

The 'Unfaithful Maiden' - an ⁱⁿⁿ ~~pub~~ in Carsutyl

History - The Inn has been in place for about 50 years and is quite old-looking & sturdy as a result. It's in an area close to the ^{North} bank of the Magister & the docks there and therefore attracts the customers of a fair no. of travellers, sailors and people new in town, and has done so for a long time. It has thus gained the reputation as a good place for travellers to go, with its good ~~as yet~~ ^{well} ~~not~~ appointments & close location - it's also near the river square, a major centre for business for that area of Carsutyl. Along with all this, it has attracted a large no. of adventurer-types, and people who are looking for adventures or services and has thus become a considerable centre for rendezvous. Many a transaction has resulted in the latter.

The inn has been in the same family for its whole existence. The Murdens operate the whole scheme, with the help of a few hands. The present owner, Adolphus Murden, is 48, getting on in years. In the scope of his Establishment he has seen just about the whole gamut of human experience & eccentricity. He is this wise & careful & used to most tricks.

His wife helps clean up and they have 9 children, ranging from 28 to 9, who help around to some degree and can all take care of themselves well, all the sons (7) without exception being to equivalent of 1st level fighters.

Murden, who saw a period of mercenary activity, is a 5th level fighter (33 h.p.) who always carries a short sword. He is stoic & completely trustworthy. He allows no intrigues involving the inn personnel although he realizes the special nature of his inn & accepts all the adventures (often high-level) & is friendly with many.

Description:

The inn itself, as with most of the neighbourhood, being fairly old, is made of brick & stone & is right up against surrounding buildings - there are no spaces between. The Courtyard is generally fairly clean, cobblestoned & covered w/

straw. It is surrounded by high walls but a fairly large amount of sunlight still gets in. When it's summertime, tables are put outside.

Inside, it is generally not very light & rather smoky becos of the inc & people smoking - but it's comfortable rather than dingy. The windows are all high, rather small & diamond-shaped which are thick & opened with latches. The general appearance is of bulk - w/ large, smoky rafters overhead, an large open area w/ a lot of head room and a bare, stone floor.

The bar is usually busy, & crowded on Friday & Saturday & Sunday, so most tables are taken w/ a lot of conversation. The place is lit by lamps hanging from the ceiling & around the walls, but the place is still (like all bars) rather dim at night.

The loft is special. Adolphus keeps a special watch on who goes up there, & no drinks are served up there. It's all wood &, w/ spaced apart tables, and rather hot & stuffy w/ only 4 small windows & low lights, - candles on the tables. This, conversations can be held privately & it is here that rendezvous & secret deals are held. People peering about are resented & Adolphus keeps a control on the no. of people up there & never lets watch up if he can help it.

The Muden's serve excellent ale, & good, solid wine & food at reasonable prices as well, w/ friends often bring in delicacies & stuff in as presents.

At the bar counter works Muden's eldest 3 sons & 2 helpers to wait. They have if necessary. 2 men are also often around - a blind accordion-player who is an old friend of Adolphus', and an old, now-fallen nobleman, still young (30) but now aethetic, 7th level, who still wears a doublet & cavalier cloths, & carries a rapier (his sword) - he is called in on busy nights,

if Adolphus needs help or is expecting trouble, & if he is just around, at a table, drink. His name is Hillea & he has 45 hrs. He has long black hair & an eye-patch. In the inn works his wife & 2 daughters & 5 help in 2 'bawler' types w/ clubs in the foyer.

The remaining sons work in the stables in at back. The Munders live upstairs in ~~a~~ a suite of rooms overlooking Kondor street. The bar provides most money, the inn being mostly an adjunct.

The area is generally old & sort of run-down & not all that safe late at night w/ the docks close by & so many shady characters about. A band of adventurers need fear nothing but women walking alone would be in peril. The streets are narrow, twisting & intricate & mostly unlit. The watch don't come by often as well. Kondor street is fairly long & runs parallel to the waterfront, one of a series of sort-of parallel streets, like the white neighborhood, w/ all kinds of lanes between, part to some sort of conditions. Grosvenor square marks the beginning of a more prosperous area & is important. Kondor street was named after (to the W) a tower where an eccentric old man lived. As he never paid his taxes, & was presumed rich, he was harassed by the council. One day, in desperation, he appeared at a high window w/ a pair of wings strapped to his arms & declared that he was the Kondor & could fly. He disappeared behind the window & fell to, killing an unwary old lady. Ever since then... Smade's lane, a dead-end blocked by an old wrecked horse. The horse used to belong to a Mrs. Smade who was never seen again after an explosion wrecked his horse, causing it to crumble. It is residential, w/ old wretched apartments, as are many lanes in the area while the parallel roads are businesses, shops, or more respectable places. (These 2 incidents were maybe 100 yrs. or so ago).

Connection between Morden & the players:

As many prospective adventurers looking for work did, so did the PCs start hanging around the "Unlucky Morden". They made friends w/ Aillea & some of Adolphus's sons. Then, they saved a girl kidnapped from an attacker in the streets. This got them in good w/ the owner & he helped them actively in their search for jobs - grand, palaces, following mistresses etc. (P.L. type jobs). Now, a table

is usually open for them. Morden refers them to people, & people to them & it is a good hang-out so they know to find & ~~are~~ some regular customers.