

Possessions: Masterwork short sword, light crossbow, 20 bolts, bag of holding (type I), warehouse, cart and 4-mule team, 350 gp in coin, 3,950 gp in trade goods.

Allies: Haevnan (Cult of the Silent Heart); Crassius (ship-captain); Folnet (caravan-master).

Enemies: None.

Tactics: Bruden is a fan of misdirection. Whenever confronted with potential violence, he uses his magic to convince his assailants they have the wrong person or his glib tongue to make them look the wrong way while he turns invisible. His main goal in any fight is to get safely away, though; he doesn't kill unless he has no other choice (and his opponent is absolutely helpless).

Tymdrin's House of Fortune

One block back from the waterfront and half way down Hemlock Street lies a building that has borne witness to many failed hopes and shattered dreams...and a few extremely rare demonstrations of outstanding luck. This is Tymdrin's House of Fortune, a popular drinking establishment and gambling den where countless games of chance are available to those with the nerve to risk their hard-earned coin in the pursuit of greater riches.

The House is owned and operated by its namesake, Tymdrin Kind, a bard and master gambler who has become one of the city's wealthiest entrepreneurs thanks to his careful handling of the business. In fact, Kind is also widely regarded as Liberty's most eligible bachelor, at least among the unattached women of the Noble District. His High Kingdom lineage and roguish background combine to form an alluring prize for ladies seeking wealth, fame, excitement, and good breeding all in one handsome package.

Though the House of Fortune is a highly profitable enterprise, it still has its share of difficulties. Tymdrin does pay a tithe of his earnings as protection money to Sepris's Thieves' Guild, but the Guild's leader himself is not one of the gambler's fans. The trouble stems from a heated rivalry between Tymdrin and Bolo the Rogue, owner of an underground pit-fighting arena (see The Chaos Pit, page 53) who would like nothing better than to watch Tymdrin's operation fold. The feeling is mutual, and the two businessmen have each attempted any number of underhanded tricks to try and shut the other down. The attacks and retaliations in this ongoing squabble have sullied the reputations of both men and cut into their profits significantly. Though the House of Fortune caters to a very different clientele, Bolo perceives Kind as a dangerous threat to his own business and has done his best to turn Sepris against the bard. This lobbying has proven largely successful, and the Guildmaster—angry over losses to

his own share of the profits from both businesses—has begun to look upon Tymdrin as the cause of it all.

✦ **Dealers:** Ten 3rd-level experts.

✦ **Guards:** Eight 2nd-level warriors; two 3rd-level fighters.

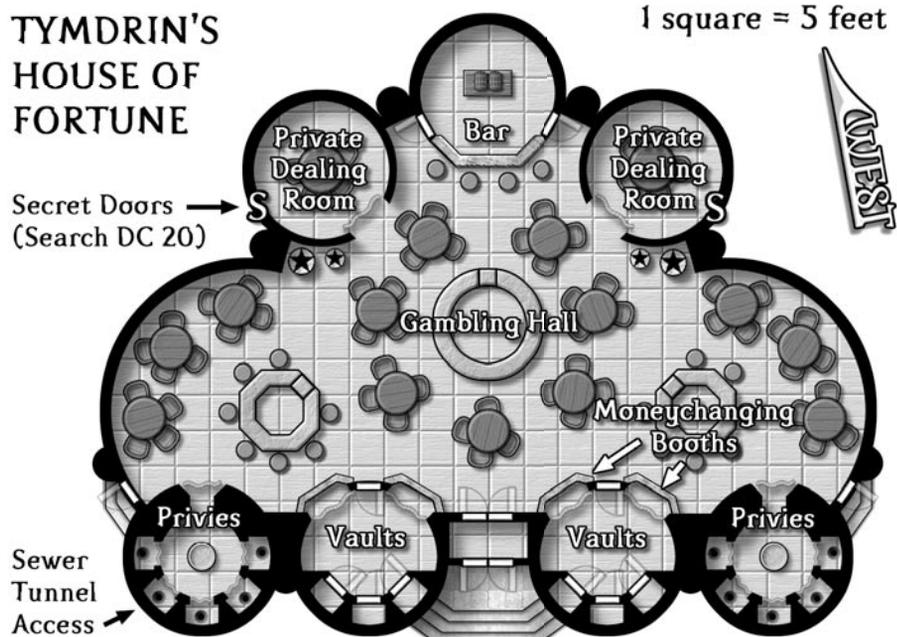
✦ **Tavern Staff:** Ten assorted commoners; two 2nd-level experts.

Tymdrin Kind

"If it's great fortune that you seek, you've come to the right place. But beware! Luck can be a fickle mistress. Ante up and let us test her loyalty together. You just might leave here a wealthy man."

A sandy-haired youthful-looking man in his thirties, Tymdrin has a winning smile that reaches deep into his eyes and makes him seem almost too trustworthy, if that's possible. He always dresses in well-tailored garments of brown and burgundy, usually with a folded white handkerchief in his vest pocket. While he prefers to use his nimble hands to bewitch an audience, his voice can be equally hypnotic when he chooses to put it to work.

A High Kingdom noble by birth and bard by profession, Kind took to the road at an early age and specialized in slight of hand and misdirection rather than song, amusing crowds with interactive performances that had a tendency to make spectators' coins disappear in more ways than one. His antics eventually led to a tarnished reputation (undeserved, according to him) and his performance career was derailed. To make ends meet, a young Tymdrin turned to games of chance and cultivated some of the finest cheating skills in the High Kingdom. After several years of roaming wherever the game would take him, Tymdrin settled in Liberty and became a local gambling icon. Eventually he opened his "House of Fortune" and turned it into the city's premiere gambling den. Kind still likes to personally deal to the high-rolling lords who frequent his establishment, but more and more he finds himself considering the road less traveled and wondering if the



time might be approaching for him to pack up his riches and move on.

Tymdrin Kind: Male human Ari 1/Brd 4/Exp 2; CR 6; Medium-size humanoid; HD 1d8–1 plus 4d6–4 plus 2d6–2; hp 18; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; AC 12 (touch 12, flat-footed 10); Base Atk +4; Grap: +3; Atk +7 melee (1d4/19–20, +1 dagger) or +7 ranged (1d4/19–20, +1 dagger); Full Atk +5/+0 melee (1d4/19–20, +1 dagger) and +3 melee (1d4/19–20, +1 dagger), or +5/+5 ranged (1d4/19–20, +1 dagger); Space/Reach 5 ft./5 ft.; SQ Bardic knowledge +5, bardic music 4/day (countersong, *fascinate*, inspire courage +1, inspire competence); AL CN; SV Fort +0, Ref +6, Will +9; Str 8, Dex 15, Con 9, Int 13, Wis 11, Cha 17.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +6, Bluff +13, Concentration +3, Diplomacy +13, Disguise +4, Escape Artist +4, Forgery +3, Gather Information +5, Intimidate +5, Listen +4, Perform (act) +8, Sense Motive +10, Sleight of Hand +10, Speak Common, Speak Dwarven, Speak Elven, Spot +7; Alertness, Two-Weapon Defense, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Finesse.

Spells Known: (6/4/3; base DC = 13 + spell level): 0—*dancing light*, *dash*, *detect magic*, *flare*, *mage hand*, *prestidigitation*; 1st—*expeditious retreat*, *hypnotism*, *obscure object*, *silent image*; 2nd—*cat's grace*, *detect thoughts*, *enthrall*.

Possessions: Fine clothes, two matching mithril +1 daggers, assorted gambling paraphernalia, marked cards, loaded dice, glass juggling spheres, lyre, dwarven puzzle box, Tymdrin's House of Fortune, 600 gp in coin, 2,000 gp in gems, jewelry, and clothing.

Allies: Semetha (House of Orchids owner); Geile Delamonte (amorous noblewoman); Dedrick Baalzor (moneychanger); Toglid Hooglejib (gnome artisan)

Enemies: Bolo the Rogue (Chaos Pit owner); Yanspé Delamonte (jealous nobleman); Quedris Tanner (ruined gambler).

Tactics: Tymdrin has no love for violence, but his gambling experience has taught him to never let his guard down. He always has an escape plan in mind (even when things are at their most peaceful) and his greed won't prevent him from upending a table laden with coins to buy time to put that plan into action. Barring escape, he turns to his trusty mithral daggers that are every bit as sharp as their owner's wit.

The Dancing Kegs Tavern

The Dancing Kegs is named for the two kegs hanging on chains over the door and how they bounce about whenever there's



Tymdrin Kind

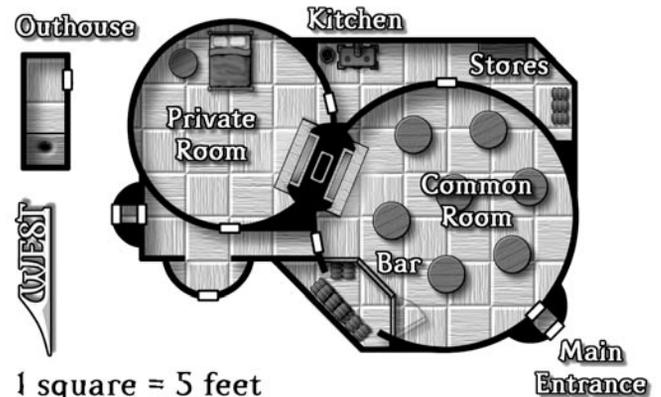
a wind. It is the tavern of choice for Old Quarter denizens who don't want strangers and tourists around while they drink and talk. A great many crimes that go on in Liberty are planned in the common room of the Dancing Kegs, and the patrons appreciate that the staff members seem to mind their own business.

Robur, the night barman with a hook-shaped scar on his face, is extremely knowledgeable about Liberty: its history, its famous figures, and its day-to-day goings-on. For a silver coin, "Hookface" answers any one question, honestly and completely, to the best of his knowledge. He doesn't guarantee his answers—"The world is always in motion, and just giving an answer sometimes changes the question itself"—but he's accurate enough for most questions. Of course, some might say that the fact that Robur sells information makes him an untrustworthy person;

what if he overhears the details of a crime being planned? But the regulars know that Robur doesn't sell information to the watch at any price, and that it's wise, in any case, not to let him overhear a crime being planned. What he doesn't know can't be bribed, tortured, or enchanted out of him.

Within these restrictions, the Dancing Kegs is a pleasant enough place. Despite being frequented mainly by criminals, violence is a rarity. As soon as trouble starts, Robur or one of the tavern's bouncers moves in to head it off, and they appreciate it if the issue is resolved before they get there. If things get messy, though—that is, if an altercation results in a corpse or two—Robur has no choice but to call for the watch wardens. Of course, he always has a drink first ("to calm his nerves"), and if he happens to like the person responsible for a corpse, then he drinks slowly. Anyone in the tavern who might have a reason to

THE DANCING KEGS (Tavern)



avoid the watch is well-advised to take advantage of Hookface's generosity and clear out.

Off and on for the last few years, though, the Dancing Kegs has been under closer scrutiny by the watch wardens, and several patrons have been arrested in the alley just outside. The patrons and staff have yet to notice any discernible pattern, but the frequency of such incidents is noticeable. Robur and the Kegs' patrons would be furious if they learned that Dindol, a part-time helper around the bar and a widely despised character in the Old Quarter, had been selling information to the watch wardens. A few patrons have speculated that Dindol might be the informer in their midst and he's suffered terrible beatings as a result. So far he's been lucky and no one has taken the idea seriously enough to trouble with killing such a pathetic creature. For his part, Dindol's arrangement with the watch is that they don't arrest anyone inside the Dancing Kegs—he likes working there—and the watch are happy to comply because Dindol has provided them with so much information over the years. That doesn't prevent them from holding that threat over his head whenever he musters up the courage to ask for more money.

✂ **Bouncers:** Three 2nd-level warriors.

✂ **Tavern Staff:** Two assorted commoners and one 3rd-level expert.

Robur ("Hookface")

"I serve drinks. Some food. For the right price, I serve information."

A paunchy, slightly greasy man in his middle years, Robur is often called Hookface because the hook-shaped scar that runs across his features from his right eye, across his nose, then back around his chin to the right corner of his mouth. It is especially prominent when he smiles, which isn't often.

Robur is one of the rare people who grew up in Liberty's Old Quarter and has stayed there ever since. He claims that he got the scar in a fight with a jealous husband, but some say he got it from the Thieves' Guild after he was late repaying a loan. He certainly doesn't seem to have money trouble now, though he is noticeably chilly toward anyone associated with the Guild.

✂ **Robur ("Hookface"):** Male human Exp 7; CR 6; Medium-size humanoid; HD 7d6+7; hp 34; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10 (touch 10, flat-footed 10); Base Atk +5; Grp +6; Atk +6 melee (1d6+1, light mace); Full Atk: +6 melee (1d6+1, light mace) or +6 melee (1d4+1/19–20, dagger) or +5 ranged (1d8/19–20,

light crossbow); Space/Reach 5 ft./ 5 ft.; AL N; SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +5; Str 12, Dex 11, Con 13, Int 13, Wis 10, Cha 12.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +6, Diplomacy +13, Gather Information +11, Knowledge (history) +11, Knowledge (local) +14, Knowledge (nobility and royalty) +11, Knowledge (religion) +11, Profession (sage) +13, Sense Motive +7, Speak Common, Speak Dwarven; Leadership, Negotiator, Skill Focus (Knowledge [local]), Skill Focus (Profession[sage]).

Possessions: Light mace, dagger, light crossbow (under bar), 10 bolts, tanglefoot bag, 300 gp in coin, 6,700 gp in property.

Allies: Vird Kasko (watch captain), Emden Ogomil (wine merchant).

Enemies: None.

Tactics: Since fighting always damages the tavern, Robur avoids fighting inside. He keeps a light mace at his belt for reminding patrons of the "no fighting" policy, and he keeps a loaded crossbow under the bar for those who need convincing. When he's faced with somebody who refuses to listen to reason, Robur goes for the tanglefoot bag he keeps in a small keg next to the crossbow.

Dindol

"Eb? No, I didn't bear any of your conversation. I'm deaf in this ear, I swear! Don't hurt me!"

Dindol is a nondescript dwarf with a slight posture and an ingenuous, almost idiotic grin. Most people assume that he's simple-minded, and he certainly does nothing to correct that assumption.

Dindol is something of a fixture in the Old Quarter: the cringing worm that everyone abuses, but who, for some reason, keeps coming back for more. After his parents died during one of Liberty's periodic epidemics, Dindol lived for a time in Old Man Vosch's orphanage. The experience gave him some basic survival skills, but he never fit in, even there. He has lived on the streets more or less alone for over a decade, begging and stealing to get by.

Robur sometimes lets Dindol work in the Dancing Kegs, cleaning up messes and generally doing the filthy work, but feels no particular affection for him. If Robur ever learned that Dindol was spying on his patrons for the watch, Robur would waste no time telling one or more of the dozen people who have spent time in the prince's prison because Dindol betrayed them to the watch.



Dindol and Robur

✂ **Dindol:** Male dwarf Com 3; CR 2; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d4+3; hp 12; Init +1; Spd 20 ft.; AC 11 (touch 11, flat-footed 10); Base Atk +1; Grp +0; Atk +0 melee

(1d3–1/19–20, dagger); Full Atk: +0 melee (1d3–1/19–20, dagger) or +2 ranged (1d3–1/19–20, dagger); Space/Reach 5 ft./ 5 ft.; AL CE; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +3; Str 9, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 11, Wis 14, Cha 12.

Skills and Feats: Gather Information +7, Listen +7, Speak Common, Speak Dwarven, Spot +7; Alertness, Skill Focus (Gather Information).

Racial Traits: +1 racial bonus on attack rolls against orcs and goblinoids; +2 racial bonus on Will saves against spells and spell-like abilities; +2 racial bonus on Fortitude saves against all poisons; +4 dodge bonus against giants; +4 bonus on ability checks to resist bull rushes or trip attacks (when standing on the ground); darkvision 60 ft.; stonecunning; dwarves treat dwarven waraxes and urgroshes as martial weapons; +2 racial bonus on Appraise and Craft checks related to stone or metal.

Possessions: Dagger, 5 sp in coins.

Allies: None.

Enemies: Ezzek, Hagrimodd, Monut, Telferil Lightfeather (all in palace dungeon).

Tactics: Dindol is a great coward who flees at the first sign of any trouble whether it's directed at him or not. He never fights back, but he has occasionally murdered people who have brutalized him in the past, if he happened to stumble upon them passed out and there were no witnesses around.

The Sea-Wolf Tavern

The Sea-Wolf, formerly known as the Laughing Sea-Dog, has been a fixture on the docks of Liberty's Old Quarter for several decades. Catering mostly to sailors and foreign merchants, the Sea-Wolf is open from mid-afternoon to dawn every day and bustles with business until the wee hours every night. The owner, Captain Varribo, was a sailor himself until an encounter with the sea-monster after which the tavern is named. Varribo encourages seafarers to provide entertainment for the whole place, rewarding sea-chanteys and lewd poems with free drinks.

The tavern has a somewhat sinister side: Due to debts owed to the Thieves' Guild, Captain Varribo also caters to the Old Quarter's criminal element. While he won't put up with Guild members starting fights and picking pockets in the tavern itself,

he does occasionally close his doors to accommodate private meetings between Thieves' Guild officers and their "business partners." He also provides false alibis and occasionally allows Guild members to hide out for a few hours in his office.

Varribo's relationship with the Thieves' Guild is excellent and, despite not being a criminal himself, they treat him as an honorary Guild member. Although they never bring the issue up, the fact remains that Varribo owes the Guild a great deal of money, and if he ever balked at doing a favor for them, they could hold his debt over his head.

✂ **Bouncers:** Four 2nd-level warriors.

✂ **Tavern Staff:** Four 1st-level commoners.

Captain Varribo and his golem arms.



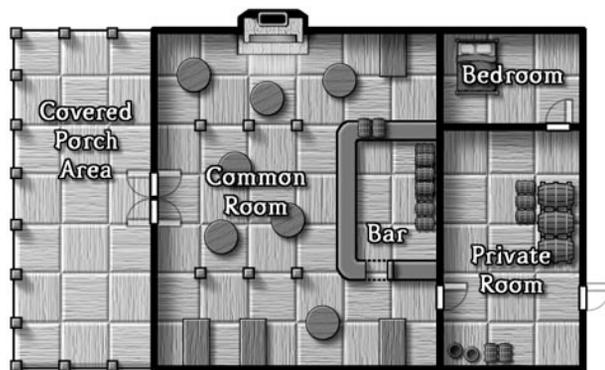
Captain Varribo

"I swear, they were here most of the night. Drinking. In that booth right there, in fact."

Captain Varribo is an old sailor in his late middle years with a potbelly, a bushy beard, and a big, friendly grin. His most distinguishing features, though, are his wooden arms—a blend of magic and mechanics—and he enjoys drawing attention to them.

In his career as a sailor from the Southern Empire, Varribo sailed to ports all over the world, though his favorite place in the world was the Laughing Sea-Dog tavern in Liberty's Old Quarter. When he lost both his arms to a half-wolf, half-shark creature in the northern seas, Varribo had no choice but to retire from the seas, and he chose to live out his days at the Laughing Sea-Dog. Varribo used the last of his money to buy the place and renamed it the Sea-Wolf in honor of the creature that took his limbs.

THE SEA WOLF (Tavern)



1 square = 5 feet

