

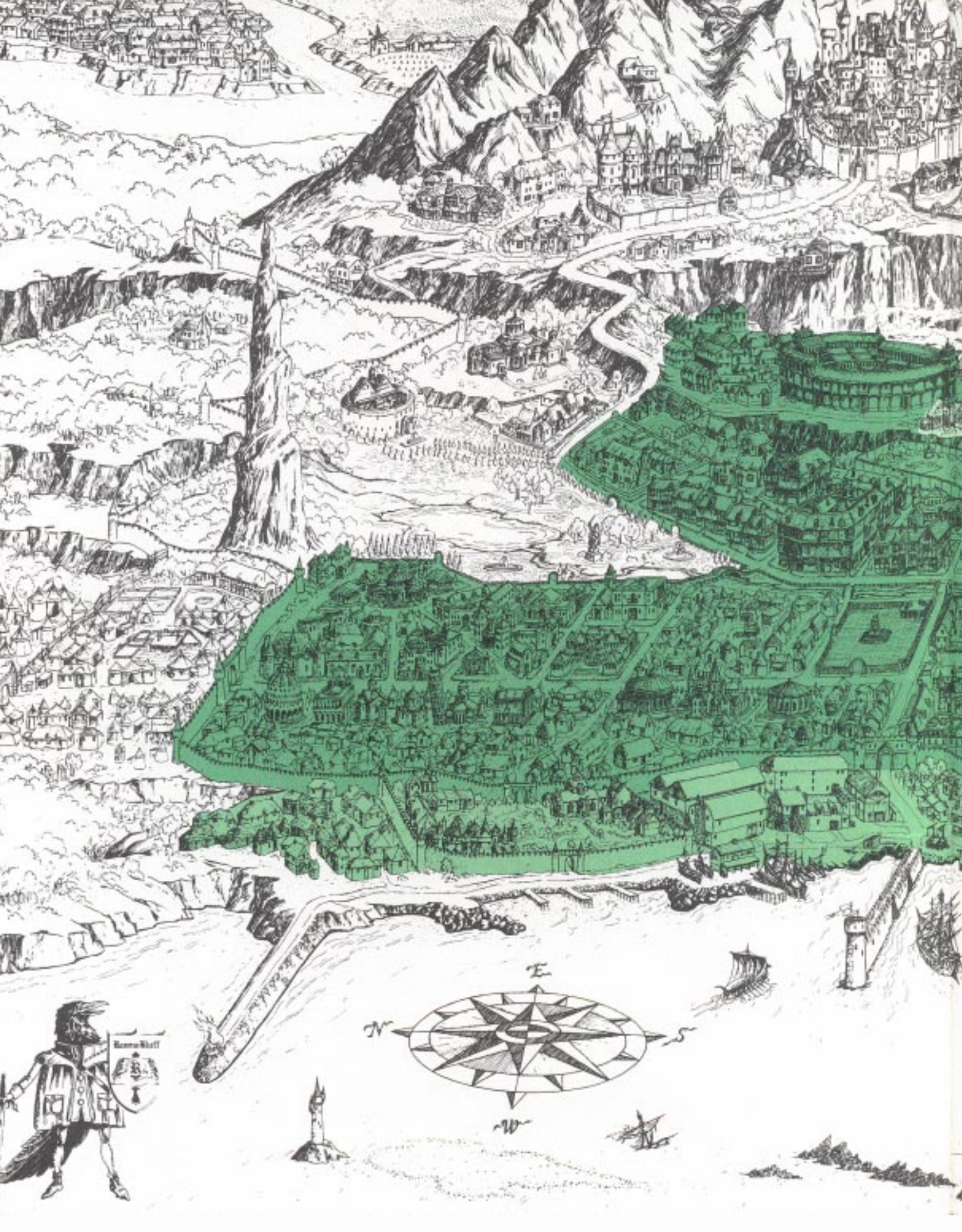
FORGOTTEN REALMS
Official Game Accessory

Gateway To RAVENS BLUFF™, The Living City



An Accessory by the RPGA™ Network For Characters Of All Levels
For Use With The FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Campaign World

Asphynson



Gateway To RAVENS BLUFF™, The Living City

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Credits

Compiled by: Jean Rabe
Editors: Skip Williams and Ed Sollers
Editorial Assistance: Debbie Poutsch
Cover Art: Keith Parkinson
Ravens Bluff Map: Valerie Valusek

Interior Art: Angela Bostick, Timothy Bradstreet, and Rick Lowry
Cartography: Guy McLimore
Typography: Angelika Lokotz
Keylining: Paul Hanchette
Design Concept: Harold Johnson, James Ward, and Jean Rabe

Dedication: To the present and future members of the RPGA Network, whose camaraderie and devotion to the gaming hobby will keep Ravens Bluff alive for many years to come.

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Welcome To Ravens Bluff



Welcome to Ravens Bluff, The Living City. Just off the coast of The Dragon Reach on the Sea of Fallen Stars, the city beckons to adventurers, promising to stir their imaginations. It is a city filled with memorable characters, fascinating shops and businesses, political intrigue, and, of course, adventure.

Opening the gates to our city you will meet Charles Oliver O'Kane, the lord mayor who has turned Ravens Bluff into a bustling seacoast city; Howard Holiday, the deputy mayor who has a network of spies headed by a somewhat civic-minded doppelganger; Lady Katharine Moorland, the half elf lord speaker of the Council of Lords who has a talent for magic; Ambassador Carraque, the city's senile building inspector; King, a dog that is more than a dog and is considered a hero in the city; and many more colorful personalities.

The city is also filled with many shops to browse through and spend your gold pieces in. Stop by Ye Who Dares, where you will find arms and armor at reasonable prices; The Sparkling Edge, a shop

that buys and sells gems; the Shod Talon, a tavern that caters to elves and half elves; and Ways Unknown, where you can find a guide who could lead you to adventure. We also present the city barracks, filled with officers and fighters (some of who are a bit barbaric), and Narwhal Manor, the city's customs warehouse. And in future issues of the POLYHEDRON™ Newszine and in other special Living City products you will find other businesses, characters, and events that you won't want to miss.

These buildings and personalities will fit right into your Living City campaign, or they can be used with other existing city campaigns. The adventure included in this product, "Rats!", also can be used in existing city campaigns.

DMs and players who use the material in this and future packs will learn there is as much adventure in a city as there is in any dungeon or wilderness setting. And there's just as much fun, too.

Ravens Bluff and the lands around it belong to the ROLE PLAYING GAME ASSOCIATION™ Network, an international organization of role playing game enthusiasts. The characters, buildings, and adventures in this Gateway Pack are created by Network members. In addition, Living City features appear in each issue of the POLYHEDRON Newszine, the official bi-monthly magazine of the Network. If you want to join the Network, fill out the membership form at the end of this product. The RPGA™ Network also sponsors Living City tournaments at GEN CON® Game Fair, which are open to members only. And the Network only will consider Living City material submitted by Network members. Submission guidelines appear at the end of this product.

The city is a changing environment. Events will take place in Ravens Bluff that will alter the political climate, affect the businesses there, and impact on the colorful characters presented in this pack and in the POLYHEDRON Newszine. These events can provide adventures for Living City campaigns and can inspire DMs to improve and change their own cities. The city will also grow.

In future products you will see guilds and new personalities, learn about the nearby druidic community, and discover the secrets of the tent town outside the city's gates.

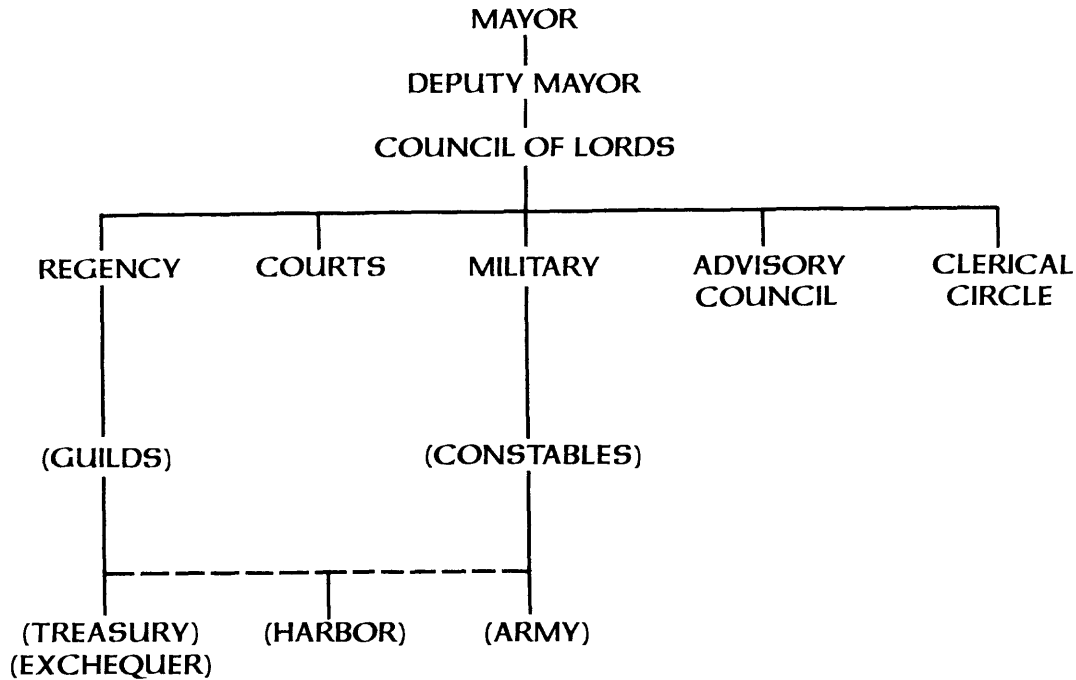
There is so much to explore that it cannot be contained in one product. Ravens Bluff is home to the rich, the poor, and all classes in between. Travel from the warfs, where you might chance upon some unsavory characters in a run-down tavern, to the merchants' district alive with activity. Visit "Smuggler's Town," a collection of buildings isolated on an island in the river, but be careful of your purse. Journey to the peaks southeast of the city where winged mounts bring important visitors to the city. Nearby is a collection of hill dwellings, cave-like homes occupied by an enigmatic and mixed group of people. And make sure you have time to walk by the waterfall—the one that sprouts from a fissure in the ground—not from a river. This is a city you can explore again and again.

This city is like no other presented in fantasy gaming material, because this city is not finite. Through the years more information about this city will become known and new personalities will be introduced.

And more is to come. There are plans to produce a quarterly Living City newsletter, the Ravens Bluff Trumpeter. This will contain up-to-date information on happenings around the city and information about key personalities. Although this product and each subsequent product involving Ravens Bluff can stand alone, to get the full benefit of all Ravens Bluff, the Living City, material you will need the POLYHEDRON Newszine, the Ravens Bluff Trumpeter, and our other special releases, which will be announced in the Newszine and the newsletter.

Don't miss out on all the activities and excitement. Stroll through the gates of our city. There's an adventure inside waiting for you.

City Government Organization Chart



City Government & Organization

Non Player Character Officials

Mayor: Charles Oliver O'Kane
Deputy Mayor: Howard Holiday
Council of Lords: Mayor or Deputy Mayor (when present), otherwise Lady Katharine Marie Moorland (two-year term)

Heads of Departments

Regency: Lord Thomas Raphiel, Lord Regent
Courts: Tordon Sureblade, Lord Chancellor
Military: Lord Marshal Gaius Varro
Advisory Council: Lord Charles Frederik LaVerne Blacktree IV, Lord Speaker (two-year term)

Clerical Circle: SIRRUS Melandor, Chief Prelate, High Priest of Tyr

Subdepartments

Regent of Guilds
Regent of Treasury
Regent of Harbor
Chief Constable
Field General of the Army

Other Officials

Brasclan (Senior Constable; see *Rats!*)
 Ambassador Carrague (Advisory Council)
 Lord Russell Roland (Advisory Council)

Guildmasters: The NPC section contains descriptions of some, but not all, guildmasters in the city.

Arvin Kothonos (Merchants' Guild)
 Thorm Sureblade (Independent Fighters' Guild)

The Regency

LORD REGENT

The Lord Regent manages the departments concerned with the city's economic life. He has little policy-making power; rather, he implements policy as set down by the Council of Lords, of which he is a member. The Lord Regent's subordinates are carefully chosen and need little supervision from the Lord Regent. This leaves the Lord Regent time to handle the city's foreign policy. The Lord Regent's goals in this area are to persuade the remaining independent lords in the Ravens Bluff area to accept the authority of the city.

government, and to negotiate commercial treaties with the surrounding cities and realms.

Player characters may be asked to serve as bodyguards for a city ambassador on a diplomatic mission.

The current Lord Regent is Lord Thomas Raphiel. He is fully described in the NPC section.

Regent of The Guilds

The Regent of the Guilds is a government watchdog and liaison to the guilds. By law, he has review and veto power over the official policy of all guilds, and it is his responsibility to ensure that each guild lives up to its charter obligations. In practice, the Regent is grossly overworked and seldom able to perform his duties in full. Most guilds evade the Regent's authority as much as possible.

Regent of The Exchequer

The Regent of the Exchequer has several major responsibilities. He supervises the city's mint and regulates the amount of precious metal in its coins, suppresses (when possible) counterfeiting and coin clipping, collects taxes, licenses banks and moneylenders, and sees to the safety of the city's strongrooms and treasury. His department includes an ample number of clerks, collectors, and guards to enable it to fulfill its responsibilities.

The Regent is known as The Vulture, because of his bald head, hooked nose, and wizened body. He travels through the city in a sedan chair enclosed with purple curtains. A dozen guards accompany him. Player characters will almost never deal with the Regent directly. Large, ugly guards wearing the Exchequer's symbol, a pair of gold scales, are a common sight in the city. These guards are always on the lookout for tax-evading adventurers.

Regent of The Harbor

The Regent of the Harbor oversees all harbor operations and sets the harbor regulations. Regulations must be approved by the Lord Mayor and the Council of Lords, the city's policy making body. In addition, the Regent of the Harbor commands the city's ships in time of war.

The Regent commands six subordinate harbor masters. The harbor masters are responsible for keeping the city's fleet in a state of readiness, operating the lighthouse, patrolling the harbor, collecting tariffs, inspecting and handling cargos, and serving as deputy fleet commanders in time of war. Harbor patrol is the most important duty. The patrol is maintained at all times. Ships are forbidden to enter or leave the harbor, load or unload cargo or passengers, or conduct any other business during the hours between dusk and dawn. The harbor patrol enforces this regulation strictly, although violations do occur (ships of the Merchants' Guild being the prime offenders).

With the constantly increasing importance of commerce in the city's economic life, player characters could find profitable employment in fighting pirates or smugglers on behalf of the Regent.

The current Regent of the Harbor is Lord Calvin Longbottle. He is fully described in the NPC section.

The City Courts

The city's court system is based upon both customary usages and the enactments of the Council of Lords. Prior to the current government, the independent lords of the region each dispensed justice in his own way. A new legal system was needed to ensure justice to the city's rising population while at the same time respecting the feudal rights of the city's lords. Fortunately, the government found a Chancellor who had a keen legal mind as well as unquestionable integrity. It is the Chancellor's duty to revise the laws and assemble them into a coherent

whole. He also serves as judge in the most important court cases.

The current Chancellor is the paladin Tordon Sureblade. He is fully described in the NPC section.

The Military Structure

The army of Ravens Bluff is composed of contingents from the feudal armies of the city's lords. In time of war, the lords are expected to serve as officers in the city's army, leading their own followers. Overall command of the army is vested in a Lord Marshal chosen by the Council of Lords. The Lord Marshal chooses a Field General of the Army as his deputy. Most adventurers will have few encounters with the Lord Marshal or the Field General. Since the army is largely feudal, adventurers (except the unlucky victims of the occasional press gang) have no military obligations to the city.

The Lord Marshal is also nominal commander of the city's police force, raised from among the city's citizens; the Chief Constable actually handles this task on a day-to-day basis. There is never any shortage of work for the Chief Constable and his police. Obviously, player characters should avoid any disputes with them.

The Lord Marshal Gaius Varro and the Chief Constable, Rolf "Sunny" Sunriver, are fully described in the NPC section.

The Council of Lords

The Council of Lords, headed by the Lord Mayor, is the policy making body of Ravens Bluff. The current Lord Mayor is Charles Oliver O'Kane, who won his post in the Champion's Games. The Mayor has announced an ambitious plan for the future development of the city, and the Mayor is already being hailed as the city's greatest statesman.

The Lord Mayor and his subordinates set the agenda for Council meetings, and the Mayor speaks first in both pub-

lic and private debates. The Lord Mayor casts a tie-breaking vote in Council sessions when necessary.

The Council is composed of the feudal lords who agreed to accept the city's authority and received its guarantees of protection. The Lord Regent, the Chancellor, the Lord Marshal, the Lord Speaker of the Advisory Council, and the Chief Prelate are also members of the Council of Lords. The Council has the right of unlimited debate on public questions. But in practice, the Council works out all disputes in private session, and public debate is brief and to the point; votes are quickly taken. This procedure enhances the Mayor's reputation as a decisive leader.

The Council elects a Lord Speaker to lead their meeting when neither the Mayor or Deputy Mayor are in attendance. The Lord Speaker serves for a term of two years. The current Lord Speaker is Lady Katharine Marie Moorland. She is fully described in the NPC section.

The Advisory Council

The Advisory Council is composed of retired city officials (Lord Regent, the Chancellor, the Lord Marshal, the Chief Prelate), nobles who choose to serve on the Council, and nobles who have accepted a nomination to the Council from the Lord Mayor. The Advisory Council has no policy making powers; its sole function is to debate public matters and make recommendations to the Council of Lords. Despite its lack of power, the Advisory Council has a great deal of prestige; those who serve on the Council gain a reputation for wisdom. The Advisors do not always merit this reputation; the Advisory Council is an ideal place for the Lord Mayor to dump a noble who would be a nuisance in the Council of Lords.

The greatest nuisance of all is the current Lord Speaker of the Advisory Council, Lord Charles Frederick LaVerne Blacktree IV. This foppish twit is fully described in the NPC section.

The Clerical Circle

Religion in the Living City is both a private and a public matter. In a city of this size, a worshipper can find a temple or shrine to almost any deity currently worshipped in the Realms, and the government does not interfere with the private beliefs of the city's residents. However, all citizens of the city are expected to honor the gods of the civic religion in addition to their other worship. Clerics, paladins, and others formally pledged to a specific deity are exempted from civic worship.

The civic religion of Ravens Bluff honors the powers whose influence can ensure the safety and prosperity of the city, and it is the representatives of the civic religion that form the membership of the Clerical Circle, headed by the Chief Prelate. The civic religion is not oriented toward the spiritual needs of individuals, but to the needs of the city as a whole. The rituals and festivals of the civic religion are important public events, providing holidays for the citizens so that all can participate; these are seasonal events. The civic rituals are in addition to the more frequent regular rituals, attended by the more devout citizens.

Their official status makes the temples of the civic religion the wealthiest and most powerful clerical organizations in the city. The civic religion is exempted from taxes. Other temples (at least the ones the government knows about) must pay seasonal taxes to legally operate in the city. The civic religion is further enriched by lavish gifts from those who wish to make a public display of piety. City guilds and wealthy citizens have renovated civic temples and sponsored lavish public festivals many times. Wealth and political connections have given the civic religion and the Clerical Circle a conservative, sometimes complacent outlook. However, they work diligently to stave off any threat to the city; their high profile demands it.

The Chief Prelate

The Chief Prelate is the head of the Clerical Circle for Ravens Bluff. The circle consists of one representative from each of the city's civic temples, and its tasks are to maintain a harmonious relationship among the civic temples and to work together for the common good of the city. The Chief Prelate presides over all meetings of the circle and appoints all committees of the circle.

The current Chief Prelate of Ravens Bluff is SIRRUS MELANDOR, High Priest of Tyr. He is fully described in the NPC section.

The Gods of The Civic Religion

The civic religion of Ravens Bluff honors the following deities; they are described fully in the *Cyclopedia of the Realms*.

Chauntea Goddess of Agriculture (Neutral Good, Greater Power)

Gond God of Smiths, Artificers, Crafts, Construction (Neutral, Lesser Power)

Helm God of Guardians (Lawful Neutral, Lesser Power)

Lathander God of Spring, Dawn, Renewal, Beginnings, Creativity (Neutral Good, Greater Power)

Selune Goddess of the Moon, Stars, Navigation (Chaotic Good, Lesser Power)

Tempus God of War (Chaotic Neutral, Greater Power)

Tymora Goddess of Good Fortune, Victory (Chaotic Good, Lesser Power)

Tyr God of Justice (Lawful Good, Greater Power)

Waukeen Goddess of Trade, Money (Neutral, Lesser Power)

Charles Oliver O'Kane, Lord Mayor

15th Level

Human Male Fighter

STR: 18/38
INT: 14
WIS: 15
DEX: 12
CON: 17
CHA: 15
COM: 12

AC Normal: -2 (plate mail + shield)/10 (unarmored)

AC Rear: 0 (plate mail + shield)/10 (unarmored)

Hit Points: 100

Alignment: Lawful Neutral

Weapon Proficiencies: Broad Sword (specialization), Dagger, Spear, Battle Axe, Short Sword, Mace, Light Crossbow

Languages: Common, Elvish, Dwarvish

Special Abilities: Weapon specialization (broad sword)

Physical Appearance

The Lord Mayor is 48 years old, stands 5'11" tall, and weighs 240 pounds. His ruddy face is framed by curly brown hair and a full beard. The Lord Mayor is a burly man whose great strength is evident in his massive chest and arms, although middle age and a love of ale have taken their toll on his waistline. The Mayor's clothes are of the finest quality, but are usually of somber colors. The only obvious signs of his wealth and influence are his chain of office, his sword, and his ring, all decorated with gold and sapphires. The Lord Mayor never wears armor within the city, but always wears a sword in public as befits his station.

Position and Duties

Charles Oliver O'Kane has been Lord Mayor of Ravens Bluff for 14 years. Under his leadership, Ravens Bluff has been transformed from a precarious settlement threatened by pirates and bandits to a prosperous city with a bright future.



Officially, the Lord Mayor's job is to preside over the Council of Lords (the city's legislative body), manage the civic bureaucracy, formulate policy and budgets, draft regulations for the city, mediate disputes among the city's factions, conduct diplomacy between the city-state and other realms, and lead the city's military and naval forces in battle. In the days when the city government was weak and its resources limited, the Mayor had to personally handle most of these duties. After creating an effective bureaucracy, the Mayor was able to delegate many of these responsibilities to others, leaving himself free to devote more time to rooting out corruption in the system. The Mayor also spends a great deal of time as the city's ombudsman. This personal attention to the problems of the city's people have made the Mayor and his government very popular among the citizens. Those who benefit from corruption or weak government are considerably less happy with the Mayor's government.

Personality and Motivation

The city government is new, and much more remains to be done. The Mayor is keenly aware that his government is the first strong one in Ravens Bluff, and he fights hard to preserve it. In this regard, the Lord Mayor is tireless. Both in council and on the battlefield, the Lord Mayor is smart and tenacious, seeking out hidden weaknesses in his opponents. He takes every advantage that is consistent with his sense of honor, which can be flexible if necessary. These traits make him an ideal mediator between the city's contending factions (city nobles, independent nobles, guilds, workers, the military, et al.), which might tear the city apart in the absence of such a mediator.



In handling most problems, the Lord Mayor seeks to reach a compromise. He takes an active role in all aspects of government, often personally investigating problems within the city. He keeps himself informed through an extensive network of spies and agents; this network is managed by the Deputy Mayor, Howard Holiday.

MANNER AND STYLE

His importance to the city's survival reinforces the Lord Mayor's considerable ego. The Mayor's record includes more than a decade of solid achievement, and he is justifiably proud of it. The Mayor's anger can be awesome when he believes that his opponents are acting from corrupt or unreasonably stubborn motives, although he usually controls his choleric temper. Sloppiness and incompetence among his subordinates also provokes a volcanic response.

The Mayor is keenly aware that the strength of the city's government rests on the confidence of its citizens. He deliberately cultivates a jovial, approachable style. As a result, most citizens feel that the Mayor personally represents them. When he has time to relax, he can be found in public places listening to the complaints of the common people; his favorite places to do this are the city's inns and taverns, where he gains weight as well as knowledge.

Magic Items

Broad Sword +3, +6 (*Frost Brand*)
Periap of Proof Against Poison +3
Plate Mail +2 (seldom worn)
Ring of Spell Turning
Shield +2

History

Nothing definite is known of Charles Oliver O'Kane's life before his arrival in Ravens Bluff, although various heroic legends circulate among the citizens. Clearly, he had been a successful adventurer for many years before he came to participate in the Champion's Games. The games were intended to choose a champion who would become Lord Mayor and assume the task of protecting the city from the pirates and bandits who were ravaging it. Charles was one of the first to arrive, and rumors persist that he made deals with some of the city guilds, for the other contestants found it difficult to care for their horses and equipment after the long journey to the city. By the time of the contest, grindstones and horseshoes were unavailable at any price; the blacksmiths and armorers were absent or overwhelmed by prior obligations. Whatever the truth, Charles swept the field and was proclaimed Lord Mayor and Champion of Ravens Bluff.

His first task was to repel the threat posed by pirates and by raiders from the mountains near the city. He had to forge alliances with the local nobles and lead their forces into battle. He fought so many battles that he practically lived in armor in those days, but a string of victories won him a respite that enabled him to deal with the city's other needs.

He first organized an effective local government to relieve himself of part of his responsibilities, then set about promoting trade and economic development. The economy was soon booming, but corruption arose both in government and in the private sector as a result of rapid growth. The Mayor still struggles with this problem.

So far, the Mayor's plan for the city's development has been a success, and he believes that the city will remain secure after he retires, although that day is far in the future.

Howard Holiday, Deputy Mayor

*Human Male Fighter/
Magic-User/Illusionist
(6/7/2)*

STR: 15
INT: 17
WIS: 17
DEX: 16
CON: 15
CHA: 18
COM: 17

AC Normal: 1

AC Rear: 3

Hit Points: 46

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Weapon Proficiencies: Long Sword, Two-Handed Sword, Longbow, Dagger, Footman's Flail

Languages: Common, Elvish

Spells (magic-user): 4/3/2/1

Spells (illusionist): 2 (1st Level)

Special Abilities: Human double-class character; illusionist ability requires *hat of difference*

Physical Appearance

Howard is 38 years old, stands 5'11" tall, and weighs 165 pounds. He is one of the most handsome politicians in Ravens Bluff. His vigorous, muscular physique and stylish clothes reinforce this impression. Howard cherishes his fancy broad-brimmed (magical) hat, decorated with a hippogriff plume; he is seldom seen without the hat.

Position and Duties

Howard is the deputy mayor of the city and also one of the Lord Mayor's chief advisors. He sets the agenda for meetings of the Council of Lords and also plans the Lord Mayor's appointments and daily schedule. Thus, anyone who wants to do direct business with the highest level of city government must make arrangements through Howard. Howard's integrity prevents him from taking corrupt advantage of this important post; Howard expedites urgent business while keeping crackpots and fools at a safe distance.

Howard manages the city bureaucracy, receiving regular reports from the Lord Regent, the Chancellor, the Lord Marshal, the Chief Prelate, and the Lord Speakers of the Council of Lords and the Advisory Council on matters within their responsibilities. Howard's analysis of these voluminous reports aid the Lord Mayor in planning the city's future progress.

In the absence of the Lord Mayor, Howard entertains foreign kings and princes when they come to the city on state visits. Howard often travels to other realms as the city's representative.

Howard has yet another responsibility that almost no one in the city knows about. Howard manages an extensive network of spies and informers who keep him informed of political corruption, organized crime, and other illicit activities within the city. The information provided is often late or inaccurate, but Howard works constantly to increase the efficiency of his agents. Howard usually works through trusted lieutenants (especially his chief spy, Chaney); they choose the informers. However, for a particularly dangerous job, Howard will personally choose the agents (PCs are ideal in such a role). Howard's covert activity is designed to be untraceable to the Lord Mayor, so if any operation becomes a spectacular fiasco, it all will be blamed on Howard.

Personality and Motivation

Howard's job is that of a policy-maker, and he should take a broad view of city affairs. Unfortunately, Howard is obsessed by details, and he is continually interfering in the work of others. He believes that nothing can be done properly without his assistance. The main problem with this is that he makes any problem or dispute more complicated, without necessarily improving the situation. In other words, he frequently fixes what is not broken.

As a result, Howard rarely gets anything done on time. He is often weeks behind schedule on projects the Lord Mayor assigns him.

Manner and Style

Howard always has been well-respected by most of the citizenry. He is a very friendly person, outgoing and charismatic. His cheerful disposition has helped give the city's government a good image. Howard is generous to a fault and anxious to help the town residents.

Howard is one of the most desirable bachelors around. To the extent that his heavy workload allows, he will accept dinner invitations from women he knows. Howard is by no means a ladies' man, however. Marriage is not in Howard's near future—as he sees it. He is too busy to become involved in a serious relationship. A woman would require valuable time that Howard just cannot afford.

Spell Books

Magic-User

First Level *detect magic*
friends
magic missile
shield
sleep
read magic
spider climb

Second Level *detect invisibility*
mirror image
strength
web

Third Level *dispel magic*
hold person
slow

Fourth Level *Rary's mnemonic*
enhancer
confusion

Illusionist

First Level *color spray*
wall of fog
read illusionist magic
detect illusion
change self

Magic Items

Bag of Holding (capacity 250 lbs.)
Bracers of Defense (AC 3)

Hat of Difference (used to obtain illusionist abilities)

Long Sword +1 (Flame Tongue)

Robe of Useful Items (2 daggers, lantern, 2 10' poles, 2 50' ropes, large sack, bag of 100 gp, iron door, 24' wooden ladder, mule & saddle bags)

History

Howard came to Ravens Bluff about 10 years ago to retire from the adventurer's life. He sought work in a less dangerous job. Howard was a constable for a brief time, but kept trying to find something more rewarding. The search was long and dismal; Howard began moving from job to job in the merchants' quarter. The merchants, it seemed, needed a guard

only on a temporary basis. So he stocked shelves, ordered goods, and waited on customers until one steady customer, an old wizard, asked him to accompany a few mages on a short trip out of town. Howard had been telling the wizard of his many adventures as a fighter, and he couldn't refuse the wizard's offer for fear he would be branded a coward.

The short trip out of town turned into a two-month journey to a partly-demolished castle and a tough battle against several trolls.

When the group returned to Ravens Bluff Howard was out of a job. His employer had not taken kindly to Howard's extended leave of absence. Howard went to his wizard friend, complaining about his situation, and

was given a job as a guard. During the next few years he befriended several of the mages. Howard found he was more suited to magic than fighting. He began to adventure again, and by age 32 had attained sixth level as a magic-user and was held in esteem by other mages in the guild.

Howard's diligence brought him to the attention of Ambassador Carrague, an ancient wizard who was also a member of the Advisory Council of Ravens Bluff. Carrague suggested to the Lord Mayor that Howard would be a useful, hard-working assistant. The Mayor gave him a chance, and Howard exceeded all expectations, eventually becoming Deputy Mayor.

Gaius Varro, Lord Marshal

12th Level

Human Male Fighter

STR: 12

INT: 13

WIS: 13

DEX: 10

CON: 14

CHA: 14

COM: 15

AC Normal: 7

AC Rear: 7

Hit Points: 49

Alignment: Lawful Good

Weapon Proficiencies: Long Sword, Battle Axe, Morning Star, Dagger, Javelin, Horseman's Mace, Horseman's Flail

Languages: Common

Physical Appearance

Lord Marshal Gaius Varro is 74 years old, stands 6'4" tall, and weighs 310 pounds. He's the most recognizable man in the city, given his impressive size, ornate uniform, and flowing white hair. In public, he always wears a uniform covered in decorations and gold braid; he carries a gilded mace, the symbol of his office.

Position and Duties

The Lord Marshal has overall command of the city's military and police forces, and commands the city's army in war. In peace, his duties include training the troops, building or maintaining fortifications, inspecting equipment and facilities, and reviewing court-martial proceedings.

Personality and Motivation

The Lord Marshal's loyalty and dedication to the city are unquestionable. However, age and poor health have limited his effectiveness. As a result, he favors a cautious, conservative approach in all public matters, including military affairs.

Manner and Style

In meetings, the Lord Marshal usually speaks in a lucid, concise manner, always advocating a defensive strategy. However, if challenged, he becomes indignant, burying his critics in a mass of detail to prove his case. The Lord Marshal does not hold grudges in such disputes, throwing a huge banquet later to make amends.

To the common troops, the Lord Marshal is a notorious disciplinarian and martinet, the terror of all careless or slovenly soldiers.

Magic Items

Ring of Protection + 3

Horn of Valhalla (Bronze)

3 Javelins of Piercing

History

Lord Gaius Varro has been a professional soldier for nearly half a century. He fought few battles, but won those he fought—often by slim margins. Varro was expelled from Scardale, his homeland, by Lord Aumersair of Scardale, but Varro was quickly hired by the Living City. The Lord Mayor hired Varro because of the latter's reputation, but the truth is that the Lord Marshal has not led an army in 15 years. In that time, all of Varro's victories have been won at the banquet table, and his deadliest enemies have been indigestion and gout.

Lord Charles Frederik LaVerne Blacktree IV

2nd Level

Human Male Fighter

STR: 14

INT: 10

WIS: 8

DEX: 15

CON: 12

CHA: 9

COM: 16

AC Normal: 6 (studded leather)/9 (no armor)

AC Rear: 7 (studded leather)/10 (no armor)

Hit Points: 17

Alignment: Neutral Good

Weapon Proficiencies: Long Sword, Dagger, Longbow, Javelin

Languages: Common

Physical Appearance

Lord Charles is 21 years old. He weighs 160 pounds, and stands 5'11" – a tall, gangly, young man. When he is in court, he dresses in fine custom-tailored silks with supple leather boots, a velvet brocade cape, and a rakish velvet hat with a roc's feather stuck in it. He also carries a jeweled dagger on his belt.

When hunting or traveling in the countryside, he wears a custom-made suit of green studded leather armor. At these times, he arms himself with a long sword, two magical daggers, a longbow, and two javelins. He keeps his bow, a quiver of silver-headed arrows, and the javelins in special scabbards attached to his saddle. He occasionally wears his magical gauntlets (he doesn't actually use them—he just admires their finely-crafted appearance).

Position and Duties

Lord Charles is currently Lord Speaker of the Advisory Council, a body with plenty of prestige, but no real power. Most other members are elderly retired statesmen seeking comfortable sinecures. When Lord Charles deals with important matters, the Council ensures that a more experienced advisor is assigned as his assistant—the "assistant" handles the real work.



Lord Charles was elected Lord Speaker of the Advisory Council as a mark of respect for his late father, before the Council realized what a fool Charles is. His term as Lord Speaker lasts for two years, and the Council is counting the days until his term ends.

Personality and Motivation

Lord Charles enjoys his position and wealth, and doesn't mind flaunting them. He is vain, lazy, foolish, and irresponsible, and believes that the other nobles are too stuffy.

Manner and Style

Charles is a boisterous, but naive young man who has come into his inheritance prematurely. He is always bragging about his exploits as a hunter, womanizer, and well-connected politician. In fact, there is little to support his claims. If challenged on his exaggerations, he will at first become hostile, and then he will bluster and threaten the offender. If the challenger stands up to him, Charles backs down, finding some excuse to avoid unpleasantness, while trying to save face any way he can. Socially, he constantly hosts parties on his estate for his young friends, and has acquired a reputation as a playboy. The Advisory Council tolerates Charles out of respect for his father, but their patience is growing thin.

Magic Items

Dagger + 1

Dagger + 2

Gauntlets of Climbing and Swimming

History

Charles was born into a long-established noble family, the second son of Lord David Meercant Oster Blacktree IV and his wife, Melanie. His older brother, David V, received the attention and grooming to position accorded the oldest son. Charles was spoiled, and generally ignored. He inherited the title when his father, mother, and brother drowned in a shipwreck.

Charles is completely unprepared to deal with the vast responsibilities of a landed lord, and leaves the management of the estate to his major domo, Hans Silverspeak, who served his father for more than 20 years. Hans provides Charles with enough money to maintain a comfortable house in the city; with Charles out of the way, Hans can go about the business of properly managing the estate, which encompasses more than 2,000 acres and supports vegetable and grain farming as well as meat and dairy cattle. Part of the estate, roughly 800 acres, is prime forest land.

TORDON SUREBLADE, LORD CHANCELLOR



9th Level Human Male Paladin

STR: 17
INT: 12
WIS: 15
DEX: 15
CON: 16
CHA: 18
COM: 16

AC Normal: 0

AC Rear: 3

Hit Points: 67

Alignment: Lawful Good

Weapon Proficiencies: Lance, Long Sword, Dagger, Horseman's Mace, Bastard Sword, Horseman's Military Pick, Broad Sword

Special Abilities: Standard paladin abilities

Languages: Common

Spells/Day: 1 First Level Clerical Spell

Physical Appearance

Tordon Sureblade is a short, muscular man of 40. He stands 5'5" tall and weighs 175 pounds. He pays particular attention to his appearance, taking care to dress neatly and conservatively at all times. Tordon favors somber colors, especially gray and brown.

Position and Duties

As Chancellor of Ravens Bluff, Tordon is the head of the city's legal system. His responsibilities are threefold: to manage the operations of lower courts and judges, to preside as judge of the city's highest court, and to supervise the codification of the city's customary laws (thus ensuring more consistent justice). Tordon's decisions and official acts must be submitted to the Mayor and the Council of Lords for final approval, but so far this always has been granted. As chancellor of Ravens Bluff, Tordon is also a member of the Council of Lords.

Personality and Motivation

Tordon's goal is to promote justice through the creation of a comprehensive system of laws. An unfortunate aspect of his task is the great amount of time it requires. As the best legal mind in the city, Tordon must handle most legal paperwork himself, aided only by a few clerks. This leaves him with little time for adventuring. Tordon sometimes worries that his official job is making him stale as a fighter against evil.

Manner and Style

Tordon is a taciturn, solemn individual dedicated to his responsibilities. He rarely shows his feelings, and he despises aimless small talk. However, on

occasion he displays a dry, witty humor. Though deeply religious and dedicated to Torm, Tordon has learned to tolerate differing non-evil faiths. He lives simply and donates 40 percent of his income to help the poor.

His official duties leave him little time to fight evil in battle, but on campaign he is fearless and well-known for making quick decisions in the field.

Tordon dearly loves his brother Thorm, and recommended Thorm as a guildmaster for one of the fighters' guilds, hoping to keep Thorm occupied and out of trouble. However, Thorm's wild and carefree nature leads him into brawls far too often. Tordon understands Thorm's need to relieve tensions. He just wishes Thorm would find a less damaging means to do so.

History

Tordon and Thorm share the same father, but Tordon's mother was a human woman named Eleanora. Tordon grew up in Ravens Bluff and saw much of the lawlessness and stagnation that is part of any large city. Tordon always wanted to be a part of the political structure of the city, but realized he must be educated first. He spent most of his early years in libraries, reading all he could about history, legends, politics, and religion, while at the same time learning the skills of a warrior.

A few years ago Tordon was appointed chancellor in Ravens Bluff. He considered this a dream come true and spends most of his time working to improve city laws. However, he has not abandoned the service of Torm. He regularly aids the temple and sometimes helps train young paladins of the temple.

Magic Items

Chain mail +2

Shield +1

Long Sword +3 "Finder" (INT 12, EGO 4, Alignment LG, Semi-empathy, Detects Secret Doors in 5' radius)

Ring of Feather Falling

Bag of Holding (250 lb. capacity)

Lady Katharine Marie Moorland

Female Half-Elf
Fighter/Magic-User (1/1)

STR: 11
INT: 17
WIS: 15
DEX: 13
CON: 13
CHA: 15
COM: 18
AC Normal: 8
AC Rear: 8

Hit Points: 6

Alignment: Neutral Good

Weapon Proficiencies (Fighter):
Longbow, Long Sword, Spear, Dagger

Weapon Proficiencies (Magic-User): Staff

Special Abilities: 30% MR vs. *charm*, *sleep*, 60' infravision, secret door location

Languages: Common, Elvish, Gnomish, Halfling, Goblin, Hobgoblin, Orcish, Gnoll

Spells/Day: 1 First Level

Physical Appearance

Lady Katharine is 34 years old, stands 5'4" tall, and weighs 105 pounds. She is a strikingly beautiful young woman, with green eyes and red hair, unusual among half-elves. Katharine has a slender build, toughened by an active life.

When in town, she usually wears a simple long dress of fine linen, caught at the waist with a belt of leather and wrought gold on which she carries a magical dagger with a jeweled pommel. She also wears a lambskin cloak, clasped at the throat with a silver brooch decorated with her family coat of arms. She wears her long red hair loosely.

When out of town or on her parents' estate, she wears high soft boots and buckskin breeches, a linen shirt, a heavy plaincloth traveling cloak and a leather hat into which she tucks her hair to keep it out of the way. Her half-elf heritage makes her look younger than she actually is (she appears to be about 18 years old by human standards).

Position and Duties

Katharine is currently the Lord Speaker of the Council of Lords; her term lasts two years. At present, Katharine is the only woman with a seat on the Council. Because of her high intelligence and wisdom, she is frequently consulted on a wide range of topics. Katharine is usually responsible for scheduling the city's festivals and special events.

Personality and Motivation

Katharine likes the prestige her title carries and is flattered that many of the women in town try to copy her mode of dress. However, she believes she does not have as much authority as the male lords. She is working to change this situation. Katharine is rather smitten with Lord Russell Roland, who impressed her with his boldness and maturity. However, she does not openly display her feelings, due to the difference in their ages.

Manner and Style

Katharine is a friendly, adventurous young woman, an excellent rider, and a skilled archer. She likes to dabble in the arcane arts, and often spends hours in the adventurers' district, listening to tales of exotic lands, mystical powers, and mythical creatures.

Katharine is aware of men's interest in her, but does not consider any of her current suitors seriously. Gently, but firmly, she turns them down. If need be, she can be forceful, even angry with those who are too persistent. She knows that she is expected to marry within the next few years, but for now she is interested in enjoying the world.

Katharine is well-known and well-liked by most of the townspeople, and is more accepted by them than most other nobility.

Spell Books

First Level *read magic*
sleep
charm person
unseen servant

Magic Items

Ring of Protection + 2
Dagger +1
Sheet of Smallness

History

Katharine is the daughter of Lord Phineas Augustus Moorland, known to his peers as Lord Finn, and his elvish wife, Arlayna. She is the third of five children, with two older and two younger brothers. She grew up in competition with them, and learned to ride and shoot at an early age. Her father encouraged her to become self-reliant. Her mother did not object to this, but insisted that she also receive training in the duties of a woman of nobility, including, to Katharine's aggravation, such mundane things as cooking, sewing, and tending to the ill, and in various forms of social etiquette and court behavior. Her mother also was well-schooled, and interested in magic and metaphysics. She passed this interest on to Katharine.

As is customary, Katharine received the title of Lady on her thirtieth birthday (still quite young for a half-elf), as well as the income from a small holding of land; with this money, she maintains a house in Ravens Bluff. She will only come into her full inheritance, though, when her father dies or she marries, whichever comes first.

Katharine became a member of the Council of Lords when her father retired from the post because of ill health (he is now 63), and her two older brothers were not able to accept the position—they were adventuring in another country. Some Ravens Bluff residents believe her father deliberately retired at a time when his daughter was the only relative that could take his position.

Lord Thomas Raphiel, Lord Regent

5th Level

Human Male Fighter

STR: 10
INT: 18
WIS: 14
DEX: 10
CON: 11
CHA: 18
COM: 15
AC Normal: 6
AC Rear: 6
Hit Points: 31

Alignment: Lawful Good

Weapon Proficiencies: Battle Axe, Footman's Flail, Lance, Bastard Sword, Long Sword.

Languages: Common

Physical Appearance

Lord Thomas Raphiel is 6'2" tall, weighs 195 lbs., and is 67 years old. Time has done little to weather his handsome features, and Lord Thomas looks younger than his true age. He wears fine clothes and always has a long sword at his side.

Position and Duties

Lord Thomas manages the departments concerned with the city's economic life. He has little policy-making power; rather, he implements policy as set down by the Council of Lords (of which he is a member). Lord Thomas' subordinates need little supervision, and this gives the Lord Regent time to handle the foreign policy of the city. The Lord Regent's goals in this area are to persuade the remaining independent lords in the Ravens Bluff area to accept the authority of the city government, and to negotiate commercial treaties with the surrounding cities and realms.

Due to his age, Lord Thomas seldom does any fighting these days.

Personality and Motivation

Lord Thomas enjoys working with foreign dignitaries, as he feels it increases his importance to the city and the Lord



Mayor. Eventually, he would like to have a more important position in Ravens Bluff.

Manner and Style

Lord Thomas is a perfect statesman. He is a noble fellow whose manner is always charming and persuasive. Thomas is calm and soothing, but he can be forceful and domineering when the need arises. He is very tradition-bound. He believes in a chivalrous code of ethics, passed down to him from his ancestors. He is resistant to change, and he feels that old customs should be observed and maintained.

Thomas' one weakness is the pride he holds for his family name. He will not allow anyone to demean the honor of his family name. He may give way to fury if someone is foolish enough to question his family's honor.

Magic Items

Bracers of Defense (AC 6)
Ring of Truth
Quarterstaff + 2
Long Sword + 1 (NSA)
Lance +3

History

Lord Thomas comes from an old family with deep traditions. He claims his ancestors once governed the wild lands Ravens Bluff now occupies. He is the head of the Raphiel clan in Ravens Bluff. It includes immediate family and many uncles, aunts, and cousins. He lives with his wife, Silva. His two sons, Evro and Eron left home long ago.

Thomas was educated for a life of nobility and service. He studied history, literature, warfare, and the social graces. He was trained as a fighter, and he has fought in many campaigns. However, he never took up a career as an adventurer.

As age began to dull his fighting prowess, Thomas realized he could serve Ravens Bluff in other ways. He accepted the position of Lord Regent when the office was left vacant after the death of his uncle, Sir Dillard.

Thomas has been Lord Regent for 12 years. He has done an excellent job, mostly due to his remarkable intelligence and charisma.

Rolf "SUNNY" Sunriver, Chief Constable

9th Level Half-Elf Male
Fighter

STR: 17
INT: 12
WIS: 11
DEX: 16
CON: 16
CHA: 14
COM: 15

AC Normal: 2

AC Rear: 4

Hit Points: 60

Alignment: Lawful Good

Weapon Proficiencies: Long Sword, Longbow, Morning Star, Whip, Dagger, Spear

Special Abilities: 30% MR vs. *charm*, *sleep*, 60' infravision, detect secret and concealed doors

Languages: Common, Elvish, Gnomish, Halfling, Goblin, Hobgoblin, Orcish, Gnoll

Physical Appearance

Rolf is 5'9" tall, weighs 180 pounds, and is 80 years old. Rolf is a compact, muscular man who looks mostly human. Only the slight point to the ears and his unusually bright green eyes give hint of his elven parentage. He is tanned from spending most of his life outdoors. He wears elven chain mail and does not use a shield.

Although proficient in bow and sword, he seldom carries either, relying instead on a morning star, a whip, and two daggers; all of these are magical. His badge of office is predominantly displayed on his surcoat and on the back of his hooded cape.

Position and Duties

Rolf is chief of the constabulary, the city police force. He is responsible for enforcing the city's laws and is charged with turning all law breakers over to the magistrates. Rolf's immediate superior is the Lord Marshal, the city's highest-ranking military officer, but in practice the Marshal allows Rolf to report directly to the Lord Mayor. Rolf has six senior constables directly subordinate to

him, each responsible for a city district and the officers who patrol it.

Personality and Motivation

Rolf constantly hones his fighting skills and makes sure his force is in good order. He frequently schedules exercises and fighting practice. His goal is to build his force into a well-drilled unit familiar with city laws.

Manner and Style

Rolf's nickname, "Sunny," is satirical. Although he has a sense of humor, it is either dry or bawdy depending on his mood. He is usually impassive, but very observant of his environment. He is noted for his attention to detail. He can make snap decisions when required. He has earned a reputation among his men as a just leader, and among the general populace as an impartial enforcer of the law.

Rolf is absolutely dedicated to his post. He cannot be bribed, although he is aware that some of his subordinates may be tempted from time to time. If he becomes aware of corruption within his force, Rolf first tries to stop it through a direct warning to the man involved. If that fails, he will have the man stand trial. Rolf dislikes paperwork; he often can be seen making the rounds, wandering the streets with one or two of his senior constables to make spot checks on the job his men are doing.

Magic Items

Ring of Protection + 1

Morning Star +1

Dagger + 1

Dagger +3

Boots of Elvenkind

History

Rolf is the son of a human mercenary soldier and an elvish woman. He was raised among elves until age 30. He received his initial training in bow, sword, and dagger while with the elves. Although he was an accomplished hunter and soldier, he felt uncomfortable, a "half breed," and was determined



to leave and seek his fortune elsewhere.

He became a mercenary for a merchant caravan. He spent the next three decades traveling the world as a mercenary, sometimes as a footsoldier and sometimes as a cavalry officer. He had been through Ravens Bluff several times, and had made a number of friends there before he finally decided to settle down for a while. He applied for, and received an appointment to, the position of sergeant of the guard.

During the next fifteen years he advanced in rank and duties, doing regular duty as officer of the watch and earning the rank of senior constable. His dedication to the job was apparent to all. Over the years he ran afoul of the thieves' guild on a number of occasions, especially when he began cleaning up the warehouse district and cut into the profits of the smuggling trade. However, he came out the victor, and the thieves' guild now tries to conduct its business out of his way.

Five years ago, the chief constable announced his retirement and recommended Rolf as his successor. The thieves' guild shuddered at the thought of this hard-nosed, officious half-elf running the city guard force. The guild attempted to bribe several of the lords to block Rolf's appointment. Rolf learned of the bribery and exposed it, which politically cinched his getting the post.

Russell Roland, Lord MacIntyre



1st Level Male Human Ranger

STR: 18/00
INT: 15
WIS: 16
DEX: 13
CON: 17
CHA: 16
COM: 14

AC Normal: 10 (no armor)/5 (chain mail)

AC Rear: 10 (no armor)/5 (chain mail)

Hit Points: 17

Alignment: Neutral Good

Weapon Proficiencies: Bastard Sword, Dagger, Longbow

Special Abilities: Normal ranger abilities

Languages: Common

Physical Appearance

Lord Russell is 17 years old, weighs 175 pounds, and stands 5'8" tall. Even though Russell is a teenager, he is almost impossibly strong, and looks it.

Position and Duties

Lord Russell is a member of the Advisory Council. He has enough sense to defer to the older lords in most matters, speaking out only when he deems it vital to do so. He has no other duties in the government of Ravens Bluff. On his own lands, Russell is in charge of a large estate.

Personality and Motivation

Russell loves to hunt, and is an avid sportsman. He especially enjoys hunting down and killing various monsters which encroach on civilization, and has been fairly successful at it. He would like to join a group of adventurers on such an expedition, if the trip does not take him too far from MacIntyre lands, and if the others will accept his leadership.

Manner and Style

Circumstances have forced Lord Russell to become a self-reliant young man. While in combat or while hunting, Russell depends on his own strength and skill rather than on magic. In any tournament or duel of honor, he insists that no magic be used. Despite his responsibilities, Russell still has a sense of humor. He has been through a lot, and there is very little of the 17-year-old kid still in him. Too many people underestimate him because of his age.

New Magic Item

The MacIntyre Coronet: This platinum circlet has been in the MacIntyre family for years, originally obtained by Maldrige MacIntyre. The coronet protects its wearer from all forms of mental control and influence' including *charm* effects, *ESP*, illusion/phantasm spells, *symbols*, etc. The wearer adds

+ 3 to any saving throw roll against the effect, in addition to any bonuses for race, class, or other magical items. The circlet does not protect against divine abilities or against effects for which no saving throw is allowed. Russell knows that the coronet is magical, but does not know the precise effect (that secret would have been revealed by his father on Russell's 14th birthday).

History

Lord Russell's great-grandfather, the wizard Maldrige MacIntyre, founded the MacIntyre estate. Having performed numerous services for the feudal lords of the region, this wizard was granted a large plot of land, which he set up as an inheritance for his children; Maldrige built a mansion, MacIntyre Manor, within Ravens Bluff to be his residence. All succeeding generations of the family have lived there.

Maldrige's daughter was Russell's grandmother. She married Sean Roland and her title and inheritance passed to him.

Russell's father was the next lord. He had a reputation for hosting extravagant parties and festivals, but had little political acumen. Four years ago Russell's father died suddenly, leaving Russell and his sister Bevis as the only heirs.

Russell was only 13, and his father's will established a council of guardians to manage affairs. The members of the council (like most of his fathers' advisors) were corrupt toadies. However, within a year Russell obtained solid evidence of their venality and overthrew the council. MacIntyre Manor is no longer a haunt of fops and dandies; powerful people in the city hierarchy often can be found at the dining room table enjoying Russell's hospitality.

Russell and Bevis are not the only residents of MacIntyre Manor. Two family retainers, Challot and Aubergine live there. Also, the enigmatic sage, Grimalkin, is always around somewhere.

Bevis Roland

Russell's sister, Bevis, is friendly and brave. Bevis gets underfoot a lot, and likes to hide and listen to things she is not meant to hear.

Russell and Grimalkin have spread rumors that Bevis' pet Sparkle is actually a basilisk *polymorphed* into a cat, to discourage strangers from bothering Bevis. Sparkle is a perfectly normal cat, of course.

Bevis Roland, age 7 (AC 10; MV 12" ; 0 Lvl; hp 2; #AT 1; D by weapon; AL NG)

Challot and Aubergine

This married couple have been loyal family servants for years, since Russell's father was a young man. Challot drives the family carriage; Aubergine does most of the cooking and cleaning in the manor.

Challot, age 58, (AC 10; MV 12" ; F4; hp 28; #AT 1; D by weapon; AL CG)

Aubergine, age 52 (AC 10; MV 12" ; 0 Lvl; hp 3; #AT 1; D by weapon; AL NG)

Grimalkin, sage

10th Level Male Human Magic-User

STR: 9
INT: 17
WIS: 16
DEX: 10
CON: 12
CHA: 14
COM: 12

AC Normal: 10

AC Rear: 10

Hit Points: 22

Alignment: Lawful Neutral

Weapon Proficiencies: Dagger, Staff

Languages: Common, Elvish, Gnomish

Spells/Day: 4/4/3/2/2

Physical Appearance

Grimalkin is 68 years old, stands 5'10" tall, and weighs 130 pounds. His skin has the appearance of old, brittle parchment, and he wears his beard in a neat, white goatee. Grimalkin is careless, even slovenly, in dress. His most notable features are the blue tattoos that cover his arms from the shoulder to the wrist. The tattoos are non-magical, but use symbols that only a magic-user or sage equal to Grimalkin would recognize.

Position and Duties

Grimalkin is a sage with a specialty in the supernatural and unusual, and he is an expert in the special categories of divination and dweomercraft. His minor fields are humankind and the physical universe. He will answer questions in these areas for the normal prices. Free services will not be rendered.

Grimalkin is also Lord Russell's chief advisor and a tutor for Bevis. He regards these duties as far more important than answering the ordinary questioners who pester sages.

Personality and Motivation

Grimalkin is an enigmatic, cynical, and frequently bad-tempered sage. To a certain extent, his foul temper is a facade. He formed a strong friendship with Russell's family, and he helped Russell overthrow his corrupt guardians. Protecting Russell and Bevis is important to Grimalkin, and he uses his spells in secret to help them; Russell does not know that Grimalkin is a magic-user, but Russell suspects the truth. Grimalkin tries to keep his magical abilities hidden from Russell and Bevis.

Manner and Style

Grimalkin does not take kindly to fools or stupid questions. When irritated, he can be quite insulting; Grimalkin believes that some people consult sages as an alternative to thinking for themselves. The sage rarely spares anyone's feelings. However, Grimalkin has a taste for fine wines and brandies. If he gets

into a dispute with a fellow connoisseur, Grimalkin tries to make amends.

Spell Books

First Level	<i>read magic</i> <i>magic missile</i> <i>sleep</i> <i>unseen servant</i> <i>feather fall</i> <i>hold portal</i> <i>comprehend languages</i> <i>erase</i>
Second Level	<i>detect invisibility</i> <i>ESP</i> <i>knock</i> <i>know alignment</i> <i>mirror image</i>
Third Level	<i>clairvoyance</i> <i>dispel magic</i> <i>fireball</i> <i>clairaudience</i> <i>material</i>
Fourth Level	<i>fear</i> <i>polymorph self</i> <i>shout</i> <i>wizard eye</i>
Fifth Level	<i>conjure elemental</i> <i>pass wall</i> <i>contact other plane</i>

Magic Items

Quarterstaff +2

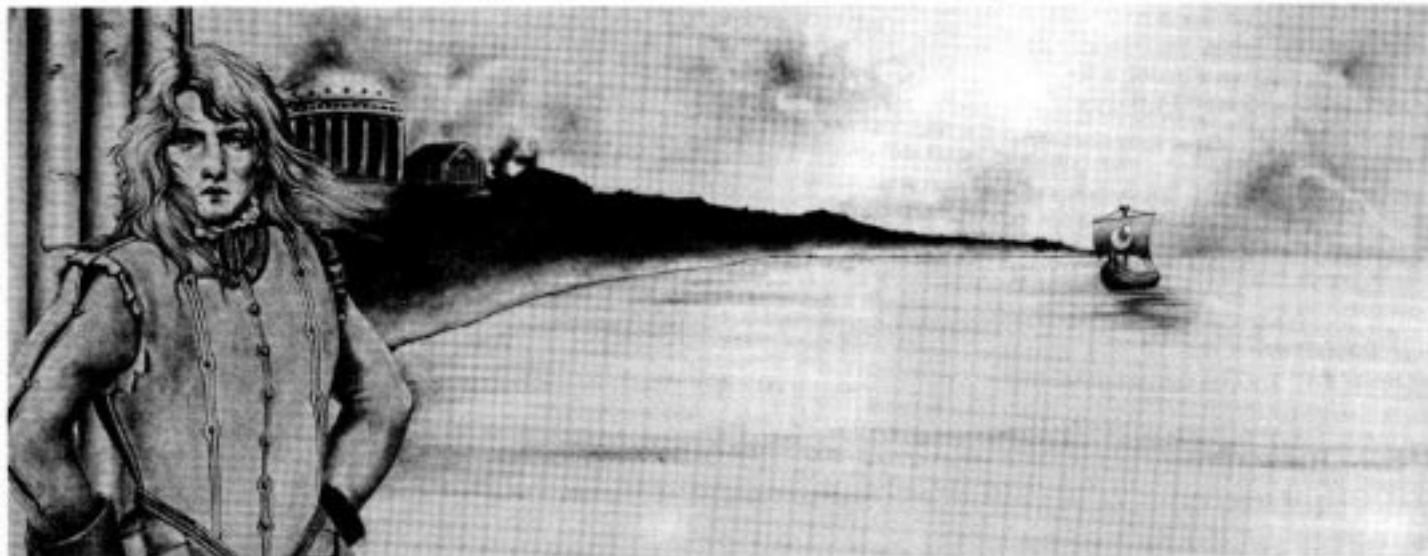
Ring of Fire Elemental Command (full capabilities undiscovered—appears to be a *ring of fire resistance*)

History

Grimalkin is not a native to Ravens Bluff, but he has lived in the city for decades. When Lord Russell's father needed a tutor for his children, he hired Grimalkin. The sage provides a thorough education in the arts and sciences, mathematics, and history.

Grimalkin will not reveal his magical ability to anyone, which makes it easier to protect Russell and Bevis. If he thinks there is trouble, Grimalkin will spy on his suspects using *clairvoyance* and *wizard eye* or perhaps a *polymorphed* form.

Lord Calvin Longbottle, Regent of The Harbor



5th Level Male Human Fighter

STR: 11
INT: 9
WIS: 15
DEX: 14
CON: 13
CHA: 16
COM: 15

AC Normal: 6

AC Rear: 6

Hit Points: 31

Alignment: Lawful Neutral

Weapon Proficiencies: Cutlass (scimitar), Dagger, Harpoon, Club, Light Crossbow

Special Abilities: Mariner, Navigator

Languages: Common, Sea Creatures

Physical Appearance

Lord Calvin is 37 years old, stands 5'10" tall, and weighs 175 lbs. He is a handsome man of medium build with hair bleached light brown from many years work in the sunlight. His skin is weathered and brown from his years at sea. His usual garb is that of a successful and wealthy sea captain.

Position and Duties

Lord Calvin is Regent of the Harbor of Ravens Bluff. As such, he oversees all harbor operations and sets the harbor regulations (which must be approved

by the Lord Mayor). Lord Calvin commands the city's ships in time of war. As Regent of the Harbor, he is a member of the Mayor's Council, the city's policy-making body.

Lord Calvin commands six harbor masters. These men are responsible for keeping the city's fleet in a state of readiness, operating the lighthouse' patrolling the harbor, collecting tariffs, inspecting and handling cargos, and serving as deputy fleet commanders in war. Harbor patrol is the most important duty. The patrol is maintained at all times, and ships are forbidden to enter or leave the harbor, load or unload cargo or passengers, or conduct any other business during the hours between dusk and dawn. The harbor patrol enforces this regulation strictly, although violations do occur (with the ships of the Merchant's Guild being prime offenders).

Personality and Motivation

Lord Calvin has never lost his love for the sea. He treats all sailors fairly. His goal is to make this harbor the best on the continent.

Manner and Style

Lord Calvin is fair in all dealings, treating his position as a public trust, never flaunting his wealth or position. He normally does not carry a weapon while in

the city, and relies upon a bodyguard for protection.

Magic Items

Necklace of Adaptation (a porpoise-shaped scrimshaw amulet)

Ring of Protection +4

Earring of the Sea (enables the wearer to speak and understand the languages of all sea creatures; usable once per day, duration 10 minutes)

Ring of Swimming

History

Lord Calvin's father, Baldric, was an experienced ship's captain and once one of the harbor masters in Ravens Bluff. He took Calvin to sea as a young boy, giving him a thorough practical education in seamanship. Harbor Master Baldric distinguished himself in action against pirates and smugglers, winning victories even when outnumbered. Baldric was rewarded with a title, an annual stipend, and eventual promotion to Regent. In time, Calvin became a harbor master serving under his father. When Lord Baldric died seven years ago, Calvin inherited the title and was promoted into his father's job. Lord Calvin has been upholding the tradition, earning a reputation as an efficient, fair, and just administrator.

Sirrus Melandor, Chief Prelate

*15th Level Human Male
Cleric of Tyr*

STR: 11
INT: 13
WIS: 18
DEX: 12
CON: 10
CHA: 17
COM: 18
AC Normal: 5
AC Rear: 5
Hit Points: 80
Alignment: Lawful Good
Weapon Proficiencies: Mace, Hammer, Staff, Flail, Club
Languages: Common
Spells/Day: 9/9/8/6/4/2

Physical Appearance

Sirrus Melandor stands 5'11" tall, weighs 155 lbs., and is 42 years old. He is a slightly built man with salt and pepper hair. His eyes are icy blue, with an almost hypnotic appearance. Sirrus is usually dressed in temple vestments, which are decorated with the symbols of his office as Chief Prelate.

Position and Duties

Sirrus is the head of the Clerical Circle for Ravens Bluff, and also the High Priest of Tyr. The circle consists of one representative from each of the city's civic temples, and its tasks are to maintain a harmonious relationship among the civic temples, and to work together for the common good of the city. Sirrus presides over all meetings of the circle and appoints all committees of the circle. In addition, he frequently recommends policy for the circle, which is usually approved (see Religion in Ravens Bluff).

The High Priest of Tyr usually presides over all public rituals and festivals honoring the god of justice, but Sirrus has turned this responsibility over to a deputy since his election as Chief Prelate.



Personality and Motivation

Sirrus enjoys studying religions. His main focus in life is to expand the influence of his own temple without exploiting his office of Chief Prelate to do so.

Manner and Style

Sirrus Melandor has a powerful orator's voice. He commands people's attention through his reserved, yet imposing, presence. He is slow to anger, weighing each situation carefully in his mind. When he speaks, it is with firm conviction. His high charisma and comeliness cause admiration from those of good and neutral alignments and sullen respect from evil-doers.

Magic Items

Robes of Protection +5 (treat as *Cloak of Protection* + 5)
Amulet of Life Protection
Staff of Striking (his usual weapon)
Mace +3 (seldom used)

Hammer +3 (seldom used)
Decanter of Endless Water

History

Sirrus was born to a merchant family in a hamlet near Ravens Bluff. He was apprenticed to the Temple of Tyr when he was age 14. Upon being ordained at 18, he spent three years in service to the temple and chief clerics. He then left the temple and for the next 14 years traveled the world adventuring.

Returning to the temple at age 36, his talents were recognized by the High Priest. One year later he was appointed as representative to the Clerical Circle. There was a significant amount of discord within the Circle, which he attempted to soothe. When the Chief Prelate, who was chaotic neutral, died, the Circle found it difficult to choose a successor. Sirrus became a compromise candidate; as a cleric of the god of justice, he was acceptable to all. He has been chief prelate for four years.

Thorm Sureblade, Guildmaster



10th Level Male Half-Elf Fighter

STR: 18/90
INT: 15
WIS: 14
DEX: 18
CON: 15
CHA: 15
COM: 16

Normal AC: -5

Rear AC: -1

Hit Points: 84

Alignment: CG

Weapon Proficiencies: Battle Axe, Dagger, Long Sword, Two-Handed Sword, Light Crossbow, Longbow

Special Abilities: 30% MR vs. charm, sleep, 60' infravision, secret door detection

Languages: Common, Elvish, Gnomish, Dwarvish, Halfling, Goblin, Hobgoblin, Orcish, Gnoll

Physical Appearance

Thorm is 66 years old. He stands 6' tall and weighs 200 pounds. He is roguishly handsome and more muscular than is usual for a half-elf. He lost his right eye in a fight, and now wears a black silk eyepatch; however, a scar is visible from the edge of the patch to his jawline. Thorm wears black clothing when traveling. In town, he prefers to wear dark blues and greens. He carries a dag-

ger at all times and always wears his bracers of defense and ring of protection.

Position and Duties

Thorm operates the Independent Fighters' Guild, the smallest fighters' guild in Ravens Bluff, attracting fighters with chaotic alignments. His training techniques emphasize quick thinking and winning by any means, fair or foul. Thus, his methods are disliked by those who believe in fair play.

Personality and Motivation

Thorm wants to produce the best fighters in Ravens Bluff. However, he sometimes finds it difficult to concentrate solely on the guild, as he loves adventure.

Manner and Style

Thorm is a friendly bear of a man with a hearty sense of humor. He speaks with a rumbling baritone voice. He enjoys good food and collects fine tobacco pipes. Most of his time is spent with his trainee fighters. Thorm is a natural leader, who is self confident, strong, and able to make quick decisions in the field.

Thorm is particularly friendly to elves and halflings, and very respectful of dwarves. He is cordial to any human who is not a snobbish landholder. He is also open-handed with money. Despite his jovial personality, Thorm's chaotic nature asserts itself frequently in town, especially when he has had a bad day at the guild. He will go to the rowdiest' noisiest inn and start a "friendly" brawl. To Thorm, a friendly brawl means no killing and no incurable injuries. These brawls tend to exasperate his brother Tordon, who has to bail him out of jail.

Magic Items

Battle Axe + 3
Ring of Protection + 1
Bracers of Defense (AC 0)
Longbow + 1
20 Arrows + 1

History

Thorm's parents were a moon elf lady, named Elwinda, and a strong human fighter, Wilhelm. Thorm grew up in a village of mixed races (humans, elves, dwarves, gnomes, halflings). Thorm learned of tolerance and mutual respect from each of the assembled races, and each shared their skills and customs with him.

When he was 25, Thorm joined a trading caravan bound for the east, working as a mercenary guard. The trip took six years, and it is rumored that the caravan reached the lands of Kara-Tur. However, Thorm never speaks of this time in his life, a time of tragedy. When he returned home, he found the village a smoking ruin. A few of the people who survived, including his father, said a band of minotaurs swept through the village, burning and destroying anything in their path. Thorm and the survivors pursued the minotaurs and ambushed them. Thorm was in the lead, wielding his great two-handed battle axe. It was in this battle Thorm lost his right eye, and only he and his father survived the battle.

Thorm left the village, and over the years he gained a reputation as an able and trustworthy fighter. His skill was always in demand, and on one search for employment, he met his half-brother, the paladin Tordon Sureblade, in a temple of the god Torm. Tordon told Thorm that their father had remarried a human woman after the tragedy with the village. Tordon had entered the Temple of Torm as a lay brother and dedicated himself to the life of a paladin. Thorm and Tordon formed a fast friendship, a bond that grew stronger over time. The two parted ways for a while, as Thorm wanted to travel the world. In the course of Thorm's wanderings, a letter from Tordon caught up with him, asking if he would consider running one of the fighters' guilds in Ravens Bluff. Being impulsive, Thorm agreed.

Arvin Kothonos, Guildmaster

9th Level Human Male Fighter

STR: 12
INT: 13
WIS: 15
DEX: 12
CON: 9
CHA: 15
COM: 11
AC Normal: 10
AC Rear: 10

Hit Points: 61

Alignment: Neutral

Weapon Proficiencies: Cutlass (scimitar), Dagger, Club, Light Crossbow

Special Abilities: Mariner, Navigator

Languages: Common

Physical Appearance

Arvin stands 5'9" tall, weighs 205 lbs., and is 46 years old. He carries himself with dignity confidence. However, he has a wide girth and is about 40 pounds overweight. His expensive clothes are kept neat and clean, as befits his wealth and social class. He is always clean shaven.

Position and Duties

Arvin is head of the Merchants' Guild, which controls most of the commercial import and export business in Ravens Bluff, both in finished goods and in raw materials.

Arvin's duties are many: he chairs the monthly meeting of the Council of Ten, a circle of guild members which decides guild business such as minimum prices, export/import quotas, assignment of guild-controlled stall spaces to vendors in the bazaar, disciplinary procedures against guild rule violators, and other similar matters. Arvin represents the guild in court and before the Council of Lords, the city's governing body. On such occasions, he promotes the guild's policy regarding taxation, licensing, tariffs, police protection, etc. Arvin also oversees the public works projects, festivals, and

charities the guild sponsors to promote public relations.

When the guild decides to crush unwanted opposition, Arvin plans the strategy. Typically this includes withholding imported raw materials to impede the competitor's production or selling guild products at artificially low prices to force out the competitor. There are unproved rumors that Arvin has hired goons to intimidate competing workers or to vandalize rival shops.

Arvin and the Merchant's Guild can usually act with more confidence than other guilds, since Arvin's *medallion of ESP* helps keep him one step ahead of the Council of Lords and the Regent of the Guilds, a council-appointed watchdog on guild activities. Arvin's advantage has prevented the discovery of unethical practices that might have meant the loss of the guild's business charter. However, Arvin is on bad terms with Lord Calvin Longbottle, Regent of the Harbor. Guild ships often violate harbor regulations in minor ways—undeclared cargo, delays while in port, unauthorized arrivals and departures, and several unexplainable accidents that have resulted in the sinking of non-guild ships. Lord Calvin suspects that Arvin is behind this, but has uncovered no solid proof.

Arvin is also the owner of the Blue Star Trading Company, a private business.

Personality and Motivation

Arvin is a loving father and husband as well as a ruthless businessman. Because of his guilty past, which not even his own family knows about, Arvin tries to maintain a pose of utter respectability at all times. He prefers to avoid strong-arm tactics if possible, but he will try to crush any serious opposition. He leaves intimidation to hirelings and subordinates, to avoid being incriminated himself.

Manner and Style

Arvin is widely known as an affable and jovial family man. Nonetheless, he is a tough, skillful negotiator, thanks to the *medallion of ESP* he secretly uses. His normal tactic is one of questioning rather than direct bargaining. He often uses the terms "and?" "uh huh?" "Is that all?" "Is that the best you can do?" and "I just can't sell that to the guild members." Since he generally knows his adversary's bottom line, he knows when to accept an offer and when to continue bargaining. He will usually "sleep on" a major decision. Arvin has a reputation for always thinking ahead and being "one step ahead" of his competition.

In keeping with his respectable image, Arvin is never so crude as to offer a direct bribe to anyone, and would be offended were one offered to him.

Blue Star Trading Company

Arvin is head of the Blue Star Trading Company and holds the two largest bazaar stalls. His company specializes in weapons, silks, other fabrics, and magical items salvaged by adventurers. Ostensibly, Arvin owns no fleet of vessels, purchasing his goods instead from traveling merchants and arriving vessels. Actually, Arvin is a silent partner in many of the vessel fleets operating from the city, primarily due to the wealth he was able to amass during Garnet Smithson's very successful career.

Magic Items

Medallion of ESP
Dagger +2

History

Before coming to the city and becoming head of the Blue Star Trading Company, Arvin was the pirate captain Garnet Smithson. At this time, he wore a full beard. Garnet Smithson is a wanted man, although most have long since written him off as lost at sea.



Arvin will go to any length to conceal his past since revelation of his past activities would certainly result in the loss of all things Arvin values (probably including his life). To date, Arvin has been very successful in concealing his past. Only once has he been threatened with exposure. When one of his old henchmen arrived in Ravens Bluff, Arvin recognized him and hired the thugs' guild to dispatch the man before he had a chance to see and expose Arvin. At the time he hired the guild, Arvin also went on an extended "trading venture" to establish an alibi. Arvin would not hesitate to repeat one of these actions or take other action if he felt he were discovered or about to be discovered.

Arvin's wife of 15 years, Charlotte, is a mild, small, soft-spoken woman with light brown hair. She is moderately attractive and absolutely devoted to Arvin. She speaks little in public, preferring to stand in support of Arvin. Charlotte has great insight, and it is her judgment, combined with the "inside information" Arvin gains from his *medallion of ESP*, which provides most of the plans which have resulted in the major advances Arvin has made. Without Charlotte, Arvin would be a poor planner. Arvin will go to any length to protect Charlotte, but will not reveal Charlotte's immense value to him. The need for Charlotte's advice is the primary reason Arvin will "sleep on" major decisions and proposals, and is the rea-

son Arvin offers so few proposals on his own.

Arvin's son, Biff, has had some minor run-ins with the law. While publicly quite upset, Arvin considers Biff a chip off the block, reminding him of his own younger years. Arvin always has been able to use his influence and money to keep Biff out of serious trouble.

Miriam is 11 years old, three years Biff's junior. She is small-framed and has bright red hair. Miriam is studious, quiet and shy. The girl will not talk to strangers, but seldom misses a word said. She stays mostly around home or at school during the day.

Lady Lauren DeVillars

*18th Level Human Female
Cleric of Waukeen (retired)*

STR: 11
INT: 14
WIS: 17
DEX: 16
CON: 14
CHA: 16
COM: 14
AC Normal: -1/8 (unarmored)
AC Rear: 1/10 (unarmored)

Hit Points: 65

Alignment: Neutral (Good tendencies)

Weapon Proficiencies: Horseman's Mace, Staff, Club, Horseman's Flail, Hammer

Languages: Common, Elvish, Halfling
Spells Per Day: 10/10/9/8/6/4

Physical Appearance

Lady Lauren DeVillars is 35 years old, stands 5'9" tall, and weighs 135 pounds. Hints of her strong will and forceful personality can be seen in her fine-boned features. Her clothing is elegant, made of costly fabrics in the latest styles. Her clothing and jewelry are decorated with the symbols of the goddess Waukeen.

Position and Duties

The Lady Lauren is the head of the oldest and wealthiest noble family in Ravens Bluff. She regards the entire city as her personal fief, although this is not true in any feudal sense. She wields vast power in the city due to her wealth, her philanthropic work, and the long association of her family with the city. The results of her philanthropy are visible throughout the city, in the form of temples, sculpture, and public buildings. She personally pays for and equips units of the city's military and naval forces. Due to her many business interests, she is represented, either directly or indirectly, in most guilds. She also has informal influence in the Clerical Circle, as a retired High Priestess of Waukeen.

Lady Lauren's wealth and position give her power that exceeds that of the Lord Mayor, but there is a great deal of

mutual respect between the two. She realizes that the current Lord Mayor is the best man for the job at the current time.

Personality and Motivation

Lady Lauren is dedicated to the safety and prosperity of the city, and cares for it the way a stern parent would care for her children. She expects deference from the citizenry and always gets it.

As someone who wants to ensure the safety and prosperity of the city, she generally supports the government of the Lord Mayor and the goals it has set. However, differences of opinion regarding the pace of civic development sometimes leads to clashes between these strong-willed individuals; Lady Lauren usually comes out ahead due to her economic clout. However, she is careful never to cause the government any public embarrassment. On the rare occasions in which she is displeased with city policy, she either remains silent or publically endorses the policy, while working secretly to change it.

Manner and Style

Lady Lauren is a woman of lofty and dignified bearing. She seldom appears in public, but when she does it is an event. In public, she is always accompanied by a small number of servants and at least one scribe; this staff often distributes alms, notes civic problems that need correcting, or provides on-the-spot briefings regarding a project that Lady Lauren is sponsoring. Her staff ensures that she is promptly informed of all events in Ravens Bluff; this enhances her already formidable reputation.

Hers is the most opulent home in Ravens Bluff; she also maintains a large estate outside the city. When she receives guests, she spares no effort or expense to impress them with her graciousness and the extent of her wealth. These receptions are often timed for maximum political effect.



Magic Items

Bag of Tricks (rat)
Plate Mail + 2 (seldom worn)
Rod of Cancellation
Rope of Entanglement
Staff of Striking

History

The DeVillars family has lived in the Ravens Bluff area for more than ten generations. From the earliest times, the DeVillars have been devoted to the service of Waukeen, the goddess of trade and money. Their shrewdness, aided by the goddess, enabled them to amass a large fortune. By the time of the Champion's Games, which she sponsored, Lauren was by far the richest noble in Ravens Bluff. She supported the winner of the games, Charles Oliver O'Kane, in his reform efforts. Her aid, both in finances and counsel, was crucial to the Lord Mayor's early success at a time when the city government was precarious. She continues to be a major influence in city politics to this day.

Lady Lauren is currently the only member of the DeVillars family to live in Ravens Bluff. She has two daughters, both enrolled as acolytes at the temple of Waukeen at Procampur. She wants them to become independent and successful without her wealth and position to aid them.

Ambassador Carrague

17th Level Male Human Magic-User

STR: 12
INT: 18
WIS: 17
DEX: 15
CON: 9
CHA: 16
COM: 10

AC Normal: -4

AC Rear: -3

Hit Points: 40

Alignment: Neutral Good

Weapon Proficiencies: Staff, Dagger, Dart

Special Abilities: Astronomy, Carpentry, Mason, Jeweler, First Aid

Languages: Common, Elvish,

Spells/Day: 5/5/5/5/5/3/3/2

Physical Appearance

Ambassador Carrague is 114 years old, but has the youthful looks of a man of 90. No one knows how tall he is, for he is perpetually stooped and leans on his staff when standing. He is scrawny, and weighs 120 pounds. His flowing white hair and beard make him immediately recognizable to the citizens of Ravens Bluff. Carrague is always attired in a red robe with golden trim. He is sometimes accompanied by King, a well-known city dog with his own unique story.

Position and Duties

For decades, Ambassador Carrague has been the honorary building inspector in Ravens Bluff. This was intended to be a sinecure, but Carrague takes it quite seriously, and often can be found meddling in building projects, seeking to ensure greater safety for workers and occupants. Unfortunately, his senility means that Carrague never finishes anything he begins. He has been at his work for so long that no one now remembers that it was only intended as an honorary post.

At one point in his career, Carrague handled vital diplomatic negotiations

for the city, but he is incapable of such work now. However, his advice on foreign affairs is widely sought, and sometimes useful.

Personality and Motivation

Carrague merely wants to spend what little time he has left in peace and quiet. He seldom becomes angry, except at workmen who use shoddy materials or sloppy methods at construction sites. His only enduring grudge is with the Builder's Guild.

Manner and Style

Carrague's increasing senility gives him a certain inscrutable mystique. He has a habit of not clearly focusing on the events around him, and his conversation often rambles unintelligibly. Most listeners accept these pronouncements as unrivaled metaphorical bits of wisdom, like an oracle would offer. Carrague can be oblivious even as chaos or panic swirls around him; the citizens believe this to be his unshakeable calm and firm self-confidence.

Spell Books

Carrague's senile mind often wanders, and he sometimes cannot pay attention long enough to memorize the higher level spells (6-8th). As a result, Carrague often does not carry a full complement of higher level spells.

Cantrips *clean*
 flavor
 polish
 unlock

First Level *read magic*
 unseen servant
 sleep
 ventriloquism
 mending
 shield
 enlarge
 detect magic
 comprehend languages
 magic missile

Second Level *ESP*
 knock
 preserve
 pyrotechnics
 bind
 detect invisibility
 vocalize

Third Level *cloudburst*
 dispel magic
 fireball
 item
 slow
 tongues
 protection from
 normal missiles

Fourth Level *dig*
 dimension door
 stoneskin
 polymorph self
 polymorph other
 Evard's black tentacles

Fifth Level *cone of cold*
 hold monster
 stone shape
 telekinesis
 sending
 Mordenkainen's
 faithful hound

Sixth Level *death spell*
 geas
 legend lore
 anti-magic shell

Seventh Level *forcecage*
 Mordenkainen's sword
 teleport without error
 statue

Eighth Level *polymorph any object*
 maze

Magic Items

Staff of Power
Ring of Fire Resistance
Ring of Protection +6
Ring of Spell Storing (clerical, rechargeable) with *cure light wounds* (x2), *protection from evil*
Bracers of Defense (AC 5)

History

About ninety years ago, the young Carrague completed his apprenticeship under a powerful mage and was cast out into the world to make his own way. He wandered for a time until he found himself at a small tavern in a mountain village. Inside, a sign was tacked up by an elf.

The author of the sign, a dazzlingly beautiful elf, named Whisper, sat at a table beneath it. The two struck up a conversation, and soon they formed the nucleus of an adventuring company that included more than a dozen different members over quite a few years.

The first—and most dangerous—outing was against an old temple dedicated to evil. Of the original 12 members of the company, only Carrague and Whisper survived, teaming up with new members as old ones were lost defeating the temple's forces. In doing so, the story got out that the group accidentally released a major demon, and they came under much ridicule. Whisper eventually took care of things by starting the counter-rumor that the demon had intentionally been freed, and while the group for a time gained a bad reputation, the strategy worked; the company became feared and respected.

As the years passed, "The Hellraisers" (a nickname coined by Whisper, though Carrague never really liked it) developed into a solid team. For almost 20 years the company stayed together, until a number of its various members built freeholds or retired to enjoy their new wealth. Carrague and Whisper, both deciding to put some distance between themselves and the lands they'd spent so much time in, purchased a ship and set sail, eventually winding up in Ravens Bluff. Whisper dropped her then-current alias, Rhianon, and assumed her present name, Raven TenTolliver. Both took up separate pursuits, with Raven eventually controlling the city's powerful Builder's Guild, and Carrague, meanwhile, renting a comfortable house in order to



research many of the mysteries he never had time to deal with before.

Several years passed, and because he had a widespread reputation for wisdom, the Lord Mayor at that time requested that Carrague act as Ravens Bluffs ambassador. Carrague was able to obtain help for the destruction of a demonic cult that had arisen near Ravens Bluff. After this successful mission, Carrague became known as "The Ambassador."

In time, he decided to build a tower for his use, and that act became a bone of contention between he and his former comrade, Raven. Carrague refused to employ guild-authorized supervisors, for he believed his own carpentry and masonry skills qualified him for the task. Despite the fact Raven made clear that no exception to the rules would be made for him, Carrague declared he would never mortar one brick as long as the guild's outrageous rules were in effect. The guild never gave in, so Carrague made his point by building a comfortable underground dwelling.

Friends of his on the city council appointed him the city's honorary building inspector to show their support, a move largely meant as symbolic, but one which Carrague takes quite seriously. The rift between he and Raven never fully was bridged, but the two did remain civil, and he occasionally takes meals at the Raven's Inn. (He refuses, however, to refer to its owner by any name other than Whisper.)

Carrague usually will be encountered in any of a number of restaurants, enjoying a bowl of soup. About him frequently are gathered a small knot of people with some disagreement, explaining the problem to him and seeking some jewel of wisdom to settle the matter.

King The Dog (Marcus Shadowdale)



*3rd Level Male Human
Ranger (as human)*

STR: 15
INT: 13
WIS: 15
DEX: 17
CON: 18
CHA: 16
COM: 17

AC Normal: (as human) 2; (as dog) 7

AC Rear: (as human) 5; (as dog) 7

Hit Points: 40

Alignment: Neutral Good

Weapon Proficiencies: (as human)

Long Sword, Dagger, Longbow; (as dog)
None

Special Abilities: (as human) Normal
ranger abilities; (as dog) None

Languages: (as human) Common; (as
dog) None

Physical Appearance

Marcus of Shadowdale is 26 years old, stands 5'11" tall, and weighs 165 pounds. He is a handsome man, lean and hard-muscled. His clothes, though originally of fine quality, are usually stained and frayed by the hardships and rigors of a ranger's life. He usually wears chain mail in battle.

That was Marcus during his good days. These days, even his closest friends would not recognize him. These days, he looks exactly like a little mixed-

breed terrier—because that's exactly what he is.

Position and Duties

Marcus of Shadowdale had no connections to the power structure in Ravens Bluff. This is even more true of King the Dog.

Personality and Motivation

King the Dog is satisfied with shelter and food, but if his full intelligence is restored he will be desperate to regain human form.

Manner and Style

King is quite popular in the city, and is known to be exceptionally intelligent and very friendly. Quite a few times he has foiled robberies (by barking an alert) or pickpocketings (by biting would be thieves), and even saved a child from drowning once. For these acts, almost everyone in the city has an open door for him, although his discriminating palate is considered strange for a dog. He frequently follows Ambassador Carrague around, and sometimes stays in his bunker during inclement weather.

King tends to hang around adventurers, because of vague memories of his former life. King can be encountered anywhere in the city. He is fond of

approaching pretty girls.

If King the Dog attacks someone, use the following statistics:

King the Dog (AC 7; MV 12"; HD 4 (ranger 3); hp 40; #AT 1 (as HD 1-1 creature); D 1-2)

History

Five years ago, Marcus of Shadowdale was adventuring with friends in the mountains between Ravens Bluff and Procampur. Their quest was to investigate the abandoned keep of a dead evil witch. The keep, as it turned out, wasn't abandoned, nor was the witch dead. Marcus and his fellow adventurers were killed, but the witch was enamored by the handsome young lad, and restored him to life with a druidic *reincarnate* spell. He was restored as a dog, and the witch planned to keep him caged until she could find a way to restore his humanity. Marcus managed to escape and make his way back to Ravens Bluff. He has wandered the city ever since, unable to communicate.

The DM must decide whether or not it is possible to restore Marcus' human form. If so, then *ESP* or *true seeing* might reveal that King is actually a transformed human. Powerful magic, such as a *wish* or *alter reality* might be used to restore the human form. The exact means are left to the DM.

Chaney, Chief Spy

Doppelganger

AC: 5
MV: 9"
HD: 4
HP: 25
#AT: 1
D: 1-12 or by weapon
SA: Surprises prey on 1-4
SD: *ESP*, Saves as F10; Immune to *charm*, *sleep*
INT: High (Int 13)
SIZE: M

Physical Description

Chaney is able to look like anyone, of course, but normally assumes three distinctive humanoid shapes.

Position and Duties

Chaney is the top agent in Howard Holiday's intelligence network. The doppelganger's disguise and *ESP* abilities make him an excellent spy, and he is used for the toughest jobs. Putting a doppelganger on the city's payroll ("Chaney" is an official alias) was one of the most successful of Howard's brainstormers.

When Chaney is assigned to an infiltration mission, some of Howard's other agents kidnap a suitable person for Chaney to imitate. Chaney then gathers the necessary information to enable the city's forces to strike at the proper time. This drastic method is used against dangerous, well-organized opposition, such as pirates, smugglers, assassins, or deep-rooted corruption in the city government.

For more routine missions, Chaney adopts one of three standard personas. These are useful for picking up general rumors, or for following up leads of little immediate importance. (These three are the personas in which player characters are most likely to first encounter Chaney):

Curmudgeon: Normally used in the business districts. Curmudgeon is a common laborer, big, slow-witted, likeable, and very fond of drink. Curmud-

geon never holds any single job very long, of course. He is the kind of menial that no one ever notices—an ideal pose from which to *ESP* a suspect.

Hoot: Used in the harbor district or near the city gate. Hoot is an ugly, legless beggar who ekes out a meager living as a storyteller. His nickname comes from the odd, spasmodic noises he makes as he tells his stories. This persona is used for investigating piracy, smuggling, and similar crimes.

Slither: This persona is used for sting operations, when the city wants to set up a specific group or individual. Slither is a mysterious man with slightly reptilian features and snake-like eyes. He is a deal maker and information broker, able to supply almost anything for a price. Howard's other agents spread rumors to enhance Slither's reputation, and the city makes sure he gets what he needs for any specific con job.

Personality and Motivation

Chaney works for the city because he enjoys the fringe benefits of his position. He is well paid, respected in his work (only the Mayor and Howard know that the chief spy is a doppelganger), and he enjoys a measure of safety due to the support of the government. All in all, a distinct improvement over a precarious life in the wilderness. He also knows that following orders is the best way for him to stay alive in Ravens Bluff. The law prohibits the presence of monsters inside the city limits, and Chaney fears that a paladin or some other lawful idiot might discover him and deal out instant justice.

Manner and Style

Chaney adapts himself to each mission; see Position and Duties for the kind of missions he performs.

Magic Items

None

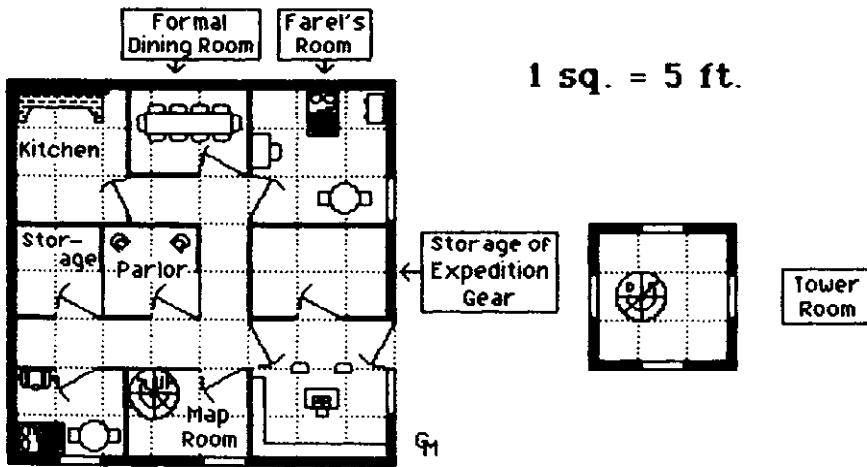
History

Chaney received an offer he couldn't refuse. Howard Holiday, up-and-coming magic-user, captured Chaney on an adventure and took the doppelganger as part of his treasure share. The latter arrangement was rather strange under normal circumstances, but not so unusual for Howard. Howard's fellow adventurers assumed the doppelganger's body would become spell components and potion ingredients.

This might have been the doppelganger's fate, if Howard had not become Deputy Mayor and chief of intelligence. Using a doppelganger as a spy seemed brilliant to Howard, and he eventually made the arrangement work. Chaney has served brilliantly ever since.

Chaney is something of an embarrassment for the city, but he is one of Howard's special projects that the Mayor officially knows nothing about.

Ways Unknown



Ways Unknown is a one-story, stone building with a thatched roof and a small tower. The owner is Eryn Lashir, a guide. Eryn provides services to caravans and traders, but has been known to lead adventures to specific destinations. The building contains an office where Eryn talks to prospective clients, a map room, formal dining room and parlor where Eryn sometimes entertains clients, and living quarters for Eryn and his daughter, Forel. Forel cooks and cleans, and handles whatever business comes up when Eryn is away.

The office has a desk and several comfortable chairs. The wall behind the desk is filled with shelves neatly stacked with ordinary maps and charts.

The map room contains Eryn's more valuable maps, kept in locked glass cases. The map room also has a spiral staircase which leads to the tower. In the years before the city walls were built, the tower provided a commanding view of the countryside. The view from the tower is still good, and Eryn enjoys going there at night to see the stars.

Eryn Lashir

7th Level Male Half Elf
Ranger

STR: 17
INT: 15
WIS: 16

DEX: 18
CON: 17
CHA: 16
COM: 16
AC Normal: -3
AC Rear: 1
Hit Points: 64
Alignment: Lawful Good
Age: 132

Weapon Proficiencies: Bow, Dagger, Spear, Long Sword, Bastard Sword
Special Abilities: Ranger Abilities, Direction Sense, Hunting, Healing, Map Making
Languages: Lawful Good, Common, Half Elven Languages

Eryn Lashir is 5' 4" tall and weighs 138 pounds. He is of Gold Elf descent. Thirty-five years ago he led a trading expedition to Waterdeep. While there, he met Elen, a beautiful half-elven woman living with a Moon Elf family. They fell in love, but Elen's people would not let her go to Ravens Bluff with her lover, and they wouldn't let Eryn live among them. When Forel was born, Elen sent for Eryn because she wanted her daughter raised among humans. Eryn has raised Forel alone since then. Eryn, not surprisingly, came to dislike full elves—especially moon elves. He is inclined, however, to be gallant toward lone females of any human or demi-human race.

Eryn has been crossing and recrossing

the Forgotten Realms for over a century. Eryn is not very particular about the kinds of merchants he guides. To him, one trading expedition is like any other. He charges by the mile, with extra fees for dangerous trips. Eryn is more cautious when adventurers approach him. He requires a percentage of the proceeds from any adventure (the lower the party's average level, the higher the percentage), including magic items.

Eryn has collected the following magical equipment in his wanderings: *bracers of defense AC 3*, *boots of the north*, *ring of protection +2*, and a *staff/spear +3*. Also, Eryn usually has two or three useful potions on hand.

Forel Lashir

0 Level Female Half Elf

STR: 14
INT: 17
WIS: 15
DEX: 18
CON: 12
CHA: 16
COM: 18

AC Normal: 6

AC Rear: 10

Hit Points: 6

Alignment: Neutral Good

Age: 25

Weapon Proficiencies: Spear, Dagger

Special Abilities: Direction Sense, Hunting

Languages: Neutral Good, Common, Half Elven Languages

Forel Lashir is 5'1" tall and weighs 98 pounds. She appears to be about 14 by human standards. She looks more like her mother than her father, and more elven. Local rumor has it that Eryn brought her home as a baby one night; about two months after a mysterious, dark rider came to the city looking for him. It is said that Eryn abruptly left town, alone and in great haste, immediately after the visit. Forel loves her father very much and goes on short camping and hunting trips with him whenever possible.

City Watch Barracks

The city watch is housed in pairs of massive, stone buildings. The buildings are identical. Each has three stories plus a cellar. Their entrances face each other, so the occupants can be assembled rapidly for parades, inspections, or mutual defense.

The cellars contain storage rooms and seven 10-foot square cells.

The first floors contain eating, cooking, and exercise areas. There are no windows on these floors, and the doors are easily barred from the inside. Weapon racks, mostly containing pole arms, flank each door.

The second floors are sleeping areas. Each has bunks to accommodate the 72 men quartered there. The walls on these floors have archer slits for defending the barracks. Each floor has several racks containing bows, arrows, and a few melee weapons.

The third floors have armories and quarters for officers and sergeants. The armories contain spare weapons and armor. Each barracks has three sergeants, a master sergeant, and one officer.

Each roof has small towers at the corners. These serve as lookout posts and give the buildings a formidable appearance.

Each barracks works with three shifts of 25 men each. There are 24 men-at-arms and one sergeant on each shift. The master sergeant sets up the shifts, and the officer is the overall barracks commander. The officer and master sergeant are on call 24 hours a day. Each shift is 12 hours long. One shift patrols the city; 4 to 15 men are assigned to each patrol, depending on the time of day and other circumstances. Another shift is always within the barracks, sleeping, relaxing or training. The third shift is on free time. These men can be found individually or in groups throughout the city.

The average watchman is a 2nd level human fighter with 12 hit points. When on patrol they wear ring mail and carry bastard swords, daggers, and bows.

Chiapa

*12th Level Male Human
Fighter*

STR: 18/93
INT: 9
WIS: 16
DEX: 17
CON: 18
CHA: 12
COM: 15

AC Normal: 2

AC Rear: 5

Hit Points: 87

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Age: 28

Weapon Proficiencies: Two-handed Sword, Long Sword, Spear, Hand Axe, Bow, Knife, Club

Special Abilities: Horsemanship, Running, Sound Imitation, Climbing, Healing, Alertness

Languages: Chaotic Good, Common, Tribal

Chiapa is a feisty ex-mercenary. He is the unofficial commander of his ward. Officially, he only commands one barracks, and is not senior to Gar, the other barracks commander in the ward. However, Gar has always let Chiapa have his own way. Chiapa thinks city dwellers are decadent weaklings, but he enjoys the luxuries Ravens Bluff offers him. He has no interest in law and order, but carries out his duties in order to insure a steady supply of civilized food, drink, and sundry other pleasures he enjoys. Although he has been known to allow particularly clever or glib troublemakers go, he does not take bribes of any kind. He considers these an affront to his personal "honor" and will challenge any character who tries to bribe him to a duel to the death. When it comes to such challenges, Chiapa doesn't take no for an answer. Likewise, he does not look kindly upon subordinates who take bribes. Chiapa is 6' 2" tall and weighs 215 pounds.

Chiapa keeps a two-handed sword +3 in his room, but usually carries a *bastard sword* +4 *defender*. He also

owns 3-4 potions and 1-2 miscellaneous magic items. These items vary, as Chiapa tends to expend them quickly or win or lose them in wagers. He owns a set of "lucky" elfin chain mail which he wears only for duels or battles.

Gar Saru

*14th Level Male Human
Fighter*

STR: 18/23
INT: 10
WIS: 13
DEX: 16
CON: 17
CHA: 9
COM: 11

AC Normal: 1

AC Rear: 3

Hit Points: 107

Alignment: Neutral Good

Age: 46

Weapon Proficiencies: Bastard Sword, Long Sword, Spear, Dagger, Bow, Halberd, Pike

Special Abilities: Endurance, Alertness

Languages: Neutral Good, Common

Gar Saru grew up in Ravens Bluff and served in the old king's army before accepting his current post as an officer of the watch. He considers himself past his prime (he is, but he is still formidable), and considers his watch duties as a useful way to spend his self-imposed retirement. Although he is aware of his abilities, he considers his skill at arms second to Chiapa's. He has misinterpreted Chiapa's hedonism for ambition, and has resolved not to stand in the younger man's way. Should a crisis arise, however, Gar is quite capable of pushing Chiapa aside so he can bring his superior experience into play. Gar is 5'11" tall and weighs 193 pounds, most of that tight muscle.

Gar wears *chain mail* +2 and carries a *bastard sword* +2. He also has a *ring of free action*, a *philter of persuasiveness*, and a *horn of goodness*.

Ono

8th Level Male Human Fighter

STR: 17
INT: 16
WIS: 12
DEX: 18
CON: 16
CHA: 15
COM: 13
AC Normal: 1
AC Rear: 5
Hit Points: 68
Alignment: Neutral Good
Age: 31

Weapon Proficiencies: Long Sword, Spear, Bow, Knife, Club
Special Abilities: Horsemanship, Running, Sound Imitation, Climbing
Languages: Neutral Good, Common, Tribal

Ono is Chiapa's master sergeant. Ono came to Ravens Bluff as a caravan guard seven years ago. Chiapa quickly offered him a position in the watch, having heard of Ono's skill with a sword, and being anxious to have another "real man" in the barracks. Like Chiapa, Ono enjoys Ravens Bluffs many pleasures, but does not despise the citizens. He is absolutely loyal to Chiapa. Like Chiapa, he never accepts bribes. Unlike Chiapa, he takes his job seriously and will never let wrongdoers go just because they are glib or clever. Ono is 5' 10" tall and weighs 195 lbs.

Ono carries a *scimitar* +3, a *buckle knife* +1, and two *potions of extra healing*.

Stark

9th Level Male Human Fighter

STR: 17
INT: 11
WIS: 13

DEX: 17
CON: 17
CHA: 10
COM: 11
AC Normal: 1
AC Rear: 4
Hit Points: 89
Alignment: Neutral Good
Age: 27
Weapon Proficiencies: Long Sword, Spear, Dagger, Bow, Trident, Morning Star
Special Abilities: Healing, Horsemanship, Rope Use
Languages: Neutral Good, Common

Stark is Gar's master sergeant. He served in two mercenary companies before coming to Ravens Bluff. He is loyal to Gar and concerned about his men's welfare. He thinks Chiapa is a wine-guzzling hothead, and cannot understand Gar's deference to him. Stark is 5' 10" and weighs 191 pounds.

Stark wears *chain mail* +1, and a *ring of fire resistance*, and uses a *long sword* +2.

Geldorf

6th Level Male Human Fighter

STR: 16
INT: 9
WIS: 10
DEX: 14
CON: 17
CHA: 10
COM: 14
AC Normal: 4
AC Rear: 4
Hit Points: 47
Alignment: Lawful Good (Lawful Neutral tendencies)
Age: 24
Weapon Proficiencies: Bastard Sword, Spear, Dagger, Bow, Pike
Special Abilities: Alertness, Tracking
Languages: Lawful Good, Common

Geldorf is Chiapa's first-shift sergeant. He has been with the city watch for six years. He is a vicious, but not evil, man who worked up to his present position through the ranks, trodding on the toes and backs of his peers to get there. He is hungry for power, and will never hesitate to make himself look good at another's expense. He believes he is far more qualified to command than his superiors, and is certain he'll have their jobs one day. Geldorf is 5' 9" tall and weighs 204 pounds.

Geldorf wears *chain mail* +1 and uses a *bastard sword* +2.

Hal

5th Level Male Human Fighter

STR: 16
INT: 10
WIS: 14
DEX: 16
CON: 15
CHA: 11
COM: 12
AC Normal: 1
AC Rear: 3
Hit Points: 39
Alignment: Neutral Good
Age: 32
Weapon Proficiencies: Broad Sword, Bastard Sword, Dagger, Bow, Pike
Special Abilities: Endurance, Swimming
Languages: Neutral Good, Common

Hal has been with the watch for 11 years. He is Chiapa's second-shift sergeant. Hal is a local boy, and his only excursions into the countryside have been on the job. Hal is 5' 7" tall and weighs 152 pounds.

Hal wears *ring mail* +1 and uses a *broad sword* + 1.

Born

5th Level Male Human Fighter

STR: 17
INT: 11
WIS: 12
DEX: 15
CON: 17
CHA: 11
COM: 16

AC Normal: 4

AC Rear: 5

Hit Points: 47

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Age: 25

Weapon Proficiencies: Long

Sword, Spear, Hand Axe, Bow, Knife,

Special Abilities: Horsemanship,
Running, Sound Imitation, Climbing

Languages: Chaotic Good, Common,
Tribal

Born is an ex-mercenary who has campaigned in the past with Chiapa. He is currently Chiapa's third-shift sergeant. He enjoys living in Ravens Bluff, but once he has drunk and wenched his way through the city he'll probably go back to the wilderness. Born is 5'7" tall and weighs 147 pounds.

Born uses a *long sword* +2.

Rulf

7th Level Male Human Fighter

STR: 18/12
INT: 10
WIS: 13
DEX: 16
CON: 17
CHA: 10
COM: 9

AC Normal: 4

AC Rear: 6

Hit Points: 62

Alignment: Lawful Good

Age: 38

Weapon Proficiencies: Bastard
Sword, Long Sword, Spear, Dagger,
Bow, Pike

Special Abilities: Endurance, Hunting

Languages: Lawful Good, Common

Rulf is Gar's first-shift sergeant. He is a veteran of the old king's army and has been with the watch for five years. He is quiet and does not socialize with his peers or with the men or officers. He is a stickler for military discipline, and his shift is the snappiest outfit in the watch. Rulf is 5'10" and weighs 171 pounds.

Rulf wears *ring mail* +1 and carries a *bastard sword* + 1/+2 vs. *magic-using* and *enchanted creatures*.

Burt

5th Level Male Human Fighter

STR: 17
INT: 10
WIS: 11
DEX: 17
CON: 16
CHA: 11
COM: 8

AC Normal: 0

AC Rear: 4

Hit Points: 38

Alignment: Lawful Good

Age: 28

Weapon Proficiencies: Bastard

Sword, Spear, Dagger, Bow, Pike

Special Abilities: Boxer

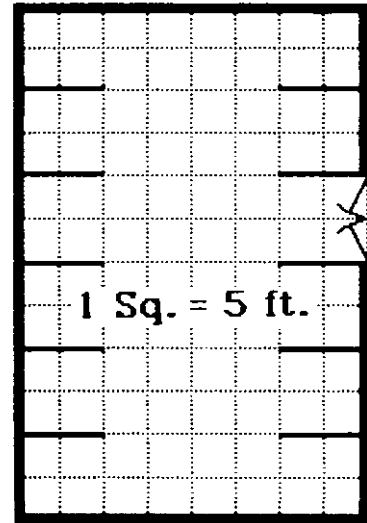
Languages: Lawful Good, Common

Burt is Gar's second-shift sergeant. He has been with the watch six years and worked his way up through the ranks, helped by his boxing skill. Burt's bare hands are considered small, hard objects when pummeling (if he's wearing metal gauntlets his hands are considered large, hard objects). Burt has a broken nose, and a battered, scarred visage. His men respect his abilities and are unshakably loyal to him.

Burt is 5'11" tall and weighs 187 pounds.

Burt wears *chain mail* +1, and wields a *long sword* +2.

Guard Stable



Luath

7th Level Male Human Fighter

STR: 16
INT: 11
WIS: 10
DEX: 14
CON: 17
CHA: 10
COM: 14

AC Normal: 4

AC Rear: 5

Hit Points: 33

Alignment: Lawful Good

Age: 24

Weapon Proficiencies: Long

Sword, Dagger, Bow, Pike

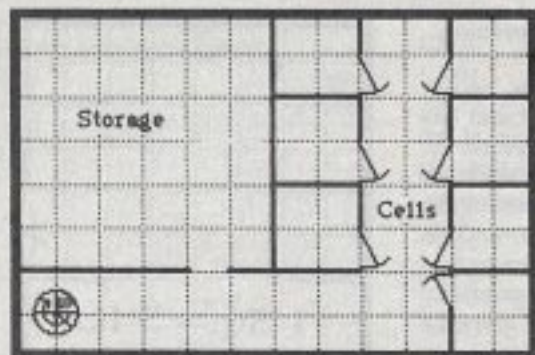
Special Abilities: Endurance, Alertness

Languages: Lawful Good, Common

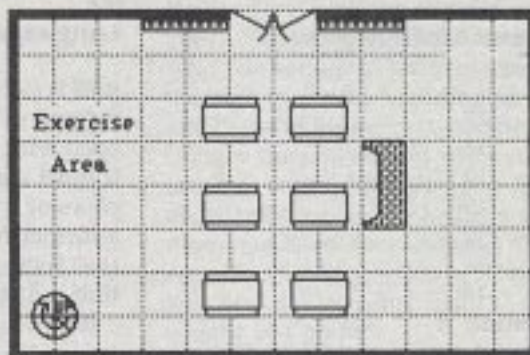
Luath is Gar's third-shift sergeant. He was recently promoted to sergeant after saving a family from a fire. He is still very much a rank-and-file watchman, and he is uncomfortable with his new responsibilities and authority. Luath is 5' 8" tall and weighs 163 pounds.

Luath wears *ring mail* +2 and uses a *long sword* +1.

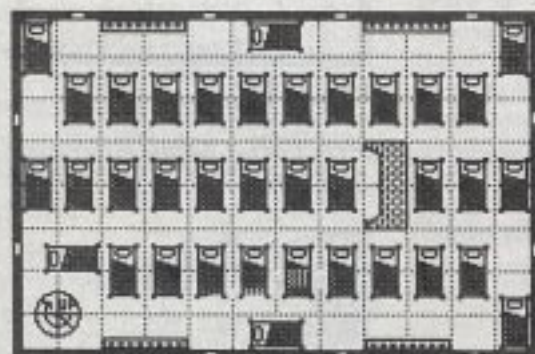
Barracks 1 sq. = 5 ft.



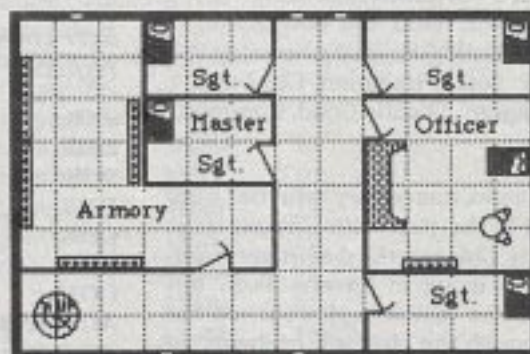
Cellar



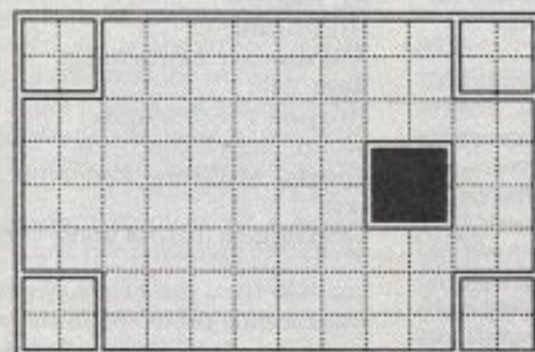
1st Floor



2nd Floor



3rd Floor



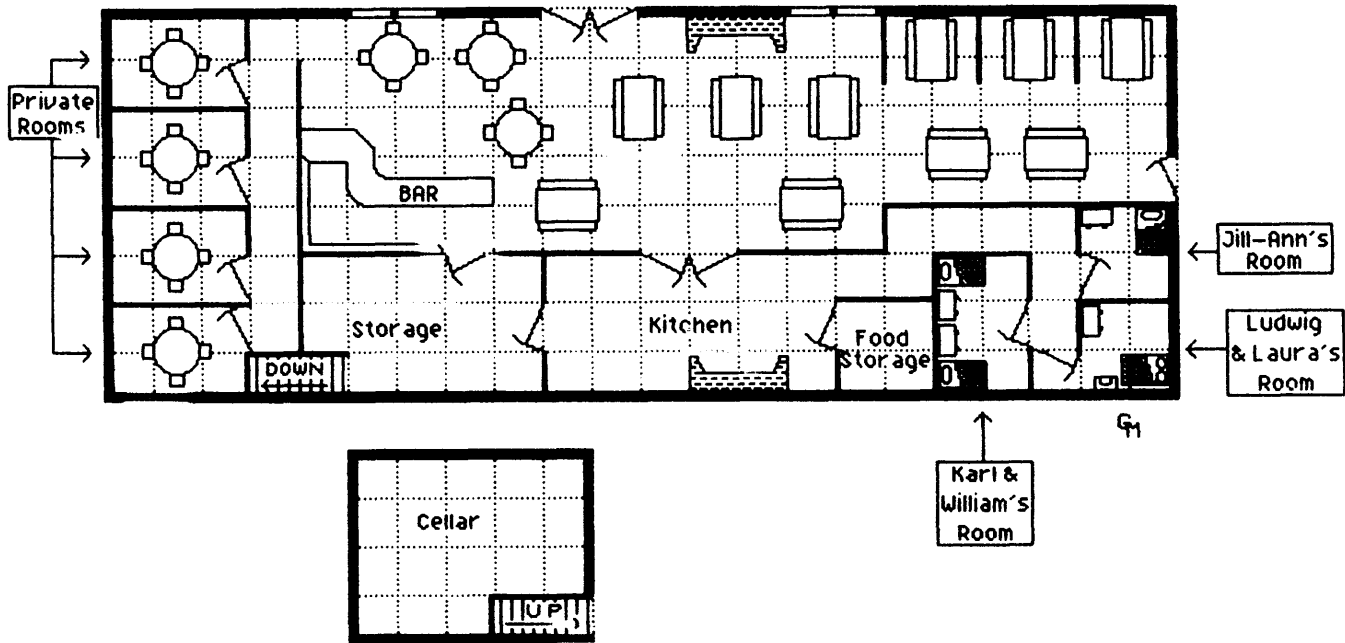
Roof

KEY

- | | | | |
|--|------------------|--|-----------------------|
| | Spiral Staircase | | Double Door |
| | Normal Window | | Large Table & Chairs |
| | Barred Window | | Medium Table & Chairs |
| | Shield (on wall) | | Small Table & Chair |
| | Display Case | | Beds |
| | Weapons Rack | | Normal Door |
| | Hanging Storage | | Shelves |
| | Bunk Beds | | Fence |
| | Dresser | | Fireplaces |
| | Chest/Trunk | | Secret Door |
| | Globe | | Desk |
| | Table & Benches | | |

The Happy Stein

1 sq. = 5 ft.



The Happy Stein is a tavern housed in a one-story stone building with a slate roof. The Happy Stein serves fair food and offers a good selection of beer, ale, and wines. The normal patrons are lower middle class locals, passing traders, and adventures. Traders meet at the Stein because it is conveniently located not far from the city's main gates. Adventurers also find the location handy, but the tavern mainly attracts adventurers because of its semi-private booths and four private meeting rooms (which can be rented at reasonable prices).

The Stein also has a combination common room/bar, a kitchen, a cellar, and living quarters for the owner, Ludwig Kross, and his wife, daughter, and two sons.

The Stein's prices are fairly standard:

Drinks (16-ounce tankard)

Wine (good)	15 sp
Grog (watered rum)	4 sp
Wine (watery)	10 sp
Rum	8 sp
Ale	3 sp
Beer	8 cp

Food

Beef Ribs	8 sp
Beef Steaks	10 sp
Bread	5 cp
Eggs, chicken	3 cp
Eggs, Snake	2 sp
Haggis	5 sp
Lizard Steaks	2 gp
Mutton	4 sp
Pie, Apple (slice)	1 sp
Roast Chicken (whole bird)	5 sp
Stew, Snake	5 sp
Stew, Rabbit	3 sp
Vegetables	3 cp
Venison Steaks	6 sp

Ludwig Kross

O Level Male Human

STR:	12
INT:	10
WIS:	11
DEX:	10
CON:	12
CHA:	15
COM:	9

AC Normal: 10

AC Rear: 10

Hit Points: 5

Alignment: Neutral (Lawful Good tendencies)

Age: 49

Weapon Proficiencies: Sap, Club

Special Abilities: Alertness

Languages: Common

Ludwig Kross is friendly, jovial, and rotund. He never short changes a customer or skimps on a serving, and he is quick to offer a customer advice or information about the city. Like good bartenders from every time and place, Ludwig talks little and listens well. However, Ludwig is known to be able to keep his mouth shut when necessary, and will not betray a confidence or give personal information about a customer. Ludwig Kross stands 5'7" and weighs 205 pounds. He has a deep, booming voice that lets him be heard across the entire tavern, no matter how crowded, whenever he wishes.

Laura Kross

O Level Female Human

STR: 9
INT: 10
WIS: 13
DEX: 11
CON: 9
CHA: 14
COM: 9
AC Normal: 10
AC Rear: 10
Hit Points: 5
Alignment: Neutral (Lawful Good tendencies)
Age: 43
Weapon Proficiencies: Knife
Special Abilities: Cook, Baker
Languages: Common

Laura Kross does just about all the cooking at the Stein. She is 5'2" tall and weighs 197 pounds. She has a pleasant disposition, but her stature and weight make her look like a dumpling wearing an apron. Laura enjoys cooking (even more than eating) and is proud of the food she prepares. She has been known to give larger helpings to those who compliment her cooking. Laura's apple pies are exceedingly good, and can make almost any visit to the Stein worthwhile.

Jill Ann Kross

O Level Female Human

STR: 10
INT: 11
WIS: 10
DEX: 15
CON: 13
CHA: 12
COM: 10
AC Normal: 9
AC Rear: 10
Hit Points: 3
Alignment: Neutral (Lawful Good tendencies)
Age: 18
Weapon Proficiencies: None
Special Abilities: None
Languages: Common

Jill Ann Kross is a plain young woman who helps her parents by waiting on tables. She firmly believes that one day her knight in shining armor will ride up to the tavern, sweep her off her feet and carry her away to lifelong happiness. She is a hard worker, but often wastes time ogling good-looking male customers. She will unabashedly fawn over any good-looking male who enters the Stein wearing shiny armor. Jill Ann is 5' 4" tall and weighs 112 pounds.

Karl Kross

O Level Male Human

STR: 10
INT: 9
WIS: 9
DEX: 16
CON: 14
CHA: 11
COM: 10
AC Normal: 8
AC Rear: 10
Hit Points: 3
Alignment: Neutral (Chaotic Neutral tendencies)

Age: 11

Weapon Proficiencies: None

Special Abilities: None

Languages: Common

Karl Kross is the older of the two boys. He lethargically goes about the odd jobs his father gives him; he is bored with his life and hopes to someday go off adventuring like so many of the Stein's patrons. While his father has difficulty getting him to do anything, PCs who visit the Stein might find him helpful. He will gladly accept a coin in return for a small errand or service, and since he is itching for excitement he will enthusiastically accept any larger task they might entrust to him. Karl is 4'10" tall and weighs 82 pounds.

William Kross

O Level Male Human

STR: 9
INT: 9
WIS: 9
DEX: 14
CON: 15
CHA: 12
COM: 9
AC Normal: 10
AC Rear: 10
Hit Points: 2
Alignment: Neutral (Lawful Good tendencies)
Age: 8
Weapon Proficiencies: None
Special Abilities: Swimming
Languages: Common

William Kross does his work quickly and well, but he likes to spend his time down at the docks watching the ships and listening to the sailors tell stories. He would like to go to sea someday. Adventurers don't impress him. William is 4'6" tall and weighs 68 pounds.

The Shod Tallon



The Shod Tallon is an old stucco building with a slate roof. There is a 15-by-40 foot patio perched atop the roof. It is accessed by a spiral staircase in the storage room. The sign in front of this tavern displays a giant roc with its talons outstretched. The talons are covered with steel.

The tavern keeper, Voron Orama, is an elderly, one-armed elf. His prices are higher than most, but not the highest in town. He charges 1 sp for a pint of beer, 4 sp for ale; his wine runs from 12 sp to 1 gp, and an evening meal costs as follows:

Beef Ribs	1 gp
Roast Chicken	8 sp
Beef Steaks	2 gp
Roast Turkey	4 sp
Chicken Eggs	5 cp
Vegetables	5 cp
Mutton	6 sp
Venison	8 sp

Voron's food and drink is better than average, and few complain about his prices.

Most patrons of the Shod Tallon are traveling elves and half elves. Not liking to associate more than they have to with humans, many elves feel more comfortable at the Shod Tallon because of its elven owner.

Voron also keeps ten rooms. They cost from 1 to 5 gp per night, depending on size. These are high prices, but the rooms are usually rented to elves or to others who do not wish to stay at one of the local inns for one reason or another, and so are willing to pay the extra price.

Voron lives alone but has a live-in cook, Gaolla Luate, and a servant girl, Dumiriel, who works in the tavern. Voron himself usually works behind the bar.

Voron Orama

*6th Level Male Moon Elf
Magic-user*

STR: 9

INT: 16

WIS: 15

DEX: 16

CON: 9

CHA: 10

COM: 15

AC Normal: 8

AC Rear: 10

Hit Points: 19

Alignment: Lawful Neutral

Age: 1,150

Weapon Proficiencies: Dagger, Staff

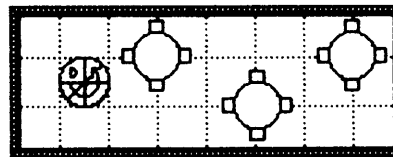
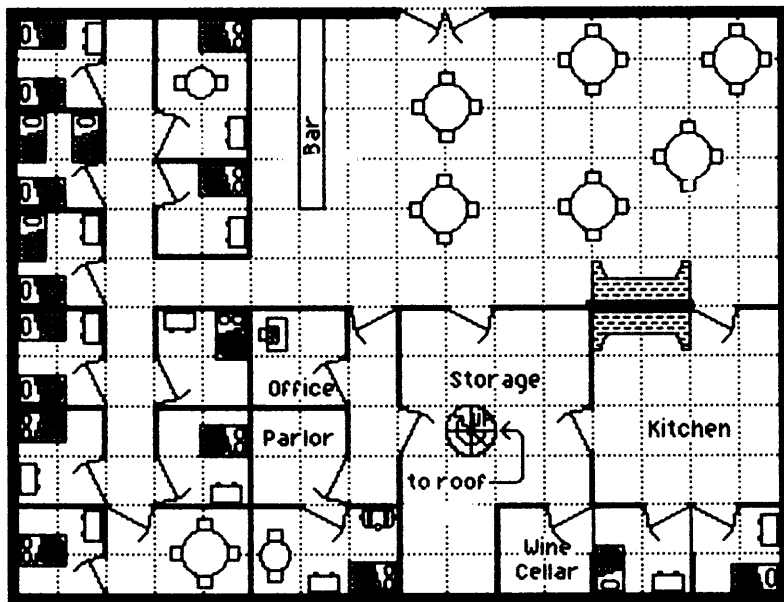
Special Abilities: None

Languages: Lawful Neutral, Elven Languages

Spells/Day: 4 2 2

The Shod Talon

1 sq. = 5 ft.



Roof Patio

Spell Book:

Cantrips	Clean
	Dry
	Dust
	Shine
	Gather
	Flavor
Level 1 Spells	Read Magic
	Alarm
	Magic Missile
	Sleep
	Unseen Servant
	Friends
	Run
Level 2 Spells	ESP
	Invisibility
	Detect Invisibility
Level 3 Spells	Slow
	Fly
	Dispel Magic

Voron Orama is bitter toward the world and so keeps to himself. More than 300 years ago, he served an elvish king, until he went off by himself to fight a dragon and gain its treasure. He lost the fight and his left arm. He never returned to the king's service. He briefly gave up magic after his brush with death, but took it up again after he bought the Shod Tallon. The tavern's name does not entirely please him, but he thought changing it would bring bad luck.

Local rumor has it that he lost his arm in an argument over a patron's bill.

Gaolla Luathe

O Level Female Half Elf

STR: 11
INT: 10
WIS: 12
DEX: 15
CON: 10
CHA: 12
COM: 13
AC Normal: 9
AC Rear: 10
Hit Points: 3
Alignment: Neutral Good
Age: 95
Weapon Proficiencies: Knife
Special Abilities: None
Languages: Neutral Good, Common, Half Elven Languages

Gaolla Luathe has been the cook at the Shod Tallon for the last 30 years. She is happy with her work and the exposure it gives her to traveling elves from many lands. She enjoys listening to the tales of their travels. She is 4'10" and weighs 97 pounds.

Dumiriel

Female Wild Elf

STR: 9
INT: 16
WIS: 15
DEX: 16
CON: 9
CHA: 10
COM: 15
AC Normal: 8
AC Rear: 10
Hit Points: 3
Alignment: Neutral
Age: 75
Weapon Proficiencies: Knife
Special Abilities: None
Languages: Elvish

Voron purchased Dumiriel from some traveling human mercenaries 20 years ago. Voron offered her freedom, but she was afraid to be left on her own. Instead, she has stayed on at the Tallon cleaning and waiting on tables. She hates and distrusts all humans. She speaks only Elvish and is very attractive. She has come to think of Gaolla as an elder sister, and Voron as a surrogate father.

The Sparkling Edge

The Sparkling Edge is a gem shop housed in a one-story brick building with a tile roof. The building is old, but has been well maintained and newly renovated. The shop is a moderate-sized room with a counter dividing it. There is a work area behind the counter where Oscar Kerlin, the gem cutter, usually can be found. Oscar is a dealer of gems, and a skilled gem cutter. Oscar is always willing to offer a fair price for good quality gems, but he always will make sure he makes a profit.

Oscar has an apprentice, Max Darkeyes, who is as much a guard as an apprentice. Max is quiet, but strong, and his size gives him an appearance intimidating enough to deter most would-be thieves.

Oscar maintains a large dining room for entertaining visiting gem merchants and traders and has two guest rooms for such visitors. Oscar has a live-in housekeeper, Sakiera, to maintain these rooms. Some people say she is a slave Oscar bought on one of his infrequent trips to trade and deal gems.

Oscar Kerlin

*2nd Level Male Human
Fighter*

STR: 14
INT: 15
WIS: 15
DEX: 14
CON: 10
CHA: 9
COM: 12
AC Normal: 7
AC Rear: 7
Hit Points: 11
Alignment: Lawful Neutral
Age: 41

Weapon Proficiencies: Long Sword, Bow, Hammer, Military Pick
Special Abilities: Gem Cutter, Gem Identification, Gem Appraisal
Languages: Lawful Neutral, Common

Oscar Kerlin is 6' tall and weighs 175 pounds. He is good at estimating the value of gems, both cut and uncut. He is a

fair trader and does not usually ask questions about where the gems he buys come from. He maintains a small, secret storage closet inside his strong room for keeping really valuable merchandise. Oscar usually will not cut gems a customer brings in, but will offer to buy such gems. He is quite wary of thieves, and watches his gems like a proverbial hawk.

Sakiera

*2nd Level Female Half Elf
Magic-user*

STR: 10
INT: 18
WIS: 16
DEX: 18
CON: 12
CHA: 16
COM: 16
AC Normal: 6
AC Rear: 10
Hit Points: 7
Alignment: Neutral Good

Age: 41
Weapon Proficiencies: Staff
Special Abilities: None
Languages: Neutral Good, Common, Half Elf Languages
Spells/day: 2

Spell Book:
Cantrips *Clean*
Dry
Dust
Shine
Hide
Unlock
Level 1 Spells *Read Magic*
Alarm
Jump
Sleep
Unseen Servant

Sakiera is a quiet, attractive woman. She is 5' 3" tall, and weighs 112 pounds. She looks human, and appears to be in her mid-twenties. Only Oscar knows she is half elven. She is of Gold Elf descent. Sakiera's family lived in a small village near Mulmaster until the village was destroyed in a goblinoid raid.

Oscar, who was in the area looking for gems, happened on the scene in time to save Sakiera, but not the rest of her family. Sakiera is grateful for the rescue and cheerfully cooks and keeps house for Oscar. She would marry him if he asked her, but Oscar has never entertained the idea. Oscar is not looking for a wife, and would not consider Sakiera if he was—he thinks of her as the daughter he never had. He might change his mind, however, if he were to be reminded that Sakiera is almost as old as he is.

Max Darkeyes

*4th Level Male Human
Fighter*

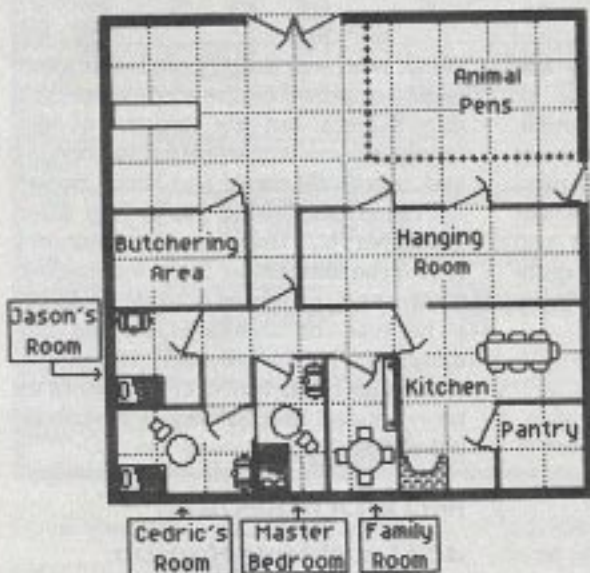
STR: 18/64
INT: 15
WIS: 12
DEX: 14
CON: 17
CHA: 12
COM: 10
AC Normal: 7
AC Rear: 7
Hit Points: 29
Alignment: Chaotic Good
Age: 24

Weapon Proficiencies: Dagger, Bastard Sword (specialist), Crossbow, Sap
Special Abilities: Gem Identification, Gem Appraisal
Languages: Chaotic Good, Common

Max Darkeyes is not a very good gem cutter. Oscar only lets him practice on quartz because of his ineptitude. Max is large and muscular, standing 6'2" and weighing 198 pounds. He does not aspire to be a gem cutter. His apprentice agreement stipulates that during his apprenticeship, Kerlin will teach him gem cutting and pay for his training in the use of arms. In return for this, Max guards the Sparkling Edge. There is a further stipulation that after his apprenticeship, Kerlin will provide Max with a suit of armor, weapons, and a grubstake. Max looks forward to making his own fame and fortune.

Pig-in-a-Poke

1 sq. = 5 ft.

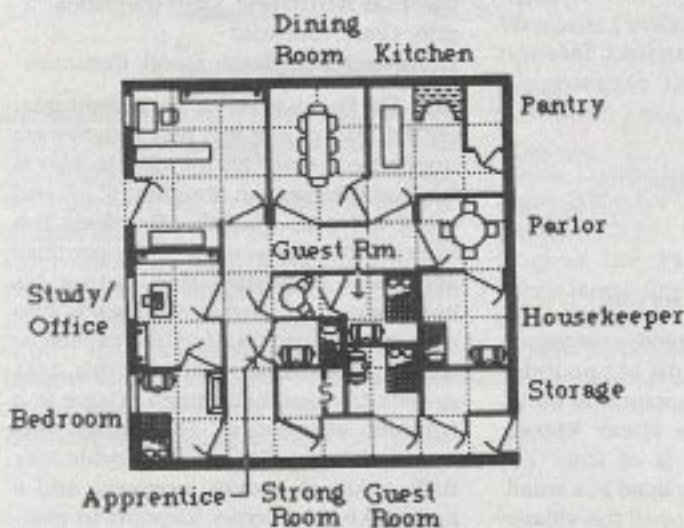


KEY

- | | | | |
|--|------------------|--|-----------------------|
| | Spiral Staircase | | Double Door |
| | Normal Window | | Large Table & Chairs |
| | Barred Window | | Medium Table & Chairs |
| | Shield (on wall) | | Small Table & Chair |
| | Display Case | | Beds |
| | Weapons Rack | | Normal Door |
| | Hanging Storage | | Shelves |
| | Cabinets | | Fence |
| | Dresser | | Fireplaces |
| | Chest/Trunk | | Secret Door |
| | Globe | | |
| | Table & Benches | | |

Sparkling Edge

1 sq. = 5 ft.



Pig-In-A-Poke

The Pig-in-a-Poke is a one-story, stucco building with a shingle roof. It is a butcher shop offering fresh and preserved meats. Important or particularly knowledgeable customers are allowed to buy their meat "on the hoof" and have it cut to order. Customers can also bring their own animals for slaughter. The building contains animal pens, a butchering area, a meat hanging room, and living quarters for the butcher, Boch Cedmac, and his wife and two sons. The entire family helps run the business.

Boch Cedmac

0 Level Male Human

STR: 13
INT: 9
WIS: 11
DEX: 12
CON: 10
CHA: 9
COM: 10
AC Normal: 10
AC Rear: 10
Hit Points: 6
Alignment: Neutral (Lawful Good tendencies)
Age: 48
Weapon Proficiencies: Knife, Hand Axe
Special Abilities: Butcher
Languages: Common

Boch Cedmac is 5' 9" tall and weighs 192 pounds. He is quiet and introverted. Boch asks a fair price for his wares, but will politely haggle if necessary. He knows his business, however, and always sells at a profit. He values his regular customers, and is quick to correct any legitimate complaints they might have about the goods or services offered at the Pig-in-a-Poke. Boch sells hides (his business's major by product) to the local tanner who offers the best price. PCs who need untanned hides might be able to buy them from Boch.

Berde Cedmac

0 Level Female Human

STR: 7
INT: 10
WIS: 10
DEX: 8
CON: 7
CHA: 12
COM: 9
AC Normal: 10
AC Rear: 10
Hit Points: 5
Alignment: Neutral (Lawful Good tendencies)
Age: 44
Weapon Proficiencies: Knife
Special Abilities: None
Languages: Common

Berde Cedmac, like her husband, is soft-spoken and polite, but haggles well. She frequently suffers from minor illnesses, but is as active as her poor health allows. She waits on customers in the shop, and visits the market whenever she can. She enjoys spending part of her market days talking with other town women. She is popular in Ravens Bluff and welcome wherever she goes. Although not a gossip, she is always up to date on the local news, whatever its importance. Berde is 5' 4" tall and weighs 136 pounds.

Cedric Cedmac

0 Level Male Human

STR: 14
INT: 10
WIS: 9
DEX: 13
CON: 14
CHA: 12
COM: 10
AC Normal: 10
AC Rear: 10
Hit Points: 6
Alignment: Neutral (Lawful Good tendencies)
Age: 19

Weapon Proficiencies: Knife, Hand Axe
Special Abilities: Butcher
Languages: Common

Cedric Cedmac is industrious and hard working. He is proud to be helping his father in the family business. He expects to inherit the shop and plans to continue as a butcher, and to pass the shop on to his son. He is 5'9" tall and weighs 185 pounds.

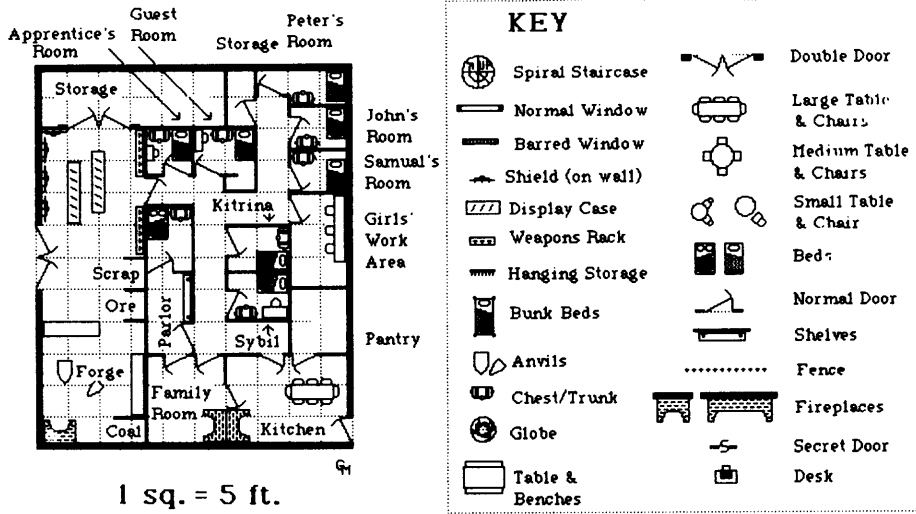
Jason Cedmac

0 Level Male Human

STR: 16
INT: 12
WIS: 10
DEX: 16
CON: 14
CHA: 13
COM: 10
AC Normal: 8
AC Rear: 10
Hit Points: 6
Alignment: Neutral (Chaotic Good tendencies)
Age: 16
Weapon Proficiencies: Knife, Hand Axe
Special Abilities: Butcher
Languages: Common

Jason Cedmac has learned his father's business well and is a good butcher. He realizes that his older brother will inherit the business one day, however, and is not sure what he will do with his life. He is thinking about joining the city watch. If PCs try to recruit henchmen in Ravens Bluff, Jason might answer their advertisements. He will not accept a position unless he is sure he is getting a good deal (he has his father's ability to haggle). He is unsure about adventuring, and will not take a position at any price if he thinks he will not be treated properly. Jason is 5'7" and weighs 153 pounds; he will be a good fighter when he gets his full growth.

Ye Who Dares



Ye Who Dares is a one-story stucco building with a slate roof. It houses the forge and work space of Johan Branding, the armorer. Ye Who Dares is known in town as having adequate arms and armor at reasonable prices.

Johan lives here with his wife, three sons, two daughters, and his apprentice, Lars Olafson. The shop has a forge and work areas, a storage area, and a display area for finished armor and weapons. There is also a work room where pieces of armor are assembled. The living quarters at the shop are a guest room, a kitchen, a family room, a parlor, the apprentice's room, and six bedrooms.

Johan is a square dealer and is always willing to strike a bargain. He keeps his prices down by having his entire family work in the shop. The girls sew together pieces of leather to make leather armor, then attach splints, scales, or rings to make mail. The boys help in the shop, either at the forge or at the work tables under Lars' or Johan's direction. This results in serviceable, but not top quality, equipment. Experienced adventurers and the nobility tend to turn up their noses at Johan's wares, but his low prices (usually 80% of book value, sometimes less) are attractive to mercenaries and low-level adventures.

Johan Branding

0 Level Male Human

STR: 16
INT: 14
WIS: 15
DEX: 9
CON: 11
CHA: 8
COM: 9
AC Normal: 10
AC Rear: 10
Hit Points: 6
Alignment: Chaotic Good (Chaotic Neutral tendencies)
Age: 40
Weapon Proficiencies: Hammer, Club
Special Abilities: Smith, Armorer
Languages: Common

Johan Branding inherited his smithy from his father. He is a very good smith, but is always cutting corners to reduce costs, either in the alloy used, time spent tempering metal, or skimping on materials used assembling items. That is how he undersells his competition. While his merchandise is not faulty, his weapons and armor do not hold up over time and do not last as long as items of better manufacture. Also, his wares *look* cheap. Johan is 5' 8" tall and weighs 168 pounds. He looks every inch

a smith, with overdeveloped arms, and a heat-scared visage. The smell of coal smoke always clings to him.

Susan Branding

0 Level Female Human

STR: 9
INT: 12
WIS: 13
DEX: 10
CON: 9
CHA: 9
COM: 10
AC Normal: 10
AC Rear: 10
Hit Points: 4
Alignment: Neutral Good
Age: 33
Weapon Proficiencies: None
Special Abilities: None
Languages: Common

Susan Branding is a rather plain woman. She is a good housekeeper and mother. She keeps the family's living area spotless, a hard job considering the dirt and sweat the family business generates. She is kindhearted and often chides her husband for being self-centered (he often is). She stands 5'2" and weighs 143 pounds.

Lars Olafson

0 Level Male Human

STR: 17
INT: 13
WIS: 13
DEX: 12
CON: 15
CHA: 12
COM: 9
AC Normal: 10
AC Rear: 10
Hit Points: 6
Alignment: Lawful Good
Age: 20
Weapon Proficiencies: Hammer
Special Abilities: Smith, Armorer
Languages: Common

Lars Olafson is a very industrious worker. He is near the end of his apprenticeship and hopes to move out within the next two years to open his own smithy. He dislikes Johan's habit of cutting corners, but is wise enough not to say anything. He looks forward to the day when he can do his job right. He is 5' 6" tall and weighs 163 pounds.

Peter Branding

O Level Male Human

STR: 17
INT: 10
WIS: 9
DEX: 13
CON: 17
CHA: 14
COM: 9
AC Normal: 10
AC Rear: 10

Hit Points: 6

Alignment: Chaotic Good (Chaotic Neutral tendencies)

Age: 17

Weapon Proficiencies: Hammer

Special Abilities: Smith, Armorer

Languages: Common

Peter Branding is the eldest son and a talented weaponsmith in his own right. Like Lars, he is an apprentice smith and detests using inferior metals and alloys when he feels he has the skills to be a great weaponsmith. He is 5' 10" tall and weighs 164 pounds.

Sybil Branding

O Level Female Human

STR: 10
INT: 14
WIS: 17
DEX: 15
CON: 10
CHA: 15
COM: 16
AC Normal: 9
AC Rear: 10
Hit Points: 3

Alignment: Neutral Good

Age: 16

Weapon Proficiencies: None

Special Abilities: Seamstress, Leather Worker

Languages: Common

Sybil Branding hopes to marry soon. She wants to raise her own family instead of spending her days sewing leather. She is very attractive and three local boys have asked for her hand, but her father says they are not old enough or wealthy enough. She is 5'3" and weighs 113 pounds.

Kitrina Branding

O Level Female Human

STR: 11
INT: 12
WIS: 10
DEX: 17
CON: 12
CHA: 15
COM: 17
AC Normal: 7
AC Rear: 10

Hit Points: 3

Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Age: 14

Weapon Proficiencies: None

Special Abilities: Seamstress, Leather Worker, Incipient Thief Abilities

Languages: Common

Kitrina Branding is the most mischievous of the Branding children. She has a good figure for her age, and looks older than she is. Her mother frequently catches her sneaking in the back door well after midnight. She is attractive and very outspoken. When she can escape the house, she goes to one of the better local taverns, where she can flirt with the male patrons. She has all the makings of a skillful thief, and is already adept at picking locks and moving silently. With adjustments for dexterity, her chances for success are 20% and 15%, respectively. She is 5' 4" and weighs 108 pounds.

John Branding

O Level Male Human

STR: 17
INT: 11
WIS: 14
DEX: 16
CON: 18
CHA: 15
COM: 16
AC Normal: 10
AC Rear: 10
Hit Points: 4

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Age: 12

Weapon Proficiencies: None

Special Abilities: Smith

Languages: Common

John Branding is remarkably strong for his age. His father thinks he has real ability to be a good smith because of his strength. He is 5' 5" tall and weighs 125 pounds.

Samul Branding

O Level Male Human

STR: 12
INT: 10
WIS: 12
DEX: 15
CON: 12
CHA: 12
COM: 14
AC Normal: 9
AC Rear: 10

Hit Points: 3

Alignment: Lawful Good

Age: 9

Weapon Proficiencies: None

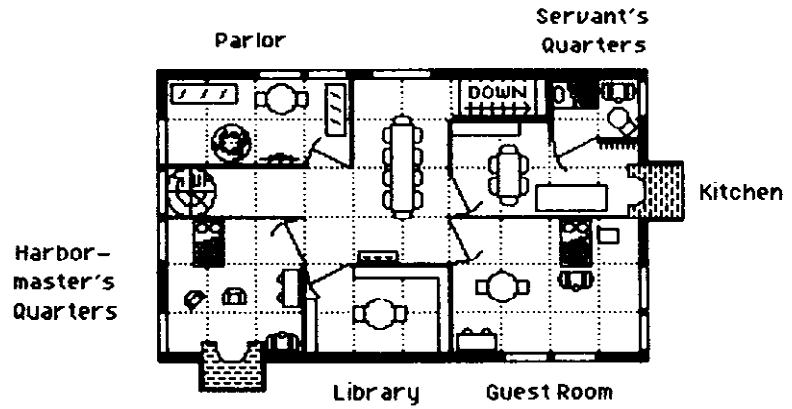
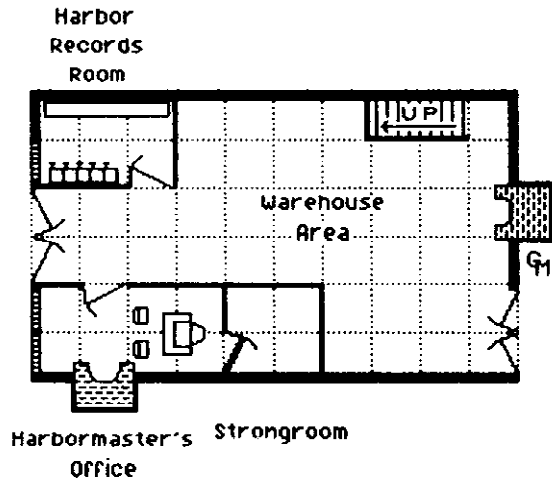
Special Abilities: Smith

Languages: Common

Samul Branding desperately wants to please his father, and is the hardest worker in the shop. He is very curious about the shop's clientele, and buries customers with avalanches of questions. He is 4'3" tall and weighs 82 pounds.

Narwhal Manor

1 sq. = 5 ft.



Cabinets

Dresser

Chest/Trunk

Globe

Shield (on wall)

Display Case

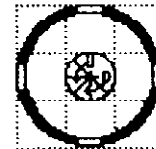
Weapons Rack

Hanging Storage

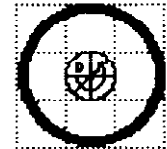
Spiral Staircase

Normal Window

Barred Window



Tower Floor



Tower Roof

Narwhal Manor, a two-story, stone building with a watch tower atop the roof, serves as a customs warehouse. It also serves as home and office for Draco Ellass, the chief customs official.

The ground floor has heavy, wood doors at the front and rear. The doors can be easily secured with beams from the outside. The only windows on the ground floor are narrow (two feet wide) and have iron bars on the outside. This floor houses customs records and the customs office. There is also a strong room that only can be entered from the office. This room has a massive iron door and lock; it is used to store valuables while they wait to clear customs, or until any duties or taxes levied on them are paid. The rest of the ground floor is a warehouse for holding less valuable import or export goods. This area is also used for storing confiscated cargos which are waiting disposition.

The second floor has numerous narrow windows, giving a good view in all directions. Draco's quarters are here, and there is a guest room. This floor also has a small library and parlor. There is a spiral stair which leads to the roof and tower. The parlor is decorated with mementos of Draco's exploits as a sea captain; it is here that he usually receives guests.

Master Draco Ellass

7th Level Male Half Elf
Fighter

STR: 14
INT: 11
WIS: 12
DEX: 13
CON: 13
CHA: 10
COM: 12

AC Normal: 10

AC Rear: 10

Hit Points: 32

Alignment: Lawful Good

Age: 235

Weapon Proficiencies: Long Sword, Scimitar, Pike, Longbow (Specialist), Knife

Special Abilities: Mariner, Weather Sense, Navigator, Rope Use

Languages: Lawful Good, Common, Half Elf Languages

Master Ellass is a retired sea captain famed for his many campaigns against pirates on the Sea of Fallen Stars. He is known for being secretive and keeping to himself. However, he is also known for receiving guests, mostly visiting ship captains, and entertaining them lavishly.

Draco always seems to be able to predict the weather accurately, and many captains consult him before setting sail.



He usually carries a long sword, and rumor has it he is a dead shot with a long-bow. Draco is 5' 6" tall and weighs 130 pounds.

Draco has accumulated several magic items over the years. He keeps a *long-bow* +2 in a weapon case in the second floor hallway. The parlor has a display case to the right of the door where Draco keeps a ship's spyglass and mementos from his life at sea. Anyone looking through the spyglass sees the weather as it will be 24 hours later. The glass can be used 10 minutes per day. Draco also keeps a suit of *leather armor* +2 in his closet.

Draco's current servant, Docara, is said to be a cabin boy from a ship that ran aground two years ago. The servant never talks to anyone and is seldom seen far from the manor. When he is seen on the city streets, he is always heavily hooded and robed. No one can remember actually seeing his face, but commoners in the market say his complexion is nearly black.

Docara

0 Level Female Drow Elf

STR: 11

INT: 18

WIS: 16

DEX: 18

CON: 14

CHA: 14

COM: 19

AC Normal: 6

AC Rear: 10

Hit Points: 66

Alignment: Neutral (Lawful Good tendencies)

Age: 20

Weapon Proficiencies: Knife, Sap

Special Abilities: Fishing

Languages: Neutral, Common, Thieves Cant

Docara was captured as a babe and sold to pirates. She grew up on a pirate ship, and her masters treated her like chattel. The crew was allowed to do what they liked with her. In human terms, she appears to be about 13 years old.

Her fortunes changed when her ship ran aground in a heavy fog two years ago. Docara was the only survivor. Draco found her on the beach and nursed her back to health. Never having been on her own and not having the faintest idea of how to find her people, she decided to stay with Draco. If nothing else, she feels safe with him. Because of the way she was abused by the pirates, she fears most men. To ease her fears, Draco has spread the rumor that she is a boy. This was one of the things that convinced her she could trust him. Docara learned thieves cant from the pirates, and lately she has learned to read and taken an interest in magic. This, however, has forced her to make several hair-raising (from Docara's point of view) trips into the city to buy books. She wanted Draco to get them for her, but he refused; Draco doesn't disapprove of magic, he just wanted Docara to do something on her own. Docara is 4' 3" tall and weighs 89 pounds.

A Tale Within a Tale

It begins under the branches of a huge oak, the coolest spot in a very hot marketplace.

The storyteller, Drawmij, assesses his audience. There is the usual scattering of bright young street urchins hovering over him. A few bored second and third sons of merchants stand farther back. Several lovely, veiled ladies walk by, and the storyteller adjusts the carefully disheveled strands of his gray wig so he can see them better. As the ladies move to join the crowd he begins his first story with laughter and a flourish of his hands.

"Listen, gentle ladies and brave warriors, to this tale of how the black temple outside our city was created." Drawmij can instantly tell he has the adults' attention. However, the children obviously never have been out of the city, and they seem restless.

"It's a tale of magic and danger, of enchanted weapons and Mighty Ren the thief." At the mention of Ren the children's eyes widen and they give Drawmij their full attention. The storyteller allows himself a sly grin; he knows that a story of this romantic figure is of interest to all ages. As the tale unravels the crowd around his tree grows larger and larger. . . .

"When the early morning sun strikes the gates of Ravens Bluff it brightens what is never a pretty sight—hundreds of sweaty, already-weary merchants and earth-stained farmers noisily awaiting the city's opening, each planning or hoping to make riches in the marketplace inside.

Atop the ebony barbican which protected the gates, bored guards looked down on the masses waiting to be let in and thought how easy it would be to dump several cauldrons filled with boiling oil on the rabble. When the Gate Marshal barked the order to open the gates all the guards abandoned their musings and tried to look busy.

Just inside the gates, a lone figure waited to be let out. The guards knew him to be Ren of the Cloak, Ren of a

Thousand Tricks and a Thousand Lives. Ren wore his trademark, a wonderfully-wrought chain mail cloak, which all the guards envied. He was covered in gleaming metal from neck to boot top. He also wore his usual sly, uncompliant grin. The guards wondered why they weren't allowed to arrest such a famous lawbreaker. However, their daydreams were interrupted when an angry sergeant forced them back to their duties and nodded respectfully to Ren.

Ren nodded back. He could tell from the guardsmen's sneers that they thought him an easy mark. Such a mistake was easy to make, as his enchanted cloak hid all manner of bulky weapons and other items and showed no bulges at all. But the sergeant knew the score, and his politeness saved the guardsmen's lives.

"Where you off to today, Ren?" the sergeant called from the barbican.

"I'm going fishing," Ren replied as he strode through the opening gates.

His smile became a little less self-assured as he thought of the fishing expedition. He hoped it would merit the early hour of his rising. His hands, despite his preoccupation, flashed like summer lightning from under his cloak as he passed a group of well-dressed merchants and silently withdrew inside again, bearing the day's first catch.

A shout of consternation drew his attention to a small group of people, where he saw an old crone shrieking at a mounted noble, who had tipped over her vegetable wagon. Ren recognized the man, his name was Sernt.

"Out of my way, hag!" Sernt shouted as he tried to urge his massive stallion past the wagon and through the crowd.

"But my wagon. My veg'tabls. You must pay!" the woman cried.

Ren glided behind the stallion and his hands repeatedly darted in and out of his cloak. Then he pranced to the stallion's front, where he confronted Sernt.

"You really must pay," Ren chirped, shaking a scolding finger.

"I'll do nothing of the kind!" roared the noble, making his steed rear. This, how-

ever, made saddle and noble slide off the animal's back. Ren easily sidestepped the mishap and good-naturedly bent to assist the fallen rider. While one hand helped the man to his feet, the other was a blur around the noble's body.

"Come my fine sir. It's time to pay for this and past mistakes." Ren spoke loud enough for the growing crowd of peasants to hear. He knew there are few laws outside the city walls.

Sernt blustered and reached for his sword, but his hand drew a carrot from his scabbard instead.

"Looking for this?" Ren asked, displaying a jeweled short sword. Ren threw the weapon to a burly farmer. "The price of vegetables just went up by one sword. Are you ready to pay now?"

Sweating, the noble leapt to his fallen saddle for a battle axe, but found only two cabbages. Turning, he discovered Ren with the weapon.

"One sword. One battle axe. Have you checked your underwear?" Ren quipped.

The crowd roared, and the noble knew he was beaten. Gathering what remained of his dignity, he snatched his saddle bag, vaulted to the stallion's bare back, and raced for the gate, leaving his saddle behind. The crowd let him pass.

"Not a bad bit of horsemanship," chuckled Ren.

"Bless you sir Ren," the crone gushed as the crowd broke up.

"Think nothing of it, little mother. And here is a parting gift from the lord." Ren produced the noble's purse, filled with gold, and gave her three gleaming coins. The sight of the money left the woman speechless, and Ren left, smiling at the good deed.

An hour later the gates of the city were lost over the horizon and Ren sat eating a cold breakfast on his favorite resting rock. This was also his favorite fishing spot, even though there was no water in sight. Ren preferred to cast for wealthy, two-legged fish on their way to Ravens Bluff. Occasionally merchants in a wagon, adventurers in a chariot, or a lone rider on a horse would pass by, and Ren would smile at them. Some

would smile back, and some would ignore him. It was the ones who stopped that interested Ren.

One of those was a black cleric of a dark order who rode a large, ugly war horse. The cleric rode up, noting the large wine skin and assortment of cheeses spread out on Ren's resting rock.

"Give me some wine, unbeliever, and the blessings of the many-armed one will be upon you." This was stated as a demand, not a request.

"Keep your blessings sir, but you may share my wine," Ren said with a grin. He grabbed the skin and ran quickly to the cleric. Pretending to trip, Ren fell against the horse and the skin flew wetly into the cleric's face.

"Fool! Be careful!" the cleric screamed.

Ren's hands shot in and out of his cloak several times. When his questing fingers touch a glossy, black leather container a flash of crackling, black lightning burst forth, and Ren is blasted to the ground, his hand smoking.

"Ho! My fine thief, know that you have tried to grab the Black Hammer of my order," said the cleric gleefully. "Your taste in enchanted weapons is excellent. But now that you, an unbeliever, have touched it and become burned you must finish the feeding process." The cleric dismounted, the black case in his hands. From this container he pulled a glossy black hammer like none Ren had seen. Ren retreated to the tumble of rocks, and the cleric followed. As his foe moved closer, Ren heard the hammer begin to moan and gibber, to cry for his blood.

The pain in his hand intensified as the hammer glowed red. Reaching into his cloak, Ren began frantically pulling out items stored there, vainly looking for a jar of healing ointment. Ren wanted to fight, but only if he could heal his hand. Skipping over the rocks while dodging hammer blows, Ren continued to pull from his cloak cabbages, assorted vegetables, scarves and clothing to which he had recently taken a fancy, the well-dressed merchants' purses, and a bottle



with unknown contents. Finally, Ren got to his equipment. However, the cleric had gotten to him.

A blow grazed Ren's cloak and struck a boulder. The boulder shattered amid a cloud of brimstone.

The next blow couldn't be dodged, but by then Ren had his hand shoved into the jar of healing cream. (At the bottom of his cloak, naturally.) The blow smashed against Ren's shoulder. The thief felt pain, but wasn't destroyed as the cleric expected. In retaliation Ren drew a long sword and long knife. His burnt hand was nearly healed.

Blade met hammer shaft and sparks flew. Simultaneously, Ren's long knife thrust at the cleric and rebounded off his ring mail. The hammer's moaning grew louder, and Ren knew the weapon thirsted for his life.

Ren leapt back, shouting, and disappeared into the folds of his cloak. The garment fell loose to the ground.

"By all the Dark gods!" the cleric cursed as he wondered at Ren's escape. Casting spells of protection on himself, and spells of detection on the cloak, he determined the garment wasn't a trap, but was magical. Prodding it with his toe, he found it very heavy. Curiosity prompted him to bend and open the cloak, where he found Ren thrusting at his throat and ending his life. The fallen hammer moaned still louder.

Ren didn't even stop to rifle the body. He was unnerved by the growing noise from the hammer and felt certain something bad was going to happen. The thief beat an undignified retreat over the rocks, toward the safety of the city. The hammer could be heard even after the scene of the melee was lost from view. Ren reached the gates in record time, and vowed not to leave again for quite some time."

Drawmij ends the tale there, to the distress of the crowd around him. He can't remember why he started that particular story anyway. It is not one of his favorites. He rubs the scarred hand, still remembering the pain.

"But what about the black temple?" one of the veiled ladies asks.

"My friends, no one wants to hear the ghastly tale of the hundreds who died investigating the noises from those rocks. Let us rather praise our noble mayor who wisely sent the cult of the many-armed one to deal with the matter. Stories on that subject are better left untold. Now, for a few coins I could relate the tale of how the Princess of Thieves fought her way through the marshes of The Shaar on a dare from Ren. . . ."

Ren of The Cloak

15th Level Male High Elf
Thief

STR: 16
INT: 17
WIS: 9
DEX: 19
CON: 17
CHA: 17
COM: 16
AC Normal: 3
AC Rear: 7
Hit Points: 79

Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Weapon Proficiencies: Long Sword, Long Knife (dagger), Sap, Whip, Short Bow

Special Abilities: Disguise

Languages: Chaotic Neutral, Thieves' Cant, Thorass, Elvish, Dwarvish, Common

Thief Skills:

PP	OL	FT	MS	HS	HN	CW	RL
115	92	90	99	99	50	99.5	75

Ren is 5' 10" tall, and weighs 152 pounds. He is blessed with lightning reflexes and dashing good looks. Ren's origins are a mystery. He loves practical jokes, high living, and attention. His trademark is an unusual cloak. This garment has an outer layer of elfin chain mail and an inner lining of fine leather. The cloak's inner folds act as a *bag of holding* of the largest capacity (1,500 pounds, 250 cubic feet). When Ren wears the cloak, 90% of his body is in an interdimensional space. This gives him partial immunity from physical attacks (blows hitting the chain mail only do half damage). The cloak is also enchanted to provide protection +1 and *protection from good and evil*. The cloak is not encumbering.

Ren usually keeps a jar of *Keoghtom's ointment*, a *scroll of protection from demons*, and a 100-foot coil of rope with a grappling hook in the cloak. His sword and long knife are +2 weapons.

Cortuun of The Black Hammer

7th Level Male Human
Cleric

STR: 10
INT: 12
WIS: 16
DEX: 15
CON: 17
CHA: 10
COM: 8

AC Normal: 5

AC Rear: 6

Hit Points: 55

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Weapon Proficiencies: Mace, Hammer, Staff Sling

Special Abilities: None

Languages: Chaotic Evil, Common

Spells/Day: 5,5,2,1

This cleric was assigned the simple mission of returning his cult's holy relic, the *Black Hammer*, to the temple in Ravens Bluff. He was arrogant to begin with, and the relic made him even more so. The evil magic of the weapon also made him overconfident. In the encounter with Ren he wore *ring mail* +1, and carried the *Hammer* (a *war hammer* +6). He also carried a purse holding 47 gp, and a hidden pouch with ten 1,000 gp diamonds.

Once the Black Hammer is removed from its container it must take a life for every hour it remains free. It can draw life force (save vs. spells or die) from creatures within a five-foot radius. This power is evoked only when the weapon remains drawn for more than one hour without taking a life. Several members of the cult sacrificed their lives to retrieve the weapon from Ren's resting rock. The cult is in the process of setting up a special shrine to encase the weapon. They know Ren prevented the weapon from being brought to the temple without incident. They are not pleased with the thief and plan retribution.

Sernt

3rd Level Male Human
Fighter

STR: 14
INT: 9
WIS: 8
DEX: 15
CON: 15
CHA: 8
COM: 9

AC Normal: 3

AC Rear: 5

Hit Points: 25

Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Weapon Proficiencies: Long Sword, Short Sword, Spear, Battle Axe

Special Abilities: Riding (Land)

Languages: Chaotic Neutral, Common

Sernt is 23 years old, proud to be a nobleman, and suitably arrogant. Before the incident at the gate, he had traveled all night to reach the city. He was tired and mad at the world when he encountered Ren. During the encounter, he wore chain mail and a shield, and carried a *potion of healing* and a purse containing 98 gp. Being defeated badly hurt his pride, and he has vowed to reach all his powerful friends so that Ren can be properly chastised for his actions.

Hounds and The Hare

Player characters for this encounter can be of almost any level, since the object is to avoid direct combat.

The party is moving through a normally crowded Ravens Bluff street in daytime. On the north side is a heavily-shadowed alley, though the alley probably will not be immediately noticed by the player characters.

A small, wiry young man, blending with the crowd, comes up behind the party, picking on a magic user or an armored fighter. If the party is in a recognizable unit, the young man will select the last member of the party. When the party is directly across from the alley, the young man will make an intentionally bungled attempt to pick the pocket or cut the purse of the selected player character.

(The DM should immediately roll percentile dice, as if for the pick pocket attempt. Regardless of the result, read the following:)

Your party member, (fill in name here), feels a hand attempting to steal his purse. Turning he sees a very young man attached to the hand.

The young man is a member of a gang of bullies. His stats are unremarkable except for a dexterity of 16 and a movement rate of 18". He is a first level thief.

Young Thief: AC 8; MV 18"; T1; hp 5; #AT 1; D 1-4 (dagger) INT 9, WIS 7, DEX 16, CON 11, CH 12; AL CN

If the player character tries to grab the thief, it will take a natural 20 to hit, and the young thief must fail a save vs. paralyzation. This is due to the fact that the thief was not really attempting to pick pockets, but was alert and awaiting the party members' attempts to grasp him after the intentionally failed act.

As soon as he is noticed, the young thief will turn and run into the alley, though not at full speed unless he is pressed to do so.

The young thief turns and runs into the alley, looking fearfully over his shoulder at you.

If the party is wise enough not to chase a thief down a dim and unknown alley, the encounter goes no further. However, if the party pursues the adventure continues. The young thief paces his speed to remain approximately 25 feet in front of the party so the characters will continue their chase.

The young thief continues running from you at top speed. He seems to be holding his distance from you. You go 90' into the alley, and the young thief darts around a right bend in the alley.

As soon as he turns the corner, the thief runs through a secret door on the right side. The door is immediately closed behind him and looks like a section of wall.

About 35 feet in front of you, the alley comes to a dead end. You see the young thief pulling on the handle of a door, attempting to open it. The door seems to be locked and will not open despite his best efforts.

This is actually a dummy dressed in the same clothes as the young thief. If the party looks closely, the deception will be easily noticed. If they remain in hot pursuit, they will not be able to notice the deception because of the shadows. The door is a false door.

As the party approaches the dummy:

You hear the tinkling of metal behind you.

The sound is that of caltrops thrown from a top window and cast across the alley between the party and their exit-way.

Suddenly, arrows start to come at your party in a hail! You look up and see there are small, previously concealed, windows in the second story of the three building sides.

There are three windows on two sides and two windows in the facing side. There are brigands above, spaced one at each window. They will concentrate their arrow fire on anyone in robes. The window openings offer the brigands 90% cover.

8 Brigands: AC 7; MV 12"; F3; hp 15, 18, 12, 19, 20, 14, 16, 17; Specialized in shortbow; #AT 1; D 1d6; SA none; AL CN

The DM should run this part of the encounter in actual time, as indecision on the part of the PCs will prompt another volley of arrows. Attempting to cross the caltrops at full speed will inflict 2d6 damage and expose the characters' backs for one minute. Moving slowly across the caltrops will expose the characters' backs (rear armor class with no adjustment for dexterity) for three minutes.

If a party member is brought down by the arrows and the rest of the party flees, five brigands will come out of the secret door. Two have brooms and will sweep aside the caltrops. One will stay as a sentry to watch for the approach of the police or the return of the party.

This encounter is intended to penalize the terminally foolhardy, show magic users the difficulty of casting spells while under attack (no initiative is ever rolled, as the arrows come evenly spaced one per combat segment), and impress on magic users the cost of replenishing spell components. (They are expensive and this is the real target of the attempted theft). The abilities of the brigands may be changed if necessary, according to the strength of the party. The Ravens Bluff watch will respond in 2-10 turns.

RATS!



Rats! is an AD&D® game adventure for 1-6 characters of levels 1-3. This adventure is designed to give the player characters an introduction to the hazards of Ravens Bluff. The adventure is not particularly deadly, but the party will need at least one silver or magical weapon.

Notes for The Dungeon Master

During this short adventure, the PCs get involved in an investigation into a series of inexplicable burglaries when a fleeing half-orc plants a piece of contraband on a party member.

With the exception of the courtroom scene—Encounters 4 and 5—the encounters in this adventure do not take place in any specific location or neighborhood of Ravens Bluff. However, they all occur in public places. No maps are included with the adventure (they are not necessary). If you have a specific neighborhood already mapped, set the adventure in that neighborhood. Otherwise, allow the characters to wander the city, and set the encounters in the city's streets, markets, and public squares.

It is important that you prevent the party from spending too much time on any one encounter. If the PCs persist in prolonging an encounter (for example, by following Elyse in Encounter #1 after she has made her prophecy), force them into the next encounter.

To help you set the scene, each encounter description has a situation synopsis; this will be useful if you have to improvise descriptions.

Encounters

1. A Little Bit of Knowledge

Situation: In a public place, a street urchin begs money from the PCs and makes a cryptic prophecy about events in their future.

As you take a moment to relax, deciding what to do next in this wide-open city, you hear a child's voice pleading for your attention. It is a little girl, a street urchin, seven or eight years old, with blond hair and wide, very alert blue eyes.

"Excuse me, but could you please spare me a few coppers for food? I haven't eaten since yesterday and I'm really very hungry."

The girl's name is Elyse; she is one of the homeless orphans often seen darting around the city. But her clothes are much cleaner and nicer than those usually found on waifs.

Elyse: AC 10; MV 12"; Lvl 0; hp 3; #AT 1; D Unarmed; SA Psionics; SD Psionics; AL CG. Elyse has rudimentary psionic powers as follows: Psionic Strength 18; Attack/Defense Modes B/F,G; Minor Disciplines *empathy, precognition*. She has no control over her powers; she uses them instinctively.

If the party gives her some money or food, Elyse will thank them for their generosity, and then turn to one of them and announce, "You must accept a magical item you want and can't keep to have a chance to find a magical item you can't use but can keep." Then she crinkles her nose and giggles. No additional explanations will be forthcoming. If a PC seems unimpressed by her prophecy, Elyse will turn to a PC and announce a cryptic truth about him that he would just as soon keep hidden. As an example, to a half-elf whose father was a drow (and who is clearly terrified that others will find out), she might announce, "How come your father was so mean to everybody? Was it because he looked funny?"

If the party expresses concern about her or tries to offer her more assistance, such as finding her a permanent home, she will flatly inform them that she doesn't know where her parents are, but hopes they will return for her soon. She has been orphaned for years.

If they insist on taking her somewhere to get her help, their best recourse will be to turn her over to the authorities. Only the courts or one of the civic temples will take her. The officials who take her will sigh and explain that they've had her before and cannot get her to stay with foster parents.

As soon as she can, Elyse tries to leave the PCs. "I'm sorry, but I really need to go find my kitty and get something to eat—I'm real hungry. Thank you very much." She begins calling for a cat named Merrylyson.

If the party tries to stop her or follow along, she will become annoyed and announce another truth about a different party member, using even less tact than the first time. Eventually, the PCs should take the hint and let her go.

If the PCs try to steal anything from Elyse, she will cry for help. After a round or two a crowd of bystanders will form around the PCs and demand that they return what they have taken. There will be five belligerent bystanders per PC (level 0, AC 10, 4 hp each). Elyse is well-known and liked in this area, although the locals do not feel comfortable around her because of her ability to tell them unwanted truths. There is no good reason for the PCs to fight, but if they fight and win they may do what they wish with the girl; she has four copper pieces and her cat, Merrylyson.

2. Things That Go "Bump" in The Day

Situation: In a public place, a half-orc, who is fleeing from the authorities, plants stolen property on a PC, then escapes.

As you observe the sights of the city, a stranger's bony elbow jabs your leader in the ribs. An apology comes quickly.

"Excuse me; I didn't see you." The stranger is an ugly, scar-faced half-orc. This charmer is dressed in clothes that are almost rags; you

can't distinguish the stench of his clothes from the stench of his body.

The half-orc's real name is Sieran; he is a cleric/thief. When he jostled the PC, he planted a stolen earring. It is hidden so well that a self-search will fail to find it. Sieran will act like a fool to distract the PCs, but will leave before his pursuers arrive.

Sieran: AC 5; MV 12"; C/T 4/8; hp 30; #AT 1; D dagger; AL LE. Sieran carries an invisible medallion showing the symbol of his deity, Bhaal (a circle of red blood tears falling counter clockwise around a white skull).

Spells:

First Level: *command*
detect magic
sanctuary

Second Level *hold person*
obscure alignment

Sieran's belt holds a waterskin, a small lumpy pouch, and a bronze dagger in a plain sheath. He will give his name as Korblan if the PCs demand a name.

As the bumped PC reacts, the half-orc will at first be apologetic, dropping his head and looking at the ground, but if any of the adventurers use the word "pickpocket" (or any sequence of words with similar meaning), he will get very indignant.

Apparently, you've wounded the foul wretch's pride. "How's should I be knowing you weren't trying to be picking my pocket, then?" He starts hopping up and down, and suddenly opens his lumpy pouch and spills it on the ground. A shower of copper pieces falls at his feet, and he drops to his seat and starts arranging them in a pattern.

It seems he can't count! He's laying out his copper pieces in patterns of stars. "Got enough for three stars,

and I still have two more left over—and one silver piece I be carrying for years now.”

When he gets his stars built (each star is made up of one copper piece with five more spaced around it), he only has one extra copper piece left over—and, of course, his lucky silver piece. He will start wailing about the loss of his other copper piece, accusing everybody of taking it. If any PC looks around, he will notice that the missing copper piece has rolled away from the man to the curb. If the PC points this out, the half-orc will instantly shove his money back into the pouch, and grab the errant coin.

If the poor person he bumped starts looking through his possessions, the accused pickpocket will stay until the PC makes sure that everything is still there. He will then bow, shake hands with the party members, and take his leave. If an attempt is made to detain him, he will easily pull away from the would-be arresters (in a sudden show of strength), run around a corner and escape, using his spells to aid him if necessary.

After the half-orc leaves, have the new owner of the earring roll a D20; if he rolls his Intelligence or less, the character spotted the formerly-invisible clerical medallion and has noticed that it wasn't visible on the half-orc when the group first encountered him. If the roll fails, the character spots the medallion, but is unaware that it was absent earlier. Pass the player a note describing the medallion. None of the other party members saw the necklace.

3. The Tall Blond Woman With One Green Earring

Situation: City guards, seeking the stolen property the half-orc planted on a PC, arrest the PC and his companions. This encounter can occur anywhere. You may choose to improvise one or two minor encounters between Encounter 2 and Encounter 3.

You see a large group of people, including armed city guards, walking around, obviously searching for something. Other people are moving out of their way. Leading the group is a blond half-elf woman dressed in chain mail. She is carrying a large bow and a quiver of arrows and a large sword of some sort. She wears one green earring. She is closely followed by a short man in very impressive chain mail, a taller man in a dark green cloak and boots, and a dozen city guards. As they approach, the woman gestures toward you. “That’s the one.” The short man raises his right arm and one of the guards proclaims, “Do not move! You are all under arrest for theft of personal property!” With that, the guards immediately take up positions around you.

The woman is Elena, a half-elf ranger; the short man is Rolf “Sunny” Sunriver, the city’s Chief Constable; the taller man is Brasclan, a half-elf fighter/thief administrative assistant to the Chief Constable.

Elena: AC 5; MV 12”; R8; hp 65; #AT 3/2; D long sword +2; SD 30% MR vs. charm, sleep; AL CG

Rolf: AC 5; F9; hp 60; #AT 3/2; D bastard sword +2; AL LG

Brasclan: AC 5; F6/T7; hp 35; #AT 1; D short sword; AL N

Guards (12): AC 5; 2 F5, 4 F4, 6 F3; hp F5 25, F4 20, F3 15; #AT 1; D staff; AL LG

The party members will be directed to place their hands on their heads, and all weapons, wands, staffs, and rings will be removed as one of the guards takes notes on the items that have been confiscated. The person who was singled out by Elena will be asked to carefully remove all of his possessions and lay them out on the ground. After he

does, Elena insists, “He still has it; it’s too bad I can’t tell where.” Then she addresses the PC: “If you don’t cough up the earring, a more extensive search will be necessary.”

Protests will do no good. After some discussion, Brasclan will suggest that the missing earring is probably hooked in the suspect’s clothing; indeed, it will show up under a fold of cloth or inside a belt once several guards frisk the PCs thoroughly and none too gently.

The party will no doubt protest that they are being framed (indeed, they may even have enough presence of mind to identify the half-orc), but the guards will nevertheless escort them to the city jail to await trial. As they leave, Elena gives both of the earrings to Rolf.

If the party resists arrest, the constables will first strike to subdue, but will give the PCs ample and repeated opportunities to surrender.

4. A Fair or Speedy Trial

Situation: After a few hours in jail, the PCs are taken into court to answer the charges against them. The judge summons the PCs to a private conference. This encounter takes place in the Ravens Bluff courthouse.

The prisoners are taken to jail, stripped of all their possessions, put in ugly prison clothes, and locked in a large cell. As they are locked up, they are cautioned that a permanent *dispel magic* has been placed in the cellblock (cast at 17th level by Ambassador Carrague). Two guards will be posted outside the cell, and they watch the prisoners at all times. One guard is replaced about every 15-20 minutes.

Three hours after a dismal-tasting meal the party will be escorted out of the cell and led to a large courtroom. About two dozen people are scattered on the viewing benches; there is no sign of a jury box, but there is a large table and bench that is clearly for a judge. On one side of the judge’s bench is a large table with a few chairs, one of which is

filled with a mustachioed man with a less than friendly look on his face; in front of him is a sign which reads, *Rollie Berson Sorenson IV, defender of the law*. This, unfortunately, is the prosecuting attorney.

If any of the party members ask about the people in the room, they will recognize Brasclan.



A bailiff enters and announces, "All rise, his lordship Judge Seidelorn now holding court for the city of Ravens Bluff." A large bald man in blue robes enters, raps his gavel, and sits down, saying, "Let's get on with it, then. What case is important enough to interrupt my afternoon?"

The prosecutor stands, holds up a page and reads, "Defendants are accused of stealing magical items from the residence of Chief Constable Rolf Sunriver. They were apprehended while in possession of one of these items; the remainder of the items were either hidden or sold off. For security reasons we have been asked not to reveal the nature of the other items; however, a list will be made available if your honor would like to see one."

The judge turns toward you, "Defendants, how do you plead to these charges?"

If there is a jumble of answers, the judge strikes his gavel and points at a PC, "Only one person at a time speaks in my courtroom. Now, YOU, tell me how you plead."

If the PCs are stupid enough to plead guilty, lock them up for a few months. Or longer.

If they plead innocent, Rollie will come forward with several sheets of paper.

"As you can see from these sworn statements, a group of magical items was stolen from Sunriver's home this

morning while he attended a breakfast with the Lord Mayor. Fortunately, one of the earrings had rolled under a chair, and Elena was able to use it to find the other. Furthermore, the defendants denied any knowledge of the theft even though one of them had one of the earrings hidden on his person. I believe they should be held pending trial before the end of the week, your honor—this is clearly an open and shut case."

The prosecutor will return to his desk and look up expectantly.

If the party asks about a defense attorney, the judge tells them that one is not necessary until he has decided to hold them for trial; in any case, he will ask the one who was caught with the stolen jewelry to explain the situation.

From time to time the judge will ask additional questions to try and lead the defendant to eventually describe the half-orc and the medallion he saw. Questioning goes along these lines:

"If you didn't steal the earring, how did you get it?"

"What makes you think somebody 'planted' the earring on you?"

"Who could have planted the earring?"

"Describe the person you think framed you?"

"Did this half-orc have any identifying marks?"

"How was he dressed? Was he wearing any unique items?"

With any luck, most of this DM intervention will be unnecessary. When the medallion is mentioned, the judge asks the individual to draw a picture of it; when he sees the picture, the judge will shake his head and proclaim, "I'm sorry, but a half-orc with a scar allegedly wearing such a silly medallion is beyond the imagination of the court. Mister Prosecutor, I would like to see you and these ruffians in my chambers to see if we can plea-bargain this charge down to save the city the expense of a trial."

With this he bangs his gavel, and everybody stands again. The prosecutor will rise with an offensive smirk on his face and nod his approval at the judge. Most of the audience will start to head for the doors.

5. Never Too Many Volunteers

Situation: City officials offer to drop all criminal charges against the PCs if the PCs capture the true culprit. This encounter takes place in the judge's chambers.

The crimes the PCs will be asked to solve are not connected to Sieran or to the item he planted on the PC. However, the PCs will be unaware of this, at least initially. Sieran's frame-up is intended to introduce him as a perennial opponent for the PCs.

You are led into the judge's chambers, with the snivelling Rollie close behind. The room is sparsely decorated, although there is a pot of fresh, multi-colored flowers sitting in a pool of sunlight from the room's only window. Two of the walls are lined with bookshelves that are nearly full. The books are old, but not dusty. The judge is seated at a large oak table. In front of the table are a pair of chairs, and on the back wall is a large sofa.

Several of the uglier guards stand behind you. Rollie takes a seat in front of the table and starts pleading immediately, you are not offered a seat and don't think it would be wise to sit uninvited. "Your honor," Rollie begins, "I think it would be sufficient to have them plead guilty to theft of just the earring rather than the entire shipment of the missing items; the penalty, of course, would still be five to thirty years of labor."

The judge seems to almost smile, and then responds, "No, I don't think that would be sufficient in this case."

The PCs can protest at any point, but they are interrupted by a knock on the door. Brasclan enters. Rollie jumps to his feet and snarls.

"Your honor, I must object—this ruffian is here to get these people off.

This isn't the first time he has used his position to interfere with justice."

The judge waves away Rollie's objections, "That's quite enough Mr. Sorenson. If you will excuse us, I believe we can see that justice is served quickly." Rollie turns and gives you an "I'll get you for this" look, and stomps out of the room, slamming the door behind him. Brasclan turns to your guards and commands, "I can deal with these prisoners—please take up stations outside the room to insure that we are not disturbed."

After the guards leave, Brasclan pulls a key and frees the party. He then cross-examines the PCs about why they are in Ravens Bluff, what they have done before, and what kind of work they are looking for. When the questioning is concluded, he turns to the judge and tells him, "I think you're right about these people; perhaps they can be useful to you."

The judge almost smiles again, and addresses the party: "What I have to tell you should go no further than this room. There have been a large number of very skillfully carried out thefts around the city lately, and we set a trap to try and catch the thieves. We let it be know that Rolf would be at a meeting away from home, and left a number of basically worthless magical items stacked up in his vault while hiding his other magical items elsewhere. As a precaution, we left one of a pair of earrings with the stack—the other earring has, among other powers, the ability to find the first. Somehow the thieves eluded our trap and stole the items before we realized that they were even gone. We used the other earring to try and track them, but it was obviously too late.

"What concerns me now is the medallion you saw. There are legends about a group known as the

Kaskers, followers of the evil deity Bhaal, who wear such medallions, but the medallions are usually invisible. We suspect that the earring allowed you to see it. If these people are indeed active again, it could be extremely dangerous for you to admit having seen one of them.

"I would advise you to forget the entire affair. The Kaskers are powerful, and it will take a lot of investigation before we're in a position to crush them. Of course, it is still necessary for you to prove yourselves well-intentioned toward the law in Ravens Bluff; unless we do something to allow you to earn your freedom, Rollie will no doubt find additional charges to bring against you." He stops and smiles briefly (really smiles), and continues, "So we have another little task for you. There have been a rash of small thefts in one of the shopping districts. Nothing major, just a few gems, some jewelry, occasional crystal, that sort of thing. We can't spare any more city guards in that area for such a minor problem, so we look to you to patrol the area for a few nights until you can find the culprit."

The party is not free to refuse the mission. To all appearances, they broke the law and must be punished somehow. If they are not punished the judge will have a lot of explaining to do, and the Kaskers will suspect the party knows something. If the PCs are adamant and refuse to cooperate, they will serve time in prison.

Once the party accepts the job, the judge will answer any questions the party might have. The shopkeepers have tried elaborate alarms, but they've all failed to go off; other groups have watched, but they never discovered anything; the stolen goods are not worth very much; money is usually not taken (although occasionally some money is taken); yes, there is a reward (30 gp plus a month's free lodging at a

local inn which lost some of its old stained-glass goblets); no, there is no pay.

Finally, the judge will give the party members small badges which read "Special Agent."

"These badges will allow you to prove that you are working for me; I will expect to get them back at the end of the week. I would advise you to be very careful using them since they might alert the thief," Brasclan cautions.

With that, he leads the party to the part of town they need to guard.

6. AN ALLEY TO CALL OUR OWN

Situation: The PCs are taken to the neighborhood of the thefts. Later, a drunk offers advice and assistance. This encounter occurs in the business district.

The party is led to an alley behind a series of shops; Brasclan shows them the alley he suspects the culprit is using. He then insists he has more important work to attend to and takes his leave.

This leaves the party several hours of daylight for their investigation. The PCs can wander the area, talking to shop owners and questioning locals as they like. If they ask the right questions, they can obtain some facts that were not in Brasclan's briefing: all of the thefts happened at night; some of the guards posted disappeared during the night; traces of blood were found in the alleys, but never in the shops; no one knows whether the blood and the disappearances are connected; there was never any sign of forced entry in the shops that were robbed.

That night, while the party is on guard in the alley, you may wish to run one or two non-combat encounters with shopkeepers. As the stores close, the storekeepers who know the party is trying to keep guard will open the back doors, greet them, and lock up. Choose one of the storekeepers who they have met before, such as one from this product or from The Living City arti-



cles in the POLYHEDRON™ Newszine.

If the PCs search, they can find a spot partially hidden by crates; from here they can watch the shops and wait for action.

About 2 AM, a short, squat man comes stumbling down the alley, singing to himself. He walks past the PCs, then stops and mumbles to himself, "Why, that's a strange place to spend the night." He will turn to face the party (even though they may be hidden), and call out, "What's wrong? Can't you find a place to stay the night?" On closer examination, the stranger proves to be an old, old gnome. If the party asks his name, he will reply, "Flyenster." He suffers from partial amnesia and remembers little more than wandering the town, eating, and (of course) drinking. The last is uppermost in his mind right now.

Flyenster: AC 7; MV 12"; 16; hp 17; #AT 1; D Unarmed; AL CG. Flyenster carries a *beaker of plentiful potions* that can pour out two potions per day, three times per week. The potions are *oil of impact* and *oil of sharpness*.

Spells: *detect magic*
(no other memorized)

"This isn't much of a city; I can't find an open bar anywhere, and I need one more drink before I can sleep for the night. I don't suppose you fine people have anything to drink? Anything?"

Flyenster whines at the party if they don't offer him a drink, but eventually makes a proposal of his own. He pulls out a small beaker and insists, "I can pour you magic potions from here, but it will cost you a good drink." If the PCs offered him a drink when he asked the first time, he will thank them profusely and pull out the beaker anyway, saying, "You're most kind; perhaps I should pour you a magical potion or two to show my appreciation and reward your generosity."

"What kind of magical potions would you like; and what should I pour them into? A potion of *black dragon control* would be a fine one. I don't know of anybody in town with one of those!" (Flyenster doesn't have one either.)

"Say, you aren't planning to stay in this alley night after night, are you? If you do, you'll need something

more substantial to defend yourselves. Those other guards all got killed and eaten."

This should get the party's attention. He will not answer any direct questions, but will slowly let on that several times in the past few weeks something has killed people in the alley and eaten them ("Most times nobody even noticed.") He will look around at the party's weapons, and identify each one that is magical (via his *detect magic* spell, and lament that they aren't magical enough.

"I know what you need; something to help out your weapons." He pours out two measures of viscous, oily liquid. The two are clearly different, but both are rancid and foul. "There, that should give you a fighting chance." With that, he staggers off into the darkness.

Flynster's gift is one dose of *oil of impact* (+ 3 to hit/+6 to damage on hand-held blunt weapons) and one dose of *oil of sharpness* (+4 to hit and damage). The oil must be smeared on the weapon, but this detail has slipped Flynster's mind. He will provide no details unless the PCs specifically ask for them. If they let Flynster walk off, he will be out of sight in four rounds and out of earshot in two more rounds.

If a PC drinks the oil, he will experience nausea for 1-10 + 2 turns (save vs. poison for half duration), yielding a -2 to hit while the nausea lasts. If anyone drinks both oils or applies both to a single weapon, the usual miscibility problems apply.

7. You Dirty Rat

Situation: The PCs have an opportunity to confront the mastermind-thief. This encounter occurs in the business district.

The night turns quiet, cold, and damp after your meeting with Flynster. After two hours, you know you'll have a long talk with Brasclan regarding how long you're expected to do this. Suddenly, you hear a brief squeak. The back door to your shop is opening. A shadowy figure steps out, turns a collar up against the cold, looks in both directions down the alley, then strides away.

If the PCs pursue the man, they can corner him easily. He shrinks down inside his cloak and backs up into a doorway, obviously terrified (especially if the PCs are brandishing weapons). He claims to work at the shop, and says he was taking inventory because of the recent robberies. He will explain inventory cannot be done in the daytime with customers in the shop. Regardless of what the PCs say, he loudly proclaims his innocence, threatens to call the city watch, and demands that the PCs release him. He will not answer questions or allow himself to be searched. He is, in fact, merely stalling for time while his friends arrive.

Abruptly, the man utters a strangled moan, drops into a crouch, and seems to get smaller. From behind you come the sounds of movement, louder and louder. The suspect's clothes fall to the street, and you find yourselves facing a large rat-like creature. More giant rats come looming out the darkness in the alleyway behind you.

Wererat: AC 6; MV 12"; HD 6 or F6 in human shape; hp 36; #AT 1; D 1-6; SA summon giant rats; SD + 1 or silver weapon to hit; AL LE. This wererat was once a fighter named Harmon Swigget. He ran afoul of some lycanthropes and came to accept his condition. Unfortunately, it drove him insane. He has summoned 1-2 giant rats per party member (tailor the encounter based on the size and strength of the party).

Giant Rats (1-2 per party member): AC 7; MV 12"; HD 1/2; hp 3 each; #AT 1; D 1-3; SA disease; AL NE

This particular wererat has been entering stores during twilight hours, changing to rat form, and hiding until after closing. Then he changed back to human form to collect his items and leave (thus there was never any signs of forced entry).

8. But Where's The Treasure?

Situation: The PCs can track the rats to their lair in the sewers to find the treasure, while a crowd of spectators waits. This encounter occurs in the business district.

A crowd will have been drawn by the melee—the shopkeepers will be pleased with the apparent success, but there will be some grumbling about the missing treasure. The party can either track the rats to where they emerged from the sewer, which will be relatively easy if they have torches, as the rats left wet footprints. A successful search for secret doors or the casting of a *knock* spell will open the passageway. If the player characters are stumped, allow a bystander to give rough directions on where the rats came from.

The passageway can be accessed by a hinged floorboard in a wooden walkway about two blocks away. It can be swung open in either direction. It is an easy fit for giant rats, but the party will have to widen the entrance.

The sewers are not a safe place. The pipes are narrow, forcing characters to crawl in single file. Furthermore, the pipes are slick with slime and are inhabited by 1-6 additional giant rats. After about 100' of pipe-crawling, the PCs reach a small chamber hollowed out by the wererat. The pipe connects to the west wall of the chamber.

You are surprised to find brick walls in a room that is roughly 30' square. Directly across from the tunnel entrance a large mound of glass-like items reflects myriad colors from your torchlight—the were pack-rat's collection of prizes!

As the PCs enter, two large spiders prepare to attack. Their web fills a narrow crack at the top of the south wall.

Large Spiders (2): AC 8; MV 6" *15'; HD 1+1; hp 6 each; #AT 1;D 1-3;AL N; SD Bite causes save vs. poison or take 2d4 additional points of damage.

The mound of treasure includes about 200 gems, several dozen necklaces, 23 rings, 24 matched stained-glass glasses, 42 silver pieces, and 12 platinum pieces. No gem or piece of jewelry is worth more than 25 gp. There is also one magical item which varies depending on the class of the character who briefly carried the earring:

Non-Magic User: a highly polished silver scroll case which contains a scroll with three first level magic-user spells.

Magic User: a *potion of heroism*

9. We Don't Get To Keep It All?

Situation: The adventure is wrapped up, and the PCs are rewarded.

If the PCs come back out at the entrance the rats used, they will be greeted by cheering throngs—and several city guards with sacks who take over the booty. Also present is Brasclan. He congratulates the party, turns over their reward, and promises that any items which are not claimed within two weeks will be turned over to the party (this will include the magical item and 23 gems worth 2d12 gp each). He also will attempt to obtain the scroll case, giving the party back the scroll that was



inside (an additional reward offered by the owner of the scroll case). He also lets them keep all the platinum pieces, since there is no way to determine the true owner. He also asks for the return of the Special Agent badges.

The PCs are then introduced to the owner of the inn who had lost the glasses, and led off to the rooms they can live in rent free for a month.

If, instead, the party finds another way out, it will be assumed that they died in the sewers. But they will be in plenty of trouble if their survival becomes public knowledge—and Brasclan *will* find out!

A final complication involves the melodramatic cleric/thief, Sieran. If the player characters succeed in this adventure, clearing their names, Sieran will lose prestige among his colleagues. Furthermore, his organization will be harassed by the government, since the PCs' actions have called attention to its

activities. Sieran will carry a grudge against the player characters, but not strike at them until the player characters are more of a match for him. He will harass them in many minor ways until the day of reckoning. This should provide a useful plot thread in the campaign.

Ravens Bluff: A Geopolitical Background

The city is strategically located on the east end of a large harbor. The Fire River enters the harbor near the city, and a major trade route over land joins Procampur to the south with the cities north of the River Vesper. These combined factors make Ravens Bluff a natural economic trading area. The surrounding farmland is generally rich enough to support a variety of crops and vegetation, as well as livestock. There are no large forested areas, but a number of small woods support a wide variety of game.

Despite the idyllic setting, Ravens Bluff was not always a prosperous, organized city taking advantage of its location. Years ago it was simply a convenient location for the local merchants, traders, craftsmen, farmers, and adventurers to congregate, buy and sell their goods, and take advantage of the relative safety the few walls offered. The city government was weak, wielding minimal authority and prosecuting few law breakers. The surrounding land owners were constantly squabbling among themselves and launching numerous border skirmishes that prevented any sort of mutual cooperation. The city harbor was infrequently used and weakly defended. Pirates regularly sailed in and out of the harbor because there was little authority to muster a militia to fight them.

The harbor's greatest attraction always has been the protection it provides from the natural elements. Unfortunately, for many decades the advantages of the harbor were ignored. Few ships used the harbor for anything more than a quick stop between the northern shores of the Dragon Reach and the eastern ports of the Sea of Fallen Stars. There was little economic benefit to be gained by the relatively meager trade in and around the city. Also, the harbor had been a favorite spot for pirates to "hole up" for a day or two, making life miserable because they raided the other ships in port and harassed the townfolk and merchants.

Surrounding the city and across the countryside was property held by the

major land owners, many of whom are known to this day as "the lords." In addition, today there remain small bands of plains-dwellers who lived there before the city began gaining its prominence, creating a situation similar to an un governed feudal society. The lords, some of who were rather petty, fought for many years among themselves, spending most of their efforts on taking land from each other rather than working for common goals. Subordinate to the lords were the small land owners and peasants whose loyalties have changed through the years as the boundary lines shifted among the lords.

A small druidic circle is established a full day's ride to the east and slightly north of Ravens Bluff. This is the last remnant of a large organization of druids and rangers who once flourished at the foot of the mountains to the south, and who posed a constant frustration to the lords because of their nature-loving ways. These druids, worshippers of Chauntea, fell under attack from tribes of humanoids from the mountains. These assaults began about 50 years ago, and over time the circle of druids was slowly eroded. The druids did the best they could to protect themselves and the surrounding area, but they were eventually forced to retreat from their first home at the foot of the mountains. As soon as the druids were pushed north, raids against the general countryside began. The druids had vowed to return one day and reclaim their sacred grounds.

The relationship between the druids and some of the lords remains uneasy, since the druids have established a few shrines in wooded areas that are productive hunting grounds and have begun protecting the local wildlife. Still, the druids are tolerated because of their past efforts to repel the raids from the mountains.

The pirates, raids from the mountains, and squabbles among the lords were only some of the problems facing the present Lord Mayor, Charles Oliver O'Kane, when he came to power 20 years ago. O'Kane quickly realized

there were two major factors blocking economic development and the maintenance of peace; the absence of a well organized government, and the presence of humanoids and monsters that inhabited mountain ranges to the south. No structure was in place to manage the economy, oppose the criminal element, or unify the rival political factions that existed in the city and the surrounding area. One reason that raids by humanoids and monsters were so successful was the lack of organized opposition. While the western passage between Ravens Bluff and Procampur was kept safe mostly through the cooperative efforts of Procampur and Tsurlagol, no such effort was made for the safety of the area to the north of the range. The dissention among the lords precluded such cooperation. Thus, the raids from the mountains that drove the druids to the north continued to deplete the wealth of the countryside. While the Mayor at first lacked the resources to solve any of these difficulties quickly, the leaders within the city gave him their full support as he began to address these problems.

O'Kane needed military strength to prop up the weak defenses of the city, the harbor, and the surrounding area. He also needed a wise council to help end the hostilities among the lords. Fortunately, O'Kane received help from a most unlikely source, Lord Aumersain of Scarsdale. When Aumersain began his plans for the conquest of the Dalelands, there was a great deal of disagreement about the wisdom or propriety of his operation, and Aumersain purged all those officers and advisors he considered disloyal. He avoided executions, which he feared would solidify those opposed to him and create a backlash of hostility among the friends of those purged, as well as those who remained neutral. So he exiled them to the lands east of the Dragon Reach, and they eventually found their way to Ravens Bluff.

By weakening himself, Aumersain strengthened Ravens Bluff. The exiles willingly placed themselves at the dis-

posal of Lord Mayor O'Kane, who eagerly accepted their help and set them to work advising him on his plans for the city. Specifically, the Mayor sought their counsel on organizing the city government and economy, improving the harbor to attract more shipping, helping to forge cooperation among the lords outside the city, and curbing the attacks from the mountain forces that ravaged the countryside.

With this new help, the Mayor's first action was to restructure the government. Since O'Kane had become a very popular individual, he met with only minor resistance. With the city leaders behind him, he began routing corruption from within the government. Many officials and constables had been taking bribes over the years from underground organizations such as thieves guilds and black market profiteers. A new regency was appointed to insure that all trade and tax laws were obeyed. These regents were responsible for the creation and oversight of a new guild structure for the local craftsmen and artisans, a more stable method of exchange rates for foreign currency, registration of transient merchants, and management of harbor traffic. The Mayor next worked at ridding the city of its criminal organizations. This last project has yet to prove fully successful, although these elements are not as active or open as they were in previous years.

Once the government was strengthened, O'Kane began using his influence to bring peace and stability to the surrounding area. He offered to extend the protection of the city and its resources to the adjoining lords if they would commit troops to him and place their lands under the jurisdiction of the Ravens Bluff courts that O'Kane had established. O'Kane guaranteed that these courts would have no say in the internal affairs of a lord's holdings, but would settle all disputes between lords aligned with the Mayor. In return, the Mayor would recognize the lord's boundaries. Swift action was promised against any aggressors who tried to

take the land of a lord who was aligned with the Mayor. And if a lord found himself attacked, the city's forces would rally to his defense.

The lords quickly saw the advantages of working with the Mayor, especially the weaker lords who accepted the Mayor's terms immediately. This system is slowly growing into a mutual protection pact among the lords. Although about only half of the lords nearest the city have joined, the Mayor expects the others to follow suit, recognizing they will prosper more under Ravens Bluffs protection. Indeed, last year was among the most prosperous in the surrounding countryside, with more resources going toward economic causes rather than military development. The troops the lords have assigned to the Mayor under the terms of these agreements have bolstered the defenses for the city and the surrounding area.

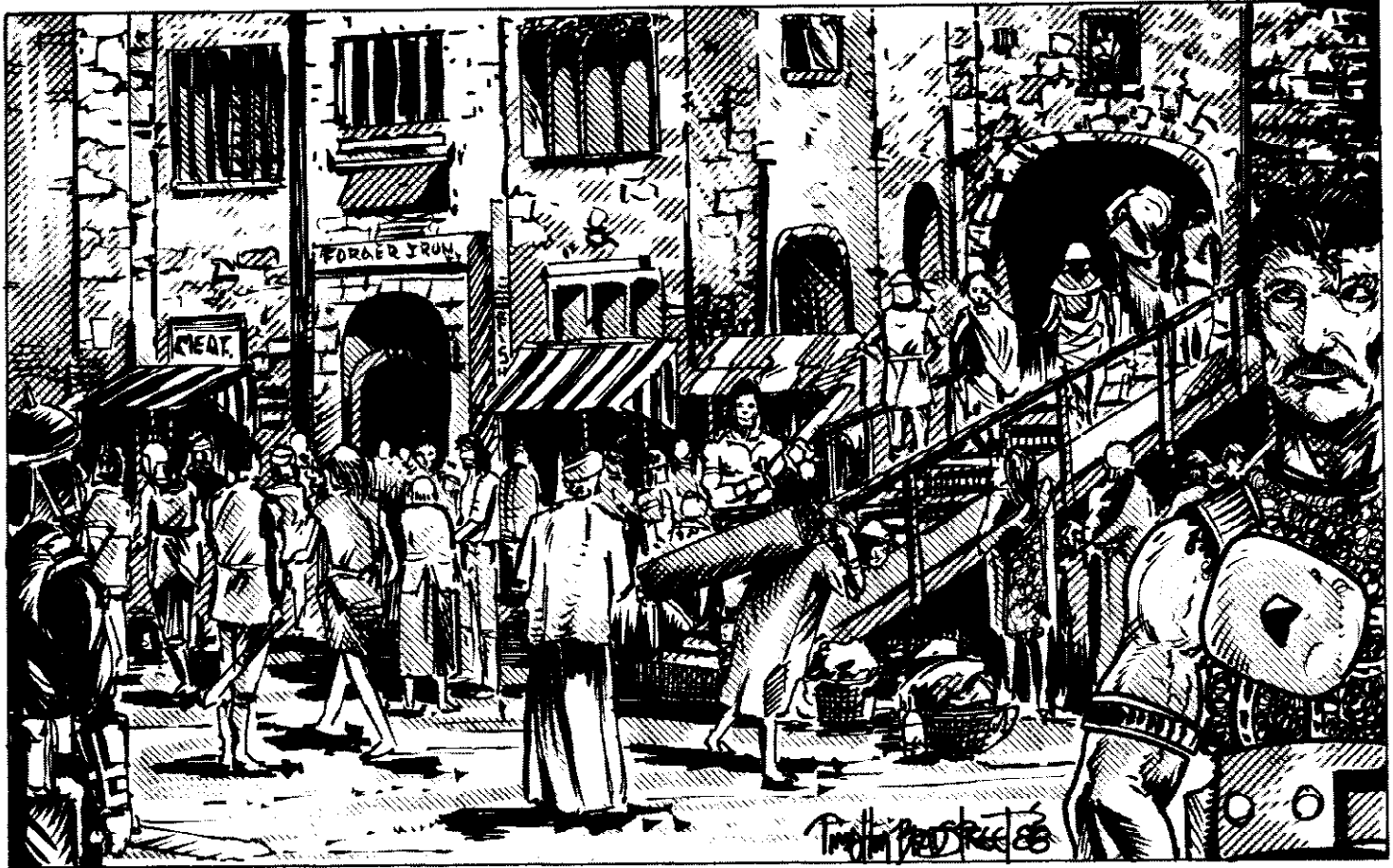
The harbor also underwent dramatic changes because of Lord Mayor O'Kane's policies. O'Kane knew that to make the harbor profitable and attract business, it had to offer safety from the pirates in the area and provide a thriving economic community in which to do business. Calling together the sages and engineers within the city, many of whom had recently arrived from Scarsdale, O'Kane charged them with implementing a plan to accomplish just those ends.

Their efforts resulted in one of the most ambitious sea construction projects this part of the world had ever witnessed. Two large towers were placed in the water at the eastern entrance of the harbor to serve as a gateway into the harbor from the Dragon Reach; all ships were to pass between these two towers, which were also armed with ballistae and catapults. Huge rocks and boulders were placed perpendicular from the shore to each tower, effectively ringing the harbor with an impenetrable man-made reef. The project took three years to complete, and the result was a safe harbor and increased popularity for the Lord Mayor. It

proved that the city was serious about creating a safe haven for shipping. The tower and reef construction, along with increased military strength, served to repel the unwelcome pirates. Although it does not yet fully attract the business that Procampur enjoys, the traffic in and out of the Ravens Bluff harbor has grown at a rate unparalleled in recent history.

Next, the Lord Mayor and advisors turned to deal with the raids from the mountains. Examining the pattern of attacks revealed that there were two factions warring against the druids and the plains dwellers north of the mountains. Bands of marauders from the mountains had assailed areas that already had been sacked, and surviving plains dwellers reported that these marauders wore insignia different from the previous band of invaders. Also, on separate occasions symbols of both Auril and Talos had been discovered among the remains of a few of the raiders. It is also believed by some plains dwellers that these two groups frequently warred against each other; otherwise the druids and the northern areas would have been completely overrun by this time. Defensively, the Lord Mayor's work has paid off in curbing the raiders. His alliances with the lords have worked so well that the raids from the mountains have begun failing on a regular basis, and now the raids are rare. Talk of starting a counter-offensive into the mountains has begun to surface. Cooler heads, however, have urged the Mayor to begin a few intelligence gathering forays into the area first, then strike with a few carefully planned assaults against selected targets.

Precisely who or what was behind the mountain raiders remains a matter of debate. The most widely accepted theory is that a powerful leader gained dominion over these evil tribes shortly before the attacks began 50 years ago. The reason behind the attacks also is uncertain, although some suspect clerics were involved. There were rumors that the temples of Auril and Talos



wanted a foothold in the mountains and hoped to expand their influence into the northern plains. Others believed the raids were masterminded by a powerful individual or individuals not native to the mountains, and that the person or persons organized the tribes and the attacks for their own reasons. A less popular notion, but one not disregarded, is that simple hatred for the druids' existence may have prompted the actions; but this premise does not explain the raids on the populace at large. A few of the remaining druids believe that there exists some great force or power in the mountains which the tribes used for their benefit—or perhaps it used or continues to use them. What this could be is a matter of conjecture, but it is the explanation that would cause O'Kane and his advisors the most concern if proven correct. The military forces continue to keep a watchful eye on this area, although they hope the raids remain an unfortunate piece of history.

Overall, Ravens Bluff's newfound economic and military cooperation has allowed for safer and more frequent commercial travel along the land routes in the area, bringing more goods and services to the city. Because the city is a safer haven under O'Kane's hands, schools have opened, instructing children and young adults in the arts and sciences. Many in the city believe this will surely contribute to the pool of talent needed to make Ravens Bluff even better in the future.

Because of the more unified and stronger government, the improvement in the harbor, the cooperation of an increasing number of the lords, and now-rare attacks from the mountains, a new economic climate has blossomed for Ravens Bluff, which residents have begun calling The Living City. Ravens Bluff has become a boom town of historic proportions.

Some scholars and a few of the weaker lords estimate that within several years the city and the surrounding area

will be strong and unified enough to form a governmental authority in this corner of the Forgotten Realms, with Ravens Bluff as the capital. The stronger lords have voiced their opposition to the idea, not willing to give up any of their internal power. However, there is no real reason to believe that this question will need to be addressed any time soon since little friction has developed over the issue.

Ravens Bluff Encounter Chart

How to use the tables:

1. Find the appropriate location for the PCs under the "Location of Party" heading.
2. Roll 1d100.
3. Go to the subtable indicated by the die roll.
4. Roll 1d100 for the location and time for the subtable (day or night).
5. ** indicates use of race subtable.

Location of Party				** Race subtable	
Harbor/ Wharf	Uptown	Crow's End	Subtable		
01-20	01-05	01-10	1) Sailors	Human	01-80
21-28	06-10	11-20	2) Alleyways	Elf	81-84
29-34	11-16*	21-25*	3) Harbor	Half elf	85-90
35-45	16-25	26-45	4) Urchin	Half orc	91-92
46-90	26-85	46-85	5) Townspeople/Events	Gnome	93-95
91-95	86-95	86-90	6) Body	Dwarf	96-00
96-00	86-00	91-00	7) Monsters (7a land, 7b water)		

Subtables

	Harbor		Uptown		Crow's End	
	Day	Night	Day	Night	Day	Night
1 Sailors (65% in a group of 1d4, 35% alone)						
-Bullying locals, stealing from merchants	01-10	01-05	01-15	01-10	01-10	01-10
-Brawling with other sailors	11-20	06-20	16-25	11-15	11-20	11-20
-Drunk	21-30	21-40	26-35	16-25	21-30	21-30
-Bump into PCs (50% chance of starting a fight)	31-45	41-50	36-55	26-35	31-40	31-40
-Pursuing or being pursued by rival crew	46-50	51-60	--	36-40	41-50	41-45
-Escaped from impressment, desires help (35% chance of being pursued)	51-55	61-65	56-65	41-55	51-55	46-50
-Thrown out of tavern/brothel (20% chance of falling into PCs)	56-60	66-75	66-80	56-75	56-60	51-55
-"Hitting" on a local girl (35% chance of going for a female PC)	61-75	76-85	81-90	76-85	61-80	56-75
-First mate announcing that sailors are being hired	76-90	--	91-95	--	81-85	--
-First mate impressing locals (25% chance of trying for PCs)	91-95	86-95	--	86-90	86-90	76-85
-Making disparaging remarks about PCs	96-00	96-00	96-00	91-00	91-00	86-00
2 Alleyways						
-Gambling in progress (sailors, toughs, locals, urchins, etc.)	01-25	01-30	01-20	01-30	01-30	01-15
-Body (roll on bodysubtable)	26-39	31-60	21-30	31-50	31-50	16-55
-Black market seller (10% chance of being a lure for ambush)**	40-00	61-00	31-00	51-00	51-00	56-00
3 Trouble In Harbor						
-Ship on fire (5% chance of PC being associated with ship, if applicable)	01-15	01-05	--	--	--	--
-Ship sinking (collision, decayed hull, sabotage; 5% chance PC being associated with ship)	16-30	06-10	--	--	--	--
-Pirate ship discovered and sailing out of harbor (70% chance of military ship in pursuit)	31-35	11-40	--	--	--	--
-Pirate fleet attempting to invade harbor (10% chance of successful landing)	36-40	--	--	--	--	--
-Someone drowning (35% chance of being attacked by monster; see subtable)**	41-60	41-60	--	--	--	--
-Rival ship's crews fighting (80% hand-to-hand, 20% using ship's weapons)	61-80	61-80	--	--	--	--
-Monster caught by fishing crew (roll on monster table 2)	81-90	81-85	--	--	--	--
-Monster attacking small fishing craft troll on monster table 2)	91-99	86-90	--	--	--	--
-Ghost Ship	00	91-00	--	--	--	--
4 Urchin						
-Begging (1d6 others watching and reacting as appropriate)	01-30	01-10	01-30	01-30	01-15	01-10
-Stealing (50% from PCs, 50% from others; roll on townspeople subtable for victim)	31-40	11-30	31-40	31-45	16-35	11-40
-Big urchin beating up small group	41-50	31-50	41-45	46-60	36-50	41-50
-Group beating up one urchin	51-60	51-70	46-50	61-70	51-65	51-60
-Two groups fighting	61-70	71-90	51-60	71-85	66-85	61-90
-1d4+3 playing around PCs (60% chance of one or more being a thief)	71-00	91-00	61-00	86-00	86-00	91-00

* Heard as rumors

	Harbor		Uptown		Crow's End	
	Day	Night	Day	Night	Day	Night
5 Townspeople and Events						
-Merchant selling (trinkets, fish, produce, etc.; cart or stand)	01-06	--	01-07	01-02	01-03	--
-Beggar	07-09	01-02	08-11	03-05	04-05	01
-Rabblouser speaking out against mayor (50% chance of being a "plant" for enemy forces or associated (with a local lord)	10-11	03-05	12	06	06-08	02-04
-Madam, prostitute, pimp, or urchin	12-15	06-12	13-15	07-13	09-12	05-12
-Streetseller fencing drugs, information, stolen goods, etc.**	16-18	13-19	16-17	14-19	13-16	13-20
-Dandy, arrogant local (roll 1d4 for number)	19-21	20-22	18 - 22	20 - 26	17-18	21
-Street performers (musicians, jugglers, etc.; 30% with domestic animals, 10% with wild animals)**	22-25	--	23-27	--	19-20	--
-Housewife touring the markets	26-30	--	28-32	--	21-23	--
-Fair Maiden (30% chance of showing interest in PC, 10% chance of asking for help of some kind)	31-34	23	33-35	27-29	24	22
-Child (50% chance of being lost)	35-36	24	36-37	30-31	25	23
-Herald	37-39	--	38-40	--	26-27	--
-Cleric**	40-42	25-26	41-44	32-35	28-30	24-25
-Fighter**	43-46	27-31	45-49	36-41	31-34	26-30
-Druid**	47	32	50	42	35	--
-Magic User**	48	33	51-52	43	36-37	31
-Thief**	49-51	34-40	53-54	44-48	38-41	32-37
-Spy (70% following NPC, 20% following PCs, 10% following another spy)	52-53	41-44	55	49-51	42	38-39
-Vassal of local lord (60% are arrogant)	54-55	45-47	56-58	52-55	43-44	40
-Drunk**	56	48-50	59-60	56-58	45-47	41-46
-Lord (being obnoxious, recruiting for army or secret mission, etc.)	57	51-52	61-62	59-60	48	47
-Any of the above involved in loud dispute	58-61	53-59	63-65	61-65	49-53	48-54
-Lost foreigner (20% chance of understanding him)	62-63	60-61	66-68	66-68	54-55	55-56
-Buccaneer (fighting, recruiting, impressing people for crew, etc.)	64-66	62-66	69-70	69-71	56-58	57-61
-Town crier	67-69	--	71-73	--	59-60	--
-Procession (parade, funeral, noble, foreign dignitary)	70	--	74-75	72	61	--
-Fire	71-72	67-68	76	73	62-63	62-63
-Witness theft in progress	73-75	69-74	77-78	74-76	64-67	64-70
-Witness murder (70%) or assassination (30%) in progress						
-Duel in progress between; vassals of rival lords or estates (70%), enemy foreigners (15%), strangers (10%), rival businessmen (5%)	77-79	77-82	80-81	79-82	70-75	75-78
-Unlawful horse race in street	80-82	83-84	82	83-85	76-78	79
-Overturned caravan or wagon	83-85	85	83	--	79-83	80-82
-Chamber pot/dishwater emptied onto PCs	86-87	86-90	84-86	86-88	84-87	83-84
-Wild animal loose	88-89	91-92	87-89	89-91	88-90	85-86
-Horse out of control (30% chance of breaking from its master and running loose)	90-92	93-94	90-91	92	91-92	87-88
-Town Watch (1d4; 15% chance of lieutenant, 5% chance of captain)	93-95	95-97	92-94	93-96	93-95	89-93
-Loud ruckus heard from nearby dwelling/business/alleyway	96-97	98-99	95	97-98	96-99	94-99
-Town officials/personalities table	98-00	00	96-00	99-00	00	00

6 Body (roll once on subtable a, b, and c)

	Harbor		Uptown		Crow's End	
	Day	Night	Day	Night	Day	Night
6 a. Body of:						
- Sailor	01-30	01-10	01-15	01-10	01-10	01-10
- Urchin	31-40	11-17	16-30	11-30	11-25	11-20
- City Official	41-45	18-32	31-33	31-40	26-27	21
- Noble	46-47	33-47	34-35	41-45	28	22
- Fighter**	48-57	48-57	36-47	46-55	29-31	23-25
- Cleric**	58-59	58-60	48-49	56-58	32-35	26-29
- Magic User**	60-61	61-63	50-51	59-60	36-40	30-35
- Thief/Spy**	61-69	64-70	52-63	61-70	41-50	36-45
- Monster (roll on table 7a)	70-76	71-76	64-71	71-80	51-65	46-60
- Commoner/local (75% male, 25% female)	77-88	77-88	72-86	81-90	66-75	61-75
- Beggar**	89-00	89-00	87-00	91-00	76-00	76-00

6 b. Body has:

- Amulet/token 01-06
- Religious items 07-11
- Weapon 12-25
- Treasure 26-28
- Message (hidden) 29-33
- Nothing 34-00

6 c. Body is

- Dead 01-65
- Barely alive 66-92
- Dead (ambush set up) 93-95
- Alive (ambush set up) 96-00

	Harbor		Uptown		Crow's End	
	Day	Night	Day	Sight	Day	Night
7 a. Monster Subtable - Land						
-Crab, giant	01-04	01-02	01-03	01-03	01-03	01-02
-Crystal ooze	05-08	03-04	04-06	04-05	04-06	03-04
-Deva, Movanic	09-11	05-06	07-11	06-10	07-09	05
-Doppelganger	12-13	07-08	12-15	11-14	10-12	06-07
-Fire Fiend	14-15	09-10	16-19	15-18	13-14	08-09
-Frog, giant	16-21	11-15	20-21	19	15-19	10-13
-Frog, poisonous	22-24	16-17	22-23	20	20-21	14-15
-Gargoyle/kopocinth	--	18-21	--	21-23	22	16-17

	Harbor		Uptown		Crow's End	
	Day	Night	Day	Night	Day	Night
7 a. Monster Subtable - Land (continued from previous page)						
–Ghost	--	22	--	24	--	18
–Ghoul	--	23-26	--	25-27	23	19-21
–Green hag	25-26	27-28	24-25	28-29	24	22
–Grue, varrdig	27-28	29	--	30	25-26	23-24
–Harpy	29-32	30-31	26-29	31-32	27-29	25-27
–Haunt	33-34	32-33	30-32	33-36	30-31	28-29
–Invisible stalker	35-36	34-35	33-36	37-40	32-33	30-31
–Ki-Rin	37	36	37-39	41	34	32
–Lich	--	37	--	42-43	--	33
–Lizardman	38-40	38-40	40-43	44	35-37	34
–Mist Dragon	41-43	41-42	44-46	45-46	38-39	35
–Ogre, aquatic	44-48	43-46	--	47	40-44	36-39
–Enemy raid from the mountain (1d6+2 orcs, goblins, etc.)	49-52	47-53	47-53	46-55	48-55	40-47
–Poltergeist	53-54	54-55	54-57	56-59	48-51	48-50
–Rakshasa	55-56	56-57	58-60	60-62	52-54	51-53
–Rat, giant	57-65	58-66	61-69	63-68	55-67	54-63
–Sahuagin	66-68	67-71	--	69	68-69	64-67
–Shedu	69-71	72-74	70-73	70-73	70-72	68-70
–Skulk	72-74	75-76	74-78	74-78	73-76	71-74
–Troll	75-80	77-80	79-83	79-80	77-80	75-78
–Wight	--	81-82	--	81-82	--	79
–Wererat	81-89	83-89	84-90	83-89	81-89	80-88
–Werewolf	90-98	90-99	91-98	90-98	90-98	89-98
–Giant, fog	99-00	00	99-00	99-00	99-00	99-00
7 b. Monster Subtable - Water						
–Afan	01-03	01-02	--	--	--	--
–Crab, giant	04-07	03-06	--	--	--	--
–Kelpie	08-10	07-09	--	--	--	--
–Kopocinth (gargoyle)	11-18	10-18	--	--	--	--
–Locathah	19-22	19-20	--	--	--	--
–Masher	23-30	21-28	--	--	--	--
–Narwhal	31-34	29-30	--	--	--	--
–Octopus, giant	35-38	31-32	--	--	--	--
–Sea Lion	33-46	33-46	--	--	--	--
–Seawolf (lesser)	47-43	47-49	--	--	--	--
–Shark	50-60	50-65	--	--	--	--
–Strangle Weed	61-71	66-76	--	--	--	--
–Swordfish	72-79	77-79	--	--	--	--
–Sahuagin	80-87	80-90	--	--	--	--
–Troll, marine	88-92	90-92	--	--	--	--
–Giant, storm	93-95	93-94	--	--	--	--
–Eye, floating	96-99	95-99	--	--	--	--
–Dragon turtle	00	00	--	--	--	--
8 Town Officials/Personalities						
–Harbor Master	01-13	01-40	01-03	01-03	01	--
–Regent	14-21	41	04-11	04-11	02-03	--
–Mayor's procession	22-23	--	12-16	--	04-05	--
–Council member	24-26	42-43	17-26	12-21	06-07	01-04
–Lord	27-29	44	27-36	22-31	08-09	05-08
–Chaney	30-32	45-46	37-41	32-36	10-16	09-10
–Gaius Varros	33-38	47	42-44	37-38	17-16	--
–Ren of the Cloak	39-40	48-77	45	39-58	19-24	11-44
–Mortimer Mittlemer***	41-42	78	46	59	25-27	45-46
–Krinklespine****	43-45	79	47-49	60	28-29	47-48
–Lord Calvin Longbottle	46-52	80-82	50-51	61-62	30-31	49-50
–Arvin Kothonos	53-56	83-84	52-57	63-67	32-37	51-52
–Thomas Raphael	57-60	85	58-61	68-71	38-39	--
–Sirrus Melandor	61-64	86	62-65	72-74	40-45	53-54
–Rolf "Sunny" Sunriver	65-68	87-89	66-69	75-78	46-60	55-68
–Lord Charles Fredrick Laverne Blacktree	69-72	90-91	70-73	79-81	61-70	69-74
–Lady Katharine Moorland	73-76	--	74-78	82	--	--
–Thorm Sureblade	77-80	92-94	79-82	83-85	71-82	75-90
–Tordon Sureblade	81-84	95-96	83-87	86-89	83-87	91-94
–Russell Roland	85-88	97	88-91	90-93	88-89	95-96
–Howard Holiday	89-92	98	92-95	94-95	90-94	--
–King	93-96	99	96-99	96-99	95-99	97-00
–Ambassador Carrague	97-00	00	00	00	00	--

*** Mortimer Mittlemer appears in POLYHEDRON™ Newszine #34

**** Krinklespine appears in POLYHEDRON Newszine #36

Living City Writers' Guidelines

Ravens Bluff, also called The Living City, and the land around it rests in the capable and creative hands of RPGA™ Network members. The city is filled with businesses, adventures, and characters created by the members. And the city will continue to grow and evolve as long as members provide the material.

Living City features will appear in special publications, such as this Gateway Pack, and in each issue of the POLYHEDRON™ Newszine. If you have a building, business, encounter, or personality that adds some spice to your campaign's "town business" we'd like to see it. There just might be a spot for it in Ravens Bluff.

If you want to send a submission to The Living City, read the following guidelines. Only material from RPGA Network members will be considered for publication. An RPGA Network membership form appears at the end of this Gateway Pack.

We are especially interested in submissions that feature mini-adventures, encounters, legends, businesses and their owners, and personalities. We will consider special monsters native to the area around Ravens Bluff. However, these creatures will be rare and will not be published as often as personalities, businesses, and other types of submissions.

Personalities

Ravens Bluff, The Living City, is nestled in the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ campaign setting, a supplement to the AD&D® game. Because of that, all characters included in submissions must have AD&D game statistics. These statistics should include all character attribute scores—Strength, Intelligence, Wisdom, Dexterity, Constitution, and Charisma. The character's hit points, normal Armor Class, rear Armor Class, Weapon Proficiencies, Special Abilities, Languages, and Spells and Thieving abilities—if applicable—also should be included. Read the characters pre-

sented in this pack and in Living City features in the POLYHEDRON Newszine for examples, and please stick to the format. Characters should have backgrounds, detailed personalities, motivations, and notes on how they relate to PCs they will encounter in campaigns. Please note that the majority of Ravens Bluff inhabitants are human. Therefore, we prefer submissions which feature humans. There are demi-humans in the city and the area around it, so we will consider submissions that deal with elves, half elves, halflings, gnomes, dwarves, and other races. However, because the majority of the population is human, the majority of the submissions printed will feature humans. You might want to keep this in mind when creating personalities.

Mini-Adventures

All mini-adventures submitted, such as *Rats!* in this product, should include a DM summary of the adventure and should list the player character levels the adventure is intended for. In addition, the adventure must include complete statistics for any monsters and NPCs involved. New monsters and magic items are welcome, as long as they are fully detailed. If the adventure requires a map, the author should supply one. This map does not have to be in publishable form; if we accept the adventure for publication we likely will have the map redrawn. All mini-adventures must follow the AD&D game rules.

Encounters

Encounters with NPCs, creatures, or tricks/traps and other situations must be fully explained and include all appropriate statistics. For example, if you choose to create an encounter with a thief, you need to list all the thief's abilities, the items he carries, and his plan involving the PCs.

Special Creatures

New creatures must be detailed with AD&D game statistics. List these statistics, such as No. Appearing, Movement, Hit Dice, No. of Attacks, etc. as they appear in the *Monstrous Compendiums*. Include information on where the creature can be found, its habits and motivations, and how it reacts to other creatures and to people.

Legends

Legends are frequently springboards to adventure. For example, a legend about a powerful magic item nestled in a ruin that only can be spotted when the moon is full will usually induce PCs to investigate the ruin. If you want to write about a legend, include the story that is being circulated in the city (it should be interesting enough so player characters would want to pursue it) and the truth behind the legend. The latter will serve as DM information. You may also want to include suggested adventures involving the legend, which can be brief paragraph descriptions DMs can flesh out for their own campaigns. Again, any magic items, creatures, or characters involved with the legend should have complete AD&D game statistics.

Businesses

Businesses and their owners/operators are among the most popular Living City features appearing in the POLYHEDRON Newszine. Each submission should include the name of the building, what the business involves, a drawing of the building's layout, and complete AD&D game statistics, background, motivations, and personalities for the owners or operators. If the business is a shop, include the type of merchandise that is sold, the quality, and the kind of customers who purchase the merchandise. Read the businesses included in this Gateway Pack and in Living City features in the POLYHEDRON Newszine for examples.

The Basics

All submissions for Ravens Bluff, The Living City, must be typed and double-spaced on 8 1/2" by 11" white paper. Computer printouts are acceptable if the printing is dark enough to be easily read. Be sure to leave a one-inch minimum margin around all four sides of your text.

On the first page of your submission put your name, address, telephone number, and RPGA™ Network membership number. If you wish to use a pen name on your article, include it after the title of the article. On each following page put your name, a short form of the title, and the page number.

Even if your typewriter or computer can do it, please do not use italic or boldface type in your submission. Underline any words that should be set in italics in the finished copy. Underline with a squiggly line any words that should be boldfaced in the finished copy. Indent each paragraph five spaces. Avoid dashes, ellipses, and semicolons. Stick to the more common forms of punctuation, and use them correctly.

Make sure you keep the original or a photocopy of each submission for your own records.

Each submission must be accompanied by a standard disclosure form. A disclosure form appears at the end of these submission guidelines. You may cut out or photocopy the form.

All submissions should include a self addressed stamped envelope for the editor's reply. If your manuscript is more than a few pages long and you want it returned, send a larger envelope with postage to cover the manuscript's mailing. The RPGA Network is not responsible for the loss of manuscripts.

The RPGA Network does not pay for Living City submissions. However, authors of material accepted for publication will receive gift certificates to the Mail Order Hobby Shop and will receive three free copies of the publication their work appears in.

Ethics

It is important that all submissions to Ravens Bluff, The Living City, be in good taste and of high quality. To achieve this goal, it is important that you follow these principles:

Never portray evil in an attractive light. Evil characters should be portrayed as foes.

Do not give explicit details and methods of crime, drug use, or magic that could be duplicated and misused in real-life situations.

Crimes should not be presented in such a manner as to inspire others to imitate criminals.

Drug and alcohol abuse only can be presented as dangerous habits and should not be portrayed as attractive.

Agents of law enforcement, such as guards and constables, should not be depicted in such a way as to cause readers to disrespect current authorities.

Slang and colloquialisms are all right to use in dialogue. However, excessive use is discouraged, and it is not recommended in descriptive passages.

Profanity, obscenities, and vulgarity are not acceptable. Lust and sexual perversion should not be portrayed or implied in submissions.

The use of drama and horror is acceptable. However, detailing sordid acts and excessive gore should be avoided. A good writer can imply situations without graphically detailing them.

Current religions should not be depicted, ridiculed, or attacked in any submissions. Ancient or mythological religions can be portrayed in compliance with the other ethical considerations presented in these guidelines.

Magic is an integral part of Living City campaigns. However, we will not consider submissions which include actual rituals, such as incantations and sacrifices.

Disclosure Form

I wish to submit the following materials for The Living City, subject to all of the conditions below.

Working title of submission and brief description (please print):

I submit my materials voluntarily on a non-confidential basis. I understand that this submission by me and its review by the RPGA™ Network does not, in whole or in part, establish or create by implication or otherwise any relationship between the RPGA Network and me or between TSR, Inc. and me not expressed herein. I further understand and agree that the RPGA Network, in its own judgment, may accept or reject the materials submitted and shall not be obligated to me in any way with respect to my submission until the RPGA Network, at its own election, enters into an agreement with me. I further understand that the Network is not obligated to pay for accepted Living City materials.

I agree that the RPGA Network may have a reasonable period of time to review my submission. The Network will return my submission to me provided it is received by the Network with a self addressed stamped envelope. The Network shall not be held responsible, however, for items or materials which are accidentally damaged or lost.

I understand that the acceptance by the Network of this disclosure does not imply or create 1) any financial or other obligation of any kind on the part of the RPGA Network, 2) any confidential relationship or guarantee of secrecy, or 3) any recognition or acknowledgment of either novelty or originality.

I understand and agree that if the submission utilizes or is based on characters, settings, or other materials owned by TSR, Inc. or if the submission contains trademarks and/or other proprietary material owned by TSR, I shall not be free to submit the submission for publication to any person or firm other than TSR.

I further understand and agree that the Network has the right to revise and copy edit any version of the submission for content, style, clarity, typographical errors, punctuation, spelling, and capitalization in accordance with standard usage and/or style manuals or accepted dictionaries and encyclopedias. I also understand that the Network has the right to publish the submission at its own expense in such style, form, and manner and at such a price as it deems suitable.

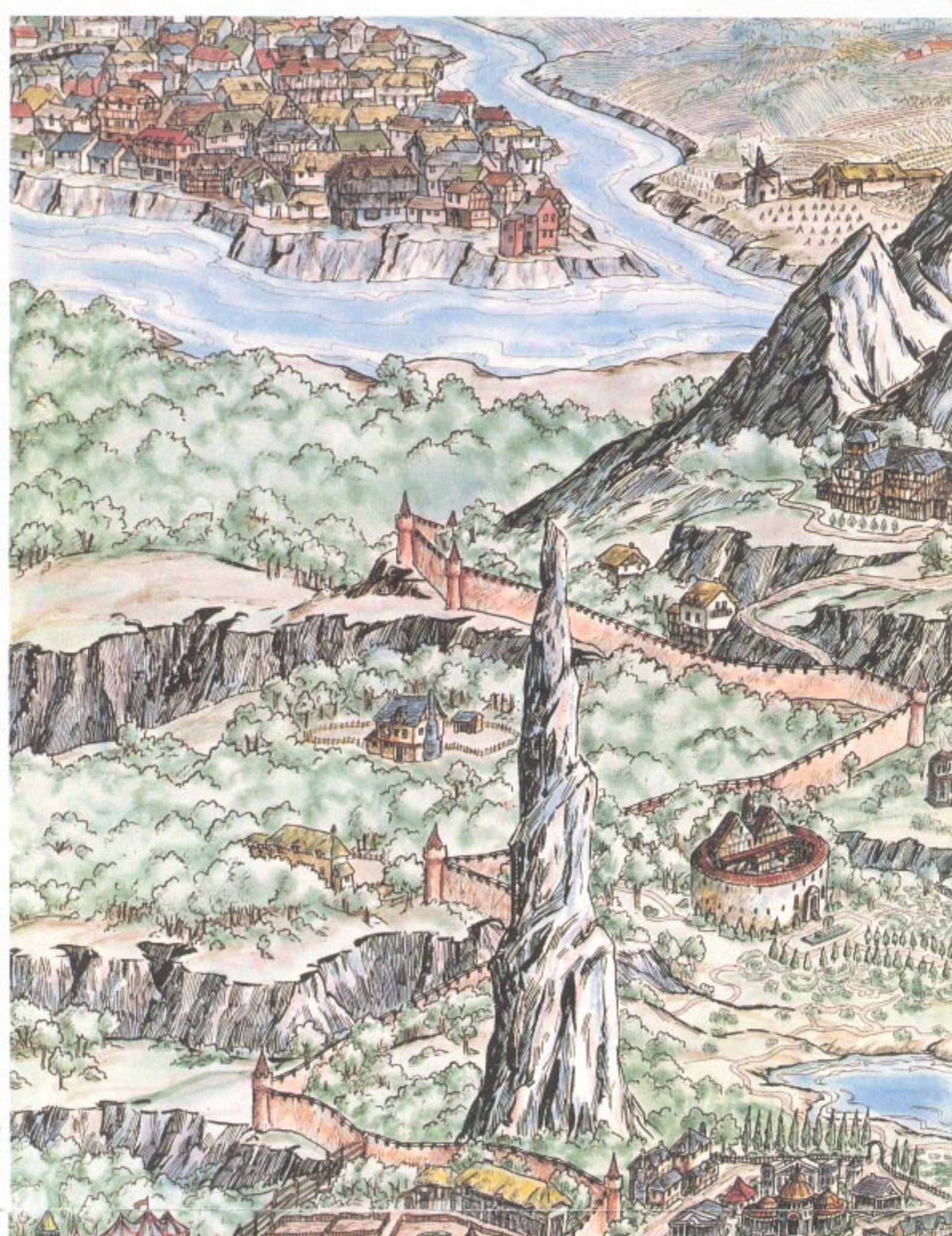
I warrant that the submission never has been published and that it is original and does not violate the rights of any third party. I also warrant that I am the sole owner of the submission and that I am of legal age and am free to make agreements relative to this submission or that I am the authorized representative of the submitter (circle one: Parent, Legal Guardian, Agent, Other: _____), who is the owner of the submission.

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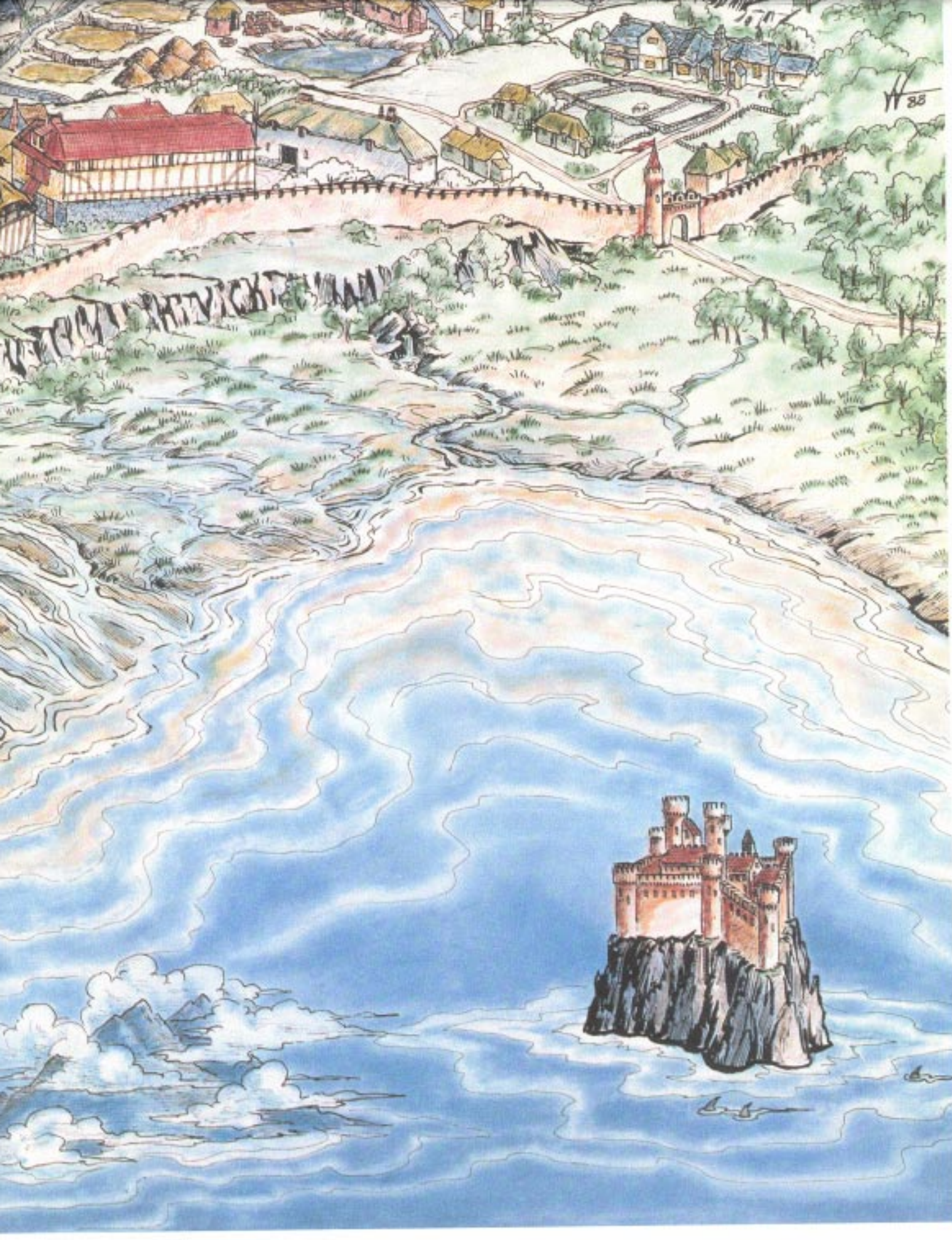

















-  Harbor / Wharf
-  Uptown
-  Crow's End



(For use with the Living City Encounter Chart.
Encounters for other sections will be presented later.)

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons
2nd Edition



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