

Friend of the Uniformed Officer and Those Who Enforce Good Justice



WATERDEEP WATCHMAN

THE ILLUSTRATED POLICE AND SPORTING NEWSPAPER

MONSTERS OF THE UNDERDARK AFFLICT NORTH WARD ESTATE

The night Watch in the North Ward, always alert to burglars looking to break into the neighborhood's villas and townhouses, had a change of pace call the other night.

Rosy Trillblane and Thargus Mustyman, the maid and butler for the estate of the dwarf lord Fargus Flintspark, exited the manor at a full run, telling officers the house had been overrun by "monsters of the Underdark!"

"Wriggling, fearsome things. They are advancing!" the butler shouted before fainting.

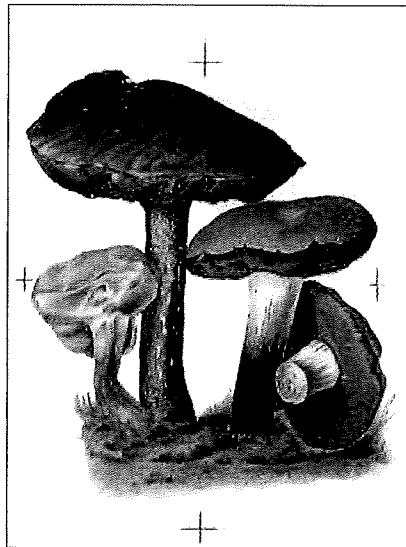
The maid was made of sterner stuff, who straightened her uniform, took on an air of authority, and declared: "I expect these trespassers to be evicted promptly. The lord will be hosting a ball in a tenday and it won't be proper to have such in attendance -- unless they present an invitation, of course!"

Steeling themselves to fight off drow, duergar or even mind flayers, the officers advanced grim-faced and determined. Our watchman are fearless even amid the most daunting prospects.

Yet, when they reached the cellar, they pulled up short. And mostly, it was because the intruders were short and mushroom-shaped.

"The officers encountered a band of intelligent mushrooms," the report stated. "They communicated in what appears to be a telepathic melding with Officer Hidge-score, and he, in turn, translated on their behalf. They called themselves myconids and said that they meant no harm. We are fairly certain they are intelligent because Officer Hidge-score used words we knew were not in his vocabulary, such as 'spiritual apotheosis' and 'group consciousness.'"

They myconids reported that they somehow got lost while they were moving about in the Underdark and somehow ended up in Flintspark cellar. Once



they got their bearings, they promised to be on their way, as they were lawful creatures that did not wish to trespass.

The maid, reportedly, agreed to act as escort so far as the estate's lowest basement. She said the myconids complimented her on her uniform.

Watch Capt. Nichelle Dewdrop sought the opinion of gnome Professor Ticerius Snoozleflume, an expert in Underdark exploration at New Olamn College. The professor was less concerned about migratory myconids than he was that something else, something dangerous, was causing the myconids to move out of their ordinary habitat. In that neighborhood, a watch on deep cellars connected to underground passages is warranted, the professor advised.

Halfling barbarian was first pick as jockey

Famed wanderer Perinsa Falmarya will attempt a rare feat when horse racing resumes at the Field of Triumph.

The ghostwise halfling from Chondalwood will be entered as a jockey and will ride Passing Fancy.

A halfling in the saddle? For racing at the Triumph, that's not unusual at all, you might remark.

But it's highly unusual if you also happen to be the horse's owner. And that's the case here.

"Passing Fancy's too spirited to let anyone else ride her," Falmarya said. "And frankly, I don't trust you city-folk not to pull a fast one. Call me a barbarian, if you wish. But that's the way it's going to be!"

Passing Fancy is a three-year-old who is making her first appearance at the post. That alone is unusual. All the other horses in the field, including the favored brown-spotted Mud Caked have raced the course on numerous occasions.

Sage advice: Consult with Irbryth Authamaun on matters of history. North Ward, off Immar Street.

A silver piece always well spent

Apprentices wanted: Loyal Order of Street Laborers. Dock Ward, Pavilion of Paving Stones.

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WATCH CRACKS DOWN ON RASCALS WHO ROB MEAT PIE DELIVERY COURIERS

A new business has prompted a new type of crime in the South Ward.

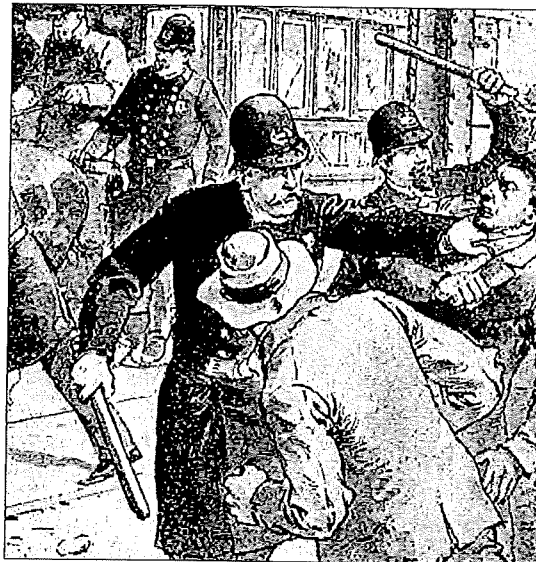
Entrepreneur Lisella Rigottonelli has started a meat pie delivery service based in the South Ward. She takes orders in the morning via couriers set up in the Castle Ward, mostly, but also in the Trade Ward. She then prepares the pies in the morning for delivery during the noon repast.

In fact, many of the delivery persons used are those that deliver copies of the Watchman in the wee hours, then shift to pie delivery at noon.

"Ninety-nine percent of my customers are wonderful," Rigottonelli said. "Some give the delivery boys and girls tips. And once they've tried my pies, many become repeat customers, some ordering more than twice within a tenday."

But that "one percent" is what irks Rigottonelli.

"Some folk think that just because they can arrange for a delivery of my pies at my location, they think it makes the delivery kids an easy mark for robbery. That's shameful, it is. Shameful!"



Indeed. Watch Capt. Nichelle Dewdrop explained that the robbers make the appointment for the delivery of the pies to a remote, seedy location in the Trade or South wards. The delivery courier arrives. And a whole gang of lawless youths descends down an accosts the delivery person. Not only do they make the delivery person hand over any coin they've made from other deliveries, they almost always take the pies, too! Three times the

gangs have decided to assault the delivery person. Some pie couriers have quit the business, afraid of getting beaten up again.

"I've had to stop making deliveries to some neighborhoods," Rigottonelli said. "I mean, it's not right. Taking hard-earned cash from them hard-working delivery kids. But to beat them up? What's the sense in that?"

This problem was presented to the masked lords. One masked lord was

overheard saying the problem wasn't lawlessness, it was Rigottonelli making deliveries without a courier's permit. When informed that the city of Waterdeep doesn't issue courier permits, the masked lord declared, "Well, they ought to."

Rigottonelli is not impressed. "A delivery permit won't stop the robberies. It'll take honest, hard working folk to stand up to these gangs. That's the problem. Maybe if the gangs have permits they won't feel like they have to rob anyone, whaddya say to that, Mister Masked Lord."

Capt. Dewdrop says that she has employed trackers. "We have hounds that like Rigottonelli's meat pies. They'll be able to track down any thieves, if we get the report soon enough. We may even accompany the couriers from time to time, get the drop on these gangs. We could use some help of adventurers, once we get a better sense of how these gangs operate and who they use to place the order initially. Don't worry, we like the Rigottonelli pies and we want to see justice done."

Sage advice: Consult with Ibryth Authamaun on matters of history. North Ward, off Inmar Street.

A silver piece always well spent

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