

Irondeep & Pebbledeep

Belleri Thrahak Background:

- Grew up in a Dwarven civilization
 - Underground Dwarven city: Irondeep
 - Lived and worked as a blacksmith for one of the most influential clans.
- Exiled by the tyrant of the city, which is why he is now a wandering barbarian.
- Belleri was framed for stealing the rival clan's Sundering Whetstone.
 - Belleri would have been next in line to lead his clan, the Woldcoats, who are the third most influential clan in Irondeep.
 - Belleri was stripped of his last name and given a new name, Thrahak, which means "thief" in Dwarven.
- Soon after being exiled, Belleri found himself in a small village nearby the Dwarven city.
 - The village was called Pebbledeep.
 - While staying here, the village was threatened by bandits who demanded money or they would burn down the town the following morning
 - Not wanting to stand idly by while people were being bullied, Belleri decided to carve a large stone golem which was successfully used to scare the bandits away
 - Afterward, the village thanked him and they spread the word of his good deed across the northern regions of the Known Lands.

Dwarven Stronghold of Irondeep

Population: 2000 dwarves, 100 or so non-dwarves

The most northern settlement in all of the Known Lands. Located deep throughout a mountain of which there is a mysterious font of magic at the mountain's summit where the dwarves forged powerful magic items during specific moon cycles.

There are tunnels and caverns that extend to Pebbledeep and beyond, such as New Harbor and other towns to the south. These tunnels were typically 10x10 feet and most had a simple rail system for handcarts to travel on. However, most of these tunnels have not been in use since the assassination of the Halperts almost 50 years ago. There was even a tunnel that ran all the way to the outskirts of the Kingdom of Gallatin, over 500 miles away, but has since been infested with monsters and thieves.

The font of magical energy at the summit of Irondeep no longer creates magical items and the current residents aren't sure why. In the past, the dwarves of Irondeep believed that the magical energy was due to a thin connection between the material plane and the elemental plane of earth. This veiled border seeped with magical energy and could be amplified on certain nights when the larger moon of the Known Lands came closest to the mountain. However, even during nights when the moon is full and close to the planet, Irondeep's crafters have only been able to imbue their creations with minor magical properties. The city's sages believe there is a corruption of nature at work here, but no one is brave enough to investigate. Since the Chaos Fog, the magical corruption on the summit has gotten even worse.

Irondeep uses a rotation system consisting of the five most powerful families to rule the city. Every century, the next family in line governs the city and rulership is decided amongst that family.

Belleri Thrahak was a member of the Woldcoats Clan, who were next in line to rule. Specifically, Belleri's grandmother, Nekhala Woldcoat, would be the Clan Elder but unexpectedly she passed away just before the transition was finalized. In that case, Belleri's father, Hemnok Woldword, was to be the next in line.

However, during that turmoil, the Treasurehands framed Belleri in stealing the Sundering Whetstone, a magical whetstone forged on the summit of Iron Mountain that with one swipe can instantly sharpen a weapon beyond normal means.

The framing happened by hiding the Sundering Whetstone in Belleri's room. The Treasurehands the day before Hemnok's coronation announced to the city that the whetstone had gone missing. A massive hunt went underway and every home and every room in the city was searched. The whetstone was then found in Belleri's room. There was no trial, and even Belleri's father would not come to your defense because he was ashamed. Belleri was immediately banished from Irondeep and stripped of his clan name. He was given the name Thrahak, meaning traitor, as a mark of shame so that all dwarves would know what Belleri has done.

It was soon decided that the Woldwords (Oversees the Grand Library) were not ready to rule Irondeep and the other three families voted to allow the Treasurehands (Oversees the Treasury) to rule for another century under the leadership of Throddil Treasurehand. The other three clans are ruled by their own elders; Muzmeg Sapphirebringer (Oversees the Mines), Torerraere Battleheart (Oversees the Guards), Bharserra Anvilstone (Oversees the Crafters).

The Village of Pebbledeep

Population: 50-100

About a mile from Irondeep. Cold climate. Barren lands at the base of the mountains. Half of the population of the village are dwarves who were exiled from Irondeep or left on bad terms. Humans and other races then came to start homes here, as the dwarves had a reputation for creating decent weapons and armors, especially in the years after the Halperts fell, as Irondeep stopped producing top-quality items.

The village is run by a council of dwarves and humans, which mirrors the council in Irondeep. There are 8 council people and a ninth council elder who helps break ties and decides on which issues to address.

PLOT BRAINSTORM

- In a struggle with the Council Elder of Irondeep
 - Pebbledeep need help defending their village from Chaos Creatures
 - They need supplies like weapons, food, other materials
- Illness/plague (from the fog) has seeped into the food supply
 - Victims are hallucinating
 - The vineyard is profiting off their new special wine
 - Loads of refugees are spending all their gold and selling their belongings to keep buying wine at the Midnight Manor
- Temple of Kord

- A relic was stolen?
- Maybe it was smuggled into Irondeep?
- Are they looking for a new champion of the Kord? Maybe there are some trials for them to test themselves with.
- Is there a fighting pit?
- Refugee Problem
 - Winter is approaching, they need a more permanent solution for housing
 - Might involve having Irondeep open up its doors to the refugees
 - Food and blankets are needed.

The Midnight Manor: When the Clock Strikes 12

[Image](#)

The large estate known as the Midnight Manor has been a staple in Pebbledeep since its conception. The manor itself is a beautiful work of architecture and always smells of freshly fermented grapes. The inside is illustrious and exclusive, only open to the wealthiest in



Pebbledeep and Irondeep, but has recently started being more receptive to the plethora of refugees that have become some of their most frequent and high paying customers. The establishment, along with the Nighthawk Winery & Vineyard, has been monopolized by Adeodatus Midnight, an incredibly wealthy young man. The manor used to be owned by Pebbledeep's very own Sir Besrand the Last, however after the Hero's Circle disbanded, he was rather strapped for cash and needed to sell. Due to

this, the Midnight family and Sir Besrand are not on the best of terms, however Besrand often goes to play cards and different gambling games in a vain attempt to win back his fortune.

Once the clock strikes 12, the Midnight Manor is full of life, even more so when the wealthier dwarves within Irondeep are able to raise the stakes even higher. Performances and indulgences

of all sorts can be found within the Midnight Manor now that it's under new management. Before the casino became what it is known as today, it used to be a stronghold and place of respite for the Hero's Circle. Nowadays, it's a place for the lowest of the low and the highest of the high to mingle and exchange pleasantries, but there are still remnants of what it once was. Secret passageways and forgotten documents litter the nooks and crannies of the the Midnight Manor.

Adeodatus “Deo” Midnight: The Young Bachelor

Adeodatus (Ah-Day-Oh-Dot-us); A gift given by God

Character Sheet: <https://ddb.ac/characters/75670210/0gpPPj>

[Image](#)

Deo Midnight is the only child of a rather small family not known to the others of Pebbledeep. However, this is not where he is originally from anyway. His small family hailed from Argon, given his human nature it makes sense that he wouldn't be from Pebbledeep, to begin with.

Recognizing the Midnight family as hard workers, the Dwarves were happy to invite them into their homes.

It's not common knowledge how Deo got a hold of Midnight Manor, as Besrand wasn't looking to move or sell at the time. Deo is fully aware of the fact that Besrand is pretty open about his dislike for him, but considering that he's the one making all the money here, he hasn't had time to care.

As of late no one has seen anything of Deo after the production of his new line of wine: *Voile Noir*. Known to the town as Black Veil, the wine has become

exceedingly popular and has yet to run out. The wine itself is known for its dark color and the way that it feels like it coats the inside of your mouth, almost like the fog that has been settling across the country. The wine has only started to come into production after the fog had started to seep into the area around the vineyards, but who cares about that when the effects of the vine on the body are so enticing? People have been claiming to see their greatest dreams come to life within their mind. Those beautiful dreams slowly will turn into heinous nightmares, manifesting into monsters made out of the fog that festered in their mind and body.



Goals

Deo has been asked by his family to "take over" Pebbledeep financially and politically. He doesn't know why exactly his family cares about some rural town of the outskirts of the Known Lands but he knows it's important to the greater machinations of his family. He also knows that someone powerful within Irondeep has been watching over his progress and covertly sending him aid when needed.



Sir Besrand Pebbledust the Last & Tok Works: Creator and Friend

Character Sheet: <https://ddb.ac/characters/66016849/lvVLXr>

[Image 1](#) [Image 2](#)

Sir Besrand Pebbledust, formerly known as Bessy to his companions of the Circle, has fallen far off his high horse and into a senile stupor.

Mainly being found inside the gambling halls of the Midnight Manor, he sits there and pawns away the small bit of money that he has scraped up doing odd jobs around the town.

The house itself seems like it might fall over at any moment, but the renovations that have been made by Besrand seem to have kept it up so far. Using pieces of scrap metal and different piping, there seems to be a constant trail of smoke escaping the top but no fireplace insight. Upon closer inspection, however, it seems to be steam-powered elements that he

has been tinkering with in the past few decades. He specializes in artificing and forging, but has recently taken up an interest in steam power and the energy that comes along with it. Wind power can only do so much for the town, so with this contribution he hopes that he can start to get back some of the glory that he lost all those years ago.



Time has been cruel to Besrand, that much is evident. After losing his home to Adeodatus, he's become incredibly reclusive, spending most of his time now with his friend, Tok.

Tok is a worn-down construct that he had created a long time ago. Formerly the bookkeeper for the Circle, Tok is now Besrand's full-time assistant and friend, although the large robot can't say much. His

energy source has recently moved to magic and steam as well. Back when Besrand was a bit more spry, he was able to power Tok fully on his own magic. This soon stopped when Besrand began to have fainting spells as he grew older.

Now, they are often found inside their home playing cards together before Tok goes and gets groceries or runs other errands for the two of them. The cold has never seemed to bother them up until recently, however the steam powered elements have been keeping Tok as warm as he can be in. Their speaking ability has not been the greatest, even when they were first built, however more recently they have been taking a life of their own and holding steady conversation with different villagers. It's very easily seen that Tok is significantly more liked by the people of Pebbledeep than Besrand, however that wasn't always the case.

Guard Post: Hardheads and Hardhats

[Image](#)

The need for a Guard Post has been a long debated topic among the dwarves of Pebbledeep and Irondeep. This was especially the case since they don't necessarily have "natural predators". After the dragon was eradicated, they haven't had any direct attacks on Pebbledeep since the fog. Inside the mountain, they are already protected on all sides, only able to be accessed by the

tunnels below that are incredibly difficult to navigate if you aren't familiar with them. The people that work here tend to be those that have proven unskillful with a hammer and anvil, and decide to apply their brutish nature and robust physique into something that requires a bit less finesse: applying force where force is needed. This mainly just falls into protection for the Midnight Manor and the Governor. They would also be lying if they said that it wasn't here to just check a box off as well, just in case.

The leader of this task force of poorly trained Dwarves is Weberlug Coinmane, a drunkard by most means that is mainly found asleep inside the post itself. He is a stout and graying former soldier who had fought in the original claiming of Irondeep from the Frost Dragon, Osyius.



Weberlug Coinmane: Soldier Turned Long-Term Mercenary for Hire

Character Sheet: <https://ddb.ac/characters/66077523/tTG1Mt>

[Image](#)

Weberlug Coinmane is one of the oldest members of both Irondeep and Pebbledeep. Starting out as a hired mercenary from a smaller Dwarven village, he ended up staying after the slaying of the dragon and a certain woman that had him by a chokehold.

The inside of the guard's post is really nothing to gawk at, besides the occasional picture with the slain dragon that Weberlug insists on keeping around for the sake of "memories", however he isn't even in the picture. He claims that he's actually standing behind one of the many other dwarves that have climbed in ranks and now reside inside Irondeep as master forgers, but there really isn't any evidence supporting that besides a flask raised above one of the shoulders of a taller Dwarf.



Often found a bit tipsy, his wobbling nature is able to throw off his opponents very easily, allowing him to maintain his excellent fighting status within the Temple of Kord.

It's rumored that Weberlug's wife is in Irondeep, they aren't separated but her work in the forge is incredibly important as her hands are more skilled than most. Weberlug was never interested in the politics that came along with her family as well, and she never blamed him. They exchange letters very often although no one is sure how the letters have still been getting to the other side.

Hardy Horse Stable: Trotting in Style

The Hardy Horse Stable is a family owned business that has a symbiotic relationship with the forgers and farriers around. The horses that are sold here are procured, bred, and taken care of by Uma Silverbuckle, a gruff, middle aged, female dwarf that has been running Hardy Horse for as long as anyone can remember, however they could certainly be confusing her for her father. The family itself has been cursed with the inability to grow facial hair, so it was often that other dwarves would make fun of them by comparing them all to each other, but it eventually became too confusing to keep track of. Her partner, Hilde Silverbuckle, also helps her run the stable but is often in the fields training the younger founs that are being prepared for sale. Some Dwarves like to do it themselves, but they'll claim that no horse is ever as obedient as when they come from Hilde herself.

The horses that are sold here are draft horses, large in stature and incredibly furry with thick coats. The temperature requires that, of course, but for that reason they tend to stay away from the frozen lakes that surround the lower parts of the mountain. They don't often leave the mountain that they are born on as they work the farms that surround Pebbledeep, or are used to draw stone from the quarries further inside Irondeep. The pure strength of the horses that are sold is also crucial in supporting the sheer weight of the dwarves that they are owned by and also the equipment that they often wear to keep themselves warm. These horses are well taken care of and treated like fellow members of the family more often than not. In fact, any overworking or abuse of animals is heavily looked down upon within Pebbledeep and Uma herself will buy the horse back from you if you are accused or caught mistreating your animal.

Uma and Hilde Silverbuckle: Partners in Equine

Hilde Character Sheet: <https://ddb.ac/characters/66137758/KRqjxM>

[Uma](#) on the Left and [Hilde](#) on the Right

The two owners, along with their two children Roldron and Vonol, have been happily together for as long as most of the population here can remember. They got married immediately after the attack on the dragon, made very aware of their mortality as they came close to death. Uma as a young woman at 19, was injured and lost the ability to move her leg. No amputation was needed, but it threw a wrench in her plans as she wanted to be a mercenary like Weberlug, the man that helped her off the battlefield after her leg was toast (literally). She was in love with her wife, of course, but the useless feeling that she had was



one that she couldn't shake. It was only after a long, long conversation with Weberlug that she realized she was doing her and her horses a disservice by dwelling on the past like that. After that night, she got straight to work and turned around the biggest profit that Hardy Horse had ever seen.



Hilde was a surprise to the dwarven population as well with her innate magic abilities. These, however, are only used to really expedite the different work that she does around the barn. She refuses to use any combat spells and has thoroughly blocked them from being in her arsenal out of fear.

Fang Rock Forge Blacksmith Farrier

The Fang Rock Forge is the most frequented establishment in the town of Pebbledeep and is the most important place of commerce within the town. Of course, being a dwarven civilization, the main import from both Irondeep and Pebbledeep is smithing goods and different minerals that have been found within the mountain. Fang Rock is a smaller extension of the main forge found within Irondeep and, like the summit of the mountain, was originally powered solely by the magic that welled at the top. However, after its recent magic drought, the forge itself has been selling products that were made pre-drought at inflated rates. The rarer items that have been created still reside inside the main mountain for their safe keeping as people start to stockpile different materials. The worry that they might not be able to get a hold of certain enchantments is a real one.

The owner of the Fang Rock Forge, Gastor Fangrock, has become a victim of his old age and has been making more mistakes in his work. This has resulted in his daughter taking up more responsibility inside the forge than she had previously. In his spare time, Gastor has also picked up drinking again after the vineyard's creation of Black Veil wine. His daughter has noticed this behavior and has done her best to try and keep the drink out of his hands as a result. However, her efforts are seemingly fruitless. For some reason, the grape vines have been growing back exponentially fast, only allowing a week or so before the vine is weighing itself down with the sheer amount of fruit.

The forge itself produces enough heat to completely melt the snow surrounding the building where it rests, but does not harm the workers of the forge or the house that rests beside it. Whether this be the tea that is brewed by Louren herself, or something having to do with the bits of frost magic left behind by the dragon, it is a blessing regardless. There might also be something having to do with the family itself and their blood, but they wouldn't know anything about that part specifically given that their mother's side is more or less unknown.

Gastor and Louren Fangrock: Bring Your Father to Work Day

(Gas-ter) and (Lauren or L-Ow-ren, whichever you prefer)

[Gastor](https://ddb.ac/characters/66361856/OjBf6k) Character Sheet: <https://ddb.ac/characters/66361856/OjBf6k>

[Louren](https://ddb.ac/characters/66360200/QJsU06) Character Sheet: <https://ddb.ac/characters/66360200/QJsU06>

Gastor and Louren Fangrock are an inseparable father-daughter duo. They would do anything for each other and are a welcomed addition to the town of Pebbledeep given their work is cheap but well made. Their family is new to the forging business, but they come from a long line of forge clerics.

Gastor is a large man, even by Dwarven and Human standards, with a large beer gut from years of drinking as a young man. Now, he is later in life, and is starting to grow white hairs from years of stress as an adventurer. Louren had always been interested in the way of the forge before it was even discovered that it was in their blood on her grandmother's and mother's side of the family. Gastor's mother was a part of a different forge cleric sect than his late wife, however they were some of the best in their field. It was something that he honestly wanted to forget after her passing, but now that he's taken up the forge in her stead, he has felt infinitely more close to the late light of his life and his daughter, the second light of his life.



However, this has all become a little tumultuous as the stress from the recent fog has driven a lot of the already alcohol-positive community to try the new Black Veil wine. Gastor has grown angry, irritable, and forgetful. He has started making countless grave mistakes in creating their



weapons to the point where he's wasting materials more than making usable weapons. A part of Louren is worried, but another part is furious that she has to clean up after the man that is still supposed to be taking care of her. As of late, she has been forbidding him from picking up a hammer or touching an anvil, which hasn't been beneficial for him necessarily but for the business. All he needs to do is get clean for him to be allowed back, but that still isn't enough motivation for him.

Sarini's Potion Shoppe

[Image](#)

Sarini's Potion Shoppe is one of the newer additions to the town of Pebbledeep. Within the last few years, the Potion Shoppe has been a surprisingly popular spot in town for heat-resistance potions and cold-resistance potions for those that are new to the area. Run by Sarini and her help, the Potion Shoppe has seen more than double their main intake, even if Sarini is a bit of an odd sight up in the mountains.

The Potion Shoppe itself is a white moss and icicle-laden cottage, large enough to fit a few customers inside comfortably, but everything seems to be higher off the floor and the door is oddly sized compared to the low doors that the other dwarven homes have. However, after dealing with the store owners, it's very easy to understand the reason that everything is so high up for a functional purpose. After all, it's hard for Sarini to navigate through and collect the proper herbs for her help to make the potions if her large, owlbear body is not able to fit through the tight spaces. Her help, Xylnis Vathana, a half-elf refugee, has been her help for as long as the store has been established, although the only speaking that she does is for Sarini. Despite Owlbears not knowing common and status as a monstrosity, Xylnis seems to have an acute understanding of what Sarini is trying to convey at all times.



Sarini the Owlbear: A Druid's Dream

Character Sheet: <https://ddb.ac/characters/66549111/0Hijx3>

[Image](#)

Sarini, as far as Xylnis is concerned, is an Owlbear through and through. However, what she doesn't know is that Sarini actually was a long-found resident of this mountain: a Firbolg.

Sarini once was a large, furred creature but was unfortunately cursed after she had found that the dragon made of frost that once ruled the mountain was still alive even after the fight against it. She has since forgotten this fact by magical means and also the fact that she was anything other than an Owlbear. Considering the creature's rare appearances, nobody has questioned her behavior or ability to walk on her hind legs, or the ability for her to cast magic. In fact, she doesn't possess many traits of an Owlbear besides the size and strength, however, it could be thought that it just comes from her Firbolg nature.

The large feathers that grace her form are soft and long, a beige sort of color that has grown whiter and whiter as the days have gone by. This is because of the lack of direct sunlight that they are able to get while inside their shoppe as Xylnis is the one that gathers all materials, Sarini just looks over them to make sure that they are still good and fresh.

As a Firbolg, she was not exactly the most noticed person around the mountain, however, there was a myth that was created about her as a Sasquatch-like creature, although no one has been able to link that back to the former appearance of Sarini.



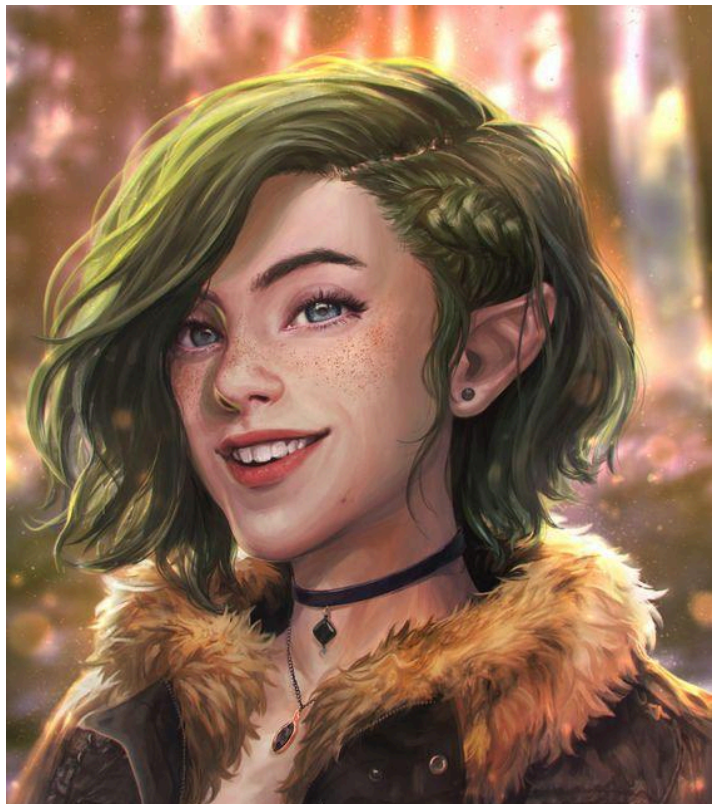
Xylnis Vathana: The Voice of Wisdom

Character Sheet: <https://ddb.ac/characters/66912415/IXhTMB>

[Image](#)

Xylnis Vathana is a half-elf woman who arrived at Pebbledeep with Sarini a few years ago. Being a half-elf, she is taller than most that live in Pebbledeep and is incredibly easy to spot in a crowd. However, to be fair, that isn't just for her tall stature. She has swamp green hair on top of the fact that snowcaps and different mushrooms seem to follow her as she walks outside. The inside of the potion shoppe also happens to be littered with different kinds of mushrooms that wouldn't otherwise be found in cold climates. However, thanks to both Sarini and Xylnis' magic, they are able to make a humid area for the mushrooms to grow untouched by the harsh elements. Consume them at your own risk as they are all used for potions they create.

Not only is Xylnis an apprentice alchemist, but also is an apprentice druid under the guidance of Sarini. Of course, she is not totally aware of her former Firbolg status, but is very aware of her magical ability and her connection to the moon, although Xylnis has taken to the Circle of Spores.



Sometimes in Sarini's absence during her foraging times, Xylnis dreams of seeing the world once again. Of course, she had to have come from somewhere, but her only current memories are of when she started her life with Sarini in this village. All she can hope is that there is someone out there looking for her. For now she is content with where she is with her feathered best friend, Sarini the Owlbear.

The Frosty Dragon Inn and Tavern: Frozen in Time

[Image](#)

Inside the Frosty Dragon, unlike the name suggests, is a cozy inn and tavern that has welcomed many guests since its creation. The inside of the tavern is decorated with countless bones from different animals and such that are claimed to be that of a dragon, but upon closer inspection, one would realize that they are just that: from different animals. If a member of the party were to look around, however, they might just find a few frost dragon scales that litter the windows, casting a warm blue-ish glow on the inside of the establishment.

The Tavern owner himself is a soft-spoken man that is blind in both eyes due to large scars that litter his body and face. Hence why people call him various different titles other than his actual name, the most popular being: Gray Eyes.

Around the Tavern are poster boards that speak of different quests around the area, sort of like a message board for the different people of Pebbledeep. Most of it is in Dwarvish, however there are a few scrawled notes here and there that seem to be large pawprints, most likely from Sarini as she seems to like the independence of trying to communicate her own thoughts through writing (it never really works out though). The furniture inside seems to be hand carved and dried leather upholstered wooden benches. However, being the only one running the establishment besides his cook in the back, it seems that Grayeyes himself was the carver of said furniture and continues to serve drinks without an issue. Carving the furniture was his last step in setting up the establishment and he still gets insanely angry if any of his furniture is tossed or broken in a bar fight.



Emrak Grayeyes: The Blind Bartender

Character Sheet: <https://ddb.ac/characters/67644058/8jq9Uc>

[Image](#)

Emrak Grayeyes is a Gray Dwarf that had built the Frosty Dragon from the snow up. This was, of course, after he had participated in defeating the Frost Dragon that used to reside within Irondeep. At this time, he was a paladin that was sworn to protect the people that he loved, namely his wife and children. After they were killed in the attack, he lost his motivation to keep his oath of protection. In his new blinded state after a lucky shot from the dragon itself, he began to go back to his roots as a bartender.



Emrak wasn't always a hardened man, he used to be kind and sweet. Nowadays, he often makes little conversation with his patrons and lets his food and drink do the talking. He has a few patrons specifically that he opens up a conversation to. These patrons are Besrand Pebbledust, a man that he had fought alongside; and also Uma Silverbuckle, a woman that had saved him from the brink of death during the battle. They are some of the only dwarves that have stayed outside of Irondeep that participated in the fight against the dragon as those that participated got priority when being invited into their new domain. They often get dinner together very late into the

night, long after the Frosty Dragon has closed. They have become acutely aware with the new happenings of the fog that the dragon might not be as dead as they had previously thought, and are acting accordingly. They have suspicions of who might be involved and how they might proceed, but they'll need help to do so... which is where the adventurers come in.

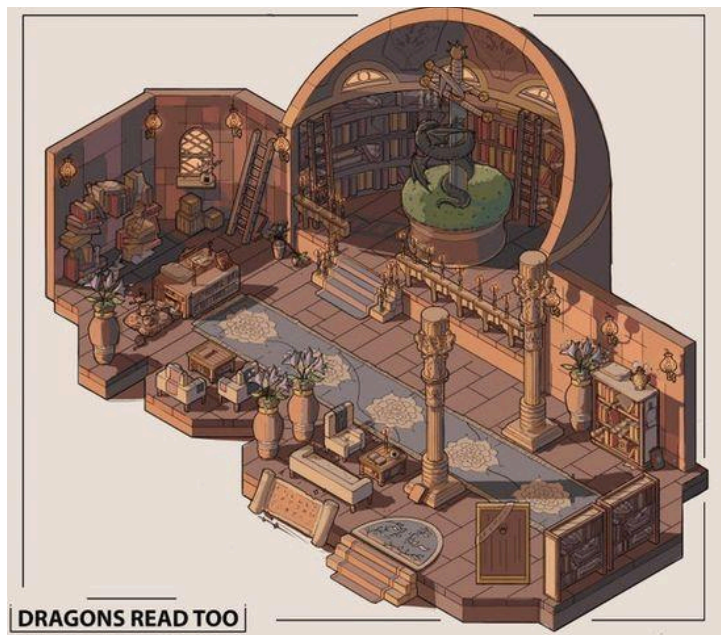
Nebert's World of Maps: The World in the Palm of your Hand

[Image](#)

The eclectic store that bursts at its seams is Nebert's World of Maps. Inside the store, it's noticeably hard to be able to walk through the aisles because of the countless papers littering the floor. Looking at the shelves as well, they are about as organized as the papers on the floor and make it very difficult to find what you're looking for without asking. Nebert, on the other hand, is able to spot what map is needed for what country or region seemingly by the slight glance of it, or as rumor has stated, the smell of the specific ink or parchment used. There also is rumors that Nebert's hair isn't actually gray, but the dust from the store has just slowly made its way into his very being. That one isn't true of course, he's just old.

Nebert makes it his mission to chat with anyone that walks in, potentially making any short trip an intensely long one as he talks about everything and anything. He is well versed in fact, fantasy, and rumors that flood Pebbledeep. Given that Emrak isn't the biggest talker in the world, the people need to get their gossip somehow.

On top of the plethora of maps that he has, there are also some various books that are littered about the store. Although they are used as coasters or doorstops, a lot of them seem to hold valuable information despite the coffee rings that crowd some of the pages. One of which even is a history on dragons and their unmatched ability to polymorph to blend in for long periods of time. There are also various books on the different kinds of dragons that are found– or were found– in the Known Lands and their dragonborn counterparts. Both of these sights are exceedingly rare and the dragonborn that do roam around are mostly found within Gallatin or in mountain tops much like this. Perhaps there might be more places where they are found, however they aren't exactly well known.



Nebert Wanderlust: Cartographer Extraordinaire

Character Sheet: <https://ddb.ac/characters/67652909/KrQ1Ne>

[Image](#)

The Wanderlust Family is infamous for their immense knowledge and sense of direction. Throughout the Known Lands, there are different popup shops that are owned by various Wanderlust's, however Nebert is the sole owner of an actual building, one of which has been passed down through his family to the eldest son.

The store has been within the family for generations and is usually given to the most scatterbrained child, however this is most of the time disguised as the eldest within the family itself. Along with the actual establishment, a pair of magic glasses are also given to the successor that allow them to see invisible magic notes that have been left on all of the maps and all parts of the building. These notes have been left by countless generations of Wanderlusts. Viewing these messages all depends on if he lets you use the glasses in the first place. Maybe if you run some errands for him or strike a bargain... or steal them, he might allow you to take a look around his place for however long you may like.

Nebert, from a looks perspective, is nothing really special. He is an older dwarf with scraggly white hair that cascades down from the sides of his head, connecting his beard to it as well and leaving the top completely bald. The glasses are probably the most notable things on his face as they aren't a common item around Pebbledeep. They are thick, wire glasses that almost look like the lenses might be made of a thick quartz rather than glass. It's impossible to look through the glasses without him giving you explicit permission. Stealing, as previously mentioned, would be impossible but is a common resort by the children of Pebbledeep.



He knows the rumors and gossip that have been around and, every three days, he is able to determine if there is merit to their words or if they are completely unfounded through the magic of his spectacles. Use this power wisely, waiting for the glasses to recharge their magic might be a waste of time that you don't have.

The Black Lotus: The Mysterious Help

[Image](#)

The Black Lotus is one of the less visited places in Pebbledeep by the locals, but is often visited by refugees and monks that are from The Way of the Long Death. The leader of this monastery is not a dwarf at all, but actually a dark elf by the name of Sabel Nal. The people of Pebbledeep have remained apprehensive of her living inside the village, so she stays inside most of the time in an attempt to not cause an issue. It's not like she minds, either.

Despite her reclusive tendencies, she still has a rather large following of people from all around the world looking for her immense wisdom and guidance.



The building itself, on the inside, seems to be in the shape of a lotus. Running water, untouched by the harsh cold outside flows along the marble floor into the separate petals that make the rooms of the Black Lotus. The interior, like the name would suggest, is made of black marble and rests on a flat foundation, almost resembling the lily pad that would house the lotus flower itself. The decor is otherwise bare, save for diagrams of the human body and extensive documentation of the effects that The Way of the Long Death has on the aging body. There are also countless pictures of former practitioners of the way and also of the people that have completed the various pilgrimages. The Black Lotus also welcomes those that are a part of different monk practices, often housing

them whenever they pass through for various training or practicing in the high altitude. Not only that, but the well of magic that formerly was at the top of the mountain was a hotspot for monks that were honing their magical fists or other magic users that wanted to recover from intense injuries due to the arcane.

Regardless of how unwelcoming it looks from the outside, it's probably safe to assume that these are one of the nicer sects of people in both Pebbledeep and Irondeep. Not only that but it is the most fortified building within Pebbledeep.

The Black Lotus is filled to the brim with secret entrances only able to be accessed by the monks that dwell within, as well as an underground area that is full of refugees from neighboring areas, displaced by the fog. Sabel Nal, once a refugee herself, takes a kindness towards them and makes sure that they are as comfortable as possible, most likely living even more comfortably than they had before. Most of the time, they begin to train in the Way of the Long Death, so it seems that there is a quid pro quo element to their relationship although that isn't her intention.

Sabel Nal: The Eternal

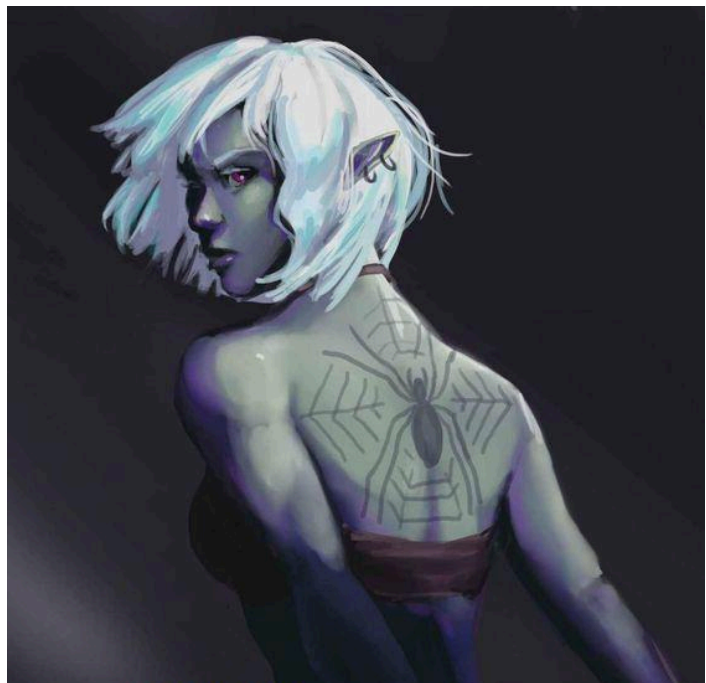
Character Sheet: <https://ddb.ac/characters/68154862/0OdDzJ>

[Image](#)

Sabel Nal is a Drow that has lived most of her life below the mountains surrounding Pebbledeep, only moving to the surface within the last hundred years. Her life has been long given her elven nature, but on top of being a master of the Way of Long Death, she looks significantly younger. Given that she has more important things to worry about, she has lost track of the years and has just been going based on milestones in her training. Within the last hundred years, she has become a grandmaster in her discipline, which marks her thousandth year of training.

Sabel doesn't really talk about her previous home, considering that she has made a comfortable life here with her students and the other masters that live in the Black Lotus full time.

Her appearance is the starkest thing about her given that she is surrounded by men and women that don't peak over 5 feet at times. Her skin is that of charcoal and her tattoos seem to absorb the light around her. This isn't a trick of the eyes, it actually is so that she is able to see a bit easier considering that her eyes are incredibly sensitive to light. Thankfully, the cloud coverage that Pebbledeep gets from being at a higher altitude makes it so that she doesn't suffer as much as she would otherwise.



The Well: The Wailing that Never Stops

There have been plenty of stories passed around by the children of Pebbledeep that claim to have heard wailing late at night. Unfortunately, it has yet to grace the ears of any of the adults or young adults that have outgrown their whimsy or fantastical belief in ghosts. There is nothing that is incredibly positive about what is being said inside the well, but as of recently, there have been accounts of children leaving in the middle of the night and falling asleep around the well.

The children that are victims of this enchantment of some sort have no recollection of what happened that led them to the well. The only thing that they remember is the intense desire to play, but they aren't sure with who.

The well itself is of no real importance or note to the people of Pebbledeep, it's just a place to draw fresh water from thanks to the melted snow coming from Irondeep's furnaces and lava pools. There is a distinct iron taste to the water on occasions, but that's only if there is a period of time where mass amounts of refining are taking place. The magic well that resided on top of Irondeep cleanses the water, making it harmless and energizing to the people of Pebbledeep. Thanks to the natural poison resistance that Dwarves have, they wouldn't really be bothered even if the well was tainted.

The well was created with a dark cobblestone meant to retain heat from the sun so that the water is at least lukewarm when hauled up by the inhabitants. The dark stone also makes it abundantly easier to see in the snow, especially in the blizzards that sometimes go on here for several days.

A Bit of Everything General Store: This and That and Odds and Ends

A Bit of Everything General Store is the only convenience store in Pebbledeep that is affordable for the majority of the Dwarven population. A lot of the items inside are foraged and also, thanks to the help of Wisp, a pseudodragon belonging to Rok Crisgil, a dwarven man that lives in the very shop that he manages.

The shop itself is eclectic, much like the map store, however there is a sense of organization that Rok understands. After looking around for an hour or two, it gets easier and easier to understand how things are laid out, however it would still be a challenge for anyone new to navigate.

The wares inside the shop are all incredibly useful to those that are living there, everything ranging from firewood that is chopped every morning by Rok himself all the way to snow shoes and rope. These are only a few of the essential items that are needed for getting out of Pebbledeep, let alone starting a business here and beginning a forge.

The establishment itself is one of the larger buildings, or at least it looks like it can hold a lot more on the inside than it can on the outside. There are several eclectic signs on the outside of the building as well that are nonsensical and hard to read, but still bring a smile to the face of the dwarves and various other people that pass by them.

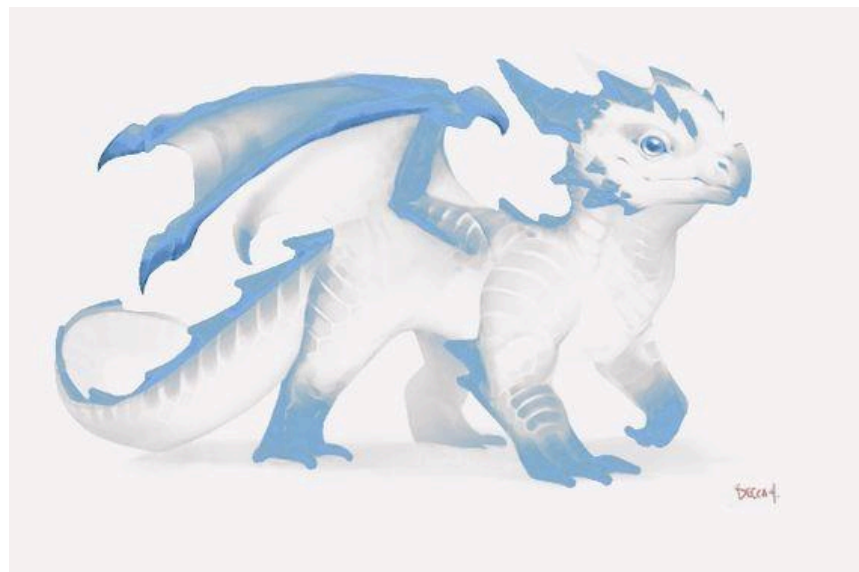
Rok Crisgil and Wisp: The Dragon Whisperer

Character Sheet: <https://ddb.ac/characters/72523695/GSIBR8>

[Image 1](#) [Image 2](#)

Rok Crisgil, an older dwarf, lives alongside his dragon Wisp in the absence of his late wife, Jaspair Crisgil. She passed away a few years ago as a famous seamstress, often making different assortments of clothing that were a favorite of the men and women equally in Pebbledeep. The entirety of Pebbledeep grieved the loss of such a handy and kind woman and have been incredibly supportive of Rok, allowing his business to flourish still even in her absence.

Rok himself is not alone in his adventures and ventures for that matter. Wisp is a long, wispy (no pun intended) light blue dragon that despite its correlation, spews small blue flames that are cold to the touch but still, if not supervised, inflict burns like no other. Wisp appeared one day during the spring



floating down the various water canals that come out of Irondeep that produce the freshwater that Pebbledeep thrives off of. It was early in the morning and at that point, no one was out and about except Rok Crisgil, who had been suffering from insomnia ever since his wife passed almost a year ago to that day. He had been getting used to waking up and going to bed alone, but the sleep that he so craved never would come easily without the help of one of Sarini's potions or something from his own shop. Once Wisp was safely in the care of Rok, he checked out as many books around the area that he could find, even attempting to solicit Nebert for his expansive knowledge of most weird things.

Wisp made a full recovery and of course, in an attempt to release him, Wisp decided to stay by the side of his newfound best friend. They've been inseparable ever since and often keep each other sane during the tumultuous times between Irondeep and Pebbledeep, even sharing



the same bed after a long time of Wisp complaining and whining that they weren't comfortable where they were previously sleeping. The bed it had previously was lovingly crafted for a cat that had previously belonged to Jaspair and Rok, but passed away of old age very shortly after Jaspair passed away. Rok theorizes that Jaspair needed a friend or someone to keep her comfortable while she was in the afterlife, but that isn't very surprising considering what he believes about Wisp.

Regardless of what has happened in the past to the old man, Rok and Wisp are now inseparable friends that help each other with various tasks around the village and Wisp has found a great pastime of playing with the children that live there as well.

Displacer Tattoo Parlor: Skincarver's Warehouse

This tattoo parlor is one of the less frequented establishments by the locals, but more so by the Goliaths that litter the tops of the mountain. Run by a fellow tribeswoman, Mavia Skincarver Veomuth, the tattoo parlor has no name to her, but has been named by the folks in Pebbledeep because of the larger tribal displacer tattoo that crawls up her back.

Mavia, or Mav as she is called by the locals, is from the Veomuth clan up in the higher mountains surrounding Irondeep. Noticeably, she wears lighter clothing than most due to her acclimation to the cold since she was obviously born in the area and at a higher altitude than even the local mountain dwarves that she coexists with.

The parlor itself is one of the smaller buildings in Pebbledeep, almost similar to a shack as Mavia doesn't usually stay in town for more than two months out of the year (the coldest months). No one is necessarily sure why she travels back and forth when she does have a home established here, but there are rumors of course. Some think that she might be some sort of spy for the tribe to plan some sort of mass takeover. The reality is only really known to her however, as she doesn't really talk to the other members of Mavia. Black sort of vines cover the front of the tattoo parlor but other than that, there is nothing really of note besides a storefront sign that will change the language stating that it is to whatever the first language of the reader is (besides common, of course).

Other than that, the inside of the shop is darker but is illuminated by what seems to be a magic light source, dimming when the light comes through the window and brightening when it leaves. The light that comes through is mainly cool tones as the ink that she uses is bioluminescent, causing the colors to show up better in cooler tones (but preferably darkness). Her tribe, because of this fact, are also known as Spirit Walkers as their bodies from far off (due to the bioluminescent tattoos) look wispy and spirit-like.

Mavia Skincarver Veomuth: Blood, Sweat, and Tears

Character Sheet: <https://ddb.ac/characters/73711291/6Vamgv>

[Image](#)

Mavia, or Mav, is a lurker when it comes to the town of Pebbledeep. There aren't a lot of people that would say explicitly that they are friends with Mav beyond just being acquaintances. She spends maybe a few weeks out of the year back home but when she is here, she tends to stay inside where she can work on her sketches and ink production.

Her ink is one of the main secrets that she keeps, being that it is a recipe passed through her clan of tattooed warriors. The main color that she tends to use is black, or navy depending on how it shows up on the skin, but these tattoos tend to be magical in nature, imbued with immense power.

A few of the tattoos that she has on her being are as follows: On her back, she has runes of protection that seems to have increased her toughness once received. If you were to ask if



they were painful, she would most likely laugh and tell you that even despite her immense strength and size, the pain almost put her out for a week. Another tattoo that she has are on the shaved sides of her head, accenting her temples and her forehead. Her memory is like no other and it almost seems as if she can remember not only the face of every person she has tattooed but also exactly what she tattooed. There are plenty more tattoos on her body but if she were to be hit with detect magic of sorts, those would be the ones that would legitimately light up with some

form of enchantment magic, despite the bioluminescence that already is in the makeup of the ink.

Despite her hulking stature, she tends not to participate in the hunting that goes on and often sticks to vegetables and fruits that she is able to grow in her own section of the farming plots in the refugee camp. Famously, she has also offered refuge in her own tribe if they are willing to make the trip and is very well-liked by that group. In fact, she could probably ask them to do whatever she wanted and they would agree. They see her as a protector and voice of reason, as she also will stand up for them during town meetings, and no one stands up to the Skincarver.

Barloth the Tailor's Store: Winter Clothes Only

[Image](#)

The Tailor's store is one of the less visited stores in Pebbledeep. This store was previously owned by Jaspair Crisgil, Rok Crisgil's late wife, and is now owned by her former apprentice Barloth. The pieces are fairly extravagant and it really has no place in Pebbledeep as there are plenty of clothes that are to be found in Rok's store, however that doesn't stop Barloth from trying.

The Tailor's, most noticeable by the least creative name around Pebbledeep, is a rather faux-extravagant building that on the outside, is laden with gold inlays of some sort, most likely from Barloth's connections with Irondeep before all access was closed off. However, the inside is a mess, strewn about with needles, thread, and different fibers and fabrics that have not been touched in a long time. People are still astonished by how the practice has stayed in business when the one other customer that wants to come in, is not allowed. This customer in particular is Rok Crisgil himself and due to his wife's passing, has a very strained relationship with his stepson.

Barloth spends his time making beautiful ball gowns usually for the summer months of a place far warmer than this. Some of the more eccentric townfolk of Pebbledeep will purchase his clothing and some of the more affluent refugees that are here for asylum from the Fog.



Barloth Brewjaw: The Prodigal Son of Another

[Image](#)

Barloth Brewjaw, choosing to take his “father’s” last name, is the local tailor of Pebbledeep. The reason that quotes are around the word father is that, while this is what he has assumed by the series of letters he found between him and his mother, is his real father. He had been told his entire life that his father had passed away during the fight against the frost dragon, however, that doesn’t seem to be the case according to Barloth.

Still, in his rebellious phase, the 19-year-old Dwarf refuses to speak to his current stepfather or acknowledge the fact that his mother is gone, let alone dead. He is a handful at best and doesn’t seem to have many friends, turning his father away every morning as he attempts to speak to him hoping that maybe today will be the day that they make amends.

To Barloth, the tailoring shop is only a front for the young man to figure out the best way to contact his father, writing letter after letter and crafting fine ball gowns and suits for the dwarves within Irondeep so that he might have a chance of meeting his father, the head of the Brewjaw Clan.

Most of the folks within Pebbledeep have ostracized him as a confederate or turncoat, knowing that the rumors that he is spouting have no evidence and are hearsay at this point. Some of the women of the village have pity for him, but not long enough to be able to stand how rude he is at times.



The Gilded Fox: Dream of the Crop

The Gilded Fox is the most affluent building within Pebbledeep and is chocked full of enchanted items that are expertly crafted. Or, at least it would be if it wasn't for the recent separation of Pebbledeep and Irondeep that it would be bursting to the brim with items to help the party. As of right now, it is locked magically and the owner of the establishment is currently inside Irondeep as well, held up in his cozy home inside the inner sanctum of the mountain.

This establishment is a chain in the more populated parts of the world and also has a main location within Irondeep, this is just the store where products are sold to the general masses of Pebbledeep at an inflated price. Most of the time, the customers that would purchase weapons and armor were tourists that had no idea that they could walk less than a mile to get the same items at a lower price.

The owner of this specific shop is the youngest son of the Oldesmith family clan, and is currently within the confines of his mother's home in Irondeep. He is nice as far as nice can go in Irondeep, but there isn't much to say about his behavior by the people of Pebbledeep specifically.

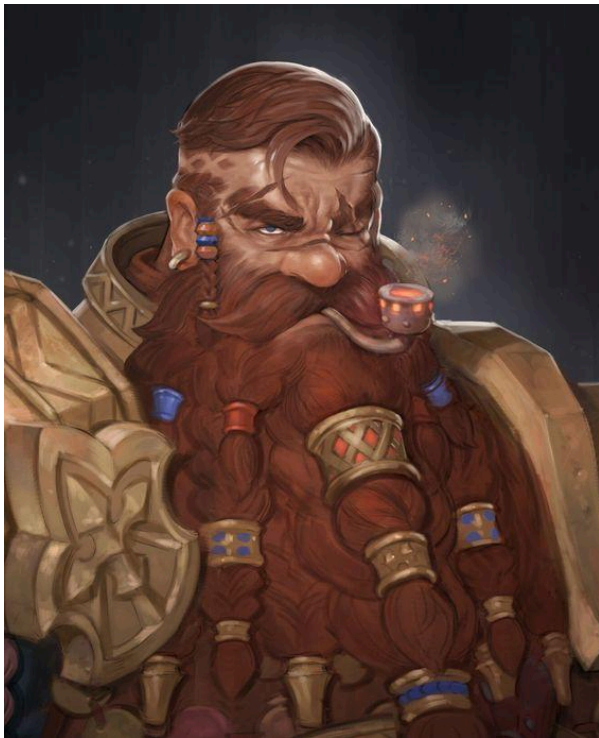
Simply put, The Gilded Fox is how Barloth wishes his establishment looked, but considering that he was the direct descendant of a Dwarven Champion of his clan, there's no wonder that the Oldesmith franchise would look like this.

Kaldreck Oldesmith the Youthful: Love at First Smite

Character Sheet: <https://ddb.ac/characters/73779435/xULlns>

[Image](#)

Kaldreck Oldesmith is the prodigy and youngest child of Clanmaster Oldesmith. He currently resides in Irondeep but is usually a full-time resident of the Gilded Fox, living in a backroom within the building. He is a younger dwarven man that is still one of the more affluent members of the clan, holding a lot of status for someone so young. And, unabashedly, he is his mother's favorite which is insanely surprising given that it's well known that the Oldesmith clan is famously matriarchal and favors their daughters. This also happens to be the largest clan, second only to both the Brewjaw clan, the proprietors of all the alcohol that comes in and is produced within Irondeep; and the Axemane Clan, the miners and masons that work with the buildings, raw materials, and stoneworks that encompass Irondeep.



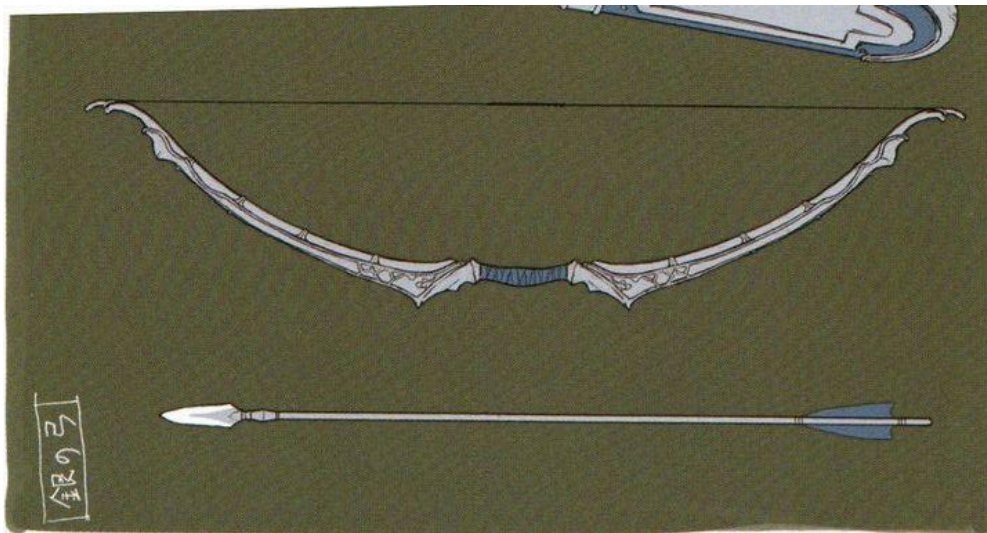
Kaldreck, while being raised in Irondeep, grew a lighter complexion and plenty of tattoos to follow. His appearance is quite desirable to that of the dwarven women, however, he still might be a bit too young to begin to settle down with anyone. He does have his sights set on a young woman from a smaller clan, however. This woman is known as Akwani Bonebow, a clan solely dedicated to the creation of ranged weaponry, getting its name from a famous artifact made from the supposed bones of the frost dragon. Of course, the clans would die out if they were excluded from marrying outside of their clans, but the Bonebows are slightly too small for his mother, thus he is forbidden from pursuing anything further with her.

Akwani Bonebow: Beauty and Grace

Character Sheet: <https://ddb.ac/characters/73799139/Utvb9H>

[Image](#)

Akwani Bonebow is one of the more sought-after bachelorettes in Irondeep but has been known to actively turn down all advances for her hand, even being backed up by her father, the head of the clan. A longer bio will be written once the Irondeep section is started, but the basis of her character is that she is fiery and despite not having a beard herself, is fully capable of putting most of the men in their place if they were to speak down to her. That sort of behavior is not tolerated with Irondeep and within Pebbledeep as they believe that the earning of respect is second to loyalty to their people.



Merowin's Peddler's Wagon: Oddities, Shmoddities

Merowin's Peddler's Wagon, like the name would suggest, is a wagon that is somehow able to traverse the treacherous mountains to get to Pebbledeep. Merowin is an annual visitor that, lucky enough for the party, happens to be in Pebbledeep at the exact moment that they are (crazy how that works). The wares that they sell to the masses are odd and sometimes complete junk, but every once and a while there might be a diamond in the rough for the customer. With that being said, it is incredibly likely that the wand that you might purchase could just be a stick, or a sending stone might just be a stone. It all depends on whether you are interested in making that gamble or not.

The wagon itself seems to be in pristine condition, but other than the flashy awning that Merowin stays under at all times. No one is really sure why considering that the sun necessarily isn't hot, just bright this high up, but Merowin seems to have sensitive eyes according to a few rumors that have spread around. They noticeably do not traverse into Irondeep as well, but people aren't sure why either.

The biggest point of contention with the Peddler's Wagon however is that there are many members of Pebbledeep that claim that Merowin's Peddler's Wagon has to be a chain of some sort, considering multiple different men, women, and children show up and introduce themselves as Merowin. These humanoids range from all different sizes, races, genders, and ages like what was said before. The only thing that these people have in common is that they know what people have told previous Merowins and know the names of the people of Pebbledeep. Strange.

Merowin: The Ever Changing

Character Sheet: <https://ddb.ac/characters/73911276/jQjiTw>

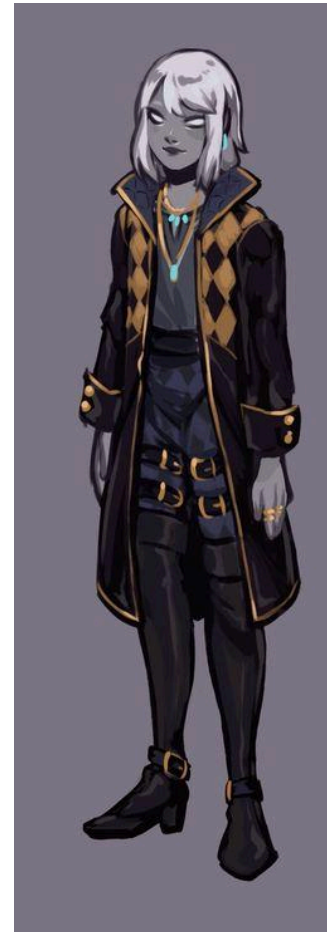
[Image](#)

Merowin, as one might guess, is a Changeling. There is not a lot of information as to where they came from or why they decided to run a peddling wagon, but if you were to ask them while they are in their original form, they would admit that they've just been picking up random things off the side of the road that they've deemed pretty or nice, then sell them. Of course, they get the first pick of whatever they find but he ultimately sells what he passes over.

No one that they know of is aware of their secret, but they wouldn't be angry if they did. He had already been asked to leave Irondeep after peddling goods there for a different reason so they can only imagine if they were asked to leave Pebbledeep for something far more deceitful. They aren't sure why they've truly kept the lie up beyond that point, but they don't have a large interest for making relationships in the first place so that could definitely play into it.

Needless to say, they somewhat enjoy the challenge of keeping this facade and not outing themselves as the same person or even further than that: a Changeling.

On top of their rather abrasive and uninterested personality, they also seem to be difficult to persuade or intimidate. Their emotions certainly are lacking in that area and most others, they tend to focus on other things that might be of more use.



Arthol the Grocer's Home & Open Air Market

This open-air market, much like farmer's markets in the real world, is only open in the mornings and on certain days within the week. The items that can be found here are the last of certain stocks and are at a cheaper price than what is usually found in their stores. Famously, the Gilded Fox has participated in these open market scenes, however recently they have not due to the recent divide in relations with Pebbledeep. On top of that, other vendors that would come from different areas every once and a while are unable to do so because of the fog (namely people from different villages and even some of the Goliath Tribes that exist outside).

The stores that participate in this open-air market still are as follows:

- The Midnight Manor
 - Their new wine: Voile Noir
- Hardy Horse Stables
 - Tack and young horses
- Fang Rock Forge
 - Tools and Weapons
 - Armor
 - Raw Materials
- Sarini's Potion Shoppe
 - Potions
 - Raw Materials
 - Remedies
- Nebert's World of Maps
 - Maps
 - Fine Paper and Ink
 - Books about the local area
 - Books on Dragons
- Barloth the Tailor's Store
 - Gaudy clothing
 - Gady accessories
- Merowin's Peddler's Wagon (if present on the day of the open-air market)
 - Trinkets and normal wares

- Suliman's Southern Treasures
 - Magic Weapons

Obviously, there are two other people that aren't present besides the Gilded Fox, those two being Mavia and Rok. Mavia's wares, besides the ink that she creates, are not exactly marketable (and the ink she wouldn't sell anyways). Rok, on the other hand, will tell people that the things that he sells are universal so to go to the open-air market makes no sense to him, however, the real reason is that Barloth would refuse to attend the open-air market if Rok is present. So, for the sake of his stepson, he stays away and does what he believes is right. The acting overseer for this event is a distant relative of the warrior clan of dwarves, Arthol Grimmaul.

Arthol Grimmaul: A Diplomat, Not a Fighter

Character Sheet: Merchant Dwarf, no stats.

[Image](#)

Despite his heritage as a Grimmaul, Arthol has denied his association with the clan through his choice of work: Governor. His role as governor was by election and happened incredibly recently. In fact, the open-air markets are new as well as a way to try and increase the economical flow as the Gilded Fox has stopped business and they are not able to go inside Irondeep to do the rest of their business. He has done an excellent job as mayor in the more recent months of the fog's appearance, however, there is some cause for concern from the Midnight Manor.

The Manor was easily the biggest “political” force within the town before Arthol was on the scene, freshly excused from his duties within his clan. They were in support of his election but only in the hope that they could control him from the sidelines. Of course, Arthol has been in diplomacy for a bit even if he was expected to be a fighter back in Irondeep, so he was able to deny that swiftly and avoid their corruption. That was until the Manor began to produce wine in which they created Viole Noir, their newest bottle.

In the hope to make amends, the Manor sent a bottle to the fresh governor, excited to see what he might have to say. However, after that delivery, no one has heard from Arloth since and the door to his house has been locked. People began to assume that he was sick, leaving food outside of his door in case he was too weak to make his own. This alleviated some of their concerns until the food outside the door began to rot, not being touched for weeks.

The town, not having an open market in ages, decides to organize one themselves with the help of the Manor, happily giving aid where it's needed. Of course, for a price. People now



are required to pay the manor directly for a slot in the square to sell their wares and are now taxing the people based on their sales, causing them to raise their prices beyond what they were before.

Of course, people talk and are worried about Arloth, but they are angrier that they would be abandoned in their time of need.

Shanty Town: Home Sweet Home

The Shanty Town is what the townsfolk of Pebbledeep used to call the living spaces for the less fortunate, but once that turned into all of them they kind of just kept the term as one of endearment.

Most of the people that own shops in Pebbledeep tend to have a backroom where they live, but those with bigger families might choose to have a house here instead of trying to cram themselves into a smaller shop. The houses themselves are alright and well furnished but do not tailor towards comfort or softness. Most of the furniture that you'll find within these homes is stone with animal skins to cushion. Dwarves pride themselves on hard work so the only things that are relatively comfortable in the homes here are the beds that are only to be slept in after a long day of work.

Despite the lack of comfort inside the homes, there is a noticeable warmth that is inside all of them right from the entrance to the furthest parts of the house. This warmth is thanks to the hot water that flows from within Irondeep from the thermal pools and hot springs. Without this, a lot of people here would surely freeze to death if they are on the younger or older sides of life. Of course, there are many in the town that have access to fire, magic items, and magic itself so that isn't as much of a problem as it once was, but just in case Besrand Pebbledust and Tok Works have been working on their own version of steam-powered engines that would allow for basic heating systems. This has been majorly monitored by Irondeep unfortunately as the access to hot, clean water is a point of power that the clans have over the exiles.

Campground Hill: Salvation and Refuge

Campground Hill was formerly a tribe ground for some of the local Goliaths if they were passing through. After this, it was then it was turned into a place for just any travelers to pass through, but the last and most recent thing that was done before Arthol's absence was dedicating it as a place for the refugees to make camp if there was not enough space or if they didn't feel safe in front of the Pebbledeep entrance.

The Campground itself, now that there are plenty of people cultivating it, is full of tents of all shapes and sizes along with people of all shapes and sizes. The land is kept relatively clean and, if there was any trash, it would be easily swept up with the wind and snow before anyone could really complain. This does make open fires an issue as they won't stay lit for long or burn out quickly, but some mage refugees have been able to keep some alight using magic of some sort.

Some of the local shops have been trying to bring food and water when they can even offer work, but with the current climate that is just impossible to do without putting their own business and family in danger of losing their homes or not being able to provide.

On the off chance that Campground Hill is deserted, it is famous for creating a natural sound tunnel. If someone were to talk from one side of the campground and direct it towards the mountain itself, there is a distinct rock face that will throw the sound to the other side. The refugees have utilized this to get messages across quickly, but not often due to the danger of avalanches or rock falls.

Temple of Kord: Lasting Victory

The Temple of Kord is the oldest standing piece of architecture in Pebbledeep. This temple was erected in lieu of the victory against the frost dragon, Osyius (Oh-Psi-U's). The normal greyhawk that usually is tied with the symbolism of Kord the Stormlord is there, of course, but the wings are replaced with the true wings of the deceased frost dragon. They have been there since the temple's conception.

The Temple of Kord has also been famously used by the more rebellious of the town to plot their way into Irondeep. The people that are involved with this are all the main shop owners excluding Barloth and Mavia. Arthol was previously involved as well, but given his current status, he hasn't been attending the recent meetings.

The standing high priest of this temple is one of the oldest dwarves, referred to only as "The Elder". Elder himself was a key part of the fight on Osyius, being their most prized tactician. Without him, there is no telling how many more people would have died in the battle were it not for his planning prowess.

However, as he was not a warrior in the battle and did not meet combat face to face, his name has slowly been forgotten and his deeds have been otherwise passed over. Of course, he is recognized by the heads of the clans on occasion and is even offered spaces in their council, however, he always turns them down and has to bite his tongue while doing so.

Ultimately, the temple is a sanctuary for those that feel like their voices are not being heard by Irondeep or by their own Governor, Athol. The Elder is willing to listen to all and is keen on the visitors that come by every once and a while, whether it be a traveling group of adventurers or a group of refugees that are looking for a warm place to sleep for a night. All he does is exact kindness and compassion on those that he faces, even in spite of the looming danger just beyond the mountain gates and in one of their very own homes.

The Elder: Eternal Wisdom

Character Sheet: <https://ddb.ac/characters/74056423/0tdWGb>

[Image](#)

All the Elder has known is the inside of Pebbledeep. Never venturing inside Irondeep, he made a point of trying to make this as much of his home as possible. And in turn, he



decided to do the same for others by founding this temple far before the battle between the dwarves and the frost dragon. This temple became a planning ground for the war, but also a planning ground for the insurrection far after the fall of the scaled one.

The Elder himself was not always known as his title, but after years of realizing that his name would have no meaning in history books, decided that his wisdom and elder status were enough for him. Not that he necessarily wanted to be remembered in that way, but it would have been nice to leave at least somewhat of a legacy considering he was

not able to start a family of his own. This was not because of his faith, just that he felt that he never had time to really settle down and had no interest to do so with any of the men or women here.

His walk with Kord was a tumultuous one in the beginning as he was born into the respect and faith, but didn't necessarily agree with it until he was shown the tactics needed to fight the dragon in a dream. After that, he was all in and knew that he was being watched over, repentant of his time when he was not a believer and was troubled. This turn was like night and day for his friends around him but they knew that it was a change for the better.

Suliman's Southern Treasures: Treats and Sundries

Suliman's Southern Treasures is one of many sundry stores that are in Pebbledeep but is the only chain that has been able to rival that of the Gilded Foxes' wares. All of their items are imports that they receive from the South to produce a desire for travel and to spread the word of their community.

The community is a nomadic Kalashtar group that makes money for their living community in the south by selling different goods and magic items that they search for and dungeon delve for (this is really reserved for the more physically abled, however, but they are all very combat oriented). Many people run their own separate ventures, but they all mainly sell magic weapons that seem to be hard to find otherwise. The spirits that tend to follow them around are all ironically former treasure hunters of the same tribe. This has driven them all to be stark adventurers and sometimes rough around the edges, but all charismatic to a fault as they pursue riches.

The items sold here, as previously mentioned, are magic items but more specifically weapons and for some reason, the Gilded Fox has made no effort to try and run them out potentially because of their overwhelming presence, or maybe a deal has been made under the rug for their protection. To Suliman, money is no object.

Suliman “Suli” the Traveler: Miles Well Spent

“Sull-i-mun” like Sullivan

Character Sheet: <https://ddb.ac/characters/74823178/0gpT0E>

[Image](#)

Suli is an unassuming, handsome young man that has successfully become a very popular item among the dwarven men and women of Pebbledeep. He isn't here full time but they loved him enough to help build him a smaller place where he could sell his very desirable wares. In fact, it's a complete fluke that he was here when the fog fell given that he's usually not around during this season. At this point, he's accumulating different potions and such for him and his adventuring group to go and raid dungeons and catacombs of all sorts. He's not exactly one for the morality of grave robbing so it wouldn't be surprising if he had stumbled upon some old king's graves and had taken their magical items.

Unlike his compatriots, he refuses to sell items that have no magical properties but in turn, his prices are high and daunting compared to other Southern Treasures Establishments.

The spirit that greets him in his dreams is a young woman that passed away before he was born, but no one is exactly sure where she falls on the family tree. However, the visions that she shows him have brought great fortune to the clans so he is prized as a potential candidate for leadership.

The spirit itself is named Solei (Soul-lay), but after reviewing the family records it seems that she was one of the first clan leaders but has reverted back to her most youthful state even if she passed away young.



The Kalashtar Clans are matriarchal in nature so an aunt of his happens to be the leader of this generation. His clan name specifically is the Havi Clan, but unlike the different clans of Irondeep, they all focus on the same vocation which just so happens to be adventuring.

Their main headquarters for adventuring happens to be in the capital city and welcomes fresh folks to come in and join, however they will not have as much sway if you aren't directly related to the main family. The other clans, while nomadic, eventually reconvene there so that they can be sent out to different missions and such.

Side Quests and Stories

Investigating the Midnight Manor: Main Quest

The Midnight Manor is a well-fortified and magically locked building only accessible by the cult-like members of the organization. This also includes those that they've deemed important enough or troublesome enough to "take care of" in their own ways. Usually, by a gifted bottle of their newest and most evil wine.

Adeodatus, the owner of Midnight Manor, has not been seen outside of the manor in some time. In fact, the last time that he was seen was most likely a few days after the fog fell given that the grapes that were tainted with the fog were already ripe upon the fall. After that, the distribution of the wine was made to most of the average townspeople and has made its way into Irondeep as far as he knows.

With the consumption of the wine, it's been found that there has been a distinct aversion to sunlight and also a distinct aggressiveness towards those that have not partaken in the beverage. The appearance of those that have had the wine is not altered drastically, they just seem to be a bit gaunter in the face and their features seem to be lighter in complexion.

There are a lot of ways to go about this quest. You could begin to do helpful acts around the town to get the attention of those that dwell within. Maybe the attention is poor, unwanted... or maybe they might have a proposition for the party to band together and harness the powers of the fog that has been cursing the town for a good few weeks now. The attention might be with evil intentions as well, too much good within the town might lift up hopes too much for the liking of Adeodatus and his men.