

Koboldly Where Gnome Has Gone Before

An Adventure for the Wildside Gaming System

Robert Altomare

The Wildside Press
Rockville, Maryland

Koboldly Where Gnome Has Gone Before
An Adventure for the Wildside Gaming System
www.wildsidegame.com

For Tony, Joe, John, and Steve, my first RPG group all those years ago.

Copyright © 2008 by Swordsmith Productions.

All rights reserved, including the right to reproduce this book or portions thereof in any form whatsoever without the express written consent of the publisher, except for short excerpts in reviews, or as provided by U.S. copyright law.

Edited by Leigh Grossman

Cover design by J. T. Lindroos
Interior design by Leigh Grossman

Special thanks to John Betancourt, Sean Wallace, Frank Mohr, Michael Silvestri, Jessica O'Neil, and Ricky Coughlin.

ISBN 0-8095-7220-6
ISBN-13 978-0-8095-7220-5

Published by:
Wildside Press
9710 Traville Gateway Drive #234
Rockville, MD 20850
www.wildsidepress.com

First Wildside Press edition: July 2008

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Table of Contents

Introduction6
Adventure Venues6
Player Level Challenges6
Stats and Combat in Wildside6
The World of Koboldly7
Major NPCs and Locations7
Casting Spells in Wildside7
Adventure History and Background8

Act 1 - The Curtain Opens

Hooks for Every Occasion10
Encounter 1: Introduction11
Encounter 2: Daminberg, City of Opportunity13
 Inns and Taverns16
 Craftsmen19
 Temples of Earth, Water, and Air21
 Marketplace22
Encounter 3: Come to Something Wicked This Way .23
Encounter 4: The Tomb26
Encounter 5: The Map, the Blade, and the Fortress ..28

Act II - Snowblind

Encounter 6 - The Feryir32
Encounter 7 - Gnomad33
Encounter 8 - The Outer Fortress34
Encounter 9 - The Troll Lord on his Throne39
Encounter 10 - Wailing from the Wellspring Room ..42
Encounter 11 - Kobold Spin43

Appendix 1: New Races and Creatures45
Appendix 2: New Spells47

Maps

Daminberg12
Deinar's Tomb25
Overland Map of the North31
Schlossverge Fortress35



Encounter 2: City of Opportunity

Daminberg is a small walled city with a population of about 8,000. It has the feeling of a frontier town at the edge of civilization in the north. All the roofs in Daminberg are shingled and steeply sloped. All the entranceways feature long awnings or overhangs to make the chore of digging them out of the snow easier.

The city has no clear central fortress or keep, but a number of small manors in the north part of town each, in some way, resemble a miniature keep. There are no set quarters or segments of the town otherwise. This small city grew up over a large number of years and matured in odd ways, as shown by its meandering streets.

The following general areas and features are easily discovered by the players. In each case a couple of entries include greater detail to help convention and standalone game masters to run the game with less preparation (and as examples so similar ones can be expanded or created).

Daminberg can easily offer numerous sessions of play. The barest bones of the city are presented in the section to allow for more casual game masters to run with no preparation. Those GMs with more time available should feel free to flesh out the town and its social systems more fully. Only a handful of shops and inns are detailed – while the town offers scores of additional options.

Convention note – This encounter should take up no more than a half-hour of time for the players.

Society of Daminberg

Social standing is important in Daminberg. There are five levels of people living in the city.

Nobles are from a list of named families. There are about a dozen important, landholding and businessholding families – Damin, Deinar, Saure, Candor, Hench, Dome, Deeks, Brandis, Bretch, and Caulzac are well-known. Houses

Damin, Deinar, Candor, and Dome are essentially one extended family from generations of alliances formed along with arranged marriages. The rest of the houses have removed themselves from such rampant interbreeding and keep to themselves. The houses keep each other in check largely through house politics and posturing. The defenses of the city are in the hands of the nobles, with complicated arrangements as to which family organizes which watch, who handles security for a particular street, and how families divide security for a visiting noble in a way that doesn't give an unfair commercial advantage to a particular family. Outside of their complex political interplay with each other, members of the nobility are above most laws in Daminberg. Clergy are treated as peers to the families but do not hold much personal power.

Merchants, craftsmen, and their guilds are the highest stations held on merit or skill (rather than based on birth). Such workmen and women are usually free to do as they wish. They are heavily taxed, but usually not directly beholden to any nobles. (Though merchants may be in debt to a particular noble, as the nobility is the main source of capital in Daminberg.) The nobles do control many of the core consumables (food, drink, and fun) in town.

Adventurers are outside the normal social strata. If properly dressed and mannered, they are allowed at a luxurious noble gala (if invited). They can just as easily come off the road and sleep in the worst inn in town, but should probably watch their purses.

The city guard, beggars, and thieves guild exist, but remain behind the scenes. They are barely above the common folk. It is the network and group bonding of these groups that affords them a significant level of respect above the common folk. Part of this respect is out of fear, since all three of these groups can be arbitrary and capricious in punishing people who violate their codes or run afoul of their members (or people who are caught in the crossfire when rival factions of guards, thieves, or beggars fight each other, although there is rarely fighting between the three groups).

The common folk are largely laborers in some form of servitude to either merchants, craftsmen, to the beggars or thieves guilds (in a thug role or other supporting position), or to members of the nobility or clergy.

Law and Order in Daminberg

The majority of affairs in Daminberg are peaceful and handled amicably between private parties. There is a local thieves guild that shakes down laborers and adventurers and sometimes collects protection from smaller tradesmen and merchants. But this crime is not common, and most residents never encounter violent crime within the city. This is largely because of the brutal and corrupt justice system in Daminberg.

City watch and public law enforcement in town is han-

dled by Lord Damin's own private guard, the Falkengard. They wear the colors and heraldry of the Damin household – twin black hawks on a field of green embroidered on gray woolen tabards.

Damin's guardsmen run the city watch, local constabulary, public courts, and perform all executions in the town. One of three head guardsmen, who hold the title of Falkrickter, act as judges in all non-noble criminal and civil matters. Almost all minor matters end up with those of the higher social rank getting what they want, and the other party out money or thrown out of the city. Once you are in the system, there are four outcomes – bribing your way out, getting thrown out of town, getting thrown out of town without your money or gear, or death at the executioner's block.

The only people interested in official law enforcement are nobles (who usually travel with their own guard) and wealthy merchants and craftsmen with ties to house Damin. They will press matters with the local guard to force the banishment or imprisonment of people who run afoul of them. Everyone else avoids the official justice system at all costs. Whenever possible, people stay far away from the guards, who would much rather toss you outside of the gates than hear about your problems.

The local guards are easily bribed in smaller matters. Some silver or a piece of gold will allow brawling PCs to escape jail after a bar fight. An ounce of gold will likely end any investigation regarding violent crimes or grand theft against even nobles, but generally nothing will bribe a noble's personal guard.

Run-ins with the City Guard – City guard usually appear in groups of five, four guards and a master guard. If the PCs tangle with the city guard, they will find the guardsmen are well trained in using maces (+2) and shortwords (+1) in the city's confined quarters. The master guard is also skilled with a rapier or hanger (+2). Guardsmen wear ring armor that covers their body, arms, and legs, and simple helms on their heads.

House Guards – By law, personal house guards are maintained by each of the named families in the city. Each family has to help defend the city should there be some threat to the city or to the lands nearby. Each has specific responsibilities in an emergency situation. The charter for each House calls for a particular number of guards – anywhere from 50 to 200. In addition, houses keep a small number of personal guards on staff – as it is not an uncommon ploy for a house's guard to be called up for an urgent drill (controlled by a commercial rival) right when those guards are critically needed in some family business enterprise. Houses may also employ more specialized mercenaries, such as weapons masters or assassins, but dress them as ordinary guards to avoid attracting the attention of other houses.

Each family keeps two head guardsman, titled Hauptmen. One is the leader of those men committed to defend the city. These captains are kept in the dark and know little of house politics. The other, called Oberst by title, is the

RECRUITED – For home games or other non-convention settings where time isn't an issue, characters with good fighting skills (or exceptional fighting stats) may be recruited by one or more nobles for their elite guard (or for their house guard, for less obviously talented characters). Guard positions pay well (up to an ounce of gold a month on top of food and lodging and a long list of privileges) but they also embroil the character into the hornet's nest of Daminberg's intra-noble political skirmishes. If characters accept a position with one noble out of several offered, they will have been deemed to have snubbed the other nobles.

leader of the true house guard. Keen players of the game of houses, these guard captains are often the real power brokers in the city. They are some of the few individuals with whom a tête-à-tête with pesky nobles is a daily occurrence.

Each family has a small group of elite guards that are skilled with longbow (+1) or crossbow, and well versed with a longsword (roll d6; 1-3 = +2, 4-5 = +3, 6 = +4). A few of these elite guards have magic swords or arrows, accounting for some of their skill. Most will have been chosen for exceptional coordination and eyesight.

Doing Hard Time in Daminberg – Adventurers who run afoul of a noble or rich merchant and end up confronted by the constabulary usually end up thrown out of town rather than in any jail. If they do end up in jail, it may be a long time before anyone remembers them, or cares enough to look further into the crimes they've been jailed for.

Should a PC manage to invoke a favor or pay off the guard, a trial can be arranged after 4d6 days of waiting in a communal jail cell. The jail is a large thick-stoned, windowless building inside the Damin family's private keep. There are three underground levels with the crimes worsening as you go deeper. Drunken brawlers are confined to the top most level. Second level is kept for those who commit property or violent crimes against non-nobility. The last level is for those who commit acts against nobles.

In a home game or one where time isn't a factor, you may want to play out the events in the jail, since there are a variety of people and creatures the unarmed characters may encounter, and there's a lot they can learn about Daminberg and its secrets. If time is a factor, then roll on the following chart every day to see if something befalls each character.

Level 1 – roll 4d6
 Level 2 – roll 4d6+2
 Level 3 – roll 4d6+8

- | | |
|-------|---|
| 4-6 | Charges are dropped or forgotten. You are released. |
| 7 | A guard will take a small bribe (1 silver piece) to let you go. |
| 8-17 | Nothing happens |
| 18 | You are beaten by a guard. |
| 19-20 | You get into a fight with a cellmate (or gang of cellmates). |

- 21 Poisoned by the gruel, you are sick for 4d6 weeks unless healed.
- 22 You are bitten by a rat, and the wound festers. If you are already sick you nearly die (-1 FOR)
- 23 Someone picks a fight with you and breaks your knee. If you are already sick or have a festering wound, it will never properly heal (-1 COO)
- 24 You are contacted by the thieves guild to help with a small “opportunity.” If you say yes, -10 to next roll. Otherwise, +2 on next roll.
- 25 You are contacted by a spy for the city watch to see if you know anything about the thieves guild. Add +2 to your next roll.
- 26 You’ve done something to irk the guards. They beat you and move you move to the next lower level. If you are on level 3 they don’t bring you any water or food for a week and you nearly die (-2 FOR).
- 27 You stay 1d6 days longer.
- 28 You are mistakenly let go.
- 29 You find yourself beside someone who knows a lot about the nobles in town. PCs can get information about nobles or events they wouldn’t normally be privy to.
- 30+ You are lost in the system. You will stay for 2d6 months before someone notices. At that point you will be brought to trial and either exiled (penniless) or executed for your crimes against Daminberg.

Kangurth Courts – If a PC makes it to trial, the courts are a travesty of justice. Those who come before a Falkrichter are always found guilty and sent from Daminberg, at the very least. The Falkrichter are all power-mad kings of their courts. Only flattery and last minute bribes (ounces of gold at this point) will result in a PC escaping loss of all goods or death. The judges make up the rules as they go along to suit their own ideas of justice and make wild claims of their wisdom as opposed to the other judges. Characters will generally not be allowed to speak or present witnesses in their own defense, and information extracted under torture or by less-conventional means (i.e., the judge had a portentous dream) is fair game.

Gate Zehnt – The main activity of the city guard is watching the city gates. Entering and exiting any of the gates in the city usually involves a couple of questions from a guardsman. Those entering the gates with goods for sale or trade must pay a tax or *zehnt*. Adventurers who enter town must pay a small *zehnt* to bond their large weapon while inside the city walls. No large weapons (polearms, long-bows, large swords, and the like) may be openly carried within Daminberg by non-guards or nobility. Bows are not bonded, but arrows are.

A silver piece is required to pay for bonding weapons that enter the city. Weapons that are bonded are sealed in scabbards or wrapped in a simple sack and sealed with a wax stamp. Breaking the wax seal and using a weapon within the

city walls is a serious crime. Just being caught with an unbounded weapon can lead to the arms being seized and a fortnight or more in jail.

Small weapons, such as shortswords, daggers, knives, or hangers are not a problem, and may be carried freely.

Many items can be purchased in Daminberg. When purchased, large weapons come to the purchaser already bonded at time of delivery.

A Night On the Town – The cold climate of the north makes Daminberg a drinker’s town. The local ale is strong and has high alcohol levels, although PCs will discover that ale is not the most common drink in town. A meadlike drink called *Flur* or *Met* is popular among locals. It is served warm in large steins. Non-locals will require a granite stomach or a giant’s constitution to tolerate more than one serving of the stuff. Worse still is the seasonal cider made from apples and pears. Served nearly rancid and warm, it will make most new to it sick for 1d6 days. (Roll d% to determine tolerance. If a character rolls below his or her fortitude, he or she has developed a tolerance for local drink. Add +5% to the character’s chances with each subsequent roll, so even the most wretchedly poor drinker would develop a tolerance after fewer than 20 tries – and a nightmarish amount of sickness.)

The common people in Daminberg are friendly and welcoming, but are not naturally gregarious. There are few gossips, but most of them prattle on about inane things rather than risk offending the nobility, clergy, or merchants. A few small taverns and ale houses carefully keep out nobles or merchants (mostly by having a poor reputation for quality) and offer more freedom. Krieg’s Alehaus is one such establishment. PCs looking for a bar to interact freely with locals will find this tavern to be more boisterous than most.

Tales from adventurers tend to be well received, as they offer little to offend locals (and if any nobleman is offended, it’s the character’s neck on the line). A good tale will get a charismatic storyteller any information he or she needs to know in short order.

If you find yourself with PCs at loose ends in a Daminberg inn and have no ideas how to occupy them, roll 1d10 and consult the following chart (odd numbers are good results, even numbers are bad):

- 01 A nobleman in the bar recognizes one of the PCs as a long-lost member of the family. They are invited to come to a gala later that week and be reunited. (The noble may or may not be correct in his recognition, depending on how drunk he is.)
- 02 Someone mistakes one of the PCs for someone who owes him or her money, and immediately demands repayment. (This can be deadly serious or more comical, such as a prostitute who threatens to expose the character’s shortcomings to his friends unless he pays up.)
- 03 A PC has mistakenly sat in a local’s chair/stool/booth.

The local arrives and befriends the PCs and buys them drinks.

04 The PC bumps a guardsman from House Candor who calls the character outside for a duel. The guardsman is excellent with a rapier (+4, including a +1 rapier) and will strike until second blood (first serious wound) on the PC.

05 A member of the thieves guild approaches the PCs about an “opportunity” that quickly yields the PCs 2d6 ounces of gold for little work. However, the characters will now be widely known as in the pay of the thieves guild.

06 A member of the thieves guild approaches the PCs about an “opportunity” that turns out to be frame-up (it’s a distraction that allows the thieves to perform the job they’re really interested in). All PCs involved end up in jail.

07 A character is asked his or her opinion of a particular foul drink by the bartender to help settle a bet. No indication is given as to what response is desired by the bartender. As long as the PC tells the truth, the bartender offers the PC and his or her companions free grog for as long as they stay in town. If the character lies, he or she will be caught in the lie and word will spread to any tradesmen the character deals with later. (As a result, the tradesmen will be surly and double their prices.)

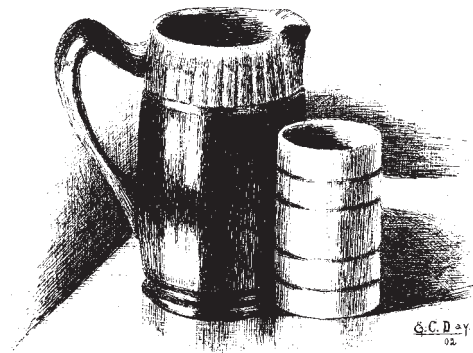
08 An emotion mage decides to test his latest spell on a random subject. No one in the tavern will reveal who the mage is. One of the characters who is not protected vs. emotion magic suffers one of the following effects (roll 1d10). Unless otherwise noted, the duration is one day. (See WGS pp. 113-125 for the effects, or use the spell finder at www.wildsidegame.com.) 1 = aphasia; 2 = attention decay; 3 = blunt; 4 = paranoia; 5 = neural scramble; 6 = mute; 7 = laze; 8 = intolerance; 9 = obsession (with *Flur*, permanent); 10 = lobotomize.

09 A fur trapper is in the bar talking about his latest journey north and shares a tale of a Feryir with the PCs. He keeps telling the PCs about how his hunting party survived by staying together and not listening to the voices in the mists.

10 A group of off-duty city watch are sitting next to the PCs and mishear them say something and try to draw a fight from the party. One of the group gets up and “accidentally” spills gravy and *Flur* all over one of the PCs. Another, later, accidentally elbows one of the PCs in the face while passing by. If the characters react in anyway, the guardsmen immediately begin to brawl with the PCs. If they lose the brawl, or if they seriously injure any guardsmen, they will be turned over to Damin’s men for imprisonment. If they win without causing any serious injuries the guards will slink off, but will be on the lookout for the characters later.

Annuks – There is a race of native northern nomadic people who have no official name and refuse to provide one. The common people of Daminberg wrongly call these northern natives Annuks (ahn-nukes). Annuks are considered the lowest level of society in Daminberg, much like knockers. Annuk merchants are barely better than novice tradesmen in most people’s eyes, regardless of their goods or talents. These cold dwellers live their lives in the northern tundra and wastes, many spending their lives above the iceline boring holes to fish for survival. In addition, a particular subgroup herds hardy wild game on the Great Tundra Plain, a place in their tongue called Annuktah (ahn-nuke-tah).

Annuks who have lived in the wild are naturals at surviving the northern wastes. Unfortunately, there are only a handful of Annuks in Daminberg (some of whom did not grow up on the ice and have no special skills at survival in the arctic regions, though they may tell the characters otherwise). Most Annuks who are not Daminberg natives will tend to be reticent, and expect any offer to be a trap of some sort. If they can be persuaded, they make excellent guides or hunters, however. Annuks born in Daminberg will be much friendlier and more willing to sign on as guides (if the characters don’t ask enough questions to unmask their lack of qualifications). These inexperienced guides will make life in the wild substantially more dangerous for characters, but it will take 2d6 days after setting out from the city to figure that out.



Inns and Taverns

Inn of the Wanton Wench – This small hole-in-the-wall inn has a mere three tables and small bar. But the real action happens upstairs in the private rooms. The four-story narrow structure boasts the finest brothel in the north.

The proprietor is one Fruzella Wolfmere. She has a natural ability for figuring out who she can shake down for 100 gold nuggets and who could never afford to pay more than half-a-chicken. Not picky, she’ll serve both to the best of her ability, assuming they know what they want (although the chicken buys a lot less than the gold, naturally).

Above the doorway to this narrow red building is a brand new sign depicting a well-rendered busty barmaid with one hand proffering a full flagon while with the other lifts her skirt to reveal a shapely leg.

Inside, the establishment seems quiet and empty. In the small main room there is a single patron sipping on her stein. A few men come in and go through a curtained doorway into a room next to the stairs. The stairs themselves are busy with scantily clad hostesses leading anxious men out of the curtained room and up the stairs, and disheveled men back downstairs.

It doesn't take long to until you are greeted by a finely dressed older woman. "My oh my, what do we have here?" she asks, sizing you up. "I am Fruzella, your hostess. What is it you desire on this perfect fall day?"

If the PCs pause for more than a minute to figure out how to respond, feel free to send them on their way. Fruzella runs a business here, and is not in the habit of filling her tables with those simply interested in drink.

"I might be mistaken, but you must be looking for Spikey's down the way."

If Fruzella has anything to do with it, the male PCs will find themselves out about a quarter of their liquid wealth and through the rear exit within an hour. For really wealthy clients, she employs a low level emotionist (emotion-1) who makes sure those customers have a truly wonderful time – even if some of the pleasure is purely inside their imaginations and (falsely implanted) memories. Either way, Fruzella's establishment gets a lot of repeat business.

Fruzella does have a side business brokering information, and is something of a rival to Lord Deinar, the other major information broker in town. (The emotionist is sometimes employed to pull secrets from the minds of distracted men, and may do the same to the characters if they seem to have any information worth knowing.) If the PCs come back looking for information on Deinar's family or Lord Saure, the following can be learned, potentially from Fruzella.

She only accommodates repeat patrons and will only reveal the more pertinent details to those who share something with her. In this case, the PCs will need to reveal to the madam (at the very least) that they have been hired to break into the Deinar family crypt. Even if they do this, they still need to hand over a handsome bit of cash for the information. Fruzella owns a magical charm in the shape of a golden, very buxom mermaid which allows her to *detect lie* at will, and she will be annoyed if characters are less than candid with her.

Deinar Family Information (Provided with any payment)

The Deinar family name is an old one in Daminberg. It is the maiden name of Johann Damin's mother, the founder of the town.

They have always been a force to be reckoned with in town, but never very public. They have always been a behind-the-scenes family.

(With a generous payment)

The main two powers behind the Deinar house today are Lord Mirinas Deinar, a reclusive power broker, and his older brother Lord Mellian. Little is known of Lord Mirinas, while Mellian is something of a public figure and is seen often at ceremonies and major events.

(With a rich payment and exchange of information)

Mellian is nobody, a beard for the real power, Mirinas. No one has seen Mirinas in ages; it's rumored he's hiding from someone.

Lord Saure Information (Provided with any payment)

Saure is a new family, relatively. They've only been in Daminberg for a little over fifty years.

They are new wealth, and Lord Saure has only recently received his title.

(With a generous payment)

Lord Saure bought his title seven years ago. Since then he's been doing much less in public. He is rarely seen but his servants are always about.

He has cornered the ice wine market in the area, recently capturing the last vineyard in a bidding war with Mellian Deinar.

(With a rich payment and exchange of information)

Lord Saure's past is unknown. He is supposedly from a country family of landed gentleman but the Saures contacted all indicate they do not know of any part of their family that moved to Daminberg fifty years ago.

Lord Saure's brother, Ollop, fought a private duel with Lord Mirinas Deinar and was killed or grievously injured close to fifteen years ago.

The Spikey Pickle Tavern – This large, convenient bar looks warm and inviting. On the bar, in large bowls, are pungent, crunchy pickles known the world over. Extra salty but still delicious, the pickles drive patrons to drink more than they should, while also filling inebriated tummies. Most of the locals know that after a night at Spikey's they end up spending too much and not feeling nearly as happy about it. First-timers may not know that the pickles have something of a binding effect to the average digestive system, constipating anyone who eats more than one (roll d% against FOR to avoid the effects of the pickles). As a result, this is mostly a traveler's tavern, filled with relatively new arrivals to town.

Just off a large commons near the main gate is a cozy and inviting establishment, which features a placard of a spiny green vegetable hanging above the window. Writing above the door says, "The Spikey Pickle, Dolfas Lenbril, Proprietor."

Inside there is a murmur of many conversations and the crackle and fragrance of a fire.

The tavern has a number of patrons, but the ones that immediately stand out are group of four elves still sporting

fur clothing. The elves are drinking from steins and talking with a stout human about their experiences in the North.

“Barkeep, keep this swill coming. We just came through the gate from Schlossverge... barely escaping with our lives.”

“You don’t say. Well if we don’t have some adventurers in the Spikey today! The next round is on me if you got any stories about the wolves up there. I’ve heard all sorts of silly rumors...but it’s hard to know what’s real when I’m in here all the time.”

“You have a deal,” says one of the elves, just before crunching down on a large pickle.

In fact, everyone in the place appears to be crunching away on pickles from bowls spread about on the many tables or sitting all along the bar on the far side of the room.

The stout man who was serving the elves approaches. “Perhaps you are looking for a drink and a nibble or two of one of my delicious pickles? Come...please take a seat here.” He motions to large table near the front window.

“Dolfas, we need another ale keg!” cries someone from behind the bar.

“Oh, it’s harvest time...it always brings lots of business. I’ll be back with some ales as soon as I roll up another keg from the cellar.”

The proprietor is one Dolfas “Spikey” Lenbril. He will most likely be too busy to answer many questions. But he can quickly provide directions or other common knowledge to PCs if they ask when he is around.

The leader of the Elves is Allandrel. He is not above talking about the north or wolves, ogres, or trolls. He has the following information, and will share one tidbit each time the PCs buy the elves a round of drinks. Each round, the Elves will ask for more and more expensive drinks until they ask for a bottle of ice wine for the last bit of information.

The wolves to the north are of two different kinds.

There are normal wolves, they are dangerous but nothing a sword or a bow can deal with. Still, be careful if you are alone and approached by two or three.

Then there are Feryir. They are possessed and very dangerous. It’s hard to know the difference between them and normal wolves.

Trolls are deadly and to be avoided at all costs.

Ogres are stupid and can be outsmarted much more easily than outfought.

For a bottle of ice wine (10 silver pieces) they will supply the following information

Feryir are believed to be demons or evil people in wolf form

Bogberry Inn (optional) – This establishment, with its crystal windows and magical interior lighting, provides fine dining for the aristocratic and well-to-do. Only those who are richly dressed and arrive by carriage and accompanied by an

entourage may pass the door attendants or the interior guards without a once-over.

The Bogberry is currently owned by Lord Mirinas Deinar. Lord Deinar keeps the Inn for one reason – information. The staff is well compensated to pass along any information they overhear to the “proprietor.” The acting owner is an overly image-conscious elf named Leandril. He will act as the owner with full authority on most matters. He’s tight-lipped and will say little to the PCs about anything of importance. The staff are friendly and chatty but similarly unrevealing of information. However, they all have a knack for getting patrons to talk about themselves at length.

Anyone with enough money and followers can enter the Bogberry Inn. The inn serves only wine to accompany its fine food. Upstairs are five expensive suites for let by the fortnight or longer, starting at 2 pieces of gold per fortnight.

Krieg’s Alehaus (optional) – This local favorite is run by an amicable dwarf adventurer, Krieg, with a long, braided golden beard. He’s full of stories, particularly about the north and his old adventures to recover various treasures. If asked about his strangest adventures, he’ll talk about a scabbard he recovered once. (“Not a sword, but a scabbard. Now who would pay money to send a body to the north for a thing like that?”) He’ll tell you he sold it to some noble a couple years ago. He doesn’t know (or won’t say) which one, saying the noble paid extra to do the whole exchange anonymously.

The most striking thing about Krieg’s establishment is that it constructed to look like a huge barrel, half stuck into the ground. The large, perfectly round front door looks like the plug normally found on such a cask.

Prestige Wine and Ale (optional) – This is a well-known haunt for mages. If a character can cast a spell, of any school but emotion, he or she can enter.

The owner is an elven fire mage, Gherendil, who has adventured the north widely. He is old enough to know the last Lord of Schlossverge Fortress, Lord Hastur, and his penchant for collecting things. Lord Hastur hired Gherendil and his adventuring companions on a number of occasions to retrieve items for him. He remembers a small sword and scabbard they collected once. He remembers Krieg, the Alehaus owner, keeping the scabbard. In general, though, Gherendil is jaded and weary of tales of adventure. He will often gloss over important details and center on the maidens he met on a journey.

This is the only place in Daminberg where non-clergy wizards group together in any number. There are only a handful of talented wizards in the city, and none willing to train anyone. However, they will happily trade for spells if any of the PCs has spells that none of the local wizards know.

The wizards of the Prestige have a treat for emotion mages who are stupid enough to reveal themselves. There’s large vat of 23 pet mindsquealers (see Appendix 1: New

Critters, p. 46) just to the left of the main entrance, swimming around in a large vat.

Bent Sword Tavern (optional) – This is a gathering place for mercenaries, off-duty guards, and other people who make their living from weapons or fighting. Berilen, the one-legged proprietor, is a retired guard sergeant, and any fighter-type will be welcomed in the tavern – as long as he or she doesn't talk about politics, or religion, or money, or anything else not directly connected with weapons and fighting. The beer is good and cheap, and the Bent Sword is a popular place for fighters who want to stop for a drink after working out, but the conversation is pretty dull because of Berilen's topic restrictions.

Convention note – GMs running convention events should keep searching or buying supplies to a minimum. PCs should be encouraged to pay 3 to 4 ounces of silver for winter outfits including showshoes and some partywide shelter. If you're running late, you may want to stipulate that the characters buy food and shelter rather than playing it out.

Craftsmen

Furriers Guild (optional) – If the PCs are looking for information on wolves, this is the place to come. The furriers are professional wolf hunters and happily relate the lore of Feryir, which they use to frighten away people interested in entering their trade.

The building in front of you seems opulent to be the Furrier Guild hall. But that's what is written in white paint above the green archway that leads into the common room.

On the walls are numerous skins labeled with yellowing tags that note the breed of the wolf pelt. Two large work tables are heaped over with furs. In front of the closer one, a small mousy man covered in patchy worn fur clothing is bickering with a finely dressed man about prices.

"Look, it's quarter each a pelt, take it or leave it."

"No way, Archie...you always wanna pick the best one, yah you do, I know you, yah you do."

"Common, Lyle, you know this is a good deal."

"I know it's a crooked deal, I do, just cause you're interested in these, that's why, that's why I do alright."

"Alright, a third, that's my final offer."

The mousy man crosses his arms shakes his head and then looks away. "I'm not taking less an half each, no sir, no sir, no sir!"

"A half ounce of silver!" exclaims the merchant. "Have you been eating too many of Spikey's Pickles? That's highway robbery!"

Silence from the little one.

"Alright alright, I'll do it."

The merchant, Archie, just purchased half the furs in the room. Archie is more than willing to sell them for 2 ounces of silver each to the PCs. Items made from these pelts will last a lifetime. Lyle, the trapper who sold the furs to Archie, is on the top of the world right now. If approached by the PCs and asked any questions, he'll offer to tell them all they need to know if they accompany him to Krieg's Alehaus across town.

Lyle is a knowledgeable trapper and has been close enough to Schlossverge Fortress to see it. He's also encountered Feryir and was once tricked into the woods alone by a female voice calling for help. Lyle is not sure why he got away from them that day; he counts each day as a blessing going forward.

The other trapper, Bendix, has lesser product, and is willing to sell his lot of ten pelts for three ounces of silver. These pelts are clearly not as nice as the others, but last at least until the end of this adventure. Bendix was bitten recently by a Feryir, during the very trip that yielded his furs. If treated to some drinks, or if the PCs purchase furs, he'll tell them a strange story of finding a naked man dead in one of his old traps. All he knows is the man must have been dead for a fortnight.

Fur Merchants – Overland travel north of Daminberg in the coming weeks requires fur clothing to survive. Merchants sell fur mantles, robes, tunics, and britches. They also sell "whaleskins," as the locals call them, for building waterproof and warm shelters.

Anywhere in warmer climes, these items would be luxuries and expensive. Here, in Daminberg, merchants sell less than perfect clothing and furs at reasonable prices. A full set of winter gear can be had for 3 to 4 ounces of silver.

A mantle is a large over-robe made to be worn over armor or even over a regular robe. It is heavy, weighing 25 pounds. People can survive in cold winds wearing just a mantle, a cap, and an under-robe.

Britches are usually constructed of lighter fur and a second set of outer leggings can be worn for extra comfort. As an option, normal britches or hose, which are much easier to remove, can be worn under the leggings.

The "whaleskin" is not a tent, but can be draped, poled, or hung as a crude shelter. It's rather heavy, and would take a horse to carry it on this journey. These skins aren't made from whales, it's simply an apt name. They are dual-layered seamless pelts from creatures best not encountered until adventurers are well seasoned.

Archie's Fine Furs and Garments (optional) – Archie's has the finest stocks in town. This is one of the only places in Daminberg where a PC can purchase tailored clothing and receive finished goods within a day or two. All prices are in ounces of silver.

Archie is very customer-oriented. He will treat customers who look worthy of his time (i.e., characters who are well-dressed or have shown proof of gold) like royalty. Others will be dispatched with their orders as soon as possible.

Large pelts – 2 ounces of silver
 Robe (hooded), Fur – 3 ounces of silver
 Mantle, Fur – 8 ounces of silver
 Tunic, Fur – 3 ounces of silver
 Britches, Fur – 2 ounces of silver
 Leggings, Fur – 3 ounces of silver
 Cap, Fur – 1 ounce of silver
 Whaleskin tent (shelter for 4-5 people) – 5 ounces of gold

Brendigund's Best Pelts (optional) – If the PCs ask around, everyone will tell them, “Whatever you do, don’t buy anything from Brendigund’s place.” Well, it’s true, his stuff is shoddy. It’s made for a single adventure and will likely not last beyond the trip to and from Schlossverge Fortress.

Brendigund knows what he sells. He’s an agreeable person and understands his own materials are of lesser quality. “But why do you need better today? Perhaps you need more gold in your pocket and less fur on your back. For this, I am your man.”

That may be all the PCs desire.

Large pelts – ½ ounce of silver
 Robe (hooded), Fur – 2 ounces of silver
 Mantle, Fur – 3 ounces of silver
 Tunic, Fur – 1 ounce of silver
 Britches, Fur – 1 ounce of silver
 Leggings, Fur – 2 ounces of silver
 Cap, Fur – free with any purchase.
 Whaleskin tent (shelter for 3-4 people) – 2 ounces of gold

Panto's Clothier (optional) – Panto is a strange speechless gentleman of some human subrace unknown to the characters, most likely an Annuk. He can craft the following from pelts brought to him. He does not talk and will not give a timeframe to complete an order, but will deliver finished goods in 1d6 days.

If tipped a silver, he will finish the order in a day and will send a boy to deliver them. There is no way to know this in advance.

Robe – 1 large pelt – ½ ounce of silver
 Tunic and Britches – 1 large pelt – ½ ounce of silver
 Leggings – ½ pelt – ½ ounce of silver
 Cap – from trimmings – free with purchase
 Mantle – 2 large pelts – 1 ounce of silver

Blacksmiths, Weaponsmiths, Armorers & Bowyers

There’s numerous of each in town. They sell items for standard values. Blacksmiths will have common weapons on hand, while everything else will be made to order and will take 1d6 days.

Armor is all fitted. It takes 2d6 days to complete. For an extra 20% it can be made for cold weather and will include fur padding and protection against the winds. Characters will be glad for this in the north, but it will make armor itchy and uncomfortable in more temperate climates. Pelts need to be supplied, and all the smiths will recommend Archie’s (as he gives them a kickback on all sales). They will buy fur for the PCs if necessary for 4 silver.

There is one exceptional weapon craftsman below.

Convention note – In convention play this is one of the sections PCs may appreciate playing out if any PC is interested in elite swordsmiths in town.

Branido the Bladesmith – Branido makes the finest weapons in the north, and people pay for them. He only makes longswords, broadswords, rapiers, and daggers.

Branido is incredibly selective about his clients and will not sell to just anyone. The PCs will need to impress the gentleman with their exploits or show him how good they are. Branido himself is a master with each of the above weapons and will not think twice of challenging someone who he thinks is a liar to a little sparring match out back. (Between skill and COO, Branido adds +4 with longsword or broadsword and +3 with rapier or dagger.)

Branido is focused purely on weaponcraft and weaponplay. He knows little of what goes on in the city and will sell anything to a fine swordsman – as long as the buyer is human. Saugein has tried to get Branido to make a potent weapon for him, but Branido will have nothing to do with knockers.

Longswords are finely crafted and exceptionally well balanced. At a cost of six ounces of gold a person with a mere 10 STR can handle one.

Branido’s broadswords are made of highly refined steel turned over twenty times. The result is a sword that is especially effective against lesser metals (+10% damage). His broadswords are heavier than most, though, and require a 15+ STR to use effectively. Price is a mere ten ounces of gold.

The rapiers Branido sells are his pride and joy. Fashioned from especially flexible but abnormally durable ores found in the north, these thrusting swords are known worldwide. For an ounce of gold his rapiers are +2 to penetrate armor. He requires a deposit for rapiers and makes them to fit their owners. Each takes 2d6 days to complete. No amount of money will get him to make them quicker.

Branido has a little sideline business with the local rogues. He supplies them with special daggers perfect for purse cutting and in exchange, he never has to worry about any stock going missing. The daggers are exceptional at cutting through cloth, leather, and fur clothing. The daggers cost 1 ounce of gold, but they add +5% to a fingersmith’s chance of picking a pocket. These daggers are ill-suited to entering flesh, though, and are -1 on all attacks.

Branido is also available to teach and practice with PCs who are interested, and can give most PCs the necessary ed points (WGS, p. 51) they need to advance in any of the four

weapons he has mastered. He can teach up to three characters at once. He charges an ounce of silver per week for training each person.

BASTION'S OUTFITTERS – Bastion sells items that may be useful to PCs in preparation for an overland journey to the Schlossverge Fortress. Like Panto, Bastion is an Annuk, as the Daminberg natives call them. A native of the north, he knows what it takes to survive the icy climate. Bastion is very serious in nature and takes all sarcastic comments earnestly.

Bastion stocks a variety of goods he finds essential for travel in the north. Snowshoes allow for more travel in a day for less effort. Bootclaws are metal teeth that can be fitted to the back and front of boots to allow for some grip on icy surfaces. Goggles, tinted especially for the north, will keep someone moving in snow during the day from being blinded while their eyes adjust. Rope that Bastion sells is specially made to be used with his gloves. The rope does not easily get icy or freeze as it is made of waterproof material. The gloves are warm and grip the rope especially well.

Snowshoes – 1 silver for two pair, made to order

Boot claws – 1 pair, 1 silver

Goggles – 2 silver

Rope, 100', and gloves – 3 silver

Fur barding for horses – 4 silver

Sled, small (1-2 people) – 5 silver

Sled, large (5-6 people) – 1 gold

Trained sled dogs, team for small sled – 10 silver

Bred horses, thick coat (2 needed for large sled) – 1 gold

Bastion can assist the PCs in hiring a guide or someone to assist them in their travels. He knows the following individuals who may be useful to the PCs during the adventure. All of the guides below know the way to Schlossverge Fortress, but each of them insists on working alone (the characters can't hire multiple guides).

WARDEN, a novice tracker and survivalist. He has tracking, trapping, and foraging skills. He can be hired for 1 silver piece a fortnight. He's completely useless in a fight and will leave the PCs if he's injured or feels seriously threatened.

CANDICE, an Annuk, the same race as Bastion and Panto. She's a natural at survival in the north. She's handy in a fight as well with a spear-2, knife-1, and thrown knife-1. She does not come inexpensively, though, and demands 8 silver pieces a fortnight plus all supplies. Candice will demand more money if injured, but will not leave the PCs in the wilderness.

GARRET, a weather mage and forester. He's quite talented at tracking, trapping, foraging, herb lore, tanning, and dog training. He will demand a share of any gold and 2

ounces of gold a fortnight. He also will charge for requested magic use and not take part in any combat. Garret will insist on going later in the season when it gets colder and some snow has fallen so that sleds can be used to make the journey faster. He'll use magic to protect the PCs from the elements if they are agreeable to this plan. Garret is not above leaving the PCs in a tough situation, but will return when any danger passes and assist as best he can. Garret has weather magic-3 and will work with players who are seeking ed points in weather magic (WGS, p. 61) during the trip.

Convention note – Convention games should likely ignore the temples except to seek healing magic.

Temples of Earth, Water, and Air

There are three large temples in Daminberg. (The cosmology here is kept deliberately simple for convention games, while GMs using it for home games may want to expand it.) The temples are one of the only safe places where adventurers can study magic while in Daminberg.

It is important to note that emotion magic and necromancy are highly illegal in the city and shunned (even in nefarious circles). Emotion mages are feared and persecuted, while necromancers are considered evil and are killed on detection.

All the temples can provide healing magic, if needed. The following healing potions are available from any of the temples:

Accelerated Healing Potion, 3% a day, 1 week, 10 silver pieces (½ ounce)

Accelerated Healing Potion, 3% a day, 1 month, 20 gold pieces (1 ounce)

Immediate Healing, single dose, heals up to 50%, 2 ounces gold

Potions are in limited supply; temples will not sell more than two potions a fortnight to PCs, and will not sell more than a single immediate healing potion to the party. A highly injured PC brought to the temples will receive healing without cost the first time, but will be asked to provide generous donations on any future visits.

Those seeking instruction in magic from the temples are usually first asked to seek a recommendation from one of the noble houses. Once recommended, PCs will be accepted and can stay for up to four months for study.

EARTH MOTHER – In addition to taking part in the current harvest celebrations, the temple to the Earth Mother contains Daminberg's experts on cartography. Adventurers heading north can worship and show their devotion (5 silver pieces) to get a crude map to the north. A better map is available for those who volunteer more generously (2 ounces of gold).

Earth Mother clergy are usually women; most are very empathic and good listeners. They are the polite clergy, always more than willing to assist for a modest cost.

Besides being the home to the earth magic college, the Earth Mother also has a number of vegetable, animal, and mineral wizards among its clergy. Those looking to study with the clergy to advance any of these skills can choose to take a qualification exam in which they show magical aptitude (in lieu of a recommendation from a prominent local). Depending on the results, petitioners will be taken quickly into tutelage or put on a list and called when an opening appears. Those that fail the test are quickly told there is little the Earth Mother can do for them.

Any PCs returned from Schlossverge Fortress looking for someone named Darius will find that he is long deceased. His grandchild, Jacob, is currently a student and petitioning to become a member of the clergy. Anyone returning with word of Jacob's Great Uncle will be given free room and board and allowed any instruction they desire.

Sea MISTRESS – The temple of the Sea Mistress is gearing up for the winter festivals and taking a back seat to the Earth temple's festivities at this time. The Water temple is a source for weather magic that might be useful to winter travelers.

The clergy of the Sea Mistress are easily Daminberg's most self-righteous. They all seem to feel morally superior to any petitioners, and will slip out frequent hints to their true feelings.

The main pursuit of the more talented Sea Mistress clergy is water magic, and studying how it behaves in the north. It is likely any clergy the PCs talk to will have personally taken part in experiments on that subject – generally on a small scale in Daminberg itself. The temple has a far outpost in the north for larger experiments. Assignment to this outpost, on the edge of the Winter Seas, is a punishment used by the clergy for anyone it catches using magic for selfish reasons (or who simply doesn't catch on to the politics of the temple).

The Sea Mistress is home to the local healing college. In addition it is known to cultivate motion magic and small number of elemental wizards.

The Temple of the Sea Mistress will sell two potions of protection vs. cold (each with 4 doses lasting 1 day) for an ounce of gold each.

The Keeper of Knowledge – The Air God is also the keeper of knowledge. The temple is largely a library of chained down tomes. Entrance is not easy to come by for adventurers. The temple requires a noble to sponsor visitors. In addition, use of the library requires a contribution each day of 5 silver pieces. A semi-permanent stay can be granted to a particularly astute researcher recognized by the clergy.

The Keeper is known for its diverse wizardly staff, which contains air, conjuration, generation, illusion, summoning, and transmutation magic specialists.

The library does contain texts on necromancy and emo-

tion magic for study. Reading of these texts is carefully monitored, but it is possible for someone to do a certain amount of research with a little fast talking.

Convention note – The marketplace is optional for convention play.

Marketplace

Assume that PCs looking for common goods that aren't called out above can find them in the marketplace. Magical items are not common in Daminberg. Healing, though, is available from the temples.

The marketplace is currently full of harvest goods and livestock. Items from the Ships and Cargoes chart (WGS, p. 212) are largely available at lower than normal prices. The GM should feel free to set these prices.

The following items are highly discounted: candles, cheese, cotton, young dogs (6-8 months), fruit (apples, pears, and grapes), goats, sheep, grains (rye, barley, and wheat, mostly), meat (mostly smoked and salted), pigs and hogs, potatoes, soaps, sweetmeats, tallow, turkeys, and numerous other vegetables.

Cows and chickens are actually rather scarce and are above average in price. There appears to be a serious wolf problem in the lands surrounding Daminberg.

Bendix Better Bindings and Parchment – The wizened little gentleman that runs this stall has a number of fine journals, chapbooks, and parchments. Among his wares is a specially formulated ink that does not freeze and is waterproof. This special stock is not cheap, costing its weight in gold (1 ounce of ink = 1 ounce of gold).

If characters return to Bendix later after having recovered journals from the tomb, Bendix will recognize that he originally sold them. He will not remember who bought those journals, though. He has been selling these wares in town for close to fifty years. If asked about who sold journals before his time, he will claim not to know. He remembers that he starting selling that particular journal type early in his career – and recognizes those books as some of his initial designs. The chapbooks currently go for 6 silver each (3 to a good haggler).

Bendix loves to bargain, but hates to be rushed. His ink and paper will seem expensive, but if he meets a tenacious haggler he will allow them to bargain down his prices to about half the normal costs.

Elmer's Esteemed Eisweins – Elmer is in the employ of Lord Saure, who has quietly cornered the ice wine market in Daminberg.

Prices are fixed at a high price currently.

Poor bottles from recent vintages go for 2-3 silver a bottle. Poor bottles can have the highest alcohol content, but not always. Those who look for wine that produces a warmer feeling than others will be given larger jugs of mixed wine that