
DRAGON WARRIORS



by Robert Dale

To do:

- Maps and floorplans (particularly First & Last Inn)
- Some additional mood text and handouts for the campaign.
- Double-check indices and cross-references.
- Cite NPCs – NPCs cited only to start of Dramatis Personae section (not including the 'new' Key to the City bits).
- Finish the introduction section with acknowledgements/copyright/etc.
- So. Much. Formatting... ☺

"Bound for Brymstone are you?" the inn-keeper enquires, "The townsfolk are as twisty as elves. Watch out, they'll have your money and the clothes off your back – if you let them!"

The lone inn is soon lost in a fold of the wild, rolling heathlands. The city road descends into a country of neat farmsteads and rich meadows. Yet soon there are signs of the city. Tumbledown shacks huddle round smithies, loom houses, and dyer's vats. Grimy children and scrawny chickens run in the road.

Brymstone is smelt before it is seen. A curious taint of rotting fish and seaweed, or stale tar and urine. There it is, at last, a sprawl of a place, like a sleeping dragon. Strong walls are its flanks, tight-packed rooftops its scales, and the haze of wood smoke its breath.

Many others are on the road now: red-cheeked country lads herding cows to market, grizzled trappers with their pack ponies and overladen carts, swaying down the ruts.

At the city gate, two guards eye you warily. One is tall and surly looking, the other stout and balding. Each wears a leather cuirass and holds a staff surmounted by a coat of arms. Shortswords hang at their belts.

"Have you lawful business in Brymstone?" the surly guard demands, while his mate scuttles away to the gatehouse. An officer appears dressed in a fine coat of mail. "I am Gothwin, Captain of the gate. All law-abiding strangers are welcome in Brymstone."

"However, the law of this place demands that no man shall go armed through the streets, save for his dagger. Further, no man may openly practise magics or illusions, save in his own home. I order you then, in the name of the guild council, surrender your weapons and talismans into my charge, or else turnabout and return whence you came."



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Introduction

Dragon Warriors is by far my favourite role-playing game, not for its mechanics but for its setting. The Lands of Legend are filled with superstition, mystery, folk lore, and half-formed fears that do not relent to sword or spell. But even the island at the heart of the published canon, Ellesland, still has many secrets yet to be revealed. Albion, Glissom, and Ereworn have all had their turn in the limelight, but the kingdom of Thuland, stretching from the north-eastern shores of Ellesland across Cape Calogan, is a dark land obscured from an eager Dragon Warrior's study. So when Dave Morris sprinkles morsels of lore from this undiscovered country in his blog, my attention is naturally piqued.

Back in 2010, Dave wrote about the great trading city of Brymstone, a bustling port city that was the brainchild of Robert Dale, and might have been the focus of a seventh Dragon Warriors book had the original 1980s series of books continued. The Brymstone material did get its chance to be published in a short-lived role-playing magazine, Red Giant, but this sadly closed after only two issues, once again condemning the Brymstone material to languish in a dark drawer. Robert also published some of the elemental spells in White Dwarf (issues 53 and 62), but these were in

Runequest format and now nearly as difficult to get hold of as those elusive issues of Red Giant.

But even scratching around in old magazines and blog articles, there is much of Brymstone that has yet to be published anywhere – the second half of the adventure campaign, details of the major NPCs, insights into how the city of Brymstone is governed, the anecdotes by Archos, son of Skandos, which shed a personal account on a stranger's visit to the city, and more besides with which to tantalise and inspire your own adventures in Brymstone.

[How did this project start, what do I have permission to use, issue of thanks to, and acknowledgement of, my sources in compiling this. Don't forget copyright and acknowledgements - Based on the work of Robert Dale with some additions by Lee Barklam and Dave Morris. Some background from a material in Dave M's blog? Also mention that some of the material is from Red Giant, which included some edits by David Grice. However, I have been unable to contact David Grice, nor were his contributions to the Red Giant articles individually attributed so some of his material may have made it into this book without his permission]

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[Permission to use and expand this material – to be shared freely with the community]

[Authoritative source material – links to DM's blog, Cobwebbed Forest, PHPBB Forum, etc. – Mention White Dwarf issues #53 and #62, from which the Celtic spells come]

[Maybe a very brief overview of the region - Katorheim is capital of Thuland, but Brymstone is a largely independent principality – its strategic significance affords it significant latitude in xxx's court.]

[A resident of Thuland is a Thulandish (and Thulan is the adjective).

However, the term Thulish is a somewhat derogatory term used within Albion, playing on the similarity between 'Thulish' and 'foolish'.]

Brymstone compass rose:

<https://rpggeek.com/image/811533/brymstone>

Extracts from "Journeys in the North", being an account of his travels by Archos, son of Skandos (Protector of Selentium), scholar of the Abbey of St Appollonia in Baumersheim, have been included on scrolls throughout this document.

The City

"Splashing through yet another puddle on this luckless road, I cursed the pride that had driven me from the last farmstead and into the lowering clouds on the moor. Steelmane was as miserable as I, but he must have known that it was the impossibility of finding a trader willing to allocate valuable cargo space even to so nobly a sired warhorse as he that had driven us to the hill roads amid the autumn mud. The driving rain had long ago soaked through my cloak, and my boots – designed for riding not fell-walking – were caked with sticky black peat.

"Normally, Brymstone (my destination) was a few hours' easy canter across the moor, but in this blinding rain I must lead my horse every foot of the way, following the road with utmost care. Men had often been lost on these hills (taken by the elves, some said) and I did not wish to join their company. The rain was easing now, and the drumming that had dulled by senses for the past few hours was gradually replaced by the long sighing of the sea on my left hand. There was the element dividing us from our ancestral home, an ever-changing country of exile. I hated its ceaseless heaving, its conflicts, and its desolation, the sighs that though we had escaped its grasp we could never master it nor bend it to our will.

"As the veil of rain gradually lifted from the foremost city of Thuland, I could see that Brymstone was no more than three leagues distant and that if I rode hard I could reach the gates by nightfall. Thus it was that I hastened to Brymstone beneath a sky glowering with thunder, hoping that the inns were as good as their reputation."

Background

Situated at the mouth of the River Scaldis, at the lowest bridging point on the river, protected from the worst of the north winds by its encircling moors and mountains, and by Whiteness Head, Brymstone is one of the foremost ports and trading centres of Thuland. The treacherous nature of the northern coast, and the

prevalence of piracy in the area makes the strong haven doubly important.

A shortage of good arable land close to the city means that agriculture is primarily concerned with stock-rearing. Farmers depend on sheep for their livelihood, but since the wool trade is highly profitable (demand for good woollen garments is almost universal) the sheep-flocks of Thuland are justly famous.

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The relatively recent expansion of the city means that exploitable timber can still be found close to its walls, and another important trade for Brymstone is shipbuilding. The forests of Thuland provide the raw materials for vessels throughout the kingdoms of the north, from worked timber for masts and spars to pitch for caulking, and many ships are constructed in the yards of Brymstone that sail from ports south of Ferromaine.

The forests and mountains that surround Brymstone provide scope for hunting. Many creatures (valuable for their fur), which have been hunted to extinction farther south, survive around the city. The Overlord of West Thuland maintains a hunting lodge two days' ride away. The fur trade remains important, although it is declining, and the traditional annual gift of the burghers of Brymstone to their liege is a rich gown trimmed with wolfskin.

The city is self-sufficient in other respects (save one) and there are well-established potteries, clothiers and dyers, woodworkers, and so on. Meat, fish, and poultry can all be had locally. The only major import is grain; the high and ill-drained moorland around Brymstone being unsuitable for large-scale grain production. Such supplies as are brought in by sea are subject to occasional dislocation, and there is thus a law requiring the municipal granaries to be kept well-stocked. These were established after the bread riots that contributed to the fall of the previous

ruling family. Other imports are mostly luxuries, including spices, rich cloth, wines, and a miscellany of specialist goods. This rich trade is almost entirely in the hands of the Merchant Adventurers (q.v.).

Brymstone's importance comes not so much from its own industries as from the fact that it is the market-centre for a wide region. It is prosperous and growing because it enjoys geographical advantages unmatched in Thuland; its merchants are concerned with expansion, not consolidation; and because its government is stable and favours increased trade.

Brymstone's population has more than doubled over the past 150 years to reach 12,000 according to the most recent census (taken five years ago and available in the civic archive). This also shows that the population is predominantly young. The high mortality rate is reflected in the relatively small numbers of people surviving past the age of 40. A high birth rate is also apparent – families with ten or more children are not at all uncommon. The childlessness of the current lord, Erek Longsword, is the more unusual then.

Most of the city's population are dependent in some way on the sea for their livelihood. About 2,000 men either serve in the naval garrison or work the fishing fleet. A further 1,000 are general labourers, about 200 are merchants, or of a higher class, while the remainder are clerks, servants,

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and so on. There is a large 'floating' population of adventurers, mercenaries on their way north, and other travellers, but these do not concern us here.

When the merchants and guildsmen joined forces in Brymstone to offer their allegiance to Draak (Erek's grandfather) and helped overthrow the previous ruling family, they demanded legislative independence for the city. The major administrative division in the fief of Brymstone is therefore between city and country. Beyond a bowshot from the walls of

Brymstone, the fief is administered by Erek and his estate managers, but within the city walls, Erek has no jurisdiction. The most significant result of this arrangement is that the city now has its own security force who guard the gates, perform general policing duties, and who act as a cadre around which the city militia can form in times of emergency. This force is called the 'Ironshirts', as they are the only men (save members of the garrison) allowed to wear armour within the walls during times of peace.

"As I neared the city I was struck first of all by the smell; a curious mixture of rotting seaweed and fish, stale urine and tar. Bottled, perhaps the ladies of Ongus would pay largely for it, but Steelmane and I merely found it offensive. First impressions were not improved by the surly guard on the gate who seemed inclined to bar me from the city as a vagabond. He eyed my sword suspiciously, and told me none by the nobles were permitted to wear a longsword within the walls. He and his fellows began to paw through Steelmane's saddlebags and my kit as if seeking likely loot, but even they recognised the seal of the Holy City when I thrust it beneath their noses, and they went scurrying for the Captain. He was politely suspicious, but became quite obsequious when I showed him Lord Skandos' personal affidavit. He recommended an inn, and sent one of his men to forewarn the landlord. Even he warned me not to wear my armour in town, though, and it was with distinctly mixed feelings that I entered the 'First and Last' having made sure that Steelmane would be well looked after."

Religion in Brymstone

"The morning brought clear skies, and I set out through busy streets to pay my respects at the Minster - my religious duties took precedence even over my mission to Lord Ereik, yet I was glad I went, for Archdeacon Gothi informed me that the lord was inspecting some of his outlying properties and was not expected in town again for several days.

"After making my devotions before the altar and giving thanks that I had crossed the hills in safety, I walked in the walled garden away from the city's noise and talked with Gothi. We discussed the decreasing respect for God amongst city dwellers, and the increasing arrogance of men who had faith only in the power of gold. He exempted from his general censure Lord Ereik and a number of the local merchants, for it seemed they had contributed largely to the recent renovation of the Minster, but he bemoaned increasing worldliness in the population as a whole. His greatest concern was that ancient, evil cults of death in life had still not been eradicated in the hills near Brymstone, and that their fascination for the young and impressionable was growing. Disturbing rumours of diabolic rituals performed by the children of wealthy Guilders had reached his ears, and tales of fay and deadly creatures were more common than for decades. Promising to investigate as far as I was able, I took my leave of the old priest and walked out again into the square."

In the past, at least partly because it facilitated trade with southerners (who prefer to do business with those who share their faith), Brymstone was converted to the True Faith. The people nominally forswore their old Thulandish gods - Loge, Wotan and the like - but still clove to the tradition of ancestor worship. This is censured by the Church, but as has already been noted most households have a family shrine - the trappings may now be of veneration rather than worship, with candles lit before old family crypts of the church, but the essence of the old ways is still there. Increasingly (to Gothi's dismay, as

Archos notes) the young are turning back to the faith of their ancestors. The march of history is on the side of the True Faith, but it will be an uphill climb for decades yet.

Outside the town walls, many people have never seen the need to give up their old gods. At the furthest extreme, there is a congregation of Devil-worshippers operating some twenty miles down the coast, at the ancient Cerne Abbey. This is not common knowledge, of course. They have a desolate location and masquerade as monks to protect their three vampire High Priests from discovery. These three are Darkness

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Elementalists. The coven is not looking for new members (they have thirteen members already) and anyone who insists on spending a night here is unlikely to leave in the morning. The 'monks' strongly discourage any intrusion on their privacy, except for lone travellers no-one would miss.

The Feast of the Guardians

Seven hundred years ago, there were still goblins and trollkin in the valleys of Thuland. One winter, the High Lord of Thuland being in exile with his family owing to political rivalry within the Althing. Goblins descended on the province in alliance with the pirates of the Mercanian Coast and the made-lords of elven Clavia. Storming the forts that guarded the passes into Thuland from the west on mid-winter eve, they took advantage of a weak and divided council to destroy the forces sent against them, and burnt three of the five main towns of Thuland. Many of the chief lords were slain, and in desperation the survivors turned to the exiled Albar and his nine brothers to save their lands.

Embarking (as the story would have us believe) nine score and nine warriors in a small fleet, he ran the pirate blockage of Thuland and in a brilliant campaign defeated the faerie armies in three battles. Yet he could not wholly drive them from the province, and was compelled at the onset of winter to make his quarters in Brymstone. The winter was the fiercest in living memory and the goblins and lords of Clavia appeared before the walls of the town to besiege Alba and

his brothers. To cut a long story short, Brymstone held out against overwhelming odds and, despite food shortages and treachery within the garrison, for more than three months. Until, in fact, seven lords of Clavia (who had been captured and imprisoned in the citadel) escaped and opened a postern to the enemy who put the town to fire and sword. Albar and his brothers made a final stand in the ruins of the town, but were cut down one by one by weight of numbers.

Their defence was successful insofar as the faerie forces had been so decimated that a relief force from Katorheim chased them across the mountains and, within a month, destroyed the remnants of the plains of what is now Ereworn. The principality of Clavia collapsed within the year and the lords of faerie retreated beyond the northern seas to plot from afar.

Albar's corpse, together with those of his brothers, was recovered by the relieving force and buried in nine barrows on the down to the south of the town. Albar is said to have appeared in a dream to a poor farmer of Cradoc's Ford, and to have explained that Brymstone would not again face mortal danger for a thousand years, when he and his family would once again ride to the rescue. He also prophesied that the farmer would become lord of Brymstone within the month, which he duly did as the sole surviving male representative of the White Heron

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clan (hereditary lords of Brymstone). From that day, the people of the town have celebrated the first day of Autumn – the day Albar spoke to the farmer – as the Feast of the Guardians, and offers gifts to Albar's spirit lest he should forget his promise to defend the town in its hour of need.

All the people of Brymstone know this story (at least in the abbreviated form given here) and poems, songs, and stories abound. Despite the exaggeration, though, most have a solid basis of fact. Most importantly, people believe the prophecy that Albar will return when most needed and least looked-for. They get quite heated if any upstart adventurer dares to suggest otherwise.

Religious Sites

The Shrine of the White Tree

Hidden in a fold of the moors to the south-west of Brymstone, this shrine predates the first Mercanian settlements in Thuland. Many legends are associated with the shrine, which consists of a circle of grey stones set about a gnarled tree which blossoms once every ten years. The flowers are believed to have marvellous medicinal properties and to be a cure for madness. The shrine has remained untouched by priests of the True Faith despite its hoary resonances, perhaps because of a story that the first friar to take an axe to the tree was struck raving mad and the second was turned to stone. Local people, not sharing the new-fangled faith of their neighbours within the walls, point with

relish to the resulting monolith. They guard the shrine fiercely, and any character who attempts desecration risks injury or worse.

The Brinklow Watchers

A dozen crudely carved statues survive of the avenue that once led to the goblin stronghold of Brinklow. The majority were smashed by a mad monk, a southerner named Syrax of Dragor, thirty years ago. Syrax disappeared before he could complete the destruction, and the figures are now left to watch the road. They appear to be a magnet for any goblins, bogles, spriggans or other such trollkin that roam into Thuland - but mortal men shun them, for the ghosts of a fay past are said to dwell in the stones, and will threaten the soul or sanity of any human traveller who approaches too closely.

The Barrows of the Guardians

South of Brymstone, on Nine Barrows Down, are the tombs of the Guardians of the City - Albar and his brothers. Albar has semi-divine status among the simple folk of Brymstone, and sacrifices are offered at the tomb entrances during the autumn feast which celebrates his defence of the city against the faerie forces of Clavia. Fisherman hold that Albar and his brothers can intercede with Tor for good weather, and often mark their boats with a white heron, Albar's symbol. In common with many folktales, there is the recurring motif of a hero who returns to save his people in their hour of need. Even well-educated Brymstonians will declare,

with great vehemence and seriousness, that if the city is ever threatened by siege again then Albar and his brothers will ride down out of the hills like a storm wind to devastate the attackers.

Devout characters may question whether 'God-fearing' folk ought to have any truck with such pagan superstitions. The fact, of course, is that the common folk are not too concerned with the logical niceties of the matter. They will happily sit in the church pews each Sabbath morning, but they still expect their priest to bless the plough or the fishing-net, and they still join in the age-old rituals of harvest-home. It is a very foolish and blindly fanatical man who fails to appreciate that. Archdeacon Gothi could hardly be described so, and he knows that the Thulandish version of the True Faith that he must put across to the people of Brymstone is very different from the sort of thing expected by his superiors in Selentium.

Law & Order

The Council of Guildsmen

The ruling council, which controls the city, is composed of twelve members, each of whom represent a powerful guild or faction in the city. Ten of the posts are elective, but the first two are appointed by Lord EreK.

1. Naval officer Lt. Cdr. Keir 'the White' represents the Harbour Board.

2. Master Iolo of Dragor represents the True Faith.
3. Guilder Connla represents the Guild of Merchant Adventurers.
4. Aron the Lame represents of the Association of Independent Traders.
5. Petros of the Eye represents the Guild of Fishermen.
6. Guilder Morfran represents the Far Venturers Association.
7. Cenncaradh the Painted Man represents the Brewers, Vintners and Victuallers.
8. Guilder Ranald represents the Guild of Master Butchers.
9. Guilder Eadred represents the Guild of Master Bakers.
10. Guilder Alfric represents the Guild of Woodworkers.
11. Jheris Jherontion represents the Associated Metal Workers.
12. Master Curtal represents the Lodge of Masons.

Political Divisions within the Council

While nominally independent of the fief-holder, the city is as much beholden to the country as vice-versa, and Lord EreK maintains much influence over the Council. Apart from the two non-elective posts, who have traditionally supported the fief-holder, EreK can count on the support of Guilder Connla (for the Guild of Merchant Adventurers is backed by substantial amounts of the Lord's money) and of Jheris Jherontion (a freed man of EreK's father). While this is not an overall majority, the city

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Guildsmen Randal, Eadred, and Alfric can usually be relied upon to back Connla. There are two further groupings within the Council. The first of trading competitors to Ereik and the Merchant Adventurers (Guilder Morfran, Cencaradh, and Master Mason Curtal), and the second a radical group opposed to organised religion and the domination of trade by powerful combines. The power of this latter group rests on the importance of fishermen and lightermen to the city's prosperity, but their influence is not great. Aron the Lamé and Petros of the Eye are as opposed to Guilder Morfran and his ilk as they are to Connla's faction.

Responsibilities of the Council

The Council has a duty (as set out in the statutes of the city) to maintain stocks of grain in the municipal granaries. They must see to the upkeep of the walls and gates, and provide sufficient supplies of arms and armour that the civic militia be adequately armed in times of emergency. The streets must be kept clean and free of obstruction and the springs and wells uncontaminated. Contributions are also required towards the upkeep and repair of quays and port facilities, and the maintenance of the haven. Overall responsibility for the harbour is vested in the Harbour Board.

The Council must maintain law and order, and dispense justice within its boundaries. The Ironshirts provide the police force, and felons are brought

before the Commissioners for the Public Weal (five judges who sit weekly, and who may hold extraordinary sittings, when required). The city also collects customs tariffs on goods brought in by land, which means that it must keep bond warehouses, and the responsible officials. It keeps Clerks of the Cheque to run the archives, take responsibility for the disbursement of money, and to ensure the smooth running of the administration. There are 400 public servants (including Ironshirts) employed by the city in total.

The Ironshirts

There are five gates to the city controlled by the city guard, and each gate acts as a headquarters for a company of Ironshirts twenty-five strong. This is made up of twenty footsoldiers, three warrant officers, and two captains. In times of peace, not all the guards are required at once, and normal practice is for two 'watchers' of four men and an officer each to be on duty at the gates at any one time. One watch guards the gates, while the second patrols the streets. The first duty is taken very seriously and dereliction of duty is a capital offence; yet patrols are often suspended, especially during the day. Pay for the Ironshirts is good (75 silvers per week) in order to discourage bribery, but men must purchase and maintain their own uniforms. There are various 'productivity bonuses' relating to the successful prosecution of criminals as well. Ironshirt patrols

are generally more thorough with strangers than with locals they recognise, so adventurers with even minor mischief on their minds may have a difficult time if spotted by a patrol.

The Ironshirts are armed with shortwords and bronze-shod staves and wear a variety of armour – usually cuirbouilli, ringmail, or light scale, depending on the individual's wealth.

This force is neither under the control of Lord Ereik, the fief-holder, nor of Jheris, commander of the naval garrison, but takes orders only from the Council of Guildsmen. Ereik's liveried men are not exempted from the bye-law regarding the bearing of arms, indeed, so the Ironshirts serve as some guarantee of the city's independence.

Organised Crime

Whilst many trades plied within the walls of Brymstone have organised into guilds for mutual profit, crime has yet to become as organised. Snorri Staveson and his twin sons, Jack and Karl, together run the closest equivalent to a Thieves' Guild from their premises on Playhouse Street. They have their fingers in all manner of stratagems to acquire coin and kind from other citizens, taking a share of the beggars' and doxies' loot and knock-off goods from the docks, take bets at animal fights, and blackmailing merchants and guildsmen with murky pasts.

The Stavesons themselves rarely carry out crimes within the city walls, as that would dirty their nest; instead they employ foolish intermediaries who can be sacrificed at need. More likely, the Stavesons are to be encountered organising crimes outside the city walls, like the highway robbery of dignitaries, stock stealing, raiding merchant caravans, kidnapping, piracy, and marine fraud.

Taxation

All of the civic duties provided by the city cost a good deal of money, which is raised by a variety of tolls, taxes, and impositions. The system is weighted in favour of the nobles and gentry, and against the growing merchant class, but (up to a point) this encourages merchants to opulence and 'magnificence'. Every person ordinarily resident in the city over the age of 15 is taxed at 25% of his disposable income, and there are a number of other levies on taxes on property. One body of laws remains as a legacy from the days when Thuland was ruled from Ellesland: property restrictions and sumptuary laws which favour the gentry and noble classes. On top of these are indirect taxes on luxury goods, and tolls on goods entering or leaving the city.

Adventurers are likely to be afflicted most of all by the tax upon antiquities; 30% of the value of any antiquity (not excepting magical items) must be

handed over to the authorities. Lord Erekat taxes adventurers similarly outside the city, so there is no escape for prospective tax-dodgers. But even these apparently harsh tax regulations are looser than in Ashdown, where the civic authorities normally confiscate *any* item found, paying the 'lucky' adventurer a fraction of its value. Other sales taxes include 5% for produce and manufactured goods, and 10% for luxury goods and weapons.

Social Divisions

In common with the rest of Thuland, Brymstone is a city in which old feudal divisions remain of major significance. Yet the society in which lords and their sworn men have mutual duties and responsibilities is fighting a rearguard action against the society of profit and loss. The rising merchant class (increasing in numbers and status) have in many southern cities (especially around the shores of the Coradian Sea) achieved complete domination of the legislature. In Brymstone, however, gentry and merchants are more freely intermingled – gentry need to be involved in some sort of trade (usually sheep farming) to survive financially. Paradoxically, this society, which seems more fluid, is in fact rigidly defined. Taxation laws and property restrictions are designed to keep

each class in its place – the only sure way up is by marriage. Furthermore, the advantages of such social fluidity as there is remain wholly with the gentry. No stigma will attach to them for indulging in trade (so long as they are successful) while that merchant who enters the ranks of the gentry by marriage is regarded as not wholly a gentleman.

The citizens of Brymstone are intensely proud of their ancestors – the more so if they have a noble lineage – and some domestic religious arrangements indicate such reverence. Every house with any pretensions has its own hearth shrine where the family meet regularly to retain the favour of the household guardians, and this habit reinforces the intense clannishness of the people of Thuland. To have good family connections is invaluable to any adventurer.

Inheritance is through the male line, and the heir has a duty to provide at least for his nearest relations. Wilful failure in this duty often results in severe clan censure and, at worst, kin-wrecking (outlawry).

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Population

The total population is approximately 12,000 people, broken down approximately as follows:

Age Range	Number of Males	Numbers of Females
0-15 yrs	1,000	1,800
15-25 yrs	2,600	1,800
25-40 yrs	1,400	1,200
40-65 yrs	800	1,000
65+ yrs	100	200

For GMs for whom these population figures seem high for the pseudo-Dark Age period in which Dragon Warriors is set, they can either consider this the population for the entire fief, or factor into these numbers the large transitive population of Brymstone – such as sailors, adventurers, pedlars, etc.

Encounters & Gossip

Brymstone is a seething crucible of politics, rumour, and coincidence. Travellers from far-flung lands furtively discuss affairs in foreign tongues, merchants deliberately spread lies about their competitors, and other citizens seek to exploit the chaos of the city for sometimes selfish and sometimes noble ends. Exhaustive examples of the surprises Brymstone has in store for a naïve adventurer wandering its streets would be impossible, so this section is merely an inspiring flavour of all that could be

overheard or encountered in Brymstone.

- There are always rumours circulating Brymstone of visitors to the Net and Oar (13) tap room after dark that have either end up assaulted and dumped in the water, or perhaps impressed into a ship's crew.
- Fastalio Gunbratti, landlord of The Friend in Need (25), is rumoured to be able to source exotic narcotics through his merchant contacts in the Ferromaine League.
- An over-excited washerwoman is heard exclaiming to another housewife that Lady Alyne is said to be with child.
- A young and inebriated dandy confides in one of the characters that the bravos from the Painted Toenail (24) are going to fight the Wotan's Eye (19) crowd the night after tomorrow (or vice versa).
- A waitress that serves one of the characters says that her husband is performing in a new play on at The Pit tomorrow, which Lord Ereik tried to prevent being shown.
- The characters overhear an off-duty ironshirt say that Guidon the banker (18) practices dark crafts, which is why he has never been robbed.
- The characters hear a bunch of urchins talking amongst themselves when one of them loudly says to the other "Look at that lot. A fine bunch of bumpkins dressed up for adventure".

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- Walking past an open window, the characters hear low voices inside. They can't make much out, only catching one phrase: "We'll bring the stuff in tonight, right under their noses".
- Jakes, the town crier is the usual mouthpiece for rumours and gladly shares the news with the characters that there is an outbreak of plague in the Tumbledowns (the neighbourhood around the Silver Net Inn (26)).
- You trip on a loose cobblestone as you turn a corner and stumble directly into an ironshirt patrol, which demands to know your business.
- The characters find themselves mixed up in an impromptu street festival – a handful of dancers with brightly-dyed ribbons dance around the characters. Some of the dye from the ribbons marks one of the characters' clothing.
- The characters pass a preacher who is reading loudly from a Gospel of the True Faith to a small crowd of the faithful.
- The characters pass an alley, darkened by overhanging balconies and hear the sounds of brawling from within its shadowy depths.
- A minstrel has set himself up on a street corner and is busking for coppers. His instrument is of fine craftsmanship and the tune he plays particularly skilful, which seems incongruous with his otherwise shabby attire.
- The characters are suddenly mobbed by young urchins that excitedly mill around the characters tugging on their clothes, asking random questions about their travels in a chaotic storm of distractions. The mob disperses almost as quickly as it appeared, taking some of the characters' coins with it.
- The characters pass a beggar dressed in filthy rags, hunched over a small wooden bowl that contains only a single lonely copper piece. Sunken eyes in his gaunt face fix on the leading character with a look of silent pleading.
- A bull being brought to market has escaped and angrily avoiding recapture. He starts charging down the street at a young girl clutching her straw doll, frozen in fear as the creature bears down on her.
- Seated on tiny stools at a rickety table outside Oslaf's Betch House, two strong-looking men in bleached linen robes are arguing in hoarse whispers in a language you cannot understand.
- An old woman carrying a basket of apples is knocked down by an ironshirt patrolman chasing a thief. Her elbow cracks loudly on the cobbles and the apples scatter across the ground. The ironshirt patrolman barely breaks his stride as he continues after the thief and other pedestrians ignore the woman's plight.

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- Two adventurer-types are loudly discussing and praising Lugdor's medicinal poultices in The Northern Cog (22) when a sailor from a neighbouring table shushes them with a story of how one of Lugdor's so-called poultices caused all his hair to fall out and for him to lose sight in one eye for "near on a whole month".

Key to the City

The majority of buildings in Brymstone are either one-floored hovels or single- or multi-storeyed houses. The hovels are constructed from a wicker-work 'wattle' daubed with mud and roofed with thatch or possibly wooden shingles. They have beaten earth floors with a fire pit in the centre or possibly a stone chimney and fireplace. The interiors will be gloomy and smoke-filled.

By contrast, the houses are constructed from a wooden framework filled with wattle and daub or plaster work or faced with wooden slats. Their roofs will be covered with

wooden shingles or perhaps slates. Such houses will probably have wooden floors and stone- or brick-built fireplaces in one or more rooms.

There are, however, many principle locations within the city with flagged walkways and buildings constructed from dressed stone and these will be indicated in the location descriptions.

Most public road-ways are narrow and smelly. Alleyways will tend to be slimy and stinking, the lanes simply mud tracks. The wider roads, like Bridge Street and The Crossway, are paved with logs laid side-by-side. The marketplace is paved with cobbles and flagstones, as are the dock areas and Military Way.

"The square was jammed today with the stalls of market traders, and in order to reach my destination I had to push through crowds of local people buying selling, or merely taking the air. Alongside reputable traders were hawkers, musicians, actors and the odd adventurer, all crying their wares at once. The din was indescribably after the peace of my long journey up the coast, and it was in a state of some irritation that I jostled my way into the banker's house where I established my credit for my stay in Brymstone. Depositing letters of credit with Iolo, I received fifty gold hargs and left to pay a courtesy call on my uncle by marriage, the commander of the naval garrison.

"My path took me from the broad well-made streets of the new city across the bridge to the cobblestones of the older quarter. Many shops lined the streets dealing in a variety of wares – eloquent testimony, like the noisy market, to the wealth of Brymstone and its trading importance in the North.

"Brymstone is not a beautiful city; rather, hunched between its surrounding hills and the swirling sea it seems grim, grey and functional – a city of business not pleasure. Nor is this 'grimness' affectation, for the city is constantly threatened with raids from the pirates of the Skeleton Coast. The naval garrison is vital to the city's commercial existence because of the trade it brings and the cargoes it protects.

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1. **Penda's Fort**

This stone-built citadel commands the estuary and the entrance to the southern basin. Outside of the fort sprawl a number of associated buildings along Military Way: barracks, storehouses, workshops, and administrative buildings. The most important buildings are built from stone, but most are wattle and daub structures. All buildings between the Delf Stream and the sea are inside the military compound, and much of the southern basin is given over to the navy. Soldiers control Penda's Gate and the bridge across the Delf Stream.

2. **Courthouse**

This imposing building is the city's administrative centre, housing the civic archives and library, a cellar strong room, a small lock-up to house prisoners, and the office of the town clerk, Master Senda, a haughty and officious man but not above being bribed. The Council of Guildsmen meets here twice a month and the Court of Assizes meets monthly to adjudge civil disputes and criminal cases. Administration used to be conducted from the much older Guildhall (53), but as the city expanded, lacked the needed space.

Adventurers that fall foul of the city authorities are most likely just to be subject to on-the-spot fines for minor misdemeanours, but repeated offences or serious

transgressions may earn them time in the lock-up before being brought before the Court of Assizes. Olvolio Cramp is an accomplished advocate with a broken moral compass who will gladly represent anyone who can afford his fees (at least 300 florins, more for particularly heinous crimes). Olvolio's advocacy reduces the chance of conviction by 3d20% and will also arrange for any bribes the characters wish to make to reach the intended party (for a 10% commission, of course).

Other regulars at the Courthouse are Odious Nunge, the gaoler, and Justice Wrathsay, known locally as 'the hanging judge', who is both scrupulously incorruptible and particularly draconian with his punishments – any bribe must be at least double the amounts given in the main rulebook and any punishment will always be as if the characters had committed an additional previous offence.

3. **The Minster**

In addition to the Church of All Saints itself, this stone-built complex includes a walled garden, school, large guest wing, stabling, and a library. The Minster was founded just over a hundred years ago, following the conversion of Brymstone to the True Faith. It had become somewhat dilapidated, but restoration work has now begun.

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The permanent staff includes Archdeacon Gothi and his secretary, Markun, six priests, four chaplains attached to the naval garrison and the court, sixteen choristers, eight clerks, a master and usher of the Minster school, fifteen scholars, twelve servants, and a band of stonemasons, carpenters and artists.

Characters may enrol with the school to learn any simple, undemanding or complex language to intermediate level if they can afford the fees of 2,000 florins per year. If the optional skills rules from the Players' Guide are being used, characters may also learn non-language skills at this school. If the characters have any advanced masonry, carpentry, or art skills and are prepared to use them to restore the Minster, tuition fees will be waived in exchange for 4 hours' labour per day on the Minster.

4. **Custom House**

The compound where one may find the offices of the customs authority, the house of the comptroller of customs, Master Checkal, and a number of bond warehouses, each built of stone with slate roofs. Duty is mostly imposed on luxury goods - including silks and spices off ships out of Ferromaine or Crescentium. The comptroller also collects harbour dues and regulates the entry of strangers into the town.

5. **Post House**

Liveried messengers carry important messages to and from this imposing building of stone and wood. The building's courtyard boasts its own stables and a coach that can be hired for the rapid and safe transport of dignitaries. Messengers and officials can obtain fresh horses or take lodgings here and reputable adventurers might even find work as guards. Stampo Munf, the highly-strung Post Master, oversees a very efficient business with an organisational zeal that sometimes explodes in anger directed at his clerk, Wiken, when unforeseen circumstances upset Stampo's carefully crafted schedules. Rarely is Wiken ever at fault.

6. **Civic Granaries**

The town is obliged to maintain a store of corn to feed the people in the event of a siege or bad harvest. These granaries are used as a central clearing house for Brymstone's grain requirement.

7. **Naval Boatyard**

This is a small repair yard attached to the citadel with two slipways, a sailmaker's loft, and a timber store. It is not a construction yard, though light vessels could be built here in an emergency - there are a number of professional boatbuilders in the town, but their yards and the ropewalk lie just beyond the walls to the east.

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8. Lord Ereke's Townhouse

The home of the town's liege lord, including a formal garden, stable block and servants' quarters.

9. The Pit Theatre

An open-air structure with seating and balconies around a semi-circular stage that can accommodate an audience of up to 200 people in varying degrees of comfort.

The theatre hosts plays of musical events, often with a religious theme. In theory, it has strong connections with the Minster, but in practice many of the younger actors are not all that devout in their adherence to the True Faith. Elements of pagan belief creep into many of their performances, and it is not uncommon for them to satirise (insofar as the medieval state permits satire) the Guilds, the Church, and their liege lord.

A band of journeymen actors are retained by Lady Alyne to perform here and stage annual religious mystery plays in Market Square. Sonorous Joi is the foppish chief of the actors and is always on the look-out for cheap but intelligent labour.

10. House of Vigour, Gymnasium and Baths

The House of Vigour was original a bath-house, built over a natural hot spring of sulphurous water. Over the years, a series of courts for weapons practice have been

added, although the baths remain popular with wealthy merchants and civic officials.

The senior instructor, a hot-tempered giant of a man called Torvald Woodcleaver, gives training in the use of two- and one-handed axe and sword. In game-terms, a Knight or Barbarian of 6th rank or less will gain 1d4-1 experience points a month under Torvald's tutelage, for which he charges each student 35 florins a week. Nevertheless, his classes are not oversubscribed because of their high casualty rate: roughly one pupil in six goes out with a nasty wound each lesson.

11. Inn: The Whale Road

The town's best hotel, run by Master and Mistress Godwick, is frequented by wealthy traders, recently enriched adventurers, or others who have no connections in Brymstone. Rooms cost 25 florins a night.

12. Watermills and Windmill

There are three mills within the town walls (and many more outside). Two of the three are under civic control, but the third - built against the wall close by the South Gate - is owned by the town's brewery and provides malt for it. The watermill that straddles the River Scaldis as it flows into the city from the North is a curious construction, housing a water-driven sawmill within and has a windmill built into its roof atop.

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13. **Lighterman's Wharf (and Net and Oar Tavern)**

The wharf is a ramshackle collection of clap board storehouses, wattle and daub sheds and a dilapidated many-tiered wooden tavern, the Net and Oar. The whole wharf belongs to the powerful Guild of Fishermen and Lightermen, who meet regularly in the top floor of the Net and Oar. At ground level, the Net and Oar is a chandlers and provision shop and, below ground, in the basement, is a tap room, the keeper of which is a wily old fellow, Peg-leg Jack.

A regular patron of the Net and Oar, Jarsh, is an old salt full of tales of terrible shipwrecks, piracy, and sea monsters. A lone adventurer may also encounter Jarsh at the head of a press-gang of 2-4 thugs looking for ships' crews. Jarsh targets travellers, adventurers, and other mendicants who are unlikely to be missed by the residents or authorities of Brymstone.

14. **Warehouses and dockside equipment**

There are seven major warehouses owned by the city, the guilds, or groups of individual merchants in company, containing all kinds of trade goods, dockside equipment and ships' stores. The warehouses have a lower storey of stone and upper storeys clad in boards and private citizens can sometimes obtain storage space in the Citadel or in Lord Ereks

storehouse, at commercial rates. The warehouses tend to be magnets for all manner of petty crime and other forms of skulduggery.

15. **Bakeries**

There is one bakery in Lord's Walk and another in Bakery Lane. These provide bread for the Citadel, stores of biscuit for shipping, and quality bread for the wealthy as well as rye for the not-so-wealthy.

16. **Brewer's Guild**

Most of the taverns in the city brew their own ales and beers, but need to obtain their supplies of hops, malt, yeast and barrels from the Guild. The unassuming stone building hides a vast vaulted cellar, which acts as an exchange for the import and export of strong beer, wines, and spirits.

17. **Smiths/Armourers**

There are three smithies that cater to the needs of an urban clientele, merchants, and the military. These are not places to buy blades of exquisite craftsmanship and the most that can be said of their weapons is that they are of workmanlike quality and their armour is not unduly ill-fitting. In addition to a variety of weapons and armour, the smithies perform the mundane tasks of shoeing horses, mending agricultural implements, casting and forging a selection of hardware (domestic and

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industrial), and supplying the town's shipbuilders with nails, spikes, cramps, and anchors. The smithies are always busy and the smiths will prioritise their regular customers over the commissions by unreliable adventurers, who should be prepared to wait for their smithing.

Those looking for a higher quality craftsmanship or bespoke items must either trade with a merchant or secure the services of the workshops of Master Drenck, just off Black Horse Street. Fine examples of exotic weapons pass through the markets of Brymstone on a semi-regular basis, but adventurers will need plenty of coins to secure them for themselves – for a scimitar of Crescentium Steel, one would be expected to pay upwards of 500 florins and one of the exquisite kiriha swords of Yamato, should one pass through the open market, no fewer than 2,000 florins would be required to snap it up.

Note that it is to Master Trinton, the armourer in Cheapstreet, that one should go for crossbows (he sells but does not make them) - if you go to the bowyer's (51) for a crossbow you will get a very chilly reception.

18. Banker

With Brymstone being such an important commercial centre, a trustworthy financier is a necessity. Guidon of Ashdown is a former

crusader of impeccable honesty. An elderly man, Guidon retains the powerful stature of his youth and is also widely rumoured to have learned strange magic from the Marijah Assassins – whether true or not, thieves leave him alone. Large sums of gold and silver are usually deposited in the strongrooms of the Citadel under official seal, but many people bring their letters of credit for Guidon to honour. He will also hold small valuables in his vaults and evaluate trinkets (magical and otherwise) for fees ranging from 3%-10%, depending on the size and value of the item. The fee for stored items is charged per year.

In keeping with the prohibition on usury by the True Faith, Guidon does not charge any interest on sums loaned, instead charging a one-off fee for issuing a loan, and a second fee for settling the loan. Guidon's fee is typically 5-15%, depending on the size of the loan and his estimate of the trustworthiness of the payee. Anyone planning to default on a loan would be wise to leave Brymstone. Quickly.

19. Inn: Wotan's Eye

Wotan's Eye is a reasonable hostel run by Master and Mistress Ruke, who charge 5 florins per night for one of the ten rooms at this inn. Characters might have to compete with a few rats for the limited space in the cramped

rooms, but the straw mattresses are regularly smoked to kill bugs, so patrons can be assured of a bite-free sleep. The food is wholesome but unimaginative, complemented by a fine selection of wines imported from Kurland, Algandy, and Chaubrette. The clientele tends towards well-to-do youths, who often find adventurers amusingly rustic and, after drink takes their minds, find fault with strangers. Brawls are not uncommon, but the wounding or death of such NPCs will be viewed with serious displeasure by their families, friends, and, of course, the authorities.

20. Inn: The First and Last

Alaan Silverfist is the landlord of the First and Last, which boast seven moderately-sized private rooms, which can be booked for 5 florins apiece and includes stabling. The First and Last is frequented by farmers, drovers, and associated tradesmen, who appreciate the low prices and excellent food (particularly the seafood, for which the First and Last is locally famous). On market day particularly, the First and Last will be filled with farmers engaged in lively bargaining, preferring the relaxed atmosphere of the Inn over the marketplace. The only alcohol for sale is that which Alaan brews himself – imported wines and spirits are not available here.

21. Inn: The Cause is Altered

The ten rooms offered are of low quality and price (3 florins a night), and there is stabling available for a further 2 florins per night. This inn is frequented by carters and drovers bringing cattle to the slaughterhouse next door. Food is cheap and cheerful, and the customers friendly.

The landlord typically enjoys a drink with his patrons and enjoys bending adventurers' ears with his own tall tales of adventure and the apocryphal story about the inn's name: "The drovers bring their herds up through Cowgate, see, and the beasts usually bunch up and come to a halt outside the inn. The drovers see our sign and declare "The cows' 'altered, so we may as well!"

All is not necessarily as it seems, however, as strangers have from time to time disappeared mysteriously - probably to end up on southbound trading ships.

Presently in residence at The Cause is Altered is Makrof, a stooped fellow with a pot-belly who enjoys a nightly drink and a game of knucklebones in the taproom. He purports to be an antique collector, but in fact is a member of the Clan of Harbingers assigned to eliminate Cenncaradh, the Painted Man.

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22. **Tavern: The Northern Cog**

A quayside drinking-house used by fishermen and sailors of ships moored in the southern basin. The landlord, Tivvy Cutter, a former sea captain, is inclined to challenge strangers to drinking contests, which he almost always wins. If the patrons are roused to anger, they will prove to be adept at brawling and fighting with daggers and clubs.

23. **Tavern: The Flying Horse**

Provides food on market days, when it is usually crowded with out-of-towners and stall-holders. Rumbo Flummox and his wife, Maesie, run this place and reserve their finest spirits for regular patrons.

24. **Tavern: The Painted Toenail**

Frequented by the artistic (or arty) community, this small drinking establishment is viewed with suspicion by the authorities as a melting-pot for malcontents - political or otherwise. The landlord, Schyld the Skewer, is more than capable of living up to his name with anyone who starts any trouble in his tavern. There is something of a rivalry between the regular patrons of Wotan's Eye (19) and The Painted Toenail, although this rarely descends into brawling – typically, conflicts are resolved in a duel.

Young Master Hendrek is most likely to antagonise adventurers. To him, country-folk and

adventurers are sources of amusement and he will vocally express his offence at their more outlandish behaviour. He may look like a fop, but like his compatriots he carries a three-foot long rapier concealed in an elaborate walking cane and knows how to use it. If pressed, he will challenge a character to a duel. These are held, at dawn, in a courtyard off The Backs or in a quiet corner of the waggon park at Southgate. For honour, characters will be expected to employ a rapier of good quality, made available by Hendrek's seconds. Note that all but knights will be unfamiliar with a rapier and be at -2 to Attack and Defence. Honour is satisfied when either party draws blood, however trivial the wound.

Master Hendrek fights as a 1st rank knight, but receives +1 to Attack and +2 to Defence due to his exceptional Reflexes score of 16.

25. **Tavern: The Friend in Need**

A quiet and expensive drinking house with links with The House of Pleasant Accomplishments (35) across the road, The Friend in Need is the haunt of the sons and daughters of the guildsmen. The owner, Fastalio Gunbratti, an expatriate of Ferromaine, has tried to recreate the atmosphere of plush eating-rooms such as one finds in the ports around the Coradian Sea.

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26. **Tavern: The Silver Net**

Another haunt of sailors and fishermen, The Silver Net is a bit seedy, but very popular with those who like that sort of thing. This is very much a pub for locals, who take a dim view of drinking with strangers. The landlord Dult of Lagunne will openly spit in the ale of any strangers he serves (after taking their money, of course).

27. **Potters**

Leaving aside the market traders, there are two major potters in the town. Ifran the Grey, who operates from premises on New Row, specializes in fine quality tableware for export, while Shimbek Wisphair, on The Crossway, produces more work-a-day items. Both also produce a lot of supplies for the naval base and local clay is plentiful, with many tile-kilns situated along the river valley.

If adventurers come to Ifran's place, he may try to hire them as guards for a caravan of wares he wishes to send south, to the markets of Albion.

28. **Stonemason**

Others may claim to be able to work stone, but none to the skill of Drusin Rocksmith, the only true stonemason for miles. Consequently, Drusin gets a lot of business and has close links with the lord, Erek Longsword, who has provided many commissions in the past - including the refurbishment

of his local stronghold and the renovation of the Minster. From his premises on Cheap Street, Drusin keeps a workshop where his apprentices train and decorative commissions are undertaken.

29. **Tavern: The Old City Arms**

Another popular market tavern, the landlord, Thomas Sendrup, is a keen musician and The Old City Arms is often the scene of impromptu musical gatherings.

30. **Ships' chandlers**

The two chandlers in the town are Kaltrak of Glissom, on Black Horse Street, and Borvul Shortbeard on the corner of Lord's Walk. They sell goods to trading vessels and also supply building materials and hardware. Despite the constant bickering that goes on between these two, they are in fact old friends in their own way, and jointly own the ropewalk beyond the walls.

Characters who visit one of these places to buy candles will probably be disappointed. Borvul does supply candles, but only by the crate. You will also have to listen to some nonsensical claptrap about ceromancy, Borvul's sideline-cum-hobby and something by which many ship-owners plan their schedules.

31. **Carpenters/Wheelwrights**

Within the walls there are three carpenters not associated with the Shipbuilders' Guild. They

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provide fittings and furniture for domestic use. Rospian the Red, the carpenter in Lord's Walk, acts also as a wheelwright and wood-turner. Fachor Birnath, in the New Cut, provides furniture of the very highest quality and there is a long waiting-list for his work. His style has the heavy practicality demanded by Elleslandic and Mercanian tastes, but often elaborately decorated with carvings of beasts, old deities and abstract designs. Show him a sketch of some bizarre demon from Marazid or Cosh Goyope and he will likely drag you down to the Wotan's Eye pub for a drink and ask to copy it to embellish his designs.

32. **Music shop**

Katani Goldentongue, a handsome woman but a widow, trades and repairs various musical instruments, dealing mostly with clerics, merchants and naval officers.

Lord Ereke keeps his own consort of musicians - mostly at his wife's behest - and, for all the animosity that exists, most guilders try to emulate him. There are also occasional musical events held at the theatre, formerly under the patronage of Ereke or Alyne but increasingly financed now by merchants who are more interested in the status of the occasion than in the quality of the musicianship. All of this ensures

that Katani's shop is proving to be very successful.

Katani is especially interested in purchasing unusual musical instruments, but is often wary of trading with the usual class of adventurer.

33. **Bookshops**

The two bookshops deal principally in manuscripts but there are also some printed books (see 36). Literacy within the town stands at about 20% so there is a reasonable market, although most of the trade is still in nautical charts, maps and wood-block images. These are not walk-in-and-browse shops, however; unless you have an appointment you will simply find a locked door. Master Fusti runs the shop opposite the granaries and Carolys of Crescentium runs the other.

Carolys is secretly a demonologist, collecting manuscripts in the hope of being brought a demonological work. There is an ongoing feud between Carolys and Magnus of Chorazin, proprietor of the antiquary (41) on. Almost no-one in Brymstone knows of either Carolys' or Magnus's professions, which they each respect, so their rivalry is very discreet, civilised, and playful - indeed, whilst they would never admit it to the other, they appreciate having each other around to discuss arcane matters and for mutual support should

either of their secrets be revealed. As such, their rivalry is typically restricted to snide comments, one-upmanship, and relatively harmless pranks (for example, Carolys once released a gremlin in Magnus's shop, and he retaliated by slipping a love potion in a shipment of Carolys' favourite wine).

34. **Slaughterhouse**

The slaughterhouse is run as a co-operative by the Butchers, Candle-Makers, Dyers, Leatherworkers, and Woolmakers Guilds. Virtually all the meat consumed within the walls passes through the slaughterhouse, along with most of that supplied to trading ships. Hides are sent to the tannery, which is situated outside the town walls near the shipyards, and there the raw hides are processed for use by saddlers (55) and other leather workers.

35. **The House of Pleasant Accomplishments**

Entry to the stone-built House of Pleasant Accomplishment is at the discretion of the housekeeper, Meg Armtwist, or with an introduction from Gunbratti of the Friend in Need (25). Once inside, patrons quickly realise that this is not a simple brothel, but provides all the pleasurable adjuncts of civilisation: conversation, music, wine and food, an appreciation of the fine arts, and simple companionship. The wealthy can spend hours in dalliance with

beautiful and cultured young men and women, but gaining the services of one of the dozen or so girls recognized as courtesans is both difficult and expensive (the House of Pleasant

Accomplishments survives on its premise of exclusivity) and therefore confers great honour on the successful applicant. Wealthy women wishing to take a young man as companion (of whom there are three, all regulars of The Painted Toenail) must be more discreet and also legally independent.

36. **Printer**

Kodo, erstwhile member of Bisley Abbey, makes his living from woodblock prints of sea charts and maps, and pornographic or religious icons. He still puts the skills he learned in the scriptorium at Bisley Abbey to good use, copying manuscripts as a sideline for which he charges highly (partly at the insistence of his former colleagues, who are not best pleased at the competition): between 100F and 300F for copying a manuscript (ten times that for an illuminated manuscript), and anything up to 1,000 florins for a map, depending on its rarity.

GMs should note that movable-type press technology will not come to Brymstone for centuries yet, so whilst Kodo is a printer, the process is still slow and manual.

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37. Jeweller-Goldsmiths

There are two such professionals in the town: landor Longtooth on the New Cut, and Pangus Deepdraught on Bridge Street near the gate. They sometimes create inexpensive decorative items for trade at the local market, but more often work on specific commissions. Gold is mined about twenty miles west of the town and both landor and Pangus regularly hire mercenaries to guard deliveries.

38. Clothier/Dressmaker/Tailors

The larger of the town's two rag trade suppliers is on Strand Street, owned by Master Tengael, and deals in high quality garments - silk brocades, velvet, and furs. Few can afford such luxurious goods, which are usually shipped to the continent. The other supplier, Tracmanius Gloo, has two outlets - in the New Cut and the Crossway - and deals in more workaday garments. Characters are likely to go to him for their fustian robes, cloth hats, woollen breeks and cloaks, and linen shirts. Clothes may also be obtained from sempstresses, of whom there is an abundance in the town's poorer quarters.

39. Bootmakers

Strong boots and shoes are important to all walks of society, so it is no surprise to find three high quality cobblers in Brymstone. They get leather from the tannery beyond the walls. The shop most

favoured by the wealthier merchants and gentry is that situated on the Backs, close to the Post House. Run by Master Spitack, he specialises in impractical fashion slippers favoured by the wealthy classes.

Cobblers work to order only; there is no such thing as an off-the-peg boot.

40. Fine Glass Dealer

Lugald of Bisley is a specialist importer, dealing exclusively with the gentry and the Citadel. Glassware, exceptionally hard to come by, is as prized as silver.

41. Antiquary

There is a particular interest in antiques among the well-born naval officers, so although most citizens have little use for such things this shop continues to prosper. Magnus of Chorazin buys and sells all manner of things: battered bronze spearheads, glassware and pottery from the days of the legions, stone idols and pendants depicting forgotten gods, belt buckles and rings, even ancient furniture. Many adventurers snap up his wares eagerly, spending whole afternoons in the dusty interior of the shop, hoping they will one day be lucky enough to purchase a magic item. However, despite his dowdy appearance, Magnus is an accomplished mage and unlikely to allow a choice artefact to slip through his fingers.

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Magnus has buyers abroad who would snap up anything taken from the burial mounds on Nine Barrows Down south of the city. To do so would be a serious crime, of course, but Magnus is always on the lookout for naïve or gullible adventurers to persuade to undertake such an expedition.

42. **Vintner**

Although the owner, Sefrassit of Lagunne, would prefer to restrict his clientele to the merchants and gentry, this shop is patronized by all classes. He has a particular distaste for travellers (including adventurers) and will treat them with an oily mix of good service and a strong dose of sarcastic Chaubrettian humour. He stocks fine imported wines and some locally-distilled spirits and liquors. He will deal in bulk as well as by the bottle, supplying Lord Ereik's cellar on the one hand and a rough tippie for a carousing sailor on the other.

43. **Furrier**

Krafthal Axelugger employs his own trappers to hunt in the foothills of the Pagan Mountains. Many furs go to the southern trade route, where demand is high, but the harsh winters make the local market no less profitable. Good quality furs, however, are not cheap, with a good cloak fetching 600 florins or more.

If Krafthal thinks the adventurers can handle themselves, he may

hire them to hunt rare creatures, which his trappers refuse to engage. Depending on the experience of the party, the GM could share a rumour about a lair of a chimera, manticore, gryphon, or yeti in the Pagan Mountains.

44. **Betch Houses**

Betch is a stimulating sharp-flavoured beverage made from berries and herbs from Asmuly. Each Betch House is known by the name of its proprietor – Oslaf's Weoxtan's, and Big Ursula's – and flourish as meeting places for the poorer sort of merchant out to make deals, for rustics wanting a glimpse of high society, for young bravoos, and for all kinds of faintly disreputable types (adventurers included). The most fashionable of the three is Big Ursula's, in Flying Horse Lane, but Ursula's flirtatious behaviour is not for the faint-hearted!

45. **Perfumier/Spice Merchant**

Master Sallow runs a luxury import house, dealing in spices, essences, and valuable perfumed oils.

46. **Shipping agents**

There are six shipping agents acting as brokers, hiring merchant ships or freight space to traders who do not own their own vessels. Such agents usually have connections with trading companies, so that ships are kept in continual use either by clients or by the owning company. Adventurers could secure

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passage on a ship through these agents, but they may find that dealing with individual sea captains, who may own their own vessel, a cheaper option.

47. Surgeons

There are two surgeons who deal with any ailment from 'flu to broken bones. Most of the time their medicines are worthless, but they are fully competent in setting fractures and even manage a few simple operations. This is just as well, as there are some ailments - such as appendicitis and gallstones - that cannot be cured any other way. Their services are expensive and usually painful: anaesthetics range from a slug on the jaw to (if you can afford the full fee) a bottle of locally-distilled whiskey.

48. Horse hirers

Apart from the Post House, two agencies hire horses. These are agents for the large livery stables situated by Cowgate. Horses can be hired, bought outright, or stabled for short periods.

49. Game & poultry dealer

Other than the slaughterhouse, this is the only additional source of fresh meat in the town.

50. Timberyard

The timberyard is supplied from the extensive forests around Brymstone and is the source of seasoned wood used in carpentry and small-scale woodwork in the

town. Tag Logsplitter, who runs the timberyard, will hire labour by the day.

If anyone talks to Tag for any length of time, he will inevitably share an anecdote about some trouble with supplies last year when lumberjacks were going missing in the woods. The trouble went away on its own, but now the lumberjacks grumble a lot more and no longer venture into some parts of the wood where the older, larger trees grow.

51. Bowyer/Fletcher

The bowyer, One-eyed Archos, manufactures bows and arrows for hunting or martial use, but does not make short bows (they are beneath his notice) and can be fussy about customers. He will occasionally refuse to make a bow for one he considers unworthy of the distinction. He is a freeman of Ereks demesne who has moved to the town and is consequently courteous, quietly proud, and thinks that Ereks can do no wrong. Because of his allegiance to Lord Ereks, his opinion of his fellow merchants is far from savoury and whilst he would not be so rude as to say this to a merchant's face, his dry and cutting remarks will leave them in no doubt of his opinion. Archos is a former Master Bowman (before the loss of his eye), and is thus worth cultivating as a friend. He gives free archery instruction to a few devoted pupils twice a week

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and could probably be convinced to include paying adventurers in these lessons, too.

52. **Waggon parks**

Large waggons are not allowed on the town streets during the day, so there are two large parks where carts can be marshalled for nightfall. The parks are convenient customs inspection points for incoming carts but also attract thieves. A number of semi-permanent dwellings - flimsy shacks and tents - have mushroomed up around the parks, where one will find the motley crew of doxies and pedlars who cater to the waggon drivers' needs.

53. **The Guildhall**

The Guildhall has lost its prominence in recent years, following the move of the main administrative centres to the Courthouse (2). However, the Guildhall continues in importance as a meeting place for the guilds and houses many records of trade and civic improvements. Its cellar contains a strong room in which is stored the civic treasury, overseen by the treasurer, Aeothor Draken, and his two guards, Lug and Tybalt the Tripper.

Adventurers seeking an audience with a guildmaster must first navigate their way past the Clerk to the Guilds, Harold Dipspen, who revels in his administrative

authority and does not make it easy.

54. **Architect**

A tall, broad-shouldered man with a bluff demeanour, Bosel of Erincester is a business associate of Drusin the stonemason (28), above whose workshops he has his rooms and office.

55. **Saddler**

Pacto the Cornumbrian will make saddles, leather bags, purses, halters, bridles and many other items. He also has a selection, ready made up, for immediate sale.

56. **Fishmongers**

It comes as no surprise to find three thriving fishmongeries in a seaport such as Brymstone. Fish is considerably cheaper than meat, of course, and for the poorer townsfolk it is the most substantial part of their diet.

57. **Apothecary**

Lugdor the Stammerer is a wealthy merchant purveying an astounding array of brightly coloured and noxious smelling potions. The astounding thing is that they are almost all useless, and yet the citizens and their country cousins flock to buy love potions, hair restorer, cure-alls, cough linctus and the like. The answer to this may lie in the fact that the vast majority of people could never dream of being cured of diseases by magic (even

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if PCs expect it), so faith - or superstition - is really all they have. And, of course, the only way the player characters will discover Lugdor's potions' ineffectiveness is to part with some coin and try them for themselves – not that Lugdor will entertain any recourse should any of his customers be dissatisfied with the effects (or side-effects) from his brews; Lugdor displays a placard disclaiming responsibility for his potions' effects.

Lugdor is actually quite skilled in basic medicine and herbalism but completely taken with the commercial side of his business. His knowledge does enable him to supply knock-out powders and poisons, without questions asked of his customers for such things,

but those who come to him must be prepared to pay for his discretion.

Magnor Thumb has recently set up a ramshackle cart at Market Cross selling potions and poultices in competition with Lugdor's business. Magnor is not only honest, but by obeying his instructions, the effusions powders and salts he provides may, over time, cure most internal disorders and heal wounds. He knows about poisons but is more interested in antidotes. Lugdor resents this competition and has paid Jakes, the town crier and notorious gossip, to spread malicious rumours about the unsavoury side-effects of Magnor's wares.

The First and Last

"A hot bath, change of clothes, and the landlord's best dinner – a concoction of seafood cooked in wine and herbs, accompanied by bread I was told was made from a kind of seaweed – restored my spirits, so I accepted the invitation to join the company in the common room. The patrons seemed mostly locals, of all ages and both sexes, and the appearance of a stranger at a time of year when travellers were few and far between, a stranger, moreover, dressed as befits a nobleman of high lineage, caused no small stir. Yet the evening's entertainment was clearly too important to be disturbed for long. A group of dancers (barbarians of the western hills by their tattooing) whirled and jumped in an intricate pattern, cutting the air with long staves and clashing rhythmically. The dancers were accompanied by a flute and large drum. The landlord confided (to my complete incomprehension) that they were 'in town for the feast of the Guardians'. The dances having finished, the cry went up for a song, and (in deference to my station it seemed) an old man sang of the heroes of Brymstone and the last stand of Albar. I knew the tale, though the song was nothing like the verses old Skald taught in my father's hall.

"Loud laughed Albar, at each stroke a sword-death;
Though stone walls be laid low, weep not for Brymstone!
Firmer the shieldburg, founded on boldness.
I stand fast for honour's sake; death is not fearful,
And though hope is gone now, might will be our memorial.
Then lift up careheavy hearts, remembering hall-vows,
Doom will be dawn's offering, though our light dies!"

By no means the most luxurious lodging for travellers in Brymstone, the First and Last scores over its rivals because of the attached stables and the landlord's fine cuisine. It stands just inside the Upwall gate on the main southbound road, and picks up much custom on the recommendation of the Captain of the gate (who has an arrangement with the landlord). The Inn is of three storeys, timber-framed on a stone plinth, and roofed with local tiles. The rooms are spacious and comfortable and have pleasant views towards the harbour for the most part.

The Inn has a staff of six servants, as well as the landlord and his family, who live on the top floor, while the guests occupy the first floor below. Alaan Silverfist, the landlord, is known as a successful businessman, and has owned the Inn for 10 years. He is slight and dark with a short beard and thinning hair, typically Thulandish in appearance, and equally so in character, being

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generous to those who arouse his sympathy (even if he will admit to nothing of the sort). He is a collector of local folklore and has a vast library of tales, mysteries, and legends, but he has no particular love for adventurers and is quite capable of making up a few stories to get rid of unwelcome characters. Alaan has family connections with Bisley Abbey (his cousin is the almoner) and his wife comes from the Red Tower clan of ancient but decayed nobility, so those who treat him with contempt may find themselves socially unwelcome and physically damaged!

Alaan is one of the closet friends of the blind harpist Tarlok Taler in Brymstone, and the strains of his harp may often be heard in the First and Last, as can his stories of daring and danger – Alaan knows how to charm coin from the most tightly closed fist.

[Floor plans]

Dramatis Personae

Erek Longsword

EREK LONGWORD					
Prof ⁿ	Knight		Rank	9	
STR	13	ATT	23	M ATT	-
REF	15	DEF	17	M DEF	14
INT	16	Percept ⁿ	11	Stealth	15
PT	17	Evasion	7		
LKS	12	Max HP	18	Max MP	-
Weapons		2H Sword (d10+1, 5)			
		Axe (d8, 6)			
		Shortsword (d8, 3)			
		Bow (d6+2, 5)			
Armour		Mail	AF	4	
KEY SKILLS & ABILITIES	Track				
	Armour Expert				
	Ride Warhorse				
	Master Bowman				
	Weaponskill (Sword)				
Magic Items	<u>Gold torc</u>				
	Works as an <i>Eye of Foreboding</i>				
	<u>Bow</u>				
	Any arrow shot from the bow is considered a +1 magical arrow.				
	<u>Two-handed sword</u>				
Jewel in the hilt reflects <i>Command</i> spells back on the caster.					

One would hope that most campaigns are of the sort where PCs do not get into personal combat with the lord of the fief! In my view, GMs and players who favour that kind of thing have abandoned reality not in favour of fantasy, but in favour of absurdity. They will not get much out of Brymstone with such an approach, and Erek's stats are not included here so that he can fight the latest band of adventurers that wanders into

town. It is merely that... how would this section be complete without such details?

Lord Erek is the fief-holder of the lands around Brymstone, and nominally rules the city as well. His family have held the fief for only two generations, Erek's grandfather having deposed the previous lord with the connivance of the city's guilds some fifty years ago. Erek himself is generally thought of with respect, albeit with little warmth or loyalty. In particular, his rivals in trade resent his position - as merchants often do, they sense their innate inferiority to those of noble lineage. Erek is well-read, and his townhouse boasts a number of fine murals and other works of art. Nor does he neglect the other skills of a nobleman, for he is a keen hunter and is skilled with sword and bow. His wife, Alyne, is some five years his junior. The marriage is reportedly happy, though the couple are as yet childless.

Erek is a good patron of the Church, and recently donated funds for the renovation of the Minster, which had fallen into rather a shabby state. With his late father he shares a desire to see Brymstone increase in importance as a trading centre - which is why he has been so closely involved in the expansion of the Guild of Merchant Adventurers. His interest in local politics has been indirect,

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however, for he prefers to allow the city a degree of legislative freedom. (He has seen cities go the way of free communes, and prefers not to tilt Brymstone along that road...) This is not to say that he allows the city to ignore his wishes, simply that he prefers to use the same subtle political machinations employed by his rivals. His supporters in fact form the largest single group in the Guild chamber - Erek knows how to choose good men!

One area in which he has small influence is the affairs of the naval garrison. Although he gets on well with the commander, the latter is here to maintain Katorheim's hold on their Elleslandic province and his loyalties are not ultimately given to Erek. Erek has his own force of retainers, who by agreement with the Guild Council are forbidden in the city while in livery, and are not exempted from the city bye-laws concerning the wearing of arms & armour.

Erek is friendly and approachable (for a Thulandish lord, anyway) and an exceptionally good judge of character. In his dealings he is shrewd but fair, and has the respect of those he rules. Yet he is a bad man to cross, for he remembers an evil deed as well as a fair one.

Lady Alyne

The wife of Erek Longsword, Alyne is popularly regarded as eccentric - the more so because, while her marriage is happy, it is so far childless. Alyne was brought up in an impoverished noble family. Her lineage is long on pride and ancestry, but short on money. She has had to fight for her place in society and retains a sympathy for its lower echelons. She is a great patron of the arts and has done much to nurture her husband's cultural interests. She may often be seen visiting the theatre, and frequently plays host to visiting troupes of actors. An accomplished musician, an invitation to one of her soirees is much prized by the merchants of Brymstone. She is a good hostess and has a generous nature. She seems genuinely fond of Erek even though the marriage was arranged - a dynastic alliance. Alyne, while careful for her reputation, has a strong and independent spirit.

Declan

Declan is Lord Erek's steward, a job for which he seems to have been born. He is extremely competent and a hard bargainer, totally loyal to his liege. Indeed, there are those who consider him too honest for his own good. He is rather bluff and insensitive, and has no real friends, though all who know him respect his plain speaking and stout adherence to the truth as he sees it. In some respects, then, a typical family

retainer - though he is only six years older than Ereĳ himself.

Declan is the sort of man who 'gets on with the job'. He is equally at home providing for Ereĳ's guests at a formal dinner or visiting dockside taverns in disguise to spy for him.

Guilder Connla

Connla is a leading figure in the Guild of Merchant Adventurers, their current representative on the Council of Guildsmen, and a business colleague of Ereĳ. The latter does not especially like Connla, as he thinks him too concerned with profit and loss. Connla is indeed a merchant through and through, and not exactly refined or cultured either. But he has provided his sons with an excellent education (courtesy of the monks of Bisley) and they are considered very eligible bachelors among the local gentry. Fendar, his youngest son, is set to take over from his father in the next few years as Connla, while still fit, is past his prime.

Connla seems to have no great religious faith. He adheres to the True Faith at least partly because of the advantages that gives when dealing with ships from the south, attends church almost as a civic and domestic duty, and added to the Minster restoration fund recently.

Torlok Taler

A blind harpist and storyteller, Torlok was a great traveller in his youth. He claims to have sung in the Elf-King's Hall in Glissom, and even to the faerie lords of Clavia - the bewitching sight of whom, he says, rendered him blind. In fact he gives other explanations of his blindness (too close a look at the Northern Lights, a blow on the head from an unseen hand as he sauntered through Siren Wood, a curse laid on him by a spiteful hag, etc...) and seems merely amused if anyone catches him out.

Since returning to Brymstone, where he has lived for the last year, he has gathered numerous patrons and protectors. Among these are Lakro the naval commander, Magnus the antiquarian and Alaan Silverfist. Torlok can often be heard playing in the city's taverns, and has even been invited to perform at one of Lady Alyne's musical evenings. He rarely has much to say to adventurers, as he has found the typical adventurer to be a psychopathic lout. Characters who hope to befriend him will have to prove they are not of that ilk.

Ranulf Journeyer

A lay preacher often to be heard espousing the heretical doctrine of the Four Parts of the Soul (see White Dwarf 65) in the marketplace. Unlike other heretics, Ranulf is tolerated by the authorities because of his family: he is the black sheep of the Radiant

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Sun clan, hereditary lords of Ashdown. Ranulf does not remain long in any one place, however (hence his nickname), but peddles his beliefs in any town or village that will hear him. Though he has a fanatical faith in the Four Souls doctrine, Ranulf is by no means a fool to be duped by any passing adventurer. His judgement is in fact excellent, and he spots frauds very quickly - after all, his life may depend on it!

Kerith Lightfoot

By wide consent the most beautiful courtesan in West Thuland, Kerith is a very close friend of Ereik Longsword (and was his mistress before his marriage). She queens it over the ladies of the Guilders with her sophistication and proud nature. The wives view her with frostily concealed hatred. Some attempts have been made on her life by jealous Guild wives, but these have been thwarted by various means. The Guild ladies cannot afford to throw any party or soiree without inviting Kerith, and while she keeps her dazzling beauty she will remain safe under the protection of her many lovers. It is said that she has entered into a pact with the Old Gods to preserve her power over men, and also that she knows the secret of a sorcerous ointment that miraculously restores her face and skin each night, or that she regularly drinks the blood of unbaptized infants, or that she draws the vital force from her lovers and discards them when they are weak

and drained, or even that she is a demon in the guise of a mortal woman!

Such stories are given credence only by the foolish and the envious. One thing is sure, however, and that is that few men can resist her charms once she sets out to attract them. She is slender, of medium height, with delicate features and a mass of red-gold hair that falls to her hips. She is a superb dancer, musician and singer, and well-versed in all courtly accomplishments. Naturally she has the reputation of being a lover without compare, but this is an unspoken reputation. A woman of this sort is not to be used as the object of ribald taproom speculation.

Cenncaradh, the Painted Man

A strange and faintly mysterious figure who emerged out of the west some ten years ago. Cenncaradh quickly distinguished himself within the Guild of Merchant Adventurers, and his shrewd bargaining and fine business sense have elevated him to his present position on the Guild council.

Cenncaradh hails from the Pagan Mountains, in the indistinct borderlands between Cornumbria, Ereworn, Gllisom and Thuland. He cuts a curious figure as he walks around the city - short, of tough-looking medium build, bald and with rather bandy legs. His most curious feature is the dull blue tattoos that earned him his nickname, their

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elaborate decoration contrasting oddly with his plain unadorned clothing.

Cenncaradh is in fact a fugitive shaman-wizard. He left his people – isolated hunters & woodsmen of the Pagan Mountains – after factional disputes split the hegemony of elders. Although that all happened a long time ago and is not part of Cenncaradh's life now, the new leadership remembers him and still wishes to see him eliminated. They have engaged a Master of the Clan of Harbingers to this end (see entry for The Cause is Altered tavern (21)).

Other NPC Names

Some suitable names for NPCs and PCs from in & around Brymstone:

LEO

RHYS

GIRALDUS

ANGARATH (f.)

IOLO of CLERMONT

ODO

RADBROD

ALCUIN

WULFSTAN

HELFDEN

BRYTHNA (f.)

GUDRUN (f.)

GUTHLAC of CROWLAND

BEGAN

DIARMID

GVINAIR (f.)

ETAIN (f.)

EGIL

GUNNAR

HORIK

IVAR

LIGNI

RAGNAR

THYRI (f.)

KARA (f.)

KAISTERA (f.)

GUNNALDA (f.)



A full-size electronic copy of this map is available in the Cobwebbed Forest:

<http://cobwebbedforest.co.uk/library/maps.php>

Adventure!

Party strength

The question of how powerful a party should be is always something best decided by the GM. A group of four or five characters of 5th-6th rank would perhaps be suitable. This assumes characters with comparatively few special items - but who can think on their feet and fight efficiently. If that doesn't describe your group you will need to change things about a bit. Ideally, they should be about 40 or 50 experience points off their next rank at the start of the adventure, so by the time they come to the final reckoning they will have recently made a rank increase. The battle with the Brollachan should be a tough but winnable struggle for 6th-7th rank characters.

The adventure can be tailored to a party of any rank, and certainly low-ranked characters could be engaged in many creative ways within and around Brymstone until they are ready to take on the Brollachan, so the only disservice a GM could do with this adventure is to plod through the episodes towards its inevitable climax as-written without adding extra detail or improvised incidents.

Running these Adventures

A town setting such as Brymstone should always be the setting for a full-blown campaign. GMs are strongly encouraged to enter each gaming session with a few vague ideas ready to flesh-out on-the-fly as the game unfolds, prepare a few stats or NPCs and ad-lib around the framework of the campaign outlined in the next few chapters.

For instance, one night as the need to acquire a new body approaches, maybe the Brollachan possesses a horse and gallops madly across the countryside. A lone pedlar sees this apparition and relates it (with some embellishment) to a cowherd who then repeats it in the pub on market day. It comes to the PCs' ears later, but by that time the pedlar has moved on and they have no chance of tracking down the roots of the story even if they thought to try. They may or may not link it to another story - of a dead horse, hideously withered and twisted by a crippling malady, found out on The Rough one morning. And after Rohcyl's kidnap (if he is kidnapped - see Episode II), some drunken farmer might just spot the Brollachan taking his new body:

"I were dozin' behind this tree by the river, see, 'avin' drunk perhaps more 'an I needed, an' I woke about midnight to see these little goblins

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carryin' some poor chap out of a boat. Well, there were this tall thin feller on the other bank, an' 'e called across to 'em, sayin' "Bring 'e 'ere, you knows I can't cross". All them goblins started a titterin' an' a-gigglin', an' the poor feller they'd ahold of moaned somethin' fearful, when suddenly this thin wight calls out again, only this time 'e's got a voice like a clap o' thunder! The goblins all fall down in a tremblin' heap an' start wailin' for mercy, then they bundle the feller in the boat again an' row 'im over to where the other one's waitin'. Well, 'e took that poor feller's head in 'is thin hands an' the next thing - an' I swear on me good mother's grave I were sober when I saw it - he sort o' belched up all this black smoke into 'is face! I only 'eard a muffled scream, but I caught a 'orrible whiff o' brimstone right across the river.

"The thin feller, 'e falls down like a broken puppet, but the feller the

goblins 'ad I thought he were a goner, but 'e sort o' breathes in the smoke an' then some'ow 'e's turned into the other feller even though 'e don't look no different. The goblins all start to grovel at 'is feet, but just then 'e sees me an' gives a great shout. Well, I don' need no tellin' but I'm off like a ferret in a hole, an' don' turn round till I'm 'ome and a-holdin' on to a crucifix in one 'and and an oak club in the other...."

Bear in mind also that any rumours/stories/eyewitness accounts that do reach the characters' ears will not be finely documented and organized. They will hear varying snippets from different people, and probably not get a pristine version even if they find the instigator of the tale. And they will need to do some calendar-marking if they want to try and make sense of everything, because the order in which events happen will not be the order in which they hear about them...

The Brollachan

" Long ago, before the awakening of men's hearts to the True Faith, there was found in the far north of this land a strange being left over from the parting of Death and Life. No form had it, save what it could seize, and the men of the North Country feared it, believing it to be a god. At each new moon they sacrificed to it their goods, cattle and even their children.

The demon Achferinar took it for a servant and bestowed upon it great gifts of sorcery, yet it was ever wilful and would not answer its master's call when he summoned his servants to the Feast of the Breaking. Thus it was that it survived the fate of the old gods and continued to trouble the men of the North.

At length Kurnac Mac Dir, whose domain this now was, sent out his heroes to seize and bind the monster. He himself sealed the enchantment by which the Brollachan was sunk in the depths of the sea, to thresh and chafe impotently there and trouble the hills and vales of Middle Earth no more..."

An extract from the Journal of Middle Earth by Edlym Whiteboard, now preserved in the civic library in Brymstone.

In recent years, a sacerdote of Krarth, by the name of Shaitan, sought out the creature mentioned in ancient annals, hoping to restore its freedom and profit thereby. After many years of documentary research, he travelled across Mercania and the Mergeld Sea and arrived at length in the city of Brymstone, where he rented a house. He spent much time exploring the islands close by the harbour mouth. We may only deduce the result of his quest, for once recovered and released from its confinement the Brollachan took the body of the unfortunate sacerdote for itself. Doubtless it seethed with thoughts of timeless vengeance on the mortal descendants of those who had condemned it to imprisonment - but to achieve this purpose it required

information, the face of the land having changed since it last ruled. Thus it was that the Brollachan went into hiding to prepare for the final reckoning. By the time the PCs arrive on the scene, however, its need for a new host body is of first importance. It is this that will bring the Brollachan out into the open.

The aims of the Brollachan are to destroy the newly completed Church of All Saints in the town, to slay or drive off all priests of the new gods (and by its millennial reckoning this means the worshippers of Tor and Wotan as much as those who follow the True Faith) and, ultimately, to rule the area as it did before its penning. 'To rule' in this context does not mean to oversee the lives of its subjects as a king rules, but to

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enslave and bestify the upstart mortals and then blight the land with the black sorcery of Chaos. The Brollachan is not unintelligent, but it does not think as men think and it is fanatical to a degree that it may easily commit rash acts. Only this fact can give those who oppose it any chance of victory.

THE BROLLACHAN			
Attack	36	Magical Attack	28
Defence	30	Magical Defence	18
Perception	*	Vision	Panoptical
Stealth	17	Health Points	36
Evasion	7	Magic Points	24
		Rank Equivalence	15
Movement	12m (25m)		
Weapons/Attacks	Sword (d10+5, 10) in melee or (d10+3, 8) if thrown. Any strike from this sword may drain 3d6 XP (Magic Defence resists)		
Armour/Defences	AF 7		
Special Abilities	Spellcasting abilities of a 12 th rank warlock. Regenerates 1HP per round. Gaze may transfix (Magic Defence resists).		
Reflexes	14		

* The Brollachan always perceives enemies unless concealed by magic.

The Brollachan's natural form is a pyramid of viscous black smoke. It must take the form of other living creatures - preferably human - to function and thrive. A stolen body is gradually warped and stretched by the Brollachan's occupancy until it becomes useless, so the creature must find a new host every 2-8 weeks or so. The Brollachan retains its own basic abilities in whatever host it

chooses. It gains the languages of the possessed individual but none of his other skills. However, the mind of the possessed person remains in a kind of enslaved semi-consciousness while the Brollachan holds his former body. The creature may question him – searching through his memories at will – and in this way it gains access to his knowledge. When the Brollachan vacates a body, the former 'occupant' is restored for a few moments before inevitable death...

To steal a body, the Brollachan must defeat its chosen victim in combat. Any opponent who is helpless (unconscious or dying) can be possessed. The Brollachan cannot possess a dead body, but at the moment of possessing a wounded or dying body can restore all lost HP immediately.

As a servant of the demon-god Achferinar, the Brollachan was given a number of abilities to supplement its natural talents. If it wounds an opponent it can drain his energy, and if it looks into a character's eyes it can sap his will. Both of these require a successful magical attack. It can also regenerate damage and has magical senses. These powers are explained in game-terms above.

The Brollachan's jet-black armour and sword are manifested only when it takes a body. They have no existence beyond the Brollachan itself. The sword is magical (included

in these stats) and returns to the Brollachan's hand if thrown.

Those possessed by the Brollachan can only be restored to life by 15th level Resurrect. The Brollachan can be driven from its host by immersion in fresh running water (this includes complete engulfment by a water elemental), but the victim will still be dead.

Prelude: A Trail of Blood

It is almost dawn, and a sea-fog chills your blood despite the banked-up fire before which you huddle. The night has been cold but uneventful; in these well-ordered lands disturbances are a matter for serious concern. About the fire lie sleeping shapes, fellow soldiers of fortune, drawn south by the promise of money and glory to join an expedition against the piratical 'Sons of Eadric', whose recent raiding has brought desolation to the rich plains of Alba. Gazing watchfully over the camp and across the valley to the east, the first rosy glow of dawn brings you to the promise of a fair day to come. Seconds later, as faint shouts and screams reach your ears you are horrified to realise that the glow is that of fire. Fire!

Hastily, you shake your comrades and, gathering equipment, you consider your next move. Help in

need is always welcome, the more if it comes unexpectedly, and reward or recommendation for a comradely deed may smooth your way south.

NOTE: Of course, the characters may decide to turn over and go back to sleep rather than rush to the aid of someone they have never met. In that case, the characters will come across the raiders who have burnt the farm on the road south the following day. Otherwise, the characters will reach the farm as dawn breaks and as the raiders are mopping up resistance, rounding up cattle and prisoners, and are generally off-guard. If the characters ignore the fire, they will be ambushed by raiders on the road. Use the same stats, but ignore the remainder of this section.

There are eight raiders, six of whom are burly and rough-looking brawlers, but the other two seem to be co-ordinating the round-up, rather than doing any of the heavy work.

There is plenty of chaos and cover from smoke, low walls, etc., for the PCs to attempt to approach with stealth and ambush the bandits, but they could also attempt to parley. Their leader, Hugin, will engage the PCs personably enough, but will not agree to return any of the goods or cattle, neither does he have any intention of letting the PCs leave with any of their valuables, either. Unless the PCs are particularly convincing, Hugin's only purpose in conversing with the PCs is to give his squad time to position themselves for a fight.

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The 6 raiders have combat characteristics of 2nd rank barbarians (but no berserk ability). Hugin is a 3rd rank Knave, and the other co-ordinator, Gram, is a 1st rank Knave (for GMs without access to the Players' Guide, use the combat characteristics given below and just ignore the special abilities).

RAIDERS (6)			
Attack	15	Magical Attack	-
Defence	7	Magical Defence	4
Perception	5	Vision	Normal
Stealth	13	Health Points	1) 14
Evasion	5		2) 17
			3) 14
			4) 14
			5) 16
			6) 12
		Rank Equivalence	2
Movement	10m (20m)		
Weapons/Attacks	Hand-axe (d8, 3)		
Armour/Defences	Reinforced gambeson and open helm, AF 2		
Reflexes	11		

Should it become relevant during play, the raiders' names are Alaan, Brand, Ceredig, Duncan, Eadric, an Ferubrand

HUGIN			
Prof ⁿ	Knave		Rank 3
STR	8	ATT	12
REF	9	DEF	6
INT	14	Percept ⁿ	10
PT	12	Evasion	5
LKS	13	Max HP	11
		Max MP	n/a
Weapons	Shortsword (d8, 3)		
Armour	Reinforced gambeson		AF 2
KEY SKILLS & ABILITIES	Favoured Language Human Intuition Infuriate/Pacify Distract (taken twice) Gossip		

GRAM			
Prof ⁿ	Knave		Rank 1
STR	10	ATT	11
REF	13	DEF	6
INT	9	Percept ⁿ	8
PT	10	Evasion	6
LKS	10	Max HP	7
		Max MP	n/a
Weapons	Shortsword (d8, 3)		
Armour	Reinforced gambeson		AF 2
KEY SKILLS & ABILITIES	Disguise (taken twice) Pilfer (taken twice) Distract Magic Hands		

All the raiders wear quilted gambesons reinforced with leather, and open leather helms (AF 2). They do not wear shields, the better to carry loot.

Having driven off or killed the raiders, the PCs are welcomed as saviours by the farm people, and they begin the mournful task of rescuing their remaining valuables and rounding up

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livestock. Having lost their home, they will be travelling south to relatives, and they ask if you will accompany them.

Jehane, the farmer's wife, will offer the PCs her dead husband's chainmail byrnie (undamaged in the fighting) and the pick of any loot taken by the dead raiders (save the personal effects of the farm people). There is coin to the value of 60 silver florins, a gold chain set with pearls (from the body of Gram), a pair of richly jewelled daggers (from the body of Hugin), and an ivory locket containing a miniature of some noble lady. More important than this treasure, however, may be the goodwill of the farm people, for soldiers, especially those without livery, are not popular anywhere in Alba.

Arrival in Brymstone

At the city gate, four guards armed with shortswords and iron shod quarterstaves watch the PCs as they approach. These are members of Brymstone's militia force, the Ironshirts (though despite their company name, only the officers of the militia actually wear metal armour). As the PCs approach, an officer in a fine coat of mail emerges from the gatehouse.

"I am Gothwin, Captain of the watch," he says as his men poke through the characters' saddlebags. "Strangers are welcome in Brymstone, provided they are law-

abiding. The law of our town demands that no civilian shall go armed in the streets, save for a dagger. Further, no man may practice magics or illusions, save in his own home. I order you, then, in the name of the Guild Council, surrender your weapons and talismans into my charge, else you must be turned away from our walls."

If the characters deposit their property here, they will be given a wax sigil by way of receipt. There is a 10% chance of an item deposited with the Ironshirts being "lost" when they later try to retrieve it. The alternatives are the Courthouse (very safe, but the paperwork may keep them occupied for hours) or the financier. These alternatives will require an escort of two Ironshirts for each adventurer, to ensure compliance.

[Is this indicated in the descriptions of Brymstone in the main body of this doc? If so, just refer to it here – otherwise, move it up and then refer to it. Also mention the exemption for nobles.]

Episode I: Deceived!

Shortly after the arrival of the PCs in Brymstone, one of them (selected at random) is approached in a tavern by an apparently frail old man. This fellow, whose name is Bast, begins to

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tell the character about himself. He begins with nostalgic and highly improbable boasts of how when he was a young man he used to kill wolves with his bare hands, drink fifteen tankards of ale a night, and so on. Eventually his conversation becomes more intense as he starts to ramble on about always being cheated of his dues by those younger and stronger than himself. When the character Bast has buttonholed begins to show real signs of irritation, the old man will suddenly come out of his senile reverie and offer 25F for the character to beat up a longshoreman by the name of Marlo. Bast claims that this Marlo lost to him in a gambling game but refuses to pay up. He points out a burly man drinking alone in the corner. "Ten silvers now and fifteen when the job's done," are Bast's terms - and it must be done here in the tavern, so that word will get around that it does not pay to take advantage of old Bast.

A young floozy leaning at the bar will confirm Bast's story if asked, but in fact it is all a complete fabrication. "Bast" is actually a pickpocket (trade name Saphir the Stroke) and wants to use the promised brawl as a distraction so he can creep around slitting the purses of anyone who gets knocked out or takes cover to watch the fight. He knows that although Marlo prefers to drink alone, the other longshoremen will pitch in if he is attacked. The floozy is Saphir's

accomplice, and will help to fuel any brawl by feminine wiles if necessary.

Saphir will pick the pocket of the character immediately after paying him (before the brawl starts) so as to recover his investment.

SAPHIR THE STROKE (Alias Bast)					
STR	12	ATT	12	M ATT	n/a
REF	16	DEF	7	M DEF	4
INT	15	Percept ⁿ	8	Stealth	15
PT	14	Evasion	7		
LKS	9	Max HP	5	Max MP	n/a
Weapons		Dagger (d4, 3)			
Armour		None		AF	0
KEY SKILLS & ABILITIES		Saphir's Stealth is 26 for the purposes of pilfering and pickpocketing.			

Saphir's attempts at purse-slitting gain a +3 bonus to STEALTH in this situation because his victims' attention will be on the brawl (equivalent to a -3 PERCEPTION modifier for extraneous noise and bustle – see page 63 of the Dragon Warriors rulebook).

The Ironshirts will arrive 1-6 minutes after a brawl breaks out. As strangers from out of town, PCs involved in the brawl that are still there (or unable to slip away when the Ironshirts arrive) can expect short shrift from the Ironshirts unless they are of reasonable status or can produce powerful friends. A bribe of moderate sum would also not go amiss (about fifty florins is appropriate - see page 193 of the Dragon Warriors rulebook). If knives have

been used or serious injuries inflicted, the affair becomes an entirely different matter, of course.

Some 3-12 NPCs will become involved in the brawl. Once it is in progress, align these into two or three groups fighting more or less on the same side. Cudgels, fists and feet will be the main weapons. Half of the NPCs are longshoremen or sailors who should be counted as barbarians of 1st-6th rank in unarmed combat. Even experienced PCs will probably be unused to fighting in a free-for-all brawl and should learn that they are not the ultimate warriors they thought they were! Marlo will concentrate on the character who first attacked him.

MARLO					
Profⁿ	Barbarian		Rank	3	
STR	16	ATT	18	M ATT	-
REF	12	DEF	9	M DEF	7
INT	8	Perceptⁿ	7	Stealth	14
PT	16	Evasion	5		
LKS	9	Max HP	12	Max MP	-
Weapons	Cudgel (d3+1, 4)				
Armour	None		AF	0	

The brawl should not be deadly (for anyone!), and whilst the PCs may wake up bruised and sore, any Health Points lost to the brawl should come back quite quickly (a couple of days or so).

Episode II: Guilds Day

The townsfolk of Brymstone are preparing for a holiday. The week following the PCs' arrival, there is to be the annual election of representatives to the Guild Council – along with accompanying festivities. The elections are public, taking place in the Market Square at dawn, after which the guildsmen file in procession to the Guildhall, each bearing the emblem of his trade and adorned in ceremonial robes. The votes are tallied in the Guildhall before independent witnesses. After the results are announced the remainder of the day is given over to feasting and public merriment.

Naturally, public order is quite a problem. Opportunities for thieving abound; much ale is imbibed, and brawls may erupt without warning. The authorities thus augment their small contingent of civic guards, the Ironshirts, with toughs hired off the streets. They pay good money for a day's work, and a bonus for each conviction (not arrest) obtained. Any PCs presently languishing in the town prison or stocks as a result of Episode I may be offered early release if he is prepared to act as an unpaid special constable for the day. This will depend on the severity of his crime of course - murderers or arsonists will not be released onto the streets! Others

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who, as public-spirited citizens, answer the call to augment the Ironshirts will be paid 12F for the day and a bonus of 15F for each conviction they secure. They will be sworn in under a morally binding oath - the penalty for breaching this being kin-wrecking and outlawry.

Special constables

The duties of special constables start at dawn on Guilds' Day and do not finish until the following sunrise. Each is only expected to work a twelve-hour shift, however. During their shifts, PCs who have sworn-in have chances of detecting crimes. The GM fleshes out the details of the day from these dice rolls:

1. Each character has a chance per hour of noticing a pickpocket in flagrante delicto. The chance is the sum of the character's Intelligence and Perception, rolled as a percentage. The roll is made at the start of each hour and, if a crime is indicated, it occurs at a random point in the next sixty minutes. A second roll is also made immediately to check for additional chances. A roll of 96-00 means wrongful arrest.
2. Each character has a 2d20% chance every two hours of surprising a break-in. This probability increases by 10% if the character patrols streets away from the town centre. There is a maximum of 3-6 attempted break-ins during the day. As before, a

roll of 96-00 indicates wrongful arrest.

3. Each character has a percentage chance equal to twice his Intelligence of surprising illegal gamblers. This increases by 10% if he spends a significant part of the day in taverns (but it also decreases if he has been spending a significant part of the day drinking in taverns).
4. During the night, each character has a d20% chance of detecting a murder or mugging. No more than 1-4 murders/muggings will occur. A roll of 96-00 means nothing is spotted.

There is a 5% chance of any felon arrested being a 'notorious' exponent of his art. A character who arrests an especially notorious thief gains considerable kudos. Conversely, a wrongful arrest can lead to ill-feeling – the character in question (and his companions, whether responsible for the arrest or not) will be charged more for food and accommodation, distrusted and insulted by the townsfolk, etc.

Special constables wounded in the course of duty will be treated by the Ironshirts' physician, Cenvar, at no charge. Cenvar is not able to provide magical healing. Payment for their day's work will be made at dawn when they are discharged. Bonus money for convictions may be collected later.

Even if PCs do not wish to be sworn-in as special constables, the day's

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festivities should still provide some fun. Especially if some PCs join the special constabulary while their comrades whoop it up in the streets... Also, don't forget that PCs are as likely as the next man to be the targets of pickpockets or muggers.

During the evening and night, the main causes of concern to the authorities are drunken brawls and the settlement of old scores. This is more common in taverns of the lower sort – and in the wagon parks beyond the walls, where rival drivers occasionally advance their masters' trading by means of murder. At one point the PCs will be called to The Cause is Altered pub to break up a full-scale brawl when they notice a disturbance at the end of the wharf. A man is struggling in deathly silence against five hunched, capering figures. If the characters did not choose to become special constables, they were drinking in the pub when the fight started and are just slinking out when they notice this.

The man under attack is Rohcyl, pilot of one of the merchant ships in the harbour. He was staggering back drunk to his berth when the strange creatures waylaid him. They are bodachs - sly, wizened, crow-like dwarves that torture the souls of Achferinar's mortal servitors in the halls of that great demon lord. Another gift given the Brollachan by Achferinar long ago was the power to summon a group of these curious creatures to be its servants. The Brollachan can summon 2-20

bodachs each year (on midwinter's day), and has sent these five into town to kidnap a new host body.

BODACHS			
Attack	17	Magical Attack	-
Defence	10	Magical Defence	6
Perception	7	Vision	Panoptical
Stealth	19	Health Points	2d6+5
Evasion	6	Rank Equivalence	5
Movement	10m (15m)		
Weapons/Attacks	Shortsword (d8, 3); Spear (2d4, 4); or Claws (d10, 2)		
Armour/Defences	AF 2		
Special Ability	Reflect warlock and sorcerer spells of levels 1 and 2 back on caster.		
Reflexes	14		

Bodachs have one more bizarre ability – or peripheral magic, really – in that anyone they are attacking cannot be heard outside about a 5m radius. This effect does not actually prevent the victim from yelling (or spell casting), but it makes it less likely that anybody will notice the attack and come to his aid.

The bodachs will break off their attack and dive into the water if outnumbered. Those that dive into the water are lost (they sink like stones), but should the characters catch one and bind it with iron chains it will be compelled to answer three yes/no questions truthfully and then die. This form of interrogation will be suggested to a character who inquires at the Church.

Rohcyl is a normal human and is now so terrified that he can do nothing to defend himself. He simply cowers on

the wharf while the PCs fight the bodachs. If the bodachs manage to haul Rohcyl into a boat (which any two unengaged bodachs can do in 1-6 Rounds) they will row off with him, chattering and cackling. If they return with him to their master, the Brollachan will give up its old decomposing form and take this new one.

Episode III: Trouble with Goblins

The characters receive a visit at their lodgings from several local farmers, who explain that their farms have been raided by goblins several times over the last few weeks and livestock and valuables have been stolen. One farmer actually saw a goblin scrambling through his downstairs window one night with his best leather boots in its hand. By the time he found his longbow, however, the thief had escaped.

Some shepherds have reported goblins troubling their flocks close to Nine Barrows Down, and this is where they are believed to lair. If the characters will track down the goblins and either slaughter them or drive them from the area, the farmers will pay each character 200F, with a bonus of 50F to be shared between

the characters for each goblin head brought back.

If the characters ask, they will be told that goblins occasionally used to bother outlying farmsteads around Cradoc's Ford but were unknown this close to Brymstone until the events of the last few weeks. One of the farmers, Mordoc Walker, knows a little bit about goblins. He finds it curious that there have been so many raids in such a short time, as goblins usually try to keep a low profile when near to towns. Their magic is weakened away from the wildwood.

The next raid occurs two days after the characters take on the job. They can try tracking the goblins the next morning. If they fail their tracking rolls they can try again after each new raid. There is a raid every 1-8 days.

The goblin's lair is inside one of the barrows for which the Down is named. These mounds contain the mortal remains of nine defenders of Brymstone. The local folklore is that they will rise again if the town is ever attacked, so most people give the barrows a wide and respectful berth. There are seven goblins, and they also have a barghest which is a kind of pet though they have no control over it. It lurks in the general vicinity of the Nine Barrows (and has done for centuries); when the goblins are attacked, it will come to their aid within 3-12 rounds.

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POORNOSE (Goblin Leader)			
Attack	15	Magical Attack	16
Defence	9	Magical Defence	6
Perception	14	Vision	Darksight
Stealth	21	Health Points	11
Evasion	6	Magic Points	6
		Rank Equivalence	2
Movement	12m (25m)		
Weapons/Attacks	Shortsword (d8, 3); or Sling (d6, 3)		
Armour/Defences	AF 1		
Special Ability	Spellcasting ability of a 2 nd rank sorcerer.		
Reflexes	14		

GOBLINS (6)			
Attack	13	Magical Attack	-
Defence	7	Magical Defence	6
Perception	13	Vision	Darksight
Stealth	21	Health Points	1d6+4
Evasion	5	Rank Equivalence	1
Movement	12m (25m)		
Weapons/Attacks	Shortsword (d8, 3); or Sling (d6, 3)		
Armour/Defences	AF 1		
Reflexes	12		

BARGHEST			
Attack	20	Magical Attack	22
Defence	6	Magical Defence	15
Perception	17	Vision	Panoptical
Stealth	24	Health Points	20
Evasion	6	Rank Equivalence	7
Movement	15m (30m)		
Weapons/Attacks	Fangs (d8, 6 and psychic poison)		
Armour/Defences	AF 2. Half damage, except from magical or silver weapons.		
Special Abilities	Automatic surprise. Gaze transfixes (Magic Defence resists). Bark is a d12 fright attack to weaken. Dying howl prevents any dead character nearby from being resurrected.		
Reflexes	12		

Group Treasure

The goblins have all their booty in a sack in their barrow. This consists of cutlery, candlesticks, clothing and miscellaneous trinkets. After all items have been returned to the characters' employers it will be found that Borin Carver's best leather boots are still missing (the goblins threw them into the sea because they were too big to wear). He will take 25F from what remains in the sack (spoils from earlier raids), leaving the characters with a grand bonus of 110F on top of their pay.

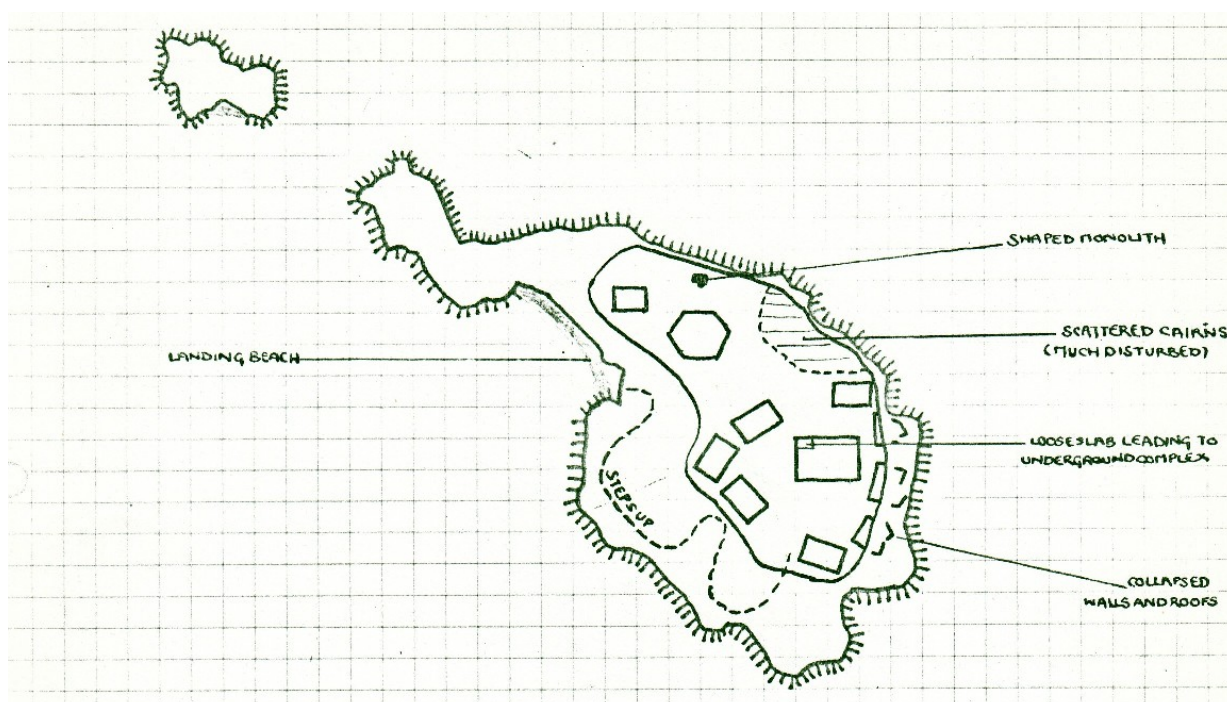
If the characters give the goblins a chance to talk, they will explain that they used to live in the woods near the Black Lake. A little over a month ago, they were surprised to find that a sorcerous priest and several strange

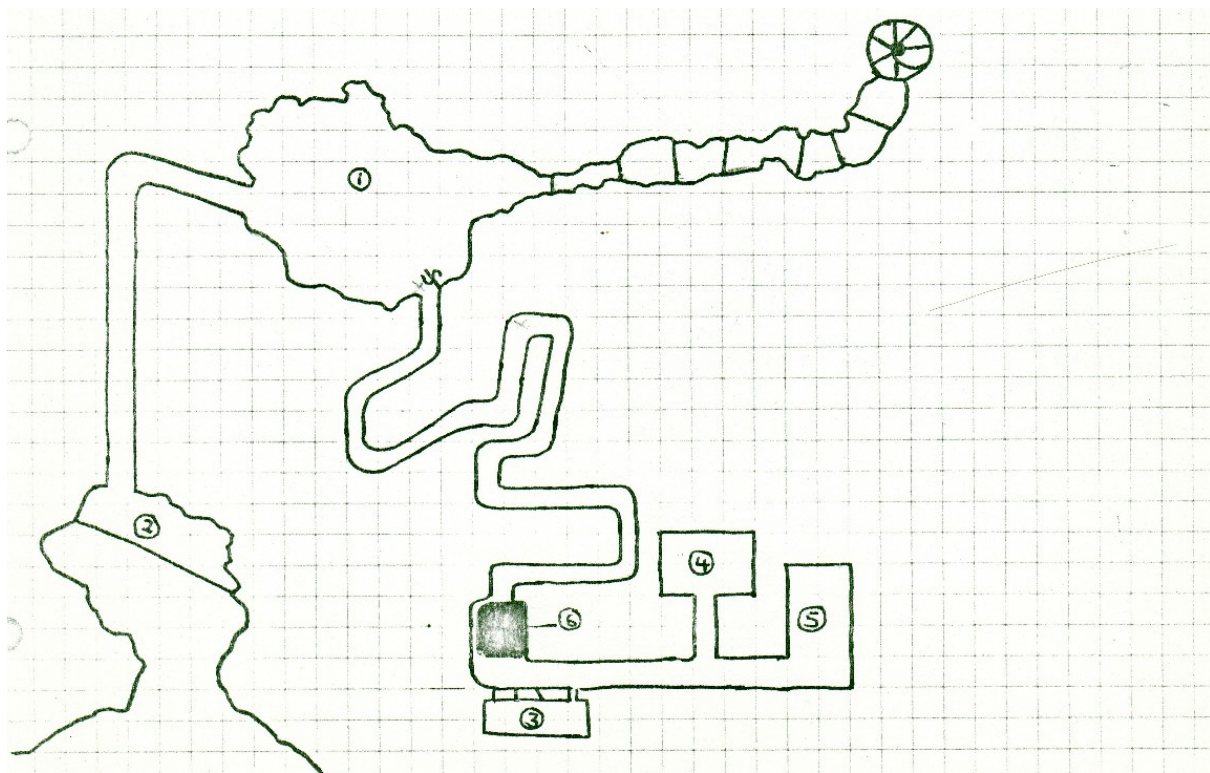
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creatures had moved into a cave lair nearby. When they went to pay their respects to the priest, he had his creatures throw them out. They then moved to Nine Barrows Down and, finding their new home dank and chill, decided to steal from nearby farms until they had enough booty to make a grand gift to the priest. They hoped in this way to ingratiate themselves with him and be allowed to move back into their old home.

While this plan might seem incomprehensible to a human, it is typical of faerie mentality.

The 'priest' to which they refer is in fact the Brollachan (in the sacerdoté Shaitan's body), and the mysterious creatures are his bodach servants. If the characters make a visit to the lair now they are in for a battle-royal; if not, the bodachs show up again in Episode VI.





Episode IV: Inis Manístir

Some three or four miles south-west of the harbour mouth lies a small group of uninhabited islands. On one of these, Inis Manístir, is situated the remains of a small monastery. Report has it that in years past the holy men of Ellesland, seeking respite from the cares of the world, would come here to meditate and worship. Almost certainly it would have been from this base that the True Faith was brought to Brymstone.

Some six weeks prior to the PCs' arrival in Brymstone, a Krarthian sacerdote by the name of Shaitan asked permission of Gothi, senior priest at the Minster, if he might make an archaeological examination of

the ancient monastery. To do so was only a gesture of politeness, for (as Gothi well knew) such permission was not strictly necessary. Thus, and since he believed nothing of interest remained at the monastery since its sacking by Mercanian raiders a half-century ago, Gothi acceded to the request. Shaitan departed in a small boat with a great amount of equipment, provisions for several days, and half a dozen slaves. Although he returned to Brymstone on two occasions during the first week, nothing has been heard from him since.

If any of the characters are active worshippers of the True Faith, after the Haligdae service, Markun, Archdeacon Gothi's secretary, requests the PCs follow him to his office. Once in private, Markun will offer each character 250F to investigate Shaitan's disappearance.

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Without saying so in crass terms, Markun will make the Minster's interest clear: Did this sacerdote find anything of value or sacred importance on Inis Manistir?

If the party contains no followers of the True Faith, they will be approached by their colleagues in the Ironshirts with a more materialistic but essentially similar deal.

Shaitan's Movements

By asking neighbours of the house he rented, the servers at the local taverns and bletch houses at which he drank, and maybe at some public buildings, the PCs should be able to put together his movements in the days preceding his expedition to Inis Manistir. If Markun approached the PCs, he will advise them to start by speaking to the Minster's librarian, Giraldu.

However, the PCs piece together Shaitan's movements, they will learn that he visited both the civic and Minster libraries, the mapmaker's and both bookshops. Should the PCs break into the house Shaitan rented, the characters will learn nothing more – Shaitan was a very cautious man, and left no records lying about for prying eyes.

- By speaking to the staff at the taverns and bletch houses, they will remember Shaitan as he was interested in local history and folklore relating to ancient times.
- The mapmaker will recall that Shaitan brought a ragged map

into the shop for copying, and adds that he recognized it as a map of the island of Inis Manister and the surrounding waters. It was rather like a naval chart.

- If the characters refer to the books Shaitan looked at in the libraries (characters must be literate, see page 56 of the Dragon Warriors rulebook) they will come across The Journal of Middle Earth with its passage about the shackling of the Brollachan **[PLAYER HANDOUT]**. Astute characters (Intelligence of 13 or more) will notice that the page is furled over and there are some tiny blotches of ink down the margin – Shaitan found this passage important enough to make a copy.

Inis Manistir is the logical place to begin the investigation. The ruined monastery is as indicated on the map. There is no sign of life apart from the flocks of shrieking seagulls. Rock-cut steps lead up precariously from the landing beach. From an antiquarian point of view the monastery is of considerable interest, although ruined and overgrown. There is an old hearth in the central building and a search (roll Perception or less on d20) reveals a loose slab here that lifts to reveal a newel staircase down into the heart of the island...

[Some optional 'mood text' to be read to the players. And maybe organise these paragraphs a little bit more]

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1. A Natural Cave

The staircase leads to a roughly hewn passage slanting steeply downwards for some thirty metres. Characters will have to stoop to make their way along it, and the walls are dank and slimy. The passage opens out into a cave about 25m across, with another passage leading out at the far side. A body lies across the threshold of a secret door which stands open on the southern side of the cave. It appears to have been dead for several weeks, and judging by the simple sackcloth tunic and bronze torc the man was a slave. He was apparently fleeing towards the stairway to the surface when killed by a sword-blow.

2. Stone Quay

Apart from the complex beyond the secret door, the only other area of interest is the stone built quay where much of Shaitan's seafaring equipment is still piled: ropes, nets, grapples, and so on. Of a boat there is no sign (it was used by the Brollachan to reach the mainland).

3. Guard Chamber

Room 3 is a guard chamber, to judge by the bowslits that look out onto the pit and corridor. It is empty; a bare stone chamber.

4. Camp Site

Measuring about 6m by 4m, this room has clearly been used as a temporary camp site. Here are a

few belongings of the slaves, as well as provisions (mostly gnawed by rats), lengths of rope, grapples, shovels and suchlike. There is an ancient fireplace which still holds the ashes of recent fires. A character listening at the chimney will be able to hear the wind as it roars across the barren island above. If climbed, it emerges under a ledge of rock in the eastern cliff-face.

5. Shaitan?

Room 5 is slightly larger and better appointed than 4. There are niches in the walls that contain a number of yellowed scrolls that have miraculously withstood the ravages of time. Most have, however, been torn to shreds by an explosion which seems to have taken place here. Shards of violet-black crystal litter the floor and are imbedded in the bodies of two more slaves. The force of the explosion also drove fragments of the crystal into the camping equipment in the corner. From the surviving scraps of parchment, it seems that the scrolls were variously written in Bacchile, Old Mercanian and Lughwyd; if the characters can read any, they discover a collection of stanzas telling of the timeless battle against Evil in its many forms. A few have survived in complete form, and these are as follows:

1. A narrative concerning the demise of the old gods. A very

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rare, complete text. Worth up to 2,500F, this text will attract interest from collectors, historians and clerics of all kinds.

2. Of interest solely to theologians, this text details early monastic practice. The market for such a work is not large, but it might fetch 250F at an abbey or capital city, and perhaps twice that if sold in Selentium.
3. An incomplete copy of (i) above. Worth approximately 500F.
4. A poem in heroic alliterative verse dealing with the imprisonment of the hero Nolgoroth. Also has a section on the compilation of herbal remedies and a fragment of the Northern Annals dated c. 8th century AS. This manuscript, a typical mixed bag, would fetch up to 1,500F.
5. Monastic annals, including accounts; also lives of early saints and a version of the Brollachan myth. This is worth about 3,000F.
6. A collection of various texts in both Lughwyd and Bacchile. Useful for the help it can provide in translating and in restoring partially-lost texts. Worth 750 silvers to an abbey, and perhaps more to a wealthy book-collector.

The room also contains a few votive objects which the Minster

will demand - although if the characters prove obdurate they will recompense them with a 25F bonus as 'finder's fee'.

From the shards it may be possible to get some idea of what it was that exploded here. Since the shards are quite small and widely scattered this is a painstaking and (with some of them embedded in the corpses) somewhat noisome task. In all, some four man-days' effort will yield the information that the object was a hexagonal crystalline prism. It would have been about 42cm high by 26cm across. Some powerful force caused it to shatter outwards, as the tattered scrolls and corpses attest. The shards detect as faintly magical, as of some occult residue of a very great spell.

The characters will find a bronze coffer among Shaitan's effects. It is covered with concretion from its centuries on the sea-bed. Cleaning uncovers sigils of protection and confinement (recognisable by sorcerers). This coffer originally contained the hexagonal prism.

The fact that there is no sign of Shaitan – alive or dead – is bound to perplex the party. In fact, he was possessed by the Brollachan after accidentally releasing it from the crystal matrix in which it had been imprisoned. As one might expect, the crystal has a certain power over the Brollachan. A

character with more than 60g of the crystal on his person gains additional resistance to the Brollachan's magic (in game-terms this means +1 MAGICAL DEFENCE against the Brollachan's spells). The 60g must be in the form of a single large fragment, and if the characters were to search they would find seven fragments this big.

6. Beyond the Secret Door

In the passage beyond the secret door are two more dead bodies (also slaves), and if the characters proceed along this passage they will soon find another body sprawled in the pit trap. To cross the pit one must either edge around the side - there is a narrow ledge and a spike set into the wall as a handhold - or jump it. These entail methods, respectively, a roll under Reflexes on d20 or a roll under Reflexes + Strength on 2d20. The pit is 5m deep, and bell-shaped to make it impossible to climb out unaided.

Episode V: Vampyr at Cradoc's Ford

This incident has nothing to do with the Brollachan, but will provide some light relief for the PCs as well as a good fight! The term 'vampyr' rather

than 'vampire' is used here not as one of those cloying affectations like 'magick' or 'wytych' – which the author abhors! – but to indicate that this creature is not quite the standard sly bloodsucker. Folklore abounds with a number of interpretations of the vampire, after all. The shrewd and scheming tactician personified by Count Dracula is one; this is another...

Whilst this episode could be follow any time after the characters' return from Inis Ministir, as the previous episode is unlikely to have depleted the party's health and resources, they may be ready to launch straight into this episode. Upon their return to report to either the Minster or the Ironshirts, in their absence an urgent missive would have been received from Cradoc's Ford requesting help dealing with a suspected vampire attack. Ordinarily, such a fantastical request might have been discounted as superstitious peasants overreacting to a mundane malady, but given that the PCs are here and have just proven their skills, maybe they could investigate...

However, the characters hear of the vampire at Cradoc Ford, they are shown a message asserting that the young daughter of one of the farmers, Anskar, has suffered recurrent vampire attacks. Local efforts to track the creature down having proved ineffective, outside help is sought.

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The journey to Cradoc's Ford can be as eventful or otherwise as the GM feels appropriate – maybe they pass a tinker travelling between the local farms at which he sells his services. He may know of Anskar's farm and have some information about his daughter (which may or may not be accurate). Perhaps the characters could chance across Jehane (from the Prelude adventure) carrying eggs and milk to Brymstone and maybe she's paranoid that any surviving bandits might be following her, or casing her friends' farm where she's now staying, intent on revenge. Do the characters escort her to Brymstone, investigate her farm, or carry on with the mission to Cradoc's Ford?

Eventually, however, the characters will arrive at Cradoc's Ford.

The characters will be expected to arrange themselves into a hunting party by day and provide protection by night. For this they will be paid 25F a day each (payments will be made one day in arrears), and there is a reward of 300F for whoever removes the vampire's head. The villagers will lend a hand if the characters make any attempt to track the vampire, but they will not fight except in extreme circumstances. The vampire's lair is an old forgotten barrow on a low hillock west of Cradoc's Ford. There are no clear tracks, so unless a search party stumbles across it by accident there is only a 10% chance that even the most experienced trackers (say

Assassins of 5th rank or higher) will succeed.

The characters will probably soon see that the best way to catch the vampire is to let it come to them. At Anskar's farmhouse they will meet his ailing daughter Kara, frail and pale but still winsome. Her swain, a youth named Skuli, is also present. He is a very likeable sort, though not particularly charismatic or forceful. However, he is utterly devoted to Kara and will doggedly insist on joining the characters' vigil. They need only watch for one night before the vampire makes its appearance.

PYRON THE REAPER (Vampyr)

Attack	22	Magical Attack	-
Defence	2	Magical Defence	7
Perception	10	Vision	Darksight
Stealth	13	Health Points	30
Evasion	7	Rank Equivalence	8
Movement	10m (20m)		
Weapons/Attacks	Sickle (d6+2, 6); Unarmed (d6, 4)		
Armour/Defences	AF 1. Half damage except from magical or silver weapons.		
Reflexes	18		

Pyron can fight until literally cut apart, but effectively only has animal-level intelligence. This does not mean that he is stupid, merely that he cannot reason logically. It would never occur to him to lie low for a week or two to throw hunters of his scent, for example. When approaching his prey, he may utter phrases of reassurance ("But wait - Pyron means you no harm...", etc.) without consciously remembering their

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meaning. In trying to imagine himself into Pyron's role, the GM should perhaps consider something like a very long and horrible nightmare. Pyron's conscious mind fell into the sleep of death years ago, and the fragment that remains is primitive, tormented, and irrational.

He is not affected by garlic or crucifixes. Because he is just a walking corpse as opposed to an undead spirit, he does cast a reflection. He cannot change into a bat, mist or perform any other Hollywood trickery such as mesmerism. Immersion in fresh running water renders him powerless, and at the sound of cockcrow he must depart to his lair or be destroyed by the first rays of dawn.

In a fight at the farmhouse, Pyron will continue to attack until he is obviously losing the fight. If he manages to retreat (perhaps taking advantage of a chance diversion such as burning logs spilling from the hearth and starting a fire during the struggle – the GM can improvise) the villagers will insist that a hunt is mounted to destroy the monster once and for all. They will not pay the characters any more until Pyron is 'slain', and will place themselves under the protection of Ereik Longsword if threatened.

Pyron's hasty retreat from the farmhouse will have left good tracks, and his barrow should be found without difficulty. Forewarned by now that he is not the kind of

vampire to which they are accustomed, the characters should no longer be caught off balance by the fact that he is immune to the usual precautions. If they enter after sunrise they will find Pyron lurking in the very heart of the barrow. Bearded in his lair, he fights to the true death.

A distinctive mood may be brought to this adventure by giving some emphasis to the characters of Anskar, Kara and Skuli. Anskar does not entirely endorse the youngsters' relationship, so Skuli is eager to prove his worth. So eager that he might just rush into battle against Pyron – and either get himself killed if the PCs do not act quickly, or just possibly end up as the one who slays the vampyr and claims the reward! It could be interesting for once to give the PCs the impression that they are not at the centre of the stage, but peripheral characters in someone else's story. Whether that story is one of tragic love, grand heroics, gentle whimsy or broad farce... that is up to the GM.

There is a small amount of treasure in the tomb, though most of the grave goods are of purely archaeological interest (although Magnus of Chorazin may very well pay some coin for these artefacts) – just old pots and so on from the PCs' viewpoint. There is a gold drinking cup worth 900F, silver belt fittings (on the belt around the vampyr's waist) and a necklace of jet (not worn by Pyron; perhaps a last token from a

loved one). The silver would fetch perhaps 60F and the jet (prized by sailors as a charm against shipwreck) another 100F or 150F. All told, some 1,100F. The villagers will claim a quarter share as is their due under local law. Again, they will invoke the protection of Lord Ereik if threatened.

Episode VI: Trade War?

Mule trains have been disappearing from the roads leading inland from Brymstone. Although this appears to have been happening quite close to the town itself, no outlaw bands are known to be in the region and the civic authorities do not yet feel that the situation warrants official intervention (which always costs a great deal of money). The owners of the missing teams take a different view. As their posters around the market place proclaim, they are offering 5,000F for action or information leading to a return to normal travelling conditions.

The characters will find the team owners based in the Market Square (at the horse hirer's). The owners will not, reasonably enough, be inclined to hand out information to strangers about the convoys. The characters must produce official credentials (they ought to have friends in high places among the Ironshirts or the clergy by now, at least) or agree to sign a contract to investigate. The

man they will deal with is called Romur. He informs them that there is nothing to go on at the moment, as none of the mules, cargoes or drivers have been recovered. There is no indication of any struggle at any point along the routes of the missing convoys – the tracks of the mules and drivers simply stop. Romur and the other mule team owners suspect their rivals in Beltayn Port and Logston-by-Water are behind the matter.

The contract the characters must sign will be backed up not only by the weight of the law, but also by a geas which will only be removed on fulfilment of the contract. A character who breaks the terms of the contract (making off with recovered goods, for example) will, within one week, begin to emit a terrible stench making his/her company repellent to all respectable humans. Most nonhumans will react similarly, though some will smell this bad themselves! This geas spell was obtained by the traders of Brymstone from Sengool the Enchanter.

The hijackings are the result of freeing the Brollachan, which has been taking the convoys to gain supplies for its mountain hideout and money to finance its subversive activities within the town. Its bodach servants (see Episode II) have thus been waylaying the mule trains from their hideout in hills near the Black Lake. This cave overlooks an ancient shrine – unknown to local antiquarians, sacred to the Brollachan.

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The bodach's hideout will only be found if the characters witness them attacking a convoy and then follow them. The hideout is extremely well concealed and could never be detected by chance. By reason of their appearance (stunted crow-like dwarves) and noxious habits, the bodachs avoid human settlements, attacking only isolated shepherds or small groups of travellers.

There are fifteen bodachs, aligned into three groups each led by one of the veteran bodach leaders, Aak, Bek and Cecrop. If the characters trail a convoy and witness an attack, they are quite likely to run into the outlying pickets of the bodach force. (However, they will have to specify that they are right behind the convoy - they only need to lose sight of it around the side of a hill to give the bodachs time to swoop and steal away their prey. Because of the bodachs' ability to silence their victims' cries, it will seem to the characters that the supplies and mule drivers were just spirited away into thin air!) Travelling disguised with the convoy is a surer bet, but they will then have to take on the main group of bodachs - Aak's and Cecrop's teams. Bek leads the others who will be placed before and behind the ambush point. Since he possesses the Eye of Kandius he is likely (say 75%) to see the characters before they see him.

AAK (First Bodach Leader)

Attack	21	Magical Attack	-
Defence	14	Magical Defence	12
Perception	8	Vision	Panoptical
Stealth	19	Health Points	18
Evasion	9	Rank Equivalence	
Movement			
Weapons/Attacks	Shortsword (d8, 3); Spear (2d4, 4); or Claws (d10, 2)		
Armour/Defences	AF 3		
Special Ability	Reflect warlock and sorcerer spells of levels 1 and 2 back on caster.		
Reflexes	13		

BEK (Second Bodach Leader)

Attack	20	Magical Attack	-
Defence	13	Magical Defence	13
Perception	9	Vision	Panoptical
Stealth	19	Health Points	16
Evasion	9	Rank Equivalence	
Movement			
Weapons/Attacks	Shortsword (d8, 3); Morning Star (d6, 5); or Claws (d10, 2)		
Armour/Defences	AF 3		
Special Ability	Reflect warlock and sorcerer spells of levels 1 and 2 back on caster.		
Item	The Eye of Kandius, a glass orb the size of an eye that, when worn in place of a real eye, enables its owner to project his vision up to 50m away.		
Reflexes	13		

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CECROP (Third Bodach Leader)

Attack	20	Magical Attack	-
Defence	13	Magical Defence	13
Perception	8	Vision	Panoptical
Stealth	19	Health Points	20
Evasion	9	Rank Equivalence	
Movement	30		
Weapons/Attacks	Staff (d6, 3); Axe (d8, 6); or Claws (d10, 2)		
Armour/Defences	AF 3		
Special Ability	Reflect warlock and sorcerer spells of levels 1 and 2 back on caster.		
Item	Staff of Silent Shadows, allows its owner to use the Mystic Pass Unseen spell at will, but only after nightfall.		
Reflexes	15		

ORDINARY BODACHS (12)

Attack	17	Magical Attack	-
Defence	10	Magical Defence	8
Perception	7	Vision	Panoptical
Stealth	19	Health Points	2d6+5
Evasion	8	Rank Equivalence	
Movement			
Weapons/Attacks	Shortsword (d8, 3); Spear (2d4, 4); or Claws (d10, 2)		
Armour/Defences	AF 2		
Special Ability	Reflect warlock and sorcerer spells of levels 1 and 2 back on caster.		
Reflexes	12		

With a level-headed and efficient plan, the characters may be able to observe a bodach ambush, then either chase or track them to their hideout. The Brollachan is not there, but they will find some 50% of the missing trade goods – to the total value of 22,000F. Under the terms of their contract the characters are

entitled to a seventh part of this (3,143F to split between them), and may also claim the magical devices used by the bodach leaders. As mentioned before, the bodachs will choose death rather than surrender, but if any are captured they can be interrogated by shackling them with iron chains.

To prevent this becoming farcical – “OK, we’ve caught eight of them so that means twenty-four yes/no questions...” – a single senior bodach should be spokesman for all those caught, and once he has given his three replies they will all expire. This could be accompanied by some dramatic device such as a growl of thunder or in the hills, or a cloud covering the moon as a drizzle begins to fall...

Episode VII: The Final Reckoning

The characters should have begun to suspect that some malign entity is at work in the area. The ideal would be for one of them to imbibe a Potion of Dreams and catch morpheic glimpses of the truth, but such a thing is not easily contrived. For the final showdown with the Brollachan, characters will ideally have made a recent rank break, so that they have new spells and strengths that they are

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eager to test in combat. That is, the extra encounter or two required to put them up should be fitted in before this episode – let them be at maximum strength for this, the climax of the adventure!

Cleaning out the bodachs' lair has rewards beyond the merely financial benefit. The characters will be able to play upon a reputation as stout and loyal warriors. Lord Ereik and his wife send an invitation; they would like to meet these heroes of Brymstone for dinner at their townhouse. The characters should notice the deference with which they are now treated – they are moved to better rooms at their inn, amid obsequious insistence from the landlord that there is no extra charge. One of the most charismatic characters may be delighted when a young Ironshirt actually salutes him in the street!

They duly turn up for dinner with the lord. Two or three naval officers are among the other guests, and over pre-prandial drinks they mention a curious wager accepted by two young staff officers. These two agreed to hunt the woods near the Black Lake for a day and a night. The woods had a baleful reputation even before the bodachs came. Local legend tells of a city sunk beneath the waters of the lake as divine retribution for the sins of its inhabitants. Shepherds disappear near there from time to time, and kelpies and other fay creatures are blamed. Flesh-rending ghosts are

said to dwell in the woods themselves, etc., so this wager is the equivalent of spending a night in a haunted house.

Conversation over dinner is not the painfully genteel affair the characters might have feared. Everyone present is interested in business, money, politics and warfare. The character next to Alyne may be slightly surprised at her vivid and lusty accounts of old duels. The GM should remember, incidentally, that this is no Victorian dining room! Straw covers the floor in place of a carpet; furniture is not elaborate; the guests drink from metal goblets, not glasses. Some of the windows contain waxed parchment, and such glass as there is consists of nearly opaque leaded lights. It is the kind of rough-hewn setting where Beowulf or Gawain might expect to dine. One of the most luxurious residences in Brymstone is a primitive situation by the standards of Ferromaine, and this fact is worth some scene-setting.

Dinner is suddenly interrupted when Ereik's steward admits a wild-eyed and feverish young man. It is Keir, one of the two staff-officers who went to hunt near the Black Lake. Ereik puts him in a chair and, as he clutches a brandy proffered by Alyne, he gasps out his story. He mentions having discovered a hidden shrine in ruins above the Black Lake. There is something about an earth tremor, and he claims to have seen a ragged figure (Rohcyl the pilot, if he was successfully stolen

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away in Episode II) with a demon of black smoke billowing from him. Not much sense can be made of the garbled story, but one thing is clear: Mador, the officer who went with Keir, has not returned.

Lord EreK apologises to his guests. He has some things he must attend to, but he asks them to continue their meal as if nothing had happened. If any characters offer to accompany him (one of the staff-officers will if the PCs don't) he tells them that he is merely going to brief Lakro, acting commander of the naval garrison. In fact, he also intends to gather his available men and go up to the Black Lake.

Keir is helped through to the drawing room by Declan the steward, there to await the arrival of the lord's physician. Dinner continues, but conversation is desultory despite Alyne's efforts to lift everyone's spirits.

An interlude: What actually happened

While Keir and Mador were setting up camp in the ruins where they intended to spend the night, a small earth tremor brought down a cornice of rock previously concealing the entrance to an inner shrine. It was here that the Brollachan had made its lair. Wrestling Mador to the ground, the creature discarded its rapidly withering body and possessed the unfortunate officer. At this unearthly sight, Keir fled in terror. The Brollachan followed at leisure. Its lair uncovered and its servitors destroyed, and reckoning to strike before further setbacks, it intends to attack EreK's townhouse and take the body of the lord or his wife. Then its vengeance on the people of Brymstone can truly begin...

Doctor Aether, a scholar and EreK's personal physician, takes some time to answer the call to attend Keir. Dinner is over and drinks are being taken before he arrives. Ushering the doctor and guests through, Declan opens the door onto a darkened room. The lamps are all out, and even the drawing room fire has died, leaving faintly glowing coals in the hearth. The terrace door bangs in the wind.

A figure rises from the shadows near Keir's chair. The young officer has dropped his glass and cowers back in the chair, petrified. The dying embers of the fire briefly illuminate the features of the standing figure.

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One of the other guests, Lieutenant Kaddon, steps forward in evident bemusement to say, "Mador! Where in the world have you been?"

Mador smiles, then swings back his hand. Shadows seem to dance around him, and suddenly he is clad in night-black plate, a sword glittering darkly in his hand. He brings his arm forward again and the sword leaps to impale Kaddon through the chest. Even before the body crumples, the sword shivers free and returns to its master's hand. There is a tiny whimper from Keir. In the brief instant of silence, a great shield which hung above the fireplace detaches itself and flies with terrible force towards the startled guests. Alyne dodges the shield and, snatching a sword from the wall, backs away from the advancing Brollachan. "Weapons in the hallway. Quickly!" she calls. The Brollachan steps over Kaddon's stiffening corpse.

Characters can equip themselves with weapons from the walls of the passage. There are two bastard swords, a broadsword, a spear and a shield. If they can fight their way across the dining room (or run outside and go in from the terrace, behind the Brollachan) there are two battleaxes hanging above the fireplace. There is also the shield that the Brollachan flung across the room.

Characters of noble status are permitted to wear swords in public. Even so, they will have left them in the rack beside the main door, and

must go back there to collect them. City bye laws do not prohibit weapons such as daggers, cesti and so forth, but players must have specifically declared in advance that they were carrying such a weapon if they wish to use it now. Anyone without a weapon can always improvise a light mace from a candlestick, fire-iron, etc. Naturally, none of the characters are in armour.

The other dinner guests are: Shala, a wycscyne, or wise woman, of the old Thulandic goddess Gefja; Lieutenants-Commander Wofran and Kelto from the naval garrison; two Mercanian merchants, Waeskel Westrider and Godric Bluenose; and the physican, Doctor Aether. As soon as the battle is joined, the monstrous other-worldly power of the Brollachan becomes apparent: an unseen force clatters and overturns furniture, thunderclouds gather in the night sky. These manifestations of the Brollachan's demonic nature (indicating the slow return of its former power) are no direct threat to the characters, but are quite likely to send the more faint-hearted NPCs fleeing in panic. A table is given for this below. PCs, of course, can choose for themselves whether to panic or not.

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Character	Chance of Panicking
Shala	10%
Wofran	None
Kelto	05%
Waeskel	25%
Godric	35%
Dr Aether	40%
Declan	None
Alyne	None

Check for each NPC at the start of the combat. For each one that panics and runs off, the others must make an additional roll on the following Round, and so on. Note that the fact that Wofran, Declan and Alyne will not panic does not prevent them from making a tactical withdrawal if they see no other option.

In the stats below, weapon stats are included for weapons a character does not actually have to hand but which are available in the house.

SHALA					
Prof ⁿ	Mystic			Rank	7
STR	9	ATT	15	M ATT	22
REF	13	DEF	10	M DEF	13
INT	13	Percept ⁿ		Stealth	
PT	18	Evasion	5		
LKS	10	Max HP	10	Max MP	N/A
Weapons	Staff (d6, 3)				
Armour	None			AF	0
Magic Item	Shala's staff reduces her psychic fatigue roll by 1.				

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER WOFRAN					
Prof ⁿ	Knight			Rank	6
STR	14	ATT	21	M ATT	N/A
REF	18	DEF	15	M DEF	10
INT	12	Percept ⁿ		Stealth	
PT	14	Evasion	7		
LKS	12	Max HP	18	Max MP	N/A
Weapons	Improvised Mace (d6, 4);				
	Broadsword* (d8, 4)				
Armour	None			AF	0
Skills & Abilities	[Knight Abilities]				

* As members of the naval garrison, Wofran and Kelto are exempt from the prohibition on weapons worn within the city walls. Wofran would be anyway, as he is of noble birth. Their weapons are in the rack by the front door.

LIETENANT COMMANDER KELTO						
Prof ⁿ	Knight			Rank	3	
STR	12	ATT	15	M ATT	N/A	
REF	12	DEF	9	M DEF	5	
INT	11	Percept ⁿ		Stealth		
PT	12	Evasion	3			
LKS	14	Max HP	14	Max MP	N/A	
Weapons	Improvised Mace (d6, 4);					
	Broadsword (d8, 4)					
Armour	None			AF	0	
Notes	Slightly lame in left leg; reduces move by 2m/CR.					

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WAESKEL WESTRIDER					
Prof ⁿ	Barbarian		Rank	6	
STR	16	ATT	21	M ATT	N/A
REF	13	DEF	13	M DEF	8
INT	15	Percept ⁿ		Stealth	
PT	10	Evasion	7		
LKS	12	Max HP	15	Max MP	N/A
Weapons	Improvised Dagger* (d4+1, 4); Bastard Sword (d10+1, 6); Axe (d8+1, 7)				
Armour	None		AF	0	

* Assuming he doesn't panic, Waeskel will fetch a large knife from the dining room to use as a dagger, then try to fight his way to one of the axes over the hearth.

LADY ALYNE					
Prof ⁿ	Knight		Rank	5	
STR	9	ATT	17	M ATT	N/A
REF	11	DEF	11	M DEF	6
INT	13	Percept ⁿ		Stealth	
PT	15	Evasion	4		
LKS	16	Max HP	11	Max MP	N/A
Weapons		Broadsword (d8, 4);			
		Dagger (d4, 3);			
		Crossbow (d10, 4)			
Armour		None		AF	0
Magic Item	Ring of Amoret, gives a permanent 3MP spell shield.				

GODRIC BLUENOSE					
Prof ⁿ	Barbarian		Rank	4	
STR	12	ATT	17	M ATT	N/A
REF	9	DEF	9	M DEF	6
INT	13	Percept ⁿ		Stealth	
PT	11	Evasion	5		
LKS	13	Max HP	13	Max MP	N/A
Weapons	Improvised Mace (d6, 4); Broadsword (d8, 4); Axe (d8, 6)				
Armour	None		AF	0	

DECLAN					
Prof ⁿ	Knight		Rank	4	
STR	14	ATT	17	M ATT	N/A
REF	12	DEF	10	M DEF	6
INT	13	Percept ⁿ		Stealth	
PT	11	Evasion	4		
LKS	10	Max HP	16	Max MP	N/A
Weapons	Broadsword (d8, 4); Spear (2d4, 4); Improvised Mace (d6, 4)				
Armour	None		AF	0	

DOCTOR AETHER					
Prof ⁿ	Knight		Rank	3	
STR	17	ATT	17	M ATT	N/A
REF	10	DEF	10	M DEF	6
INT	12	Percept ⁿ		Stealth	
PT	14	Evasion	4		
LKS	9	Max HP	15	Max MP	N/A
Weapons	Dagger* (d4+1, 4); Improvised Mace (d6+1, 5)				
Armour	None		AF	0	

* Aether has brought a concealed dagger to the house with him; he is a trifle paranoid about the chance of assault. But he will only draw it at dire necessity, as he is rather ashamed to admit to his fears.

Experience awards for this final showdown are high. Characters who take part will come out of it knowing they have fought something really supernatural. I suggest a base 3 experience points for taking part in the battle at all – and 1 point even if the character runs off. Defeating the Brollachan is worth 25 experience points divided between all those who did their bit, plus a 5-point bonus for whoever strikes the killing blow. The tremendous mythic aspect of the battle reflects itself in these skill

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awards, which are of course rather higher than would be given for

overcoming a comparably tough but mortal foe.

Elementalist Spells

These spells are based on Celtic myth and may be learned by elementalists that have trained as druids within Thuland. At the GM's discretion, these spells may supplement the elementalists' spell lists or replace the equivalent standard spell at the same level.

Spell	Rank
Corpse Candles (Fire)	1
Fimbülwinter (Water)	2
Key of Annwn (Darkness)	4
Pwyll's Chalice (Water)	4
Read the Leaves (Earth)	4
Spear of Llŵch (Air)	4
Nuada's Hand (Air)	5
Breath of Llyr (Air)	6
Birds of Rhiannon (Air)	7
Cast of Features (Earth/Fire)	7
Balor's Eye (Darkness)	8
Chariot of the Morrigan (Air)	8
Herolight (Fire)	8
Jack-in-the-Green (Earth)	8
Howl of Ossar (Air)	9
Cauldron of Annwn (Water)	10

Corpse Candles

ELEMENT: Fire (LVL 1)

RANGE: 0.5m

DURATION: 45 minutes

DESCRIPTION: This spell creates a ball of vaporous light which hovers above the caster's head. The light radiating from this source creates a twilight zone 15m in radius. The spell gains its name from the pallid look this light

gives to those illuminated by it. Note that if the caster later becomes invisible, the light will continue to pinpoint his location.

Darkness – The pallid complexion revealed in the darkness elementalists' face by this spell lasts for a day after this spell expires.

Fimbülwinter

ELEMENT: Water (LVL2)

RANGE: Self

DURATION: Spell Expiry Roll applies

DESCRIPTION: This spell encloses the caster in a 2m-radius zone of icy coldness (to which he is immune). This can be detected by the appearance of frost on the ground, water vapour on the air as the caster breathes out, and so on. Anyone entering the zone is immediately subject to a Magical Attack. If they fail to resist, the numbing cold confers a -2 Attack, -1 Defence, and -1 damage to his melee attacks.

Even if the character then exits the zone, the numbing cold effect remains until the spell expires.

Darkness – Anyone succumbing to the cold also suffers 1HP damage per round they are in the zone (this stops if they leave, unlike the other effects).

Key of Annwn

ELEMENT: Darkness (LVL4)

RANGE: 20m

DURATION: Spell Expiry Roll

DESCRIPTION: With this spell, the caster can gain control over an undead creature. Vampires, however, are immune. The darkness elemental must overcome the undead's Magical Defence, success meaning the undead becomes the elemental's slave for the spell's duration. All orders will be obeyed – even a command for the creature to destroy itself. When the spell wears off (or is dispelled), the undead creature resumes its previous programming (or, if it is intelligent undead, its own will).

Geas – If the undead resists the Key of Annwn, all undead within range of this spell will seek to destroy the caster.

Pwyll's Chalice

ELEMENT: Water (LVL4)

RANGE: Self

DURATION: Spell Expiry Roll applies

DESCRIPTION: The elemental can detect truth from falsehood in written material – a page that contains falsehood will be seen by the caster to have tiny demons swarming on it. It should be remembered, however, that there is little in the world that does not contain some element of falsehood, so the spell will only detect relative truth from relative untruth.

Read the Leaves

ELEMENT: Earth (LVL4)

RANGE: Touch

DURATION: Spell Expiry Roll applies

DESCRIPTION: The caster of this spell can examine some possible future paths and identify potential crises by examining the cast of a dozen dried hazel leaves. Like any divination, the information is not always accurate or of obvious clarity.

Note that this spell will never provide false information, it merely answers the question ambiguously. In the case of NPCs, GMs should make an Intelligence check to make proper sense of the signs. However, GMs may wish to make their players actually decipher the clues and riddles given. The information provided is at the GM's discretion, but it should be worth the expenditure of the Magic Points.

Darkness – The darkness elemental will always foresee someone's death.

Spear of Llwh

ELEMENT: Air (LVL4)

RANGE: Self

DURATION: Instant

DESCRIPTION: Llwh was said to possess a javelin that never missed and always killed its target. This spell coalesces into the elemental's hands a magical javelin (d8+2, 6) from the air, which the elemental must throw with the same range penalties as a javelin but with a +8

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bonus to his Attack score. Having struck (or missed) its target, the javelin dissolves into the air from which it came, which it also does if the spear is not immediately thrown.

Darkness – In the hands of a darkness elemental, the spear attacks as a (d8+3, 7) weapon, but if he misses with the spear, he may not cast this spell again until he has restored all of his darkness elementalism magic points.

Nuada's hand

ELEMENT: Air (LVL8)

RANGE: Self

DURATION: Spell Expiry Roll applies

DESCRIPTION: A shining silver hand wielding a magnificent longsword (d8+1, 5) appears in the air besides the elemental and will engage enemies within 2m of the elemental in melee combat until the spell expires.

The hand attacks with an Attack of 18 and a Defence of 12. The hand and sword show no outward sign of damage when struck, but any blows upon them (count hand and blade as one entity with an AF of 5) are rolled for as normal and when a total of 15 hit points have been sustained Nuada's Hand vanishes, as it does when the spell expires.

Darkness – The Hand is withered with dark leathery skin pulled taut across the bones. It clutches a Vorpall Blade, as per the sorcery spell of the same name, the magical properties

of which mean the Hand attacks with an Attack of 23 and a Defence of 15 as a (d8+3, 7) weapon.

The Breath of Llyr

ELEMENT: Air (LVL6)

RANGE: 100m

DURATION: Spell Expiry Roll applies

DESCRIPTION: This spell raises a dense mist which reduces visibility to only two metres. The volume of effect is approximately 25m in diameter and 5m high. Strange shapes are to be glimpsed through the mist, and these may lure a character from his path, cause him to unleash an arrow or spell in alarm, etc. The mist can either be conjured to appear at a particular spot remaining there until the spell expires or is dispelled – or it can be cast upon an individual. In the former case, it provides ideal cover for a retreat. In the latter, the caster must overcome the target's Magical Defence score – the mist will then centre itself upon him and follow his movements (which are apt to become somewhat random). Note that a fierce gale is ineffective in dispersing the *Breath of Llyr*.

Darkness – If the fog is centred on another being, the leering shapes seen in the mist are more distinct, more horrifying, and more personal to the target, subjecting them to a Morale Check against the darkness elemental's Attack score.

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Birds of Rhiannon

ELEMENT: Air (LVL7)

RANGE: 30m

DURATION: Spell Expiry Roll applies

DESCRIPTION: The caster conjures up images of the magical birds of Rhiannon, whose sight and song is so beautiful that any being glimpsing them will stand entranced until the spell fades. Affected beings will not even defend themselves if attacked.

Everyone in line of sight of the birds is subject to the attack, which can be resisted by Magical Defence. However, unless a character closes his eyes for the duration of the spell, he must make this roll each turn until he fails and becomes entranced until the spell expires. The caster himself cannot see the birds, and so is immune to their charms, and may also name allies as part of the casting who will also be unable to see the birds.

Darkness – the birds are not beautiful, but horrifying, forcing everyone who glimpses the birds and succumbs to the caster's Magical Attack to make a Morale Check against the caster's Attack score. The darkness elemental may not exclude allies from witnessing this spell.

Cast of Features

ELEMENT: Earth and Fire (LVL7)

RANGE: As a thrown rock

DURATION: Instantaneous

DESCRIPTION: To use this spell, a character must possess a representation of a human head carved half-size in elder wood. This is the focus through which the spell's power explodes into our world. The caster must first activate the spell while holding the head, then throw the head at his intended victims (making a ranged attack as if throwing a rock). The head then explodes, and everyone within 5m of it will take 1-3 2d8 wounds, with armour reducing the damage from each wound by its Armour Factor.

If the character misses with the thrown attack, the head explodes 1m away in a random direction for every point by which the caster failed his hit roll.

The carved head is destroyed by the explosion, so a new one must then be prepared – a process which takes some four days. A character can possess only one such head at any given time.

Darkness – The head is not destroyed by the explosion and may be retrieved by the darkness elemental to use again. If the elemental is unable to recover the carved head, he cannot carve another one for 1 month.

Balor's Eye

ELEMENT: Darkness (LVL8)

RANGE: Self

DURATION: Spell Expiry Roll applies

DESCRIPTION: The caster of this spell is touched by the spirit of the Fomori lord, Balor. His left eye shines with a baleful blue-white glare, which works as a gaze attack (see main rulebook p123) causing fear equivalent to the darkness elemental's rank.

Balor's eye has some disadvantages to the caster. First, he temporarily loses his sight in the affected eye. Deprived of binocular vision, he suffers -2 Attack and -1 Defence in melee, and -4 Attack with ranged weapons.

Geas – For each victim slain as a result of the Fear Attack caused by this spell, the caster must sacrifice 1 Magic Point to Balor immediately, which can be recovered as normal during his next Ritual of Recovery. If the elemental has no Magic Points to sacrifice, Balor takes a permanent Health Point instead.

Chariot of the Morrigan

ELEMENT: Air (LVL8)

RANGE: Touch

DURATION: Spell Expiry Roll applies

DESCRIPTION: A faster, but more short-lived version of the traditional *Flight* spell, the Chariot takes the form of a crib of winds that form around the caster, flying him to where he wishes with the speed of the north

wind (up to 100k/hour, about 167m/round). The spell can be used to affect someone else by overcoming their Magical Defence, enabling him to fling the unfortunate target where he wills. The spell cannot be used to fly more than one person at a time.

Darkness – This spell causes shadowy ethereal bat-like wings to sprout from the darkness elemental's back. If this spell is used more than three times on an unwilling victim, the darkness elemental's shadow will always show these wings (assuming the darkness elemental still has a shadow, of course).

herolight

ELEMENT: Fire (LVL8)

RANGE: 10m

DURATION: Spell Expiry Roll applies

DESCRIPTION: This spell confers the powers of the heroes of old, transforming the recipient into a raging berserker. For the duration of this spell, the target is considered in a Bloodrage, as per the Barbarian ability of the same name. While the spell is in effect, the character will be surrounded by a glowing, crackling aura, and anyone fighting him must make a Morale Check against the caster's Attack score (if the elemental casts this spell on himself, use his adjusted Attack score for the Bloodrage).

Note that the target cannot make an Intelligence check to end the Bloodrage, the Bloodrage will

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continue until the spell expires. If the caster targets himself with this spell, he is unable to terminate this spell early and must wait for it to expire naturally.

Darkness – A darkness elemental may only cast this spell on himself.

Jack-in-the-Green

ELEMENT: Earth (LVL8)

RANGE: 60m

DURATION: Spell Expiry Roll applies

DESCRIPTION: This spell evokes a nature spirit to fight for the caster. The Jack-in-the-Green appears as a tapering column of leaves and twigs about 2m in height, which glides and rolls along the ground. Unlike other elementals, it attacks by engulfing its victim and ripping at all exposed flesh with thorny briars concealed within its form. To avoid being engulfed, the target must evade the Jack-in-the-Green's Speed of 18.

Once engulfed, the victim cannot escape and automatically takes 7HP per round, reduced by his AF, if any – the Jack-in-the-Green can quickly tear apart an unarmoured victim! Being engulfed prevents spellcasting or attacking with a weapon larger than a dagger. However, any melee attacks by the victim automatically hit the Jack, but do still need to bypass the Jack's armour.

Any indirect magical attacks, missile attacks or melee attacks at the Jack-in-the-Green from outside will not only damage the Jack, but also

cause half damage to the engulfed character.

JACK-IN-THE-GREEN

Attack	-	Magical Attack	-
Defence	14	Magical Defence	8
Perception	14	Vision	Panoptical
Stealth	10	Health Points	3d6+10
Evasion	6	Rank Equivalence	8 th
Movement	20m		
Weapons/Attacks	Engulf (Speed 18)		
Armour/Defences	AF 3		
Special Ability	Immune to non-magical weapons		
Reflexes	16		

Darkness – A darkness elemental's Jack manifests as a turbulent column of oily black smoke with sharp shards of obsidian swirling within in its broiling midst. The darkness Jack is not subject to spell expiry rolls whilst it has a victim engulfed within it, using the life force of its victim to maintain its presence. The Jack may not be dismissed by a darkness elemental before the spell expires and will always attack the closest person to it, regardless of the elemental's direction.

Howl of Ossar

ELEMENT: Air (LVL9)

RANGE: 200m

DURATION: Instantaneous

DESCRIPTION: Any creature hearing the howl, including the caster's allies, must resist the caster's Magical Attack or suffer a Fright Attack with a strength equivalent to the caster's Rank. Ossar is the chieftain of the hounds of the Wild Hunt, and his howl

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is said to presage death for those who hear it.

Darkness – even if the targets successfully resist the Fright Attack, they must flee for 10 rounds, as if they had failed a Morale Check.

The Cauldron of Annwn

ELEMENT: Water (LVL10)

RANGE: Touch

DURATION: one hour to complete the spell

DESCRIPTION: This spell restores life and spirit to a character who died by wounds or poison. The body must be placed in pure spring water and sprinkled with dried apple blossom. Every six minutes for one hour, the caster expends 1 Magic Point to sustain the ritual. If the spell is interrupted before completion, the ritual is abrogated and no second attempt can ever be made on the same target.

A character resurrected by this spell will arise exhausted and in need of rest, but with all his abilities fully restored. The spell will not, however, recall a character who has been dead for more than seven days. Those in the land of the dead quickly forget their past existence and after a certain time cannot be persuaded to take mortality upon themselves once again.

Darkness – This spell must be cast on a corpse immersed in stagnant brackish water and will raise the target as an undead. If used on a character of less than 4th rank it will create a zombie, of 4th-9th rank a ghoul, and of 10th or higher rank a cadaver. Zombies will be under the complete control of the darkness elementalist, ghouls will not attack, but will not be controlled by, the darkness elementalist, and the darkness elementalist will have no influence over, nor protection from, a cadaver.

Indices

Index of NPCs

Throughout this book, many names and people have been mentioned and referenced, from the major NPCs like Lord Ereke, to the minor merchants and gate guards. This index should help players find who does what in this great town of Brymstone.

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