

Borough Bound presents

MEDDENFIRTH



Welcome to Meddenfirth

peace? The future of Meddenfirth is uncertain, and it's likely your party of adventurers will have a role to play in the days to come.

The Fiercely Independent City on a Bridge

Meddenfirth is a small but densely packed city crammed into every square inch of a bridge known by the same name. Spanning the increasingly polluted Medden River, this bridge connects neighboring nations in an unceasing war that has brought devastation to both adjacent riverbanks. Fortunately, due to a web of labyrinthian treaties and bureaucratic proclamations, the city of Meddenfirth remains fully neutral, officially swearing no fealty to either neighboring nation. Meddenfirth has been spared from the most dire consequences of the war, and is thus a small paradise nestled between opposing armies.

As such, Meddenfirth is a bastion of trade, a haven for refugees, and a hotbed of criminal activity. Equally a destination for tourists, dissidents, environmentalists, and profiteers, Meddenfirth is a cosmopolitan oasis astride wartorn battlefields. Whether you're in town for trade, negotiations, or just some high-yield fishing, Meddenfirth welcomes you with open arms. Just make sure to bring plenty of coin, and be extra careful to avoid making powerful enemies.

At any given moment, Meddenfirth hangs in a perilous balance. Will a neighboring army decide to disregard Meddenfirth's sovereignty? Will foul beasts emerge from the polluted river to ransack the city? Will rival gangs or politically motivated companies disrupt the tenuous

Nations at War

On Meddenfirth's East and West termini sit two massive and powerful nations locked in a deadly war that has persisted at varying intensities for the past few centuries. While the bridge is avowedly neutral in the conflict, it is inevitable that adventurers will encounter the scars of war in the city. The prejudices and policies of these rival states shape Meddenfirth's culture and economy in both obvious and unseen ways. As such, it's crucial for any visitor to understand the basic politics and history of these two nations before confidently venturing forth.

Thenniden - the Kingdom to the West

Thenniden is a traditional monarchy that has profited for centuries from its technological superiority. In grand but filthy metropolises, the people of Thenniden reap the benefits from their agricultural advances, allowing for an unprecedented division of labor. With granaries packed with grain, Thennidanes are free to pursue rigorous educations, careers in the arts, and further studies of technology. Unfortunately, Thenniden's mechanical marvels have ravaged the countryside and polluted their cities, leading to wave after wave of plague with which medical advancements simply can't keep pace.



Though Thenniden is a predominately human nation, the next most populous race is a species of fur-covered dog-headed humanoids known as kennelborn. These bipedal canines make up a large percentage of Thenniden's middle class and are fully integrated into Thennidane society. While it is considered uncouth to point out the physiological differences between humans and kennelborn, kennelborn do tend to have a keener sense of smell and inferior eyesight. They also seem to be more susceptible to environmentally-induced illness and disease. Even more disappointingly, kennelborn are extremely sensitive to chocolate.

Eoltheria - the Federated Polities to the East

A nation of lucrative mines, powerful magic, and towering ancient monuments, Eoltheria was once the wealthiest and most advanced civilization in the known realms. However, after centuries of civil war and irresponsible ritual witchcraft, the nation fell into ruin. Only in the past few centuries has Eoltheria begun to pull itself out of an era of barbarous distress.

Echoes of the nation's fractured past remain. While Eoltheria is technically a sovereign nation in its own right, it is much more practical to think of it as a union of economically and culturally distinct city states. Each of these states has a say in matters of nationwide politics, but remains largely independent.

In striking contrast to Thenniden's rolling plains and bountiful harvests, the Eoltherian terrain is much starker, with vast stretches of arid desert, windswept mountain-

tops, and soil that resists cultivation despite the best efforts of Eoltherian farmers. Without Thenniden's agricultural insights, the people of Eoltheria have sustained a decades-long famine that has dramatically reshaped their demographics and culture. This ongoing devastation has been exacerbated by the war, but many Eoltherians see continued struggle against the Thennidanes as their only chance at recovering some of the richer nation's technological knowhow.

The War

The conflict between East and West (known solely as The Long War) has origins that are lost to time. Some suspect there was a racial element at play: presumably Eoltherian antagonism against the kennelborn, though such prejudice is strongly frowned on in Eoltherian society these days. Some suspect it was a lover's quarrel following a botched political marriage. Still others suspect rising tensions from a technomagical arms race.

While the true origin remains a mystery, these days the hostility is squarely in the realm of economics. The Thennidanes use many of their mechanical advancements—such as airships and rudimentary artillery—to maintain a strong mining foothold in Eoltherian territory. Meanwhile, Thennidane agricultural advances are being hoarded, and as famine persists across Eoltheria, the only possible solution seems to be the unlikely chance of Thenniden sharing their secrets. The monarchy of Thenniden seems wholly unwilling to share their technological advances or relinquish their extralegal resource extraction in Eoltheria.

Hey boss what do you think of these slogans?

Izetta's Beanery—the world's only 3-in-1 café, political forum, and drawbridge

The Un-Forge—an arcane dynamo that cleans our river and recycles salvage

River-Watch—spectacular views of the Medden and its ~~ravaged~~ glorious riverbanks

No Man's Bazaar—products you won't find anywhere else (because they're probably illegal!)

I've been working my butt off with all this copy. Who even visits this frog town anyway?

MED01



Boss Man

Thenniden Ad Agency

City of Thennis

Kingdom of Thenniden

TN16

It would be unwise, however, to place all the blame on Thenniden. Eoltherian magi have repeatedly placed bizarre and heinous curses on Thennidane soldiers and diplomats, in brazen violation of international treaties. These same magi have also refused to aid in Thenniden's struggle against their urban plagues, despite being the undisputed masters of the healing arts. These transgressions have severely hurt Eoltheria's reputation abroad and has engendered sympathy for Thennidane's imperialist forces.

The People of Meddenfirth

On the city streets of Meddenfirth, at least nine in ten people you meet will either have been born in one of the two neighboring nations or be descended from kin who have. As such, while it is improper to question residents of the bridge as to their lineage (thereby calling their neutrality into question), it is typically easy enough to determine a country of origin based on their appearance and name alone.

GM Note: While virtually everyone in Meddenfirth can trace their lineage back to one of the neighboring nations, some have family trees filled with Meddenfirth residents stretching back centuries. These so-called Bridgeborn may believe they're the true heirs to the mantle of maintaining neutrality. The Bridgeborn Society was created with the lofty ambition to find a solution to end the Long War but has in recent times become a little more than a gossip club with nativist tendencies.

Thennidanes: Westerners are typically fair-skinned, relatively short, and with soft features (leading to the relatively innocuous slur "chinless" given by dismissive Eoltherians). After humans, the most common race in Thenniden are the canine kennelborn. These upright canines share the same naming patterns as their human kin, but are particularly unlikely to have names one might otherwise give to a pet dog (e.g. Charlie, Max, Buddy).



Thennidane Names

Male	Female	Surnames
1 Andover	Auburn	Becket
2 Everett	Chelsea	Callahan
3 Falmouth	Hawley	Dracut
4 Lawrence	Lee	Malden
5 Logan	Lynn	Peabody
6 Montvale	Marion	Revere
7 Quincy	Sharon	Stoneham
8 Wellesley	Sutton	Tewksbury

Eoltherians: Those from the East tend to be taller and darker skinned than their Western counterparts. They are also known for their striking eyes: vibrant blues, purples, and greens that instantly give away their Eoltherian heritage. Eoltherian politics are far more racially heterogeneous than the predominantly human settlements of Thenniden, with naming conventions varying wildly depending both on race and province.

Eoltherian Names

Male	Female	Surnames
1 Ciro	Aliiz	Arki
2 Duniin	Bansazi	Boanatalo
3 Endanat	Canzanne	Duoda
4 Kuffa	Eufémia	Joani
5 Mustaro	Fiara	Méann
6 Rufarat	Noemi	Paluun
7 Samalon	Turama	Roarra
8 Tanon	Zenasti	Sénasse

ADMIN

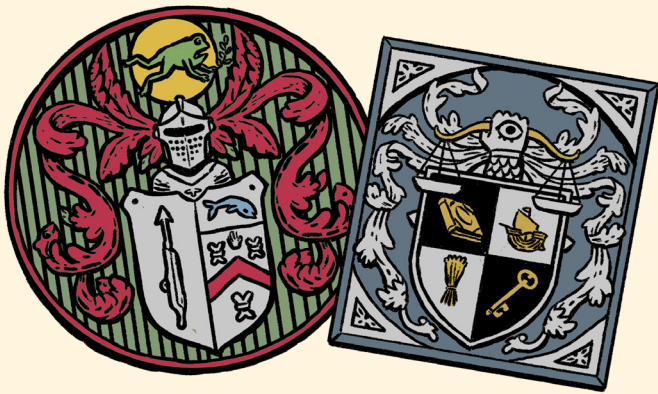
Meddenfirth is less "governed" and more "supervised." For better or worse, the city is managed more like a company than a sovereign state, with its rulers consisting of five business leaders who each have primarily economic goals. This governing body (as well as their personal assistants and guard detail) are known collectively as ADMIN, presumably capitalized so as to imply an acronym now lost to the ages.

ADMIN's most important responsibilities are setting laws—few of which are meaningfully enforced—and doling out taxes, which inevitably get fed back into the companies it supposedly regulates. Some Meddenfirth citizens think of ADMIN as a meaningless council of guild agents, while others believe them to be all-powerful oligarchs, secretly wielding far greater power than they let on. Perhaps disappointingly, the answer is somewhere in between. ADMIN is simply an advisory board, a subtle guiding hand which slowly inches the city toward the goals of its entrepreneurial administrators.

Livery Companies

More than half of all bridge residents work for one of the four Meddenfirth livery companies: guilds of artisans, laborers, and service workers working in related subfields that have outsized political power in this dense city. The livery companies are equal parts business, political party, and social outfit. Members of a livery company are overwhelmingly more likely to associate with each other than with anyone else. As such, membership in a company is a defining feature of many of the people a group of adventurers might meet in Meddenfirth. Each livery company also places one member on ADMIN, the official governing body of the bridge.

Once a party of travelers gains adequate notoriety on the bridge, the livery companies are likely to take notice and start forming opinions as to whether a given group might be considered an ally or enemy. Visitors need to tread carefully so as to not anger the livery companies and incur their ire.



The four livery companies are:

- **The Most Humble Company of Fishermen and Sentinels:** responsible both for acquiring food for Meddenfirth and fighting back against dangerous monsters from the riverbed
- **The Most Humble Company of Repurposers:** responsible for cleaning the river and salvaging imported weapons and machinery
- **The Most Humble Company of Balance Keepers:** responsible for tax collection, accounting, policing, and keeping the bridge politically neutral
- **The Most Humble Company of Builders and Artisans:** responsible for bridge and real estate construction and maintenance as well as overseeing the craftsmen and bazaar

Each of these companies will be described in greater detail below and in future documents. Importantly, the livery companies have huge social and political cachet which they will *happily* use to either aid or punish adventurers who become sufficiently notable in Meddenfirth life. Nothing noteworthy takes place in Meddenfirth without the livery companies taking notice.

Gangs

Independent cities like Meddenfirth are often dens of criminal activity thanks both to their comparatively lax legal code and limited resources to pursue and try those who do break the law. Much like the bridge's authorized commerce, criminal activity in Meddenfirth is highly organized, and anyone committing more than petty theft is likely to be a member of one of three gangs. Each of these gangs has preferred methods, claimed territory, and straightforward political aims. Given the hectic day-to-day life in Meddenfirth, it's quite possible that a party of travelers may garner the favor of one gang while creating bitter enemies in another. If goals are particularly aligned, a party of adventurers may see fit to properly join one of these gangs, or at least work together toward mutually-desired outcomes.

The Tarhands: Run by siblings Thigith, Vira, and Essie McFadden, the Tarhands are a gang who make money in familiar ways (smuggling, extortion, typical thievery), but who are also dedicated to interfering with any sort of political negotiations to end the war. They profit from the unique situation of the bridge being a No Man's Land, so they dedicate considerable resources into agitating both sides and disrupting peace talks. Secretly they're being funded by various smaller independent city states who hope that an ongoing war will weaken both of the larger nations. Despite their conflicting methods, the Tarhands and the Most Humble Company of Balance Keepers often work toward similar ends.

If an adventurer in town chooses to work with the Tarhands, they will most likely be expected to sow discord between loyalist factions. The Tarhands want the bridge to be as contentious as possible. In-fighting, lawlessness, and the disintegration of existing power structures all create openings for the Tarhands to run their operations with as little interference as possible. Typically, new recruits and out-of-towners are given jobs that run in parallel with their main money-making operations.

The King's Hounds: First and foremost, these stealthy felons are Thenniden loyalists, and overwhelmingly its ranks consist of kennelborn. They're armed to the teeth despite Meddenfirth's strict "no weapons" mandate, and it's an open secret that these weapons are provided by Thenniden's military. Despite their potential for violence, the King's Hounds are known to be the least violent gang in Meddenfirth. Master thieves, their primary criminal activity is to repeatedly rob the Un-Forge of raw resources which they then trade back to the Thennidane army. Unlike most kennelborn, the King's Hounds embrace their canine lineage and proudly display more "animalistic" traits such as bearing their teeth, panting, and urinating in public.

Adventurers that choose to work with the King's Hounds will be quickly tasked with smuggling. It is a massive logistical undertaking to haul weapons into the city and raw materials out, and the King's Hounds will happily

pass that responsibility off to some unknown newcomers. They strongly prefer for members to limit their use of violence, but they're also happy to take on adventurers as "independent contractors," free to use whatever means they deem necessary.



The Underfed: This tongue-in-cheek name is a reference to the gang's Eoltherian heritage and allegiance, as well as where they make their homes. The Underfed are essentially two different gangs by night and by day. While the sun is up, they pose as beggars or steal food, much of which ends up being donated to Eoltherian refugees hoping for a reprieve from famine by seeking refuge in Meddenfirth. By night, however, their methods turn far more brutal, and rumors abound ranging from violent robbery to savage cannibalism. You are unlikely, however, to run into an Underfed at night unless you are seeking trouble; they make their camp in hanging tenements on the underside of the bridge.

It's not quite so easy to "join" the Underfed. Those who seek to aid them in their humanitarian efforts are free to donate food to impoverished Eoltherians as they see fit, and the Underfed won't ever cry foul if a new squad of beggars rolls into town. Those who seek to *truly* join their ranks, however, will have to undergo extensive... transformations. There's a nugget of truth in every rumor here in Meddenfirth, and tales of vampiric assassins and lycanthropic burglars are surprisingly well-documented.

The Most Humble Company of Balance Keepers

This guild is officially in charge of keeping the books balanced; practically speaking, this means taxing imports and exports, collecting entry fees, and generally finding ways to charge visitors and merchants who happen to be on the bridge for any reason. This money then gets funneled back into bridge projects: funding the other livery companies, tackling infrastructure repair, and any other manner of faux-governmental activities that ADMIN deems necessary.

Secondarily, the Most Humble Company of Balance Keeping tries to keep the bridge politically neutral. They believe it's in everyone's best interest if the people and organizations associated with the bridge do *not* pick favorites between Thenniden and Eoltheria, and they use blatant influencing campaigns and good old fashioned bribery to keep it that way.

The Balance Keepers are the most diverse assemblage of workers. Their ranks consist of customs officers, backroom accountants, "law enforcement" (e.g. strong brutes with heavy clubs), marketing experts, and political theorists.

Below is an example list of activities that may help a party of adventurers to gain or lose favor with the Balance Keepers.

Favor:

- +1 for staying neutral in the war
- +1 any time some form of tax, tariff, or duty is paid
- +2 for reporting criminal activity
- +2 for reporting a loyalist
- +3 for directly or indirectly interfering with peace talks, ceasefires, or treaties



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- 1 for openly supporting peace talks
 - 1 for any evaded tax, tariff, or duty payment (only if caught)
 - 2 for snitching on any bribery or influencing campaigns
 - 2 for openly supporting one nation over another (this includes nation-affiliated gangs)
 - 3 for aiding or supporting peace talk, ceasefires, or treaties

GM Note: This system of measuring favor may be helpful for tracking the opinions of the livery companies, but it is also completely optional. Though numbers are provided to represent the rough balance of how much a company likes or dislikes various activities, it is quite alright to not keep a strict tally and form judgments on behalf of the livery companies more loosely.

Balance Keeper NPCs

Tiss Kalyani: Disarming beauty and tax collection is a surprisingly effective combo. Half the travelers and merchants who make their way to Meddenfirth don't even realize Tiss is a Balance Keeper until she refuses the drink they just offered and demands payment for tariffs they had previously failed to remit. Tiss takes no joy in this work, but she's one of the best tax collectors in the company.

Birtie Raycraft: Officially, Birtie has some minor title related to "keeping the books," but her real position is

as director of “messaging.” She’s the one in charge of fine-tuning the minutiae: tweaking tax forms, the customs officer scripts, and public relations statements regarding new rounds of funding. Birtie’s aim is to keep the company’s work as neutral in the war as possible. When bold lettering became the norm in Thenniden typography, she made sure to use *semi*-bold lettering on official documentation to avoid playing favorites.

Gubban Lance: For or better or worse, Gubban is the guy you have to suck up to. It’s his stamp of approval that makes the annual budget into law, so his whims are invariably at the heart of any funding negotiations. Gubban (an obese man prone to fits of perspiration) prefers to let representatives from the other companies argue in his presence so that he can weigh his options. His inscrutable expression makes it exceedingly difficult to know if negotiations are working in your favor.

The Esteemed Ordinance of the Livery Companies states the Thoroughfare must forever be kept at a width of 10ft and no less and must henceforth be paved with Thennidane opalstone with a trim of Eoltherian cragstone. Merchants will be advised to take this path when wishing to expedite their journeys.

Customs and Weapons Prohibition

When entering Meddenfirth via either gate, the first person you are likely to meet is a customs officer from the Most Humble Company of Balance Keepers. These officers man kiosks meant to appear informative, but are in fact mandatory checkpoints where visitors, traders, and travelers are stripped of any potentially dangerous weaponry. The confiscated weapons are then transported by low-level members of the Company to the Armory in the East Gate where they are stored until the visitor leaves.

Invariably, many adventurers will seek to *not* be disarmed when entering Meddenfirth. There are a few ways of avoiding a weapon forfeiture, both legal and shady, straightforward and roundabout.

1. **Hire an escort.** Travelers accompanied by an escort are permitted to avoid the seizure of any weapons or other contraband, but escorts are required to take any visitors paying for their services *directly* from one gate to the other. This is the preferred method for travelers who are merely passing through Meddenfirth, but the escorts carry a hefty fee, and they will be exceedingly expedient as they lead from one nation to the other with few stops.
2. **Request a religious exemption.** Some minor faiths in Eoltheria require a ceremonial blade to be carried at all times. Customs officers are quite used to visitors attempting to fake belief though, so lying adventurers should put on their best poker face while being questioned. Word to the wise: a 20 pound maul doesn’t count as a “ceremonial blade.”

3. **Conceal your weapon.** Meddenfirth is a busy place, and unassuming visitors will likely not be stripped naked to inspect for weaponry. It is possible to conceal more discreet weaponry, and the more innocuous a visitor appears, the less likely they are to be searched.
4. **Enter the town by some other means.** Legally speaking, anyone entering or exiting Meddenfirth must do so via either the East or West gate, but if a traveler finds their way into town via a “nontraditional place of ingress” (e.g. swimming into the river and shimmying up a support), they won’t have to engage with a customs officer whatsoever.
5. **Accept employment.** The only people in Meddenfirth who are allowed to be armed with *traditional* weaponry (see option 6) are the Balance Keepers. Since they act as the town guard and enforce their own “no weaponry” mandate, they find it necessary for their own to wield various forms of weaponry. They’re always looking for new recruits, and they’d be happy to conscript you right at the gates.



6. **Grab a net and a harpoon gun.** While *traditional* weaponry is forbidden, there is an exception for the Most Humble Company of Fishermen and Sentinels who use this strange combo of implements to harvest the megafauna that call the river their home. If you get stripped of your longbow, it shouldn’t be too hard to find a harpoon gun to take its place.
7. **Call it salvage.** Huge quantities of abandoned weaponry enter Meddenfirth every day heading directly toward the Un-Forge. If you can convince the customs officers that you plan to decommission your arms, they’ll let you go, but all eyes will be on you to make sure you follow through on your intention. If you don’t head straight for the Un-Forge, someone else might forcibly decommission your weapons for you.

8. **Seek the help of a gang.** Needless to say, the gangs of Meddenfirth are well-armed despite official mandates, and there's only so much the Balance Keepers can do about it. If you join a gang, they may outfit you with their lowest-grade weaponry. Alternatively, if you befriend the Underfed, they might let you in on their needlessly complicated method for transporting contraband into the city by way of buckets and pulleys suspended from the underside of the bridge.

Skädge Domurr

If the party of adventurers seeks an escort to help them across the bridge, they are likely to be directed to Skädge, a dwarven bodyguard who charges on a sliding scale. Skädge is a strong and competent fighter who will easily defend the party from would-be pickpockets or conmen, but the real value in traveling with Skädge is his impeccable knowledge of Meddenfirth politics and history. He'll happily regale the party with stories of the Meddenfirth of old, patiently explain the intricacies of current war negotiations, and discretely provide the lowdown on all major players in town.



While Skädge is generally well-liked, he's also constantly condescended by those who view him as little more than a meat shield for wealthy visitors in need of someone to act tough while they pass through. In reality, Skädge is a talented wordsmith and an expert historian. He wants nothing more than to be a bona fide storyteller, an academic, or some other profession that would allow him to reach his true potential. With a bit of a nudge from the party, Skädge just might take the leap and try out a bit of storytelling at the Beanery's weekly open-call for performers.

GM Note: Meddenfirth is a common destination for tourists, so it's filled with taverns and inns at which they might stay. Politically significant guests will typically be given one of the handful of bedrooms at Izetta's Beanery. Middle class guests might stay at the Mindaro Dart Tavern or Bonham on Medden. Truly destitute visitors may end up needing to squat in Camp Drilford, a makeshift encampment for refugees seeking asylum in Meddenfirth but lacking the funds for permanent housing.

The Most Humble Company of Fishermen and Sentinels

Dual-purpose by design, Meddenfirth's Fishermen and Sentinels both feed the city and protect against monstrous intruders. They don't use fishing poles at all, but a mix of nets and harpoon guns, both of which are used for food acquisition as well as culling the hordes of monsters who occasionally accumulate along the river. While trading caravans will routinely bring in vegetables and grains from the West or game from the East, the only food that is acquired right in Meddenfirth is caught by the Fishermen and Sentinels. As such, they are greatly respected in society, even if they are rarely front-facing and perpetually covered in the muck from the filthy Medden River.

While this may sound like an overly altruistic company, it's important to keep in mind that they will happily extort an additional stipend out of the ADMIN when there's a particularly harsh season of monster propagation. They do provide two crucial services to the city, but there are costs associated with these services, and the Company will expect you to pay.



Below is a list of actions the party might take that will either please or anger the Most Humble Company of Fishermen and Sentinels.

Favor:

- +1 for going to the starlings and not disrupting anything
- +1 for helping to gather fish
- +1 for actively working to reduce pollution in the city / river
- +1 for drinking in public (that's just the kind of thing they like)
- +1 for helping to arm the Company
- +2 for punching an Underfed (cheeky bastards)
- +2 for feeding an Underfed (poor bastards)
- +3 for catching a hefty fish and then buying a round of drinks for everybody
- +3 for fighting back against a wave of monsters

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- 1 for swimming
 - 1 for being unnecessarily deferential (stand up for yourselves!)
 - 2 for polluting the river
 - 2 for openly supporting the war
 - 3 for smuggling goods in or out of the city
 - 3 for catching a hefty fish and failing to buy the customary round of drinks for the boys
 - 3 for helping the monsters (it is unlikely your party would do this, but if they do, the Fishermen and Sentinels would *really* hate it)

Fishermen and Sentinel NPCs

Maris Devenner: A no-nonsense alcoholic who wields a puzzlingly antiquated harpoon crossbow. She has no tolerance for games or lollygagging on the job, but is (perhaps hypocritically) quite content to drink ceaselessly through the work day. She's otherwise a stickler for rules and regulations from on high and is loath to flout ADMIN laws even when the rest of her peers would happily do things "the easy way."

Methuen Haverhill: A Chow Chow kennelborn who works the nightshift, trapping certain nocturnal river jellies and keeping an eye on the horizon for dangerously engorged amphibians. Methuen may seem languid, but he's incredibly perceptive even in the dead of night. Rumor is Methuen was dishonorably discharged from the Thennidane armed forces. Now he'll do anything to prove his worth in his new home.

Dayn Nerith: This fella ain't much for talkin'. Though Dayn's getting on in age, it seems likely he'd be up at the crack of dawn catching fish even if it weren't how he paid the bills. Despite his quiet but pleasant demeanor, Dayn's wrinkles and sad eyes tell a tale of a life's worth of hardship and heartbreak. Some say he was once married to a powerful sorceress. Perhaps his sadness is the result of a curse, or maybe it's just the grief of a spurned lover.

Fishing

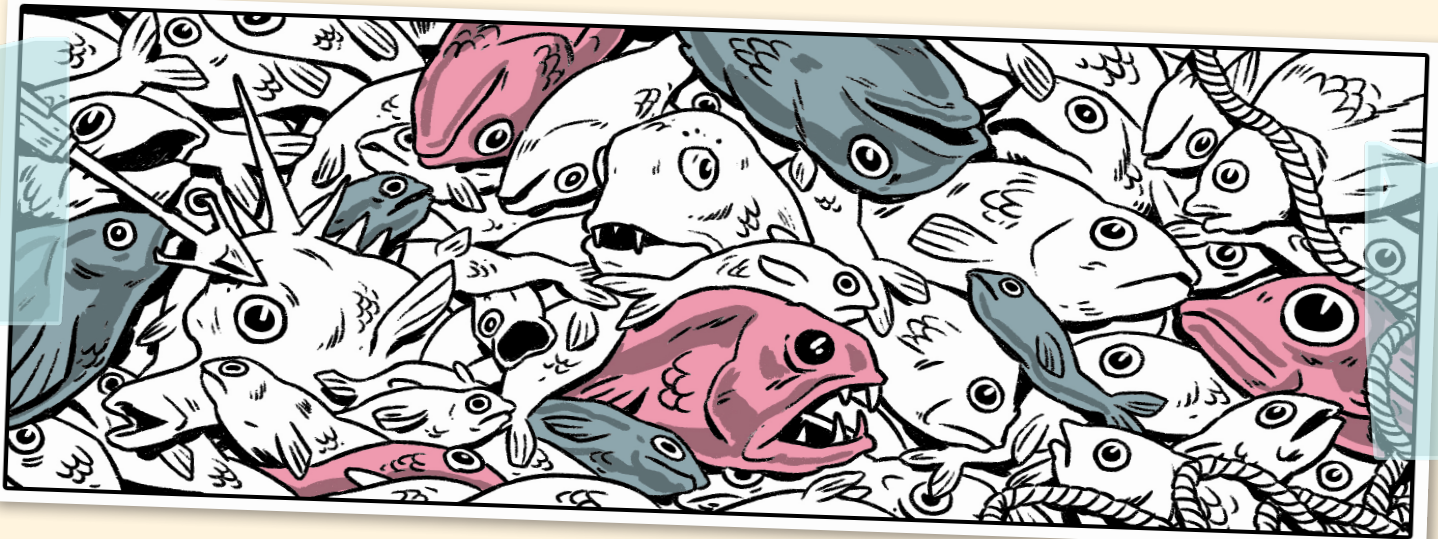
Strictly speaking, you need a permit to get down to the starlings where the Fishermen work, but practically speaking, you just need to befriend *either* a member of ADMIN, one of the Underfed, or a member of the Most Humble Company of Fishermen and Sentinels. The starlings are where the fishermen... fish (obviously), but also where all manner of goods and people are extracted from the river in a means that avoids customs. This is *strictly* forbidden, but is still an unavoidable daily occurrence.

It's hard to watch the Most Humble Company of Fishermen and Sentinels do what they do best without wanting to try your hand at some fishing of your own. If an adventurer decides to test out the waters, they roll on the following table to determine a result. If using a traditional fishing pole, roll 1d6. With a net, roll 2d6. If the adventurer was able to get their hands on a harpoon gun, they can roll 2d6+1d4.

GM Note: Some results will vary depending upon whether or not the adventurer is proficient with their chosen fishing implement; if the character has a relevant skill, feel free to use that. Otherwise: roll for it, make a judgment call, or let the other players decide.

1. You get **nothing**. Metaphorically, you've reached into a bag of worms and somehow pulled out only air. The Medden River is chock-full of animals, plants, debris, and Gods know what else, and yet you're wholly unable to hook a *single thing*. Your morale is going to take a hit from this. Unless you're proficient with fishing rods, there's also a 1 in 2 chance that you've somehow lost hold of your rod altogether.
2. You caught a **chud**, the most innocuous, inedible, and worthless fish in the river. It takes so long to debone one of these scrawny fish that some monks will attempt to do so purely as a form of meditation. If you aren't one such monk, this fish is utterly valueless.
3. Uh oh. Legally speaking, swimming in the Medden is forbidden, but you somehow just landed yourself a **member of the Underfed** who had found her way into the choppy waters. Roll a d4 to determine whether she 1) fell out from her hanging tent and nearly drowned, 2) simply wants to cool down after a hot day in the sun, 3) is bypassing the city gates to smuggle weapons, or 4) was *trying* to ambush the party.
4. Yuck. A **bloated frog**. They get so engorged on discarded fuel from the neighboring armies that they balloon to up to *ten times* their normal size. At best, you might be able to take this turgid amphibian to the Un-Forge to see if they can extract some usable fuel, but don't hold your breath. Most Repurposers will draw the line at extracting fluids from live animals.

5. Unique to these waters, you were able to catch a **red-bellied marmottail**, an aquatic mammal halfway between a beaver and a dolphin that gives live birth and has a rich fur coat. If you're using a net, you're able to wrest this weirdly luxurious fur-fish without damaging its coat, which should sell for a pretty penny in the market. Otherwise, the best you can hope for is a half-decent (if a little unnatural) red meat meal.
6. It's becoming an increasing inevitability that Fishermen pull in their net or reel in their harpoons only to find a large mass of **blightweed**, a freshwater seaweed that mutates in the presence of contaminants. Surprisingly, this is a fairly common commodity in Meddenfirth, as it's relatively easy to extract usable fuel from blightweed at the Un-Forge.
7. You've just pissed off the wrong bird. A **fangoose** is a carnivorous waterfowl that is wantonly aggressive, even toward "prey" that tower over it (i.e. you). If you just lodged your harpoon into one, they'll fight you until their dying breath. If you caught one in a net, however, there is a slight chance you might be able to domesticate it with enough patience.
8. The **kewloni** is a delicacy in Eoltherian culture. This fatty bottom feeder is delicious when brined and fried. They're becoming harder and harder to catch as the microbiology of the river changes, so you can expect to land a decent price for a kewloni at the market, if you decide not to fry it up yourself.
9. You might be having a peaceful day fishing, but it's important to remember that there's a war going on all around you. That's probably a bit more salient with the **corpse** you've just hauled in. Roll a d2 to determine whether this corpse belonged to a 1) Thennidane or 2) Eoltherian, and then roll a d6 to determine whether they were 1) a soldier, 2) a spy, 3) a diplomat, 4) a scavenger, 5) a medic, or 6) a civilian. The identity of the corpse may not be at all obvious to the party.
10. A **piranoctis** is just about the most dangerous fish you're likely to encounter in Meddenfirth, but *only* when they're awake. These nocturnal carnivores hunt in dense schools and will viciously swarm any potential prey, but if you're able to catch one during the day, you should be just fine. An adventurer proficient at fishing will be able to pull one in without waking it so long as they're fishing with a net during the day. The sharp teeth of a piranoctis can be harvested for alchemical purposes or to forge a saw-dagger, a brutal Eoltherian sidearm.
11. Most fishermen have a love-hate relationship with the **singing gutfish**. These agile and colorful migratory fish love to swim just outside the reach of fishermen's nets, jump through the air with mouths agape, and let the wind strum their strangely resonant vocal chords. On a quiet day, you can hear a school of singing gutfish from a mile away, leaping into the sky and emitting their scratchy alto tones for all to hear. An expert luthier can harvest the fibrous tissues from a gutfish to make unrivaled strings for lutes, harps, and other stringed instruments.
12. Customs officers in Meddenfirth are a real thorn in the side of anyone trying to sneak goods into the city or from one nation to the other. One of the most common ways around this limitation is to try to transport contraband *underneath* the bridge. Smugglers go to extreme lengths trying to haul cargo unseen, and they often fail. Luckily, you've just recovered some of their **lost cargo**. Roll a d4 to determine whether it's 1) a convincing Thennidane diplomat disguise, 2) a rigged piece of salvage intended to damage or potentially destroy the Un-Forge, 3) a stack of Eoltherian passports, or 4) a powerful weapon (feel free to roll on a level appropriate table of magical arms).
13. Your harpoon has struck a canister of fuel, an accumulation of discarded alchemical supplies, or a noxious bubble, causing an **explosion** that sends waves 3d6 feet high lapping over the starlings. Your harpoon gun is destroyed and you need to be careful not to fall into the river.



14. A single **riverwurm** can be a big problem for Meddenfirth. These huge, limbless, cold-blooded predators can easily overpower a small crew of Sentinels, and if it's able to wind its way to the city proper, civilian death is likely imminent. They are, however, sentient, and anyone who is able to communicate with lizards or dragons might be able to reason with it. This will certainly be made difficult by the presence of a harpoon lodged in its scales, however.
15. So, **Klingerfische** are *big*, the largest single creature by weight known to ever reside in the Medden. And... that's about it. They are an absolute pain to reel in, and though they certainly carry a lot of meat on their light bones, there isn't anything particularly *noteworthy* about said meat. That said, if you feel like going through the trouble, you can sell the klingerfische to any fishmonger for a hefty sum. **NOTE:** The first time a Company Fisherman catches a klingerfische they are expected to buy a round of drinks for all of their coworkers.
16. The **Mindaro Dart** is a "legendary" fish in the most literal sense: most in Meddenfirth consider it to be a fairy tale, just something the Fishermen and Sentinels mention to try to woo young recruits. This glimmering chartreuse cousin to the swordfish is, of course, very much real, and it's going to put up a fight before you're able to pull one in. If you aren't proficient in fishing, you fail automatically. Even with a bit of finesse, this will be a challenge. If you do manage to catch one though, you'll both gain the respect of any fishermen who witnessed the ordeal as well as the eye of potential thieves looking to sell the fish to wealthy collectors.

Plot Hook: Frog Block

A bizarre event will be unfolding imminently near Meddenfirth: the complete damming of the river due to a congested accumulation of bloated amphibians who get stuck between the banks of the river. Known colloquially as a "Frog Block," this once rare occurrence has become increasingly common as the amount of fuel refuse dumped into the river increases year after year.

Regular migratory patterns used to motivate predatory frogs to leave this section of river when their typical prey moved South in the cooler months, but more and more frogs have shifted their diet to include highly dangerous amounts of fuel-infested algal blooms and blightweed. This will sustain the frogs through the winter, but at the cost of massive swelling in their guts. When these frogs accumulate at the narrower section of river just upstream from Meddenfirth, they may occasionally jam the river entirely, completely drying out the riverbed downstream from the clog. During particularly extreme blockages, the town itself becomes overrun with engorged frogs, making

the simple act of getting from one block to another equally gross and complicated.

In addition to being a massive hassle for barges seeking to transport goods up and down the river, the more immediate threat is the swarms of dangerous monsters who end up scavenging the dried up river bed. These droves of beasts inevitably begin to invade the town, with only The Most Humble Company of Fishermen and Sentinels standing in the way of complete city-wide domination.

GM Note: If you'd like your players to have to contend with a Frog Block, you can inform them that the amphibians will fully dam up the river in 2d4 days. When this occurs, Meddenfirth will be beset by swarms of beasts who will quickly deplete the riverbed of stranded fish carcasses and will then move on to the denizens of the bridge. If the adventurers seek to prepare for this inevitability, they may attempt to mount some strategic defenses, potentially enlisting the aid of groups beyond the Company of Fishermen and Sentinels. Otherwise, the town will be ambushed and the party will have to fight to stay alive. For added urgency, you can have the Frog Block occur immediately as they enter the city.

