

CARAVAN'S SQUARE/CARAVAN DEPOT & FARMER'S MARKET

• VIGILANCE 10 •

I never had much cause to loiter here, though Cudget used to ply his trade there. Merchants hefted heavy bags of silver, well it's an attractive proposition, you know? Ah well, the past is past.

This large open area once stood just north of Westside and west of the bazaar. Here, caravans from all over the Known World congregate to sell their goods in the city. In many cases, they transport their merchandise into the bazaar where they rent a stall for a time before moving on to sell in another coastal city. Many, though, sold right off the wagons, skipping the higher prices of the bazaar and selling at a bargain. The Caravan's Square was organized into smaller markets, including the farmer's market and the beef market.

During the day, the Caravan's Square was a lively place, filled with merchants from many different lands. Cook-fires sent up the aromas of strange cuisine blended with the sickly-sweet odor of horse and camel dung. Road dust, sweat, and occasionally blood mixed with the other smells to create a strong musk that seemed to speak of distant lands and adventures in faraway places. At night, merchants engaged in night dealing by the light of their sentry fires, exchanging commodities and news for hard coin and favors. Caravan Square was a lively place and defining characteristic of Sanctuary's cosmopolitan nature, but it was a casualty in the storms that followed Ranke's withdrawal.

What was once Caravan's Square became a deep cove torn away by the flooding and hurricanes that ravaged the city after four years of drought. In the years that followed, and the caravans came through the East Gate instead. The new caravan depot (sometimes still called Caravan's Square) occasionally serves as an arena for horseracing, duels, and some blood sport, though this isn't as popular with the Irrune masters. On most days, it serves as the gathering place for merchants and traders who carry their goods over land from as far away as Ranke and Ilsig, and sometimes farther. Here all sorts of exotic goods can be found, from silks and spices to tools and raw materials, like ore and lumber. Tax collectors prowl the caravan depot to generate revenue for the city while also keeping an eye on the kinds of things brought into the city, though tax collectors are likely the most bribable creatures in all the city.

Local farmers and herders, however, come to the farmer's market three days each week (Orulsdays, Eshidays, and Shiprisdays) to sell grain, cattle, and finished products from the outlying communities. This is the place to find bargains, and the prices here beat those anywhere else in the city. Much of the produce and animals sold here are fresh, common, and local, so those with more particular tastes often head over to the bazaar.

In both the caravan depot and the farmer's market, most of the merchandise brought into the city is legal and legitimate. While no safer than anywhere else, Sanctans can expect to buy goods for fair prices without fear of being ripped off too badly. Yet despite the efforts to control illegal goods, it is through these portals that Sanctuary sees its heaviest drug trafficking. Drug lords manufacture opah in the outlying hamlets where there is little to control the production of this dangerous drug. Farmers then carry the wads of stained cloth into the city, along with the rest of the goods they would sell. Contacts meet them and make small purchases, which are wrapped in opah-

stained cloth, which is then taken into the city, cut up into swatches, and bound as books for sale on the streets.

Slavery is also a big business. Caravaners smuggle slaves out of the city from contacts in the Crook (see page 58) and take kidnapped citizens out of the city to be sold in flesh markets too far away for anyone to ever know where they came from. Likewise, slaves are illegally imported through the same means, though they are often transported in galleys that specialize in carrying slaves. Space is at a premium, so each slave is accorded a small area, often no larger than a coffin, where he or she lives for the voyage. These "coffin ships" come to port disguised as ordinary cargo ships.

MAN IN MOTLEY

During the Rankan Era, the Man in Motley was a popular hostel for merchants and caravan men who had coin to spend on comfortable accommodations. A squat building, it offered a great view of the beef market, where animals were slaughtered for their flesh. At the end of each day, slaves shoveled the blood and feces into piles to dry the next day to sell as fuel. The Man in Motley featured a tavern, where there was always a joint of flesh roasting over the fire, on the main floor and rooms on the second and third floors.

Unbeknownst to most, the stone stair that led to the cellars also led to a secret door that connected to Sanctuary's undercity, and supposedly to the Black Spire in the Maze.



CEMETERY

• VIGILANCE 5 •

There's a cemetery in Sanctuary?

The custom of burying one's dead came from the Ilsi. As Sanctuary was founded by Ilsi ex-slaves, the practice was adopted here. Sanctuary's cemetery is a walled area, just northwest of the bazaar and south of the Street of Red Lanterns. It is a strange, unsettling place, a mixture of mausoleums, mass graves, and headstones. While it was a sacred place in Sanctuary's early history, the Rankan occupation saw less activity here, for some Rankans cremate their dead. (Others did actually bury their corpses, interring them in family plots, along with their valuables.) Of course, when the dead walked in the city during Roxane's tenure as the villainess, Sanctuary's cemetery took on an even more sinister atmosphere.

The ground here is pocked with holes and pits from grave robbers, who risk death by plundering the graves of the dead. And though very few would ever risk coming here in the night, it's said that the rarest of herbs grow here, in the cemetery's rich and loamy soil.

With the Irrune occupation, the practice of burying the dead has fallen off even more. As descendants of the Cantal tribes, the Irrune do not have complicated funeral practices and instead cremate their dead. Though they uphold the laws against tomb robbing, they rarely prosecute criminals. To protect the dead, many Sanctans inter their family members under their homes, along with valuables as an honor to their memory. It's considered a blasphemy to unearth one of these vaults, and few with any scruples do.

COPPER CORNER

• VIGILANCE 15 •

*Excellent opportunities for... work... yeah... in Copper Corner.
Watch out for the money lenders, they're worse than me.*

Formerly the central merchant's quarter of Sanctuary, Copper Corner got its name because it was home to most of Sanctuary's metalsmiths and coppersmiths. The buildings were large and solidly built, and many of the homes sat on small, walled estates surrounded by handsome gardens or small fruit groves. Copper Corner stood between four major streets (the Path of Money to the north, the Corridor of Steel to the east, the Wideway to the south, and the Processional to the west), and has wide, straight streets itself. Easily navigated, even the newest arrivals can find their way around this neighborhood. Despite its handsome architecture, people rarely wandered here. They came to conduct business, and then departed once business was done. The streets were always quiet, and many of the houses sat back far enough that their lights didn't reach the streets. It was a safe neighborhood, however; Kadakithis valued the smiths too much to let them get hurt or their supplies misplaced, and so his Hell Hounds often patrolled here.

Copper Corner is one of the few places in the city to survive much as it did in the Rankan Era. Though most of the metalsmiths left, a few have stayed and still have shops here. Several wealthy nobles stayed as well, and hired mercenaries to protect them. Eventually the nobles agreed that all of them wanted the same thing: to keep Copper Corner safe. So they pooled their resources and hired mercenaries on a long-term basis as guards in a private militia. This militia, called the Peacekeepers, keeps the neighborhood safe and prevent any undesirable elements from entering. Thanks to the presence of the Peacekeepers, it is still safe to walk through Copper Corner, even at night. Unless you don't look like you have real business there, in which case you will be harassed by the Peacekeepers themselves, and possibly robbed or beaten by them.

The buildings here are still in good repair and reminiscent of Sanctuary in its golden days, though many have been re-fortified in the past few years with heavier gates and window shutters. Nearest to the Processional, the homes are strongly built, but the east end is more run-down, and many of these buildings are now vacant. Peacekeepers

do not patrol there as frequently, and so you can walk that portion of Copper Corner without seeing them... but so can the thieves the Peacekeepers scare away elsewhere.

Copper Corner now houses Sanctuary's wealthiest citizens (aside from those at Land's End retreat) and they go to great pains to ensure that they maintain the image of their success. It's important to note that even though Copper Corner escaped many of the ravages of the Dyarelan excesses, signs of their rule can be found here, just like every other place in the city. Scars of fire and storm remain on abandoned buildings with dark empty windows and old crumbling walls. Copper Corner is clad in an illusion of prosperity and hope that thinly conceals its dark secrets.

THE INN OF SIX RAVENS

About halfway to the Procession, along the Street of Glass, is a small and expensive hostel known as the Inn of Six Ravens. Surrounded by a stone wall with a single iron gate, and protected by guards dressed in green livery, it has a reputation for strong defense and safe lodging. Unlike most guards in Sanctuary, the ones protecting the Inn are a hardened lot, chosen for their loyalty and reliability—they can't be bribed. The Inn is also known for its discretion, and many nobles house wives, daughters, or mistresses here for protection, anonymity, and finery. The Inn provides many amenities, from fine meals to comfortable accommodations, and also keeps a seamstress on staff who can mend or launder clothing, or create a new ensemble for a good price. In addition to the inn proper, Six Ravens has its own stable, and even a fountain in the courtyard.

MANSIONS

Mansions in various states of rebuilding and repair are common sights in Copper Corner. During the height of the Dyarelan excesses, most of the aristocracy fled the city. The Rankans left the Hill and settled in the outlying area at Land's End retreat, while the wealthier Wiggles lost almost everything, and left for the satellite farming villages north of the city. After the Irrune purged the city, many



returned, hoping to reclaim their lives. Few Rankans followed suit, content in their new homes outside the city's boundaries, while the Wrigglies had no options left, so they returned to their homes, and in most cases, were penniless.

In the years that followed, the Wrigglie lords have worked hard to maintain the pretense of wealth, investing in new enterprises (some legal, most not), dealing with merchants, and forging alliances with other notables. Appearance, however, is equally important, and so these families sink unbelievable wealth into the renovation of their homes, even though they can scarcely afford to do so—and in many cases delay payment for years and years. There are, in fact, wealthy families among the nabobs, and there's considerable social competition between and among the close-knit upper class. While rumors of impending financial collapse swirl around nearly every member of the aristocracy, it's difficult for an outsider to gauge the true state of any nabob's finances.

One such notable is Jerbrah Mioklas, who, like most of the Wrigglie elite, fled the city only to return to Sanctuary to find his home in shambles. Instead of surrendering his lands, he made it his mission to rebuild his family mansion, bigger and better than ever before. He hired Grabar and Cauvin to begin work on renovating the walls, while others worked on the inside. Instead of paying as he promised, he promised more work, pleading poverty, but vowing he would make good on the debt. (Like many wealthy people, he stays so by stringing along their inferiors. Despite his claims to poverty, he lives along the Processional, which is held by the truly elite and the truly rich.)

Most mansions are single large buildings surrounded by a stone wall and garden. The houses are beautiful, suggestive of Sanctuary's former wealth, with multiple stories and several outbuildings. In addition, the mansions often employ a full serving staff and personal guards.

THIBALT THE RANKAN

The Dyareelans used up Sanctuary, devouring its craftsmen and artisans and discarding them when they were done. Particularly hard hit were the metalsmiths of Copper Corner. The Dyareelans pressed them into service to craft abominations out of precious metals to decorate their altars. Those who displeased them joined the other victims. In the end, few survived, thus depleting the city of an important class of artisans.

Those that did survive have grown quite wealthy in a market with little to no competition. One such smith is Thibalt the Rankan, a notorious goldsmith who owns a shop in the largely intact west end of Copper Corner. Given the prices he can charge, he doesn't have to work very hard, and sees customers when he wants. He works with gold, gems, and jewelry, but can handle silver and platinum as well.

Among more disreputable people, Thibalt is known to purchase stolen jewelry and gems for a fraction of their price, modify them, and resell them to other wealthy citizens. As a result, he has many contacts in the underworld, who value his talents and expertise when it comes to appraising fine items.

SECRETS

Many of the lords in this neighborhood retained their status by making unsavory deals with corrupt and decadent criminals. Most supplement their incomes by profiting from drugs, slavery, dangerous items, and so on. Though Copper Corner is home to the best Sanctans, it is also home to some of its worst.