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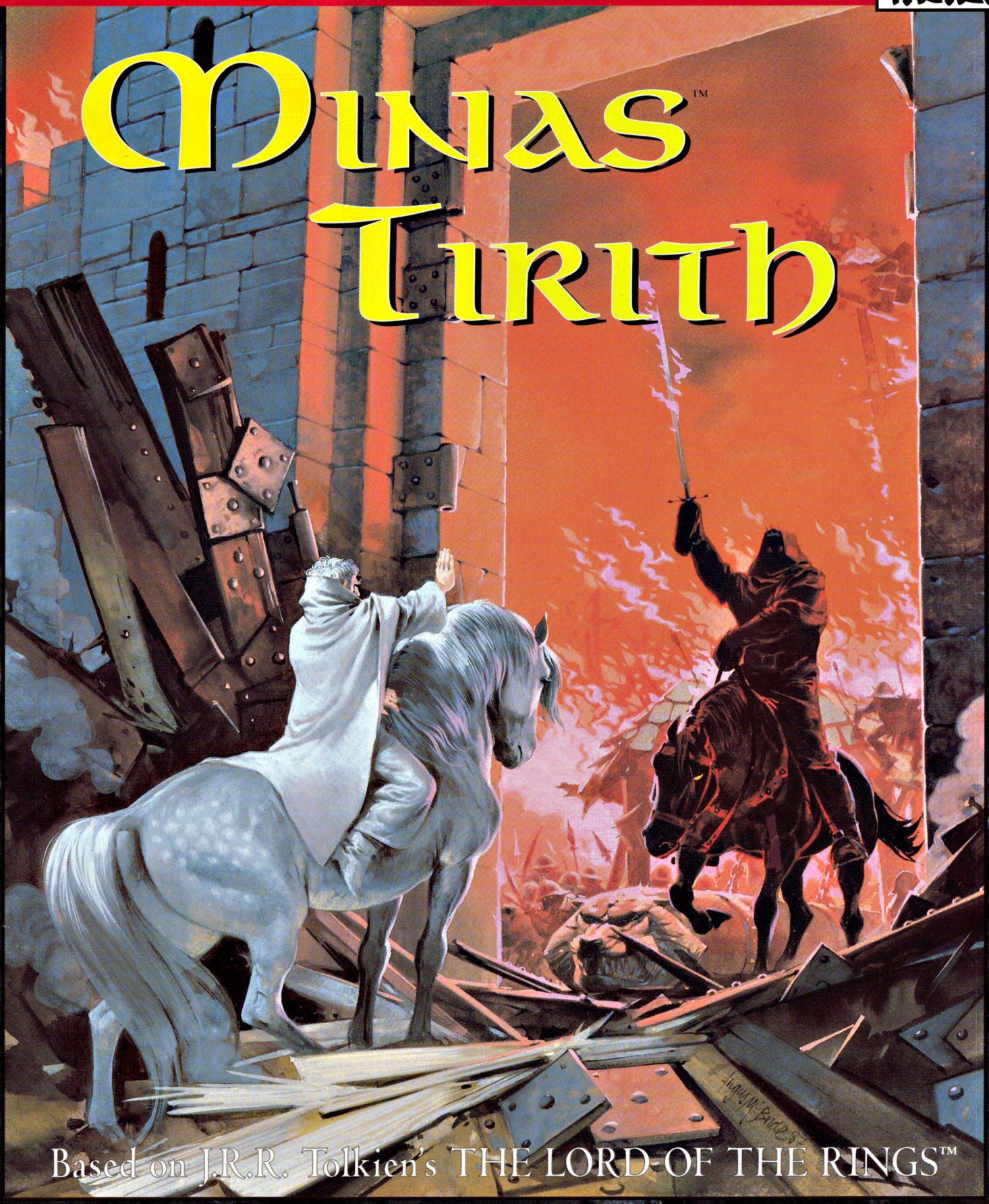
Minas Tirith™



Based on J.R.R. Tolkien's THE LORD OF THE RINGS™

Minas Tirith™



CONTENTS

1.0 Introduction. ... 3
1.1 The Citadel Series ... 3
1.2 Using Minas Tirith ... 3
1.3 The Temporal Setting ... 3

2.0 City of the Sun. ... 4
2.1 A History of Minas Arnor ... 4
2.2 The Tale of Years ... 5

3.0 The City Lands. ... 7
3.1 The Pelennor ... 8
3.2 The White Mountains ... 13
3.3 Anduin Riverbanks ... 14

4.0 Flora and Fauna. ... 14
4.1 Local Agriculture ... 14
4.2 Fishing ... 15
4.3 Herbalism ... 15
4.4 Wild Beasts and Birds ... 16
4.5 Wild Plants ... 17

5.0 Culture and Lifestyles. ... 17
5.1 Home Life ... 17
5.2 Customs, Etiquette, and Dress ... 18
5.3 Food and Drink ... 20
5.4 Spiritual Life ... 21
5.5 Art and Architecture ... 22

6.0 Commerce. ... 23

7.0 The Inhabitants. ... 24
7.1 The Royal Family ... 24
7.2 The Anorians ... 25
7.3 The Bureaucracy ... 33
7.4 Wooden-town's Refugees ... 34

8.0 Politics and Power. ... 35
8.1 Royal Authority ... 35
8.2 Conclave ... 36
8.3 The Prince-Presidency ... 36
8.4 Organization of the Fellowships ... 37
8.5 Secret Societies ... 37

9.0 City Overview. ... 39
9.1 The Outer Wall ... 39
9.2 The Great Gate ... 41
9.3 The City Walls ... 43
9.4 Streets ... 46
9.5 Water Supply and Sewers ... 47
9.6 A Key to Some City Sites ... 47

10.0 Buildings of Note. ... 50
10.1 First Level ... 50
10.2 Second Level ... 63
10.3 Third Level ... 79
10.4 Fourth Level ... 95
10.5 Fifth Level ... 108
10.6 Sixth Level ... 118
10.7 Seventh level—Citadel Rock ... 132

11.0 The City in Other Times. ... 145
11.1 The Kin-strife ... 145
11.2 The War of the Ring ... 146
11.3 In the Fourth Age ... 147

12.0 People of Note. ... 148
12.1 The Royal Family ... 148
12.2 The Courtiers ... 152
12.3 The City's Nobility ... 153
12.4 Powerful Anorians ... 155

13.0 Adventures. ... 156
13.1 A Spy From Umbar ... 156
13.2 Riot in Wooden-town ... 163
13.3 The Secret of the Ring ... 172
13.4 The Haunted House ... 177
13.5 The Emerald's Curse ... 182

14.0 Adapting This Module. ... 192
14.1 Hits and Bonuses ... 192
14.2 Conversion Chart ... 192

15.0 Tables. ... 192
15.1 Lesser NPC Table ... 193
15.2 Royal NPC Table ... 196
15.3 Adventure NPC Table ... 198
15.4 Master Military Table ... 203
15.5 Encounter Table ... 204
15.6 LoR Lesser NPC Table ... 206
15.7 LoR Royal NPC Table ... 208
15.8 LoR Adventure NPC Table ... 209
15.9 LoR Master Military Table ... 210
15.10 LoR Conversion Notes ... 211

16.0 Appendix. ... 214
16.1 Terminology ... 214
16.2 Abbreviation ... 217
16.3 GM Sector Maps ... 218

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1.0 INTRODUCTION

"In rode the Lord of the Nazgûl. A great black shape against the fires beyond he loomed up, grown to a vast menace of despair. In rode the Lord of the Nazgûl, under the archway that no enemy ever yet had passed, and all fled before his face.

"All save one. There waiting, silent and still in the space before the Gate, sat Gandalf upon Shadowfax: Shadowfax who alone among the free horses of the earth endured the terror, unmoving, steadfast as a graven image in Rath Dínen.

"'You cannot enter here,' said Gandalf, and the huge shadow halted."

*—**The Return of the King**, p. 125*

Minas Tirith, the Guarded City, rises from the great knee of rock that stands at the base of Mount Mindolluin, the last and easternmost peak in the White Mountains. Capital of Gondor, it is the preeminent symbol of the struggle against Sauron of Mordor. No other city in western Middle-earth offers greater hope or a more dramatic setting for the defense of the Free Peoples.

Set above the Anduin, where the Great River sweeps around green fields of the Pelennor, Minas Tirith commands the wide gap between the White Mountains and the Mountains of Shadow that encircle the Dark Lord's homeland. Its seven stone walls seem to grow out of the stone, as if carved by ancient giants. Each tier of the royal city wraps around the rock and looms above the surrounding quarter, its cool ramparts giving way from somber grey to glimmering white with each sunrise.

High atop the capital, on the seventh and uppermost level, the great Tower of Ecthelion reaches skyward like a glistening spire of silvery pearl and crystal. The Tower's fluttering banners fly above the magnificent Citadel, which reaches eastward like a massive granite ship-keel, its sheer walls casting shadows on the Great Gate far below. Amidst the storm spawned by the Lord of Rings, this Citadel is the last hold in Minas Tirith—an unparalleled bastion in an ominous time.

Now the crown city waits. As the specter of impending war darkens the eastern skies, its streets teem with commerce and people from all over Middle-earth, until the day that the Evil One unleashes his hordes against its bright walls and noble warriors.

1.1 THE CITADELS SERIES

The *Citadels of Middle-earth* series presents Gamemasters (GMs) with extremely detailed overviews of the most famous and significant cities, strongholds, and havens in J.R.R. Tolkien's world of Endor. Each package documents the history, design, layout, garrison, and inhabitants of the citadel. Painstakingly elaborate maps, floorplans, and perspectives highlight each product. Here you will find a vast wealth of adventures and settings for use with the ***Middle-earth Role Playing*** (***MERP***) and ***Rolemaster*** (***RM***) fantasy role playing (FRP) game systems, material which is easily adaptable to the ***Lord of the Rings Adventure Game*** (***LOR***) and most other FRP lines.

1.2 USING MINAS TIRITH

Before reading *Minas Tirith*, take a look at the color map of the city. Located in the back of the module, the map is perforated and can be easily separated from the binding. It will give you a clearer picture of what the text and graphics are all about.

If you do not use ICE's ***Middle-earth Role Playing, Lord of the Rings Adventure Game,*** or ***Rolemaster*** *fantasy* role playing game systems, turn to Section 14.0 before you begin reading Section 2.0. It provides guidelines for adapting the material to most other FRP games.

Section 15.0 contains tables which summarize game statistics for all the non-player characters (NPCs), military units, beasts, and random encounters discussed in the text.

Section 16.0 covers the terminology and abbreviations specific to ICE's Middle-earth FRP game series.

1.3 THE TEMPORAL SETTING

This module is crafted to be deliberately vague regarding the temporal setting. We took care to delete time-specific statements except where they are absolutely necessary. Minas Tirith, however, goes through many changes during the Third Age, so it is impossible to present the city in a truly "timeless" manner.

Thus, like most of ICE's other Middle-earth modules, we place the setting around T.A. 1640 whenever a dated passage is required. This approach follows the precedent set by other modules, which state facts in terms of the middle of Endor's Third Age. In addition, it captures the city at one of its most important moments, when the Great Plague had just passed and the throne moved from the old capital of Osgiliath.

"Minas Tirith" is actually a label which was formally adopted in T.A. 2002, after the fall of Minas Ithil (Minas Tirith's sister city in Ithilien). Prior to that time, the city is called by its given name: "Minas Anor."





Anorian Great-house

2.0 CITY OF THE SUN

Minas Anor is a great city stepped against the feet of the Ered Nimrais (S. "White Mountains"). Together with Osgiliath, the Citadel of the Stars, and Minas Ithil, the Tower of the Moon, the City of the Sun forms the core of Gondor—the mightiest empire in Middle-earth. This very year it has received an even higher accolade, chosen by King Tarondor to be the capital of his realm:

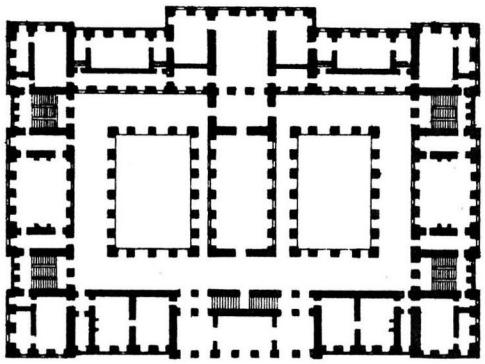
"Therefore let it be known that we, Tarondor son of Minastan son of Minardil, King of all Gondor, this day decree that henceforth our seat and the seat of the household and government of our kingdom shall be made in the city of Minas Anor. And we command that all our servants and persons of high office and responsibility shall remove themselves from the citadel of Osgiliath upon Anduin and attend upon their liege lord in the said city of Minas Anor. And we command that provision for the siting of our seat and all our servants and officials be made by the city of Minas Anor, this command expressly made unto our dearly beloved cousin Mindacil Prince-President of the said city and its province. This decree dated the Twelfth day of Nínui in the One Thousand Six Hundred and Fortieth year of the Third Age."

The King's decision to move his capital from Osgiliath to Minas Anor was brought on by the rapid degeneration of conditions in the original royal citadel. Two hundred years ago the Kin-strife took its toll, irreparably damaging many of the beautiful old buildings while Eldacar held out against Castamir's siege. Over the past five years, the low-lying, water-side city has suffered gravely from the scourge of the Great Plague, death sweeping nearly half the citizens away on a tide even the mighty Anduin could never match. Tarondor's uncle King Telemnar died along with his wife Elabriel of Lamedon, their four children, and Telemnar's sister Cethwen. It was a tragedy of proportions unknown since the civil war.

After over seventeen centuries as a royal refuge and summer retreat, the seven-tiered mountain city of Minas Anor has achieved the stature many of its inhabitants consider to be its true destiny: the City of the Sun is the new capital of the South Kingdom. At last, the seat of Anárion, an architectural marvel hewn by the first Dúnedain from Númenor, has become the brightest jewel in the crown of Gondor. For was it not written?...

"And there were lights burning in the firmament
Two men came and each plucked a light
One held his aloft, the other close to, and sparks fell between them
First to fade was the glittering light, for the waters closed over it
And second to fade was the light held close, for the shades did draw near
At the last there was the red light held aloft, for all to see
Then the man placed the light on his brow and lo! as its dying light faded, it did blaze forth renewed."

—Portion of prose poem, ca. S.A. 3400
Attributed to Meneltir, Seer to Elendil



2.1 A HISTORY OF MINAS ANOR

The history of the city known first as Minas Anor and later as Minas Tirith is intimately linked with the story of the Elendili, the Elf-friends or Faithful. These were the Dúnedain of Númenor who did not sail to the Undying Lands against the Ban of the Valar, but rather took heed of the warnings sent them and fled Westernesse to the shores of Middle-earth.

Chief among the Faithful was Elendil the Tall. His sons were Isildur and Anárion. Upon their arrival in Endor, Elendil and his people took command of a vast stretch of the northwestern continent, from Umbar in the South to Nenuial (Lake Evendim) in the North. They built cities and more permanent strongholds than those previously established in the region by the Númenóreans, and they ruled many subject peoples.

Elendil divided his realm into the North Kingdom, later known as Arnor (S. "Royal Land"), and the South Kingdom, later called Gondor (S. "Stone Land"). Elendil ruled the North Kingdom from Annúminas, while his sons were conjoint Kings of Gondor. Although both brothers reigned from the twin thrones at the capital of Osgiliath (S. "Fortress of the Stars") on the Anduin, each built another city to serve as his home. Isildur's High Seat was Minas Ithil, capital of the province of Ithilien on the eastern shores of the Great River. Anárion founded Minas Anor, capital of the province of Anórien.

Tragedy and the War of the Last Alliance overtook both brothers by the beginning of the Third Age, but Anárion's line survived to govern the South Kingdom. Its Kings still ruled from Osgiliath which lay between Minas Ithil and Minas Anor; the City of the Stars grew, its majestic and well-populated avenues lining both sides of the Great River.

Minas Anor was erected at the end of the Second Age on a site vaguely resembling that of Gondolin, the secret city founded by King Turgon in the Elder Days. Anárion's haven rose from a rocky spur at the base of the eastern slopes of the White Mountains (S. "Ered Nimrais"). The promontory was blasted and cut into six levels ascending to the towering Citadel Rock; the excavated stone was used in the construction of sheer, fluted retaining walls. Scalloped and punctuated with tall towers, the upper six

walls separated the city's terraced levels. The phenomenal Outer Wall, a marvel of military architecture, marked the line where Minas Anor proper met the surrounding district called the Pelennor (S. "Fenced Land"). Awesomely thick and strong, unshakeable in its foundations, fixed to solid rock hard enough to keep an army of Dwarven miners at bay, the Outer Wall endured an Age and more, keeping the citizens of Minas Anor safe from even their direst enemies. Anárion saw its completion before his death.

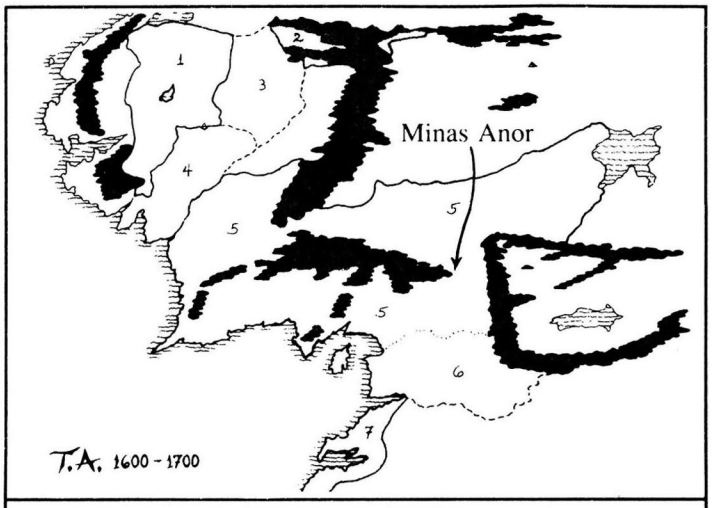
Minas Anor stands upon the lowest skirts of the granite massif known as Mount Mindolluin (S. "Towering Blue-head"). Sheer-cut slabs of the peak's enduring rocky bulk sheathe the Outer Wall, perfectly jointed and fused to form a smooth surface—unscaleable and impregnable. Behind it, the lower terraces of the city sweep back, planes cut into the hillside, each ending a hundred feet above the last. A thoroughfare threads through the tiers, paved with white marble brought from Lossarnach. Covering several miles, it weaves back and forth across the eastern districts of Minas Anor, passing through the Citadel Rock five times in its ascent to the gates of the Seventh Level. There, the Citadel of Anárion surmounts the Rock. The topmost room of the Citadel's White Tower soars eight hundred and forty feet above the fields of the Pelennor. At the tower's foot rests the Court of the Fountain, another marvel of this High Seat.

Some four hundred-odd years after the death of Anárion, Minas Anor saw renewed royal patronage under Ostoher, the seventh King. The High Hall and Kingshall were built on the upper tiers to accomodate the royal household during summertime. A tradition was established, followed by subsequent monarchs, of spending at least four months in Minas Anor. In keeping with the city's increased importance, Ostoher surveyed the land known as Inloc Duinna or Parth Duinna (S. "Fields by the Loop of the Anduin"), and decided to erect a further defense for the citadel. This was to be a great encircling dike, called the Noeg Echor, and the land within it then became known as the Pelennor (S. "Enclosed-lands"; "Fenced-lands"). The dike not only protected the townlands from attackers, but it guarded against the occasional flooding of the Anduin.

Since the fifth century, Minas Anor has undergone little outward change. There are fewer of the beautiful wooden buildings constructed in Anárion's time, favor lying more with sturdier constructions of masonry and mortar. The pattern of streets disintegrated under the building and rebuilding of houses and halls; personalities came and went; fashions left fleeting impressions; and secrets multiplied under the weight of long years. Minas Anor weathered the trials of history well and is still bustling with life and an optimistic mood. Although the mortality rate was high during the Great Plague of T.A. 1636-37, good sanitation and the advantageous prospects of the city meant a much higher proportion of the population survived. A clean air blew up from the sea and along the White Mountains, lifting the spirits of the beleaguered citizenry.

Indeed, the greatest impact on Minas Anor has been the great influx of refugees. Many people journeyed here from nearby Osgiliath, where the Great River stank with decay, and there are few abandoned houses the City of the Sun. So many newcomers arrived at the Great Gate that the authorities restricted entry (on a permanent basis) to those able to find three sponsors and a place of work. The delays in processing applications from would-be residents and the time needed by many of them to satisfy the officials of their good intentions have led to the founding of Wooden-town in Pelennor. Temporary dwellings built outside the walls of the city have spawned a noisome slum which has only recently stopped growing.





Third Age 1600-1700
1 Arthedain, 2 Angmar, 3 No Man's Land (Rhudaur), 4 Cardolan, 5 Gondor, 6 Harondor, 7 Umbar. Cardolan is no longer a viable kingdom, and Harondor is contested by Gondor and the Corsairs of Umbar.

Third Age Map of Northwestern Endor

2.2 THE TALE OF YEARS

SECOND AGE

2350 Pelargir is built by the Faithful of Númenor. A fort of white marble, designed to hold a small garrison, is built atop the Citadel Rock as a watch on the Anduin; the outpost is named Mindon Alata.

2689 A fort and ferry-station are built by the Númenóreans at Osgiliath (then named Gilathiach).

3175 Civil war in Númenor; the forts at Pelargir and Osgiliath are abandoned and their garrisons left to fend for themselves.

3261 Ar-Pharazôn declares war on Sauron. The "Golden" King lands in Umbar.

3262 Sauron taken as prisoner to Númenor. Mindon Alata is re-manned, and a bridge built at Gilathiach ("Iant Giliath") so that a safe passage to conquered Mordor is maintained.



3319 Downfall of Númenor; escape of Elendil and his sons to Middle-earth.

3320 Sauron returns to Mordor. The Realms in Exile, Arnor and Gondor, are founded. Work begins on Minas Anor and Minas Ithil in Gondor, but Osgiliath is made the capital of the South Kingdom. Palantíri (S. "Seeing-stones") are installed in all three cities, as well as at Angrenost (Isengard). They are linked to the three Stones located in the North Kingdom.

3385 The Outer Wall of Minas Anor is completed, and its six tiers are begun. Building continues apace.

3420 Celebrations mark the Herenyand (S. "Centenary") of Minas Anor and Minas Ithil. The twin cities trade gifts. Minas Anor is almost fully occupied, and the Citadel of Anárion is completed.

3429 Sauron attacks Gondor, taking Minas Ithil and destroying its White Tree. Isildur escapes with a seedling to Arnor, while Anárion holds Osgiliath and Minas Anor.

3430 The Last Alliance of Men and Elves is formed between Elendil and Gil-galad of Lindon. The mustering of troops begins.

3434 The host of the League crosses the Misty Mountains and confronts Sauron's forces. Battle of Dagorlad and defeat of Sauron. The host occupies Mordor and besieges Barad-dûr.

3440 Anárion is slain in the valley of Gorgoroth by a rock thrown from the Dark Tower.

3441 Sauron emerges from Barad-dûr and duels with Gil-galad and Elendil, slaying them both, but is himself cut down. Isildur slices the Ring from his hand.

Third Age

1 Meneldil son of Anárion assumes throne of Gondor. Construction of Angrenost at Orthanc commenced to defend the Gap of Calenardhon. White Tree planted at Minas Anor in memory of Anárion.

2 Disaster of the Gladden Fields; Isildur slain with his three elder sons and the Ring lost.

158 Cemendur crowned King of Gondor; his brother Dilínaith made first Prince-President of Minas Anor.

238 Eärendil assumes throne.

324 Anardil becomes King.

411 Ostoher crowned in Osgiliath; sets about a vigorous building program covering all the fortresses in Gondor.

420 Minas Anor rebuilt by Ostoher, and the Noeg Echor raised. The city becomes the summer residence of the King.

492 Death of Ostoher, greatly mourned in Minas Anor; a statue is raised to honor him. Tarostar ("Rómendacil I") is crowned.

1432 King Valacar of Gondor dies and the Kin-strife is triggered by opposition to his half-Northman son Eldacar. The Sea-lords of the southern provinces revolt. They are led by Castamir of Pelargir.

1437 Eldacar forced to flee from the siege of Osgiliath. The capital city is burned by Castamir, and the Tower of the Stone falls into the Anduin. The Master-stone of the palantíri is lost in the waters of the Great River. Prince Ornendil, Eldacar's eldest son, is murdered. Coratar, Prince-President of Minas Anor, remains neutral in the affair and allows Conclave to offer support to Castamir, including a large tribute.

1447 Eldacar returns and defeats Castamir at the Battle of the Crossings of Erui.

1448 Eldacar's rule resumed; Coratar is lauded after he is revealed as master of Eldacar's intelligence network.

1634 Death of King Minardil, slain at Pelargir by Corsairs from Umbar. Telemnar takes the throne.

1635 First stirrings of the Great Plague in Rhovanion (Dor Rhúnen). Princess Cethwen, the first royal victim, dies.

1636 Telemnar, his wife, and his four children all perish in the Plague. Telemnar's nephew Tarondor becomes King.

1637 The Plague subsides, but Osgiliath is devastated. Many flee to Ithilien, the southern provinces, and to Minas Anor. Less than a quarter of Anórians die, more than half in Osgiliath.

1640 Tarondor moves the capital to Minas Anor, and a new Golden Age for the city begins.

1741 Mindacil, the last Prince-President of Minas Anor, dies. Tarondor does not name a successor.

1798 Tarondor dies. A great tributary work is started upon the cliff-face of the Citadel Rock.

1900 Calimehtar builds the 300' tall White Tower atop the Citadel Rock, aggrandizing the Hall of Isildur.

1945 Pelendur the Steward is given official power over Minas Anor's Conclave by Eärnil II.

2000 The Nazgûl issue from Mordor; besiege Minas Ithil.

2002 Minas Ithil falls and becomes Minas Morgul (S. "Tower of Dread Sorcery"). Thus, the Ithil-stone is lost. Minas Anor is renamed Minas Tirith (S. "Tower of Guard").

2050 Eärnur slain by the Witch-king, ending the line of Kings of Gondor; Mardil the Steward becomes the first *Ruling Steward.*

2475 Attacks on Gondor renewed; Osgiliath finally ruined and the stone bridge broken.

2698 Ecthelion I rebuilds the White Tower; now known as the Tower of Ecthelion.

2852 Belecthor II of Gondor dies, as does the White Tree. No seedling to replace it is found, and the Dead Tree is left standing in Minas Tirith.

2930 Denethor II is born in Minas Tirith.

2941 Sauron leaves Dol Guldur and reenters Mordor.

2951 The Evil One openly declares himself King of Men. Work begins on the Rammas Echor around Pelennor, a great wall built upon the ancient dike.



2957 Aragorn serves Rohan and Gondor as Thorongil, visiting Minas Tirith during his travels.

2976 Denethor weds Finduilas of Dol Amroth.

2978 Boromir son of Denethor II is born.

2983 Faramir is born.

2984 Ecthelion II dies and Denethor II becomes Steward of Gondor.

ca.3000 Denethor starts using the palantír of Minas Tirith.

3017 Gandalf visits Minas Tirith and finds the Scroll of Isildur in the Rynd Permaith.

3018 Sauron attacks Osgiliath and secures the East Bank. The Rammas Echor is strenthened in anticipation of war. Boromir has the dream of the Sword that was Broken and sets out for Rivendell.

3019 Death of Boromir. Two of Sauron's armies assail Minas Tirith. Denethor commits suicide during the siege. The Riders of Rohan and the Army of the Dead led by Aragorn II arrive to help in the struggle during the Battle of Pelennor Fields. The forces of Darkness are vanquished. As the subsequent Battle of Morannon rages, the Ring-bearer reaches Orodruin (Mount Doom) in Mordor. The Lord of Rings perishes when the One Ring is destroyed in the Crack of Doom. Aragorn II is crowned King (Elessar).

3.0 THE CITY LANDS

Terrain Surrounding Minas Tirith

Minas Anor is one of Endor's finest cities (any Anorian would say the finest). The capital of the province of Anórien, a royal fief that stretches from Lossarnach in the south to Calenardhon (Rohan) in the north, Minas Anor is the administrative center of a fair belt of green pastures and dotted woodlands bent around the Ered Nimrais and girdled by the rivers Anduin and Entwash.

Anórien is not a frontier, bordered by hostile tribal peoples or petty lords with imperial ambitions, but it is well defended. The shores of the Anduin boast numerous garrison posts and forts, as well as ferries providing links with Ithilien and points farther east. The mountain vales are sparsely inhabited, haven to only a few remote farmsteads herding hardy sheep and goats. Much of the foothills are thickly wooded and provide a home for the mysterious (and seldom-seen) Woses (S. "Drúedain"). From the mountains flow clear, sparkling steams to water the pastures, where cattle graze the lush grasses. Many roads cross the province, one of which—the Men Aran, which becomes the Great West Road—is overlooked by a row of seven beacon signals atop the foothills north of the White Mountains. Their lights reach all the way to Calmirië (R. "Aldburg") in Calenardhon (later Rohan). The roads and bridges are well maintained, a policy hailed by sundry travellers, whether on foot or in coaches. Three of Gondor's great tree-lined highways converge at the Minas Anor's Great Gate.



Mindacil, Prince-President of Minas Anor

The many small towns of Anórien form a market for the products of the City of the Sun. Their residents trade raw materials, such as cloth, cured leather, thread (from the flax fields), stone (quarried in the mountains, e.g., at Min-rimmon), beeswax and tallow, common timber, and foodstuffs for glassware, fine cabnetry, household implements such as needles and other finished goods.

3.1 THE PELENNOR

"...Rammas Echor...For ten leagues or more it ran from the mountains' feet and so back again, enclosing in its fence the fields of Pelennor: fair and fertile townlands on the long slopes and terraces falling to the deep levels of the Anduin."

—***The Return of the King***, *p. 23*

The Pelennor, or the "Enclosed Lands" of Minas Anor, are surrounded by the Noeg Echor (S. "Encircling Dike"), a sturdy, if basic, defense which protects the farms and their fields from inundation and invasion.

The Pelennor Fields are not a simple expanse of farmland, however. The land is rolling, dotted with small knolls and hillocks. The Noeg Echor is about 15 miles broad (there being 4 leagues from the Great Gates of Minas Anor to the furthest point northeast, on the road to Osgiliath), and thus is some 35 miles long. The Pelennor occupies some 150 square miles (96,000 acres) including tilth (cultivated land), orchards, and fold (enclosures for animals).

The area is dotted with farmsteads, barns and byres, oast and garner, all enclosed by low stone walls. Roads and tracks criss-cross the green fields, linking to the two great arteries which run straight as arrows: the northeast highway between Osgiliath and Minas Anor, and the north-south route to Harlond, Pelargir, and the southern provinces. Streams flow through the vales, providing irrigation for agriculture and cool ponds for the country folk's enjoyment.

3.1.1 THE NOEG ECHOR

The Noeg Echor is comprised of a broad, deep ditch running outside a high earthen bank. About 25' wide and 10' deep, the gully's steep sides are battened with timber baulks to prevent erosion. The ditch is continuous, spanned by wooden bridges built on stone pier-supports where roads carve through the inner dike.

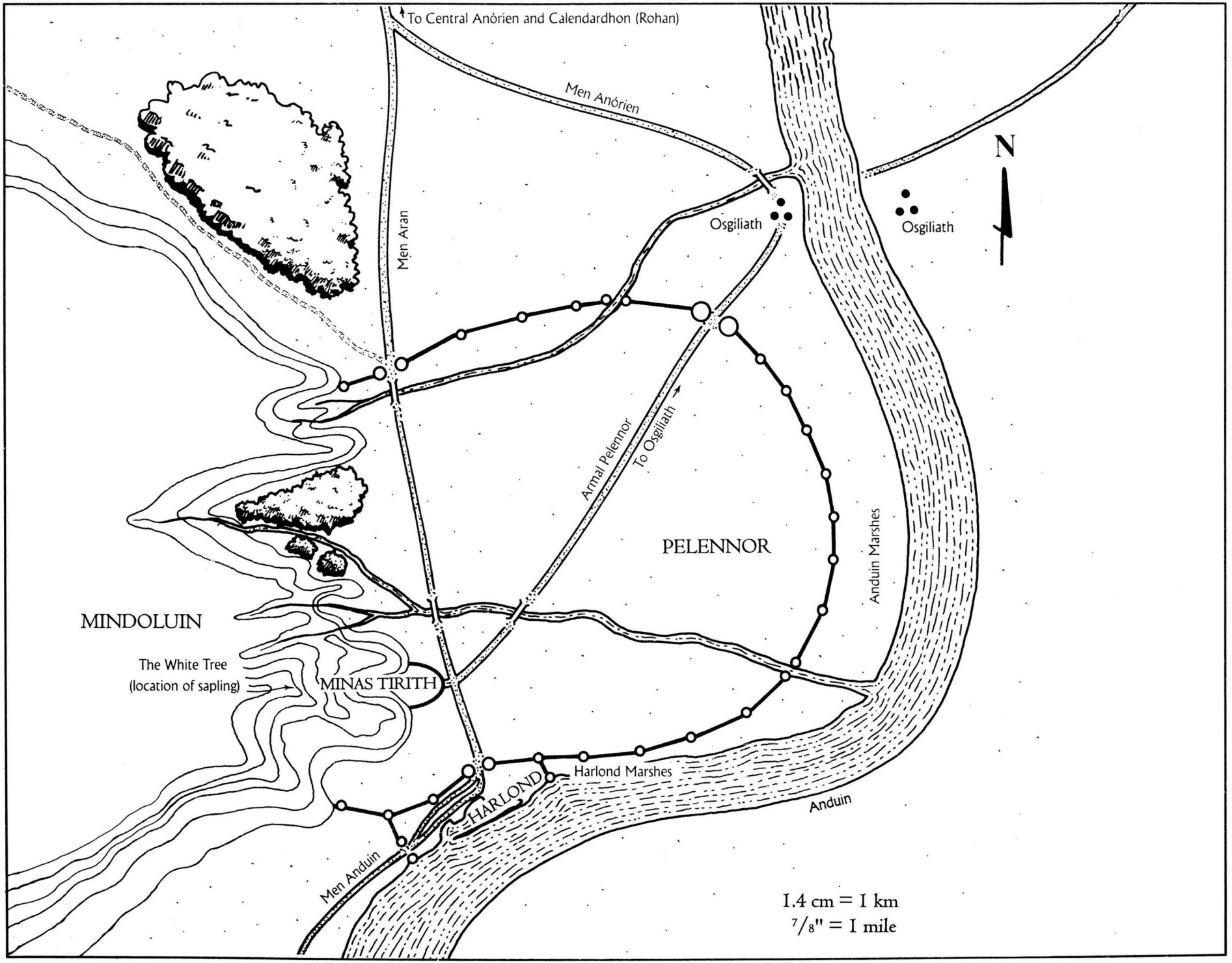
The bank itself is 12' high, 10' wide on top, and 25' wide at the base. On the outer side, a narrow (7' wide) stone-flagged pathway separates bank and ditch, and the face of the bank is near vertical, shored up with tooth-shaped stone slabs brought down the Stonewain Valley from the Ered Nimrais. On the Pelennor side, the bank slopes more gently from a well-trodden path atop it.

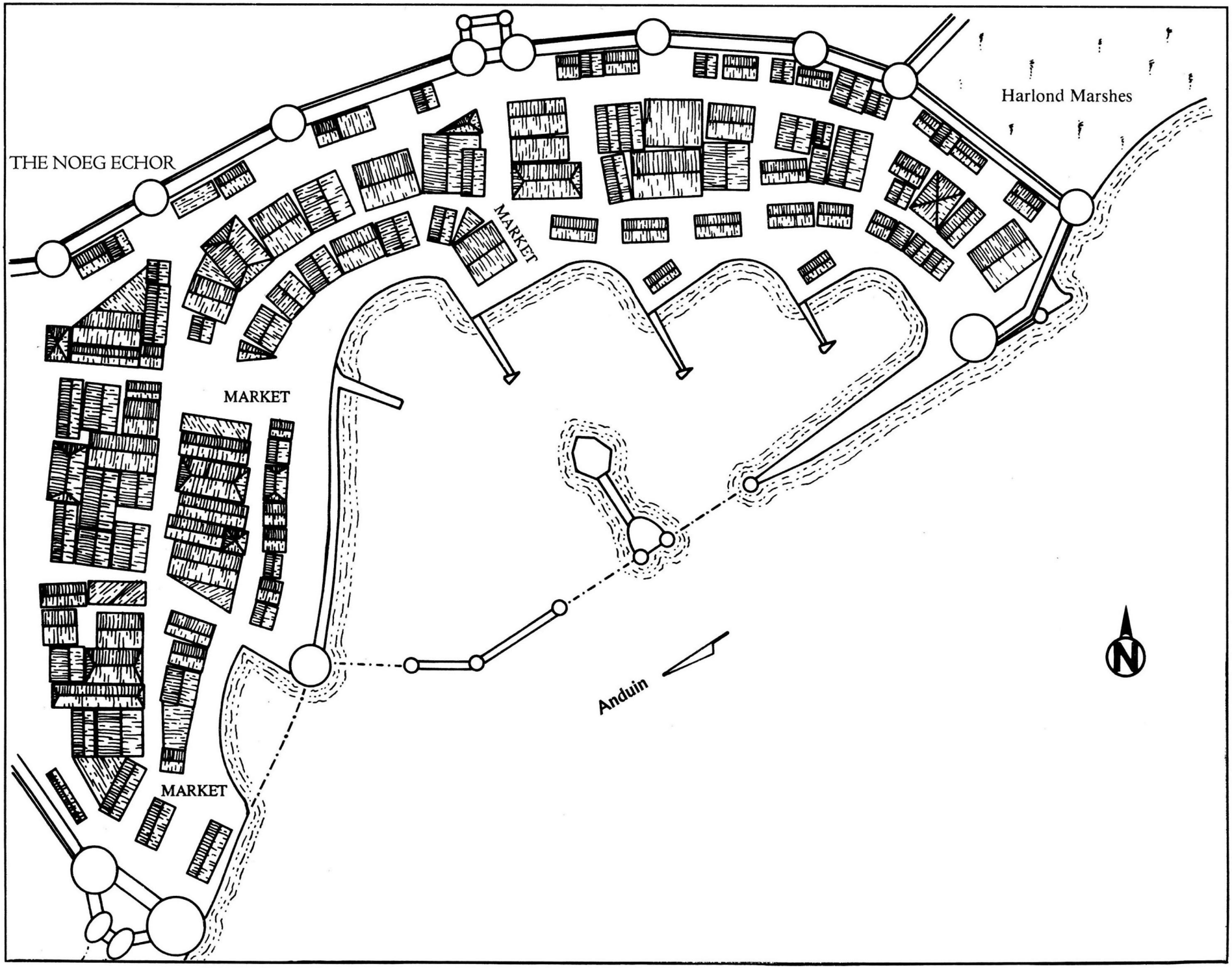
The dike was one of the first additions to Minas Anor built by King Ostoher in the fifth century of the Third Age. Since then it has been well maintained and improved, and now drains carry excess water from the dike to the Anduin. New stone gatehouses guard the entrances of the roads into the Pelennor. Each houses a garrison of 20 men, who reside in one side of the building which spans the road. The other side of the gatehouse is used as a shelter and free lodging for travellers.

Note: *The Rammas Echor (S. "Great Wall of the Outer Circle") surmounts the dike after T.A. 2951. Built in response to Sauron's threat in Ithilien, the massive fortification receives frequent alterations until it is rebuilt in T.A. 3918.*

3.1.2 HARLOND

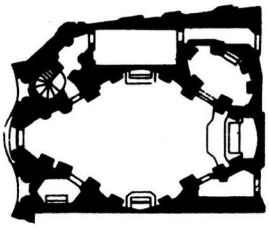
Harlond (S. "South-haven") sits on the northern bank of the Anduin three miles south of the Great Gates of the city, just beyond the Noeg Echor. It is a small, fortified suburb of Minas Anor and serves as the off-loading point for all traffic coming upriver. Most of the commerce from Pelargir, Gondor's principal port, and all the coastal provinces of the South Kingdom flows through this strategic anchorage.


To Central Anórien and Calendardhon (Rohan)
Men Anórien
Men Aran
Osgiliath
Osgiliath
N
Armal Pelennor
To Osgiliath
PELENNOR
Anduin Marshes
MINDOLUIN
The White Tree
(location of sapling)
MINAS TIRITH
Harlond Marshes
HARLOND
Anduin
Men Anduin
1.4 cm = 1 km
7/8" = 1 mile


THE NOEG ECHOR
Harlond Marshes
MARKET
MARKET
MARKET
Anduin
N

Around five hundred people live in this busy district—most are sailors and merchants, or stevedores and laborers, and their families. The haven consists of four great bays cut into the bank, separated by stone quays, and a fifth harbor which opens farther downstream. Each wharf has numerous tying-up points, and Harlond can accommodate a hundred craft with ease. Ships berthing here range from large ocean-going vessels with high prows to the little fishing skerries and flat-bottomed barges that ply the lower Anduin toting heavy loads of quarry-stone, timber, and the like.

The wharves debouch onto three marketplaces surrounded by warehouses, chandlery shops, and the offices of shipping concerns. Farther from the shore stand lodging houses and the dwellings of the folk who stay, live, and work in the haven. In Harlond, it is easy to buy bulk goods and other trade items; or to take passage to most parts of the kingdom, be it the fishing villages on the Entwash in Calenardhon or the far reaches of Anfalas. It is also possible to find adventurers, mercenaries, and other outlandish characters in the local taverns—unlike Minas Anor, numerous inns, dives, and alehouses thrive in Harlond.



Shipwright's Hall

Harlond possesses a small garrison, but relies on the naval strength in Pelargir to keep enemy shipping away. The guard units located at the two main gatehouses are responsible for patrolling the town and keeping law and order, which is no easy task in such a rough (though not really dangerous) locale. Patrol vessels stationed in the seven-sided Ship-house in the middle of the harborage handle the tasks of enforcing tolls and tariffs and preventing smuggling.

3.I.3 ROADS

Roads in the Pelennor are well maintained. The major ones boast a broad, cobbled path wide enough for carts to pass one another with ease. The stone surface is cambered and provided with drains, so that it never becomes boggy or rutted. Flanking the trackway, a broad strip of turf is used by riders. On the other side runs a well-worn footpath. The roads are level and straight, cutting through low hills in ravines created to accommodate the route and traversing vales on high embankments; strong, stone bridges cross streams.

Pelennor's avenues are often hedged, and some stretches are flanked by magnificent poplar trees. Simple stone huts, with tiled roofs and a hearth, sit by the roadside at intervals, providing travellers a place to wait out violent wind or rain. Wayside league-stones mark the mileage to significant cities and citadels; these are labelled with the Angerthas (angular Elvish lettering), and with the sign of the royal Office of Works: a set-square with crown. A less common sight is the highway gibbet where criminals are hung for all to see.

WEATHER CHART

Months	Coastlands	Inland	Mountains
—Yestarë (intercalary day: Yule)			
Narwain (Winter)	35-50° Mod. Rain Breezy	25-45° Mod. Snow/Rain Breezy	20-40° Mod. Snow/Rain Breezy
Ninui (Winter)	40-55° Mod. Rain Breezy	30-50° Mod. Rain Breezy	25-45° Mod. Snow/Rain Breezy
Gwaeron (Stirring)	45-55° Nor. Rain Windy	30-50° Nor. Rain Windy	25-45° Nor. Rain Windy
Gwirith (Spring)	55-70° Nor. Rain Windy	45-65° Nor. Rain Breezy	40-60° Nor. Rain Windy
Lothron (Spring)	60-75° Nor. Rain Breezy	55-75° Nor. Rain Breezy	50-70° Nor. Rain Breezy
Nórui (Spring-Summer)	65-80° Mod. Rain Breezy	60-80° Mod. Rain Calm	55-75° Mod. Rain Breezy
—Loendë or Enderi (intercalary days: Midyears)			
Cerveth (Summer)	70-85° Mod. Rain Breezy	65-85° Mod. Rain Calm	60-80° Mod. Rain Breezy
Úrui (Summer-Autumn)	70-85° Mod. Rain Breezy	65-85° Mod. Rain Calm	60-80° Mod. Rain Breezy
Ivanneth (Autumn)	60-75° Nor. Rain Windy	55-75° Nor. Rain Breezy	50-70° Nor. Rain Windy
Narbeleth (Autumn)	55-70° Rainy Windy	45-65° Rainy Windy	40-60° Rainy Windy
Hithui (Fading)	45-60° Nor. Rain Windy	35-55° Nor. Rain Windy	30-50° Nor. Rain Windy
Girithron (Winter)	40-55° Mod. Rain Breezy	30-50° Mod. Rain Breezy	25-45° Mod. Rain/Snow Breezy
—Mettarë (intercalary day: Yearsend)			

KEY

Temperature: Expressed in degrees Fahrenheit. Note that most of Middle-earth's peoples do not describe temperature so precisely; they simply say that the temperature is cold, cool, warm, or hot. Mountain temperature refers to the habitable regions between 1000-3000' above sea level. To calculate temperature at higher altitudes, subtract 1° for every 300' more above sea level.

Precipitation: Refers to the percentage chance of rain or snow falling on a given day. In the higher altitudes of the Ered Nimrais, snow will usually occur when Moderate Snow/Rain yields a precipitation result.

Moderate Rain: 15% rain; partly cloudy.
Moderate Snow/Rain: 5% snow; 2% sleet; 8% rain; partly cloudy.
Normal Rain: 25% rain; partly cloudy.
Rainy: 40% rain; cloudy.

Wind: Speeds are given in miles per hour. Above the tree line, winds are considerably more forceful. Treat Breezy as Windy, and Windy as High Winds (20-60+ mph).

Calm: 0-9 mph.
Breezy: 5-20 mph.
Windy: 10-40 mph.



A Typical Farmstead

A farm manor of the Pelennor is a large structure, built around four sides of a square courtyard. The building is part-timber, part-stone, usually whitewashed, and topped with a red or brown tiled roof. Outbuildings, orchards, and gardens of labor-intensive crops occupy the grounds immediately surrounding the house. The size of farmsteads ranges from 15 to 50 acres.

Farmstead Plan

1. **Manor.** The house is primarily a one-story structure. Opposite the courtyard gate, the manor boasts a second floor (a) above the kitchen, hearth, and hall. Bed chambers, sitting rooms, and childrens' nurserey are reached by a grand staircase. Storks often nest atop a chimney and are considered an omen of good fortune.

On the ground floor, one wing (b) provides space for the storage and packing of goods produced by the farm: fruit, eggs, grain, hay, vegetables, and herbs; a henhouse allows chickens to wander into the courtyard and scratch in the dirt. Another wing (c) comprises quarters for laborers and their families. A small brewhouse (d) is located adjacent to the gate. A storehouse (e) with a cart, farm tools, two ploughs, and a stall for the master's best horse is situated opposite. The gate is 9' high and 12' wide.

2. **Drive.** The road away from the farmhouse leads through an avenue of fruit trees through the fields to the main Osgiliath-Minas Anor road some two miles away.

Elatar, Brother to King Tarondor



3. **Orchard.** This orchard has a mixture of fruit trees; most are varieties of apple, but a few plum, peach, cherry, quince, and apricot trees may also be found. Between them are staked canes of black currants, raspberries, and blackberries. The orchard is well tended and supports six thriving beehives (a) with the season of blossom and clover amongst the tree roots.

4. **Gardens.** The gardens are extensive and hedged to exclude browsing animals and the worst of the winds. A path runs from the barn (5) to the mill-pond (7b), dividing the gardens in two. The northern half (a) is devoted to roots and other hearty vegetables, such as carrots, leeks, onions, cabbage, potatoes, and winter squashes. The southern portion (b) holds herbs and more delicate, leafy plants: lettuces, greens, summer squashes, melons, eggplant, and rhubarb. A few still pools fed from the mill-pond (c) serve as galasenin beds.

5. **Barn.** The garner (a) is a store for hay and bulk grain, and also a stable for the draught horses and oxen used for ploughing and carting. Connected to it are: the milking parlor (c) where cheese and butter are made in modest quantities; and a house for geese (b), also used to shelter young calves and calving cows in bad weather. The geese are excellent producers of eggs, succulent meat, and goose-grease, used in many medicinal compounds. Their down is used to stuff quilts and pillows.

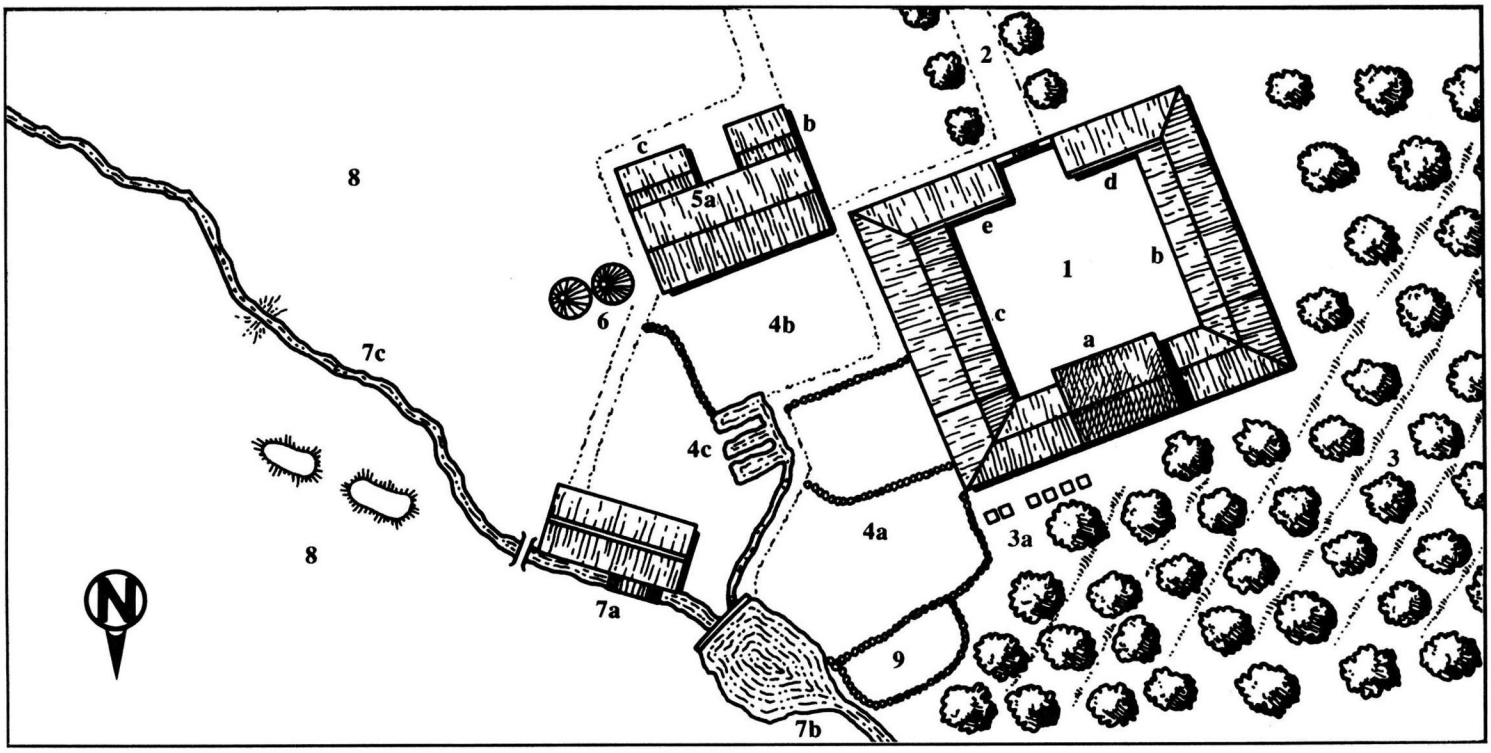
6. **Oasts.** The oasts are circular buildings with conical roofs. They house kilns which dry hops and malting grains to be used in brewing.

7. **Mill.** This farm is lucky to be situated close by a watermill (a). The mill is equipped both for threshing and grinding the grain into flour. The power turning the millstones comes from a head of water built up behind a dam in the mill-pond (b). Eels swim in its depths, and every spring live elvers (young eels) are brought here from the Anduin to restock it. The mill race (c) flows away to join one of the major streams flowing east across the Pelennor.

8. **Pastures.** The farm's best pasture lands lie on either side of the mill race; a ford crosses the race, much muddied by cattle on their daily trip to the milking parlor. Two low, flat-topped mounds beside the stream are 'pillow mounds', artificial rabbit warrens. The rabbits are culled every two months: their pelts can be sold in Minas Anor, while their flesh makes a tasty addition to the stew pot.

9. **Graveyard.** The farmstead, being some distance from the burial grounds serving Minas Anor, possesses its own graveyard. The master's family rests in granite coffins below carved and polished memorial headstones. Other tombs are less impressive, many just applewood coffins, the locations marked by unadorned fieldstone plaques. A tall evergreen hedge surrounds the somber place.

10. **Fields.** Fields of grain—barley, wheat, rye—stretch south and west of the manor.



Typical Farmstead

3.2 THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

The city of Minas Anor is built on the knees of Mount Mindolluin, the greatest eastern peak of the White Mountains (S. "Ered Nimrais"). This massif also forms the rear section of the Noeg Echor, where the Pelennor reaches up toward two broad alpine vales. Mount Mindolluin itself towers above the snowline, its white-capped head always visible atop the purple slopes. Although other peaks are not as high as Mindolluin, the land rises steeply from the gentle undulations of the Pelennor and wooded foothills into high valleys delved by glaciers.

This upland region is moderately inaccessible. Here there are no cartways, and only a few paths are tame enough for horses. Tracks maintained by hermits and other mountain dwellers and the trails of the mountain goats and sheep provide passage, should one wish to venture into the interior.

One incentive to go mountain-climbing is the fact that many extremely rare herbs and valuable plants flourish in the pure, if rarified, air. Most important of these are the secretly-planted seedlings of Nimloth, the White Tree which is the royal symbol in Gondor and which normally flourishes in the court below the Citadel of Anárion:

". . . to the southern feet of Mount Mindolluin...a path made in ages past that few...dared to tread. For it led up on the mountain to a high hallow where only the Kings [went]...to a high field below the snows that clad the lofty peaks...

"there was a stony slope running down from the skirts of the snow; and alone there in the waste a growing thing stood...a sapling tree [wit]...leaves long and shapely, dark above and silver beneath, and upon its slender crown it bore one small cluster of flowers whose white petals shone like the sunlit snow."

—***The Return of the King***, *pp. 307-308*

Other herbs such as the white mountain poppy, Dwarves' eyebright, boneset, and the wight orchid also grow amid the crabby grasses, the snowfields, and the loose and treacherous screes. Dangers abide in the mountains. With so much snow made unstable by sudden warm winds or rains, there are frequent avalanches; these are in addition to the simple hazards of travelling a path with a drop of several hundred feet on one (or even both) sides and where squalls of sleet or hail can be as ferocious as the bite of any wolf. A few wild beasts and some less wild, such as the Great Eagles, dwell in the Ered Nimrais.

The mountains are useful sources of fine limestone and marble, but in this area there are no mines for gems or minerals; better deposits lie west in the dales of Lamedon. Gondorians shun the forests owing to the presence of the Drúedain (Woses), "Wild Men" whom most ordinary folk avoid. A few people dwell in the heights during the summer months, herding long-haired (and sure-footed) goats and adventurous sheep or gathering the wild plants. Many are descended from mostly Dunlending stock and retain a few of their customs.

The isolation and wild beauty of the higher elevations make the Near Vales (as the Anorians refer to them) an attractive place of "pilgrimage" for the occasional poet or spirit-seeker. As Meneltir himself once wrote:

"My heart still lingers among the high stony wastes, among the morains and mountain-wreckage, silent in spite of the sound of thin, chill water."

—***Letters***, *No. 78 p. 91*



3.3 ANDUIN RIVERBANKS

The Anduin (S. "Great River") is the the largest and most important river in northwestern Middle-earth. As western Endor's mightiest watercourse, it influences the lives of all dwelling along its banks. Most important is the Great River's contribution to the economy of Gondor's heartland. As well as providing a bountiful supply of fish, it is a critical artery, essential for the inexpensive transportation of goods between north and south.

Ship havens occupy several sites, most especially Pelargir, Harlond (see Section 3.12), and Osgiliath, where the river, flowing south, first meets tidal water. Numerous ferries oscillate from one bank to the other, typically between fishing villages. The Anduin is heavily fished (see Section 4.2). Between the Pelennor's Noeg Echor and the river stretch wide flats, occasionally flooded by spring tides or prolonged rains feeding the Anduin to the north. "Tumps" or small hills dot the flats, these hummocks raised by fisherfolk to create elevated ground on which to build their homes, safely above high waters.

The Anduin is not a dirty river. Silt and sediments from the north are retained in Nen Hithoel, the lake above the Falls of Rauros, while the mouths of Entwash filter much of that tributary's deposits. Hence the Anduin remains a clear and moderately swift stream with no treacherous levees or mudflats until nearer Pelargir. Above its delta, there are few natural islands in the stream. The largest, Cair Andros, lies forty miles north of Minas Anor. Thus, the uninterrupted current offers few tricky currents or dangers to the sailor.

One of the few places of peril is the southern bank in the vicinity of the great bend westward, where the Anduin skirts the Emyn Arnen (S. "Royal Hills"). Here—between Harlond and the point where the Ciryant (S. "Dividing Stream," the river crossing the Pelennor from Mount Mindolluin) joins the Anduin—there are backcurrents and whirlpools. No ferries and very few individuals are willing to risk the treacherous crossing. One small hamlet by the mouth of the Ciryant named Tharcairion provides regular transport to its twin town in Harithilien possessing access to roads along the south bank and also eastward.

The road between Harlond and Tharcairion runs along an artificial causeway through marshy land; the flats dividing the river and the Noeg Echor are abandoned and desolate. A long sand bar creates a shallow lagoon filled with giant reeds and lilies. Large wading birds such as bitterns, spoonbills, and cranes gather here, along with smaller water fowl and reptiles such as the marsh gavial and moon-backed lizard. The lagoon's treasury of rare and special plants (see Section 4.5) is legend, endowing it with status as a unique preserve. The Anduin is actively building its shoreline here, adding a few feet to the north bank while the waters churn away at the hills to the south.

4.0 FLORA AND FAUNA

Minas Anor and the Pelennor are well-settled lands: numerous domestic animals and cultivated plants thrive in the region. Only a few wild creatures dwell in or near the city.

The Dúnedain are agriculturalists primarily due to force of circumstance, and the tilling of the soil is left to the least of their society. The servants employed in this menial labor are men and women of mixed blood or the lesser races: Dunlendings, Northmen, Gondorians of Haradaic descent. However, certain skilled or supervisory occupations—herb gardening, the cultivation of grapes and other fruit used in the manufacture of wines and ales, and the tending of fine sheep or horses—are not considered beneath the dignity of the High Men. Noble masters as well as ruder folk preside over the manors and farmsteads of Anórien and Ithilien.

The nobility comprise most of the property owners of the Pelennor Fields. The townlands, as they are also known, encompass a rich and prestigious farming area, given their proximity to both Osgiliath and Minas Anor. Bounding the fields and pastures are the White Mountains, which rise sharply to the west, and the Great River to the east. Both are suitable habitats for a range of wildlife, from the benign to the mysterious and threatening.

4.1 LOCAL AGRICULTURE

Note: *A typical farm of the Pelennor is described in Section 3.1.*

The Pelennor's well-protected farmlands produce many cash crops and foodstuffs which do not travel well. There are pens of geese, ducks, and hens, especially the small but productive black-backed hen which lays up to 150 eggs a year when well kept. Pig-and rabbit-farmers rear animals intensively within scyppens, sties, and artificial warrens. In larger fields, the great white cattle graze, yielding fine fattened beef and rich milk due to the superb pastureland.

The people of Minas Anor also appreciate fruits grown in sunny orchards. Cherry, apple, and some olive trees (in sheltered areas) form neat lines between which smaller stakes create trellises for currants, gooseberries, and nimcoron, a small white fruit with a creamy texture. The orchards make excellent homes for beehives which yield plain and scented honey.

Pigeons and small, plump game birds are raised and netted during the late autumn and winter to provide succulent seasonal fare. Along water courses (many of which are conduits and canals built by the Dúnedain to improve the irrigation and fertility of the townlands) lie pools with fisheries and ponds where a wide variety of water plants are cultivated. One of the staple green vegetables is a species of watercress bearing large, crinkly leaves called galasenin. Lilies with edible roots, watermelons, and a few water meadows harboring flowers to supply florists add variety to the city's markets.

4.2 FISHING

Settlers dwelling just outside the Noeg Echor along the banks of Anduin spend many of their days fishing. The Great River teems with a variety of finned creatures; it ceases being tidal between the Harlond and Osgiliath (although still broad and navigable), thus supporting a mixture of salt and freshwater fish. The largest are great salmon, trout, and sturgeon, but a broad palette of lesser fish supplies a range of flavors and textures to enliven the most jaded palate.

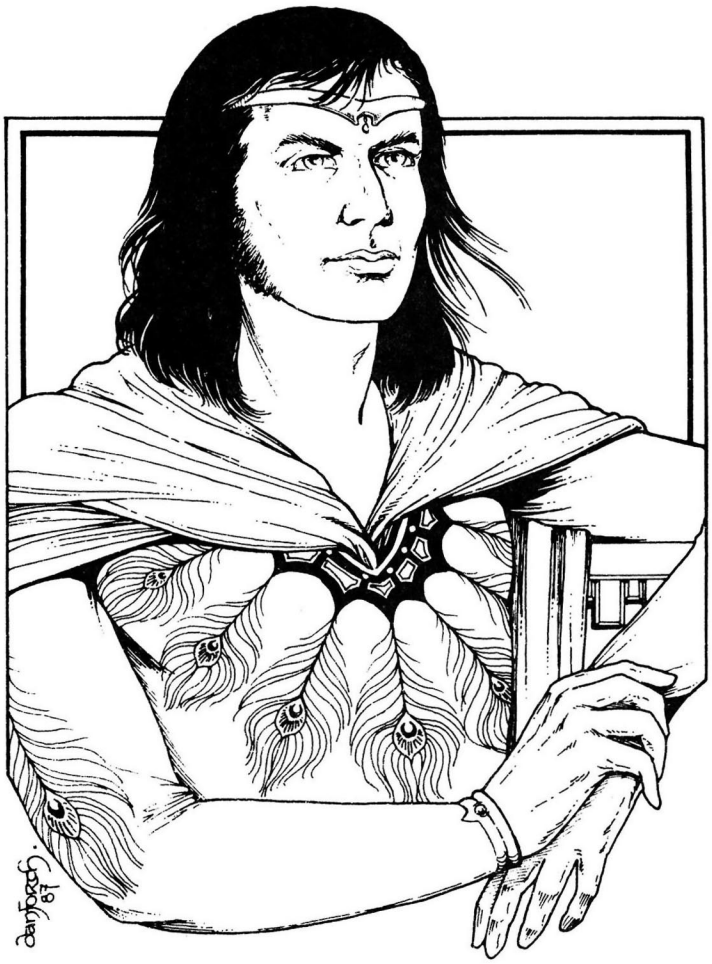
Fish forms one of the staple elements in the diet of the local populace. Everything from delicate roes to the most pungent flesh is eaten in pies, soups, patés, and broiled dishes. No household is without a kemunq: a clay pot, oval in shape, with a rough-fitting lid, in which a whole fish can be baked with tender herbs and a chopped bed of galasenin. Fierce heat is applied, and partway through the cooking process a generous amount of sweet white wine from Ithilien is added.

Gondorians catch fish with both net and line. The fishermen's small boats put out from their steep-sloped reaches at dawn and drop trail nets or cork-floated twine from which several hooks dangle. Those seeking large fish use barbed spears attached to coils of strong cord, then bait the waters with chopped offal. Fine nets are used to catch eels: in the spring thousands upon thousands throng the waters heading upstream to Nindalf and the Mouths of Entwash where they breed, swimming back down to the sea later in the year. Salmon and trout migrate all the way up Anduin, or so it is claimed, to colder headwaters and tributaries in the Misty and Grey Mountains.

4.3 HERBALISM

One of the traditional occupations of an older Dúnadan is herbalism. Some dedicate their lives to the healing arts, including the cultivation and preparation of herbs, but many in later life also create small gardens around cottages in the Pelennor where they lavish day-long care on numerous tiny plants and shrubs, gently coaxing them to yield up their best leaves, roots, and flowers in order that men might live longer and in better health.

Though both are descended from the Númenóreans, the Arnorians and the Dúnedain of Gondor are dissimilar in many ways. Those of the north tend to speculation, foretelling—"dreaming," the Gondorians would say. Those of the south place more emphasis on history and fact, on action and power of the moment. And who is to say they are not right, since Gondor waxes and Arthedain wanes? This difference in philosophy shows in matters both large and small, and the gardens of Minas Anor are organized, closely watched and tended, marshalled according to texts and accepted practice, never left to grow wild or disposed through mere intuition.



Tarondor, 27th King of Gondor

4.3.1 SOME COMMON HERBS

Numerous herbs are grown by the herbalists, and more thrive in the wild outside the Pelennor: on the slopes of the Ered Nimrais, in the pastures of Anórien, and by the Anduin's waters. (Some of the latter are mentioned in Section 4.5 below.)

Old Castleherb

Old castleherb is a slender-leafed, delicate plant that seeks tumbled rocks and ruins. Its leaves are a pale green, greyish underneath, and the stems have a high tensile strength, able to force their way through cracks and crevices. They bear tiny suckers like aerial roots to help them cling to the rocks. A paste made from the leaves aids the healing of damage to joints and muscles. Old castleherb bears small lemon-colored flowers in Nórui.

Healer's Chamomile

Healer's chamomile is a meadow plant with lacy leaves and clusters of small, daisy-like flowers. A bed of them and other related varieties is sure to be found in every herbalist's garden, releasing a slight but pleasant fragrance, especially if the leaves are crushed. All parts of the plant are chopped together to make a brew inducing a deep, healing sleep; like all medicines this must be used with care, because excessive dosages are dangerous.



Dayherb or Cloudy-eye

Dark trefoil leaves and dazzling scarlet flowers mark the useful dayherb—but only when the sun is shining on it. If a cloud passes across the sun's face, the flower's petals are quick to curl and hide its loveliness. The herb is used as a general addition to the diet, reducing the chance of contracting communicable diseases. It also strengthens the body during the course of an illness, improving the chance and speed of recovery.



Daroín, Master of House Dunmardo

4.3.2 RARE AND SPECIAL HERBS

Field Moss

The subtle tones of color in the fronds of attanar, or field moss, as it is more commonly known, make it easy to miss in the herbalist's water garden. Individual plants are said to take on a protective coloration like a chameleon, assuming the shades of the vegetation around them. Because of this, it is very difficult to spot in the wild, although in certain locales it grows quite widely. In medicinal use, the moss is removed in toto from the soil and boiled with salts and special oils, then immediately applied to the forehead and any afflicted parts of a patient with fever.

Bursthelas

Bursthelas, also called lime-leaf and marrowroot, is extremely rare in the wild and does not grow well in the rich soils of the Pelennor unless attentively tended and treated with lime (from chalk or limestone), hence its name. The herb's calciferous inclinations can be put to good use: it is unparalleled in its ability to heal shattered bones and joints. It can be preserved by brewing the stalks four times over, retaining the jelly-like substance yielded each time and mixing it with powdered chalk, pure water, and a stock made from fish bones. This must be strained through charcoal and left to set into a thick cream.

Hlúifbagms or Bread-tree

The small bread-tree is a variety of the furry oak of Mirkwood. It is one of the surpassing successes of the Dúnedain herbalists. Despite being a dwarf tree, it produces a heavy crop of acorn-like nuts which can be pressed and ground. The essence extracted from pressing goes into the making of a sustaining cordial; the ground, dried flesh is taken as a flour and used to bake wafers of waybread as is recorded:

> *"...each of the Dúnedain carried in a sealed wallet on his belt a small phial of cordial and wafers of a waybread that would sustain life in him for many days."*
>
> —***Unfinished Tales**, p. 276*

4.4 WILD BEASTS AND BIRDS

The less tame surroundings of Minas Anor and its fief of Anórien are rich in animal and bird life. Bears and boars lair in the thickets and thinly-wooded areas north of the Pelennor and on the lower slopes of Mount Mindolluin and the Ered Nimrais. Most commonly found are the black and brown bears, usually docile and living solitary lives unless mated and with cubs. Much rarer is the blue bear of the mountains, an unnatural and semi-sentient creature which is usually shunned and never hunted; killing one is said to draw down upon its slayer a great curse. The wild boar is considered fair game and thrives in the rolling lands since the virtual extermination of its natural predators. Higher up in the sparser valleys closer to the snowline, wild goats make their home.

Smaller animals such as marmots, bobcats, black badgers, lynxes, foxes, small wild dogs like terriers, bats, and moles are common. Often they are domesticated by the locals, particularly the lesser men (for the Dúnedain consider dealing with most animals beneath them). Occasionally there are reports of larger and more dangerous creatures, although these are seldom credited. Examples from the last few years include large felines, thought perhaps to be the last survivors of the grass cats of Calenardhon, now almost extinct on Rohan's plains; and also one or two grey wolves.

Numerous fowl flock the area, including the birds of prey that feed upon the smaller species. The mountains and forests provide roosts for falcons, hawks, golden eagles, and the Great Eagles. On Anduin's shining waters float graceful geese and swans, accompanied by divers and waders from near and far, dining on rich (if fishy) pickings.

Within the city, there are also several animals of note which visitors notice. First among these are the Royal Lions, a 'domesticated' variety of mountain lion originally found in the southernmost reaches of South Ithilien, in the hills bordering Harondor.

Note: *These are more closely described in the Section 7.2.4, in the description of the Citadel Guard, for these beasts are trained for war.*

Also present are cats, dogs, and some vermin. Minas Anor does not suffer as badly as many cities, perhaps due to the greater amount of stone used in its construction, but there are still rats, jackdaws, and strays to contend with. However, the citizenry do not ignore the problem; their gold pays for the upkeep of a civic official, Terimbrel the Ratter (see Section 10.6.2).

4.5 WILD PLANTS

Much of the land around the city has lain under the hand of man for thousands of years, and thus domestic plants outnumber the wild varieties. The forests and woods are mainly deciduous with typical undergrowth: bracken, brambles, nettles, woodland shrubs, and flowers. Between the clusters of trees lie pasture and meadow lands, laced by small streams, pools, and waterfalls flowing down from the Ered Nimrais. In the foothills, smaller trees proliferate, such as the birch, ash, and linden, giving way to magnolia (the tulip tree), rhododendron, azalea, and broom. In the higher reaches of the mountains, plants are reduced to hardy alpine varieties and a scrappy ground cover of heather, ling, cornel, and dwarf chestnut (which, unfortunately, bears no fruit).

Among the wild herbs are bright blue eyes in the meadows and tall splayfoot goodwort in the pools; higher up thrives the white mountain poppy. Opposite the Emyn Arnen, the south-facing bank of the Anduin is a peculiarly good spot for plants of the salt-margin. The tides lap over a shallow sand bar into a lagoon surrounded by a narrow band of marsh, wherein can be found, amongst the heron and pelican nests, tall maces and reeds, broad-leafed sea lilies, marram, and wingrove. Plants catching the interest of herbalists include: felmather, dark and shade-loving; yavëthalion that sprouts its tiny shoots in the rainwater pools formed in the bark hollows of twisted trees; ebur with its dull white flowers smelling vaguely repellant; and gylvir, a blue-green algae found on the roots and stems of water-dwelling species.

5.0 CULTURE AND LIFESTYLES

Note: *This section details the daily life and habits of the inhabitants of Minas Anor, so that a picture of normal life in the city can be portrayed when adventurers visit it. Use this information to form a background of typical activity. This helps orient the player characters and gives them an idea of how the local non-player characters live.*

Something of the culture of the Dúnedain can be learned by reading the records of other peoples, such as the Hobbits' *Red Book of Westmarch,* as well as Dúnadan writings such as Angarína's seminal work *The Rangers of the North.* The Anorians enjoy the fruits of an ancient civilization, one raised much higher in earlier times. Gondor is a slowly declining empire, set in a warm, dry southern clime where industriousness is pitched against hedonism and militaristic pride against rural peace. The kingdom's new capital naturally reflects many of the realm's myriad facets.

5.1 HOME LIFE

Although the Anorians retain a strong sense of family, to outsiders their way of life might appear detached. In a cramped city like Minas Anor, there is a need to live in close proximity to one another, and also for the same space on the ground to be put to more than one use. Most buildings serve as both workplace and living quarters for workers and their families. Any dinner table gathers around its edges others than immediate family—mother, father, and children. Neighbors, fellow guild members, and landlord, as well as grandmothers, uncles, and cousins share mealtime.



Town House

Daily Life

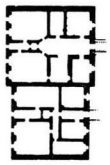
This is not to say that everyone remains in the same house all day long. Let us look at a typical Anorian. Gillen is a lesser Dúnadan, the wife of Hirluin. Hirluin is member of the Bakers' Fellowship and rises very early in the morning, parting the drapes which separate the bed from the rest of the room; the canopied mattress fits snugly into an alcove, flanked by a wardrobe and a washstand. He dresses quickly and leaves. An hour later, Gillen herself rises, washing and dressing slowly, tidying the room and wiping the windows of the late frost. Each small, square, leaded pane is traced with a lacy pattern.

She hurries downstairs to the kitchen to help prepare the communal breakfast, a hearty meal eaten at table. Gillen knows Hirluin will have broken his fast somewhere on his way to work. Seeing her friend Variën has not risen, she takes a tray up to her. Variën gave birth to an infant boy two weeks ago, and occupies a larger bedchamber than Gillen and Hirluin, needing room for the baby and her 2-year old daughter. A small bed and the new baby's handsome wooden cradle rest in another alcove of the room. When her daughter is older, she will probably sleep

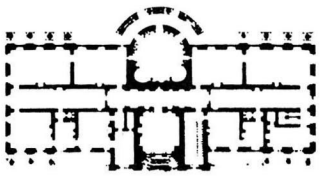


Town House

upstairs in the girls' dormitory until she reaches the age of 21, when she might marry or obtain her own room and support herself. After seeing to Variën, Gillen returns downstairs and helps the other womenfolk clean and tidy the living quarters.



Tasks such as darning a dress and buying some sweetmeats for Hirluin occupy her morning; she purchases a hot pie from a street-trader for her lunch, and then walks to the House of Tapestries where she helps Dorelas of the Clothwrights' Fellowship to stitch garments. She hopes her work will display excellence enough to procure her acceptance into the Fellowship herself, so that she can sponsor her sister and brother-in-law. Both moved to Osgiliath ten years ago to set up a leather shop. They now live in Wooden-town, having been ruined by the Plague, which also claimed their two children.



Anorian Great-house

After five hours hard work, Gillen takes her leave of Dorelas, collecting her wages for the week. Half of it she spends immediately on her descent through the city, mostly in the Diamond Market, where she buys food and other supplies. The sun is low in the sky, Mount Mindolluin's shadow already cast over most of the city, by the time she reaches the Great Gates. She squeezes through the throng of citizens returning and visitors departing, moving almost by intuition through the dark maze of shelters and rude houses in Wooden-town. Upon reaching the room where her sister lives, Gillen delivers the supplies to her and departs after a brief exchange of news. She gets back to the Gate just before it closes, half an hour after sunset. The last lamps are being lit by the men who have worked their way down over five miles from the Citadel Gate. The road back to her lodgings to the north side of the Second Tier is long enough for her.

Hirluin is already home and playing gwithbíl, a boardgame like nine-men's-gambit, with his father. Turluin is also a Baker and lives on the ground floor of the lodging-house. His wife died in the Plague. Because Gillen helped with breakfast and also pays something towards the upkeep of herself and her husband, she does not have to help prepare the 'day-meal.' After eating in the Hall of the house, she and Hirluin have the evening to themselves: it is rather cold for a walk, so they join some friends in the parlor to talk and sing. They retire fairly early. Hirluin goes straight to bed, but Gillen stays up to stare at the evening star, reciting a silent prayer. She asks a blessing for her husband, for Variën's new child, and for her parents, sleeping in a house of the Ironsmiths' Fellowship on the third level. Finally she asks that she might be blessed with child herself. Then she dons a nightgown and goes to bed.

Dostir Maldring, Hír Ethir

5.2 CUSTOMS, ETIQUETTE, AND DRESS

Most ubiquitous of Minas Anor's customs are the natural courtesy of the Dúnedain and the justice to be found in any of their lands. Deference is observed towards womenfolk, and this attitude often results in living arrangements where menfolk are responsible for the protection and livelihood of their wives and children. However, it is not unusual to find independent women supporting themselves, or a husband and wife who both work outside the home.

Anorians are a social bunch; they live, work, eat, and relax together. There are few private houses where one family dwells alone. Instead, they cluster in lodging houses and the buildings erected by Fellowships which serve both as workshops and quarters. Creditable workers in particular industries or occupations are invited to join their Fellowship, which is a loose organization headed by a Deputy who sits on Conclave, the city's council. There are twenty-eight Fellowships recognized by the city, along with a host of smaller, informal ones; these wield no political power, but serve as foci for the lives of their members. Fellowships also protect the widows and retired folk who have given them good service.



Life Customs

Children are cared for by and live with their parents. At the age of six or seven, they change their sleeping quarters, moving into a communal dormitory (in the same building) with other children until the age of maturity. This is commonly 20 years for men and 21 for women. However, from the age of 15, a child may be apprenticed, most often into a parent's occupation. Standards of education are quite varied; some children are not even taught to read and write, while others attend schools run by the Scribes' Fellowship or enjoy private tuition. Some Fellowships organize lessons for the offspring of their members. Boys undertake training in arms from age 15, spending a week (or more) each year with the Citadel Guard or with a training troop in Anórien or Lossarnach.

Few young men and women wed immediately. With a usual life span of eighty to a hundred years, or more for those of purer blood, and a prolonged span of vitality (the Dúnedain being blessed with a very short aging period), marriage can often wait until a person's thirties, or even later. The marriage ceremony is simple and joyous, taking place at an evening gathering of the Fellowship or household, with additional friends and relations from outside. Everyone drinks more than usual, and the couple rides off to a specially prepared chamber in a guesthouse or hostel.

Old folk are respected and supported by their relatives and Fellows. (A brief discussion of death rites is given in Section 5.4.)

City Laws

Most laws are informal; "Common Acts" take the form of customs which, if not obeyed, lead to the ostracization of the offender rather than punishment. No priests practice within the city: Northmen, folk of Dunnish descent, and others accustomed to religious authority must do without it in Minas Anor. (The Dúnedain themselves have no true clergy.) No inns or taverns—that is places open for the sale of drink to be consumed on the premises—are permitted within the walls. The city's hostels and guesthouses offer only full board, including meals and drink. Street-traders, stall-holders, and small shops deal in beer, wine, and other spirits, but patrons cannot consume them on the premises.

The vigilant and well-organized City Watch (see Section 7.2.4) patrols the streets to keep them clear of drunks, peace-breakers, and thieves. It is they who also "close" the Great Gate of the city a half hour after sunset. While the portal actually remains slightly ajar, those wanting to pass through must show good cause and prove they are a citizen to gain entry. Similarly, the lesser gates possess a sharper watch after darkness falls, and their guards check on passersby.

In the crowded confines of the city's streets and alleys, littering or the dumping of anything on the pavements is frowned upon. The occupants of buildings are not supposed to block the free passage of pedestrians or traffic, although vehicles are normally restricted to hand barrows, rómesir (palanquins), úlcaim (sing. "ilcam"; boards carried like stretchers or on yokes by two men), and the occasional horse or cart. Sometimes buskers fall foul of the City observances on free passage, much to the annoyance of certain members of the Artists' Fellowship.



Merien, Daughter of the Prince of Dol Amroth

The wearing of arms and armor in the city is considered uncivil: it implies that the defenses of Minas Anor are inadequate. Since violent crime is not unknown, small arms (a dagger, eket, or handaxe) are tolerated; larger weapons or armor (including a shield) results in townfolk avoiding the person so equipped as well as his associates. Naturally, the City Watch and garrison are expected to be seen wearing arms.

Dress

Men and women dress distinctly in Minas Anor. Let us return to Gillen and Hirluin. In their room's wardrobe hang garments belonging to both of them. Hirluin, leaving early in the morning, dresses in an andyeth and a crisiath. The andyeth is a loose-fitting shirt, long and edged with ribbon or brocade. Like most men, Hirluin prefers it a pale color or white. However, in the evening after his day's work is over, he dons another andyeth, perhaps with an embroidered, hand-painted, or batik design adorning the sleeves. All andyeths are made from light fabrics such as gauze or cheesecloth. The shirt has a deep neck vent, draping sleeves, and front and rear vents.



Emelduin, King's Physician

Over this is worn the crisiath, a stylized and formal waistcoat. Where the andyeth is loose, a crisiath is tight and close-fitting. It has a broad waistband, chest and dorsal segments hung over the collarbone and shoulders, and flared skirt pieces. The girdle is joined by a thong or metal clasp-buckle. It is made from a light leather, the waistband being tooled or stamped with a design and boasting loops from which to hang tools.

Hirluin wears a hose (tight-fitting breeches) of a dark color. His father Tirluin favours pantaloons tucked into short boots, baggy or even pleated around the knee; he also dons a fancier crisiath, with padded shoulders and designs printed or embroidered on the left breast.

Footwear depends upon the season. Leather sandals, colorful shoes (some with wooden soles), and ankle boots are racked in Hirluin's wall chest. Nails and tacks may not be used in cobblery, by law. Hirluin has a number of overclothes. Most often worn is a light knee-length cape with slits instead of sleeves. The baker also has a full-length coat, voluminous, with wide sleeves and quilted with sheep's wool. For formal occasions, he owns matching fur mantle and leggings.

Gillen's garb is quite different. Her clothes are many-layered, using a variety of shades in different layers, or layers of two contrasting colors. On rising, she dons a dress or blouse and skirt. Most are loose-fitting, although she will add a tighter bodice or apron for working wear. Sleeves are flowing and not gathered at the wrist: Gillen has learned to do things with her hands without catching the hems. She wears gloves but rarely—in winter fleecy mittens or mufflers—usually hands are bare.

Gillen normally wears a headdress: banded net, ribbons, or a hanging wimple. Over her dress or skirt she wraps a shawl or cape. Outer clothes with sleeves are rare, and arms must be held inside or poked through slits. Some of Gillen's capes have wide hoods that may be drawn about the face and still accommodate her long fair tresses. In the evening time or for formal occasions, Gillen adds adornments: plaited armbands, headbands, chokers, belts, and so on. Her plaits are made of colored woven threads, strips of dyed cloth, leather, and beads. Gillen's hair is long (like many Anorian women's) and braided, making it easy to arrange in elaborate coiffures. Hanging folds and fringes are a common decorative element in much of her clothing, along with embroidery and beadwork. Two of her favorite dresses, once her mother's, have historically fashionable designs, incorporating star motifs; lately the resentment of refugees from Osgiliath ("Citadel of the Stars") has been expressed by the avoidance of such images.

5.3 FOOD AND DRINK

Although not as dedicated to their trenchers as Hobbits, Anorians like to eat heartily and well. They take three meals a day, the lightest of which is nuncheon (from noon). Food is is imported to supply the city—from the Pelennor, crammed with farms (see 4.1), and from Anórien, Calenardhon, Lossarnach, and Lebennin.

Breakfast

A large and filling breakfast readies Anorians for the day's work ahead. Ever since the time of Atanatar Alcarin (who made a joke about it), they have referred to the morning meal as their 'morsel.' Its mainstay is a platter of cold meats, including smoked fish and patés. These are accompanied by raw vegetables, grated or shredded, with a dressing of honey and herbs; and also by unleavened bread, scones, or oatcakes, fresh from the oven. Soured milk or watered beer is drunk with this repast, or hot milk mixed with burnt oatmeal on cold days.

The Day-meal

The day-meal is eaten at sunset. It is a sociable and tasty occasion, possessing several courses, usually at least one fish and one meat dish. Fish are baked whole in wine and other juices, or filleted and baked in pies. Pies are almost a way of life for the Anorians, who put all sorts of things under a pastry crust: eggs, fish, vegetables, ham, cheese, beef, even venison and rabbit. In season, richer families enjoy game: wild pig, deer, and birds like pheasant and grouse. Another standard course—in winter, at least—is a thick, creamy soup or hotpot. Each dish is served with plenty of vegetables, including roots (carrots, potatoes, lilies, and corms) and green leaves such as galasenin, a sort of watercress. Large chunks of bread occupy baskets on the table. The repast is finished with something sweet, perhaps a large cake-like pudding sliced and doused with a sauce of cream, fruit syrup, and alcohol.

Nuncheon and Other Fare

Nuncheon and snacks are informal, indulged in according to an individual's hunger. A pastry case stuffed with bone marrow and cheese or a meat and vegetable pie, fresh from a baker's stall are typical fare Visitors might be served small dainty cakes, crystallized fruits, delicate fritters (such as elderflowers), sugar-iced pastries, or a simple board of cheese and hard biscuits together with a strong red wine. One speciality is halva cakes made from seedgrain and crushed honeycombs, sandwiched between thin wafers.

Drinks

The most commonly drunk beverages are ales and red wines. There are many types of both, from light and harmless to dark and deadly. Also available are white wines, mead, liqueurs, cordials, spirits (S. "Firirnin"), cider, and non-alcoholic drinks such as milk (goat or cow), fruit juices (especially that of the watermelon in summer), and herbal infusions.

Remedies

Every herb-grower has on hand two simple remedies for visitors unused to cosmopolitan life: a decoction of peppermint, fennel, gentian, and woodruff for indigestion; and an infusion of valerian, chamomile, and lavender to ameliorate the effects of too much wine.

5.4 SPIRITUAL LIFE

The religious observances of the Dúnedain of Minas Anor are uniformly informal. There are no temples or shrines, and no priest may preach or conduct any form of service within the city. The nearest approximation to clergy are the Edbelguinar (S. "Holy Men of the Dead") who dwell on the other side of the Closed Door (see Section 10.6.6) and inter members of the royal family when they pass away. Similarly there are no religious statutes or teachings.

The Dúnedain have, of all men, dwelt nearest to the Valar. They see the Holy Ones clearly: the instruments of that Greater Power who created Arda; they do not hold them as gods as do many lesser men. True reverence in that sense is due only to Eru Ilúvatar (The One). Yet Anorians respect the Valar and acknowledge the truth that their blessing is of value.

The Dúnedain's dislike for ceremony and show in religious observance stems in part from the influence Sauron once gained in Númenor. The evil Maia seduced the Kings and most of the population into believing that Eru did not exist and that the Valar were the evil opponents of Melkor. They built hideous temples and performed sacrifices to the Black Enemy in the hope of avoiding death. Possessing such history, all Anorians are suspicious of those showing excessive religious fervor, and of clerical authority in particular.



Eärbaldol, King's Seer



The most fervent Anorians meditate or silently request blessing from an individual Vala. Often a thematic day and time is chosen for their devotions: the evening of the first day of the week (S. "Orgilion, W: Sterrendei), for example, when the stars spangle the heavens, for speaking to Varda. On the intercalary holidays, some citizens pay special attention to Eru and perform simple acts of worship, often giving their time to accomplish a charitable deed.

Books of devotions and prayers, written by both Elven and mannish authors, provide readers with inspiration, solace, or serve as the focus of spiritual discipline. Their pages, however, bear no illustrations or depictions of Eru or any of the Valar, such representation being distasteful to the austere Anorians. Only abstract designs and images, like waves, water, or pools for Ulmo, are employed.

Death and Interment

In some ways, the worst ravages of the Great Plague have hit survivors: normally the dead are buried or entombed with extreme reverence and great ceremony. Yet, on the strict advice of the Healers' Fellowship, Conclave declared that all plague victims must be carried from the city in sealed caskets and cremated. In a normal year, there are two to three thousand deaths in Minas Anor. During the plague years, up to ten thousand died over a twelve month period. The streets seemed clogged with black-shrouded úlcaim bearing coffins out the Great Gates, and a curfew was declared for three hours in the evening so that this ghastly traffic did not interfere with what remained of normal life.

The city's main burial ground lies two miles south, on the slopes of the White Mountains. Ornate tombs and sepulchres hold the dead of the wealthy, while simple gravestones mark the resting places of those less rich. Most tombs serve a family and are opened for each new burial. After death, the body is cleaned, embalmed, and dressed in white, and may be perfumed or adorned with flowers. The face is always veiled. Mourners wear either black or white, and the person closest to the deceased (or the most senior person) reads a blessing. Others may add their own tributes; then the body is placed in the space prepared for it and the grave sealed.

The cemetery is guarded by members of the Porters and Door-wardens' Fellowship, who also provide transport for those who attend a burial. Such duty is highly regarded and one of the reasons for the Wardens' high place in Anorian society. Many folk of Gondor know the terrible stories of the desecration of royal burial sites in Arnor, where the Witch-king sent his wights into even the noblest barrows; most pray that their ancestors remain better protected from so evil a fate.

5.5 ART AND ARCHITECTURE

Note: *Some ideas about art and architecture can be gleaned by reading the descriptions of various buildings in the city (Section 10.0) and the notes on Fellowships (Section 7.2.3).*

The Anorians, while not philistines, are neither devotees of art in the manner of the people of Minas Ithil. They appreciate the sedate more than the lively. Artworks in Minas Anor date back to Númenórean times. Some were brought to Middle-earth before the Downfall, others were saved by the Faithful; these are now museum-pieces proudly displayed by their owners, and fetching extremely high prices when sold. Although the city's bones date back to the Second Age, few individual buildings from that time remain; they were not built with the same enduring patience of the Outer Wall and the Great Gate.

Given the time span nevertheless covered by the city's architecture, it is surprising to see so little change in design and style. The basic features of a typical building are: round-headed arches, stone colonnades and vaulting, tiled roofs with flat slopes, and overhanging upper stories. Naturally, different buildings do show individual facets: towers and turrets, gables, and so on. During a two hundred year period about three centuries ago, there was a tendency to use pointed arches and vaults, and the local masons are always changing from round columns to square to polygonal and back to round again.

Most buildings are built from stone quarried within twenty miles of the city. This is pale white, speckled, cream or blue, and contrasts with both the roof tiles and the slate-grey of the walls running around each level. Wood, once used extensively in building, is now rare, and wholly timber houses number just a handful or so. Yet they are extremely graceful and still practical after hundreds of years of use. There are also one or two other oddities, such as Myall's Vitrine (see Section 10.4.7), a tower made of glass, and the splendid cloister of the Houses of Healing (see Section 10.6.1). More expensive marble for facings and interior floors is brought from the southern vales of the White Mountains.

Minas Anor harbors a fair complement of painters, sculptors, and other artists. Paintings are typically portraits rather than decorative studies or landscapes: the latter are found, but as woven or embroidered tapestries and hangings. Painters are also employed to create designs on clothing, either using special paint or batik wax so that the design is built up through multiple selective dyeing. Painters embellish the exteriors of buildings, either with murals or with signs and symbols indicating the business carried out within. Sculptors specialize in ornaments or portraiture: there are many busts and full figures to be seen within the city. Among other Fellowships, there are woodcarvers, stonecutters, jewellers, and glassblowers who deserve the title artist rather than artisan. Least enduring are the works of the master bakers—yet some hold these pastries and loaves to be among the most satisfying art to be found in Minas Anor.



6.0 COMMERCE

Minas Anor is not a mercantile capital comparable with Osgiliath (of old), yet there is a great deal of trade and commerce within the city. Myriad craftsmen producing every sort of finished good sell through their workshops and factories to citizens and merchants alike, sending the goods off to the four corners of the realm and to lands beyond. Vendors dispense all the materials imported by the city from stalls and shops up and down miles of streets. Scribes, bookkeepers, bankers, and lawyers help with funding and look after profits, wages, and bills. If Minas Ithil dreams of silver clouds, Minas Anor washes with a rain of gold. Adventurers who wish to make purchases in this city—goods, services, information—can generally find what they seek somewhere. Ask a Porter or Door-warden for directions to the right area, and then ask any passerby.

Most coins are accepted by Anorian merchants, although the city has its own mint. Coins and pieces from afar might be taken to a bank for assessing and weighing. The standard Anorian coins are:

Sindarin	Westron	Value
malanor	orb, sun	1 mp = 10gp
harancor	gold hundredpiece	10 gp = 200 sp
erin	gold crown	1 gp = 20 sp
nimloth	silver tree	4 sp = 40 bp
celebarn	silver royal	1 sp = 10 bp
tamb	bronze 'copper'	1 bp = 5 cp
peret	copper half	.5 bp = 2.5 cp
benhar	copper bit	1 cp

Exchange Rate: 1 erin = 5 nimloth = 20 celebarn = 200 tamb = 400 peret = 1,000 benhar.

Traders frequenting Minas Anor must obtain a license or else be liable to a tax on goods passing through the Great Gate (in either direction). This tax is usually 5% of the value of the articles, as assessed by the Warden. Should a trader dispute the assessment, he must wait until an arbitrator from an appropriate Fellowship is summoned (who must himself be paid for his trouble). The license fee varies according to the type of trade the individual intends to undertake. It is possible, of course, to forge a license and evade the tax.

There are few other restrictions on commerce in the city. Membership of Fellowships is not required in order to conduct business in Minas Anor, although it can help, since the members enjoy many contacts and wield some influence with the city's trade officials.

Note: *For examples of goods made in the city, see descriptions of workshops and manufactories in Section 10.0, and the notes on Fellowships in the following section.*

Currency Chart

Mint	Obverse Image	Reverse Image	Language	Lettering	Issues
Dol Amroth†	Prince of Dol Amroth	Swan Ship	Sindarin	Tengwar	C,B,S, some G
Minas Anor	King of Gondor	White Tree	Sindarin	Tengwar	C,B,S,G, some M
Fornost Erain	King of Arthedain	Seven Stars	Sindarin	Tengwar	T,C,B,S some G
Moria	King of Durin's Folk	Durin's Hammer & Anvil	Sindarin	Angerthas	C,B,S, G,M
Umbar	*	Serpent-prowed war galley	Adûnaic	Tengwar	C,B,S, some E

Issue Codes: M=mithril; G=gold; E=electrum (gold-silver alloy); S=silver; B=bronze (copper alloy); C=copper; T=tin.

Tin is more readily available than copper in Arthedain, so the mint at Fornost Erain sometimes substitutes tin coins: 1 copper=2 tin.

To conserve gold, which must be imported, Umbar mints electrum coins: 1 gold=2 electrum.

* Except for the period between T.A. 933-1448, when Gondor's empire was at its height, Umbar has been an independent city-state ruled by an oligarchy of Lord-captains. Before 933, the Black Númenóreans who controlled Umbar engraved the image of Ar-Pharazôn, last King of Númenor, on their currency—recognition that they still owed a fictitious allegiance to the extinct dynasty. Since 1448, the ruling oligarchy descended from rebel Gondorians has used the image of Castamir, last rightful King of Gondor in their view.

† Linhir's mint is an arm of the Prince's mint at Dol Amroth, producing supplemental copper and silver coinage. Its Coinmaster, however, is appointed by the King (or Steward), and any coins produced in Linhir are manufactured only with the leave of the royal house.



7.0 THE INHABITANTS

There are some 45,000 inhabitants in Minas Anor. The exact number is unknown, despite the efficiency of the city's new administrators. The Plague wreaked havoc on the population, and it is estimated that perhaps a fifth of the city's residents died; but at the same time there was an influx of citizens from Osgiliath. The newcomers swamped the city's authorities.

Many of the refugees possess noble blood. The royal household and Gondor's governors, all of whom once called Osgiliath home, now live and work in Minas Anor.

7.1 THE ROYAL FAMILY

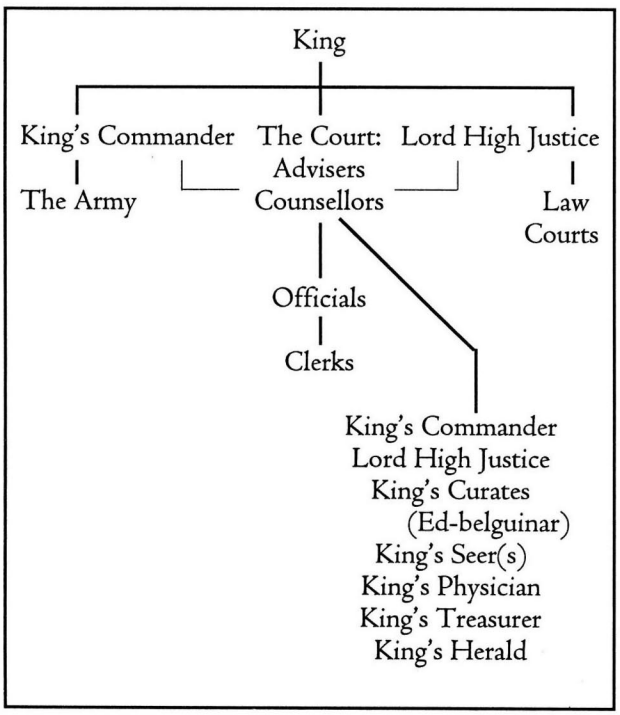
The royal family of Gondor is splendidly represented by the twenty-sixth King, Tarondor. The chart of Kings and Ruling Stewards (shown on page 24) illustrates the recent fortunes of the royal house descended from Elendil and Anárion. (Individual members are detailed in Section 12.1.)



Vinyaran, King's Commander

The Royal Household

The royal court and household is a loosely organized group headed by the King and the rest of the royal family. The King is responsible for all major appointments—and can terminate them at his whim. His ministers are responsible for various Offices and their staffing. Some Offices have slightly overlapping areas of authority, which can lead to friction between ministers, but such disputes are seldom serious.



The King's Commander and the Lord High Justice are generally Princes of the Realm. At this time, Vinyaran is Tarondor's Commander and also his Chief Counsellor. This latter title is held by any minister or counsellor serving the King's court. It bears the responsibility of organizing audiences with the King and overseeing the debates in the formal sessions known as Great Courts. These are attended by ranking nobles, officials from all Offices to back up their ministers and all the King's advisors and counsellors. Ranking nobles are ones who have been personally appointed to the Great Court, or who have inherited such a position. As with all positions at court, they are subject to election and dismissal as the King commands.

Vinyaran is also responsible for the maintenance of order in the royal household, another position he enjoys, although most of the work is left to his capable deputy Othirhan the Chamberlain. When he is not present for court sessions, his mantle as Chief Counsellor had usually fallen upon Córiayan son of Princess Aramberiel, the Lord Chief Justice. However, as the High Court will not be moving from Osgiliath until the royal household is better settled in Minas Anor, the honor falls to Dior Ed-belguinar (Dior the Curate) of House Usulúni.

7.2 THE ANORIANS

The Anorians form the majority of the inhabitants of the city of Minas Anor. Five years ago, they hardly referred to themselves in such terms but since the onset of the Plague and the steady stream of refugees fleeing from the disease-ridden quarters of Osgiliath the natives of the city have taken up the label as a badge of superiority.

Of the three groups of people making up the population, two form the Anorians (the third are the 'new arrivals'). The city has had a simple two-tier class division of the wealthy and the wealth-producers. There is little sign of a middle class based on the merchant trade since Gondor's great mercantile center is Osgiliath. There are a few rich families who have manipulated trade well, but they have also derived money from owning and running productive businesses within the city.

The great bulk of the population is involved in working in the realm's largest manufactory. If something can be made by artisans or craftsmen, with wood, stone or metal, leather, wax, cloth or parchment, then someone can be found to make it in Minas Anor. The six lower levels of the city teem with activity and the sounds of hammers, knives, chisels and treadles.

7.2.1 NOBLE HOUSES

There are few true noble houses in Minas Anor. All own fiefs in the province of Anórien, holding them from the Prince-President or directly from the King. All these houses are ancient; three derive from leaders of the Elendili in Númenor and one from a martial family of Elf-friends dwelling in Lindon at the time of the Downfall whose patriarch befriended Isildur and came south with him, dying in the War of the Last Alliance.

Dunmardo (West-dwellers)

House Dunmardo is now small and the least of the Anorian noble houses. Its head is Daron, an elderly scholar. House Dunmardo is linked to the Jeweller's Fellowship. Its symbol is an arch with a sloping roof, like a stylized house, surmounted by a setting sun with red rays.

Usulúni (Children-who-escaped)

House Usulúni is another of the Númenórean families. Their extensive fiefs were taken by Ar-Pharazôn after accusations of treachery and they fled the Isle just before the Downfall. Only the original lord's wife, sister-in-law and his youngest sons escaped a massacre in the form of a blood sacrifice at the Temple of Melkor. They were welcomed by the Faithful living near Edhellond, where their boat put ashore. When the kingdoms of Elendil were ordered, the lady was given fiefs on the west bank of the Anduin in stewardship for her sons. She became a devout supplicant to the Valar, who she believed had personally spared her sons, and the House has always been a deeply "religious" one. Many Keepers of the Hallows, Minas Anor's houses of the dead, have come from this noble line including Dior, current Ed-belguinar. The symbol of House Usulúni is a sailing ship above which are two silver stars.

Astirian (Shore-guardians)

The Lord of House Astirian left Númenor well before the Downfall. Three generations of lords had dwelt in Lindon before Elendil and his sons came out of the west and established their kingdoms. Originally the House held lands in the North-kingdom (Arnor), but their head marched with the Last Alliance and fought with Isildur and Elrond. On his death, his heir was granted lands in Anórien and they became one of the first Houses of Minas Anor, dwelling in a towering house on the sixth level. Like all his forefathers, the current head, Carnam, is a Nominee to Conclave and his son is a captain in the Citadel Guard. The symbol of House Astirian is a white diamond superimposed by a sea-blue wave.





Othirhan, Court Chamberlain



Dior, King's Curate

Elena (Star-wards)

House Elena retains the most adherence to the old ways of Númenor and is noted for its aloofness from the common people of the city. Very few members of this House ever marry outside the purest Dúnadan families. Their large house on the Fifth Level is secluded and impenetrable except to invited visitors, who are few indeed. It is said to contain one of the most comprehensive genealogical libraries in all Gondor; this is obviously an invaluable asset when considering the suitability of potential suitors. The House has little to do with the governance of the city. They do throw extremely exclusive parties for the highest of the high, and the current head, Tarassar, joins the Council of Gondor when it meets. The symbol of House Elena is a black band edged with gold, overlaid with a radiant star of white and silver.

7.2.2 GREAT FAMILIES

There are a number of important families in Minas Anor who have a great influence in the governing of the city. Some of them hold more power than the noble houses, and all aspire to join the nobility themselves although it is very unlikely that any could be ennobled whilst still in the city.

Curmegil Harnastin

The Harnastin family is the most recent to arise of those mentioned here. The dynasty was founded by Armagor Harnastin, a warrior captain under Rómendacil, who won fame and fortune in the East after leading numerous successful raids and operations. He acquired a vast fortune in plunder and returned home to Minas Anor in triumph to marry a minor noble's daughter. Since the thirteenth century, the family has continued a strong military tradition—the current head is Curmegil. The symbol adopted by the family is a wide-bladed falchion with a winged hilt.

Cambal Aglarína

The Aglarína family are among the more mysterious and exotic of the dynasties and individuals in Minas Anor. The commonly-related story about them tells of three brothers who were sorcerers at the time of founding of Gondor. They were powerful and opposed Sauron, but each one in turn was betrayed to the Evil One's agents by their only sister. They were persecuted then captured, tortured and slain in horrible fashion. The sister had earlier born an unwanted child which she abandoned but which had been found and secretly raised by the three brothers. He learned all their magics and more, and when he discovered why they had died, slew their betrayer; only later did he find out through sorcery that she was his mother. He founded the dynasty, which survives to this day, headed by Cambal. The family's symbol is a small crown dripping blood into a pool.

Tirbelôr Malréd

The fortunes of the Malréd family have been changeable down the centuries although they have never been poor. For the past two hundred years they have been doing very well, mainly thanks to a major discovery at their gold mines in central Belfalas. This has funded an expansion of their mercantile interests and they are also involved in banking. Their influence in the city can be measured by their three effective votes in Conclave. Tirbelôr is a Nominee and financial advisor to Mindacil. The family also sponsors another Advisor, Tirbelôr's son Alúdor, and they also have strong links with the Goldsmiths' Fellowship. The symbol of the Malréd family is a pair of overlapping gold coins and a green tassel.

Quiacil Herenyand

The Herenyand family are noted especially for their learning and connections with the Scribes' and Sages' Fellowships. An old, monied family, they embrace a variety of interests in the city including ownership of a bookbindery and a parchment-maker. The size of the Herenyand fortune is not known, but they are able to sponsor the Deputies of both the Scribes' and Sages' Fellowships, as well as Quiacil's position as an Advisor. The family's symbol is a three-piered bridge.

Melloriel Sindbar

The Sindbar family is a scion of a noble house of Minas Ithil. They were rich merchants but otherwise had little importance in this great city until Porothir Sindbar married Melloriel, daughter of a lord of one of Gondor's most remote fiefs in the northern Pinnath Gelin. The symbol of the family is a grey tower, circular and roofed. To this Melloriel has recently added a gold ring.

7.2.3 THE FELLOWSHIPS

There are twenty-eight Fellowships in Minas Anor. These are akin to medieval guilds and the Edfreahir of the Northmen but are far less restrictive and formal. Effectively they serve two purposes: to gather together workers producing similar sorts of goods so that the economies of having a communal workplace are achieved, and also to provide a fellowship, a sort of club that workers in that industry can join in order to gain political and social benefits. The social benefits include looking after widows and orphans of workers and, on a lighter note, revelries and get-togethers of like-minded fellows after a hard day's work. There are no inns and taverns in Minas Anor, for everyone sups in their Fellowship Hall or some other communal place. (The political benefits and organization of the Fellowships are described in Section 8.3.)

The Fellowships are arranged into four groupings, supposedly by age and honor, although such details are hotly debated and contested by the Fellows on occasion.

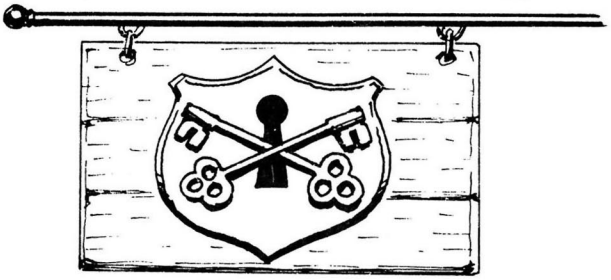
1st	**2nd**
Porters & Doorwardens	Stonewrights
Hostelers	Woodwrights
Lampwrights	Goldsmiths
Bakers	Clothwrights
Healers	Waterwrights
Armorers	Glassmakers
3rd	**4th**
Street-traders	Cordwrights
Cooks	Cutlers
Coopers	Jewelers
Candlemakers	Artists
Tilers & Roofwrights	Embroiderers
Potters	Locksmiths
Ironsmiths	Scribes
Leatherwrights	Sages



Tarassar, High Justice

Porters & Doorwardens

This Fellowship is a small but important one. It is the only one in the city to have a titular head; the Warden of the Keys (see 10.15). All other Fellowships have just a Deputy. The porters and doorwardens look after all the gates of the city including the Great Gate and Fen Hollen, the closed door leading to Rath Dínen. They also manage the liftings in each of the lesser gates and operate two services much used by the rich and powerful: message delivery and the rómesir, a palanquin-like transport operated by two strong men. Few who are rich enough care to walk miles to their homes on the upper levels when they can afford someone to carry them. Similar transport can also be arranged for goods, since few horses or carriages and carts are allowed into the city. Most everyone requires the services of the Fellowship—if only when death comes and they must be escorted to their final resting place.



Sign of the Porters & Doorwardens



Sign of the Healers

Hostelers

There are no inns or taverns in Minas Anor by an ancient tradition with an unknown origin. However, there is plenty of accommodation for visitors in hostels and guesthouses. Here food and drinks are served (and often flow freely) but only as part of a general fee for board and lodging, or if bought from a wineshop (for prices see Section 6.0). The arrangement works well for the Anorians, and they ignore outsiders who find it a little peculiar. The Hostelers' Fellowship is moderately small and has a high proportion of women since widows with some inheritance often open or take over a guesthouse.

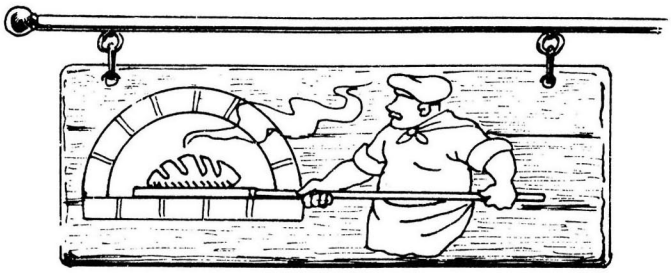
Lampwrights

That the Lampwrights' Fellowship is old indeed is testified to by the name of the first main street in the city: Rath Celerdain. Most of its members live on the First Level and are involved in the making of lamps, lanterns, chandeliers, refractory telescopes, magnifying glasses, sundials and other such items. Their work depends for the most part upon materials supplied by the Ironsmiths and Glassmakers of the fourth level. The Lampwrights are also responsible as a body for the maintenance of the street lights of the city, and pay for the upkeep of two lamplighters jointly with the Candlemakers' Fellowship.

Bakers

Minas Anor's Bakers are accounted above simple cooks. Their Fellowship rose in status after the Kin-strife when a number of skilled Northmen settled in Minas Anor. Now they produce a wide range of provender, from loaves and buns to cakes and pastries. No meal is considered filling without a fresh round of bread or a sweet pastry to finish it off; no dinner entertainment properly complete without a delicate construction of dough, sugar and colored confection.

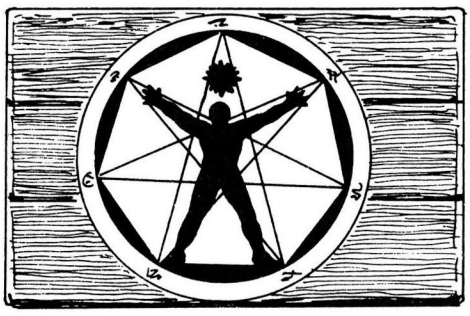
Sign of the Great Bakery



Sign of the Great Bakery

Healers

The Healers of Minas Anor are rightly famed through much of Gondor and beyond. Their splendid Houses of Healing where most of the Fellowship dwell and tend their patients are on the sixth level, facing south and east among scented gardens of herbs. The Healers are skilled as surgeons and homeopaths, and knowledgeable as herbalists, cultivating and extracting the useful essence of



many plants with a lore that goes back to the earliest days of Númenor: *"...the Eldar...brought to Númenor many gifts: birds of song, and fragrant flowers, and herbs of great virtue"* (***The Silmarillion.***, p. 316). They are among the most influential of all the Fellowships, ever valued for their wise counsel.

Armorers

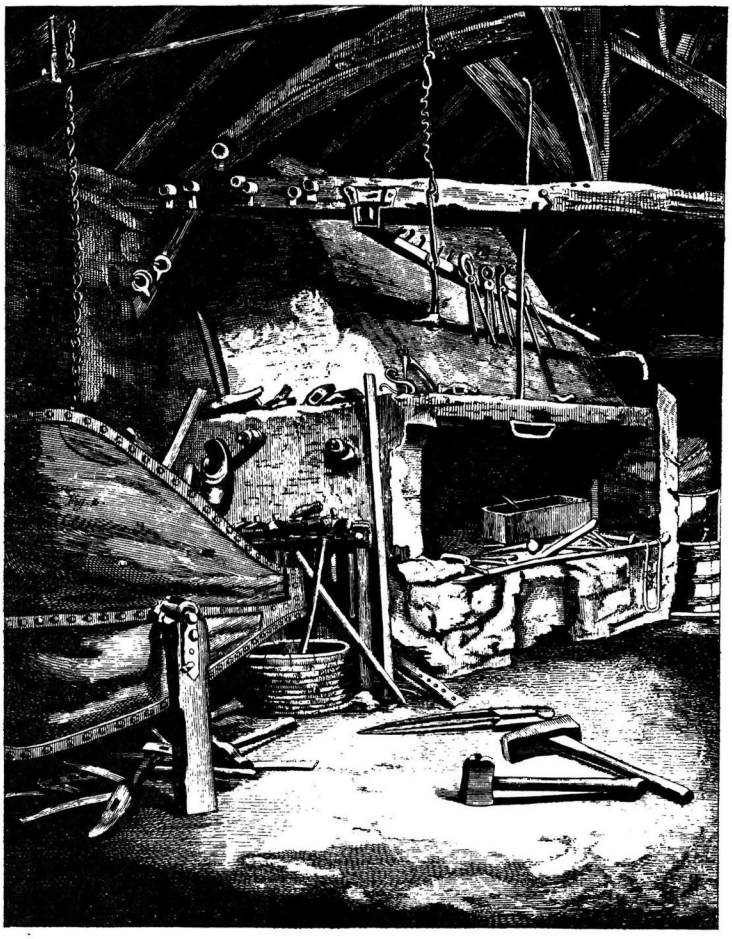
Another skill developed in Númenor and continued in practice to good purpose in Minas Anor is the manufacture of arms and armor. Although styles and preferences have changed since the Second Age, the principles have not, and the Armorers hall on the Sixth Level is known as the House of Ringing Sounds because of the incessant beat of steel on steel. The Fellowship is kept busy by the demands of Citadel Guard, Royal Guard and supplies traded to other parts of the realm. The only weapons not made by the Armorers are blades; these are the domain of the Cutlers.

Stonewrights

The masons of the city have a long-standing rivalry with the carpenters (Woodwrights, see below). It dates back to the very earliest days of Minas Anor. Originally, the Woodwrights were held in higher esteem, owing to the greater beauty of their craft and the elegance of the wood they worked. The Stonewrights built the city walls and towers, but the great houses and halls were made of strong wood and timber brought from a dozen different forests, each wood with a specific use. Galleries and screens of intricate fretwork bedecked the early city. However, as time passed and the houses needed renewing and replacing, the special timbers grew more expensive and harder to obtain. Long delays frustrated the grand designs of the few rich enough to be able to afford them. Gradually stone became more favored, not least for its reliability and enduring qualities, and replaced many older works of wood. At the same time, the Stonewrights were themselves attracting more money and power with their increased patronage and could develop their craft to equal the skill of the joiners. Now the Woodwrights are less important and few wooden buildings remain.

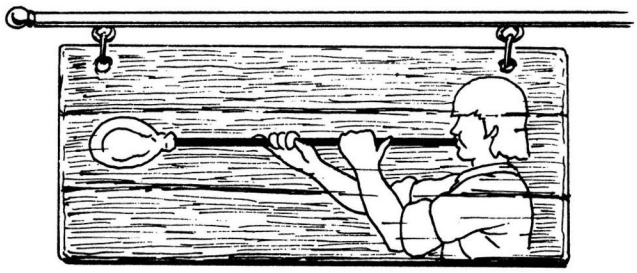
Woodwrights

Some of the history of the Woodwrights is related above. From their former glory of housebuilding on a grand scale, they are reduced to the more usual carpentry products: household interiors (doors, window frames, joists, floors); furniture and furnishings; barrows, carriages, carts and rómesir; tool and weapon hafts and pieces; and so on. All their products are of a high quality, and amongst their number are many fine wood-carvers. There are many woodwrights' workshops, the main being the Woodwrights' House in the northern section of the Second Level.



Goldsmiths

The Goldsmiths' Fellowship is also an old and respected association. Although the Goldsmiths of Minas Anor might not rival the Elves for the beauty of their craft, their works are as passing fair as any other produced by Men. They turn out gold plate (cups, platters, ewers) as well as special commissions. They also produce gold leaf of fine quality which is traded far and wide, and work in other precious metals including silver, pewter and bronze.



Clothwrights

Sign of the Glassworks

The Clothwrights do not produce cloth; rather they make every sort of garment and item from cloth woven outside the city. Cotton comes from Dor Rhúnen (Rhovanion), linen from Calenardhon and Lamedon, wool from the Pinnath Gelin. They also buy copious amounts of thread, for they are industrious tailors, lacemakers and sewers. Anything from a simple handkerchief to a silken pavilion capable of holding an hundred guests can be made by and bought from this Fellowship.

Waterwrights

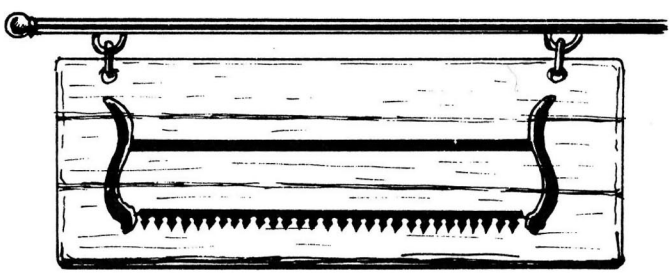
The Waterwrights are responsible for the maintenance of the city's water supply. The Númenóreans devised an ingenious system for getting fresh water into and waste out of the city without compromising its defences (described in Section 9.4). Waterwrights also maintain the plumbing in individual buildings in the city. A branch of the Fellowship is involved in the manufacture of lead piping and other items of lead, such as weights, seals etc.

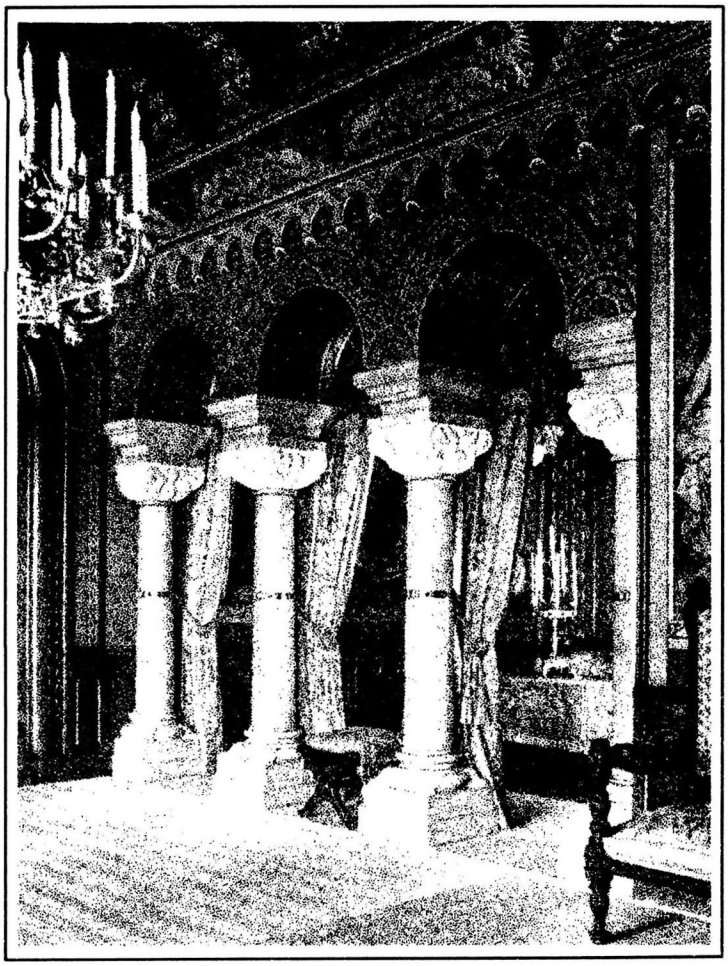
Glassmakers

The last of the great manufacturing Fellowships, the Glassmakers are mostly to be found at the Glassworks on the fourth level. They make small-piece sheet glass for windows (which is too expensive for most houses), bottles and other vessels, phials, cabinets and cases, ornaments, drinking ware and lenses, along with a host of other, rarer items, usually on a commission basis. Great skill is required of a glassblower or handler, and great artistry can also be exhibited in their craft. There is no larger glass-works in the whole of Gondor and Arnor.

Othirhan

Sign of the Woodwrights





Hall of the Armorers

Street-traders

Another 'loose' Fellowship, the Street-traders are vendors of every sort who work from small shops and impermanent stalls in the market places and side-streets of the city. Some even carry their wares from place to place in trays balanced on the head or slung around the neck. Virtually all of the small wares common to western Endor are sold here. The commonest are items of food, jugs of ale or wine, cheap articles of clothing, cosmetics, herbs, gifts and trinkets, and household items like pots, pans, brushes, needles, cord, and utensils. The Street-traders are perhaps the most-ignored of all the Fellowships—with the possible exception of the Artists—although few Anorians would admit to either snobbery or philistinism.

Cooks

The accomplished cooks of Minas Anor provide for a cityful of stomachs. Some of the Dúnedain's favorite delicacies are described elsewhere (see Section 5.3). Closely associated with the Hostelers' Fellowship, the Cooks have a strong antipathy for the Bakers, whom they regard as less substantive specialists. The tall Men of Gondor need solid ballast, not puff pastry, they claim. The Cooks are also skilled butchers and cheesemakers, but although they are known to use wine, ale and stronger spirits in their recipes, they do not brew or distill the drinks themselves; everything is imported from Ithilien, the southern provinces and, for special occasions, from the reaches of Eriador and Rhovanion.

Coopers

The Woodwrights do not make every wooden item in the city. The Coopers are an important Fellowship whose skilled craftsmanship turns out barrels and wooden vessels of all sorts from The Hundred Tuns, their workshop on the fourth level. Their branded mark is a recognized sign of quality for hundreds of miles around, and barrels they make last for years, often turning up in the most unlikely places.

Candlemakers

The Candlemakers' Fellowship is a diverse if small group of artisans making both plain and embellished candles along with many other items of wax and oil. These include lamp oil, torches, cosmetic oils, sealing wax, wood polisher and so on. A Candlemaker can often be marked out by the distinctive smell of oil or wax, and this has led to them having few friends, despite the good work they do for the city fueling its street lamps. The Candlemakers tend to be a dour yet uncomplaining lot.

Tilers

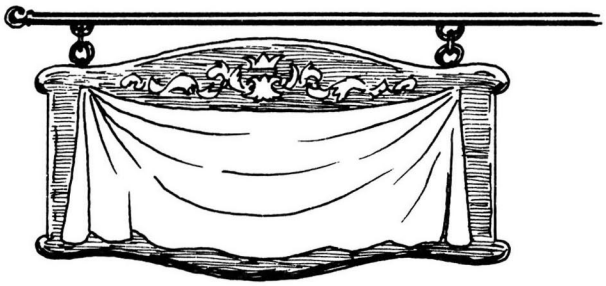
The Tilers have strong links with the Potters' Fellowship as both use clay, much of it obtained from the low vales of Lebennin and drawn up to the city in special carts which shake the excess water from the clay and let it drain away through holes pierced in the sides. Tilers also make other roofing materials, such as decorated slates and carved wooden tiles. Most tiles for roofs are plain, of a dull red color, but slipware tiles with a glossy finish are popular with richer customers. Some are tinted yellow or green and show up beautifully in the mornings as the rising sun casts its first light upon the roofs of the city. The Tilers also produce bricks and other ceramics, usually for decorative purposes.

Potters

The Potters' Fellowship is a loose and friendly one. Most potteries are small, dotted here and there about the city, with their own small kilns and wheels. Many pottery goods are produced, including stoppered stoneware jars for vintners east of Anduin; bowls and dishes and every sort of tableware for the common folk of the city who cannot afford to eat off pewter or silver; troughs and basins for the balconies and tiny, crammed gardens of city buildings wherein flowering plants are grown to brighten the streets and alleys; and so on.

Ironsmiths

Gondorians are nothing if not organized. Iron is generally smelted in a more convenient and congenial place than the confines of the city; thus the Ironsmiths work not with raw iron ore but with the pigs of iron that come up from the rural foundries. They supply sheet, bar, rod and wire iron and steel to many other Fellowships: Lampwrights, Locksmiths, Armorers, Cutlers and Coopers, for example. Many different tempers of steel are achieved by skilled processes. Some Ironsmiths also produce basic quantities of copper, lead, bronze, brass and pewter.



Leatherwrights

The Leatherwrights are a motley load of cobblers, cordwainers, stitchers and toolers. In their scattered workshops one can find everything from the simplest bucket to the most elaborate boot; along with belts, bags, packs, trunks, boxes, purses, jerkins and straps. A wide variety of hides are used, such as sheepskin, cowhide and more exotic skins brought back by adventurers in the south. Much favored also are deer skins (including those from elk, moose and the like) trapped in Eriador. No tanning is done within the city because of the disgusting smell, but the prepared hides are cut and stitched here. Some of the leatherwork is fine, being beaten out, tooled with delicate patterns and stained with dyes of bright color.

Cordwrights

This Fellowship is also small, manufacturing threads, cords and ropes. But they do not enjoy the reputation of the ropers of Pelargir and the Fellowship is in decline, despite the current fashion amongst Anorians for wearing braids. There are rumors that Conclave is to unseat their deputy.

Cutlers

In contrast, the Cutlers' Fellowship, though small, is highly regarded and has a deal of authority. Although historically connected more with the manufacture of knives and other implements and utensils, the Fellowship has become renowned for its myriad blades, especially their superb daggers and swords. In Minas Anor, one can obtain every sort of edged weapon, from throwing knives to greatswords. Many are exceedingly handsome as well as fine in their fabrication.

In keeping with Dúnadan tradition, blades are also popular. The Gondorians, like the Anorians and their Númenórean ancestors, frequently wear the eket (shortsword) or anket (broadsword).

Jewellers

All Minas Anor knows the Jewellers as a pedantic and deliberate Fellowship: "As slow as a Jeweller," the saying goes. Yet for all their apparent caution and dullness, they can produce works of surpassing loveliness for Men. They are especially noted for two areas of expertise: the carving of stones, such as cameos and cabuchons (rather than the simple cutting of faceted gems), and for their filigree silver and gold—nets and meshes of the finest wire swirled and intricately curled—which are used for brooches, coronets, tiaras, basketwork weapon hilts, and bracelets.

Artists

This Fellowship is very diverse and always full of faction fights and disputes. It includes every sort of entertainer, visual artist (painters, sculptors and so on), and musician. While a Jugglers' School has recently arisen under its auspices, however, "fine artists" remain the dominant group. Painters, sculptors, and the like predominate. Entertainers are often ignored and sometimes have been known to riot. With the consolidation of the royal household in Minas Anor, though, both factions continually strive for increased patronage.

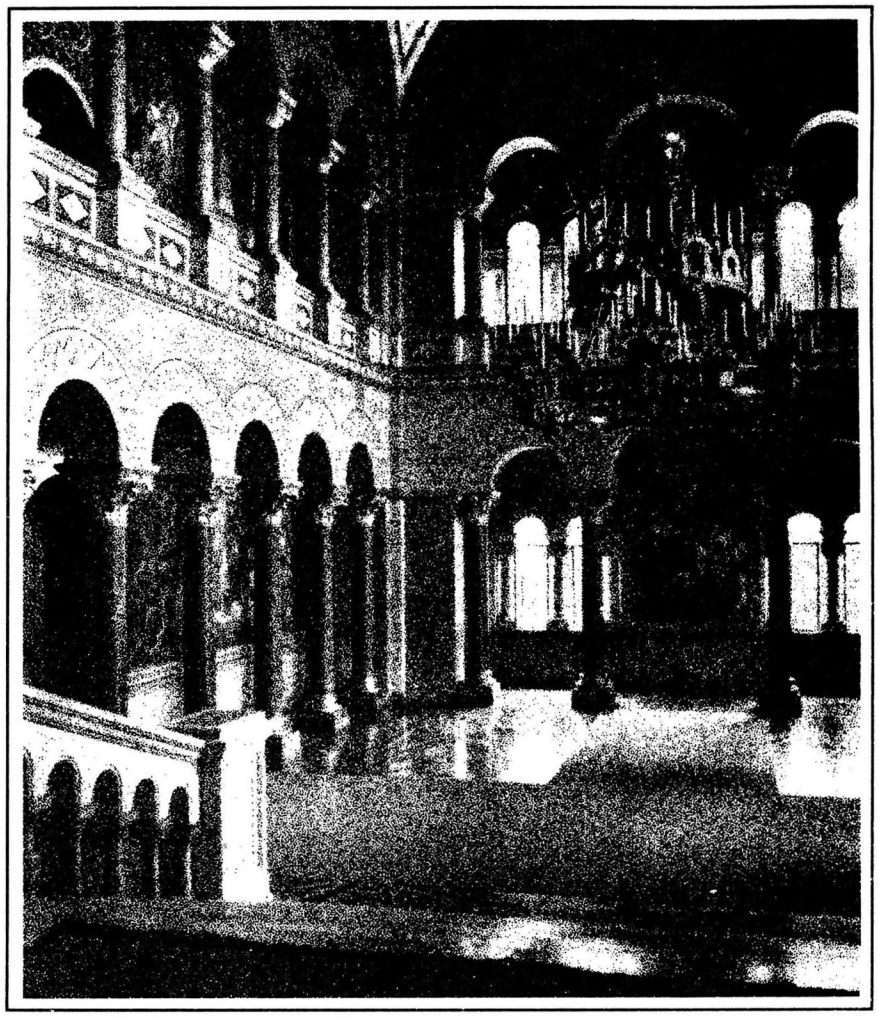
Embroiderers

One of the smallest and most recent of Fellowships, the Embroiderers, shares many workshops with both the Cordwrights and the Clothwrights. Yet their skills are well recognized and in much demand, especially for the fashionable tapestries hung on entrance hall walls. The Embroiderers also decorate clothing and uniforms with personal designs, another symbol of status in the city.



Sign of the House of Tapestries

The Woodwrights' Hall





Locksmiths

The Locksmiths have a long history, developing many branches over the centuries. Although the manufacture of locks, bolts and keys is still perhaps the major part of their business, they also make any device that involves intricate metalwork (or sometimes even woodwork), moving parts and so on. Simple 'machines' such as pulleys and lifts are made by them; the springs and catches for the embrasure shutters of the Outer Wall; clockwork devices (although their sophistication is limited to times of about 3 minutes or less); and every manner of trap mechanism that adventurers are likely to come across. Not every Locksmith makes all these, but would know where they could be found; also some would have to be made 'to order'.

Scribes

The Scribes' and Sages' Fellowships are a little unique, being concerned with record-keeping and providing services rather than products. The Scribes include people available for hire to copy manuscripts, write messages and so on; they also function as teachers, translators, mathematicians, accountants, lawyers and many other jobs according to their speciality. This Fellowship has the responsibility for the Rynd Thannath on the Fourth Level. (See Section 10.4.4.)

Sages

Alongside the Healers, the Sages are the most respected 'lower class' inhabitants of the city. Anorians revere learning as a great asset, a birthright of sorts. Unfortunately, some of the Sages are quite mad or completely lazy and do nothing all day except soak up more useless information in the vaulted chambers of the Rynd Permaith, a remarkable treasurehouse of books and scrolls of every sort.

Despite the common idea of a Sage as a venerable, balding and grey-bearded man, the majority are younger, a mixture of men and women and with close-cropped hair. Most have an almost religious devotion to their reading and lend a cloistered air to their dwelling and work places.

7.2.4 KING'S GUARD AND CITY WATCH

Minas Anor is the center for a large garrison of the King's Army, and now also for the King's Guard, the elite corps of men detailed to the royal household. The former is organized, like that at Minas Ithil, along standard lines. There are four Companies or Ohtarrimion (sing. Ohtarrim) each headed by a Targen or Commander. Each Company consists of 3-4 Troops or Thangion led by a Thangon (Captain). The Troop is composed of 60-100 men ordered into 20-man lines (S. "Eríth"). The following table summarizes the organization:

First Company—
Commander: Rodhel Harnastin
Symbol: White Tree
Two 5-line Troops of heavy cavalry
Two 4-line Troops of heavy infantry

Second Company—
Commander: Tindiath Malréd
Symbol: Fountain
Two 4-line Troops of heavy infantry
One 4-line Troop of medium cavalry

Third Company—
Commander: Anarond Astirian
Symbol: Star & Sword
Two 4-line Troops of medium cavalry
Two 4-line Troops of archers

Fourth Company—
Commander: Durëvagor
Symbol: Shield & Hammer
One 3-line Troop of heavy mounted archers
One 4-line Troop of miners (medium infantry)
One 4-line Troop of engineers (med. infantry)

In addition to the 1100 fighting men, there are a total of 73 officers and another 20 or so staff, who are permanently in charge of the garrison houses and to serve as messengers, mapbearers, and the like. Individual fighting men are allocated as aides to their commanding officers and deputize others whenever a levy is necessary. The garrison consists of a mixture of troops including many being given training. Minas Anor seldom sees fighting on its doorstep, but trains fine warriors for the defense of lands further afield.

The King's Guard

The royal bodyguard is organized along slightly different lines. There are two Troops of six lines each in this Company, making 240 men in total. The first Troop is mounted on heavy warhorses with excellent handling qualities and superb training to withstand the noise of battle.

The second Troop is more diverse. Its three lines comprise specialist heavy infantry, each line made up from veterans with their own weapons and armor. One line includes light archer-scouts, extremely skilled at silent maneuvers and deadly with missiles. The second is composed of rangers and skilled horsemen with fast steeds. The final line is composed of the famous Lion Scouts, light infantry accompanied by trained Royal Lions. A lovely tawny color, these beasts sport long claws and vicious fangs. They have good climbing and stalking abilities and are usually given a surcoat of royal crimson edged with gold thread. The Company is led by 99-year-old Lord Rúthion, a pure Dúnadan, tall and dark and awesomely skilled with the blade.

Equipment

The garrison troops wear a mail hauberk made from forged black steel rings and covered by a short surcoat of thick black material emblazoned with a silver embroidery design depicting the White Tree. Any other Company adorns their left breast. Small raven wings grace the sides of their high-crowned helms, which are set with a silver star in the center of the circlet.

These soldiers carry a black and silver shield (size varies between Troops), a lance or spear, and another weapon or weapons, such as the anket (hand-and-a-half sword), eket (shortsword), handaxe, metal composite bow, and dagger. Heavy infantry warriors wear fuller mail coats, which are reinforced and padded. They always use larger weapons.

The King's Guard, despite the individual appearance and equipment allowed them, are offered plate armor and top quality weapons should they desire them. Their surcoats and shields are silver trimmed with black and crimson, bearing the design of the crown and seven stars. A veteran who serves with the King's Guard is allowed to keep this design on his shield and bear it wherever he goes subsequently. Weapons include halberds, two-handed axes, falchions and more usual blades.

City Patrols

The keeping of law and order in the City is given over to a joint military and civilian body, the City Patrol. Members of the Porters and Door Wardens' Fellowship join with Citadel Guards in groups of four (or more, if there is known to be trouble abroad) to answer the complaints of citizens and try to stop the inevitable law-breaking that will occur in Mannish societies. City Patrols are but lightly armed and armored.

One of the commonest problems is theft. All citizens have the right of thief-taking, but normally it is left up to the City Patrols. Unfortunately they have little coordination, despite the attempts of Conclave on numerous occasions to put an enthusiastic and energetic officer in charge of this difficult operation. The plans to crack the problem once and for all are always mysteriously sabotaged in one way or another.

7.3 THE BUREAUCRACY

Two groups of people have been moving from Osgiliath to Minas Anor over the past few years. Since the start of the Plague, a number of smaller departments of government (for an example, see the Office of Estates in Section 10.4.2) have been removed from the former capital to the city. This has entailed moving both the officials and the lesser bureaucrats: the clerks, royal servants, and their families.

At the same time, ordinary folk have been fleeing the ravages of Osgiliath for the fresher air and healthier climes of Minas Anor. But despite the houses and chambers emptied by the Plague in the city, its authorities were unwilling to simply allow in a flood of refugee. Proud of its productive economy and well-managed treasury, Conclave decided that only those who could fill a vacated position in a Fellowship would be allowed in. Later, admission was extended to those who could obtain the invitation of three adults who were themselves full citizens, either wealthy enough to contribute to the Refuge Tax or recognized Fellows.

7.3.1 THE ADMINISTRATORS

The administrators are merely civil servants who deal with the minutae of government, administering the Offices required to keep law, order and civilization in every reach of Gondor's kingdom-empire. They are despised by many Anorians, who see them as insipid paper-pushers adding unwanted bureaucracy to their lives. Typically, the Anorians are more inspired by craftsmen and artisans.

Still, the administrators are a necessary cog in the royal apparatus. Gondor's far-flung empire provides an unceasing challenge to the civil government; even the independent-minded manormen of Pelennor understand the need for the sallow-faced bureaucrats that guide life.

7.3.2 THE ROYAL OFFICES

The Royal Offices of government include too many departments to discuss here. Thus, descriptions of only the most important ones follow.

Office of Bursary

The Office of the Bursary is overseen by the King's Treasurer. Responsible for collection of royal dues and revenues, the protection of the royal treasury and the funds and treasures it contains, and for the of funds for expenditure in civil areas and the royal household, it is vital department. The Bursary funds all the other Offices, as well as the King's Commander, who receives a large budget to provide for the upkeep of non-maintained troops, defenses and fortifications.



Irbalmir, King's Treasurer



Office of Estates

Overseen by the King's Herald, the Office of Estates keeps track of land ownership and titles. All fiefs are held in chief by the King. Those estates which he does not retain for himself are held by tenants-in-chief, normally Princes and other great lords of the realm. Other lords may then hold fiefs from the tenants-in-chief, and sometimes lesser lords and knights hold individual lands from them. This complex arrangement of landholding is monitored and checked for legality by the Office of Estates. All wills should be registered here, and the Officers adjudicate disputed claims. Similarly, they keep track of hereditary titles given by the king and the right to wear various special devices or bear the arms of a family or House.

Office of Decrees

The King's Proclamator presides over the Office of Decrees. This department has a high responsibility for the drawing up of decrees and laws agreed upon at Great Courts by the Council of Gondor, or issued by the King. The proper legal style must be followed carefully, and the Office is also responsible for copying the decrees and ensuring their distribution and proclamation around the empire. On occasion, the Proclamators must also rule on the interpretation of the wording of a decree or law they have drawn up, for the King's Justice. All have to be highly proficient in both the ancient Númenórean Adûnaic dialect, as well as the Sindarin more commonly used for such purposes.

Romer, King's Herald



Office of Works

Overseen by the Minister of Works, the Office of Works is a responsible for the maintenance of royal demesnes, forests and chases, and also for roads and other civil structures outside the purview of local lords or towns. The symbol of this Office, a crowned set-square, can be seen stamped on many constructions, from roadside stocks, gallows-trees and milestones to boundary markers, and from town walls to gatehouses and quaysides.

The Haste Post

The Haste Post is administered by the Warden of the Post. This Office organizes a postal service for public use, but this has arisen out of its older responsibility to provide the King with readily-available messengers. Sent out to the four corners of the empire at a moment's notice, these royal couriers are exceptionally rugged and trustworthy.

The Haste Post also tends the beacon-fires which stand ready to link Anórien with the provinces of Calenardhon, Lossarnach, and Lebennin.

7.4 WOODEN-TOWN'S REFUGEES

But what of the others that have flocked to Minas Anor's gates in the hope of succor and shelter from disease and war? Decrees from Conclave have demanded that they show good health, as well as a means of self-sufficiency or reliable dependents, before entering the city to take up residence. These demands have necessitated the inauguration of a special department to process claims; and whilst some are speedily dealt with, others take longer.

At first people just camped outside the Great Gates in the shadow of the Outer Wall; then, as lines (queues) grew, the tents turned to shacks. Traders wandered amid the confused warren of cannibalized dwellings selling food and other necessities of life, some of them setting up permanent pitches. Scribes put up stalls offering help with claims—for a price. The shacks became sturdier, and ground was cleared for a few timber structures when winter bit more closely. Firewood sellers made a huge profit.

Numerous single-story houses and huts made from mud and timber have sprung up to the north and east of the Great Gate. Most are communal halls for sleeping and eating. The residents go out during the day to hire out as laborers to the landworkers of the Pelennor, or as servants in the city, or to see how their claims are getting on. Meanwhile, children are born and raised amid an unseemly squalor, the administrators and the royal household all prefer to ignore. Some assistance is now given in the form of food and fuel handouts. And it is claimed that the claims are being processed more swiftly and Woodentown (or Utweall or Girdram, as it has also been christened) will soon shrink away. Certainly the military commanders hope to clear the base of the wall as soon as possible.

8.0 POLITICS AND POWER

Minas Anor is, all things considered, a safe place within the empire of Gondor. It sits somewhat smugly below Mount Mindolluin, its citizens well protected, and casting disparaging glances at the folk of Minas Ithil in Mordor's old shadow, or the people of the coastlands that suffer depredations of the Corsairs. Nothing threatens the capital, for the Sun is still high in the heavens and there is no sign that its setting is imminent.

Still, if Minas Anor lacks enemies beating at its gates, perhaps there are subtler forces at work within the fabric of the city itself. Amongst the fair folk of Gondor are those whose emotions lead them astray: jealousy, love, stupidity, pride; all these can be the downfall of noble men and women. Few among the Wise have yet contemplated the return of Sauron or any other organized threat to their society, but all their wisdom cannot forestall the most basic of the human drives: lust for power, wealth and glory. Not everyone is afflicted with such drives, but the few who are become prominent individuals. And in their quest for personal power, might they jeopardize higher security?

8.1 ROYAL AUTHORITY

The King has traditionally been a visitor to Minas Anor, the guest of the Prince-President for several months of the year. Now he is in permanent residence, his retinue all about him with the machinery to govern a realm such as Gondor with efficiency. King Tarondor, though relatively young, is not insensitive to the effect his presence has on the lordship of the Prince-President, and has tried to stay out of all purely civil affairs. Nonetheless, Vinyaran, Tarondor's chief counsellor, often acts 'on the King's behalf' in trying to curtail Mindacil's dominion. This has mainly been in the area of accommodating the King's household and government Offices; and also, in his capacity as King's Commander, Vinyaran has been trying to wrest control of the Citadel Guard from Mindacil.

Sessions of the Great Court (the Council of Gondor) occur once every three months and are lively affairs, with nobles and officials often travelling from distant parts of the kingdom to attend. There are feasts and entertainments as well as the serious business of governing, and the people of Minas Anor look forward to doing good business at such times.

The royal Offices naturally come under the King's authority. Most make a large impression on the citizens—as a useful and stable source of revenue—but they are also frequently resented. When the Offices were in Osgiliath, the bureaucracy of government seemed one place removed; now the very streets seem choked with edicts.

The Kings and Ruling Stewards of Gondor

Year of Death	Ruler
Second Age	
3440*	Anarion**
3441*	High-king Elendil**
Third Age	
2*	High-king Isildur
158	Meneldil
238	Cemendur
324	Eärendil
411	Anardil
492	Ostoher
541*	Tarostar ("Romendacil I")
667	Turambar
748	Atanatar I
830	Siriondil
913	Tarannon ("Falastur")
936	Eärnil I
1015*	Ciryandil
1141	Ciryaher ("Hyarmendacil I")
1226	Atanatar II ("Alcarin the Glorious")
1294	Narmacil I
1304	Calmacil
1366	Minalcar ("Romendacil II")
1432	Valacar
1437	(deposed) Eldacar
1447	(deposed) Castamir ("The Usurper")
1490	Eldacar
1540*	Aldamir
1621	Vinyarion ("Hyarmendacil II")
1634*	Minardil
1636*	Telemnar
1798	Tarondor
1850	Telumehtar ("Umbardacil")
1856	Narmacil II
1936	Calimehtar
1944*	Onodoher
1944-1945	Interregnum (Steward Pelendur)
2043	Eärnil II
2050	Eärnur
Ruling Stewards	
2080	Mardil ("Voronwë")
2116	Eradan
2148	Herion
2204	Belegorn
2244	Hurin I
2278	Turin I
2395	Hador
2412	Barahir
2435	Dior
2477	Denethor I
2489	Boromir
2567	Cirion
2605	Hallas
2628	Hurin II
2655	Belecthor I
2698	Ecthelion I
2743	Egalmoth
2763	Beren
2811	Beregond
2852	Belecthor II
2882	Thorondir
2914	Turin II
2953	Turgon
2984	Ecthelion II
3019*	Denethor II
Reunited Kingdoms	
Fourth Age	
120	High-king Elessar (Aragorn II)

* unnatural death

** Brothers Isildur and Anarion ruled Gondor jointly under leave of the High-king Elendil of Arnor

8.2 CONCLAVE

Conclave (W. "With Key") is the governing council for the city, overseen by the Prince-President of Minas Anor. Conclave meets three times a month (or more often in an emergency) in its hall on the Sixth Level. (See Section 10.6.3.) Most sessions are closed to the public, although members may bring associates with them. Occasionally, though, an open session is held where a matter needing the opinion of all folk of the city is to be considered.

Conclave deals with any matters relating to the laws and governance of the city. It formulates and passes any new legislation—such as the rules restricting immigrants (see 7.3.2)—and it considers the budget and expenditure from the city's treasury. Most citizens make a contribution to this through their Fellowships or licenses to conduct business. Other sources of income include gate taxes, fines (the usual punishment for those who break city statutes) and, occasionally, special levies. The latter are only used where a large sum of money is needed for a substantial project like the reconstruction of a public building. Recently a special levy known as Refuge Tax was passed to pay for the temporary support of people in Wooden-town.



Symbol of the Conclave

The council is made up of three groups of members:

Nominees

Up to twelve Nominees, each appointed by the Prince-President for life, serve in Conclave. They can only be removed from the council for serious criminal or moral offences. A Nominee may be anyone the Prince-President wishes to have the advice of, or wishes to reward. Nominees may also hold other posts. They receive an annual pension and may also be granted an allowance for the services of clerks, scribes etc. for business they undertake at the Prince-President's or Conclave's request.

Deputies

There are twenty-eight Deputies in the council, one from each of the twenty-eight Fellowships (guild assemblies). Deputies receive no stipend from Conclave, and hence some are sponsored by rich or powerful individuals.

Advisors

Up to ten Advisors sit in Conclave. Each is sponsored by a family, institute or individual for an undisclosed annual sum at the invitation of the Prince-President. Such invitations are rare and can be very expensive. The revenue is added to the city's treasury. Each Advisor is sponsored for four years at a time. In addition to these voting members, the Warden of the Keys sits on Conclave, being the voice of the city's defense. He very rarely votes, although not disqualified from so doing. The Chair at meetings is taken by the Prince-President or, in his absence, by the Warden. If neither is available, the Prince may nominate someone or Conclave may appoint their own Chair. The Chair has a casting vote.

Members may bring a secretary or Fellow to Conclave, and may also call on outside speakers to offer expert opinions and evidence in hotly contested debates. Conclave is also, when necessary, a High Court to decide matters pertaining to the city's own legislation. The Deputy of the Scribes' Fellowship is responsible for supplying a clerk to Conclave in order that a record of proceedings is made.

It can be seen from the composition of Conclave given above that the Fellowships hold the balance of power. However, this is checked by two things. First, the Prince-President has the ability to override decisions of Conclave in many areas. This veto must, like any other, be used judiciously, or else serious disturbances occur. Second, the Fellowships seldom cooperate. Many have rivalries, one with another, sometimes becoming antipathies which lead to their Deputies taking different sides as a matter of course. Some Fellowships' Deputies are also more controlled by their sponsors than by the concerns of their members. More effective power is wielded by the great families and Houses of the city than the Fellowships, for the most part.

8.3 THE PRINCE-PRESIDENCY

Prince-President of Minas Anor is a (usually) non-hereditary title given to a minor member of the royal family. This is unlike, say, the Princes of Minas Ithil and Dol Amroth, who hold their princedoms for their families in perpetuity. Often the Prince-President (so called because he presides over Conclave, Minas Anor's council) is an older man, such as an uncle or cousin of the King. The princedom includes not only the city and its immediate environs—the Pelennor and the Harlond—but also the overlordship of the province of Anórien, stretching from Lossarnach to Calenardhon (Rohan's Eastfold).

Minas Anor's current Prince-President is Mindacil, Tarondor's nephew. (He is described in Section 12.0.) He gets on well with Conclave although he seldom exerts firm control. Mindacil prefers to take advice and then side with the most popular faction, so he is able to blame them if anything goes amiss. He is not corrupt, but accepts personal gifts from individuals interested in getting an invitation to send an Advisor to Conclave as a matter of course, and thinks it is what is expected of him.

Mindacil is now in a difficult situation with the translation of the throne to Minas Anor, "his" city. He feels that his authority will be undermined and his office reduced to mere stewardship. Where many of the Fellowships look forward to regal patronage, Mindacil sees only demotion looming ahead. While he remains totally loyal to the King, he seeks to prevent the royal household (and Vinyaran in particular) from taking over the running of the new capital. Mindacil is also suspicious of Haletin, the Minister of Works, whom he suspects is a pawn of the King's Commander.

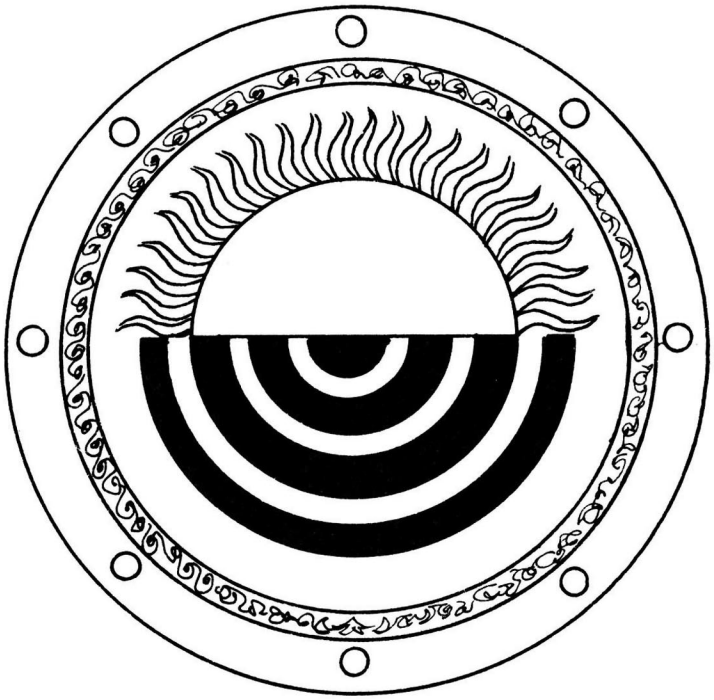
Among Mindacil's closest associates are Carnam Astirian and Curmegil Harnastin (see Section 12.2), both of whom are his Nominees on Conclave as well as being powerful men in their own right. However, he also has his opponents, such as Quiacil Herenyand.

8.4 ORGANIZATION OF THE FELLOWSHIPS

The Fellowships of Minas Anor are guild assemblies; informal associations of workers with similar occupations. All business in the city must be licensed, and it is much easier to get a license if one is a member of the appropriate Fellowship. Fellowships expect a modest contribution from members, a fee which pays for administrative costs and for the upkeep of communal holdings run by the Fellowship. It also may pay for the stipend of the Fellowship's Deputy who sits on Conclave, the city's ruling council. Every Fellowship has such a Deputy, although some are 'sponsored' by other interested parties, such as the Malréd family who sponsor the Deputy of the Goldsmiths' Fellowship, with whom they have strong links.

Membership in a Fellowship is not compulsory, although it brings with it other benefits. For example, all Fellowships have a number of buildings where their members are accommodated. These may be simple dortours, with bedchambers and dining facilities run by the families of the workers; or they may be combined with a workplace. All Fellowships also have a great hall where a large number of their members can meet for festivities and other gatherings. It is at such festivities once a year that the head of the Fellowship is "acclaimed." This procedure is not strictly democratic: after various people have been nominated, they are each in turn "acclaimed" by the members, and the one receiving most "acclaim" is held to be the head. Once established, few heads fail to be re-acclaimed in following years until they resign.

The head of a Fellowship may have a special title or honour by which he is known, although this varies from one to another. For example, the head of the Porters & Doorwardens' Fellowship is hailed "Warden of the Keys," and has a special position within the city. (See Section 8.2.1.) He also nominates the Deputy to sit on Conclave. This may be the head himself or some other member.



Symbol of the Blood Ring

8.5 SECRET SOCIETIES

Minas Anor is a close-knit and complex set of interrelated groups. Most are open and accredited organizations, but a few hide behind facades in order to escape the public gaze. Few people know of their existence and fewer are actually members, but it is certain that their influence is felt, in one form or another, in every tier of life in the city.

8.5.1 THE BLOOD RING

The Blood Ring is a society of practitioners of the sorcerous arts: mages and seers. It was founded by the adopted son of the three Agarinna brothers who were tortured to death by Sauron. Named for the the triad of brethren, it is still controlled by the Agarinna family. Cambal Agarinna is now its master. The society accepts only neutrally-inclined spellweavers and scholars, and has a strict code of behavior. In return for adhering to these restrictions, a member has access to excellent tutors and a wide selection of magical texts from which to learn. Some of the rules of the society include:

— Never use magic in purely civil affairs except where treason is involved, or where (for example) detection of a criminal is only thusly possible.

— Only use sorcery against enemies of Gondor if magic is being used by those self-same enemies.

— Never use spells for deceit or for gain by deception; never openly use magic; and never identify yourself as a member of the Blood Ring, or as a spell-caster, except when circumstances dictate such a course of action as imperative.

— Seek out items of evil magic and either destroy them or report their existence to the Blood Ring.



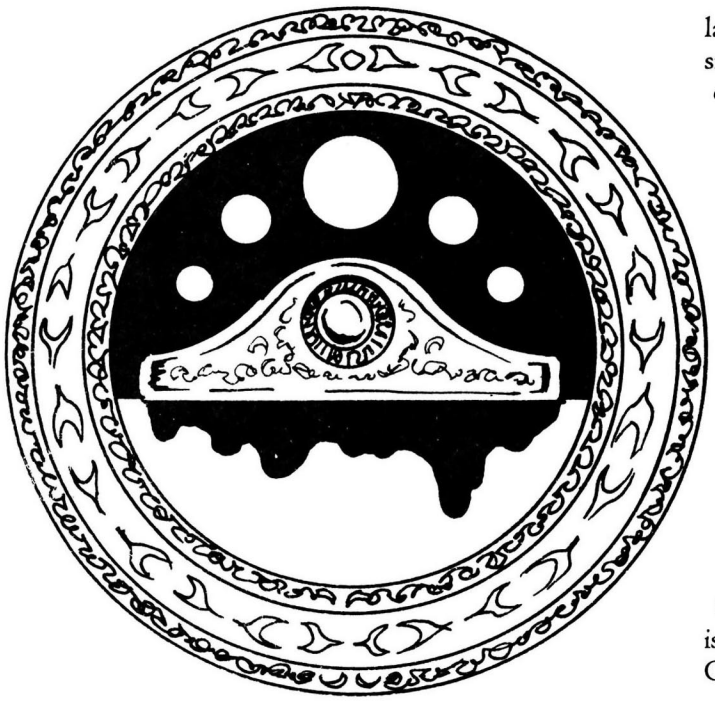
There are usually 20-30 mages in the society. This number fluctuates, for many absent themselves to go adventuring or assist the agents of Gondor. The members include one of the King's counsellors, so that the association may learn the King's wishes and aid his plans without having to openly offer their services. There is no "bad fruit" in the barrel, and anyone evil attempting to join will soon be uncovered and disposed of appropriately.

Note: *The Blood Ring has no outward signs or devices to mark its members. However, they are taught a special 1st level spell on entry, "Blood Aura." This has a duration of 15 mins/level, during which time the caster exhibits an aura that appears as a crown dripping with blood above his head. This is visible only to members of the Blood Ring, or any mage, as desired.*

8.5.2 THE ORDER OF THE RISING SUN

The peculiar, secret organization of mystics called the Order of the Rising Sun includes Healers, Artists, and Doorwardens, as well as non-Fellows. They indulge in simple rituals and hokum which they believe important to the physical and spiritual well being of the city. These rituals can involve the use of mildly narcotic drugs and potent wines, and appear to be as much an excuse for a secret binge as anything else. A number of members are somewhat crackpot: idealists and pacifists; others may actually have some esoteric powers connected with talking to dead spirits, foretelling future events and tapping the energy of the elements. Adventurers staying in the city are quite likely to be invited to join the society for a bag of silver, and good luck to them. The Tindómë-lië has no formal structure or head.

Symbol of the Rising Sun



8.5.3 COLLEGE OF THE SPOKEN WORD

Within the sedate and quiet halls of the Sages' Fellowship are some less timid and bookish types who have more relish for the living languages of Endor and who take the trouble to do fieldwork and on-the-spot research. This group call themselves the College of the Spoken Word. All the members are sages or Bards (mostly the latter). They maintain many 'safe houses' throughout the north and west regions and travel extensively collecting information on languages and lore to add to the already magnificent libraries of the Rynd Permaith.

Membership is by recommendation and invitation only. The College is not recognized by the Sages' Fellowship and gets no funding; however there is a ready market for the works which the members produce after their visits to foreign lands. The members are known by a variety of names including the Col-bitaran (Rh. "Wanderers"; lit. 'Those Who Go About") from friends in the regions bordering Dor Rhúnen. All the members are roguish but sincere and devoted to their study. They have little impact on Minas Anor, other than providing a surprisingly good source of information on all sorts of topics.

8.5.4 THE ROGUES' FELLOWSHIP

This 'Fellowship' is so-named in jest by its members, poking fun at the creditable organizations of Minas Anor. Those members are drawn equally from reputable Fellowships and from non-Fellows. It is well organized, although there are naturally still many lone burglars and criminals. Unlike most other associations in the city, it shows little or no discrimination against women. Its one code is honor: members never endanger the security of the city or the realm, and they never divulge information if captured.

There are two levels of the Fellowship. The lower, larger level is made up of pick pockets, petty thieves, smugglers and fences who operate a sizable black market: obtaining a variety of goods nefariously and then reselling at bargain prices. The upper level is smaller but more skilled and comprised of trained thieves and burglars who plan and execute infrequent but audacious thefts. Typically their targets are the very wealthy, and the thieves first gain as much information as possible through their many contacts. Then comes the planning stage, which may include the building of special devices to assist the thieves. After completing the raid, the thieves usually leave behind their token, a carved wooden flower.

The Fellowship is headed by Tirbelôr Malréd, head of the immensely rich Malréd family, together with Erdil, Warden of the Keys. Malréd's banking and merchant operations are the perfect (and most respectable) cover for the black market he operates. One of his best thieves (both for planning and execution) is also his mistress, Linnod the Fair, daughter of Hunthor—Chief Fellowsmith of the Locksmiths' Fellowship!

9.0 CITY OVERVIEW

Minas Anor's maginificent natural site is in keeping with its exalted status and noble origins. Erected upon a defensible out-thrust knee of a great mountain, the city enjoys commanding views, a secure rear, and fertile surroundings. Its antiquity suggests its resilience, the gift of its design and splendid setting. Of course, antiquity should not be equated with inferior skills; for when Minas Anor was built the artisans were skilled Númenóreans who knew exactly what they were doing.

Current legends and childrens' tales suggest that Giants aided the Men of Anárion, as the enormity of Minas Anor's foundations might themselves suggest to the unlearned. Too quickly is the proud history and inheritance of the Secondborn forgotten. The way the six lower levels are sculpted out of the bones of the mountain and the towering majesty of walls and towers alike dwarf the achievements of Men today and proclaim the artful grandeur of the Gondorian's Dúnadan ancestors. At times, they truly seem like the fabled giants of old.



Beletar, Helm-prince of Gondor

The City Plan

It is small wonder that the Woses of the nearby Drúadan Forest (S. "Tawar-in-Drúedain") call the Anorians "Stone-eaters." Carved into the cliffs and constructed of a mountain of carefully-hewn blocks, the city seems to grow out of rock. It is solid and imposing, like the glimmering peaks that rise to the west.

The basic plan of the city is of six greater levels or terraces sliced into the mountainside, fanning gradually ever further back as they rise up the slopes. Each level itself is graded so that between its lower and upper gates there is a gain of around a hundred feet in height. Each level between the first and last is separated by the Citadel Rock:

> *"Each time that [the road] passed the line of the Great Gate it went through an arched tunnel, piercing a vast pier of rock whose huge out-thrust bulk divided in two all the circles of the City save the first."*
>
> —***The Return of the King***, *p. 25*

This rock forms a narrow oval ridge which, from the rear of the wide court behind the Gate, rises like a towering bastion of stone, its sharp edge appearing like ship-keel facing east. The rock's walls themselves are precipitous, sheer and smooth, unassailably solid defenses. These cliff faces march up the mountain slope, becoming less formidable, and eventually giving way to the precipice that stands behind the city.

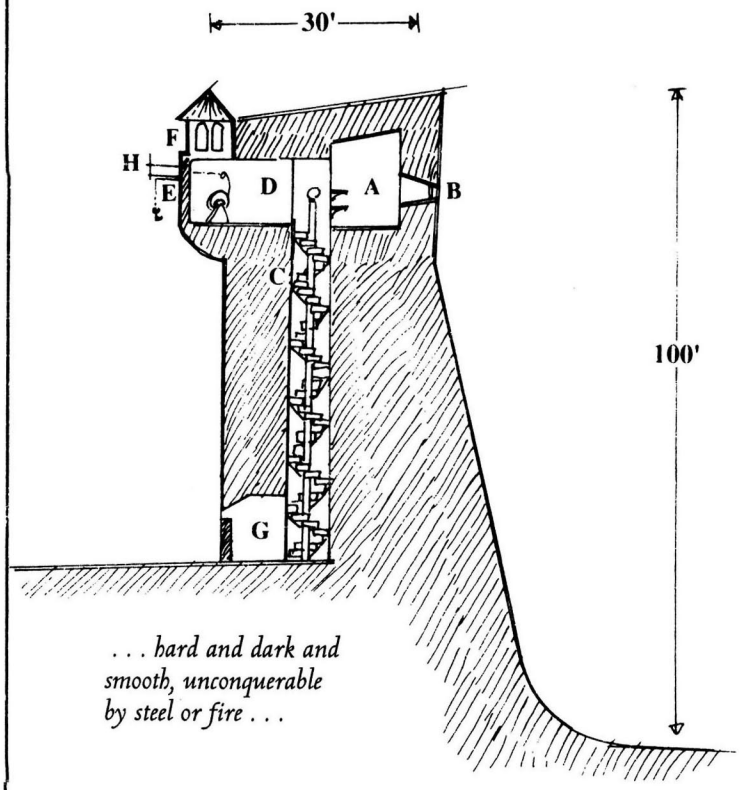
The City's Districts

Within the city, the status of the inhabitants is loosely indicated by the level on which they live. Various types of industry are conducted on different levels, which each have somewhat unique building styles. On the First (and, to a lesser extent, on the Second) Level, a multitude of smaller buildings cluster together, crammed amidst a confusing maze of alleys and enmeshed lanes. Yet throughout this busy hive of Men there is organization and planning. All the city's buildings have a supply of water and something approaching proper drainage, and few stand empty or derelict for want of occupants or proper upkeep. The Anorians are proud of their capital and see it as a shining example to the world. Minas Anor's citizens understand what it is to be the closest subjects of western Endor's most powerful King.

9.1 THE OUTER WALL

As an urban citadel, Minas Anor is only surpassed by Sauron's fortress of Barad-dûr. This is largely due to its site, but a good part of its strength is imparted by its impressive Outer or City Wall. Of great height and marvellous thickness, the hard, dark, curving rampart is tall and smooth and unconquerable by steel or fire. Obviously the superlatively skilled Númenórean masons knew what they were up to when they built it.

. . . of great height and marvellous thickness . . .



A. Gallery: Extends in isolated 320' sections with staircases (c) at either end. Shelves are stocked with supplies in the case of attack, such as bows, bowstrings, arrows and bolts.

B. Firing Port: These are well disguised and just 24"x4" slots, covered at the far end by a stove shutter perfectly fitting. It can be snapped aside by a foot-operated lever. Gives 120 degree arc of fire for launched missiles.

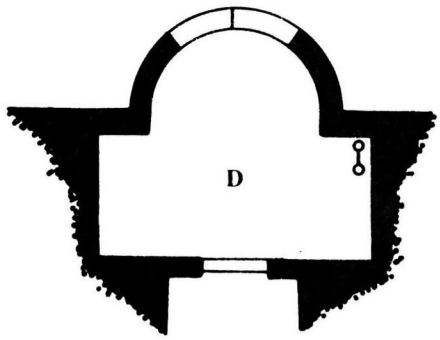
C. Spiral Staircase: Just 5' wide, and used for single-file troop movement. All other things raised by pulley (E). Access from the gallery (A) is gained through a pivoting stove doorwth its own internal bolts.

D. Loading Room: 15'x20' room extending into overhanging tower. A wide (10'x10') double door can be opened in the tower; in the room a winch operates the pulley (E).

E. Rope Pulley: This mechanism is capable of raising upto 500 lb weight on the hook with 2 men on the winch.

F. Tower: A ladder ascends to a cramped upper floor with four arched bays overlooking the first and second levels.

G. Door: These doors are 7' high and 6' wide, made of carved stone slab with steel hinges. Their locks are extremely hard to pick, needing a STR bonus of 20 or more to open, or 10 or more with a key.



City Wall

In a sense, the wall was forged rather than built, for after the mighty blocks of granitic rock were raised into position, they were sheathed in timber: every square foot of the outer surface encased first with old wood and brush and charcoal, then planks, then damp earth, then sturdy trunks. The innermost layer of combustibles was then ignited at the base and fanned so that a tremendous fire raged between the earth and the stone. When the fires died down, the structure was left to cool slowly for seven days, then the outer layer of trunks removed. Beneath them was the baked earth that turned to crude bricks of dust and then crumbled away; beneath that the fused, blackened wall became glassy and impermeable. As the stoneworkers finished each curve, they gathered more earth and firewood and then moved the trunks on to the next segment.

The Outer Wall stands one hundred feet from the foot to the top, measured outside the city. Within, the distance varies considerably as the wall has continuous grade while the terraces of the city slope a different ways; and there are also the jumps between circles to take account of. The wall is thinnest at the top, where it measures 30 feet; at the foot it splays out another 15-20 feet.

The outer edge of the parapet atop the wall is well rounded, so that grappling irons (if they could be hurled this high) cannot find anything to attach themselves to. This low parapet runs the length of wall's wide crest, guarding the Watch-way. The walk is used primarily as a sentry-route, since it can only be effectively reached by way of a portable ladder. No stairways or permanent footholds permit access to the Watch-way and, in times of war, the top of the wall can be abandoned to an enemy without providing them an easy means into the city. Any enemy gaining the wall will find no way down the other side except by jumping, and the lack of any inward-facing parapet means that defenders on the inner walls can rain missiles down on the unfortunate aggressors that are stranded on the naked walk.

Instead of relying on a defense centered on the crest of the Outer Wall, the great rampart incorporates a series of galleries, each with 36 firing ports. These galleries can be individually sealed off. Reachable only by a narrow spiral stair or up a winch housed in a small tower overhanging the city side of the wall, they are self-contained bastions.

Octagonal towers interrupt the Outer Wall at critical points, enabling the defenders to concentrate against attackers assailing the adjacent curtain. Like the bastions, these towers are self-contained; and like Watch-way, they are vulnerable to missile fire from the inner walls and towers. Minas Anor's defenses are interdependent.

So, unless an enemy can find some way to completely straddle the Outer Wall, it is vitually impossible to storm or blast down. As well as being beautiful, it is an unquestionable marvel of military engineering.

LAYOUT

A. Gallery. Each gallery extends for 320 feet and is isolated from the galleries on either side by 20 feet of stone. The gallery is 10 feet wide and around 13 feet high, making it comfortable for men to move past those occupying firing ports. The rear wall of the gallery has shelves stocked with neatly boxed supplies in case of attack. These can be laid out to hand on the shelves. Supplies include bows, bowstrings, arrows and bolts (the bows are either composite bows or crossbows); there will also be some preserved food supplies, canisters of fresh water, torches and lamp oil for illumination, tools for repairing damaged firing ports, poles for repelling ladders, rocks for dropping and so on. At either end of the gallery is a pivoting stone door with internal iron bolts. Even if the thinner (but still 5') rock separating the gallery from the outer face is breached, the gallery can thus be sealed off.

B. Firing Port. The firing port is a slot pierced through the outer face of the wall from the gallery. Each is a bay wide and high enough for a kneeling man to comfortably fire from; the actual hole through which missiles are fired is just 4" wide and 22" tall. The port is well disguised by a painted steel shutter which perfectly fits the hole. Attached to the shutter is a spring and a lever. The lever is operated by the firer's foot, snapping the shutter to one side; the spring then returns the shutter to the closed position when pressure on the lever is released. This allows the firer to be vulnerable for just a few seconds. As an added precaution, a leather curtain is drawn over the rear of the port (where two steps lead down to the gallery floor. This blocks light from behind the firer (and preserves their night-adjusted vision when necessary), making them less of a target, and also if some missile should penetrate the port, this will catch or smother it.

C. Spiral Staircase. The stair is narrow and allows only single-file movement up or down. Troops can ascend to the loading rooms and galleries using the staircases at either end of a gallery. The staircases are not normally lit; those going up or down should take a light with them.

D. Loading Room. This 15' by 20' room extends into an overhanging tower; these towers are located every 340' along the wall, between the galleries; each one connects to two galleries via their pivoting stone doors. The room has a wide (9' by 10' high) double door in the overhanging tower so that loads can be brought up in bulk to this room and then distributed to the galleries' shelves. In the center of the room is a drum winch with two handles and a locking ratchet. There is also a ladder to the upper floor of the tower.

E. Rope & Pulley. The projecting beam holds a pulley through which the rope from the winch to the loading hook passes. A net or platform can be attached to the hook and loaded with up to 500 lbs weight, then raised; loads of more than 250 lbs require two men to operate the winch. The pulley system makes winding the load up quite slow (although not too strenuous).

F. Tower. A ladder provides access to a cramped upper floor with four arched bays overlooking the first and second levels. Watchmen are sometimes posted here from the City Watch.

G. Lower Door. Access for personnel is provided by these doors cut through to the spiral stairs. Each door is 7' high and 6' wide, made from an 18" thick stone slab. They have concealed steel hinges and massive locks, requiring a ST bonus of +10 or more to open (the key weighs 21 lbs). To pick the lock requires a ST bonus of +20. It is an extremely hard (-30) maneuver.

H. Watch-way. Folding ladders provide the access to this sentry-walk.

9.2 THE GREAT GATE

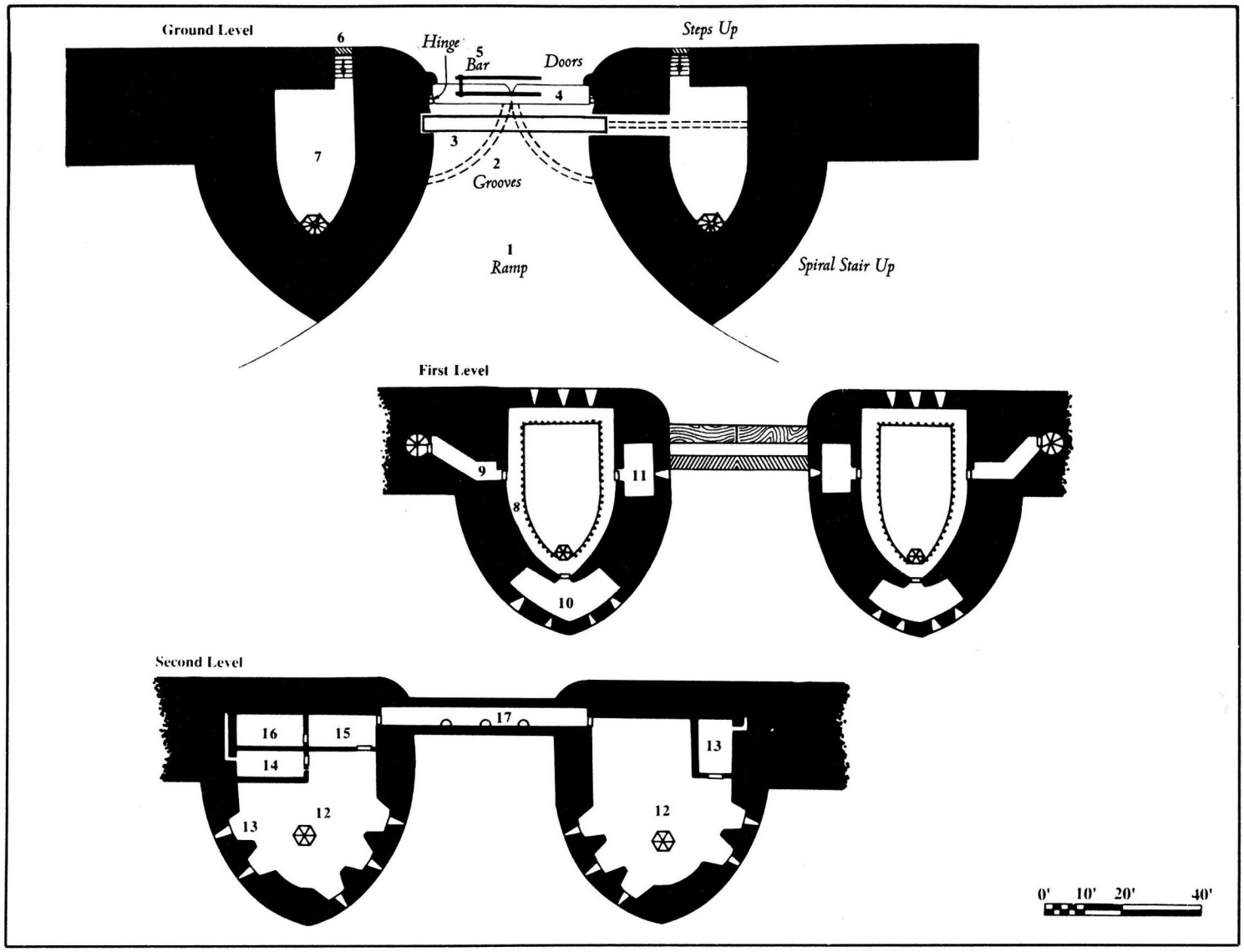
The Great Gate is a massive barbican defending the sole (apparent) entrance to the city. It has traditionally been a busy place, since it so restricts traffic. One of the earliest ordinances of the city forbade the passage of wheeled vehicles drawn by horses or oxen through the Gate; this led to the establishment of a number of stables and carters outside the city, where goods are transferred from wheeled vehicles to hand-ported Úlcaim for their continued journey into the city. The City Watch man the Gate, assisted by the Porters and Door-wardens, who are responsible for seeing that goods taken either way through the Gate without a licensed trader's notification are properly taxed. Behind the Great Gate lies the Wide Court, used for official purposes only—mostly for the Door-wardens to draw travellers on one side to check them. It is also a marshalling place for processions and guardsmen.

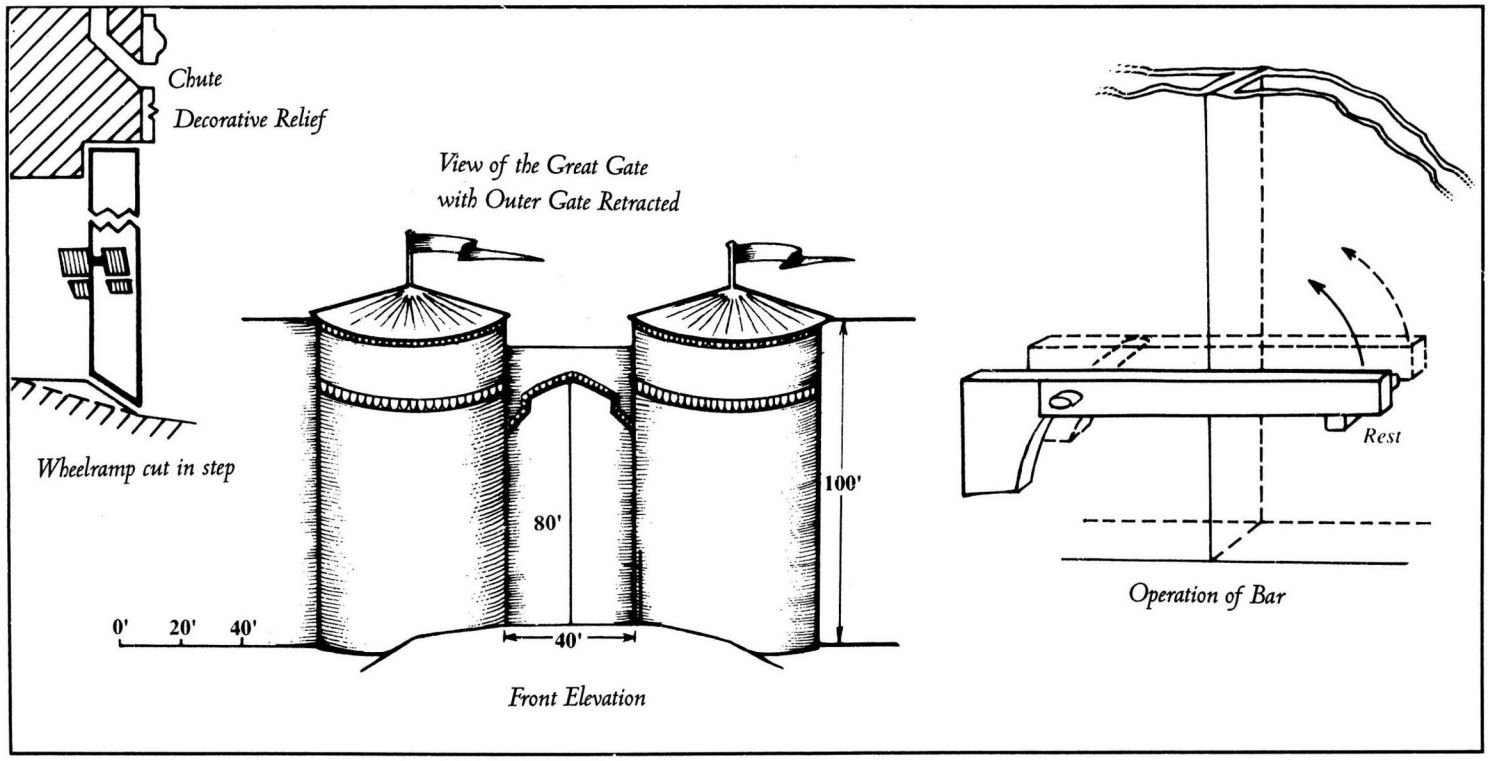
LAYOUT

1. Ramp. A cobbled ramp leads up from the meeting of the roads, rising ten feet above the surrounding ground. The ramp is solid and easy to climb.

2. Groove. A groove or slot of iron is set into the cobbles here for the easy opening of the Gates, which are supported by hidden wheels underneath.

3. The Great Gate. The Outer, or Great, Gate is 42 feet wide. 81 feet tall at its center, it is arched and only 60' tall at its edges. It is composed of three 21" thick steel layers, each spaced and separated by an inner frame incorporating springs. Overall, the Gate is 5' thick. Unlike the Inner Doors, it was constructed by the Elves of Lindon and transported to Minas Anor as a gift from Gil-galad to the sons of Isildur. It is exceptionally strong, in part due to its slight flexibility.


Ground Level
6
Hinge
5
Bar
Doors
Steps Up
4
7
3
2
Grooves
1
Ramp
Spiral Stair Up
First Level
9
11
8
10
Second Level
16
15
17
13
14
12
13
12
0' 10' 20' 40'


Chute
Decorative Relief
Wheelramp cut in step
View of the Great Gate
with Outer Gate Retracted
100'
80'
0' 20' 40'
40'
Front Elevation
Rest
Operation of Bar

4. The Inner Doors. Each of these two rectangular gates is 20 feet wide and 80 feet high at the center (60' high at the hinges). Five feet deep, they are made of 8" thick plate iron. They are hollow and flexible, affording them resilience in the face of battering. The pair was made by the Dwarves in return for certain favors. Held in position by two massive iron bars, the Doors do not rust. Both are completely plain, although their housing has some decoration. They fit perfectly tight, the hinges being cut slightly into the stone of the gatehouse. Similarly, there is a lip against the sides and top of the doors to prevent them being forced inward, and a slanted step at the foot.

5. The Bar. The Inner Doors are barred by a double bar. Each bar is 15" thick solid iron; one set within the doors, the other behind them. They are linked, and are moved together, by a pivot. A counter-weight is attached so that they can be lifted without too much trouble or lowered onto a protruding rest. The inner bar falls through a slot in the thickness of the doors.

6. Door to Gatehouse. The gatehouses on either side of the Gates are identical. The doors leading into them are like other doors in the Outer Wall (see 9.1 at #G).

7. Lower Chamber. Within the gatehouse, up a few steps, is a chamber some 20' by 30' with a hexagonal spiral stair at the far end. The chamber is used for marshalling guards and also by the Door-wardens as a place for rest and relaxation between turns actually manning the Gates. There are some trestle tables and narrow benches here, and some cupboards built into the wall holding oddments.

8. Level One Gallery. This gallery is arcaded and looks down upon the Lower Chamber. The entablature is handsomely decorated, and each pillar is of carven marble. The passage around it leads to several doors, while the stair off it continues up.

9. Passage. This passage leads through a wooden door to a spiral stair. This in turn ascends to the first gallery on each side of the gatehouse; there is no ground-level exit at this end of the gallery save down through the gatehouse.

10. Watchroom. This room has four windows overlooking the immediate surroundings of the gatehouse (from 25' above the ramp/35' above the ground outside). The windows are fitted with foot-thick sheets of arheled (clear, enchanted laen glass) on the inside and are just one foot wide. Here, there are no real weaknesses. The watchrooms are seldom seriously manned.

11. Officer's Chamber. The chief officer on duty (for three weeks at a time) lives in this room and has an office during the daytime in the room in the opposite tower of the gatehouse. There is a bed, table, chair, lamps etc. here, as well as three chests holding uniforms and personal belongings; there will be little treasure here, just 5-50sp. In the Office there will be confidential and/or restricted documents relating to the members of the Watch assigned here, duty rosters and the like. Both rooms are locked; the officer and his deputy have keys.

12. Level Two Gallery. These rooms are the equivalent in the gatehouse towers of the galleries of the Outer Wall (see Section 9.1). They are similarly equipped with firing ports, shelves of equipment and so on. They are also used occasionally as look-out posts. In the center of the room is a post where the standards can be raised up the flagpoles on the towers' roofs.

13. Firing Port. With stone shutter, see 9.1 at #B.

14. Watch Chamber. Off-duty members of the Watch can sleep in these rooms if they desire. Each is provided with several beds and blankets, along with a latrine which drains through a pipe in the wall. The room is heated with a charcoal brazier.

15. Kitchen and Mess. This room serves as a rude kitchen where simple meals may be prepared on a range; cupboards set into the stone walls hold a small range of food and some drink. There are also tables and benches for eating.

16. Stores. Further supplies (both military and culinary) may be stored here when there is a danger of siege or war. Normally, the room is fairly empty and may be used as an additional Watch Chamber. (See #14.)

17. Overpass. The narrow passage is located directly over the Gates themselves, and also acts as a bridge from one side of the gatehouse to the other. There are a number of murder chutes which have concealed exits behind the decorations on the outer side of the Gates. These can be used to pour boiling liquids down, although there are currently no specific facilities devoted to this defensive tactic in either gallery of the gatehouse.

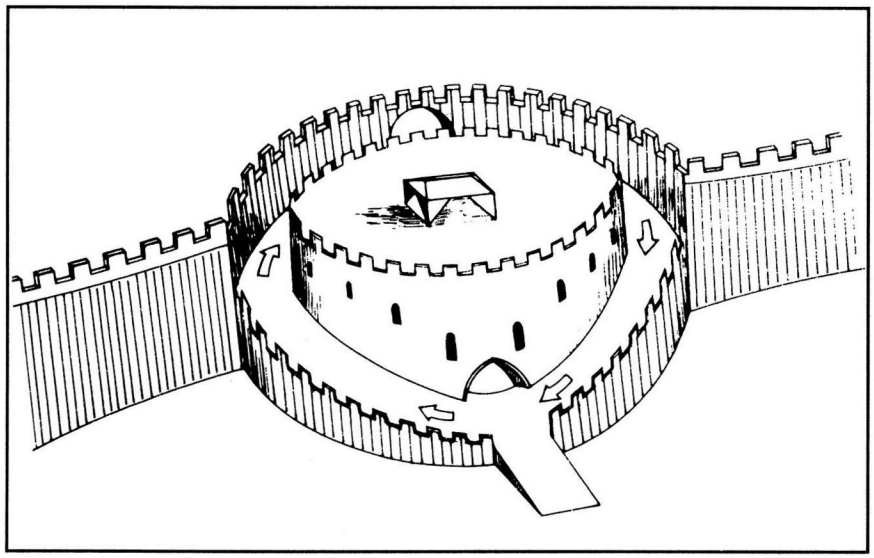
9.3 THE CITY WALLS

9.3.1 THE INNER WALLS

The Inner Walls of the city are less formidable obstacles than the Outer Wall, which is held to be sufficient defense in the face of virtually any foe. Practically speaking, the lesser walls are simply elaborate divisions between the levels of the city. Each is built into the steep, rocky hillside as a sort grand retainer for the terraced district above. At the lowest point of an inner wall, the outer face is just 70' high, and only 30' of the barrier is comprised of set stone. The rest is a sheer rock face, immaculately cut and smoothed out of the hillside. (There is rarely any problem with the rock crumbling or falling.)

The inner walls are only seven feet thick at the top, and are surmounted by a slightly overhanging walkway atop and outward-facing battlements. Occasional, isolated staircases in the Ramberaid (S. "Wall towers") afford the only access to the walkways. These are normally barred against use by the public.





Lesser Gate

The inner walls are simple stone-block constructions. Unlike the Outer Wall, they are not fused, although their carefully-cut, interlocking blocks impart tremendous strength. Their battlements are as much decorative as they are essential defensive features, and there are no stores of supplies against siege or attack anywhere. To some extent, the walkways are treated more as a clear road for the City Watch to use than as platforms to defend the city.

9.3.2 THE LESSER GATES

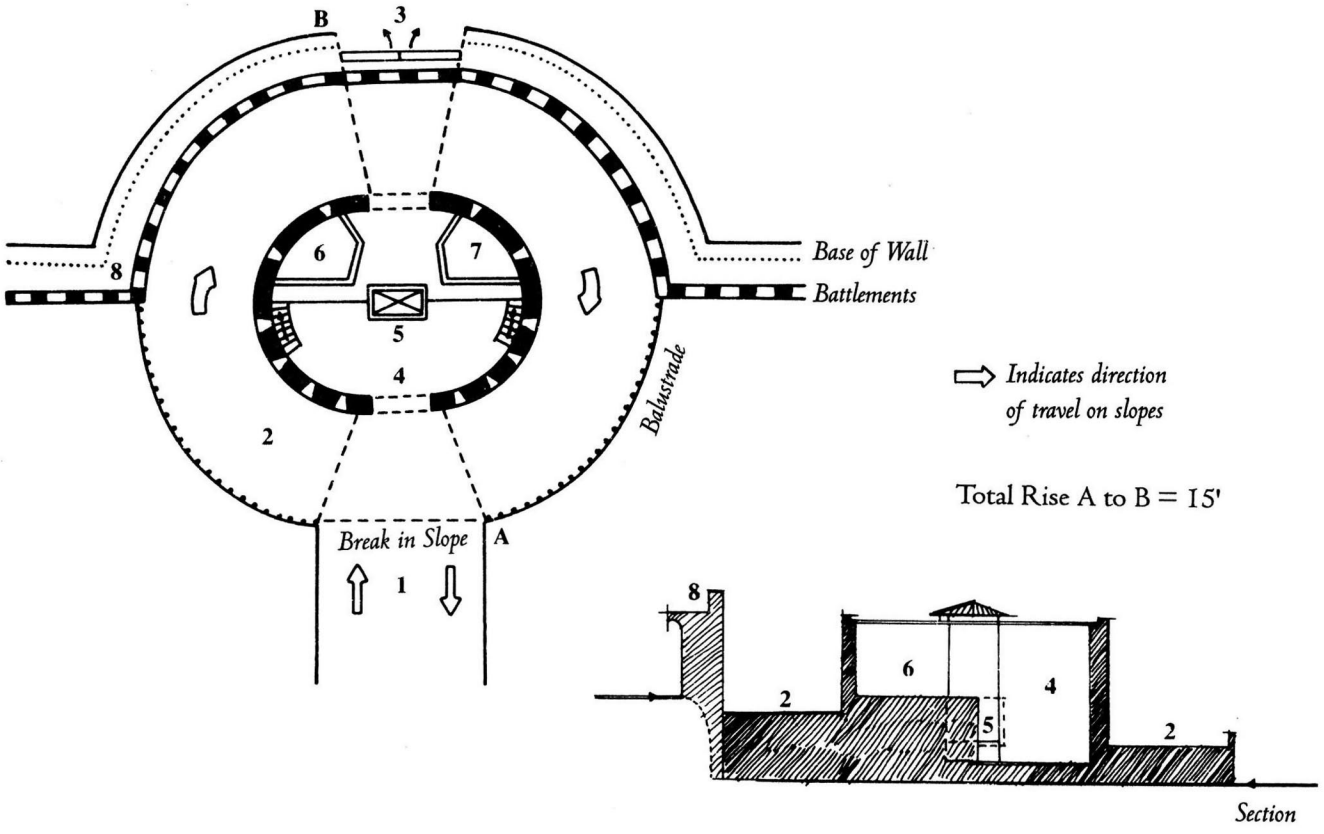
The lesser gates are a special feature of the road which winds from the Great Gate to the Citadel Gate. They are designed to bridge the height difference between the levels as easily as possible. The main features are oval lift towers around which a sloping road passes. Foot traffic and light wheeled vehicles use the road, whilst heavy loads are lifted to save hauling up the 1:10 gradient. The lift towers are ingeniously devised, handsomely built, and are manned by members of the Porters and Doorwardens' Fellowships.

Layout

1. Approach Ramp. A straight ramp 30' long and 30' wide leads up to the circular ramp surrounding the lift tower. The gradient is 1:10.

2. Circular Ramp. These ramps are one-way only, traffic being channelled clockwise around the lift tower. The ramp begins after a level area in front of the lift tower and ends at another flat segment before the gate itself.

3. Gate. The gates are each 10' wide and 13' high. They are left open all day and closed (but not barred) an hour or so after sundown. Access through the gate after this time, until sunrise, is at the Warden's discretion. He is supposed to check up on vagrants and non-residents. The Warden and his fellows can be found in the offices of the lift tower.



4. Lift Tower. The entrance and exit of the lift tower is a 10' wide, 10' high arched portal with no door. This allows access for heavy loads, which can then be raised using the lift. The tower is built from good stone and faced with blue-veined white marble. Inside the level of the floor is split, the front half about 12' below the rear half. There are several arched windows (with no glass).

5. Lift. The lift is counterweighted and operated by a water wheel, powered by the run-off water supply from the level above (see Section 9.4). The wheel mechanism is concealed beneath the floor, mainly housed on the 'high' side of the hall. It is simply powered and controlled by lowering or raising a sluice gate in the supply pipe. The higher gates may have to be assisted by hand winch in dry periods.

6. Warden's Office. The Warden serves as the co-ordinator of the City Watch for the two levels joined by this gate from the gate up to the tunnel through Citadel Rock (i.e. two half-levels). He is in charge of the 4-6 Porters who man the lift from sunrise to sunset, and also of the 6 Doorwardens who keep an eye on passers-by during the day and man the gate at night. His office is normally kept locked. It contains a large desk, a rack for books and scrolls, a writing table, an easy chair, a hearth for heating the room, and a wall safe for keeping valuables, such as the men's pay (typically 50-80sp; it is locked and Very Hard, -20, to pick, the Warden having the key) or special messages.

7. Mess Hall. Out of the drafty main area of the tower is a rest area for the men who man the gate and the lift. There are two tables with stools and benches, and a warm fire. By one wall is a large chest stocked with things to pass the long hours of the night: games like gwithbél and chess, playing cards, flagons of mild wine, boxes of nuts, fruit and cakes. Pegs on the wall are provided for cloaks and coats, and lamps light the room.

8. Inner Wall. The inner wall is as described above. See Section 9.3.1.

9.3.3 THE RAMBERAID

The Ramberaid (sing. "Rambarad") are watch towers mounted atop the Inner Walls of the city. There are eight in all; each is named for some distinctive feature or use. They are over 90 feet tall, solidly built from stone with a marble facing and attractive decorations; they also all have a bell in the roof, rung on the hour to mark the passing of time in the city. The bells are also rung three times when the gates are preparing to close (a half-hour after sunset).

The Ramberaid are:

1.	Telpûssar	"Silver Stone"
2.	Kalûrómen	"Morning Sunrise"
3.	Lómirë	"Twilight Jewel"
4.	Erinnatarma	"Crowned Pillar"
5.	Hallathôl	"Tall Helm"
6.	Vilyatír	"Skywatcher"
7.	Tinaiglos	"Sparkling Icicle"
8.	Kánombár	"Commander's Home"

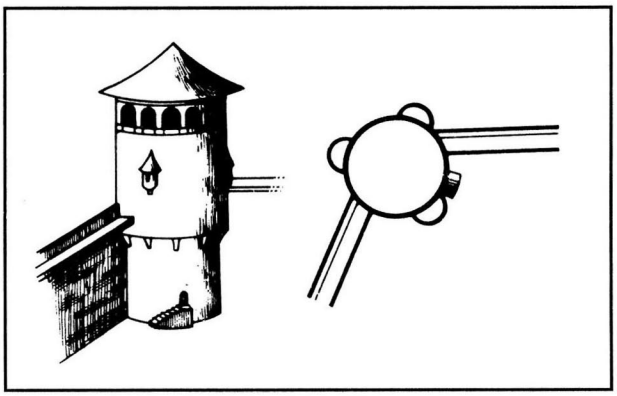
Telpûssar, for example, has twin bands of glittering silvered stone about halfway up. All have the same general layout described below.

Layout

1. Entrance. The ground level entrance to the barad is some six feet above the ground, gained up a flight of stone steps. The arched doorway is fitted with an extremely strong door of steel-reinforced wood. The lock is of special manufacture, fitted with a shutter device that makes it Very Hard (-20) to pick; however, it is not trapped in any way.

2. Hall, Level One. The ground floor of the tower is equipped with a desk for a Watch Sergeant and serves as a marshalling area for the guardsmen. There are stone stairs up to the next floor. The hall is lit with oil lamps.

3. Gallery, Level Two. Jutting out from the stone stair which continues on up around the walls of the tower is a wooden 'bridge' or pier across to a gallery running around above the hall below. It is a simple (though elegant) structure with a wooden balustrade.



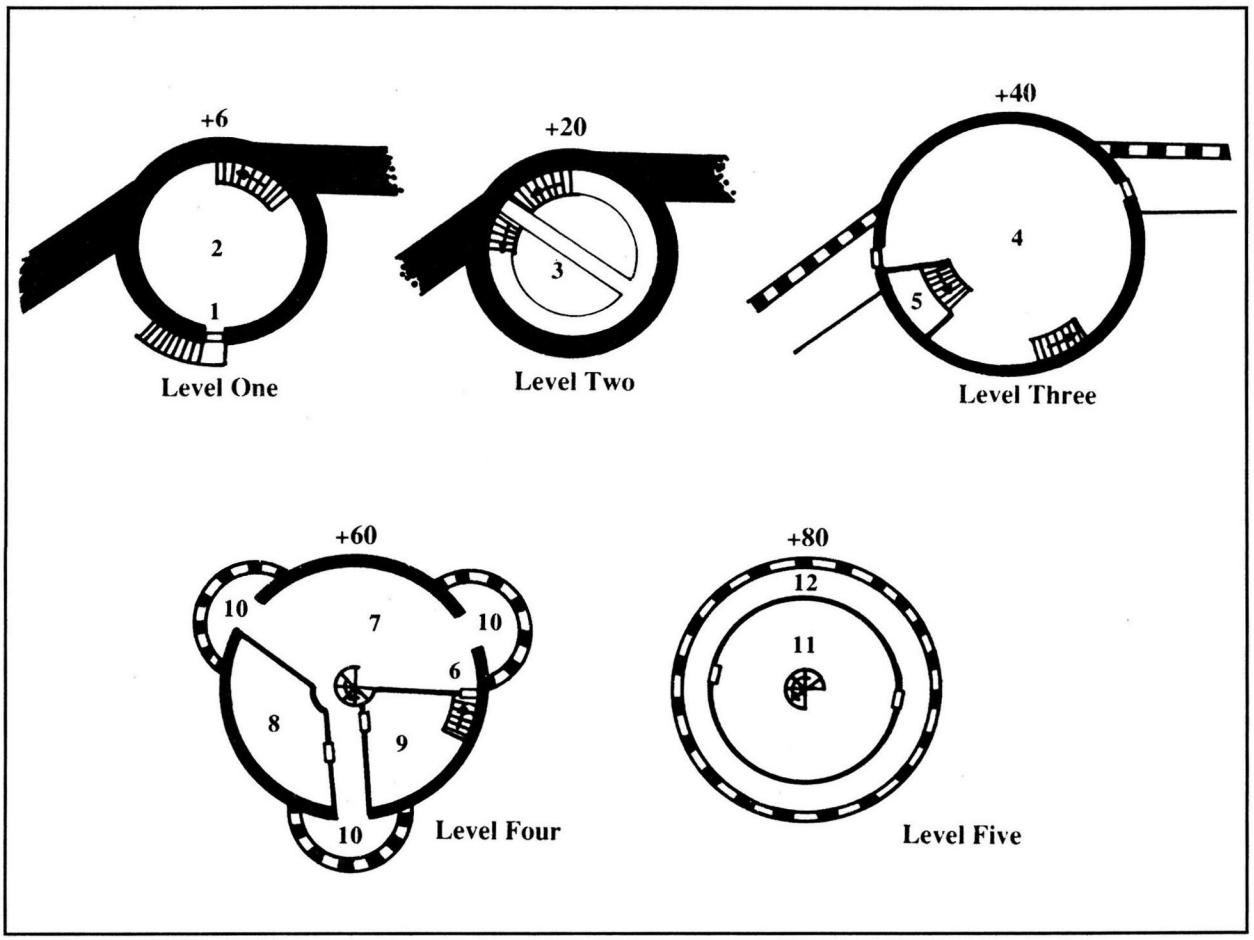
Rambarad

4. Hall, Level Three. This larger hall is used as a mess hall by the men of the Watch and commands access onto the walkways atop the inner wall. Those doors are both locked, and are made from strong wood. It is Very Hard (-20) to pick these locks. The hall is lit with oil-burning lamps and sleeps twelve Watchmen. These men are all drawn from the citizenry; their military counterparts sleep in the appropriate barracks. Each man has a bed, locker and small table; there are also two larger tables and a hearth for eating at and preparing meals. The guardsmen have little of value (a few coins) as they are only on short-term duty here.

5. Latrine. Also contains a washstand for simple ablutions.

6. Door to Level Four. This wooden door is normally kept locked, but serves mainly to avoid drafts. The lock is simple (Medium,+0, to pick). The Watch Sergeant has a standard-fitting key.

7. Main Hall. This area is furnished with a simple table and chair; it is open to the air and only used when the Watch need to man the observations turrets (#10).



Rambarad

8. Sergeant's Bedchamber. The Watch Sergeant has a nicely-furnished apartment for his own use; some are married and live with their wives (and possibly even children) here. The room has no window but is lit with candle-lamps. It is heated by a good hearth and has hangings on the walls. There will be a suitable bed (or beds) along with cupboards fitted to the walls with personal effects, clothing and the like. Some may be locked and contain valuables such as adornments and jewelry (50% chance of 3-6 items each valued as a roll on the Normal or Rich column of Table ST-6). Other items, such as books, magic items, weapons etc. may be present, and may be guarded with simple traps if not carried by the Sergeant when absent.

9. Sergeant's Office. The office has some bookshelves and filing racks for scrolls carrying orders, schedules and plans relating to the organisation of the Watch. The Sergeant also has a desk with a writing table and special reading lamps, several easy chairs and a brazier for warmth, some rugs and hangings, a stand for his armour and weaponry, and perhaps some personal touches (such as a butterfly collection, series of paintings or tatting frame). There is a safe concealed in the stonework under the desk where funds for the running of the tower's guardsmen is kept; it is locked (as #6) and contains 100 + 10-100 sp.

10. Observation Turret. There are three such turrets equally spaced around the tower, giving lookout positions to see across the city and beyond. Each turret is arcaded and open to the elements.

11. Bellroom. The bells of the tower are rung in this room. Each tower has two bells of distinct notes which can be used to signal. They also toll the hours etc. as described above. The walls of this inner room are wooden (like the framework supporting the roof) with the upper half louvred so the clear tones of the bells can ring out. Other than the bell ropes there are no furnishings here.

12. Topmost Gallery. An arcaded gallery forms the highest part of the tower's walls, directly below the roof. Men seldom come here, especially since the rather loud bells hang just behind a screen!

9.4 STREETS

Minas Anor was, initially, a very well planned city. Naturally, nearly two millenia of continuous occupation have modified the plans to some extent, but the sense of continuity inherent in the Dúnedain and the fact that their energies are generally directed to material and territorial concerns rather than technological improvements, have meant that the city is much as Anárion knew it.

There is effectively just one main street in the city. It runs for nearly five and a half miles from the Great Gate to the Citadel Gate, passing through every level, switching back and forth, under and through the Citadel Rock via the clean-cut tunnels. The street has eleven names for the various levels through which it passes, and from it branch numerous lesser streets.

In addition to these thoroughfares there are much smaller alleys, mostly just narrow ways between buildings partly roofed over by the overhanging upper stories. There are also a few open spaces, variously used as gathering places, for markets and so on, such as the Diamond Market on the first level. Many of the alleys (and even some of the lesser streets) are crossed by overpasses connecting two buildings together. (See 10.4.4 for an example.)

The streets of the city are maintained in excellent condition, with neatly-fitted paving slabs. Lesser streets and alleys may be simply cobbled, but even here the builders laid out the stones in intriguing patterns, making use of their natural colors and so on. Properly drained, the main streets have gutters and subterranean sewers to carry away rainwater and detritus. Lamps mounted on the sides of buildings or on stone and wrought iron posts illuminate these avenues at night, in fog, or whenever the city is beset by inclement weather. The lamps are fueled with tallow and enclosed in cylinders of glass; they are lit by the Lamplighters of the Lampwrights' Fellowship.

At the edge of the street is a pavement of around five feet in width for simply pedestrian traffic. The center of the street is used by hurrying rómesiath and Úlcaim, along with other hand barrows, and the few horses and wheeled vehicles in the city.

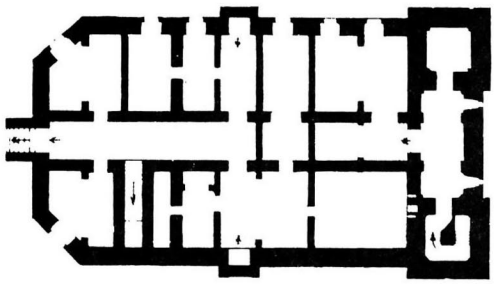
9.5 WATER SUPPLY AND SEWERS

The sewers and drains carrying away the city's water, both rain that falls here and water brought from the reservoirs, are planned differently. On each level there are a number of underground holding tanks where, through settling, sewage is carried off directly to be dumped in the Anduin, while cleaner water is used for powering a number of water wheels and for other operations such as cooling and industrial processes. This water descends in stages down the city before being taken via a number of large underground conduits (fitted with sturdy barriers, cascade-switchbacks and grills to prevent possible underwater infiltration) to streams leading to the Anduin. There are a number of access points down to the holding tanks; these take the form of man-holes in the back streets. None interconnect. The drains, being cut through the natural rock of the city, never freeze or wear down beyond repair.

Water is brought to and from individual buildings in stone conduits and steel, copper, or (gasp) lead pipes. Most faucets are actually pumps which require manual operation, although some buildings are equipped with cisterns which can provide an easier supply.

The origin of all pure water used in the city is the high vale immediately (south)west of the city. Snowmelt and water falling on a wide area supply a deep reservoir dammed when the city was built, located several hundred feet above the highest point in Minas Anor. From there three parallel aqueducts, for the most part buried below the ground and encased in clay, stone and earth, convey the water to the city. Three are required in case of faults, leaks and breakages. These are maintained by the Waterwrights' Fellowship, who also look after all other matters of water supply and drainage within the city. A number of large holding tanks are delved within the Citadel Rock whence the conduits reach to every level.

The fountain in the Citadel is the only one which is not powered simply by gravity and water pressure. The water supplied to the city is very soft despite coming from a region of limestone; this perhaps is one reason why the finished cloths produced here are so fine and delicate. Superb management of the city water supply is one of the essential contributions to the success and continued flourishing of Minas Anor today.



Merchant's Town House

9.6 A KEY TO SOME CITY SITES

9.6.1 SITES DESCRIBED IN DETAIL

Note: *These references include all those sites described in Section 10.0.*

The sites described here in greatest detail are referenced with two-figure numbers. The first figure indicates the level where the building may be found. For example, the building marked #22 on the color map is on the second level and can be found under the heading 10.2.2. (It is the Great Bakery.)

There are also the eight Ramberaid, numbered 1-8 on the color map and described collectively in Section 9.3.3. The Great Gate and lesser gates are fully planned in Sections 9.2 and 9.3.2, respectively.

9.6.2 OTHER SITES

The following sites are simply keyed with a letter on the color map and noted below by level. No plans are given for them, just a brief description covering some essential points.

First Level

A. Great Court. See description of the Great Gate in Section 9.2.

B. Kalarin, a Lampwright. He has a small workshop with a couple of partners and some apprentices; they make glass lamps, small table lamps, torch brackets, tinderboxes and lanterns, including some of brass and bronze with elaborate scrollwork for decoration.

C. Bathhouse. Largish building on one floor with both damp and dry steam baths, dipping pools, a gymnasium and relaxation rooms.

D. Diamond Market. Often crammed with small traders, these little stalls serve as a retail center for common goods and cheap snacks. Many of the traders are thieves, and many of the customers are victims of larceny.

E. Lampwrights' Fellowship Hall. Long and low, with lodgings on the first floor (where the Lamplighters, among others, live); at night it is ablaze with lamps of every sort. The hall is made of stone with many windows and holds up to 350 diners.

F. Aerden's Smithy. Ironsmith's shop manufacturing iron and steels in bar, plate, wire and premolded forms. Generally works to commission only, and sells few finished goods.



Symbol of the City of Minas Anor

G. Ironsmiths' Fellowship Hall. A simple hall built from plain, dark stone, sombrely furnished. Kitchens are in the adjacent lodging house used by ironsmiths and street-traders.

Second Level

A. Woodwrights Street Guesthouse. Pleasant, reasonably-priced guesthouse for travellers. Erelion is the landlord; his wife Nimelian is a member of the Cutlers' Fellowship.

B. Findumil's Portraitury. Home of an eccentric painter (though a very good one), a bachelor who allows no women to stay in the house or to work here. The house is painted pale pink.

C. Hostelers' Fellowship Hall. High-vaulted rectangular hall, quite large, with capacious kitchens attached; opens during the day for nuncheon and afternoon meals and snacks. Has a splendid painted ceiling and many canvases on the walls for decoration.

D. The Roundhouse. A lodging house used mostly by members of the Bakers' and Candlemakers' Fellowships. The central courtyard has a fine gilded statue of King Rómendacil and Queen Lúcian.

E. Uwalmë the Astrologer. Uwalmë is a fake, but a good one, and learned of many texts; he is also a good psychologist. He has grown rich from the support of numerous older women.

F. Sundial Court. This open area has a large bronze sundial and some stone benches; often there are traders selling food and drink here.

Third Level

A. Bretel Usulúni's House. Built as a townhouse for a predecessor of the current Usulúni family, this is now a guesthouse. It has sumptuous apartments and the vaulted crypt-hall is used as a meeting place by the Tindómë-lië.

B. Sûlanin Ringmaker. Sûlanin is a goldsmith with a particular reputation for (finger) rings. He works closely with a partner who is a jeweler and gemcutter; they have three apprentices. Callers at the shop are usually treated to free wine and civil conversation by Sûlanin's vampish wife Waila, who comes from Mirkwood.

C. The Golden Ball. Named for the symbol hung outside, this impressive stone house is well defended (all windows barred and four guards) as it is a pawnshop and bank run by the Malréd family. There are three secret entrances which members of the Thieves' Fellowship can use to get in and out with their hauls.

D. Potters' and Tilers' Fellowship Hall. This magnificent long hall serves both Fellowships. It has two tiers, the upper being a broad balcony with room for diners, the lower being a hall for dancing or accommodating even more feasters. The hall is open for evening entertainment when not in use by the Fellowships. The floors and walls are extensively decorated with the tilers' art.

E. Sammatho's Wigs. Small, poky shop; poor folk come here to sell their hair, although animal hair is most often used. Sammatho also supplies false moustaches and beards.

F. The Gildhall. The Goldsmiths' Fellowship hall. Mostly wooden construction and very well preserved. Much of the interior is gilded (hence the name) and golden-colored tiles roof it.

G. Laundry. This establishment is run by Pyrnen, wife of Radelain of the Clothwrights' Fellowship. It offers a full service of cleaning and mending for all garments and other articles at very reasonable prices. Radelain's son and daughter-in-law run a profitable clothes shop on the premises.

FOURTH LEVEL

A. The Hundred Tuns. A combined hall and workshop, both large, used by the Coopers' Fellowship. Here are made barrels and wooden vessels of all sorts. Most work is to order only.

B. Quill & Inkpot. This modest building has three wings extending back from its colonnaded facade. It serves as one of the lodging houses of the Scribes' Fellowship, and there is also a small shop selling inks and stationery.

C. Rodin Cunnan. Rodin is a lawyer who may be hired by the hour for consultation on city and royal laws. He is also a public notary and may thus endorse wills and other official documents. He is a respected member of the Scribes' Fellowship and also a member of the Tindómëlië, although he would never admit it freely.

D. The Herb Garden Eatery. This is a smallish but pleasant restaurant open all day (from breakfast through to daymeal). The meals are very well prepared and prices here are generally 2-3 times normal. All around the two rooms with tables are potted plants.

E. Lower Fountain Court. This piazza has red and white cobbles and a fountain set about with stone troughs where lilies and irises grow. Bijou trade stalls decked out with striped silk drapery sell all manner of petty finery here: braids, lace, embroidery, simple jewelry and adornments, ornaments and decorated weapons etc.

F. Heledil Glasscutter's Shop. Heledil and his wife work together with a number of employees and a few apprentices making the best engraved glassware in the city; their fine goblets are especially prized and their inscriptions embellish many a window.

G. Papermakers'. This small shop and house has a workshop at the rear where vellum and paper is made and cut to size.

H. Eskerzen the Cobbler. A half-Dunnish refugee from Tharbad and extremely skilled at the delicate stitching and manipulation of leather and skins needed to produce the finest ladies' shoes. He is fairly old, ravaged by the Plague and a widower. He is also the keeper of an ancient Dunlending talisman of necromancy. (See 13.5.)

FIFTH LEVEL

A. The Garment House. This is a large tailors' shop. A dozen men and women serve customers, taking measurements and fittings, whilst another 30-40 work in the rear cutting cloth and sewing seams. The garments sold here are better than average, and a range of prices up to the very expensive is available.

B. Leatherwrights' House. This is a structure similar to the Woodwrights' House (see 10.26). There is the Fellowship Hall and an extensive workshop where all manner of cobblery, cordwainery and leathercraft items are made: shoes, belts, bags and so on.

C. Heth Belanoch's. Heth is a new settler from Osgiliath, a roper and cordwright. The shop is rather tatty and the house in poor condition, for this is all Heth can afford at the moment. He is also a fence for stolen goods, in the Thieves' Fellowship.

D. Mar Elena. This building is a squat, solid-looking house mostly concealed behind a high wall. It is the family home of House Elena (see 7.21) and nigh impregnable. Visitors are not received uninvited, and sinister stories are told about robbers and others who have tried to enter Mar Elena.

E. Hall of the Clothwrights. This Fellowship hall was recently (in the last 100 years) rebuilt. The stonework is fresh, light and mostly plain, for tapestries and decorated cloths hang over most of it. A canopy of cloth-of-gold is suspended over the 'high' end of the hall where the Masters sit.

F. The Silver Cellar. A disreputable house 'of exotic delights where one can obtain and enjoy gambling, drugs, heady wines and the supposedly beautiful staff.' The house is much frequented by certain members of the Citadel Guard, so it is rarely troubled by the Watch. An evening here can get quite expensive, naturally.



Edhetariel, Daughter of the Prince of Dol Amroth



SIXTH LEVEL

A. Tirion Astirian. The 'towering house' of House Astirian, a noted noble family of Minas Anor. It is architecturally superb, with a surfeit of stone carving and decoration on the exterior. Within, things are just as sumptuous, most decorations being of a military nature: captured arms and trophies from an hundred campaigns. Naturally there are special precautions taken to safeguard the house, its inhabitants and contents; these include traps and human guards.

B. Kamára Tarn. (Ad. "Great Hall") of the Armorers' Fellowship. Of somewhat different design to other halls, it is square with a flat roof of stone and simple columns (no arches). The interior has floors and walls faced with black and white marble.

C. The Bezel. A jeweller's shop; the finest gems are cut and set in magnificent rings and brooches by the skilled Anaristar. He works alone, obtaining all the settings premade from goldsmiths working to his designs.

D. Vilsinwë the Seamstress. A Mistress of Embroidery, Vilsinwë employs a small group of men and women turning out good quality stitchery. She is noted for her life-like flower and plant designs, although her shop will happily provide anything requested.

E. Cerómë's Pastries. The most exquisite baked goods are available here for exorbitant prices; nevertheless many wealthy folk will buy only from this little shop. Cerómë has two partners and four apprentices working with him, and a splendidly-equipped kitchen.

F. Parade Ground. Here guardsmen from the Lower Barracks may exercise and train in various martial skills without having to leave the city for one of the Weapon Fields to the north. The Ground is also used for royal events and ceremonies.

9.6.3 THE MAIN STREETS

First Level	Rath Celerdain	Lampwrights Street
Second, South	Rath Galedhríldain	Candlemakers Street
Second, North	Rath Cerdain Nanorn	Woodwrights Street
Third, North	Rath Cerdain Nagon	Stonewrights Street
Third, South	Rath Meigíldain	Cutlers Street
Fourth, South	Rath Corgíbirdain	Coopers Street
Fourth, North	Rath Helídhain	Glassblowers Street
Fifth, North	Rath Fledhain	Leatherwrights Street
Fifth, South (formerly Rath Rimieldain)	Rath Línwedain	Clothwrights Street
Sixth, South	Rant Athegilion	Healers Way
Sixth, North	Rath Ceréngeldain	Armorers Street
Seventh Level	E-tártië	The Royal Tread

10.0 BUILDINGS OF NOTE

KEY

SCALE: 1 cm = 10' (unless stated otherwise)

solid wall	window
arcade/colonnade	
furnishings	outer door
drapes	inner door
steps (arrow points up)	hearth/fireplace
railings	secret door
roof	plants
water	lawn
adjacent building	pavement
spiral stair	trapdoor

Note: *In Endor, the lowest floor above the basement is referred to as the "ground floor." The floor above it is called the "first floor," even though it may also be known as the "second level." This usage prevails throughout Section 10.0.*

10.1 FIRST LEVEL

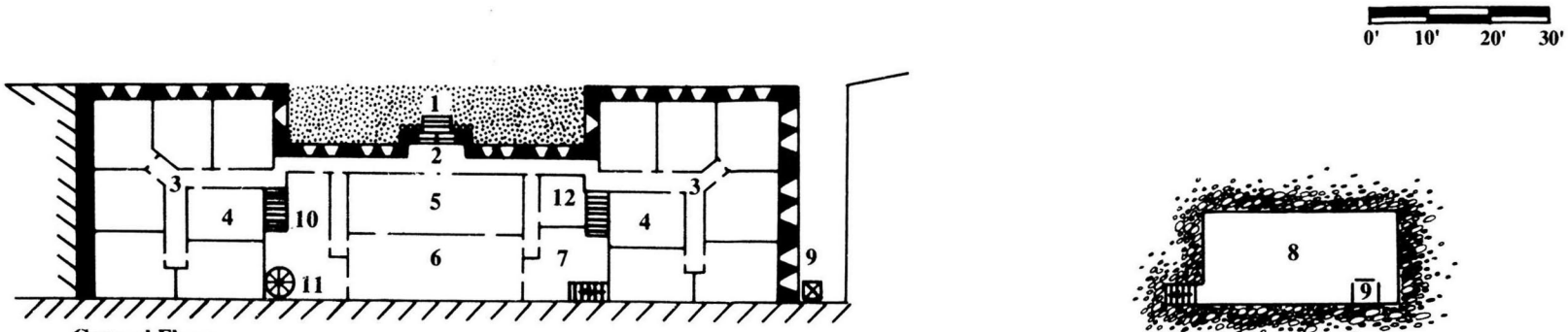
10.1.1 THE OLD GUESTHOUSE

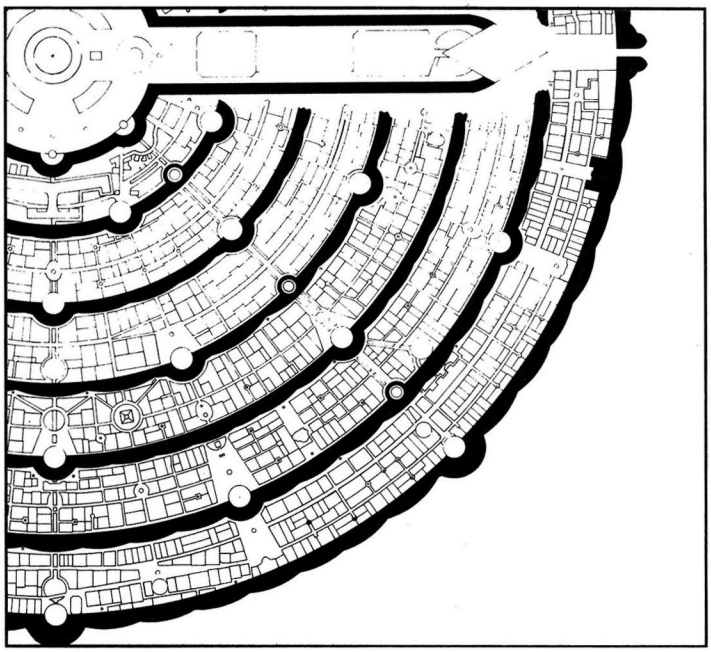
The Old Guesthouse is a venerable stone building, well weathered by the passing years. It has two wings running back from the street, between them a narrow greensward and the many-windowed house, fronted by a pillared porch and a flight of steps down on to the grass. The guesthouse is open to travellers and visitors as well as a few longer-term guests. A couple of rooms are on permanent lease to traders. The Old Guesthouse is owned and run by Brandir, a Dúnadan in late middle age who recently lost both his parents. Brandir spent some time in the army in his youth but has been a Hosteler for most of his life. He is a well-respected member of the Hostelers' Fellowship.

GROUND FLOOR

The ground floor is a couple of feet above street level. Steps in the porch (#1) provide the means of access to its twin entry doors. These sturdy double doors are wooden, with carved square panels depicting different places of interest around the kingdom. The door is locked and barred at night. The walls are also punctuated with numerous windows, all arranged in pairs. Each has a criss-cross pattern of square panes and a decorated surround. On this floor there is the entrance hall (#2) and corridor.

At either end of the corridor are six bedchambers (#3), each provided with two single or one large bed, together with a washstand (water must be conveyed by jug from the bathroom), a wardrobe, a chest for belongings (the key is the same as the door key), two chairs, a table and a wall


0'
10'
20'
30'
1
2
3
4
10
5
12
6
7
4
3
9
11
Ground Floor
8
9
Cellar
37 Guestrooms
3
4
13
4
3
Upper Floor
15
15
14
14
Garret
Section (front facing)



The Old Guesthouse

lamp. The bathrooms (#4) are furnished with latrines, a large wooden tub, a cold water pump and a large kettle which is heated up in the morning over a stove designed for this purpose; a copper spigot on the side drains the water off. There is also a rack of towels.

The dining room (#5) is set with several long tables and also serves as a dayroom. It is comfortably furnished and hung with a few paintings of Brandir's father and other ancestors; lighting comes from two metal chandeliers each of fourteen candles. Behind it is the kitchen (#6), a busy place with access down a flight of stairs via the storeroom (#7) to the cellars (#8). Goods can be lowered into the cellar from the alley (#9) at the side of the guesthouse so that they do not have to be brought through the front door.

Opposite the store (stocked with household and kitchen items) is a laundry and work room (#10). From here a spiral stair (#11) rises straight up to the garret, where Brandir, his family and the servants who work in the guesthouse reside. Finally, there is a small office (#12) where Brandir keeps records of his guests and the keys to unlet rooms. Under a thick rug is a floor safe containing Brandir's wealth: some 385gp plus more silver and Anorian coins. The doors from the corridor to the work areas are kept locked at night.

All locks on the doors into the bedchambers and workrooms are Medium (+0) to pick. The mechanism on the door into the office is Hard (-10) to unlock, whilst the safe's lock is Very Hard (-30) to pick. It is trapped, and a lever will slide a rock slab across the top of the safe if the lockpicker is unsuccessful.. The trap yields a +30 MCr attack and obviously prevents any further attempt to pick the lock!

Upper Floor

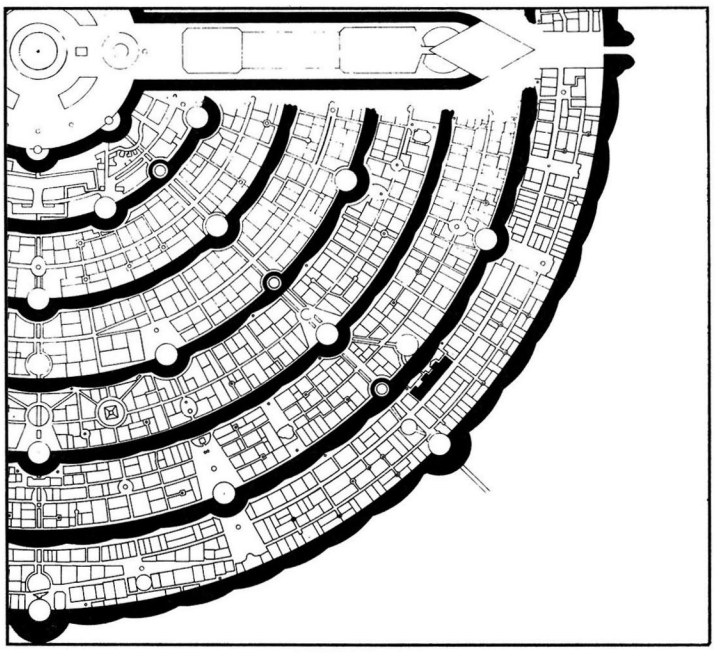
There are another nineteen bedchambers (#3) here, a couple of them larger than normal with additional plush furnishings and their own water faucets, drink cupboards, etc. The central chambers have access onto a balcony (#13) which runs along the rear of the building; these rooms are slightly higher than the wings, as the ceiling height of the dining and work rooms below is greater. The rooms are cleaned and aired daily.

Garret

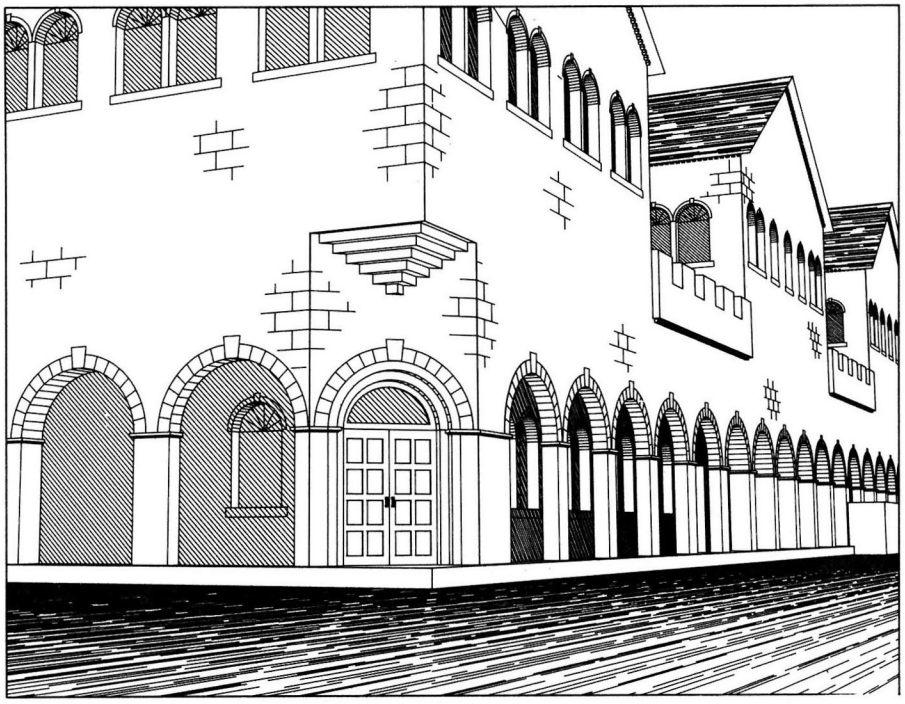
The Garret accommodates six small servants' chambers (#14) plus two larger rooms (#15). One is Brandir's, which he shares with his wife; the other is his daughter and son-in-law's, and is also used by their two young sons. These rooms are very basically furnished, and contain little of value, although Brandir's wife and daughter both own a few elegant items of clothing and Brandir himself has a splendid silver-stitched crisiath.

10.1.2 THE ORRERY HOUSE

The Orrery House is a large workshop and lodging house producing complex instruments for navigation, astronomy, timekeeping and so on. The orreries for which it is named (and for which it is most famous) are clockwork models with a flat metal upper surface over which wires conduct small spheres to represent the passage of Anar and Isil, the Sun and Moon, driven by Arien and Tilion across the sky. More complex models also show the orbit of the brighter stars such as Borgil. The surface of the device shows the coasts of Middle-earth as discovered in Númenórean times.



The Orrery House



The Orrery House

Most of the artisans who spend their time creating such beautiful (and mostly useful) objects are members of the Locksmiths' Fellowship, although a few are Lampwrights or Goldsmiths. The building housing these craftsmen is a long, low structure with three raised sections. The House is well off and shows many signs of extra comfort and opulence. Both stories are built of stone and the roof is slate. The ground floor has 20' ceilings; the upper floor is just 11' high. The front of the building has a blind facade; that is, a series of arches and columns built flush with the wall behind and simply serving as decoration. Above the arcade is a much smaller series of arches with windows in; additional windows are between the main arches at the south end. There are numerous doors.

Ground Floor

The main entrance for receiving visitors (#1) is a double door behind a columned portico. The doors have bronze panels etched with examples of the orrerers' work. A small lobby leads onto a passage hung on the left side with several large bead tapestries worked in gold and silver thread. A sculptured wood door leads to the hall (#3). This large, stone, vaulted room (over 35' square) is beautifully proportioned. It contains a raised platform (#4) at the far end, where the Masters' Table stands beneath a stained glass window. Sideboards and glass-fronted cases around the room display special examples of products made here: a clockwork carillon inlaid with mother-of-pearl and ebony; a gold banded telescope; a filigree sundial with a magic diamond which amplifies the light of the sun so that the time can be told at any latitude, even when it is completely overcast; and a magnifying glass cut from clear amethyst; etc.

By the hall is the ample kitchen (#5), with a back door, and a pantry (#6) stocked with foodstuffs. The wives of the artisans who live here are responsible for the organization of the household: sweeping, cleaning, shopping, washing, and so on, although there are a couple of craftswomen as well.

Beside the hall at the front of the building are three special alms chambers (#7) provided for the use of retired, injured or infirm Fellows. Each has the same amenities as the bedchambers upstairs. Opposite them is a small bathroom.

At the end of the passage a couple of steps lead through a door into the workshop. Those interested in visiting the workshop or buying a product enter via stair in the street (#2) through a pair of sturdy wooden doors which stand ajar most days. These give onto a raised area (#8) in the center of the workshop (another flight of steps leads down to the floor). Here customers are seen to; there are display cases holding the commoner goods and tables where designs for special models can be sketched or the finished products demonstrated.

The workshop itself is divided into numerous areas; within each a Fellow stands surrounded by workbenches, tools, apprentices, shelves stacked with oddments of metal and wood, steel chests fixed to the floor and locked, containing whatever precious materials are being incorporated in the artisan's current projects. There are normally 60 or so artisans with about as many lads (over half the workers live here).

There are three basic areas on the workshop floor: #9 left of the sales area includes crafters of astrolabes, orreries, sundials and clockwork devices; #10 to the immediate right includes lens grinders and makers of magnifying glasses, spectacles, telescopes and the like; #11 at the far end has makers of special musical instruments, such as bells, chimes, metallic harps and lyres, gongs, cymbals, glass harmonicas and so on. The workers are equally spaced in these areas. At the rear of the workshop are several other rooms. Stores in bulk are kept in the two storerooms (#12). These have racks of shelving and several tubs holding nails, glue and the like. They are kept locked (all artisans have a key; they are Medium (+0) to pick).



There are also two offices. The general office (#13) contains ledgers and records of sales, customers, the buying in of supplies and so on. Notes are sent out from here to allow the tax-free import of materials into the city. There are several desks and bookshelves crammed with years of records. There is also a hidden safe containing 1,500gp in coins and the most precious materials.

The safe has three separate locks—all Extremely Hard (-30) to pick. It also has a clockwork delayed trap ejecting a hemisphere spray of potent acid, hitting everyone within 8 feet. The trap cannot be disarmed from the outside and has a hidden safety catch inside. It is Sheer Folly (-50) to disarm this trap after opening, unless its existence is known. The trap also shuts and locks the door automatically. The acid spray initially does damage as +40 Fireball. Then, it repeats any critical (at one less level of severity) delivered every round, until washed off with a large amount of water or an alkali solution.

Opposite the general office is the drawing office (#14) where four artists work planning the design of instruments with the craftsmen. Their stores, along with hundreds of volumes of records, files and old designs, are to be found in the library (#15). The library is usually locked after working hours, as many of the designs are very valuable.

Upper Floor

There are three divorced areas on the upper floor, each with a number of bedchambers (#1) for the workers and their families. Most are a standard rectangular shape; some are bigger or have connecting doors so that a larger family can feel closer. In each section there is also a bathroom (#2) including latrines (see 7.4.1 and 10.1.1 for general notes on bedchambers, bathrooms and other living areas). There are a few added rooms here, such as the laundry (#3) and store (#4) where household supplies are kept; washing is dried in the sun gallery (#8) if the weather is inclement. The rooms directly over the workshops are raised a little higher than the others, hence some small flights of stairs.

The southernmost section has a loft converted to a dormitory. This is reached by a ladder which also conceals a door in the wall (#5). The door allows access onto a precarious ledge (#6) just a few feet wide, running along the roof to the central section where another tiny, concealed door (behind a wooden relief carving) allows egress.

The loft dormitory is used by the older daughters of parents living here. There is also a boys' dormitory (#7) used by older sons and apprentices. In both there are simple rows of beds and small lockers for personal possessions.

10.1.3 LITTLE LOCK SHOP

The Little Lock Shop is a modest workshop and townhouse. It is owned by Egilmir and the business run by his son Egalmoth, together with his partner Pelandor; these two were childhood friends and remain very close. They are both Fellow Locksmiths quietly respected for their good work. Both are married, Egalmoth's wife Berylwen has a son and two daughters and works during the day at Eldacar's Breakfast House on the Second Level.

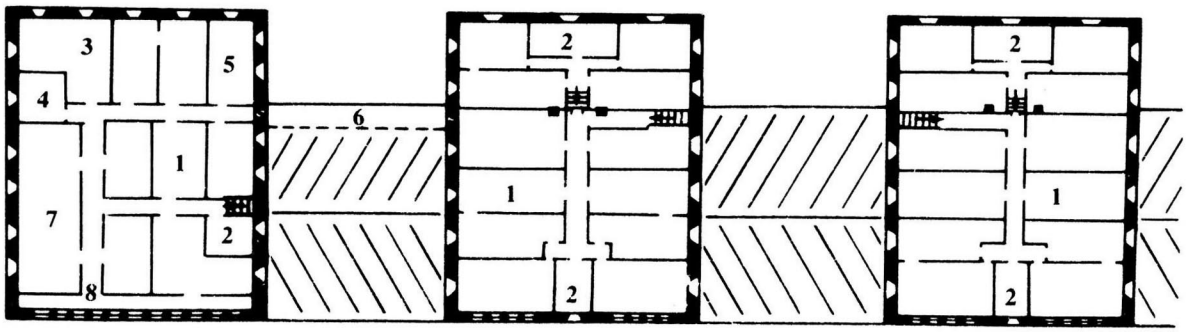
The building is an old one with strong stone vaulting and good foundations; the outer walls have yellowed to a deep ivory colour. The front of the house is raised a few feet above street level.

Ground Floor

The main entrance (#1) to the house is up some steps at the front with an elegantly carved stone balustrade surround. The front door is solid wood banded with steel; the lock is Extremely Hard (-30) to pick. When the door is opened it rings a bell in case no-one is in the shop (#2). This area is kept spic and span. There is an L-shaped counter and three long display cabinets showing varieties of locks and traps. There are locks for doors, for chests, padlocks, even tiny gold lockets which can be worn around the neck. There is also a table and a couple of chairs so that customers can sit down whilst waiting to be served. Egilmir is usually in charge of the shop, being a little old to work other than occasionally, and he will treat special customers to a pint of ale if his wife isn't around.

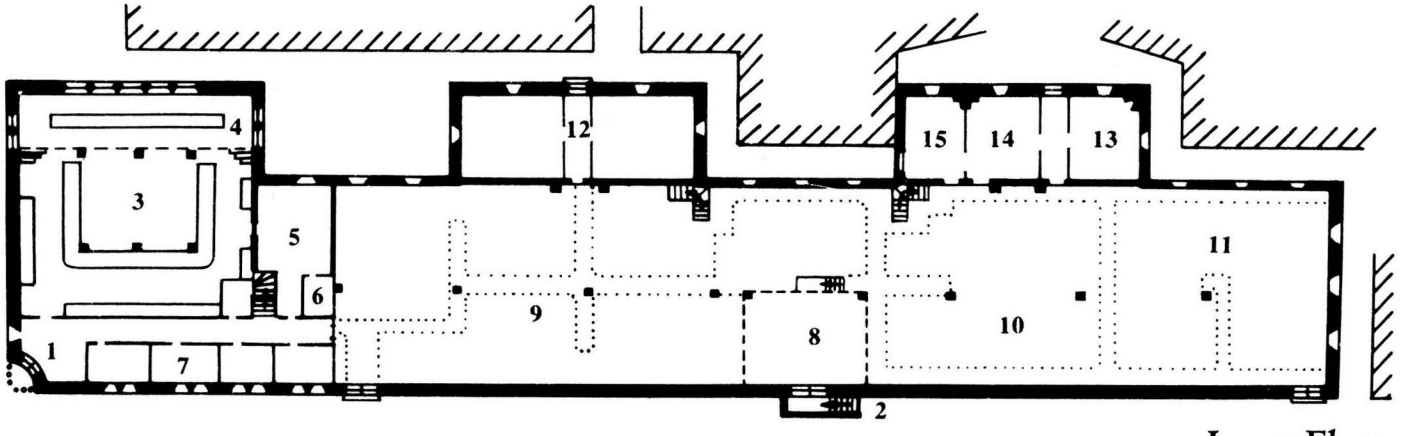
Behind the shop lies the office and family room (#3). Since they do not do a great deal of business, a single desk suffices along with a rack of shelves holding ledgers and scrolls with accounts, sales and so on. There is also a warming hearth and some comfortable chairs. Beside this room is the kitchen (#4), province of Egalmoth's widowed sister who runs the household under the critical eye of her old mother. The kitchen is centered on the range and fire, with the other three walls crammed with shelves holding all manner of utensils, storage jars of food, bottles, hanging meat and so on.

The workshop (#5) is gained from the office, down a few steps, or through the back door (#6) which leads into the alley. This door is less elegant than the front door, but just as well secured (and also has a bar at night). In the workshop there are numerous personal workbenches where Egalmoth, Pelandor and Egalmoth's brother Ecthelmir work assisted by their seven apprentices, and occasionally by Egilmir. One of the apprentices is Egalmoth's son Eredin. The walls are stacked with special tools and materials got from ironsmiths. Also in the workshop is a small forge with the necessary accessories. A steep stair leads up, the only way to the first and second floors.



Upper Floor

32 Chambers
c. 35 male adult workers:
plus 20 lads & apprentices
Women: cook, shop, sweep, clean, wash & tidy.



Lower Floor

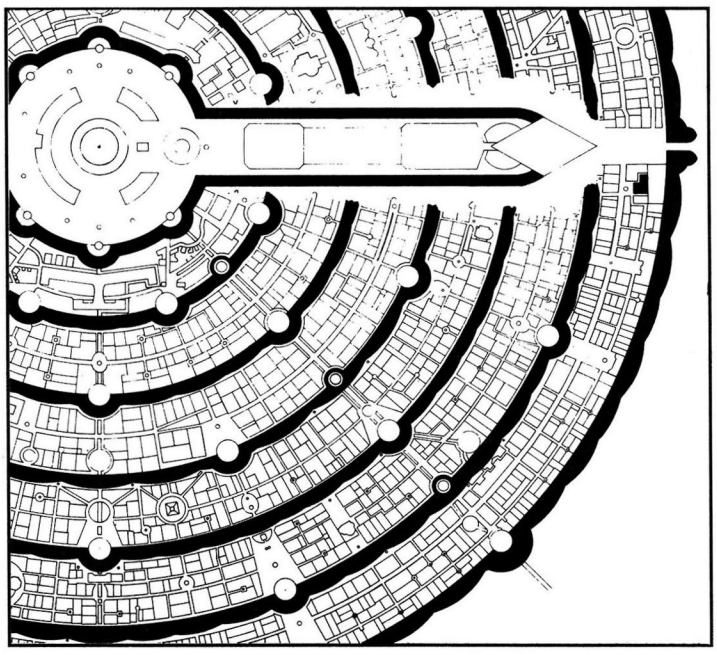
First Floor

The stair up from the workshop connects to a landing. From there, another stair continues upward, flanked by a broad curtain of fine brocade edged with gold thread. Behind the curtain is the principal room of the first floor, the main hall (#1). The household gathers here for meals, and it is also used during the day and evening as living space. Two fireplaces in opposite corners warm the chamber. Its walls are decorated with, and insulated by, tapestries woven by Egilmir's grandmother, who was a member of the Clothwrights' Fellowship. Two tables run across the room, and there are sideboards under the windows holding the pewter dinner service; the older men have silver tankards of their own, engraved at their coming-of-age.

At the front of the house are two rooms off the hall, divided by heavy drapes. These are family bedchambers, #2 used by Egalmoth's sister and #3 by old Egilmir and his wife. She has a door onto a wooden balcony clinging to the side of the house; there are four wooden troughs placed here growing flowering and colorful herbs which she preserves and uses for cooking and healing everyday illnesses and injuries.

At the rear of the house is the apprentices' dormitory (#4). It contains six beds and a hearth, together with lockers for their belongings. By the dormitory is a bathroom (#5), with a bath, latrines, and stove for heating water.

All the bedchambers are kept warm with wall hangings and rugs, for the floors and walls are stone. In Egilmir's chamber is a solid iron casket containing various precious items; it has an intricate lock (the key is hidden in a secret compartment of the wooden bedstead, otherwise it is Sheer Folly, -50, to pick) and a shooting blade trap equal to a +75 shortsword attack (Hard, -10, to disarm). The treasure here includes some jewelry and a magic amulet shaped like a golden brooch.



Little Lock Shop

Second Floor

This floor has a suite of bedchambers for the household. The stairs ascend to a landing (#1), which is illuminated by a triple candelabra. There is a small washroom with no bath (#2) off the landing, opposite a more cramped servant's chamber (#3).

The remaining rooms are all fair-sized bedchambers, hung with drapes and with carpets over the wooden floorboards. #4 belongs to Ecthelmir. He is rather dull (in character) and not very tidy; he has little of interest kept here. #5 is just home to Eredin. He is young and headstrong and would rather join the Citadel Guard than spend a lifetime fiddling around in a workshop. His treasured possession is an eket on which he has engraved his own name. It has pearls set on the hilt and scabbard (total value 30gp).

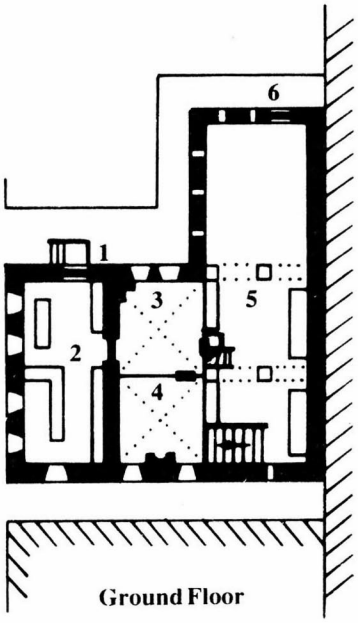
The largest room (#6) is used by Egalmoth and Berylwen. At one end is the weaving loom used to make the tapestries in the hall, on which Berylwen is learning the same skills herself; there is a half-finished tapestry adorned with some rather odd-shaped flowers hanging on the frame. Berylwen has already decided to give it to Ecthelmir as a bedspread since he probably won't notice how awful her first attempt is. The room also has a splendid bed, two chairs and a writing desk. Above the fireplace is a secret cupboard with a trick locking device that does not use a key (treat as Very Hard, -20, to pick, with skill bonus halved). It contains an enchanted dagger, several cut gems in a silk pouch, 8 oz of mithril wire and some jewelry belonging to Berylwen.

Chamber #7 is the lodging of Pelandor and his wife. They have one grown son who lives elsewhere in the city (they also had a daughter who died in the Plague). Their chamber is draped with good red silk, a present from Pelandor's father-in-law, a cloth merchant. As partner to Egalmoth, Pelandor has a goodly sum of money put by, but keeps it in a bank.

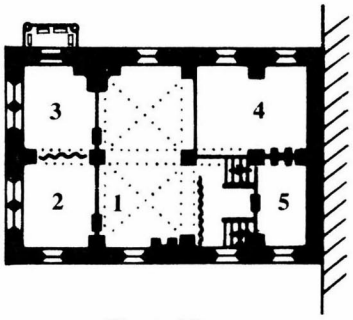
The next chamber (#8) is a guest chamber, kept vacant for visitors or sometimes let for a few months. The last room (#9) is that of Egalmoth's daughters. The elder is hopelessly in love with Pelandor's son and usually mopes around the house thinking about him. Her younger sister is worked hard but fairly by her aunt in the kitchen and around the house.

Loft

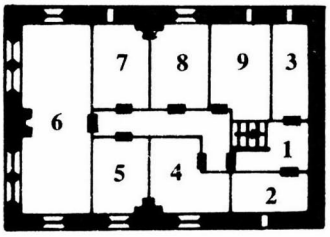
A ladder on the landing ascends through a bolted trapdoor to the narrow loft, where a lot of junk and old furniture is stored. Some of these items are real antiques and may be valuable, particularly a forgotten case of 1410 Ithilien red wine.



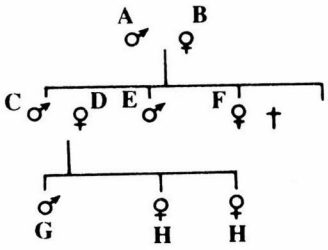
Ground Floor



First Floor

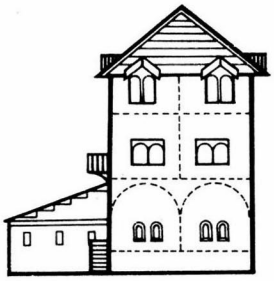


Second Floor



A) Egilmir
B) Wife of Egilmir
C) Egalnoth
D) Berylwen
E) Ecthelmir
F) Widow
G) Eredin
H) Berylwen's Daughters

+1 Partner & Wife
+6 Apprentices
+1 Servant



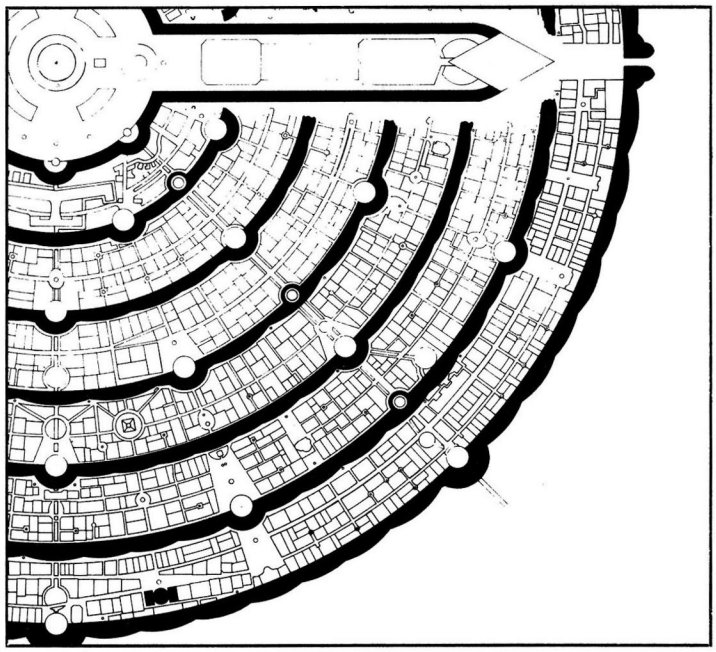
Note split-level: front of house is raised 3-4' above street level & level of workshop



10.1.4 PALACE OF LIGHT

The Palace of Light is one of the most intriguing buildings on Rath Celerdain. Erected five hundred years ago after a fire destroyed a more conventional workshop, it now belongs to Arland and Verdil Calardan. The two brothers serve as the city's Master Lampwrights (Arland spent three years as Deputy some years ago).

The basic structure of the Palace focuses on a high dome, which is set between two three-story wings. An alley runs to one side and behind the building, enabling supplies to be unloaded out of the sight of the main street. Two rings of glazed skylights surround the upper section of the Palace's white marble dome, and numerous windows grace the walls of its two wings. The outer walls are constructed of stone and faced with whitewashed plaster, which lends the building a bright, glimmering air. Among its fine quality furnishings, the Palace noted for chandeliers and candelabras.



Palace of Light

Ground Floor

The entrance to the south wing (#1) is quite impressive, with flanking columns, two wide steps, and a covered portico. The pale wood doors are studded with brass knobs. At night the door is locked and barred. Twin fountains (#2) rise from the triangular pools that flank the exterior sides of the dome, both inhabited by floating lilies and small, red fish .

Inside the first room is a shop (#3) where customers are greeted and a number of the smaller items made here (candlesticks, table lamps and so on) can be displayed. Naturally, the room is well lit itself with some twenty different lamps and chandeliers.

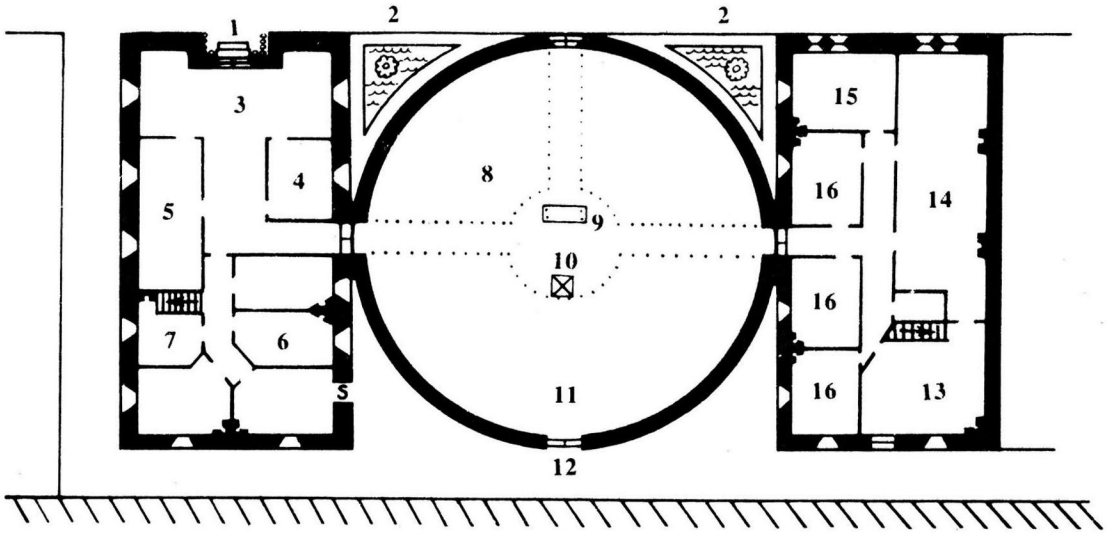
Behind the shop are two offices. The main office (#4) contains two desks and numerous shelves that support great ledgerbooks. Hidden behind one of the shelves is the main safe, which harbors about 300 gold pieces (in various coins). The safe has a large lock requiring two keys to open: one held by Arland, the other by Verdil. Neither lock is trapped, but both must be turned simultaneously in order to spring the door. (This requires two separate actors, since each key requires two hands to operate.) In one of the desks is a locked drawer with the day's takings (typically 5-25gp in assorted coins). The clerk manning the shop has the key, but the drawer is easily forced. (A light, +10, maneuver).

The other office (#5) serves as a drawing office and library. Sketches in pencil and ink of various designs of lamp are stored here in large files, placed upright in a wooden rack. Artists work on angled easels placed under the nearby windows. In the office section, the room's high shelves accommodate old record books. Beyond them is a corridor leading past a curtain to the workshop.

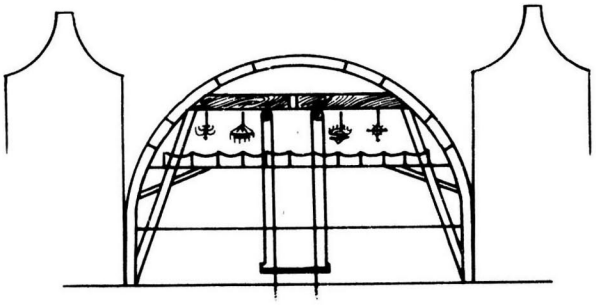
A door off the workshop opens onto a passage to some stairs and living chambers. The four ground floor bedrooms (#6) are each well furnished and occupied by the Palace's elderly residents, people who no longer care for stairs. In one of the rooms the window swings out in its frame on the release of a secret catch, thus forming a secret exit door. Under the stairs is a privy (#7) with a bathtub and a stove.

The workshop (#8) occupies all the space under the dome. The dome itself is made of stone, supported by eight large angled buttresses linked by a star of tie beams. There is plenty of space for the 40 craftsmen and 20 apprentices who work here producing every sort of light fitting, and other items such as braziers, censers and thurifers. Standard items include wooden and metal candlesticks, table lamps, torch brackets, lanterns (both hand-held and hanging), chandeliers for oil and candles, nightlights and so on. Materials used include metals (especially brass, bronze, pewter and wrought iron), various sorts of wood, and ceramics. Some items are partly made here and part elsewhere (such as a pottery lamp which might be fired in kilns on the third level).

Suspended by ropes from the tie-beams (28' above the floor) is a rectangular platform (#9) of sound wood. A system of pulleys and ropes is linked to a winch in the cellars, powered by a water sluice running through the foundation rock. The platform can be raised (operated by levers on the ground) to a height of nineteen feet where a cantilevered catwalk runs across and around the dome. The wooden walkways are just 3' wide but have railings of rope threaded between iron poles. On either side are hung examples of the chandeliers made by the artisans here: there are ones of brass hung with glass tears; wooden wheels with iron candleholders; six-spoked ones with tiny oil lamps protected by thin horn cases; pewter spiders with dangling drip-fed floating wicks. The variety and beauty seems endless, as any customer can see. Big and small, rich and modest, here is truly a palace of light.



Above the two wings are two more storeys of accommodations, stores and so on.



Platform: rises up and down on ropes & pulleys, driven by waterwheel in cellar
Many chandeliers and lamp designs hung above catwalk for inspection.



A trapdoor (#10) provides a route into the cellar, which contains not only the winch for the platform but also stores of wax, oil, clay, and pre-cast metal items. Bulkier stores are stacked on shelf racks (#11) at the rear of the workshop, where there is also a door (#12) for deliveries and a path between workbenches to the center.

The north wing opens connects with the workshop or through the back door into the kitchen (#13). This has all the usual equipment for feeding a host of hungry Fellows and their families—task which is accomplished in the wood-panelled dining hall (#14). Two splendid marble fireplaces heat the hall, above which are hung wrought copper emblems of the Lampwrights' Fellowship. The hall is busiest in the morning, for many of the craftsmen eat at the Fellowship Hall in the evening. During the day, peace may be found in the quiet parlor (#15), a sumptuous, carpeted chamber adorned with drapes. Its windows overlooking the street. There are also three bedchambers (#16) and a small privy on this floor of the wing, as wells as a staircase leading up to the first floor. The passages here all have paintings of previous owners of the Palace.

First and Second Floors (not illustrated)

The first floor of each wing has nine bedchambers and a large privy. These rooms have standard furnishings, with wooden floors and rugs. In the south wing, one of the bedchambers is larger than the others and incorporates a nursery for the youngest children. In the north wing, two slightly larger bedchambers are used by Arland and Verdil, both of whom are married. Arland has no children; Verdil has three daughters and a son in the Royal Army, serving in Dor Rhúnen.

The second floor of each wing has five bedchambers, a privy, and a dormitory (girls' in the north wing, boys' in the south). One of the bedchambers in the north wing is occupied by Urthel, a bachelor craftsman who is also a spy for the Corsairs of Umbar. He is of Black Númenórean descent and easily passes for a Gondorian. His contact is a merchant named Clothiel, who often lodges at the Old Guesthouse.

10.1.5 KEYLODGE

Perhaps the first building one sees on entering the city, the Keylodge sits by the Great Gate. It is a teetering, rather ancient structure with wooden upper stories (faced with plaster) and (a rarity) a thatched roof. The thatch is specially imported from the lower reaches of the Anduin (i.e., the Ethir). Although small, Keylodge is an important building, for it is the home of the Warden of the Keys, the second most important city official. (Only the Prince-President himself outranks him.)

The Warden is head of the Porters and Doorwardens' Fellowship, the association that owns the Keylodge. He bears the Edrogôl, a magic key which fits any lock in the city's defenses and automatically wards the bearer from the effects of any traps associated with them. It is linked to the Warden's chair in the Chamber of Conclave, to which it can be summoned by the Warden or Prince-President at any time.

The current Warden is Erdil, an ambitious man of late middle age. He has a strong, often cutting, personality and fair hair. He usually wears a light mail shirt shaped like a crisiath, and a velvet cap with a thick, braided edge.

The Warden of the Keys

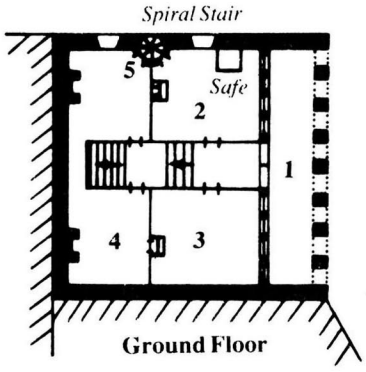
With the demise of King Eärnur in T.A. 2050, Anárion's line failed and wardship of the South Kingdom was entrusted to the Ruling Stewards. The first Ruling Steward, Mardil, naturally abandoned many of the hereditary royal offices associated with the King's family. Other posts were held in trust or existed only on paper. As the centuries passed, Gondor's bureaucracy evolved away from the old imperial form, one which was more complex and often involved two parallel lines of authority: the first royal and hereditary, the second a meritocracy rooted in scholarly service.

The office of Prince-President, however, was abandoned earlier. After Prince Mindacil died in T.A. 1741, King Tarondor refused to appoint a successor, realizing that there was no need for such an exalted royal administrator in Minas Anor so long as the city remained the King's seat. Once the capital was moved from Osgiliath, the Prince-Presidency of the City of the Sun was doomed. Thus, the mayoral duties passed to the Prince-President's deputy: the Warden of the Keys.

The Warden of the Keys remained the chief administrator in the capital throughout the Third Age, since the Ruling Stewards retained the civil structure they inherited from the Kings. Later, King Elessar elected to do the same, scoffing at the idea of resurrecting the Prince-Presidency. Elessar valued the noble service performed by Húrin the Tall during the War of the Ring (he commanded the city while Gondor's army assailed Mordor), and sought to avoid the unpleasant prospect of future dynastic intrigues.

Ground Floor

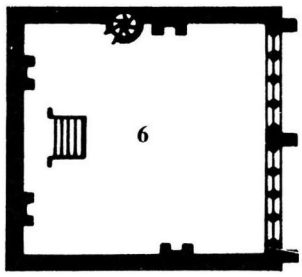
The entrance to the lodge is behind the row of square pillars (#1) that supports the upper floors. Hewn from seasoned timber, the pillars are black with antiquity. To each is stapled a massive iron key that is purely decorative but holds a great symbolic meaning. The double doors are of ribbed black wood with large iron hinges and great knockers. A passage leads straight along to a grand staircase; a few steps halfway along are needed as the kitchens (#4) at the rear of the lodge are slightly higher than the front.



Secret Staircase (very steep)
Entrance is trapped: the release mechanism hidden in secret cabinet in centre of room.

Home of the Warden of the Keys
Meeting place of the Fellowship of Porters and Door-Wardens, and used by the Fellowship of Locksmiths

The Warden is Erdil, a close associate of Tirbelór Malréd.
Between them they control an illegal Fellowship of Thieves.
Only the most skilled are offered a chance to join, but are in return supplied with excellent information on various good targets.



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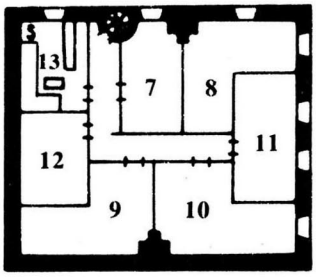
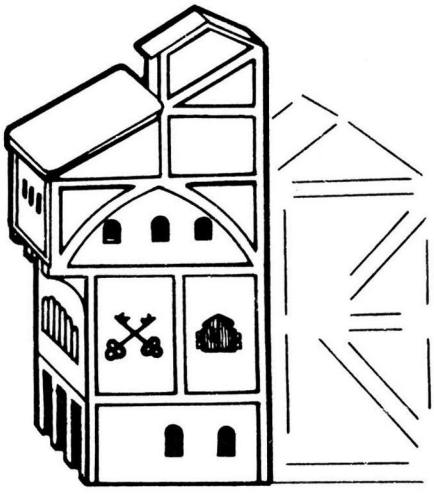
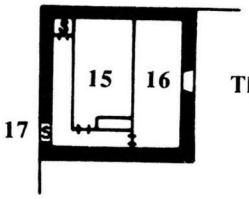
First Floor



Second Floor



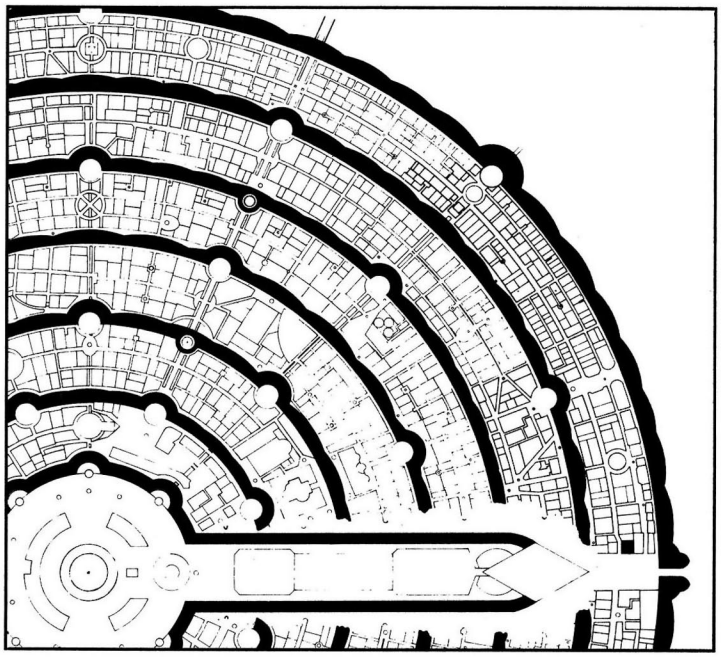


Third Floor



Two rooms open off the passage. The first is an office (#2) containing the Warden's desk, records of the organization of his Fellowship, and two desks for clerks who work for the Warden. Seven large tomes deal with the taxes to be paid on every sort of material and goods brought into the city, for unless they are purchased by a Fellow for manufacturing, a levy must be paid. This is one of the major sources of revenue for the city. The Warden is responsible for its collection and during the day the office and area outside the building is constantly busy with traders and carriers.

A stone safe with a metal door also sits in the office. It can only be opened with the Edrogôl, for it is virtually impossible to pick its enchanted lock!. (This lock mechanism requires twenty-one absurd, that is -70, maneuvers to bypass!) The safe contains a large supply of coin, much of it foreign, which was taken in taxes or exchanged.



Keylodge

The wardens can catch a brief respite from their toil in the sumptuous parlour (#3). The chamber's fire, assorted chairs, and tables make it the perfect place in which to partake of the steady flow of snacks and drinks supplied from the Keylodge's kitchens.

Up a couple of steps to the rear of the building, the nearby kitchens are big enough to cope with a feast upstairs. Two large roasting fires with ranges dominate the room, which contains worktables and the full range of necessary utensils. Two members of the Cooks' Fellowship work here, both of whom were hired by the Warden. The kitchens and the office each adjoin a small spiral stair (#5) which connects both stories. During feasts, most of the food is taken up this way.

First Floor

The first floor is entirely occupied by the Great Hall, a chamber used for feasting and occasionally for meetings of a group of Locksmiths who call themselves the Rûzakhârín (sing. "Rûzakhâr). An old Adûnaic label, their name means "Masters of Puzzles." They design and make intricate devices intended to intrigue and frustrate the uninitiated—complex toys for adults. For most of them this is just a spare-time hobby, but a few support themselves by selling their ingenious wares.

The leader of the Rûzakhârín is Goromil, a very old Dúnadan magic-user who has travelled widely during his life and learned many secrets from the Dwarves. A member of the Blood Ring and a skilled Sorcerer, he is Gandalf's (Mithrandir's) chief contact in Minas Anor.

The Great Hall has many tables and chairs, all old and carved from venerable wood stained dark with time; the floor has wooden blocks set in a pattern and the walls are hung with paintings so encrusted with the soot and dirt of ages that it is impossible to see what they are. Four large fireplaces around the room heat it well.

Second Floor

Supported by buttresses, the second floor overhangs the first. The only way up is by way of a narrow spiral stair, which leads onto a passageway that provides access to several doors. As far as most people know, this is the highest story of the lodge. The warden has a study (#7) here, a room that houses a large desk with drawers crammed with all documents he doesn't want left around in the office on the ground floor. There are bookshelves on three walls of the study, each holding books of history, records, annals of the Fellowship and the city, etc. Several fine woodcarvings decorate the chamber, a legacy of an earlier Warden.

Three bedchambers occupy the second floor, each well furnished with thick, fleecy rugs and warm wallhangings. #8 is occupied by the Warden's Deputy Gamallin, an ex-soldier with a great spirit of camaraderie. Erdil trusts him in all things connected with the Wardenship but not his secret life (see below). Gamallin is a widower whose son of sixteen still lives with him. The son, Gerond, is tall and strong, and wants to become an apprentice Warden. On the other hand, Gamallin hopes he will become a soldier first.

The second bedroom (#9) is occupied by the two Cooks who organize the kitchens downstairs, while the third sleeping chamber (#10) is home to Erdil's clerks. None of them have wives or children.

There is also a guest chamber (#11) used by people visiting Erdil. The room is kept in very good condition and contains a number of valuable objects such as candlesticks, statuettes, and ornaments (up to eight items at 5-50 sp each). Its door is normally kept locked, and it is very hard (-20) to pick the untrapped mechanism. A single, large privy (#12) serves the whole floor with all the usual amenities.

The final room on the second floor is the library (#13). Locked like the guest chamber, it is a repository of bookshelves, which cover every available wall and even jut out into the room. A scroll cabinet stands in the center of the library, cleverly punctuated by pigeonhole-like circular holes into which the scrolls are slid. There are books on many learned subjects here, especially those connected with the history of the city and the South Kingdom and, at any given time, one or two magical tomes or books dealing with magical things rest on the library's carved shelves.

A fake bookshelf rises from one corner of the library, concealing a secret (and very steep) stair up to the third floor. Although heavy, it is unlocked, but anyone moving the set of shelves on its hinge will quickly realize that it is trapped.

Trap: *The trap's trigger can be bypassed if a lever concealed down one of the tubes in the scroll rack is depressed. This lever is extremely hard (-30) to perceive. Otherwise, when the door is opened a hail of (+50) light crossbow bolts fly out from the shelves opposite the door. (The apertures emitting the missiles are also extremely hard, -30, to spot, even with a close search.) The trap delivers 1-5 missile strikes to anyone standing before the secret door.*

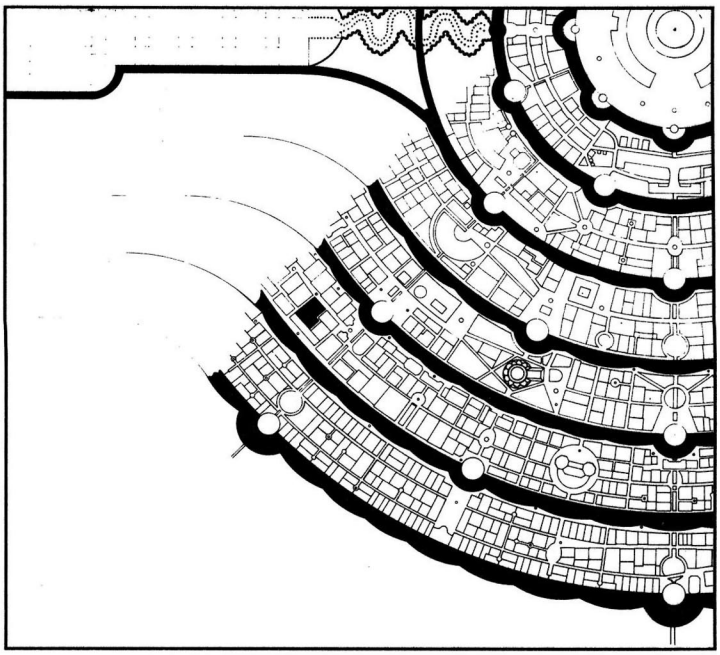
Third Floor

The third floor is much smaller than those below. It contains just two rooms, together with the narrow passage connecting them to the secret stair. The first room is a meeting room (#15) used by thieves for planning raids. This chamber is filled with plans, and maps of the city cover two of its walls. A blackboard covers another wall, its face marked with chalk.

The room is furnished with a long table and an assortment of old chairs. Shelves beside the door hold records of the proceedings of the Rogues' Fellowship, a grave indictment of its heads Erdil and Tirbelôr Malréd. (See Sections 8.5.4 and 7.2.2.) The room is mostly used at night, but occasionally a thief being hunted may find safe lodging here.

The other room is the Warden's bedchamber (#16), which is opulently furnished. Many of the items here have been stolen from the best houses in the city and are of untold value: lamps with facets cut from crystal; solid gold plates and cups; a gem-encrusted headboard; a cabinet of ivory and silver; belts and gauntlets studded with tiny pearls; and many, many more. Erdil also possesses a number of useful magic items including a *Cloak of Shadows*, *Boots of Silent Tread*, a *Ring of Balancing* and a *Girdle of Climbing*. He has had a long and successful career as a thief, which roughly corresponds with his service as a warden. When he rose to become Warden of the Keys, he converted the attic of the old Keylodge to his needs.

The only other thing of note on the third floor is the secret door (#17), which allows access out onto the roofs of neighboring buildings. It affords entry for "guests," who occasionally arrive to plan more involved thefts.



Hall of Wax

10.2 SECOND LEVEL

10.2.1 HALL OF WAX

The Hall of Wax is a combined workshop and lodging house. It is the major crafthall of the Candlemakers' Fellowship and serves as their meeting-place. The Hall is not owned by any particular individual or group, but the senior workers—the five Masters of Hall—make all the decisions surrounding its affairs. Of the five, Limlach the Baillie, head and Deputy of his Fellowship, is the first among equals.

The Hall is a fairly old stone building, to which an extra story was added around eighty years ago. It has an attractive cream and grey exterior with a tiled, beige roof. The large, gilded, candleholder-shaped weathervane that crowns its roof is a noted city landmark.

Ground Floor

A small garden (#1) is one of the most notable features outside the Hall of Wax. The garden includes a lawn, some shrubs, and a statue set behind a flower bed. The statue is carved from porphyry and depicts Líncelien the Brave, a woman Fellow who once saved a whole level of the city from a great fire in S.A. 1325. Her intercession averted the explosion of a massive vat of boiling oil, and Jacelien was made a Nominee of Conclave in recognition of her service to the city.

Beside the garden is the covered entranceway (#2) into the shop. The walk is attractively paved with mauve and white marble. This is surrounded by a colonnade, its row of tall columns supporting the overhanging second floor. From here, a stone stair affixed to the outer wall ascends up through the floor of the second floor and opens onto the lobby outside the Long Hall.



On the other side of the building is a fenced courtyard. The wooden wall dividing it from the alley is 9' tall and has but one locked gate. (This is hardly a barrier, since it is easy, +20, to pick its simple lock.) The cobbled courtyard accommodates a water trough and a pump, and is adjoined by the workshop, the kitchen, and a corridor. Several wooden lockers containing Úlcaimion, tarpaulins to cover barrels, and various tools and supplies are positioned around the court. There are usually one or two people out in the courtyard during the day, although on finer afternoons they might be joined by laborers doing the washing and drying using rows of scrubbed tubs and vessels and long lines.

A rare double vaulted roof covers the large, 56' x 46' workshop area (#4). It has three entries: a large entrance on one side into an alley, and two other doors, one into the courtyard and the other into the living house. Stores and supplies are stacked beside the courtyard, while in the opposite corner is the main vat where the candle wax is rendered down and boiled. The refined wax is then drawn off into three heated tanks, each treated and used in a different way.

Dozens of workmen and women manufacture many sorts of candles and wax objects here. Their products include ordinary candles, rushlights made from dipping reeds in thin wax, thick oily wax torches, slow-burning nightlights, fancy candles cast in molds and colored or carved or painted, wax blocks bought by the clothwrights for melting and painting on batik-work, wax dolls for children, waxed sheets which are rolled into a candle of any desired thickness, candles marked accurately with passing time as they burn, wax paper for packing and preserving foodstuffs, sealing wax for documents, as well as many less common goods. They do not, however, make soap, oil, or other liquid fuels.

Small ovens and ranges for keeping wax warm are dotted around the working area, flanked by sand boxes, where molds are formed. The other tools and pieces of equipment devised for making candles are housed here. The most common is a rack of poles from which wicks are hung down either side. Lowered into a deep trough of molten wax repeatedly, these tools allow each coating to set before the next is added, providing the candlemaker with an exceptionally uniform product. As a precautionary measure, many of the workers wear aprons and gloves made of supple leather. Several of the older ones bear the scars of accidents, where they have been scalded with boiling wax—a less than pleasant experience.

The first room one enters on the living side of the building is the shop (#5). It is divided into two areas: the sales area (#5a), which has stocks of the commoner items and two clerk-traders to serve customers and record purchases; and the gallery (#5b). The goods for sale are arranged on racks and tables in the center of the room, while the clerks work on the righthand side.

The gallery is a display area for fancy goods and special items, which are set out in cabinets along the walls and the partition. Many of the items on show here are expensive, and some are not for sale. Both sides of the chamber have windows, but the inner wall's window is aligned with the aperture looking into the courtyard.

Behind the sales area is an office (#6) where records are kept and filed: shelf upon shelf of musty, leatherbound volumes which creak terribly when opened. Another two clerks of the Scribes' Fellowship work here, under the light of a wooden chandelier with sixteen candles. One is a petty thief and cutpurse.

Opposite the office is a large privy (#7). Used for washing, it also contains latrines. The final room on this floor is the commodious kitchen (#8), which serves the Long Hall two floors above. Reachable only by a ladder through a trapdoor, the kitchen's small but well-stocked cellar serves as a store for wine, ale and other foodstuffs. The kitchen also has a double hearth, a spiral stair in one corner, and a hand-pulled plate lift (#9) that enables food and dishes to reach the second floor.

First Floor

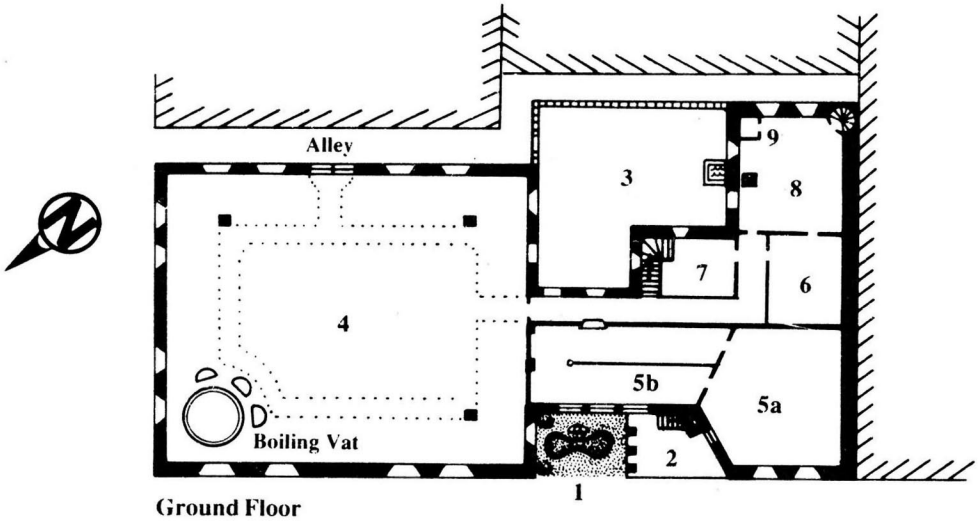
The first floor is mainly accommodation for Fellows. There are two stairs up; the main flight and the spiral stair from the kitchen to the store (#1). The latter has household supplies such as cleaning materials, bed and bath linen; it is also used for drying herbs and food, as it has underfloor heat channelled from the kitchen hearths. The bedchambers (#2) are hardly special, albeit adequately appointed, and some of the furnishings are a little worn and threadbare.

On the other hand, both of the neighboring Masters' bedchambers (#2a and #2b) are anything but austere. One (#2a) is the home of Lindethin and his wife, the newest Master. Only 40 or so years of age, he is a skilled waxwright and has developed a couple of new and helpful techniques in mold construction and wax dyeing. Around town, Lindethin often wears a splendid eket (shortsword) around town, a weapon adorned with seven emeralds and a green snakeskin sheath with a hanging loop.

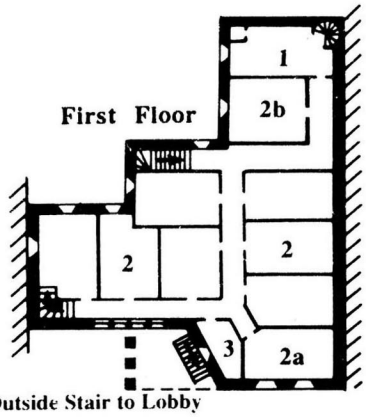
The other chamber (#2b) is the home of a miserable old bachelor, Ascorin. He is scathing and hard toward his apprentices and most of his Fellows, and no one quite remembers how he ever got to be a Master. Ascorin hoards a fair amount of gold in his room, hiding it in a chest beneath the panels of his bed. The chest, made of lebethron with steel hoops, is locked and hard (-10) to pick. Trapped with a sprung poisoned dart, the lock can be a deadly obstacle.

Trap: *The trap is very hard (-20) to disarm. Its victims receive the equivalent of a +30 shortbow attack. The dart delivers a dose of Asgurath poison whenever it yields a critical strike. Victims must then resist a level 3 poison or be paralyzed for 20-[CO bonus] hours.*

There is also a modest privy (#3) on this and the other floors.

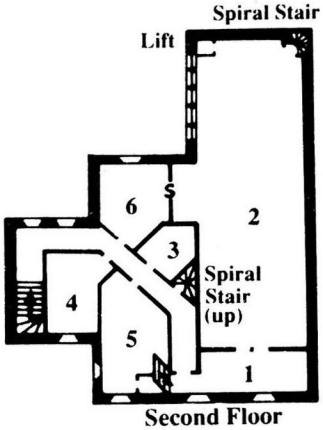


Ground Floor

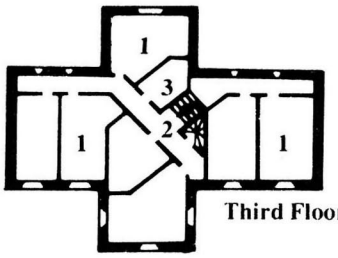


Outside Stair to Lobby

Major workshop of the Candlemakers' Fellowship; also their meeting place.

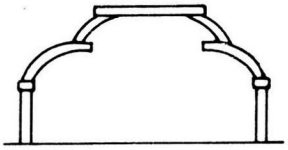


Second Floor



Third Floor







Second Floor

The stone stair through the floor of the lobby (#1) provides a way up to the second floor from the outside. Inside, the main inner stair and the plate lift and spiral stair from the kitchens all afford additional access. The lobby has cloak racks for visitors and a pleasant table and benches overlooking the street.

Several fine batik hangings presented to the Fellowship by the Clothwrights' Fellowship some years ago cover the walls. Each depicts a swathe of flowers of similar colors, and together they form an interesting nature study. Large wooden doors, each intricately carved to resemble a honeycomb (complete with small gilded bees), remind the guest where most of the wax used here comes from.

Beyond the doors is the Long Hall, a superb chamber panelled with rich, honey-golden wood. Several wax sculptures nestle in alcoves, and the room is gently warmed by a half dozen copper braziers set about between the tables, half encased in carved wooden boxes. The Masters' table is situated in the middle on the left, set back from the length of the hall. Behind it is a secret access panel into Limlach's bedchamber. The hall seats 70 guests.

There are three comfortable bedchambers on this floor. One is Hídril's (#4). The only lady Master of the Fellowship; she is a spinster of 55 who has had several paramours but never married, preferring the company of women to chatter with. She has a good artistic sense and designs some very elegant, but still functional, waxware. Hídril enjoys wearing gold and typically has a number of bangles, a clasp or brooch and braided chains around her neck.

#5 is Finwaren's chamber. Finwaren is getting on, and has a wife, three children and eight grandchildren (although none of the latter live here). He was a sailor in his youth, becoming a chief mate before leaving to take up his father's trade here in Minas Anor. Contrary to local customs (and more in keeping with Umbaran culture), he worships Ulmo daily and has built a tiny shrine at the back of his room. It is decorated with sea shells and is dominated by a tiny fountain that continually trickles into a silver basin worth hundreds of gold pieces. The antiquity and the skill of the fountain's crafting make it a precious heirloom.

The final chamber is Limlach's room. Limlach is a clever and bright-natured man who has worked his way to the head of his Fellowship using guile and the cultivation of many strategic friendships Still, he holds truest to himself, and is unpopular on Conclave, where the other members see (to some extent) through this facade.

Limlach lives with his wife Andressa and their grandson of four years old, since the boy's parents both perished in the recent Plague. The chamber is set with silver-embroidered hangings and many lamps, for Limlach's wife comes from Morthond and has a mortal fear of the Undead and she believes that these trinkets will protect her at night. On one wall is a tall silver mirror surrounded by perfumed candles.

Third Floor

A triangular stair ascends to the third floor, which contains seven bedchambers (#1), a hall (#2), and a privy (#3). All are much like those on the first floor. A relatively recent addition, this story is made wholly of wood rather than stone.

10.2.2 THE GREAT BAKERY

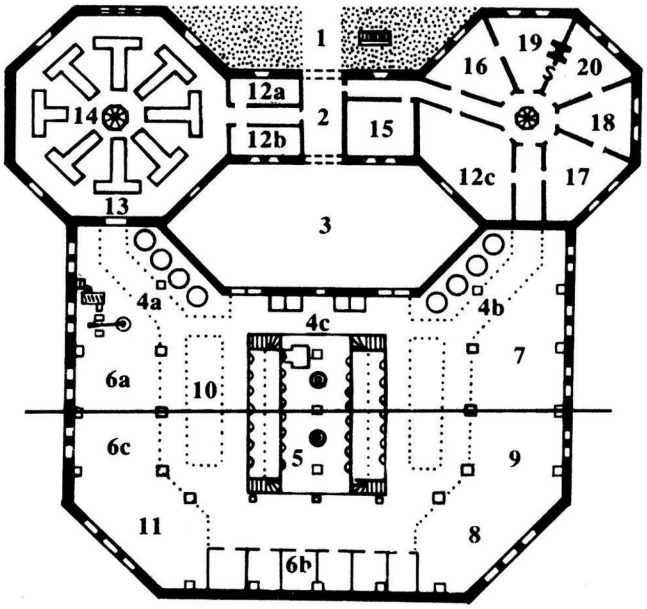
Locals wonder whether the Great Bakery is a workshop or a temple to the "gods of food." Whatever one's opinion (and opinion of bakers in Minas Anor generally tends towards acceptance that they are indeed the earthly minions of some Vala), the marvellous bakery is indeed a splendid monument. It has two octagonal towers each 70' tall. They are linked by a narrower entry-building, as well as by the U-shaped bakery itself.

As the premier baking house of the city, the Great Bakery is also the residence of the High-baker, Palanthrar. Also known as the Hayrick to the apprentices and other youngsters here, he is enormous (easily over 25 stones), with an unruly thatch of dark blond hair and a continually flushed and florid face. His arms and fingers are impressively strong, despite his weight, and he can knead twice as much dough at once as any of his compatriots. Equal amounts of Dúnadan and Northman blood flow through his veins, and some link him with the family of Queen Vidumavi, the wife of Eldacar (r. T.A. 1432-37, 1447-90). Palanthrar rules the Bakery with an iron hand, but remains kind and considerate to any of his Fellows or their families, particularly when they are in need.

Ground Floor

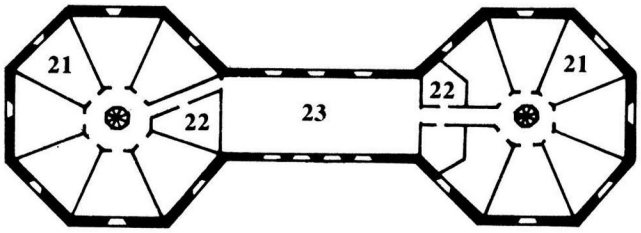
Outside the front of the building is a small area of lawn (#1) divided by a cobbled path. On one side there is usually a temporary stall selling the freshest cakes, pastries and loaves in the city, still warm from the oven. The path passes through the center of the section joining the two towers. This arched passage (#2) is wide enough for the hand carts that bring loads of flour, butter, sugar and other supplies. They are offloaded in the paved central courtyard (#3), and then taken through large doorways into the bakery proper. Here there are three storage areas: #4a for flour (of different varieties), butter, cream and other dairy products; #4b for sugar and confectionery, dried and crystalized fruits and the like; and #4c for the firewood needed to stoke the ovens during the long hours of baking.

The ovens (#5) form the central feature of the bakery. There are two tiers. The lower, broader ovens are 7' deep and are cooler than the smaller ones on top. The lower ovens are for baking cakes and pastries, while the upper ones are utilized for loaves, rolls and biscuits, which require hotter temperatures. Ceramic and stone, the ovens have conduits to circulate the hot air fueled by the fires at either end. The smoke rises through the two large chimneys.

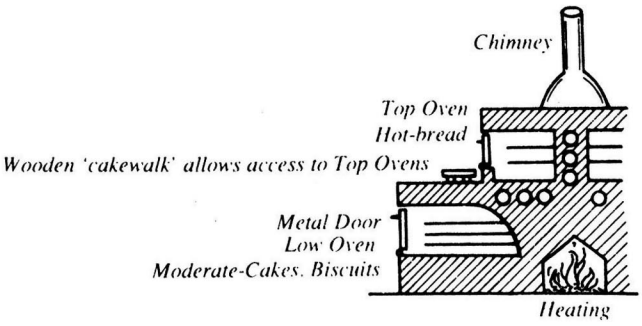


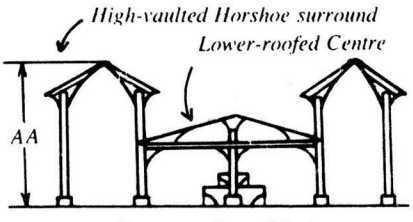
Much to-and-fro with barrows of dough, bread & cakes going from one stage to another

Another level of each octagon above this, with 7 bedchambers in each.



Loft above each octagon, providing two smaller dormitories





Cross-section of Bakery

The ovens have metal doors. The lower ones have a movable front section of rungs, behind which the bakers (using large, flat wooden shovels) place the trays of cakes ready to be baked. The upper tier is reached up a short flight of stairs. As the top of the lower ovens gets too hot to walk on, the loaders must wear thick-soled shoes made of rope and canvas, and walk along raised wooden boards, known as the "cakewalk."

The working area of the bakery is divided into varying areas designed for different tasks and products. Bread dough is produced in #6. In #6a the dough is mixed; the standard mix being made in vast quantities. A great pottery basin is surmounted by a steel gantry from which a large hook descends. The toothed stem of the hook is driven round by a cogwheel, which is linked to a waterwheel powered by a cistern full of water. The hook mixes the flour, water, and yeast together and does the initial kneading. Then, the dough is removed from the basin and divided into smaller batches. Taken to the proving rooms (#6b) to rise, the dough sits in little wooden cupboards, each fitted with shelving and gently warmed by flues from the oven fires. Once it has risen once, the dough is divided into individual loaves and kneaded again on wooden tables (#6c). Afterwards, the loaves are arranged on dimpled platters and allowed to rise again until baked.

All the cakes are made by hand in #7. Sweetmeats and pastries are tenderly layered in #8, and delicious, crunchy biscuits are mixed, rolled, and cut in #9. Everything that comes out of the ovens is first taken to the finishing tables (#10). These have many-storied cooling racks, from where the bread, cakes or whatever are 'finished': iced, dotted with seeds or decorations; assembled with cream fillings, and so on. They are then packed into wooden trays for delivery to bakers' shops, eating houses, lodging houses and the like.

Naturally this makes the whole work floor a busy, bustling place. Everywhere you look, there are people beating, stirring, kneading, trundling barrows, hefting baskets, and trays and sacks, whisking, testing, tasting, and throwing their hands in the air. Finally, everything used in the preparation ends up at the steamy, industrious wash area (#11)—where tall draining racks seem to menacingly loom up to trap the unwary apprentice and hold him prisoner for hours, releasing him only when he is as wrinkled as a prune in one of Palanthrar's famous plum puffs.

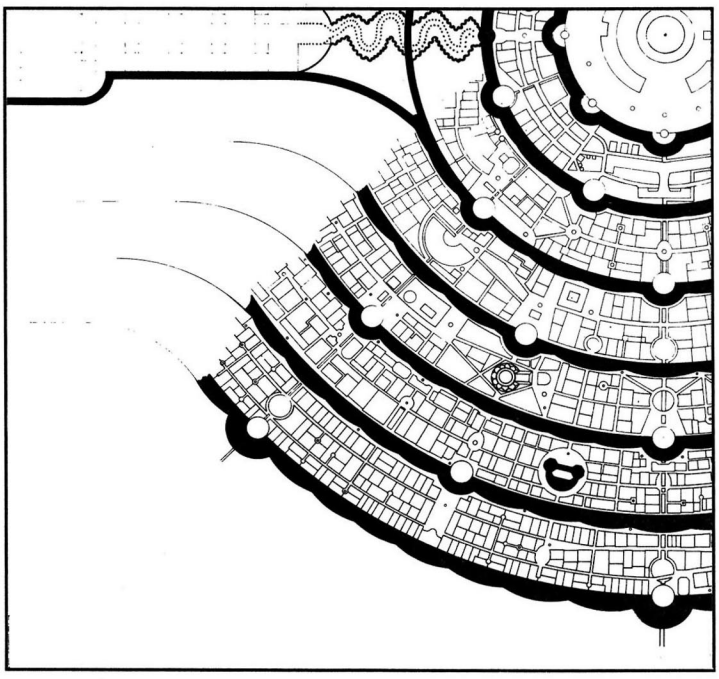
After the hectic frenzy of hard day's baking, many of the workers are ready to retire to their living quarters. First they have a scrub down in the twin washrooms (#12a men's, #12b women's) and return their aprons and caps to the store (#12c), along with any special utensils that are freshly washed and dried. Meals are served in the Baker's Hall (#13), an octagonal room with eight supporting pillars and a central spiral stair (#14). This staircase leads down to the kitchens and their cellars. The Hall itself is lofty and a pristine white inside. A large relief sculpture molded in a special variety of unleavened bread (4'x4') is the chamber's only decoration. Inedible, it is changed each week.

The other rooms lie across the passage. Right beside the tunnel is the bakery's office (#15). All deliveries are checked in here and the trays of delivered goods are noted in the sales ledger. Accounting ledgers and scrolls of payment, all kept by two Scribes, occupy the shelves. In the tower is the aforementioned storeroom, and a parlor (#16) for day-visitors that is furnished with comfortable seats, some ornaments of silver and china, and a brazier for heating.

The door to Palanthrar's bedchamber (#19) is normally locked. This mechanism is medium (+0) to pick and bolted at night. No trap guards this filigreed oak entry, but a small bell hangs from the inside of the door.

The recipe library (#17) is an important room where the Fellowship keeps many ancient tomes containing the recipes of dishes handed down through the ages, some from Númenórean times. Most are written in Quenya or Sindarin and use an aged system of weights and measures. Some of the important recipes are not kept here, however, but are locked away in the High-Baker's office (#18).

A narrow gap between the musty shelves of dark oak leads through to the office. In contrast it is light and almost airy. Bookcases occupy the center of the room, while Palanthrar's desk stands under windows. He has one trusted clerk (a Scribe) to help him in here, a considerable task in light of the plethora of catalogs and files of the Bakers' Fellowship that line the racks on either side of the desk. These bookcases hold many histories and tales of baking, and a number of special recipe books. The latter are shelved behind a padlocked grill, which is very hard (-20) to unlock.



These carefully-guarded recipes are for the special bread and cakes, the most precious of which is undoubtedly Lembas (S. "Life-bread" or "Way-bread"; Q. "Coimas"). The mysteries behind dozens of rare, nourishing, or delicate foods are housed here. (The recipe for Denethor's "White Cakes," which were served to guests such as Peregrine Took, are but one of the special macaroons in this treasury.) Each worth between 10 and 100 gold pieces, the seven dozen books constitute a fortune.

Palanthrar has two other personal rooms in the tower. #19 is his bedchamber. This is heavily draped in old red hangings, most of them in fairly poor condition and equally poor taste. Palanthrar's massive, four-poster, canopied bed, is more comely (albeit very sturdy). Made from a dark wood, it is graced with elaborate scrollwork and carvings. A similar dresser and wardrobe, however, make the room feel very oppressive. There is little of interest or value here, save perhaps a gross ivory statue from the Far South (actually Mûmakan). Carved from a single tusk and stained a reddish brown, the carving represents a voluptuous and grotesque female with a rather diabolical aspect. Behind this prize and a drape, is a secret door permitting entry into the Little Kitchen (#20).

The Little Kitchen is exceedingly well equipped and carefully kept. Everything is personally overseen by Palanthrar himself, for he allows no one else to enter. Emerging triumphantly with his latest creation, he prefers to work unhindered and present only the final fruits of his labors. The door from his office is steel-plated and has a special, complex lock. The star-shaped device is extremely hard (-30) to pick. In the kitchen (whose windows are of frosted glass) are notes on new concoctions, special (and some very expensive) foodstuffs and ingredients; silver and gold-plated utensils, splendidly carved serving dishes and platters, etc. Most are stamped with the symbol of the Bakers' Fellowship.

First Floor

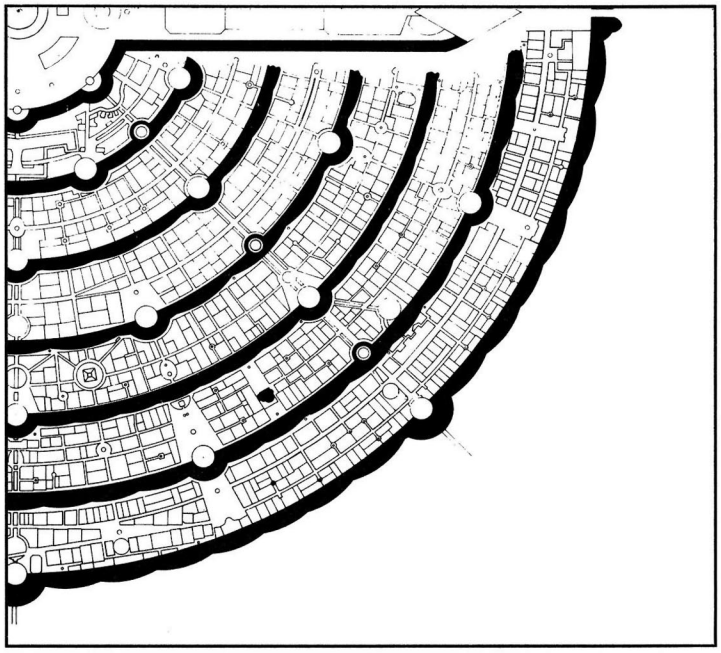
The upper floors are reached only by the spiral stairway that rises through the heart of the towers. On the first floor there are a number of fairly ordinary bedchambers (#21) for Bakers and their families. Between the two towers is a dormitory for young lads and apprentices (#23). There are also privy facilities (#22) provided for the inhabitants.

Second Floor

Each of the towers extends further upwards, with another ring of bedchambers; however there is no link between the towers at this height.

Third Floor

The final floor consists of two spacious dormitories (each with its own private privy facility). The one is for female apprentices and older daughters of the residents; the other a mixed dormitory for younger children. In the latter two older women also sleep, acting as nannies.



10.2.3 HOUSE HARNASTIN

House Harnastin

House Harnastin is a smallish but elegant townhouse, the home of Curmegil Harnastin and his family. The house is built of stone and tile, its subdued tans and rusty reds set off by the bright galeneland creepers which spread over much of the front. For four months of the year, from late spring, these vines bear yellowish-white bell-like flowers and exude a sweet, light scent.

Ground Floor

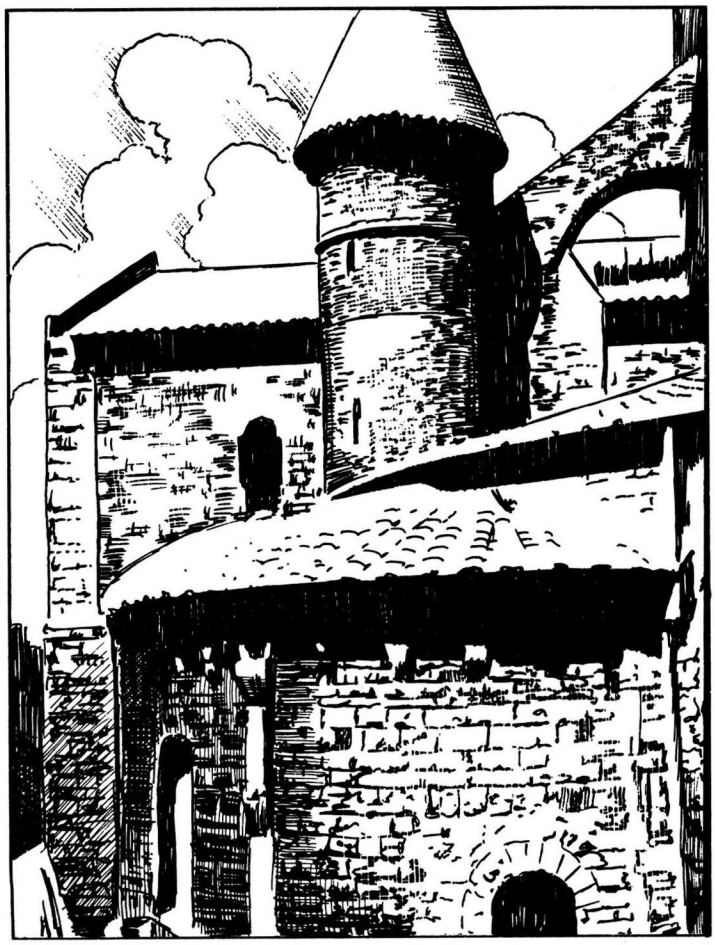
The entrance (#1) from the street is up an impressive flight of steps and through a deep-set doorway under a semicircular arch. The arch is banded with three rows of incised designs: a row of dagger-motifs, a row of shields, and a row of teeth. On either side of the arch, there are three columns supporting a tympanum (a carved stone fitting the arch) depicting a battle scene which features Armagor Harnastin taking the standard of an Easterling Chieftain. The steps are in turn flanked by two large statues, each larger than life size. One represents Armagor, the other his grandson, the celebrated Marilgon. Both statues are carved from grayish marble and somewhat worn, and both show the figures in full military array. The heavy timber, double doors bear two, crossed Northman swords (each riveted to the wood), brocs of over six feet in length.

The lobby (#2) is a wooden-floored chamber hung with tapestries of battles past. All the furnishings are elegantly carved: there are doors into several rooms and to a small cupboard or cloakroom (#3), a flight of stairs up and a side table and chairs for waiting visitors. Alternatively they may be shown into the parlor (#4). This has very comfortable furniture and is often used by the ladies of the house during the day. These include Curmegil's wife Acerinza, her sister-in-law Fírigil, and her daughters

Lúthien, Luinna and Lindúviel. There are several precious ornaments in here, including a solid gold death-mask of Armagor displayed in a crystal cabinet. A decorated hearth warms the room when necessary, although often the sun is equal to the task.

The major room on this floor is the Captain's Hall (S. "Rond Thangon") (#5), which extends up through the next floor as well. The double doors are flanked by the squat, square pillars which support the stone vaulted ceiling; on the doors themselves are set three bright shields, carried by members of the family at one time or another. The Hall has a high table and two flanking tables. The walls carry an impressive display of weapons and shields, trophies of many long years of campaigning. Some date back to the time of Armagor, including an Asdriag Easterling *usriev* (As. "Sword-lance") of greenish metal said to be enchanted, a falchion studded with six diamonds, and three intricately forged iron helmets that once adorned the heads of Uruk leaders. There are several hundred items in all. An abstract mosaic representation of Tulkas decorates the center of the room.

The Hall is served by the kitchen and workroom (#6), also home to the three servants who help run the house. A cook from the Cooks' Fellowship comes in each day to prepare meals; he lives elsewhere. The kitchen is connected to the courtyard (#7) by the back door, a small, solid affair, and also by the cellars: both have trapdoors down. The courtyard is bordered by an 8' wooden wall with a locked gate. Goods not kept in the cellar are put in the pantry and store (#8). Both are well stocked at all times with high quality food, drink and crockery.



The last room on this floor, at the front of the building, serves as Curmegil's study (#9). It is rarely used as such, and is more often employed as a parlor. Curmegil retires to this retreat for a quiet talk and drink with guests after a meal. There are some bookcases stuffed with unread volumes, mostly boring military histories and accounts of dead campaigns, together with a suspiciously tidy desk, some chairs and a chest. The chest is hard (-10) to unlock and holds some very fine glassware (each goblet probably worth 1 to 10 gp) and some similarly valuable bottles of the rare wine and beer.

First Floor

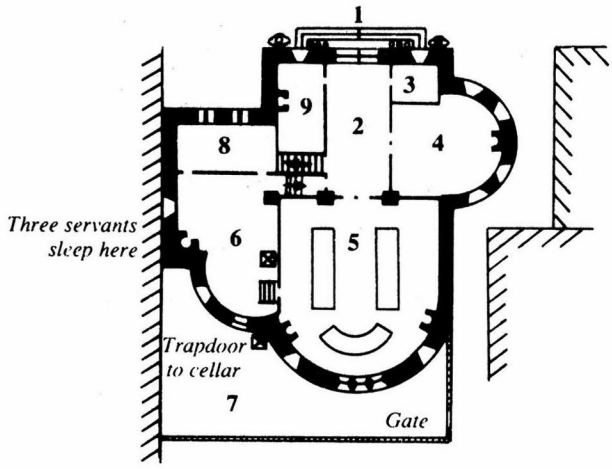
Bedchambers dominate the first floor. A broad gallery (#1) looks down over a wooden balustrade onto the upper portion of the Captain's Hall. This area can accommodate extra diners during a special feast, or for players to entertain those below. It is also used as a dayroom. Its walls have a few martial items on display.

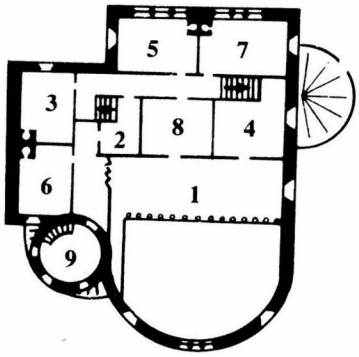
The living quarters are served by a privy (#2) and include six bedchambers, one of which (#3) is Fírigil's. Curmegil's younger sister, she has been inflicted with failing health due to some unknown, wasting disease. The Healers can help her somewhat, but not completely cure her. She has a very fatalistic outlook on life and wears exceedingly plain clothes, usually black. She carries a staff around as she has problems walking. Unfortunately, this has led to some of the street urchins calling her a witch.

Rodhel and his wife Rosíthil are a happier couple that reside in nearby (#4). He is Commander of the First Company of the Citadel Guard, and a very successful soldier. Often, though, he is away, and although Rosíthil enjoys both his company and being with his family, she seeks solace with other handsome young men. Of this, Rodhel knows nothing. Their room is bright and tidy and often set about with vases of flowers.

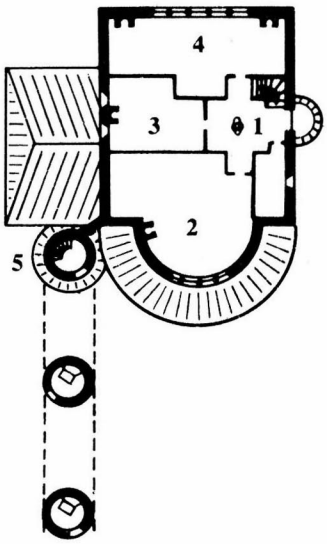
Curmegil's second daughter was unlike her sisters; she thought little of the riches and power of the Harnastin family and instead enjoyed to read and write poetry. Luinna met and married a bookish Healer against the wishes of her father; however Curmegil has come to appreciate Tuorthin and the couple live here (#5) along with their four children. Luinna and Tuorthin are both Healers and sometimes spend long hours at the Houses of Healing; Tuorthin is quite senior now. Luinna's sisters are unmarried and share a room (#6); they are both vain and dislike her for getting such a dreamy husband so young and so easily. However, they do not share her natural beauty and have rather vulgar tastes; this in turn has led to few offers of marriage (despite their good breeding), which they have rejected as 'below them'. Their room is crammed with the latest fashion in dresses and jewelry and all sorts of gaudery.

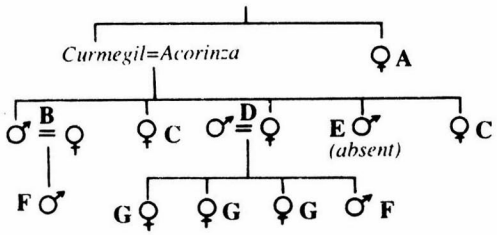
Cellar below is one room 20' x 12'
Steps down from kitchen,
hatch from courtyard



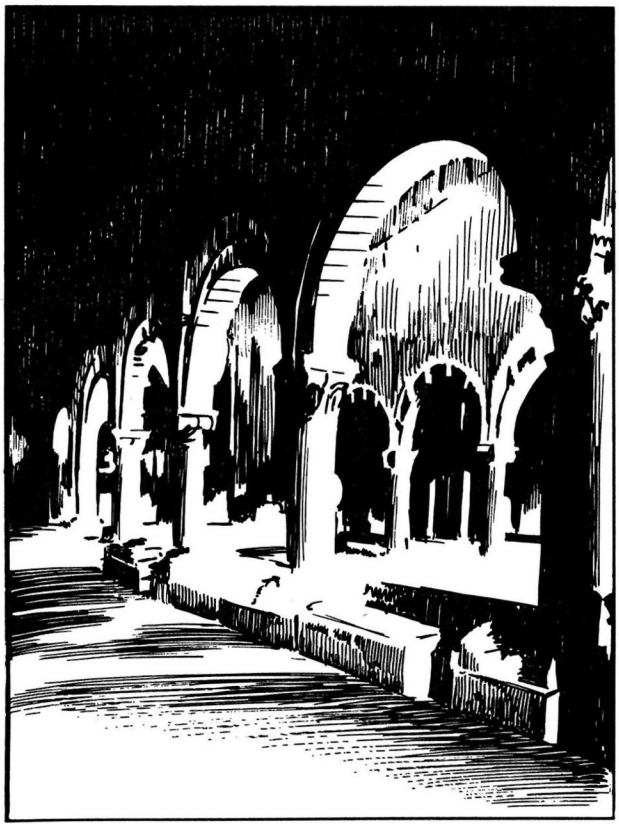


House of Curmegil Harnastin with his family





A) Firigil
B) Rodhel & Rosithil
C) Luthien, Linduriel
D) Luinna
E) Harwain
F) Children of Luinna & Tuorthin



Courtyard of the Great Bakery

An elegantly appointed, neat chamber (#7) is kept for guests or the occasional visit home by Curmegil's other child, his second son Harwain. Harwain is a noted adventurer with a wide streak of "good" in him; he travels around helping people out, taking on a variety of fearsome opponents and usually just scraping out with his life. He bears one of the family's heirlooms, a magic broadsword named Tincorava (Q. "High-metal"). The blade has a surface which reflects light strangely, like oil on water.

Note: *Tincorava was made in Númenor. A +20 anket, it is the equivalent of a mithril weapon for purposes of resolving critical strikes. It gives the bearer a +25 RR against Channeling magic and +50 RR against Essence attacks. By wielding it vigorously, its holder can produce the effect of "Breeze Call" spell up to 4 times per day.*

The last bedchamber on this floor (#8) is shared by Luinna and Tuorthin's three daughters. It is a typical children's room.

Beside the Hall's gallery there is a locked door to which only Curmegil has the key. The lock, which is Extremely Hard (-30) to pick, is surprisingly good, and both the door and the bars on the window of the room inside (#9) are toughened. Anyone entering the room should notice an immediate chill. The walls are bare stone, and a stone stair winds up around them. The room itself is bare save for a small stone slab on the floor inscribed with Angerthas characters but in an unknown language.

Second Floor

The second floor is more elegant than the first. The stairs ascend to a landing (#1), which is arranged symmetrically around a bronze sculpture. The beautiful figure stands on a plinth of bronze. Its enamelled panels depict the constellations of the sky, all picked out in gold on a dark blue background. A glittering chandelier hangs overhead. The landing opens onto a small balcony through window-doors. Another door opens into a privy.

The master bedchamber of the house (#2) is large and airy, hung with drapes of cream, peach and pale gold. Gilded lamps are mounted on the walls and the scent of sandalwood from South Ithilien wafts around delicately from hidden sachets. The room also contains a splendid bed, several wardrobes, and many chests, all containing clothes, shoes and miscellaneous garb and accouterments. A gilded and mirrored dressing table, supporting a fortune in jewellery and perfumes, and a stand for Curmegil's armor and personal weapons complete the furnishings. The floor is covered with furs and the windows are of stained glass.

Next door to this room of luxury is the nursery (#3) where Curmegil's children were all brought up; now there is a nurse and two young boys: one of Rodhel and Rosíthil, the other of Luinna and Tuorthin.

At the front of the house is Curmegil's library and study (#4), another fairly spacious and open room devoted to books. It houses several modestly-high bookshelves, a fine, broad desk, a special writing table of brass and silver, numerous silver lamps, and Curmegil's special pride: a map-cabinet. This deep cupboard contains some forty maps, all mounted in strong frames which are safely stored and which can be withdrawn from their slots simply and easily on runners. Special lamps illuminate the cabinet's top, which is equipped with a magnifying lens. The whole cabinet is very robust as well as fair to behold, with much ivory inlay. Easily transported if necessary, it holds a priceless collection of knowledge. Half the maps are historical diagrams of battles, sieges etc.

The Tower

The side tower (#5) of the house reaches up to the fourth floor. No entry is afforded from either the third or fourth floors. Instead, access to this area is restricted to a ladder, which connects the tower with the second floor of the house. The base of the ladder is near the top of a stair ascending from the first floor (see First Floor, #9) below.

Constructed of bare, unadorned stone, the tower is a chilly place even during the warmest summer months. An aura of dread surrounds the place, and anyone climbing the ladder to the third floor will experience a disquieting feeling. Upon reaching this level, an intruder must resist a 3rd lvl *Fear* spell. Victims failing to resist the incantation will invariably flee, never to return.

The trapdoor to the topmost floor is shut, but unsecured. If it is opened, the nameless terror becomes overwhelming and a 7th level RR must be made to avoid a blackout. Those succumbing, fall into unconsciousness, and when they wake up will have a terrible fear of heights (this will include, especially, stairs, and its effects can manifest themselves in any way at any time, such as in recurrent nightmares and so on). This affliction can be removed with *Mental Cures*, but the spell will resist the cure (at 7th level).

An extremely disturbed spirit reposes in the tiny circular room atop the tower. Bound to a simple stone-headed axe (once taken as booty by Curmegil's ancestor in the Eastlands), it will not leave the chamber unless its focus is moved. The axe is an *igana* and was the focus of the tribe's worship of the Lord of Night (i.e., Sauron). It is a x3 PP multiplier (evil spells only), casts a 120'r. *Area Protection II* spell twice per day and 360'r. *Courage* spell. Its limited sentience enables it to "*Mindtalk*" in the Black Speech (at Rank 1) with the axe-holder, as well as defend itself with a combination of *Fear's Song, Great Song,* and *Phantasm I* spells. The latter spell is the spirit's last resort, and it will use it on anyone entering the upper room, thereby creating a terrifying undead form. This visage, akin to that of a Barrow-wight, will cause the (mental) death of any intruder who fails to successfully resist a 3rd level Channeling/Mentalism attack.

10.2.4 LETSEN'S STUDIO

Letsen's Studio is an artists' community and workshop. It has no great reputation and a fair turnover of people. There is always someone leaving or someone new arriving. Letsen, however, is always here. An old man with no family other than a brother who rumor holds deserted him several decades ago, he is a consummate loner. His joy lies in his work. Letsen is a fine sculptor who has made enough money over the years to maintain the house and studio as he likes them. His 'guests' often cannot afford to pay much, and leave tokens of their art behind instead.

Note: *The Studio has the same plan as the Little Lock Shop, 10.1.3; the key numbers below refer to that plan.*

Ground Floor

The Studio has a small gallery at the front accessed by a flight of stairs outside (#1). The gallery itself (#2) is a little shabby with a central partition on which paintings are hung and sculptures set. There will usually be one or two artists lounging around here with a glass of thin wine. A door leads through to a communal area (#3) with odd sticks of furniture, and then to the kitchen (#4), fairly sparsely stocked. At the rear, down a few steps, is the sculptors' workshop (#5). Here Letsen works, usually in wood or ivory, along with three to seven others, working in marble, jade, limestone, porphyry, sometimes even wax or clay. There is a back door (#6) and a flight of stairs up to the next floor. The workshop area is usually cluttered and littered with debris.

First Floor

The first floor is divided into three sections by simple wooden walls. The largest is the general sleeping area (#1 & #4). This is scattered with rugs and furs that serve as bedding, a couple of mattresses for the lucky ones, and a few odd lamps. There are numerous small chests, caskets and tied leather sacks holding belongings. Two curtained gaps lead forward to another, slightly more private, sleeping area (#2 & #3) where Letsen rests among others. He has a chest containing an assortment of rather grubby clothes and other useless items. Its false lid conceals 90 gold pieces in crowns and seven, lustrous garnet stones (each worth 1-7 gp).

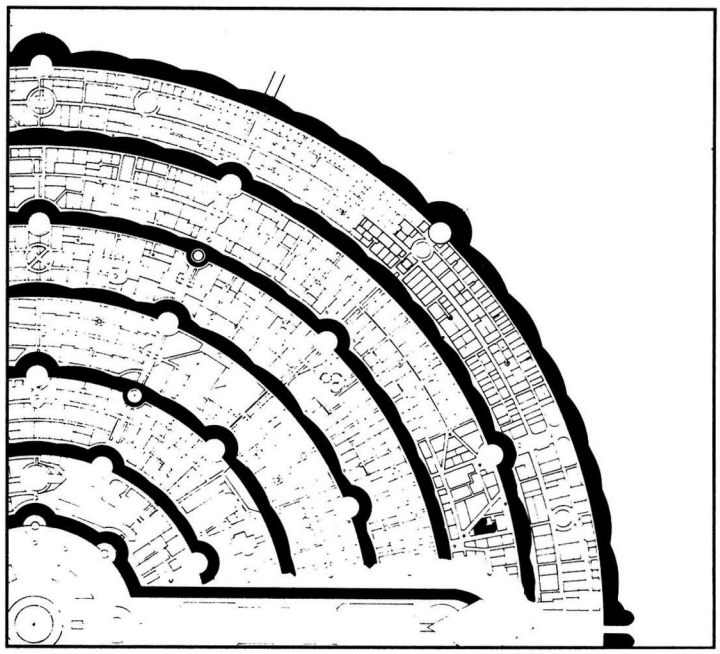
The last and smallest room at the back of the first floor is a dirty privy (#5). Here the water supply only works 50% of the time (roll 51-100).

Second Floor

This floor is one large room, with no partitions. It is an absolute mess, with heaps of cloth, frames, rolled canvases, easels, boxes and other unidentifiable objects strewn apparently at random. This is the studio proper; anyone brave enough to want their portrait painted or sketched can come up here. The artists have a variety of backgrounds at hand (drapes, tapestries etc.) and the boxes contain various sorts of paint, charcoal and inks.

A motley bunch of men and women, the residents include: Dúncam, an age-old Silvan Elf; Celena-élen, a 'fallen' young noblewoman with an addiction to Gort; and Amerod, a wildly handsome and powerfully-built young lesser Dúnadan who is well known to many women in the city for his prowess in sketching, singing, and other arts.

10.2.5 ELDACAR'S BREAKFAST HOUSE



Eldacar's Breakfast House

Half way down Woodwrights' Street a lane branches off it to the left and a very pleasant sight greets the traveller's eye. A building of warm red, orange and white rises behind a small terrace set out with tables of good solid wood. This is Eldacar's, which has an even better delight in store for the visitor who cares to stop: not only sights to feast one's eyes on, but smells to savor and delicious provender to consume. With the terrace doors flung open one can see the hustle and bustle of citizens adroitly served by aproned waiters. There are warm cakes and biscuits and loaves rushed from the bakeries, steaming mugs of mulled wine and spiced ale if the morning is frosty, pitchers of cool milk and chilled herbal infusions, platters of cheese and cold meats set about with galesenin, fruit and vegetables.

Ground Floor

The arcaded stone lower floor of the House is built from an orange-colored marble set off by plain limestone and red-veined blocks. A low wall of the latter surrounds the terrace (#1). This is reached up two wide steps and holds a number of tables and benches of sturdy outdoor wood. Three large window-doors lead through from the terrace into the main seating area (#2); these are kept open in fine weather to give the whole place a light, airy feel. A number of stone troughs containing plants are placed around this area, along with a multitude of tables and chairs. Up to a score of waiters (both men and women) scurry around, seating and serving their guests with all manner of foods through much of the day. They open at sunrise, although the cooks have been here for two hours before then preparing dishes.

Food is taken from the kitchen in large quantities to the servery (#3). This and the other rooms on this floor (and the corridor) are divided from the seating area by a wooden wall or partition some 8' high, well below the ceiling, some 16' high. Three servery hatches open into the seating area for the waiters to collect dishes from. These are deposited back the other side of the office (#4) at a special hatch (#a). There is a canvas belt here attached to rollers which can be hand cranked along to the store and washing-up room (#5). A bell at this end is rung to tell the workers there that the belt is loaded.

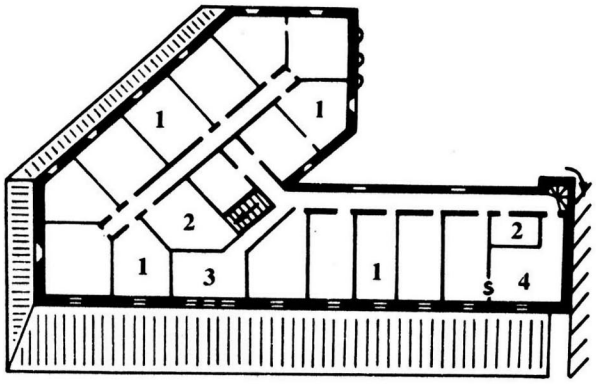
The office itself (#4) is run by the Housemaster, Telinnor, together with his wife Emelien. Both are respected members of the Cooks' Fellowship although neither does much cooking any more; Emelien is more a member of the Hosteler's Fellowship; she ran a guesthouse for several years before marrying Telinnor rather late in life. In the office are two large desks and another writing table, bookshelves and racks for their ledgers and records and a small range to provide warmth and a constant supply of food and/or drink for these two and their assistants.

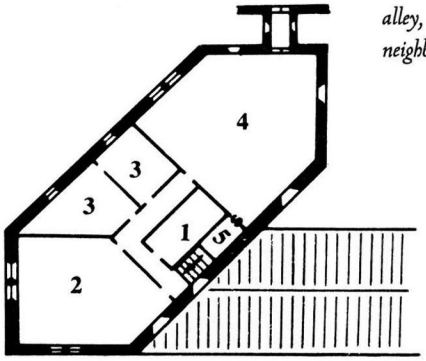
The store and kitchen (#6) are frenetic during the morning, less busy in the afternoon. In the store are towering shelves packed with all sorts of goodies and also with the piles of crockery (mostly wooden platters and cups) needed for all those customers. Beside the shelves are busy sinks with a couple of lads or lasses always up to their elbows in steaming water. In the kitchen there is a row of ovens against the courtyard wall, a massive range in the center and preparation tables all round the outside. There is also a back door into the courtyard (#7). Here there is a water trough, a fuel bin and a stoking hole for the oven fires. There are also numerous crates and sacks under roofed shelters with more bulk food supplies.

First Floor

The only way up to this floor is a spiral stair in the corner of the corridor of the ground floor. Most of the floor is taken up with bedchambers (#1). These are well-appointed, for Telinnor and Emelien like to think they look after their large 'family' well. Each room typically has a hearth or brazier for warmth, along with wall hangings of woven felt, and a carpet or fur on the floor. The built-in bed and cupboards provide sleeping and storage space and almost every room has a window. All these furnishings are of good quality, even if not especially decorative. In addition to the workers of the House, some others who work elsewhere dwell here, such as a couple of Bakers and Woodwrights. There are of course a couple of privys (#2).

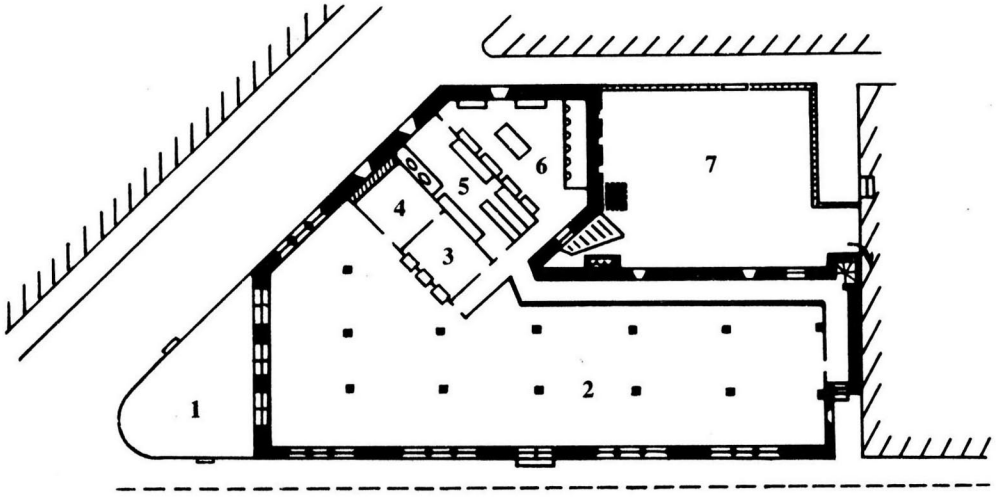
Also provided is a dayroom for children and workers off duty (#3). This has a broad window overlooking the street and boxes of toys and other pastimes, and also some interesting paintings on the wall of former buildings on this site.

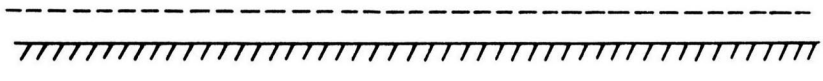




Arched passage over alley, connects to neighboring bldg.

Telinor
Emelien





Eldacar's Breakfast House is also home to a number of Bakers (in addition to the staff running the kitchen and serving food)

The largest room on this floor is Telinnor and Emelien's bedchamber. This is very comfortably furnished, although not overtly opulent. There are some fine furs on the bed, including some from northern bears which are valuable here. They also have a small collection of ivory figurines, mostly carved into animal shapes. The ivory comes not only from the South, where Oliphaunt (Mûmak) tusks are occasionally available (which in turn depends on the state of war with Harad and Umbar), but also from the westernmost shores of Gondor, where dwells a walrus-like creature known as the Aearochon (S. "Great-horse of the Sea"), with tusks up to half a ranga long.

The room has lamps with fine crystal apertures shedding gently colored light and a delicate wood and gold casket holding a variety of sweetmeats and delicacies they both enjoy. As might be expected, both Telinnor and Emelien are a little overweight. A secret door leads from their room into the back of the cupboard in the adjacent room. It is opened by the application of pressure to two spots on the frame at the same time.

Second Floor

This smaller floor is reached up wooden steps. There is a privy (#1), a simply (but adequately) furnished dormitory for older daughters and young girls working here (#2) and a similar dorm for lads (#4). Between them is a pair of guest rooms available for hire on a weekly basis. The only other room is a concealed hidey-hole (#5) reached through the boys' dormitory. In it is hidden Telinnor's secret collection of butterflies and other insects collected from the vales of Anórien during trips he occasionally makes outside the city.

Note: *There is also a bridge-passage to the neighboring building from the boys' dorm.*

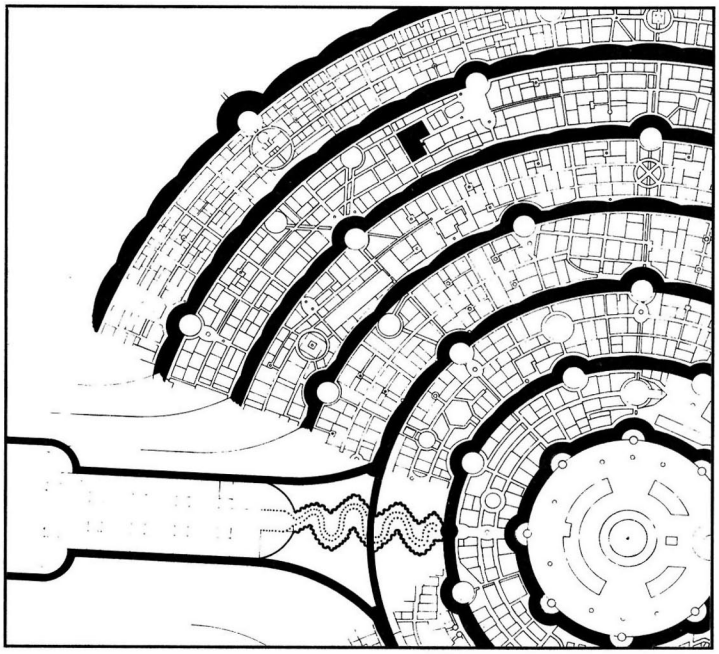
10.2.6 WOODWRIGHTS' HOUSE

Woodwrights' House was, when built, the most splendid edifice on Woodwrights' Street. The building has mellowed since then, its timbers and stonework rounded and worn with age. The House is one of the finer examples of wooden architecture in the city, and one of the last large structures to be made with lebethron and gethen woods. Since its construction, the scarcity of the wood has made such works prohibitively expensive. The House serves as a major workshop for the Woodwrights and is also their meeting hall.

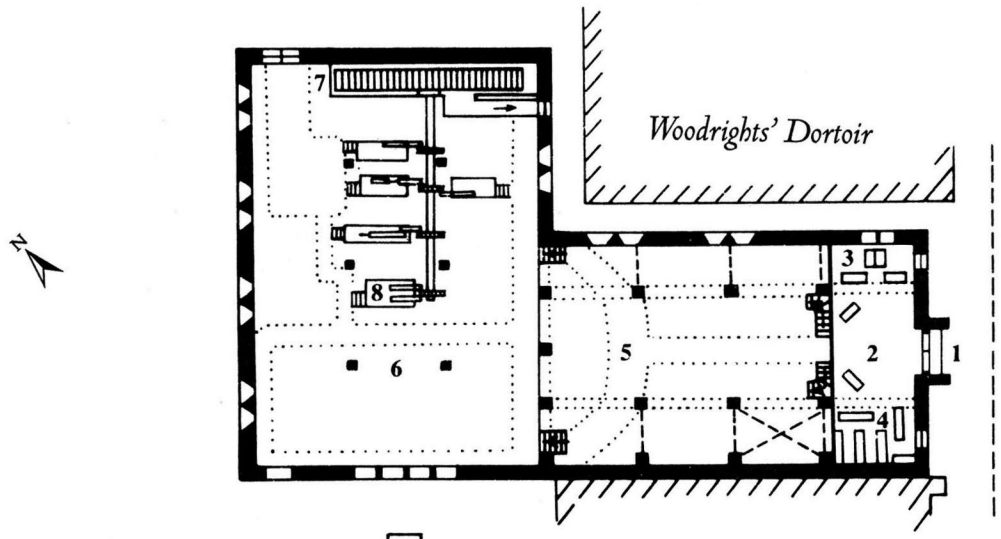
Ground Floor

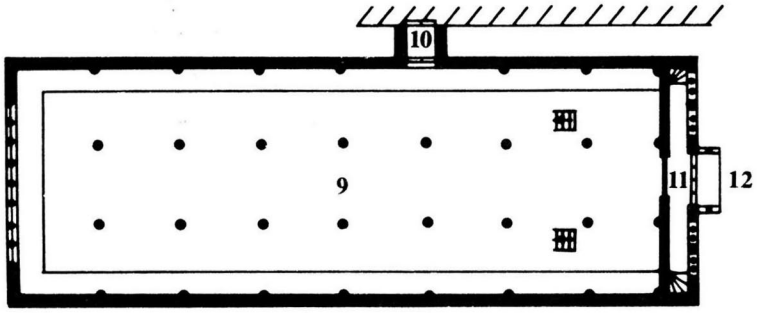
The House is set back a little way from the street. This lowest story is strong masonry to support the elaborate upper floor, and has few windows. The entranceway (#1) is a splendid arch foremounted on round columns which also support a balcony overlooking the street. Within the arch are a pair of massive wooden doors of black lebethron, intricately carved with an interlacing design like a open weave. The key is kept by Galadwë, the Master of the House, who has his home in the neighbouring dortoir. The lock is wooden, quite unusual, and Very Hard (-50) to pick.

Inside is a high and spacious reception (#2). Here there are two tables flanking double doors into the workshop; customers for the products of the workshop are met here and their requirements planned and discussed. Senior Woodwrights are always on hand. At one side of the reception area is an office (#4) where four Scribes work, keeping records of sales and purchases, ledgers, records of workers and payments to them, annotating drawings and sketches and making sure they are properly filed for future reference, and so on. These are stored in the library (#4), an arrangement of shelving filling the opposite bay.



Through the doors is the front workshop (#5). Here a broad path extends down the room and branches out to the steps up to the rear workshop (#6); the two are only divided in height, not by a wall. In the front workshop mostly woodcarvers work, along with joiners, responsible for the assemblage of complex wooden items. The woodcarvers have numerous tools and workbenches; including, for example, foot-treadles turning lathes on which furniture legs can be made. Mostly they work with chisels, gouges and fretsaws, making smaller wooden items such as caskets, plates, cups and bowls.



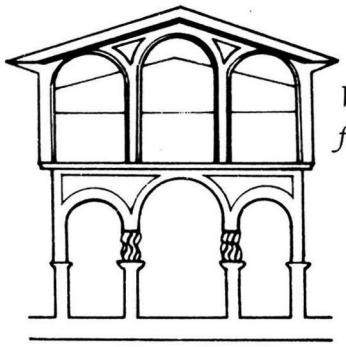


Kitchens are located in Woodrights' Dortoir

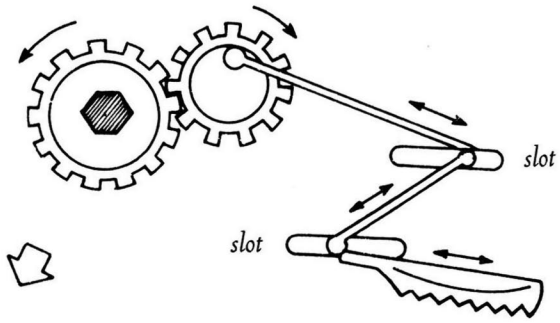
Gallery c. 10′ above floor of Hall. Another arcade fronts the building at this level

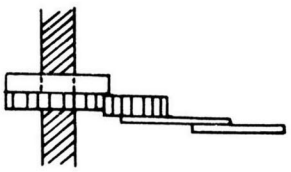
Seats 360 People

Curving stair, leads up to Gallery & stepped Arcade



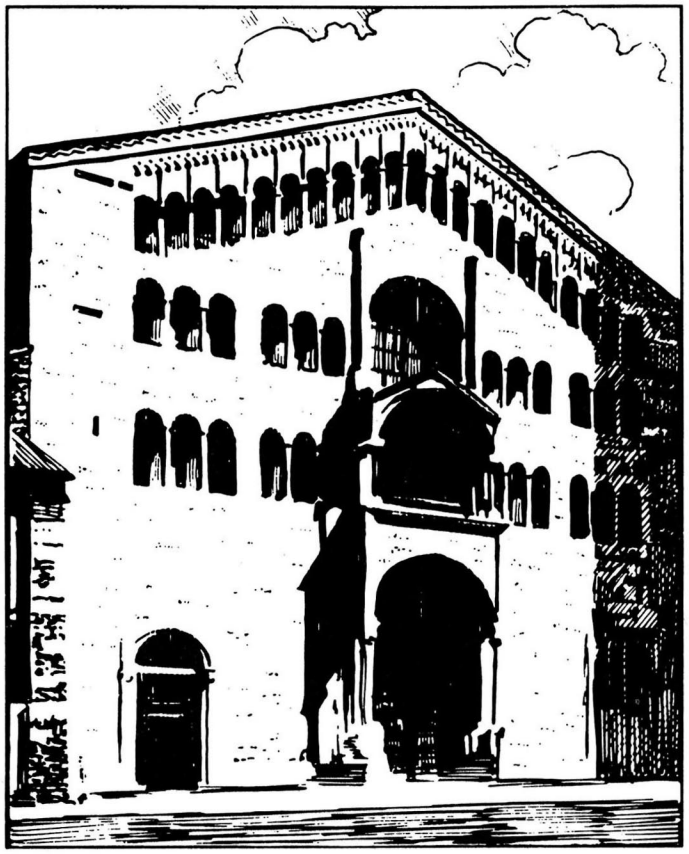
Wooden Fan-vaults from roof (peaked)





The rear workshop is larger and raised some feet above the front. It is dominated by the massive wheel (#7) thirty feet across, at the far end. It is sunk beneath the level of the floor, as are a number of rectangular pits (#8) in the room. The wheel is wide enough for a sturdy horse to get within it and walk around, causing the wheel to turn. In turning, it rotates a great axle running half the length of the room. Beside the pits there are peg-toothed wheels on the axle which may be used to turn cogwheels which move saws to and from through off-center rods connected to them. The saws in the saw pits are thus driven with much greater force than men alone could muster, and many tasks are made easier, such as the cutting of timber for baulks, doors, floors and so on. Most of the workshop here is concerned with just that; wood being brought to the rear of the building and quickly reduced to the exact size desired.

The horses (of which there are three; great beasts half as big again as normal riding animals and bred in the west of Gondor) are stabled in the dortoir.



Upper Floor

The first floor is reached via two sweeping wooden staircases just inside the doors to the front workshop. Both are identical, carved from the golden wood of the gethen-tree and ornamented with boxwood and mahogany. They rise up to the magnificent Woodrights' Hall (#9). This upper floor is of entirely wooden construction. The round roof-bearing pillars form a double avenue down the hall, spreading up at the top in a fan vault resembling the spreading branches of a tree. The walls are shining, polished lebethron, immensely strong and enduring. All around the Hall is a gallery set 10' off the floor and balustraded with carved beechwood. At the far end of the hall is a vast stained-glass window depicting the Two Trees, surrounded by examples of every tree known to the craftsmen of Gondor. The Hall seats up to 360 people; connecting it to the kitchens and stores of the dortoir next door is an arched passage over the alley (#10).

The front of the building is divided from the Hall by a wooden reredos fantastically sculpted and showing scenes of woodwrights at work in an hundred different ways. Facing outwards, the screen is laminated with lebethron and forms the back of the lower arcade (#11). This is fronted with a row of arches, the narrower columns of which are oaken, the broader lebethron. Colored lamps which reflect off the polished wood light the back wall.

At each end of the arcade is a curving stair that leads up to the gallery surrounding the Hall and to the upper arcade, which is similarly constructed. From there, it ascends to the stepped arcade that reaches up into the eaves of the roof, where it opens onto a balcony (#12). Known as the talan-na-pediel (S. {wooden} "platform-of-speeches"), the balcony is used to address assemblies in the street below. Access to this exalted spot is provided by the double doors from the lower arcade. The platform is well known to most inhabitants of the city, for in local folk stories the Master of the Woodwrights' Fellowship is a figure of great fun. He usually gets worked up about some minor quibble and raises a mob to frantic pitch before rampaging around the city—only to discover he was at fault all along, and have the mob chase him back to the House and up to the talan-na-pediel once again!

10.3 THIRD LEVEL

10.3.1 MORTAR HALL

Naturally, if ever the Woodwrights did something impressive, the Stonewrights of Minas Anor tried to go one better of them. If Woodwrights' House is splendid, then Mortar Hall is bigger and more impressive, at least externally. It occupies an entire block and dominates Stonewrights' Street. Even most of the surrounding buildings are intimately connected with it; so the adjoining is occupied by an apprentices' dortoir, workshops, a guesthouse for visiting masons, and so on.

The building is a brilliant white. Only the purest limestone and marble was used in its construction. Capped with a roof of blue and scarlet tiles, it has a joyful visage. The lower walls are massive, about 3'9" thick, their windows and doors round-arched and decorated. The upper walls are thinner and chased with decorative bands of carved stone, the most prominent of which is a simple zig-zag or dogstooth pattern. A seemingly random assortment of garrets, towers, turrets and bays precariously extend upwards above the first floor, giving the Hall an almost palatial appearance.

Ground Floor

The front entrance to the Hall is a wide doorway set into the wall (#1). Stone fretwork—that is, hollow and carved right through, like lace—surrounds the doorway. The door itself is made of bronze, with silver gilded steel fittings; it booms rather hollowly when closed. Within is the Great Hall (#2), so called because it is one of the largest in the whole city. It can seat 560 persons in continuous tables down its 150 foot length. Four magnificent windows look in from the street, while ten window-doors lead onto the workshops at the rear (#8). Barrel-vaulted, the hall's round-arched ceiling extends some 20' high in the center, from which hang numerous chandeliers of bronze, silver and crystal. The walls are pure white marble and mortared with powdered silver, as is the floor. A tapestry of Númenórean design, rich reds and blues, hangs from each of the end walls, and red-and-blue drapes cover the windows and doorways whenever they are drawn.

Food is prepared in and served from the large kitchens (#3). These chambers accommodate numerous tables and counters for chopping and serving; two roasting hearths, each capable of taking a whole bullock; three capacious ovens; three ranges; and two great kettle-ranges with permanent kettles (huge cauldrons) mounted on them, with mechanical devices for carefully tipping them. There is a store for utensils and tableware (#4) and another for food and drink (#5), which also extends down into a wide cellar space.

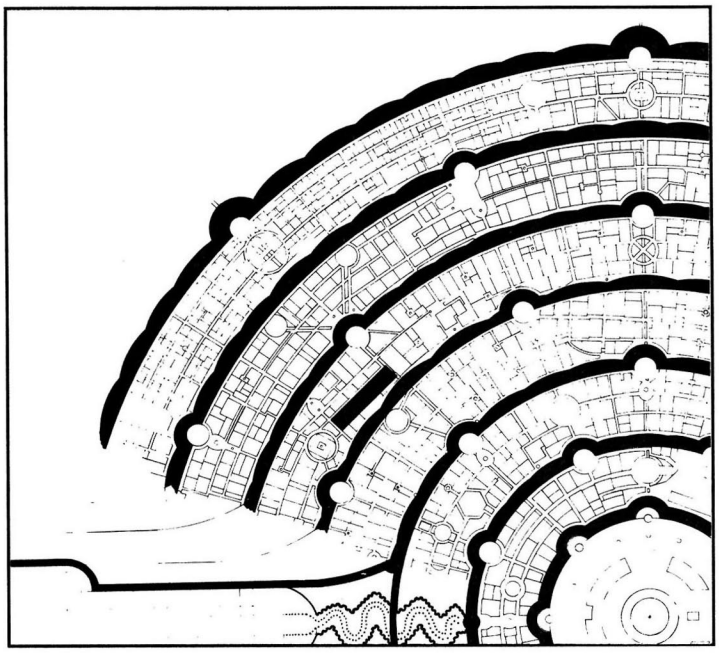
The ever-busy kitchens and storerooms are very well supplied, under the charge of Morbasto the Hallmaster, a high member of the Cooks' Fellowship. He is a shrewd man, lean but tall, with long curling hair often worn beneath a broad-brimmed hat decorated with blue and red ribbons. There are some dozen kitchen staff, who have a restarey (#6) where they can relax or enjoy a nap.

Beside this is Morbasto's office (#7), where he keeps a large stone cupboard, a safehold built into the wall. The safe's wooden door has a lock which is very hard (-20) to pick. Behind the door is a money box, his private recipe book, special ingredients, valuable herbs, and precious spices. Morbasto's fairly junior assistants, a Scribe and a Hosteler, both lack access to this cupboard.

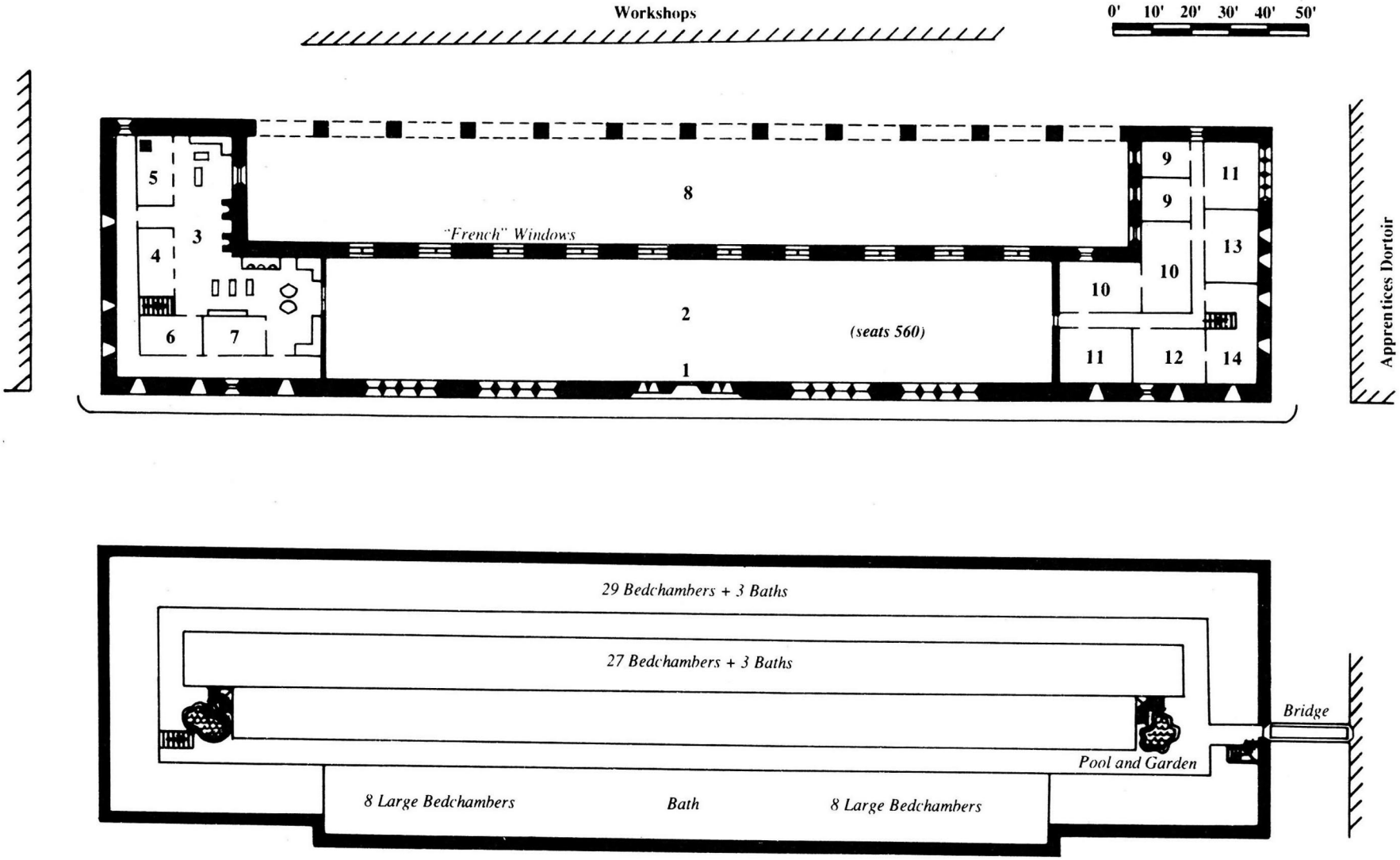
Parallel with the Great Hall are the workshops (#8). These are not closed off from the street; instead, they are tucked in an arcade under the overhanging first floor behind a stone colonnade comprised of pillars which are spaced 15' apart. There is little chance of theft, since most of the work being done here involves large-scale masonry for buildings and the blocks are too big to easily cart off. Nevertheless, there are normally 2-4 watchmen here during the night. In daytime it is a noisy place, echoing with the sounds of chisel on stone and mallet on chisel.

At the other end of the Hall are a number of offices and storerooms. Here, tools are kept neatly in racks in the tool stores (#9), while special stonework and other supplies stay safely locked up in the general stores (#10). All these rooms have standard locks to which senior members carry the keys, and all these mechanisms are hard (-10) to pick.

Mortar Hall contains two drawing offices (#11), where Artists work in collaboration with the Stonewrights to design every aspect of a new building or other stone structure. Both offices have high wall cupboards stocked with hundreds of ancient plans. Even more designs are stored in the meeting room (#13).



Mortar Hall



A Second Level is built as a hollow ring, leaving the central bedchambers of the First Floor with skylights to illuminate them during the day. In addition, there are a number of asymmetric garrets, turrets and bays reaching up a further 1-3 storeys. In total there are 114 + 64 + (20) bedchambers, c. 480 population.

The trading office (#12) has a small door to the street and is where customer inquiries are dealt with. A Stonewright and a Scribe work in the chamber, amidst furnishings that include a desk, a writing table, and shelves of ledgers and records. The adjacent meeting room (#13) has a polished stone table ringed with plush seats, all reserved are for the twelve most senior Stonewrights. This hall provides them a place to meet and discuss the affairs of their Fellowship under the supervision of their Master Mason, Betheal.

Betheal has his own office next door (#14). He is a strong and valiant man, very upstanding and somewhat snobbish. A widower, he lost his wife and only son some twenty years ago in the Plague; and, although he has two surviving daughters, both married and moved to Lebennin. His snobbery is largely rooted in loneliness.

Betheal served for seven years in the King's Army, where he learned his trade well. Coming from a moderately well-to-do family of Minas Anor, he found promotion within the Fellowship easy and is a well-liked leader—although not one prone to humor. Neither is he dour, however, for his disposition is exceedingly even.

Betheal keeps special plans and record books in his office, some of which are very old and quite valuable, especially to people wishing to find out accurate plans of buildings they cannot enter legally. A secret flagstone in the floor, which is extremely Hard (-30) to find, conceals his prizes. This stone will turn and rise up to reveal a hollow in which there is a store of valuables, including gold bars worth 750gp, and a magic whetstone which brings any edge to its proper sharpness in just three strokes.

Trap: *The flagstone is rigged to snap back instantly if any of the gold bars are moved. The trap may be disarmed, but is a Very Hard (-20) maneuver, and any failure to disengage the mechanism results in the victim receiving a +75 HCr attack. Other victims are merely recipients of a +50 HCr attack.*

Betheal normally carries an eket, which looks ordinary (with sparse ornamentation) but is made of enchanted steel and has a +20 bonus When held in the hand unsheathed, it also detects enemies up to 100' away and can cast *Light* 4/day at 12th level.

A tall, mute Northman Scribe, Thingrik of Londaroth, works in Betheal's office. His desk sits in the area on the other side of the stairs, and faces the door to the hallway.

First Floor

The first floor houses more than a hundred bedchambers, together with the requisite privies and store cupboards. The bedchambers alternate single and double, and are fairly sparsely furnished: a few luxuries, and only simple carpets, beds, and fittings. All the outer chambers have windows, while skylight illuminate the inner rooms. At either end of the inner array of bedchambers is a small, irregular and shallow pool, one set amidst a few plants in a little garden. A square stair ascends around the water and leads up to an inner gallery-arcade. Above, directly over the garden, is a square glazed skylight that is left open in summer.

The sixteen bedchambers at the front of the building are larger and better appointed. These are reserved for people of importance: Betheal the Master Mason; Morbasto the Housemaster; six of the senior Stonewrights forming the Fellowship's informal council; the chief Scribe to the Stonewrights; and seven rich, retired Stonewrights. Most of these chambers contain some hidden or secreted treasure, valuable objects of art, or decorations.

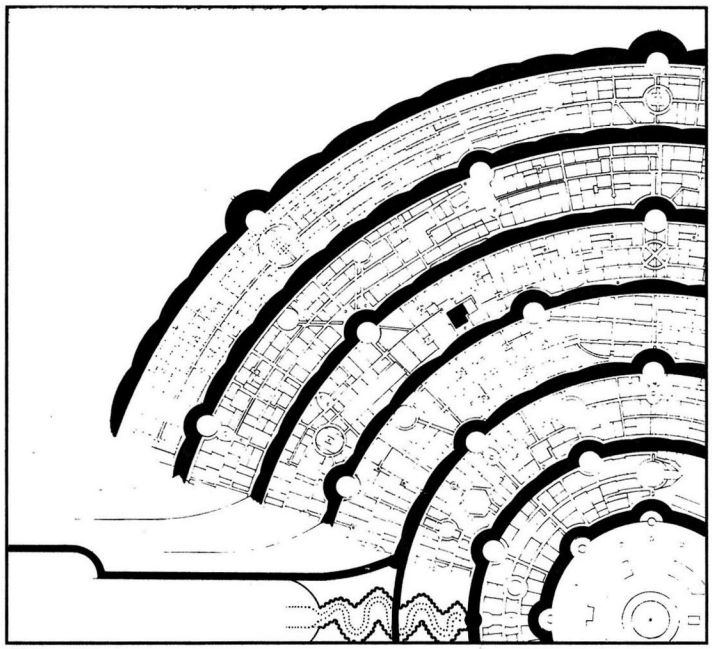
Upper Floors (not illustrated)

The second floor is composed of a ring running right around the outside of the building. Here, an arcaded gallery overlooks the roof and skylights of the inner section of the first floor. The gallery has arched openings, which are only covered by shutters and have no protective windows.

The upper floors contain sixty-four bedchambers, with all the associated privies and stores located on the second floor. These are also furnished in an austere manner and, like those below, alternate according to one- and two-person chambers. There are six different winding stairways leading up to various upper sections of the building, the highest being the fifth floor tower. Surmounted by the Mortar Bell—an iron bell with two hammers that striking a double note unique in the city—the tower is city landmark. These uppermost sections of the Mortar hall include another twenty bedchambers, all sharing facilities with those on the second floor.

10.3.2 HOUSE OF MEMORIALS

The House of Memorials is another house of the Stonewrights, one of Minas Anor's more powerful Fellowships. The House is owned and run by an artisan family called Taithrísan (S. "Mark-cutters"). The present head is Guldúmir Taithrísan, a rather elderly man who is also one of the twelve senior Stonewrights of the Fellowship. His son Úrcamir is rather resentful that his old father doesn't stand down and let him take over; he is impatient and doesn't get on well with his wife, the long-suffering Fienwë. It is left to Úrcamir's son Bordúmir to be the bright spark around the House. He is recently back from a stint with the Citadel Guard and only recently wed the enchanting Darabeth, the daughter of Toquenë, a Master Embroiderer.



The House of Memorials produces inscription stones and all sorts of statuary, reliefs, and other carvings in stone. A number of the workers here prefer to be members of the Artists' Fellowship rather than the Stonewrights. Much of their work is taken up with standard items like the capitals of columns, windowsills and door lintels, but they also produce some very fine carved work and even make some mosaics.

Ground Floor

The House is a rather plain building with no colorful adornments and simple white and grey stones. However, a closer look reveals that the entire surface is covered with carvings and decorations, mostly minute relief-work. The entrance (#1) is double wooden door banded with iron and well secured. Inside, an L-shaped corridor leads round, first passing the sales room (#2).

The sales room displays some examples of stonework and sketches of work previously carried out by the House. It is furnished with a sofa and some chairs for visitors and, like the rest of the House, is adorned with carved stone walls and a few batik hangings. There is also a special case with glass panels exhibiting small carved stoneware made by Darabeth. These are all excellent pieces, most formed of fine stone such as jade, amber, rock crystal and marble.

Guldúmir's office (#3) is opposite the sales room. Rather disarrayed, it reflects the Master's slight absent-mindedness. Guldúmír invariably keeps forgetting to tidy the place up. He has a desk here, as does Úrcamir, and the office is filled with cases of books, ledgers, scrolls, and so on, all piled on shelves. Under several feet of mess is a casket with three pieces of jewelry (worth 110 sp, 125 sp, and 175 sp) that Guldúmir has forgotten about. The office also contains an iron strongbox, which has a complex lock that is extremely hard (-30) to pick. Located in a drawer of Guldúmír's desk, it protects cash for household expenses: 31-80 gp worth of coins.

Down the hall, beyond the foot of the stair to the first floor, is also a drawing office (#4). Filled with several large easels, racks of paper and drawing implements, large folios of old drawings, and records of inscriptions, it serves as a design studio.

The House of Memorials' service area includes the modest kitchen (#5), which is equipped with a range and hearth, a walk-in pantry, and a cellar for food stores. The communal dining room (#6) opens onto the hall and kitchen and is dominated by an elegant High Table and a sideboard holding a very valuable, ancient pewter dinner service inlaid with cabuchons and enamel. Off the dining room are two alms chambers (#7), where retired Fellows of the House may spend their last days.

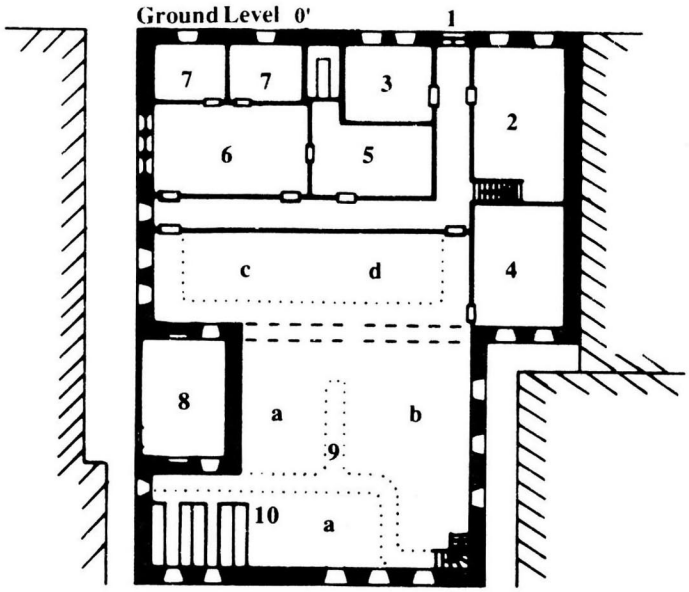
Down a side alley is the yard (#8). Surrounded by the buidling on three sides, it is separated from the alley by a high fence and a three-bolted gate. From here, doors lead into the adjacent workshop (#9) and the stores (#10). The yard is kept neat and tidy and typically contains nothing other than rubbish (such as barrels of stone chippings) to be taken away.

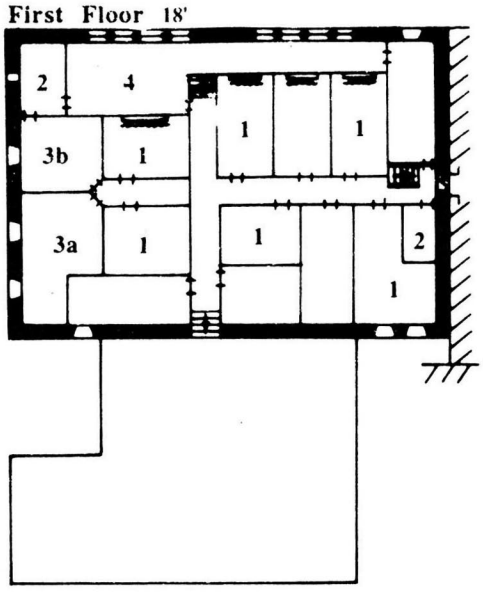
The large workshop is a busy area divided by pathways. These walks connect the various specialized craft areas to each other, the entries, and the plain stone stairway located in the far corner of the shop. #a is used by masons who cut building stones; workers make headstones and other burial monuments in #b; while #c is devoted to carvings and small decorations on larger pieces. Area #d is restricted to laborers skilled in stone inscriptions and lettering. (They typically employ the Angerthas.) A few other assorted workers make unique products on order, such as mosaics, stone urns, etc. The storage area (#10) has floor-to-ceiling shelves, which are reachable by wooden step-ladders. Stone slabs and tools of all sorts that are used in the workshop remain here at night.

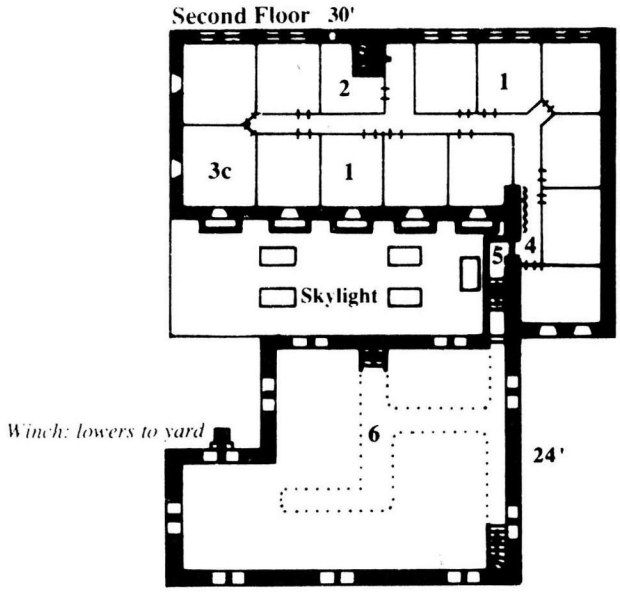
First Floor

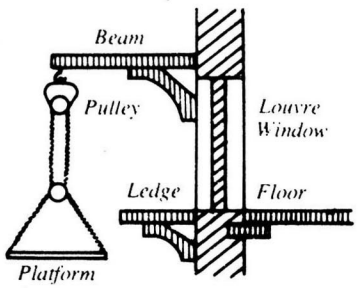
The plainer first floor is home to numerous bedchambers (#1), all appointed to a fair standard. Most are slightly larger than usual, and each has either a window or a skylight. Those at the front of the building have "inner" windows overlooking the street through the dayroom, apertures that are closed off for privacy with heavy purple drapes. The first floor also contains a couple of privies (#2), fitted with baths, washing basins and latrines.

Two of the larger bedchambers (#3) are used by the House's masters. #3a is Úrcamir and Fienwë's, and is appointed with a number of gaudy (even tasteless) items in the style known disparagingly as "Anorian Matron:" heavy gilded lamps, an ornate mirror with porcelain figures clinging to it, and a gold-embroidered mannequin.


Ground Level 0'
1
7
7
3
2
6
5
c
d
4
8
a
b
9
10
a


First Floor 18'
2
4
1
1
3b
1
3a
1
1
2
1


Second Floor 30'
2
1
3c
1
5
4
Skylight
Winch: lowers to yard
6
24'


Beam
Pulley
Louvre
Window
Ledge
Floor
Platform



Úrcamir owns a large wardrobe, which is stuffed with nearly identical clothes of dull, respectable colors. Chamber #3b belongs to Guldúmir and has fittings somewhat worn with age but very comfortable: a little like Guldúmir (or his life). One wall cupboard is made from marquetry (pieces of different colored wood) and has no apparent door: it is in fact a large puzzle box, for Guldúmir is an occasional member of the Rûzakhâran, by invitation of the Locksmiths.

Note: *The cupboard requires a static maneuver roll to open, with bonus of Puzzling and IG or IT. Inside there are a number of other puzzles. Each is worth 5-30gp.*

At the front of the House is a long dayroom (#4) with seats and an area for the women and children to get together. There is a small loom and spinning wheel here, and a large cupboard full of sewing materials and the like.

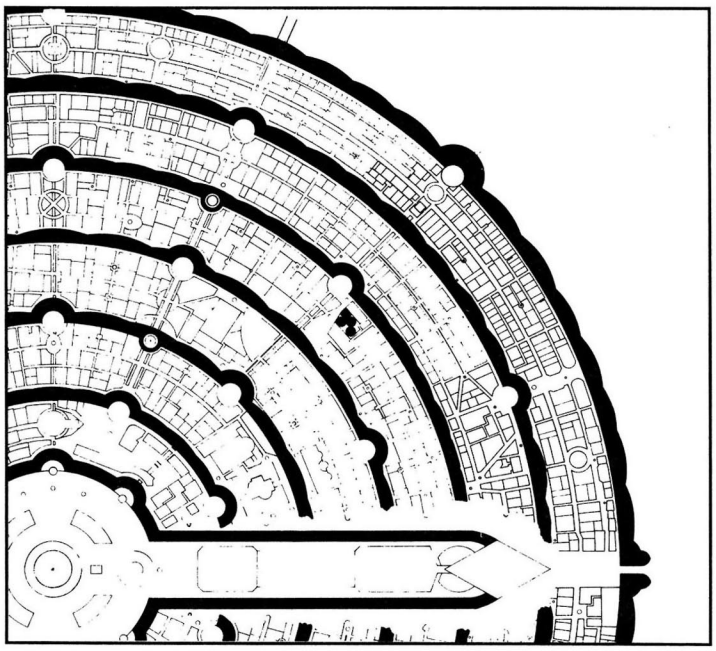
Second Floor

The rooms on the second floor resemble those on the first. Some of the bedchambers have balconies; these overhang the roof of the first floor bedchambers and their skylights. Some of the balconies are set with troughs or urns planted with flowers, herbs and miniature shrubs.

#3c is Bordúmir and Darabeth's bedchamber. It is exquisitely decorated although not expensively. The walls are hung with light-colored drapes and the bed is curtained with frothy muslin and lace. Glittering silver lamps hang from the ceiling, their with pared horn shades and strings of glass beads acting to scatter light. White glazed pottery urns hold delicate ferns and blooming bulbs. These are set on pale wood stands carved like the stems of vines or entwining serpents.

At the opposite end of the hall (#4) is a door that opens onto an outside walkway (#5). From here, the walk leads down a flight of wooden steps to the upper workshop (#6). Two other staircases provide access to this area, one a stone stairway from the first floor, the other a set of steps from the workshop on the ground floor.

The Chimneys



The upper workshop is devoted to fine arts: small engraved slabs, statues and pedestals, gold leaf work, and so on. Darabeth keeps her work bench here. The work, if too heavy or awkward to be taken down the stairs to the workshop, can be lowered out of the double windows into the yard, for there is a special winch and pulley block. The windows have locked shutters, all of which require medium (-0) maneuvers to negotiate.

10.3.3 THE CHIMNEYS

The Chimneys comprise a set of three old kilns once operated by the Tilers' Fellowship. They have been extensively renovated and converted into a place of entertainment. After being bought by Master Haurian's father—who 'acquired' a fortune by adventuring (where or how is not known, although his exploits are the subject of many long and usually humorous tales)—the kilns are now a center of cultural attraction.

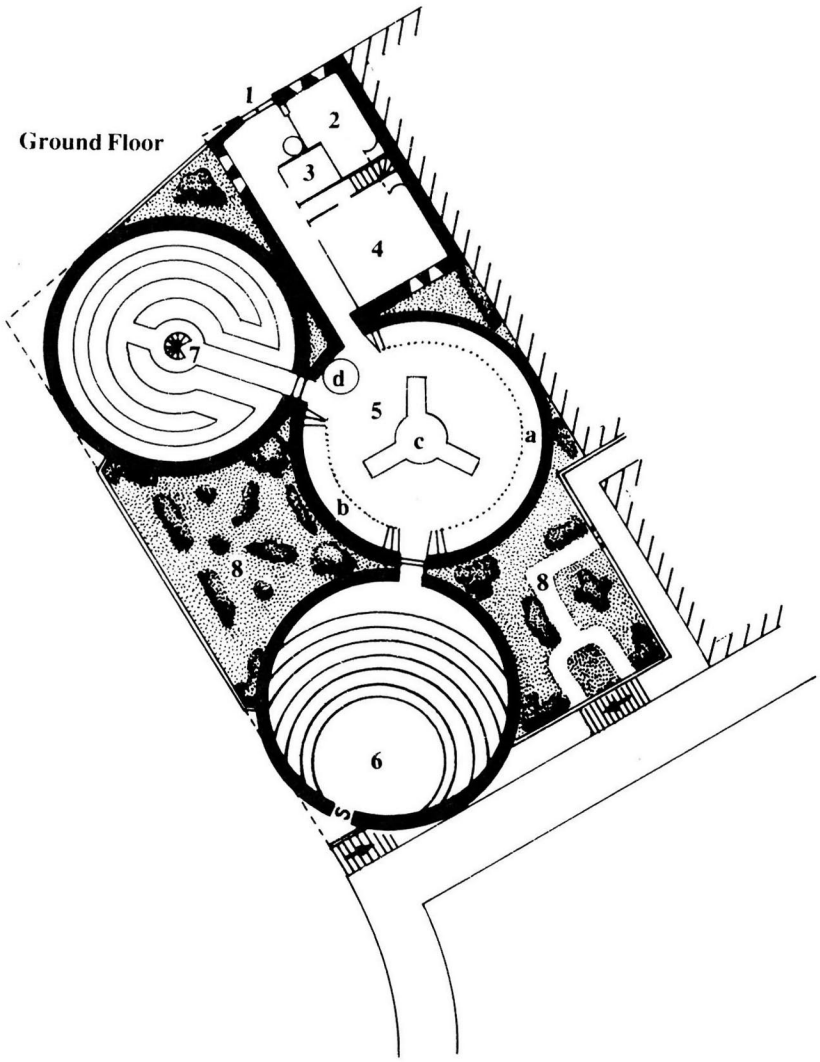
Master Haurian has invested almost all the money he inherited into making the Chimneys a popular and lucrative enterprise suited to his peculiar and varied talents. Always a man of leisure (as far as most Anorians would consider), Haurian is a playwright, poet and historian. However, he has a practical and energetic side, unlike the dreamers of Minas Ithil. He is now a member of the Artists' Fellowship, having been refused entry to the Scribes' Fellowship.

Ground Floor

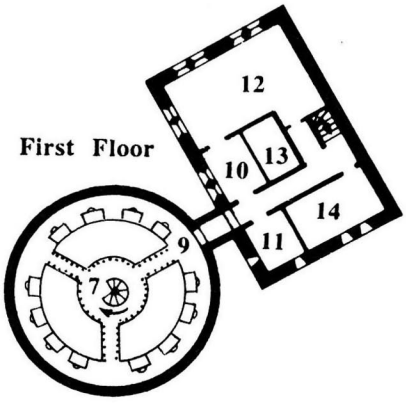
The three kilns have been left with their rough stone exteriors. Beside them has been added a small house of whitewashed stone and brown tiled roof. The only entrance (#1) to the complex, a pair of double doors of reddish wood carved with sign of the Artists' Fellowship, leads through this outbuilding. A pleasant vestibule adorned with very fine batik paintings serves as a foyer, which is overseen by a hostess that sits at a table in the hall. The hostess accepts donations, which are of course always recommeded! She is an old woman endowed with a piercing stare who wears a great swathe of colored materials rather than the usual clothing or headdress one might expect.

Just down the hall is a door into Haurian's office (#2). The rear of this chamber serves as a small kitchen and is equipped a range and cupboards for tableware, food, and utensils. A low way under the stairs leads to the adjacent hall (#4). In the office Haurian has a desk and some shelves that house general books of no great value. He also has a study upstairs, but he neglects to keep proper accounts and keeps his money in the bank.

A bath chamber (#3) is tucked between the office and the hallway beside the stairwell that separates it from the hall (#4). The hall serves members of the household as a gathering place to eat. When the buildings are open, light refreshments are served here, bought in from the Cooks and Bakers. Naturally, there is also a goodly supply of wine and ale available. Typically, there will be 4-24 people here, conversing loudly and/or drunkenly on all sorts of subjects.



Library: mostly books on history, biography, art, literature and drama.
Gallery: paintings and tapestries displayed around walls, sculpture on pedestals.
Theatre: performances nightly; include drama, poetry readings and song.





Shared by performers and artists.
Master Haurian is a poet, playwright & historian

Refreshments (mostly cold) served in Hall.
Hostess sits by table in hall checking admissions.



One first enters the central Chimney (#5), which is an art gallery. Pictures of various styles hang around the walls and can be best viewed from a pair of raised walks. #a affords a look at paintings from a range of artists, while #b is similarly arranged but showcases embroidery and batik pictures. In the center of the room is a three-armed plinth (#c) with a round dais in the middle. Here are displayed sculptures in wood, stone, and cast metal. On one side of the room is a pedestal (#d) with a special sculpture depicting the royal family.

Two doors open out of the central chamber. One leads to the theater (#6), an area which has been sunken to provide stepped seating around a circular stage. A special secret door sits in the wall behind the backdrop of curtains, in order to allow players to enter and leave unhindered. Most of the players reside (if only temporarily) in Haurian's house or the Artists' Dortoir across the road.

The last Chimney (#7) has been converted into a library, mostly concentrating on poetry and cultural history. Books are rarely allowed out of this sanctuary, which contains biographies, drama, literature and art. Its shelves are arranged in a labyrinthine pattern, around a wrought-iron spiral stair in the center that allows access to the upper gallery.

Splendid gardens (#8) laid out with shrub borders, some small trees and many flower beds and gravel paths, surround the Chimneys.

First Floor

The first floor of the house is linked to the gallery of the library (#8) through a vaulted passage (#9). The gallery, being higher and thus further towards the neck of the bottle-shaped kilns is necessarily narrower than the ground floor. A wrought-iron gallery has been braced against its walls, and is connected to the central stair by iron bridges with twisted railings. The gallery houses wooden-topped iron desks and seats for people to read the books from the shelves below. A number of large chandeliers illuminate both levels.

Artists' Dortoir

The house itself accommodates a number of rooms. Haurian has a small study (#10) panelled in dark wood and with a heavy, somber atmosphere. This reflects one side of Haurian's character, the dual nature of which can be seen in his writings and plays. Some days he falls into bleak, black depression; on others he is bright and jolly. Some say his dark moods are the result of a lover's suicide, but there are many rival tales.

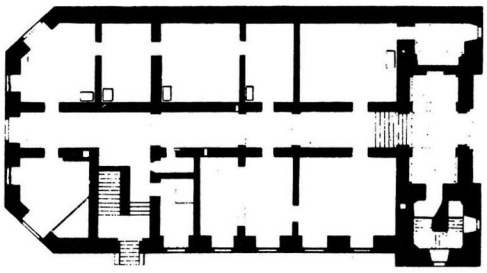
The truth is simpler: he came into possession of a book written by some powerful servant of the Evil One. This magical tome has convinced Haurian of the Darkness that exists in him like every Man, a fact with which he cannot easily live. The torment he suffers and despair he feels has not, as it was intended, driven him into the service of the Necromancer; but he is becoming more and more unstable and prone to commit insane acts.

The book is hidden behind a secret panel in the study, a panel which is very hard (-20) to detect. Haurian also has another secret nook. It holds four books, all bound in golden leather and each detailing a Bard spell list (to fifth level).

Opposite the study is Gysiel's studio (#11). Gysiel is a gifted painter, and here there is a large easel, several part-finished canvases, boxes of paints, brushes, and associated supplies. One of the canvases depicts Haurian, but it has been slashed repeatedly with a knife. Another of the paintings nearly done is of Boromis, wife of Daroín Dunmardo. She comes here for sittings occasionally and wears the fabulous emerald necklace known as the Giliath Gelin (S. "Green Stars").

The other rooms are living quarters. Haurian's bedchamber (#12) is large and spacious, albeit cluttered with manuscripts overflowing from the study. He prefers to work in here on good days, and besides the usual bedroom furniture there is a writing desk and ornate bookshelf of beechwood. Although Gysiel has her own bedchamber, she sometimes sleeps here with Haurian. In front of the windows are two glass sculptures Haurian loves. Both are of seascapes—foaming waves with leaping fish and dolphins, the depths of the glass flecked with blue and green.

Beside the bedchamber is a lavish bath chamber (#13) equipped with a water-heating stove and a pressure-driven pump. The stove also circulates warm air into Haurian's chamber. Across the hallway is Gysiel's (#14) room, a rather scatty but colorful chamber. She was a poor, struggling artist before meeting Haurian; but for all that he has done for her, she is still unsure of her true feelings for him. She accepts few gifts from the Master, preferring to live in the cheap and cheerful surroundings she is accustomed to.



Loft

A ladder beside the bath chamber leads up to a loft space under the roof. This serves as a dormitory (#15) for a shifting population of players and artists, who are always on the move. On average there are perhaps a dozen visitors sleeping here. Haurian provides them with bedding and meals; however, they must earn their own money in the theater or streets. Generally they are a happy, if often inebriated, bunch.

10.3.4 HOUSE OF GOLD AND SILVER

The House of Gold and Silver is an elegant and rather unique building built as a miniature replicate of a more massive structure from Armenelos in Númenor. It is one of the most important goldsmith workshops in the city, and its hall is used for smaller or more select meetings of the Goldsmiths' Fellowship. The House is solidly built from white stone set off with black granite imported from Gondor's eastern domains.

The House was founded with the aid of the noble Astirian family, but no noble lineage has grown up from its Masters. Their inheritances petered out after two or three generations. The current Master is Laurëyulmaya, (Q. "Maker of the Golden Cup"), daughter of the old Master. Her inheritance had to be won, for after serving a long apprenticeship under her father, he died without naming an heir and the elders of the Goldsmiths' Fellowship were loth to grant stewardship of such a House to a woman. Laurëyulmaya challenged their decision and persuaded Conclave to intervene. They allowed a trial by competition to take place, but disallowed a trial by combat on account of her sex (despite, or perhaps because, she is also an excellent swordswoman). The Goldsmiths' nominee spent a month creating a magnificent shield, but Laurûyulmaya's golden cup won her both the position and a new name, on the decision of the Prince-President.

The cup is now displayed for all to admire within the House's hall. It is made from solid, beaten gold, with three handles and a tracery of enamel and tiger-eye. More importantly, it is enchanted not through the casting of magic spells, but rather through the love, effort, and energy its maker put into it, so that it is impossible to steal or covet. It is impossible not to appreciate the cup, and anyone who drinks from it must lay down any emnity with its owner (all these effects may be resisted at 18th level).

Ground Floor

At Ground level, the House has massively thick walls. The main entrance (#1) is an arched portal with a round window set over it. The door is of mallorn wood, a gift from the Elves of Lórien to an earlier Master. It will only open to a invited guest; others must pull the gold-braided bell rope beside the door which rings a sweet peal of bells and summons Annimbë the Butler. He is a personal friend of Laurë (in fact he taught her swordcraft) and is the main guardian of the House.

The Goldhall (#2) occupies the whole ground floor. It has two side bays and numerous niches holding beautiful statues in gold and silver, the whole being lit with numerous lamps and candelabras; there are also several windows of crystal glass, nearly unbreakable, for added security. The main section is about 16' wide and nearly 60' long. In the center, under a unique octagonal vault (where the ceiling is painted with a superb picture of Meneltarma), is a silver pedestal on which the Laurëyulma sits proudly. It has no protection other than its own inherent nature.



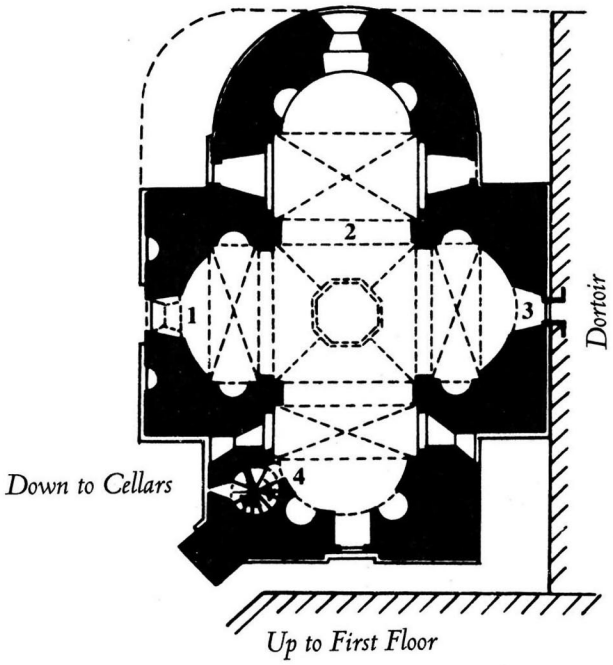
House of Silver and Gold

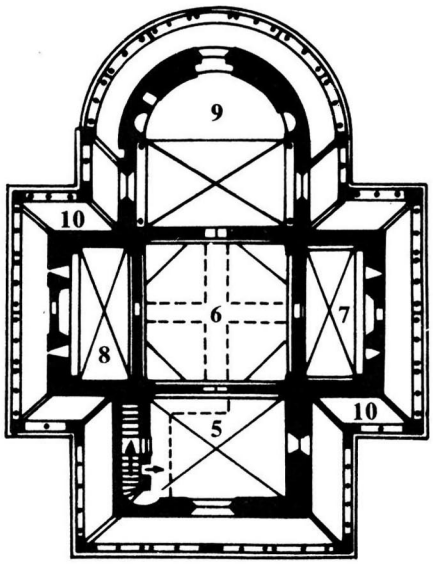
Food for feasters in the Goldhall is carried in through a door (#3) from the adjacent kitchens and dortoir. This area provides a home to 25 workers and their families. In a rear corner of the building is a spiral stair (#4) built into the wall. This goes up and also descends to the cellars which hold supplies of precious metals in vaults (typically there will 5-50,000gp worth of metals, gems and materials divided between the twelve vaults, each of which has three locks (all Sheer Folly (-50) to pick); the keys being held in different banks in the city and the Master's safe).

First Floor

The spiral stair exits in the middle of the side wall of the finishing workshop (#5). The entrance to the stair up to the next floor is in the corner. This workshop has people burnishing and polishing, bringing objects up to their best appearance. Some repair and cleaning work is also done here, if customers bring older objects back. A double door opens into the central silver-beating workshop (#6). Silversmiths and their apprentices and assistants work here, producing every sort of silver beaten item: plates, cups, heads, clasps and buckles, and many others.

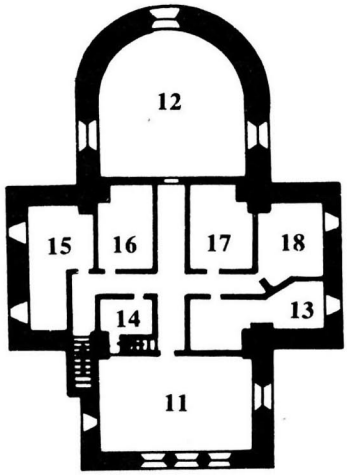
Flanking this workshop are two others. #7 is the silver casting room, where small furnaces are used to melt down silver ingots. The liquid metal is then poured into molds and cast into solid or hollow objects, such as statuettes, candlesticks, rings and ornaments. The other workshop (#8) houses related crafts and accommodates the silversmiths who plate and enamel objects for decoration. Silver plating techniques are not very advanced, and such objects still cost around half the price of solid silver ones.



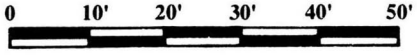


Cellars hold stores of precious metals

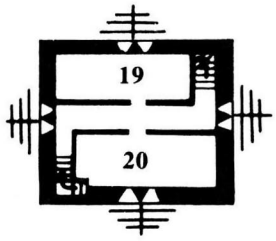
Dortoir next door home to 25 workers + families

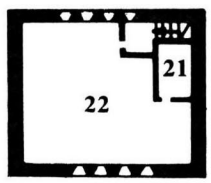


Drawing, Turning, etc. . . .









The front of the House is a goldsmithy (#9). In this workshop varying techniques including casting and beating are used to produce all sorts of golden items, mostly on commission. There are seven proper goldsmiths working along with a dozen assistants. Each smith has his own individual tools and workplace, but there is also a communal smelter and so on.

Workshops #5, #7 & #8 all have doors that open out onto an encircling balcony (#10). All of metal (a special steel alloy), the doors are locked and bolted from the inside. (Their locks are hard,-10, to pick.) This balcony or colonnade is magically protected, so that anyone passing between the pillars of its arches causes light to issue from points set every 10'. The equivalent of daylight, this glow will naturally bring the immediate attention of the six or so guards who patrol the House after working hours. As an additional precaution, Signs *of Stunning* are inscribed (at 12th level)on the windows to room #9.

Second Floor

This floor is divided between living and working quarters. The rear workshop (#11) is occupied by some draftsmen-artists and some other craftsmen making molds, shapers and tools specially for the gold- and silversmiths. The front workshop is the Master's (#12), where the most expert goldsmiths work, including Laurûyulmaya. Any object made here will normally have an intrinsic value of at least 100 gp, regardless of its materials. Many are valued in the thousands of gold pieces and some are completely priceless.

Such has been the pursuit of the highest ideals of the Masters of this House through the long years of Minas Anor that they have built up an impressive library (#13) of designs, history, techniques, and everything else connected with the goldsmith's art. Here lies unnoticed a scroll of Isildur.

Note: *This scroll is to be found by Gandalf, for it was to this house that the Wizard came seeking information on the lore of golden rings. At that time, during the War of the Ring, the House was disused and taken by the Steward Denethor for the city's use.*

It was Isildur who took the One Ring to the crucible of the Master and alone in the workshop read the words upon it when it did not melt. The Master only received a sealed scroll and here deposited it; but later broke his crucible and threw it out, for it ruined everything subsequently made using it. And not two paces from the scroll lie books obtained from Celebrimbor's folk of Eregion in the Second Age.

The living rooms on this floor include a bathchamber (#14) and four bedchambers (#15-18). All are very handsomely appointed and given over to the favored older goldsmiths of the House (lesser members dwelling next door). #15 is home to the aged but wise and still skilled Camarod, a white-haired gentleman who is always polite and self-effacing. His skill lies particularly in minute and finely detailed work. Hallduril resides next door with his wife in #16. A younger man with two children and a talent for silversmithing, he is in charge of all silver work.

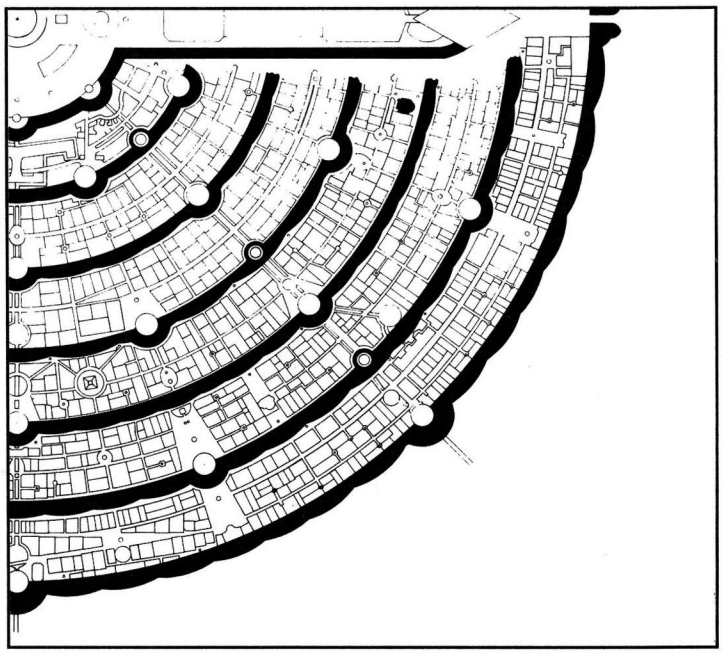
#17 is the immaculately clean room of Turbith, a rather supercilious, beak-nosed man of advancing years who still slightly resents Laurëyulmaya's position as Master—more as a matter of principle than because of any dislike of her. He always talks down to women and has never been 'involved' with them.

The last chamber (#18) is Annimbë's. As the Butler of the House, he is in charge of the guards (who also sleep next door) and security. He is a very good fighter, experienced in several campaigns and many years of adventuring elsewhere. A middle-aged Dúnadan, he has a stern face, a pleasant smile, and longish dark hair.

Third Floor

The third floor is a smallish square tower divided by a passage that runs between two stairways. On one side of the hallway lies the nursery (#19), which is occupied by a nurse and five children: two of Hallduril's, two of Viorendal's, and Laurë's daughter Tariel. The nursery is plushly furnished and even the children's toys that grace its shelves are valuable.

Viorendal's bedchamber (#20) is opposite the nursery. Viorendal is Laurëyulmaya's closest friend and stood beside her as her only supporter within the Goldsmiths' Fellowship when the Master was fighting for her inheritance. Although once or twice there have been rumors surrounding the pair, their friendship and close association in work goes deeper than love. (Both are married as well.) Viorendal wed a comely maid of Lebennin named Issiwith, who has given him a son and a daughter. Their chamber harbors many memories of the fair province of Lebennin and the seashore. The lamps are golden shells, and the bedspread is stitched with waves and fronds of seaplants. Of all their heirlooms, however, a carved piece of moss agate set in gold (worth over 2,000 gp) is undoubtedly their most valuable treasure.



Great Hall of the Guard

House of Silver and Gold

FOURTH FLOOR

An opulent (some say gaudy) staircase carpeted with gold and silver thread provides access to the topmost floor of the House of Gold and Silver. The floor of the small landing at the top is carpeted with golden, suggesting a sumptuous elegance. A door beside the steps opens into a magnificent bath chamber (#21), which is only used by Laurë and her husband who, like her, has changed his name.

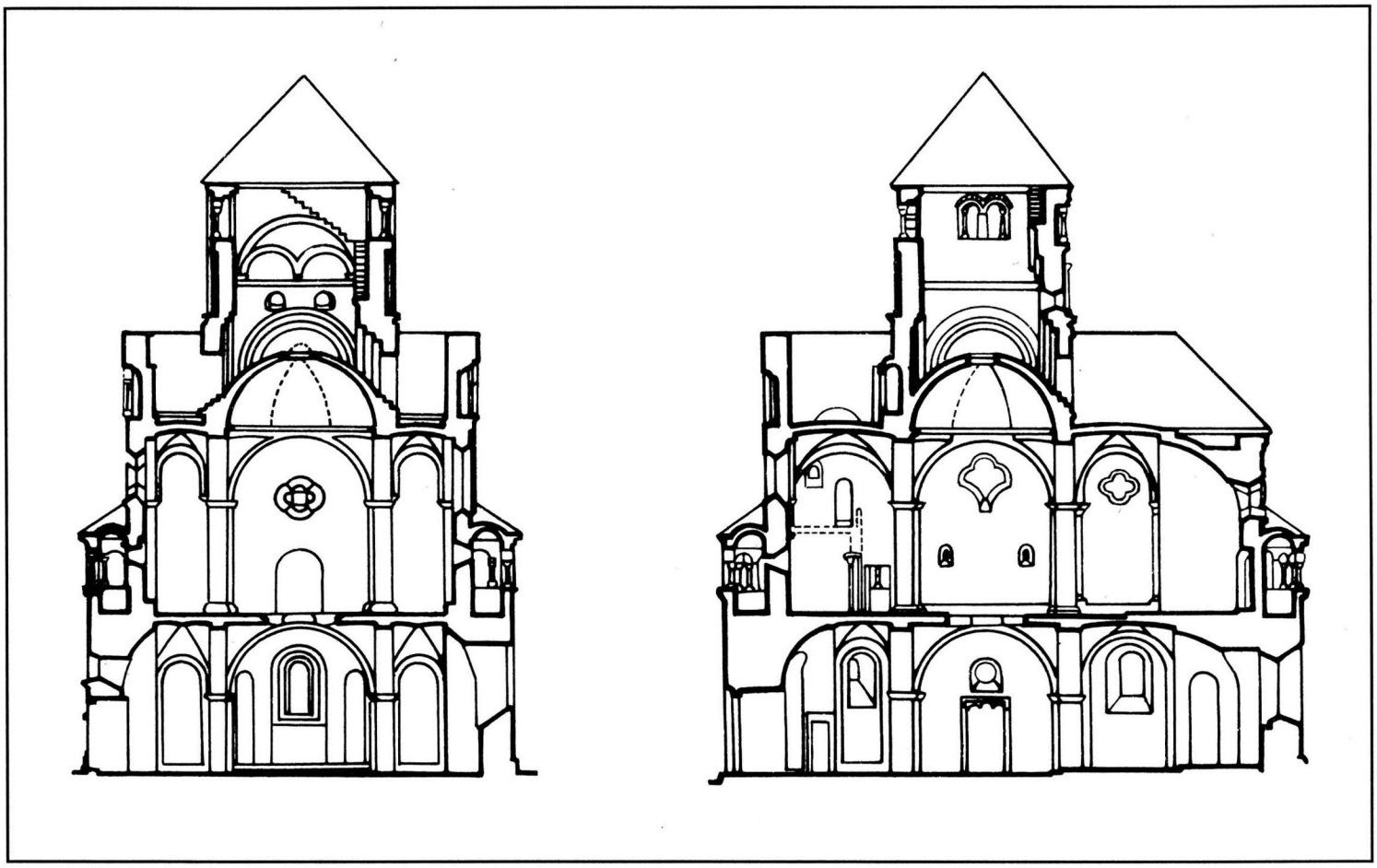
Elendil, who is generally known as Elendil Laurëa (Q. "Gold Star-lover"), was once a Prince of Arthedain. A son of Araphor, he fell into evil ways after being seduced by a sorceress from Angmar; and although in the end he managed to save his kingdom and family from the evil treachery and betrayal he had planned for them, he felt honor-bound to leave the North Kingdom. After betraying his mistress, he staged his "death" and fled southward. He came to Minas Anor after years of wandering and unwillingly fell in love with Laurë, who was then just a goldsmith and daughter of the Master. Elendil told her the story in a note after leaving for Umbar, but Laurë pursued him out of the city for six hundred miles before stopping his flight. She returned his love, and they returned to the city together and made a new life.

Elendil is now a minor Thangon of the Citadel Guard under Anarond Astirian, having refused all further promotion. He is a tall and impressive fellow of pure Dúnadan blood, with jet black hair, piercing grey eyes, and a determined demeanor. By contrast, Laurë has light brown hair, which she wears very long and is usually plaited and coiled on one shoulder. She is lithe and athletic, very intelligent, and quick-witted.

Most of the beautiful golden items in their bedchamber (#22) have been made by Masters over hundreds of years, and the whole room is a museum for a fortune in expensive hangings, furniture, and decorative pieces. Huge wardrobes of beautiful clothes stand along the walls and splendid arms, ornaments, and special treasures hang from the ivory-inlaid racks suspended near the chamber's high ceiling.

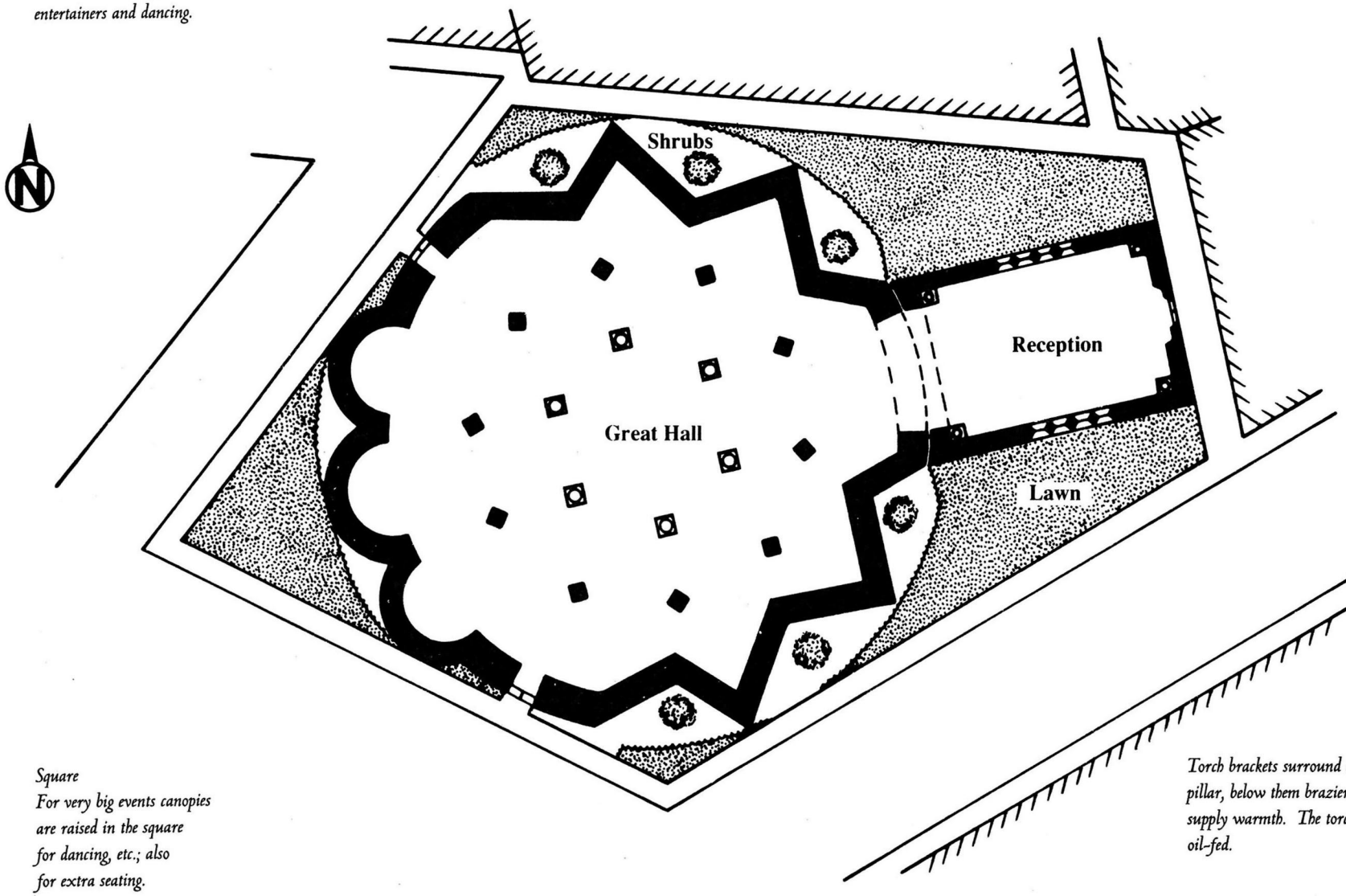
10.3.5 GREAT HALL OF THE GUARD

On the third level, Cutlers' Street opens out into a broad place between the Rambaro Kalarómen (S. "Rambarad Celerúnen") and the Great Hall of the Guard (S. "Belegrond Tirith"). The Great Hall is a splendid building built on a circular plan incorporating a multisected vaulted dome-like main structure and a square reception room. An adjacent building is staffed by the families of men in the Citadel Guard who keep the Great Hall and serve there during feasts and gatherings.



The Hall can seat 700 guests at most. If there are fewer, there is more room for entertainers and dancing.

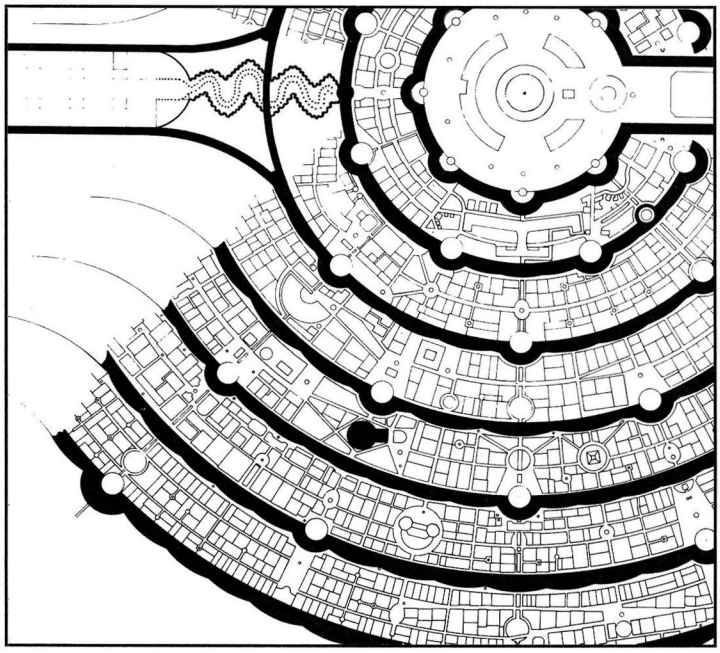
Once a month each company dines here (with wives & children) and have guests.



Square
For very big events canopies are raised in the square for dancing, etc.; also for extra seating.

Torch brackets surround every pillar, below them braziers to supply warmth. The torches are oil-fed.

Food for great feasts is cooked elsewhere and brought in carts and trolleys, kept warm on stoves in the alcoves.



Great Hall of the Guard

Once a month each Company of the Guard holds a feast here. The men and their families gather and dine in good style amidst varying entertainments, including players, music, dancing, minstrels, story tellers, and the like. Occasionally there are other, larger events held here which spill outside to the canopies and pavilions erected in the adjoining square. Beneath delicate lanterns that sway like nightworms glowing in the dark, the warriors and their kin feast on food brought forth in carts and covered trolleys from the kitchens of the Cooks' Fellowship.

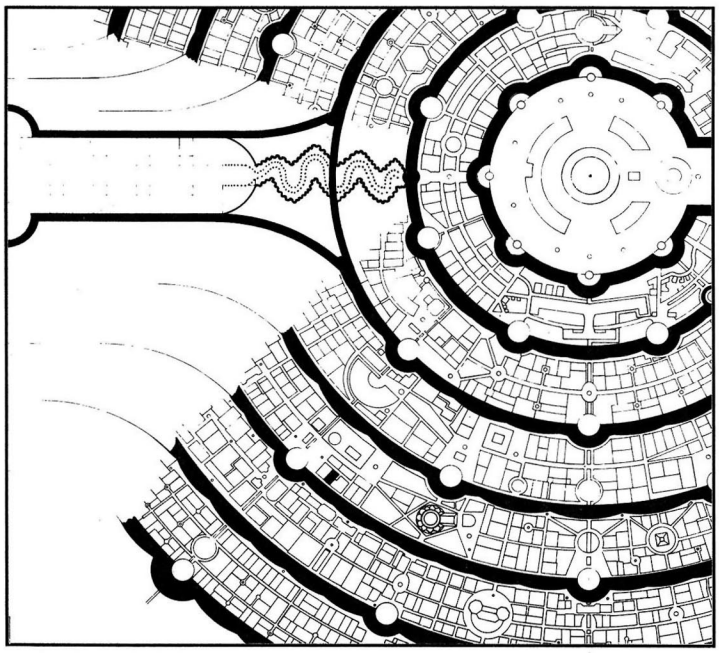
The Hall is constructed from the limestone and marble that typifies buildings in Minas Anor. Polished marble flagstones cover the floors. The massive construction of the main hall reachs up some 36' in height, and is supported by two rings of pillars (one of six, one of twelve). There are no windows in the walls of the Great Hall; instead, the eighteen pillars are each ringed with six special torches, all constantly fed by small oil reserves. There are also torches mounted at approximately twelve foot intervals around the walls. Together, these flames provide a bright illumination. Mounted braziers hang below half of the torches, and each is lit when it is cold so as to circulate warmth throughout the Hall. The banners of the four Companies and other standards of the King's Army adorn the walls between these braziers.

The reception room is much lower and less massively built. Windows punctuate both walls and a statue representing the four Companies of the Guard occupies each corner. An honor guard and the hosts for a Company's celebratory daymeal—typically the commander, captains, and wives —usually gather in the chamber by midday. Racks and tables stand on either side of the room for guests to leave their arms, cloaks, and other belongings, and the neighboring serving tables permit easy access to the plethora of drinks offered by the staff.

The Great Hall itself can seat up to 700 guests. Generally, though, there are fewer people, so that there is ample room for entertainers and dancing. Much of the furniture is temporary and stored in the building across the way. Some of the permanent items are massive and used only by certain exalted visitors, such as members of the royal family. Other permanent features include the stone-built stoves in the alcoves, where food is kept warm.

Surrounding the exterior of the Hall is a lawn and carefully tended and trimmed beds of leafy shrubs, mostly azaleas and junipers. There are also six larger trees of a species rare in Middle-earth, a variety which has pale, round leaves that turn silver in the autumn and drop off in rustling drifts like snow in winter. They are called Losselótë in the Quenya tongue, which means snowflower, and Mithengwern (S. "Turning Silver-grey") in the language of the Grey-elves and local residents.

Jerriad the Sharp's



10.3.6 JERRIAD THE SHARP'S

Jerriad the Sharp is a master weaponsmith of the Cutlers' Fellowship. He has a great interest in weapons in general, not just in those he makes, and he delights in repairing and restoring old, or even antique, tools of combat (especially swords). Jerriad collects old swords and other blade weapons but he still finds time to indulge his other passion in life: birds. An aviary occupies much of the loft of this house, enabling him to keep a collection of various birds from different lands.

Jerriad's family is not large; however the house is big enough to have some spare rooms to let as lodgings. Adventurers occasionally rent these well-kept chambers, and Jerriad delights in entertaining explorers.

The building is an old one, albeit in good condition. Its bare stonework is kept clean and handsome. It is also well organized, for the residence is insulated and isolated from the smithy in the rear. Divided from the house by a tunnel of round arches, the smithy retains its distinct character as a place of business. The roof of the house is of particular interest, being tiled with slates of a greenish hue, almost like fish scales.

Ground Floor

The entrance to Jerriad's house is at the top of a short flight of steps (#1) set into the front wall. Of worn, greying limestone, these aging steps seem to grow out of the residence. The front door is a solid wooden door on which a heavy sword has been mounted as a doorknocker. The door is secured with iron bolts and opens onto a vestibule that is separated from the hallway into rest of the house by a curtain. A plain wooden door opens off the vestbule to a retail shop (#2). The shop houses many individual cases, each hewn from a plain, teak-colored wood. Lined with cloth, they display a variety of weapons: examples of both custom work and more standard examples. Most of the cases are locked and are bolted to the wall; the front window is guarded by very secure bars.

Note: *The locks, like those on the house's outer door, are very hard (-20) to pick. This security is necessary, for all Jerriad's work commands a premium. He can make special weapons using nonstandard materials for a +5 or even +10 bonus, or which weigh less, or which are sufficiently valuable to be enchanted (for example, set with appropriate gems or metals).*

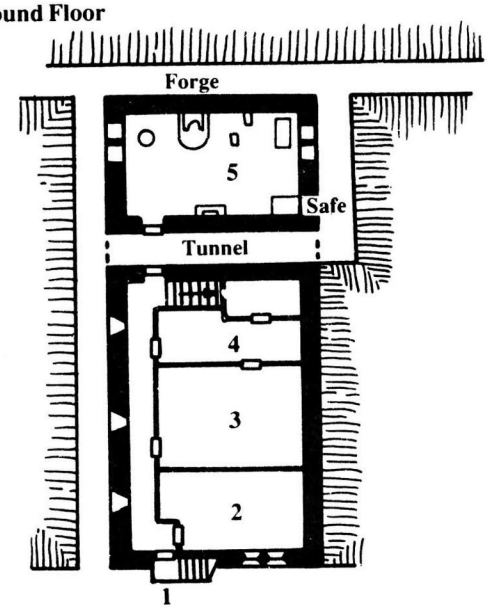
The living rooms on the ground floor include a dining and dayroom (#3). This chamber has enough room to seat all the family and guests of the house, and is pleasantly furnished with carved wood panels and framed embroidery pictures. Two wooden wheel-shaped candelabras hang from the bossed ceiling to provide light, while smaller candlesticks of a pale, gilded wood are fitted to the walls. A shapely and antique wooden casket with beaten silver clasps and panels (itself worth several hundred gp) holds an exquisite silver dinner service for 24 persons. This array is very valuable, and may even date back to Númenórean times.

The rest of the floor contains the kitchen (#4), a small but busy room with a store located off one side that holds all the utensils and supplies needed by the household. Jerriad is rich enough to be able to afford to buy already-prepared food from various Cooks' establishments, so his servants are rarely busy.

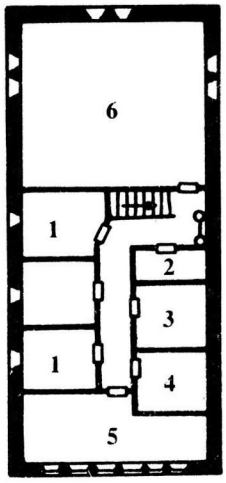
Down a few steps from the side passage is the back door, which opens out onto the tunnel that sunders the main house from the smithy. This passage protects the rear entry from the elements, as well as from the smithy itself.

The smithy (#5) is generally a hot and even steamy place. A massive forge surrounded by racks of tools, cooling troughs, and smelting crucibles dominates the far wall of this work area and produces an inordinate amount of dry heat. Jerriad's stone workbench, much pitted and scarred from years of use, occupies a corner of the smithy.

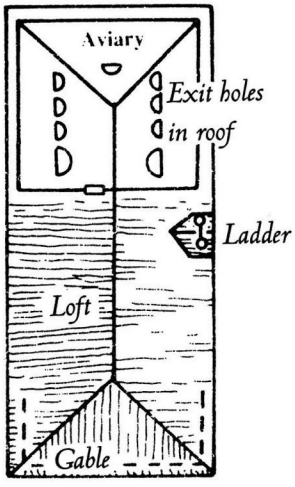
Ground Floor



First Floor



Second Floor



Jerriad is master weaponsmith. He not only makes excellent weapons, he also repairs old (even antique) ones. His collection is well displayed and cleverly guaarded - each item has a trace of scent which his trained birds can follow!

His tools and implements, each with its own highly specific use, hang from the stone walls. There are also some torch holders, for the forge is a gloomy place lit only by the forge's dim fires. Beside the door is a large bin of coal and charcoal for the forge (different fuels for different temperatures).

In another corner is a stone safe Made from a very hard volcanic rock, it has a magic lock.

Trap: *The lock can only be disengaged by the insertion of Jerriad's own dagger (a +15 weapon with a mithril spike), which fits into a certain slot. What appears to be a keyhole is in fact a trap. Anyone tampering with it will be struck by a hail of iron spikes that spring out of perforations in the vaulting above the safe. Victims of this clever trap receive 2-20 +25MHo attacks.*

The safe contains special materials (such as mithril, adarcer, borang, gold and silver) and other items of great value, such as gemstones and enchanted objects to be included in the fashioning of blades. At any given moment, Jerriad keeps a couple of such weapons in the safe.

Jerriad's son Pathirad serves as the smithmaster and Jerriad's sole assistant A good-natured man in his thirties who still learning the deepest intricacies of swordcrafting, Pathirad is tall, lean, and quiet.

First Floor

A single staircase ascends to the first floor, which contains three lodging rooms (#1). These bedchambers are suitable for one or two persons, and are comfortably, if not elaborately, furnished. Each has beds, cupboards, lamps, wall hangings, and rugs, and all are provided with the necessary linens. Guests share the use of the bath chamber (#2) with the family.

Jerriad's elderly mother and mother-in-law reside together in one bedchamber (#3). Both are seldom seen outside the house, and spend much of their time in the dayroom, reading or sewing.

Jerriad has four children. His eldest son is estranged and left the city some years ago. Pathirad, his younger boy, shares a bedchamber (#4) with his sister Perelenna. She is approaching thirty, however, and is betrothed to a promising young man in the Tilers' Fellowship, so this arrangement is quite temporary. Perelenna is often away, for she goes off and stays with her intended's family from time to time. Pathirad has no great interest in women since the death of a girl he loved (but never spoke of) in the Plague four years ago.

Jerriad and his wife Ilmarien enjoy a splendid bedchamber (#5). At the moment they are also sharing it with a recent addition to the family, a baby daughter born very late in lives of two very happy people. The rear wall of the chamber is lined with bookshelves crammed with hundreds of books. These are quite diverse, since Jerriad's interests cover bladesmithing and keeping birds, while his wife enjoys Elvish lays and poetry and stories of the Valar. (Ilmarien is a member of the Scribes' Fellowship.)

The front window of the master bedroom has an upper section of stained glass that depicts many types of birds. These panes are fairly new, having been specially commissioned by Jerriad a few years ago. A number of fine plum and wine-colored drapes adorn the window, which admits little light. The bedchamber is instead primarily illuminated with small oil-fed lamps of bronze, copper and brass. One is especially well-wrought, with superb enamelling and a shade carved from rock crystal. The baby's cot is also quite valuable, its wooden carving having survived over two hundred years.

The other room on this floor is at the rear and houses Jerriad's magnificent collection of blades (#6). These are arranged in open cases, mostly with custom-built wooden or metal mountings; they are dusted regularly.

Note: *Other than being fixed in place with loops of steel, the blades are (apparently) unprotected. However, Jerriad has a number of trained exotic birds. This southern variety of crow has dazzling blue plumage under its wings and, more notably, can smell extremely well. Each of the blades is treated with a scent generally undistinguishable to the human nose, but which, if a weapon was stolen, the birds could pick up easily and trace.*

The blades displayed here range from orkish scimitars and shortswords to anketa (enkit) of the Second Age. The collection includes: enchanted weapons bought from dubious sources that may have once been part of a barrow-hoard; sparkling, bright swords of the Elves, lined with silver and gems; and eketa (ikit) crafted in Umbar and set with pearls. Jerriad also owns huge Northman brocs made of solid iron, with hilts of wound brass wire; stabbing seaxes of the native Eriadorians; and wickedly thin and sharp Easterling usrievs, all etched with bizarre symbols.



The blade treasury room measures some 25' x 26' and houses a fortune in weapons. A variety of visitors come here to view the collection, but the occasional thieves are always mysteriously exposed and the blades invariably return to their rightful owner.

Attic

The space beneath the roof of the house is reached by a ladder mounted against a wall near the stairs of the first floor. The space is low (only 5' high inside) and mostly used for odd storage. The rear of the house is given over to an aviary. None of the birds are caged or kept in, and there are numerous holes of different sizes for them to get in and out. Jerriad knows how to treat them well and does not need bars.

The aviary is home to various species, from small, budgerigar-like birds to larger ones, such as the southern crows mentioned above. Almost all of them are colorful in one way or another. Ilmarien also enjoys the birds, and the family makes a small profit selling the splendid feathers to be used as quills and decorations.

10.4 FOURTH LEVEL

10.4.1 MYALL'S VITRINE

Myall's Vitrine is a most peculiar structure of recent origin. An eccentric Sage with special interests in the magic arts and alchemy, Myall successfully persuaded a patron of his to grant him land on the Fourth Circle of the city. Here, he built the marvelous and eccentric Vitrine.

The Stonewrights' Fellowship erected a pedestal or plinth some ten feet high and twenty-five feet across and, when this was done to his satisfaction, Myall got the Ironsmiths to construct a six-pillared framework that rose another twenty-seven feet. As it was completed, speculation gripped the whole city as to what Myall was planning: was it a large tent? a wooden hut to be built doubly raised off the ground? a madman's folly?

All became apparent some days later. A mysterious veil of darkness shrouded the pedestal for three nights and days. During this time, Calarhir, an Elven Glasswright from Caras Celairnen on the river Lhûn, fashioned a massive cylinder of glass with 5" thick walls and an internal diameter of 8'. His molders wrapped the heated tube around the iron framework in a spiral resembling that of a whelk. The crowning element of Myall's design and Cararhir's craftsmanship was a 20' diameter double (nested) sphere. Perched atop the iron supports, was created to appear to be a single globe, so closely is the inner sphere fitted within the outer, but Myall contemplated an important two inch gap between the two layers of glass.

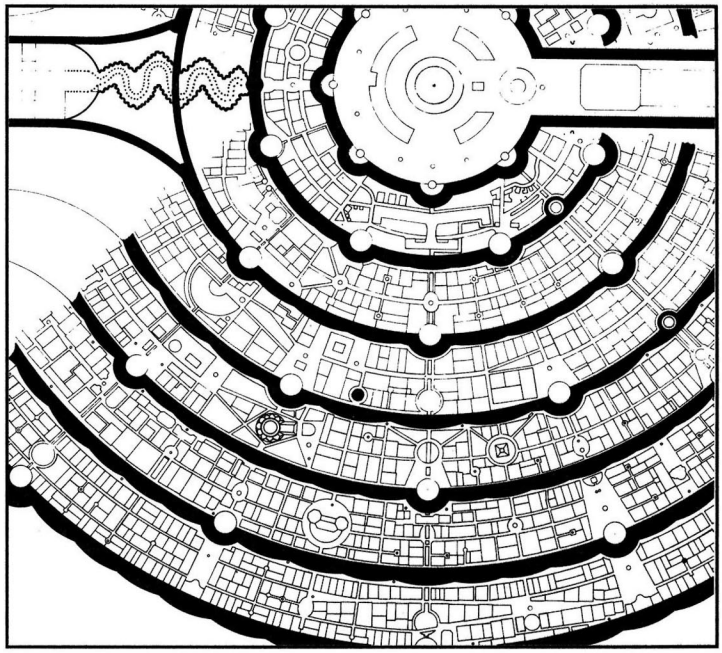
Ironsmiths, Glassblowers, Waterwrights, and Woodwrights added the finishing touches to this bizarre construct, fitting doors, steps, drains in the iron supports, furniture, the large bookshelves, and a central column with a hollow core to supply water. Myall had also commissioned a special chandelier from the Lampwrights. When all was done he took up residence in the glass tower, which has become known as the Vitrine. Most folk still think he's mad—totally, and utterly, mad.

Stone Pedestal

The base of the Vitrine (#1) is made of a pure, dark marble. Unveined, it has a smooth, blue-grey color and a circular design that arches outward as it ascends. Its double door (#2) is of special construction: alternating diagonal bands of lebethron and mithrorn wood (respectively black and greyish) secured by silvered steel hinges. There is no lock, for the door only opens at the command of Myall, or those to whom he entrusts the Word of Opening.

Trap: *An inscription in ithildin (an enchanted metal which glows in star or moonlight) provides a false Word of Opening. Those who utter it may enter but find themselves, once in the glass tube, in an endless spiral, walking around and around. If they turn round to try and descend, they find themselves perched precariously on the roof of a nearby building, chosen at random.*

Inside the pedestal, a spiral stone stair (#4) winds round to its top. The surface of the pedestal is walled in by the glass between the iron supports (#3)—either the glass of the tube, or flat sheets. The platform is bare and unfurnished; however, there may be lamps hung on hooks on the iron frame. Otherwise, they are used as coathooks.



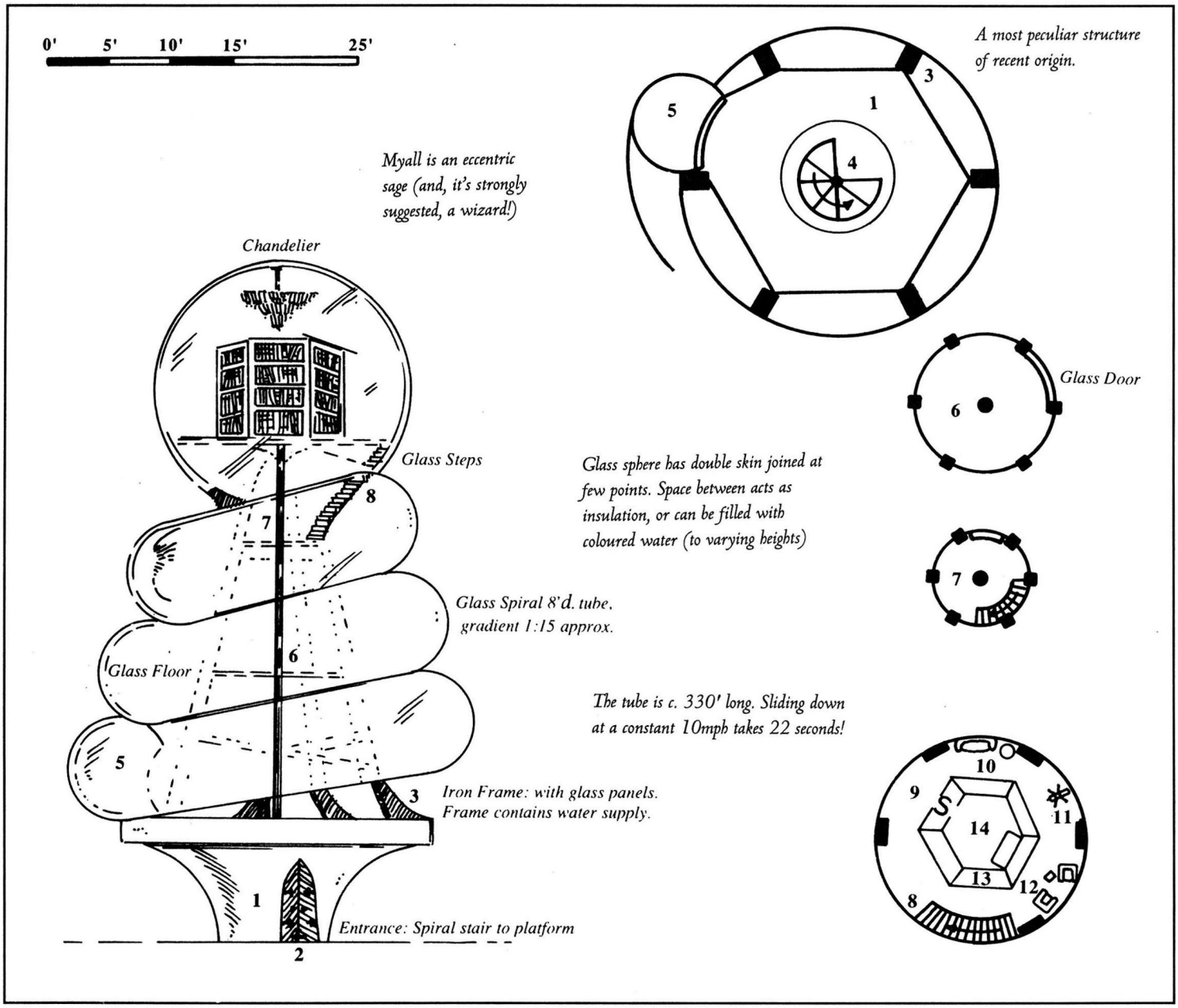
Myall's Vitrine

Middle Section

There are two intermediate floors between the pedestal and the upper sphere. Both are linked by the glass tube (#5), which is angled at about 1:15. The tube has an overall length of 330' and is completely smooth; but there is normally a magical aura of friction upon its surface, so that it becomes much easier to walk up. Myall can control the aura by concentrating; thus unwanted guests may find themselves sliding down unceremoniously. Some people claim to have seen the Sage himself gleefully descending, slipping along with a smile, while others claim to have even seen him sliding up the tower!

A simple open arch leads through to the tube from the stone platform. Part way up, there are circular glass doors onto the other floors. The first (#6) is a room about 10' across, furnished with a table and several chairs, with decorative statuettes placed around the perimeter—these also being cunningly disguised lamps. Myall can use this as a more formal meeting place and occasionally entertain guests with dinner here. The furnishings are very high quality and ornamented.

The second floor (#7) is placed at the narrowest point of the iron framework. Its door is inscribed with flowing letters of Fëanorian script, in an archaic form of Quenya; they indicate that to open the door it should be rotated to the right and the word "Edro" spoken. The room is bare, but for three glass sculptures and a flight of glass stairs affixed to the walls (#8) that ascends to the sphere above. In the iron supports there are valves controlling the drainage of water from the sphere (see below).



Myall's Vitrine

Upper Sphere

The floor of the room in the sphere (#9) is 17' across, the domed ceiling rising to 14' at the center. The room is built around the central bookshelves (#13) and forms a hexagon. Around the outside is some seating (#10), with a sofa and a low table, a telescope (#11), a pair of armchairs (#12), and a number of troughs holding small potted plants. Beside one of these troughs is a control valve. This allows water to flow up the central iron conduit, through channels in the glass floor, and to the gap between the inner and outer spheres. The valve is also connected to a small copper vessel which may be filled with dye; in this way the water can be colored so that when it fills the space between the spheres, it acts as a sort of curtain. The water can be quickly drained away down the iron framework. (See #7 above.) Myall buys a supply of various different dyes from the Clothwrights.

The bookshelves conceal a private study (#14). This hexagonal room is also lined with books. A secret door opens in one of the shelf-sections, its mechanism hidden behind a heavy book (a dictionary of the Rhovanion tongue). In the study is a desk stuffed with manuscripts and special tomes, including many spell books for Mages and other Essence spellcasters. Unless employed by Myall, a small cache of powerful items is stored here:

— **Hooked Staff of Wizardry:** Made of dír-wood, it acts as a +7 spell adder (for Essence), improves RRs against Essence magic by +30, and continually casts *Detect Essence* spells.

— **Magic Crystal of Revelations:** A 3" hexagonal crystal mounted in a mithril band, it casts *Delving* 2x/day and *Observe* 3x/day.

— **Robe:** Made entirely of tiny, interwoven beads on threads, it is enchanted and protects the wearer as unencumbering chain armor (AT 16). It lso adds +20 DB, and can cast *Sudden Light* 1x/day.

— **Book of Lore:** When read, the book adds 2 ranks to the reader's Read Runes ability (once per person) and teaches techniques which add +5 to Base Spells and Directed Spells abilities. In addition, the text can be consulted like an *Item Analysis I* spell (usable once for any item).

— **Emerald brooch:** The brooch will *Dispel* any mind-affecting spell cast at the wearer that fails a RR versus a 20th level attack.

— **Chalice:** A relic of the royal house of Númenor, it is made of a special alloy that magically combines gold, platinum, and adamant. The chalice is set with gems so pure they glow with their own light. It has no known magical properties, except that the drinker is said to succeed in every wish and thought (which can almost precipitate one's worst fears). It is inconceivably valuable.

10.4.2 OFFICE OF ESTATES

The Office of Estates is both a building and a department of the royal administration, the one housing the other. While the building has stood for several centuries, it was formerly a guesthouse and was only recently requisitioned for the Office. It has a stately charm, although its age is showing. Built under the wall between the fourth and fifth levels on Coopers' Street, it has a stone base that forms the lower half of the ground floor, wooden walls, and vaulting with a timber colonnade along the front of the recessed half. Small gardens and a rather stunted tree have been planted behind the Office, but they poorly maintained by the current occupants.

When the Office took over the building, it was completely gutted. Only the supporting pillars and floors and the splendid period staircase remain as they were originally conceived. Most of the space has now been converted into narrow shelving and storage space, or cubicles for the accommodation of clerks. The Office of Estates is noted for its love of paperwork, administrative detail, pedantry, and bureaucracy.

Ground Floor

The exterior of the building is rather fusty and not too clean. Its stonework is pitted and grubby, while its woodwork is worn and nicked. Constructed of a pale limestone and light-colored timber, the structure now has a greyish ochre hue. The painted yellow painted shutters on the windows are also dusty and a few hang loosely, their hinges askew.

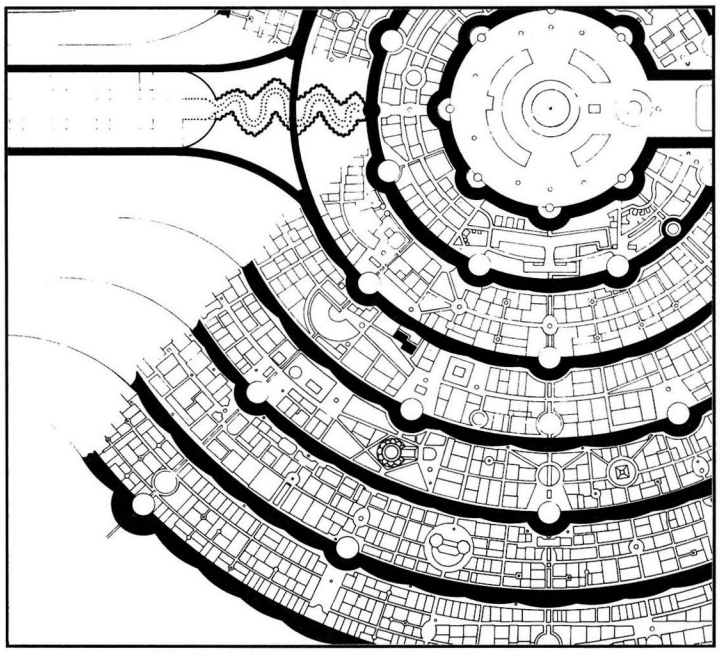
The most interesting feature of the building's facade is the once-splendid arcade (#1) that supports part of the upper story. The timber pillars are square but deeply carved with decorative panels depicting various native flowers in a stylized fashion. Similar panels adorn the solid wooden double doors (#2) that comprise the main entrance. Locked at night, the doors are always guarded by a watchman or a reception clerk (#3). (The lock is hard, -10, to pick.) The clerk's desk is usually neat and tidy, since he has little to do other than proffer directions, ring the time bells, and be unhelpful to visitors.

The entrance lobby extends forward and to the right of the clerk's desk. Here there are some shelves containing reference texts, situated around four large rectangular pillars of carved wood.

Very persuasive visitors may be taken to see Caranlain, whoseoffice (#4) is located to the right—past a small stationery store and the elegant polished wood staircase to the first floor. The office is manically tidy, for Caranlain is an obsessive organizer. His appearance is always precise and his speech clipped and definite. He never repeats himself and generally acts in an obstreperous manner to anyone who actually wants him to do anything. Caranlain can think of at least a dozen reasons why he is too busy now, and will be for the indefinite future.

Note: *If visitors insist, Caranlain will ask them ten to twenty quick questions, to which full answers in writing must be given. If the challenges are met and the visitors return with them, he will start picking the answers to pieces. Indeed, the only way for adventurers to get anything done in the Office is to bypass Caranlain—either through one of the clerks (risky, if he/she gets caught by Caranlain) or over his head to Romer who is, unfortunately, usually absent.*

Beside the office is a simple bathroom (#5). Most of the rest of this floor is occupied by 37 cubicles (#6). These are walled off by 6' high wooden panels, undecorated except for the odd scrap of parchment tacked up as a reminder of some official procedure or rule. In each is a desk and a chair or stool, and the clerk that works there.



Office of Estates

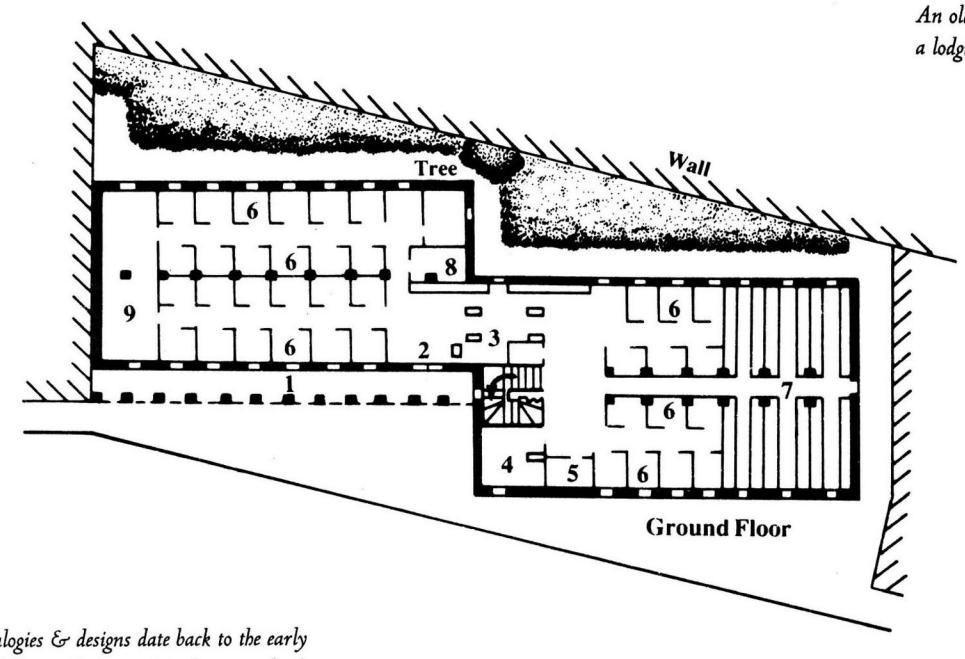


Office of Estates

The Office as a whole is responsible for keeping records of the large estates of Gondor: who owns them, how they are kept, who will inherit them, and who is responsible for them at different levels. Much of the land in Gondor is held by a complicated system of subtenancy and enfeoffment. It all technically belongs to the King, but some is granted more or less wholly to various Princes. Below them are Lords and Knights (S. "Requain"), who may hold from one to a score (or more) individual estates—some from the King, others from Princes. In turn, the Lords may divide up their lands and give some to their supporters.

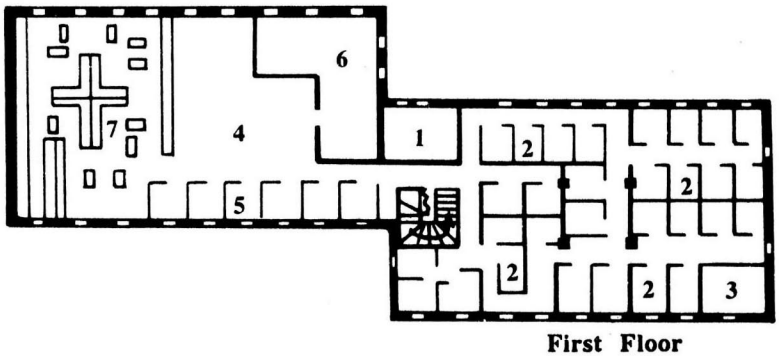
All land titles are held, at least in duplicate, here in the Office of Estates, along with records of the families of all those who hold or have held land. This genealogical information is also used for other purposes and must be continually updated. Contiguous with it is information on the devices and symbols used by families and individuals to mark themselves out, especially heraldic devices used in war. There are complex regulations governing the use of such devices, so as to avoid replication and the abuse of a family's name, title, or design. These regulations and their continual reenactment keep the Office's small army of Scribes and clerks busy year-round.

An old wooden building, formerly a lodging house.



Genealogies & designs date back to the early Second Age. Clerks working here copy books & designs; process wills in probate; check claims and counter-claims; give out information; receive notification of births, deaths & marriages in noble house; etc., etc.

Romer, King's Herald, is seldom here. Caranlain is in charge on a day-to-day basis.



Elegant wooden carvings; the staircase is especially notable



The yards of shelving in the East Library (#7) are primarily connected with genealogies. Rolled inside tubes for safekeeping, family trees are kept on special parchment and cloth scrolls which can be easily extended when necessary. There are over 10,000 such scrolls here, in racks some 7' tall. Many are very old, unused and untouched for many years. The Scribes at this end of the building mostly deal with news of recent births, deaths, and marriages, adding those that reach the Office to the official scrolls. They also handle requests for information on families, assuming Caranlain can be circumvented.

Clerks dealing with the generally more complicated realm of inheritance sit at the other (west) end of the Office. Overseen by Caranlain's deputy Perelindrë, an elderly half-Dúnadan woman with a monumental memory, they check the claims and counter-claims of inheritors. Most of their labor is devoted to processing wills, bequests, and testamentary dispositions.

Perelindrë is responsible for the splendid organization of her section's records, and has a virtually empty office (#8), occupied only by a table, comfortable chair, heating brazier, and supplies of her favorite drink: heated milk with oatmeal, caramel, and a drop or seven of cúlunor (a cordial made from ginger and orange). She wears somewhat dull clothes, being unconcerned with her appearance, but proudly displays a magnificent gold and pearl brooch given to her by a former King who valued her years of sterling work. (The brooch is worth 350gp.)

The clerks working here frequently need to consult the records and reference tomes in the West Library (#9).

Note: *Without a six-month training period, the library "filing system" Perelindrë has devised is virtually unfathomable, and it requires a successful (Absurd) static maneuver in order to discover any particular document or piece of information.*

At one end of this library is a locked and reinforced cabinet containing "delicate" material deriving from the most important noble houses. Both Perelindrë and Caranlain have keys to the cabinet, which is always kept locked. (The lock is extremely hard, -30, to open.)

At the rear of the building are some tatty gardens. Now mostly just overgrown shrub borders with a dying fruit tree in the middle, they are basically ignored. Buried in one of the beds is the five year-old corpse of a murdered thief.

First Floor

At the top of the staircase is an imposing door with gold leaf on relief designs of a chariot coming through the waves. This leads to the office of Romer, the King's Herald (#1). He is seldom here.

The office is expensively appointed with giled lamps and opulent ornamentation. Bookshelves line the walls, housing Romer's personal collection, a gathering of rare but somewhate useless volumes. A well-stocked cupboard containing bottles of various fine wines and spirits, a collection of curios from Mordor (fairly tasteless), and several large, embroidered wall complete the decor.

At the eastern end of the floor there are another 30 cubicles (#2) for clerks and Scribes, who working on different things, including copying frequently-used texts. (Gondor has no printing technology, so all books are copied by hand, usually by members of the Scribes' Fellowship.) Most of these clerks have little need to consult the mass of documents stored downstairs, so they maintain their own store of stationery and reference works (#3).

The eastern end of this floor is the domain of Caranlain's arch-enemy Lalquell. Lalquell obtained his position from his old friend Romer and has never gotten on with the head of the Office. Soon after the Office moved to Minas Anor, Lalquell joined the Artists' Fellowship, just to annoy his conservative superior. Now he has command of the artists and designers of the heraldic section.

Canvases, easels, and special desks for drawing occupy a large open space (#4) where six to ten artists work at any given time. They are joined by the six clerks who have cubicles (#5) here. Between them they compile manuals on the devices and symbols in current and ancient use, referring to those already completed and stored in the Design Library (#6). The multitude of designs, some dating back to Númenórean times, amount to a staggering testament to Adan history. Carefully copied on request, these designs are worked into tapestries, embroideries, articles of clothing, painted or enameled shields and other war gear, carpets and tiles, and other household decorations. Some designs even end up in stained glass windows, cups and plates, saddlery, carts and specially-planted flower gardens.

Beyond the artists' area is the Cataloging Room (#7), which is lined with indexing books. Further shelves divide the room into eight work spaces, suited to the clerks who work here. Their desks are little more than ornate tables with worn tops that betray many years of work. Their crammed books are full of biographies, historical notes, and records of the Office's business. More importantly, some document records about every single fief in Gondor, including information about their revenues and production, and their owners over the past eighteen-odd centuries. While not perfect, they are surprisingly complete for many areas.

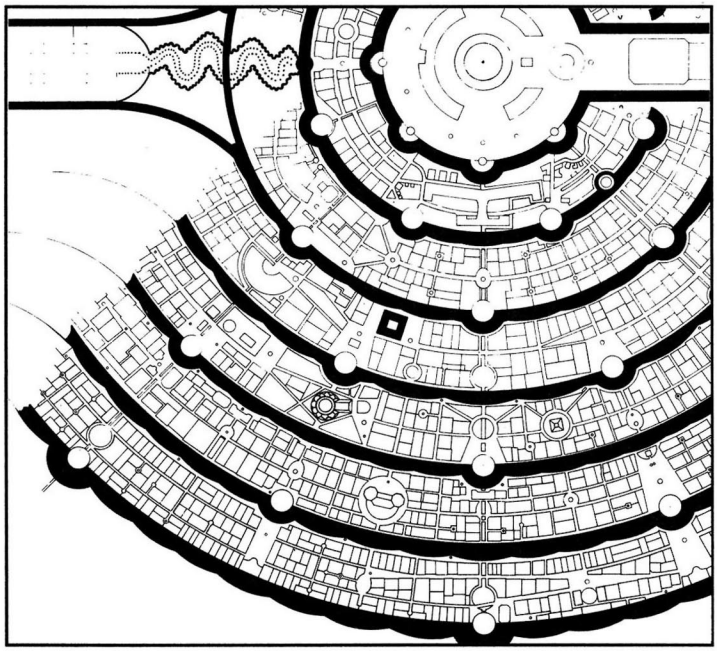
The head cataloger is the dull (one might say terminally boring) Hadluin. Unblessed with a completely nondescript appearance, he has a soft voice which is indistinguishable from the rustle of parchment. His total absorption in work often means that he will spend a good quarter hour laboring before realizing that anyone is talking to him or, in some cases, that someone is even in the same room.

10.4.3 WATERWRIGHTS' HALL

Waterwrights' Hall

The Waterwrights' Fellowship Hall is primarily a meeting place for members of the Fellowship. It has no accommodations except those the servants need to maintain the Hall and provide service for guests. Of course this involves considerable resources, since up to 300 visitors can be entertained in the Hall of Fountains.

The building itself is an exquisite stone structure. Light and lofty, it is faced with white and grey-veined limestone, which has been cut to a smooth, sculptured surface. A wavy design incorporating two bands of bluish stone encircles the entire building. The roof is of blue and white tiles in a pattern of interlocking diamonds, set off with a silver-gilt edging and peak. Inside, the Hall is round-vaulted with slender beams of cut stone, its bare rock polished and inset with patterns of colored alabaster and porphyry. Hangings of blue silk and other rich, thick materials are suspended between the patterns of stone.



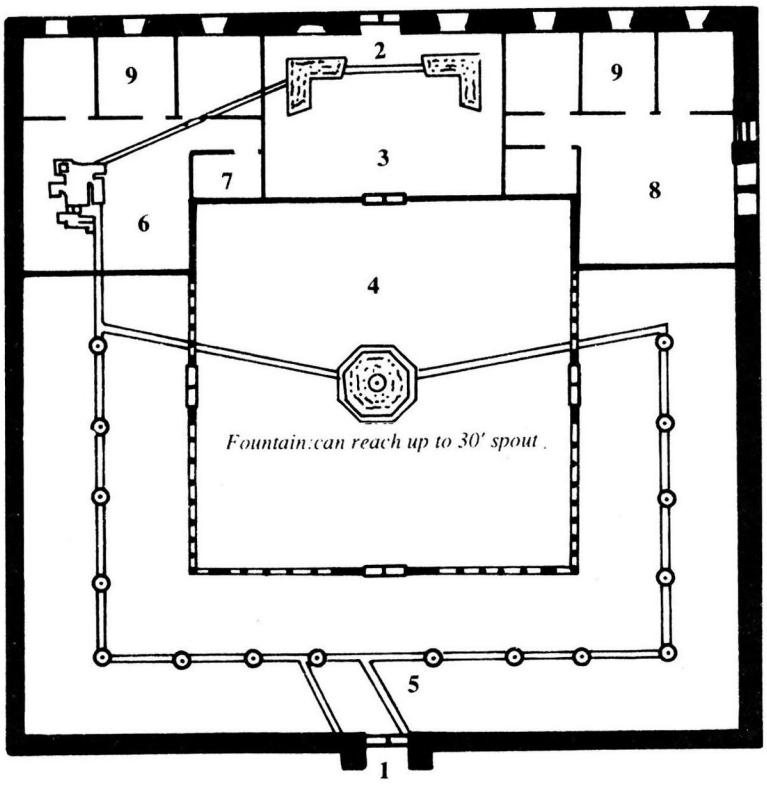
Plan

There are two entrances to the Waterwrights' Fellowship Hall. The more splendid is also least often used; this is the door from Coopers' Street (#1). A tall round-headed arch surrounds double-doors of burnished steel, normally locked from the inside (no way to pick the lock). These are etched with a design symbolising the Waterwrights' business. Flanking the doorway are two fountains in square troughs. These play continuously, and their height can be controlled between 6" and 6'.

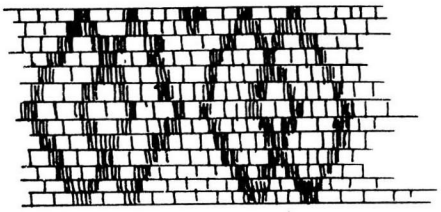
The other door (#2) is off a side street and is less elaborate, being made of wood, although still handsomely carved. It has a normal lock (Medium (+0) to pick). Beyond the 'back' door is the Reception Room (also called the Room of Two Pools, #3). This spacious room accommodates guests gathering for some function in the main Hall; there are padded benches and sideboards for guests to relax and enjoy a glass of mead or wine (or perhaps just simple, clear, sparkling water—for water seems more refreshing and invigorating drunk here). The twin pools are L-shaped and each sports a twisting fountain with a jet around 5' high. Between them is a wide, shallow marble bowl of dark blue color, mounted on an ornate pedestal. During feasts and meetings of the Waterwrights' Fellowship, each member present leaves in this basin his or her own personal token: a piece of wrought metal or stone, recognisably individual. Some members have ostentatious amulets of gold and sapphire or emerald, designed in the shape of mermaids, nymphs and fish; others have worn, carved pebbles, centuries old, passed down through generations of waterwrights.

Through another relief-patterned pair of wooden doors is the central Courtyard (#4) with a paving of mottled blue marble flagstones, shaded from very pale through to a light turquoise. In the middle of this splendid arena is an octagonal pool formed of perfectly jointed dark blue marble blocks, its floor of polished obsidian. In the center is a three-tiered fountain standing 7' high, its jets capable of leaping as high as the eaves of the hall roof: some 22'. Surrounding the courtyard are the windows and walls of the Hall of Fountains; there are silver-traced doors in the middle of each wall, thrown open during feasts so that the great fountain can be seen by all, and dancers can promenade out into the courtyard. The windows are round-headed arched colonnades with stained glass in the upper halves depicting a wide variety of water-scenes, from ships upon the Great Sea to trickling woodland streams.

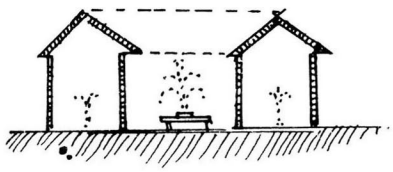
The Hall of Fountains itself (#5) is a magnificent vaulted room surrounding three sides of the courtyard in a U-shape. The dramatic nature of the hall is heightened by the sixteen fountains which play down its center. Around each is set a circular table, with other long tables set down the walls; all in all the Hall seats 300 people. The most powerful and noble figures in the realm have been entertained here and wondered at the splendour of the Waterwrights, not with a little envy, for it outshines most palaces. The fountains are set in shallow collection basins, no more than depressions in the floor, and able to be withdrawn into hollows by a clever water-driven mechanism. The Hall is light and airy, with a combination of blues and creamy-golden colors. The outer walls have no windows, being instead decorated with a series of friezes depicting achievements of the Waterwrights with an 'eternal river' running throughout the whole as theme and thread. There are candelabra of silver and crystal casting bright light across the width of the hall, with reflections and scattered refractions ever dancing over the diners and revellers. At one time it is said that an elevated conduit, on a level with the tables, carried all manner of dishes and delightful draughts down among those dining here. The continuously circulating waters even had tiny yellow fishes swimming in them, and the dishes were carried in gilded wooden boats and coracles. However, one day the



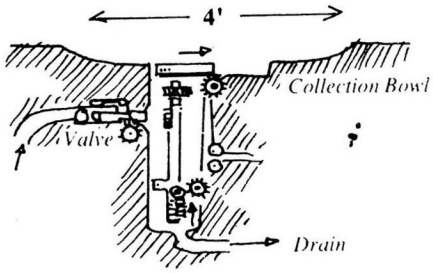
The Hall of Fountains seats 300+ people. The courtyard is also used for entertainments and dancing. Waterworks are controlled from the Pumping Room. A permanent staff of 12 are maintained here.



Roof tiled with interlocking diamonds



Each feeder conduit is double: one to feed the fountain, the other to pass back collected water (drain).



Feeder conduits are accompanied by a high-pressure pipe. This operates a paddle-wheel device to:
(a) slide back covers to fountains
(b) raise the fountains' pipes
(c) open the supply valve

Tables set around the shallow collection bowls.

Prince-President clumsily upset one of these vessels, jamming it across the aqueduct and soon causing a dam to form. The waters, fish and all, soon overflowed, drenching all the royal party. Despite the Prince-President's obvious amusement at the time, the Sluicemaster ordered the dismantling of the conduit and more human waiters were provided for the serving of guests. The fountains were built at that time.

The richness of the furnishings of the Hall is manifest. A splendid service of pewter and silverware, together with fine glass goblets, is stored in cupboards set within the thick outer walls. All the tables and seats, of pale golden beechwood, are also dismountable and can be packed away in special recesses and the pump room. Most of the richness of the Hall is in its own construction: the splendid vaulting, the lamps, the fountains, the wall paintings and so on.

Waterwrights' Fellowship Hall

The rest of the Waterwrights' Fellowship Hall is normally secluded from the view of guests. An important room, the Pump Room (#6), powers all the fountains via a system of underfloor feeder conduits. The complex pumping machines controlling the waterworks are themselves powered by waterwheels. These machines have to be constantly tended by experts whilst in use.

Other rooms in this section of the Hall include two bathrooms (#7) for both guests and staff, and the large kitchens (#8), staffed by hired members of the Cooks' Fellowship when needed. The kitchens are used mostly for the cooking and heating of pre-prepared food, since they are not of a sufficient size to cater for the large number of feasters the Hall can accomodate. Finally there are also six bedchambers (#9), each sleeping two persons, these twelve forming the Hall's permanent staff.

10.4.4 RYND THANNATH

The Rynd Thannath (S. "Halls of Learning") are housed in a venerable building, parts of which date back to the earliest days of Minas Anor. The stone walls are thick, and the narrow windows are grimy with age. Many rooms and passages of the interior are wood-panelled, giving rise to the apocryphal legends of passages within the walls, which all know but none heed. The Halls are divided in two at ground level by a small lane 20' wide. The upper stories are joined by a flying passage that arches from one building to the other.

Within the Halls there are nine lecture rooms, two theaters, the great Scribes' Hall, some twenty-nine offices or studies, and a number of service rooms, storerooms and libraries. There is also a network of connecting secret tunnels.

Note: *The dimensions of these secret tunnels have been exaggerated for clarity's sake on the layouts.*

The main entrances (#1) to the two sections of the Halls face one another on the ground floor level. Each is large and solid, the doors being baulks of timber bound and reinforced with bands of bronze and square-headed nails of copper. Much of the outside of the building, including the doors, is covered with graffiti etched by students of one and a half millenia. (The discerning can find some very famous names inscribed here!)

The East House

The Halls' two halves are known as the East and West Houses. In the East House, the entranceway (#2) is most impressive. A wide corridor flanked by two enormous paintings of former Kings of Gondor (Rómendacil I and Hyarmendacil Ciryaher) leads down to a circular hall with a central pillar supporting delicate fan vaults. White alabaster steps ascend to a landing and split into two staircases that wind up to the first floor. Speckled with green mica and veined with green cuprite stains, the exquisite balusters bespeak an ancient, abiding elegance. Two statues stand opposite the stairs, each portraying a former Master of the Halls. Opening off the entranceway are four offices, given to the most eminent scholars.

The round hall has four double doors, each opening onto a lecture hall (#3). Each chamber is filled with ranks of hard benches for the students that are arranged around a wooden platform raised about 12" off the floor for the lecturer. (Students have no desks; instead, they have to use their own slates and laps.) Much learning here is by rote; that is, memorizing what is said even if comprehension and understanding does not come immediately. One by-product of this system of teaching is that brighter pupils can be recognized and encouraged earlier, assuming they appear at all. Unfortunately, the Halls of Learning are, for the most part, monopolized by the very rich and the titled citizens of Minas Anor. The education of the middle classes rests with the Fellowships.

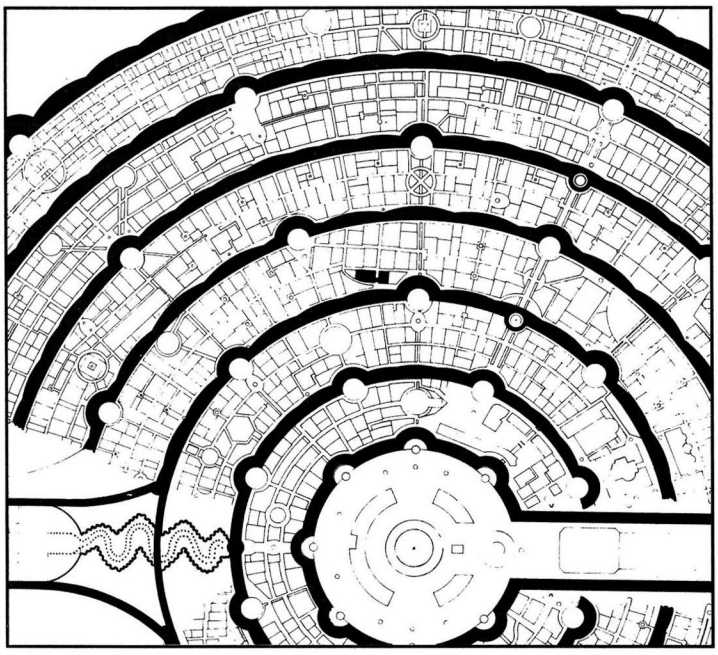
The four lecture halls, together with four offices (#4) belonging to senior staff, form the ground floor of the East House. The offices are used for small tutorials and personal study. Each of these chambers is designed for sole occupancy, owing to the rank of the staff. Wood-panelled, the walls are and lined for the most part with bookshelves. Each is characterized by some unique peculiarities, such as spy-holes, secret doors into other rooms, store rooms for teaching equipment, and so on. The contents vary from the exceedingly valuable to the disgusting, and for the most part conceal some other purpose! For instance, one office has a secret door in a bookcase, behind which is a step-ladder that leads up to a passageway between the walls of the first floor and across the connecting corridor to the first floor of the West House.

The West House

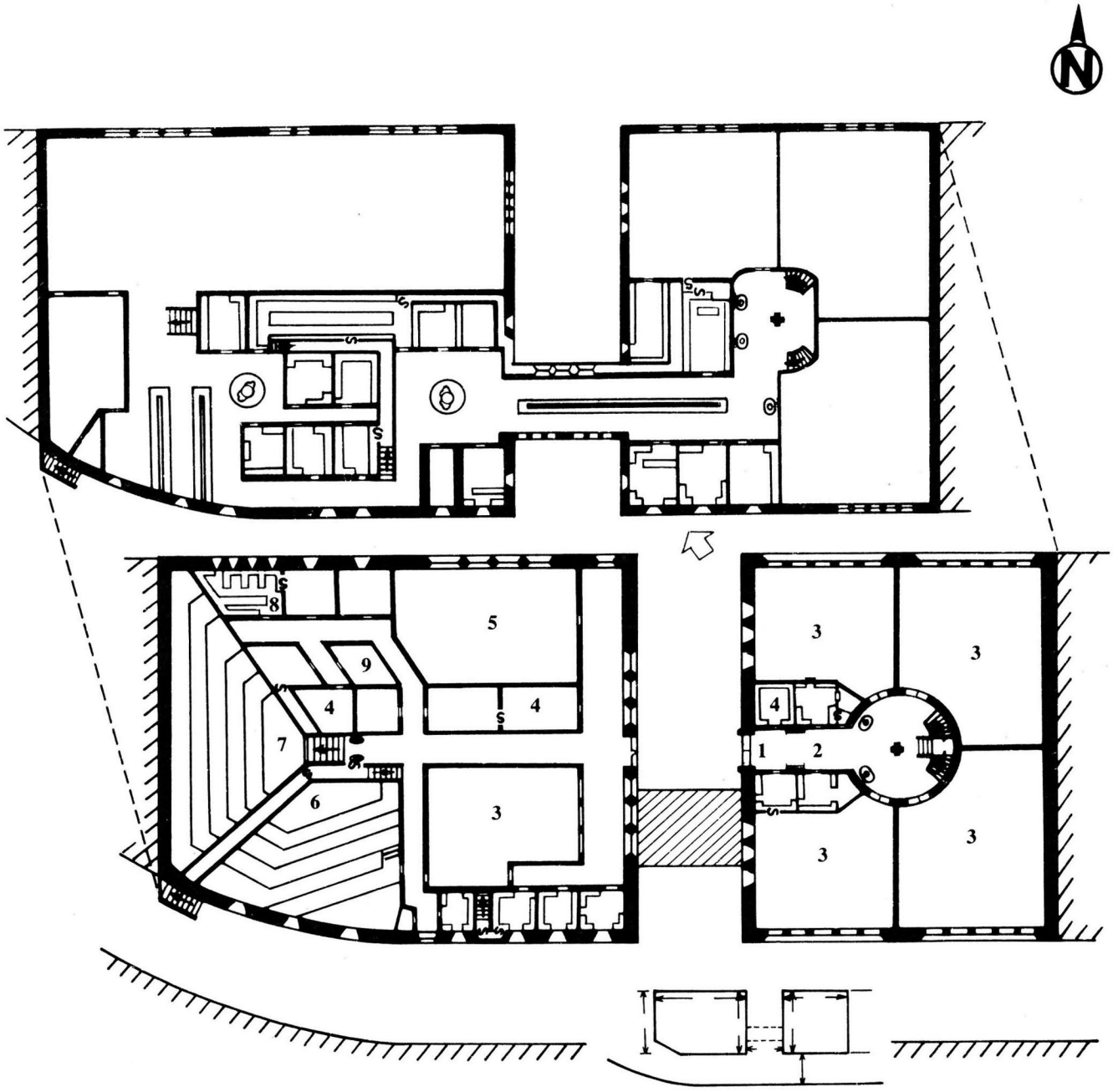
While less overtly impressive, the ground floor of the West House is generally busier than its eastern counterpart. It houses numerous offices (#4), another lecture hall (#3), and a teaching room (#5), the latter well-lit by a wide, fancy, brass-edged window depicting the noble beasts of Gondor and Númenor. A broad stair leads up to the first floor beside the Scribes' Hall.

Two terraced theaters (#6 and #7) occupy the south-western quarter of the ground floor. Both have fixed bench seating on graded wooden terraces that surround, and descend to, a area where the speaker lectures, recites, or sings. Simply appointed as befits hard-used schoolrooms, each theater is a solid, scholarly environment.

A number of secret passages run between the walls, including a secret back exit that opens onto the street just beneath the rear stair that ascends to the kitchen and store on the first floor. Two other concealed halls lead to steps that also rise to the first floor. There floor also contains a library (#8) of special reference works for use mainly by the older students and permanent staff of the Halls, and a bathroom (#9).



Rynd Thannath



Dimensions of the secret passages have been exaggerated for clarity.

Passages only 1-2' wide

9 Lecture Rooms
2 Theatres
Scribes Hall
29 Offices
Lots of shelves, etc. . .

The Upper Floor of the Halls

The upper floors of both Houses are joined. Although similar in construction to the lower floors, they are essentially one unit.

Another three lecture rooms occupy most of the first floor of the East House. They are arranged around the central landing and balcony, which is ornamented with statuary like the entranceway below (see #2). The offices here are larger and shared by two, three, or four staff members (although they are seldom capable of holding them all at once). Crammed with thumbed texts and dog-eared manuscripts, the panelled walls enclose chambers filled with ancient desks of hard, dark wood, all stained with dirt, ink, sweat, beer, and other signs of the decades of toil. The musty smell of papyrus, vellum, leather, and parchment pervades the atmosphere everywhere, but it is strongest in the inner offices where the spring air never reaches.

A corridor bridges the lane between the East and West Houses. It has picturesque stained glass windows, although they are seldom cleaned, and it is centrally divided by a bookcase filled with commonly-used volumes. These works include gazetteers of many regions of northwestern Middle-earth, catalogs of flora and fauna, and primers on language. They may be freely perused by someone in the company of a Scribe. More bookshelves and another small library can be found in the West House (the Rynd Permaith having by far more books), along with more offices, and the dayrooms of the Scribes' Fellowship.

The latter comprise Scribes' Hall and the kitchens. The Hall is magnificent, if not quite to the taste of other Fellowships or Halls in the city. Several windows adorn the great room, but even on the brightest day the little light penetrating the thick glass of the panes seems only to create contrasts that enhance the fundamental gloominess of the place and throw it into sharper relief. The wood panelling around the walls is so dark a brown as to be black. The furnishings are also terribly somber—the floorboards shiny as new-cleaved coal. Massive, heavy candlesticks of wrought iron and pewter hold thick tallow candles whose smoke accretes upon the rafters in many-layered soot. (In spring great chunks are knocked away and swept up to be sprinkled on the gardens of the Healers and herbalists.) The Hall is neither warm nor cold, but its long size makes every point seem distant, and the small pools of light splashed here and there are like fires burning upon a far plain. Narrow trestle tables stretch down into the darkness from the kitchen end.

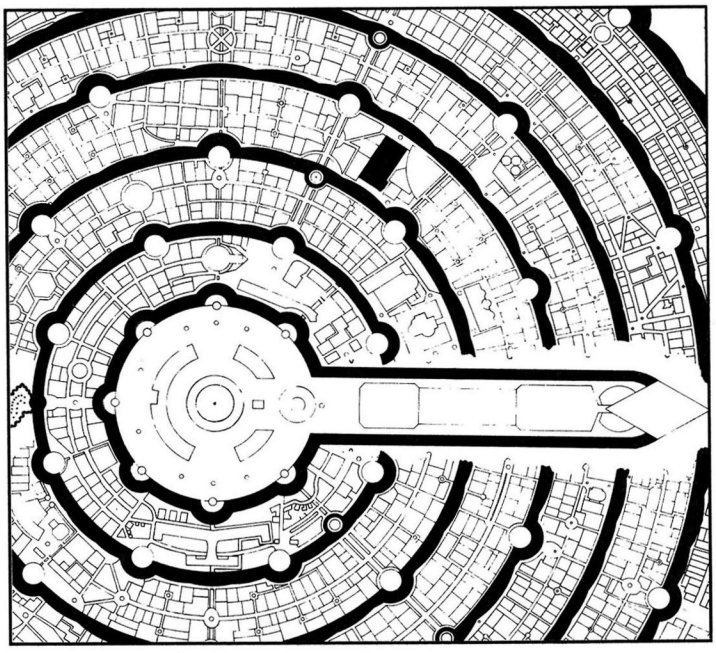
The kitchens themselves, which are adjoined by a small store, are fairly commonplace and well-appointed. The fare is simple and visitors are offered little choice. Fortunately, many dishes are be bought in from the Cooks or Bakers on a regular basis. At lunch there is usually hot soup followed by greens, bread and pie.

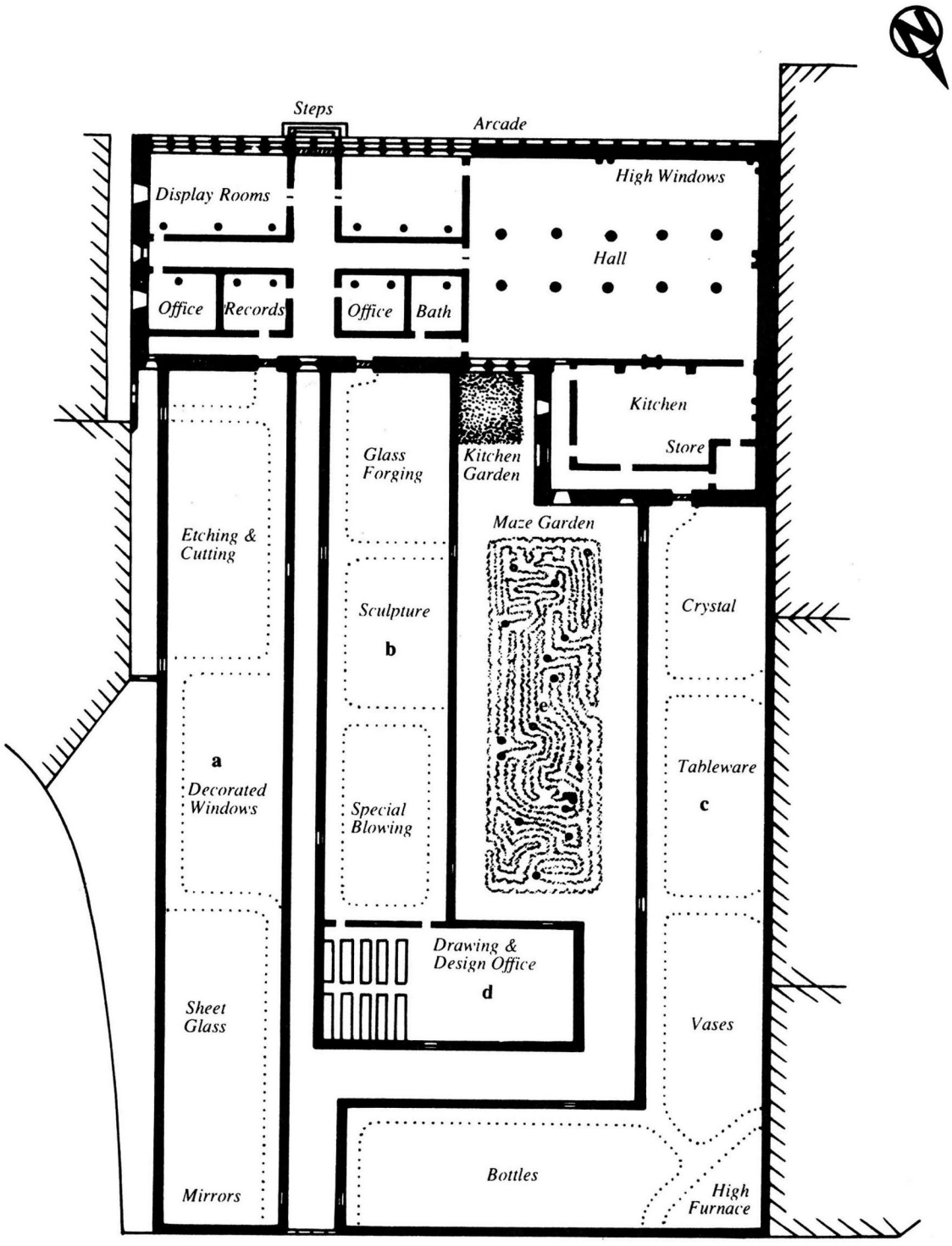
The scholars who work and study here wear a sort of uniform, and can usually be distinguished by their darker, less elaborate clothing. Graduates of the Halls may become Scribes and wear the traditional feather in the hat denoting a man of the quill. Senior members of the Scribes' Fellowship have specially-dyed feathers, while other scholars wear different tokens about their persons. Fellows of the Halls of Learning, be they masters or pupils, are supposed to follow a quiet and sensible code of behavior, although there is no strict discipline. In a society where education is a privilege, even the young are eager to contain themselves in order to learn the magic of knowledge, reading, and writing.

10.4.5 THE GLASSWORKS

Close by the gate between the fourth and fifth circles of the city stands a structure whose colonnaded facade masks fiery workshops where glass is created and shaped. Since the departure of the Elven Mírdain of Eregion, the Glassworks of Minas Tirith have been revered as the finest glazier's atelier in the whole of northwest Endor. Hundreds of men and women are employed in the glass foundry, making every kind of vitreous creation, both the common and the rare, as well as the occasional absurdity.

The Glassworks are the pre-eminent workshops of the Glassmakers' Fellowship. Raw materials are brought from distant places, since the artisans command high prices for their top-quality goods. Sand from shores south of Pelargir, limestone from the western extremities of the White Mountains, and colored stones and other materials from lands north and east provide the media for the Glassmakers' often stunning artistry. Handed down from Númenórean times, the techniques employed are ancient, the exquisite craftsmanship self-evident in even the humblest bottle or hand-cut window pane. Despite the care each piece receives, the Glassworks are famous for their prodigious




Steps
Arcade
Display Rooms
High Windows
Hall
Office
Records
Office
Bath
Kitchen
Store
Glass Forging
Kitchen Garden
Maze Garden
Etching & Cutting
Sculpture
b
Crystal
a
Decorated Windows
Special Blowing
Tableware
c
Drawing & Design Office
d
Sheet Glass
Vases
Bottles
Mirrors
High Furnace

output of fancy tableware and domestic ornament: vases, cups, goblets, sculptures, gewgaws, candleholders, crystal, and stained glass windows.

An arcade of columns, each hung with a perfect crystal-glass lamp, stretches across the facade of the Glassworks. Windows are positioned at two levels, the lower on either side of the door, where they illuminate display rooms. Higher windows, on the right, cast light into the feasting chamber. The lofty front portion of the building—the Hall—is constructed of fine stone, as is its lower annex at the rear, housing the kitchens. Three long wings, each comprised of workshops, extend back from the Hall.

The simple, peaked, vaulted roof of the Hall is supported by the buttressed walls and a double row of cylindrical columns. Display rooms and a grand feasting apartment comprise the main chambers, and within them the columns are faceted with mirrored panes. The display rooms are sparsely appointed, furnished primarily with glass cabinets displaying the finest wares of the Works. The articles exhibited include a sword and shield said to be highly enchanted, a ewer and bowl, a threadwork rose bush, a simple clockwork toy of colored glass, a set of seven decanters and seven goblets, the effigy of a former Princess, and a distorting mask used to hide the Princess' disfigured face during her funeral.

Behind the display rooms runs a high-vaulted corridor with a floor of glass paving stones, each colored and ground to a sand-like finish. Off the corridor lie four square rooms: two offices (both austerely furnished in black wood and bronze), a records chamber, and a bathroom. Each of these rooms is lit by skylights and lamps set within prismed cavities of the great supporting pillars which reach to the roof of the building.

The offices contain two desks, an assortment of low cabinets and scroll racks holding business records, and two scribe's tables. Older records, including all manner of sales ledgers and shop drawings of the magnificent articles produced over the years, are stored in the neighboring chamber, which is staffed by a senior clerk and his four subordinates. Both of the offices boast elegant glassware worth a considerable amount.

GM Note: *Each desk features a locked, concealed bronze compartment which guards petty cash (up to 250 sp). The locks are Very Hard (-20) to pick.*

The Fellowship Hall

The feasting chamber, Fellowship Hall, is magnificent, as befits the home of a respected sodality of the Fourth Tier. Its floor is comprised of crystal clear glass sheets, highly polished and supported by a framework of gilded iron struts. Seven steps of glass, each one color of the rainbow, ascend through the entranceway. A multitude of lamps are lit beneath the floor during feast times. Lanterns set in pillars high above provide additional lighting.

A mural dominates the chamber. The work is entitled 'Mistress of the Red Tower,' after its central character's dwelling place beside the Anduin in northern Anórien. A vast painting of Minas Tirith, measuring seventeen feet wide, eight tall, and said to be the finest depiction of the city ever painted, hangs over the fireplace on the east wall.

Many concealed cupboards, containing the numerous place settings required when the Hall is filled by merry-makers, are tucked within its sturdy walls. The plates, cups, and cutlery are wonders of the glazier's art, all edged with gilt and set with roundels of colored glass in vibrant hues. It seems as if the varicolored petals of a garden of exotic blooms have been scattered on the table when a feast is in progress—even Elves find comfort dining in these surroundings.

The Workshops

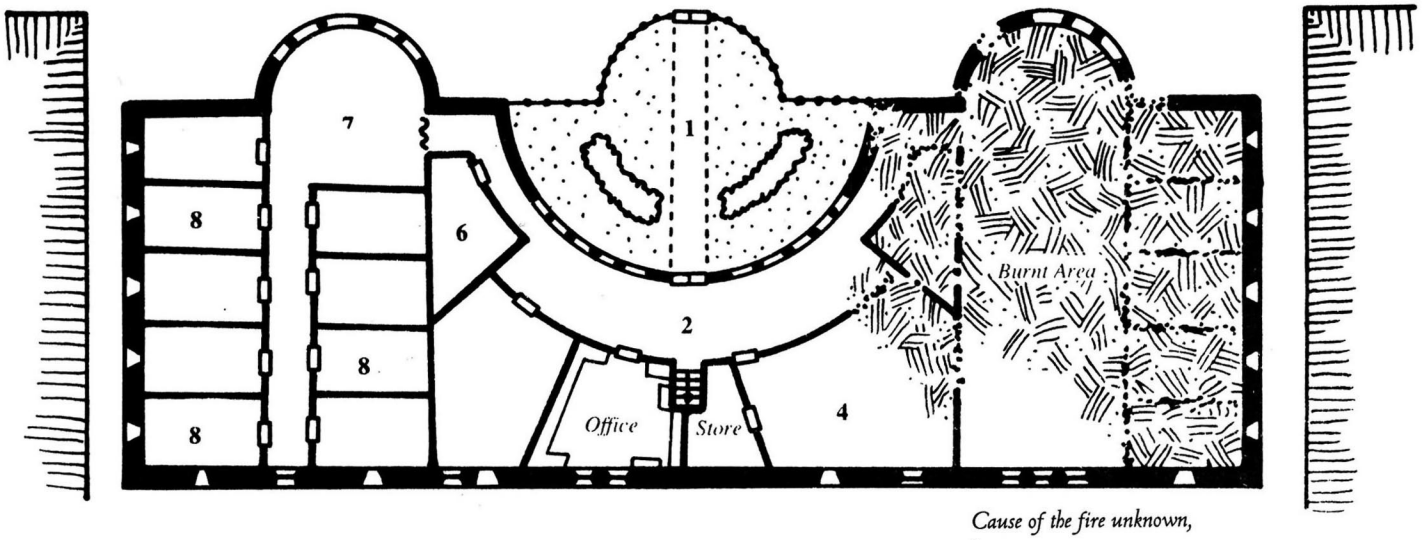
The three long, low workshop wings which extend from the remarkable Hall of the Glassworks are divided by usage into separate areas patronized by scores of artisans according to their specialties. The first (#a) is the manufactory for the simplest products. Sheet glass is turned out for use in windows and cabinets. Embellishment of this basic product results in stained glass and decorated windows, etched and cut glass, and silvered glass (for mirrors).

The central workshop (#b) holds the main glass forge. Crude materials are treated with secret processes which transform them into the various types of glass used in the Glassworks. Glassblowers and glass sculptors, who make figures and ornaments, work near the forge.

Attached to the central workshop is a separate room (#d) that incorporates the drawing and design office (whose completed volumes are stored in the records chamber). General supplies, tools, colorings, paint, gold leaf, and the like are stored here under appropriate security. Clerks, artists, scribes, and handymen work in the office.

The final workshop (#c) is also the biggest. Skilled workers weave and meld glass thread. Apprentices and the lower journeymen labor beside them, making everyday bottles, vases, and tableware (stemmed glasses, jugs, bowls, platters, beakers, and carafes). These products travel all over northwest Middle-earth, always highly prized and priced. Naturally, there are also masters working in each of these specialties, creating brilliant versions of the commoner pieces churned out in greater numbers.

Between the workshops lies a hedged garden (#e). The plantings take the form of a maze, its plan sketched and bushes emplaced some four hundred years ago. The walls are of a dense, privet-like shrub which displays white florescence in Nórui and dark red-brown berries in Urui. The hedges form a perfect backdrop for dark granite pedestals located within the maze. Each pedestal bears a delicate example of the glassmaker's art canopied by a protective crystal dome. The wall-hedge is said to be magically shielded, and visitors who wander the maze are rarely unimpressed.



First Floor has more bedchamber, etc., with the floor missing above the 'burnt area' marked here.

Cause of the fire unknown, but rumors suggest it was done by a group of waterwrights from Woodentown who had been refused entry to the Fellowship.

10.4.6 LEADENHOUSE

Leadenhouse is, or rather was, a dwelling place of the Waterwrights' Fellowship. A rather somber building of dark stone and a sloping tiled roof discolored with age, it now has an even more haunted and uninviting air about it. While one wing stands, the other has been gutted by fire. The building is now abandoned.

Plan

A semi-circular, balustraded wall surrounds the front lawn (#1), now growing rank with weeds and with its grass going to seed. Two spreading banks of mulberry bushes front the arcade windows of the entrance hall (#2). The only entrance is a pair of wide oak doors that open onto the sweeping entry hall. Beyond this foyer, lie the flooded kitchens (#4), in which the waterwrights managed to cause a massive surge in water pressure, bursting its many pumps in order to stave off the fires that consumed much of this portion of the structure. Other rooms, including the office (#5), bedchambers (#8), bathrooms (#6), and the pleasant dayroom (#7) have all been abandoned now and stripped of all easily movable goods and furnishings. Only fixtures such as some lamps, shelves, cupboards, and the like remain.

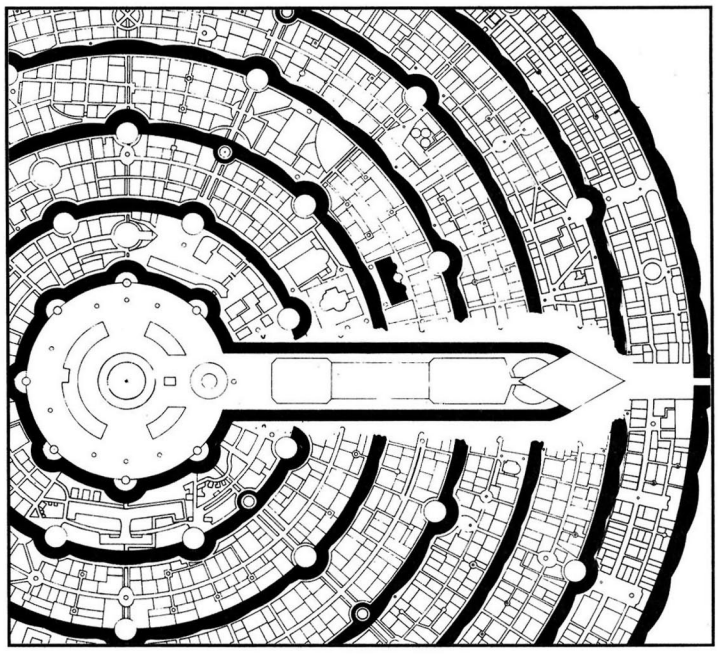
Note: *The upper floor is unsafe in many areas due to the fire and flooding, and has collapsed over the area shaded on the plan.*

Rumors

There has been much speculation over the cause of the fire. It is thought that the blaze, which spread in the middle of the night, probably started in one of the ground floor bedchambers off the hall. A grate may have spilled burning embers onto a hearthrug or soot in the chimney, catching alight. Some wagging tongues have suggested that it was a malicious act by a group of ex-Osgiliathan waterwrights living in Wood-town, craftsmen who had been refused entry into the Anorian Fellowship.

Three people died in the fire, all elderly. About a dozen more were seriously injured or suffered from the smoke and fumes, and two still lie in the Houses of Healing.

Leadenhouse



10.5 FIFTH LEVEL

10.5.1 ERAGOL BOOKBINDER

Note: *Use the same floor plan as Jerriad the Sharp's in 10.3.6.*

Eragol Parmanil is a skilled artisan well known for his fine editions of many books. He lives in a narrow, two-story house on the north side of the Fifth Level. Its gabled front cleverly carved by Woodwrights to resemble a gigantic half open book lain atop the roof, the house is a warm, clever place. It incorporates Eragol's workshop and the lodgings for his apprentice scribes, which are built of finely grained old yellow limestone. Below the light and airy decorated window on the first floor is one of Minas Anor's most famous graffiti:

"Pedo abo dago
Kar málo gûormo!"

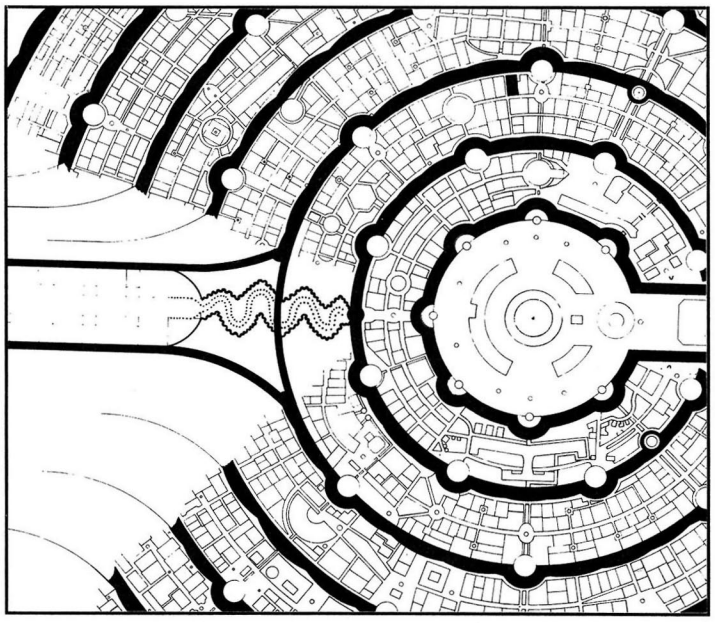
which can be loosely translated as:

"Speak, refuse to fight
Conjure friendship not wrath!"

The mysterious engraving appeared during the Kinstrife when seven supporters of exiled King Eldacar were hung in the city by Castamir's deputy Ciryang. No one ever claimed credit for the deed, but after the war was over the stone was framed with a black marble border and preserved as a memorial to the seven Fellows and the thousands of others who died for the King.

Eragol is a bookbinder: he publishes books on all sorts of subjects, although he is perhaps best known for his historical and cultural treatises. His small shop (#2) is situated downstairs at the front of his house, at the top of a notable stone outer stair (#1) whose treads and risers have marquetry-inset stars of obsidian, supposedly to denote his ancestors' royal patronage. Books are expensive—typically involvng many man-hours of scribe-work and binding—and Eragol's wood- and/or leather-covered tomes are no exception.

Eragol Bookbinder



The shop is manned by a clerk employed by the Herenyand family, for they purchased the business from Eragol's father. Eragol now has a handsome stipend and a freer hand to manage the business without the responsibility of ownership. The clerk, Leffwen, is of Northman stock, his grandparents coming from Dorwinion. He enjoys meeting people he might still call countrymen, although his manner is now very Gondorian.

Behind the shop are the living rooms, which include a dayroom/dining room (#3), the kitchen, and the store (#4). Eragol's wife Imisiel is nominally in charge here; however, she has a superb cook and housekeeper called Claith who is so good at her job that Imisiel is usually out following other pursuits. Unknown to any in her family, these activities include membership of the Blood Ring. (See Section 8.5.1.)

Beyond a narrow covered passage at the rear of the house (which connects with an alley) is the bindery (#5). Here are various workbenches and frames with tools for cutting wood, stretching and tooling leather and engraving or embossing the covers. A large rack holds notes on designs for particular customers, so that extra volumes they order look similar on their library shelves. Extra stock not placed on display in the shop is stored here.

The upper story of the house contains lodgings (#1) for Eragol's two craftsmen, Parion and Malquen, who assist him in the bindery. Dior-Lassë, the scribe who oversees the apprentices, resides here as well. Parion is married and supports a small child, while Malquen is old, widowed by the Plague, and has no children. An attractive young and talented man, Dior-Lassë is openly courting Eragol's eldest daughter Mistria.

The upper floor also contains a bathroom (#2) and the family's chambers. Mistria possesses a large and elegant bedroom (#3), which is appointed with silk hangings and pleasant rosewood and mahogany furniture. She owns a fine wardrobe of clothes and an expensive collection of scents and cosmetics, but she rarely wears any jewelry other than a braided pearl choker or bracelet.

Next to Mistria's room is a bedchamber shared by her younger sister and brother (#4), Erwien and Goldór. Erwien is sixteen and has a terrific fondness for Dior-Lassë, becoming very spiteful towards Mistria on occasion. Her mother Imisiel is aware of this passion but can do little about it except spoil Erwien in order to distract her affections. Eragol's youngest child is Goldór, a strapping youth of fourteen who disdains his father's profession and wants to become a warrior general. Dior-Lassë is hopeful that with Goldór in the army, he can marry Mistria and inherit Eragol's business one day.

Eragol and Imisiel share the lovely front bedchamber (#5). Decorated with golden yellow drapes and maple and sycamore wood furnishings, it is splendidly appointed. Still, the

scattered colored light that comes in through the decorated window lends the room appears an attractive, cosy air. There are many valuables here, for Eragol is well off and loves his wife well, dressing her in fine things, especially the gold that complements her fair hair and complexion.

At the rear of the house is the scriptorium (#6), where Dior-Lassë oversees six apprentice scribes who work at slanted desks, copying out volumes by many noted and accomplished authors, including Wilhnor, Gehdan, Fëanlon, Amsor and Soharad. Mistria also labors here, as does Erwien (on rare occasions). Both women have artistic hands and help illustrate special books—tomes that sell for at least twice the normal price. Dior-Lassë is responsible for keeping the ledgers and records of the business up to date and checking on the quality of work done by the apprentices under his supervision. He can often be found dallying with his beloved here while the apprentices are out at lunch!

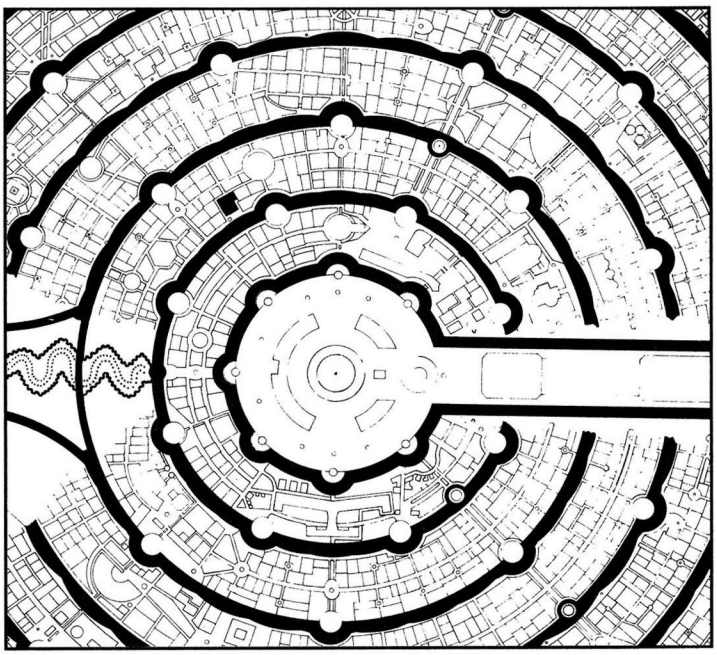
Beside the door to the scriptorium is a wall ladder which leads up through a trapdoor to the attic. The apprentices sleep at one end and the household staff (Claith and a serving-boy) at nestle the other. This area also serves as a repository for stores of various material used in household and bindery work.

10.5.2 THE DIE-MAKERS

Note: *Use the plan for The House of Memorials in 10.3.2. The Die-makers' has no second floor and no upper workshop.*

The Die-makers are a branch of the Locksmiths' Fellowship and only maintain one establishment in the city. Nevertheless, their work is very important, and they have to be highly trusted by all high officials and powerful nobles in Minas Anor, since they are responsible for the manufacture of seals and the coin stamps used in the Mint. Such items are extremely valuable and must be kept well guarded so that forgeries and illicit duplicates might not be made.

The Master of the Die-makers is Curúlam Thoron. His aunt is Remerië, the wife of Trelas Erhir, Master of the Mint of Minas Anor. Curúlam is an ambitious man with only moderate talent in his chosen field, Using his family connections, inherited wealth, and (when necessary) a little applied pressure, he rose to where he is today. He never relied on his talent as a craftsman and would be a serious liability for the city, but for the fact that he delegates authority quite effectively. Curúlam suffers from premature baldness and a recurring skin disease on his hands and arms, so he is often seen wearing a long-sleeved jacket and gloves, together with matching hat, all of plush velvet. He rarely goes out without his chain of office. His invalid wife, Aurien, suffers from both obesity and her husband's scorn and antipathy, and Curúlam hopes she will die soon so he can marry again. Of course, such a marriage would be for personal gain rather than love.



PLAN

The Die-makers' Workshops

In the workshops the die-makers manufacture metal tools for stamping designs, cutting shapes, and punching holes. These tools are mostly used by artisans working in leather, paper, and soft metal goods (copper, tin, lead etc.), although some are also made for woodwrights and stonewrights. Specialty goods are all made in a walled-off area of the workshop close to the drawing office, and they are kept apart during manufacture and stored in a special safe in the Master's office.

The living rooms for workers and the household are poorly appointed and meanly furnished. Curúlam does not care for his fellows very well and cheats them of money, aid, and comfort whenever he can.

10.5.3 RYND PERMAITH GWAIN

Note: *The original library, the Rynd Permaith Iaur (S. "Old Halls of Books"), is detailed below in Section 10.5.4.*

The Rynd Permaith (S. "Halls of Books") are one of Minas Anor's greatest treasures. Between them, they hold nearly 525,000 books—together with innumerable scrolls, notes, etched tablets, engravings, painted bark strips, woven texts from the East, and other artifacts bearing words from every language in Middle-earth spoken where the Dúnedain have penetrated.

The Rynd Permaith Gwain (S. "New Halls of Books") are smaller and hold the overflow that has built up over the years. Volumes come to the Halls in various ways: by donations, as a part of property is seized by the Crown in law, and also through the labor of a small troop of scribes in the Rynd Thannath. Sometimes volumes are lost through accidents, and the fingers of age which corrupt with mold, pests, and dusty dryness. Much of the librarians' work here is concerned with the preservation and restoration of the oldest tomes, some of which are over a thousand years old (albeit rarely handled).

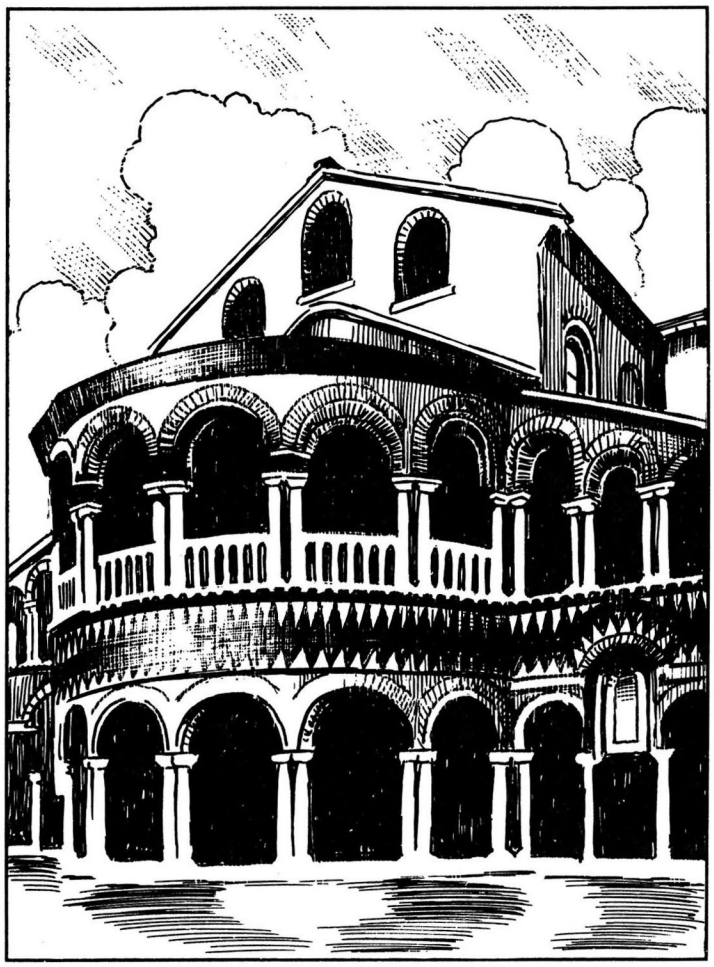
Rynd Permaith Gwain

Ground Floor

The New Halls are built according to the new Stonewright tradition, with blind colonnades, arches, rounded rooms, and gently sloping roofs. Situated happily among the rich architecture of the northern Fifth Level, the library is a fine example of modern monumental construction. It is quite clearly a A cobble mosaic in russet, black, and tawny yellow that depicts an open book with the Fëanorian letters "r" and "p" on either leaf covers the open area outside the main entry.

A massive door of some dark, coarse-grained wood guards the only entrance from the street. Tight-fitting and studded with dozens of square head iron nails, it is a formidable obstacle. At night the door is double-locked with large, ornate steel bolt mechanisms that are both extremely hard (-30) to pick.

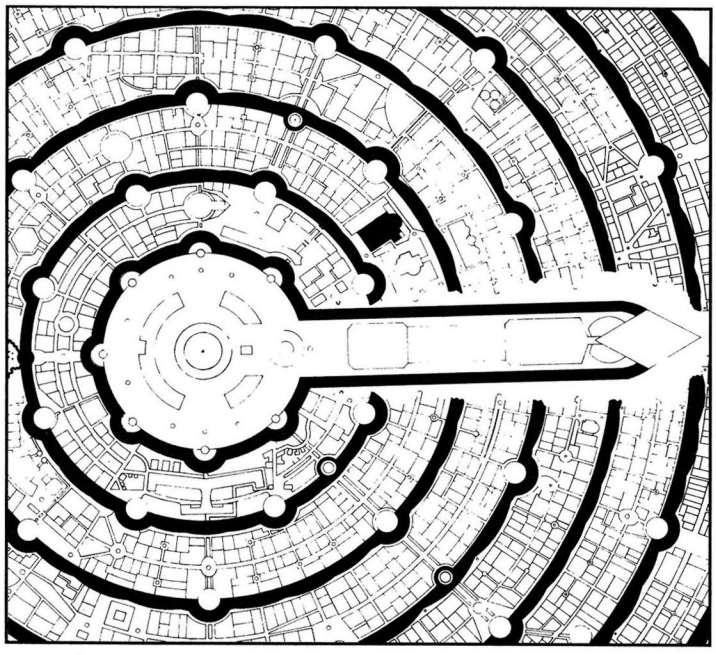
Beyond the door is an L-shaped corridor that is protected by a low gate located about ten feet inside the building. Beside the gate is the office (#1), at whose "stable" door sits a clerk to check on people passing in and out of the Rynd. A number of desks for librarians and sages clutter the chamber, a generally untidy place filled with odd books taken from the shelves or awaiting allocation. Books are scattered all about, amidst half-completed lists on half-rolled scrolls, boxes of worn-out quills, and empty inkpots. Gilmecudor, the assistant head librarian, is in charge here. An aging and passed-over sage, he maintains a special interest in the culture of the southern Mannish tribes influenced by the Númenóreans, including the Haradrim and peoples of Umbar. He has greying hair and a myopic stare.



Beside the office are stairs to the first floor and the Meeting Hall (#2), where meals are served to the scholars and librarians during the day and lectures are held in the evening. The kitchens, together with other living facilities, are housed in the building adjacent to the Rynd and the two structures are joined by an internal connecting door. Rows of benches fill the Meeting Hall. Arranged around separate tables during the day, they are used as spectators' seating in the evening hours. Then, the tables are pushed together at the round end and covered to form a platform for the speaker or demonstrator in the lecture.

Most of the floor is occupied by shelving in great, tiered, 12' tall racks, all crammed with books. Locked doors protect some of the shelves, forming repositories for the more precious editions in the Rynd's possession. The main area of this book chamber (#3) contains eight narrow passages, each flanked with 42' long shelves. What they cannot hold is housed on the additional shelves located beside the Meeting Hall.

The Rynd Permaith Gwain holds texts dealing with only certain subjects, namely Natural History and the Sciences, Arts and Crafts,and Other Mannish Cultures. Books relating to Customs, Dress, Beliefs, Literature, etc. are kept here organized in a manner known only to the librarians. There are some 15,000 books on the ground floor alone, covering both the practical and artistic aspects of the subjects.



A row of six quiet reading rooms (#5) runs along one side of the racks. These nooks accommodate scholars and sages, who come to the library to study in peace and quiet. Simply appointed with wooden chairs and desks, they are cleaned every night and used in accordance with prior arrangements or, as is the case for three of the booths, on a first-come first-serve basis.

The clerk in the office sells stationery to those that need it. These tools—items such as quills, ink and parchment—are stored in store rooms (#4), along with the cleaning materials and other supplies used by the library staff.

In order to safeguard the books, none of the windows in the Rynd open. Smoking and candles are not permitted for the safe reason, for fire is an even greater threat than theft. Accordingly, the glass of the windows and the lamps that light the Halls, is especially thick and hard to break.

First Floor

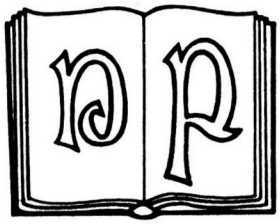
The first floor is very simple in plan: bookshelves march up and down the room like on the floor below. A balcony (#6) looks down on the Meeting Hall at the front of the Rynd, its arcaded pillars sculpted from lustrous polished marble. Edged by a low balustrade and arch supports of pale stone, the balcony extends outside into a walkway overlooking Rath Fledhain.

A pair of desks (#7) are tucked within the maze of the shelving. Manned by clerks responsible for the cataloging and maintenance of the books on the first floor, records for about 20,000 works are administered here. Both clerks are dull, middle-aged men with an appearance as leathern and dusty as the books about them.

A secret stair (#8) connecting the first and ground floors is concealed within the wall at the rear corner of the chamber.

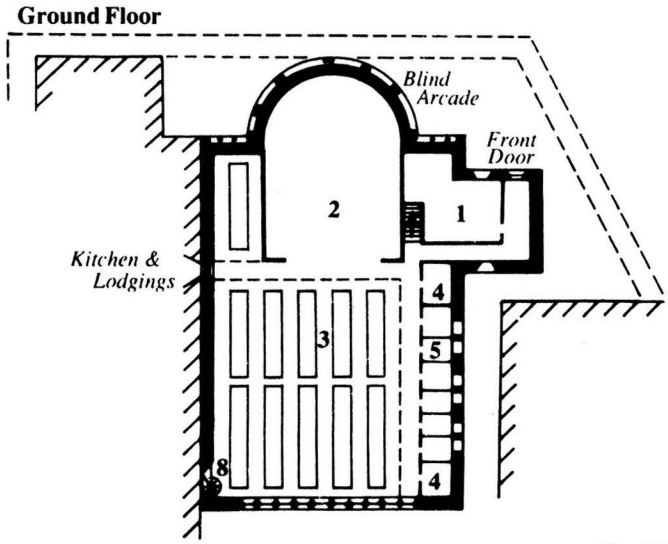


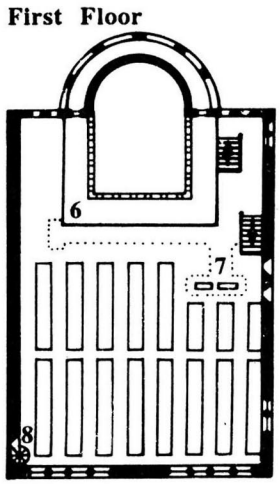
Rynd
Permaith
Gwain

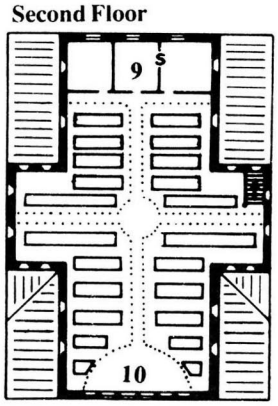


Cobble Mosaic Design

Most of the texts here deal with—
Natural History/Sciences
Arts & Crafts
other Mannish Cultures (Customs, Dress, Beliefs, Literature, etc.)







1" = 75'

Upper Floor

The upper floor is cruciform and has transverse bookshelves holding a further 15,000 or so volumes. Three offices (#9), including that of the head librarian Cimrion, occupy the front end of the building. Cimrion works directly under the Master of the Rynd Permaith, who resides in the Rynd Permaith Iaur. A vigorous Dúnadan with hawkish nose and smooth, unlined face, he is a very fast reader and scribe. His brilliant mind affords him an enormous memory and facility for immediate recall of facts and figures. He is a very competent administrator who reads voraciously, inspires one half of his staff, and instills dread in the other half—who would rather take things a great deal more easily. Much of Cimrion's energy comes from his dread fear of death, for he wishes to do as much as possible before his time in Middle-earth ends. He is in his mid-fifties and fit as ever, having passed through two bouts of the Plague with no ill effects. His office is neat and tidy, although he has eventually given up trying to persuade his underlings downstairs to emulate him in this. He has fourteen locked, floor-to-ceiling cabinets that contain all manner of precious manuscripts. His desk is inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl and has a solid silver inkstand, quill holder, ruler, and silver gilt lectern.

The other two offices are shared by other subordinates who keep catalogs and records of the borrowers (although not that many books are lent out). They maintain subject indices and compilations on the author, title, and year of writing (or acquisition when unknown) of every work, and their special numbering system enables them to locate any given book's position in the library.

Another area for reading (#10), which contains benches and three long tables, occupies the rear of the upper floor.

10.5.4 RYND PERMAITH IAUR

The Old Halls of Books are old indeed, being of the antique stone and wood architecture now almost extinct in the city. The Halls butt onto the base of the wall between the southern sections of the fifth and sixth levels and fan out in a great arc. The magnificent high vaulting of the Halls is nearly unbelieveable, so lofty are the timber baulk pillars and spreading cross trees which hold the rafters and roof. The Front Hall and the Rear Hall comprise the two main sections to the Rynd.

Rear Hall

The Rear Hall (A) is trapezoidal in shape and enclosed within a wood-panel screen wall (#1). A passageway (#2) runs between this and the exterior wall of the Rynd. At the back of the Rear Hall is a Reading Room (#3) appointed with long tables and many seats for sages to come and peruse tomes of their choice. This area is well lit; the back wall contains reference volumes in common use (such as dictionaries, herbals and histories). Even here, at the lowest height of the ceiling, the racks tower twenty-five feet above the floor.

THE GREAT SHELVES

"Let me explain," says the Master of Rynd Permaith, Verylen Ngoldath.

"The primary requisite of our assistants here is that they be bright and able to read, in both the Fëanorian script and the Angerthas. But they must also be light and agile. When we have so many valuable books, storing them is a real problem. Our shelves reach up to forty-five feet high! The wood is reinforced with an iron frame and cross-struts prevent them from falling over. Hooks and platforms project from the shelves, as you can see."

He points to a place in the darkness way above your head, outside the light of his lamp. Suddenly there is a rustle and a light appears, illuminating a small form hanging precariously over the edge of a miniature balcony, barely a foot deep and two wide.

"That's Bethiel. She has a pole and a rope ladder, as you can see. Now, with the pole, she can hook the ladder above any shelf she needs. There."

The little figure has reached out with a pole some five feet long and the ladder hangs looped between her plinth and the shelf.

"Now all she has to do is to work her way along the shelf edge—like that—and then drop down the ladder. There, she's got the volume I need, so she puts it in the book-net, clips it to her line, and can lower it down to us. And here it is! Then she just has to hook the lower end of the ladder to the shelf, release the top with her pole, and she can drop down quickly and safely to the floor."

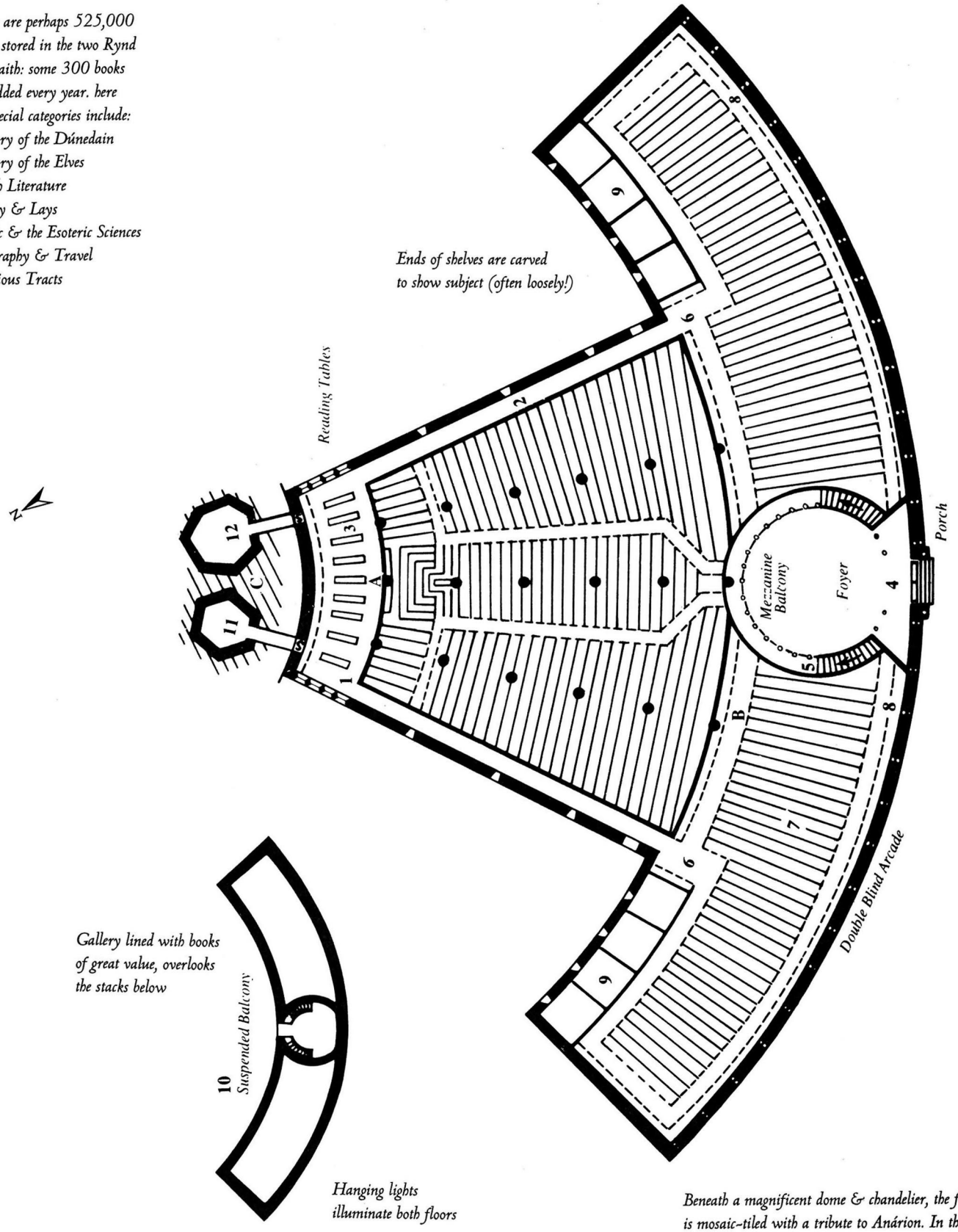
The smiling girl with her bob of brown hair is soon beside you with her pole, rolled ladder, coiled line and the net returned to her. She adopts a serious face and nods to the Master, who pats her and fishes a white cake from his pocket. *"Thank you, Grandfather!"* she laughs, then skips off, munching happily.

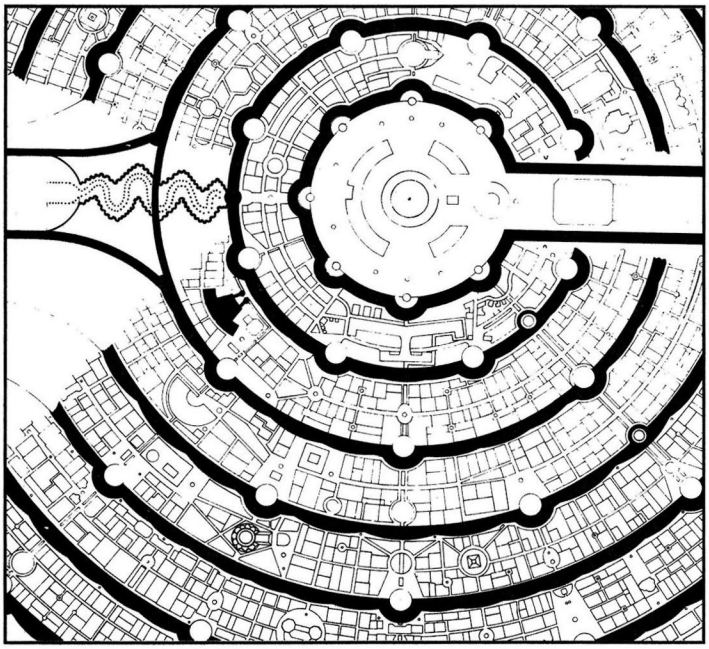
The feat of organisation and engineering which the Rynd represents is truly staggering. An individual shelf rack in the Rear Hall is perhaps 30' long with twenty tiers: that's over three and a half thousand books. Of course, some are larger! When the New Halls were being built, it was decided not to attempt anything so ambitious again. *"To tell you the truth,"* the Master states slowly, *"I don't know if there's anyone left with the skill to do it."*

Verylen, the Master of Rynd Permaith, is a very genial, scholarly Dúnadan of advancing years, still hale and hearty. He habitually dresses in rich purple or royal blue and enjoys his job immensely. Verylen manages to infect almost all of his visitors, be they royal or rural, with his enthusiasm for his half-million charges. It is almost as though he could name every one. Not all the books are racked, even: many are simply stored in crates in the Rynd's cellars.

Note: *A superb Sage, Verylen is the Master of the Sages' Fellowship. He is learned in certain branches of magic, although not a member of any magical order. His magical Ring of Warding adds +25 to the wearer's DB and all his RRs. It also confers an added 50PP for the casting of all Essence Ways and Spell Ways spells (to 10th level).*

There are perhaps 525,000 books stored in the two Rynd Permaith: some 300 books are added every year. here the special categories include:
History of the Dúnedain
History of the Elves
Elvish Literature
Poetry & Lays
Magic & the Esoteric Sciences
Geography & Travel
Religious Tracts





Rynd Permaith Iaur

Front Hall

The Front Hall (B) is divided into two great sweeping arcs by the forty-foot wide entry chamber (#4). A mosaic tribute to the city's founding Prince, Anárion, covers the floor of the circular foyer. The floor's shining white marble is polished to reflect the light from a vast chandelier suspended beneath a painted dome. A senior Sage who greets visitors to the Rynd Permaith Iaur sits behind the semicircular desk that is situated below the chandelier. This duty is often undertaken by Verylen who, in his boundless enthusiasm, invariably takes any group of visitors on a guided tour of the ageless library.

Twin staircases (#5) flank the foyer and ascend to an overhanging mezzanine balcony which is supported by slender, white-painted columns. The foyer is enclosed by walls of wood and plaster, also painted a brilliant white. Beyond the foyer, in the two sections of the Front Hall, are seemingly endless rows of books. Here stands one of Gondor's finest treasures.

Although these chambers have higher ceilings than those in the Rear Hall, theirs shelves are the same height. Passages (#6) lead off the foyer and connect with those of the Rear Hall (see #1). The aisles between the main shelves (#7) are not always easily accessible as the iron struts supporting the towering bookshelves criss-cross diagonally to provide maximum stability.

Subjects

The Rynd Permaith Iaur has hundreds of thousands of books, but some subjects have been removed to the New Halls, leaving groupings such as History of the Dúnedain, Elvish Literature and History, Poetry and Lays, Magic and the Esoteric Sciences, Geography and Travel, Religious Tracts and the Words of the Valar, Languages of Middle-earth, and many, many more. The ends of the shelves in the Front Hall are carved with a depiction (often very loose) of the subject matter covered on that shelf. Some are hard to discern, owing to their age and the ignorance of the woodwrights who carved them.

Around the walls are shelves of easily-accessible index books, catalogs, and common reference works (#8). Eight offices (#9) line the rear walls near the corridors linking the Front and Rear Halls. They are shared by the sages who are retained here full time line . The forty-five assistants who work all day fetching and returning books live in a nearby lodging house. All are aged 14-34, a mixture of men and women, many of whom go on to become sages.

There is an upper level to the Front Hall, where the most valuable books on public display line are housed. Access to this area is usually very restricted, which is a simple matter since the staircases in the foyer provide the only way up. Formed by the suspended mezzanine balcony (#10) that sits atop the foyer's wall and the gallery around the Front Hall's own wall, this upper structure is entirely wooden and very handsome—all dark and curlicued with swirling designs. The gallery overlooks the uppermost tiers of the bookshelves and the hanging lights which illuminate the whole area. Lit all day and all night by gaslights, it is a timeless place without windows. No sunlight reaches through the blind double arcade which fronts the Rynd; nor are there any skylights in the roof, since they might leak and ruin the precious tomes.

Rooms of Secret Lore

The last area of note in the Rynd Permaith Iaur is one very few people even know of—and fewer have ever seen. Beyond the Rear Hall, delved into the Citadel Rock, are the Rooms of Secret Lore (C). There are two such rooms (#11 and #12), each accessed by separate doors concealed within the bookcase covering the end wall of the Reading Room. The secret doors can only be opened for seven hours each day, while the library is closed. The time of their opening is determined by the time the moon rises.



Symbol of the College of the Spoken Word

One door (to #11) can only be opened when a complex hexagonal plaque is pressed into the space behind a certain book. The Master has the only plaque, although its existence and use is told to his deputy and noted in secret instructions left in the Master's house in case he should die suddenly. The other door (to #12) is opened by the reversed recitation of the first seven words of a poem about the Vala Oromë (Araw), together with the triggering of a release mechanism again concealed behind a book in the frame of the case.

The Room of Essence (#11) has six sides and each is lined with a bookcase that is individually compartmented. The tome in each compartment is a great work of sorcery, although there are none relating to the evil magic of Sauron and Morgoth and their misbegotten minions. The books here include all 46 volumes of Antogûl Anfíri's Ess*ential Encyclopedia.* They are well protected.

Trap: *Unless the appropriate side of the hexagonal plaque is pressed against the shelf below the book, anyone touching the book is treated to an automatic +40 Shock Bolt attack. If they do it again, a Death Cloud is released, filling this enclosed area. If they persist, on the third and all subsequent occasions they receive an Electricity Critical Strike (beginning with a "C" severity and adding once severity level thereafter). The correct side of the hexagon is described by a complex, coded series of symbols (or a roll of any specified number between 01 and 10 if one is trying at random).*

The Room of Channeling (#12) has seven sides for the Seven Aratar primarily revered by the Dúnedain. The greatest and most powerful votive tomes relating to the Valar are stored here, and access is only allowed to the mightiest priests in the service of the King. There are descriptions of rituals of worship of the Valar in other guises amongst the varied tribes of Elves and Men in Middle-earth, for example in the *Book of Hours and Seasons* from the sixth century T.A., *E MereVardo* (Q. "Varda's Wish") of the Elves of Harlindon, and the *Maranwe Kunduro* (Q. "Fate of Princes") of Forlindon. There are ceremonies for exorcism and banishment of Evil in its many guises, and devices used to counter the Dark Ones from Utumno and Mordor. And there are enumerations of the ways of the Gíldain (Star-priests) and Ulmedain (Water-priests), and of the Ed-belguinar (ministers to the afterlife).

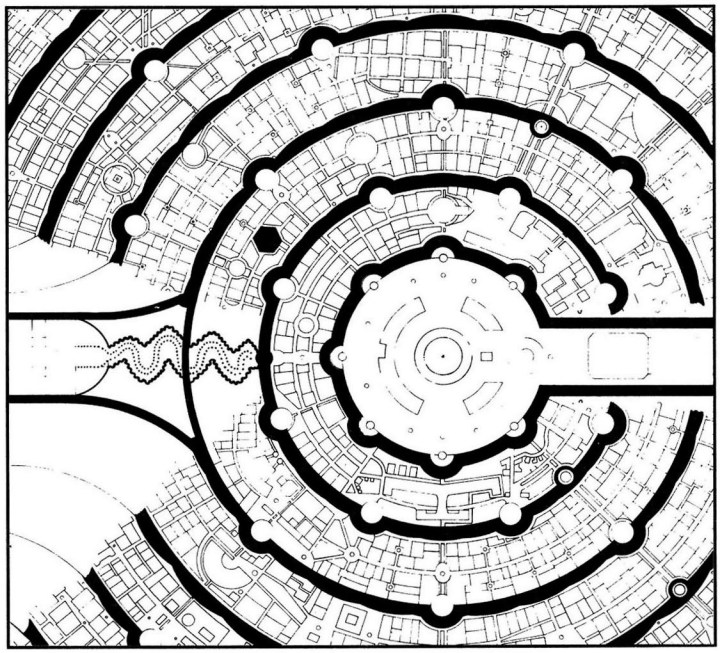
Trap: *These books are protected in a similar manner to those in the Room of Essence. Without the recitation of the appropriate sacred words as indicated by a secret code on the shelf edge, those touching a book will suffer first a Shock Bolt, then Blinding at 25th level, and then Lifedraining: the reverse of Lifekeeping, whereby the soul is forced from a live person (or the reverse of any Channeling spell at whim—e.g., Mass Cut Opening or Mental Disease).*

10.5.5 FELLOWSHIPS' HALL



About three hundred years ago, three Fellowships' masters—each powerful in his own right—formed a lasting bond of friendship. Their collaboration and coallegiance enabled them to dominate the Deputies on Conclave and wield such power that the Prince-President of the day hardly had any say in the running of his own city.

These men were Esteval of the Stonewrights, Gurmancir of the Bakers and Adanethron of the Scribes. As old age grew near to them, they determined a plan to ensure their immortality (at least in memory). They conceived the idea of a great meeting hall shared by the Fellowships of Minas Anor and organized its funding, design and construction. Today it still stands, a monument to their power, and the pride of the city's artisans.



Fellowships' Hall

Plan

Fellowships' Hall is a magnificent structure built on a principle of three-way circular symmetry. The building is essentially a single lofty hall with a sunken area in the center. The main materials used in its construction were a bluish marble and a blue-tinted limestone. Both came from the cape called Andrast, over seven hundred miles away, transported on great barges along the coast and up the Anduin.

The limestone was used to form an outer circular ring of massive pillars which were, in turn, joined in three sections by marble (#1). These three wall sections were then linked by lower bays at the base of flat triangular roof sections that overlapped, and alternated with, the conical roof areas. Supported by the circular wall and pillars, the three segments of the conical roof covered the insets (#2) between the three bays. This portion of the roof is tiled with unglazed white pottery, tiles which contrast with the blue marble slates on the triangular segments.



Polished marble or carved limestone is used throughout the rest of the structure. The outer pillars (#3) have magnificent carved capitals accented with elaborate geometric designs. These pillars surround an inner ring of marble columns, a six-sided colonnade (#4) that edges the hexagonal sunken area. These colums rise up like slender tree trunks spreading out with a network of trusses and flying buttresses to support the roofs.

The floor is decorated with hard glazed white tiles, hexagonal in shape. Every seventh one has a gold embossed decoration representing the symbol of one of the Fellowships. Overhead are hung trailing banners of white, blue and gold, each stitched with a Fellowship's symbol.

The sunken area (#5) has four broad steps down on each side. The Hall is mainly used as a debating chamber and meeting hall. Sometimes all the Fellowships gather together here to discuss some matter concerning themselves or the city; at other times just a single Fellowship will call all its members to a discussion. The sunken tiers seat around 250 people, and allow for plenty of additional space for spectators to stand around the edge. Thin cushions of dark blue material cover the seating area, which is divided by three flights of steps. The stairs lead down to the well of the sunken area, where a circular podium stands. Speakers deliver their orations from this point, which can be seen from anywhere in the chamber.

Access to the Hall is provided through three magnificent doors in the center of the circular inset sections. The door from Rath Línwedain (#6) is the most magnificent. Here, four sweeping marble steps join the entry landing with the street. The steps are inset with solid gold letters designating the twenty-three Fellowships. Plated with bronze, the door is flanked by two dark blue marble columns and eight smaller pale blue ones in a colonnade.

The other doors (#7) are also splendid, albeit less so than the main entrance. Each has a raised area flanking the door, a porch paved with ordinary marble slabs. Both are also complemented by two larger-than-life statues. Three represent the founders of Fellowships' Hall as mentioned above, while the fourth—a gift from the Prince-President on the completion of the Hall. —shows Isildur and Anárion supporting each other after a terrible battle.

Fellowships' Hall is looked after by members of the Porters and Doorwardens Fellowship. It is normally locked, the keys being kept in the nearby gatehouse connecting the fifth and sixth levels. These keys and locks were specially designed by the Locksmiths. The locks are Sheer Folly (-50) to pick and Hard (-10) to open, even with the keys (assuming correct procedure is not known).

10.5.6 HOUSE OF TAPESTRIES

Fellowships' Hall

Dorelas's House of Tapestries fronts onto one of the more picturesque squares in Minas Anor: Pheig Araneir (S. "Place of Beauty"). The buildings surrounding the square are mostly low and elegantly proportioned, it affords stunning views across the Pelennor and the whole is set off by the tall spire of Rambarad Hallathôl. (See Section 9.3.3.)

During the day, the square is full of bustling, if refined, merchants and traders plying their costly goods. It is the city's most exclusive market place, where the finest bakers sell delicate pastries alongside weavers vending brocades and silks. The wares here include all manner of things for the idle rich: from parrots to portraits, and from plaits of golden wire to pies of shark steak.

Dorelas is Master of the Clothwrights' Fellowship. His House is the most prestigious of all cloth manufactories, although not the largest. He employs several dozen people as weavers, tailors, and stitchers, including some members of the Embroiderers' Fellowship.

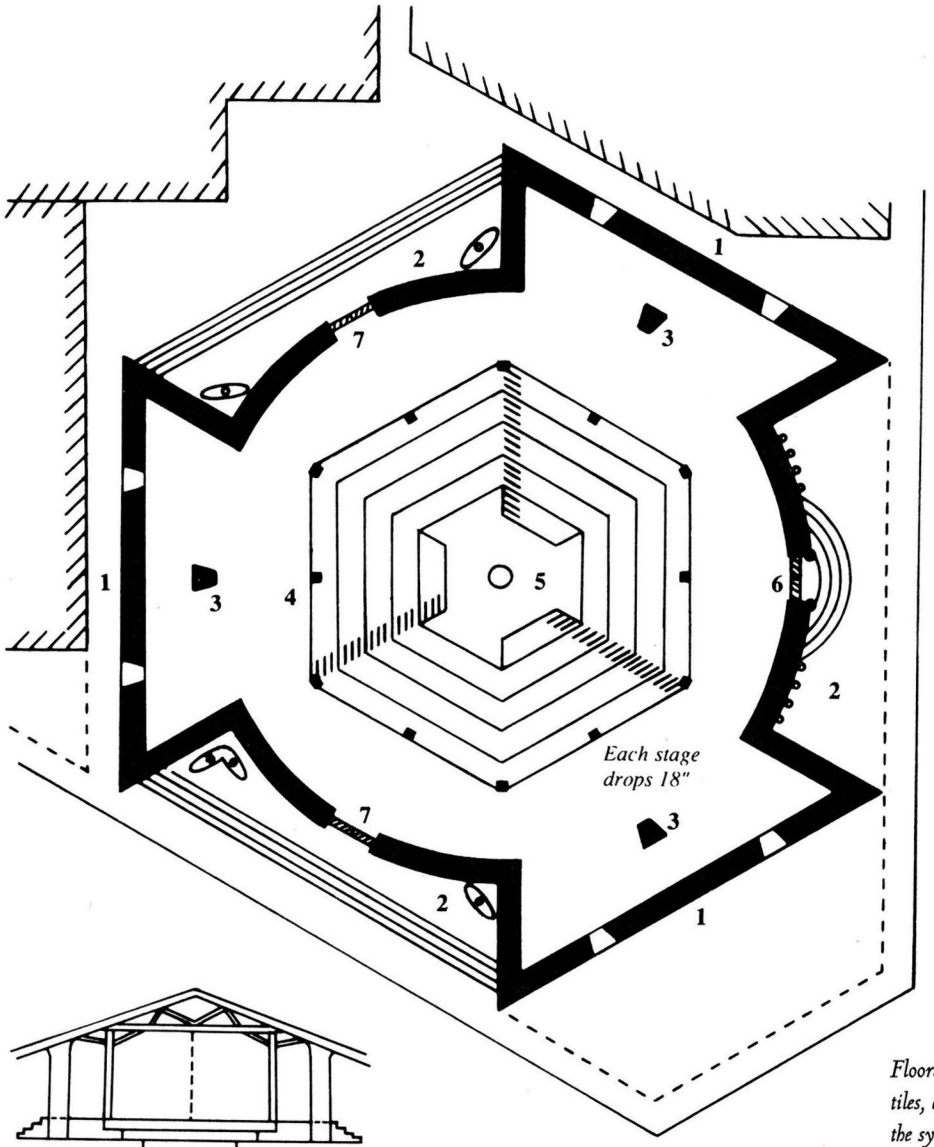
The House of Tapestries sits just a little back from its neighbors. An arcade (#1), however, projects forward, providing a sheltered area (most often sheltering visitors from the sun, rather than the rain) where prospective buyers can gaze at fabrics and designs. A short flight of steps (#2) leads up to the wide-open interior of the shop. The front is set aside as a bazaar-like display area (#3), where the finest workers can be seen sewing and weaving at beautiful tapestries or cloth-of-gold. Behind this are two work areas (#4) where other employees make garments, linen goods, and banners. Each has their own personal wooden chest full of needles, threads, frames, chalk, tape, brocades, and other clothwrights' paraphernalia. They also have other aids, such as tables, upright frames, dummies, and the like.

Many of the workers live in the House. At the rear of the workshop is an office (#5) where Dorelas keeps accounts with the help of a scribe, a kindly middle-aged woman named Tessilin. Dorelas keeps the strongbox for his daily takings and expensive materials in a nook beneath the office window. This small repository houses the real gold, silver, and precious stones used in the manufacture of House's most elaborate and luxurious items.

The ground floor also contains day and living rooms for the staff, including a dining room, a kitchen, and a bathroom. The household staff are under the charge of Mirabeth, a stern Cook with a weakness for alcohol. She has thick black hair and an annoyingly screechy voice, and wears rather voluminous white clothes at all times. Unfortunately, Mirabeth does not get on well with Torredel, being ignorantly suspicious of her Elvish nature.

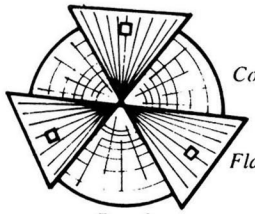
At the rear of the House is a yard (#6). A ramp leads down from the workshop to this cleanly-swept area where, on fine days, some workers take their day's work outside to be in the sun and air. A trapdoor in the base of wall on one side of the yard leads down some stairs (under the stairs inside the house going up to the first floor) to a cellar that accommodates three storage areas.

The smallest storage area is a partitioned room with a locked door (Very Hard, -20, to open) where Dorelas keeps personal and precious items. This hoard includes his predecessor's accounts, patterns and designs of work, expensive materials, some antique paintings and also, most surprisingly, a small collection of books relating to certain aspects of Elvish culture (specifically their mental characteristics and behavior and their religious beliefs).



Floored with glazed white tiles, every seventh one having the symbol of one of the Fellowships.

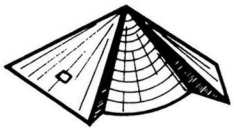
Section
(vertical not to scale!)



Conical (white-tiled)

Flat (marble 'slates')

Roof



Constructed from blue marble and tinted limestone. Carved pillars.

Used as a debating chamber and meeting hall for gatherings of all Fellowships (or individual ones). Seats 250+ lots standing.

Dorelas's father fancied himself as a bit of a mystic and even thought he had some strong trace of Elven blood. Under his influence, Dorelas sought out a wife from Dol Amroth in the hope that she would have even more Elven blood, and he is now trying to raise his young son and daughter in what he hopes is an Elvish manner. The other storage areas contain materials for working and household supplies.

Upper Floors

The first floor of the House resembles a typical lodging house, with many (13) bedchambers and two bathrooms. There is also a two-room suite (#7) that is occupied by Dorelas together, his wife Torredel, and his children Edalion and Mellas. Their room is sumptuously furnished, and many of the items are of Elvish manufacture from Edhellond and Lindon.

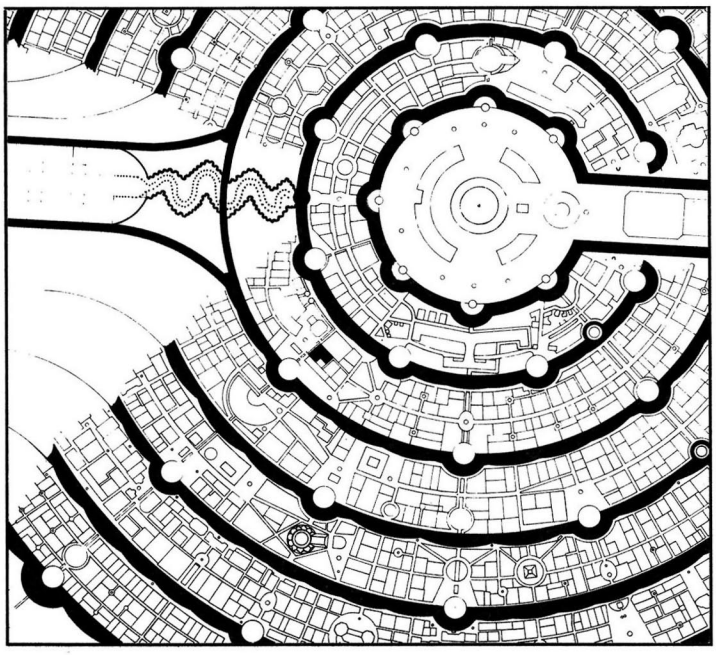
A panel concealing a safe is secreted behind Torredel's wardrobe. It has no key but a special lock, which is Extremely hard (-30) to pick.

Note: In *the safe are six items of Gondorian jewelry (each worth 1-10 gp), an Elf-make brooch worth about 100 gp, and a magic cloak woven by Dorelas himself. The cloak adds 11-20 points to the wearer's Appearance stat.*

The largest room on this floor is a nursery dormitory (#8). This chamber is home to the House's fifteen youngsters, who share beds in a brightly-decorated room. Two young nurses, attractive sisters and relatives of Torredel, also reside here.

A spacious attic with three dormer windows is situated above the first floor. The windows provide light and air for the apprentices' dormitory, the only attic chamber. This room can be reached by two ladders from the floor below. The apprentices have few possessions; but at least they all get a bed and decent clothing—even if they have to make the latter themselves, as their first job!

House of Tapestries



10.6 SIXTH LEVEL

10.6.1 HOUSES OF HEALING

Of all the notable sites in Minas Anor, the most famous is surely the Houses of Healing. Its reputation has spread far and wide, throughout the kingdom of Gondor and beyond. Occupying nearly half the area of the south side of the Sixth Level of the city, it is huge complex blessed with the only extensive gardens within the seven walls. These well-watered plots are deep with imported soil and manured every year, and they form a placid setting for recuperation.

The Houses are built from a creamy limestone with large blocks and well-mortared joints. Many structures occupy the yards, but the three main sections join at the center of the gardens. Two of the wings lie north of the Rant Athegilion, while the third, and most exclusive, sits to the south. All three sections are two stories high.

The other buildings that comprise the rest of Houses are scattered around at either end of the gardens. Each is somewhat distinct and is surrounded by its own beautiful lawns, hedges, and garden-beds.

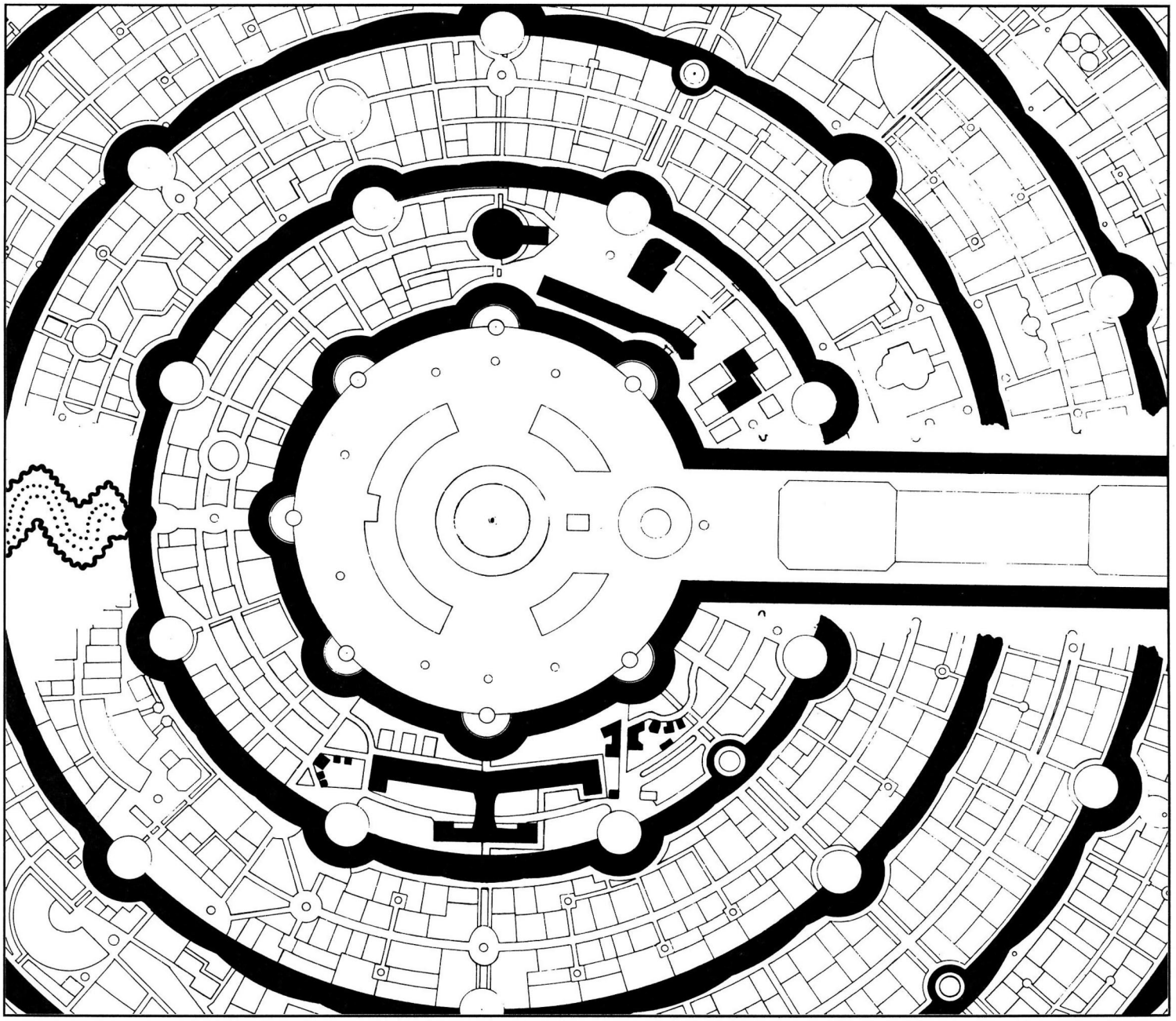
Main House

The Main House (#1) has a large double-door entrance. The doors are of massive oak, carved with a border of wild herbs. There are no steps to hamper the unwell and the doors most often stand open, except late at night. Inside is a black and white tiled floor and wood panelling, with alcoves housing vases of sweet-smelling flowers. A long, low table stands at the far end of the entry hall, where a number of attendants sit on duty.

The Healers are an almost religious group, following their chosen calling with a devotion akin to clerics. Indeed, their most effective tool in the fight against mortality is prayer and supplication. The attendants wear white robes, so that they might preserve their cleanliness more easily. Equal numbers of men and women serve here, welcoming anyone appearing in the entrance hall (#a) and offering help and advice. Healers happily venture out from the House to visit those too sick or hurt to come to them.

Long wings (#b and #c) angle away from the street and toward the Seventh Level on either side of the entrance hall. Kitchens and storerooms occupy the rear portion of the central wing (#d), just beyond the end of the entrance hall, where a stair and lift to the first floor are situated. The lift is operated from one of the storerooms.

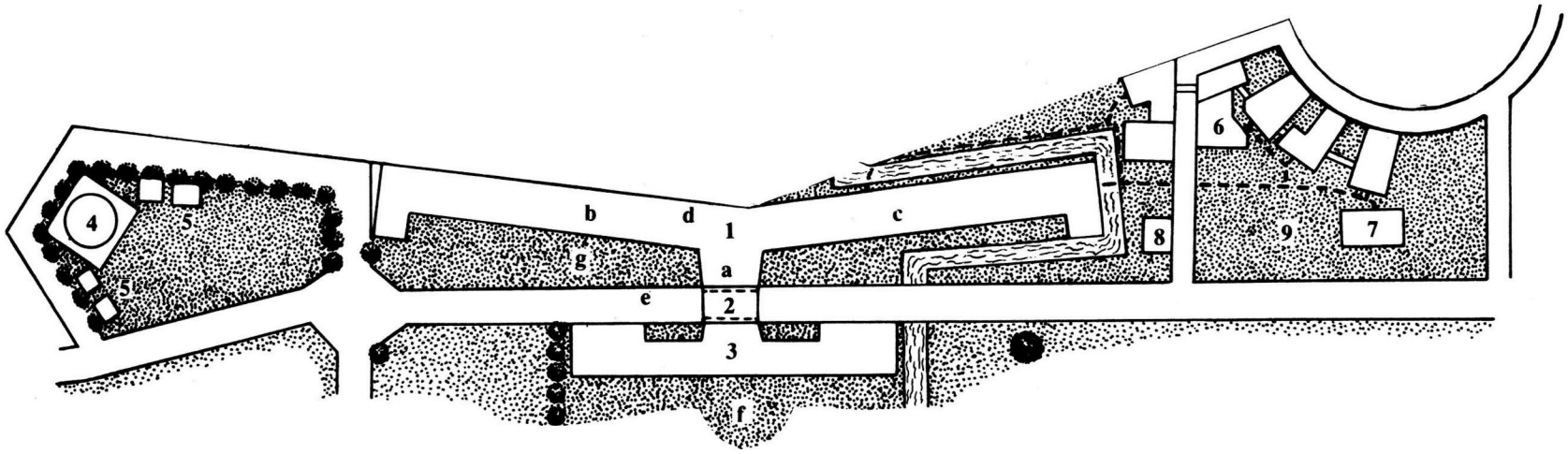
The west wing (#b) is named the Wards of Sicknesses, the east wing (#c) the Wards of Injuries. However, these names are often ignored, for during plagues nearly all the beds in both wings were filled with 'sick' victims. On each floor of each wing are two long wards, divided by a small area composed of three rooms: a rest area for the attendants, a bath chamber, and a room for the preparation of compounds and remedies for those requiring treatment. Rows of beds run along each wall in each ward, forming a dormitory with enough space for the attendants to get to each bed. At the end of the wing there is a door out and a stair providing access to the other floor.



Sixth Tier of Minas Anor

Offices for the Warden and the other Wise Men and Wise Women are located on the first floor, above the entrance hall. The Wise serve as consultants about various patients who require more than simple nursing or medication and their offices are stuffed with books and odd bits of equipment and generally include a well-stocked laboratory. Their myriad volumes encompass learned discourses on anatomy and physiology (even one or two dealing with Elven and Dwarven races), as well as on diseases, ailments, and conditions of every sort. Other works cover medications, preparations, potions, herbs, and magical substances which may heal and preserve, together with studies of the secret arts of mystical healing known only to those initiated in the ways of Channelling.

The offices are in part built out on an overpass (#2), crossing Healer's Way. A wide corridor, richly decorated with painted friezes and set with fresh flowers every day, leads from the lift to the southerly wing of the Houses (#3). No more than four beds crowd a given room in these wards, and there are many rooms divided off for the sole use of a single person. This wing is reserved for patients of noble birth or rich family, so experienced attendants provide the very best care. There are numerous store rooms, preparation rooms and day rooms dotted about in this wing, which also has doors (usually kept locked) opening onto the street.



1=Main House Wards
2=Overpass
3=Wards for Rich/Noble Types
4=Pool, Spring, Baths
5=Nursing Houses
6=Homes of the Healers & Laboratories, Herbariums, etc.
7=Incurables Hospice
8=Porter's House (Undertakers)
9=Sweet Garden



Sign of the Healers

The Main House is surrounded by excellently kept gardens (#d). These are, for the most part, pleasant lawns dotted with shrubs and some flower beds. To offer patients some privacy from the busy roadway a beautiful arcade (#e) walls the garden. Built on square-based pillars, the arches are sculpted from gracefully intertwined loops of stone. A hedge grows about the base.

The finest garden is situated between the south wing and the wall (#f). Here there are azaleas and juniper bushes, banks of chamomile and cowslip and nasturtium, charming carved wooden seats, stone urns planted with delicate flowers and miniature oranges, and stone-flagged paths overlooking the southern city and lands beyond. Its views stretch across the Anduin to Ithilien and on a fine day are indeed breathtaking.

Outer Buildings

The other buildings of the Houses of Healing are less imposing. East of the Main House, across a narrow way, lies a grassy sward set round with trees on three sides: tall, stately, aromatic pines to give greenness all year. Upon this sward is a large square building with a dome (#4) of blue mosaic. This is a spring pool, where special waters well up and are heated, so that patients and victims of various hurts might bathe and take the waters for their beneficial effects. The pool is handsomely decorated with turquoise and green mosaic, its heating fires conveniently hidden away in cellars.

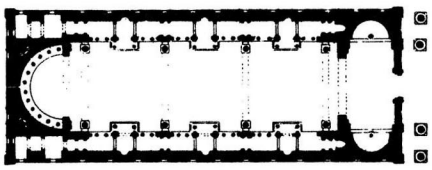
Close by the spring pool are four nursing houses (#5) where elderly or infirm patients are personally tended. Each house harbors some six patients (if full) and two attendants. Families and Fellowships donate fair sums to keep elderly people here in quiet seclusion and excellent care.

At the other end of the Houses is a collection of buildings put to various uses. Many of these are homes of the attendants and Healers who work in the houses (#6). They are typical small lodging houses, although all are linked by covered ways and overhead foot passages into a small warren of dwellings. There are also numerous extensions and rooms converted into herbariums and laboratories and the like. Some are very strange, with half-dissected animals pinned out on boards and bubbling crucibles and stills producing all sorts of wonderful decoctions and infusions. Others are more like tiny, cramped libraries hung with bunches of drying herbs and flowers.

Apart from these is a more somber building, a hospice (#7) for incurable invalids and those who are doomed to die. Although the Healers are knowledgeable and dedicated, they cannot cure all ills nor every injury. Those unfortunate enough come here during their last days or weeks seeking peace and contentment. For those the Houses fail, there is the Porter's House (#8) set just off the main street. The members of the Porters' Fellowship who make coffins and act as undertakers reside here.

The Sweet Garden (#9) surrounds these western buildings. Mostly comprised of beds planted and carefully tended by herbalist-Healers, all of the gardens are meticulously situated for warmth and sunlight. They are sheltered or exposed as necessary, on wet or dry ground, acid or lime soils, and treated with special compounds. Just about any useful herb can be found here in its most flourishing cultivated form.

The Warden of the Houses of Healing is Doreorn the Skilled, who is also Master-General of the Healers' Fellowship. His Deputy, Malegorn, also works here and has charge of the hospice. Known in his younger days as a phenomenal surgeon, Doreorn is a white-haired old man known for his penchant for surgical and magical skills and his relative disdain for herbal and homeopathic remedies; thus, he gives little attention to the latter side of the House's operation. The more subtle practices are entrusted to Imorial, a matronly Healer who commands far wider support from the lower ranking attendants. It was she who tutored Emelduin, the King's new Physician (see 12.12), and it is likely that Doreorn's mantle will one day fall upon her shoulders—all that stands in the way are a few stalwart supporters of Doreorn's favorite Malegorn.

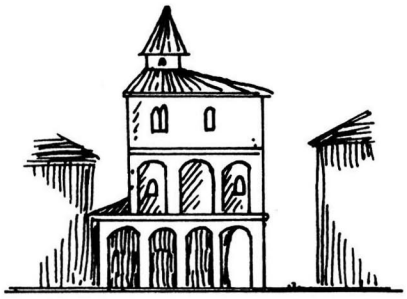


A Typical Market Hall

10.6.2 TERIMBREL THE RATTER

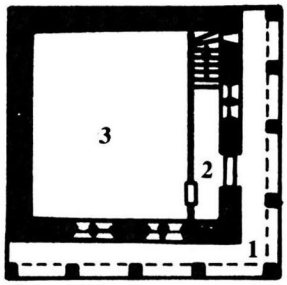
A strange (actually unique) occupation is Terimbrel's: he is Minas Anor's ratter. As such, he occupies an equally unique house and a unique position in Anorian folk history.

So the story goes (and it can be heard many times in a single visit to the city), back in the days of Ciryandil there was a dispute between Conclave and the Waterwrights' Fellowship, so that all the senior Fellows, and many of their journeymen and apprentices, left the city. The Sluicemaster, it is said, was slighted by the wife of the Prince-President and a long-held grudge aggravated the situation. Whatever the cause, the effects were soon felt by Minas Anor's citizens—from the lowliest worker to the Prince-President himself, up on Citadel Rock. With no one to man the sluices and operate the city's complex system of water basins and discharge pipes, effluent soon backed up. Filth poured out onto the streets and the fresh water supply became so unreliable that people dared not use it to wash the muck from their door, lest they were left with none to drink. And what was the point, when more would flood down from the higher levels in an hour or two?

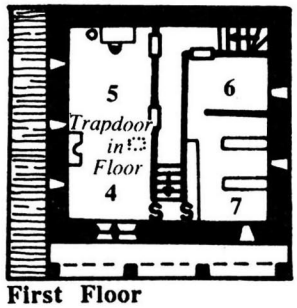


TERIMBREL'S HOUSE

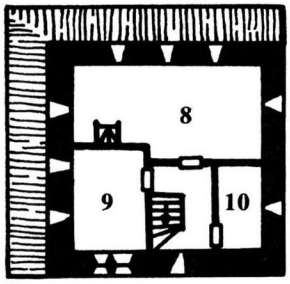
Terimbrel is smelly and disgusting;
also a Blood Ringer
Has terriers to do the ratting.
Occasionally takes in paying
guests but few stay long



Ground Floor



First Floor



Second Floor



11
Third Floor

Terimbel's House

With the dirt and sewage came something worse, however. Minas Anor, built on solid rock and with its wonderful plumbing, always held itself above other cities, for it had no rats. There was nowhere for the vermin to hide or breed or feed, and the few that managed to smuggle themselves in with a cartload of grain or cabbages were soon discovered and killed or starved. Then, as if from nowhere, rats appeared. They thrived on the rotting rubbish and decaying filth that littered the streets, piling up in gutters and against walls. Swarms would occupy cellars and basements, scurrying out at night to scavenge what they could and even occasionally attacking lone people or biting children at play.

Conclave decided something had to be done, but the Prince-President was ruled by his waspish wife and would not invite the Waterwrights back to wash the city clean. Many doubted they could accomplish the task, anyway, so few lobbied for their return. In the midst of this despair, a stranger came to the city, who stopped at the Keylodge and spoke with the Warden. He asked to be taken to Conclave, saying that he could help them with their problem.

The Prince-President hurriedly summoned Conclave and invited the stranger to address them. He was a tall, wiry fellow, dressed in russet-brown garb, with a long cloak which he would not remove. He introduced himself as Als-afar-Laistan and spoke with a thick Northman accent, refusing to reveal his face, which he kept hidden in the darkness of his hood, since he was, he said, hideous to behold. The visitor stated that he could help the wise men of the city, who were afflicted with a plague of rats. Als-afar-Laistan produced a small lyre and said that when he played it, the rats would follow him and leave the city. When the city's masters laughed, and the wife of the Prince-President laughed loudest, Als-afar-Laistan kept playing, walking around the Chamber and out of the door. Within a minute he returned, and behind him was a line of twelve rats. Then Conclave stopped laughing and the Warden of the Keys asked him what payment he would require for his services, which were, it appeared, most useful.

Als-afar-Laistan turned to the Prince-President and said that he would like a house on the highest level of the city and a hundred thousand erenion or gold crowns. All the wise men gaped at his effrontery, and the wife of the Prince-President stamped her foot indignantly. But Als-afar-Laistan stood firm and declared that such was his price, and they could take it or leave it. The Warden escorted Als-afar-Laistan from the Chamber and let Conclave debate the matter. Amidst an outpouring of hasty words, the wife of the Prince-President cried out against the man's outrageous demands; but eventually the votes of the Fellowships, for once thinking of their suffering members, won the day and Als-afar-Laistan was instructed that the city would purchase his services for the fee he prescribed. The Prince-President then stood up (at his wife's urging) and, glowering mightily at Als-afar-Laistan, told the strange lutist that if a single rat remained in the city his fee would be forfeit.



Als-afar-Laistan merely bowed and thanked the persons assembled, mentioning to the Warden that he would be back on the morrow to collect his fee. Then he made his way to the highest gate of the city, where the Lamplighters assembled. Following them when they set off, Als-afar-Laistan strummed his lyre in a dainty melody and swarming shadows gathered behind him in the new pools of light. The sounds of the scratching of tiny claws on the cobbles and the pitter-patter of a hundred thousand paws upon the stones cut clearly through the air, for none of the rats squeaked or squealed. All were silent, intent on the dancing notes that hung in the dark night.

Eventually, the lamplighters reached the Keylodge and hurried inside, while Als-afar-Laistan marched on through the Great Gate; and all through the city, the people marvelled at their empty cellars, abandoned basements and uninfested streets. The rats had even cleaned up almost all the filth as they departed, as if hungry for one last meal. From every window and under every door they had jumped and squeezed and poured in their teeming multitudes. Now all was quiet and not a single rat was left.

That evening the Prince-President got no sleep. Not only was he worried about having to pay Als-afar-Laistan, but his wife continually berated him, nagging him about his incompetence. Afterwards, she stormed off and summoned her most trusted servant.

The next day Conclave met again, and again Als-afar-Laistan came before them, this time proclaiming that he had cleared the city of rats. The members sat stony faced, for they knew it was true. Each of them had been busy since sunrise, searching every nook and cranny and asking everywhere they went if anyone had seen a rat since the previous night. But nowhere was there a rat to be found. They would have to pay Al-afar-Laistan his fee. Just then there was a peculiar sound, and everyone turned to look at the fiery wife of the Prince-President. Shrieking, she jumped up on her chair and silenced the assembly. Around the ornate table she shared with her husband came a little snout and then a hairy body. All the members gasped with relief while the Prince-President thundered for his guards to come and carry off both rat and ratter.

Before they could lay a hand on either, Als-afar-Laistan had produced his lyre and started playing, a different air this time. The guards stopped and stared at the ceiling, suddenly calmed like ships with the wind out of their sails. It was at this moment that the culprit appeared. As if calling, the song magically summoned the servant of the Prince-President's wife from her hiding place behind a tapestry. Clutching a small leather bag, she danced out before Conclave while Als-afar-Laistan played on. She scooped up the rat and popped it into her bag, drawing its string tightly so the rat could not escape. Then, the wife of the Prince-President got down from her chair, took the bag, pirouetted, and followed Als-afar-Laistan from the chamber. She danced all through the city with her rodent partner, out of the Great Gate, and was never seen again.

Als-afar-Laistan returned the following day. None dared to lay a hand upon him. In the Chamber of Conclave there were twenty sacks, each with five thousand gold crowns, and the Master Mason ready with a clutch of drawings detailing the plan for a new house. The Prince-President was downcast, but at least had slept well the night before. Als-afar-Laistan declared, with a chuckle, that he was sure there were no more rats of any sort in the city. However, he had lost all inclination to stay. Als-afar-Laistan turned to the Prince President and asked him to summon the servant. When he appeared, Als-afar-Laistan asked that the servant accept his fee instead—on condition that he took up rat-catching as his occupation, for which he was to be granted the house, and that he spent none of the money on himself. Relieved, the Conclave readily agreed.

After that day, nothing more was heard of the stranger from the North. Some claim he was a magician, others an agent of the Dark Lord who had rebelled, others that it was the wizard Radagast the Brown in disguise. But his legacy has remained, and the Ratter's House stands on the Sixth Level of the city.

The ratters through the centuries have been good, honest men every one, enjoying wealth few can match, and they are always ready to help out the needy, poor, and desperate. Whoever Als-afar-Laistan might have been, the common folk of Minas Anor regard him as a saint and their benefactor.

The House

Terimbrel's House is the self-same house mentioned in the story, that built at the behest of Als-afar-Laistan. It is a somewhat peculiar shape, since the servant who became Minas Anor's first ratter had little idea of practical architecture. But the Master Mason tried hard to build according to his desires.

On the ground floor is a large square room flanked on two sides by an arcaded cloister (#1), which is painted a dull cream. Two barred, double windows face the street. The entrance (#2) is a sturdy wooden door with bands of iron that opens onto a plain unadorned corridor leading to a staircase. There is also a plain door, the base of which is plated with iron and much scratched. Behind it are Terimbrel's kennels (#3), where he keeps some twenty terriers, small dogs with short wiry hair suitable for tracking down rats and catching them. They have sharp claws, sharp teeth, and a sharp sense of smell to help them. Seldom cleaned, their den is smelly, although the dogs are well-looked after by Terimbrel, as such things go. There is a trapdoor in the low ceiling of the kennels through which they are easily fed each evening.

On the first floor there are two large rooms opening off the corridor which also has more stairs up. On one side is Terimbrel's workroom (#4) and kitchen (#5). These dayrooms are where he spends much time when not at work chasing vermin. They share a fireplace-cum-hearth for warmth. In the workroom, Terimbrel repairs his nets, leads, collars, poles, snares, traps and other paraphernalia associated with his dogs and other aspects of ratting. In the kitchen are a table and chairs and cupboards for food stores.

Opposite is his office (#6) and store (#7). The office is untidy, with a battered old desk and scrawled journals with entries by the past two hundred years' worth of ratters. Few were particularly literate. The storeroom is even worse, its shelves piled with old junk of every sort. There is literally nothing of value in the room. Except...a secret door lies hidden behind some shelves. Part of the storeroom and office form a tiny secret room where Terimbrel's true identity becomes better appreciated, for he is a member of the Blood Ring and the master of the fortune left to the first ratter by Als-afar-Laistan. The fortune, real rather than fabulous, was carefully invested by the servant and his successors and now resides here in part, exchanged into the most valuable of goods and handled in the most surreptitious manner, so that none might guess at its size. Tens of thousands of gold crowns have been given away by the ratters over the years, yet this hoard includes the 5,000 gold pieces worth of jeweled and magical items housed here and another 10,000 gp stored in Terimbrel's other secret caches. Terimbrel's magical books and tomes complete the magnificent treasure, which is well protected against chance discovery by some lucky thief.

Trap: *The secret chamber is absurd (-70) to perceive and is guarded by a lethal wall trap. Its mechanism is extremely hard (-30) to unlock and any failure to successfully bypass the lock will unleash a spring-driven wall panel that comes out of the rear of the opposing shelf section. Anyone within 5' of the trap must make a foolhardy (-50) maneuver or they will be victims receive a +75 Fall/Crush attack as the sprung panel seals the secret door.*

On the second floor is Terimbrel's large and once-spacious bedchamber (#8). Cluttered and dirty and untidy, the room has a somewhat offensive aroma. Numerous old, grimy suits are crammed into the wall cupboards, along with a few once-handsome furnishings. A winding stair ascends to the pergola (#11), a tiny lookout upon the city a story taller than its neighbors.

A spare bedchamber (#9) also occupies the second floor. Terimbrel occasionally takes in paying guests, as much to keep up the appearance of poverty as anything, but they seldom stay long. Even Terimbrel suffers from a few odorous problems, in keeping with the rest of his lodgings. Only the tiny, apparently little used, bath chamber (#10), remains tidy.

10.6.3 CHAMBER OF CONCLAVE

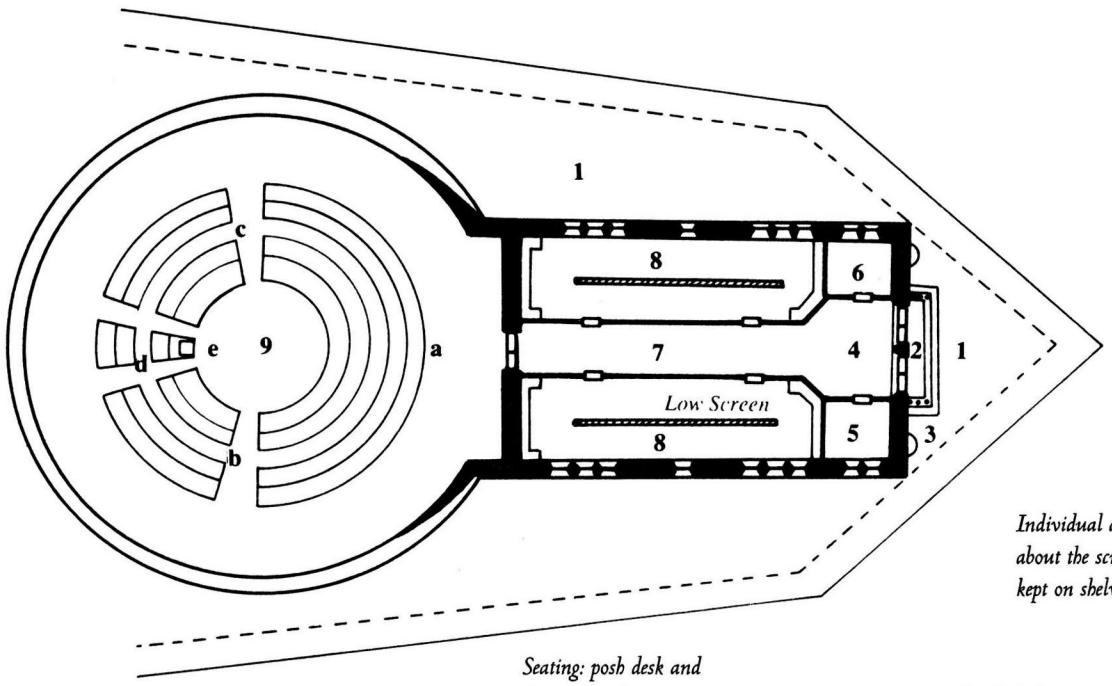
Conclave: Minas Anor's great ruling council, a body second only to the King's Court itself in power and prestige. Conclave: from ancient words meaning "with a key." Each member bears a key as symbol of authority and presents it upon entering. Is it just coincidence that the magnificent Chamber of Conclave resembles in shape a massive key-hole?

In fact the Chamber of Conclave serves a dual purpose. Not only is it the weekly meeting place of the Council, but it is also the daily work place of two score scribes who busily handle the most important aspects of city administration—from payments to the Waterwrights to applications for citizenship filed by fleeing refugees.

The Chamber is a tall and imposing building dominating the Noble Saltire, a great square on the north side of the Sixth Level. Surrounding it are residences of noble and powerful families. Immediately before and flanking the building are intriguing pavements (#1) formed from round white stones set into red mortar. The stones are said to have come from the beaches of Pelargir while the mortar is supposed to be crushed coral. Whatever the truth of the matter, the pavement splendidly sets off the white stone columns of the building, each topped with a capital of reddish or dull pink alabaster. Two bands of the colored stone encircle the rotunda, as the Chamber proper is known (see #9 below).

The only entrance to the Chamber is under a projecting portico (#2) at the top of a set of three broad steps. The topmost step is paved with dark red marble with gold-leaf edging. Here, two massive double doors flank a central pillar of white whereon the names of the past Prince-Presidents are engraved in sharp black characters. On either side of the portico are massive golden suns, the city's symbols (#3), which are cast from metal and plated with gold. Hung like huge shields, they burnished every week. Sentries stand beside the doors, six in all. These are men of the elite Citadel Guard who deter anyone from entering unoffically.

Both doors open onto an imposing entrance hall (#4). Some 25' high and furnished only with a arc-shaped desk, the room immediately dwarfs all but the strongest visitors. The ceiling above is painted with scenes from the life of Anárion, including the Fall of Númenor and the War of the Last Alliance. The walls are plain white for the most part, set with discreet lamps and eight statues dedicated to aspects of the Aratar, such as Oromë's horse Nahar, a flowing pitcher of Nienna's tears, a stylized crown for Manwë and a wreath of stars such as Varda wrought. The hall is guarded by another six men in their full regalia of mithril-bright mail and gleaming swords, and their sergeant sits at the desk with two Wardens who take the names of all those entering or seeking help or advice from the scribes and administrators within.



The guardsmen are quartered during the day in the guardroom (#5) just off the entrance hall, although they troop up (or down) from their barracks. The outside sentries keep guard all night long as well. Guards are changed every two hours, men serving three two-hour periods each day. At night there are two six-hour rotations. The guardroom contains seating and space for relaxing; food is brought from the barracks at appointed times. Off-duty men occupy themselves with games or attending to their accoutrements.

The Wardens' Room (#6), where the Wardens who are in overall charge of the building maintain a small office, is opposite the guardroom. A number of messengers are stationed here, waiting to be called by the administrators or members of Conclave who require an errand run or a letter delivered. Although filled with records, the room is kept neat and tidy under the stern eye of Gailong, an elderly Warden of lesser Dúnadan stock who has a keen interest in poetry. His job allows him to sit and read most of the time, for he has his staff organized to perfection.

A splendid corridor (#7) joins the entrance hall to the rotunda. This broad passage is walled with wood panelling carved with a honeycomb-like pattern of upright lozenges. Fifty banners, representing the fifty members of Conclave, hang from the two rows of poles that project out high on the walls. Sometimes there are fewer, when less than ten Advisors have been appointed. Portraits of past Wardens and other notable members of Conclave adorn the walls below the banners. These tend to be rather old and either faded or dark with grime.

Large, open-plan offices (#8) open onto either side of the corridor. These long rooms are each divided by a low screen of light wood that is surrounded by twenty desks. Scribes and administrators who conduct the offical business of the city labor in these halls, copying edicts and transcribing proceedings of Conclave, recording judgments in the courts, processing all matters of finance and the Treasury, and keeping accounts of the tax collectors and public services. The task is a mammoth one, so there are other small offices dotted about the city that house other organizations (such as within the appropriate Fellowships) that deal with the law.

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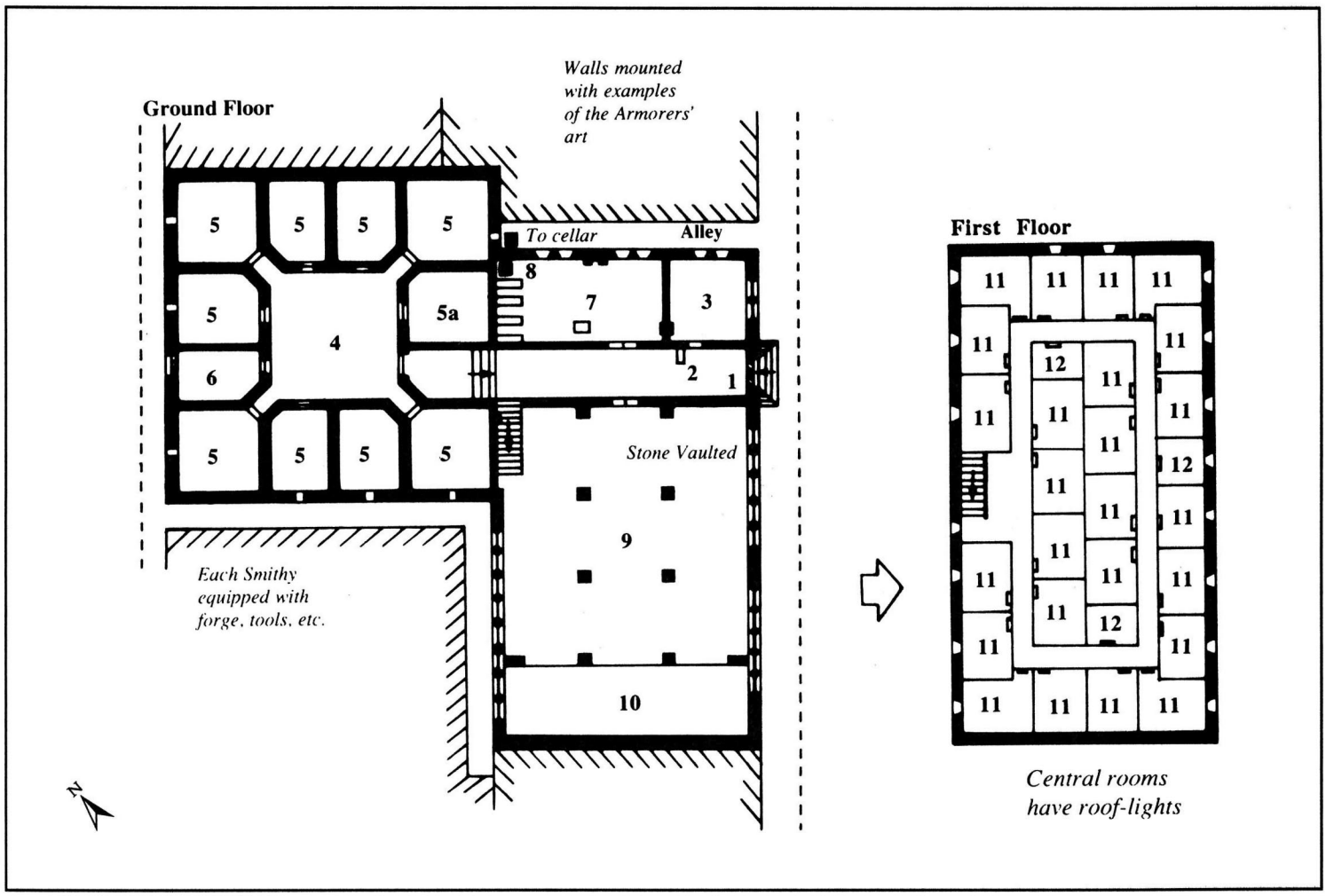
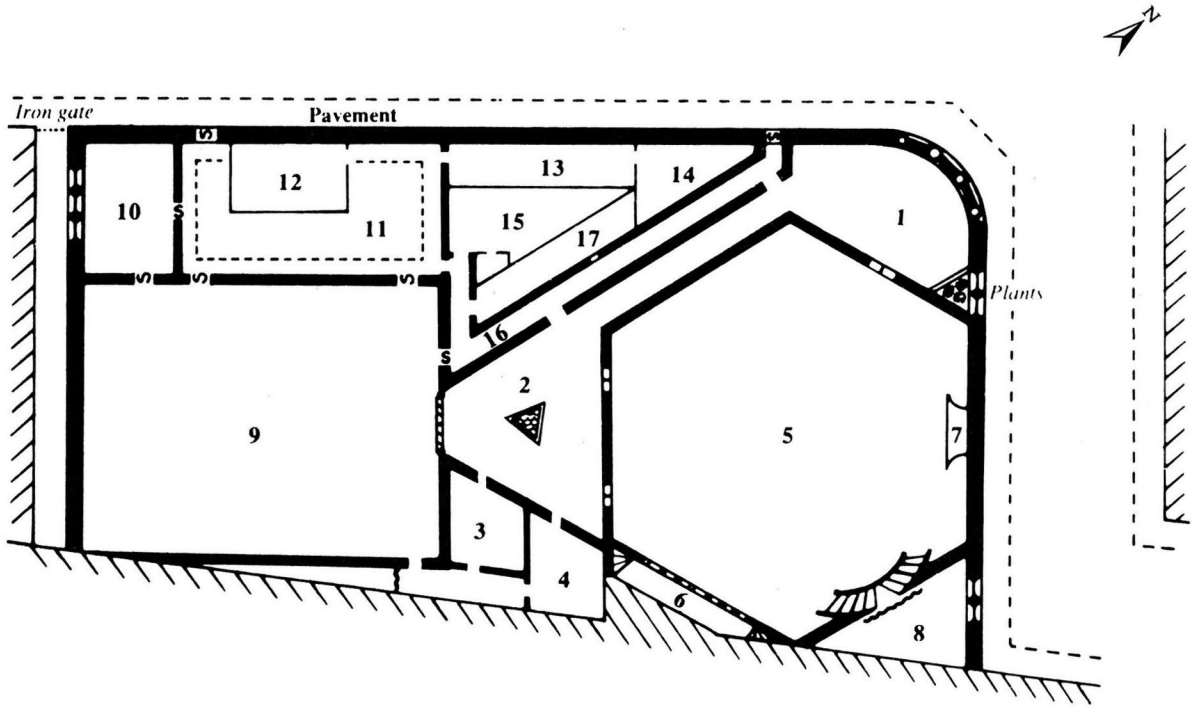


Within the House proper is a massive kitchen (#7), for the armorers tend be very strong, big men with comparable appetites. A meal fit for an armorer, it is said, would feed a dozen clothwrights. And it is well known that armorers often have eating competitions, even challenging other Fellowships on occasion—not that they ever lose. The kitchen staff are double the number required in any other house of the same size, so their stores are extensive. A trapdoor (#8) leads down into rambling cellars (under the main House only) where there are innumerable sacks of flour, barrels of meat, and tuns of wine and beer. Deliveries come through a bolted trapdoor in the adjacent alley.

Meals are served in the stone-vaulted Hall (#9). Its atmosphere resembles that of a crypt or some castle chamber, for the walls are untouched stone and are surmounted with displays of the armorers' art: shields, breastplates, chainmail suits, hauberks, helmets, gauntlets, and the like. The windows are small, high on the walls, made of thick glass and grimy with dirt, so that they hardly let in any light. The ceiling is black with soot and smoke, for numerous huge fireplaces are set about the Hall to provide warmth, and the torch brackets are fitted with flaming brands for light. Dark wooden trestle tables and benches fill the main part of the chamber, and are built incredibly well in order to withstand the nightly punishment of great laden dishes and riotous diners. At the far end of the hall is a raised platform (#10) where the highest ranking armorers sit and survey their awesome collection of workmates. Such a band even a troll horde might fear, and rightly so. Still, the armorers are decent and kind folk, many with a gentle sense of artistry and a caring, courteous nature.

Above the Hall is a large and equally grim living area: a floor of somber, wooden-partitioned bedchambers (#11) and bathrooms (#12), each housing one or two armorers and families. Few enjoy much illumination, although the central bedchambers are fitted with roof-lights; all the windows are as dirty as the ones downstairs anyway. The bedchambers are furnished quite barely for such a prestigious and relatively wealthy House, but then the armorers involve themselves so greatly in their work that they pay little attention to such things. As long as there is a strong bed, they are unconcerned. The wives and children of the armorers receive the worst deal; but then, to be able to boast of an armorer father or husband is sufficient, and there are other places in the city to escape to during the day.



The Feasting Hall of 45' x 47' holds up to 100 revellers in comfort

Merethrond

10.6.5 MERETHROND

Merethrond, the Great Hall of Feasts, also known as Kingshall, lies on Rath Ceríngeldain opposite the Citadel Guard's Parade Ground. It is a lovely building marred only by a slightly disjointed appearance. There are two sides to the Hall—a Feasting Hall and a Ballroom. At one time there were twin rooms for feasting, but two hundred years ago one burned down in a terrible fire, so a new, somewhat whimsical ballroom was constructed in its place at the command of the young King Calmacil.

The new end of the building is all light and airy, with adventurous architecture in golden and white marbles. The older end is more traditional in style, with typical Anorian limestone and wooden vaulting. Somehow it just hangs together without clashing too badly, and it is certainly the most resplendent of royal buildings outside of Osgiliath.

Entrance Hall & Ballroom

The entrance to Merethrond is a series of doors set between gold-veined pillars of quartzite marble. Each door (there are four in all) is eight feet wide and nineteen feet tall. Fashioned from bronze, they are set with silver plates, which are in turn embellished with designs in gold leaf: the symbols of the royal family alternated with the rising sun of Minas Anor. There is always a pair of sentries stationed outside the doors, ever since a daring thief made off with ten of the original silver plates one night—despite the presence of the Guards' barracks across the street!

Behind the doors is the opulent entrance hall (#1), faced with more golden and yellow marble. To one side is a trough planted with tropical blossoms of almost impossible loveliness. Facing the outer doors are the doors to the ballroom (see #5 below). These are made of ivory inset with carnelian, tigereye and yellow agate cabuchons. The hall is brightly lit by seven gold-plated crystal

chandeliers and numerous oil lamps which also give off a delicate scent. Down a corridor, lined with rich tapestries from all over the kingdom, lies the Fountain Court (#2). This forms a link between the feasting hall and the ballroom. Its floor is paved with seven-sided flagstones of marble, the star-shaped interstices filled with special crystalline glass tinted with silver threads and rainbow hues. In the center is a triangular basin of pure white porphyry. It is filled with water; rising from its center is a golden replica of one of Ulmo's seashells, spouting seven jets of water up to cascade into the pool. Two smaller rooms off this, which also connect with the feasting hall, are powder rooms for noble men (#3) and women (#4), complete with every luxury for one's toilette.

The six-sided Ballroom (#5) is tremendous. Seventy feet across from corner to corner with no interior pillars, it has a pyramidal roof supported by tapering columns of stone. The walls are faced with yet more marble, surmounted by a gigantic circular mural representing the view from Meneltarma. It reputedly took seventeen artists from the Anorian Fellowship three years to complete the painting. From the roof hang thirteen chandeliers, the most magnificent being in the very center. On one side, two short flights of steps from the ballroom floor ascend either end of a balcony (#6) fronted by an elegant balustrade. Here there is some seating for those who wish to catch their breath from the typically hectic Gondorian dances. Music for the dancers is sometimes provided by players on the balcony, but more often from the gallery (#7). This is a wooden platform reached by a somewhat rickety metal ladder-stair. The gallery is ornately carved and fixed to the ballroom wall some nine feet above the floor, projecting forwards and also stepped, so that the back of it is another six feet higher still. There is seating for up to eighteen musicians. A common joke has it that they have to be paid danger money for putting up with such vertiginous perches.

If the dancers want to retire for more than a moment, a most elegant twin staircase leads up to a gold-edged arch backed by tawny velvet drapes. These lead through to a smaller withdrawing room (#8) with high windows and cozy, low lamps and furniture. Servants are in attendance here to see to guests' needs.

Feasting Hall

At the older end of the building, the Feasting Hall (#9) fits more with the accepted image of royal chambers. Lofty yet reserved, with walls of stone and elegant, ancient timber, the feasting hall gives one a sense of history and dignity. The grand doors from the fountain court are dark wood, seasoned with time and years of ceaseless polishing, their lustrous grain showing in perfect detail, their hinges swinging open noiselessly. Inside, the furniture is superbly proportioned and perfectly suited to its surroundings, from the elaborate vine-leaf motif carved into every nook and cranny of the high table and royal seats, down to the wooden brackets supporting smokeless torches and oil lamps, shaped like bunches of grapes. The wood panelling around the walls cleverly conceals several doors through which servants tracelessly come and go, bearing jugs and steaming platters. The hall seats a hundred revellers in comfort, and sometimes more are squeezed in for major social occasions.

When necessary there is also a private room (#10) for the King or Prince-President to retire into, or entertain a very few guests. Luxuriously appointed, only a single exquisite dining table and a dozen elegant chairs occupy the chamber. Golden, sculptured lamps grace the walls, their carved bone shades casting light out of individual niches. This room is also used for the storage of the silver dinner service used at every feast, and has its own secret connection with the kitchens.

The servants' area of the Hall is dominated by the kitchen (#11). Here a gangway around a central working area allows free access to the outside, the feasting hall and the private dining room through special concealed doors. The working space is dominated by numerous ovens, ranges and two open hearths where food is prepared and cooked. Some twenty staff are involved in these areas. Further staff work in the pantry (#12) where the utensils, platters and dinner services used in the kitchens and feast halls are washed and dried, then returned to their proper storage. The pantry also holds supplies of basic food (most other food for feasts arrives here fresh each day from the city's finest provenders) and has a cellar for bulky goods.

Next to the kitchen is a long, narrow room where preparation tables are laid out (#13). When food is cooked and ready to be served, it is taken up and carried here where ranks of platters await. As the carrier progresses down the room, other servants pile the food on platters for a first course; then the carrier whisks the platters away on trays to the guests. The carriers then reload their serving dishes and go out to the feasting hall with additional fare. Beyond this room is one with a locked door only open to the butlers: it is the wine store (#14), where butts of high quality wine from across the kingdom are stored. The buttlers broach a suitable cask and decant it into their tall pitchers to serve the guests at table.

The servants labor furiously during a feast, but they are provided with a somewhat cramped rest chamber (#15) so that they might recover a while, assuming their overseer thinks they have been working hard enough. A small lavatory is set in one side of the room, which is barely furnished with old chairs and tables and a few odd games. It leads out onto a narrow servants passage (#16), allowing them unobtrusive access between the feasting hall and entrance hall (this is shown in exaggerated scale on the map). It is of particular use to the doormen who collect the travelling cloaks and robes of guests in the entrance hall. These are stored in the cloakroom (#17).

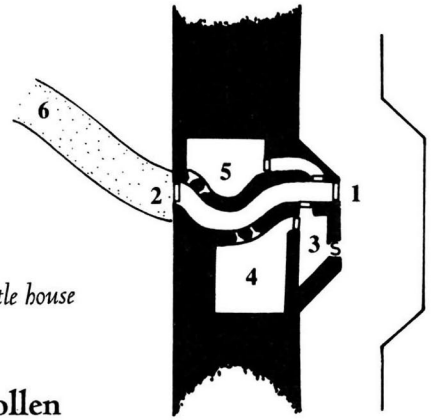
Rath Dinen

'. . .steep winding road. . .tall columns and carven figures beside the way. . .'

'. . .a winding road that descended in many curves down to the narrow land under the shadow of Mindollunin's precipice. . .'

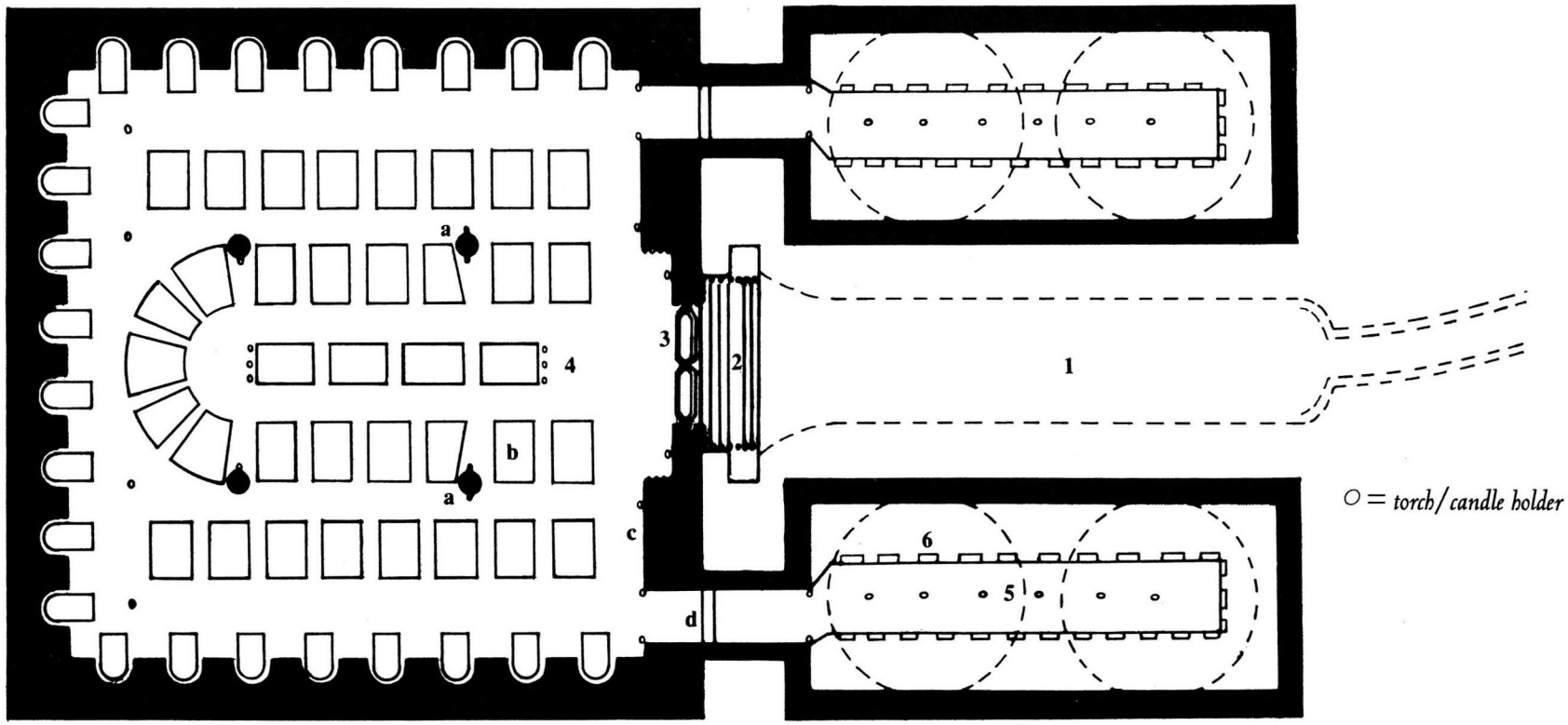
'. . .the climbing road between ancient walls and many-pillored balusters looming. . .'

1= Fen Hollen (Lebethron & Mithril)
2= Outer Door (Stone)
3= Porter's Room
4= Porter's Lodging
5= Guard Room
6= Rath Dinen (Silent St.)



'. . .A porter sat in a little house beside the way. . .'

Fen Hollen



○ = torch/candle holder

'A wide vaulted chamber draped as it were with great shadows. . .many rowsof tables, carved of marble; and upon each lay a sleeping form. . .'

The Hallows

10.6.6 FEN HOLLEN, RATH DÍNEN, AND THE HALLOWS

At the rear of the Sixth Level, where a polished black saddle of rock reaches westward toward the peak of the Mindoluin and sunders the city, there is a secret door, a Closed Door (S. "Fen Hollen"). The Door is never spoken of openly in the city, for its only purpose is the conveyance of the Dead—when a member of the Royal Family dies, then the Porter of Fen Hollen summons the Ed-belguinar from their house on the Rath Dínen (S. "Silent Street"). When the body has been prepared and the necessary rituals performed, it is conveyed through the city on a black bier to Fen Hollen, where the Door is opened. Then the porters take the body in procession along the winding length of Rath Dínen, down and then up the narrow rock ridge to the vale harboring the Hallows, where it is laid at rest.

Fen Hollen

From the city side, Fen Hollen resembles nothing more than a tiny cramped house built up against the side of the Outer Wall. This is not unusual in itself, and strangers often pass it unawares. They may note, however that there are no windows on the ground floor, just a large and rather ornate door (#1). The door is, in fact, constructed from lebethron and mithril, giving it the strength to withstand almost any attack. There is also a secret entrance to the Porter's House concealed by decorative plasterwork. The black and silver door is Fen Hollen proper. Beyond it lies a short, winding passage, ending in a massive stone door (#2) with seven oiled bolts of mithril-steel to keep it in place.

Note: *From the outside, the door is almost invisible, being set flush with the stone face of the wall. It is an absurd (-70) Perception roll to spot.*

The Porter's House is divided into two rooms. The upper floor with windows is a sham, designed to draw attention away from the Door's true nature and purpose. One of the windows actually acts as a skylight for the front Porter's Room (#3), where a black-robed porter and doorwarden sit vigilantly, yet hoping they will not be called. Service in Fen Hollen is purely voluntary, and while some avoid it, other porters and doorwardens vie for the opportunity to keep such an important position.

The porter and doorwarden have living space in the Porter's Lodging (#4), which is situated so that they need never be far from their post. A desk and some easy chairs occupy the front roon. Lit with a magical, ever-burning lamp, the lodging is furnished with comfortable beds and a table, a washbasin and latrine, and chests and cupboards for the men's possessions. A group of wardens visits twice daily to bring them food, clean clothes, and the like.

Across the passage from the porter's house is a guard room (#5). This has metal doors and is normally kept securely locked, but it can be manned as a contingency measure in time of war. The doorwarden in the porter's house keeps the keys to this room, which has supplies of military equipment, such as metal crossbows and bolts, shields, etc.

Rath Dínen

Beyond the stone Outer Door lies Rath Dínen (#6) the Silent Street:

> *"...steep and winding road...tall columns and carven figures beside the way...descended in many curves down to the narrow land under the shadow of Mindolluin's precipice...between ancient walls and many-pillared balusters looming..."*
>
> —***The Return of the King**, p. 121*

The road itself is even underfoot, well cobbled and kept in good condition by the Ed-belguinar. These latter are the "holy men of the dead," the only priests allowed within the city. They dwell in a freezing monastery building and number no more than a dozen. Little is known about them, save that they isolate themselves totally from day-to-day life and are said to revere the Fëanturi above all other Valar. From this intensely ascetic life style and introspection the Ed-belguinar are said to draw on great power and are much enlightened. Such is their reputation that the King has a Curate appointed to the Court from among their number.

Their House is easily recognized from its dull grey and black construction. It is a simple, long, low building. There is a door at either end, never locked, and within is but a single room. A hearth is situated in the center for cooking (not for heat, for there are unshuttered windows down both walls), while simple mattresses serve for beds. Tiny rushlights are set in holders on the walls, while the inhabitants work either outside or within, studying texts at low desks while seated on the floor. The Ed-belguinar do not fight; however, they have means to defend themselves, ranging from their ability to command others to the use of Channelled Power in the form of spells. It is unwise to cross one of these holy men.

The Hallows

The Hallows is a massive building surmounted by five domes and only reachable via the Rath Dínen. Two arms housing mausoleums for royalty reach out from the main structure, which is called the House of the Kings (later the House of the Stewards). The exceptionally thick walls are practically unbreachable and show no signs of mortar-work, the stones being so carefully fitted as to conceal any joints. A great hemispherical dome—35' high and 70' across—crowns the House of Kings, while two lesser domes cover each of the mausoleums. All are built from a dull greyish igneous stone of hard and enduring nature.





The path before the entrance broadens out into a wide cobbled area (#1), lined with black pavings slabs. An imposing porch (#2) fronts the entrance, where seven broad steps lead up to the doors (#3). A slender pillar on each step supports a projecting straight canopy of grey stone. Flanking the steps are two niches set about by columns; set within them are pure white alabaster statues depicting Nienna on the one side and Mandos on the other. The doors are hollow and cast from bronze. Each measures some ten feet wide and sixteen feet high. They only open at the command of the King, the chief Edbelguinar, or someone sent by either of these with express permission for that occasion. This enchantment resists all magic as if 60th level.

Within the doors is the House of the Kings. At the time of King Tarondor, twenty-two of the marble slabs (#b) around the outside, set into rounded hollow niches, are occupied by the preserved forms of the former Kings of Gondor, from Anárion to Telemnar. There are twenty-four such slabs, together with another thirty-seven laid out in rows in the middle of the room.

The House has low vaults which are supported by four great cylindrical pillars banded with graven designs (#a). Numerous brackets for torches (#c) punctuate the walls, but these are only set and lit when a funeral is due. The only other feature of the vast, cold room is a pair of two stone doors edged with black-enamelled metal (#d). These lead through to the mausoleums (#5). Each mausoleum has a central gap with a row of stone torch brackets; built out from the walls are repositories for the dead relatives of the Kings and Queens of Gondor (#6). Monumental engravings on stone and metal plaques carry dedications to princes and princesses of the past seventeen hundred years, who lie waiting here behind the square tablets, on shelves of stone.

10.6.7 LOWER BARRACKS

The Lower Barracks are an unstimulating building of simple pale sandstone block construction. Accommodating the Third and Fourth Companies of the Citadel Guard. This is accomplished by packing the poor guardsmen into rather cramped quarters. Since the two companies have 27 erith between them (see 7.24) there are two floors of fourteen dormitories (#1), each big enough to sleep the 20 men of the erith. The men each have a bed and a locker for their belongings (including their armor, weapons and uniforms), but precious little else. The barracks is also provided with bath rooms (#2) on either floor.

On the ground floor there is also a large store room (#3) for special trappings and equipment, such as ceremonial helmets used for parades. There are 26 individual bedchambers (#4) for officers of the Companies and their elite staff. The two Commanders, Anarond Astirian and Durfëvagor, have their own handsomely-appointed bedchambers (#5). Finally there is a kitchen (#6) with extensive cellars beneath kept well stocked to supply the guard in times of need. The men eat in the mess hall above, on the first floor over the staff chambers and kitchen.

Note: *Across the neighboring alley is a small stable. Very few horses are allowed within the city, but the royal familiy and the Commanders of the four Companies maintain steeds here, and keep grooms to tend them. The cavalry's mounts are stabled outside the city, in buildings just north of the Great Gate.*

10.7 SEVENTH LEVEL —CITADEL ROCK

"Thus men reached at last the High Court, and the Place of the Fountain before the feet of the White Tower: tall and shapely, fifty fathoms from its base to the pinnacle, where the banner of the Stewards floated a thousand feet above the plain."

*—**The Return of the King**, p. 25*

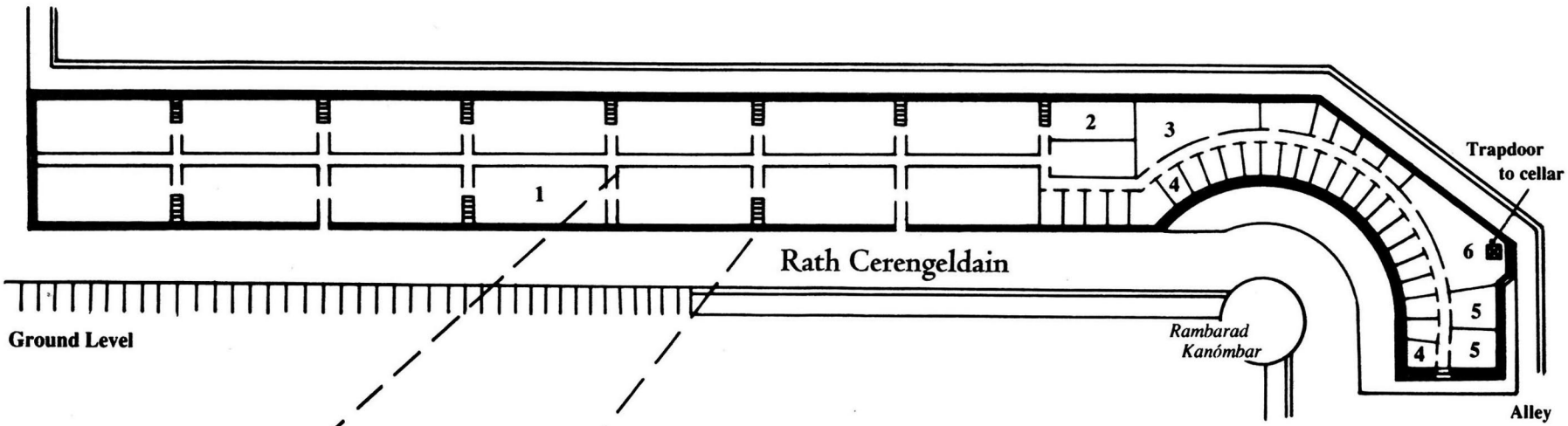
The Citadel of the city is synonymous with the seventh level and, unlike the rest of Minas Anor, is devoted entirely to defense, administrative affairs, ceremonial needs, and other royal interests. Here, all the property is owned by the crown. No private matters interfere with the daily life of this rather closed environment.

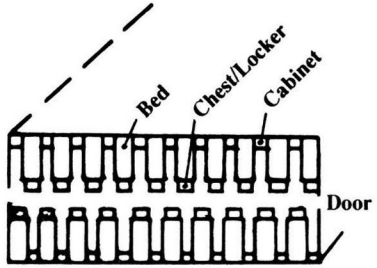
In keeping with this role, the entrance to the Citadel is carefully protected, being located beneath the outthrust mass of rock that cuts through the eastern side of the sixth level. Facing eastward, the simple subterranean door opens inward onto a sloping, lamp-lit passage that ascends to the seventh gate. A series of seven portculli guards this arched gate, which serves as the end of the Royal Tread (S. "E Tartië"). Inside the gate are the pavings of the High Court, where no horse is allowed to tread.

10.7.1 THE HIGH COURT

The seventh level is shaped like a key, and its entry gate opens on the eastern side of the large circular area known as the High Court, between the Hall of Isildur and the Place of the Fountain. The Court is surrounded by three great crescent-shaped structures: the Kitchens, the Hall of Guests, and the Upper Barracks. These colonnaded buildings are in turn surrounded by another open area, the King's Walk, a circle dotted with seven grassy lawns and enclosed by the seventh wall.

The High Court is paved with white stone. Nothing mars its surface, and the shoes of those who walk here must be without nails, for such is the custom of the city. The stones are swept every evening and scrubbed every morning, so that their spotless surface is unsullied the whole day long.





Dormitories accomodate the Third & Fourth Companies: 540 men

First Floor:
another 14 dormitories & Bath & Mess Hall (around curved section); food raised by pull lift from kitchen.

Stables for the cavalry are located north of the Great Gate outside the city.

The plan of the Court is uninterrupted, save for Hall of Isildur (later the White Tower) and two sculptures: the monuments commemorating the kingdom's two founders, Isildur and his brother Anárion. Isildur's statue stands southeast of the Hall, before the main door of the Hall of Guests. A corresponding statue of Anárion—mounted on a rearing horse with his spear lunging out towards the East against the nameless foe of Barad-dûr—is situated to the north and west of the gate, in front of the Upper Barracks.

10.7.2 UPPER BARRACKS

Note: *There is no illustration of this floorplan.*

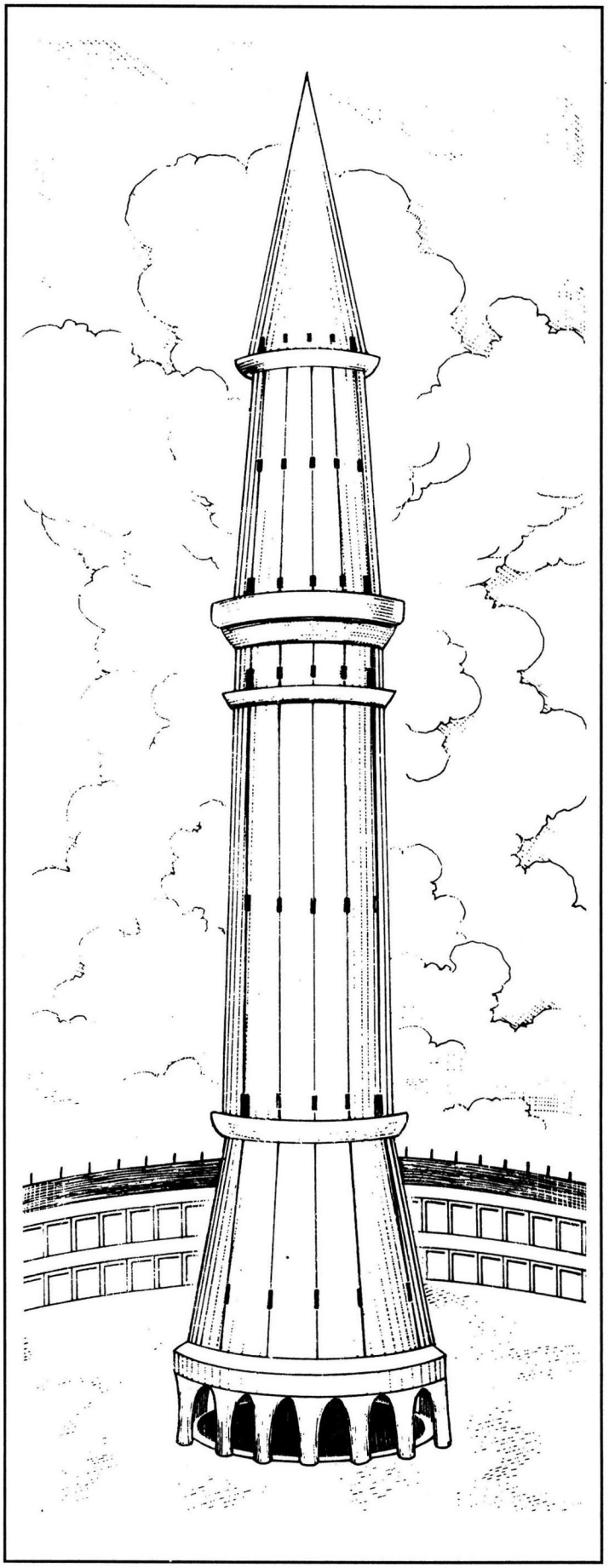
The Upper Barracks house the First and Second Companies of the Citadel Guard. Curving along the northeastern edge of the High Court, the building is adjacent to one of the two great parks that dominate the eastward side of the Kings Walk. The longer portion of the colonnade that encircles the ground floor looks toward this carefully-manicured park, which serves as the Guard's upper drill field. Twenty-one doors open beneath the covered walk that adjoins the lawn, so the soldiers housed here can muster quickly.

The Upper Barracks is three stories high and serves as the residence for a fighting force of six hundred men, together with their officers, staff, and servants. In addition to lodgings, it contains rooms for recreation, meals, and training. More splendid than the Lower Barracks, its creamy limestone face is kept clean and crisp, so that the elegant stonework and carvings are displayed to their fullest.

10.7.3 THE HALL OF ISILDUR

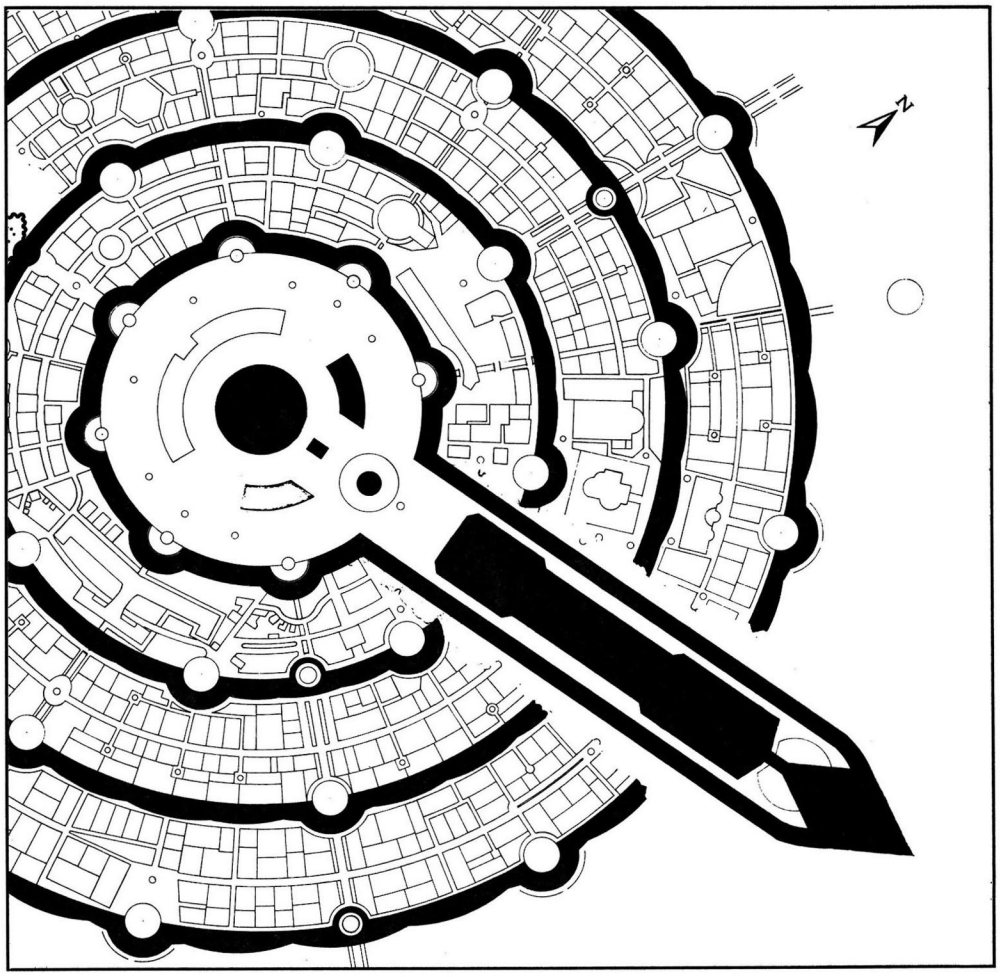
The graceful Hall of Isildur, an ancient granite chamber without walls, occupies the center of the High Court. Opposite the gate, it forms the western apex of the city's ceremonial center. No structure in Minas Anor is more revered. Its stout but graceful columns date from the city's founding, while its gleeming white dome was constructed during Isildur's brief reign. The pillars surround an open room, a meditative place of understated grandeur.

Note: *The Hall of Isildur occupies the center of the Seventh Level throughout history. In T.A. 1900, however, it is incorporated into the base of the 300' tall White Tower, which was built by King Calimehtar as his great keep. The White Tower serves as the principal bastion in the city after that date. Later, this Spire also became known as the Tower of Ecthelion, for it was rebuilt by the Steward Ecthelion I (r. T.A. 2698-2698). (See the special section on the White Tower located later in this chapter.)*



The White Tower

10.7.4 THE PLACE OF THE FOUNTAIN



The Place of the Fountain is east of the High Court, between the gate and the High Hall. Here, the large, round pool that gives the site its name stretches across the entry to the narrow eastern section of the Citadel. The pool harbors an enchanting fountain set in a bowl edged with white marble of so fine a quality that it appears translucent. Fed by a deep and powerful spring, the clear water naturally dances, rising some eight feet above the cool surface.

In the center of the Place of the Fountain is a small grassy sward, the home of a dimure but wonderful sapling of a tree. The tree's branches spread over the large round pool that gives the court its name, and the sweet waters of the fountain tickle the whitish boughs and their spray glistens in the sunlight that dances off the silvery leaves. It is almost as if the rays are drawn to this point; which is hardly surprising, for this sapling is the mystical White Tree.

The White Tree

The White Tree is a descendant of Telperion and its descendants Galathilion, Celeborn, and Nimloth. Elendil the Tall brought the fruit of the line to Middle-earth when he fled Númenor, and later planted it in Minas Ithil. Unfortunately, Sauron later captured the city and burned this tree in S.A. 3429. The line would have perished but for Isildur, who succeeded in rescuing a seedling during his retreat. Kept in Arnor until the end of the Second Age, the seedling was planted in the Citadel and endured there until T.A. 1636, when died in the Great Plague.

King Tarondor replanted a seedling here, which rapidly grew to become a slender ten-foot sapling. Undoubtedly the most cherished and valuable object in the city, it is the symbol of the South Kingdom and it is intimately linked with the destiny of Gondor's Kings. There is no man or woman in Gondor who calls themself loyal who would not lay down his or her life to save the Tree.

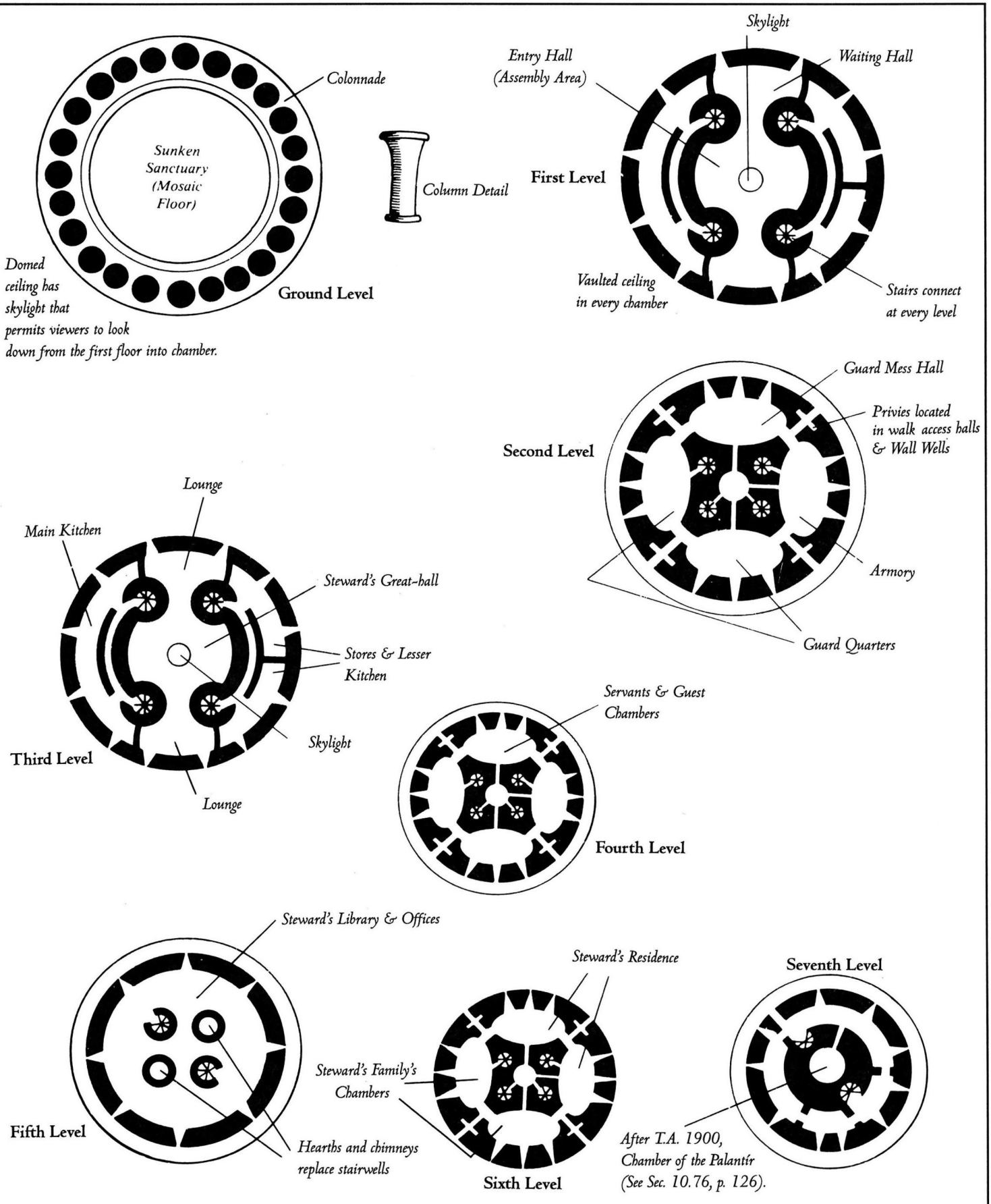
Consider then how unimaginably prestigious it is to have some sliver of the wood of the White Tree, such as when a branch falls and dies, as sometimes happens. There are just a few examples known of this wood being used to craft an item as a gift, and each one is a relic and treasure in itself. The Tree has pale leaves with dark tops and silver undersides, but it is named for its pure white blossoms, which can flower at any time. The appearance of a blossom usually heralds some significant event in Gondor's destiny.

Later History of the White Tree

The White Tree located in the Court of the Fountain died in T.A. 2852, the year that the Steward Belecthor II perished. No seedling could be found, so the withered trunk was left standing, as memory of the spirit underlying Gondor's glory. It is referred to thereafter as the Dead Tree.

Soon after the War of the Ring, King Elessar (Aragorn II) accompanied Gandalf up the slopes of the Mindolluin, where he discovered a three foot sapling at the edge of the snow. The young tree, which was less than seven years of age, was crowned with a single cluster of white flowers. Thus, the line of Telperion, the Eldest of Trees, was rediscovered.

Elessar replanted the sapling in the Place of the Fountain; but rather than burning the Dead Tree, he had it carefully laid to rest in Rath Dínen. As the sapling flourished, so too did Gondor, which once again the home of the White Tree.


Colonnade
Sunken Sanctuary (Mosaic Floor)
Column Detail
Domed ceiling has skylight that permits viewers to look down from the first floor into chamber.
Ground Level
Skylight
Entry Hall (Assembly Area)
Waiting Hall
First Level
Vaulted ceiling in every chamber
Stairs connect at every level
Guard Mess Hall
Privies located in walk access halls & Wall Wells
Second Level
Armory
Guard Quarters
Lounge
Main Kitchen
Steward's Great-hall
Stores & Lesser Kitchen
Skylight
Third Level
Lounge
Servants & Guest Chambers
Fourth Level
Steward's Library & Offices
Fifth Level
Hearths and chimneys replace stairwells
Steward's Residence
Steward's Family's Chambers
Sixth Level
Seventh Level
After T.A. 1900, Chamber of the Palantír (See Sec. 10.76, p. 126).



10.7.5 HIGH HALL

High Hall is one of the largest buildings in the city. The summer palace of the King in former years, it is now the principal royal residence. Since it was erected as a place of refuge, however, it lacks many of the comforts and frills associated with other regal residences. High Hall is not the most light and airy of palaces; instead it is somewhat of a fortress, albeit a place of reverence.

The High Hall is built from sturdy, dark stone. Its architect sought to produce a hall which would awe the visitor and remind them of the ancient heritage and power of the Kings of Gondor. In this he succeeded, for the structure invites wonder and commands sober respect.

The entrances to High Hall lie one above the other. At ground level, there is a simple wooden door (#1), unadorned yet massive, fully twenty-seven feet high and ten feet wide. Opening in two halves, each portion of this door requires considerable strength to move. Men from the Throne-guard have its defense charged to them, and they admit visitors only on the invisible acknowledgement of the doorwardens who wait in the shadows. On the inside of the door is a representation of the Winged Crown of Gondor, picked out in silver studs struck into the solid wood.

The door itself opens onto a long, empty, paved passage; long indeed, for it stretches (20' wide) for 170 feet. Nothing adorns the walls of perfectly jointed stone blocks. At the end is a tall, two-section door of polished metal (#2). It appears unguarded and shut at most times, but ever-vigilant doorwardens stand behind it, beside concealed spyholes that enable them to observe anyone approaching down the passage. These doors will open easily from the Hall side, but they cannot be pushed or pulled from the passage side.

Beyond the door is a great hall (#3):

"It was lit by deep windows in the wide aisles at either side, beyond the rows of tall pillars that upheld the roof. Monoliths of black marble, they rose to great capitals carved in many strange figures of beasts and leaves; and far above in shadow the wide vaulting gleamed with dull gold, inset with flowing traceries of many colors."

This is the center of the High Hall, a space like some cathedral, with room enough to hold the entire Guard marshalled together, or an assembly of all the nobles in Gondor. Half way down the hall there are two short steps (#a).

The hall is austere:

"No hangings or storied webs, nor any things of woven stuff or wood were to be seen in that long solemn hall; but between the pillars there stood a silent company of tall images graven in cold stone" (#b).

The colorings are all black and grey, with the hint of color aloft and at the far end, if one's eyes are good enough (for the throne sits over a hundred yards from the door). But color is often provided by the dress of courtiers or others who assemble here before His Majesty. At the western end of the hall is *"a dais of many steps"* (#c).

Set upon this dais is:

"a high throne under a canopy of marble shaped like a crowned helm; behind it was carved upon the wall and set with gems an image of a tree in flower." (#d)

—***The Return of the King***, *p. 28*

This is the throne of the Kings of Gondor, newly installed from Osgiliath, and brought here with much labor. The image is, naturally, the White Tree which flourishes in the Court of the Fountain. The throne sits at the most elevated point in the room; the counsellors of the King and other important and influential persons take positions closer or further away from him, higher or lower, depending on their status.

A number of rooms are situated at end of the Hall. The two rooms flanking the lower portion of the dais, the Lords' Chamber (#4) and Ladies' Chamber (#5), are both devoted to the courtiers. Each incorporates a separate lavatory (#a) and is attended by servants who see to their masters and mistresses' needs. The doors from the rear of these Chambers are normally kept locked, for they lead to the Royal Apartments; however, members of the Crown Council are usually permitted through, since the Chamber of Council (#6) lies directly behind the throne itself.

To reach this room, the King often uses a concealed door tucked beneath the image of the White Tree behind his throne (d). Black panelling adorns the walls of the Council Chamber, which contains a dark wood oval table mounted on massive stone supports. This table can seat up to twenty people, since it is 70' round. At any given time, an indeterminate number of members of the Council—all appointed and dismissed at the King's command (with immediate effect)—sit in session here. Typically the councilors include senior princes and noblemen of the kingdom, along with those in personal service to the King, such as his Commander, Curate, Seer(s), Treasurer, Herald, and Physician.

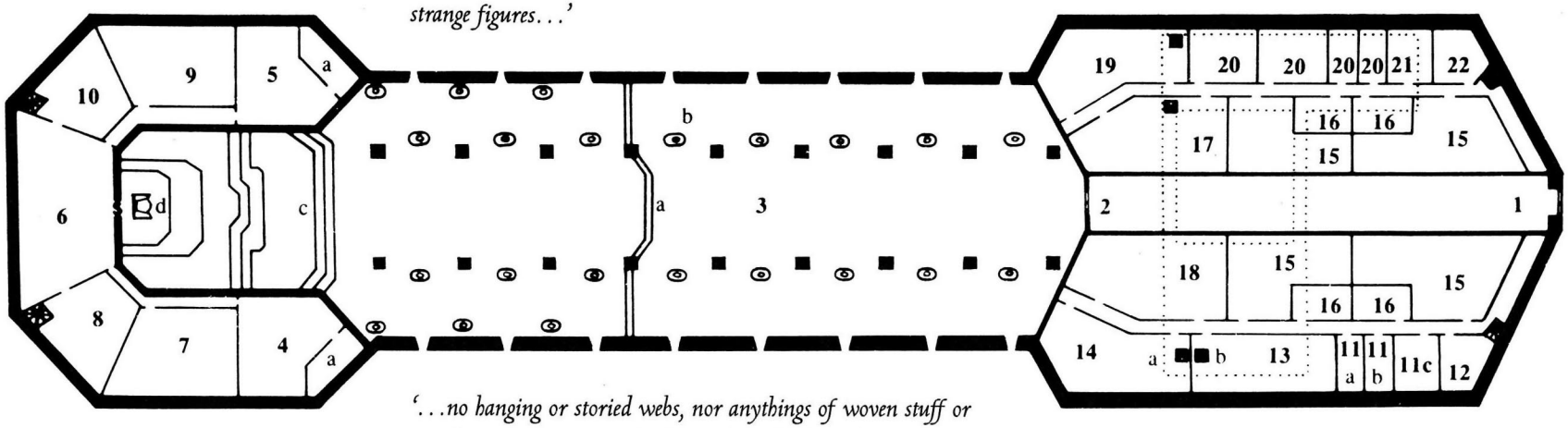
To one side of the Chamber of Council are two lesser royal chambers: the Prince's Chamber (#7) and the Royal Dayroom (#8). A large bedchamber used by an older son or daughter (or two) of the King, the former room is pleasantly furnished. It houses every luxury, as well as plenty of storage space for wardrobe items and other possessions. Next to it is the Royal Dayroom, where members of the royal family and their guests may retreat during the day for informal entertainment and diversion.



'. . .a great hall. It was lit by deep windows in the wide aisles at either side, beyond the rows of tall pillars that upheld the roof. Monoliths of black marble, rose to great capitals carved in many strange figures. . .'

'. . .a paved passage, long and empty. . .'

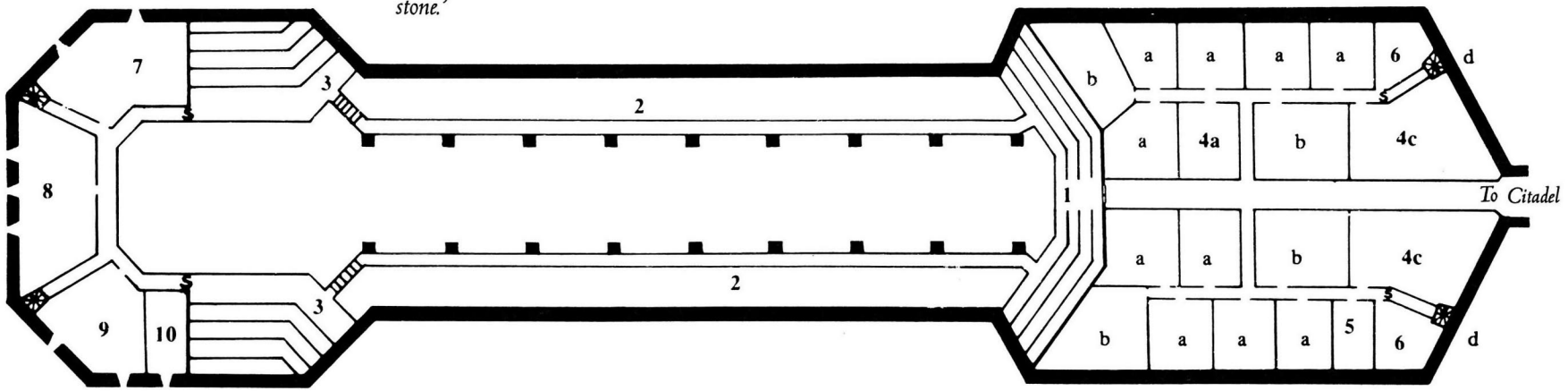
Ground Floor



'. . .no hanging or storied webs, nor anythings of woven stuff or wood were to be seen in that long solemn hall; but betweenthe pillars there stood a silent company of tall images graven in the cold stone.'

'. . .a tall door of polished metal. . .'

Upper Floor



1" = 100'

It is also well furnished with couche, chairs, and superb lighting, and it is well supplied with provisions of every sort. Both these rooms are connected by bellcords to a servant's room above, and during the night servants attend in the dayroom.

Opposite these rooms are similar chambers for the King: the King's Chamber (#9) and the King's Dayroom (#10). Although the latter is not employed as frequently, since the King and Queen are often busy elsewhere in Court or with other duties, both are well appointed and always ready for use.

Rooms of the Household

A great variety of rooms occupy the other (eastern) end of the Hall. People who serve the Court utilize those on the ground floor. Of these chambers, the most important are those private rooms that house the doorwardens (#11a & 11b), the two senior Wardens. Five underwardens share an adjacent chamber (#11c) which, like all the chambers of servants in the Hall, is furnished with good, if rather plain, furniture. Typically the walls of all these rooms are hung with simple tapestries to preserve warmth, while small hearths or braziers provide the heating. Many of the servants are older than the average, having been honored with service here after years elsewhere.

Beside the wardens' rooms is a large closet (#12) for cloaks and outer drapes discarded by courtiers when they arrive. There is also a stair to the upper floor so that servants can unobtrusively reach the guest suites. Also on this side of the Hall are stores (#13) and kitchens (#14) serving the Court. Both are kept busy, given the constant demand for supplies of food, drink, and other necessities (from spare hairpins to parchment scrolls). A capable storesmaster and cook oversee proceedings with calm certainty, for the most part.

In either room there is a trapdoor (#s a&b) which opens onto a set of steps. Each set of stairs descends into the same underground cellar, which serves as a coldroom and houses additional stores. Two passages from this huge vaulted underground room descend further to another cellar, beneath the servants' hall (#c). They then lead down a final flight of stairs to a secret door on the sixth level. Located behind the Lower Barracks, this passage admits special supplies and serves as a covert sally port. It can only opened with a key held by the storesmaster, who never lets it out of his possession.

Also on this floor are four dormitories (#15). These sleep the elite Throne-guard, the King's personal bodyguard. Each of these men has at least five years experience in one of the toughest regiments of the Royal Army—always in frontier postings such as in Dor Rhúnen (Rhovanion) or Harondor. The Throne-guard contains four units: two of forty men and two of fifty. Each is led by two sergeants and a captain, officers who typically share a bechamber (#16).

The dormitories are arranged with the men sleeping in double bunks, thus giving them plenty of room to move around and store their accoutrements. The hundred-and-eighty strong Throne-guard have their own mess hall (#17), where off-duty guards spend their time. The soldiers form a guard of honor for the King whenever he appears anywhere in the city, from the throne room to the Merethrond. Thus, they always ensure his protection from evil agents.

Guards are also posted throughout the High Hall as a matter of course. Each troop in turn assembles in the guard assembly room (#18) each morning for the assigning of posts and duties for the day. One troop is always off duty and can also use this room during the day for necessary work (e.g., the maintenance of their equipment, tuition, briefing, weapons practice, etc.).

The servants who look after the needs of the noble and royal inhabitants of the Hall have their own hall (#19), which also doubles as their refectory and kitchen. Equipped with a large hearth where two kettles or cauldrons hang, this is a relatively comfortable refuge containing several long tables and benches. Like the kitchen and storeroom noted above, these chambers also conceal a trapdoor and stair to the lower cellar (see #c above).

Servants' chambers (#20) line the outer wall on the northeastern side of High Hall. These are communal sleeping rooms, two for the lesser servants of either sex and two others: one for the senior servant and porter; one for the chief cook and hallmaid. Some servants also sleep at their place of work, such as in the storeroom, the kitchen, or the servant's hall. Some work and sleep in the Throne-guards' mess hall and assembly room for, unlike other troops, the Throne-guards never perform menial tasks.

Finally, there are two bath chambers for the use of the guards and servants (#21-22). Each houses a small privy.

Upper Floor

Four spiral staircases ascend to the upper floor of High Hall, which is also connected to the Tower of Anárion (see 10.76). Its main features are the galleries at either end of the main Hall. These are stepped and have padded benches that accommodate a fair number of spectators. There are three galleries in all. The Golden Gallery (#1) has four tiers and, although situated at the rear of the Hall, it has a commanding view down its length. It is so named for its gold-painted seats and gold-flecked obsidian restraining rail. Two aerial walkways (#2) link this sumptuous gallery to the twin Black Galleries (#3), which look down upon the stepped dais of the throne.

All the fixtures and furnishings of the Black Galleries are dark as night, so as not to detract from the throne's splendor. The walkways are also black stone, supported by piers projecting from the outer sides of the Hall's main pillars. The rails on either side are rather low, and a careful tread is needed to be safe: the walkways are not recommended to the vertiginous.

At the eastern end of the upper floor are numerous guest suites (#4). These are arranged in three basic categories. Eleven are minor suites (#a), small but uncramped and still very elegant. They are reserved for noblemen and important but untitled guests of the Court. Each has up to three beds, so that a family may be accommodated together, along with sufficient room for travelling clothes and possessions. Tapestries and fur rugs decorate these chambers, which are appointed with silver fittings.

Next there are four grand suites (#b), each endowed with a magnificent personal lavatory and bathing facilities, in addition to niches for personal servants and maids to sleep in. The furnishing here include luxurious furs and gold plate, silks, and warm fleeces. These suites are reserved for princes and others of like status.

Finally there are two regal suites (#c). Reserved for the exclusive use of the most important royal visitors (e.g., kings), they are seldom occupied. Both are furnished with every imaginable comfort, and all their appointments incorporate gold and jewels. Stores for these rooms (such as for cleaning and replacing linen, rugs and the like) are kept in a separate room (#5).

A bath chamber and privy (#6) for the use of guests in minor suites flanks each of the eastern stairwells (d). Secret doors guard the access to these steps. Both are located in wall panels at the end of the upper hallways and are very hard (-20) to perceive. (Neither is locked.)

More rooms of the royal apartments fill the other (western) end of the High Hall. Here, the King maintains a spare bedchamber (#7), should he feel bored with the same one every night. This is even bigger than the one below and has windows of glass which may be opened. Numerous clothes, typically those more formal and less often used, hang in the huge armoiries that line the walls of this room.

At the end of the building is a lighter dayroom (#8), which again serves as an alternative to those downstairs. This in typically the King's favorite room for gathering with his family, although such occurences remain rare. The room is probably the brightest and lightest in the Hall, especially in the afternoon when the sun comes through the west-facing windows, before it sets behind purple-headed Mindolluin. Cleared of much of the old furniture, which has been replaced with lighter and gayer stuff, the chamber is a joyful spot. Even its wall hangings are bright and the present King hopes for the day when he might share his enjoyment of them with his bride, and then his children—in preparation for whom is the currently empty nursery (#9).

Beside this children's room is a serving room (#10), where servants and serving maids are stationed. Summoned by a system of bells, the servants wait upon the call of those staying in the royal apartments. Simple kitchen arrangements and some stores fill this chamber, which is plainly decorated. It is a little cramped at times, particularly in the middle of winter, when Court is here and everyone wants hot spiced wine or an extra quilt or fur.

10.7.6 THE TOWER OF ANÁRION

Since S.A. 2350, a tower has stood upon the very pinnacle of the Citadel Rock, seven hundred feet above the Great Gates that lie directly below. The first keep was named Mindon Alata, which was built before Númenor warred with Sauron. Now nothing of it remains, for it has been replaced by the Anárion's Citadel, a gleaming grey-white tower with red roof.

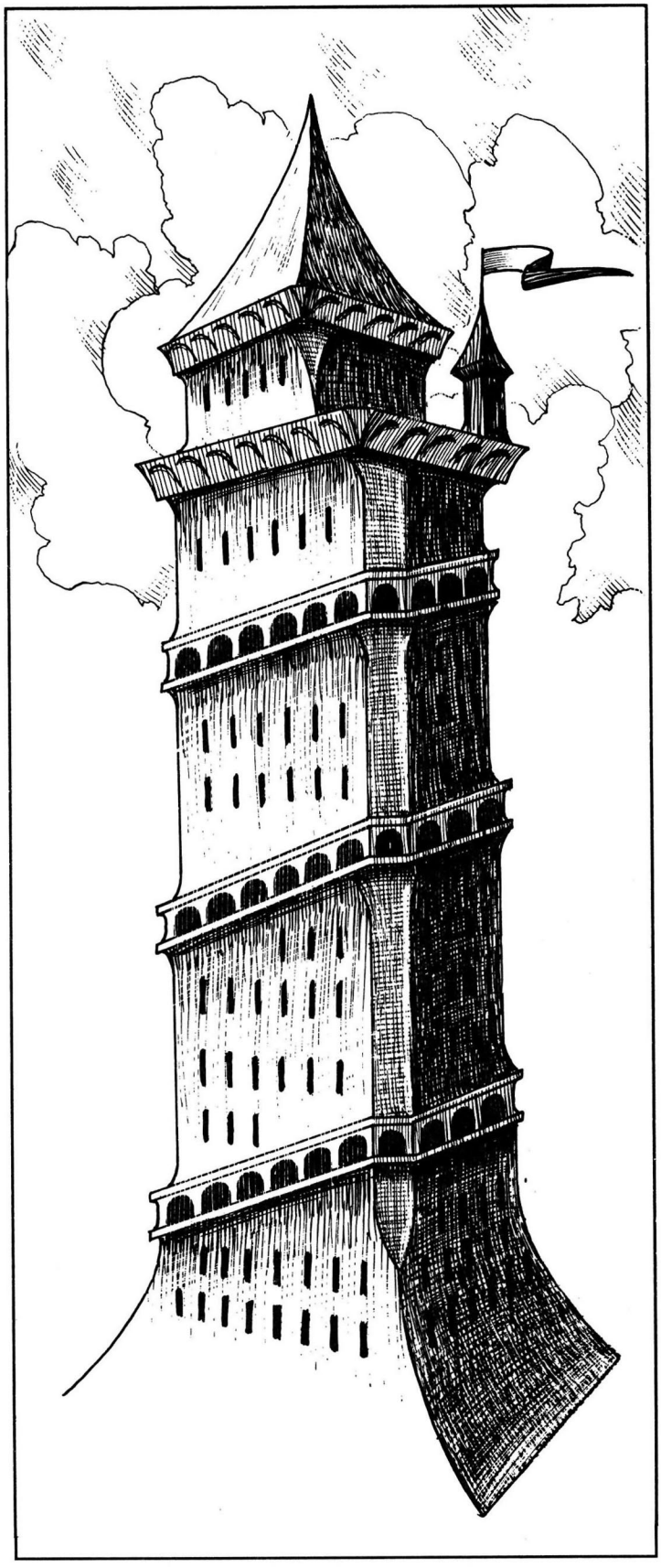
Note: *As noted above, the Tower of Anárion is the principal bastion in the city until T.A. 1900. In that year, King Calimehtar erected the spectacular White Tower at the center of the Seventh Level, atop the round Hall of Isildur (see Section 10.7.3). This Spire also became known as the Tower of Ecthelion when rebuilt by the Steward Ecthelion I (r. T.A. 2698-2698).*

Jutting out on a spur of rock from which it derives its form, the Anárion's Tower is diamond-shaped in plan, tapering in stages like a spire. A marvellous path known as Anárion's Ascent, winds around the its walls, affording continual and ever-improving views over every quarter of the city and the lands far and wide beyond. Two small courtyards flank the western side of the tower, separating the structure from the adjoining High Hall (see Section 10.7.4). This complex serves as the focal point of the city and as such is deservedly and fittingly the residence of the Prince-President.

Lower Floor

A great arched passage (#1) cuts through the fourteen foot thick walls of dense grey-white granite and serves as the entrance to the tower. Granite was chosen, since a very pure local form bears pale blue, rather than black, mica, and the beauty of the stone is inspiring. Embedded quartz crystals lend the tower a dazzling appearance in bright sunlight.

The broad Doors of Anárion (#a)—which are cast in iron, painted with a lustrous silver material, and emblazoned with a radiant sun—offer an obvious barrier to intruders; however, they are but one means of protecting the passage Although they are guarded by sentries who stand to either side of the gateway in full formal regalia, the entryway's real strength is rooted in the hidden defenses buried in the wall above the aperture. Concealed slots above the arch contain massive blocks of granite, which are suspended by chains and can be lowered rapidly into positions (#b) before and behind the doors. Pulleys located within a guard room (#c) set into the Citadel's wall control their descent, enabling the guards to drop the stones at any pace they deem necessary.



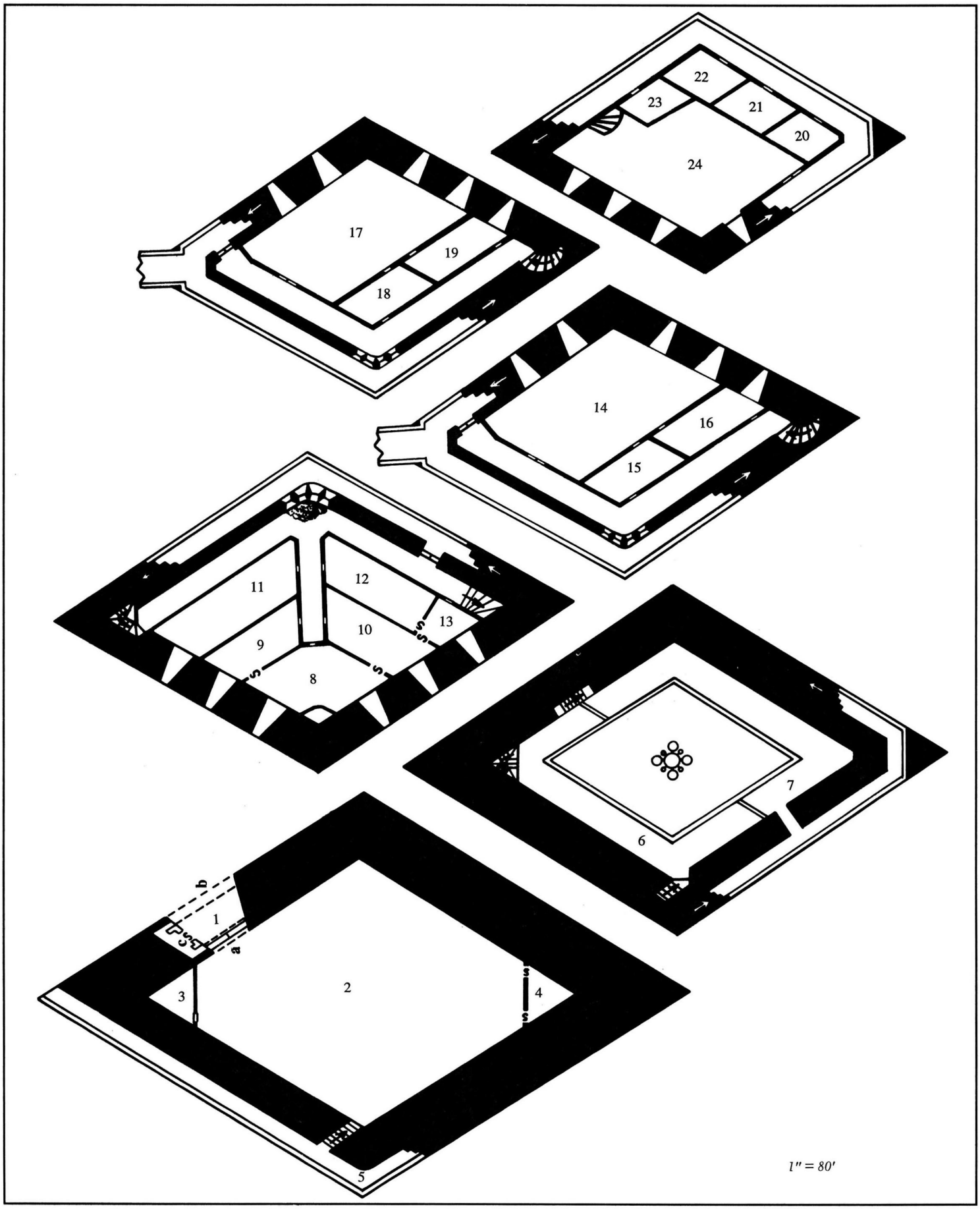
Inside, the ground floor is almost wholly occupied by the Great Hall of the Sun (#2). A thirty foot ceiling covers the chamber, which is lit by one massive chandelier that hangs twenty feet over the polished floor. It takes six servants three days to replace all the candles. However, the main feature of the Hall is the white marble floor, which is a mosaic made of gold and an assortment of every golden precious stone. Depicting the sun—Anar, as the Maia Arien in majesty—the fiery female formed by the stones draws her chariot across the heavens and she is crowned with the crown of Gondor.

The chamber's walls are white and decorated with a few chosen embroidered banners, shields and weapons of former Kings and Prince-Presidents, together with a tapestry portrait of Tarondor that measures eight feet square. High above the floor is a glass balcony (see #s 6&7 below) in two stages. There is no furniture in the Hall, for it is used only by the Prince-President or the King, in whose presence all usually stand.

However, the lower floor contains two storage rooms (#3 and #4), where some elegant chairs and small tables are kept along with other frequently-used items. The concealed store room (#4), whose secret doors only open with the key of the Citadel's Commander, contains the royal throne, a chair with a tall narrow back and splayed-out arms. It is made of rich, dark wood and padded with cloth-of-gold; but it is otherwise simple and relatively unadorned—perhaps so as not to detract from the sitter. There are a number of smaller chairs, styled similarly for the Queen or other high-ranking personages who may be attending.

A marvellous glass balcony surrounds the lower floor, some twenty or so feet above the Great Hall of the Sun. It can only be reached via a stair (c), which cuts through the thickness of the wall and ascends past the balcony level at the Lower Gallery (#5), which spans half the inner circumference of the tower. The floor, supports and railings of the balcony are all wrought from toughened glass crystal; as they hang almost on a level with the huge chandelier, they are all lit up and sparkle like frozen waterfalls in winter sunlight.

A small stair (d) within the wall connects the Lower Gallery with the Upper Gallery (#6), which has access to the inclining walk called Anárion's Ascent via a short hall (e). Another stair (f), joins the Ascent to the Lower Gallery.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1" = 80'

Anárion's Ascent

Anárion's Ascent (#7) is a sloping pathway which winds its way around the tower. Only five feet wide and open to the air on the outside, it is relatively unprotected. Only a low wall and a magnificent colonnade interfere with the stunning view. The columns are hewn from pale blue marble with a gold leaf banister and capitals. The path is quite steep but both smooth and sure underfoot—since the actual slope is only 1:5.25. Races occasionally take place here, from the top to the bottom of the citadel, using Anárion's Ascent—the runners timed by the clock in Anárion's Court. At least once, the contestants employed horses, although they can only go down only one at a time (and their descent is exceedingly dangerous).

Middle Floor

The Middle Floor is employed for personal use of the Prince-President and is the first level whose walls are punctuated with windows. Here all the rooms are connected to an arrow-shaped, wood-panelled corridor complex (g) that joins the chambers to the rest of the floor and its two stairwells. The focal room on this floor, though, is the Reception Room (#8), which is sub-divided by wooden inner partition walls. On the outer stone walls there are paintings flanking a low circular dais on which sits the Prince's Chair, a simple mahogany throne with a high back. A lectern and desk stand beside the Chair, while the numerous other plush chairs fill the rest of the room. Together with the thick carpet, they an intimacy conducive the Prince-President's private day-to-day business.

A robing room (#9) lies beyond a concealed door to one side of the main chamber. Used whether the Prince is to appear in the Reception Room or the Great Hall, it houses many valuable ceremonial robes and serves as a sort of private refuge.

On the other side of the Reception Room is a counselling room (#10) where the Prince can obtain confidential advice from his servants and officers while entertaining a visitor. This room is furnished with large desks and tables and is also used by scribes in the Prince-President's household.

The other rooms on this floor are more exclusively for the Prince-President's use. The largest is an impressive library and map room (#11). Glass-fronted cabinets holding several hundred tomes line the chamber's walls, and low chests fill the center of the room. The thin-drawered chests protect maps of all parts of the known world and double as tables on which the maps may be spread and consulted. In this very room past Kings and Princes have planned battles against Easterlings and the renegades of Umbar, and it was here that Coratar plotted the return of Eldacar to overthrow Castamir the Usurper.

The Prince-President also maintains a dayroom (#12) for less cerebral pursuits. Very comfortable indeed, it is adorned with couches, chairs, tables, warming braziers cast in brass to resemble dragons, and cupboards with all manner of diversions and entertainments (such as hobbies, games, and musical instruments). A little room concealed off this dayroom accommodates a few servants, most of whom work in the kitchen (#13). This small chamber enables the Prince-President or his guests to get the food they desire immediately.

Upper Floors

The Prince-President's retiring rooms occupy the lowest of three upper floors. Both he and his wife share a sumptuous bedchamber (#14), which is draped with furs and silks to keep it warm and cozy. Rugs and cushions cover the floor, while perfumed bowls of flower petals scent the air and small golden chandeliers light the room. Great salamanders heat the quarters during the cool winter. The bed and furnishings are mostly of brown and gold. A vast wardrobe runs along the rear wall (more clothes of the Prince-President are stored in the robing room, #9), and other assorted chests and cupboards and dressing tables hold all manner of jewelry and finery—along with perfumes, oils, cosmetics, and decorations.

Adjacent to the bedchamber are a bathroom (#15) and nursery (#16), both equally well-appointed. The bathroom is endowed with a vast pottery-tiled bath and a wonderous Dwarven water pump that forces the water up to this great height. Cuboards stuffed full with towels, robes, special unguents, and oils to add to baths, surround the room's discreet lavatory. When in use, the nursery houses two nannies who look after the children of the Prince-President.

Three bedchambers (#17-19) for members of the Prince's family occupy the second of the upper floors. These are all very well furnished and may or may not be in use, depending on who is here at the time. When not in use, they are cordoned-off by tightly-shuttered windows, their furniture covered with dust sheets.

The uppermost upper floor, the highest stage of the main tower, is divided into several small rooms (#20-22) and one large chamber (#24), all for the use of servants and officers of the Citadel. The maids, pages, butlers, footmen and cooks share the communal chamber, each with their own bed and cupboard. The individual rooms are for the use of the Chief Steward and the Commander of the Citadel, and one is shared by ladies-in-waiting who serve the wife of the Prince-President. They are all fairly plainly furnished, like fairly decent lodgings found elsewhere in the city. There is also a bath chamber to be shared by the servants (#23).

The Roofs & Flagturret

The upper floors are joined to the roof of the tower by way of Anárion's Ascent. The roof is flat, providing a platform for wonderful views and battlement for keen-eyed archers intent on defending the city below. From here, bowmen can easily cover the Great Gates with a rain of deadly arrows

A flagturret (#25) perches on one corner of the roof It is only five feet wide, but it is large enough to contain a number of banners, all furled and ready to grace the Tower's twenty-one foot flagpole.

The Hall of the Palantír

Another, larger structure (#26) dominates the center of roof, and is essentially an extension of the main tower; but it is specially protected, since it houses the palantír of Minas Anor. This tower's single, unadorned door of mithril steel is virtually unbreachable. The keyhole is cunningly concealed, and there is but one key, belonging to the King and entrusted to the Prince-President. Stored in a Box of Returning, it can be instantly summoned, from any distance, to whoever wears the Crown of Gondor.

Trap: *The keyhole is very hard (-20) to find and its lock is very extremely hard (-30) to pick. However, even if it is successfully unlocked, it is still connected to an enchanted laen thread that draws and stores power from the sky. Assuming the proper key is not employed, this filament delivers a point-blank +90 Lightning Bolt every round to anyone who touches the door—regardless of the status of the lock.*

The tower has a peaked roof, walls of solid stone, and narrow, mithril-barred windows that are normally sealed with steel shutters. Within its basalt-lined confines is stored the palantír, a sacred and powerful device rooted in the Dúnedain's distant past. This Seeing-tone is a magical crystal sphere created in Númenor and brought to Endor during the Downfall. It communicates with the palantíri of Minas Ithil and Orthanc, and was once tied to the Master-stone in Osgiliath.

The palantír is set in the bottom of a wide silver dish which has been treated to take on a black hue. This non-reflecting bowl is never illuminated with light and affords skilled users access to the Stone from any angle. The palantír can be viewed from any angle, deriving sounds and images from anyone at any distance. The positions for viewing the Orthanc-, Osgiliath- and Minas Ithil-stones are designated by platinum and diamond markers, which are precisely set on the basin's rim. The bowl is firmly fixed in position and the palantír, although loose, is seldom if ever touched, since it works best when its poles are properly aligned.



11.0 THE CITY IN OTHER TIMES

The following sections describe Minas Tirith in the context of eras other than T.A. 1640. Suggested adventures associated with these periods are in Section 13.0.

11.1 THE KIN-STRIFE

"But Eldacar eluded his enemies...and many...came to hate his usurper. This was Castamir, grandson of Calimehtar, younger brother of Rómendacil II. He was not only one of those nearest by blood to the crown, but he had the greatest following of all the rebels; for he was the Captain of Ships, and was supported by the people of the coasts and of the great havens of Pelargir and Umbar."

***The Return of the King**, page 406*

Two hundred years before Tarondor's momentous decision to move Gondor's capital, Minas Anor was still the second city of the realm. While Gondor's greatest citadel and symbol of defense, it remained a quiet, stable city of workers rather than a haven for sometimes irrational dreamers, like Minas Ithil, or a surging, enthusiastic, mercantile center like Osgiliath. Such was the state of things at the outset of the Kin-strife (T.A. 1432-47).

When the Sea-lord Castamir claimed the crown and exiled Eldacar son of Valacar, the Prince of Minas Ithil openly threw in his lot with the new usurper. The citizenry of the capital of Osgiliath seethed this way and that, eventually supporting the true claimant when he was besieged there by Castamir's host of southern Gondorians. Minas Anor held quietly out of the struggle, and the Prince-President—even though he was a long-lived appointee of Rómendacil II and related by blood to Eldacar—allowed himself to be swayed by the vote of Conclave to send tentative support to Castamir. With his flanks secure, Castamir seized Osgiliath in a bloody struggle and began a reign of ten thankless years (T.A. 1437-47). The southerners torched the Citadel of the Stars and executed Eldacar's son Ornendil. Its Tower of the Dome destroyed in the fighting, Osgiliath was ruined, its unsurpassed Palantír lost in the Anduin's waters.

Coratar, the Prince-President, saw from the outset that Eldacar could not hope to defeat Castamir with the forces he then commanded. But Coratar had also witnessed Castamir's rise as the Captain of Ships in Gondor, and knew the pretender's true, cruel nature would be revealed when he seized power and ruled unrestrained. So, Coratar began working circumspectly for the ousted King, sending him covert help and directing a network of deserters and friends northward, where they joined with Eldacar in exile in Rhovanion. After ten years, while Castamir sat complacent in his new capital at Pelargir and Eldacar marched south with a combined army of Northmen and Gondorian Knights (S. "Requain"), the Prince-President took quiet and hopeful comfort in the fruits of his surrepticious labor.

During this time, there was tension and anxiety of many sorts in Minas Anor. While he suffered Coratar to remain as Prince of the city, Castamir sent one of his most trusted friends, Ciryang, a former Master of Pelargir, to become President and take charge of Conclave. Ciryang was, naturally, a harsh and unforgiving character. He was used to dealing with the rougher and more warlike southerners and thought nothing of sending out press gangs to recruit for Castamir's army and (especially the) rapidly-expanding navy. Ciryang also forcibly deposed a number of Fellowship heads, including the Warden of the Keys, who was hung from Citadel Rock. Ciryang placed more of his own men in charge of the garrisons and wardens, so that often freedom of movement about the city and through the gates was arbitrarily restricted or subject to impost. These taxes proved the easiest way of raising extra revenue.

Another cunning ploy he employed was a tax in kind, so that the Ironsmiths might be called on to supply four hundred ells of chain and sixteen score barrels of assorted nails and rivets one year, all to be sent south for the construction of warships. During Ciryang's time as President of the city, few folk were happy—only those who wormed their way into his favor with presents of valuables or information about supporters of Eldacar active in the city.



Anarond, Commander of the Third Company



But the President by no means enjoyed everything his own way. Collections of revenues often went astray and Ciryang utterly failed to penetrate the Thieves' Fellowship, which flourished and always remained loyal to itself and the city. Although they exhibited little love for Eldacar, the Thieves frustrated many of Ciryang's plans. Even worse for Castamir's administrators, the members of Conclave realized their mistake in offering support to the Usurper; and when Eldacar's southward march became known, old loyalties re-emerged and for once the citizens acted in unison to drive out the President's supporters.

Ciryang himself vanished, and is now rumored to have been either torn to pieces by a mob, chased to the top of the Citadel of Anárion and forced to jump off, or to have made good his escape via Fen Hollen—only to freeze to death while lost in the White Mountains. Others say he managed to escape dressed as an old crone.

Regarding Adventures

Adventures set in the time of Castamir and Ciryang need not be very different to those rooted in TA 1640. Check the descriptions of buildings, for few have actually change much in the intervening 200 years. Of course, there are also some sites specifically connected with Ciryang's occupation of the city and the conflict that surrounds the Kin-strife. The civil war offers an excellent chance to involve characters in plots and counter-plots of the secret supporters of Eldacar and the agents of Ciryang, regardless of which side the characters favor—or are simply out to make what they can from the struggle.

During this period, both the Tindómë-lië and the College of the Spoken Word are very small and minimally active as secret societies. Meanwhile the Blood Ring holds itself aloof from the conflict, for the most part seeking only to preserve Gondor's best interests above those of either faction.

11.2 THE WAR OF THE RING

"Grond crawled on. The drums rolled wildly. Over the hills of slain a hideous shape appeared: a horseman, tall, hooded, cloaked in black. Slowly, trampling the fallen, he rode forth, heeding no longer any dart. He halted and he held up a long pale sword. And as he did so a great fear fell on all, defender and foe alike; and the hands of men drooped to their sides, and no bow sang. For a moment all was still."

***The Return of the King**, page 124-25*

At the end of the Third Age both the city and Gondor were in heavy decline. The line of Kings had ended centuries earlier, and Gondor's shrunken borders were ruled by the Stewards from Minas Tirith, the Guarded City. Taking its new name when Minas Ithil fell to the Nazgûl, the capital was unrelently vigilant throughout the subsequent reoccupation of Mordor by Sauron. With the frontier (i.e., the Anduin after Ithilien's fall) just leagues away, Minas Tirith became Gondor's spearhead rather than its heart.

The heart had certainly gone from the city. Men dreamed of the glory that was, and cared little for the crumbling stone that remained within. Many buildings stood wholly unoccupied, since Minas Tirith supported only half its former population. Trade with the North had diminished to virtual extinction and Gondor had become introspective, obsessed with the foreignness of anything beyond their borders, and unwilling to trust anyone. The Gondorians waged an unwinnable war against the might of the Dark Lord, with Minas Tirith serving as a springboard for hopeless sorties and sallies across the river.

When the storm finally broke in T.A. 3018, the city stirred itself into something resembling its former self, and people busied about repairing defenses and stocking up for war—but with no heart. As Denethor the Steward lost his spirit, broken in despairing encounters with the will of Sauron through his Palantír, his subjects' will eroded. The city's leader became the epitome of Gondor's obsession and introspection and merely went through the motions of preparing himself, his family and his people for a final, apocalyptic struggle in which Gondor, lynchpin and keystone of the Free Peoples, would collapse and after all would come only Darkness.

Regarding Adventures

This is the setting for adventures at the close of the Third Age, a period in which Minas Tirith is full of many enigmatic possibilities but labors beneath an omnipresent but unmentioned cloud. It is an exciting, intriguing time, for as the War of the Ring rages and the siege Minas Tirith continues, dreadful harm comes to the lower levels. Many of the city's institutions collapse under the weighty gloom and treason grips many of the panicked residents.

This period affords players an opportunity to risk their lives in the defense of the capital, either as warriors or volunteers working to keep the peace within the walls. It also is a point in history where tension in court and among the city's many urban offices and associations reaches a feverish pitch. Adventurers hoping to support or combat espionage and subterfuge will find a wealth of attractive opportunities to try their hand.

Eventually, the chief Nazgûl orders his minions against the Outer Wall and the Great Gate is destroyed by the might of the great ram Grond, the Hammer of the Underworld. Only Gandalf's intervention acts to stay the breach. Fortunately, the White Wizard's gallantry is enough to buy the precious time necessary to turn the tide. Minas Tirith is saved by the victory on the Pelennor Fields, where the combined valor of Gondor, Rohan, the Rangers of the North, and the Army of the Dead prevails over the armies of the Lord of the Rings. Led by Aragorn—the King who returns to claim Elendil's sundered realms of Gondor and Arnor—the Free Peoples rescue the capital from the deprivations of the Witch-king.

11.3 IN THE FOURTH AGE

"At last an evening came when from the walls the pavilions could be seen upon the field, and all night lights were burning as men watched for the dawn. And when the sun rose in the clear morning above the mountains in the East, upon which shadows lay no more, then all the bells rang, and all the banners broke and flowed in the wind; and upon the White Tower of the citadel the standard of the Stewards, bright argent like snow in the sun, bearing no charge nor device, was raised over Gondor for the last time."

The Return of the King, page 301

At the dawn of the Fourth Age, Minas Tirith is Telcontar's capital. Osgiliath is being rebuilt, and its people marvel at the envigorating effect of the new King, a true monarch with an Elven wife and friends of all races: even Pheriannath and Naugrim (S. "Dwarves"). New citizens from all over Gondor and the rest of the liberated regions of northwest Middle-earth flock to the city, which becomes, perhaps for the first time, a humming metropolis. Dozens of languages are spoken in the streets and adventurers from all over meet to form itinerant bands. With the blessing of the King, these groups seek out lingering traces of Evil, in return for official rewards.



Quiacil, Master of Sages' Fellowship

Before the war the remaining citizens of Minas Tirith are reactionary and conservative to an extreme degree; nothing new is learned or suggested, and life is a mere ritual of existence. After the Shadow is banished, the city is revived, as if from some creeping sickness which sapped strength and vitality and energy. Where the Fellowships had become creaking, closed societies where observation of the past was everything, now they threw open doors to newcomers and vied with each other once more to rebuild the splendor of the city and outdo rivals. Old streets burnt out by Orc-fires were replaced with bright new buildings housing Men and other folk from Eriador, Rhovanion, South Gondor, the coastlands, even from the fastnesses of Lindon and the unshackled slave-camps of Nûrn and the other lands which had been under Dark Lord's dominion for so long.

During the Age of Men, there is no Prince-President or Steward to head Conclave and rule the city, for the King once again sits on the throne. Prince Faramir departs for Ithilien with his new bride Éowyn, while Elessar smiles benignly on the city and showers it with money. Instructing the citizenry to rule themselves, and rule wisely, the King promotes republican rather than royal government.

While Elessar retains the power to appoint Nominees to Conclave, as much to reward his valued servants as anything, there is no overlord in Minas Tirith—only such advisors and adminstrators as Conclave sanctions and the townsfolk elect.

Regarding Adventures

Adventurers might only stop a day or two, but any sojourn in Minas Tirith in the Fourth Age is likely to be beneficial, or at least interesting, in some way. This period affords adventures aplenty. The city has become more relaxed in general, but just as the people are quicker, so too are the Guards. With the garrison newly alert and keen to serve, and many folk able to make an honest profit, the Thieves' Fellowship performs poorly, its members reforming and even turning on unrepentant fellows. No longer can the Warden sustain his habitual double life. It is an era when corrupt familes wither and die in the fresh atmosphere that replaced the dank and choking air of Denethor's morbid reign.

With local power diffused, the city becomes embroiled in politics. Opportunities exist for factions to carve out small but lucrative domains and work toward the consolidation of private interests. Thus, brave souls are often required to tackle problems within the city, particularly with respect to the jealous oligarchy and the myriad commercial and cultural rivalries. There is much news to be had here which might lead to considerable bounties, and there is a never-ending list of tasks for the bold to undertake.



12.0 PEOPLE OF NOTE

Note: *Aside from the material on the royal family described in 12.1, the individuals discussed in this section can be found in the city at any time during the late Third, or early Fourth, Age. Prominent Kings and Stewards and their kin, however, are necessarily tied to one specific era. Therefore, they are detailed according to the time in which they appear in history.*

12.1 THE ROYAL FAMILY

King Tarondor

The young King of Gondor is just 49. When took the throne in T.A. 1636, many were unsure of his ability to rule strongly and deal with the crisis presented by the Great Plague. Fortunately, Tarondor displays a very good feel for government, and in the four years since his rule began he has shocked many older counsellors by enacting strong (yet necessary) measures.

Not the least of these has been his recent command to move the entire royal household to Minas Anor. In this, like other matters, Tarondor was well advised by his uncle Vinyaran, the brother of Minastan. Vinyaran might easily have claimed the throne for himself; but instead, he has ensured Tarondor's safe passage to power. The King has a good sense of the worth and motivation of counsel offered to him, and has rid the court of several schemers, making a few enemies but many more loyal friends.

Tarondor's biggest looming problem is his unhappy marriage. He understood the importance of his choice for his bride—since the memory of the Kin-strife still burns deep in all Gondorians; but unfortunately he has fallen in love with Fimalcá, the daughter of one of the three Dúnadan Lords in Edhellond (the Elf-haven near Dol Amroth). Since she is but minor nobility—and (worse) is Half-elven (S. "Peredhil")—Vinyaran chose to wed a more noble and acceptable lady: Mírien of Nan Requain. She is the younger sister of Meriel, the wife of Celdrahil (the Prince of Dol Amroth). Her nieces, Merien and Edhetariel, are the daughters of Celdrahil, and they presently reside here in attendance to the King's Court.

Vinyaran

Vinyaran is a trusted pillar of the royal family. The brother of the late Prince Minastan and King Telemnar (r. T.A. 1634-36), he is the third son of King Minardil (r. T.A. 1621-1634). Aside from being the King's uncle, he serves as chief counsellor, the King's Commander (in overall charge of Gondor's army), and the newly created Lord of Osgiliath. He wields a great deal of power, yet with a statesman's authority.

Vinyaran is a dedicated military man and fought beside his father when he fell to the Corsairs at Pelargir. Helping regroup the shattered King's Guard, he lead them in a decisive charge to that saved the day. He is a superb military strategist and tactician, and at 82 still rides and fights as well as any other Knight (S. "Roquen"). However, because of his many duties, he cannot always be with the King. Still, he is frequently seen in the capital, between visits to Dor Rhúnen, Angrenost (Isengard), and South Ithilien.

Vinyaran is not entirely without secrets. In their youth, he and his older twin vied for the love of Lady Melabrían. His brother Minastan won her favor after both had excelled in trials of song, poetry, arms, and athleticism, but Vinyaran remained her fast friend until her death. The Lady came from Aranelaith (S. "Beautiful Wilds"), the fief between Dol Amroth and the Ringló, and was exceedingly beautiful. Vinyaran loved her so that, after failing to win her hand, he forsook all interest in love and never married. Recently, however, he has been wooed in secret by the mysterious Ethudil, who is now his mistress. There is something in her that strongly reminds him of his lost love, and he often seeks her company.

Beletar

Historically, the eldest Prince of the royal house bears the Helm of Isildur, which was recovered from the banks of the Anduin after the Disaster of the Gladden Fields. This is the origin of the title "Helm-prince of Gondor." Tarondor's great-uncle Beletar holds this title at the moment but, while still hale, he is now 117 years old and he therfore restricts his activities to a pleasurable retirement in Lamedon (where he holds a number of small fiefs).

Beletar is close to the people of Gondor and a well-liked and respected member of the royal family. He has always attended court for official functions, but he dislikes Osgiliath and was rarely seen there while it was the capital. With the royal seat's move to Minas Anor, Tarondor hopes to see Beletar more often.

Beletar's wife bore him three sons and three daughters. Two of his sons have since died in battle, while the Plague claimed his daughter's whole family. His son Velarian led a successful campaign in Rhûn in 1625 and now has command of the elite units of the army, which are currently stationed in Southern Ithilien as the Corsairs of Umbar are perceived as the major threat currently.

Telemehtar and Elatar

Telemehtar, Tarondor's oldest son, is the current Crown Prince and heir to the throne, but Tarondor's brother Elatar believes that he has a strong claim to the crown. This concerns Vinyaran, since Telemehtar lives in Pelargir as Lord of Lebennin and High-captain of the fleet. Thus, the wise counsellor has seen to it that the youthful Elatar is now training with the Dagarim Harnen (S. "Southern Army") along the Poros for the next four years.

Despite being only twenty, Elatar is a keen soldier and looks forward to a life of command in all corners of Gondor's empire. He relishes the thought of becoming King and hopes that Telemehtar's frequent skirmishes with the Corsairs will result in his eventual elevation to the throne. Elatar has no romantic connections as yet.

Mindacil

Tarondor's cousin Mindacil is Prince-President of the capital. A short and serious fellow, Mindacil enjoys his authority. His bustling, muscular frame is often seen hurrying from Conclave to the Chambers or High Hall, usually attended by a flock of ministers and deputies. Not really a military man, he is the consummate bureaucrat.

The Prince-President dotes upon his wife and children. He married Daenya despite attempts within the government to disuade him. Rumors arose regarding her purported lover, a fellow she supposedly dallied with before she was courted by Mindacil—a nobleman of half Haradan or (even wilder) Umbarean descent—but the Prince-President avoided yielding to the cruel pressures.

Now happily wed, Mindacil wishes he and his wife could have more children; but after several attempts since Minadir's birth, physicians from the Houses of Healing have reluctantly concluded that Daenya can no longer endure a pregnancy. This trial has drained the Prince-President and diverted him from recent affairs. As a result, Mindacil does not get on well with Vinyaran, who refuses to condone anyone who lets his family interests come before his loyalty to Gondor. (Also see Section 8.3.)

Merien & Edhetariel

The Ladies Merien and Edhetariel are both daughters of the Prince of Dol Amroth, and are born of one of the most noble houses in the land. They are also nieces of Tarondor's wife Mírien, and frequently come to stay in the city's Hall of Guests. Both regularly attend court, where they represent the dowry-fiefs of Dol Amroth.

Merien is a lovely, well-spoken woman of 38 who gets on well with the King. However, she hopes to match herself with Elatar, despite their differences in age. Having twice been betrothed to young noblemen—one of whom died in battle and the other in the Plague—she is somewhat desperate. Merien is an accomplished dancer, singer and musician.

Edhetariel on the other hand is only 27. Rather more lively than her older sister, she enjoys practical jokes and her parents (Celdrahil and Merial) had many reservations about sending her to court. However, they hope the King will shock her into quieter ways.

Melabrían/Ethudil

The darker side of the royal family is represented by the Lady Melabrían, a tragic figure descended from a cadet branch of the royal house (through a daughter of Eldacar). Born in T.A. 1576 to the Lord and Lady of Aranelaith, she is a stunningly beautiful maiden who, in her youth, delighted in many things: riding, running, and other sports; dancing and music; and most of all exploring the wilderness of nature that formed her father's lands. Then, Melabrían was presented at Minardil's court and all declared her ravishing, especially the twin Princes. She was wooed by both of them for two years, and loved each dearly—favoring Minastan in the end only because he lost many of the twins' competitions, and did so with grace, while Vinyaran showed pride in his victories.

However, her marriage proved short-lived. She bore Minastan two children, fair and strong boys, hardly contemplating that one day one would sit upon the throne. She loved the children dearly but somehow grew a little estranged from her husband, who was studious and spent much time with books, dabbling in astrology and other lesser magics. Seeking to win him back, she started delving into the arcane arts that fascinated Minastan, and soon she discovered an unsuspected but adroit skill. She delved deeper, surpassing her husband's meager talent and discovering untouched realms of lore, sources others avoided because of the sources of power involved. Still, she let no one know of her talents save a magician-sage and one of her maids.

In T.A. 1629, both Minastan and Vinyaran entered a jousting contest as part of a celebration of their father's rule. Once again they found themselves vying for Melabrían's favor, for such was the "prize." Unfortunately, Vinyaran's enthusiasm led to a serious injury for Minastan, who ignored the wound all the next morning. Later, while out hunting boar with the whole royal family, he fell from his horse and was fatally wounded. The Prince died two days later.

Melabrían was struck with grief, having nearly forgotten how much she loved the man she had just lost. For many days she dwelled upon the untimely and unjust end to which he had come, sinking deep into a dark depression. Some months later, still shut away in black mourning, a man came unannounced to her house in Osgiliath. Three days he stayed, and no one knew his name, but he spoke with Melabrían for many hours. Then, on the fourth day, a servant entered the Lady's rooms with the morning repast and discovered a shocking scene: there laid a slain maid, but there was no sign of her mistress; Melabrían had vanished.

No trace was ever found of the Lady, nor the mysterious man who disposed of her or spirited her away. A day later her sage-confidant was found murdered; yet (strangely) no connection between the two events ever drew suspicion.

Note: *In fact, Lady Melabrían killed both the maid and the sage, and then used her magical arts to leave Osgiliath along with the Necromancer's emissary.*

After some years of tutelage and practice, Melabrían returned, first to Osgiliath and then to Minas Anor. Now she calls herself Ethudil and lives a very private and veiled existence on the fifth level of the city. Recently, she has succeeded in conquering the heart of Vinyaran, becoming his mistress. With every visit to her, he grows more in her power, and she learns from him much that is useful to her Master. Her disguise is perfect, containing elements of her former self as an echo to lend an aura of trustworthiness. She remains a mysterious Lady; no one in the city suspects her true identity or guesses at her occupation.



12.1.1 ROYALTY WHO SHAPED THE CITY

Note: *For a more complete listing of royal figures drawn from the history of Minas Tirith, see ICE's Peoples of Middle-earth series.*

Anárion

The younger son of Elendil the Tall, Anárion was born and raised in Númenor prior to the Downfall (A. "Akallabêth"). Together with his father and his older brother Isildur, he led the Faithful to Middle-earth during the fateful cataclysm and helped found the Kingdoms in Exile.

Anárion and Isildur landed in Pelargir in what later became Gondor in S.A. 3320. They co-founded the South Kingdom that year. Subsequently, Anárion established a personal fief along the western banks of the Anduin, calling the land Anórian. He chose the site of Minas Anor for his seat, and so the city was born.

Although both Isildur and Anárion co-ruled Gondor during the late Second Age (r. S.A. 3320-3440) from the capital at Osgiliath, Anárion always called Minas Anor home. He resided there periodically until he left for the last time during the War of the Last Alliance. Between T.A. 3434 and his death in T.A. 3440, Anárion campaigned in Mordor and participated in the seige of Baraddûr. He was slain when an unknown defender cast a rock from the Dark Tower, crushing his skull.

Anárion had four sons, all of whom were born in Númenor. (Three perished in the struggle against the Lord of the Rings.) His wife gave birth to the youngest, Meneldil, in S.A. 3318, and the child was the last person who survived the Downfall to be born in Westernesse. Later, in T.A. 2, Meneldil succeeded Isildur as King of Gondor (r. T.A. 2-158), thus beginning the royal line based on his father's blood.

Eärnur

Eärnur was the eldest son of King Eärnil II (r. T.A. 1945-2043). Like his father, he was a superb seaman and warrior; however he lacked Eärnil's skills in statecraft and proved to be a poor ruler. He preferred competitions and adventure to cooperation and administration, and he loved fighting more than women. Eärnur's reign was marked by inefficiency, corruption, and constant strife.

Eärnur ascended the throne as Gondor's thirty-third monarch in T.A. 2043, the year that Minas Anor was officially renamed Minas Tirith. During the ensuing seven years, the young warrior-king sought to reclaim control of Ithilien from the Witch-king, and the Gondorians fought a series of battles between the Anduin and the Morgul Vale. In the end, Eärnur rashly accepted the Nazgûl's challenge to personal combat and, in T.A. 2050, he lost his life at Minas Morgul (then the Witch-king's headquarters).

Having never married, Eärnur died childless. His passing created a succession crisis and, since no one in the line of Anárion could be found, Mardil the Steward became Gondor's ruler. From that day until the crowning of Elessar, the Ruling Stewards presided over the South Kingdom.

Ecthelion I

The Dúnadan son of Belecthor I (r. T.A. 2628-55), Ecthelion was the father of Egalmoth and served as Gondor's seventeenth Ruling Steward. He ascended the throne in T.A. 2655 and governed the South Kingdom until his death in T.A. 2698. His reign is notable because it was Ecthelion I who strengthened the walls of Minas Tirith and rebuilt the Citadel. He died less than a year after his men finished the improvements to the White Tower, the great spire erected in T.A. 1900 by King Calimehtar.

During Ecthelion's day, Minas Tirith flourished. It was a relatively peaceful time, a lull before the stormy years of that characterized the subsequent century.

Ecthelion II

A Dúnadan Warrior, Ecthelion II was the son of Turgon, the father of Denethor II, and the grandfather of Boromir and Faramir. He served as Gondor's twenty-fifth Ruling Steward from T.A. 2953-2984. It was during his reign that Aragorn II frequented the city of Minas Tirith under his guise as Thorongil.

In T.A. 2980, Ecthelion II commissioned Thorongil's raid against the Haradrim. Thorongil took a small fleet southward and, under cover of darkness, destroyed a great number of ships docked in Umbar. He slew the Captain of the Haradan Haven before withdrawing with modest losses. Returning to Pelargir, Thorongil refused to journey to Minas Tirith in triumph; instead, he left on another urgent mission. The Steward never realized the Ranger's identity, despite the fact that Thorongil acted as his counsel prior to the raid against Umbar.

Ecthelion II was tough, compassionate, and brave. Although he was not particularly wise or brilliant, he was a good judge of character and an able and honest administrator. His reign, while marred by sporadic fighting and the spectre of the growing shadow in the East, turned out to be relatively stable, enabling Gondor to prepare for the coming war.

12.1.2 DENETHOR'S FAMILY

Note: *For a complete listing of royal figures from the history of Minas Tirith, see ICE's Peoples of Middle-earth series.*

Denethor II (Born T.A. 2935)

The twenty-sixth and last Ruling Steward of Gondor, Denethor II presided over the South Kingdom during the dark hours before and during the War of the Ring. He was the handsome, powerful, and lordly son of Ecthelion II and came to the throne in T.A. 2984, only a year after the birth of his younger son and five years before the death of his beautiful wife.

In T.A. 2950, Denethor married Finduilas, the daughter of Prince Adrahil II of Dol Amroth. The two were very much the opposite in character and disposition, but their love proved deep and their union gave Denethor great strength. Finduilas gave birth to two sons, Boromir (T.A. 2979) and Faramir (T.A. 2983), and provided the Steward with both a family and good counsel. Her premature death struck Denethor with a deep and unhealable wound.

Alone with his sons, Denethor withdrew and was often given to bouts of severe depression. He favored Boromir and gave little outward love to Faramir, who resembled his deceased wife in both his manner and nature. Slowly, the Steward's life eroded. Denethor became bitter and resolved that the role of Steward was demeaning in light of the responsibility it carried and the apparent unlikelihood of the return of the "rightful King." Hoping that his son Boromir would someday rule as a true monarch, he sought a way to legitimize his office a make it synonymous with the crown.

As war loomed, Denethor attempted to discern his enemy's plans by using the Palantír, but the Seeing-stone sapped his strength and eventually the Steward fell prey to Sauron's machinations. Manipulated by the Dark Lord's deceptions, Denethor aged rapidly and became slowly gripped by a feeling of doom.

When Boromir was slain by Orcs in T.A. 3019, Denethor finally lost touch with reality. Although wise and strong-willed, he no longer possessed the will to fight or the spirit to live. He resolved to cremate himself, and he erected a pyre upon which he laid—alongside the wounded Faramir. Gandalf and Beregond succeeded in foiling his deranged plan by rescuing his only surviving son, but Denethor's ploy succeeded in part. Gondor's last Ruling Steward perished by his own hand, consumed by the flames on the eve of the victory over his sworn enemy—the Lord of the Rings.

Boromir (born T.A. 2978)

The eldest son and heir of Denethor II, Boromir was a proud, handsome, and strong warrior who delighted in physical contests and shunned Court life. He embodied very little of his mother Finduilas' gentle nature, since she died when he was only ten. Unlike his younger brother, Faramir, he was not given to tender emotions, preferring the passions of honor and loyalty to feelings of love and empathy.

Boromir served as the Captain of Gondor's armies prior to the War of the Ring. After a prophetic dream, however, he left his post and journeyed north to Imladris (Rivendell), where he sat in the Elrond's Council and joined the Fellowship of the Ring. Later, as the Fellowship was journeying south past the Rauros on the Anduin (in T.A. 3019), he fell under the spell of the One Ring and attempted to wrest the evil device from Frodo. Although Boromir's desire to assist his fellow Gondorians was the underlying rationale for this rash act, and he repented, his transgression led Frodo to leave the Company. Soon afterwards Boromir died while fighting Orcs. An arrow claimed his life as he defended the Hobbits Merry and Pippin, the last noble act of a bittersweet life.

Faramir (Born T.A. 2983)

The younger son of Denethor II, Faramir was Boromir's younger brother. He proved to be more like his mother (Finduilas of Dol Amroth) than either his father or Boromir, however, and grew up without Denethor's favor. His mother's death in T.A. 2989 left him without much emotional support, but Faramir nonetheless grew to be a gentle, capable, and wise man.

While Faramir differed from his elder brother, he still proved to be an excellent outdoorsman and brave warrior. He applied these skills outside of Minas Tirith, though, for he loved the wilds more than the jealous confines of the Steward's Court. Thus, Faramir crossed the Anduin into Ithilien, where he led a band of Rangers in the struggle against Sauron prior to, and during, the War of the Ring. His ambushes and reconaissance missions created havoc behind the Dark Lord's battlelines.

In T.A. 3019, Faramir came upon the Hobbits Frodo and Sam, who were then tired and disoriented after struggling toward Mordor with the One Ring. The Ranger provided the halfings a refuge—counseling, healing, and resupplying them when they most needed aid. All the while, Faramir resisted temptation and refused knowledge of the Ring, thus enabling the Hobbits to find a brief peace before resuming and completing their quest.

Later, Faramir led the Rangers during the skirmishes amidst the ruins of Osgiliath. His band covered the retreat from the abandoned capital, and then joined the main army in Minas Tirith before the city was besieged. During the struggle, though, Faramir was wounded by the Black Breath of a Nazgûl. His mad father attempted to cremate him, but Gandalf the White and the Guardsman Beregond rescued him, and Aragorn II (Elessar) nursed him to health. His subsequent convalescence resulted in his meeting with Éowyn, the Princess from Rohan to whom he pledged his undying love.

After the War of the Ring, Faramir wed Éowyn and was granted the titles of Prince of Ithilien and Lord of Emyn Arnen. He moved east of the Anduin, where he ruled those fiefs on behalf of King Elessar until his death in F.A. 82.

12.2 COURTIERS

The following courtiers are usually to be found in the city, either at the buildings where their Offices are housed, or with the royal household.

Irhalmir: King's Treasurer

Irhalmir is an old Dúnadan who served in the army for a few years in his younger days, and then took up an inherited fief in Lebennin. An ambitious figure, he married well and obtained a position in the Council of Gondor. After many years of service, he was made Treasurer, and now he keeps a firm hand on the purse strings. He manages his Office well, although he is rather short-tempered. He suffers from a disturbing weakness, however, a propensity for prejudice: Irhalmir dislikes "foreigners," including anyone not of good Dúnadan blood.

Romer: King's Herald

A youthful and vigorous man, Romer is a lesser Dúnadan who won renown for his exploits in the Drúano (Q. "Ranger") patrols of South Ithilien. Later, he was presented to King Minardil, who was equally impressed by Romer's skill with words and his learning. He took up a junior appointment in the Office of Decrees and then moved to become Herald in the Office of Estates. King Tarondor recently elevated him and now he heads this important department.

Vergorian, King's Proclamator



Romer is exuberant, energetic and helpful, but has so far utterly failed in his attempts to instill a similar feeling into the clerks he manages. His personal life, however, is less unsure. One of the Court's most eligible bachelors, he is popular among the young women of the city and is rarely seen without an escort.

Vergorion: King's Proclamator

A dour and apparently humorless man endowed with a biting wit, Vergorion is the head of the Office of Decrees. He is devoted to the royal family and is a valued counsellor—not least for his ability to cut anyone down to size, be it in private debate or open Court. Vergorion comes from a minor noble family of the Pinnath Gelin, but he speaks (if rather slowly and pedantically) with the formal accent of an Osgiliathan.

Othirhan: Court Chamberlain

Othirhan is Prince Vinyaran's deputy and is responsible for the royal household. Very much Vinyaran's man, he enjoys an uncanny ability to organize and keep abreast of everything and everyone around him. This skill makes him very useful indeed, but naturally annoys others who would rather have their activities less closely monitored. Nonetheless, having been a senior captain in the army for thirty years prior to his current appointment, Othirhan can rely on the most powerful and well-armed figures in the city for support and few contest his covert reign.

Dior Ed-belguinar: King's Curate

Dior, an Anorian of the House Usulúni, is one of the keepers of the Rynd Guinar (S: "Halls of the Dead"; better known as "The Hallows") on Rath Dínen (S. "Silent Street"). He is not only a "priest" concerned with the rituals of death and burial (see Section 5.4), but also a counsellor to the King and overseer of the royal family in spiritual matters. Stern and conservative, he is an aged man, with white, wispy hair, and strictly formal attire. Dior rarely condescends to speak to anyone other than the members of royalty and their subordinate officials.

Eärbaldol: King's Seer

Although the wisest counsellors of the royal court in Gondor have kept the title "Seer," they are not watchers of crystal balls in the manner of the Seers of Arthedain. Instead, they are learned sages, tutored in the libraries and schools of Minas Anor and Osgiliath and summoned to the King's side. Eärbaldol is no exception, having served the crown for his entire adult life. Now, he is fairly old, although still hale (and a good rider).

Above all Eärbaldol is comfortable in the new capital, where he feels much more at home, and he can often be seen going between the High Hall and the Rynd Permaith or the Rynd Thannath to consult the lore of either his peers or previous generations about some weighty subject. His dislikes so-called "men of action," as well as those who wield magical power openly (such as Gandalf the Grey).

Emelduin: King's Physician

A shocking revelation stunned the Court just three months ago: Tarondor had appointed Emelduin as his Royal Physician. Emelduin, a woman! And a woman of no special birth or rank or title. However, she was the most gifted healer to have attended the Houses of Healing in many long years.

Emelduin is extremely good looking; she has rich, waist-length hair and sparkling green-blue eyes. Her hands are delicate but strong and her forthright opinions often strike the entire court dumb—perhaps, for once, making them think again!

Falmathil: Lord of Na-Tyliand

Falmathil is a pure Dúnadan and lord of Na-Tyliand (S. "Country by the Many Isles"), a fief he holds from his cousin Prince Celdrahil of Dol Amroth. Consisting of the coastlands south of the city, this domain centers on the town of Endil, where Falmathil maintains a small fortress. He is often the Prince's voice on the Council of Gondor (save Great Courts), and a valued source of knowledge concerning naval matters. Now settled in his life as a Councilor and courtier, Falmathil resides in a house in Minas Anor with his wife Odomel.

Sernesta: Lady Speaker of Calembel

Sernesta is a strong woman of late middle-age, the younger sister of Princess Elabriel of Lamedon. When Elabriel became Queen of Gondor, her title to Lamedon passed to her brother, whose son now rules the great inland fief. He holds a Prince's Court at Calembel, from whence the Lady Sernesta, widowed for some years, hails. She is very fond of her nephew and speaks well for him on the Council of Gondor. Of course, having married an army man (Lord of Ethring), she can follow all debates, be they domestic or military.

Dostir Maldring: Hír Ethir

Maldring's title is not widely used; he is better known as Lord of Haerlond-ena-Lefnui. Haerlond is about as far as you can get westwards from Minas Anor without falling into the Sea—which is a good thing, for there is no one from that far away to challenge his identity. Tarondor's Hír Ethir is Lord of Spies and master of an intelligence network primarily concerned with keeping tabs on Gondor's potential enemies. Much information passes through the hands of this unobtrusive courtier, an expert on matters such as the Corsairs of Umbar.

Dostir's only known attribute is his bumbling ineptitude with women. From Tharbad and even Fornost Erain in the North, to the southern Havens and the Watch on Mordor, he is known as a shy, unsubtle, ungracious, or simply desperate man. In light of this problem, Maldring's double life as representative of the Blood Ring on the Council of Gondor is quite surprising. He sits in the Council as a quiet representative of Gondor's westlands, always having given Vinyaran and Tarondor a private briefing before every session.



Thorûth, Lord of House Usulúni

12.3 THE CITY'S NOBILITY

Daroín Dunmardo

Now rather small, House Dunmardo is the least of the Anorian noble houses. Its head is Daroín, a scholarly man who once served in Gondor's Navy. For a time, he was Gondor's Legate to Lindon, dwelling for nineteen years in the Grey Havens with Círdan's Elves. After his return from this mission, Daroín was made a Nominee of Conclave. He has since served his city well, although he occasionally misses meetings of Conclave. This is due to an unknown affliction he suffers, one that reduces him to a lethargic, near-immobile state once or twice a year.

Boromis Dunmardo

Boromis is the wife of Daroín. One of the foremost matrons of the City, she enjoys attention from flatterers and often dispenses her husband's wealth rather liberally to dubious individuals. On the whole, however, she thinks she gets her money's worth. Boromis attends every social event possible, and is currently in the process of trying to matchmake for her four granddaughters, one of whom lives at House Dunmardo.



Faivë, Daughter of House Elena

Thorúth Usulúni

Thorûth is the current head of House Usulúni. His father was Dior Ed-belguinar's younger brother and assumed the headship after Dior took the full vows of priesthood. Both of Thorûth's elder brothers previously enjoyed his station, but only for a short time: one died in the Plague, the other after a tragic accident at home.

Actually, Thorûth's short time of training with the Ed-belguinair gave him a darker insight into life than he might otherwise have had. He hastened the death of his father by secret conversations which convinced the old man of the pointlessness of life; then he poisoned his eldest brother and drove the other insane with drugs, so that he nearly strangled his wife—after which he committed suicide (although the death was officially described as an accident).

Outwardly, Thorûth is an amiable man; however, inside he seeks power and election to the Council of Gondor. Already considering himself above Conclave, he does not even seek a nomination there. He prefers to stay at Court trying to wheel and deal, and his wife is little more than an elegant hostess for his select parties.

Tarassar Elena

A haughty and actually brilliant man, Tarassar seldom attends Court social functions. He is an appointee of the Council of Gondor and the third highest judge in the land, sitting below the King and the Lord High Justice (Prince Kóriayan) as the final part of the city's judicial triad. As such, Tarassor is entrusted with the Crown Tribunal, also known as the Star Court, which meets on the sixth level and in the Chambers of the seventh level.

Although he is not widely read or learned in a scholarly way, Tarassar possesses the kind of mind that can quickly assess facts presented to him, analyze them, and logically deduce conclusions. He has no preoccupations other than revealing the truth and perfecting his own self. Naturally, he likes things he is involved with to be worked out as neatly and effectively as possible.

Faivë Elena

Born Vordenië, the eldest daughter of Tarassar's son Haranessë Elena rebelled from the strict confines of her family. Contrary to her noble upbringing, she took the name Faivë, which means "freedom" in an ancient Elven tongue. She has since become the audacious and self-appointed leader of the young ladies of the Court. Her wide circle of friends and admirers, envy her good taste and elegance (perhaps her most favorable aspect) and enable her to act independently and often irreverently.

Faivë is intelligent and witty and not unattractive, although there are many women in the city who might be counted more beautiful. Determined not to be married-off by her family, she seeks her own mate; however, she sets her sights no lower than those of her kin, and has not so transgressed the etiquette of Anorian society as to allow them to disown her. Faivë is on intimate terms with a score of dressmakers and other suppliers of finery and habilements and is currently allowing a number of noblemen to court her—on her own terms!

Anarond Astirian

A noble and brave Dúnadan in his last youth, Anarond is Commander of the Star and Sword, the Third Company of the Citadel Guard. As he approaches forty, he is seeking either a high position somewhere in the forefront of the Kingdom, where he can dedicate his life to fighting for the King, or a wife and a settled home somewhere closer to the city. He stands to inherit his father's title as Lord of House Astirian but would forego it for a generalcy elsewhere.

Anarond has had a number of mistresses—although never more than one at any time—but none of these women have tempted him into marriage. When his duties allow, he attends the Royal Court as representative of his House—which is often,since his father Carnam is busy with matters of the City and Conclave, as well as his fiefs in Anórien. Carnam also would like to see his son married rather than become an "army bachelor."

12.4 POWERFUL ANORIANS

12.4.1 THE WEALTHY & INFLUENTIAL

Curmegil Harnastin

Curmegil, a talented Knight, devoted many years service to the Gondorian army. The veteran of many campaigns, he now sits on Conclave as the Prince-President's Advisor for all military affairs. He married Acerinza Astirian, a younger daughter of one of the city's noble Houses, and they had six children. The eldest, Rodhel, is the Targen of the First Company of the Citadel Guard. His three daughters—Lúthien, Luinna and Lindúviel—live with him, but one of his sons is dead and the other (Harwain) lives in the city on an official basis (see 10.23).

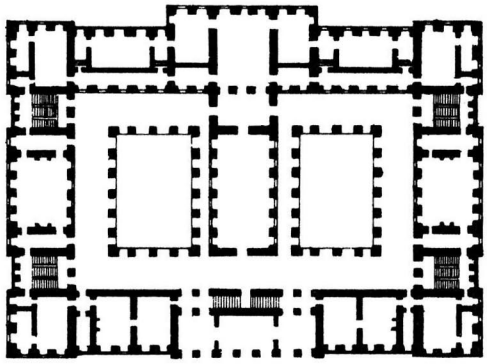
Quiacil Herenyand

Quiacil is a venerable man with greying hair and a wrinkled face. His body is large and broad at first sight, but he is actually gaunt and spare: as if his flesh dropped from his skeleton as he entered his declining years (although he has always appeared this way).

Quiacil is an Advisor on Conclave. Put forward as an elder of the city and because of his knowledge, which is wide-ranging and deep on many subjects, he lectures his peers on history, languages, and literature. Quiacil is an old friend of Verylen Ngoldath, and helped him to his current position as head of the Sages' Fellowship.



Curmegil



Great Hostel

Melloriel Sindbar

The Sindbar family is a scion of a noble house of Minas Ithil. They were rich merchants but otherwise had little importance in this great city until Porothir Sindbar married Melloriel, the daughter of a lord from northern Pinnath Gelin (one of Gondor's most remote fiefs). Those who despised her rural origins soon came to respect her as a shrewd commercial mind and, in only a few years, Melloriel multiplied her husband's fortune fourfold. Thus, she established the family as among the finest trading concerns in Gondor.

Melloriel lived in Osgiliath with Porothir before he died in the Plague. His passing left her as the only female Nominee on Conclave, so she moved when the royal seat was transferred. Now she is reknowned as one of the capital's preeminent hostesses and collectors of fine art.

Cambal Aglarína

Cambal is one of the few known practitioners of magic in the city. However, it is rare that a son of the house of Agarinna is not adept in some branch of mystical knowledge, for this has been their tradition for centuries, back to the times of Númenor. Cambal is respected as a sage and some members of the Court, including Dostir Maldring, are pressing for his appointment as a Royal Seer. However, this move is equally and strongly opposed by Eärbaldol (who fears for his position) and Vinyaran. The latter mistrusts magicians, deeming them all servants or, at best, dupes of the Necromancer, and inheritors of Sauron's malign power.

Cambal lives a life of moderate seclusion and married late. He has no children but adopted his brother's son after both of the child's both parents perished in the Plague. His wife Diriel is content with a life of quiet luxury, and especially enjoys hunting.



12.4.2 NOTED FELLOWSHIP MEMBERS

The following list gives the names and titles of the heads of all the Fellowships of the city. Where there is a separate Deputy, this is indicated by a D; Clerks are denoted by a Cl.

Fellowship	Title	Name
Porters & Doorwardens	Warden of the Keys	Erdil D: Garnallin
Hostelers	Lord Taverner	Berendúr
Lampwrights	City Lampmaster	Chiarold Estûvan
Bakers	High-Baker	Palanthrar
Healers	Master-General of the Houses	Doreoren D: Malegorn
Armorers	Armorer-in-Chief	Drégon
Stonewrights	Master Mason	Betheal
Woodwrights	Wrightsmarshal	Weriúch
Goldsmiths	Paramount Aurifer	Aradacer Ciril
Clothwrights	Master Tailor	Dorelas
Waterwrights	Sluicemaster	Tharendin D: Ostisen
Glassmakers	Grand Vitric	Gilcúdor
Street-traders	Merchant-General	Herumir
Cooks	Piemaster Puissant	Damrod Taurleth D: Forlong
Coopers	Master of the Tuns	Sarador
Candlemakers	The Baillie	Limlach
Tilers & Roofwrights	High Tiler	Perorren
Potters	Kilnmaster Clay	Galdor
Ironsmiths	Smith Of That Ilk	Aranel 'Strong-arm'
Leatherwrights	Great Cordwainer	Celefaroth D: Maeflad
Cordwrights	Master Roper	Luinand
Cutlers	Swordcrafter Champion	Angbor D: Jerriad
Jewelers	High Lapidarist	Telissûring
Artists	—	Súlinwë † D: Turin
Embroiderers	Keeper of the Threads	Lain Eriol
Locksmiths	Chief Fellowsmith	Hunthor
Scribes	Master of Rynd Thannath	Geiri the Old Cl: Dinturien †
Sages	Master of Rynd Permaith Ngoldath	Verylen D: Cimrion

† indicates female.

13.0 ADVENTURES

Each of the following five adventures takes place in the city of Minas Anor. The scenarios are built on hints and suggestions offered in the earlier parts of this book, although some of the material is entirely new. These pages are for the Gamemaster's eyes only. If the players know what the adventures entail before sitting down to play, most of the mystery and tension is lost.

While no adventure is suitable for every party, these five are designed so that at least one of them will be challenging to a group of characters of almost any level of experience and ability. Gamemasters may find that they must tailor an adventure to their particular group of characters, as each party has its own unique strengths and weaknesses. Remember, players enjoy a challenge. If an adventure is too easy for them, they become bored. If it's too difficult, they grow frustrated. It's up to the Gamemaster to navigate that narrow road between those two extremes.

Read through an adventure carefully before running it, making sure that you're familiar with both the characters and the specific locales involved. In order for you to be able to make the setting come alive for your players, it first has to be real to you. You've got to know your stuff.

While studying an adventure, think about how your players' characters might react in the given situations. Do your best to prepare for as many eventualities as you can predict. Don't worry about covering everything, though. No matter how far you stretch your imagination, your players will often come up with something that never crossed your mind.

These adventures are designed to be easy to use. They provide you with (almost) everything you'll need to know about the situation, the setting, the plot, and the non-player characters comprising the scenario. They include text intended to be read aloud to the players, specifically to make transitions from scene to scene flow more smoothly. Feel free to ignore these passages if you like or if they don't fit your personal style. They're there as one example of how to handle the adventure. Do with them what you will.

Be flexible and have fun. The best way to do that is to be relaxed and confident while you run the game. And confidence stems from preparation. Read on.

13.1 A SPY FROM UMBAR

In this adventure, Gondor's most hated enemy is revealed to have an agent placed within the capital city. The PCs must unveil this poisonous creature to save a lady's reputation and the life of the Crown Prince.

Requirements: A group of mid-level adventurers skilled in tracking. They must known the city well, and they must be able to covertly repair the damage done by a spy's treachery. Above all, the PCs must be patriotic and willing to handle a delicate situation with the utmost discretion. Otherwise, all shall be for naught.

Aids: The PCs should need no outside help to complete their task. Indeed, the fewer people who know about the problem, the better. It is not something to be discussed publicly or revealed to any but the PCs' most trusted confidants.

Rewards: The lady in question, Rosíthil Harnastin, will reward the PCs in any way they ask, as long as she finds such a request to be reasonable and within her resources. A member of a powerful family, she could arrange for the PCs to be introduced to key people in the city. Perhaps she might enlist her family's support for the adventurers or offer them full-time employment. If pressed, she will part with selections from her jewelry collection, bestowing a gift upon each of her saviors. The baubles will be worth no more than 100 silver pieces each. Alternatively, she might produce finely made weapons.

13.1.1 THE TALE

Rosíthil Harnastin is an elegant lady. Although not a part of Minas Anor's exclusive nobility, she carries herself with a bearing envied by many whose stations in life lie above hers. She hails from well-established and wealthy stock, but marrying into the Harnastin family was socially a step up for her.

Her husband Rodhel is the Commander (Targen) of the First Company of the Citadel Guard. Once, she thought she loved him dearly, but now she's not so sure. Maybe she was simply dazzled by the young man's brilliant military career and his powerful personality. These days, the luster of their attachment seems to have dulled.

Rodhel's duties keep him busy; he must travel frequently, leaving his wife alone in their richly appointed house for weeks at a time. Although reluctant to betray her marital vows, Rosíthil couldn't bear squandering the flower of her beauty on a man who was rarely around to appreciate it. She has found solace for her loneliness in the arms of other young men.

Unfortunately, one of her suitors has been less than discreet about their affair. Late at night, over more than a few mugs of ale, a young laborer named Walher spun the tale of his involvement in the lady's indiscretion to a few of his friends. A man known to the citizens of Gondor as Urthel the lampwright was amongst those privileged listeners, much to Rosíthil's and Walher's regret.

Urthel's real name is Telkurhâd, and he is an Umbarian spy. Soon after hearing of the lady's trysts, he contacted her anonymously, threatening to expose her treachery to her husband and the court if she didn't comply with his demands. Seeing no other recourse, Rosíthil acquiesced.

Over the last four weeks, during the short time they have together, Rosíthil has quietly pumped her husband for sensitive information. Pleased to find his distant wife demonstrating renewed interest in his daily activities, Rodhel has shared freely everything he knows, anything that she might find intriguing, in the hope of fanning her spark of attention into the flames of passion their marriage once knew. Dutifully, Rosíthil has fed the information to Telkurhâd.

Rosíthil's forced curiosity opened her to learning about her husband and his life in more depth than ever before. The love for him she thought lay dead has again sprung up within her heart. She cannot bear to hurt him with the truth about her infidelity, nor can she chance permitting such a blemish to soil the honor of a man she has come to respect so deeply.

Unfortunately, Rodhel revealed to Rosíthil that Elatar, Gondor's Crown Prince currently serving under Rodhel's command, is planning to secretly return to Minas Anor for King Tarondor's birthday. Telkurhâd forced this information from the erring wife during one of their meetings. As he learned of it, a broad smile swept across his face, and a sinister twinkle leapt to his eyes.

Rosíthil realized that she had put Elatar's life in danger; she has decided that she can no longer endure as a pawn of Umbar. Still, neither will she entertain the possibility of bringing disgrace to her husband and his family. Desperate, she has concocted a dangerous plan that seems to her to be the only way out.



Rosíthil Harnastin



13.1.2 THE CHARACTERS

Rosíthil Harnastin

Rosíthil is a beautiful young woman with long, flame-colored hair and lazy green eyes, doing her best to avoid boredom and idleness under the burden of wealth and her husband's apparent lack of interest. While elegant, kind, and charming, she has a dark, petty, and vengeful side. It's the spite in her that first prompted the lady to flatter men other than her husband with her attention.

At first, Rosíthil merely flirted, hoping to arouse some sign of jealously within Rodhel. Unfortunately, her husband is so even-tempered and good-natured that, although he didn't fail to notice his wife's apparent familiarity with men unknown to him, he thought she was sensibly making friends to divert herself during his many absences. In the beginning, it was no more than that; later, when the relationships between Rosíthil and her admirers progressed further, Rodhel's implicit trust of his mate left him unable to even conceive of the possibility that she might be unfaithful to him.

His calmness wounded Rosíthil further, since she took his seeming indifference to her dalliance at face value. Apparently he didn't even care enough about her to express jealousy at the coquetry she showered upon other men. When Telkurhâd approached the lady with his demands for her betrayal of Gondor, Rosíthil was almost happy to be threatened by him. It gave her the opportunity to elevate her vicious game with her husband to a higher level.

Then, during the conversations she initiated to learn about Rodhel's duties (so she could betray him), she fell in love with him all over again. In a twisted way, all she had done over the past few months had been to win back her husband's oft-too-distant love. Strangely, events had worked to her benefit. Now she had Rodhel's affection back, and she would never let it go.

She wasn't ready when her indiscretion turned deadly. After she told Telkurhâd of Elatar's plans to visit his father, she realized that she had just placed the young prince's life in mortal danger. She couldn't turn to Rodhel, since to tell him of her treachery would be to risk losing him again. That was something she simply couldn't bear.

She had to fix things herself.

Rodhel Harnastin

Rodhel is a good, solid, and entirely unimaginative man, an excellent soldier, and a decent, if not particularly inspired, commander. These virtues and the fact that he is the eldest son of Curmegil Harnastin, member of Conclave and the Prince-President's premier military affairs advisor, enabled him to rise to his present position. Rodhel was reared from birth to aspire to a post in the Citadel Guard, and within his duties as Targen he excels. Most other matters escape his notice, being beyond this narrow focus.

Unfortunately, his inattention came to include his beautiful wife Rosíthil. At first, the couple was blissfully happy. As time wore on, Rodhel was promoted to the post of Targen of the First Company of the Citadel Guard, and the burden of his responsibilities wore heavily upon him. He grew more and more absorbed in his duties, and his home life suffered. He has noticed the growing distance between himself and his wife, but he doesn't see that he has the time or the ability to close it. He loves her dearly, but the niceties of romance escape him. Flowers, tête-á-tête dinners excluding the extended family, surprise gifts, and elegant flirtation with someone he has known for so long, the mother of his only son, seem inappropriate to Rodhel.

Rosíthil lives more and more in a different world than the Targen. He busies himself with the training of troops for the defense of Gondor, while she spends her days hobnobbing with Minas Anor's wealthy and pursuing pleasure and entertainment. Rodhel has no use for her high society rivalries and intrigues. Such matters appear frivolous to one concerned with affairs of state.

Over the last few weeks, the rift between the couple has been healing, due to Rosíthil's recent strong interest in Rodhel's work. Suddenly the two have much to discuss, and Rodhel's days in his family's house (see *10.2.3 House Harnastin*) are now among his happiest. Mercifully, he has no clue concerning Rosíthil's infidelity and horrible betrayal of both himself and Gondor. All he knows is that his wife finds him interesting once again, and all is right with the world.

If Rodhel were to learn of Rosíthil's treachery, he would be crushed beyond any hope of recovery, his world sundered by his discovery. The Targen would not find it in himself to do her harm, but he would exile himself from Gondor, leaving a note behind, addressed to his father, to explain his absence and his wife's guilt. He would act secretly, not alerting Rosíthil to his plans, and leaving Conclave to decide her fate.

Telkurhâd (Urthel)

Telkurhâd is a tall, thin Umbarian who walks with a permanent stoop designed in part to hide his height. His skin is pale, even when compared to fair complexions of the people of Gondor. His eyes are dark gray, at times deepening to match the unruly, black thatch of hair curling on his head.

Telkurhâd's mother was raped by a Gondorian long ago. He never knew his father and had nothing by which to remember him except his mother's bitterness. He adopted this sentiment, and it provoked him to dedicate himself to helping bring about the downfall of his sire's homeland.

His face is long and thin and often marred by a deep frown, the wrinkles from which have long since etched their way permanently onto his weathered visage. His countenance lightens only when his mind turns furiously in the development plans sure to hurt the people of Gondor. At these times, a sparkle shines in his eyes, and the hint of a smile works at the corners of his mouth.

Under the identity of Urthel the lampwright, Telkurhâd is an excellent spy. Quiet by nature, and nondescript except for his height (which he conceals by stooping), the Umbarian excites little interest among his acquaintance. Few take more than cursory notice of him. He serves as the proverbial fly on the wall.

He is a member of the Lampwright's Fellowship, living on the first floor of the Palace of Light (10.1.4). His duties include a share in the responsibility for maintaining the city's lights in working order. This task is perfect, because it allows him to move about Minas Anor, through every Tier, without drawing attention to himself. Indeed, lampwrights are such a common sight that people ignore them, which suits the Umbarean's purpose even better.

Telkurhâd is one of several Umbarean spies in Gondor, but he remains unaware of the identities of the others. His only contact is a man bearing the name Cen Porllo. Cen Porllo meets with Telkurhâd on a weekly basis or more often if the existing situation calls for it.

Before signing on for this mission, Telkurhâd served under a Dúnadan Lord as a guardsman in his fief's principal castle. There, the spy familiarized himself with the workings of the soldiery and learned how to wield a blade. When openly armed (never while working as a lampwright—it would be foolish to call such attention to himself), he bears a beautifully forged eket (+10 short sword) with a grooved blade. The groove normally holds a dose of a sticky poison (01-75 = kafar; 76-100 = acaana).

At all times, the lampwright carries three daggers concealed upon his person, one at the small of his back and another in each boot. He wears a pearl ring (casts *Hold Kind* 1x/day at 12th level) and stashes a *Pouch of Concealment* in one pocket. Anything placed in the pouch, a leather bag about 9" square, can be commanded to vanish, so that a search of the receptacle reveals nothing. Only one pouchful at a time remains absent thusly.

Cen Porllo

Cen Porllo was lured into betraying the Gondorians to their enemies by the promise of easy money. His slight build, hooked nose, and dark complexion mark him as Haradan. His parents emigrated to Anórien from Umbar before he was born. He was reared as a citizen of Gondor, but when refugees streamed in from cities affected by the plague, Cen Porllo was lumped with the newcomers by the native population.

Once, while on patrol in Wooden-town, he encountered a group of young dandies beating a poor refugee for "wasting the country's air and food." When he intervened, the Southron received the same treatment as the man he was trying to rescue. Although Cen Porllo survived the attack, the other victim wasn't so lucky. Cen Porllo tried to have his attackers brought to justice, but their fathers took the case directly to the King who let the sons of his influential friends off with little more than a slap on the wrist.

Cen Porllo was infuriated. After giving the matter careful consideration, he made contact with representatives of Umbar to offer them his services. The young scout quickly rose through the ranks of the spies, although his race and preoccupation with his extracurricular activities kept him from moving up through the ranks of Minas Anor's Watchmen.

Now old and bitter, Cen Porllo cares little for winning acclaim from his Gondorian lords. He knows he is serving his ancestral homeland well. The Southron is one of Umbar's master spies in Gondor. He controls a pervasive operation of dozens of lesser informers in the Royal Army, Osgiliath, Cirith Ungol, Harlond, and three other Anórian towns. Most are Umbarean infiltrators, posing as loyal Gondorians. Each knows only the man above them, Cen Porllo, so that none can betray any of their cohorts.

Cen Porllo rarely, if ever, takes part in any espionage or sabotage operation directly, preferring to work solely by proxy. He likes to think of himself as untouchable, and he goes to great lengths to ensure that he remains such. His meetings with his underlings are as clandestine as possible. Security is always a concern—he knows that one mistake could mean the end of his spy ring and, if he's caught, his life.

Posing as an independently wealthy, general goods merchant, Cen Porllo makes his home in a remote house in rural Anórian, to the southwest of the city. When he visits Minas Anor, he often lodges at the Old Guesthouse (10.1.1).

He carries with him an ivory rod which can cast *Shield* 1x/day, *Confusion* 1x/week, and *Sleep* 1x/month. The rod also has a hidden spike which can be extended instantly and used as a +15 dagger. Additionally, the rod acts as a continual, half-strength *Locklore* spell.

If captured, Cen Porllo will poison himself before talking. He has a wooden tooth full of kafar. Given a chance, he'll bite down on this and swallow its contents. Without him, his spy ring will flounder for some months, but eventually he'll be replaced by another agent of Umbar, ready to carry on the fight.

Elatar

King Tarondor's son, the Crown Prince of Gondor, is a handsome and rugged Dúnadan with long, dark hair and steel gray eyes. An excellent specimen of his race, he is also a prime example of all that is best in the Gondorian nobility. Despite his scant years, Elatar has already made a name for himself as an excellent swordsman and a consummate leader of men.

When Elatar reached the proper age, Tarondor assigned him to a post with the First Company of the Citadel Guard. There he serves as a captain under Rodhel Harnastin, a loyal and brilliant commander who has taken the young prince under his wing in order to act as his personal tutor. Rodhel mentors the young man at the personal request of the King, but he regrets the duty only occasionally.



Rodhel enjoys the prince's company, his inquisitiveness and his keen mind, but the commander is less excited by the unavoidable responsibility of ensuring the prince's personal safety. Keeping the heir to the throne out of danger is no mean feat. True, the young man is stationed at Harithilien, far from any direct peril for the moment, but anytime a man lives as a soldier, his life is at risk and he becomes that much harder to protect.

The First Company has done a decent job thus far. Several days ago, Elatar announced to Rodhel that he would be returning to Minas Anor secretly to surprise his father on the King's upcoming birthday. The commander insisted that the prince be accompanied by six warriors, but Elatar overruled him, noting that such precautions would destroy the surprise.

Elatar reasoned that, posing as a lone knight travelling home, he would encounter few problems. Under most circumstances, he would be right. Unfortunately, Telkurhâd has learned of his plans and alerted Cen Porllo. If the PCs don't do something to prevent it, the prince may be assassinated before he can ever clear the Minas Anor's Great Gate.

13.1.3 THE PLACES

Locations featured in this adventure include House Harnastin (10.2.3), where Lady Harnastin lives with her husband Rodhel; the Palace of Light (10.1.4), where Telkurhâd lives in his guise as a lampwright; and possibly the Old Guesthouse (10.1.1), where Cen Porllo stays when he' visits town. One early encounter occurs at Elcadar's Breakfast House (10.2.5), where Rosíthil is scheduled to meet with Telkurhâd disguised as Urthel. If events go badly, a climactic scene might transpire on the docks at Harlond (3.1.2). Although it's a bit of a stretch, the PCs might also arrive at Cen Porllo's house. If this happens, use the typical farmstead in section 3.1 as a model for the master spy's home.

As Gamemaster, you need to be as familiar as possible with these locales, so that you'll be able to field any questions the players might throw at you. Additionally, the extra flavor sure to infuse the game (due to your knowledge of each place's inhabitants) will make the adventure more realistic and fun for everyone involved.

13.1.4 THE TASK

Assuming the PCs have acquired a reputation as adventurers and that their loyalty to Gondor is beyond question, Rosíthil contacts them by way of a trusted maidservant. She informs them of her dilemma and pleads for their assistance in resolving it discreetly. If they agree, she dismisses them until she is contacted by Urthel and given the location of her next meeting with the spy.

The PCs should also attend the rendezvous, although covertly. Afterward, Urthel returns to the Palace of Light for his daymeal. Then, he departs to meet Cen Porllo at the Old Guesthouse. Finally, he returns to the Palace of Light to sleep.

Next morning, Cen Porllo leaves Minas Anor promptly to meet with assassins on the docks at Harlond. After he briefs them on how and when to kill Elatar, the Southron travels to his house in the country. He will not return to Minas Anor until three days later, the evening of which Elatar is to be attacked.

If the characters do not intervene and bring the plot to a halt, the Crown Prince is assassinated, dealing a great blow to King Tarondor and all of Gondor. The PCs won't be shamed publicly, but must live with the fact that they failed their liege and country when needed most.

13.1.5 THE ENCOUNTERS

It's likely that you will not use every one of the encounters described below. Although they cover a wide range of possibilities, it is still conceivable that your players will somehow stray from the beaten path. If so, flow with the situation as it develops. Eventually the PCs should return to the encounters listed below. If they don't, there's a good chance that Elatar is doomed.

The Call to Duty

Read the following to the players aloud. Feel free to tailor the text to fit your own unique needs.

> While enjoying a late daymeal, you realize you are being watched by a pretty young lady with dark eyes and auburn hair. Seeing that her spying activities have been noticed she rises from her booth and approaches, almost on tiptoe, as if afraid of scaring you away. She sits in an empty chair at your table and looks at each of you in turn. Will she bolt? It seems she might, but then she settles her mind and opens her mouth to speak.
>
> "My name is Melintra, good people." Her voice is so soft you must strain to hear it over the roar of conversation. "I am servant to a good Lady of this city who wishes to engage your services in a matter most delicate. She calls upon your sense of duty and chivalry to come with me, that she may speak with you and present you with her dilemma. Will you accompany me to her house, so that she may instruct you further?"

Melintra is clearly inexperienced in her role as go-between, but she is a trusted favorite in her Lady's eyes. The handmaiden has been instrumental in ensuring the secrecy of Rosíthil's affairs, even through the treachery, and now she is doing her best to get her Lady out of the mess she's created. Melintra values her loyalty to Rosíthil above all else, and she will absolutely refuse to compromise the Lady's good name.

Melintra insists that the characters follow her back to her Lady's house, although she refuses to reveal Rosíthil's identity for fear that they will back away from embroiling themselves in the concerns of such a noteworthy family. If they refuse, she bursts into quiet tears and begs of them, upon any loyalty they might feel to Gondor, to accompany her. She has heard of their exploits from others in the city, and she hoped that she might find such daring souls sympathetic to her Lady's predicament. Without their help, her Lady will be ruined, and all will be lost.

If the PCs refuse, they'll hear about the disappearance of Elatar five days hence. Smart PCs will think back to this encounter and wonder if they might not have been able to prevent such a tragedy.

If the PCs agree to come with her, Melintra is unending in her praise of their goodness. She leads them through the city to the Second Tier, making sure to take a long and winding route, careful that no one is following. Once satisfied that all is safe, she approaches the back gate of House Harnastin and enters through the kitchen door. It is dark out by now, the back way is poorly lit, and there is little chance that anyone has seen this covert arrival.

A Lady's Request

Read the following aloud:

> Melintra motions for silence as she opens the back door of the elegant stone townhouse and ushers you into a dark room. She closes the door behind you and says, "Hold a minute, whilst I find a light."
>
> Suddenly a match flares across the room, revealing a beautiful young woman with long, flame-colored hair and lazy green eyes. She touches her match to a lamp wick and then, while the light blossoms, scrutinizes each of you, one by one, as if evaluating your worth. "Are these the people of whom you spoke, Melintra?" she asks.
>
> "Yes, my lady."
>
> A smile spreads warmly across the young woman's face. "At last, someone who can be of aid. My good people, you have no idea how happy I am to see you. Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Rosíthil Harnastin, and I fear I have ill news for all. Through my own actions, I have placed Elatar, the Crown Prince of Gondor, in mortal peril."

Rosíthil explains that she is being blackmailed by a man she knows only as Urthel into revealing information she gathers from private conversations with her husband, the Targen of the First Company of the Citadel Guard. Recently, she informed Urthel that Elatar would be coming to Minas Anor to surprise the King on his birthday five days hence. The Prince is to arrive at the docks in Harlond on that day, posing as a lone knight, and proceed from there to the city.

Rosíthil fears that Urthel will use the information she has given him to cause the Prince harm. Elatar will be guarded throughout his journey by nothing more than his disguise and his own prowess at arms. He would be a prime target for an assassination attempt.

Rosíthil has considered going to her husband with her news, but she fears that the situation under which she was blackmailed would become publicly known. Should disclosure occurs, not only she, but her husband and his entire family would be horribly disgraced. She simply cannot allow this to happen.

She absolutely refuses to reveal the nature of the hold over her possessed by Urthel. Suffice it to say that the truth is a part of her past of which she is not proud and of which she would not expect the public to be sympathetic. She assures the adventurers that the particulars of her indiscretion are not vitally linked to the matter at hand.

She asks the PCs to apprehend Urthel and deal with him in a manner befitting spies (i.e., execute him). She demands that they handle the situation with the utmost discretion. She cannot have her involvement with this man revealed.

Sadly, Rosíthil can tell the characters little about Urthel. Her meetings with him are brief, and since he wears a long, dark cloak, its hood drawn close over his head, she has never seen his face. Sometimes she arrives for a rendezvous and doesn't even see the man. If she has nothing to tell, she wears a white lily, and in such cases, she rarely even notices him entering or exiting the building.

If the PCs refuse to help her, she pleads with them, appealing to their honor and sense of duty. Don't apprehend Urthel for her worthless self, but for the sake of her husband who is totally blameless in this matter. Do it for the Prince who may otherwise die.

If that fails, she'll offer to give the PCs all she owns, which isn't much. She can pay them with her jewelry. She has just enough to give each PC a bauble worth about 100 silver pieces. In any case, if the PCs come to her aid, they will have her undying gratitude. Considering the family into which she's married, this is no small benefit.

If the PCs agree to help, Rosíthil tells them that Urthel usually meets her once a week, each time at a different place of his choosing. The night before the meeting is to take place, she receives a note telling her of its time and location. Her next rendezvous is scheduled for two evenings hence. She will contact the PCs once she receives the note and let them know the pertinent information.

The Culprit

Late the following evening, the PCs receive a visit from Melintra. She tells them that Rosíthil is to meet with Urthel at Elcadar's Breakfast House in time to hear the fourth bell rung after noon. She instructs the adventurers that her mistress will sitting to the right as they enter the building and that she will arrive on time. She suggests that the PCs take up their positions beforehand. Then, yawning due to the hour, she begs their pardon and hustles home.

How you work this encounter will depend a great deal on how the PCs approach it. Keep in mind that Urthel will do anything to avoid being caught.

Urthel knows that the crowds of Minas Anor are his friends. Unless the City Watch embarks on a manhunt for him, any threat to his life will be a covert one. The more he stays in the public eye, the less chance there is that anyone will be able to corner him and quietly slit his throat.



He is perfectly willing to trade the dirt he has on Rosíthil in exchange for his life. If threatened at any time, he will simply threaten in return to burst out with what he knows to anyone in earshot. Since this is exactly what the PCs are trying to prevent, they must take care

The adventurers should also realize that they don't have the option of killing this man in a public way. If they were to do so, they would surely be hunted down as murderers, captured, and put on trial. Unless they can come up with a good reason to kill this man—other than the truth, of course—they'd better not do it in full view of any witnesses. On the other hand, bodies turn up in the Anduin all the time.

When you're ready to have Urthel enter Elcadar's, read the following aloud:

> A tall, hunched man in a black cloak enters through the front door: you've found your man! Although his face is shrouded by his hood, you suspect he's searching for Rosíthil. Eventually he spots her and moves toward her table.
>
> The only peculiarity that sets him apart from the other patrons of Eldacar's is his choice to keep his hood up inside. He sits across from Rosíthil and begins talking to her in low tones. A waiter approaches them, but Urthel waves him away. Rosíthil seems nervous, even from where you're watching, but Urthel apparently attributes it to the fact she's betraying her husband and country. Who knows? Maybe she's always apprehensive when she talks to the spy.

The conversation is brief and ends quickly. Urthel is obviously angry at Rosíthil because, although she had little new to convey, she didn't bother wearing a flower to warn him off. Urthel leaves, and Rosíthil buries her face in her hands, weeping softly. The next move must be determined by the PCs.

Urthel leaves Elcadar's and hits the streets, working his way around the city to the Palace of Light. He watches for any followers—he knows well the dangers of spying. If he does spot a PC tailing him, he embarks on a circuitous tour through the city, attempting to lose his pusuit. Urthel knows Minas Anor well and should be able to elude newcomers unfamiliar with its layout.

Once satisfied he's on his own, Urthel hustles back to the Palace of Light, where he takes his daymeal. After eating, he walks to the Old Guesthouse to meet Cen Porllo in his bedchamber, one of those with a window that looks out on the alley (to the building's left as one faces it).

Urthel tells Cen Porllo suscinctly about his meeting with Rosíthil (and of any incident with the adventurers). Then he returns to the Palace of Light. He is only going back to pick up a few belongings. He's leaving town with Cen Porllo and will meet the Southron at the docks at Harlond.

Cen Porllo immediately travels to Harlond (he's not content to wait on Urthel's preparations). Once there, he meets with a group of assassins (enough to furnish the PCs with a challenge) and gives them their assignment.

The assassins wait for Urthel's arrival. They tell him that they are to head back to Cen Porllo's farmstead by way of boat. When Urthel climbs aboard, one assassin shoves a knife into his throat. Cen Porllo does not tolerate incompetence and (obviously) is willing to act quickly to seal any security breach. He couldn't take the chance someone who knew of Urthel's role as a spy would see him in the city, and he couldn't be seen traveling with such a man. The lampwright had to be removed.

Urthel's body shows up down river in two days.

Cen Porllo goes home and waits for the day of the assassination attempt. That morning, he returns to Minas Anor and makes sure to be seen about town in all his usual haunts. After all, he must establish an alibi.

The Attempt on the Crown Prince's Life

There are several ways the PCs can prevent the assassination attempt from happening.

1) Stop Urthel before he reaches Cen Porllo. If Urthel does not show up to meet with Cen Porllo at the appointed time and place, Cen Porllo will assume something has gone wrong and abort the operation. He didn't get to where he is by taking silly risks.

2) Stop Cen Porllo before he talks to his assassins. If Cen Porllo misses his meeting with the killers, they won't bother to intercept Elatar at the docks. With Cen Porllo out of the picture, how would they get paid for the job?

3) Stop the assassins. Unless the adventurers jump into the middle of Cen Porllo's meeting with the assassins in Harlond, the hard part of this method is finding the killers. More than likely, the PCs must wait until Elatar arrives in Harlond and escort him (without the prince's knowledge or cooperation, of course) to Minas Anor.

Although unlikely, it's possible that the PCs will track the assassins down. They are a group of refugees living in the Eastron Quarter of Wooden-town, and they have taken up residence in a one-room wooden shack. This is probably where the PCs will find them. Dispatching them should be easy enough if the adventurers discover them unawares. Of course, they may have to explain to the locals why these people from the city have barged in and murdered a group of refugees. If they fail to do so adequately, a riot may ensue.

If the characters can't find the assassins, they'll need to set up shop on the docks and wait for their prey to come to them. Of course, the real question becomes: will the PCs will spot the assassins before the assassins spot them? Since the adventurers know that they're looking for someone and the assassins have no idea anyone knows of their plan, the PCs have a good shot at noting the killers first.

The assassins will attack Elatar immediately after he leaves the dock, as soon as he enters the winding streets of Harlond. They intend to weight his body with rocks and toss the corpse into the river. Thus, the murder won't be discovered for a while, by which time they'll be long gone with little or nothing to tie them to it. Cen Porllo has ordered this procedure, since Umbar doesn't want to provoke an open war with Gondor. The Umbareans are content to simply hit the King where it will hurt him most and leave him to figure out where to focus his wrath.

13.1.6 EPILOGUE

If the PCs fail to save Elatar, he will be killed by the assassins. The adventurers bear no legal responsibility for the damage done, but it might be hard for them to convince the kingdom that they did the right thing by risking the Prince's life for the honor of an dishonorable woman (that is if their and Rosíthil's involvement is revealed).

If they save Elatar, however, they will have accomplished a great deed. If they succeed by capturing or killing Urthel/Telkurhâd or Cen Porllo, the gratitude of the King will be theirs for having broken an Umbarean spy ring. If they personally rescue the Prince, they will earn in addition to the King's gratitude a reward of 1000 silver pieces split amongst them. The less tangible benefit of having Tarondor know their names and faces, may prove invaluable in the future.

If the adventurers preserve Rosíthil's honor in the process, she will also reward each PC with a piece of jewelry worth 100 silver pieces. Of course, they will have her undying favor, and she will do whatever she can for them whenever they call on her. And they may bask in the knowledge that they not only saved a Prince's life, but also a worthy woman's reputation and marriage.

13.2 RIOT IN WOODEN-TOWN

The adventurers are recruited by the City Watch to infiltrate a ring of bandits who have been robbing rich merchants and giving the proceeds of the thefts to the poor. Although the robbers have acquired the popular support of most of the refugees, there's a bit more to this band of thieves than meets the eye.

Requirements: A party of just about any level that's willing to undertake covert action on the part of the City Watch. Their mission: to uncover the fomenters of recent uprisings in the shanty town outside Minas Anor's Great Gate.

Aids: A low level party can get help from the City Watch if they ask for it. Of course, obtaining aid in a timely manner is a different thing altogether. Being spotted with members of the City Watch is likely to blow their cover and could get them killed. Adventurers should be careful not to abuse this option, since they're likely to get only one chance to use it.

Rewards: A party that successfully completes this mission can expect some privileges in the city from a relieved Conclave and a grateful Citadel Commander. If they prefer cash, they can be paid from 100-200 silver pieces each, depending on the degree of their success.

13.2.1 THE TALE

Wooden-town (Q. Karas Taurina), the slipshod collection of rough houses and crude shelters that runs along the city wall north from the Great Gate, is an oppressive place. The poverty is overwhelming, particularly when contrasted with the wealth that lies within Minas Anor. Most right-minded citizens flinch in horror from the motley conglomeration of rickety shanties perched on their city's doorstep; yet solutions to rectify the situation remain conspicuously absent.

Minas Anor simply can't withstand a tremendous influx of refugees all at once. The City Guard follows a protocol established by royal decree whereby newcomers are admitted only upon demonstrating that they are healthy and either have residents in the city willing to support them or are capable of earning a living. Usually these stipulations mean they must have a tidy sum of cash available or a job waiting inside the city's walls.

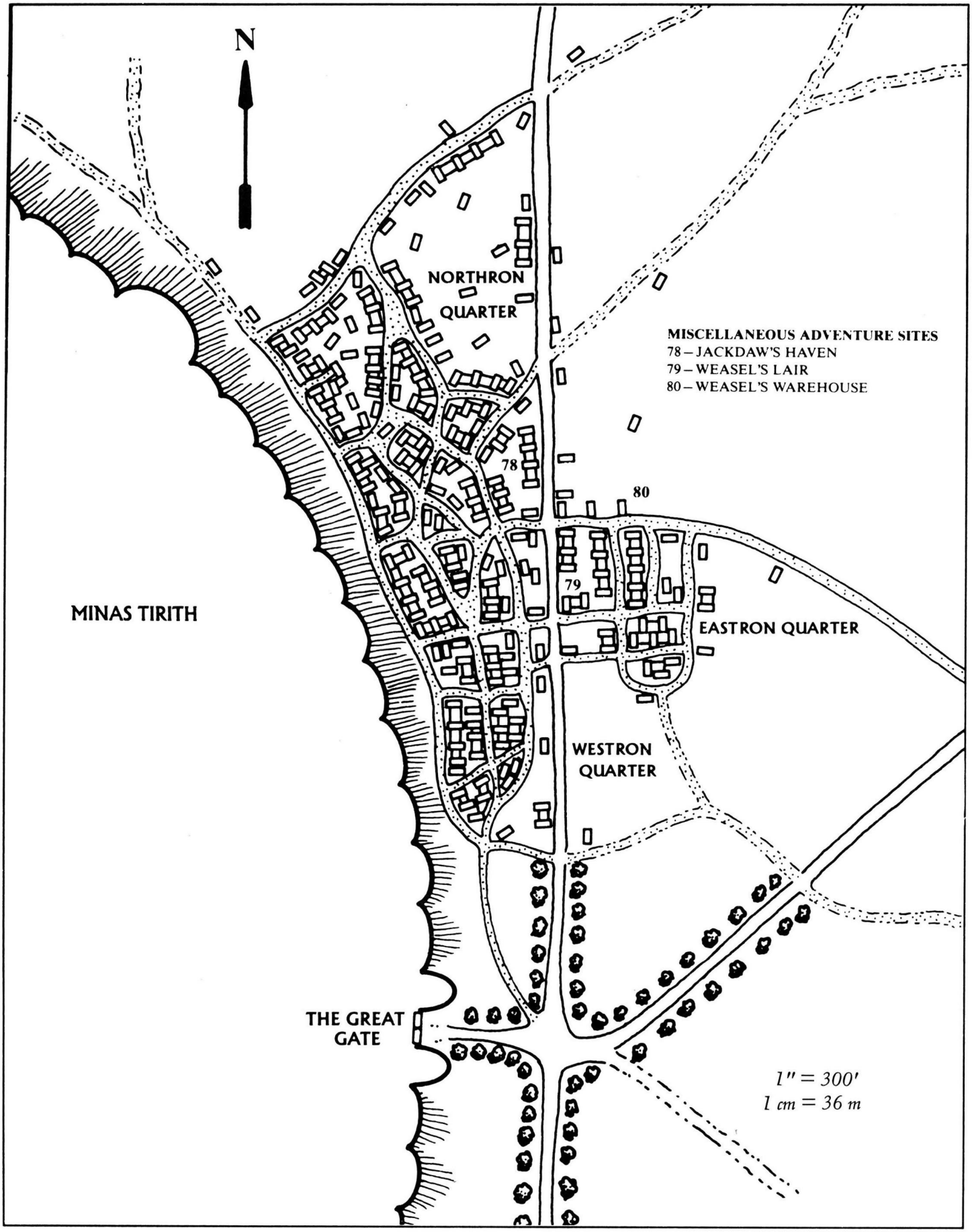
Most refugees are ill and don't possess the resources to win the safety of Minas Anor. Although King Tarondor has recently instituted a system of supplying the denizens of Wooden-town with small amounts of food and fuel, the reigning sentiment amongst the people is that of despair. The refugees are ripe for rebellion, ineffectual as it might be, crashing against Minas Anor's walls.

All they lack is a leader around whom to rally. Most of those cunning and able enough to assume such a role have already found their way inside the city walls, where they count themselves thankful. Others have fallen so low as to be entirely consumed with hopelessness.

Wooden-town is an ugly community. With rains, the residences are dank and sodden, and the worn lanes that serve poorly as streets turn into rutted washes of thick and clinging mud. Sunshine is almost worse, revealing horrid details that at least the gloom keeps mercifully shrouded.

Eventually, most people do leave Wooden-town. Some finally discover an employer kind enough to sponsor them until they find their feet. Others die of disease or despair. Either group is counted fortunate by those left behind who beg for their suppers or work as drudges for a pittance.

Tensions in Wooden-town run high. Minor arguments that elsewhere would end in shouting matches here become full-fledged fights, often drawing in passers-by eager to relieve the unending monotony of their lives. The City Watch is called in frequently to break up monstrous brawls, but up until now the refugees restrained their bickering to themselves.


N
NORTHRON QUARTER
MISCELLANEOUS ADVENTURE SITES
78 – JACKDAW'S HAVEN
79 – WEASEL'S LAIR
80 – WEASEL'S WAREHOUSE
78
80
79
MINAS TIRITH
EASTRON QUARTER
WESTRON QUARTER
THE GREAT GATE
1" = 300'
1 cm = 36 m

In recent weeks, this has changed. Six merchants have been killed and robbed on separate occasions. Two of the incidents involved small caravans. The stolen materials later turned up all over Wooden-town, apparently distributed freely to the needier residents.

An attempt by the City Watch to round up the culprits and the stolen belongings met with unexpectedly unified opposition. When the guards tried to force the matter, a major riot ensued. The conflict ended only when the Watchmen beat a hasty retreat.

With such obvious hostility pointed at themselves, the Commanders of the Watch decided to try a more subtle tactic. Perhaps official keepers of the peace can't get into Wooden-town to ask questions, but a group of recently arrived foreigners (i.e., the PCs) might be more welcome.

13.2.2 THE CHARACTERS

Goltarion

As Night Captain of the City Watch, Goltarion takes his responsibilities seriously. He is the youngest man to hold such a prominent position in the Watch. He won his rank the old-fashioned way: his father arranged the appointment. Despite this, Goltarion is a hard worker, determined to be worthy of the opportunity his sire, a retired member of Conclave, has given him.

A handsome, eligible Dúnadan bachelor, tall and strong with dark, wavy hair and stern, blue eyes, Goltarion has broken many a young lass's heart by informing her that his duties come first. Someday, he tells himself, when he has truly earned his post, he'll settle down with a beautiful young woman and start a family; right now he simply doesn't have the time. Of course, working the night shift hinders the fulfillment of his dream. Goltarion meets numerous ladies at official functions where he appears in full dress uniform as a representative of the city's security forces. Unfortunately, he rarely has a night free to arrange a second encounter, and he spends most of his days catching up on sleep.

Goltarion aspires to nothing less than full captaincy of the day watch or, at the very least, of the swing shift. Staying up all night is fine for a man his age, but he knows he won't be young forever. He's promised himself he'll keep better hours within five years, and, this time, it won't be because his father called in some favors. It'll be because he earned it.

Unfortunately for the characters, it was not Goltarion's idea to bring in outsiders to help the Watchmen crack this case. The young officer deeply resents the new faces. He feels especially responsible for tracking down the criminals, since each of the attacks took place during his watch. He takes quite personally his failure to bring the culprits in.

Goltarion makes no secret of his disdain of freelances. He firmly believes that he and his men would have found the killers if given just a little more time. Additionally, he thinks that keeping order should be left to those the city hired to do it. What sort of message does it send to the Watchmen and the folk under their protection, if outsiders are called to handle the serious disturbances?

Despite such reservations, he'll lend the adventurers any aid for which they specifically ask. He does, after all, want the crooks to be caught. If he can take credit for the PCs' successes, even partially, he'll leap at the chance.

Rose

Rose is an idealistic refugee whose spirit has been nearly crushed by the months spent in Wooden-town looking for a way into the City of the Sun. Although a third-generation Anorian, his dark coloring marks him as a foreigner. He traveled to Minas Anor from Osgiliath after his wife and children died of the plague. He believed there was nothing left for him there. Unfortunately, it seems like there's even less for him here.

A carpenter by trade, Rose (an alias by which all in Wooden-town know him) ekes out an impoverished living by making rough repairs to the refugee camp's crude structures. He lends aid to all who need it and accepts payment (from those who can afford it) mostly in the form of food. At times, when he sees the good he does for his fellows, Rose feels almost fortunate. Then he looks up at the walls of Minas Anor and remembers how much better his life used to be and how much he wishes it could be that way again.

Rose fell in with the group of rogues calling themselves the Liberators soon after the company coalesced. He tells himself that the thievery is a necessary evil. People in Wooden-town die every day from disease, cold, and starvation. The belongings the Liberators take have helped many refugees survive.

The action Rose really dislikes is the killing. Inevitably, during each of the raids, one or more Liberators succumbed to anger at the rich merchants riding so high above the Wooden-town refugees, and these representatives of wealth were slain. Rose understands the rage, but to him life is sacred. He argues eloquently and often with Jackdaw, the Liberators' nominal leader, about this point, but to her mind the only good Anorian is a dead one. She's just sorry there aren't more around.

Although on the young side of middle-age, Rose looks a lot older. The strains, first of losing his family, then of living in Wooden-town, and now of fomenting a rebellion, have taken their toll. Lines crease his face, and his dark, curly hair is streaked liberally with premature gray.



He is normally a soft-spoken man, but is discovering he can rise to nearly any challenge. His deep, vibrant voice—lent character by his trials and his years—comprises a significant asset in his current objective: developing into a excellent public speaker. His oratory powers already spark the emotions of those who listen to him. The Liberators' ranks and supporters have swollen greatly in a short amount of time, due almost entirely to his and Jackdaw's harangues.

While Jackdaw pokes at her listeners' misery, Rose reaches toward their long-buried sense of hope. He is an advocate of peaceful demonstrations to help the Conclave understand just how desperate the situation in Wooden-town has become, but has been overruled at every turn by Jackdaw and her followers. They refuse to even try such measures, reasoning that the Conclave isn't likely to pay attention to anything less than the refugees blockading all trade in and out of the city.

Jackdaw

A bitter young woman from the City of the Stars, Jackdaw (also an alias) has lived in Wooden-town for almost a year. She and her family left home after their hostel in Osgiliath was destroyed. They had hopes of starting over in Minas Anor, but possessing little money they were unable to locate a sponsor. While waiting for opportunity to beckon, each and every member of Jackdaw's family fell ill with plague and died.

The loss of her loved ones has nearly unhinged Jackdaw—she feels little save rage from moment to moment. She holds each and every member of the Conclave personally responsible for her grief—even the ordinary citizens receive a share of her blame. She reserves a particularly cold corner of her heart for the merchants that come and go as they please, parading their prosperity before the luckless throngs wasting away in Wooden-town. Toward these wealthy folk she turns her current attention.

How can the poor most hurt the rich? Jackdaw asked. Answer: *by taking away their money.* Determined to do just that, she fell in with Weasel, the leader of a band of small-time robbers, and proposed to him a plan by which they would be a thorn in the side of the Anorians and, at the same time, grow rich.

Together, they transformed Weasel's followers from crooks into a troupe willing to fight for the right of the refugees. They called themselves the Liberators, and they stole from the wealthy merchants and gave their riches to those who hadn't two coins to rub together. At least, that's how it appears on the face of it.

In fact, the Liberators are little more than a sham. They play on the peoples' need for heroes to raise the downtrodden out of the muck into which they've fallen. Less than half of their takings go to needy people in Wooden-town, although the band makes sure that their good deeds are noticed by all. Their methods engender great loyalty in many who will do anything to keep their newfound saviors free.

The result: the Liberators can attack nearly anyone at will, secure in the knowledge that none of the witnesses will testify against them. Their raids have gotten more and more daring over the last week. They've graduated from taking out single merchants on horseback to waylaying entire caravans.

Jackdaw is thrilled with the Liberators' success. Only she and Weasel (and some of his original crooks) are aware that less than half of the stolen merchandise is actually transferred to the needy. She has managed to rally enough people (like Rose) around her cause to provide the Liberators with an almost unscratchable veneer of legitimacy.

As one of the Liberators' leaders, Jackdaw, an attractive blond woman with fire in her eyes, makes no secret of her hatred for Anorians. Given half a chance, she'll kill any of them. She is the main force behind the Liberators' murderous bent, and it has gotten her into dozens of heated arguments with the more peaceable members of the group (of which Rose is the most outspoken). She tells them that if they don't like it, they can get out at anytime; but right now, the Liberators are the only refugee-rights group in existence, so most have stayed, although under protest.

Weasel

Weasel (yet another alias—all of the Liberators use them) is a crook, pure and simple. He takes his name from the fact that, although he's been arrested by the City Watch on three separate occasions, they've never found anyone to testify against him; thus he's been able to "weasel" out of the charges. In each case, his friends located and intimidated any witnesses: their lives were forfeit, if they should testify. The thugs had only to carry through with the threat once.

Weasel is banned permanently from entering Minas Anor under any circumstance; the Watchmen know his face, so he's been forced to turn all his attention to Wooden-town. More of a bully than anything else, when Jackdaw found him Weasel was spending his time running a racketeering operation amongst the small number of Wooden-town merchants that could afford to pay for his "protection."

A swarthy man with broad shoulders and a narrow head, Weasel was originally a soldier. He served in Dor Rhúnen and in the Mordor garrison, but he let his greed get the better of him. He was discharged after looting the pockets of a fellow soldier who'd been killed in an Orc ambush. The real question was whether the Orcs had actually killed the man or if Weasel had murdered him in the confusion, but he weaseled out of that predicament.

Several weeks ago, Weasel was considering packing up and heading for greener pastures, someplace where the law didn't know his face quite so well. He encountered Jackdaw, and she talked him into staying. Although Weasel has a hard time pretending to care anything for the people of Wooden-town, he knows a good scam when it's presented to him in one-syllable words. He joined with Jackdaw right away, and thus the Liberators were born.

Weasel is entirely aware that he doesn't understand all of the ramifications of Jackdaw's schemes, but neither does he care. He earnestly tries to impersonate the valiant outlaw-rebel role, but he doesn't have enough of the rhetoric memorized to convince anyone who questions him closely. He does see that the con is working beautifully and that he's getting rich. He lets Jackdaw handle the oratory side of the business, while he concentrates on what he knows: getting rid of merchandise.

Most of the stolen goods—the portion Weasel and Jackdaw keep for themselves—are hidden in a dingy hovel Weasel long ago appropriated as a warehouse for the fruits of his labors. Late at night, he occasionally off loads some of the building's contents to black market merchants and other people willing to not ask too many questions. He is the only member of the Liberators' inner circle that knows where this place is located. Jackdaw suspects Weasel must have a warehouse somewhere, but she doesn't really care how he obtains cash for the stolen merchandise, just as long as he gets it.

13.2.3 THE PLACES

The setting for this scenario is Wooden-town. It's filthy, and its inhabitants live in squalor. Much of the poverty is painful to look at for anyone who hasn't been desensitized to it. The GM should play up this fact in an effort to get the adventurers to sympathize with the Liberators, thereby complicating their mission considerably.

The only specific sites of relevance are the Keylodge (10.1.5) where the PCs can leave Goltarion a message, the Old Guesthouse (10.1.1) where Goltarion meets with them, Jackdaw's haven, Weasel's lair, and the warehouse where Weasel stores his stolen goods. The latter three places will be described in more detail in Section 13.2.5.

13.2.4 THE TASK

The adventurers are contacted by either a member of Conclave or an officer in the City Watch or another important Anorian with whom the PCs have had previous contact. They hear that the City Watch is looking for freelances willing to perform a risky job. Their contact knows nothing more and recommends that the PCs seek Goltarion of the City Watch.

Goltarion patrols Wooden-town unceasingly, but may be reached by a message left for him at the Keylodge. He has posted written instructions there that any freelances recruited by the Watch for the "risky job" should meet him in the Old Guesthouse after dusk. When the adventurers arrive, Goltarion explains the situation and reluctantly requests their help.

Once in Wooden-town, the PCs must spend a few days wandering the alleys until they spot a merchant under assault. Honorable adventurers may find it difficult to remain apart from the fray, but an aloof stance may be rewarded by an invitation to join the Liberators. Before they're invested with full membership, the PCs must prove their loyalty by taking part in an assault on a merchant convoy. Passing the test leads to a request from the head council of the Liberators one adventurer appear before them. This individual is to act as a liaison between the Liberators and the PCs.

Once they've joined the Liberators, the adventurers have numerous options. Do they want to simply lead the Watchmen to Jackdaw's haven? Or would they rather lure all of the Liberators into a trap? Or will they discover that Jackdaw and Weasel are skimming half of the Liberators' take? If so, can they do anything about it?



Jackdaw

13.2.5 THE ENCOUNTERS

Most PCs will not engage in every one of the encounters described below. Although these cover a wide range of possibilities, the adventurers may yet stray from the planned direction of the adventure. If they don't return to the main thrust of the scenario, the Liberators continue to kill merchants at will, and Goltarion removes the PCs from the case. This outcome will gladden him, of course, since it proves, at least to the Night Captain, that a bunch of freelances can't do any better than he and his men.

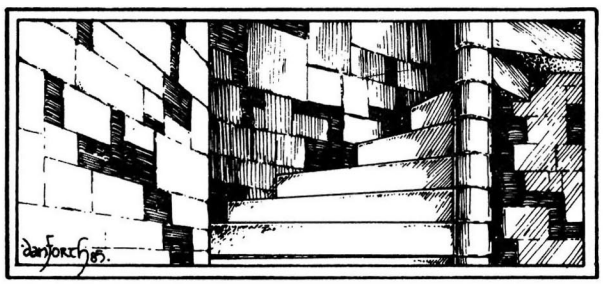
The Initial Contact

Tailor this encounter to fit the adventurers' history in Minas Anor. Choose a powerful personage who they already know for their initial contact—preferably someone they trust. In a more complex start to the scenario, someone who hates the PCs and desires their failure might approach the adventurers. Maybe this individual feels the PCs don't have a prayer of finding the Liberators and will embarrass themselves. Or maybe he hopes the Liberators will kill the adventures for infiltrating their ranks.

This influential person informs the adventurers that the City Watch is looking for freelance help. If the PCs have a place of residence or a favorite dining establishment or other hangout, their contact seeks them there. Otherwise, the information might be conveyed during a chance meeting on the street. It needn't even include all of the PCs.

The adventurers learn that Goltarion of the City Watch is seeking bold folk strange to the population of Minas Anor to perform a dangerous freelance operation. Their contact doesn't know the details of the assignment, but ventures to guess that, since Goltarion oversees the night shift of Watchmen that patrol Wooden-town, it probably is connected with the much-publicized attacks on merchants passing through the shanty town on their way to and from Minas Anor.

The PCs should go to the Keylodge and leave a message for Goltarion. That's all the contact knows.



At the Keylodge

Read the following aloud:

> You've seen the Keylodge before. One can't travel in and out of the city without passing it. Unlike many of the more solidly constructed buildings in Minas Anor, the Keylodge looks like it might topple over in a stiff breeze. One of the oldest structures in the city, it's comprised mostly of wood and plaster and possesses a thatched roof regularly in need of patching.
>
> This is where you were told you could reach Goltarion. Leaving a message for the Night Captain will surely be better than traipsing around Wooden-town searching for him.
>
> To enter the Keylodge, one must pass through the square pillars forming a colonnade on the ground floor and supporting the upper storeys. Although carved of wood, the columns are blackened with age, as are the massive double portal beyond. An iron knocker hangs on each door.

Presumably the characters will knock on the doors (which are locked). Within a minute after the first knock, a man arrives downstairs yelling, "Keep yer trews up! I'm coming!" Then the right door swings open, revealing an thin, elderly fellow with gray hair and skin and thick, silver-rimmed spectacles. The gaunt, balding gentleman introduces himself as Marshten, a clerk to the Warden of the Keys. He asks how he can be of assistance.

Marshten is polite and does his best to hide the interest he feels in the adventurers. He has been privy to conversations between Erdil, the current Warden of the Keys, and Goltarion, so he has an understanding of the turn of events. The clerk approves of hiring outside help to take care of this latest problem in Wooden-town. He wonders what sort of people handle this kind of work. If the PCs catch him blatantly assessing their capabilities, Marshten turns red and apologizes profusely. He explains his curiosity, stammering the entire time. He is quite embarrassed, although his inquisitive scrutiny cannot be entirely banished.

Eventually, the PCs should request an interview with Goltarion. Marshten tells them that the Night Captain isn't currently on the premises, but had left word that someone would be asking for him and should be directed to meet Goltarion in the main dining room of the Old Guesthouse at dusk.

If the PCs question Marshten further, they find he knows all the reasons behind the solicitation of the services of freelances. And he's eager to share his knowledge with them. He prefaces his statements with phrases such as: "I shouldn't be telling you this, but..." Given some encouragement, he spills all the Watchmen know about the murders of merchants in Wooden-town (which, to be sure, is not much).

Once he's shared his gleanings, he bids the adventurers good day and good luck, telling them he must get back to work.

Meeting Goltarion

Goltarion is late arriving at the Old Guesthouse. He is trying to show these interlopers that he doesn't really need them for this job. He's only suffering their presence because he's under orders to do so. When the Night Captain enters the scene, read the following aloud.

> The dining room of the Old Guesthouse bustles with activity. Servers dart back and forth between the tables and the kitchen. People of all occupations, lands, and stations gather round for tales of far-off places and wondrous adventure. It's as active an establishment as one can find at this time of day. Patrons continuously come and go.
>
> Suddenly the dull roar of conversation drops significantly. All the diners have turned their heads to stare at the door. There, framed in the entrance, stands a tall Dúnadan dressed in the dark blue uniform of the City Watch. He pauses for a moment, quietly surveying the silent crowd. Then he spots you and strolls toward your table. As he sits, the background noise returns to its previous level.
>
> He extends his hand in greeting to each of you. "My name is Goltarion. I've been assigned to act as your liaison with the City Watch."

Goltarion dives into an explanation of the situation provoking the Watch to call on freelances, describing as much as he knows concerning the attacks in Wooden-town. Unfortunately, he knows little. He hints at suspicions and leads gathered, but refuses to share these with the adventurers, saying that he hasn't had the chance to fully investigate them yet. He promises to keep the PCs informed as matters develop (which they won't, since he has no real leads).

He outlines just what Conclave expects of the adventurers and, if they ask, when and how much they will be paid. He finds the matter of payment distasteful to discuss, and it should be evident in his manner.

The PCs must enter Wooden-town, posing as refugees, to see what they can learn. The City Watch had no success in getting any of the residents to talk with them. Guardsmen from the High Hall were sent into the alleys in disguise, but apparently their Anorian accents gave them away, and they too were avoided by the refugees.

The adventurers, not native to Minas Anor, might have better luck. They should be able to pass as refugees with fewer problems. They are to stake out Wooden-town for a week. If they find nothing, they should return to the Keylodge and leave a message for Goltarion to meet them at the Old Guesthouse that evening.

If the PCs ask how they might make contact with the City Watch in the case of emergency, Goltarion reluctantly hands them an emerald amulet. The pendant is enchanted so that, when the wearer wishes, its twin glows warmly and brightly. The wearer can activate it mentally, as long as it is touching the his or her skin. Goltarion suggests that the adventurer with custody of the pendant wear it around the neck and under the clothing, just as he does with his.

If the PCs signal for help, Goltarion will be able to use his amulet to find the one in their possession. They should be aware that, due to the convoluted nature of the streets and structures of Wooden-town, it may take the Night Captain several minutes to locate them. Since he will arrive with a number of Watchmen in tow, it would be best if they only summon help at great need. Chances are good that the arrival of the Watchmen will blow the adventurers' cover, and they won't get a second opportunity.

Welcome to Wooden-town

The adventurers must plan the details of their entrance into Wooden-town. The more care they use in the design of their disguises, the more likely they will be accepted by the Liberators as exactly who they claim to be. Savvy PCs will leave the city by the main gate, circle around Wooden-town, change into their disguises, and enter the shanty town from a different direction. Another option might be arranging for the City Watch to conspicuously eject them from Minas Anor as vagrants.

Little of importance occurs the first day spent by the adventurers in Wooden-town. Use the opportunity to introduce them to local flavor. Parade the destitution of the refugees and the effects of their exclusion from the city. Sympathetic PCs might begin questioning whether or not they are on the right side in this situation.

On the third day, sounds of an attack can be heard on the main road from the north. When the PCs arrive on the scene, they discover a merchant and his numerous guards successfully fighting off a raid. Apparently this merchant was warned of the current perils surrounding the approach to Minas Anor, because he is accompanied by twice the normal number of guards. There are about a dozen attackers, all brandishing rough staves and clubs. The ruffians are clearly losing the fight, and they give up altogether when the City Watch arrives.

The attackers scatter in different directions, ensuring that no one can possibly tail them all. When the skirmish is over, three lie wounded on the road and two others are hauled in for questioning by the Watchmen.

If the characters make a hard (-10) Perception maneuver, they spot an old man who watches the entire scene with intense interest. When the Watchmen arrive, he spits on the ground angrily and stalks away before the Watchmen notice him. The old man is Rose, and it was he who coordinated this raid.



With any luck at all, the PCs should successfully track at least one of the attackers. Once they catch up with this refugee, he or she introduces them to Rose. Rose, of course, curses the attacker who brought the adventurers to him as a fool. (He curses himself, if he was the individual followed.) With the damage done, however, he does see that the PCs might be useful.

If the adventurers express interest in joining the attackers (which they should—this is an excellent way to infiltrate the Liberators), Rose agrees to admit them on a probationary basis. Before he can trust them fully, however, they must pass a trial by fire.

The Test

Rose proposes that the PCs lead an attack against a merchant caravan. Only after they successfully execute a caper that should bring the Watch after them will the refugee grant his trust. He reasons that if the adventurers are wanted by the law, then they share that vulnerability with the Liberators and won't betray the refugee group.

If the PCs choose not to set up a victim of their own (perhaps with the assistance of the City Watch), the Liberators select one, possibly not to their liking. The Liberators lend the adventurers a dozen fighters for the operation. Assume that the merchant convoy has eight trained warriors. Feel free to adjust these numbers up or down to suit the circumstances.

The PCs should win the battle against the merchant and his guards handily. The Liberators expect them to kill the merchant (if he's still alive by that point). If the adventurers baulk at this deed, they draw suspicion to themselves, and a Liberators performs the murder. Be sure to emphasize the enormity of the moral dilemma with which the PCs are confronted.

Despite the evidence at the time, if the adventurers refuse to kill, this will not lower Rose's estimation of them. In fact, he might even see them as kindred souls: revolutionaries who don't truly want to hurt others, but wish to be accorded the respect due anyone.

Jackdaw's Haven

Once the PCs pass the Liberator's test—assuming they haven't revealed their link with the City Watch—Rose invites them to become full participants in the pursuits of the Liberators. He requests that they choose a representative from among them to act as their liaison with the Liberators' high council. Rose blindfolds the one chosen and leads him or her to Jackdaw's haven.

Rose leaves the other PCs in the company of the rest of his little band of thieves (of which there are about a dozen, minus any lost in the most recent merchant attack). They are to keep an eye on one another to ensure that no one follows Rose. Smart (or desperate) PCs will figure out a way for at least one of their party to escape from their compatriots' watchful glares. Rose's warriors are something less than stringent in their discipline and can be easily influenced toward laxness in their duties.

If you can trust your players to refrain from acting on knowledge their characters do not possess, you may let them stay present while you role play most of this scene with the representative that accompanied Rose. Whatever the resolution, the lone PC should rendezvous with the others later and brief them, and a first hand experience of events will be more interesting than a second hand narrative. If you foresee any problems with this, take the representative's player into another room to role play the bulk of this scene privately.

Once Rose and the blindfolded PC are on their way, read the following aloud:

> On a night like this, the blindfold hardly seems necessary. The sections of Wooden-town through which Rose leads you are mostly quiet and, presumably dark, their occupants long since fallen asleep. The silence is broken occasionally by sounds of argument, sometimes escalating into violence, as someone bends and then breaks under the heavy burden of disease and poverty. The shanty town seems but a collection of mannish flotsam and jetsam washed up on the breakwater of Minas Anor's unforgiving stone walls.
>
> Without sight, the scents of the settlement assail your nostrils more aggressively than is their wont. The streets of the city on the other side of the looming outer wall flicker in your mind's eye, stone-paved, well-swept, and well-lit. Your imagination leaps to the soft bed of last week's inn and the hot bath that preceded the night's sleep. Slogging through Wooden-town's muddy streets, any hope of keeping your boots clean vanish—if the worst thing you step in is mud, fortune smiles upon you. You start to say something.
>
> Rose's hand brushes your shoulder. "Silence," he whispers. "We have arrived." Grasping your hand, he leads you inside, warning you to duck your head to avoid the doorway's low lintel. You hear creaky hinges and a wooden bar falling into place. Then your blindfold is removed.
>
> Ahead, a tall silhouette descends a flight of stairs into a lantern-lit cellar. Cellars are rare in Wooden-town. Most folk don't bother building such foundations for "temporary" housing. Rose motions for you to follow the unknown figure downward.

Rose and the PC have arrived at Jackdaw's haven, a small, unobtrusive shack in Wooden-town's Northron quarter. Unlike most of the shanty town's structures, the building is constructed from wood, suggesting either wealth or the fact that it was one of the settlement's first shacks. The cellar was excavated later.

The cellar has only one entrance: a trap door that opens to reveal a rough, steep stairwell in the center of the shack's dirt floor. Two burly guards stand at the foot of the stair, armed with nail-spiked cudgels, ready to crush any problems quickly, often with fatal results.



Seven people await Rose and the PC. With Rose, they comprise the Liberators' council. The council members have been arguing about the nature of their next strike. Most of this is idle prattle, because they know that all they're equipped to do is hassle a few more merchants. The rebels have hopes of someday blockading the Great Gate in a tremendous protest against Wooden-town's conditions, but that's merely a pipe dream now.

When Rose and the adventurer descend the stairs to the cellar, the rebels rise to their feet to greet the prospective new member. They introduce themselves, each giving an obvious alias; they expect the PC to do the same. There are four men and three women (including Weasel and Jackdaw), and they each scrutinize the newcomer in turn. Jackdaw steps forward to explain the Liberators' origins and purpose.

Jackdaw speaks eloquently—her fierce anger toward the inhabitants of Minas Anor is apparent in every sentence. She describes the events of her life in Wooden-town (almost three years), and the tale is heart-rending. She claims that she cares not for the family lost to her. There is nothing she can do to being them back. Now she—along with the Liberators—struggle against the Anorians' brutal denial of the refugees' basic rights.

This fight is a horrible one, and the means they use to wage it are hardly honorable. But desperate times call for desperate measures, and so they do what they feel they must. They fight not for the dead, but for those who yet still live.

Jackdaw is convincing. After being immersed for the last few days in the conditions of which she speaks, it may be difficult for the adventurer to avoid concluding that the PCs are on the wrong side of this conflict. Encourage the adventurer to question his or her loyalty to the city. After all, he or she is (probably) not native to Minas Anor. What does he or she owe the Anorians?

If the PC admits to being a spy for the Anorians, Weasel immediately signals the two guards to attack. If the adventurer is captured, Weasel summons other guards to round up the rest of the party. Any caught are stripped of their clothes and belongings, hog-tied, and dumped at the foot of the ramp leading to the Great Gate. Only half of the council members are willing to engage in melee (Rose, Weasel, Jackdaw, and another man), but the pair of guards at the foot of the stairs enjoy violence, as do another eight rowdies in the immediate area.

If the adventurer declines to reveal the his or her hidden loyalties, the council officially welcomes the newcomer and, through him or her, the rest of the PCs into the rebellion. They arrange to be able to contact the adventurer at set times and places. What's more, after a confirmation vote and a round of heartfelt congratulations, Rose leads the PC back to the rest of the party—this time without a blindfold.

The adventurers should then be able to lead the City Watch back to Jackdaw's haven at the time of their choice. The PC who visited the place first should be able to identify any of the councilors found there. Of course, ensuring that any of the council is present when the Watch arrives is a more challenging matter.

The Trap

Clever PCs will plan a trap into which the Liberators should walk unsuspecting. Perhaps a fake merchant caravan with wagons full of Watchmen rather than goods arrives via the road from the south. After a defeat from which they barely escape with their lives, the rebels might call an emergency meeting of their council. Once everyone is gathered, the PCs can bring in the Watch. Of course, one or more of the adventurers may have to lead the council directly into such a snare, and being captured along with them might put the PCs in a tight situation, at least for a few tense moments.

Alternatively, the PCs could report to Goltarion. He will insist that the Watch immediately take Jackdaw's haven. From there, he'll march the adventurer that met the council members around Wooden-town until they spot and capture each of the eight rebels. While not very imaginative, this approach does have the charm of simplicity. Of course, when the Liberators learn the identity of their betrayer, they might very well launch a counter-attack aimed at assassinating the witness.

If the Watch takes control, they'll give Jackdaw and Weasel plenty of time to escape. They duo will simply go to Weasel's warehouse, load up some of their stolen wagons, and head for greener pastures. Unless, of course, the adventurers stop them.

Less aggressive PCs might decide to go along with the flow of events for a while to see if they can learn everything about the Liberators' operation. After a few attacks, sharp adventurers, their brains unclouded by revolutionary fervor, will realize that Jackdaw and Weasel are using the Liberators for their own ends.

If the PCs see through Jackdaw's machinations, it becomes apparent that she cares little for the people of Wooden-town. She seeks only revenge. She often orders the Liberators to take insane risks, and when they fail—often bloodily—she lays the blame on the Anorians. She's hoping to cause a tragedy with which to spark the refugees into a riot. If the adventurers don't intervene, it's likely she'll soon get her wish.

If the PCs track the disposition of the stolen goods, they'll notice that less than half actually make their way into the hands of the people who need them most. Certainly, a small, well publicized few are receiving supplies from the Liberators, but most of Wooden-town's inhabitants remain unbenefited by the thefts. A lot of the loot has gone missing. Of course, it's because Weasel is hoarding away most of the merchandise, selling it on the black market, and making himself rich. Jackdaw takes a small percentage for herself as well.



WEASEL'S WAREHOUSE

If the PCs are truly cunning, they may be able to track Weasel to his warehouse and discover where most of the stolen goods are held. Once the cache is located, capturing the warehouse and all the merchandise housed within shouldn't be too difficult. Weasel doesn't trust most of his men. He keeps four guards in the place at almost all times, except at the moment of an attack against a merchant, when they're more likely to be out helping the Liberators.

The warehouse is simply a shack on the outskirts of the Eastron quarter, easily reachable from the road and unlikely to be spied upon by the casually curious. It is well situated for a quick getaway. If Weasel and Jackdaw decide to flee, they've got only two horses available and won't be able to depart with more than one fully loaded wagon. They'll leave the remainder behind untouched, hoping to return for it later, but knowing the Weasel's men will probably fall heir to the lot.

Of the council members, only Jackdaw and Weasel know of the warehouse's existence. The others have placed the handling of the monetary side of the Liberators' affairs in Jackdaw's apparently capable hands. They believe that most of the stolen wealth has been redistributed amongst the people of Wooden-town. They'll be displeased to find that they are wrong.

13.2.6 EPILOGUE

Aside from Jackdaw, Weasel and his four closest thugs, the Liberators are good folk down on their luck. If the PCs reveal Jackdaw's and Weasel's treachery to the rest of the council, chances are good that they will be believed (some councilors have been harboring such suspicions for a while).

In their shame, the Liberators may turn themselves into the Watch, trusting the mercy of the Anorian court. Such a gesture would earn pardons for all but the real malefactors, resulting in a renewed feeling of generosity toward Wooden-town from the city's citizens. These emotions take tangible form of more charity to those in need and accelerated immigration policies.

Of course, if the Liberators must be hauled in forcibly and Jackdaw's and Weasel's treachery remains hidden, the lot will be executed for treason against the kingdom. Such a resolution will only make those left behind in Wooden-town even more resentful of a ruler they view more and more as an uncaring tyrant.

13.3 THE SECRET OF THE RING

If the adventurers find themselves in need of a wizard to dispense magical assistance, they may discover that finding a mage is difficult. Eventually, the circle of mages that watches over the city, the Blood Ring, contacts the seekers. The Blood Ring ceratinly possesses the skill to help the PCs, but there will, of course, be a price.

Requirements: A party with a mage seeking a tutor, or in need of magical help for some special (but not too urgent) matter.

Aids: The adventurers receive a mysterious scroll, should they inquire after magicians. They should need no help to complete the task the Blood Ring sets before them.

Rewards: The friendship of a powerful secret society which extends throughout Anorian society and beyond.

13.3.1 THE TALE

The adventurers are in or near Minas Anor when they find themselves in need of a mage. Perhaps one PC wishes to learn a new spell, or maybe another hopes to identify a strange item found in his or her journeys. (If the adventurers are acquainted with someone who might be able to help them, that wizard is either unavailable or unable to help, because the request falls outside of his or her area of expertise.)

Most Gondorians are distrustful of magic, and it is seldom practiced openly, although there are some notable exceptions. Many people, even amongst the relatively enlightened citizenry of Minas Anor, attribute all magic to evil sources. Hence, many practitioners keep their unusual talents hidden.

Finding a mage in Minas Anor, then, can be quite a problem. To be sure, it's a lot easier than wandering the open countryside, hoping to bump into one; however, it's not as simple as one might wish, even in Gondor's capital city. The PCs might try speaking to previous contacts or even widely rumored practitioners such as Myall the Sage (10.4.1). Baring that, they might peruse the books and scrolls of the Rynd Thannath (10.4.4) or the Rynd Permaith (10.5.3 and 10.5.4).

The adventurers will find no one, but someone finds them. Their probing attracts the attention of a member of the Blood Ring who sends them a strange scroll with a magical riddle. If the PCs solve the riddle, a member of the Blood Ring arranges a meeting with them.

Which member of the Ring contacts the adventurers is up to the GM. It could be Imisiel (10.5.1), Terimbrel the Ratter (10.6.2), Goromil (10.1.5), or even a character specially created for the purpose. When the PCs meet him or her, the Ring member tells them that the Ring will be happy to oblige them in their need—in return for the completion of a small task.

An *Orb of Seven Stars* was stolen from Imisiel, wife of Eragol Parmanil, while she was borrowing the enchanted sphere from a friend (Cambal Aglarína). Naturally, the orb must be retrieved and returned. It's up to the adventurers to track it down and bring it in.

13.3.2 THE CHARACTERS

Fanuilë

Fanuilë is a young, independent woman who makes her living as a thief. She is small and thin, but tough as nails. Not beautiful as a girl, she decided that she couldn't depend upon marrying wealth. She was going to have to get rich on her own.

Her size and litheness make her a perfect burglar—swift, silent, and nimble, able to fit through small openings easily, even between the bars on a window. She is experienced in thievery beyond her years. She is careful about what she steals and from whom she steals, and she sells her goods to only the best fences in town.

Unfortunately, this once, she didn't do her research. One night, she observed Imisiel walking the streets alone. Although the by ways of Minas Anor are usually safe, especially on the Fifth Tier, the woman was accosted by a band of toughs looking to relieve her of her valuables and, if the fancy took them, her honor.

Imisiel, on her way home from a Blood Ring meeting, withdrew the *Orb of Seven Stars* from its carrying case and blasted the muggers with its *Shock Bolt*. The thieves immediately understood that they were confronting superior force and fled, Imisiel laughing at their retreat.

Realizing that the orb's power was temporarily depleted, Fanuilë swept forward and "accidentally" bumped into the wizard, picking her pocket. Fanuilë is good, and Imisiel achieved her bedchamber before she discovered her loss. She was enraged, but there was little profitable action to be taken at the time. It was late, and to hunt the orb at this hour might expose her secret life as a mage—an unacceptable risk.

Fanuilë was eager to get the item off her hands; she quickly sold it to her best fence, Heth Belanoch. She neglected to mention the orb's magical powers, fearing retribution from her victim if the object were ever traced back to her. An enchanted item would have commanded a higher price, but it would also have attracted more attention. She opted to simply take the price assigned to it as a beautiful jewel.

Fanuilë is a daring thief, one who sometimes lets her youth get the better of her. When she stole the orb, it wasn't for the gold pieces, but for the chance to pick the pocket of a real, live wizard. Following the incident, she sobers a bit; by the time the adventurers begin looking for the orb, she has gone into deep hiding. She is not a member of the Rogue's Fellowship (8.5.4) and can expect no help from them.

Heth Belanoch

Heth is a portly, balding, middle-aged fellow with the eyes of a pig and a heart to match, his squeaky voice made scratchy by too much cheap pipeweed. He lives and works in the House of Tapestries (10.5.6), an occupation chosen merely to disguise his activities as a dealer in stolen merchandise and other contraband.

Heth has few burgled goods available at any given time. He is less a repository and more a middleman. He knows how and where to get things, even though he rarely has a specific item on hand. He can obtain almost any desired article given enough time—and, of course, enough cash.

Few people know of Heth's unusual abilities, but he's not as secretive as he could be. There is a fine line to tread: he needs to find customers for his goods, but he doesn't want to be exposed. No one in the House of Tapestries has any clue as to why Heth keeps such odd hours, coming and going at all times, often in the middle of the night; most figure it's none of their business. Some probably have secrets of their own they'd like to keep.





Fanuilë

At heart, Heth is a weak-spined coward. He acts tough, and so long as conflict remains in the verbal realm he maintains a front of strength. As soon as physical violence enters the scene, he caves in.

Despite his cowardice, Heth is not a dumb man. He's a businessman, a dealer, and given the chance he'll try to wheedle his way out of difficult situations. Bribes, threats, trades, promises, pleading—nothing is beneath him.

Úrcamir Taithrísan

Úrcamir is a strapping Gondorian, a warrior just past his physical prime. All the years since his coming of age, he has split his time between seeking fortune and adventure and squandering his small treasures trying to impress friends and family with his success. Although trained as a stonewright, he found he had little patience for the craft. This fault hasn't prevented him from aspiring to manage the House of Memorials (10.3.2) of which his father Guldúmir is the current master.

The broad-shouldered, drooping-mustached Úrcamir has another motive perpetuating the wanderlust of his youth. The last remnants of the infatuation under which he married his wife, Fienwë, have long ago faded. She continuously nags him to stay in Minas Tirith and improve his stonecarving abilities. Perhaps then his father will hand the reins of the family business over to his only son. Úrcamir has a perverse nature, though; it is this sort of reasoning—that he might actually have to earn his inheritance—that sends him right back out on the road.

The bright spot in Úrcamir's life is his adult son Bordúmir, a young man determined to follow in his grandfather's footsteps. Bordúmir is everything Úrcamir should have been but wasn't, and his father is grateful to have at least one accomplishment to point to as something done right. Bordúmir owes more of his integrity to his mother than his father, who contributed little to the rearing of his son due to his frequent absences from home, but you'll never hear Úrcamir admit to this.

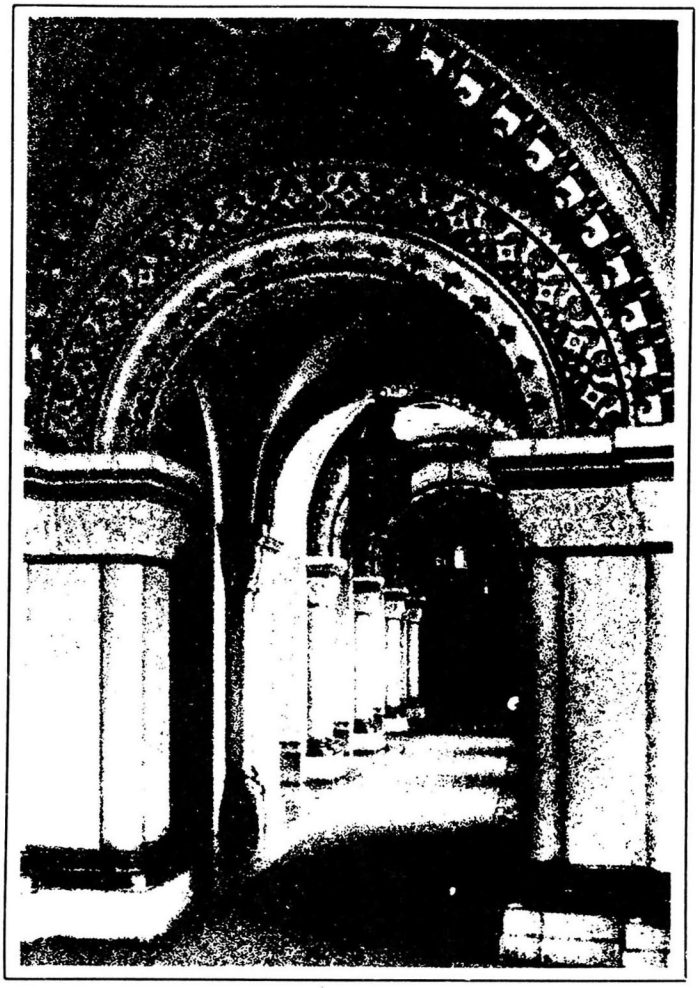
Recently Úrcamir has become infatuated with a beautiful young lady named Emerie. Unfortunately, she's married to another man, Gilcúdor, the Grand Vitric of the Glassworks (10.4.5).

Emerie

The young daughter of a senior army commander, Emerie is a stunning blonde with dazzling blue eyes the color of the sea. She lives in the Glassworks (10.4.5) with her husband Gilcúdor the Grand Vitric. She is his third wife—he outlived the previous two.

Emerie is a daring lass, full of the vigor of her youth. Still, she cannot seem to satisfy her husband, who she knows to have pursued several extramarital encounters with the young female apprentices in the shop. His infidelity hurts her deeply, but she assuages her pain by resolving to be an even better wife every day. She is already more than her libidinous husband deserves.

At least, that's how Úrcamir feels about her. Unfortunately for him, she views his wife in a similar light, and she certainly doesn't want to bring disgrace upon either of their families. Emerie has tried to stave off Úrcamir's affections, and thus far she's managed to be fairly successful. Úrcamir is persistent, however, and she's afraid that it's only a matter of time before events reach a crisis. Until then, she struggles to retain her honor, despite the fact that those around her seem to have little regard for their own.



A Streetside Arcade

The Orb

While not exactly a character, the *Orb of Seven Stars* figures strongly in this adventure. It is a powerfully enchanted article, and under other circumstances would be coveted more for these properties than for its incredible beauty. (It is a x2 power point multiplier, and its user can cast *Detect Essence* 1x/turn, *Shock Bolt* 7x/day and *Telepathy* 1x/day.) To those unable to detect its inherent magic, it looks like a glass sphere with seven tiny, glinting sparks set within it.

The orb is usually found in its carrying case, a wooden box of dark cherry lined with velvet the color of the night sky. The orb itself is nearly unbreakable, and it is beyond the range of the PCs or anyone else directly involved in its disappearance to harm it. Before it was stolen, it was in the custody of Eragol Parmanil (10.5.1), although it properly belongs to Cambal Aglarína (12.4.1), the current head of the Blood Ring.

13.3.3 THE PLACES

To run this adventure, you'll need to be familiar with the following places: the House of Tapestries (10.5.6), the House of Memorials (10.3.2), and the Glassworks (10.4.5). Developing a knowledge of these locations, particularly the House of Memorials, where the orb resides longest, is vital to being able to run the scenario well.

13.3.4 THE TASK

Once the adventurers have met up with a member of the Blood Ring, they are propositioned to complete a task in return for whatever it is that they want. It's the characters' job to locate the *Orb of Seven Stars*. This adventure is really a race against time, since if the characters don't find the orb quickly enough, Úrcamir will give it to Emerie. Embarrassed by the extravagance of the gift and fearful that her husband will discover it, Emerie will send it to her mother and father. He's stationed in eastern Dor Rhúnen, and if it ends up there, the characters will have an extremely hard time getting it back.

13.3.5 THE ENCOUNTERS

Not all of the encounters described below will come into play. They cover a range of possibilities, but the PCs may stray into other avenues. If they don't eventually return to the beaten path, the orb will probably leave Minas Tirith, escaping the adventurers' sphere altogether. Their failure will deeply disappoint the Blood Ring, a reaction few recieve a chance to evoke twice.

Where Can We Find a Wizard?

GMs have some flexibility regarding the duration and degree of complexity of the initial portion of the adventure. If time is limited or a lot of random encounters hold little allure, skip to *The Scroll*, perhaps after only a single encounter. If events are moving along well, and both GM and players are enjoying exploring the magical side of Minas Anor, stretch out the search for a mage as long as the fun continues.

Don't try to control the direction initially taken by the PCs. Let them run freely for a while. This is a good chance for adventurers new to the city to explore it and learn a little bit more about Minas Anor and its people.

The adventurers might try questioning people on the street or making inquiries among new or old acquaintances. Remember, most Gondorians are suspicious of wizards, and they'll feel wary of someone who asks about where he or she can find one. Eventually, though, someone will mention the names of Myall the Sage (10.4.1) and Cambal Aglarína (12.4.1).

Myall is the most accessible of the two; indeed, his Vitrine is one of the most incredible spectacles in the city. Even if the PCs are lucky enough to find the sage at home (25% chance), Myall refuses to admit to being wise in the ways of magic. He likes his image as an unknown eccentric and is unwilling to jeopardize it, especially for people he doesn't know.

Cambal is, for the most part, unapproachable. He is a powerful person in Minas Anor, and he simply doesn't have the time to respond to every wandering band of adventurers looking for someone to predict their gloomy futures. He will not see them.

Having failed with the city's two most-rumored-to-be wizards, the PCs might check places such as the Rynd Thannath (10.4.4) or the Rynd Permaith (10.5.3 and 10.5.4) for clues amongst the stacks of books and scrolls. This should prove fruitless: the chances of finding anything pertinent amongst all the available material is slight, particularly without the help that any scribe would be reluctant to give those seeking a magician. Scribes don't like people trying to stir things up, and they usually combat it by complacency.

The Scroll

Eventually, if the adventurers poke their noses into enough people's business, someone who's in a position to help them will learn about their search. The Blood Ring then begins to spy on the party (probably by using *Familiars*), trying to determine if the adventurers are good and honorable folk, loyal to Gondor (or, at the very least, friendly to the Dúnedain). If the secret society finds the PCs to be worthy people, the Ring takes action in its own mysterious fashion. The PCs suddenly discover that one of them has a scroll in his or her possession that wasn't there just minutes before (it was placed magically by a member of the Blood Ring).

A crimson-stained, wooden tube with brass endcaps protects the scroll. When the adventurers find the tube (a straight Perception roll), they are free to open it and read the parchment within. The scroll is not magical in nature, nor is it trapped. The scroll reads:

"Born were we in the gore of three
Life's essence dripping endlessly
Over the Dark Lord's pit of sorcery.

One came to avenge them; their betrayer
Dooming sister, begetter of her slayer;
Right powerful through arms and lore and prayer.

In that day set he this circle red—
Now can our secret name be said—
Gondor's ward 'gainst Sauron's magic dread.

WHEN YOU KNOW IT, SPEAK OUR NAME,
AND YOU WILL BE HEARD."

The answer to the riddle is, obviously, "Blood Ring." If the PCs cannot decipher the solution alone, they should be urged to seek the advice of a scribe. There is a chance (25%) that such an individual will be sufficiently familiar with Gondorian legends to instantly name the Blood Ring. If not, the scribe can research the riddle properly and discover the answer in a few (1d6) hours.



While the PCs work on the riddle, they are spied upon by the Blood Ring (either by use of a *Long Ear* or a *Familiar* spell). Once the PCs unravel the riddle and speak the words, "Blood Ring," a message for them is delivered in minutes (if this is possible realistically—otherwise it happens as soon as it can). The courier cannot remember who gave the message to him, almost as if he were induced to forget.

The note instructs the PCs to visit the stall of Serendur in Pheig Aranier on the morrow. Serendur is a vendor of fine glass and pottery, from plates and cups to brooches and beads. He is a respectable member of the Street-traders' Fellowship, and no one has anything ill to say of him. If the PCs show up earlier than the appointed time, they will find that Serendur has gone home for the day. If they wish, the adventurers can track him down, but he knows nothing about any scroll and cannot help them with their problems.

The Meeting

The next day, a member of the Blood Ring (whichever one you've chosen) is awaiting the adventurers when they arrive at Serendur's stall. The Ringer offers to buy the PCs a drink from a nearby kiosk and then invites them to promenade the wall walk overlooking the city. The Ringer strolls, making small talk with the adventurers about their origins and exploits.

Eventually, he or she gets to the point and questions the PCs about the magical help they require. Hearing their answer, the Ringer turns thoughtful and falls silent. A moment later, he or she smiles, apparently siezed by an idea.

The Ringer tells the PCs that the Blood Ring can help them on the condition that the PCs perform for them a minor task. The society's representative tells the story of the missing Orb of Seven Stars and asks the adventurers to retrieve it.

If the PCs ask the Ringer for assistance in this matter, he or she lends them a magical hand mirror which casts the spell *Location* once per day. The device shouls enable them to move around the city and triangulate or otherwise discover the orb's resting place. Remember that, from time to time, the orb is moved.

If the PCs inquire why the members of the Ring don't retrieve the orb themselves, their contact explains that doing so is bound to be a time-consuming task. Many varied concerns occupy the attention of the Ring, and time is the one thing its members don't have to spare. (In addition, the Ring siezes such situations under the sentiment that they serve to build better bonds between the society and the adventuring community touching base in Minas Anor.)

Tracking Down the Orb

Finding the orb can be extremely straightforward or very tricky, depending on the PCs' ingenuity and luck. The orb does not stay still for long, making success even more difficult. By the time the adventurers are approached to find it, Fanuilë has already fenced the orb to Heth. On the day the Blood Ringer meets with the PCs, Heth sells the sphere to Úrcamir.

While Úrcamir has the orb, he hides it in a metal box placed on a secret shelf in the chimney of the hearth in his bedchamber. This shelf abuts the puzzle box cupboard mounted on the wall of the neighboring chamber (inhabited by Guldúmir). The *Location* spell will likely lead the PCs into Guldúmir's room, presenting them with the problem of how to open the puzzle box to get the treasure they suspect is inside.

On the third day after the PCs are given their assignment, Úrcamir presents the orb to Emerie. She, of course, is chagrined by the gift, but cannot find a way to send it back to Úrcamir, because he immediately leaves town on another of his adventures. Eremie decides to send the orb to her mother for safekeeping. Unfortunately for the adventurers, her mother lives with her father, a Targen stationed in eastern Dor Rhúnen. If the orb leaves the city before the PCs track it down, they have little, if any, chance of ever finding it.

If Úrcamir discovers the PCs unlawfully in his household, he will not hesitate to defend his hearth and home against the intruders. Of course, if the PCs already have possession of the orb before Úrcamir finds them, he might hesitate calling the rest of his family to help him, since he wants no one to have evidence of his infidelity. No matter how many suspect faithlessness, currently no one holds any proof of it.

If the PCs defeat Úrcamir and interrogate him, he reveals who sold the orb to him. The PCs can then point the Watch to Heth. Each time the adventurers visit the fence, there is a chance (25%) that a thief is also present. If the PCs try to make a citizen's arrest, Heth (and any thief with him) resists—if death or serious injury is imminent, he attempts to flee instead.

If captured, Heth eagerly directs the PCs to Fanuilë as the person who stole the orb. He knows no loyalty to his customers. Fanuilë is nowhere to be found in the city, though. She is hiding in Wooden-town, and once she hears of Heth's capture she'll travel south toward Umbar to ply her trade elsewhere for a while.

13.3.6 EPILOGUE

If the adventurers recover the orb, they earn the Blood Ring's gratitude. The Ringer who contacted them performs the magical actions required by the PCs or arranges for another member of the Ring to handle these.

If the adventurers fail in their task, the Ringer expresses deep disappointment in their efforts, wondering aloud how such incompetence is supposed to encourage him or her to lend a hand. If circumstances warrent it, the Ringer offers the PCs one more chance. The Blood Ring will help them, if they complete a different task. The GM must design this one!

Either way, the Blood Ring takes a dim view of adventurers who steal other things while in pursuit of the orb, as well as those that cause innocent folk harm. However, the Ringers would be especially pleased to have a fence of Heth's stature turned into the City Watch. Although they will be disappointed with Fanuilë's escape, the Ringers evince little surprise due to the time she's had to reach safety.

13.4 THE HAUNTED HOUSE

In a tiny boarding house on Minas Anor's Fourth Tier, the ghosts of a family murdered during the Kin-strife have awakened. They haunt the lives of those that dare to live within the walls of their former abode. Can the adventurers learn why these ghosts have returned to wreak vengeance after many years of quiescence.

Requirements: A party that lodges on the Fourth Level of the city or has friends that do. It might be helpful if at least one of the PCs has encountered undead before.

Aids: The adventurers must rely on their own wits and skills for this challenge, since few in Minas Anor believe in ghosts (particularly within the city walls). Furthermore, priests are banned from the City of the Sun. Garnering aid may prove difficult. One possible source of help might be the Ed-belginar, but obtaining it would mean either penetrating Fen Hollen (10.6.6) to find the priests' house on Rath Dínen or else contacting Dior, the King's Curate (12.2).

Rewards: The owners of the haunted lodging house are not rich and have little to offer, but if the PCs save their home they will reward their rescuers with any of their few possessions. At the very least, the adventurers will have a free place to stay whenever they're in the city.

13.4.1 THE TALE

Two years ago, Eskerzen the Cobbler came to Minas Anor from Tharbad. An extremely skilled leatherworker, he arrived armed with a recommendation from the Gondorian legate of his home city, whose shoes he made and mended. He had little trouble securing entry to the City of the Sun and a loan from the Golden Ball establishment operated by the Malréd family. With these funds, he purchased a tiny house on the Fourth Level, three stories tall, but barely twelve feet wide, wedged between two genteel lodging houses.

From Tharbad, he brought little some clothes, his cobbling knives and needles, and his only treasure—a family heirloom. This article is an intricately carved, gilded bronze ball, the relief on its surface executing an extremely peculiar design. It features a number of loops through which ribbons of crimson silk are strung, by which the cobbler has hung the talisman on a nail over his bed.

Unfortunately, the heirloom is a Dunlending talisman of necromancy. Unknown to Eskerzen, the Dunnish ancestors on his fathers' side were priests of a dark cult that worshipped Sauron in the guise of the "Eater of Night." The ball is, in fact, hinged and can be opened (this requires an Extremely Hard (-50) pick lock/puzzling maneuver). Inside rests a shrunken, mummified head—its skin black with age and ancient, ritual treatments—together with nine black crystals. All these items radiate detectable Channeling magic.

After decades of lying dormant, the evil talisman has finally found a way of expressing its unholy nature. The item has disturbed the rest of a family killed in one of the neighboring lodging houses during the Kin-strife. The family members—mother, father, and three small children—haunt the lodging house, scaring the customers and stealing their life energies (in the form of Constitution points).

The talisman takes its cut, siphoning off half of the energies for itself. Like the ghosts, the evil within the amulet is growing stronger. If someone doesn't put a stop to such horror soon, more than a lodge keeper's business will be at stake.

13.4.2 THE CHARACTERS

Eskerzen the Cobbler

Eskerzen is an elderly Dunnish cobbler (possessing some Dúnadan blood) who lost his wife and children to the plague in Tharbad. The color has long since gone from his hair and skin, but his gray eyes still sparkle brightly at times, most often when dealing with a new customer or an old friend. Despite his advancing years, Eskerzen's mind is sharper than ever, and his eyesight, strained by years of close leatherwork, has yet to betray him, although he occasionally wears a thin pair of spectacles while reading or keeping his books.

Eskerzen refuses to mourn his losses openly. He misses his wife and sons and daughters terribly, but his grief remains a private thing, something he refuses to share. Outwardly, he is healthy, although he has of late been complaining of a touch of arthritis. He has an air of resigned amusement about himself, as if life is a tragic joke to which he has already heard the punch line.

He is pleasant to strangers and truly dedicated to his craft. He wants only to keep his tiny shop up and running and to pass on his accumulated knowledge to the next generation. To this end, he has taken an apprentice named Cendralion.



Eskerzen and Cendralion

Cendralion

Born and reared in Minas Anor, Cendralion counts himself lucky to have won apprenticeship with a man who is (in the youth's humble opinion) one of the greatest cobblers in all of Gondor. He is grateful to Eskerzen for taking him, and he works long and hard hours to prove himself worthy.

Cendralion lives at home with his parents on the city's Second Tier. His father is a low-ranking member of the City Watch, and his mother works as a cook in a noble's household. They are proud of their son for finding so able a teacher in his chosen profession.

Cendralion and his family (he has a sister and a brother as well) live frugally but well. The young cobbler has never gone for want of a meal or a bed. He harbors dreams of someday inheriting Eskerzen's business, but rarely thinks of it due to his affection for his mentor. Most of his spare time—what little he has—is spent chasing after the city's eligible young ladies. He has his eyes on several, but has yet to make any commitments, despite his parents' constant reminder that he is of a marrying age.

Erethel and Amadriel

Erethel and Amadriel are the owners and operators of the lodging house unfortunate enough to be the target of Eskerzen's amulet. They are well-intentioned Gondorians, steadfastly loyal to Minas Anor and its King. Both possessing blue-grey eyes and brunette hair, they are sometimes mistaken for siblings. The three children, Merethel, Arinwen, and Andur, aged 5, 3, and 2 respectively, look just like their parents. The couples' neighbors are sure they will grow to be the spitting images of their parents.



The two lodge keepers run a clean, well-kept house. This, combined with their competitive prices, make their lodge a popular place with travelers of all sorts. It is often difficult to find a room there without making reservations ahead of time. (Of course, if the PCs need a room, one one has just become available, the ghosts having scared off its previous tenants.) The pair have talked from time to time about adding rooms, but to make it worth their while, they'd have to take over an adjoining building, and they simply don't have the resources to do so.

Now it seems their dreams might never come to fruition. The ghosts have been scaring lodgers away, but none of the victims have reported the disturbances for fear of being ridiculed. The haunts keep clear of the couple and their children in the interest of not incurring a concerted effort to remove the infestation.

Erethel and Amadriel are good, hard-working folk, but they will no doubt be financially ruined if the ghosts aren't removed from the household soon. Who is going to want to stay in a place infested with undead? The lodgers scared away by the spirits have mentioned their sightings to close friends; since word of mouth is a well-regarded form of promotion in Minas Anor, these "rumors" have already damaged the lodging house's business. They must be speedily laid to rest.

Financial losses may be the least of their problems, if they don't get rid of their unwelcome, ethereal guests. Erethel and Amadriel's children are suffering from frequent exposure to the ghost children. Amadriel sporadically insists on both morning and afternoon naps, and rarely lets them out of her sight. This is good, since as long as she's present, their ghost playmates do not manifest themselves. As soon as the children start feeling better, though, and mother permits them their freedom once more, they're fair game again.

The Ghost Family

The lodge's ghosts were Eldacar-supporters executed by the usurper Castamir's orders nearly two hundred years ago, during the height of the Kin-strife. The loyalists were caught spying for their exiled King. In their cruelty, Castamir's men murdered the couple's children when they came to haul the parents to a sham of a trial.

The spirits lay dormant for many years. Although infuriated by the injustice of their deaths, up until the arrival of Eskerzen's talisman they had no means of expressing themselves. Now, they are enjoying newfound power.

Strangely, the children—who were killed in the middle of the night after being roused from a deep sleep—don't know that they're dead. The matter is complicated by the fact that these lesser ghosts appear as substantial as the living to the unaided eye. They are often mistaken for regular children and have even struck up a friendship with Erethel and Amadriel's children.

The illusion is complete, except for the fact that these youngsters (two boys and a girl aged 8, 4, and 3 respectively) have absolutely no substance. They look perfectly normal until they walk through a wall or simply fade away. The younger two will not talk to strangers, but the eldest, the girl, is a bit more adventurous. About the only thing she'll reveal is that she thinks "the Bad Man" (i.e., Castamir) is King.

The child ghosts drain life energy from anyone within 10 feet at a rate of 1 point of Constitution point per round. Half of this energy is immediately claimed by the talisman. When an individual ghost has drained 10 points entirely for itself, it is no longer reliant upon the talisman and can manifest itself at will. At the time the PCs arrive on the scene, assume that each ghost has been dormant since a recent incident in which too much attention was drawn to the spirits. Thus, they have no points left and must start from scratch.

The children's parents are greater ghosts. They possess a somewhat spectral appearance and a faint green-glowing aura. They are fully aware of their deathly existence, and rage controls their behavior. Cunning and prone to trickery, the ghosts drain from anyone within 10 feet at the rate of 5 Constitution points per round. As with their children, the talisman takes for itself half of the energy, but the ghosts become self-manifesting accumulating 20 points each.

Whenever the parent ghosts coalesce, they affect everyone within sight with a *Fear* spell of 7th level. If the victims fail their resistance rolls, they immediately try to flee; if they fail by more than 30, they are so paralyzed by their emotions as to be effectively stunned for 1-6 rounds. The ghosts can make this fear attack only once per manifestation.

The talisman is not yet strong enough to push the ghosts too hard. It can force them to manifest only once per day. Even when the ghosts achieve enough power to manifest themselves without aid, they can only do so at the same rate. If the talisman and the ghosts work together, each ghost can each appear twice per day.

One limitation that frustrates the ghosts is the fact that they are unable to leave the lodging house. Although the kids believe that they simply don't want to roam farther afield, their parents know better, and it incenses them. In their fury, they try to cause the current owners of the house as much trouble as possible. The greater ghosts are far beyond rationality.

The ghosts are extremely difficult to destroy. The children can be obliterated permanently if someone can convince them that they are dead. This will prove hard, though, as children so young are hardly able to even conceive of such a thing. Additionally, their parents will defend them with everything they have.

The ghosts' sporcerous unlife may be extinguished by *Neutralize Curse* or *Remove Curse* spells, but such will be pitted against the 18th level talisman. Should *Remove Curse* succeed, there is a chance that the talisman will be able to revive the downed spirit in 1-10 weeks. If the talisman is removed (and the ghosts are capable of manifesting without it), the ghosts can be exorcised with a *Remove Curse* spell. The lesser ghosts resist at 4th level, and the greater resist at 7th level. If the talisman is destroyed, all of the ghosts immediately vanish.

The Talisman

Although Eskerzen is unaware of it, his talisman is an article of pure, unadulterated evil. Its only purpose is to cause harm to the living, particularly those who ally themselves against Sauron. When the PCs become involved in the talisman's machinations, the device has managed to accumulate 20 Constitution points. It needs 80 more to become fully active.

At first, the talisman causes only one ghost to manifest at a time. The PCs can put these ghosts to rest individually, but (as described above) there's a good chance they will reappear. Once the talisman gathers strength, it will start to act more boldly, sending several ghosts into the house at once.

When fully empowered, the talisman directs the ghosts to drain a victim of enough points to kill him or her. Up until this point, the most the talisman could ciphon was half of a person's Constitution. Once the item has arranged a murder, though, it will use its stored energy to resurrect the dead person as a greater ghoul.

The talisman will take control of the ghoul, ordering it to kill Eskerzen. Upon the cobbler's death, the talisman directs the ghoul to carry it to a place full of death (perhaps a plague-ridden section of Wooden-town, the graveyards outside the city (5.4), or the Houses of Healing) where it can grow even stronger. Eventually it creates a skeleton lord or a spectre.

If the talisman is removed from the city, it will be more difficult to track down. The item will have access to more ghosts (at the very least), and its ghoul can hide it in some secret nook or cranny, perhaps even in a shallow grave. Or if the PCs get too close, the talisman can simply be moved again, making it even tougher to find.

The talisman can be detected by spells that reveal magic, evil, curses, or Channeling. Even if the PCs manage to find it, the talisman can defend itself quite well. It uses its stored energy as power points to cast spells from the *Calm Spirits* list, as well as *Curse* (6 points) and *Dark Bolt* (7 points, as *Shock Bolt*) spells. For 1 point per round, it can also affect itself as a *Chill Solid* spell, and for 2 points per round, as a *Shadow* spell.

The talisman has the equivalent of plate armor, and it requires 100 points of damage to force it open. It cannot be harmed by fire. Once opened, the talisman's contents must be dissolved in acid (any acid will do—weak solutions just take longer) or frozen and shattered to pieces and then pounded into a dust which must then be scattered on the wind. Nothing less will suffice.

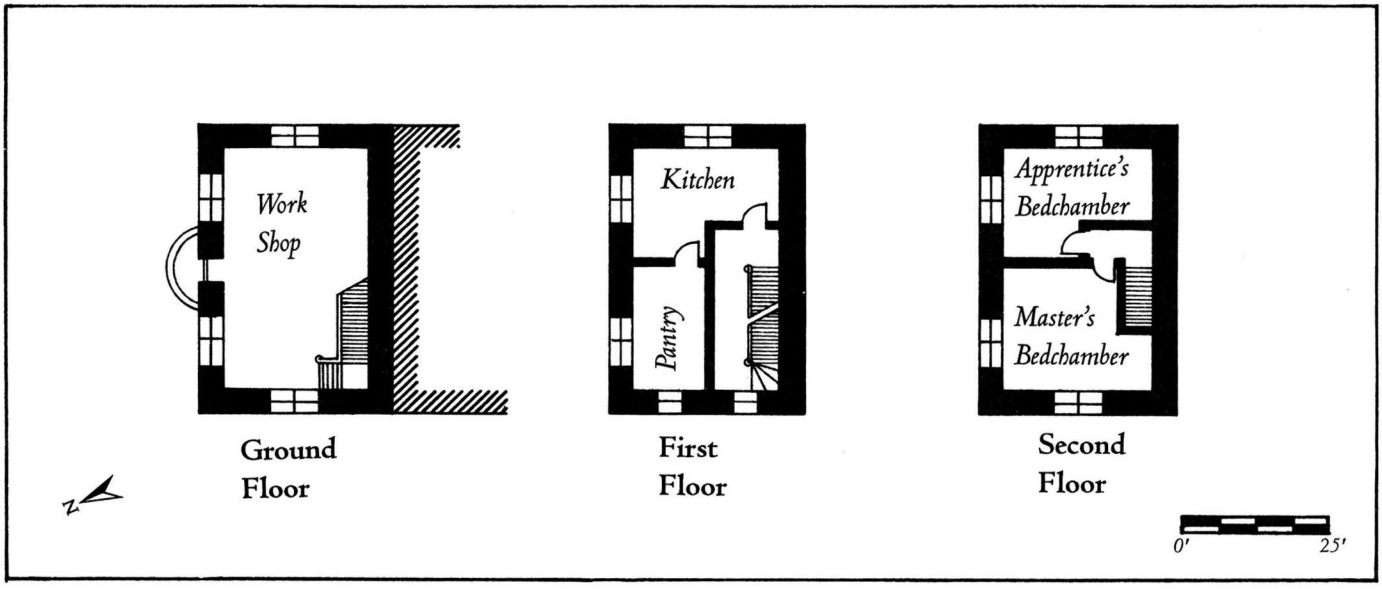
13.4.3 THE PLACES

Two places on the northern side of the Second Tier serve as the stage for this adventure, and one will probably remain unentered until the end. The sites are Erethel's Lodging House and Eskerzen's Shoe Shop.

Erethel's is a typical small boarding house. Erethel and his wife sleep in rooms (#2 and #3) on the first floor. Their children have accomodations in two chambers at the back of the house (#4). The apartments on the second floor are all for rent by the night, week, or month.

Eskerzen's, to the right of Erethel's as one faces the lodging house from the street, is a much smaller place. Although three stories in all, it's only twelve feet deep. The establishment only has four true rooms. The ground floor serves as a workroom and shop. The first floor holds a kitchen and pantry. Eskerzen lives in a chamber on the

The Shoe Shop



Ground Floor

First Floor

Second Floor

second floor, and it is here the talisman hangs above his bed. A second bedroom could accomodate an apprentice, but Cendralion chooses to board with his family. While not large, the apartments provide ample room for Eskerzen's humble needs.

13.4.4 THE TASK

The adventurers have sought rooms at the haunted lodging house or they know someone who has accomodation there. Personal encounters with the ghosts will prompt them to assist Erethel and his family with their supernatural problem. The PCs will probably deal with the ghosts one by one, until it occurs to them that another agency might be behind the manifestations. They should then begin an investigation that leads to the Dunnish talisman. If they fail, Eskerzen will be killed, and the ghosts will continue to haunt Erethel and his family. Worse yet, the talisman will be free to wreak more damage upon the unsuspecting residents of the city—this time from a position of strength.

13.4.5 THE ENCOUNTERS

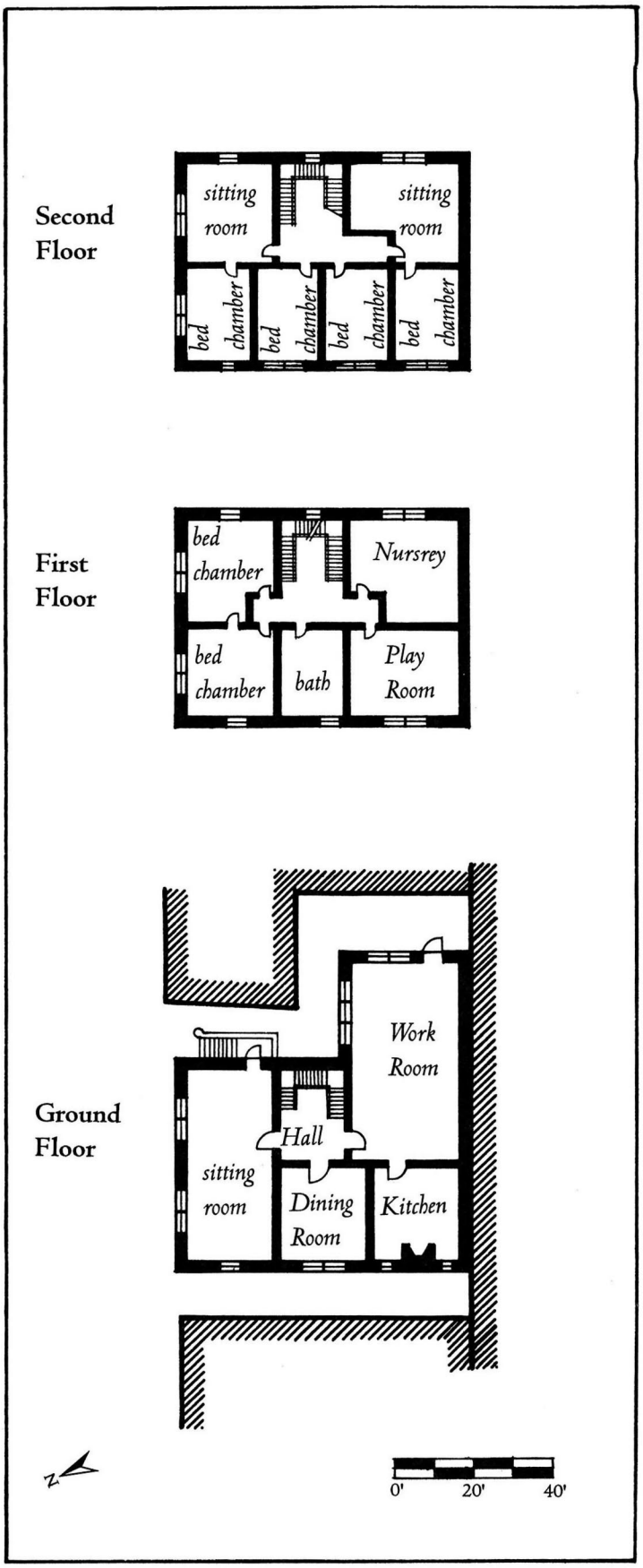
There are only two true sets of encounters in this adventure. The first is a series of smaller encounters occuring in Erethel's Lodging House. The second is a climactic scene in Eskerzen's Shoe Shop. The PCs may not reach the second encounter. If they don't, the citizens of Minas Anor face a terror unlike any which has gone before.

Meet the Family

How will the PCs become involved in the problems at Erethel's Lodging House? If they have taken rooms there, embroiling them in the ghost hunt should be easy. This scenario can be converted to fit any place at which the PCs are already staying. Otherwise, you must give the adventurers a reason to care about the haunting of the lodging house. Perhaps a friend has rooms there and refuses to move. Or maybe the PCs have become acquainted with Erethel or his wife. The specifics don't really matter, so long as the PCs visit the location to penetrate the mystery.

If the PCs are staying in the lodging house, one of the ghosts visits them in the middle of the night. A cunning gamemaster might run this adventure concurrently with another one, arranging for the PCs to be drained by the ghosts while they're sleeping or to encounter the lesser ghosts while arriving or departing. As they delve into the haunting, the PCs should lose Constitution points, hampering their ability to fight back.

If the PCs are simply investigating the house as a favor for someone, the ghosts do not reveal themselves directly until after they've drained a victim at least once. This happens the first time the PCs spend the night in the house (their friend encourages them to do this). After absorbing power, the ghosts are freer in their wanderings, confident that the PCs can do little to hurt them, almost daring them to try.



The Lodging House



Directly after a ghost is exorcised from the house (however temporarily), the rest of the spirits grow crafty. They don't want to share their lost companion's fate. The ghosts avoid the PCs and attack others when the adventurers are not present. The PCs must hunt them down.

Of course, if the PCs are the only people in the house, the ghosts must eventually seek their company, because the undead need the energies of the living. Every day a ghost does not drain a victim, the life force it has stored drops by half.

The PCs may decide to evacuate the building, but this is only a temporary solution. First of all, Erethel and his family can't afford to abandon the place. Such an action would crush them financially. They will beg the PCs to achieve a more workable solution. Of course, they'll also try to obtain help from the city guard, but few believe their fantastic tales. The PCs are their sole help.

Unless the adventurers keep a vigilant watch on the lodging house, two homeless laborers from Wooden-town creep in one night to sleep there (and maybe to loot the place of whatever was left behind). The ghosts drain these two desperately, the talisman benefiting from the attack. Other possible victims might include youths entering the haunted house on a dare, or refugees from Wooden-town (too destitute to question why such a place is available to them) ensconced by disbelieving city bureaucrats.

These encounters can be run over an extended period of time. The PCs might very well believe time after time that they've solved the problem, only to have it crop up again not too much later. Eventually, though, events come to a head, and then the PCs either solve the mystery or the talisman creates its ghoul. Then the killings begin.

Meet the Maker

If the PCs reach the heart of the mystery before the talisman makes its desperate bid for power by creating a ghoul, they should be able to extract it from Eskerzen's Shoe Shop and destroy it. If they require clues indicating the correct course of action, they can consult the scribes of Rynd Permaith Iaur (10.5.4), although this will take time (1-4 days). Chances are good that they'll evolve something workable on their own. Remember, if they fail to destroy the talisman properly, they leave the door open for it to regroup and return to wreak revenge.

One obstacle between the PCs and the talisman is Eskerzen himself. The old man has no suspicion of the events next door. People are acting strangely, but in all his years he's seen a lot of strangeness. He hasn't paid it very much attention. If a party of rabid adventurers storm into his house and start tearing things up with little or no warning, they're likely (75% chance) to give the old man a lethal heart attack.

Even if the PCs are friendly and circumspect, Eskerzen will not be likely to show a group of strangers into his bedchamber. The PCs will have to con him or sneak in while he's not present or devise some other way to gain entrance. If Eskerzen sees the PCs attempt to destroy the talisman, he will fight them (however ineffectually) to defend it, at least up until the point where the talisman begins to defend itself. If he's in the room when this happens, there's another chance (75% again) he'll undergo a fatal heart attack.

Of course, if the PCs fail to narrow their focus to the talisman in time, Eskerzen is killed by the talisman's ghoul. The only way to banish the ghosts then is to track the thing to its new hiding place. This may very well entail investigating every ghost story in town.

If the talisman raises a powerful force of undead, it seeks to silence the PCs, lest they lead some powerful priest or wizard to the origins of the sudden plagus of restless spirits. The talisman could become the focus of a lengthy campaign.

13.4.6 EPILOGUE

If the PCs exorcise the ghosts and destroy the amulet, they will have the undying thanks of Erethel and his family, particularly if the kindly old Eskerzen's life is spared. Although the monetary rewards may not be great, the PCs will experience the satisfaction of knowing they saved many lives and brought to an end a tremendous force for evil. They can stay at Erethel's whenever they like, and the tale of their exploits will no doubt eventually reach the ears of more powerful persons, who might offer the PCs more important and glamorous assignments, launching them into ever greater adventures.

If the PCs do not destroy the talisman before it creates a ghoul and escapes Eskerzen's possession, it will be free to come after them at its leisure. Rest assured, it will hunt them down at will. Eventually either they or the talisman will perish; the PCs had better avoid failure. This is not an adventure they can walk away from. It will follow them until it is finished.

13.5 THE EMERALD'S CURSE

The adventurers become entangled in a web of terrible coincidences, which center around a fabulous emerald necklace known as the Giliath Gelin. This item of jewelry leads them on several desperate chases through the city, implicates them in a crime, and hurls them into the middle of a plot to kidnap the King's own mistress.

Requirements: A high-level party willing to act on the spur of the moment in an exhilarating pursuit leading to a surprising denouement. The PCs should have an important contact in the city or be interested in art and theater.

Aids: The adventurers will probably be moving too fast for anyone to help them—but there are plenty of people who might have a good reason to hinder them.

Rewards: If the whole truth comes out, the rewards might be high indeed, for Gondor is under threat from a powerful minion of Sauron. Nothing less than the security of the kingdom is at stake.



Boromis

13.5.1 THE TALE

From one point of view, this adventure is a series of seemingly unrelated crises, each maturing as its predecessor fades. Just as the adventurers think they've solved one problem, another erupts, eventually leading to a grand finale against a more-than-worthy opponent. With the whole picture in sight, it's apparent that the "fortuitous circumstances" that catapult the PCs from one scene to the next are brought about by the design of a mysterious magical artifact with unheard of (and uncontrollable) powers.

A pair of con men and thieves (known only as Lightfingers and Lockpick) who work as scribes during the day have gotten wind of this strange artifact—the Giliath Gelin—and decided to steal it for themselves. They, along with nearly everyone else in the city, are unaware of the necklace's powers and only seek it for the jewelry's intrinsic value.

At the same time, a taxidermist named Kelvarguin and a puppeteer named Morchaint plan to create a grisly life-sized marionette fashioned from mannish skin. All they need is a corpse. While the Giliath Gelin circulates, there shouldn't be any shortage of those.

Meanwhile, a servant of the Necromancer—a woman known now as Ethudil, although she was once the King's mother Melabrían—plots to summon a demon of the Second Age to Minas Anor. The monster's mission is to kidnap King Tarondor's mistress. Through her, Ethudil intends to force the King to betray his country to Sauron's evil desires.

Coincident with all this, a poetry reading is being held on the Third Tier. The adventurers have been invited to attend. Little do they know that doing so will embroil them in web of intrigue engendered by the presence of the magical necklace. How could such an innocent event position them for the battle of their lives?

13.5.2 THE CHARACTERS

Boromis Dunmardo

Boromis is a Dúnadan noblewoman with dark brown hair and lustrous hazel eyes. She is a bit of a spendthrift, always willing to be free with her husband's copious funds. She particularly likes the fine things in life—art, jewels, and fine dining. Perhaps she indulges the latter predilection too often of late, since she is looking less shapely than she did while her children still lived at home.

Bored with the predictability of her life, Boromis is not above creating trouble for her own amusement. Whether a dangerous moment is one of her own design or not, she plays a dramatic moment to the hilt. She enjoys the role of the beautiful young woman overwhelmed by the events. Her years (and jaded attitude) make her seem more like a primped up matron prone to fainting.

She delights in screaming when something goes wrong, and she has plenty of chances to do so in the course of this adventure. Her husband is often absent from the house, busying himself with politics. In the past, Boromis' tragedies have been trumped up incidents designed solely to get his attention, and he knows it.

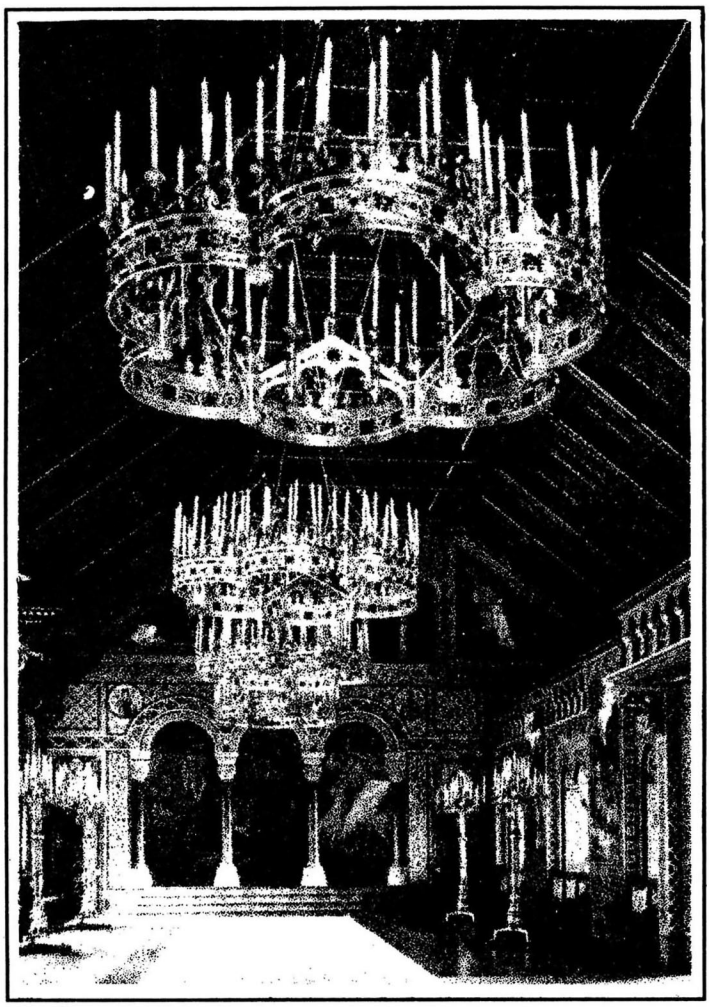
Still, he loves her dearly and does his best to make her happy—although he often fails to keep her entertained. His latest attempt to prove his love to her (and thus alleviate her constant need for confirmation of this fact) was to purchase for her the Giliath Gelin. He was, of course, entirely unaware of the necklace's magical properties. The previous owner had his suspicions, which is why it went for a song.

Lightfingers and Lockpick

These two thieves are Gondorian natives who have been partners in crime since childhood. Both possess dark blond hair and deep, brown eyes; they are often taken as brothers, so closely do they resemble each other in manner and dress. Their bravado is nearly unmatched, due mostly to the fact that they have the skills to back their cocky attitude.

Their feats of stealth have become legend in Minas Anor, although no one seems able to identify the pair. They never wear masks, but move so quickly and effortlessly through their crimes that few have the presence of mind to scrutinize their faces. Even if the City Watch could locate these men and bring them to justice, there's a good chance they wouldn't bother; Lightfingers and Lockpick are members of the Rogues' Fellowship (8.5.4) and enjoy the protection that belongs to its members.

Stealing the Giliath Gelin from Boromis was child's play to such experienced thieves. Understanding the ramifications of the theft was another matter. They intended merely to acquire a valuable necklace, easily converted into profit. Instead, they embarked upon the night of their lives.



Kelvarguin and Morchaint

A rail-thin, bespectacled young man with a squint provoked by his failing eyesight, Kelvarguin is an unassuming a figure. Although short, he slouches badly in an effort to look broader. Unfortunately, he only succeeds in appearing small and bent.

Kelvarguin's dark hair is long and lanky, and he is forever sweeping it out of his watery blue eyes. He speaks softly, as if forever fearful of giving offense. Perhaps his mild manner makes his secret ambition all the more startling.

Kelvarguin works as a scholar at Rynd Thannath (10.4.4), but he spends his spare hours bringing dead things to life in his own way. He has long wanted to put his skill at taxidermy to its greatest challenge by stuffing a human body. Up until recently, he has failed to find the courage or the materials to carry out his plan. But now Morchaint has entered his life.

Morchaint is everything Kelvarguin is not. She is strong, tall, and foolhardy—a woman of action and movement. An entertainer by trade (she studied puppeteering at the Juggler's School of Duoervis Cleg in Cabed Angren in Lamedon), Morchaint is aggressive and extroverted. To top it off, she's a crook.

Youth, twinkling blue eyes, and cropped blond hair add to Morchaint's charm. She fell in with Kelvarguin when she heard him talking of his hobby with his fellows in a public square. When his listeners became bored with the conversation, they made their excuses and left. Then Morchaint introduced herself to the young scribe.

The last week has been the most exciting of Kelvarguin's dull life. Morchaint has entirely enchanted him with her wild beauty and untamed ways. The seven days have been a whirlwind of activity. He hasn't been to work since he met this young tornado, and she promises him that, with her plans for them, he may never have to go back.

Key to her plans, Morchaint is the proud possessor of a magic ring. It casts *Shade* 4x/day, *Dark 10'* 3x/day, *Unseen* 2x/day, and *Silent Moves* 1x/day.

Ethudil

The long-lost mother of King Tarondor, Ethudil is a beautiful woman of 64 with classic Dúnadan features. She dresses in black, her garments edged with evil designs. She is a sorceress of dark power which she uses to serve the ends of her new lord, Sauron.

Recently, Ethudil has learned of her son King Tarondor's illicit liaisons with the Half-elven maid Fimalcá. She has arranged for her abduction and plans to use the young woman to torture Tarondor, eventually bending him to Sauron's evil will. To this end, she has prepared a ceremony to summon a demon, a vampire of the Second Age, to do her bidding.

Ethudil is a 14th level Mage. She speaks all major languages (including Black Speech) fluently and has 84 PP with 14 spell lists: all Mage spell lists, plus Physical Enhancement, Essence Hand, Illusions, Spell Ways, Essence Ways, and Spirit Mastery.



Melabrian, later known as Ethudil

She possesses the following magical items: an ebon neck chain of black plates linked by gold (a x2 PP multiplier which allows her an Influence maneuver against any opponent, no matter how violently inclined against her, at +20), an evil +20 long knife (which triples all bleeding inflicted in critical hits and acts as a short sword), an onyx ring (which doubles the range of all *Bolt* spells and adds +20 to their OB), three pouches of blackfire powder (thrown over a 15' radius, it combines *Call Flame* and *Dark* in that area), black robes embroidered with evil symbols (which give +10 to her DB and protect like AT 10/RL and also give a +10 bonus to Rituals, Dance, and Meditation skills) and a scroll of fell beast summoning (which drains 20 PP from the user and gives servitude of the beast for 24 hours).

Ethudil has the following skills: Climb +40, Ride +60 (Fly +45), Swim +40, Track +50, Stalk/Hide +30, Read Runes +90, Use Items +60, Directed Spell OB +78 (Bolts +98 due to her onyx ring), Perception +58, Rituals +94, Leadership/Influence +55, Essence RR +30, Poison/Disease RR +15.

When attacked, Ethudil, an experienced sorceress, uses her skills, spells, and magic items as intelligently as possible until she can get escape. Once she delays or distracts her foes, she uses her scroll to summon a fell beast to sweep down out of the sky and carry her away.

Ethudil's house is a simple one. A small, yet elegant town dwelling, its unique characteristic is the well-tended roof garden. It is here that she will meet the fell beast and make good her escape.

For more about this woman, see the description in Section 12.1, The Royal Family.

The Vampire

The vampire that Ethudil summons is exemplary of its species. When the PCs stumble upon it, it will have already assumed the form of a handsome young Dúnadan man, dressed in the current high fashion of ballroom costumery. Its mission is to fly to a ball at the Merethrond (10.6.5) at which Fimalcá and her guardians are present. Once there, he is to infiltrate the crowd until he can locate Tarondor's beloved. Then, he will change into his natural form and abscond with the young maid to Dol Guldur, far beyond the reach of even Gondor's King.

The vampire is a 25th level being whose cloak gives it the power to assume the form of a beautiful woman or a handsome man in addition to its normal appearance as a winged bat-like creature. Both mannish forms are beautiful and beguiling (Appearance and Presence stats are both 100) unless the creature smiles to reveal its vicious, pointed teeth.

While in mannish form, the vampire is armed with a long, needle-thin sword boasting both keen edge and point. The +20 weapon does Slash and Puncture critical strikes, one primary and one secondary at the vampire's choice. In all forms, the vampire is strong (Strength 102).

Weapons that strike the vampire must make an RR against a 3rd level disintegration effect. This particular vampire also has magical abilities. It has 50 PP and can use them to cast *Holding Song, Stun Song, Charm Song* or *Fear Song*. Its eyes can glow red to cause *Fire Starting* at will (no PP expenditure). In mannish form, it can also use the following spells: *Haste, Aura of Flame, Dispel Essence* and *Protection III*.

Like Ethudil, the vampire is a creature of pure evil and takes its only delight from delivering misery and harm to any and all it meets. Wounding or killing the adventurers should elate the demon. If the PCs, upon initial encounter, prove too wily, it seeks escape, flying directly to the Merethrond to carry out the mission for which it was summoned.



Cambal Aglarína

THE GILIATH GELIN

Although no one is aware of it, this splendidly crafted emerald necklace is an item of chaos. Directly or indirectly, it causes horrible luck to follow any who own it, particularly if they've acquired it through questionable means. It belonged to a powerful wizard long ago who enchanted it to wreak havoc in the life of any bold enough to steal it. Unfortunately, when he and his wife passed away, their family sold the necklace, entirely unaware of the enchantment.

Although well-known for its exquisite workmanship, the Giliath Gelin's unknown curse keeps its name on the lips of newsmongers throughout the city. It is continually being stolen, although it almost always returns to its rightful owner, the thieves having met an untimely and mysterious doom. It is this effect has embroiled the adventurers in this imbroglio.

Should the PCs fathom the true nature of the necklace, there is no way for them to remove the enchantment without destroying the emeralds. Anyone shattering the gems wins seven years of bad luck. Chances are good that they won't live long enough for the curse to expire, but at least the time they have remaining will be interesting.

13.5.3 THE PLACES

Locations used in this adventure include the Chimneys (10.3.3), the Rynd Thannath (10.4.4), House Dunmardo, and Ethudil's residence. Familiarize yourself with these sites. You'll be able to present them convincingly to the PCs as well as role playing the inhabitants with verve.

House Dunmardo stands north of the Citadel Rock on the Fifth Tier. It is well-guarded and surrounded by a high wall, so it's likely the PCs will never see the mansion's interior.

Similarly, the PCs may see only a part of Ethudil's house. Located on a small cul-de-sac on the southern Fifth Level, it's a nondescript home, only two stories tall, with a flat rooftop that harbors a beautiful garden. The first floor boasts a balcony running the width of the facade; a door and several windows open onto it. In one of these front rooms, Ethudil performs her evil magic. A stairwell in the back of the room ascends to the roof. Ethudil's living quarters occupy the rest of the floor; anterooms for entertaining, seldom used, comprise the ground level.

13.5.4 THE TASK

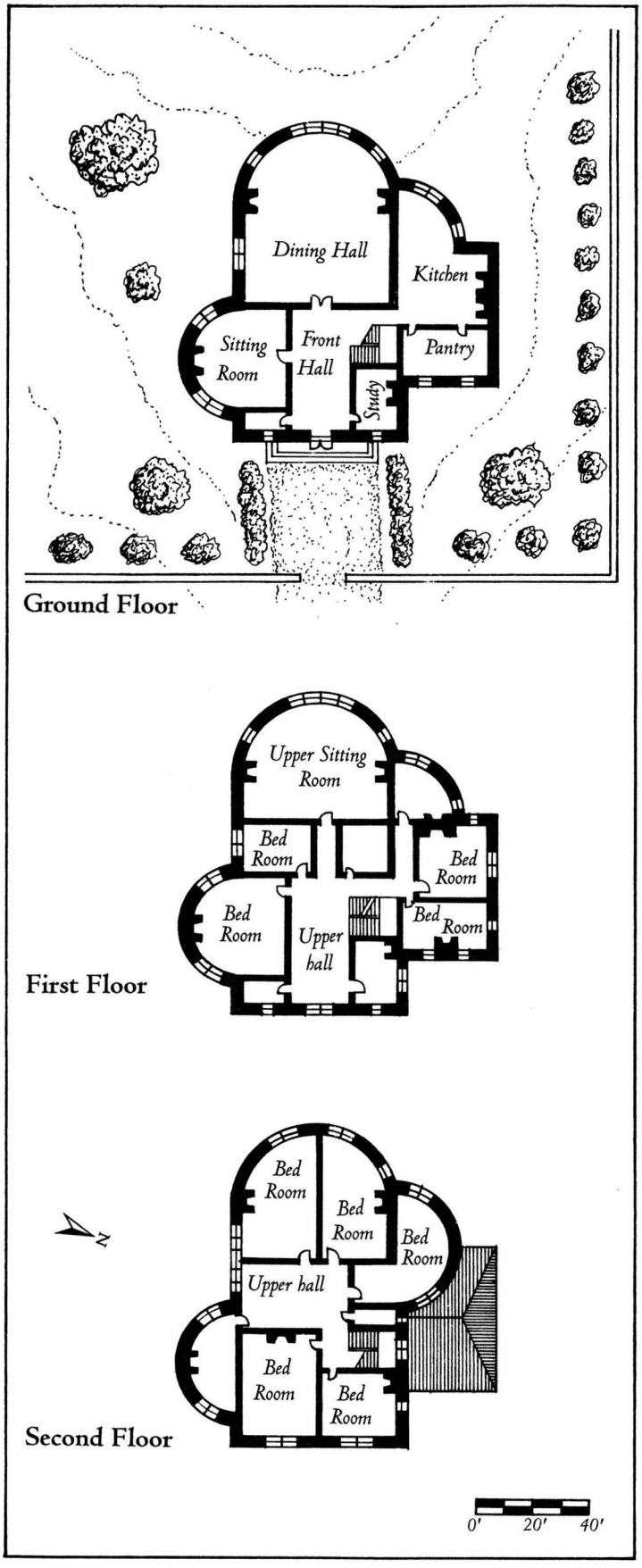
Soon after Lightfingers and Lockpick steal the Giliath Gelin from Boromis, she bursts into the Chimneys, screaming for help. If the PCs are quick, they should be able to track down the two thieves before the Watch does so. If they're clever, they'll grab the necklace and bring it back to Boromis to claim the exorbitant reward she's offered for its return.

Three days later, PCs receive a note from Boromis, asking them to come to her house. When they arrive, Morchaint dangles Kelvarguin's creation in front of them, creating a scene. While the adventurers deal with the guards who come to investigate the commotion, Morchaint uses the distraction to enter House Dunmardo and steal the Giliath Gelin for herself. Boromis notices the theft almost immediately and screams as is her wont. It's up to the PCs to chase down and recover the necklace again.

Unfortunately, Morchaint hides in the wrong house and stumbles into Ethudil instructing her newly arrived demon about the evening's activities. When the PCs enter the house to look for Morchaint, Ethudil assumes they've come for her. She fights with all her might. The PCs' interference is helping to foil a plot against Gondor's King. All they need do is stop the sorceress and her summoned vampire from executing their fiendish scheme.

13.5.5 THE ENCOUNTERS

The adventure is fairly linear; it's likely that every one of the encounters described below will occur. While it is conceivable that the adventurers will stray from the scent, it shouldn't be too hard to steer them back in the right direction. Events conspire to draw them into the thick of events, whether they care to become involved or not.



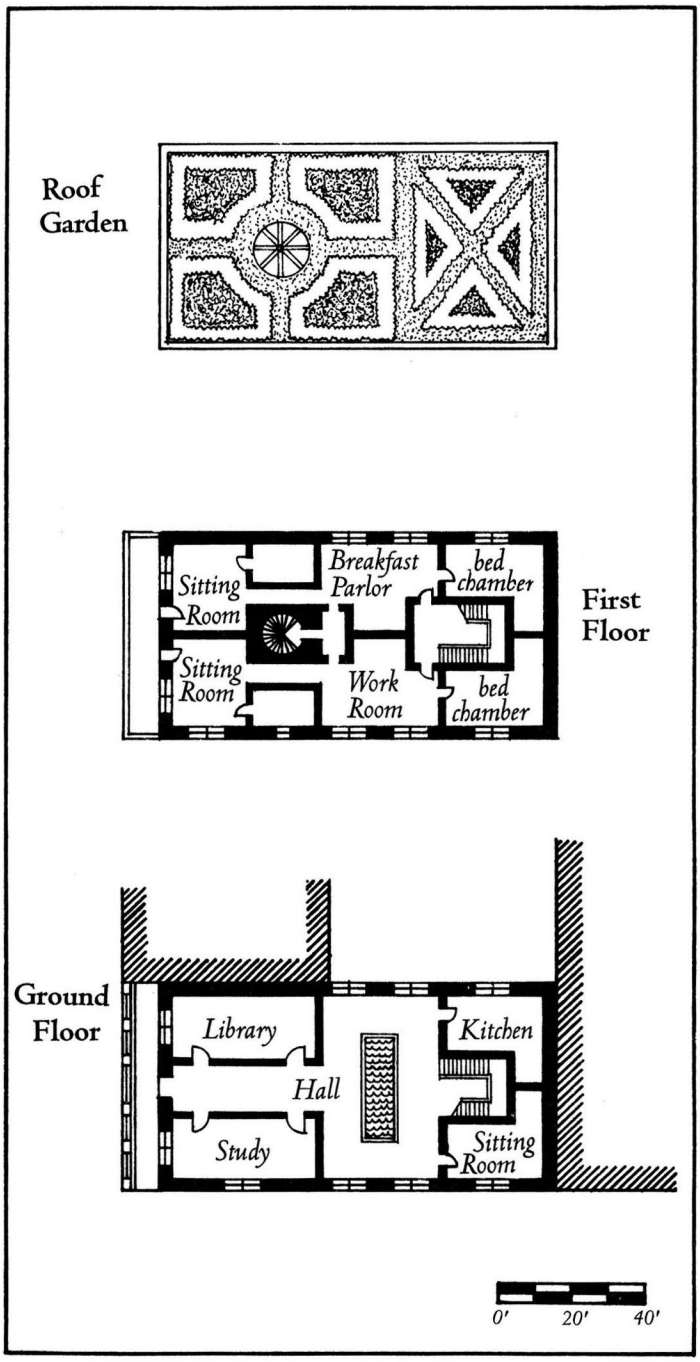
The Stolen Necklace

To start this encounter, the PCs must attend a poetry reading at the Chimneys. (If the adventurers are condemn poetry, make the event a concert or a play instead.) If need be, a powerful contact invites them personally to the Chimneys to permit them to enjoy sampling the local culture. Once the PCs have started to relax and the reading is well underway, read the following aloud.

> The poem is a stirring epic narrating the tumultuous course of the Kin-strife. The author's choice of words is superb, and the perilous scenes rendered by his pen seem to unfold in your imagination as though you have traveled back in time. Just as the reader comes to the climactic execution of Eldacar's heir, you hear a commotion originating from the central chimney. As you turn, a man and woman burst into the room; the woman is screaming.
>
> "You must help me!" she implores the stunned crowd. "Thieves—two of them—they've just stolen my necklace!" For a moment, no one moves, as if they need time to absorb what the woman is saying.
>
> "Someone! Please go after them now! I'll give 100 gold coins to the bold one who brings my necklace back. Hurry, they're getting away!" Overcome by emotion, the woman faints. Her escort catches her in his arms and then turns toward the crowd, a look of desperation on his face.
>
> "Well," he asks, "what are you waiting for?"

The woman, of course, is Boromis, and the necklace to which she refers is the Giliath Gelin. She has truly swooned, but her health will be attended to by her escort, Gysiel, a renowned artist. Gysiel was painting Boromis' portrait in his studio across the street when a pair of messengers arrived, claiming they had a special package to deliver to Gysiel. The contents of the package turned out to be the thieves' knives, and before the painter or his subject could react the bold robbers (Lightfingers and Lockpick) had relieved Boromis of her necklace.

As the thieves made good their escape, Gysiel tossed a pot of paint at one of them, just missing his face but covering his clothes. He recounts this to the PCs if they ask, or yells after them if they are in too much of a hurry. He also relates that the robbers were running south down Stonewright's Street (the avenue in front of the Chimneys).



Ethudil's House

If the PCs stop to ask the Watchmen at the lesser gate between the Chimneys and the south end of the street, the guards say two men ran past not long ago. The pair were headed south, and they'll be trapped, since the road dead ends against the spur of the mountain that splits the city in two. A simple house-to-house search should discover the fugitives, but the Watchmen don't seem worried. One departs to round up some help, another remains to keep an eye on the gate, and the others follow the PCs to begin the search.

If the PCs move quickly, when they reach the end of the street they can all make Perception maneuvers. Do the adventurers spot either of the two men scaling the cliff face high above them. If they fail, they should make Perception maneuvers to spot the paint on the wall at ground level, traces left by the thief (Lockpick) who was targeted by Gysiel.

Lightfingers and Lockpick are climbing a rope dangling down the wall, the end of it in Lockpick's belt, now high above the ground. By heading for the Fourth Tier in this unorthodox way, the duo are trying to throw the City Watch off their trail. If they're spotted, of course, they've failed, but may yet escape

The PCs could try following the thieves, but it's an Absurd (-70) climbing maneuver without a rope. Their best bet is to hustle to the nearest lesser gate and hope that they can pick up the bandits' trail. Alternatively, they could direct missile fire at the two thieves. There's time for one shot against Lightfingers and two against Lockpick. Of course, chances are rather small that anyone brought a bow to the poetry reading. Magical attacks can also be tried, but the PCs should be reminded of the Gondorian prejudice against wizards before they start tossing spells so openly.

It's likely that the thieves achieve the next Tier and descend onto Glassblowers' Street without too many problems. By the time the PCs ascend through the lesser gate, the culprits are nowhere in sight. The Watchmen haven't seen a thing.

Astute adventurers might look for a witness. Any sort of search will discover a tramp sleeping in the park near the Glassworks (10.4.5). Perturbed by the alarm (if the PCs don't think to look for him) he may even approach the adventurers to ask explanation for the sudden influx of Watchmen. If questioned, the tramp tells of seeing two men dashing down the street and slipping between the houses of the Rynd Thannath.

When the PCs investigate this lead, they'll hit pay dirt. Rynd Thannath is locked at this time of night, but apparently the thieves don't care. Sharp-eyed adventurers will spot a drop of paint beneath the overpass connecting the east and west houses. Around the back, they'll spot another. A further drop of paint awaits beside the rear staircase ascending to the kitchens, but the kitchen doors are firmly barred. The wall beneath the staircase boasts another smear of paint. A Hard (-10) Perception maneuver reveals a concealed door set within the stonework. It opens upon a two-foot-wide passage.

The thieves are within the Halls, admiring the necklace in the easternmost of the three offices on the first floor of the East House. If the PCs make a lot of noise, the robbers stand alerted to the fact that someone has entered the

Halls (perhaps pursuit), and they'll try to escape. They know all the secret doors and passages in Rynd Thannath, even in the dark. They'll try to achieve the ground floor of the West House via the Library. The adventurers should be able to catch them here; the thieves will fight to the death for their freedom.

While these events transpire, the tramp finds the Watchmen and tells them his story. They hustle the Warden of the Halls out of bed to let them into Rynd Thannath through the front doors. Immediately after the last of the thieves falls before the adventurers' might, the Watchmen burst in. The PCs have just one chance to grab the necklace (and thus the opportunity to claim the reward) for themselves.

The grim Watchmen allow the PCs to bring the necklace to Boromis to claim their reward, but first insist that the adventurers come to the nearest gatehouse and to give statements. The Watch keeps the PCs late; by the time they are released, it's far too late to bother Boromis. Eventually, though, they'll want their money.

Returning the Goods

When the PCs return Boromis' necklace, read the following aloud.

> House Dunmardo is a handsome residence comprised entirely of well-fitted stone, its construction dating back many hundreds of years. Despite its age, the building looks new, probably due to the unfailing care with which the Dunmardo family has maintained it. Normally a welcoming place, today it is patrolled by an armed guard—no doubt the response of Daroín to the recent events that have brought loss to his family, a loss you are prepared to restore.
>
> As you approach, an older guard, his mustache flecked with gray, steps forward, his hand on his sword. "Can I help you?" he asks. His tone is not friendly.

Recently hired, these warriors are still sharp and eager to please their new employer—perhaps too eager. They are under strict orders to turn away any visitors to the house and to counteract any disturbance to the Dunmardo family. Additionally, they are specifically proscribed from accepting packages of any kind. (This is how Boromis was duped during the robbery.)

If the adventurers brandish the necklace, the guards try to seize them, thinking this to be their golden opportunity to prove to their employer their lasting worth. If the PCs resist, the guards call in the Watch. These Watchmen, having no idea of the role played by the PCs, confiscate the necklace (returning it to the Dunmardos) and throw the adventurers in jail. The captives are released—with heartfelt apologies—two days later.

If the adventurers elude capture, they are hunted by the City Watch until they are caught or turn themselves in. The hunt continues for two days, until the Watchman investigating the Dunmardo theft learns of the incident outside of House Dunmardo and deduces the identity of the fugitives. He calls off the hunt and posts word that the adventurers deserve an apology from the Watch.

The Stolen Necklace (Reprise)

Three days after the PCs try to return the necklace, they receive a note asking them to come to House Dunmardo that evening (if they try to return before this, they will be turned away). The note is polite and hints that the PCs might gain something to their advantage. It is signed by Boromis, but is really a forgery sent by Kelvarguin and Morchaint.

Soon after the robbery, Morchaint stole Lightfingers' body from the City Watch. In the intervening days, Kelvarguin stuffed the body; he has done an incredibly good job. Lightfingers looks positively lifelike. Once Kelvarguin's grisly work was done, Morchaint attached long marionette strings to the thief's body and sword so that she can control them from high above.

The tools were ready. All that remained was to set the trap. The note was sent, and when the PCs arrive at House Dunmardo, Kelvarguin and Morchaint are ready for them.

> When you arrive at House Dunmardo this time, you notice that none of the warriors patrolling there three days ago are present. Apparently Boromis' husband has decided to cease attracting attention to his home by surrounding it with armed men. Sometimes the best defense is to not inform folk you have anything worth stealing.
>
> What might you do with your share of Boromis' promised reward? You certainly deserve something splendid after all the trouble you've seen in your pursuit of her stolen necklace. Interrupting these thoughts, an eery figure appears before you, seemingly out of nowhere. It's one of the thieves you killed in Rynd Thannath, back for revenge. Silently, his face twisted in a look of grim determination, he draws his sword and hurls himself at you.

The figure is (of course) Morchaint's gruesome marionette. She is standing on the wall that surrounds the house, concealed by the magic of her ring and the dark of the night. In contrast, the puppet is horribly visible, though the thin, black strings which control it are not.

All PCs that see the puppet must make a RR at 3rd level or be stunned for 1 round due to *Fear*. The thing attacks with its bastard sword, swinging indiscriminately at the PCs (its OB is only half of Morchaint's). The apparition appears to be completely uncaring of any wounds the PCs inflict on it, probably leading some of them quite logically to the notion that they're facing undead. Only criticals have any chance of doing the puppet damage (e.g., a head strike might slash one of the invisible strings by accident).

House Dunmardo still employs two guards on duty in the house. When they hear the sounds of the clash outside the wall surrounding the house, they come running. If they recognize the adventurers as the individuals who were causing problems a few days ago (as they no doubt will), they immediately attack these troublemakers.

In the confusion, Morchaint whisks Lightfingers' body over the wall and out of sight. The PCs should be able to convince the guards that they mean them and their master no harm. They were only fighting with a known thief—one who seems to have mysteriously disappeared.

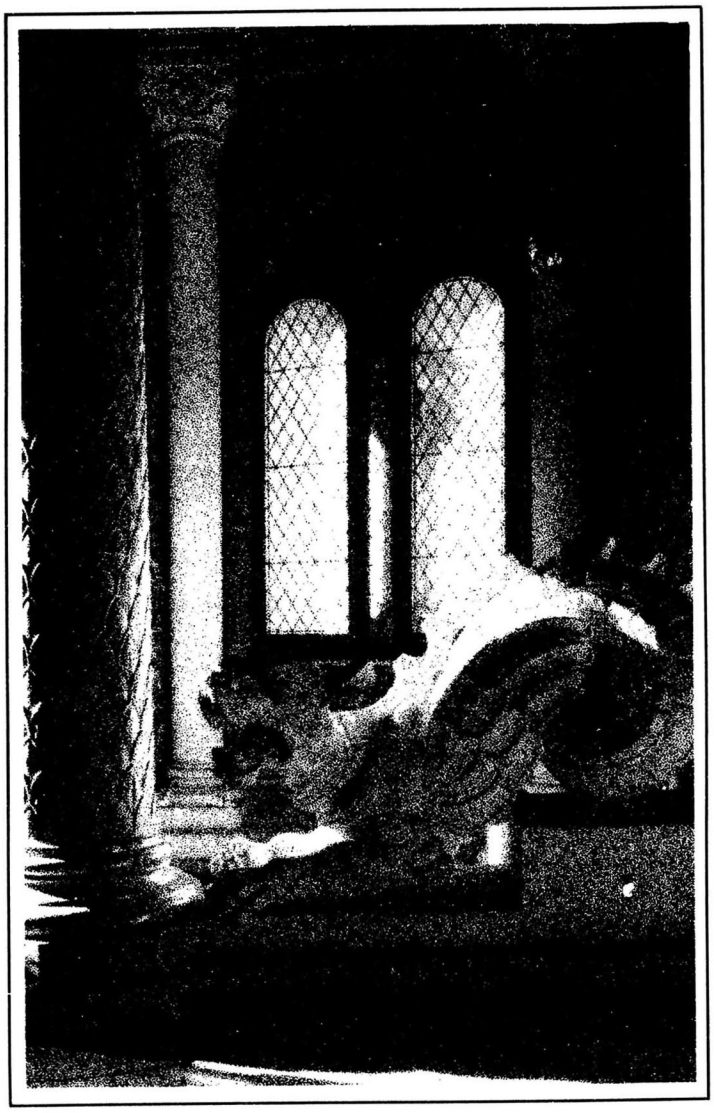
While the PCs try to explain themselves, the rest of the House staff emerges to join in the commotion. Drawn by the hubbub, Daroín leaves his study. He does not recognize the PCs (having never seen them); if they identify themselves and demand their reward, he laughs. Surely they won't hold something a hysterical woman said in the heat of the moment against him. He offers them half what she promised them, and not a penny more. (Of course, this offer is open to negotiation by a PC who presses hard.) Meanwhile, Morchaint crawls into Boromis' bedchamber and grabs the Giliath Gelin. Then she and Kelvarguin make good their escape.

Startled by the PCs' arrival, Boromis goes to check on her necklace. Of course, she finds that it's gone and begins screaming for someone to catch the thieves. The guards (and anyone else confronting them outside the house's walls) assume the PCs are in on the robbery and try to apprehend them. The PCs' only chance to redeem their good name is to catch the thieves themselves.

If the PCs overcome the guards and vault the house's wall, they discover the abandoned puppet. Sharp-eyed PCs (make a Perception maneuver) may spot two shadows on the wall behind the house.

If the PCs' pursuit is fast, the thieves attempt a desperate jump to the roof of the Rynd Permaith Iaur (10.5.4). It is a 30' drop, and only Morchaint, who trained for some time as an acrobat, makes it safely. Kelvarguin breaks his left arm and both legs.

If the PCs are a farther behind, the thieves race into the garden of an adjacent residence Morchaint slips into the building through an open window, while Kelvarguin races along the street. He is not quick, and the adventurers should catch up with him easily. When they do so, he turns and attacks them suicidally out of misplaced loyalty to Morchaint.



Entrance to House Dunmardo

In any event, Morchaint inevitably makes her way down to the Fourth Tier, probably with the adventurers in hot pursuit. The PCs may make Very Hard (-20) Tracking maneuvers to follow her, or they can spread out and try their Perception skills. Once again, they are a few steps ahead of the Watch. This time, they must catch the thieves to prove their innocence. Look kindly on the adventurers and allow one of them to spot Morchaint hiding in the shadows or to find some recent sign of her passage (perhaps a witness).

Once the chase is on in earnest (i.e., the PCs have picked up Morchaint's trail again), the puppeteer leads them on a desperate chase through the city's streets. Eventually she tries to lose them again by slipping into a building. The PCs spot her lithe figure swinging up to a balcony running along the entire first floor of a townhouse. She slips inside through an open window and disappears.

To Save a Kingdom

As the PCs approach the house into which Morchaint has disappeared, read the following aloud.

> A faint red light emanates from the window through which you saw the thief disappear. Suddenly, the sound of your pounding hearts is dampened beneath a terrible wrenching screech, followed by a snarl made by nothing born of this earth. The lithe figure you had been following is hurled back out of the light and into the night. It splatters against the building across the street and gives a final, involuntary whimper as it slides down to the cold, hard pavement leaving a red streak dripping down the stone wall.
>
> Another snarl sounds, and you hear the buffeting of leathery wings stretching themselves in the night air. The light grows brighter, almost as if beckoning you to see what its illumination might reveal to an unprepared world.

Poor Morchaint has fallen to the Giliath Gelin's curse. Out of all the houses in which to seek shelter in the entire city, she stumbled directly into Ethudil's inner sanctum, right after the sorceress summoned a brutal demon. The vampire killed her instantly and is taking his orders from Ethudil when the PCs begin to investigate what manner of beast could have slain someone in the manner they just witnessed.

Ethudil is instructing the vampire to go to a ball at the Merethrond (10.6.5) tonight, posing as a visiting noble. Once he spots King Tarondor's secret lover, Fimalcá, the creature is to revert to its true form, kidnap the woman and abscond with her to Dol Guldur. If the PCs do nothing, the vampire will leave shortly to perform its mission, flying away over the Citadel rock.

If the PCs walk away, they will find (in a few days) that the King has gone insane with anger and grief. He is planning a full assault on Dol Guldur in which hundreds, if not thousands, of Gondorian lives will be lost. Nothing will stay his hand, and the loss of stability to the kingdom, not to mention the loss of trust the people have in their King, will be irreparable. (Although this may seem the end of the PCs' involvement, if you're willing to prepare the scenarios required, the adventurers could make a secret raid on Dol Guldur in a desperate attempt to rescue Fimalcá. While the damage to the King's reputation cannot be rectified, the lives of many Gondorian soldiers will be spared.)

If the PCs attack, they experience the battle of their lives. If Ethudil and the vampire prove too tough for the adventurers, there are two possible sources of aid: Terimbrel the Ratter (10.6.2) and Cambal Aglarína (12.4.1). Both are members of the Blood Ring and have great powers at their disposals.

Terimbrel has been suspicious of Ethudil for some time, and tonight he felt her evil powers surging. He lives not too far away from the sorceress's house and will arrive shortly after the adventurers begin their titanic struggle. He attacks Ethudil while ordering the PCs to vanquish the vampire.

Cambal is attending the ball at the Merethrond and may well be the only one able to take action against the demon, if the creature escapes the PCs. The guards in the ballroom will be too frightened to move, and none of the guests are armed. Only Cambal, with his not-so-secret magical abilities might step forward and save the fair maiden.

If the task still seems too difficult for the PCs, Elendil Laurëa might be one of the guards at the Merethrond. He is brave enough to face the demon and could lend either Cambal or the PCs (or both) a hand.

Be careful not to give the PCs too much aid with this encounter. Arrange events to transpire as dramatically as possible, and make the PCs earn their victory. The less help they receive, the more any success they achieve will be wholly theirs. Ideally, they'll handle it all on their own, possibly defeating Ethudil in her house, but catching up with the vampire at the Merethrond, where they save the fair Fimalcá from a horrible fate, witnessed by some of the city's most important and influential folk. They will, of course, also earn the King's lifelong gratitude.

13.5.6 EPILOGUE

If the PCs fail to stop Fimalcá's abduction, dire times are in store for Gondor. Perhaps you can give the PCs a chance to avert disaster, as outlined above. Or maybe you should hang the guilt around their heads until they decide to do something desperate to redeem themselves.

If the PCs save the King's mistress, they earn the city's thanks. While not everyone in the room understands why the vampire was after Fimalcá, King Tarondor does, and he will make his appreciation known, albeit secretly. More openly, the rich and powerful of the city will be grateful to the people who intervened, perhaps saving the lives of all the ball-goers from the demon. If the vampire doesn't get that far, the PCs may not earn such open accolades, but Terimbrel will make sure that Cambal informs the King of the adventurers' good deeds.

In any case, if the Giliath Gelin is recovered, Boromis gives it to the PCs as their reward. She is convinced the item is too unlucky for her to keep. It is worth far more than the cash the PCs were promised. Of course, selling such a notorious piece of jewelry might be difficult, and until they do, they're stuck with it, curse and all.

14.0 ADAPTING THIS MODULE

This module is adaptable to most major FRP games. Statistics are expressed on a closed or open-ended scale, using a 1-100 base and percentile dice (D100). No other dice are required.

14.1 HITS AND BONUSES

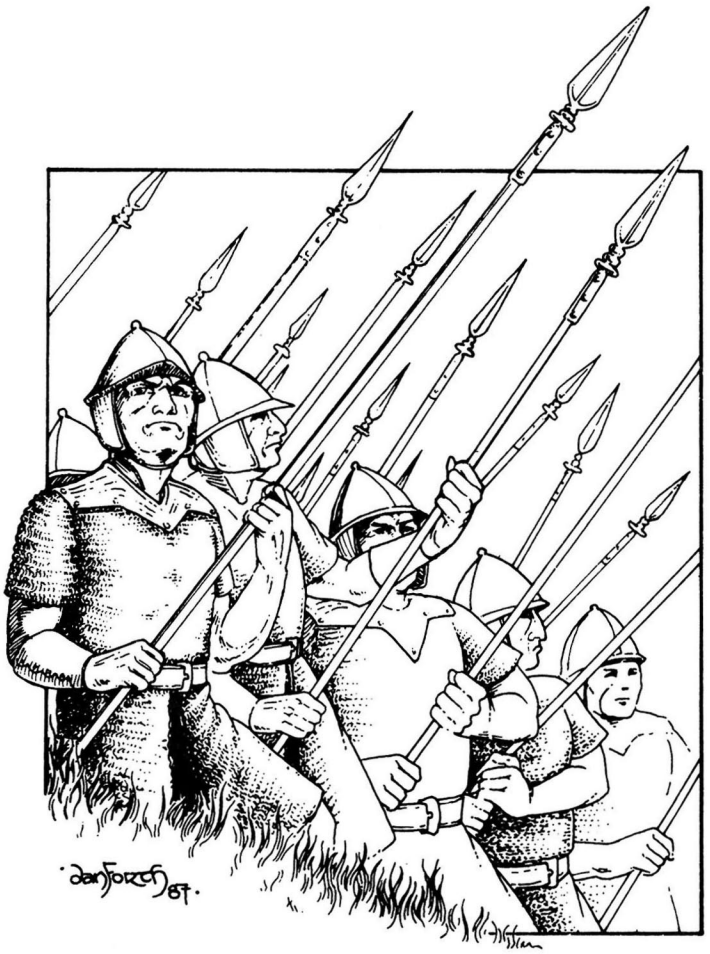
When converting percentile values to a 1-20 system, a simple rule is: for every +5 on a D100 scale you get a +1 on a one-twenty (D20) or three to eighteen (D18) scale.

The concussion hit numbers listed in this module only represent general pain and system shock. They cover bruises and small cuts rather than wounds. Critical strike attacks and damage are used to describe serious blows and wounds (respectively). Should you use a FRP system that employs no critical strike results (e.g., TSR Inc.'s *Advanced Dungeons & Dragons®* game), simply double the number of hits the PCs take or halve the hit values found in this module.

14.2 CONVERSION CHART

If you play an FRP game other than *MERP* or *Rolemaster* and you do not use a percentile system, use the following chart to convert 1-100 numbers to figures suited to your game.

1-100 Stat.	Bonus on D100	Bonus on D20	3-18 Stat.	2-12 Stat.
102+	+35	+7	20+	17+
101	+30	+6	19	15-16
100	+25	+5	18	13-14
98-99	+20	+4	17	12
95-97	+15	+3	16	—
90-94	+10	+2	15	11
85-89	+5	+1	14	10
75-84	+5	+1	13	9
60-74	0	0	12	8
40-59	0	0	10-11	7
25-39	0	0	9	6
15-24	-5	-1	8	5
10-14	-5	-1	7	4
5-9	-10	-2	6	3
3-4	-15	-3	5	—
2	-20	-4	4	2
1	-25	-4	4	2



15.0 MERP/RM TABLES

The following section contains statistical summary tables for ***MERP, Rolemaster*** and Lord of the Rings Adventure Game: the NPC tables, the Master Military table, and the Encounter table.

Name	Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile/ 2ndary OB	Mov M	Notes
COURTIERS (Section 12.2)										
Dior Ed-belguinar	21	119	No/1	10	N	N	75ss	35sp	10	Dúnadan Animist/Cleric.
King's Curate and a priestly Keeper of the Rynd Guinar. Knows 12 lists to 20th lvl, 6 lists to 10th lvl. 42 PP.										
Eärbaldol	22	110	No/1	-5	N	N	65ma	—	-5	Dúnadan Mage/Seer.
King's Seer. Knows 14 lists to 20th lvl, 4 lists to 10th lvl. 66 PP.										
Falmathil	17	144	Pl/18	40	Y20	A/L	160ss	155sp	5	Dúnadan Warrior.
Lord of Na-Tyliand in Dor-en-Ernil, spokesman for the Prince of Dol Amroth on the Council of Gondor. 1 list to 5th lvl. 18 PP.										
Irhalmir	25	85	SL/6	30	N	N	90fa	70lb	25	Dúnadan Scout/Rogue.
King's Treasurer.										
Maldring	14	133	RL/9	20	N	N	135ss	130cp	10	Gondorian Warrior.
(Dostir) Lord of Haerlond in Anfalas. King Tarondor's Lord of Spies.										
Othirhan	15	66	Ch/14	40	Y10	L	120bs	120lb	5	Dúnadan Animist/Mentalist.
Court Chamberlain. Knows 8 lists to 20th lvl, 8 lists to 10th lvl. 45 PP.										
Romer	15	149	RL/10	45	Y5	A/L	140ss	110sp	5	Dúnadan Ranger.
King's Herald. Knows 2 lists to 20th lvl, 2 lists to 10th lvl, 1 list to 5th lvl. 30 PP.										
Sernesta	4	33	No/1	20	N	N	50da	40cp	20	Dúnadan Bard.
Lady and Speaker of Calembel. Sister of Queen Elabriel.										
LESSER NOBILITY (Section 12.3)										
Anarond	14	157	Pl/19	45	Y10	(A/L)	160ss	150lb	5	Dúnadan Warrior.
Commander of 3rd Co.										
Boromis	5	36	No/1	15	N	N	55ss	50sp	15	Gondorian Bard.
Wife of Daróin. Knows 3 lists to 10th lvl. 10 PP.										
Daroín	14	67	No/1	15	N	N	45fa	25cp	15	Dúnadan Bard/Astrologer.
Master of House Dunmardo. Knows 6 lists to 20th lvl, 7 lists to 10th lvl, 1 list to 10th lvl. 28 PP.										
Faivë	3	33	No/1	25	N	N	55da	30da	25	Dúnadan Bard.
Leader of young Court ladies. Knows 2 lists to 10th lvl. 9 PP.										
Tarassar	13	59	Ch/13	15	N	N	65ma	25lb	5	Dúnadan Animist/Mentalist.
High Justice. Knows 8 lists to 20th lvl, 7 lists to 10th lvl. 39 PP.										
Thorûth	14	61	RL/9	10	N	N	60ss	—	0	Dúnadan Animist/Cleric.
Master of House Usulúni. Knows 10 lists to 20th lvl, 7 lists to 10th lvl. 26 PP.										
POWERFUL ANORIENS (Section 12.4.1)										
Cambal	16	53	No/1	40	N	N	70ss	15cp	10	Dúnadan Mage/Magician.
Master of House Agarina. Knows 11 lists to 20th lvl, 6 lists to 10th lvl. 48 PP.										
Curmegil	13	130	PL/17	40	Y15	L	130fa	118sp	0	Dúnadan Warrior.
Prince-President's advisor.										
Quiacil	17	49	No/1	5	N	N	65qs	20sp	5	Dúnadan Mage/Seer.
Master of Sage's Fellowship. Knows 12 lists to 20th lvl, 4 lists to 10th lvl. 51 PP.										

Name	Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile/ 2ndary OB	Mov M	Notes
MASTERS OF THE CITY FELLOWSHIPS (Sec. 12.4.2, 7.2.3)										
Angbor	15	152	Pl/17	15	N	N	165fa	135ss	5	Dúnadan Warrior.
Swordcrafter Champion.										
Aradacer	16	49	No/1	30	N	N	80ss	40lb	15	Northman Mage/Alchemist.
Paramount Aurifer, the Master of the Goldsmiths. Knows 12 lists to 20th lvl, 3 lists to 10th lvl. 32 PP.										
Aranel	14	148	Ch/13	35	N	N	155th	140ja	10	Dúnadan Warrior.
Smith of the Ilk, Master of the Ironsmiths.										
Berendúr	13	129	RL/10	45	Y5	A/L	135bs	140lb	15	Dúnadan Scout/Rogue.
Lord Taverner. Knows 2 lists to 5th lvl. 13 PP.										
Betheal	13	124	Ch/13	25	N	N	145bs	130cp	10	Dúnadan Warrior.
Master Mason.										
Celefaroth	12	113	RL/9	25	N	N	125ra	115ja	10	Dúnadan Scout/Rogue.
Great Cordwainer. Knows 2 lists to 5th lvl. 24 PP.										
Chiarold	14	117	No/1	20	N	N	50da	30da	10	Eriadoran Mage/Alchemist.
(Estûvan) City Lampmaster. Knows 10 lists to 20th lvl, 6 lists to 10th lvl. 28 PP.										
Cimrion	8	60	SL/5	30	N	N	65sp	50sp	20	Dúnadan Bard.
Verylen's deputy. Knows 5 lists to 10th lvl. 16 PP.										
Damrod	16	52	No/1	35	N	N	70qs	25da	20	Dúnadan Mage/Alchemist.
(Taurleth) Piemaster of the Cooks' Fellowship. Knows 12 lists to 20th lvl, 3 lists to 10th lvl. 48 PP.										
Dinturien	7	51	RL/9	30	N	N	55ma	55cp	15	Dúnadan Bard.
Geiri's deputy.										
Dorelas	15	146	Ch/14	45	Y10	A/L	140ss	110lb	10	Gondorian Warrior.
Master Tailor.										
Doreoren	20	109	No/1	30	N	N	80ma	40lb	20	Gondorian Animist/Healer.
Master-General of the Houses of Healing. Knows 16 lists to 20th lvl, 2 lists to 10th lvl. 60 PP.										
Drégon	17	54	No/1	20	N	N	70th	5da	0	Dúnadan Mage/Alchemist.
Armorer-in-Chief. Knows 16 lists to 20th lvl, 3 lists to 10th lvl. 51 PP.										
Erdil	19	162	Pl/19	50	Y15	N	170ss	160lb	0	Dúnadan Warrior.
Warden of the Keys.										
Forlong	8	33	No/1	25	N	N	35ma	—	15	Eriadoran Mage/Alchemist.
Damrod's deputy. Knows 14 lists to 10th lvl. 24 PP.										
Galdor	13	144	Pl/17	40	Y10	N	150wh	135cp	5	Dúnadan Warrior.
Kilnmaster Clay.										
Gamallin	11	99	SL/6	35	Y5	A	125ss	115lb	15	Dúnadan Scout/Rogue.
Erdil's deputy.										
Geiri	17	63	Ch/13	45	Y10	N	70ss	55sb	5	Dúnadan Bard.
("Geiri the Old") Master of Rynd Thannath (S. "Halls of Learning"). Knows 2 lists to 20th lvl, 4 lists to 10th lvl, 1 list to 5th lvl. 51 PP.										
Gilcúdor	18	110	Ch/13	35	Y5	L	110ma	115lb	-5	Dúnadan Mage/Alchemist.
Grand Vitric.										
Herumir	14	88	RL/9	40	N	N	120ss	90sl	20	Gondorian Scout/Thief.
Merchant-General of the Street-traders. Knows 1 lists to 5th lvl. 28 PP.										
Hunthor	15	92	No/1	45	N	N	130ma	110da	25	Dúnadan Scout/Thief.
Chief Fellowsmith of the Locksmiths. Knows 2 lists to 5th lvl. 45 PP.										
Jerriad	9	106	Pl/17	25	N	N	125th	115ss	5	Northman Warrior.
Angbor's deputy. (See 10.36).										
Lain Eriol	14	84	SL/5	35	N	N	100sc	105cp	20	Northman Scout/Thief.
Keeper of the Threads, Master of the Embroiderers. Knows 2 lists to 5th lvl. 14 PP.										
Limlach	15	56	No/1	30	N	N	55ss	20da	15	Eriadoran Mage/Illusionist.
The Baillie of the Candlemakers. Knows 10 lists to 20th lvl, 7 lists to 10th lvl. 45 PP.										

Name	Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile/ 2ndary OB	Mov M	Notes
Luinand	17	140	RL/10	60	Y20	L	100th	55cp	10	Eriadoran Ranger.
Master Roper of the Cordwrights. Knows 5 lists to 20th lvl, 1 list to 10th lvl. 34 PP.										
Maeflad	8	107	Ch/13	35	Y10	N	125ss	110cp	10	Gondorian Warrior.
Celefaroth's deputy.										
Malegorn	13	91	No/1	35	N	N	55da	30da	25	Gondorian Animist/Healer.
Doreoren's deputy. Knows 7 lists to 20th lvl, 7 lists to 10th lvl. 26 PP.										
Ostisen	7	94	Ch/13	35	Y5	L	95bs	85sp	5	Gondorian Warrior.
Tharendin's deputy										
Palanthrar	14	52	No/1	35	N	N	50fa	30cp	20	Gondorian Mage/Alchemist.
High Baker. Knows 9 lists to 20th lvl, 8 lists to 10th lvl. 28 PP.										
Pathirad	4	64	RL/9	15	N	N	95bs	85da	10	Northman Warrior.
Jerriad's son (see 10.3.6).										
Perorren	15	151	Ch/14	45	Y10	L	155ha	130ha	5	Dúnadan Warrior.
(Roofwright) High Tiler.										
Sarador	14	142	RL/10	50	Y5	A	135fa	130sp	15	Gondorian Warrior.
Master of the Tuns, the head of the Coopers' Fellowship.										
Súlinwë	14	127	No/1	80	N	A/L	80MA	65sp	25	Dúnadan Monk.
Master of the Artists. Knows 2 lists to 5th lvl. 42 PP.										
Telissûring	18	56	No/1	50	N	N	65ss	35lb	25	Harondorian Mage/Mystic.
High Lapidarist, Master of the Jewelers. Knows 7 lists to 20th lvl, 12 lists to 10th lvl, 7 lists to 5th lvl. 36 PP.										
Tharendin	14	137	Ch/14	40	Y10	L	145bs	140lb	10	Gondorian Warrior.
Sluicemaster of the Waterwrights. Knows 1 lists to 5th lvl. 14 PP.										
Turin	9	41	No/1	35	N	N	35ss	25ja	20	Dúnadan Mage/Illusionist.
Súlinwë's deputy. Knows 17 lists to 10th lvl. 27 PP.										
Verylen	21	72	Ch/14	25	N	A/L	80ss	55cp	10	Dúnadan Bard.
Master of Rynd Permaith Ngoldath (S. "Halls of Books") and chief of the Sages. 6 lists to 20th lvl, 1 list to 10th lvl. 63 PP.										
Weriúch	15	118	RL/9	25	N	N	135ha	125ha	20	Northman Scout/Rogue.
Wrightsmarshall of the Woodwrights. Knows 3 lists to 5th lvl. 15 PP.										
NPCS DURING THE WAR OF THE RING (ca. T.A. 3019)										
Barahir	25	85	SL/6	30	N	N	90ss	70lb	25	Dúnadan Bard.
Served the King of Gondor.										
Baranor	15	149	Ch/14	45	Y5	A/L	140wh	110lb	5	Dúnadan Warrior,.
Father of Beregond.										
Beregond	10	117	Ch/16	40	Y10	L	120bs	120lb	5	Dúnadan Warrior.
Cpt. of Faramir's guard.										
Bergil	2	38	Ch/14	35	Y5	A/L	55fa	50cp	0	Dúnadan Warrior.
Son of Beregond.										
Derufin	9	110	Ch/13	35	Y5	L	110ma	115lb	-5	Dúnadan Warrior.
Son of Duinhir.										
Dervorin	13	130	Ch/13	40	Y10	L	130sp	118sb	10	Dúnadan Warrior.
Soldier of First Company.										
Duinhir	18	140	Pl/17	40	Y20	A/L	140ls	135cp	5	Dúnadan Warrior.
Son of Sarn Erech.										
Hurin	21	124	Pl/18	25	N	A/L	145bs	130cp	5	Dúnadan Warrior.
(Hurin of the Keys; the Tall) Warden of the Keys of Minas Tirith during the War of the Ring. Presided over city during Morannon Campaign.										
Targon	7	99	SL/6	25	N	N	95ha	85ha	20	Gondorian Warrior.
Cook of Third Co.										

See page 200 for the key to the codes for this table.

Name	Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile/ 2ndary OB	Mov M	Notes
Anárion	45	173	Pl/20	55	Y20	A/L	185bs	175cp	10	Dúnadan Warrior.
King of Gondor with Isildur.										
Arwen	15	90	RL/12	95+	N	A/L	160rp	135ky	50	Half-elf Bard.
Daughter of Elrond, wife of Elessar, and Queen of Arnor and Gondor.										
Belecthor I	28	163	Pl/18	45	Y20	A/L	160bs	155lb	5	Dúnadan Warrior.
21st Steward of Gondor.										
Belegorn	28	157	Ch/14	40	Y20	A/L	150bs	160lb	15	Dúnadan Ranger.
4th Steward of Gondor										
Beregond	30	150	Ch/14	50	Y20	A/L	135bs	140cp	10	Dúnadan Ranger.
20th Steward of Gondor										
Beletar*	27	119	Pl/17	20	N	N	140ss	105cp	0	Dúnadan Warrior.
Helm-prince and King's Commander. Great-uncle of King Tarondor, he is the eldest member of the royal family in T.A. 1640.										
Beren	25	91	SL/5	40	N	N	100bs	105ha	35	Dúnadan Bard/Monk.
19th Steward of Gondor.										
Boromir (I)	28	161	Pl/18	45	Y20	A/L	165fa	165lb	5	Dúnadan Warrior.
11th Ruling Steward of Gondor.										
Boromir (II)	20	150	Ch/16	55	Y25	A/L	155bs	140cp	10	Dúnadan Warrior.
Eldest son and heir of Denethor II.										
Calimehtar	30	155	Ch/14	45	Y10	A/L	145fa	140cp	10	Dúnadan Ranger.
Son of King Calmacil.										
Calimehtar	30	160	Pl/18	55	Y20	A/L	160bs	155lb	5	Dúnadan Warrior.
Son of Narmacil.										
Calimmacil	24	165	Pl/18	40	Y5	A/L	155bs	130sb	0	Dúnadan Warrior.
Gondorian Prince.										
Cirion	31	130	Ch/16	45	Y20	A/L	140bs	140sb	5	Dúnadan Ranger.
12th Ruling Steward.										
Denethor I	27	120	Pl/17	45	Y15	N	110bs	105cp	10	Dúnadan Bard/Seer.
Last Ruling Steward.										
Denethor II	27	120	Pl/17	45	Y15	N	110bs	105cp	10	Dúnadan Bard/Seer.
Last Ruling Steward.										
Dior	28	95	SL/6	25	N	N	95ss	75lb	20	Dúnadan Bard.
Son of Barahir and father of Denethor I.										
Eärnil II	34	170	Pl/18	50	Y20	A/L	165bs	160lb	0	Dúnadan Warrior.
32nd King of Gondor.										
Eärnur	31	162	Pl/18	55	Y20	A/L	163bs	160cp	-5	Dúnadan Warrior.
33rd and last King.										
Ecthelion I	27	148	Ch/16	50	Y15	A/L	160fa	148cp	10	Dúnadan Warrior.
17th Ruling Steward.										
Ecthelion II	27	146	Ch/15	45	Y10	A/L	159ss	160cp	5	Dúnadan Warrior.
25th Ruling Steward.										
Edhetariel	5	37	No/1	25	N	N	50ss	25da	25	Dúnadan Bard.
Sister of Merien. Knows three Base Bard lists to 10th lvl.										
Egalmoth	26	142	Pl/18	35	Y10	A/L	155bs	150cp	0	Dúnadan Ranger.
18th Ruling Steward.										
Elatar	27	149	Pl/18	40	Y10	A/L	150bs	155sp	5	Dúnadan Warrior.
Prince. Tarondor's brother and Telemehtar's rival for the throne.										
Elessar	36	185	Pl/19	75	Y25	A/L	200bs	180lb	20	Dúnadan Ranger.
(Aragorn II) King of the Reunited Kingdom of Arnor and Gondor.										

Name	Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile/ 2ndary OB	Mov M	Notes
Ethudil	14	51	No/1	50	N	N	50ss	15da	10	Dúnadan Mage/Evil Magician.
(Melabrían) Vinyaran's consort. Knows all Base Mage, four Open Essence lists to 20th lvl; eight Open and Closed Essence lists to 10th lvl.										
Faramir	24	160	Ch/14	45	Y5	A/L	150bs	145lb	5	Dúnadan Ranger.
Later, husband of Éowyn and Lord of Ithilien.										
Hador	25	71	No/2	25	N	N	85qs	55sb	10	Dúnadan Mage/Astrologer.
7th Ruling Steward. Adjusted Steward's Reckoning in T.A. 2360.										
Hallas	26	161	Pl/17	30	N	A/L	145th	140lb	5	Dúnadan Warrior.
13th Ruling Steward.										
Herion	25	136	Pl/17	40	Y15	A/L	145bs	130cp	5	Dúnadan Warrior.
3rd Ruling Steward.										
Húrin	28	136	Pl/18	50	Y20	N	165bs	160lb	5	Dúnadan Warrior.
(Húrin of Emyn Arnen) First Steward.										
Húrin I	26	128	Pl/17	45	Y15	L	155bs	155cp	0	Dúnadan Warrior.
5th Ruling Steward.										
Húrin II	25	130	Pl/17	30	N	A/L	150th	135lb	5	Dúnadan Warrior.
14th Ruling Steward.										
Mardil	28	165	Pl/18	40	Y10	A/L	157bs	160lb	0	Dúnadan Warrior.
("Voronwë") Steward under Eärnur and afterwards 1st Ruling Steward of Gondor (r. T.A. 2050-80).										
Meneldil	23	160	Pl/20	45	Y15	A/L	160bs	155lb	0	Dúnadan Warrior.
4th son of Anárion and 3rd King of Gondor, he was the last Endorian born in Númenor.										
Merien	7	39	No/1	10	N	N	45da	—	10	Dúnadan Seer.
Sister of Edhetariel. Knows eleven Channeling/Mentalism lists to 10th lvl.										
Mindacil	21	141	Pl/17	40	Y15	N	145ss	140lb	5	Dúnadan Warrior.
Prince-President.										
Narmacil II	21	160	Pl/20	45	Y15	A/L	155ml	160cp	0	Dúnadan Warrior.
29th King of Gondor.										
Ondoher	26	150	Pl/20	45	Y10	A/L	155bs	150lb	-5	Dúnadan Warrior.
31th King of Gondor.										
Pelendur	24	143	Ch/16	45	Y15	A/L	155bs	145lb	5	Dúnadan Bard.
Regent Steward during Interregnum (T.A. 1944).										
Tarondor	35	150	Pl/20	55	Y20	A/L	168bs	155lb	10	Dúnadan Warrior.
27th King of Gondor.										
Telumehtar	23	165	Pl/18	55	Y20	A/L	175bs	165cp	10	Dúnadan Warrior.
(T.A. 1640) Crown Prince of Gondor and Lord of Lebennin. Resides in Pelargir as Captain of the Ships.										
Telumehtar	33	163	Pl/20	50	Y20	A/L	160bs	160lb	5	Dúnadan Warrior.
(T.A. 1850) ("Umbardacil") 27th King of Gondor.										
Thorongil	27	180	No/1	60	N	N	185ss	180lb	30	Dúnadan Ranger
(Aragorn II) Posing as a mercenary captain.										
Thorondir	26	152	Ch/16	40	Y15	A/L	150bs	135lb	5	Dúnadan Warrior.
22nd Ruling Steward.										
Turgon	28	147	Ch/16	40	N	L	155th	150cp	5	Dúnadan Warrior.
24th Ruling Steward.										
Túrin I	28	144	Ch/15	40	Y10	L	140fa	135cp	5	Dúnadan Warrior.
6th Ruling Steward.										
Túrin II	29	152	Pl/17	40	Y10	N	155bs	130lb	10	Dúnadan Warrior.
23rd Ruling Steward.										
Vinyaran	27	140	Pl/18	35	Y10	A/L	175ss	125lb	0	Dúnadan Warrior.
Prince and King's Commander. Brother of Telemnar, 3rd son of Minardil, and uncle of King Tarondor.										

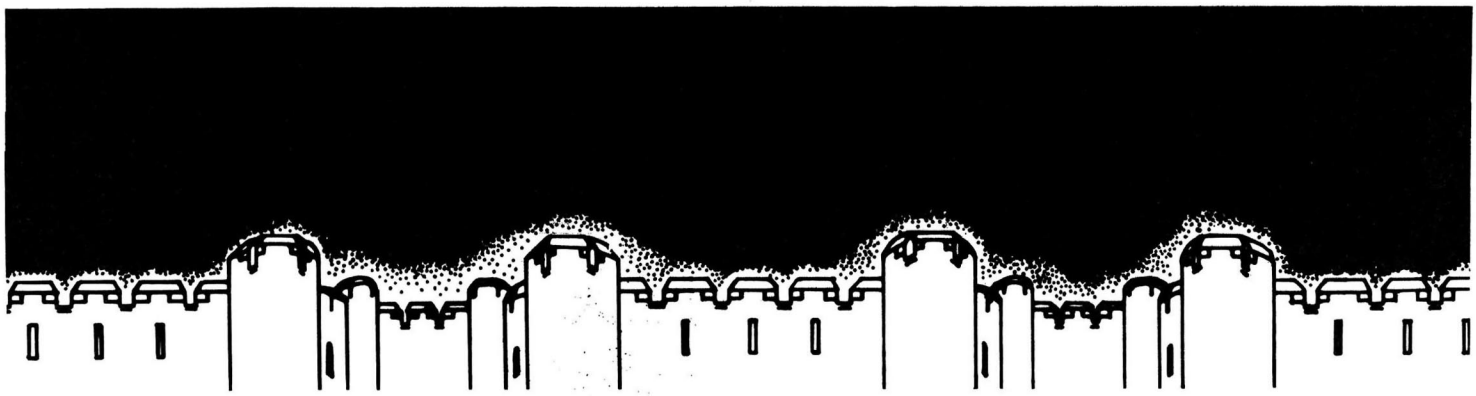
See page 200 for the key to the codes for this table.

* Bold names indicate characters described in the main body of the text found in Section 12.1

Name	Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile/ 2ndary OB	Mov M	Notes
NPCs in "A Spy From Umbar" (Section 13.1)										
Clothiel	5	54	Ch/13	40	Y5	N	75bs	80lb	10	Gondorian Scout/Rogue.
Spy in league with Umbar. Knows 1 list to 5th lvl. 5 PP.										
Elatar	27	149	Pl/18	40	Y10	A/L	150bs	155sp	5	Dúnadan Warrior.
Prince. See 15.3.										
Rodhel	18	161	Pl/19	45	Y10	(A/L)	160bs	165lb	5	(Harnastin) Dúnadan Warrior.
Commander of the 1st Company of the Guard.										
Rosíthil	5	36	No/1	30	N	N	45da	25da	25	Dúnadan Bard.
Lady and wife of Rodhel. Knows 2 lists to 10th lvl. 10 PP.										
Urthel	10	117	Ch/14	40	Y10	L	125sc	110cp	10	(Telkurhâd) Corsair Scout/Rogue.
Leader of some Umbarean spies. Knows 2 lists to 5th lvl. 20 PP.										
NPCs in "A Riot in Wooden-Town" (Section 13.2)										
Jackdaw	6	32	No/1	10	N	N	60sp	50da	10	Gondorian Scout/Rogue.
She is an old larcenous troublemaker, a refugee from Osgiliath. Knows 1 list to 5th lvl. 6 PP.										
Weasel	4	35	SL/5	15	N	N	55ss	40sb	15	Eriadoran Scout/Thief.
NPCs in "The Secret of the Ring" (Section 8.5.1 & 13.3)										
Cambal	16	53	No/1	40	N	N	70ss	15cp	10	Dúnadan Mage/Magician.
Master of House Agarina. Knows 11 lists to 20th lvl, 6 lists to 10th lvl. 48 PP.										
Emerie	6	39	No/1	20	N	N	60da	45da	20	Dúnadan Bard.
Wife of Gilcúdor the Grand Vitric. Knows 3 lists to 10th lvl. 12 PP.										
Fanuilë	4	47	No/1	25	N	N	65ra	40da	25	Dúnadan Scout/Thief.
Goromil	19	56	No/1	30	N	N	60ss	—	5	Dúnadan Mage/Sorcerer.
Leader of the Rûzakhârin and Gandalf's contact in the city. Knows 7 lists to 20th lvl, 13 lists to 10th lvl, 1 list to 5th lvl. 57 PP. See 10.15.										
Guldúmir	13	139	RL/9	10	N	N	130wh	125sl	10	Dúnadan Warrior.
Master Stonewright and caretaker of the House of Memorials. See 10.32.										
Heth Belanoch	5	70	SL/6	15	N	A	90bs	80sp	10	Northman Warrior.
Cordwright dwelling on fifth level who deals in contraband. See 7.5.										
Imisiel	5	37	No/1	10	N	N	55da	15da	10	Dúnadan Bard.
Wife of Erador (Bookbinder) Parmanil. Knows 2 lists to 10th lvl. 10 PP. See 10.51.										
Myall the Sage	17	48	No/1	20	N	N	45ss	25da	20	Gondorian Mage/Alchemist.
Knows 14 lists to 20th lvl, 3 lists to 10th lvl. 34 PP. See 10.41.										
Serendur	4	49	SL/5	20	N	N	80ss	75lb	15	Gondorian Scout/Rogue.
Member of the Street-traders' Fellowship who operates a stall in Pheig Araneir. Knows 1 list to 5th lvl. 8 PP.										
Terimbrel	8	102	RL/9	25	N	N	110bs	95sp	10	("the Ratter") Gondorian Warrior.
See 10.6.2.										
Úrcamir	4	66	SL/10	30	Y	A/L	85bs	70sp	5	(Taithrísan) Dúnadan Warrior.
Disenchanted son of Guldúmir and husband of Fienwë. Adventurer fascinated by Emerie. See 10.32.										

Name	Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile/ 2ndary OB	Mov M	Notes
NPCs in "The Haunted House" (Section 13.4)										
Cendralion	5	34	No/1	20	N	N	25ss	—	15	Gondorian Mage/Magician.
Eskerzen's apprentice. Knows 9 lists to 10th lvl. 10 PP.										
Dior	21	119	No/1	10	N	N	75ss	35sp	10	Dúnadan Animist/Cleric.
King's Curate and a priestly Keeper of the Rynd Guinar. Knows 12 lists to 20th lvl, 6 lists to 10th lvl. 42 PP.										
Eskerzen	11	39	No/1	25	N	N	45ss	—	10	Eriadoran Mage/Evil Magician.
(Dunman) Cobbler from Tharbad. Knows 19 lists to 10th lvl. 22 PP.										
Ghost (Greater)	7	100	(No/1)	(40)	—	—	Special	—	15	—
2 Dúnadan adults slain in Kin-strife. Drain 3 pts Co/rd from victims within 10'. When they form, victims must make RR vs Fear.										
Ghost (Lesser)	4	50	(No/1)	(40)	—	—	Special	—	20	—
3 Dúnadan children slain in Kin-strife. Drain 1 pt Co/rd from victims within 10'. When they form, victims must make RR vs Fear.										
NPCs in "The Emerald's Curse" (Section 13.5)										
Boromis	5	36	No/1	15	N	N	55ss	50sp	15	Gondorian Bard.
Wife of Daróin. Knows 3 lists to 10th lvl. 10 PP.										
Ethudil	14	51	No/1	50	N	N	50ss	15da	10	Dúnadan Mage/Evil Magician.
(Melabrían) Vinyaran's consort. Knows 14 lists to 20th lvl. 84 PP.										
Fimalcá	4	32	No/1	30	N	N	55sp	40sp	30	Half-elven Bard.
A maid, she is the object of Tarondor's desire. Knows 2 lists to 10th lvl. 16 PP.										
Gysiel	5	32	No/1	25	N	N	60da	45da	25	Dúnadan Bard.
She is an artist.										
Haurian	13	118	No/1	30	N	N	130ss	120lb	20	Gondorian Scout/Rogue.
Master of the Chimneys.										
Kelvarguin	6	37	No/1	20	N	N	50da	—	15	Dúnadan Animist/Lay Healer.
Taxidermist at Rynd Thannath. Knows 13 lists to 10th lvl. 18 PP.										
Lightfingers	7	50	No/1	35	N	N	60da	75da	25	Dúnadan Scout/Thief.
Scribe and pickpocket. Knows 1 list to 5th lvl. 7 PP.										
Lockpick	6	44	No/1	30	N	N	70ss	55cp	20	Dúnadan Scout/Thief.
Scribe and burglar.										
Morchaint	8	56	No/1	35	N	N	75sp	65sp	20	Dúnadan Scout/Thief.
Puppeteer from Lamedon. Knows 1 list to 5th lvl. 16 PP.										
The Vampire	15	124	(No/1)	90	N	N	180ra	—	5	Undead Warrior.
Can attack with +90 Med. Bite. Touch drains 3 Co pts/rd. See text re spells, etc.										
Vinyaran	27	140	Pl/18	35	Y10	A/L	175sbs	125lb	0	Dúnadan Warrior.
Prince and King's Commander. Brother of Telemnar, 3rd son of Minardil, and brother of King Tarondor.										

See page 200 for the key to the codes for this table.



The statistics given describe each NPC; a more detailed description of some of the more important NPC's can be obtained from the main text. Some of the codes are self-explanatory: Lvl (Level), Hits, Sh (Shield), and Mov M (Movement and Maneuver bonus). The more complex statistics are described below. A parenthetical reference indicates that the NPC possesses an equivalent device or spell.

AT (Armor Type): The two letter code gives the creature's ***MERP*** armor type (No = No Armor, SL = Soft Leather, RL = Rigid Leather, Ch = Chain, Pl = Plate); the number is the equivalent ***Rolemaster*** armor type.

DB (Defensive Bonus): Note defensive bonuses include stats and shield. Shield references include quality bonus (e.g., "Y5" means "yes, a +5 shield").

Gr (Greaves): "A" and "L" are used to indicate arm and leg greaves respectively. Parentheses indicate the protective features of greaves, but that greaves are not actually worn (e.g., chain hauberk, spells, etc.).

OB's (Offensive Bonuses): Abbreviations follow OBs; weapons are in small letters, while body attacks begin with capitals:

ba = battle-axe	bo = bola	bs = broadsword	cl = club	cp = composite bow
da = dagger	fa = falchion	Fi = Fist	fl = flail	ha = handaxe
hb = halbard	hcb = heavy crossbow	ja = javelin	ky = kynac	lb = long bow
lcb = light crossbow	ma = mace	mg = main-gauche	ml = mounted lance	ne = net
pa = pole arm	qs = quarterstaff	ra = rapier	ro = rock	sb = short or horse bow
sc = scimitar	sl = sling	sp = spear	ss = short sword	ts,th = 2-handed sword
ts = throwing star	wh = war hammer	wm = war mattock	wp = whip	We = any Weapon

MAsw (rank) = martial arts sweeps and throws (highest rank) — ***MERP***: see page 218: 1 = Novice, 2 = Standard, 3,4 = Expert
MAst(rank) = martial arts strikes (highest rank) — ***MERP***: see page 218: 1 = Novice, 2 = Standard, 3,4 = Expert

Animal and unarmed attacks are abbreviated using code from the Master Beast Chart (see Section 19. 3). Combatants untrained in a type of weaponry (e.g., Orcs untrained in missile combat) suffer a penalty of -25 when attacking. Melee and missile offensive bonuses include the bonus for the combatant's best weapon in that category.

Secondary Criticals: In this table and in Table 19.1, a special "secondary critical" is indicated for certain weapons. Whenever such a weapon delivers a normal critical with a severity of 'B' of more, it also delivers a "secondary critical" that has a severity that is one step less (e.g., an 'E' result delivers a 'D' secondary critical, a 'D' result delivers a 'C' secondary critical, etc.).

Critical Type: Super Large criticals are "Huge" criticals for ***MERP*** (i.e., use the Large Critical Tables with a -10 mod.).

Slaying Weapons: When a "Slaying" weapon delivers a critical to a Large or a Huge/Super Large creature of the appropriate type (e.g., a Troll-slaying sword used against a Troll)—***MERP***: the critical is resolved on table CT-10 or CT-11 with a +20 modification; ***RM***: the critical is resolved on the Slaying column of the appropriate Large or Super Large Critical Strike Table.

When a "Slaying" weapon delivers a critical to a normal creature of the appropriate type (e.g., an Elf-slaying sword used against an Elf), the critical is resolved normally **and** a second critical (separate roll) is resolved as if the creature were a Large creature (as outlined in the previous paragraph).

Race/Cultural grouping: Dúnadan characters are described as Númenórean, if they were born in the island realm; those born in Middle-earth are described either as Dúnadan or Black Númenórean, depending on which of the two Númenórean colonial cultures they belong to. Characters of mixed Dúnadan and common descent are defined as either Haënedan (Rhudauran) or Targil (Cardolani.) The Common folk of Eriador are here classified as Arthadan, Cardolani, or Gondorian; if they fit none of these distinctive cultures, they are described as Eriadoran. Northmen are classified either as Eriadan (of Eriadoran stock) or as Northman (of Rhovanic mercenary descent.) The Angmarean and Rhudauran populations are culturally and racially distinct from other common folk, having, respectively, Easterling and Dunnish/Hillman components.

Professions: In each case, the ***MERP*** profession is given first, and if needed, a separate ***RM*** profession is added after the slash. Two notes: first, the ***MERP*** "Warrior" profession is equivalent to the ***RM*** "Fighter"; second, the ***MERP*** "Bard" profession is used for generic "jack of all trades" characters, and the skills and spells of these characters varies widely throughout the table.

Some of the codes are self-explanatory: Lvl (level), Hits, Sh (Shield), and Mov M (Movement and Maneuver bonus). The more complex statistics are described below. A parenthetical reference indicates that the entry possesses equivalent devices or spells.

AT (Armor Type): The two letter code gives the creature's ***MERP*** armor type (No = No Armor, SL = Soft Leather, RL = Rigid Leather, Ch = Chain, Pl = Plate); the number is the equivalent ***Rolemaster*** armor type.

DB (Defensive Bonus): Note defensive bonuses include stats and shield. Shield references include quality bonus (e.g., "Y5" means "yes, a +5 shield").

Gr (Greaves): "A" and "L" are used to indicate arm and leg greaves respectively. Parentheses indicate the protective features of greaves, but that greaves are not actually worn (e.g., chain hauberk, spells, etc.).

OB's (Offensive Bonuses): Abbreviations follow OBs; weapons are in small letters, while body attacks begin with capitals:

ba = battle-axe	bo = bola	bs = broadsword	cl = club	cp = composite bow
da = dagger	fa = falchion	Fi = Fist	fl = flail	ha = handaxe
hb = halbard	hcb = heavy crossbow	ja = javelin	ky = kynac	lb = long bow
lcb = light crossbow	ma = mace	mg = main-gauche	ml = mounted lance	ne = net
pa = pole arm	qs = quarterstaff	ra = rapier	ro = Rock	sb = short or horse bow
sc = scimitar	sl = sling	sp = spear	ss = short sword	ts,th = 2-handed sword
ts = throwing star	wh = war hammer	wm = war mattock	wp = whip	We = any Weapon

MAsw (rank) = martial arts sweeps and throws (highest rank) — ***MERP***: see p. 218: 1 = Novice; 2 = Standard; 3,4 = Expert.
MAst(rank) = martial arts strike (highest rank) — ***MERP***: see p. 218: 1 = Novice; 2 = Standard; 3,4 = Expert.

Animal and unarmed attacks are abbreviated using code from the Master Beast Table 19.3 (see page 390). Combatants untrained in a type of weaponry (e.g., Orcs untrained in missile combat) suffer a penalty of -25 when attacking. Melee and missile offensive bonuses include the bonus for the combatant's best weapon in that category.

Secondary Criticals: In this table and in Table19.2, a special "secondary critical" is indicated for certain weapons. Whenever such a weapon delivers a normal critical with a severity of 'B' of more, it also delivers a "secondary critical" that has a severity that is one step less (e.g., an 'E' result delivers a 'D' secondary critical, a 'D' result delivers a 'C' secondary critical, etc.).

Race/Cultural grouping: Dúnadan characters are described as Númenórean if they were born in the island realm; those born in Middle-earth are described either as Dúnadan or Black Númenórean, depending on which of the two Númenorean colonial cultures they belong to. Characters of mixed Dúnadan and common descent are defined as either Haënadan (Rhudauran) or Targil (Cardolani.) The Common folk of Eriador are here classified as Arthadan, Cardolani, or Gondorian; if they fit none of these distinctive cultures, they are described as Eriadoran. Northmen are classified either as Eriadan (of Eriadoran stock) or as Northman (of Rhovanic mercenary descent). The Angmarean and Rhudauran populations are culturally and racially distinct from other common folk, having, respectively, Easterling and Dunnish/Hillman components.

Professions: In each case, the ***MERP*** profession is given first, and if needed, a separate ***RM*** profession is added after the slash. Two notes: first, the ***MERP*** "Warrior" profession is equivalent to the ***RM*** "Fighter;" second, the ***MERP*** "Bard" profession is used for generic "jack of all trades" characters, and the skills and spells of these characters varies widely throughout the table.

See also the Master NPC Tables Key (p. 200).

Name	Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Prim OB	Sec OB	Mov M	Race / Type / Notes
CITY GUARD (See Section 7.2.4)										
Guard members wear black mail armor and a short black surcoat emblazened with aa silvery image of the White Tree, symbol of Gondor. Their black, leather-faced shields are also embellished with the same silver symbol. Small raven wings adorn the sides of their high-crowned helms, which are set with a silver star in the center of the circlet.										
Commander	17-18	160	PL/19	45	Y10	(A/L)	160bs	160lb	10	Dúnadan / Warriors.
(Targen) These elite Guard Knights command a company composed of 3-4 troops of about 60-100 men. Each knows two base spell lists (1 Animist and 1 Ranger) to 5th lvl, has 40 PP, and wears a Commander's Brooch (+3 spell adder). Their +10 silver plate mail wears as AT 10. They carry +15 round-shields, +15 broadswords (enkit), +10 shortswords (ikit), and colored lances. Each is provided three loyal War-horses (only two of which accompany them, and only one of which is armored, at a given time). Most know four languages: Westron, Northman (e.g., Rhovanion or Rohirric), and Sindarin, and either Adûnaic, Dunael, or Haradaic.										
(War-horses)	4	157	SL/3	20	—	—	LTr70	—	20	Great-horse / Heavy horses,
Large, yet very fast. When armored, they are merely fast and have a +10 MM bonus, but they defend as AT 15 (-10).										
Captains	11	111	Ch/18	45	Y10	A/L	125bs	100cp	10	Dúnadan / Warriors.
(Thangon) These Guard Knights command troops of about 60-100 men. Each knows one base Animist or Ranger list (to 5th lvl), has 30 PP, and wears a Captain's Ring (+1 spell adder). Their +10 silver plate mail wears as AT 10. They carry +10 round-shields, +10 broadswords (enkit), +5 shortswords (ikit), and colored lances. Each is provided three loyal War-horses (only two of which accompany them, and only one of which is armored, at a given time). Most know three languages: Westron and Sindarin, and either Northman (e.g., Rhovanion or Rohirric), Adûnaic, Dunael, or Haradaic.										
Men-at-arms	6	100	Ch/16	45	Y5	(A/L)	105bs	80sp	5	Dúnadan / Warriors.
(Heavy Infanty.) These Ohtari use +10 broadswords as their basic weapons. They carry two daggers, a +5 spear, and a +5 anket (longsword).										
Men-at-arms	5	88	Ch/16	40	Y5	(A/L)	95ss	75sp	5	Dúnadan / Warriors.
(Medium Infanty.) These Ohtari use +10 ikit (shortswords) as their basic weapons. They carry two daggers, a +5 spear, and a +5 anket (longsword).										
Archers	4	81	Ch/13	30	N	N	70bs	95cp	20	Dúnadan / Warriors.
Lesser Dúnedain and Urban Men. They carry a spear as a secondary weapon, but employ it in battle formations. They rely on +5 broadswords when in close quarters.										
(Horses)	3	135	SL/3	15	—	—	LTr50	—	10	Midhorse / Medium horses.
Tough and moderately fast, they operate effectively in varied settings. Cavalry warriors use them to ride to battle.										
CITY PATROLS										
Militiamen	3	72	RL/9	35	Y	N	70sp	60sp	10	Gondorian Warriors.
Lesser Dúnedain and Urban Men. Members of the Porters' or Doorwardens' Fellowships.										
OTHER CITY RESIDENTS										
Pilgrims/Refug.	2	20	No/1	5	N	N	35sp	10da	5	Variable / (Warriors).
Warriors	4	65	RL/9	30	Y	L	70ss	75cp	10	Variable / (Warriors).
Thieves	3	45	No/1	15	N	N	65ss	53sb	15	Variable / (Scouts/Thieves).
Merchants	3	52	No/1	5	N	N	55da	45sp	5	Variable / (Warriors).
Ruffians	3	54	RL/10	35	Y	L	75bs	75sb	10	Variable / (Scouts/Rogues).
Dogs	4	80	No/3	30	—	—	45MBi	35SCl	30	Variable / Street beasts / (FA/VF).

Name	Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Prim OB	Sec OB	Mov M	Race / Type / Notes

DAGARIM ARAT ENA PELENNOR (Royal Army at Pelennor)

Royal officers (princes, captains, and sergeants) wear silver armor and a black surcoat emblazened with the White Tree, symbol of Gondor. Their black, leather-faced shields are also embellished with the same symbol. Men-at-arms carry identical shields but wear unadorned black surcoats. Rank is determined by the color of a man's cloak and plumage. Royal Warriors (Q. "Arohtari;" sing. "Arohtar") wear silver helms topped by two white wing-plumes. Royal Knights (S. "Arequain;" sing. "Aroquen") wear black helms with black plumes, and sergeants have silver with black plumes. Princes and other Lords wear unique helms and use completely distinct liveries, although black surcoats are mandatory.

Lord-Captain	20	165	PL/20	85	Y25	(A/L)	185bs	160cp	10	Dúnadan / Warrior.

These Old Royal Knights (S. "Arequain Iaur") command three to seven companies, each of about 100 men. Each knows two base spell lists (1 Animist and 1 Ranger) to 5th lvl, has 40 PP, and wears a Lord-captain's Brooch (+3 spell adder). Their +10 silver plate mail wears as AT 10. They carry +15 round-shields, +15 shortswords (ikit), +10 broadswords (enkit), and colored lances. Each is provided three loyal War-horses (only two of which accompany them, and only one of which is armored, at a given time). Most know four languages: Westron, Northman (e.g., Rhovanion or Rohirric), and Sindarin, and either Adûnaic, Dunael, or Haradaic.

Captains	15	160	Pl/19	50	Y15	(A/L)	155ss	150cp	10	Dúnadan / Warrior.

These Royal Knights command companies of about 100 men. Each knows one base Animist or Ranger list (to 5th lvl), has 30 PP, and wears a Captain's Ring (+1 spell adder). Their +10 silver plate mail wears as AT 10. They carry +10 round-shields, +10 shortswords (ikit), +5 broadswords (enkit), and colored lances. Each is provided three loyal War-horses (only two of which accompany them, and only one of which is armored, at a given time). Most know three languages: Westron and Sindarin, and either Northman (e.g., Rhovanion or Rohirric), Adûnaic, Dunael, or Haradaic.

(War-horses)	4	155	SL/3	25	—	—	LTr65	—	25	Great-horse / Heavy horse.

Large, yet very fast. When armored, they are merely fast and have a +10 MM bonus, but they defend as AT 15 (-5).

Ring-sergeants	10	105	Ch/15	45	Y10	(A/L)	120ss	93cp	10	Dúnadan / Warrior.

Dúnadan or Lesser Dúnadan warriors are the most experienced and./or decorated warriors in the army. Superbly trained, they are fine horsemen and adept bowmen. Their chain shirts are suited to missile weapons. They often ride to battle, but they usually fight on foot. An Arohtar uses a +10 eket (shortsword) as a basic weapon. They carry two daggers, a +10 spear, and a +5 anket (longsword).

Sergeants	6	100	Ch/14	40	Y5	A/L	105ss	80cp	10	Dúnadan / Warrior.

(See Ring-sergeants.) These Arohtari use +10 ikit (shortswords) as their basic weapons. They carry two daggers, a +5 spear, and a +5 anket (longsword).

(Horses)	3	130	SL/3	20	—	—	LTr45	—	15	Midhorse / Medium horse.

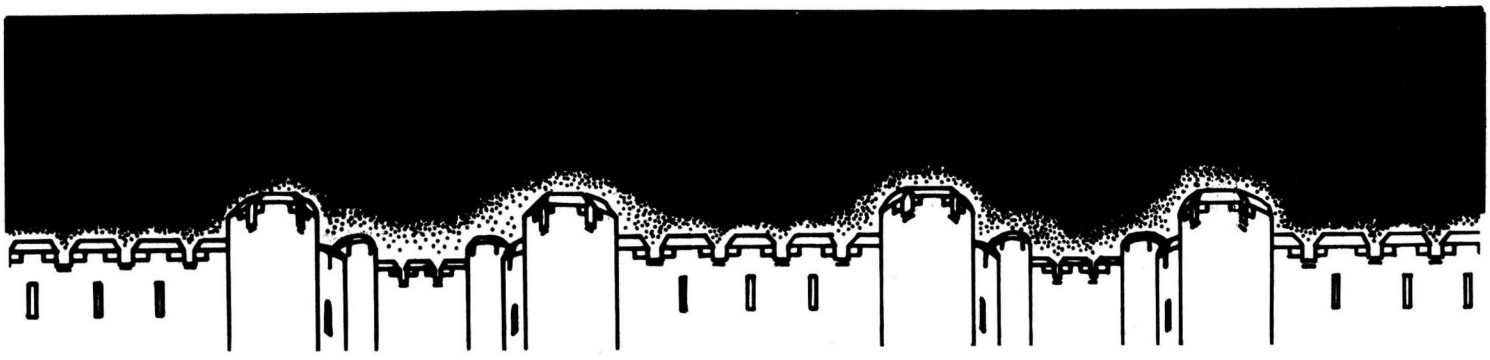
Tough and moderately fast, they operate effectively in varied settings. Sergeants use them to ride to battle.

Men-at-arms	4	85	Ch/13	40	Y5	N	90bs	75sp	10	Dúnadan / Warrior.

Lesser Dúnedain and Gondorians. They carry a spear as a secondary weapon, but employ it in battle formations. They rely on +5 broadswords when in close quarters.

CRAFTSMEN & SERVANTS

Cooks	3	45	No/1	10	N	N	60ha	35da	10	Gondorian / (Warriors).
Smiths/Laborers	4	50	SL/6	15	N	A	75wh	65sp	10	Gondorian / (Warriors).
Artisans	3	40	No/1	20	N	N	55ss	30da	20	Gondorian / (Warriors).
Servants	2	20	No/1	5	N	N	35ma	10da	5	Gondorian / (Warriors).



Encounter*	Level 1	Level 2	Level 3	Level 4	Level 5	Level 6	Level 7	Wooden Town	Pelennor	Harlond
Chance (%)	70%	65%	60%	50%	40%	30%	20%**	70%	25%	65%
Distance (miles)	.25	.25	.25	.25	.25	.25	.25	.25	1	.5
Time (hours)	.25	.5	.5	.5	.5	.5	1	.25	.5	.5
Inanimate Dangers/Traps †	01-05	01-05	01-05	01-05	01-04	01-04	01-03	01-07	01-10	01-06
Animals ‡	06-08	06-08	06-08	06-08	05-06	05-06	04-05	08-11	11-25	07-10
Local Common Folk §										
Working/Playing/Lounging ††	09-25	09-28	09-30	09-33	07-37	07-35	06-35	12-28	26-48	11-21
In Transit	26-30	29-33	31-36	34-39	38-43	36-42	36-40	29-32	49-63	22-25
Rowdies	31-35	34-37	37-40	40-42	44-45	43-44	41	33-41	64-65	26-27
Commercial §										
Assayers/Tax Collectors	36	38	41	43	46	45	42	42	66	28
Blackmarketeer	37-41	39-42	42-44	44-45	47	46	—	43-47	67	29-34
Merchants	42-43	43-44	45-46	46-47	48-49	47-48	43-45	48	68	35-39
Vendor	44-53	45-53	47-54	48-54	50-55	49-53	46-48	49-56	—	40-49
Casual										
Actors/Minstrels	54-55	54-55	55-56	55-56	56	54	—	57	69	50
Beggars/Cripples	56-58	56-57	57-58	57	57	—	—	58-59	70	51
General Travelers	59-61	58-60	59-60	58-59	58	55	49	61-62	71-74	52-55
Messengers	62	61	61	60	59-60	56-57	50-52	63	75	56
Nobles	63	62	62	61-62	61-63	58-61	53-56	—	76	57
Pilgrims/Refugees	64	63	63	63	64	62	57	64-65	77	58
Priests/Clerics	65	64	64	64	65	63	58	66	78	59
Potentially Dangerous										
Adventurers	66	65	65	65	66	64	59	67	79	60
Mercenaries	67-68	66-67	66-67	66	67	65	60	68-69	80	61-62
Refugees/Pilgrims	69-71	68-69	68-69	67-68	68-69	66	61	70-73	81	63-65
Sailors	72	70	70	69	70	67	62	74	82	66-69
Soliders	73-74	71-73	71-72	70-71	71	68	63	75	83	70-71
Spies	75	74	73	72	72	69	64	76	84	72
Trackers/Searchers	76	75	74	73	73	70	65	77	85	73
Vigilantes/Fanatics	77	76	75	74	74	71	66	78	86	74
Dangerous										
Criminal	78-80	77-78	76-77	75-76	75-76	72	67	80-83	87	75-79
Cutpurses	81-83	79-81	78-80	77-78	77-78	73	68	84-87	88	80-83
Muggers/Brigands	84-86	82-84	81-82	79-80	79	74	69	88-92	89-90	84-87
Pickpockets	87-89	85-87	83-85	81-83	80-81	75-76	70	93	91	88-89
Military/City Guard ¥										
Watchman	90-91	88-90	86-89	84-88	82-87	77-83	71-78	—	—	90
Guardsman Patrol	92-95	91-95	90-95	89-95	88-95	84-92	79-88	94-97	—	91-95
Militia Unit	96-97	96-97	96-97	96-97	96-97	93-95	89-92	98	92-96	96-97
Military Unit	98	98	98	98	98	96-98	93-98	—	97-98	98
Unusual/Special	99-00	99-00	99-00	99-00	99-00	99-00	99-00	99-00	99-00	99-00

Use of the Encounter Table and Codes:

The GM should determine the group's location and the appropriate column and then roll for a possible encounter. The period of time covered by an encounter roll is either the Time given on the table or the time it takes the group to cover the Distance given on the table, whichever is shorter. If an encounter roll is less than or equal to the Chance of Encounter given on the table, a second roll of (1-100) is made to determine the nature of the encounter.

An encounter does not always require a fight of similar activity; a group can avoid or placate some of the above dangers/ meetings with proper action or good maneuver rolls. This table only gives the GM a guide for encounters with unusual or potentially dangerous sites or creatures.

* — Depending on the period, Minas Tirith has a unique and very varied mix of inhabitants. Generally, if there is an encounter the probability of meeting someone from a given race/culture breaks down as follows (roll D100):

01-60 = Dúnadan/Lesser Dúnadan;

61-75 = Northman;

76-90 = Rural Men (e.g., Eriadorans, Eredrim, mixed Gondorians, etc.);

91-95 = Dunlendings;

96-98 = Sothrons;

99-100 = Other (inc. Elves, Dwarves, etc.) .

** — These figures assume that one belongs on the seventh level, which is a heavily guarded and restricted area. If one does not belong there, "encounters" are much more likely to transpire.

† — Traps as defense mechanisms in the walls and the upper levels. Standard street hazards in the lower levels; e.g., heavy traffic, a runaway wagon, garbage thrown from a window, an open sewer hole, a falling roof tile, etc.

‡ — Animals in Pelennor can be of the normal type. Other animals would include: dogs, cats, pigeons, other birds, bats, horses (runaway), snakes, fleas, spiders, rats, mice, etc.

†† — Depends on the time of day and the neighborhood.

§ — In lieu of the usual determination for race/culture, use the following:

01-80 = Dúnadan/Lesser Dúnadan;

80-87 = Northman;

87-95 = Rural Men (e.g., Eriadorans, Eredrim, mixed Gondorians, etc.);

96-97 = Dunlendings;

98-99 = Sothrons;

100 = Other (inc. Elves, Dwarves, etc.) .

¥ — The King's Guard, City Patrol, and Royal Army are almost entirely composed of Dúnadan or Lesser Dúnadan soldiers or militiamen.

Name	E P	End	Str	Ag	Int	Mov	DB	Mel OB	Mis OB	Gen	Subt	Perc	Mag	# Lang	# Spells	
Courtiers (Section 12.2)																
Dior Ed-belguinar	6300	144	0	0	2	1	0	7	6	8	7	10	11	8	All	Human Bard
Eärbaldol	6600	140	0	0	3	0	0	2	1	2	2	5	13	9	All	Human Bard
Falmathil	5100	172	2	1	0	0	1	13	11	9	5	5	1	4	1	Human Warrior
Irhalmir	7500	125	1	1	1	0	1	11	9	12	10	12	2	10	4	Human Scout
Maldring	4200	166	2	1	0	0	1	12	10	8	4	4	0	3	1	Human Warrior
Othirhan	4500	101	0	0	2	0	0	6	5	7	5	9	9	6	13	Human Bard
Romer	4500	164	1	0	1	0	1	10	7	11	7	9	1	5	7	Human Ranger
Sernesta	1200	68	0	0	2	0	0	3	2	2	2	5	6	4	3	Human Bard
Lesser Nobility (Section 12.3)																
Anarond	4200	178	2	1	0	0	1	12	10	8	4	4	0	3	1	Human Warrior
Boromis	1500	71	0	0	2	0	0	4	3	3	3	6	7	5	4	Human Bard
Daróin	4200	102	0	0	2	0	0	7	6	7	6	9	9	8	9	Human Bard
Faivë	900	68	0	0	2	0	0	2	2	1	1	5	5	4	3	Human Bard
Tarassar	3900	94	0	0	2	0	0	6	5	7	5	8	9	5	12	Human Bard
Thorûth	4200	96	0	0	2	0	0	6	5	7	5	8	9	6	13	Human Bard
Powerful Anoriens (Section 12.4.1)																
Cambal	4800	88	0	0	2	0	0	2	1	2	2	4	12	8	All	Human Bard
Curmegil	3900	165	2	1	0	0	1	12	10	7	4	4	0	3	1	Human Warrior
Quiacil	5100	84	0	0	2	0	0	2	1	2	2	4	12	8	All	Human Bard
Masters of the City Fellowships (Sec 12.4.2, 7.2.3)																
Angbor	4500	176	2	1	0	0	1	12	10	8	4	4	1	3	1	Human Warrior
Aradacer	4800	84	0	0	2	0	0	2	1	2	2	4	12	8	All	Human Bard
Aranel	4200	174	2	1	0	0	1	12	10	8	4	4	0	3	1	Human Warrior
Berendúr	3900	154	1	0	1	0	1	9	7	10	7	9	1	6	2	Human Scout
Betheal	3900	162	2	1	0	0	1	12	10	7	4	4	0	3	1	Human Warrior
Celefaroth	3600	146	1	0	1	0	1	9	6	9	7	9	1	5	2	Human Scout
Chiarold	4200	138	-1	1	2	1	1	0	2	2	2	3	12	7	14	Elf Bard
Cimrion	2400	95	0	0	2	0	0	5	5	4	4	8	8	6	6	Human Bard
Damrod	4800	87	0	0	2	0	0	2	1	2	2	4	12	8	All	Human Bard
Dinturien	2100	86	0	0	2	0	0	5	4	4	3	7	8	6	5	Human Bard
Dorelas	4500	173	2	1	0	0	1	12	10	8	4	4	1	3	1	Human Warrior
Doreoren	6000	139	0	0	2	1	0	7	6	8	7	9	10	8	All	Human Bard
Drégon	5100	89	0	0	2	0	0	2	1	2	2	4	12	8	All	Human Bard
Erdil	5700	181	2	1	0	0	1	13	11	9	5	5	2	4	1	Human Warrior
Forlong	2400	63	-1	1	2	1	1	0	1	1	1	3	10	5	8	Elf Bard

Name	E P	End	Str	Ag	Int	Mov	DB	Mel OB	Mis OB	Gen	Subt	Perc	Mag	# Lang	# Spells	
Galdor	3900	172	2	1	0	0	1	12	10	7	4	4	0	3	1	Human Warrior
Gamallin	3300	139	1	0	1	0	1	9	6	9	6	8	1	5	2	Human Scout
Geiri	5100	98	0	0	2	0	0	7	6	8	7	10	10	9	10	Human Bard
Gilcúdor	5400	140	0	0	2	0	0	2	1	2	2	4	13	8	All	Human Bard
Herumir	4200	128	1	0	1	0	1	9	7	10	7	10	1	6	2	Human Scout
Hunthor	4500	132	1	0	1	0	1	10	7	10	8	10	1	7	2	Human Scout
Jerriad	2700	153	2	1	0	0	1	11	9	5	3	3	-1	2	0	Human Warrior
Lain Eriol	4200	124	1	0	1	0	1	9	7	10	7	10	1	6	2	Human Scout
Limlach	4500	91	0	0	2	0	0	1	1	2	2	4	12	7	All	Human Bard
Luinand	5100	160	1	0	1	0	1	10	8	11	7	10	2	5	8	Human Ranger
Maeflad	2400	153	2	1	0	0	1	10	8	5	3	3	-1	2	0	Human Warrior
Malegorn	3900	126	0	0	2	0	0	6	5	7	5	8	9	5	12	Human Bard
Ostisen	2100	144	2	1	0	0	1	10	8	4	2	2	-1	2	0	Human Warrior
Palanthrar	4200	87	0	0	2	0	0	1	1	2	2	4	12	7	14	Human Bard
Pathirad	1200	114	2	1	0	0	1	9	6	2	2	2	-2	2	0	Human Warrior
Perorren	4500	175	2	1	0	0	1	12	10	8	4	4	1	3	1	Human Warrior
Sarador	4200	171	2	1	0	0	1	12	10	8	4	4	0	3	1	Human Warrior
Súlinwë	4200	153	1	0	1	0	1	9	7	10	7	10	1	6	2	Human Bard
Telissûring	5400	101	0	2	0	1	2	2	4	2	4	2	9	8	All	Half-elf Bard
Tharendin	4200	168	2	1	0	0	1	12	10	8	4	4	0	3	1	Human Warrior
Turin	2700	76	0	0	2	0	0	1	0	1	1	4	10	5	9	Human Bard
Verylen	6300	107	0	0	2	1	0	8	7	9	8	11	11	10	11	Human Bard
Weriúch	4500	149	1	0	1	0	1	10	7	10	8	10	1	7	2	Human Scout
NPCs During The War of the Ring (ca. T.A. 3019)																
Barahir	7500	120	0	0	2	1	0	9	8	10	9	11	11	11	11	Human Bard
Baranor	4500	174	2	1	0	0	1	12	10	8	4	4	1	3	1	Human Warrior
Beregond	3000	158	2	1	0	0	1	11	9	6	3	3	-1	2	0	Human Warrior
Bergil	600	88	2	1	0	0	1	7	5	2	1	1	-2	2	0	Human Warrior
Derufin	2700	155	2	1	0	0	1	11	9	5	3	3	-1	2	0	Human Warrior
Dervorin	3900	165	2	1	0	0	1	12	10	7	4	4	0	3	1	Human Warrior
Duinhir	5400	170	2	1	0	0	1	13	11	9	5	5	1	4	1	Human Warrior
Hurin	6300	162	3	1	0	0	1	13	12	10	6	6	2	5	2	Human Warrior
Targon	2100	149	2	1	0	0	1	10	8	4	2	2	-1	2	0	Human Warrior

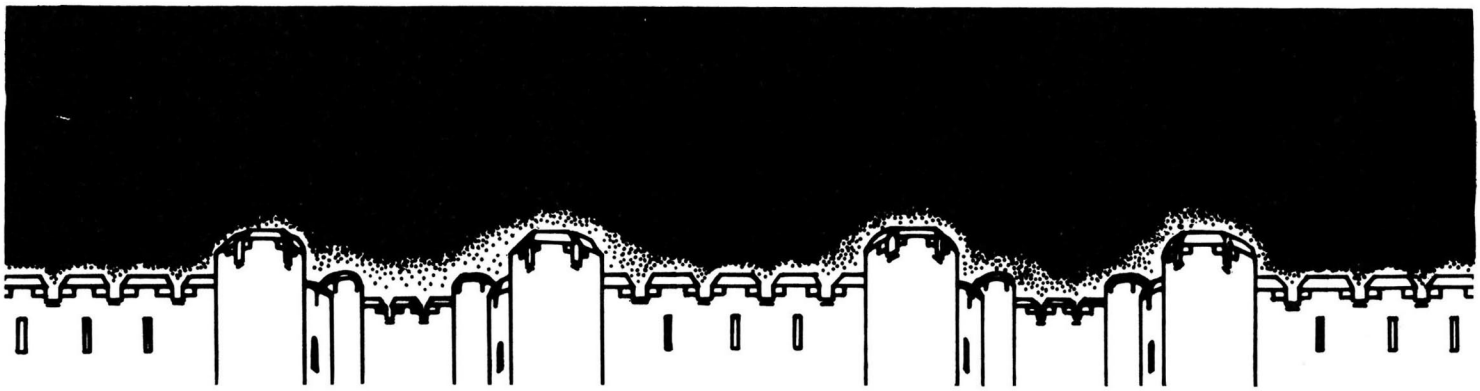
KEY

 # Enc = number encountered
EP = experience points
Endurance = Endurance
Str = Strength
Ag = Agility
Int = Intelligence
Mov = Movement
DB = Defense Bonus
Mel OB = Melee Offensive Bonus
Mis OB = Missle Offensive Bonus
Gen = General
Subt = Subterfuge
Perc = Perception
Mag = Magical
 # Lang = number languages known
 # Spells = number spells known
?? - GM Discretion Refer to ***MERP/RM*** Tables.

Name	E P	End	Str	Ag	Int	Mov	DB	Mel OB	Mis OB	Gen	Subt	Perc	Mag	# Lang	# Spells	
Anárion	13500	186	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	Human Warrior
Arwen	4500	135	0	2	0	1	2	7	9	7	8	7	6	9	9	Half-elf Bard
Belecthor I	8400	181	3	1	0	0	1	14	12	11	7	7	4	6	2	Human Warrior
Belegorn	8400	168	1	0	1	1	1	12	9	13	9	11	2	7	12	Human Ranger
Beregond	9000	165	2	0	1	1	1	12	9	13	10	12	3	7	12	Human Ranger
Beletar*	8100	159	3	1	0	0	1	14	12	11	7	7	4	6	2	Human Warrior
Beren	7500	126	0	0	2	1	0	9	8	10	9	11	11	11	11	Human Bard
Boromir (I)	8400	180	3	1	0	0	1	14	12	11	7	7	4	6	2	Human Warrior
Boromir (II)	6000	175	3	1	0	0	1	13	11	10	6	6	2	4	1	Human Warrior
Calimehtar	9000	167	2	0	1	1	1	12	9	13	10	12	3	7	12	Human Ranger
Calimehtar	9000	180	3	1	0	0	2	14	13	11	7	7	4	6	2	Human Warrior
Calimmacil	7200	182	3	1	0	0	1	13	12	11	6	6	3	5	2	Human Warrior
Cirion	9300	155	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	Human Ranger
Denethor I	8100	145	0	0	2	1	0	9	8	10	9	11	12	11	12	Human Bard
Denethor II	8100	145	0	0	2	1	0	9	8	10	9	11	12	11	12	Human Bard
Dior	8400	130	0	0	2	1	0	9	8	10	9	12	12	11	12	Human Bard
Eärnil II	10200	185	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	Human Warrior
Eärnur	9300	181	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	Human Warrior
Ecthelion I	8100	174	3	1	0	0	1	14	12	11	7	7	4	6	2	Human Warrior
Ecthelion II	8100	173	3	1	0	0	1	14	12	11	7	7	4	6	2	Human Warrior
Edhetariel	1500	72	0	0	2	0	0	4	3	3	3	6	7	5	4	Human Bard
Egalmoth	7800	161	1	0	1	1	1	11	9	12	9	11	2	7	11	Human Ranger
Elatar	8100	174	3	1	0	0	1	14	12	11	7	7	4	6	2	Human Warrior
Elessar	10800	182	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	Human Ranger
Ethudil	4200	86	0	0	2	0	0	1	1	2	2	4	12	7	14	Human Bard
Faramir	7200	170	1	0	1	1	1	11	8	12	9	11	2	6	11	Human Ranger
Hador	7500	106	0	0	3	0	0	2	1	2	2	5	13	10	All	Human Bard
Hallas	7800	180	3	1	0	0	1	14	12	11	7	7	3	6	2	Human Warrior
Herion	7500	168	3	1	0	0	1	14	12	11	6	6	3	5	2	Human Warrior
Húrin	8400	165	3	1	0	0	1	14	12	11	7	7	4	6	2	Human Warrior
Húrin I	7800	164	3	1	0	0	1	14	12	11	7	7	3	6	2	Human Warrior
Húrin II	7500	165	3	1	0	0	1	14	12	11	6	6	3	5	2	Human Warrior
Mardil	8400	182	3	1	0	0	1	14	12	11	7	7	4	6	2	Human Warrior
Meneldil	6900	180	3	1	0	0	1	13	12	10	6	6	3	5	2	Human Warrior
Merien	2100	74	0	0	2	0	0	1	0	1	1	4	9	5	7	Human Bard
Mindacil	6300	170	3	1	0	0	1	13	12	10	6	6	2	5	2	Human Warrior
Narmacil II	6300	180	3	1	0	0	1	13	12	10	6	6	2	5	2	Human Warrior
Ondoher	7800	175	3	1	0	0	1	14	12	11	7	7	3	6	2	Human Warrior
Pelendur	7200	156	0	0	2	1	0	9	8	9	8	11	11	11	11	Human Bard
Tarondor	10500	175	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	Human Warrior
Telumehtar	6900	182	3	1	0	0	1	13	12	10	6	6	3	5	2	Human Warrior
Telumehtar	9900	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??	??
Thorongil	8100	180	1	0	1	1	1	11	9	13	9	11	2	7	11	Human Ranger
Thorondir	7800	176	3	1	0	0	1	14	12	11	7	7	3	6	2	Human Warrior
Turgon	8400	173	3	1	0	0	1	14	12	11	7	7	4	6	2	Human Warrior
Túrin I	8400	172	3	1	0	0	1	14	12	11	7	7	4	6	2	Human Warrior
Túrin II	8700	176	3	1	0	0	1	14	13	11	7	7	4	6	2	Human Warrior
Vinyaran	8100	170	3	1	0	0	1	14	12	11	7	7	4	6	2	Human Warrior

Name	E P	End	Str	Ag	Int	Mov	DB	Mel OB	Mis OB	Gen	Subt	Perc	Mag	# Lang	# Spells	
NPCs in "A Spy From Umbar" (Section 13.1)																
Clothiel	1500	94	1	0	1	0	1	8	5	7	3	6	1	3	0	Human Scout
Elatar	8100	174	3	1	0	0	1	14	12	11	7	7	4	6	2	Human Warrior
Rodhel	5400	180	2	1	0	0	1	13	11	9	5	5	1	4	1	Human Warrior
Rosíthil	1500	71	0	0	2	0	0	4	3	3	3	6	7	5	4	Human Bard
Urthel	3000	148	1	0	1	0	1	9	6	9	6	8	1	4	1	Human Scout
NPCs in "A Riot in Wooden-town" (Section 13.2)																
Jackdaw	1800	72	1	0	1	0	1	8	5	7	4	6	1	3	1	Human Scout
Weasel	1200	75	1	0	1	0	1	7	4	6	3	5	0	2	0	Human Scout
NPCs in "The Secret of the Ring" (Section 8.5.1 & 13.3)																
Cambal	4800	88	0	0	2	0	0	2	1	2	2	4	12	8	All	Human Bard
Emerie	1800	74	0	0	2	0	0	4	4	3	3	7	7	5	5	Human Bard
Fanuilë	1200	87	1	0	1	0	1	7	4	6	3	5	0	2	0	Human Scout
Goromil	5700	91	0	0	2	0	0	2	1	2	2	5	13	9	All	Human Bard
Guldúmir	3900	169	2	1	0	0	1	12	10	7	4	4	0	3	1	Human Warrior
Heth Belanoch	1500	120	2	1	0	0	1	10	7	3	2	2	-2	2	0	Human Warrior
Imisiel	1500	72	0	0	2	0	0	4	3	3	3	6	7	5	4	Human Bard
Myall the Sage	5100	83	0	0	2	0	0	2	1	2	2	4	12	8	All	Human Bard
Serendur	1200	89	1	0	1	0	1	7	4	6	3	5	0	2	0	Human Scout
Terimbrel	2400	151	2	1	0	0	1	10	8	5	3	3	-1	2	0	Human Warrior
Úrcamir	1200	116	2	1	0	0	1	9	6	2	2	2	-2	2	0	Human Warrior
NPCs in "The Haunted House" (Section 13.4)																
Cendralion	1500	69	0	0	2	0	0	1	0	1	1	4	8	4	6	Human Bard
Dior	6300	144	0	0	2	1	0	7	6	8	7	10	11	8	All	Human Bard
Eskerzen	3300	69	-1	1	2	1	1	0	2	2	2	3	11	6	11	Elf Bard
Ghost, (Greater)	2100	135	2	1	0	0	1	2	0	1	1	4	9	5	7	—
(Lesser)	1200	85	2	1	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	4	8	4	6	—
NPCs in "The Emerald's Curse" (Section 13.5)																
Boromis	1500	71	0	0	2	0	0	4	3	3	3	6	7	5	4	Human Bard
Ethudil	4200	86	0	0	2	0	0	1	1	2	2	4	12	7	14	Human Bard
Fimalcá	1200	77	0	2	0	1	2	3	5	2	4	3	2	4	3	Half-elf Bard
Gysiel	1500	67	0	0	2	0	0	4	3	3	3	6	7	5	4	Human Bard
Haurian	3900	149	1	0	1	0	1	9	7	10	7	9	1	6	2	Human Scout
Kelvarguin	1800	72	0	0	2	0	0	4	3	4	2	7	6	3	7	Human Bard
Lightfingers	2100	90	1	0	1	0	1	8	5	8	4	6	1	3	1	Human Scout
Lockpick	1800	84	1	0	1	0	1	8	5	7	4	6	1	3	1	Human Scout
Morchaint	2400	96	1	0	1	0	1	8	5	8	5	7	1	3	1	Human Scout
The Vampire	4500	157	0	2	0	1	2	10	11	8	5	4	1	3	1	Elf Warrior
Vinyaran	8100	170	3	1	0	0	1	14	12	11	7	7	4	6	2	Human Warrior

Name	E P	End	Str	Ag	Int	Mov	DB	Mel OB	Mis OB	Gen	Subt	Perc	Mag	# Lang	# Spells	
City Guard (See Section 7.2.4)																
Commander	5400	180	2	1	0	0	1	13	11	9	5	5	1	4	1	Human Warrior
Captains	3300	155	2	1	0	0	1	11	9	6	3	3	0	3	1	Human Warrior
Men-at-arms	1800	150	2	1	0	0	1	10	7	4	2	2	-2	2	0	Human Warrior
Men-at-arms	1500	138	2	1	0	0	1	10	7	3	2	2	-2	2	0	Human Warrior
Archers	1200	131	2	1	0	0	1	9	6	2	2	2	-2	2	0	Human Warrior
City Patrols																
Militiamen	900	117	0	2	0	1	2	6	6	2	2	1	-2	2	0	ElfWa rrior
Dagrim Arat Ena Pelenor (Royal Army at Pelenor)																
Lord-Captain	6000	182	3	1	0	0	1	13	11	10	6	6	2	4	1	Human Warrior
Captains	4500	180	2	1	0	0	1	12	10	8	4	4	1	3	1	Human Warrior
Ring-sergeants	3000	152	2	1	0	0	1	11	9	6	3	3	-1	2	0	Human Warrior
Sergeants	1800	150	2	1	0	0	1	10	7	4	2	2	-2	2	0	Human Warrior
Men-at-arms	1200	135	2	1	0	0	1	9	6	2	2	2	-2	2	0	Human Warrior
Craftsmen & Servants																
Cooks	900	90	0	2	0	1	2	6	6	2	2	1	-2	2	0	Elf Warrior
Smiths/Laborers	1200	95	0	2	0	1	2	7	7	2	3	2	-2	2	0	Elf Warrior
Artisans	900	85	0	2	0	1	2	6	6	2	2	1	-2	2	0	ElfWarrior
Servants	600	65	0	2	0	1	2	5	6	2	2	1	-2	2	0	ElfWarrior
Other City Residents																
Pilgrims/Refug.	600	65	0	2	0	1	2	5	6	2	2	1	-2	2	0	Elf Warrior
Warriors	1200	110	0	2	0	1	2	7	7	2	3	2	-2	2	0	Elf Warrior
Thieves	900	80	0	2	0	2	2	4	4	4	3	4	-2	2	0	Elf Scout
Merchants	900	97	0	2	0	1	2	6	6	2	2	1	-2	2	0	Elf Warrior
Ruffians	900	89	0	2	0	2	2	4	4	4	3	4	-2	2	0	Elf Scout



15.10 LOR CONVERSION NOTES

The ***LOR*** tables in Sections 18.1, 18.2, and 18.3 provide you with all the statistical info you need on non-player characters, beasts, and military forces. However, the adventures that comprise the *Palantír Quest* also contain stats for locks, traps, and magical items. The conversion instructions below will enable you to translate ***MERP*** locks into ***LOR*** locks, ***MERP*** traps into ***LOR*** traps, and ***MERP*** items into ***LOR*** items.

15.10.1 LOCKS

MERP locks are described using the difficulty level of the maneuver required to pick the lock together with a numerical modifier. The terms used are the same as those that describe ***LOR*** maneuvers. To convert a ***MERP*** lock to a ***LOR*** lock, simply ignore the numerical ***MERP*** modifier and use the ***LOR*** numbers assigned to the difficulty level on page 5 of the *The Guidelines*. This information is reproduced below:

Difficulty Level	Minimum for Success
Routine	Δ4
Very Easy	Δ5
Easy	Δ6
Light	Δ7
Medium	Δ8
Hard	Δ9
Very Hard	Δ11
Extremely Hard	Δ13
Sheer Folly	Δ15
Absurd	Δ18



15.10.2 TRAPS

Traps have two components best summarized by two questions: 1) how difficult is it to detect and disarm the trap? and 2) what are the results of triggering the trap?

MERP traps are partially described using the difficulty level of the maneuver required to detect or disarm the trap (two separate maneuvers) together with a numerical modifier. The terms used are the same as those that describe ***LOR*** maneuvers. To convert a ***MERP*** trap to a ***LOR*** trap, ignore the numerical ***MERP*** modifier and use the ***LOR*** number assigned to the difficulty level (shown above).

What happens if a trap is triggered by the adventurers? Sometimes the result can be described without game system stats—for example, perhaps the trap simply sounds an alarm in an adjacent guard hall, in which case the guards are alerted to the presence of intruders. More often, the trap triggers an automated weapon attack (such as that delivered by a spring-loaded crossbow) or a spell.

If the trap triggers a weapon attack, the ***MERP*** attack is described by weapon type and an offensive bonus. To covert the ***MERP*** OB to a ***LOR*** offensive bonus, simply divide the modifier by 5. Then use the result on the ***LOR*** *Combat Table* (page 17 of *The Guidelines*) as usual.

If the trap triggers a spell, then the name of the ***MERP*** spell and the ***MERP*** spell list where that spell appears are given. To convert the ***MERP*** spell into a ***LOR*** spell, look up the ***MERP*** spell list on the chart below which gives the corresponding ***LOR*** spell. (Rarely, the trap triggers a custom spell that exists in neither ***MERP*** nor ***LOR***; in such cases, a specific description of its effects, independent of any system, is given in the text to provide all you need to know to GM the play.)

Open Essence Spells

MERP List	*LOR Spell*
Physical Enhancement	*Balance*
Essence's Ways	*Concentration*
Unbarring Ways	*Speed*
Essence Hand	*Shield*
Spell Ways	*Protection from Magic*
Essence Perceptions	*Concentration*
Illusions	*Camouflage*
Spirit Mastery	*Calm*

Mage Spells

MERP List	*LOR Spell*
Fire Law	*Fire Bolt*
Ice Law	*Fire Bolt*
Earth Law	*Item Analysis*
Light Law	*Fire Bolt*
Wind Law	*Protection from Magic*
Water Law	*Luck*
Lofty Bridge	*Speed*
Living Change	*Strength*



Bard Spells

MERP List	*LOR Spell*
Lore	Concentration
Controlling Songs	*Calm*
Sound Control	*Luck*
Item Lore	*Item Analysis*

Open Channeling Spells

MERP List	*LOR Spell*
Nature's Lore	*Concentration*
Nature's Movement	*Speed*
Spell Defense	*Protection from Magic*
Surface Ways	*Healing*
Protections	*Shield*
Detection Mastery	*Concentration*
Sound/Light Ways	*Fire Bolt*
Calm Spirits	*Calm*

Animist Spells

MERP List	*LOR Spell*
Direct Channeling	*Clairvoyance*
Blood Ways	*Healing*
Bone/Muscle Ways	*Healing*
Organ Ways	*Healing*
Animal Mastery	*Charm Animal*
Plant Mastery	*Camouflage*
Purifications	*Luck*
Creations	*Sustenance*

Ranger Spells

MERP List	*LOR Spell*
Path Mastery	*Concentration*
Moving Ways	*Speed*
Nature's Guises	*Camouflage*
Nature's Ways	*Charm Animal*

15.10.3 MAGIC ITEMS

Most of the treasure found in Middle-earth falls into three broad catagories: weapons, armor, or spell casting enhancement. ***MERP*** describes the capabilities of such items with terms having specific game system definitions. Below, we present these terms with definitions adapted for the ***LOR*** system.

Weapons

Additional Criticals: In MERP combat, serious wounds are represented by critical damage. Normal weapons wielded skillfully can deliver critical damage. Magical weapons sometimes deliver an additional critical: a cold critical, an electrical critical, a grappling critical, a heat critical, an impact critical, a slashing critical, or an unbalancing critical.

In ***LOR***, normal criticals are represented by the **U** and **K** results on the ***LOR*** *Combat Table*. The GM need only referee normal ***LOR*** combat.

Additional criticals—excepting grappling, slashing, and unbalancing—are handled thusly in ***LOR*** combat: upon a **U** or **K** result, for each additional critical a weapon is capable of delivering, roll one D6 die and apply the result to the damage delivered to the target. If the additional critical is labeled as being "equal in severity," roll one die—the result is the number of dice that are rolled to determine the extra damage delivered.

Grappling criticals: Upon a **U** or **K** result, when hit by a weapon that does grappling criticals, the target must roll the dice (2D6) and add his Agility bonus; if the result is equal to or higher than the total attack roll, the target is not entangled and may act normally; if the result is lower than the total attack roll, the target is entangled and may take no action for the number of rounds equal to the difference between the attacker's total attack roll and the target's Agility maneuver.

For example, Jos Haurl the Easterling throws his enchanted bola at Ulfilas the Northman who is fleeing. Haurl's Missile OB is +3. His bola has an OB of +2 and delivers grappling criticals. Haurl's player rolls the dice for a result of 6. His total attack roll is 3 + 2 + 6 = 11.

Ulfilas' defense bonus is +2. Additionally, he wears a helmet (see below), which means that **U** *results on the* Combat Table *do not knock him out.*

Checking the Table, *we see that Haurl has achieved a* **U** *result. This means we must also check the result of the grappling ability of the bola.*

Ulfilas' player rolls the dice and gets a 9. The Northman has an Agility bonus of +1, so his total is 10, which is less than Haurl's 11. Thus Ulfilas is entangled and has taken 11 points of damage, but is not unconscious.

Unbalancing criticals: Upon a **U** or **K** result, when hit by a weapon that does unbalancing criticals, the target must roll the dice (2D6) and add his Agility bonus; if the result is equal to or higher than the total attack roll, the target remains on his or her feet and may act normally; if the result is lower than the total attack roll, the target is knocked to the ground and takes damage equal to one die roll.

Slashing criticals: Upon a **U** or **K** result, when hit by a weapon that does slashing criticals, the target must roll one die (1D6); the result is the number of points of damage the target receives at the end of each round due to bleeding.

Of Slaying creatures: Some weapons are described as being *Of Slaying* Orcs or *Of Slaying* Dragons or *Of Slaying* Trolls, etc. Whenever such a weapon is used to attack the creature designated by this description, add +2 to the attack roll on the *Combat Table.* This bonus is cumulative with any bonus present due to Holy virtues (see below). The maximum result is 12.

Of Slaying items: Some weapons are described as being *Of Slaying* swords or *Of Slaying* weapons or *Of Slaying* armor or *Of Slaying* shields, etc. Such weapons perform this destruction under conditions such as "targeting an opponent's weapon" or "if opponent parries" or some other parameters which are explicitly presented. Whenever such a weapon is used to attack the item designated by its description, the attacker should roll on the +6 column of the *Combat Table.* The GM should move the column used to the right for every +1 OB/DB possessed by the target item. If the result of the roll is a **U** or a **K**, the target item is destroyed immediately. Any number results are ignored.

Holy/Unholy weapons: These are weapons possessing the special favor of a Vala or a Maia (pure or fallen). Most have a reputation and are known on sight by their wielders' enemies. Holy weapons act as weapons *Of Slaying* versus all beings aligned with Sauron or Morgoth. Unholy weapons act as weapons *Of Slaying* versus all beings in emnity to Sauron or his evil master. (This bonus is cumulative with any more specific slaying abilities, such as *Of Slaying* undead.)

Armor

MERP armor is usually described as possessing a specific defensive bonus. To convert this ***MERP*** DB into a ***LOR*** defense bonus, simply divide it by 5. Sometimes armor has special capabilities, such as protecting its wearer from specific criticals. Such abilities are usually detailed in words rather than numbers and can be readily applied to any game system.

Helmets: In ***LOR***, combatants who wear helms have an advantage over those who don't. Roll the dice (2D6) when a character wearing a helm receives a **U** result on the *Combat Table.* If the roll is 8 or higher, the character receives damage equal to the attack roll, but remains conscious, unless the damage puts his or her damage total higher than Endurance. Any bonus from a magical helm should be added to the determining dice roll.

Spell Casting Enhancement

Many items that enhance spell casting do so by granting their user specific spells. To convert the spells of such items from ***MERP*** spells to ***LOR*** spells, use the procedure outlined under *Traps* above. Two special types of spell enhancing items are presented below.



Gondorian Hierloom

Spell adders: Spell adders are normally described as +1 adders or +2 adders or +3 adders. Characters with an adder may cast any one learned spell once a day for every +1 possessed by the adder. (A +2 adder bestows 2 spells; a +3 adder 3 spells.) The caster takes no damage for spells cast using an adder. The caster may not carry more than one adder on his or her person.

Spell multipliers: Spell multipliers are normally described as x2, x3, x4, etc. Characters with a multiplier may reduce the damage taken due to casting a spell as follows: divide the damage taken by the multiplier value. (A character must always take at least 1 point of damage when casting a spell.)

For example, Fire Bolt results normally in 6 points of damage taken. Eun the Dunnish Bard has a x3 multiplier. When she casts a Fire Bolt, she takes only 2 points of damage ($6 \div 3 = 2$).



16.0 APPENDIX

Because of space considerations, we cannot reasonably discuss all the peculiar terms found in this module. We can, however, provide a sampling of the most commonly used terms and concepts. Remember that the majority of unique terms and translations from *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings* appear in the text proper.

16.1 TERMINOLOGY

Andor — (S. "Land of the Gift.") Sindarin label for Númenor (Westernesse).

Anórien — (S. "Land of the Sun;" R. "Sunlending.") Although technically a province, Anórien is essentially a royal fief in northern Gondor. Founded by Anarion, its capital is located at Minas Anor (later called Minas Tirith). Anórien encompasses all the lands north of the river Erui, south of the river Onodló (Entwash), east of the Mering Stream, and west of the Anduin.

Arnor — (S. "Land of the King" or "Royal Land.") Encompassing most of Eriador, Arnor is the northernmost of the two "Realms in Exile." It constitutes the North Kingdom, while Gondor — its sister land — is the South Kingdom. Founded by Elendil the Tall in S.A. 3320, Arnor is settled by the Faithful Númenóreans who fled the Downfall of Númenor. These Dúnedain dominate the indigenous Eriadoran groups until the collapse of the realm. In T.A. 861, Arnor splits into three successor states — Arthedain, Cardolan, and Rhudaur.

Arthedain — (S. "Realm of the Edain.") Originally the northwestern portion of Arnor, Arthedain is independent after T.A. 861. It survives as a Dúnadan realm until overrun by the forces of the Witch-king of Angmar in T.A. 1974. With its collapse, the last remnant of the Northern Kingdom passes into oblivion. Arthedain's name is shared by its relatively uniform, albeit small, Adan (Dúnadan) population (sing. "Arthadan").

Bailey — An enclosed courtyard.

Baranduin — (S. "Long Gold-brown River;" W. "Brandywine.").

Barbican — An outwork containing a castle gateway.

Barrow-downs — (S. "Tyrn Gorthad.") An ancient burial ground, the Barrow-downs consitute the oldest and most revered of Adan gravesites. The grass-covered mounds contain royal passage-graves and surmount the wild fells of northwestern Cardolan.

Bartizan — A small tower suspended from a wall or tower to provide flanking fire.

Battlement — The protected defensive position located atop a wall or tower.

Beffraen — A relatively primitive folk found in southern Minhiriath, the Beffraen are relatives of the Drúedain, or Woses, of Drúwaith Iaur (Old Pûkel-land). Like the Hillmen of Rhudaur and the other foothill regions of the Misty Mountains, they are also descendants of the ancient folk known as the Mebion Bron.

Cardolan — (S. "Red-hill Land" or "Land of Red Hills.") Cardolan is the most densely populated area of old Arnor and contains sizable populations of Dunlendings, Eriadoran Northmen, and Dúnedain, as well as scattered groups of Beffraen. The southernmost part of Arnor, Cardolan is a separate Dúnadan kingdom from T.A. 861 until T.A. 1409. It collapses under the weight of the Witch-king's Angmarim, and its last Ruling Prince perishes while fighting in the Barrow-downs, at the edge of the Old Forest.

Corsairs — Originally descendants of Castamir ("the Usurper") of Gondor and his followers, the Captains who fled Gondor in the latter days of the Kin-strife (T.A. 1432-47). This group seized control of Umbar in T.A. 1448. Thereafter, they became associated with maritime raiding and were labeled "Corsairs." The term later became associated with any pirates based in Umbar or along the coasts of Harad.

Crenelation — A notched battlement (parapet) resembling "spaced teeth" with alternating openings (embrasures called crenels) and sections providing cover (merlons).

Curtain — A straight section of defensive wall.

Daen Coentis — (Dn. "People of Skill.") Ancestors of the Dunlendings and (indirectly) the Drúedain (Woses) of the White Mountains. The Eredrim of Dor-en-Ernil are descendants of the Daen Coentis. This forgotten race is the indigenous Mannish population in most of what is now central and western Gondor. Animistic, superstitious and industrious, they leave a wealth of stone carvings and megalithic structures in the hills and high vales they find so sacred. They trace their lineages through the female line and revere the Earth Mistress (a manifestation of Yavanna) as high goddess. Their tongue, Daenael, is often called Old Dunael, since it spawned the Dunael speech of the Dunlendings.

Dike — An artificial embankment such as a man-made earthen wall; also an excavation.

Drawbridge — A bridge that can be raised and lowered.

Dunlendings — (Dn. "Daen Lintis.") A rugged race of Common Men who, for the most part, migrated out of the White Mountains in the Second Age. Most settled in Eriador, with the heaviest concentration in Dunland, in eastern Enedhwaith. Descendants of the Daen Coenis, Dunlendings have a medium or stocky build, sparse brown hair, and tanned or ruddy complexions. Men average 5'10"; women stand around 5'6". Mostly mountain-dwellers or hill-loving herders, they are known by various names —Dunmen, Dunnish Folk, Dunlanders, Eredrim, the Hillmen of the White Mountains, etc.

Dúnedain — (S. "Edain of the West;" sing. "Dúnadan"). These High Men are descendants of the Edain who settled the western island continent of Númenor around S.A. 32. The Dúnedain returned to explore, trade with, colonize, and later conquer many areas along the western, southern, and eastern coasts of Endor during the Second Age. Unfortunately, their hubris and desire for power led them to attempt an invasion of the Valar's Undying Lands. As a result, Eru (the One) destroyed their home island in S.A. 3319. Those called the "Faithful" opposed the policies and jealous Elf-hatred that prompted this "Downfall." The Faithful were saved when Númenor sank, sailing east to northwestern Middle-earth. There they found the "Realms in Exile," the kingdoms of Arnor and Gondor. Although sparsely populated, Arthedain (in Arnor) contains the highest proportion of the Faithful and the most purely Dúnadan culture in all of Endor. Many "unfaithful" (or "Black Númenórean") groups survive as well, living in colonies and independent states such as Umbar.

Eldar — (Q. "Elves"; "People of the Stars".) The Calaquendi (Q. "High Elves"), who made the Great Journey to the Undying Lands.

Embrasure — A specially designed opening from which a defender fires missiles, such as a crenel or a space hollowed in a thick wall which provides access to a loop.

Eriador —All of the territory north of the river Isen and between the Blue Mountains (S. "Ered Luin") and the Misty Mountains (S. "Hithaeglir"). Its northern boundary lies along the highland ridge that runs northwestward from Carn Dûm and reaches to the Ice Bay of Forochel. Some accounts place the southern border along the line bounded by the rivers Greyflood (S. "Gwathló") and Swanfleet (S. "Glanduin"). Most hold it to be that area north of Gondor's traditional western border. Eriador loosely translates as the "Empty Lands" and includes the regions of Minhiriath, Eregion, Cardolan, Rhudaur, Arthedain, and, by most, Dunland, and Enedhwaith.

Gondor — (S. "Stone-land.") Also known as the South Kingdom, Gondor is the great Dúnadan realm that lies west of Mordor and north of the Bay of Belfalas. It includes a number of regions — (clockwise from the north) Calenardhon (Rohan after T.A. 2510); Anórien; Ithilien; Lossarnach, Lebennin; Belfalas; Lamedon; Anfalas (including Pinnath Gelin); and Andrast. Osgiliath on the Anduin serves as the Gondorian capital until T.A. 1640, when the throne is moved to Minas Anor (Minas Tirith).

Great Plague — Awful plague that struck Rhovanion in T.A. 1635 and swept through Gondor in T.A. 1636-37.

Greenway — (S. "Men Galen.") The section of the Old North Road between Bree and Tharbad, the Greenway cuts across Cardolan. It is so named because of the grass that grows between its paving stones.

Ithilien — (S. "Land of the Moon;" R. "Moon-lending.") Although technically a province, Ithilien is essentially a royal fief in northern Gondor. Founded by Isildur, its capital is located at Minas Ithil (later called Minas Morgul). Ithilien encompasses all the lands north of the river Poros, south of the Dead Marshes (Nindalf), east of the Anduin, and west of Mordor. The river Ithilduin flows through the center of the province, dividing it into two parts: Forithilien (North Ithilien) and Harithilien (South Ithilien).

Harad — (S. "South.") The vast region located below the river Harnen, south of Gondor and Mordor. Although (periodically) autonomous, Umbar is in Harad. (See Umbar below.)

Harlond — (S. "South-haven.") A port suburb of Minas Tirith, Harlond is situated southeast of the city. It lies on the the northern bank of the Anduin, just outside the Rammas Echor, and serves as the capital's principal commercial entry-point. Harlond's five anchorages are surrounded by a landward wall.

Hourd — An often temporary, overhanging timber galley projecting from the top of a wall.

Keep — Also called a Donjon, it is the independent, self-defensible, inner stronghold of a castle or manor.

Khazad-dûm — (Kh. Dwarf-mansion"; S. "Hadhodrond"; W. Dwarrowdelf".) It is also known as Moria — (S. "Black Chasm"), the Black Pit, and the Mines of Moria.

Kin-strife — The Gondorian civil war. The Kin-strife took place between T.A. 1432 and T.A. 1447 and pitted the forces of Castamir "the Usurper" against King Eldacar.



Loop — A narrow opening in a wall for the discharge of missiles.

Lórien — (S. "— Dream".) Also known at various times as Lothlorien (S. "Dreamflower"), Laurelindorenan (S. "Land of the Valley of Singing Gold"), Lorinand, Lindórinand (N. "Land of the Singers"), and Dwimordene (R. "Haunted Valley".) The Golden Wood was formally established by Galadriel in T.A. 1375, although a number of Nandor Elves preceded her there.

Lossarnach — (S. "Flowery Arnach.") Region near the headwaters of the river Erui. Lossarnach is tucked between the White Mountains (to the north) and the provinces of Anórien (to the northeast) and Lebennin (to the south).

Machiocolation — A projecting gallery at the top of a wall or tower with slots (murder holes) in the floor from which missiles can be dropped or fired down against an enemy.

Moat — A defensive ditch.

Motte — A large defensive mound.

Noeg Echor — (S. "Encircling Dike.) See the Rammas Echor below.

Noldor — (Q. "The Wise"; alt. "The Deep Elves".) The Second Kindred of the Eldar.

Númenor — (S. "West-land" or "Westernesse.") The large, fertile island continent located in the middle of the Great Sea (S. "Belegaer") from its creation at the beginning of the Second Age until its destruction in S.A. 3319. The westernmost home of mortal Men, Númenor was often called Andor (S. "Land of the Gift"), for it was a reward for the Edain's aid in the struggle against Morgoth during the First Age. From S.A. 32 until its Downfall (A. "Akallabêth"), Númenor was occupied by the High Men (Edain) of the West, who became known as the Dúnedain (Númenóreans). These proud Men were the ancestors of the Dúnadan race that later dominated western Endor.

Osgiliath — (S. "Fortress [or 'Citadel'] of the Stars.") Originally founded as the capital of Gondor, Osgiliath is situated on both sides of the Anduin, just north of the confluence of the Great River and the Ithilduin and a short distance northeast of Minas Tirith. It is the largest city in the South Kingdom, and is the home of the Master-stone, the chief Palantír (until the device is lost during the Kin-strife). Osgiliath is sacked in T.A. 1437 and suffers great hardship during the Great Plague of T.A. 1636-37. After the Plague, the royal seat is transferred to Minas Anor (Minas Tirith), but the great port remains important until it is ruined by Orcs in T.A. 2475. The eastern half of the city is captured by Sauron's minions in T.A. 3018, the western half in T.A. 3019.

Parapet — A bank of earth or a wall over which a defender may fire.

Pelargir — (S. "Garth of Royal Ships.") Great port city on the Anduin. Founded by the Faithful of Númenor in S.A. 2350, it is the oldest city in Gondor. Pelargir is the capital of Lebennin and serves as the home for the Royal Fleet.

Pelennor — (S. "Enclosed Lands.") The 96,000 acre area surrounding Minas Tirith that is enclosed by the Rammas Echor. It about fifteen miles in diameter. Pelennor consists mostly of rolling pastures and farmland.

Portcullis — A vertical, sliding grill with spiked tips that serves as a barrier gate.

Rammas Echor — (S. "Great Wall of the Outer Circle.") Originally called the Noeg Echor, the Rammas Echor is a massive wall system that surrounds the Pelennor Fields. It first consisted of a high earthen embankment encircled by a broad, deep ditch. Later, after T.A., a formidable wall surmounts the embankment.

Silvan —All of the Elves who are not Eldar.

Sindar — (S. "Grey Elves", alt. "Elves of Twilight".) The Sindar are neither Moriquendi nor Eldar.

Sothrons — Term used in Gondor for Men from Harad (Haradrim) or Umbar (Umbarim or Umbareans).

Splay — A sloping base of a wall or tower, which frustrates ramming by deflecting strikes upwards.

Talus — A sloping wall, thicker (splayed) at its base.

Tharbad — (S. "Crossing-way.") The fortified river-port that straddles the river Gwathló at the point where the Old North Road meets the Old South Road. Founded by the Númenóreans in the Second Age, it is the principal city in Cardolan.

The term Dúnedain refers to the Númenóreans and their descendants in Middle-earth, groups which possess considerable physical and mental strength, longevity, and a rich Elven- influenced culture. Adûnaic is their native language.

Turret — A bartizan.

Umbar — (S. "Fate;" also "Evil Dwelling.") Port city and surounding coastal region located in eastern Harad, across the Bay of Belfalas from Gondor. Umbar's great firth and numerous smaller bays provide havens for the Corsairs that raid Gondor's southern flank. Founded in the Second Age by the Men of Númenor, Umbar has been held by various groups at odds with the South Kingdom: Black Númenóreans, Corsairs, and Haradrim.

White Mountains — (S. "Ered Nimrais.") Snow-capped mountains which run eastward from the Cape of Andrast and end above Minas Anor (Minas Tirith), just west of the Anduin. The Paths of the Dead cross under the White Mountains between Harrowdale (on the north) and Erech (to the south). Alpine in character, the White Mountains rise to heights of well over 11,000 feet.

16.2 ABBREVIATIONS

Middle-earth Terms

A ..... Adûnaic
BS ..... Black Speech
Cir ..... Cirth or Certar
D ..... Dunael (Dunlending)
Du ..... Daenael (Old Dunael)
E ..... Edain
El ..... Eldarin
Es ..... Easterling
I.A. ..... First Age
F.A. ..... Fourth Age
Hi ..... Hillman
H ..... Hobbitish (Westron variant)
Har ..... Haradrim
Hob ..... Hobbit
Kd ..... Kuduk (ancient Hobbitish)
Kh ..... Khuzdul (Dwarvish)
LotR. ..... *The Lord of the Rings*
Or ..... Orkish
Q ..... Quenya
R ..... Rohirric
Rh ..... Rhovanion
S ..... Sindarin
S.A. ..... Second Age
Si ..... Silvan Elvish
T.A. ..... Third Age
Teng ..... Tengwar
V ..... Variag
W ..... Westron (Common Speech)
Wo ..... Wose (Druedain)

Game Systems

MERP. ..... ***Middle-earth Role Playing***
RM. ..... ***Rolemaster***

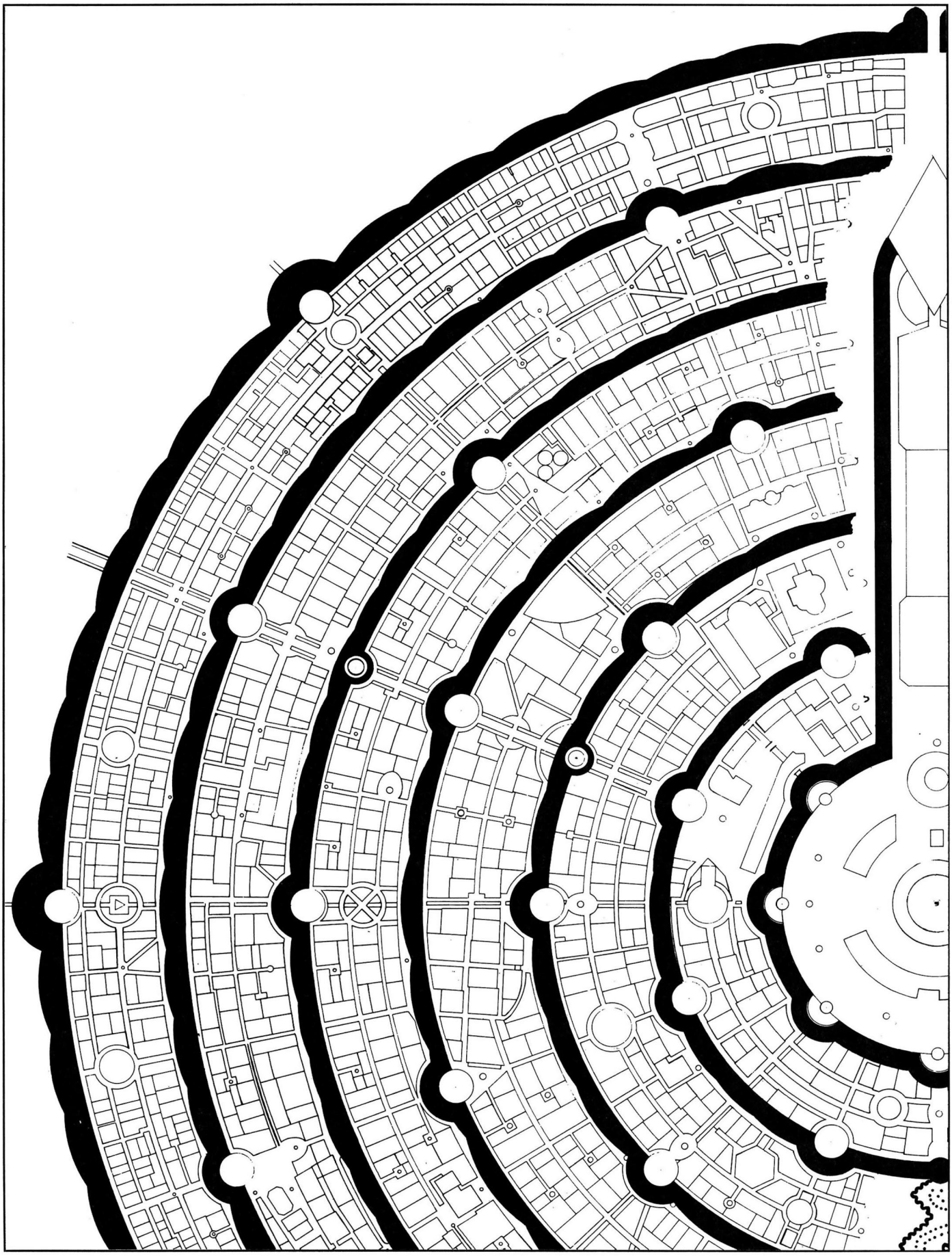
Character Stats

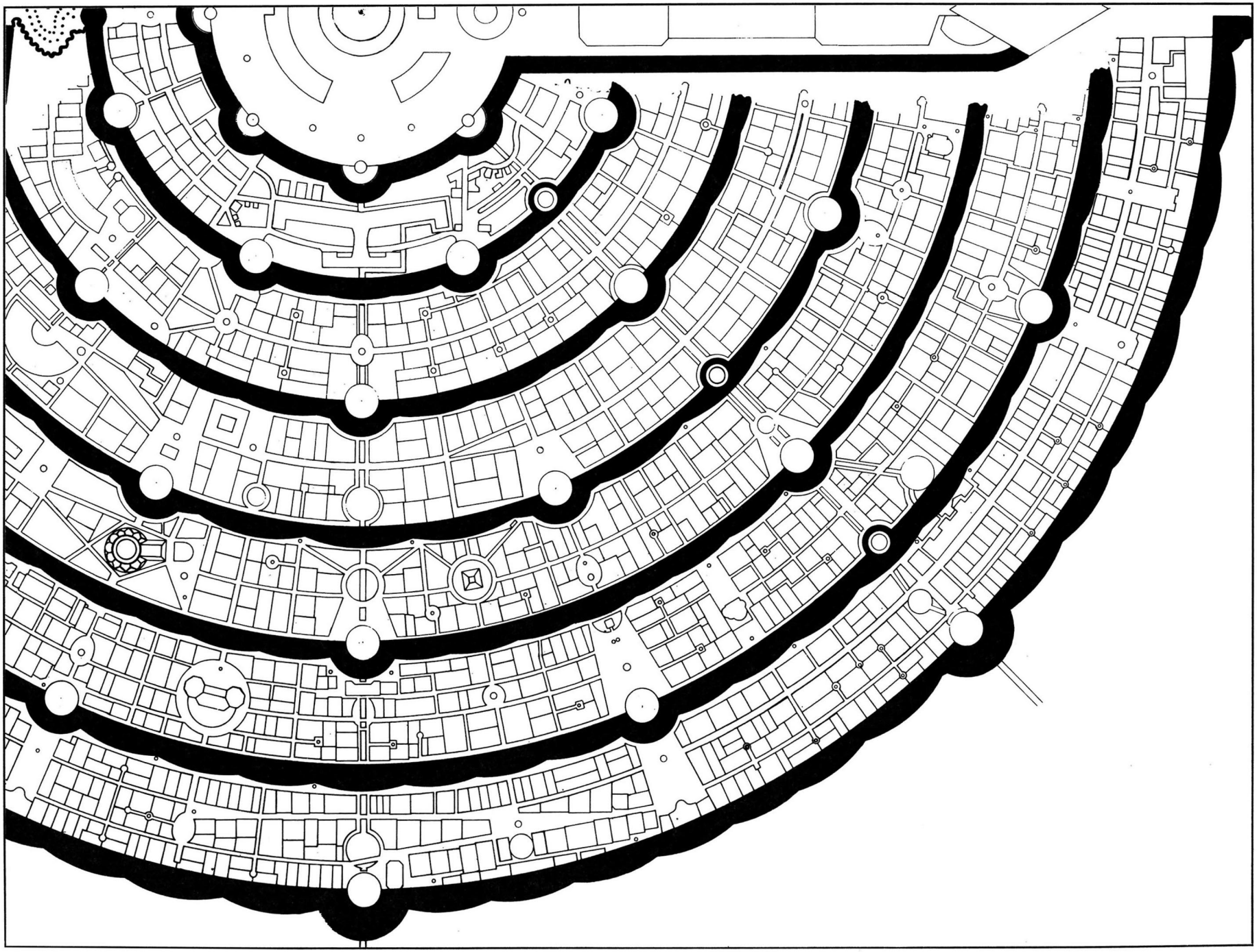
Ag ..... Agility (*RM/MERP*)
Co ..... Constitution (*RM/MERP*)
Em ..... Empathy (*RM*)
IG ..... Intelligence (*MERP*)
It(IN) ..... Intuition (*RM/MERP*)
Me ..... Memory (*RM*)
Pr ..... Presence (*RM/MERP*)
Qu ..... Quickness (*RM*)
Re ..... Reasoning (*RM*)
SD ..... Self Discipline (*RM*)
St ..... Strength (*RM/MERP*)

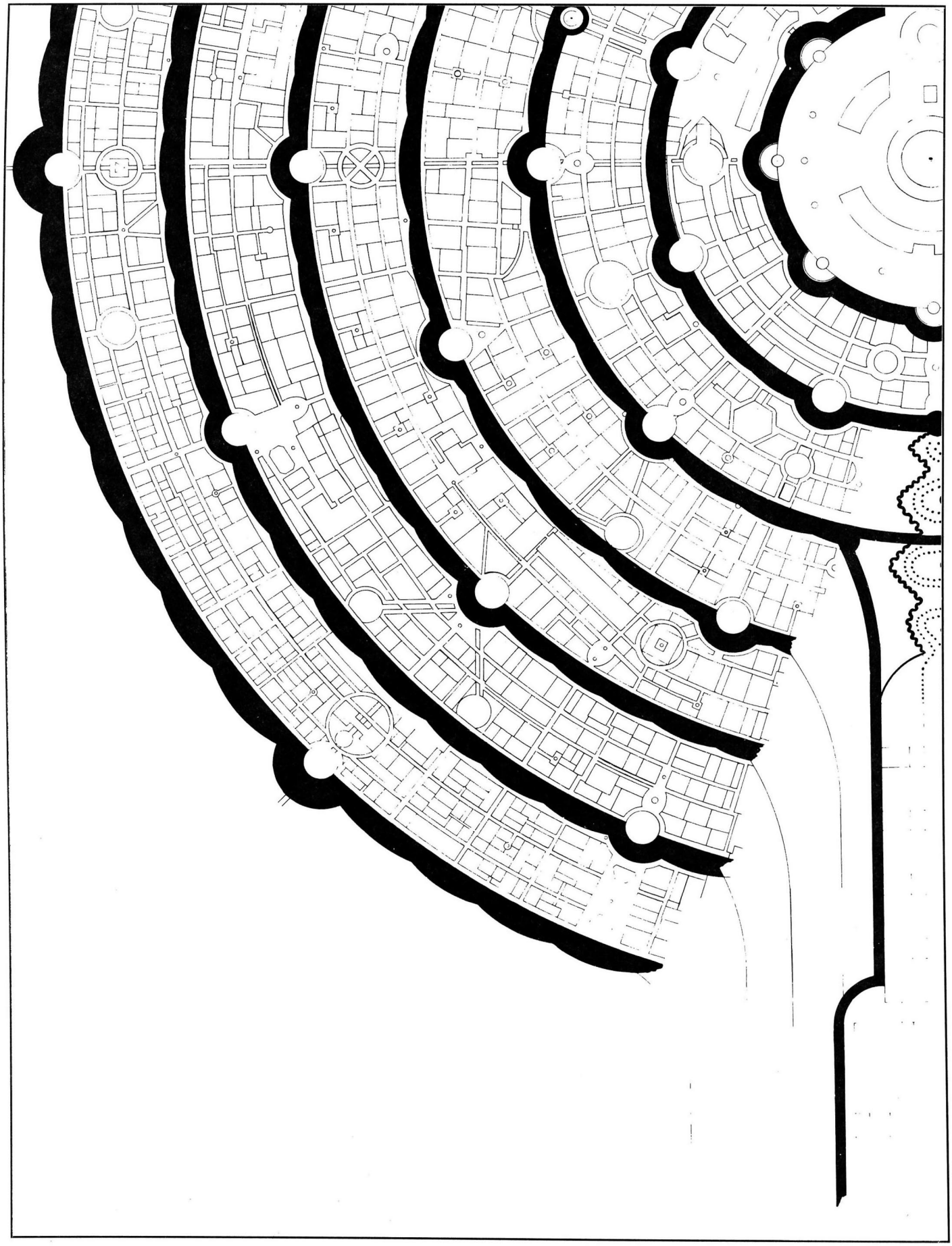
Game Terms

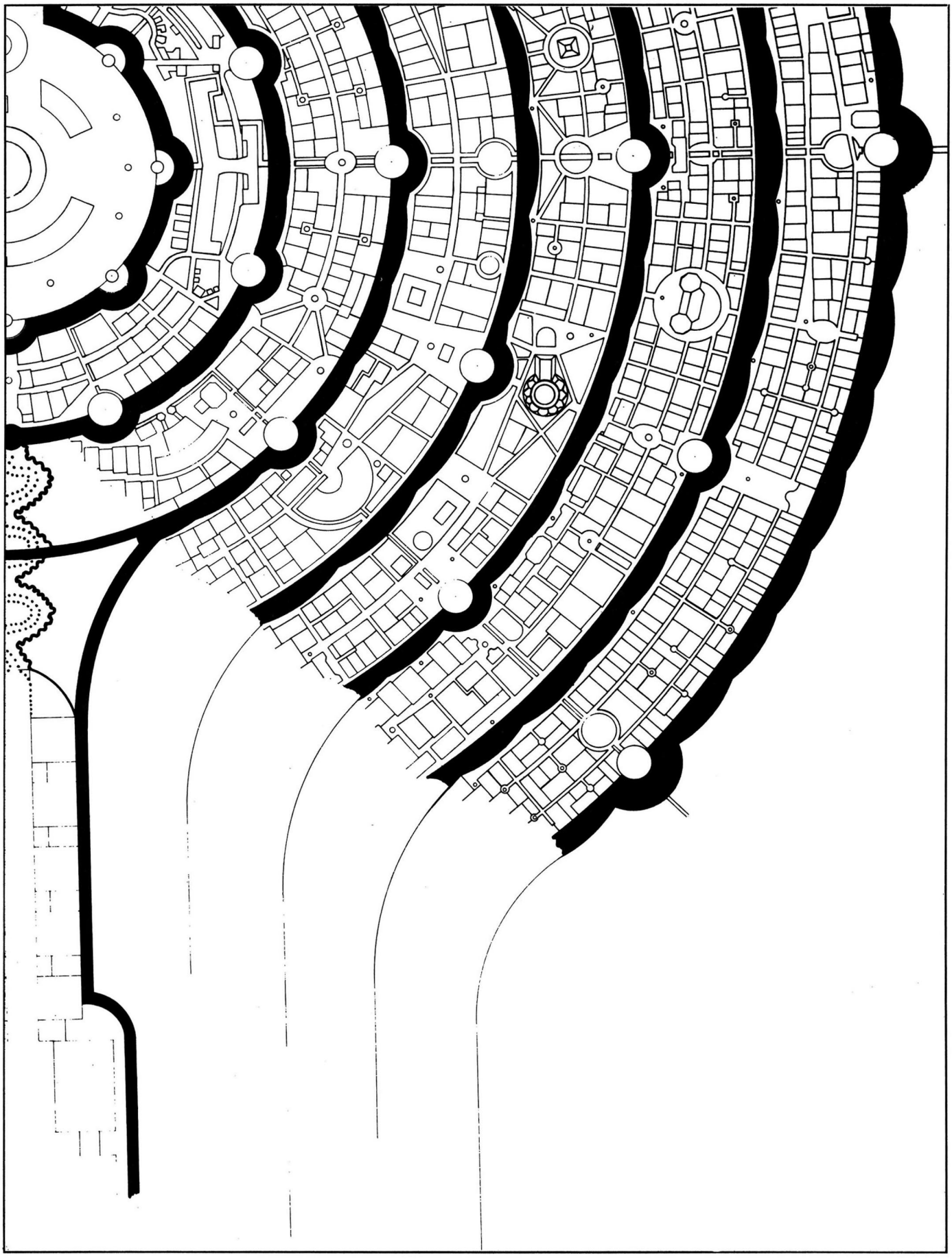
AT ..... Armor Type
bp ..... bronze piece(s)
cp ..... copper piece(s)
Crit ..... Critical strike
D ..... Die or Dice
D100 ..... Percentile Dice Result
DB ..... Defensive Bonus
FRP ..... Fantasy Role Playing
GM ..... Gamemaster
gp ..... gold pieces(s)
ip ..... iron piece(s)
jp ..... jade piece(s)
Lvl ..... Level (exp. or spell level)
MA ..... Martial Arts
Mod ..... Modifier or Modification
mp ..... mithril piece(s)
NPC ..... Non-player Character
OB ..... Offensive bonus
PC ..... Player Character
PP ..... Power Points
R or Rad ..... Radius
Rnd or Rd ..... Round
RR ..... Resistance Roll
Stat ..... Statistic or Characteristic
tp ..... tin piece(s)

16.3 GM SECTOR MAPS











Index for Layouts

Chamber of Conclave 125
Chimneys 85
Eldacar's Breakfast House 75
Ethudil's House 188
Fellowship's Hall 117
Glassworks 105
Great Bakery 67
Great Gate 42
Great Hall of the Guard 91
Hall of Wax 65
High Hall 138
House of Harnastin 71
House of Memorials 83
House of Ringing Sounds 127
House of Silver and Gold 88
Houses of Healing 121
Jerriad the Sharp's 93
Keylodge 61
Leadenhouse 107
Little Lock Shop 57
Lodging House 181
Lower Barracks 133
Merethrond 12
Mortar Hill 81
Myall's Vitrine 96
Office of Estates 98
Old Guesthouse 51
Orrery House 54
Palace of Light 59
Rath Dínen, Fen Hollen & The Hallows 131
Rynd Permaith Gwain 111
Rynd Permaith Iaur 113
Rynd Thannath 103
Shoe Shop 180
Terimbe's House 122
Tower of Anárion 142
Waterwright's Fellowship Hall 101
Woodwright's House 77

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Minas Tirith™

"In rode the Lord of the Nazgûl. A great black shape against the fires beyond he loomed up, grown to a vast menace of despair. In rode the Lord of the Nazgûl, under the archway that no enemy ever yet had passed, and all fled before his face.

"All save one. There waiting, silent and still in the space before the Gate, sat Gandalf upon Shadowfax: Shadowfax who alone among the free horses of the earth endured the terror, unmoving, steadfast as a graven image in Rath Dínen.

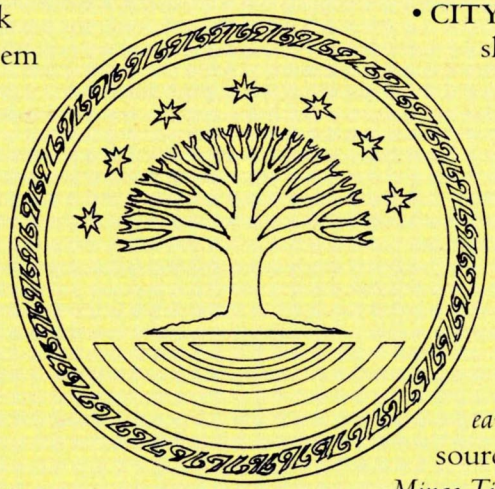
"'You cannot enter here,' said Gandalf, and the huge shadow halted. "Go back to the abyss prepared for you! Go back! Fall into the nothingness that awaits you and your Master. Go!"

"The Black Rider flung back his hood, and behold! he had a kingly crown; and yet upon no head visible was it set. The red fires shone between it and the mantled shoulders vast and dark. From a mouth unseen there came a deadly laughter.

"'Old fool!' he said. 'Old fool! This is my hour. Do you not know Death when you see it? Die now and curse in vain!' And with that he lifted high his sword and flames ran down the blade."

—*The Return of the King**

Minas Tirith documents the history, design, layout, garrison, and inhabitants of the Guarded City, pre-eminent symbol of the Free Peoples' struggle against Sauron of Mordor. The capital of Gondor commands the wide gap between the White Mountains and the Ephel Dúath that encircle the Dark Lord's fief. Its seven walls and levels seem to grow out of the mountains' stone, as if carved by giants.



Minas Tirith includes:

- A PAIR OF FULL-COLOR MAPS — each depicting half of the incredible City of the Guard. Beautifully rendered by the artist responsible for the maps of Endor's varied terrain.
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- CITY LANDS — the Pelennor (the enclosed slopes and terraces surrounding Minas Tirith), the banks of the Anduin upon which rest Harlond, the South-haven where river traffic docks, and the vales of the White Mountains, wild and alpine in character.
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