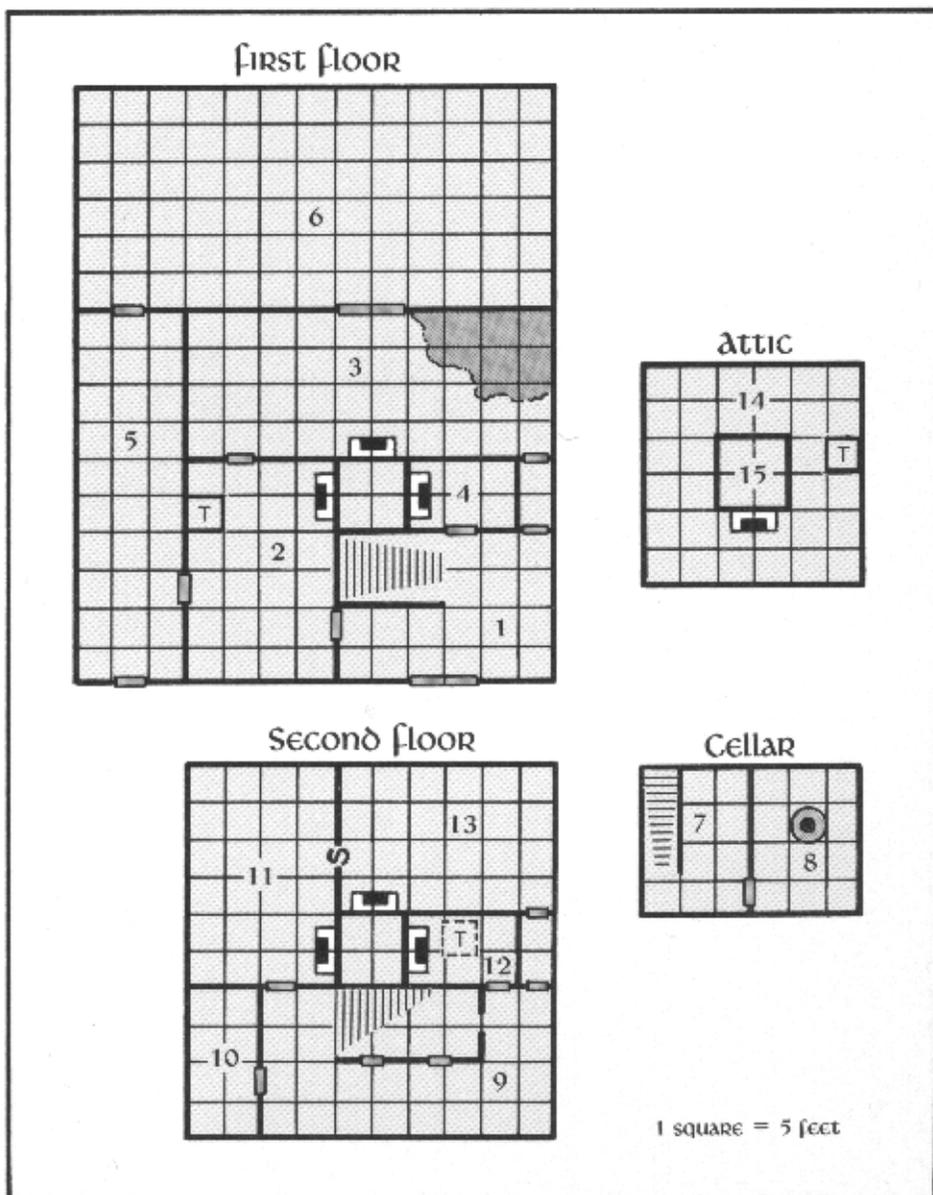
the house was boarded up until either Dorshak or the deeds of ownership to the building were found.

In fact Dorshak is still in the building and very much alive although totally insane. Dorshak's intense fear of thieves has caused him to retreat into his secret room in the attic to mount a round-the-clock guard on his riches. Dorshak now sits in this room endlessly counting and recounting his fortune and gibbering quietly to himself.

A week ago, Zibber and Dophdar, a pair

of gnome twins, broke into the house and took up residence in the cellar. Lured by the fact that Dorshak's fortune had not been recovered and believing that it was probably still concealed somewhere in the house, they have spent the past nights searching the house, fruitlessly so far. To cover their activities they have used their powers of illusion to create the impression that the building is haunted.

Zibber and Dophdar, gnome twins: AC 6 (ring of protection +2, Dex bonus); MV 12; I6; hp 20 each; THAC0 19; #AT



1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger) or 1d3 (dart); Str 10, Dex 16, Con 13, Int 18, Wis 12, Cha 14; AL CG; SA spells; SD spells; XP 975 each; Spells: Zibber: *audible glamer, dancing lights, spook, wall of fog, blindness, improved phantasmal force, invisibility, wraithform*; Dophdar: *color spray, hypnotism, phantasmal force (x2), alter self, fog cloud, invisibility, spectral force*

Zibber and Dophdar are twins, both 3' 8" tall and weighing 84 lbs. Since birth they have done everything together.

The twins will use their spells to scare people off rather than hurt them. In fact, they do everything they can to avoid actual combat and will surrender if either of them is hurt.

Dorshak's Mansion

Room 1 is the main entrance hall. Like most of the rest of the house, this area is devoid of furniture. Broken stained-glass windows from this area look down into this hall. If the PCs enter the hall, see the notes on room 9.

Room 2 is the kitchen. Old rusted cooking utensils lie discarded in the hearth.

Room 3 is the great hall where former owners of the house used to do all their entertaining (completely unused since Dorshak took up residence). The floor here is just bare boards; tattered, faded drapes cover the windows that look over the garden to the rear. The shaded area of floor is rotten and will collapse if any PCs tread on it. The drop is only a foot or so, but five giant centipedes have taken up residence under the floor and will attack any intruding feet.

Giant Centipedes (5): AC 9; MV 15; HD ¼; hp 2 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg see below; SA weak poison (+4 bonus to saving throw); Int Non-; AL N; SZ S; XP 35 each

Room 4 is Dorshak's study. The walls are lined with empty shelves.

Area 5 is the kitchen garden, now completely overgrown and neglected.

Area 6 is the ornamental garden. Like the kitchen garden, this area has also suffered many years of neglect. The garden is surrounded by a ten-foot wall.

Room 7 is the storage room for the kitchen. The room is lined with large empty barrels. The door to room 8 has been barricaded—apparently fairly recently. The hearth shows signs of recent use.

This room is Zibber and Dophdar's base in the house. They have con-

structed crude pallet beds in two of the barrels and have used a third for storage. By day both the gnome twins are asleep in their respective barrels. They rise at dusk and cook food on the hearth before beginning the night's search. The storage barrel contains a week's standard rations for two, a grappling hook, 50 feet of rope, a bull's-eye lantern, and ten flasks of oil.

Room 8 contains the well and sewer outlet for the house. Zibber and Dophdar barricaded the door to keep out the giant rats that now lair within. The giant rats will attack intruders.

Giant Rats (8): AC 7; MV 12; HD ½; hp 3 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d3; SA disease; Int Semi-; AL N(E); SZ S; XP 15 each

The giant rats have accumulated a small amount of treasure in their nest: 22 gp, a gem worth 50 gp, a tattered elven cloak and a *ring of warmth*.

Room 9 is the gallery that overlooks the entrance hall (Room 1). Broken stained-glass windows look down onto the hall and stairs below. At night Zibber stands guard here, watching the stairs and hall, while Dophdar searches the rooms. If Zibber spots intruders, he casts *audible glamer*, creating the sound of clanking chains and ghostly wailing from the direction of Dorshak's study (Room 4). This spell serves a dual purpose, first to divert or distract the intruders and second to alert Dophdar. Dophdar now joins Zibber here so that they can mount a concentrated offensive on the intruders and try to dissuade them from venturing farther. Their main concern is to remain out of sight and keep intruders at a distance—they don't really want to fight anyone.

Room 10 is a storeroom and contains nothing other than a few large crates full of moldering bed linen.

Room 11 is the old guest bedroom and is typically completely unfurnished.

Room 12 is the servant's room but was actually the room that Dorshak lived in to the exclusion of all others. The room is crammed full of wrecked furniture and materials retrieved from the Free City's garbage dumps. Dorshak's rough horsehair mattress lies by the fireplace. A concealed trap door in the ceiling (undiscovered as yet by the gnome twins) leads to the secret attic above.

Room 13, the master bedroom, has been unused since Dorshak took up residence.

Room 14 is the secret attic. The hearth contains the secret and trapped

entrance to Dorshak's secret treasure chamber. The trap in the fireplace has been rigged so that it can be activated from inside his secret chamber. When Dorshak becomes aware of anyone in the attic, he will use his secret spyholes to keep track of intruders. As soon as anyone ventures into the fireplace to search, he will pull the lever activating the trap. When activated, a steel shutter slams down sealing off the fireplace, effectively trapping the intruder in the chimney. The base of the shutter is sharp enough to sever ropes. The stone at the base of the hearth then slips away, dropping the trapped investigator down a 30-foot-deep shaft (3d6 points of damage, successful Dexterity check for half damage). Dorshak then begins to rant and rave, bellowing out all manner of colorful and extravagant curses.

Room 15: Once activated, the shutter in the fireplace remains closed, so the PCs must find some way of bypassing the shutter. The shutter can be forced open with a successful bend bars/lift gates roll. Once the shutter is removed, Dorshak bursts out of his room and attacks the PCs. Zibber and Dophdar disappear down the trap door and out of the house, screaming loudly.

Dorshak Krane: AC 7 (Dex 17); MV 6; HD 1; hp 8; THAC0 18; #AT 3; Dmg 1d3/1d3 (hands) and 1d2 (bite); Str 12, Dex 17, Con 15, Int 13, Wis 11, Cha 6; AL N; SD save as F4; XP 35

Never the most presentable of persons at the best of times, Dorshak is completely covered from head to toe in thick dust and cobwebs, with wild hair and a thickly matted beard. In fact, Dorshak appears as if he could quite easily have spent several weeks in a coffin. Dorshak has two *rings of sustenance* to help him endure during his vigil.

Dorshak's fingernails have grown extremely long (hence the "hand" attacks) and Dorshak is quite mad enough to bite the "thieves" who have come to steal his treasure! All three of Dorshak's attacks must be directed at the same target. Dorshak fights to the death if the PCs cannot find some way to restrain him.

In Dorshak's secret treasury there is a total of 1,000 pp, 8,000 gp, 12,000 sp, and a chest of 30 gems worth 500 gp each. There are also three scrolls, the first being the title deeds to the mansion, the second his share certificate for the Habendorf mine and finally a blank scroll trapped with *explosive runes*.

Siege of the Highfolk

Terrain: Plains, light woodland
Total Party Levels: 12 (Average 2nd)
Total gp: 355
Monster XP: 1,250

Set Up

* A relative of an elven PC, who lives among the Highfolk, asks the PCs for help in protecting the land against marauding humanoids, often in the service of Iuz.

* The PCs hear from tavern talk that good money is being paid for adventurers to travel with loads of hardwood from the Vesve Forest to the Velverdyva. You get paid a bounty for slaying humanoids, too!

The Ambush

The PCs are making their way to the town of Highfolk (or to a nearby settlement) when they are attacked by a group of hobgoblins. This attack is most likely toward dawn, when the PCs are camped outside.

Hobgoblins (4): AC 5; MV 9; HD 1 + 1; hp 6 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (short swords and light crossbows); Int Average; AL LE; SZ M; XP 35 each

Bergat Gutfilcher, Hobgoblin Leader: AC 4 (chain mail and shield); HD 3; hp 16; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (long sword) or 1d6 (crossbow); Int Average; AL LE; SZ M; XP 65

This group has little treasure—Bergat

carries a pouch with 18 gp and 40 ep, and has a silver neck pendant worth 20 gp. The group all have a crude motif of a broken thigh bone with liquid dripping from it etched on to their poor-quality armor, identifying them as members of the Marrowsucker tribe.

This attack is an opportunistic one, and as soon as two or more hobgoblins have been slain, the others flee to some tethered ponies they have left about 80 yards away and ride off. The PCs can now follow up on this attack either by talking to a captured hobgoblin or by chasing the fleeing group.

If the PCs have a prisoner, then with the threat of a little gentle persuasion he can be persuaded to talk. The group was on its way to join a larger marauding force of hobgoblins of the Marrowsucker tribe, led by the world famous Snagger Bonesnapper (the hobgoblin pauses, expecting the PCs to be very impressed at the mention of this name. If they aren't, he sulks a little). Bonesnapper's band of mighty hobgoblins is pillaging the land for treasure, food, and slaves, and they should be at Brannigan's farm right about now. The hobgoblin is prepared to show the PCs where Brannigan's farm is, if they guarantee him his life and safety.

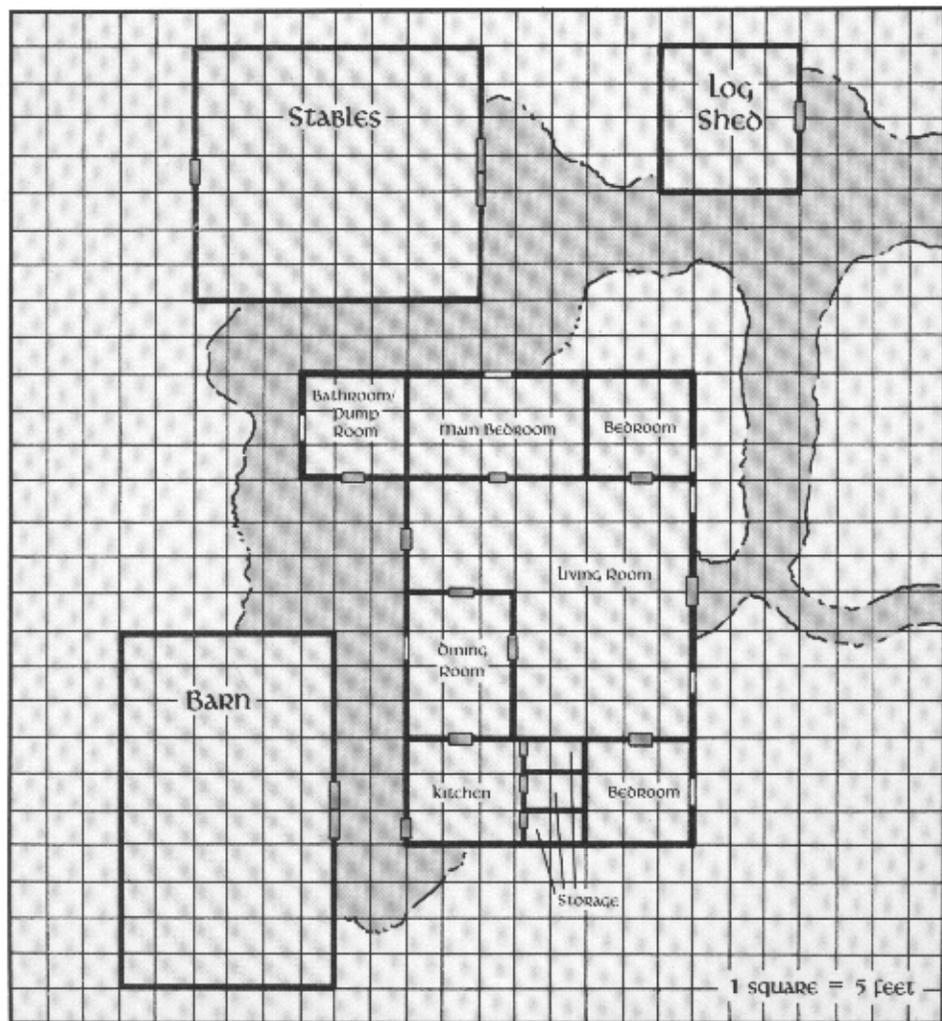
Alternatively, if the PCs have no prisoner to interrogate, they can follow the pony tracks. This requires no special skill (although the PCs must wait until daylight).

Either way, the PCs arrive at Brannigan's farm in mid-morning. The layout for the farm buildings is shown in the accompanying map. However, the situation they find is hardly what they might have expected.

Brannigan's Farm

Snagger Bonesnapper and his merry men are indeed holed up in Brannigan's farm, where they are holding the farmer Brannigan, his wife, and his two daughters (who have been tied up but are otherwise unharmed—Snagger wants them for slaves).

Inside the main farmhouse are six hobgoblins; in the stables there are three



more with eight horses; in the outside log shed are two other hobgoblins. Snagger is inside the main farm. The hobgoblins are crouched behind shuttered windows, and in doorways, giving them AC bonuses of -4 (windows) or -2 (doorways). The ordinary hobgoblins have the same stats and weapons as those given earlier. Snagger, however, is an altogether more determined and powerful specimen.

Snagger Bonesnapper, Hobgoblin Leader: AC 1 (*chain mail +1*, shield, Dex 16); MV 12; HD 3; hp 20; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8+1 (*long sword +1, flammetongue*); Int Average; AL LE; SZ M; XP 65

Snagger has a *crossbow +1* and his shield has a specially lurid version of the Marrowsucker motif—the thighbones in the crude painting haven't been removed from their owner before being broken open. He wears a sinister black cloak, and jealously guards the group's treasure in a belt pouch—45 gp, 80 ep, and 40 sp, plus a single lapis lazuli ring worth 50 gp. Snagger is an evil piece of work with a crooked smile and asymmetrical teeth, plus little black piggy eyes that make him very objectionable, even for a hobgoblin.

There are some interested bystanders outside in the thin, sparse woodland copse (affording -3 AC bonus to those lying down, but only -1 AC protection to those standing, kneeling, etc.). Here, other hobgoblins with the motif of the Marrowsucker tribe on armor and shield are dispersed through the copse, crossbows cocked and ready, waiting to attack.

This secondary force of 16 hobgoblins (stats as above) is led by Rumblegut Bonesnapper, Snagger's younger brother. Rumblegut is not as strong as Snagger, but is motivated by malice and hatred of his sibling, and is desperate to kill off the hated elder brother.

Rumblegut Bonesnapper, Hobgoblin Leader: AC 5; MV 9; HD 2; hp 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8+1 (*scimitar +1*); Int Average; AL LE; SZ M; XP 35

Rumblegut is somewhat porky in stature, but is well able to carve people up with his magical scimitar, taken from a hapless victim. He prizes the *potion of healing* which he saves for time of dire need. Rumblegut carries a bag with 16 pp, 40 gp, and 80 ep, and also has four flasks of oil and a tinderbox.

The Stand-Off

From a distance, the PCs can hear frenzied screams from the hobgoblins as the two leaders (and sometimes the more enthusiastic of their followers) howl insults at each other. Rumblegut knows he hasn't enough hobgoblins to storm the farm; Snagger knows he is pinned down and can't get into the open. So, there is an impasse. Choice insults such as "Come in here and we'll settle it, you snivellin' grunt," "Come out here instead and I'll rip your stinking head off," and "How are your boils this week then, runty?" are being bandied about. The hobgoblins' attention is utterly absorbed in each other.

The PCs have several possible courses of action:

1: Attack Rumblegut's group: If they do this, then Rumblegut's force fights back and does not need to roll morale checks until at least one-third of them have been slain; they do, after all, considerably outnumber the PCs. If this morale check is successful, another need not be made until Rumblegut himself is slain or at least four others of this group; then make a second morale check. If this is also passed, the group outside fights to the last hobgoblin.

Unfortunately for the PCs, after this time Snagger's force comes out to do battle with them, although Snagger himself stays on the farmhouse porch, with the farmer's wife held as a shield before him. If the PCs manage to kill the second group of hobgoblins, Snagger will use the "Come near me and she gets it" line to keep the PCs at bay while he gets to the stables, gets a horse, and makes good his escape.

2: Ally with Rumblegut's group: A potentially brilliant strategy. A deal might be made to help Rumblegut's hobgoblins kill the hobgoblins inside if Rumblegut allows the farmer and any other people inside their lives and property. In this situation, Snagger won't think of using the humans as hostages since he will assume that humans allied with his brother must be evil and therefore not amenable to this blackmail.

This alliance could give Rumblegut's attackers the edge they need for victory. Rumblegut will keep his side of the bar-

gain, but will not commit his troops to obviously highly dangerous actions, nor accept all the risks for his hobgoblins and none the PCs. Non-lawful PCs don't have to keep their side of the deal; if they are sneaky, dishonorable sorts they could attack Rumblegut's force after vanquishing those inside.

3: Wait and see what happens. In this case, play a war of nerves with the players. "An hour passes, they just shout and scream. What do you do?" If the players are prepared to stick this out, after four hours (of game time) announce that Rumblegut's men are bored and they're going to try to get closer to the farm for sneak attacks, maybe getting up on the roofs (assume they have a couple of ropes, etc.). Now surprise the players.

Half the players get to play Rumblegut and his forces. The other half get to play Snagger and his forces. Put them in separate rooms if possible. Get some good, crude, cheerfully dreadful role-playing of hobgoblins out of them; hobgoblins are not subtle at the best of times, and this isn't the best of times. One side wins when half the opposition, or the opposition leader, has been killed. The opposition must surrender at this stage. At that point, the players can resume role-playing their own PCs.

The PCs may not attack in the middle of a pitched battle between the hobgoblins in this variant; if they have been so cautious as to stand off for four hours, they should not be allowed to march straight in now.

When the dust settles, the farmer and his family thank the PCs profusely for their lives; they begin work on a palisade wall around their farmstead. They tell the PCs, if the PCs don't know, that there is a bounty of 10 gp per hobgoblin payable from the office of Sir Loftin Graystand (the Mayor of Highfolk) in the independent town itself. A head or right hand is the usual acceptable evidence of a kill—messy, but some check must be made. Arriving in Highfolk the PCs can claim this reward, and their reputation may earn them commissions or adventure opportunities anew.

VOTE FOR THE GOAT

Terrain: City of Greyhawk
Total Party Levels: 18 (Average 3rd)
Total gp: 0
Monster XP: 5,270

Set Up

* The PCs have been hired by representatives of the Marvelous Talking Goat Party to provide security at their political rallies and escort their candidate for the forthcoming council elections as he tours the district.

* The PCs are walking through the streets in the evening when they pass what would seem to be a well-attended public meeting in a large building. All of a sudden there is a tremendous commotion within and a distressed young man with artificial goat horns strapped to his head bursts out of the building and cries out: "Help! Help! Hector's been kidnapped!"

The DM should choose a location for this adventure on the map of the Free City. The adventure is best suited to take place in the River, Artisans', or Thieves' Quarter.

Council Elections in Greyhawk

The Directing Oligarchy, in its infinite wisdom, recently passed an edict allowing for the election of local councillors to represent each of the city's quarters at the council meetings in the City Hall. While this experimental scheme is not popular with the city's guilds (who fear a dilution of their power), the scheme has been warmly received by the general population, even though such power as the councillors will wield is to be severely limited. At least the general populace will have some say in the government of the Free City.

The announcement of free elections in the city naturally attracted all the "crazies." Leading the polls in the quarter where this adventure takes place is the Marvelous Talking Goat Party (MTGP) with its candidate, Hector the Goat. Hector was once a man, but was polymorphed into a goat several years ago. Strangely enough, Hector retained the

power of speech (although this is not common knowledge; he does not speak in public, despite the name of his political party) and has found that he quite enjoys being a goat. Hector enjoys massive popular support and will no doubt win the election.

However, elections are a new phenomenon in the Free City, and Hector's rivals are likely to stop at nothing to win the election for themselves.

Hector Kidnapped!

If the PCs are hired by the MTGP, they are expected to provide security (crowd control) at the public meetings that Hector attends. The speakers here are Hector's close circle of advisors (the only people to whom Hector speaks). The PCs have been performing various run-of-the-mill tasks, such as escorting Hector around the streets and in taverns and the like, and they end up at a massive rally in the evening.

The PCs are busy trying to remove the supporters of a rival candidate who have come to heckle Hector's speakers when all of a sudden, a group of 18 tasloi swings down from the rafters, snatches Hector, and makes a run for the stairs leading up from the back of the stage.

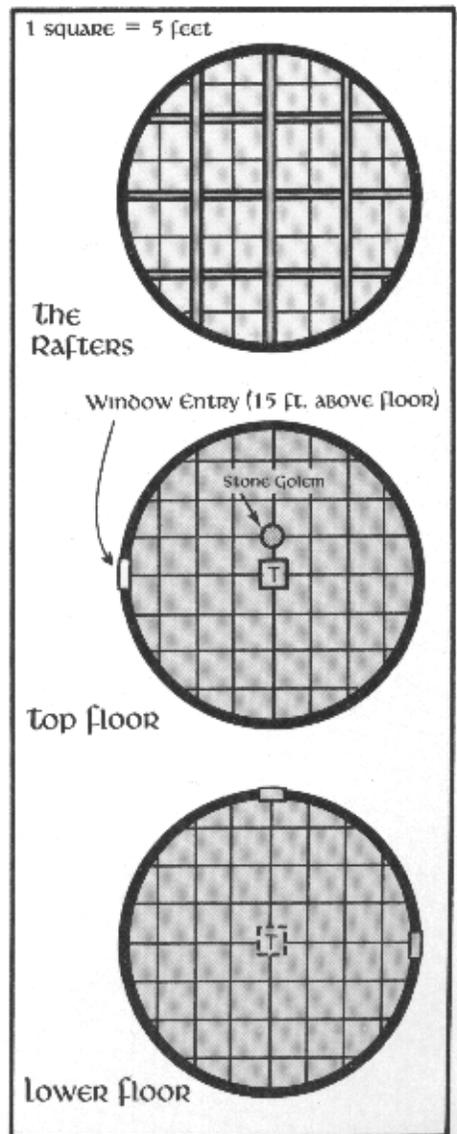
If the PCs are passing by in the street, they are informed as they enter that the kidnappers ("little monkey-things") went up the stairs at the back. In either case, the tasloi are relatively slow going up the stairs and the PCs should be able to close the distance between them.

At the top of the stairs, however, a window opens out onto the rooftops and the tasloi are more in their element. The tasloi bound off across the roofs, one group of eight detaching itself from the main band and taking up positions behind the chimneys at the peak of a nearby roof (100 feet from the meeting hall) where they use their slings to attack and slow down pursuers.

Approaching the entrenched tasloi is hazardous, and the tasloi receive a -4 bonus to their AC for being in this cover. The DM should use the rules for climbing in the *Dungeons & Dragons Survival Guide* and

should assume the rooftops are non-slippery, rough ledges for the purpose of calculating movement rates. If the DM is working directly from the maps of the Free City, he may wish to create a more detailed tactical scenario, but if the PCs move at their full movement rate, then they do not gain Dexterity bonuses to their AC; they do retain this bonus if they move at only half speed and make the most of available cover.

Once the PCs close to melee distance, the tasloi abandon their slings and fight with short spears (+1 bonus to attack



rolls for fighting downslope, while the PCs suffer a -1 penalty). When only two tasloi remain, they try to escape, once again bounding off across the rooftops with the PCs in hot pursuit.

The DM may create additional obstacles for the PCs: unsafe roofs, running jumps to clear alleyways, and the like, but they should be allowed to follow the tasloi back to their lair. This is a circular stone tower that rises some 25 feet above the surrounding rooftops. The tasloi climb the wall of the tower to a small arched window 15 feet up and disappear from view.

The Tower

See the accompanying map. PC thieves can climb the walls up to the window without assistance, but the other PCs may need a rope or some similar contrivance. PCs in the window are attacked by missile fire from the remaining tasloi who lurk in the rafters of the tower's roof.

Tasloi (18 less previous casualties): AC 6; MV 9, Cl 15; HD 1; hp 7 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (spear) or 1d4 (sling stone); SA +4 penalty to opponents' surprise roll; Int Low to Average; AL CE; SZ S; XP 35 each

To combat the tasloi the PCs are going to have to climb up into the rafters or suffer continuous missile attacks from the tasloi's slings. Unless the PCs take precautions, fighting up here on the two-foot-wide rafters is exceedingly dangerous.

The DM should use the rules from the *Wilderness Survival Guide* for fighting while precariously balanced, pages 84-85, summarized as follows: PCs who miss with an attack, or who suffer damage equal to 10% of their total hit points while in melee must make a successful Dexterity check (roll Dex or less on 1d20) to avoid falling. If the PC in question fails the check, and the player states

that the PC is trying to grab the rafter as he falls (dropping whatever items he held in his hands), he should be allowed a second check to see if he prevents himself from falling all the way to the ground.

A PC who falls suffers 2d6 points of falling damage. A PC who manages to grab hold of the rafter as he falls can drop off carefully in a subsequent round for no damage, or he can try to climb back on the rafter. However, if that PC is being attacked, he automatically loses initiative, cannot attack that round, and receives no Dexterity bonus to his AC. A PC who survives a fall to the floor and lands within ten feet of the trap door in the center of the room have further complications to deal with (see below).

From the window ledge there is a 15-foot drop to the floor. In the center of the floor there is a closed trap door (beneath which a ladder leads to the laboratory below). Standing beside the trap door is one man-sized stone statue—a stone golem, named Agahr, whose instructions are to attack anything that approaches within ten feet of the trap door (the tasloi know this, and they also know that the instructions exclude anyone who is wearing the *ring of protection from Agahr*, which is in the chamber below).

Agahr, Stone Golem: AC 5; MV 6; HD 14; hp 60; THAC0 7; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6+2; SA *slow* one opponent every second round; SD immune to most spells and to weapons of less than +2 enchantment; Int Non-; Al N; SZ L; XP special

The party is not expected to defeat Agahr—and if the PCs are prudent, they won't even try to do so. If everyone stays at least ten feet from the trap door, Agahr will not attack. Examining the golem closely will reveal that the letters A-G-A-H-R are carved into its forehead. It will respond to simple one-word commands preceded by its name (such as "Agahr, stop!"), but it will not leave the room it is in. Solving this puzzle is worth

5,000 XP. Destroying the golem will not earn PCs any XP, but they may have to take this option if they don't figure out how to control it.

The trap door opens to reveal a ladder that leads down into a darkened room. Shutters have been closed over the two windows in the chamber and the only illumination comes from a single candelabra on a long, low workbench. Pacing up and down the center of the room is Hector, the goat. Hector takes one look at the PCs, snorts, and then berates the PCs for their tardiness: "Well, you certainly took your time, didn't you? I could have been carried or roasted on a spit by now! Oh, and if you're looking for the archmage (snort of derision) behind all this, he's over there in the closet."

True enough, the culprit is cowering in the closet on the other side of the room. The "archmage" is none other than Turbon, an apprentice mage (0 level), whose master, Darred Hebbren, is currently out of the city on business. Turbon devised the scheme to earn himself a bit of extra gold. He intended to hold Hector for ransom (either for the MTGP to release him, or for his political rivals to pay for him to be kept out of the way till after the election). His master's *charmed* tasloi had been instructed to obey Turbon in his absence. Turbon pleads with the PCs not to harm him or turn him over to the Watch and offers the PCs the following magical items if they just take Hector and leave: a *potion of climbing*, a scroll containing the spells *haste*, *slow*, and *charm monster*, a *wand of secret door and trap location*, and a *pair of bracers of defense AC 4*.

Obviously, the PCs could still hand Turbon over. If not, then Turbon will pack his bags and beat a hasty retreat out of the city. Darred, his master, is going to be none too pleased when he returns to find some of his tasloi dead and his magical items stolen!

The Dead of the Howling Hills

Terrain: Hills/Subterranean
Total Party Levels: 18 (Average 3rd)
Total gp: 6,110
Monster XP: 8,410

Set Up

* The PCs are approached in the Vesve Forest by a representative of the Wolf Nomads, who asks them to retrieve the urn containing the ashes of a revered former leader of his nomadic clan. The PCs are offered 500 gp apiece for this work. The Wolf Nomad can provide a map showing the location of the burial chamber.

* The PCs see a merchant selling Wolf Nomad burial chamber treasures and getting good prices for them. They overhear adventurers in a tavern later discussing the most likely origin for the treasures, and one mentions the area in which the burial chambers of Viluisk the Chieftain are to be found.

The Lair

The lair is located toward the northern end of the western range of the Howling Hills. In this area the Wolf Nomads have abandoned the hills to the ever-increasing hordes of human and humanoid servants of vile Iuz. The DM can expand this adventure considerably by having regular run-ins with patrols of such creatures. Given the evil creatures' typically chaotic nature and indifferent morale, the PCs will not be systematically hunted down. Thus a determined foray into this remote part of Iuz's land has a fair chance of success.

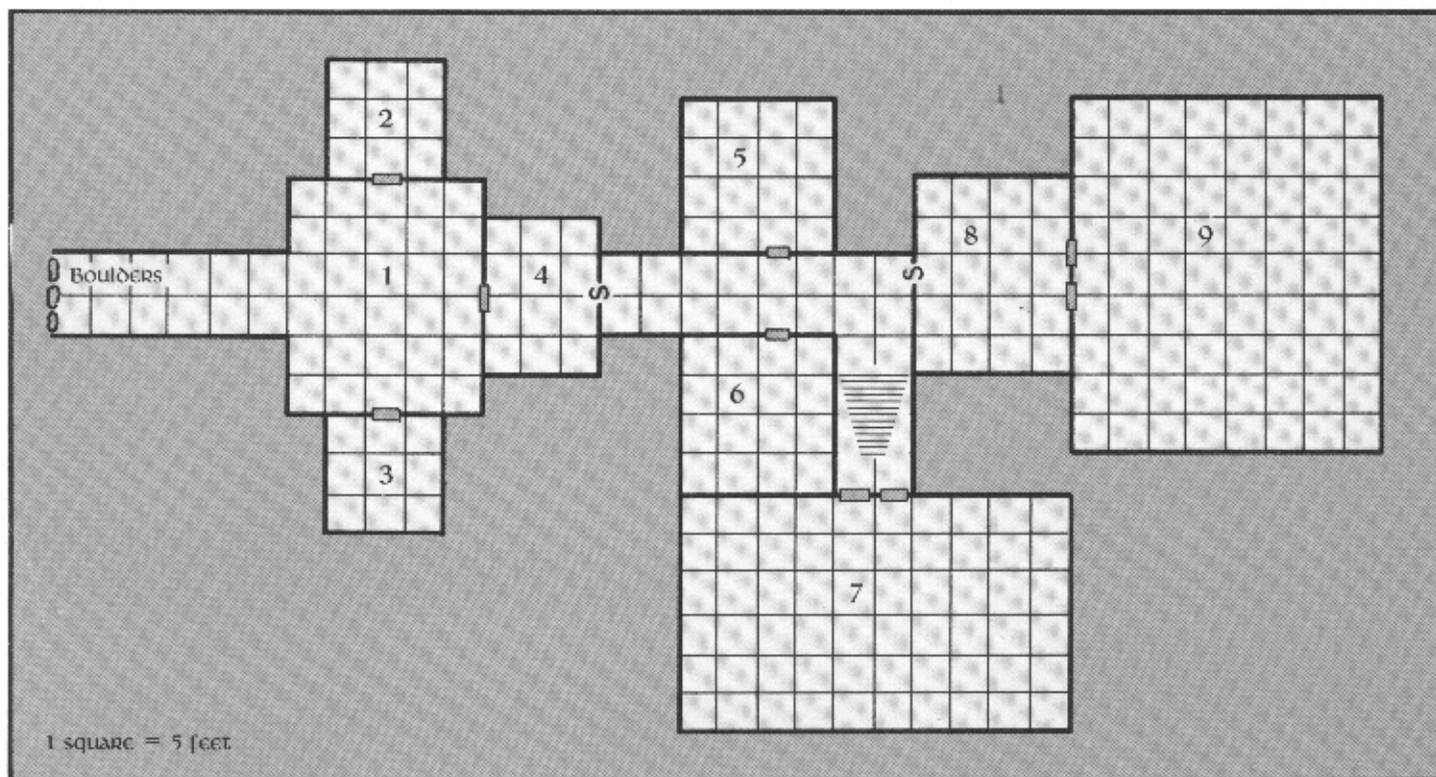
The PCs find several burial chambers in the area, of differing degrees of complexity. Some are just barrow mounds marked with crude cairns. Others are more extensive mounds that have elaborately carved runes and sigils over the entrances, threatening dire woe to any who defile the tombs. Others are small cave complexes only. In all cases, the PCs are unlucky; the tombs have been

looted long before they ever get to them, and they will find nothing of value.

If the PCs have no map, they have to search carefully to find the entrance to the burial chambers (shown on the map). The entrance passage has actually been sealed off with very fine stonework that is only detectably different from the surrounding rock within some 40 feet or so, although a dwarf can see there is something different about the patch of rock (the entrance) up to 120 feet away. It takes 10 man-hours to pull away the stones and gain entrance to the chambers beyond; these are entirely unlit.

The stone-cut steps leading gently down, and the entrance chamber (**Area 1** on the map), have common painted and etched motifs on the walls. These show horse-riding Wolf Nomads, in stylized poses, hunting, fishing, riding forth as if to war, and in similar activities—nothing strikingly original or unexpected.

However, the traditional shield motif of the Wolf Nomads, topped with an ornamental crown made with gilt etched into



grooves in the wood, has been inlaid to all the doors in this burial chamber complex, indicating that the person buried here was no ordinary man. Indeed, Viluisk was a renowned leader of his people, which is why upon his death most of his entourage were ritually slain so they could make the journey to the afterlife with him. Many have been unwilling to pass from Oerik, and remain here as undead.

Area 2 gives a hint of this. The doors here are unlocked, but are jammed in their frames; it takes two or more PCs with combined Strength of 25+ to open them. Beyond are the four stone tombs of Viluisk's bodyguard, which contain skeletons. These were once trained guards, and the animated bones still have some trace of cunning; they hide beside the doors and leap out to attack. Their opponents suffer a +2 penalty to the surprise roll. One skeleton has a gold bracelet worth 70 gp on its bony wrist, the only treasure here.

Skeletons (4): AC 7; MV 12; HD 1; hp 6, 8, 7, 4; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; SD half damage from edged weapons, immune to cold-based spells, also *sleep*, *charm*, *hold* spells; Int Non-; AL N; SZ M; XP 65 each

A stone plaque above the tombs identifies these bodies as those of "The worthy camp guard of Viluisk the Mighty," in the tongue of the Wolf Nomads.

Area 3 has the rotted remains of wood and carpet on the floor, and on the walls are etched scenes of Wolf Nomads at prayer, their priests adorned with fur-trimmed robes with wolf heads at their belts or even atop the hoods of heavy robes. There are runes on the vestments of the deity Telchur (CN, Winter, North Wind, Cold), which can be recognized as such by a priest PC on a successful Wisdom check (with a -4 penalty). The room was simply an antechamber for short services of prayer for the dead.

Area 4 is the burial chamber of an old servant of Viluisk, Barrorn the Old (and is marked as such by a wall plaque in the usual language). The stone tomb is undisturbed, for Barrorn rests well in death. The secret door to deeper tombs lies directly behind his tomb.

Areas 5 and 6 each contain a richly carved and sculpted tomb, each of which has treasure and an occupant. The occupants are two wights, respectively Anneka (wife of Viluisk) and Jetta (mistress of Vilufsk). These two were ceremonially slain beside Viluisk's funeral pyre to ensure that they could not be unfaithful to him after his death. They hate each other

fervently and stay in their chambers. They very rarely venture out, and if they do they try very hard to avoid each other.

Anneka and Jetta, Wights: AC 5; MV 12; HD 4 +3; hp 15, 22; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 +special; SA energy drain; SD silver or magical weapons to hit, immune to *charm*, *sleep*, *hold*, cold-based spells, poison, and paralyzation; Int Average; AL LE; SZ M; XP 1,400

The wights are hostile if attacked, but otherwise they may (25%) attack, or they may (75%) plead with the PCs to help them slay the other wight instead (and then leave the PCs to do the work, claiming the prize item from the other wight's treasure). The probability of attack is increased (as the DM sees fit) if the PCs burst in with bright lights, smash down doors, etc. Anneka has a silver neck chain with moonstones and aquamarines worth 1,200 gp, while Jetta has a gold neck chain with lapis lazuli, small pearls, and zircon settings worth 1,400 gp. The tradition, which a wight may tell a conversing PC of, was to bury the wife/mistress of the chief with her finest single piece of jewelry and best raiment (the latter has long since rotted away).

Area 7 is a false tomb to deceive the unwary. It contains a splendid stone tomb with the appearance of Viluisk the Mighty carved atop it, and the ceiling is vaulted and arched and supported by finely carved stone pillars. As soon as any attempt is made to open the tomb, the pillars in the room crack down the middle and snap. Each PC must roll a Dexterity check. If successful, he escapes in time. If failed, he gets struck by falling masonry and stone for 3d6 points of damage.

Beyond another secret door is the chamber (**Area 8**) of Viluisk's closest bodyguards, the noyarsk ("home-shields" in the Wolf Nomad tongue). These faithful bodyguards are skeletons, but ones of unusual strength; they are turned as wights. They still have the *long swords* +1 they possessed in life. This chamber is decorated with scenes of stiff nomads standing to attention outside a grand tent, with massive destriers beside them, and with similar scenes of guarding and martial prowess.

Skeletal Guards (2): AC 7; MV 12; HD 3; hp 18, 20; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 +1 (*long sword* +1); SD half damage from edged weapons, immune to cold-based spells, also *sleep*, *charm*, *hold* spells; Int Non-; AL N; SZ M; XP 175

Area 9 is the resting place of Viluisk the Mighty himself. His massive (12-

foot-long) stone tomb stands undisturbed behind the locked doors to this chamber. Atop the stone tomb is a copper urn, which contains the ashes of his body; this is held in the brass-shod hands of the recumbent etched stone figure of the warrior himself. Richly sculpted pillars support the vaulted ceiling, and many wall murals and floor mosaics celebrate the fighting life of this long-dead chieftain.

Viluisk still exists, but as a skeletal haunt. His reactions need to be considered carefully by the DM, for he is a highly dangerous enemy indeed. He does not attack the PCs immediately (unless attacked himself), but rather engages them in conversation. He finally either lets them go or materializes and attacks, depending on their replies to his queries.

If he lets them go, he lets them take the ashes and even 1d3 items of treasure from those listed below. The base chance of him attacking is 50%, with the following modifiers applying:

- * +10 if the PC addressing him as party leader (he seeks out such a PC) is female

- * +10 if the party admits to slaying either Anneka or Jetta, +20 for both

- * +10 if the party has looted his tomb
- * +30 if a PC grovels. Viluisk hates grovelers.

- * -Half the Charisma modifier of the person talking to him

- * -10 if the PCs say they have come only for his ashes, to take them back to his people, a further -10 if they can somehow give direct evidence of this

- * -10 if a PC stands up, eyeball to eyeball, and talks like a leader and equal. Viluisk admires this.

Add further modifiers as you see fit. Brilliant improvisation ("Your people are building a monument to you to rehouse your ashes, to honor your timeless legend") deserves a good modifier, maybe even an XP bonus!

Viluisk the Mighty: AC 2 (*plate mail* +1); MV 12; F7; hp 50; THAC0 14; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d10 +1 (*two-handed sword* +1); SD edged weapons do half damage, immune to *charm*, *sleep*, *hold*, and cold-based spells, turned as special; MR 35%; Int Average; AL CN; SZ M; XP 5,000

The treasure still within Viluisk's tomb is a gold neck chain worth 1,500 gp, a pair of platinum arm bracers with small gem settings worth 1,800 gp, two horns of ivory with silver banding (170 gp apiece), and a ceremonial staff-mace.

Bath Time for the Hopping Prophet

Terrain: City of Greyhawk
Total Party Levels: 18 (Average 3rd)
Total gp: Variable
Monster XP: 2,090

Set Up

* Terrorist activity attributed to the followers of Wastri the Hopping Prophet has reached epidemic proportions in the Foreign Quarter. While a large contingent of the City Watch and the military have been posted there to try to restore law and order, the authorities have also posted a 300 gp reward for the apprehension of the villains responsible.

* Relatives of a kidnapped merchant, or a Foreign Quarter store owner whose store was firebombed recently, offer the PCs a reward to release their relative (or bring the criminals to justice).

In both cases above, the serious events in the Foreign Quarter are the responsibility of a group of terrorists led by a dedicated follower of Wastri.

The Terrorists

Heironymous Spune: AC 3 (chain mail, *cloak of protection* + 2); MV 9; Pr5; hp 28; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6+2 (*footman's flail* + 1); Str 13, Dex 12, Con 13, Int 9, Wis 17, Cha 7; AL LN (E); XP 650; Spells: *bless*, *command*, *cure light wounds*, *protection from good*, *cause fear*, *chant*, *hold person*, *silence* 15' radius, *snake charm*, *jump* (as 1st-level wizard spell), *dispel magic*, *water walk*. In addition, Heironymous possesses a vial of *oil of slipperiness*, a *potion of flying*, a scroll of *protection from poison*, and a *ring of amphibian control* (as *ring of mammal control*, six charges remaining).

Heironymous Spune is a human priest of Wastri, the Hopping Prophet. Originally a native of the Vast Swamp, Heironymous has been blessed (for a prophet of Wastri, anyway) with distinctly toadlike features.

From an early age, Heironymous was

determined to take revenge on the people of the Free City of Greyhawk for their (Zagig's actually) imprisonment of his beloved Wastri. To this end he recruited a small force of swamp creatures and transported them to the Free City, setting up his headquarters in an old unused bath-house in the Foreign Quarter. Once installed, Heironymous and his gang began waging a war of terror in the city.

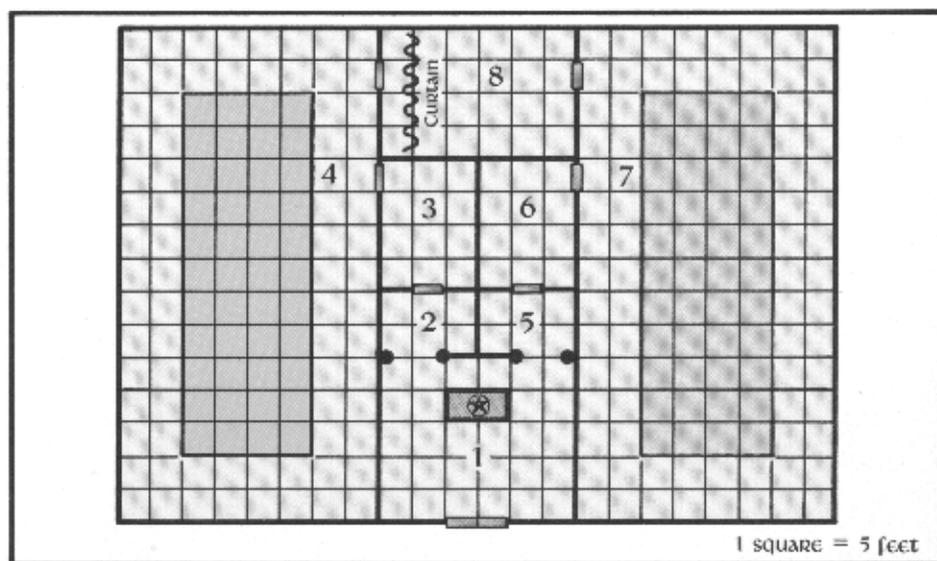
Random drive-by shootings (with poisoned arrows) from wagons and carts, arson attacks on local temples, and kidnapping local merchants are his methods. His demands of the city authorities are simple: the construction of a magnificent temple dedicated to Wastri and the institution of a public holiday to honor the Hopping Prophet.

Heironymous's terrorist accomplices are a small group of female warrior grung. They're a long way from home, totally out of place in the urban environment, but enjoying every minute of the virtually unchecked mayhem they unleash on the Foreign Quarter. In fact, Heironymous has problems keeping them under control, frequently having to rely on his ring.

Finding the Terrorists

The PCs can begin their investigations in the Foreign Quarter, but there is really not much evidence to go on so far. The victims of the shootings were all shot with crude, poisoned arrows and the attacks normally happened at either dusk or dawn. The kidnapped merchants were all of mixed nationalities, dealing in a wide variety of goods, and the fire-bombed buildings ranged from private dwellings to inns and stores. The Beggars' Union may come in useful here—for a reasonable sum they will gather whatever information as they can together for the PCs.

If the PCs ask too many questions of the residents and transients of the Foreign Quarter, word of their investigation will reach the ears of Heironymous Spune. Heironymous then takes immediate action against the PCs. The next time the PCs are out on the streets in the Foreign Quarter at either dusk or dawn (or in more extreme circumstances at night), Heironymous is waiting for them with six of his grung warriors in a light, covered (stolen) wagon. As the PCs proceed down the street, the wagon speeds past and the grung fire poisoned (4d4 points of poison damage, successful saving throw



for half damage) arrows from their short bows at the PCs, from under cover inside the wagon. The grung loose two shots at each PC and the wagon hurtles off down the street. If the PCs attempt to pursue the wagon, the grung keep firing as long as the PCs are in range. The wagon moves very fast (16) scattering people and screeching around corners. If the PCs manage to catch it up and melee ensues, Heironymous consumes his *potion of flying* and soars away over the rooftops back to his bath-house HQ, leaving the grung to fend for themselves.

Grung (6): AC 7; MV 9, Sw 12; HD 1 +2; hp 7 each; THAC0 19; #AT 2; Dmg 1d3 (bite) and 1d6 (spear or arrow); SA poison; Int Average; AL LE; SZ S; XP 120 each

If Heironymous and the wagon manage to give the PCs the slip (or at least he thinks he has), he and the grung leap out of the wagon at the bath-house and send the wagon careening off down the street.

If the PCs failed to find the bath-house by following the gang in the wagon (and they survived the attack), they are attacked again at the next opportunity. If they fail to follow the attackers again, then the PCs are finally approached by a member of the Beggars' Union with information about the gang's hiding place. In return for a promise of half the reward money, he leads them to the bath-house and then melts away down an alley, promising to return for his share in due course.

The Bath-House

The DM should locate the bath-house in a suitable area of the Foreign Quarter. The building has no windows at ground level, though there are arched window openings 20 feet up the walls surrounding the actual bathing areas (Areas 4 & 7) and the hallway (area 1).

Area 1. Entry Hall: The door from the street is kept locked (Heironymous has the key). The floor of this area is paved with marble and is dominated by a large classical-style statue of a pair of bathers. Behind the statue there are two dark archways marked "Men" and "Women" respectively. A single grung sentry is always on duty here, watching the door. If intruders enter the hallway, she will fire two arrows (without poisoning them) at the PCs and run to alert the

rest of the group in Area 7.

Area 2. Anteroom

Area 3. Men's Changing Room

Area 4. Men's Bath: This bathing area has been taken over by Heironymous's pets, four giant toads. These toads are extremely aggressive and normally very hungry, leaping out to attack intruders.

Giant Toads (4): AC 6; MV 6 +6 (hop); HD 2 +4; hp 12 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4; SA leaping attack; Int Animal; AL N; SZ M; XP 120 each

Area 5. Anteroom

Area 6. Women's Changing Room

Area 7. Women's Bath: This area has been taken over by the grung as their living quarters. The bath has been filled with stinking mud (to a depth of eight feet) and the air is thick with steam. Unless the alarm has been raised, the grung are wallowing in the bath.

If the PCs attack with surprise, the grung do not have time to poison their weapons (however those outside immediate combat may do so, spending one round in the process). If the alarm has been raised, the grung are lurking beneath the surface of the steaming mud, with just their eyes showing, waiting for the intruders to come close enough to the bath for them to attack. Once battle has been joined, the grung try to force the PCs into the mud-bath, which threatens to engulf heavily armored or encumbered characters.

Fighting in this area alerts Heironymous in area 8. There are 12 grung in this area (less any that were killed in previous encounters).

Grung (12): AC 7; MV 9, Sw 12; HD 1 +2; hp 7 each; THAC0 19; #AT 2; Dmg 1d3 (bite) and 1d6 (arrow or spear); SA poison; Int Average; AL LE; SZ S; XP 120 each

If Heironymous is alerted, he peers through the door to ascertain the situation. He first casts *protection from good* upon himself, then casts *bleed* on his grung allies before entering the fray. He casts *hold person* and *silence 15' radius* as the opportunity presents itself. If the fight is clearly going against him and his grung allies, he casts his *jump* spell, leaps up to the windows, and bounces off into the distance over the rooftops.

Scattered in the mud is the grung's accumulated treasure, such as it is. Characters who conduct a thorough search of the bath find 1,000 cp, 800 sp, and 100 gp, two gems worth 50 gp each, and two gold bracelets worth 25 gp each (or 75 gp as a matched pair). The only magical treasure (Heironymous normally takes this for subsequent sale) is a *ring of chameleon power* and a *dagger +2* that have somehow been overlooked by Heironymous.

Area 8. Heironymous's Chamber:

This room serves as both Heironymous's living quarters and prison for his merchant captives. The captives are kept shackled and gagged against the far wall behind a large but crude tapestry of dismal swampland. The room is only shabbily decorated with most of the furniture having been salvaged from the Free City's garbage dumps. The only objects of value in the room are a large devotional statue of Wastri cast in silver, with a value of 250 gp, and a silver bejeweled box (worth 75 gp) containing five blocks of *incense of meditation*. In a sack behind the tapestry there are 500 sp, 100 ep, 75 gp, and 10 pp.

The merchants are extremely grateful to the PCs for their rescue and immediately (upon release) arrange for some form of suitable reward. This is most likely to be useful equipment for the PCs (such as better armor or weapons, horses or transport of various forms, etc.).

If Heironymous escapes, he swears vengeance on the PCs. Without his grung allies, he flees the Free City and seeks passage aboard a vessel heading south, disembarking at the nearest large swamp to raise a new army.

The PCs can be sure that he will return to the City some time in the future, and this time not only will his schemes be better planned and executed, but he will be gunning for the PCs too!

Note: Grung are detailed in the *GREYHAWK® Adventures* hardbound book. If you don't have this book, substitute bullywugs for grung.

The BORN-AGAIN OGRES of the Blinding Light

Terrain: Hills

Total Party Levels: 24 (Average 4th)

Total gp: 990

Monster XP: 1,320

Set Up

* The PCs are hired by a messenger from Haraldus, a priest of Pholtus, who asks their aid in protecting a group of pilgrims on their journey from a shrine in the foothills to the city of Tringlee (in Ulek). The PCs will be paid 100 gp apiece.

* A PC of LG or LN alignment is asked by his temple or tutor to assist Haraldus in his work of training acolytes of the faith (especially suitable for a PC priest of Pholtus).

Note: This adventure is most enjoyable if PCs are of LN, LG, or NG alignments (at least in the main).

The Adventure

The PCs arrive in the small village of Harrington. Here they hardly even need to inquire of Haraldus, the priest of Pholtus. He is infamous. He has a large house in the village, inherited from his rich father. If PCs spend any time asking around town, they learn that the locals think that Haraldus is stark staring mad. He is soft-headed, other-worldly, and a fool. However, the locals don't know at this time about his current house guests.

The PCs easily get directions to Haraldus's home, where they are admitted by the man himself. Haraldus is quite a phenomenon. He is a true priest of Pholtus—utterly convinced that his is the only path to righteousness. However, he is quite meek and gentle, indeed sentimental, soft-hearted, and unrealistic about life and the world. His high Charisma reflects his personal kindness, unflinching good manners, likeable smile, meekness, and gentleness. Haraldus's essential goodness communicates itself strongly to those he converses with.

Haraldus, Priest of Pholtus: AC 2

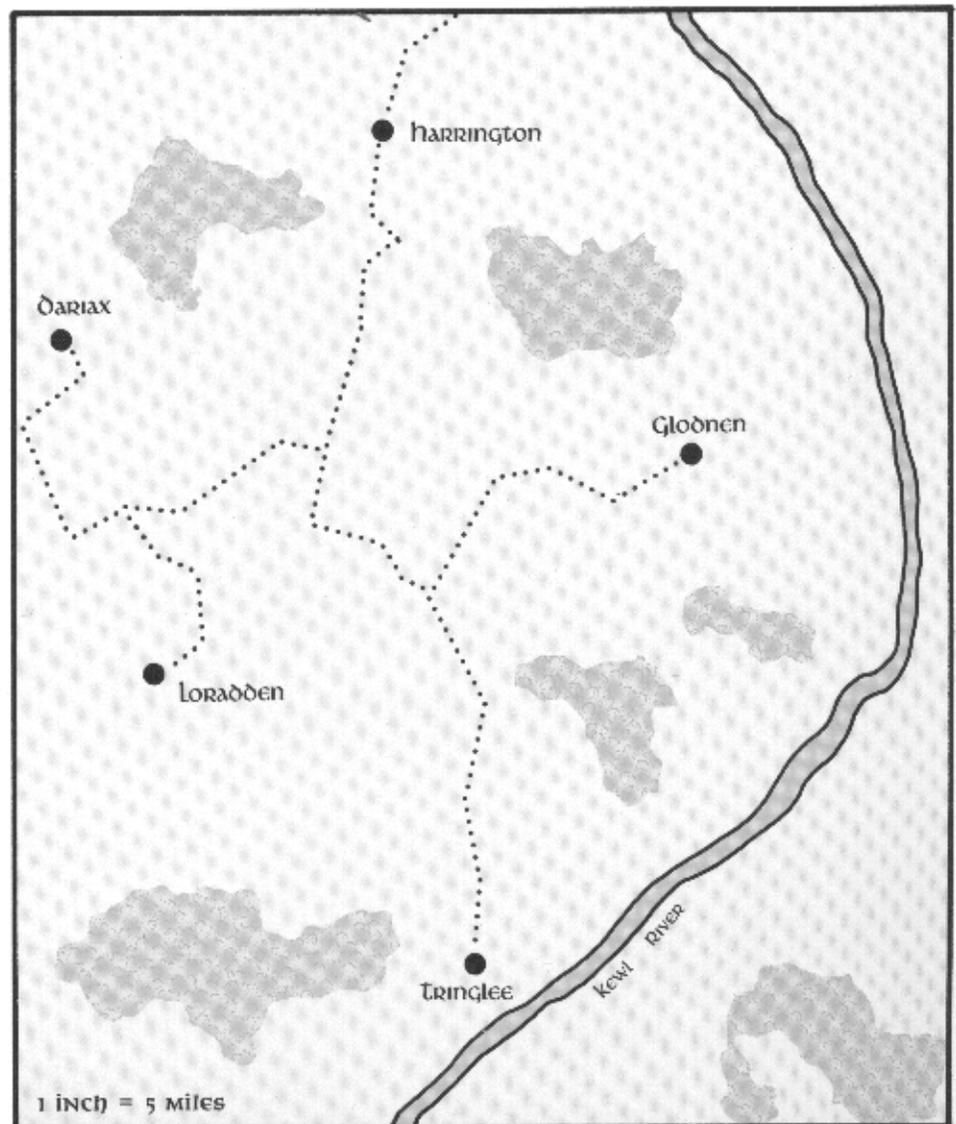
(chain mail +2 and shield); MV 12; Pr2; hp 16; THACO 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +1/2d4 (footman's flail); Str 12, Dex 17, Con 16, Int 8, Wis 15, Cha 18; AL LG; Spells: *cure light wounds* (×2), *light* (×2)

Haraldus tells the PCs that he wants their protection for his pilgrims, sad souls they were, but now they are redeemed sinners. They wish to travel to Tringlee to study sacred works of Pholtus and take holy orders there. The PCs can meet them at dinner.

Haraldus won't give any more detail

about the pilgrims at this stage; he says they can meet the PCs shortly. Instead, he is delighted to talk of the works of Lawful Good, singing and praying and such (but not killing evil creatures, unless these are ones of extreme evil such as evil clerics and the like). He says that much evil comes from ignorance and folly, and should not be rewarded with a brutal death.

As PCs sit down to dinner, the pilgrims troop up from the cellar and sit at the table. They wear plain grey robes with



cows and their faces cannot be seen, although they are clearly tall men (they are stooping, even so). Then, after prayers have been said before the meal, the soup is served, and the ogres throw back their cows and dive slurping into their huge soup bowls. They pick them up and drain them at a gulp, wiping their mouths on the cuffs of their robes, belching, and saying, "luvverly."

Ogres (4): AC 5; MV 9; HD 4+1; hp 25, 22, 20, 14; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10; Int Low; AL see below; SZ L; XP 175 each

These ogres are by nature CE but, currently, are LG. This is due to Haraldus's charismatic conversion.

Haraldus tells his story. He was adventuring recently, looking for a lost party of adventurers. He and his friends were slain or captured by ogres. He conversed with his captors, talked at length of the doctrines and forgiveness of Pholtus, and the ogres listened and understood! Such is the power of the message of the Blinding Light. The ogres look sheepishly at the PCs and say, "Yer, it's true. Bruvver 'aroldess rilly got to us 'ere (thump on chest). We saw da foolishness of our ways, sort of (recondite look). We're gern to 'ear da 'oly works at da great Temple (excited ogre knocks PC's dinner plate onto the floor with expansive gesture). We unnerstan' we're just pawns in the great game of life" (short silence for the PCs to experience incredulity at this statement). Embroider all this as you will.

Haraldus wants to start out in the morning; this must be on foot (the ogres are too big for mounts). The group starts before dawn to avoid local scrutiny. Trouble arises one-third of the way to Tringlee, where the party camps for the night (a minor daytime encounter can be used if desired before this).

In the middle of the night, any guard posted hears the patter of small, if not actually tiny, feet. Creatures are moving into position around the camp. The PCs are surrounded by a group of determined-looking dwarves in chain mail, holding light crossbows and with short swords at their belts. They look grim and in no mood to take nonsense.

Dwarves (10): AC 5/4 (chain mail, shields used in melee); MV 6; F2; hp 13 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; SD +4 bonus vs. magical and poison attacks, -4 penalty to ogres' attack rolls; Int Low; AL N; SZ S; XP 35; each carries 10 gp

Derglower Rockvein, Leader: AC 4/3 (chain mail +1, shield used in melee); MV 24 (boots of speed); F5; hp 44; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (crossbow bolt) or 1d6+6 (short sword +2); Str 18/71, Dex 16, Con 16, Int 7, Wis 8, Cha 9; SD +4 bonus vs. magical and poison attacks, -4 penalty to ogres' attack rolls; AL N; SZ S; XP 270

Derglower has a *potion of extra-healing*, a gold brooch set with a large bloodstone worth 650 gp, a silver-buckled belt of exceptional workmanship worth 140 gp, and a small antler horn shod with platinum banding and a ring of rosy quartz fragments at his neck (value 200 gp).

The dwarves are here for the ogres. They do the PCs a favor and tell them to get out and they can keep their dirty skins in one piece, the filthy ogre-lovers (the dwarves also feel happier about having to fight only the ogres). Derglower orders the PCs to leave. If asked, he says that the ogres have killed dwarves of his clan and he has the authority to kill them for this crime.

Haraldus begs the dwarves not to slay the ogres. He explains that they have converted to goodness and righteousness since their slaying days (note that since the dwarves are neutral, this cuts no ice with them).

The dwarves grow more threatening and order the PCs out as the ogres start singing "O Blinding Light."

The dwarves will kill the ogres and the priest if the PCs allow them. Initially, Haraldus and the ogres won't fight back, and suffer bolt and melee hits. When the pain-frenzied ogres finally lash back, it is too late. The PCs have just allowed five LG creatures to be slain!

Otherwise, if the PCs help Haraldus and the ogres, the dwarves flee after four or more of them have been slain or vanquished. Note that Haraldus and the ogres do not fight in self-protection. Initially, the dwarves attack the ogres, but as the PCs attack the dwarves, they attack the PCs instead. If you wish, you may award good-aligned PCs an additional XP award of 50 XP per dwarf the PCs overcome by non-violence (e.g., *sleep, web, hold, scare* spells and such).

Haraldus uses his cure spells to aid the PCs after the fight, and he gets the ogres to dig graves for the dwarves and say a short service for them. The group can

then resume its journey the following morning.

Dwarves arrive again the following evening. There are ten of them with stats as above, plus Derglower or a leader with identical stats to those of Derglower (but no magical items) if Derglower has been slain. This time the dwarves offer apologies for their hasty actions and say they are sorry for harming the party. They want Haraldus to bless a meal for them (they have provisions). No matter what the objections of the PCs, Haraldus agrees. The dwarves share food from a great stew pot with the ogres, Haraldus, and the PCs (unless they refuse to eat), and take their leave.

Each PC who partook of the meal has to roll a saving throw vs. poison (Haraldus fails his save, the ogres all succeed on theirs). Those who fail sleep soundly for eight hours and cannot be woken—not even when the dwarves, who consumed a herbal antidote after the meal, return to complete the job they started the night before.

The dwarves arrive in the middle of the night, and this time they will not be driven off. They fight to the end.

However, the ogres also fight this time. They cry out in anger at being attacked when they mean no harm, and they flail with improvised weapons (treat as clubs, 1d10 points of damage) at their persecutors.

At a dramatic moment, when the dwarves are clearly on the verge of defeat (assuming they don't actually kill all the PCs and ogres), have an ogre kill a dwarf and let out a horrid, bloodlusting cry. "Blood and bludgeon!" he screams, and the other ogres join in. At this point, all surviving ogres attack dwarves or PCs at random. Haraldus wakes to find the last of his ogres slain (assuming they don't kill the PCs). He races over to cast a cure on an expiring ogre, but it is too late.

As he cradles the ugly creature's head in his hands, the ogre gasps its last: "They werdunt leddus stay in the Light, it wus kill or be kilt," and then his eyes roll back in his head and he expires. Haraldus is left weeping bitterly over the fate of his pilgrims.

The PCs may have some thinking to do about the nature of good and evil, as they accompany the deeply saddened priest to the temple in Tringlee.

Pygmies, Sage, Myconid, and Plants

Terrain: City of Greyhawk
Total Party Levels: 24 (Average 4th)
Total gp: 1,800
Monster XP: 6,730

Set Up

* The PCs are engaged by Adarian Herbifarge, a local sage, to procure a variety of plant specimens from the wilderness and deliver them to him at his residence in the Garden Quarter.

* A messenger bearing a badly scrawled note calls at the PCs' lodgings in the city. The note reads: "Help, come quickly, Adarian the sage in danger." Adarian the sage is well known in the Free City and directions to his house can be easily procured.

A Peculiar Plot

Adarian Herbifarge is a sage specializing primarily in botany. Adarian performs extensive research into plants of all kinds at his complex of greenhouses in the Garden Quarter.

Adarian has many wealthy patrons in the city for whom he designs and creates the most stupendous flower gardens and leafy bowers. Adarian also has quite a few rivals and potential enemies, as his prodigious talent for the natural cultivation of enormous and perfect specimens of every conceivable variety of flowering shrub has won him every first prize at the past sixteen Free City Flower Festivals.

Consequently, one of his archrivals and perennial runners-up, Halbard Broom, developed an elaborate scheme to do away with Adarian. Halbard obtained a number of vegepygmies and engaged a powerful spellcaster of dubious repute to cast a *charm plants* spell on them, turning them into dangerous killers. The murderous vegepygmies were then packed into a large crate marked "Plant specimens, handle with care," and delivered to Adarian's residence. Adarian, thrilled to receive an unexpected package, immediately retired to his laboratory to

inspect the contents. As soon as the crate was opened, the creatures leaped out to murder Adarian. They did not succeed . . . yet.

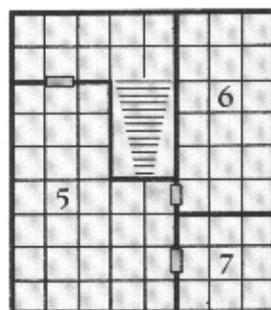
Adarian Herbifarge, sage: AC 10; MV 12; NM; hp 5; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; Str 8, Dex 10, Con 12, Int 13, Wis 18, Cha 14; AL NG

Adarian has a number of magical items that aid him in his research and experiments, notably three *potions of plant control*, a scroll containing the spells *locate plants* (×2), *plant growth* (×2), and *repel insects*, a *ring of protection from plants*, and a *decanter of endless water*.

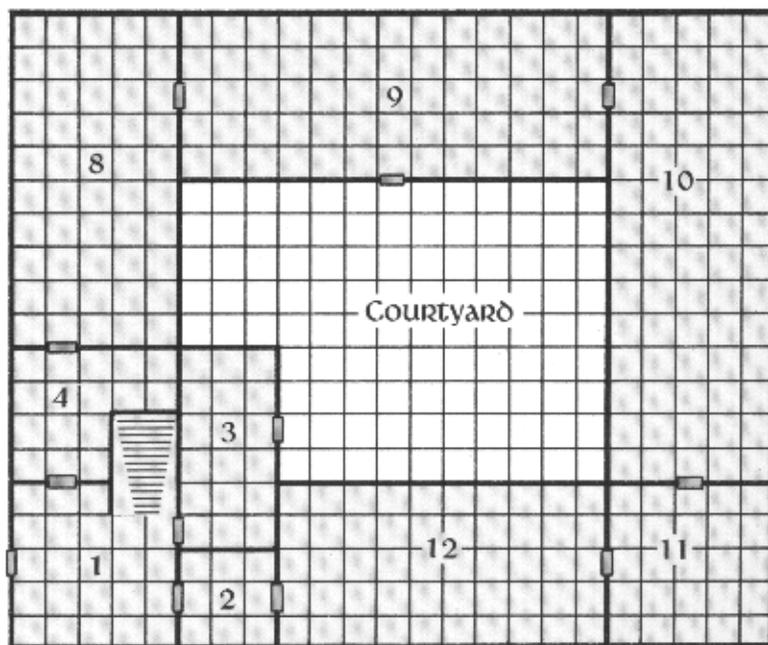
The *ring of protection from plants* is a special magical item created for Adarian by grateful mages at the Guild of Wizardry and druids from the Gnarley Forest in return for his extensive research and assistance in times past. The ring creates a personal field of protection around the wearer that makes attacks by plants, or plant-based lifeforms, impossible—ideal

for pruning the rose bushes and feeding the carnivorous plants. It is this item that has saved his life.

Try as they might, the vegepygmies were unable to do any harm to Adarian. Confused, they bundled the sage into the crate, broke through the laboratory door into the garden, and are now in the process of burying him (still inside the crate) in one of the greenhouses.



Second floor



First floor

1 square = 5 feet

Arriving at Adarian's House

Bhulb, Adarian's devoted assistant, opens the door and admits the PCs. Bhulb is a two-foot-tall myconid.

Bhulb tries to communicate with one of the PCs using his rapport spores to create a telepathic meld between the chosen PC and himself. Bhulb is obviously considerably distressed. He was in the kitchen this morning doing the washing-up after breakfast when a large crate was delivered. His master took the crate into his laboratory and instructed Bhulb that he was not to be disturbed. A few minutes later Bhulb heard terrible crashings and bangings in the laboratory followed by silence. Receiving no reply to his tentative knocks on the laboratory door, Bhulb peered inside to find the garden door smashed open and his master and the crate gone. Bhulb is an especially timid myconid and immediately locked all the doors and sent for help.

Bhulb, the Myconid: AC 10; MV 9; HD 1; hp 8; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; SA spore clouds; SD poisonous skin; Int Average; AL LN; SZ S; XP 65

Bhulb doesn't know too much about the contents of the greenhouses, as Adarian says that the contents are far too dangerous for a little myconid.

Adarian's Residence

Area 1. Consulting Room: Bhulb ushers the PCs into this room when they arrive. This chamber is richly decorated with fine furniture and walls hung with paintings of all sorts of flowers and, of course, Adarian's hundreds of trophies. Every flat surface in the room is covered with potted plants.

Area 2. Storage Room: Stacked around the room is an assortment of ceramic pots and general gardening tools.

Area 3. Laboratory: Smashed equipment is evidence of a recent struggle in this room. The lock and the framework of the door leading to the garden have been smashed open and the door left ajar.

Area 4. Kitchen: This room contains standard kitchen equipment and the remains of the washing-up from breakfast, which Bhulb has yet to finish.

Area 5. Library: The walls of this room are lined with bookshelves groaning under the weight of numerous botanical tomes. Behind one of the bookshelves there is a secret compartment in which Adarian stores his monetary wealth: 950 gp, 320 sp, eight gems (two topaz worth 750 gp each, a piece of coral and a beryl worth 100 gp each, and two zircons, a

bloodstone, and a carnelian worth 50 gp each), and a lapis lazuli-studded silver necklace and a flower-shaped gold brooch inlaid with jasper (worth 1,500 gp and 1,000 gp respectively).

Area 6. Adarian's Room: A locked chest (Adarian has the key) at the foot of the bed contains Adarian's magical items (except the *ring of protection from plants*, which Adarian wears at all times).

Area 7. Bhulb's Room: A spartan, barely furnished room, the most striking feature of which is the large tin tub of rotting compost that Bhulb "sleeps" in.

Area 8. Greenhouse: Canvas blinds have been drawn over the roof of this room to keep it relatively dark. The greenhouse is filled with giant ferns and other plants that prefer the shade, including two tri-flower fronds that attack when the PCs are halfway down the path.

Tri-flower fronds (2): AC 9; MV 0; HD 2 + 8; hp 18 each; THAC0 17; #AT special; Dmg special; SA see below; Int Non; AL N; SZ M; XP 175

Each plant is a green stalk topped by trumpet-shaped flowers of orange, yellow, and red. The orange flower shoots 2d4 tendrils; those struck must save vs. poison or fall into a coma for 1d4 hours. The yellow flower sprays a comatose victim with a sticky enzyme that inflicts 2d4 points of damage per round. The red flower extends tendrils that attach to a comatose victim and extract body fluids, doing 1d6 points of damage per round.

Area 9. Greenhouse: The atmosphere in this greenhouse is hot and steamy and it contains a variety of subtropical plants. Lurking among the vegetation in the center of the room is a giant sundew that attacks passing PCs.

Giant Sundew: AC 7; MV 1; HD 8; hp 48; THAC0 13; #AT up to 6 per target/round; Dmg 1d3 + special; SA enzyme acid, clogging sap; SD half damage from missiles and fire-based attacks; Int Semi; AL N; SZ M; XP 2,000

Area 10. Greenhouse: Exceedingly hot and humid, this greenhouse contains tropical plants, including a mantrap.

Mantrap: AC 6; MV 0; HD 5; hp 25; THAC0 n/a; SA scent; Int Non-; AL N; SZ L; XP 420. The plant's scent has a 60-foot radius; those failing to save vs. poison are attracted to the plant and will climb into one of its four traps. Those trapped take a number of points of damage each round equal to their Armor Class (minimum 1 hp). The plant will not release trapped victims until it is killed.

Area 11. Fungi House: The walls in-

side this dank, windowless chamber are lined with all manner of fungi and thick moss. The fungi are essentially harmless (although there are many poisonous varieties here).

Area 12. Greenhouse: The vegepygmies took refuge in this greenhouse and are in the process of burying Adarian. Their activities are not visible from the garden, and they stop their digging if they hear sounds of fighting from any of the other greenhouses, camouflaging themselves among the undergrowth ready to surprise would-be rescuers.

The vegepygmies wait until the PCs are all in the greenhouse before attacking, trying to encircle them first if possible. These *charmed* vegepygmies are not subtle in their offensive tactics and will fight until they are all destroyed.

Vegepygmies (4): AC 6; MV 9; HD 3 + 12; hp 28 each; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 3d4; SA see below; SD immune to electrical attacks and enchantment/charm spells, except those affecting plants; immune to mind-affecting spells; fire, blunt weapons, and piercing weapons cause half damage; Int Low; AL N; SZ M; XP 975 each

Anyone hit by a vegepygmy must save vs. poison or become infected with its spore sickness. An infected victim is instantly paralyzed and will die in 5d4 turns unless a *cure disease* spell is used. Upon death, the victim begins to be covered by russet mold, and in 1d4 + 20 hours the victim becomes a vegepygmy. This process can be temporarily halted by a *hold plant* spell or reversed up to one hour after the victim's death by *cure disease*, but thereafter only a *wish* will restore the victim to health and his original form.

Once the vegepygmies are defeated, the PCs hear muffled cries from the undergrowth. A search reveals one corner of a mostly buried crate. Inside the crate they find Adarian. Adarian is grateful to the PCs for rescuing him, but he is more enthusiastic about the behavior of the vegepygmies: "Absolutely fascinating. I would never have credited them with such powers of logical reasoning. Unable to kill me with direct attacks, they tried to bury me alive instead. Brilliant!"

In return for his rescue, Adarian offers the PCs 500 gp, his four least precious gems, a choice of two of the magical items in his chest, and a lucrative commission to seek out some more vegepygmies for his future experiments.

Dark Denizens of the Deep Delve

Terrain: Hills
Total Party Levels: 30 (Average 5th)
Total gp: 4,700
Monster XP: 13,150

Set Up

* While in the Free City, the PCs are contacted by agents of the Jewelers' and Gemcutters' Guild to investigate the strange goings-on in one of the mines owned by their membership.

* Traveling through the wilderness, the PCs are attacked by a raiding-party of dark elves. If the PCs track the drow back to the lair after the attack, or search the area the following day, they come across what appear to be abandoned mine-workings.

* PCs exploring the Underdark discover the whereabouts of some kind of shrine to an evil elemental lord, guarded by despicably evil beings that revel in the capture and torture of human beings and other surface dwellers. Their directions bring them to some recent mine-workings not far from the shrine.

The Lair

The mine is located in the Cairn Hills, not too far from the Free City, although it could just as easily be located near any major city. The mine is exploiting a rich seam of agate and shafts now extend to considerable depths. Recently the miners started excavating a new level (at a depth of some 200 feet from the surface). Their excavations broke into some natural caverns and then the attacks and the disappearances began. The surviving miners have barricaded themselves into the bunkhouse on the surface against the regular nightly attacks of the "earth devils."

The Mine

The mine is located in a deep valley. A cluster of small wooden buildings surrounds the entrance shafts to the mines. These buildings show evidence of recent attacks and are scarred by flame. On closer inspection, smashed and aban-

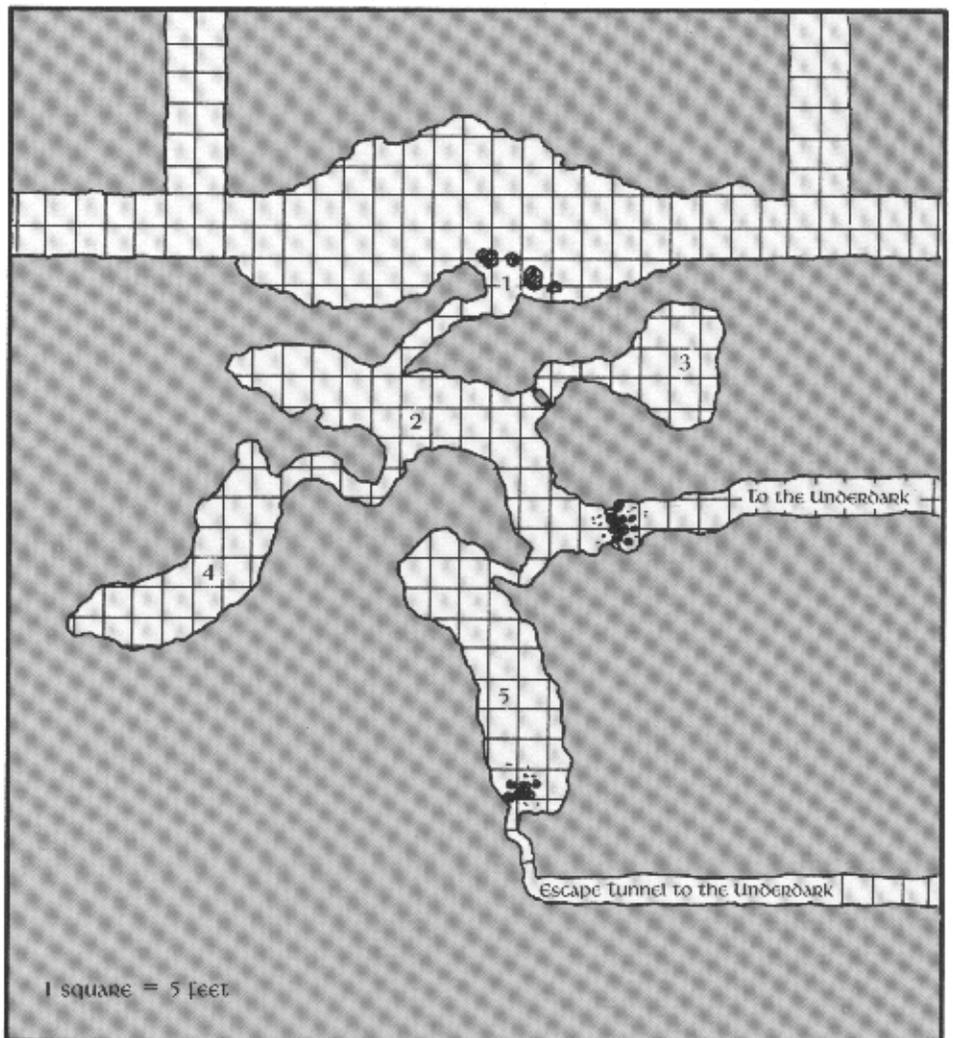
doned mining equipment can be seen, and if the PCs approach the bunkhouse, the remaining miners sally forth to welcome their rescuers.

Only some 20 of the original mining force of 80 human, dwarven, and gnomish miners remain, the rest having been either killed, captured, or simply vanished in the mines or subsequent nightly attacks. The few miners that have survived encounters with their assailants report that the attackers are small and dwarflike.

Under no circumstances will any of their number agree to accompany the PCs into the mine, but they will give the PCs directions to the main vertical shafts that lead down to the lower levels.

The Lower Level and the Caverns

Recent excavations by the miners broke into some natural caverns that contained a shrine. This shrine, which is regularly visited by evil denizens of the Underdark, is guarded by a small outpost of dark elves. When the miners broke into their caverns, they attacked the miners, and some were killed, but most were captured. Some of the captured miners are now being used by the drow to collapse the mine-workings on the lower levels to prevent any further transgressions into their domain by the surface-dwellers, while the other captives are being held in the caverns until an escort of drow can be organized to take them back



to their stronghold in the Underdark.

The PCs first encounter the drow in the tunnels of the lower level. Before the encounter, the PCs should come across several places where the shafts are blocked by recent rock falls. PCs who take care to be silent while exploring the tunnels will hear the sound of picks and hammering up ahead. Down the tunnel, in the dim light of a single guttering torch, the PCs see four shackled and disheveled miners hacking away at the supports that line the tunnel.

At the very edge of the torchlight, beyond the working miners, four dark elves stand guard, two against each wall of the tunnel. The drow are not expecting trouble and are more interested in overseeing the miners than guarding the tunnel. Their carelessness cancels the normal concealment afforded by their cloaks, and the party will see them first.

Because of the light from the torch, the drow's infravision is useless and they will not see the PCs approaching outside the illumination radius of the torch. If the PCs announce their presence, then the drow try to grab the captive miners to use as shields, firing poisoned crossbow bolts from their crossbows at the PCs, and backing off down the tunnel toward the safety of their caverns and comrades.

This area of tunnel is very unstable and spells cast here that cause significant amounts of damage have a chance of precipitating a cave-in. While the DM may wish to use the threat of a cave-in to increase the tension, he should not try to bury the PCs (a collapse here would inflict a minimum of 12d8 points of damage to the PCs) but should emphasize the groaning and creaking from the pit-props and tell the PCs that a cave-in looks imminent. In this case, the collapse will occur just as the PCs get out of the way.

Drow Guards (4): AC 2 (chain mail and buckler +1); MV 12; HD 2; hp 12 each; THACO 18; Dmg 1d8 +1 (*long sword* +1); MR 54%; Int High to Supra-; AL CE; XP 650 each. Spells: *dancing lights*, *darkness*, *faerie fire*. Each guard has a hand crossbow with poisoned darts (THACO 19; Dmg 1d3, plus save vs. poison at -4 or be rendered comatose for 2d4 hours). Note: This information should also be used for any other drow guards encountered inside the complex; statistics are not repeated in every place

where more guards are mentioned.

If the guards escape, they will flee down the tunnel to warn and reinforce their comrades in Area 1.

Area 1: The mine tunnel enters a natural cavern here. Several large boulders have been arrayed around a cleft in the rock that leads into the drow caverns. Two drow guards have assumed a defensive position behind these boulders (if any guards escape from the encounter above, they join these two and summon the cleric from Area 3 and the four drow from Area 2).

These guards are alert, attacking first using their crossbows and trying to keep the PCs at a distance. If not already alerted, the four drow from Area 2 arrive to support them two rounds after the PCs attack, and the cleric from Area 3 arrives one round later.

Area 2: This cavern serves as the general living quarters for the drow in the mine. Unless alerted by combat in Area 1 or by the guards from the first encounter, there are four drow in this cavern.

Area 3: This cavern has been closed off from the rest of the complex by a crudely fitted wooden door. The chamber beyond is the room of a female dark elf cleric, who is here unless alerted by combat in Areas 1 or 2.

Drow Cleric: AC 0 (*chain mail* +2 and Dex 17); MV 12; HD 5; hp 20; THACO 17; Dmg 1d6 +2 (*mace* +1); MR 60%; Int Very; AL CE; XP 4,000.

Spells (innate): *dancing lights*, *darkness*, *faerie fire*, *detect magic*, *know alignment*, *levitate*, *clairvoyance*, *detect lie*, *dispel magic*, *suggestion*.

Spells (priest): *curse*, *darkness*, *cure light wounds* (×2), *protection from good*, *chant*, *hold person*, *resist fire*, *silence 15' radius*, *slow poison*, *pyrotechnics*. She also has a *ring of spell storing* with a *wall of fire* in it.

The cleric will use her spells for her personal protection and assistance in combat, not to aid her fellow dark elves. If all looks lost, the cleric casts *wall of fire* in an attempt to save her own skin (she is not concerned about the captives or the guards). She then flees back to the drow stronghold in the Underdark.

The group's treasure is stored in a locked chest. The chest contains 250 pp, 500 gp, 10 gems (2 × 500 gp, 6 × 100 gp,

and 2 × 50 gp), *potions of diminution* and *poison*, a scroll of *protection from gas*, a *wand of metal and mineral detection* (30 charges), and a *stone of controlling earth elementals*.

Area 4: This narrow cavern is lit by lines of candles running along the cavern walls. Chunks of quartz stud the ceiling and walls of the cavern and reflect the candlelight. This cavern is used as a shrine to elemental earth forces by the drow. There is a large, crude statue of a humanoid shape—actually an earth elemental that has been imprisoned here and left with orders to attack any non-drow intruders.

Earth elemental: AC 2; MV 6; HD 8; hp 40; THACO 12; #AT 1; Dmg 4d8; SD +2 or better weapon to hit; Int Low; AL N; SZ L; XP 2,000.

The altar of this shrine is strewn with a small pile of raw gemstones—offerings left there by brave (or foolhardy) pilgrims who have traveled the Underdark to worship at this shrine. These gemstones are in a crude state but still have a value of 1,500 gp (but worth ten times this amount if cut and polished).

Area 5: Twenty of the captured miners are kept shackled in this cavern until the drow can take them back to their stronghold deep in the Underdark. They are guarded by a single elderly drow (statistics as for guards, except for AC 5, hp 8). This elf may not be equal to the fitter and more agile warrior guards, but he is cunning. If he hears the PCs approaching down the tunnel, he hides out of sight by the tunnel entrance and calls to the PCs to halt and go back before he starts killing the captives.

Alternatively, if the DM wishes to expand the adventure, the captive miners may have already been taken into the Underdark (the tracks of their shuffling feet are clearly visible in the sandy floor of the caverns). The elderly drow is still here and still tries to dupe the PCs into backing off by threatening the nonexistent captives while he makes good his escape. The PCs must then mount an expedition into the Underdark to retrieve the captives and maybe even discover the drow's stronghold.

RIDERS ON THE STORM

Terrain: Village/Hills (Stark Mounds)
Total Party Levels: 30 (Average 5th)
Total gp: 5,000
Monster XP: 2,020

Set Up

* The PCs are headed into Sterich from the Grand Duchy of Geoff, having heard rumors of strange happenings in Istivin.

* The PCs are headed to the Grand Duchy of Geoff to seek adventure protecting that beleaguered land against ogres and giants flooding down from the

Crystalmist Mountains.

* The PCs hear of ghostly riders in the Stark Mounds that drive villagers from their homes and take the riches of mining communities. The PCs are trying to stop this terrorizing, and maybe get back those riches!

The Appeal for Help

The accompanying map shows the main pass from Geoff to Sterich. Alvein and Elnore are the villages marking the ends of the pass. The PCs get involved in the village of Talbaire.

Talbaire is a village community of some 120 folk—70 gnomes, ten dwarves, and 40 humans. It lies approximately in the middle of the pass, and is used as a resting place by almost everyone passing through it.

It is also a trade post for the silver mines dotted around Maraber and Glustar; gnomes come from these settlements to trade silver ore for goods brought in from distant towns in the Grand Duchy and in Sterich.

Talbaire has a steady economic niche and is a prosperous, but no-nonsense community.

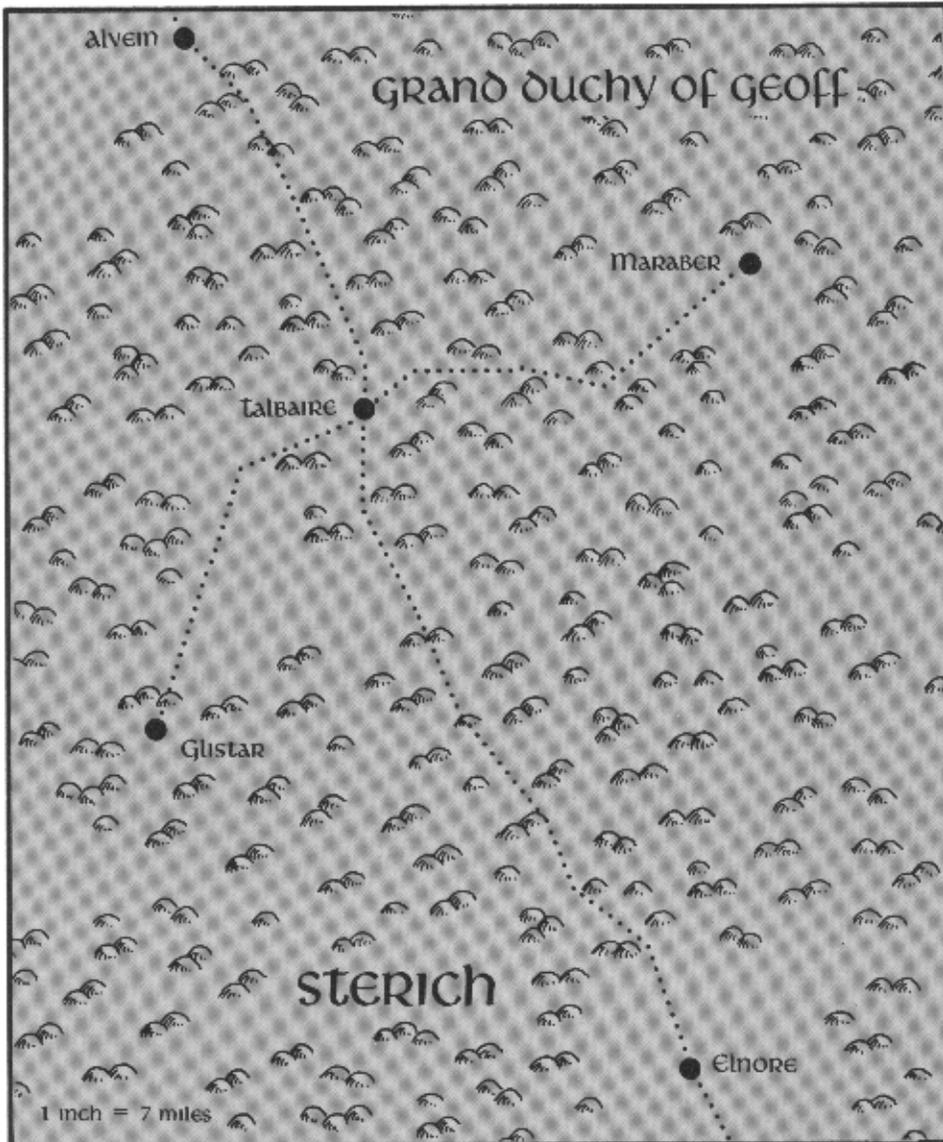
As the PCs enter the place, it is clear that there has been much trouble of late. A couple of buildings have had doors and windows smashed down, and there is much rubbish and signs of havoc in the streets—broken barrels and crates split open and the like. There are some men and gnomes in chain mail, with swords, trying to get the place back to order.

The PCs learn that Talbaire was attacked the previous night by a force of giants, each riding a huge war mammoth! There were about a dozen of the giants, each astride a monstrous woolly mammoth, carrying huge lances and brandishing massive clubs. The small militia here are used to goblinoids, even the odd ogre, but a force of a dozen giants is too much for them. They fled.

They came back to find that the giants had pillaged silver ingots from Obendorf the Moneylender's. The people here know that this has happened to other villages in the area lately, and are desperate for help. Indeed, a fair shipment of silver has arrived this very day, and since the giants didn't get much yesterday, maybe they'll be back.

The following can be learned by the PCs if they make the appropriate type of enquiry about the village. You may want to use an Intelligence check (roll Int or below on 1d20) for success in certain cases (e.g., noticing the type of damage to buildings as opposed to which ones have been damaged). Also, give information only if the PCs are clearly trying sensible lines of inquiry.

1. The damage to the buildings does



not look like it was caused by the trampling of mammoths, although giant-caused damage is present.

2. Damage is very selective. Only the secure building of Obendorf the Moneylender (which held a safe in which silver was kept) and the tavern next door (The Motherlode) have been damaged.

3. The giants did not attack at once. They sat on their huge steeds, frightening everyone a lot, and chasing them out of town. Only then did they ride in.

4. Some people didn't run off last night; a few stayed in town for various reasons. Old Ma Vickerty is bed-ridden and her son fled in fear; she didn't see no giants nor mammoths, no sir, and yes she does know what giants look like, fer an old fire giant dun kilt her husband, yes sirree (and more in this vein, but the old woman is right, and she was awake at the time).

Young Geran the blacksmith's son and Jenna the barmaid stayed in the tavern cellar, and heard footsteps upstairs, but they were not very heavy, just like normal human footsteps. Whether these two will admit to where they were last night is another matter.

And so on; you may add similar NPCs to this list with equally tantalizing scraps of information.

5. At least two of the militia felt that they were affected by magical fear. They have experienced something like it before (when they saw a white dragon), and say it was an experience similar to dragon awe, not mundane everyday fear (as it were). They are reluctant to admit it, because it sounds like making excuses, which the men don't want to do.

6. There are no mammoth tracks in the area. There are no giant-sized footprints either. Note that a ranger, or someone with Tracking proficiency, is needed to discover these facts.

This information may well persuade the PCs that something odd is going on here, and convince them to stay and solve this puzzle. If they are clever, they may get suspicious of Obendorf the Moneylender, but everyone saw the giants and feels the threat is very real. The complicity of this wicked little gnome may be seen only later!

The fighters of the militia, for reference, are six 1st, four 2nd, and three 3rd level types, with a 5th level leader, Hargeff Irikan. Stats for them should not be needed for this adventure, since they will flee in fear once more.

Showdown in the Night

In the late afternoon, clouds roll over, and by nightfall the weather is turning very nasty. Outside, storm lanterns are hung up outside homes, and strung on very sturdy poles along the pass for some 50 yards (for the benefit of anyone foolish enough to be night riding).

The PCs can stay in the Motherlode, get a good dinner, be nearly ready for bed—when the doors of the tavern burst open, and a man wide-eyed with terror bursts in from the pouring rain and storm outside, squalls of wind slamming the door in its frame as he stands transfixed against the pale lamplight beyond. "They're back!" he screams, "and they've brought their whole clan with them!" This is just for dramatic impact, of course. The whole place empties through the back door, fast.

When the PCs venture out, they see a dozen or so frost giants on mammoths, flourishing enormous lances and looking very threatening. If the PCs prepare for attack, or even stay in line of sight, they are attacked (see "Fighting the Riders" below).

If the PCs duck back in the tavern immediately they are not selected for special attack, and they may be able to observe the "giants" tethering their "mammoths" to the wooden rail outside Obendorf's and entering as Obendorf the gnome lets them in! They then enter, which is impossible. They are frost giants and the doorway is but seven feet high. Allow each PC a saving throw vs. spell, with a +4 bonus, to detect the illusion if they see this.

The "giants" enter, come out with ingots of silver some two rounds later, dump them in saddlebags, and do some vandalizing of the place with their weapons (and stealing wine from the tavern) before riding off. It is up to the PCs when they attack these monsters.

The Scam

Obendorf the gnome is an evil, bitter little creature who wishes woe and ruin on his kind. He was recently captured by the two evil gnomes he now aids, and for his ransom he gladly traded them a plan for robbing local people of riches. Obendorf owned some *dust of illusion* that he gave to the dour gnomes that captured him on his mule along the pass. This enables them to appear as a whole dozen giants. The gnomes also have leucrottas as

mounts, having reared them as cubs after killing their mother—hence the "mammoths." The magical fear the militia felt was the *scare* effect of the gnome illusionist's spell.

Obendorf thinks that the gnomes will make good their agreement to give him a slice of the profit in return for having given them the magical dust. Their plan is to hand him that silver and then kill him. Ideally the PCs will put a stop to this.

Fighting the Riders

The leucrottas can chew through their tethers to move to attack in one round, if they have been tethered; they are very aggressive and fight readily. The gnome spellcaster will use *scare* to try to reduce the party in strength. Then the illusionist will cast *invisibility* on the thief, and both will drink *potions of super-heroism* before closing to melee. The gnomes will dismount, if necessary, to engage the PCs in combat.

Gnome fighter/illusionist 5/5: AC 8 (Dex 16); hp 18; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; SA spells; Int Exceptional; AL CE; SZ S; XP 650. Spells: *armor* (×2), *phantasmal force*, *spook*, *ventriloquism*, *blur*, *invisibility*, *scare*, *invisibility 10' radius*, *suggestion*. Magical items: *potion of super-heroism*, four applications of *dust of illusion*.

Gnome fighter/thief 5/5: AC 4 (leather and Dex 18); hp 20; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; SA triple damage on backstab; SD thieving skills; Int High; AL CE; SZ S; XP 420. Thieving skills: PP 50, OL 45, FT 50, MS 45, HS 35, DN 30, CW 75. Magical item: *potion of super-heroism*.

Leucrotta Mounts (2): AC 4; HD 6+1; MV 18; hp 22, 39; THAC0 15; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 3d6 or 1d6/1d6; SA vocalization; SD rear kick attacks; Int Average; AL CE; SZ L; XP 975

After one gnome is killed, the other surrenders and begs for its life when reduced to 5 hp or below. If allowed to live, it reveals the agreement with Obendorf, and also leads the PCs to its lair, which has silver ingots worth 5,000 gp stashed away (this weighs a monstrous amount, and the PCs will need mules or something to help with this). An XP award is given for treasure even if returned to those who lawfully own it, but the grateful local people will give the PCs 25% of the value in gems as a reward.

a Diplomatic Incident

Terrain: City of Greyhawk
 Total Party Levels: 36 (Average 6th)
 Total gp: Variable
 Monster XP: Variable

Set Up

* Posters advertising for discreet and reliable adventuring parties and mercenary groups appear on walls throughout the Free City. They promise good pay and privileges in return for short-term duty. Prospective candidates should re-

port to Sental Nurev, Captain-General of the Watch.

* PC groups that are well known in the city or that have successfully completed a mission on behalf of some of the city's major power groups are asked to report to the office of Sental Nurev, Captain-General of the Watch.

The Captain-General

At Sental Nurev's office, the Captain-General explains the situation and the task he wants the PCs to perform. Basi-

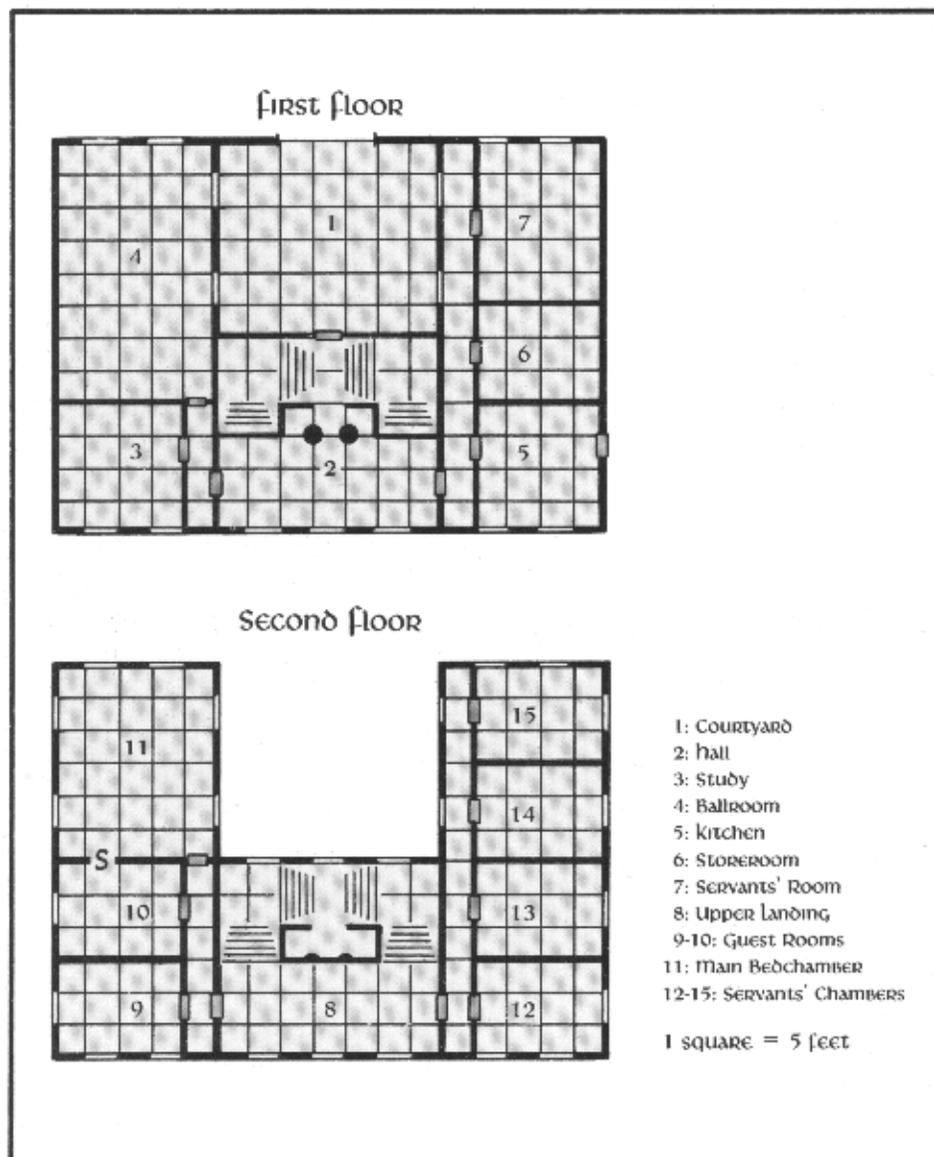
cally, increased privateering activity in the Azure Sea (covertly sanctioned by the various power groups in the region) has had a disastrous affect on trade from the south. What is bad for trade is bad for the Free City, and the Directing Oligarchy has summoned representatives of the nations surrounding the Azure Sea for talks in the Free City to resolve this potential mercantile crisis.

Representatives from the Sea Princes, Keoland, the Iron League, and the Scarlet Brotherhood are due to attend these talks. While the City Watch and military will provide some measure of security, the Directing Oligarchy has seen fit to hire adventuring parties to provide special protection for the delegates during their stay in Greyhawk.

The PCs have been given the least savory and without doubt the most problematic mission of the whole exercise. They are to escort and ensure the safety of the Father Legate, representative of the Scarlet Brotherhood. They should be made to realize the gravity of their task—while in the Free City, the Father Legate and his Honor Guard are the sole responsibility of the PCs. Despite the PCs' alignments and their personal opinions of the Scarlet Brotherhood and its activities, they are honor-bound to protect the attendees and ensure that no embarrassing diplomatic incidents arise for the duration of the meetings.

The Directing Oligarchy has provided a large mansion in the High Quarter for the use of the Brotherhood's delegation. Talks are scheduled for the next three days to take place in a council chamber at the City Hall.

In the meeting, security is the responsibility of the City Watch. At all other times the PCs must take every effort to guarantee the safety and well-being of these very important guests. The Father Legate and the four members of his Honor Guard (none of the delegates is allowed any more than four personal guards) will arrive by ship at the docks in two days' time. The PCs are expected to meet them when they arrive and escort them to the mansion. In the meantime the PCs have a short time to make the



necessary arrangements for the delegates' arrival.

The Father Legate

The Father Legate is a very senior member of the Scarlet Brotherhood's tripartite rulership. The Father Legate is a sage, and a very high-powered one at that, who specializes in human laws and customs. The Father Legate takes this mission very seriously, recognizing that continued privateering will ultimately damage the Brotherhood (covert trade in spice, lumber, and gold with the Free City presently swells the Brotherhood's coffers).

The Father Legate is 5'11" tall, weighs 130 lbs. and appears to be about 45 years old. His face is deathly pale, he sports a meticulously groomed moustache and goatee, and always wears a bright red skullcap. The Father Legate dresses in voluminous scarlet robes trimmed with gold thread, denoting his exalted status within the Brotherhood.

The Father Legate is a cold, calculating, very intelligent, and very perceptive individual. He seldom speaks unless it is absolutely essential and regards everyone around him as distinctly inferior.

The Father Legate: AC 2 (*elven chain* +3 beneath robes); MV 12; NM (sage); hp 5; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d3+3 (*knife* +3); Str 8, Dex 12, Con 9, Int 18, Wis 18, Cha 15; AL LN(E); Magical items carried/worn: *scarab of protection*, *ring of regeneration*, *ring of spell storing* (contains *word of recall* spell), *periapt of proof against poison*

The Honor Guard

Brothers Mystrom, Hern, and Zambar: AC 0 (*plate mail* +1, Dex bonus); MV 9; F4; hp 36 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10+1 (halberd) or 1d8+2 (*long sword* +1); Str 17, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 11; AL LN; XP 270 each

The Brothers wear bright scarlet cowled robes over their armor, and when in public will wear full face helmets sculpted with the visage of a hideous demon.

Brother Kellern: AC 0; MV 12; F8; hp 61; THAC0 13; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type +1; Str 16, Dex 16, Con 15, Int 15, Wis 14, Cha 12; AL NE; XP 1,400; Magical items (carried in *bag of holding* beneath ceremonial robes): *ring of free action*, *dagger of venom*, *crossbow of accuracy* +3, *invisibility ring*, *potion of fire*

breath, scroll with *fire trap* spell, *potion of poison*

Kellern is an assassin planted in the Father Legate's Honor Guard by a more aggressive faction within the Scarlet Brotherhood's tripartite rulership. This faction intends to have the Father Legate assassinated while attending the talks, blaming his death on the other nations, and citing such action as proof of the need for continued and escalating aggressive action against their "enemies."

Brothers Mystrom, Hern, and Zambar (and Kellern while posing as a member of the Honor Guard) are all fanatically devoted to the Father Legate, putting his safety before their own, taking any slight to his person as a personal insult. They are always ready to dispense summary justice on perceived offenders.

The Diplomatic Residence

The PCs will probably want to make a cursory examination of the mansion in the High Quarter (see map).

The servants hired by the Directing Oligarchy are already working and are busy preparing the mansion.

Incident at the Docks

The Father Legate arrives on schedule and disembarks from a large warship in the docks. A crowd has gathered to witness his arrival and one of the onlookers hurls a rotten egg at the Father Legate. Unless the PCs act quickly, his Honor Guard dispenses summary justice on the individual (death!) and a full-scale riot develops. If the Father Legate is threatened during this fracas, the contingent of 30 marines (F1, leather armor and halberds) disembarks and joins in to protect the Father Legate. No doubt a contingent of the City Watch turns up to add to the confusion!

Demonstrations

No doubt inspired by Keoland and the Iron League, large groups of malcontents gather outside the diplomatic residence to hurl abuse at the Father Legate. If the PCs failed to contain the potential riot at the docks, these malcontents are joined by others seeking vengeance. Every time the Father Legate attempts to leave the mansion, the crowd surges forward in an attempt to seize him (this rapidly becomes a popular entertainment and participation sport in the city and the mob's

numbers swell daily). At some stage during the proceedings, a group of 30 individuals tries to force its way into the mansion and dispense its own justice on the Father Legate.

Assassination!

However the main cause for concern should be assassination attempts on the Father Legate. The principal attempts will be made by Kellern posing as a member of the Honor Guard. His methods depend largely on the precautions taken by the PCs. Kellern is smart; he keeps a close eye on the PCs, assessing their strengths and weaknesses, and looking for gaps in the protections they arrange for the Father Legate.

Kellern is not aware of the protections carried and worn by the Father Legate and so his first attempts may be unsuccessful. Such attempts may include:

- * Firing on the Father Legate, while he meditates in the main guest room (area 11), with his *crossbow of accuracy* +3 and using his *ring of invisibility* to make good his escape. Such an attack is likely to kill the Father Legate (but only temporarily as his *ring of regeneration* will save him).

- * Casting *fire trap* on the door to the guest room. In such a case, it will not be the Father Legate who opens the door first (one of the PCs perhaps?).

- * Poisoning food from the kitchens. If the PCs develop some elaborate scheme that prevents Kellern from knowing which portion is to go to the Father Legate, he simply poisons all of it and goes without food himself that night. The Father Legate's *periapt against poison* will save him here if the food reaches him.

Ultimately, Kellern wants to avoid detection, but if all his covert efforts are frustrated, he may be forced to blow his cover and go for an all-out assault (first dispatching the rest of the Honor Guard to reduce the potential opposition). Ideally, the assassination should be blamed on someone else, and if the opportunity presents itself, he will steal an offensive magical item from the PCs to use in the attack.

If the PCs clearly prevent Kellern from killing the Father Legate, they gain the Father's gratitude and an ally within the Brotherhood. The Father asks the PCs to name their own rewards of a minor magical nature—these items arrive at the PCs' lodgings in 2d4 weeks.

VERBEEG of the Gnarley Forest

Terrain: Forest

Total Party Levels: 36 (Average 6th)

Total gp: 12,615

Monster XP:

Set Up

* The PCs are approached by a young LG ranger asking for help in finding the monsters in the Gnarley Forest that have been hunting and killing unicorns for their horns. The ranger has been able to track the humanoids to the general area of their lair and wants help slaying them.

* The PCs learn (through thief contacts, traders in Greyhawk or Dyvers or other cities nearby) that in the Gnarley Forest there is a supplier of unicorn horns, much in demand with alchemists. The PCs could perhaps gain much gold by finding this forest-dweller, slaying him, and taking the horns he keeps. A suitable mercenary NPC from the DM's campaign can offer to guide the PCs to the general area of the verbeeg lair (in return for a slice of the profits).

* The PCs are traveling through the Gnarley Forest, looking for the legendary Temple of Elemental Evil, when they encounter a hunting group of verbeeg en route.

The Lair

The group of 11 verbeeg dwells in a huge mound of earth and vegetation, once the home of a green dragon. If the PCs know of the general area in which it is located, they can find the precise location of the lair by tracking, using a spell, such as *speak with animals* to inquire of the local wildlife, or by following the verbeeg after the PCs have been attacked. Obviously, encounters with other hostile denizens of the ill-reputed Gnarley Forest can take place en route as the DM wishes.

The verbeeg do not simply sit in their lair and wait for the PCs to come and get them. The PCs initially encounter a group of three verbeeg that are out hunting game in the forest. These giants attack, hoping to kill one or two of the small folk (to them!) and drive the others off so

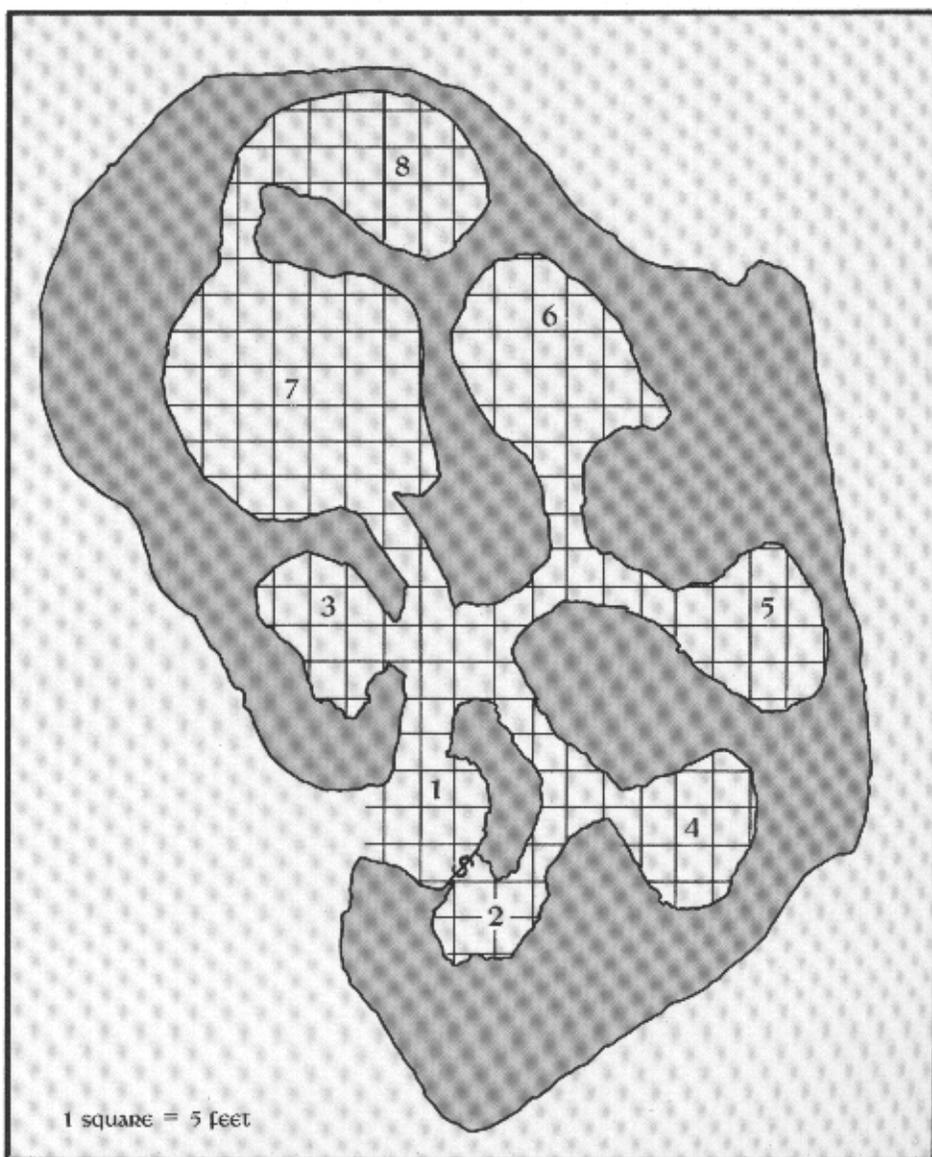
they can feast on human flesh.

Verbeeg (3): AC 4; MV 18; HD 5+5; hp 31, 33 (20, 27); THAC0 15; #AT 1 spear or 2 hand-held weapons; Dmg by weapon type +3; SA throw spears; Int Average; AL NE; SZ L (9' tall); XP 420 each

Each of this group is armed with four throwing spears. They can throw them one per round up to 60 yards. The spears hit for 1d6 + 3 points of damage. The verbeeg are dexterous and skilled at throwing the spears in forest settings! In meleé

combat, the verbeeg use a battle axe (dmg 1d8+3) and a large club (dmg 1d10+3).

A morale check should be made for survivors after one of the group has been slain by the PCs. The DM may choose to have one of the giants run away directly toward the lair of the other verbeeg; given its high movement rate and knowledge of this area of the forest, the PCs can only pursue it, not catch it (in all likelihood). Thus, the pursuit leads to the lair of the giants.



The Dragon Mound

The inside of the structure is shown on the accompanying map. From the outside it appears to be a very large and overgrown barrow-mound, with shrubs and large saplings growing atop it, clinging vines, small rocks scattered about, and the like. Small piles of refuse—animal bones, cooking scraps, ashes—are strewn around outside, strongly suggesting habitation. If even one round is spent observing the mound, a plume of blue smoke can be seen rising from directly above the center of Area 7 within the mound. This rises through a three-inch-diameter hole above the fire within.

Area 1 is the only entrance to the lair. Attempts to draw the verbeeg out by missile fire or spells are not successful; the giants are too smart for this. A party entering Area 1 will be subject to attack from at least two directions. There is always at least one verbeeg guard in Area 2 and another in Area 3, who attack the rear and front of the party respectively.

Area 2 has a "secret door" that is actually a thick flap of vegetation (with a small viewing hole not visible from outside) that can be pushed aside to allow passage. This takes one round, but it requires a Strength of at least 18. The two young male verbeeg on guard in Areas 2 and 3 are strong and vigilant, and fight with two weapons (hand axe and club) although each has a pile of four throwing spears available nearby.

Verbeeg Guards (2): AC 4; MV 18; HD 5+5; hp 33, 25; THAC0 15; #AT 2; Dmg 1d6+4/1d8+4; SA throw spears; Int Average; AL NE; SZ L; XP 420

Although these guards have only average Intelligence, they are cunning and well-drilled in the defense of their lair. When a party enters, the guard in Area 3 immediately shouts for help. Full movement rate is not usually possible within the mound, but the giants in Area 7 can arrive in one round, and all others arrive one round later. The exception is Brandreth the Wily, who takes time to cast spells (see below for his actions).

Area 4 is a food storage chamber that contains food, ropes, spare spears, nets, and snares. There is nothing magical or of particular value here. However, the oldest male of the tribe—Bergredth, father of Brandreth—sits here most times whittling at wood with a sharp knife (treat as short sword).

An ugly old giant with a mostly bald head and rotted stumps of teeth, Ber-

gredth has a special hatred of dwarves since one hewed him within an inch of his life—the old giant still limps from the wounds he took then. He attacks any PC dwarf he can get at. If there is no PC dwarf, he attacks a gnome or halfling instead.

Bergredth, Old Verbeeg: AC 3 (thick leather); MV 9; HD 5+5; hp 22; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6+3; Int Average; AL NE; SZ L; XP 420

Area 5 was used to house the two pets of the giants, a pair of worgs. It is thus bare of decor and smells of wolves. However, both animals recently died of a distemper-like disease. One has been buried, but the other has only just died, and a young male giant sits hugging the body and sobbing (giants have feelings too).

Because of his emotional state, this giant is 50% likely to surrender to the PCs, and 50% likely to attack in a blind frenzy, worsening his AC but gaining a +2 bonus to his attack rolls and increasing the damage he does (AC and Dmg values in parentheses should be used for the giant in a frenzy).

Grieving Verbeeg: AC 4 (6); MV 18; HD 4+1; hp 18; THAC0 17; #AT 2; Dmg 1d2+3 (+5)/1d2+3 (+5) with fists; Int Average; AL NE; SZ M; XP 175

Area 6 houses two other young verbeeg, with the same stats as the one above, save that these do not attack in a frenzy. They do, however, both have clubs with which they can attack, and thus strike twice per round, each attack being for 1d6+3 points of damage. These young are 75% likely to cower away from any fight and only 25% likely to rush to attack intruders. One is male, one is female. Their chamber has straw bedding, some worked baskets and containers made of woven reeds on which they have been working, and minor decorations—nothing valuable or important.

Area 7 is the communal living room, with several piles of straw and reed bedding, a fire in a circle of stones, a metal-tipped rod to clear the smoke-hole beside it, a small table with utensils and work tools, and similar functional decor.

There are always some pans of soup and gruel boiling on the fire, and these giants are wily enough to use these as area-effect missiles. Each pot, if thrown, results in scalding hot liquid splashing any PC hit for 2d6 points of damage, and anyone within five feet suffers 1d4 points of

damage also. The giants then fight with hand weapons; each one has a spear and a club nearby to use as melee weapons. Those here may have their numbers increased by any of the verbeeg that returned from the hunting party.

Verbeeg (5): AC 4; MV 18; HD 5+5; hp 24 each; THAC0 15; #AT 2; Dmg 1d8+3/1d6+3; Int Average; AL NE; SZ L; XP 420 each

Area 8 is home to Brandreth the Wily, the shaman of this small group. Brutishly strong, this creature has a magical *ring of invisibility* (which he uses when hunting) and also *boots of varied tracks*, which he uses to confuse anyone trying to trail him (often by leaving man-sized humanoid footprints).

He becomes invisible before coming out to attack, but he also casts *protection from good* and *prayer* spells to assist him (and his group). He uses a huge two-handed flail that inflicts terrible damage due to its metal-studded thongs and his exceptional Strength.

Brandreth the Wily, Tribal Shaman: AC 2 (thick furs); MV 18; HD 5+5; hp 40; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 2d6+8; SA throws spears; SD *ring of invisibility*; Int Very; AL NE; SZ L; XP 975; Spells (as 5th-level priest): *darkness*, *protection from good*, *hold person*, *silence 15' radius*, *prayer*

Area 8 also contains the group's treasure, in a locked chest trapped with a lethal poison needle trap (Brandreth has the key). This contains bags with 185 gp, 1,940 gp, and 7,000 sp; a silver casket with inlaid beryls and tourmalines (worth 400 gp) containing six gems worth 500 gp each; three long swords of elven design, one being a *long sword +2*; *potions of fire resistance* and *juju zombie control*, and a *shield +1* of elven design that belonged to a fallen warrior of a noble house of Celene (a PC with the Heraldry proficiency can identify this or it can be identified in any major city). If this were to be returned to his relatives, a reward would be paid, contacts made and adventures might ensue.

Finally, the chest also contains three unicorn horns, each worth 2,000 gp to an alchemist. Good-aligned PCs who refuse to sell them, but seek instead to return them to unicorns for burial (or bury them while holding a prayer service, etc.) receive an XP bonus equal to their cash value.

Mayhem at the World's End

Terrain: Tavern

Total Party Levels: 36 (Average 6th)

Total gp: 7,500

Monster XP: 1,905

Set Up

* The PCs are approached by a merchant from the Bandit Kingdoms who offers them 1,000 gp apiece to disrupt a meeting between a rival weapons supplier and an important customer. He wants his rival done away with, and the customer brought to him for interrogation.

* The PCs are approached by the powers-that-be in Greyhawk City (or Urnst, Furyondy, etc.). They want the supply of Bandit Kingdom weapons headed south to an unnamed power (the Scarlet Brotherhood) stopped, and are willing to pay the PCs to kill or capture the dealer and his customer.

The Lair

The meeting of Reiken Sarios, an assassin, and Ragnar Gundersson takes place in the World's End Tavern, a notorious establishment in the worst part of the city. Many areas within the tavern are keyed on the map without elaboration below (such as the kitchens, bathrooms, linen store, etc.). You can add details here as you need easily enough. Details are given here for important areas and the NPCs inside them.

Important events are given for the evening when the PCs turn up to find out about the meeting between the weapons supplier and his customer. You may adjust the timing of important events to add dramatic impact and to mess up the carefully laid plans of the PCs. Just when the PCs have devised some ingenious plan for getting into the meeting (e.g., a burly male fighter PC taking in a tray of ales disguised as a serving wench), you can throw them a curve (by having Sir Semillon Rallintane of Willip pinch the rump of the "strapping serving wench" as he arrives to confront his wife).

Also, detailed profiles are given only

for major NPCs. You can add richness by detailing minor NPCs if you wish.

The PCs must make careful and subtle inquiries to find out what exactly is going on here. There are no signs posted to say who is meeting whom and doing what in the World's End, and they may have to talk to serving girls, offensively drunk customers, crotchety deaf misers, a troll, and the like, to find out just where the meeting is. They cannot just use gross violence. There is a City Watch patrol in this area, although it's slow to turn up. PCs have to use hit-and-run tactics after finding where Sarios and Gundersson are meeting and striking at them.

The Watch will not disturb a fight with Sarios, but it turns up fast if the PCs attack ordinary folk.

Area 2. The Main Bar: This is decorated with trophies of the landlord Hendrik Fardrin's many hunting trips to the far north—the "World's End" after which the tavern is named. Twin yeti heads flank a winter wolf's head and tail, and a stuffed remorhaz head in a glass case is a good conversation piece.

The place is always full of drunks, smoke, beer and ale, and lowlife. Hendrik and his barmen, Hargreth and Corroben, keep good order; the presence of Hendrik's *two-handed sword* +3, *frostbrand*



above the bar helps in this respect. Hendrik is a 7th-level fighter with 50 hp, while Hargreth and Corroben are 3rd-level fighters with 18 hp. Each wears studded leather, has 17 Strength, and is of neutral alignment. The barmen use clubs as weapons.

Hendrik knows what's going on in all the private rooms here. The barmen know some of this; you should determine how much they know (they won't know much in the way of detail), and under what conditions they talk about this. Similarly, one or two folk in the main bar, or the small bar (Area 10) inhabited by old fogies, may know a smattering of scandal about the place. A very deaf, very crotchety old woman with an incontinent dog knows that a "jennulman from Furryyondy is cummin' 'ere later, a real noble jennulman," because she knows the chambermaid at the Mansion Hotel where he is staying, to whom he mentioned that he has important business here later tonight. Work up hints, have fun giving the PCs some fact and some embellished nonsense.

Area 11. The Private Bar: Here priests of Olidammara are having a Fun Night. A steady stream of ale, wines, huge trays of steaming sausages and pies, minstrels, dancing girls, serving wenches, and jesters pour into the room. Very merry priests emerge at regular intervals to use the bathroom.

You are strongly urged to populate this area with lots of CN priests whose main desire (apart from self-indulgence) is to enjoy themselves at the expense of strangers and foreigners by (mostly) harmless pranks and spell usage.

Stair Guards: At the top of each flight of stairs sits a large, bored man wearing studded leather, with club and dagger. He does not admit people upstairs without good reason—gambling, a liaison with one of the good-time girls of the house, etc. This requires the OK of the landlord or a barman. Each bouncer is a 5th-level fighter with 18/80 Strength and 55 hit points, not to be tangled with lightly. They may be bribeable (DM option).

Area 13. Gambling Den: Five ordinary folk (3rd-level fighters in studded leather with short swords) are playing card games here, with a chum who got polymorphed in physical form (but not mentally) into a troll. He likes being a troll. OK, you don't get the girls, but nobody picks a fight with you, and you can pull your own legs off for a party trick

quite safely. At some stage during the evening the troll decides that one of his chums has cheated and he gets angry and disgruntled, and drunk, then shouts, and finally get really hostile with anyone in the way. The troll has 25 hp but is otherwise a standard troll.

Areas 14 and 18. Boudoirs: Ladies of the house do their entertaining here. The important point is that a stream of girls and visitors are entering and leaving these rooms at fairly regular intervals so just hanging around in the corridors, etc., cannot go undetected for long.

Area 17. The Wicked Lady: Here, Lady Fiona Rallintane is meeting her lover Hegar Mageddis for a tryst. Unfortunately, her husband Sir Semillon Rallintane of Willip has found out about this and arrives at some point during the evening with a pair of thugs in tow (4th-level fighters with studded leather and clubs) to give Hegar a good beating. This is prefaced by a loud admonition in his unfortunately lispng voice ("You've been willingly wawished by this wascal, my deawest"), which everyone nearby will hear and either come out to watch or jeer. Also, Hegar is an 8th-level fighter (AC 6 in studded leather, 47 hp, his *long sword +1* by his side) with *gauntlets of ogre power* that he slips on before throwing Semillon's thugs (followed by Semillon) down the stairs. If there's a PC around, Semillon offers at least 1,000 gp for giving Hegar a thrashing.

Area 21. The Major Action: There are guards in each of rooms 19 and 20, in the service of Ragnar Gundersson, who emerge at the least sign of trouble.

Guards (2): AC 4 (chain and shield); MV 12; F4; hp 20, 27; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (long sword); AL NE; XP 120 each

In the main suite, Sarios and his female traveling companion Sharmel Tautasi are discussing supply, times, prices, and the like of weapons to be shipped to the Scarlet Brotherhood. Sarios wants hundreds of top-quality swords, bows, and the like. Why he wants them, and the details of the deal, can be adjusted to the circumstances of ongoing campaigns.

Reiken Sarios, Thief (originally fighter): AC 2/0 (*leather armor +2*, *boots of speed* reduce AC by -2 outdoors only); MV 12; F7/T5; hp 54; THAC0 18; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d8 +6/1d12 +6 (*long sword +2*) or 1d4 +4 (*dagger of venom*); Str 18/72, Dex 18,

Con 17, Int 14, Wis 9, Cha 11; AL LE; SA triple damage on backstab, thief skills; SD thief skills; XP 975; Thieving skills: PP50, OL 50, FT 40, MS 45, HS 40, DN 20, CW 80, RL 25; Other magical items carried: *ring of free action*, *potion of fire breath* (small dose for 3d4 points of damage only)

Sharmel Tautasi: AC 3 (*leather armor +1*); MV 12; T5; hp 25; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 +1 (*short sword +1*); Str 13, Dex 18, Con 15, Int 11, Wis 16, Cha 15; AL L(N)E; SA triple damage on backstab, thief skills; SD *potion of invisibility* (5 sips); XP 420; Thieving skills: PP50, OL 50, FT 40, MS 45, HS 40, DN 20, CW 80, RL 25

Ragnar Gundersson, Bandit: AC 3 (*chain mail +2*); MV 12 and special (*winged boots*); F6; hp 41; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4 +4/1d6 +5 (*broad sword +1*); Str 18/08, Dex 9, Con 17, Int 14, Wis 11, Cha 13; AL CE; XP 270; Magical items carried: *potion of speed*, *scroll of protection from paralyzation*

Briefly, Reiken is 31, 5' 11", with black hair and brown eyes, of strong build; Sharmel is 28, 5' 8", with light auburn hair, green eyes, and of slender build; Rangar is 25, 6' 4", with light blond hair and blue-grey eyes and is built like a brick outhouse.

Reiken has a coffer with a down payment for the weaponry (some of which is to be magical); this contains 1,500 pp. If you wish, Reiken may also have a note from Alesh Marin (see *GREYHAWK® Adventures*) authorizing payment of these Scarlet Brotherhood funds to him, which can initiate further adventures!

These three do their best to slay any intruders; they are alert and vigilant. After a little melee, they try to get outside (through the windows, with climb walls ability and *winged boots*), so that they can sip at the *potion of invisibility* and backstab PCs coming out to pursue them. These three are vengeful, violent people; once the PCs attack, they had best defeat these three or they will never be seen alive again!

Either the PCs down these wily conspirators at the first attempt, or these evil characters will return with help to slay the PCs later. (This could be the start of an interesting long-term relationship!)

A Far Cry from the Swamp

Terrain: City of Greyhawk
Total Party Levels: 36 (Average 6th)
Total gp: Variable
Monster XP: 4,210

Set Up

* People have been disappearing from the docks at night. While this is a fairly common occurrence in the Free City, the disappearances are becoming more and more frequent and the authorities want them stopped. A reward of 100 gp has been posted for the apprehension of the culprits.

* The Dockers' and Wharfmen's Union is threatening to strike unless the safety of their membership can be guaranteed while they work at night. The PCs are asked by representatives of the Merchants' and Traders' Union to provide security for the night-workers.

* Patrols of the Nightwatchmen's Union have been attacked by fearsome beasts in the docks. The Nightwatchmen are looking for adventurers to bolster up their patrols in the area and put an end to these attacks.

A group of scraggs is responsible for the recent attacks in the docks. Driven out of their home in the marshes farther down the Selintan River, the scraggs found a new lair in the basement of an abandoned warehouse. The scraggs are none too bright and are not aware that their continued depredations will draw attention to themselves. As far as they are concerned, their new lair is ideal as it has a source of readily available food, for both themselves and their offspring, within easy reach.

The Scraggs and the Warehouse

The old warehouse has been abandoned for some time—ever since its owner, a wealthy merchant, mysteriously disappeared. The DM should choose a location on the city map for the warehouse. Its actual location is not particularly important, but it should be on the waterfront away from too much night time activity. The warehouse itself was con-

structed with smuggling in mind and was used for this purpose right up to the unfortunate demise of its last owner. The sewer outlet that opens beneath the wharves has a removable grill that allows small skiffs to be poled down the sewer into the secret pool beneath the warehouse. It is down here that the scraggs have set up their lair.

If the PCs are providing security for the Dockers' and Wharfmen's Union, their first encounter with the scraggs is late at night, when two of the scraggs venture out of their lair in search of food. They lurk under the wharf waiting for someone to venture close enough to the edge for them to grab him.

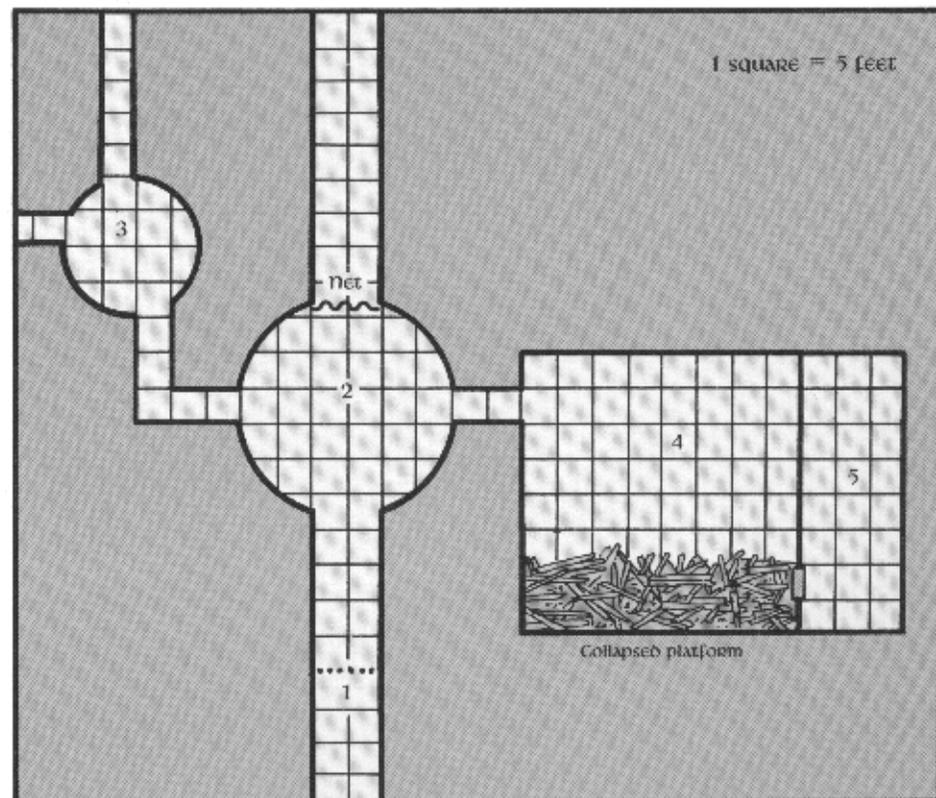
The first indication of the attack is a startled scream from the unfortunate victim followed by a loud splash as the scraggs and their prey crash into the water below the wharf. The scraggs do not like venturing too far from the water as they are incredibly slow on land and realize that they are at a tremendous tactical disadvantage (also they can only regenerate

while in contact with water). They have thus learned that they must ambush their prey. If they have no luck lurking under the wharves, they will try to slip to some other suitable place of concealment on the wharves (behind bales, stacks of crates, barrels, etc.) and try to grab passers-by.

If the PCs are patrolling the wharf on their own, then the scraggs attack them if they venture too close to the hiding-place. The scraggs always try to grapple and incapacitate their prey long enough for them to get to the water where the advantage is distinctly theirs. Once in the water they attack their victim, either killing him or rendering him unconscious before hauling the body back to their lair to be devoured.

Male Scraggs (2): AC 3; MV 3, Sw 15; HD 5+5; hp 40, 38; THAC0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 1d4+1/1d4+1/3d4; SA multiple targets in combat; SD regeneration; Int Semi-; AL C(E); SZ M; XP 650 each

The PCs can be lured back to the scraggs' lair following the attack or they



can begin investigations of their own that eventually lead them to the abandoned warehouse. The warehouse itself is singularly unspectacular. Like most warehouses in this area it is fairly dilapidated, except that this one has been boarded up and hung with signs reading "Danger! Keep Out! Unsafe Structure."

The warehouse should really have been pulled down long ago, but the authorities in the Free City are notoriously slow in taking action, and there has been some complicated legal wrangling on the part of the absent merchant's relatives and potential beneficiaries from his will (even though no proof of his death has yet come to light).

The warehouse is built on two levels above the wharves and no one, except a few smugglers in the Thieves' Guild and some of the more dubious merchants in the Merchants' and Traders' Union, knows of the secret basement. There are no windows on the ground floor. There is a back door (boarded up) down the alley at the side of the warehouse. This leads to a corridor that runs the length of the building and also grants access to the small office at the rear of the warehouse.

Beneath the old desk in the office there is a trap door that opens into the secret storeroom in the basement below (see Area 5). A ladder was once used to climb back and forth between levels but this is now long gone. The drop from the trap door to the floor of the room is only some 15 feet and shouldn't be too much of an obstacle for the PCs.

The area of floor surrounding the office in the main part of the warehouse looks distinctly unsafe—and indeed it is! Any weight in excess of 500 gp will cause part of it to collapse, precipitating a fall down into the secret dock below, which the scraggs now use as their lair (see Area 4). PCs unfortunate enough to take the plunge here are immediately leapt upon and attacked by the scraggs.

The Lair

Area 1: This is one of the main sewer outlets that opens under the wharves. The grill here is hinged to allow access by smugglers. Scraggs being pursued by the PCs do not think to close the grill, but normally the scraggs make sure that the grill is kept closed, not necessarily to avoid unwarranted attention but to catch items that may slip by their catch-nets in area 2, and also to prevent any of the Sellintan River's numerous predators from finding their lair.

Area 2: This circular junction chamber is constantly guarded by one of the scraggs. The scraggs have rigged up an old fisherman's net over the main sewer entering this chamber to catch any interesting debris that may be washed down from the city. This chamber is filled with water up to three feet deep (no Dexterity bonus to AC, and -1 penalty to attack rolls). Although the leeches in Area 3 have found troll blood to be distinctly unappetizing, they are attracted by any disturbance or commotion in the water (such as combat) and swim down to attack.

Male Scrag (1): AC 3; MV 3, Sw 15; HD 5 + 5; hp 32; THAC0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 1d4 + 1/1d4 + 1/3d4; SA multiple targets in combat; SD regeneration; Int Semi-; AL C(E); SZ M; XP 650

If the PCs have already fought the scrag who attacked on the wharves, any surviving scraggs join the scrag here to repel intruders.

The entrance to the secret pool beneath the warehouse is behind a concealed door that has been disguised to look like the surrounding brickwork. This door is hinged so that pressure on the outside causes it to swivel, revealing the short corridor to the pool.

Area 3: This sewer junction is the lair of a pack of giant leeches. As mentioned above, they are attracted by fighting in the water in Area 2, but otherwise are encountered here. The leeches have no treasure.

Giant Leeches (6): AC 9; MV 3; HD 2; hp 9 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4;

SA blood drain; Int Non-; AL N; SZ S; XP 120 each

Area 4: The secret pool beneath the abandoned warehouse is now the home of two female scraggs and their offspring (however, if the PCs have entered this area during daylight through the warehouse, the two male scraggs who hunt on the docks are also here—unless, of course they were killed in a previous encounter). The chamber is filled with water three feet deep. A partially collapsed wooden landing stage runs along one wall linking with the door from the secret chamber below the warehouse office. The female scraggs are fanatical in defense of their offspring (who also join in, nipping attackers). If the mother scrag are killed, the scragglings try to escape; if captured alive, they fetch a good price in the city!

Mother Scraggs (2): AC 3; MV 3, Sw 15; HD 5 + 5; hp 30, 25; THAC0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 1d4 + 1/1d4 + 1/3d4; SA multiple targets in combat; SD regeneration; Int Semi-; AL C(E); SZ M; XP 650 each

Scragglings (2): AC 5; MV Sw 15; HD 2; hp 12, 10; THAC0 19; #AT 3; Dmg 1d2/1d2/2d4; SD regeneration; Int Semi-; AL C(E); SZ S; XP 120 each

The scraggs have no particular interest in treasure, but by searching among the bones and general debris on the surface of the pool, the PCs can amass what treasure has found its way into the chamber, either from the scraggs' victims, from debris caught in the net in Area 2, or simply dropped in the days when the pool was used for smuggling: 20 pp, 150 gp, 750 sp, 600 cp, two gems (worth 250 gp and 50 gp), a *ring of mind shielding*, a *gem of seeing*, a *scarab of protection*, a *shield +1*, a *spear +3*, and a *dagger +2, longtooth*.

Area 5: The secret storeroom still contains some of the merchandise stored here when the warehouse was in operation. There are six bales of fine (though slightly musty) Celenian silk (worth 1,000 gp a bale), two crates of fine broadswords (10 to a crate, worth 30 gp apiece), and eight casks of fine brandy from the Duchy of Urnst (250 gp each).

The Griffon Hunt

Terrain: Desert, Mountains
Total Party Levels: 42 (Average 7th)
Total gp: Variable
Monster XP:4,520

Set Up

* The PCs learn from an animal trainer that griffons nest in the hills ringing the Bright Desert, and their eggs are highly valuable—2,000 gp each!

* The PCs hear rumors of a ruined city in the Bright Desert, which the Flan nomads might speak of for a price. It is rumored to contain emeralds beyond price (this is all lies, but it gets the PCs into the area of the adventure).

The Lair

The nests of the griffons are in the hills surrounding the Bright Desert. It is possible to get to them by traveling through the Nariss Pass and across some 40 miles of desert. The griffons nest within a small cave complex on a plateau aerie, as the map shows. However, the PCs are in for some excitement before they get there.

The DM should use the *Wilderness Survival Guide* rules for desert travel. If this volume isn't available, rule that PCs cannot wear anything bulkier than chain mail in the desert without frying (and chain must be worn under a robe, and even then can only be tolerated if the PC has a mount and does not have to suffer the exertion of walking). Inflict exhaustion, heatstroke, coma, and death on any PC who tries marching through a desert in plate mail!

The Shark Fishermen

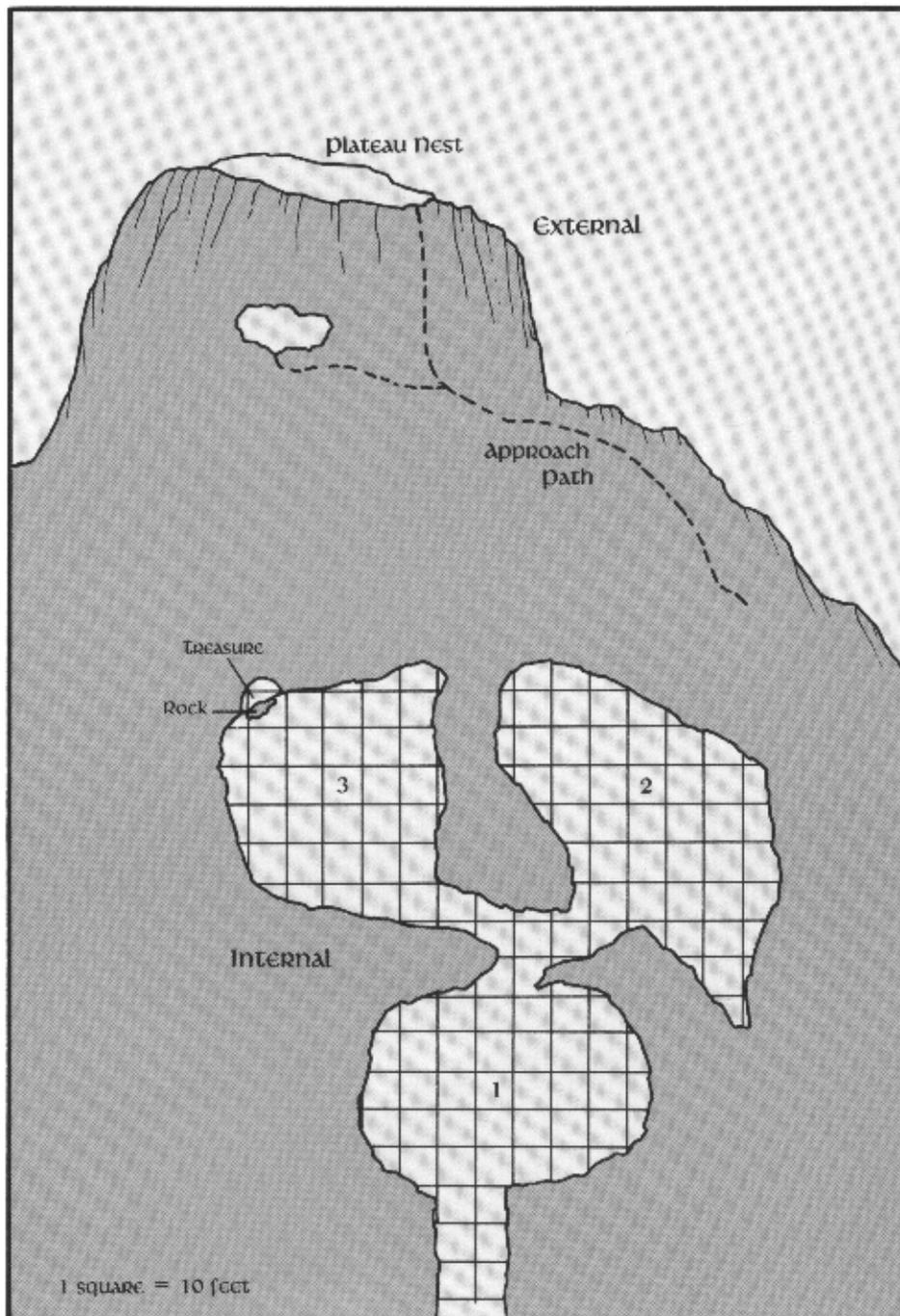
The PCs see a strange boat gliding along the sand toward them. It has ski-like runners that enable it to glide along the sand, a huge sail (which radiates magic if checked for), and—at the rear of the small, longship-like vessel—a very hefty fishing rod with wire-like line trailing a dead jackal behind the boat. The vessel stops suddenly and the men inside greet the PCs cheerfully.

The younger, fair-haired man aboard

the vessel introduces himself (to a paladin PC, or the highest-Charisma PC or the most obviously refined-looking) as Sir Jesper Colquhoun of Veluna, and he is very proud of his magical skimmer (as he calls his vessel). Sir Jesper is out doing a bit of landshark fishing. He was assured

that the bottle of gunk he poured over the jackal bait was irresistible to landsharks.

Sir Jesper is a typical Velunese Knight—a ninny. No, he hasn't been landshark fishing before—it isn't really that dangerous is it? Fortunately the darker, middle-aged Flan nomad with him, Muhari Haraddin, is a



more practical and sensible man. He quietly picks up conversation with a thief (or similar) PC out of earshot.

"It's all right. He's a complete twerp, but his gold is good, and everybody knows there aren't any landsharks around here." Obvious cue for landshark to arrive. The massive thing just bursts through the sand (its prospective victims suffer a +4 penalty to their surprise roll). It attacks the PCs as Sir Jesper and Muhari leap back in their boat.

Landshark: AC -2/4/6; MV 14, Br 3; HD 9; THAC0 11; #AT 3; Dmg 4d12/3d6/3d6; SA 8' jump attack with all 4 feet for 3d6 each (but no bite); Int Animal; AL N; SZ L; XP 2,000

When the sand settles, Sir Jesper and Muhari make sheepish noises and leave quickly; their vessel travels at 48 so they evade any pursuing PCs. The PCs can chop up the landshark looking for treasure if they wish, but it has none; its stomach was empty.

Approaching the Lair

When the PCs get within ten miles of the lair, they receive a visit from a pair of aarakocra (birdmen). The birdmen are nervous about approaching the PCs and circle the party outside spell range to gauge their reactions. If the PCs seem peaceful the birdmen land and ask the PCs for help. They say that griffons attack and kill their people for food, and they want the PCs to track down the griffons and put a stop to this.

The aarakocra can offer useful information in return for the PCs agreeing to dispose of some griffons. They know where the leaders of the griffons live, especially dominant and aggressive males who bully the other griffons about. If asked, the aarakocra affirm that these males have most of the females with them (and therefore most of the eggs, of course).

The aarakocra show the PCs to the caves of the griffons. They can bring 12 aarakocra to help the PCs in combat if desired, but the birdmen are no match for griffons and this should be allowed only if the PC party is weak. However, an aarakocra shaman can be made available to cast *cure light wounds* spells for PCs after the combat is over.

Approaching the hilltop lair of the dominant griffons is not difficult, but for the final 200 yards or so progress can only be made along a fairly clearly defined ascending path with little rock cover. Anyone on this path is obviously visible to the two griffons on the aerie nest and the bef-

fon in the cave mouth unless the cover of invisibility of some form is available. Even if invisibility is used, movement rate is reduced to 6 here, and each round the griffons have a 10% chance of noticing the sound of a large stone falling off the path as the PCs march along, or scenting the approach of the PCs.

If the PCs are noticed, the three griffons take to the air clutching rocks and drop these on the PCs (1d6 points of damage, with a -4 penalty to the attack roll while the PCs stay invisible, if they are so) for 2d8 points of damage. A griffon can land, pick up a rock, take to the air, and be ready for another dump in a total of two rounds.

Meantime, the other males inside the cave complex move to the entrance and emerge one per round, using the same rock-dropping strategy, leaving only one male behind. If a griffon rolls a natural 20, the rock strikes a PC for automatic full damage and the PC must roll a successful Dexterity check or slither 10d6 feet down the slope beside the path, suffering 1d6 points of additional damage for every 20 feet of sliding (round up). One griffon will break off the rock-dropping to pursue and attack such an isolated PC.

The rock-dropping strategy lasts until the PCs get within 60 feet of the cave entrance; at this point, the griffons land to attack and fight fiercely. They retreat back into the caves after three or more have been killed by the PCs (unless the PCs have also suffered severe damage or casualties).

Griffon Males (6): AC 3; MV 12, Fl 30 (C); HD 7; hp 52, 50, 44, 43, 42, 37; THAC0 13; #AT 3; Dmg 1d4/1d4/2d8; Int Semi-; AL N; SZ L; XP 420 each

Note that one of these males does not come out to fight and remains in the caves at all times.

The Griffon Caves

The plateau aerie is an old nest, not used, and contains no eggs, although it does have a scattering of coins (13 pp, 72 gp, 30 ep, 40 sp, 100 cp) among the feathers and twigs.

Inside the caves, the griffons are distributed (initially) as follows: one male guarding the entrance to Area 1; two males in Area 2; one male in Area 3. There are also two females in Area 2 and one female in Area 3. The female griffons have the same stats as the males, but with 35, 32 and 37 hp, respectively.

When the griffons retreat to the caves after a PC attack, they divide equally be-

tween Areas 2 and 3. Given the placement of these two areas, the PCs will find it very difficult to avoid fighting on two fronts. The PCs may well make a tactical retreat, but if they do this the griffons follow, save for the young and the single female in Area 3.

The young of the griffons are in Area 3 with a single female who protects them jealously. There is a month-old fledgling (2 HD, 12 hp, no effective attacks) and two eggs, and something no one could have expected—a skinny, filthy little girl, who cowers from the PCs, clinging to the breast feathers of the female griffon. The female fights with a +4 bonus to its attack and damage rolls if the PCs attack the fledgling or steal the eggs here.

If the PCs do not attempt to take the eggs or fledgling, but try to talk to the child, she is very nervous but at some stage will converse with them. The griffons killed a small nomad group she was with and she was brought here, where the "Mummy bird" has protected her. Little Hanni doesn't much care for raw meat—hence her emaciated state—and would like to return to human society. But she does not want "Mummy bird" hurt, nor does she want to see the fledgling or the eggs taken.

Good-aligned PCs should be shamed by this into leaving the female griffon and her young alone, if they have killed off the predatory and aarakocra-slaying males. If they do, Hanni cautiously moves along the cave to the point marked on the map and rolls back a rock to reveal a gap in the wall, where treasure has been hidden (because it appeared pretty to the griffons, not because they had any idea of its value). The female backs away from the PCs, seemingly indicating that she doesn't care if the PCs take the treasure as long as they leave she and the fledgling and eggs unharmed.

This treasure is so well concealed that the PCs otherwise have but one-half the usual chances for finding secret doors for locating it.

The collected treasure here is a *bag of holding* (250 lb. capacity) from which spills some of its total of 720 pp, two *potions of rainbow hues* in superb crystal vials worth 60 gp each, and a pouch of gems (5 × 100 gp, 1 × 1,000 gp, 8 × 10 gp). This should be enough to recompense the PCs for forgoing eggs.

Little Hanni can be placed with an orphanage, or adopt a mummy or daddy within the PC group and refuse to be sent away without crying piteously.

The Swamp Hag

Terrain: Swamp/Jungle (Hepmonaland)
Total Party Levels: 42 (Average 7th)
Total gp: Variable
Monster XP: 2,960

Set Up

* The party is paid 1,000 gp each to protect a pair of merchants buying gold antiques from tribesfolk within the jungles of Hepmonaland.

* The party is paid a similar sum to accompany and protect a bored, rich Medegian noble who wants to "do research as sages do" on the people of Hepmonaland and their customs.

* The PCs are searching for fabulous treasures (learned of from a contact or map) deep within the steaming jungles.

In all cases, the immediate set up begins with the party being surrounded by a group of Hepmonaland tribesmen who politely ask for help.

An Invitation to Assist

To begin with, the PCs are entering swamp and jungle terrain. It is very hot, and very humid. You can apply rules from the *Wilderness Survival Guide* here for wearing armor and fatigue, and the like. If you do not have this book available, use a simple rule of thumb: nothing bulkier than simple leather armor is tolerable in the jungles. Anyone wearing anything heavier will keel over from heatstroke in very short order.

This encounter takes place on the border between the Pelisso Swamp and the central Hepmonaland jungle.

From the jungle around the PCs, black faces suddenly appear all around the party. Most of them have blowguns pointed right at the PCs. There are some 20 tribesmen visible, and probably more the PCs can't see. Make it very clear that if the PCs try to fight, they will be killed; the darts they can see have discolored tips. If the PCs have merchants with them, they say that this is a strange tribe, one they have never met before.

Assuming the PCs have the sense to stay fairly still and offer no offense, one of

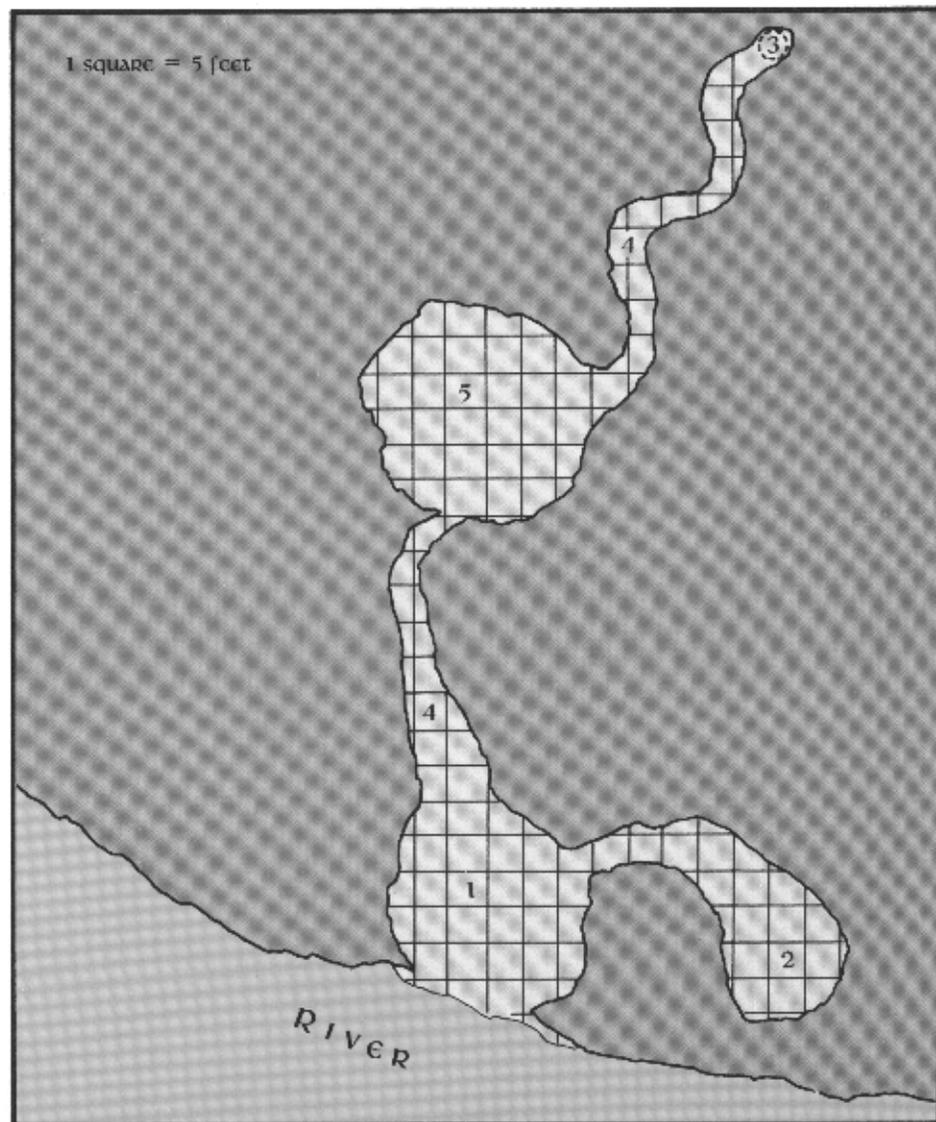
the natives steps forward.

He is dressed in a greed-dyed loin-cloth, carries a blowgun and wooden spear with a heat-hardened tip, and around his neck he has a leather thong bearing spectacular plumes of multi-colored bird feathers. He speaks in halting common, and does not (initially) respond to questions.

The leader, Javaero, begins with an impassioned short speech. "We no talk your words easy. We know you think we savages, you use this word. This not so. Fault is with you, not us. You no see who we are. We men too." Assuming the PCs

do not demur, Javaero quiets down a little after thus asserting the humanity of his people. "We ask help. Evil earth spirit come. Talk to creatures of water and earth. Kill our people. My father, the elders, they say we cannot harm earth spirit. They say hurt spirit is bad, we can do nothing. I know this wrong. I cannot disobey father and elders. But I can ask you to help. If you help, Javaero bring you gold and pearls. You fair-skins like pretty, worthless things. You do this?" Javaero is asking for the reply of the PCs.

The PCs may, not unreasonably, ask for extra information. They can learn that



the "earth spirit" is a human-sized creature, very ugly (but very rarely seen), which consumes human flesh. It seems to be able to speak with the creatures of the forest and swamp, for it has been seen riding a crocodile in swamp waters. A couple of blowgun users managed to strike it with darts, but the poison had no effect (the skin of the greenhag, for such is the monster, is too tough for the darts to penetrate).

The native people, a splinter group of the Kusvero tribe, can lead the PCs to the area where the earth spirit has been seen most frequently.

It is up to you how easily the PCs find the lair of the greenhag. It is hard to discover (see below) and you may want to add one or two minor encounters while the PCs are searching.

The Lair

This is shown in the accompanying map. Since it is located within thick jungle it is obviously very difficult to find. However, it is better to let the PCs search and find the main entrance to area 1 (or fall down the shaft at area 3) rather than have them see the greenhag and trail her—though this option can be used.

Area 1 is the entrance to the lair of the greenhag. It is located in the bank of the river that flows sluggishly through the jungle down into the swamp. Inside this watery entrance, the lair is protected by a giant crocodile that has been befriended by the greenhag using her *Speak with Monsters* ability. The croc is well submerged, with only its eyes above the water. Water depth here varies from five feet (center) to two feet (edges), and there is some air space between the ceiling and the water—about two to four feet.

Since there is some minor driftwood in this chamber, the crocodile's concealment causes a +5 penalty to the PCs' surprise roll when the croc attacks (there is only a 5% chance that the party spots the croc before he attacks, unless some special resource (such as a *gem of seeing*) is available. The cunning old croc does not attack until at least one PC has advanced well into the main body of the chamber.

Giant Crocodile: AC 4; MV 6, Sw 12; HD 7; hp 43; THAC0 13; #AT 2; Dmg 3d6/2d10; Int Animal; AL N; SZ L; XP 420

Obviously, the attacking croc makes a tremendous noise thrashing about in here; thus the greenhag is alerted to the presence of intruders.

Area 2 contains some minor treasures and items taken by the greenhag from its unfortunate victims—there are some human-sized bones, a few gnawed on, to suggest how these items came to be here. Among rusted iron and steel, and rotted leather, lie a large scattering of coins (70 pp, 120 gp, 200 ep, 100 sp, and 100 cp), a small pearl the greenhag missed worth 200 gp, a rusted silvered flask containing a dose of a *potion of water breathing*, and a bone tube with half a dozen scrolls of priest spells that have, alas, all molded into uselessness.

Area 3 is a nasty trap designed to double as an escape route. This is a pit covered by a hinged flap of vegetation, very cunningly made. Only a *find traps* or *detect snares and pits* or similar spell can reveal it to be present. Below is a ten-foot-deep cylindrical shaft with hand- and foot-holds clawed out of the hard earth. Anyone falling down the pit takes the usual 1d6 points of damage, plus a further 2d8 points of damage from a patch of wickedly sharp pointed wooden spikes set into the ground below (however, there is a two-foot-wide path within the spiked area enabling the greenhag to get here and run up to the handhold area quickly). Anyone falling down here is going to alert the greenhag to his presence.

Area 4 consists of two narrow tunnels, only three feet wide, and thus forces a party to travel in single file (precisely the intention).

Area 5 is the greenhag's living chamber, where it hides when it is expecting "company." This dry cave is decorated with crude ornamentation, a bed, table, and the like, all made of rushes and vines and strips of wood from the local trees. The greenhag appears as a shrivelled pygmy female (using her *change self* ability). It is surprised only on a 1 on 1d10. The greenhag's coloration and ability to camouflage itself mean that opponents' surprise rolls suffer a +5 penalty.

It tries to pin one PC in a tunnel so that the others cannot get into melee to help out. PCs may have to back out to prevent their lead fighter from being ripped to shreds!

If trapped in its lair, the greenhag may try to escape via Area 3 or to Area 1 and into the river, depending on where the

PCs are. It wants to slay and eat the PCs, if at all possible, however.

If the greenhag escapes through Area 3, she rushes 20 feet to a vine hanging from a tree, clambers some 15 feet up it, and gets atop a crude platform tree house (more accurately, just the ruins of one, since only the floor remains). A PC trying to clamber up after her must roll a successful Dexterity check with a -4 penalty (a thief may use his climb walls skill) or else be unable to ascend. If the PC fails, a second Dexterity check is rolled. If this is failed, the PC made a heroic effort and got nowhere. If this second check is successful, however, the PC clambered up about eight feet and then fell, suffering 1d4 points of damage.

The greenhag then calls in a keening wail to two of her monstrous friends, who arrive in 1d3 rounds. She uses *weakness* spells in the interim to weaken the PCs. The two banderlogs arrive swinging through the trees, armed with two retch plants apiece and throw them at PCs to make them sick and unable to fight. The banderlogs then drop down to fight with clubs and the greenhag comes down to fight after casting *invisibility* for an extra edge in the first round of combat.

Banderlogs (2): AC 6; MV 6, Cl 12; HD 4; hp 14, 22; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 + 1 or special (see below); SA retch plant globes (see below); Int Low; SZ S; XP 270 each

Each retch plant globe explodes in a five-foot radius, causing helpless vomiting for three rounds and halving Strength for one hour (no saving throw).

Greenhag: AC -3 (*ring of protection* +1); MV 12; HD 9; hp 43; THAC0 11; #AT 2; Dmg 1d2 + 6/1d2 + 6; SA/SD spell-like powers; Int Average; AL NE; SZ M; XP 2,000; Spell-like effects, 1 per round, at will: *audible glamor*, *dancing lights*, *invisibility*, *pass without trace*, *change self*, *speak with monsters*, *water breathing*, *weakness*

The greenhag carries her treasure in a small *bag of holding* she took from an adventurer victim; this contains a string of pearls worth 3,500 gp, a gold bracelet worth 450 gp, a pair of *gloves of thievery*, and a small jade statuette of a local tribal deity worth 1,500 gp. To this, Javaero will add two finely worked gold neck chains with pearl settings, each worth 2,000 gp, if the PCs are successful in slaying the greenhag.

The Sunken Temple

Terrain: Hills

Total Party Levels: 42 (Average 7th)

Total gp: 5,015

Monster XP: 25,800

Set Up

* The PCs are approached by a retired adventurer who has a "bona fide treasure map" for sale at the bargain price of 10 gp. The map shows the location of the entrance to a subterranean temple.

* While the PCs are traveling in the wilderness, an aged hermit offers to show them the entrance to a long-forgotten subterranean temple.

In both cases above, the retired adventurer or the hermit has been charmed by a spirit naga to lure low- to medium-strength adventurer parties to the temple for it to sacrifice or feed upon.

The Lair

The temple should be located in a subtropical hilly region far from civilization. Tsitanya, the spirit naga, and its attendant group of yuan ti (halfbreeds with snake heads and tails) took up residence in the sunken temple two years ago. Long deserted by its original occupants and partially flooded, Tsitanya has now established its own ceremonies and rituals to Beltar in the old temple. The naga's charmed agents ensure that it has a plentiful supply of food and sacrifices, and it also benefits from the sale of surplus magical items to representatives of the local humanoid tribes who dare to visit its lair.

Tsitanya, Spirit Naga: AC 4; MV 12; HD 10; hp 64; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 1d3 + special; SA poison bite, permanent charm ability, spell use; SD spell use; Int Very; AL CE; SZ L (15' long); XP 8,000; Spells: Wizard: *magic missile*, *grease*, *ventriloquism*, *invisibility*, *mirror image*, *lightning bolt*; Priest: *protection from good*, *cause fear*, *dust devil*.

Tsitanya lurks among the pillars in the upper half of the temple and wherever possible avoids being seen by the PCs,

making the most of available cover and the darkness beyond the PCs' light sources. Tsitanya has three *ioun stones*. The pearly white stone enables it to regenerate 1 hp of damage/turn, the pale lavender stone absorbs spells up to 4th level (16 more levels of spells can be absorbed before the stone burns out), and the vibrant purple stone stores the following spells: *protection from normal missiles*, *invisibility* (x2), *darkness 15' radius*, *hold portal*. Unfortunately (or fortunately for the PCs) there aren't too many magical items suitable for use by serpent-bodied monstrosities with no arms or legs.

Yuan ti halfbreeds (8): AC 4/0; MV 9, Sw 18; HD 8; hp 50 each; #AT 1 and 2; Dmg 1d8 (scimitar), 1d10 (bite), 1d4 (constriction). SA constriction; Int Genius; AL CE; SZ M; XP 2,000 each

All of the yuan ti adopt the same tactics while the PCs approach the main area of the temple. They refrain from mounting any all-out attacks on full-strength PC

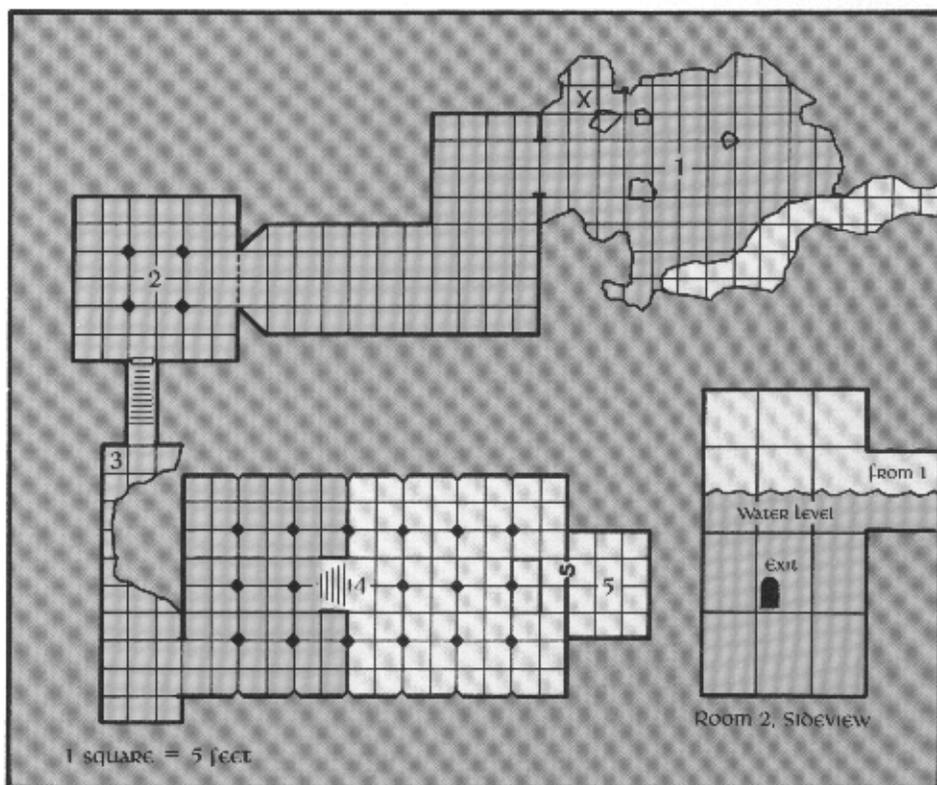
groups, preferring to gang up on individual PCs. They specifically pick on any PCs that venture away from the main party, especially spellcasters and elves.

They try to remain submerged at all times, only bursting from the water to attack for a single round before disappearing again beneath the waters and swimming away, ready for another attack. When attacking they strike first with their scimitars and then try to bite with their fangs.

When numbers and opportunity permit, they launch a series of concentrated attacks with pairs of yuan ti making lightning strikes alternately against different parts of the PCs' lineup.

Exploring the Temple

Much of the temple complex is now under water. Except where indicated, the water should be assumed to be chest-high on the average human (but over the head of dwarves and other diminutive demihumans). DMs should take note of the



rules for fighting in water in the *Wilderness Survival Guide* (page 85), but the listed penalties do not apply to the yuan ti, who are equally at home in water or on land. In addition, when necessary, DMs should also refer to the rules on swimming, pages 12 and 13 in the *Dungeoneer's Survival Guide*.

The temple is located at the far end of a narrow gorge. The gorge is thick with vegetation. There is a clearly defined track running up to a cleft in the rock face at the end of the gorge. This cleft in turn leads into a large cave.

Area 1. The Cave: The cave is partly submerged. The waters of this underground lake lap gently against a small shingle beach that extends partway down the southern wall of the cave. The walls of the cave are thick with moss and peculiar types of fungi. Several large rocks jut from the waters of the lake. From the beach the bottom of the cave slopes away fairly sharply so that the average depth of water is about five feet near the center. At the far end of the cave an ornately carved archway leads onto a 15-foot-wide corridor.

Lurking behind one of the large rocks (marked "X" on the map) are three of the naga's yuan ti minions. When the PCs enter the cave, the yuan ti duck out of sight into the water; two remain in the cave to harass the PCs as they enter the water, while the third goes to alert the other yuan ti and Tsitanya that a band of adventurers is entering the temple.

The yuan ti do not press their attacks in the cave; they are, after all, at a disadvantage here in the cave against a band of fresh adventurers. They make a single attack (unless good opportunities present themselves, such as the PCs splitting up to search the cave) and then follow the party at a discreet distance attacking the party once again, this time from the rear as the party approaches area 2.

Area 2. The Tower: This room once had three wooden floors supported by stone beams and pillars. The wooden floors have long since rotted away and only the beams and pillars remain (see side view on map).

The water here is some 25 feet deep, which may come as somewhat of a shock to the PC who steps into the room without suitable precautions! There appears to be no exit from the room at surface level; the doorway that leads farther into the temple complex lies some ten feet underwater. Two yuan ti lurk in the water here waiting for the opportunity to launch surprise attacks: For example, if a PC

falls into the water, they grapple him, biting with their fangs and attempting to drag him to the bottom of the chamber. Or they attack PCs who attempt to climb the pillars, or PCs who dive to find the exit.

If the two yuan ti from the cave are still alive, they try to join up with the two in this room or, if a hapless PC does indeed fall into the deep water, they attack the rear of the party so as to cause confusion while the PCs try to mount a rescue operation.

A small flock of stirges roosts in the eaves of this chamber. They do not attack unless the PCs approach their roost (i.e., climb onto the top beams) or if there is considerable commotion (such as combat and excessive thrashing about in the water) in the chamber below.

Stirges (15): AC 8; MV 3, Fl 18 (B); HD 1 + 1; hp 6 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1d3; SA blood drain; Int Animal; AL N; SZ S; XP 120 each

While there are numerous skeletons and rusted weapons and armor at the bottom of the chamber, the yuan ti, at Tsitanya's insistence, have scrupulously stripped these unfortunates for magical items or items of any value.

Area 3. Rockfall: Here the ceiling has collapsed and great slabs of masonry partially block the corridor. A three-foot-wide gap runs between the rockfall and the wall of the corridor. Two yuan ti lie submerged at the far end of the rockfall waiting for the first PC to venture through the narrow gap. If any of the yuan ti from areas 1 and 2 still survive, they attack the rearmost PC as he enters the gap. Ideally the PCs should be trapped in the narrow gap with only the first and last PC in any position to fight back. If the yuan ti take any significant damage here they slip back underwater and gather their strength for the final confrontation in the temple (Area 4).

Area 4. The Temple: This is a very large chamber constructed in two tiers. The lower tier is submerged beneath five feet of water. Steps lead up from this level to the upper tier, which is some ten feet above the surface of the water.

The stone columns that fill this chamber are carved with pictograms and hieroglyphics depicting the founding and consecration of the temple and the complete myths and teachings of Lendor, god of time.

Two yuan ti lurk in the waters of the lower tier (and they are joined, as opportunity presents, by any of the surviving

yuan ti from previous encounters). One of the yuan ti is equipped with a *net of entrapment*. This yuan ti hurls the net to entrap as many of the PCs as possible, at which point one yuan ti for each trapped PC attempts to grab hold of the net and drag the trapped PCs under water.

The remaining yuan ti (if any) then launch a concentrated assault on any remaining PCs. They are not suicidal, however, and break off any attacks that they appear to be losing. Remember that Tsitanya wants at least some of the PCs to survive.

Tsitanya, meanwhile, lurks behind the pillars on the upper tier. When the PCs enter the chamber, it casts *protection from good*, *protection from normal missiles*, and *invisibility* on itself. Then it tries to maneuver into the best position to cast *lightning bolt*, ideally at spellcasters or elves, although fighter types who get too close will do. Once the lightning bolt is loosed, it again casts *invisibility* on itself and maneuver to a new position.

Tsitanya casts *grease* on the tier when any PC reaches the upper tier and is close enough to the edge to slip back into the water of the lower tier (at which point the PC is attacked by any available yuan ti). If the PCs get close enough for actual combat, it casts *mirror image*. It really wants to *charm* as many PCs as possible (but it won't bother trying to *charm* elves, however).

If the fight seems to be going badly, Tsitanya retreats to the sanctuary (Area 5), casts *hold portal* on the door to buy some time, and consumes one of the healing potions stored there before making a final desperate stand. It expects no mercy from the PCs and grants no quarter.

Area 5. The Sanctuary: This is Tsitanya's treasure room and last refuge. Tsitanya's treasure lies strewn about the room; the treasure trove amounts to 220 pp, 1,750 gp, 1,200 ep, 5,400 sp, and 7,500 cp in coins, seven gems (an aquamarine and a violet garnet worth 500 gp each, three amethysts worth 100 gp each, and three moonstones worth 50 gp each), two *potions of healing*, a *scroll of protection from petrification*, a *wand of metal and mineral detection*, a pair of *gauntlets of dexterity*, and a *short sword of quickness*, together with a large assortment of mundane adventuring equipment and weaponry.

The Ghost's Ship

Terrain: Sea bed
Total Party Levels: 42 (Average 7th)
Total gp: 10,000
Monster XP: 8,760

Set Up

* The PCs are acting as couriers for delivery of a magical item from Greyhawk to Onnwal—this allows this adventure to be coupled with "The Prisoner of Zender" adventure.

* The PCs are employed to provide protection against pirate vessels taking weapons to Onnwal for the defense of the Iron League.

The Lair

The setting for this adventure is a sunken wreck that lies in some 140 fathoms of water off the southern coast of the Bright Desert. The ship the PCs travel in keeps close to the northern border of the Sea of Gearmat, wary of the pirates on the Pomarj coast.

An Appeal for Help

A PC on watch at night (if necessary, use prior nighttime encounters with sahuagin, etc., to ensure that PCs do stay

on watch on night) suddenly hears a voice from a foot or so behind him. The voice rasps in a gravelly, deathly tone, "Don't turn around, landman, you don't want to clap eyes on me. You don't want people to see you with white hair and eyes a'rheum." The ghost of Captain Silerias Akarza has just materialized behind the PC. If the PC turns around, a successful saving throw vs. spell must be made (with a +2 bonus if the PC is of 9th level or greater) or the PC ages 10 years and will be affected by fear. The ghost does not attack unless attacked, however.

Captain Silerias Akarza, Ghost: AC 0 (8); MV 9 + special; HD 10; hp 57; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg ages victim 10d4 years; SA seeing ghost ages victim 10 years and causes fear for 2d6 turns (successful saving throw vs. spell negates, priests of 7th level or greater are immune), *magic jar* attack; SD struck only by weapons of magic or silver (latter half damage), non-ethereal spellcasters cannot attack ghost with spells; Int High; AL LE; SZ M; XP 5,000

Assuming the PC doesn't attack or run off in fear, Akarza continues (if the PC does attack Akarza fights back; if the PC runs, Akarza comes back later). "Listen to me, landman. I been here nigh 70 years, unable to escape this place. I'm

weary of it. I ain't dead and I ain't alive. I don't want any more of it, you hear?"

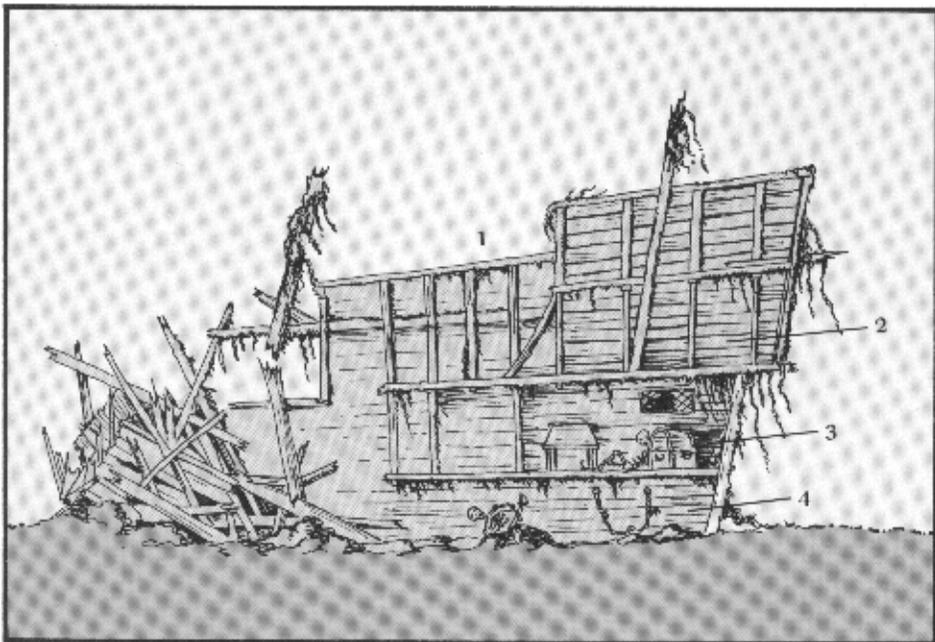
Akarza's voice rises slightly. A Wisdom check allows the PC to realize that Akarza is slightly insane. When an insane ghost speaks to you, you listen very carefully indeed. Akarza continues: "I found out there's a way to put myself to rest. You dive down to my ship and find my old bones, and a Patriarch of Wee Jas can do some sort of exorcism on 'em. I could find an end in other ways maybe, but I got a hankerin' to have my bones restin' in some sanctified place after they've been brought back to land. You're going to do that, landman, else I'm going to be very displeased. And there's treasure on the old *Sakiryos*, that there is. Go get yer friends to agree, landman. Be back here at next bell." The ghost disappears.

The PCs will have to agree to this unless they wish to fight Akarza; if they fight him on his return, he will do all he can to destroy them. If they are ready to accept, they may not have suitable magic (*water breathing* spell or potion, *airy water*, etc.) for an undersea venture. When Akarza returns to discuss matters with them, he has an answer to this. "Met with some treasure hunters a few moons ago, I did. They wouldn't help, so I killed every worthless last man jack of 'em. Took their water breathing magic, though, and stored it for them as would help me."

The PCs are given a wooden case with a dozen *potions of water breathing* that have unusual potency (triple usual duration). Akarza also gives precise coordinates for positioning the PCs' ship over the wreck of the *Sakiryos*, and he also gives instructions for how to find his bones. His skeleton—with a diamond ring on one hand—is in the captain's cabin astern. It's diving time!

The Wreck Down Below

At 140 fathoms the level of illumination is effectively zero, so magic such as a *continual light* spell is needed for those without infravision. A charitable DM may allow a ship's storm lantern to function underwater. What is left of the *Sakiryos* is



shown in the illustration.

When the PCs get within 150 feet of the wreck, they are attacked by a group of *ixitxachtl* that patrols these waters. This group is unusually deep-swimming, and since the water is colder than they prefer, they have a +1 penalty to all initiative rolls for combat. Their leader is a rare vampire shaman *ixitxachtl* that casts defensive spells (*prayer* followed by *protection from good*) before venturing to any form of attack. He uses his *darkness* and *hold* spells to affect the PCs combat abilities.

Ixitxachtl (18): AC 6; MV Sw 12; HD 1 + 1; hp 7 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 3d4; Int Average; AL CE; SZ M; XP 35

Ixitxachtl Shaman: AC 6; MV Sw 12; HD 3 + 3; hp 22; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 3d4 + special; SA energy drain—2 levels; Int High; AL CE; SZ M; XP 650; Spells: *darkness* (×2), *protection from good*, *hold person* (×2), *continual darkness*, *prayer*

After overcoming these pests, the PCs can get to the wreck. The bows have been shattered and dispersed, and only the stern remains, half-settled in thick mud. Its tarry timbers have ensured its survival. The only entry point is in the gap between the timbers of the shattered half deck and the mud of the sea bed, unless a spell such as *warp wood* is used to create an entry point elsewhere.

Lurking behind the broken-off mizzenmast, concealed by long masses of thick seaweed hanging from the outer timbers of the ship, is a group of sea zombies. They are the original crew of the ship, extremely evil in life and hardly reformed in undeath. They gleefully welcome any opportunity to slay any living humanoid creature; due to their concealment, their opponents suffer a +2 penalty to their surprise roll. However, those under the influence of a *water breathing* spell can smell the zombies 20 feet away. If the PCs take special precautions because of this (prodding seaweed with ten-foot poles, etc.) the zombies' surprise advantage may be negated. Simply saying that the PCs are being alert will not do, however.

Sea Zombies (4): AC 7; MV Sw 12; HD 5; hp 17, 16, 33, 28; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10; SA stench, disease; SD immune to mind-affecting spells, half damage from fire, double damage from cold and electrical attacks, cannot be turned; Int Low; AL CE; SZ M; XP 270

The stench attack affects all within 20 feet who fail saving throws vs. poison; these unfortunates are wracked with nausea and suffer -2 penalties to their attack rolls for 2d4 turns. Each blow a sea zombie lands has a 10% chance of conferring a severe disease (*cure disease* needed within four days to prevent death, victim becomes delirious within 24 hours).

If the PCs get past the sea zombies, they can penetrate the main areas of the sunken wreck.

Area 1 was the living quarters of the ordinary men; sunk into the wood are the metal hooks, with fragments of rope still attached to them, to show where hammocks once were. Silt clogs the floor, but some plain utensils and pots can be seen, together with a few human bones and a pair of skulls. There is nothing of value here.

Area 2 is the officers' quarters. These were hardly luxurious and different officers were separated only by screens, which have rotted away. A rotted painting in a corroded gilt frame on one wall is all there is to show that this room once had any exalted inhabitants.

Area 3 presents a tragic and unsettling sight. Manacled to the walls by one hand are some 20 skeletons, although a few have drifted loose as their bones snapped and escaped the bondage that lasted even beyond death. These poor victims of Akarza's slaving got a faster death than even they expected.

Area 4 is the captain's cabin. Akarza's skeleton, still with the diamond ring (value 1,200 gp), is in a chair before a stout desk, and rotted and corroded instruments and charts are around the room. A splendid treasure chest (locked and trapped with a lethal poison needle trap) is beside the desk.

Akarza's *scimitar* +3 has fallen behind

a pile of rotted timbers at the back of the chair, and only if the PCs say they are thoroughly searching this room will this be found. However, there is also an occupant here; the spectre of the first mate, Ricard. He does not immediately attack the PCs, but he commands them to leave.

His burning hatred of his Captain is such that he attacks at once if the PCs say that they are here to help Akarza. Ricard just wants to be left alone with his bitterness and self-hatred, but if the PCs want the Captain's skeleton (or the treasure chest) they have to combat him. They can learn something of the ship's appalling history in slavery and piracy from Ricard, however, if they want to talk to him before fighting him.

Ricard, Spectre: AC 2; MV 15, Sw 30; HD 7 + 3; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 + special; SA energy drain—2 levels; SD magical weapon to hit, immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, and cold-based spells; Int High; AL LE; SZ M; XP 1,400

When the chest can be opened, it contains bags with 2,800 gp, 400 pp, a casket of small pearls worth 4,000 gp, a wax-sealed silver tube containing a scroll of the priest spells *cure disease* (×2) and *neutralize poison*, and a second waxed silver tube that contains nonmagical scrolls. These are ledgers of the slaving activities of the vessel. They are over 70 years old, but they clearly implicate certain Onnwal families in the slave trade and could be political dynamite (you should fit in details as desired to suit your campaign).

Akarza will be grimly satisfied when the PCs bring his bones back to the surface. He will stay with them, however, periodically dropping in, until they have delivered the bones to a temple of Wee Jas. You should allow one to be present in Scant, or wherever the PCs may be headed—unless you like the idea of saddling them with a ghost who is getting more and more impatient and demanding explanations! The temple will charge 2,000 gp for the services, but the PCs earn one-half XP for the ghost for laying the bones to rest.

The Prisoner of Zender

Terrain: Shoreline (Tower)
Total Party Levels: 54 (Average 9th)
Total gp: 10,000
Monster XP: 17,000

Set Up

* The PCs are hired by the local Mages' Guild to deliver a magically sealed casket (with a *cloak of displacement* inside) to an important unnamed customer. The location of a tower on the cliffs overlooking the port of Scant is given. The PCs better not make off with the item, or else. (Ever tried evading 25 angry invisible stalkers?)

* A major NPC is afflicted with a magical curse that prevents him from defending or attacking in hand-to-hand combat. He is going to see Bigby the Archmage, a very distant relative, to have the curse removed. He obviously needs guards, and he employs the PCs for the trip.

The Lair

Bigby has not agreed to any meeting at his place. Although the location of his shop is known, he is pathologically secretive and evasive and has arranged to meet in a tower overlooking the cliffs outside the town of Scant. This tower is used as a workplace by junior mages and an alchemist, but they are loosely affiliated with Bigby. The tower is easily located by the PCs.

Nothing about it appears unusual from the outside. The DM may want to have the PCs meet some tough encounters during their travels here, so that arriving here seems like the end of a successful mission. Try to catch the players off guard.

Obviously, not all is well inside. An aspiring young mage (14th level), having learned of Bigby's imminent visit, decided to impress him with the *prison of Zagig* he had discovered. The item itself is rare enough, but the foolish mage decided to summon, and imprison within it, a powerful greater daemon named Zender. The mage made one tiny but crucial error in the summoning spell he used.

Zender ate him alive after forcing him to tell the secrets of the prison.

Zender made swift work of the rest of the tower's occupants, and when an unsuspecting Bigby arrived it was simple for the daemon to imprison the archmage in the *prison of Zagig*. Zender then took its time examining the magical items within the tower, after summoning a servile lesser daemon to act as guard. Zender is checking items against its innate magic resistance and has just found, to its delight, a *ring of spell storing* with some decidedly useful spells in it.

The carnage in the tower is mostly in the third and fourth stories; lower down there are only subtle signs of disturbance, for Zender killed most of the inhabitants upstairs. The PCs need to be alert here!

Area 1: The main doors of the tower are unlocked but closed. Knocking on the door elicits no reply.

Area 2: The main reception room is pleasantly furnished with armchairs, carpets, and a fine collection of sea shells on a mantelpiece. The wooden floor is waxed and slightly shiny. If a PC examines the floor, secretly roll an Intelligence check for him with a -4 penalty. Success indicates that the PC noticed that something has been dragged across the floor to the doors into area 7—there are clear lines indicating this.

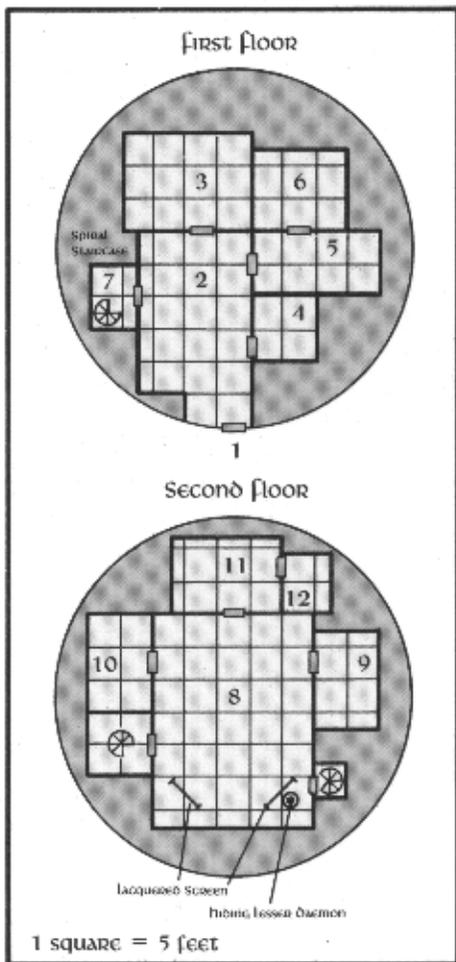
Area 3: This is a games room, with a set of ornate polished wooden skittles of elvish design, packs of fine lacquered cards on a baize-covered playing table, a trolley with a decanter of brandy and glasses, and a cigar box. There is also a dart board and a rack of darts affixed to the wall. If the darts are taken from the rack, success on a secret Wisdom check with a -4 penalty means the PC saw that there is a faint streak of blood on one of them (thrown by a mage at Zender).

Area 4: This is a cloakroom; there are six plain robes and cloaks of different colors here, and also five pairs of stout boots for seashore walking (and appropriately weathered), yet the PCs have seen no evidence of anyone at home as yet.

Area 5: Here is a small and fairly spartan dining room. The dining table is laid out for six persons, and an unseen servant is hovering about anxiously, as if it does not know what to do.

Area 6: This is a kitchen where unseen servants (on whom *permanency* has been cast) are cooking a splendid fish stew (with cream, white wine, and dill) over a stove with a permanent *wall of fire*. The meal has obviously been brewing for some time. The food is very overcooked.

At some stage the PCs may holler out a greeting while they are on this floor. If this happens, Zender hurriedly hides things away upstairs (which he has time to do anyway if the PCs spend a while checking things out downstairs) while calling out that he is just finishing something off and they should just give him a minute. After four rounds he calls to the



PCs to come up, directing them to the stairs up, if they have not already found them.

Area 7: These wooden stairs spiral up to the second floor.

Area 8: This is a splendid lounge, with many trophies of aquatic sport (swordfish beaks, sailfish fins, a kraken beak, and the like), decorated in blue and green. Here the greater daemon sits quietly, using its power of illusion to appear as Bigby. Unless a PC knows Bigby very well indeed (highly unlikely), this illusion is good enough to fool them.

Zender motions to the PCs to sit down; the lesser daemon hides behind one of the two heavy lacquered ornamental screens, as indicated on the map by the dot enclosed within a circle. Zender does not know what the PCs want, and it just wants to get rid of them. If they have something for Bigby, it feigns a sudden remembrance ("Of course! I get so absorbed in my work I forgot about this. It takes so long, you know.")

If they have an NPC who wants a *remove curse* spell, then Zender/Bigby can cast this from the *ring of spell storing*. Zender/Bigby will not know any specific individual to suggest to the NPC for help if this happens—whereas Bigby would know, of course).

Querying Zender about anything odd downstairs elicits a rationalizing response. The overcooked meal? Forgetfulness, endemic among archmages. Drag marks on the floor? One of the youngsters slipped across the waxed floor yesterday. Blood on a dart? Nicked myself with the wretched thing this morning (holds up hand with illusion slightly altered to show graze mark). Lots of cloaks and nobody home? All upstairs working hard in the alchemical lab-

oratory, not to be disturbed. Now give me my parcel (if appropriate) and run along, I'm busy. . . .

Really gullible PCs may actually say goodbye at this stage. If they do, Zender waves them a relieved farewell and gets on with his searches.

If the PCs are really persistent, and clearly unhappy about what's going on and evidencing suspicion, Zender attacks. It drops the illusion and casts *mislead*, almost certainly with the benefit of surprise. This gives it the equivalent of a *projected image* insofar as he has a phantasmal double from which spell effects appear to emanate while being cloaked by *improved invisibility* (giving a -4 bonus to its already low AC). At the same time, the lesser daemon hurls itself forward from its hiding place and engages the nearest PC in melee.

Zender the Greater Daemon: AC -5; MV 15, Fl 15 (C), Sw 15; HD 14 +28; hp 91; THAC0 5; #AT 2; Dmg 2d4/2d4; SA spell-like powers; SD +2 or better weapon to hit, *ring of spell storing*; MR 80%; Int Supra-genius; AL NE; SZ M; XP 13,000.

Zender may use any of the following, one per round: *fear* (by touch), *charm person or monster*, *teleport without error*, *ESP*, *clairvoyance*, *clairaudience*, *illusion* (as the wand), *suggestion*, *mislead*, *magic jar*, *telekinese* (120 lb. weight). Once per day Zender can use *wall of fire* (2d6 +15 points of damage), *blade barrier*, and a *symbol of persuasion*, *insanity*, or *hopelessness*.

Lastly, Zender's *ring of spell storing* (stolen from here) contains the spells *cure critical wounds*, *cure disease*, and *remove curse*. The daemon is certainly ready to cure damage done to it if neces-

sary.

Lesser Daemon: AC -1; MV 9; HD 8; hp 40; THAC0 13; #AT 3; Dmg 1d6/1d12/1d12; SA fire breath 10' x 30' cone for 5d6 damage (3/day); SD +2 or better weapon to hit, immune to fire and first level spells; Int Very; AL N (E); SZ M; XP 4,000.

These two fight very differently. The lesser daemon just tries to rip the heads off people. Zender is much more subtle and devious, and should be played accordingly; it will use magic in preference over physical attacks in practically any case.

If the PCs survive, undetailed areas here are the bedrooms of the tower's occupants (Areas 9 and 10), the alchemical laboratory (Area 11) and the storeroom (Area 12)—where Bigby is held prisoner on a table, in the *prison of Zagig*. Bigby knows the command word to release himself, but this word must be spoken by someone from outside the prison.

Assuming the PCs free Bigby, the grateful archmage rewards them with 10,000 gp in gems, and also provides each PC with a suitable magical item for his class. Allow each PC to name a magical item (no artifacts, relics, or amazingly rare items), and Bigby will have this delivered to them in 1d4 weeks. Ordinary items such as a plain *ring of protection +1* or a *wand of enemy detection* (Bigby thoroughly approves of these and will never go anywhere without one in the future!) are immediately available.

The PCs now have a member of the Circle of Eight as an acquaintance. Who knows where this may lead?

The Lich-Staff

Terrain: City of Greyhawk
Total Party Levels: 60 (Average 10th)
Total gp: 0
Monster XP: 29,000

Set Up

* Traveling through the wilderness, or while relaxing in their lodgings in the Free City, a lammasu materializes among the PCs. The lammasu informs the PCs that the powers he serves (preferably the deity of a good-aligned PC priest) have discovered the whereabouts of a piece of Fraz-Urb'luu's staff. The protections that have contained the fragment for the past 200 years are fading fast and will soon be breached by the many powers of the lower planes who desire it. The lammasu requests that the PCs find and retrieve the staff-fragment from beneath the City Hall and retain it until such time as the powers of good can organize a force to escort it to a new hiding place.

* The PCs discover a fragment of old text that describes the imprisonment of Fraz-Urb'luu by Zagig and gives the only known locations of fragments of the demon prince's staff on the Prime Material plane. Even small shards of the staff are intensely magical, and one piece is hidden directly beneath the City Hall.

The Lair

When the chaotic evil Fraz-Urb'luu was imprisoned beneath Castle Greyhawk by Zagig the Archmage, his beloved staff, both a potent magical item and symbol of his power, was wrested from him. Zagig, for his own unfathomable reasons, split the staff asunder (though rumor among his contemporaries suggested he accidentally broke it while researching its properties) and hid the shards all over the many planes of existence. One of the shards was hidden in chambers that now lie directly beneath the City Hall. The location of Zagig's chambers beneath the hall is common knowledge to the membership of the sewer men and streetcleaners in the Halls. The entrance to these chambers was

sealed up many years ago because of the disturbing magical effects in the area and the bizarre creations that would from time to time spring into existence and run screaming through the tunnels. For a reasonable fee, a member of the union can be convinced to lead the PCs to the bricked-up entrance.

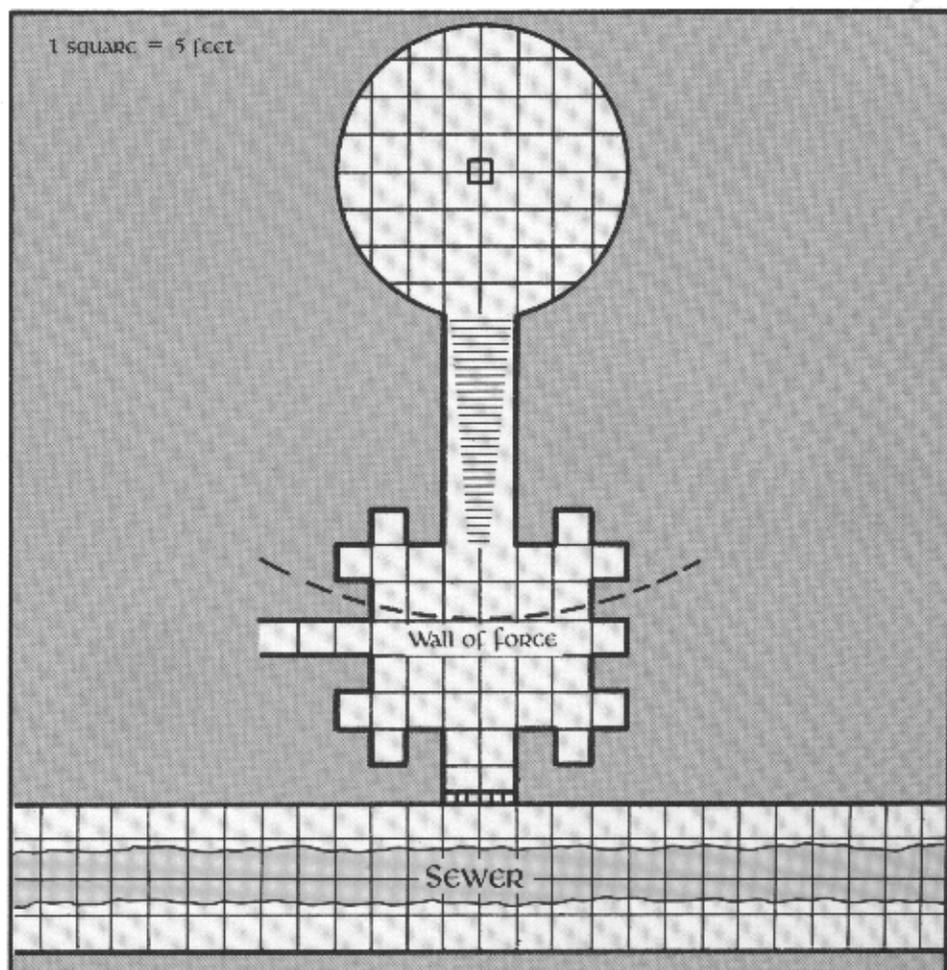
Unfortunately for the PCs, the dwindling protection is known to some of the powers on the lower planes, who covet the shards of the staff for themselves—both for the power they contain and to keep them from the hands of their rightful owner, Fraz-Urb'luu.

The Chambers of Zagig

The bricked-up entrance to Zagig's

chambers can easily be broken through in one turn with suitable smashing tools or weapons, or alternatively the PCs may have some magical means to grant them to access the chamber beyond without resorting to brute force. If the PCs are accompanied by members of the Union of Sewermen and Streetcleaners, these worthies are not going to stick around to see what happens.

The chamber beyond is already occupied by two undead annis, dispatched by their lawful evil masters to await the collapse of the field of protection that contains the shard. If the PCs resort to brute force in penetrating the bricked-up wall, the annis become invisible and attack the PCs as they enter the chamber. If the PCs adopt some quieter form of entry,



they may surprise the monsters.

Undead Annis (2): AC 0; MV 15; HD 7+7; hp 38, 35; THAC0 13; #AT 3; Dmg 1d8+8/1d8+8/2d4+1; SA grapple; SD 20% resistant to *charm, sleep, hold*, and cold-based spells; Int Very; AL CE; SZ L; XP 6,000 each. Spell-like powers: *change self* (1/round), *fog cloud* (2/day). They are turned as "special" undead.

The chamber in which the shard is sealed is protected by a special form of *prismatic sphere* developed by Zagig himself. The sphere is opaque, shimmering with blue and green light. Effectively a super-strength *wall of force*, it has so far defied all attempts by concerned individuals or groups to pass beyond it. Each round an object or creature is in contact with the sphere, it inflicts 10d6 points of damage, and if in one round it inflicts in excess of 40 points of damage to one object or creature, it transports the object or creature to another (random) plane of existence. The sphere itself hums and crackles; in its proximity the static electrical field causes hair to stand on end and sparks to fly from metallic objects.

The magic that holds this sphere together is obviously failing, as the shimmering wall alternates between being fully opaque and partially transparent. Beyond the sphere's boundary the far wall of the chamber and the archway can be seen.

All of a sudden the sphere's force fades completely and the way ahead is clear. This is only a false alarm, though, as one round later the field reappears. PCs on the boundary of the field must roll successful saving throws vs. spell or suffer the effects above. PCs who have crossed the boundary are trapped within the field, and those still outside are unable to join them until the field vanishes again.

If the PCs are having a particularly hard time dealing with the annis, then one of the annis will break off combat as the sphere fades and get caught in the field as it reappears, casting the creature off the Prime Material plane.

Finally the sphere collapses for good (or bad, actually), 1d10 turns after the PCs arrive, allowing unhindered progress. But the PCs' troubles are really only just beginning. The neutral evil lords also have an interest in gaining the shard and have dispatched Haas'Baalbar, a lich, to retrieve it from its resting place. It arrives as the field collapses for good.

Haas'Baalbar, Lich: AC 0; MV 6; HD 13; hp 52; THAC0 8; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10 +paralysis; SA cause terror (less than 5 HD save vs. spell or flee for 5d4 rounds);

SD +1 or better weapon to hit, immune to *charm, sleep, enfeeblement, polymorph, cold, electricity, insanity*, or *death* spells; AL NE; SZ M; XP 9,000. Spells: As for a 13th-level wizard (DM's choice, plus see below).

Haas'Baalbar casts an *invisibility* spell on itself before entering the chamber and shadowing the PCs. It then casts *detect invisibility, detect magic*, and *ESP* on the party. If the PCs have any protective magic active, Haas'Baalbar casts *dispel magic* on them. Finally, it attacks. The lich fears its lords' retribution should it fail and it fights to the "death."

In the chamber at the foot of the stairs there is a small plinth upon which rests a small, bejeweled casket. The casket was created by Zagig to hold the items he removed from Fraz-Urb'luu. Together with numerous small gemstones of all varieties, there are four large rubies, four large emeralds, and four diamonds arranged in triangles that contain one of each type of gemstone, laid out on each of the casket's sides. The casket can only be opened if all four rubies are pressed simultaneously. If any other combination is attempted, the casket discharges 1d10 points of electrical damage.

The casket functions as a *bag of holding* and also has the properties of an *amulet of proof against detection and location*; thus no information about its contents (or whereabouts) can be discovered by magical means. The casket has a sale value of 50,000 gp.

Inside the casket, a piece of parchment has been wedged into the lid. The parchment reads "The contents of this casket were the property of Fraz-Urb'luu, Prince of Deception. Help yourself by all means, but consider well the consequences of your actions. — Zagig." The casket contains a *potion of delusion, philter of persuasiveness, oil of disenchantment, rod of beguiling, amulet of inescapable location, cloak of displacement, helm of opposite alignment, sword of life stealing, two darts of homing*, and, of course, the shard of Fraz-Urb'luu's staff. The shard radiates an aura of intense evil and seems to shift in size, shape, and color.

However, the PCs' task is not finished yet. No sooner do they examine the contents of the casket than Fraz-Urb'luu's advance guard teleports into the chamber. Two vampire mages have been sent ahead to secure the chamber and the shard before the rest of the force and Fraz-Urb'luu himself arrive.

Vampires, 5th level wizards (2): AC 1; MV 12, Fl 18 (C); HD 8+3; hp 55,54; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6+4; SA level drain; SD +1 or better weapon to hit; Int Exceptional; AL CE; SZ M; XP 4,000 each. Spells: *burning hands, detect good, detect magic, protection from good, darkness 15' radius, detect invisibility, monster summoning I*. They have *amulets of proof against turning*, so they are turned as "special" undead.

This combat should seem to the PCs to be a desperate last stand by the forces of good against the forces of evil. There is no sign of the lammasu and the force he said would be here to relieve them. If the PCs get the upper hand with the vampires, more vampires will arrive. At the height of the battle, a shadowy form begins to materialize, which the PCs should recognize as Fraz-Urb'luu, here to claim what is rightfully his. But the forces of good are preventing him from fully materializing on the Prime Material plane and he cannot join in the battle, although the PCs should not know this.

Just when the battle seems lost, the cavalry arrives. The lammasu and a contingent of its fellows burst into the chamber, and drive off the vampires, and claim the staff fragment. They allow the PCs to keep the rest of the magical treasure.

If the PCs attempt to leave the chamber with the staff fragment through the use of *teleport* spells or similar devices, they gain only a few brief rounds of respite before the vampires catch up with them and resume the battle. If the PCs give up or leave behind the shard, then they are not followed, but they can rest assured that Fraz-Urb'luu will send some of his minions after the PCs when time allows it. In this instance the PCs should only be awarded one-half experience for monsters killed.

Only a very small portion of the secret chambers Zagig created beneath the Free City is used in this adventure. The DM may wish to extend these chambers and carry on the adventure here after the staff fragment is safely in the hands of the forces of good. Perhaps the PCs may even discover clues to the disappearance of the Archmage and some indication of his present whereabouts.

Finally, the PCs have gained both some powerful allies and some exceptionally powerful and vengeful enemies.

Shadows of Terror

Terrain: Hilly/Subterranean
Total Party Levels: 60 (Average 10th)
Total gp: 20,410
Monster XP: 15,900

Set Up

* The good people of the Hornwood report terrible happenings at night, monstrous shadows flying overhead bringing numbing chill, weakness, and death, and carrying off people to eat. Can the PCs help?

* A low-level NPC party returning from the foothills of the northern Crystalists reports seeing a huge black dragon that seemed semisubstantial and almost unreal. They saw it fly into a cave, and can tell the PCs where this was for a small share of the treasure (or a couple of hundred gold now).

* A local temple of a good deity has found papers belonging to a vanquished evil priest. These locate the lair of a deeply evil dragon. The temple asks for help from the PCs. The priest wants the evil dragon slain, and the PCs can keep the treasure!

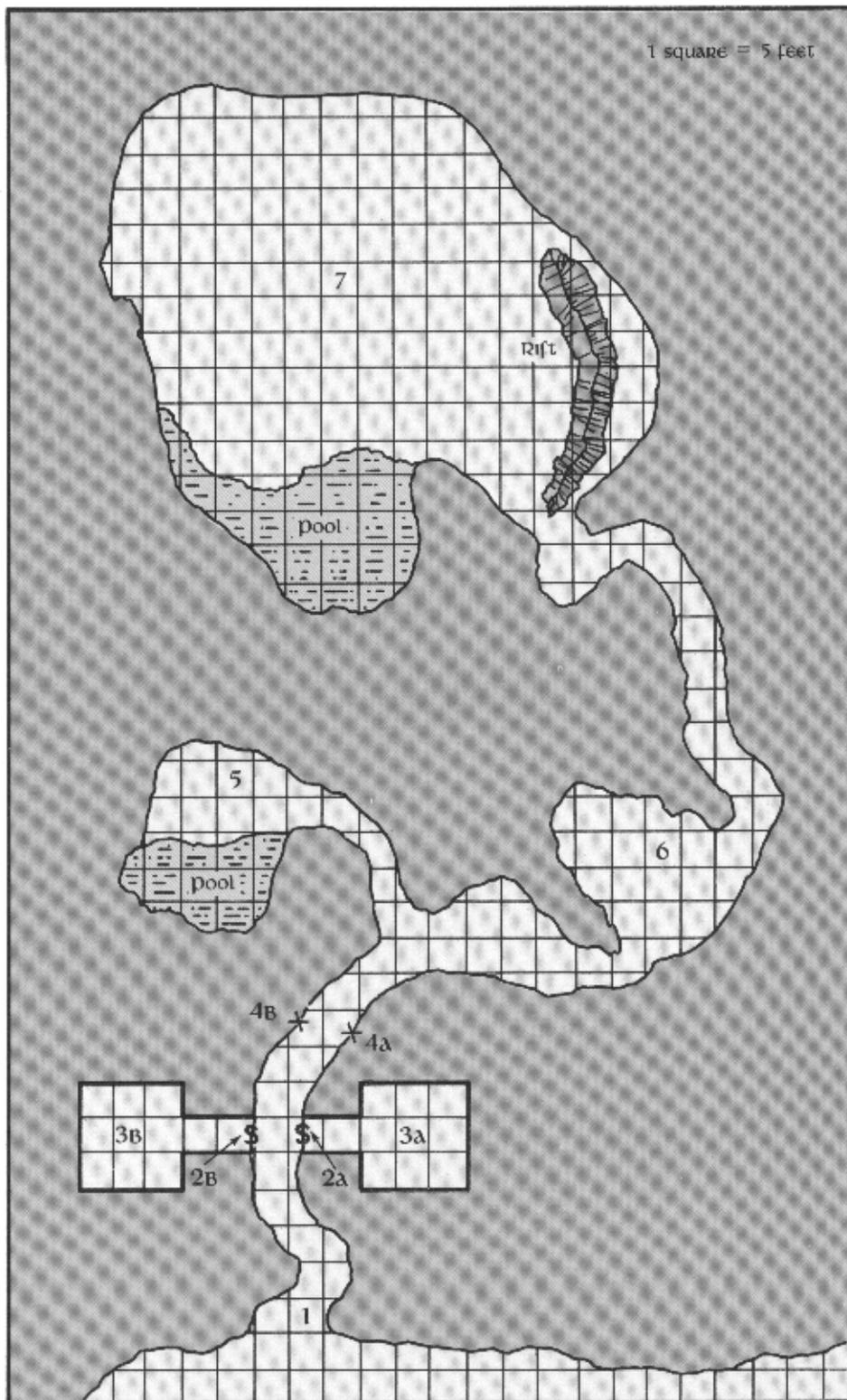
The Lair

This is mapped as shown. The entrance is not difficult to find; if the PCs don't have a precise pinpoint, then a spell, such as *Speak with Animals*, may help. It is to be found some 30 to 40 miles within the Crystalists from the western edge of the Grand Duchy of Geoff.

Area 1: The main entrance is rock-strewn and the passage beyond is hard to negotiate; movement rate is $\frac{2}{3}$ normal due to rocky footing.

Lighting within this cave complex is oddly curtailed, by an old magic hostile to the powers of Light and Good. Light-based spells have but $\frac{1}{2}$ normal duration, the radius of *light* and *continual light* spells are halved, and while dim torchlight is unaffected, anything brighter (e.g., a bullseye lantern) is affected in a manner similar to light-based magic. Try to make this unsettling for the PCs.

Areas 2A-B: The secret doors here



are of exceptionally fine workmanship. They are of duergar workmanship (a dwarf PC can tell this, after the secret doors have been discovered, if an Intelligence check, with a -4 penalty, is successful). Because of their exceptional quality, these doors are detected only on a 1 in 12 chance on casual inspection by elves, and only 1 in 12 (1 in 6 for elves) on a careful check. Beyond the doors lie unmarked graves of duergar in the side rooms (Areas 3A-B), which are devoid of treasure. In each of these side chambers are ten shadows, which attack if the PCs enter. The shadows also attack when the PCs get within ten feet of Areas 4A-B marked on the map, if they haven't already done so.

The shadows glide out under the secret doors at a rate of one per round from each side room. After six have collected in the main passage, they fly to attack the PCs. With a rear attack, surprise may be automatic unless the PCs have taken care to post a rear lookout.

Shadows (20): AC 7; MV 12; HD 3+3; hp 16 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4+1 and special; SA Strength drain; SD magical weapons to hit, immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, and cold-based spells, 90% undetectable; Int Low; AL CE; SZ M (duergar size); XP 175.

Area 5: This is a side chamber with a large pool (water is ten feet deep in the middle) that contains a small number of harmless, blind cave fish—nice to eat, but presenting no danger.

Area 6: This area is much more dangerous, for lurking in the northwestern part of this chamber (and thus hidden from the view of those entering) is a cloaker. This monster willingly serves the dracoliches beyond, and since the whole area is dark, it almost certainly gains surprise attacking a party entering this chamber (impose a +6 penalty to the PCs' surprise roll). The cloaker strikes

at the left flank of an entering group.

Cloaker: AC 3 (1); MV 1, Fl 15 (D); HD 6; hp 34; THAC0 15; #AT 2 + special; Dmg 1d6/1d6; SA subsonic moan; SD shadow shifting; Int High; AL CN; SZ L; XP 1,400.

This cave chamber contains no treasure of any kind.

Area 7: Here is the lair of Darkstar and Gloomwhisper, two black dracoliches that have just taken up residence. They are lucking on small ledges in the northwestern end of the chamber, about 50 feet apart, when the PCs get here.

When the dragons see the PCs enter, they undertake the following actions. The sequence given is one that assumes the PCs don't notice what's happening; any sounds the dracoliches might make in the process of preparing for battle will be obscured by the sound of water dripping into the pool, as long as the PCs are farther than 30 feet away. When a PC gets within 30 feet, the dracoliches will attack, and they do so in any event after they have completed their preparations or have been attacked themselves.

Round 1: Darkstar casts *shield*.

Round 2: Gloomwhisper breaks a vial of *oil of sharpness* +5 over her paws; this adds +5 to claw melee attack rolls and also adds +5 to damage caused.

Round 3: Both dracoliches use breath weapons, having taken to the air.

The dragons are careful to stay at least 50 feet apart, to avoid area attacks, such as ice storms or fireballs.

Darkstar, Young Black Dracolich: AC -1; MV 12, Fl 30 (C), Sw 12; HD 10; hp 50; THAC0 9; #AT 3 +special; Dmg 1d6+4/1d6+4/3d6+4 and special; SA acid breath for 8d4+4, plus see below; SD see below; Int Average; AL CE; SZ G; XP 7,000. Spell: *shield*.

Gloomwhisper, Young Black Dracolich: AC 0; MV 12, Fl 30 (C), Sw 12; HD 8; hp

45; THAC0 9; #AT 3 +special; Dmg 1d6+3/1d6+3/3d6+3 and special; SA acid breath for 6d4+3, plus see below; SD see below; Int Average; AL CE; SZ G; XP 4,000.

Both dracoliches have a gaze attack that paralyzes victims within 40 yards for 2d6 rounds (characters and creatures with 6 or more HD save at +3). Their touch does 2d8 points of additional damage from chilling, and the target must save vs. paralyzation or be frozen for 2d6 rounds. Each of these monsters can detect hidden or invisible creatures within a 30-foot radius (60 feet in their lair).

The treasure trove of the dracoliches is not very large, since they have only recently moved to this lair. Some magical items are included, and the DM should consider carefully which ones the dracoliches may want to employ at some stage in this conflict.

In total, the PCs can find 425 gp, 3,300 gp, 2,400 ep, 8,900 sp, and 11,000 cp in coins. This is all mixed up together, and takes an incredibly long time to sort out. The PCs may need mounts to carry this away, or spend days sorting out the useful coinage (and risking random encounters). A total of ten gems (5×100 gp, 2×500 gp, the others worth but 10 gp each) and four pieces of jewelry (1,000 gp, 2,500 gp, 800 gp, and 1,400 gp) complete the monies together with a superb ivory statue of Pholtus decorated with platinum filigree and moonstones. This is worth 6,000 gp.

Also, the treasure pile contains two *potions of extra-healing*, *potions of invulnerability* and *polymorph self*, a *wand of fire* with 20 charges, a suit of *elven chain* +3 that fits an elf or slim half-elf, and a casket with *rings of free action* and *warmth*.

To Slay a Hierarch

Terrain: Hilly (indoors)
Total Party Levels: 72 (Average 12th)
Total gp XP: 18,700
Monster XP: 29,300

Set Up

* The PCs are approached by a Knight of Holy Shielding who has learned, through a spy in Molag, that a powerful Hierarch of the Horned Society will spend a night at a house outside Admundfort shortly. This man is a renegade Shield Lander and returns to his birthplace each year. His death would be a great blow against evil.

* The PCs have had adventures on the Nyr Dyv in which they have been attacked by pirates. From a Rhennee they learn that an organizer of this piracy, a powerful priest, will be at a house outside Admundfort for a night shortly, visiting his birthplace for sentimental reasons.

The Lair

This is a simple house on the hills overlooking the sea to the west of Admundfort. It should not be difficult for the PCs to sneak onto the island and reach the house, especially under cover of darkness. Here Vazirian the Hierarch is indeed staying for a night, with his mistress Tondaleyo, a mage in the service of Iuz. This liaison would not be approved by Iuz or the Hierarchs if it were known about, and it is a dangerous, foolish affair. However, lust conquers all in this case.

The house has had certain conversions made to it. Windows have been sealed over with brickwork, and the chimney flue sealed up. These changes are visible at a reasonable distance, as are the guards (one each at front and back door). The PCs can get to within 80 yards of the house without being seen, but if they get closer, then these guards rush inside and raise the alarm. These guards are monster zombies, animated by Marler, Vazirian's secretary, who is here with his master. Since they are fully clad in plate, with visors, the PCs cannot see that they are zombies (they are bugbears, some

seven feet tall).

Monster Zombies (2): AC 2; MV 6; HD 6; hp 40, 28; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 4d4 (large clubs); SD immune to *charm*, *cold*, *hold*, *sleep*, and death magic; half damage from blunt weapons, automatically lose initiative (but roll anyway so the players don't figure this out), turn as ghouls; Int Non-; AL N; SZ L (7'); XP 650

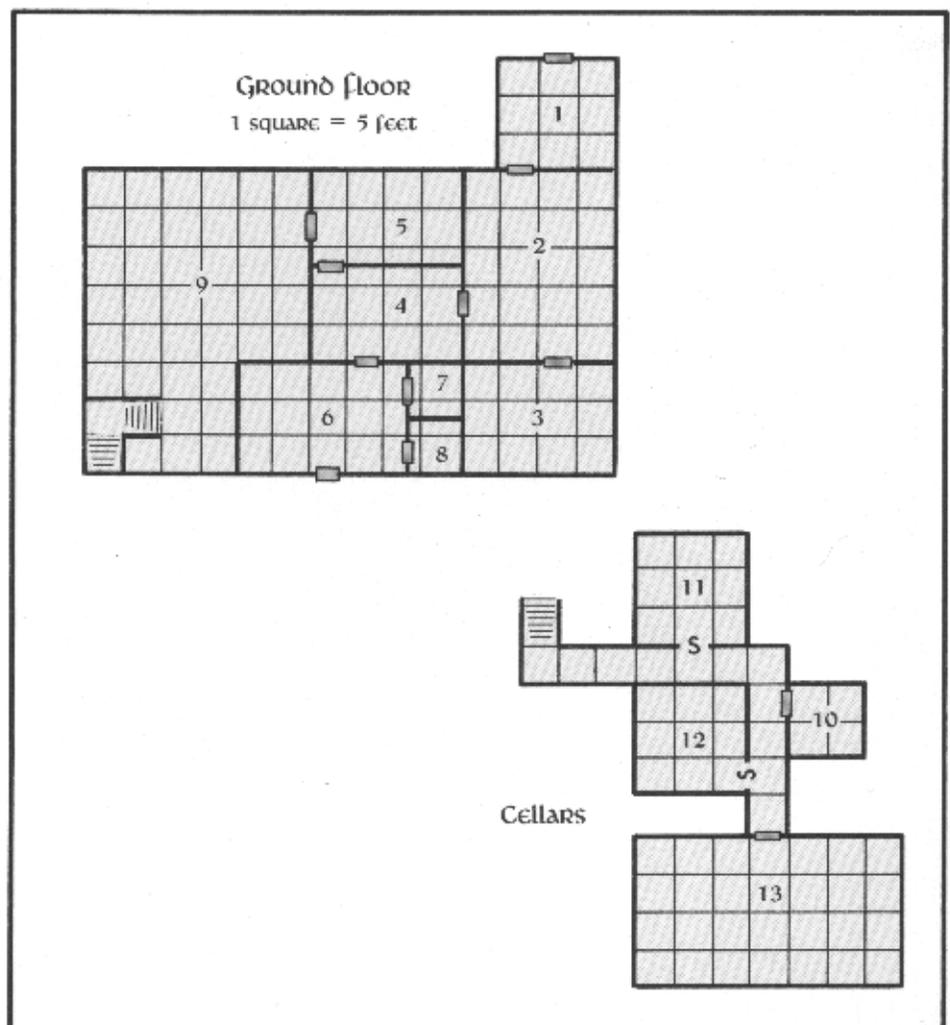
Rooms of the House

These are described very briefly here; you may flesh out details of decor and such. Details and stats for the occupants and their combat strategies are given in a

separate section below.

Rooms 1 and 6 are entrance halls; both have a flesh golem guard. Room 2 is a waiting lounge. Room 3 is a small guest bedroom (Marler sleeps here). Room 4 is a dining room, which is occupied by Marler while guarding his master. Room 5 is a drinking and smoking room, where Tondaleyo the Mage is initially, brushing her hair and smoking a halfling weed cigarette. She has the invisible stalker guard she brought with her here, by the door to room 4. Room 7 is a storeroom with food and utensils, and room 8 is a cloakroom.

Room 9 is a large, spacious living room



with good carpets, furnishings, and ornaments, and a large double bed with silk sheets and tiger skin covers. Here, Vazirian the Hierarch is busy reading of a new *Unholy Text of Asmodeus*.

In the cellars below, room 10 is a simple lumber store, and room 13 a large retreat chamber. Rooms 11 and 12 may be used by retreating NPCs as good lairs from which to make sneak attacks on the rear of a pursuing PC party via the secret doors.

The positions for the NPCs and their friends given here apply in the early hours of night. At some stage the humans go to sleep, with Tondaleyo moving into room 9 with Vazirian. The flesh golems and invisible stalker stay vigilant. It will be hard to catch this group unawares.

The NPCs

Vazirian the Hierarch: AC -4 (*plate mail +3* and shield); MV 12; Pr14; hp 77; THACO 12; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6+4/2d4+3 (*footman's flail +2*); Str 17, Dex 17, Con 16, Int 10, Wis 18, Cha 15; AL LE; SA spells; SD spells *ring of free action*, amulet radiating *protection from good 10' radius*; XP 8,000; Spells memorized: *cause fear* (×3), *darkness* (×3), *detect good*, *sanctuary*, *aid*, *hold person* (×4), *resist fire*, *silence 15' radius* (×2), *continual darkness* (×2), *dispel magic* (×2), *glyph of warding**, *meld into stone*, *prayer*, *cloak of fear*, *poison* (×2), *spell immunity* (vs. *magic missile*), *sticks to snakes* (×2), *flame strike*, *plane shift*, *slay living*, *blade barrier*, *word of recall*, *symbol*

* indicates a spell already cast.

Vazirian is 5' 10" tall, 34 years old, of medium build, with blond hair and green eyes. His other magical items are a scroll of the spells *blade barrier*, *heal*, and *word of recall*, and a vial of *oil of impact* making his flail +3 on the attack roll and +6 on damage. Vazirian has personal jewelry worth 3,000 gp.

Marler the Priest: AC -1 (*plate mail +1*, *shield +1*); MV 12; Pr9; hp 48;

THACO 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6+3/2d4+2 (*footman's flail +1*); Str 16, Dex 15, Con 15, Int 7, Wis 17, Cha 10; AL LE; SA spells; SD spells; XP 2,000; Spells memorized: *cause fear*, *command*, *darkness* (×2), *detect magic*, *protection from good*, *aid*, *hold person* (×3), *silence 15' radius* (×2), *animate dead*, *continual darkness* (×2), *dispel magic*, *poison* (×2), *slay living*

Marler is 30, 5' 3" (and aware of it), of portly build, with mousy brown thinning hair and fishy gray eyes. His skin is greasy and pale, and he sweats profusely. He has with him a *potion of extra-healing* and a scroll of the spells *continual darkness* and *plane shift*. Marler has personal jewelry worth 700 gp.

Tondaleyo the Mage: AC 0 (*black robes of the archmagi*, *ring of protection +2*); MV 12; M13; hp 56; THACO 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4+3/1d3+3 (*dagger +3*); Str 9, Dex 17, Con 16, Int 18, Wis 9, Cha 17; AL CE; SA spells, SD spells, many magical items (see below), 5% magic resistance (robes); XP 7,000; Spells memorized: *alarm**, *grease**, *magic missile*, *shield*, *unseen servant**, *detect invisibility*, *invisibility*, *mirror image* (×2), *stinking cloud*, *dispel magic*, *fly*, *lightning bolt*, *Melf's minute meteors*, *slow*, *confusion*, *polymorph other*, *wall of fire*, *wall of ice*, *cone of cold*, *hold monster*, *teleport* (×2), *flesh to stone*, *globe of invulnerability*

* indicates a spell already cast.

Tondaleyo is 5' 7", slender, dusky of hue, with unusual emerald-green eyes that make her very beautiful; her husky voice only adds to her beauty. Unfortunately, she is as chaotic as she is evil. She has her traveling spell book (all spells of levels 1-3 as above plus her *teleport* spell), a *ring of fire resistance*, *boots of levitation*, *gloves of missile snaring*, a *potion of invisibility* with six sip-doses, and a scroll of the spells *haste*, *dimension door*, and *teleport without error*, all cast at 15th level. She has a jewelry casket and personal items of fabulous quality worth 15,000 gp.

Flesh Golems (3): AC 2 (plate and shield); MV 6; HD 9; hp 40; THACO 11; #AT 2; Dmg 2d8/2d8; SA structural damage; SD immune to most spells; AL N; Int Non-; SZ M; XP 3,000

These are clad in plate like the monster zombies outside.

Invisible Stalker: AC 3; MV 12; HD 8; hp 40; THACO 13; #AT 1; Dmg 4d4; SA +5 penalty to opponents' surprise roll; SD opponents unable to detect invisible strike with -4 penalty; MR 30%; Int High; AL N; SZ L; XP 2,000

This protects Tondaleyo at all times.

Defenses on the Building

The front and back doors have *alarm* spells on them; the doors to rooms 5 and 9 both have a *glyph of warding* that causes 28 points of damage and poison (successful saving throw or die).

Actions for the Evil Creatures

The guardians—the stalker, golems, and zombies—fight intruding PCs and defend the NPCs with little subtlety. The priests and mage will coordinate their spells if they can and retreat to the cellar only if they have to. They won't just run right off—they're too proud, and they will want to know who's had the audacity to attack them. All have escape routes (*plane shift*, *teleport*, *word of recall*) for use if matters get desperate.

Not all their actions can be scripted here; it depends on the warning they get. Precautionary castings of *cloak of fear/spell immunity/prayer* (Vazirian), *protection from good/aid* (Marler), *globe of invulnerability/mirror image/invisibility* (Tondaleyo) should be given preference. Don't forget sneaky stuff like an invisible Tondaleyo using a *dimension door* to get outside and zap the back of the party with a *cone of cold*, either.

If the PCs kill Vazirian, when they get out there is a note pinned to the front door. It reads, "Thanks for slaying my rival. I'll tip you off next time I want a job done. Thanks again—A Grateful Hierarch."