

A VISITOR'S GUIDE TO THE RAINY CITY

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**SUPERHERO
NECROMANCER**



It's the end of the world.

It always rains. Rain beats against the walls. It seeps through the shutters. It pours off the mossy backs of the gargoyles. It turns streets into streams and rivers.

Teetering, damp towers lean against rotting townhouses thrown together in the ruins of a once gleaming city. Servants dash through storms on petty errands. Fireplaces sputter weakly, and spellbooks filled with moldy spells rot in spite of the protections lavished on them for their precious contents.

The grand academy of magic used to be here. But that was before the world ended and the rains came. Now the grand academy is mostly under the murky channel that divides Old Town from the Mids, its secrets ruined and lore lost. A few of the highest towers peak out of the still dark waters of the murk, testifying to its presence. Ferryman use the towers as moorings and wayposts when the rain and fog make navigating the bay treacherous. The school is a remnant of a past world.

But there is magic here. Wizards hide themselves away in their damp townhouses and cliff top towers, each one jealously guarding the few secrets they still have, scrounging and scheming for more. The richest people live on Embassy Row amidst the peaks, where the rains pour down the stepped streets in waterfalls. The poorest live in the Sump, a low lying slum that is as much a swamp as it is a neighborhood of rotting stilt huts. Alchemists lead the guilds that rule over Old Town. The desperate, striving tradesfolk and merchants build their townhouses in rings that cling to the lower slopes of the peaks. Refugees from strange foreign worlds wash up in Vagabond Bay, their worlds passed, the city their final haven.

Rainwater pours off the backs and from the mouths of the gargoyles that decorate the stone towers and keeps. They plot too. Some say they plot to destroy the city, but wizards sometimes hire them to keep watch over their petty secrets anyway. Most find that rough men are security enough. Violence comes easily to them, and they care little for sorceries. But thieves can make a fortune here, if they are quick and clever. From the lowliest medium to the greatest wizard, the mages hire experts to steal spells and enchanted items from their enemies. And from their friends.

It's the end of the world. It always rains. Your fate is in the hands of wizards, alchemists, and thieves.

But it doesn't have to stay that way...





The Rainy City, looking north from Pondheim in the Sump



Where wizards make their homes. The veil between the immanent world and the invisible world is thin here, waxing and waning from according to its own inexplicable laws. A place of manses, seclusia, and towers, of the unreal made real, and of phantasms and illusions. Apprentices run their errands, gargoyles go about their business, and miners from the Silver Cliffs work their shifts and retreat home. Burglars and their crews case tower and manse, ready to seize wealth and power for their own.

WEATHER

Thunder and lightning, storms, lashing rain, gusts of wind. Even during the *Quiet*, the storms of the Tower Cliffs never fully abate.

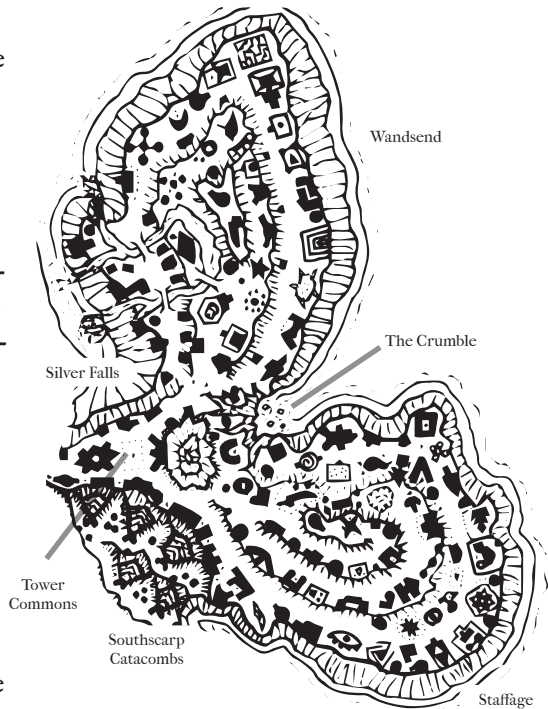
INTERACT WITH

Local humans, gulls, gargoyles, boggies, and mine goblins, as well as devils, golems, ghosts, and fairies bound to the service of a wizard.

Find work as a Silver Falls miner, silver trader, or silversmith; a footman, valet, maid, groundskeeper, groom, housekeeper, bottler, steward, or chef in a wizard's manse; a clerk of the High Parliament, wizard's apprentice, or even wizard, if you have the gift; or a burglar, if you have the nerve and craft.

LAW AND ORDER

No law is needed in the Tower Cliffs, for each wizard is intrinsically a person of *Quality*, who would surely never



even imagine transgressing social or metaphysical boundaries. And as no one would cross a wizard, regardless of the secrets and treasures held in their towers and manses, for fear of their wrathful power, no law is needed. Everything just sorts itself out nicely.

DISORDER AND DISARRAY

Wizards crossing wizards, dueling over perceived insults, their apprentices getting into knife fights in the street over matters of precedent (or less), horrible screaming deaths of burglars caught by the traps and monstrous guardians of wizardly homes, body snatching of visitors to the neighborhood for use in strange experiments, monsters escaping into the streets and wreaking havoc. During *Firelight*, explosions.

THE CRUMBLE

The least prestigious neighborhood in the district, for it is crumbling and falling into the sea bit by bit. Once a prosperous place, where the great Iambic Pentacular had his tower, it fell into the sea some years ago when the Mine Goblins dug too deep beneath it and something very bad came out.

Now, it houses some poorer wizard towers, and is perhaps most renowned as a place for adventurous sorts to engage in wizardly salvage operations, daring the dungeons and caves that once served as wizards vaults but are not split open to any who would dare the descent.

THE GALLERIA

A museum and gallery in Tower Commons, the galleria hosts exhibitions of art, artifice, and artifacts throughout the year under the sharp guidance of the curator, Oberon Rowington, and the pronouncements of Mauvin the High Critic.

Each year, on Midrainy Day of the Rainy Season, Colloquium is held -- that renowned gathering of the finest minds of the wizardly elite, where the most impressive magical inventions of the past year are put on display, and where Mauvin the High Critic declares the greatest of arcanopoetic artefact of the year. A fine occasion for camaraderie and collegiality.

SILVER FALLS

The silver mines are here, and entrance to the mine goblin markets beyond. Silver miners work tirelessly to mine it, the most arcane metal and the source of the monetary base of the city.

The mine entrances are carved into the sides of the cliffs, and scaffolding, firmly rotting, provides purchase for miners going to and from work.

SOUTHSCARP CATACOMBS

One of the two major gravesites of the city, countless catacombs carved into the steep hills and cliffs between the Mids and the Tower Cliffs. The Renovator's Association operates here, emptying tombs to resell them to new owners, for there are always new residents.

Ghouls, gulls, and gargoyles call the catacombs home. Go deep enough into the right tombs, it is said, and you might just find yourself in the vault (colloquially called a "dungeon") beneath a wizard's tower.

WIZARD HOUSE

A stately public house in Tower Commons, where the High Parliament presides. The High Parliament makes decrees on behalf of the Wizards of the Tower Cliffs, who do not demean themselves to come vote in person, for politics is beneath even the lowliest wizard.

Instead, the Clerks of Wizard House issue the decrees. The clerks are a bureaucratic cult, whose members closely spy on the movements and interactions of wizards throughout the city, reading them like tea leaves or flocks of birds, to divine their will and transform it into legislation.

Wizard House is the only pub in the Tower Cliffs, which is probably the only reason wizards ever enter it.



WIZARDS OF TOWER CLIFFS

Dominian the Proscriptor is the master of the Gurgling Death. You would not cross him. Many a fool and burglar has been gurgled in their day. His manse is a fine old stately mansion. He would not lower himself to living in a tower. He has a certain lifestyle to maintain.

Mauvin the High Critic's discernment is so far beyond that of the next man that it should be no surprise that his judgments are at times incomprehensible! Each year at Colloquium, it is he who selects the greatest item of power and art.

His manse? A stately apartment, folded invisibly into unseen world of the Grand Galleria itself. At times, he is seen entering and exiting it via objects of art and artifice.

Oculam the Oracular sees all! He knows all! Do you believe him? You do!

His observatorium tower is at the highest point in the Tower Cliffs. Atop it, a telescope points toward the clouds.

Orbeg the Multipotent, whose tower has a level for each lesser potency he has cast off behind him on his path to betterment. Some thirty six Orbegs, each less multipotent than the one above, abide in his tower, each assured in its assurity that it will one day be the ultipotent.

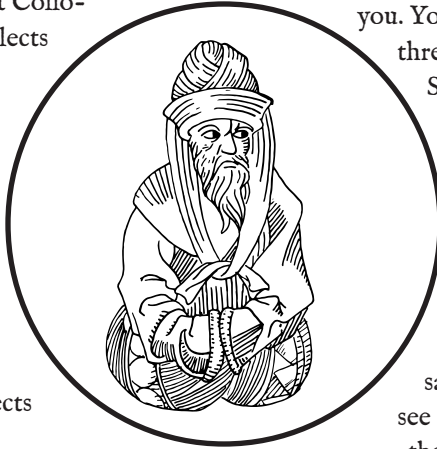
Susko the Improbable, geostrolologist and gadabout, whose parties are the finest soirees to bring wizards, ambassadors, and haberdashers together in one room, and whose robes are like unto the coziest of pajamas.

His manse? A small mansion, too fine for its place, a tower that leans so precariously over the cliffs that it should have fallen a century ago, and a small chapel no one ever enters.

Vramer the Unseen has only one head, of this he can pensively assure you. You have heard two, or three? Unimaginable.

Surely these reports are exaggerated. You see only one. Don't doubt your eyes.

His manse is a sprawling estate at the edge of the Tower Cliffs, it is said. But no one can see or approach it unless they have already been there.



Orbeg the Multipotent

MORE WIZARDS

Agnosticus the Hermetical, Bursebear the Iconoclast, Chaff, Fustin Fulminata, Hyssop the Benevolent, Ildoitx Emphyrean, Kanque, Kusgirinugal the Bleak, Lafonse the Enigmatic, Pergio the Prestidigitator, Phangol the Gallant, Quantifex Quadrat, Ubari the Remarkable, Vasso the Redolent, Xarl the Certain, Yaunt the Numenous, Zaam the Alacritous, Zarasko the Tenebrous

ADVENTURES

•Colloquium is upon us! You are an apprentice to one of the Wizards of the Tower Cliffs, or an enterprising citizen of this great city who has taken it upon himself to pretend to be an apprentice to a great wizard. You are surely not here to steal magical art and artefacts from their rightful owners. Shameful!

Such behavior is beneath the attention of the wizards, who would deign neither to engage in it or show concern about it. You, too, would not risk it. It is sure to be an entirely lawful affair, as was last year, and the year before that. Every year, really. Let Colloquium begin!

•You are a member of the Ascendent Association of Astrologists and Astronavigators, and the time has come. You will break into Oculam the Oracular's Observatory and peer through his telescope!

But beware! Every pool, mirror, and fountain is his eye! It is said he can even sry through raindrops. How do you avoid his ever searching eye, and how



will you get past his guardians? What will you do if you run into his “house-mate” -- an eyerant that moved in, declared the tower its own, and does everything in his power to annoy Oculam into moving out, including killing his guests! Oculam does the same! If you reach the telescope and peer through, what will you see? Can you do this? You can!

•Orbeg the Potent needs your help. He, the Orbeg of the first level of the thirty-six levels of the Tower of Multipotence, is ready to move up in the world. The only problem? All the other Orbegs! Surely an enterprising crew of independent treasure hunters such as yourselves would have no qualms about helping him remove some Orbegs. One Orbeg is insufferable enough, and they only get worse as you climb the steps.

Dare the traps, bypass the guardian monsters, and do away (discreetly or indiscreetly, for really who cares) with some Orbegs. Keep whatever you find, except for their potence, which Orbeg would kindly like to place in his bottle for later integration. You are very kind!