

The Hidden Bazaar

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> Before you stands a sturdy wooden table shaded by a thick thatch roof. As you approach you see a bizarre assortment of desiccated monster parts, jars of dried powders and herbs, and vials of colorful liquids. A weathered elven woman glances up at you briefly then returns her attention to the thick leather bound tome that she's reading.

If any player touches anything without her permission, she springs up from her chair with startling speed and drives a dagger into the table beside their hand, then icily states, "Look. Don't touch." There's a 25% chance of finding rare spell or potion components, though only if plant or animal based. If engaged, the seller, Elnira Eridanu, will sigh heavily and state fairly exorbitant prices for her goods. If the players attempt to haggle she will lower her prices, but reluctantly with such comments as, "You have no idea the effort it took to obtain these.", "You won't find another of those in the city.", or "It took a year and a half to track that down." Though she does not sell any magical items, she has extensive contacts amongst the wizarding community and can provide contacts for almost any magical needs the players have for a few coins - if they don't antagonize her.

> A roughhewn table holds a vast assortment of weaponry - hammers, axes, swords, and daggers. Spears, halberds, and pole axes lean against the wall behind the stall. Almost any weapon except the most exotic can be found here. Players even glancing at the stall will be greeted warmly by twin brothers, human and sharply dressed in matching tunics.

Festus and Darryn Tiarudale are extremely eager to make a sale, things have been a bit slow the past few days. They're exceedingly friendly and try to be helpful, no matter what the players do or say. They have a peculiar habit - Festus will say something and Darryn will support him enthusiastically, for example, if Festus tells the players, "This is dwarven steel, it will serve you well in battle." then Darryn will say, "Very strong! Ridiculously strong! You won't find stronger!" Their wares are all second hand, but they have extensive knowledge of metalworking in the city, and will freely offer advice in that area.

> A small table with a fine black linen tablecloth sits under a black canvas awning. Underneath an ancient human with long grey hair and a thick woolen cloak leans on a gnarled staff gazing into the distance. Placed neatly on the table are empty wineskins. *If the players make any inquiries about his wares, he taps a small sign hanging from the awning with his staff that they hadn't noticed before that says, "ONLY wineskins". If they inquire about price, he taps a small sign on the table that they hadn't noticed before that indicates the price. At any attempt to haggle, he again taps the sign with the price. Any other inquiries and he taps the sign saying ONLY wineskins. If the players continue trying to interact with him, he eventually begins staring off into the distance again.*

> A rotund human woman stands under a grey canvas sunshade barking continuously, "Meat pies! Hot, fresh meat pies!" The aforementioned pies rest on a motley assortment of small tables and chairs arrayed all around her. There is a line of a few people here throughout the day. *Marta Pillwort does a brisk business in meat pies. Her husband is the baker, and her son Marcus is the namer, carrying a surprisingly large number of pies, arriving with the announcement, "Fresh pies mother!" The pies are delicious and reasonably priced. Price is non-negotiable. Marta is very busy and though friendly will not have time to chat.*

> A long thatched roof covers a variety of barrels and casks of different sizes. Most of the larger barrels have a variety of bottles and jugs on them. Hanging from the roof is a sign that reads, "Drink, Drank, Drunk."

Two dwarves, Urna and Buto Hardcake, run this establishment and sell all manner of beverages from cheap ale to an assortment of minor magical potions. Urna addresses the party in a terse manner, "What you want?" and "We got that." Buto then scrambles through the maze of barrels and locates any requested item almost instantly. At the back of their stall is a shabby bed, a pair of crossbows loaded and ready, and a profusion of meat pie crumbs. Their small grey kitten Peaches dozes through most of the day but may come out to investigate the players.

Random Encounters:

- 1) With a horrific groan a small mud elemental rises from the standing water on the east side of the alley and attacks! A minor magical ring with a healing enchantment lies in the muck where the beast rose.
- 2) A gang of 8 laughing children run down the alley and bump into a player. (possibly stealing his purse!)
- 3) A young woman flanked by two guards with spears marches down the alley and points at one of the players declaring, "That's the one that took my quilt!" Hilarity and misunderstandings ensue.
- 4) A horrific lizard creature flips open the sewer grate and walks down the east side of the alley, its clawed flippers splashing in the puddles as moves. As the PCs reach for their weapons in terror, Marta shouts, "Hey Frank!" Frank gets in line for a pie, sorting through his handful of coppers.
- 5) A figure in a dark cloak races down the alley. A guard rounds the corner and shouts, "Stop him!"
- 6) An unnoticed wax sealed scroll case floats lazily in the gutter, heading toward the storm drain. Within is a map of the local area with a red X in the woods outside town. Treasure or trouble?