

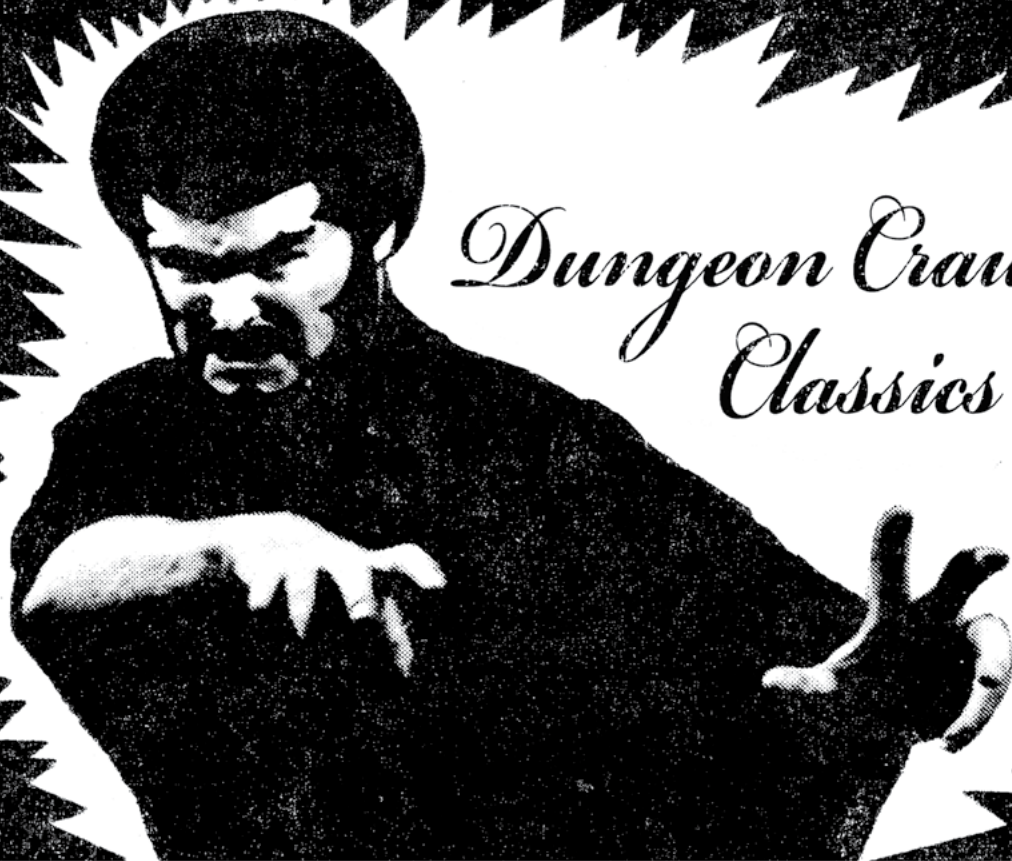
DUNGEON CRAWL CLASSICS LANKHMAR

GANG LORDS OF LANKHMAR

#1: A LEVEL 1 ADVENTURE
BY HARLEY STROH

AUTHORIZED BY THE
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GANG LORDS OF LANKHMAR

A LEVEL 1 LANKHMAR ADVENTURE

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Dedicated to Ilnebb the Slayer, Firstborn of Saurus

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INTRODUCTION



Welcome to the fantastic world of Nehwon, home to the crime-ridden metropolis of Lankhmar, the City of the Black Toga, and residence of its questionable heroes, Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser! Based on the legendary works of Fritz Leiber, DCC Lankhmar allows judges and players to experience their own adventures in Nehwon, ones to rival the tales of Fafhrd and Gray Mouser. If you've ever dreamed of dueling in the foggy alleys behind Cheap Street, negotiating with supernatural mentors for scraps of forgotten lore, or merely trying to survive one more night in the criminal underworld, DCC Lankhmar is for you!

Gang Lords of Lankhmar sweeps fledgling PCs into an internecine shadow war between three rival criminal gangs. The initial stakes are small as the gangs vie for control of a small slum – no different from any of the hundred other back alley courts and rotting tenements in the City of the Black Toga. But as bodies begin to appear in the Hlal and the shadow war threatens to spill over into street violence, the price of blood favors those who trade in swordwork and black magic.

If they hope to survive, PCs will need to be both deadly and cunning by turns. For when the first rule of thieves is to never kill the hen that lays brown eggs with ruby in the yolk, old hands know it won't be long before the Thieves' Guild moves on the gangs to protect their own interests.

The adventure is designed for three or more 1st-level characters. Because many of the challenges can be solved by ingenuity and cunning, the adventure is easily scaled to larger parties or more powerful characters. However, at the very least the PCs should count one warrior and one thief among their companions. Additionally, patron-tainted sorcerers and their ilk are always invaluable amid the squalor of the slums.

While *Gang Lords of Lankhmar* takes place in the City of Sevenscore Thousand Smokes – and capitalizes on the setting and rules laid out within *Dungeon Crawl Classics Lankhmar* – it can easily be inserted into any urban DCC RPG game and does not require the Lankhmar rules to play.



BACKGROUND



Lankhmar's slums are home to an interminable number of gangs, whose fortunes rise and fall as surely as the tides of the Inner Sea. Each vies against the others, pitting beggar against bravo, slayer against thug, and gang lord against gang lord. And as one gang falls beneath a storm of intrigue, blades, and sling-stones, inevitably another rises to take its place. If ever a gang is to break free of this quick cycle of death and rebirth, they must first triumph over their neighborhood rivals.

The watch constables and the Thieves' Guild are largely content to watch these small conflicts play out, only intervening when a gang presents a risk to the city, or – far more likely – an opportunity for monetary gain.

Gang Lords of Lankhmar captures such a moment. The Knife Twisters yearn to shake free the muck and mud of the slums. But to do so, first they must eliminate their neighborhood rivals: the Pimp Street Scuttlers and the Forty Owlets.

It's a Lankhmar story that's been told a thousand times, and the conflict – likely spanning no more than a week's time – would be entirely forgettable, save for the PCs.

Recruited into the conflict as mere sellswords, the characters quickly find themselves elevated to lieutenants, and possibly – ushered along by violence and their own machinations – rising to the rank of gang lords. And perhaps, just perhaps, the PCs will possess the wits, skill, and ruthlessness to triumph where all others have failed.

SUMMARY



The adventure unfolds within a small neighborhood set deep within Lankhmar's slums. As part of a living city, the chaotic, shifting elements of the adventure defy mere geography. While there are keyed encounter locations (encounter levels 1 through 3), there are also events occurring according to a timeline, and events triggered in response to the rising neighborhood tension.

The neighborhood is contested by three gangs:

The **Knife Twisters**, led by **King Korvul**, a petty gang lord whose ambition is only matched by his arrogance and love of wine. The Knives operate from a collapsing tenement, the Grindstone. Rumored to have amassed a fortune in gold and gems, the gang lord is eager to recruit sellswords and sorcerers to his cause, cementing his place as master of the neighborhood before expanding into the surrounding slums.

The **Pimp Street Scuttlers** are a band of alley-bashers and bravos, who make their coin through protection rackets and gambling. The Scuttlers are kept in line by **Boss Letho** and his cadre of hired **Slayers**. The Scuttlers make their lair in an abandoned cistern beneath the neighborhood streets.

The **Forty Owlets** are a gang of cat burglars, pickpockets, and freelance thieves. An exclusively female crew, they are fiercely loyal to their thief-queen, **the Abbess**. The Owlets maintain close relations with **Captain Ildam**, a corrupt constable of the watch. The crew operates out of the **Aerie**, a rooftop lair.

The adventure begins when the PCs are recruited by the Knife Twisters. The work is as simple as it is lucrative: intercept Scuttlers returning from their collections runs. The PCs keep the protection money, and the Scuttlers are hamstrung without their income.

The shadow war heats up when King Korvul uses the PCs and black magic to initiate a conflict between the Owlets and the Scuttlers. However, the gang lord is not nearly as clever as he believes, and the ruse is quickly discovered.

Furious at the deception, the Owlets and Scuttlers attempt to lure the PCs away from the Knives, while simultaneously launching an assault on the Grindstone. If all goes according to plan, King Korvul is slain and the surviving Knives are left leaderless, adrift, and surrounded by foemen.

Suddenly bereft of their master, the Knives turn to the PCs for leadership: Should they flee the slums? Launch a retaliatory strike? Plead peace with their rivals? It falls to the newly-crowned gang lords to decide.

And all the while, the **Thieves' Guild** and the **Overlord's watch** circle the neighborhood like vultures, drawn by the increasing violence that threatens to shatter the facade of lawful order. How the PCs deal with their rivals—whether by wit and cunning, or by cutting a bloody swath through the slums—determines how quickly and forcefully the Guild and the watch intervene to keep the peace.

Detailed under the keyed locations are the **Grindstone**, home to the Knives and King Korvul (and for a while, the PCs); the **Dogfish**, a disreputable alehouse run by the aging Dvoranii, late of Ool Hrusp; the **Hole**, lair to the Scuttlers, their hired Slayers, and Boss Letho; abandoned **Slave Barracks**, now used to host weekly pit fights; the **Shrine of the Rat**, where an Ilthmart soothsayer makes predictions and prophecies in return for gold for his Rat God; the **Gibbeting Yard**, a threadbare market square by day, where the locals enact their own justice at night; and the **Aerie**, where the Abbess and her Owlets retire to recuperate from their rooftop escapades.

To aid judges in running the adventure, it is presented in three parts:

- **Section A: Timeline Encounters** A-1 through A-12, detailing the events that take place as the gangs strive against one another. This is the spine of the adventure with the majority of the inciting events.
- **Section B: Neighborhood Tension Tracker**, escalating as the shadow war between the Knives, Scuttlers, and Owlets threatens to spill into open violence.
- **Section C: Encounter Areas** 1 through 3, detailing the streets and alleyways of the neighborhood, the sewers that run beneath, and the rooftops above.

Judge's Note: The order of the adventure's contents are different from other modules you may have run, as events are listed first and encounter areas appear last.

Because of the setting, it is the **events**, rather than the locations, that are most crucial. While the encounter areas are important, they are secondary to the spiraling series of interactions, betrayals, and murders that can take place nearly anywhere within the slums.



Finally, a note on fleeting Luck: The adventure offers some instances and suggestions of when to award this vital resource. However, don't be constrained by this muddling text! Judges must be ever vigilant, rewarding clever play, cunning wit, and courageous deeds with fleeting Luck.

For, when pitted against the Thieves' Guild and the iron fist of the Overlord, the PCs will need every scrap of Luck they can muster.

TIMELINE OF ENCOUNTERS

Note that the PCs' actions (and Lankhmar's reaction to the same) can dramatically transform or even negate certain events. See Section B: Neighborhood Tension Tracker for more information.

Day 1, Night - Sit-Down at the Grindstone (Event A-1): Wherein the PCs are invited to the **Grindstone** (area 1-1) to meet with the gang lord **King Korvul**.

Day 1, Night - The Pimp Street Scuttlers (Event A-2): Having treated with Korvul, the PCs are attacked by his rivals, the **Scuttlers**.

Day 1 and onward - Plotting (Event A-3): The PCs' time to consider which heists to pursue, and how.

Day 2, Dusk - The Pit Fights (Event A-4): The PCs' opportunity to steal the Scuttlers' vig, collected from bouts at the **Old Slave Barracks**.

Day 3, Dawn and daily thereafter - Shaking Down the Dogfish (Event A-5): The PCs' chance to make off with the money collected from the **Dogfish**.

Day 3, Dusk - The Rat God's Collection Plate (Event A-6): The PCs' window to steal the coins collected by the Scuttlers from the **Shrine of the Rat God**.

Day 4, Dusk - My Enemy's Flag (Event A-7): King Korvul hatches a plan to pit the Scuttlers against the **Owlets**.

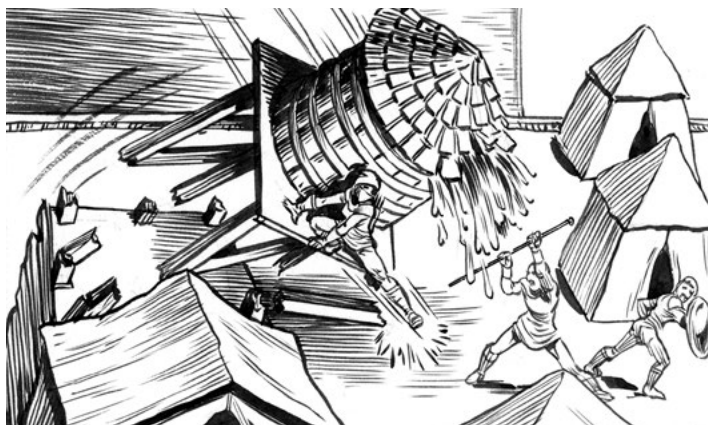
Day 4, Night - My Enemy's Flag, part 2 (Event A-8): The PCs plot and execute their mission.

Day 7, Evening - The Counter Offer, part 1 (Event A-9): The **Scuttlers** and **Forty Owlets** react to Korvul's gambit.

Day 7, Midnight - The Counter Offer, part 2 (Event A-10): The PCs are offered a small fortune to betray **Korvul**.

Day 8, Shortly after midnight - The Counter Offer, part 3 (Event A-11): The bosses of the **Scuttlers** and the **Owlets** exact their bloody revenge.

Day 8 and Forward - Gang War! (Event A-12): Wherein our seedy tale comes to a violent close.



ADVENTURE HOOK



he adventure begins with the PCs being sought out by a young tough in the service of the Knives—Hriseit by name. The PCs catch wind of the rogue asking about them in the various taverns and dives in the slums. Tavern keepers, fences, and whores alike pass word along to the PCs, hoping to curry their favor.

The characters have a choice: meet with Hriseit on their own terms or wait for the rogue to track them down.

Proactive characters have the opportunity to investigate Hriseit prior the meeting. Call for a check by the PC doing the majority of the research; the die roll begins as 1d10 + Personality modifier, but is improved accordingly:

+1d if the PC is a thief or has a criminal background

+1d for every 10 smerduks spent in bribes or drinks, plying contacts

Luck can be spent to improve the roll, though not the die.

Apply the roll (die + Personality modifier) to the following table. The PCs learn the corresponding entry, as well as all lesser results. Example: On a roll of 15, PCs would learn that entry, as well as entries 1 through 14.

The entries can be read from top to bottom, ending with the PC's roll, summarizing the characters' investigation. Alternatively, judges with time on their hands can play out the investigation. However, note that this might sideline PCs who might not be able to contribute to the role-play. In either case, any inquiring PC may only roll once on the table.

Roll Hriseit Research Results

1-5	A young bravo has been asking about the PCs, and isn't afraid to spend a few smerduks to track them down.
6-8	His name is Hriseit. He is affiliated with one of the neighborhood gangs ...
9-11	... the Knife Twisters, an ambitious young band of alley-bashers and freelance thieves.
12-14	The Knives are looking to expand their ranks, and will pay hard gold for talented bravos and wizardlings.
15-17	The gang is led by the self-styled King Korvul, an elephantine man possessed by a weakness for wine and

a yearning for power. Korvul reputedly has a fortune to spend in his conquest of the neighborhood.

- 18-19 Two gangs stand in the way of King Korvul's ambitions: the Forty Owlets and the Pimp Street Scuttlers.
- 20-21 King Korvul plots to consolidate his power over the slums by wiping both gangs from the face of the city.
- 22 It remains to be seen if King Korvul is cunning enough to pull off a two-front war, or if he is a fool who underestimates his rivals.
- 23 For not many know that the Pimp Street Scuttlers are a hardened gang of brawling thugs, whose best and brightest are often recruited by the Slayers ...
- 24 Worse, the all-female band of Forty Owlets enjoys an intimate relationship with the watch.
- 25+ And, as any elder knave knows, if a real street war did erupt, threatening the city's veneer of peace, the Thieves' Guild would be sure to move quickly to silence all offenders. King Korvul is about to start something that he has no hopes of finishing.

PLAYER START

Whether the PCs arrange a meeting with Hriseit, or the rogue tracks the PCs to their haunts, the adventure begins the same. Read or paraphrase the following, correcting for the PCs' preparations:

A pale youth with a mess of greasy black hair and dark furtive eyes watches you nervously from across the smoky tavern. Summoning his courage, he crosses the sandy boards. This must be the Hriseit you have heard so much about, the fledgling rogue hunting for you and your companions.

In halting speech, Hriseit invites the PCs to the Grindstone, to meet with his master, King Korvul. Hriseit explains that his master, a powerful crime lord, has heard of the PCs' prowess and wishes to extend his hand in peace. The King is inviting them to a sit-down to discuss a mutually beneficial partnership. However, his master is a busy man, with many competing interests and so the offer is good for tonight only. Will the PCs go with Hriseit tonight? If not, his master bids them well, but will look elsewhere for partners in his enterprise.

Role-playing Hriseit: The young thief is abjectly terrified of the PCs. As bloody-bladed reavers, gaol-hardened thieves, and demon-sworn occultists, they command powers that he can hardly imagine.

The thief's story rings hollow, and doesn't hold up to thoughtful questioning. He has been searching for the PCs for days (if not weeks) so Korvul's pressing timeline is patently false. Hriseit, however, is resolute: if they wish to meet with King Korvul, the PCs must come with him tonight.

If questioned, Hriseit can share up to result 15 on the Research table above.

Accompanying Hriseit to the Grindstone brings the PCs to timeline encounter A-1, below.

Hriseit: Init +0; Atk dagger +0 melee (1d4); AC 12; HD 1d8; hp 3; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -2, Ref +1, Will -2; AL N.

SECTION A: TIMELINE ENCOUNTERS

The PCs' foes don't wait idly by as the Knives work their plots. Each of the three gangs maneuvers for advantage over their rivals, knowing that any misstep or hesitation could spell their doom. The following timeline details encounter events that transpire in the developing gang war.

The gangs are terrified of losing whatever little power they possess. Thus the timeline is one of escalating violence with only one likely conclusion: open warfare. But whether the party is caught in the midst of a three-way gang war, or if they can somehow turn the conflict to a profit, hinges entirely on their own actions. Judges should always alter and amend encounters based upon the party's actions.

The events begin immediately after meeting Hriseit (Player Start, above).

A-1: Day 1, Night – Sit-Down at the Grindstone:

The narrow alley ends at a decrepit wooden door hung on leather hinges. Above, scores of rusty knives, cleavers, and daggers hang from twine and leather cords strung across the open courtyard. The gore-spattered blades twist and spin slowly in the thick night air.

The door is bolted from within, though easily broken in with five minutes of work or a DC 15 Strength check. Two toughs keep watch inside; they unbolt the door at a signal from Hriseit.

The guards escort the PCs and Hriseit down the narrow hallways to area 1-1g, the heart of the Grindstone, where King Korvul holds court:

The cramped, stinking passageway opens to a perverse throne room:

The moldering walls are hung with painted rags in a mockery of tapestries. A patchwork quilt of skins – rat, cats, and dogs – is draped over a throne built of crates and barrels. A motley court of beggars, blackguards, and rogues is gathered before the throne, watching you and your companions with suspicion.

Seated atop the throne is the largest man you have ever seen. Thick rolls of fat gleam with sweat in the smoky torchlight, puckering his eyes into tiny black holes. The bare-chested giant slaps a beggar forward with the back of his thick, beefy hand.

The beggar, dressed in the mottled colors of a jester tumbles awkwardly towards you, stumbling back to his feet and shouting at the top of his lungs: "Presenting his sagacious and despotive majesty... awful-most of tyrants, grand overlord of thieves, rakes, and knaves... the cruel, the unforgiving, and the malafactant King Korvul!"

The PCs are expected to announce—and comport—themselves as if they were in the throne room of the Overlord. Whether they are successful in this is of little import; what matters most to King Korvul is that the PCs make an effort to maintain the flimsy illusion of a court. Characters quick to play on Korvul's weakness for sycophants earn themselves a point of fleeting Luck.

Role-playing King Korvul: Korvul desperately wants to join forces with the PCs. However, he also needs to maintain his standing with his court of beggars and thieves. So long as the PCs treat him with deference and respect, he honors them as peers (while deriding the rest his unwashed court). But the instant the PCs fail to respect the crime boss, or treat him as any-

thing less than an equal, King Korvul reverts to type as a cruel and vindictive bully.

King Korvul asks two things of the PCs: that they disrupt the Scuttlers' protection rackets, and that they defend the Knives if attacked.

In return, the PCs may keep whatever they collect from the Scuttlers, plus room and board at the Grindstone. Hard-pressed, he will concede to a daily stipend of up to 10 agols, as well as all the loot they collect from his rivals—but will expect slavish devotion from the PCs.

If Korvul and the PCs come to an agreement, Korvul roars with thunderous laughter. He commands that wine be brought out in celebration, and the court visibly relaxes. A cask is rolled out into the throne room and quickly tapped. Korvul takes a large chalice for himself and for each of the PCs, toasting to their future. Having won the PCs' favor, the gang lord is content to drink late into the night (possibly leaving the PCs impaired in encounter A-2).

The Court: There are twenty-two other members of the Knives present, dressed in crude sack-cloth togas, stained black with soot after the fashion of the city's nobility. All are fiercely loyal to their gang lord, believing their livelihood hangs on his cunning leadership.

Most of the court are common criminals with no real combat experience to speak of. However, Korvul's bodyguards, a trio of Mingol mercenaries, fight with deadly purpose—until one falls.

Accommodations at the Grindstone: The PCs are expected to collect their belongings and move into the Grindstone this night. Once the PCs return, they are permitted to choose to stay in the common room (area 1-1c) or their own private quarters (area 1-1f). The PCs are treated with a fearful respect and deference, ranking just beneath King Korvul in the gang's hierarchy.

Leaving the Grindstone triggers encounter A-2.

King Korvul: Init +1; Atk fist +3 melee (1d3+3); AC 8; HD 3d8; hp 12; MV 20'; Act 1d24; SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +1; AL L.

Mingol Mercenaries (3): Init +2; Atk scimitar +2 melee (1d8+2); AC 15; HD 2d12; hp 12 each; MV 25'; Act 1d20; SP fails morale after one is defeated; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +1; AL N.

The "Court" (19): Init +0; Atk dagger +0 melee (1d4); AC 12; HD 1d8; hp 3 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -2, Ref +1, Will -2; AL N.



A-2: Day 1, Night – The Pimp Street Scuttlers: As the PCs leave the Grindstone, a whistle goes up: the PCs have been spotted by a lookout stationed on the nearby rooftops. Characters whose players have stated specific precautions note the whistle immediately. Otherwise, characters must attempt a Luck check to take note. It is left to the characters (or their clever players) to discern the importance of the signal.

At the signal, four thugs slip from a nearby alley and shadow the PCs down the street. At the same time, the lookout continues to trail the party from above. So long as the nimble rogue remains on lookout atop the rooftops, the PCs cannot dodge their pursuers.

The lookout and thugs trail the PCs for several minutes, waiting until the party enters a narrow alley or backstreet.

At a sign from the lookout, five more thugs block the street ahead of the PCs. The four close in from behind, pinning the PCs between the two parties.

The Scuttlers, flushed with wine, aim to frighten and intimidate the PCs. Their leader is Ipksk, a short rogue with a balding pate and a marked limp. He declares that the PCs have just one chance to disavow the Knives and leave the ward immediately, never to return. If the PCs refuse, Ipksk promises that if they don't reconsider, their bodies will be found hanging from the Gibbeting Tree come dawn.

The Scuttlers have little stomach for a fight, expecting their superior numbers to carry the day. If the PCs succeed in laying three of the Scuttlers low, the rest flee into the night. For his part, Ipksk hangs back in the fight, ready to retreat back to his Pimp Street masters.

Ipksk fights with a brace of daggers. His thugs carry heavy clubs and wear leather jacks beneath their cloaks. The lookout does his best to avoid combat, and ranged attacks from the street suffer -1d to hit. If the battle goes well for the Scuttlers, the excitable lookout begins to hurl loose roof tiles down into the melee.

A life of torment has taught Ipksk to take quick advantage of his foe's missteps. If ever a foe fumbles in combat, Ipksk receives an immediate attack (usually a thrown dagger). This attack of opportunity benefits from an improved crit range, scoring a critical hit on an attack roll on 17 or better.

Treasure: The thugs carry little in the way of loot. Ipksk wears a belt purse with 1d12+3 s.s. and 1d20+5 b.a. Each of the thugs carries 1d12 b.a., and the lookout has but 1d5 i.t. Each of the band wears a simple wooden pendant on a leather cord, depicting a sinking ship: the sign of the Scuttlers.

Ipksk: Init +1; Atk dagger +1 melee or ranged (1d4+1); AC 13; HD 3d6; hp 12; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP attack of opportunity (critical threat range 17-20); SV Fort -1, Ref +2, Will +2; AL L.

Lookout: Init +0; Atk dagger -1 melee (1d3) or thrown tile -2 ranged (1d4+2); AC 10; HD 2d6; hp 6; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -1, Ref +3, Will -1; AL N.

Scuttler Thugs (9): Init +0; Atk club +1 melee (1d4+1); AC 12; HD 1d8; hp 4 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -1, Ref +1, Will +0; AL L.



A-3: Day 1 and onward – Plotting: It is up to the PCs to decide just how they plan on disrupting the Scuttlers' protection rackets. While it is possible for the party to simply stalk the neighborhood hoping to happen across Scuttlers, cautious PCs will want more information. Players are sure to come up with a variety of ways to seek out information on the gang, but most results can be captured on the table below.

As before, the PC doing the bulk of the research should make a roll, modified by Personality check. The die roll begins as 1d10, but is improved accordingly:

+1d if the inquirer is a thief or has a criminal background

+1d for every 10 agols spent in bribes or drinks, plying contacts

Luck can be spent to improve the roll, though not the die.

Apply the roll (die + Personality modifier) to the following table. If successful (6 or better), the PC makes a contact whom he can ply for information. Players can choose a topic for their line of questioning, and pay progressively larger (and cumulative!) amounts of coin for additional information. This always costs coin—just what the contact shares is determined by how much the PCs are willing to spend.

Roll Scuttler Research Results

0-5 The PCs ask too many questions, drawing the attention of the Scuttlers. The next time the PCs are in a public place, after dark, they are assaulted by a gang of 9 thugs. (Parties rolling a 6 or better do not suffer this encounter.)

Scuttler Thugs (9): Init +0; Atk club +1 melee (1d4+1); AC 12; HD 1d8; hp 4 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -1, Ref +1, Will +0; AL L.

6-10 The PC hears rumors of Scuttler protection rackets being run throughout the neighborhood, and of Scuttlers collecting from the Dogfish, the Rat Shrine, and the Pit Fights. The inquirer can choose and pursue one line of questioning (see table below).

11-15 As above, but the PC can pursue two lines of questioning.

16-20 As above, but the PC can pursue three lines of questioning.

21-24 As above, but the PC can follow all four lines of questioning.

25+ As above, but PC can follow all four lines of questioning, and at no cost in coin.

It is left to the PCs to decide which, if any, of the collection rackets to intercept.

LINE OF QUESTIONING

“Yeah, I might know something about the Scuttlers and ...”

Cost (in b.a.)	The Dogfish	The Rat Shrine	The Pit Fights	The Hole (Scuttler lair)
1	The Scuttlers make a habit of shaking down Dvoranii, the master of the alehouse and dive known as the Dogfish.	The Scuttlers shake down the Shrine of the Rat at dusk on Day 3, and every 7th day following. (Timeline encounter A-6)	The Scuttlers are behind the pit fights that take place in the old slave barracks, on Day 2 and every 7th day following. (Timeline encounter A-4)	The Scuttlers lair in a place dubiously named the Hole – a defunct cistern and sewer complex. (Encounter area 1-3)
3	Each night, just before dawn, Ipks and his band pay Dvoranii a visit. (Timeline encounter A-5)	The collections crew is headed up by Gricci, a towering Slayer who delights in crushing his foes. Gricci is always attended by a trio of hard-bitten alley-bashers.	The Scuttlers make an enormous profit off the staged fights. Nearly every member is on hand, taking bets, keeping a watch out for rival gangs. A select crew escorts the take home at the end of the night.	There’s only one way in or out of the Hole, so those looking to ambush Scuttlers are well served by laying in wait in the alley north of the lair’s entrance.
6	Dvoranii’s daughter, Jakai, hangs with the Scuttlers, causing her father no end of worry.	Strangely, the Scuttlers collect the shrine’s coins, but always leave any offerings of gold.	Unknown to most, the Scuttlers arrange the fights and the winners.	Boss Letho retains the services of deadly Slayers.
12+	Jakai is most often found hanging off the arm of Tibalc, a deadly duelist known as the Prince of Cats.	This is because the Rat God itself protects the shrine.	–	Smart money alleges that Boss Letho maintains a secret escape from the Hole – likely into the sewers.

A-4: Day 2, Dusk – The Pit Fights: The Scuttlers host pit fights taking place in the abandoned slave barracks (area 1-4) at night, on Day 2 of the timeline and every 7th day following. In addition to running the books on all the fights, the Scuttlers collect protection money from the vendors selling street meat, sour wine, and weak beer—resulting in a tidy profit that lines the Scuttlers’ purses.

After dusk, hired urchins place torches about the ruins, while vendors set up their carts and booths. The crowds filter in over the course of the evening, drinking and shouting and placing bets on the fights.

Scuttlers work the crowd, taking bets and extracting tithes from the vendors selling sour wine and charred meats. The size of the bets is a reflection the neighborhood—wagers are made in tiks and agols, not rilks or smerduks—and the Scuttlers can cover most bets up to 20 coins. (This is not a place for PCs to get rich, though impressive fighters might very well be recruited by scouts for wealthy patrons.)

There are as many as a dozen fights a night, all arranged by the Scuttlers. Occasionally exotic slaves or rare beasts are brought to the matches, but most fights pit the Scuttlers’ fiercest toughs against hapless debtors hoping to earn a few agols by taking a dive. Rules, such as they are, are sparse. The sole judge and arbiter of fair play is the roar of the blood-thirsty crowd.

Most nights, the Owlets work the crowd beneath the Scuttlers’ noses, picking pockets and running simple scams. Any night a PC spends mixing with the crowd, call for a Luck check. On

a failed check, the PC is targeted by one of the Owlet thieves:

PC failed the Luck check by ...

Owlet Confidence Game

1-2 points	PC catches an Owlet in the act of picking his or her purse. Reaction left up to PC; character can exact ransom, demand assistance, etc.
3-4 points	PC is approached by an Owlet, but recognizes the scam.
5 points	PC is suckered into a bad bet by an Owlet. Loses 1/4 of any coins currently carried.
6 points	PC is suckered into a bad bet by an Owlet. Loses 1/2 of any coins currently carried.
7 or more points	The PC spies a breathtaking houri; her smile beckons, but she is quickly lost in the crowd. Only later does the PC discover their entire coin purse has been stolen.

Owlet Pickpocket: Init +0; Atk dagger +2 melee (1d4); AC 12; HD 1d6; hp 3; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -1, Ref +2, Will +1; AL N.

After the gamblers are paid out, the Scuttlers collect their vig: 2d100+25 b.a. and 2d10+10 s.s., held in a strongbox secured by a lock of masterful design (DC 23 Pick Lock check to open).

The lock is trapped (DC 15 Find/Disable Traps checks) so that any failed attempt to pick the mechanism triggers a poisoned blade. The would-be thief must make a DC 20 Reflex save; on a failed check, the character is struck by the blade for 1d3 damage and losing 1d20 Stamina points (DC 20 Fort save for half). Lost Stamina is regained at the rate of 1 point per day. Characters reduced to 0 or less Stamina are rendered unconscious until they recover to 3 Stamina.

A select crew of Scuttlers escorts four slaves as they carry the strongbox back to the Scuttlers' lair. The crew is lead by Tibalc, a slim, sinister blackguard with a well-earned reputation for being deadly with a blade. The duelist is accompanied by eight toughs and two urchins who serve as scouts.

The crew reeks of danger; commonfolk know to avoid them at all cost. If confronted, Tibalc is confident enough to split his crew, hanging back to fight any would-be robbers with four of his escorts, while the remainder rush the strongbox back to the Hole (area 1-3).

Tibalc is a deadly with the blade, leaving little room for error. Any time a melee attack misses the Prince of Cats, Tibalc immediately receives a free attack. If this riposte strikes home, Tibalc deals his unfortunate foe 1d3+2 damage.

The slaves flee, abandoning the strongbox as soon as the Scuttlers are winnowed down to three or fewer fighters. The large, cumbersome strongbox can be carried by four characters, or dragged by two.

Tibalc, Prince of Cats: Init +3; Atk longsword +2 melee (1d8+2); AC 15; HD 4d10; hp 23; MV 30'; Act 2d20; SP riposte; SV Fort +2, Ref +4, Will +2; AL C.

Scuttler Toughs (8): Init +0; Atk club +1 melee (1d4+1); AC 12; HD 1d8; hp 6 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -1, Ref +1, Will +0; AL L.

Slaves (4): Init +0; Atk fist +0 melee (1d3); AC 9; HD 1d6; hp 3 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -1, Ref -1, Will -2; AL N.

Scuttler Bookies (8): Init +1; Atk dagger -1 melee (1d3); AC 10; HD 1d6; hp 3 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -1, Ref +2, Will +0; AL L.

Gamblers (1d20+10): Init +0; Atk dagger +0 melee (1d4); AC 10; HD 1d8; hp 3 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -1, Ref +1, Will -1; AL N.

A-5: Day 3, Dawn and daily thereafter – Shaking Down the Dogfish: Each night, in the darksome hours just before dawn, Ipksk and his band pay Dvoranii a visit. A pair of Slayers accompanies the crew, standing watch outside the Dogfish (area 1-2) while Ipksk conducts his business.

Over the course of drinks Ipksk taunts the aging Hruspian with tales of his daughter's exploits with various Scuttlers, always ending with a promise to return her when Tibalc, the Prince of Cats, tires of her affections. But until that day, they need coin to ensure her safe upkeep.

It is a tired routine, and one Dvoranii dreads, yet the old man hangs on every word, hoping for some news of his daughter's impending return. As Ipksk finishes his tale he upends the strongbox containing the night's profits, scooping two-thirds or more into a leather sack (2d20+10 b.a. and 1d20+5 s.s.).

Thanking Dvoranii for the drinks, Ipksk and his band rejoin the Slayers and retire to the Hole. The streets are nearly empty at this hour, so any sign of an armed crew instantly alerts Ipksk and the Slayers. If confronted, Ipksk flees back to the Hole, leaving the Slayers and his thugs to deal with the PCs.

Note that if the PCs anticipate Ipksk's flight and place one of their own atop the roofs, the stalker is able to trail Ipksk without difficulty.

Ipksk: Init +1; Atk dagger +1 melee or ranged (1d4+1); AC 13; HD 3d6; hp 12; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP attack of opportunity (critical threat range 17-20); SV Fort -1, Ref +2, Will +2; AL L.

Slayers (2): Init +1; Atk short sword +1 melee (1d6+1); AC 14; HD 2d10; hp 10 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +1; AL L.

Scuttler Thugs (5): Init +0; Atk club +1 melee (1d4+1); AC 12; HD 1d8; hp 4 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -1, Ref +1, Will +0; AL L.

A-6: Day 3, Dusk – The Rat God's Collection Plate:

On Day 3, and every 7th day following, a Scuttler crew pays a visit to the Shrine of the Rat (area 1-5). They bear heavy baskets of rotting vegetables and fruits: offerings to the children of the Rat God.

The crew is lead by Gricci, a massive Slayer, accompanied by three toughs. All are hard men and alley-bashers, well-acquainted with bladework.

After dumping their offerings at the base of the pillar in area 1-5, the Scuttlers take any coins in the blind priest's offering plate, assiduously leaving any rilks or golden trinkets for fear of offending the Rat God (see area 1-5 for details). Gricci pockets the loot (1d24+15 b.a. and 1d6+5 s.s.) and he and his crew retire to the Dogfish (area 1-2) to enjoy some drinks before taking the diminished haul back to the Hole (area 1-3).

A titan of a Slayer, Gricci delights in physically crushing his foes. In lieu of dagger attack, he can elect to grapple, receiving +4 on the contested attack roll. Anyone caught in the mighty bear hug is pinned (as per Grappling, DCC RPG p. 96) and suffers 1d6 points of Stamina damage per round, just as if they were drowning. Gricci maintains the pin as long as he is able, whispering depraved taunts into his victim's ear all the while.

Gricci: Init +2; Atk dagger +3 melee or +1 ranged (1d4+3); AC 12; HD 4d8; hp 16; MV 30'; Act 2d20; SP bearhug; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +0; AL N.

Scuttler Toughs (3): Init +0; Atk short sword +1 melee (1d6+1); AC 12; HD 2d8; hp 8 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -1, Ref +1, Will +0; AL L.

A-7: Day 4, Dusk – My Enemy's Flag: King Korvul hatches a new plan: incite a gang war between the Owlets and the Scuttlers. Korvul's plan involves murdering a crew of Scuttlers, then using a black sorcerer to pin the attack on the Owlets.

Korvul summons the PCs to his chambers and shares only the barest of details: that a band of Scuttlers are drunk in the Dogfish, and that PCs must slaughter the crew this very night. However, the PCs' crimes cannot be witnessed and they can leave no survivors.



The means and ways of the murders are left to the PCs; this is, after all, Korvul avers, their specialty.

But there is one final piece:

Korvul claps his beefy hands and a towering form in a hooded cloak enters silently from the shadows. The stench of rotting flesh and bitter herbs fills the chamber, and the air becomes preternaturally still.

Trembling with delight, King Korvul introduces the black sorcerer, Jivisto. The PCs must take the black sorcerer with them, to ensure the work is done to according to Korvul's specifications.

Role-playing King Korvul: Thrilled at his own perceived brilliance, Korvul insists on doling out information only as needed. His plan is simply too cunning to be shared with anyone, he answers, lest it be leaked out to the rival gangs. Korvul demands that the PCs simply trust him: take Jivisto, and slaughter the Scuttlers' crew.

On these points, Korvul brooks absolutely no arguments.

If the party agrees to take up Korvul's strange and bloody mission, proceed to encounter A-8.

Jivisto: Init -1; Atk knife -1 melee (1d3-1); AC 9; HD 2d4; hp 4; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP mesmerism, shadowstep; SV Fort -1, Ref -1, Will +3; AL N.

The sorcerer has little capacity or interest in battle. If pressed, he defends himself with a slim knife. When making sustained eye contact with another, he can attempt to mesmerize the character: the target must attempt a DC 10 Will save or suffer the effect of *charm person*, result 12-13 (see DCC RPG p. 131). Jivisto's power is largely useless in the chaos of combat, unless the sorcerer is able to trick a target into maintaining eye contact.

If the sorcerer is able to cloak himself entirely in shadows, he can vanish and reappear in a known location up to 100 yards distant.

Refusal: If the PCs abjectly refuse to take up the mission, or refuse to allow the magician to accompany them, Korvul turns icy and dismisses them from his presence.

For his part, Korvul proceeds with his plans, substituting his Mingols in the place of the PCs. The Mingols succeed in the assault, but then two die of wounds shortly after. Timeline encounter A-9 proceeds as written, with the Scuttlers and Owlets attempting to lure the PCs from the Grindstone before launching their assault.

A-8: Day 4, Night – My Enemy's Flag, part 2: It is left to the PCs' judgment decide how best to assault the crew at the Dogfish. Details of the notorious tavern can be found in encounter area 1-2.

The Scuttlers are deep in their cups and are tormenting the Dogfish staff. There are 5 bravos drinking together: Tibalc,

Gricci, and Gricci's trio of alley-bashers. All have been drinking all night and are spoiling for a fight. All suffer -1d to their attacks and penalties to their initiative, due to drunkenness (already factored into the stat blocks below). The sole exception is Tibalc, who is sufficiently inured to the effects of the alcohol (or is always drunk and already suffering reduced stats).

There are 1d20+15 other patrons drinking and dicing in the Dogfish. Their numbers slowly dwindle as the night wears on, until dawn, when only the Scuttlers remain.

Jivisto is of no use plotting or executing the murders. He lurks over the PCs' shoulders, silent and ominous, answering questions in short, clipped answers or not at all.

The sorcerer's demeanor transforms as the crime begins. He moves from body to body, whispering dark incantations into the dead men's ears. Jivisto snarls at any interruption, and unfailingly directs the PCs to any escaping Scuttlers or witnesses. As he works, darkness gathers from the shadows, torches and candles shrink and grow dim, and a pending weight saturates the air.

As the last body strikes the ground, Jivisto completes his casting. Half of the slain toughs, along with any witnesses cut down during the crime, are transformed into dead women. The enchanted corpses are dressed all in black and wear simple feathered masks: the sign of the Owlets.

His work complete, Jivisto retires into the shadows, vanishing from sight, reappearing in Korvul's throne room.

Tibalc, Prince of Cats: Init +3; Atk longsword +2 melee (1d8+2); AC 15; HD 4d10; hp 23; MV 30'; Act 2d20; SP riposte (counter-attack when missed, 1d3+2); SV Fort +2, Ref +4, Will +2; AL C.

Gricci (drunk): Init -2; Atk dagger +0 melee (1d4+3); AC 12; HD 4d8; hp 16; MV 30'; Act 2d16; SP bearhug (+4 grapple, 1d3 Sta per round); SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will -2; AL N.

Scuttler Toughs (drunk, 3): Init -4; Atk club -2 melee (1d4+1); AC 12; HD 2d8; hp 8 each; MV 30'; Act 1d16; SV Fort -1, Ref +1, Will -2; AL L.

Dogfish Patrons (variable): Init +0; Atk fist +0 melee (1d3); AC 9; HD 1d6; hp 3 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -1, Ref -1, Will -2; AL N.

Aftermath: When the crime is discovered it is immediately concluded that the Owlets led a failed assault on the Scuttlers. In the coming days, the neighborhood goes quiet as the Scuttlers gird for war against the outmatched Owlets.

Fearing for her gang, the Abbess calls in a favor from Captain Ildam, who arranges a clandestine meeting between the two gang lords. In a tense conference, the three uncover the ruse: none of the Abbess' Owlets have gone missing and several Scuttlers are unaccounted for. All the while, Jivisto's enchantment begins to fade, revealing the nature of the illusion.

Bitterly surveying the corpses, Boss Letho and the Abbess form a hateful alliance with a single shared goal: the annihilation of the Knives.

A-9: Day 7, Evening – The Counter Offer, part 1: Following the massacre of the Scuttlers, the neighborhood is ominously quiet. Everyone is on edge, expecting a gang war to erupt between the Owlets and the Scuttlers.

Boss Letho and the Abbess have different plans.

The Abbess sends the PCs a discrete missive, delivered by an Owlet. She asks to meet with the PCs at midnight, this very night, to propose a mutually beneficial arrangement. She will gladly meet at any neutral location—possibly the Gibbeting Yard (area 1-6) or the Dogfish (area 1-2)—but given her choice, she opts for the Shrine of the Rat (area 1-5). Under no circumstances can she be lured near the Grindstone.

The Owlet conveys the PCs' response back to the Abbess; if the PCs trail the young thief, she leads them directly to the Dogfish. The regular patrons have been cleared out, leaving the Abbess and Boss Letho inside, alone. A mob of 15 Scuttler toughs and 8 Owlets wait outside.

If the PCs agree to a meeting, proceed with encounter A-10.

If the PCs reject the Abbess' invitation, encounter A-11 transpires shortly after midnight.

A-10: Day 7, Midnight – The Counter Offer, part 2: The following is written as if the PCs choose the Shrine of the Rat or the Gibbeting Yard for their meet-up with the Abbess. If the PCs decide on a different location, tailor the encounter accordingly:

A female figure stands in a white cloak, in the center of the courtyard. Behind her are a trio of hulking forms in armor. A hooded lantern burns softly atop a small wooden table set with several chairs.

The female figure is the Abbess. Her guards are Captain Ildam and two of his most loyal men-at-arms. Characters immediately recognize the armor and garb belonging to ranking officers of the watch.

As the PCs enter the courtyard, dozens of Scuttlers and Owlets slip into position—some on rooftops, others on the street level. Boss Letho emerges, bearing two sacks: one large and bloodied, the other heavy with gold. He crosses to the table and asks the PCs to sit.

At the Abbess' command, wine is poured, and then Letho empties the bloodied sack out onto the table, revealing the heads of the slain Scuttlers. Jivisto's illusion partially remains, causing the heads to slowly fade from Scuttlers to Owlets and back again.

The Abbess' offer is simple: 50 rilks to leave the city and never return; 25 now and 25 delivered at a caravansary one day's ride from the city gates. Boss Letho angrily hurls the sack of 25 gold coins onto the table. The Abbess tells the PCs that she and Letho will give them the time it takes to finish the bottle of wine to make their decision.

The Abbess and Letho step away from the table, giving the PCs privacy for their discussion.

Role-playing the Abbess and Boss Letho: The Abbess doesn't bother with threats. She knows that they are making the PCs a generous offer: gold and amnesty in return for simply vanishing from the city.

Boss Letho is her inverse. The PCs cost him the lives of several of his crew and he is hungry to even the score. He watches in mute fury, hoping the PCs will give him any reason to command the gangs to attack.

The Devil's Bargain: If the PCs accept, they are escorted out of Lankmar and pointed in the direction of the caravansary. En route, the party is ambushed by 25 Mingol mercenaries hired by the gang lords. (The Mingols' wages are the rilks carried by the PCs; refer to timeline encounter A-1 for stats.)

If the PCs refuse, the Abbess and Boss Letho accept their decision. They offer the PCs another jack of wine then retire with Captain Ildam and his men, bidding the PCs good night. As soon as the pair and their guards are out of sight, Letho gives the signal for the allied forces to attack.

There are 8 Owlets hidden on the rooftops, armed with bows. On the ground floor, 15 Scuttlers toughs stand ready, armed with short swords and knives. At Letho's sign, all spring from hiding, the Owlets raining down arrows as the Scuttlers charge howling into battle.

In order to survive the ambush, the PCs will need to act quickly and with deadly focus, breaking through the cordon to cover. The Owlets continue to fire down into the courtyard until three or more of their own have been wounded. Similarly, the Scuttlers' morale is quickly washed away by blood: if five or more of the toughs are cut down, the rest break and run.

It is entirely possible that the PCs could capture either one or both of the gang bosses (though Captain Ildam and his men will do their utmost to protect the Abbess). The bosses do everything in their power to win back their freedom as quickly as possible, knowing that at any time the PCs could discover that the Grindstone is under attack (encounter A-11).

If the PCs force the gang bosses into combat, they find them to be slippery foes. The Abbess carries a lucky charm in the form of a coin stamped with a cat's head; the charm allows her to avoid 1 mortal attack per day. Carried by a PC, that charm also grants +3 to recover the body rolls.

Her companion, Captain Ildam, is fearsome in a fight. On any melee attack that deals more than 8 points of damage, the captain also succeeds in cleaving through his foe's weapon or shield (if any), rendering the item worthless.

The Abbess: Init +2; Atk dagger +2 melee (1d4); AC 12; HD 2d8; hp 8; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP lucky cat charm; SV Fort +1, Ref +4, Will +3; AL N.

Boss Letho: Init +1; Atk short sword +2 melee (1d6+2) or dagger +0 ranged (1d4+2); AC 13; HD 4d10; hp 22; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +4; AL L.

Captain Ildam: Init +1; Atk longsword +3 melee (1d8+3); AC 15; HD 4d12; hp 24; MV 25'; Act 1d20; SP cleave; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +3; AL L.

Men-at-Arms (2): Init +0; Atk sword +2 melee (1d8+2); AC 14; HD 2d12; hp 12 each; MV 25'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +1; AL L.

Owlet Archers (8): Init +0; Atk dagger +0 melee (1d4) or short-bow +0 missile (1d6); AC 11; HD 1d6; hp 3 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -1, Ref +2, Will +0; AL N.

Scuttler Toughs (15): Init +0; Atk club +1 melee (1d4+1); AC 12; HD 1d8; hp 6 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -1, Ref +1, Will +0; AL L.

A-11: Day 8, Shortly after midnight – The Counter Offer, part 3: While the PCs are meeting with the Abbess and Boss Letho, Slayers are leading members of both gangs on an assault against the Grindstone. With the PCs out of the action, the attack is a slaughter.

The Slayers direct the assault from the street. A band of Scuttlers rush the front entrance, armed with blades and blazing torches. They batter down the door and cut a bloody swath through the Grindstone, chasing Knives out into the darkness and setting the tenement alight. Those who flee are cut down, while those who stay to defend the lair are trapped in a collapsing inferno.

Come dawn, the Grindstone has been reduced to a smoking pit of cinders and oily smoke. King Korvul and his lieutenants are dead and a mere 1d12+10 Knives survived the slaughter.

The survivors know they are marked for dead, and that the Owlets and Scuttlers will not rest until every trace of the Knives is wiped from Lankhmar. Led by young Hriseit, they track down the PCs and beg them to take up the mantle of gang lords, and masters of the Knives (encounter A-12).

What transpires next is entirely up to the PCs.

The Defense of the Grindstone: If the PCs elect to hang back and not attend the sit-down with the Abbess, there is a chance that the slaughter is mitigated, at least in part. The defense of the Grindstone is complicated by the sheer number of avenues available to the Scuttlers. The toughs aren't looking for a fair fight; they are looking to set the tenement ablaze, and their goal is readily accomplished. Apart from judicious use of powerful magic, it proves impossible to save the Grindstone once the blaze has begun.

Use the following timetable to assist in running the defense of the Grindstone, accounting for any additional defenses initiated by the PCs. Note that while the timeline records actions in combat rounds, several rounds may elapse before the PCs are aware they are even under attack.

Round 1: A band of 15 Scuttlers slip through area 1-1a to the inner courtyard.

Round 2: The Scuttlers light their torches from a hooded lantern.

Round 3: Members of the band kick in the bolted door at area 1-1b. The sleeping guards are surprised and cut down within moments.

Round 4-6: The Scuttlers break into teams, rushing to different parts of the tenement. Five rush into the common room (area 1-1c), hurling torches all about and hewing to all sides with their blades. Another 3 charge up to area 1-1f, hoping to

take any sentries by surprise. The last 7 charge the king's chambers (area 1-1g) attacking King Korvul as he attempts to flee the chamber. Choking smoke begins to fill the tenement.

Round 7: A whistle goes up from outside the tenement – signal for the Scuttlers to withdraw. They cast the last of their torches about the tenement and begin to back out. Flames lick the walls and ceilings throughout the burning building.

Round 8 and 9: The Scuttlers withdraw to the street as Owlets rain arrows down on fleeing Knives. The smoke and heat inside the tenement is blinding.

Round 10: The Scuttlers vanish down the street and alleys, leaving the tenement to burn to the ground. The Owlets remain for another three rounds, firing at escaping Knives. Neighboring Lankhmarts awaken to discover the inferno.

Round 11+ and through the night to dawn: Slum dwellers fight to contain the blaze.

Slayers (2): Init +1; Atk short sword +1 melee (1d6+1); AC 14; HD 2d10; hp 10 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +1; AL L.

Scuttler Toughs (15): Init +0; Atk club +1 melee (1d4+1); AC 12; HD 1d8; hp 6 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -1, Ref +1, Will +0; AL L.

Owlet Archers (6): Init +0; Atk dagger +0 melee (1d4) or short-bow +0 ranged (1d6); AC 11; HD 1d6; hp 3 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -1, Ref +2, Will +0; AL N.

A-12: Day 8 and Forward – Gang War! In the aftermath of the assault on the Grindstone, the PCs are sought out by the surviving Knives. They are a sorry lot, with no hope of escaping from Lankhmar or its slums. They have never known any other life – and they plead for the PCs to take up the mantle of gang lords.

Hriseit and his fellow refugees argue that Owlets and Scuttlers have no idea how many of the Knives survived the attack on the Grindstone. The Knives could strike back before anyone knows they are even alive. All they need are the PCs to lead them.

The remainder of the adventure is left to the PCs' initiative. To stay is to court Death himself, but to flee is to cede the day to Boss Letho and the Abbess. And few things motivate PCs as much as vengeance.

Hereafter, the judge's work is to continue tracking Neighborhood Tension, accounting for any triggered events or repercussions. Odds are good the PCs are well down the path to triggering a response from the Thieves' Guild or the Overlord, bringing a swift end to the nascent gang war. However, until that fated hour, the PCs have free rein to exact a bloody toll on the Scuttlers and Owlets.



SECTION B: NEIGHBORHOOD TENSION TRACKER

As the shadow war between the gangs escalates, the streets and alleys become increasingly tense, until violence flares at the slightest misspoken word. The PCs' actions are the deciding factors that will either soothe the raw emotions or inflame further violence.

Characters (or their players!) accustomed to cutting a bloody swath through their enemies will find that those same actions, played out in the city, can trigger deadly consequences. While the gutters and alleys tolerate a great deal of blood, only so many bodies can pile up before the powers that be (on either side of the law) begin to take notice.

Judges are encouraged to build and embellish on this aspect of the adventure and play it to the hilt. Shopkeepers refuse to deal with the PCs; fences lock and bar their doors; strangers clear the streets when the characters walk by; the watch starts harassing the PCs, accusing them of baseless crimes. While players may be unaccustomed to the social ramifications of their characters' actions, this is a key feature of a living urban environment.

There are two primary drivers to Neighborhood Tension: the timeline events, and the price in blood that the PCs exact from their foes. There are very few modifiers for reducing this escalating tension; judges are encouraged to reward creative solutions to situations that might otherwise be fraught with violence.

Neighborhood Tension begins at 3, then begins to escalate due to the following modifiers:

Event	Modifier
Each time a rival gang member is assaulted or robbed	+2
For each Scuttler or Owlet killed (up to +9 per event)	+3
For each constable killed (up to +15 per event)	+5
Slaying Captain Ildam	+10
For any building the PCs set aflame	+15
For every 5 smerduks paid to a rival gang in tribute	-1
For every 5 rilks offered to either the watch constables or the Thieves' Guild in bribes	-3
For every night that passes without incident	-1
For every point of Luck burned to reduce tension	-1

Negative tension cannot accrue below 0. No matter how long an armistice is maintained, just one murdered Scuttler is enough to shatter the peace.

The following table offers recommendations for the changing attitude on the streets, and the responses from both the criminal and the lawful elements of the neighborhood.

When statistics are required, the entries reference footnotes following the table. As always, judges should use their own best judgment to ensure that their living Lankhmar stays in the spirit of the game.

A Scuttler Thugs (variable): Init +0; Atk club +1 melee (1d4+1); AC 12; HD 1d8; hp 4 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -1, Ref +1, Will +0; AL L.

B Tibalc, Prince of Cats: Init +3; Atk longsword +2 melee (1d8+2); AC 15; HD 4d10; hp 23; MV 30'; Act 2d20; SP riposte (counter-attack when missed, 1d3+2); SV Fort +2, Ref +4, Will +2; AL C.

Scuttler Toughs (4): Init +0; Atk club +1 melee (1d4+1); AC 12; HD 1d8; hp 6 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -1, Ref +1, Will +0; AL L.

C The Slayers lurk outside the Grindstone, with a pair scouting from the rooftops and three laying in wait on the street. They trail the PCs then attack once out of earshot of the Knives' lair. The rooftop Slayers employ crossbows, while their allies on the ground work with short swords and dirks.

Slayers (5): Init +1; Atk short sword +1 melee (1d6+1) or crossbow +0 ranged (1d6); AC 14; HD 2d10; hp 10 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +1; AL L.

D The delegate is calm, cool, and perfectly collected. An older man dressed in fine silks, he sports a slim short sword and is accompanied by a trio of Slayers. The delegate explains, in no unclear terms, that the PCs' time as gang lords has come to an end. Their choice is simple: cease their shadow war or pay the price in blood.

Thieves' Guild Delegate: Init +1; Atk short sword +2 melee (1d6); AC 13; HD 4d8; hp 20; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +1; AL L.

Slayer Escorts (3): Init +1; Atk short sword +1 melee (1d6+1); AC 14; HD 2d10; hp 10 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +1; AL L.

E One assassin is dispatched for each PC and rival gang lord. For the duration of the mission, the assassin takes on the name of "The Death of [Character's Name]." The assassins work predominantly with poisoned quarrels, striking from rooftops, then vanishing out of sight.

A PC struck by a poisoned quarrel or short sword suffers -1d to all actions for the next 24 hours as the poison burns through her veins. The character must also make a DC 15 Fort save or lapse into a fever-sleep, suffering 1d3 Stamina damage each hour for 1d5 hours. If a PC's Stamina is reduced to 0 or less, the character dies. If the PC survives the fever, she regains Stamina at the rate of 1d3 per day of full rest, or 1 point per day of partial rest.

Penalties from the poison are not cumulative. (A character poisoned twice would only suffer -1d to actions, not -2d.)

If a PC somehow succeeds in slaying his or her assassin, the order on that PC is rescinded. The "Death of" no longer exists, thereby fulfilling the letter of Order's contract. The PC has earned at least one point of Luck and the grudging respect of the Assassins' Order.

The Death Of (variable): Init +3; Atk short sword +3 melee (1d6+1 plus poison) or crossbow +3 ranged (1d6 plus poison); AC 13; HD 4d8; hp 21 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP poison (see above); SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +2; AL L.

NEIGHBORHOOD TENSION (BEGIN AT 3)

Result	Criminal	Lawful
0-2	All is quiet. The slums enjoy a rare moment of peace.	-
3-7	The Scuttlers and Owlets seethe with suspicion, watching the Knives from across the street and down the bar.	-
8-15	The Scuttlers and Knives prowl the neighborhood, looking for an excuse for a brawl. There is a 1-in-5 chance that any time the PCs are in public they are approached by a band of Scuttlers; unless the PCs are explicitly deferential, the altercation erupts into violence (fists, saps, and clubs, not blades). There are 1d5+2 thugs initially, with another 1d8-1 answering cries for aid in the next two rounds. A	The PCs begin receiving rumors of strangers in the neighborhood asking about them. Attempts to locate firsthand witnesses fails, the source always seeming to be a friend of a friend.
16-22	Tibalc and his gang of toughs actively troll the slums for the PCs. There is a 1-in-3 chance that any time the PCs are on the streets they are found by the crew. Tibalc calls out the PCs as cowards and knaves, challenging any of the PCs to single combat. The Prince of Cats gives no quarter, eagerly cutting down the party's champion along with any that dare to intervene. B	Unaffiliated citizens begin avoiding the PCs; the streets empty out wherever the characters go. Respectable shopkeepers and vendors refuse to deal with them; corrupt and craven merchants try to curry their favor. The rumors of strangers seeking out the PCs increase in frequency.
22-27	The Scuttlers send Slayers to deal with the PCs. The Slayers strike at night, when the PCs are outside their lair. C	The watch begins patrolling the neighborhood. If they cross paths with the PCs (1-in-7 chance), the watch harasses the characters, threatening to arrest them for false crimes. The watch can readily be bribed for 5 smerduks or more; otherwise they harass the PCs for a good hour before sending them on their way. F
28-34	A delegate of the Thieves' Guild approaches the PCs with a very clear demand: cease all activities or pay the price in blood. The Guild's ire can be bought down with a tribute (as noted in the list of modifiers above) but any further action on the part of the Scuttlers, Owlets, or PCs threatens to undo the brief peace and plunge the neighborhood into outright war. D	As above, though the odds increase to 1-in-5 chance, while the PCs are in public. The watch is rougher, and accepts no less than 10 smerduks per PC. Those unable (or unwilling) to bribe the watch are hauled back to the watch station for "questioning" and not released until the next morning. F
35-39	Infuriated, the Thieves' Guild dispatches assassins to eliminate all three gangs. The Owlets and Scuttlers flee as soon as they catch word; if the PCs somehow best their executioners, they are henceforth - and forever - hunted by the Guild. E	The PCs are actively hunted by the watch. Criers ply the squares and courtyards, declaring the PCs enemies of the Overlord. Wheat paste wanted posters are hung about the slums, offering rewards to anyone that aids in the PCs' capture. G
40+	-	The PCs rouse the personal ire of Overlord. The neighborhood is placed under martial law as platoons go door to door, searching all the tenements until the PCs are found. H



❖ The watch troop is composed of 8 constables, armed with cudgels and wickedly barbed darts. The constables patrolling the slums are among the most corrupt in Lankhmar — bribes are expected, and woe to anyone who dare holds out on the watch. Characters unable to buy their way to freedom are treated like rabid dogs.

Watch Constables (8): Init +1; Atk cudgel +1 melee (1d6) or dart +0 ranged (1d4); AC 13; HD 1d10; hp 5 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will -1; AL N.

Ⓞ With the PCs becoming more infamous with each passing day, fear of the Overlord's displeasure overcomes the constables' greed, forcing the watch to forego lucrative relationships and perform their duties. The tenor of the watch patrols and their composition changes, signaling an end to the neighborhood's old ways.

Watch Captain: Init +0; Atk longsword +2 melee (1d8) or dart +0 ranged (1d4); AC 15; HD 2d10; hp 10; MV 25'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +3, Ref +0, Will +0; AL L.

Watch Constables (12): Init +0; Atk cudgel +1 melee (1d6) or dart +0 ranged (1d4); AC 14; HD 1d10; hp 5 each; MV 25'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will -1; AL N.

Ⓜ Martial law in the slums is quick and brutal. The platoons work methodically through the slums, viciously beating men, women and children alike in their search for the gang lords.

Lieutenant: Init +0; Atk longsword +2 melee (1d8); AC 15; HD 2d10; hp 10; MV 25'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +3, Ref +0, Will +2; AL L.

Lankhmart Soldiers (20): Init +0; Atk pike +1 melee (1d10); AC 13; HD 1d10; hp 5 each; MV 25'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +1, Ref +0, Will +0; AL L.

SECTION C: ENCOUNTER AREAS

LEVEL 1: THE STREETS

The slum's streets are a mix of worn cobblestones and muddy troughs that turn to pools in the rainy season. Sewage runs openly down the center of the streets, mixing with rotting vegetables and rubbish. Rooting pigs, alley chickens, and feral dogs are common sights (and often thrive better than most slum dwellers).

There is little work to be had in the neighborhood, so during the morning hours the able-bodied stream into the surrounding quarters, begging for work, agols, and food.

At dusk, the byways are given over to ne'er-do-wells of every sort — pimps, wine-sellers and thieves drag themselves out into the dying light to prey on the returning commonfolk.

As the evening progresses, the alehouses and gambling dens fill up with raucous drunks, pimps, and revelers, along with a stinking tide of commoners seeking a night's escape from the slum's bitter reality.

The crowds slowly dwindle as the night wears on. In the cold hours before dawn, the streets and alleys are empty and quiet. Any soul met at this forsaken hour is given to evil deeds and wickedness.

Many of the PCs' crimes will take place in the streets, but the mazes of alleys, side streets, and high tenements conceal any number of potential witnesses. To determine who might be watching the characters' sinister deeds: roll 1d7, modify the roll by the PCs' single worst Luck modifier, and consult the Potential Witnesses table on the following page.

Characters alert for witnesses automatically spot others on the street, but must make Luck checks to note any potential witnesses watching from upstairs windows.

Commoner, Fishwife, Peasant, Tradesman, Urchin, et al.: Init +0; Atk fist +0 melee (1d3); AC 9; HD 1d6; hp 3; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -1, Ref -1, Will -2; AL N.

Dandy: Init -2; Atk small sword -1 melee (1d5+1); AC 12; HD 2d6; hp 6; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +1, Ref -1, Will -2; AL L.

Mingol: Init +2; Atk scimitar +2 melee (1d8+2); AC 15; HD 2d12; hp 12; MV 25'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +1; AL N.

Watch Constables (8): Init +0; Atk cudgel +1 melee (1d6) or dart +0 ranged (1d4); AC 13; HD 1d10; hp 5 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will -1; AL N.

UNKEYED TENEMENTS

The majority of tenements and buildings are unkeyed, and will likely play no role in the adventure. However, in the event that any one of the locations does become relevant, roll or choose from the following table:

d12	Tenement Result
1-3	Empty ruins. The building is empty, having collapsed due to fire. Blackened beams and broken tiles lie scattered about.
4-5	Occupied ruins. The portions of the collapsed building have been draped with tattered canvas and oilskin, making a crude home for 1d20+10 urchins.
6-9	A rotting tenement, housing 1d20+10 families in tight-packed squalor. They cower in their homes, hoping to avoid the PCs' attention.
10-11	The first floor is a simple business. PCs may find (roll 1d5): (1) sour wine and weak beer; (2) food-stuffs stolen from wealthier markets; (3) a pawn shop; (4) a fish and meat monger; (5) a fence. The second floor is given over to the shopkeepers and their extended family. Additional floors stand empty.
12	Vacant. The building is boarded over and marked a Plague House. NPCs will not pursue the PCs into these disease-haunted ruins, but at the judge's discretion, the PCs may contract (or release!) a horrific outbreak.

POTENTIAL WITNESSES

Roll (1d7 + worst Luck mod)	Dawn to Early Morning	Midday	Afternoon to Dusk	Evening	Late Night
0 or less	A patrol of 8 constables tramping down the street; will accost PCs, expecting to be bribed. The amount depends on the crime, but will be no less than 5 smerduks per PC.				
1-2	1d10+5 traders; 35% chance of summoning the watch, who arrive in 1d7 rounds.	The crime is witnessed by a fishwife from an upstairs window; she calls out for the watch, who arrive in 1d5 rounds.	1d10+5 traders; 35% chance of summoning the watch, who arrive in 1d5 rounds.	A patrol of 8 constables tramping down the street; will accost PCs, expecting to be bribed. The amount depends on the crime, but will be no less than 3 s.s. per PC.	A crowd of 1d10+5 revelers who harass the PCs, either demanding the PCs join their revels, or challenging them to duels (50% chance of either).
3-4	1d14+3 peasants; if they outnumber the PCs, they attempt to enforce their own law.	Any sounds of violent crime draw 1d3 peasants; 13% chance of summoning the watch, who arrive in 1d12 rounds.	1d14+3 peasants; if they outnumber the PCs, they attempt to enforce their own law.	The crime is witnessed by a houri from an upstairs window; a cry goes out for the watch, who arrive in 1d5 rounds.	1d3 urchins who avert their eyes and hold their silence.
5	1d3 fishwives; they watch in silence, but news of the PCs' misdeeds quickly makes the neighborhood rounds.	1d3 urchins who avert their eyes and hold their silence.	1d3 peasants; they watch in silence, but news of the PCs' misdeeds quickly makes the neighborhood rounds.	1d6+5 slumming dandies who decide to be heroes, taking sides against the PCs.	Empty
6	1d3 urchins who avert their eyes and hold their silence.	Empty	1d3 urchins who avert their eyes and hold their silence.	1d3+2 drunk Min-gols who watch the proceedings but hold their tongues.	Empty
7+	Empty	Empty	Empty	Empty	Empty

A final note on encounter areas: As locations change dramatically given the time of day, only brief read-aloud text is provided for the judge's consideration. The actual description should be tailored to the time of day, the neighborhood tension, and the judge's imagination.

THE GRINDSTONE

Area 1-1 – The Grindstone: *The tenement slumps against its neighbors like a vacant-eyed drunk, rain coming off the broken roof tiles in soot-stained rivulets.*

The Grindstone is home to the Knife Twisters. Their lair occupies the first two floors of the tenement. The other three floors are rotted and empty, having partially collapsed. The resulting ruin is a skeleton of the original building, with fallen beams, shattered tiles, and scabs of faded plaster.

There is no street entrance into the Grindstone. Characters must pass through the first floor tunnel (area 1-1a) to reach the main entrance.

Area 1-1a – Murder Holes: *The narrow cobblestone alley dives beneath the tenement here, before opening into a small, filthy courtyard.*

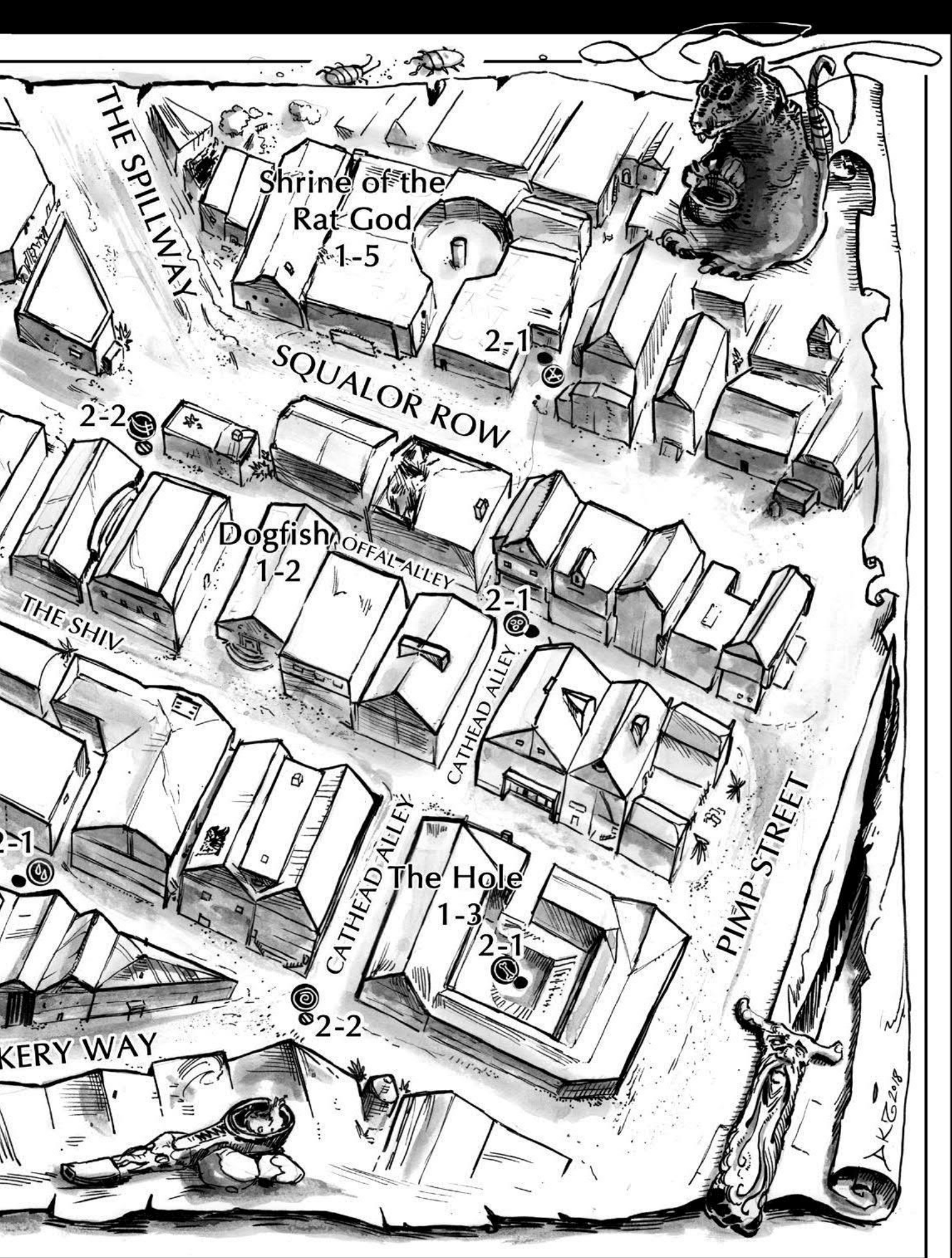
Characters entering the Grindstone must first pass through the arched tunnel that leads into the heart of the tenement. The alley narrows to a mere 4' wide and 12' in height; the ceiling is a series of trap doors opening to area 1-1f. If an alarm is raised, six Knives race to the murder holes and stab down through the grates with short spears.

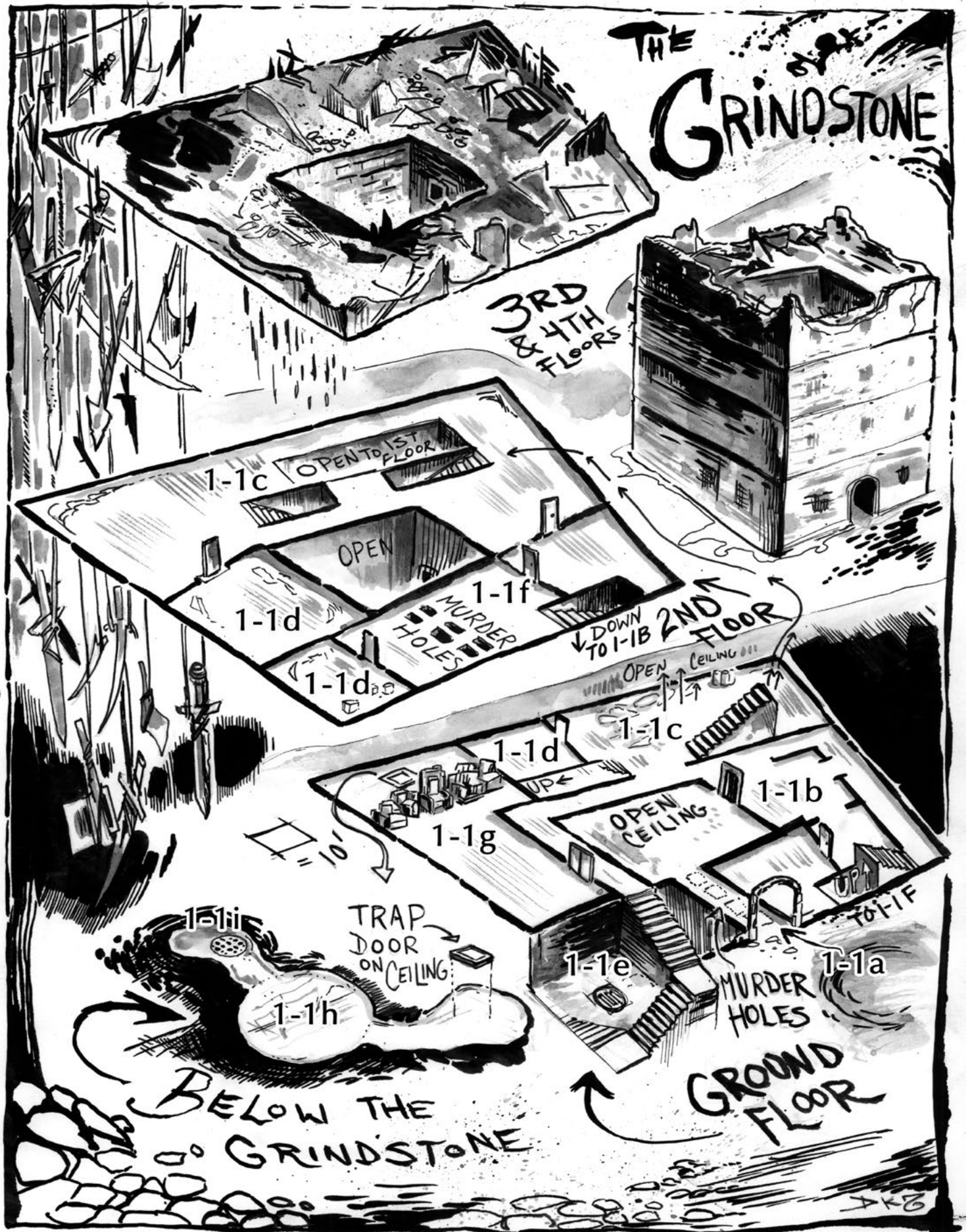
(The sentries' stat block reflects bonuses for defending from the murder holes. If the sentries are confronted in area 1-1f, their AC drop to 10, they receive no bonus on their melee attacks, and both Fort and Ref save bonuses drop to +0.)

Sentries (6): Init +0; Atk spear +2 melee (1d6); AC 15; HD 1d6; hp 4 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will -2; AL N.

Area 1-1b – Entrance: The door is bolted from within, though is easily broken in with five minutes of work or a DC 15







Strength check. Two guards keep watch from within; so long as no alarm has been raised, there is a 2-in-5 chance that they will be asleep and snoring loudly, day or night.

When awake, the guards drink weak wine around a small fire pit roasting spitted rats, chickens, and the occasional dog. A cracked bronze bell hangs from the wall across from the door.

Like nearly all their fellow Knives, the pair is filthy: covered in soot and grease, dressed in patched rags, their hair matted and stringy. They are equipped with iron-headed cudgels and knives, but wear no armor.

The guards have little stomach for combat. They are belligerent to anyone demanding entrance, but sound the bell at the first sign of a real assault, rousing the remaining Knives. Once battle begins, their morale holds for 1d3 rounds or until one of their numbers falls, whichever comes first.

They have no treasure, but possess eight bottles of cheap wine (three now empty).

Guards (2): Init +0; Atk cudgel +0 melee (1d6); AC 10; HD 1d8; hp 4 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +1, Ref +0, Will -1; AL N.

Area 1-1c – Common Room: There are a dozen pallets cast haphazardly about a central fire pit that dominates the chamber. The crude, makeshift beds are made of straw, filthy hides, and patchwork blankets. Stairs rise on either side of the entrance, rising to the second floor balcony.

During the day, 1d12+3 Knives can be found here, sleeping off serial hangovers on the pallets and bare ground. The fire has burned down to embers and a haze of smoke hangs over the room. Characters can sneak past the chamber with DC 10 Sneak Silently checks; non-thieves (as well as rogues failing their Sneak Silently checks) must make a Luck check or awaken the sleeping Knives.

At night, their numbers increase to 1d24+5 carousing rogues, drinking and dicing the night away. The fire pit crackles with spit-ted meat; the roar of crude laughter and rowdy songs fill the air.

If alerted, the Knives fight until they no longer outnumber their attackers. At night, the fire is a deadly obstacle: any character falling into the flames suffers 1d8 damage from the inferno and is set alight, taking an additional 1d6 damage per round until the flames are extinguished.

A trio of half-emptied wine barrels is stacked against one wall. The stale, sour wine only has worth to the most desperate of knaves.

Knives (variable): Init +0; Atk dagger +0 melee (1d4); AC 12; HD 1d8; hp 3 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -2, Ref +1, Will -2; AL N.

Areas 1-1d – Refuse: Mounds of trash and refuse line the walls and the center of these chambers. The Knives use these rooms for all their waste, creating a powerful stench that threatens to overcome anyone entering the chamber.

Those intent on passing through the wet mounds of rotting fruit, fish, bones, and feces must contend with the smell (DC 15 Fort save). On a failed check, the character falls to his knees in the filth and spends the next 1d3 rounds retching. Afterwards the PC is at -1d to all actions until they are able to bathe or change their ruined clothes.

Area 1-1e – The Oubliette: A rusted iron grate sits atop a pit in the center of the chamber and a filthy straw pallet is set against the far wall. Opposite the simple bed is a length of thick

rope spooled to a crude winch. Rusted shackles, manacles, and collars hang from the arched stone ceiling, above a small brazier and a collection of branding irons.

The pit is 30' deep and a mere 4' wide. (The narrow pit is easily scaled: a DC 10 Climb Sheer Surfaces check by thieves, or a DC 15 Agility check by all others.) The grate is barred from above, rendering escape from the pit nigh impossible save for those with Herculean strength or extraordinary Luck (DC 25 Strength check to bend or break the bars of the grate).

The oubliette has been the end for a number of King Korvul's enemies, and the base of the pit is littered with bones, picked over by rats and roaches. Filthy water pools at the base of the bones, permitting prisoners to drag out their miserable end by a few more days.

Those crossing Korvul are quickly condemned to the pit—for a few days, if Korvul has mercy, or to die if the King's mood is wrath (or if he simply forgets about the unfortunate soul in a fit of drunkenness). If the entire party succeeds in earning King Korvul's ire, they are stacked in the pit, three deep, with any remaining characters hung from the shackles and collars in the open air.

The pit and its inhabitants are tended by Old Esi, a ancient, hunched man with a wiry frame. Embittered from a life spent in the City of the Black Toga, Old Esi's sole joy is tormenting his prisoners. Old Esi sleeps very little, spending the daylight hours drinking in the Dogfish (area 1-2) and the nights dropping burning coals down onto his prisoners. He passes out just before dawn and sleeps until late in the morning.

It is nearly impossible to remove the bar sealing the grate without awakening Esi. Rogues must succeed on a DC 20 Sneak Silently check; all others must succeed on a DC 20 Luck check. Failing either immediately awakens Old Esi, who feigns sleep for a moment or two more, then springs to the attack. If this first attack succeeds, treat as a critical hit (1d14 on table II). Old Esi fights to the death, having only pain left to offer the world.

Treasure: A close search of the chamber reveals that the mortar on the walls has been carefully scratched away in several locations, creating small niches capable of secreting coins. Hidden in the walls are 1d10+12 g.r.

Old Esi: Init +0; Atk branding iron +0 melee (1d4+3); AC 13; HD 2d8; hp 7; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP backstab on first round with surprise; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +2; AL N.

Area 1-1f – Murder Gallery: The air is constantly chill and humid, with moisture condensing on the ceiling, walls and floor. Slick, black mold hangs from the ceiling in clumps and pools in the corners where the walls meet the floor. A rotting barrel holds 8 short spears.

Six murder holes are set in the floor, permitting defenders to stab short spears down at invaders. The murder holes are covered by iron grates that have been eaten away by rust. Ten minutes of effort, prying and pulling at the grates, or a single DC 20 Strength check snaps the weakened metal.

If an alarm is raised, six Knives rally at the murder holes, ready to attack intruders passing below.

The chamber doubles as the PCs' "private" quarters if they decline King Korvul's offer to sleep in the common room (area 1-1c).

Sentries (6): Init +0; Atk spear +2 melee (1d6); AC 10; HD 1d6; hp 4 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will -2; AL N.

Area 1-1g – The Court of King Korvul: The large chamber is decorated in a poor imitation of a throne room—or, more accurately, what a poor person would imagine a throne room to be. Gaudy tapestries of rotting cloth, painted gold and silver, adorn the walls. A patchwork of animal skins hangs over a throne constructed of crates and wine casks. Bits of worthless trophies hang on the walls: rusted weapons, strange bits of armor, and broken bones of dubious origins.

Korvul and his five concubines pass their days in drunken slumber, watched over by three Mingol champions. The mercenaries are easily bribed, betraying their master for as little as 20 smerduks apiece (though they will bargain for more). In combat, their morale breaks as soon as one or more of their brothers are laid low.

At night, the Korvul holds court with his council of advisors, plotting grand schemes that never come to fruition. The council, a circle of failed rogues and blackguards, all play to King Korvul's misplaced sense of self-importance and false grandeur, each working to outdo the other in their sycophancy.

A trap door is concealed behind the mock throne. Covered by a stack of empty barrels, the tunnel drops down into area 1-1h. In case of attack, Korvul topples the stack of barrels and dives into the tunnel, attempting to climb to safety. Characters in the throne room must make Luck checks or be struck by one of the falling barrels for 1d4 damage.

Treasure: There is little of worth in the chamber. Each concubine wears paste gems appearing to be worth, collectively, 100 g.r., but any trained jeweler or fence immediately recognizes the stones as fake.

Korvul wears a ring of eight keys on a leather loop that hangs from his belt. The keys open the seven coffer found in the treasure hold (area 1-1h). The eighth key opens the lock securing the grate in area 1-1i.

King Korvul: Init +1; Atk fist +3 melee (1d3+3); AC 8; HD 3d8; hp 12; MV 20'; Act 1d24; SV Fort +3, Ref -2, Will +1; AL C.

Mingol Mercenaries (3): Init +2; Atk scimitar +2 melee (1d8+2); AC 15; HD 2d12; hp 12 each; MV 25'; Act 1d20; SP fails morale after one is defeated; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +1; AL N.

Concubines (5): Init +0; Atk dagger +0 melee (1d4); AC 10; HD 1d5; hp 3 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -2, Ref +1, Will -2; AL N.

Council of Advisors (9): Init +0; Atk dagger +0 melee (1d4); AC 11; HD 1d6; hp 4 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -2, Ref +1, Will -2; AL N.

Area 1-1h – Treasure Hold: The tunnel opens into a small, circular chamber with a sandy floor. The air stinks of sewage, emanating from area 1-1i. The brick ceiling is arched, and reaches 7' in height, permitting characters to stand.

Placed along the walls are seven heavy coffer. Each is bound in iron and sealed with a lock (opened by the keys held by King Korvul in area 1-1g, or with DC 15 Pick Lock checks). Each coffer holds a layer of smerduks scattered over lead weights—King Korvul's legendary treasure vault is a farce. Desperate characters can collect 86 tarnished smerduks in all.

Area 1-1i – Escape Tunnel: The narrow tunnel runs to a filthy iron grate that opens into the sewer below (area 2-4). A simple wooden coffer sits on the floor next to the grate.

The grate is secured with a simple lock, but spatters of sewage and rust make opening it a challenge (DC 20 Pick Lock check).

The coffer contains an oiled cloak, a brace of daggers, a cloth mask, and a vial of heavily-scented oil. A character wearing a mask doused in the oil is immune to the effects of the sewers or the refuse chambers (areas 1-1d).

THE DOGFISH

Area 1-2 – The Dogfish: *The low building squats in shame, perpetually in the shadow of the surrounding tenements. A series of worn stone steps rise to a pair of low doors.*

Inert bodies are cast about the steps – sleeping off the night's excesses or worse. The clatter of crockery can be heard through the small windows, and tendrils of sour smoke hang about the street like an aging trollop's veil.

The Dogfish is the neighborhood dive, serving drinks and simple fare. The alehouse never truly closes, though business slows to a crawl in the late hours preceding and following dawn. In the early evening hours drinkers, gamblers, and pickpockets crowd the narrow common room, filling the thick night air with shouts and laughter. The patrons thin as the night wears on, until—when the night mists start to recede, and the first rays of dawn streak through the city's battlements—the only ones left are the solitary, dead-eyed drinkers and insensate victims of the night's revelries.

The Dogfish is owned and run by Dvoranii, an older man scarred from a lifetime of labor, with deep-set wrinkles, broad shoulders, and a perpetual heaviness.

Dvoranii's sole joy in life is his daughter: Jakai, a pretty girl of seventeen summers who has fallen in with the Scuttlers. The Scuttlers use the girl as leverage over the tavern keeper: So long as Dvoranii pays a deep cut of each night's proceeds, his daughter is kept safe.

If the PCs can recover the girl (see area 1-3c) they earn the old man's undying gratitude. Note, however, that Jakai is madly in love with the duelist Tibalc and doesn't wish to be "rescued." Tibalc wearily feigns affections to maintain the Scuttlers' hold over Dvoranii.

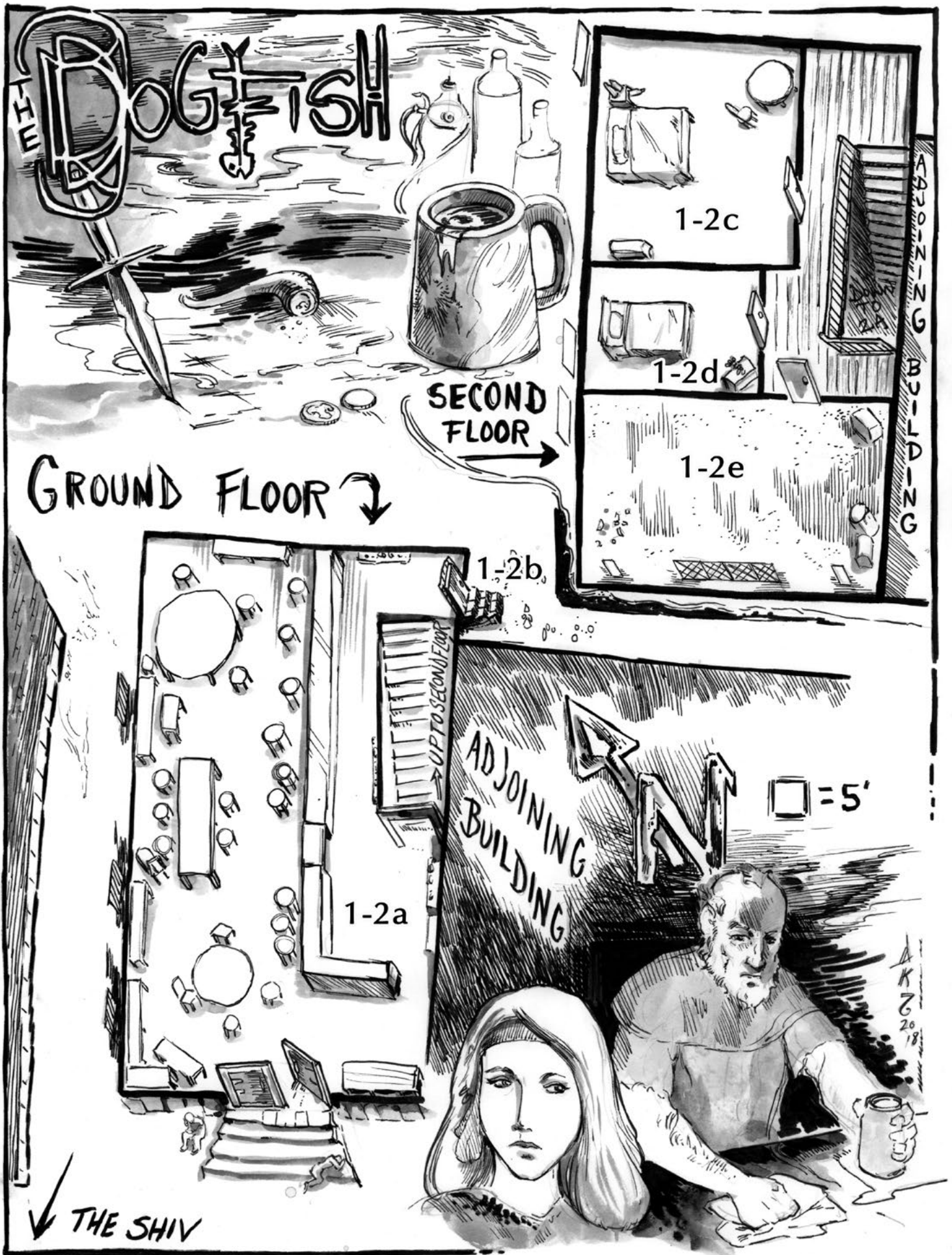
Dvoranii can be found serving drinks in the Dogfish from the early afternoon into the wee hours of the night. His staff is composed of eight young servers, and a gnarled crone called Old Crow who labors over a fire pit behind the Dogfish, cooking the strange meats, rice, and thick sauces that compose most the Dogfish's fare.

While the Dogfish sees rowdy fights nearly every night, they typically consist of a few drunken punches ending with the fighters retiring to the street to settle their differences. If an actual melee breaks out in the alehouse, Dvoranii hustles his staff out the back (area 1-2b) and blocks the door.

Dvoranii: Init +0; Atk club +2 melee (1d4+1); AC 11; HD 2d12; hp 12; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +2; AL L.

Serving Boys and Girls (8): Init +0; Atk knife +0 melee (1d3); AC 9; HD 1d5; hp 3 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +0, Ref +1, Will -1; AL N.

Area 1-2a – Common Room: The long, narrow chamber runs the length of the alehouse. The wooden ceiling is low and confining, and stained with soot and grease. Benches line the





walls with a handful of rough-hewn tables and chairs placed in the center of the room.

During the day, there are 1d12+2 rogues sleeping on the benches and straw mats rolled out on the floor. The price for the accommodations is 2 agols a night. Those unable to pay the price are cast out into street.

During the afternoon and evening, the common room slowly fills with coves, gamblers, and knaves. By midnight the common room is filled, with patrons spilling down the steps and out into the streets. During the night there are 1d30+15 patrons filling the Dogfish.

Most nights, the Owlets work the crowd, picking pockets and running simple scams. Any night a PC spends in the Dogfish, call for Luck check. On a failed check the PC is targeted by one of the Owlet thieves:

PC failed the Luck check by ...	Crimes at the Dogfish
1-2 points	PC catches the Owlet picking his purse. Reaction left up to PC; character can demand ransom, assistance, etc.
3-4 points	PC is approached by an Owlet, but spots the scam.
5 points	An Owlet lures a PC into a rigged game of Rat-Snake. Loses 1/4 of any coins currently carried.
6 points	An Owlet lures a PC into a rigged game of Rat-Snake. Loses 1/2 of any coins currently carried.
7 or more points	The PC catches the eye of a breathtaking houri; her smile beckons, but she is quickly lost in the crowd. Only later does the PC discover their entire coin purse is stolen.

Owlet Pickpocket: Init +0; Atk dagger +2 melee (1d4); AC 12; HD 1d6; hp 3; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -1, Ref +2, Will +1; AL N.

Dogfish Patrons (variable): Init +0; Atk fist +0 melee (1d3); AC 9; HD 1d6; hp 3 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -1, Ref -1, Will -2; AL N.

Area 1-2b – Kitchen and Stores: Narrow stone steps exit the back of the Dogfish, and run down to a muddy back alley dominated by a long narrow fire pit dug into the ground.

During the afternoon and evening, a dozen or more spits are laid over the pit, roasting strips of meat, speared vegetables and pots of boiling sauces. The air is thick with the smells of dripping fat, seared meat, and powerful spices.

Dvoranii's crone labors here at all hours of the day, catching scant hours of sleep in the early dawn and afternoon, only to be awakened by orders shouted down from the Dogfish. An ancient nursemaid, she has served Dvoranii since he was a young boy. For as long any have known her she has had no epithet other than "Old Crow," in but her native Ool Hrusp, her name was Serriti.

A small, tiled overhang serves as the Dogfish's storeroom and Serriti's bed chambers. She sleeps sitting up atop a stool, in a nook amid the dozens of wax-topped jars, flasks, and pots containing the spices she uses to create her sauces.

The meat is delivered by enterprising orphans and beggars who succeed in trapping rats, pigs, and alley chickens, as well as scrounging more questionable cuts of meat and fish. Serriti keeps a tall jar with 1d24+10 b.a. and 1d100+25 i.t. to pay her lovelies for their services.

If Serriti is attacked, she gives a cry, immediately summoning a number of the urchins to her aid. They fight wildly, in defense of their Old Crow.

Serriti, the Old Crow: Init +2; Atk cleaver +0 melee (1d5); AC 8; HD 1d5; hp 3; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +3; AL N.

Urchins (1d16-3): Init +0; Atk dagger +0 melee (1d4); AC 10; HD 1d5; hp 3 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +0, Ref +1, Will -1; AL N.

Area 1-2c – Master's Quarters: Dvoranii's quarters are simple, with a single raised bed, a small table, and a large, iron-bound coffer. Several empty wine bottles rest by his bedside.

The coffer is not locked. Inside are the remnants of the tavernkeeper's former life: an old, worn chain hauberk, a winged helm, and a paired longsword and dagger. The pommels of the longsword and dagger are both cast in the likeness of hawks, with small rubies set as eyes. The weapons are worth 20 and 7 g.r., respectively, but are priceless to the exile.

Hidden in the straw mattress is a small fortune Dvoranii has managed to conceal from the Scuttlers, in the hopes of fleeing Lankmar with his daughter. PCs searching the straw discover a large leather pouch containing 1d16 g.r., 4d20 s.s., 1d50+50 b.a., and 1d3 small jewels worth 10 g.r. each.

Area 1-2d – Jakai's Chamber: This chamber holds a bed, lovingly-made, and a small coffer. A small vase with fresh-cut flowers sits atop the empty coffer.

Dvoranii ensures the room is kept up, desperately hoping for his daughter's return.

Area 1-2e – Empty Loft: A thick coat of dust covers the floor, and the air has the smell of stale smoke. Several disused casks and a wooden crate stand against sloping walls. (All are empty.)

A section of roof tiles has collapsed on the far end of the loft, allowing a pair of owls to take up residence in the rafters. With a little work, the hole is easily widened, permitting egress by PCs.

Rooftop access: The Dogfish is roofed in clay tiles. At its peak, it is a mere 8' below the lowest eaves of the surrounding tenements. Catching hold of the eaves and pulling oneself onto an adjoining roof is readily accomplished by any PC, save the most frail and infirm.

Anyone slipping (or knocked) off the roof falls 20' to the street below, suffering 2d6 falling damage.

THE HOLE

Area 1-3 – The Hole: *Narrow stone steps lead down a ravine to a circular stone arch. The arch is sealed with iron bars. A tall, iron door is set into bars, protected by a large lock. The gate stands open and a pair of sentries lounges to either side.*

Down through the bars, you can see down the tunnel of an old aqueduct. The sound of raucous laughter echoes within.

The Pimp Street Scuttlers make their lair in an abandoned underground aqueduct; the water was redirected decades ago to feed the gardens of the nobility and the Overlord's pleasure pools, leaving the poor of Lankhmar to scavenge their water from rain barrels and fetid wells.

The aqueduct is a pipe, 12' in diameter, and lined with bricks and clay. The ceiling is stained with soot, and the entire complex stinks of sweat and smoke.

The primary entrance to the pit is through the iron grate (area 1-3a).

Area 1-3a – Entrance Grate: During all times of the day the gate is left open, permitting the Scuttlers easy passage. The sentries warding the gate are seasoned alley-bashers, but are also bored and take little notice of those passing through the gate. If characters look reasonably like they might have business pertaining to the Scuttlers, they are allowed to pass. (Judges are, of course, free to call for Luck checks to unnerve players.)

If at any point an alarm is raised, the sentries withdraw inside the aqueduct tunnel, hauling the gate closed behind them. One of the sentries fends off attackers from behind the bars while the other tries desperately to lock the door. The PCs have 1d5+1 rounds before the gate is locked; each round an additional 1d5-1 Scuttlers arrive, until there are 10 in all, defending the gate.

Once locked, the gate can be opened with a DC 15 Pick Lock check. If the thief is trying to pick the lock while being attacked, the character suffers a -2d penalty to their pick lock check. (A thief grants +1d to foe's attacks while picking the lock.)

Alternately, the heavy gate can be torn free with a DC 20 Strength check, or simply destroyed by dealing the hinges a total of 45 points of damage (AC 5).

Sentries (2): Init +0; Atk spear +1 melee (1d6+1); AC 12; HD 1d8; hp 5 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +1, Ref +0, Will -2; AL N.

Scuttlers (up to 10): Init +0; Atk club +1 melee (1d4+1); AC 12; HD 1d8; hp 4 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -1, Ref +1, Will +0; AL L.

Area 1-3b – Collapsed Tunnel: Once diversion pipes, these passageways have since collapsed, creating small side chambers off the main tunnel. The chambers are mostly disused and dusty, containing some trash and detritus like boards from smashed crates and shards of broken crockery.

The rubble tunnel's end offers a degree of concealment from the main tunnel. Characters succeeding on Luck checks (including thieves who have failed their Hide in Shadows check) are successfully hidden from sight.

Note: Areas 1-3c through 1-3f are floors set within an abandoned cistern, with 1-3c at the top and 1-3f at the very base. The floors are scabbed together from rotting planks, singed rafters, and old crates. An open shaft runs through the center of the first three levels, allowing access by a series of knotted ropes, crude ladders, and pulleys. The fourth and lowest floor, area 1-3f, can only be accessed via the trap door in area 1-3e.

Climbing the ropes and ladders is easily accomplished. However, any foes on higher levels have ample opportunity to cut or kick free the same, sending climbers falling to their doom.

It is a 60' fall from area 1-3c to 1-3e. Characters stumbling or falling into the open shaft can attempt a DC 15 Reflex save to catch hold of one of the half-dozen ropes hanging between the levels, swinging down onto the next floor.

Area 1-3c – Scuttlers' Lair: Dozens of straw pallets are cast haphazardly on the uneven wooden floor. Iron braziers hang from pins in the stone ceiling casting a dull red light about the chamber. The air is thick with smoke and the ceiling is stained with greasy soot. A dozen or so crude wooden crates double as benches, with half-eaten plates of food and jacks of wine lying about.

At any time during the day or night there are 1d20+10 Scuttlers resting, drinking, and dicing away the hours. It is nearly impossible to slip past them to the shaft (requiring both DC 25 Sneak Silently and Hide in Shadows checks) without the use of powerful magics.

Anyone entering the chamber is confronted by the day or night master, as is appropriate. The master takes any messages or missives to be delivered to Boss Letho, and turns away all efforts to push deeper into the lair, doing his best to ensure that the gang's boss isn't disturbed. The sole exception is if the PCs claim to have business with the Slayers (in area 1-3d). Both the day and the night master are terrified of angering the Slayers, and quickly usher the PCs along.

Attacked, the Scuttlers call out to the Slayers and Boss Letho below. The Slayers respond in 1d3+1 rounds (see area 1-3d), while Letho and his companions hunker down and prepare their defense – leaving their allies to fight alone.

Jakai, daughter of Dvoranii, rooms here, spending as much time as she can with her reticent lover, Tibalc. If the PCs attempt to return her to her father at the Dogfish, she does not go peaceably, fighting her kidnappers the entire way. If, however, she can be convinced of Tibalc's infidelity, the heartbroken girl will go wherever the PCs lead her. She wears a brass ring adorned with a paste ruby, a gift from Tibalc. She mistakenly believes it to be worth 50 rilks or more, and will attempt to use the ring

to buy her freedom from the PCs. The paste gem is reasonably well-made, and only jewelers or experienced fences will spot the fake.

Treasure: A search of the crates reveals clothes and blankets thick with lice, a few jacks of wine, and 1d14 b.a. The shift master carries a worn leather pouch with 1d20+5 s.s. and a set of bone Rat-Snake dice.

Jakai: Init +1; Atk knife +0 melee (1d3); AC 11; HD 1d6; hp 3; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -1, Ref +1, Will -1; AL C.

Day or Night Master: Init +0; Atk cudgel +1 melee (1d6); AC 12; HD 2d8; hp 8; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +2; AL L.

Scuttlers (variable): Init +0; Atk club +1 melee (1d4+1); AC 12; HD 1d8; hp 4 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -1, Ref +1, Will +0; AL N.

Area 1-3d – The Slayers: This level is occupied by the band of Letho's paid Slayers. Six cots are scattered about the platform, draped with patchwork blankets and threadbare pillows. A raised cooking brazier rests atop an iron stand, adjacent to the shaft. (The brazier is filled with coals, and readily dumped on any standing at the base of the shaft below, inflicting 1d14+3 damage on the unfortunate soul and setting the platforms alight.) A single large chest rests against the outside wall.

During the day there are 1d3+3 Slayers resting here, recuperating from the night's work. At night, their numbers dwindle to 1d2, the balance of their brothers attending to the Scuttlers' missions.

The Slayers serve two roles within the gang: escorting and defending the Scuttlers on particularly sensitive jobs, and recruiting promising members into their own ranks. Their loyalty to Boss Letho is entirely transactional, but honor is also at stake—abandoning their charge too quickly undermines trust in their guild. However, if a band of clearly powerful PCs offers the Slayers a goodly sum (10 rilks or more) to look the other way, the Slayers grudgingly agree—then return later to finish off any surviving Scuttlers so that none live to tell the tale of their betrayal.

The Slayers fight until half or more of their fellows fall to the PCs' blades. Once their morale breaks, they attempt to withdraw to area 1-3e—desperately leaping for ropes or ladders—in an effort to regroup with Letho, below.

Slayers (variable): Init +1; Atk short sword +1 melee (1d6+1); AC 14; HD 2d10; hp 10 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP weak morale; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +1; AL L.

Area 1-3e – Boss Letho: The vertical shaft ends in Boss Letho's lair: a dank, chill platform built just above the base of the cistern. Letho's attendants try to counter the cold stink of mold and waste with braziers of incense, kept constantly alight. A haze of incense hangs in the air like a fog, mingling with—but never quite overcoming—the stench of wet trash.

The platform is richly appointed with pillows, woven rugs, and thick tapestries. All are succumbing to rot and mold, and are slick to the touch. Three large clay vases contain a foul slop of rotting vegetables and meat in a thick soup—meals for the pigs kept in area 1-3f.

The chamber is cast in the dim glow of the braziers, permitting skilled thieves to hide nearly anywhere with a DC 5. Non-thieves can also try to hide in the chamber, but use a d10 for the

check. Even non-thieves can hide in the chamber with a successful Luck check. When Letho or his menagerie are present, tall candles are lit about the chamber, but to little effect.

Boss Letho can be found here at nearly any time of the day or night, consorting with his mistresses and lieutenants. Roll 1d7 to determine who is present, accounting for any prior actions on the part of the PCs:

Roll 1d7 Occupants

- | | |
|-----|--|
| 1-3 | Boss Letho and 2 consorts |
| 4-5 | Boss Letho, 4 consorts, Tibalc, and Gricci |
| 6 | Boss Letho, 7 consorts, Tibalc, Gricci, Ipksk, and 2 Slayers |
| 7 | The chamber is empty. However, Letho and his attendants may be returning soon. Roll a second time. A result of 1 through 6 reveals who returns in the next 1d10+5 minutes. If the result is seven a second time, the PCs have several hours before Boss Letho and 3 consorts return. |

The mistresses bear no loyalty to Boss Letho, fleeing at the first opportunity (or even aiding the PCs in hopes of gaining their favor).

The lieutenants falsely believe that Letho has a vested interest in their survival. They fight courageously, even as Letho flees for his life through area 1-3f.

Trapdoor: A door is set in the wooden floor, opening to the base of the cistern (area 1-3f). The basin is occupied by 7 large and ferocious pigs, and is filled, knee-deep, with waste and refuse. Pressed, Letho dumps one of the fetid jars down through the trapdoor, distracting the pigs for a round or two, and then leaps down into the water, hauling the trapdoor closed behind him.

The trapdoor can be barred from below. The door is easily smashed through with 3 minutes of work; characters trying to break through the door more quickly must succeed on a DC 20 Strength check or inflict 20 points of damage to the door.

For details of the basin's porcine inhabitants, see area 1-3f below.

Treasure: Boss Letho keeps a small amount of the Scuttlers' wealth in the chamber, with the rest sunk beneath the foul waters in area 1-3f. At the head of one of the pillow beds is a slim silver coffer, secured with a simple lock (DC 10 Pick Lock check). Inside the coffer are 1d20+5 g.r., 1d50+20 s.s., and 1d20+5 b.a.

The key to the coffer is kept on a silver chain worn around Letho's neck.

Boss Letho: Init +1; Atk short sword +2 melee (1d6+2) or dagger +0 ranged (1d4+2); AC 13; HD 4d10; hp 22; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +4; AL L.

Consorts (variable): Init +0; Atk dagger +0 melee (1d4); AC 10; HD 1d5; hp 3 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -1, Ref +1, Will -1; AL N.

Tibalc, Prince of Cats: Init +3; Atk longsword +2 melee (1d8+2); AC 15; HD 4d10; hp 23; MV 30'; Act 2d20; SP riposte (counter-attack when missed, 1d3+2); SV Fort +2, Ref +4, Will +2; AL C.

Ipksk: Init +1; Atk dagger +1 melee or ranged (1d4+1); AC 13; HD 3d6; hp 12; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP attack of opportunity (critical threat range 17-20); SV Fort -1, Ref +2, Will +2; AL L.



Gricci: Init +2; Atk dagger +3 melee or +1 ranged (1d4+3); AC 12; HD 4d8; hp 16; MV 30'; Act 2d20; SP bearhug (+4 grapple, 1d3 Sta per round); SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +0; AL N.

Slayers (2): Init +1; Atk short sword +1 melee (1d6+1); AC 14; HD 2d10; hp 10 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +1; AL L.

Area 1-3f – Basin: The lowest level of the cistern is a claustrophobic 6' in height, made even shallower by the accretion of filth and sediment. Icy water fills the chamber to a height of about 16 inches and is thick with floating refuse. The chamber is completely dark, and the stench of cold rot fills the air.

The basin is occupied by seven enormous pigs. Ferocious and ill-tempered, they are conditioned to regard anything (and anyone) entering their demesne as a meal. The pigs can be distracted for a round or two by casting food in the water, but quickly devour the offering and move on to any characters.

A swollen wooden door is set in the wall of the basin. The small portal exits onto a platform in the sewers (area 2-5). It takes three rounds of work or a DC 13 Strength check to open.

Treasure: A close search of the chamber (a frigid, disgusting task) reveals a rusted iron chain pinned to the wall, just above

the waterline. The chain hangs down below the water, and runs to a strongbox buried in the muck and filth.

The strongbox is secured with a trio of locks, made even more challenging by the pit's conditions (DC 25 Pick Lock check). The strongbox opens to reveal three oilskin satchels. The first satchel contains 1d20+50 g.r. The second contains 5 silver ingots (each the equivalent of 100 s.s.). The final bag contains 1d12+7 gems of varying size and quality, worth an average of 5 g.r. apiece.

Boss Letho's flight: Pressed, the gang boss empties one of the tall vases from area 1-3e into the pit, distracting the pigs for a round, and then sprints through the muck to the far door. The powerful Letho hauls open the door, then dives through, hurling the door closed. If he makes good his escape, Letho dashes through the sewers to the Dogfish.

Large Pigs (7): Init +2; Atk bite +1 melee (1d4); AC 10; HD 1d6; hp 6 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will -2; AL N.

OTHER MEETING PLACES

Area 1-4 – Old Slave Barracks: The remnants of a stone wall surround a low pit. The walls are cracked and blackened from fire, and are overgrown with thorny vines.

The slave barracks burned down decades ago, leaving a skeleton of crumbling stone walls surrounding a large sandy pit. The central pit is pockmarked with depressions, trenches, and shafts—the remains of old cells.

During the day the ruins are home to 1d12+4 of the neighborhood's most pitiful outcasts. Lepers, the mentally ill, and the old and decrepit make their home here when there is nowhere else they can go. They sleep amid the fallen stones and stagger about the ruins, scavenging scraps of rotting food and the occasional lost coin for their survival.

At night on Day 2 and every 7th day following, the ruins are host to brutal pit fights. Pitch torches are lit atop the stone walls, casting a hellish, flickering light over the slave pit. Raucous crowds fill the ruins, drinking, shouting, and betting on the fights. See timeline encounter A-4 for details on the fights.

Area 1-5 – Shrine of the Rat: A stained marble column stands in the center of a dirty, forgotten courtyard. The courtyard is littered with refuse, half-emptied bottles of wine, and strange sweetmeats. A constant carpet of rats swarm in and out of the square, feasting on the leavings, utterly indifferent to you and your companions.

Seated at the base of the column is an ancient man, dressed in a soiled toga, cupping a wooden bowl in his hands. Rats stream over and around the ancient one, combing through his hair and toga.

All the while, the statue of a golden rat sits high atop the column, watching the proceedings with glittering eyes.

The ancient, wrinkled Rat Priest is an Ilthmart mystic. His milky white eyes lost all vision long ago, but it has cost the mendicant little—the rats whisper in his ears, telling him the comings and goings of the day.

Locals leave offerings of food and drink in the courtyard, hoping to buy the goodwill—or at least the benevolent indifference—of the Rat God. Those seeking indulgences for their sins or wisdom from the god leave coins in the Rat Priest's bowl.

Scuttlers visit after dusk on Day 3 and every 7th day following, bearing baskets of rotting fruit and vegetables in exchange for the Rat Priest's coins. (See timeline encounter A-6 for details.) The Rat Priest never puts up a fight, readily surrendering the offerings.

Unknown to many, the blind Rat Priest does understand the rodents' whispers. There is very little that goes on in the neighborhood that isn't witnessed by rats or mice and all of it is reported back to the priest. The Rat Priest plays no favorites and is willing to share his knowledge with any who make an offering of gold. Unlike the lesser tributes, the Rat Priest keeps these sacrifices, never turning them over to the Scuttlers. The Scuttlers have learned the hard way not to test the Rat God.

The Rat God: The marble column is 60' in height, and topped by a large golden statue of the Rat God. Rather than being cast in gold, the statue has been slowly accreted from gold coins, buttons, rings, and the like. Though drawn from a thousand parts, the statue is eerily lifelike.

Every morning, just before dawn, the Rat Priest climbs to the top of the pillar, and hammers any newfound gold into the statue, smoothing out old lines, and adding weight to the Rat God's broad shoulders and ponderous belly. Thus the statue grows slowly over the course of years and decades.

The statue is mammoth, nearly 8' high and solid gold—easily worth 5,000 rilkos or more for the raw gold alone. However, the statue is sacred to the Rat God, and even in the City of Thieves, few knaves are fools enough to test a god's ire.

Yet the PCs might just be those fools.

Anyone disturbing the statue immediately draws the attention of the rat swarm. The rats pour out of the nearby tenements and gutters, off the rooftops and up from the sewers, swarming the imperious soul so brave as to disturb the Rat God's shrine. The rats have no fear, and are effectively endless in number—they can be slain in droves and still pour into the courtyard. Magic, be it white or black, has no effect on the Rat God's horde.

Any character, save for devotees of the Rat God, is swarmed by the filthy, brown tide, suffering 1d20 damage per round (DC 15 Reflex save to avoid). The swarm pursues anyone in possession of the Rat God's gold; the slightest trinket is sufficient to send a rolling plague of rodents after the characters.

LEVEL 2: SEWER LOCATIONS

The sewers tunnels fell into disrepair long ago, with mounds of bricks and clay littering the floors, creating accidental dams that collect effluvium of the worst sort.

The sewers can be accessed by iron grates scattered about the slums, and the occasional open pit. These same openings serve to drain sewage and rainwater from the streets; characters making use of the nightman's highway must either be picky about their place of egress or terribly strong of stomach.

Characters passing through the sewers must succeed on DC 15 Fort saves. On a failed check, the character falls to his knees in the filth and spends the next 1d3 rounds retching. Afterwards the PC is at -1d to all actions until changing their clothes or bathing. (Those wearing oiled masks, such as found in area 1-1i, are immune to the stench.)

(Profoundly cunning PCs might slip a clipped bit of gold into a rival's purse, sending the swarm to do their violent work—but stealing the gold from the statue, and then surviving long enough locate the rival and pass off the gold, is a feat full worthy of the greatest swordsmen that have ever lived.)

The Rat Priest: Init -1; Atk fist -1 melee (1d3-1); AC 9; HD 1d4; hp 3; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP summon rat swarm, gift of prophecy; SV Fort +1, Ref -1, Will +4; AL L.

Area 1-6 – The Gibbeting Yard: *A dead tree stands in the center of the square, its barren limbs stretching like skeletal fingers out over a gore-stained stock. A pair of rusted gibbets hangs from the tree, watched over by crows.*

A steep-walled ravine cuts through the center of the courtyard. The ravine is spanned by an ancient stone bridge. Sewage and rainwater pool at the base of the ravine.

During the day, the courtyard is host to a meager collection of vendors with patchwork tents and rough stalls. Strange street meats, sour wine, sodden vegetables, and last week's catch can all be had for mere tiks or agols, along with common items easily stolen and resold.

At night the square stands abandoned, empty save for mongrel strays and the occasional pig rooting through the remains of the day.

In addition to the sparse market, the square is also used for the punishment of criminals. Not all convictions are handed down by the watch: neighborhood mobs have been known to nail offenders' hands to the Gibbeting Tree, and scarcely a month passes without a body found floating in the filth at the bottom of the ravine.

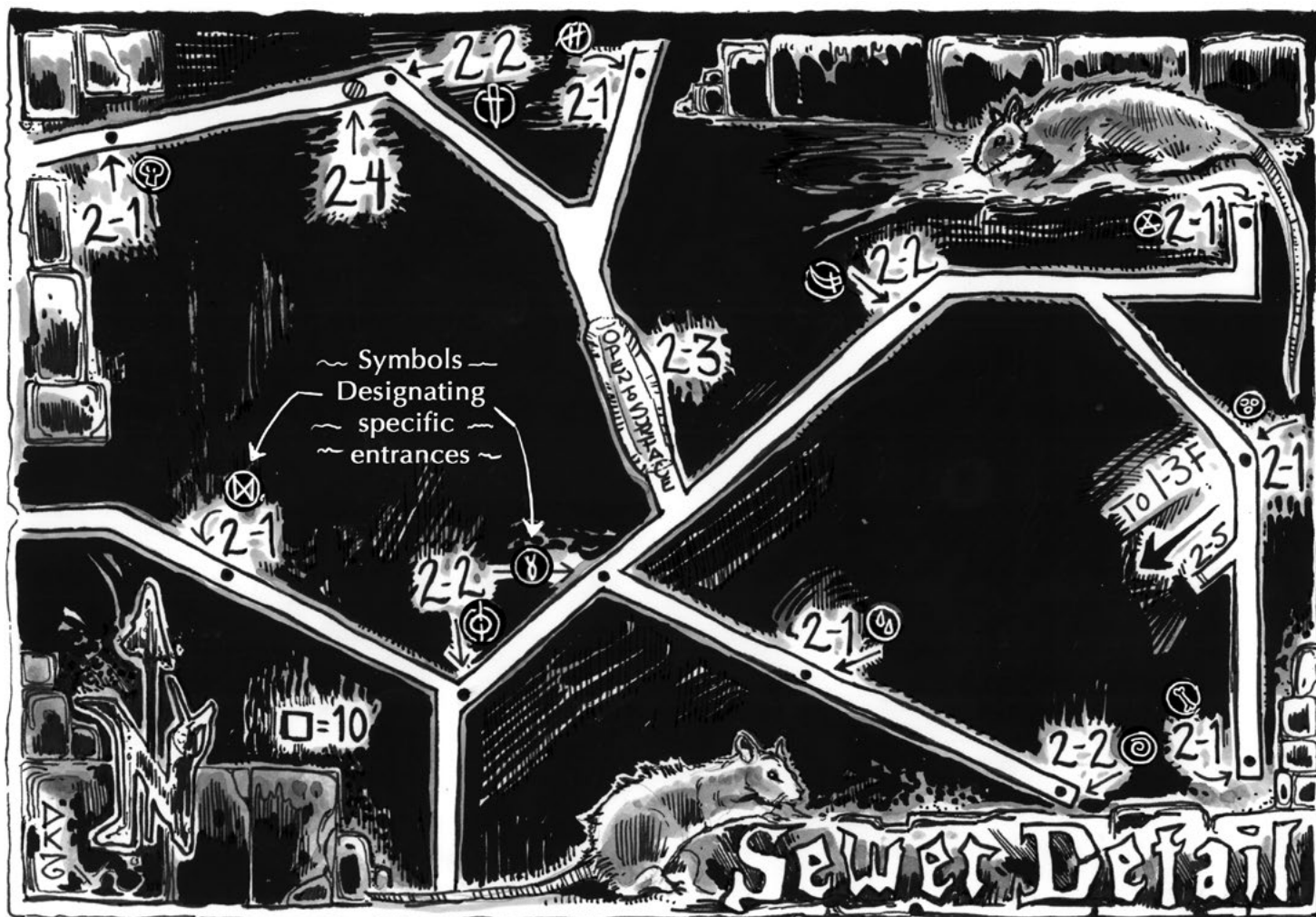
The stone bridge has long since fallen into disrepair. The railing has collapsed, the stones supporting the arch have begun to fall away, and wooden planks cover gaping holes in the roadway. The bridge is 10' wide and 20' above the ground at its peak; anyone falling from the bridge pitches down into the polluted water below, taking 2d4 falling damage.

The gibbets are secured by simple locks, but weather and crow dung have worked havoc on the mechanisms (DC 17 Pick Lock check). The trunk of the gibbeting tree is pockmarked with holes from dozens of spikes.

The sewer tunnels are circular and 8' in width, with narrow wooden catwalks running on either side of the tunnel, just above the waterline. In places the catwalks have rotted away, forcing intrepid explorers to leap from one side of the tunnel to the other, or trudge through the knee-deep filth.

The sewer's chief inhabitants are its numerous rats and mice. They pose no threat to ambulatory characters, their eyes glittering at the furthest reach of torchlight. Characters who fall unconscious in the sewers, or are crippled and unable to flee, are consumed by rats in the darkness.

Area 2-1 – Open Entrance: *An open pit, some 3' in diameter, is bored directly into the alley floor. A stream of sewage pours over the lip of the pit, vanishing into darkness below.*



The sewer's open entrances are unmarked and dangerous, and known to most of the neighborhood's regulars. PCs hailing from outside the neighborhood are not so fortunate. Characters blindly dashing down an alley with an open sewer risk falling into the entrances: call for a Luck check from each PC. On a failed Luck check, the character stumbles into the open pit; the character must then make a DC 10 Reflex save or fall 15' down the shaft, and then another 8' into the sewer (taking a total of 2d6 damage in the fall).

Area 2-2 – Grated Entrance: *A crusted grate of iron bars is sunken atop crude a shaft cut into the cobbles. The stench of sewage and rot rises through the bars, swirling and merging with the stink of oily street meat, sour wine, and hearth-smoke.*

As area 2-1, the grated sewer shafts are narrow enough to be easily climbed by agile explorers (DC 10 Climb Sheer Surfaces or Agility check).

Characters on the sides of the ravine can easily enter either sewer tunnel via the rotting platforms.

Area 2-4 – Knives’ Grate: *An iron grate is set into the ceiling of the sewer tunnel here. It is dark past the grate but in the flickering shadows you and your companions can make out a large lock, securing the grate in the far side.*

The lock is intended to be opened from above. Those attempting to pick it from below—from the sewer side—must do so blindly, worsening the already-difficult Pick Lock DC to 25.

Area 2-5 – Scuttlers’ Portal: *A round wooden door is set into sewer wall at chest height. There is no sign of a handle or hinges, but the wood is branded with the sign of a ship sinking in a rough sea.*

The door opens away from the sewers, into area 1-3f, the base of the Scuttlers’ lair. Anyone familiar with the pendants worn

by the Scuttlers can assume as much.

The door is swollen in place, and requires no small effort to push open. The fearsome pigs in area 1-3f wait in silence; they cannot fit through the small portal, but ferociously attack anyone that steps into their demesne.

LEVEL 3: ROOFTOP LOCATIONS

The roofs of Lankhmar’s slums are a boon to the city’s cat burglars, eaves-droppers, and window-bashers. Agile characters can put the crow’s road to great effect: Characters atop the roofs can stalk other characters through the streets without fear of losing their prey. Additionally, ranged attacks from the street level towards those on the rooftops suffer a -1d penalty to hit.

This opportunity comes with some degree of risk. While Lankhmar’s temperate climate lends itself to shallow-sloped roofs, a fall from a four-story tenement to the hard stone cobbles is deadly, and the greasy night smogs can make even the gentlest slope dangerous.

The tenements are commonly three to five stories in height, with most other buildings rising no more than three stories from the street. A building’s height can be inferred from the neighborhood map.

In general, reaching the eave of a building 20’ in height or less is readily accomplished, even by non-thieves. Characters can climb mounds of refuse, stack crates, haul themselves up laundry ropes, or simply climb the rotting, exposed beams to the roof. Higher rooftops can be reached with a DC 10 Climb Sheer Surfaces check (DC 10 Agility check for non-thieves).

Judges: Don’t forget to apply check penalties for armored PCs!

Characters can move safely across the rooftops at half speed or less. Movement at full speed requires a DC 15 Climb Sheer Surfaces check (or a DC 15 Agility check for non-thieves). Characters attempting a double move must make DC 20 checks. Failing the check sends the character sliding and skittering towards the edge of the roof. The character is permitted a DC 20 Reflex save to catch hold of the eave, arresting their slide; failing to do so sends the PC pitching off the roof and down into the street. (See Falling, below.)

In general, there are sufficient chimneys, planks, pigeon cages, water tanks, laundry ropes, and the like to allow characters to easily climb between adjacent buildings.

Characters attempting to vault across an alley or street onto another building must aim for an equal or lower rooftop. Leaping across an alley requires a DC 10 Agility check. Vaulting across an entire street requires a DC 17 Agility check. Failing the save results in the PC plummeting earthward.

Rooftop melee is deadly business. Any character struck for 5 or more points of damage must immediately attempt a DC 15 Reflex save or fall tumbling towards the eaves, as above.

Falling: Characters suffer 1d6 damage for every 10’ fallen—likely a death sentence for low-level PCs. Characters can, however, get lucky: by spending a point of Luck, a PC may roll on the following table (modified by their current Luck modifier). PCs may spend additional points of Luck to improve the roll.

Roll 1d20 + Luck mod

1-15

Do the Gods of Lankhmar smile on me?

No. You strike the hard cobbles for regular falling damage.

16

You crash through the roof of a tumbledown shack, terrifying the residents but reducing the damage from the fall. Take 1d4 damage for every 10’ fallen.

17

You land atop a stack of wooden crates and barrels, taking 1d3 damage for every 10’ fallen.

18

You land in a massive mound of rotting vegetables and night soil. Your clothes are ruined but you only take 1d2 damage for every 10’ fallen.

19

You miraculously catch hold of a sign, window sill, or laundry rope—which immediately tears free of your grasp. You strike the cobbles and roll, taking a mere 1 point of damage for every 10’ fallen.

20+

You fall crashing through the oilskin roof of a vendor’s stall or a passing carriage, into a wagon loaded with cabbage or fill dirt, catch hold of a sturdy sign—or something similarly lucky, miraculously taking no damage.

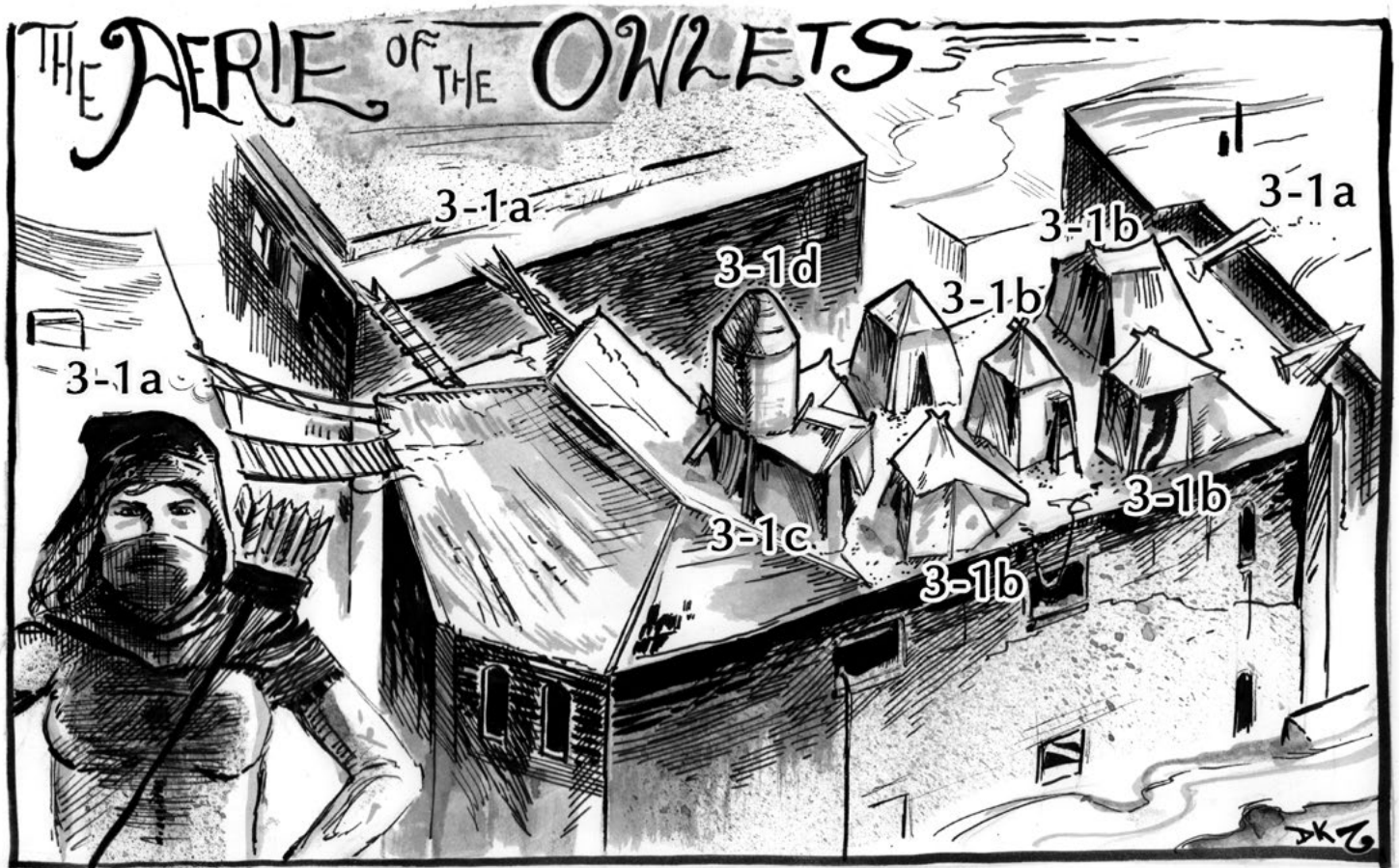
THE AERIE

Area 3-1 – The Aerie: *The tall, narrow tenement has sunken into the moldering earth, and now appears that it could pitch over at any moment. The building seems abandoned—its doors hanging agape, the windows black and empty.*

The sole hint of life hangs far above: a series of hanging ropes, planks, and chains connecting the high rooftop to nearby buildings.

The Forty Owlets make their lair in shacks and tents atop the roof of a long-abandoned tenement. The building is some four floors in height, but all the internal floors have largely succumbed to age and rot, leaving a skeleton of beams and boards. The structure can be scaled, but most of the Owlets and their visitors reach the rooftop lair via a series of planks and ropes that bridge the gap from nearby buildings.

All the crossings are easily defended and even severed by Owlets atop the tenement roof. A character on a crossing when the moorings are cut must make a DC 10 Reflex save to catch hold of the ropes or planks as they swing down (even a PC making the save suffers damage equal to 1d5 minus their Luck modifier as they swing crashing down into the wall of the building).



Those unable to catch hold of the severed crossing plummet to the cobbles below, suffering 3d6 damage from the fall.

Area 3-1a - Surrounding Rooftops: The buildings surrounding the Aerie all stand 10' to 20' lower than the Owllet's lair, preventing easy sniping from below. (Characters armed with bows may launch arcing attacks from below, at a -1d penalty.)

The planks or rope bridges are easily severed by any attack from a bladed weapon. See area 3-1 above for the fate awaiting characters caught on a failing bridge.

Area 3-1b - Owllet Tent: A handful of Owlets make their quarters here in an oilskin tent. Hung from scavenged beams and rafters, the tent is surprisingly airy and cool during the heat of the day, with a small brazier to provide heat during the colder nights.

Each tent houses 3 to 4 cots, with the same number of trunks and bedrolls. Short swords, daggers, and quivers of arrows hang from the posts, with unstrung shortbows in oilskin cases nearby. All of the gear is serviceable but unexceptional. Finally, each tent contains a bucket of night soil, which the Owlets gleefully rain down on attackers assaulting their lair from below.

At night 1d2 Owlets are present in each tent, recuperating from their latest heists. During the day 1d3+1 of the sneak thieves are resting here, drinking and playing Rat-Snake.

There are six tents atop the roof, for a potential 24 Owlets. If an alarm is raised, the thieves rush to the defense of their lair. They quickly cut away any crossings being used by attackers, and then rain down arrows from behind cover. If attackers reach the rooftop, the Owlets withdraw to make their stand with the Abbess and her coterie in area 3-1c.

Treasure: Each of the thieves keeps a small pouch on her person, usually hung around the neck. Each contains 1d7 s.s. and 1d3-1 g.r. The women keep their wealth on them at all times, in case they need to flee the city.

The trunks contain the thieves' various disguises, as well as bits of leather armor and chain hauberts, donned during more dangerous missions.

Owlets (variable): Init +0; Atk short sword +0 melee (1d6) or shortbow +0 ranged (1d6); AC 10; HD 1d6; hp 3 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -1, Ref +2, Will +0; AL N.

Area 3-1c - The Abbess: The leader of the Owlets makes her quarters in a tent-shack built against the base of an elevated water tank. The fearless Abbess is beloved by the Owlets, and she loves her charges in turn, and is willing to die in their defense if she can take her foes with her (see below).

The tent-shack is composed of two chambers: the tented entrance, where the Abbess plots with her Owlets; and the studier-built walled shack, where the Abbess makes her bedchambers.

The entrance is a spartan room, with a small table surrounded by several stools. Placed along the tent wall are scores of rolled maps—in waterproof cases, rolled in barrels, or simply loose. Collectively, the maps capture nearly every detail of the slums; players whose characters take the time to sort through the maps and collate the details can be rewarded with copies of all the judge's maps, including the Scuttlers' lair.

The Abbess' bedchambers are lushly appointed with the finest rugs, tapestries, pillows, and covers the Owlets have managed to steal. The chamber is lit by several tall silver candlesticks (heisted from the Temple of Mog), and warmed by a brazier of scented coals.

During the day, the Abbess can be found here, plotting the next night's heist with 1d8+2 Owlets (see area 3-1b for stats).

At night, there is a 3-in-5 chance the Abbess is present and entertaining her lover (and mark), Captain Ildam of the city watch. The captain is wildly in love with the Abbess, but has no interest in dying for his passions. If the Aerie is assaulted, he makes a show of defending the Abbess, but then retreats from the rooftop.

If the Abbess and the captain are present, they are accompanied by 5 of the captain's men: stout men-at-arms who are quick with a blade. Each of the soldiers also has a consort drawn from the Owlets' ranks.

For her part, the Abbess refuses to leave the Aerie while her Owlets are in danger. She ushers her charges from the roof, then withdraws to the water tank (area 3-1d). See details on her final stand below.

Treasure: The Abbess doles out shares of the gang's take regularly. While she has first pick of any loot, she makes certain that each of her Owlets receives their fair share.

The Abbess keeps a small strongbox at the rear of her shack. The strongbox is kept unlocked as a sign of faith. Inside are 3 leather sacks and a small wooden box. The sacks contain 1d20+10 b.a., s.s., and g.r., respectively. The wooden box is lined with felt and contains 1d20+5 small cut gemstones, worth 3 g.r. apiece.

The Abbess: Init +2; Atk dagger +2 melee (1d4); AC 12; HD 2d8; hp 8; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP lucky cat charm (ignores one mortal attack per day); SV Fort +1, Ref +4, Will +3; AL N.

Captain Ildam: Init +1; Atk longsword +3 melee (1d8+3); AC 15; HD 4d12; hp 24; MV 25'; Act 1d20; SP cleave (attack destroys foe's weapon or shield if 9+ damage); SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +3; AL L.

The Captain's Men (5): Init +0; Atk sword +2 melee (1d8+2); AC 14; HD 2d12; hp 12 each; MV 25'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +1; AL L.

Consorts (5): Init +0; Atk dagger +0 melee (1d4); AC 10; HD 1d5; hp 3 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort -2, Ref +1, Will -2; AL N.

Area 3-1d – Water Tank: An elevated water tank looms over the roof. The Abbess has carefully weakened one of the legs, so that the tank will collapse with a single, targeted strike.



In the event that the Aerie falls to raiders, the Abbess withdraws to the tank.

She bides her time—until most of the Owlets have escaped, or when the Aerie has fallen to raiders—then strikes the footing with a heavy maul, knocking free the leg and causing the water tank to pitch over. The falling tank crashes down, collapsing the roof, sending everything and everyone in the Aerie pitching down to the rubble below.

PCs and exceptional NPCs are permitted a DC 15 Reflex save to catch hold of a rafter, beam, or the lip of a wall. Those failing the save fall the 40', but may attempt a Luck check; characters failing the check take 4d6 falling damage and then are struck by falling debris for another 3d12 damage. Those succeeding on the Luck check miraculously land unscathed amid the rubble.

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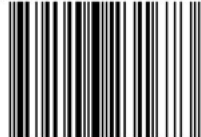
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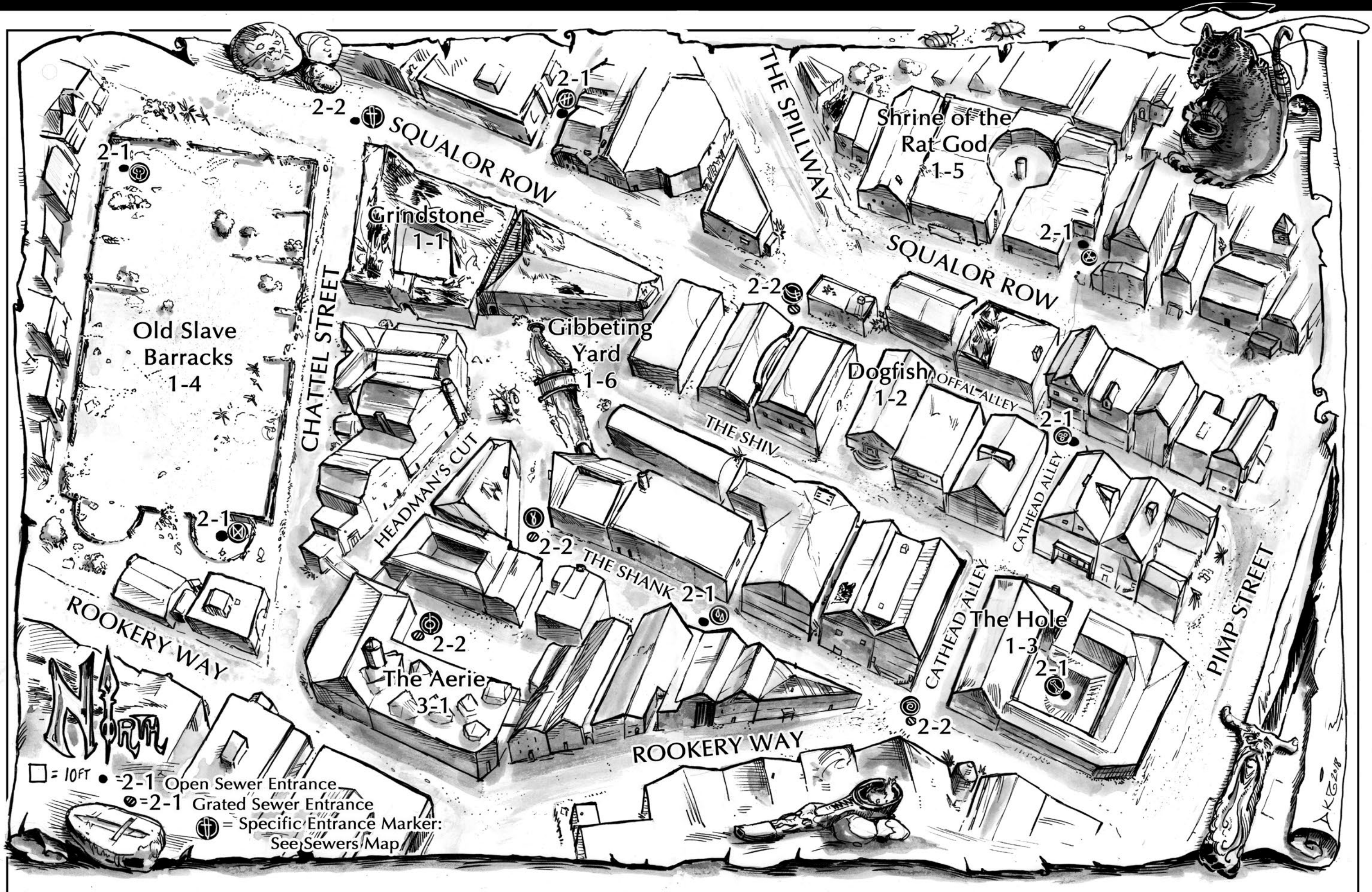
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