

## Southern Ward

### Businesses

**Amrani's Laundry** - With the close boarding houses, clothiers, and inns nearby, Amrani and her small staff of young girls are kept constantly busy with laundry. Payment is set at the standard guild rates (2 sp per garment while you wait, 1 sp for overnight washing), but additional money gets special treatment for one's clothes such as perfumed soaps (an additional 5 cp), new embroidery or fresh dyes to brighten the cloth (1-5 additional sp) or minor stitching and repairs (an additional 1 sp). Amrani and Madame Garah are old friends and are often found out on the curbsides chatting.

**Athal's Stables** - Mounts. Stabling and Accesories.

**Aurora's Realms Shop, South High Road Catalogue Counter** - Magic items. Aurora was an adventurer sorceress who quested the globe before retiring to Westgate to found a lucrative business in exotic goods. Teleportation circles connected her Emporium to outlets across Faerûn.

**Bellister's Hand** - Goods Shop. Rumored to accept stolen goods

**Berendarr's World of Words** - A printer of broadsheets and books. Specializes in broadsheets. (The older ones are rolled and thrust into wall-shelves, and more recent offerings hang from the ceiling on clips like so many miniature tapestries.) Most old broadsheets sell for two to five per copper coin, but a few that contain especially salacious tales or notorious rants are sought after by collectors and fetch prices of as much as a dragon each!

**Brian the Swordmaster's Smithy** - Armor. Weapons. Famous throughout the west for the quality of his blades, Brian runs an extensive smithy and armory in South Ward. His title Swordmaster is an honor of his personal skill in blade-crafting; the smithy produces metal melee weapons and armor of all common (occidental) types. Brian himself produces only blades of very fine quality, either on commission or when inspired, which he often names and sells at exorbitant prices. His apprentices produce most shelf stock, and variously-skilled partnered tradesmen produce fine quality stock or commissions.

**Essimuth's Equipment** - The ground floor of this less-than-tidy two-story tenement contains this equipment shop, its wooden sign showing an armored knight walking doubled over with an overstuffed pack. Inside, the shop is surprisingly organized and well kept, a shop boy always busy polishing and dusting the rack of weapons and armor behind a counter. There are barrels and racks of nearly any conceivable piece of equipment usable by adventurers at reasonable prices. The short, battle-scarred proprietor, Essimuth, sits upon a stool behind the main counter at all times of the day, constantly whittling and carving pieces of wood that he also sells as trinkets (his standards are little orcs that he often just tosses to children who enter his shop). His right eye is covered with an eye patch, a dull, jagged scar from brow to jaw telling its fate, and his right leg is replaced below the knee with a peg leg (also carved by Essimuth into a little owlbear bearing his weight on its shoulders and arms). People that shop here can expect great service in terms of Essimuth telling what's available and how best to use it in the dungeons; of course, this is all tangled within somewhat long-winded stories of Essimuth's adventuring days. He loves hearing adventurers' stories (as it gives him an excuse to tell his) and continuing patrons with stories to share receive special attentions (and newer merchandise) than those patrons who know better about their equipment or don't have the time for an old man's tales, who tend to receive higher charges.

**Flame of Hope** - Candle shop.

**Hemmerem's Stables** - An enterprising young merchant wisely bought up four decrepit warehouses fronting on Slop Street two years ago and spent six months and much gold renovating them. The one- and two-story stables now bear well-kept fronts, and STABLES is emblazoned across the front of all four buildings in bright green paint. The lower floors are the stables, with room enough for 100 horses here at one time. On the floor above, Hemmerem keeps an office in each building, multiple storerooms for stabling equipment and tack and barding, and loads of dry hay and feed for the horses. Fees for stabling and feeding a horse here are 2 sp fewer less than 6 hours, 1 gp for up to 48 hours, or 4 gp for a tenday. Because Hemmerem remembers his downtrodden days, he also has twenty cots set up in the northern stable's second floor that he lets to people at 1 cp per night (all folk turned out at sunrise).

**Hlakken Stables** - Mounts. Surrolph Hlakken: Surrolph is a fat, balding man with thick fingers who wears fine robes that have long since lost their original sheen. Surrolph is a horse dealer at the Hlakken stables and the chief information gatherer for the Red Sashes.

**Hlethvagi's Coins** - Moneylending & Changing, Gems & Jewelry

**Krabbellor Silversmiths** - Surrolph Hlakken: Surrolph is a fat, balding man with thick fingers who wears fine robes that have long since lost their original sheen. Surrolph is a horse dealer at the Hlakken stables and the chief information gatherer for the Red Sashes. Krabbellor Silversmiths is placed within a stone building with one wattle-and-daub upper story, one that survived the fires of 1358 but has been soot-stained ever since. This little first floor shop, fronting off Weeping Maiden's Run, is less than perfectly maintained, its windows cracked and dirty and its floors almost always unswept and dusty. Nevertheless, the wares in the window showcase draw many into this otherwise unremarkable shop. The showcase and three tall floor-to-ceiling sets of shelves are filled with incredibly fine silverwork (dwarves notice immediately that these were worked by a dwarf). Nearly anything made of silver can be found here, from silverware to tea sets, daggers to trophies, or even daring headdresses and bustier's of silver mail! Each item within the shop is a display piece and purchases are made to order; people say that Krabbellor is slower in his work than his immediate competitor (Ilmar Gaukul, over on Fishwife Alley), but his craftsmanship and versatility make it worth the wait. Depending on the size of the order and the workload, it takes anywhere from two days to thirty for Krabbellor and Erik to finish an order and deliver it. While most naturally assume Krabbellor was a former adventurer, he bristles at such suggestions: "Me brother died on some fool quest seeking gold and fame; there's precious few dwarves enough, and I'd always been more fond of my life and my silver." His left hand is coated with iron (an accident from early childhood); since then, Krabbellor had his hand and its metal magically reshaped and reforged into the shape of a hammer to give it some use, thus giving him the nickname of "Hammerhand." He is gruff and dour, a typical dwarf in all appearances with a very conservative and cautious outlook. Hammerhand's specialty item is creating his unique carved silver goblets, of which he boasts that no set is like any other; in the past, he has created goblets with bases of fires with the smoke becoming the goblet, or giants in the base holding up cornucopias (a set carved for Piergeiron was made in the likeness of Waterdeep's Lords, drink being held within their helms). His apprentice, Erik, is a bright, cheerful lad who laughs at many of Hammerhand's threats as overworrying, though he does heed them. He is one of the few who can get a smile out of Hammerhand, having been raised by him for the past six years. Erik's specialty is silver-plating weapons. The only other remarkable item of note about the shop is its ghost. More an image from the past than an actual ghostly spirit, the apparition is that of a young boy carrying a long-poled lantern. His clothes and lantern mark him as one of the Chandlers' and Lamplighters' Guild of a century ago. He enters the shop through the center of the east wall and, looking behind him every few seconds, walks hurriedly through all objects and exits through the forge and the west wall. The boy seems very frightened of someone behind him; of note, the boy's steps make no sound but he is swiftly pursued by heavy boot steps and the tapping of a cane only a few seconds behind him. This visitation occurs each year on the last night of Kythorn.

**Laran' Cartographers** - One of the best cartographers, formerly based at the Zoarstar, has opened this new shop on Grocer's Lane, establishing his own business of creating maps on order. For affordable fees, Laran and his staff will take log books, notes, and descriptions of lands and areas in question and create maps of desired sizes. Laran is also noted as a top-rate illustrator and is commissioned quite often to render portraits of customers.

## **Nelkaush the Weaver** - Clothing and textiles

**Nueth's Fine Nets** - This shop sells finely made ropes, nets, hammocks, ship shrouds and lines, rope bridges, window and tarp mesh, gauze, and the like. Thieves come here to buy coils of thin, waxed climbing cable at 30 gp per 120. It is sold in one-piece multiples of that length up to four multiples (480). A one-man throwing net for fish goes for 7 gp, and a stout tow rope for 20 gp per 100. Tow rope is available in length multiples up to 10 (1000). Proprietor: Thumir Aingahuth is the sarcastic, rat-faced, but ever-alert proprietor.

## **Orm's Highbench** - Mercenaries and trade post.

**Pelauvir's Counter** - This huge, crowded former warehouse sells about everything except food and drink, from pots to lotions and carts to marbles. Proprietor: Braum Pelauvir owns and runs Pelauvir's Counter. He's tall, beefy and jovial.

**Piatran's Clothiers** - This little one-story shop has a split floor in the back, rising up three steps to changing rooms and mirrored rooms for trying on new cloaks, robes, and other garments. Piatran, a thin, gaunt man of impeccable dress, is a mystery to many of the city; he is generous with discounts on his cloaks and garments (especially if friends vouch for you) and prefers to haggle over price rather than set one at the start. It's rumored he traffics in magical garments, but there are none to be found within his shop.

**Stak's Snack Shack** - An indescribable smell strikes your nose. Something deep in your mind says to run, but your stomach is far more curious. The smell comes from the open fire of one of the many food-carts that line the streets here. To your surprise the chef, an absolutely tiny Goblin, peers at you from a stool behind the cart. He is turning a gigantic kabob of some sort of meat you couldn't even begin to guess. The goblin takes a skewer from the fire and angrily pokes it toward you. "Two coin, shiny silver"

**Tehmak's Coaches** - A carriage and wagon-maker. Expensive, driverless coaches that will pull over if you speak a certain well known command phrase ("Tehmak take me somewhere"). You then provide them an address within Waterdeep. Unfortunately, they have a problem with their guidance and have been known to cutoff other wagons or mounted riders unexpectedly. As a result, the lords are very much considering revoking their license to operate within city limits, thereby confining them to less crowded roadways outside the city doing long distance deliveries.

**The Daily Trumpet** - The Daily Trumpet is the name of both the most widely read broadsheet in the city of Waterdeep, as well as the building in which it is produced. The Daily Trumpet building is located in the Adventurer's Quarter, South Ward, Waterdeep. This old stone two-story building, home to one of Waterdeep's more infamous broadsheets, is constantly in need of cleaning due to dissenting opinions armed, alas, with rotten eggs and vegetables, according to the Trumpet's editor. The broadsheets are printed and distributed each afternoon, posted on the various kiosks throughout the city and available for 1 cp each. Each tenday, the Trumpet reprints each of its previous broadsheets and adds two pages of editorials and editorial cartoons by an anonymous artist, creating a small 12-page folio that is sold by street criers for 1 sp. Despite its somewhat sketchy facts in reporting the social goings-on inside the parties of North and Sea Wards (Hlanta Melshimber still resents the insinuations that she had spoiled, inferior wines at her last party, while Ultas Maernosis still demanding reparations for a report that he was affiliated with a rumored evil cult), the Trumpet has many eyes and ears and much of what is reported tends to be found true. While the editor, one Carson Innes, is given to provocative and enticing headlines and reporting, he does tend to steer clear of outright libel and definitely takes care not to openly insult or question the Lords and their rulings; this is all that keeps him and his staff of 12 from being exiled outside the city walls.

**The Garrulous Grocer** - These three adjoining buildings are owned by Nindil Jalbuck, a halfling merchant. The one-story long building has two doors leading into a one-room grocery with all manner of foodstuffs, dry goods, and household supplies in ready reserves. A door within the grocery leads into the two-story storehouse and granary, where much of the produce is stored. Next to the two-building arrangement for business is the row house that Nindil shares with his wife Cynthia and his employees. A three-story wattle-and-daub with a stone foundation, the ground floor holds the kitchens, the married servant couple. The upper two stories are combined suites, with the eastern face of the upper story covered with huge glass windows; the upper floor contains the Jalbucks' private rooms, whereas the second story is one room that acts as a dining hall and impromptu ballroom. During the summer and harvest months, the Grocer's bins are always overflowing with fresh fruits and vegetables direct from the fields; during the winter months, dried and preserved produce is available. All of the grains and produce are provided by Goldenfields through a friendly agreement between Nindil and Tolgar Anuvien. Fresh milk, butter, and cheese are always on hand, thanks to Nindil's small herd of cows that are kept at a local farm to the east. The Garrulous Grocer is open from sunup to highsun every day, with special full day hours once every tenday when fresh butter, cheeses, and other prepared items are sold. While the store is open, Riath and Nindil act as haulers, stockers, and as the primary help; Cynthia and Illia keep the house and the grocery in order, make sure everything is tended, and act as the primary sales staff. After closing at highsun, all attend to other chores from churning butter to repairing and restocking the bins and the stores. Nindil spends one afternoon a tenday outside in a small parlor and front room, and rooms for Riath and Illia, the city at Goldenfields.

**The Medusa's Glare** - Sculptor's Shop and Art Dealer

**The Old Monster Shop** - This little-known shop fronts on the Jar, a close that opens off Tilman's Lane not far from the Trollwall. There a stone warehouse sports a door marked with: Beware Guardian Monsters Within. It is flanked by a pair of tall, massive, arched cart doors. Inside, a nondescript-looking man named Feldyn Goadolfyn sells monsters to the hungry, the bored, and the vengeful. This ugly poorly built warehouse is littered with dust and rubble. It smells of animal dung and damp. The upper floors are largely empty, but visitors entering by the door are immediately confronted by a hungrily interested gargoyle perched on the swinging gate of a service counter. Behind the counter sits Feldyn, who's usually examining a map or a worn copy of a crude monthly illustrated chapbook. He always appears calm, even bored. An adventurer who once saw him threatened with a cockatrice said he didn't even blink, but merely yawned and told the cockatrice-holder to state his business. Shops where one can buy live monsters are rare anywhere in Faerun. A surprisingly large number of folk make their ways as unobtrusively as possible to Feldyn's doors. His clientele include jaded nobles looking for exotic things to hunt, eat, or play with; those who want to create a sensation at parties or with traveling shows, or just acquire a wall trophy they can boast about; adventurers in need of practice; breeders and wizards needing live material for their researches, and so on. In pools, cages, and a variety of imprisoning containers in his cellars, Feldyn keeps an ever changing roster of monsters to sell to them. He also has a room of jugged, jarred, or coffered remnants, from horns and bottled gore to pelts and scales. These valuables are guarded by a loyal (trained or magically controlled) staff of guardian monsters: four watch spiders, two gargoyles (Feldyn controls them with a ring of gargoyles), two mimics (a killer mimic that poses as a bar on the inside of the cart doors, and a space mimic that pretends to be the door at the bottom of the cellar stairs most of the time), and a female-looking stone golem known as Ouldra. In case of attack, Feldyn will flee to the cellars, trusting to his ring of spell turning to keep him safe as his monsters spring to the attack. The owner of the Old Monster Shop, Feldyn, is evil, coldly calm, and unscrupulous. He gets even, but he does not hate. He uses his unremarkable appearance to adopt whatever disguises he deems necessary when following foes through Waterdeep. Whenever outside his shop, Feldyn is armed with a pair of golden lion figurines of wondrous power. Feldyn will purchase monsters, including eggs and young. He does not like to handle magically transformed or petrified monsters (to minimize his personal danger). Badly wounded or dead beasts fetch very little from him. He sometimes hires adventurers who have brought him lots of monsters to get specific monsters to order or to slay or kidnap folk who have become his foes. Among residents of Waterdeep, his recent contacts have included the Company of the Bloody Banner, a fellowship of a dozen evil female half-elves, and the Weird Company; an evil adventuring band dominated by six wizards. Feldyn buys cheap and sells expensive. Most beasts go for at least 1000 gp. Prices increase with a creature's danger and rarity. Monster parts are much cheaper usually 40 gp to 250 gp, depending on what they are. Whenever authorities look into his shop, Feldyn claims to be in business largely to serve the kitchens of Waterdeep, with a few noble patrons who love hunting as special patrons. He shows his selection of monster parts, keeps his guardian monsters (except for the golem) out of view and gives out free copies of two of his most famous recipes: dragon soup and roasted cockatrice. Not being a member of the city guard, I had to pay 1 sp per recipe but I've since been able to try them both, and the results were delicious! Some who live near the Old Monster Shop claim they've seen folk go inside it and never come out again and also seen folk (and worse!) come out that they swear never went in. Members of the Watchful Order who have too much drink say more. Some claim Feldyn has some sort of monster in the depths of his

cellars that gives birth to other creatures. Others claim that he has several gates that link him to faraway places in the Realms.

**The Redbridle Stables** - Rhazbos Red bridle was a stout and jolly ex-adventurer who operated a stable within Waterdeep. He was also a former mercenary and caravan leader. He was a noted member of the Stablemasters' & Farrier's Guild within the city. Though he was quite busy, Rhazbos took time off to tutor the occasional fighter who can afford his services.

**Waukeen's Wares** - Located on Grocer's Lane is a small moneylenders and pawn shop with an old copper sign of Waukeen swinging in the breeze out front. Within is a cluttered, hopelessly disorganized (to all but the owner) shop of curios, trinkets, and some valuable items pawned for quick sums of pocket money. The proprietor, a bald little human by the name of Alek Lenter, is a hyperactive, skinny fellow who can't sit still for more than 10 seconds at a time. He is more than happy to accept nearly anything of value and pay up to 70% of what it's worth; of course, the interest fees are 12% per tenday to buy back the same item, and few return to pick up their goods. After four months, items are for sale at 90-100% of their value to all but the original seller. Despite Alek's apparent harmlessness, people who cheated him have never been seen after they've left his shop.

## Festhall

**The Jade Dancer** - This raucous haunt of the young, free, and ardently romantic opens onto Dancing Court, sometime site of the eerily beautiful Moon Sphere, just north of Slop Street in the Tween Run (the local name for the alleys and buildings between the High Road and the Way of the Dragon). Built of timber and stone columns, its outer walls sealed by a slather-coat of plaster into which mud bricks have been pressed in slanting courses, the Dancer looks like what it is: a warehouse with a grand front tacked on. Its upper floors open onto a broad, two-tier balcony overlooking the Dancing Court, which boasts intricate ornamental wrought iron railings and potted fruit trees. Inside, minstrels play on a hanging gallery suspended from the ceiling on chains above a raised central stage where dancers and singers perform. The stage and gallery dominate an open central well that soars up to a roof skylight. Interior balconies or promenades of the upper floors open onto the well and look down on the stage. Three large, wide-curving circular staircases rise around the well to link the floors. They provide good views of shows, and are often lined with standing patrons. The kitchens, pantries, and staff quarters are hidden below ground level. The main floor is entirely given over to a bar, a ring-shaped dance area around the stage, and sturdily built, round wooden tables linked by floor-chains to quartets of plain, heavy-duty chairs for patrons. The upper floors are devoted to large, plant-adorned drinking parlors on the Dancing Courtside and festhall rooms (opening off the promenade) around the rest of their extent. This clean, brightly lit, noisy place is beloved of young Waterdhavians wanting to be in the rush of new fashion and in behavior and to be seen to be part of it. As most nights pass, the visitor can see and smell the steadily rising excitement. If half the too-loud, excited young boys swaggering around knew how to use the huge weapons they wave about, the nightly slaughter would make Dancing Court run red with gore. The Dancer has a staff of expert, good-looking escorts who mingle with the patrons. Misguessing who is a patron and who is an escort has left many a visitor to the city with a face red and ringing from a hard slap. A hint: You can recognize an escort by the room keys worn around their necks on fine chains. The rooms are not all for the use of escorts. Couples who find each other among the drinks can rent rooms. Those thinking of taking liberties with escorts or guests are hereby warned that the Jade Dancer also has as a bouncer a watchful wizard, Selcharoon Nrim, who wears a ring of invisibility and a ring of jumping, and ably wields a wand of paralyzation. The establishment is named for its star dancing attraction: Jade, a magically animated, incredibly beautiful, life-sized jade statue, fashioned like a human female. Usually found dancing on the stage in acrobatic poses no human dancer with any dignity or nerve endings could endure for long, it begins an evening with no hair but grows illusory flowing hair as it moves until a floor-length train of tresses flows behind and around it. The hair then vanishes, to begin growing again. The cycle takes about an hour. A wild variety of drinkables can be had here, from glowing amber dwarven thori beldarakul (Old Trickster) to cool, minty green shondath icewine, favored by some elves and halflings. Among humans, Al & Tal's Slurp Syrup (well-spiked cherry syrup) is popular, along with Fool's Thirst-Quencher (a mix of six beers and winter wine), and, of course, zzar, which can be had at double strength. All drinks here are 5 sp for a handglass and 1 gp for a tall flagon. To go with the drinkables, the Dancer staff serves free bowls of salted nuts, loaves of hot garlicbuttered bread (2 sp/round loaf), and skewered roast fowl two to a skewer for 3 sp/skewer. These are small plucked chickens with head, feet,

and organs removed, cooked over an open fire. The People The proprietress of the Dancer is the seldom- seen sorceress Cathalishaera, who relies on her bouncer Selcharoon and her staff of about 20 female and 12 male escorts, about half of whom are on shift on a given night, and the house staff of 10 bar and kitchen workers. The best-known of the house staff is the fat, talkative, wisecracking lady bartender, Khalou Mazestar. She loves to talk to guests at the bar and is a great source of jokes, information on current fads and interests among the swinging young of Waterdeep, and gossip about who's involved with whom among Waterdeep's noble and monied families. She's especially envious of those people who can afford to festoon themselves with precious jewels, and never tires of hearing or passing on news of Lady Shanderplast's navel carbuncle or Lord Lunkoon's huge emerald earplugs. Aside from the bar prices already given, the Dancer charges 2 cp per glass or flagon thrown or broken, and 1 sp per plant eaten or destroyed, and 1 gp per piece of furniture set afire or destroyed. An hour's use of a room key runs 1 gp, with a maximum of 10 gp for use of the room the whole night. Escorts charge 6 to 12 gp per visit to a room. No extra room charges apply, but the rate covers half an hour or less of the escort's time. Those who want company for longer must pay multiple charges. Tales connected to the Dancer either have to do with love, legendary drinking bouts, or the Moon Sphere out front. The musicians hired to play here are very good. Come early for a good seat and the least amount of drunken drink- hurling at performers. Bards known up and down the Sword coast sometimes perform from the hanging gallery. Once, a few winters back, a sylph sang hauntingly mournful love calls and reduced the whole place to tears. There are persistent whispers about the Jade Dancer being a transformed, trapped human female perhaps a princess or noble lady. There are also tales of her occasionally taking a male patron up to one of the rooms and that the men were never seen again.

## Guildhalls

**Builders' Hall** - Guild of Stonecutters, Tile-Makers, & Masons. A lavishly crafted and tended stone building with a row of statues around the front

**Metalmasters' Hall** - Tools. Most Careful Order of Skilled Smiths & Metalforgers. A gray granite blockhouse with a smoky forge dominating one entire end of the building

**Saddlers' & Harness-Makers' Hall** - Saddlers' & Harness-Makers' Guild. Mounts.

**The Coach and Wagon Hall** - Wagonmakers' & Coach Builders' Guild.

**The House of Good Spirits** - Located on the northwest side of the Rising Ride (at the crest of the small knoll for which that street is named) between the mouths of Juth Alley and Robin's Way, this complex of buildings is fronted by a timber, wattle and daub tavern. It extends north and west along Tornsar Alley as far as Buckle Street, where an alleyway offers access to the inn and its stables at the back of the tavern. The House of Good Spirits has always been a guild headquarters and a winery where sluth and zzar are made. (Zzar is made from sluth by fortifying it with almond liqueur.) Some 60 winters ago, a small brewery was added on the corner of the Rising Ride and Tornsar Alley and then the tavern was opened. About four winters ago, the operators of the House expanded into an adjacent warehouse to open its doors as a 40-bed inn primarily for the convenience of visiting grape growers and wine merchants. Owned by the guild, this complex has enriched all guild members and now serves them as a home away from home base in which they can stay when their homes are overcrowded or being worked on, go for a quiet tankard when the working day is done, and house, entertain, and meet with business guests. The entire complex still looks like a collection of warehouses and factories inside and out. Massive, exposed beams and bare mud brick walls are everywhere, and the lamp lighting is dim. Small passages, cozy nooks, odd doorways, and surprise steps up and down are numerous, and furnishings are bare-bones and workaday, but comfortable and ruggedly serviceable. The inn, tavern, wine store, winery, and brewery are directly joined inside, but a narrow courtyard separates the stables from the rest. The House of Good Spirits boasts the best and cheapest selection of liqueurs and strong drink in the entire City of Splendors even if, as a noble I overheard snootily put it, You have to sit in the stinking brewery to drink its wares. Fiery blackthroat from far Lantan is as plentiful in its spacious cellars as is ruby-red elverquisst, beloved of the elves. It is a comfortable, if disorganized, inn, most of the rooms sporting two single beds and bare board floors. There are no luxuries, but tired travelers will find it a comfortable place to sleep. The low prices attract a regular clientele of hard drinkers, but the staff keep order. Brawls

are frequent, but take place on the street outside, not within. Breaking one of the long, leaded windows of the tavern or forcing another patron to do so by hurling him through it costs a brawler 4 gp. During daylight hours, guild representatives are always on hand for those who want to deal in spirits. Private meeting rooms are available for conferences. The inn provides only a basic menu: roast boar, rabbit-and-smalls stew (fowl, vegetables, squirrels, and the like, always simmering in the kitchen), and cheese-and-mustard saltbread melts (small, circular loaves of very tasty bread). The guild staff numbers 40 or so, from Elguth the stableboy (an expert guide to the gambling houses and festhalls of Waterdeep) to Simon Thrithyn the innkeeper. The resident chief guild buyer and seller is Dlarna Suone. Her second is Gordrym Zhavall. Dlarna is the only sharp tempered and sharp-witted person in the place. The others tend to be stolid, calm folk even the seven burly bouncers, who are led by Mrorn Black Bracers Halduth. A room costs 2 gp/bed per night. If one person wants a private room, he must pay for two beds, but can invite a nonstaying guest to eat the second food share. This rate includes stabling for all mounts and all meals desired just ask. Draft beasts are each 1 cp per night extra. The dining fare is restricted to the spare menu I listed. Also included is all the ale the guest wants to drink. Wine and spirits are extra, and are sold by the bottle. Prices range from 2 cp/bottle for sluth made on the premises (a cut rate outside the tavern, such a bottle sells for 8 cp) to 6 sp/bottle of house zzar. Prices then rise rapidly to a high of 33 gp/bottle for the finest, and with local unrest, very rare, Tethyrian distilled dragons blood. It is widely rumored that a large amount of treasure dragon hoard, brought back to Waterdeep by an adventuring company sponsored by the guild long ago is hidden somewhere in or under the House. Would-be prospectors are warned that the staff take a very dim view of people who dig or pry at walls, floors, and ceilings. The adventuring band, the Guild Adventuring Company (colloquially known as the Flying Flagons) all perished at Yartar, defending it against raiding orcs. This is remembered in the Fall of the Company written by the Company's bard, Felestin, and sent by spell to a comrade a day's hard ride distant as the adventurers fought their last fight. These days, most guild members can recall only a snatch of the song. But visitors beware: If you laugh or offer disrespect when this stanza is sung, all the men singing with tears in their eyes are apt to rise up and separate you from your life.

**The Road House** - Fellowship of Carters & Coachmen.

**The Stone House** - Carpenters', Roofers' & Plasterers' Guild. An easily spotted eyesore, thanks to the garish styles and materials used in its construction.

## Inns

**The Safehaven Inn** - This new three-story stone and timber structure is one of the tallest large buildings in this part of the city. Large wooden plank signs swing in the breezes at the inn's second story; their faces are carved with five runes: The elder runes of Lammath (safety and shelter) and Retniw (camping place), a Harper's mark of Safe Haven, and the elvish and dwarvish runes for Safe Refuge. Above the heavy ash-wood double doors on Slop Street, golden letters are set in the stones of the arch, proclaiming the inn The Safehaven."(There is a small service entrance off Kerrigan's Court usable only by the staff.) Inside, the entryway has two stairways leading up to an open balcony overlooking the taproom. A halfling-sized desk is set by the left stairwell for guests to be checked in and other taproom patrons to be tended. The large building's main floor is surrounded on the north side with a massive oak bar and barstools, the wall behind dominated by three large tons of beer and smaller casks of wine. The floor contains fifteen round tables (seating for six at each) amply dispersed around the room, and four large support pillars hold up the third floor, smaller booths lining the walls and supporting the balcony. The fireplace hearth in the western wall is huge, and its six-foot depth opens through to the kitchen; food is cooked over the same fire, and inviting flames are rarely obscured by boiling pots or spits (though the delicious odors of the kitchen permeate the taproom constantly!). The second floor is little more than an encircling balcony over the taproom with 12 spacious rooms for 3 gp per night each; rates are 25 gp for a tenday stay, and no one (unless known and befriended by the owners) is allowed to room for more than two tendays' stretch. The lockable rooms provide a large bed, table, washbasin, mirror, and small chest for storage; room fees also include a free dinner each day. Each room has a window looking out onto the streets, but there are no window ledges, thus making it a little more difficult for thieves to enter. The first door after the right-hand stairwell opens up to a small staircase to the third floor and the converted suites of the inn's owners. Inn patrons are not allowed up to the suites or into the kitchen, and little is known about any cellars in the inn. The Safehaven is one of the most popular inns in the ward, its tables always filled by early evening with diners and bar patrons and its rooms quickly filled after that. Through the diligence of the headwaiter and the unspoken threat of the bouncers, few troublemakers ever disturb the peace here. Many nobles flock to this inn for the sumptuous meals and easygoing company, as well as the nightly musical entertainment by Arkiem Arren. The inn is built upon the site of a former warehouse of Lhorar Gildeggh, the exiled Guildmaster of Waterdeep; many whisper that the bones of many of his opponents rest beneath the inn still.

## Taverns

### Midnight Sun - Tavern

**The Beer Golem** - This cheery tavern fronts the corner of Slop Street and Snake Alley, its sign visible on both. The heavy wood sign depicts a keg tap emitting an amber-colored elemental beer suds for its hair and beard who raises its drinking horn to potential patrons. The outside walls are sootstained granite blocks, the upper story of timber with a slate roof. Inside, the taproom is open and welcoming, warm wood paneling covering the stone walls and floor (though some areas toward the back wall are pockmarked from past dagger-throwing competitions). The front of the tavern is dominated by a large, well-polished ironwood bar, a well-used foot rail carved directly out of the rich wood. The walls are lined with booths and the main floor has eight large common tables with chairs for fifty patrons. The hearth and fireplace encompass nearly half the back wall facing the bar, and two smaller tables with chairs are set by the fire for important persons or performing bards. The main entrance is flanked on the right by a cloakroom for sodden or muddied cloaks and outerwear (there's also a hidden entrance therein to get behind the bar) and on the left by a small privy. All entrants in the Beer Golem Tavern are greeted with a hearty bellow from Quallos Myntion, the tavern's voluminous owner, who's always found bustling about the place, polishing tankards or sweeping the spotless floor. Quallos makes it a point to greet all patrons who enter his establishment, a courtesy of us Southerners that many in the North ungraciously omit." His habit of seating customers himself is well known and endured, if only to humor the aging man. Quallos never seats known rivals or enemies near each other and he (and his sons) are always vigilant in keeping any troubles (and potential brawls) from getting out of hand. The kitchen is the domain of Miri Myntion, Quallos wife and the Beer Golem's chief cook. Though the fare is limited (as many of the locals eat at the Safehaven), it is rich and flavorful. Of the few hot meals served here, Miri's specialty is Owlbear Stew,"a hot, spicy stew of beef, sausages, onions, potatoes, and a healthy variety of spices to give it a fiery, biting aftertaste. Other menu items include biscuits, cheeses, roasted chickens, and baked or roasted potatoes. The only other employees at the Beer Golem are two of the Myntion children, Tomed and Cial. Tomed acts as a bartender, a stableman, and general taproom peacekeeper, being more than strong enough to handle skittish horses and drunken troublemakers alike. Cial, Quallos' and Miri's eldest, acts as the barmaid and waitress. What brings patrons into the tavern, aside from the typical draws, are the rare ales and beers Quallos acquires through Aurora's wholesale business and other sources. While Quallos provides a heady beer of his own making, he also keeps such rare southern drinks as Luiren's Best and Old One Eye on tap brews that not even the House of Good Spirits keeps in stock! There are no rooms for rent at the Beer Golem Tavern, as the upper floor contains the living quarters for Quallos, Miri, and Cial (Tomed rents a room a few streets over and Branta has rooms at the Towers).

**The Full Cup** - One of the seediest drinking holes in Waterdeep, this battered place is used by bad-tempered drovers and carters. Most are too exhausted to fight when they get here, which is for the best. It's a small, dim place dominated by a long bar with stools and an impressive, but largely dustcovered, selection of bottles behind it. There's almost always a pile of the remnants of smashed furniture outside the front door. The Full Cup is notable for three things: the brawls that occur here with distressing regularity the truly incredible cold winter drafts that send icy fingers stabbing into every corner of the place, and the bowls of hot buttered mushrooms (1 cp/large wooden bowl) grown in the taverns own dung cellars. The dung is largely from the horses and oxen that crowd the streets around, and lies several feet deep in the noisome cellar. Those who know how to discreetly ask the proprietor (and pay about 5 gp/item) can have items hidden under the dung for a month or less. After that, the hider forfeits the item. Be warned that the city watch searches here regularly for stolen items and the like and once found a buried skeleton with a dagger in its ribs. Patrons merely grunted as the bones were being carried out, Errh. Someone who didn't pay up. Proprietor: Gulth Djanczo is the Full Cup's proprietor, and a nasal-voiced, coldly polite weasel of a man

**The Red Gauntlet** - This old, shabbily highbrow place is dimly lit. Its booths are always full of old men remembering old battles and slightly shady merchants conducting slightly shady deals in low, muttering voices. There's little food to be had beyond fried fish, waybread, and rabbit-and-fowl stew, and little selection (house wines and house ales), but everything is cheap: 3 cp/platter of food and 2 cp/flagon or tankard. Folk are allowed to drink themselves to sleep here. Those who become noisy or feisty when taken with drink are simply slipped a little sleep syrup in their next drink. Loud snorers are taken to a back room. Others sleep where they sit, watched over against thieves by the proprietor, Daunt Buirune, who knows what to watch for. Proprietor: Daunt Buirune, the proprietor, is a retired master thief, although that is not common knowledge.

**The Spouting Fish** - Large, noisy (A bit like drinking in the thick of a street brawl, one bravo told me, correctly), and popular, this brightly lit establishment succeeds largely because of its relentless street-crying advertising and its strategic location. Many folk entering the city via Southgate get to its huge, upright, spouting fish water fountain and decide they're thirsty. Inside its a many-leveled labyrinth of booths, benches, posts, and beams, all unpainted and very flammable. Two hired members of the Watchful Order are always on duty because of the fire hazard. Zzar, wines, and beers are available, but the paltry roast fowl, bread, and sausages (1 sp/serving of each) are heavily salted to make you drink more. Proprietress: Janess Imristar is a small, bustling, mousy woman whose loud voice and fearless demeanor belie her size.

**The Swords' Rest** - This quiet, little-known tavern is the warriors drinking place, the chosen watering hole of those who swing swords for a living. It is a good place to hire out-of work fighting men. This tavern has strong ale, zzar, and exotic drinks from the far corners of the Realms, and there's always a

whole ox, boar, or deer or all three turning on a spit, so hearty meals (1 sp/platter) can be had at any time. Open from highsun (noon) to dawn, daily. Proprietor: The proprietor, Beliarge Old Boar Maduskar, is called Bel by his friends.

**Tymora's Blessing** - Mercenaries. A rough-and-tumble tavern always filled to the brim with veteran and would-be adventurers, this is a wonderful place to hear and tell stories of the North and beyond. Take care not to dispute the veracity of anyone's tales, however, as many brawls are started that way. The hill giant bartender (who alleges that he's really the trapped soul of Trahnt, a dwarven cleric of Tymora) wields a large warhammer that tends to end any arguments and disruptions quite forcibly. Simply for the ease of the barkeep, this two-story building has no upper floor, but simply a balcony with ten booths so patrons can be served by serving maids or Trahnt's lengthy reach.

## Temples and Warehouses

**Helm's Hall** - While tales tell of heroes rich and famous, few are told of those who dare the dungeons and lose, with even fewer told of those they leave behind. Kiber Ederick, an aged paladin of Helm, lost his wife and eldest son to assassins twenty years ago while he was off on a quest, and he doesn't know to this day what happened to his youngest children, boy and girl twins. This turned his duty to protecting the weak and watching over those who are forgotten or lost due to misplaced heroism. He takes many orphans off Waterdeep's streets and feeds and clothes them. Together with the help of various temples throughout the city, Kiber teaches the children basic reading, writing, and the history of the Realms. Many of the children ten and over are either apprenticed or working with the Lamplighters' Guild at night, though they must show the ability to ply a trade before leaving Helm's Hall at age 15. At the current time, Kiber runs the orphanage with four other helpers, and there are 30 children at Helm's Hall (12 girls, 18 boys).

**Bellister's House** - Warehouse

**Ingerr & Ingerr Warehouses** - Warehouse