

Mainstreet (Assorted Merchants)

You are in the main street of Alesia, a bustling bazaar where merchants come to exchange and sell wares, there are various stalls set up for hawking goods. Unsavory types lurk behind the street corners.

Temple of Volund/Cenwalh (Blacksmith)

The area outside the temple is bustling with merchant stalls, smiths of lesser renown peddling their goods. The temple itself appears to be a marketplace, coin and crafts are being exchanged at a dizzying speed. Within the classical structure and behind the great columns are roaring hearths, lighting up the inside. The interior air is bristling with cinders. Dozens of craftsmen hold molten blades toward an idol of a massive ascomanni man holding a hammer. They worship in their own way, which is creating and forging.

A few men are making crafts, one near the entrance porch into the temple. He is a portly fellow, stained by dirt and wet with sweat, with a massive forked beard. He does not appear to be Cenwalh, but is working on forging the boss for a shield.

Cenwalh?

"Yes, hes over there.."

He points to a man in a dark red robe by the large idol of the smith, he has a forest of bristling black hair on his face and is melting metals onto the base of the idol, which slowly spills down and collects at the base of it. He is flanked by several other men in red robes, they have work belts and smithing hammers at their side. The other priests appear to be helping him.

Greeting:

"Hail Volund!" he says back in a deep, throaty voice. "For he created the earth!"

Make Stuff:

"My time is very valuable, if you donate to the temple of Volund, I will consider working a craft for ye"

"You have slain a wyrm? Let me have it"

His eyes open wide and he begins to fondle the material in awe. You can clearly see that he is running through all sorts of scenarios and work orders in his mind" I thought that they were pushed into the mountains.. from the time of Clovis." "Did such a thing truly exist? Tell me of it"

"Yes, images, images! These are the stories we tell our children!"

"Yet I propose to you a true test of your story's truth"

"If this is truly the scale of a wyrm, then the fires of the Volund hearth will not destroy it"

"Prove this to me and I will work it, for a donation"

"Toss it into the hearth, and if it survives, I will consider it"

It lands on top of the molten fires and sinks down. Moments pass, he looks to you with a rueful expression. After a few moments it pops back up.

"By Volund, it is the skin of a wyrm!"

"Nothing made by the hand of man can resist this fire!"

"You are no conjurer of tricks, but a man of great courage!"

"...very well, tell me what you wish to be made"

"You ask for much... are you prepared to release a great charity to the temple of Volund? To help pay for the hearth stones?"

Eadwine (Goldsmith)

Inside the temple of Volund.

Found through Cenwalh:

"I know not of tutors, although we do have another priest in this temple who creates precious works for Volund"

"Eadwine, he is an acolyte, a young lad with a dark composure, some imperial blood in him"

"But don't let that fool you, he is a trustworthy lad, and has created many of the idols and gold works you see adorning this temple"

"He should be around here, but let us stay to the task at hand!"

A man matching Eadwine's appearance is nearby bringing Cenwalh a vessel of water. He is a young chap, barely into his twenties. Some ornately decorated silver rings hang from his work belt. One of the few clean shaven people you have encountered throughout this land, he has dark hair and a brooding composure.

"Cenwalh told me of your interest in precious works"

Alric the Old (Bowyer/Fletcher)

In the market.

There are a few fletchers on display, but one character catches your eye. a bald man of middle aged with a plain white tunic on works on a bow some feet away from you, seated on a stool behind a wooden table littered with weaponry. He is working on a bow you have rarely seen up close: a recurve bow, the killing tool of the centaurs. he looks up at you and grins as you approach

"What do we have here, lad?" he barks forward in a hoarse voice

"You're cluttering my work table!"

Bow?

"It is what the centaurs use... takes a man's whole strength and sends it into the bow. Each one has to be custom made to the strength of a man, and only a man of that strength can string it."

"Useful on horseback because its compact... and I am one of the few who know how to make it"

"I have spent years in the field learning the craft, trying to be the best worker of bows for those who wish for weapons capable of cutting armored knights in two"

"Name's Alric the Old, and you?"

Mausoleum of Clovis /Sighere (Library/Wizard)

The entrance to the Mausoleum is guarded by four housemen of Aethelred, they look at your approach and present hostile faces, many of them place their hands on the hilts of their weapons. They are armored in mail and stand fast.

The entrance is a gaping black passage into the earth, framed by massive blocks of limestone.

Do not allow entry:

"Who goes there?" one of them snarls

"Aethelred has told us that assassins are bound to break into the mausoleum, so we are put on guard"

"Men from Leptus are said to be in town, come to fence potions from Sighere"

"You know that we cannot allow entry without a passport from the king, do you have such a document?"

On If Housemen know bad stuff:

"Yes, it was seen all across the land... Aethelred has ordered many sacrifices to attempt to divine its meaning, yet the gods have not answered us"

"We are in terror..."

"Some say it is a hatred from old times..."

Passport:

They part from the door and allow a gap for you to enter. You enter into the dark expanse of the Mausoleum of Clovis. The chambers are dimly and sporadically lit by single torches. Most of the tunnels you cannot make out. You appear to be in an incredibly dizzying maze of corridors. A single path is lit by torches however. The walls are marble and of Imperial fashion, with some sections made of cobblestone. They are decaying, and the chambers are filled with ancient works of art, busts of long forgotten kings and warriors. The smell of dust is thick on the air.

Some parts of the walls are lined with shrouded corpse put into shallow outlets. Other outlets house skeletons, exposed to the open air, some still grasping their blades. Other outlets are home to stone coffins, ornately detailed with powerful protective runes. Clovis must be among these, but you know not which.

Follow Torches:

You follow the torches, which are parted by spaces of 30 or 40 feet, dark swathes inbetween. It is a seemingly straight line from the entrance arch. Bending slightly to and fro, terminating at a central circular chamber. The chamber is lit up, and the light pours into the entrance hall, illuminating the walls you have until then seen only poorly. The walls are painstakingly detailed with gilding and frescos of the battle of Alesia: epic scenes of meteors falling from the sky, crushing temples, rending walls and obliterating an ocean of panicked defenders.

In the central chamber is stacks, a library. several desks are about the room. littered with huge mounds of scrolls and tattered tomes. the smell of incense is heavy on the air. The chamber rises some 40 feet in height. There are cases of books lining the walls. And ladders to reach them. The room is brightly lit by oil lamps. It appears to be some 50 feet in diameter. The place behind the study tables where you would normally find a curator is empty, no one appears to be around.

Noise/Touch Anything:

You hear thunderous, cracking steps from behind you. Stone is being crushed. something very large is running toward you. A massive demonic beast bursts into the room, its hateful, beady eyes swelling with

rage. It raises a jagged, lightning shaped sword from over its head and appears to be swinging down upon you.



It grunts loudly and staggers toward you, swinging back with a balled massive fist. As it is about to smash into you, its fist stops. A small wisp of dust forms from behind one of the tables. and slowly moves toward you. out from it steps a dark, brooding man, with jet black hair and a face of anguish and contemplation. he is dressed in a simple black, hooded robe. his fingernails are caked with dust and his mouth has little scrapes around it. He speaks softly but with a grave tone.

"How may I help you?"

"Do you now? And what knowledge could you possibly offer me?"

Connachtkeep



Connachtkeep, named after the treacherous brother of Clovis, is a towering, walled cylindrical building surrounded by a broad, river-like moat. The marble bridge leading to the fortress and over the moat is decorated with statues of Imperial idols, although many of them appear to have been smashed by attacking armies. The battlements are manned by sentries with javelins and bows, and torchlight reveals the inner keep. While the building was once a villa, a house for visiting emperors, it appears to have been converted over the centuries into a stronghold, and little remains of the base structure. Lines are apparent in the stonework where additions were added, including murder holes and fortifications. A sizable idol stands atop the fortresses peak – it appears to be in the likeness of an Imperial emperor. Its head has been hewn off.

At the end of the long bridge you can make out a handful of housemen standing watch before two broad reinforced oak doors.

Wulfgar's Hall



Rekonstruierte nordische Halle. Nach Valtyr Gudmundsson, Den islandske Bolig i Fristatstiden.
(Aus Olrik, Nordisches Geistesleben. Verlag von Carl Winter, Heidelberg.)

This mead hall is a wooden house of some sixty or seventy feet long with an open door. The inside is filled with a thick smoke, created by a roaring central hearth which divides the room. Men sit on benches, crowd around tables, rest on furs and huddle around the fire, telling stories, feasting and drinking. The walls are lined with blades, axes and shields, hanging from hooks. The sound of flutes and singing can be heard. Many of those assembled here appear to be outsiders, ascomanni of all hamlets and kingdoms are here, many just arriving from the river in boats to trade and rest after a season of campaigning in the field.

The sounds of the dock can be heard from the outside.

Assembled quietly near the door sitting at a table and standing are a number of armored men at arms.

Look around?

Two notable individuals.

In the back corner of the hall is a sly looking man cloaked in shadows, wearing leather armor. He nurses a mug of ale. His table has a knife laying on it.

There is also another man. A brawny old warrior of wispy blonde hair. He has an eyepatch and is seated at a table, counting coin while resting on a battleaxe.

Shadowy Guy?

[to egil] As you approach the roguish man you notice that several men nearby take notice of you and pull daggers from their sleeves, hiding them under under their tunics.

As you approach the man whispers “Hello boys...”

Edwin the Black. Sells thief stuff/poisons/antidote. Can be hired to snuff people.

Brawny fella?

Wulfgar, houseman of Aethelred, hall owner.

Cerdic's Hall

[like the other hall, read description of above if they didn't go there yet]

[most locals, quieter atmosphere]

An old man in a tattered brown cowl rests in the back of the hall near the hearth. He has a cap on and is studying a scroll. His face is pocked. He stares as if in another world.

Cothbert, philosopher. Counts as sage.