

**The Broken Spoke (Bruce Legge):** The Broken Spoke serves as a stopping point for traders bringing goods back and forth to the scattered settlements of the Sepia Uplands. Originally started at the site of a broken down wagon, it has developed into a rambling collection of buildings and a stable, surrounded by a wooden palisade. The original wagon wheel with a broken spoke now hangs above the inn's main door.

The clientele is mainly transients. Prospectors, trappers, traders and the occasional group of gnomes from one of the hill settlements. The food is simple and the straw on the common room floor is often none too clean. But at least you can get a roof over your head, and you are reasonably safe from the occasional roaming predator or raiding party of humanoids. For a bit extra you can stay in one of the private rooms in the building across the compound.

The place can get rather rowdy at times. If a wagon is due in some of the locals may come down to meet it. Peace is enforced by a large half-orc named Thumper and his mate Hatchet. Thumper doesn't say much – but he carries a big club.

**The Dödschedel Club (Geoff Skellams):** Lying hidden below the streets in the poor section of Schwarzenbruin lies perhaps one of the most infamous places in all of Perrenland – the Dödschedel Club (literally, Death's Skull). It's doubtful that a more dangerous or villainous place exists in the entire country.

The club lies in a cavern excavated from the bedrock underneath the city. Stories have it that it was originally carved out by a group of dwarves, but a gang who took over the cavern murdered them. It's somewhat doubtful the stories are true, as the cavern bears little resemblance to dwarven architecture.

There are seven separate entrances to the cavern, all of which are carefully hidden and heavily guarded. Gaining entrance to the club requires the current password, which changes everyday. Someone in the club usually has to vouch for any strangers, who are carefully watched at all times.

Once someone gets through the entrance gate, they descend through low and narrow tunnel carved into a large, high roofed cavern. The first thing that visitors notice when they enter the cavern is the huge skull face carved into the wall on the far side of the cavern. Over twenty feet high, red lanterns in the eye sockets to make it even more ominous.

The cavern is close to one hundred feet in diameter and the ceiling is cover thirty feet above the floor. A wooden balcony runs around three-quarters of the cavern, with small rooms for private meetings or whoring running off it. Most of the entrance tunnels come out onto the balcony, although two of them actually emerge onto the main floor of the club.

Much of the main floor of the club is covered with tables and benches, which are usually filled with the clubs regular patrons, who make up a sizeable percentage of Schwarzenbruin's cutthroats or more violent mercenaries. If you're looking for someone to do a nasty job, the Dödschedel Club is the place to find them. If you're looking for anything illegal, you'll definitely find someone in the club who can organise it for you. In the middle of the floor of the club is a pit, twenty feet in diameter and fifteen feet deep. The walls of the pit are coated with dried blood, a sign of the sort of the bloody scenes the pit has seen. The main bar is located in the southwest corner of the cavern. A large kitchen and larder is hollowed in a separate cavern behind the bar. You won't find any high quality liquour in the Dödschedel; just about everything served in the club is two steps below toxic.

Ulf Heigl (War 5), a former Perrenland mercenary who deserted from a war to return home after murdering his superior officer, runs the club. Despite his clientele's very nature, Heigl runs the club with an iron fist. He tolerates no fighting or brawling in the club. If a fight looks like it's about to break out, the clubs bouncers (War 3) grab those involved and hurl them into the pit. They are not allowed to emerge until the conflict is resolved, or one or more of them are dead.

The fights in the club are one of the most popular pastimes, with betting on the outcome a mandatory feature. The pit also features regular organised gladiatorial style matches or death matches between captured wild predators. A day does not go by without some sort of fight happening in the club, either organised or spontaneous. Rumours abound about people being captured from the streets of the city above and forced to fight against their will.

The one thing you won't find in the Dödschedel is a non-human. Heigl is a racist, and only those of pure human blood are admitted. Admitted as a patron that is. The walls of the pit have seen their fair share of non-human blood over the years.

**Kord's Tavern (Helen Brinsmead):** One arrives at the almost picturesque tavern unexpectedly. You follow the road to the river, noticing the newness of the road works amidst the remains of the cart-track the road was until recently. The simple tavern is named for the owner, and one suspects the builder and brewer, Kord. It is an unpretentious family hostelry with stabling, including some boxes, and a good sized tap room. The only other room is the kitchen, brewery and the family bedchamber.

The building is of wattle and daub with a thatched roof. On a summer's day the cool breezes are refreshing, especially with the large window spaces unshuttered to also give a lovely view across the road to the river. It would be very cosy in winter, albeit draughty, with the shutters closed and a roaring fire in the

large fireplace. Accommodation is as one expects in as rustic a situation as this, rolled up in your cloak on the floor.

Spit roast piglet and game is a fixture on the menu, as is the stew and bread. Drinks on offer are a well hopped ale, water from their own well and a fiery schnapps of Kord's own brew. Apparently he picked up the skill while travelling as a caravan guard in his earlier years.

His wife and son have responsibility for the kitchen and stable yard respectively. The fenced yard provides stabling in boxes for three horses and room for more under shelter. The pile of straw looked new, and is available accommodation for those who wish to stay with their mount. The table in the yard gives the feel not of biergarten, but more 'you can't steal my horse when I'm watching it'.

One unexpected delight is the discovery of Stefan, an old craggy individual with his seat by the fire. He is a wealth of stories of far off places, fights and fearsome beasts. Kord's display of beaten shields and fighting paraphernalia hanging from the beams above the bar don't look quite so out of place after listening to the old man's stories.

The local crowd is few, with the drinkers mainly post riders, wood cutters and travellers to the new market.

While a cosy venue for a summer jaunt's overnight stop, it would be a very dark and cold place to find oneself when travelling in winter. One must also keep in mind that, however picturesque and homely this little tavern on the river is, the area is newly settled and travellers should take care, especially in the heavily wooded stretches.

**Ratings:** Ambience \*\*½; Accommodation ½ in tap room, \*½ in stable; food \*\* roasts, ½ stew; brew \* ale, \*\* schnapps.

**Notes:** This tavern is for a new hamlet or emerging town on a river ford. Clan names for the cast have not been given, as appropriate ones can be allocated after the tavern has been given a location.

It has two rooms and a fenced back yard with a well and stables. Construction is of wattle and daub with a thatched roof and a central double open fireplace in the centre wall, with a beaten earth floor. Draughty and very dim in winter when the shutters are closed over the glassless windows to keep out the weather.

The tap room is furnished with five trestle tables and benches. On the left as you enter from the road there is the bar, then the fire place, and a door from the kitchen. The door to the yard is offset from the door you just entered. A wide window looks over the stable yard, making a pair with the window you saw from the street.

The kitchen has a door to the outside on the short wall, a trap door to the cellar behind the bar, and a curtained off corner hides the bed and chest of the tavern-owner. Barrels of water and of ale are open next to the bar. Kitchen table and stools are the only furniture. Onions, sausages and small game hang from the beams. A mace is kept under the bar.

On the left as you enter the yard, which is fenced from the side entrance around to the back corner of the building, is a wood pile, the midden and the stables are in the corner. The well is close to the building in front of the entrance. There are some benches and a table outside the tap room window.

The stable is of wattle and daub, with a thatched roof. It has two sides open, and a total of six stalls, three in the building, three under the extended roof line.

The tavern owner Kord is a former caravan guard with skills in sword, mace and brawling. He is clean shaven with a weathered and aging face.

The cook/serving wench Anika is much younger than he is, long rather greasy hair in a kerchief. She is a common law wife, a half-elf, given to him as part-payment for a job well-done and as a way to get rid of the embarrassment of having a half-breed in the clan.

The stable/wood boy Karl is the owner's son, has the same jaw line and wide shoulders that he will probably grow into one day. Long, lanky, shy and simple.

Local drunk Stefan has his seat between the bar and the fireplace. He has deep wrinkles, a natural tonsure and is missing two fingers on his right hand. Old colleague of Kord calling in a favour.

Services offered are water, ale and a home brew strong liquor similar to schnapps (watered down if Kord doesn't like the look of you). Water and ale are served by cup measures dipped into open barrels. Food is served, usually roast meats (on a spit in the kitchen side of the fire place), stew from a big pot constantly on the fire (unrecognisable lumps added to every day or so and the pot is rarely emptied out and it is never freshly made). Bread is baked twice a week. Accommodation is dossing on the floor, taking down the trestles if necessary or sharing stabling with your horse.

**The Morris Tavern (Bruce Legge):** The Morris Tavern is in most respects a typical county inn. Located in the small village of Morris (population 69), it provides a place that the locals can come and have a drink after a hard day's work, or where the traveller can spend a night before preceding on their way. But beware, the locals have an unusual way of celebrating holy days of Berei (goddess of agriculture). They like to dance!

Travellers have been known to overstay at Morris just to witness the spectacle. All the tavern's benches and tables are pushed to the side, the locals come along dressed in rags covered with small bells, everyone forms up into groups, and they start trying to hit other members of their group with clubs. Of course, none of the blows are meant to cause injury – but curious outsiders who have attempted to take part often end up with bruises, or even broken bones.

The origin of this unusual sort of celebration is lost in the mists of time. Some say that it was originally a training exercise devised by an old mercenary who was teaching his nephews and nieces how to fight in the dark. Others say that the dances represent the constant struggle of people against the hardships that they face, and their triumph over adversity. Whatever the origins, it has become a local tradition, made all the more pleasant by the copious quantities of brown ale consumed as part of the celebrations.

**The Mule's Tavern (Bruce Legge):** In a number of big cities in Perrenland you will find a Mule's Tavern. These establishments are always located in a quiet part of town. Unlike the name may suggest, they cater to a somewhat exclusive clientele. Not generally to those of the nobility, but more for those who want something a little different – and are prepared to pay for it.

The Mule's Tavern in Schwartzenbruin is a typical example. It is run by a human named Rick. The main room is quiet and somewhat murky, with a number of booths around the walls. More private parties can be entertained in rooms upstairs.

Rick caters for fine dining, and if what you want is not on the menu – ask. Ever wanted to try Gnoll brains for dinner, or maybe you want to impress with a feast of baby Dragon steak? Let Rick know and he can probably get it for you. Of course, he will charge appropriately. (Standard items available at Player's Manual prices plus 20%).

Exotic food and dining and luxurious accommodation is not all that Rick deals in. If you are a customer in good standing and have a need for some unusual item, or maybe some obscure information, ask Rick. If he can't get you what you want he probably knows someone who can. Some dwarven bear? Some elven way-bread? An Ostrich feather? Not a problem. A Yatil Yeti fur coat? The name of some Duke's current mistress? It may take longer – but you never know your luck. You want someone to disappear? Rick would never consider such a thing – but he knows people who know people who might be able to help – for the right price.

Of course, you may find that you change your mind, or you have some complaint about the service provided. Beware, Rick is not a man to upset. Some say that those that cross him have been known to disappear, or even worse, one morning they wake up – dead!

PS. some of those in the know also refer to the Mule's Tavern as the Ass' Inn

**The Ogre's Head (Liz Waldock):** A medium size inn located on a crossroads. It is so named because of the gigantic ogre's skull sitting on a pike in the courtyard. The inn was built by a retired adventurer, Kisten OGREKILLER, with gold recovered from her final adventure, one in which the ogre in question was slain and Kisten's lower leg was lost.

The food is cheap, plentiful and edible, though not fancy. The menu varies from season to season and is heavily dependant on the vegetables grown locally and meat brought in by hunters. The brew is pleasant and slightly fruity.

An item of interest is the back wall, which is papered with numerous treasure maps. Kisten will offer a free meal to anyone with a 'legitimate' used treasure map. Some of them may be false but the stories told by the 'adventurers' and their 'treasures' displayed were considered worth the cost of a meal.

The staff consist of Kisten's husband, Helmut – a retired guardsman, plus assorted orphaned younglings which they have adopted off the streets of the nearby town. During the morning, once chores are done, the younglings are taught various fighting techniques by Kisten or Helmut, and any passing adventurers who are so inclined.

A small village has arisen around the inn to provide for the numerous travellers and adventurers passing by. It contains a blacksmith and a general store, as well as a brothel.

**Overfoot House (Ross Gilbertson):** Overfoot House lies deep in the Yatil mountains along the Krestingstrek, just one days travel north of the Ket border. This run-down halfling monastery has opened its door to travellers in recent years to make a little money and has become highly popular with the trade caravans – despite its low ceilings – due to the high quality of the food (and the lack of any real competition).

The House is actually a stonewalled compound containing a stable, a small bathhouse, a large stone building containing a dining hall and kitchen with the family quarters above, a training hall, the ruined student quarters, and a well – all connected by covered walkways. Everything has been built to halfling scale but even the tallest guest can stand straight in the dining hall and the training hall, which has been divided into makeshift rooms with thick drapes and straw pallets on the floor for the use of oversized guests. The roof of

the old student quarters collapsed decades ago under heavy snow and since then it has been scavenged for stones to repair the other buildings.

Around 250 years ago, Halok Overfoot, a halfling adventurer travelling in Ket, was accused of stealing a horse but managed to escape into the mountains. 10 years later he reappeared in Perrenland with a strange tale of an orc hermit he called 'the Master' who had rescued him from freezing to death and taught him how to perfect his mind and body in order to survive. Halok soon married and established Overfoot house where he passed on the disciplines he'd learned to his many children and any other halflings who wanted to learn them.

Unfortunately Overfoot House has fallen on hard times. The previous Master of the House, Lapon Overfoot, was devoted as much to the pleasures of the flesh as its perfection and was a tyrannical and capricious teacher. During his fifty year reign he stripped the house of most of its valuables and drove the students away. At the end only a handful of the family remained and the house was supported solely by smuggling. The House well is actually the shaft of an old dwarven mine which connects through a series of tunnels to the other side of the border (this escape route was the original reason for the House's location). While the Overfoot family had always smuggled a little, Lapon sold access to the tunnel to professionals. It is suspected that this had something to do with his sudden disappearance 5 years ago.

The position of master fell to Lapon's 35 year old niece Horry Overfoot (Mnk7). A shy, studious girl, and the family healer, Horry felt woefully under-prepared but is determined to return Overfoot House to its glory days and is discovering she has a talent for leadership. Among the actions she has taken is to open the House as an inn, and to accept non-halflings and fee-paying students. As soon as she feels they are strong enough to enforce it and have a secure income she plans to stop the smuggling. Her chief assistant is Mika (human Mnk4) a man they found wandering in a snow storm outside the gates with his mind almost completely gone. Through teaching him the mental disciplines Horry brought him back to a precarious sanity and he is now completely devoted to her. He has lost 4 fingers, has considerable frostbite scarring, and is permanently hunched from living with halflings.

The Overfoots do not teach an ascetic tradition and much emphasis is placed on enhancing and fully experiencing the senses. This combined with the emphasis Lapon put on his own pleasures has meant that Overfoot House has some of the best chefs this side of Schwartzenbruin. A House principle is that you excel through testing yourself against others and this has been carried through to the kitchen. Each night the guests are expected to vote upon which dish was the best of the evening and the competition has proved the best advertising Horry could have hoped for the House inn. They also brew a non-alcoholic ginger beer (so as not to dull the senses) which has proved extremely popular and has begun to be exported to Schwartzenbruin, where it is known as Halfling Ale (much to the disgust of hard-drinking city halflings).

**The Small Goddess (Adam Reeve):** A tavern in Nür, the oldest building in the village. The current proprietor (Bael Hopwîr, human Com4) tells the story that before Nür existed, the tavern was found standing beside a track by a small group of travellers who were dying of thirst. Inside, they found a soapstone statuette of a demurely dressed woman, and drink aplenty, but no people. One of them stayed to become the first proprietor, and the first and last act of each day was to offer a prayer to the Small Goddess. Within days settlers arrived, and soon Nür was built. The track became a minor trade route, and the town has never wanted for visitors.

The first proprietor gave the tavern to a man who seemed worthy when he felt the need to retire, and so it has changed hands over many years. The building does not seem old, nor does it seem smaller than might be thought for such a town, as might be expected. A cheerful place, well lit and airy, it is popular with the womenfolk and children of the town as well as the men. The Small Goddess is displayed in a niche above the main fire pit, where it is not easily reached, and can be seen by all the patrons. The walls display harvest emblems, and carvings of pastoral images adorn the dark, exposed beams. An upper floor and back rooms can sleep an admirable number of travelers (50!), easily accommodating an entire merchant caravan. Ample stabling is available, as the proprietor can house some animals in neighbours' stables if need be.

Should any person attempt an act of thievery, violence or other evil within the Tavern of the Small Goddess, they will be subject to censure by the patrons – who will most likely throw the villain out. The local men are hardy rural types, and all will quickly stand to defend a helpless person, a friend, or their well-loved tavern.

Oddly enough, food and drink within the walls of the Small Goddess does not spoil. Beneath the sturdy floorboards lie the village's winter stores, kept as fresh as the day they were stored.

The identity of the woman, spirit or deity called the Small Goddess is unknown. The style of the sculptor is an unfamiliar one, and the travel-worn sage Flaummel Morgenrood remarked while visiting the Small Goddess that it likely predates the settlement of the region by Oeridian tribesmen.

**The Stabled Horse Inn (Donna Maron):** Built a little over sixty years ago on what was then the edge of Schwartzenbruin, The Stabled Horse Inn, was originally meant as a resting place for travellers arriving to the

city late at night. It was expected that they would stop there for the night, and continue on to town the next morning. For this purpose it was built with rather extensive stables, housing 30 or 40 horses, and the name of the inn arose naturally from this fact.

Twenty-eight years ago, The Stabled Horse's current owner, Rolf Vurzward (male human Ftr8), retired from the adventuring life and decided to make the inn, of which he had fond memories from his mercenary days, his home. He was very disappointed with what he found – Schwartzenbruin had grown over time, but The Stabled Horse had not changed – it was now too far from the outskirts of the city to suit its original purpose and had become somewhat decrepit and under-patronised. So when Rolf offered to buy the inn, the then owner was overjoyed and sold immediately. The inn had always had good sleeping rooms (about 12 rooms 2 beds each, and 6 rooms with 4 beds each, as well as a large common room which could sleep up to 20 people on sleeping mats) so when Rolf took over, he upgraded and overhauled the main tavern area, hired a fabulous halfling cook, and set about making The Stabled Horse a haven and resting place for adventurers and mercenaries alike.

With Rolf's reputation as an adventurer, and his connections from his early years as a mercenary, it wasn't difficult for him to encourage people to try The Stabled Horse once – and they almost always come back. Shortly the inn became a victim of its own success and Rolf had to have the stables renovated to provide more sleeping rooms. There are now 15 rooms of 4 beds each where the stables used to be. To compensate for this loss, several independent stables have sprung up in the surrounding streets to meet the need of the inns customers – the only problem being that none of these stables can use a stabled horse sign to advertise their presence – most have avoided the problem of annoying a renowned fighter like Rolf by using signs of an empty stable stall, leading to occasional confusion to people new to the area.

Currently the inn is a popular place for adventurers and mercenaries from the country to stay while they are visiting Schwartzenbruin, and also for some of the locals who find it a good place for a drink and a good meal. The Stabled Horse actually has less brawls than many of the taverns in Schwartzenbruin which are frequented by people of different clans, simply because these people tend to get enough fighting on their adventures, and this is the place they come to get away from that sort of thing. Trouble-makers are frowned upon, and in a common drinking/eating room which can hold up to 150 adventuring sorts being frowned upon can be potentially fatal.

The common room is large, with three separate fireplaces (one for cooking, two for warmth) and along one wall there is a ledge that runs almost the entire length of the common room. This ledge can actually be accessed via open windows from the alley beside the tavern – if you don't mind a 10ft climb up a brick wall. The ledge usually houses at least two or three Schwartzenbruin youngsters who have climbed the outside wall and love to listen to the stories told below (it is a common accepted practice to pretend not to have seen them, unless one makes a noise in which case throwing beer mugs is traditional). During the late hours of the night, it is rumoured that this ledge is occupied by an entirely less savoury type indeed (though if you are in need of a fence, it may be a good place to look).

There is very little conducting of business going on in the tavern, as far as hiring of adventurers to perform tasks goes, but there is a healthy trade in spells and items. There is usually at least one enterprising mage and cleric in the inn at any time, ready to sell spells to those who need it.

**The Staves (Adam Reeve):** High in the Clatspurs is a mountain mere, o'erlooked by a handful of steadings and passed by a difficult but not untravelled path which leads over a pass to the east. Hardy trees cluster thickly where the ground departs from the vertical. In such a place is The Staves, a sturdily-build A-frame tavern where the men of Clatspurgen gather to exchange their few words, quaff ale, and cautiously drink the local spirits. Although this would appear to be a difficult place for strangers – and it is – once the acquaintance of these men is made, it becomes much friendlier. On cold nights the walls echo to the sounds of shalms and more or less musical voices. The patrons are independent-minded types and strong disagreements are common here, not typically leading to violence. However, should violent strangers intrude, the clientele transforms into a posse of ruthless mountain men.

The local spirit is a clear, fiery drink the locals call Drachefeuer. Despite its potency, it is surpassingly sweet, being made from local stone fruit and berries. This is exchanged in small quantities for the translucent emerald wines of the elves of the Vesve and the nearly viscous, dark brews of the Sepia Uplands, thick with character. Accordingly, each autumn, a few hardy and crafty men of other clans come to the high Clatspurs to watch while the local seasonal festival, Drughëre, is celebrated, and to buy the wares which have gained common approval. At this time the doors of The Staves are thrown wide, and there seem to be more Clatspurgeners than the mountains could hold, gathered from wide-scattered steadings and arriving from unknown trails. The festival begins and ends with the seasonal druidic rituals of Obad-Hai, and at this time it is especially poor judgement that brings outcasts or goblin-kin to prey upon the festival-goers.

The Staves is the family business of Villem (Com3) and Lene (Rgr4) Roodberg (and most of the locals are of that clan). These Roodbergs, together with their grandparents, seven adult children, and eleven grandchildren, are almost a clan unto themselves; they are a large-bodied, hearty folk, given to strong emotions and blunt words. Curiously, blood feuds are rare in the region, perhaps because of its harshness;

but tales such as that of Fredrik and Goff, two old friends who drank together without speaking for 14 years because of a slight that one (who knows which) had given the other, are often told.

**The Tower (Adam Reeve):** The name of this back-street Schwartzbruin tavern is somewhat misleading. Lacking a written name without, it displays a tower shield above the door, lacking any crest – the shield of a mercenary without a unit. Located between the poor and the malodorous quarters of town, and lacking distinction on the outside, this is an establishment where an out-of-work soldier can get an ale, a simple meal and a dry place to sleep for a handful of coppers. The establishment is favoured by Vuurzwarders and mercenary fighters of all sorts. In fact, it is a useful place to hire men-at-arms or to leave a message for one such.

The owner, Pieter (no last name – a clanless man, Ftr5), is a very large man with an equally large sagging gut. He moves slowly, but his fists strike with great force at need. This is rare, for he is the soul of discretion and can head off most impending violence with a certain look. He keeps the place warm, especially in the winter, for his knee was shattered a decade ago, and is pained by the cold.

The Tower is a well-built 3-storey building with fitted stone walls, largely identical to other buildings in the street – a tannery, a dry goods warehouse, and several rooming houses. The tavern is large, furnished with heavy, solid furniture, and displays shields in a row around the entirety of the taproom. Above the bar is a row of eleven grinning skulls, Pieter's version of the more usual heads on spikes. The prices are only slightly lower than usual, but even the cheap ale and poorest food is not unworthy, and Pieter will allow those who are hard up to sleep in the taproom for a pair of coppers. This generosity extends only to soldiers and the clanless. There are private rooms for only a dozen visitors, but common quarters can sleep a hundred if the taproom is utilised this way.

The clientele has made the place unpopular with the watch; when riled, the crowd is truly dangerous, and some of the patrons are desperate men given to ill-considered deeds. For this reason, and because the patrons are sometimes useful to hire, Schwartzbruin guild thieves occasionally frequent the premises. They make use of the tradesmen's entrance in the side alley or an easily jemmied trapdoor at one end of the roof.

**Xilla's (Darren McMechan):** Nestled among the strange granite pinnacles of Coven Cove on the western shores of Lake Quag is a popular sailor's haunt called Xilla's, perhaps the oldest inn in all of Perrenland. The locals proudly tell tales of the Gods drinking in this very establishment. Of course, these tales are usually told late in the evening after the consumption of a sizeable portion of Xilla's prized, crowsfoot mead.

The inn has been owned and run by Xilla (female drow, Transmuter4) for as long as anyone can remember. A sullen woman of unquestionable beauty in times gone by, she carries countless years and innumerable stories with her. Very rarely does she partake in conversation but on those occasions amazing tales are to be told. No-one who hears these stories doubts their validity and all go away the richer for hearing them.

Xilla's barman, Gul'tard (male half-orc, War3), is one of several retired old pirates finding Coven Cove's solitude reason enough to stay and see out their final years. A gruff old man, he still warms the heart of many visitors and locals alike with tales of piracy and adventure on the infamous waters of Quag.

The cook is Maisy O'Rourke (female human, com1). A pretty young lass from a local farming family, Maisy is the darling of the cove. Many a sailor has tried to win the heart of Maisy but none have succeeded. Rumours tell of her awaiting the return of her beloved who left two years earlier on the ill-fated vessel, Sea-Hag.

The inn itself is a large, single-story, stone building of sturdy construction. Storm shutters guard every window from the frequent gales and the roof has been strengthened with the interwoven carapaces of Giant Water Armadillo.

The inn can accommodate no more than 10 or 12 people at a time in two small common rooms, though Xilla has been known to allow the odd visitor to sleep in the old boat shed. The stable can house only 8 horses including the two reserved for Xilla and Gul'tard. The mounts are well tended by Maisy's brother, Luthier O'Rourke (male human, com1), who also looks after any boats docking at the jetty.