



JEWEL OF THE INDIGO ISLES



PLAYER'S GUIDE

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Jewel of the Indigo Isles

Player's Guide



Welcome to the Indigo Isles! If you're reading this player's guide, you are about to embark on a thrilling adventure in the *Jewel of the Indigo Isles* Adventure Path. Your job is to create an interesting 1st level character who answers a royal call to go on a treasure hunt in Rumplank, an island city that holds countless festivals and romanticizes piracy. You'll need to find the other half of a missing map, seek out the treasure, and ultimately explore the isles, unearth ancient secrets, and perform epic heroics. If this sounds like your idea of a good time, *Jewel of the Indigo Isles* is the perfect adventure for you!

This Player's Guide is composed of two sections:

- **Building Your Character (pages 2-5):** Tips and advice for building your character to make the most of the *Jewel of the Indigo Isles* Adventure Path, from ancestry, to background, to class, and beyond!
- **Rumplank Gazetteer (pages 6-25):** This expansive gazetteer of Rumplank, also found in the *Jewel of the Indigo Isles Character Guide* but reproduced here in its entirety, will have you thinking like a Rumplank native in no time! The information is described by an in-world narrator who lives in Rumplank, so you can see things from her perspective, and it's player safe without any spoilers.

Building Your Character

The Indigo Isles are a broad and eclectic setting, and the challenges and set pieces in the Adventure Path are extremely varied, such that just about any character type is a great fit. That being said, certain options are especially recommended for an even more immersive experience. Even if you choose something else, though, it'll work just fine. The table on page 3 summarizes these suggestions.

Alignments

Characters of all sorts of alignments abound in the Indigo Isles, and this Adventure Path doesn't make any specific assumptions as to your character's alignments. As usual for almost any adventure, evil characters can be disruptive, but they aren't particularly disruptive here as long as you are willing to work with the group and go along with the adventure hook. Riches and other selfish rewards are provided that such characters could use to motivate their cooperation. Rumplank tends to be a bit more chaotic of a city, but lawful characters still work perfectly, as this Adventure Path doesn't require you to break the law, violate codes of honor, or the like.

Ancestries

The Indigo Isles are found far away from any continents, and the most common ancestries there are g'mayun, orpoks, hardriggins, kragraks, and chochori, in roughly that order. G'mayun and kragraks have lived on the isles (and chochori beneath the seas nearby) longer than anyone, while hardriggins immigrated long ago and orpoks relatively recently, building their main settlement of Seaview on nearby Bluebell Island. All five of these ancestries are found in the *Indigo Isles Character Guide*.

Leshies (particularly wildfire leshies) and sprites (particularly galtzagorris) are also common, and there's even a notable sprite settlement near Rumplank called Jakopo Town. The new heritages, wildfire leshy and galtzagorri, are also found in the *Indigo Isles Character Guide*.

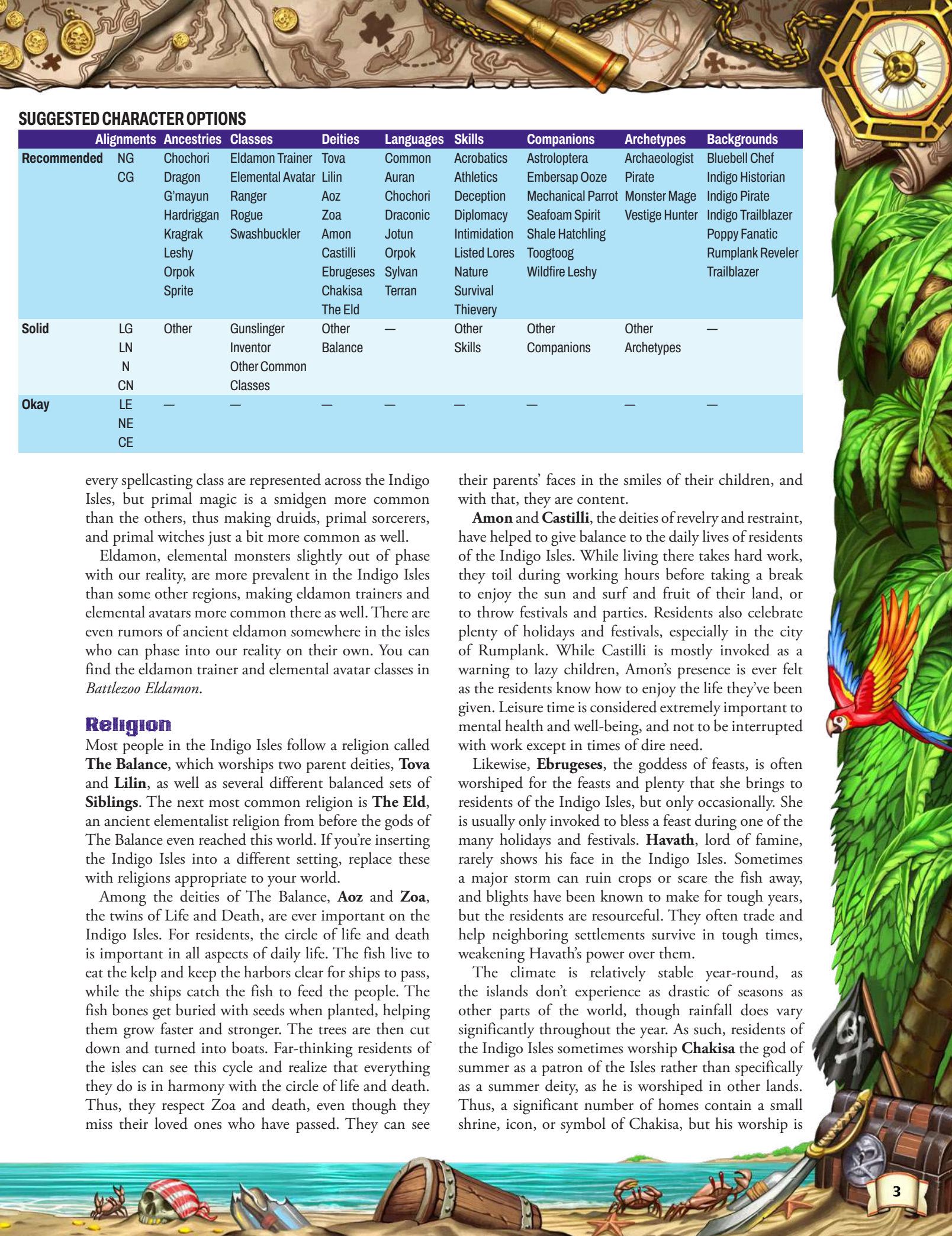
Finally, aeternal dragons are more common in the isles than in some other regions. This is especially true of wild dragons and even more so of indigo dragons. If you're interested in playing a dragon, you can find out more about aeternal dragons in *Battlezoo Ancestries Dragons*.

Other than the aforementioned ancestries, you can use any other ancestry you and your group agree on, though they'll be considered quite unusual and might be one of only a handful of people in the whole isles with that ancestry, or maybe the only one. This even applies for common ancestries from the *Pathfinder Second Edition Core Rulebook* like humans and elves. On the Indigo Isles, humans are as rare as ancestries such as dungeons or other extremely rare monstrous ancestries such as gremlins, nymphs, or doppelgangers. You can find the dungeon ancestry in *Battlezoo Ancestries: Dungeons* and the others in *Battlezoo Ancestries: Year of Monsters*.

Classes

Characters of pretty much every class abound in the Indigo Isles, and there's no wrong choice. That said, due to Rumplank's romanticization of piracy, a character with a class that's especially conducive to that sort of theme, such as rogue or swashbuckler, will fit right in with the locals (see the campaign backgrounds on page 5 for a background especially focused on piracy). That's not to say that the campaign is centered around performing acts of piracy, however. Anyone who likes to explore and find treasure will do well.

When it comes to spellcasters, all four traditions and



SUGGESTED CHARACTER OPTIONS

	Alignments	Ancestries	Classes	Deities	Languages	Skills	Companions	Archetypes	Backgrounds
Recommended	NG	Chochori	Eldamon Trainer	Tova	Common	Acrobatics	Astroloptera	Archaeologist	Bluebell Chef
	CG	Dragon	Elemental Avatar	Lilin	Auran	Athletics	Embersap Ooze	Pirate	Indigo Historian
		G'mayun	Ranger	Aoz	Chochori	Deception	Mechanical Parrot	Monster Mage	Indigo Pirate
	Hardrigger	Rogue	Zoa	Draconic	Diplomacy	Seafoam Spirit	Vestige Hunter	Indigo Trailblazer	
		Kragrak	Swashbuckler	Amon	Jotun	Intimidation	Shale Hatchling	Poppy Fanatic	
	Leshy		Castilli	Orpok	Listed Lore	Toogtoog	Rumplank Reveler		
	Orpok		Ebrugeses	Sylvan	Nature	Wildfire Leshy	Trailblazer		
		Sprite		Chakisa	Terran	Survival			
				The Eld	Thievery				
	Solid	LG	Other	Gunslinger	Other	—	Other	Other	Other
LN			Inventor	Balance		Skills	Companions	Archetypes	
N			Other Common						
CN			Classes						
Okay	LE	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	NE								
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every spellcasting class are represented across the Indigo Isles, but primal magic is a smidgen more common than the others, thus making druids, primal sorcerers, and primal witches just a bit more common as well.

Eldamon, elemental monsters slightly out of phase with our reality, are more prevalent in the Indigo Isles than some other regions, making eldamon trainers and elemental avatars more common there as well. There are even rumors of ancient eldamon somewhere in the isles who can phase into our reality on their own. You can find the eldamon trainer and elemental avatar classes in *Battlezoo Eldamon*.

Religion

Most people in the Indigo Isles follow a religion called **The Balance**, which worships two parent deities, **Tova** and **Lilin**, as well as several different balanced sets of **Siblings**. The next most common religion is **The Eld**, an ancient elemental religion from before the gods of The Balance even reached this world. If you're inserting the Indigo Isles into a different setting, replace these with religions appropriate to your world.

Among the deities of The Balance, **Aoz** and **Zoa**, the twins of Life and Death, are ever important on the Indigo Isles. For residents, the circle of life and death is important in all aspects of daily life. The fish live to eat the kelp and keep the harbors clear for ships to pass, while the ships catch the fish to feed the people. The fish bones get buried with seeds when planted, helping them grow faster and stronger. The trees are then cut down and turned into boats. Far-thinking residents of the isles can see this cycle and realize that everything they do is in harmony with the circle of life and death. Thus, they respect Zoa and death, even though they miss their loved ones who have passed. They can see

their parents' faces in the smiles of their children, and with that, they are content.

Amon and **Castilli**, the deities of revelry and restraint, have helped to give balance to the daily lives of residents of the Indigo Isles. While living there takes hard work, they toil during working hours before taking a break to enjoy the sun and surf and fruit of their land, or to throw festivals and parties. Residents also celebrate plenty of holidays and festivals, especially in the city of Rumplank. While Castilli is mostly invoked as a warning to lazy children, Amon's presence is ever felt as the residents know how to enjoy the life they've been given. Leisure time is considered extremely important to mental health and well-being, and not to be interrupted with work except in times of dire need.

Likewise, **Ebrugeses**, the goddess of feasts, is often worshipped for the feasts and plenty that she brings to residents of the Indigo Isles, but only occasionally. She is usually only invoked to bless a feast during one of the many holidays and festivals. **Havath**, lord of famine, rarely shows his face in the Indigo Isles. Sometimes a major storm can ruin crops or scare the fish away, and blights have been known to make for tough years, but the residents are resourceful. They often trade and help neighboring settlements survive in tough times, weakening Havath's power over them.

The climate is relatively stable year-round, as the islands don't experience as drastic of seasons as other parts of the world, though rainfall does vary significantly throughout the year. As such, residents of the Indigo Isles sometimes worship **Chakisa** the god of summer as a patron of the Isles rather than specifically as a summer deity, as he is worshiped in other lands. Thus, a significant number of homes contain a small shrine, icon, or symbol of Chakisa, but his worship is



less important than other deities, as the stable climate is almost a given.

You can find more information on all of these deities, and plenty others, in the *Indigo Isles Character Guide*.

Languages

While the Indigo Isles have their own common trade tongue, known as Common, Auran is also extremely common, as the main language of g'mayuns. Other common local languages are Orpok, Jotun, Sylvan, Terran, Draconic, and Chochori, in roughly that order. Characters who hail from Seaview on Bluebell, the second-largest settlement in the Indigo Isles, are especially likely to speak Orpok.

Skills

Due to the variety of different challenges, nearly every skill has some additional uses in the Adventure Path. Whatever skill you prefer, there will be ample opportunities to show it off. While Acrobatics and Athletics can help with flashy fights for which Rumplank's pirates are known, Nature and Survival can help when searching for treasure, and social skills will come in handy in many situations.

All of the Lore skills found in the special campaign backgrounds (Cooking Lore, Indigo Isles Geography Lore, Indigo Isles History Lore, Poppy Lore, Rumplank Lore, and Sailing Lore) are good choices, and they all come up during the adventure.

Animal Companions & Familiars

The Indigo Isles are home to every biome imaginable. Even Goldcrop Isle (the island where Rumplank is situated) alone has countless different environments and climates. Thus, it's easy enough to bring almost any animal companion or familiar. That said, consider taking one of the special familiars found in the *Indigo Isles Character Guide* that are less well known outside the region, including cryptic batlike astrolopteras, feisty embersap oozes, talkative mechanical parrots, evershifting seafoam spirits, earthen shale hatchlings, froglike inky toogtoogs, and fiery wildfire leshies.

Archetypes

All sorts of archetypes are appropriate in this adventure, depending on what fits your character concept. The pirate archetype is especially thematic for Rumplank and the Indigo Isles, and thus the *Indigo Isles Character Guide* includes numerous additional feats for pirates that are more common there. Vestige hunters and monster mages (from *Battlezoo Bestiary*) are also relatively prevalent on the Indigo Isles. As well as archaeologists looking for lost artifacts in temples buried in inextricable jungles.

Campaign Backgrounds

While you're welcome to build a character with any background, it is highly recommended that you take one of the following six backgrounds. Not only do they provide Lore skills you'll find useful during the campaign, they also have various special effects that occur throughout the adventure path. Those backgrounds are as follows:

BLUEBELL CHEF

UNCOMMON

You come from Bluebell Island, home to the greatest institution of higher learning the Indigo Isles' culinary world has ever known: the Academy of Tastes. Whether you're a recent graduate or an alum from long ago, you once walked those hallowed halls, and you used the knowledge to get a job as a chef in Rumplank. But some of the unique dishes you prefer require strange ingredients that are easier to gather for a chef who's willing to get their hands dirty and go adventuring. So that's just what you've done. In between cooking meals, you do odd jobs as an adventurer to gather ingredients, and you know how to make all sorts of things out of monster parts. You've even started to gain a bit of a reputation as an adventurer, in addition to a chef.

Choose two ability boosts. One must be to Constitution or Intelligence, and one is a free ability boost.

You're trained in the Crafting skill, and the Cooking Lore skill. You gain the Seasoned skill feat.

BACKGROUND

INDIGO HISTORIAN

UNCOMMON

Ever since you first heard about the history of the Indigo Isles told by the preeminent g'mayun historian Monbak, you've wanted to become a famous historian and join the prestigious Indigo Isles Historical Society. You've given your all to that cause, mingling among the most prestigious academics and nobles to learn more about the Indigo Isles' hidden past.

Choose two ability boosts. One must be to Intelligence or Wisdom, and one is a free ability boost.

You're trained in the Society skill, and the Indigo Isles History Lore skill. You gain the Courtly Graces skill feat.

BACKGROUND

INDIGO PIRATE

UNCOMMON

You've always wanted to be a pirate, and someday you'll have stories of your own escapades, just like the legendary Gilded Pirate of Rumplank, Poppy von Barnacle! First, though, you'll need a crew... and of course a ship would be nice.

Choose two ability boosts. One must be to Dexterity or Charisma, and one is a free ability boost.

You're trained in the Athletics skill, and the Sailing Lore skill. You gain the Underwater Marauder skill feat.

BACKGROUND

INDIGO TRAILBLAZER

UNCOMMON

Walk every trail, see every sight. That's the motto of the Fellowship of the Indigo Trailblazers. With numerous isles covered in every possible biome, the fellowship seeks to explore them all and uncover the hidden secrets found throughout the isles. You've joined the Indigo Trailblazers, though it will still be some time before you are worthy of the rank of Trailblazer Superlative. You hope to reach those heights as soon as you can, and to do that, you're going to need to make some unprecedented discoveries.

Choose two ability boosts. One must be to Constitution or Wisdom, and one is a free ability boost.

You're trained in the Survival skill, and the Indigo Isles Geography Lore skill. You gain the Survey Wildlife skill feat.

BACKGROUND

POPPY FANATIC

UNCOMMON

There's no doubt about it: Poppy von Barnacle, the Gilded Pirate, was the greatest hero who ever lived, not just in the Indigo Isles but across the entire world. Along with her heroic companions, each a living legend in their own right, Poppy earned a place in countless stories throughout the Indigo Isles. But surely they aren't all just tall tales. Poppy was a real person, and her deeds really happened. Some people are skeptical, but you're going to prove it! In the meantime, you've been training yourself with regimens Poppy herself allegedly used, including fighting blindfolded from ropes spanning across the rooftops. Whether you find the truth of Poppy's legend or not, at least you've learned how to take a fall.

Choose two ability boosts. One must be to Strength or Dexterity, and one is a free ability boost.

You're trained in the Acrobatics skill, and the Poppy Lore skill. You gain the Cat Fall skill feat.

BACKGROUND

RUMPLANK REVELER

UNCOMMON

Most everyone in Rumplank loves a good party. But even in a city like Rumplank where parties are so popular, there has to be someone who loves parties so much that they make the other citizens look like wet blankets. And in Rumplank, that someone is you! Whenever there's a party, celebration, shindig, or festival, you're there. If there's a party event, you enter, even if it's something little kids normally do, like collecting floral arrangements at the Founder's Day parade. After more than a few party-fueled benders that led to adventures, you realized that you're actually kind of good at this adventuring thing, in addition to partying. Who knew?

Choose two ability boosts. One must be to Constitution or Charisma, and one is a free ability boost.

You're trained in the Society skill, and the Rumplank Lore skill. You gain the Streetwise skill feat.

BACKGROUND



okorki hills

warbling ravine

western misty river

eastern misty river

isle of flowers

clay quarter

rosewater

barrel square

oversail isle

old rumplank

drunken wall

jungle outlands

beakbluster hills

barnacle bay

canary cliffs

emerald beach

leotin's lagoon

twin talons

1

2

3

4

6

10

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13

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24

Elevation
300 feet
100 ft
intervals

Zanaya's Guide to Rumplank

Zanaya here, local expert on all sorts of topics. I've been putting together this guide to Rumplank over the past few months to help folks learn more about our great city. Let me tell you all about the people and places you'll find... but first, a little context! Elsewhere in the Indigo Isles, it's said that Rumplank is paradise made real. Yet it's also said that you're better off with a hook in one eye than to believe a pirate, and that Rumplank is nothing if not full of pirates, so many dismiss out of hand the stories of Rumplank's golden beaches, its never-ending street festivals, and (of all things) a literal fountain of wine in its town square. To many, these stories are lies, pure and simple, as bald-faced as the frightening mountain that juts out of the center of Goldcrop Island, for surely no isle which supports *that* horrible edifice could also possibly host a settlement as spectacular as its legends suggest.

Then again, isn't that exactly what pirates would want you to believe—that Rumplank is a slummy shantytown full of liars and thieves and nothing else—in order to keep the splendid city to themselves? Just as it's said that you should never trust a pirate, it's also said that you should use your own two eyes to tell the colors of a rainbow, rather than taking someone else's word for it. In that case, it's worth at least paying a visit to Goldcrop to see the supposed paradise for yourself, don't you think? And here, finally at the port in question, you'll find a city that overflows with laughter at the same time that its soil is saturated with red from wine... or maybe even with blood. It's a city cobbled together by freedom seekers and then made magnificent by pirates, a city of privateers, partygoers, and explorers all seeking their fortune, their destiny, or simply a good time. Most of all, it's home.

As a people, most Rumplankers are content to while away their days pondering such mysteries, typically under a cozy blanket of liquor and smoke. At night, they regale one another with their creative theories at any of hundreds of nightly parties, celebrating until the sun comes up. The next day, they repeat the bacchanalian cycle all over again. This routine is why to many Rumplankers "life" and "the never-ending gala" are synonymous terms.

Like the native g'mayuns who first founded Rumplank centuries ago, the city's mood is anything but simple, though it is certainly colorful, of that there

RUMLANK

SETTLEMENT 9

CN METROPOLIS

Famous pirate haven, raucous port city, and legendary capital of Goldcrop Island.

Government Monarch (constitutional)

Population 12,100 (67% g'mayun, 10% orpoks, 5% sprites (especially galtzagorris), 4% chochori, 4% hardriggans, 3% leshies (especially wildfire leshies), 2% aeternal dragons (especially wild dragons), 2% kragraks, 3% others)

Languages Aquan, Auran, Common, Draconic, Orpok, Sylvan, Terran

Religions the Balance, the Eld

Threats jungle monsters, rival pirates, self-righteous killjoys

Party Mecca Day and night, Rumplankers celebrate for any reason or no reason at all, throwing wild festivals, festooning the streets in confetti, and generally making a colorful, wonderful mess of things. During a festival citizens respond well to others who know how to enjoy a party. Such characters gain a +1 circumstance bonus to Diplomacy checks to Make an Impression, Request, and Gather Information. Characters who are wet blankets, killjoys, or otherwise dampen the fun during a party take a -1 circumstance penalty to the same actions.

Captain Nevergo male g'mayun mysterious apothecary able to find just what his patrons need

Clamardinia Wakamarsis nonbinary g'mayun beloved tavern owner and ex-pirate

Okeki Redfeather male g'mayun affable and honorable king of Rumplank

Maxelle Redfeather female g'mayun queen of Rumplank, logistical genius, and de facto ruler

Nupor Stormbar farose chochori shipyard manager and owner of the Captain's Club

Prismatic Colvi male g'mayun knowledgeable high priest of the Balance

is no question. From the ruby-red bricks of Barrel Square to the azure waters of Barnacle Bay to the fiery orange poppies of Blazing Meadow, Rumplank is a city utterly soaked in deep, saturated hues. Even the resident pirates' boastful yarns cannot rival Rumplank in terms of luridness, and it's for this reason that many know Rumplank as the City of Colors.

Rumplank is a place of ecstatic joys and terrible sorrows, amazing fortunes and wicked greed, beautiful bonhomie and heartbreaking cruelty. Often, it is all these things at once. But these aren't contradictions here in Rumplank. Rather, to its residents and visitors, these very paradoxes are what make Rumplank so beautiful. But you shouldn't take a pirate's word for it—you'll just have to visit the City of Colors and find out for yourself.



History

Let's start with a history lesson, shall we? You can skip to the fun part, the taverns and parties and such, but I say you're better off with the context, eh? The history of Rumplank is inextricably intertwined with the legend of its patron pirate, **Poppy von Barnacle**. One can get a brief synopsis of the story by heading to Barrel Square, where the local sculptor **Abidale Ollensworth's** most famous creation—a gilded porcelain statue of Poppy in contrapposto called, simply, *The Gilded Pirate*—stands at its western end. At the base of the life-sized statue, an inscription on a copper plaque gives a brief summary of the story of Rumplank's founding: "The Gilded Pirate settled on Goldcrop Island after a dazzling career of freebooting, treasure hunting, and liberating captives. Her many exploits include the creation of Goldcrop's

famous golden rum, the discovery of the Lost Trove of Hisamaya, and the liberation of both coin and crew from the tyrannical Sovereign Sea King. When she retired to the sleepy town of Rumplank, her generous investments of fortune and muscle made possible the village's explosive growth. Now, Rumplank is the largest city in the Indigo Isles and the archipelago's most legendary port of call. Rumplank honors the generosity of its founder and her illustrious career of derring-do with this humble statue." At the bottom of the inscription is the official Rumplank motto, addressed to the city's founder: "May the party never end, Poppy von Barnacle!"

Most historians agree, however, that a tiny beachside hamlet named Rumplank actually predated Poppy's arrival, though they'd admit that you could still consider Poppy the founder of the sizable city of the same name, built out of that old hamlet. Ask the historian **Monbak** about that debate some time, maybe over a few drinks! The folks in the Indigo Isles Historical Society can't seem to get enough of arguing about the specifics of the details surrounding Poppy's legend, including the meaning of the word "founder." Not my cup of rum, but maybe it's yours?


Anyway, where was I? In that hamlet of Rumplank, villagers were enthralled by the stories of Poppy's feats of bravery and harrowing adventures. As time went on and the Gilded Pirate's reputation grew, so did the town of Rumplank, whose native inhabitants intermingled with Poppy's crew and passed on their exuberant, carefree lifestyle to future generations. Poppy used the wealth carried aboard her vessel, the *Chromatic Queen*, to open up trade between Rumplank and the larger towns around the island, towns which Rumplank soon surpassed in size and economic output. With her knack for tactics and organization, and the assistance of her famous companions, including the galtzagorri mage **Arahosko the Red**, the kragrak warrior **Udayo of Stonegulch**, the indigo dragon cleric **Pinomeri Elemarte**, and the hardrigger ranger **Jesea Swiftarrow**, she helped establish Rumplank's first constitution and the monarchical political system it still uses to this day. She was pivotal in many famous Rumplank events, including the Battle of Rosewater, the Seven Years of Silence, Colorana, and the Wilted Winter. Her influence on the city was so incredible and vital to its emergence from obscurity that the time of Poppy von Barnacle's residence in Rumplank is often called the Rumplank Renaissance. Renaissance means rebirth, and Rumplank was reborn as the most influential power in the Indigo Isles.

In the time since Poppy's passing, Rumplank has continued to flourish. I think the city's prosperity is probably a result of the unique combination of the



POPPY VON BARNACLE





buoyant heart passed down from its earliest inhabitants and the practical material wealth and knowledge imported by Poppy and her crew, but everyone has their own theories. Many who visit Rumplank don't know the story of Poppy von Barnacle or the specifics of her contributions to the city, but all understand that the City of Color owes a great debt of gratitude to its patron founder.

Culture

Rumplank's unique culture is a result of our geographic peculiarities, strong tradition of treasure hunting, and the diversity of our populace—primarily emotionally charged g'mayuns (like yours truly), though with a good mix of industrious yet easygoing orpoks and many others. Although it's known best as a party mecca (and although partying is a very large part of Rumplank culture), there's more to the City of Color than wanton bacchanalia. No, really... I promise! Friends, freedom, and food are all fixtures of Rumplankers' daily lives, values which are often upheld in that order. To speak of Rumplankers is to speak of a people who cherish their companions, fight for the right to chart their own destinies, and take time to enjoy the finer things in life. To my orpok readers, please don't fret that I placed food in third place; I think we can all agree that friends and freedom are yet more important, no?



RUBALO PIE

EXPRESSIONS AND APHORISMS

Rumplankers use a number of common expressions with ties to the unique features of Goldcrop Island, Rumplank's occupants, or the city's history. The following are just a few sayings one might hear on the streets of the City of Color.

- “May the party never end!” (A general expression of joy or approval. The official motto of Rumplank.)
- “Feathers fly where foes founder!” (Rumplankers, but g'mayuns especially, persevere when others fail.)
- “A boatload of friends makes a ship.” (A group of allies who get along can accomplish great things.)
- “Redfeather Tuesday” (A sumptuous feast or extravagant party, as in “The festival was a right Redfeather Tuesday!”)
- “Buoyant heart” (Rumplank's quintessential spirit of generosity and good cheer.)
- “Gilded mess” (Used to suggest that perhaps matters aren't as bad as they initially seem, or to

refer to a mixed blessing, as in “A big snake's just moved into my cellar, but at least it's taken care of the blood mouse infestation. What a gilded mess!”)

- “Water clear, right to fear. Water pink, good to drink!” (An old expression now used most commonly to encourage indulgence in drink. If you must know, Monbak of the Indigo Isles Historical Society claims that the saying's roots can be traced to Rumplank's pre-Poppy past, before Poppy's crew installed wells capable of properly filtering groundwater. Back then, or so Monbak proposes, Rumplankers' best means of purifying water would have been by mixing it with wine or spirits. Thus, “clear water” was water that hadn't yet been treated, whereas “pink water” was presumed safe because it was purified with red wine.)
- “The never-ending gala” (The Rumplank party lifestyle, or life in general.)

FOOD AND DRINK

If there's one thing most people know about Rumplank, it's that the townsfolk love to eat and drink. Naturally, then, many of us view cooking, brewing, and distilling as time-honored traditions, and in many households learning how to cook a tricky family recipe is a rite of passage passed down from one generation to the next. Nearly every home in Rumplank has its own personal kitchen or access to a shared outdoor cooking area, from which one can smell fresh-cut fruit, sizzling grease, and savory roasting vegetables at any hour of the day. Indeed, most Rumplankers are day-long grazers rather than gorgers who adhere to strict mealtimes, a trait which naturally led to (or perhaps resulted from) Goldcrop Island's celebrated custom of slow-fried payayos—finger foods served hot and cold, fresh or preserved, and of which there are a nearly infinite variety.

Traditional Rumplank fare includes a variety of staples native to Goldcrop Island, including fatty dwarf coconuts, juicy pink rye-melons, sweet white pineapples, and a peculiar-shaped bitter tuber called rubalo, the latter of which is popular among Goldcrop natives but regarded as an acquired taste for nearly everyone else. In the rainy season, rubalo pie is a classic Rumplank comfort food, and it's often served to children and sickly people as well. Non-natives find Rumplank's traditional dry-weather dishes much easier to enjoy; it's said that nothing goes down smoother on





a hot Goldcrop day than a slice of pineapple coconut cream cake.

While there are a variety of other edible creatures on Goldcrop Island, including thyalodons, Rumplankers derive most of their protein from insects and seafood, both of which abound on and around the island. The first orpoks to arrive at Rumplank brought with them a thick catalog of hearty gumbo, broth, and stew recipes which have, in the intervening centuries, been modified to incorporate local ingredients such as crunchy jungle mantids, tangy mountain catfish, sweet summer moon-shrimp, and oily sali-sani squid. Regarding terrestrial fare, many g'mayun Rumplankers enjoy rodents, including native blood mice, as part of their regular diet. In Rumplank, it's not uncommon to see folks snatch up and eat rats or mice raw, right off the street; such a sight may disturb continentalists who typically associate such vermin with plague or pestilence, but to Rumplankers it's no big deal. In fact, the practice of "find a mouse, eat a mouse" keeps Rumplank's rodent populations at a far more reasonable level than one might expect for a city of its size.

DRUNKEN REVELERS


HOLIDAYS AND FESTIVALS

The very concept of festivals is a bit alien to us Rumplankers, since we see every day as a holiday and every breath of fresh air as a reason to celebrate. Carnivals, jubilees, and observances would easily fill the calendars of Rumplankers if anyone bothered to keep such time-trackers. Rather, most citizens are content to bumble from one social occasion to another with little sense of propriety or timeliness. Even short-time visitors to Rumplank discover something special about the city, which has the effect of inducing a kind of natural high without the need for spirits or mind-altering substances (though many Rumplankers enjoy these things as well). Long-time residents of Goldcrop Island call this special state of exuberance and good cheer "the never-ending gala" or "the buoyant heart." To say that someone has a buoyant heart is to say that they are free of worry, that they have decided to give their whole heart to others, and that they have given up their worries in exchange for life's many joys.

These days, the expression "the never-ending gala" is no longer mere poetry. Two hundred years ago, the first generation of descendants of Poppy von Barnacle's crew established a twice-per-year festival called the Never-ending Gala—a week-long celebration of all things Rumplank, featuring parades, masquerades, and feasts. Much of Rumplank's industry, such as it is, centers on this time-honored tradition, for which dozens of floats, ships, sculptures, and structures are constructed only to be torn down at the end of the festivities. Nowadays, the famous celebration is called simply Nevala, and the occasion is so massive that it brings thousands of party pilgrims from around the Indigo Isles to Rumplank's shores. In the aftermath of the week-long jubilee, it can take novice revelers up to six months to recuperate from the non-stop partying—just enough time to get ready for the next Nevala.

Other famous Rumplank holidays include Founder's Day, Poppy Nights, the Summer Moon Festival, and Restoration Day, among others. Though none of these occasions can match the dionysian chaos of Nevala, each has its place as an honored Rumplank tradition.

Founder's Day marks the occasion when Poppy supposedly founded the city of Rumplank. Given the prior existence of Rumplank as a hamlet (at least according to those historians I've been telling you about), it may not technically be a founding, but citizens want to celebrate anyway, and celebrate they do. Founder's Day has all sorts of contests, to remember the heroic deeds of the city's founder, most notably the Rum Run, a drunken obstacle course. Founder's Day is also the occasion for the biggest parade outside of Nevala, a fortunate boon for the parade industry in what would otherwise be their off-season.



Poppy Nights is a springtime gathering held in Blazing Meadow, where thousands of flowers—including, of course, dozens of species of poppies—bloom and usher in the island’s dry season. Food hawkers break out the remainder of the preserves they stored all winter for a feast in honor of Poppy von Barnacle’s legacy; meanwhile, children run around in gold-and-black costumes and holler their best Gilded Pirate impressions.

The Summer Moon Festival is a similar affair, though its roots stem from old g’mayun druidic beliefs carried over from that people’s distant homeland. Even to modern Rumplanker followers of the ancient elemental religion known as the Eld, the specifics of these particular g’mayun beliefs have been lost to time, so the current Summer Moon rites are more pastiche than authentic reenactment. Nevertheless, druids and occultists insist that the sacred lunar observance pleases the land and gives power to the Indigo Isles’ many eldamon (all those elemental monsters that dwell in creatures, places, and things—surely you knew that much already?) and vitae (sometimes called nature spirits, they answer druid’s queries and form into leshies, intelligent plants who are especially common in the Indigo Isles).

Restoration Day marks the beginning of what many consider to be the new year, and it’s the only Rumplank holiday in which imbibement is actually discouraged; to usher in the new year, Rumplankers take it upon themselves to do a thorough cleaning of their domiciles, their streets, and their livers. Though charity and neighborly love are practiced year-round in most of Rumplank, such merits are particularly important on Restoration Day, when even bitter rivals put aside their differences in order to help those in need.

Notable Inhabitants

Rumplank’s diverse community comprises well-established families, a regularly rotating cast of sea captains and their crews, and newcomers from all walks of life... plus a bunch of other folk, like yours truly! The following are some of the town’s most noteworthy personalities.

THE ROYAL REDFEATHERS

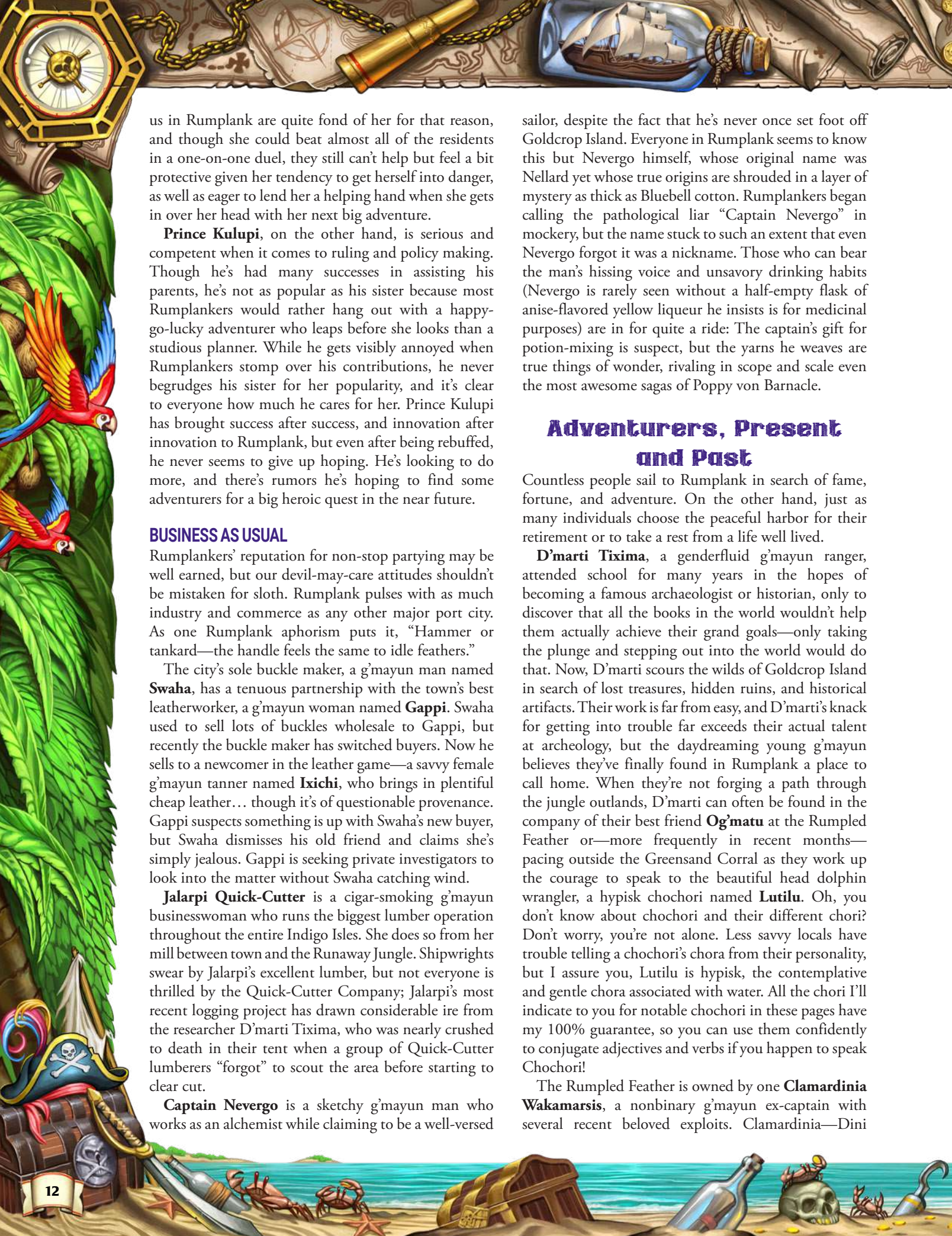
What little official order exists in Rumplank is largely a result of the efforts of its oldest and most powerful family, the Redfeathers. **King Okeki Redfeather**—the great-great-grandson of the first monarch of Rumplank, **Lady Kili**, instituted as ruler during the Rumplank Renaissance—is the current ruler of Rumplank, though his wife makes nearly all of the difficult decisions while his many advisors and commanders take care of most of the mundane day-to-day affairs. King Okeki keeps his throne positioned close to the equally lavish seat of his

beloved wife, **Queen Maxelle Redfeather**. Although Okeki may be the face of Rumplank’s royal family, his queen is the town’s actual leader in everything but name. Any decrees signed by King Okeki are written or heavily edited by Queen Maxelle’s assiduous hand. She also advises her husband before and after every diplomatic meeting, public ceremony, or royal expedition, and in times of crisis she sometimes just flat out makes the decisions or proclamations herself, when there isn’t time to coach her husband through it. Okeki is grateful to Maxelle, and all of us in Rumplank don’t begrudge him his relative ineptitude—it’s plain that Okeki loves his town nearly as much as he does his wife. Their love story is a long and happy one, but also beyond the scope of this humble guide to the city.

In general, the people of Rumplank respect their king and adore their queen. It is the rulers’ daughter, however, who inspires Goldcroppers to put their lives on the line to defend Rumplank and the royal family. **Princess Atriella** is daring and courageous, extremely talented but a little too ready to rush into any situation in order to protect others or stop villainy, which has caused her to overextend herself in the past. Many of



PRINCESS ATRIELLA



us in Rumplank are quite fond of her for that reason, and though she could beat almost all of the residents in a one-on-one duel, they still can't help but feel a bit protective given her tendency to get herself into danger, as well as eager to lend her a helping hand when she gets in over her head with her next big adventure.

Prince Kulupi, on the other hand, is serious and competent when it comes to ruling and policy making. Though he's had many successes in assisting his parents, he's not as popular as his sister because most Rumplankers would rather hang out with a happy-go-lucky adventurer who leaps before she looks than a studious planner. While he gets visibly annoyed when Rumplankers stomp over his contributions, he never begrudges his sister for her popularity, and it's clear to everyone how much he cares for her. Prince Kulupi has brought success after success, and innovation after innovation to Rumplank, but even after being rebuffed, he never seems to give up hoping. He's looking to do more, and there's rumors he's hoping to find some adventurers for a big heroic quest in the near future.

BUSINESS AS USUAL

Rumplankers' reputation for non-stop partying may be well earned, but our devil-may-care attitudes shouldn't be mistaken for sloth. Rumplank pulses with as much industry and commerce as any other major port city. As one Rumplank aphorism puts it, "Hammer or tankard—the handle feels the same to idle feathers."

The city's sole buckle maker, a g'mayun man named **Swaha**, has a tenuous partnership with the town's best leatherworker, a g'mayun woman named **Gappi**. Swaha used to sell lots of buckles wholesale to Gappi, but recently the buckle maker has switched buyers. Now he sells to a newcomer in the leather game—a savvy female g'mayun tanner named **Ixichi**, who brings in plentiful cheap leather... though it's of questionable provenance. Gappi suspects something is up with Swaha's new buyer, but Swaha dismisses his old friend and claims she's simply jealous. Gappi is seeking private investigators to look into the matter without Swaha catching wind.

Jalarpi Quick-Cutter is a cigar-smoking g'mayun businesswoman who runs the biggest lumber operation throughout the entire Indigo Isles. She does so from her mill between town and the Runaway Jungle. Shipwrights swear by Jalarpi's excellent lumber, but not everyone is thrilled by the Quick-Cutter Company; Jalarpi's most recent logging project has drawn considerable ire from the researcher D'marti Tixima, who was nearly crushed to death in their tent when a group of Quick-Cutter lumberers "forgot" to scout the area before starting to clear cut.

Captain Nevergo is a sketchy g'mayun man who works as an alchemist while claiming to be a well-versed


sailor, despite the fact that he's never once set foot off Goldcrop Island. Everyone in Rumplank seems to know this but Nevergo himself, whose original name was Nellard yet whose true origins are shrouded in a layer of mystery as thick as Bluebell cotton. Rumplankers began calling the pathological liar "Captain Nevergo" in mockery, but the name stuck to such an extent that even Nevergo forgot it was a nickname. Those who can bear the man's hissing voice and unsavory drinking habits (Nevergo is rarely seen without a half-empty flask of anise-flavored yellow liqueur he insists is for medicinal purposes) are in for quite a ride: The captain's gift for potion-mixing is suspect, but the yarns he weaves are true things of wonder, rivaling in scope and scale even the most awesome sagas of Poppy von Barnacle.

Adventurers, Present and Past

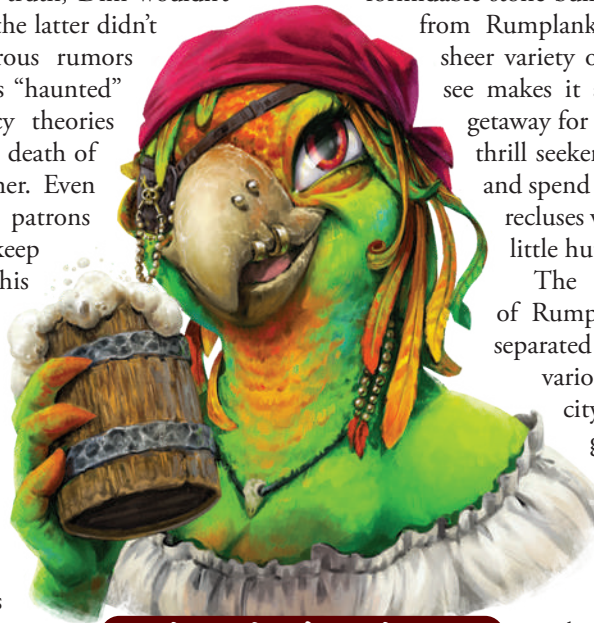
Countless people sail to Rumplank in search of fame, fortune, and adventure. On the other hand, just as many individuals choose the peaceful harbor for their retirement or to take a rest from a life well lived.

D'marti Tixima, a genderfluid g'mayun ranger, attended school for many years in the hopes of becoming a famous archaeologist or historian, only to discover that all the books in the world wouldn't help them actually achieve their grand goals—only taking the plunge and stepping out into the world would do that. Now, D'marti scours the wilds of Goldcrop Island in search of lost treasures, hidden ruins, and historical artifacts. Their work is far from easy, and D'marti's knack for getting into trouble far exceeds their actual talent at archeology, but the daydreaming young g'mayun believes they've finally found in Rumplank a place to call home. When they're not forging a path through the jungle outlands, D'marti can often be found in the company of their best friend **Og'matu** at the Rumpled Feather or—more frequently in recent months—pacing outside the Greensand Corral as they work up the courage to speak to the beautiful head dolphin wrangler, a hypisk chochori named **Lutilu**. Oh, you don't know about chochori and their different chori? Don't worry, you're not alone. Less savvy locals have trouble telling a chochori's chora from their personality, but I assure you, Lutilu is hypisk, the contemplative and gentle chora associated with water. All the chori I'll indicate to you for notable chochori in these pages have my 100% guarantee, so you can use them confidently to conjugate adjectives and verbs if you happen to speak Chochori!

The Rumpled Feather is owned by one **Clamardinia Wakamarsis**, a nonbinary g'mayun ex-captain with several recent beloved exploits. Clamardinia—Dini



to her friends—has retired from seafaring and now oversees the most popular tavern in town. Dini's number one business rival is **Molo “Make-Sick” Dogodor**, a g'mayun man who runs the worst bar in town, the Gutted Snake. In truth, Dini wouldn't have two words for Molo if the latter didn't insist on spreading slanderous rumors about the Rumpled Feather's “haunted” pantries or cruel conspiracy theories about the “truth” behind the death of Dini's dearly departed brother. Even the Gutted Snake's shady patrons think their malodorous barkeep often goes too far with his rumor mongering, though no one speaks up for fear of engendering his abuse themselves. Disturbingly, there are signs that Molo's grumbings might have some real truth to them, though of course, if so, the situation must be far more complicated than it seems from Molo's narrative.



CLAMARDINJA WAKAMARSIS

Countless other Rumplankers have their own mysterious pasts, or their own reasons for maintaining (or giving up) the adventuring life. No one knows, for instance, the source of the talent of the famous musician, an orpok man named **T.Q. Kekar**. He came out of nowhere with a suspicious magical fiddle and plays a steady circuit among Rumplank's taverns, yet never stays for encores. The aforementioned wizard-turned-brewer **Og'matu**, a g'mayun man and friend of D'marti Tixima, is an example of someone who has been “rejected by the island,” in the parlance of locals; when he lost all his books, magical apparatuses, and adventuring party in the Wriggling Swamp over a year ago, the upstart spellcaster had no choice but to accept an apprenticeship under the meanest beer brewer on the island, an orpok woman named **Begebosos Grogwort**. It is a great irony that while Og'matu would love to return to his life as a student of wizardry, he fails to realize that his mistress is one of the Indigo Isles' very best teachers of the magical art of olfamyancy. Don't tell him, dear reader; it's funnier this way!

Gazetteer

From its humble origins as a sleepy fishing hamlet, Rumplank has bloomed over the past two and a half centuries into a thriving city full of famous and fascinating locations. We Rumplankers have never claimed to be excellent architects or fastidious city planners, and this is reflected in the organic nature of its

streets as well as its structures. Walkways and corridors paved with smoothed lava rocks tangle around circular huts and wooden shacks made from native palm trees or salvaged driftwood, respectively, while here and there formidable stone buildings called *taruki* still stand from Rumplank's ancient past. Rumplank's sheer variety of places to go and things to see makes it a beloved home or pleasing getaway for countless types of folks, from thrill seekers who jump off seaside cliffs and spend their nights under the stars to recluses who prefer the tranquility of a little hut overlooking a sandy beach.

The following are descriptions of Rumplank's most famous venues, separated into three categories: the various quarters into which the city is divided, the natural geography upon which the city is built, and several dozen of the most important or noteworthy locales around the City of Color. Be sure to check all of them out during your stay!

Districts

Rumplank's city districts, such as they are, are loosely defined localities marked primarily by their distinct architectural styles and typical inhabitants. Only a few districts have clearly discernible boundaries, which are typically geographic rather than civic, such as the windy cliffs of Beakbluster Hills or the towering rock pillars of Twin Talons. The oldest district is, fittingly, called Old Rumplank, and from this central point radiate the city's newer quarters, which altogether tell the story of Rumplank's development much like a trunk's rings can be used to tell a tree's age.

BARREL SQUARE

Also called “New Rumplank” by the town's old-timers, Barrel Square and its surrounding market stalls, food huts, and wooden houses offer a glimpse of the town as most foreigners know it—a place for raucous parties, delicious food, and sumptuous relaxation. If you're on the hunt for new adventuring gear made by one of the local artisans, you're hankering for some of Rumplank's famous coconut-fried payayos, or you want to rent an upper-floor bungalow to crash for a few hours while staying close to the city center, Barrel Square is the place to go.

The quarter is named for the rum barrel-lined quadrangle at its center. Farmers' markets and craft sales fill the square on weekday mornings, but by late





afternoon the stalls are all cleared to make space for socializing and public gatherings. Smaller holidays or weekend celebrations, such as weddings and birthday parties, often take place at least partly in Barrel Square. The quad is also home to many of Rumplank's most storied tourist attractions, including Pinkwater Well Lost Crooner's Hall, and the Gilded Pirate statue.

BEAKBLUSTER HILLS

Homes and businesses in Rumplank don't get much posher than the multi-storied manors and imitation tarukis that line Beakbluster Hills. Though the district is named for the relatively brisk winds that sweep in from Barnacle Bay, the place is best known for its relative concentration of wealth. Most of Rumplank's "old money" lives here, and the city's lax system of taxation ensures that the rich stay rich, often without so much as lifting a finger. Still, most Rumplankers don't begrudge the aristocrats and magnates who dwell in Beakbluster Hills, for money doesn't actually play a particularly strong role in the city's barter economy. In fact, lowland dwellers

tend to regard our upland neighbors with a twinge of sadness or even pity, for the upper-class Rumplankers lead lonely lives (by Rumplank standards) and are clearly out of touch with their commonfolk kin. Hill dwellers' affluenza is so crippling that some of these plutocrats even pay commoners to go into town and bring back crafts or morsels that other Rumplankers take for granted. More often, though, bored residents of the Beakbluster community take strides only to further line their pockets with ever more wealth, typically by employing adventurers to track down and bring back hidden treasures all around Goldcrop Island. Jungle explorers and treasure hunters in search of a new quest or lead can do far worse than to pick the brains or peruse the private libraries of Beakbluster Hills' stuffy patricians. Alternatively, they could serve in Beakbluster Hills' lucrative security industry, as the wealthy inhabitants spare no expense at keeping their valuables safe.

CLAW QUARTER

To call the Claw Quarter "rough and tumble" would certainly be putting it gently, to say the least. Though Rumplankers are a benevolent bunch as a rule, the City of Color is still home to its fair share of rabble-rousers and rulebreakers, many of whom dwell in what is arguably Rumplank's most dangerous district. Here, the unwary pedestrian is as likely to be pickpocketed by thieving children as they are to run afoul of territorial pirate gangs. Confidence artists, false priests, and charlatans dot every corner along the filthy, winding streets of the Claw Quarter. As if its typical residents weren't dissuasive enough, Claw Quarter's inland location also makes it the locus of Rumplank's foulest weather patterns—a muggy, drizzly, and perpetually overcast microclimate. If it's so rough, then, you might wonder, why does anyone ever visit the Claw Quarter at all?

But for all its hazards, Claw Quarter is also home to some of Rumplank's most colorful, creative, and even lovely venues. Fortune tellers and mentalists, street performers who tame sharks



LUTILU

and wrestle octopuses, artisans who craft magic candles and dazzling feather dyes—all these and more make their livings in the tenement buildings and gathering halls along the Crooked Terrace. To the south, where the main street turns into the infamous Rum Row, the brave and the foolish alike can attempt to purchase some of Rumplank's distilled exports straight from the source, while to the west, those with strong stomachs can quite possibly find their fortunes floating among the detritus of Ironsalt Cove.

As in all places, the truth of Claw Quarter lies somewhere between the two extreme narratives. On any given street, one is apt to discover an illegal blood mouse fighting ring on one side and a benevolent orphanage on the other. For those who don't mind contending with the occasional swarm of blood mice, violent alleyway mugger, or lurching mound of living trash, Claw Quarter can be a lively and exciting place to spend one's time.





OLD RUMPLANK

In its earliest days, the fancy pants historians say that Rumplank was little more than a few rows of huts along a grassy slope overlooking Barnacle Bay's largest span of beachfront. A dirt path weaved from the huts, across the sandy grass, and to a pair of rickety docks, where it was rare to see more than half a dozen small boats moored at a time. The original Rumplankers had built a few dozen other buildings from lava rock—structures they called tarukis—around where the Misty River flowed into the bay, but other than these and their modest residential quarter, the region was mostly craggy black stone, weedy beaches, and wild jungle thickets.

Then, Poppy von Barnacle sailed into the bay and landed on the sandy shoreline, which she promptly named Treasure Beach. Almost in an instant, the Gilded Pirate and her impressive crew changed the face of the sleepy port town forever.

Much of what remains of Rumplank's pre-Poppy legacy can be found in what is now called Old Rumplank. Here, ancient g'mayun and orpok traditions have been relatively untouched by the cosmopolitan influences that alter attitudes and fashions almost weekly throughout the rest of the city. Strong local laws and a respect for the city's history prevent any new buildings from going up within Old Rumplank, though the spacious lawns and soft sands could surely accommodate many more. Stoneworkers practice the honored craft of taruki to repair existing lava stone structures, whereas wooden buildings are regularly maintained using fresh-cut palm trees and interwoven fronds. The buildings here consist primarily of private homes, small shrines, artisans' huts, and places where food is collected and shared, with the haphazard Drunken Wall in the east, a remnant of an attempt to build walls around the settlement. A micro-economy of gift giving makes trading something of a faux pas within Old Rumplank; it's much more acceptable here to barter goods and services than to make exchanges of coin or gold.

Whereas Barrel Square and the Claw Quarter exhibit the devil-may-care revelry for which modern Rumplank is well known, Old Rumplank offers a peek into a calmer, more subdued past, where emphasis is placed on being with family, helping the community, and taking things slowly—in other words, the quintessential buoyant heart.

ROSEWATER

Rumplank's capital district is the home of its monarchy and the few bureaucrats who keep Rumplank's infrastructure running smoothly while the rest of the city parties away. It's named for the Battle of Rosewater, a terrible but glorious conflict that occurred at the height of the Rumplank Renaissance, when tall,

featherless invaders sailed into the harbor with every design to conquer and subjugate the freedom-loving Rumplankers. Poppy von Barnacle led the defense of Rumplank, which consisted primarily of her own crew along with a few hardy lads and lasses from what was then still just a small village. Though they were outnumbered and under-equipped, Poppy's tactical acumen saw the Rumplankers win the day.

In the wake of the bloody week-long siege, Poppy understood that Rumplank stood little chance against potential waves of future invaders without at least a modicum of city-scale planning and military training. She also knew she wouldn't be around forever to defend the Rumplankers, many of whom were totally unfamiliar with the travails of war. To ensure the safety of future generations, the Gilded Pirate exercised her vast wealth, the talent of her wizardly companion Arahosko the Red, and the muscles of her crew to construct Castle Rumplank, Rosewater Keep, and the sturdy stone walls surrounding these centers of power. These edifices remain to this day and are the heart of Rumplank's political powers and modest organized defenses. Though the city could surely not withstand an all-out assault on its shores without considerable outside aid, the Rumplank garrison has ably deflected the few minor conflicts to occur in the time since Poppy's departure. Thankfully for Rumplank, no clashes have yet compared to the infamous Battle of Rosewater.

TWIN TALONS

If the Beakbluster Hills neighborhood is Rumplank's youngest, brashest child, Twin Talons is that district's quirky older sibling, determined to carve a path all its own.

In old times, Rumplankers hellbent on mutual destruction settled their grudges here one on one, typically in the presence of family members and a priest. The dueling grounds are still easily discernible, since not even weeds can grow in the blood-soaked soil.

Eccentrics and outcasts have always been drawn to the peculiar geography of the Twin Talons: the two massive, flat-topped pinnacles that compose the district of the same name. From certain angles at sea, the pillars resemble a pair of hooked claws. Early settlers took the strange terrain as an ill omen, believing that only gods and demons were brazen enough to dwell there. This attitude changed during the Rumplank Renaissance, when Jesea Swiftarrow built the first hanging rope bridge from the Beakbluster Hills to the Western Talon, proving that the geographic anomalies were no more cursed than Treasure Beach. It still took many years before Rumplankers considered living on the Twin Talons, and even then, the new district appealed primarily to daredevils, innovators, and hermits.





The Talons see much less precipitation than lush Rumplank proper thanks to peculiar oceanic wind patterns, so the ground here is often dry, flat, and dusty. The stable micro-climate makes Twin Talons ideal for alchemists and engineers to test their latest ideas in makeshift labs or in the field. Flat plots of patchy scrub still cover most of the Twin Talons; these barren fields are frequently the sites of experiments and public demonstrations. Traders of illicit imports and quirky criminals who dislike the non-stop, bird-eat-bird bustle of the Claw Quarter also gravitate toward this sparsely populated district to conduct their illegal transactions in relative peace.

Additional hanging bridges have been stretched between the Twin Talons since Poppy's time. Kragrak engineers have even carved a few stone pathways along the edges of the rocks, though the paths don't lead anywhere, instead simply terminating precipitously. During the construction of these pathways, the builders discovered hundreds of shallow, fist-sized holes riddling the face of the pillars. The holes pre-date the first Goldcrop settlers and suggest that some ancient creatures used the Twin Talons for their own customs, though the nature of these customs is anyone's guess, as

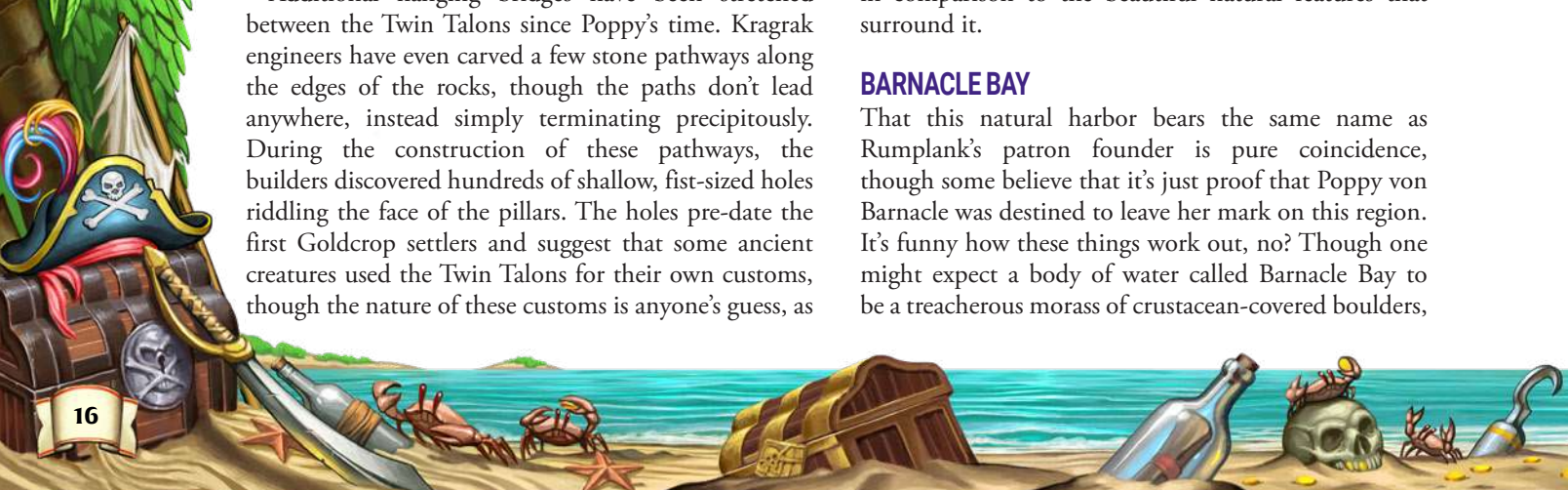
is the means by which they cling to the cliff side while excavating the holes. Climbers have found historical artifacts in a few of the holes—fetishes made of petrified wood and gemstones, even a few magical concoctions preserved in obsidian flasks. Scaling the windy cliffs is dangerous, though, and hundreds of the holes remain as-yet unsearched.


Natural Landmarks

Austere cliffs, golden sands, tropical jungles, and rich coral reefs drew the first g'mayun settlers to what is now Rumplank. For all its wealth, architectural ingenuity, and colorful culture, the city itself still pales in comparison to the beautiful natural features that surround it.

BARNACLE BAY

That this natural harbor bears the same name as Rumplank's patron founder is pure coincidence, though some believe that it's just proof that Poppy von Barnacle was destined to leave her mark on this region. It's funny how these things work out, no? Though one might expect a body of water called Barnacle Bay to be a treacherous morass of crustacean-covered boulders,





the hazy blue waters are anything but. In truth, the original explorers of Goldcrop Island found the waters of this bay calm, delightful, and rich with colorful coral, meaty fish, and loamy sand. Like many other parts of the wondrous island, they gave the inlet its relatively unpleasant name in an attempt to dissuade other seafarers from making the trip to their private paradise. And we all know how that turned out!

BEACHES

Countless beaches dot the perimeter of Goldcrop Island, and Rumplank boasts some of its finest. Among the most popular are Gononi's Beach off Barrel Square, Gusty Beach on the east side of the Drunken Wall, and Old Rumplank's vast paradisiacal waterfront, Treasure Beach. Far less popular is little Ironsalt Cove in the Claw Quarter, where more than one body has washed up over the years. As for fishing and foraging, Blackshell Coast is the place to go, so named for the bounty of clams, mussels, and scallops clumped along the rocky shoreline.

CANARY CLIFFS

The cliffs along the southeastern edge of Rumplank may not host as much city life as the Twin Talons, but they are no less spectacular on the rare day when the weather is clear. On such occasions, they offer hikers dazzling views of Barnacle Bay, the city around it, the island's southern coastline to the east, and sometimes even the entirety of Shivering Mountain.

The Canary Cliffs adhere to the custom of Rumplank landmarks with misleading names, for there are no small, colorful birds to be seen from the top of these soaring heights. In fact, for half the year, the cliffs are utterly barren, possessing no more life than some errant beetles and the occasional keen-eyed hawk. Starting in the rainy season, though, the Canary Cliffs become a hotbed of strange activity when thousands of strange, monstrous fey perch along the cliffs' countless rocky outcroppings to make their nests and lay their eggs.

These visiting fey, called whipperfish, resemble a cross between a common flying fish and a honeycreeper but are markedly less intelligent than either, constantly bumping into one another or the cliff sides like mosquitoes bumping around for a bared orpok arm or hardrigger neck. They're believed to hail from the fey realm, from which they sometimes bring peculiar stones, gleaming trinkets, or strange talismans all the way with them to Goldcrop. It's unknown why whipperfish make a yearly pilgrimage to the Canary Cliffs; they never outright attack Rumplank or its people, though they make for surly hosts anytime a pedestrian foolishly enters their territory during "whipperfish months." Adventurers who can sneak through the ornery flocks, though, might hope to find something precious hidden

among their cliff-side nests. It's often better to risk a few pecks from angry whipperfish than to wait until the fey's eggs hatch and the colonies fly off across the ocean, tiny brood in tow; those who choose the latter often find themselves competing with dozens of other amateur treasure hunters for whatever's left. "Accidents" have been known to occur along the Canary Cliffs when confrontations between rival fortune seekers become heated.

JUNGLE OUTLANDS

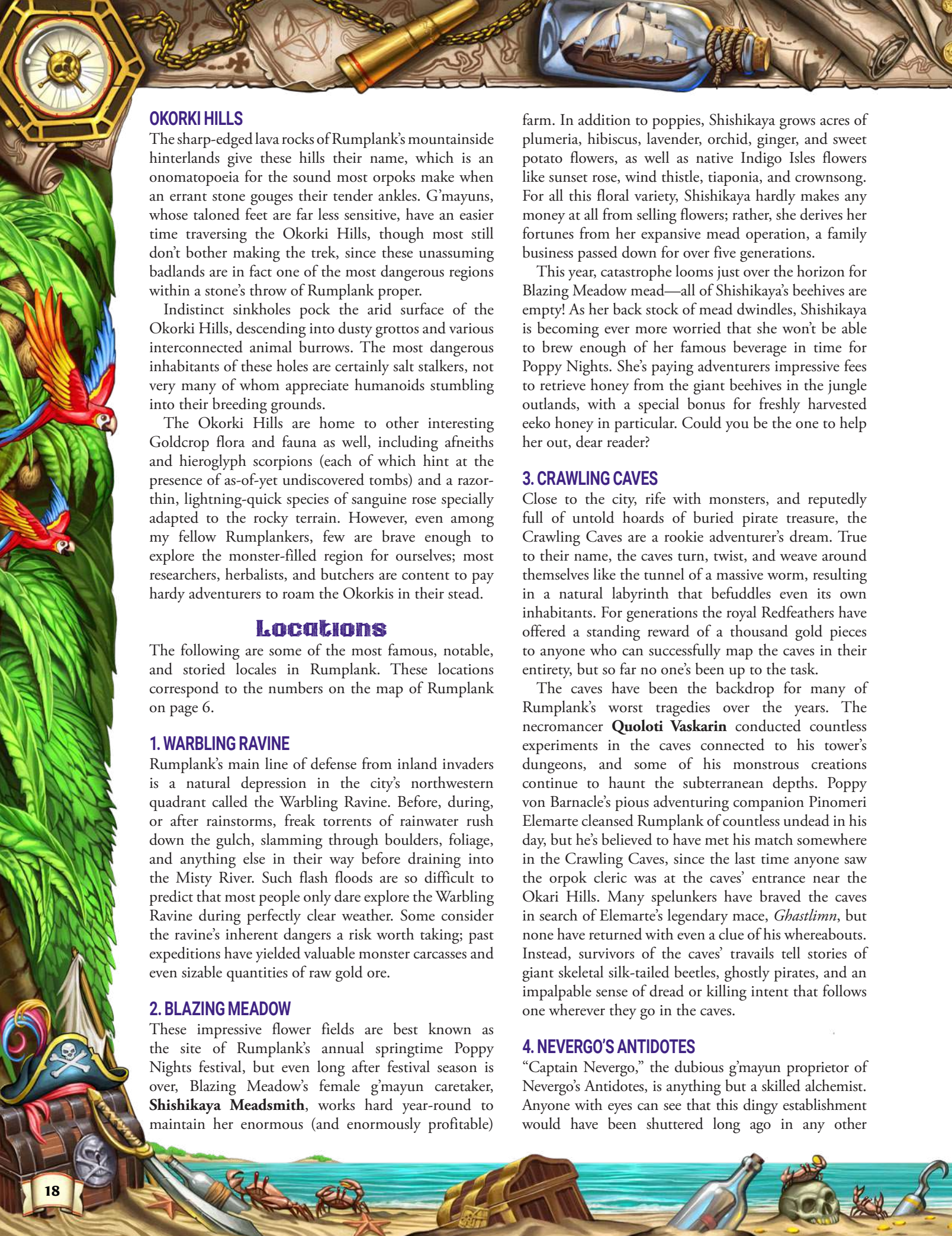
Goldcrop Island is packed with so many jungles that most don't have names, and this is true for the woodland east of Rumplank as well. Most Rumplankers refer to this region simply as the "jungle outlands" or sometimes the "Rumplank jungle." Foragers frequently peruse the dense foliage for wild fruit trees, young rubalo shoots, and nutritious leaves from the native pink sun-bush. The ample sights, sounds, and smells of the lush jungle draw countless Rumplankers into its warm embrace every day, but the wilds are more than big enough to accommodate the city's numerous nemophilists.

The jungle stretches on for many miles, and most of us native Rumplankers know when to turn back before getting lost. At night, the jungle comes alive with hard-shelled popodo monkeys that dart through the underbrush, sharp-clawed howler turtles that stare down from the canopy, and pygmy thyalodons that cling to the sides of insect-filled tree trunks. Hardened pirates and giggling children alike tell spooky stories of Shugiyar the G'mayun Eater, a mythical monster that reputedly stalks the jungle outlands and lives in a giant cage made of its victims' bones. But fact is stranger than fiction, so if I were you, I'd give credence to these campfire tales.

MISTY RIVER

The broad river that originates from Shivering Mountain's melting snowpack is nearly as much a fixture of Rumplank life as the ocean into which it flows. It splits into two short branches at the Isle of Flowers before reaching Barnacle Bay, each of which is called Misty River. Fishers can perch along any of the Misty River's ample banks to net or line-catch a variety of anadromous fare. The river is named for the layer of fog that reliably blankets the water in the early morning, but during these hallowed hours the Misty River belongs not to Rumplankers but to animals and monsters. Freshwater sea squirts, territorial reaver beavers, thirsty parrotbears, and other predators use the obfuscating fog to sneak up on unsuspecting prey. Even simply gathering water from the river during such times is a harrowing endeavor, and more than a few Rumplankers have gone missing after daring to venture into the river mist.





OKORKI HILLS

The sharp-edged lava rocks of Rumplank's mountainside hinterlands give these hills their name, which is an onomatopoeia for the sound most orpoks make when an errant stone gouges their tender ankles. G'mayuns, whose taloned feet are far less sensitive, have an easier time traversing the Okorki Hills, though most still don't bother making the trek, since these unassuming badlands are in fact one of the most dangerous regions within a stone's throw of Rumplank proper.

Indistinct sinkholes pock the arid surface of the Okorki Hills, descending into dusty grottos and various interconnected animal burrows. The most dangerous inhabitants of these holes are certainly salt stalkers, not very many of whom appreciate humanoids stumbling into their breeding grounds.

The Okorki Hills are home to other interesting Goldcrop flora and fauna as well, including afneiths and hieroglyph scorpions (each of which hint at the presence of as-of-yet undiscovered tombs) and a razor-thin, lightning-quick species of sanguine rose specially adapted to the rocky terrain. However, even among my fellow Rumplankers, few are brave enough to explore the monster-filled region for ourselves; most researchers, herbalists, and butchers are content to pay hardy adventurers to roam the Okorkis in their stead.

Locations

The following are some of the most famous, notable, and storied locales in Rumplank. These locations correspond to the numbers on the map of Rumplank on page 6.

1. WARBLING RAVINE

Rumplank's main line of defense from inland invaders is a natural depression in the city's northwestern quadrant called the Warbling Ravine. Before, during, or after rainstorms, freak torrents of rainwater rush down the gulch, slamming through boulders, foliage, and anything else in their way before draining into the Misty River. Such flash floods are so difficult to predict that most people only dare explore the Warbling Ravine during perfectly clear weather. Some consider the ravine's inherent dangers a risk worth taking; past expeditions have yielded valuable monster carcasses and even sizable quantities of raw gold ore.

2. BLAZING MEADOW

These impressive flower fields are best known as the site of Rumplank's annual springtime Poppy Nights festival, but even long after festival season is over, Blazing Meadow's female g'mayun caretaker, **Shishikaya Meadsmith**, works hard year-round to maintain her enormous (and enormously profitable)

farm. In addition to poppies, Shishikaya grows acres of plumeria, hibiscus, lavender, orchid, ginger, and sweet potato flowers, as well as native Indigo Isles flowers like sunset rose, wind thistle, tiaponia, and crownsong. For all this floral variety, Shishikaya hardly makes any money at all from selling flowers; rather, she derives her fortunes from her expansive mead operation, a family business passed down for over five generations.

This year, catastrophe looms just over the horizon for Blazing Meadow mead—all of Shishikaya's beehives are empty! As her back stock of mead dwindles, Shishikaya is becoming ever more worried that she won't be able to brew enough of her famous beverage in time for Poppy Nights. She's paying adventurers impressive fees to retrieve honey from the giant beehives in the jungle outlands, with a special bonus for freshly harvested eeko honey in particular. Could you be the one to help her out, dear reader?


3. CRAWLING CAVES

Close to the city, rife with monsters, and reputedly full of untold hoards of buried pirate treasure, the Crawling Caves are a rookie adventurer's dream. True to their name, the caves turn, twist, and weave around themselves like the tunnel of a massive worm, resulting in a natural labyrinth that befuddles even its own inhabitants. For generations the royal Redfeathers have offered a standing reward of a thousand gold pieces to anyone who can successfully map the caves in their entirety, but so far no one's been up to the task.

The caves have been the backdrop for many of Rumplank's worst tragedies over the years. The necromancer **Quoloti Vaskarin** conducted countless experiments in the caves connected to his tower's dungeons, and some of his monstrous creations continue to haunt the subterranean depths. Poppy von Barnacle's pious adventuring companion Pinomeri Elemarte cleansed Rumplank of countless undead in his day, but he's believed to have met his match somewhere in the Crawling Caves, since the last time anyone saw the orpok cleric was at the caves' entrance near the Okari Hills. Many spelunkers have braved the caves in search of Elemarte's legendary mace, *Ghastlimn*, but none have returned with even a clue of his whereabouts. Instead, survivors of the caves' travails tell stories of giant skeletal silk-tailed beetles, ghostly pirates, and an impalpable sense of dread or killing intent that follows one wherever they go in the caves.

4. NEVERGO'S ANTIDOTES

"Captain Nevergo," the dubious g'mayun proprietor of Nevergo's Antidotes, is anything but a skilled alchemist. Anyone with eyes can see that this dingy establishment would have been shuttered long ago in any other



settlement. What many fail to realize is that Nevergo's storefront is hardly a store and mostly just a front. The hissing apothecary makes most of his deals under the cover of night, when he trades with criminals both foreign and local in a variety of paraphernalia such as poisoned daggers, sleeping gas, and toxic eardrops. Just about every ne'er-do-well in Rumplank knows that if you want to buy something alchemical discreetly, Nevergo's is the place to go.

Most law-abiding Rumplankers find their potions and salves elsewhere, though in a pinch, one might be able to find an errant healing potion tucked in a dusty corner of Nevergo's Antidotes.

When met with a legitimate customer, Nevergo seems to forget the rules of his role in the exchange; more often than not he'll simply shoo would-be buyers away, urging them to take whatever they want and begone, or else to sit a while and listen to one of his legendarily grandiose fictions of previous voyages. When offered payment, the "captain" is confused at best, irate at worst. Most people shrug off Nevergo's eccentricities as perhaps a side-effect of the yellow liqueur he's constantly sipping, or perhaps some alchemical accident in his past. In truth, Nevergo is simply so skilled and so consistent a liar that he himself has forgotten where the truth ends and the fables begin.

Many mysteries surround Captain Nevergo, chief among them how someone with such a tenuous grip on facts can run a successful criminal business. Nevergo often speaks of his lies so convincingly that it leaves listeners wondering if it is perhaps they who have it all wrong, that perhaps the captain's impossible tall tales are true after all. Regardless, those who know him best know that Nevergo is an enigma to just about everyone—especially, perhaps, himself.

5. THE GUTTED SNAKE

There's a lot of competition in Rumplank for the best bar in town, with fierce opinions leading to street brawls among the proponents of various locations. On the other hand, nearly all Rumplankers agree that the worst bar in town is the Guttred Snake. The barkeep, Molo "Make-Sick" Dogodor, and the nefarious gang of pirates, the Iron Eels, may be the Guttred Snake's best-known regulars, but they're far from the only ne'er-do-wells who haunt its grog-stained corners. A silent vergiss chochori bodyguard named **Chema** can frequently be found at the bar, somehow keeping their coral alive by downing pitcher after pitcher of Dogodor's briny swill.

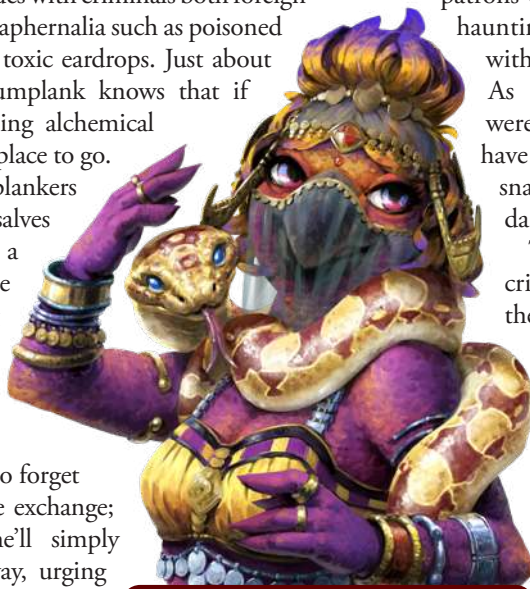
The female g'mayun dancer known as **Belpa the Snake Swinger** performs every weekend; though she has big dreams of playing the Rumplank tavern circuit, only the patrons of the Guttred Snake can stomach her haunting song and dance, which she performs with a real live serpent with dark blue eyes. As if her gut-wrenching performance weren't disturbing enough, some patrons have started rumors that it is in fact the snake who magically compels Belpa to dance, not the other way around.

The Red-Bellied Three, a trio of exiled criminals from Jakapo Town, come to the Snake at least twice a week to host small tournaments of galtzagorri card games. Even though the Three have a clear advantage since they grew up in a galtzagorri enclave, they still manage to find rubes to drag in and trounce at their table near the bar's broken front window. Their favorite game is, naturally, Jakapo Jokers, though they're also happy to play more popular games such as Birdcage, Poppy's Prize, and Fortune or Scuttle. **Hoko** and **Klippi** always play fairly, a point they pride themselves on, though the galtzagorri women still rake in quite the profit thanks to their skill and knowledge of the games' ins and outs. Their third, **Ipsimartes**, is not quite as talented as the other two at cards, but he also isn't above cheating when the chips are down, which he does by switching the deck for his living divination deck, an ancient set of cards named **K'maniqa**.

6. CASTLE RUMPLANK

The city's current monarchs, the royal Redfeathers, live in Castle Rumplank, an imposing edifice of native lava stone blanketed in crimson banners, pennons, and streamers bearing the royal Redfeather crest and the flag of Rumplank. According to the historical records, Poppy von Barnacle's chivalrous wizard companion, Arahosko the Red, oversaw the castle's construction over 200 years ago during the Rumplank Renaissance. Builders dismantled sacred tarukis and used the lava stones to construct Castle Rumplank so that it would represent both Rumplank's honored past as well as its promising future, and they chose the strategically located Isle of Flowers at the northern end of Barnacle Bay to build its foundation. The rest of the castle grounds, including the walls, keep, and other buildings, were made from lava rock hauled from the Okorki Hills, rather than existing taruki.

The castle's walls encompass Castle Rumplank itself, the equally imposing Rosewater Keep, the castle's



BELPA THE SNAKE SWINGER





garrison, a meticulously manicured ceremonial lawn, and a few small administrative buildings. Common Rumplankers generally don't loiter about the castle grounds except during royal holidays such as Queen Maxelle's birthday. On such occasions, the royal court of druids bring in potted palm trees, tamed jungle animals, and wagonloads of fruit, and Rumplank's oldest families of pirates and patricians showcase exhibits of gold doubloons and fine art. The Redfeathers don't demand displays of fealty or unfair taxes from Rumplankers, so the castle is rarely a site of strife. That said, its proximity to the calamitous Claw Quarter does draw the occasional vandal or cat burglar. For this reason, a small contingent of guards patrol the castle grounds day and night, though with strict orders to not harm anyone apprehended for unlawful trespassing.

7. REVELRY BRIDGE

The river crossing called Revelry Bridge is actually only the latest incarnation of a span that's repeatedly smashed to bits or overloaded and collapsed during Rumplank's many festivals. Marching bands, parades, and moving festivals starting in Barrel Square follow various routes through the city, but most end up at Revelry Bridge at the height of the celebration. The natural bottleneck results in a crushing crowd of drunken merrymakers. Compounding this danger, though, is the legend of an unholy haunt that suffuses the planks. According to ghost stories, the haunt is composed of the spirits of everyone who's ever perished on previous iterations of Revelry Bridge, and it pines for others to meet the same doomed fate. As the stories go, to shake their thirst for ever more victims, the spirits possess passersby as they near the bridge, instilling in their victims a supernatural thirst. Most days, folks resolve their sudden parched tongue with a nip of water from the Misty River. During raucous holidays like Nevala, though, when the only liquid on hand is a pint of rum or a jug of ale, afflicted guzzle their intoxicants with abandon. At this point, it only takes one stray elbow or spilled drink to cause the hammered procession to break into an all-out melee, often with deadly consequences.

8. EGGER'S ENDS & ODDITIES

Rumplank's unofficial adventurers' supply store is Egger's Ends & Oddities near the Crustyard. To call

the shop large wouldn't do it justice; **Klaminko Egger**, the nonbinary g'mayun shopkeeper, had the foresight to establish their commercial emporium in a drafty, dilapidated warehouse bought on the cheap. Over the years, the warehouse has gradually filled with tools and supplies scavenged from sunken ships, weapons sold by retiring adventurers, and more than a few crates of outright stolen booty.

Egger is as happy to purchase gear from customers as they are to sell it; the real money to be had, however, comes from Egger's regularly posted bounties. At the beginning of every week, Egger sticks new lists of wanted equipment and sought-after materials on the job board outside the store's entrance. Anyone who can bring them back the requested material before the end of the week is paid handsomely for their labor and given a hefty discount on some of the mogul's more unusual wares.



NUPOR STORMBAR


9. CRUSTYARD

The Crustyard is the industrial hub of Rumplank's shipping operations. Here, shipwrights build and repair sailing vessels, dockhands load or unload merchant ships, and captains prowl dockside bars in search of worthy sailors or pirates to join their latest expedition. Warehouses lining the shore contain wares both valuable and mundane; these goods are either waiting to be loaded onto a vessel for shipment throughout the Indigo Isles, or are imports being prepared for ground transportation to their intended recipient in Rumplank.

10. TEMPLE OF MANY COLORS

All are welcome to worship the Balance at the Temple of Many Colors—except demon worshippers, of course. The temple's g'mayun high priest, **Prismatic Colvi**, is one of the most knowledgeable men in Rumplank, particularly when it comes to religious scripture and old folklore. Colvi and the other priests of the temple welcome followers of any of the Balance's many deities, and even those who venerate older or stranger faiths, such as the Eld. While some prefer their own personal home shrines, many of Rumplank's pious citizens are happy to pray, tithe, and atone at this legendary taruki. Numerous wings are further subdivided into discrete alcoves, most of which feature a distinct statue depicting any of the myriad gods worshipped





throughout the Indigo Isles. Beneath the temple proper are the Rumplank Catacombs, where the remains of many famous Rumplankers (including, most notably, the dust of Poppy von Barnacle's trusted kragrak companion, **Undayo of Stonegulch**) are interred in sandstone mausoleums, crypts, and loculi.

11. QUILL & SCROLL ACADEMY

Rumplank's preeminent center for the study, practice, and development of arcane magic is the Quill & Scroll Academy. Like Castle Rumplank, the academy's construction was overseen by Arahosko the Red during the Rumplank Renaissance, though the school is of a markedly different architectural style than the castle. The academy's central hall is constructed from magically preserved wo'a hardwood and wrought iron bars bent into organic shapes like interwoven palm fronds or sea serpents. Five spires of painstakingly smoothed and stacked lava stone rise from the periphery of the central hall, each cutting an impressive silhouette against the harbor skyline. Annexes built onto the academy over the intervening years are made from far less costly materials like pine and rough lava stone, though the tradition of incorporating intriguing or unusual designs into the architecture has remained steady. Over the last decade, the college's legendary pyromancers have undertaken a tremendous campaign to replace the academy's hundreds of aging windows with new panes, crafting each new sheet of glass from superheated fine sand excavated from nearby Wispy Strand.

The Quill & Scroll Academy's current faculty head is the famous g'mayun transmuter **Headmistress U'oko**, a stoic, inscrutable scholar with decades of experience as both a professor and a researcher. Other notable members of the academic community include the school's distinguished volcanologist and elemental, a kragrak woman named **Mohumi A'aran**, and the ruthless male orpok professor of magical cooperation, **Raku Darino**.

12. CAPTAIN'S CLUB

Any skipper with a ship is ostensibly welcome to drink alongside the salty dogs who regularly haunt the Captain's Club, Rum Row's oldest (and dingiest) drinking establishment. In truth, however, its proprietor, the farose chochori captain **Nupor Stormbar**, and the club's veteran toppers rarely brook newcomers for long. Prospective patrons are liable to get the cold shoulder from not only their fellow imbibers, but also Captain Stormbar, and those who don't take the hint might find themselves tossed onto the muddy streets outside. The bar's exclusivity has rubbed many exiled drinkers the wrong way, particularly scallywags from nearby Claw Quarter, many of whom regularly challenge Captain's Club members to street brawls or attempt to sabotage

Captain Stormbar's formidable brigantine, the Iron Cyclone.


Stormbar's barback and first mate, **Heely Patches**, is a male hardrigger sailor with a soft spot for up-and-coming seafarers. Don't tell Captain Stormbar, but Heely will sometimes secretly meet with those who've been ousted from the Captain's Club and offer advice on how to impress Captain Stormbar or the other patrons. There's no surefire way to gain the regulars' approval, and simply bringing in a rare bottle of rum typically won't cut it. Heely's best suggestion is to participate in—and win—the monthly barrel-racing contest. Contenders must balance atop spent liquor barrels as they tumble down Rum Row; the first to the bottom with their barrel (and their body) intact wins. It's been three years since anyone outside the Captain's Club has won the esteemed title of barrel runner.

13. LOST CROONER'S HALL

Patrons of the arts from all over the Indigo Isles sail to Rumplank for a chance to catch shows at the city's most famous performance hall. Directors and troupes conduct a wide variety of performances at the Lost Crooner's Hall every day and night of the week, ranging



HEELY PATCHES



from choirs of patently rowdy (but undeniably talented) sailors singing classic sea shanties to heartbreakingly tender operas written by the city's leading playwrights and acted out by its finest thespians. To gain top billing at the theater, bards can either attempt to work their way up through the ranks of the countless common background actors all vying for similar honors, or they can attempt to waylay and personally wow one of the hall's regular stage directors, such as the notoriously fickle male kragrak director **Daolo of Thunder** or the gracious but unreliable female g'mayun director **Ulsa Goldeyes**.

Many famous performers have graced the Lost Crooner's Hall, and the storied wooden structure has also been the site of many notable historical events, both comic and tragic. Few who were present will ever forget the convulsion-inducing hilarity of **Epogard Hunmyth's** performance of "Funeral for a Redfeather," just as no one can shake the memory of when a vile curtain caller manifested in the middle of **Arkal Dimsun's** final, fated showing of "Perseno and Nunala" and

claimed the lives of the innocent players on stage. Alongside the outrageously handsome and dashing **Gatswel Underwind**, a male g'mayun actor (who some say looks suspiciously like the artist **Riki Alive** from The Indigo Artists' Collective), the Lost Crooner's Hall's most famous actor currently in rotation is the beautiful and brilliant **Jemalina Rosewinter**. The g'mayun thespian is a certified genius and a multiply-published member of the Indigo Isles Historical Society despite her busy schedule as a regionally famous actress.

14. MALABRIA'S MECHANICAL MISCELLANY

Rumplank's best tinker and self-proclaimed greatest intellect, **Falarni Malabria**, is also one of the city's least proficient business owners, at least in terms of financial acumen, embodying the trope of the absentminded inventor. She produces a wide variety of music machines, puzzle boxes, adventuring gadgets, home defense mechanisms, and other innovative oddities, but her most impressive creations by far are a line of mechanized mannequins capable of carrying out complex instructions. These mannequins stand about her store motionless most of the time, but they all have the disconcerting habit of silently moving or changing poses behind shoppers' backs—an effect which typically scares the rum out of new customers. Though many Rumplankers have asked to buy one, Falarni insists these beautiful, intricate constructs aren't for sale. Instead, she points patrons to any of the hundreds of fascinating, wonderful, and befuddling trinkets that fill the shelves, tables, and crates of her shop.


And here is where Falarni's mercantile methods come into question, for the pricing of her wares is random, to say the least, and more often simply nonsensical. Scattered among the cluttered shelves of the Mechanical Miscellany are wonders to be had for a pittance—say, an accurate model of the known solar system made of finest brass, for sale for a mere two silver pieces—as well as literal junk with an exorbitant price tag—a non-articulating wooden doll made from driftwood for ten gold pieces, for example, or a broken dagger, which Falarni will part with only in exchange for a solid platinum ingot. Many leave her shop in disgust before discovering any of its many treasures, though this never seems to bother Falarni, who steadily whiles away the day fiddling with one or another new invention from behind the sales counter.

Falarni has few regular buyers and even fewer friends in Rumplank, yet somehow she manages to keep the lights on in her cramped workshop, with shipments of imported crafting materials arriving at her doorstep almost monthly. Some hypothesize that her family, of which she is the only living descendent, was fabulously wealthy, and she uses her inheritance to fund what is



GATSWEL UNDERWIND





essentially just a hobby. Other rumors aren't so kind, speculating that Falarni must attain her money by extorting other businesses for one of the Claw Quarter's street gangs, moonlighting as a murderous pirate, or worse. If asked, Falarni laughs and dismisses such seedy rumors as the jealousy of those who lack vision.

15. PINKWATER WELL

Barrel Square's never-ending spring of watered-down red wine is one of Rumplank's best-known points of interest. Young g'mayuns are taught that the patron god of drunkenness, Xurlu, is responsible for the well's magical supply, but disillusioned adults know better, that it is high priest Prismatic Colvi and his clergy who are responsible for keeping the city's main source of drinking water safe (and fun).



ALAMORA BIGTOP

16. GARARDI'S SCHOOL FOR SCAMPS & SCALLYWAGS

Where many saw Poppy von Barnacle's disappearance and presumed death as a tragedy, the late Jazper Garardi saw opportunity. He established his training facility for aspiring pirates and wannabe buccaneers with the promise that anyone who graduated from his school would be as skilled a swashbuckler as any member of Poppy's legendary crew. In actuality, the only thing with which most students left Garardi's School was a lighter coin purse and a head full of dubious seafaring apothegms.

That it was hardly a reputable academy in the day of its original owner, Garardi's School commands even less respect now, overseen as it is by the infamous male g'mayun confidence artist, **Captain Bloodtail**. It's a commonly known fact in Old Rumplank that only those with more coin than common sense should seek admission to Garardi's School for Scamps & Scallywags.

17. THE RUMPLED FEATHER

The favorite tavern of many newcomers and old-timers alike is a colorful boathouse-turned-drinking hall called the Rumped Feather. The famous local ex-pirate Clamardinia "Dini" Wakamarsis started the business with her late brother **Zedegaya** after the two decided to retire from privateering. When Zedegaya fell ill with a mysterious illness and unexpectedly died one warm rainy evening, everyone expected Dini to shutter the Rumped Feather in her grief. Instead,

however, the barkeep threw everything she had into keeping the establishment alive. Many believe that Dini maintains her breakneck work ethic to create a legacy her brother would be proud of, though the proprietor of the Guttled Snake, Molo "Make-Sick" Dogodor, claims that Dini simply keeps as busy as possible to avoid dwelling on painful memories and to distract herself from a haunting he claims plagues her establishment.

Countless Rumplankers regularly dine or drink in one of the expansive tavern's halls on any given night of the week. **Palarmi Goodwind** is a relatively recent addition to the Rumped Feather, though she's become a fast favorite among its other regulars. The young and mysterious g'mayun fortune teller can use her living divination deck to give customers startlingly accurate predictions and read into their immediate futures.

Unfortunately, the timorous Goodwind's predictions are drastically hindered by her painful shyness and inability to deliver bad news.

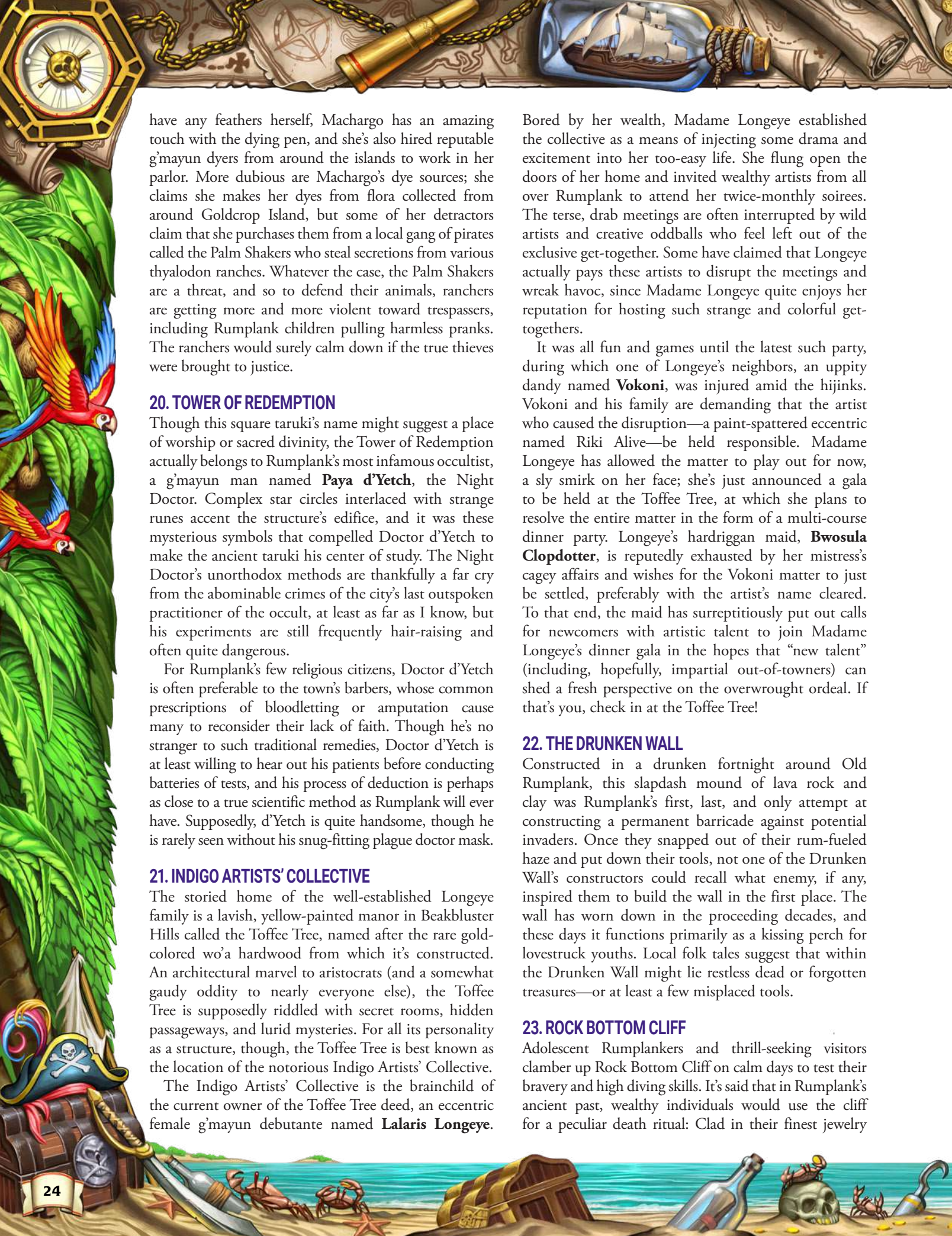
18. HARMONY HATTERY

Though it's located in the heart of Old Rumplank, Harmony Hattery is a rather new enterprise, started only a year ago by a local galtzagorri woman, a hat-maker named **Alamora Bigtop**. Considering the shop's youth, it has done surprisingly well; Alamora recently secured exclusive rights to craft her magnificent headwear for the Lost Crooner's Hall's players to wear onstage. The dramatic increase in exposure has caused business to boom, but Alamora is struggling to keep up with demand. She's hired additional hands to help with routine stitching and sewing, but more than this, she finds herself in need of ever more new and interesting monster parts to incorporate into her hats. She's willing to pay walk-ins fairly for useful monster parts, but the compensation is even better for adventurers willing to seek out monsters that fulfill specific criteria. Depending on the Lost Crooner's Hall's current production lineup or seasonal fashion trends, Alamora's requests might be as specific as "a green carapace with a distinctive pattern" or as general as "something fluffy and colorful."

19. RINGERS AND DYES

The city's most popular piercing and feather-dye shop is Ringers and Dyes, owned and operated by an orpok woman named **Machago Naporgi**. Though she doesn't





have any feathers herself, Machargo has an amazing touch with the dying pen, and she's also hired reputable g'mayun dyers from around the islands to work in her parlor. More dubious are Machargo's dye sources; she claims she makes her dyes from flora collected from around Goldcrop Island, but some of her detractors claim that she purchases them from a local gang of pirates called the Palm Shakers who steal secretions from various thyalodon ranches. Whatever the case, the Palm Shakers are a threat, and so to defend their animals, ranchers are getting more and more violent toward trespassers, including Rumplank children pulling harmless pranks. The ranchers would surely calm down if the true thieves were brought to justice.

20. TOWER OF REDEMPTION

Though this square taruki's name might suggest a place of worship or sacred divinity, the Tower of Redemption actually belongs to Rumplank's most infamous occultist, a g'mayun man named **Paya d'Yetch**, the Night Doctor. Complex star circles interlaced with strange runes accent the structure's edifice, and it was these mysterious symbols that compelled Doctor d'Yetch to make the ancient taruki his center of study. The Night Doctor's unorthodox methods are thankfully a far cry from the abominable crimes of the city's last outspoken practitioner of the occult, at least as far as I know, but his experiments are still frequently hair-raising and often quite dangerous.

For Rumplank's few religious citizens, Doctor d'Yetch is often preferable to the town's barbers, whose common prescriptions of bloodletting or amputation cause many to reconsider their lack of faith. Though he's no stranger to such traditional remedies, Doctor d'Yetch is at least willing to hear out his patients before conducting batteries of tests, and his process of deduction is perhaps as close to a true scientific method as Rumplank will ever have. Supposedly, d'Yetch is quite handsome, though he is rarely seen without his snug-fitting plague doctor mask.

21. INDIGO ARTISTS' COLLECTIVE

The storied home of the well-established Longeye family is a lavish, yellow-painted manor in Beakbluster Hills called the Toffee Tree, named after the rare gold-colored wo'a hardwood from which it's constructed. An architectural marvel to aristocrats (and a somewhat gaudy oddity to nearly everyone else), the Toffee Tree is supposedly riddled with secret rooms, hidden passageways, and lurid mysteries. For all its personality as a structure, though, the Toffee Tree is best known as the location of the notorious Indigo Artists' Collective.

The Indigo Artists' Collective is the brainchild of the current owner of the Toffee Tree deed, an eccentric female g'mayun debutante named **Lalaris Longeye**.

Bored by her wealth, Madame Longeye established the collective as a means of injecting some drama and excitement into her too-easy life. She flung open the doors of her home and invited wealthy artists from all over Rumplank to attend her twice-monthly soirees. The terse, drab meetings are often interrupted by wild artists and creative oddballs who feel left out of the exclusive get-together. Some have claimed that Longeye actually pays these artists to disrupt the meetings and wreak havoc, since Madame Longeye quite enjoys her reputation for hosting such strange and colorful get-togethers.

It was all fun and games until the latest such party, during which one of Longeye's neighbors, an uppity dandy named **Vokoni**, was injured amid the hijinks. Vokoni and his family are demanding that the artist who caused the disruption—a paint-spattered eccentric named Riki Alive—be held responsible. Madame Longeye has allowed the matter to play out for now, a sly smirk on her face; she's just announced a gala to be held at the Toffee Tree, at which she plans to resolve the entire matter in the form of a multi-course dinner party. Longeye's hardrigger maid, **Bwosula Clopdotter**, is reputedly exhausted by her mistress's cagey affairs and wishes for the Vokoni matter to just be settled, preferably with the artist's name cleared. To that end, the maid has surreptitiously put out calls for newcomers with artistic talent to join Madame Longeye's dinner gala in the hopes that "new talent" (including, hopefully, impartial out-of-towners) can shed a fresh perspective on the overwrought ordeal. If that's you, check in at the Toffee Tree!

22. THE DRUNKEN WALL

Constructed in a drunken fortnight around Old Rumplank, this slapdash mound of lava rock and clay was Rumplank's first, last, and only attempt at constructing a permanent barricade against potential invaders. Once they snapped out of their rum-fueled haze and put down their tools, not one of the Drunken Wall's constructors could recall what enemy, if any, inspired them to build the wall in the first place. The wall has worn down in the proceeding decades, and these days it functions primarily as a kissing perch for lovestruck youths. Local folk tales suggest that within the Drunken Wall might lie restless dead or forgotten treasures—or at least a few misplaced tools.

23. ROCK BOTTOM CLIFF

Adolescent Rumplankers and thrill-seeking visitors clamber up Rock Bottom Cliff on calm days to test their bravery and high diving skills. It's said that in Rumplank's ancient past, wealthy individuals would use the cliff for a peculiar death ritual: Clad in their finest jewelry



and gold-laced garb, individuals would jump into the crashing waves below in order to sacrifice themselves to the gods and secure a privileged place in the afterlife. Most locals don't believe these rumors, of course, but foreign adventurers sometimes take the bait. Multiple such divers claim that there's an ominous hole in the base of the cliff, deep underwater, but no one's been brave enough (or had the lung capacity) to dare enter the cave.

24. GREENSAND CORRAL

Dolphin riding is a common way for flightless g'mayuns and unwinged folk to get around Goldcrop Island, and Greensand Corral has catered to Rumplank's novice and veteran dolphin riders for well over a century. The Corral's head dolphin wrangler, the hypisk chochori Lutilu, has a miraculous way with the dolphins under their care. While many of their fellow chochori bristle at the concept of "leasing out" dolphins to the landbound denizens of Rumplank, Lutilu ensures each dolphin in their employ willfully agrees to taking a rider, and they never deal with individuals who don't take good care of their mounts.

Greensand Corral itself abuts Emerald Beach and is demarcated from the rest of Barnacle Bay by a natural enclosure of brightly colored coral. Though most Rumplank captains know to give the sacred cove a

wide berth, Lutilu's recently expressed concern over a mysterious ethereal ship that appears less than a mile offshore on cloudy nights. Several of Lutilu's dolphin friends have gone missing lately, and she's worried that the flagless, ghostly ship might have something to do with that. Keep a careful lookout if you're in the area!

25. QUOLOTI'S TOWER

The gunmetal gray ruins of Quoloti's Tower loom over Rumplank's sea caves and Gusty Beach. The underworld dragon magician Quoloti Vaskarin was a formative figure in the early days of Rumplank, but when the nature of his vile, body-twisting experiments came to light, the villagers tied the evil wizard to a burning raft and sent him to his watery grave at the bottom of Barnacle Bay. The hub of Quoloti's witchcraft was likewise razed, though much of the taruki structure's first two stories remained intact. No one can say for sure how many sublevels Quoloti had beneath his tower proper, for few Rumplankers have ever dared venture inside the supposedly haunted dungeons. Nowadays, the ruined tower is little more than a curious monolith or a lookout point for beachgoers. Those who know the history of the tower, though, still regard it with a mixture of fear, wonder, and disgrace. I recommend steering clear!



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