

REAPER MINIATURES PRESENTS

TALES FROM THE

GREEN GRIFFIN



VOLUME ONE: THE GREEN GRIFFIN AT A GLANCE
A DUNGEON DWELLERS RPG ADVENTURE SETTING

By Joseph C. Wolf



WELCOME TO THE GREEN GRIFFIN

Old Scores...

Baran Blacktree's armor clacked and fasteners creaked as he reached for the Green Griffin's stable door. A ratty nag nervously eyed the grim-faced warrior as she chewed the contents of her feedbag.

Baran checked Wayfinder's familiar grip for the third time as he stepped through the battered portal into the Rookery. "Time to get to work," he fumed. "No doubt the Cap'n will ban me for a week, but I need to settle this score right here, right now."

A brief hush fell over the crowd as Baran stepped into the dim warmth of the Rookery. The patrons immediately recognized him as one of their own and the chaotic din resumed. Baran scanned the crowd, looking for his target. In a far corner, Baran spied him...Dalmun Skraab. The regulars called him "Scab", and for good reason. The miserable double-dealing scavenger was cozy with a gang of wererat graverobbers. It didn't get much lower than Scab. Just last week, Scab had sold Baran a map to a newly-discovered barrow. When Baran found the tomb already plundered, he knew that Scab's dung-eating buddies got to it first...and Scab knew that when he sold Baran the map.

"Well, no need for subtlety now," Baran muttered as he set his jaw and stormed towards Scab's table. In his wake, Baran upturned a table of fur-clad Gunnd ruffians, nearly upended two cross wenches, and startled a dozen patrons. Baran flung aside Scab's table into a nearby beam, and wrenched the startled rogue by his neck up from his stool. From the bar, the Cap'n bellowed over the commotion, "Blacktree! Put him down or you're out of here for a month!"

Baran paused for a moment and eyeballed the wretch twisting and struggling in his grasp. "Totally worth it!" he growled as he raised his fist and set to work.

OVERVIEW

The Green Griffin is arguably Barrowgate's finest inn. It's a welcoming sanctuary from the rigors and perils of the open road. After two centuries of continuous operation, this venerable institution attracts folk from every corner of the Hillsedge Province. Here noblemen and laborers rub elbows with grim-faced adventurers and cunning merchants, where a valiant knight can stand at the bar, flagon in hand, beside a scheming agent provocateur. All are welcome.

The Green Griffin isn't any one entity, it's actually a small community of four enterprises: the Green Griffin Inn, the Rookery, the Roost, and the Aerie.

The **Green Griffin Inn** is at the heart of the endeavor and provides accommodations and related services at reasonable prices. A weary guest can expect a clean and secure room in exchange for a few silver pieces a night. Stabling is available for those with mounts; laundry and tailoring are available upon request. Travel-sore guests are encouraged to take a soak in one of the many heated pools below the Roost tavern. Additional services are available on the grounds whether it be a sage's advice, a healer's touch, or blacksmith's anvil. Adventurers may even purchase essential expedition tools and provisions prior to embarking on their next perilous quest. As the saying goes, "if the Green Griffin doesn't have it, you probably won't need it."

While the Green Griffin turns a tidy profit renting rooms, the bulk of its revenue comes from the three taverns: the Rookery, the Roost, and the Aerie. The Rookery and Roost are open to the public.

The **Rookery** is the common man's tavern and frequented by aspiring adventurers, laborers, craftsmen, as well as those looking to "slum-it". The prices are cheap, quality average to good, but the fare is limited.

On the other hand, the **Roost** is frequented by those with money to spare: experienced adventurers, wealthy craftsmen, and merchants not to mention Barrowgates well-heeled who've yet to secure a membership to the Aerie. The quality of the Roost's victuals and viands is clearly superior and more varied than the Rookery and, as one would expect, prices are proportionally higher.

The **Aerie** is a private club with facilities and privileges enjoyed only by members or their guests. High-level adventurers with solid reputations, moneyed nobles, and wealthy gentry make up the bulk of the Aerie's members. Food and drink served in the Aerie is exceptional with prices for a single night's entertainment exceeding 100 gp.

HISTORY

The Green Griffin was born from the dreams of a single Vestonian peasant – Pyotr Zyablik who sold everything he owned to purchase a pair of flea-bitten mules and a cart piled high with barrels and bottles of potent drink. Pyotr braved a perilous overland trek to deliver his cargo to the Barrowgate markets. His risky venture earned him a small fortune. Return trips earned him enough to open a modest tavern in a blacksmithy. He named the tavern The Green Griffin after the faded green griffin carving on the



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tongue of the mule cart. In time he took a wife, sired children, and expanded the Green Griffin adding adjacent lots and structures. Before long the Zyabliks were renting rooms and converting the barn; thus were born the Green Griffin Inn and the Rookery.

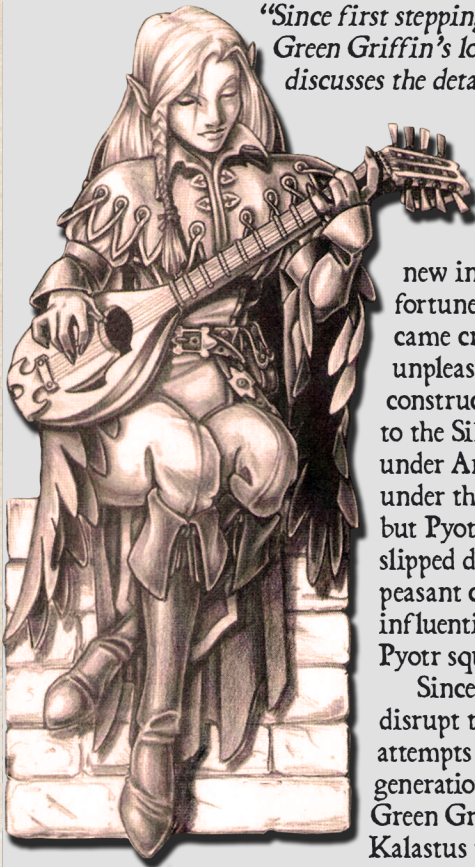
Zyablik was the first Landlord, and he was succeeded by his daughter Petra. The Griffin weathered many changes as Barrowgate grew around her. The Griffin survived floods and riots which coincided with several arson attempts. The Green Griffin was popular and had many allies in the community but there were detractors, among them certain City Fathers who opposed any effort to expand the Griffin's reach beyond the River District into the Garden District. After an unpleasant incident between a wench and a City Father named Aleav Gorobik, the Zyabliks were forced to abandon their plans. Instead, they opened a second tavern on the property – naming it The Roost catering to a higher class of clientele.

Landlords came and went over the many years that followed. One landlord literally sold the property for a song to spite his adulterous wife. Eventually, the deed to the Griffin fell into the hands of an aristocratic Breonnese wizard named Kalastus. Landlord Kalastus was no fool. He saw certain noble Barrowgate families seething and scheming from the shadows. Chief among them was the vindictive Gorobik clan. To preserve the Green Griffin, Kalastus willed the property to a Vestonian aristocrat – Lord Finnik Garside. Lord Garside was a decorated military veteran with the necessary clout to thwart any attempt to acquire or shutter the Griffin. He is the Green Griffin's current landlord (see Green Griffin Staff below).

Bad Blood & Old Scars

"Since first stepping foot in the venerable institution, I've heard whispers relating to the Green Griffin's longstanding enmity with the City Fathers of Barrowgate. Nobody discusses the details openly but this is what I've managed to glean from the stagg."

--Liriel Silverlocks



The ongoing tensions between the City Fathers and the Green Griffin date back to the first decades after opening the Rookery. Landlord Zyablik entertained dreams of expanding his business into Barrowgate's prestigious Garden District with the construction of a new inn - the Golden Griffin. After years of careful maneuvering and a fortune in payoffs, the plans for the Golden Griffin were approved but it all came crashing down after a City Father brutally assaulted a wench. The unpleasantness occurred on the Green Griffin grounds on the eve before construction was to begin. The Gorobiks were an old Anhurian family with ties to the Silver Circlet, a secret society of nobles dedicated to restoring Vestonia under Anhurian rule. Landlord Zyablik was expected to sweep the incident under the rug but he refused. Pressure from the City Fathers was brought to bear but Pyotr had allies throughout the city and he fought back. The Gorobiks slipped down the social ladder as a result. The notion that a swill-slinging peasant could tarnish the reputation of one of Vestonia's most prominent and influential families shook the thin-skinned aristocrats to their cores. Landlord Pyotr squared off with his betters and won, attaining the status of a folk hero.

Since then the Gorobiks have lurked in the shadows, pulling strings to disrupt the Green Griffin's business. They've been linked to several arson attempts but the perpetrators died before they could be interrogated. Successive generations of Gorobiks have been born and inherited the seething hatred of the Green Griffin and nothing short of erasure of Zyablik's legacy will do. When Kalastus won the Griffin in a game of chance, his goal was to give the Gorobiks and the whole corrupt noble system a bloody nose and he used one of their own to do it.



THE GREEN GRIFFIN AT A GLANCE

FEATURES

The Green Griffin is many things, but it's easier to characterize by stating what it isn't. The Green Griffin and the taverns are neither festhalls nor chancehouses. True, a good time is to be had at the taverns in the company of comely wenches, mug in hand, and rolling dice or turning cards. The carousing is subdued and atmosphere friendly, but not too friendly. Courtesans are free to drink and court but know to take their business elsewhere.

Games and gambling are permitted on the grounds provided the players are eating and drinking. Simple board games such as Kings Cross, knucklebones, and decks of cards are available for rent should patrons be so inclined.

Other more lively entertainments occur now and again, the wenches sing frequently, minstrels are engaged to play a few nights a week, and when two patrons decide to have a go at one another, the tables are cleared and they're allowed to settle their grievance bare-knuckles style while the other patrons make wagers on the outcome.

LAYOUT

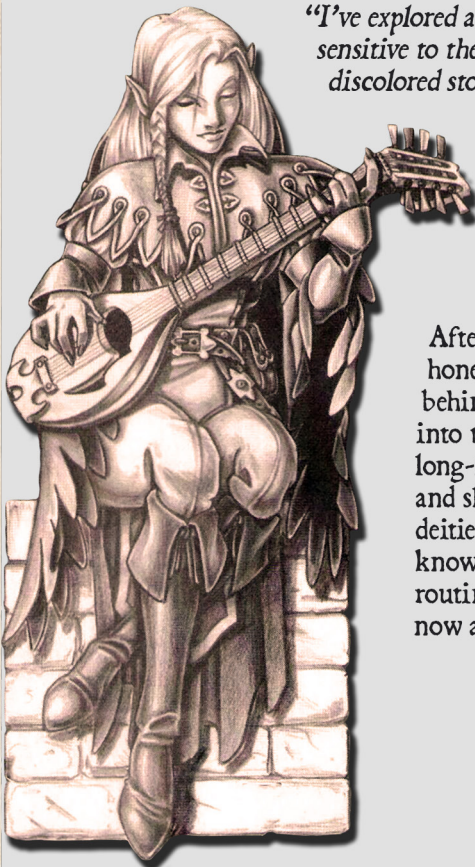
The Green Griffin sprawls on an irregularly shaped plot at the intersection of Riverview Road and Briar Rose Lane. The property is surrounded by a stone wall eight feet high and two feet wide at its base. The walls are capped with iron finials intertwined with brambles to deter burglars and sneak thieves. The street-side gates are wrought iron and locked after nightfall. The front gate, known as the Bramblegate, is huge and cast in the shape of rose vines. The side gate, known as the Rooksgate, is narrower but taller. The alley-side double gate is painted green and is large enough to admit a carriage. Most of the property is cobblestone with a few dirt patches for the pond and gardens.

The front courtyard is terraced with a maze of stone pathways threading through flower and vegetable gardens. Neat rows of fruit orchards grow along paths leading to small cul-de-sacs. Numerous benches and urns are scattered about to encourage strollers to pause and reflect. A fountain lined with blue tiles stands before the formidable double doors into the inn; a gaggle of marble griffins rises from the middle of the fountain.

Buried Secrets...

"I've explored a few of these secret passages inside the Green Griffin. Elvenkind are sensitive to the subtle indicators of secret portals: minute seams, a patch of slightly discolored stone. 200 years is a long time for humankind and many things are lost and forgotten. Just last week a pair of chambermaids chanced upon a dusty, long-forgotten meeting room while cleaning. How extraordinary! My duties keep me busy during the night but, I do intend to devote some time to exploring the long-overlooked corners of the Griffin. What secrets she must hide!"

--Liriel Silverlocks



After 200 years, the Green Griffin has many secrets. The property is honeycombed with trapdoors, sliding panels, secret doors, and passages behind walls. Some passages lead to narrow stairwells, others slope down into the cellars. There are small dusty rooms, the purpose of which is long-forgotten. Some claim a few of the landlords indulged in smuggling and slaving. There are even rumors of hidden temples to otherworldly deities on the grounds. A few of the passages and chambers are common knowledge to regular patrons and the staff, and many of the staff routinely use these passages to move between the taverns. However, every now and again a new passage or portal is discovered.



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The main paths from the gates lead from the watch houses to doors leading to the inn as well as to the Rookery and Roost. Access to the Aerie is by way of the lifts on the second floor of the inn. A wide corridor extends from the gallery to a pair of mechanical lifts. A flight of wide wooden steps is to the right of the lifts.

Arbors covered with flowering vines overhang the paths leading to the rear courtyard. Several smaller adventurer-friendly businesses rise from the muddy cobbles of the rear courtyard: a healer and herbalists, a tailor and cobbler, a sundries and gear shop, and also a sage. A half-dwarven farrier, blacksmith, and wheelwright runs a smithy on the grounds as well but only from sunup to sundown. A carriage house and several stables branch from the main structure.

One of the most unusual features of the grounds is the goose pond in the middle of the rear courtyard. An ancient standing stone rises from one end of the pond. The stone is aligned with an ancient aspect of Marna, Goddess of the Earth, agriculture, and family. At night the stone will sometimes shed a pale radiance, with swirling glyphs appearing and pulsing on its surface. Many believe the stone protects the grounds and those inhabiting them.

GREEN GRIFFIN INN

The inn's exterior is tan stone blocks intermingled with fieldstone blending elements from the original structure with new construction. Beyond the formidable double doors lies a slate-floor mudroom.

Stepping through an archway brings one to the lobby and the adjoining parlors. The interior is welcoming with rich Jalahandran rugs on the floor and polished wood paneling on the walls. Delicious smells waft up from the basement kitchen enticing guests to visit the nearby taverns. Newly arrived guests are greeted by the perpetually cheerful Innkeeper Ryeman Lardthistle (m h Commoner 2). Once guests make their mark in the ledger, the paunchy middle-aged innkeeper cheerfully escorts guests to their rooms. En route Lardthistle prattles on about the history and layout while upselling guests on other services such as laundry and use of the public baths beneath the Roost.

The parlors flanking the lobby are richly appointed with comfortable furniture arranged around roaring fieldstone fireplaces. The parlors are reminiscent of hunting lodges; shields, banners, and weapons hang from the walls. The mantles are cluttered with griffin-themed gewgaws. Griffins in a variety of poses are ubiquitous, appearing on

banners, tapestries, window glass, and even murals. Stuffed griffin heads hang above each mantle.

Rooms are available for rent on the first and second floors and are accessible via well-lit passages off the lobby and parlors. Every room is secured with a good quality lock. Rooms on exterior walls have tall narrow barred windows with shutters to keep out light and the chill while deterring burglars and preventing guests from skipping out on their bills. Although austere and a little drab, the Green Griffin is no flophouse. Rooms are cleaned after a guest's departure and once per week regardless. Rooms include a straw-filled bed and pillows, clean linens, and a stool; there's little room for much else. Larger rooms may be rented for two or four occupants. Upscale accommodations are available with goose-down mattresses and pillows, cozy quilts, wardrobes, chests, and washing basins; some rooms include dressers and writing desks. Many rooms on exterior walls have balconies overlooking the gardens and courtyards.

During regular hours private washing basins and meals may be brought up from the kitchens for a modest surcharge.

Wide well-lit corridors off the main lobby lead to the taverns; patrons need only follow the smell of roasting meat and the sounds of laughter. Signs in a variety of scripts are affixed to the walls directing guests either back to the lobby or to the taverns so navigating the meandering corridors is not difficult.

The Rookery and Roost are accessible through the inn, the stables, as well as many doors off the courtyards but not the Aerie. The Aerie has no obvious ground-floor access. Members reach the Aerie via the lifts on the second floor of the inn; there are other secret entrances but all are guarded by devious traps and other unpleasant surprises.

THE ROOKERY

The Rookery is the common man's ale hall; all are welcome here. Birthright means little in the Rookery. This venerable watering hole is the oldest tavern on the property and was constructed by the first Landlord on the bones of an old two-story barn. When one thinks of the Green Griffin, the Rookery comes to mind.

The floors are uneven slabs of granite and flint, patrons stand ankle-deep in sawdust. The center of the tavern is occupied by great circular grilling pits. Cauldrons and slabs of meat roast over grills or dangle from spits. The main bar is in the center of the room while smaller bars are along the periphery.



THE GREEN GRIFFIN AT A GLANCE

The Rookery is older than the inn and retains some of the old barn fragrances, especially during the rainy season. The upper lofts have additional seating and provide an excellent view of the goings-on down below. The back walls retain a few stalls with benches and tables; curtains can be drawn to provide some privacy.

Wenches dash back and forth delivering armloads of drinks and trays heaped with food. The kitchen is accessible by way of stairs along the eastern wall. Trapdoors below the bars lead to the cellars. Heavy blocks and tackles along with ropes and chains hang from the walls and ceilings. The dusty remnants of the old barn, such as yokes and harnesses, still hang from hooks.

The Tapmaster, or head bartender, is Ringuff Twomugs (m d Commoner 1), an ill-tempered curmudgeon of a mountain dwarf who is sour-dispositioned even by dwarfish standards. He's the brother-in-law of the house Brewmaster, Jalarak Leadbarrels. The Cap'n and Twomugs often quarrel over his lax handling of the tavern; for that reason, the Tavernmaster finds every reason to avoid prolonged visits to the Rookery.

THE ROOST

This tavern is a step up from the pools of soggy sawdust and coarse company of the Rookery. The Roost is smaller but no less welcoming. The structure was once a tannery and dyers, but the woodfire heated pools located in the basement were converted for bathing. The woodwork in the Roost is more elaborate, with a bit of spit and polish lacking in the Rookery. The cobbles and tiles are mopped frequently and the dank stable smell is replaced with the odors of roasting meat over charcoal braziers mixed with the sharp tang of soap. The decor is just as eclectic with mismatched tables, chairs, benches, and stools but cushions are far more plentiful. The furniture isn't as cluttered as is the case in the Rookery which can be shoulder-to-shoulder patrons on busy nights. The floor is terraced with wooden steps linking the levels. A galley with an elaborate banister is overhead allowing diners and loiters to watch the dance floor below. Wagonwheel chandeliers hang from the ceiling. Dark wood paneling is affixed to the fieldstone and brick walls. Mantles, of which there are many, are large and cluttered with many griffin-themed dustables recovered and donated by patrons over the years. The original green griffin tongue from Pyotr Zyablik's cart is among the gewgaws. The dance floor before

the main bar is covered in exotic carpets from far away Hakir and Jalahandra. If the rumors are true, one of the rugs, will rise up and fly the speaker about if the command word is spoken. The Roost wenches go out of their way catering to the whims of the patrons, sometimes straying dangerously close to breaking the Landlord's many rules. All are accomplished singers and dancers and are pleasing to the eye as well as the ear. Several times per night the wenches gather on the dance floor urging patrons to join them for a twirl. Minstrels are always on hand to provide musical accompaniment on lute, lyre, or fife.

In spite of the festive and cheerful atmosphere, the Roost is more subdued than the Rookery. It's a lively locale but those looking for a quiet corner need look no further than the Roost. The fare is higher quality and portions more generous. This along with greater variety has drawn wealthier patrons including mid-level adventurers, local bureaucrats, visiting envoys, artisans, and folk with deeper pockets.

The Roost's tapmaster is a wiry Camurian with a severe limp and a bent back - Thrilg Gurbson (m h Fighter 3). He was born to a tribe of nomadic hunters far to the north of Barrowgate among the Drakesteeth Mountains. After being driven from their ancestral lands, he and his tribesmen were clapped in irons for poaching and sentenced to indentured servitude. After years of mistreatment, Thrilg's surviving tribesmen were freed by the Vice-Duchess herself. Thrilg's loyalty to Vice Duchess Ramhorn is absolute. He soldiered in the Scarlet Sword border guard for a time learning the centaur tongue. He's shrewd, short on words, and even-handed; many of the younger wenches have designs on the sad-eyed warrior.

THE AERIE

The Aerie is Landlord Zyablik's dream of an upscale tavern finally realized. If the Rookery is the retreat of the common man, the Aerie is the sanctuary for a privileged few.

Fine food and drink are the norm at the Aerie - there is no swill barrel here. The Aerie maintains a secure wine cellar filled with rare and exotic vintages from distant lands: palm wine from the Malapango, firewine recovered from the submerged ruins of Tiernival, and brandies dating back to the reign of Malvern's Alaghax II.

Victuals are served on elaborate trays with silver cutlery, goblets, and crystal decanters. Everything glistens and glimmers in the Aerie. Magical lighting cast through multi-colored lenses sets the desired



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mood. Events at the Aerie are full of spectacle with light, movement, and music. The wenches of the Aerie are the best of the best.

Great carts are piled high with whole roast goose, rows of suckling pigs, heaps of glaze-covered mash, enormous whole river trout covered in capers, and decadent chilled desserts. Prices verge on exorbitant, but the quality of food and drink matches the extravagant nightly entertainment which includes jugglers and acrobats, fire breathers, lively musicians, and even theatrical performances of popular dramas and comedies. There are several house musicians and playwrights retained from season to season to keep the material fresh.

The Aerie is accessed by way of two elaborate wooden lifts, marvels of human-dwarf engineering. A sophisticated system of ropes, pulleys, and counterbalances behind the walls allows the lifts to rise and fall. In the basement, several sturdy dwarven trained mules inside wooden wheels lend their strength when a little more pull is necessary. The lifts require constant maintenance; two engineers are on-hand at all times.

Membership is very exclusive but not limited just to the wealthy and well-connected. Members

must approve a candidate's petition to join; a single black marble is all that's necessary to block a petition. Candidates are free to submit another petition in a year but there's an extensive waiting list; only the Cap'n, Tapmaster, and Head Wench are privy to the location and the names of this exclusive list. In exchange for a non-refundable fee of 5000 gp and an upkeep cost of 100 gp per month, the new member receives an Aerie Lord pin. The pin is cast from green-adamantite in the shape of two griffin busts, facing away from one another. One griffin wears a crown, the other a cowl. The crowned griffin holds a goblet, his companion holds a thorny rose. When ritually awarded, the new member pricks his or her finger on a rose thorn and signs the registry in their own blood.

A wide balcony extends around the exterior of the Aerie giving a fantastic view of Barrowgate, the Redfork River, the foggy Westbarrow Hills as well as the Darkthorn Forest. Large barn doors set into the walls can be pushed aside to allow diners and merry-makers to enjoy the night air.

The top of the Aerie is occupied by a large weathervane in the shape of a roaring griffin. Many believe if the Aerie were ever under attack, the

Green Griffin Hens

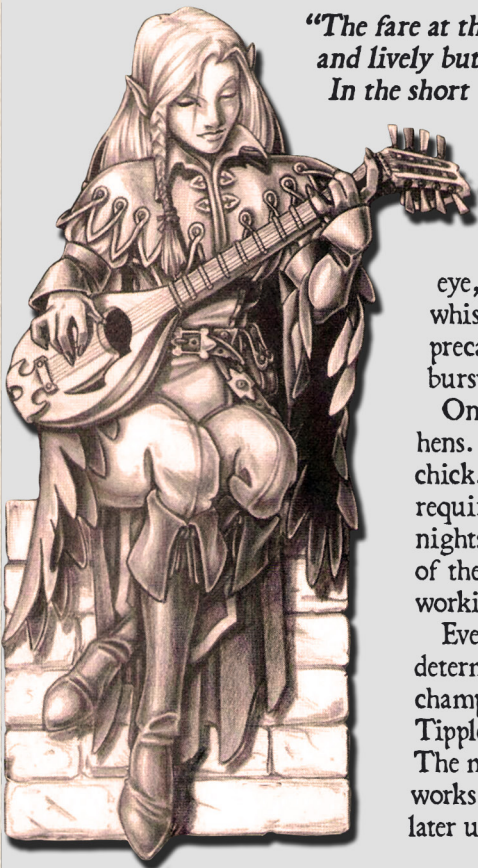
"The fare at the Green Griffin taverns is quality and the atmosphere inviting and lively but it's the Green Griffin wenches who keep patrons coming back. In the short time under these roofs, I've gotten to know a few of the wenches. With few exceptions, our meetings have been a delight and I'm proud to call some of them friends. I admire their pluck, as their trade is not an easy one."

--Liriel Silverlocks

The wenches are referred to as 'hens'. All are pleasing to the eye, friendly, and are more than capable of handling themselves. They whisk about the taverns, delivering great armloads of frothy mugs and precariously stacked trays of food. When the mood strikes, a wench may burst into song and is quickly joined by every other hen within earshot.

Only a select few are invited to join the ranks of the Green Griffin hens. The Cap'n personally oversees the training of every candidate, or chick. After a month a chick is put through an exhausting night of tests requiring the wench dash between the three taverns on the busiest of nights. Few earn their aprons. Out of tradition, all wenches upon receipt of their apron also receive a new plant or tree-inspired name. The oldest working wench is Holly who is married to Molan the Groundskeeper.

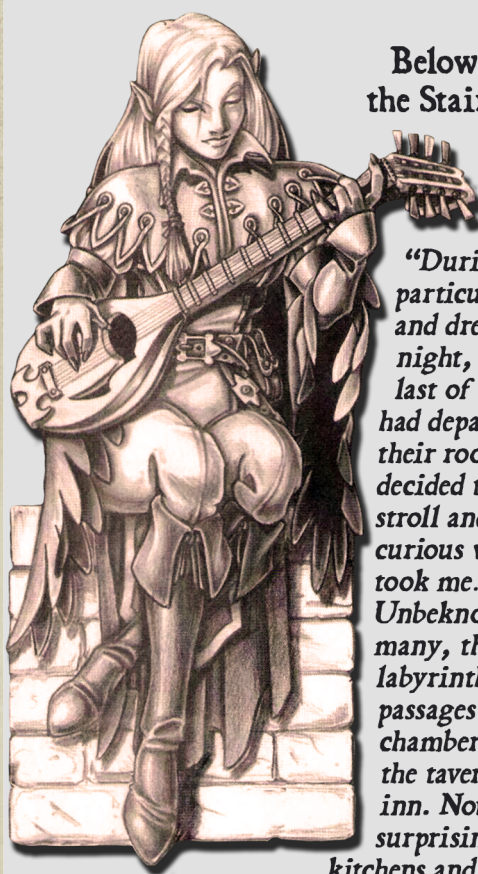
Every year Barrowgate hosts the Wench-Off, a three-day contest to determine the most accomplished wench in the city. The reigning champion is a young bramblewise halfling by the name of Gardenia Tipplepots whose acrobatics have earned her the title three years running. The most unusual wench is Ivy, a green-haired hamadryad druidess. She works the Roost to be near her dead mother, a soultree that was felled and later used to rebuild the tavern.



THE GREEN GRIFFIN AT A GLANCE

griffin would animate and defend the structure and members. Locals even claim to have seen the griffin prowling about the roof at night, ruefully watching the streets below.

The Aerie's Tapmaster is Langdon Hawler (m h Bard 5) a well-groomed and charismatic Tellurian who smokes an elaborate meerschaum pipe loaded with apple and cherry-scented pipeweed. He's a master pipesmoke sculptor employing petty magic to impress the crowd. He's what you'd expect of a bartender in an upscale tavern. He's constantly in motion, seemingly everywhere at once and on top of whatever crisis is occurring at the given moment.



Below the Stairs

"During a particularly cold and dreary night, when the last of the guests had departed for their rooms, I decided to take a stroll and my curious wandering took me... below! Unbeknownst to many, there's a labyrinth of passages and chambers beneath the taverns and inn. Not surprisingly, the kitchens and larders

are enormous. I dare say if Barrowgate were under siege, the Green Griffin would be well provisioned for at least a season, possibly two.

On first viewing, the kitchens are the stuff of nightmares: sudden eruptions of steam and fire, the vigorous churning of iron cauldrons, the sizzle of grease, and the grim thud of heavy cleavers descending into flesh; it's as if one had descended into some hellish underworld..."

--Liriel Silverlocks

He's fond of board games especially Kings Cross even though he rarely wins. Hawler is something of a jack of all trades. In his 30-odd years he's adventured and explored; sailed the Dragonspine Sea; droved horses and cattle in Racheau; acted, sang, and danced with a traveling troupe who once performed for Vice-Duchess Ramhorn at her summer court. Before arriving at the Aerie, Hawler found work as a seasoned stevedore and boatsman on the River Steed and Lake Straum. Being something of a scoundrel, Hawler is a master of disguises. He speaks a dozen different tongues, including draconic, allowing him to seamlessly slip between personas. He still loves fishing and when not overseeing functions at the Aerie, he can be found riverside dressed like a peasant fishing pole in hand.

The Landlord's sumptuous private residence and office are on the third floor of the Aerie. The adjoining rooms are filled with fine furniture and rugs, elaborate marble griffin mantelpieces, and packed with mementos of past battles. The doors are always locked as the rooms are protected by a "tame" geriatric mimic named Briggley who takes the form of a heavy battered chest.

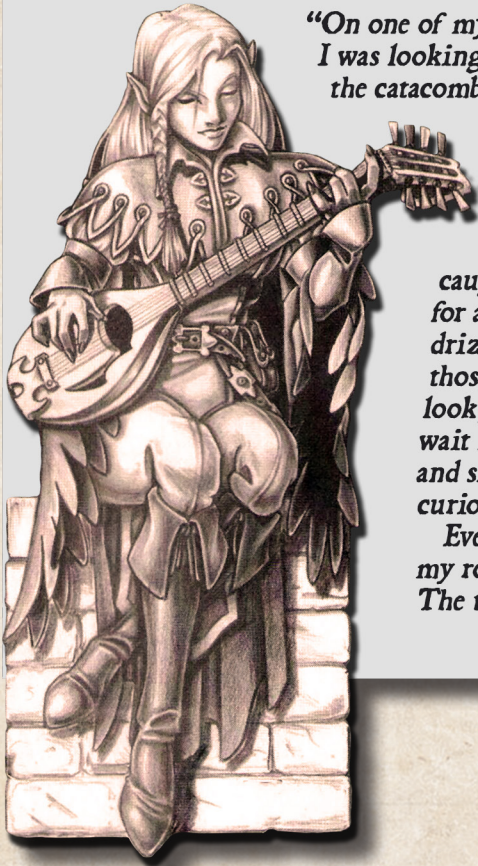
KITCHEN & CELLARS

A tangled labyrinth of gloomy twisting passages and dusty chambers lies below the Inn and Taverns. At the heart of the maze is the Green Griffin kitchen. During peak hours it's a chaotic hellscape of fire and smoke, where the cooks and sculleries endlessly toil to feed the hungry masses above their heads. The kitchen comes alive hours before sunrise and continues well past midnight. Vermin constantly scurry about pursued by one of a dozen house cats. The Green Griffin kitchen is the exclusive domain of the wildly unpredictable Doña Mattea Regorio (f h Rogue 2). She has a fiery temper and possesses an almost suicidal fearlessness and her skill with thrown cutlery is unmatched. It's rumored Doña Regorio's secret was a traveling circus performer when she was a child.

Beneath each tavern is a dense cluster of cellars and larders, some of which with walls of clay and moss to keep huge blocks of winter ice from melting. The stores are enormous and the cellars are packed with crates, sacks, barrels, and casks of all sizes, and shelves bristling with bottles.

Brewmaster Leadbarrels spends most of his time down here behind heavy locked and barred doors. His brewery is like a fortress with few entrances and thick walls. The reclusive and secretive dwarf plies





Vicious Cocks

"On one of my many wanderings of the grounds...truth be told it was late and I was looking for the wine cellar...I took a wrong turn and lost my way in the catacombs. After many more wrong turns and navigating several sets of dusty and narrow flights of cobwebby stairs, I found myself standing before a rusty iron gate. Beyond the rounded archways was a stone jetty mere inches above the murky sewer water; moored to the dock was a small black lacquered gondola which, for the life of me, reminded me of a freshly caught eel. The gate was locked but the contraption was no match for a bit of conjuring learned during my misspent youth. A constant drizzle from overhead prompted me to borrow a leather cloak from those hanging on nearby pegs. Stepping through to get a better look, I was set upon by several large roosters who had been lying in wait for me around a corner. Startled, I fled back through the gate and slammed it home. I received a few scratches as a reward for my curiosity.

Eventually, I did manage to find the wine cellar and returned to my room bottle in hand. I later learned the cloak had saved my life! The trained cockatrices deal harshly with trespassers."

--Liriel Silverlocks

his craft brewing popular drougts such as Ol' Rook for sale not just at the Griffin. There are rumors of bottles of Ol' Rook have been spotted in taverns as far away as Ottersmark.

CANALWAY

Barrowgate boasts one of the most sophisticated sewer systems in Vestonia. The sewer system is the pinnacle of human-elf-dwarf ingenuity. Every major street and alleyway has an oval-shaped tunnel running beneath it. The sewers flow directly into the Redfork River. Every major subterranean artery is navigable by shallow-draft watercraft. The Green Griffin maintains canalway entrances to their cellars.

There are three known entrances all are closely monitored and with good reason. Each entrance lies behind a wrought iron gate. Two interconnected entrances are reserved for deliveries to the kitchen, the cellars, and the inn. These are kept locked at all times. As an added measure, a pair of tamed cockatrices patrol the corridors between the gates. In addition to fatally dealing with burglars, the cockatrices make short work of subterranean vermin infesting the sewers.

The main canal entrance to the Green Griffin has a massive double gate that is unlocked from sunup to sundown; a pull chain is present to summon a valet. The stairs beyond the gate zig-zag up through the foundation splitting into side corridors leading to the Inn, the Rookery, and the Roost. Other secret passages are said to exist along the routes, possibly to the Aerie. A crossbow-armed valet is always on-hand to answer the bell and assist with guests' luggage.

GREEN GRIFFIN STAFF

Tavernmaster Dimitri "Cap'n" Angrat

A heavy-set Vestonian with a stooped posture. The Tavernmaster is not a handsome man but he's well-groomed and he wipes his hands constantly on monogrammed handkerchiefs. In spite of his 60 years, his hair is thick and dyed dark chestnut twice a month. His hands are large and gnarled from his early life as a laborer.

He's concerned with anything transpiring under the roofs of the Green Griffin; the inn falls under the purview of either Innkeeper Lardthistle or the Housekeeper Dame Webberd. He's a stern and firm authoritarian but he rarely raises his voice. He runs the Green Griffin as one would a ship at sea, hence the maritime moniker.

The Cap'n has a soft spot for the wenches; he's getting on in years and sometimes struggles to remember their names so he just calls them all 'Blossom'.



THE GREEN GRIFFIN AT A GLANCE

Housekeeper Dame Hapsis Webberd

This formidable woman is the ultimate authority when it comes to the chambermaids, valets, and sculleries. She is fussy, opinionated, and as unyielding as the ring of iron keys hanging on her hip. She's a spinster by choice; a life outside the Green Griffin is an unnecessary distraction. She has a keen mind and a sharp tongue. The Innkeeper and she share the responsibility of keeping the inn running smoothly but he invariably defers to her authority. Only the Tavernmaster has the guts to stand his ground with the Housekeeper but he does so sparingly and carefully. When not spot-checking rooms or counting the linens, Dame Hapsis may be found in a quiet sunny corner of the kitchen in whispered conversation with Mattea Reggorio, the Head Cook.

Jochim Brees

The Capn's fatherly brother-in-law and second in command. When the Capn' takes a night off, folks turn to Brees. He's stoic but friendly, and any secret shared with Jochim will go with him to his grave. Rumor has it Jochim was a brigand in his youth and is wanted in one of the adjacent provinces. Close examination of his neck reveals a distinct scar, possibly a brand confirming his wolfshead status.

Brewmaster Jalarak Leadbarrels

The Green Griffin's much-lauded Brewmaster. He's an outcast Dingrim dwarf who broke with tradition by sharing dwarven brewing secrets. After his father died, Jalarak's uncle ousted him. After fleeing the clan, Jalarak visited the Green Griffin and found the drink wanting. The Tavernmaster offered him 100 gp and a job if the young dwarf could produce a better brew. Jalarak worked tirelessly for a month to present three bottles of what would eventually be known as Ol' Rook. This and several other brews are produced in the cellars but demand is growing and the Landlord is considering building a brewery. The Tavernmaster has officially petitioned the Brewers, Vintners, and Distillers Guild to admit Jalarak into their guild but the City Fathers have blocked the request. For now, Jalarak defies convention and continues to produce his wares as an outlaw brewmaster.

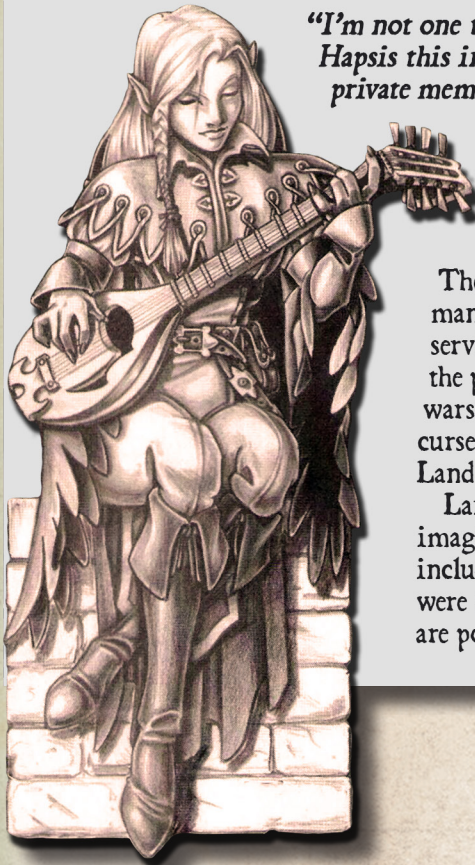
House Minstrel Liriel Silverlocks (f e Bard 6)

The elven adventuring songstress recently returned from an adventure with a broken foot and ribs. She intended to convalesce for a few weeks but, after several nights of impromptu performances, she was convinced to stay on as an extended engagement. She is road-weary and experiencing a bout of midlife

The Green Griffin's Landlord

"I'm not one to let a mystery pass me by. I can't resist. I've assured Dame Hapsis this information will go with me to the grave. I include this in my private memoirs only for the sake of completeness and, possibly for posterity. After all, the Griffin's land lease is only good for a century."

--Liriel Silverlocks



Finnik Garside is the gruff voice heard from the shadows, a no-nonsense tyrant whose word is law, everybody knows this.

The Tavernmaster is wealthy, has the ears of both the Vice-Duchess and many of Barrowgate's City Fathers, and after a lifetime of military service he fears neither prince nor beggar. Lord Garside shies away from the public, some say he's horrifically scarred after decades of fighting wars. Another rumor claims his mother was a powerful sorceress who was cursed with horns, tail, and hooves. Nobody but the staff sees the Landlord.

Landlord Garside is, of course, a figment of a crafty's wizard's imagination; Landlord Garside only exists on parchment. The senior staff including the Tavernmaster, Innkeeper, Housekeeper, and Head Wench were sworn to secrecy and, so long as Lord Garside lives, the City Fathers are powerless to take direct action against the Green Griffin or her staff.



DUNGEON DWELLERS ADVENTURES

ennui as typical of the longer-lived races. She seeks attachments and the various triumphs and tragedies occurring at the Griffin is the tonic she craves.

She was offered an exclusive job in the Aerie but she prefers to divide her time among the three taverns. Her favorite appears to be the Roost as the acoustics are better but she spends a fair amount of her time in the Rookery before the fire, feet up, and the griff Greyhawk on her lap.

Liriel's mandolin is unique said to be crafted from otherworldly woods; according to rumor the wood was taken from one of the ships carrying the first elves to Adon.

Head Wench Miss Rose (f 1/2 Rogue 4/Fighter 3, Dex 14 Constitution 13, Weapon Focus - hatchet)

The Tavernmaster may oversee the goings-on in the taverns but the wenches answer directly to Miss Rose, or, as she is known to her favorite patrons to whom she's given permission, Miss Rosie. Miss Rose is a stern, no-nonsense Gael halfling lass. Her birth name is Theagan Frostsinger but she left that name behind when she took up adventuring. Although she's two decades from middle-aged, she behaves like a harsh century-old clan matron. Like most of her proudhearth kin, she is stout of frame and stands just tall enough to reach over the tables. Miss Rose knows her way around weapons and armor, especially the hurled hatchet. Miss Rose's claim to fame is her glass eye. Rumor has it the eye can emit a pale-yellow beam paralyzing a target with fear.

Violet (f h Ranger 1, +1 expert starmetal shortsword)

This wench is an exotic beauty with smooth onyx-colored skin and striking violet eyes. Her birth name is Orojuani meaning violet in one of the Malapangan dialects. Her curly hair is worn either tied back or coiled about her neck and shoulders. She has a lean physique and her movements are slow and purposeful like a cat's. She speaks Vestonian and Breonnese with a thick accent. Violet wears a slim tribal blade strapped to her right thigh.

Grim Hauntings at the Green Griffin



"After more than a century-and-a-half of wandering, I've come to agree with the following assessment: Barrowgate is easily the most haunted inhabited city in Western Adon. The dim and grim city is home to more than her fair share of spooks, specters, and apparitions. One can't stroll down the street without catching a haunt on the edges of one's vision. The

Green Griffin is no exception." -- Liriel Silverlocks

No less than three spooks haunt the Green Griffin and the Taverns. All predate the founding of the inn and Rookery. The most benign is Sascha. This apparition appears as a translucent young boy wearing soggy rags. He's a mischievous spook, playing tricks and games in the hallways and can sometimes be heard crying behind the walls of the inn.

Another is a young woman the staff call the Weeping Widow. She appears several nights a week as a blue-white nimbus drifting about for a few moments snuffing candles and lanterns in her path. Sometimes she appears as a solid young woman with white weeping fog-filled eye-sockets. She climbs to the top of the loft and hangs herself in full view of the Rookery patrons.

The third is a sinister specter currently trapped by clerical wards in a dark corner of the cellars. This murderous hate-fueled haunt has killed and injured several patrons. The staff know better than to dawdle in some parts of the cellars. The specter takes the form of a roiling, inky cloud of groping dust and cobwebs accompanied by the stench of moldy meat.



THE GREEN GRIFFIN AT A GLANCE

Holly “Ol’ Hol” (knows many tongues but plays dumb)

The Green Griffin’s most senior wench but she has no interest in overseeing or ordering her fellow hens about. She’s affable, never forgets an order, and watches her tables like a hawk. Nobody goes thirsty or hungry at Ol’ Hol’s tables. She is married to Molan the Green Griffin’s long-in-the-tooth groundskeeper and plans to retire when he does. She’s well-respected by most of her peers but there are a few of the more jealousy-prone hens who’ve taken to calling her ‘Ol’ Hole’ but never within earshot of the Cap’n.

The Bounders

The Landlord is the unwavering voice that malcontent patrons blame when they step over the line and provoke the Green Griffin’s cadre of bouncers, known as Bounders. As the saying goes “stir up trouble and you’re BOUND to find it!”

The Bounders (padded armor, armed with clubs) take their cues from the wenches communicated via hand gestures known as fingering. The bounders and wenches cooperate to keep the peace.

A contingent of City Watchmen keeps an eye on the Griffin at all times. The City Fathers may be powerless to close the Griffin, but there’s little stopping them from harassing guests and staff. River District locals call watchmen Crushers for obvious reasons. The Bounders are tasked with restoring and keeping order so the Crushers never have a reason to set boots on the grounds.

It takes a firm hand to keep order in the taverns. The Cap’n saw fit to hire Roorg Grubbson (m h Fighter 4, Int 9, Str 18, Dex 13, Con 16, Cha 13, Improved Unarmed Strike, *bracers of armor* Def 14), an Anhurian berserker for the job. The Head Bouncer is a mountain of a man believed to have more than a little ogreish blood. He looks like a thug, and he’s covered in scars. The most obvious is the ragged scar where his left ear used to be. He’s a Gunnd by blood and spent his adolescence in the shadow of the Woodspike Forest. In spite of his coarse appearance and threatening demeanor, Roorg is even-tempered.

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Author’s Dedication:

Dedicated to the ReaperCon attendees, especially those who have graced my tables over the years. You’re why I do what I do.



SERVICES, VICTUALS, & VIANDS PRICE LIST

Note: All prices are approximate and subject to change owing to availability and Tavernmaster whim.

Service	Cost	Notes
Bath (Communal)	1 cp	Below the Roost
Bath (Private)	12-15 cp	Basin and buckets of hot water brought up
Laundry		
Per Item	1-2 cp	Depending upon soiling
Basket	1-3 sp	Depending upon soiling
Squat (Common Room)	3-4 cp	Available in the Rookery and Roost only
Blanket & pillow	+2-3 cp	
Room, Private*	3-5 sp	Frequently includes a modest meal and drink in the Rookery
Stabling (per day)**	2 sp	For horses, mules, etc.
Feed	1-2 gp	
Grooming	5-10 cp	
Shoeing	1-4 gp	

* Prices are for a small private room. Medium room x2, a large room x4. A fee of 1 gp deposit on the key, refunded upon the return of the key.

** The Green Griffin reserves the right to refuse service for dangerous or ill-tempered mounts, pets, familiars, golems, simulacrum, and homunculi.

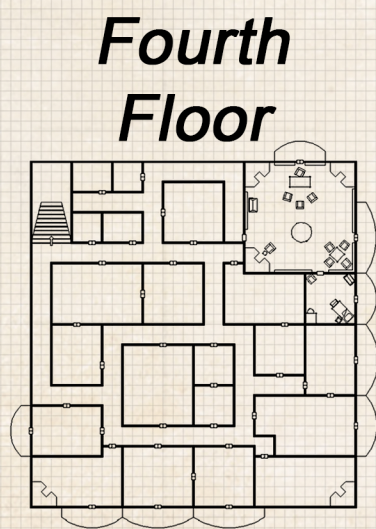
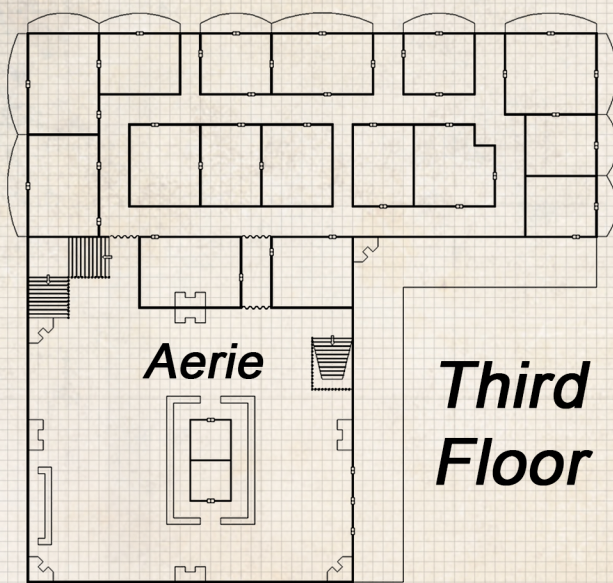
Victuals	Price		
Meal*	Rookery	Roost	Aerie
Small	1-2 sp	3-7 sp	1-2 gp
Average	3-4 sp	8-10 sp	3-5 gp
Large	6-8 sp	15-20 sp	8-15 gp

Viands			
Ale**	3-5 cp	5-8 cp	8-20 cp
Beer**	2-3 cp	3-5 cp	1 sp
Mead**	2 sp	4 sp	6 sp
Liquor (shot)	2-5 sp	3-8 sp	10-15 sp
Cognac, Brandy, Sherry	5-10 sp	7-15 sp	20 - 30 sp
Wine (Bottle)	2-4 sp	4-5 gp	10-100 gp

* All meals include a complimentary cup of Ol' Rook ale or a mug of young seasonal beer or stout.

** Stated prices are for a Cup, roughly a half-pint. A Mug is a pint (x2), Flagon is a quart (x4), a Pale is 1 gallon or 4 quarts (x16).



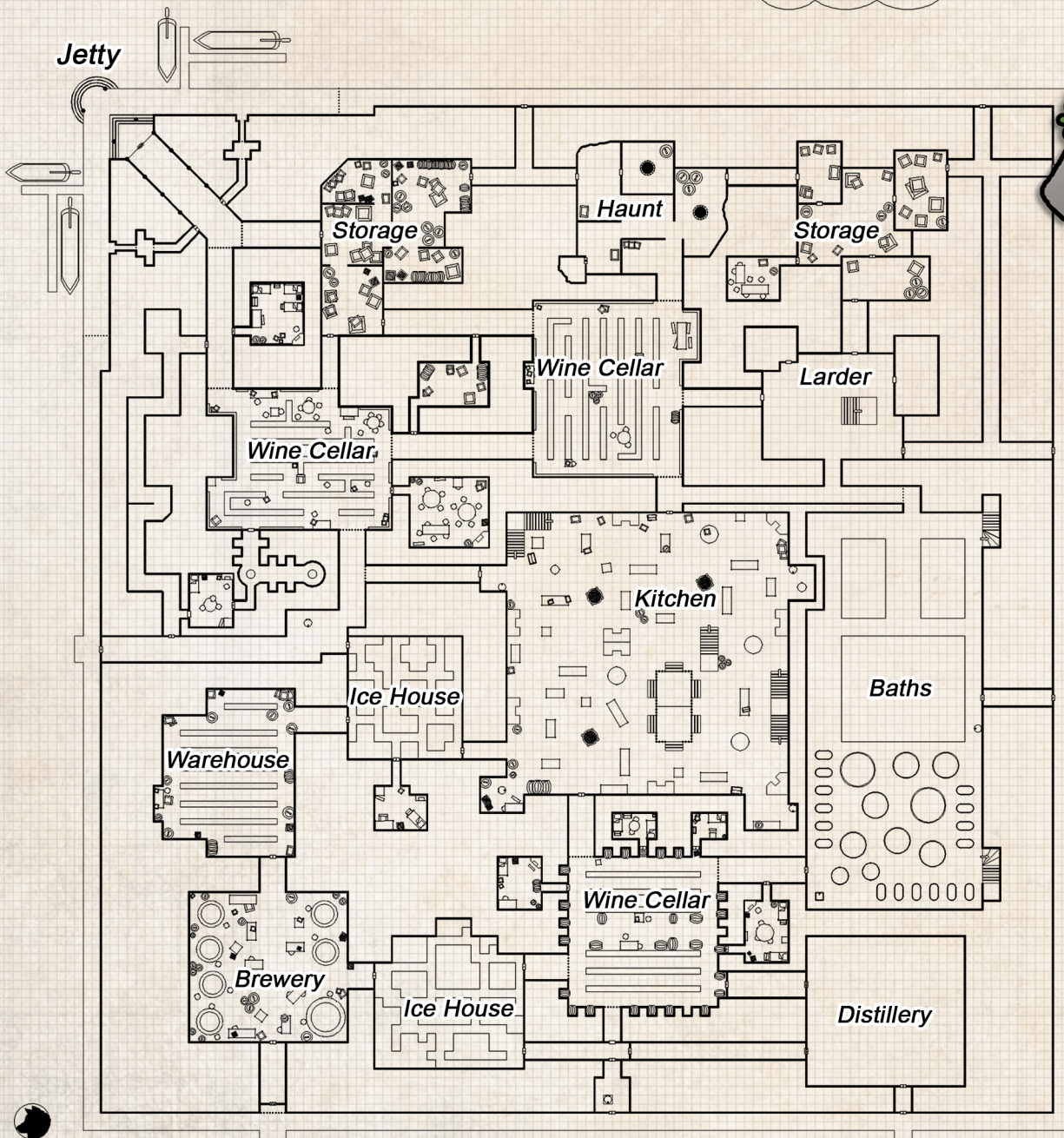


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Cellars

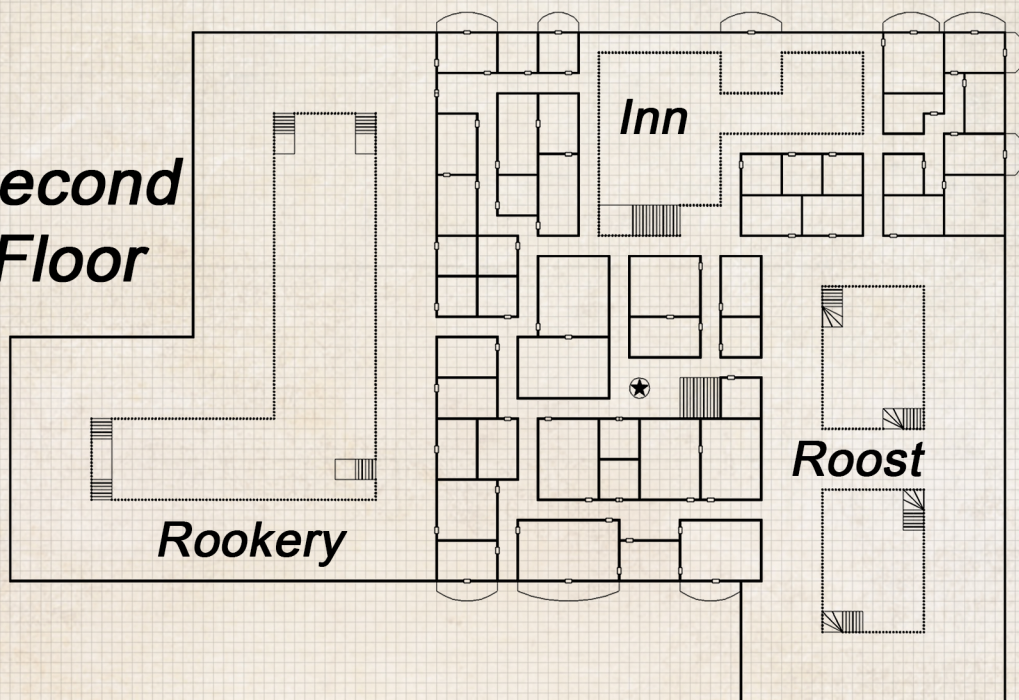


GREEN
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TAVERN
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Second
Floor

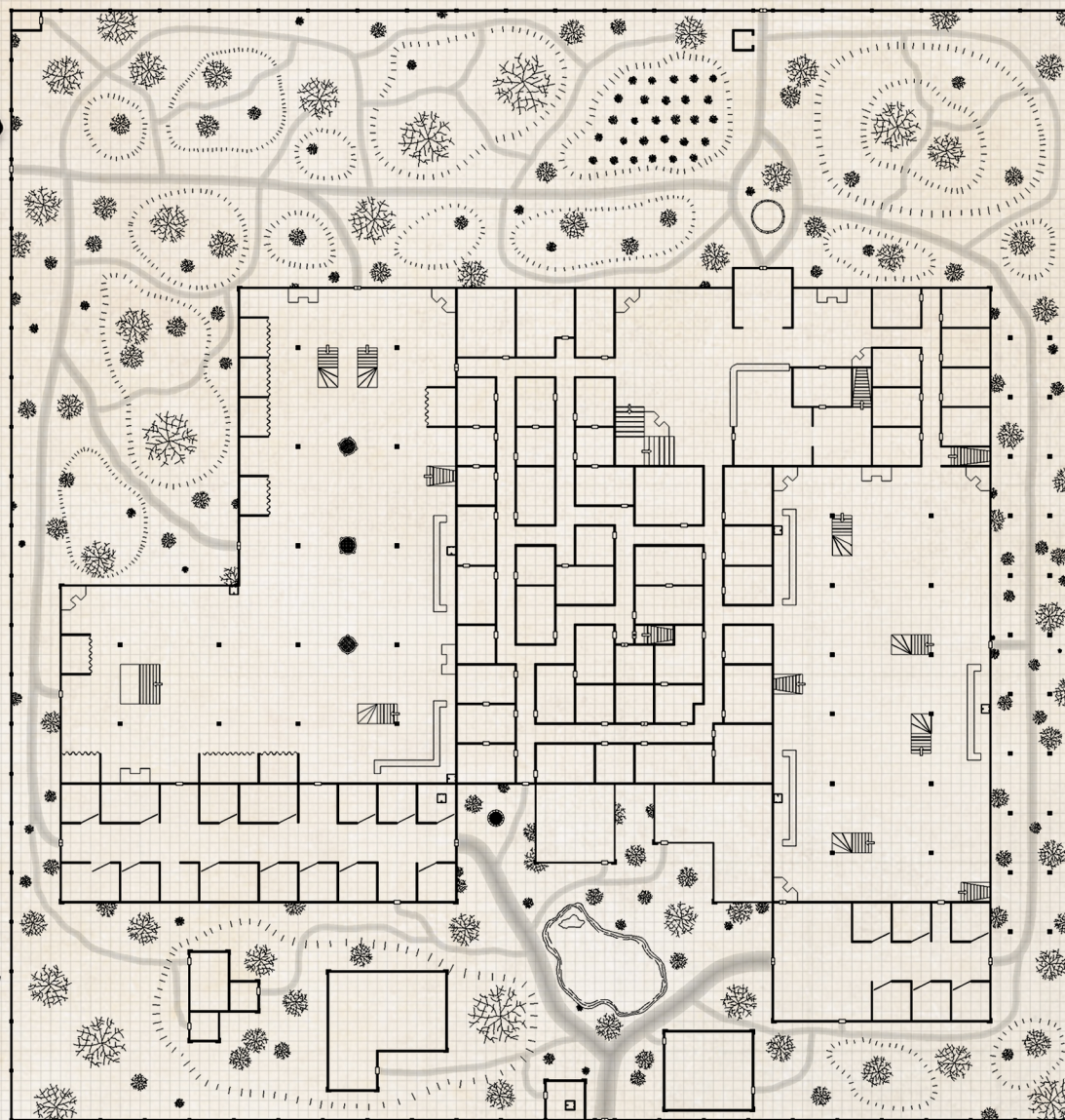


1 square = 3 feet

Briar-Rose

Ground
Floor

Riverview Lane



Lancer's Alley

Greennut Alley

REAPER DUNGEON DWELLERS ADVENTURES



Reaper Dungeon Dweller Adventures are free downloadable scenarios easily adaptable for most roleplaying systems. These adventures can be quickly added to your existing campaign or played alone for a night of fun fantasy gaming. And each Dungeon Dweller adventure includes a list of all the Reaper miniatures you'll need to bring your tabletop to life. So grab your dice, get your characters ready, and we'll see you in the dungeon!

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Levels 4-6

Dark rituals and terrifying creatures haunt the lands of Greyhurst. What secrets lie among the standing stones?

Tomb of the Five Crowns

Levels 6-8

A magic ring unlocks a secret that has been buried beneath the earth for centuries.