

Mercenaries

This sheet contains several mercenaries available for hire.

The Haverd Brothers – Six brothers from the low country forests, they have taken to the mercenary path together. Parlaying their skills as woodsmen, these men are experts at tracking and capturing people and creatures. Each is a skilled Bowman as well being handy with a spear or sword. They are selective in what jobs they will hire themselves out on, frequently having to turn down kidnapping requests for example.

Ordrun Grey – A former knight, he had his spurs taken from him by his lord for his excessive brutality. Though he lacks the title, he still very much boasts the skills of a knight, as well as having all the requisite gear. Grey doesn't care how vile a task, so long as the gold is commiserate to the risk. Known to some as the Butcher of Ferrance, he sometimes can be found in the company of a half dozen men-at-arms that owe allegiance to his late mother's family.

Evelyn Farstride – Evelyn has long been one of the most in demand caravan guards. With her twin scimitars she has held off many a bandit raid, and her expansive knowledge of the regions trade routes has more than earned her keep. She's growing older now, but shows no signs of slowing down. Over the years she has left a number of her children with innkeepers, always making a point to visit them whenever she can.

Knotch – Knotch is a crossbowman of some renown. A massive man, almost seven feet tall, he carries a crossbow so large that most can hardly lift it. Each bolt is almost a small spear in size, and is capable of punching through several suits of armor at a time. The son of peasants who were killed as an example against those who short the tax man, he offers reduced rates to take down knights and nobility. This has led to

him having a bounty on his head in certain realms, but even in those lands the peasantry will go to great lengths to help hide him from the authorities.

Big Thom – Thom is a big man, almost as broad as he is tall, and he's tall indeed. In spite of his brutish appearance he's actually quick with a laugh and always good tempered. When he was younger he acted as a bouncer for a number of bars and inns, but as he grew tougher and more skilled with his club, he took to the mercenary lifestyle. More risk, but better pay. He typically hires himself out as a caravan guard or bodyguard, but he can be convinced to protect most anything if the price is right, and it doesn't involve too much running.

Mother Brune – A former paladin of travel, Mother Brune has guarded the roadways for decades. She's older now, and unable to keep up with the rigorous demands of being a paladin, but she's still a handy person with a sword and shield yet. She hires herself out, partly to feed herself and repair her gear, but the bulk she sends back to the temple of her former order.

The Merry Widows – Twin sisters Lara and Lira killed their husbands rather than remain married to them. They have left the lands where they could be held as criminals, and found their way into lives as mercenaries. Each carries a nine foot spear that they are singularly lethal with. They care little for the task they are hired to do, so long as they get paid.

Hawk – A barbarian from the outlands, he is a skilled fighter and passable rogue if needed. Stealthy when called for, a whirlwind of broadsword when desired, Hawk is a city fighter beyond compare. He refuses to leave the city in fact, having fallen in love with its many distractions. A passable gambler and cheat, he makes due at the card table between jobs. Not very discriminating as to the source of the jobs either, as he's not *that* good of a gambler.

Traveling Merchants

This page contains all manner of traveling merchants.

The River Bounty – Gerrus is a famous fisherman. He is known for his skill and craftsmanship when it comes to anything from making lures, to snapping up spring salmon. He lives out of a large canoe that he has dubbed the River Bounty. He travels from bridge to bridge, sailing down rivers pausing to stop and sell or trade his wares. Rods, lures, tasty fish, and even the odd river pearl or two are what he has to offer. He's always on the lookout for rumors new places to fish, or of legendary fish for him to go after.

Kerralac Bladedealer – Kerralac is a fearsome blademaker. By far one of the greatest swordsmen in the realm, he has however sworn to never take a life save in self-defense (and even then only as a matter of last resort). He instead travels around seeking out unusual swords and fighters to test his metal against. Anyone he defeats, he claims their blade, adding it to his collection. Less interesting examples he will often be willing to part with, either for gold, or better, for knowledge of an even better find for his collection to be had. He usually is traveling with a half dozen or so of his students, which he trains as he travels.

The Wondercart – Hamden Bluebottle is an apothecary of some note. He travels the realms in his wagon, which he calls the Wondercart. Within its walls (which seem larger in the inside than out somehow), there are seemingly endless numbers of cures for what ails you. Diseases magical and mundane all fall before his knowledge and craft. What is less known, far, far less known, is that Hamden is actually a far better poisoner than healer. Much of his business he drums up for himself, making people sick only to then charge them for an expensive

antidote. For those who are in the know, there are certain signs and symbols worked into the paint on his cart to clue less savory sorts into his little sideline business of selling poisons.

Davron Herdcaller – Davron is a trader of small, exotic animals. From poison frogs to shocker lizards, tiny fey to three-eyed ravens, he has dozens of small creatures contained within in his train of three wagons. He is accompanied by his extended family, a dozen adults with again as many children, who help him capture and sell these expensive animals. He also offers animal training, such as to train up a poison sniffing rat, or a fey hunting hound.

Arnhold the Penitent – To those who don't know, Arnhold appears to be a poor, penitent monk with a small portable shrine built into his tiny wagon. This little hand cart though hides a secret: Arnhold is actually a trader in hyper-expensive and rare liquors. Within a false compartment of the shrine are usually between 5 and 10 bottles of the highest priced liquors in the realm. Arnhold simply pretends to be a penitent monk so as to hide his rich cargo, and not have to hire guards. He is so cheap in fact, that he refuses to even buy a mule to pull the wagon, opting instead to pull it himself.

Morgaine the Dreamseller – Morgaine travels in a covered wagon pulled by two grey mules. The wagon is painted black, with silver swirls, stars, and sigils dotting it. Inside it only has the typical stuff needed to survive, a cot, food, small items like that. Totally unremarkable, save for one small, locked cabinet. Within that cabinet are dozens of glass vials, each with a tiny swirl of color, like purple-red smoke. These are the dreams she sells. Where she gets them, or how she makes them, no one has ever been able to find out. But whoever buys one, then inhales the swirl of smoke contained within, will that night have the greatest dream of their life.

Minor Nobles

This sheet contains minor nobles for your players to encounter.

Lord Amspeth val Selk – Amspeth married into the Selk family, tying the knot with his husband Jerrid. Amspeth himself comes from an even smaller house, one that is gold poor, but land rich. Marrying into the Selks tied the wealthier House to his own, and granted them access to his family's extensive lands, and their ripe hunting. Amspeth is himself quite a hunter, spending more days on the hunt than not. He pays handsomely for rumors of unusual prey, doubly so if it leads to a successful hunt, and a new trophy for his walls.

Sir Illian of Groverdale – Sir Illian is the lord of the small village of Groverdale. Well into his 60s now, he is mostly deaf and partially blind. Otherwise though, his mind is keen and his body sturdy. He takes the protection of Groverdale seriously, often striding out of the small tower he calls home to patrol the borders of the demesne. He is much beloved by the townsfolk, who can recall countless times over the years that he has protected them. Now though, he is more likely to hire adventurers to help him put down rogue griffons, than to tackle them himself.

Lady Lauren vor Highwood – The Highwoods were once one of the realms Great Houses. It has fallen low now however, and its members scattered. Lauren has the title of Baroness of Lockenvale, but in effect just looking after the place for the Ellerson Family who bought the estate for a song years earlier. Effectively a renter on what had been her own land, she is desperate to find a way to take back what is hers. The years have made her bitter however, and not many would rush to aid someone so angry.

Ornden val Quinn – This minor border lord controls the logging town of Reston, and its little used ferry. This rarely interests the man

however. His is instead focused on his intense rivalry with the Lady of the next valley over, Willa val Cy'Vor. The two have been feuding for over decade, a fight about the use of the river. Ornden uses the river to ship his logs south, while Willa keeps a large number of fish traps in the river, that get destroyed by the logs. There hasn't been any open violence yet, but who knows how heated it might get.

Lord Blue Everdeen – Everdeen is a wizard, and technically a lord. He is the lord of Hamden Vale, but he ignores it, in hopes that it will ignore him back. He just wants to stay in the small manor home he inherited and work on his experiments. The vale however does occasionally need him. At these moments, he puts his spellcasting ability to good use, and turns himself invisible. The vale is growing desperate and are looking for anyone who can help force their lord to, well, lord.

Lady Celia vor Hisura – A far distant cousin of Great House Hisura, Celia is somewhat of a prodigal child. She could call upon her families connections and riches, but instead has sought to make her own way in the world. She captains a small merchant sloop, that she uses to trade up and down the coast. She is actually one of the best smugglers on the coast, but she acts in that capacity only rarely, preferring to make her money honestly.

Creti val Hawkin – The heir to the barony of Keswit, Creti is out 'sowing his wild oats' as it were, by leading a small band of mercenary knights. A half dozen strong, with as many again retainers, they hire themselves out in the many border squabbles that plague the west. He's young still, barely 18, but already regarded as a fair leader. As long as he stays out of the liquor before battle, which has, sadly, started to become a bit of an issue. Rumor has it his father would pay handsomely to anyone who convinces the boy to come home before he gets killed in some senseless battle.

Street People

These are folk that you might find in the streets, but not the usual suspects. There are no thieves guild members, no shop keeps, no guards.

Mary ‘Milky’ Martigan – Milky as she is known, is a fortyish year old female. Her name comes from her extremely pale skin, which held her in good stead as a sex worker when she was younger. Now though she acts as a sort of street mother to the younger women who have found their way into prostitution. Since Milky has taken charge no pimp has dared cross over River Street, leaving the girls to keep the money they earn. She earns her keep as a midwife now, and looks after the children of her ‘girls’ when needed.

Bill the Catch – Bill has made his living as a ratcatcher for over thirty years now. Old before his time, and with a face covered in pox marks, he’s prowled the back alleys and sewers of the city for decades. A quick shot with a sling, perilously so, he’s no stranger to a scrap. He might not be as quick as he once was, but he makes up for that with near legendary endurance. He’s also been known to trade a rumor or two, and is an expert at finding lost items.

Amrin, Tommo, and Sitch – Three young boys aged 8, 7, and 5 respectively are orphans. They have been living on the streets for a bit over a year now, and it shows. Their clothes are threadbare, and they are dangerously skinny. They have been living in the ruins of an old well house, begging for scraps from the inns and passersby. Amrin, the eldest, has been trying to learn pick-pocketing from some of the older boys in the area. Tommo has made friends with some of the alley cats, and they sometimes bring him things. Sitch has become fascinated with the old well, though he doesn’t know why. He dreams

about it at night, dreams that his parents are calling to him from its stygian depths.

Two-finger Jane – This woman of near 30 was once a duelist for hire. After ending up on the wrong end of some gambling debts three fingers of her main hand were cut off. She proceeded to hunt down and kill the loan shark with her off hand. Since then she has given up gambling, and teaches fighting lessons to anyone willing to pay. Rumor has it she’s an assassin, but most don’t believe that. After all, she’s got a crippled hand, right?

‘Mad’ Eric – Eric was once a young dockworker, freshly married, and working on building a good life for himself. Then the whistling plague swept through the city, killing his pregnant wife, his parents, and many of his friends. Eric was left a broken man, and his mind fled within itself. He now wanders near the docks he used to work, ranting and raving at times, at others weeping endlessly. He is difficult to talk too, but he sees things. Things that others don’t, or can’t, see.

Alora – Alora is the oldest of three daughters. She works at the Golden Wheel as a barmaid. She’s pretty, which catches the eye of the drunken patrons of the bar, but she has so far managed to tactfully spurn their advances. She keeps little of what she earns for herself, instead using it to keep her aging mother and younger sisters alive. As such, she’s always on the lookout for ways to earn more money that don’t involve sex.

Lugar Hamrin – Lugar was an apprentice blacksmith for a number of years. Just before he would have been allowed to take his journeyman test though he was kicked out of his master Israk’s smithy for reasons he has never revealed. No other master would take him on, so guildless Lugar ekes out a living doing what repairs he can on the makeshift forge he’s built on the back of Trevor’s Livery.

Street People – 2

The inhabitants of Crossten Alley, a dingy side street near the main market.

Haakon – Haakon is an old man now, well into his 50's. When he was younger he made his living wrestling his bear Angron, but the bear died of old age two years ago. Since then he has made ends meet as a beggar and day laborer, spending his few coins on cheap ale. His frame is still broad, but his skin hangs loose on his frame. At night, he has dreams of Angron, his best friend for two decades, and wakes up crying. During the day he wanders into the market looking for work, or to beg.

Ol Jet – This wrinkled old woman the 'queen' of Crossten, having been a denizen longer than anyone can remember. She has a small lean to that she used to brew small, noxious potions. Most are used by the cities sex workers to prevent or end a pregnancy, but she also has a few other small cures in her repertoire. She also earns a little money telling fortunes, a surprising number of which come true. At night she dreams about a lurking horror that lives beneath the streets, and it whispers secrets to her.

Twos and her ladies – A squat, brutal woman, Twos acts as a madam/pimp to a trio of women. Together they all live in the biggest structure in the alley, which really isn't saying much. Little more than a one room shack with a few rag beds, its where the ladies conduct their business at night. Erin, Lack, and Haddie, the sex workers, are all past their prime, but the kind of person who wanders into Crossten at night isn't likely to be too concerting. Twos herself is a terribly violent woman, and often drunk. Those who try and cross her almost always end up dead.

Tom and Jack – Tom is an orphan, Jack is his pet terrier. Tom has had the dog for a trio of years, since he was ten, and he has trained his pet to be an expert ratcatcher. He's also taught the dog

how to steal certain items from the market. In truth, the dog is worth more than the boy these days, and if you think the inhabitants of Crossten haven't noticed, then you're as big a fool as Tom. One day Tom is going to wake up with a slit throat, and short a dog.

The Beggars – over a dozen homeless men and women call Crossten home. Beggars all, they wander out into the city, those able, and beg all day. They return at night with their prizes, few as they are, and often fight over the choicest bits left. Most beggars have learned to devour anything you really want before you get back to the alley, and none are foolish enough to bring back any money they can't hide. Lar, Bella, Tommo, Hagen, Jernigan, and Lester are some of the longest term beggars. Being beggars, they often notice and learn things about the city that others might not.

Charlie – Operating from the mouth of the alley, nearest to the market, is Charlie and his stall. The best rat cook in the city, he serves up rat skewers all day and into the night long as folks are traveling by. Most of the rats he gets from Tom and Jack, though some he gets from his traps.

Knife – No one knows what this woman's name actually is. She never speaks, letting her twin daggers do the talking for her as needed. She's a lethal cutthroat, but mostly leaves the Alley dwellers alone. In return they give her a wide berth and let her linger in the alley unmolested. She spends her day reading the same book over and over, and occasionally leaving to get food.

The Secret of Crossten – Crossten Alley resides above...something. Some ancient, vile being is entombed a score of feet below the ground. Its aura of misery infects anyone who stays too long in Crossten, while also calling out to broken people, drawing them into its embrace. It feeds on misery, and one day, when it has fed enough, it will break free. And when it does, it will probably take the whole city with it.

City Guards

These men and women are the guards that are based out of one small posting near the worst parts of the city. Anyone here most likely has pissed someone important off to be sent here. Welcome to West Street Watch Station.

Captain Laurel – The unfortunate soul in charge of the West Street Watch Station. Laurel comes from a family of guards, her great grandfather was once Lord Commander of the City Guard. Laurel however is a drunk, and not a very discrete one. It's only her family name, and her early work as a guard that has prevented her from being fired.

Watch Sergeant Hanks – The sergeant in charge of the day watch, Hanks is a competent guard, if a bit of a stickler for the rules. This makes her unpopular amongst the rest of the guards, though she really does mean well for the most part.

Watch Sergeant Kellig – The sergeant in charge of the night watch, and likely the biggest rogue in the entire city watch. Corrupt doesn't begin to cover him, and it's only the extreme amounts of blackmail material he has on his superiors that has kept him from being fired. There is no crime that can't be bribed away, if the gold is real, and in large enough amounts.

Corporal Flynn – Flynn is the one who fills in when Kellig or Hanks can't work. Otherwise he handles the administrative work that all the other officers have either forgotten or been too lazy to do. This suits Flynn however, as Flynn is a coward. Leaving the watch station is the last thing Flynn ever wants to do, and thus as one of the few literate guards, he's made himself at home in the records room.

Guard Pelter – Pelter is a sadist, and killer. If not for his position as a guard he'd have long ago met the headsmans axe, or found his way into a

noose. As it is he acts as Kellig's enforcer, breaking legs and cracking skulls as needed to keep the bribes flowing.

Guard Tobbin – Tobbin is too young to know what a bad spot he's gotten himself into. Sent down to West Street after he bungled a simple, but important arrest, he's found himself on the night watch. He's being groomed by Kellig, but doesn't yet realize it. He's a good kid, but is out of his element.

Guard Danni – The oldest guard in West Street Watch Station, Danni is a leathery skinned older woman of her mid 40's. She is easily one of the most in shape guards, wiry and tough as rawhide, but her age has turned her bitter and mean. As she eyes a life after the guards, she's become a bit greedy, and has turned to bribery to start to build a nest egg.

Guard Ors – Ors is a gambler, but a terrible one. He owes money across town, accounts carefully cultivated by various criminal interests in need of a friendly guardsman. He owes so many different crooks money, it's growing harder and harder to keep his various allegiances from harming each other, much less him.

Guard Paula – Paula is addicted to Night Eye, a narcotic that she uses to help her cope with the horrible things she's see as a guard. The addiction is starting to outgrow her pay though.

Guard Idian – Idian has the look of a man whose once grand muscles have turned to fat. Slow and sluggish, Idian is far more likely to chase down a pastry than a criminal.

Other guards on the roster currently – Logan, Hugo, Illiana, Davrin, Willena, Flint, Jerrick, and Luciene.

Informants on payroll – Bellamy a beggar on Founders Lane, Greta a member of the Ratcatchers Thieves Guild, Lemar a fence over near the Spillway.

Minor Spellcasters

The following characters are minor spellcasters for your players to encounter.

Yance Killick – Yance is a hermit and hedge mage. The small village he lives near relies on him to cast and remove curses, but the old man is so reclusive and crotchety that few are able to get exactly what they seek from him. The exception however is anything involving animals, as he has a soft spot for creatures, especially pets. His knowledge of their ailments and related cures is encyclopedic. Though he has little in the way of actual power, he is a fairly skilled brewer of potions...and also beer.

The Bellwood Hags – Not actually Hags, this is in fact a coven of witches. Like Hags however, they never number more than three, operating as Mistress – Apprentice – Initiate. Currently the Magda, well into her 80's, is the leader. Her apprentice is her niece Ulvi. Greta, an orphan Ulvi found is the initiate, a young girl barely into her teens. The women are masters of herblore, which they use to substitute their fairly meager spellcasting ability. They also act as midwives to the surrounding communities. Magda is not well these days, a winter cough having refused to ever pass, and so all their thoughts are turning to the day, likely soon, when Ulvi will become the Mistress, and the hunt for a new initiate will begin.

Elia the Sightbender – Elia is a sorcerer who specializes in illusions. In truth, they are the only spells she can cast. That said, so long as the illusion is smaller than a foot cube, there are few better. A favorite of hers is to summon up an image of a cat so lifelike that folks often refuse to believe it a spell until they try to pet it. She can master a level of intricacy that archmages often fail to be able to achieve, so long as it's within her limitations. She earns her living entertaining minor nobles, or doing street performances. She

is also a traveling priest, worshipping the Goddess Malin, Lady of Shadows, who she claims is her grandparent. The church of Malin has declared that a heresy, so Elia rarely stays in one place too long, lest her church catch up to her. Regardless, she keeps the faith, even when others think she shouldn't.

Ordo and Illorio Frenz – These aged twin brothers are toy makers. They have, over the six decades of their life, become well regarded as some of the best toy makers in the realm. Their products are in demand from the richest merchants, and now even nobles have begun to take note. The little magic they have is primarily transmutation based, not learned like a convention wizard, but pieced together and intuited over the years of honing their craft. They have gathered their secrets into a large spellbook which they hope to one day pass on to a suitable heir.

Trena Oakbend – Trena is a woodsinger. She uses her magic to craft intricate items from wood, all without the use of tools. When an order comes in she goes into the grove she inherited from her woodsinger family, and goes to the appropriate tree. She spends the night singing to it in soft tones, and usually at the dawn a new limb will have sprouted as the desired item. Larger items may take several nights worth of singing, but rarely does anything take longer than a week. She can also perform this magic outside of her grove, but trees she is unfamiliar with take longer to 'sing awake.' Her favorite item to make are staves, and hers are in high demand amongst young wizards seeking their first staff.

Rel – Rel is a true namer. He has the power, and the gift of the tongue, but is still young in his craft. Currently he only knows the true names of Oak, Torch, and the Elswine Stream. He has also only managed to learn three of the syllables of his own true name.

Hatham's Traveling Circus

Hatham's Traveling Circus has plied the villages and cities of the realm for almost twenty years. One of the oldest performing groups around, they also one of the most skilled.

Hatham Mark – The founder and namesake of the circus. He is the ringmaster with a golden tongue, and undisputed leader of the circus. He recruits new acts, and decides when to retire old acts. He's known to be fairly strict, but fair. His many rules have kept this circus going when many others have failed.

Borean the Bold – Borean is a strongman. His bulk is so vast that there are rumors that he had an ogre for a grandparent, though woe be unto you if he hears you say that. Almost as broad as he is tall, he can lift one end of a fully loaded wagon with barely breaking a sweat. And his skill with the camp axe has saved the troupe more than once.

Tanis the Knife – The youngest, and newest member of the circus, Tanis is a knifethrower of rare skill. Though she has been with the troupe for less than six months she already considers it home. It's far better than the one she ran from, with its drunken, abusive husbands. And if one of her husbands should come calling...well she is a knife thrower...

The Tall Man and his Pixie Wife – The Tall Man, Kurgan, is almost 8 feet tall. Still young you wouldn't know it, as his bones and joints are that of a much older man. His Pixie Wife, Mila, is just over 3 feet tall. They aren't actually married, just very good friends and show partners. They take turns nursing each other through their various illnesses. When they aren't performing Kurgan helps Provo as much as he's able, while Mila is an exceptional cook.

Porvo Mark – Hatham's older brother, he is the man who executes the grand plans Hatham

comes up with. Hatham may be in charge, but Provo is the reason it all works. Part quartermaster, part doctor, part vet, part teamster, part carpenter, Portho is who the crew goes to when they have a problem. Only, as he's grown older, he's grown tired of building up his brother's dream at the expense of his own: owning a small farm. It's only his loyalty to the rest of the crew that keeps him around, for now.

Able and Sable – The Twin Flyers as they are called are not siblings at all, but lovers. They just favor quite a bit, not the least for their slim, athletic builds. The two are acrobats, dancing along rope lines, tumbling, juggling, and even dancing as needed by the circus. Unknown to Hatham however is their sideline as cat burglars. Most towns they visit will eventually have at least one home broken into by the two, where they steal some small trinket to decorate their wagon. It's just a matter of time before they get found out however.

The Jester – Archim is a clown, a jester. He warms up the crowds before each show with his trademark brand of physical comedy. He's growing older, but he's fanatically loyal to Hatham, the man who saved him from a life in the gutter. He'd do anything for the man, and has in the past. Should Hatham ever cut ties, the man would probably lose his mind.

The Rest of the Troupe – The troupe has a large number of other members, most of which make up the acting group. Led by Ravis, the actors were all once a standalone troupe that merged with the circus, a profitable move for both groups. Ravis chafes a bit under Hathams control, but so far she's been putting up with it due to the money they are all making. There are also a half dozen other performers, a full time cook, a couple of bards, a smith/wagoneer, and several game hosts. All told there are almost thirty wagons in the circus, and a number of other mounts. All in all, a very attractive target.

Villagers

This sheet provides a number of villagers for your players to encounter, most with some sort of hook attached.

The Markus Family – This family of sheep farmers has made a comfortable life for themselves, even this close to the wilds. Headed by Amar and Yasmine, they are a large family with eight children, and they have managed to grow their flocks year after year. All has been well until this year in fact. Recently some creature has been coming from the woods and taking some of their sheep. At the same time, their youngest child, Amara, began having night terrors. They don't think there is a connection, but they haven't found more than tiny smears of blood from their missing sheep.

Janice Hawkin – Janice is an older widow. Her children are grown, and she makes her living making bread and gathering herbs. She also does a little midwifing, if more established midwives are not available. Her husband died almost four years ago, and since then she has begun being courted by the local blacksmith, but she has so far resisted his efforts. It's not that she doesn't like him, but she fears her husband's ghost, which has begun to haunt her.

Laure Ennvi – The youngest child of the Ennvi family, she has inherited the smallest and least productive plot of her father's land. Knowing this, she has been trying to get into horse breeding, as she has enough land to pasture a half dozen horses. She has two mares for now, but she has recently paid the local lord to breed them with one of his warhorses. This has taken all of her money, and she's been forced to live on what she can gather from the woods. Her siblings refuse to help her, calling her a foolish dreamer. But she knows that just a couple of well bred foals can make her farm for her.

Grend – Grend is an orphan, his family dying in a fire when he was four. He was raised by an ekderky cousin, who was nice, if distant. They died when he was 15, leaving him a small cottage, but no land. He has since become a woodcutter, and though only 18, is as broad and strong as men much older. He has grown to love the woods, spending more and more time there, even when not working. He recently discovered a small shrine out in the deep woods, and he has taken to leaving small trinkets there, though he couldn't explain why. And his dreams have become...strange.

The Kerrick Family – The Kerricks have always served at the castle, as long as can be remembered. In years past one even served as Houndmaster. These days though most of the family either work as servants in the kitchen, or out in the stables looking after the lord's horses. Times are a little harder now, the new lord is a bit more tight fisted, but the family gets by. There is little they don't know about the castle, as many of its secrets have been passed down generation to generation, like where the secret passages are, or who is a bastard of who. It's secrets like these that have kept them in jobs for over a hundred years now.

Isren 'the Squire' – Isren's father once saved the life of Sir Navren while serving in the militia. As thanks Sir Navren vowed to take on Isren as his squire. Unfortunately the good knight died before Isren could finish his training. And no other knight was willing, or wanting, to take on a peasant born, half trained squire. So the lad had to return home, his one great chance turned to ash. He's grown now, but he's never forgotten what it was like to serve, and what it felt like to hold steel in his hand. The village mockingly calls him the Squire, which makes him ever more bitter.

The Immortal Bob

1. Bobwin, a Butcher
2. Bobzandius, a Wizard
3. Bobicus, a Life Cleric
4. Bobillium, a Rich Clerk
5. Bobtri, a Disguised Orc
6. Bobik, a Wererat Thief
7. Bobble, a Jester
8. Bobprin, a Merchant
9. Bobju, a Shaman
10. Bobarian, a Barbarian
11. Bobcestus, a Flunky
12. Bobcast, a Fisherman
13. Boblarus, a Librarian
14. Bobatee, a Farmer
15. Bobun, a Guardsman
16. Bobret, a Posh Noble
17. Bobpru, a Famed Chef
18. Bobbal, a Jeweler
19. Bobha, a Ship Captain
20. Bobtya, a Poor Clerk
21. Boblop, a Herder
22. Bobvie, a Potter
23. Bobcret, a Gossip
24. Bobpot, a Laborer
25. Bobondro, an Actor
26. Bobraal, a Pirate
27. Bobdro, a Builder
28. Bobhurl, an Archer
29. Bobuni, a Moneylender
30. Bobdrol, an Assassin
31. Bobiss, a Chanter
32. Bobbam, a Madman
33. Boblippa, a Druid
34. Bobnum, a Tracker
35. Bobgraza, a Midwife
36. Bobkimmik, a Candler
37. Bobgal, a Guildmaster
38. Bobmain, a Scout
39. Bobsoo, a Tailor
40. Bobobo, a Carpenter
41. Bobwam, a Barber
42. Bobray, a Pilgrim
43. Bobzim, a Monk
44. Bobala, a Priest
45. Bobint, a Bookseller
46. Bobwell, a Gladiator
47. Bobmet, a Mapmaker
48. Bobtralia, an Alchemist
49. Bobluin, a Bard
50. Bobyin, a Thief
51. Bobkul, a Luthier
52. Bobonit, a Hex Witch
53. Bobwest, a Beggar
54. Bobxin, a Ranger
55. Bobuon, a Warlock
56. Bobsnek, a Ninja
57. Boba Yaga, a Witch
58. Bobbow, a Samurai
59. Bobbig, a Blacksmith
60. Bobile, a Conjurer
61. Bobnio, a Vendor
62. Bobhan, a Doctor
63. Bobjuin, a Gardener
64. Bobrit, an Innkeeper
65. Bobe, a Tax Collector
66. Boblan, a Cobbler
67. Bobwomp, a Dentist
68. Bobwine, a Vitner
69. Bobini, Sandwich Artist
70. Bobsly, a Cutpurse
71. Bobiu, a Bodyguard
72. Bobrt, a Stablehand
73. Bobwood, a Forester
74. Bobads, a Servant
75. Boblade, a Soldier
76. Bobwide, a Diviner
77. Bobfap, a Sex Worker
78. Bobtex, a Drover
79. Bob-Bob, an Orphan
80. Bobdole, a Politician
81. Bobreq, a Bouncer
82. Bobpai, an Artist
83. Bobsack, a Cavalier
84. Bobrose, a Herbalist
85. Bobcur, a Weaver
86. Bobreeve, a Bandit
87. Bobima, a Silversmith
88. Sir Bobeth, a Knight
89. Bobnit, a Sheriff
90. Bobta, a Necromancer
91. Bobipille, a Dandy
92. Bobmano, a Baker
93. Bobkrill, a Spy
94. Bobgrid, a Mason
95. Bob Marie, a Nurse
96. Bobtim, an Investigator
97. Bobeen, a Craftsman
98. Bobana, a Fruit Seller
99. Bobqui, a Dancer
100. Bob, an Author

How many times have you reached for a NPC name, and just used Bob. Maybe you weren't using a throw away name...maybe you were summoning one of the incarnations of the Immortal Bob. The names of Bob are many, endless in fact, but always they just shorten it to 'Bob.' So here is the chart you have long awaited. No longer will you randomly just assign the name Bob, instead you will be able to summon up the perfect Bob for this occasion. So get out your 2d10, or D100, and:

Roll for Bob

By Bob McGough

www.talesbybob.com

The Endless Stair

Need your players to move from one plane to another? Why not use the Endless Stair?

Outline: A stone, spiral staircase set inside a tower that is thought to be infinite in height. It is thirty feet wide, and spirals ever upwards (or downwards if that's the way you are heading). Every twenty steps, on the outer wall of the stair is a plain wooden door with a metal handle.

Each of these doors leads to a different plane of existence. There is seemingly no rhyme or reason as to the order of the doors, as it's perfectly likely that a door to a plane of fire might be next to a door leading to a city in the heart of the mortal realm.

Locations:

Breakers Inn – There are a number of inns that dot the Stair, but Breakers is one of the oldest, and most famous. Long known as a haven for map makers, and those plotting out the Stair, it is an excellent place to hire a guide or buy a map to take you to your desired doorway.

Krintown – The only city to ever to last in the Stair, it was founded by the merchant Herverd Krin over a century and a half ago. The buildings, each of which is not more than 15 feet wide, are built of wood and curve around the inner wall of the Stair. There are a pair of inns, a half dozen shops, a restaurant, and two score of small homes. Situated around a number of doors leading to rather favorable locations, it is a hub of trade, and kept safe by the dozen rather nasty guards that Krin keeps employed for just that reason.

Bogrun Point – Bogrun Twinfist is a brute of a warrior. He and his score of warriors have built a barricade of loose stone and debris pillaged from passers by. From this wall, which has a small gate in its center, they charge a toll on those going through. Ten gold per group is the

standard rate, though especially rich looking groups can expect to pay more. The only folk they allow to pass through unmolested are the Hermits.

A Selection of Doors:

This Door opens into a small back bedroom in an abandoned farmhouse in the mortal realm. The house is haunted, but the ghost is friendly.

This Door opens in to a pocket dimension of an owl-headed demi-god who will answer one question on the nature of death.

This Door opens into a giant clam, sitting on the bottom of a bay inhabited by merfolk. Giving it a handful of pure black sand will cause it to safely spit you out.

Inhabitants:

The Climbing Hermits – Monks of the Order of the Endless Stair, these beings travel the stairs. They always ascend, it being against their code to ever travel back down the stairs unless it is a life or death emergency. They are well used to life in the Stair, and make passable guides if you are heading up. They all wear a necklace of white stones. Each stone on the band marks some distance, though no one knows exactly how far. A million steps? The monks aren't telling. What is known is that it is considered intensely bad luck to interfere with a Hermit on his climb.

The Ferrymen – Finding animals well equipped for life in the Stair is almost impossible. So most goods are carried up and down the stairs by Ferrymen. These beings, mostly human, have lived in the Stair for generations, and have evolved for a life of carrying heavy loads up and down the steps. They are broad-shouldered, if hunched, and their legs are like tree stumps. Most are pale, very pale, there being no sunlight, unless someone left a door open to a well lit place. They can be hired to carry goods for a gold a day, and can easily bear up to 200lbs a load.

Ae'ar, City of a 1,000 Cults

Outline: This city lies on the east bank of the Nephen River. It is surrounded on the other three sides by the Quarn desert. The city is composed of hundreds of sandstone buildings, and is dominated by the royal palace, a broad compound that squats upon the only high point in the city.

It is ruled by the Wasani royal line, the current ruler being Prince Safan. They have ruled the city for over three hundred years at this point. They take a firm stance on not being religious, and their main duty is maintaining trade with the outside world, and keeping up the markets and docks. So long as they do that, and do not interfere with the constant squabbling of the cults, they are free to collect taxes and grow fabulously wealthy.

No metal weapons are allowed in the city, save in the market outside town. To be found in possession of one outside of that market is an instant death sentence. This was imposed by the Wasani's in the early days of their rule, to try to keep the death toll down. It hasn't really helped much.

There is a constantly fluctuating number of cults within the city, ranging from ones with just a dozen members, to large ones like that of Oleg Vo which has hundreds. There are also hundreds of prophets, madmen, and would be gods.

The real power in the city lies with the cults. The largest tend to take on roles in governing of the city.

The Fallen Cathedral

Across the river from Ae'ar are the shattered remains of a cathedral. A thousand years ago there was a holy crusade held against the original inhabitants of the region, worshippers of a truly dark god. The city was razed to the ground, and their god was cut down. Atop his corpse was

built a cathedral to celebrate the victory over evil, as well as to keep his lingering power entombed. Unfortunately an earthquake several hundred years ago broke a number of the wards, and a tunnel into the world below was revealed.

This is the source of the cults. Men gather in groups to brave the ever changing madness beneath the cathedral. Those who survive come back with either great wealth, or totally insane, driven mad by the terrors they have encountered. Some few, very few, however come back with the tiniest sliver of the dead god's power, making them minor powers of their own. In their wake a cult springs up.

A Selection of Cults:

The Cult of Oleg Vo, He Who Shall Devour the World. This cult, the fourth largest in Ae'ar has assumed the role of police force in the city. Their warpriests walk the streets keeping the peace as best they can. They often eat their victims, or at least a part. If ever given a chance to devour a god, they take it, no matter what.

The Cult of Fraed Nau, Hoarder of Secret Whisperings. This cult have become the bureaucrats for the city. They also run a library, and several book shops in the market, all in attempts to procure as much information as possible, especially secrets. Very little happens in the city without them knowing it.

The Cult of Bulg Har, Wallower of Filth. These folks keep the city clean, taking all manner of filth and waste to their temples which they give up in offering to their god.

Followers of the Tattered Man. Who they worship is unclear, though the leading theory is some sort of rag demon. They follow their prophet though, the Tattered Man, wandering the city at night gathering up scraps of rags and cloth with which they make their clothes. They also claim they do this so they can 'patch the holes in the sky,' whatever that means.

The Graveyard of the Gods

Where do Gods go when they die?

Outline: This plane is an endless grass covered plane. It is perfectly flat, perfectly smooth, without a single geographical feature. If there is an edge, no one has ever found it, the region just stretching on forever. The sky above is always thick with storm clouds, purple-blue lightning always crackling, though whenever it rains it is always just a soft, hours long patter instead of a fearsome storm. It is always dusk, never fully day or night as well.

Only one thing breaks up the scenery: the mausoleums.

Each is made of dark gray stone, and range in size from small hut sized structures, all the way up to multi-story affairs with an imprint of over a square mile or more. Each of these are the resting place of god or pantheon.

Each pantheon is contained within its own mausoleum, which steadily, magically, grows as more of its members die. There is also a theory that the more worshipers a pantheon had in life, the larger the tomb will be, though that has never been confirmed.

Locations: There is only one location in the entire plane, Grimhold. This city is built within one of the largest mausoleums yet discovered, the tomb of a pantheon of animalistic gods from a long dead people. Five stories high, and roughly pyramidal in shape it is composed of a several hundred rooms centered around a large central chamber.

Most of the rooms have been taken by folks who have made the plane their home. Many are scholars researching the dead gods. Others are treasure hunters, chasing legends of legendary items that have been found on the plane. Others are those who make their living supplying the other inhabitants.

There is also one set of rooms that have been converted into a bar/inn for those only passing through. Run by Clovis Anghorn, it caters the few visitors the plane gets, turning a tidy profit by being the only game in town.

There are a couple of other shops, one specializing in general goods called Dent's. The other acts as a sort of pawn shop/emporium of rare goods and is called The Wanderie of Travesty. As the visitors to the Graveyard come from all over the multiverse, there are many very odd and wonderful items within this shop.

Inhabitants:

Soul Miners: The 4th floor of Grimhold is taken over by one single group, the Soul Miners. They have made the place their headquarters, partly due to its close proximity to an entrance to the Endless Stair, partly because it fits their esthetic. The Soul Miners travel the multiverse seeking to track down un-claimed souls. Souls that have gotten lost, gotten stuck in the cracks, been sent to hells that no longer exist. They travel around scooping these up like an anteater does ants, bringing them back to Grimhold. What it is exactly that they do with the souls is unclear. Do they eat them? Use them to extend their lives? Are they trying to fuel the resurrection of the Graveyards gods? No one knows, and the Miners certainly aren't telling.

Whispers: Never fully seen, Whispers are thought to be the natural inhabitants of the plane. They seemingly are the ones who care for the tombs, and perhaps are even responsible, somehow, for expanding them. To the naked eye they appear as a tiny wisp of smoke, only ever spotted from the corner of your eye. It is said however that to see one fully is an omen of death. They get their name from the faint sound of whispers that seems to surround them, though what exactly is being said has never been determined.

Windhaven

Windhaven is found on the Isle of Winds. One of the last major ports on the edge of the Realm, it is said to be a cursed city, filled with forbidden cults and spectral creatures. Only becoming part of the Realm in the last 30 years, there are still occasional stirrings of rebellion and unrest.

The Isle of Winds itself is almost all forest, with only a couple of small fishing villages outside of Windhaven. The woods are said to be haunted, and filled with all manner of fey creatures and the cults who worship them.

Locations:

Windhaven Castle: The home of the rulers of Winds, currently House Raditz. It occupies the highest point of the city, the cliffs that overlook the harbor. There are rumored to be a number of secret caves and tunnels buried in the cliffs below, but the guards keep away the curious.

East Riding: These are some of the oldest homes in the city, but also where the richest live. Be they nobles, master craftsmen, or merchants, the upper class of the city call East Riding home. Home to the Church of Pelor Triumphant, and what will one day be the Winds Cathedral.

West Riding: The largest area of the city, where the bulk of its populace calls home. Also home to the Winds Moonhouse, the Church of Pelor Radiant, the barracks of the Erinwold Regulars, and on the outskirts of the city, the Pelorean monastery.

Dockside: The cities docks. Home to a number of warehouses, taverns, shipwrights, and trade consortiums.

The Spit: This spit of land that juts out from the city, helping to form the harbor, is the home of much of the industry of the city. The city's tanneries, fisheries, and such are located along here, away from the homes of most of the city.

The prevailing wind blows its stench into the Fells. At the very tip is the Lighthouse. The Church of Pelor has donated an iron, dawnstar shaped lantern to be its light.

The Fells: The poorest, most lawless area of the city. So named as a part of the forest was felled to make room for the influx of immigrants who have come to inhabit Winds. The guards rarely come here, and when they do it's in force. Criminal gangs are the law of the land instead, the most powerful of which are the Shadowkings and the Battle Boys (who are currently at war with each other).

Strange Occurrences:

The Tusk: This ghost ship has plagued the waters around the Isle of Winds for centuries. Each time it is sighted, some catastrophe rocks the City within the month.

The Beast: For the past six years a killer has stalked the dark corners of the city. They strike every Blue Moon, stalking and killing a young man in or around the docks. The bodies left behind are little more than ground meat, but all the blood missing.

The Wood Children: Twenty years ago a dozen children went missing from West Riding. They were found five years later in the forest, not having aged a day.

The Salt Tomb: On the site where the Cathedral is being built, an ancient tomb was uncovered. Inside were dozens of strange bodies, all preserved in salt. At the center of the tomb was a perfectly intact chariot. The day after the tomb was opened, the chariot went missing.

The Wintersnight Rider: Every Winters Solstice a spectral rider speeds across the city on a jet black charger. Each year he touches the door of two homes. One suffers calamity, the other finds fantastic success.

The Ratcatchers Guild

This guild of ratcatchers is more than it seems.

Outline

Twenty years ago the bulk of established ratcatchers in the city banded together to form a guild. Under the guidance of Whisker they drove off or killed anyone who didn't pay their guild dues. At least that's the story that's told.

In truth, there was a brutal war in the criminal underworld of the city, and Whisker's Ratcatchers came out on top. The ratcatching is a form of steady income however, so they keep their younger members busy doing that, learning the ins and outs of the city and all its dark corners.

The Ratcatchers Guild controls almost all of the crime in the city. Robbery, extortion, smuggling, prostitution, and murder-for-hire are all in their wheelhouse.

Locations

The Rookery – A ramshackle three story building near the docks, the first two floors are inhabited by various renters. The top floor and roof though are reserved for the Ratcatchers, who actually own the entire building. A false chimney allows them secret access from the roof down to the basement below, which is also Ratcatcher territory. From there they can enter the sewers through cleverly hidden grates.

Keller's Pub – A dockside pub, this is the shabbiest, most decrepit bar in the city. No one but Ratcatchers and the poorest of sailors ever frequent it. This is where much of the guilds business is held, as the watch stays far away unless they can come in force. The owner, Keller, was one of the original Ratcatchers, back in the war, but has since done his best to work his way out of the day to day business of the gang, instead making his money mostly legally.

Notable Members

Guildmaster Whisker – Whisker isn't from the city, he's a former captain whose ship sank in the harbor, leaving him stranded. With what crew he could keep with the little money he had, he moved into the city, taking over one of the small dockside gangs. His rapid ascension and growth of the gang led to the war that eventually put him on top. He's in his 40's now, but still sharp and fit, and is known as a deadly fighter with his cutlass. As he's getting older though, his mind is turning to retirement, if that would even be possible.

Liv the Shiv – Whisker's former first mate, she's the number two of the gang. She handles most of the day to day ordering of the gang, leaving Whisker to handle the big picture. In truth, Liv is more loved, and far more dangerous than Whisker, but Liv is terminally loyal, and can't imagine a life without her Captain there to guide her.

Tribber – Tribber is an actual ratcatcher, and a damn good one. He helps the gang keep up appearances, acting as their head catcher. He does nothing illegal personally, but gets a cut of the proceeds for keeping up the guilds reputation. He trains the new recruits, and no one knows the sewers better. He's getting a little old now, spending more time training than catching, but still, none do it better.

Belle Tollucz – The head of the part of the gang that does the bulk of the robbery. She's an expert at picking locks, and is more at home on the city's rooftops than its streets.

Flake – Flake is the head leg breaker. He's who the club calls in when someone needs hurting, but not killing. Close to seven feet tall, he's built like an ox.

Rain Tollucz – Belle's older sister, Rain is who the guild calls in when someone needs killing. She's said to be the most lethal killer in the city.

The Darkwood Shrine

Outline: The party spots a splash of color as they travel through a dark wood, finding a small shrine. This shrine is the center of a hidden cult that worships a dark spirit that lives in the stump. In return for blood offerings, it gives glimpses of the future.

Encounter:

“Your eye is drawn by a bit of red, which seems out of place in these woods. Peering closer you see a splash of yellow, and curious, you guide your mount closer. As you look, it appears that a hundred feet or so from the road there is a shrine of some sort.”

“This shrine was once a stump that someone has carved rather skillfully. Instead of a flat top, it is instead crowned with a smooth, shallow bowl that has filled with several inches of rainwater. The side facing the road has been carved out to make a sizeable nook, that someone has placed a stone statue inside of. The statue is roughly shaped into the form of a skull, upon which someone has painted a yellow spiral. The paint is fresh, though the shrine is clearly older. Around the base of the skull are a large number of what appear to be offerings: crystals, shards of carved bone, a tiny gold cup, an antler hilted dagger, and a garland of woven flowers.”

The crystals: A half dozen crystals, ranging in size from that of a finger up to the size of a closed fist, are scattered around. If placed in the bowl of water, they will glow faintly, and hold that glow until the next dawn.

The dagger: There is dried blood on this dagger. Otherwise there is nothing special about it.

The tiny cup: looks to be worth about 10 gold. It is a plain cup with no ornamentation, though it is stained wine red on the inside, likely from blood. It is a bit battered and dinged up, and has clearly been here for some time. Those who can

investigate if it is magical detect that there is the faintest pulse of dream magic about it, but very faint. If it comes into contact with blood, then that pulse grows stronger. Those who drink blood from it will that night have a prophetic dream.

The bones: Some of the bones around the skull look like baby's bones. Also, nearby there is a pile of bones and carcasses of small animals, mostly cats and dogs it seems like, though there are a few bones that look like wild animals.

Creature:

If the party does anything to try and destroy the shrine, then the spirit will awaken and attack them. Choose a creature that is appropriately leveled to your party. Suggested is either some sort of spirit (ghost/nature spirit/invisible stalker), or some type of tree creature (treant/ent/vine creature). The idea being that this stump was once a massive tree that was worshipped by the former, more primitive inhabitants of the area, and then the tree was cut down, it twisted the nascent god spirit of the tree into the evil stump creature it is today. Describe it with phrases like “dark red sap oozing like blood from its hollow eyes,” and “thorns have sprouted from its rough bark, breaking out in painful gashes along its limbs.”

The party can either offer a blood sacrifice to put the creature back to sleep, or defeat it. The creature can not be killed however, so long as its stump shrine is still intact. Flame is the quickest way to do this, setting the stump on fire, but it can also be hacked apart. If the creature is ‘killed’ but the shrine still whole, then the creature will go dormant until the following night, when it will start to go on a rampage.

If anyone in the party drank blood from the cup, and the creature has started to go on a rampage, it can reach through the dream, turning it into a nightmare that inflicts small bits of damage each night.

The Green House

Background: The party is called out into the night, on reports a young boy has been possessed. They arrive at the house.

“It’s an old wooden home that looks to be one story, maybe with an attic. A few lights are flickering inside that you can see. Even though it’s dark you can tell the house is well cared for in spite of its age. There is no yard to speak of, but a small potted plant sits beside the door.”

The Living Room – There is nothing much of note to find. This one room also doubles as the dining room, and the table has been set for dinner. The door to the hallway has grown shut, but the door into the kitchen is open.

The Kitchen - A stew is bubbling on the stove, and a trio of oddly glowing lightning bugs are flitting around. The door to the hallway is partially grown shut, but can be forced.

Hallway - The hallway is dark, save for the faint glow of phosphorescent mushrooms that have sprouted in a few clumps along the walls. They emit a pale blue glow, enough that you can see that the hall has become overgrown with moss. You can see a number of doorways, three on the left side of the hall, and two on the right. All the doors are open except the far-left door. A baleful green glow oozes from beneath the closed doorway. A few small shrubs have grown up from the floor and hopping slowly towards you are a pair of gray-furred rabbits. Reach the halfway point and vines reach up from the floor and try to strangle you.

Girls room – This room has become a small glade of dark purple flowers, and is tended by a small porcelain faced rag doll. It’s head turns to look at you as you enter.

Parent’s room - The ruins of a bed lie in the middle of the room, from which two trees have grown. As you look up you see that the roof has

vanished and the night sky spreads out above you. The trees, each ash white elder trees with red-gold leaves, lord above you, their branches entwined. Searching the room finds a dozen golden berries on the floor. Holding them, they are warm to the touch, and fill you with a faint feeling of goodness and hope

Boy’s room - Beyond this doorway, there is no room, not anymore. It is dark, darker than any room so far, and what was once wood seems to have turned to stone. You can hear the sound of claws on stone, and as you watch, a pair of yellow eyes appear out of the darkness. A pack of spectral wolves attacks the party.

Storage room - This room appears to be a pantry and storage room. You hear the distant sound of birds on the wing. A trio of fully dressed out fowl hang on a hook. As you look, one of the duck’s wings flap faintly.

Far Left room - The door is shut, but opens easily as you try the handle. It opens into beautiful glade that is far larger than the room could possibly be. The sun is shining, and a warm summer breeze churns the air around you. The clearing is ringed by tall willow trees, their low bows creating inviting shade. In the middle of the clearing a young boy is untangling a kite string. The boy looks up and his eyes widen, and a huge smile splits his face. ‘More suns!’ he cries out happily. “I can light up everyone’s rooms now!”

The boy skips towards you, morphing with each step into a creature of vines, sun bleached bones, and bark. The antlered skull of an elk, painted black and a golden swirl painted on it, is its head now, and an eerie moaning is coming from it.

Once the boy is killed in the dream, everyone sees the room for what it is. The skull rests on the floor, beside the dead boy’s body. The green mold begins to curl and die, dissolving into black ash.

Knights

This sheet contains a number of questing knights that you might encounter in the world.

Sir Dorcan Greenhair – Sir Dorcan was on his first quest when he encountered a maid of the wood, who he promptly fell in love with. She only promised to marry him if he would spend a year and a day in the service of the wood. So painting his shield a solid green, and bearing a lance that looks almost like a living piece of wood, he has traveled the deep forest protecting the forests most secret places, and most hallowed denizens. The maid, using her magic, colored his blonde hair a faint green as a sign of her favor.

Dame Alice True – Dame Alice was blinded in a fight with a troll some years ago. Since then she has learned to live with her disability, and has actually increased her martial abilities in some regards. Knowing that travel through the wilds was likely too dangerous now, she has instead set her self as the guard of the Greenbrook Bridge. At the behest of the local lord she collects the bridge tax of 1 gold per axle or mount. Those who refuse, she trounces handily with her long staff, or if things get serious, her two handed sword. Her shield bears a red half moon on a blue field.

Sir Borick of Anghurst – Sir Borick is a recent convert to the outlawed Order of the Ebonshield. This order has dedicated itself to the removal of all warlocks from the world. Their jet black shields are said to protect them from all types of infernal magics. Sir Borick travels with a pair of squires, and a cleric of the order who is trained in extracting confessions from recalcitrant warlocks. Together these four travel from village to village, avoiding the legal authorities as much as possible, as they track down leads of those they suspect of making infernal pacts. When they find them, they collect

a confession to send back to the Order's hidden chapterhouse, then burn the offender.

Sir Edain the Fair – Sir Edain is widely considered to a dandy and a fop, a poor example of a knight. He spends far more time playing the lyre and composing poetry than practicing swordplay. His stunning looks however have made him the object of affection for the young nobility of the realm. Sir Edain however has a secret: Edain is in fact not a knight. Edain is a thief disguised as a knight, using his looks and fake title to win himself access into the castles of those he seeks to rob. He's gotten away with it so far because no one wants to admit that they let a thief into their bedroom. And for those who have sought revenge, well they have learned that what the thief lacks in swordplay, he more than makes up with quick dagger work in the night. His shield is yellow with a blue flower painted diagonally.

Dame Keira Coldheart – Dame Keira has been cursed. As a young woman she had her heart stolen by Winter Lord, and in its place was left a shard of ice. Since that day she has quested to win her heart back, traveling the world to hone her skills and seek the creature who stole her heart. She can be callous and at times even cruel, but she has tried to overcome that icy nature over the years. Her shield is painted the same icy blue color as her eyes, with a brilliant red heart at the center.

Squires Hugh and Rom – Sir Edward was cut down, unarmed and armored, outside an inn one evening by a pair of landless robber knights. Since that day the man's squires have sought vengeance against the men who struck down their lord. Only 15 and 11 respectively, they are too small to even fit into Edwards armor properly, but they have taken what gear they can use and set out. Rom, the younger, is a fair shot with a bow, and Hugh has been practicing with Edwards sword, to good effect.