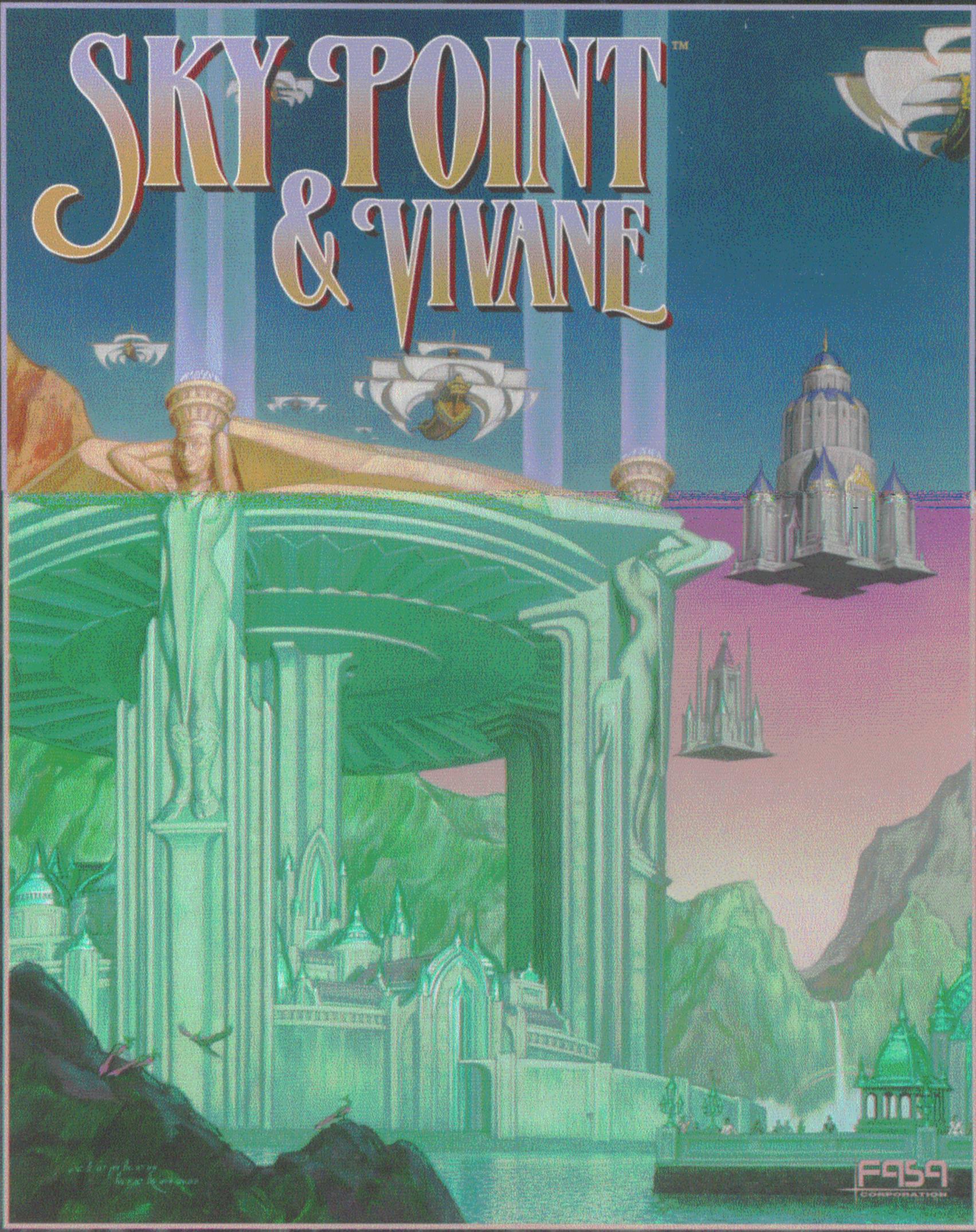


EARTHDAWN[®]

SKY POINT[™] & VIVANE

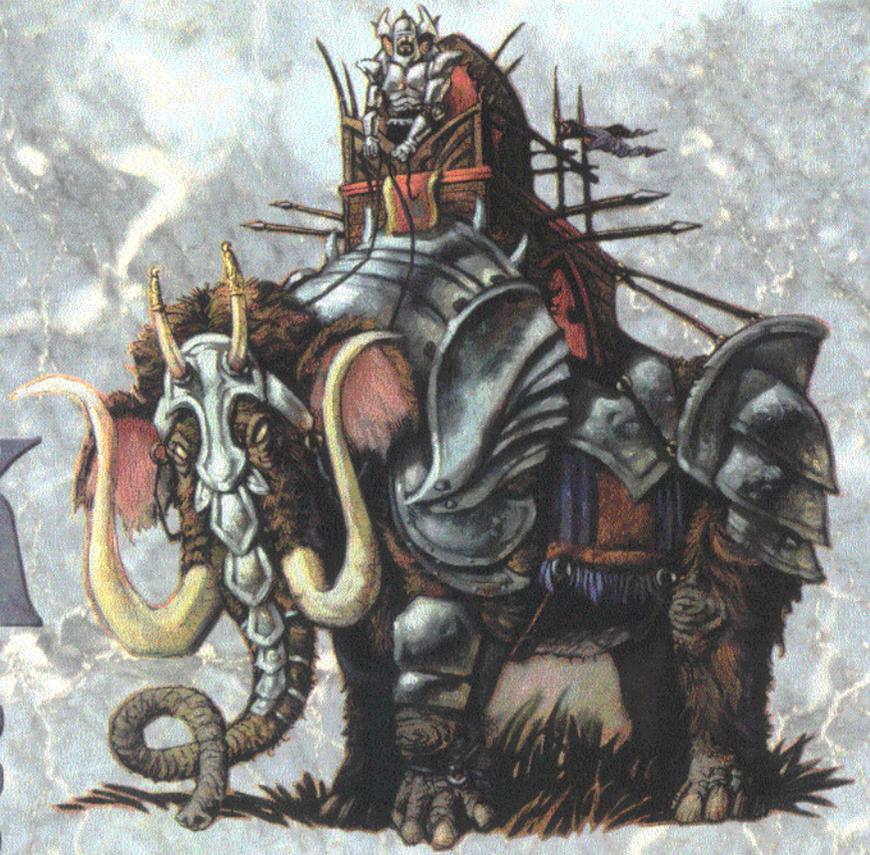


Art by Carl Sargent

FASA
CORPORATION

A CAMPAIGN SET FOR EARTHDAWN BY CARL SARGENT

BOOK
ONE:
BARSALIVIAN
VIVANE™



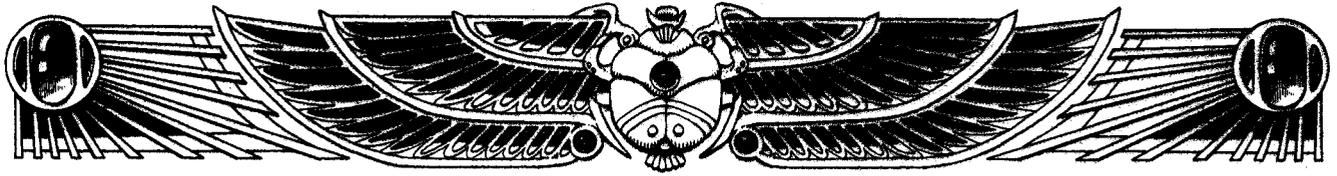


BOOK

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BARSAIVIANTM
VIVANE

FASA CORPORATION



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SKYPOINT & VIVANE

Writing

Carl Sargent
Marc Gascoigne

Development

Louis J. Prosperi

Editorial Staff

Senior Editor

Donna Ippolito

Managing Editor

Sharon Turner Mulvihill

Associate Editors

Diane Piron-Gelman

Rob Cruz

Production Staff

Art Director

Jim Nelson

Project Manager

Mike Nielsen

Box Cover Art

Stephen Hickman

Cover Design

Jim Nelson

Illustrations

Tom Baxa

Joel Biske

Kent Burles

Jeff Laubenstein

Larry MacDougall

Mike Nielsen

Poster Maps

Jeff Laubenstein

David Martin

Handouts

Mike Nielsen

Interior Color Maps

Jeff Laubenstein

Maps

Mike Nielsen

FASA Art Staff

Layout

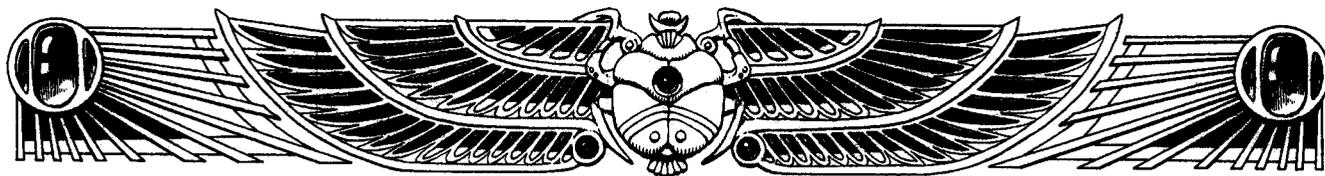
Steve Bryant

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FASA) on SCORPIA'S Roundtable (page 805) and on America OnLine (E.
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INTRODUCTION



The Theran Empire is the most formidable power in the world of **Earthdawn**, a bastion of military, economic, and magical might. Its lands span continents, and its magicians are without peer among those skilled in magical arts. The people of Barsaive—including most **Earthdawn** adventurers—feel the presence of the Theran Empire most strongly on Barsaive's own border, in the lands to the southwest of Barsaive that the Therans call Vivane Province. The center of Theran power in Vivane Province—and the base from which they intend to one day launch their reconquest of Barsaive—lies in the city of Vivane and the nearby military outpost at Sky Point. Anyone who listens to a handful of Theran Vivanians and an equal number of Barsaivians with some knowledge of the Therans will hear a babble of conflicting voices. The voices speak of law and order, rebuilding, education, wise administration, magical and military power, pride and dominion. They also speak of slavery, injustice, oppression, cruelty, exploitation, chill indifference, unkindness at a thousand levels of everyday life, souls empty of compassion, and resistant hearts full of anger and the desire for freedom. Such conflicts shape life in Vivane for Theran, Barsaivian citizen, and foreigner alike, and no simple truth or answer exists to settle the questions they raise. Vivane, Sky Point and Vivane Province are vibrant regions rich in possibilities for adventures that help build legends.

This boxed campaign set describes in detail the city of Vivane, the Sky Point base and the rough settlement below known as Vrontok, and the lands of Vivane Province. Gamemasters can use the information in this product to create adventures and campaigns set in these Theran-controlled regions. Players will find this set useful for fleshing out their characters' actions and devising a plan of attack for adventuring in Vivane, Sky Point, Vrontok and the lands beyond Vivane and the Barsaivian border.

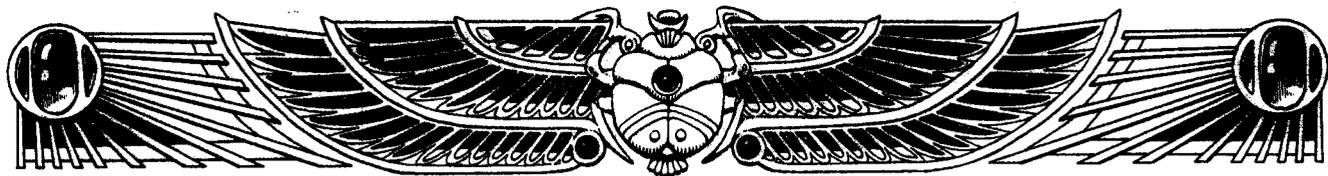
COMPONENTS

The **Sky Point and Vivane** campaign set contains three books: **Barsaivian Vivane**, **Theran Vivane**, and **Vivane Province**, which includes descriptions of Sky Point and Vrontok. This set also includes two full-color maps: the City of Vivane map and the Vivane Province map.

Beginning with a brief overview of the Theran Empire and a general overview of Vivane, **Barsaivian Vivane** gives players and gamemasters a wealth of information about the areas of Vivane occupied by native Barsaivians. This book describes the places, people, ways, and mysteries of the only Vivane most Barsaivians ever know, from the relative wealth and security of the High Gate area to the ruins of the Broken Quarter.

Theran Vivane begins with a brief overview of the quarter of the city the Therans reserved for themselves and offers short descriptions of Vivane's movers and shakers. This book also describes the wonders the Therans have created for themselves, the opportunities to be found in the Theran Quarter, and it provides a guide to assist those determined to travel into the Theran part of Vivane.





The **Vivane Province** book is a guide to the Province of Vivane, describing Theran occupation forces, settlements, notable sights, places of wonder and mystery, events and rumors, and much more. This book also describes the military outpost of Sky Point and the settlement of Vrontok that grew up around the foot of the sky base. All manner of adventurers may seek fortune or magical knowledge in these Theran-controlled lands, and the gamemaster can use this book to create countless exciting adventures for **Earthdawn** players.

Each book in this set provides several handouts that the gamemaster can use as props in his campaign.

MAPS

The **Vivane City Map** shows the city of Vivane in detail. The city's various quarters and the locations of all the places described in the **Barsaivian Vivane** and **Theran Vivane** books appear on this map. The **Vivane Province Map** shows Vivane Province and the surrounding territory under Theran occupation and includes the locations of the places described in the **Vivane Province** book. The **Vivane Province** book also includes detailed maps of Sky Point and the settlement of Vrontok.

HOW TO USE THIS PRODUCT

The **Sky Point and Vivane** campaign set provides the gamemaster with information needed to run adventures and campaigns set in the Theran-controlled portion of Barsaive and the lands of Vivane Province. Because this

product is intended as a gamemaster resource, it is written in a direct, informational style rather than as a fictional account of the area. Also, Therans and Barsaivians co-exist in relative harmony or outright hostility in and around the city and Province of Vivane, and so presenting all the inhabitants' different views of each other is an almost impossible task. However, in cases where certain important points must be understood, the words and ideas of noted Vivanians are presented as fiction for the gamemaster to consider.

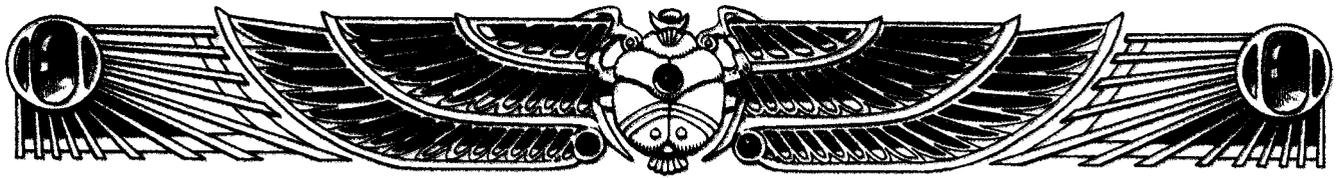
Occasionally, information in this campaign set appears to contradict information presented in previous **Earthdawn** products. These seeming inconsistencies mostly reflect Barsaivian prejudices or the inevitable distortions produced by the distance over which such information must travel. In game terms, information given in this campaign set is correct.

As always, the gamemaster may alter the information and facts presented in **Sky Point and Vivane** to suit his own campaign. Uncertain information, rumor and innuendo do crop up, though most of the main text should be considered impartial and accurate. The gamemaster may use the rumors and innuendo provided as adventure hooks. Keep in mind that Vivane is a big city; the books in this boxed set cannot cover every

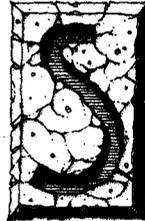
last little detail. Instead, they provide a consistent framework for constructing adventures.

To use this product, gamemasters and players will need the **Earthdawn** rulebook (ED). Gamemasters running adventures and campaigns in this area may also find the **Earthdawn Gamemaster Pack** (ED GM Pack), the **Barsaive Campaign Set**, the **Earthdawn Companion**, and **Creatures of Barsaive** useful. Suitable for adventurers of all Circles, the **Sky Point and Vivane** campaign set should provide gamemasters and players with hours of exciting gaming.





THE THERAN EMPIRE



uch pride our people take in Empire! They have learned through the centuries that we are the guardians of civilization. Within our lands, we have justice and law, wise government, peace and prosperity, buildings of unmatched grandeur, and fine arts of unsurpassed magnificence. Furthermore, no enemy may enter within our walls. Beyond our provinces lie anarchy, strife, ignorance and barbarism. When Thera must conquer, some will die. But those who survive fare better within our Empire than ever they did beyond it. They live longer, not least because they can find food and water and shelter when they need them. Their young will be better educated than they could have hoped to be in their own barbaric lands. They can live without fear of arbitrary slaughter, war or murder. And if they have some skill, a good heart, and willing hands, they can possess at least a little of our Empire's bounteous wealth. Many of Thera's conquered peoples find contentment in what they once called the Empire's "yoke of vile servitude." And their children born in our lands, knowing only Theran ways, are stronger, longer-lived, more skilled, more learned, and infinitely happier than their unfortunate kin still scratching out a living in the barbaric wilds.

We brought protection from the terrors of the Scourge to all the world's peoples who paid the minimal price we asked. With the Scourge's curse lifted from the world, we offer peace, civilization, wealth and happiness.

To be a Theran in such an age is a blessing one must give thanks for daily.

—Karilliel asha'Narlanth, Indrisan Scribe of the House of Records at Calcultana



THERAN PROVINCES

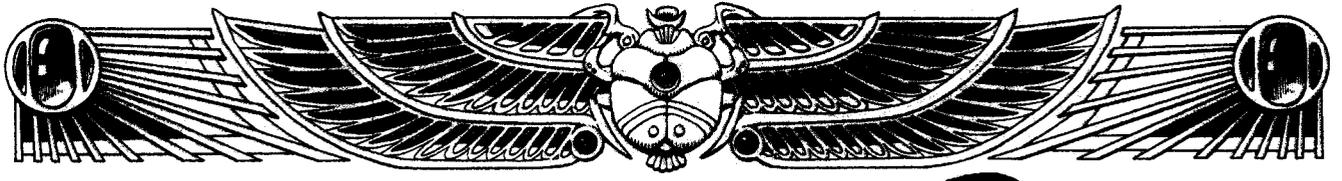
The Theran Empire is vast. Imperial lands extend across oceans and continents in all directions from the Empire's heart, the island of Thera. At the Empire's narrowest point, it takes more than 12 days by airship to cross from one border to the other. Only the practical difficulties of imposing direct Imperial rule over even farther-flung lands have kept the Therans from extending their reach across the entire world.

The Therans have traversed the globe in their airship fleet, and Imperial travelers have brought many things from far-off lands (within the Empire and outside it) to enrich Thera and Vivane. The most prominent provinces of the Empire are briefly described below.

CREANA

Creana comprises several interlocking Imperial provinces, all in the desert lands southeast of the island of Thera. Before the Therans conquered this region, the Creanen peoples lived in numerous city-states, and the current style of government in Creana blends the original city-states' administrative structure with Theran custom. The city of Karnard is often called "the Great City of Creana." This astonishing city, inhabited by 470,000 people and built around a vast river delta, boasts huge stone pyramids and intricate tombs of unknown antiquity that lie amid the treacherous sands that surround Karnard. The desert sands are magical,





multicolored, ever-moving, and can generate hazes and illusions that can confuse even the finest navigator in minutes. Though many in the Empire wish to explore the tombs hidden beneath the sands, even the most powerful Theran magicians fear the consequences of disturbing the ancient dead. The most ancient and deepest of the tombs are said to be the resting places of dragons, and the magicians claim that opening the seals laid on them might well cause a magical cataclysm equal in violence to the Scourge. (No one much cares to test this claim.)

INDRISA

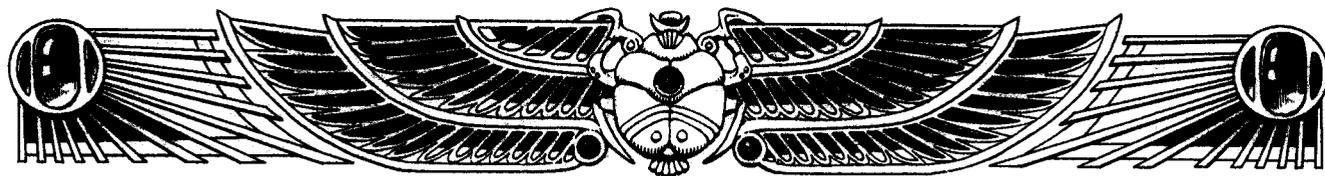
Indrisa lies to the far east of the isle of Thera. A land of hot, dry plains, impenetrable hills, and a vast mountain range in its northernmost reaches, Indrisa yields to the Empire fine spices, gold, silver, gems, and the ferocious war elephants known as mastryliths. Theran rule over this province began centuries ago with the founding of the Imperial capital of Calcutana, and the Empire has since built several more great and glittering cities in this beautiful and exotic land. Fierce tribes of ork bandits and marauding Pathalan troll clans still thrive in certain parts

of Indrisa; they stand as implacable enemies of the Theran Empire and virtually everyone else.

MARAC

In Marac, a desert province west of Thera with a fertile strip of land along its coastline, Theran ways rest lightly on the customs and traditions of the original inhabitants. Though native Maracians include some fierce warrior peoples, the majority of the population can be best characterized as wily, intelligent, and sophisticated. They pursue intricate and complex social rituals and customs, and excel in fine tapestry work, metalworking, and many other arts and crafts. The Empire adopted the tradition of the *jaraleh*—the educated pleasure-slave and concubine—from Marac. Maracian slaves often rise to positions of considerable influence, though no part of the Empire's political structure officially recognizes their power. Maracian scholars receive great renown for their skill in the arts of astronomy and astrology, and the culture offers deep respect to prophecy and seers. Fierce warriors and deeply spiritual people, the *sufik* dervishes of Marac hold foreigners in contempt but respect the





Empire because they believe that the mighty are worthy of admiration in the temporal world.

TALEA

Lying southwest of the Caralkspurs, Talea is among the Empire's oldest possessions. This large province proved easy to conquer, partly because the petty city-states of its northern and southern lands vied fiercely with each other for pride of place to lead the battle against the invaders instead of joining forces against the Therans. The northern lands of Talea are fertile, their people fair in looks and pragmatic in nature. The southern lands are hotter, and their people darker of aspect and more driven by emotion. Talea has provided many of the Empire's finest artists and troubadours, though Taleans are generally temperamental and lacking in the detachment common to the most perceptive creators of artistic work. They make excellent performers, but poor composers and authors. The hill-dwelling dwarfs of northern Talea are renowned for producing superb pike men, who make formidable garrison defenders in cities.

VASGOTHIA

A land of dense forests and dark, forbidding mountains, Vasgothia lies north of Talea and northwest of the province of Vivane. Great tracts of polluted astral space exist in this province, and its mountains and forests are said to be haunted by all manner of specters and magically hazardous entities. Vasgothians are exceptionally hardy folk, large and well-muscled by comparison with people of the same races from other lands. They have no great artistic or cultural tradition, but are a resourceful and pragmatic people who learn quickly. The Empire found the conquest of this land difficult, and many frontier tribes and scattered clans in the forests and hills continue to violently oppose Theran domination. Those who live under Imperial rule swiftly adjust to it, however, and many have risen quickly in the ranks of the Theran military. In fact, three Vasgothians hold positions in the Theran College of War, a distinction enjoyed only by this province. The Vasgothians take great pride in this accomplishment; among them, pride is all-important. The Discipline of the beastmaster has many, highly skilled practitioners in Vasgothia, and the byword "as strong as a Vasgothian beastmaster" is used throughout the Theran Empire to describe a tough, fierce and well-disciplined individual. Vasgothia also contains the small province of Torinachia, source of the unique beverage known as frost-wine or icewine that is so loved by Theran connoisseurs.

LANDS VISITED BY THE THERAN EMPIRE

Because their airships allow them to traverse the globe, Theran explorers and soldiers have visited most of the world. Imperial travelers continue to enrich the Empire by bringing back many useful and wonderful things from foreign parts, from the tropical birds and plants found in lands across the vast oceans to the west to the fierce war elephants from far eastern regions.

The Empire has sent emissaries to many of these lands, usually to begin negotiations for implementing the stronger Imperial presence that the First Governor desires. Aznan and Araucania represent the two lands beyond the Theran Empire with which the First Governor is most anxious to establish permanent relations.

AZNAN

Lying many thousands of miles south of the island of Thera, Aznan is a wild land whose jungles and plains abound with exotic and dangerous flora and fauna. Aznan is famed for its elemental air deposits, the richest of which lie above the fabled Cloud Mountain near the southern tip of the vast continent. The Empire maintains an outpost in Aznan. Even though the Therans can easily enslave the people of that land, they transport few of the dark-skinned local people to other parts of the Empire, as native Aznans regularly die of disease soon after arriving in far-distant locations.

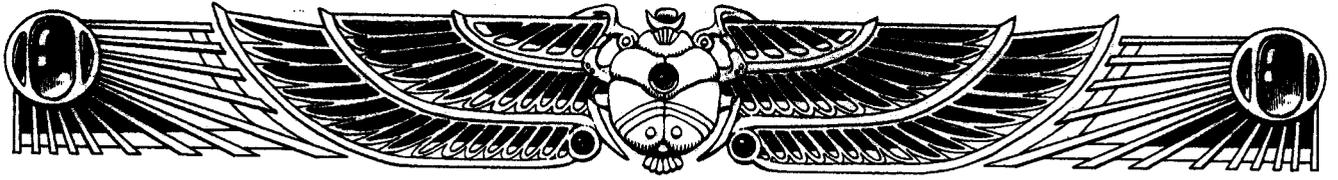
ARAUCANIA

Across thousands of miles of ocean west of Thera lies Araucania, an oppressively hot and humid land covered in dense jungle. Vast rivers span the land, and their banks provide an unequalled source of medicinal herbs and other useful plants. The *kokailla* root, from which the natives brew the powerful stimulant *kokalc*, grows in this mysterious land. Many rumors claim that Theran magicians have learned arcane secrets while exploring jungle-covered, buried ruins of an earlier civilization in Araucania. Others say they have even recovered powerful and dangerous magical treasures and relics. Araucania is also said to be the home of at least one great dragon of unequalled power and magical awareness.

THE DIFFERENT RACES IN THERA

As described in *Denizens of Earthdawn, Volumes I and II*, each of the Name-giver races in *Earthdawn* has its own viewpoints, rituals, beliefs and practices. These differences remain true in Thera, but for most Therans a broader,





common Imperial viewpoint overlays racial distinctions. In addition, certain races have created special niches for themselves within Theran society. Racial composition varies from province to province.

ELVES

The founders of the Theran Empire, the elves of Thera regard themselves as the Empire's scholars and true power-wielders. Though this attitude may make a few of them overbearing, the most intelligent of them know that more power goes to the silent than to those who make noise. Most Theran elves are clever and subtle in their use of power, preferring to hide their influence as much as possible. The elven instinct for subtlety aside, this race is deeply proud of its achievements. The most powerful of the elves believe that the role Thera played before and during the Scourge accords them the well-deserved status of saviors. Unlike Barsaivian elves, most Theran elves feel no remorse for the tragedy of the Blood Wood. They long ago cut themselves emotionally adrift from the Wyrn Wood and its queen and consider Thera the true heart of elven spiritual and magical presence in the world.

The elves also serve as the Empire's grand romantics. They see Thera as a glorious, globe-spanning Empire of enlightenment, beauty and truth. Slavery and war represent an occasionally distasteful, but justifiable, means to this magnificent end. Some elves know Alshandera's Dictum concerning slavery, which reveals that even though enslavement goes against the nature of the elven race, they are nonetheless morally obligated to practice it for a reason integral to their history. The full historical and metaphysical justification behind this Dictum is known only to the handful of elves who truly rule Thera and therefore lies beyond the scope of this book.

This small coterie of elves serve as the true rulers of Thera in the sense that they have set in motion the Empire's long-term, grand strategies. The Names and natures of these elves remain a mystery to many Therans—certainly they are unknown to the peoples of Vivane.

HUMANS

Humans are politically, militarily and economically important in Thera without truly dominating in any of these areas. Their versatility makes them good administrators, couriers, messengers and emissaries, and they fare well everywhere the Empire's shadow falls. The elven founders of Thera have long regarded the human race as their closest allies and most trustworthy servants in a wide range of roles; many high-ranking officials, well-known scholars, and powerful magicians are humans.

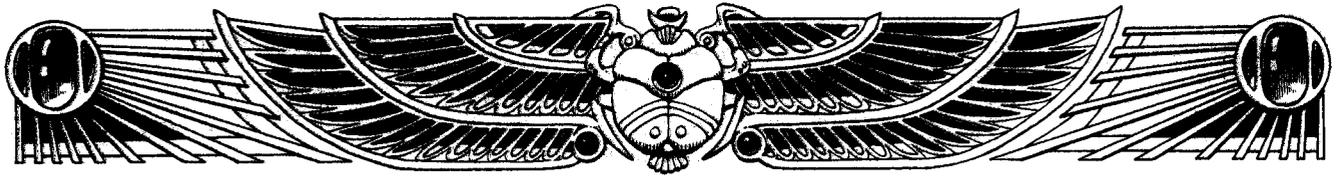
OBSIDIMEN

Obsidimen are as rare in the Theran Empire as they are everywhere else. A powerful Brotherhood known to originate from a Liferock on the island of Thera is famous for its members' great skill in magic, as well as their reclusive behavior, mysticism, and strong sense of fellowship. Thera's still-living elven founders hold these obsidimen in high esteem because they regard this Brotherhood as a vital link to the world's ancient past and a source of wisdom regarding past ages. In the wider Empire, obsidimen fill no particular roles. Instead, they use their individual skills and talents in a variety of ways.

ORKS

Orks are well-regarded in Thera. In the early days of the Empire, the Therans recognized the orks' value as fierce and hardy fighters but made the mistake of using them as slave troops. This error left the orks a legacy of fierce hatred of Thera in provinces such as Barsaive, one of the many places such a system was practiced. In more recent times, however, Theran rulers realized that the orks were far more useful and valuable to them as mercenary troops and free citizens who would gladly serve an Empire in which they had a stake. Precisely because orks often





held low status in societies outside Thera, the Therans found that ork dissidents and mercenaries were often eager to help them conquer and subdue foreign lands.

Over the centuries, orks have become important in the Imperial military hierarchy and some have even been appointed to the prestigious College of War. Numerous, strong, enthusiastic and tough, orks make excellent soldiers. As obsidimen and trolls number too few to form an entire field army, a field army comprised mostly of orks makes the best possible alternative.

Though one might not find many orks at exclusive gatherings of elven aesthetes, Thera orks are not socially ostracized. Thera military training has traditionally focused on curbing the natural excesses of ork nature, and potential officers are drilled in social decorum and protocol. Thera orks appreciate this, and every time they conquer a new land they realize how much better off they are under Imperial rule. Most ork officers are fanatically loyal to the Empire and to the largely ork dynasty of House Zanjan. This House, more than anything else, offers orks an example of how their race can possess a political voice with real clout. The elven rulers of Thera may or may not be manipulating this race, but Thera orks tend to be happier, less resentful, and better disciplined than non-Thera orks.

TROLLS

Like obsidimen, trolls are as rare within the Empire as they are elsewhere. Given their prodigious strength and love of battle, they often find a place in the military, frequently serving as shock troops and subduers of rebellious lands. The Great Bear Striders of Vasgothia and the terrifying Stormriders of Myternea on their fifteen-ton mastryliths exemplify troll power at its best (or worst, depending on one's point of view).

Thera trolls also often model themselves after the legendary airship explorer Karrock Starsearcher, who made exquisite and meticulous maps of shorelines, coastal river systems and major geographic features in many lands far from Thera. Adventurer, explorer and scholar, Karrock is a hero of near mythic status for Thera trolls, many of whom aspire to a diversity of skills and talents unusual for trolls in other lands.

T'SKRANG

The old cliché that t'skrang are traders and riverfolk is as true in Thera as elsewhere. Where does one build a new city? On a river or coastline, of course. How does most trade come into a large city? By river, of course, even when one has airships (too few in number to provision a

large city) and magical means of making land vehicles more mobile (they still cannot travel as fast as a t'skrang riverboat). T'skrang, especially in the merchant House Carinci, are a large part of the economic lifeblood of Thera provinces. They have also traditionally played a leading role in exploring the borders of new lands; any Thera Legion worth its salt has at least a division's worth of t'skrang scouts and provisioners. Rather than serving as soldiers or tradesmen, the often boastful and flamboyant t'skrang prefer to be river captains, traders, market owners, and merchants. Though often the least committed to grandiose notions of Empire, t'skrang are among its most effective workers. Thera's elven rulers have always taken pains to make the t'skrang feel valued, and this treatment has paid off.

DWARFS

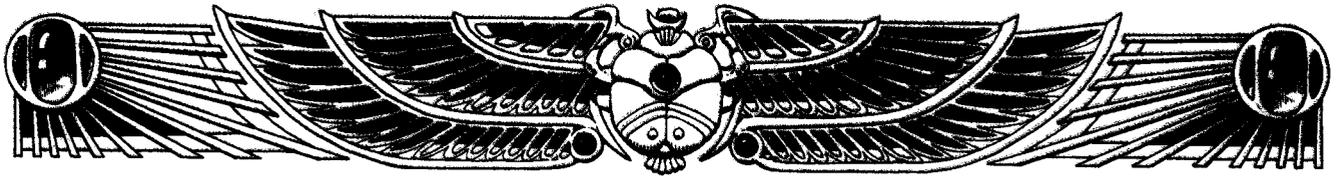
The earth-dwellers have no simple role in Thera society; their place varies from province to province. Many Thera dwarfs fill the time-honored roles of artisan, stonemason, builder, architect and military engineer, at which they are particularly adept. Some Thera cities are run by large numbers of dwarf administrators; one or two Imperial Legions number dwarfs among them as the largest single racial group; and the city of Tangrane in Marac Province is led by a legendary dwarf Overgovernor, Razal al'Jalalduddin of House Thaloss, gifted with exceptional political and military skills. Overgovernor Razal, in turn, maintains a clique of military and civil henchmen who are almost entirely dwarfs. The key role played in Barsaive by the dwarfs of the Kingdom of Throal has contributed to minor prejudice against Thera dwarfs, on the part of other Therans as well as Barsaivians.

WINDLINGS

Windlings are rare in Thera. This race's anarchic, freedom-loving nature is at odds with the Imperial stress on law, order, organization and hierarchy. Windlings of lands conquered by the Empire either flee them or do not long survive.

One noted group of Thera windlings is the dreaded *ghareez*, an Imperial cadre of skilled torturers and interrogators. Their small hands and exquisitely crafted instruments allow them to inflict maximum pain with minimum collateral damage. Gloomy and nihilistic, the *ghareez* reject what is commonly believed to be windling nature; they loathe sunlight and dwell in darkness, and they despise almost everything that lives or takes pleasure in living. Even an Overgovernor who sends a hated enemy or rebel into the hands of these pitiless inquisitors feels a pang of apprehension, remorse or dread. The *ghareez* always learn what they





want to know, and those sent into the dungeons and cellars to meet these little folk rarely return. Only the strongest emerge, and then only as shells of their former selves.

As a consequence of *ghareez* notoriety and their relative rarity in Theran society, windlings—especially outsiders—are regarded with suspicion in Theran communities. In Vivane or anywhere else in Imperial territory, an adventuring group that includes a windling is at a disadvantage. The eyes of soldiers and spies will follow them wherever they go.

THERANS AND THE PASSIONS

In general, Theran attitudes toward Passions and questors are similar to those of Barsaivians, though Therans emphasize the link between the true nature of the Passions and the virtues of the Theran Empire. Therans do, however, hold a few unique views.

Theran magicians, scholars, and well-traveled adventurers tend to give the Passions lip service rather than true devotion. These Therans have traveled to many lands and found many entities, wholly unknown to Thera or to Barsaive, revered by other peoples as Passions. Such discoveries have led many Theran scholars to regard the Passions as cultural symbols rather than actual powers to be reckoned with. These cosmopolitan individuals reason that if the Passions and other such beings really counted for anything, people's beliefs about them would not be so obviously a product of their native culture and geographical origin. However, the elven powers-that-be in Thera give the Passions due regard (with a handful of exceptions). They understand too much about the ways of magic and history to brush aside such powerful entities.

Certain Therans also regard the Passion Dis, believed by Barsaivians to be mad, as a sane and even valuable Passion. Many regard Dis as the "anti-Passion," the embodiment of the need to transcend emotion and irrationality and turn to the noble principle of pure Reason. Believers in this idea may accomplish their goal by taking an ascetic path or by indulging themselves until overindulgence prompts them to turn away from irrational behavior. Some Theran scholars note wryly that the origin of the word "dispassion" proves that their view of Dis is correct. Many scholars have an especially high regard for Dis, regarding that Passion as a symbol that exalts honesty and integrity by elevating impartial Reason over subjectivity.

Theran authorities throughout the Empire prohibit open reverence for the Passion Lochost and similar Passions in non-Barsaivian lands, for the obvious reason

that a colonizing empire does not wish to encourage a Passion of rebellion among its subjects. Reverence for Vestrial is also strongly discouraged among Therans, as that Passion embodies a chaotic principle that would destroy the hard-won coherence of Thera's competing noble Houses. Though a few nests of Vestrial worshippers and even questors may exist in some places in the Empire, they are few in number and keep their allegiance a closely guarded secret. Vestrial worship among subject peoples is better accepted. Some local Overgovernors, such as Kypros of Vivane, even encourage it to a certain extent in the belief that Vestrial's divisive nature makes the conquered easier to control. Even in Vivane, however, those who worship Vestrial too openly may end up floating down the Flamewalk River.

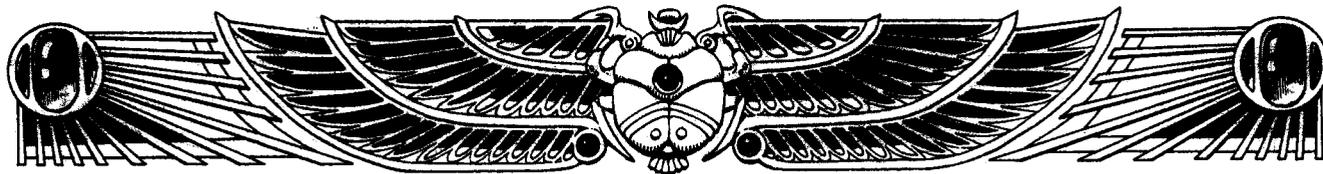
THERA AND BARSAIVE

At first glance, Barsaive's apparently successful defiance of a mighty empire with vast military and magical resources at its disposal seems puzzling. The most potent Theran magicians possess unimaginable power; Theran magical skill protected the world against the Horrors. Whether the Name-giver races could have survived this endless nightmare without the Therans is doubtful. That they could not have survived with their civilizations still largely intact without Theran aid is beyond question. Yet if Theran wizards are so powerful, why does Barsaive still exist? The Therans have the power to destroy it utterly in only a few days. They could blast Throal's mountains into ash and raze the jungles, filling every river with poison and destroying the fertility of Barsaivian soil overnight. They might even manage to magically coerce every Barsaivian into mental submission or slavery, though the cost would doubtless be enormous. Why have they not done so?

First, Barsaive is only one province of the vast Theran Empire. The Therans know of many lands like Barsaive, but dominating all of them would require applying of an impractical degree of magical force. Moreover, expending such resources might weaken them badly, making it far harder for them to hold onto the other Imperial provinces they administer. From the Theran viewpoint, Barsaive is a rewarding resource for slaves, mercenaries, and certain goods and foodstuffs, but it offers nothing of extreme value.

Second, the Therans have never wanted to destroy Barsaive. They want control over the resources it possesses. Wholesale destruction of the province would leave Thera the proud owner of hundreds of miles of utterly worthless land.





Third, the Heavenherds (the elite among Theran magical practitioners) and their allies spend their time and energy engaged in magical operations of the utmost delicacy and difficulty. They cannot simply abandon their current, vital tasks and turn their hands to warcraft. (The nature of their preoccupation is the best-guarded of all Imperial secrets.)

THE POWER OF THERAN NAMES

Before the Scourge, Barsaive was one of countless Theran provinces. Since the Theran War, most of Barsaive has declared independence from the Empire, and Barsaivians think of their land as a nation in its own right, led by the dwarf Kingdom of Throal. The Therans, however, still consider Barsaive a province under their jurisdiction, though an errant one. Interestingly, both the Empire and the people of Barsaive still use the Name Barsaive to describe the land—a Name originally bestowed on it by the Therans. Indeed, many Barsaivians still refer to the land as the Province of Barsaive. This adherence to Theran Names does little to aid the Barsaivians in their attempts to drive the Therans away. In fact, their use strengthens Theran magical ties to the land.

Since the Theran War, the Empire has begun referring to the territory surrounding the city of Vivane as

Vivane Province, though it is not a true province in an administrative sense. The Heavenherds, however, have Named the Imperial-occupied lands around Vivane, Vivane Province, deliberately using the power of Naming to foster their continued dominance of the area.

CURRENT IMPERIAL RELATIONS WITH BARSAIVE

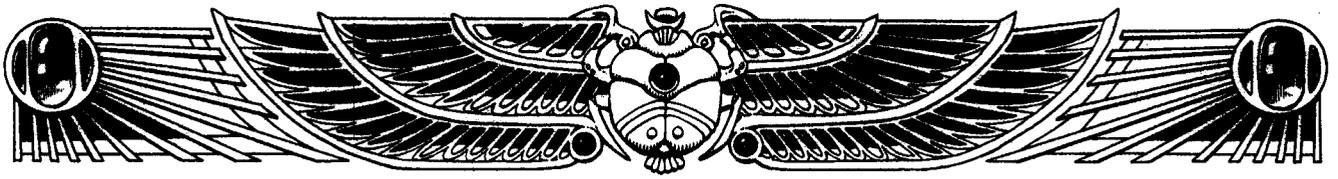
For the foreseeable future, Theran relations with Barsaive will not change. The military commanders at Sky Point and Vivane scheme and plot to re-conquer more of territory, but they are equally preoccupied with holding onto what they have. Fortunately for the Therans in Barsaive, the mountains and jungle surrounding the Province of Vivane make it relatively easy for the Eighth Legion to maintain control. Vivane has been rebuilt and has slowly grown over the past several years, and Overgovernor Kypros has enthusiastically reported this progress to his superiors on the island of Thera proper. He has been equally enthusiastic about the dearth of major defeats or losses to report. To go to war against some part of Barsaive and fail could easily bring him Imperial disfavor. Even a successful campaign might be a mixed blessing, because taking new lands is one thing—holding them is another.

For now, Overgovernor Kypros is content to leave the rest of Barsaive alone. He will rebuild every inch of his city before he even contemplates major attacks on Barsaive (unless, of course, the Barsaivians force his hand ...).

VIVANE AND SKY POINT

Though the fortress of Sky Point and the city of Vivane have always represented an important part of the Imperial presence in Barsaive, these two places hold particular significance at the present time. Before the Scourge, Vivane was a trading city, one of the first outposts through which Barsaivian goods passed into the Theran Empire. Once the Empire built the provincial capital of Parlainth and delegated the administration of Barsaive to the dwarfs of Throal, Vivane's importance diminished somewhat; it became one of a hundred Barsaivian cities under Theran rule. The end of the Scourge and the Theran War, however, left Vivane as the seat of the Theran Empire in Barsaive. It has taken the place of ruined Parlainth as the provincial capital, and its presence constantly reminds Barsaivians that the Therans eventually intend to retake the land they once owned.





From its inception, Sky Point served as an airship base and fortress for divisions of the Eighth Legion and Seventh Fleet. Built to intimidate and subdue a fractious and newly conquered land full of volatile, warring kingdoms, Sky Point served as a significant center of military power for some years. As Barsaive settled into relative peace, the need for a strong military presence waned, and the resident garrisons at Sky Point grew smaller and smaller. The Empire abandoned Sky Point just before the Scourge. After the Scourge ended, the returning Therans easily wrested control of their ancient fortress from the small contingent of Barsaivians who had settled in the nearby city of Vrontok.

Vivane's new prominence since the Theran War has made Sky Point important once more as a strong military outpost. In more than one way, Sky Point stands as a monument to Imperial might. The fortress itself is a wonder to behold, a feat of magic and engineering unparalleled throughout Barsaive (and most of the Empire). Sky Point is also the base of operations for an entire fleet of airships, including three massive kilas and more than two dozen vedettes. Sky Point bears witness to the Empire's awesome power and military resources. (For a complete description of Sky Point, see pp. 8–15 of the *Vivaine Province* book.)

ON THE FIRST GOVERNOR AND THE CONCLAVE

Thera is an empire without an emperor. For historical reasons, the Therans have avoided using the title "Emperor" for fear of committing or being accused of hubris. Instead, they call the ruler of the Empire the "First Governor." Almost without exception, past First Governors have been human or elf, a fact that makes the current First Governor, Kanidris, an obsidiman of House Zanzan, something of an oddity. Kanidris has served as First Governor for twelve years, and is likely to retain that title until his Liferock calls him to return.

Far from being an all-powerful despot, the First Governor shares power with the Conclave. From the original body of administrators known as The Twelve, the Conclave has grown to consist of 231 members—22 from each of ten noble Houses, plus 11 advisors appointed by the First Governor. Conclave members, known as *lavernae*, are nominated by each House and then chosen in individual House conclaves held at four-year intervals. Within the Houses, complex and subtle diplomacy determines Conclave membership and decision-making.

The key to the Conclave is the Arbiter-General, or *karinthini*. The Arbiter-General mediates between the

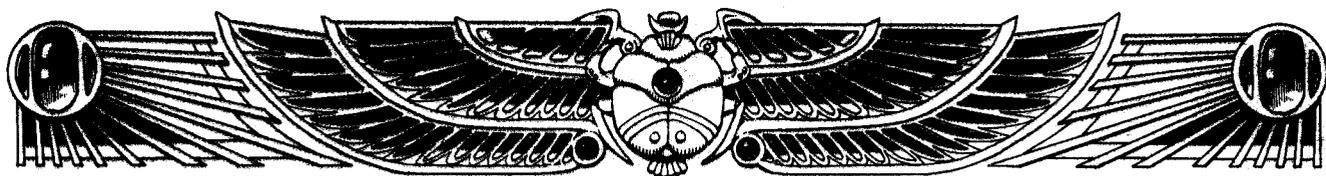
Conclave and the First Governor. Every four years, when a new Conclave meets, it elects the Arbiter-General. The current Arbiter-General, Andreax of House Medari, has occupied the post for fourteen years and will probably be re-elected in perpetuity—or until he gets bored with the job. Andreax is an elf, a brilliant manipulator, and politician with the virtues of relative honesty and a tremendous grasp of political, economic and military realities. He is also impossible to catch off-guard and is undoubtedly the best-informed living Theran.

The Arbiter-General is always at the heart of Imperial decision-making. He advises the First Governor on the will of the Conclave, and a wise First Governor listens. The Conclave elects the First Governor when the need arises, and a three-quarters majority of a Conclave quorum can depose the First Governor. The *karinthini* rarely allows matters to come to such a crisis, and then only when all involved parties agree that deposition offers the best method for rectifying an undesirable situation.

The Arbiter-General maintains a sprawling bureaucracy known as the Arbitorium. His scribes communicate constantly with the Overgovernors of Theran provinces and other territories beyond Thera's shores. The most senior members of the Theran civil administration share the offices of the Arbitorium. Though technically the *karinthini* does not appoint them, during the post-Scourge years skillful *karinthini* have exercised major influence over new civil appointments. Much horse trading goes on between the Houses over the civil service—and who better to mediate these complex discussions than the *karinthini*, a man who lives by diplomacy and balancing vested interests?

The Arbiter-General also has two special divisions of military personnel at his disposal: the *kedate* and the *praetori*. The *kedate* serve as general couriers and emissaries, with minimal power to negotiate certain matters when necessary. Swift and dispassionate messengers, they keep the Arbiter-General informed of events around the Empire. The *praetori* serve as emissaries with more specialized skills. A *praetor* is trained for many years, first as a soldier to foster military camaraderie and skills, and then as a diplomat, linguist and scholar. Most *praetori* are elves, partly because the three or four decades of training represent a relatively small percent of an elven life span. Also, the elven race is the most powerful within the Empire and prefers to keep the *praetori* under its control. *Praetori* travel to areas of major internal tension in the Empire, when Houses or powerful Therans are in conflict or when some other major problem manifests itself. A *praetor* investigates, searches, examines, goes where he wishes, and commandeers whatever resources he needs (within reason). When all is done, the *praetor* submits a final





report to the Arbiter-General who recommends suitable action to the Conclave (they usually rubber-stamp his decisions). The *praetori* forsake House affiliations and are trained to be as dispassionate and objective as possible in observation and judgment.

THERAN NOBLE HOUSES

The noble Houses of Thera are made up of the highest-ranking Therans and their families. An aristocratic Theran family is an extended one, comprising anything from a handful of individuals to hundreds, all related by blood. No formal protocol determines family membership. An individual of any race may be deeply proud of family allegiance or largely indifferent to it. Clannish races such as elves and t'skrang normally form close-knit families, humans less so.

Houses are composed of many families that are usually not related to each other by blood, and not necessarily by race. The connections that led each group of families to form each different House evolved in various ways. For example, House Krand is said to have evolved from a small knot of a dozen or so nethermancers and other magicians, and to have expanded its ties through scholarly cooperation with explorers, botanists, animal-gatherers and other adventurers who circumnavigated the globe in airships in the early days of the Empire. This House eventually began to wield considerable power in Thera proper by virtue of its significant contributions to the knowledge of the magical properties of nature and the unique results of experimentation. Whatever their origins, however, the Houses have all become powerful aggregates, and membership in them is determined by birth. Any Theran born into a noble family who maintains his link with his kin is regarded as a member of that family's House. Whether he becomes a member of his House's conclave depends on his progress in life. If he makes something of himself in a specific area—especially if he becomes skilled in the core concerns of his House—he will be invited into the House Conclave and accepted among his House's elders.

The Therans have long worked to balance relations between Houses in order to minimize internal conflicts. The creation of House conclaves and the larger Imperial Conclave is one such diplomatic strategy. A second is the elaborate rituals developed for resolving conflicts between House members: trials of strength, wit, or magical prowess. A third is the blanket prohibition on the use of magic to spy on or make divinations regarding the property or persons of nobles. The institution of the *praetori* and the elective nature of the First Governor's position also

serve to keep conflict at a minimum; the First Governorship rotates fairly regularly among Houses. Finally, a system of assigning semi-exclusive rights to Imperial funds and operations has been used to encourage diversity of House interests, so that individual Houses tend to concentrate their efforts on their own major interests. Of course, the interests of the various noble Houses and the status they hold are continually evolving. In Vivane, five Houses are currently of major importance because of numbers, money, power and influence (see *House Politics in Vivane*, p. 20).

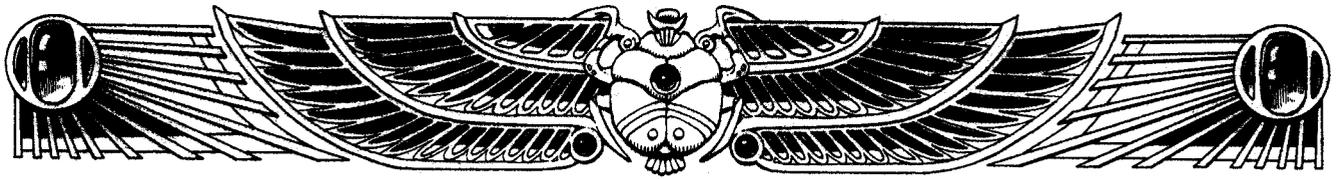
Though House and Conclave members regard themselves as nobility, no formal titles or noble ranks as such exist among the leaders of Thera. In the undefined hierarchy of the powerful, however, political acumen, wealth, and learning count for much.

THE IMPERIAL ARMIES AND NAVIES

The First Governor technically serves as the Supreme Marshal of the College of War, the elite Field Marshals and Grand Admirals of Thera. The military hierarchy is separate from the Arbitorium in principle, but the *karinthini* usually has his fingers in this pie, too. When a senior military appointment is made in Thera proper, the College of War makes its own judgments. In Imperial lands outside the Great City, the military commanders and the local Overgovernor must submit to the *karinthini* a list of suitable candidates for appointments. He forwards it to the First Governor, who makes the final decision—usually considerably influenced by the *karinthini*. In this way, the *karinthini* can exert influence over much of the Imperial military. On occasion a city's military leaders submit a list with the Names of their pet candidate and a few hopeless unsuitables, hoping to fix the outcome, only to watch helplessly as the *karinthini* recommends one of the turkeys to the First Governor to teach the military a lesson. After a year or two of demonstrable incompetence, the turkey is quietly eliminated one way or another. The city's admirals and generals, suitably chastened, compose a more sensible list and communicate more often with the *karinthini*. This time, things go a bit better.

The large units of Theran armies are legions, which vary in size. The corresponding large naval unit is the fleet. Each province has at least one legion and at least one fleet. One general and one admiral serve as the overall commander of all a province's legions and fleets and are directly responsible to the First Governor and the College of War. The position of provincial commanding general or commanding admiral is usually secure unless one proves





incompetent, but politics sometimes complicates matters. In addition to commanding the troops, the general and admiral must work with the provincial Overgovernor, the head of each provincial capital's civil and political administration, and his *akarenti*—a mid-level military officer who oversees local networks of spies and informers (in addition to other things).

The soldiers that make up the Eighth Legion, currently assigned to Sky Point, consist largely of warrior, swordmaster, and archer adepts. Game statistics for typical legionnaires of each Discipline appear on pages 16–17. These statistics assume the legionnaires are Second Circle adepts, and so the gamemaster may have to adjust them to fit the needs of his game.

A typical division of the Eighth Legion numbers 120 soldiers, of which 85 are heavy infantry, 30 are light infantry, and 4 are lieutenants. All these are commanded by the *strategos*, the divisional commander. Irregulars and special troops such as expert nethermancers, exceptional beastmasters and the like are assigned to divisions as needed. The gamemaster should treat such special officers as individual gamemaster characters and design them accordingly if the need for them arises in game play.

Roughly 85 percent of the Eighth Legion's heavy infantry are warrior adepts; the remaining 15 percent are swordmasters. Typical equipment includes chain mail; a footman's shield; a broadsword, battle axe, or mace; some type of pole arm; and a dagger or knife. The gamemaster may alter equipment as necessary for different races; for example, dwarf soldiers should carry dwarf swords. Pole arms are generally used for massed battles.

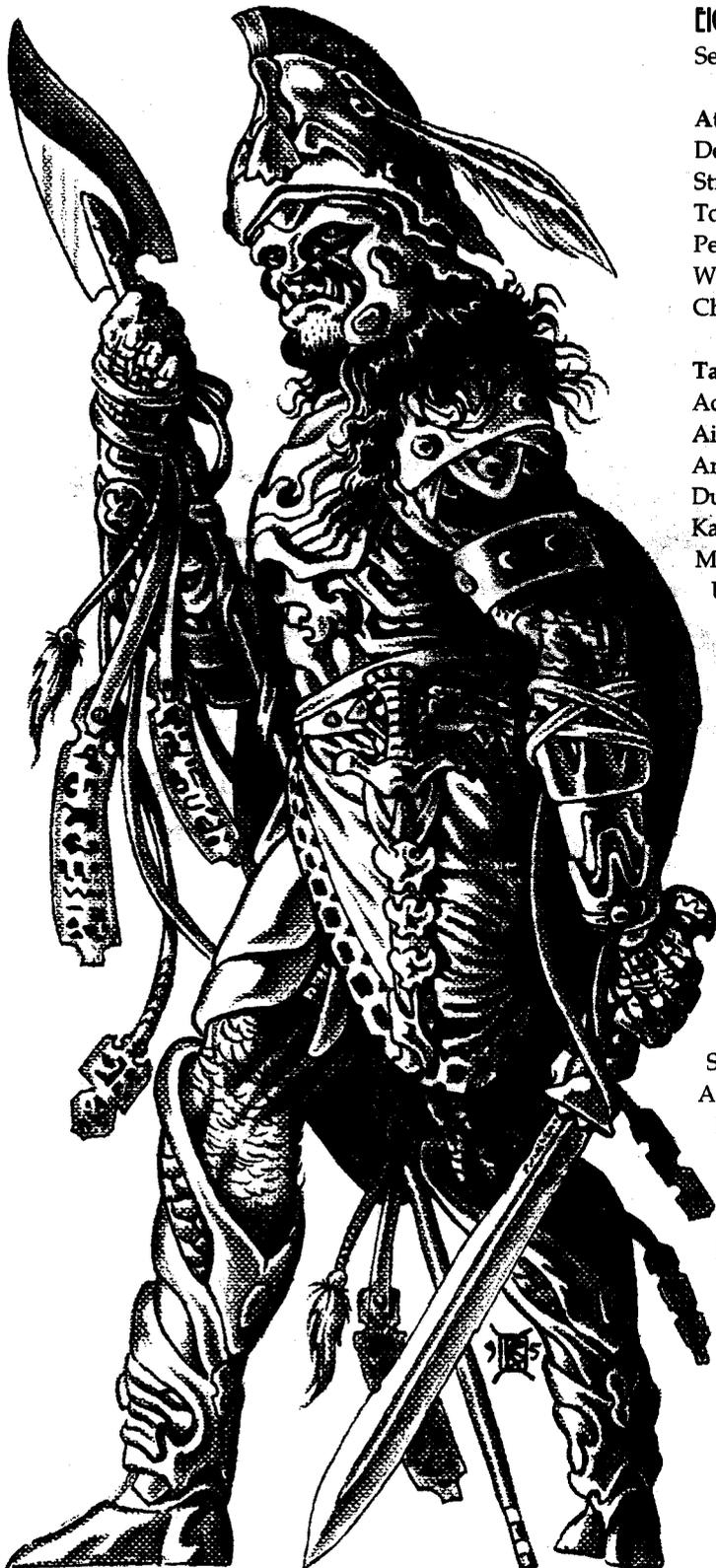
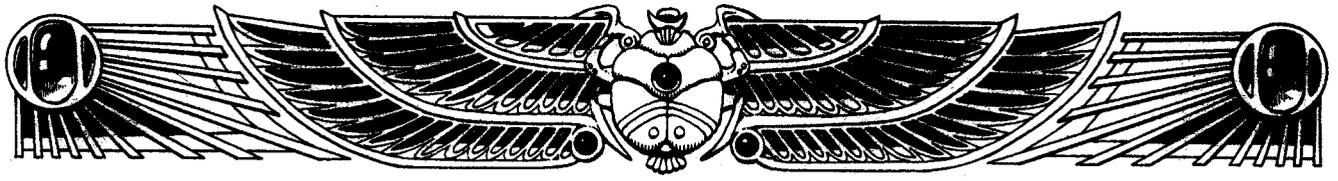
Among the light infantry, 65 percent are warriors and 35 percent are archers. Typical equipment includes hardened leather or hide armor; a buckler and short sword or hand axe for the warriors; a light or medium crossbow with bolts for the archers; and a knife or dagger. The gamemaster may alter equipment by race as necessary, though elven regular infantry do not carry elf war bows.



Of any given division's four lieutenants, any two may be specialists such as beastmasters, scouts, and so on. Lieutenants not gifted with specialized abilities are novice warrior adepts. All wear chain mail, and 1 out of every 4 lieutenants wears mail with magical or otherwise special qualities. Two of the four carry a two-handed sword, two carry a broadsword. All carry a footman's shield, a hand axe, and a dagger, and two out of every four may carry a magical potion of some kind.

The *strategos* is most often a warrior adept, though he or she may be a swordmaster or an archer. The equipment the *strategos* carries varies according to his Discipline. All are either novices or journeymen, of a Circle equal to or higher than the highest Circle among the lieutenants. At the gamemaster's discretion, half the divisional commanders in the Legion may have magical armor (or similar magical protection in the case of an archer wearing lighter armor); a magical weapon appropriate to the commander's Discipline; a magical potion of some kind; or a group pattern item crafted for an officer's group within the Legion. The gamemaster must devise the latter as appropriate for his adventure.





EIGHTH LEGION WARRIOR (ORK)

Second Circle Warrior

Attributes

Dexterity (12): 5/D8
Strength (18): 7/D12
Toughness (19): 7/D12
Perception (11): 5/D8
Willpower (10): 5/D8
Charisma (12): 5/D8

Initiative

Dice: 1/D4 - 2 (Heavy Infantry);
4/D6 (Light Infantry)

Talents

Acrobatic Strike (2): 7/D12
Air Dance (2): 7/D12
Anticipate Blow (1): 6/D10
Durability (2)
Karma Ritual (2)
Melee Weapons (3): 8/2D6
Unarmed Combat (2): 7/D12
Woodskin (3): 10/D10 + D6

Skills

Artisan/Runic Carving (1): 6/D10
Knowledge/Ancient Weapons (1): 6/D10
Knowledge/Theran History (1): 6/D10

Karma

Dice: D8
Points: 20

Movement

Full: 65
Combat: 33

Combat

Physical Defense: 7
Spell Defense: 7
Social Defense: 7
Armor: 10 (6*)
Mystic Armor: 0

Damage

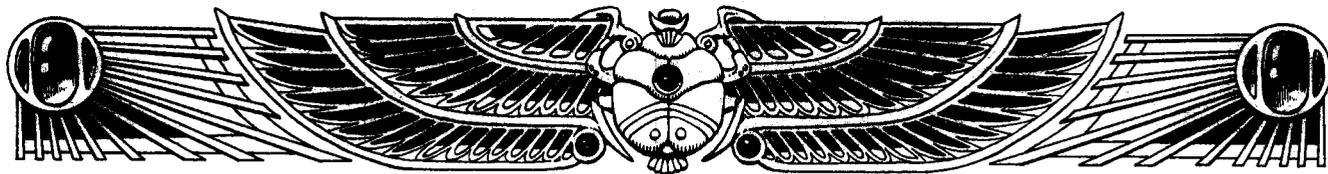
Death Rating: 61
Wound Threshold: 12
Unconsciousness Rating: 49
Recovery Tests per Day: 3
Recovery Dice: 2D6

Equipment

Chain Mail/Footman's Shield (Heavy Infantry)
Hardened Leather Armor/Buckler (Light Infantry)
Battle-axe (Damage 13/D12 + D10)
Mace (Damage 11/D10 + D8)
Dagger (Damage 9/D8 + D6)

*Light Infantry





EIGHTH LEGION ARCHER (HUMAN)

Second Circle Archer

Attributes

Dexterity (18): 7/D12
Strength (13): 6/D10
Toughness (11): 5/D8
Perception (15): 6/D10
Willpower (13): 6/D10
Charisma (12): 5/D8

Initiative

Dice: 6/D10

Talents

Avoid Blow (2): 9/D8 + D6
Direction Arrow (1): 7/D12
Durability (2)
Karma Ritual (2)
Missile Weapons (3): 10/D10 + D6
Mystic Aim (2): 8/2D6
Sprint (2)
True Shot (2): 9/D8 + D6

Skills

Artisan/Wood Carving (1): 6/D10
Knowledge/Theran Legends and Heroes (1): 7/D12
Knowledge/Theran Military History (1): 7/D12

Karma

Dice: D8
Points: 20

Movement

Full: 85
Combat: 42

Combat

Physical Defense: 10
Spell Defense: 8
Social Defense: 7
Armor: 6
Mystic Armor: 1

Death Rating: 44
Wound Threshold: 8
Unconsciousness Rating: 34
Recovery Tests per Day: 2
Recovery Dice: D8

Equipment

Hardened Leather Armor
Buckler
Light Crossbow (Damage 10/D10 + D6)
Medium Crossbow (Damage 11/D10 + D8)
Dagger (Damage 8/2D6)

EIGHTH LEGION SWORDMASTER (ELF)

Second Circle Elf Swordmaster

Attributes

Dexterity (20): 8/2D8
Strength (13): 6/D10
Toughness (11): 5/D8
Perception (13): 6/D10
Willpower (12): 5/D8
Charisma (16): 7/D12

Initiative

Dice: 4/D6

Talents

Avoid Blow (1): 9/D8 + D6
Durability (3)
Karma Ritual (2)
Maneuver (2): 10/D10 + D6
Melee Weapons (2): 10/D10 + D6
Riposte (2): 13/D12 + D10
Taunt (2): 9/D8 + D6
Wound Balance (2): 8/2D6

Skills

Artisan/Runic Carving (1): 8/2D6
Knowledge/Ancient Weapons (1): 7/D6
Knowledge/Magical Lore (1): 7/D6

Karma

Dice: D6
Points: 15

Movement

Full: 110
Combat: 55

Combat

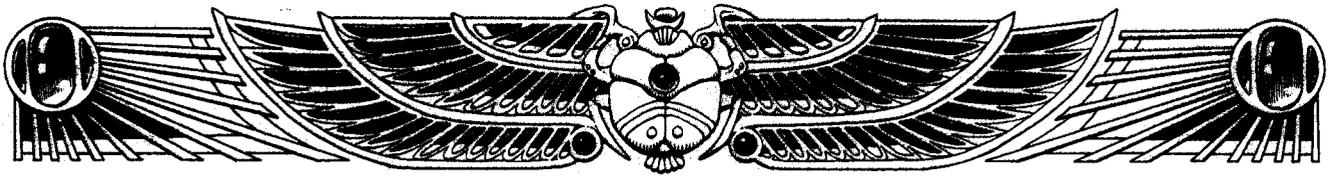
Physical Defense: 10
Spell Defense: 7
Social Defense: 9
Armor: 10
Mystic Armor: 1

Death Rating: 46
Wound Threshold: 8
Unconsciousness Rating: 36
Recovery Tests per Day: 2
Recovery Dice: D8

Equipment

Broadsword (Damage 11/D10 + D8)
Chain Mail/Footman's Shield
Dagger (Damage 8/2D6)
Knife (Damage 7/D12)





ABOUT VIVANE



To the seasoned traveler, Vivane will seem both hearteningly familiar and unexpectedly strange. Much of the city—roughly two-thirds of the area inside the old walls—is home to Barsaivians who live very much like their countrymen to the northeast. All, however, live under the firm hand of the city's Theran overlords. The Theran Quarter will astound and amaze even the most worldly Barsaivian adventurer, though Theran travelers more used to the splendor of the Empire's capital may find Vivane somewhat parochial and dull. For Theran travelers, however, Vivane does offer a potentially rewarding chance to study the Barsaivian enemy in his natural habitat.

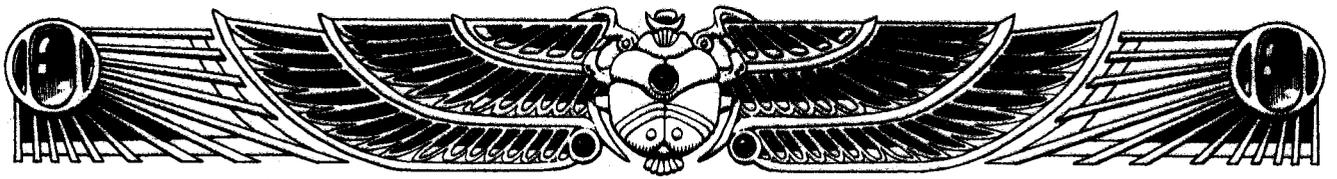
A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE CITY

The first settlement at Vivane was recorded 399 years before the founding of Throal. The original village served as a winter camp for nomadic human clans, who surrounded their settlement with wooden palisades for defense. Later inhabitants strengthened the walls and constructed strong, easily defended buildings with stone from the excellent deposits at what would later become Balkaria to the west. Trade flowed easily down the Sturgeon River into and out of the burgeoning town and Vivane grew rapidly. Documents in the Eternal Library of Thera, dated 285 years prior to the founding of Throal, describe Vivane as having 7,000 inhabitants. Thirty years later, the town held 16,500 people. It continued to grow and prosper until the first Theran airship armada arrived in Barsaive in 277 TH.

The Therans conquered Vivane in 300 TH, using magical force as an essential part of their strategy. They wanted to take the well built and strongly defended city intact so that they could use it as a base for further incursions into Barsaive. The invaders used spells causing fear and other mind-affecting magic to terrify Vivane's citizens, together with brutal demonstrations of military might. The invading Third Legion had an entire cohort of masterylith cavalry, and used these ferocious beasts to destroy the city's northern gates. Meanwhile, Theran elementalists held back the waters of the Sturgeon by a feat that led local people to rename it the Flamewalk River; they created massive standing walls of fire that flanked the Legion soldiers as they crossed the water and marched to Vivane's river gates. The elementalists also caused huge gouts of fire to burst from the river-front walls. General Xanmand, commander of the Theran forces, demanded the city's surrender, in exchange offering to spare the Vivanians' lives and let them keep most of their property. He got the answer he sought within an hour. (He kept his first promise; the second was conveniently forgotten.)

In the ensuing decades, Vivane swiftly expanded. An entire Legion needed living space, and young Theran nobles eager to make something of themselves rather than stagnate at home arrived in great numbers. Orderly building began in the area now known as the Theran Quarter, then spread in a far more haphazard fashion. Theran t'skrang began exploring the river in the areas surrounding Vivane and reported their discoveries to the Theran generals. During this period, the Therans built the fortress of Sky Point and from it spread conquest across most of Barsaive.





VIVANE DURING THE SCOURGE

Vivane prepared itself better against the Scourge than many Imperial cities. Hoping to preserve the city intact, the leaders of Vivane chose to construct a citadel surrounding it rather than abandoning the surface for shelter within a kaer. In addition to the dome covering the entire city, Vivane's rulers took the additional precaution of building a smaller dome to cover the area then known as the Old City, the area of Vivane bounded by the original city walls in which most of the Therans lived. They also gave the Old City powerful magical defenses. This extra protection proved to be a wise political move on the Therans' part. Though many of them chose to withdraw to Thera to ride out the Scourge, they knew that Vivane would be a vital outpost for re-conquest once the Scourge ended. The minority of Therans who remained in Vivane told the small number of Barsaivians dwelling in the Old City that Theran magic alone could preserve Vivane, and they made it clear that the Barsaivians in the Old City had been specially chosen for salvation from the nightmare of the Scourge. Simultaneously flattered and cowed, the Barsaivians living in Vivane's Old City continued to accept Theran leadership. Those outside the small dome, whom

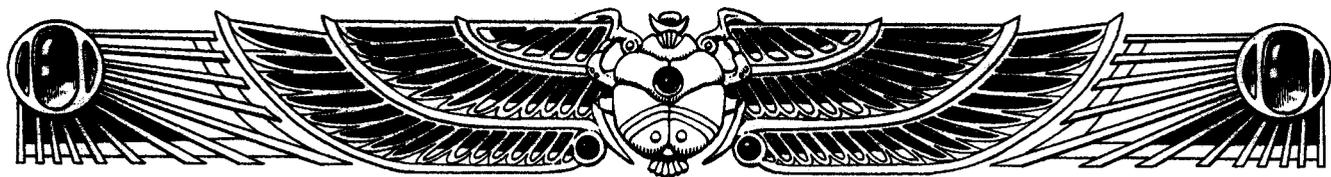
the Theran abandoned to an unknown fate, soon began to take their independence for granted.

Vivane also suffered less from the Scourge than other locations in Barsaive, possibly because the Horrors were kept from the power of the citadel's core defenses. Beyond the dome over the Old City, weaker magical defenses and a lack of organization allowed the Horrors to make major inroads. Much of the rest of the city was shattered or at least severely damaged during the Scourge. Of the 80,000 or so people living outside the Old City, roughly two-thirds and perhaps more were slain by the Horrors, but even that high death toll was lower than the death toll in many less fortunate places.

THE THERANS RETURN

The Therans returned to Vivane sixty-odd years after the Scourge, in 1442 TH (1002 TE) and swiftly re-established complete control over the city. As part of the reoccupation, the Imperial Legion and the Seventh Fleet were relocated to Vivane. Sky Point. In the past six decades, rebuilding has proceeded in fits and starts in the areas beyond the Old City, hampered by lack of funds. Sabotage by rebellious Barsaivians unhappy that the Therans abandoned their ancestors outside the Old City walls has also taken





Tales of Theran treachery and desertion handed down from ancestors who faced the Horrors still abound and often prompt Barsaivians to take vengeful action.

In the surrounding lands dubbed Vivane Province, Theran soldiers, airships and mercenaries have swiftly conquered most of the outlying settlements. The Therans are not numerous enough to populate or tightly control this wider area, but they can perform such necessary functions as moving armies and smaller detachments with impunity, collecting taxes and tithes and securing key resources. For the moment, a more complete re-conquest of Vivane Province is low on the list of Imperial priorities.

CITY GOVERNMENT

The four most important people in Vivane are the Overgovernor, the *akarenti*, and the commanders of the Eighth Legion and Seventh Fleet. Though in theory their roles are well defined, matters are more complicated in practice.

The Overgovernor of the city of Vivane, and also of Vivane Province, is Kypros. Rumor has it that Kypros was once a troubadour who found favor with the Overgovernor of another Imperial city, but if this is true the details are one of Kypros's better-kept secrets. A human in his early forties, Kypros is tall, lean, intelligent and ambitious. He wishes to be Overgovernor of all Barsaive and will take whatever actions he can get away with to strengthen his chance of obtaining that powerful position.

Kypros's position is not an easy one. The First Governor and the Theran Conclave, which appointed him Vivane's Overgovernor, hold him directly responsible for the city's and the province's fate. In essence, this means he gets the blame if anything goes wrong. As a result, Kypros is prone to caution. Rather than making grandiose plans to invade new territories, he places a priority on keeping the lands he already controls. Though a schemer and manipulator with few scruples, Kypros tends to do well by those loyal to him and is not malicious or vicious by nature. Though he has the power to make any decision he wishes regarding non-military matters in Vivane, he always listens carefully to the words of politically powerful Theran nobles in his city.

General Ilfaralek, a fifty-three-year-old human still in good shape, is the *akarenti*, or spymaster, of the city. He oversees the network of Imperial agents infesting Vivane and many towns and cities in Barsaive. Like Kypros, Ilfaralek is over-cautious at times. Because of his age and the prospect of retirement on a fat Imperial pension (which he will lose if he is held responsible for any major disasters), Ilfaralek settles for the quiet life whenever possible.

General Crotias, a fiery red-headed ork who often wears silvered armor, commands the Eighth Legion. A veteran of military campaigns in eastern lands, she has also tasted success in Barsaive. Crotias dislikes Kypros's caution and hungers for battle. She has positioned her own junior officers in key posts, and many people believe she wants Ilfaralek replaced. The two must work together from time to time; for example, Ilfaralek must notify Crotias of any threats to security and must sometimes ask her to loan him soldiers (for raids, ambushes, killing potentially dangerous subversives, and so on). Crotias officially takes orders from the College of War in Thera, though she rarely needs to consult them save in matters of major import. She has effective day-to-day command of the armies, though she must communicate with Kypros a great deal.

Admiral Tularch, an elf in her eighties, has a particularly difficult position. Her military history is less than distinguished, and she owes her position to Kypros. Their friendship is believed to have cooled in recent years, and if it has, Tularch will not long hold her present position. Her junior officers know this and have already begun an unseemly scramble to replace her. Tularch once served as temporary Overgovernor of Vivane but ruined her chances of winning the position permanently by taking rash actions. Her tendency to attack first and think later, combined with a famous capacity for holding a grudge, have given her both stunning victories and disasters. Her officers dislike her, believing rightly that she does not value the lives of those who fight for her.

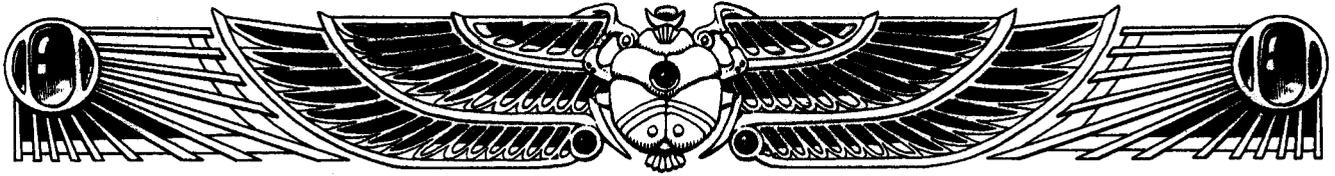
The nominal leader of the Barsaivian majority is Quarique Oathstone, the portly human magistrate who heads an Assembly elected by all Barsaivian taxpayers (about a quarter of Vivane's Barsaivian population). Even the lowliest Broken Quarter dweller knows in his heart that Oathstone is a self-serving opportunist who has no power to influence Kypros in any way. A puppet and a figurehead, he has no real aim beyond padding his own nest and richly deserves his nickname of the Fearful Feather.

HOUSE POLITICS IN VIVANE

Five Theran noble Houses are of particular significance in Vivane Province, especially in the city itself. Members of these five Houses were the first to arrive in Vivane after the reoccupation and they moved swiftly to secure niches for themselves through mutual favors.

The following thumbnail sketches of the five most prominent Houses describe the prevailing qualities commonly ascribed to each of them. As with all stereotypes, there is some truth to them, but they do not apply to every





individual member of a given House. For example, beefy military officers exist in House Narlanth, and House Zanjan has its share of reclusive scholars and scribes.

HOUSE CARINCI

Nobles from this predominately t'skrang House are Vivane's pre-eminent traders and explorers. House Carinci has obtained concessions from the Department of Bursaries to supply Vivane with much of the raw materials it needs, from food to building stone to wood to slaves. Because so many Carinci nobility are well traveled and urbane, many *kedate* and some airship captains come from this House. Admiral Tularch, for example, is connected to House Carinci.

HOUSE ZANJAN

Sometimes called the "House of Steel," House Zanjan is noted for its glorious military history. Regular soldiers and excellent generals and admirals come from this House; General Crotrias and General Ilfaralek are scions of House Zanjan. Zanjan nobility have a reputation for openness, bluntness and honesty. They are also the most likely to treat slaves well, regarding their own slaves as akin to a good bloodline of racing horses or destriers. They also often eschew the usual Theran practice of dynastic marriages, preferring to marry those who possess outstanding physical or mental qualities, rather than social standing.

HOUSE THALOSS

Regarded as slightly dull and slow by their more urbane counterparts, the nobles of House Thaloss have long dominated the Theran civil service. Slow they may be, but stubbornness and determination mark the most successful members of this House. The best of them are the most skillful politicians in Thera; Patracheus, Vivane's legendary Chief Secretary of the Department of Bursaries, is a scion of House Thaloss. Thaloss nobles often act as political fixers when a conclave has some key decision or appointment to make. They are rarely kings, but are often king-makers. Dwarf families are a key minority in this House, and include among them some exceptional military engineers as well as architects, planners and stonemasons.

HOUSE MEDARI

A traditional rival of House Carinci, this trading House has negotiated a neat division of spoils with House Carinci in Vivane. While the Carinci deliver goods, Medari nobles act as the bankers, merchants, and arrangers of services such as contract labor, mercenary and slave warriors and guards, and so on. Members of House Medari have a

collective reputation as dangerous political players likely to deceive and back stab whenever it suits their purposes, and so cities dominated by Medari nobles tend to be dangerous places to live. Fortunately for the people of Vivane, the Medari must share its power with four other Houses.

HOUSE NARLANTH

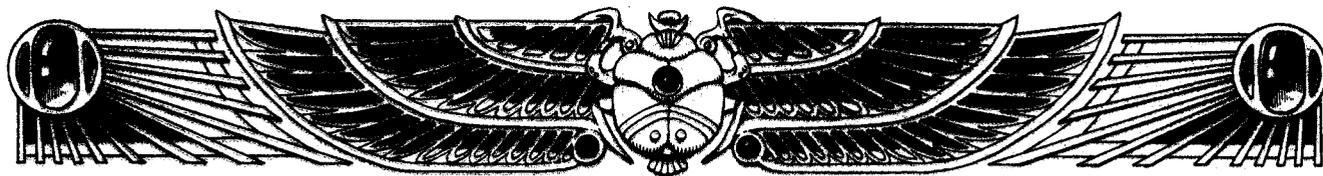
The common Barsaivian belief that Therans are mostly near-emaciated elves and humans probably stems from too many meetings with Narlanth nobles. Members of this House are somewhat otherworldly and oddly apolitical by comparison with other Houses. Wizards and scholars of unusual devotion or eccentricity are common among the Narlanth, and this House has difficulty establishing and maintaining working relations with the others. Though other nobles acknowledge the importance of House Narlanth's contribution to magical defenses against the Scourge and to so many of the magical marvels of Theran life, such power also inspires fear and distrust. Narlanth nobles understand these fears, and many of them make a point of keeping to themselves so that their prominence will not make matters worse. Ironically, their very aloofness fuels just the kind of paranoia they try so hard to avoid. The fact that some of House Narlanth's family lines have a genetic predisposition to insanity has not helped their case.

THE HOUSE CONCLAVE

The House Conclave of Vivane has fifty-five members: ten nobles from each House plus Crotrias, Ilfaralek, Tularch, Patracheus, and Kypros's right-hand lackey Jamzinnal, who acts as recorder for conclave meetings. The conclave meets monthly, and additionally whenever necessary, to make decisions concerning all non-military matters throughout Vivane Province. Usually, Overgovernor Kypros rubber-stamps these decisions or else presents the conclave with his demands (which *they* rubber-stamp). As the *karithini* in Thera proper does for the Theran Conclave and the First Governor, Jamzinnal and Patracheus act as go-betweens for Vivane's conclave and Overgovernor.

Most of the conclave's decision-making concerns such trivia as the cost of stone for repairing a sabotaged aquifer, the right age for educating Theran children in elementary Barsaivian grammar (and whether educating Barsaivian children at all is worth the trouble), or dutifully recording a protest from some tiresome wizard protesting the Relicshare tax. Many groups make representations to the conclave, and those who have conclave members among their own kin find it particularly easy to air their grievances or demands. These petitioners range from cultural groups who want to expand the Recitatorium to artisans'





groups seeking changes in taxation ("No tax on apprenticeships!") to downright eccentric people like the Petals of the Lily, a group that reveres a hallucinogenic lily found in upriver jungles and wants every public building decorated with a lily statue (and other ridiculous concessions). Craftsmen and artisans work through the Conclave rather than through guilds to institute change or redress grievances; groups of such skilled people present their concerns to conclaves at individual Houses or the overall House Conclave, and through them to whatever high official they need to approach to accomplish their ends. Artisans in the southern part of the Old City, most of whom have only tenuous connections with noble Houses, usually send a small deputation to Patracheus's offices at the House of Works. Only if that fails to get them anywhere do they turn to the House Conclave for more formal representation.

Of all the nobles in the House Conclave, Patracheus of House Thaloss is easily the most important. As Chief Secretary of the Department of Bursaries, Patracheus controls vast sums of money. The department receives special funds from Thera for various, often ill-defined purposes, and also collects province-wide taxes and tithes. Though officially the House Conclave decides how to spend these funds, Patracheus has enormous discretionary powers over the revenue. Often, the conclave considers it to be in their best interests to ignore the details of just where the money goes. For example, when Ilfaralek needs money to pay new spies, arrange an assassination, purchase a useful magical relic discovered by one of his agents, and so on, the conclave simply fails to question the expense.

Though Patracheus is by nature a hedonist and a fop, he knows how to keep his trail squeaky clean—just in case someone decides to get awkward or becomes resentful enough of his power to start digging for dirt. Prevailing opinion calls him either a meticulous public servant or an astute deceiver, or both at different times.

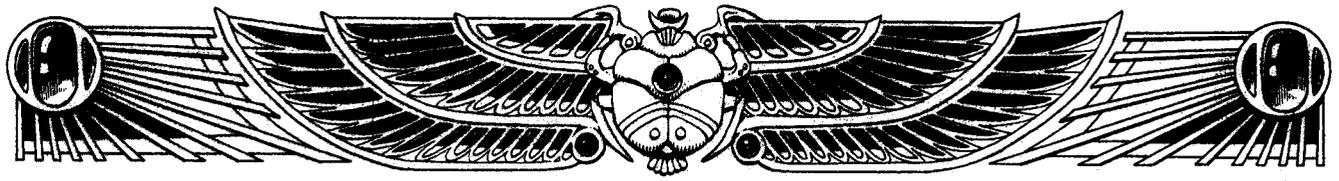
SECURITY IN VIVANE

Vivane's main defenders, the Eighth Legion, number 4,200 soldiers and 700 cavalry. The foot soldiers are a mix of heavy and light infantry, roughly three of the former for every one of the latter. The light infantry use primarily projectile weapons in combat. Almost all the cavalry ride large war-horses, but the Legion also possesses ten war mastryliths that are kept in Vivane unless needed for a seek-and-destroy mission or a major assault on some outlying settlement. The Legion is composed of divisions (120 soldiers each) and cohorts (four divisions each), plus reserve troops and senior officers. A tenth or so of the Legionnaires possess magical armor and weapons and the Maracanium located in the southern barracks constantly (if slowly) creates more. At any given time, roughly half of the Legion is away from the city, garrisoning towns and cities both distant and nearby, raiding around the borders of Barsaive Province or patrolling the outlying lands of Vivane Province. (For more information and statistics for Eighth Legion soldiers, see *The Imperial Armies and Navies*, p. 13).

MASTRYLITH (15-TON WAR ELEPHANT)

DEX: 4	STR: 13	TOU: 11
PER: 4	WIL: 5	CHA: 4





Initiative: 5
Number of Attacks: 1
Attack: 6
Damage: 15
Number of Spells: NA
Spellcasting: NA
Effect: NA

Physical Defense: 5
Spell Defense: 6
Social Defense: 6
Armor: 10
Mystic Armor: 1
Knockdown: 13
Recovery Tests: 7

Death Rating: 90
Wound Threshold: 20
Unconsciousness Rating: 75

Combat Movement: 24
Full Movement: 48

Legend Points: 400
Equipment: None
Loot: None

Inside Vivane city, Watch patrols police in the Theran Quarter and certain parts of the Merchants' Quarter. The average patrol consists of one or two soldiers of the Eighth Legion, plus a number of Barsaivian trustees. The frequency and strength of these patrols varies from place to place; wealthier parts of the city have better security than poorer ones. Descriptions of each district later on in this book include the level of security for each. In addition to Watch patrols, many of the better areas of the Theran Quarter have permanent magical lighting along their roads, and some nobles employ their own security patrols.

In Barsaivian Vivane, the peace is kept and taxes are collected mainly by the City Militia. This police force is divided into three squads of two hundred to three hundred men each. The Red, Blue and Green Squads each have designated jurisdictions and draw their members from those districts. Wherever they serve, the City Militia are supportive of Theran authority and work hard at enforcing their own often idiosyncratic interpretations of Theran law. The Red Squad covers the Merchants' Quarter and has close links with the City Watch; this squad's members, well-disciplined and -trained, are almost all drawn from the ranks of Barsaivian trustees. The Blue Squad officially patrols the Eastern and Riverside Quarters of Vivane, but they rarely venture south into the latter. They much prefer the more obvious attractions of the Eastern Quarter's gambling halls and bazaars that sprawl in the shadow of the Sunrise Gate. The increasingly notorious members of the Green Squad administer justice in the Broken Quarter, such as it is. Far more often than not, they pretend to uphold the law while acting totally outside it; they run slave rackets for the benefit of the Therans, line their own purses with protection money extorted from those they are meant to protect, and so on. The Greens are almost out of control, but no authority with the power to stop them cares enough to do so. All

three City Militia squads report to Oathstone and the Assembly, though this body rarely concerns itself with anything other than recovering as much tax revenue as possible before Kypros demands Thera's share from them. (See *The City Militia*, p. 39, for more information.)

CITY MILITIAMAN

DEX: 6 **STR:** 6 **TOU:** 6
PER: 5 **WIL:** 5 **CHA:** 5

Initiative: 5
Number of Attacks: 1
Attack: 8
Damage: 11
Number of Spells: NA
Spellcasting: NA
Effect: NA

Physical Defense: 8
Spell Defense: 7
Social Defense: 7
Armor: 6
Mystic Armor: 1
Knockdown: 6
Recovery Tests per Day: 2

Death Rating: 38
Wound Threshold: 10
Unconsciousness Rating: 29

Combat Movement: 35
Full Movement: 70

Legend Points: 100
Equipment: Broadsword, Buckler, Dagger, Hardened Leather Armor
Loot: None

Vivane city and Vivane Province have a strong naval presence: the *Prestige* and the *Regal* plus the two dozen smaller vedettes of Tularch's Seventh Fleet, and Kypros's massive flagship *Ascendancy*. These airships make regular "fly-bys" over the city to remind any Barsaivians contemplating sedition that they had best change their minds.

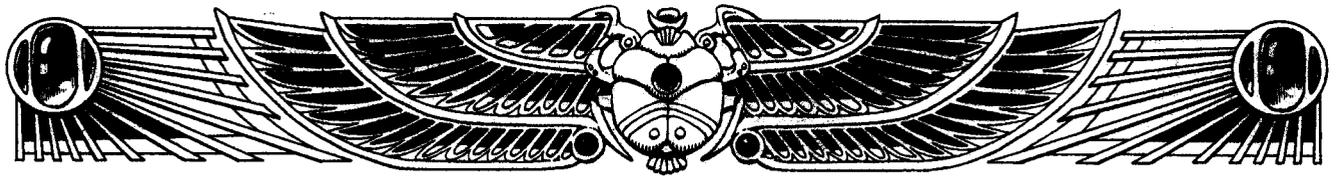
CITY WATCH PATROLS

The frequency, speed of response and composition of City Watch patrols varies from district to district. A given district's security may be rated as Excellent, Good, Fair, or Nonexistent. Each of these ratings is described below. The adepts of the City Watch are rated by Circle and by the categories described in the *Rituals of Advancement*, p. 120 of the *Earthdown Companion*.

Excellent Security

Only the Theran Quarter boasts Excellent security. Various types of patrols pass by every twenty minutes during daylight hours and every thirty minutes after dark. If someone raises an alarm, a patrol will arrive in 4 to 10 Combat Rounds. A summoned patrol may be someone's





private security force or an official Watch patrol; in general, Watch patrols turn up two times out of every three, except around public buildings where the Watch patrols exclusively. A typical Watch party consists of a Third Circle swordmaster equipped with ring mail, a footman's shield, a broadsword, and a dagger; a Second Circle swordmaster equipped with hide armor, a footman's shield, a short sword, a whip, a light crossbow, and a net; and three First Circle warriors equipped with hide armor, a footman's shield, a broadsword or two-handed sword, and a club or knife. There is a one-third chance that a novice magician, most likely a wizard or an elemental, will accompany the Watch. The Second Circle swordmaster will also have poison-tipped crossbow bolts that cause Step 7 paralysis to targets and may carry some minor magical item as the gamemaster sees fit. (Some kind of potion is most likely, but the item may also be a few spike bombs, an enchanted net that paralyzes a victim much as the poisoned bolts do, and so on.) Members of the Watch may be of any race, and the gamemaster may alter their equipment accordingly; for example, a dwarf may carry a dwarf sword rather than a two-handed weapon. If encountered at night, the patrol carries lanterns. Often, a patrol possesses a magical light source such as an enchanted lantern, which may project a blinding flash of light if the patrol includes a wizard with the skill to make it do so.

Virtually any individual building in an area with Excellent security has guards inside or around it. Official buildings are guarded by soldiers, and private residences by domestic slaves or henchmen well able to look after themselves. (The "handyman" at a Theran villa may be a semi-retired warrior who can still put up a good fight.) If necessary for the situation, the gamemaster should improvise details as he sees fit.

Good Security

In areas with Good security, interlopers can expect to encounter patrols every 30 minutes day and night. If specifically summoned, such a patrol takes 5 to 10 Combat Rounds to arrive at the scene. The composition of the patrol resembles those in Excellent areas, except that there is only a 1-in-10 chance of a wizard tagging along and each swordmaster has a 1-in-10 chance of carrying a minor magical item. In Barsaivian areas of Vivane, patrols are usually drawn from the City Militia. In this case, the gamemaster should reduce all members by one Circle to a minimum of First Circle, and the patrol should not include a magician. At night, City Militia patrols use ordinary lanterns.

Fair Security

In districts with Fair security, patrols appear every sixty minutes during the day and every forty minutes at night. If someone screams for a patrol, it takes 10 to 15 Combat Rounds to arrive on the scene. The patrol's composition is the same as for Excellent security, except that the Third Circle swordmaster is replaced by a warrior; the Second Circle swordmaster has only a 1-in-3 chance of carrying poison-tipped crossbow bolts; the patrol carries no magical items; the First Circle warriors carry only clubs and nets as weapons; and the patrol includes no magician. Outside the Theran Quarter, such a patrol will usually be from the City Militia, with similar abilities to those patrolling in an area with Good security. At night, such a patrol carries ordinary lanterns.

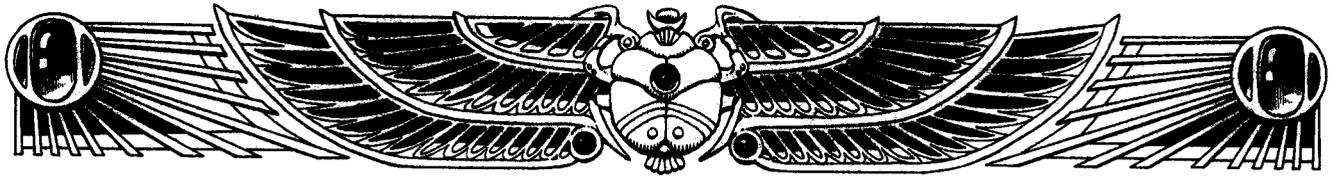
Nonexistent Security

Security in these areas amounts to a pathetic rabble of vigilantes with minimal equipment (scraps of armor, clubs, knives, and so on). The gamemaster may invent details as he sees fit. In wilder areas of the Broken Quarter, members of the City Militia's Green Squad may be present, though they rarely bother to assist those in trouble. Often they happily join in the attack or may have instigated the trouble for their own reasons. A Green patrol is similar in numbers and equipment to those usually encountered in an area with Fair security.

Houses of Correction

These stout stone edifices (marked on the **City of Vivane** map) were originally cramped cells used to hold prisoners on short-term sentences; the shaming effect was as important as the loss of liberty. Currently, each of these considerably expanded buildings holds a Watch patrol equal to those for Excellent security, plus four cavalymen and their war horses. Three out of every four cavalymen are orks. They all carry equipment from the Ork Cavalryman archetype (p. 71, ED), as well as nets and broadswords (they use the latter if they must fight after dismounting). These guards are fast-response reinforcements, to be summoned by the leaders of ordinary Watch patrols. In addition to simply yelling or running for help, patrol leaders carry trumpet-like animal horns on a length of rope that can be whirled around the head to make a screeching noise audible for roughly four hundred yards. At the gamemaster's discretion, within the Merchants' Quarter one in four of these extra guards may be members of the City Militia's Red Squad, on special duty with the Watch.





Theran Law in Vivane

Like any Imperial city, Vivane has its own code of laws. The spirit behind those laws and their exceptions is as important as exact penalties and offenses. All offenses are classed as either civic and/or criminal. Civic cases are disputes between individuals or groups regarding such matters as slander, libel, defamation, property disputes and the like, unless some officially granted concession is involved. The latter cases must be brought at the expense of the aggrieved party and are tried before a Theran magistrate, unless the dispute is between Barsaivians, in which case a Barsaivian magistrate presides. The winner of such a case receives compensation for his or her court costs plus possible payment for damages. Criminal cases are divided into Crimes of Grievance and Crimes of Shame, archaic terms that reflect the degree of emotion in the public's reaction to the offense and offender.

Crimes of Grievance include minor assault, disturbances of the peace, dangerous use of vehicles, drunkenness and public disorder but not riot, receiving or selling stolen goods, evasion of taxes or tithes of 50 gold pieces or less, trespassing, and so on. Severe fines are levied for most of these crimes, equal to 100 gold pieces or a quarter of a person's property up to a maximum of 2,000 gold pieces. If the convicted party cannot pay, he is sentenced to penal labor (which is only slightly different from the special punishment of slavery).

Crimes of Shame include murder, arson, rape, serious assault, riot, sedition, tax evasion above 50 gold pieces, using magical duress against or scrying upon a noble person, most smuggling, blackmail, bribery of a city official, fraud, embezzling, and the like. Penalties for these crimes are at the gamemaster's discretion, but usually involve confiscation of 90 percent of the offender's wealth, the amputation of a limb, flogging harsh enough to kill 25 percent or so of most offenders, or death. These punishments should vary logically from crime to crime. For example, embezzling should incur a fine while murder always incurs death by beheading (unless the victim is very poor and the murderer very rich).

For certain crimes, slavery is used as a special punishment. Therans can be sentenced to a definite or indefinite period of slavery for murder (rarely), severe assault, massive theft or major destruction of property. Non-Therans can be sentenced to slavery for virtually any offense, even the slightest misdemeanor. This punishment is meted out by Theran and Barsaivian magistrates alike, though less frequently by the latter unless the crime is committed in the Merchants' Quarter or a trustee family has been

wronged. The prosecution may demand slavery as punishment in any court in the city.

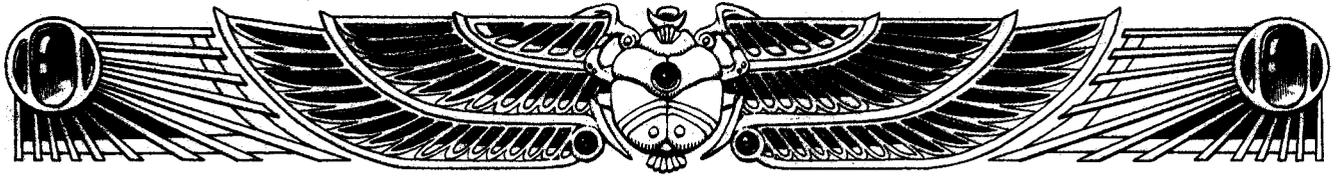
Vivane law prohibits the use of magical scrying and detective work, except under specific circumstances. Similar laws have existed for hundreds of years in Theran society and were originally passed to prevent nobles from spying on each other when they ought to be using their magical skills for socially and militarily useful purposes. The decree also sought to minimize friction between Thera's noble Houses. The only permissible magical scrying is that employed by magicians working for the Department of Bursaries, or by the *akarenti* (in his case only against non-Therans). Tax evasion can still be investigated magically, but the Overgovernor himself must sign a permit for the department to employ such skills.

The Theran code of law also distinguishes between Therans, the Enlightened, and Barbarians. Legally speaking, Therans are natives of the island of Thera who receive full rights under the law in any part of the Empire. The Enlightened, also known as trustees, are natives of regions conquered by the Therans who have demonstrated their trustworthiness through honest service to the Empire. The office of the local Overgovernor decrees who shall be called Enlightened and issues permits accordingly. In most cases, a subject of the Empire cannot hope to be deemed Enlightened unless he or she has lived under Theran authority for at least ten years and the children of an Enlightened subject must reach the age of maturity before being granted such status. Third generation and later descendants receive Enlightened status automatically. The Enlightened receive many rights of citizenship, but not all. They cannot become members of House Conclaves, they cannot rise in military rank beyond lieutenant (with a handful of exceptions), they are barred from the highest reaches of the civil administration, and unofficial barriers keep them from living in certain areas or entering certain professions.

Barbarians are conquered people not yet regarded as Enlightened. Such people have few rights, and need passes and permits to enter or leave the Theran Quarter of Vivane. Entering such an area without a pass means imprisonment or possibly summary execution. Barbarians have the right to life (killing a barbarian is a crime), but they have few rights in civic law (for example, they can be slandered freely). Barbarians may not serve in the armed forces or civil administration and may not reside in the Theran Quarter unless they receive special dispensation. Such permission is always temporary and usually lasts for a maximum of a year and a day.

Needless to say, slaves have no rights whatsoever.





ENTERING VIVANE

Anyone may enter Barsaivian Vivane, the greater part of the city beyond the Old City. At any given time, a fifth or so of the population in greater Vivane is transient: vagabonds, merchant travelers, adventurers, lowlifes fleeing the wrath of enemies in Barsaive, ordinary families and individuals drawn by the promise of work, wealth and safety, and so on. The Scourge and a few skirmishes during the Therans' initial reoccupation destroyed many of the city's walls and gates, especially in the north and east; in some parts of Vivane, no boundary exists beyond a line of rubble where a defensive wall once stood. The City Militia patrols the border, but in some areas militia patrols are extremely patchy. The major roads into Vivane enter the city through the immense but isolated Sunrise Gate to the east, the Flamewalk Bridge and River Gate to the south, and the High Gate to the northwest. Each gate is manned by a small contingent of City Militia, though they are rarely called upon to do more than control traffic congestion and harass anyone whose looks they don't like.

Visitors to the Theran Quarter, the original Old City, most often enter through the splendid spike-towered edifice of the North Gate. A pass permitting one day's residence can be purchased at this gate from the guards for a copper piece. However, a visitor must have a clearly justifiable reason for entry: possessing goods to sell, a letter from a Theran requesting the visitor's presence, or some such. For a silver piece, the visitor can buy a one-week pass enabling him to reside within the walled city, but he must notify the North Gate guards of his place of residence. Occasionally, a Watch soldier may come to check on such a visitor's whereabouts at some time during this stay. First-time visitors are advised that the best way to gain entry is to accompany a merchant traveler well known to the guards, who will usually let the merchant's companions into the Old City without asking too many questions.

An adventurer may also try entering the Theran Quarter via the river gates, though this is difficult. The bridge at the large South Gate is lowered over the river only at specific times of day. Boats docking at the wharves are met by soldiers from the south barracks, and their

cargo, crew and passengers most often go ashore into the city via the gates flanking the barracks rather than at the South Gate. One can buy passes at the river gates just as at the North Gate, though the guards generally know the rivermen and river merchants and tend to be highly suspicious of new arrivals.

Attempts to bribe gate guards in the Theran Quarter are largely futile and possibly dangerous. The fee for a legitimate pass is small, and most sensible people buy one. Only the ignorant attempt bribery, and knowing that, the guards assume that anyone trying it must have bad



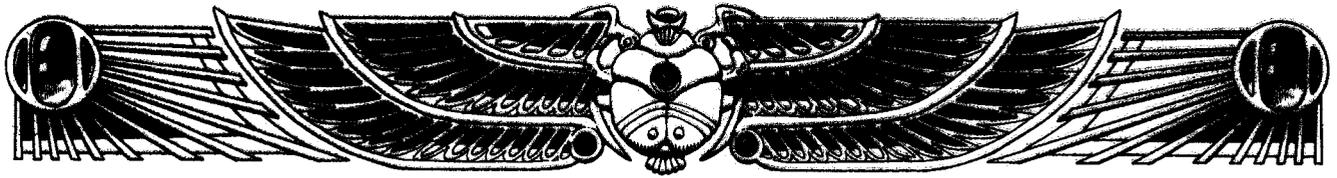
intentions. A player character attempting a bribe may make a standard Bribery Test, but if the briber offers more than 500 percent of the legitimate pass fee, failure will prompt the guards to automatically apprehend and imprison the briber (after all, such a large bribe suggests the person must have *really* bad intentions). Certain of the city guards, especially at the river gates, possess special defenses against bribery. (See *River Defenses*, p. 7 in the *Theran Vivane* book.)

CARRYING WEAPONS IN VIVANE

Most Vivanians carry a dagger, knife, or similar small weapon about their persons. Carrying a sword is also allowed, provided that the weapon is securely in its scabbard and tied with leather bindings to prevent it from readily being drawn.

Residents may legally carry a quarterstaff if it appears to serve as a support for the person employing it. Openly carrying large weapons such as two-handed blades, or projectile weapons such as blowpipes, bows, and so on, is technically legal but foolhardy. Authorities tend to assume that anyone carrying such a weapon has potentially hostile intentions: within a very short time, the Watch or the City Militia will apprehend such an individual on a trumped-up charge and interrogate him or her fiercely. Repeated violations result in banishment for non-Therans, or perhaps an unfortunate accident at the hands of the officers ("Oh dear, your kidneys are bleeding. You shouldn't have so foolishly attempted to blunt my mace with them!"). Armor and shields may be worn openly, though anyone parading





around in magical attire or clad to the neck in plate mail, crystal plate or suchlike risks drawing unwanted attention.

In the Eastern Quarter, especially in the bars and gambling halls around the trading area near the Sunrise Gate, the first violations of Vivane's weapons laws usually earns the guilty party little more than a caution. The City Militia's Blue Squad know from experience that strangers to Vivane do not always know its ways.

In the Broken Quarter, the laws are subject to the unique interpretation of whatever patrol of the Green Squad the visitor happens to encounter (and often the day of the week). On some occasions, anyone openly carrying an unsecured sword or other large weapon will be challenged to combat by the militia. Equally often, strangers to the area are advised to have cold steel ready to hand just in case something unexpected happens. Characters cannot ever predict which reaction they will receive (so the gamemaster should take every opportunity to have fun with their uncertainty).

VIVANE'S ECONOMY

Vivane is a wealthy city, strategically placed and with considerable trade. The city has always attracted large numbers of merchants, many of whom are now enjoying the fruits of their alliance with the Theran occupiers. Stone and metals, slaves, certain foodstuffs and a few special items are among the resources on which Vivane's prosperity is built.

The mines at nearby Balkaria yield so much good-quality stone that Vivane can export quite a bit to other Imperial cities via airships and still keep enough for its own rebuilding. Elemental lodes from the western mountains are conveyed into the city via Sky Point and used for key civil and military buildings. As for metals, the western Caralkspur Mountains yield respectable amounts of silver and copper. The metal is used for coins, and also traded to other Theran cities for more durable metals with which to forge armor, utensils and the like. Mining airships deliver goods to and metals from several mining outposts in the Caralkspurs.

The plains around the city are not especially fertile. Staple bulk foods such as grain and tubers are hard to grow, though the rocky soil admirably supports certain crops such as olives and grapes. In the agricultural region near the Flamewalk River, farmers use magic and fertilizer to enhance their yields, and the spring swelling of the river allows them to improve the quality of the soil through irrigation. Much of Vivane's staple food comes from Barsaive, usually in preserved form, and from the upriver jungles, though the Flamewalk River and the Selestrean Sea supply plentiful fish.

Theran forces capture slaves, usually in airship raids on villages across the mountains and jungles bordering Vivane to the west and north. The Therans also employ Barsaivian mercenaries to capture slaves for them, as this entails less risk than using soldiers. The very presence of the Therans attracts bandits-turned-slavers, to whom the prospect of quick money is a perfect excuse to attack their neighbors and drag off all likely subjects. Because Barsaive has a relatively heavy population, Vivane does a brisk business in exporting slaves captured in that province to other cities in the Theran Empire.

In addition to all these resources, the upriver jungles are rich in gems and herbs that have magical and/or medicinal properties, as well as animals that can be used for various purposes. The shell of the *guarendal*, a sluggish river turtle, grows hard enough to serve as a shield and if enchanted makes a superb magical defense. Skins and meat from various jungle creatures are also imported into Vivane. Local t'skrang sometimes hunt these creatures, or trade for them with the wild folk of the jungles (and then hunt the latter for slaves).

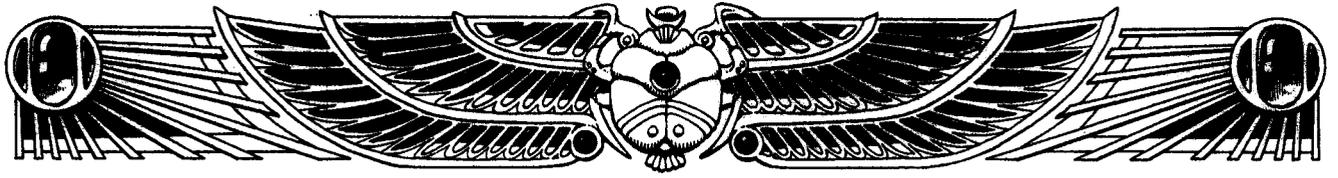
CURRENCY

The Therans have introduced the following coins into circulation in Vivane: the Imperial florin (IF), a gold ellipse bearing the face of the current First Governor on one side and the Theran sunburst on the reverse; the *orrus*, a silver disc with an airship engraved on one side and Vivane's river gates on the other; and the *dab*, a small copper disc with crossed swords on one side and an asymmetric spiral etched on the other. The conversion rate is: 1 IF = 10 *orrus* = 100 *dabs*. Other Theran cities have different designs on their coins, but the conversion rates remain the same.

For the most part, only native Therans possess the gold coins, which is probably the reason some Barsaivians, especially those in distant parts, mistakenly believe that the Empire only uses such coins. As a rule of thumb, the value of Theran coins is the same as in Barsaive (though gold pieces are rarer in much of Barsaive), as is the basic cost for most goods and equipment. Most Therans put a certain amount of effort into avoiding the use of copper coins, regarding coppers as the currency of the very poor. Imperial coins from the island of Thera are also legal tender in Vivane. Silver Imperial coins show a Theran guardsman, and the Theran florin shows the bust of the original Theran First Governor.

Elemental coins akin to those used in Barsaive also circulate in Vivane. Elemental coins are only used for very large transactions, and even then gems more often serve as money. Orichalcum coins are also used, but rarely;





these coins are found only in the vaults of the wealthiest merchants.

The city government and merchants who have known each other for many years may use promissory notes to do business, but the practice is not widespread. On the border of the Empire, the established traditions and trust that must develop to underpin paper money have not been completely cemented.

The Therans do not recognize Throalic coins as official legal tender in the Theran Quarter, and most Therans will not accept them no matter where they are offered. Moneychangers licensed by the Department of Bursaries, however, will exchange Throalic coins for Imperial coinage at a 5 percent surcharge. Outside the Theran Quarter, merchants and others accept both Throalic and Vivane coinage without complaint. However, anyone visibly displaying Theran gold in outlying parts of the Broken or Riverside Quarters is asking for trouble of the worst, most life-threatening kind.

TAXES

The Department of Bursaries taxes everything for which it can invent a tax. There is a money-hungry Empire; it has new lands to conquer, armies and mercenaries to pay and equip, airships to construct and dispatch throughout the world, new lands and peoples to raze, pillage and enslave. All these things cost money, especially when distant Imperial provinces inevitably lose a fair percentage of revenue to corruption and embezzlement.

Each year the Department of Bursaries in Vivane conducts a census in the Theran Quarter to count individuals and their wealth and property. Taxes are levied accordingly, payable every fourth week (20 days). Outside the Theran area, tax collecting is far more haphazard. The Overgovernor "requests" Oathstone and his Assembly to surrender certain amounts of revenue from each of the four Barsaivian quarters. However, only in the Merchants' and Eastern Quarters do the Barsaivians come near the officially expected level. The Assembly employs the City Militia to collect all such monies, and a fair chunk of the taxes from the Broken Quarter make it no further than the pockets of the collectors. Overgovernor Kypros is perfectly aware of the size of the shortfall, and uses it as yet another lever to keep Oathstone and his Assembly firmly in control.

Precise tax values are less important than the following two principles. First, Vivanians always grumble about taxes even though all but the poorest get to keep the vast majority of their yearly incomes. As a result, census-takers are the object of considerable public dislike. More than a few have ended up strung upside-down from a tree, tied

hand and foot and smeared with pitch, around census day. Hard-up adventurers can always rely on obtaining work as census-takers, if they care to risk it. Second, the gamemaster may feel free to invent any number of implausible new taxes to part adventurers in the city or province from any excessive riches they may acquire. If it moves, tax it; if it doesn't, tax the person who owns it.

Aside from the usual income and property taxes, the Department of Bursaries has come up with the following ingenious innovations.

Sword Tax

This tax applies to any weapon or article that can be construed as a weapon ("That kitchen broom could be a dangerous implement in the wrong hands!"). The tax usually amounts to 1–5 coppers per weapon per year.

Relicshare Tax

This tax applies to any magical item, and is levied at the discretion of the taxmaster of the department. The tax is typically 5 percent of the rated value of the item for a period of one year, and taxmasters have considerable leeway in determining rated value.

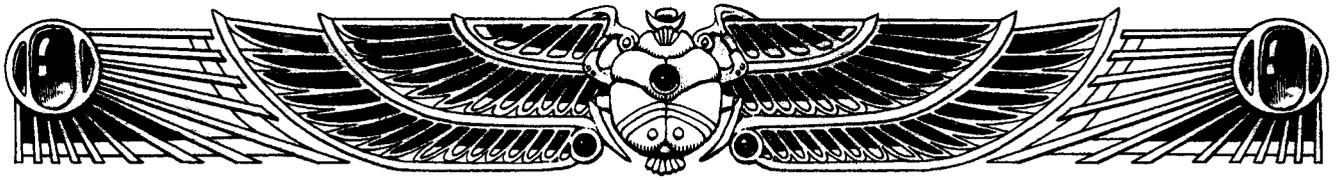
Slave Tax

A fee of 1 gold piece must be paid to the government for each slave per year. This tax is levied partly to ensure that Therans (and those Barsaivian trustees who keep slaves) treat their slaves as objects of worth, but all too often slaves owned by merchants struggling to make ends meet and others barely scraping by suffer unfortunate and deadly accidents just prior to census day. A special tax applies to the few *jaraleh* in the city, the (usually) Maracian female slaves some Theran nobles keep as pleasure-women. This latter tax varies in value depending on the *jaraleh's* cultural skills, knowledge, and perceived value.

Heritage Tax

This cunning levy is intended to support artistic works in the Theran part of the city; the Recitatorium, the Ziggurats, public statuary, the libraries of the Theran Quarter and the like. It is levied on all works of art—a term defined extremely liberally by census-takers and tax collectors—possessed by residents of the Theran and Merchants' Quarters. Though such a tax might seem to discourage art ownership, Theran nobles often compete socially by striving to possess finer art than their peers (especially statues of their ancestors). Such nobles would lose face by economizing on art and thus saving themselves the tax. Barsaivians who aspire to Enlightened status are particularly keen to





compete with the Therans and each other by buying more and more garish and meaningless pieces of art.

Permit Taxes

All permits of whatever kind are (of course) subject to taxation. Passes allowing entry into the Old City or temporary residence are taxed 1 copper piece per day, and permits allowing trading in Old City markets are taxed at 1 silver piece per day or 3 gold pieces per year. Vivane's government plans to extend the latter tax to the markets of the Merchants' Quarter within the next year. If the gamemaster feels inclined to require a permit for certain activities or possessions in Vivane, he or she may invent a tax for it.

Bird Tax

Ownership of birds is subject to taxation. This tax applies even to domestic chickens; the rate of 1 copper per bird per year is known as the "Egg Tax" among the poor (who presumably get thoroughly sick of eating nothing but chicken in the weeks leading up to collection day). This tax began as a subtle levy on particularly wealthy Therans. Theran nobles favor ozarabird feathers for decoration, and Theran women in particular place a high value on wearing them at cultural events and in high society; the tax applies to the feathers as well as to the live birds. Ozarabirds are large, dumb, flightless creatures native to the faraway land of Aznan, and they fetch a high price. Over the years, ingenious taxmasters have extended the bird tax to all avian life in order to bring in extra funds. Corresponding taxes exist on cows, oxen, and horses but for some obscure reason pigs, sheep and goats are only taxed at a nominal rate.

Stone Tax

A tax on the rich in the days when only the rich could afford a stone dwelling, the stone tax has become a universal "hearth tax" on house ownership. In Barsaivian Vivane, paying the stone tax allows one to vote for a representative to the Assembly; therefore, many citizens actually volunteer to pay the tax (for all the good their vote does them).

As a rule of thumb, any Theran or a Barsaivian living in the Merchants' Quarter can expect to pay 20 percent of his income in taxes to the Department of Bursaries in a year, as well as taxes equivalent to 5–10 percent of the total value of his property. Barsaivians in the rest of Vivane pay tax according to the whim of the City Militia collectors in their quarter. Some families in the Broken Quarter end up paying 70 percent or more to the corrupt guardsmen.

PRICES OF GOODS AND SERVICES

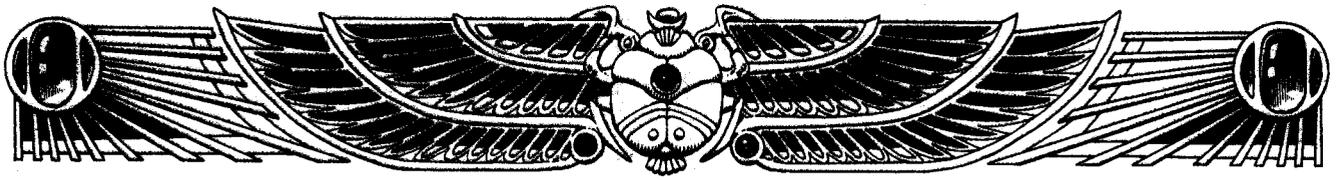
Prices for goods and services in Vivane are based on those in the *Earthdawn* rulebook (pp. 263–267), though cost multipliers may apply to certain goods or in certain areas. Officially, Throalic coins must be exchanged for Imperial coin in the Theran Quarter, however, many Theran Quarter merchants will accept Throalic coin at a whopping 10 percent surcharge (5 percent for the merchant and 5 percent to cover the cost of trading it to licensed moneychangers). Those establishments whose goods or services have apparently silly cost multipliers frequently cater to spoiled Theran nobles with more money than sense, are *frightfully* exclusive, or specialize in preying on newcomers ignorant of fair trading rates.

VIVANE'S UNDERCITY

Though Vivane has no sewers, over time and for several reasons its residents built a warren of underground rooms and tunnels commonly referred to as the Undercity. Many buildings in Vivane boast extensive cellars and basements where those who cannot afford magical temperature control keep stored food and liquids cool during hot and dry months. The city's original inhabitants also built extensive tunnel systems between many of these cellars and basements for protection and refuge against the Theran assaults between 277 and 300 TH. The Theran conquerors bricked up some of these passages, but blocking them all in such a permanent fashion would cost far too much time, material and effort. Many of the tunnels therefore remain intact, offering a ready means of travel across town and into the Theran Quarter. The Therans, anticipating attempts by scoundrels and rogues to sneak into their prosperous part of town through these subterranean passageways, have prepared accordingly. They have placed magical and mechanical traps—mantraps concealed with invisibility spells, covered pits, spear traps and so on—at various points between Theran and Barsaivian Vivane, and they regularly inspect and service these devices. The regular haul of Barsaivian corpses from the booby-trapped tunnels has persuaded the Therans to stick with this approach, especially as the dead include a fair number of suspected Resistance members. Theran beastmasters regularly patrol the border passages accompanied by ferocious man-hunting dogs and great cats from the Zootorium. Anyone found in the Undercity near the Theran Quarter is assumed to be up to no good and attacked without warning.

Away from these border-crossing points, the Undercity can be a useful way to move secretly from one





place to another. Underneath the Theran Quarter, travelers are likely to meet only the occasional slave or thief slipping through the darkness. This section of the Undercity contains quite a few bricked-up tunnel entrances where Therans have protected their own cellars and food stores, as well as underground pits and chambers built as hiding places by the ancient Vivanians. In some areas underneath the rest of the city, the old passages and tunnels are exposed to the surface—for example, in and around the Corrupt Crater (see *The Broken Quarter*, p. 62). Other entrances are generally known among the inhabitants, such as trapdoors in the floors of certain buildings. The Rat Circus (see *The Broken Quarter*, p. 58) offers several of these known entrances.

Traveling through the Undercity, particularly beyond the Theran Quarter, is a dangerous proposition. Cutpurses and killers find darkness helpful to their nefarious trades, and so wise adventurers should travel in groups below ground. Resistance meetings are often

held in the Undercity, and the Resistance may place spies and guards some distance from the meeting place to divert anyone who inadvertently strays too close. Such unlucky wanderers tend to be regarded as potential Theran spies, and so the guards can get rough when persuading uninvited guests to leave the area.

No official map of the Undercity exists. The Therans know all the intersection points between the Theran Quarter and the rest of Vivane, but they know little else. However, certain Barsaivians are familiar with large areas of the passageways and might draw up rough maps for a fee. Some of the passageways that run closest to the Flamewalk, the Longwater, or the Coldreach may be waterlogged or entirely underwater, making movement difficult as well as providing a home for unpleasant water-dwelling creatures.

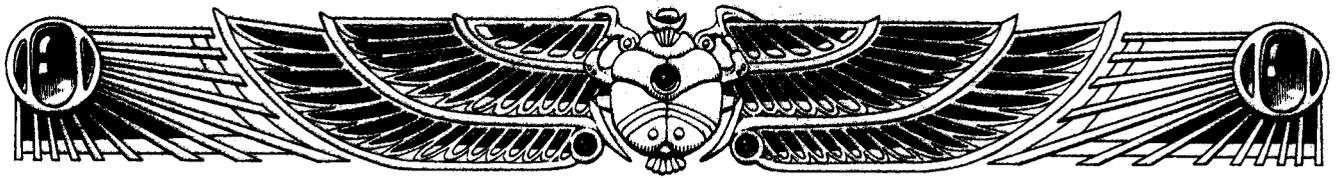
DAILY LIFE IN VIVANE

Most of Vivane resembles any other city in Barsaive, and so adventurers from such a background or even from further afield will find much of it familiar in spite of the occasional dangers that living under Theran occupation brings.

Therans, however, find the city unusual. For one thing, Vivane is less predictable and dull than many Imperial cities. A frontier city like Vivane attracts Thera's more excitable citizens, who like taking risks and living outside the placid, secure heartlands of the Empire. The presence of "barbarians" outside the solid walls of the Theran Quarter adds a thrilling hint of danger to life, though the ragged city beyond does not truly threaten those within the Old City. Some barbarians may sabotage the aquifers or undermine a building now and then, but nothing really serious ever happens. The malcontents make a lot of noise, but they make no real trouble because they know Kypros would enslave every last one of them without batting an eye.

The Therans in Vivane are boisterous, happy-go-lucky, and impulsive by comparison with their fellows in much of the rest of the Empire. Many are also liberal in outlook, up to a point. Without exception, however, they believe the Theran way is the right way. For example, only a tiny





minority finds the institution of slavery morally objectionable. The rest simply find it convenient.

In keeping with its frontier ambiance, fashions in Vivane are more colorful and vivid than in many Imperial cities. As in Barsaive, different races have their own customary styles of dress, and these are often dramatically emphasized in Vivane. Formal attire worn at conclaves and other major political gatherings includes various pieces of House regalia and different colors worn by nobles of different rank; the most senior prefer white, while those of middling rank tend to wear metallic colors. Slaves must wear black. Wearing any other color is an offense punishable by amputation or worse. The law treats dressing in a color other than black as a deliberate attempt to conceal a slave's true status, which would be done only for seditious purposes.

As might be expected, Theran is the language of official and commercial transactions in the Theran Quarter. Many Therans speak Throalic, or at least understand as much as they need to get by, but they tend to ignore anyone speaking it or else feign ignorance of what such a person is saying. Anyone speaking Throalic in the Theran Quarter is regarded by most people as a dolt or worse. Theran is also the favored tongue in most of the Merchants' Quarter, but Throalic is most often spoken elsewhere. The Barsaivian accent tends to shorten vowels, giving a clipped and somewhat abrupt sound to speech, and so well-bred locals, especially Barsaivian trustees, try to adopt a more "Theran" accent when they speak.

Because slaves are brought to Vivane from many lands and merchants travel to the city from places as far away as Marac, Indrisa, Vastgothia and Creana, a visitor may hear many languages spoken in all of Vivane's markets. In the taverns and gambling halls around the Sunrise Gate in the Eastern Quarter, where many traders and travelers stay, one may not hear a word in a familiar language for hours. The dazzling diversity of tongues and dialects that visitors may encounter from place to place add to Vivane's cosmopolitan atmosphere.

COMMON PASTIMES IN THE THERAN QUARTER

A visitor to the Theran Quarter can entertain himself at various cultural events, from concerts to public readings at the Recitatorium to performances at less splendid venues. Those favoring solitude for meditation will appreciate also the extraordinary beauty and wonder of the Hanging Ziggurats. In addition to high culture, the markets of Vivane often boast more common but also more dramatic entertainers: Maracian dancers, Indrisan

illusionists, a Vastgothian with a trained bear only a little larger than himself, and other such delights. Gambling is another favorite pastime in the city. Vivanians love to play the game with checkered stones known as *sabaccara*; they bet on the outcome of gladiator battles at Darbeleezer's Pit, and sometimes even on worm or maggot races in disorderly drinking houses. One of their most bizarre pastimes is cow fighting; eight to ten specially trained cows are assembled in a ring, and spectators watch as they attempt to head-butt each other out of the circle. The cows' horns are often quite sharp, and a head-butt from a trained cow is no joke. As cows tend to be placid by nature, it often takes several hours for the ring to be cleared. Vivanians usually drink themselves silly during this long wait, and usually place bets for relatively small stakes.

Theran Vivane has its dark side, of which Darbeleezer's Pit is but one example. Visitors should avoid the city's more dubious brothels, as well as the establishments that cater to the most depraved tastes of the jaded nobility. From time to time, unlucky customers at these establishments are found floating down the river. However, compared to certain places in the depths of the Broken Quarter where men with nowhere to turn risk their very lives for the promise of a little food or money, the Old City is a haven of quiet respectability and civilization.

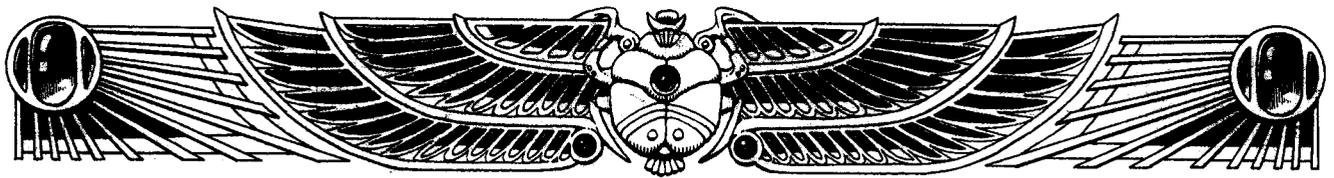
BARSAIVIANS IN VIVANE

The obese, self-serving Barsaivian magistrate Quarique Oathstone and his Assembly of trustee puppets pretend to govern Barsaivian Vivane. They make recommendations to the Theran House Conclave, which pretends to take them seriously. In reality, this structure exists to pacify Barsaivian trustees and the minority of the Barsaivian electorate that pays the stone tax on their property. In fact, Barsaivians possess no real power at all in Vivane beyond the mundane administration of the City Militia and a number of lesser officials. Therans regard all Barsaivians as lesser forms of life, and though they treat trustees without hostility, they almost always patronize them.

Even though the Therans control the city, the majority of Vivane's free population is Barsaivian. Barsaivian visitors to the city will find, sometimes to their dismay, that Vivane's Barsaivian citizens regard the Therans in many different lights.

A fair percentage, perhaps a quarter or a third of the population, consider the Therans to be good or at least acceptable rulers. Thera has brought law and order and various amenities to most of Vivane, and many of its citizens can live without fear of being robbed, murdered or





POPULATION OF VIVANE

Race	Therans* (approx. 20,000)	Free Barsaivians** (approx. 55,000)	Slavest (approx. 20,000)
Elves	3,200/16%	4,400/8%	400/2%
Humans	7,400/37%	8,000/14%	12,800/64%
Orks	6,200/31%	14,000/25%	3,000/15%
Dwarfs	2,800/14%	23,500/42.5%	3,400/17%
Trolls	300/1.5%	5,500/10%	350/1.75%
Obsidimen	Handful	Handful	None
Windlings	Handful	Handful	Handful

*Roughly 15,000 live in the Theran Quarter, 5,000 outside it.

**Roughly 2,000 live in the Theran Quarter, 53,000 outside it. An additional 10,000 to 35,000 people may be living in the makeshift camps outside the city's boundaries, depending upon the time of year.

†16,500 live in the Theran Quarter, 4,000 outside it.

The rest of Vivane's Barsaivian inhabitants just want to get by. They make a living as best they can by trading, crafting, digging ditches, begging, or whatever. They don't much like the Therans, but they accept the reality of their position; it matters little who is in charge, their own lot is unlikely to change. These people tend to be skeptical about the possibility of throwing off the Imperial yoke. Many of them do not see it as a yoke at all—three generations of them have known nothing but Theran rule and have grown accustomed to it. As they see it, the Therans are in Vivane to stay and Barsaivians had better make the best of it. These people rarely help the resistance, but they do not usually inform on them either.

pillaged. Those who work hard can even earn a fair living and realistically hope that their children, who will be trustees as soon as they come of age, can climb even further up the social and economic ladder. Denounced by some as collaborators, these people throw in their lot with the Therans because they value the stability and security the Therans have brought to Vivane. As might be expected, those who hold such views dwell (or aspire to dwell) in or near the Theran Quarter or in the wealthier and more secure parts of the Merchants' Quarter.

Anywhere from a fifth to a quarter of Barsaivians in Vivane actively dislike the Therans. Seeing the Imperials as oppressors, they try to avoid them. Most of these folk live outside the Old City. Despite their distaste for the Therans, only a small fraction of this minority is engaged in or sympathetic to active subversion. They have learned that when resistance leaders such as the infamous Tribas Koar (see p. 38 in *Barsaivian Vivane*) do something unpleasant to the Therans, the Therans send out soldiers from the Eighth Legion to round up a bunch of non-trustee Barsaivians and summarily execute them, usually around ten times as many as the number of Therans harmed. Plenty of these people realize that they could be the next victims, and they resent the "freedom fighters" for placing them in such danger. Others place their faith in Tribas Koar and the resistance, believing that subversive actions will either drive the Therans from the city or draw such an outrageously brutal crackdown from the occupiers that the ordinary people will rise up and cast them out of Vivane. As yet, neither seems more or less likely to happen.

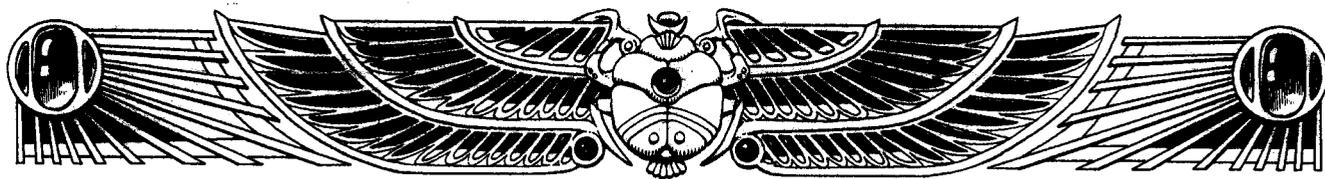
The few windlings in the city almost all actively oppose the Therans, and many are members of the resistance. Orks, still bitter about their historical enslavement by the Therans, also tend to be more hostile toward them than other Barsaivians. Humans and elves, as the most likely to become trustees, are frequently neutral or even supportive of Therans. In general, wealthier people of whatever race are more likely to welcome the Theran presence.

MAGIC IN DAILY LIFE

The most powerful Theran magicians are without peer in the known world, and Therans in general also excel at the practical uses of magic. The wealth of the Theran nobility and other prominent citizens has made all manner of magical accouterments available that make everyday life easier. From the magnificent aquifers of the Theran Quarter to humble devices such as wooden sticks impregnated with elemental fire that enable one to start a roaring fire in one's hearth with a little concentration, magic saturates Theran life. The Therans take such conveniences for granted, and many other cosmopolitan Vivanians are growing to accept them. To visitors, however, these and many other devices are far more common in Vivane than in their own lands. A Barsaivian visitor to Vivane, especially to the Theran Quarter, will find many startling sights.

Therans regularly use elemental air and magical wood from Vasgothian gloamoaks and elsewhere to eliminate friction on the wheels of carriages and wagons. Such vehicles can travel more swiftly and carry heavier loads than is





normally possible, and mounts can pull them for longer hours before tiring. The very wealthy use elemental fire and water to adjust the temperatures of their homes according to the weather, heating rooms on chilly nights and cooling them on warm days. The wealthy can even afford magical metal utensils that conduct heat to a localized area, so that pots or pans full of hot food are cool enough to the touch to be picked up safely. Enchanted cloaks that repel water are readily available, though many nobles still prefer to have slaves walk with them in the rain carrying protective parasols.

THE THERAN CALENDAR

The Imperial calendar is 442 years behind the Throalic calendar, so that the current year is 1507 according to Throalic reckoning and 1064 according to Imperial reckoning. The Imperial calendar is divided into 73 five-day weeks and 12 five-week months, with a five-day interregnum. Days and weeks are noted by their respective numbers; 5/2 denotes the fifth week, second day. The twelve months of the year—Strassa, Veltom, Charassa, Rua, Mawag, Gahmil, Sollus, Riag, Teayu, Borrum, and Doddul—are the same as those of the Throalic calendar, but the Theran and Throalic months of the same name do not begin and end at the same time. This causes no end of confusion to travelers from Barsaive who visit Vivane. Use of the Throalic calendar is forbidden, and the punishment is a large fine. Some elderly or recalcitrant citizens continue to use the Throalic calendar privately—but the Therans rarely bother to hunt for calendar-criminals.

The five-day week between the end of Gahmil and the beginning of Raquas is a holiday elsewhere in the Empire, but not in Vivane. The most important festivals of the Theran year celebrated in the city are the two days commemorating the anniversary of the First Governor's appointment (Veltom, 4/1 and 4/2) and Overgovernor Kypros's birthday (beginning 5/4 Sollus and usually lasting two formal holidays and another two days of relaxed, half-time labor). Festivals unique to Vivane include the New Year Feasting; the Celebration of the Waters, when the rivers rise as the ice high in the Caralkspur Mountains begins to melt; and the Festival of Fish (p. 46).

CLIMATE

The city's proximity to a major river system shields it from extreme temperature, and the gamemaster is discouraged from using penalties to movement and such on the basis of excessive heat or cold. Temperatures in Vivane Province are livable during most of the year, but they can

climb as high as 92 degrees Fahrenheit during the late months of Raquas and Sollus, and even higher during freak heat waves. Precipitation is average. The region's primary water supply comes from the vast Danaba-Flamewalk river system, which depends on the annual melting of ice in the Caralkspur Mountains. If the gamemaster wants rain, fog, hail or similar weather, it simply happens. (If the gamemaster really wants to penalize idiotic heroes for wearing plate armor in hot weather, he should create his own modifiers with all appropriate and malicious glee.)

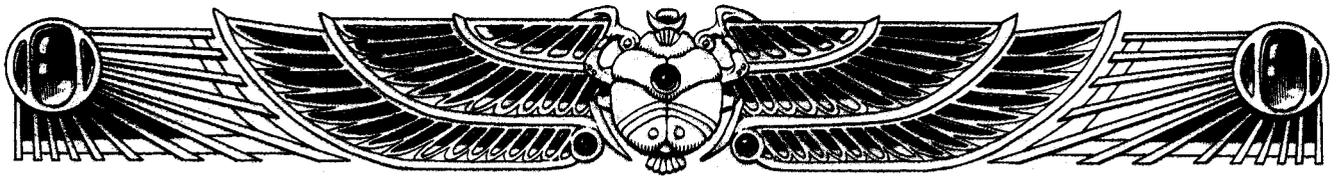
LANDS BORDERING VIVANE PROVINCE

To the northeast, Vivane Province meets the lands of Barsaive (described in the **Barsaive** boxed set). To the southwest, the province of Rugaria flanks Vivane along the Stranchis and Bearsgold rivers. Settled earlier than Vivane because it is nearer to Thera, Rugaria Province encompasses the fertile lands of the huge Danaba River. The provincial capital of Bukara was built on a tributary of the Danaba rather than on the river itself because the larger river floods every spring. In fact, Thera wisely decided against building any major city on the Danaba. Bukara is sometimes called the Heart's-Leaf City because of the pattern of its construction; its defensive canals subdivide it into four walled sections. For more information on Rugaria and other borderlands, see **Beyond Vivane Province**, pp. 42–49 of the **Vivane Province** book.

Overgovernor Karafanel of Rugaria is an ambitious elf with many friends in Thera proper. The Third Legion, based in Rugaria Province, is noted for its numerous special troops (beastmasters, superb scout/ambushers, and the Stonegourd division of elementalists) who are well equipped with magical armor and weapons. This powerful western neighbor serves to secure Vivane to an extent, but Kypros must also make sure that Karafanel is not plotting his downfall so that one of his own lackeys may be installed in Kypros's place. So far Karafanel has given Kypros no indication that he intends mischief, but he is accustomed to keeping his plans to himself.

Karafanel's kila, the *Imperial Skywake*, is a monstrous vessel capable of traveling four hundred miles per day. Its gilded towers and marbled decks can be seen gleaming in the Vivanian sun whenever he visits Kypros. The Third and Eighth Legions periodically cooperate on major raids and strikes, and the Overgovernors pay each other courtesy visits at least once a year.





BARSAIVIAN VIVANE



Present-day Vivane is split into two parts: Theran and Barsaivian. In certain areas the distinction is becoming less obvious. In others, the divide increases daily. Barsaivian Vivane, already severely damaged in places by the Horrors that invaded the citadel, took even more damage during the fierce battles of the Theran War. In the years since, some of the ruined buildings have been pulled down and rebuilt or patched up and renovated. In parts of the Merchants' Quarter the city's wealthier families have even built spacious Theran-style villas.

In outlying districts, especially in the farther reaches of the area known as the Broken Quarter, the once-magnificent houses and towers of the prosperous are devastated shells. Paupers and dispossessed families huddle in the ruins; the less lucky among them live under temporary canvas roofs or out in the rubble-strewn streets. Though Vivane's Theran overlords initially made great efforts to clear away rubble and debris from the worst areas, in recent years such activity has slipped down the Barsaivian Assembly's list of priorities as fast as the monies intended to fund it slipped into the capacious purses of Magistrate Oathstone and his cronies. Nowadays, ambitious projects such as the fine new wall around the Merchants' Quarter are beginning all around Vivane—and the work of clearing the ruins has been palmed off to disreputable work gangs of slaves and criminals, where it is being done at all.

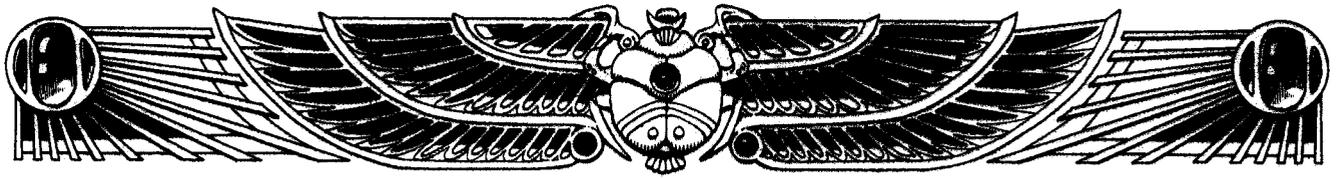
Like the Theran Quarter of the city, Barsaivian Vivane was originally ringed with strong walls. However, bombardment of Vivane by Theran forces at the start of the reoccupation all but destroyed the walls in many places. The original city walls were twenty-two feet high and seven feet thick, topped with walkways and battlements, and dotted with towers. In the northwest section of Barsaivian Vivane, bordering the High Gate, the walls have survived intact. Elsewhere, the walls range from partly intact sections that occasionally even retain their walkways, to a few inches of rubble. None of these sections are defensible, and anyone can walk around them to enter or leave the city. Only the zealotry of the City Militia and many ordinary citizens keeps itinerants out, and even they generally forestall only the least resourceful.

East of the Theran Quarter, in the shadows of its walls, stands the Merchants' Quarter. This prosperous area stretches from the flat wharf- and warehouse districts that line the Flamewalk River to the gently sloping rows of simple family dwellings that line the southern side of the Coldreach River. To the east of the bustling alleys of Merchant Walk—where one can buy almost anything, if one can find the right stall—a massive new defensive wall (nicknamed the Sneak's Wall by some locals) is being built to protect the trustees and the city's financial heart.

Further east, the riverbank slowly erodes into a shamble of old boatyards and dilapidated warehouses among which the city's least salubrious residents make their homes. Cut in half by the mud-choked mouth of the Coldreach, the area known as the Riverside Quarter is a shady collection of seedy dives and sharp operators, where cheap land and cutthroat merchants conspire to make life long and profitable for some, short-lived and painful for others.

North of Riverside, the ground rises slightly and leads into the Eastern Quarter, known to older residents as the Sunrise Quarter after the immense,





grandiose entrance to the city named the Sunrise Gate. Where once the gate had intact walls on either side, it now stands isolated in a field of rubble. Traders and other travelers enter the city via the Eastern Quarter, and its livestock markets, exchanges, and bazaars offer temporary homes to many indigents. Attracted by the highly exploitable combination of strangers to the city with newly earned money in their pockets, the many gambling halls and other places of "entertainment" as well as various kinds of inns and boarding houses have sprung up in this quarter.

To the north and west, the Broken Quarter creeps up the far side of the Coldreach's shallow valley. In the areas of this quarter closest to the Old City, the streets look all but untouched by the Theran bombardment; indeed, the stretch between the North Gate and the city's outer High Gate might easily be mistaken for part of the Merchants' Quarter. In more distant districts, however, the bricks and tiles of respectable houses give way to wooden props against crumbling walls and temporary canvas roofing, and then to tents and temporary shacks. The people in these parts of the quarter live in abject poverty, existing on whatever they can scrape out of the earth or wrest from each other.

RIVERS OF VIVANE

The original settlement of Vivane, established long before the Therans arrived in Barsaive, grew on the banks of the Coldreach, a small river that flows down from higher land to the north until it reaches the Flamewalk. A bridge across the Coldreach connected both halves of the original village. In time the village grew into a town, and its residents bridged the Flamewalk and the Coldreach's smaller tributary, the Longwater.

The Coldreach and the Longwater change dramatically according to the season. During the heavy rains, the waters flow swiftly and are crystal-clear, fresh and clean. When severe storms pass through, both rivers can rise high enough to burst their banks. The Longwater overflows frequently, drowning the land for several yards on both banks. If this flooding occurred in another city quarter, the authorities might take action—but as the Longwater flows mainly through Ratside, the worst part of the Broken Quarter, no one much cares that dozens of pauper's shacks and makeshift homes are under a foot or two of water (except the people affected, of course). Where the Coldreach runs along the northern wall of the Theran Quarter, the river's north bank is built up with slabs of stone; the south bank is bordered by the Old City wall. Down river, the people living at the bottom of Coldreach Vale have learned from experience and have abandoned the first two streets of their district to grass and mud and

the occasional depredations of the waters. As the Coldreach nears the Flamewalk it broadens somewhat, eventually meandering between wide, low-lying mud flats. In times of flood these flats may be underwater for a month or more.

During the dry season both rivers become no more than tiny streams of filthy water trickling down the middle of a channel lined with cracked, stinking mud. The dried-up rivers can no longer remove the household and human wastes of the Broken Quarter's poor, and the neighborhoods closest to the riverbeds become extremely unpleasant. Not for nothing are they sometimes vulgarly known as "the Rivers of Dead Dogs."

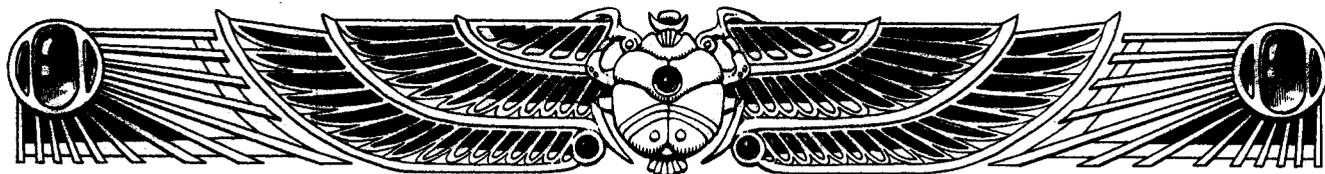
For the rest of the year the rivers wend their sluggish way through Vivane, picking up all manner of unsavory deposits and yielding bucket-loads of murky, mud-saturated water barely fit for washing in and that certainly cannot be drunk with safety. Far from being Vivane's lifeblood, the waterways are a stinking stranglehold on its poorest people. Small craft cross the waters and travel up and down some stretches, though many of the bridges are too low to allow anything larger than a coracle to progress very far.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT

The leader of the Barsaivian majority and nominal ruler of Vivane is Quarique Oathstone. Unctuous, overweight and ineffectual, he excels only in the bullying that all cowards commit to create the fear that replaces the respect they cannot earn. A human in his early fifties and a city assemblyman by trade, Oathstone was the perfect choice for Chief Magistrate from the Theran point of view: manipulative enough to ensure his own political survival among the Barsaivians, but neither powerful nor quite clever enough to challenge Theran authority.

Since his appointment more than a decade ago by Vivane Province's previous Overgovernor, Povelis, Oathstone has managed to appoint many of his associates and cronies to key positions in the Barsaivian Assembly, thus ensuring himself complete control of that body. Not that control does him much good; the more power he appropriated for himself, the more the Therans held him personally responsible for everything going on outside the walls of the Old City. These days Oathstone is so out of favor with Overgovernor Kypros that the latter can command of him whatever outlandish demand the Therans desire; Oathstone is in no position to bargain or refuse. As the Therans show Oathstone less respect, so do his own people. The ill-educated rabble of the Broken Quarter may well give him some respect simply because of his position, but they have never seen him and are not allowed to vote





for him (or anyone else). Those who count in Barsaivian Vivane, especially the old merchant families, know full well that Oathstone has no real sway with Kypros. However, they also know that a more powerful Barsaivian leader might encourage the Therans to abolish the position of Chief Magistrate entirely. In addition, those who continue pretending to be Oathstone's friends get the pick of all the best public commissions and contracts as long as he is in charge. This alone serves as an excellent reason to continue propping him up.

Oathstone is short and fat, and affects a stiffly pointed gray beard in a vain attempt to look sophisticated. He lives in a large villa near the Assembly building (just far enough away to permit him to be driven to it in a large, ostentatious coach). The villa—and Oathstone himself—are surrounded by bodyguards drawn from the City Militia; he also employs pretty servant women from all over the city. His taste is appallingly vulgar; both his clothes and the fittings of his villa show the worst excesses of failed attempts to copy the classical Theran style.

Oathstone's long-time friend and second in command is Jeran Darro, a one-time spice trader turned head of the City Militia. This position of power has changed Darro from a thin, nervous individual into a swaggering fool so ridiculous that whenever the common people get to drinking, someone can always be relied upon to impersonate him (to the crowd's great amusement). Darro believes he has finally reached the office for which he had always been destined; he insists that he is a great military leader, a general-in-waiting of almost legendary proportions. He sometimes dreams of leading a Theran Legion, marching gloriously into battle at the head of his troops. These delusions and Darro's deep-seated cowardice are known to the Therans and have led them to keep relations between the Theran Watch and the Eighth Legion at the kind of subtle distance typical between a dog and his master. From his gigantic office in the south wing of the Assembly building, Darro exercises

his command with unstinting regularity, calling in the senior commanders of each Militia squad on a daily basis to hear detailed reports and issue trivial orders. If Darro did not have the ear of Oathstone and the support of many of his merchant associates in the Assembly, more than a few Militia commanders would gladly stand in line to rise up and remove him.



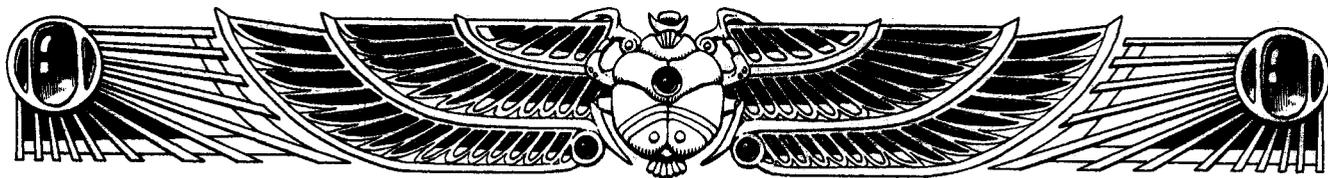
The third senior member of the ruling group is Unsara Ultaramis, another old acquaintance of Oathstone. Ultaramis is Leader of the Assembly, in charge of its rules and procedure as well as overseeing the granting of licenses, passes, tax exemptions and all the other mundane aspects of civic administration. In response to unusually severe rioting in the Broken Quarter four years ago, Ultaramis was appointed that quarter's special projects leader and charged with solving all of its manifold problems. Apart from a scheme to landscape the city graveyards and another to clear away rubble (and those filthy, potentially criminal families living in it) from the streets near her own large house on High Gate Road, she has so far had little success. A tall, plump elf in her sixties, Ultaramis greatly admires the Therans and speaks

with an outrageously overdone Imperial accent. She always dresses in tailor-made clothes based on the fashions she saw on her most recent visit to the Recitatorium or the Concert Hall in the Old City. Of course, her half-remembered descriptions never quite capture the flair of the originals.

THE ASSEMBLY

The Barsaivian Assembly is made up of twelve elected representatives, plus Oathstone, the Assembly Leader, and the City Militia head. The latter two are technically appointed by the Assembly, but Oathstone's cronies in that august body have given him no trouble over his choices. Elections are held every three years, and all householders are eligible to vote. Eligibility, however, depends on the





house in question having four complete walls and a proper roof, and on the householder paying any outstanding taxes in full without fail the week before the election. In practice, these requirements mean that eight of the twelve representative posts are always drawn from the Merchants' Quarter. Plenty of candidates usually stand for each post, but almost all are wealthy merchants or professional people whose sole purpose in standing—whatever they may say in their pre-ballot speeches—is to increase their personal influence and prestige. Residents of the Broken Quarter usually greet such people with outrage and occasional riots. Most Barsaivian citizens, lacking the means to put up their own candidates, end up having to choose the least awful of a bad bunch.

In keeping with the illusion that the Assembly and Oathstone govern all of Vivane, one of the Assembly's representatives is supposed to come from the Theran Quarter. However, no vote is ever taken to elect this representative. Instead, the post belongs to the Overgovernor, and he never attends Assembly meetings. The Overgovernor summons Oathstone whenever Kypros needs him, a far more convenient arrangement for the busy Theran ruler.

Members of the Assembly are expected to attend meetings three evenings a week, unless another matter of great importance needs their combined attention. If a scandalously good new production is on at the House of Tales, or an assemblyman hosts a large and expensive banquet, a meeting may be canceled. Members are also expected to hold regular, open meetings to listen to the problems and comments of those they represent, but many representatives make these meetings as rare as possible. They tend to take place most often when enough pressure is brought to bear by local leaders, or by rioting crowds who threaten the lives of the representative's family.

OTHER PROMINENT CITIZENS

In addition to the three senior members of the Assembly, several other people are important and well-known figures in Barsaivian Vivane.

HARELLEM BILYA

The current patriarch of the Bilya family, Harellem is an elderly dwarf in his seventies. A city magistrate known for stern fairness, he still oversees every aspect of the family's affairs with a clinical eye for detail and an almost inhuman memory for contract clauses and the like. The Bilya family has traded in Vivane for many generations, and has risen to prominence in almost every aspect of the city's life. Originally, they specialized in overland trade with

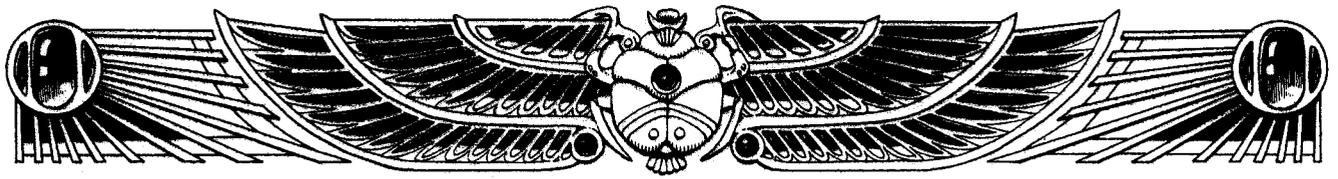
Barsaive, parlayed that activity into a controlling interest in warehousing and Vivane's dock areas and then took the same steps for shops and taverns. The family eventually bought up large areas of the Theran Quarter and the Merchants' Quarter, specifically the district known as Wallside. They lost almost all rights to the former properties to the Therans, but retained the latter. The Bilyas still own many of the largest houses and commercial properties in Barsaivian Vivane. Harellem has never stood for the Assembly, preferring to leave that to his younger brother Gordist, who has sat in the Assembly for six terms. Harellem Bilya is neutral toward the Therans; while their rule has done little good for some parts of the city, the presence of so many wealthy and cultured newcomers offers ample opportunity for forging profitable new trade relations. The Bilyas have secret trading connections with several Theran noble Houses, though they certainly cannot expect to join any through marriage. Harellem believes this is just as well, for the Therans may go away one day, and then how could he possibly convince his Barsaivian customers to trust the Bilya name?

DORINA TARN RUBARIC

The head of the Rubaric family, Dorina Tarn Rubaric is the young elven widow of its recently deceased patriarch, Erelsim. The Rubarics are the young pretenders to the Bilya family throne. Lacking their rivals' long-standing traditions and contacts, the Rubaric family has built up its power by collusion with the Therans in every possible way. The young men and women of the family serve in the Watch or at high rank in the City Militia (usually in the Red Squad); others work for prominent Theran businessmen and city officials as trusted clerks or advisers on Barsaivian ways. Senior family members run many of the trading establishments and routes not owned by the Bilyas and constantly seek to undercut prices and steal a march on desirable items.

Rather than slipping quietly into the background and leaving Erelsim's brothers and sisters to fight for control of the family, the thirty-six-year-old Dorina has instead maneuvered them against each other. She sent the most troublesome members to take care of pressing business far away from the central concerns of the family (in the case of Varkor, Erelsim's nearest sibling, to a crucial but distant post supervising family interests in Bartertown). Despite her slight build and fey looks, Dorina has a steely brain admirably suited for business and power plays. Rumors are rife that she is seeking a new husband—possibly even Darian Bilya, the heir to the Bilya fortune. Such rumors are not entirely baseless. One of the most prominent patrons of the arts in Barsaivian Vivane, Dorina Rubaric has her own





box at the House of Tales. She is also seen often in the Old City, attending productions at one of its great halls of the arts. Possessed of rare good taste for a Barsaivian (by Theran standards), Dorina manages to follow Theran fashions without looking gaudy or pretentious.

FORTIN DASHAN

The People's Playwright, as his wealthy patrons call him, is the latest sensation of the House of Tales. Despite his Broken Quarter background, he has found fame and fortune as manager of his own theatrical company and author of its greatest successes. He writes political allegories, weaving intricate conceits on the nature of life under Theran occupation into seemingly innocent and fun-loving romantic comedies. Those who have studied this work in depth have come to understand that he does not simply hate the Therans. He is a realist who explores the genuine problems of life under occupation through his work and reaches gloomy but accurate conclusions.

Dashan's much-publicized Fund for Broken Vivane, into which much of his money has gone, has made him a popular figure with many residents of the Broken Quarter. Few of them have seen his dramas, but most are more than familiar with his name and generosity. A handsome human in his late twenties, Dashan affects a rakish look, with long dark hair and sweeping clothes; the wives of many wealthy Barsaivian merchants vigorously vie to be his patrons.

OMASU

A famous obsidiman troubadour and trader, Omasu has not been seen in Vivane for several years, and the great house he owns on the Street of Knives remains shuttered. Despite his absence, his branch of the Overland Trading Company, based in a large hall just west of the Elf Bridge Square, continues to do good business. The company's caravans still carry goods to and from distant parts of Barsaive and beyond. Though he was always something of an enigma to his human and elven associates, Omasu is greatly missed. For many Barsaivians he symbolized the way occupied Vivane could survive—through trade and communication, regardless of who was in charge. Many hope he will soon appear again in the city.

TRIBAS KOAR

Tribas Koar is the infamous leader of the Barsaivian Resistance, the underground organization devoted to freeing the city from the Theran yoke. Ever since its brief success in booting the Theran occupiers out of Vivane many decades ago during the Theran War, the Resistance has taken on the trappings of a legend despite the fact that they

ultimately lost. Tribas Koar is a dashing young human whose speeches and writings have roused many to rebellion and inspired loyalty to free Barsaivian Vivane among all his hearers. Quarique Oathstone lies awake many a night, debating endlessly whether to seek out Koar and bring him to justice (and thus be rewarded by the Therans) or to seek out Koar and help him overthrow the Therans (and thus be rewarded by the Barsaivians). Unfortunately, no one among all the Broken Quarter dwellers who claim to have seen and heard Tribas Koar speak can actually recall which of a long and tedious parade of rabble-rousers was him. They cannot remember precisely what he said, nor how he looked. (After all, the real fun started after the last agitator finished droning on: bashing Therans and their stooges from the City Militia until it came time to run away again.)

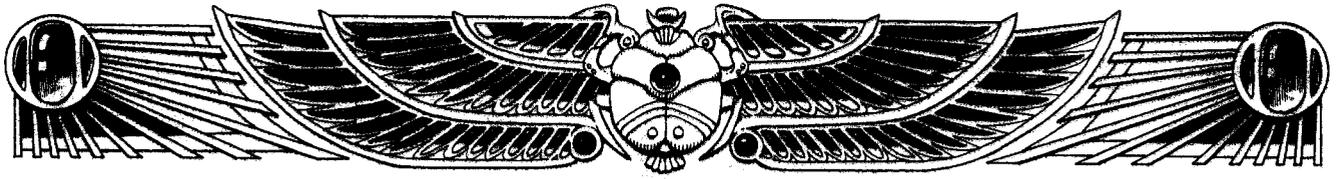
The gamemaster may consider the following options with regard to Tribas Koar. Whichever he chooses, however, the Resistance certainly exists, though its innermost workings are deeply hidden. An inner cabal of five commands an outer circle of thirty or so (who do not know the identities of the five); the thirty relay instructions secretly through contacts at every level of society in Barsaivian Vivane, but especially to local leaders in the Broken Quarter (from where they draw almost all of their real support). Most such instructions are simple reminders of Theran tyranny, but on occasion involve concrete calls to action. Such action usually means destroying some obvious symbol of Theran wealth or domination, usually the aquifers. The Resistance has not attempted a major disruption or open assault for several years.

Resistance meetings usually take place in ruined houses in the most densely populated parts of the Broken Quarter, where the large concentrations of ordinary people serve as cover. The meetings are watched over by a small corps of well-trained guards who have become highly adept at diverting the Militia's attentions. Members of the outer circle have been captured on occasion, and one or more of them may be a Theran spy. So far, however, the inner core of the Resistance has remained unidentified and evaded capture.

Option 1

Tribas Koar does not exist; he is a mythical figure, created either deliberately or accidentally as a focus to raise funds from distant Throal and to rouse the emotions of the Broken Quarter's unfortunates. Through rumor and hearsay, the fictional Tribas Koar has apparently addressed every rally and fringe meeting set up through the shadowy influences of the Resistance. In truth, the Resistance delib-





erately exploits the confusion of such rabble-rousing events afterward; the word always goes out that Koar's was the best of all the speeches, and that he was the handsomest and most striking of all those present. His legendary skills as an illusionist allegedly help him to inspire the crowd, disguise his features, and allow him to escape unharmed. Adventurers who wish to join Koar or capture him for the authorities may be led a merry dance when they search for this nonexistent leader.

Option 2

Tribas Koar is a real and tremendously popular figure, always popping up to lead a rioting crowd against the North Gate and then slip away into thin air. A gamemaster who chooses this option must create an everyday identity for Koar. Koar is a Fourth Circle troubadour with a number of illusionist talents as well, so he should be capable of the feats attributed to him. Making him Oathstone's personal secretary might make an entertaining touch, though elaborate trickery is necessary to let Koar regularly disguise both his looks and his frequent disappearances.

Koar might also be a prominent young member of a powerful merchant family, normally a fop and a gadfly who swans around in the foyer of the House of Tales or at all the best society gatherings. When the call comes, however, he is at the head of the mob, storming the barricades with the rest of them.

THE CITY MILITIA

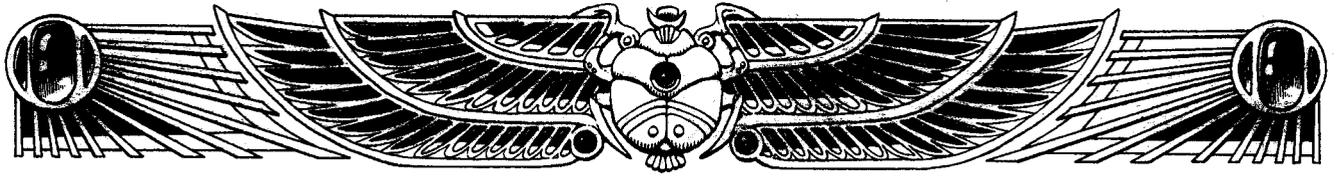
In Barsaivian Vivane, the City Militia keeps the peace. This organization, which ultimately takes its orders from Overgovernor Kypros rather than from Oathstone or Jeran Darro, was established with Theran backing as part of the first stage of asserting Theran control over the ordinary

people of the city. Many of the Militia's best men served temporarily with the Theran Watch, and learned certain tactics and methods from them. Those worthies trained newer recruits, who in turn trained others, and so on. Over time, the skills and discipline learned from the Therans have been watered down by Barsaivian middlemen.

Members of the City Militia wear neckerchiefs in the color of their squad, appropriately decorated with various silver and golden threads to indicate rank. Many of the Green Squad's rougher members sport further indications of their allegiance in the form of bands of green ink tattooed around their necks. All members of the Militia encountered on the streets carry the standard gear described in the **City Militiaman** profile (p. 23). Though fairly new, this equipment is not always of the best quality, except in the case of the Red Squad. The City Militia has no access to any major pieces of equipment or powerful spellcasters. If any trouble in their patch requires such support, the Militia must call in the Watch or a unit of the Eighth Legion. Failure to do so in the past has led to the execution of several Militia captains; doing so without sufficient reason has resulted in demotion for troubling the Therans needlessly. The position of captain in the City Militia is therefore associated with chronic anxiety.

The City Militia numbers seven hundred troops, plus a smaller number of supporting staff, servants and slaves. The Green and Blue Squads have two hundred men each. The Red Squad, which watches over Oathstone, the Assembly and the Barsaivian city prison as well as patrolling the streets, has three hundred men. Each squad has a commander who reports to Darro. Each of the three commanders are in turn backed by twenty captains, each of whom leads his or her own small unit of men. The commanders are usually based at the City Militia's barracks, opposite the Assembly building at the western end of the Street of Knives. The captains and their squads are based at the two blockhouses located in each squad's area, which strongly resemble the Houses of Correction (p. 24). In





many parts of the city small shelters have been built in which militiamen can rest and warm up on a cold night or briefly store a prisoner or two until men can be spared to march the miscreant to a blockhouse. These shelters are usually little more than wooden huts, though a few have such refinements as magical lighting and windows.

The City Militia have generally good relations with the Watch, though the latter force is far superior. The Watch operates in Barsaivian territory from four Houses of Correction converted to their use: one near the new gate at Elf Bridge Square, one by the River Gate, one at the head of the Street of Golden Stars, and one by the High Gate. The first three are located in the Merchant's Quarter, the fourth in the westernmost end of the Broken Quarter. In each location the Watch exists as a garrison, guarding a city gate and important street, directing traffic and watching for known subversives who may be entering sensitive parts of the city. The blockhouse on the Street of Golden Stars also provides men to patrol the northern half of the Wallside district, where some Therans and many prominent Barsaivian trustees live. The southern half is patrolled by militiamen from their base at the western end of the Street of Coins. A few minor drunken brawls have occurred between off-duty militiamen and members of the Watch, but as every single one ended in the militiamen being given a severe beating, these are unlikely to continue.

RED SQUAD

Primarily responsible for the Merchants' Quarter, the Red Squad is generally well-liked and supported. For the Barsaivian trustees and those few Therans who live outside the Old City, this squad's close cooperation with the Watch reaffirms that the Militia is firmly on the side of law and order and can certainly cope with any noisome Broken Quarter dwellers who might dare to congregate in the area for one of their sporadic food riots. For those whose feelings about the Imperial occupiers are neutral, the fact that the Red Squad's members are drawn from Barsaivians like themselves seems to imply that the Reds are at least impartial, if not actively sympathetic to Barsaivian interests against the dispassionate and soulless Theran Watch.

The Red Squad's commander is Oril Jhawn, a tall and distinguished-looking elf and ex-soldier whose white-streaked hair and neatly trimmed mustache lend him an air of dashing authority. His men regard him with both loyalty and liking. Some of them are related to him, and almost all of them are drawn from his own social class. Serving in the Red Squad is a privilege reserved for the young men and women of the Merchants' Quarter trustee

families. In the absence of any real Barsaivian army, service in the Militia offers them a taste of military life.

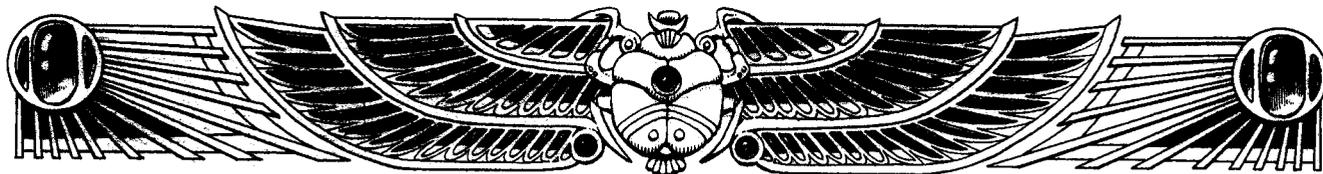
BLUE SQUAD

Led by the feisty red-haired dwarf Vendra Reshalk, the Blue Squad is a divided bunch. About a third of its members are drawn from the residents of the Riverside Quarter, mostly humans and orks. These tend to keep to themselves, rarely mingling with their fellows. The rest are hired mercenaries, drawn from the Eastern Quarter and from volunteers among Vivane's transient population. Anyone who can wield a sword and also display adequate training and discipline can usually find work in this squad. The former faction is in charge of patrolling the sleepy lanes and back roads around the Riverside, though most of them prefer to play gambling games around a table in the blockhouse next to the ancient swing bridge over the Coldreach. (After all, parts of the Riverside are too dangerous to go walking around in after dark; someone might get hurt.) In the absence of its official protectors, the area has become a favorite haunt for villains of all shades and below its sleepy, waterlogged surface the Riverside brims with criminal activity.

The Blues stationed near the Sunrise Gate, however, are professional and experienced. The mercenaries take more responsibility for this area and keep the peace in the district's many gambling halls and taverns with a disciplined touch. The large number of foreigners in the squad make the men and women look mismatched, but they operate well together and generally keep the peace without causing too much trouble for genuinely peaceable revelers.

Reshalk, who originally hails from Throal, is eager to do a good job. The youngest of the three Militia commanders, she is determined to prove her mettle. The hired men and women in her squad are as loyal to her as any mercenary is to his employer, and she is beginning to earn the squad's grudging respect, too. Known for being firm but fair, she plays as hard as the best of them; she enhanced her reputation considerably the first time she drank the squad's most grizzled old sergeant under the table. The men of the Riverside blockhouse, however, see her as a busybody—an interfering newcomer who wants to make their lives difficult by insisting that they go out on patrol, catch criminals and bring in taxes. Most of them believe that they need only bide their time until Reshalk makes a mistake and is replaced by someone a little less keen. The Riverside Quarter might just be her downfall; if a major problem arises, especially one





involving the Resistance, she may have great difficulty hanging on to her command.

GREEN SQUAD

The Green Squad patrols the Broken Quarter, where the most fanatical and corrupt Militiamen bring their own peculiar notions of justice to bear. Ostrall the Howling, a short, heavily-muscled ork in his late thirties who once rode with the Shattered Fang scorchers of the Twilight Peaks, runs the Green Squad. His bloodcurdling battle-cries earned him his nickname, and he commands his men as if he still lorded it over bandits and renegades. Despite the squad's uniforms and shiny new weapons, in many ways they are bandits. The squad includes members of many races, united by a love of power and bullying. They use their authority ruthlessly as an excuse to rob and assault anyone who catches their attention. They are infamous for their tax-collecting techniques; one favorite tactic used against a householder who cannot or will not pay his tax (plus the surcharge imposed by the Militiamen, which may range from ten to three or four hundred per cent!), is to burn his house down. Those who don't pay the livestock taxes can expect to see their livestock end up in the guts of the Green Squad rather than being burned (unless they spit-roast it too enthusiastically).

Because the squad spends so much time being chewed out by Ostrall about their failure to catch members of the Resistance, the Green Squad bears a fanatical hatred toward the area's violently anti-Theran residents. They use the Resistance as an excuse to rampage wherever they choose, to demolish whole streets of shacks and destroy belongings or businesses they claim to suspect of harboring members of the underground movement (regardless of any evidence). The Green Squad is less a police force than a maniacal rabble, a menace to every resident of the Broken Quarter and to any who visit the area.

THE PASSIONS IN BARSAMIAN VIVANE

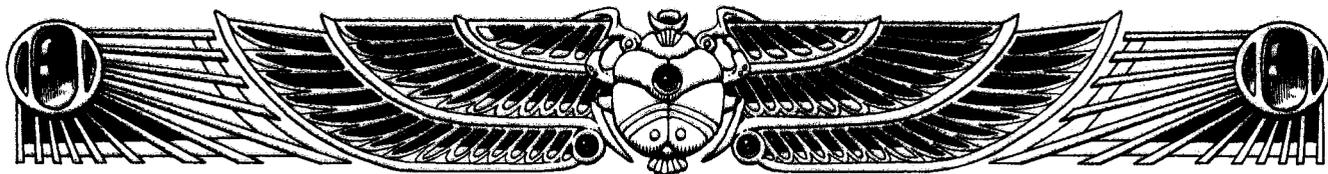
Trustees and other upwardly mobile Barsaivians in Vivane tend to follow the Therans' lead in their attitudes



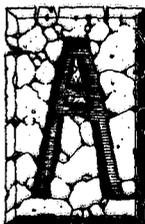
toward the Passions; they shun Lochost and Vestrial as forbidden, and in general refrain from obvious acts of worship. A small number of Therans pay homage to Raggok, but no Barsaivian dares to, as devotion to this particular Mad Passion is frowned on for Therans and forbidden for Barsaivians. Non-Theran followers of Raggok, should any be so foolish, are guilty of a crime punishable by death. Followers of Lochost, including Therans, are also executed (after lengthy questioning, often at the hands of the *ghareez*, to discover information about their fellows).

Many Barsaivians outside the Merchants' Quarter and other wealthy areas revere the Passions and try to follow their tenets, though organized worship of particular Passions is no more common in Vivane than in Barsaive Province. Small, informal groups devoted to single Passions existed in Vivane long ago, but none seem to have survived to the present day. Rumors persist that the Theran authorities have forced such groups to disband, but no evidence exists to support this contention.





THE MERCHANT'S QUARTER



After more than fifty years of Theran occupation, many of Vivane's Barsaivian residents have adjusted to the situation and some have actively profited from it. No matter who rules a city, its people still need to buy food, clothes, fuel and more rarefied goods, and someone has to provide them or else cede the profits to competitors. Many of those quickest to throw in their lot with the Theran newcomers have been rewarded with continued wealth and luxury (though not in the same league as the better-off Therans); these people live in the Merchant's Quarter. Some of the wealthiest residents of the quarter's Wallside district even have Theran neighbors.

Not all of the quarter's residents support the Therans, but most tolerate their authority (or at least keep quiet if they bear a grudge; spies are everywhere, they say). Almost all of them hope their quarter does not rock any Imperial boats strongly enough to cause a military crackdown—martial law is bad for business. From the rich traders of the old families in leafy Wallside to the dock workers and shopkeepers in the neat suburbs of Coldreach Vale, most residents of the Merchants' Quarter live as contented and ordinary lives as any people anywhere.

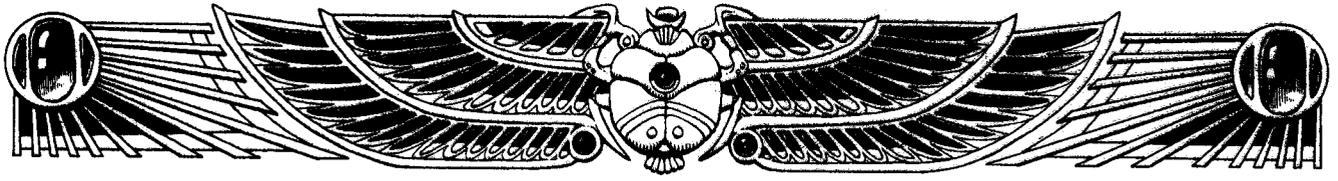
BUILDINGS AND STREETS

Unlike much of Barsaivian Vivane, the Merchants' Quarter did not suffer major damage from the Theran bombardment that preceded the reoccupation. About three-quarters of its buildings are old ones that remained intact, and the haphazard layout of its streets reflect growth over time rather than stringent planning. The one exception is the district known as Coldreach Vale, where neat rows of workers' and artisans' cottages have grown up, half-planned and half-accidentally, to create a well-ordered and peaceful district. The quarter's new buildings reflect Barsaivian attempts to copy aspects of Theran architectural styles. In some cases, Theran decoration has been added to older buildings. Little of the "Theranizing" has been tremendously successful, for it seems that without the skills of Theran architects and builders to call on, such attempts are doomed to failure.

Most of the buildings of the Merchants' Quarter have at least two stories. In addition to family houses, many are shops or workshops above which the owners live. In many parts of the quarter, the tall buildings combined with narrow and winding streets give the area a cramped feel. This is especially true of the Walk Market in Merchant Walk, where the buildings cluster so closely around a maze of alleys that in many parts they are connected with arches or roofs. The southern area of the quarter, known as the Riverwalk district, is more spacious, comprised mostly of docks and warehouses, along with the occasional grand exchange building or merchant's offices.

Most of the Merchant's Quarter's main streets are cobbled, though the Street of Golden Stars is paved with flat slabs of stone. The Assembly employs gangs of street cleaners to sweep them clear of refuse and dung. A typical street is thirty or forty feet wide, though some narrow to barely half that in places. Side streets and back alleys vary between cobbles and mud; only in the Wallside district are such thoroughfares kept clean and passable.





Along the main thoroughfares and throughout the Walk Market, light-quartz lanterns stand on poles every fifteen to twenty feet, maintained by a small company of elderly lamp-lighters who roam the city for an hour around dusk. Along the Street of Golden Stars, magical elements ensure that the lights stay lit late enough for wealthy theatergoers, concertgoers and diners to reach their carriages in safety. An occasional light burns in the back streets, and many houses burn one by their front door. Many areas, however, are unlit after dark. The Riverwalk is one such area, though patrols by the City Militia and the presence of private security (usually a mercenary or two employed by the owner of a particular establishment) is often sufficient to ensure safety.

SNEAK'S WALL

As a reward to the trustee Barsaivians, to strengthen their own hold on the city, and to rebuild its defenses, the Therans have begun to build a new wall. The finished portion stretches from the Flamewalk Bridge to Elf Bridge Square half a mile north. Called Sneak's Wall by its detractors (and especially by those who now find themselves living outside it), the wall will eventually bisect the city and rejoin the outer walls east of the High Gate. It will also extend west along the river. This task will take years and tremendous amounts of money to complete, but its initial stages have already revitalized many Barsaivian businesses and employed hundreds of men and slaves.

The new wall follows a similar design to the one surrounding the Theran Quarter. It is twenty-four feet high, six feet wide, and topped with two-foot battlements and four-foot walkways. Towers are located at regular intervals along it (see **City Towers** map, p. 42, **Theran Vivane** book). The towers by the River Gate and the New Gate are already in use, each manned by twenty soldiers from the Eighth Legion. These soldiers are novice-level warrior and swordmaster adepts, with half a dozen archers as well, commanded by a Fifth Circle archer lieutenant. No siege engines, boiling oil or other defensive devices have as yet been deployed. The remaining towers and walls are still being built. The new gate to the east of Elf Bridge Square (named for the fine elven-crafted murals on the bridge stonework) is nearly finished; workers are joining the gaps between the towers in the section of wall leading to this gate. Work is a little slow at present because certain local residents, rendered homeless by the construction, continue to demonstrate against the project. Those who had influence with an Assembly representative were relocated to large new dwellings just north of Elf Bridge Square; those without it could either take a refurbished old house or cottage north of the Coldreach Bridge, or be homeless.

The portion of the new wall that will run the length of the Riverwalk is taking much longer to complete, as its foundations are being sunk deep into the ground about thirty feet from the water's edge. The section of this wall so far completed is eighteen feet high and eight feet thick, topped with the usual battlements and a walkway. As it progresses, several gates will be built into the wall to allow access to the Riverwalk district from the river.

THE AQUIFERS

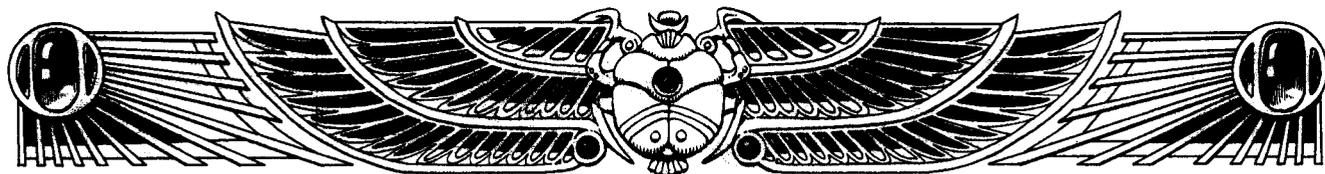
In addition to Sneak's Wall, the Therans are further rewarding the loyal trustees of the Merchants' Quarter with the construction of aquifers like those in the Theran Quarter (for a complete description, see p. 9 of the **Theran Vivane** book). A single link runs up one side of Wallside opposite the Theran Quarter walls. Eventually, the whole quarter will be served by the miraculous devices. As might be expected, the fact that the aquifers are a mark of favor toward those who collaborated with the Theran occupiers has made them an especially desirable target for the Resistance, which has inflicted serious structural damage on the single existing aquifer three times in the past year.

WALLSIDE

Wealthy Barsaivians (and a few Therans, too) who do not wish or cannot get permission to reside in the Theran Quarter make their homes in Wallside, the Merchants' Quarter's most respectable district. It remains the wealthy area it has always been, though it looks a tad shabby when compared to the leafy lanes and sumptuous villas of the Old City. The blocks of narrow streets bounded by Wallside Lane, the Street of Coins and the Street of Golden Stars are divided from the rest of the city by ornate gates. Fifteen feet high and made of worked metal, each gate bears the crest of the city family that donated the money to build it. The gates are open during the day; and locked at night and watched by two men from the City Militia's Red Squad. Such measures do not actually keep thieves out, but they reassure the residents. Security in Wallside is Good.

The district's houses are large and spacious, and it is dotted here and there with small public gardens in which residents can meander amid carefully tended flower beds. At the Street of Golden Stars, places of entertainment appear amid family homes: discreet drinking establishments, a selection of small but exclusive eating houses, and the famous theater known as the House of Tales. On both sides of the Street of Golden Stars are many sophisticated and stylish shops, selling all manner of expensive luxury items. Price





modifiers in these shops range from one and a half to three times normal prices, though few Therans would pay so much; the articles for sale are almost all bad pastiches of out-of-date Theran Quarter fashions.

HOUSE OF TALES

After a visit to the magnificent Recitatorium in the Theran Quarter, Quarique Oathstone decreed that Barsaivian Vivane should have a similar establishment and commissioned the city's architects to design a new theater to be built on the Street of Golden Stars. The resulting House of Tales (named by Oathstone) is a misguided masterpiece of fake Imperial style,

so close and yet so completely botched that many Therans who pass it struggle to repress their chuckles at the sight. The building has the usual twin fountains, but they have never worked properly. It has columns and wide marble steps, but they are ever-so-slightly unevenly spaced, and made of such poor quality stone that unsightly stone-chip plugs fill the cracks scattered over every surface. Inside, the foyer looks horrendously cluttered to Theran eyes: hanging tapestries, ornate portraits, carved screens and small wooden booths selling tickets and sweetmeats take up far too much of the available space. The auditorium provides relief for over-worked eyes, until one happens to look up at the ridiculously overdone ornate ceiling mural with its hideous invocation of changing seasons in the form of largely unclothed maidens representing winter, spring, and so on. The wealthy Barsaivians who visit in droves for every premiere are delighted with the building; they believe that they have matched the Therans at their own game, albeit in a gracefully understated way (none of that pompous Theran magic lighting and perfumery here, thank you!).

Tickets for an ordinary performance, whether a play or a recital by a selection of well-known troubadours, range from 5 to 20 silver pieces for a seat or 70 silver pieces for a box; some city families have boxes reserved for their exclusive use. Opening nights and special events often cost more. The director of the House of Tales is the elf Comran Erebor, a veteran of the city's dramatic scene and once

Vivane's most dashing young lead. He discovered Fortin Dashan, and the brilliant young playwright and his company are always working up another of his popular dramas. Currently playing is Dashan's *A Love in Summer*, a romantic story of lost love aboard a sinking ship. With Dashan himself playing a thinly disguised parody of Oathstone in the portly figure of his long-running character Lord Wiffy Grease, the show is packing them in.

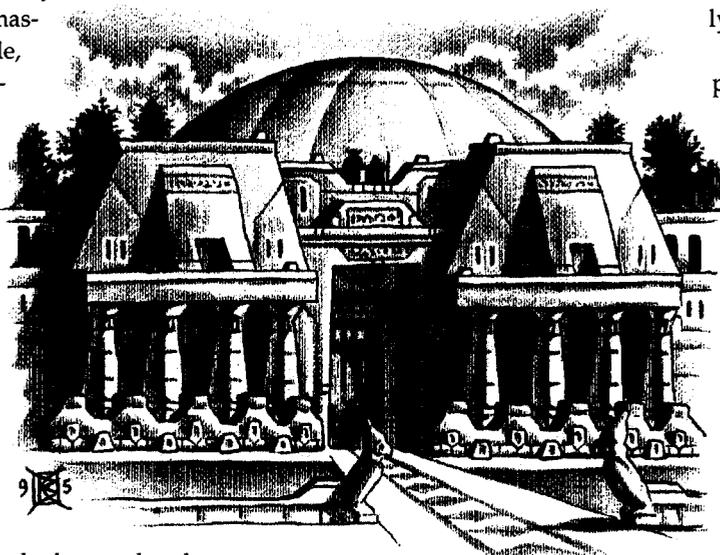
HALLS OF ASSEMBLY

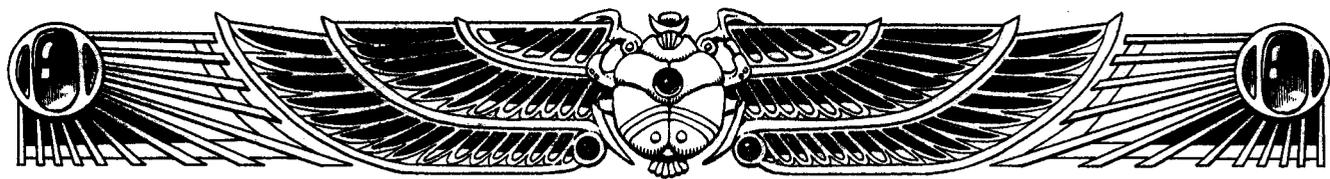
Sandwiched between the Wallside and Merchantwalk districts, the Halls of Assembly (commonly known as the Assembly)

sit at one corner of a large park. Built of white and pink marble in a more than usually tasteful approximation of classic Imperial style, the Assembly is a solid rectangular building fronted with columns and topped with a low dome. Twenty Red Squad Militiamen are on constant guard, both at the front doors and patrolling the grounds, and many more are available at the City Militia's main barracks just across the road.

Security is Good near the Assembly, but extra patrols raise the chance of an encounter with the Militia to every ten minutes day or night. The building is fortified against magical attack and has a Spell Defense of 7 against spells and magical abilities. Oathstone keeps requesting Theran assistance in raising it to "a level more befitting the Assembly's important personages and responsibilities," and Kypros keeps turning him down flat.

Inside, the lower floors are a maze of offices occupied by Barsaivian Vivane's chief administrators and more mundane city clerks, tax adjusters and civic administrators. The original Recordkeeper's Office was located here, and even though all its work is now done by the House of Records in the Theran Quarter, several large rooms remain crammed with old files. Each Assembly representative is entitled to a suite of offices in the building, though few can be found in them on a daily basis. The upper level consists of several larger rooms, including Oathstone's private offices and the Assembly's large and under-used Grand Meeting Hall, which is situated under the dome.





Surrounding the Halls of Assembly is a sizable tract of well-maintained park land. The park is surrounded with seven-foot railings and closes its gates at night, but it is a favorite spot for romantic young Vivanians to plight their troth on warm summer evenings (or at least get up to the usual adolescent fumbling). Deer roam the park, and in mating season have been known to display aggressive behavior to walkers who harass them. The penalty for killing one of Oathstone's deer, should any starving member of the Broken Quarter's downtrodden multitude be desperate enough to attempt it, is slavery or execution (usually depending on whether the Therans want the defendant or not). Some cynics say the deer are deliberately placed near the Assembly to assure a good supply of extra slaves without unnecessarily irritating the Barsaivians by culling a few at random when the need arises.

From its chief barracks across the road from the Assembly, the City Militia keeps watch for trouble. The barracks is old and in need of repair, and probably could not withstand a genuine military assault. It has no defenses against magic, and its walls are less than a foot thick. It can hold three hundred militiamen, though it rarely contains more than half that number at any one time. The barracks is built around a small drill square, but very few men use it for its intended purpose (especially during hours when the nearby taverns are open for business).

RIVERWALK AND ITS ENVIRONS

South of the long, cobbled thoroughfare named the Street of Coins, the homes and tree-lined streets of Wallside give way to the district known as Riverwalk. In Riverwalk, the wealthiest residents of the Merchants' Quarter do much of their business. This district abounds with offices for Vivane's main trading companies, along with warehouses and some workers' dwellings. Along the south side of the Street of Coins, clustered near each other as if for support, are the trading exchanges where the prices of raw materials are fixed and fortunes are won or lost. From east to west, stretching from the corner of the Street of Iron almost as far as Wallside Lane, the exchanges are the House of Iron (metals), the House of Grains, the House of Meat, the Spice Exchange, and the House of Silks (fine cloth). There is also a House of Fish down on the eastern half of River Walk, where copious amounts of fish and shellfish arrive each morning to be traded. All of the exchanges open at dawn and work until noon, every day of the week. As a result, some of the more select drinking clubs and dining halls in the district have peculiar opening times for the convenience of their clients. East of the intersection of Coins and Iron

Streets stands the Justice House, where everyday justice is meted out to lawbreakers. Therans who break the law can elect to be tried in the Theran Quarter; cases that require the judgment of the Chief Magistrate are usually heard in the Assembly. This part of the Riverwalk district has Good security, and all important buildings have two or three private guards. The guards should be treated as First or Second Circle warriors for game purposes.

The southern half of the Riverwalk district serves the river. Along the quayside are many boat and barge builders, small and large (the large ones are both owned by the Bilya family). Serving them are net and sailmakers, oar carvers and keel caulkers, and a dozen other specialist trades. All work from small workshops, often with family rooms above or behind the artisan's working space. Security is Fair on this area's main roads, but nonexistent in the back streets and alleys that twist and turn between and behind them.

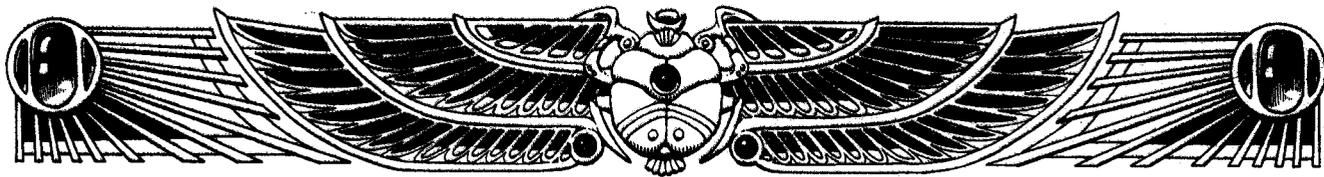
Fishing boats land east of the City Prison (see **Map of Vivane**). Fishing is not a large business in Vivane, but a dozen or so boats try their luck both near the city and further downstream on the Danaba. The main catches from the Flamewalk are freshwater crayfish and some trout and perch, depending on the time of year. Those who make the two-day trip to the Danaba can return with all manner of freshwater fish—even salmon, depending on the season. The quays near the landing area are dotted with sheds where fish and shellfish are gutted, cleaned, smoked and so on before being taken to the House of Fish for selling to the city's fish traders. The area has a certain piquant odor to it, though it is not overpowering.

At present, the scent of minor rebellion is in the breeze. Certain Assemblymen (no one is certain which) have proposed that once the River Wall along the riverside is finished, an arrangement like the one that already exists in the Old City should come into force: namely, that city authorities will rent the area between the wall and the river. The smaller fishermen know they will not be able to afford the prices likely to be charged and will inevitably face the choice of being bought out by a large company (most likely owned by the omnipresent Bilya family) or moving to the distinctly dangerous Riverside Quarter. The smaller fishing concerns have staged occasional strikes and sometimes more creative protests, such as the time they filled Oathstone's private office at the Assembly with several tons of rotting shrimp and fish heads.

CITY PRISON

At the south end of the Street of Iron, the squat shape of the Barsaivian City Prison huddles close to the river. The city's most dangerous criminals (and anyone whose





alleged offense involved a Theran) are detained in the Imperial Prison in the Theran Quarter; the City Prison holds the rest. Most of the inmates are such dangerous folk as tax defrauders and defaulters, other debtors, thieves and swindlers. Murderers, rapists, arsonists and suspected Resistance members are executed after a swift and summary trial, often watched by a large crowd of commoners, on the podium that stands just inside ornate outer railings. The outer railings are twenty feet high; the prison's inner walls are ten feet thick, thirty-five feet high and twenty feet deep. The prison is not as brutal as it might be. For example, most of its cells have windows (albeit far above the level where a prisoner might look out through the bars), but the stones are cold and the food is said to be disgusting. The prison is guarded by a detachment of thirty-two men from the City Militia, led by Danna Ursin, an ork captain and Fifth Circle sword-master. She usually has a bawdy song on her lips, but her cheerful demeanor belies the serious nature of her work.

FESTIVAL OF FISH

The Flamewalk River has long been the lifeblood of Vivane for communication, trade, food and water, and the citizens of the city have long celebrated this fact with the midsummer Festival of Fish. A light-hearted affair, it takes place over three long days and evenings on the River Walk. From stalls set up among the fishing boats and the sailmakers' and net-stitchers' shacks, people sell drinks and food, much of it on a fishy theme. Adults and children compete in various games, and boats and quays are decked out in bunting, colored flags and—after dusk—multi-colored lights both natural and magical. Many families who fish the river up- and downstream attend the festival, and many Vivanians travel across the city to take part (though the very wealthy tend to stay away, for the Festival is considered a little vulgar by the residents of Wallside). The many events include lucky dips for gold coins and trinkets in barrels of fish; fish throwing, fish launching, and fish catching; fish juggling, in both the live and the dead categories, with the freshwater lobsters

always a crowd puller; fish racing in specially designed tanks; guessing the weight of a monstrous fish; fish-themed fancy dress balls where everyone performs dances with a fishy motif; and many more. Jellyfish strangling is perhaps the most absurd of these many contests.

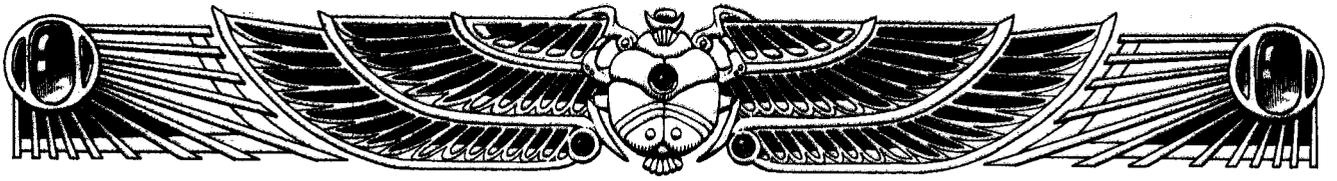
The unwary may be persuaded to partake of Festival Pie, a local specialty served solely at Festival time. The pie consists of a bowl containing twenty live fish, each of a different species, and a large bottle of potent liquor to chase down each one. The crowd, of course, does their best to encourage a newcomer to finish the dish; veterans of the festival may compete in eating the dish at top speed or in large quantities. Whoever can get through the most fish before vomiting uncontrollably wins the contest, and the winner is nearly always a troll (a race legendary for its strong stomachs). The Festival is a good-natured event, though occasional late-night drunken brawling breaks out, which the City Militia ends by simply throwing everyone into the Flamewalk. Festival attendees who intend to drink themselves to sleep are advised to travel with sober friends.



MERCHANTWALK AND THE WALK MARKET

The heart of the Merchants' Quarter is the Merchantwalk district, home of the frantic bazaar known as the Walk Market. Many decades ago the marketplace was an open square of rickety stalls surrounded by shops. As the area grew, the stalls became permanent and the shops stretched all the way into the back streets. Roofs were built over the streets in many places, and the Walk Market is now a labyrinth of narrow lanes and alleys crammed with establishments that sell just about anything one can imagine if one knows where to look. Adventurers from Barsaive should feel thoroughly at home among Merchantwalk's stalls and taverns.





Most of the five hundred or so shops and stalls in Merchantwalk sell everyday goods: food, clothing, household goods and such. Some offer more unusual items. Though the most expensive and exclusive goods are more likely to be sold in the shops of the Old City or along the Street of Golden Stars, the observant visitor can find many surprising things in Merchantwalk. Apart from goods from Barsaive and Throal, little foreign merchandise is sold in Merchantwalk, as traders who have traveled a great distance know they will get a much better price for their goods in the Theran Quarter. Prices of everyday goods in Merchantwalk range from 10 to 20 percent higher than normal, often depending on how wealthy the customer looks. More unusual or exclusive items range from normal price to four times higher or more. Haggling is encouraged, even expected.

Though Merchantwalk is not officially divided into areas specializing in different goods, everyday items and especially foodstuffs are generally found closer to the Street of Knives while more exotic and expensive items are found closer to the Street of Silver. Walk Market closes shortly after dark—and in some areas the absence of lamps means the shops close earlier—but many taverns and eating houses remain open all day and night. Despite its maze-like nature, the Merchantwalk is not a particularly dangerous place. Petty thievery is much more likely to befall the visiting adventurer than violence. Pickpockets and sneak thieves operate everywhere and are very persistent, as are beggars and the gangs of small children who entreat strangers for small change. The local residents look after their own, and because many shopkeepers live in or above their establishments, a cry of alarm is likely to attract a large crowd within minutes.

The City Militia do not like patrolling the market. The area has Fair security, but the gamemaster should double the time between Militia patrols; adventurers will only encounter them once every two hours or so. Also, the Militia generally patrols only the wider streets and lanes; they do not venture down back alleys unless called here in an emergency, and even then the delay in obtaining sufficient light to see by may result in their arriving far too late to be of any use.

North of Merchantwalk is Elf Bridge Square, with its fine carvings and ornate murals. This wide, dusty, ancient crossroads still serves its original purpose. In the southwest corner of the square is a wide pool with fountains, at the back of which stand two large, almost-intact statues that were found thirty years ago beneath the ruins of a large house in the Broken Quarter. Some believe they depict the Passions Chorrolis and Astendar, but most scholars who have studied them believe they are simply large figures of ordinary people, possibly a wealthy merchant and his wife

from a few centuries ago. The statues have no real significance, save that some followers of the aforesaid Passions occasionally come to the square to meditate in front of them or speak a few reverent words.

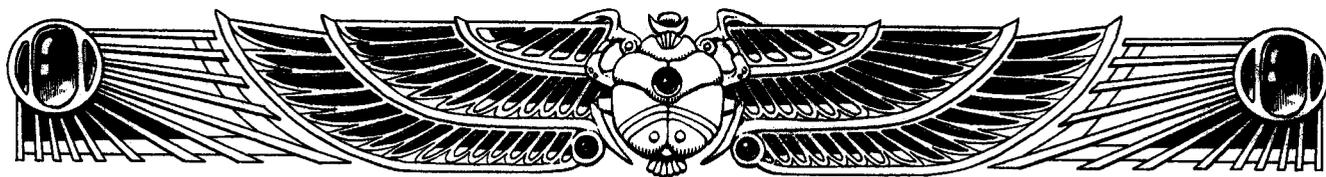
South of Elf Bridge Square, the quarter opens into an area of artisans' workshops and professional businesses. One may find carpenters and stonemasons here, as well as doctors, scribes, and scholars. Though Vivane has no university, the Merchantwalk district boasts several small private schools, where a dozen or so children of families who cannot afford private tutors come to pick up some learning. The area just south of the square is quiet and mostly respectable and has Good security.

East of the Walk Market, across the Street of Silver, is the district known as Silverside. Currently being redeveloped in the shadow of the new city wall, it has long been the financial heart of the Merchants' Quarter. Moneylenders and bankers, pawnbrokers, jewelers and antiquities dealers all ply their trades in Silverside. Prices of goods in this district range from 20 to 80 percent above normal and security is Good. The Assembly has ruled that Silverside's shops should emphasize art and craft, and so the city government offers small, easy-term loans to people wishing to open such select establishments as galleries, workshops, studios and the like. So far many properties remain empty, but the loan program is still in its early days.

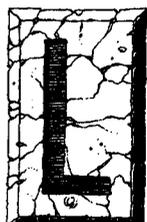
COLDREACH VALE

The northern part of the Merchants' Quarter, between the Street of Golden Stars and the Coldreach River, has long been home to those who work in the rest of the quarter. Coldreach Vale's neat cobbled roads lined with small, one- or two-story houses are mostly quiet and safe, even the ones that have a small tavern on the corner. This area has Fair security. A fair number of Vale residents work for the merchants of Wallside in some capacity. Many others find employment in the shops and exchanges of Merchantwalk as sales staff, bodyguards or general help. Still others work as warehousemen or laborers, loading and unloading barges. Some are skilled craftsmen who fashion metal or wood in the artisans' workshops that line either side of the Street of Knives. Some are lowly clerks who work in the Assembly building or in the offices of a great merchant family's business. Most of this district's people earn moderate wages. Some families verge on poverty, but most do well enough to be content. Of all the people in Barsaivian Vivane, the residents of Coldreach Vale best sum up the attitude, "whoever's in charge, it's not for us to question; we know our place."





THE RIVERSIDE QUARTER



Long before the Theran occupation, the entire northern bank of the Flamewalk River teemed with all manner of river-associated activities, from shipbuilders to silos where the wealthier merchants stored their grain. The eastern part of the riverbank, where the river begins its slow curve, has long suffered from erosion. In the past fifty years, and for many decades before, the Riverside Quarter has been slowly turning to mud. Parts have slipped into the river, and others are sliding toward it. The ancient docks have been replaced by temporary wooden platforms, but even these are being eaten away. Meanwhile, east of the Coldreach, deposits of mud and debris are developing into a shallow mud flat that is exposed in the heat of summer, but under several feet of water in the spring. Local people are angry that Theran elementalists have done nothing to arrest this process, and in their opinion, the Theran's failure to act shows just how little the occupying Imperialists care about the people of Riverside.

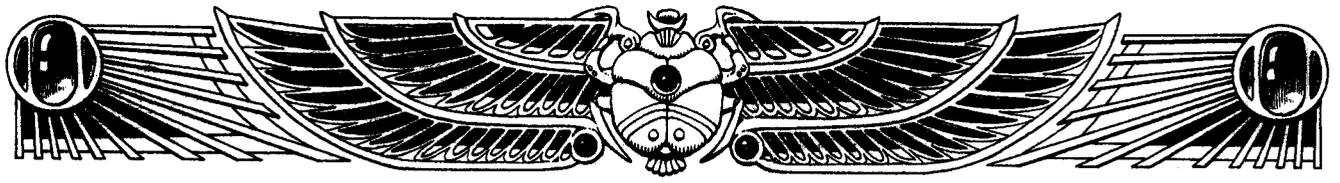
South of the Street of Wood, the only well-maintained road in the quarter, the land has been all but abandoned to the ravages of nature. Reeds and other vegetation spread unchecked, clogging the land and making it a haven for birds and small animals. Traces of Name-giver habitation still exist in spots and some people have stayed, living by trapping birds and raiding their nests or by catching crawfish on the mud flats. Others use the isolated, abandoned area as perfect cover for illegal activities, and several disreputable establishments are hidden away in the more solid parts of the swampland. A small City Militia blockhouse stands next to the swing bridge over the Coldreach, but precious few Militiamen patrol any part of the region south of it. The area is too treacherous unless one knows exactly where one is going. The City Militia are natives of the area, and so they know the risks and will not face them without a very good reason. Security south of the Street of Wood is Nonexistent.

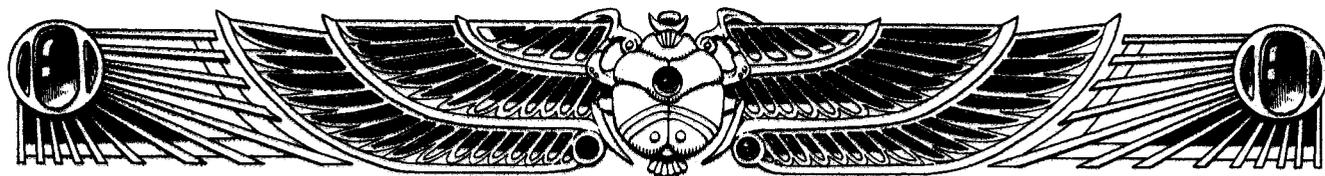
Farther north on both banks of the Coldreach, where the land is more solid, stands a ramshackle settlement of poor artisans and workers, many of whom work in the Beastmarkets and tanneries to the north. The people of this district are poor and ill-educated and are not surprised to find themselves shut outside the new city wall. They may freely enter the Merchants' Quarter via the New Gate to shop in Walk Market, so nothing has really changed. Most of them have never seen a Theran, though they have definitely seen Kypros's awesome airship hovering over the city. To them, life is slow and fraught with hardship; nothing ever changes. Security in this district is mostly Fair, though the time between patrols is double the usual. Away from main thoroughfares, security is Nonexistent.

THE PLACE

South of the Street of Wood, a single road leads into the depths of the coastal flats. At its end, it splits into half a dozen narrow paths that disappear into the vegetation in all directions. A visitor who takes the second path from the left and follows it without straying (lest he find himself up to his neck in quicksand or







reeking mud), he will eventually come to The Place. A long, low building made of painted wood, The Place is a tavern-cum-brothel, the kind of establishment where desperate men and women gamble away fortunes over the course of several nights and days, leaving the table only to relieve themselves. The owner is an aging dwarf named Holly Duradis, instantly recognizable by her blue-tinted hair and the large herbal cigar she keeps permanently clamped in a corner of her mouth. Her clientele have all found their way to her place and continue to come back time and time again in search of its particular delights. Liaisons with The Place's moderately attractive and variably hygienic selection of men and women (most are slaves bought by Duradis) take place in small rooms off a corridor that runs behind and parallel to the main room. At any time of the day The Place is populated by half a dozen or so decidedly unsavory clients; trade picks up around dusk and lasts until dawn. Fights are common, but Duradis knows how to keep the peace (as do her burly ork barmen, Parik Moonhowl and Iorn Varg). Sore losers and those who try to cheat at a game are simply carried out back and "escorted" into the swamplier reaches of the district (from which few ever return).

THE DRIFTBOAT

The Place is for those in search of fun and entertainment; the patrons of the Driftboat are after something far more serious. Loosely moored at the end of a rickety wooden platform that serves as a quay, either rocking gently in the waters or leaning at a slight angle on the slowly drying mud flats, the Driftboat looks like a wrecked and abandoned barge. The shattered cabin above decks only reinforces this impression. Below deck, however, things look very different. The Driftboat is a floating drug den, a place where addicts come to purchase and take their illicit fixes and go out of their minds for a few hours, days, or months in comparative safety.

The boat is run by an emaciated t'skrang named Cerask'allisha, who looks near his dotage but is in fact barely thirty years old. Cerask'allisha has a pair of his very own semi-flooded private chambers in the bottom of the boat, where he relaxes and ingests his own favorite poison away from the "clients." His two young human assistants, Boram and Worlias, are also addicts. The drugs come upriver or from contacts in the city who have brought them overland. Opara, the Indrisan narcotic, is the most favored illicit substance; more common and less powerful stimulants such as Araucanian kokaila are not much to the taste of the pathetic destitutes who end up here. The location of

the Driftboat is a secret known only to those in the city who require its services. The City Militia do not know of its existence, nor do many locals. It is whispered in some quarters that Theran reverers of Raggok, those given to debauchery, flit across to the Driftboat with a suitable retinue of bodyguards and lackeys whenever they feel like slumming it. Looking at the emaciated wrecks of the Driftboat's regulars provides these people with a taste of real depravity that they find delicious. Paralytic snake venom and similar exotic substances are occasionally offered, and some debauched Therans visit just to watch the locals try some of these—there's a good chance of someone dying a spectacularly vile death this way, which amuses the jaded Therans no end.

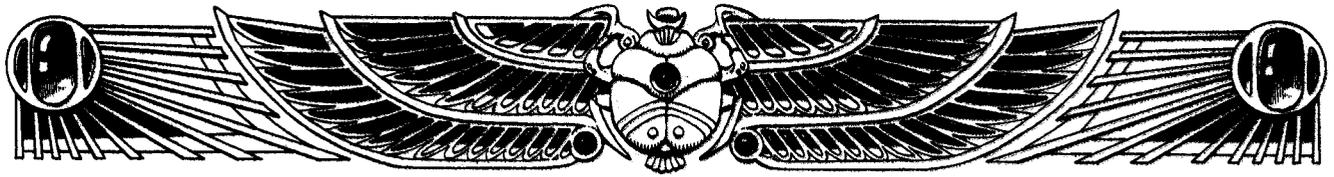
The Driftboat makes an excellent place to situate some burned-out ruin of an ex-adventurer that player character must find and drag some clues out of regarding a treasure, place, source of enmity between people, or whatever. The gamemaster can assail his players' characters with beggars, dead-eyed drug addicts, muggers, dealers, insane wretches reduced to crawling around in the mud, degenerate Therans and their retinues, and all kinds of fascinating lowlife and scum.

THE TOWER OF FEATHERS

At the southeasternmost end of the old city wall sits the crumbling fortifications of a large tower. Though damaged slightly in the Theran bombardment, it continues to loom over the mud flats of River's Edge. The water seems to be cutting into the land around it, and in time it may well stand alone in the Flamewalk. The few locals who ever come near the tower refer to it as the Tower of Feathers, naming it for its inhabitants—an eccentric scholar and his huge collection of birds. The scholar, Garavas Abarna, is a scrawny, white-haired human in his eighties who went mad many years ago at the sight of Theran airships raining fire on his beloved city. Since that time he has searched for a way that Name-giver races may fly using only the principles of science. Abarna scorns flight by magical means, regarding that as playing into the Therans' hands. He foresees a time when a gleaming squadron of Barsaivian flying machines sweep the Imperial craft from the skies and reclaim Vivane for all good people.

To hasten this day, he has spent many years studying the flight of his birds, all of which he personally has trapped or bought. He has many rare kinds, including a pair of the indescribably rare Indrisan eagles, that the Zootorium (see p. 30 in the *Theran Vivane* book) would





kill to get their hands on if only they knew he had them. (His bird tax bill would surely be enormous, if the City Militia ever rowed all the way out to the tower to demand it of him.) He believes that in the past few years he has grasped the concept of lift, wing/weight ratios and such, and he has built himself a succession of winged craft. Starting with a pair of feathered wings, which sent him straight down into the Flamewalk when he tried them, he has most recently made a bizarre fixed-wing machine powered by steam. He has yet to test it, but the odds are that it too will plummet straight into the Flamewalk. On the subject of birds and flying, Garavas is quite lucid; on any other subject he is distinctly confused, including the question of where he gets the money to buy his birds.

Always eager to add to his collection, Garavas pays well for adventurers ready and willing to find new specimens. They will have to travel far to do so, however, since Garavas has all the local species. (The gamemaster is strongly recommended to send his heroes traveling into far-flung and (obviously) dangerous terrain.)

GINGARACH'S ORPHANAGE

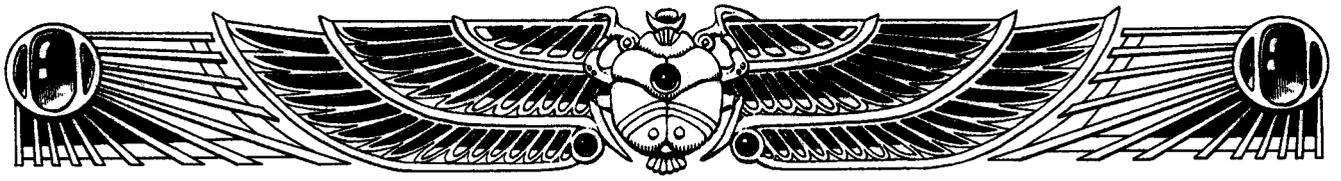
Set back just a little from River Street is a better-maintained dwelling than most, a ramshackle three-story building with extensive cellars and basements. The building is Gingarach's orphanage, run by Drewutt (pronounced "Droot") Gingarach, a fat dwarf with a walleye whose sinister appearance hides one of Vivane's few philanthropists. Once ambitious to be a questor of Garlen, Gingarach regards it as his self-appointed duty to look after the penniless street urchins and orphans of Barsaivian Vivane. At any given time he has sixty to a hundred scruffy children in his care, from four or five years old to sixteen or so. To aid in his efforts, Gingarach receives a

regular payment from Oathstone's offices—but as this pittance comes nowhere near the amount needed to feed, clothe and educate the children and keep the house in decent repair, Gingarach frequently resorts to shadier means of picking up the shortfall. He frequently fiddles the register so that he appears to have about 20

percent more brats than he actually has, and he has gotten good at using the older children (those over ten) to extort money from passers-by with well-rehearsed and heart-rending litanies of life's injustices ("Poor little Kwaail here, sir, he was struck down with the brain fever when he was a baby and he hasn't got a brain in his head, sir, he's completely incapable of looking after himself, and his mother's died of chronic indigestion from drink, sir, his family's gone bad. Please help, sir, save this poor innocent from starvation and the rickets, just a copper or two sir, or you'll feel bad about it all week!"). The older children are well able to simulate disgusting physical lesions with raw meat, and can even feign epileptic fits with a little soap to simulate foaming at the mouth. Gingarach often takes in the afflicted children of penniless parents all too eager to dispose of a supernumerary twelfth or fifteenth brat. False rumors, especially common in the wealthiest parts of town, claim that Gingarach buys these children because their appearance is guaranteed to bring sympathy and coin. When necessary, Gingarach and a few of the most

light-fingered of his charges pick pockets to put bread on the table. The dwarf is reluctant to steal too often, however, because too many incidents might prompt Oathstone or the Therans to shut his orphanage down.





THE EASTERN QUARTER



The Eastern Quarter was originally a prosperous trading center that included vast open-air bazaars and markets on both sides of the immense Sunrise Gate and the now-ruined city walls. These days the area is home to traders and travelers of a far rougher sort, and the goods they carry are not always pleasant. Overland cargoes from Barsaive and beyond arrive day and night via the Eastern Quarter, and the quarter's businessmen have thrown together all manner of makeshift facilities to welcome them. Further west are neighborhoods full of houses and small shops, including the small area known as Half-Moon, which is home to an almost exclusively elven population. Further south, close to the Coldreach, are the stinking leather works known as the Tanneries. The land rises gently from the shallow valley of the Coldreach to the crest of a small hill; on this hill stands the Sunrise Gate, which can be seen from the distant parts of Vivane.

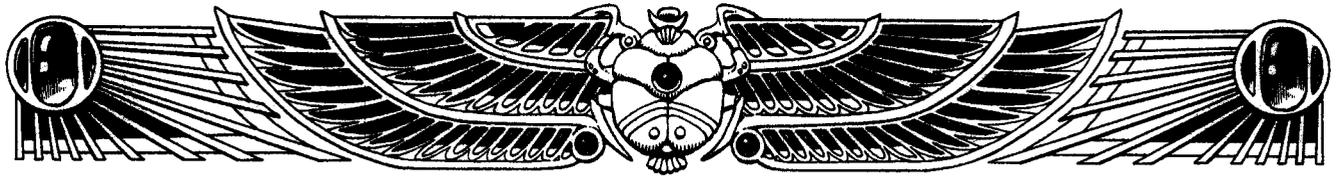
THE GATE'S ENVIRONS

The area around the Sunrise Gate was devastated by the Theran bombardment; most of the nearby buildings were leveled in the concerted attack on the city walls and extensive barracks which originally stood close by. Since the reoccupation, the Therans have cleared much of the area, and a large, open paddock now spreads around the Sunrise Gate. Many new arrivals to the city spend their first night camped in the shadow of the gate, and at night campfires burn like a thousand points of light. The paddock allows the City Militia to efficiently process all those who wish to enter the city, assisted by a detachment from the Eighth Legion if they have reason to look out for and apprehend someone specific. The chaos, of course, makes it easy for someone to sneak through and enter the city unofficially (though anyone who really wanted to arrive unnoticed would enter through the Broken Quarter further north). Security is Good near the Sunrise Gate, but patrols are half as frequent as normal.

Around the edges of the open area, stalls and makeshift huts offer a range of services, including food and ale, moneychanging and less healthy personal attention. Behind the stalls are more permanent inns and taverns, gambling halls, shops and more moneychangers. The nearby Street of Knives is lined with similar establishments. The revelries of new arrivals whooping it up in the big city—and the last-night drunken farewells of those who assemble at dawn before the Sunrise Gate to leave for distant parts—gives the area the atmosphere of a frontier town during a gold rush. This part of the quarter has few local residents other than those who make a living exploiting newcomers. The area north of the Street of Knives is home to many comparatively prosperous citizens who dislike the Therans, and a large community of ex-soldiers and mercenaries also lives in the Eastern Quarter.

On the south side of the open area behind the markets and taverns are the slave pens, where slaves brought overland from Barsaive wait until those who captured them are paid. About half of the slaves kept here are bought in the twice-weekly auctions. Others are transported to the Slaveyards in the Theran Quarter. Many people regard the slave pens with mixed fear and fascination, and the auctions always attract a vast crowd of horrified or curious sightseers. The pens have been the target of numerous raids by the Resistance, and now the City Militia guards the high





perimeter wall and the single strong wooden gate with help from the Eighth Legion.

South of the Street of Knives lie the Beastmarkets, a large open area full of livestock auction houses, trading exchanges, slaughterhouses and horse traders. Most of the animals sent to the city arrive at the Beastmarkets to be sold and killed, and the area smells dreadful. Many who work with the livestock, whether alive or dead, live in the narrow streets west of the Beastmarkets. Most of these families are related to farmers outside the city.

In the northwest corner of this district, the city's Stadium towers over the surrounding buildings. This large, rickety-looking edifice, constructed almost entirely of wood, has stood for many years and hosts races at least once a week. Horse races—whether flat or over jumps, with riders or towing chariots—are the best attended, but their owners sometimes race more exotic creatures in the Stadium. The Summer's-End sheep runs, two days of light-hearted races and sideshows, are a popular draw for many city families, especially those with very young children or addled grandparents. Except for certain prestigious horse races that they may sponsor, the wealthier families rarely grace the Stadium with their presence even though their private enclosures line the eastern side of the track. One notable exception is the Week of Gold, seven days of vigorous tournament games and races ending in the *ghamalk*, the legendary battle between teams drawn from the young braves of the two families who have enjoyed the most success in the week's games. The object of the *ghamalk* is to carry a goat's carcass into the opposing team's home territory. Many fortunes are won and lost as a result of this contest, and its outcome can affect prices on the exchanges and even the status of wealthy citizens.

THE SUNRISE GATE

The Sunrise Gate was built to display the magnificence of old Vivane and also as a landmark that would tell travelers from distant parts of Barsaive that they were drawing near their goal. The gate, which can be seen for many miles to the east, is a succession of arches: the tallest and widest in the middle, and four increasingly smaller ones falling away on both sides. A statue of Chorrolis once stood atop the

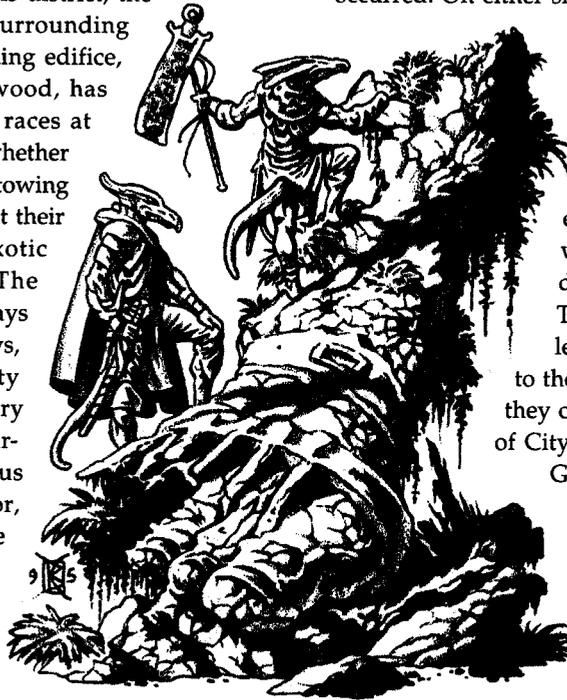
largest arch, a symbol of trade reputedly so well carved that it made the Passion look handsome and welcoming. All that remains of the statue are a pair of stumps poking out of two carved sandals, though interested parties who searched the rubble around the gate thoroughly enough could probably find enough fragments to piece together half the figure.

Surprisingly, the destruction of its crowning statue was the greatest damage the Sunrise Gate suffered in the Theran bombardment. Most of the stonework is scored with burn marks, but no serious structural damage occurred. On either side, however, the old city walls were

smashed flat in many places, leaving the gate standing alone and somewhat forlorn. In order to control entrance to and exit from the city, the Therans constructed wide ditches protected by sharpened spears to block the holes in the wall. Nowadays, all but those most determined to avoid contact with Theran officials line up to enter and leave through the arches—departures

to the north, arrivals to the south—where they can be scrutinized by the detachment of City Militia that is on duty at all times.

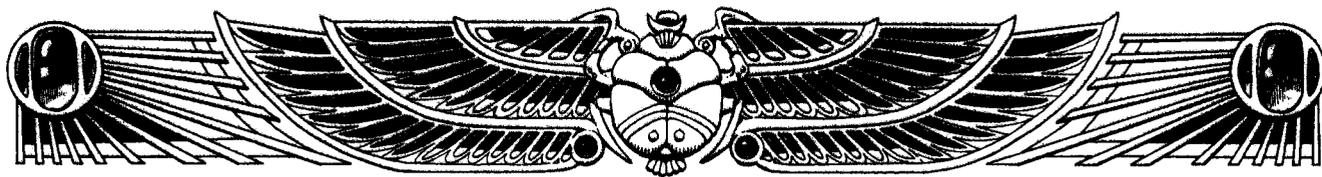
Guard posts and a small mess hall have been built into the arches to accommodate them. The small unit of Eighth Legion soldiers also on duty use a fortified blockhouse on the southern side of the open paddock just inside the gate.



SUNRISE GATE TAVERN

Directly opposite the imposing edifice of the Sunrise Gate stands a tavern of the same name, often the first decent-looking building a visitor to Vivane will see. Tall and somewhat imposing, the tavern's frontage is decorated with vast painted letters that bid newcomers "Welcome to Vivane! Come in for fun!" in as many languages as the owners could think of (not all versions are accurately spelled). For those who cannot read the signs, they have thoughtfully painted a large picture of a buxom dancing girl and a barrel dispensing ale into a flagon held by a disembodied hand. At night the whole wall is flooded with light from light-quartz crystals strategically placed in curves in the letters and the girl's ample chest. The effect is enough to make an aesthetically minded traveler turn around and leave for somewhere less offensive to the eyes.





Inside is a large, odorous hall filled with tables and stools that are usually crammed with gullible greenhorns looking for the big-city excitement they have heard so much about. On a slightly raised stage at one end, a couple of tired dancing girls shuffle their feet in a vain attempt to warm up enough to get rid of their goose pimples; needless to say, they are nothing like the glamorous picture painted outside. At the other end is a long bar, the master of which serves all manner of watered ales and liquor for prices about twice as high as normal. The surly ork and human barmaids also offer a handy moneychanging service, for which the establishment charges a mere 100 percent commission. Those who protest the size of the fee are gently reminded that they already owe for their drink, and that no, they cannot leave to find a more reasonable moneychanger's nearby, and that yes, the Sunrise Gate Tavern requires a minimum exchange of 20 silver pieces (or whatever the barmaids can get out of the poorer suckers), and finally that the gentleman should please take up any problems with one of the courteous yet firm security guards—three troll brothers named Tog, Rog and Kog. Somewhat surprisingly, the Sunrise Gate Tavern belongs to the usually respectable Bilya family, who run it as a franchise with a fifty-fifty profit split between themselves and the workers. The establishment is amazingly profitable and the workers take home more than a subsistence living, despite having to pay 2 percent of the post-split profits to the City Militia as compensation for the latter having to deal with constant complaints.

MASANT'S HALL OF DICE

Almost all of the many gambling establishments clustered around the Sunrise Gate are designed solely to separate newcomers from what little money they have brought with them. Dotted here and there among them, however, are a few more respectable halls in which professional gamblers ply their trade with a reasonable expectation of making a living. The best is Masant's Hall of Dice, located just behind and to the north of the Street of Knives, close enough to attract a little passing trade but not close enough to have every last drunken Vasgothian staggering in to cause trouble. Masant's is a small, unassuming place, with dark windows and a bored-looking elf doorman. Few find their way to Masant's by accident, but all who knock at the door are allowed in—after all, those who don't know how to play are needed to provide some of the profits.

The favorite game at Masant's is the Dragon's Claws, which uses two octagonal dice marked 1 to 7 with the number 8 replaced by a dragon. The object is to roll combinations of numbers that add up to four or eight without rolling the dragon. Players may roll as long as they continue scoring, or

stop at any time. One dragon up ends the player's turn; two dragons up puts him out of the round. The first to reach a total of 88 wins the current pot. The pot for each round starts at a number of silver pieces equal to the result of a dice roll by the winner of the last round; dragons turning up in subsequent rolls double or quadruple the amount.

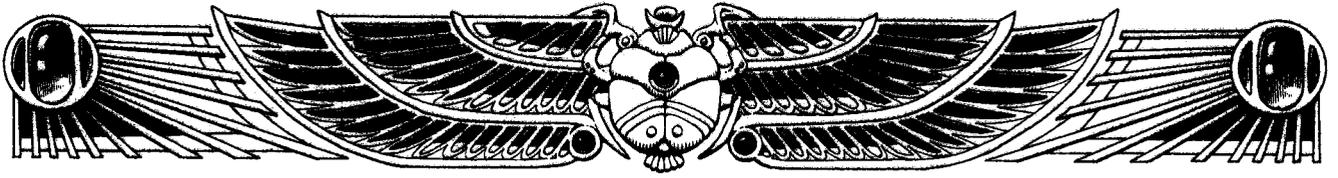
The champion Dragon's Claws player—probably the best in the city—is "Lucky" J'roam, a dwarf in his late thirties who plays at Masant's every day. Masant himself—a somewhat cadaverous, middle-aged ork usually skulking in the back office, repeatedly counting his money—once banned J'roam from the Hall because he was always breaking the bank. J'roam regained his playing privileges by making a deal; he has an unerring sense of when another player is cheating, whether physically or magically, and he agreed to use his odd knack on Masant's behalf. J'roam now sits in on most games, and during breaks between his own games he wanders among the other tables, sniffing out trouble. Even this new arrangement, however, has not stopped Masant from accusing the dwarf of winning him into the poorhouse. Most drinks at Masant's are available to gamblers at one and a-half times the normal cost, and money can be changed at a 10 percent surcharge.

TERRALAN'S TAVERN

On a quiet side street, located in a set of interconnecting cellars beneath an unmarked private house, is a watering hole owned by Terralan, a Rugarian Fourth Circle archer who suffers from a crippling arthritic disease. The arthritis has turned his hands into gnarled claws and made it impossible for him to continue advancing in his Discipline. Very few of the visitors arriving at the Sunrise Gate have ever heard of Terralan's place, and that's how Terralan prefers it. Knowledge of his establishment spreads by very discreet word of mouth between the handful of Barsaivian adventurers who know of it, and they do not mention it lightly. To gain admittance, a visitor must knock three times loudly on the front door, wait five seconds, knock three more times, and offer two Throalic silver coins when the eye-level panel in the door slides open and Terralan's dwarf manservant Hadurgan peers out (standing on a stool to do so). Of course, the visitor must also give the name of the person who referred him or her to the place.

Terralan's is a favored meeting place for Barsaivian heroes and adventurers new to Vivane. Food, drink and accommodation cost one and a half times the standard prices, and Terralan never allows anyone to stay longer than two nights. He also throws out anyone who raises his or her voice too loudly, causes or threatens any kind of fight, or speaks carelessly or seditiously (fearing that anyone stupid





enough to do the latter may well be a Theran spy). Terralan's makes an excellent spot for newly arrived adventurers to learn from Terralan or other seasoned adventurers the basics of life in Vivane—where to go, where not to go, and how to avoid getting ripped off, into trouble, or beaten to a pulp.

Visitors should beware Terralan's foul-mouthed pet Fitzroyal, an Arkhazid carnivorous parakeet alleged to have a special fondness for raw elf's ears, *fresh*. Wily and cunning, the bird excels at hiding behind furniture, then darting out to tear off its prize and make off with it into the cellars. Fitzroyal is also known for making slanderous comments of startling length regarding an individual's parentage, legitimacy and manhood (or womanhood) in a number of languages, dialects and accents ("Look at that face! Ugly or what? Why put teeth in it when it should have a tail over it to keep flies off?").

Terralan knows Racheester (see **Racheester's Emporium**), and can provide an introduction for guests who prove themselves diplomatic and discreet.

THE BEASTMARKETS AND THE COLLAT BROTHERS

Most of those who work in the Beastmarkets deal in traditional livestock: cattle, goats, sheep or pigs. They buy and sell the creatures in bulk, then resell them to slaughterhouses, leatherworkers, or more often to middlemen from one of the Merchants' Quarter's prominent families. The Collat brothers, human twins in their late twenties, have transformed the old family pig-trading business into profitable dealing in exotic animals. Their small compound, situated slightly behind the larger livestock markets, is crammed with cages and pens holding beasts and birds from all over the known world. The Collats have good contacts with many traders, and their Barsaivian background encourages some adventurers and Barsaivian residents to deal with the brothers who would not dream of doing business with the Theran owner of the Zootorium (despite the fact that Finallagreek the Red pays better). Finallagreek is a cause of much conflict between the brothers. Arrald Collat, the elder by nine minutes, is proud of his Barsaivian nationality and does not like the fact that the Theran ork zoo keeper can wave ready cash and get whatever she wants. His sibling Dackus, however, is more than happy to sell Finallagreek anything. Though Dackus justifies it by saying "money is money, and you can't live on air," Arrald thinks his brother is attracted to Finallagreek. As a result, a tremendous fight always erupts between the brothers immediately after the Theran ork makes her fortnightly visit to the Beastmarkets (a

visit always marked by effusive gushing from one brother and a stony silence from the other). During this brouhaha each of the brothers sic small animals on the other, frequently doing each other no small injury. In their own trivial way, the Collat brothers symbolize many of the conflicts inherent in Barsaivian Vivane under Theran occupation.

RACHEESTER'S EMPORIUM

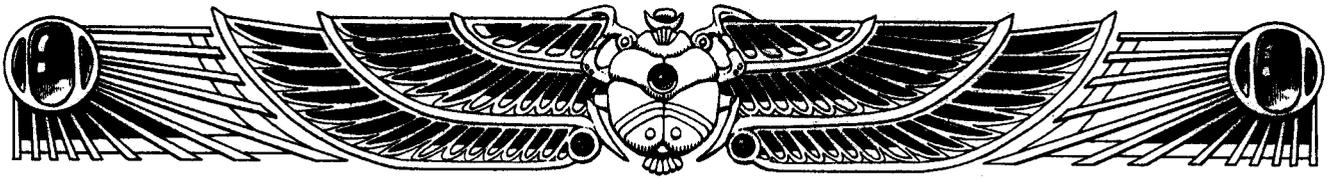
At first sight this lurid store looks like another tourist trap, though its location—near the Beastmarkets, just off the Cold Cut and well away from the Sunrise Gate—might indicate otherwise. The owner is a tall, fat, red-haired, middle-aged human named Racheester, with a good line of street banter and insults. To those who do not know him well, he appears a slobbish oaf eager to take money from witless newcomers drooling over the hideous atrocities masquerading as gifts in his Emporium. Badly carved wooden "spirits of the Flamewalk" (actually just nude river maidens) and awful portraits such as the foully sentimental *The Orphan Girl* (an alleged painting of a young woman said to have led the orphans of Vivane out of the misery of the city to a distant woodland paradise where they dwell to this day), are samples of the tasteless purchases one can make at Racheester's to bring a sample of real Vivane home to one's family and friends.

Underneath the mask of the greedy fool, Racheester is a resourceful and wily man who can supply interested buyers with armor, weapons, and equipment from well-hidden stores in his basement. The cost multiplier for much of this gear is one and a half times normal. Adventurers who know what they're doing, know of the place and want to buy good equipment on the sly come to Racheester's. Careful observation of the place will reveal a few visitors who clearly are not the kind of brainless idiots that buy the stuff supposedly sold in the Emporium. Standard armor and weapons and mundane equipment are always available; special items such as magical or crystal-plate armor and so on may be available at the gamemaster's discretion. Buying special items always involves some delay (as the gamemaster sees fit) and the cost is likely to range from one and a half to two and a half times normal prices or even higher. Racheester also acts as a fence for stolen goods, and so buying covert goods from him may pose a problem. Adventurers are warned not to buy anything too unique in design, lest it turn out to have been stolen from an owner in the city who can identify it.

THE HALF-MOON/ELVENHALL

Though the wider world is often unaware of it, not all elves live happy and purposeful lives among the forest





glades, wanting for nothing and sharing in the riches of the ages. Just like everyone else, elven families were beggared by the Theran reoccupation of Vivane. The fortunate elves managed to engineer alliances and pacts so that they could retain their wealth and continue to exert influence, whether as trustee Barsaivians or independent traders. Many more, however, became or simply remained poor. Many of these lived for years amid ruins and grew up ill-educated and rootless. Over time, these elven families gravitated together to form a community in the area known as the Half-Moon, so named because of its crescent shape. Its elven inhabitants have more recently earned it the name Elvenhall.

The residents of Elvenhall have planted it with trees, leaving completely ruined areas to grow wild with shrubs and undergrowth. In this slowly beautifying space, the elves have begun to construct small family homes. Other races are less than welcome in the area, though a few such families make their homes in Elvenhall. The City Militia do not patrol in the Half-Moon; the elves take care of any trouble. Visitors wishing to enter this district must walk down the long, tunnel-like, tree-lined avenue that leads into it. Unless they are led by an elf or a recognized friend of the area, they will be closely watched. At the first sign of trouble, they will be challenged by unseen guards, usually three Fourth or Fifth Circle archers, and many more reinforcements linger a horn's blast away.

Elvenhall is not wealthy but at its heart lies a small open marketplace surrounded by workshops and shops.

The most exquisite and unique of the goods made and sold here never find their way to the Walk Market. Some elves who have come to live here are very old and may have many stories to tell about life far from Vivane.

ENDAR'S WORKSHOP

A small workshop on the northern side of the Half-Moon market belongs to Endar, a former adventurer. He is at least 235 years old, maybe older (he has never revealed his exact age), and his weather-beaten face testifies to his extensive travels throughout the world. Nowadays this old elf carves arrows, dedicating them to the Passions and selling them to his elven fellows. Only a few of the elves of the Half-Moon, and perhaps one or two from outside with connections to the district, know that Endar has also made a set of magical arrows. Endar will sell these arrows for 3,000 silver pieces, but only to an elf recommended to him by someone he trusts. The process of being accepted by Endar, even after one has finally managed to meet him, may take more than three months. He has six magical arrows in all and will only sell the full set.

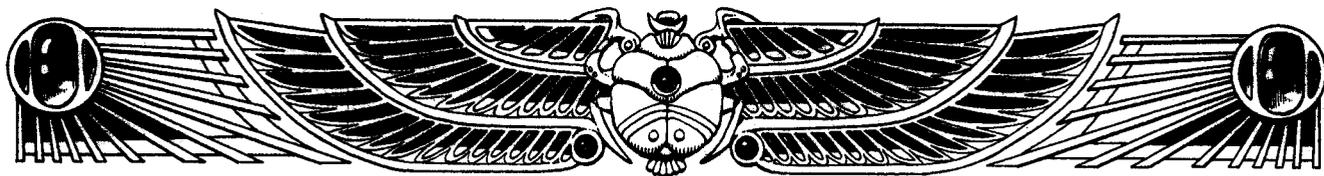
ENDAR'S ARROWS

Maximum Threads: 2

Spell Defense: 11

These six long bow arrows, in an undecorated leather quiver, look perfectly normal. Their fletchings are made





from azure-blue feathers, and the silver veins in the hard, gray-green stone from which their tips have been carved make the arrowheads gleam.

Thread Ranks

Rank 1 Cost: 200

Key Knowledge: The wielder must learn the Name of each of the six arrows. Endar will reveal one Name for each heroic act performed on behalf of elvenkind. (Such an act might be equivalent to a Zealous act of devotion a questor might perform for his chosen Passion. See p. 90, **Earthdawn Companion**.) He has also recorded their Names in the chronicles of the Vivanian elves.

Effect: An arrow duplicates itself when fired, and each one hits the same target with STR + 4 damage; range is normal. The arrow must be retrieved from wherever it has landed.

Rank 2 Cost: 300

Effect: Each arrow becomes three when fired, or else becomes two arrows that may each hit a different target (provided both targets are within range). Damage is STR + 4; range is normal.

Rank 3 Cost: 500

Key Knowledge: As above, but the user must also know the Name of the place from which the wood of the shafts was taken. Endar is less than eager to reveal this secret, and will only agree to do so if the buyer signs and seals a blood oath with him. This oath costs the user 1 permanent Damage Point, which he or she can regain only after a year and a day or when all the arrows have been used.

Effect: Each arrow becomes four that strike the same target, or three that can each hit a different target. Damage is STR + 5; range is normal.

THE TANNERIES

Barsaivian Vivane's leather workers have established themselves in the wedge of buildings between the Street of Knives, the Cut and the Coldreach River, a district consequently known as the Tanneries. The location is ideal: close to the Beastmarkets where they acquire skins and carcasses, near running water to help in processing hides, and some distance away from any resident wealthy or powerful enough to complain about the frightful stench. In the Tanneries the pungent odors of blood, meat, boiling skin and urine, and cured leather mingle almost tangibly in the air. When the new wall, commonly known as Sneak's Wall, being built to the west of the area is finished, the Tanneries

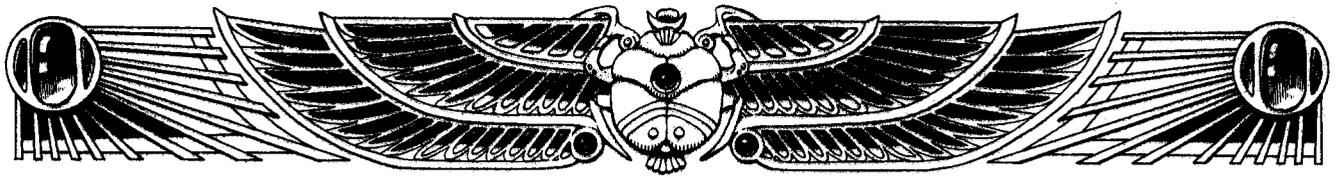
will be even more isolated and able to ply their pungent trade undisturbed by health complaints. The City Militia rarely visits this district; security is Fair, but the gap between patrols is twice as long as normal. Near the major roads that enclose the district are several lanes of workers' housing and a few shops and taverns. North of the Street of Leather are many small workshops devoted to the making of boots, clothing, armor, saddles, furniture and so on. Most such goods are cheap and of low quality, but here and there one may find skilled craftsmen at work.

The skins sold to artisans in the Theran Quarter of the city are of significantly higher quality than most, and an artisan or two from that quarter may be visiting the Tanneries at any given time along with a bodyguard (or a couple of hefty laborers) in attendance. Because boiling skins in animal urine is a vital part of the tanning process, a city ordinance prohibits tanning in the Theran Quarter; after all, wealthy Therans don't want this delightful aroma wafting over their homes. Artisans from the southern part of the Theran Quarter, therefore, must purchase prepared skins from the Tanneries for their work.

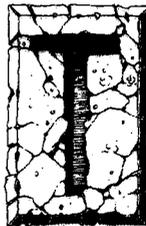
HARRUDIN'S TAVERN

Situated near the West Cut's small stone bridge over the Coldreach, Harrudin's Tavern is the favorite haunt of many of the trolls who work in the Beastmarkets and the Tanneries. It is a large, ugly building, three stories tall, faced in dirty white plaster and topped with an arched roof made of black pitch. Its nickname "The Bone" comes from its color and its food, which it gets direct from its customers; slaughterhouse workers are always bringing offcuts and bags of miscellaneous unwanted offal for Harrudin to cook up for their dinners. The staple food is *meat*; the few vegetables that appear are so puny that they look almost apologetic. Specialties of the house are Veal-within-Tripes (calf meat stuffed inside broad sheets of half-heartedly cleaned animal stomach lining) and Harrudin's Pot, in which hunks of indistinguishable meat are stirred in a pot of watered blood along with whatever spices can be found to bring out a little flavor. On a good day, the pot may be larded with Harrudin's Dumplings (parcels of minced meat, offal and fat wrapped in intestinal membrane and sewn shut with gut-thread). Diners who are not ferocious carnivores should stay well away. The tavern has a lively atmosphere, albeit with a peculiar troll bent, and serves strong but tasty ale. However, the smell of the carcasses hangs heavy over the whole establishment, and the floor is often awash with blood and tiny pieces of stray animal parts. Those with refined sensibilities will not find a visit pleasing.





THE BROKEN QUARTER



he Broken Quarter covers more of the city than any other area. The areas now included in it originally made up several different quarters. To the west was High Gate, named for the large city gate of that name around which its streets meandered. To the north were the gently sloping hillsides of the New Quarter, the northernmost edge of the city. Much of the rest was originally part of the Eastern Quarter, historically known as the Sunrise Quarter; this area once spread north along the inside of the city's huge outer wall, encompassing barracks and merchants' warehouses, cattle pens, and in a few places fields planted with vegetables. All of this has changed drastically for the worse.

The murky shallows of the Longwater river cut the Broken Quarter in half. Depending on the season, the Longwater may be a steaming path of cracked and stinking mud or a rush of floodwater reaching out to catch buildings and roads in its chill grasp. On both sides of the stream the ground rises gently up the sides of the valley. To the west the ground flattens out as it reaches the crumbling city walls. To the east, in the area now known as the Warrens, the ground becomes broken and rocky; the land rises and falls, sharply in places, dropping away as it reaches the ruins of the old walls. Parts of the Warrens are hidden from view, making them ideal hiding places for those seeking to avoid the city authorities—and ideal sites for extortion by corrupt members of the City Militia seeking to hide their nefarious activities from their commanding officers.

GETTING AROUND IN THE RUINS

Almost the entire Broken Quarter is ruined to a greater or lesser extent. At best, only a third or so of the buildings in any area remain standing, and many of these have severely damaged upper floors. In many places low walls or piles of rubble visible between squatters' tents indicate where houses once stood. Only in the far western corner of the quarter does one find more permanent settlement and undamaged housing, leading into the quiet enclave of High Gate.

Buildings in wildly differing states of repair may be found in the quarter within a few yards of each other. To determine the state of a given building at random, the gamemaster rolls D10. A result of 10 indicates an undamaged building, the rarest type. Built of stone or mud bricks with tiled or straw roofs, these buildings show few signs of damage. Most such buildings appear in the southern areas closest to the Western Road and the Street of Stone, and the western area near the High Gate Road. Here and there adventurers may come across two or three buildings together, and sometimes even a small lane of intact structures.

A result of 8 or 9 indicates a mostly undamaged building. Many, though not all, of these have been repaired using mud bricks or wood.

A result of 3 through 7 indicates a mostly damaged building. Most of these have been adapted to make them safer and a little more comfortable. Canvas tarpaulins, straw, or lengths of wood may be stretched between the remaining supporting walls as a makeshift roof; woven canes may fill in gaps where windows, doors or other walls once were. In some, the inhabitants may have tried a little new construction to make the building less rickety.



...ut of 1 or 2 indicates a badly damaged building. Structures are little more than shells; a few walls stand above head height, but most will be much lower. Some buildings sometimes serve as one wall of a tent but are otherwise uninhabited.

... buildings are dangerous; though their outer walls may still be standing, they are structurally unsafe and will fall in at any moment. Inhabitants of such buildings are often aware of the problem and are doing their best to shore up the walls and/or roof with timber; others may be unaware of the imminent danger of being crushed to death. Falling masonry has killed at least one unfortunate soul in the Broken Quarter, and the screams of the victims are chilling in abandoned buildings. If you send you out to play in the Broken Quarter is a standard warning from Theran parents who frighten their tantrum-prone children into shutting up (if a nurse or nanny is at hand with the wretched offspring).

...t a third of the Broken Quarter population are homeless families may live in makeshift shacks or tents or a combination of the two, with a cooking fire made from scavenged wood they could scavenge nearby. Loners and those who go around in twos or threes find no regular patch and will sleep in any place that looks safe enough to hide them from the hands of muggers until morning comes again.

... clear, cobbled streets still exist here and there amidst the ruins of the Broken Quarter; in other places they may appear for only a dozen yards before disappearing again. More often the cobbles are overgrown with vegetation that has broken through from the earth. In most of the quarter, roads are little more than cracks worn into the earth along popular routes. In the heart of the Warrens or Ratside. In more isolated areas, cracks are barely visible. In the dry season these cracks are dry and dusty, cracking in the hot sun. The rain brings storms that transform them into vast mud swamps, making long journeys arduous and often impossible.

...In many parts of the Broken Quarter are areas, sometimes several hundred yards across, so totally devastated or thickly overgrown that no one can live in them. Some of these places have sharp drop-offs where the Theran bombardment or the ravages of the Horrors opened up cellars and basements; rock falls, land slips and mud slides are common here. Some of these steep drops give access to cellars and tunnels that lead a considerable distance into the

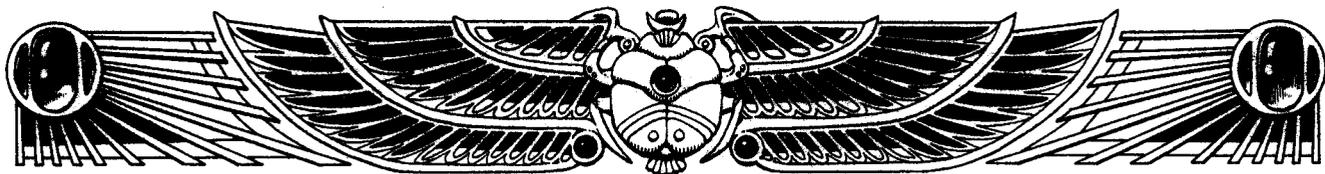
Undercity (see **Vivane's Undercity**, p. 29), but these areas are all very dangerous indeed, and no one save a skilled team of dwarfs can possibly create a home in them. The passages near the streams and riverlets are waterlogged or even underwater, especially during the spring floods. People tend to dump unwanted refuse (like corpses) in such places, another good reason for avoiding them.

THE WARRENS

The eastern region of the Broken Quarter was once a mixture of moderately sized artisans' houses and smaller, tightly clustered workers' cottages. Now known as the Warrens, it is a shattered tangle of broken walls and half-cleared paths, a maze of blind alleys with sudden dips and rises as one crosses exposed cellars and craters left by the Theran

bombardment. The Warrens are less densely populated than the similar district named Ratside, because many people would rather cluster in the tight-knit groups of that district than take their chances amid the deserted, weed-choked nest of the Warrens. In many areas of this district, residents have cut small open spaces in the tangle to create little settlements; most of these consist of a few families gathered around a well that they jealously guard against outsiders. Strangers to such areas run a great risk of being attacked as Theran spies or simple raiders. In the heart of the Warrens a small town of sorts is starting to re-emerge from the wasteland. Made up of tents and shacks scattered among a few repaired houses, Warrentown has a small central market and even a small tavern, though its ale leaves quite a bit to be desired. A





BROKEN QUARTER HOSTELRIES

	The Dirty Dwarf	Mother Jurg's	Dead Man's Hand
Single room, night	1 sp	NA	NA
Single room, week	4 sp	NA	NA
Communal room, night	6 cp	2 cp	1 cp
Hired valet	NA	NA	NA
Edible midday meal	4 cp	2 cp	3 cp
Inedible midday meal	2 cp	1 cp	2 cp
Edible evening meal	7 cp	NA	5 cp
Inedible evening meal	5 cp	3 cp	4 cp

Costs are per person not including breakfast, except at Mother Jurg's which throws in a bowl of lumpy porridge; elsewhere similar gruel costs an extra 1 cp per person when it is available. The Dirty Dwarf has four single rooms available as well as a communal room that sleeps six to eight; the communal rooms at Mother Jurg's and the Dead Man's Hand sleep seven to eight and four to six, respectively. None of the rooms have baths, but each hostelry has a bath chamber. At Mother Jurg's and the Dead Man's Hand, this is a small shed in the yard with a bucket of cold water set on one of its walls and a pull-cord to tip it over with. At the Dirty Dwarf a tin bath with hot water for one's own room can be had for 2 cp (at the landlord's discretion). Meals do not include beer or wine; only the Dirty Dwarf even serves wine, and only when the place can get it.

dozen healthy men and women keep the peace against the worst excesses of the City Militia's Green Squad. Despite their presence, security throughout this area must be classified as Nonexistent.

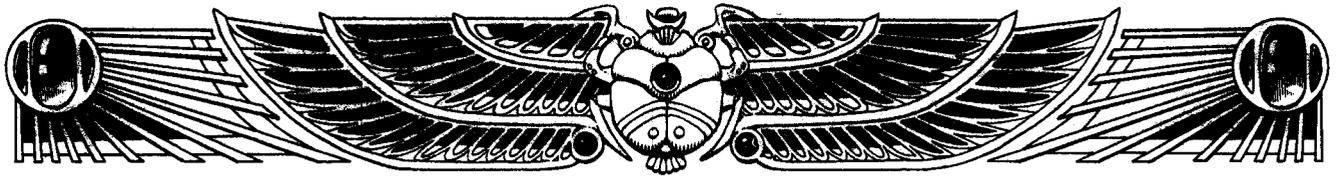
A wedge of overgrown land between Jerzen Road, the Western Road and the Longwater has acquired the nickname "the Arrow." The Arrow was originally home to several water mills and large buildings used by clothmakers and weavers. These buildings are now mostly shells, home to ruffians of the worst sort. The people of the Arrow live outside the law, in a loose fraternity of thieves, thugs and hangers-on led by their massive troll overlord, Sunas the Skull. The latter, instantly recognizable by his missing left ear and the deep knife scar along the left side of his face, sends his trusted people out into the rest of the city to steal or swindle whatever they can, wherever they can. They bring back their booty to be shared near the great fire that burns all day and night in the center of the ruined building in which Sunas resides. The City Militia do not enter the Arrow without Sunas's permission, for none who attempted it could expect to leave alive. (Sunas and the commander of the nearest militia blockhouse made this "arrangement"; neither the commander's superior officers nor other squads know of it. The Therans are fully aware of the situation, however, as Ilfaralek has a spy in Sunas's gang.)

In the far northwest corner of the district, along Jerzen Road that leads out of the city, the old pauper's graveyard lies just inside the ruined gates. Overgrown and abandoned, the old graveyard has been joined by a newer plot cleared for the Barsaivians by the Therans after the Imperials commandeered the city's other graveyard, close to the Theran Quarter's North Gate. On most days a solemn procession of shabbily dressed mourners can be seen slowly wandering up Jerzen Road to the cemetery to lay someone to rest; they are usually humans, as other races have different funeral customs. Some homeless people live in the graveyards, stretching tarpaulins between gravestones to make an impromptu tent. They live and sleep alongside the graves, grateful for the rarely disturbed quiet. The City Militia makes occasional forays into the graveyards to clear out such disrespectful interlopers; however, the Green Squad's usually boisterous manner of conducting such operations means scant regard for the solemn nature of the location.

DRINKING HOUSES IN THE WARRENS AND RATSIDE

Even amid the Broken Quarter's wrecked houses and makeshift camps, here and there a few people have managed to re-establish businesses. Among the first to spring up were taverns and ale-houses, ready and willing to help





the residents of the quarter forget their misery in drink and carousing. Among the better-known establishments (at least to locals) are the Dirty Dwarf, a squat two-story building near the Rat Circus; Mother Jurg's, a converted cattle-shed in the heart of the Warrens; and the Dead Man's Hand, a subterranean den near the Ratside bank of the Longwater.

The Broken Quarter Hostelrys table indicates costs at these various places; prices are given in silver and copper pieces.

The Dirty Dwarf—A Testimonial

A fair-priced but none-too-clean place, which any honest traveler should avoid like he would a rabid dog. The owner, Tall Horm, is an ex-mercenary with itches in various unsavory parts of his body, so don't look at him too long. The Dirty Dwarf is a haven for many of the city's sneakiest thieves and swindlers, who must like its shadowed and fuggy atmosphere. They certainly don't come here for the ale or the food, both of which are fair-to-godawful. Several loose-lipped individuals disappeared from the Dwarf recently after boasting about big blag—most notably that young fool, Thysel, who picked the Fearful Feather's pocket right outside the North Gate and bragged about it here. His head now swings right above where he must have done the dirty deed. As a result, the scum and villainy who patronize the place are suspicious about possible Theran spies.

—Barak of the Three Fingers

Mother Jurg's—A Testimonial

This place stinks! I don't know whether it's the ale, the food or old Mother Jurg herself, but whatever it is, it's dead. Likely it's the rats nailed above the bar; each morning three or four new ones are dangling there, like trophies. Not much to recommend about this place, save that it's the only one for a fair way around—gentle strolls to the next hostelry aren't what they used to be around these parts. Watch out for Jurg's son, Fulker; that dumb troll is the clumsiest butterfingers you ever saw, and if he drops your plate or flagon you don't get another one, curse it,

which is a real shame 'cause the filth on the floor can really ruin a man's dinner.

—Adanalt the Short, Dwarf Wanderer and Ale-supper

The Dead Man's Hand—A Testimonial

I delight in this establishment, near where I work in the Cold Grave Brickworks; all of its clientele are like me. We are not usually welcome in finer places, where our slowness and our smell seem to make other customers turn up their noses.

The Dead Man's landlord, Varkul Corpse-raiser, seems positively pleased to see us. I don't know what the food tastes like, as my taste buds didn't come back to life with the rest of me, but the ale is certainly wet and goes down well enough. Of course, it tends to seep out through the tear where the ork stabbed me, but that's no matter. Some warmflesh humans, orks and elves visit here and seem to find the atmosphere quite pleasant. A word of warning, however; don't try to kiss the barmaid, because she's one of us.

—Narsgill, ex-elf

Hweaargh!!

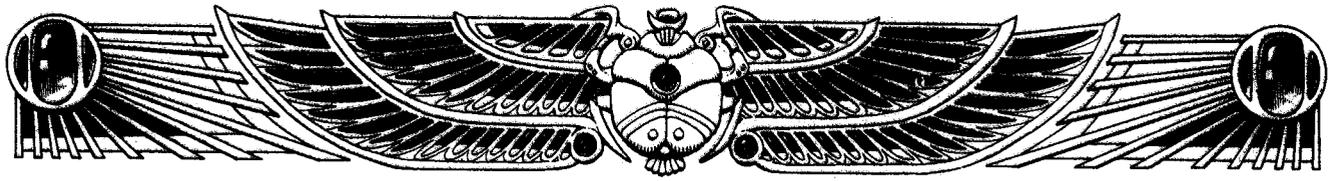
—Graffito scrawled beneath this testimonial



LONGSHADOW OF THE WARRENS

A famous resident of the Warrens (so to speak) is Umna Longshadow, an easily recognizable forty-two-year-old troll. His face and upper body are horrifically scarred by fire, which has left his skin looking like melted wax. Rumor has it that he is a wizard who performed one too many dicey experiments; actually, the settlement where he lived was destroyed by ork scorcherers who left him trapped beneath a fallen beam in a burning building. He hides his scars beneath flowing dull-brown and red robes, but even without them his height and odd thinness make him stand out from others of his race. He is more than nine and a half feet tall, but weighs only 280 pounds. He is a Fourth Circle





cavalryman, but these days he turns his attention to his fellow sentient beings. A peaceful man, Longshadow is a committed questor of Garlen (Rank 4), who spends his life doing what he can to improve the lot of the worst victims of the Broken Quarter's harsh conditions. He has a limited knowledge of healing and never charges for his services, taking only what little food or shelter he is offered in exchange for his help. He has no home, preferring to wander wherever the path takes him; he spends much of his time in the Warrens, however, as many of the most miserable cases go to ground in that area. Many people throughout the Broken Quarter know of him, and anyone searching for him will have little trouble tracking him down.

Umna also once rode with the griffin riders of Aldjekuul (*Vivane Province* book, p. 24), and knows the northwestern lands of Vivane Province well. He can be a useful source of information for adventurers headed in that direction, but he will want some token offering for his philanthropic work before he agrees to help. He is acquainted with Drewutt Gingarach, and slips the dwarf a little money or food for the orphans whenever he has enough to spare. Longshadow is a skilled and often inspired woodcarver and sometimes makes respectable money selling his creations among the Therans (who have no idea of its lowly origin). He uses all monies earned for charity.

THE CORRUPT CRATER

In the furthest reaches of the Warrens are deep depressions left where fire from the returning Theran airships smashed great craters into the ground. In the rainy months many of these fill with rainwater; some are deep deathtraps that have claimed the lives of many over the years. The most feared is the Corrupt Crater, buried in thick undergrowth northeast of Warrentown. Strange stories have always circulated about this particular crater, and the most recent is less than two weeks old. As always, the gamemaster may decide whether or not the story is true, and if and how to use it as the basis for an adventure.

Tale of the Sphere

A group of orks new to the Warrens chanced upon the Corrupt Crater and, thinking it a good source of drinking water, camped next to it for the night. That evening, a cold fog came down and the ork on guard by the fire drank too much *hurlg* in an attempt to keep warm. He went to relieve himself near the edge of the crater and slipped into the water. Sobered by the shock of the cold water, he pushed against the slick mud and grass to climb out, and his hands suddenly touched something smooth, solid and very cold. He lifted the object and found he held a stone sphere in his

hands. The stone pulsed gently with a barely perceptible light the color of a lizard's underbelly. Realizing that the sphere might well be magical and thus worth money, he stowed it in his personal belongings.

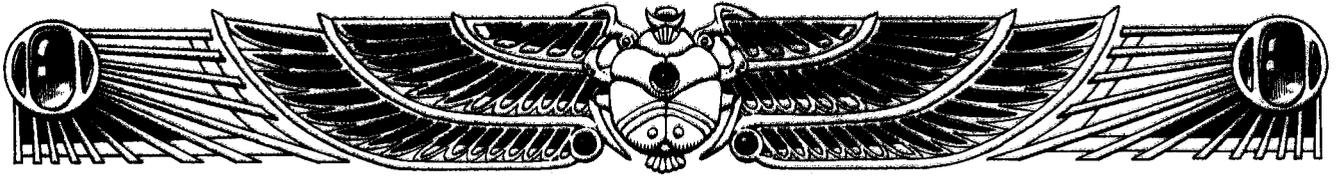
The next morning, the group found their two dogs writhing in agonized attempts to rip out their own insides. The orks hurriedly moved away from the water, thinking it might be poisoned. The real influence comes from the sphere, however, which is manipulating its carriers to do its bidding. Since the ork discovered it, it has been passed on, sold, stolen, killed for, stolen again, fought over, killed for again, and is now in the hands of an elven thief named Jekky Bitheard. Jekky lives in the Arrow and runs with Sunas the Skull's gang. Already, several of Jekky's companions suspect he has found something desirable that they by rights should own. The sphere has a long way to go before it finds the high-ranking questor of the Mad Passion Dis that it seeks.

RATSIDE

Ratside lies west of the Warrens, between the Longwater and High Gate Road. Densely packed with wretched inhabitants, Ratside is mostly flat land divided by half-standing walls and well-trodden paths. Its people cluster together in a decrepit mockery of society, though such closeness does not help feed, clothe or warm them all and does nothing to stop the stronger from preying mercilessly on the weaker. Some communities, however, have managed to help each other restore shacks and slightly damaged houses; the ad hoc settlement of orks, humans and dwarfs that lies just south of the Rat Circus is one such community. The people of Ratside are a volatile lot, quick to assemble in loud demonstration against Theran oppression and their own miserable living conditions outside the Old City's North Gate. They are also quick to band together against incursions by strangers into their territory. Raids against each other are acceptable, but predation by outsiders is not.

At the center of Ratside stands the Rat Circus, a cleared area where many of the better-worn paths through the ruins meet. A statue of Quarique Oathstone—an ill-advised attempt by the Fearful Feather to impress the rabble with his generosity and majesty, now much damaged—marks the center of the open ground. Surrounding it are shacks and half-rebuilt hovels that house desperately squalid drinking dens and gambling halls. During daylight hours a few traders may turn up in Rat Circus selling whatever junk they have managed to salvage from the ruins. Other wretched souls, their faces and hands scrubbed into the barest semblance of cleanliness, sell their





bodies in exchange for food or protection for the night. The well near Oathstone's statue is much used despite the risk of contamination. Local people know that the well must open into subterranean tunnels or cellars, for whenever Coldreach and Longwater flood, thousands of starving rats come streaming out of the well in search of food or safety. This annual event gives the Rat Circus its name. Though many people swarm around Ratside's streets, none dare descend into the Undercity below for fear of disturbing the swarms of rats which they believe must lie beneath. (Why the rats only emerge at one particular time is unknown.) Repeated rumors speak of deadwalkers (reanimated, long-dead Therans) far beneath the Rat Circus, another reason to keep well out of the maze of underground tunnels. Such rumors may or may not be fostered by the Resistance to keep people away from their secret meeting-places.

KERRYUN'S TRAVELING KITCHEN

Food is hard to come by in Ratside, but one place to get a little nourishment is Kerryun's traveling soup kitchen. A bulky, motherly troll, Kerryun travels the tracks of the Broken Quarter in her one-horse caravan, dishing out watery soup and hard bread to any who want it. Every evening at dusk she sets up in an open area, and people soon emerge from the ruins to line up for sustenance. The troll is helped by Urfar, an equally bulky human whom Kerryun claims is her adopted son. Urfar watches the horses and makes sure no one causes any trouble. The food isn't particularly appetizing, and rumors persist that the occasional lumps of gray meat in the predominantly vegetable broth are likely to be from a dog or rat or worse. In fact, the philanthropic pair picks up supplies once a week from amid the rubbish behind an empty building on High Gate Road. The traveling kitchen is a cover for two of the best Theran spies in the Broken Quarter; Kerryun and Urfar are crack members of Ilfaralek's inner corps of undercover agents. They make reports most nights, usually by slipping a letter to a contact who lines up for food along with the genuinely needy. The reports are usually concerned with hearsay and rumors, but every now and then the spies manage to warn of real trouble brewing among the disaffected Broken Quarter dwellers. No resident of Ratside has ever voiced a suspicion that "Mother Kerryun" and her "son" are anything other than what they appear to be.

THE SWORDS

Deep in Ratside, some distance west of the old graveyard, a few mostly intact stone buildings huddle around a central yard known as the Swords. Here, men and women fight dogs, giant rats and each other to the death in a wide,

deep pit. Unlike the Pit of the Theran Quarter, the Swords is no staged "forbidden pleasure" put on for the enjoyment of decadent nobles. The fighters, abducted from around the Broken Quarter, must battle for their lives. Those who win the weekly bouts live only to fight the next one. The audience comes from throughout the quarter and beyond, and though none dare speak openly of the existence of the Swords, rumor of it is known to many. Tales of its specialist "entertainments" have even reached the ears of some Therans, though none have yet visited the place.

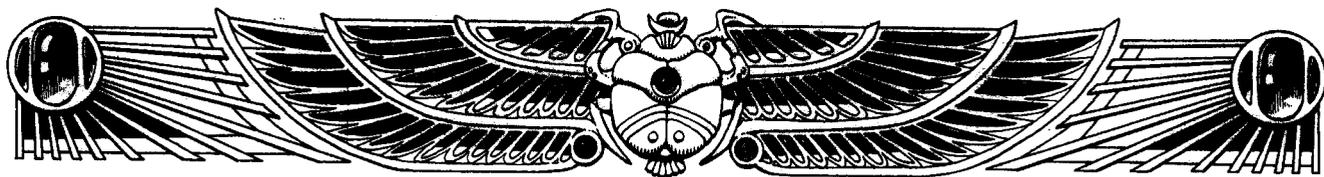
The Swords is run by a gigantic human nicknamed Sword for the tattoo of such a weapon permanently emblazoned under his right eye. Sword is an ex-scorcher from the Badlands and a Fourth Circle warrior. He leads a loose gang of humans, orks and dwarfs, most ex-mercenaries and soldiers (Second Circle warriors); the gang takes a 50 percent cut of all bets on the fights. Recently, several of Sword's men ambushed a slave caravan bringing twelve Barsaivian slaves to the Sunrise Gate for sale. The captured slaves are being held in the cellar of the largest building of the Swords, which also serves as a mess hall and dormitory for Sword's rank and file. The gang is feeding them and keeping them reasonably healthy so that the first of them can fight in four days' time. The chosen slave will first face two huge mastiffs bought in the city for this fight. If he survives he will go up against the Swords' current champion, a bull-necked Maracian slave abducted from a work gang's night-pen several months ago. This champion has killed nine men and more dogs and rats than he can count, but is blind in one eye and has tetanus setting in as a result of his wounds. He is slowing up and may not win many more battles.

Current rumor has it that Sword has recruited mercenaries to capture a bear for him to use in future fights, as he is too cheap to purchase one from the Beastmarkets (and fears the attention such a purchase might bring).

THE RATSIDE PLAYERS

Not everyone in Ratside is a violent, subhuman beast living only to fight for the next crust of bread. Many are simple people, homeless and starving through no fault of their own but unable to do much about it. In the outer reaches of Ratside, away from the dog-eat-dog scuffle of the makeshift communities around the Rat Circus, people are trying to rebuild houses and re-establish settlements on their own. The Therans are plainly to blame for their predicament, but time has left these people apathetic about taking revenge for the wrongs done them. The Ratside Players, a motley dozen elves and human actors and handymen, is doing its level best to keep awareness of Theran wrongs alive.





The Players have established a small theater in a depression next to one of the city's old walls. They have put up and painted a proscenium arch and hung cloth and wood to make a semi-permanent stage. They use lamps and small illusions created by the group's leader and a Second Circle illusionist, Hemira, to perform surprisingly effective dramas for whoever comes to watch. Spectators donate whatever they can for the privilege of seeing the play, and shows can last several hours. The bill is always in two parts; the first is a straightforward telling of Theran history in Vivane from the Battle for Sky Point to the reoccupation and the present, while the second usually involves light-hearted fantasy. Hemira used to be in the Resistance, but left when she realized that many of its members wanted merely to hurt or kill as many people as they could get their hands on. She believes that the Ratside Players serve the Resistance cause by keeping the tales of Theran oppression and mistreatment alive, constantly retelling and spreading the truth of their situation among the people who need to hear it most.

HIGH GATE

Embodying the sharp contrast between rich and poor in Vivane, the High Gate district sits like an island of gentility between High Gate Road and the outer city wall. Spared any damage during the Theran bombardment that wrecked so many streets and houses close by, High Gate is graced with lovely old two- and three-story houses lining a handful of wide, tree-shaded lanes. Some Therans have villas in High Gate, but most of the residents are scions of old Barsaivian professional families. Retired magistrates and ex-soldiers, aging physicians and scholars, moneylenders and artists of one sort or another all make their homes in this district. Security in High Gate is Good. Many of the larger houses have their own private security staff, typically a novice warrior or swordmaster. Because Therans and Barsaivian trustees live in this district, the area is patrolled by the Theran Watch instead of the notorious Green Squad.

At the southern end of the district is a large, open plaza just in front of the North Gate into the Theran Quarter. At the center, on a raised surround of wide marble steps, is a statue of Overgovernor Povelis; it bears a small plaque stating that it was raised by "the grateful populace of all Vivane, with the heartiest hopes for fraternity and peace between our two great nations." The statue is missing its head and both arms; one leg is shattered, causing the statue to lean slightly. Metal rods have been bolted onto the stone as a temporary measure to keep it standing. This plaza is the focus of almost-weekly demon-

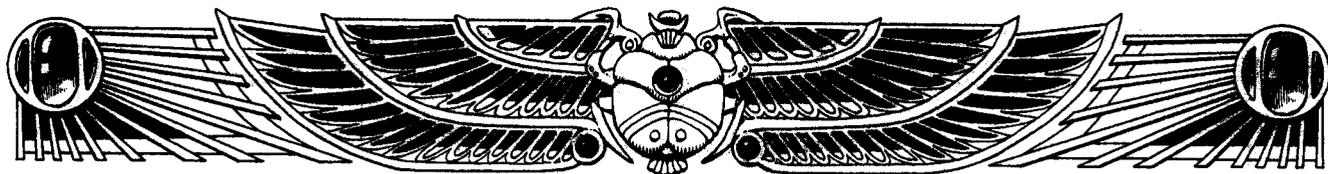
strations by poverty-stricken Broken Quarter residents against Theran rule, the harsh conditions of their lives, the ongoing delays in rebuilding their shattered houses, the price of bread, and just about anything else they (or the Resistance, who agitate most of them) can think to rouse people's emotions. The Therans deal with such riots by simply locking the gates of their quarter and watching from the walls while the Barsaivian City Militia wades in with whips and clubs; only if things get out of hand or potentially threaten the Old City will the Therans use missiles and boiling oil against the rioters. As a last resort, they may call in a unit of the Eighth Legion riding war-horses to break up the riot. In more peaceful times, the Militia keeps the square free of traders and stallholders. Orators sometimes stand in Povelis's shadow, proclaiming their views to an often receptive and good-natured, if somewhat sarcastic, crowd of locals.

OLD CITY GRAVEYARD

This burial ground contrasts starkly with the new graveyards to the northeast. Some of its oldest mausoleums were shattered by the Theran bombardment, but many new edifices of gleaming marble and fine stone have since arisen in mute testimony to the rich Therans' love of leaving something to remind the world of them after they have shuffled off this mortal coil. The Therans also adopted the practice, common to many of Vivane's wealthier original inhabitants, of constructing tombs four hundred feet or deeper beneath the earth. The corpses in these tombs are sealed in great stone catafalques and placed in cavernous burial chambers decorated with fine murals and etchings.

During the Scourge, Horrors feasted on the Deeptombs, as these deep catacombs are called. They made countless undead constructs in their attempts to breach the central dome of the Old City, and some of these constructs still prowl in the tombs' labyrinthine depths. Theran wizards have extirpated the most troublesome, and have sealed off certain areas of the Deeptombs where deadwalkers—the Vivanians' generic term for the undead—still lurk in the gloom. Magical wards and barriers prevent the undead from reaching the surface, and so the Therans regard it as unnecessary to go down into the sunken darkness and hunt down the few that remain. At least twenty Eighth Legion soldiers from the Northern Barracks patrol the graveyard at all times, accompanied by a nethermancer. The Therans firmly believe that no Horrors lurk in the Deeptombs, but one can never be absolutely certain.





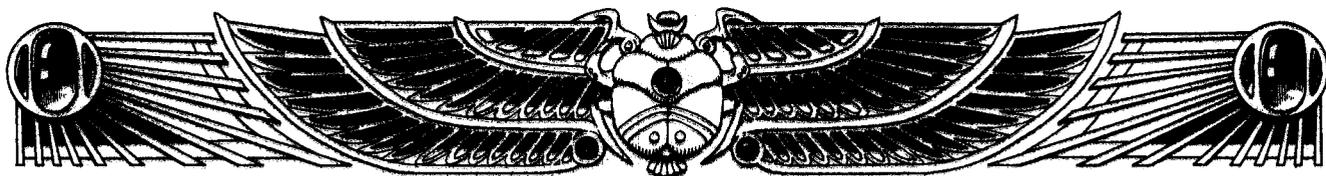
New tombs are built only on the surface of the Old Graveyard. Nobody wants to go down into the Deeptombs, except for desperate and stupid grave robbers and perhaps a few of the more paranoid elements of the Resistance (they must know which areas are relatively safe, or they would not still be around). The hazards of the Deeptombs are compounded by the fact that, even though the southern edges of the graves are well protected by six-foot stone walls, water from the Coldreach has seeped down into the deeper catacombs over the decades. Many of the deepest graves and tunnels are now waterlogged or drowned entirely.

According to an obscure city government proclamation, only Therans can be buried in the Old Graveyard. Wealthier Barsaivians, however, regard it as a mark of status to be buried here; their tombs and gravestones are usually the most ornate (or lurid) to be found in the place.

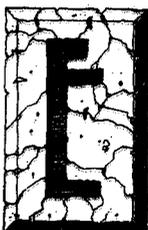
Theran law requires city authorities at the House of Records in the Theran Quarter and Oathstone's offices to be notified of every death in the city. The body must be disposed of in a way that the authorities approve. This ordinance began as a public health measure, but has become something different. It costs money to dispose of

bodies in approved ways, and a few unscrupulous people use the law to squeeze a few more coppers out of the common folk. In the case of the very poor who cannot afford a decent burial for Uncle Fred (or whoever), the city authorities take charge of the body and bury it in the pauper's graveyard at civic expense. Many Barsaivians fear, however, that Theran nethermancers will animate poor old Uncle Fred and use him as an undead slave. Such an indignity is not to be contemplated, and so the poorest Barsaivians often dispose of corpses as best they can. Frequently, they dump them down the nearest tunnel into the Undercity. As the Therans only keep census records of city dwellers liable to the attentions of tax-gatherers, the poor find it relatively easy to dump their corpses. In a really hot weather corpse-dumping can cause certain health problems, and the Therans sometimes send penal slave-gangs out body hunting in the Undercity when elementalists predict a savage heat wave. Stumbling onto one of these groups with their cargo of decayed, reeking corpses after a day's hard work digging rotting flesh out of waterlogged subterranean gloom is not likely to improve the casual adventurer's appetite for his evening meal.





OUTSIDE THE WALLS



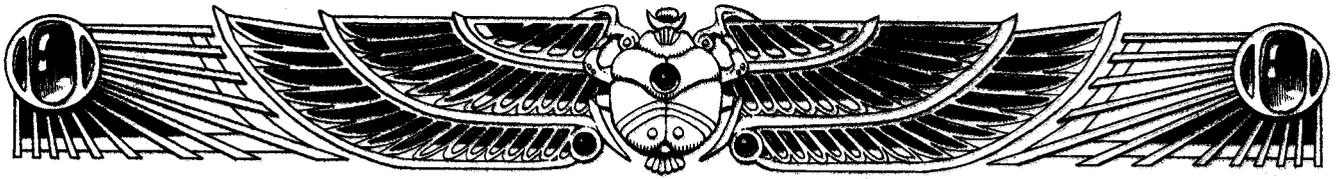
Even though much of its original outer walls lie in ruins, the city of Vivane maintains a definite boundary. In many areas of the Broken and Eastern Quarters, those living rough just inside the city do their damndest to keep out those living rough just outside it. In places they have the backing of the City Militia, though the Green Squad are notorious for taking small donations to allow itinerants into the city. Anywhere from 10,000 to 35,000 people may live in the makeshift camps outside the city boundaries, depending upon the time of year. Many are transient agricultural workers, who are away working the land during the growing and harvesting seasons.

Not all who cluster around the walls and along the roads leading to Vivane wish to get inside its shattered walls. Many are content to live in their makeshift houses and shacks in the shantytowns outside the city, and in fact, they can find more food there and conditions are actually somewhat healthier than inside areas like the Broken Quarter. It is somewhat safer, too, as the Green Squad and the various gangs of robbers confine their predation to within city limits. Even if agitators try to work their mischief in one of the camps, perhaps suggesting that the inhabitants charge the gates and start sharing out the city's wealth, chances are one of the Theran spies in the camps will hear of it and pass word on to his contacts in Ilfaralek's department. The Eighth Legion usually handles any real trouble without breaking a sweat.

The roads leading to the city's four main gates—West Gate, High Gate, Sunrise Gate and River Gate—are the main routes into the city. Stalls and makeshift shops line these roads, along with a few solidly built inns and taverns that cater to travelers. The various establishments stretch in thin lines for several miles in all directions. The small settlement of Crossriver, located across the Flamewalk River on the opposite side of the West Gate Bridge, has grown in size since the establishment of Sky Point; it now stretches southwest along the road to Sky Point and east along the southern bank of the river. Some of its stone buildings and a small market place are located away from the Sky Point Road, though its main businesses and taverns still lie along that route. The village is home to many laborers who work in the city and also to people of all classes and occupations who like living near Vivane but not inside it. This settlement has no walls of its own, but gradually thins out along the roads leading away from Vivane. As it draws further away from the Vivane, the village mutates from well-constructed permanent settlements to transient tent-camps on its farthest margins.

Crossriver has its own militia independent of Vivane's authorities, paid for by subscription from local merchants (and, sadly, by the occasional mugging of visitors along the roads by militiamen who think they can get away with it). As yet, Vivane's taxes and tithes are only haphazardly applied to Crossriver because the settlement has never been part of Vivane. The Theran bureaucrats are finding it hard to classify Crossriver, and Vivane's Theran tax gatherers tend to wade in at the right time of year and get whatever they can. Nobles of House Medari are said to be keenly interested in Crossriver, seeing the possibility of building defensive fortifications around its innermost area and enclosing the place so that it becomes





a private enclave. Such a settlement would give this House an independent economic base of operations, which they badly want. Their rivals in House Carinci view this possibility with alarm and are actively working against all attempts to make Crossriver a legal part of Vivane. The disadvantage of abdicating all legal claim to Crossriver, however, is that doing so means no tax revenue and no Theran control over the area. The Therans have not decided what to do about Crossriver, and their lack of firm influence shows. Signs of any serious trouble in the settlement, however, will prompt Kypros to send a detachment of the Legion from the South Barracks to sort it out and execute a few local nuisances as an example to the rest.

Though Crossriver is less threatening than much of Vivane outside the Theran Quarter, it also has more Theran spies. Some of these are Ilfaralek's agents, others are agents of House Medari taking careful stock of currents in local opinions, and still others are agents of House Carinci taking careful stock of what the Medari agents are getting up to.

DARLENHOLD

Where the fast-flowing stream Darlen Beck reaches the much slower Flamewalk River, several small channels divide the land into a number of small islands. Depending upon the height of the water level, as many as seven or eight islands or as few as one may be visible at any given time. In the dry months when the river is low, a partly manmade causeway links some of the islands. For most of the year, however, the causeway lies a good three feet beneath the water's surface.

The island group is dominated by Darlenhold, an isle about five hundred yards long by three hundred wide (see **Darlenhold** map, p. 68). In years past, shellfish catchers lived in a group of cottages on the island dominated by a large stone tower said to be the home of a reclusive magician or scholar. Locals from the Flamewalk's southern shore stay away from Darlenhold because they have heard (and continued to spread) fanciful rumors concerning mysterious lights, apparitions, and diabolical, undoubtedly Horror-produced smells. None of these rumors are likely to be true. The tower, at the northwestern end of the island, is almost entirely in ruins now; its crumbling walls stand little more

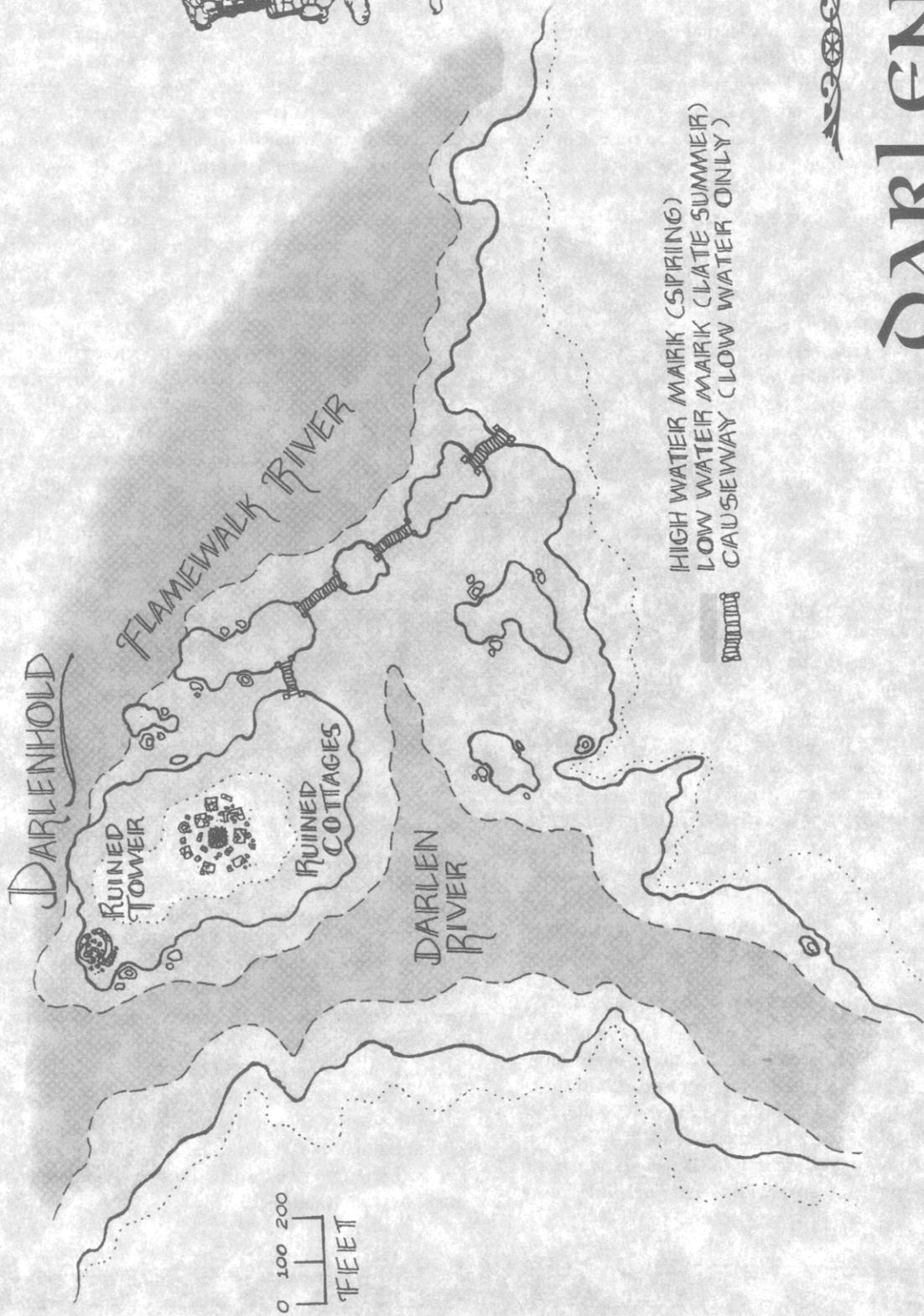
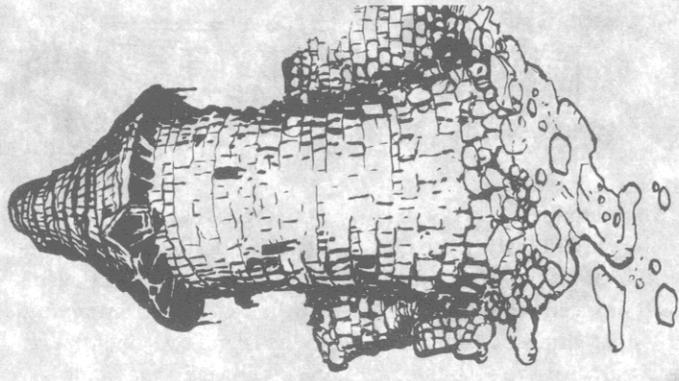
than ten feet high. Some of the damage is said to have been inflicted by stray missiles that fell during the Theran bombardment of Vivane, but the rate of the tower's decay seems to exceed what might reasonably be expected from natural weathering. Many have come to the island over the years in search of the secrets of the tower's alleged inhabitant, but few have found anything of any great value.

During especially dry seasons, the waters drop far enough to reveal a large stone slab, normally hidden in the mud below the water line. This slab covers the entrance to a network of rooms beneath the ruined tower. Explorers may find there anything the gamemaster deems appropriate; among other things, the hidden rooms are likely to include the corpses and possessions of other fools who made the mistake of entering. (Whatever caused their deaths, of course, may well be sentient and searching for new prey ...)

The Therans have shown little interest in building fortifications on this island. At present, rebuilding Vivane itself is a large enough task without worrying about a large dollop of mud in the middle of a river. They are reasonably confident that no Horror lurks in Darlenhold, or else they would have cleared the area out by now. However, Darlenhold does have hazards that the Therans as well as other local folk may not care to face.

The best-known of such dangers is the infestation of Gorkoth's eels around the island. Similar to witherfangs, these nasty creatures are Named after a well-known ork warrior and Resistance leader who became one of the eels' most famous lunches when the Therans threw him, tied and bound, into the water. These lantern-jawed predators can grow up to three yards long and as thick as a troll's leg, and inflict diseased bites that can cause a limb to rot and fall off within twelve hours. For some reason as yet undiscovered, they do not travel across the river to assail Vivane's riverside areas, and few Crossriver folk are foolish enough to get close enough to fall victim to these nasty creatures. The eels eat mostly carrion, though live prey is equally welcome when they can get it. Their pseudo-lungs enable them to survive for several minutes on land, and they can slither damnably fast through the mud. Use game statistics for witherfangs (p. 62 of the **Barsaive Gamemaster Book, Barsaive Campaign Set**).



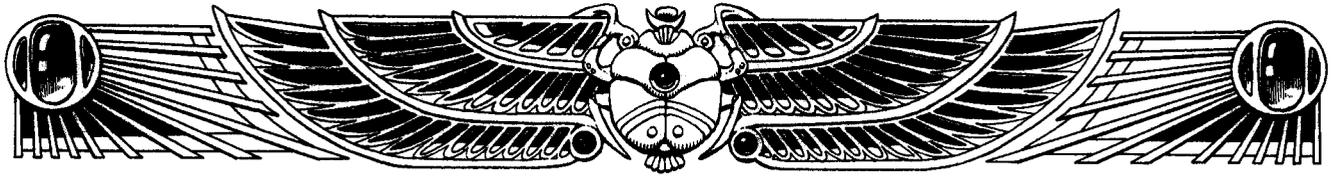


HIGH WATER MARK (SPRING)
LOW WATER MARK (LATE SUMMER)
CAUSEWAY (LOW WATER ONLY)



DARLENBECK





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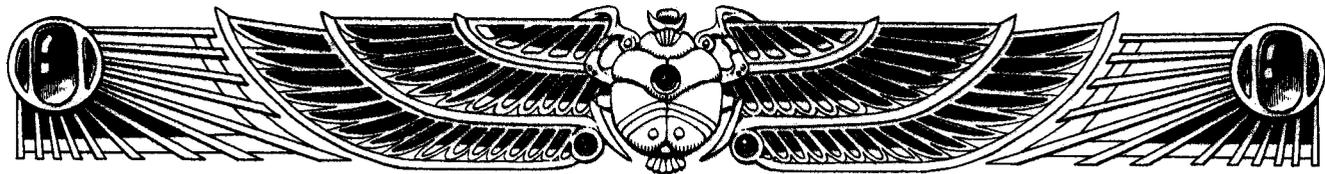
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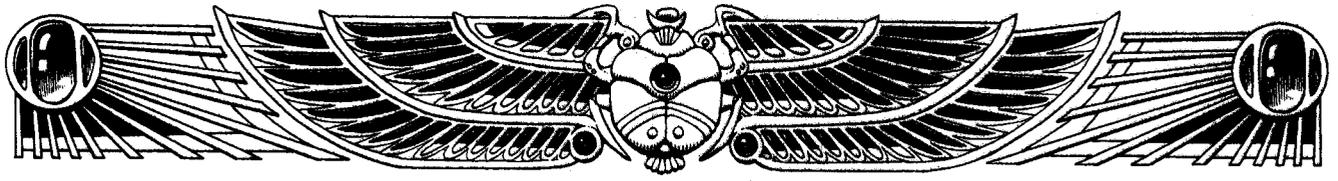
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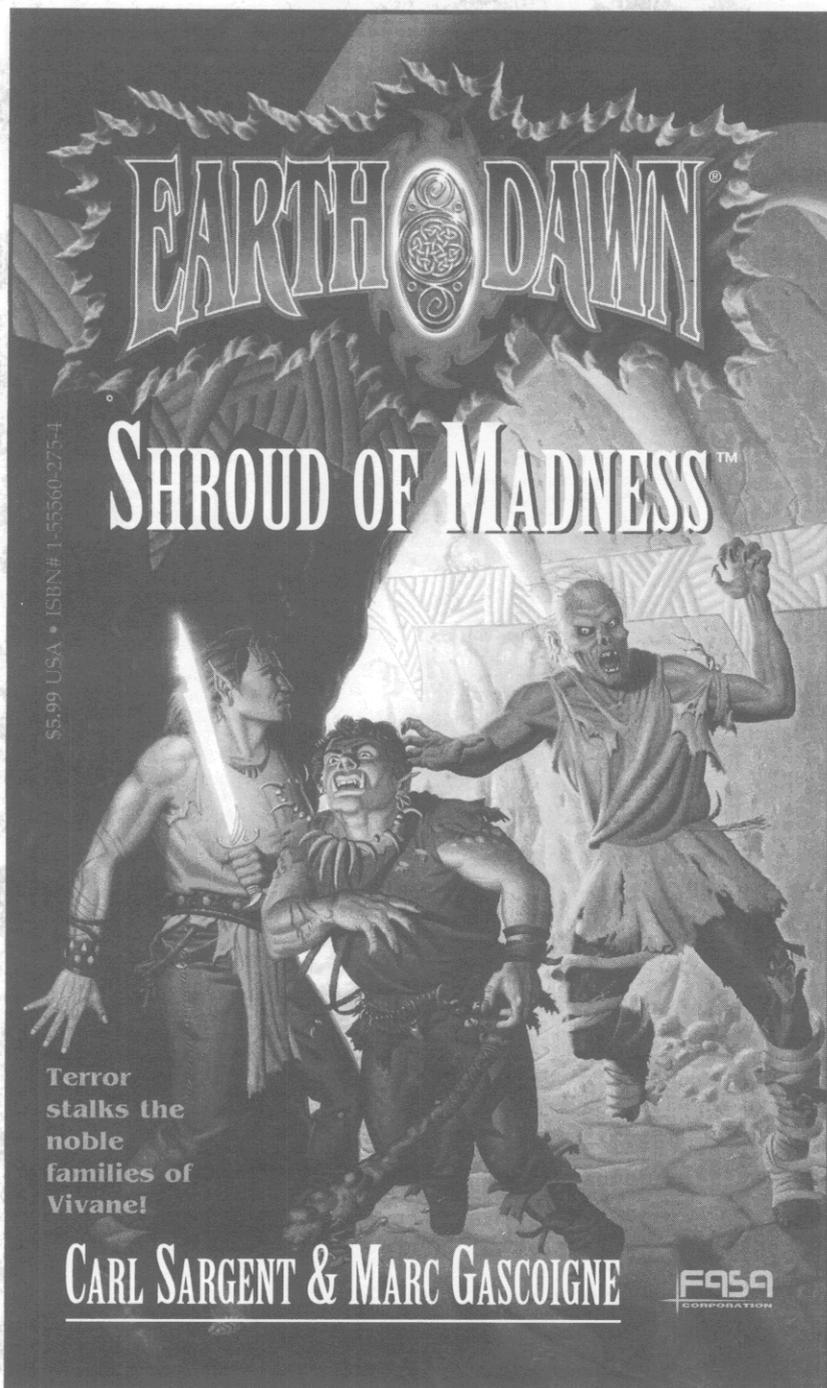
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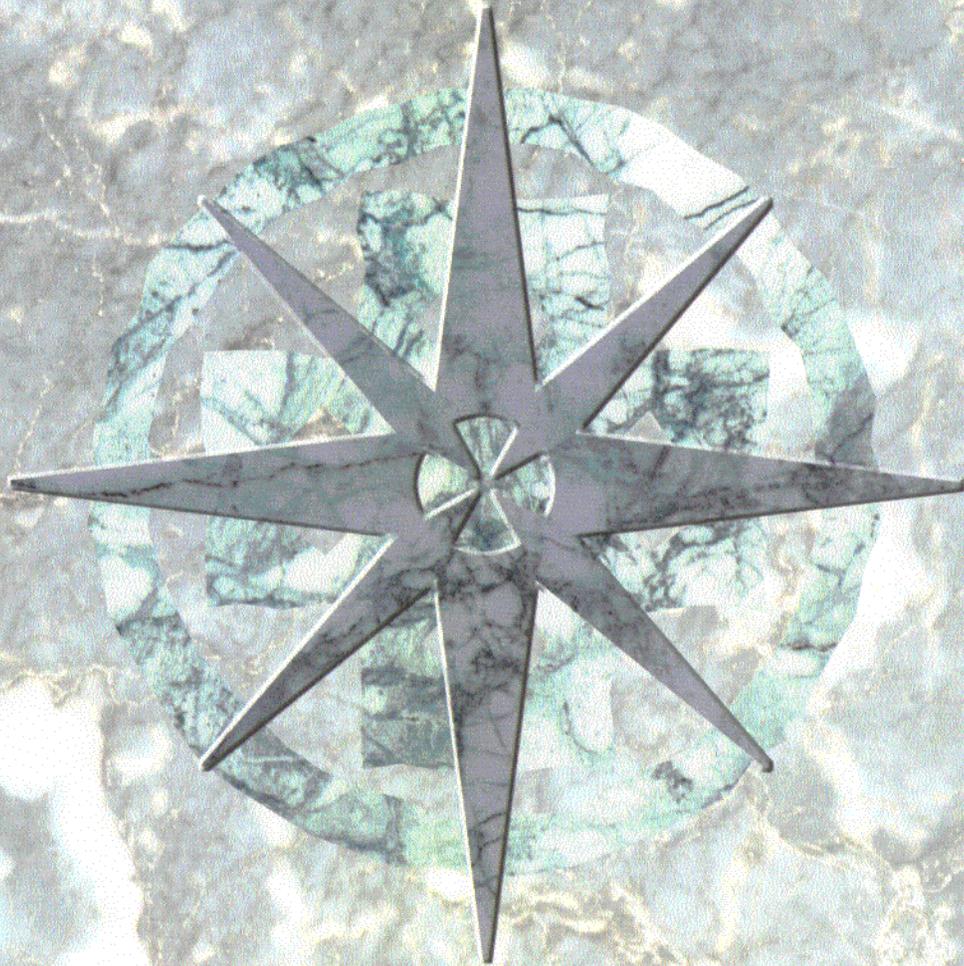
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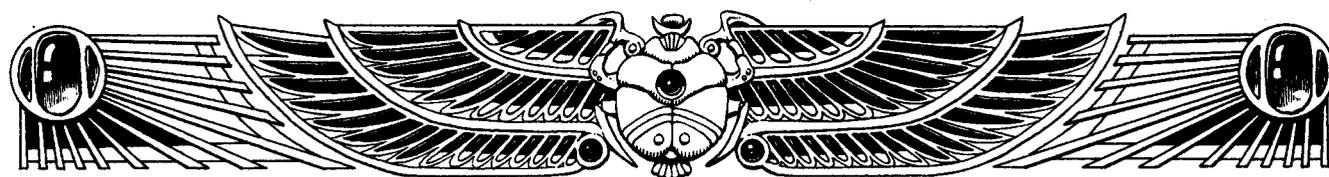
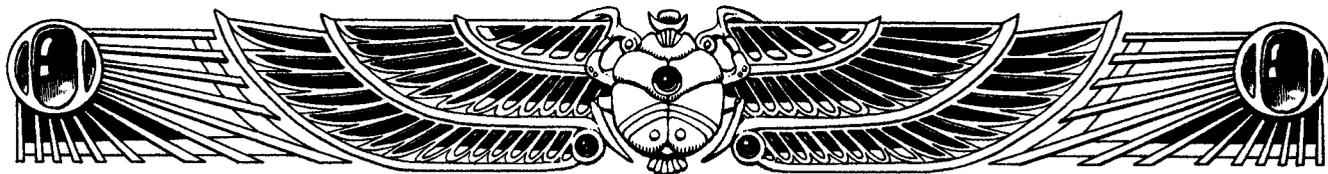


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INTRODUCTION



Theran Vivane provides specific information on the Theran Quarter of the Imperial city of Vivane. For general information on the city and an overview of the Theran Empire, see **Barsaivian Vivane**. For information on the lands surrounding Vivane, see **Vivane Province**. The **Sky Point and Vivane** campaign set also

includes a Vivane City map, which shows a detailed view of both Theran and Barsaivian Vivane. See the key printed on the map for the locations of sights, shops and civic works described in this book.

The **Theran Quarter** section describes how the city works, including government buildings, defenses, main thoroughfares, the people and organizations that wield significant power, and the city's waste-removal system. The sections that follow provide details on each distinct area of the Theran Quarter, including the docks, the open markets, the locations where most artisans and craftsmen ply their trades, the public entertainment, and the people who own and manage some of the most significant establishments in Vivane.

Adventurers who travel to Vivane will find the Barsaivian part of the city to be much like any other city in Barsaive, offering the same risks, the same amenities, similar types of people, opportunities for profit and obstacles to their goals. Theran Vivane offers very different challenges and a more alien atmosphere. The gamemaster may approach Theran Vivane in many different ways. For additional suggestions on playing the Therans and staging adventures in Theran territories, see the **Vivane Province** book.

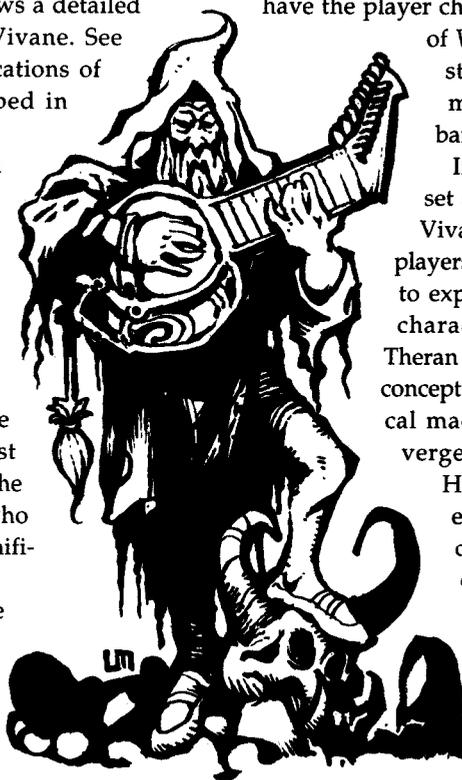
Any well-traveled group of adventuring heroes should be smart enough to find a way into and around the Theran Quarter. Regardless of their true purpose there, they must purchase a pass, but they must also be able to clearly and convincingly state their business in the Quarter. They could devise a clever ploy; rely on their

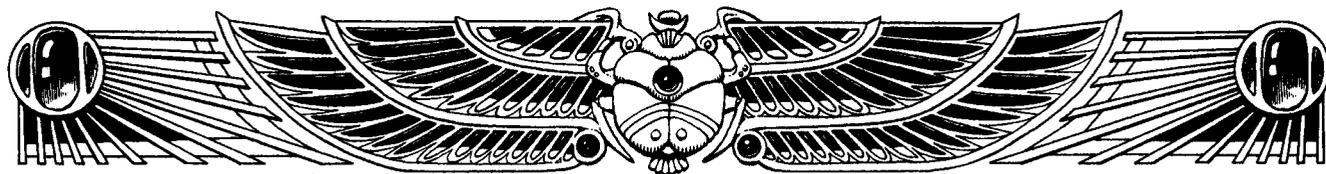
legendary status; offer something of interest to a member of the Conclave or an influential House; show themselves to be a well-behaved, professional team; or take any number of other approaches. Once inside, they may still find it impossible to enter or explore certain buildings, such as the Governor's Palace, but the gamemaster may massage the guidelines given in the text as necessary to accommodate his game or campaign—if it suits his purposes to have the player characters conduct business in the House of Works or even create a Keystone Kops-style chase scene there, then he should make it possible for an uncommon barbarian to enter the building.

If the group chooses, they may create a set of Theran player characters to use in a Vivane adventure or campaign, giving the players and gamemaster alike an opportunity to explore the Theran sensibility. The player characters could be a part of any level of Theran society; they could embrace or reject the concept of slavery; they could be a part of political machinations or find themselves on the verge of being victimized by one or more House's plans; they could belong to a society dedicated to creating or finding a specific magical item or achieving some other goal; and so on.

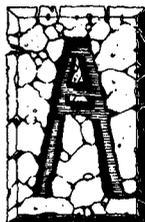
The gamemaster may also choose to use the Theran Quarter as an object lesson for his group. Depending on his personal view of the Theran Empire, he can make the Imperials in Vivane part of a dark,

forbidding, regimented and buttoned-down society, people who receive no joy from their magic and power and live only to crush the spirit from Barsaive. The gamemaster can also use the Theran Quarter as an example of another side of Barsaive's diversity, take a neutral stand on slavery and portray the Therans as simply misguided (according to modern sensibilities) rather than evil. He could use the Therans to demonstrate that greater good can emerge from a somewhat questionable practice and play up the heroic efforts made by Thera's founders in their efforts to benefit the entire world by saving its people from the true evil, the Horrors.





THE THERAN QUARTER



Also known as the Old City and the Walled City, the Theran Quarter occupies Vivane's southwestern corner. Surrounded by strong walls, the quarter has been extensively reconstructed by its Imperial occupants. Its buildings are built from the finest materials, and in places rise many stories above the wide, well-maintained streets. The land of the Theran Quarter is flat, sloping slightly down southward toward the banks of the Flamewalk River. Its dramatic skyline is often enhanced by the Overgovernor's ship, the

Ascendancy, hovering at its moorings in the grounds of the palace.

THE OVERGOVERNOR'S PALACE

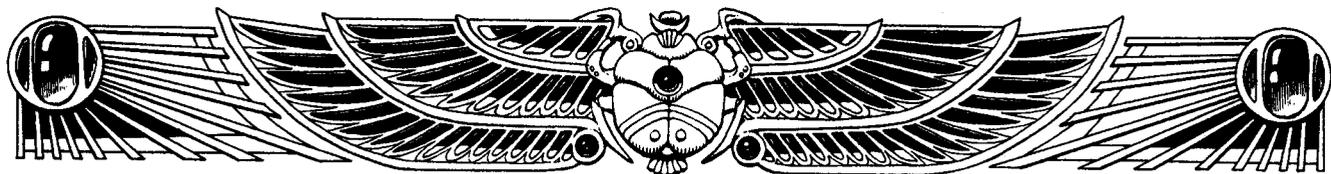
The Overgovernor's Palace is not a single building, but an entire complex consisting of various structures (see the **Overgovernor's Palace** map, p. 39). Iron railings twelve feet high, topped with barbed spikes, protect the palace from intruders. In addition, every building in this complex has been enchanted to resist unauthorized magical entry. Each building has a Spell Defense of 24 against any spell intended to damage or breach the buildings, whether through the walls or underground.

The most striking feature of the palace grounds is the great Basalt Spire, at which the *Ascendancy* anchors. The forbidding black pillar stands a hundred and sixty feet high. An elemental elevator similar to those in the pillars of Sky Point (see **Sky Point and Vrontok**, p. 8 in the **Vivane Province** book) allows people to travel up or down the spire. A single, heavily guarded door blocks all but authorized users from the elevator. At the top of the spire is a platform to which the airship is anchored, and no less than twenty soldiers patrol this rope-bounded eyrie at all times.

The huge North Barracks stands on the northern edge of the palace grounds. In addition to the troops housed there, Kypros has installed his own personal household bodyguard in separate quarters next to his own residence. Forty soldiers are quartered in the household guard barracks, all of them at least novice swordmasters or warriors. Their average rank is Fifth Circle. The leader of the household guard is Elsandriss, a t'skrang Eighth Circle swordmaster who wears crystal plate armor and a lighthelm. The lighthelm is an enchanted helmet made of crystal that increases the wearer's Spell Defense by +3 and adds an additional +3 to the wearer's Spell Defense against any magical assault that might dim the senses of hearing or vision. A lighthelm can also project an aura equivalent to normal daylight up to a range of twenty feet in pitch darkness. The t'skrang and orks that form the majority of the household guard wear crystal mail that changes hue to fit the environment. The t'skrang soldiers carry broadswords, the orks two-handed swords. (Camouflage armor is hardly necessary for a household bodyguard, but they look great on parade.)

The palace stables are noted for fine horseflesh. Kypros has fifteen dappled Creanen stallions of the finest bloodlines, high-strung beasts that pout and prance in their ritual regalia. For game purposes, the stallions are war-horses, but with

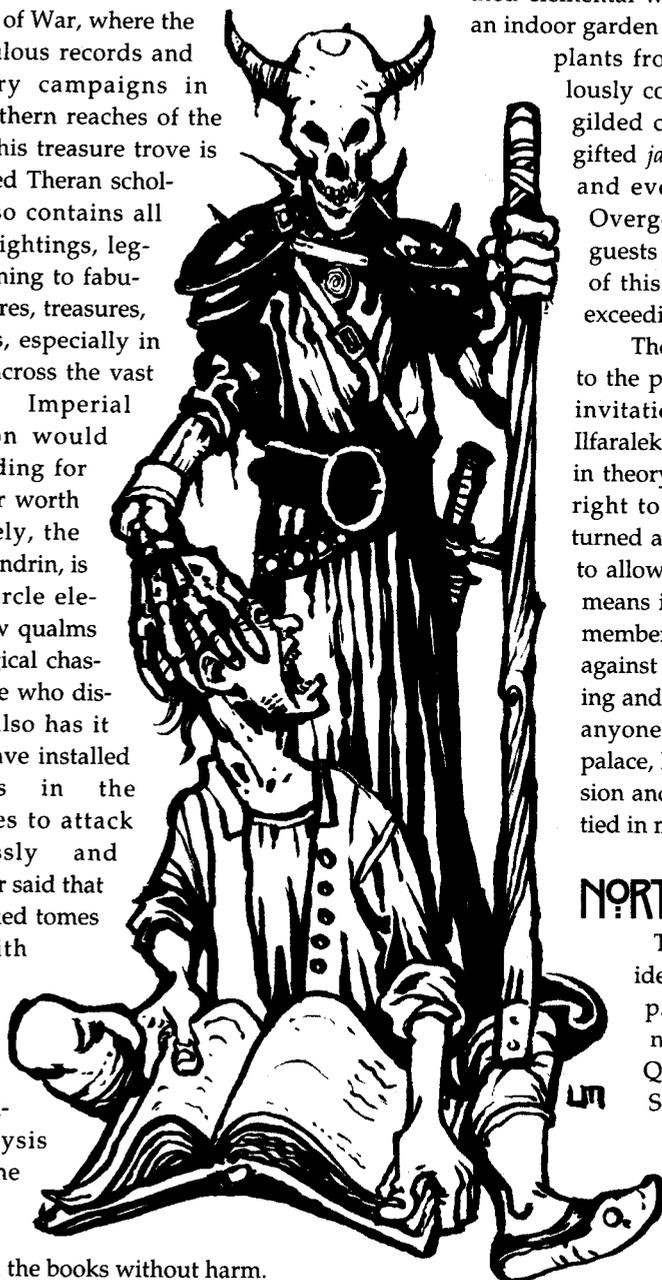




Dexterity 8, Strength 10, and Willpower 9. The stables also house two mastryliths—vast, fifteen-ton elephant-like beasts that Kypros and Elsandriss ride on certain public occasions. These brutes are growing old and somewhat docile, but they still impress (and usually terrify) onlookers.

The palace complex also includes the Imperial Museum of War, where the Therans keep meticulous records and archives of military campaigns in Barsaive and the northern reaches of the province. Access to this treasure trove is restricted to authorized Theran scholars. This archive also contains all manner of rumors, sightings, legends and such pertaining to fabulous and exotic creatures, treasures, and unusual cultures, especially in the westward lands across the vast Caralkspurs. The Imperial Museum's collection would make intriguing reading for any heroic adventurer worth his salt. Unfortunately, the senior archivist, Lanzendrin, is an irascible Sixth Circle elemental who has few qualms about unleashing magical chastisements against those who displease him. Rumor also has it that nethermancers have installed skeletal guardians in the labyrinthine libraries to attack intruders mindlessly and implacably. It is further said that many of the most valued tomes are festooned with enchantments that cause those reading them to lose their minds, fall into catatonic states, or gradually succumb to paralysis unless they receive the correct instructions from the librarians that allow them to read the books without harm.

A suite of chambers for important diplomatic visitors lies close to Kypros's own residence. This block of rooms is mostly built of white and rose marble and is ever so slightly ostentatious. Its luxuries pall, however, in com-



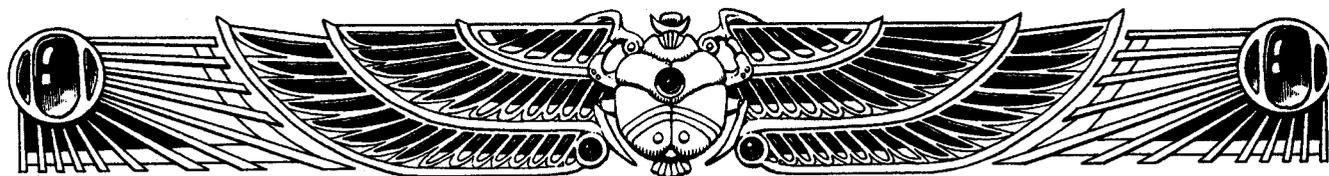
parison with Kypros's own home. Though the Overgovernor spends much of his time cloistered aboard the *Ascendancy*, he descends to his palace when necessary for meetings or preparing for public occasions. Kypros lives exceedingly well. Chambers containing pools of aerated elemental water scented with perfumes and herbs, an indoor garden with a crystal dome that houses tropical plants from around the globe along with fabulously colored jazarinthe birds from Araucania, gilded cage-rooms in which four brilliant and gifted *jaraleh* live, a gallery of diverse fine art, and even a small private theater where the Overgovernor may treat especially favored guests to recitations or concerts, are but parts of this magnificent whole. Kypros lives very exceedingly well.

The entire palace complex is out of bounds to the public. Only individuals with a personal invitation from Kypros can enter it, save for Ilfaralek, Crotias and Tularch (and the latter only in theory; she would not dare risk asserting her right to do so for fear of the shame of being turned away). The gate guards cannot be bribed to allow unauthorized entry, for such an action means immediate execution. From time to time members of the public may press their noses up against the railings and watch Elsandriss parading and drilling his troops, but that's as close as anyone gets. In the event of an attack on the palace, Kypros can send out his household division and the entire North Barracks can be emptied in minutes.

NORTH AND SOUTH BARRACKS

The North and South Barracks have identical layouts (see **South Barracks** map, p. 40). The North Barracks stands at the northernmost wall, between the Theran Quarter and the Broken Quarter; the South Barracks stands on the bank of the Flamewalk near the Merchant's Quarter. Flanking the south barracks are the river gates, placing the barracks between the two places of admission into the city used by riverborne travelers. Each barracks can hold up to two thousand soldiers though less than half that number are generally in the barracks at any one time; the others are stationed at guard points or out on city patrols.





The walls of each barracks are four feet thick, twenty feet high, and are enchanted to resist magical intrusion or damage with a Spell Defense of 16. The river gates at the South Barracks, eighteen-inch slabs of Vagothian gloam oak, have the same Spell Defense. In addition, the wood from which they are built gives them other magical effects. Any Legion wizard standing within twenty yards of the gates gains +3 to his Mystic Armor and Spell Defense ratings, and can add +1 to the Effect Step of any spell he casts.

The stables at each barracks hold a hundred mounts and can accommodate fifty more. Three novice beastmasters and a pair of novice cavalymen attend to these animals and take great pride in their appearance. The cavalry holds annual parades and competitions in riding, jumping, and dressage during the Festival of Kypros's birthday, and the senior cavalry officers want their mounts in fine condition and well appointed. The quartermaster's offices contain supplies of dried and preserved foods, water-purifying herbs and oils for soldiers who must travel beyond the city, blankets, equipment of diverse kinds, and so on. Quartermaster-Lieutenant Thoragur Curlfist presides over these stores at the South Barracks. This lumbering, one-eyed troll has a wild mane of bright red hair and a liking for chewing *kokala* leaf imported from Araucania, which makes him overexcitable and prone to hawk up copious quantities of phlegm from time to time. His mind is as keen as a dwarf sword's edge, and very little ever goes missing from his voluminous stores.

The armory holds a wealth of mostly mundane armor and weapons—the Therans store their magical weapons and armor in the Maracanium. The armory's tight-knit group of blacksmiths, fletchers, bowyers and weaponsmiths, twenty per barracks and mostly trolls and dwarfs, tend to reserve their highly prized work for officers. They make and repair chain and plate armor and ordinary weapons, leaving manufacture and upkeep of the more arcane items to the Maracanium.

The Maracanium, with its staff of weaponsmiths and wizards, makes magical weapons and armor. It also crafts armor from obsidian skin, and the weaponsmiths tinker constantly with new alloys and whatever ores they can lay their hands on. Herbalists and wizards create potions needed by traveling soldiers, and from time to time work on a unique item for a senior officer's use. The Maracanium tends to produce mostly one-use items (potions, magical projectiles, and so on) but the lighthelms and crystal plate armor in which it specializes are superbly crafted and decorated. Most Maracanium artisans are t'skrang and elves.

Senior officers at each barracks have a mess hall separate from the ordinary soldiers, and live in their own rooms. Holding cells and visitor's suites are also incorporated into the officers' quarters. General Crotrias and General Ilfaralek have offices in the same building at the South Barracks, both with tight security (higher for Ilfaralek, given the nature of his covert work). Each of these generals directs an internal staff of a dozen or so, including a Sixth Circle magician.

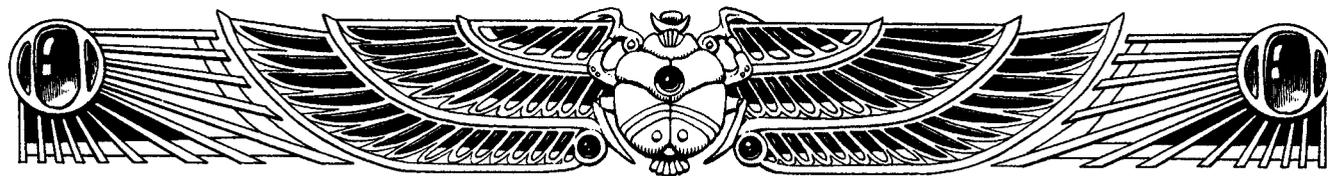
The enigmatic General Elkanshara has offices at the South Barracks also. Her rank does not reflect any power of command, but rather denotes her privileges and status. An elf, Elkanshara is a Tenth Circle nethermancer and the Eighth Legion's resident expert on Horrors and other astral and magical menaces. Elkanshara is blind, but possesses astral sensitive sight to a staggering range of two hundred yards—a freakish ability for one of her race. She also possesses a silvered tiara, a magical relic crafted in Aznan, which provides her with powerful magical defenses against Horrors as well as adding +4 to the Effect Step of any spell she casts against them (or against constructs created by them, creatures possessed by a Horror, and so on). Elkanshara is a recluse by nature, and even the boisterous General Crotrias dreads having to visit her for any reason. The elf's sinister reputation is further enhanced by claims from some Legion officers that she can create or summon a magical, ghostly steed capable of travel at seemingly impossible speed, and that despite her blindness she can use hand weapons with extraordinary deftness and skill.

CIVIC ADMINISTRATION BUILDINGS

The enormous, sprawling House of Works (see the **House of Works** map, p. 41) is the heart of Vivane's Imperial civil administration. The Department of Bursaries, which occupies half the building, is the city treasury. Though only small amounts of money are kept in the bursary offices, all the paperwork relating to taxes, tithes and civil expenditure are located in this department. The place is a maze of offices occupied by scribes and functionaries, some whose eyesight is failing after years of poring over document after document. Untold quantities of papyrus and paper litter every surface. Sitting atop the entire structure, literally and metaphorically, is Chief Secretary Patracheus.

Patracheus plays a hundred roles in city life, including Census-Giver, conclave member for his noble House, chairman of a dozen groups of officials handing out contracts and concessions for various public works, Master of the





Aquifers (an archaic title indeed), Sealer of the Rolls (a title derived from the old practice of sealing wills with wax into coiled rolls of paper), and many others. He knows where every last official copper coin is spent, and for what reason. Married to a daughter of House Medari in a dynastic arrangement, Patracheus is politically almost invincible. Everyone in the Theran Quarter trying to make a living—and many outside it—knows that though he may not need Patracheus's favor to succeed, anyone who meets with his disfavor is lost. Almost all mid-level appointments in the Theran civil service owe something to his patronage, and his juniors are generally loyal to him, because they know that many of them would be swept out by any new broom replacing him. Certainly, Patracheus does not control all civil life, for no one man can closely scrutinize everything going on in a city of nearly 100,000 people. He has informants everywhere, however, and little escapes his attention for long.

The Department of Bursaries collects taxes through the census and its tax collectors and dispenses the collected revenues through various committees and groups. It also controls civic concessions, determining which nobles will be granted exclusive rights to supply city projects with skills and resources. Currently, for example, House Carinci has the exclusive right to import stone into the Old City for the purpose of constructing new buildings. House Medari has the exclusive right to supply the builders and laborers who construct such buildings. The right to supply architects and skilled artisans is currently split between Houses Thaloss and Carinci. City ordinances dictate that these exclusivities apply to privately as well as publicly financed work; if a Theran citizen wants to build an extension to his villa, he must buy Carinci stone, hire Medari laborers, and so on. These strictures cannot be ignored in the Theran Quarter, and though they are not quite law in the rapidly rebuilding Merchants' Quarter, that quarter's residents know that toeing the Theran line is a good idea if they want to end up behind the safety of the strong new city walls currently under construction.

The House of Records takes up much of the remaining space in the House of Works. This department is a functionary's paradise. Wills and commercial contracts are deposited in the House of Records, and a maze of bewildering laws pertains to swearing them out and getting access to them. Most oaths must be sealed in the presence of an appointed senior functionary of the House of Records to have any force in law. Marriage, birth and death documents stored in this department are vital for the purpose of determining inheritance rights, for with-

out official records, an individual's very existence will be denied (and that individual will have no legal rights).

Adventurers of all stripes may find it best to avoid the House of Records. Security is not as tight as in certain other places, but the casual intruder who manages to get past the guards at the doors can never be sure who he may be standing next to when he sneaks a look at some document or other. Important commercial and official documents, of course, are always kept under lock and key. The staircases and corridors leading to Patracheus's chambers are sealed with barriers of elemental air and fire to repulse uninvited guests. Finally, over-ambitious revolutionaries should be warned that starting a fire in the House of Works is both useless and extremely dangerous. It is useless because enchantments employing elemental water will extinguish such a fire in seconds, dangerous because the penalty for such action is quartering by mastryliths in a public place. No trial is necessary; Overgovernor Kypros determines the guilt of an accused party.

The House of Works also contains the workplaces of the lamplighters and the Fieldmen of the Old City (described in the following pages).

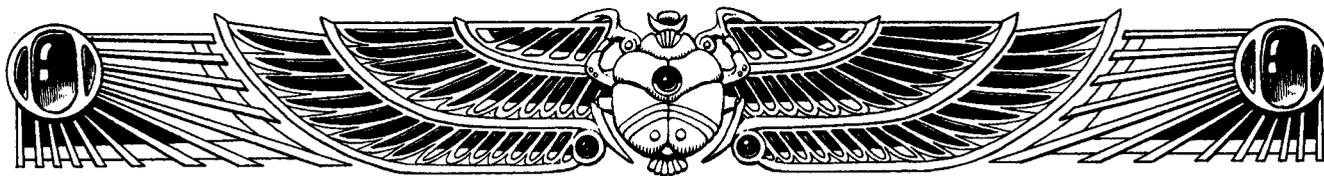
THE QUARTER'S WALLS AND TOWERS

The walls and towers around the Old City are all strengthened by powerful magic. An effective Spell Defense of 22 protects them from any magical attack.

RIVER DEFENSES

The walls bordering the Flamewalk River are eight feet thick, sunk fourteen feet into the ground and rise eighteen feet above water level. Battlements add thirty more inches to the walls' height; the battlements are a foot thick, leaving a six-foot walkway along which guards patrol regularly. The river walls have three gates: two smaller river gates where boats can off-load cargo on the wharves, and the huge West Gate with its thirty-five-foot-high defensive towers. The two smaller gates are twelve feet high and made of wood. They can be barred from inside the city and are defended day and night by twenty soldiers of the Eighth Legion. Because ambitious entrepreneurs attempt to smuggle all kinds of goods into the Old City, the least corruptible soldiers guard the river gates. For purposes of attempts to bribe them, the guards' Social Defense rises by +3 above their usual rating. The lieutenant serving with them—usually a Fourth Circle warrior—possesses a concealed magical medallion that adds +2 more to his Social Defense and +4 to his Spell Defense. The river gates stand right next to the South Barracks.





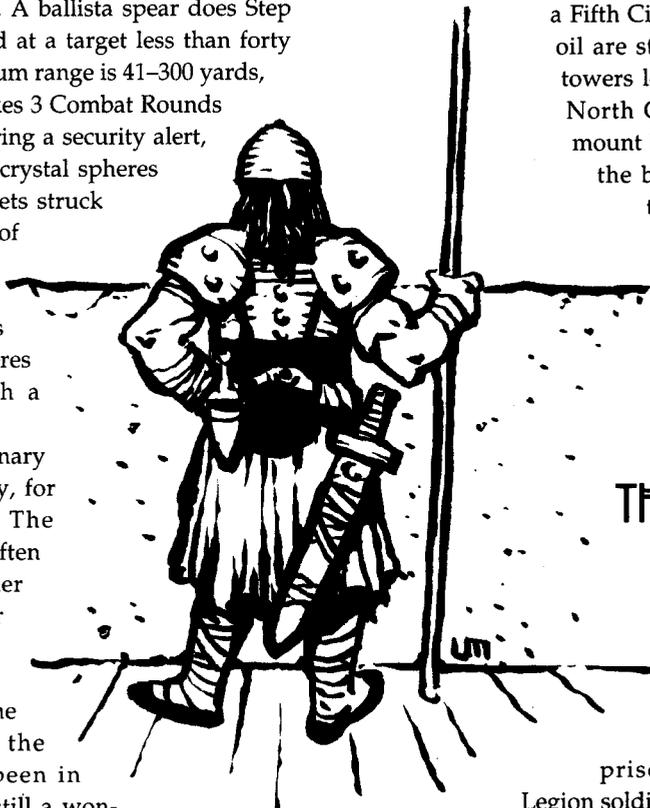
The huge West Gate and bridge has four towers, two on each side of the Flamewalk River. Each of these towers is occupied by thirty elite soldiers. Half of them are novice adepts; a third of these in turn are suitably equipped archers. All of the soldiers are equipped with ring mail, a footman's shield, a broadsword or occasionally a pole-axe, a medium crossbow, and a dagger. The lieutenants leading each unit are Sixth Circle archers. Four out of each thirty are a trained ballista crew, and each tower boasts one of these giant spear-throwing machines. A ballista spear does Step 20 damage, and cannot be fired at a target less than forty yards away. The ballista's medium range is 41–300 yards, long range 301–750 yards. It takes 3 Combat Rounds to reload. In time of war or during a security alert, ballista spears are tipped with crystal spheres containing elemental fire. Targets struck by these spears suffer damage of Step 16 from the elemental fire in addition to the normal damage from the spear. Targets within five yards of these spheres suffer splatter damage with a Damage Step of 10.

The West Gate's extraordinary bridge is used only once a day, for the two hours before dusk. The roads on both sides of it are often lined with merchants and other travelers waiting for their chance to cross into or out of the city for the night. Though the wooden replacement for the stone bridge destroyed in the Theran bombardment has been in place for many decades, it is still a wondrous sight for many visitors. The West Gate appears to be a solid slab of wood fifteen feet high; as the gatekeepers lower this magical device using pulleys and winches, the wooden "gate" expands into a drawbridge that covers the 220-yard span of the Flamewalk River. Lowering the bridge takes 6 Combat Rounds.

Ten feet above each of the four gate towers, and also the barracks and palace towers described in the following pages, hover blue crystal globes 10 inches in diameter. Magicians in the service of the Eighth Legion can employ these spheres to cast light equal to bright sunlight (as a searchlight) in a 30 degree arc to a range of half a mile, if they make a successful Spellcasting Test against a Difficulty Number of 8. Magicians untrained in the use of these devices make this test against a Difficulty Number of 16.

OTHER WALLS AND TOWERS

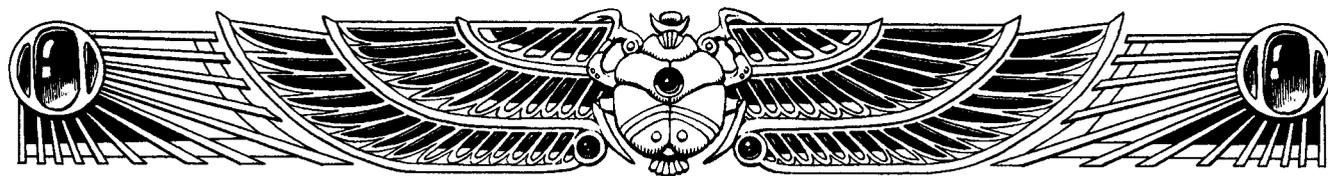
The rest of the Old City walls are twenty-two feet high and seven feet wide, with two-foot battlements and four-foot walkways. As shown on the Vivane City map, towers mark the walls at semi-regular intervals. For a typical tower layout, see the **City Towers** map, p. 42 Each of these towers is manned by twenty soldiers, a mix of warriors and swordmasters including half a dozen archers. These soldiers are novice adepts, commanded by a Fifth Circle archer lieutenant. Barrels of oil are stored atop each tower, and the towers located adjacent to the barracks, North Gate, and palace complex also mount ballistas. The towers adjacent to the barracks maintain dungeons in their lower levels, where prisoners and those apprehended trying to enter the city illegally (or attempting to smuggle proscribed items) are held prior to trial or incarceration in the Old City's forbidding prison.



THE IMPERIAL PRISON

Located near the South Barracks, the Imperial Prison is a three-story building with dungeon cells a hundred feet below the ground. The **Imperial Prison** map, p. 43, shows the prison's ground level. Twenty Legion soldiers serve as guards on this level, commanded by a grim-faced Seventh Circle troll warrior of huge girth clad in heavy plate armor. The actual jailers are civil servants rather than soldiers. This forbidding citadel has no windows and is formidably protected against magical intrusion or attack with a Spell Defense of 24. Penal gangs are periodically released from the prison into the city for slave labor, then marched back inside at night. The cells contain magical shackles, and many criminals are also fitted with helms that magically render them placid and zombie-like. In the deepest dungeon cells, half a dozen *ghareez* (see **Windlings**, p. 10 in the **Barsaivian Vivane** book) interrogate and torture important prisoners (or any prisoner they feel like hurting). The other jailers do not enter these dungeons, and the *ghareez* do not emerge from their domain. Food and messages are left for





them in a small shaft leading down to their home, and prisoners sentenced to their tender mercies are left in a cramped, four-foot square holding cell until the windlings decide to come and fetch them. Very, very few of those sent to their dungeons have been known to return.

Theran Quarter Aquifers

The Old City's immense aquifer system (shown on the Vivane City map) is constructed of elemental stone with elemental water enchantments melded into its structure. The aquifers run eighteen feet above ground level, and where they meet the city walls, fountains spout water up to the walls' height so that guards on the battlements may draw water from them.

The aquifers are a magnificent sight. Crafted from immense blocks of blue-gray stone, they are lovingly decorated with arabesques, murals, and designs of many kinds (though in any one section, the style of artwork is always consistent). Most of the work reflects dwarf craftsmanship, as most of the great architects and artisans who designed the structures were dwarfs. Most Vivanians are proud of the aquifers' beauty and regal size, especially now that the construction of similar devices in the Merchants' Quarter imply that all of Vivane will eventually be supplied with water this way. (Residents of the Broken Quarter who must line up for hours at mud-tainted wells to get water do not always share their fellow citizens' appreciation for the marvels of Theran engineering.)

The water is initially drawn from the Flamewalk River into the western aquifers, where it is purified of poisons, debris and muck. The purification process makes it extremely difficult to contaminate the water in the aquifer system. The gamemaster may decide that tainting the water is possible, but the would-be defiler must defeat the aquifers' formidable Spell Defense of 22. City inhabitants take the purified water from various sluice points noted on the map. At each sluice point, descending pipes lead water down into small stone-lined pools from which it can be collected. The flow of water is magically controlled so that water flows down one side of the pipe into the pool and back up the other side of the pipe into the aquifer; the water flows in two directions within the same pipe. After coursing around the entire Theran Quarter, the water descends from the easternmost aquifers back into the river.

In addition to providing the Old City with a permanent source of fresh water, the aquifer system acts as a flood control. A successful Spellcasting Test against a Difficulty Number of 4 can "compress" the water in the

aquifers to a mere fraction of its true volume. Each success level achieved allows the magician to compress water so that the aquifer system can hold 5,000 gallons more than normal. The total maximum additional volume that can be stored in this way is unknown, but it certainly amounts to hundreds of millions of gallons. If the Flamewalk River rises to dangerous heights, vast quantities of water can be siphoned off and stored in the aquifers.

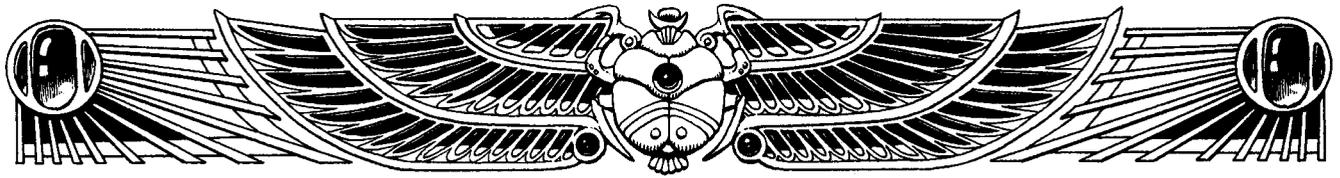
The aquifer system can also function as a weapon. At certain points shown on the map, great stone valves lead up the city walls and terminate in the form of sculpted dragon heads. A trained magician making a Spellcasting Test against a Difficulty Number of 8 (16 if untrained) can project a huge gout of elemental water forth from the dragon head as a missile weapon, with a splash radius of 10 yards. Short range for such a blast is 10–80 yards; medium range, 81–400 yards; and long range, 401–800 yards. Depending on the range, the jet of water does Step 7, 6, or 5 damage (for short, medium, and long range, respectively). This damage reflects the hammering, smashing effect of the raging spout of water battering the victim.

The aquifers also act as a fire-control system. Trained magicians of the Eighth Legion can draw water from the sluice pools by making a Spellcasting Test against a Difficulty Number of 8 (16 if untrained) at the rate of 1,000 gallons per Combat Round, and direct the water at a range of up to 500 yards to counter fire nearby. In the absence of magicians, ordinary citizens can also battle fires by drawing water from pools all over the Old City with buckets.

The Grandwalk

Dominating the Theran Quarter's highways is the huge Grandwalk, running from the North Gate to the South Barracks. It is a hundred feet wide along most of its length, becoming wider in the center of the city, where the Ziggurats are built in the middle of the Grandwalk as an island of peacefulness. Five lanes make up the Grandwalk, each used by certain classes of people. The central strip, twenty feet wide, is built from huge stone slabs ten feet across and between twenty and sixty feet long. This roadway is reserved for the carriages of conclave nobles and their immediate families, and Legion soldiers when necessary. Flanking this central road are two thirty-foot-wide walkways, constructed of stone paving slabs two to five feet wide and five to twenty feet long. All other Therans except for slaves use these parts of the road. Slaves and Barsaivians must walk along the





outermost strips of the Grandwalk, which are made up of small cobblestones and are far more uncomfortable to travel. The road design reinforces the Theran Quarter's social hierarchy; a person's status in society can to some extent be ascertained from watching the part of the Grandwalk he travels along. The Grandwalk has twelve-foot-high wooden lantern posts at fifteen-yard intervals, with huge light quartz crystals contained inside glass spheres. At dusk, lamplighters from the House of Works travel the length of this highway and activate these crystals, extinguishing them an hour after dawn.

PEOPLE AND POWER

In addition to such important individuals as Patracheus, Kypros, Ilfaralek, Tularch and Zerajaboam (see **The Roundhouse**, p. 36 in **Northside**), other powerful people also live in the Theran Quarter. The following information describes significant people and groups in Theran Vivane.

Keep in mind that the power players listed are simply a selection of those with some influence who may be of particular interest to adventurers and gamemasters. Many others may exist, and the gamemaster should feel free to create additional gamemaster characters or alter the details of those described to suit his campaign.

IMPORTANT INDIVIDUALS

The following individuals are among the movers and shakers in Vivane.

Tarlanth

A tall, thin Medari noble in his early sixties, Tarlanth is the leading power broker in his House. He has his fingers in a huge number of commercial pies, especially those of a civic nature. His wife Cryselfa is a Carinci noble, a glacial green-eyed beauty much younger than her husband. Tarlanth used his dynastic marriage to open a few advantageous doors and now operates virtual monopolies along with various Carinci nobles. Imports of material goods other than foodstuffs and public construction projects are among the linchpins of his power. Cold-hearted and ruthless, Tarlanth is a Theran supremacist with a particular dislike of Barsaivians, though he treats his slaves better than most. Tarlanth is ambitious and may well have his eye on the Overgovernorship in the event that anything happens to Kypros. Whether anything befalls the current Overgovernor may depend on whether Tarlanth's daring equals his ambition. Tarlanth's weaknesses are his aloofness and his failure to cement alliances, especially with the military.

Admiral Khalifa

Everyone knows this t'skrang noble by his Name, even though he is not an admiral at all. A powerful scion of House Carinci, Khalifa holds a monopoly on river trade west of Vivane. Anyone wishing to get a piece of this route must make terms with Khalifa and pay a tithe of roughly 10 percent of his profits to House Carinci. Khalifa has a cool disposition by t'skrang standards. Highly alert and intelligent, he is also a noted storyteller and conversationalist. Khalifa has few ambitions, but enjoys being influential and stores favors away for himself and his extended family. Kypros trusts Khalifa, and the military often turn to the t'skrang for the most reliable and up-to-date reports of what is happening in the westernmost parts of Vivane Province. Khalifa knows the upriver jungles particularly well and has excellent relations with the t'skrang who live there.

Mordain

Patracheus's second in command at the Department of Bursaries is a fellow son of House Thaloss and is middle-aged like his master. (Patracheus knows better than to employ ambitious young men as his underlings.) Mordain lives in fear of Patracheus's superior intellect and occasionally withering sarcasm. Mordain himself, however, has considerable influence because he deals with many of the city affairs that Patracheus lacks time to deal with personally. As yet, Mordain has made no serious attempt to use this influence, but he has the potential to build himself quite an empire under the nose of his brilliant superior.

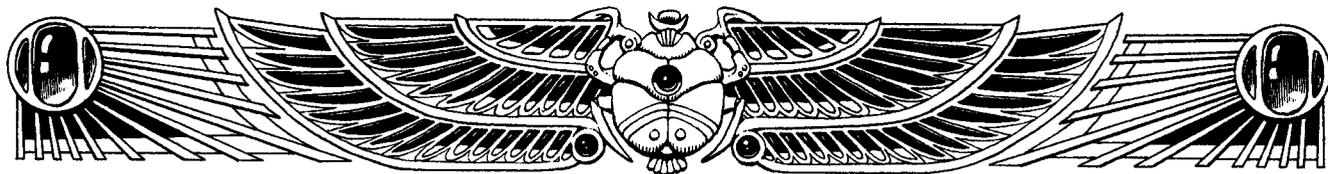
Haughrald

Haughrald is an aging Thaloss dwarf who oversees all aspects of civic construction. Though his strength is as an architect more than an administrator, he understands that his position requires that he recommend the best people for the job on many projects. He takes this responsibility very seriously, and so many seek to bribe or persuade him of their worthiness. Unlike many of his fellow officials, Haughrald is a model of virtue; he brushes off such approaches diplomatically and politely. Kypros and the House Conclave know his integrity and trust his instincts without fail. Haughrald knows the history of Vivane, including its renovations and constructions, extremely well. He has a soft spot for young dwarfs attempting to make their way in the world, provided that they are honest and hardworking.

Captain Darnagorm Ulthrand

The troll captain of the *Regal*, one of the Seventh Fleet's kilas, is a frequent visitor to Vivane. Darnagorm is an intriguing figure. His horns are perfectly symmetrical,





and he wears an artificial arm of silver in place of one severed in a great aerial battle that took place a decade ago. This magical arm gives Darnagorm enormous strength, adding +2 steps to all Damage Tests made when using it in armed or unarmed combat. The metal appears to have pulsing ruby veins just under its metallic "skin," a disturbing sight that Darnagorm likes to exploit to the fullest in social situations. A Conclave member for House Zanjan, he is highly thought of by Kypros and General Crotias, who are almost certainly grooming him to replace Admiral Tularch if the latter falls from grace. Especially friendly with other trolls and orks, Darnagorm can be a little indiscreet if he drinks enough (it takes a lot, so make those adventurers pay for their information).

Garagund Daragast

This dwarf merchant of House Thaloss, another House Conclave member, allocates contracts for selling spaces in the crowded markets of Vivane. He also controls the legion of commercial taxmen who collect revenues from Vivane's merchants. Universally disliked, the foul-breathed dwarf is extraordinarily lecherous and fond of strong drink. He also has a perfect memory and a fast wit, and knows many secrets about many people. He has hidden away some interesting documents and other evidence in various secret places, so disposing of him is not an option for most of his army of enemies. Reputed to be a follower of Raggok, Daragast is infamous for ill-treating slaves and wives. He is currently on his third marriage, his first wife having died of despair and his second having committed suicide.

Shand

Shand is a rarity—a gregarious and sociable Narlanth magician, an elementalist by Discipline. An expert on elemental water and its manipulations, she oversees the security and stability of the city's aquifers. Her short and simple Name she adopted from a Place with a special affinity for elemental water. A mere 27 years of age, the flamboyant and vivacious blonde is the subject of many offers of dynastic marriage but has refused them all to date. She has a fiery temper at odds with her quiet craft, but none speak ill of her expertise. Shand is a member of the House Conclave, where she uses her charm and cunning to wield a degree of influence far out of proportion to her tender years. Shand is still figuring out what she wants to do with that influence. She knows all about several nodes of True Elements in Vivane Province and also corresponds on the subject with magicians and elementalists far beyond the city. Charming and flirtatious when it suits her purposes, this elementalist can be a helpful contact by virtue of the

many people she knows, as well as her own considerable knowledge. Male adventurers, however, should keep in mind that her head rules her heart and she is expensive to entertain or court.

Captain Grogand Maragann

This retired Zanjan military officer is a crusty old bore who has House Conclave membership by seniority but was forcibly retired from active service for incompetence spectacular even by army standards. Nearing seventy, the potbellied but otherwise fit old man strongly dislikes anyone less than half his age, but responds well to anyone prepared to drink too much and patiently listen to several hours of stupefyingly dull recountings of ancient military campaigns. Grogand is a genuine expert on the military history of the region, and any adventurer who stays awake during his recital may learn some incidental details of a place or legend of interest or importance to the adventurer's plans. The gamemaster can use this character—a frequent guest at the Geographical Society and the Governor's Hostelry—to tip off adventurers about interesting locations in Vivane Province.

ORGANIZATIONS

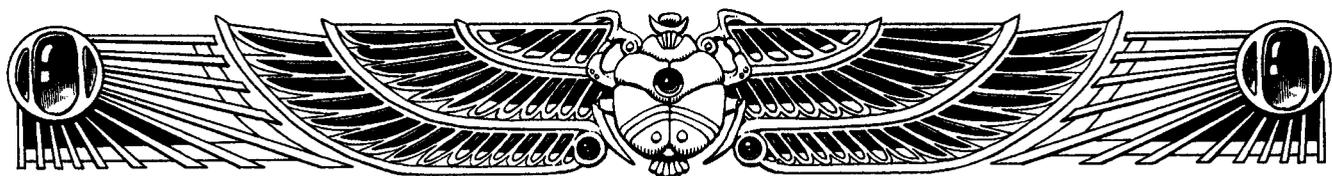
The following organizations play important roles in Vivane, and may be useful to adventuring groups.

Brotherhood of the Bone

An elite military fellowship, the Brotherhood of the Bone comprises seventeen officers who fought with General Crotias at the Battle of Tachrisauz in distant Creana ten years ago. Back then, they were all junior officers or regular soldiers. Four thousand souls died in that battle, and since then Tachrisauz has become a Named place. The group used blood magic to craft group pattern items reminiscent of the battle and their involvement in it. Each member of the group wears a scalloped bone like a brooch just under the skin above the heart, fused into the ribs and sternum. This bone is just visible as a protrusion on the naked chest. The effects of this magical item vary by its thread rank; at low ranks it adds to a character's Wound Threshold and Toughness step, while at higher ranks it confers bonuses to Spell Defense and Mystic Armor Ratings. A warrior or swordmaster of Tenth Circle and up can weave additional Threads to the item that allow him or her to use talents with reduced Strain, and to gain combat-related talents in addition to those normally possible for the wearer's Discipline.

The Brotherhood is not secretive about its membership, which helps to counteract any suspicions of nepotism





on Crotias's part. It is, however, tight-knit and powerful within the military hierarchy of Vivane. General Ilfaralek does not employ any of this group in his organization, as he is not a member and does not wish to have members of a fraternal cabal on his own staff.

Society of Radiant Effulgences

This secret brotherhood of Raggok numbers perhaps twenty devotees among the most wealthy and depraved of Vivane's Theran nobles. The city conclave has an ambivalent attitude toward the group. While reverence for Raggok is technically illegal in Vivane as elsewhere in the Empire, students of Raggok make useful informants concerning Horrors. As long as the Society's practices do not spread beyond a small cabal, city officials tolerate their presence. The group does not recruit often and keeps its membership deliberately small. Members of this group might approach adventurers to find and retrieve certain items pertaining to Horrors and their lore or may approach a group that has fought a Horror to learn of their exploits. Becoming ensnared in the Society—which can happen without adventurers being aware of it—is dangerous. An adventurer may be invited to a small gathering after a concert, only to find himself drugged or hypnotized into participating in some dreadful activity. Such an adventurer immediately opens himself to blackmail and coercion by the Society, and escaping this duress may only be possible if the group is broken up or destroyed.

Society of Foresight

This group of Theran scholars, linguists, historians, and geographers was founded to foster the exchange of learning between cultures on a basis of equality and mutual respect. They are opposed to Theran imperialism and especially loathe the practice of slavery. They believe Thera should act as the center of a vibrant exchange of learning and understanding between cultures, using its vast stores of knowledge and its communication networks for a cultural renaissance rather than military hegemony.

The Theran Empire regards the Society of Foresight as subversive and dangerous and membership in this group is a crime. A Theran convicted of membership is sentenced to slavery in an Imperial backwater, usually a place chosen for its hellish climate, rampant disease, and other unpleasanties. The society's members are idealists, utterly dedicated to their goal and prepared to face the loss of life and liberty to achieve it. They are bound to each other by their shared ideals, and take elaborate precautions to preserve their secrecy.

The nominal head of the Society of Foresight—who keeps well-hidden records of meetings and contacts—is the wizard Eljazer Qaras of House Narlanth. As a House Conclave member, Qaras is well placed to hear of any plot to smoke out Society members and to tip off his colleagues accordingly. Overgovernor Kypros suspects that the Society of Foresight has a spy in the conclave but has not yet discovered the spy's identity.

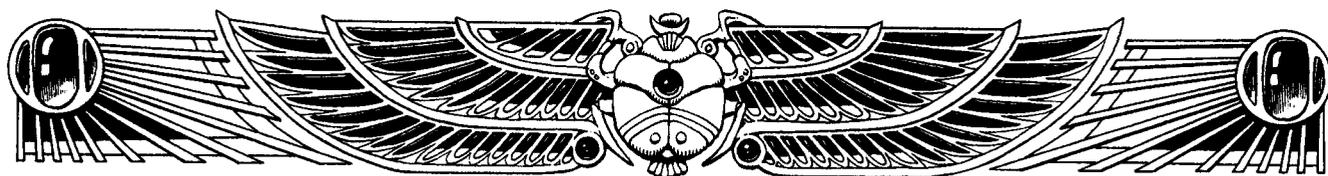
This society can serve as an important adventure hook, as its members regularly communicate details of new Theran discoveries (magical and otherwise) to "corresponding members" in Barsaive, Throal and even the Blood Wood (the latter according to rumor). Adventurers recruited by Society members for courier duty must be especially trustworthy and even then will not be told the identity of their employers. Such adventurers might well be pursued by Theran agents eager to discover everything they know about their patrons, as well as to get their hands on whatever documents or books the adventurers were paid to convey. Alternatively, the documents and such might have commercial value in themselves, causing other miscreants to pursue the adventurers in hopes of snatching a valuable prize. If a group of hired couriers should happen to be sent to Throal—and actually make it there—the gamemaster can add further intrigue to their lives by having the King of Throal encourage them to leave as soon as possible (lest they draw unwelcome attention to his vital line of communication with the Theran dissidents).

THE FIELDMEN

No discussion of city amenities would be complete without reference to the Fieldmen, a group of sixty workers who provide an unusual but vital service in Vivane. Unofficially, the Fieldmen are called by a variety of scurrilous names pertaining to their profession; wheeling large carts filled with light metal and wooden pails and buckets, as well as plenty of scoop shovels, they collect the solid excrement of Vivane's citizens.

The reason for this repellent practice is simple. Vivane is a large city, and needs considerable amounts of food. Though much of the city's food is imported from the surrounding province and also from upriver Rugaria, the Therans prefer to work toward self-sufficiency and so avoid being at the mercy of others. Unfortunately, the soil in the many farmsteads along the Flamewalk River does not support the growing of necessary bulk foods such as grain and tubers. Its productivity can be magically enhanced, but only if the poor substrate soil is first





enriched. Manure is excellent fertilizer, and so the Fieldmen have the job of collecting it. The sewage-collecting business also provides a few people with an opportunity to earn a little money on the side.

The Fieldmen pay 1 copper piece per bucket-load. The poor particularly appreciate this extra money, so the system efficiently persuades people to sell their excrement (and discourages casually flinging it into the river or the aquifers, another reason for the city rulers instituting this odd practice). However, the money is paid not in legally usable coinage, but in copper tokens that can only be redeemed at certain stores. Almost all of these are located within the Theran and Merchants' Quarters, and typically sell goods at prices 20 percent higher than normal. These shops are owned by relatives of the Medari nobles who possess the sewage-collecting franchise and employ the Fieldmen. House Medari uses the system to ensure that no money ever leaves its hands.

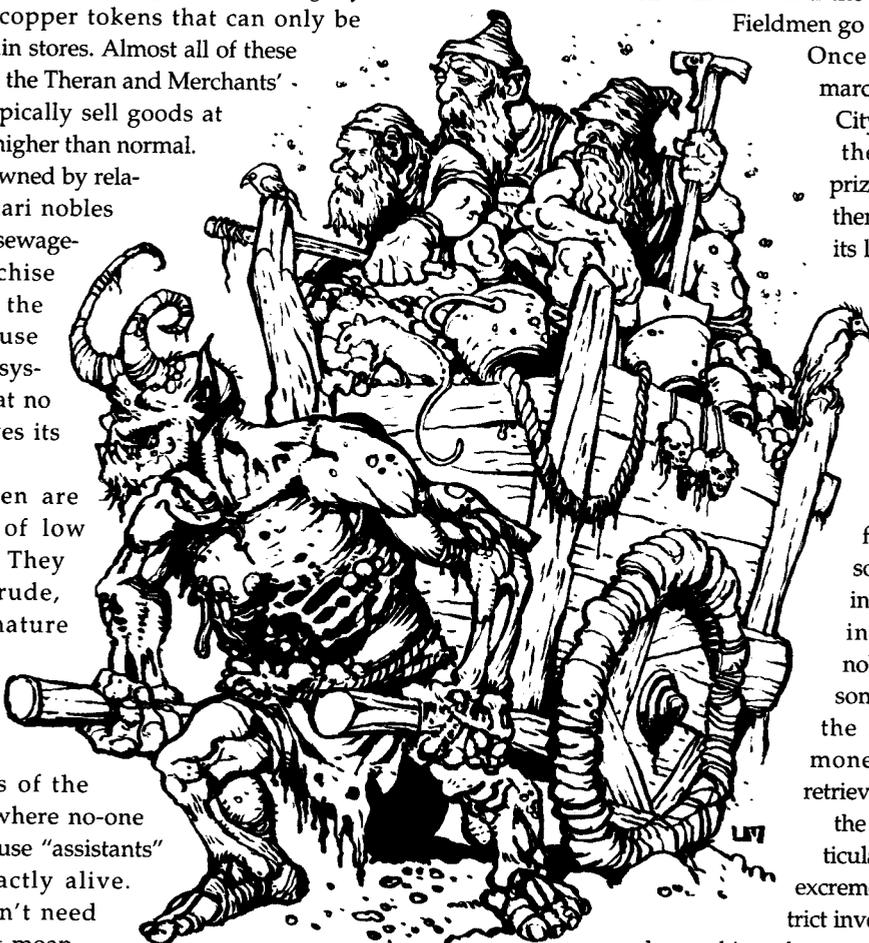
The Fieldmen are mostly dwarfs of low social standing. They are miserable, rude, depressing by nature and surly at the best of times. Rumor has it that in the very poorest districts of the Broken Quarter where no-one cares much, they use "assistants" who are not exactly alive. Dead people don't need wages, they don't moan, and they don't need food and beer to keep them going; they're economical, and the money saved by using them easily repays a nethermancer's fees for supplying the dead guys. The House of Works does not care to investigate whether the rumors are true or not. No-one wants to get close enough to the Fieldmen to discover the truth, especially in hot weather (their personal hygiene habits are considerably less than genteel).

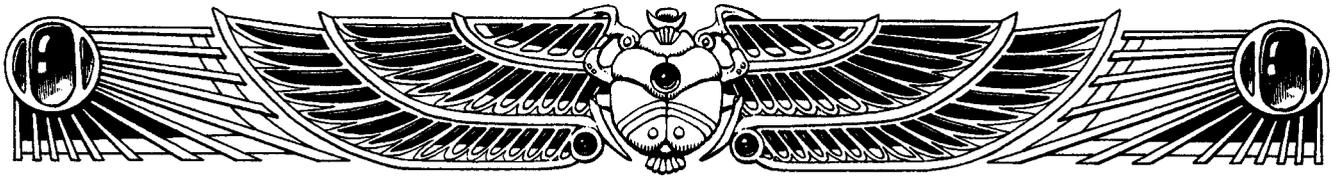
The day's collection of excrement is stored at the House of Works in a sunken pit covered by wooden doors.

The administrators burn braziers of perfumed incense here during warm weather to mask the smell. When the weather gets really hot and the stench truly awful, an unwilling magician will be coerced into weaving a petty enchantment to deal with the problem. A standard sign of disfavor among junior scribes at the House of Works is to be given an office overlooking the pit. These juniors are expected to give the Fieldmen beer on the fifth day of every week; those who neglect this duty often find the slurry stirred up beneath their windows and the doors left open when the Fieldmen go off on their rounds.

Once a week, the Fieldmen march their wagons to the Old City's North Gate and unload their collected communal prize into a wagon train, which then moves off and distributes its largesse among the farmers around the city (who do not have to pay for their fertilizer, as the city rulers wisely decided that subsidizing this operation is in Vivane's best interests). Many adventurers will probably prefer to avoid this sight, and so the gamemaster may feel inclined to run an adventure in which some over-rich noble has mistakenly thrown some valuable item out with the muck and offers good money to anyone who will retrieve it. Naturally, by the time the adventurers trace the particular Fieldmen who collected excrement from the particular district involved, everything has been dumped into the wagon train, forcing the adventurers to go through all of it.

Vivane has no sewers. Even nobles' mansions have dry earth closets that they keep well perfumed, especially in hot weather. During the rainy season some poor use the few filthy streams that bisect the city, and also the Flamewalk River (downstream of the Theran Quarter). Many poor families would rather have the money from the Fieldmen, however, even if the shabby and pungent fellows doing the collecting in their corner of the Broken Quarter don't seem very ... lively.





THE HEART OF VIVANE



Due south of the Overgovernor's Palace is a gardened expanse of exquisite villas and mansions. Colonnaded, framed with trailing plants full of blossoms and with shrubs and trees from around the world, these residences are almost all the exclusive province of nobles of House Thaloss, situated conveniently close to the House of Works where so many of them ply their trade. Security is Excellent throughout this area, and almost all the resident nobles maintain their own retinue of slave-warriors and trustee Barsaivian

bodyguards in their own households. As House Thaloss usually manages to skim the best-paid civil service appointments for itself, this virtual Thalossian enclave is very wealthy and very conventional. Therans here also tend to be conventional. This place belongs to those who know the system, use it, and believe in it completely. In practice, though not in law, no one can buy property here without the permission of the elders of House Thaloss. Officially, the civil service must record and give permission for all property transactions above a nominal sum; since Thalossians make up much of the civil service, they are almost completely in control of property in this area. No one may move into the neighborhood who is not clean, well-mannered, quiet, conventional and stinking rich. The thieves who dare to enter the heart of the Theran Quarter are desperate or spectacularly greedy, for all the houses are set with deadly traps both magical and mundane, and for a Theran to kill a thief on his own property is not regarded as a crime. (As the contents of an average mansion in this area tend to be worth many, many thousands of Imperial florins, the greedy keep on coming.)

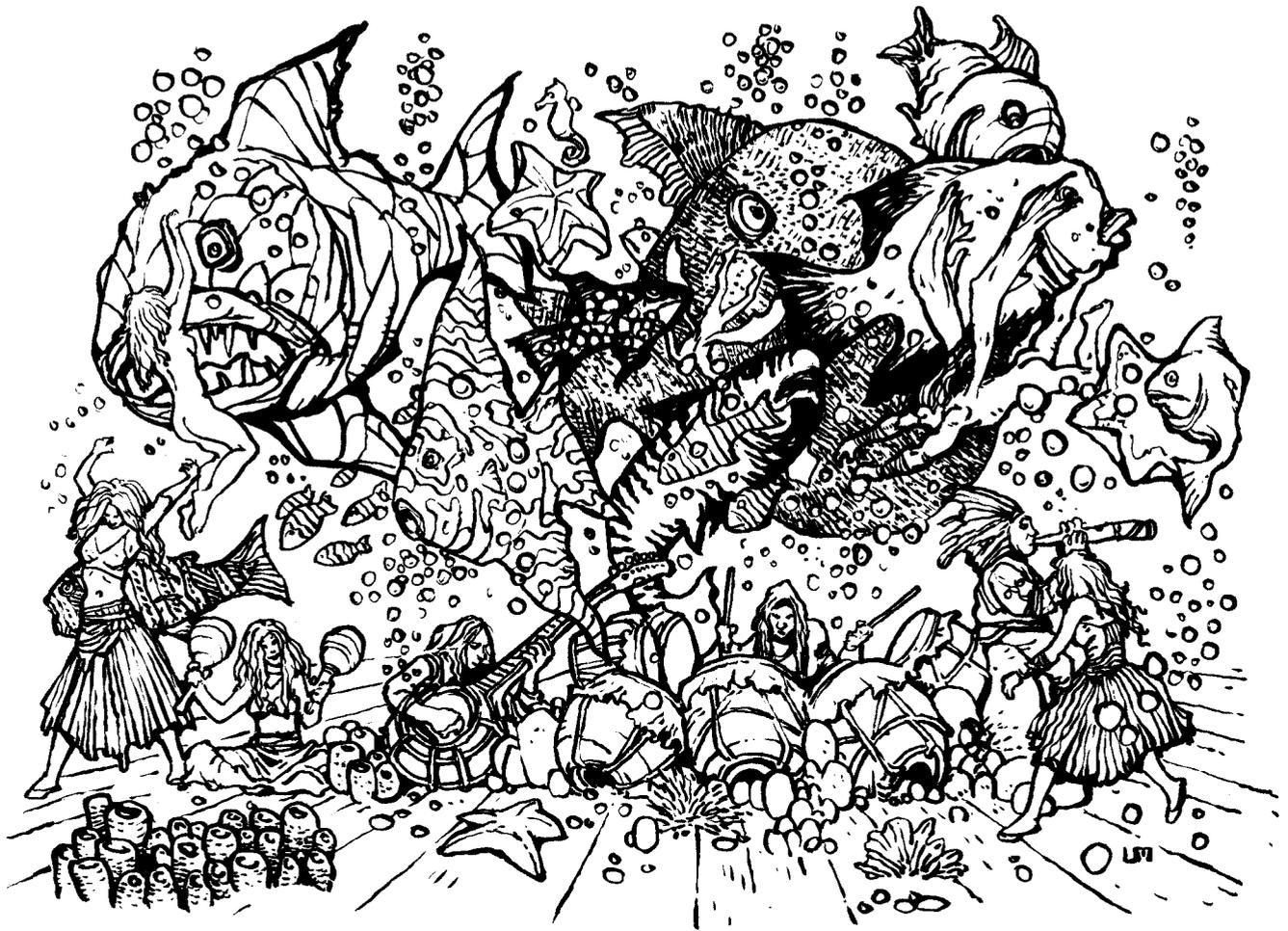
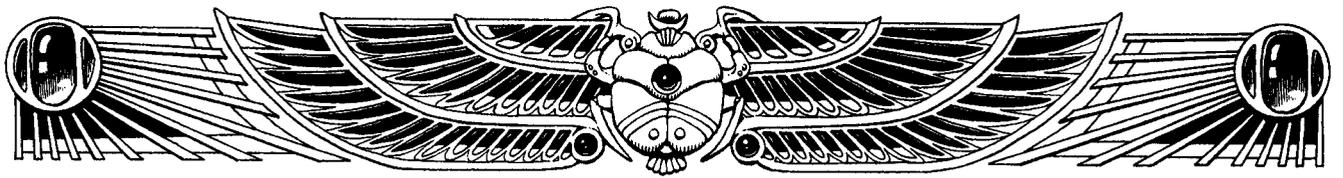
The heart of the Theran Quarter is clean, symmetrical, and orderly, with little individuality in its buildings. To have more than three or four statues in the garden, for example, is regarded as ostentatious and leads to a subtle social ostracism. Likewise, only a pair of jazirinthi birds, Indrisan peacocks or tamed (and chained!) Aruacanian pumas are regarded as acceptable external decor. Marble should be white or subtly veined—strong colors are frowned on. Only a small number of stained-glass windows—one above the front door and perhaps one in a tower or attic room—can be considered in acceptable taste. Small conservatories for growing tropical fruits are acceptable; domed internal gardens with trees and the like are viewed as excessive. There are as many subtle gradations of taste as there are buildings in the Theran Quarter.

The central area of the quarter also boasts some of the most splendid of Theran Vivane's artistic and creative venues. Any aesthetically minded adventurer coming to the Old City would be foolish to miss these delights.

THE RECITATORIUM

Located immediately adjacent to the Overgovernor's Palace, the unusual roof of this superb building first catches the viewer's eye. Made of gleaming mother-of-pearl, the roof looks like a set of huge shells nested inside each other. Outside the front entrance stand two fine glass fountains, enchanted to be as hard as steel, pouring crystal-clear blue water into ornamental pools filled with lazy fat carp and





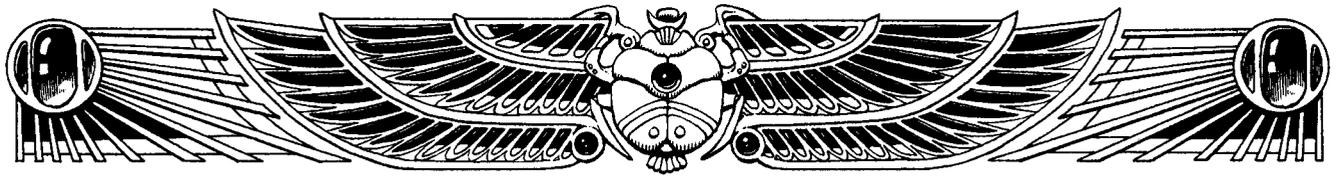
flowering lilies. After ascending the marbled stairs, the visitor finds himself in a huge foyer with more steps that descend to a set of three small basement chambers, passageways to two larger auditoriums, and grandly carpeted stairs ascending to the largest of all chambers, often called the Recitatorium.

This massive chamber can comfortably hold two thousand spectators and its stage can easily hold more than a hundred performers. The huge cotton and silk drapes that conceal the stage cost the city 62,000 Imperial florins and are embossed with elven murals of such loveliness as to make the finest tapestry-crafters of Blood Wood envious. The artists employ perfumes, scented oils, and illusions to enhance the pleasure of performances; at intermissions, the current craze is for whipped fruit syrup concoctions.

The resident troubadours, elementalists and illusionists of the Recitatorium worked together to enhance the already near-perfect acoustics of this mighty chamber. They created sets of aerial sculptures of various kinds that

amplify sound and may also move or change color according to the pitches, harmonics and decibel level of the performances. Audience members may thrill to the sight of crystalline birds swooping down from the vast heights of the dome, changing color from diamond-white to brilliant azure as a group of troubadours recites the classic *Heart of the Dove*, an epic tale of a dove's flight around the world (actually, around the nicer bits of the Theran Empire). One can sit and listen to a single elven troubadour or thrill to the two-hour epic *The Conquest of Marac*, complete with illusions of exploding airships, pitched battles, beastmasters with exotic and fabulous beasts on stage, the sweet trillings of twenty elven virgins, and flying mermen. Tickets to this performance are *very* expensive at 50 gold pieces for the least wonderful seats and up to 1,250 gold pieces for a six-person box (complete with gourmet dinner and unlimited sparkling wine, liqueurs, and stronger substances if desired). Pleasure slaves for the remainder of the night are extra.





The cost of visiting the Recitatorium depends on the scale of the performance. For listening in on a rehearsal of a dwarf male choir, a mere 10 copper pieces might suffice. The cost is likely to increase significantly for visitors to the fabled Glorious Harmony, the fine restaurant in the heart of the building. The Harmony's superb t'skrang cook, Hanlash'antera, prepares fresh fish in sauces so perfectly balanced, blended and reduced as to make the mouth not so much water as flood uncontrollably. The famous head waiter, the dwarf Dunglassed, is unfortunately fond of telling customers whose looks he doesn't like (and he has wildly irrational dislikes) about the alleged ingredients of the sauces. According to him, these include the most tender morsels that can be extracted from children, usually with great suffering. He is lying, of course, but his accounts are so vivid that he puts even the most insensitive patron off his food. The restaurant also serves meat dishes, but good manners dictates that patrons only order and eat the excessively special preparations (grilled puma tenderloin with caramelized onion and truffle roulade, or tenderized espara steaks with wild mushrooms, ozarabird paté, mustards and green vegetables, for example). The cost of a meal at the Glorious Harmony varies from 3 gold pieces (cheap-skate) to 5 gold pieces (reasonable) to 12 gold pieces (exquisite) per head. The waiters expect at least a 10 percent tip; any customer who fails to live up to those expectations should not return to the Glorious Harmony unless he or she wants food poisoning. Leaving 20 percent, and making sure the extra 10 percent goes to Dunglassed, is good manners. To leave more is ostentatious and will gain the diner a reputation for being an uncultured oaf with more money than sense or taste (and Dunglassed will be very insulting if the offender returns). Many of Vivane's richest and noblest eat at the Harmony; anyone not attired in fine clothing will be turned away by two enormous trolls who normally throw out the kitchen trash and heft furnishings around.

Performers at the Recitatorium include troubadours of note from around the Empire—favorites at festival times—and the Recitatorium's resident performers. The Director of the Recitatorium is an ork by the name of Grasnara Songhand. Raven-haired and surprisingly tall and slender, Grasnara is startlingly pretty for an ork. She enhances her looks by dressing exquisitely in black, silver and dark blue silks. She may not know a great deal about art, but she likes what she knows. Her aesthetic tastes are surprisingly free of prejudice, despite a certain understandable preference for classical Theran styles—lavish big productions, starker qualities in solo and small-group performances, classical lines and subjects when the Recitatorium puts on one of its periodic gallery shows of art from around the

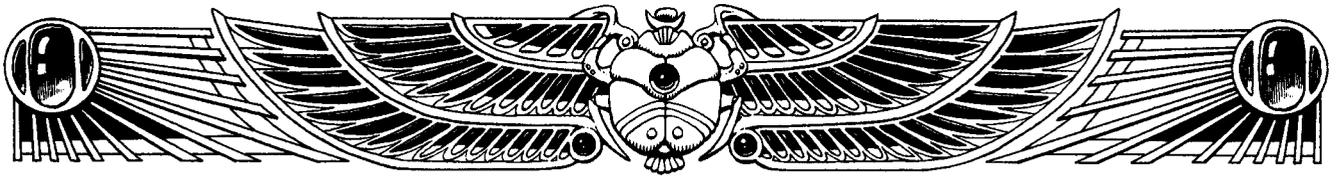
Empire. Grasnara is often ready to give an unknown troubadour a chance to perform in one of the small basement chambers, but she is surrounded by a tedious and narcissistic group of mostly elven troubadours and hangers-on who are extremely tiresome to deal with.

CONCERT HALL AND ARBORETUM

Not far from the Recitatorium is the Concert Hall, a graceful building surrounded by a fine arboretum. The arboretum has trestle benches and bowers scattered all over it, and the best efforts of Theran elementalists keep the temperature of the gentle breezes at a steady 85 degrees Fahrenheit. Tropical plants flourish in this garden spot, from simple palm trees to exotic orchids and the towering knot of Zimmien's Pedestals—huge pitcher-plant-like flora, named for their discoverer, which produce magnificent crimson flowers nearly three feet in height. Less exclusive and less expensive than the Recitatorium, the Concert Hall is more popular with non-noble Therans and Barsaivian city dwellers. Performances vary from mime to drama to troubadour ensembles, and ticket prices vary considerably depending on the event, ranging from as little as 1 silver piece to 10 gold pieces. Recitals are given in the arboretum as often as in the four main chambers of the Concert Hall. During indoor performances drinks are served afterward in the arboretum.

The recently appointed Director of the Concert Hall is a dramatic individual, the Maracian elf and Eighth Circle troubadour Taraq el'Shazirani. A striking-looking man, Taraq is copper-skinned and silver-haired, almost seven feet tall, and of slim and graceful build. He always wears a cinnamon-colored robe embroidered with silver and gold. His large, brown eyes and angular features make him a great favorite with noble females. The extraordinary artistic coup of bringing a group of Maracian performers to the Concert Hall to present their spectacular blend of piercing songs and astounding dance swiftly cemented Taraq's reputation. He is well traveled, with an extremely unusual background. Taraq is an ex-slave, bought by a Theran master living in Creana who thought so highly of him that he allowed Taraq to purchase his freedom. Subsequently, the elf earned the rare honor of Theran citizenship by saving the children of two noble families from death by drowning. Taraq does not mind his history being known, though he takes no perverse pride in it. He is much more reticent about recounting his travels in other lands, however, unless an empathetic elven troubadour should befriend him. If they work care-





fully to win his trust, adventurers might find this beautifully mannered and charismatic elf a valuable source of information about upper-crust Vivane and the Empire at large. He likes Grasnara, and rumors of a liaison between them persist to the present day.

THE HANGING ZIGGURATS

The Hanging Ziggurats greet the eyes as an impossibility. Spreading out from a stepped pyramid, the gardens and bowers of the Ziggurats hang apparently unsupported in empty space, a glorious riot of color with their rich green cocoons of grass, multi-colored plants, and spreading willow-like trees. Elementalists labored for four years to build these gravity-defying bowers, and the sight is a true wonder of the world.

The Ziggurats consist of eighty individual bowers, each with ample space for one person or a couple. A detachment of forty Eighth Legion soldiers, including a Fifth Circle elemental, patrol at the foot of the pyramid. Entering the gardens costs 5 gold pieces, but the patrol only allows visitors to enter if there is a vacant bower, and usually only if the person paying is a Theran. Non-Therans may be able to enter if they are well-known trustee Barsaivians or if they make a successful Bribery Test; for the latter, the price of entry is 7 gold pieces. Once inside, the visitor walks up the 120-foot-high pyramid and steps off—seemingly into mid-air—to cross to an empty bower. Once ensconced there, the visitor swiftly falls into a state of reverie, fantasy, or dream, enjoying all manner of pleasurable sensations. The more philosophical tend to find their minds cleared of confusion and wonderfully focused on a task in hand; the Ziggurats enhance whatever the lingerer most needs and wants to have enhanced. Typical visitors who curl up in the comfort of the Ziggurats either sleep or daydream, unaware of the passage of time, until dawn comes. The Ziggurats are not used during the day, for only in the hours of darkness can their subtle, insinuating magic lull the conscious mind.



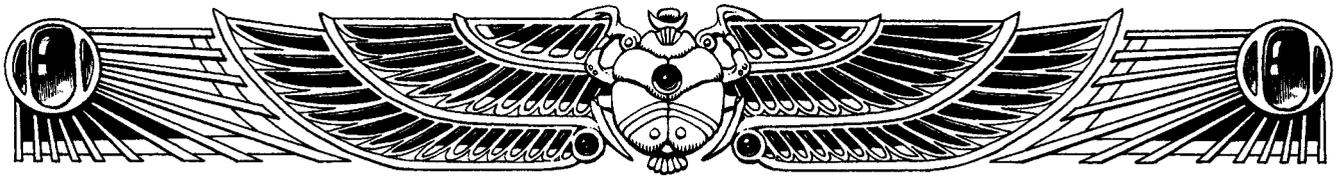
In game play, the gamemaster may allow an adventurer spending time in the Hanging Ziggurats to gain some inspirational clue or premonition regarding future events, thereby foreshadowing an adventure to come. Such clues should be germane without being too obvious. On the other hand, they should not be so riddle-like and obscure that they cannot be understood. In a dramatic conflict, for example, the adventurer may gain an Initiative Dice bonus to reflect that he received a forewarning.

In this way, the clue gained in the Ziggurats has some effect in game terms. The gamemaster should also convey the delight and otherworldly nature of the place. It takes a great deal of something to step off into thin air and trust that one will not fall scores of feet to an unpleasant splattered death. In the Ziggurats everything seems more alive. The stars gleam more brightly and warmly in the firmament; the scents of plants are sweeter and more pleasurable; even the touch of cotton or silk on one's own skin is more sensuous, more comforting. The Ziggurats are a delightful place, and the player characters should understand and experience their true wonder.

THE LITTLE BOWERS

Created by the same intrepid traveler who carried plants and seeds to create the Arboretum, the Little Bowers is an open park less clogged with flora than the grand Arboretum. The Watch patrols the Little Bowers regularly, as thieves and swindlers consider it a paradise full of naive newcomers to Vivane. The Little Bowers are a popular courting ground for non-noble Therans and those Barsaivians living in the Old City but also make a good place for after-dark liaisons with other purposes in mind. For anyone who wishes to meet another person in a public place to discuss some delicate matter without risking the dangers of a too-secluded spot, this park is the ideal location. During the day and just after dark, jugglers, street musicians, gruff Vagothians with trained dancing bears, Taleans with trained monkeys, street patterers, and sellers of disgustingly glutinous fruit syrups may waylay the unwary visitor and beg a copper or two, though true beggars are kept well away by the Theran Watch.





DOCKSIDE

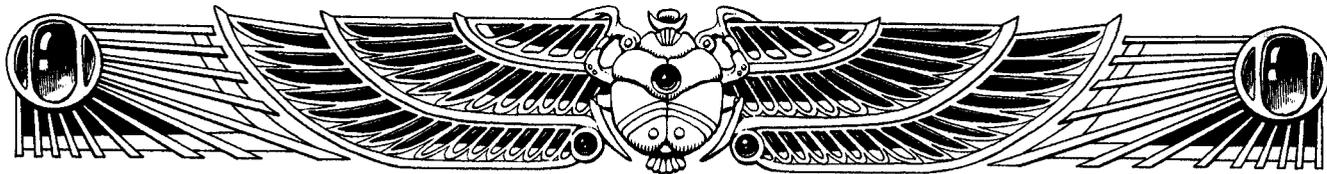


The area known as Dockside, home to the poorest of the Theran Quarter's residents, actually stretches well north from the shoreline of the Flamewalk River. While the Dockside's standard of living may seem like luxury to many of the truly wretched living outside the walls of the Old City, it is still low. A few Theras made destitute by fines or criminal prosecutions, denied inheritance, or the victims of ruinous personal expenditures live in Dockside along with large numbers of Barsaivians. Despite their penury, they feel no inclination to rebel against the residents of the Theran Quarter because they believe that life in Dockside, however difficult, is better than life outside the walls. Most Dockside's make a living as manual laborers, apprentices or semi-skilled assistants to the craftsmen of more prosperous areas. Those who hold down better jobs are instantly recognizable by their neater appearance and the quality of their homes.

Security in Dockside ranges from Fair to Nonexistent, except for the Treasury and the Imperial Prison (where security is Excellent). Most buildings in Dockside are only one story high; virtually all the houses are made of wood, and few have stone flooring. Roads in this district are often just paths, though cobbles have been laid on some streets and alleys. The streets would be covered in all manner of filth if not for the Fieldmen and their copper tokens, a weekly pittance that many families find necessary to survive. The extraordinary "crime" of excrement-stealing is not unknown, and desperate families often hoard their valuable (and stinking) stores in buckets beside their beds. Many families live in one-room houses without glass in the windows; other houses have no windows at all. In the warmer dry season, the interior of a Dockside house can be stifling (and the aroma one for the connoisseur, given the hoarding practice). A family of two adults with several brats, some domestic animals, and maybe a few old relatives into the bargain, may live, sleep, quarrel, and die in a single room. Day in and day out they breathe in the smoke that spirals up toward a hole in the roof from the fire over which decrepit pots and pans hang, cooking stews and soups of dubious ingredients. In certain parts of Dockside, anything that moves and cannot defend itself may well end up in a stew. Visitors are advised not to eat the concoction with pink tails hanging out of the pot. A family that owns a cow or goat is fortunate, for not only does such an animal provide milk, cheese and young, but its leavings add to the weekly copper count when the Fieldmen come along. Many families own a sheep (often kept on the roof) or a handful of chickens, and most have a mangy cur or a cat to keep vermin away. Such animals are highly prized as givers of milk, cheese, eggs or protection and families will fight to the death to protect what they own. In some ways, Dockside's regard these animals as family members in their own right.

Kinship bonds are strong and secure in Dockside. People ally with brothers, sisters, cousins and relatives through marriage to survive in a hostile world. People remember the debt they owe their parents for raising them when they were defenseless children, and so care for the elderly. Dockside's also have a strong sense of honor, especially dwarfs, orks and trolls. An insult to an individual is regarded as





an insult to his or her entire extended family. No one forgets a slight, and those who do not extract immediate vengeance will seek to do so at some later time.

For the cash-starved Theran adventurer, Dockside is the only part of the Theran Quarter in which to find a flophouse to lie in for a night. While these establishments are nowhere near as dangerous or decrepit as many in the Riverside Quarter, even the most foolhardy Theran would not set foot inside them after dark without substantial reinforcements. Lodgings in Dockside usually offer communal dormitories and little food. Among the lowly inhabitants of such an area, the visitor may find a revealing perspective on the down side of Theran life. However, even the poorest people in Dockside are much better off than the poor outside the Theran Quarter.

Dockside may seem an odd place to locate such an important department as the city Treasury, but history provides the explanation. The Treasury was built close to the river during Vivane's rapid expansion, and proximity to the South Barracks was the most important consideration in choosing its site. The windowless building has since become an island of security in a down-at-heel ocean of dilapidated buildings and even more dilapidated humanity. An entire division of the Eighth Legion is stationed at the Treasury, together with a dozen wizards and elementalists. The walls have a Spell Defense of 28 against magical attacks. Wagons convey Imperial coin to and from this building daily, flanked by a dozen cavalry outriders and a couple of magicians for good measure. The wagons themselves are said to be enchanted so that anyone attempting to open their doors will be burned to charcoal in an instant unless he carries one of the specially crafted and enchanted insignia of office belonging to Treasury servants. The coffers in which Imperial monies are conveyed carry traps consisting of venomous needle-bearing locks and hidden blades that can sever a hand, or worse. Because such precautions are well known, raids on the Treasury wagons remain rare events indeed.

Many Therans take advantage of the Treasury's overwhelming magical and physical security to safeguard their most valuable items, usually stored by city officials or by nobles who do not want to risk keeping these items in their own homes. The Treasury charges a steep fee for such private storage.



CITY WHARVES

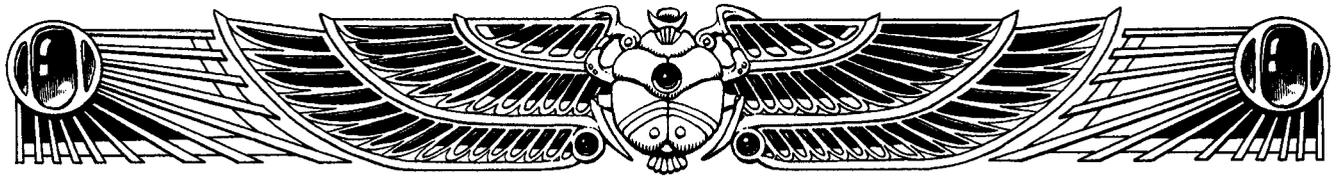
Trading ships arriving in Vivane can dock at any number of wharves, generally ramshackle structures of stilt-supported wooden walkways and platforms, which lie between the Flamewalk River and the wall of the Old City. Traders must off-load their goods and passengers outside the city so that all supplies and people may pass through the river gates, where soldiers can inspect and officials tax the goods and travelers. Soldiers patrol the wharves and walkways to keep the peace and ensure that the riffraff common to such areas does not infest the Theran Quarter. Most warehouses in Dockside are heavily guarded.

KAZNARTH'S EMPORIUM

A sprawling shop stocked with basic foodstuffs, simple utensils, and common gear and weapons, Kaznarth's is the one location in this particular area where copper tokens earned from the Fieldmen can be redeemed. Goods bought at the Emporium cost 20 percent more than standard prices. The clientele are indigenous inhabitants of the Dockside and the slaves or servants of better-off families living elsewhere in Vivane. Slaves and servants travel in small groups, lest opportunistic thieves ambush them and steal their copper tokens or purchases.

Goods can certainly be bought elsewhere for less, and buying anything in Kaznarth's with genuine coin may attract unwanted attention. Nonetheless, adventur-





ers will find that the store's owner is worth getting to know. Kaznarth is a Third Circle ork warrior, tough and scarred, with his left arm severed at the elbow. In place of the missing part-limb is a length of strong black wood ending in a wooden construct that looks like a cross between a lobster's claw and a spiked mace. Ork scorchers captured him in Barsaive years ago and hacked off his arm. At some point since that incident, Overgovernor Kypros issued a special permit making Kaznarth a Barsaivian trustee as a reward for his commitment to the Theran Empire and its ways—though no one knows for certain what specific deed brought the lowly shop owner to the Theran ruler's attention. Having spent time in Haven and Bartertown, Kaznarth may be a useful source of information regarding those places. The gamemaster may even choose for Kaznarth to know useful people in those cities and use those connections to further his adventure. Kaznarth is rarely sober, having a prodigious thirst for *hurlg*, but he is eagle-eyed and can spot a potential shoplifter at fifty yards. He lavishes affection on a scrawny mongrel, irreverently (or perhaps not so) named Kypros, and has a couple of treasure maps salted away for a rainy day. The gamemaster may determine the nature and usefulness of these maps to suit his adventure, but Kaznarth will want at least 50 gold pieces for each of them.

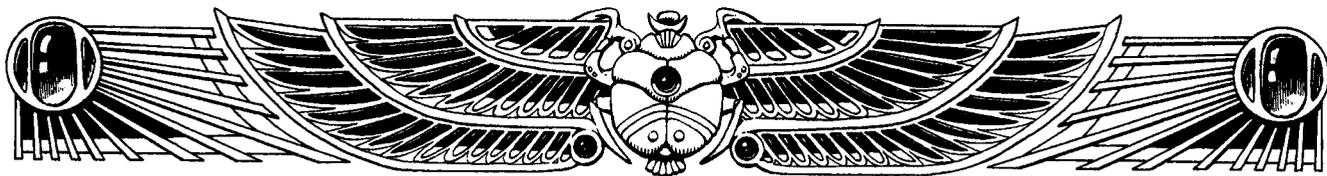
EMPORIUM OF LAMENTATION

The Emporium of Lamentation is the Old City's busiest funeral establishment. Rich nobles and tight-knit families of many races make their own funeral arrangements, but many families caught in middling living standards turn to the Emporium of Lamentations for an affordable funeral. A large city must also bury or otherwise dispose of its deceased poor, and the city's sheer size has forced Vivane's rulers to enact laws regarding burial locations. The city graveyards (see the Vivane City map) are used exclusively for burial, and the House of Works pays 25 gold pieces to any family that agrees to have a corpse cremated. The city always cremates unclaimed bodies—the destitute lying in the gutter, a victim of a bar brawl found floating down the river—at least, in theory.

The Emporium is run by a dozen trolls distantly connected to House Thaloss, clad in black robes edged with silver and dark blue. They usually wear tasseled black hats and carry silver-banded ebony walking sticks. They affect a somber air for professional reasons, but tend to be bleak-humored, hard drinkers by nature. "Dying's been in the family for centuries," they often say, without cracking a smile. The trolls are a fastidious lot, and always smell strongly of soap. They run the business together and share all the monies equally.

The Emporium sells crystal-topped caskets to those inclined to such funerary practices and will mummify or cremate the dear departed upon request. They keep fine black carriages and horses at Rakland's Smithy just north along the Grandwalk for funeral processions. Everything about them appears honest, dutiful and reassuringly free of levity. As certain unfortunate bereaved





townsfolk have discovered, however, anyone who fails to pay a premium of at least 50 percent above the Emporium's city-ordained fee may be in for a few unsettling surprises. Bodies delivered to them by these unlucky patrons tend to disappear from their graves shortly after burial. The Emporium trolls are fairly well-off, especially by Dockside standards, and it is whispered that nethermancers and wizards of dubious provenance from outside the city purchase cadavers or parts thereof from the trolls. In Sollus of the previous year, the infamous incident of the "zombie ship" cast considerable suspicion on the trolls; the vessel was apprehended twenty-two miles upriver with a cargo of twenty-five recently disinterred stiffs. The troll brothers have since approached their dubious side operations more carefully and discreetly. The trolls may be useful contacts for adventurers seeking information about unconventional nethermancers but the money must be good to get them to talk.

RAKLAND'S SMITHY

The human blacksmith Rakland Candriss maintains an excellent smithy with his sons Alkandair and Yerreb. The latter is a promising weaponsmith who hopes to gain employment at the Maracanium of the South Barracks. Weapons from Rakland's costs 20 percent more than normal, but the work is of exceptional quality. Rakland specializes in equipping horses, and his cousin Ralfanter makes fine saddles and harnesses. The Legions commission much of Rakland's work. His wife is of House Zanjan, and this dynastic marriage gives Rakland an in with the military. Rakland's sells swords, staves, light crossbows and bucklers, but no specialty items such as dwarf swords. Rakland does not make armor.

Because many travelers come to the smithy to have horses re-shod or to purchase saddles and harnesses to replace those worn down on the road, Rakland may serve as a repository of tales from many lands and many people. He is a charismatic and friendly man in his mid-forties, and though he has never set foot outside Vivane his fertile imagination allows him to talk as if he has been halfway around the world. One of his well-traveled customers gave him a macaw that can utter spectacularly obscene oaths in eight languages and specializes in invective against elves and dwarfs. Rakland apologizes for the creature's exceptional range of insults and says the bird does not know what it is saying, but few people believe that.

A helpful supplier of equipment, Rakland knows where to get superior weapons, armor and other items that his own smithy does not produce. He eagerly seeks oppor-

tunities to regale visitors with slightly embroidered tales of foreign lands, which makes him an excellent mouthpiece for a gamemaster who wants to give snippets of slightly distorted information to player characters.

THE PIT

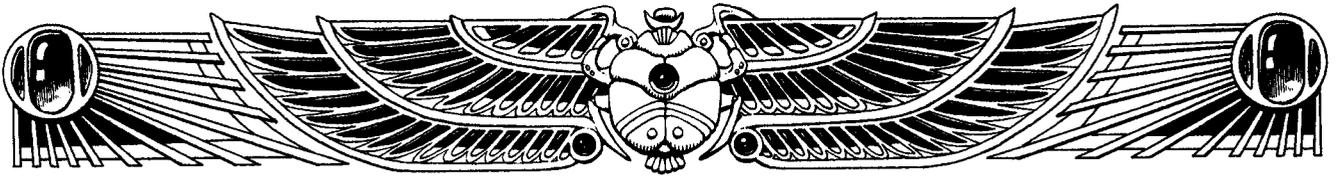
The Pit is an open-air ellipse of earth flanked by banked terraces of stone. In place of seats, the terraces sport a few rusty metal rails to separate the combative groups of spectators at the Pit's events. For the past six years the Pit has belonged to an ork who calls himself Darbeleezer, born and raised in the Riverside Quarter of Vivane. Darbeleezer gained infamy and a small fortune by traveling with fellow adventurers to the Caralkspur Mountains, finding treasure in a desolate kaer, then killing his fellows and taking all the loot for himself. He claims his Name comes from the Horror he slew single-handedly while exploring the kaer. Whether he has taken a Horror's Name to frighten people or for some less rational reason is unknown. Darbeleezer is paranoid and has a permanent tremor of the limbs, but that may simply stem from constantly looking over his shoulder to see if relatives or friends of his murdered companions have caught up with him at last. He arranges gladiator duels at the Pit for the entertainment of the Theran Quarter's more jaded residents.

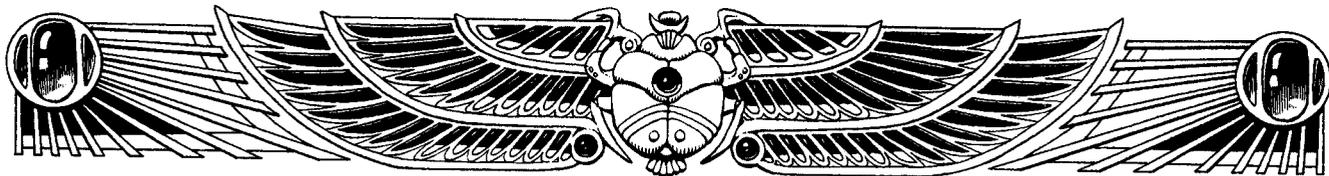
The Pit rarely lacks for contestants. Quite a few people are keen to take their chances fighting each other or dangerous animals for the prize money offered at each bout. Betting on the outcome of contests also represents big business, an opportunity rigidly controlled by three villainous orks believed to be distant relatives of Darbeleezer. These three will murder anyone trying to cut in on their turf. A certain number of contests are fixed, of course, to make sure the orks don't lose money. All four of them have become wealthy enough to extend their business further.

Contests at the Pit rarely end in death; a decent bloody wound or mutilation is usually enough to send the crowds home happy. The city rulers turn a blind eye to the fights, as the Pit allows depraved people to let off steam in a relatively harmless fashion. The official position says, better some desperate warrior come to the Pit and get sliced up than run around Vivane causing trouble. Some nobles look in from time to time to enjoy such sights as a hapless half-naked man getting savaged by a bear. Underlying the Pit's atmosphere of excitement and levity are the scents of blood, sweat, and vicarious rage and fear.

Darbeleezer has six "resident" gladiators, whom he looks after reasonably well and whose injuries he pays to heal. These six usually battle newcomers, and Darbeleezer







does not require them to fight fair. Herbal extracts and the drug *kokaila* are used to give them an edge in fighting; for the fights that involve really big stakes, Darbeleezer will even buy magical potions from his private sources. Looming tall above the other gladiators is Mottled Grog, a vast troll who smiles like a simpleton at his curious nickname—hardly surprising, as he has the mind of a three-year-old. Placid and gentle outside the ring, he is a veritable terror inside it. The crowds love Mottled Grog and yell his name for ages before he appears. Woe betide anyone who defeats the troll, for the crowd would likely rip the victor to pieces.

When paid to do so by jaded nobles, Darbeleezer stages more dangerous combats in the dungeon-like warrens beneath the Pit. These mortal fights often pit slaves against each other, and the remains of the loser are quietly sold to a nethermancer or similar dubious individual afterwards.

Theran adventurers in need of money while in the Old City can take their chances in the Pit. They may use no magic spells, potions, armor, or weapons. The prize purse varies from as little as 25 gold pieces to 100 for anyone crazy enough to take on Mottled Grog, though fighting Grog may well prove fatal, as the troll does not know when to stop. Most fights end when one combatant suffers a visible wound. On rare occasions, a fighter may lose an eye or suffer a maimed sword-arm.

CRAB LANE WARREN

On the eastern side of the city past the South Barracks, a maze of scruffy houses and drinking dens huddles between the Theran Quarter's eastern wall and Crab Lane. Security is Fair at best and often Nonexistent; the Watch does not care to patrol this area after dark, preferring to look down on it from a position of safety atop the city wall. Humans, dwarfs and orks make up most of Crab Lane Warren's population, and most of the properties belong to slumlords who prefer to rent out a dark room to a family of ten or more. Though most inhabitants are poor tradesmen, manual laborers or servants, thievery and begging are a way of life for many more, and some of the beggars who spread out across Dockside do not need to feign their afflictions. In recent months, the dwarf thief Drakkand Flechand has begun a reign of terror in this dismal neighborhood. Made rich by several daring raids on homes in the northern part of the Old City, the dwarf has hired hulking ork mercenaries and a troll. Making full use of their natural intimidation factor, he swaggers around the area assaulting anyone whose looks he does not like. He runs

two drinking dens in Crab Lane Warren for which the phrase "sink of depravity" is a shameless euphemism.

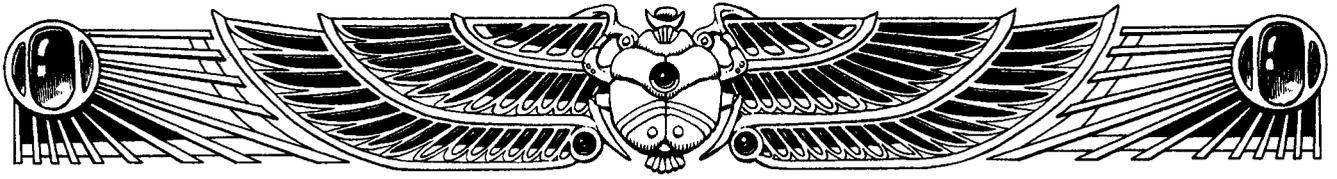
City officials prefer to forget the warren like dust swept into a corner, but the ever-present threat of diseases such as typhus, cholera and tuberculosis requires their attention. (The scourges of rickets and scurvy, not being contagious, they willingly leave untreated.) From time to time the Theran authorities dump vast quantities of liquid disinfectants and rat poisons on the area from airships, and once a year or so a well-armored division of the Legion wades in with war dogs trained to attack in wedge formation and root out and kill vermin (four- and two-legged, mostly the former). This latter event precipitates general mayhem on a scale usually seen only in the Broken Quarter.

DORAZARA'S HOUSE

An elderly female ork lives in this rundown, ramshackle house along with five cats. Dorazara has wrinkles in places most orks never get them, and she looks old enough to have been around when dragons woke on the earth. Dorazara can't get out of bed without first glugging down a pint of *hurlg*, and she smokes evil-smelling tobacco in an ancient, ivory-banded gloamoak pipe. Local folk believe Dorazara is a seer and they go to her with a copper piece, a scrap of food, or a bottle of ale and ask her to read their fortunes.

Most of the time, Dorazara either talks off the top of her head or makes up a convincing-sounding story from her acute observations of people. Every so often, however, she has a genuine precognitive vision. She puts on an extremely theatrical performance, complete with mystical patter about Passions and the spirits of all manner of mythic heroes, and so it is difficult to tell the true vision from the false ones. A listener must achieve a success on a Perception Test against a Difficulty Number of 14 to distinguish a genuine performance from Dorazara's usual act. The gamemaster determines when Dorazara comes up with something genuine, as the need suits his adventure. However, the ork's prediction should be important and reasonably specific. ("Ork scorchers wait for you at your destination: ten, perhaps a few more. A beastmaster is with them. They have set an ambush in a place ringed with blue-gray stones as tall as a troll.") Such detail will keep adventurers coming back to Dorazara for another reading, complete with crystal ball, Orbiting Spy spirits (p. 113, ED), yowling cats, the combined smells of cat urine and stale beer, and the villains waiting to beat the player characters senseless and steal everything they have.





COMMERCIAL DISTRICTS



he heart of commerce in Theran Vivane beats in the districts known as the Wedge, where markets and shops abound, and in the artisans' district of Southside. Open-air markets, dozens of shops both small and large, and neat artisans' workshops are the scene of constant bustle and activity. Though poorer dwellings exist in certain portions of these areas, most of the houses belong to affluent traders and craftsmen who wish to live near their shops.

The Vivane City map shows many shops of interest to the traveler that this section does not describe. The gamemaster may design the details of these establishments to suit his adventure or campaign.

THE WEDGE

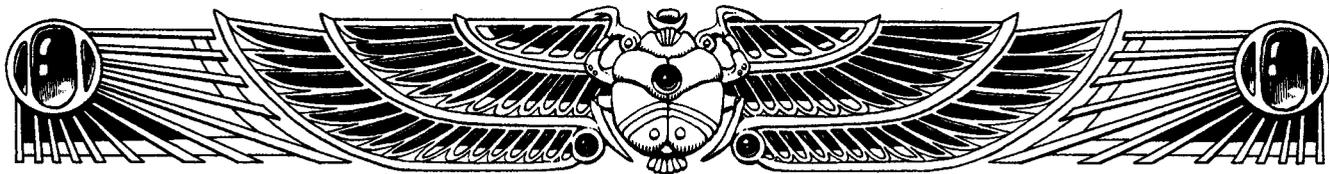
A triangle of land in the center of the Theran Quarter, the Wedge is defined by three large roads: the imposing Grandwalk, the Westwalk leading up from the West Gate, and Traitor's Walk—so called because blindfolded and gagged traitors are traditionally paraded along the length of this road on their way to the executioner at the South Barracks. Private homes take up about half this area, all reflecting the reasonable affluence of their owners. Many officers and lesser lights of House Zanzan maintain homes here, as do less affluent members of House Carinci. These houses gradually give way to small streets lined with stores of many kinds, and then into the open markets of the Theran Quarter. Most of the trading done in the Theran Quarter takes place in these markets; merchants travel to this place from many lands, and goods on sale range from the ordinary to the exotic.

THE OPEN MARKETS

The open markets contain a variety of merchant establishments, from open space dotted with hastily erected tents or trestle benches on which a merchant displays his wares to wooden booths with roofing and benches from which all goods are removed at the close of business each day. The most notable installation is a curious stone maze with many cul-de-sacs, in which one trader occupies each separate enclosed space and sells only one or a few items—*hurlg*, spices, children's toys (Indrisan humming tops are a current favorite), lengths of colored silk or cotton, tobacco leaf, and so on.

The open-air markets are colorful and lively, full of such distractions as food vendors whose small carts bear hot *kokaila* or whipped fruit syrups, dancers and troubadours performing for coppers, and the occasional lunatic prophesying the end of the world. The Watch drives beggars away, though not over-zealously, and the merchants themselves tend to pick up where the Watch leaves off. Security is Good in the marketplace, and only the smallest-scale merchants fail to be accompanied by at least one hefty bodyguard. Petty pickpocketing is rife, however; the open-air markets are favored by thieves working in pairs or threes to create diversions, hand off goods immediately after the theft, and other tricks of the trade.





A stall run by a Maracian dwarf named Akalab ka'Syrannan is known for its excellent hot and sweet drinks, and also as a meeting place for street thieves to exchange information and fence stolen goods. For a reasonable consideration, Akalab can direct an out-of-town thief toward a safe place to meet Vivanian thieves; as might be expected, practicing one's thieving skills in the city can be dangerous if resident thieves take exception to someone invading their territory.

In general, goods in the open markets can be had at standard prices and most goods other than armor, weapons, and magical items are easily obtained. The southernmost stalls mostly sell food, while those farther north offer fabrics, utensils, drinks, clothing, and less common items such as musical instruments, tools, whetstones and flints, skins and hides, and the like. The merchants who trade in these markets do not sell animals, which requires an expensive license beyond the means of most general traders. Shoppers interested in purchasing animals must travel across the city to the Eastern Quarter.

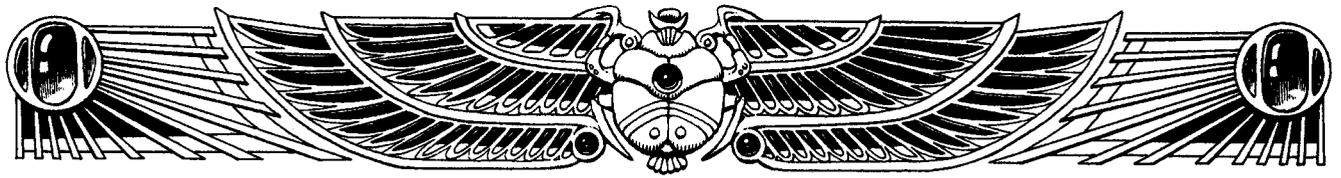
Theran merchants from all over the Empire sell wares in the Theran Quarter, usually traveling from one city to the next selling what they have brought and buying new stock to sell in the next place to which they travel. The gamemaster should feel free to invent for the player characters all kind of strange tales, foreign faces, traveling blood feuds, thievery, rackets and any number of other exotic and ordinary circumstances and situations based on the markets and the merchants.

Behind the open-air markets are many shops of varying size, each usually run by a single prosperous but non-noble family. Both Theran and Barsaivian traders sell from such shops here, though the Barsaivians rarely own the property; instead, they rent their shops from Theran nobles. Security is Good throughout. Goods cost about 10 percent more than normal, but the quality is above average and so worth the price. Barsaivian traders in particular take pride in what they produce and sell. Cheese makers, master bakers, candle makers, laundresses, small pawnshops, seal makers and suppliers of wax, inks, and paper—this is a fair representation of the kind of merchants who ply their trade in these streets: not grand artisans, but nevertheless skilled at what they do. This area also offers several small hostelries, taverns with rooms for a handful of visitors. Their fair costs attract many travelers, and they cater to the needs of adventurers and merchants alike. The hostelries table (p. 26) lists costs at three hostelries in or near the Wedge. The prices are per person including breakfast, except for communal rooms and suites. For communal lodgings, breakfast is 5 cp per persons more than three; the price for a suite remains the same regardless of the number of people sharing it. Rooms do not have baths, but each hostelry has a bath chamber. The Roseate has a pool chamber, and its suites have baths. A tin bath with hot water for a private room can be had at all three hostelries for 4 cp. Meals include two tankards of beer at midday and half a bottle of wine in the evening. The Rested Legs has three single and three double rooms, plus a communal room that sleeps six to eight. Dangranddin's has three double and two communal rooms; the latter each sleep four to six. The Roseate has three single and two double rooms, plus two suites that each sleep two to four.



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THREE FINE OLD CITY HOSTELRIES

	The Rested Legs	Dangranddin's	The Roseate
Costs			
Single, night	7 cp	8 cp	9 cp
Single, week	3 sp	35 cp	4 sp
Double, night	5 sp	6 cp	8 cp
Double, week	2 sp	25 cp	32 cp
Communal, night	3 cp	4 cp	NA
Suite, night	NA	NA	23 cp
Suite, week	NA	NA	1 gp
Valet, day/night	NA	NA	3 sp
Valet, week	NA	NA	1 gp
Good midday meal	5 cp	6 cp	8 cp
Good evening meal	7 cp	10 cp	15 cp

delicious in summer, and the jazirinthi birds were most magnificent in the gentle light of the setting sun. The owners, Syalanar and Rostallian, have friends at the Concert Hall and on the last day of each week, an elven troubadour performs quietly but beautifully during supper. Rooms are pleasantly fragranced, and magical jugs full of ever-hot water are a welcome convenience. Each of the suites has fine elven tapestries and thick Indrisan carpets in which one can snuggle one's toes with *delicious* abandon.

—Nuryanel, Elven Troubadour

Passions preserve us from elves!

—Graffito scrawled beneath this testimonial

The Rested Legs—A Testimonial

A fair-priced and clean place that any weary traveler should greet with open arms. The owner, Hashagak, is a widowed ork who keeps this place clean and spotless with help from her two young daughters. The window and door locks are stout and the place is quiet, so you get a good night's sleep. Can't say the food's anything but plain, but it's always fresh and there's plenty of it. "Ork portions," Hasagak calls them—except for trolls, who get "troll portions." The *hurlg* is made by her brother, who may hang around the place if anyone dubious turns up. The brew's good enough to have left me temporarily legless, and I'm a troll.

—Naval Lieutenant Ragsheen Loughhand of the Seventh Imperial Fleet

Dangranddin's—A Testimonial

Don't let the stuffed brithan heads at the foot of the stairs put you off—nor the owner, who is as tyrannical a dwarf matron as you'll ever meet until you get to know her better. Under her barking exterior, she has a heart as soft as cheese. Her only weakness is a loathing for drunkenness that leads her to water the beer and wine—a great pity. I ate three bowls of her excellent oxtail stew upon arrival, and considered myself fortunate to have found such a place.

—Ogrund the Fat, Ork Traveler and Raconteur

The Roseate—A Testimonial

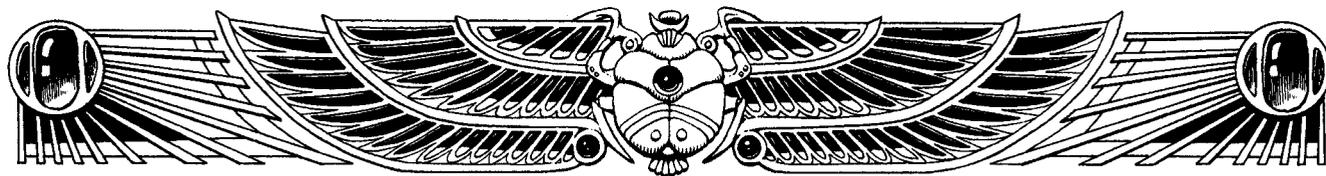
I delighted in the elegance and cleanliness of this lovely place. The flower garden at the back of the building is most

SOUTHSIDE ARTISANS' DISTRICT

Stretching west and north from the South Barracks, both along the riverbank and across the Westwalk, the Southside district begins with a few streets of small and somewhat shabby houses that soon give way to more spacious single-story dwellings. These are the houses and workshops of the Theran Quarter's artisans, mixed in with some larger homes and businesses belonging to middle-class families. Some artisans live in other parts of the city, but those who cluster in Southside see advantages in a convenient supply of materials, easy transport of goods to the nearby docks, and proximity to unskilled laborers from Dockside for hefting stone, wood, and the like. Security ranges from Good to Excellent as the artisans typically pay small funds to supplement the Watch patrols with their own mercenaries. Farther west, close to the West Gate, the homes of artisans who do not live in or above their workshops mingle with those of House Carinci's less prominent families. An affluent area, Southside is a hive of activity and exceptional craftsmanship. Goods bought from local artisans range in price from 10 to 30 percent higher than normal and quality ranges from average to exceptional.

This area has a distinctive feel, a cross between a university town and an artists' colony. The Theran notion of craftsmanship values an artisan whose learning extends beyond his immediate specialty, and so the Southside neighborhoods are full of highly educated people. Being able to read and





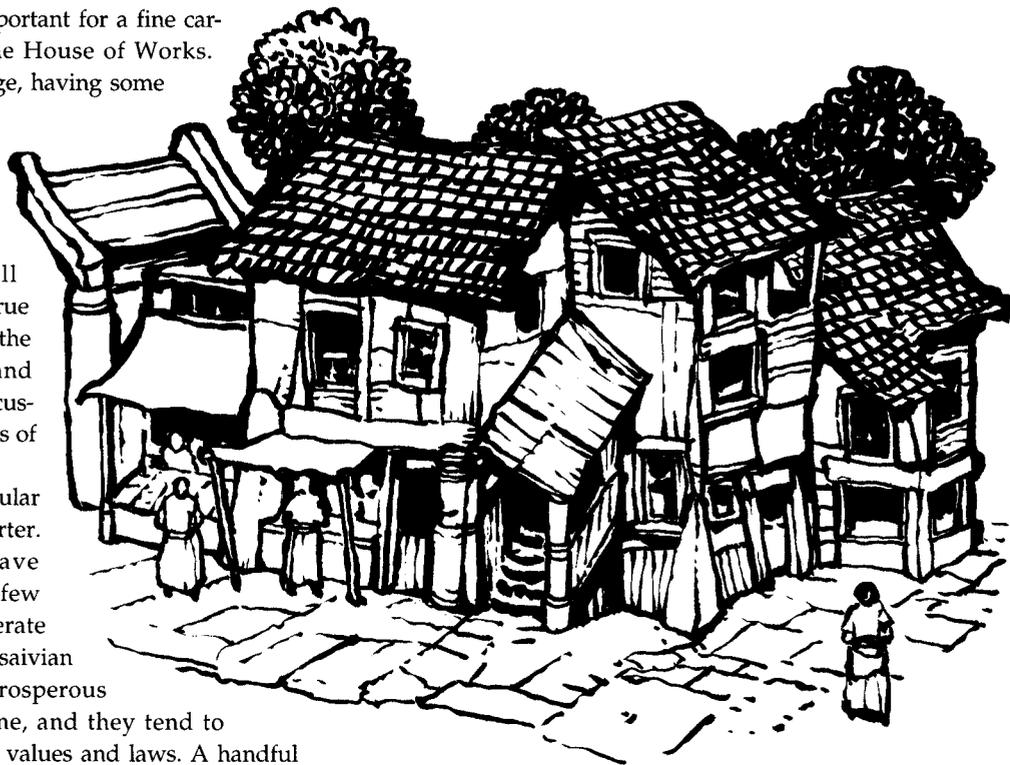
write is regarded as just as important for a fine carpenter as for any scribe of the House of Works. Speaking an additional language, having some knowledge of great literature or philosophy, having resided in some distant Imperial province and thereby acquiring knowledge of its people and culture, are all regarded as appropriate for a true artisan. This trait is reflected in the atmosphere of local taverns and hostelrys, in which excited discussions often go on about all kinds of scholarly ideas.

This district is also less insular than many in the Theran Quarter. Many of the artisans have Barsaivian apprentices and a few Barsaivians even rent and operate their own workshops. The Barsaivian artisans represent the most prosperous ordinary Barsaivians in Vivane, and they tend to identify strongly with Imperial values and laws. A handful of cross-cultural marriages have taken place in recent times, usually between impoverished daughters of lesser Theran families and young Barsaivian men whose fathers have accumulated a decent sum of money or (less likely) property.

Several city ordinances prohibit antisocial activities by the artisans, meaning unacceptably noisy work practices. An exception is made in the case of the river mill, as city officials deem it essential that the mill be located in the secure Old City. Such work as hide tanning, however, is prohibited—the stench of this process is awful, and given the right wind conditions the smell would waft clear across the Old City. For this reason, leather workers must buy pre-tanned leathers from the Tanneries in the Barsaivian part of the city (see p. 57 of the **Barsaivian Vivane** book). The ordinances force the artisans of Southside to deal with workers outside the Theran Quarter's walls, ensuring a steady flow of goods and labor between the Old City and the "barbarians" outside its gates.

T'SSISSKAR'S BOAT YARDS

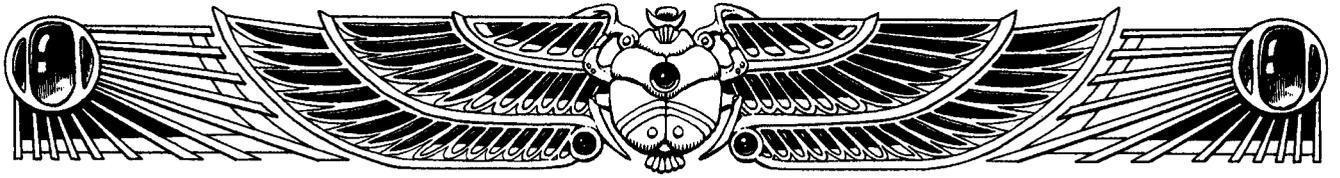
Like Barsaive's Serpent River, the Flamewalk River and its larger cousin the Danaba are both home to several t'skrang foundations and villages from which many of Vivane's artisans and craftsmen have come. Among the most notable of these is the master shipbuilder T'ssisskar, proprietor of T'ssisskar's Boatyards.



The extensive boat yards have the exclusive right to equip and refurbish river vessels owned and operated by the Eighth Legion. Because T'ssisskar is a powerful Carinci noble, Theran merchants make very sure their commissions also go to him. The t'skrang and his family—many siblings, cousins, nephews, and even more distant relations within his foundation—are deeply proud of their work, and T'ssisskar himself puts the finishing touches of elemental enchantments on the fine river craft built in his yards. T'ssisskar will build anything from a stout canoe to a caravel-like ship such as the magnificent *Waterglider* he completed for his cousin Rass'kalist several months ago. Three years in the building at a total cost of nearly 110,000 gold pieces, this superlative vessel conducts trade upriver and also down river into Rugaria. An object of interest to any self-respecting pirate, the *Waterglider* is armed with two swivel-mounted fire cannons, and its crew includes two Seventh Circle swordmasters and a Sixth Circle elemental.

Of the hundred and sixty boat yard workers, thirty are t'skrang of T'ssisskar's foundation, the rest are mostly unskilled or semi-skilled laborers. One notable exception is the sculptor, Tariskariz, a windling originally bought as a slave from Indrisa. Tariskariz puts the finishing touches on the prows of vessels and deals with the finer points of





paneling, decorating captain's cabins, and the like. Her work on the *Waterglider* must be seen to be believed. The ivory frieze in the captain's cabin took her eight months to complete and is a breathtaking work of art. So touched was T'ssisskar's heart by the quality of her work that he could not bear to keep the windling as a slave, and so he bought her freedom. She is not an Imperial citizen, however, and cannot legally leave Vivane. Though she could fly away, she is grateful to the t'skrang for paying the sizable sum for her freedom, and she knows nothing of Vivane Province. She grows homesick for Indrisa periodically, but T'ssisskar spoils her with gifts of Indrisan silks, spices, and foods from the markets. In the shipyards, she also has the chance to hone her skills with the finest materials and tools, an opportunity she would never have had back in Indrisa.

T'ssisskar also employs a small number of artisans not related to him who specialize in areas of shipbuilding of which the family knows little. They include a Theran ork sail-maker, a Barsaivian elf rope-maker who is also a skilled barrel-maker, and an eccentric one-eyed, bald Vasgothian dwarf nicknamed "Sticky Dumpling" who is an expert at making and applying tars, oils, resins and pitches.

The t'skrang at the boat yard know pretty much all there is to know about the Flamewalk River, the upriver settlements, and routes far down into Rugaria. They congregate after work at the Blackguard Duck, a boisterous tavern. The Duck is a good place to meet rivermen of many kinds without the risk of random violence one might encounter in Dockside. Visitors, however, would do well to read a primer of t'skrang tail etiquette before trying to ingratiate themselves with the Duck's customers.

RANCARDUS'S RIVER MILL

Rancardus Vilshane boasts that his family operated this river mill for a century prior to and even during the Scourge. The latter is unlikely, the former true. Overweight and spectacularly ugly, Rancardus is a friendly man who unfortunately suffers from body odor so awful that his customers give him a wide berth or deal only with his long-suffering servants and slaves. Vilshane hails from House Carinci, and has in practice an exclusive right to mill grain in the city. Two dilapidated old mills in the Dockside theoretically offer competition, but the flour they produce is only fit for feeding livestock or the poorer folk who live in that part of town. Rancardus's mill produces good-quality flour that goes into the bread of some of Vivane's finest eateries. Grain is conveyed to the mill by wagon or slave-

gang after unloading at the wharves and stored in the huge bins next to the mill itself. Grain-grinding goes on day and night, with many people coming and going at all hours. Rancardus's mill is a good place to meet many of the Theran Quarter's ordinary working folk.

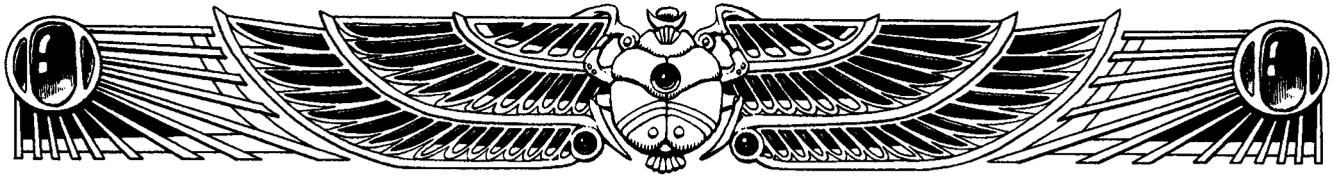
HERB GARDENS

At the junction of Westwalk and Traitor's Walk, devotees of the Passion Garlen maintain a clean, plain building of gray stone, named the Herb Gardens for the fine herb gardens surrounding it. Healers give their constant attention here to sick people among the artisans and middling prosperous citizens of the Old City. (The poor get help where they can, the rich go elsewhere for healing.) The excellent physicians at the Gardens have a fine library of books covering all manner of prescribed remedies from a score of different regions, and they cultivate medicinal herbs from many lands. The physicians also use magical potions, though they will not sell them. They direct any adventurers interested in buying such a potion to Culparn's (see p. 34). In an absolute emergency they may be willing to sell a Last Chance Salve, but at double the usual cost.

In game terms, a poisoned character who gets help at the Gardens before the poison actually takes effect adds +2 to his Toughness Step when making a Poison Resistance Test (p. 208, ED). Diseases should be treated as Debilitating Poisons with onset times varying by type; rabies is swift, typhus takes a week or so, tuberculosis can take months, leprosy still longer. As with poisons, quick treatment by the physicians increases a character's Toughness by +2. The effects of a disease should also be diminished if these healers are on hand to treat it.

No description of the pleasant and efficient Herb Gardens would be complete without mention of Old Gareek. This troll suffered a crippling disease as a child that left his legs withered and useless and confined him to an enchanted chair in which he can move around easily. At times the chair escapes Gareek's control and causes an accident, especially when the troll has had a bit too much to drink. Gareek is the Gardens' resident dentist, and he is exceptionally good when he has drunk just enough (the gamemaster determines just how much that is). He uses hypnosis as an anesthetic (treat as the Hypnotize Talent, pp. 108–109, ED). A willing patient may lower his Spell Defense per standard rules (p. 152, ED). To a resistant patient, Gareek offers copious quantities of brandy, always keeping the lion's share for himself. On a good day Gareek can extract the pain-giving tooth with a single yank, inflicting almost no pain at all. He also has the fortunate skill of





being able to staunch bleeding at once, though this effect only works with a hypnotized patient who has been ordered not to bleed. On a bad day, a visit to Gareek is a trip to a torture chamber.

Gareek has occasional minor attacks of hypomania in which he hurtles through the corridors of the hospital, a raving, chair-bound troll waving dental tools and reeking of brandy. It is best to get out of his way promptly.

In addition to the potential for comedy to be found in inflicting toothache on a player character and subjecting him to Gareek, the troll can play one other important role. Gareek possesses a treasure map that shows the correct jungle trail by which one can find the legendary Maze of the Gilded Giants north of Jarosleth (see p. 37 of the *Vivane Province* book). He does not know exactly what he possesses, though he knows it is a treasure map of some sort. He might let something slip when drunk enough, but persuading him to sell the map will take some doing.

CORIANUNDRUM'S HOUSE OF GOODS

Many Theran Quarter artisans dislike dealing with the public, especially having to haggle and bargain. The sprawling store known as Corianundrum's House of Goods provides the sometimes shy or introverted artisans with a haven in which to browse through goods in peace away from the crowds of the open markets. The dwarf Corianundrum himself, the striking-looking offspring of a Vivanian father and an Indrisan mother, presides over the establishment like a benevolent minor deity in resplendent waxed mustaches and a brilliant emerald-colored turban.

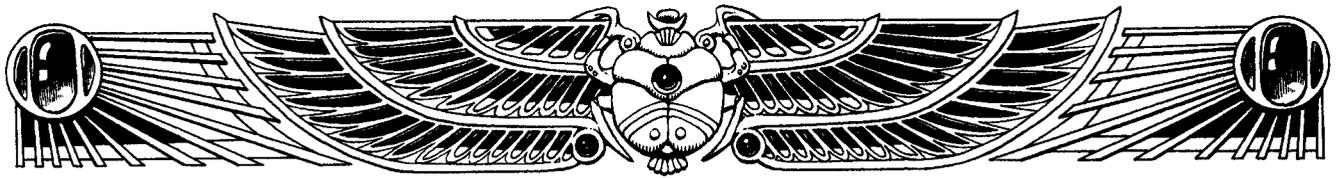
He can talk the hind legs off a donkey, and does an admirable job of selling the artisans' wares for them. Over the years his store has grown from a single-story shop into a four-story building (not counting the basements) stuffed with statuettes, cabinets, furniture of all kinds, glass, crystal, fine woods, spices, perfumes, oils, liniments, carpets, baskets, selected animals up to and including livestock the size of goats (constrictor snakes, trained mongooses and cats a specialty), and virtually anything listed in the Equipment section of the *Earthdawn* rulebook. Corianundrum even sells weapons and armor, but makes careful lists of all such sales. He reports the purchase of anything bigger than a dagger or belt knife to the House of Records. A customer buying a sword will likely go unnoticed by the overworked scribes, but anyone reported as tottering out with plate armor, a two-handed sword and a couple of bows can expect a visit from curious soldiers. Such large purchases can only be made if the buyer gives Corianundrum a place of residence,

plus proof that he or she is staying there.

Corianundrum wears a magical bracelet that gives him Spell Defense and Mystic Armor Ratings of 20, as well as a Social Defense of 16 against flattery, bribery and magical coercion. He does not care for attempts to deal with him anything but fairly and if sufficiently annoyed, he may call on his two troll guards. They wear hardened leather armor and heft vast spiked maces that do Step 7 damage.

Adventurers can buy almost anything at Corianundrum's except magical goods. One can easily get lost in its labyrinthine floors and trip over an Indrisan





snake charmer or inadvertently fall into a huge wicker basket full of ozarabird feathers. Goods cost about 10 percent more than normal, reflecting the capital Corianundrum must sink into maintaining stock and the availability of so many different items. The dwarf's fourteen assistants are experts in dealing with the items they sell, from ice hammers and boots for hill walking to exotic aromatic oils. ("This one will make men mad with passion the day before and after the full moon, madam, but at other times it will make them melancholic and prone to indigestion.")

Browsing also allows the visitor to see and perhaps encounter all manner of patrons, from other adventurers to the wealthiest Theran nobles. Maps of the main floors of Corianundrum's appear in the **Handouts** section at the end of this book.

DURAGLIM'S HOSTELRY

If the quieter charms of the previously described hostelries fail to excite the more boisterous traveler, Duraglim's is the place to go. This large tavern offers twelve single, six double and two communal rooms (see the **Duraglim's Hostelry** map, p. 44). Many adventurers stay here when in Vivane's Theran Quarter, and proprietor Duraglim has wisely paid a considerable sum for magical sound-damping so that a veritable riot inside his tavern (which happens from time to time) sounds like a quiet gathering of monks from the outside. Some of the more raffish elements of Vivanian noble society congregate at Duraglim's for glasses of rich, dark ale, and the large tavern chambers usually echo with arguments, cheering, oath-yelling and attempts by troubadours to make themselves heard above the din. Real scum get turned away by members of Duraglim's family. They are particularly muscular dwarfs with strong shoulders, and can use whips, nets and heavy clubs effectively if necessary. If matters get out of hand, Duraglim has a special defense courtesy of Culparn's Herbiary: he sprays the area with a specially prepared fluid that reacts with skin to create a glutinous, foul-smelling adhesive. Anyone affected by it is overcome by the stench and must reduce all their step numbers by -2. Fortunately, the substance does not react with inorganic materials, and so after the stinking horde has been ushered into the street, the tavern smells perfectly clean. The spray evaporates within a minute or so unless contact with skin turns it to glue. A sprayed victim will discover that the muck takes about six days to remove, during which time his or her step numbers remain reduced.

Rooms and meals at this hostelry cost the amounts listed in the **Earthdawn** rulebook (p. 266). In addition, this tavern makes a tidy profit out of the Vivanian passion for

gambling. All kinds of games go on in private gambling rooms, and worm and frog races are common in the main tavern. A well-trained frog in good condition can fetch up to 100 silver pieces, though many frogs are worn out after a mere few weeks of racing life by the artificial stimulants often administered to them. Many Vivanians, both Theran or Barsaivian, take their frog racing very, very seriously.

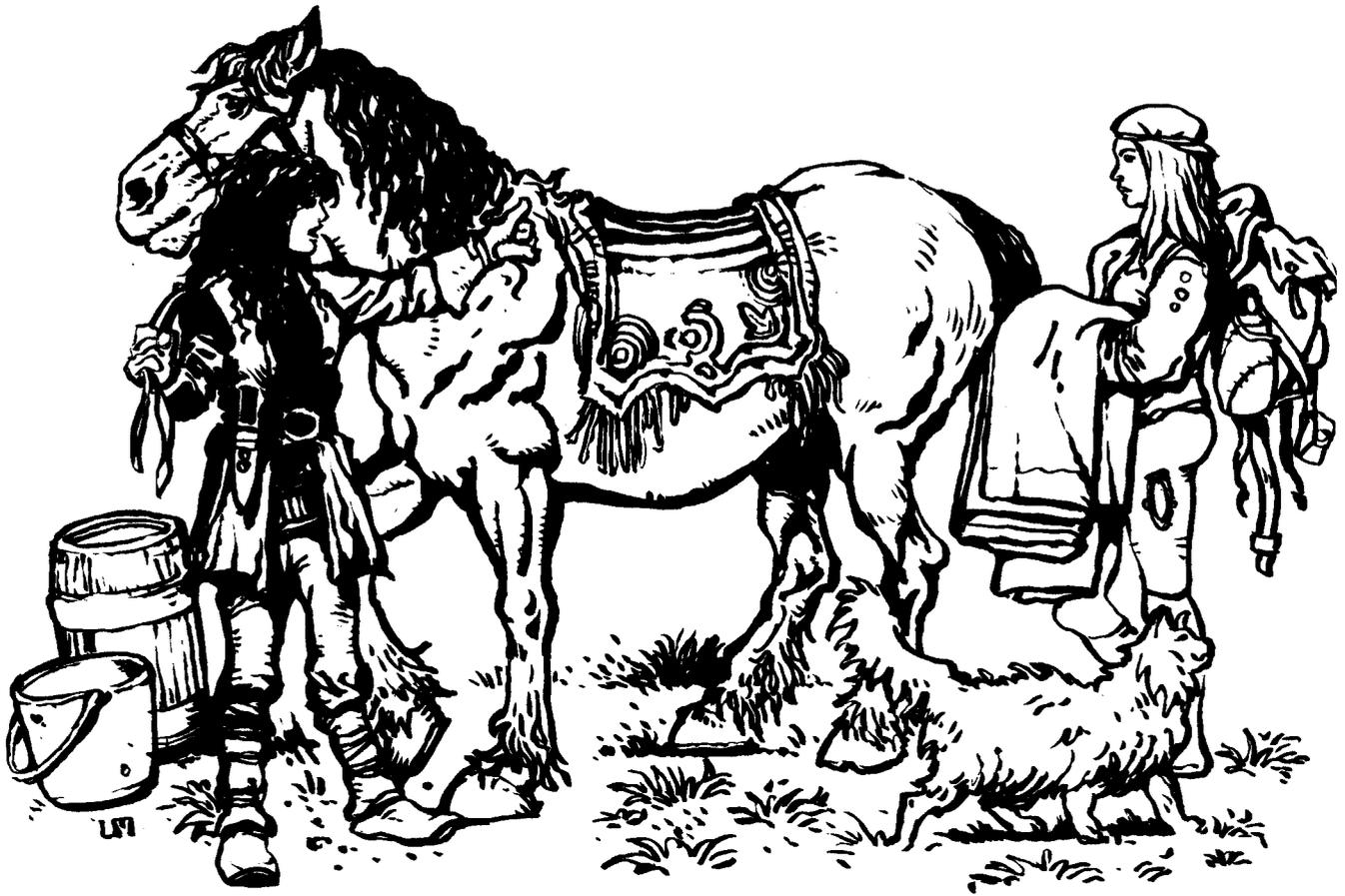
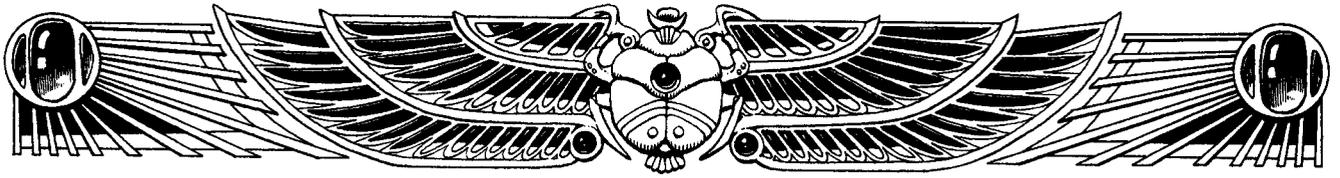
The beers and spirits served at Duraglim's are exceptional. The food is adequate (though the elven cook Sulakina would be greatly offended if told so). All in all, Duraglim's makes an excellent first port of call for adventurers.

SYRANITA'S PLACE

Close by Duraglim's, conveniently situated for the reveler who wishes to go on enjoying himself after he tires of the tavern, is Syranita's Place. Wealthy nobles patronize this salacious establishment by arranging for Syranita to send over an appropriate employee, though less self-indulgent and less wealthy individuals go to the house itself. Syranita's is a small mansion, carefully hidden from sight by tall trees and boasting several darkened paths leading to its doors. The establishment offers various services: massage, absurdly over-perfumed baths, anointing with oils reputed to have all manner of wondrous effects (usually aphrodisiac or enhancing certain physical attributes), intoxicating substances, and more obviously carnal pleasures. Costs vary depending on what services are ordered and from how many people. The gamemaster can improvise, but prices should be excessive. Its ornamental fountains, leopard-skin coverlets, silk sheets and the like should be enough to warn away most sensible people from visiting Syranita's, but newcomers with more libido than brains risk a dreadful fate.

Syranita is a Seventh Circle nethermancer, and both she and her staff can usually tell which visitors are strangers to Vivane. These patrons may be unpleasantly surprised to discover that the bedmate they are happily entwined with in the semi-darkness is recently deceased, enchanted into unwholesome life by an **Animate Spirit Object** spell. These unusual courtesans attempt to strangle the luckless customer at his or her point of maximum weakness. If the attempt succeeds (and many do), the customer's goods are sold to a fence and his or her body becomes fodder for Syranita's nethermantic experiments. Syranita does not risk the enormous legal trouble of victimizing her regular clientele this way; for them, she reserves an expensive and depressingly predictable litany of carnal depravities.





THE ZOOTORIUM

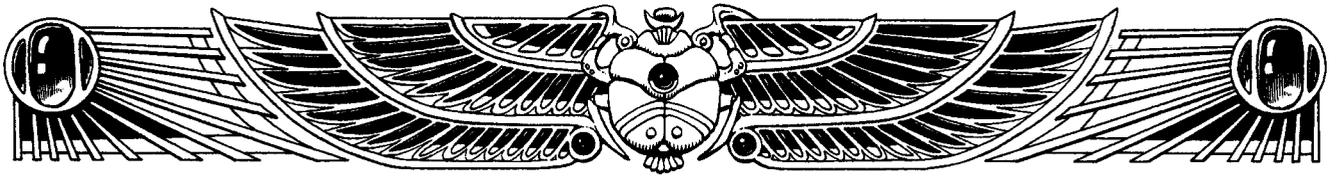
Just north along the Westwalk stands the Zootorium, owned and operated by Finallagreek the Red. Finallagreek is a striking female ork with wavy auburn hair and symmetrical port-wine birthmarks on both cheeks that seem to enhance her chiseled features. The Zootorium gets part of its funding from the city, the rest from a limited number of animal sales. Adventurers can buy mounts, beasts of burden, and rarer items such as trained hunting hawks at the Zootorium if they are willing to pay at least 20 percent higher than standard prices. All the animals are in excellent condition. In particular, the trained falcons are highly prized and very valuable, worth at least three or four times as much as a well-trained horse. As a Sixth Circle beastmaster, Finallagreek is expert at assessing the health and age of animals of all kinds and ensures that the animals at the Zootorium are healthy and strong. Finallagreek also buys small quantities of harness and riding equipment from Rakland's Smithy (see p. 21), which she often sells with mounts as a package deal. However, she adds 10 percent to Rakland's

base prices, so it is cheaper to buy harness separately from animals. Among domestic animals, Finallagreek keeps only hardy hill goats.

Zootorium exhibits are of reasonable quality, with the expected range of specimens from around the world. The great cats are the prize exhibits, but the flock of Emperor penguins on an icy, rocky shoreline are also popular. Rather than cages or bars, the animals are separated from the public by invisible barriers of elemental air. Fascinated visitors can press their faces unbelievably close to a tiger or lion or other caged animal without fearing harm. Exotic flora also abound at the Zootorium and the temperature is magically maintained to preserve their natural habitats.

The Zootorium is more than an exotic side show. The Therans in Vivane, as well as others who admire the Empire, see the Zootorium as a reminder of Imperial glory. The sight of animals from all around the world, brought to Vivane by intrepid airship explorers, emphasizes the all-embracing, world-spanning nature of the Theran Empire.





NORTHSIDE



The Northside district lies in the northwest corner of the Theran Quarter, an area of gracious buildings and clean, spacious roads. The grandest mansions and villas stand in Northside, together with fancy workshops belonging to the very best of the city's artisans. Most noble residents of this district are from Houses Carinci and Medari, though a few excessively rich nobles of other Houses also live in the area. The artisans of Northside differ from those in the Southside district by virtue of greater skill; they generally work only on commission, and everything they make is individually crafted. Jewelers and gem-cutters, tapestry-makers, importers of superb carpets from Indrisa and Creana, expert animal trainers, booksellers, perfumers, and experts in scholarly fields both mundane and arcane live in Northside. Many of Northside's resident scholars act as tutors to the children of the rich and also earn money as consultants to city officials.

Hostelries and shops in this area are exclusive and expensive. Some of the best known are described in this section, along with the most famed artisans' establishments and some well-known landmarks. The only exception to the quiet grandeur and grace of Northside is the slave market, whose unfortunate merchandise sounds a discordant note of misery.

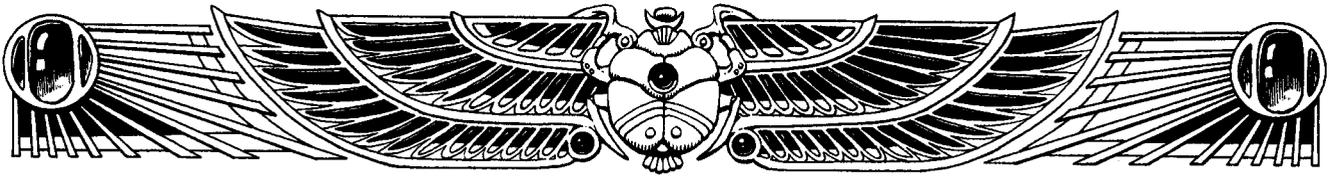
THE SLAVEYARDS

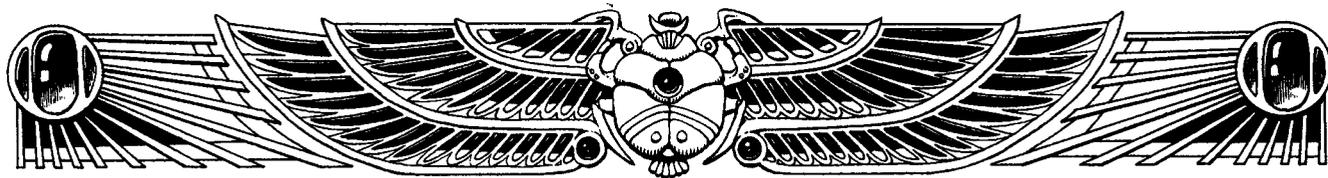
Built adjacent to the quarter's North Gate for security reasons, the Slaveyards are patrolled by hulking troll warriors clad in plate armor and a gaggle of the legendary Eunuch Dwarfs of Creana. Slaves arrive at the North Gate, usually from the pens by the Sunrise Gate in the Eastern Quarter or from across the West Gate bridge after a forced march from Sky Point. On arrival at the Slaveyards they are tossed into holding cells and kept there until sold. Selling takes place on the last day of each week, with anywhere from twenty to forty slaves usually available. This number tends to increase along with demand during festivals, and whenever the mortality rate of slaves goes up.

The auctioneer, Prosparra Malanth, is an unpleasant minor noble of House Medari who virtually oozes slime. He has developed perfect patter over the years, and has been known to describe the most disease-ridden starveling slave as having an "excellent economy of build and the prospect of swift improvement if given the enlightened care that all right-thinking Therans take as our cardinal virtue." The cost of slaves varies widely. An unskilled, young adult human in moderate health might fetch fifty gold pieces, a strong and well-nourished adult troll two hundred, and an exceptionally beautiful and knowledgeable *jaraleh* five thousand or more. In addition to public auctions, slaves are also sold privately, and Malanth frequently tips off favored customers about new slaves with special skills or abilities that raise them above the norm.

Characters intending to buy slaves with the intention of freeing them should know that such action is so difficult it might as well be illegal. Purchase of a slave's freedom is extremely expensive, usually at least ten times the cost of the slave. In







addition, the buyer must prove to the Overgovernor's satisfaction that the slave is trustworthy and has performed some action or service of an exceptional nature for the Empire. Slaves cannot leave the Theran Quarter without a pass or permit, which are only granted to freed slaves or to Theran purchasers who submit an official application to take their newly bought slaves to some other Theran settlement. Therans regard slavery as part and parcel of their society, and see no shame in it. Most Barsaivians in Vivane remain quiet on the subject. Those who object to it on moral grounds have learned not to do so in public, and certainly not within the walls of the Old City. Buying slaves in order to free them is far easier in Vrontok (see the **Vivane Province** book, p. 16). An adventurer purchasing slaves there is expected to ship them out of town, and any group of adventurers may lose their new purchases to "bandits" along the road. In both Vivane and Vrontok, however, openly stating one's intention to free slaves is punishable by a stiff fine.

GOVERNOR'S HOSTELRY

This exceptional hostelry acquired its name after First Governor Silesazanius slept in it on a visit to Vivane (and the place has a plaque to prove it). Rooms and services at the Governor's Hostelry are five times the prices in the **Earthdawn** rulebook, but the high price buys real luxury. Double rooms and four-person suites are available—no singles, and certainly nothing as low-class as communal sleeping rooms. The snobbish elven family that runs the place shows a subtle bias against trolls, orks and dwarfs—simply because these particular elves consider them ugly. Theran adventurers must appear clearly well-to-do to be allowed in. To be accepted as guests on a first visit, they must achieve a Good success in an Interaction Test against the proprietor's Social Defense of 14. Barsaivian and other adventurers must carry a written recommendation from a friend or close acquaintance of the proprietors or achieve an Excellent success in an Interaction Test against the proprietor's Social Defense of 14. Rooms at the Governor's Halls are beautifully appointed, with statues, tapestries and artwork from around the world. They also have private baths, in which fresh vials of scent and baskets of fruit are placed each day along with clean linen. Personal valet service is available at double the normal cost.

The Governor's Hostelry is the best place for adventurers to meet important out-of-town personages and politically powerful citizens of Vivane. Any of these may be dining and drinking in the hostelry's two quiet bars or

restaurants. In the event of trouble, Legion soldiers arrive on the scene within 1 to 4 Combat Rounds. The hostelry's handyman also acts as security—a gigantic troll and a Seventh Circle warrior, he bears a huge club said to be covered in obsidian skin and studded with fragments of enchanted demiwraith bones. This weapon has a base Damage Step of 7; anyone struck by it suffers a bleeding Wound (p. 117, **Earthdawn Companion**).

CULPARN'S HERBIARY

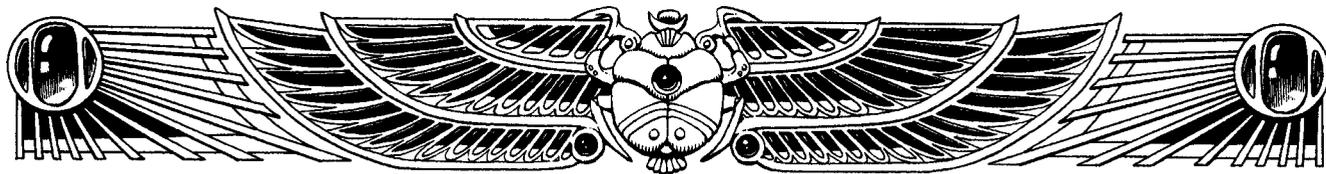
This modest-sized, green-painted store set back from the Grandwalk belongs to Shib'assera, a rebellious and sarcastic female t'skrang connected to House Narlanth. The store always smells wonderful, with gentle trails of cinnamon, oleanwood and frankincense drifting through the air. Shib'assera is assisted by a hunchbacked dwarf, Molendar, who is even more sarcastic and rude than his mistress. Shib'assera does not tolerate fools gladly, but Molendar doesn't tolerate them at all. Customers must hold their tempers and keep a civil tongue in their heads no matter what the provocation, for Shib'assera has many friends among her fellow Narlanth House members and it is always unwise to offend the magically powerful.

Culparn's supplies aromatic oils, preservative oils that can keep food edible for up to a week in jungle conditions or up to a month elsewhere, and magical potions of all kinds. Magical potions usually cost 20 percent more than normal. Shib'assera also creates her own potions (and guards her recipes fiercely), which have almost-magical effects even though she uses no enchantment in their creation. Shib'assera's concoctions offer the gamemaster an opportunity to develop and introduce new potions into his game, though most of these should be a little weaker and slightly cheaper than those described in the **Earthdawn** rulebook. Shib'assera also provides an excellent adventure hook: she is always in the market for ingredients for her potions, and so she might commission adventurers to find such ingredients in the wild lands surrounding Vivane. She may also be willing to pay the player characters for unusual organic substances they find in their travels. The following potions give a fair representation of Shib'assera's most popular concoctions.

MIDNIGHT OIL

A single drop of midnight oil applied to each eye doubles the user's range of vision (p. 215, **ED**). This oil even allows the viewer to see as far as ten yards in pitch darkness, but it does not counter magical obstructions to vision. This oil reduces the difficulty numbers of users'





Perception Tests by 1, as long as the test is based on vision. A flask of this oil costs 125 silver pieces and contains twenty drops—enough for ten applications. One application lasts anywhere from 45 to 60 minutes, at the gamemaster's discretion.

POTION OF WEAKHEALING

This potion costs 100 silver pieces and acts like a standard Potion of Healing, except that it increases a character's Toughness Step for a Recovery Test by 4 instead of 8.

OIL OF ASTRAL SIGHT

A character with astral sensitive sight who applies this oil to his eyes increases the range of his astral sight to a number of yards equal to his astral sight rank times 15. At a range in yards equal to his astral sight rank times 20, the sensitive viewer can see anything approaching, though he cannot discern details. A small vial of this oil costs 10 gold pieces and contains enough for five applications, each of which lasts for 10 minutes. The oil is cloudy, however, and hinders non-astral sight so that normal visual ranges are reduced by half and difficulty numbers for visually based Perception Tests increase by 2.

TINCTURE OF WAKEFULNESS

This potion allows a character to move for up to 36 hours straight at his or her maximum rate, without food or sleep. In fact, the user is too hyper-alert to sleep during this period. The tincture reduces the difficulty numbers for all Perception Tests by 1. It also speeds up the user's reflexes, increasing his or her Dexterity step by 1. When the tincture's effects wear off, the character must sleep for 18 hours. Such a character has a 15-minute "grace period" in which to find a safe spot; when that time is up, he or she keels over unconscious. This tincture costs 10 gold pieces per dose.

STONE OIL

Shib'assera is reticent about where this concoction comes from, for good reason. She will not sell it to obsidimen or anyone known to be friendly with them. A flask of stone oil must be applied to the user's entire naked body, which takes 5 Combat Rounds. For 16 hours afterward, the individual's skin becomes as stone-like as an obsidiman's, granting the user a bonus of +3 to his Physical Armor Rating and Wound Threshold. This effect is not cumulative with any armor or other magical bonuses to either characteristic. The oil does not work on obsidimen. A flask of stone oil costs 20 gold pieces.

HAMMERTAIL OIL

A t'skrang specialty, this oil applied to a t'skrang's tail makes it as hard as stone and turns it into a formidable weapon, increasing the Damage Step of a tail attack to STR + 7 steps. A flask of this oil contains one dose and costs 60 silver pieces; the effects last for 1 hour. The oil does not work for any other race.

WIZARD DUST

This rare and expensive dust is said to be prepared from the bones of wizards and other magicians. A pinch of it costs 80 silver pieces, and when flung into the air disperses over a five-foot radius. All creatures in the affected area that are allied with the dust-thrower gain a bonus of +4 to their Spell Defense and Mystic Armor Rating for 6 Combat Rounds.

WIZARD'S MARROW

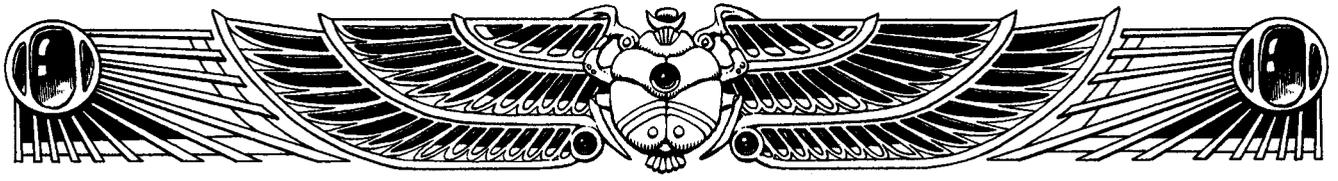
Supposedly obtained from the same source as wizard dust, this thick, gelatinous extract costs 40 silver pieces per one-ounce dose. For 1 hour after swallowing the goo, the user reduces by half (rounding fractions down, to a minimum of 1) the Strain he normally experiences as a result of using certain talents and taking certain actions.

IPALANEN'S CARVERY

This building's curved dome contrasts with the colonnaded buildings around it. Ipalanen's workshop is built around a wide-open space with few interior walls, and the whitened sandstone used to construct it gives the building the appearance of being made of light. Ipalanen of House Narlanth is an elven Fifth Circle illusionist as well as a fine carver of wood and soft stone, and he oversees a group of wayward, temperamental, but brilliant artists and craftsmen. Soft-spoken and diplomatic, Ipalanen is also well organized and a good businessman. A walker of the Path of the Scholar (see *Denizens of Earthdawn*, Vol. 1, p. 14), Ipalanen is also a learned art historian. Should adventurers find some magical treasure that is also a work of art, Ipalanen may well know something of it and be able to provide clues toward its key knowledges or other such information.

Ipalanen's artists work in stone, metal, crystal or wood, and they produce artifacts varying from the good to the exceptional. Like many artists, they are pampered, narcissistic, and easy to win over with flattery. Ipalanen looks after them almost like a father. He keeps an especially sharp eye on Selenika, a neurotic female blood elf with a blazing talent for fine crystal work and an addictive per-





sonality. Selenika loves strong drink and gambling too much for her own good, and Ipalanen worries that she may one day return to Blood Wood and suffer some mishap. The gamemaster is encouraged to give this neurotic community of artistic souls a variety of backgrounds, histories, tales and adventure hooks.

GARUSDDIN'S BOOKSTORE

The ork Garusddin is the son of a Vivanian mother and a father from the faraway Imperial city of Karnand. Dark-skinned, tall and lean for an ork, and afflicted with a recurring disease with much the same symptoms as malaria, Garusddin is a respected scholar and linguist. His father recovered a fine haul of old gold and jewelry from one of the uppermost burial complexes beneath the multi-colored sands of Karnand, and Garusddin has used the money to buy and stock his beloved bookstore. In addition to books he sells paper, vellum, inks and writing implements, but he loves the books best. Purchasing a pre-Scourge tome fills him with delight. He cradles such a book to his chest as a proud father might hold a child. He knows every book in his shop, all three thousand volumes (not including duplicates). He has less time for his own translation work than he would like; it has taken him a year to get halfway through the Narlandian classic *Dawn of Dragons*, and he is impatient to complete this work.

Garusddin's half-brother Yaragend, a skilled cartographer, makes the fine maps on sale in the store. Adventurers in the Theran Quarter who want a city map or one of Vivane Province can find the best ones at Garusddin's for five silver pieces (the **Handouts** section at the end of this book provides a copy of both a city and province map). Garusddin's shop is three stories high with vast basements full of books and other stock and is enchanted to resist both damp and fire. The enchantments extinguish most

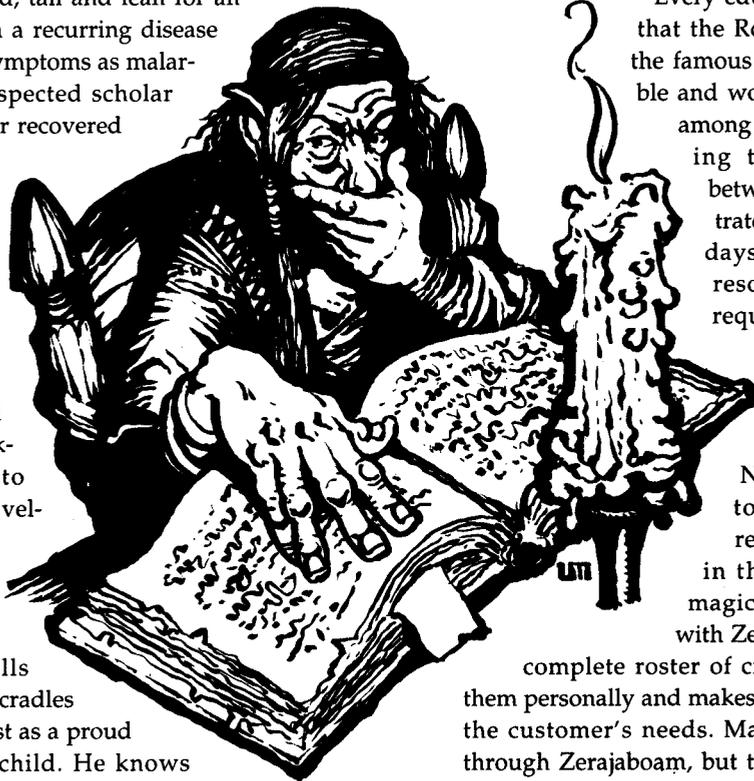
mundane and magical fires within 5 rounds. Many of the Old City's studious and eccentric folk have made the bookstore their favorite haunt, and adventurers cannot avoid bumping into interesting people at Garusddin's. The store also makes an ideal site for player characters to discover and/or purchase treasure maps and scraps of scrolls bearing exotic and implausible tales that will send them off on exciting adventures.

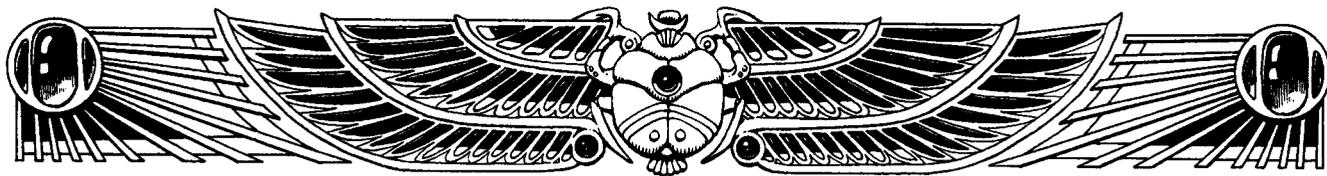
THE ROUNDHOUSE

Every educated Old City dweller knows that the Roundhouse is the residence of the famous wizard Zerajaboam. This affable and worldly man plays a pivotal role among the city's magicians by arranging the details of all contracts between them and the city administrators. An old ordinance from the days when magicians were a key resource in time of war or siege requires all resident magicians to notify the House of Records of where they live and what talents and magical skills they possess. House Narlanth has the exclusive rights to city contracts for so-called retained magicians, and anyone in the city wishing to employ a magician for any reason must deal with Zerajaboam. He has a copy of the

complete roster of city magicians, knows most of them personally and makes recommendations according to the customer's needs. Magicians do not have to work through Zerajaboam, but those who don't find that their spells and enchantments tend to go wrong. They may receive a "friendly" visit from Zerajaboam, usually followed by an invitation to tea where he and a dozen or so other heavy-duty magicians talk at length about the advantages of the contract system and the curious (and often tragic) fates of those who tried to work outside it. Zerajaboam and House Narlanth typically take one-fifth of a magician's fees for his work, which can range from offering advice to installing magical temperature controls in a large mansion.

As its name suggests, the Roundhouse has a fine crystal dome. The dome is an indoor aviary and houses Zerajaboam's collection of jazirinthe birds. He is inordinately proud of his pets, though he sometimes forgets to





clean their calling-cards from his ostentatious crimson-and-gold robes. Zerajaboam is a Twelfth Circle wizard and knows General Crotias and Overgovernor Kypros personally because they frequently consult him on matters of city security. He also gives General Ilfaralek magical assistance for various nefarious surveillance activities.

The wizard is well-mannered and intelligent, though somewhat dismissive of other magicians. His staff of five apprentices and underlings deal with prospective employers unless the commission sought offers the potential of great profit or is of particular interest to Zerajaboam. In addition to drawing up contracts for magicians, Zerajaboam can also refer interested parties to specialist scholars, sages, and students of the bizarre or arcane.

YARD OF GLASS

This small, L-shaped building with its rickety thatched roof earned its strange name not because of any feature of its construction, but because it is an unusual drinking place. The only liquor served at the Yard of Glass is fine wines, which come in fine glass tubes a yard long with a small bulb at one end and a fluted opening at the other. A yard holds most of a bottle, at a minimum cost of 15 copper pennies per yard. Vasgothian icewine at 3 silver pennies a yard, fierce firewine from Marac, subtle spiced elven wines served in frosted yards, and the ever-popular honeywines are among the Yard's best sellers. "What are you, a sickly windling or something?" is a typical response to the ignorant who ask for wine by the glass.

Managed by a deliberately affected, foppish elf named Quaalshanera, this establishment is more than it seems. Quaalshanera is a Questor of Raggok, a Seventh Circle nethermancer, and a dedicated student of the Horrors. He has exceptional knowledge of their history and activities in Vivane Province. The city rulers know of his questing and pay him to keep them informed on all aspects of Horror lore. In return, he agrees not to practice the more dubious and antisocial of his arts in Vivane. Quaalshanera makes a useful contact for adventurers and a good source of adventure hooks for the gamemaster.

The Yard of Glass also draws many of the Theran Quarter's more prosperous and skilled artisans for a quiet drink, as well as other potentially useful people. Knowledgeable adventurers from around Vivane Province and beyond meet at the Yard and may quietly slip off to the cellars (by invitation only) to arrange adventures, missions, quests, to exchange information, and to cement other similar agreements. Powerful people arrive quietly, often in disguise; adventurers of Fifth Circle and higher are more

likely to be found at the Yard of Glass than anywhere else in Vivane. Adventurers wishing to meet such individuals should drop by the Yard a few times, spend well but not excessively, and observe. Pushiness avails them nothing; as in all things, earning trust takes time. Quaalshanera will accept into his inner circle of acquaintances only those he feels can be trusted to keep their mouths shut. Adventurers are also advised not to go too far into the basements. Quaalshanera is a nethermancer, after all, and there are most likely some gruesome sights down there.

ADAGIR'S HIRING HALL

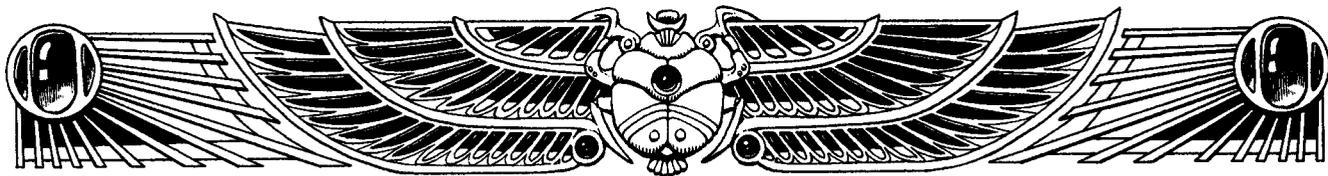
Adagir's is a grand hiring hall where rich nobles and others can hire domestic servants for work that slaves cannot perform. Most slaves, for example, lack the skills of a good valet or butler, and in most Therans' opinion, a trustee Barsaivian employed as a domestic servant is far more trustworthy than the average Name-giver purchased for coin. Maids, cooks and valets can be hired at Adagir's, from the dwarf proprietor of the same name. Resplendent in his gold-embroidered waistcoat, tight-fitting black silk jacket and britches, Adagir looks like he might once have been a butler in the finest of households. His bald head gleams in the sunlight and his fine snowy beard reaches to mid-chest. Only his enormous, gnarled hands spoil the picture—by most accounts they are almost the size of shovels.

Adagir is always on the look-out for good domestic bodyguards, a task that adventurers may find suits their purposes. Whether for permanent employment year to year or for brief assignments such as protecting traveling groups, secret gatherings of nobles, and the like, Adagir can usually find reliable people. Payment and hiring charges vary depending on the skills of the guard, the amount of danger anticipated, the length of service, and so on. The gamemaster determines these fees. It helps to have verifiable references when applying for ordinary work, and becomes vital to obtain permanent employment or important jobs. At peak demand times such as feast days, Adagir gets desperate enough to take whatever he can get. Inexperienced adventurers hiring out as guards or other servants will find that their pay is little more than enough to buy bed and board for a couple of days, but the job itself may lead them into all manner of surprising situations.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF VIVANE

The imposing building that houses the Geographical Society has colonnaded steps flanked by stone statues of Narlandian lions whose eyes seem to track the viewer as he





approaches. House conclaves take place in this building, and it also serves as a general meeting-place for the upper crust who dine and drink in plush, private meeting rooms. The library of the Geographical Society is devoted to works about distant Imperial lands, and to fulfill its goals, the society supports a resident wizard, a librarian, and two working scholars and scribes. Every so often, society members invite learned travelers to give discourses on their journeys in distant lands (for a whopping fee). Grubby adventurers need not apply. Grubby *Barsaivian* adventurers must be extraordinarily inventive even to see the inside of this building. The society is genuinely devoted to learning, supported by membership fees of one hundred gold pieces a year (by invitation only) and donations from wealthy Theran nobles. Food served in the meeting rooms is fairly poor, but the range of drinks available is wide and excellent. From time to time, additional recreations may be arranged from Syranita's or some other supplier of carnal delights. The society secretary, the elf Mastasherana, is from the island of Thera and takes excessive pride in that fact.

Rumor has it that the Geographical Society is a front for a small group of degenerate questors and followers of Raggok, who practice their depraved self-indulgences deep in the society building. If the rumor is true, the alleged questors must be operating with the knowledge and acquiescence of the city rulers.

Adventurers will find it extremely difficult to gain admittance to this place. It is protected against magical attacks with a Spell Defense of 24, and the resident magician can summon plenty of his fellows within a minute or two if need be. Additional security is provided by three hulking Vasgothian trolls, each a Sixth Circle warrior clad in crystal plate armor; the trolls may also carry magical weapons at the gamemaster's discretion. Adventurers may get in by accompanying a scholar invited to address a meeting here, or by persuading Mastasherana to let one of them give such a lecture. For the latter, an adventurer must have a convincing account of exploring a hitherto-

unmapped area; yet another exciting tale of Horror-bashing counts for little. Carefully made maps and sketches of native flora and fauna are much more persuasive.

CHORROLIS'S NEEDLE

This landmark is a slender spire about twelve feet high and a foot in diameter, made of a basalt-like material and ringed with gilded railings. On the last day of Sollus each year, the spire appears to turn to gold, and so is held to be sacred to the Passion Chorrolis. Within a moat carved in the stone around the spire lies a veritable trove of copper coins. Nobles and middling well-off

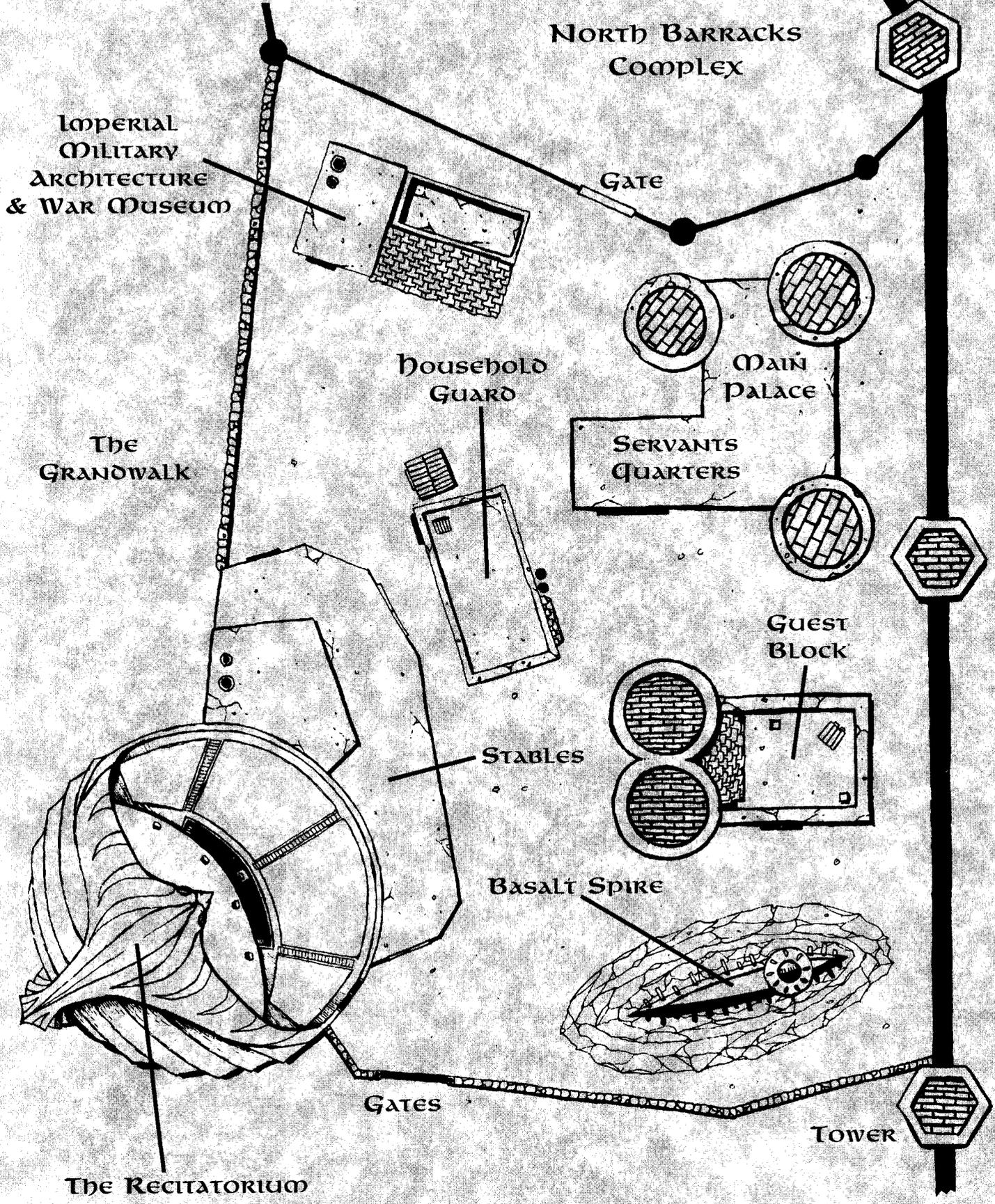
Vivanians frequently toss coins into the moat, and on the first day of the between-months festival the moat is emptied and the money used to provide clothing and food for the poor of the city (though not those living outside it).

Though most Theran Vivanians do not regard Passions as overwhelmingly important, Chorrolis is an exception. Vivane survives by trade, and the Passion of trade and wealth has a special significance for the city. No Vivanian, no matter how needy or tempted, steals money from the moat. Everyone believes that Chorrolis will curse and strike down anyone robbing this collection,

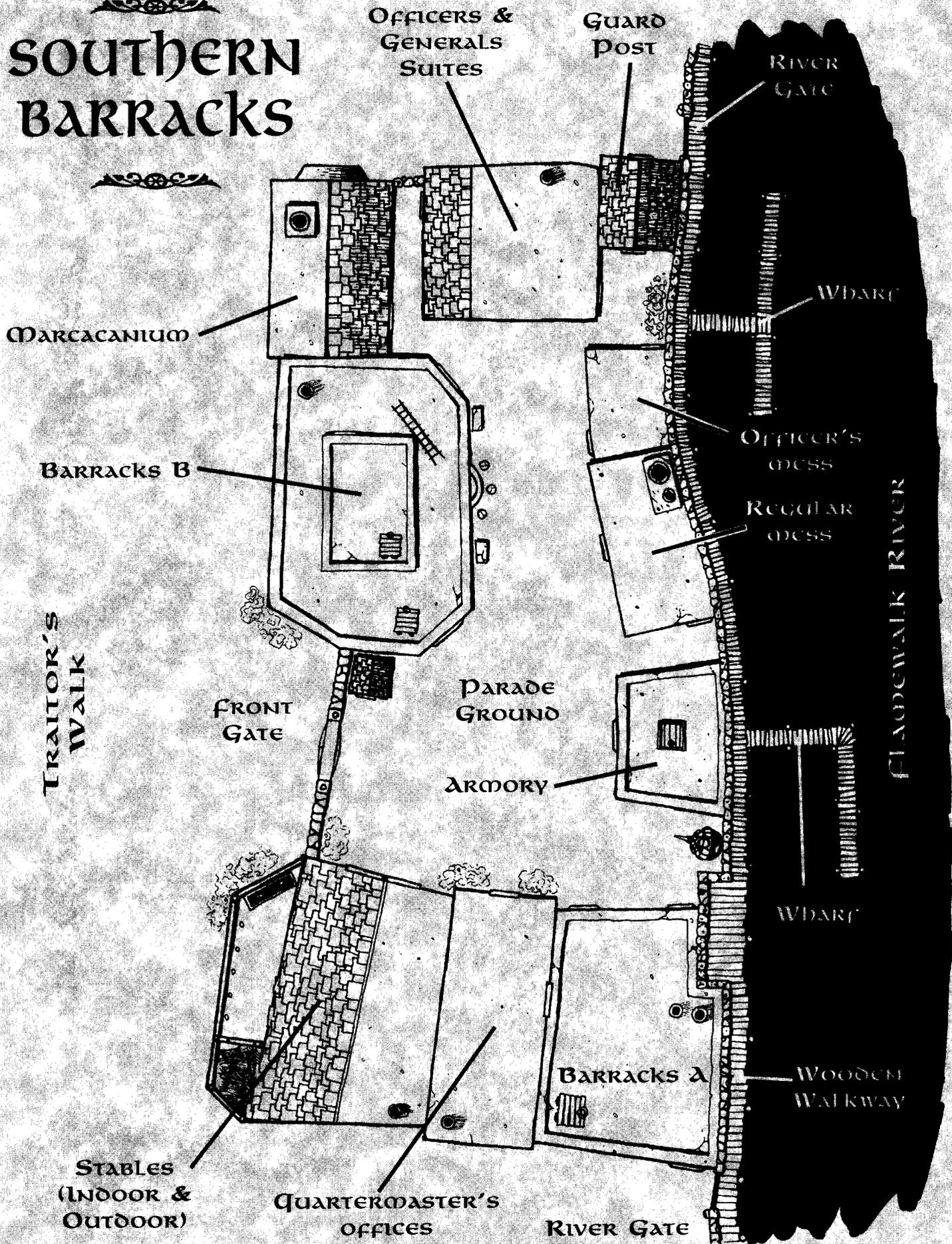
and no self-respecting adventurer should even consider such stealing from the poor. Any character who does decide to rob the Needle should fall victim to some appalling curse until he or she has made restitution—say, collecting and giving to the poor a sum at least ten times greater than that taken, assisting a questor of Chorrolis in some activity that puts the character in danger, and so on. Suggested curses include spells backfiring on the caster, a reduction in Karma Points, reduced Death and Unconsciousness Ratings, and the like until the character makes amends. For additional possibilities, see **Curses**, p. 211–12 of the **Earthdawn** rulebook.



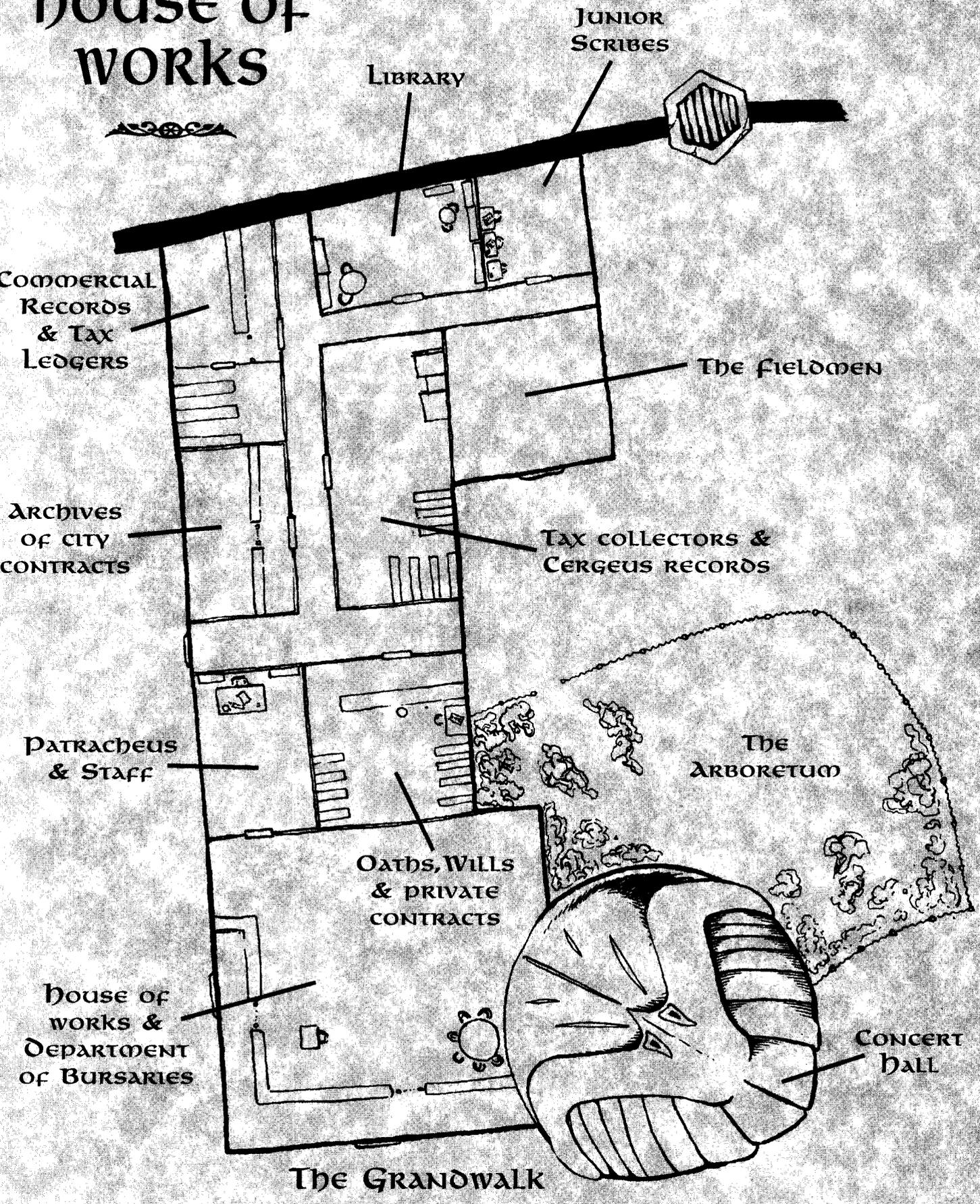
OVERGOVERNOR'S palace



SOUTHERN BARRACKS



house of works



JUNIOR SCRIBES

LIBRARY

COMMERCIAL RECORDS & TAX LEDGERS

The fieldmen

Archives of CITY CONTRACTS

TAX COLLECTORS & CERGEUS RECORDS

PATRACHEUS & STAFF

The ARBORETUM

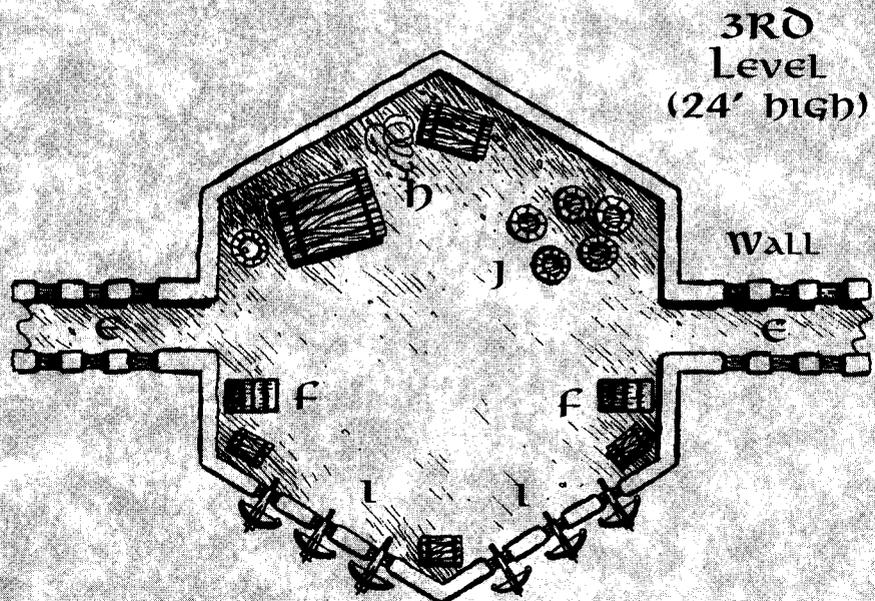
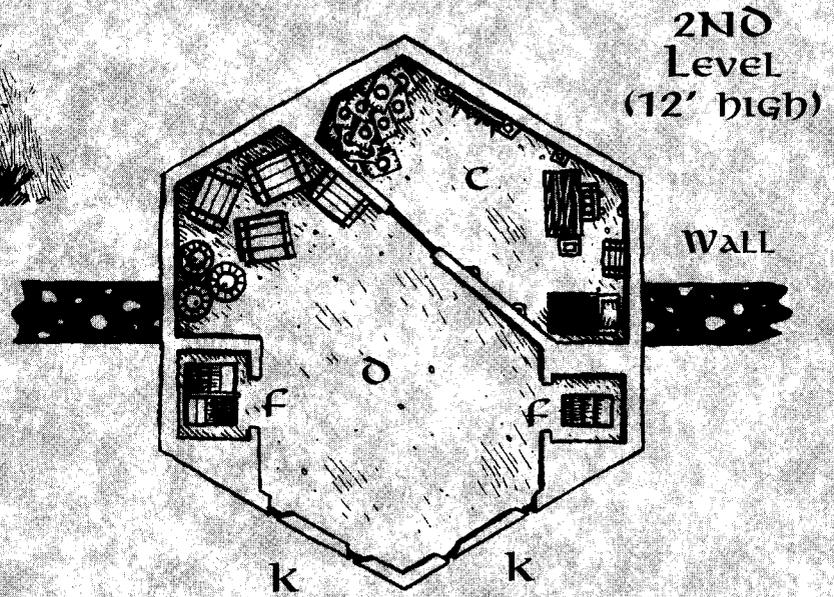
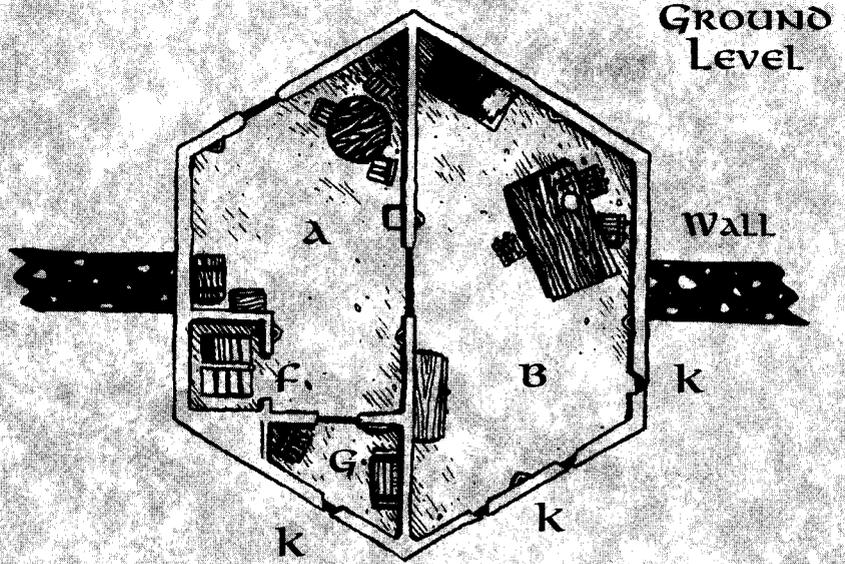
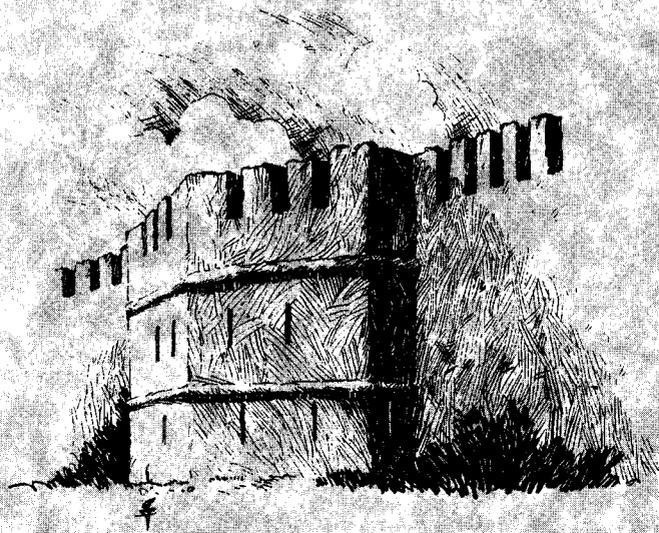
Oaths, WILLS & PRIVATE CONTRACTS

House of works & DEPARTMENT of BURSARIES

CONCERT HALL

The GRANDWALK

CITY TOWERS



- A-COMMON ROOM
- B-RESTROOM, DORM
- C-OFFICER (& WIZARD)
- D-ARCHER'S GALLERY
- E-BATTEMENTS
- F-STAIRS
- G-LOOKOUT
- H-BOLT HOLD
(CROSSBOW BOLTS)
- I-HEAVY MOUNTED
CROSSBOWS
- J-OIL BARRELS
- K- ARROW SLITS

Theran Prison

Theran Paupers
and Debtors
Prison

Chief of prisoners
& Troll Jailors
chambers

Penal Labor
Block

Dangerous
Criminals &
Criminally
Insane
(Many magical
Traps!)

Visiting
Magistrates
Suite

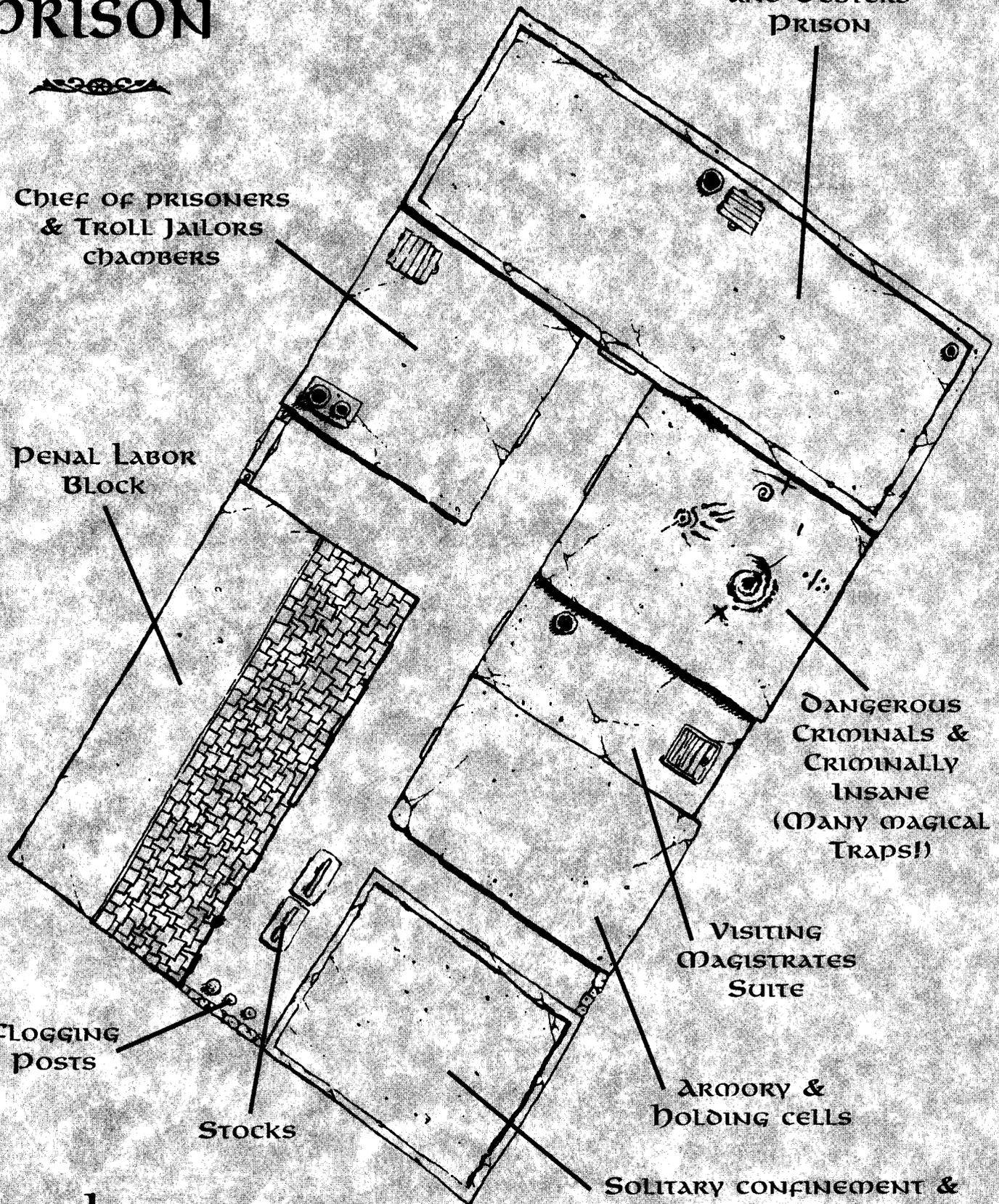
Flogging
Posts

Stocks

Armory &
Holding Cells

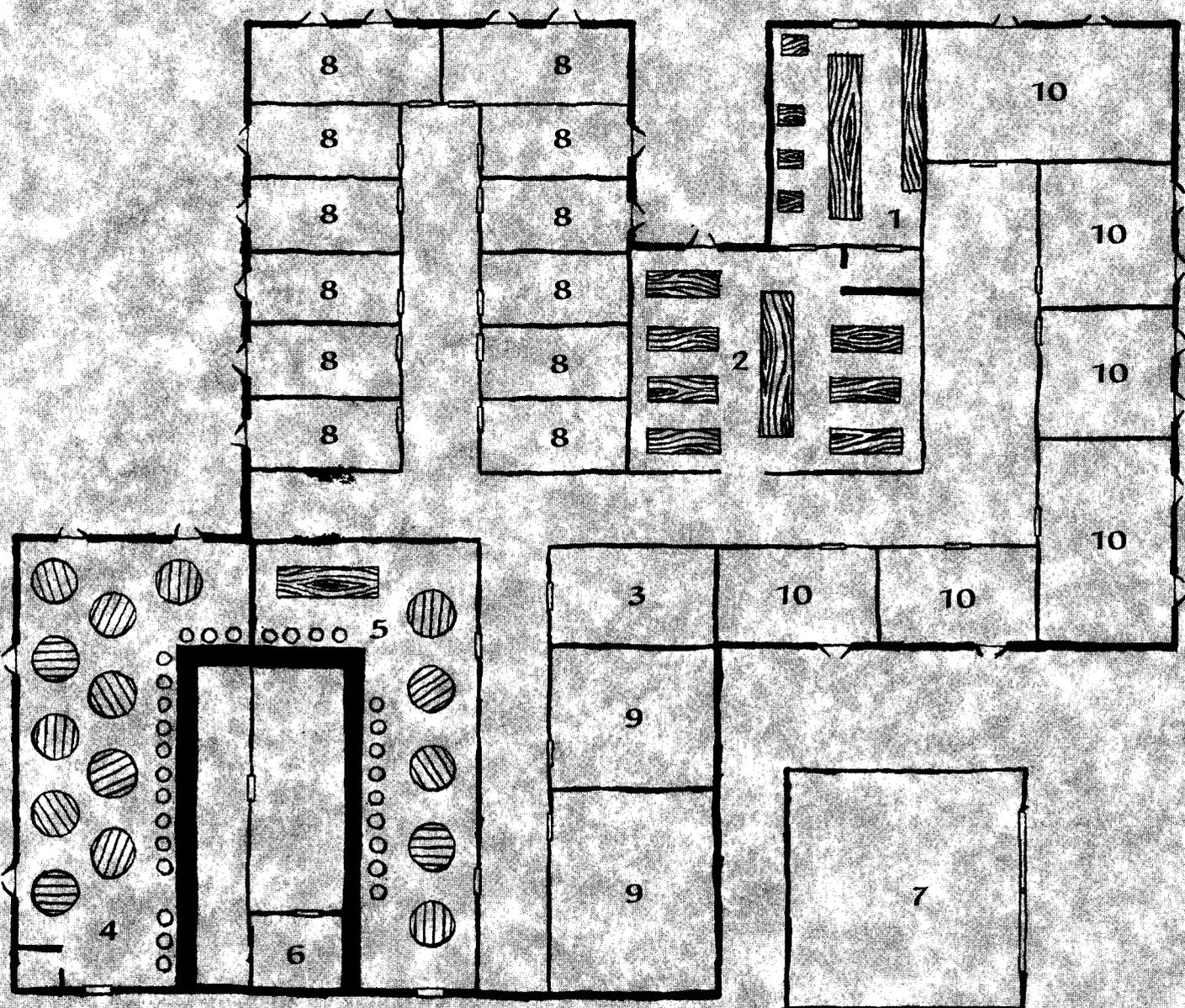
Solitary Confinement &
Special Punishment Block

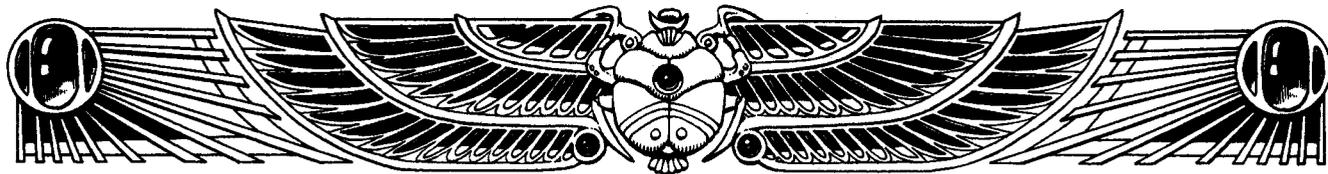
Crab Lane



DURAGLIM'S HOSTERLY

- 1-KITCHENS AND STORES
- 2-DINING ROOMS
- 3-DURAGLIM'S CHAMBERS
- 4-The SNUG BAR
- 5-The Bar
- 6-STAIRS TO THE CELLAR
- 7-Wood shed/ CATTLE hole
- 8-SINGLE BEDROOM
- 9-COMMUNAL FLOP ROOM
- 10-DOUBLE BEDROOM





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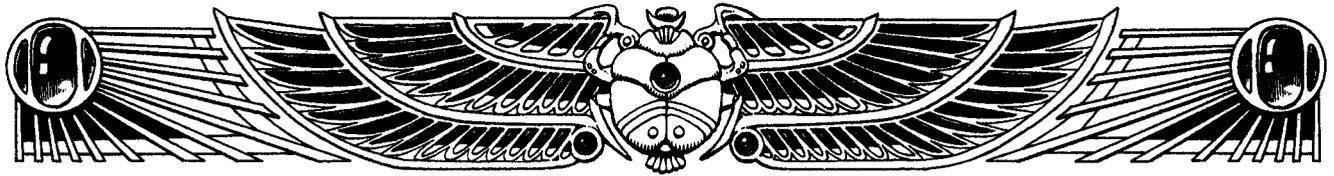
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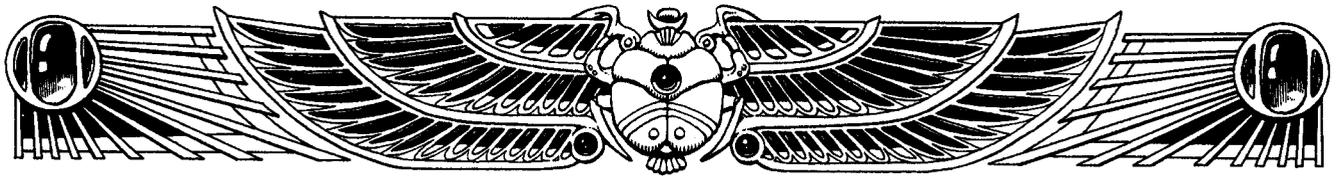
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SKY POINT & VRONTOK

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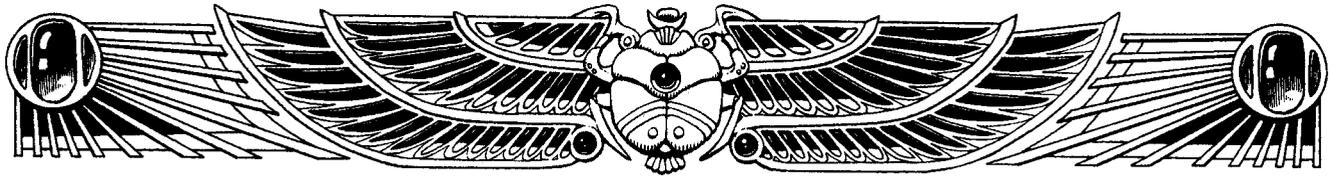
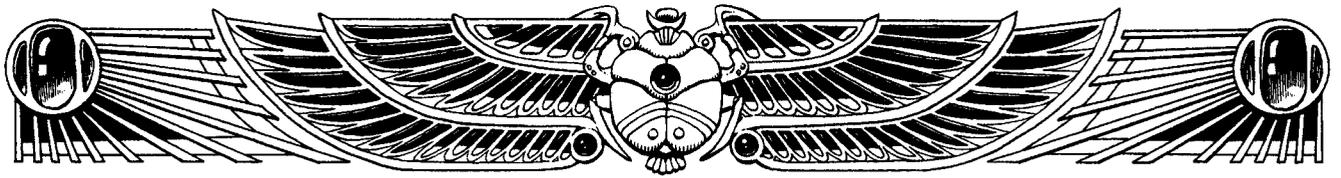


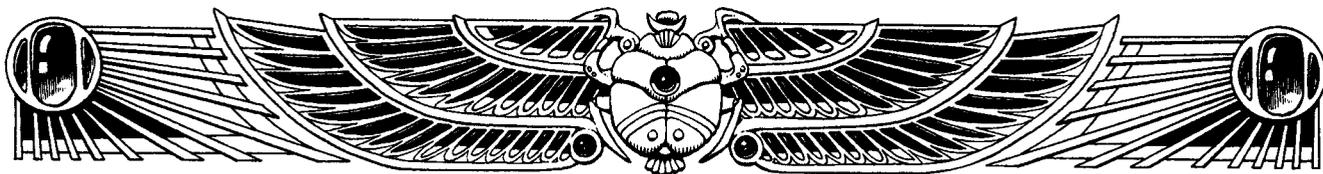
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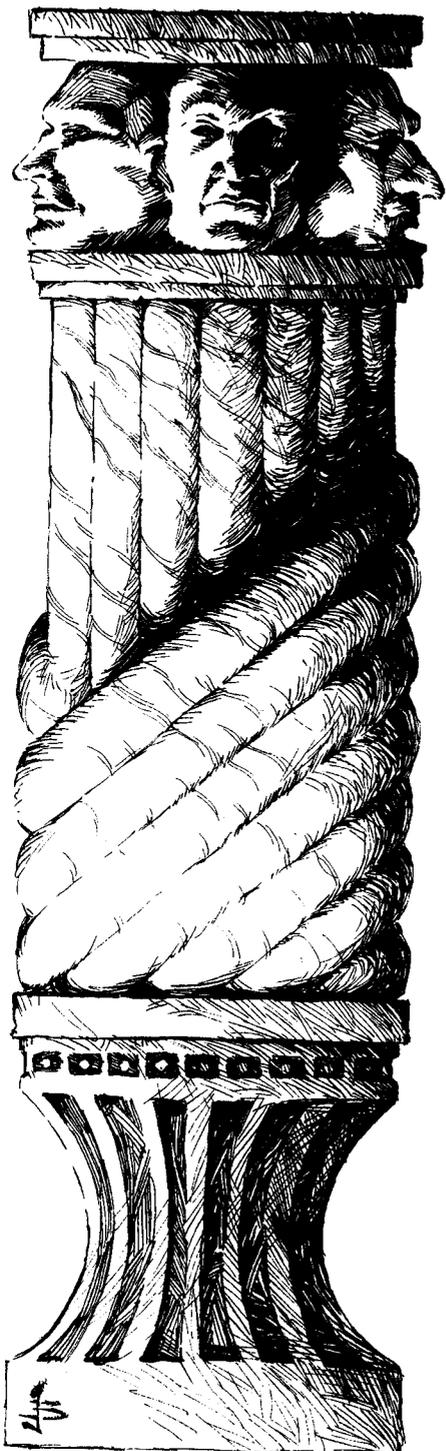
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ABOUT VIVANE PROVINCE



This book describes the area that the Therans call Vivane Province, including the fortress of Sky Point and the settlement of Vrontok that lies in its shadow. This book also describes several lands bordering Vivane Province, including the Barsaivian territories known before the Scourge as the kingdoms of Landis and Cara Fahd. Major settlements and other sites of interest, wonder and peril in Vivane Province are described in the sections following this overview. The final section offers suggestions for running campaigns in Imperial lands and adventure ideas based on places and people described in the **Sky Point and Vivane** campaign set.

Vivane Province consists of the northwestern lands, the northeastern lands, and the southern lands. The specific borders of these regions appear in the sections devoted to each area and cite landmarks shown on the Vivane Province map. Each of these regions covers a vast territory and is filled with all manner of inhabitants.

The sections describing these regions, their peoples and significant places contain specific details when necessary, but the gamemaster may improvise other details as he or she wishes for his or her own campaign. For example, a resident magician in a given region who is said to be "very powerful" might be a Seventh Circle wizard in some campaigns and a Fifteenth Circle elemental in others. We also left undefined the frontier lands, such as the wilds out in the huge mass of the Greatcrag-Caralkspur range, so that the gamemaster may develop each area's myriad communities, tribes, clans and small settlements to suit his own campaign or adventure. To help the gamemaster create vivid and interesting surroundings, the text for each region includes plenty of hints and rumors of the hazards, treasures and mysteries to be found there.

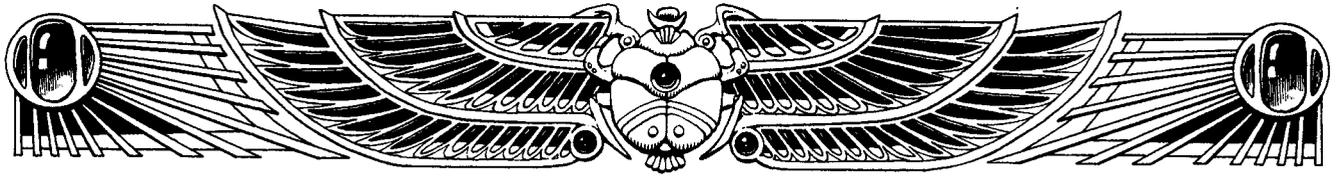
Around each city and town marked on the Vivane Province map lie several satellite villages and hamlets, all within a day's walk. These small settlements range in population from a hundred or so people up to nearly a thousand. Most of these hundreds of settlements do not appear on the map. Likewise, many places of mystery unknown even to the Therans may lie in the hills, mountains and jungles of Vivane Province.

This overview provides general information about traveling in Imperial territory and offers suggestions for handling specific types of encounters and player-character interactions.

TRAVEL IN THE PROVINCE

The map of Vivane Province shows distances in days walking, assuming that foot travelers will cover approximately 25 miles per day. This rate increases to 30 miles per day for travelers walking on the Great Roads shown on the map and for caravans traveling these roads. Elemental earth enchantments in these broad trails of packed soil enable the traveler to move in a more sprightly fashion without tiring as much as usual. The Great Roads also resist the usual effects of weather, and even a downpour leaves them only somewhat damp instead of the expected muddy morass.

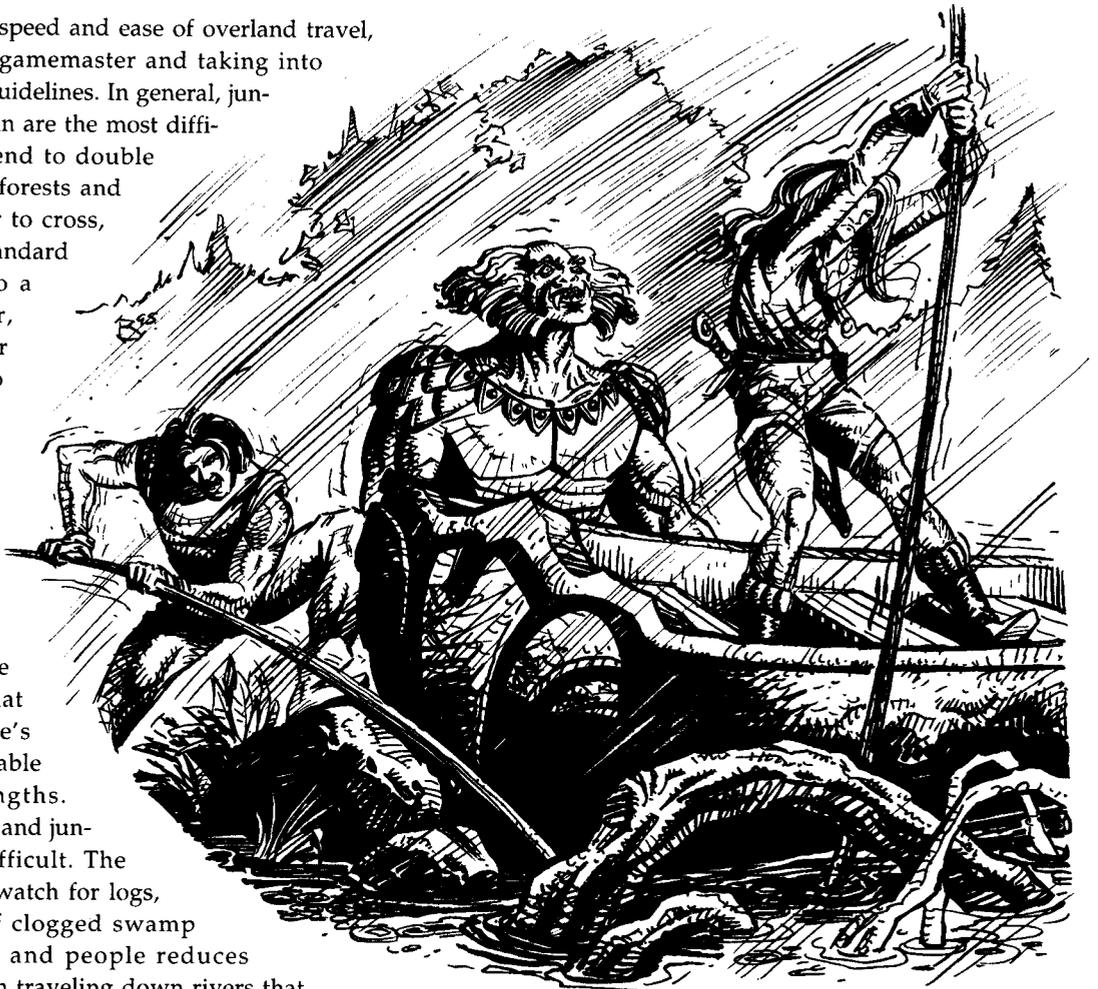




Terrain affects the speed and ease of overland travel, as determined by the gamemaster and taking into account the following guidelines. In general, jungle and mountain terrain are the most difficult to traverse and tend to double standard travel times; forests and hills are slightly easier to cross, and should increase standard travel times by up to a third. Severe weather, such as hard rain or strong winds, can also slow travelers down by making roads impassable or forcing adventurers to take shelter.

River travel rates are normal throughout much of Vivane Province (pp. 213–14, ED). All the major river systems that crisscross the province's broad plains are navigable along their entire lengths. Riverboat travel in hills and jungles, however, gets difficult. The need to keep constant watch for logs, trailing vines, beds of clogged swamp weed, hostile critters and people reduces movement by half when traveling down rivers that flow through jungles. Rapids, waterfalls and rocky river beds all pose threats to the river traveler. In hilly terrain, only canoes or rafts can navigate rivers within twenty miles of their headwaters. Travelers can only use canoes and rafts to move along rivers flowing through mountainous terrain.

Pirates rarely strike boats traveling down the Flamewalk River, the lower Danaba from just south of Vivane to the settlement of Parland, or along the Stranchis River as far north as forty miles beyond the tributary that leads to the Hammerhills. Along the farther northern reaches of Stranchis, piracy becomes a hazard, for this river flows toward the rugged hill lands, where all manner of desperate and hostile folk lurk. The proximity of the Darkkeeps, however, serves as a fairly effective deterrent. These keeps, built to allow watchers to maintain constant vigilance against the menaces of the Greatcrag Hills, allow that same vigilance over the lands bordering the Stranchis. Pirates also avoid the Bearsgold river, for the Therans maintain river patrols along



the Bearsgold and other major river systems in Vivane and Rugaria Provinces to discourage such activity.

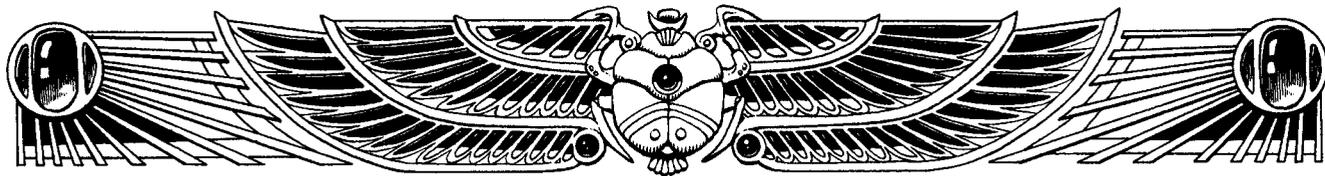
Various terrain does not affect airship travel, though weather conditions may.

STAGING ENCOUNTERS

The gamemaster should stage encounters, whether with creatures, military patrols, or other gamemaster characters, to advance the story line and/or add excitement to the game for the players, always taking into account the strength of the players' characters. Descriptions of places in this book include **Hazards**, which suggest the most common or noteworthy possible threats, including those from creatures of various kinds, that the gamemaster may consider using for encounters.

When staging encounters with other characters—other adventurers, a merchant caravan, raiders, slavers, and so on—the gamemaster should keep in mind that





these characters most likely have a specific destination and a reason for going there. Compose the cast carefully; work out in advance why they are doing whatever they are doing, and their most likely reaction to adventurers. Also, stage encounters appropriate to the situation. For example, one might meet a t'skrang riverboat along a river, though such an encounter is hardly likely in hilly country. Adventurers should not encounter jungle t'skrang outside their own habitat, and so on. Encounters with traders are especially common; they should be carrying goods appropriate to the region or their place of departure. The **Theran Vivane** and **Barsaivian Vivane** books offer information on trade in the city of Vivane. Additional details about specific products and trade goods available in other locations in the surrounding areas appear in the following sections.

As a general rule, the wide plains of Vivane Province are significantly less hazardous than the outlying hills, jungles and mountains. More settlements have been founded in the plains region, along with more military garrisons. The dangers in this area, however, are likely to be more devious, better-organized and more intelligent than those further afield. Slavers, thieves, raiders, and other such villains have more resources and talents than the beasts of hills and jungles, and more wit and guile with which to use them.

Theran Military Patrols

The gamemaster may stage encounters with Theran military units as he sees fit in adventures, but should keep the following guidelines in mind. Because such encounters are significantly more likely to occur near cities, towns and villages than out in the wilds, the chance of meeting Theran soldiers should increase as adventurers draw closer to habitation. Adventurers far from settlements have 1-in-10 chance per day of encountering a Theran military patrol. In areas within a day's walk of larger cities and towns, as well as military outposts or bases, the chance increases to 1-in-2. As the characters travel away from larger settlements or near smaller ones, the chance drops to 1-in-4. Any such encounters with the Theran military should take place within the context of the larger adventure or campaign.

A typical Theran military patrol includes a junior officer; a Third Circle warrior or swordmaster; a Third Circle scout (see p. 150, **ED Companion**); and seven infantrymen, five heavy and two light (for statistics and equipment, see **Imperial Armies and Navies**, p. 14, **Barsaivian Vivane** book). If the gamemaster wishes, he or she may add a special gamemaster character to the patrol—perhaps a *kedate* on some mission or a tax gatherer doing his rounds.

Most Theran patrols will not bother adventurers unless offered some slight or offense, or unless the adventurers act shifty or suspicious. A patrol may ask a group of adventurers who they are, where they come from, where they are going and why, and if told a reasonably plausible story, the soldiers are likely to let the adventurers go on their way. Ideally, the gamemaster should stage encounters with the military to rattle adventurers who have something to hide. For example, a smuggler may have slipped a little something aboard the wagon on which they loaded their goods, intending to collect it when the adventurers reach their final destination. In this case, the Theran patrol may choose to search that particular wagon. ...

Coaching Hostelries

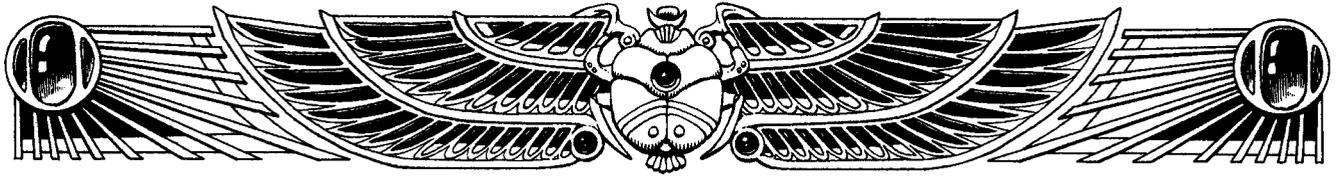
Along the Great Roads and other marked roads or trails are coaching hostelries, all about a day's walk from the next. The coaching hostelry map, p. 61, shows a typical roadside establishment. Most of these hostelries consist of a wooden main building and extensive stables, plus large open spaces where merchants can park wagons and carts. Anywhere from forty to sixty people can sleep in such a roadside inn. Half the rooms are communal, and very few rooms have private baths. A quick bath in the horse trough may be the best that sleepers in communal rooms can expect. These hostelries usually employ six to eight workers, plus two or more hefty handymen-cum-bodyguards to subdue any trouble that arises. Some of the biggest hostelries may include smithies that can repair carts and shoe horses. Costs at roadside establishments tend to run about 20 percent above normal.

Along the major rivers between cities and towns are similar hostelries, set back from the river's edge with mooring-places for riverboats. These establishments are common along the Flamewalk River between the cities of Ballaize and Vivane, down river toward Parland, down the river systems leading to the province of Rugaria, and up the Stranchis River as far as the settlements of Rafrancher's Claw and Balkaria.

Provincial Farmsteads

Farming settlements are scattered throughout Vivane Province. A typical farmstead may cover up to a hundred square miles of land, supporting both livestock and crops such as fruit trees, olives, vines, and hay for animals. As most of the soil in the province is not well suited for grains and tubers, these crops tend to grow only in specific areas and in the fertilized lands within forty miles of Vivane city. One or two families own and occupy most farms, though a few large





farmsteads belong to absentee Theran landholders and are run by hired farm workers. The majority of these people are Barsaivians, because most Therans who live in Vivane disdain what they consider “common” work on the land.

Most buildings on these farmsteads are made of wood, a cheap and reasonably available material. Farmers herd their valuable livestock, such as cows and oxen, into shelters at night and graze them in fenced-off fields during the day. Sheep and goats wander more freely. Pigs tend to be kept close to the farmsteads, and those allowed to forage farther afield will always be accompanied by a swineherd.

Farmsteads commonly lie within two day’s walk of most cities and towns, and within one day of most villages. Because these Imperial provinces support a visible Theran presence that offers comparatively greater protection to travelers and traders, their peoples have more frequent contact with strangers and accept them more readily. Many farmers are glad to offer adventurers a night’s sleep in their barns in return for a little extra security from marauders, as well as the chance of a worthwhile evening of tales. Most farmers also sell food to travelers at standard prices. Farms become less common near the wilder frontiers, and people on outlying farms tend to be more cautious of strangers than those living on the wide plains.

THERAN RULE AND RESISTANCE

Theran cities in Vivane Province are ruled by city administrators directly responsible to Overgovernor Kypros. The Overgovernor appoints these administrators with the advice of House conclaves within each town or city, usually choosing an outsider to avoid charges of nepotism. The internal political and administrative structure of these Theran cities are similar to that of Vivane (see **About Vivane**, p. 18 of the **Barsaivian Vivane** book).

Resistance to Theran rule varies considerably from place to place. Organized attempts to resist the Theran yoke become more infrequent as one travels south or west from the northeastern region of the province. The further the traveler wanders from Barsaive, the stronger the Theran influence. The people of Rugaria Province accepted Imperial domination some years before the Therans arrived in Barsaive and thus have spent more years as part of the Empire, absorbing and adopting its culture and institutions. After the Scourge ended, the Therans re-entered and secured these lands before moving on toward Barsaive. By contrast, the lands near the ancient kingdom of Landis and the Twilight Peaks are hotbeds of active resistance to the Therans. Bandits, crystal raiders and organized groups of pillagers remain active in these areas.

BARSAIVIAN ADVENTURERS IN VIVANE PROVINCE

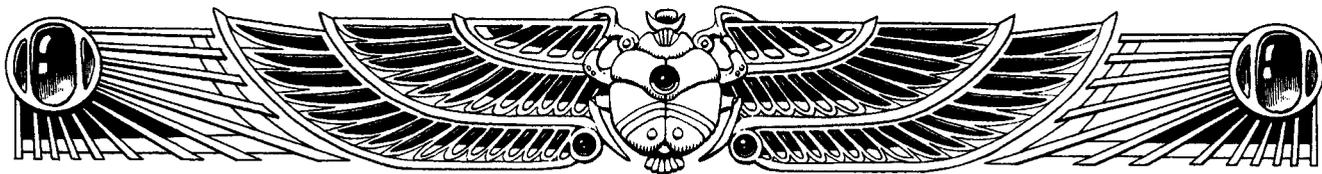
Barsaivian adventurers interested in traveling through Vivane Province must know how likely it is that Theran patrols will impede their travels, how much suspicion they will encounter from locals, and so on. To a large extent, where they go and the demeanor they adopt determines what they will face. Vivane Province covers a large territory, and those who keep away from the main roads and trails will rarely encounter a Theran military force—Theran soldiers tend to stick to major rivers, highways and settled areas. Airship patrols, however, increase the Imperial presence in areas where unrest or trouble has recently erupted and may pose a hazard to travelers even in the wild lands.

Adventurers foolish enough to strut around armed to the teeth and bristling with magic items will attract Theran attention relatively quickly. General Ilfaralek of Vivane city (see **City Government in About Vivane**, p. 20 in the **Barsaivian Vivane** book) pays for spies even among the farmers and will take serious note of such people moving through his territory. Sensible adventurers who buy mules and/or carry sacks or a wagon-load of harmless articles or goods for sale and conceal weapons and armor beneath long robes, cloaks and such, will cause much less comment and be much less likely to arouse Theran suspicions.

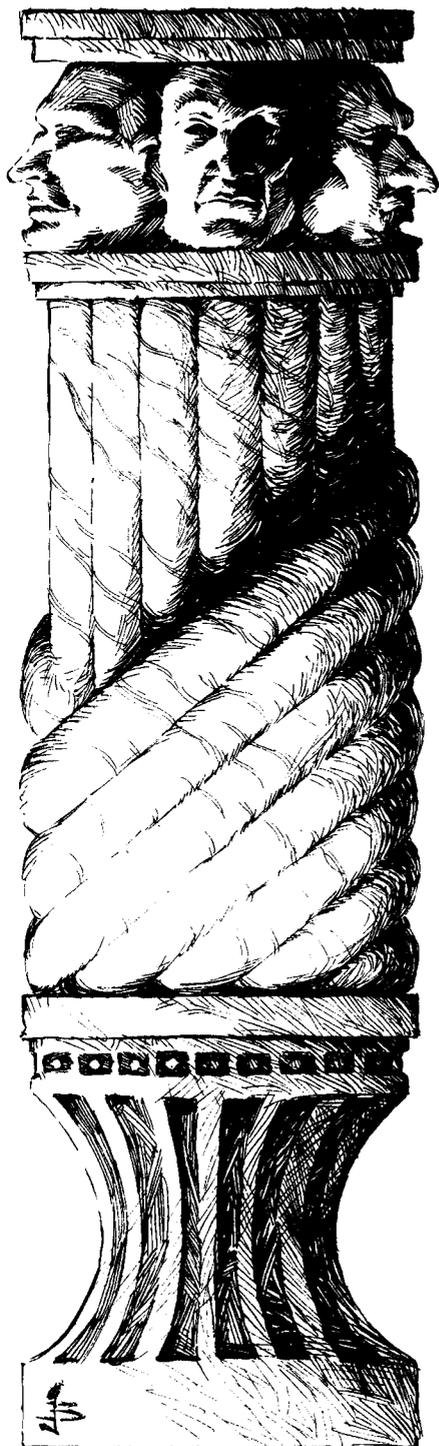
Handling Legendary Status

When planning adventures in Vivane Province or any land far from Barsaive, the gamemaster should consider the implications of the player characters’ Legendary Status (pp. 226–27, **ED**). Characters of advanced Legendary Status tend to be well known and often recognized in their own lands, but outside their native regions they are less well known. To account for this, reduce each character’s Legendary Status rating by one level when they are adventuring in Vivane Province, though adventurers with a Legendary Status of 5 are so well known that they retain that rating. If a character of Legendary Status is recognized in Vivane Province, word of his presence will likely reach Theran authorities, who may send spies or scouts to watch the characters. The gamemaster should determine the identity of the spy or spies and when and where they will appear. The gamemaster should also prepare for possible complications, such as the adventurers discovering and eliminating the Theran spy early on. In this case, the Therans would likely mount a swift, strong response to the death of their agent, and the gamemaster will need to have suitable Theran opponents ready to throw into the fray.





SKY POINT AND VRONTOK



The fortress of Sky Point is infamous throughout Barsaive, powerfully symbolizing the ever-encroaching threat of renewed Theran domination. Most Barsaivians agree that when the big push comes, it will come from Sky Point. For those who live within sight of the immense platform that rests, almost against the laws of nature, on six gigantic columns, Sky Point is an object of wonder and fear—wonder at the superhuman magics that made it, and fear of all that such a vast, successful magical endeavor implies. Adding to Sky

Point's infamy are the degenerate slavers who roam far and wide from Vrontok, the settlement beneath the fortress, in search of hapless captives to power the Theran airships and serve Imperial masters.

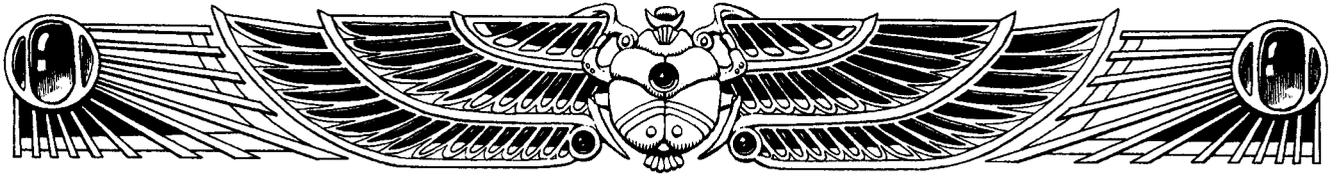
THE BUILDING OF SKY POINT

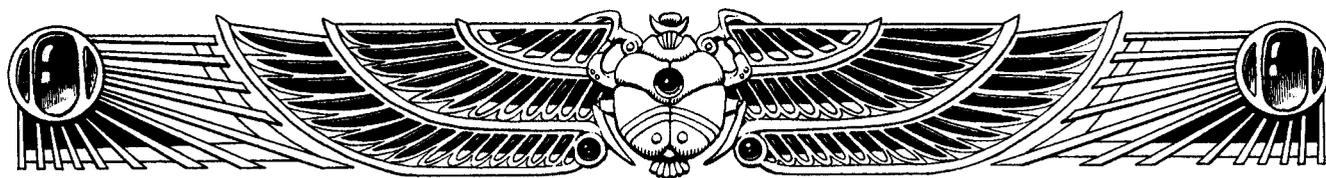
In 212 TH, near the place where Sky Point now stands, explorers from the First Theran Empire encountered natives of the lands the Empire would soon Name Barsaive. After several centuries of trade, the Therans arrived in force and claimed the area for the Empire. Imperial military and political leaders had come to realize that the area near their outpost of Vivane was tactically important, a vital stepping-stone to the rest of Barsaive. In 309, therefore, the Therans began building a permanent airship base from which military vessels could travel to the four corners of the newly conquered lands and beyond. Fifteen miles or so southwest of the city of Vivane, the Therans found a perfect site on which to build this base. This site consisted of a wide, flat rocky plateau with a thin covering of soil and sparse surface drainage, far from the Flamewalk River that runs by Vivane and with the nearest stream—the Darlen—more than three miles to the north. The Therans began construction by blasting immense holes deep into the rock, in which Sky Point's huge supporting columns would stand. Legend has it that those explosions could be heard on the other side of the Twilight Peaks, and history shows that the sound heralded the last prospect for peace in Barsaive.

The construction of the columns and the platform that rests atop them took nearly fifty years. The constant raids against the Therans by local scorchers made the task doubly difficult, but the Imperial forces quickly fortified their position with ditches and the beginnings of the walls that now encircle Vrontok. These improvised fortifications, coupled with constant and unrelenting overland and aerial assaults on the enemies of the Empire, eventually bought the Therans a degree of peace that allowed the Imperial magicians and engineers to finish the airship base. Sky Point has since seen considerable action, especially during long-running battles with the troll crystal raiders of the Twilight Peaks.

During the Scourge, the soldiers of the Theran Legion and the sailors of the Seventh Fleet departed for home, or else retreated into Citadel Vivane for protection, leaving Sky Point deserted. Long years later, when the Theran emissaries returned to Vivane expecting respect and cooperation, they found instead a Barsaive that had become re-accustomed to its freedom. When the Therans threatened Barsaive with the might of the Imperial Legions, the Barsaivians







burned three Theran vedettes at Sky Point and killed their crews. Charged with re-establishing Theran supremacy in Barsaive, the new Overgovernor wrested control of Sky Point from the rebels and swiftly made it the spearhead of his navy's city bombardments and slaving runs.

More than fifty years after those tumultuous events, an uneasy calm lies over southern Barsaive. The Therans still fly their vedettes and kilas from the platform at Sky Point, seizing slaves and mining magical elements, fending off crystal raiders and other Barsaivian airships. The base still serves as the focal point for Imperial presence in the land, and the massive stone flagship *Ascendancy* still hangs impossibly in the air as a tangible sign of the Empire's ultimate threat. As yet, however, the day for retaking Barsaive has not arrived.

ABOUT THE FORTRESS

The airship base at Sky Point consists of an immense platform, more than two thousand feet across and seventy feet thick, supported by six gigantic pillars nearly eight hundred feet high. Skulking in the shadows at its feet, surrounded by defensive walls and ditches, the settlement of Vrontok vies for space with a large Theran camp; from Vrontok, slaves and mined elemental air and fire are sent to all parts of the Empire. From the platform, unless the weather is inclement, one can see clearly for many miles around. The great walled city of Vivane, fifteen miles to the northeast, is the largest landmark in a breathtaking panorama.

CONSTRUCTION OF THE PILLARS

The six pillars that support Sky Point's platform are each approximately three hundred feet in diameter and eight hundred feet high, melded together with immense magical force. The pillars are partly hollow, but braced inside with six cross-pieces; a cross-section of a pillar resembles an asterisk within a thick-bordered circle. Every fifty feet or so, the pillar is solid stone for about twenty feet before becoming hollow again. No means of access exists into the hollow parts of the pillars. From bottom to top, the pillars taper a scant twenty feet.

The bases of the pillars plunge almost 150 feet into the earth, sunk into shafts barely wider than the pillars themselves. After the pillars were initially sunk, the Theran engineers packed the gaps between pillar and shaft with stone, then melded the stone chunks into a solid whole. Above the ground, Theran workers piled mounds of stone around the bases of the pillars, covering them with soil and

grass. As the pressure for space within the walls and ditches of Vrontok grew over the past sixty years or so, buildings and streets sprung up on the northern and northwestern mounds, rising up against the columns.

Where the pillars reach the platform, great arching supports stretch out to link each column, creating a cradle on which the vast slabs of the platform rest. Above the platform, each pillar becomes a tower. Most of the towers are the same dimensions as the pillar from which they rise and contain defensive cannons and barracks for the garrison. The tower in the southeast corner houses Sky Point's fortified palace (see p. 12, following).

CONSTRUCTION OF THE PLATFORM

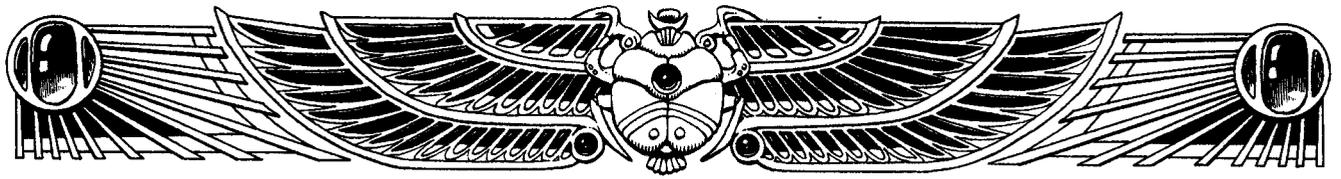
The airship platform is roughly pentagon-shaped, supported at each of its five corners by a pillar; the sixth pillar holds up the center. Beneath the platform, the huge arched supports form a pentangle supporting the center and each side. The arches distribute the platform's weight evenly between all six pillars, with no side taking greater strain than any other. Imperial mathematicians and engineers worked on the design for almost four years to ensure that it would work before a single stone was laid.

The platform extends for fifteen hundred feet along each of the five sides, and a little over two thousand feet across from one tower to the middle of its opposite side. It is slightly less than seventy feet thick, and is built of magically-strengthened stone constructed in a honeycomb fashion. Individual segments were made on the ground and then carefully maneuvered into position by a kila, then physically and magically joined together. No means of access exists to the interior of the platform.

On two sides of the platform, a series of buildings join the towers that rise from the corners. These buildings, built into the platform itself, appear to hang over its side and offer spectacular but unnerving views of the surrounding area. At the southeast corner where these two sides meet, the large, fortified tower that many call Sky Point Palace rises several stories above the buildings alongside it, keeping watch over the platform and the surrounding skies. Other buildings stand at other points on the platform. Large slave pens sit near the southwestern pillar, in which newly arrived slaves wait to be transferred to the ground or into the rowing chambers of an Imperial airship. Near the northernmost pillar stands a large, open-fronted shed where airships are repaired and maintained; next to this are several smaller buildings in which mined materials and cargo are stored.

The narrow walkways around the open edges of the platform are enclosed behind three-foot walls topped





with ten feet of woven-cord netting. Only the edge of the platform facing northeast has no barrier. Long before the base was built, the Theran engineers determined that prevailing local winds and air currents made northeast the safest direction from which airships could take off and land. Because the winds at platform height can be ferocious, wide nets hang just below the northeast lip to catch anyone unlucky enough to be blown off the platform. Sky Point has an excellent safety record; in the years since the reoccupation, only one Theran a year has fallen to his death.

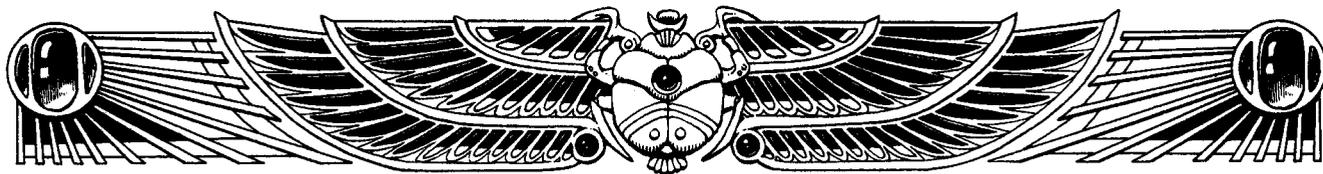
ELEMENTAL ELEVATORS

It has long been a source of legend in distant parts that Sky Point has no links at all with the ground beneath it—that one can only reach the platform via an airship or a levitation spell. In fact, another means of travel exists between ground and platform: Sky Point's elemental elevators.

A fantastic feat of engineering, the elemental elevator shafts are tubes formed from enchanted elemental earth and air. Held securely in these tubes, individuals can descend or rise on a "cushion" of elemental air as gently as a feather wafted on a breeze. The fortress has a total of twenty-four elevators, situated in groups of four on two sides of the east, southeast and southwest pillars. The elevators have several entrances; each level of the towers allows access to the shaft through a wide doorway lined with crystal. Anyone wishing to ride the elevator simply steps through the crystal-lined door and is carried either down or up. If someone on the platform steps onto an "up" shaft at the top of its ascent, nothing happens; The would-be rider must step back onto the platform and try the "down" elevator next door. The elemental air in each shaft can be switched on and off or its flow reversed, though only skilled elementalists of the Theran Legion can do so. Each shaft is large enough to comfortably accommodate four people, or goods as bulky as a horse. Larger cargoes must be raised to or lowered from the platform by other means, usually by airships, and such cargo is loaded and off-loaded in one of the two clear areas near the base of the southeastern pillar.

Each bank of elemental elevators opens near ground level onto stone platforms that sit atop the mounds at the base of the pillars. Steps and wide ramps take people down the side of each mound to ground level. Only Therans are permitted to use these elevators. All elevator entrances and exits are attended by several Legion guards to prevent unauthorized access.





SKY POINT'S DEFENSES

No force has made a serious assault against Sky Point since the Therans regained control of it more than fifty years ago, for good reason. Sky Point's height, combined with the defenses surrounding Vrontok and the ease of calling for reinforcements from nearby Vivane, makes the Theran fortress almost invulnerable to assault by land-based armies. The platform's height and isolation, however, leave it somewhat vulnerable to a concerted attack from the air. To guard against this threat, Sky Point's engineers equipped the platform with several defenses, any or all of which can be employed in the face of an attack.

Sky Point resembles an enormous castle raised above the ground, with a huge courtyard spread before its keep. Four of the fortress's five towers rise twenty-five feet above the level of the platform. The walls are between six and eight feet thick, and each tower is topped by a ring of battlements that protect various defensive weapons. On each of these towers are two cannons similar to those used on large kilas such as the *Ascendancy*, mounted on circular tracks so that they can be brought to bear on a target in any direction. These cannon perform exactly like their ship-mounted counterparts. During an assault, each of these towers is occupied by thirty elite sailors from Admiral Tularch's garrison, for a total of 120. Sixty of these are regular troops, evenly split between swordmasters and archers; the other sixty are trained cannon crews. Ship Combat rules apply to these towers (see p. 129, *ED Companion*). In terms of those rules, each tower has the following statistics:

Firepower: 25/30
Armor Rating: 30
Damage
 Critical: 25
 Derelict: 90
 Destroyed: 100

Each of these four towers is also equipped with a device for lighting the sky at night, which consists of a ten-inch globe of blue crystal that hovers about ten feet above the tower's summit. By making a successful Spellcasting Test against a Difficulty Number of 8, magicians among Sky Point's complement of soldiers and sailors can light these spheres to cast a searchlight as bright as sunlight in a 30 degree arc to a range of half a mile. This light may be aimed in any direction and at any angle except straight down. The Therans generally use these lights only for emergency drills or when ships must land during heavy

nighttime storms, fog, or in low clouds, but one or more are sometimes used to supplement lanterns when a large flotilla of craft is due to land at night. These lights illuminate Sky Point so brightly that the fortress can be seen for many miles around.

Sky Point is also well protected against magical attacks. The entire fortress, including the supporting pillars, has a Spell Defense of 24 against any attempt to damage or breach its structure with spells or magical abilities (see **Barriers and Structures**, p. 209, *ED*). As a protection against seige, the base of each tower offers a vast storage chamber extending deep inside the platform, safely protected from damage by more than ten feet of solid stone, brimming with supplies and armaments.

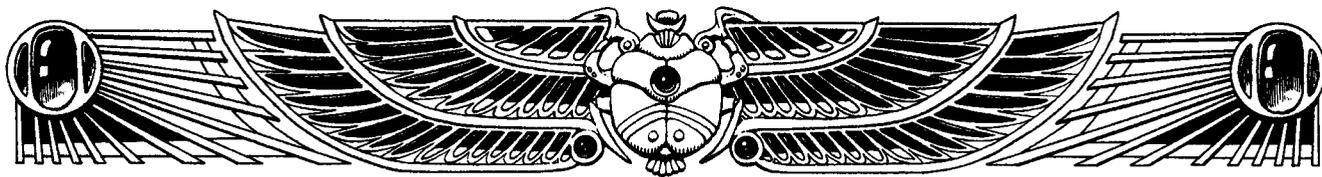
SKY POINT GARRISON

Most of Sky Point's garrison troops live in two long stone barracks that stretch out like arms toward Sky Point Palace from the two towers flanking it. The garrison consists of about eleven hundred of Admiral Tularch's men: four hundred airship crewmen and soldiers, five hundred support staff such as airship engineers, cargo handlers, and specialized navigators and landing pilots, and two hundred additional soldiers specifically responsible for platform defense and handling slaves. These soldiers' statistics and abilities are similar to those of the Eighth Legion (see **The Theran Empire**, pp. 16–17 of the **Barsaivian Vivane** book), and all of them are well trained and equipped to do their particular job. In addition to housing for the rank-and-file soldiers, the barracks also provide rooms for Sky Point's assorted functionaries and bureaucrats as well as their personal staff members and slaves, though most of these are customarily lodged in Sky Point Palace.

SKY POINT PALACE

The fifth tower, rising from the platform's southeast corner, is known as Sky Point Palace. The name was originally used sarcastically when Admiral Tularch was demoted to the rank of naval commander from her post as Overgovernor of Barsaive, but has since become common parlance. Sky Point Palace is larger than the other four towers, rising up seventy feet to a circular tower at its highest point. In this circular tower are Admiral Tularch's chambers; they include a meeting room lined with memorabilia collected by the admiral during her long career, and a small library. More often than not of late, the admiral's rooms remain unoccupied. Sensing that her political star is waning, Tularch has begun to spend more and more time away from Sky Point; she prefers to haunt Vivane and lis-





ten to the city's active rumor mill, hoping to ensure that if Overgovernor Kypros or anyone else in Vivane is plotting her downfall, she will hear of it quickly enough to do something about it. (The critical eyes of her superiors, of course, do not miss her frequent absences from Sky Point.)

Below Tularch's tower, the building spreads out along both edges of the platform. This portion of Sky Point Palace includes chambers for distinguished guests and high-ranking officers. The rooms are well-furnished and warm, with fine views of the fortress or the surrounding countryside. The largest and finest suite of these rooms is reserved for Overgovernor Kypros, though he stays most often in his palace in Vivane or in the stateroom of his kila, the *Ascendancy*.

Also quartered on this level is Sky Point's second in command, an elf by the name of Verulam Talara. In Admiral Tularch's absence, Talara serves as Sky Point's day-to-day commander. Talara led a flotilla of vedettes in the southern part of the Empire for several years, until an explosion took one of her eyes and made her navigation untrustworthy. She has a fine tactical brain and has itched to get back into action ever since arriving at Sky Point. The only reason she has not demanded a transfer to somewhere more exciting is that she knows Tularch's position will soon be vacant and she believes she is the most likely candidate to fill it. Talara ensures the smooth running of Sky Point, from the successful mounting of slaving raids and mining trips to coordinating with Ganian Farrosh, her opposite number from the Eighth Legion based in the camp at Vrontok.

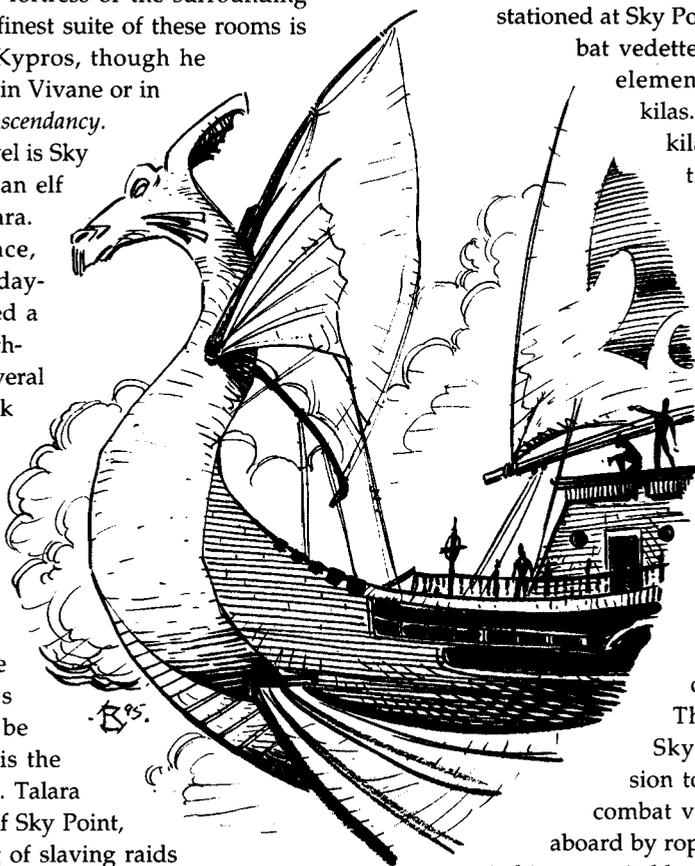
The second floor of the palace serves as Sky Point's center of operations. A massive open hall faces inward across the platform, overlooking the landing area through huge windows. In this hall, various expert navy staff and bureaucrats sit day and night, attending to every aspect of the base's administration. Smaller chambers on the outer side of this level house offices for Talara and her deputies, along with an ornately decorated meeting and dining hall. The palace's first floor houses more offices, open work spaces used by engineers and mechanics, and dormitories

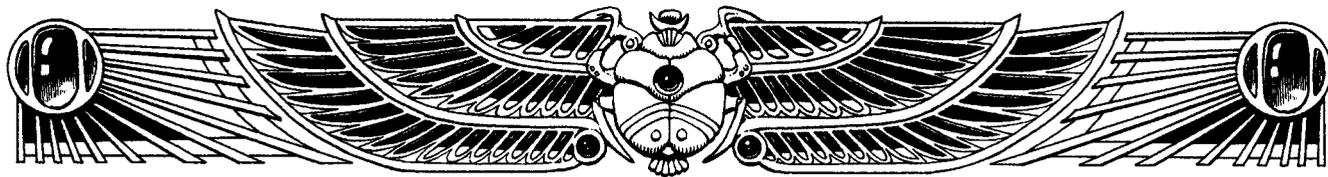
and mess halls for soldiers, airship crewmen and slaves. Just below the platform, a basement level contains generous stores of supplies and armaments, as well as the magical drives that regulate the elemental elevators. These vital mechanisms sit behind ten-foot-thick stone walls and well-guarded, iron-reinforced doors.

SKY POINT'S AIRSHIP FLEET

More than two dozen airships are permanently stationed at Sky Point, among them twelve combat vedettes, twelve more designed for elemental mining, and two larger kilas. Overgovernor Kypros's own kila, the *Ascendancy*, divides its time between Sky Point and the Basalt Spire in Vivane, as well as making an occasional foray over the southern regions of Bar-saive. Additional craft occasionally also moor at Sky Point, as the fortress is a prime stop-off point for any Imperial airship traveling in the region. Slaver and merchant ships can also be seen at the base, though these customarily only stay for as long as it takes them to offload their cargo. Any non-Theran airships approaching Sky Point must obtain permission to land, and one of the base's combat vedettes drops a Theran pilot aboard by rope ladder, who then steers the airship to a suitable mooring point.

Each airship has its own designated landing area on the platform. The Overgovernor's kila has the prime spot, right in front of Sky Point Palace. The two other kilas have spaces on either side of the *Ascendancy*, in front of the barracks. The vedettes land in given areas according to their function. Those dropping off slaves land close to the slave pen by the southwestern pillar; those delivering or picking up cargo can land close to the northern tower and its cargo warehouses. Once any of these ships has made its drop, however, it must move away, usually to a position near the western tower. Non-Imperial craft may only touch down between the northern and northeastern tower, where an escort of twenty soldiers will meet them.





THE ASCENDANCY

The *Ascendancy* is Overgovernor Kypros's personal kila, a symbol of his rule over Vivane and its surrounding lands and a warning to all Barsaivians who doubt the might of the Imperial forces. The immense craft is square-shaped, two hundred feet long on a side, and made of fine stone. From each corner rises a solid tower about fifty feet high, crafted from wood, stone and bronze. The towers are ringed with archery slits; in combat, soldiers can deliver punishing fusillades of missile fire against an enemy airship or ground forces through the narrow openings. Huge cannon line the kila's walls, the tips of their wide metal barrels poking menacingly through the stone.

The Great Tower, standing seventy feet high and more than fifty feet in diameter within the outer walls, dominates the kila. Its eight-foot-thick stone walls enclose three floors, reached by a spiral staircase built into the side facing the craft's courtyard. The first floor of the Great Tower holds a great hall where Kypros consults his commanders and plans his campaigns, and where the officers eat. The two floors above house the Overgovernor's private chambers and a library, as well as living quarters for the airship's permanent captain.

Beneath the courtyard are two more stories built into the kila's stone foundations. The uppermost story is fitted out with dormitories and a mess hall for most of the craft's crew. The remainder of the crew and whatever complement of soldiers the ship may be carrying reside in similar quarters in the outer walls and the corner towers. The lower level contains the slaves' chambers, which run in a hollow square around the center of the ship. The exertion of the slaves at their oars feeds the ship its mechanical and magical power.

The *Ascendancy* is usually captained by Ruom Korrurg, a gruff troll with a love of schedule and precision. An

Eighth Circle air sailor (see p. 148, *ED Companion*), Korrurg has served with Kypros for more than ten years. He is utterly humorless and a stickler for routine; rumor has it that he once even chewed out Kypros when the Overgovernor turned up unexpectedly late for an arranged flight. Korrurg likes everything just so; his crewmen respect him and feel that they always know where they stand with him, but he does not inspire affection among his juniors. Korrurg selects his crew on the basis of an excellent disciplinary record, and so his crew is well-drilled and professional but unimaginative and largely as humorless as he. Despite his hard-nosed demeanor, Korrurg gets along well with the Overgovernor, to whom he is loyal without question.

Korrurg's permanent crew includes first mate Ulger Arcanth, an ork; the ship's navigator, a female elf named Leshia; and 170 crewmen who are all air sailor or warrior adepts. When fitted for battle, the *Ascendancy* carries an additional three hundred or so troops from the Eighth Legion. The Legionnaires usually consist of two divisions, plus a number of specialists in airship combat—most often two hundred close-combat warrior or swordmaster adepts, and one hundred archer adepts. Statistics for such troops are those for typical Eighth Legion soldiers.

Use the following statistics for the *Ascendancy* with the Ship Combat rules (p. 129, *ED Companion*).

ASCENDANCY

Speed: 9 (390 yards/turn)

Maneuverability: 9

Firepower: 25/25

Hull

Armor Rating: 27

Ramming: 35

Damage

Critical: 22

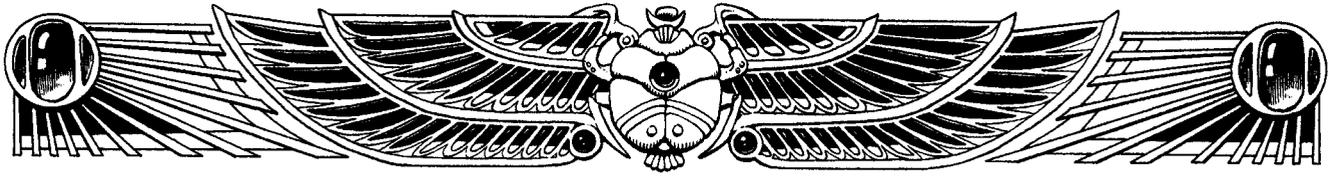
Derelict: 80

Destroyed: 90

THE PRESTIGE AND THE REGAL

As commander of Sky Point's naval fleet, Admiral Tularch has two kilas at her disposal: the *Prestige* and the *Regal*. When not at her desk at Sky Point or visiting Vivane, she uses the *Prestige* as her flagship. Though smaller than the *Ascendancy*, the *Prestige* is still an impressive craft. A circular ship more than 120 feet in diameter, the *Prestige* has five towers built into its outermost wall at regular intervals in a design that mirrors the Sky Point platform. The *Prestige*'s central tower houses Tularch's personal





chambers, where she spends much of her time when not in Sky Point or Vivane. The kila has a crew of 120 sailors and usually carries an additional 180 troops. When not serving as Tularch's flying headquarters, the *Prestige* often raids in distant regions for slaves under the command of the ship's regular captain, a somber troll named Tulkan. The kila's statistics appear below:

PRESTIGE

Speed: 8 (300 yards/turn)

Maneuverability: 9

Firepower: 25/25

Hull

Armor Rating: 20

Ramming: 30

Damage

Critical: 21

Derelict: 78

Destroyed: 85

The *Regal* is the smallest of the three kilas stationed at Sky Point. Triangular in shape, it extends about a hundred feet along each side. A fortified tower rises from each corner, and a larger command tower stands in the center. Like the *Prestige*, the *Regal* is officially under Tularch's command, but she rarely sails aboard it. In Tularch's absence, the *Regal's* young elf captain, Jerran Jeralis, takes the helm. The *Regal* usually carries a crew of a hundred, and in battle carries an additional hundred and fifty soldiers. The *Regal's* combat statistics appear below:

REGAL

Speed: 8 (300 yards/turn)

Maneuverability: 9

Firepower: 22/25

Hull

Armor Rating: 20

Ramming: 35

Damage

Critical: 20

Derelict: 75

Destroyed: 83

THE VEDETTE FLEET

Vedettes—light, sleek craft ideal for patrolling, raiding or conducting mining missions over southern Barsaive—make up most of Sky Point's fleet. Of the twenty-four such craft permanently attached to the fortress, half are fitted for combat and the remainder are equipped for mining elemental air and fire.

Combat Ships

The twelve combat vedettes are the *Courage*, the *Eager*, the *Spirit*, the *Honor*, the *Valor*, the *Pride*, the *Trust*, the *Gallant*, the *Brave*, the *Dauntless*, the *Inspiration* and the *Ferocious*. They undertake a variety of missions, most commonly escort duty for the mining craft. One or two vedettes usually escort each squadron of three mining ships. Pairs of combat vedettes also frequently fly in search of suitable settlements to raid for slaves. Less often, a combat vedette carries messages, passengers or cargo (usually all three simultaneously) between Sky Point and Vivane, or to more distant parts of the Theran Empire. Combat statistics for these vedettes appear below.

COMBAT VEDETTE

Speed: 7 (240 yards/turn)

Maneuverability: 10

Firepower: 16/16

Hull

Armor Rating: 20

Ramming: 28

Damage

Critical: 20

Derelict: 65

Destroyed: 74

Mining Ships

Because elemental fire and air are so important to the Theran Empire's magical might, the mining craft that seek out and gather these elements work day and night. Mining vedettes fly in squadrons of three, escorted by one or two combat vedettes. At any one time, two squadrons fly daytime missions and two fly night missions. The twelve mining vedettes at Sky Point are the *Amethyst*, the *Carnelian*, the *Diamond*, the *Emerald*, the *Jade*, the *Jasper*, the *Moonstone*, the *Opal*, the *Pearl*, the *Ruby*, the *Sapphire* and the *Topaz*. Combat statistics for these ships appear below.

MINING VEDETTE

Speed: 7 (240 yards/turn)

Maneuverability: 10

Firepower: 8/10

Hull

Armor Rating: 20

Ramming: 25

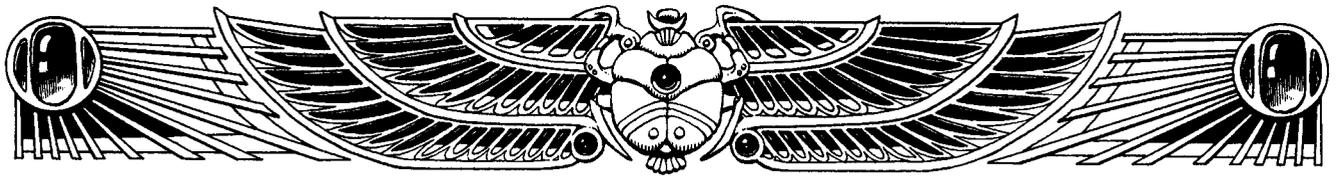
Damage

Critical: 18

Derelict: 63

Destroyed: 70





AIRSHIP CREWS

Most of the crewmen manning the airships of the Seventh Fleet are novice or journeyman air sailor and warrior adepts. A few of the air sailors are wardens: these serve as commanders and ship captains. Statistics for typical air sailor and warrior adepts in the Theran navy appear below. These statistics represent Second Circle adepts, and the gamemaster should adjust them as necessary to fit his game.

SEVENTH FLEET AIR SAILOR (HUMAN)

Attributes

Dexterity (18): 7/D12
Strength (13): 6/D10
Toughness (13): 6/D10
Perception (15): 6/D10
Willpower (11): 5/D8
Charisma (12): 5/D8

Initiative

Dice: 7/D12

Talents

Acrobatic Strike (2): 9/D8 + D6
Air Sailing (3): 8/2D6
Avoid Blow (2): 9/D8 + D6
Durability (2)
Great Leap (2): 9/D8 + D6
Karma Ritual (2)
Melee Weapons (3): 10/D10 + D6
Unarmed Combat (1): 8/2D6

Skills

Artisan/Sail Embroidery (1): 6/D10
Knowledge/Air Sailing History (1): 7/D12
Knowledge/Theran History (1): 7/D12

Karma

Dice: D8
Points: 20

Movement

Running: 85
Combat: 42

Damage

Death Rating: 47
Wound Threshold: 9
Unconsciousness Rating: 37
Recovery Tests per Day: 2
Recovery Dice: D10

Combat

Physical Defense: 10
Spell Defense: 8
Social Defense: 7
Armor: 3
Mystic Armor: 1

Equipment

Broadsword (Damage 11/D10 + D8)
Dagger (Damage 8/2D6)
Leather Armor

SEVENTH FLEET WARRIOR (ELF)

Attributes

Dexterity (15): 6/D10
Strength (18): 7/D12
Toughness (13): 6/D10
Perception (13): 6/D10
Willpower (14): 6/D10
Charisma (12): 5/D8

Initiative

Dice: 5/D8

Talents

Acrobatic Strike (2): 8/2D6
Air Dance (3): 9/D8 + D6
Durability (2)
Karma Ritual (2)
Melee Weapons (3): 9/D8 + D6
Throwing Weapons (1): 7/D12
Unarmed Combat (1): 7/D12
Woodskin (2): 8/2D6

Skills

Artisan/Wood Carving (1): 6/D10
Knowledge/Elven Lore (1): 7/D12
Knowledge/Theran History (1): 7/D12

Karma

Dice D6
Points 15

Movement

Running: 75
Combat: 38

Damage

Death Rating: 53
Wound Threshold: 9
Unconsciousness Rating: 41
Recovery Tests per Day: 2
Recovery Dice: D10

Combat

Physical Defense: 8
Spell Defense: 7
Social Defense: 7
Armor: 6
Mystic Armor: 2

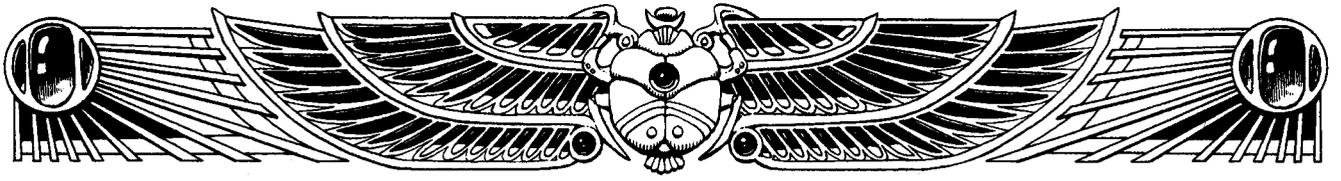
Equipment

Broadsword (Damage 12/2D10)
Dagger (Damage 9/D8 + D6)
Hardened Leather/Buckler

ABOUT VRONTOK

The town of Vrontok lurks in the shadow of Sky Point's huge pillars—a desperate, lawless place where everyday life revolves around the selling of slaves and the attempts of everyone else to relieve the slaver of his bounty. Enclosed within protective walls, Vrontok is a crowded warren, with housing and land at a premium. In certain places the suffocating lack of space has led people to build





dwelling on top of other buildings and leaning against the pillars that support the fortress high above. Vrontok huddles in the northern portion of the land beneath the platform, and so it stays in shadow for most of the year. Only at sunrise and sunset of seasonal equinoxes, when the sun is at its lowest in the sky, does any of its thin light penetrate deep enough to illuminate the shabby shacks and hovels of the town in an unfriendly glare.

The settlement of Vrontok began as a rough camp, populated by Theran workers and engineers (and a large number of slaves needed for the building of the magnificent Imperial fortress). Soon after the first Theran engineers began excavating the sinkholes for Sky Point's pillars, a tiny community of traders settled nearby to supply the Therans with food and other goods. By the time Sky Point neared completion and large numbers of Theran soldiers began moving into the area, the haphazard settlement had grown into a village. The Imperial authorities realized that their impressive military base would function better if a settlement near it could supply what the Therans would otherwise have to bring in themselves, and so Sky Point's planners set aside a space inside the camp's fortifications for the use of outsiders. Modern-day Vrontok consists of the town proper, populated by non-Therans, and the military camp that is home to the Imperial Eighth Legion.

Once the settlement's perimeter of walls and ditches was in place, Vrontok's traders quickly filled the space available—the Therans rarely gave ordinary people the protection of their troops and the chance to grow rich by providing them slaves, and Vrontok's inhabitants took swift advantage of the opportunity. The people of Vrontok had neither the resources nor the skills needed to build a kaer or citadel, and so relocated to Citadel Vivane during the Scourge. In the half-century since the Imperial reoccupation, Vrontok has resumed business as usual, and the town is more crowded than ever as the Theran demand for slaves grows.

VRONTOK'S INHABITANTS

In distant parts it is often reported that only humans live in Vrontok, for many Name-givers believed that only the human race would be unscrupulous enough to sell their fellow Name-givers into slavery among the Therans. The truth, however, is not so simple. People of almost all races live in Vrontok, all profiting from the slave trade in one way or another.

The town generally holds about 13,000 people, though its population can rise and fall dramatically depending on circumstances. Permanent residents number about 8,000, whatever the time of year. The remainder

POPULATION OF VRONTOK (average 13,000 people)

Elves	1,430 (11%)
Humans	5,200 (40%)
Orks	3,640 (28%)
Dwarfs	1,560 (12%)
Trolls	1,170 (9%)
Obsidimen	Handful
Windlings	Handful

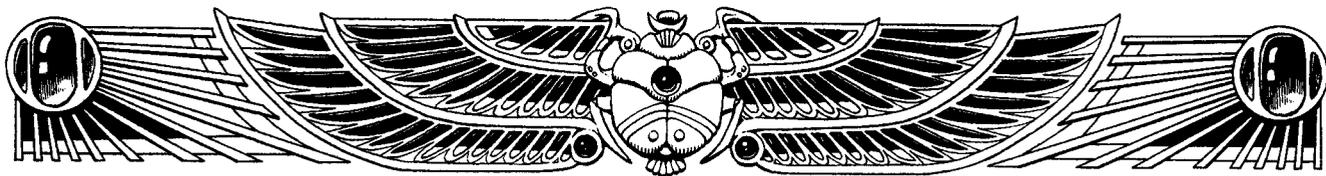
of the population is transient, staying in Vrontok for a few days or weeks. Many arrive to sell slaves or trade goods, then stick around for a few or many days to spend their profits (as long as it takes!). During the periodic times when the surrounding countryside becomes so dangerous that people move into town for comparative safety, or when the slaving bands return with living booty from lands far and wide, the town may hold more than 20,000 people. If the number swells too far above that threshold, the gates are shut against newcomers to keep the already horrendous overcrowding from getting any worse. At times, the makeshift camps full of those waiting to enter Vrontok may stretch along the roads outside the town for a mile or more.

Roughly 2,000 of Vrontok's inhabitants are slaves owned by Vrontok residents or businesses. Vrontok's rich citizens display their wealth openly by keeping certain slaves for themselves rather than selling them. All such "free" slaves in Vrontok are required to wear a locked metal band around their necks to indicate their status. On occasion, particularly unscrupulous people have been known to abduct such slaves, filing off the lock and removing the neckband, and then attempting to sell the slave at the market. The slave handlers at the market are all associates of Vrontok's mayor and the other major slave owners, however, and so most stolen slaves are spotted and their abductors arrested. Slave stealing is the worst crime on the statute books in Vrontok and is punishable by death.

VRONTOK'S GOVERNMENT

The Therans ostensibly leave the running of Vrontok to the majority non-Theran inhabitants. The Therans know the settlement is a wild and lawless place, but care little for what its residents do as long as they do not interfere in Imperial operations. Only when the residents encroach on the enclosed Theran military camp that takes up half of the area beneath Sky Point does the Legion take notice.





The ruler of Vrontok is Mayor Lorgo T'rask. He is not an elected official—he simply announced to his fellow Vrontoks about fifteen years ago that he was taking over and they could either live with it or get out of town. A human in his late fifties, Mayor T'rask led a half-human, half-ork slaver band that operated between Sky Point and the Twilight Peaks before he took over Vrontok.

Easily distinguishable by his squat, wide-shouldered frame, burgeoning paunch, thick mop of white-streaked hair and the gaudy chain of office he wears constantly (even for his yearly bath, some say), he is an ever-present fixture of Vrontok life. He controls many of the taverns, gambling halls and brothels, and is also responsible for the organization of the slave markets. Had the Therans chosen someone to run Vrontok for their mutual benefit, they could not have picked a better man than Lorgo T'rask.

The mayor lives in an immense, space-hogging hall close to the town's Outlaw Gate in north Vrontok. Day or night, he may be found just about anywhere; he takes a "hands-on" approach to ruling and is often out patrolling and administering his own individual brand of the law with a company of enforcers locally known as T'rask's Men. The members of this motley bunch of thugs are either ex-members of T'rask's slaving band or newer recruits who fit the same scurvy bill. They will remain loyal to T'rask as long as he shows no sign of weakness and has enough money to make it worth their while. With them at his back, T'rask keeps a firm grip on Vrontok.

In the Theran camp, the chief man is Ganian Farrosh, head of the division of the Eighth Legion permanently sta-

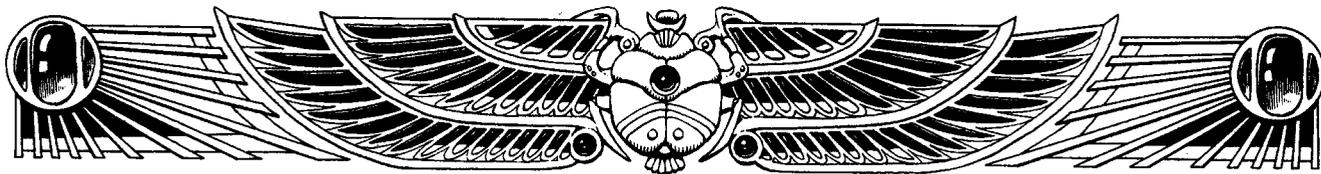
tioned at Sky Point as its garrison. Though nominally assigned to serve Admiral Tularch, Farrosh is every inch Overgovernor Kypros's man. A human in his thirties, Farrosh has served with Kypros and Tularch since he first joined the Legion. In recent months he has realized

that Tularch is heading for a fall, and as a result he keeps his dealings with her on a strictly neutral basis so that she cannot take him down when she goes. His relationship with Verulam Talara, Admiral Tularch's second in command, is cool and professional. Both soldiers recognize that Tularch will depart sooner rather than later, and that they will be rivals for her post. However, they both try to act as though this situation does not exist. Rather than speaking of it, they confine their communications to the day-to-day administration of the Vrontok base and Sky Point.

SECURITY IN VRONTOK

To protect the base of Sky Point's pillars, the Therans built a large wall around the whole area. Sixteen feet high and four feet thick, the massive wall is topped with battlements and a walkway. Fortified towers, usually twenty-two feet high, rear up over the battlements at many points. Outside the walls, deep ditches divided by rows of sharpened stakes circle the perimeter; where these meet the town's three gates, drawbridges come down from the two towers flanking each gate to cover the gap. Each drawbridge can be raised and lowered independently from either of the gate towers. From the Outlaw Gate to the Vivane Gate and the slave compound, the walls are guarded by T'rask's Men (p. 18). The Vivane Gate itself, the Empire Gate to the south of Vrontok, and the remainder of the town wall are patrolled by soldiers of the Eighth Legion. It is common





ceremonial trial proceeding and are then killed in front of a crowd of citizens. This spectacle usually persuades everyone else to keep their heads down, but on occasion a public execution has led to even more trouble when friends and family of an ill-advised choice of abductee rose up in protest. Twice, members of the Theran Eighth Legion enjoying the town's fleshpots in civilian dress came very close to losing their lives during one of the mayor's random roundups, and major breakdowns in Theran-Vrontok relations were only narrowly avoided. In general, Therans are not subject to Vrontok's laws or taxes. If a Theran soldier commits a crime, he or she is usually restrained, then escorted back to the military camp by Theran guards to await justice.

The usual method of execution in Vrontok is beheading, but T'rask can change this to quartering for certain crimes (notably slave-stealing). All executions are carried out on a platform that stands in the Market Place. Following sentencing, families and friends of criminals may be approached by T'rask's Men with the suggestion that a sizable donation to T'rask's pocket might help prevent their loved one from suffering an agonizing death by quartering and ensure a reasonably well-sharpened axe across the neck instead.

Walking around Vrontok wearing plenty of armor and armaments is a sensible survival precaution. However, an adventurer doing so should avoid straying near any "sensitive" Theran area to avoid attracting unwelcome attention.

CURRENCY AND TAXATION

Because slave raiders and regular traders come to Vrontok from many day's travel away and from all directions, a new visitor may be pleasantly surprised to find that just about type of currency used in the province or elsewhere is accepted as legal tender in this crowded, grubby town. The slave markets pay strictly in Theran coinage (often gold florins, but also in silver), and every vendor in Vrontok accepts these coins (though some traders may have trouble providing enough change for small purchases). Vrontok's merchants and traders will take any coin or token in exchange for goods with full confidence that they will be able to pass on whatever tender they receive when they buy something in turn. All citizens and regular visitors know the exchange rate for every type of currency, so little fiddling occurs unless the offerer of foreign coinage is plainly new to the town. Newcomers are ripe for as much swindling as the trader can manage, and local merchants often try to pass off as genuine an exchange rate three or four times the usual. If the buyer instantly objects and suggests the real rate (or anything

close to it), the matter is not discussed further. If the buyer simply tries to haggle the rate down a little, however, the trader tends to charge whatever he or she likes.

Local taxes consist of three simple levies, ruthlessly enforced by T'rask's Men: the house tax, the guest tax, and the exit tax.

House Tax

The house tax, levied on the sale of any property, amounts to 25 percent of the price of the dwelling. The tax also applies to business properties and plots of land (though few of the latter can be had within the town walls). As the sale of all property must be witnessed by Mayor T'rask or one of his most trusted men and must take place in the office at T'rask's Hall (by the mayor's executive order), the tax is easy to collect. Failure to pay the tax or follow the rules for property sales results in the guilty party's immediate sale to the Therans.

Guest Tax

Once a month, every adult in Vrontok who is neither a property owner nor married to one must pay a tax of 50 silver pieces or the equivalent in whatever coinage or goods the person may possess. A person who fails to pay can either leave town or be sold as a slave to the Therans. Many people try to avoid this tax, but conditions in Vrontok are so crowded that just about everyone will snitch on his neighbor. When revenue from this tax falls especially low, T'rask often announces a bounty to be paid to upright Vrontoks who inform on welchers (usually 1 to 3 silver pieces per offender).

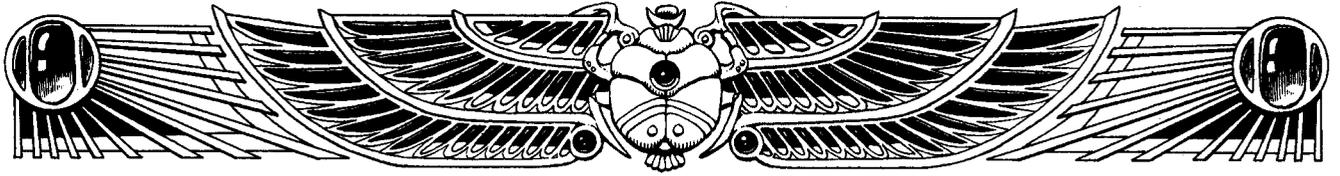
Exit Tax

Any person wishing to leave town or being forced out by his inability to pay the guest tax, must pay an exit tax at the gates. The penalty for failing to pay this tax, currently thirty silver pieces, is Theran slavery. If the supply of slaves drops too low, the tax often increases (and Mayor T'rask orders an immediate census of guests in Vrontok) to ensure that supplies are soon replenished.

DAILY LIFE AND PROMINENT PLACES

Vrontok is a wild and often violent town where easy money and rough brigands combine with strong ale and illicit pursuits in a hedonistic frenzy that only stops when the cash runs dry. People come to Vrontok from all over the Empire, usually to sell slaves but also to trade regular goods or simply to experience the town's dubious attractions. In its crowded streets one may rub shoulders with all kinds of people from distant parts, including ruthless





slavers and ork scorchers who are more usually found pilaging defenseless wilderness settlements in search of loot.

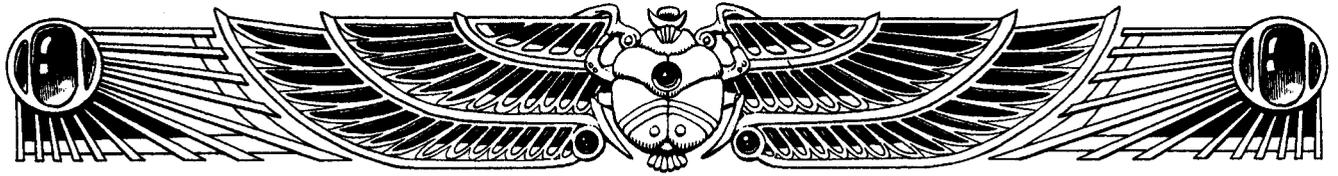
Many of those who stay in Vrontok for any length of time manage to do so because they are wealthy. Plenty of money circulates in the town, and every new visitor unused to strong ale and cheap dancing girls may soon be parted from his coin. Vrontok's rich, almost all of whom have found it expedient to be close personal friends of Lorgo T'rask, live in (relatively) large houses in quieter parts of town, most along Barracks Way opposite the Theran military camp. For every wealthy tavern-keeper, gambling-hall proprietor or brothel owner, however, Vrontok has a hundred gutter dwellers, paupers attracted by wealth and the prospect of lawless pleasure who have lost their fortunes and now must occupy Vrontok's rat-infested slums.

What passes for law in Vrontok represents a much looser definition than law in Vivane, and so an adventurer who keeps his head down can buy just about anything and also learn much. The ever-present hazards of meeting T'rask's Men or tangling with bandits and robbers of different sorts, however, require all adventurers to be able to

look after themselves if they plan on staying in Vrontok for any length of time. Vrontoks are predatory, and more than a few adventurers seeking covert purchases and information about Vivane Province have met with allegedly helpful souls only to be swindled or waylaid and ambushed. Wise adventurers will make a practice of arranging a preliminary meeting in some open-air, public spot, and make certain that subsequent meetings occur in a location the adventurers know or can spy out and secure in advance.

Because Vrontok is a mecca for unscrupulous slavers and traders from all over southern Barsaive and Vivane Province, visitors may hear all manner of tongues being spoken in its alleys and slave markets—and witness many people using rudimentary sign language in a vain attempt to make themselves understood. Those who have dwelt in Vrontok since its reoccupation by the Empire have spent so much time dealing with those who speak only Theran that a guttural street slang has evolved, which mixes mutated and mispronounced words from Theran and Throalic as well as a smattering of individual words from a dozen other languages. Speakers of this language often use it to confuse newcomers, passing on secret details to accomplices





when negotiating a deal or staking out a merchant ripe for robbery. In the circular rat-runs of North Pillar and West Pillar, the street urchins speak nothing but Vrontok slang. Most adults can speak Throalic as well if necessary and all know at least enough Theran to buy or sell something.

Slave Market

A newcomer to Vrontok usually visits the Slave Market district first. The district gets its name from the two large slave markets where raiders bring their prizes to sell to the Therans. The markets are little more than a collection of secure pens and an office, in which Theran officials—assisted by a small unit of the Eighth Legion keeping an eye out for trouble—pay out money according to the slaves' quality and quantity. The Therans reject very few slaves outright, but then they rarely need to; the lengthy forced march to Vrontok, clapped in irons or tied to one's fellow slaves, usually winnows out weaker captives.

Having sold his or her slaves, a new visitor with any sense will turn around and leave Vrontok before sundown; with luck, he may escape with his purse full. A great many, however, choose to wander up the Slave Way. This road is lined all the way to the Market Place with ale-houses and less salubrious businesses, all of which are devoted solely to extracting as much money from a hapless outlander as possible. The buildings appear well-maintained, but most are shacks hiding behind better-kept facades. Some employ people

to stand outside and advertise the wares on offer, and the voices of these hawkers can be heard calling to the unwary at any hour of the day and night. Most of these places are bright, breezy and expensive, relying on gloss and dancing girls to attract customers.

Outlaw Town

The truly seedy businesses set up shop in Outlaw Town, where the dedicated pleasure-seeker ultimately ends up.

Back-street hooch shops, gambling dens and brothels lurk in Outlaw

Town, where the nature of their services is more than enough

to attract trade without fake fronts and bark-

ers shouting about the attractions to

be enjoyed within. At the bottom

of the district is the large

Market Place, where all the

usual goods and a few more exotic

ones are up for sale to the will-

ing buyer. For many traders

coming from the south and

west, Vrontok is the last stopping

point before Vivane city.

On the north

side of the market stands a low plat-

form stained with a dark brown splotch of

dried blood. The platform is the place of execu-

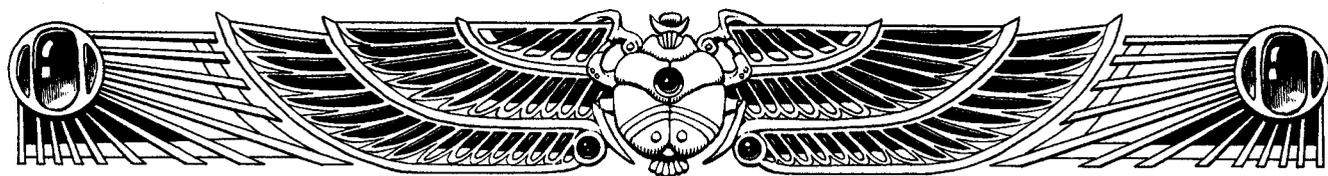
tion for many of Vrontok's most evil criminals and most

innocent dupes. To the north of the

market, the area degenerates rapidly. Large, well-constructed buildings give way

to low, single-story shacks and lean-tos, some





only temporary huts that will disappear within a week or a month and be replaced by others. Gangs of street children sneak everywhere, picking visitors' pockets and stealing from market stalls. Hardly safe during the day, Outlaw Town is infinitely worse after dark. Nevertheless, people throng its streets in search of entertainment at all hours of the day and night, newly earned money burning holes in their purses.

North Pillar and West Pillar

Once the hapless visitor spends all his money, he most likely ends up in the slums that circle the north and west pillars. The real poor—those trapped by the promise of wealth that Vrontok continues to dangle just beyond their reach—live in these rat-infested warrens and rookeries. The mismatched buildings are constructed from whatever scrap their owners could salvage. They rise up in rows on top of each other around the foot of the pillars, seeking out the last inch of available space. The shadows beneath Sky Point are darkest here, and death and disease claim many. Some manage to eke out a living from crafts such as carpentry or cloth-weaving, but many more can only thrive by preying on unwary outsiders (and each other).

THE VRONTOK VIEW OF THERANS

In general, the people of Vrontok regard the Therans as fleas regard a dog. The Therans offer something they want—wealth—and so they cluster near the source of that wealth in great hordes. Unlike fleas, however, the Vrontoks know that if they continue supplying something that the Therans need—slaves—the Theran forces will continue to tolerate them as long as they don't irritate the Imperials so much that the annoyance outweighs the benefits. According to a favorite saying of many Vrontoks—probably first coined by T'rask in one of his interminable pre-execution addresses—the Therans and the town have saved most of them from having to take their chances out in the wild with all the slavers running around. The irony is that while everyone recognizes that they themselves are those very slavers, they fail to notice (or don't care about it, if they do) that the slavers are as hard at work inside Vrontok as they are outside it.

THE THERAN VIEW OF VRONTOK

The rabble crammed inside Vrontok is a mixture of slavers and slaves, but most Therans see little difference between them. The Therans see every resident of or visitor to Vrontok as a useful tool that possesses the potential to provide the means of powering the mighty Imperial armies and navies that allow them to bring Thera's civilizing touch to every part of the Empire. The people of Vrontok,

who would sell their own kin as slaves, are plainly lacking in every decent moral code, and therefore their living conditions and behavior need not concern an upright Theran. They sometimes get a little out of hand, but their odious leader and his band of thugs and gangsters soon rein them in. If they become significantly troublesome, the Eighth Legion can always be relied upon to flex its muscle and quiet them down again. Ultimately, all Vrontoks are slaves one way or another, at one time or another, and slaves have no rights.

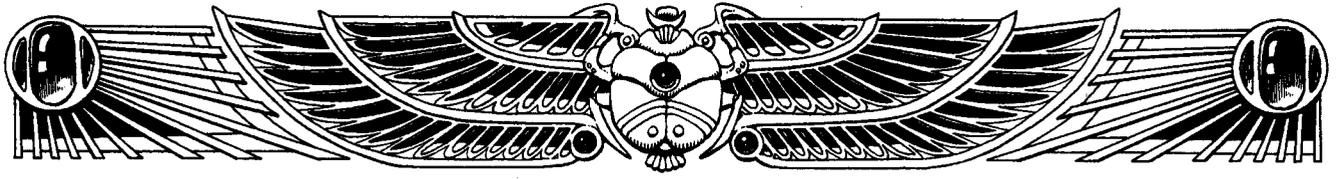
RESISTANCE TO THERAN RULE

In Vivane, a cynical little game is re-enacted every year between the Therans and the Resistance. The Resistance sabotages a wall, an aquifer, or some other convenient target; if they feel ambitious, they assassinate some junior functionary. The Therans stroll out from behind their walled quarter, round up fifty hapless Barsaivians, and cut their heads off in public to discourage further Resistance activity. (To their credit, the Therans usually make a token attempt to select shadier characters for this privilege.) Everyone's honor is satisfied, and the Therans are not much bothered. If the Resistance stepped up their activities to significant levels, the Therans might get nasty, but as things stand everyone is happy enough (except the unfortunates executed, of course).

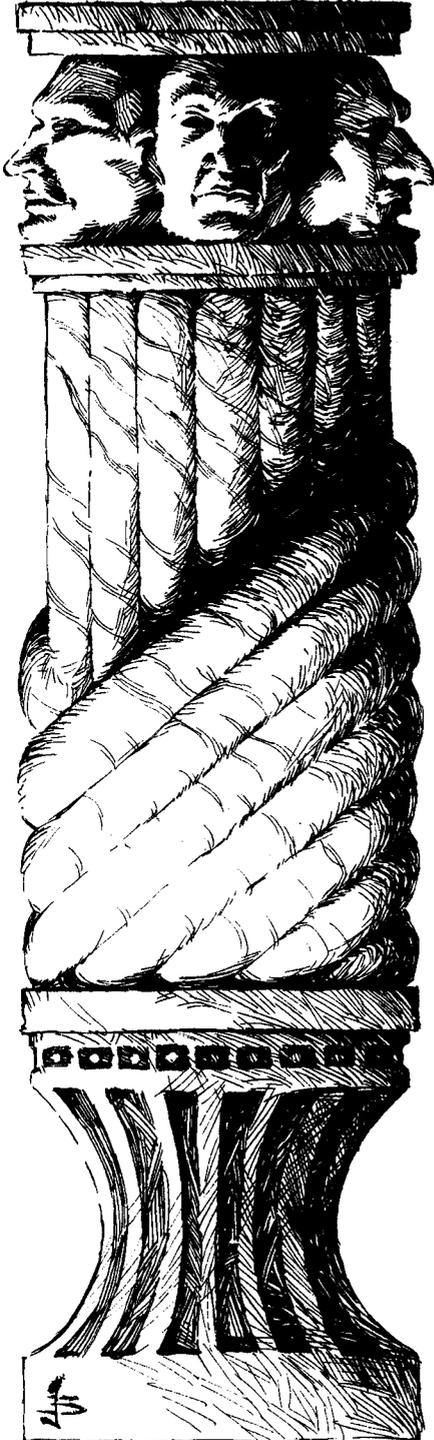
In Vrontok, the situation is different. Sky Point is militarily vital, and as an impressive visible link to the Great City it has great symbolic value. The Therans react strongly to any threat to Sky Point, and so even a sniff of Resistance activity in Vrontok meets with swift and savage reprisal from the Theran military. As a consequence, Mayor T'rask is determined to root out Resistance members or sympathizers. In addition, most of Vrontok's people have no qualm about betraying resisters for the reward they gain. It is even said that some utterly destitute people whose children are starving or suffering from malnutrition offer themselves to T'rask in order to get enough money to buy food or pay a healer. They pretend to be Resistance sympathizers and T'rask turns them over to the Therans, then splits the bounty with the family of the unfortunate in question. T'rask makes a profit, the poor sacrifice themselves for their children, and Kypros receives a glowing account of yet another successful rooting-out of subversives.

The Resistance has few members or sympathizers in Vrontok. Adventurers seeking opportunities to sabotage the Therans' primary military base should not count on getting any help for their efforts from the town's unfortunate inhabitants.





NORTHWEST VIVANE



The northwestern region of Vivane Province covers the lands west of the Flamewalk River and north of the Bearsgold River. The Greatcrag Hills and the Caralkspur Mountains border this region on the far west, and the Stormhammer jungles and the hills and mountains along the edge of the Wastes lie to the region's far north.

MAJOR CITIES AND TOWNS

The great trading city of Inshaldren, the fashionable spa of Sendernis, and the unusual mining town of Morkant feature among the most prominent settlements in northwest Vivane Province.

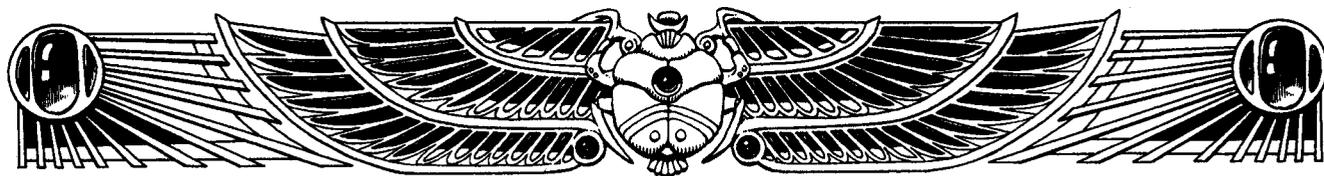
INSHALDREN

This fortified, walled city stands two miles from the banks of the Bearsgold River. It lies close to Vivane Province's border with the province of Rugaria, and the Theran Legions of Rugaria and Vivane coordinate border patrols in the city. A full cohort of the Eighth Legion is stationed in Inshaldren at all times, along with at least two vedettes of the Seventh Fleet. Inhabited by 22,000 souls—roughly 3,500 Therans, 5,000 slaves, and the rest are Barsaivians or native Rugarians—Inshaldren is a bustling, noisy, prosperous center of trade and commerce.

In addition to its size and activity, several unusual sights and residents set Inshaldren apart from other Imperial cities. The city's unique canal system divides Inshaldren into four districts in a clover-leaf pattern, with one huge canal gate to the south and a land gate to the northeast. The canals draw water from the river, relying on sluice gates and elemental water magics to regulate water levels. The formidable Redoubt is another landmark: an imposing, four-towered castle 150 feet tall, with ornate gargoyles atop its battlements. Situated in the northeastern quarter of the city, the Redoubt is one of the original fortifications built by the Therans when they spread northeast from the Imperial base in Bukara. Enchantments laid on the Redoubt draw lightning to the tower during storms, and the captured lightning then powers the magical weapons with which Theran magicians can launch assaults from the structure in time of peril or siege. During peaceful times, the magicians amuse themselves by launching elaborate lightning-based fireworks displays on festival days. City Administrator Zalunchis, Inshaldren's ruler, has recently acquired as an advisor the unconventional Barsaivian wizard named Arthaldus Mazanian, a legendary magical researcher and tinkerer. Though Arthaldus takes matters of magic seriously, at times he greatly enjoys producing flashy and dramatic magical effects. Last Sollus, at the stroke of midnight, he conjured a hundred-yard dragon of lightning above the city. Unfortunately, a score of townsfolk reacted to this amazing magical feat by flinging themselves into the canals from sheer terror.

As a border city that thrives on commerce, Inshaldren is cosmopolitan and a bit more liberal in atmosphere than the city of Vivane. Both Barsaivians and Rugarians feel at home in Inshaldren. The city has few slums and suffered very little from the Scourge. The extensive labyrinths beneath the Redoubt kept the city's





population safe during that evil time, and the city has doubled in size in the years since. To hold the burgeoning population, Administrator Zalunchis has authorized the construction of a fifth loop in the canal system and a corresponding extension of the city walls.

Repeated rumors of a nest of Vestrial worshippers within Inshaldren recently gained new life when city guards fished the body of the senior clerk in the Department of Bursaries, a member of House Medari, from the canal two months ago. As they always do when someone commits an act of violence against a member of a noble house, city officials suspect the chaotic influence of Vestrial leading one house to conspire to create mayhem in another. If a group of Vestrial's adherents actually exist in the city, the Theran authorities will richly reward anyone discovering evidence of the group's membership or activity. (Of course, undertaking such an enterprise offers many types of danger—but what better way exists for an adventurer to build his legend?)

SPRINGS OF SENDERNIS

The small village of Sendernis lies by a natural spring from which water as warm as blood gushes into a maze of pools. The Therans embellished and built around the natural pools, turning Sendernis into a spa village where wealthy Therans could come to "take the waters," which are said to have healing qualities. Jaded, over-indulged Therans relax in the warm pools and enjoy the attentions of masseurs, herbal experts, and diverse but unremittingly banal entertainers.

A towering, elliptical fence of metal railings surrounds the entire settlement, and a private militia of twenty well-equipped trolls of unusual size and strength patrols the fence at all times. Only legitimate Theran visitors and their private retinues of slaves may enter Sendernis. Many spa patrons do not bring slaves at all, preferring to allow some of the sizable number of local slaves Sendernis employs to attend to their every whim. Mere adventurers, and especially Barsaivian natives who pursue that life, cannot gain entrance to this luxurious enclave: the spa represents the highest concentration of *extremely* rich Therans anywhere in the province, and so presents all too tempting a target for thieves. However, a tiny hamlet built around a coaching inn lies by the river roughly three miles south of the springs, and more than a few Therans occasionally skulk away from their ascetic spa regime to enjoy certain privileges forbidden them by the fastidious staff of Sendernis—overindulgence in rich foods, excessive amounts of drink, and carnal pursuits. Catering to Therans in search of pleasure, the hamlet has a startling array of luxurious and often

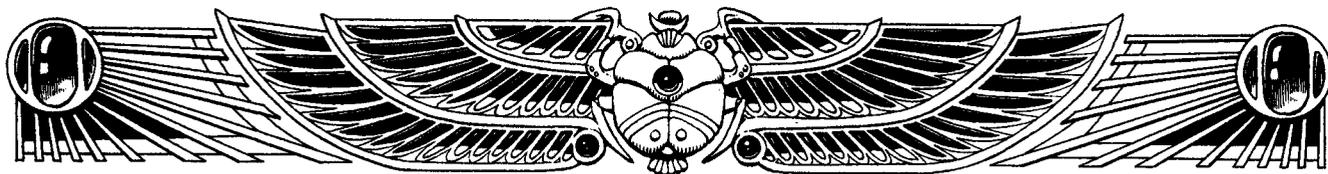
depraved establishments of the type normally encountered in large cities. Adventurers can easily make this village an indulgent and interesting stopover. They may also encounter a few stinking rich Therans without the usual attendant slaves and bodyguards, which makes for interesting possibilities. The hamlet protects its wealthy customers with a well-trained mercenary militia, whose members regard non-Theran newcomers with justifiable suspicion: they are well aware of just how attractive thieves, Resistance assassins or kidnappers might find the town's clientele.

MORKANT

The city of Morkant is ringed by a mile-wide array of apparently natural basalt columns, each strangely twisted as if it was a giant, arthritic finger poking toward the heavens. The origin of these strange and sinister-looking stones is lost in a dozen variant myths, yet the stories attach no evil or brooding menace to them. Astral space remains untainted within a mile of this ring, and the wooden walls that the Therans built between the columns are as strong as the hardest stone. The Therans, astonished at the sight of the place, conducted careful magical studies and then built a city within the natural protection offered by the stone claws. Morkant has thrived since its founding, its location at the easternmost point of the Greatcrag foothills allowing it to support a number of satellite mining communities that ship their stone, copper, tin, lead and even silver through Morkant down the Bearsgold River to Inshaldren and beyond. The Bearsgold River takes its name from the earliest years of settlement in this region of the province, where, for nearly twenty years, miners in the lands near present-day Morkant consistently found gold nuggets in the river bed, shaped somewhat like bears' heads. Some of the earliest finds are on display at the City Museum, and the similarity is uncanny. Such finds are rare today, the gold rush fever they spurred a thing of the past.

The people of Morkant, nearly 4,000 in number, are noted throughout Vivane Province for their free-thinking ways. The Therans have maintained a military garrison outside the twisted spires ever since they discovered that their own soldiers stationed in the town were prone to disobey orders and act restive and rebellious. Residents of Morkant tend to be forthright to the point of rudeness, honest to a fault, and slightly irritable by nature. Arguments and fights are common in most taverns and at trading posts throughout the city, though most disagreements are settled by fisticuffs. Some attribute this innate argumentativeness to a subtle magical influence from the spires, but evidence of that is unclear. The Therans take a





slightly more liberal attitude than usual toward public order in Morkant, but step in swiftly whenever Therans in the city are attacked or robbed.

Morkant has more dwarfs and trolls among its people than most Imperial cities, and these races monopolize local mining. The city's population is largely a mix of Barsaivians, Rugarians, and natives of the local area, many of whom claim ancestry from nearby hill communities. More than a few gamblers, ruffians, thieves and rogues ply their nefarious trades in Morkant, but the ordinary people work hard and play hard. They have little respect for those who make their living any other way than by manual labor, and so do not hold adventurers in high esteem. To the boasts of a typical hero, the proud native of Morkant is likely to answer, "So you stole a hoard of gold from some ruined kaer by fighting a Horror! Me, I *earned* mine from hard work cutting stone. That's *real* money, boyo."

Hazards

Hazards in Morkant include avoiding fights, as well as coping with various menaces in the surrounding hills (see **Greatcrag-Caralkspur Range**, p. 32). Adventurers can find work on airships traveling into the Greatcrag Hills on slave raids; though well-paid, such jobs are extremely dangerous.

CITADEL OF ALDJEKUUL

Situated near the rising slopes of the Greatcrag Hills and the deadly Caralkspur Mountains, Aldjekuul is both citadel and city. This grim fortress was built by the Therans following a great battle at the site some 206 years before the establishment of the Imperial calendar (237 TH).

During the early years of exploration in the area that would later become Vivane Province, the Fifth Legion established an outpost at Aldjekuul from which to explore the Greatcrag Hills and the Stormhammer Jungle. The first division sent to the area was wiped out to the last man. In response, Overgovernor Lafarellis of Bukara dispatched three full divisions with airship support and a complement of specially trained magicians recruited from the isle of Thera. Magical divination had failed to reveal the fate of the lost division, and so the Overgovernor and his forces took the field without adequate knowledge of what they might face.

The Legion met an army of cave trolls, many clad in plate armor as fine as any the Therans possessed, marching and attacking with a military precision that the Imperials had never before seen among such brutes. The air around the airships grew thick with thousands of huge raven-like birds, some the size of an ork, that battered and buffeted the vessels. The ferocity of the troll attack astonished the

Therans. Magic could not dismay or rout them. Clearly, some powerful magical force or presence commanded or controlled them and the massed ranks of equally well-disciplined ogres and orks behind them.

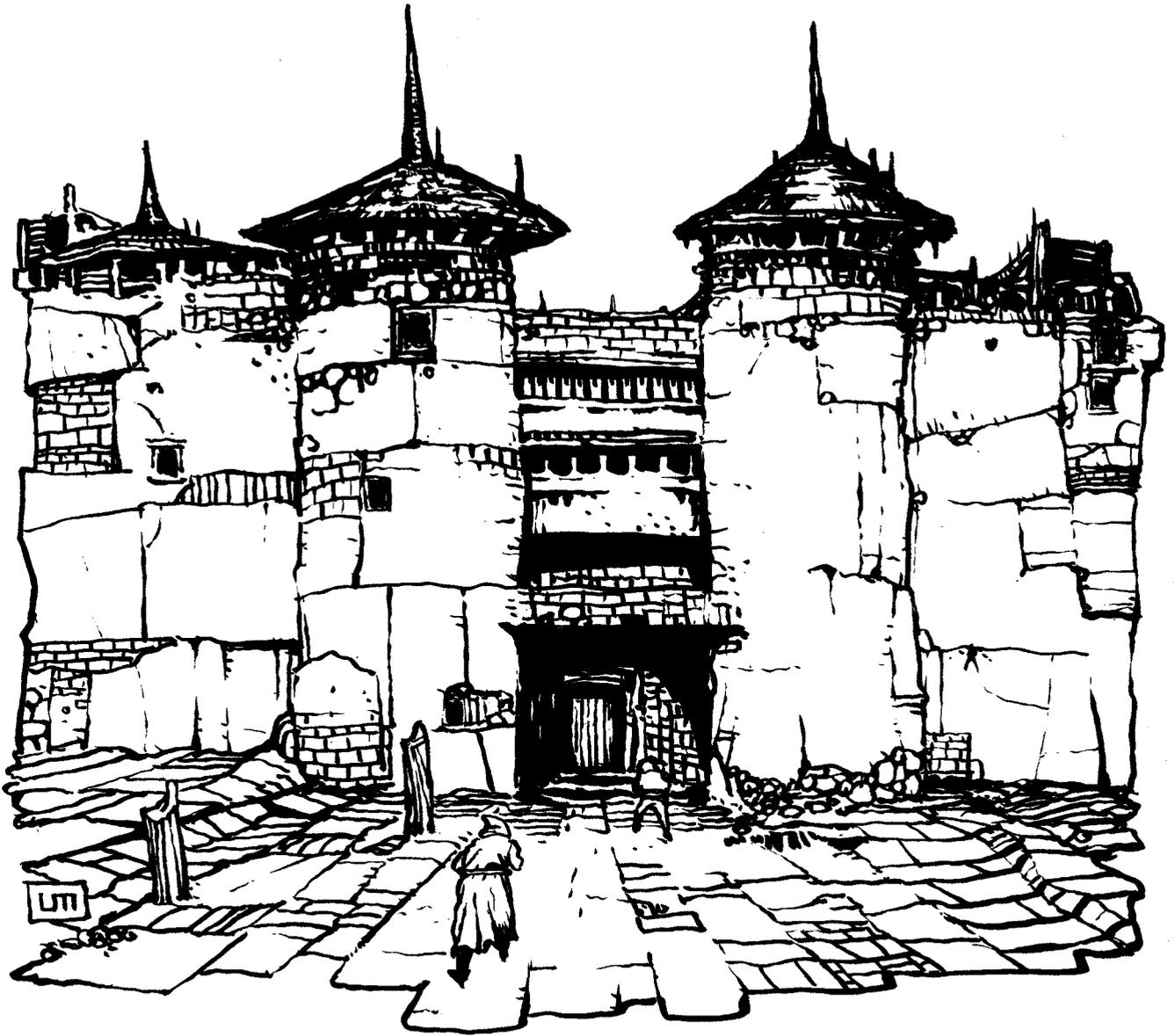
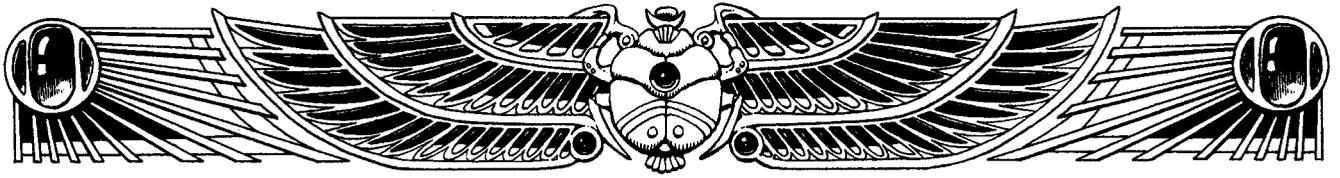
The wizard Tarlantennis, young and rash, was the only Theran to detect that controlling presence. Hovering near the armies in astral space was a creature of horrific appearance. No flesh covered its moldering bones, and a shroud of dead skin like the wing of a nightmare bat hung from each of its four outspread arms. Its eyes glowed green with malefic radiance: the thing looked like Death itself. As each body fell dead on the battlefield, a tiny light flickered at the tips of the thing's claws, and the dark aura around it grew stronger.

Tarlantennis directed his airship toward the creature and forced it to emerge from astral space. As the creature manifested, the wizard drove a magical wand into its chest. The wand shattered, creating a fireball that destroyed the wizard and banished the thing. The vanishing creature's scream echoed across the mountain slopes, mesmerizing its grim armies. While the trolls and their fellows stood stupefied, the Legionnaires hewed them down by the hundreds. Finally the creatures regained their senses, and the survivors fled.

Soon after this hard-won victory, a Theran nethermancer attempted to learn the spell by which Tarlantennis had banished the creature, using the Experience Death spell to relive the fallen wizard's final moments. The luckless nethermancer immediately contracted a mysterious wasting disease and took fifteen years to die, slipping into catatonic insanity shortly before the end. Throughout his years of suffering, the nethermancer endlessly sketched the creature that had destroyed his fellow magician. After his death, the Therans erected a twenty-foot stone statue of the creature outside the forbidding citadel walls and hung flaps of skin from the stone skeletal frame. They re-dress the statue with the skins of executed criminals at regular intervals. Some people swear that the thing's eyes glow pale green whenever someone in the citadel dies, and that if a child or innocent perishes, the statue seems to shudder as if in baleful delight.

Ever since that unspeakable battle so long ago, Aldjekuul has remained a place of dread. No one has ever seen any creatures like the being the wizard killed, but many ferocious beasts live in the hills and mountains to the west and no Legion soldier cares to be posted to Aldjekuul. The Eighth and Sixth Legion, currently based in Bukara, between them contribute five hundred soldiers to the citadel. These soldiers have the thankless task of patrolling the roadway known as Death's Road southward





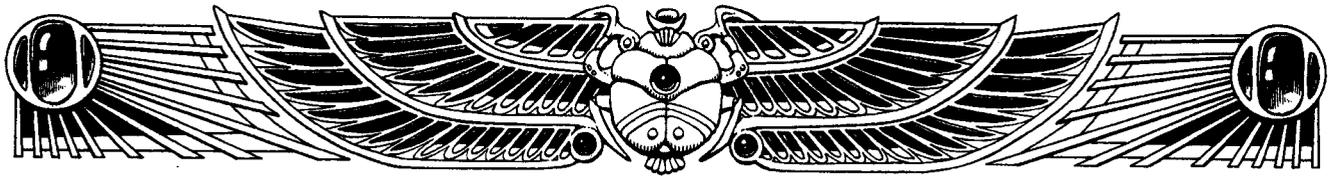
through the three great Darkkeeps, all the way to the southern city of Morkant.

In addition to the soldiers, 3,200 people huddle inside the city's double-thick stone walls, and the guards at the gates demand a very good reason for letting in anyone new. Nearly every building seems designed for defense against powerful foes. The city has a depressing history of surviving adversity: its noteworthy sufferings include the Great Plague of 112 TE, the brain fever epidemic of 173 TE that killed 70 percent of the children under seven years of age, the stonerot years of 211–230 TE, and more. The city remains viable only because it serves as an important early

warning beacon for trouble brewing in the Caralkspurs, it helps to guard the trade road from the town of Laraken, and it acts as a support base for mining operations at Sigara's Crag. Aldjekuul is dark and gloomy, and all manner of dubious folk have fled to it from enemies or from justice in other lands and cities. The citadel's extensive underground labyrinths, built to protect the population during the Scourge, are said to hide countless undead creatures in their deepest recesses. Rumor has it that Theran nethermancers barely manage to keep these things at bay.

The city is hungry for slaves, who tend to lead short and brutal lives. House Carinci has built and maintains its





own non-military kila, the *Gloomwing*, the prow of which is decorated (in a morbid show of bad taste) with a likeness of the creature that stands outside the city gates. This vessel and its crew of trolls, noted for brutality, raids the settlements in the Greatcrags and on the edges of the Stormhammer Jungle for slaves. Sometimes the *Gloomwing* even crosses the Caralkspur Mountains and attacks lands to the far west, beyond the area shown on the Vivane Province map.

The weather around Aldjekuul is oppressive, and the general atmosphere takes its toll on all who stay in the vicinity. Even the City Administrator, Captain Loremius of the Eighth Legion, frequently falls victim to fits of depressive madness. For a full description of the citadel's hazards, see the description of the Caralkspur Mountains (beginning on p. 32).

THE DARKKEEPS

Each of these aptly named sites is a castle built around a central tower whose walls are two feet thick. These keeps are Theran military garrisons, each manned by 120 heavy infantry from the Eighth Legion, plus 40 cavalry riders to patrol Death's Road. A Theran elementalists stationed at each site uses a lightning-based mechanism to send signals from keep to keep and also to Aldjekuul and Morkant. To see these signals, the viewer must use a specially crafted lens of magical crystal that magnifies the lightning-etched signal from its distant source. These lenses allow signals to be seen for up to a hundred miles. Each keep's garrison also includes twelve griffin riders with beastmasters to train and look after the aerial mounts. The riders patrol in pairs, supplementing the vedette patrols. All of them are *k'stulaami* (see pp. 68–69, *Denizens*, Vol. 1) of varying Imperial origin. Any of these riders who are knocked from their mounts can remount in the air within 4 Combat Rounds.

GRIFFIN RIDER (K'STULAAMI)

Fifth Circle Cavalryman

Attributes

Dexterity (16): 7/D12
 Strength (18): 7/D12
 Toughness (13): 6/D10
 Perception (11): 5/D8
 Willpower (16): 7/D12
 Charisma (16): 7/D12

Initiative

Dice: 5/D8

Talents

Animal Bond (5): 12/2D10
 Avoid Blow (4): 11/D10 + D8
 Blood Share (4): 10/D10 + D6
 Charge (5): 12/2D10
 Durability (5)
 Empathic Command (5): 12/2D10
 Karma Ritual (4)
 Melee Weapons (5): 12/2D10
 Rider Weaving (5): 10/D10 + D6
 Sure Mount (3): 10/D10 + D6
 Trick Riding (5): 12/2D10
 Wheeling Attack (4): 11/D10 + D8

Skills

Artisan/Leather Working (1): 8/2D6
 Knowledge/Barsaive History (1): 6/D10
 Knowledge/T'skrang Lore (1): 6/D10

Karma

Dice: D6
 Points: 15

Movement

Running: 75
 Combat: 38

Note: May spend Karma on any action taken by mount except Damage Tests

Combat

Physical Defense: 10
 Spell Defense: 7
 Social Defense: 9
 Armor: 10
 Mystic Armor: 4

Damage

Death Rating: 70
 Wound Threshold: 9
 Unconsciousness Rating: 57
 Recovery Tests per Day: 2
 Recovery Dice: D10

Equipment

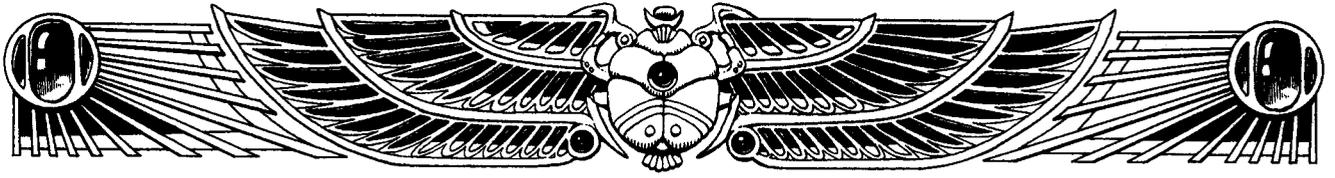
Booster Potion
 Broadsword (Forged +5) (Damage 16/D20 + D10)
 Flail (Damage 12/2D10)
 Griffin Mount (see p. 296, *ED* rulebook)
 Magical Hardened Leather (Rank 3 Thread Attached)
 Rider's Shield

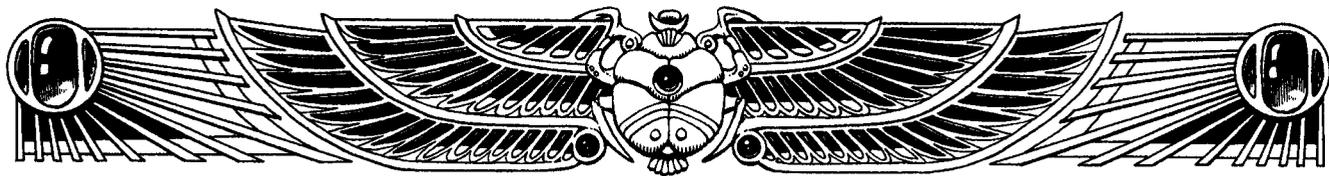
Thread Weaving Notes

Rank 3 Thread woven to magical hardened leather armor

The cavalry's mounts are strong and healthy but rarely survive much beyond a year of service. Their Theran riders use herbal stimulants to gallop the beasts half again as long as for a normal day's hard ride, enabling swift patrols and instant responses to any threat from the hills. Visitors are unwelcome near the Darkkeeps, and the







Therans will waylay and interrogate anyone approaching the area. Two vedettes fly constantly above the entire length of Death's Road to alert the keeps to danger; an elementalists aboard each ship employs a lightning signaler like those used in the keeps, and can transmit a warning message in seconds.

THE HAMMERHILLS

This long strip of hills rarely rises higher than eight hundred feet. It is named for its periodic outcroppings, monoliths anywhere from fifteen to forty feet higher than the surrounding hills, that are shaped like the heads of great stone hammers. The dwarfs native to the Hammerhills attribute their landscape to Upandal and tell a variety of mythic tales in which the Passion created the hammers to inspire the dwarfs to greater efforts and finer craftsmanship. The many small hill communities in this area contain superb craftsmen indeed, many of whom migrate to Vivane or Inshaldren to make their fortunes and send back money or goods to aid their families. Even by dwarf standards, the hill dwarfs are a tight-knit people noted for their honesty and straightforwardness. They also tend to be insular and parochial. They listen politely to tales of faraway lands and adventures, but are rarely interested. The dwarfs do not resent the Therans much, as Theran authorities wisely chose to limit their influence to levying small taxes on them. A Theran military garrison at the stone mines of Balkaria protects these dwarfs from predators of all kinds, and the local people are grateful.

BALKARIA AND RAFRANCHER'S CLAW

The mines at Balkaria yield superb limestone, unusually hard and resistant to weathering. These qualities are so unusual that many believe deposits of elemental earth must lie beneath the hills. Theran elementalists have not tried to extract these deposits, fearful of disrupting the magic that seems to seep into the hills above the deposits and sustain the quality of the limestone. Any interference might cause the loss of this supply of excellent building stone. A full division of the Eighth Legion is stationed at Balkaria, along with a vedette moored at an ornate limestone spire just outside the walled garrison. Roughly 1,200 people live at Balkaria, two-thirds of them miners and their families and the rest traders, storekeepers and transients. Most of the mining is done by sweat and pick, rather than magic, in order to avoid disturbing a huge Liferock that lies nearly half a mile below the surface.

The Liferock, a forty-foot basalt column inside a vast natural cavern, sustains a community of twenty obsidimen

who protect it fiercely. On the first day of each year, the column oozes a thick black resin that the obsidimen collect in a carefully deliberate ceremony. After subjecting the resin to a variety of arcane alchemical operations, they use the resulting substance to anoint themselves at special rituals. What its exact effects are, the obsidimen do not say, and they never sell this substance to anyone. Fanatically reclusive, these obsidimen shun all contact with others, even those of their own kind. The Therans have left them alone, recognizing that a strange and delicate magical ecology is at work beneath Balkaria and loath to risk unbalancing that ecology and destroying their only source for the superb limestone.

From Balkaria, stone blocks weighing up to a ton are ferried on wide, sturdy carts down the road to the village of Rafrancher's Claw. By the edge of the river, pointing eerily toward Balkaria like an omen, stands the tall-as-a-troll limestone formation shaped like a claw that gave this village its name. Naturally, the dwarfs claim the claw as the work of the Passion Upandal. In Rafrancher's Claw the stone is loaded on to riverboats and dispatched down river toward the city of Vivane and, less frequently, Rugaria. The latter province has mines of its own, but can boast no stone as fine as Balkaria yields. Two to three hundred people live in Rafrancher's Claw, most of them traders and stoncutters, plus a few farmers, though the lands around these hills are best suited for livestock.

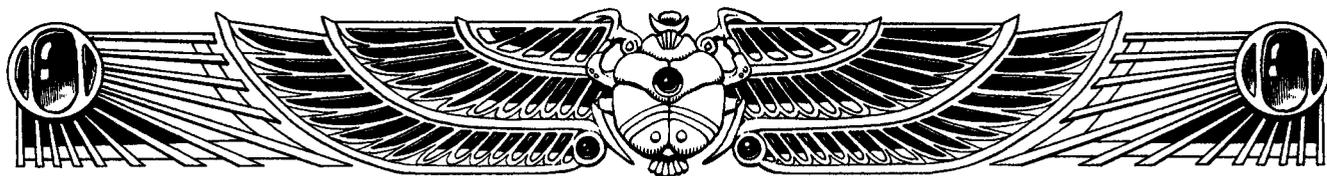
Hazards

The Scourge barely touched the Hammerhills, a fact that local dwarfs regard as a sign of Upandal's blessing. The local obsidimen Brotherhood regards it as a natural result of their Liferock's sustaining vitality. Most magicians and scholars put the Horrors' avoidance of the Hammerhills down to the area's poorly understood magical ecology. To this day, Horrors and their constructs are fairly unusual in the Hammerhills. The hills contain quite a few ordinary menaces, however, such as brithans, bog goblin-like creatures that dwell in damp underground caverns and mazes, chakta birds, crakbills, hill bears, and a large clan of ferocious ogres to the far northwest. Raiding parties of orks from the Stormhammer Jungle occasionally venture this far south to attack the dwarfs and steal what they can, sometimes taking dwarf slaves.

STORMHAMMER JUNGLE

The Stormhammer Jungle is an oddity. Lying less than fifty miles from the ice-capped Caralkspur Mountains, the fringes of the jungle are temperate forest, but five miles or





so inside the woodland, it becomes a true jungle bathed in tropical heat and humidity. To combat the oppressive discomfort of the atmosphere, adventurers in these jungles rarely wear metal armor and usually travel carrying as light a load as possible. Many magicians and scholars propose that magical forces deep within the jungle's heart must sustain this unusual weather pattern, but no one has yet proven the existence of these forces or determined how they produce their unique effects.

This jungle teems with fruit trees, berry-laden bushes, nuts, trees that yield useful resinous saps, large and tasty rodents, slow-moving constrictor snakes whose lustrous and flexible skin makes a superior substitute for leather, medicinal herbs, nutritious and delicious tree fungi, truffle-like roots, and much else of use to adventurers. Those things the jungle traveler does not use himself, he can sell for considerable amounts of money. Of course, the people of the numerous foresters' settlements dotted around the jungle's fringes don't care much for outsiders. These settlements usually consist of ten to twenty people living behind thick wooden walls protected by savage dogs and other animals.

Unfortunately, the Stormhammer is also rife with disease. Leeches, parasitic mites, poisonous caterpillars, skin-burrowing worms, venomous snakes, poisonous plants and worse thrive in the jungle. Natives of villages inside it are immune to most of the endemic diseases, many of which rot the skin and limbs in colorful and malodorous ways. For adventurers, however, magical protections against and cures for these diseases are essential. The presence of disease in the jungle is so overwhelming that adventurers will almost certainly contract one or more of them. The gamemaster determines exactly how and when adventurers come down with these maladies. Game information for sample diseases common to the Stormhammer Jungle appears under **Hazards**, p. 31. Treat diseases in the same manner as poisons by having characters make Disease Resistance Tests exactly as they do Poison Resistance Tests (p. 208, ED). The onset and cumulative effects of diseases, however, vary considerably.

Horrors infested the deep jungle during the Scourge, and no one knows how many remain. Records exist of infestations of undead creatures and poisoned tracts of land near the jungle's heart, and every so often, the undead attack settlements or intruders in an organized manner that suggests a guiding intelligence is controlling them. Undead incursions have grown less common than they once were, but the peoples of the jungle fear them and evacuate their homes whenever they sight more than a few undead creatures together.

The jungle communities best known to explorers include the trading town of Laraken, the Ghorizan tribe of orks, the t'skrang known as the tasharazan, and a variety of racially mixed villages.

LARAKEN

The town of Laraken is the major trading site for products from the Stormhammer Jungle. Because no rivers extend into the jungle, foragers tend to penetrate only the fringes, and they find this rough-hewn little village a welcome haven of civilization. Though still little more than a hamlet, with wooden buildings and thatch-roofed huts, Laraken has strong stone walls and a division of the Eighth Legion to protect it from jungle perils. Most of the 1,400 townsfolk earn their livings by gathering or transporting the jungle's resources.

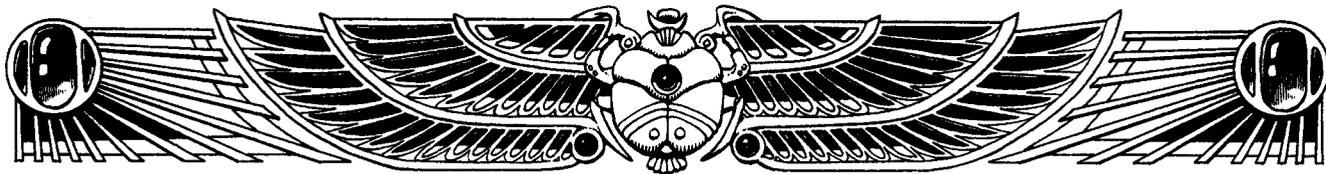
THE GHORIZAN ORKS

The Ghorizan orks are fierce warriors. They wear little except loincloths, usually of snakeskin or crocodile hide, and occasionally a few pieces of hide armor. They wield spears, blowpipes, nets, and shields, and many also carry knives and swords, the latter two obtained by trade with nearby Barsaivians and Therans. The Ghorizans coat most of their weapons with poisons, ranging from mixtures designed to induce sleep to lethal venom. These orks work with Theran slavers, to whom they sell the prisoners captured in their constant and deadly warfare. They regard non-orks as lower forms of life innately suited to slavery. As for fellow tribal orks, any ork captured is meant for a slave's life because any ork with guts would not allow himself to be taken.

Some Ghorizans have learned to speak Theran, and adventurers may encounter them in Laraken. The orks are always ready to accompany adventurers who want to explore the jungles and frequently take them along as a secondary source of income while slave-hunting. They often ask for payment in weapons. Despite their savage tendencies, the Ghorizans are usually trustworthy. Some adventurers may find associating with them morally repellent, but those who must find a site deep in the jungle will recognize that they have few other options. Adventurers who need to trade directly with the Ghorizans or contact them for some reason can find jungle scouts in Laraken to guide them to a Ghorizan tribal settlement—most of these consist of wooden huts built in a clearing, near a well or pool that guarantees a pure water supply.

The Ghorizan tribes are matriarchal, and their womenfolk are even more vicious and bloodthirsty than the males.





They all delight in fighting and consider death by any manner other than battle to be a disgrace. To die of old age in one's bed is the worst fate that can befall a Ghorizan ork. The Ghorizans also have a great capacity for ale, and demand a drinking contest as a prelude to friendship when they meet anyone new.

THE TASHARAZAN AND WEAVETREES

The t'skrang known to the Therans as the *tasharazan* actually consist of various jungle tribes (see pp. 69–71, *Denizens*, Vol. 1). There are relatively few of these t'skrang, as the members of all the tribes together number no more than 500 and are scattered throughout the entire jungle. Generally shy, peace-loving, and reclusive by nature, they are also clever hunters and experts at camouflage. Repeated attempts by outsiders to contact them usually provoke an ambush designed to take the intruders alive: the *tasharazan* reason that anyone who takes such intense interest in them most likely has hostile intentions.

An elven scout named Famnarisen, a resident of Laraken, is one of the few outsiders that the *tasharazan* implicitly trust. He has spent the past forty years getting to know these people and speaks their strange tongue fluently. The elf has recorded many of his observations about their society and rituals in his journals. It remains his dearest wish to see his observations published, or better yet, to obtain an invitation to lecture at the Geographical Society of Vivane (see p. 37 in *Theran Vivane*). A humble, quiet soul, Famnarisen deserves to receive adventurers' deference and respect, especially since he represents their best hope of meeting and befriendng the *tasharazan*. Friendship with these jungle t'skrang can be valuable—they know secret ways into the heart of the Stormhammer Jungle, and they alone can find their way into the strange groves known as the Weavetrees.

The Weavetrees

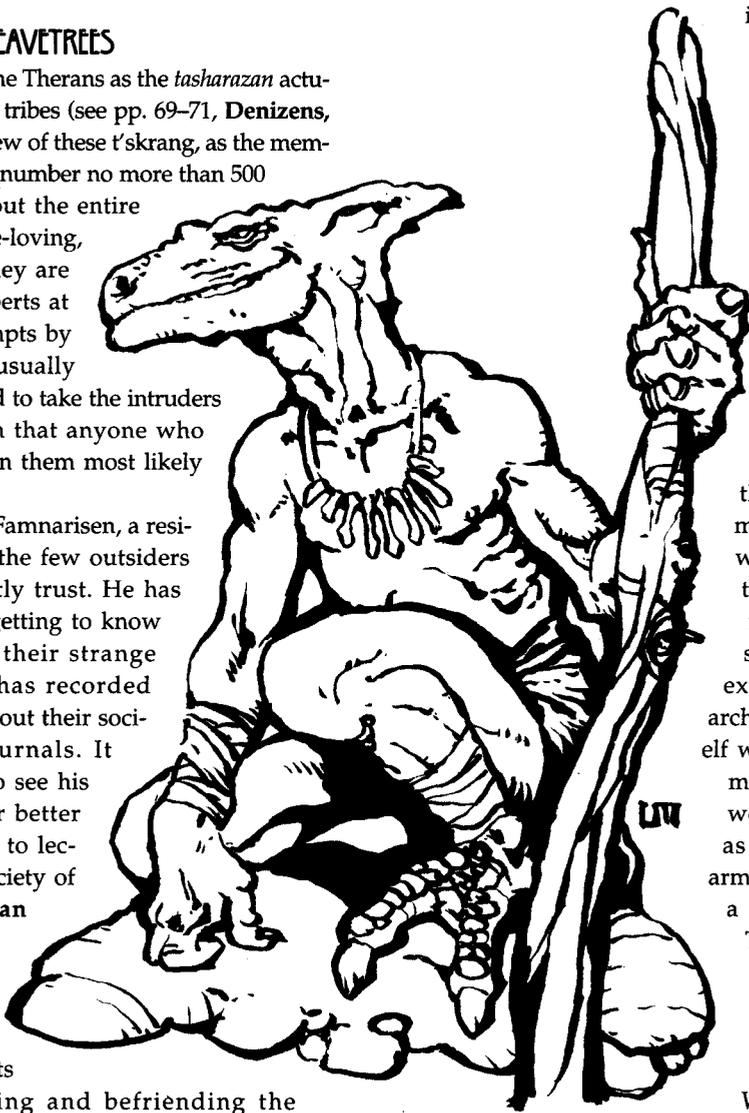
The *tasharazan* enter the Weavetrees by talking to a giant jungle tree in a way that only it and they understand. They can walk into the tree's beating heart, where sap slow-

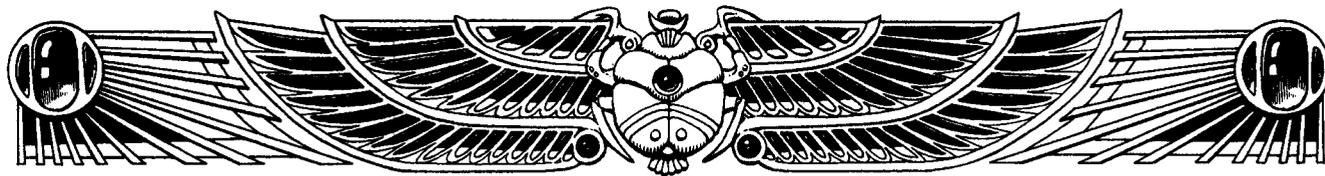
ly pulses through light veins along a dark wooded passageway that seems to exist outside normal space. Once through the passage, the *tasharazan* and those who follow him come to a copse where an indistinguishable number of willow-like trees stand. These are the Weavetrees, so called because their branches grow together—constantly moving, enmeshing, and parting again as if an invisible weaver was crafting a basket from living wood.

For an individual who gives them blood, the trees will weave an item that draws on the person's True Pattern. This blood-magic ritual causes permanent damage, reflected in game terms by the permanent loss of 3 Damage Points. The trees, using the individual's blood and magical heart and soul, weave their own threads to the magic they create. The item they craft is always suited to the person; for example, an elf warrior or archer might receive a magical elf warbow, a t'skrang swordmaster might receive a woven vest of wood strips as strong as crystal ringlet armor, and a magician receive a magical staff or wand. The gamemaster determines the specific item and its qualities to fit the character in question. On any given visit to the Weavetrees only one character

in a group will receive such a gift, and any single adventurer only gains this benefit once in a lifetime except under truly exceptional circumstances. This magical item is a Thread Item (see p. 56, *ED Companion*). When the Weavetrees create the item, they impart its Key Knowledge to the recipient, allowing him or her to weave threads to it.

Adventurers can receive this valuable gift only if they have performed some great service for the jungle t'skrang or the Stormhammer Jungle itself, such as preventing a





great fire (unlikely, given the sodden atmosphere), killing a malefic nethermancer who is despoiling the forest at some forlorn site, saving the t'skrang from a Horror or undead nightmare, and so on.

OTHER KNOWN COMMUNITIES

Several other groups of people inhabit the jungle, many of them feral and semi-nomadic and most racially mixed. These various groups are generally hostile to outsiders and make skilled use of blowpipes and paralyzing venom in hunting and self-defense. Though few are aggressive by nature, they do not like intruders and rarely respond to attempts to negotiate. Repeated travelers' tales tell of an extended family of huge, green-skinned jungle trolls who carry basalt warhammers and boast headdresses decorated with hanging shrunken heads, and whose womenfolk are said to place great value on nose-rings hung with pendants crafted from elf's ears and windling wings. No one knows for certain whether this tale is a colorful exaggeration or whether these trolls actually live and prowl in the jungle's deep interior.

HAZARDS

A jungle is a wonderful place for the gamemaster. Disease, poison, hostile natives, cannibals, tropical fauna, even flesh-eating plants are among the plethora of hazards adventurers may face in such an environment. Travel is very slow and almost unbearably uncomfortable. Mosquito bites and insect stings cause constant irritation and can even make sleep impossible. To reflect lack of sleep from sheer discomfort, the gamemaster can impose penalties to Initiative dice, Strength and Movement as he or she deems reasonable. Food rots quickly and pure water is hard to find. The unfamiliarity of flora and fauna makes foraging for plant food difficult, even for those with a suitable talent or skill, and so the gamemaster may impose penalties to characters' attempts to stay alive by relying on the resources of the jungle. Getting lost is another hazard, almost certain to befall a group traveling without a scout or native helper.

Galloping Lungrot

Galloping lungrot is the colorful name given by locals to tuberculosis. The onset time for this disease is usually 1 to 4 months. Once contracted, the disease is chronic until healed. Galloping lungrot has an Effect Step of 7. An afflicted character makes a Disease Effect Test every month against his Toughness step; treat the result as a Debilitating Poison (p. 208, ED) with a maximum step reduction of -2 per test. This step penalty only affects physically based

tests, talents, and so on. Galloping lungrot has no effect on mental acuity and the like until the character becomes sick enough to be feverish or delirious (at the gamemaster's discretion). Once the afflicted character is healed, the gamemaster makes a final Disease Effect Test against the character's Toughness step. If the gamemaster achieves an Excellent success or better, the disease permanently weakens the character, and all of his or her step numbers for physical abilities and physically based tests are reduced by -1. This penalty reflects scarring of the lungs and general constitutional weakness. If galloping lungrot reduces a character's Toughness step to 0, the character dies.

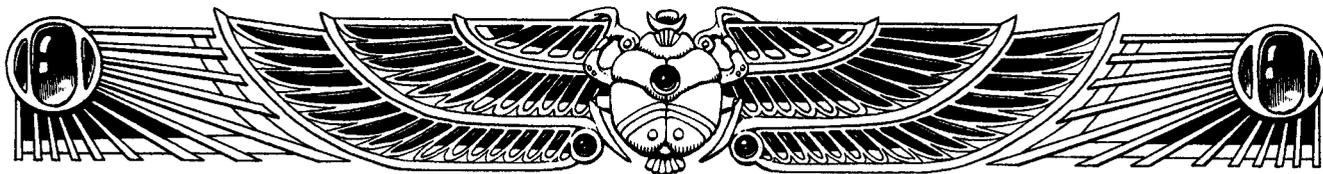
Stenchfoot

This grisly parasitic disease usually affects lower extremities first, as it is most often contracted by walking in boggy ground and picking up parasites through the feet. This disease causes flesh to rot, with blood poisoning eventually setting in. Onset time is usually 1 to 4 days, and the parasites attack with an Effect Step of 8. The gamemaster must make a Disease Effect Test for the afflicted character every 48 hours in jungle conditions, but may be more lenient in other climes. For example, if a character escapes the jungle to a cool and dry environment, the test might only be necessary every one to two weeks. If the success level achieved by the disease is Good or better, the disease progresses. A Good success reduces the character's Toughness and Charisma steps by -2. After a minimum of two reductions to the character's Toughness step, the gamemaster makes an extra test for the disease against the character and any level of success achieved results in the character losing an extremity. Most often the extremity lost is the place where the disease first manifested, but can be anywhere on the body: a foot, a hand, the nose, an ear, and so on. The gamemaster must improvise the results of this loss, but some effects are obvious. For example, a character with one hand cannot use a bow, will use a shield strapped to his arm with difficulty, and so on. A character cannot replace lost body parts by healing the disease, but other effects of the disease disappear once the disease is healed.

Horrorfever

A cyclical fever, this affliction earned its name because the victim experiences nightmares and night terrors in the illness's active phases. The disease is actually spread by flies and other disgusting insects, not by Horrors. The gamemaster makes a Disease Effect Test every 20 days against the character's Toughness step using an Effect Step of 12. The success level achieved by the gamemaster determines the duration of the fever. Each feverish episode lasts





a minimum of 12 hours, plus 12 additional hours for every level of success better than Average. All of the afflicted character's steps are reduced by -6 during the fever bouts, and sustained mental effort is impossible: the character cannot cast spells, read, engage in philosophical discussions, and so on. Administration of the right antidote counters the disease's effects.

Healing Diseases

Assuming that an afflicted character can find a healer with the skills and resources to help, it is possible to recover from most diseases contracted in this jungle—even the more virulent ones. The attempt to cure the disease requires a Disease Test against the character's Toughness step, which is modified as appropriate by the healer's skill and any potions or herbal medicines administered. The bonus to the character's Toughness step is equal to the rank of the healer's skill. Skills applicable to healing include appropriate Knowledge skills, as well as the Physician Skill (p. 132, ED). If the disease achieves a Good success or better on the Disease Resistance Test, the healing attempt fails; otherwise, the character is cured. A healer (or single institution of healers) may only attempt to cure an individual of his or her disease once. If the attempt fails, no healer of the same rank can help; the character must find a better one. For example, if a Rank 4 healer fails, the afflicted character needs the help of a Rank 5 or higher healer to have any hope of recovery. Certain magic items, such as the Cure Disease Potion, can also help cure diseases.

GREATCRAG—CARALKSPUR RANGE

The Greatcrag Hills shade upward into the huge massif of the Caralkspur Mountains, which contain peaks are well over 12,000 feet high and ice-capped year round. Large areas of these hills and mountains remain unmapped by the Therans, save for broad borders drawn from airship sightings. The Therans have mapped the main river systems, as their extensive river trade requires accurate maps of rivers and mountain passes. The Therans are always on the lookout for elemental water, often associated with deep underground rivers and streams, especially the more turbulent ones in the deep headwaters of major rivers. Adventurers returning from such regions with clear and detailed maps can command an excellent price for them from Theran authorities in Vivane or Rugaria provinces.

Copper, silver, tin, lead, and building stone mines are scattered across the eastern escarpments of the Caralkspurs, most of them close to cities and towns. This vast area contains several Theran outposts, notable settlements, and reputed places of legend and danger.

THERAN OUTPOSTS

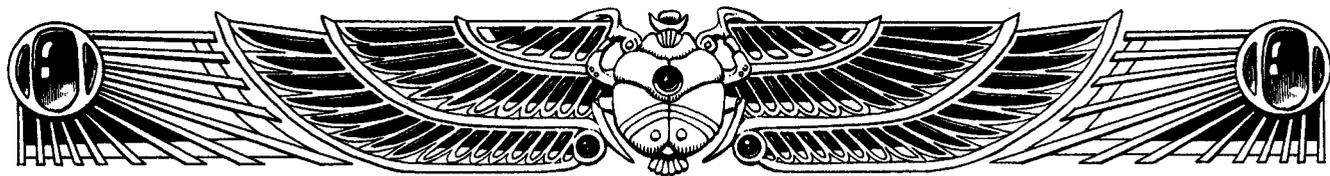
The Therans maintain well-defended walled keeps throughout the Greatcrag—Caralkspur range, many of which also serve as airship anchoring sites. The three noted on the Vivane Province map are Hightor and Ildark, both of which fall under Rugarian administration, and the far western spire known as Crazanter's Eye, named for its architect and dominated by a rotating orb of light that acts as a beacon for airships. The weather in this area is often appalling, but the beacon can be seen for fifteen miles in every direction and is a vital navigational aid.

The most important Vivianian outpost in the hills is the elemental mining operation at Sigara's Crag. This rock wall stands nearly 1,500 feet higher than the hills to which it descends. At certain times the rock becomes malleable and offers access to large quantities of elemental earth. Theran mages have learned to predict when the wall will yield to mining, though the periods when mining will be possible cannot always be predicted well in advance. Three or four items a year, a three-mile length of the rock face glows brilliant yellow, and the rock becomes as soft as clay for anywhere between 8 and 24 hours. During this time the precious elemental earth can be mined, and the Therans work furiously from their fortified base in the foothills to extract all they can. Other times, the appearance of a comet or shooting star in the sky heralds the imminent event and the Therans scramble to launch as many mining ships as possible into the sky around the rock face, desperate to work the earth for every minute of the time available. Though normally they might not bother with such an unreliable source, the elemental earth at Sigara's Crag is exceptionally pure and surprisingly easy to craft into useful objects. So far, the wall has resisted even the strongest attempts to magically manipulate or alter it.

Sigara's Crag is also a penal colony, its work force almost exclusively made up of slaves and criminals. The surrounding rugged terrain makes it virtually impossible to escape the keep. In addition, a community of windling *ghareez* lives deep below the stone walls and grim buildings of the mining colony, and unsuccessful escapees are condemned to torture at their hands. A few prisoners guilty of exceptionally horrible crimes are also delivered to these *ghareez* for perpetual torment. These windlings are proud of their malevolent talents. A seditious Narlandian elf is currently enduring his sixty-second year of agony at their hands, and they believe they can get another thirty years of pain out of him before he finally dies.

Airships also operate out of Sigara's Crag, seeking the rare natural orichalcum deposits known to exist in the hills and mountains. The Therans have found several orichalcum





deposits, which they keep a closely guarded secret. These sites are left deliberately unmapped and largely undefended.

MOUNTAIN SETTLEMENTS

The Therans have made no real attempt to study or contact the many communities of hillsmen in the Greatcrags. They occasionally raid hill villages for slaves, but the illiterate and largely unintelligent people possess few of the skills valued in a domestic slave. In addition, the scarcity of food and the general harshness of life in the Greatcrags has left many inhabitants in too poor health to adequately perform field or mine work. These hills suffered badly during the Scourge, and few kaers survived. Travelers' tales of encountering the hillsmen almost always include still-stalking Horrors, or people possessed by Horrors marauding and raving across the hillsides. The hillfolk hate the Therans for their slaving raids, and so usually attack strangers on sight. Ork villagers are particularly ruthless in making what they consider pre-emptive strikes. None of the hill people speak any Theran or Barsaivian tongue, instead using a bewildering variety of their own languages and dialects. Their languages are often so diverse that two apparently similar tribes a mere day's walk apart might speak totally different tongues. Most of the people are semi-nomadic hunters and foragers with good survival skills, but without much material wealth or information that adventurers might find worthwhile. Only those heroes who seek some legendary site or treasure in the hills have any reason to visit these inhospitable environs.

The mountains offer even less than the hills for adventurers. The atrocious climate makes travel nearly impossible, with bitterly cold winds whipping flurries of snow from the ice-capped peaks. Groups of cave trolls and ogres pose a common but potentially deadly hazard. Ork tribes are especially common in the foothills, whereas trolls and ogres tend to live further westward on mountain escarpments. All of these creatures have a high regard for adventurers—as potential dinner. Unremitting hostility toward all outsiders, fueled by Theran slave raiding, is common in this region. Fortunately, the mountain tribes' tactical expertise is limited to getting near a target and then beating it to a pulp with clubs and stone weapons (though trolls are generally bright enough to throw rocks first). Adventurers forced by circumstance to travel through the Caralkspurs are unlikely to face enemies intelligent enough to mount effective ambushes. A group of trolls or orks may attempt a raid on a mine, village or town, though this happens no more than once or twice a year.

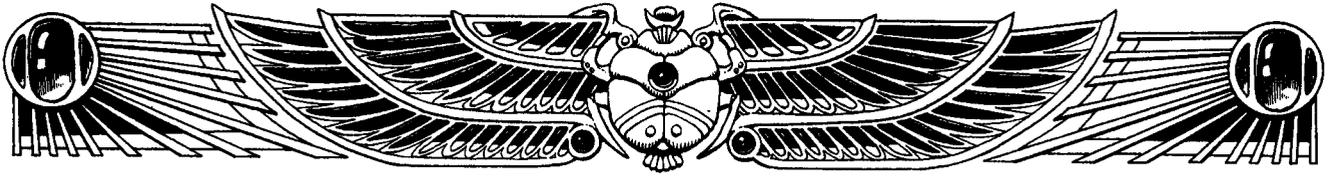
Among the hill region's more civilized inhabitants is a sizable community of elves and humans living near the headwater of the River of Brilliances. This river got its Name from the vast quantities of freshwater fish that swim upriver to spawn. At times so many of these are swimming upstream that their shining scales make the river look as if it had been painted with liquid mother-of-pearl. The people living near the headwaters have built permanent settlements, many of them underground in the caverns that pockmark the hills at this point, and live by fishing, keeping livestock and foraging. They call themselves the *Disparater*—a corruption of a Theran word meaning “those who doubt”—and they have a singular philosophy. They believe that the world around them is illusory, made by an evil Creator, and that their purpose in life is to recognize this illusion and transcend it through meditation. They achieve a meditative state by repeating some simple motion over and over, infinitely and with minimal variation. This activity clears the mind and senses, enabling the *Disparater* to perceive the absurdity and illusory nature of the world. It is not unusual to find a *Disparater* whittling slowly away at a fish-head bone, crafting it into some abstract shape, for days at a stretch. The cramped and painful muscles of the elf's neck and shoulders are obvious to any onlooker, but the elf himself appears oblivious.

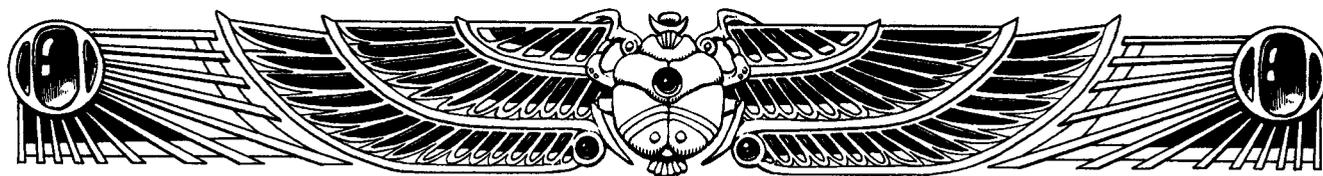
These peculiar people respond to Theran raids with passive resistance, escaping into their underground maze of tunnels and caverns. They feel no hostility toward the Therans, regarding them as helpless puppets of the evil Creator. Theran raids on *Disparater* settlements have waned, however, as such slaves usually die for no discernible reason within months of capture.

The *Disparater* have accumulated considerable knowledge about the Greatcrag Hills and the lower Caralkspurs, and possess excellent maps of the region extending far beyond their own lands. Adventurers might find these people a useful resource, though discussing philosophy with them will be a disconcerting experience.

Somewhere in the Greatcrag–Caralkspur range lives a distinctive Brotherhood of a dozen obsidimen. A band of wanderers, their skins are black with stripes of dark lilac. They do not speak to outsiders, but communicate by gestures. Those who take the time to learn their unique language will discover that they come from a land many years' travel away, and are circumnavigating the continent. They have maps of unbelievable antiquity, carved in stone and carried on an ornate palanquin, which they use to direct their endless journeying. They believe that if they end their travels, the world will cease to exist, but







their journey is a burden they willingly undertake so that all of creation can survive. They believe themselves immortal; they have always existed and they will always endure. They are staggeringly resistant to combat damage, falling damage and the like. These obsidimen have Toughness steps up to 28, with appropriate Damage Ratings and Wound Thresholds, the latter sometimes as high as 40. If asked how long they have been traveling, they indicate “forever.” Legends insist that these obsidimen walked the world throughout the Scourge and have seen more Horrors than Theran scholars have recorded. This last claim, however, is highly doubtful.

This extraordinary community of obsidimen, humming and chanting their way through the world oblivious to obstacles or the puzzled gaze of those they meet, eschews a Name of its own. They regard Naming themselves as an act of hubris and see no need to do so. As they have walked every existing land over thousands of miles, they could tell tales of worth beyond compare—though those who would hear these tales must first manage the feat of persuading them to speak.

HAZARDS

Before the Scourge descended, the Therans took care to protect sites valuable to them, such as Hightor, Ildark, and Crazanter’s Eye. Many Horrors, however, still lurk in hidden, dark places all across the hills and the Caralkspur Mountains. The usual range of dangerous creatures native to hilly and mountainous habitats also live in these parts. Across the Caralkspurs to the north lie the Blacklands, shunned even by the Therans and said to shelter all manner of Horror constructs and vile creatures. The Greatcrags and the Caralkspurs, especially the latter, pose extreme danger, and the gamemaster should not send adventurers of low Circles into the mountain range. Random encounters in the hill and mountain country should be tough but not too frequent, lest too many player characters die untimely.

Certain locations within the Greatcrag–Caralkspur range are particularly hazardous and are described below.

The Deadlands

In the forested hills northwest of Aldjekuul lies this blasted and withered area of roughly forty square miles, the site of an ancient battle. The name “Deadlands” refers to the magical deadness of this place. The Tainted astral space (p. 155, ED) in the Deadlands reduces the Effect steps for all spells by -2 and increases all Strain values by $+2$. The trees in the surrounding forest appear ordinary, but animal and insect life is scarce and prone to disease

and congenital malformation. No tales of active Horrors are associated with the Deadlands, but adventurers may hear repeated rumors of demiwraiths and other spectre-like creatures prowling the forest by night. Several tales also speak of long-lost magical treasures hidden in catacombs far beneath the forest floor, almost impossible to locate and map accurately because shifting spatial distortions below ground. The fabled Trollhammer of Ralathorn is said to lie in the Deadlands, but no one has yet found or retrieved it.

The Hanging Rocks

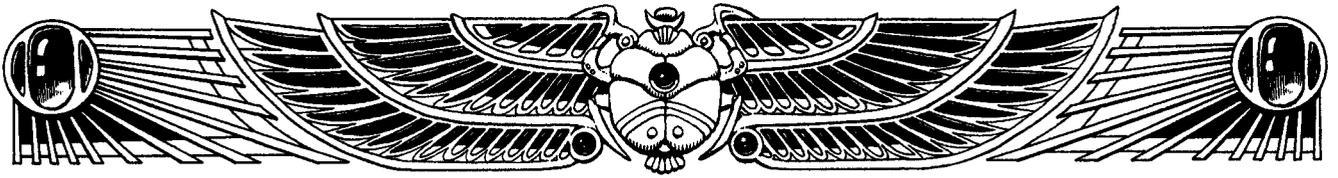
According to many a traveler’s tale, at an unknown location in the mountain escarpments one may find the Hanging Rocks. Rocks weighing hundreds of tons, some ice-capped and others cloaked in shrouds of green-gray lichens, hang suspended in mid-air as if some great avalanche had been frozen in time. Others appear to be part of some great monument or burial cairn. Legends say that the Hanging Rocks shield the entrance to ancient tombs of robber barons and their attendant wizards. Caches of magical armor and weapons are said to lie within the tombs, but all manner of magical constructs and traps await the unwary.

Recently, a drunken elven troubadour in Vivane by the name of Jasaralle was muttering about the tombs in seedy taverns and trying to recruit a group of adventurers to travel to the site of one that she claimed to have found. So far her efforts have met with derision because her frail and scruffy looks coupled with her obvious inexperience make her an unlikely candidate to have found this mythic place.

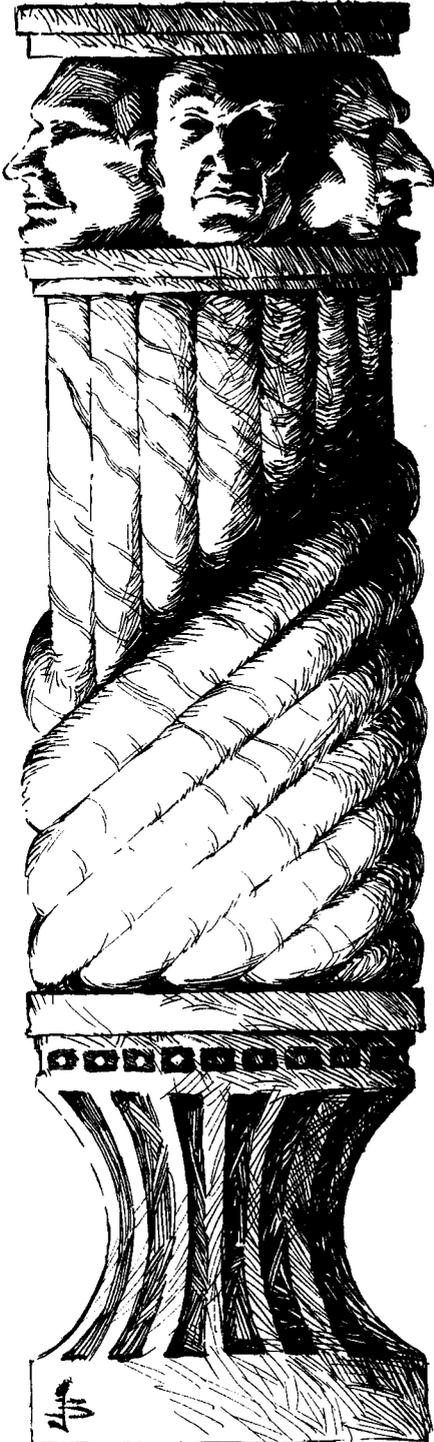
The Trollgraves

The Trollgraves are an underground maze of caverns where legend says that troll elementalists travel to die. Trolls native to the Greatcrags and Caralkspurs are said to know intuitively the location of the Trollgraves and to make a pilgrimage to the caverns if possible when death approaches. Buried with their magical treasures and tribal regalia, the bodies of these trolls are absorbed into elemental earth in the graves. A gamemaster who chooses to send his player characters to the Trollgraves as part of an adventure should resist the temptation to use this site as a lode to be robbed. For one thing, local trolls would pursue grave robbers to the end of their miserable, dishonorable days. Instead, the gamemaster should inspire the adventurers to use wit and muscle to protect the graves against defilement by Horrors, other potential robbers, malefic magical effects, and the like.





NORTHEAST VIVANE



The northeastern lands encompass the territory west of the Flamewalk River and north of the Danaba River as it meanders toward the sea. The Delaris Mountains, the Twilight Peaks, and the ancient human kingdom of Landis lie on the region's northern border. The Therans founded several cities in this region, mainly as trading centers near major rivers, the seacoast, and the resource-rich Arkhazid jungles.

ARKHAZIDS AND NEARBY SETTLEMENTS

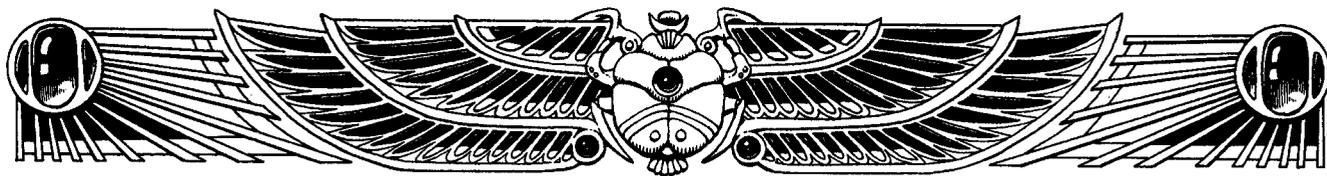
The Arkhazid jungles are well-explored and mapped except for the far northeastern regions, which are known to contain a wealth of hostile plant and animal life. Goods harvested from the Arkhazid jungles include nuts, fruits, excellent hardwoods, animal skins and hides, and slaves taken from local tribes, though most of these resources are less plentiful than in the Stormhammer jungle. Communities of woodsmen, scattered throughout the Arkhazid, many of them near indigenous tribal settlements, harvest the jungle's excellent hardwood.

The major settlement inside the jungle is the village of Jaroslavl, a walled town of wooden cabins and huts that house a total of 350 people. Wood harvested in Jaroslavl is floated down a tributary of the Flamewalk River to the city of Ballaize. Some townsfolk also earn a living by raising pigs and other livestock. The people of this village are hardy and tough, with many warrior and scout adepts among them. Jaroslavl is also protected by a mysterious human wizard whose Name is not known beyond the village. This man is most likely a refugee from some feud or enemies elsewhere, as a tiny place like Jaroslavl appears to offer little to someone with learning and magical power.

Some of the jungle people trade with the Therans, the most prominent of which are a tribe of humans and dwarfs believed to be descended from the folk of Landis, and a nomadic clan of forest trolls. These native people forage for skins, hides, nuts and gems which they trade for weapons, crafted utensils and the like. The trolls also make sturdy and maneuverable hardwood canoes and rafts, which the Therans eagerly buy. Theran slaving parties often raid tribes and villages to the north beyond the river system. Many of these groups practice slavery themselves; certain forms of domestic slavery serve to extend kin-lines and strengthen a chieftain's family.

A stretch of marshland about twelve miles across at its widest point extends around the stretch of river that passes through the Arkhazid, before the river reaches the plains below the northern hills. Mats of clogged marsh weed and dead vegetation make the river un-navigable to all craft except canoes and small rafts. Huge dragonflies and leeches abound, most of them carrying hideous and debilitating diseases. Vast bubbles of flammable gas burst up at random from the brackish marsh waters. Common travelers' tales about this area tell of a Horror lurking beneath this swamp and of relics belonging to an extinct tribe that worshipped an unknown Passion, a snake-bodied human female with bleeding eyes falling out of their sockets. Adventurers and other travelers report seeing signs of this tribe's settlements and artifacts from time to time, though little is known of their culture.





Some of them may still survive in the dense heart of the northeastern jungle.

The Therans did more to prepare and protect the people of the Arkhazid against the Scourge than they did for natives of the Stormhammer Jungle to the west. Some cynics claim that the Therans simply wanted to protect a plentiful source of slaves. Whatever the Empire's reasons, the protections were effective. Horrors and their diverse undead creations and allied creatures appear less frequently in the Arkhazids than elsewhere, and the Therans have made determined attempts to stamp them out completely. Horror hunters have cleared much of the Arkhazid jungles against such menaces that might threaten the city of Ballaize and surrounding farmsteads, though they have not been entirely successful.

CITY OF BALLAIZE

This splendid work of t'skrang architecture was founded by Carinci t'skrang who mapped the upriver regions of the Flamewalk prior to the conquest of Vivane. The domes and towers of their river buildings glitter in the sun, covered with pale shells of the *guarendal*, native river-turtles, and imported *kalivanti* shells shed by the huge Indrisan river monster of the same name. T'skrang artisans etched all manner of intricate and beautiful art into these mother-of-pearl-like substances. The t'skrang settlers and several elementalists worked to widen the river into a pool, canal system, and moat, so that Ballaize is built around a huge *niall*-like structure in mid-river. The buildings lie within stout walls, and vast river gates stand to the northwest and southeast.

Ballaize is a bustling trading post for goods from the Arkhazid jungles; from Ballaize, trade goods head to the village of Ironcreek down river toward Vivane. The comparatively fertile land around Ballaize supports subsistence farming and livestock grazing. About 3,500 people live in Ballaize, protected by 150 soldiers and a pair of vedettes. Ballaize is not a cosmopolitan place like Vivane because foreign traders go to Vivane city, and the t'skrang of House Carinci maintain a strangle hold on trading concessions and rights in Ballaize. This city, however, makes an excellent jumping-off point for adventurers and explor-

ers headed north into the jungles or mountains. Despite its long history as a civilized and staunchly Imperial city, Ballaize retains something of the excitement of a frontier town like Haven.

MAZE OF GILDED GIANTS

This legendary place is said to be a relic of a civilization so ancient that the Theran Empire has existed for a mere eye blink by comparison. The half-buried maze seems to be made partly of living trees and vines, and partly of smooth white stone unaffected by the passing of centuries or the corrosive humidity and heat of the jungle. At the heart of the maze lie four

giant statues of pure gold, representing a human, an elf, an ork, and a troll.

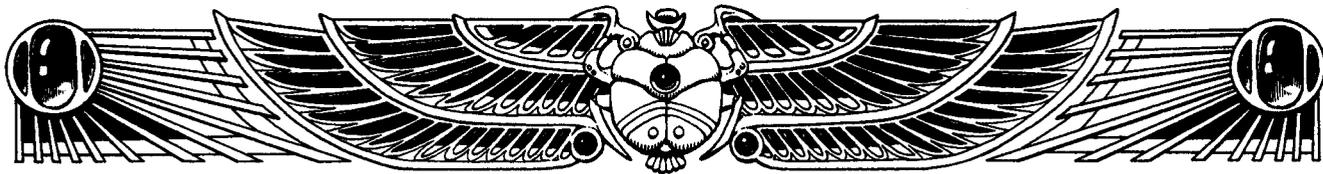
Each is alleged to be at least twenty feet tall and of unimaginable value. In addition to the worth of the metal, it is said the statues speak in riddles that offer clues to all manner of mysteries, the creation of the world, and the end of all things. The giants also supposedly stand guard over a crystal dais, on which lie the remains of a vast dragonlike creature. Its skin is of a unique gray metal from which one can make armor and shields of extraordinary strength and resilience, and its skull is said to be encrusted with rubies, diamonds and sapphires. No living person has ever found the maze, or any evidence that it is anything more than a tale told to young children.

It may be that the mysterious wizard of Jaroslavl believes in or has found some evidence of the maze's existence, and has come to Jaroslavl to seek it.

STORMHEAD

This isolated outcropping of stone marks the headwaters of the Greenheart River, which flows through the forests and jungles of Landis. The headwaters lie in deep underground channels, driven to the surface by potent elemental magic. The top of Stormhead's central hill is hollow, and approximately once an hour a great geyser of water erupts upwards for hundreds of feet. However, no





steam, volcanic activity, or any of the other usual phenomena accompanies it.

A huge, gray, mushroom-shaped cloud hangs about six hundred feet in the air above the hilltop. This cloud is half a mile wide and dark as pitch. In the earliest days of their explorations, the Therans attempted to send an airship into it, but they abandoned the effort when the crew found their visibility swiftly reduced to one yard. The Therans mine elemental water and stone from the hill and the waterways below, but the cloud makes these activities dangerous. Astral space around the cloud is Tainted, and on past occasions the efforts of Theran miners have provoked a Horror to burst forth from the cloud and savagely attack everything in its path. This Horror—or Horrors—appears as an amorphous, tentacled, steaming blob that drenches creatures beneath it in corrosive acid. The acid destroys even enchanted armor and weapons in mere minutes. The Therans do not maintain a permanent garrison at Stormhead, mining at the site only when their military commitments elsewhere permit them to send a force capable of withstanding the onslaught of the Horror. For reasons no one can yet explain, Horrors manifest at Stormhead much less frequently in recent years than they once did.

CITADEL OF JERUCZ

The famous Theran general Argregen Jerucz, one of the bloodthirstiest Zanjan orks the world has ever been unlucky enough to number among its inhabitants, founded this citadel and gave it his own name. General Jerucz believed that the most strategically effective way to deal with indigenous people opposed to the Therans was to kill them, down to the last man, woman and child. Shortly before his death, Jerucz boasted that he had personally killed six hundred humans, elves, dwarfs and other Name-givers in battle and twenty times that many captives. Even by Theran standards, Jerucz's habit of lining up a hundred captives in a vast chain and ripping out their intestines one by one with his wickedly curved scimitar seemed a trifle excessive; it caused more than a little disapproving comment back in the Great City. Despite his bloody deeds, his logistical brilliance enabled him to keep his command. He eventually died of an aneurysm brought on by over-indulgence in fortified wine and his favorite blood puddings (made of blood, fat, oatmeal and spices stuffed into an intestinal membrane).

The citadel of Jerucz is garrisoned by the so-called Legion of Irregulars, 1,200 troops recruited from legions all over the Theran Empire. Any Theran soldier who is especially psychopathic or brutal and also difficult to discipline tends to end up serving with the Irregulars. Military training at the citadel—

overseen by General Dagendren Jerucz, a distant descendant of the famed "Blood General,"—is so stunningly brutal that few new recruits survive their first year. Floggings are so commonplace that the general maintains a special cadre of floggers, made up of trolls with shoulders almost as broad as a troll is normally tall. Their training makes already thuggish recruits even more brutal and hateful, but appropriately prepares them for their primary task: subduing the orks of ancient Cara Fahd and the peoples of Landis. General Crotrias allows Dagendren Jerucz a free hand at the citadel, for Crotrias's interests lie in Barsaive, and she cares about little else.

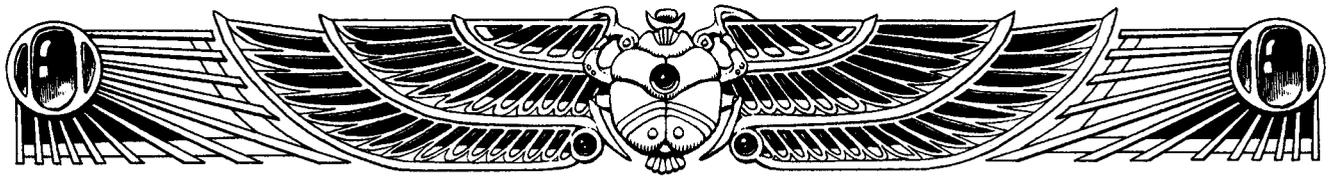
The citadel of Jerucz bristles with defenses: thirty-foot high walls, twin stone keeps, ballistas, fire-throwing devices, spike bomb tubes, missiles that deliver devastating clouds of poison gases, and much besides. The citadel is large enough to require a population of a thousand townfolk and six thousand slaves to support the garrison. Visitors are not simply discouraged—most are clapped in chains for their effrontery.

LANKARDEN

Though Lankarden holds only 1,900 people, the town is strongly built and well-garrisoned. The Empire stations four hundred soldiers in Lankarden and keeps at least two vedettes moored at the twin 250-foot airship towers inside the walls. Gaping metal chutes for dumping elemental fire and oil on enemy forces stand at regular intervals on the battlements, along with two vast catapults and several ballista platforms. The Therans use Lankarden as a way station between Vivane and northeastern Barsaive and also as a staging area for raids into Cara Fahd and Landis. Immaculately maintained roads link this garrison town to the provincial capital and to the city of Parland; newcomers immediately notice Lankarden's precise, businesslike, and military atmosphere. The residents regard with suspicion any visitors other than the usual merchants who sell provisions, and the town guards write down the names and places of residence for all outsiders entering the palace. Lankarden's fine smithies churn out armor, weapons, airship accessories and other material of war at a prodigious rate. The army also pays for the upkeep of several large farmsteads nearby that raise fine horses for the cavalry. Little other trading or business goes on in Lankarden; the town exists primarily to serve Thera's military needs. Lankarden supports a minor trade in animal skins and similar booty from hunter-gatherers, though this commerce is much less organized than similar trading in Ballaize.

The town grew up only a few hundred yards from the Longbone River, named for the huge bones (said to be troll





limbs) found by the first Therans to explore the river. Local people rarely fish for themselves, instead relying on Vivane for provisions and devoting their own efforts to capturing and selling slaves. A majority of slavers in this area of the province bring their captives to Lankarden and load them aboard airships en route to Sky Point. Mercenaries and ork scorchers occasionally bring their slave trains directly to Lankarden, though the Therans prefer to deal with these people elsewhere and transport the slaves in their own airships.

The Therans in Lankarden frequently, however, employ mercenaries to capture slaves for them, and also to bring back maps and information regarding the current state of affairs in Landis and Cara Fahd. The dense forests blanketing these lands make it difficult to map them by air, and so the Therans have much to learn about the region. The Therans also remain rigorously suspicious of outsiders. Because Landis was largely unprotected from the Scourge, the Horrors ran rampant through that region's forests, hills and mountains. Horror-possessed victims have entered Lankarden in the past, making local authorities wary of newcomers. As a form of defense, a small cabal of Theran nether-mancers lives in Lankarden, including at least one of considerable power. This magician's identity is known only to a handful of senior Theran military personnel, including the rulers of Vivane (see *City Government*, p. 39 in the *About Vivane* section of *Barsaivian Vivane*). From time to time, General Crotias or General Tularch visits this outpost personally rather than relying on reports and updates from subordinate officers.

PARLAND

Parland lies three miles from the coastal estuary of the Danaba River, where the Danaba meets the Death's Sea. Palls of steam and walls of mist hang in the air not far from the coast, where the cool northwesterly winds clash with the heat of the molten lava. The few fishing vessels that operate from the coastal villages clustered around Parland

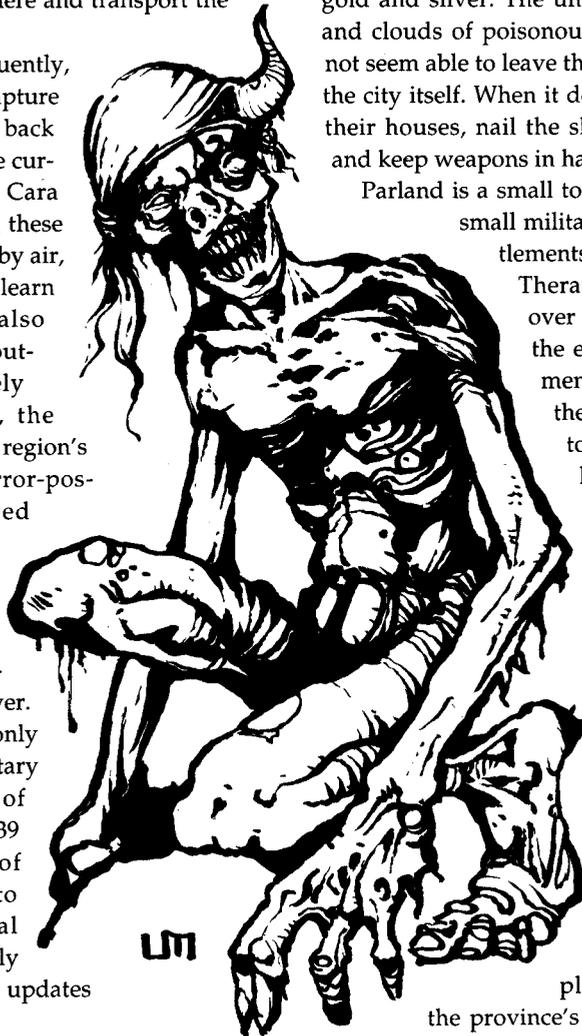
navigate only the larger, cooler portions of the delta. In still weather the mists drift several miles inland, and tales abound of charred corpses walking in the mist and dragging any living creatures they find to a fiery death. No one knows whether some Horror survives in the life-destroying heat of Death's Sea or if these things are the mindless remnants of a long-gone Horror's constructs. The same tales say some of the walking dead wear thick chains of gold and silver. The undead are also said to breathe fire and clouds of poisonous green gas. Fortunately, they do not seem able to leave the mist, which rarely drifts as far as the city itself. When it does, Parlanders lock themselves in their houses, nail the shutters on their windows closed, and keep weapons in hand.

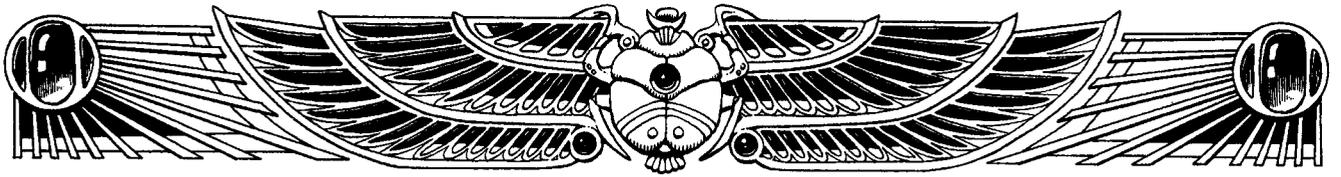
Parland is a small town, home to 2,400 citizens, with a small military garrison. Like most Theran settlements, it is surrounded by stone walls.

Theran mining ships occasionally stop over in Parland on their way to sites at the edge of the Death's Sea where elemental fire may be mined. Food from the southern plains is sent to Parland to feed the residents of the small villages along the lower Danaba, and more often for shipping on to the city of Vivane.

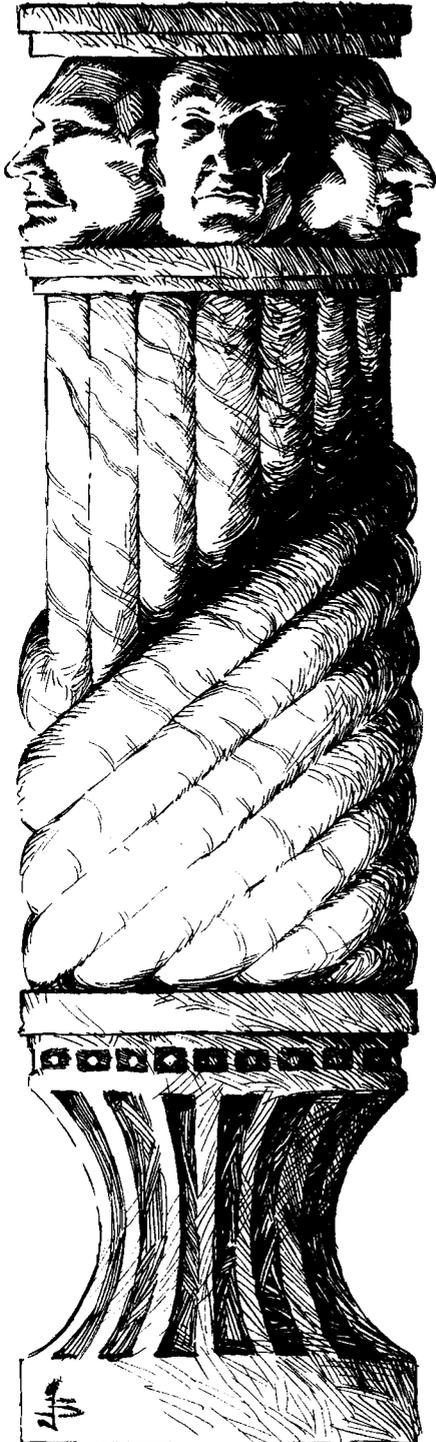
The estuary yields fish, eels, shellfish and vast quantities of birds that congregate to eat the abundant fish and plant life. Stuffed heron is a Parlandian delicacy, and it is said that the chefs of the city know more ways to cook more birds than anyone else in the Theran Empire. Compared to other Imperial cities, Parland seems dull, polite, and quiet. Consequently, it makes an ideal meeting place for adventurers headed into

the province's western lands. Theran authorities do not scrutinize visitors to Parland as carefully as those wanting to enter their vital capital of Vivane or applying to enter a grim outpost like Aldjekuul, and so adventurers will find it easier to get in and stay in. The famous and noisy Barlakhan's Tavern, run by a one-legged dwarf who claims his right leg was devoured by a monster from Death's Sea, is an excellent place for adventurers to meet others with information, rumors, advice and more.





SOUTHEAST VIVANE



outheastern Vivane Province encompasses the huge plains south and east of the Danaba River, bounded on the west by the Province of Rugaria.

This wide tract of land contains no large-scale settlements, only small villages and hamlets. The only major road winds from just south of Parland to the margins of the Striptrees. This region's scattered inhabitants raise livestock, fruit and olives, and some run dairy farms. Food exported from these lands goes to Parland and the capital of Vivane. The Therans maintain few garrisons in these lands, though vedettes patrol regularly and keep an eye out for trouble. These lands are still being resettled; the pre-Scourge Theran inhabitants withdrew from southeast Vivane Province into their citadels, and the Horrors decimated the native population. Many local people have lived in this region for no more than a generation. The sparse settlements thin out to almost nothing within forty miles of the Seraph Jungle to the south, and raids from that quarter are rare. Farmsteads further south and those closer to forest or jungle mount better defenses than those in the middle of the great plains.

A long strip of flood plain and marshland covers part of this region, dotting the landscape with many streams and small lakes. Rather than building permanent settlements on the flood plain, local people travel there to fish, hunt, and forage for marsh hay. In addition to the semi-nomadic indigenous tribes that drift around the edges of the marshland, renegades and bandits also hide out in this forlorn area. They rarely raid the locals, however, for fear of Theran reprisals.

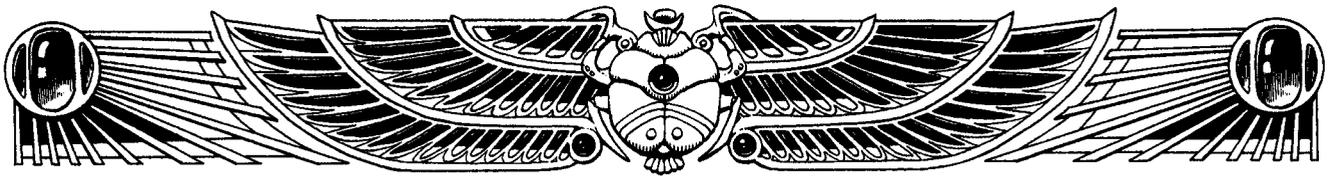
LORAFERN

The unusual place known as Lorafern lies at the western end of a side-trail off the main southern road, deep in a clearly artificial wooded copse about half a mile in circumference. The trees seem to burst with life and flocks of birds sing in their branches. In the heart of the woods stands what looks like a small house, built entirely of crystal with a central dome. The house is larger on the inside than seems possible, and only its single resident may understand the truth of that phenomenon.

The house was named Lorafern by the elven scholar and wizard who lives there. Leonarus, as he refers to himself, is of Theran origin and appears ancient. Most of his head hair is gone, though the thick white fringe remaining hangs below his shoulders. Unusual for an elf, he sports a magnificent flowing white beard. Though Leonarus lives alone and apparently defenseless, woe betide anyone who tries to harm him. An array of crystal warriors the size of trolls will spring instantly from Lorafern's walls. These formidable opponents can strike down an enemy with a single blow, no matter how powerful or resistant to damage the attacker may be.

Leonarus is kindly but aloof, preoccupied with astronomy and his studies of the properties of light. He builds lenses and crystal prisms with which to refract light and observe it. Leonarus has developed his own arcane theory of magical and natural forces, of which the understanding of light and its properties is a cardinal





feature. This theory is beyond the ken of any adventurer, especially when Leonarus begins to expound on such esoteric subjects as the nature of astral refractions or the blending of elements in the astral color continuum. Whether as a result of the elf's studies or for some other reason, astral space is Safe for a radius of eight miles around Lorafern.

Leonarus's knowledge and resources rival those of the Eternal Library. He has lived for a very, very long time, well beyond the natural life span of an elf, and he remembers events of antiquity with great clarity. However, his arcane interests consume his mind, leaving him with little interest in the deeds of adventurers. He remains unimpressed by any legends they may have to tell him. The old elf may know everything there is to know if the gamemaster chooses to use Leonarus in such a way, but his scale of values and interests may mean that he attaches no importance to matters adventurers find crucial and invests great significance in matters that adventurers do not consider worth the time of day. Leonarus places great value on magical treasures and relics associated with light and astral space, and can certainly research them or provide Key Knowledges about them. Items of fabulous magical and monetary value lie scattered casually around his home, and his wealth makes him a good patron for penurious adventurers.

Though Leonarus is kindly and well-mannered, his otherworldliness and arcane preoccupations make it difficult to establish rapport with him. He particularly dislikes flighty or flippant characters, whom he will simply dismiss from his presence. He especially disdains windlings and considers the whole race to be a frivolous lot. He takes well to anyone with genuine artistic skill or talent. This character makes an excellent resource that the gamemaster can use to feed ideas, information and hints to player characters, but they must work hard to catch his interest.

THE STRIPTREES AND THEIR INHABITANTS

This narrow tract of coastal land is named for the light, deciduous forest that covers it. An indigenous tribe of humans who call themselves Windfolk share the Striptrees with a small community of windlings. The Windfolk believe that the wind that whistles gently through the trees as it blows in from the hot sea is the breath of life itself—if it ceases to blow, their lives end. Periods of calm weather cause serious anxiety for these

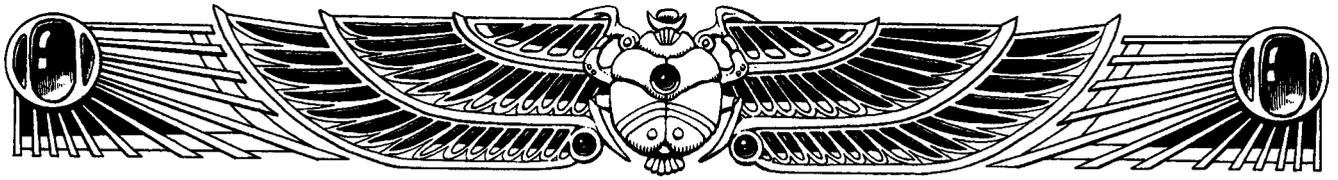
people, who engage in bizarre rituals to appease what they call the Soul-wind and cajole it back to them. The Windfolk are simple, naive and peaceful, living off such woodland produce as game and wild plants. They possess little of monetary value and display little lore or learning. Shy by nature, they avoid outsiders, and few foreigners ever come to their village.

The windlings regard outsiders with extreme hostility and repel them with poisoned darts, tree nets, deadfalls, spiked pits, arrow traps and more. Several skilled beastmasters among them recruit forest animals to provide additional protection. These windlings worship a queen who lives in a knot of evergreen forest to the southeast. If the windlings could be persuaded to speak of her, a listener would learn that this singular individual has some measure of the skills and talents of a wizard, elemental and illusionist. The queen's powers may be derived from some magical item, but the windlings will not discuss such matters.

The windlings' hostility toward outsiders is the result of repeated Theran attempts to raid the Striptrees for resources and slaves. Their first attempt by airship met with an extraordinary defense. Some of the trees tore themselves from the ground and flew upward like deadly giant spears, ripping through the hulls of the ships and sending them crashing into the forest or the sea to the east. From the ragged holes where the trees had stood, hails of stones flew up and assailed the remaining ships. Not surprisingly, the Therans swiftly retreated. A second attack, this time by land, was repulsed by the windlings, their animal allies and more freakish magical antics. Strips of bark tore away from the trees, formed themselves into spears, and flew in a deadly hail toward the heart of the Theran infantry, and stones and rocks flew up from the ground to strike the soldiers. The Therans appear to have abandoned their attempts to conquer the Striptrees for the present, though they may return. They believe some strong and mysterious magical force led to their defeats, and they wish to understand it and command it.

The windlings possess considerable herbal lore and craft beautiful wood and stone weapons. They lack metals, however, and willingly trade for them. In return, they can provide fine medicinal herbs, wood of exceptional resilience and strength for crafting bows, resins for waterproofing boats, and more. Adventurers wishing to trade with the residents of the Striptrees, however, must first win their trust.





BEYOND VIVANE PROVINCE



This section offers **Earthdawn** gamemasters a brief guided tour to various lands adjacent to Vivane Province. The proximity of these regions to Vivane Province, and in some cases their importance to that province's Theran authorities, make it likely that many adventures in Vivane may also have something to do with these neighboring lands.

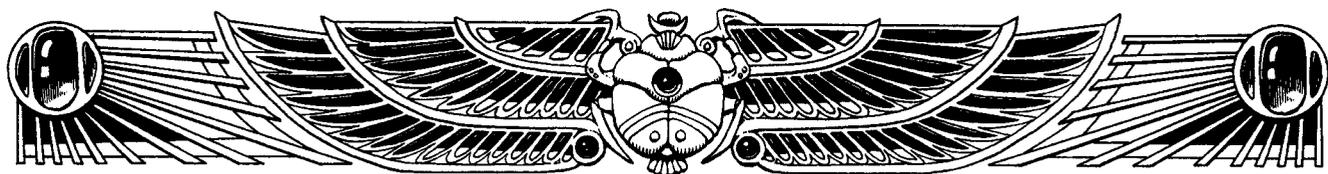
RUGARIA PROVINCE

The Therans conquered the lands that make up Rugaria Province earlier than those of the Province of Vivane, settling in the fertile upriver basin of the Danaba before spreading eastward. Rugaria is a well-settled land, and relations between the Therans and native Rugarians are much calmer than those between Therans and Barsaivians. More Rugarians have wholeheartedly adopted Theran culture, and many have risen to prominence in local government and business. Many of Rugaria's peoples naturally tend toward melancholy and stoicism, which may have led them to accept the Imperial yoke more readily. Certainly they are less likely to rebel than the more vigorous Barsaivians. Therans and other foreigners believe Rugarians are dour, unimaginative, and pragmatic by nature. This stereotype is partly true, but the Rugarians also feel grateful to the Therans for offering them protection from the Scourge. The Therans built large, expansive cities in this river basin, in which they housed considerable numbers of native Rugarians during that bleak and wretched time.

The Theran Third Legion and the Sixth Fleet, with its three kilas and twenty-two vedettes, are stationed throughout Rugaria. For the past several years, units of the Fifth Legion have also been stationed in the province as auxiliary and logistic support. The military hierarchy issues its orders from the provincial capital of Bukara, a large walled city of 82,000 people. General Ganxmader Sturmrend, a black-haired Zanzan troll noteworthy for his impeccable manners and for a surprisingly dispassionate nature, commands the Third Legion. Authorities on the isle of Thera regard him as a rising star, and it cannot be long before he becomes a Field Marshal at the College of War. Admiral Radgund Hartmallen, commander of the Sixth Fleet, is also an unusual figure. A dwarf of House Thaloss, Hartmallen began his career as an airship architect. After twelve years of active service, during which he acquired considerable knowledge of naval history and an acute sense of tactics, Hartmallen became a sailor and rose swiftly through the ranks. He has an excellent record; the Sixth Fleet has lost fewer vessels than most, and Hartmallen is happy to take the credit. Arrogant and rude, he occasionally finds himself cut down to size by the Overgovernor. Like many bullies, Hartmallen reacts badly to criticism. He is prone to bouts of black ill-temper, during which his junior officers have learned to leave him alone.

Rugaria's civil administration follows the standard Theran model. A weak and craven individual, Fessper Ilkandrisen, heads the Department of Bursaries. Ilkandrisen is the first native Rugarian to be appointed to this post. Unfortunately,





the appointment was not a reward for meritorious service, but a ploy by Overgovernor Karafanel of House Thaloss. By appearing to weaken his own House in appointing a native instead of a relative, Karafanel defused criticism of several appointments of his own House members to other important posts they normally might not receive. Ilkandrisen is an over-awed little stooge firmly in Karafanel's pocket, a fact which the other Houses are slowly beginning to realize. The first rumbles of discontent have just begun to filter back to the Great City.

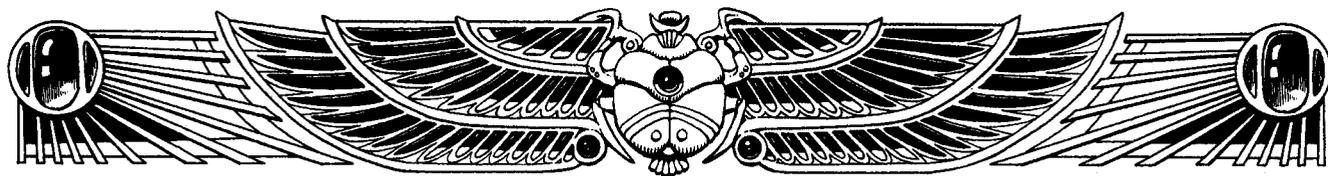
Rugaria's importance to Thera rests chiefly in its overland air routes to the province of Vasgothia, several major orichalcum mines, and its military's ability to subdue all manner of threats arising in the Greatcrag-Caralkspur range. The province also boasts excellent agricultural resources, though farming along the Danaba often falls victim to the unpredictable springtime floods that ruin the crops. Few settlements exist south of the river, near the looming and mysterious Seraph Jungle.

ENCLAVE OF ANTANDAIR

This enclave is built along two small river systems, their basins shrouded by the vast expanse of the Seraph Jungle. Antandair consists of a scattering of hamlets, villages and farmsteads, together with a few small river-panning shanty settlements that have sprung up wherever silver nuggets and gems have been found in the river beds. Though technically part of Rugaria, the enclave is almost autonomous. The deeds to it are held by three families of Carinci nobles who have intermarried almost exclusively with members of House Narlanth, exchanging land rights through inheritance and a share of Carinci wealth for the magical prowess of that house.

The Antandair enclave is an evil place. Its cruel rulers care nothing for lives other than their own, and rumors allege that they use their staggering number of slaves for all kinds of sinister purposes. The enclave's total population is around 10,000, of which a quarter are servants and laborers and most of the rest are slaves. Fewer than 500





Therans rule over them all. The slaves are mostly Rugarians plus a few from other lands, including Barsaive. The Theran masters of Antandair use magic, narcotics and primitive surgical techniques to keep their slaves docile. It is whispered that Theran nethermancers practice experimental brain surgery and often castrate their male slaves to ensure passivity. Slaves are also used for blood magic and nethermantic experiments. Some of the Therans in the enclave are said to have lived well beyond the normal span of years, their lives unnaturally prolonged by the nethermancers' arcane dabbling.

Antandair's rulers pay their annual taxes and tithes directly to the Great City and maintain two kilas to prowl the fringes of the Seraph Jungle. When necessary, they import mercenary warriors to defend the enclave's outlying settlements from attacks by the tribes of the Seraph.

Some of the enclave's nethermancers are highly skilled and powerful, with considerable knowledge of arcane lore and the magical secrets of the Seraph. Adventurers headed toward that great jungle should attempt to learn what they can from these magicians. Outsiders entering the enclave arrive first at the walled village of Xandorn, where the kilas are moored. The nethermancers maintain a graveyard in Xandorn for nethermantic research purposes and regularly dump a few slaves into it. Visitors without money, goods, or a convincing reason for being in Antandair may be dumped in the same place, for the Therans deal coldly with people who drop in without warning.

SERAPH JUNGLE

This huge woodland is a mix of forest to the north and jungle to the south. Largely unexplored, the Seraph is a teeming reserve of wildlife, plant life, and tribal lands and settlements. It is also home to endemic diseases, dangerous creatures such as great cats and crocodiles, a few Horrors, and considerable numbers of cadaver men, demiwraiths and other undead. A mysterious, baneful magic deep within the Seraph causes many who die in the jungle to rise as undead. Nethermancers speculate that this unknown magical force has a special affinity for the Horrors, so that Horrors unable to exist in the physical world can still create and manipulate constructs and undead servitors. The unique dangers of the Seraph have cooled the ardor of Theran explorers for penetrating its depths. The Stormhammer and Arkhazid jungles offer so many resources that the Therans have no pressing need to exploit this woodland's hidden riches.

The tribes of the jungle, collectively known as the Seraphim, live in isolated pockets throughout the woods.

Many reside in the hilly regions to better avoid the undead menaces. Their isolation from each other and the outside world, as well as the fragility of their existence, keeps them from developing any form of higher learning. Some do not even have formal languages, and many Therans do not consider them true Name-givers for this reason.

Among the few Seraphim societies recently encountered are a clan of humans who dress only in the skins of a giant green-and-yellow constrictor and strangle such a snake with their bare hands as a rite of passage. Other explorers' accounts tell of a small band of pale-skinned t'skrang who live and fish around the shores of a hidden inland lake, and who possess a collection of musical instruments crafted from jade in a manner no longer known to them. The t'skrang play these instruments with great skill to pacify hostile beasts and to persuade fish to swim into their nets. Theran observers theorize that the tribe's ancestors made the instruments, or that they came from some other ancient source.

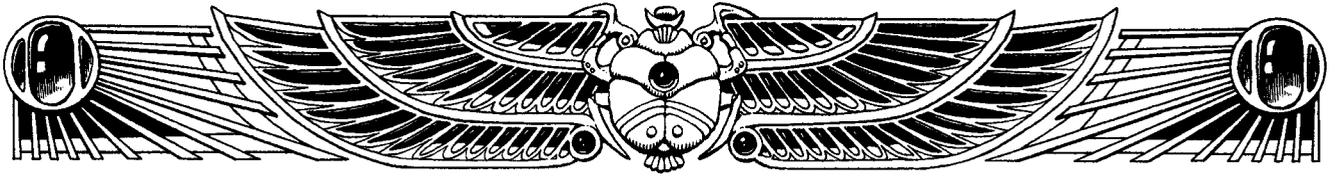
The Seraph remains a closed book. Overgrown ruins of long-lost civilizations, caches of magical treasure, hoards of precious metals and gems, and other such mysteries exist by the hundreds in this deceptively quiet, brooding forest, awaiting discovery.

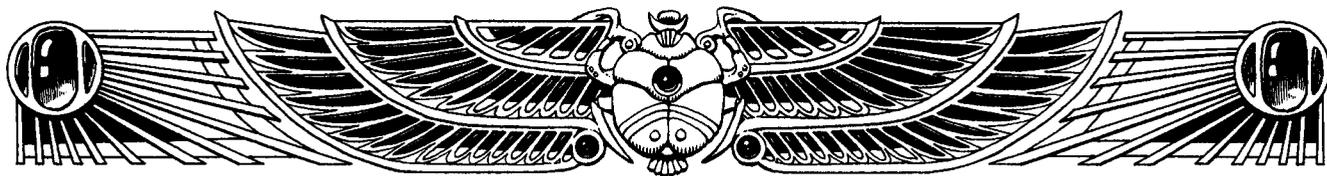
THE LANDS OF CARA FAHD

Long before the Scourge, when the Therans first subdued southwestern Barsaive, Cara Fahd was a mighty land whose fierce ork tribes lived in a state of semi-permanent war with the humans in nearby Landis. The lands of Cara Fahd—all gloomy forests, rugged hills and craggy mountains save for a narrow strip of fertile land on the escarpment of the Delaris Mountains—remain as harsh and fierce as its people, both then and now. Ancient Cara Fahd came close to destroying itself centuries ago in a great battle against Landis during the Orichalcum Wars. The orks of this land have always pillaged and plundered, their land too resource-poor to sustain settled agriculture and self-sufficiency.

Cara Fahd suffered greatly during the Scourge. The orks of the kingdom slew many Therans who came to Cara Fahd bearing the Rites of Protection and Passage, and so fewer people gained the knowledge to build kaers and citadels. Since the end of the Scourge, the lands of Cara Fahd have fallen into chaos. The former kingdom degenerated into a scattering of tribes and clans, most of them scorched and raiders. The boundaries of the ancient kingdom no longer exist, and less than 75,000 Name-givers live in these lands. Roughly 60 percent of the inhabitants are







orks; the other races make up the remainder of the population in equal numbers.

Cara Fahd's ork tribes, many of them descended from the soldiers of a once-formidable and fiercely disciplined army, now survive as bands of robbers. Barsaivian ork scorchers possess the kindness of the most beloved questor of Garlen by comparison. Barsaivian scorchers often sell prisoners as slaves to the Therans; Cara Fahd orks kill virtually everyone who gets in their way. They take alive only magicians such as wizards and elementalists, whose abilities they prize and exploit. Rumor has it that a Theran wizard recently fell into the hands of an ork tribe and now works for his captors, having been granted the extraordinary (and dubious) privilege of marriage to the daughter of this war band's most prominent chieftain, Guurshut Hatespitter. He is also said to be kept in shackles, just in case.

The orks of Cara Fahd hate all outsiders, especially the Therans. Theran Legions often launch pre-emptive raids with airships which the orks are powerless to oppose. These raids force them to flee into caverns in the hills or the deep forests, a humiliation they find nearly impossible to bear. Ancient Cara Fahd's wealth from conquest and pillage, and the legendary magical weapons and armor that belonged to its great generals and warlords, still lie hidden and abandoned amid the bones of those whose villages were riven by Horrors. Adventurers can find much of value in these desolate and hostile lands if they are willing to risk the dangers. No one knows which, if any, of the settlements marked on ancient maps still survive, even in ruins. Few viable settlements remain anywhere in Cara Fahd; most of the people who live here belong to nomadic war bands that roam the lands and raid wherever they can. Life is short and brutal. The old and sick go to their graves early, and a chieftain only commands in his war band for as long as he can avoid a poisoned dagger in his back. Adventurers who hope to earn the respect of this land's people should travel with powerful warriors and strong magic. The marauding tribes lack decent armor and equipment and good quality mounts and might be willing to trade what information they possess for such things.

According to recent rumor, two of the prominent tribes in the area—The Fists of Fahd and The Righteous Vipers—have arranged a marriage that will bind them into a single new tribe with enough strength and influence to restore the kingdom of Cara Fahd to its former glory.

HAZARDS

Adventurers may frequently encounter hostile indigenous people and dangerous creatures common to forests and hills in the lands of Cara Fahd. Befriending one tribe or clan within these lands—a difficult task at best—can make instant enemies of half a dozen others, since internecine warfare is as common among them as every other kind.

Hildingrist Crest

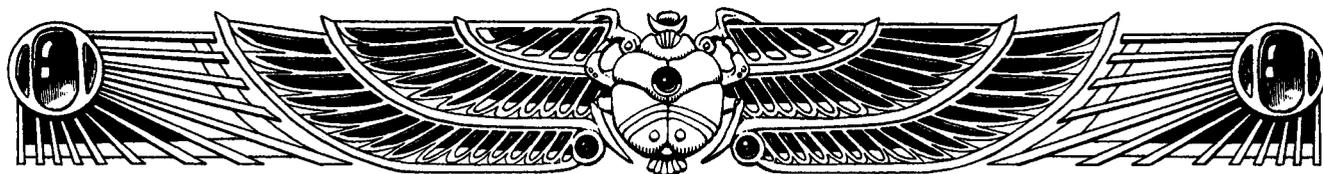
This ridge is the site of a recent major battle between an ork clan and two divisions of Theran soldiers from the Citadel of Jerucz. The Therans took their own dead back to Jerucz and the city of Vivane for burial, but piled the corpses of more than a thousand orks in a mass grave on the site. A few months later they were unpleasantly astonished to find those corpses burrowing slowly back to the surface, significantly less decomposed than they should have been. The Therans next attempted to cremate the bodies, but a vast fireball coalesced out of the funeral pyre and consumed fifty of the attendant Therans. More than a little shaken, the Therans dug a much deeper pit and buried the bodies again. Within days, the corpses again rose to the surface. These unpleasant creatures do not appear to be active undead; they simply lie on the ground, bleeding corrosive acid that evaporates into plumes of reeking, acrid smoke. The smoke drifts southward over outlying farmsteads, and only the concerted efforts of several Theran elementalists kept a cloud of this vile and dangerous stuff away from Jerucz itself.

Obviously, something beneath the earth is having an unusual and probably magical effect on corpses buried at Hildingrist Crest. The Therans' latest plan is to dig up the lot and bury or burn them somewhere far away from the battle site, as soon as they work out the logistical nightmare of digging up and transporting a large number of probably poisonous corpses. The likelihood of ambush by ork bandits complicates matters further, as does an ongoing administrative wrangle between Vivane city and the military authorities in Jerucz regarding responsibility for the operation. If the gamemaster wishes, he or she may devise some awful new development regarding the slain orks that somehow involves any adventurers who happen to be in the area.

LANDIS AND ITS PEOPLES

The Therans regard the region once known as the Kingdom of Landis as one of the areas of Barsaive Province no longer under their control. Indeed, the people of Landis





travel to and trade with free Barsaive on a regular basis, though they do not consider Throal the seat of their government. The inhabitants of Landis care relatively little for the fate of distant lands elsewhere in Barsaive; they have enough troubles closer to home.

Most of Landis is covered by forest, though a few towns exist that boast fine buildings, temples, and works of art. Most of the people who settled on and farmed the plains in the northeastern region of Vivane Province long ago withdrew to Landis, retreating into the forest and hills where they were less exposed to raids by Therans and the orks of Cara Fahd. Most major permanent settlements in modern-day Landis lie near the Greenheart River and on the slopes of the Twilight Peaks. The Therans control the lava fields around the twin volcanic peaks and conduct periodic mining operations there, but maintain no permanent garrisons. They swiftly could establish garrisons in the area if the local people attempted to dispute Thera claims to the fields or if elementalists native to Landis tried to tap the true fire in the lava.

The natives of Landis lead passive, melancholy lives. Because they squandered their resources on endless war with the orks of Cara Fahd, the people of Landis were unable to build a sufficient number of kaers and citadels to protect the largest part of their population, and so the kingdom suffered brutally from the Scourge. However, many tales describe isolated kaers and citadels constructed in Landis by individuals with the courage and vision to understand the true danger of the Horrors and rise above the ongoing conflicts between the two kingdoms. One of these gives credit to a renegade magician from the isle of Thera who constructed a kaer on the threshold of the Twilight Peaks. If this story is true, that kaer's fate remains unknown. Certain scholars suspect, however, that these tales represent only hopeful dreams spun to sustain the spirits of those people who faced the Horrors unaided. The total population of Landis is about 400,000, with a racial distribution similar to the rest of Barsaive. The ever-present threat of raids from Cara Fahd has led many of Landis's other Name-giver races to distrust orks, even when they are clearly peaceful.

The people of Landis trade with the Therans, bringing fish, wood, hides and skins, and other raw materials to Lankarden and outlying villages in exchange for worked metal items, ceramics, baskets, clothing, and simple tools. This steady stream of commerce does not prevent Thera slavers from raiding this region often enough to put the population of Landis into a steady decline, as the natives are enslaved settlement by settlement. The Thera slavers

who operate in Landis generally make their raids north and east, away from the villages that trade with the Imperials, and the local people realize that trade with the Therans safeguards them from enslavement.

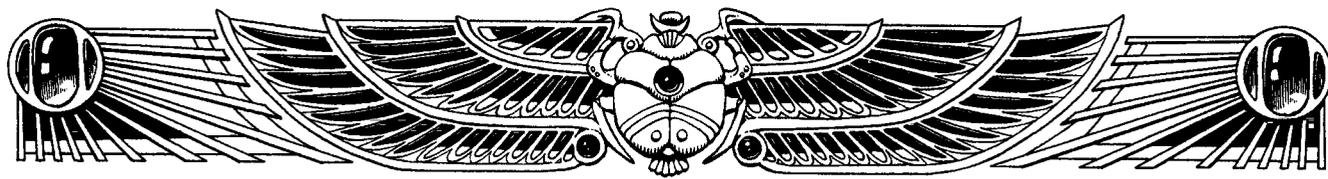
Landisians mount few retaliatory raids, however, especially since the most recent lesson in brutality taught them by the Therans. A group of raiders led by two ork beastmasters and a pair of troll warriors raided a small Thera farmstead, only to discover that a most of the people they had killed were slaves and poor laborers, not the hated Therans. In response, Thera authorities sent a kila to round up all eight hundred people of a nearby river village. They killed all the old folk and children and enslaved the able-bodied adults. Passing by several other river villages on the way back to Lankarden, the airship crew dumped a few tortured corpses over the side as a message that any further raids against Thera settlements would meet with the same response. Landis has mounted no further raids, and adventurers speaking too openly of their intent to raid Vivane Province from these lands may find themselves betrayed to Thera authorities in Lankarden by a fearful Landis native.

Like Cara Fahd, Landis is a once-mighty realm brought low by war and the Scourge. Within its abandoned settlements lie priceless historical records, as well as treasures and wealth. The greatest legends that aspiring adventurers might build in Landis, however, would tell of deeds performed to restore the spirits of a people possessed of the potential for great attainments in battle, magic, and culture. Heroic actions such as these would restore as much magic to Barsaive as the recovery of a vast treasure cache.

HAZARDS

Many towns and settlements in Landis have been abandoned since the Scourge, and Horrors still stalk these lands. Thera slavers, ork raiders from Cara Fahd, and creatures native to Landis's terrain can pose additional threats. The Greenheart River, though settled and fished along most of its length, still contains a small number of huge, usually torpid river serpents. On the approaches to the Twilight Peaks, adventurers may encounter creatures of elemental fire, in addition to the usual difficulties of traveling through mountainous terrain.





ADVENTURING IN VIVANE



This section offers a broad overview of different campaigning styles and themes that gamemasters can use for adventures in Vivane Province and Vivane city. Different gamemasters and groups of players may wish to emphasize different aspects of the Theran people and Empire, and the guidelines described here suggest various approaches to playing with different themes. This section also reprints a brief explanation of the adventure framework and includes adventure ideas that can be expanded using that framework.

PLAYING THERAN CHARACTERS

In Barsaive and beyond, everyone knows the Therans are bad. They raid defenseless villages. They enslave people. They pillage and steal. They mount wars of conquest. Aren't all these activities proof of their wickedness? Certainly the Therans do these things—but they see themselves and their actions in a far different light. The Therans have accomplished magnificent things in many areas, and untold thousands of people owe their existence to Theran achievements. Through Theran efforts, vast areas of the world devastated by the Scourge have been given a new lease on life because the caretakers of the world survived.

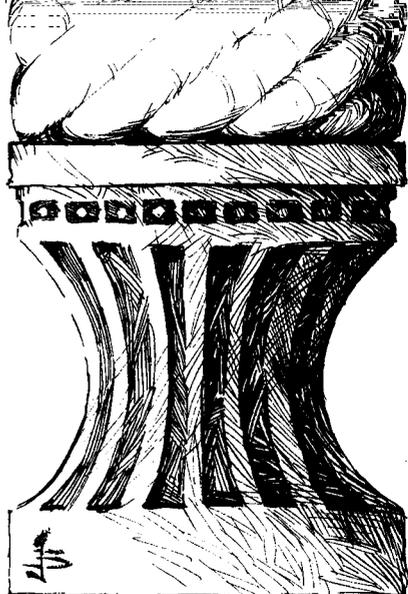
While the majority of non-Therans sincerely believe that the Empire represents an evil that must be eradicated, a certain percentage of more sensible folk recognize that Therans cannot be lumped together as a single entity. As with any other people, some Therans are wicked, depraved and inhuman; some are noble, philanthropic, generous and good-hearted; many are simply trying to get by in a difficult and dangerous world. In all honesty, the people of Barsaive describe themselves in no different a way.

Though much of the material published about Theran paints the Empire in

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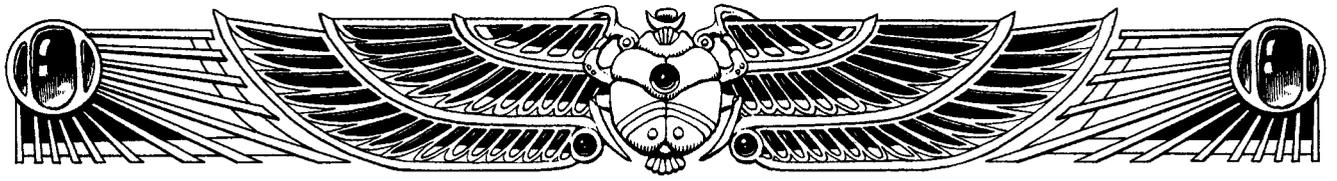


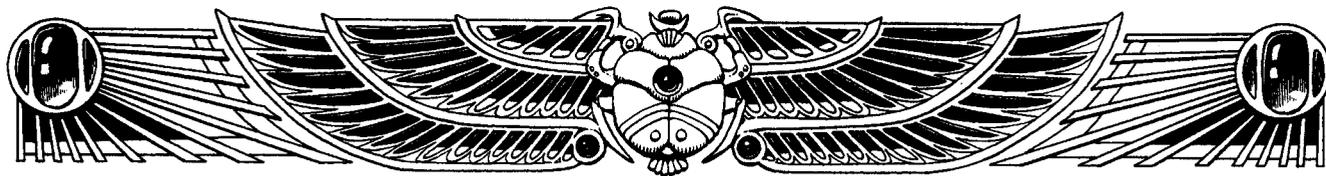
...broad strokes of cruelty, brutality and cunning deception, the
choose to present the Therans in any number of ways. The Sky P
campaign set may simply serve to give faces and names to the
Barsaivians fear. The information in this set may also provide the
ammunition to make the Empire even more frightening by revealing
cal, military and magical genius driving Theran society. This is no
on mayhem; the Therans crafted their culture over hundreds of y
lowing a precise plan to their ultimate goals. Because of the un
between Barsaivians and Therans in Vivane, the gamemaster ma
explore the implications of those two cultures mixing and borro
other. For example, Vivane might be the wellspring of a ground
among Therans who accept the Barsaivian point of view and
against the institution of slavery.

The following passage offers the gamemaster one alternate
means to be a Theran.

*The indigenous people of Barsaive call we Therans murdering
conquer and enslave them without concern for their lives. No state*







more blatantly false. Many Barsaivian citizens in Vivane would call Therans decent people, without prompting and without a single Theran being present to overhear them. Were my claim not true, our great Empire would have perished long ago. If we truly mistreated the people we have encountered all across the world, we could never sustain our Empire's vast lands with the forces of one small, fragile island. The natives of our far-flung possessions would have risen in angry revolt long ago and sent the best of our armies and navy packing. But they have not done so. In fact, the many peoples of Imperial lands live well and happily under our care and have done so for centuries.

Our science and magic have progressed beyond anything achieved by other civilizations, and we can also boast superior attainments in many other spheres. We have discovered the arts and crafts of countless civilizations, brought the finest elements of them into our own culture and refined and developed them to new heights. Compare our openness, our willingness to learn from others, with the stubborn ignorance of the ordinary Barsaivian. These people know nothing of the outside world. They have never answered the urge to explore and understand as we have. No Barsaivian has stood on the multicolored shifting sands of Karnand and marveled; no Barsaivian has flown above the mile-high waterspouts of Tarazanika, set foot on the pyramids of Araucania, or brought back specimens of ten-foot flesh-eating flightless birds for scholars to study and ordinary people to marvel at. Such openness to new discoveries has enriched our understanding of science, art, and philosophy to a degree that Barsaivians sadly fail to comprehend.

A Barsaivian citizen might reply to our assertion by saying that our achievements are worth nothing because they spring from immoral acts. That these people accuse us of moral inferiority illustrates the importance of our continued efforts to influence their lives for the better. In his righteous anger, the Barsaivian dismisses Theran art and literature, science and magic, the aquifers, the great cities and the health and contentment of the people who live in them. He dismisses the fact that Theran magic saved untold thousands of people from the Scourge, even when his opponent gently points out that many of those who mutter darkly of Theran oppression are only alive to do so because Thera saved them from death in the first place. Barsaivian citizens contend that we are wicked despite our achievements, because our custom of slavery fills their hearts and minds with bitter anger and resentment.

We accept that we can never justify slavery to the satisfaction of such a person. We also accept the imperative to try to explain the widely recognized value of the institution. We begin by pointing to the myriad other cultures, completely unrelated to and developed independent of Thera's culture, that practice slavery in many forms. Among many other advantages, the traditions of domestic slavery and kin-extension supply a valuable and valued labor force, strengthen relations between families and villages and allow every member of a society to pursue a useful and honorable life. It was these other, long-established cultures' traditions that suggested to many of Thera's founders the virtues of slavery. We may also ask the Barsaivian to consider the tradition of the jaraleh, adopted from the people of Marac, who practiced it for centuries before Therans came to them. By the Barsaivian definition of the relationship, the jaraleh must be called a slave, but in truth, the jaraleh's beauty and wisdom instruct the master as often as he or she teaches the jaraleh.

If the Barsaivian accuses us of inventing these other cultures, we must point to the practice of slavery in lands familiar to the citizens of Barsaive, such as Cara Fahd. If forced to offer further examples of non-Theran slavers, we remind the Barsaivian of how efficiently the dwarfs of Throal performed their task as Imperial slavemasters, and how eagerly many Barsaivians sell their kin to "evil Theran slavers."

I do not dispute that some foolish Theran nobles mistreat their slaves. Those with any wit or brains do not, just as any wise Barsaivian does not mistreat a child. The wise among us treat our slaves as children who require discipline, training, and teaching. As assurance of our belief in slavery as a growing process, we point to the ever-growing number of slaves who have won their freedom through such learning and live now as free men within the Empire.

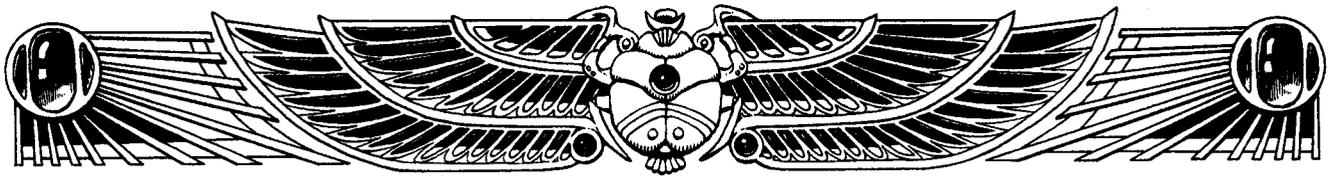
It is not moral weakness that prompts us to practice slavery. Rather, it is moral courage that allows us to willingly shoulder the burden of teaching and enlightening others. We cannot apologize for our culture and our ways. We must continue to hope that others will learn from our efforts and gain understanding accordingly. We are Theran; may we always be proud to be so.

—Theofarassten ka'Narlanth, elven wizard and philosopher, addressing the House Conclave in the City of Vivane

STYLES OF CAMPAIGN PLAY

The gamemaster and players may choose many possible styles for conducting campaigns in the vicinity of Sky





Point and Vivane. The most obvious style is the “freedom fighter” campaign, which will mesh well with many existing player characters. Characters in these adventures are probably natives of Barsaive and are likely to regard Therans as wicked, enslaving imperialists. Theran characters, in turn, may regard the Barsaivian adventurers as “terrorists” or some equivalent. Such a campaign should focus on such goals as stiffening the morale of villagers in Landis, thwarting Theran commercial and military operations in Vivane Province or the borderlands of Barsaive, ambushing Theran merchants or military patrols, assisting such enemies of the Therans as the crystal raiders of the Twilight Peaks, raising and/or assisting rebellions against Theran rule and becoming involved with the Resistance in Vivane. The latter may include seeking them out and supplying them with information, equipment, or weapons.

A second style might best be described as the “we’re just ordinary guys” campaign. Characters in these adventures act in Theran-controlled lands just as they would in Barsaive. Vivane Province is just another place with big cities in which to talk, drink, pull purse-strings, get into scraps, trade and haggle, wine, dine, and flirt; its wider lands are there for the characters to explore, map, and seek adventure in. Substantial differences between Barsaive and Vivane include the Theran bureaucracy, the relative lack of regard for the Passions, the constant presence of the Theran military, the more cosmopolitan nature of Theran cities, and other such atmospheric touches. Campaign and adventure goals should focus on such elements as learning about and acquiring treasure from the borderlands, earning money on riverboats or as bodyguards for merchants, the delights of traveling a strange land and discovering its peoples and sights, studying Theran arts and sciences, gaining power and prestige within existing society through intrigue (difficult for non-Therans, but not impossible), and exploring wild lands. The latter adventure might allow characters to earn fame by returning with maps, travelers’ tales, news of new cultures and contacts, and specimens of new flora and fauna.

A third possible style is the Theran campaign. Players in this kind of adventure may want to generate Theran characters, then go and stomp those “Barsaivian barbarian terrorists.” Campaign goals might include gaining deeds of property in or near Vivane Province, fostering intrigue or aiding espionage between the Theran noble Houses, launching raids against upstart Barsaivians and seeking out secret societies of outlawed Mad Passions to destroy them. Players can generate Theran characters using standard principles of character creation, and Theran characters may follow standard Disciplines. The gamemaster should keep in mind,

however, that windlings are rare in Theran lands. The gamemaster may want to suggest that some players roleplay Barsaivian trustees—if any take him up on it, he should make the players fit their characters’ roles.

Campaign styles need not always be mutually exclusive. For example, a given band of adventurers might adopt one set of personas for adventuring openly in Vivane Province and an entirely different set for raiding it. This kind of subterfuge allows them to snoop inside the province, return to a base in Landis or elsewhere in Barsaive and then mount raids and subversive operations using the knowledge they gained from their earlier exploration. Characters will find it helpful to earn the trust of merchants, which will allow the characters to travel throughout the province acting as the merchants’ escorts, allowing them to pass with far less scrutiny than if they were traveling alone.

The gamemaster should take care not to allow characters to know everything that their players know. For example, players who have enjoyed roleplaying Barsaivian characters might choose to play Therans for awhile, but their Theran characters should not know Barsaive as well as their Barsaivian characters.

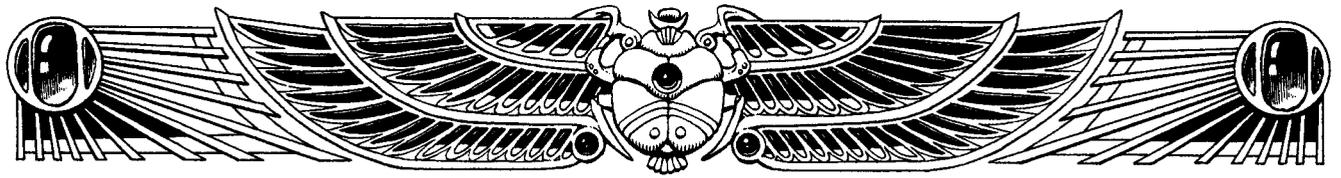
Therans in general are relatively wealthy. In the interests of game balance, the gamemaster should assume that Theran player characters are the children of ordinary middle-class Therans and should not allow players to run a son or daughter of a politically powerful and fantastically rich Theran family. Middle-class Theran characters may start play with anywhere from 120 to 200 silver pieces. Poorer Therans come from the lowest social strata, and few players will care to play adepts who are the scum of Theran society.

SKILLS AND LANGUAGES

When staging adventures and campaigns near Sky Point and Vivane, as well as in the rest of Vivane Province, the gamemaster must treat the use of certain social skills somewhat differently than in Barsaivian adventures. If player characters are non-Therans interacting with Therans, the difficulty numbers for many tests should increase by +1 or +2 as the gamemaster deems appropriate. This increase is particularly applicable to tests involving the Etiquette Skill.

Most Therans in Vivane Province speak Throalic, but regard anyone who cannot speak Theran as a lower life form. Adventurers give away their status by speaking Throalic. Dialects and local accents can also present a challenge. Therans tend to speak Throalic with an accent that





sounds nasal and stilted to native Barsaivians, and Rugarians speak it with broad vowel sounds that often make them hard to understand. The mix of mispronounced Theran and Throalic spoken in Vrontok is a special dialect that characters need to learn.

The gamemaster may want to have adventurers make Perception Tests when some important point must be made in conversation between people who do not comprehend each other easily. Go easy on these, however. The gamemaster should not simply demand Perception Tests for every such meeting; decide what level of comprehension seems reasonable and impose tests accordingly. If adventurers are dealing with a Rugarian scribe in Inshaldren, he probably knows Throalic well enough to speak to them. If they are dealing with a Rugarian farmer somewhere in the wilderness around Aldjekuul, sign language for “we need food” or “got a bed for the night?” or “seen any Bad Things hereabouts lately?” may be the best the adventurers can do.

ADVENTURE IDEAS

The locations described in this product offer the gamemaster a rich source of ideas for adventures in Vivane city and the wider province. The following specific adventure ideas are based on current rumors rife in the province, which adventurers may encounter in taverns, among fellow adventurers, from merchants and travelers, and others they will likely meet. Some tales may only be heard in certain places, and some may be old news by the time they reach the adventurers’ ears. The gamemaster determines which rumors are red herrings and which are based on some seed of truth. In the latter case, the outlines for each idea suggest what may lie behind the rumors and reports. These outlines can be developed to fit into any of the previously described styles of campaign play.

ADVENTURE FRAMEWORK

No two gamemasters design adventures in the same way. Some prefer to plan for every possibility they can foresee, leaving as little as possible to chance. Others prefer a looser style, where they plan the most significant events in the adventure but improvise the rest. To aid gamemasters in preparing adventures, we have devised the following adventure framework. The adventure framework offers a method of outlining adventures that enables gamemasters to plan out the events of an adventure while maintaining as much flexibility as they need.

The adventure framework has five parts: **Premise**, **Setup**, **Events**, **Climax** and **Sequels**.

Premise

The **Premise** briefly summarizes the adventure and describes its major sources of conflict or drama.

Setup

The **Setup** describes how the adventure begins and how the characters become involved in it. This section may also include events that led to the adventure, and background on other ideas touched on in the **Premise**. This section is often the longest and most detailed in the framework.

Each of the adventure ideas described in this section begins with a rumor or tale, or some other setup that describes how the characters might get involved.

Events

Events describes encounters and events that occur during the course of the adventure. These may include situations that pose problems for the characters, actions by the adventure’s antagonists, creature encounters, or simply unexpected occurrences. In other words, events represent the obstacles or problems the player characters must overcome to complete the adventure successfully.

Climax

The **Climax** is the conclusion or resolution of the adventure. It describes how the adventure is likely to end based on actions that the gamemaster expects the players to take, and so it may differ considerably from the way the adventure actually ends. Because player groups often take unexpected actions, the gamemaster should consider planning for more than one possible climax.

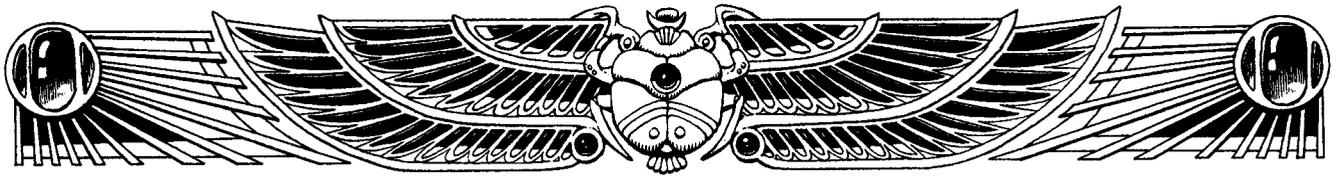
Sequels

Sequels are adventures that might happen after or as a result of the current adventure. For example, sequels may feature the same non-player characters or include a magical item discovered in the first adventure. A theme, character or item that carries over from one adventure to a sequel or sequels helps create a sense of continuity in a campaign. See pp. 15–17 of the **Gamemastering Earthdawn** book in the **Earthdawn Gamemaster Pack** for more information about creating **Earthdawn** campaigns and maintaining campaign continuity.

SHINING HAMMERS

An ork war band from Cara Fahd has been obliterating human settlements in western Landis. The orks all wield warhammers that burn with magical fire, and all the evidence suggests that a magician must be aiding them. They are growing dangerous and adding recruits daily.





Rumors of the war band will worry several groups of people. A chieftain forging the fierce orks of Cara Fahd into anything like their ancient strength poses a potentially major menace for the population of Landis, greater Barsaive, and Therans in Vivane Province. This adventure also offers the intriguing possibility of Therans and Barsaivians allying against a common threat.

The orks, who have named themselves the Legion of Damnation, are some 2,200 strong. A Seventh Circle Theran wizard, a human renegade from Vivane, is their magician ally. He possesses a magical relic, a tiny gilded hammer on a silver neck chain. Touching the gilded hammer to any warhammer or similar weapon (it does not affect projectile or bladed weapons) increases the weapon's Damage Step by +2 for one hour per day. Its wielder's Spell Defense and Armor Ratings also increase by +2. The enchanted weapon glows with an inner fire whenever it strikes a target, hence the rumors of shining hammers.

The wizard, Arthonius Hazarald, is using the orks for his own purposes. He seeks a matching relic, a small ivory anvil, lost in the forests of Landis. Possession of both items makes them much more powerful than either item alone. Paranoid and corrupted by lust for power, Hazarald is prepared to continue killing people in Landis until he finds what he wants.

To end this marauding, the adventurers must find a way stop the wizard. They might kill him, or muster their own war band to rout his army. Alternatively, they might stumble upon the magical anvil in another adventure. A few weeks later, Arthonius hears of their discovery and sends agents to kill them and take the item. The arrogant wizard is too much of a megalomaniac for the characters to barter or negotiate with him, and the adventurers will get no peace until they deal with their tormentor.

Another alternative is to make the magical treasures dangerous. The nature of their combined power may

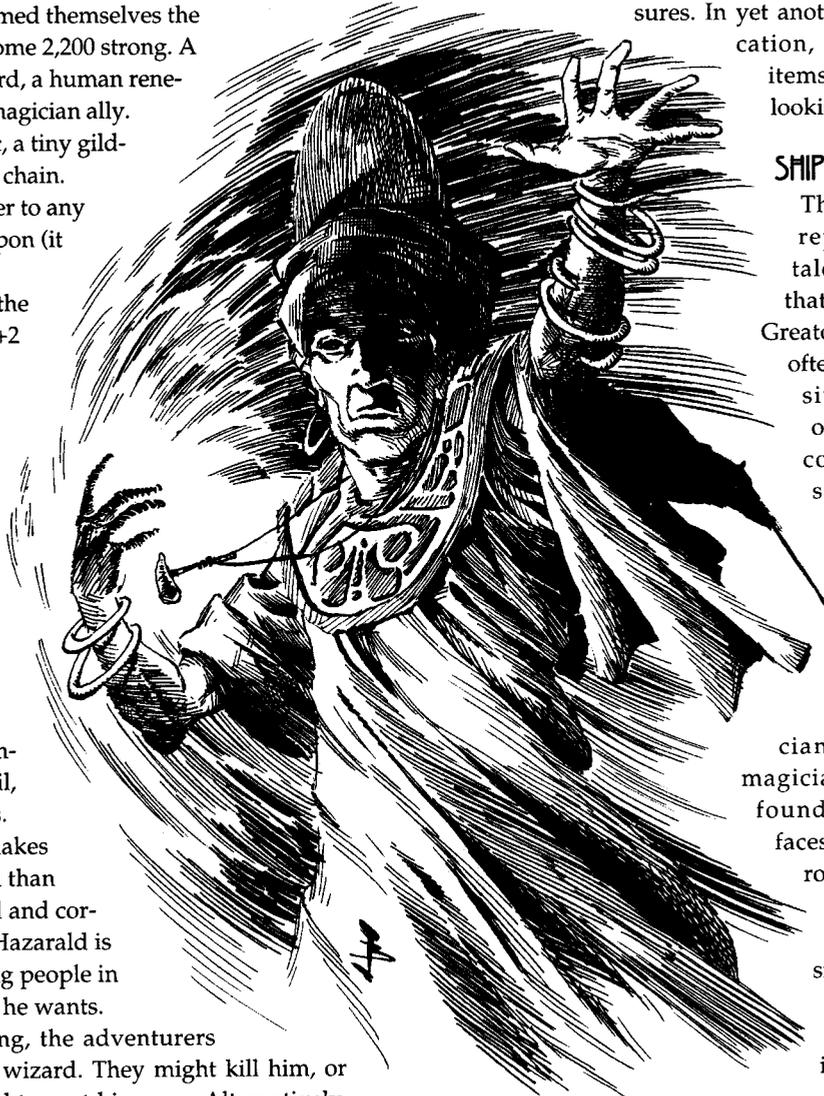
corrupt the mind of anyone possessing them, making that individual power-crazed and paranoid. The adventurers may decide to destroy the relics, or deposit them with powerful magicians or scholars in Throal or elsewhere. Finding such magicians might well become an adventure in itself.

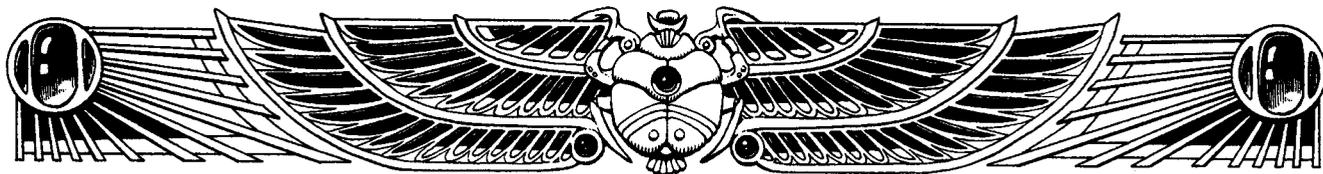
The gamemaster may invent a history for these treasures. In yet another possible complication, descendants of the items' creator may come looking for them.

SHIP OF DEAD MEN

The adventurers hear repeated travelers' tales of a troll airship that moves through the Greatcrags in utter silence, often shrouded in corrosive black mist. No one knows where it comes from or the story of its origins. Recently, it descended on a caravan headed along the upper Danaba River and killed everyone except for a young magician. No trace of the magician's body was ever found. The dead men's faces were frozen in terror, as if fear alone had killed them. The airship has been sighted in the distance since then, and people are terrified that it will attack again.

The airship operates from a kaer deep in the western Caralkspur Mountains that was overcome by an insidious Horror during the Scourge. The trolls aboard it are undead servitors of the Horror, and the ship sails in search of magicians of all Disciplines. The Horror possesses a magical treasure known as the Basalt Skull, a powerful relic of great evil that bestows on the Horror the most terrible powers of all other Horrors. The Horror sacrifices captured magicians in a ritual that





gives it strength, and each time a magician is sacrificed near this treasure, his life force effectively allows the Horror to weave a thread between itself and the Skull. The gamemaster should adjust the number of lives sacrificed and threads created to suit the Horror's powers to the player characters' abilities. Overcoming this Horror should be difficult enough that adventurers of less than Fifth Circle cannot defeat it.

After hearing this tale, the adventurers should hear of similar destruction that befell a fellow group of adventurers. All of them perished save the group's magician, who disappeared. This second story should alert the player characters to the fact that someone is magician-hunting. They may encounter the airship, which will pursue them and attempt to take their own magician or magicians alive. Alternatively, they can go in search of the craft and follow sightings of it to the kaer. Inside the kaer, they must overcome the undead trolls. The gamemaster should base statistics for these opponents on those for an existing type of undead creature, adding standard troll racial advantages. Finally, the adventurers must confront the Horror itself, with the impressive array of powers granted to it by the Skull.

The gamemaster can add poignancy to this simple theme if the adventurers meet a troll who is the only living survivor of the kaer. He alone escaped before all the rest were corrupted into undead Horror-servants. The troll has a burning desire to obliterate the Horror but will feel mixed emotions as he destroys the corrupted remains of those he loved and called friends. Such a figure must be carefully roleplayed, for if done well, the survivor can introduce into the adventure an element of genuine tragedy.

HERE COMES THE PROPHET

You are wandering in the Greatcrags when ...

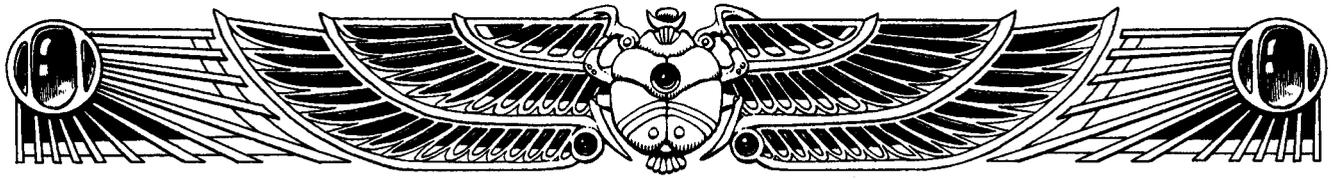
The gamemaster must set up this adventure with some pretext—perhaps another adventure hook—that sends the adventurers into the Greatcrag Hills. There, they run across a captured vedette sailed by a band of thirty cave trolls.

The trolls capture the adventurers, truss them like turkeys and take them to the trolls' cave den. Once in the den, the trolls sharpen their dinner knives and lick their lips, poking the most tender parts of the adventurers' anatomy with all the skill of a fine cook preparing a select joint for roasting. Before the cooking actually gets underway, a troll looks closely at one of the adventurers and mutters something incomprehensible in cave-troll dialect. The other trolls come one by one to gawk at the adventurer's face and nod their heads, muttering vigorously. After a short while, they summon their chieftain. She stares at the adventurer in amazement, then stomps off and returns carrying a slab of rock. Engraved on

the rock are the unmistakable features of the adventurer.

The trolls talk animatedly for awhile, and the chieftain manages to croak out some halting Throalic words. (The trolls occasionally raid into Barsaive and have learned a smattering of the local language.) She explains that the adventurer is a prophet, long spoken of among the trolls as the one who will lead them to the Great Standing Stone. There, the trolls will find all manner of heavenly and earthly delights—placid oxen waiting to be roasted, lots of gold, milk and honey running in streams, abundant animals to hunt, and so on. What a fortunate coincidence that the Prophet's likeness saved the adventurers from becoming troll dinners!





The trolls expect the adventurer to lead them to the Great Standing Stone. The adventurer will have to devise some subterfuge to gain his freedom, perhaps by claiming that he must travel by himself to the Stone and make some offering or perform some ritual. (Obviously, the adventurer cannot take the trolls along on his initial journey; he won't know where to go, and the trolls are bright enough to realize this eventually.) The trolls will buy a story of this kind, but they will keep at least two of the Prophet's fellow adventurers as good-faith hostages.

The trolls have a second rock carving that depicts the stone. The Great Standing Stone is a statue of a cave troll about 10 to 12 feet tall, though its true scale cannot be reliably determined from a carving. The trolls regard this etching as sacred, the Passions' bequest to them. They will show it to the Prophet, though the Prophet ought to know about it already. To avoid rousing suspicion, the adventurer might feign a desire to see the image that has sustained the trolls' faith for these many generations.

The adventurer, and possibly a few of his fellows whose assistance he allegedly needs, are set free to look for the statue. The gamemaster can lead these adventurers through the hills and mountains, keeping the pressure on with judicious reminders: "If you don't get back soon, the trolls will spit-roast your friends. What do you do now?" Eventually the adventurers meet some hillmen who have heard of the statue, but the hill-dwellers refuse to tell the adventurers where it is unless the adventurers help them first. Ideally, the help they require should be something difficult—say, destroying a nest of griffins or similar marauding beasts that have been eating the hillmen. When the adventurers finally find the statue, it is not easy to get to. It may be inside a cave

occupied by extremely dangerous creatures, or in the depths of a kaer occupied by undead things, a Horror or two, and other hazards (sinkholes, deadly traps, stagnant clouds of choking gas, and much worse).

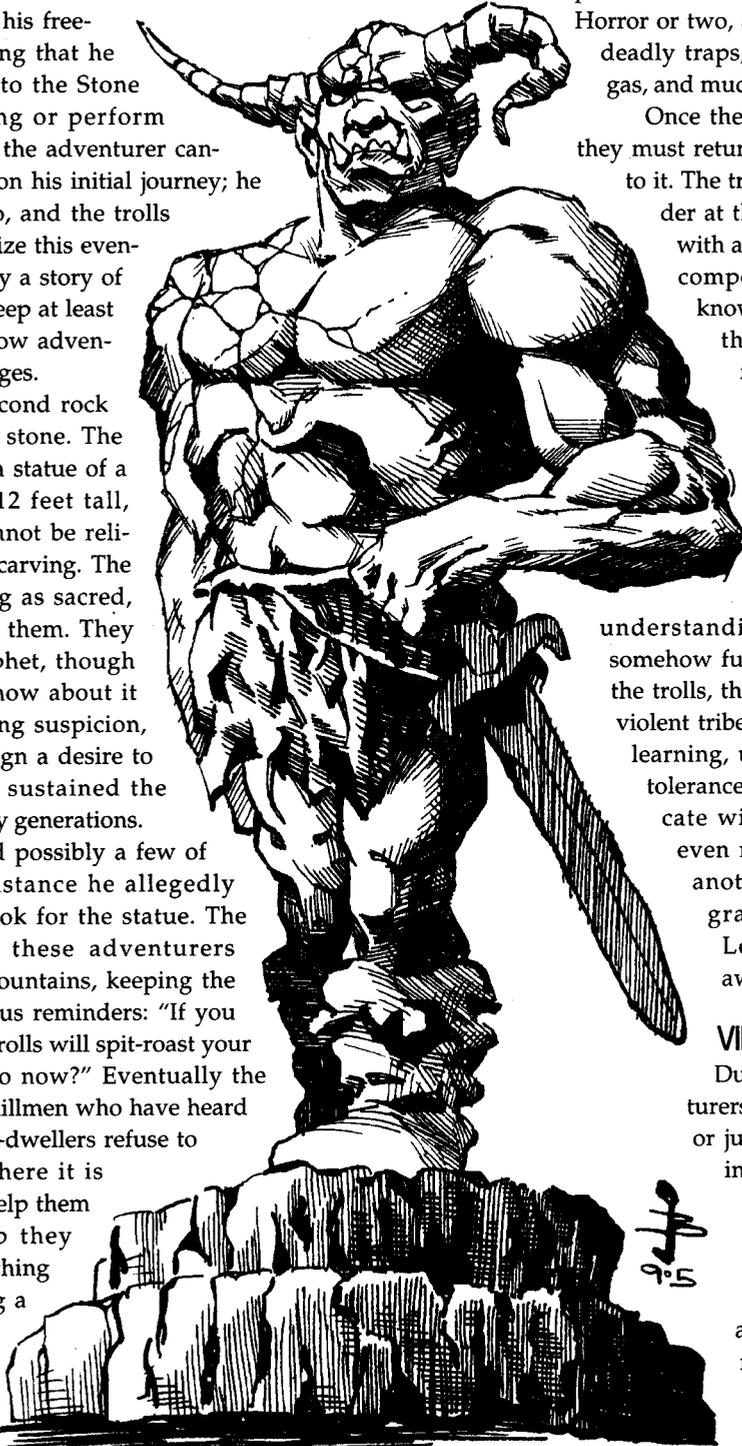
Once the adventurers find the statue, they must return to the trolls and lead them to it. The trolls feel a deep sense of wonder at the statue, and touch it gently with a little apprehension. They feel compelled to learn its history, to know who crafted it. Most of all, they want to know why they feel so strange in its presence.

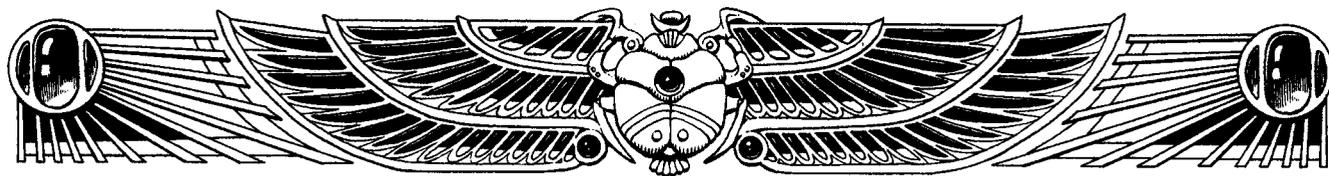
The trolls have found a statue crafted by a questor of Astendar. Its magic subtly pacifies the trolls and fills them with a desire to learn about times and places beyond their limited understanding. The adventurers must somehow fulfill this desire. By educating the trolls, they can change a bloodthirsty, violent tribe into Name-givers capable of learning, understanding, appreciation, tolerance and the desire to communicate with others. Such actions are even more legendary than killing another bunch of monsters and grabbing some treasure, and Legend Points should be awarded accordingly.

VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED

During their travels, the adventurers reach a village near a forest or jungle. While they rest and eat in the village, they notice something odd: all the females of childbearing age are pregnant, most far advanced.

If the adventurers ask about this phenomenon, the males of the village attempt a little typical masculine boasting, but the adventurers can clearly see their deep underlying anxiety. Their womenfolk have all become pregnant within the past month or so, and their pregnancies seem to





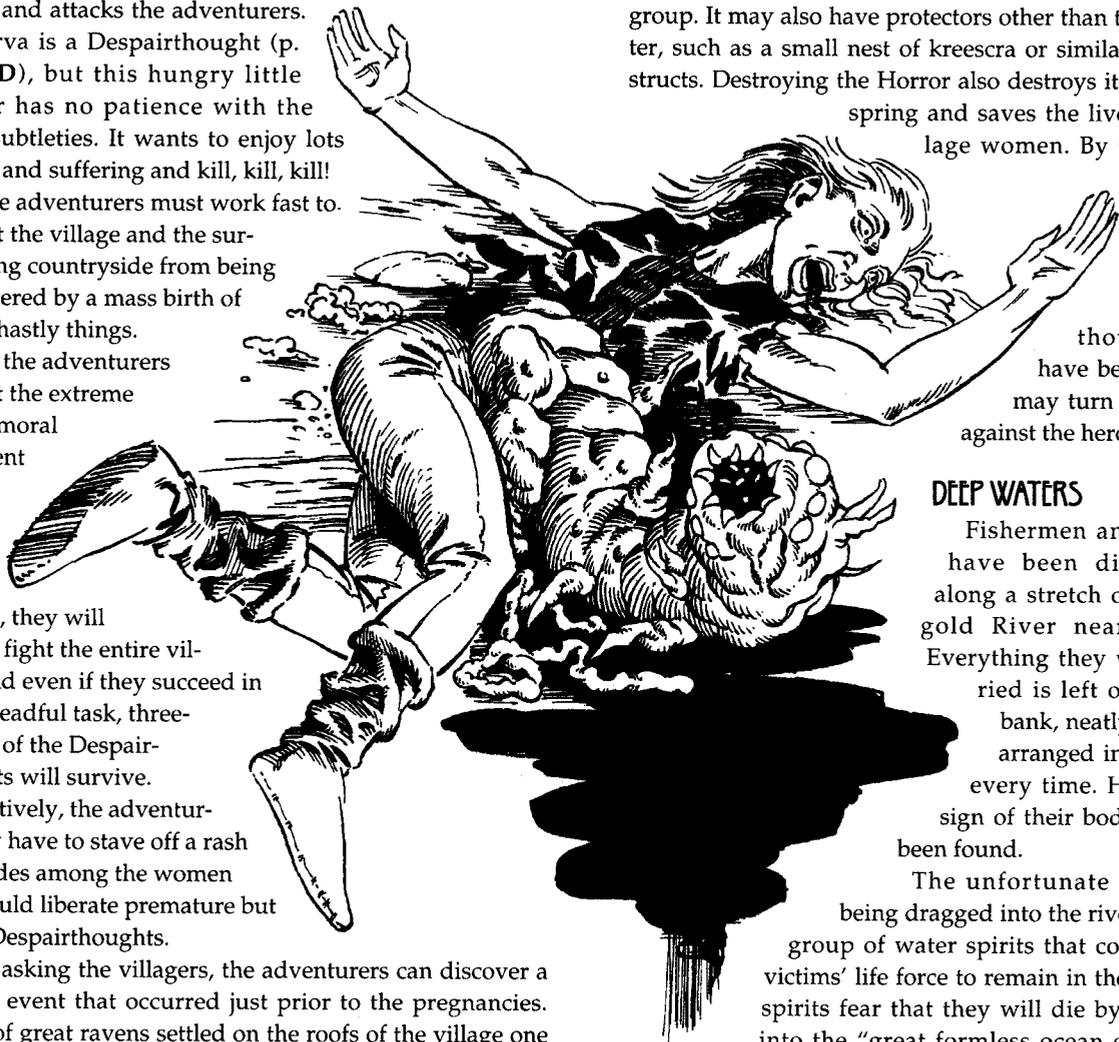
be progressing with unnatural swiftness. Suddenly, a pregnant woman near the adventurers falls down; she appears to be entering early labor. As the adventurers look on, a writhing larva bursts from the woman's abdomen and kills her instantly. The thing looks around, utters a ghastly shriek, and attacks the adventurers. The larva is a Despairthought (p. 301, ED), but this hungry little Horror has no patience with the usual subtleties. It wants to enjoy lots of pain and suffering and kill, kill, kill!

The adventurers must work fast to prevent the village and the surrounding countryside from being slaughtered by a mass birth of these ghastly things. Should the adventurers attempt the extreme and immoral expedient of killing all the

women, they will have to fight the entire village, and even if they succeed in their dreadful task, three-fourths of the Despairthoughts will survive. Alternatively, the adventurers may have to stave off a rash of suicides among the women that would liberate premature but viable Despairthoughts.

By asking the villagers, the adventurers can discover a strange event that occurred just prior to the pregnancies. Flocks of great ravens settled on the roofs of the village one night, and none of the villagers can remember what happened between then and dawn. Sightings of the ravens should direct the adventurers into the woodlands where the birds reside. A trail of clues lead them to a human beastmaster possessed by an incubus-like Horror that impregnated the village women with its ghastly seed. The beastmaster will send animal assailants to attack the adventurers every step of the way and should be of a high enough Circle to test the adventurers' skill. Eventually, they come upon the beastmaster in a huge tree house. Of course, adventurers trying to clamber up rope vines are sitting ducks for giant ravens and other hostile beasts. Armor

becomes a major liability, slowing climbing and increasing the chance that the vines will snap. The beastmaster's death liberates the incubus-Horror from his body, and the adventurers must then face the Horror. The gamemaster can design the Horror to suit the strength of his adventuring group. It may also have protectors other than the beastmaster, such as a small nest of kreescra or similar minor constructs. Destroying the Horror also destroys its unborn offspring and saves the lives of the village women. By the time the adventurers return, however, a few more Despairthoughts may have been born and may turn the villagers against the heroes.



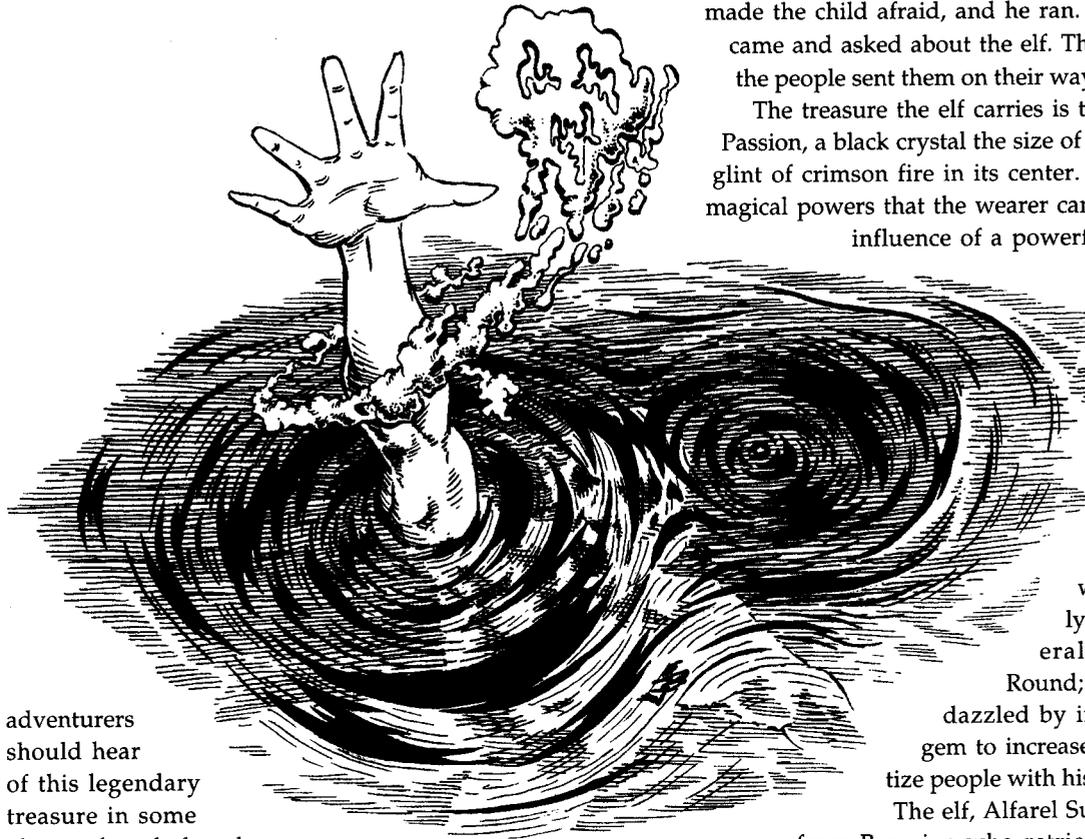
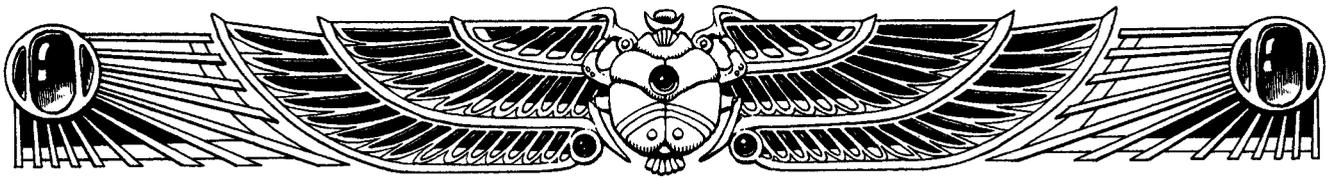
DEEP WATERS

Fishermen and rivermen have been disappearing along a stretch of the Bears-gold River near Morkant. Everything they wore or carried is left on the riverbank, neatly folded and arranged in same order every time. However, no sign of their bodies has ever been found.

The unfortunate victims are being dragged into the river by a small group of water spirits that consume their victims' life force to remain in the world. The spirits fear that they will die by dissolution into the "great formless ocean of elemental water" unless they take life to maintain their own. These spirits cannot be easily destroyed or banished by an elemental or nethermancer. They can travel at incredible speeds in water and dissolve and re-form elsewhere. These characteristics make it almost impossible for adventurers to fight them. Simply placing a huge array of "Keep Out" signs in the vicinity also will fail, for local folk constantly come to this particular stretch of river for reeds, fish, and other vital resources.

After learning of this dilemma, the adventurers hear a legend about a magical treasure crafted of elemental water that can sustain the lives of these spirits. Ideally, the





adventurers should hear of this legendary treasure in some obscure form before they

come anywhere near this troubled region of the Bearsgold. The adventurers must find the treasure, braving the usual array of terrifying creatures and hazards in the process, and then bring it to the spirits. They must also be able to communicate with the spirits in some way, perhaps through a nethermancer or elemental. If the players need an image of these beings that they can grasp, try describing them as resembling mermaids or river maidens.

The adventurers can earn several rewards in addition to the usual Legend Points: the gratitude of the locals and possibly a material reward from them, as well as a gift from the grateful river spirits (gems, freshwater pearls, and so on).

BEATING BLACK HEART

Upon arrival in a certain town, the adventurers learn that a tall, dark elf—clearly a stranger to these parts—recently passed this way. He was gaunt, possibly diseased, and had the look of a creature fleeing from death. Everyone shunned him. The elf kept clutching at his throat, and a precocious village brat says he saw a heart-shaped black crystal on an amulet around the elf's neck. The sight

made the child afraid, and he ran. Two days later, riders came and asked about the elf. They stank of death, and the people sent them on their way without assistance.

The treasure the elf carries is the dangerous Heart of Passion, a black crystal the size of a newborn's fist with a glint of crimson fire in its center. The Heart has several magical powers that the wearer can draw forth under the influence of a powerful emotion that corre-

sponds to them. For

example, a genuinely terrified

person can use

the gem to flee

at the speed of a

galloping horse; a

person gripped by

rage and hate can

strike out with a

weapon that does great-

ly increased damage several

times in a Combat

Round; a person deeply in love

dazzled by infatuation can use the

gem to increase Charisma and hypno-

tize people with his charm.

The elf, Alfarel Sussinara, is a adventur-

er from Barsaive who retrieved the gem from the

ruins of Parlainth. He fears it, yet cannot get rid of it for

fear of whose hands it might fall into. For example, a

brutal bandit could use it to wreak havoc. Alfarel seeks a

way to destroy the gem, or a person so pure of heart that

he can trust them with the treasure. He is also ill, suffering

from chronic fever and a racking cough. He wanders

from place to place on his impossible quest, trying at all

costs to keep his own emotions in check lest the gem's

power overwhelm him.

Two groups of people with a strong interest in the

gem are pursuing him. The Society of Radiant Effulgences

in Vivane (see p. 12, **Theran Vivane**) wants to use the gem

for their decadent and unpleasant self-indulgences. A few

of the Society's more vicious members were the riders trail-

ing the elf; they plan to kill him and take the gem for them-

selves. A group of questors of Dis are also pursuing

Alfarel. They regard the Heart of Passion as the antithesis

of everything they believe in and they intend to destroy it.

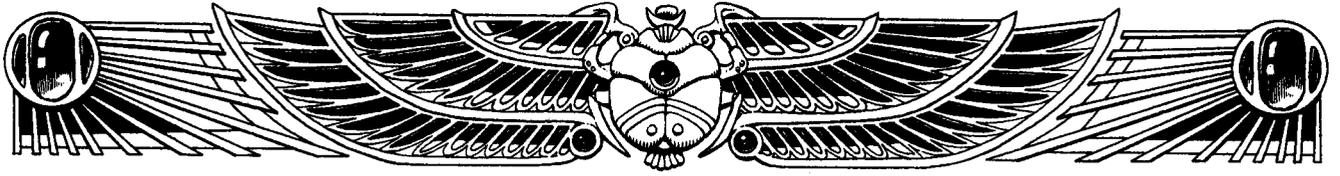
They are single-minded enough to kill anyone who gets in

their way.

Player characters can easily get caught up in this

adventure. They might be anywhere, minding their own





business, when Alfarel stumbles among them with murderous followers of either faction in hot pursuit. The characters barely escape with their lives, and more trouble is on the way. The elf's enemies now associate the adventurers with him and will cheerfully attempt to murder them all.

A pure soul such as Alfarel seeks is almost the stuff of legends, and finding such a person should require a lot of travel, preferably through hazardous lands. In addition, the adventurers will be pursued by two groups of determined killers, both of whom have many resources, including funds to hire assassins and other assets. The adventurers' best hope may be to somehow turn the groups against each other, possibly by persuading one group that the other group has taken the Heart from Alfarel. This adventure gives the gamemaster many options with which to lead the adventurers a merry dance.

SNAKE-QUEEN OF THE SERAPH

A plague of poisonous snakes is crawling over the settlements on the fringes of the Seraph Jungle. The bodies of those who have died from snake bites simply get up after an hour or so and walk into the jungle, never to be seen again. People are beginning to abandon nearby farmsteads for fear of this creeping menace, and local landowners are offering good money to anyone who can discover and eradicate the source of the problem.

A Horror that lurks in the jungle has adopted the form of a snake-bodied human female. One of the primitive jungle tribes regards this thing as a deity and on its orders have been trapping snakes and unleashing them

on surrounding areas. The Horror uses an arcane power of its own to corrupt the snakes' venom, so that victims transform into undead creatures that crawl back to the Horror. Adventurers can trace the Horror by waiting for a victim to re-animate and following the walking corpse. On the way they will run into members of the local tribe, who will fight them for daring to enter the "sacred territory" of the snake-Passion. To avoid killing these people, adventurers must back off and find an indirect way in or use magic to camouflage their progress. They must then find the Horror and destroy it. Once the Horror is gone, the tribe will cease trapping and releasing snakes and the surrounding lands will no longer be troubled.

Though simple, this adventure allows the gamemaster to inflict all the manifold miseries of jungle travel on the adventurers. The gamemaster should design the Horror to give the adventurers a thorough test of skill; it must possess the Animate Dead power, but it is unlikely to have any spellcasting ability. The Horror's undead servants should also be relatively simple, similar to cadaver men or ghouls.

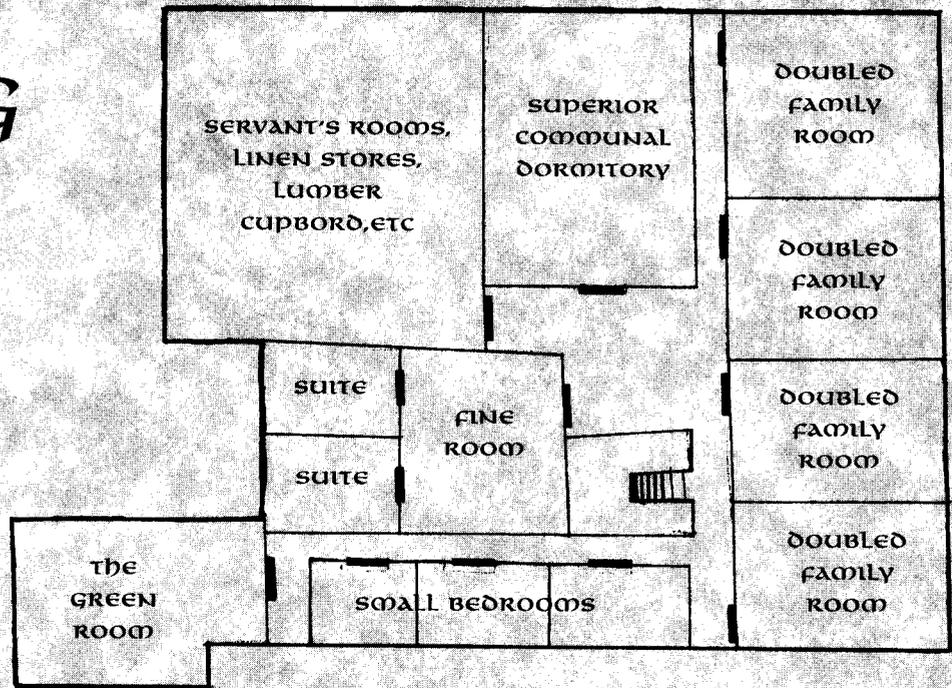
The Horror has little treasure, but the adventurers may get a payoff from grateful local landowners.



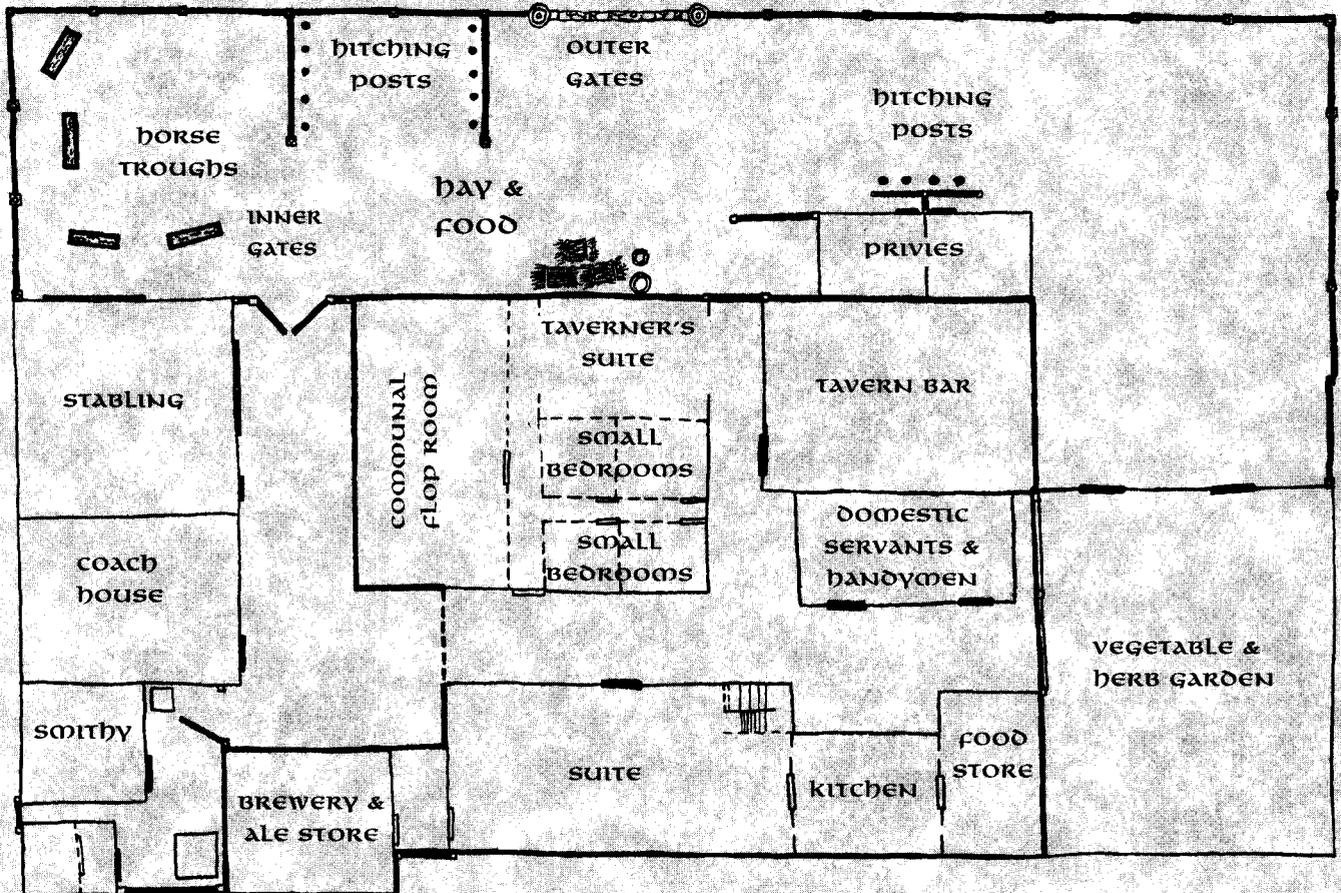
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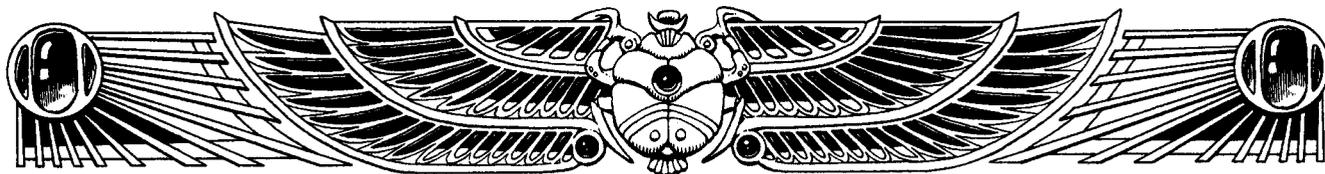


2ND FLOOR



GROUND FLOOR





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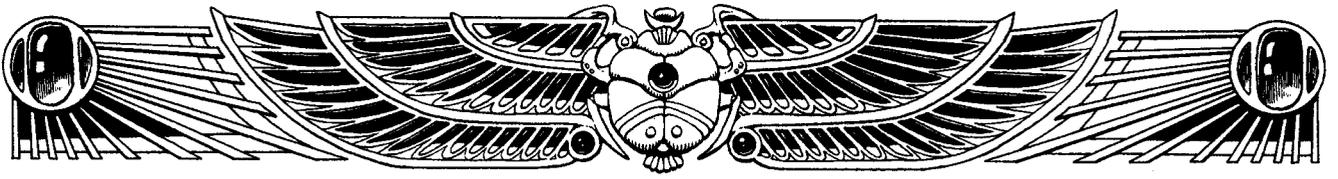
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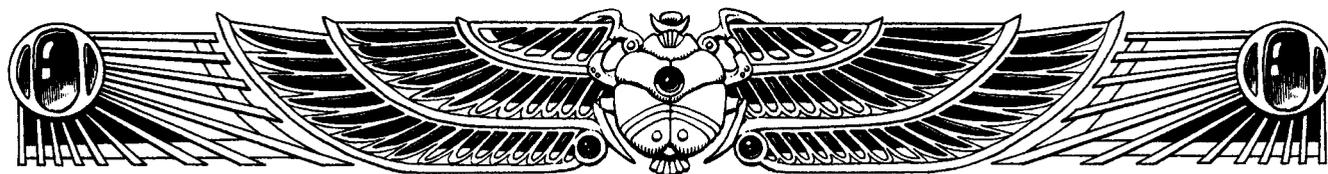
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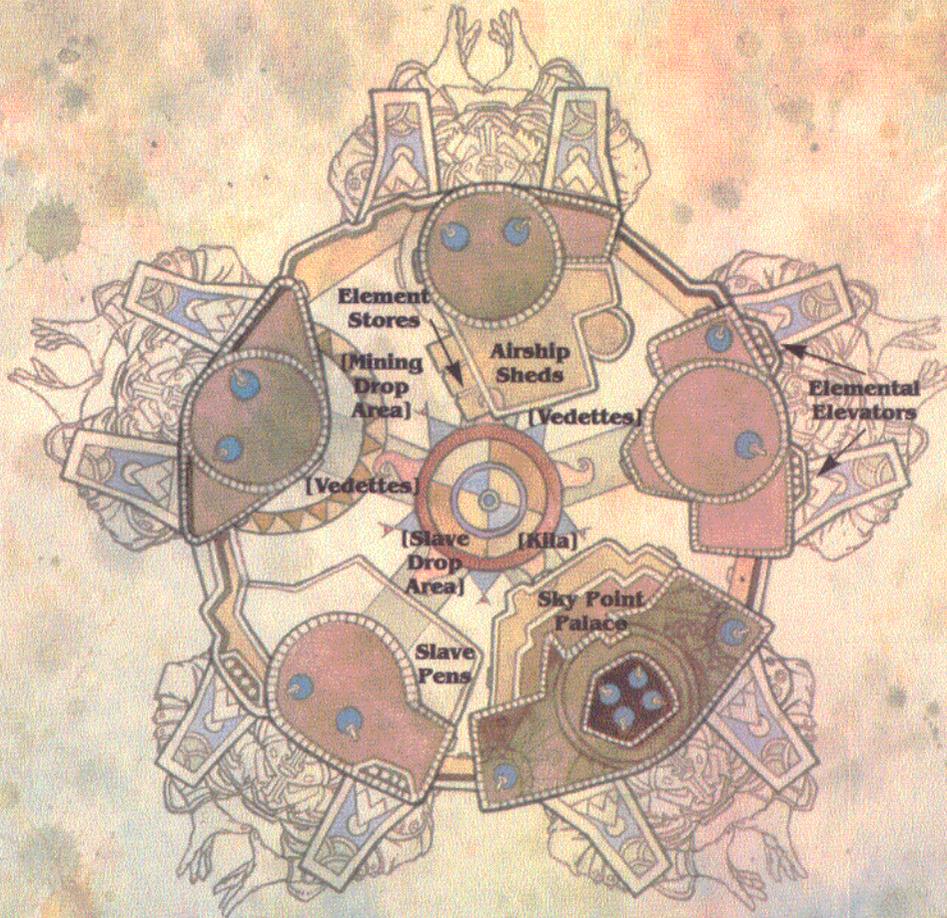
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sky point platform

	Battlements	0 200 400 600 800 1000
	Cannon	
	[Kila] Landing Area	Feet
	One Level	
	Two Levels	
	Three Levels	
	Four Levels	

LAUBENSTEIN/95

THIS BEING IN MY ESTIMATION SOME TWOSCORE MILES
NORTH OF JAROSLAVL.



THIS BEING AN OVER-
GROWN MARBLE ARCH
THE HEIGHT OF A TROLL,
DISGUISED BY ILLUSION
& DETECTABLE ONLY
BY TOUCH.



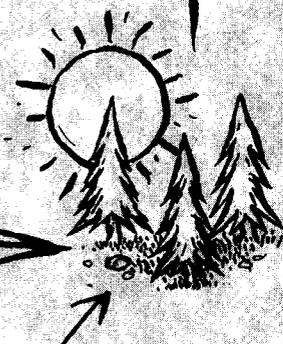
THIS BEING 130
PACES NORTH

THIS BEING THE
ENTRANCE

THIS BEING A
SMALL POOL THE
SHAPE OF A KIDNEY.



THIS BEING 120 PACES EAST



THIS BEING A KNOT
OF TREES, WITH VINES
THAT BEAR LARGE,
ORANGE CAPPED
FUNGI THAT I'VE
NOT SEEN ELSEWHERE
IN THIS AREA.

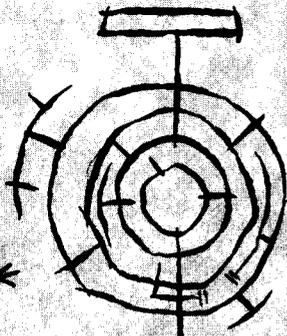
THIS BEING
50 PACES N. EAST



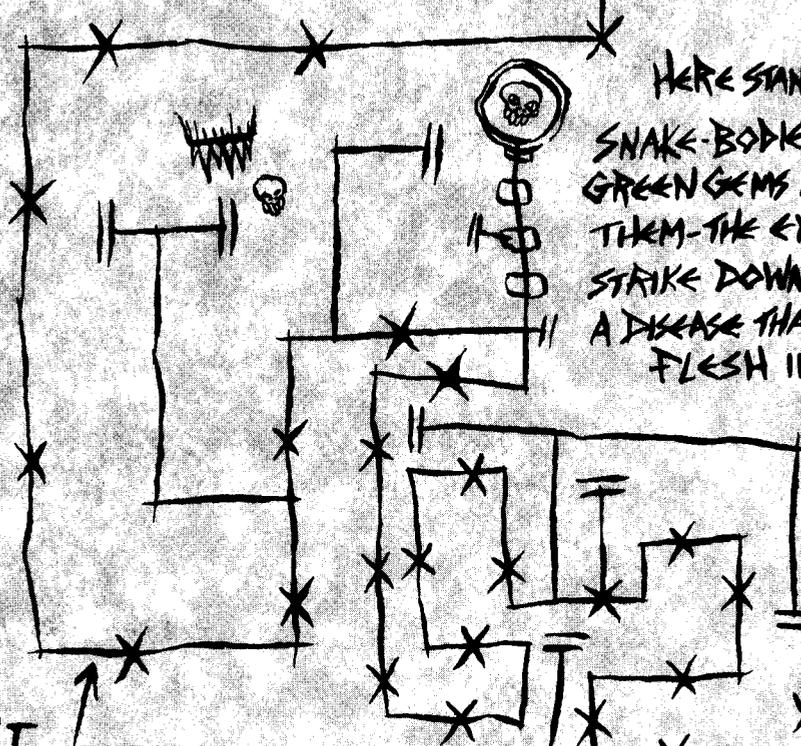
← HERE STANDS A WHITE
OBELISK THE SIZE OF A
TROLL, BEARING
CARVINGS OF JUNGLE BIRDS.

THIS BEING A FAITHFUL RENDITION OF THE AREA BY
KARUSAR MA' NARLANTH, TRAVELER & SCHOLAR.

HERE STANDS THE DOOR TO THE MAZE OF THE GILDED GIANTS. I KNOW NOT WHAT MAGIC MAY OPEN THEM - PERHAPS THE KEY LIES IN PARTS OF THE MAZE THAT I DID NOT FIND.



BEWARE THIS STRANGE WEB OF INTERLOCKING WALKWAYS. UNKNOWN MAGIC BRINGS STORM WINDS UP FROM A DEEP UNSEEN ABYSS - WHEN THE WINDS STRIKE, THE UNWARY MAY FALL TO THEIR DEATH.



HERE STANDS THE BODY OF A SNAKE-BODIED WOMAN, WITH GREEN GEMS AS EYES. BEWARE THEM - THE EYES SHINE AND STRIKE DOWN THE VIEWER WITH A DISEASE THAT ROTS AWAY FLESH IN HOURS.

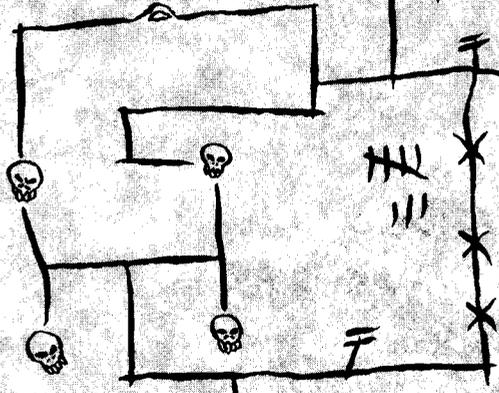
THERE BE DEAD ENDS, SOME BEING DISGUISED, ALL BEING TRAPPED.

X FOLLOW THIS TRUE PATH.

AN ODD ARRANGEMENT OF BOOBYTRAPPED STONES



BEWARE POISON ON RUSTED SPEARS, FOR IT HAS NOT AGED.



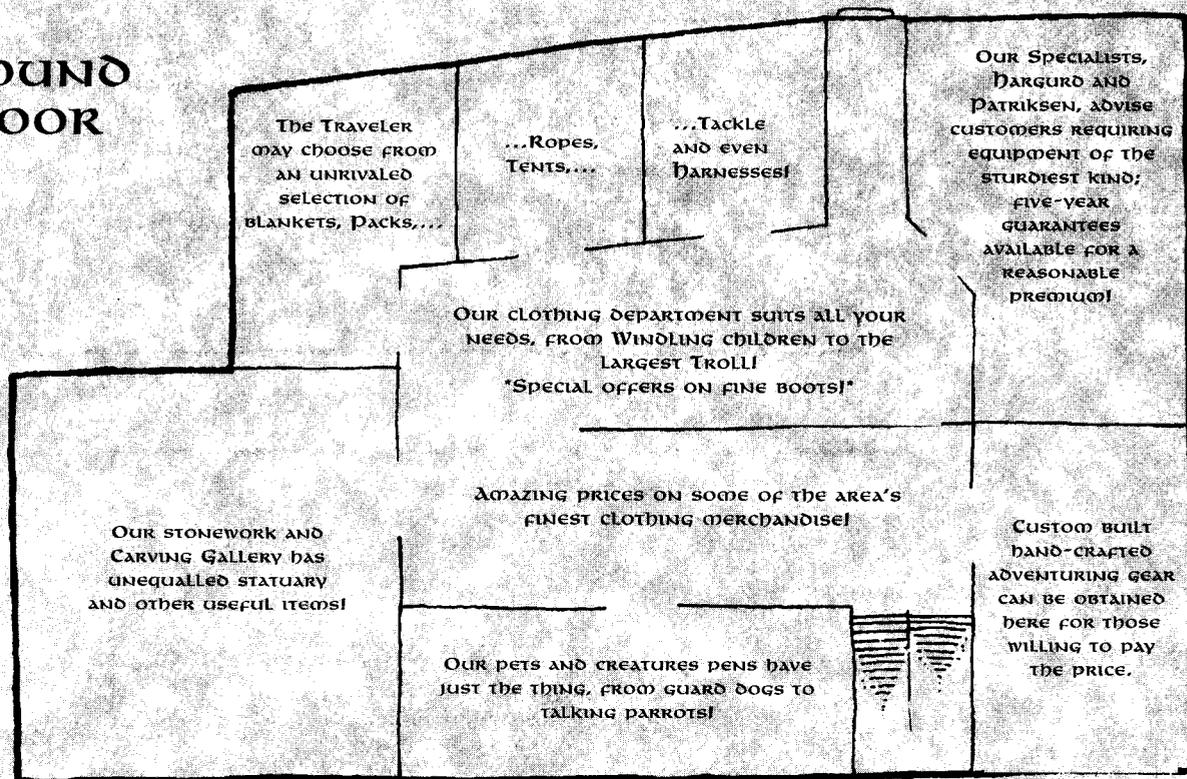
BEWARE, FOR EACH OF THESE APPEARS TO HAVE A DOORWAY; ALL IS ILLUSION AND DEATH FROM FALLING IS CERTAIN!



THIS ARCH BEING THE ENTRANCE.

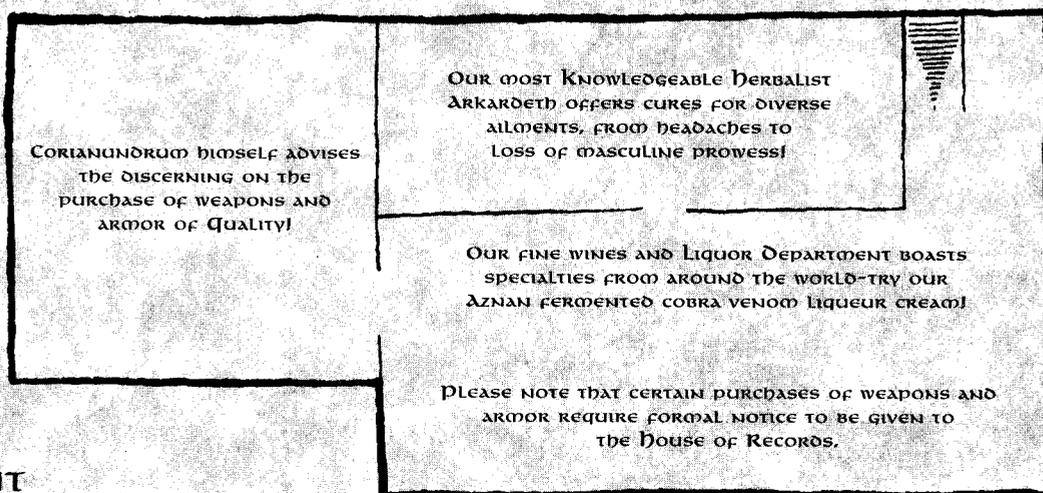
CORIANUNDRUM'S EMPORIUM

GROUND FLOOR



CORIANUNDRUM CORDIALLY INVITES YOU TO VISIT HIS FINE EMPORIUM!
POLITE SERVICE AND GOOD PRICES AT ANY TIME, GUARANTEED!

BASEMENT



SECOND FLOOR

Our fine clothing department offers classical and fashionable attire for all events. "Special hire rates available during festivals!"

Our Carpet and Tapestry Hanging Gallery carries the finest work from Araucania to Zerajav. Our specialist elven and Obsidian Art advisors are unmatched in expertise and selection!

Our Gallery of Exotica contains delights splendid and rare, from superb silks to fine spices, and diverse entertainments. Come & see the Sheboara, our resident Indrisian snake hypnotizer!

(Beware of the Mongoose!)



THIRD FLOOR

Our wicker and reed workrooms stock baskets and utensils to suit all requirements.

Our specialist Ceramics and Jewelry Rooms offer the finest crafts in all of Vivane.

Thieves Will Be Outlited!



Our fine furnishing rooms offer items made by the finest artisans of the city and abroad, from simple cabinets to 20,000-florin luxury dining sets!

FOURTH FLOOR

Hot drinks and other beverages.

Endless assortments of baked delights.

We call our top floor, "Garden of Surprises." Take an herbal tea of kokalla with fine cream and peruse our wonders. Stock turnover is rapid and our holdings are subject to fluctuating supplies from distant lands.

But be assured, no one ever leaves the Garden without buying something!



A wild assortment of rare and exotic plants and vegetation.

Enjoy our open-air Tea Balcony and see all of Vivane.

DURAE LIM'S FINE HOSTELRY

The Pride of Oivane

ROOM CHARGES

DOUBLE ROOMS: 4 silver orrus per person per night. Weekly booking for 16 orrus.

SINGLE ROOMS: 6 silver orrus per person per night. Weekly booking for 24 orrus.

SHARED CHAMBERS: 1 silver orrus per person per night, including breakfast bread and beer.

ALL DOUBLE AND SINGLE ROOMS HAVE DAILY BATH & INCLUDE BREAKFAST, SERVED FROM 6 AM TO 8 AM. DON'T BE LATE!

GUEST SERVICES

LAUNDRY BY ARRANGEMENT WITH OUR STARCHMAID, GERRIZUR. SHIRTS WASHED, STARCHED AND FLATIRONED FOR 4 CP EACH. RATES FOR OTHER ITEMS ON REQUEST.

PERSONAL VALET SERVICE BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE PROPRIETOR. WE RECOMMEND SHANGRUND & KARLANT FOR TOWN ESCORTS; THESE DISCREET BODYGUARDS ARE EX-SOLDIERS OF THE FINE EIGHTH LEGION, AND MAY BE HIRED BY THE DAY (2 IF PER VALET) OR BY THE HOUR FOR EVENING ENGAGEMENTS AND SUCH (1 SILVER ORRUS PER HOUR BY DAY, 2 SILVER ORRUS PER HOUR BETWEEN DUSK AND DAWN). VALET AND BODYGUARD SERVICES ARE NOT AVAILABLE OUTSIDE THE OLD CITY.

PREPARED LUNCHEONS AND PICNIC HAMPERS ARE AVAILABLE BY ARRANGEMENT. LET US KNOW BY MIDNIGHT OF THE DAY BEFORE YOU REQUIRE THIS SERVICE.

STANDARD PACKED LUNCHEONS, INCLUDING ONE BOTTLE OF GRAZGUND'S OLD IMPERIAL HURLG:
1 SILVER ORRUS PER PERSON.

FINE PACKED LUNCHEON, INCLUDING HALF-BOTTLE OF RUGARIAN HONEYWINE OR AGED CAPARATHIAN RUBY RED WINE; 2 SILVER ORRUS PER PERSON.

LUNCHEON OF DISCERNMENT, INCLUDING BOTTLE OF OUR HOUSE SPECIALTY WINE (VASGOTHIAN SPARKLING THUNDERWURZER), AND OUR SPECIALTY SAVORY CHEESE AND PATÈ TRAY; 9 SILVER ORRUS PER PERSON.

TRY OUR FINE PICNIC HAMPER FOR TWO PERSONS!

includes:

Medallions of Goat in Tarragon Jelly
Chakta Patè Terrine with Truffles
Smoked Eel with Soured Cream and Chives
Pickled Pig's Feet with Onion Marmalade
Fine Grain Bread and Sheep's Milk Butter
Bottle of Thunderwurzer
Half-Bottle of "Sunlimmer" Dessert Wine
Sweetmeats, Fruited Bread and Full Cream



For a mere 30 silver orrus! (returnable deposit of 2 IF for the basket; lace cloths and cutlery supplied)

Children and pets can be accommodated by advance arrangement • All payments in advance

DO NOT ASK FOR CREDIT, AS BEING THROWN INTO THE STREET OFTEN OFFENDS

LUNCHEON AND DINNER

Luncheon is served from 11 AM to 2 PM. Dinner is served from 6 PM until midnight;
last orders accepted at 11 PM.

COMMENCEMENTS (12 CP PER PORTION)

Flamewalk River Fruits (diverse and fine white fish)
Stuffed Marrow with Medallion of Frog
Goat Liver Patè with Crumbled Toasts
Full Piglet's Head with Olive Paste and Currants
Gloomwood-smoked Talean Ham with Melon Surprise

MAIN COURSES (2 SILVER ORRUS PER PERSON)

Crayfish with Black Butter and a Carpet of Tripe
Haruddin's Dumplings (Minced parcels of offal, meat and fats with herbs wrapped in goat gut)
Fillet of Gullion Eel stuffed with Minced Crab and cured, smoked Planarians
Boneless Breast of Chicken with Soured Goat's Cream and Spiced Chitterlings
Boned Shoulder of Lamb with Raspberry and Aniseed

ALL DISHES SERVED WITH VEGETABLES OF THE DAY.

HOUSE SPECIALTIES

THE WHOLE HOG: pre-boiled pig's head, stuffed with goat liver patè and minced pork, crackle-roasted, served with blackened parsnips, caramelized onion marmalade and greens (2 1/2)

BEAR WITH ME: wild bear steak served in a sauce of caramelized bone marrow, with side dishes of pickled pig's brains and wild boar and blackberry jelly (45 silver orrus)

THE RIVER STEAMBOAT: a platter of river fish, served in chunks, with a boiling tureen containing five different sauces (tarragon, dill, soured cream and onion, spicy crab broth, and fermented prawn). COOK AT YOUR OWN TABLE! (2 1/2; THE MANAGEMENT ACCEPTS NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR ACCIDENTS)

DESSERTS AND SAVORIES (1 SILVER ORRUS PER PERSON)

Garlic Goat Cheese and Biscuits
Fruit Ices (ask for flavors of the season)
Blackberry and Black Cherry Pie
Pickled Chitterlings with Onions
Cook's Specialty of the Day



DRINKS

Imperial Hurlg: 3 cp per bottle
Dargamund's Peat (fine dwarf ale): 3 cp per bottle
Duraglim's Famous Rat Ale: 5 cp per bottle
Thundergut (exceptional troll heavy ale): 6 cp per bottle
Wine List on Request



Theran Vivane

- T1- The Overgovernor's Palace
- T2- The House of Works
- T3- The Recitatorium
- T4- The Concert Hall and Arboretum
- T5- The Hanging Ziggurats
- T6- The Little Bowers
- T7- North Barracks
- T8- South Barracks
- T9- Houses of Correction (All)
- T10- North Gate
- T11- South Gate
- T20- The Rested Legs
- T21- Dangranddin's
- T22- The Roseate
- T26- Corianundrum's
- T27- Duraglim's
- T29- The Zootorium



WELCOME TO VIVANE!

VIVANE IS FAMED THROUGHOUT THE EMPIRE AS ONE OF ITS MOST BEAUTIFUL CITIES. FROM THE MAGNIFICENCE OF OUR INCOMPARABLE RECITATORIUM TO THE ENCHANTING PARKLAND OF THE LITTLE BOWERS, VIVANE HAS MUCH TO OFFER THE DISCRIMINATING VISITOR.



OUR CITY BOASTS MANY FINE HOSTELRIES. THE RESTED LEGS, DANERANDIN'S, AND THE EPICUREAN ROSEATE ALL OFFER EXCELLENT ACCOMMODATIONS. DURAGLIM'S HOSTELRY, WHOSE ENLIGHTENED PROPRIETOR HAS DONE MUCH TO OFFSET THE COSTS OF PREPARING THIS MAP AND GUIDE, IS THE BEST POSSIBLE CHOICE; THIS ESTABLISHMENT, SO DESERVEDLY POPULAR WITH SO MANY, OFFERS THE TRAVELER EVERY AMENITY HIS HEART MAY DESIRE.



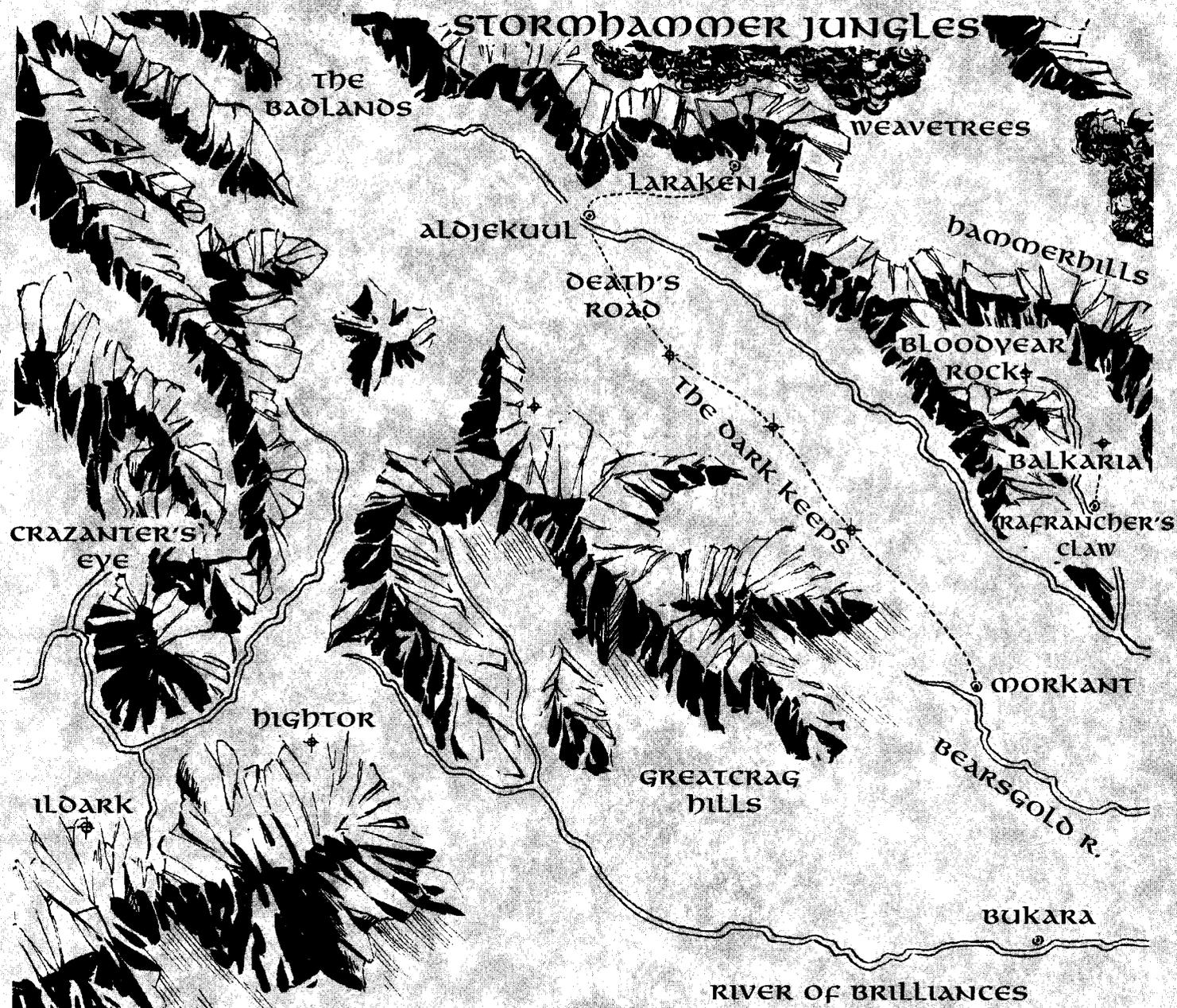
FOR RELAXATION, VISIT THE RECITATORIUM. GIFTED ENTERTAINERS FROM ALL AROUND THE WORLD WILL BE VISITING IN THE COMING DAYS AND WEEKS; THEIR NAMES AND PERFORMANCE DATES MAY BE OBTAINED BY A SIMPLE INQUIRY. FOR AN EVENING OF LESS FORMAL ENJOYMENT, CROSS THE MAGNIFICENT GRANDWALK AND HEAD TO THE CONCERT HALL. VISITORS OF A MEDITATIONAL BENT MAY INQUIRE OF THE LEGIONNAIRES AT THE HANGING ZIGGURATS ABOUT THE EXTRAORDINARY ENCHANTMENTS OF THOSE MARVELOUS GARDENS AND THE REFRESHING PEACE THEY BESTOW. (THE ZIGGURATS ARE OPEN ONLY TO FULL THERAN CITIZENS.)



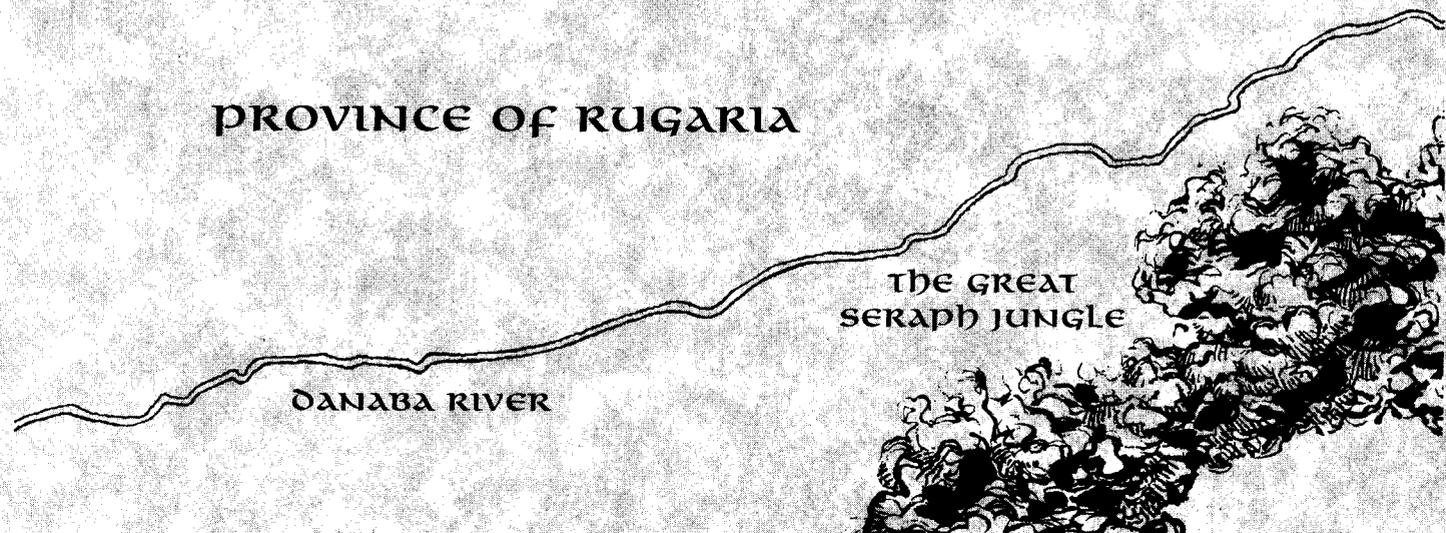
THE VISITOR WISHING TO PURCHASE GOODS IN VIVANE SHOULD PAY A CALL AT CORIANUNDRUM'S, WHOSE PROPRIETOR—ANOTHER ENLIGHTENED CONTRIBUTOR TO THE COSTS OF PREPARING THIS MAP AND GUIDE—SELLS EVERYTHING FROM ARAUCANIAN SNAKESKIN SHOES TO ZYMOREAN CRYSTALLIZED FRUITS, HAND-DECORATED BY THE FINEST WINDLING CRAFTSMEN.

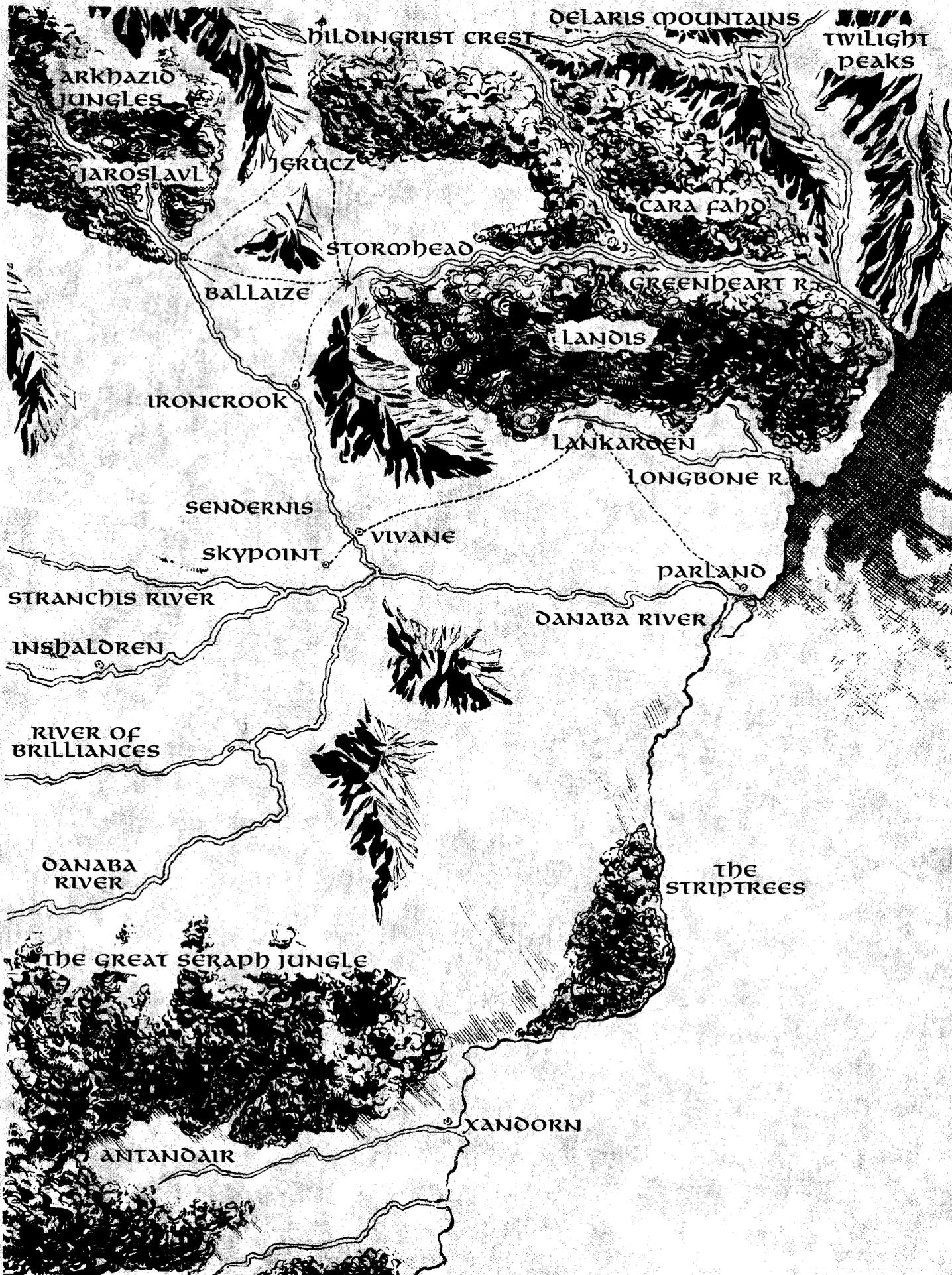


IN THE EVENT OF AN EMERGENCY, VISITORS MAY CONTACT OUR EFFICIENT LEGIONNAIRES AND CITY WATCH AT EITHER BARRACKS OR AT ONE OF THE HOUSES OF CORRECTION PLACED AROUND THE CITY. WHILE THERE, THE INTERESTED VISITOR MAY ALSO INQUIRE ABOUT PUBLIC EXECUTIONS OF CRIMINALS, WHOSE OFFENSES VARY FROM LITTERING IN THE STREETS TO MORE HEINOUS ACTIVITIES. PLEASE BE SURE TO OBSERVE IMPERIAL LAW AT ALL TIMES.



PROVINCE OF RUGARIA





HILDINGRIST CREST

DELARIS MOUNTAINS

TWILIGHT
peaks

ARKHAZIO
JUNGLES

JAROSLAVL

JERUCZ

CARA FAHO

STORMHEAD

GREENHEART R.

BALLAIZE

LANDIS

IRONCROOK

LANKARDEN

Longbone R.

SENDERNIS

VIVANE

PARLAND

SKYPOINT

STRANCHIS RIVER

DANABA RIVER

INSHALDREN

RIVER OF
BRILLIANCES

DANABA
RIVER

The
STRIP TREES

The GREAT SERAPH JUNGLE

XANDORN

ANTANDAIR

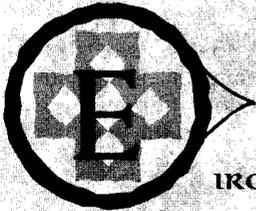
GOSSIP, INFORMATION, RUMOR AND PLAIN LIES ABOUT THE PROVINCE OF VIVANE

TO THE NORTH AND EAST



LANKARDEN

The Therans keep a military garrison here from which they mount slave raids into Landis. Lankarden doesn't look too obviously military, though; enough frontier folk live in the town to give it the feeling of freedom. You can meet worthwhile people in Lankarden; experienced adventurers headed into the dangerous Twilight Peaks and Delaris Mountains frequently start from the town, and you can buy almost any kind of equipment needful for a journey.



PARLAND

Regular trade comes in and goes out from this dull coastal town, and mining ships stop over on their way to the Death's Sea. Don't go to Parland in springtime. A thick mist drifts in off the sea and there are *things* in it—it's a Horror-mist!

IRONCROOK

Trade goods coming down from the Arkhazid jungles pass through Ironcreek on their way to Ballaize; supplies are also gathered in this town for the garrison at Stormhead. Lots of rivermen in Ironcreek have spine-curling tales to tell of the Arkhazid jungles. You might also meet the occasional visitor from the far north, who may bring tales of Cara Fahd or goings-on at Jerucz (and hearing about it is a lot better than traveling to either place).

JERUCZ/HILDINGRIST CREST

Stay away from these places. The Legion of Irregulars is based in Jerucz to keep marauding orks from Cara Fahd away from all those farms to the north, but the Irregulars are nastier and more black-hearted than the worst ork raiders. The Legion's old Blood General was the vilest thing on two legs, and his descendants aren't much better. They'll disembowel you in Jerucz for looking the wrong way at a Theran. As for Hildingrist Crest, the Therans had a run-in there with big bad ork bandits and there are tales that *the dead people don't lie down*. The Therans keep the curious well away from the Crest. Something smells pretty bad there, and it's likely not just the corpses.

LANDIS

Hard to believe the people living in these lands once built a great civilization. They abandoned all their cities long ago; half of 'em are overgrown by forest now. Raiding orks killed some of the folk; the Scourge killed a lot more. The Therans enslaved half of the people who remain. Most of the folk have become semi-nomads, and some even trade with the Therans who enslave them. Sad, stoic, and miserable, that's what they are. The Passions would surely look kindly on any heroes who stirred the folk of Landis to some semblance of pride and a life worth living.

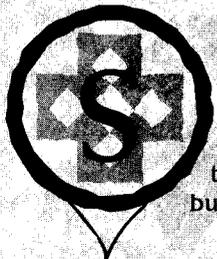
CARA FAHD

Interested in meeting 2,000 ork bandits who want your liver for breakfast? Cara Fahd's the place for it. Some of these orks are so ignorant they can hardly grunt their own names. Primitive bandits, they are; they raze and pillage anything they can get at. Plenty of people can't blame the Therans for wiping out as many of these barbarians as they can. Unless you know how to chew the fat with a bandit warlord as ugly as sin, as stupid as a Flamewalk prawn, and ten times as ugly as either, keep away from Cara Fahd.

ARKHAZID JUNGLES/BALLAIZE

Folk call these jungles, but half of them are really forests. Most of the Arkhazids have been mapped; lots of foresting and logging goes on, plus the usual foraging for useful and edible things. Lots of lumber, nuts, fruits, herbs and the like get shipped out of Ballaize, the major trading town near the Arkhazids. Nice friendly town, Ballaize—full of t'skrang, who built the place. Beautiful on a warm summer day. Not too many jungle folk will trouble you if you take along a scout who knows the territory. Smart travelers hire an ork who can talk to the Ghorizan; they're a hot-tempered lot, quick to take offense.

TO THE SOUTH



THE STRIPTREES

This is a strange place. Rumors tell of windlings who live here, fierce and proud and not fond of outsiders. People say the forest is alive; the Therans tried to drive the windlings out, and the trees themselves flew into the air and ripped through Theran airship hulls! Don't know if the story's true, but it's intriguing.

ANTANDAIR

This enclave belongs to House Carinci of the Theran nobility. It's a horrible place. Slaves taken here rarely live out the year; supposedly, death's the best fate you can expect if you're sent there as a slave. There's all kinds of tales about nethermancers and experiments on slaves; some of them'll make your guts churn. Don't go anywhere near Antandair unless you take a small army along and blow those Therans into the middle of the next decade.

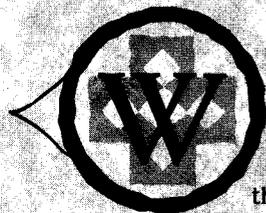
INSHALDREN

This city's almost as big as Vivane. It lies on a major trade route down to Rugaria, though trade also goes through lots of ferries across the Beargold River. The Third, Fifth and Eighth Legions meet in Inshaldren when they go on exercises together, and so do the fleets. Theran military muscle's all over the place. Lots of people come to Inshaldren, from every place imaginable. You can't get anything in this city that you can't find in Vivane, but you can meet more people headed toward or back from the hills and mountains to the far west. Their tales are worth hearing.

SERAPH JUNGLE

The Seraph's the biggest jungle on the whole continent. It stretches on forever. It's the last unknown expanse of land in these parts; almost none of it's mapped, and whole stretches of it exist in which no Theran, Barsaivian, or Rugarian has ever set foot. There are more stories about the Seraph than there are fleas on a troll's hunting dog, and no way of knowing which ones are true. The jungle folk keep to themselves, for the most part. They rarely raid into the southern plains or into Rugaria, but that may be because the Therans respond by sending out airships to raze the jungle. And I mean raze it, with enough True Fire to blow away most of Vivane.

TO THE WEST



HAMMERHILLS

The Hammerhills include the stone mines at Balkaria, whose stone built half of Vivane. The local dwarfs claim some Passion or other raised the hills from the guts of the earth—but then they have a hundred stories, all different and all boring as hell after the third tankard of ale 'cause they take so long to tell them. Mining towns and villages lie in the Hammerhills all along the river and road. You can also run into rivermen down from the north, from the hills or the Stormhammer, and their tales are a lot more interesting than the ones of the local folk.

MORKANT

A weird place, Morkant, built inside a huge ring of basalt spires that Nature surely didn't produce. The place affects people; they get touchy and fight a lot, but everything's all over in five minutes. The deadliest insult will be forgotten after a handshake and a beer. Very strange. People tell stories of Horrors in the hills and up Death's Road from the citadel of Aldjekuul, enough to keep your ears pinned back on a cold winter night.

ALDJEKUUL

This is the most Passion-forsaken place on earth. Every year something awful happens, whether plague or brain fever or the stone of the citadel rotting away like moldy cheese. It's cursed, this citadel; it lies close to an ancient battle site where bizarre things happened. Many wizards refuse to ply their arts here, because the dangers are too great. The Therans station troops at Aldjekuul to watch over the hills and mountains, but there's an unhealthy turnover—lots of soldiers die in the bitter winters, kill themselves, or go mad.

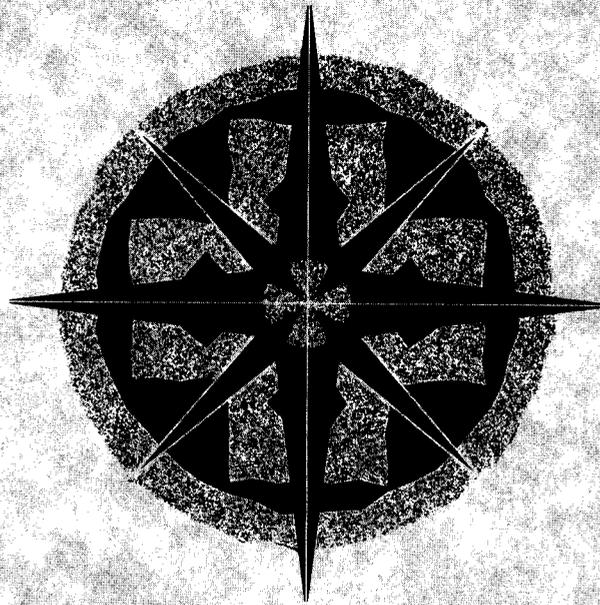
LARAKEN

All the treasures of the nearby Stormhammer jungles end up in this town. Treasures, gems, spices, fruits, truffles, nuts, all kinds of riches are lying on the jungle floor just waiting for people to come and pick them up. Of course, that's assuming the people in question survive the jungle's thousand different diseases, poisonous insects and snakes, treacherous marshes, hostile tribes, and humidity so bad that your clothes get soaked within five minutes and you can't wear any decent armor or carry decent weapons because they rust. The heart of the jungle is impenetrable. Not even the Therans have maps of it. There are a thousand and one stories of fabulous treasures lost deep inside the jungle, but anyone who goes after them is a fool. Many have tried, and few ever come back.

THE GREATCRAGS AND CARALKSPIRS

Passions preserve us from these dangerous lands! Every last tribe and clan in these barren slopes seems to delight in killing outsiders, if the dreadful weather does not kill them first. Storms and fogs can drift down from the western peaks in minutes, leaving the traveler hopelessly lost for days on end. Theran griffin riders and mining ships ply the skies above these hillsides and mountains, but they will not come to your aid; they will most likely throw down boulders to crush you, in case you are plotting some evil against them. The northern cave trolls and ogres are damnably fierce; some say they fight even after they have been killed because they lack the wit to realize they are dead. The lands west of the mountains abound in bloodsuckers, Horrors, crooning spirits of damned souls, and worse.

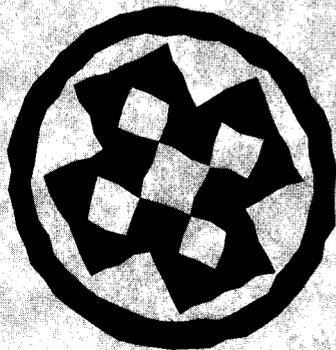
Those who cannot avoid passing through these lands should keep far away from the Theran garrisons at Crazanter's Eye and Hightor. To relieve the tedium of service in these wretched places, the soldiers kill out of hand anyone who approaches.



I, OVERGOVERNOR KYPROS, DO BY THE AUTHORITY VESTED
IN ME BY FIRST GOVERNOR KANIDRIS OF THE GREAT CITY,
PERMIT TO ENTER THE IMPERIAL CITY OF VIVANE THE FOLLOWING PERSON:

Said person is charged to obey and observe all manner of Imperial Law during his
stay within the city; not to disturb the Peace of Vivane for any reason on pain of
imprisonment, enslavement, or execution; to trade and deal only in Imperial coin; and
to observe the Imperial language during all acts of exchange and in dealing with
functionaries and appointed representatives of the City of Vivane.

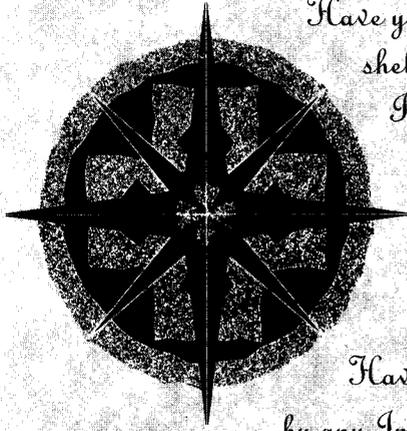
THIS PASS AND PERMIT BEING VALID
FOR THE FOLLOWING DATE (S):



THIS SET BY HAND,

Overgovernor and Supreme Magistrate Kypros

In order to qualify for this permit you must answer the following questions truthfully. Failure to disclose complete and correct information renders you liable to fines, imprisonment, enslavement or execution depending on the severity of the offense.



Have you ever been a member of, associated with, given funds to, or knowingly given shelter or succor to a member of any organization deemed subversive by the Imperial Conclave; that is, committed to the downfall of the Theran Empire by acts of violence, sabotage, public fomenting of dissent, propaganda, or similar activities?

Yes

No (circle one)

Have you ever been fined, imprisoned, sentenced to enslavement, or likewise punished by any Imperial court or the Magistracy of any Imperial settlement or location, as a result of conviction for a Crime of Grievance or a Crime of Shame? If so, describe the nature of the offense and the location where it occurred, the date of your sentencing, the punishment prescribed, the location where sentence was passed, and the dates of imprisonment, amount fined, and so on:

Yes

No (circle one)

Have you ever, knowingly and willingly while in full possession of your senses, defaced the Theran Imperial flag; damaged or rendered useless any item of Imperial possession; failed to yield observance and allegiance to the Constitution of the Theran Empire when so requested by an Imperial officer; or in similar manner opposed the interests, stated aims, or goals of the Theran Empire? If so, describe your action and the circumstances in which it took place.

Yes

No (circle one)

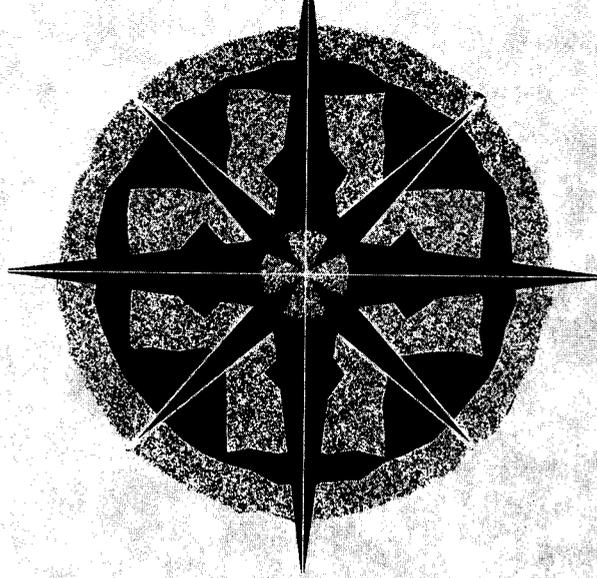
Is the purpose of your visit to subvert the Imperial Territory of Vivane by violent means?

Yes

No (circle one)

You may be required to express allegiance to the stated goals and aims of the Constitution of the Theran Empire under certain circumstances during your stay. Failure so to do will render this permit legally null and void, and you will be subject to banishment.

Enjoy your stay in our fine city!



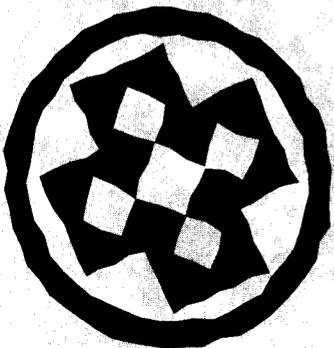
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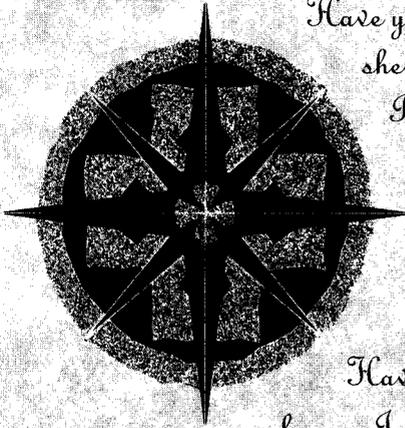
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Enjoy your stay in our fine city!

LEGEND

City Quarter	Parkland or Cultivated Greenery
District of Quarter	River or Stream
Aquifers	Ruin
City Wall	Ruined Wall
Location	Tower
Mud Flats	Uninhabitable Areas
	Wild or Overgrown

750 Feet

Theran
Quarter



CITY of VIVANE: LOCATIONS

Theran Quarter

- T1:** The Overwater
- T2:** The House of the Governor's Palace
- T3:** The Rectory of Works
- T4:** The Concatorium
- T5:** The Hangert Hall
- T6:** The Little Ziggurats
- T7:** North Barracks
- T8:** South Barracks
- T9:** House of Correction (City Guard)
- T10:** North Gate
- T11:** South (River) Gate
- T12:** River Gates
- T13:** The City Treasury
- T14:** Theran Prison
- T15:** Kaznarth's Emporium
- T16:** The Emporium of Lamentation
- T17:** Rakland's Smithy
- T18:** Darbeleezer's Pit
- T19:** Dorazara, Prophetess and Seer
- T20:** The Rested Legs (hostelry)
- T21:** Dangraddin's (hostelry)
- T22:** The Roseate (hostelry)
- T23:** T'ssisskar's Boatyards
- T24:** Rancardus's River Mill
- T25:** The Herb Gardens (Healers of Garlen)
- T26:** Corianundrums's Fine Emporium

- T27:** Duraglim's (hostelry)
- T28:** Syraita's (house of ill repute)
- T29:** The Zootorium
- T30:** The Governor's Halls (exceptional hostelry)
- T31:** Culparn's Herbiary
- T32:** The Slaveyards
- T33:** Ipalenen's Carvery
- T34:** Garusddin's Bookstore
- T35:** The Roundhouse
- T36:** The Yard of Glass
- T37:** Agadir's Hiring Hall
- T38:** The Geographical Society of Vivane
- T39:** Chorrolis's Needle

Barsaivian Vivane

- HC:** House of Correction (Militia)

Broken Quarter

- B1:** The Swords
- B2:** The Ratside Players
- B3:** The Old City Graveyard
- B4:** The New Graveyard

Eastern Quarter

- E1:** The Sunrise Gate (gate)
- E1:** The Sunrise Gate (hostelry)
- E3:** Masant's Hall of Dice
- E4:** Collat Brothers
- E5:** Tarralan's Tavern
- E6:** Rachesteer's Emporium
- E7:** Eandar's Workshop
- E8:** Haruddin's Tavern
- E9:** Slave Pens

Merchant's Quarter

- M1:** House of Tales
- M2:** Assembly House
- M3:** Barsaivian City Prison

Riverside Quarter

- R1:** "The Place"

THE WARRENS
OVER

HC

STREET OF STONE

STREET OF WIVES

BEAST





VIVIANE

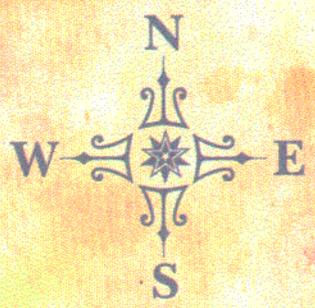


- R1: The Place
- R2: The Driftboat
- R3: The Tower of Feathers
- R4: Gingarach's Orphanage

EASTERN QUARTER

Map details include:

- MARKETS** (top center)
- THE TANNERIES** (top left)
- SILVERSIDE** (middle left)
- RIVERSIDE** (middle right)
- KNIVES** (far left)
- ELF BRIDGE SQUARE** (top left)
- STREET OF LEATHERS** (top center)
- THE CUT** (top center)
- WEST CUT** (middle left)
- EAST CUT** (middle right)
- STREET OF WOOD** (middle right)
- HC** (multiple locations)
- E6, E4, E8** (top left)
- R4, R2, R3** (top right)
- R1** (middle right)



LAMBENSTEIN 95



The BADLANDS

STORMHAMMER
JUNGLES WEAVETREES

CARALKSPUR
MOUNTAINS

LARAKENI

ALDJEKUUL

DEATH ROAD

SIGARAS
CRAGS

BLOODYEAR
ROCK

CRAZANTER'S
EYE

THE DARKKEEPS

BAKODERBIL

BALKA

RAF-RANCH
CLAW

HIGHTOR

MORKANT

STI



DELARIS MOUNTAINS

HILDINGRIST
CREST

TWILIGHT
PEAKS

khazid
ingles

JERUCZ

CARA FARD

JAROSLAVL

GREENHEART RIVER

BALLAIZE

LANDIS

STORMHEAD

FLADENWALK
RIVER

IRONCROOK

LANKARDEN

Longbone River

SENDERNIS

VIVANE

PARLAND

SKYPOINT

DANABA RIVER

ANCHIS RIVER

ILDARK

GREATCRAG
hills

BEARSGOLD RIV

RIVER OF

BUKARA

PROVINCE OF RUGARIA

Vivane Province

The GR
seraph JO



DAVID MARTIN 12/95 © 1995 FASA Corporation. All Rights Reserved.



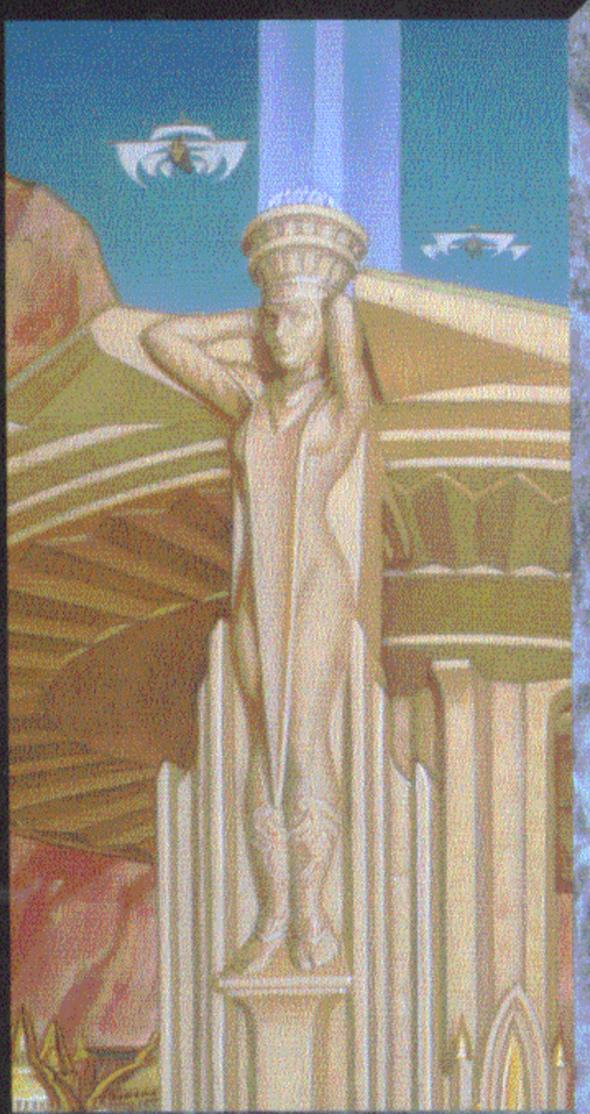
Legend

1 DAY	2 DAYS	4 DAYS
hills	mountains	volcanoes
river	forest/jungle	molten river
wooded hill	road	path/trail
border	town/city	special site (ruins, etc.)



In the southwest corner of Barsaive crouches the city of Vivane, the sinister Theran Empire's lone outpost in that ravaged land. Nearby, hundreds of feet up in the air atop towering stone pillars, looms the fortress of Sky Point. Sky Point holds a vast fleet of armed airships and massive, floating citadels, all capable of wreaking untold destruction

SKY POINT & VIVANE™



on Barsaive. Together, these two landmarks pose a constant, menacing threat to the lives and freedom of Barsaive's people.

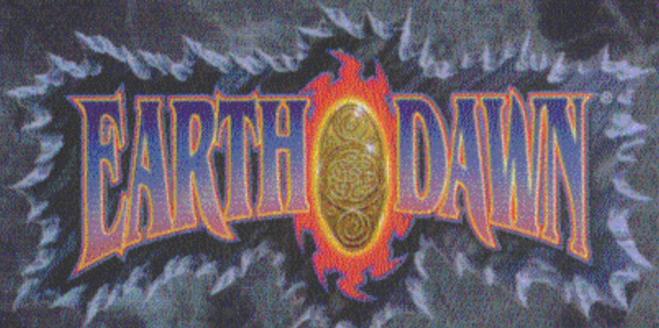
Sky Point and Vivane contains three books:

- an overview of the Theran Empire and the city of Vivane, and a detailed look at the Barsaivian section of Vivane.
- a detailed description of the Theran Quarter of Vivane.
- a complete guide to Vivane Province. This book describes the people and places of Vivane Province, the fortress of Sky Point, and the slavers' town of Vrontok that has sprung up in Sky Point's shadow. It also offers ideas and guidelines for creating adventures in and around Vivane Province.

Also included:

- two 17" X 22" maps depicting the city of Vivane and Vivane Province.
- Sixteen pages of handouts and props that can help gamemasters bring the city of Vivane and Vivane Province to life for the players.

FASA
CORPORATION



9 781555 602680

ISBN# 1-55560-268-1 \$25.00

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