

GameMaster's Workshop:

Foghollow

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GameMaster's Introduction

Foghollow is a generic crossroads settlement that can be placed in along any wooded trade route in your world. For example, Foghollow would fit nicely in places like D7-02-E07, D7-06-F05, D7-11-E03, or even D7-14-B05. This thorp is little more than a waystation, so the residents make a living providing provisions and services to traders and travelers.

It is worth noting that Foghollow survives by being the only game in town. EVERYTHING is more expensive here. Items that usually cost a mere copper may cost 2, 3, or even 10! Availability for most items is low, and prices range from 125% to 1000% of normal, depending on the resources and skill required to make the product. Woe unto the PC who actually finds a magic item for sale in Foghollow!

The buildings, names, and menu given in the article reflect the Upper Eder Soutl region. If you place Foghollow in another part of Garweeze Wurld, or a different world, you may need to change the architecture, nomenclature, or provender presented in the article.

Read or paraphrase the following text to the players:

You follow the twisting, heaving road through the deep forest, hoping for some sign of civilization amidst the trackless, eternal wood. A stream, perhaps a small river, flows alongside your path, occasionally quite close, and sometimes winding off to get lost in the trees. After what seems like a century of wandering, you top a slight rise and see that the wilderness is thinning.

As you press onward, a large, irregular clearing, perhaps a mile across, opens up before you. The rolling farmland looks like a patchwork quilt, with the land sinking down towards a small pond. A few cypresses or trees grow around the pond, and you see a few wisps of smoke rising from the chimneys of the farmhouses that dot the clearing. You can see a cluster of larger buildings in the distance. Perhaps one of them is an inn!

Foghollow is an isolated trading post along an important route through the woods. As such, it

supports itself almost entirely on goods brought into the community from outside. The primary product and export of Foghollow is preserved pork, as the extensive forests provide ample nut mast to fatten hundreds of animals a year. Indeed what little agriculture goes on in Foghollow is mostly geared towards the production of bacon, ham, dried fruits, and cured fish. While potatoes, beans, and squash are grown locally, grains are usually imported. As a result, breads and pastries are expensive treats, rarely enjoyed by the locals.

The town is nominally governed by a distant lord, and his tax collectors are bribed to lie about the locals' financial success. As a result, the tiny village is left to its own devices. In theory, major decisions are generally made by consensus (or at least majority decision) amongst the older, land-owning residents. In practice, Crandak the Younger usually gets his way, though occasionally the elders of the United Temple manage to thwart his more bizarre intentions.

Law enforcement is provided by a militia of able-bodied townsfolk, usually led by one of the temple's priests. Foghollow has no jail, so prisoners are usually tied up in the basement of the inn and tried as swiftly as possible. Punishments never include confinement, so public humiliation, flogging, and fines are strongly in evidence. Only one execution has ever occurred in Foghollow, but no one in town will discuss the method. This has led to rampant speculation amongst the merchant caravans as to what sort of punishment could be so horrific as to frighten a whole town into silence. In truth, the local priests encourage the rumor mongering so that they hopefully won't have to drown any more murderers. This of course, explains why the locals don't like to eat the fish from their pond.

History of Foghollow

A wandering beggar named Crandak the Elder accidentally founded Foghollow about fifty years ago. Crandak, tired of walking around with nowhere to go to and never to get back to, turned his energies towards building himself a small hut near the road where he could sit comfortably and beg for alms without being harassed by tax collectors and city guards. When people actually started paying him to sleep in his hovel, Crandak was overwhelmed with entrepreneurial spirit and tried to build an inn from a heap of old mine tailings he found near the road.

Poor, displaced farmers and laborers kept wandering by, and Crandak put them to good use building and maintaining his inn. His first inn fell down in about six months, and the second lasted only

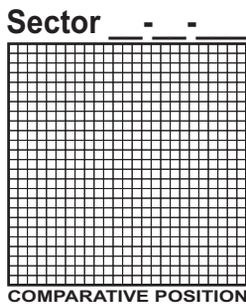
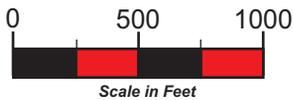
Foghollow (Thorp)

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EXCERPT



<p>#1 Crandak's Cairn (Inn)..... #2 Barth Hamfist & Sons. (Smith, Farrier, & Wainwright)..... #3 Trenthan Iliksson (General Merchant, Dry Goods)..... #4 United Temple of Foghollow (Benyar, Luvia, etc.).....</p> <p>Abandoned Mine (Dungeon)..... Crandak's Cairn (Site).....</p>	<p>C5 C5-D5 D5 D6 C5 C5-D5</p>	<p>Foghollow Almanac</p> <p>Population: 127 Racial Makeup: Human: 95% Dwarven: 1% Elven: 1% Half-Elven: 3%</p> <p>Sex: 42% Female 58% Male</p> <p>Annual GDP: 52,313 gp Major Exports: Ham, Bacon, Dried Fruit. Major Industries: Hospitality, Agriculture. Major Religions: Benyar, Sumaar' Fareen, Nudor, Luvia.</p>
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Crandak's Cairn Inn

people off and that he doesn't approve of it. Out of the "goodness of his heart" he will try to sell these for only twice the list price. The farmers actually take turns doing this. It's their main way of selling stuff!

4 An old man tells an amusingly bawdy story about how Benyar and Luvia are the lovechildren of Odin and Sumaar'Fareen (or some other gawds). At the end of the story, a second old man starts arguing with him, claiming that Luvia is Benyar's father. A third geezer chimes in and insists that Benyar is Luvia's daddy. The three men start throwing food at each other while they argue. Any PC who ignores the argument will be accidentally struck by some of the food. If the PCs stay out of it, after a few moments, the old men will ushered out and a younger man will buy drinks for the party. Attacking one of the men is worth a 10% hit to base Honor. PCs who get hit and sit tight suffer only a 1 point loss of temporal Honor.

5 Some local kids come in and tell the adults present that they found a cave (the mine) on the hillside and that one of their friends is stuck inside.

6 A pair of teamsters from rival merchant caravans starts a brawl.

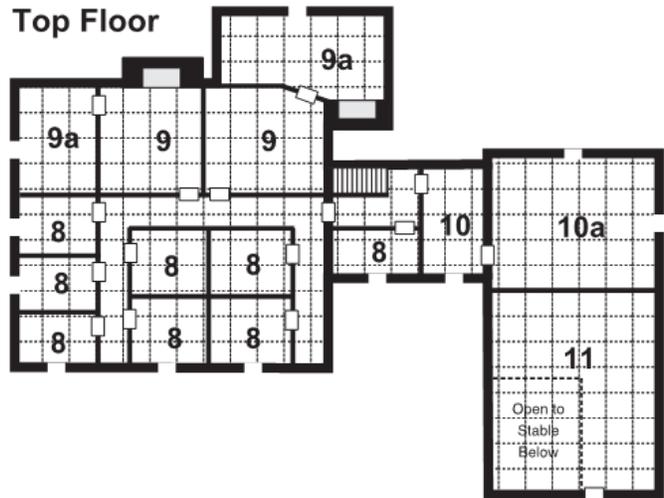
7 A teamster and a porter from the same caravan start a brawl.

8 Someone (Lucrella) steals a random item of value from a PC's room.

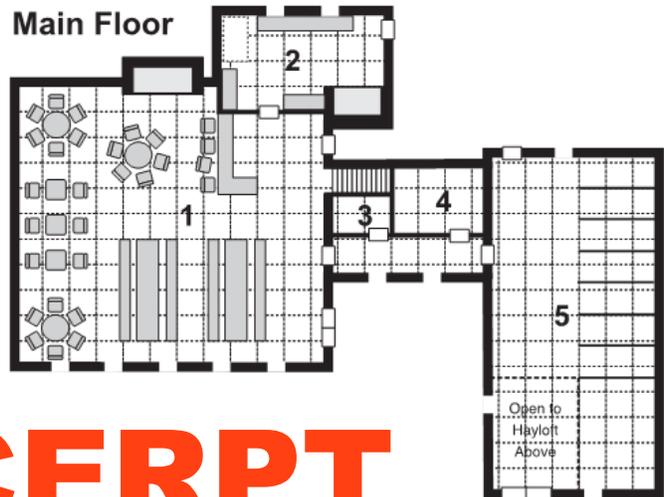
9 The trestle tables are cleared away to make room for dancing. The PCs are invited to participate and mingle. Any PC who makes a successful mingle skill check can find out about the United Temple's worries about the salt merchants.

10 A lone rider bursts into the inn and tells everyone that his caravan was attacked on the road.

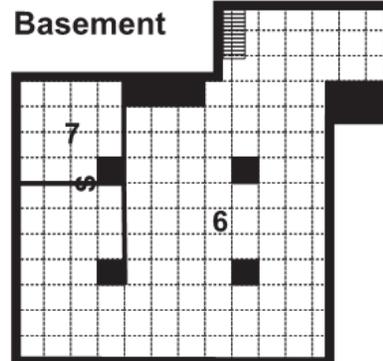
Top Floor



Main Floor



Basement



KEY

- 1. Common Room
- 2. Kitchen
- 3. Bathing Room
- 4. Tack Storage
- 5. Stable
- 6. Basement
- 7. Secret Vault
- 8. Cheap Rooms
- 9. Suite Parlor
- 9a. Suite Bedroom
- 10. Owner's Parlor
- 10a. Owner's Room
- 11. Hayloft

EXCERPT

Table HJ22-N: Crandak's Cairn Inn Menu

Drinks	Price	Quality	Availability	Potency
Ale, House Dark†	1 sp	Average	65%	70%
Ale, House Pale†	12 cp	Average	95%	80%
Ale, Local Harvest†	15 cp	Good	Seasonal	60%
Brandy, House Apple**	1 gp	Very Good	90%	50%
Cider, Local Hard*	8 sp	Fair	80%	70%
Cider, Hard, Hot Mulled*	12 sp	Good	Seasonal	80%
Mead, House*	1 gp	Good	85%	60%
Whiskey, Imported**	1 gp	Excellent	70%	20%

† Per Pint

* Per Cup

** Per Half-Cup

Breakfast	Price	Quality	Availability
Bacon, Fried, Slice	12 cp	Average	90%
Cake, Fried Bean	1 cp	Terrible	65%
Egg, Scrambled	15 sp	Average	85%
Egg, Fried	14 sp	Very Good	85%
Fish, Smoked	3 cp	Good	80%
Gravy, Ham	5 cp	Good	95%
Porridge, Bean	2 sp	Average	90%
Sausage, Link	14 cp	Very Good	80%
Steak, Ham, Fried	2 sp	Good	90%

Lunch and Dinner	Price	Quality	Availability
Bake, Cheesy Potato	2 sp	Good	85%
Bake, Bacon Leek	25 cp	Excellent	75%
Chops, Pork	4 sp	Good	80%
Fish, Pan-Fried	35 cp	Average	70%
Potato, Baked	8 cp	Average	60%
Squash, Roasted	6 cp	Fair	80%
Steaks, Ham, Baked	5 sp	Very Good	75%
Stew, Ham & Bean	3 sp	Good	90%

Miscellaneous	Price	Quality	Availability
Bread, Oat	16 cp	Very Good	95%
Compote, Nut & Fruit	1 cp	Average	75%
Fritters, Pork Rinds	1 cp	Good	90%
Fruit, Berries and Cream	12 cp	Very Good	Seasonal
Rolls, Oat	8 cp	Fair	80%
Spread, Butter	2 cp	Average	85%
Spread, Apple Butter	2 cp	Very Good	80%
Spread, Spiced Apple Jam	4 cp	Average	70%

Cheese	Price	Quality	Availability
Bleu, Local Firm	18 cp	Good	70%
Brick, Local Mild	14 cp	Fair	90%
Cheddar, Local Sharp	16 cp	Average	90%

Barth Hamfist & Sons, Wainwright

Read or paraphrase the following text to the players:

You see a hefty-looking house and workshop across from the big stone inn. A sign depicting an anvil and a wagon wheel hangs from the smaller building. Both the house and the smithy are built of stone, though the second floor of the house is partially wooden. The workshop has a small door to one side, but the front opens up with big barn doors to allow wagons to be brought right into the smithy.

Through the big double doors, you can see a short, stout man hammering on a thin band of glowing iron. Looking closer, you can tell he's a Dwarf. A young, blocky-looking Human hands the Dwarf another glowing rod and sticks the earlier band back into the fire. Surprisingly, it looks like the Dwarf might be the father of the young man who is helping him.

The Dwarf is Barth Hamfist of the Grindercave Goldhammer clan. Barth is pragmatic and not particularly talkative, but he's not dour or taciturn either. He is simply a hardworking man who feels that he has little worth saying. He's actually pretty kind-hearted about doing "common folk" repairs like fixing shovels and wagons and the like. He will usually charge average prices (or less) to lower class persons who come in to have a practical job done.

Of course, persons of middle class or higher, or anyone who asks to have their armor or weapons repaired is in for a gouging! Barth believes that metal is the blood of Aldrazar and that only the "salt of the world" should be permitted to wield it without penalty. In fact, he believes that misfortune will come to any non-commoner who uses metal unless he pays extra to the common folk who mine, smelt, and repair metal. As such, he will usually charge 1d3+1 times the usual rate for any services rendered to these persons. If a person offends him or tries to send a commoner to renegotiate the same job later, he will up the offer by 1d4 times the usual rate!

Barth is pretty satisfied with life and is really just interested in doing right by his family and neighbors. He trades regularly with his kin in the nearby mountains, passing on much of his extra earnings to them, since they mine, smelt, and pre-work the raw metal he deals in. Recently, his cousin Turlik Thunderpick informed him of a problem with Xorn in the mines. Barth doesn't really know

anything about this disaster except that it's going on; but, if he thinks the PCs are strong and/or competent enough to help, he'll try to get them to visit his cousin.

Barth Hamfist, Dwarven male (Craftsman)

STR:	15/91	+H/+D:	+1/+3
DEX:	11/26	AC:	8
CON:	14/69	HP:	28
INT:	10/32	D:	1d6+4
WIS:	12/57		
CHA:	8/24	HON:	Average
COM:	10/64	AL:	CG

Skills: Language, Common 70%; Language, Dwarven 100 %; footman's mace; blacksmith skill suite 95 %; carpenter skill suite 80 %; weaponsmithing 24%; armorer 26%; animal lore 56%; animal handling 36%; haggle 75%; reading/writing, Common 35%; reading/writing, Dwarven 46%, singing (in Dwarven) 36%; armor maintenance 100%; maintenance/upkeep, general 100%; weapon maintenance 100%.

Talents: Expert Hagglers.

Quirks/Flaws: Superstition (only commoners can freely use metal goods), psychotic aversion to Gnome Titans.

Equipment of Note: Crosspeen smith's hammer (footman's mace), smith's leathers (leather armor).

Trenthan Iliksson, General Merchant

Read or paraphrase the following text to the players:

Nothing from the... you spy a large stone building across the street from two barns. The barns are stone buildings with windows above. A miniature barrel, a wooden ham, and numerous models of common tools hang along the wall above the door. The stone building's central front door is flanked by four glass windows, through which you can see tables and shelves of dry goods and supplies.

Inside, there is a large hearth and a few men in farmer's garb sit near it, smoking and telling stories. The shop itself is surprisingly well supplied for such a small town. You don't see any weapons hanging from the walls, but there might be a few arrows or a battleaxe hidden away. A tall, wiry man rises up from one of the seats by the fireplace and approaches you.