Plenaru hijinks

* Getting into the city
  + City guards are corrupt and proud, and they will make players entering the city to wait their turn, but will take a bribe if players are in a hurry (2g)
  + 2 thugs will greet the players inside the gate, offering them ‘protection.’ This could go one of several ways
    - Players refuse out of hand. Thug spy follows players around, looking for any weaknesses to exploit.
    - Players haggle poorly – thugs will offer up services at quite the high rate. (10g) Will take the players through the rougher parts of the city, to convince them to retain their services.
    - Players haggle well – thugs will provide services but duck out when convenient (5g)
    - Players get hostile – thugs will call in the city guard and act innocent
* City description
  + Coastal city, sits high top bluffs to its east
  + The port of Plenaru (*Harborside*) is essentially urban sprawl to the north of the city walls. Goods are moved into the city through its customs gate at the northeast (leads into mercantile quarter)
  + Plenaru is divided into 4 districts
    - *Mercantile Quarter*
    - *Selmy Promenade*
      * Selmy family (halfling) resides in an impressive mansion
      * The promenade historically has housed the middle class – lesser merchants, lesser government officials, skilled craftsmen
      * Beggars come here during the day, but stay in the Parish at night
      * Predominantly human, halfling, some tritons
      * Folks here are generally pleased with the rule of the royal family, for championing the cause of the middle class
    - *Dalebar Parish*
      * Dalebar family (also halfling) resides in an austere, understated estate
      * The parish historically has housed the lower class – unskilled laborers, clergy, food services, other people just scraping a penny to stay in the city
      * Predominantly human, some others such as water genasi (who generally avoid the tritons), tortles, and even some half-orc folk
      * Folks here are generally opposed to the royal rule, because the freedoms they once enjoyed are being quashed by royal edicts
      * Eventually there will be a curfew imposed, followed by racial segregation (ghettos), followed by internment outside the city (concentration camps) and consolidation of power among the “pure” races in the parish (to purify the “blight” on the town, since it was an eyesore during the last visit by a member of the royal family (TBD)
* Once in the city
  + Official edict has been declared the day before
    - It has led to unrest, fueled by anti-royal-family sentiments
  + Inn: the Winded Sails, heavy sailor population
  + Nicer Inn: the Subtle Mummer
  + Premium armor shop: Protection r Us
    - Salesman is clearly not a smith, talks up the inlay work on the armor (+50% markup)
  + Local smithy:
    - Smith’s name is Dalin Grayforge, a goliath
    - His wife comes around the shop regularly. She is kindly. He is a bit whipped.
    - Specializes in gear for mounted combat (animal gear)
    - Has a some nice gear he got in trade, +1 dagger
    - Otherwise, he is kindly enough
  + Magic shop: Ye Olde Shoppe of Wonders
    - Purveyor: Purlin Turley
    - He’s kind of wackadoodle – has a screw loose
    - His prices are high, but he has a sister who is in trouble with the law… there could be something arranged, if you were to arrange to have her released…
      * The city guard is concerned with the perpetrators of a recent plot. Cynthia Turley was caught up in it
      * If the party agrees to bring the perpetrators to justice, then Cynthia will be released
    - He will sell rare goods after the party gets Cynthia out of prison
    - Cynthia is an apprentice artificer, and could be convinced to work on custom projects. She is bright eyed, bushy tailed. Quite attractive, if a little young. Also, bisexual.
  + Access to the district containing the Senate chambers (the *Hallowed Halls*) is only granted after the party has gained something specific granting it. Even Sinclaire cannot grant immediate access, but he will put in a good word for the party

***BECAUSE I’M HARPY – CLAP ALONG IF YOU FEEL LIKE A RUNE WITHOUT A***

As they approach Plenaru from the north, our adventurers will proceed along the road to the west of *Harborside*. An inquisitive adventurer will observe that there is not much activity. If no one shows any interest, *Sunsitter* will remark that the dockside would not normally be this barren on a sunny day after the rainstorm the day before. People would be about their business.

Moving into *Harborside*, the adventurers will encounter a scant few people moving about the streets. Those that do move keep one eye on the sky and one hand at their belts, at the ready. No fishmongers proclaim the day’s catch. Brick-and-mortar shops appear open, though little movement is seen within.

Upon walking for a little while through the town, the party will be approached by (3) people in guard uniforms – two men (Kelvin, Vance), one woman (Cass). They will speak of recent events which has everyone in *Harborside* on high alert.

* Several weeks ago, a group of flying creatures attacked a fishing vessel as it was returning on a voyage from the south. The crew hid below decks and made it through unscathed, but much of their fishy stock had been plundered.
* Then, about a week ago, the same group of flying creatures set upon some livestock that were awaiting sale in the holding pens nearby.
* Finally, 2 days ago, in the streets of *Harborside* itself, a grandmother and her granddaughter were set upon by the creatures. The woman was found dead, and the child was carried away by the creatures back out over the Sea.

If the players ask for any assistance from the guards, they will offer up a loan of a spyglass. The guards will note that the town master, *Thorn Foster*, has offered up a reward of 50 gp for the head of any of these creatures, and an additional reward of 200 gp to root out their source.

If the adventurers remain in *Harborside* for at least half a day, they will be set upon by a group of (4) harpies. After (2) have been killed, the others will make a move to leave, flying out over the sea, heading due south from the southern quay.

The adventurers can intuit the trajectory of the harpies with a Wisdom (Insight) check (DC15). An Intelligence (Nature) or (History) check (DC15) reveals that harpies tend to make their roost in rocky crags along coastal cliffs. The players should proceed along the cliffs, searching for the harpies’ home in the cliffs. Any player with a spyglass can make a Wisdom (Perception) check (DC12) to pinpoint that the harpies headed to the cliffs and vanished.

The cliffs are riddled with ancient passageways that were previously used as escape routes for high ranking members of the Plenaru Senate and to watch over the sea, but were believed to predate the city itself. When the kingdom of Calzorne was unified 48 years prior, these passages were cut off from the city and left to decay.

The players can discover the existence of these tunnels if they consult with the local historian, *Gemwin Bidwell*

* Race: Tortle
* Class: Cleric of Ioune (knowledge domain), though his adventuring days are behind him
* A bit clumsy… so he stores all his stuff in custom enchanted glass that is difficult to break
* His nephew owns a magic store in another city (TBD)

The only way to approach the cliffs is along the water. If the adventurers approach the cliffs during the day, their boat will be set upon by …