

APPENDIX TWO: SANDPOINT

THOSE WHO HEAD NORTH FROM MAGNIMAR ALONG THE ROCKY COASTLINE QUICKLY FIND THEMSELVES IN A PECULIAR COUNTRY. FOG DRAPES THE ROLLING LANDSCAPE, FLOATING SPECTRALLY ALONG DAMP AND LONELY MOORS. SMALL WOODLANDS GRACE THE REGION, THEIR TANGLED DEPTHS REDOLENT OF NETTLES AND PEPPERWOOD AND PINE SAP, WHILE FURTHER INLAND, RIVER VALLEYS LINED BY MAJESTIC REDWOODS WIND BETWEEN RAGGED TORS AND LIMESTONE ESCARPMENTS. THE REGION'S VASTNESS AND SENSE OF ISOLATION HAVE EARNED IT ITS LOCAL NAME—THE LOST COAST.



There are pockets of civilization along the Lost Coast. Traditional Varisian campsites can be found in nearly every gulch and hollow along the cliff-lined reaches, and lonely houses sit upon bluffs now and then—domiciles for eccentrics or the rich seeking a bit of peace far from the bustle of Magnimar's streets. Roadside inns grace the Lost Coast road every 24 miles or so, placed by virtue of the distance most travelers can walk given a day's travel. Low stone shrines to Desna, goddess of wanderers and patron of the Varisians, give further opportunities for shelter should one of the all-too-common rainstorms catch travelers unaware. Given time, any of these seeds of civilization could bloom into a full-grown town, or even a city. It's happened once already, along the shores of a natural harbor nestled among the cliffs some 50 miles northeast of Magnimar. What was once a larger-than-normal Varisian campsite in the shadow of an ancient ruined tower has become the Lost Coast's largest town: Sandpoint, the Light of the Lost Coast.

LIGHT OF THE LOST COAST

As one approaches the town of Sandpoint, the footprint of civilization upon the Lost Coast grows more clear. Farmlands in the outlying moors and river valleys grow more numerous, and the blue-green waters of the Varisian Gulf bear more and more fishing vessels upon the waves. Passage over creeks and rivers is more often accomplished by wooden bridge than ford, and the Lost Coast Road itself grows wider and better-kept. Sight of Sandpoint from either approach (south or east) is kept hidden by the large upthrust limestone pavements known as the Devil's Platter and the arc of the rocky outcroppings and lightly forested hilltops that rise up just east of town, but as the final bend in the road is rounded, Sandpoint's smoking chimneys and bustling streets greet the traveler with open arms and the promise of warm beds, a welcome sight indeed for those who have spent the last few days alone on the Lost Coast Road.

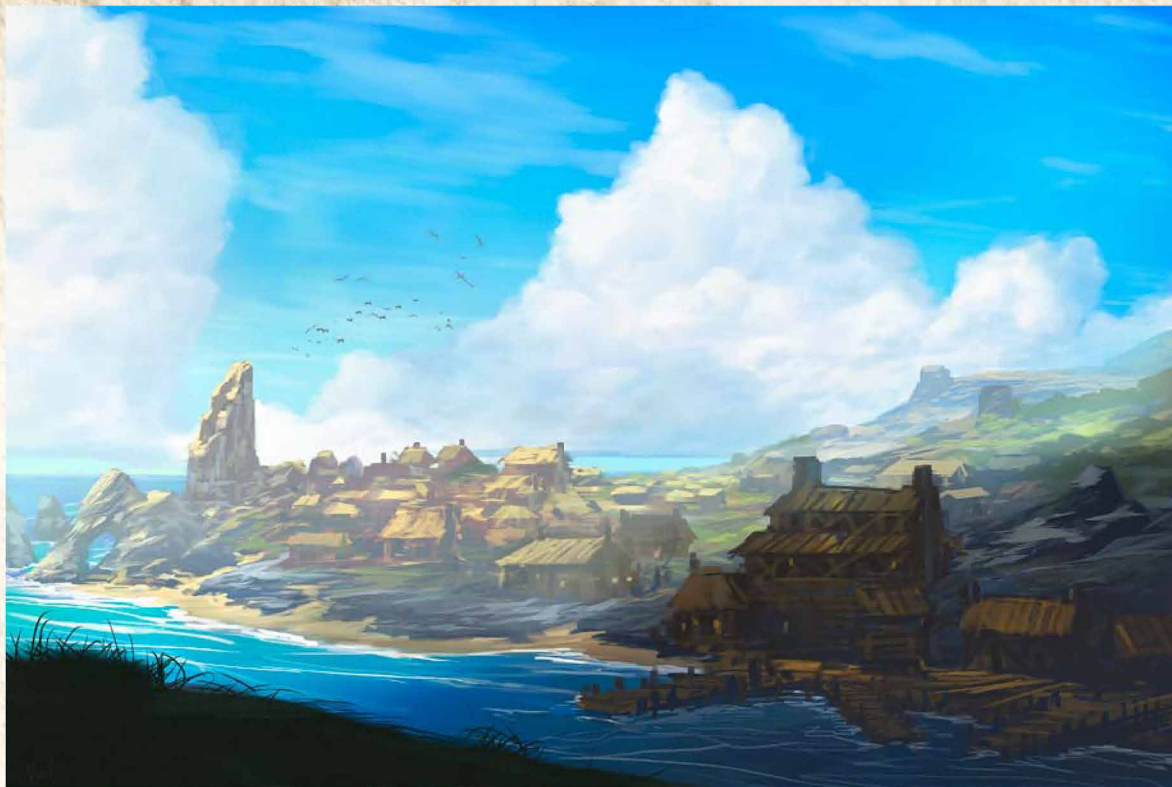
From the south, entrance to Sandpoint is governed by a wooden bridge, while from the north a low stone wall gives the town a bit of protection. Here, the Lost Coast Road passes through a stone gatehouse that is generally watched by one or two guards; the southern bridge is typically unattended. Aside from the occasional goblin, the citizens of Sandpoint have traditionally had little cause to worry about invasion or banditry—the region simply isn't populated enough to make theft a lucrative business. Hanging from a bent nail at both the gatehouse and the southern bridge is a sign and a mirror—painted on each sign is the message: "Welcome to Sandpoint! Please stop to see yourself as we see you!"

SANDPOINT'S HISTORY

Millennia ago, before the fall of Thassilon, what is known today as the Lost Coast was not a coast at all. It was a series of rocky bluffs and cliffs that ran through a vast moor stretching from the end of the Fogscar Mountains south to the Mushfens. Called the Rasp, this ridge of stony tors and limestone escarpments marked the boundary between the nations of Shalast and Bakrakhan. When Thassilon fell, the nation of Bakrakhan collapsed and slid into the sea, forming what is now called the Varisian Gulf as the Rasp became the region's new coastline.

Before these cataclysmic events, the Rasp was heavily patrolled by the armies of Shalast and Bakrakhan, and violent clashes between the two were common. Runelord Karzoug used his impressive magic and giant slaves to erect immense statues in his image along the Rasp, granite sentinels that stood hundreds of feet in height and from whose stony eyes he could look out upon the nation of Bakrakhan from the safety of his throne in distant Xin-Shalast. In response, Runelord Alaznist built several destructive watchtowers called Hellstorm Flumes along the Rasp. Each of these towers housed a contingent of her soldiers, commanded by sorcerers and demon-worshipping clerics hand-picked





from her personal guard. Atop each Flume burned a constant vortex of arcane fire, one that its commander could direct to scorch intruding armies from miles away. The Flumes did a remarkable job at keeping Karzoug's forces from effectively invading Bakrakhan, while his own Sentinel Statues prevented Alaznist from launching any surprise invasions of her own. And so the two kingdoms existed in tenuous balance until the cataclysmic fall of their world.

After Thassilon's collapse and with the onset of the Age of Darkness, the Rasp became the region's new western coastline. Karzoug's Sentinel Statues collapsed, although here and there fragments of these once mighty guardians still stand. Bakrakhan's Hellstorm Flumes fared no better—most of these watch towers fell into the sea during the cataclysm. Only one remained above the waves, and even it crumbled to less than a quarter of its original height. Varisian travelers preserved in their oral traditions stories of how ruined towers once cast fire down upon the surrounding lands, but over the generations, these tales evolved. The ruin's location at the edge of the sea seemed to indicate that it was once a lighthouse, and in time, old tales of beams of fire became beams of light. Today, the Varisians view the last Hellstorm Flume as nothing more than an ancient ruined lighthouse, a landmark they call the Old Light. No record of the tower's destructive purpose remains in the modern mind, yet clues to its violent legacy remain unsuspected in catacombs that once connected to the tower's dungeons.

SANDPOINT, LIGHT OF THE LOST COAST

NG small town

Corruption +0; **Crime** +0; **Economy** +1; **Law** +0; **Lore** +2; **Society** +0

Qualities prosperous, rumormongering citizens

Danger +0

DEMOGRAPHICS

Government autocracy (mayor)

Population 1,240 (1,116 humans, 37 halflings, 25 elves, 24 dwarves, 13 gnomes, 13 half-elves, 12 half-orcs)

Notable NPCs

Kendra Deverin, mayor (NG female human aristocrat 4/expert 3)

Belor Hemlock, sheriff (CG human male fighter 4)

Abstalar Zantus, town priest (CG male human cleric of Desna 4)

Titus Scarnetti, noble (LN male human aristocrat 6)

Ethram Valdemar, noble (NG male human aristocrat 5/expert 2)

Ameiko Kaijitsu, owner of Rusty Dragon (CG female human aristocrat 1/bard 3/rogue 1)

Shalelu Andosana, local ranger (CG female elf fighter 2/ranger 4)

Brodert Quink, Thassilonian expert (NG male human expert 7)

MARKETPLACE

Base Value 1,300 gp; **Purchase Limit** 7,500 gp; **Spellcasting** 4th

Minor Items 3d4*; **Medium Items** 1d6*; **Major Items** —

* Additional specific magic items for sale in Sandpoint are detailed in the pages that follow. Every month, roll 3d4 to see how many new minor items are for sale, and 1d6 to see how many new medium items are for sale. Healing items that might be offered by the Sandpoint Cathedral or other individuals do not count against these limits.

More recently, settlers from the southern nation of Cheliox have come to Varisia. The city of Magnimar was settled by colonists dissatisfied with the strong reliance on Chelish support in Eastern Varisia, and before long the need for additional farmland grew apparent. To the south, the sloppy expanse of the Mushfens made farming difficult, so the settlers turned their eyes north along the Lost Coast. For much of its length, the coast offered little shelter, with one exception—a perfect cove about 50 miles away from Magnimar. A cove overlooked by a curious stone ruin.

The foundation of a new town is not a matter to be taken lightly, nor one to be funded by a single investor. Four powerful families from Magnimar had designs on the region, and rather than work against each other, they consolidated their efforts and formed the Sandpoint Mercantile League. These four families—the Kaijitsus (glassmakers), the Valdemars (shipbuilders), the Scarnettis (loggers), and the Deverins (farmers and brewers)—sailed north to claim their land after securing the rights from Magnimar. Yet when they arrived in the spring of 4666 AR, they found the place already settled by a large tribe of Varisians.

Refusing to be set back, the Sandpoint Mercantile League began a series of talks with the Varisians, promising them an important place in the new township. Unfortunately, after a week of talks that seemed to be going nowhere, an impatient man named Alamon Scarnetti took matters into his own hands. Rounding up a group of his brothers and cousins, the Scarnettis mounted a murderous raid on the Varisian camp, intent on killing them all and leaving evidence to blame local goblins for the deed. Yet the Scarnettis, too drunk and overconfident, managed to kill only five Varisians before they were themselves forced to flee, leaving behind three of their own.

The Sandpoint Mercantile League fled back to Magnimar, and in the months to follow were embroiled in the repercussions of Alamon's assault. Magnimar's Varisian Council demanded punishment for all four families, but the High Court arbitrated a peace between them, in no small thanks to the remarkable diplomatic skills of a young bard and member of one of the families accused—Almah Deverin. Not only did she manage to assuage the Varisians' call for blood payment, she also managed to salvage the plans for Sandpoint by promising not only to incorporate the worship of Desna into the new town's cathedral, but also to pay the Varisian Council a generous share of any profits made by Sandpoint businesses over the course of the next 40 years. One year later, the Sandpoint Mercantile League

began construction on several buildings with the full cooperation of the Varisian people. In the years since Sandpoint's foundation, the settlement has flourished. Although the initial term of the compact with the Varisian Council has passed, Sandpoint's government has elected to extend the compact another 20 years, much to the consternation of a few locals.

Today, Sandpoint is a thriving community. Many industries, including fishing, lumber, farming, hunting, brewing, shipbuilding, tanning, and glassmaking, have boomed, luring skilled laborers from as far as Korvosa and Riddleport to relocate here. Yet Sandpoint's location on the Lost Coast has also recently drawn settlers of another bent. As explorers and adventurers begin to piece together the fragments of ancient Thassilon's influence over the region so long ago, Varisia's Thassilonian ruins have acted as a magnet for such lore-seekers. The Old Light is no exception, and a few of Sandpoint's recent arrivals are more interested in this ruin than anything else.

Throughout its history, Sandpoint has been thankfully free of major disasters. Every winter brings its share of strong storms, yet the natural harbor, sandbars, and cliffs do a remarkable job of blunting the force of wind and wave, leaving the town relatively unscathed. Elders in town spin yarns of a few really big storms, but apart from the town's somewhat rocky beginning with the Varisians, only two events have really qualified as disasters: the Chopper and the Sandpoint Fire. These two events, occurring in such close and recent proximity as they have, are generally lumped together as the "Late Unpleasantness," even though the incidents didn't have any obvious links. Natives of Sandpoint are reluctant to talk about either event, preferring to look ahead to brighter times.

THE LATE UNPLEASANTNESS

When Jervis Stoot made clear his intentions to build a home on the then-nameless tidal island just north of the Old Light, many worried that he'd break his neck climbing up and down the isle's cliffs. Jervis had already garnered something of a reputation for eccentricity when he began his one-man crusade to carve depictions of birds on every building in town. Stoot never made a carving without securing permission, but his incredible skill at woodcarving made it a given that, if Stoot picked your building as the site of his latest project, you seized the opportunity. "Sporting a Stoot" soon grew to be something of a bragging point, and Jervis eventually extended his gift to include ships and carriages. Those who asked or tried to pay him for his skill were rebuffed—Stoot told them, "There ain't no birds in





that wood for me t'set free," and went on his way, often wandering the streets for days before noticing a hidden bird in a fence post, lintel, steeple, or doorframe, which he'd then secure permission to "release" with his trusty hatchets and carving knives.

Stoot's excuse for wanting to move onto the isle seemed innocent enough. The place was a haven for local birdlife, and his claim of "wantin' ta be with th' birds" seemed to make sense—so much so, in fact, that the guild of carpenters (with whom Stoot had maintained a friendly competition for several years) volunteered to build a staircase, free of charge, along the southern cliff face so that Stoot could come and go from his new home without risking life and limb. For 15 years, Stoot lived on the island. His trips into town grew less and less frequent, making it something of an event when he chose a building to host a new Stoot.

Sandpoint was no stranger to crime, or even to murder. Once or twice in a year, passions flared, robberies went bad, jealousy grew too much to bear, or one too many drinks were drunk, and someone would end up dead. But when bodies began to mount in late 4702 AR, the town initially had no idea how to react. Sandpoint's sheriff at the time was a no-nonsense man named Casp Avertin, a retired city watch officer from Magnimar. Yet even he was ill-prepared for the murderer who came to be known as Chopper. Over the course of one long month, it seemed that every day brought a new victim to light. Each was found in the same terrible state: body bearing deep cuts to the neck and torso, hands and feet severed and stacked nearby, and the eyes and tongue missing entirely, having been plucked crudely from each head.

Over the course of that terrible month, Chopper claimed 25 victims. His uncanny knack at eluding traps and pursuit quickly wore on the town guard, taking a toll on Sheriff Avertin in particular, who increasingly took to drinking. In any event, Sheriff Avertin himself became Chopper's last victim, slain upon catching the murderer in a narrow lane—known now as Chopper's Alley—as he was mutilating his latest victim. In the battle that followed, Avertin landed a telling blow against the killer. When Belor Hemlock, then merely a town guard, found both bodies (Avertin's and the penultimate victim) several minutes later, he rallied the guards and they were able to follow the killer's bloody trail.

The trail led straight to the stairs of Stoot's Rock.

At first, the town guard refused to believe the implications, and feared that Chopper had come to claim poor Jarvis Stoot as his 26th victim. Yet what the guards found in the modest home atop the isle and in the larger complex of rooms that had been carved into the bedrock below left no room for doubt. Jarvis Stoot and Chopper were one and the same, and the eyes and tongues of all 25 victims were found upon a horrific altar

CALLING THE WATCH

If the PCs need help, or if they overstep their bounds and get in trouble, the Sandpoint Watch may need to make an appearance. Use the following statistics for Sandpoint Guards as you need them.

SANDPOINT GUARD

XP	CR	HP
200	1/2	21

Human warrior 2

NG Medium humanoid

Init +0; **Senses** Perception +3

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 10, flat-footed 14 (+4 armor)

hp 21 (2d10+6)

Fort +5, **Ref** +0, **Will** -1

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee longsword +4 (1d8+1/19-20)

Ranged longbow +2 (1d8/x3)

STATISTICS

Str 13, **Dex** 11, **Con** 14, **Int** 10, **Wis** 9, **Cha** 8

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 13

Feats Alertness, Weapon Focus (longsword)

Skills Intimidate +4, Perception +3, Ride +3, Sense Motive +3

Languages Common, Varisian

Gear chain shirt, longbow with 20 arrows, longsword

to a vile demon lord of winged creatures and temptation whose name none dared speak aloud. Stoot himself was found dead at the base of the altar, having plucked his own eyes and tongue loose in a final offering. The guards collapsed the entrance to the lower chambers, burned Stoot's house, tore down the stairs, and did their best to forget. Stoot himself was burned on the beach in a pyre, his ashes blessed and then scattered in an attempt to stave off an unholy return of his evil spirit.

But as fate would have it, the people of Sandpoint would soon have a new tragedy to bear, one that almost eclipsed Chopper's rampage. A month after the murderer was slain, a terrible fire struck Sandpoint. The fire started in the Sandpoint Chapel and spread quickly. As the town rallied to save the church, the inferno expanded, consuming the North Coast Stables, the White Deer Inn, and three homes. In the end, the church burnt to the ground, leaving the town's beloved priest Ezakien Todyn and (so the town believed) his beautiful adopted daughter Nualia dead.

All that remains today of the once-loved Stoot carvings are ragged scars on buildings and figureheads where owners used hatchets to remove what had become a haunting reminder of the wolf in the fold. The homes and businesses ravaged by the fire have been reconstructed, and the Sandpoint Chapel has finally been rebuilt as well. With the consecration of this new cathedral, Sandpoint hopes to finally put the dark times of the Late Unpleasantness in the past.

SANDPOINT





SANDPOINT AT A GLANCE

Most of the buildings in Sandpoint are made of wood, with stone foundations and wood shingle roofs. The majority are single-story structures, with a few noted exceptions. The town is often thought of as two districts by the locals. Uptown consists of areas 1–12. Most of these buildings are relatively new, and the streets are open and less crowded. This section of town is also physically above the rest, situated on a level bluff overlooking downtown, which consists of areas 13–46. The majority of the town's buildings can be found downtown, which grows increasingly crowded as available space is claimed by new arrivals. Downtown is built on a gentle slope that runs from a height of about 60 feet above sea level to the west, down to only a few feet above the waterline to the east and south.

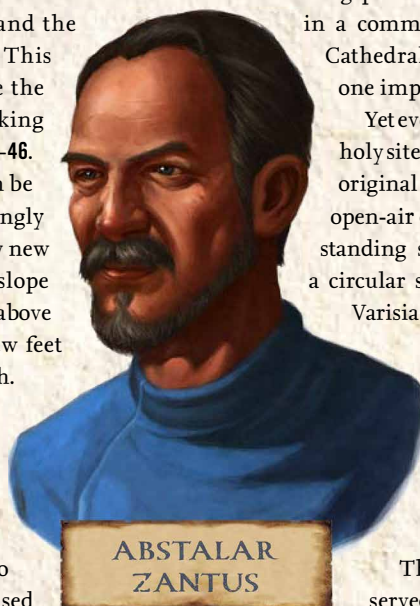
Sandpoint Harbor is a modest-sized natural harbor, 30 feet deep for most of its expanse, with sharply rising slopes near the shore. The languid waters of the Turandarok River wind down from the hinterlands, skirting Devil's Platter to empty into the harbor—the river is often used to transport lumber harvested far upriver down to the local sawmill. South of town rises another bluff on which Sandpoint's most affluent landowners have staked their claims.

Only a few hundred feet north of town rises an upthrust spur of rocky land topped with a few trees—this tidal island is now known as Chopper's Isle, and was once the home of Sandpoint's most notorious criminal. The remote outcropping is accessible only by flight or by a skilled climber, and locals now believe the isle to be haunted by Chopper's ghost; children often dare each other to go out to the isle's base at low tide and touch the barren cliff face that surrounds it, but no one's visited the top in years.

The sight that proves most striking to visitors of Sandpoint at first is the ruins of the Old Light. The original height of this tower is unknown, but those who have studied the ancient architecture of the crumbling remains estimate it might have stood more than 700 feet tall. Today, less than a quarter of that remains. The Old Light rises from sea level and is built into the face of a 120-foot-tall cliff, with the tower extending another 50 feet above that level to culminate in ragged ruins. The remaining shell is yet another reminder that neither the Chelaxians nor the Varisians are the first settlers of this land, yet apart from a few badly weathered carvings signifying that the peak of this tower once held a brilliant light, no insight into the tower's true purpose remains.

1 SANDPOINT CATHEDRAL

Easily the largest building in Sandpoint, this impressive cathedral is also the town's newest structure. Built



over the foundations of the previous chapel, Sandpoint Cathedral is not dedicated to the worship of a single deity. Rather, it gathers under its eaves the six most commonly worshiped deities in the region: Abadar, Desna, Erastil, Gozreh, Sarenrae, and Shelyn. The building provides chapels for all of these deities in a communal forum—in a way, Sandpoint Cathedral is six different churches under one impressive roof.


Yet even the previous chapel wasn't the first holy site in this location. The core of both the original chapel and the new cathedral is an open-air courtyard surrounding a set of seven standing stones, which themselves surround a circular stone altar. These stones served the Varisians for centuries as a place of worship, although they generally venerated Desna and various Empyrean Lords at these stones, the stones themselves have a much older tradition. Unknown to anyone alive today, the seven standing stones once represented the seven Thassilionian schools of magic and served as a focus for wizards who wished to direct the destructive power of the

nearby Hellstorm Flume. No one in Sandpoint suspects the standing stones are anything more than an ancient site of worship. Varisian oral tradition maintains that the seven stones represent the seven towers of Desna's otherworldly palace, but this is merely a story perpetuated by early Varisian seers eager to hide yet another bit of their homeland's destructive history.

The original chapel built here was a collection of six different shrines, each its own building and connected to the others by open-air walkways. Desna's worship was incorporated into these shrines as part of the peace accord with the local Varisians, but the original builders included five other deities as well. Four of these (Abadar, Gozreh, Sarenrae, and Shelyn) were patrons of the original founders of the Sandpoint Mercantile Consortium, while the fifth, Erastil, was the most popular among the initial settlers.

When that chapel burnt to the ground several years ago, Mayor Deverin set into motion a bold initiative. Not only would the chapel be rebuilt, but it would be rebuilt on a grand scale. A cathedral would be constructed in place of the chapel, and it would be made of stone and glass. Funding for this project came partially from the founding families, partially from Sandpoint businesses eager to earn favor in the eyes of the gods, and partially from the respective churches. It took years to finish the cathedral, but the end result is truly impressive. To the south, facing Sandpoint's heart, are the shrines of civilization: Erastil and Abadar. To the west, offering a view of the Old Light and the sea beyond, are the shrines

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of Shelyn and Gozreh. And to the east, offering a view of the Sandpoint Boneyard and the rising sun, are the shrines of Sarenrae and Desna.

The previous chapel hosted fewer than a dozen acolytes, led by a well-loved cleric named Ezakien Tobyn, who sadly perished in the fire that claimed the church. The new high-priest of Sandpoint is his most accomplished student, a pleasant man named **ABSTALAR ZANTUS** (CG male human cleric of Desna 4). Himself a worshiper of Desna, Abstalar is very open about matters of faith and has slipped into the role of advisor for worshippers of other gods of Sandpoint with ease.

2 SANDPOINT BONEYARD

Set in the shadow of the Sandpoint Cathedral and accessible via a gate to the north or from several doors leading into the cathedral itself, this expansive cemetery overlooks the Turandarok River. Stone vaults owned by affluent members of the town stand near the cemetery's edges or at its center, while dozens of humble plots, each marked with a simple gravestone, sit amid trees and shrubberies. The boneyard is well maintained and kept by a man named **NAFFER VOSK** (NG male human rogue 1/cleric of Sarenrae 2), a deformed smuggler Father Tobyn took pity on after his ship wrecked just north of town a decade ago. Naffer has found redemption in Sarenrae, and despite a twisted spine that from birth has given him a sinister lurching gait, he's one of the town's most devout citizens. He keeps the boneyard meticulously clean and is also responsible for ringing the church bells every day at dawn, noon, and dusk.

3 THE WHITE DEER

A pair of wooden life-sized deer, carved with painstaking care from white birch, stand astride the entrance to this sizable tavern and inn, which commands an impressive view of the Varisian Gulf to the north. The building is new, recently rebuilt after the previous inn at this location burnt to the ground several years ago in the same fire that destroyed the Sandpoint Chapel. The new White Deer is a grand affair, three stories tall with a stone first floor and wooden upper floors, with a dozen large rooms that can accommodate two to three guests each.

A somber and quiet Shoanti man named **GARRIDAN VISKALAI** (LN male human expert 4) owns the White Deer and runs the place with the aid of his family and a few locals. Although his parents were members of the Shriikirri-Quah tribe, they abandoned their ties to settle in Sandpoint. Garridan regrets their choice, but his love for his wife and family keeps him rooted firmly in town.

Eager to encourage visitors to stay at his inn, Garridan keeps the prices of his rooms and board low, matching those of the Rusty Dragon (area 37) despite the fact that his accommodations are much cleaner and more spacious. Still, his gruff attitude tends to make his establishment less popular than the Dragon. Garridan is the brother of

Sandpoint's sheriff, Belor Hemlock, although the two of them are in a long-running feud stemming from what Garridan sees as his brother's complete abandonment of Shoanti tradition.

4 THE WAY NORTH

As with several other buildings in the vicinity, this one-story structure was recently rebuilt after the Sandpoint Fire. Originally a stable, the building has been converted by its owner, an aged but spry gnome named **VEZNUTT PAROOH** (NG male gnome wizard 2/expert 4), into a cramped and cluttered library to house his tremendous collection of maps and sea charts. Maps of local regions, from the immediate vicinity up to the whole of Varisia and the Storval Plateau, can be purchased from him for prices ranging from 5 gp to 100 gp, depending on the size and level of detail. When not here crafting copies of old maps, Veznutt can usually be found arguing over history with his best friend Ilsoari at Turandarok Academy (area 27).

5 JEWELER

This squat stone building escaped the fire that ravaged northern Sandpoint, much to the relief of its owner, a wild-haired jeweler named **MAVER KESK** (LG male human expert 3). Maver retains a half-dozen local toughs (LN human warrior 3) as guards, but he has a habit of leaving doors and vaults open—a trait his wife **PENNAE KESK** (LN female human commoner 2) often berates him for publicly.

6 JUNKER'S EDGE

Garbage gathered by Gorvi's boys (see area 7) is routinely dumped over the edge of this cliff to gather on the beach below. Several of the town's Gozreh worshippers (in particular Hannah Velerin; see area 45) rankle at this practice, but until an equally cost-effective and convenient option is presented, the town council is reluctant to change its ways. In any event, the sea generally makes short work of the junk, ensuring it never piles up too high.

Unknown to the citizens of Sandpoint, another reason the garbage never grows too high is the fact that goblins from the Seven Tooth tribe regularly sneak along the coast to raid the beach for bits of metal, scraps of food, not-quite-broken tools, and other "valuable" prizes. As a result, the Seven Tooth goblins have made a name for themselves among the local goblin tribes as the best traders.

7 GORVI'S SHACK

This dilapidated shack is home to one of Sandpoint's few half-orcs, a fat, heavily tattooed lummo named **GORVI** (CN male half-orc warrior 3). Despite the ramshackle look of his home, Gorvi has made quite a pretty penny for himself serving as Sandpoint's dungsweeper, enough that he employs about two dozen vagrants and curs



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who would otherwise be causing trouble along the boardwalk, paying them regularly in copper to haul one of his distinctive red wheelbarrows through the streets to collect refuse and garbage. Sandpoint pays him handsomely for his services, a job that no one else really wants but everyone wants to see done. Lately, Gorvi's been making a menace of himself more than usual, spending evenings down on the boardwalk, harassing women, and raising hackles at the Hagfish (area 33). Mayor Kendra has had to ask him several times to ease up on the drinking and carousing lately, but Gorvi has grown complacent, believing that he won't be run out of town as long as he continues to ensure the streets are clean.

8 SAGE

The sole occupant of this ancient building is an old man named **BRODERT QUINK** (NG male human expert 7), a balding scholar of Varisian history and engineering. Brodert claims to have spent 2 decades of his youth studying with dwarven engineers at Janderhoff and 3 decades as a cataloger at the Founder's Archive in Magnimar, and is continually baffled and enraged that his learning and obvious intelligence haven't afforded him more prestige. Brodert has been studying ancient Thassilonian ruins for the past several years and has recently become obsessed with the Old Light. No one believes his theories that the tower was once a war machine capable of spewing fire to a range of more than a mile.

9 LOCKSMITH

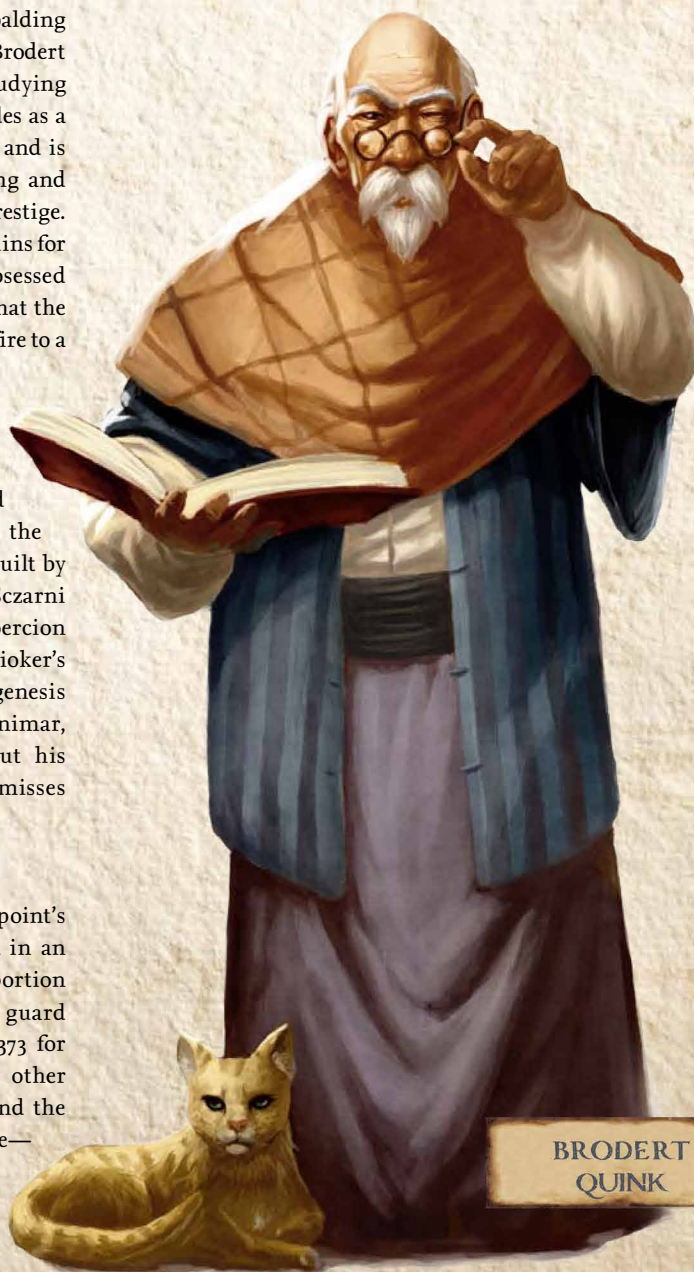
A flamboyant dwarf named **VOLIOKER BRISKALBERD** (LG male dwarf rogue 2/expert 3) has owned and operated Sandpoint's locksmith business since the town's founding. Most of the town's locks were built by Volioker. He's long been an enemy of the local Sczarni (see area 42), who have used both diplomacy and coercion in their attempts to recruit him to their side. Volioker's distaste for thievery and scoundrels may have its genesis in his childhood as a street orphan in Magnimar, although he's traditionally close-mouthed about his past. He's a tremendous fan of the arts, and never misses a new show at the playhouse.

10 SANDPOINT GARRISON

This stone fortress serves double duty as Sandpoint's militia barracks and its jail. The jail is located in an underground wing, while the above-ground portion houses the town's guard. Sandpoint's town guard consists of a dozen full-time guards (see page 373 for statistics); about twice this many servants and other experts (smiths, cooks, bookkeepers, couriers, and the like) dwell here as well. Guards patrol the city alone—there's generally not much trouble beyond the odd drunk for them to handle, so usually only three or four are on duty at any one time.

Sandpoint also maintains a militia of 62 able-bodied men and women (human warrior 1) who are expected to attend training and exercise here at least once a week. This militia can be brought to service in 1d3 hours.

The garrison is currently under the watchful eye of Sheriff **BELOR HEMLOCK** (CG male human fighter 4), a Shoanti who inherited the post of sheriff when the previous holder, Casp Avertin, was murdered by Chopper. Belor saw the town through that last terrible night and is generally held to be the man who stopped Chopper's rampage. In the emergency election that followed a week later, the people of Sandpoint made his role official, and Belor became the first Shoanti sheriff of Sandpoint. Honored and eager to live up to Casp's legacy, Belor changed his last name from Viskalai to its Chelish translation, Hemlock—a choice that has



BRODERT
QUINK

endured him to Sandpoint's mostly Chelish populace but hasn't sat well with his brother Garridan (see area 3). Belor's not-as-secret-as-he'd-like romance with Kaye Tesarani (see area 43) has put further strain on his relationship with his family.

The jail below the garrison is generally empty save for a few drunks or Sczarni doing time for some minor crime. Murderers and other hardened criminals generally stay for only a few days before an escort from Magnimar arrives to bring them to trial in the big city. The garrison's jailor is a heavily scarred brute named **VACHEDI** (CG male human barbarian 3), a Shoanti tribesman who hopes to someday earn enough money to buy back his two sons from Kaer Magan slavers.

11 SANDPOINT TOWN HALL

The majority of the ground floor of this two-story building consists of a meeting hall large enough to seat most of Sandpoint's adults, although town meetings have rarely been even half so well attended. The upper floor contains offices and storerooms, while a vault in the basement below has functioned as the town bank for decades. Plans to build a proper bank have been stalled for various reasons since the town was founded. Sandpoint's mayor, **KENDRA DEVERIN** (NG female human aristocrat 4/expert 3), can often be found in this building, tending to the town's needs.

12 SAVAH'S ARMORY

The northeast corner of this building bears a few scars from the Sandpoint Fire, but fortunately for its owner, **SAVAH BEVANIKY** (NG female human fighter 2/rogue 1), the building escaped significant damage. Savah's shop sells all manner of weapons and armor, including several masterwork items and exotic weapons like a spiked chain, a dozen masterwork shuriken, and a *+1 repeating crossbow* with a darkwood and ivory stock that bears the name "Vansaya." She's not sure what the name means—she bought the weapon from an adventurer on the way to Riddleport a year ago, and its high price and complexity have ensured its semi-permanent stay in her shop.

13 RISA'S PLACE

RISA MAGRAVI (NG female human sorcerer 4) operated this tavern for the first 30 years of Sandpoint's history, and even now that she's gone mostly blind in her old age and has left the day-to-day affairs of the job to her three children **BESK**, **LANALEE**, and **VODGER** (NG human commoner 2), the mysterious Varisian sorcerer remains a fixture of the tavern. Known as much for Risa's tales

of ancient legends and myths as for its spiced potatoes and cider, this tavern is a favorite of the locals if only because its out-of-the-way location ensures strangers rarely come by.

14 ROVANKY TANNERY

LARZ ROVANKY (LG male human expert 3) runs Sandpoint's tannery, situated at the edge of town, with ruthless efficiency. He expects perfection from his workers and his products, and as a result often works long hours on his own during the stretches when he's temporarily fired the help. His leather and fur goods are of high quality, enough so that locals generally don't mind the extra wait for custom orders while Larz fusses with getting things perfect.

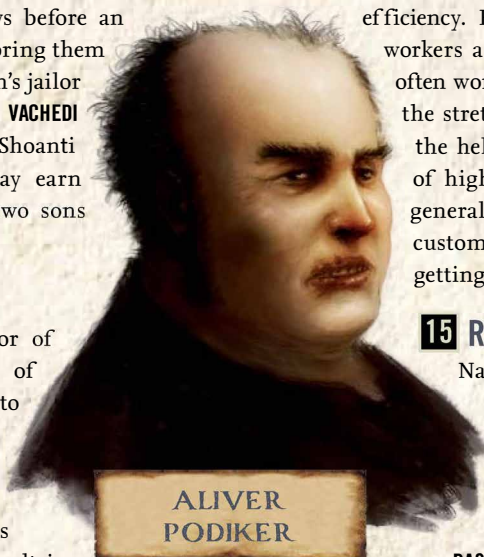
15 RED DOG SMITHY

Named for its owner's affection for large red mastiffs, two to three of which can always be seen lounging about nearby, Red Dog Smithy is owned by a bald and powerfully muscled man named **DAS KORVUT** (LN male human fighter 1/expert 3). Das's temper is, perhaps, his true claim to fame—he has little patience for customers, and even less for everyone else. Sandpoint suffers his foul-mouthed attitude and frequent drunken midnight rants because he really does know his job, and as long as he's busy hammering metal, he stays relatively calm and confined to his smithy. The local children have recently been circulating a somewhat cruel rhyme about Das that they've taken to chanting at hopsquares, a doggerel sure to come to an end once the smith hears it.

"Here comes crazy-man Das Korvut,
Mad as a cut snake in a wagon rut.
See how his chops go bouncity-bounce?
How many people has he trounced?
One! Two! Three! Four..."

16 THE PILLBUG'S PANTRY

Nestled at the base of a cliff and tucked between several old tenements, nothing but a painting of a pillbug perched on a mushroom indicates this building is anything more than yet another home. The proprietor of this establishment is a short, rotund man named **ALIVER "PILLBUG" PODIKER** (LE male human alchemist 5), an accomplished herbalist, gardener, and secret poisoner. Although he's of mixed Chelish and Varisian blood, the Sczarni (see area 42) have taken to treating him as a full-blooded Varisian. While his primary source of income is from legitimate sales of medicine and potions, he maintains a healthy side-business selling poison to Sczarni locals as well. Before he'll





even admit to being a poison merchant, though, a potential customer first has to ask him, “Have any happy pillbugs turned up lately?”

17 BOTTLED SOLUTIONS

This cluttered shop is filled with shelves upon shelves of bottles, bags, and other alchemical containers, some covered with dust and others so new that the pungent stink of their brewing still fills the air. **NISK TANDER** (NG male half-elf alchemist 1/expert 2) fancies himself a more gifted potion-maker than he really is—items purchased from this shop have a 5% chance of not working as intended, either being subdued, inert, or wildly unpredictable in their actual effects (such as a flask of alchemist’s fire bursting in a flash of light that acts as a *daze* spell in a 5-foot-radius, or a vial of antitoxin functioning instead as a vial of acid). A successful DC 25 Craft (alchemy) check can determine whether something purchased at Bottled Solutions will work or not, but Nisk doesn’t take kindly to people looking too closely at his wares before they buy.

18 CRACKTOOTH’S TAVERN

A particular favorite of patrons of the Sandpoint Theater, Cracktooth’s Tavern is always full after the latest show at the nearby playhouse lets out. A large stage gives actors, singers, and anyone else the opportunity to show their stuff. Every night a crowd of would-be entertainers packs the taproom in the hopes of being discovered. Owner **JESK “CRACKTOOTH” BERINNI** (NG male human expert 3) might look like a thug, but he’s actually quite well read and possesses a scathing wit—nights when he takes the stage to deliver his observations on the political situation in Magnimar are quite popular.

19 HOUSE OF BLUE STONES

This stone building is primarily a single large chamber, the floor decorated with polished blue stones set within winding pathways of reed mats. This structure was built 10 years after Sandpoint was founded by a wandering monk named Enderaki Sorn—today, the monastery is tended by Enderaki’s daughter, **SABYL SORN** (LN female human monk 4), her father having passed away 7 years ago. A worshiper of Irori, the god of self-perfection and knowledge, Sabyl maintains a large collection of old books and scrolls in the basement chambers below. She opens both the meditation floor and her library to fellow worshipers, but others must convince her of their good intentions with a successful DC 25 Diplomacy check before she’ll let them in. Use of Sabyl’s library grants a +4 bonus on Knowledge (history) and Knowledge (the planes) checks.

20 SANDPOINT GLASSWORKS

One of the oldest industries in town, the Sandpoint Glassworks has been owned by the Kajitsu family

from the town’s inception. The glassworking trade has been in the family for generations, and many of their techniques—perfected in distant Minkai—result in dazzling and impressive works that fetch top price among the nobles of Magnimar, Korvosa, and beyond. The Sandpoint Glassworks is detailed in full in Chapter One.

21 SANDPOINT SAVORIES

The smells issuing from this bakery fight against the salty tang of the sea every morning except on Sunday. The shop has been owned and operated by the Avertin family for the past 2 decades. **ALMA AVERTIN** (LG female human expert 7) still hasn’t quite recovered from the brutal death of her son Casp several years ago under Chopper’s blade, and her twin daughters **ARIKA** and **ANEKA** (LG female human experts 2) all but run the business these days. Aneka doesn’t mind, but Arika is growing increasingly restless with the job.

22 THE CURIOUS GOBLIN

The sign out in front of this shop shows a wide-eyed goblin reading an upside-down book nearly as tall as him. Inside, this bookshop is a testament to one man’s obsession with the printed word. **CHASK HALADAN** (CG male human bard 3/expert 3) has maintained his love affair with books for nearly 70 years and shows no sign of giving it up anytime soon. His store is surprisingly complete, and while almost all of his wares are far too pricey for any of the locals to shop here with any frequency, a nest egg gathered in his adventurous youth combined with a frugal lifestyle makes the success of his business secondary to his own satisfaction. Several locals, including Brodert Quink (area 8), Sabyl Sorn (area 19), and Ilsoari Gandethus (area 27) can often be found here, either chatting with Chask or sitting in one of several large chairs, reading.

23 SANDPOINT THEATER

Brand-new cathedrals and ancient ruins aren’t the only incongruities Sandpoint boasts. This massive playhouse, financed entirely by its larger-than-life owner, **CYRDAK DROKKUS** (CN male human bard 6), features one of the most impressive theaters on this side of Varisia—it certainly competes with the playhouses of Magnimar, a fact that Cyrdak takes great pride in, since he was forced to flee that city for mysterious reasons he’s eager to hint at but reticent to expound upon (although they certainly involve another Sandpoint local of note—Jasper Korvaski). The Sandpoint Theater often showcases local talent, but it’s the three weekend shows that locals generally look forward to. Cyrdak uses his contacts in Magnimar to great extent, ensuring that the most exciting new productions in the big city are available here as well. Although Cyrdak enjoys flirting with all of Sandpoint’s young women, his romantic relationship with Jasper (area 40) is one of the town’s worst-kept secrets.

24 CARPENTER'S GUILD

The vast majority of the buildings in Sandpoint were erected by members of the town's large and eternally busy Carpenter's Guild. Currently overseen by Guildmaster **AESRICK BATTLEHORN** (LG male dwarf expert 5), a dwarf who left his homeland because of his a nearly heretical fondness for working with wood rather than stone, the Sandpoint Carpenter's Guild has recently been accepting a growing number of projects in the outlying farmlands as well as work about town. The guild has been in a minor feud with the Sandpoint Shipyard (area 46) for years, one that most often flares up over which guild has claim to the best lumber from the mill.

25 SANDPOINT LUMBER MILL

This long building was one of the first to be built when Sandpoint was founded. Owned by the industrious Scarnetti family, the mill and its daily operations have recently been left more and more to a penny-pinching businessman named **BANNY HARKER** (NG male human expert 3) and his partner **IBOR THORN** (NG male human expert 2). Neighbors have been complaining that the two have been running their insidiously noisy logsplitter into the wee hours of the night as they rush to keep up with demand in the face of Magnimar's increased hunger for lumber, but Harker's influence with the Scarnettis has so far kept any mandates against operating the logsplitter from coming to pass.

26 GENERAL STORE

Owned and operated by **VEN VINDER** (LN male human commoner 7) and his family, Sandpoint's oldest and best-stocked general store has a little bit of everything—farm equipment, weapons, tack, tools, furniture, food, and even homemade pies baked by Ven's wife **SOLSTA** (LG female human commoner 4). Ven even keeps a shocking supply of alcohol in his basement, although a customer has to ask to see the "wine cellar" before Ven'll admit to his special stock. Ven has a particular fondness for bitter grog and rotgut imported from places as far as the orc city of Urclin. His true prides, though, are his daughters, whom he dotes upon. Lately, he's been increasingly distracted by what he believes is a budding romance between his daughter **KATRINE** (NG female human commoner 1) and that no-good Harker from the lumber mill. Unfortunately, Ven's obsession with Katrine's nightlife has rendered him all but blind to the shameless actions of his other daughter **SHAYLISS** (CN female human commoner 1), whose reputation is growing by the month.

27 TURANDAROK ACADEMY

As families thronged to Sandpoint, the town founders quickly came to realize that they needed somewhere to handle the education of children, to house unfortunate orphans, and to busy older children and keep them from becoming delinquents. The answer was the Turandarok Academy. Part school, part orphanage, the academy is run by retired adventurer **ILSOARI GANDETHUS** (LN male human wizard 4/rogue 2). He volunteered to be the academy's headmaster if he could have the basement of the two-story building to himself.

The town agreed, and today, the rooms below the Academy are almost a museum of the strange things and trophies Ilsoari has collected over his years. He keeps these chambers locked, but the children who attend classes on the ground floor and the orphans who live on the upper floor have countless stories about what's down there, ranging from a goblin farm to a nest of phantom spiders to the Sandpoint Devil itself. Although the contents are much less sinister (Ilsoari

is all too happy to show off his collection of exotic weapons, strange maps, and monster trophies to anyone who asks nicely), the old wizard does nothing to dissuade the children's tales.

28 MADAME MVASHTI'S HOUSE

Although from outside this appears to be an ancient, decrepit manor house with several rooms, only one person lives in this old building—ancient and mysterious **NISKA MVASHTI** (N female venerable human druid 3/sorcerer 4/mystic theurge 1). Old even when Sandpoint was founded decades ago, Madame Mvashti (as she prefers to be called) is a Varisian historian and seer, part of a long tradition of oracles in her family. As with many seers, the current age's unexpected departures from established prophecies have left her with a lifelong sense of brooding worry. She performs most of her readings with harrow cards or carved bones but seems only very rarely to enjoy casting her predictions.

Madame Mvashti had long complained that the yearly travels of her extended family hurt her bones, and when Sandpoint was founded, as part of the accord with the Sandpoint Mercantile League, the local Varisians demanded a large manor house be built for their respected elder. Once she passed away, the house was to revert to the town's property, but Madame Mvashti has proven exceptionally tenacious and long-lived. She survives primarily on support and volunteer help from local Varisians and her only daughter, **KOYA**





MVASHTI (CG female human cleric of Desna 4), although she spits and curses at those she knows belong to the Sczarni. Druids from the hinterlands make weekly visits to her home, often helping her along on the long walks she still enjoys in the nearby countryside.

29 GROCER'S HALL

This building's facade is open to the air where it faces the market. During the day, bins and trays and tables here are heaped with produce brought in that morning from the outlying farms. Near the back of the store are tools, seeds, feed, tack, and other supplies useful for farming. The other half of this building is filled with living quarters, meeting halls, file rooms, and storage. **OLMUR DANVAKUS** (LG male halfling expert 4) took up the post of guildmaster here after the previous guildmaster was murdered by Chopper.

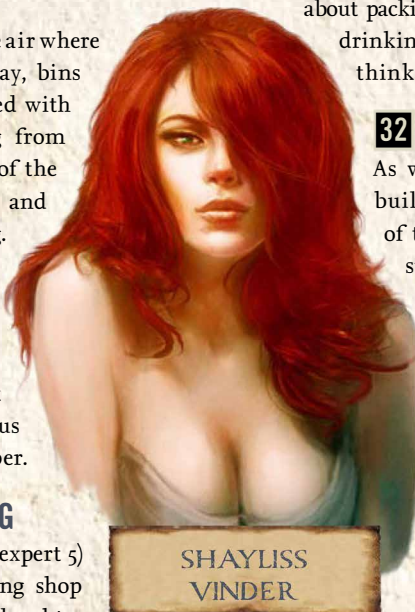
30 VERNAH'S FINE CLOTHING

RYNSHINN POVALLI (NG female half-elf expert 5) has owned and operated this clothing shop for the last several years. The only daughter of a kindly woman named Vernah, Rynshinn never knew her father, Iremiel, only that he was killed by goblins less than a week after she was born. At the time, Vernah's tempestuous affair with the mysterious elven bard was the talk of the town. Every year on the anniversary of Rynshinn's birth, a small package of elven coins, medicine, and toys mysteriously appeared somewhere in the upper floors of this building. Vernah always claimed the gifts were placed by Iremiel's ghost, but locals generally believe the gifts were granted by one of his living relatives. Rynshinn, for her part, holds out against hope that her father somehow survived and that it's him and not his ghost who leaves these mysterious birthday presents.

Since her mother's death several years ago during Chopper's murder spree, Rynshinn has used much of the money from those gifts to expand her mother's tailoring business, and even founded a guild that brings together dozens of quilters, crafters, sewers, and tailors so they can sell their wares here. She's looking into opening a shop in Magnimar as well, but has yet to find a partner there whom she trusts. A number of Sandpoint's young men idly court Rynshinn, whom many hold to be the town's most beautiful citizen, but to date, she has politely eschewed all possible suitors for reasons she has not shared.

31 WHEEN'S WAGONS

A lanky man named **BILIVAR WHEEN** (N male human expert 3) owns this workshop. Bilivar is a down-on-his-luck wheelwright who's lately been spending more time



SHAYLISS
VINDER

at various taverns (especially the Hagfish—area 33) than here working—ever since his daughter Tanethia drowned in the Mill Pond last year, his wife **VORAH** (LN female human commoner 1) has grown more and more shrill and paranoid that her remaining two children's days are numbered as well. Bilivar's been heard to mutter about packing up and skipping town to some of his drinking buddies at the Hagfish, but no one thinks he'll really follow through on this plan.

32 SCARNETTI MILL

As with the Sandpoint Lumber Mill, this building is owned by the Scarnettis. All of the flower and grain produced here is supplied by local farmers. Mysterious fires have claimed the Soggy River Mill, the Biston Pond Mill, and most recently the Cougar Creek Mill, leaving Scarnetti's the only functioning grain mill in the region. Accusations of Scarnetti-sponsored arson have been flying high, but the manager of this mill, constantly worried and sneezing **COURRIN WHESTERWILL** (NG male human expert 2), has gracefully lowered the prices for its use to record lows until the outlying mills can be rebuilt, a gracious move that has alleviated, to some extent, extensive public outcry.

33 THE HAGFISH

One of Sandpoint's most popular taverns, especially among fishermen and gamblers, the Hagfish is also Sandpoint's best bet for a good old-fashioned seafood meal. Owned by a gregarious one-legged man named **JARGIE QUINN** (CG male human rogue 2/expert 2), the Hagfish gets its name from the large glass aquarium that sits behind the bar, the home of a repellent Varisian hagfish that Jargie affectionately calls Norah (despite the fact that he's had "Norah" replaced dozens of times—Varisian hagfish don't live all that long in Quinn's aquarium). Hanging from a nail next to Norah's tank is a leather pouch bulging with coins: prize money for anyone who can drink down a single tankard of "water" scooped from Norah's tank. It costs a single silver coin to try, but the trick is that, since she's a hagfish, the water in Norah's tank is thick and horrifically slimy and foul-tasting. Few can stomach the stuff, but those who do get to keep however many coins have accumulated in the pouch, and then get to carve their names in the ceiling beam above the bar. To date, there are only 28 names carved there, and the Hagfish has been in business for nearly 10 years.

But there's certainly more to this tavern than Norah. Jargie's game tables are always well attended, with games ranging from cards to checkers to dice to darts.

Tall tales are a favorite pastime here, with one popular game called “yarning” involving seeing how long a local can string along an impromptu fable without contradicting himself. The most popular subject of these tales is traditionally Old Murdermaw, a legendary giant red snapper that might or might not dwell in the depths of the Varisian Gulf. Jargie himself is quite an accomplished yarner, with the ever-changing story of how he lost his leg being his favorite starting point for his tales.

34 VALDEMAR FISHMARKET

Like the Grocer’s Guild across the market, the facade of this long building is open to the air. Here, locals can shop for the day’s catch, picking out cod, salmon, tuna, shellfish, and even the odd octopus for the evening’s meal. **TURCH STERGLUS** (LG male human rogue 1/expert 5), a retired fisherman with a lazy eye and a wild white beard, runs the fishmarket in a lovably crotchety manner, constantly complaining about the weather or the day’s catch or the antics of local youth, but always packaging his customers’ purchases with a smile and a wink. The fishmarket itself is owned by the Valdemar family, but most locals act as if the building and business were Turch’s, often tipping the lovable old man a few extra coins. Turch’s five sons, each smarter than the last, have all made careers working for their father as fish cleaners, haulers, and even cooks.

35 SANDPOINT MARKET

On most days, Sandpoint’s marketplace is empty save for the odd group of children who enjoy using the

wide-open area to play whistleball or other games. Twice each week, the market fills with vendors. At the start of the week, the farmer’s market radically increases the daily selection of goods available at the Grocer’s Hall, while all day at the end of the week, merchants from Magnimar, Galduria, Nybor, Wartle, and beyond take part in the Town Market. It’s very rare to see any item worth more than a 500 gp base value go on sale at this market, but prices are generally 75% of the regular asking price.

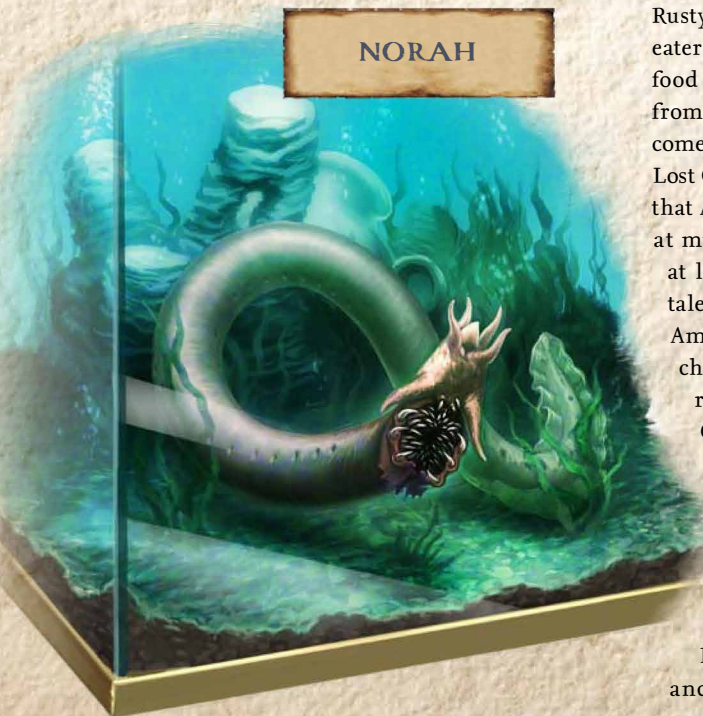
36 SANDPOINT MEAT MARKET

Local butcher **CHOD BEVUK** (NG male human expert 3) runs the Sandpoint Meat Market. Half of this building doubles as a slaughterhouse, with the meat itself put on display for sale in the front half of the market. Most of the meat processed here is from livestock or animals caught by hunters. Chod still claims to this day that he encountered Chopper several days before he was ultimately caught and that the two of them fought, leaving Chod with one fewer finger, but most locals believe the wound was self-inflicted in an attempt to get attention. Chod’s penchant for lies and exaggeration in all matters not relating to his business doesn’t help lend credence to his version of how he lost the little finger of his left hand.

37 THE RUSTY DRAGON

This large structure is Sandpoint’s oldest inn, notable for the impressive (and quite rusty) iron dragon that looms on the building’s roof, doubling as a lightning rod and decoration. Owned and operated for the past 6 years by the lovely and popular **AMEIKO KAIJITSU** (CG female human aristocrat 1/bard 3/rogue [rake] 1), the Rusty Dragon is not only one of the town’s most popular eateries (made so, in large part, by the spicy and exotic food served here), but also a great place to meet visitors from out of town, since most newcomers to Sandpoint come upon this inn first, as the northern stretch of the Lost Coast Road is less traveled. It certainly doesn’t hurt that Ameiko’s beauty is more than matched by her skill at music, and few are the evenings that pass without at least two or three songs being performed by the talented woman. Some bad blood exists between Ameiko and Cyrdak, and one never seems to miss a chance to badmouth the other, but no one in town really understands the reason behind their rivalry. Of greater concern to Ameiko is her long-running feud with her family—leaving town to become an adventurer scandalized her family enough. But when she retired from adventuring a year later after a disastrous mission (the nature of which she never speaks of), she returned to Sandpoint and bought and renovated the Rusty Dragon—an act that only further scandalized and shamed her father. Ameiko claims not to care

NORAH





about her father's opinions of her choices, but becomes evasive when anyone asks her why she gave up the adventuring life. Some believe she has a secret lover in town, while others theorize that something happened on her last adventure that took the bravery out of her. In any event, the Rusty Dragon is probably the most adventurer-friendly establishment in town, with its ubiquitous "Help Wanted" board near the bar and Ameiko's policy of discounting rooms for any who tell exciting adventure stories.

38 GOBLIN SQUASH STABLES

The sign above this door perpetuates one of the greatest fears of the lowly goblin—being trampled underfoot by a horse. The stables are tended by a retired hunter named **DAVIREN HOSK** (N male human ranger 4), whose hatred of goblins is nearly legendary in Sandpoint. In a somewhat grisly display, over the entrance to the stable's covered barn is his collection of goblin ears: preserved and nailed to three different rafters, each bearing the goblin's name burned into the leathery flesh—mostly because Daviren knows that writing down a goblin's name is one of the worst things you can do to desecrate its memory. The bitter ranger's pride and joy is a large glass bottle filled with brine in which he's preserved the body of Chief Whartus of the now-extinct (due in large part to Daviren) Bonegrinder Tribe.



Although ownership of the league remains split evenly between Sandpoint's four noble families, few of them take part anymore in the actual day-to-day business, leaving such matters in the capable hands of **SIR JASPER KORVASKI** (LG male human paladin 3/expert 1). In his younger years, Jasper was a paladin of Abadar, and although he's long since given up the more dangerous lifestyle of a crusader, he remains loyal and devout. Despite his best efforts, his romance with Cyrdak Drokkus (area 23) has become one of Sandpoint's worst-kept secrets. The Scarnettis, easily Sandpoint's most conservative and least open-minded family, claim to find the rumors of this relationship scandalous and offensive, but it's unclear whether they're more offended by the relationship itself or by the fact that the majority of Sandpoint is so accepting of it. In any event, the Scarnettis have been doing their best to make things difficult for Jasper in an attempt to not-so-subtly convince him to move back to Magnimar, but the support of the other three families has, so far, kept the Scarnettis from becoming too obnoxious.

39 TWO KNIGHT BREWERY

While Sandpoint's taverns offer a wide variety of spirits, they all proudly serve the mead, ale, and rum brewed here at the Two Knight Brewery. The brewery was established by two brothers (both worshipers of Abadar and cousins of Mayor Deverin) only a few years after Sandpoint was founded, and their expertise at brewing has only increased over the years. Tragically, Wade Deverin was one of the first of Chopper's victims, a murder that has shaken the faith of his brother, **GAVEN DEVERIN** (LG human male paladin 2/expert 3). Locals whisper that since Wade's death, the brew from here simply hasn't tasted as good, but they would never say something to this effect to Gaven's face.

40 SANDPOINT MERCANTILE LEAGUE

This large building serves many purposes. One can book passage on a ship bound for other ports, arrange for caravans or carriages for overland travel, or send messages to folk in town or as far away as Korvosa or even Riddleport. Inquiries into land ownership, building construction, and establishing new businesses, both in Sandpoint proper and in the surrounding hinterlands, must begin their processes of official foundation here.

41 SANDPOINT BOUTIQUE

This large boutique and shop sells all manner of clothing, weapons, toys, artwork, books, and tools imported from throughout the world, although most of the wares here are Varisian in nature. The place is owned by **HAYLISS KORVASKI** (LN female human cleric 2/expert 2), who is, like her brother Jasper, a devout worshiper of Abadar. Yet unlike her brother, her temper isn't balanced by a desire to keep everyone happy. Hayliss isn't afraid of making enemies and wears her disdain for the Scarnettis on her sleeve. She's even gone as far as sometimes upcharging her goods for members of the Scarnetti family, in spite of Mayor Deverin's repeated requests to keep the peace.

42 FATMAN'S FEEDBAG

If the Hagfish is Sandpoint's most popular tavern, Fatman's Feedbag is its most notorious. Bar fights are common, and Sheriff Hemlock typically has to come down here two or three times a week to sort them out when they grow particularly violent or loud. The majority of the clientele here are Varisian scoundrels or less-than-reputable sailors.

Most believe this tavern is owned and operated by an enormous man named **GRESSEL TENNIWAR** (CN

male human rogue 2/expert 1), but in fact the owner is a lanky thug named **JUBRAYL VHISKI** (NE male human rogue 7), one of the Feedbag's regulars. Jubrayl is also the leader of the local gang of Sczarni, an extended network of Varisian thieves, highwaymen, con artists, graverobbers, smugglers, and murderers. Nearly two dozen of the Varisians in Sandpoint are Sczarni as well, all cruel and self-serving men and women who take care to maintain respectable jobs as laborers, fishermen, and hunters, but who draw their true income taking part in various scams and stunts. Sheriff Hemlock suspects that Jubrayl is the local leader, and would like nothing more than to bring him in, but the Sczarni are experts at walking the line between legalities and taking the blame for their direct superiors. So while Sheriff Hemlock has sent many of Jubrayl's boys to jail over the last several years, he's never even come close to the ringleader himself, much to the continued amusement of Jubrayl.

43 THE PIXIE'S KITTEN

Many of Sandpoint's crasser locals have a much more colorful name for this establishment, but **KAYE TESARANI** (CG female human rogue 3/sorcerer 1) runs the town brothel with class and distinguished grace. She pays her girls and boys quite well, and the three Shoanti bouncers she employs (CG human male barbarian 3) are more than enough to handle troublemakers. Although prostitution isn't illegal in Sandpoint, the Scarnettis have long lobbied for it to be outlawed, publicly condemning the Kitten as a place where vice and criminal activity can take root. Behind closed doors, however, Jubrayl has tried for the last several years to get in on the brothel business himself, but Kaye's not-so-secret friendship (and romance) with the town's sheriff make this a delicate, long-term goal for the Sczarni at best.

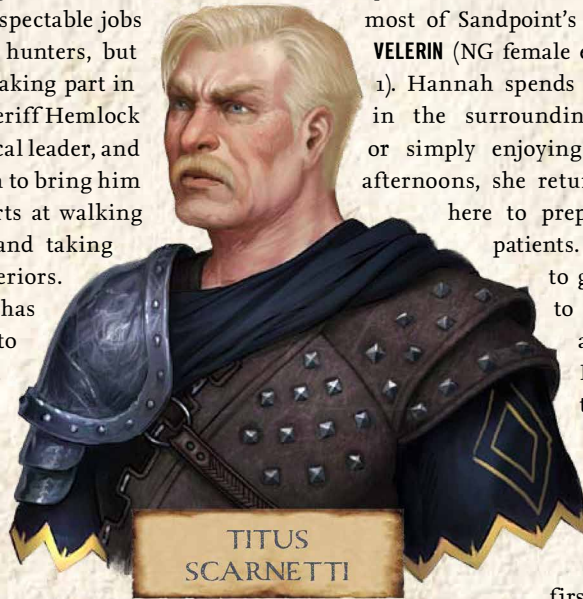
44 THE FEATHERED SERPENT

This cramped and cluttered shop smells of a strange mixture of incense, spice, and dust. Its sole proprietor, **VORVASHALI VOON** (LN male human wizard 2/rogue 2/expert 2), an exotic-looking character with bright blue eyes, long red hair, and almost bronze-colored skin, is gregarious and excited about every customer. Not everything in his shop is for sale, rendering the shop's eclectic collection of strange relics, statues, and monument fragments part museum. Vorvashali's stock changes constantly, as his dozens of contacts from Magnimar come in weekly to buy and trade

stock. Adventurers seeking magic items and other tools of the trade can find what they're looking for here more often than not.

45 HANNAH'S

While Abstalar Zantus (area 1) does his best to take care of Sandpoint's truly sick and needy, he can't help everyone. For minor aches, pains, and illnesses, most of Sandpoint's citizens depend on **HANNAH Velerin** (NG female elf cleric of Gozreh 3/expert 1). Hannah spends most of her mornings out in the surrounding wilds, gathering herbs or simply enjoying Gozreh's bounty. In the afternoons, she returns to her shop and home here to prepare medicines and receive patients. Hannah's ironically the one to go to when one either wants to end a pregnancy or needs a midwife to aid in a birth; Hannah encourages all of the women she sees to carry to term, and advises the use of pinberry extract to young women as a way to prevent any unwanted pregnancies from happening in the first place, but in cases where there's no other option, her other services are discreet and confidential.



TITUS
SCARNETTI

46 SANDPOINT SHIPYARD

The southern facade of this long building is open to Sandpoint Harbor, allowing its small army of shipwrights, ropemakers, and sailmakers to work their trade in one of four dry docks right on the shore. The shipyard is owned by the Valdemars, with **BELVEN VALDEMAR** (NG male human aristocrat 1/expert 5), old Ethram's eldest son, overseeing the constant work here. Belven is a handsome and quite available bachelor, but his dedication to his craft and family have so far left him little time to entertain the dozens of young women who've been trying to catch his eye for the past several years.

47 VALDEMAR MANOR

This manor house commands a breathtaking view of the town of Sandpoint and the harbor below, as befits the home of the family most connected to the town's shipbuilding and fishing industries. The family itself remains under the patriarchal rule of old **ETHRAM VALDEMAR** (NG male human aristocrat 5/expert 2), the only one of the original members of the Sandpoint Mercantile League who is still alive. Ethram's years are numbered, though, for the old man has a persistent lung infection that keeps coming back, no matter how often the family pays to have it cured.



48 SCARNETTI MANOR

The Scarnettis are Sandpoint's most notorious noble family, and many of Sandpoint's elderly Varisian locals still haven't forgotten or forgiven Alamon Scarnetti's assault on their people more than 40 years ago, even with Alamon 20 years in the ground at the Sandpoint Cemetery. The Scarnetti family, now headed by Alamon's only surviving son **TITUS SCARNETTI** (LN male human aristocrat 6), controls Sandpoint's mills and the lumber industry. Their control over the lumber the Valdemars need for their enterprises is not lost on the Scarnettis, and they use this fact as often as possible to leverage Valdemar support. The Scarnettis are easily Sandpoint's most traditional family, who cling to old Chelish values that are, in many cases, outdated today.

49 KAIJITSU MANOR

This manor is the smallest of the four noble houses overlooking Sandpoint, yet the Kaijitsus are perhaps the richest family in town. What this manor lacks in stature and size it more than makes up for in the exotic and impressive furnishings within. **LONJIKU KAIJITSU** (LN aristocrat 3/expert 2) has carried on his father's proud work as glassmaker, and the Sandpoint Glassworks is perhaps the town's most prosperous business, with its products regularly shipped as far as Korvosa. Lonjiku's accomplishments are all the more impressive when one takes into account that he and his family are relative newcomers to Varisia, the survivors of an exiled family from Minkai who fled over the Crown of the World a half century ago for unknown reasons. Lonjiku was born in Magnimar and has never visited his motherland, but he carries memories of its wonders in the form of stories told to him by his now-deceased parents. Yet for all of his success at business, Lonjiku has found the role of father to be one he's particularly ill suited for. His eldest son Tsuto, in addition to being proof of his wife's affair with an unknown elf, left the region several years ago after an argument that resulted in Lonjiku striking his son with his cane. His eldest daughter Ameiko shamed him not only by becoming an adventurer, but also by opening and running a tavern and flophouse—"hardly women's work," he's fond of telling anyone who'll listen. Of course, those who know Lonjiku know his short temper is his real problem.

50 DEVERIN MANOR

Living within the largest manor, the Deverins have traditionally held leadership roles in Sandpoint. Old Amos Deverin served as the town's first mayor for 23



years, and his son Fenchus served as its second. Both Deverins perished after unfortunate accidents (Amos was trampled by a runaway horse on Festival street and Fenchus was killed by a snakebite while on a boar hunt), leaving Amos's youngest daughter as the heir to the family fortune and a likely candidate for mayor.

KENDRA DEVERIN (NG female human aristocrat 4/expert 3) didn't initially want the job, but after she was nominated for the role by her close friend Casp Avertin, she won the election by a landslide, something her primary opponent in the election, Titus Scarnetti, has never quite come to terms with. For some time there was talk of her and Casp becoming wife and husband, but Casp's death at Chopper's hands cut that short. Kendra's recovered now from the shock, but has put aside all interest in romance for politics. She shares this manor with her brother's rather large family, and although her sister-in-law Vana constantly complains about needing even more space and luxuries, Kendra has done a saintly job so far in keeping her temper under control.

THE HINTERLANDS

On page 386, you'll find a map of the farmlands and wilderness that immediately surround the town of Sandpoint. Chapter One sends the PCs to Thistletop and on a short boar hunt into Tickwood, and a significant portion of Chapter Two takes place outside of town and along the Lost Coast.

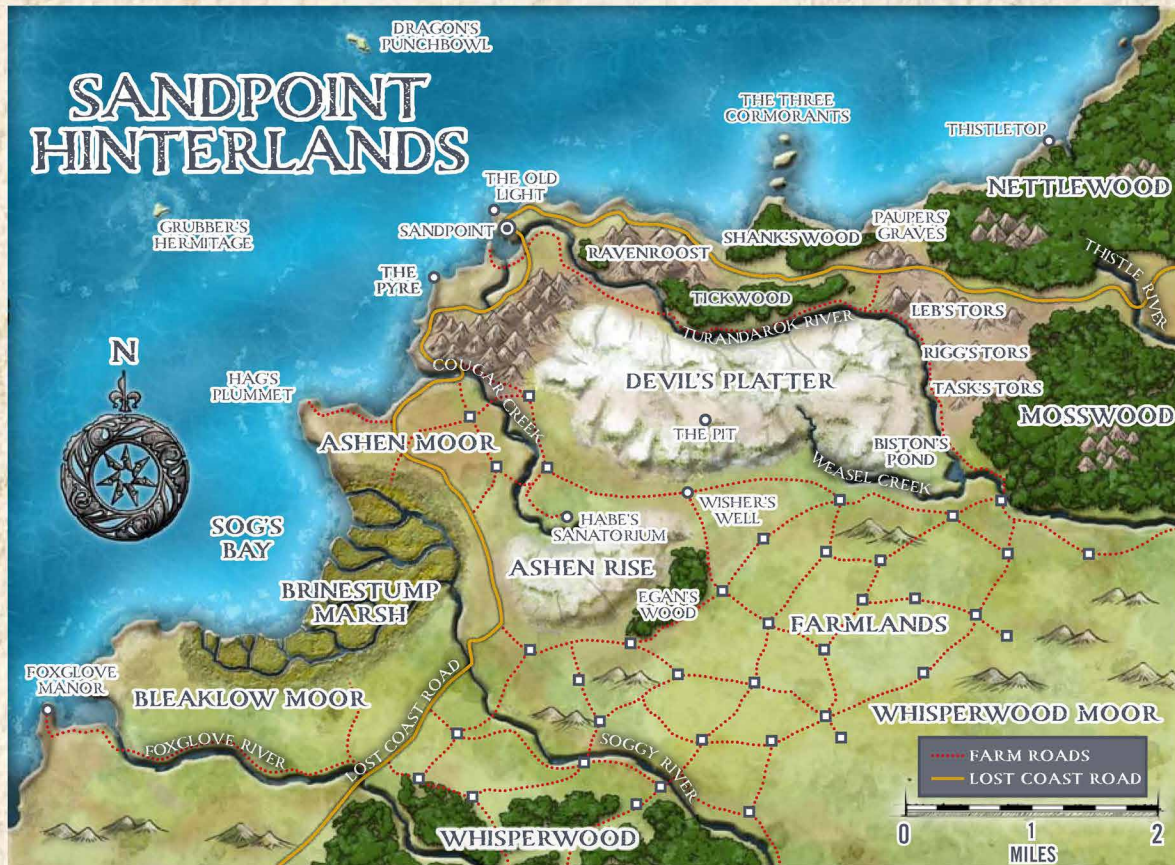
But these locations are only a few of the numerous adventure sites located within a few hours' walk of the town of Sandpoint. The remainder of this appendix describes several different locations in the Sandpoint hinterlands beyond those locations detailed in Chapters One and Two of this book.

ASHEN RISE: The smaller of the two limestone escarpments in the area is the so-called Ashen Rise. Unlike Devil's Platter, Ashen Rise is relatively safe—the only peril that explorers are likely to face up here are flocks of stirges or uncommonly aggressive ravens and crows.

BISTON'S POND: Named after an eccentric Varisian druid who lived his whole life on the western shore, this pond lies at the convergence of Weasel Creek and the larger Turandarok River. Goblins from Mosswood often fish along the eastern shore, and the dilapidated shack that once served as Biston's home still sits on the western shore, supposedly haunted by the old druid's spirit.

BRINESTUMP MARSH: This tangled, overgrown swampland is infested with giant insects, goblins, and other unpleasant monsters. The marshland is relatively

APPENDIX ONE:
CONTINUING THE
CAMPAIGNAPPENDIX TWO:
SANDPOINTAPPENDIX THREE:
MAGNIMARAPPENDIX FOUR:
TURTLEBACK FERRYAPPENDIX FIVE:
XIN-SHALASTAPPENDIX SIX:
BESTIARYAPPENDIX SEVEN:
NEW RULESAPPENDIX EIGHT:
MAGIC ITEMS



unexplored as a result, despite its close proximity to the well-traveled Lost Coast Road.

DEVIL'S PLATTER: The edges of Devil's Platter are known haunts for the Birdcrunchers—a small tribe of relatively nonaggressive goblins that dwells in numerous caverns along the Platter's western edge. Deeper in, it's rumored that the place is controlled by devil-worshipping bugbears who avoid the light of day but emerge at night from caves to light their fires.

DRAGON'S PUNCHBOWL: This bowl-shaped island is little more than a series of stony ridges surrounding a small lake. Wyverns roost in caves here, and rumors hold that a dragon visits the place once or twice per year for unknown reasons.

EGAN'S WOOD: This small copse of trees grows along the lee of Ashen Rise, a thick tangle of pine trees once owned by a local eccentric named Egan who forbade any clearing of the land for farming. His shack lies hidden somewhere in the woods. Although Egan died long ago, the giant spiders that infest his beloved woods remain very much alive.

FARMLANDS: The farmlands south of Sandpoint are relatively safe, but farmers are always getting into trouble with local wildlife or various local dangers—particularly goblins or mites. At any given time, at least two or three farms need help in running off predators or mischief-seeking troublemakers.

FOXGLOVE MANOR: This area is detailed in Chapter Two.

GRUBBER'S HERMITAGE: Notorious as a generator of shipwrecks, Grubber's Hermitage is a small, isolated island containing a thorp of a dozen fishing families—insular folk who generally don't welcome visitors. Sandpoint citizens theorize that lepers, ghosts, or worse infest the island. Of late, little has been heard from the Hermitage; with no love lost between this thorp and Sandpoint, no one has gone to investigate the silence as of yet—despite sightings from passing ships of strangely large numbers of carrion birds nearby.

HABE'S SANATORIUM: This area is detailed in full in Chapter Two.

HAG'S PLUMMET: Old Varisian tales recount the tragic story of young Bevanaka, who found a gray hair and sought out an old witch for an elixir of beauty. The witch gave her the potion, but warned her that the effects would last only as long as she didn't fall in love. For many years, Bevanaka lived as a lonely but beautiful woman, until the day her loneliness grew too great and she fell in love with a young man. Bevanaka grew old in the blink of an eye, but hoped her true love would still remain true. Alas, she was wrong. Horrified by her sudden age, he spurned her. In a fit of despair, Bevanaka threw herself from the cliffs at Hag's Plummet. Since then, these cliffs have been a popular place both for young lovers to sneak away and profess their love and for suicides.



THE MOORS: The three moors that stretch through much of the hinterlands consist of poor-quality soil and stony ground. The northernmost is Ashen Moor, a stretch of low-lying land that slopes gradually to the west toward Hag's Plummets. On the far side of Brinestump Marsh from Ashen Moor lies Bleaklow Moor, a higher-altitude swath of land said to be infested by ghouls below its barren expanse. Whisperwood Moor, the largest of the three moors, lies to the southeast and is often shrouded in fog well into the day. Goblin dogs, wolves, worgs, and worse hunt here, often coming north to prey on the livestock of outlying farmlands.

MOSSWOOD: Mosswood's primary inhabitants are goblins, and the Mosswood tribe remains the largest of the Sandpoint goblin tribes today. Part of the Mosswood goblins' tenacity doubtlessly comes from the tribe's chieftain, Big Gugmut, who claims to be the son of a hobgoblin and a wild boar. The Mosswood tribes are numerous, and bickering over which of the goblin hero gods (or Lamastu herself, for that matter) is the best god leads to more goblin death in Mosswood than all the adventurers and misadventures combined. Mosswood's trees tend to be larger, mostly redwoods, resulting in much more open forest floor than exists at undergrowth-heavy Nettlewood to the north.

NETTLEWOOD: North of Mosswood lies Nettlewood, a frustratingly tangled forest. Whereas the trees of Mosswood grow tall and stately, those north of the Lost Coast Road in Nettlewood are lower and share their forest floor with snarls of nettles and thorny underbrush.

PAUPERS' GRAVES: Before Sandpoint was settled, Varisians often visited the coastline here, one of their many traditional graveyard sites in the region. When Sandpoint began construction, a large influx of poor and desperate laborers from Magnimar came to the region, hoping to be rewarded for helping build a new town by being given a place in it; those who died during construction were buried here. Today, these bodies are gone, devoured by the ghouls now inhabiting the twisting warrens beneath the area.

THE PIT: The most notorious site on Devil's Platter is a dark, circular pit hidden somewhere near the escarpment's center. From above, the Pit is only accessible by flight or via a winding network of mazelike furrows in the Platter's surface, while from below, the numerous caves that branch off of the Pit's walls connect to underground lairs throughout the hinterlands. In this way, the Pit forms the nexus of a "mini-Darklands" below the region. Something like a sinkhole, the circular shaft stretches nearly a hundred feet across, its inner walls crisscrossed with ledges and rope ladders leading deeper into the mist-shrouded depths. Numerous cave entrances along these ledges lead into complexes within the escarpment itself—goblin tribes, infestations of gremlins, sinister lairs inhabited by derros and dark folk, and troglodyte

warrens are among the dangers one faces in these numerous caverns. The deepest reaches of the pit contain an ancient temple devoted to Kabriri (the demon lord of ghouls) and the lair of the infamous Sandpoint Devil.

THE PYRE: The ancient Varisians of the region used this promontory for many rituals, including their yearly Swallowtail Festival, but the Pyre hasn't been used since Sandpoint's founding.

RAVENROOST: This ragged range of broken hills is decorated here and there with isolated copses of eucalyptus, pepperwood, and pines. Not a lot lives here apart from relatively harmless wild animals.

SHANK'S WOOD: This small pine and eucalyptus forest is relatively small. The goblins of the Seven Tooth tribe claim this forest as their territory.

SOG'S BAY: This shallow bay has a notorious reputation for being a shipwrecker. Dozens of sandbars and hidden perils fill the area, and the masts of unfortunate ships protrude from the shallows in multiple spots. The waters of the bay are thick with reefclaws, giant crabs, and other tidal predators and scavengers.

THISTLETOP: This area is detailed in Chapter One.

THE THREE CORMORANTS: Three towering sea stacks protrude from the waves here, their crowns supporting miniature forests of eucalyptus and cypress trees. A small group of harpies dwell amid these trees, but apart from periodically tormenting goblins, the monsters don't meddle with mainland concerns.

TICKWOOD: Although giant ticks are known in this wood, the primary denizens of this long, narrow forest of pines, firs, and redwoods are boars. As a result, the wood is a popular hunting ground among the wealthier residents of Sandpoint.

THE TORS: Situated to the east of Devil's Platter, these three groups of stony hills are known collectively as the Tors. Named after three adventurers who explored many of the nooks, caverns, and old Varisian tombs here before Sandpoint was founded, the Tors still hide many secrets and small, hidden complexes that await discovery by adventurers.

WHISPERWOOD: Only the northern tip of this large forest intrudes into the Sandpoint hinterlands. Whisperwood runs along much of the Lost Coast, its towering redwoods a humbling testimony to the grace of nature. Tales of hidden Thassilonian ruins from both Shalast and Bakrakhān often lure adventurers into these woods, but most fall prey to the wolves, bugbears, and thugs who lie in wait for intruders.

WISHER'S WELL: One of the lesser-known Thassilonian ruins in the region, this landmark consists of a circular stone tower only 30 feet high from the outside that drops away into a 100-foot-deep shaft ending in a deep pool of water on the inside. All manner of monsters dwell in the flooded caverns below the well, including a small tribe of skum and a larger tribe of faceless stalkers.