

A

City Council of Hounds' Teeth

A

You are a merchant selling exotic pets. You have come to the open city council meeting to try to get any nobles present to purchase your assorted offerings. They are expensive, but well worth it. Who can put a price on being the only one of your friends to own a Tolorian micro-dragon?

You were an adventuring warrior, but you insulted a powerful witch in your travels, and she turned you into a large rat. When you went home, your father almost stepped on you, and your mother screamed and shooed you out. You need to convince the council that you are really a human being and deserve help. You know that there is a powerful wizard on the council and hope that, if you can get his attention, he will help you.

You are Morin Tolik, a powerful wizard who's trying to establish a college in the city, separate from the guild's instruction. You also just happen to have been roommates with the current Guildmage of Hound's Teeth during your freshman year at Warchester Polymorphic Institute. You're sure he probably doesn't even remember that you repeatedly kicked him out of the room in order to sleep with the boyfriend who broke up with him in order to date you, and if he does, he must've forgiven you by now, right? If he doesn't grant you this, the city will suffer, and you will have your revenge.

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Dude, there's an open meeting at the City Council today! You're gonna be wicked cool and meet some adventurers that have, like, kick-ass swords and shit. Your dad didn't want you to go. He's such a fucking control freak. Why doesn't he just leave you alone? It's not like he can understand you. Nobody does.

You are Sandy, a proud warrioress of the plain tribes far to the north. Unfortunately, your family was poor and to make ends meet two years ago when you were sixteen, you were sold to a wealthy merchant in the city of Hound's Teeth who wanted a pretty, young wife. You are now eighteen and want out of the contract you consented to for your family's need. He's a slob, fat and lazy. You could kill him with your owns hands except for the fact that he's a rich man in the city and you'd be put to death for it.

You are Sammy, a particularly small halfling, with aspirations to be a great warrior. Unfortunately, no one will take you seriously and give you an opportunity. You're here to petition the City Council to stop the city's size and strength discrimination and give you a job in the city guard.

You are Bethany, a jaw-droppingly gorgeous, half-elven mistress of the night. Times are always rough for the women who work the night. Over the past six months there has been a great deal of planning for what brings you here today amongst your fellow workers. You have come to the City Council to charter a Brothel Guild, so that all of the red-light district's establishments will be officially sanctioned. You have been authorized to make whatever deals you have to.

You are Leo, the leader of a traveling halfling "circus performers". You are actually all pickpockets and thieves who rob everyone they can and move on as quickly as possible. You and the performers have come to rob from the crowd that shows up for a City Council meeting. You will keep the Council busy with trying to negotiate a site to use for setting up "Leo's Circus" while they rob everyone else blind. Negotiate as long as you can and then walk away from it, saying they aren't offering a good enough deal.

You are one of Leo's halfling "circus performers". You are actually a pickpocket and thief. While Leo keeps the City Council busy you are to rob from the crowd.
(x3-5)

You are an elf from the nearby elven city in the North Wood. You and your fellow elves are very upset about the uncontrolled logging that has been going on over the past twenty years. You are here to convince the City Council of Hound's Teeth to stop the loggers from causing any more damage to your homeland. (x2-4)

You are a forester who logs in the North Wood. You and your fellow foresters are very upset about the elves who have been causing increasing problems with the vital business you do. Those elves have come to try and convince the City Council to cut back on your logging. You need to stop them or your family will go hungry. (x2-4)

City Council of Hounds' Teeth

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Well, it's nice that the empire came in and got rid of the king, who had WAY too much control over this city, or at least so you've heard. But, this city council is full of bureaucracy, and puts way too many controls on what people can do with their own space and their own time in their own city. You're here today to let the council know that you and the other people of this town won't put up with the overwhelming number of rules they hand down for much longer.

You are a cutting edge musician. You perform using everyday household objects and live mice. However, many people do not understand the glory of your trade and the revolutions you intend to bring to the musical world. You have been kicked out of town square the last two times you tried to perform there. You have come to take the council to task for this discrimination. If they are not sympathetic to your cause, you will show them the depth and meaning inherent in your novel music in order to convince them.

You have been sent by Caris Winters, the sister of the current royal heir. She is seeking to gain power in the city, and overthrow the control of the guilds, putting it back in the hands of the royal family where it belongs. You are trying to throw bad light upon the council by starting a massive fight in chambers. Your ostensible goal is to get them to allow you to build a tower on your property that would glorify Porel but eclipse Tofen's store. Do anything necessary to get them bickering rudely.

You're here because you really care about what is going on in the city and want to hear people's concerns. Well, alright, that's a complete lie. Really you're just here because that's a good line to pick up on hot activists of the appropriate sex. You'll agree with anyone attractive in the hopes of getting a date with them.

The council accepted your neighbors plea last month when he came in asking permission to plant prickly vines along the borders of your property. Since then, you have had no peace. Every animal in your farm seems to think that the prickly vines are the best place to walk, and gets caught and scratched. You have come to demand that the vines be removed.

On top of a nearby mountain, there is a great and powerful evil artifact. You want to get it and destroy it. On the way there, you will encounter monsters and--you hope--treasure. However, your last quest didn't go so well, and you're alone and broke. You know that this is a threat to the city, so you're hoping that you can find adventurers here who will help you, and possibly get a grant from the council.

Six months in a row, you have come to the council demanding the right to build your 200 foot high temple of human feces to the great god Snof. Last night, the Snof came to you in a vision and told you that the council are out to destroy his power, and that it is your task to come in and kill them all with your bare hands. You trust Snof to provide you with the power to do this.

Your neighbor discovered valuable gems on his property, and has started a huge mining operation. His mining is polluting the streams from which your animals drink and making them sick. You are here to demand that he be forced to stop this dangerous and exploitative practice.

You have struck gold. Well, actually, you have struck something better: highly valuable magically potent crystals on your farm. You are going to make a killing, as soon as you can get enough of them mined. Unfortunately your obnoxious neighbor is trying to spoil your success. He wants to make you stop mining your crystals. He claims that the runoff is making his animals sick, but he's really just jealous.

Your pet elephant has escaped. Now, you really don't quite see how you could lose a pet elephant, but somehow, you seem to have managed it. You manage to lose everything. Now, it's very important that you don't lose the mouse you have, because it's your elephant's favorite toy, and if you don't have it, the elephant will never come back. You have come to ask all the visitors if they've seen a twelve foot tall elephant that answers to the name Squeaky. If they see him, they should lead him back to you, but they must be careful, as he is skittish.

Serian's sister has your cousin stashed in the Winter family private dungeon that remains on their ancestral property. You aren't sure whether Serian knows this, but you have come to the council because they are the only people with the power to force her to release your cousin.

You are a party of adventurers. You are chasing a group of trouble makers who captured the son of a noble from another town and are planning to hold him for ransom. You believe that they passed through Hound's Teeth and think that the council may be sheltering them. If the council is not sheltering them they should be able to tell you where they went, as they are not a particularly subtle group. (x3-5)

You have come to the conclusion that hair bugs will be the fashion statement of the coming year. Now you just have to convince everyone else of this. In the past you have been successful at starting fashion trends by selling enough of something--especially to nobles--at council meetings. These bugs are wonderful: they are brightly colored and highly decorative, and stick to your hair all by themselves: no clips, no glue, no muss.

You are a very rich adventurer who has been adventuring for many years. You have made so much money that you have decided you are ready to buy yourself a nice town and settle down. You have come today to offer to buy Hound's Teeth. At this point, it's just too much trouble to work with individual bribes, so you intend to simply hand the council a lump sum so large that they won't refuse you.

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You are here to introduce everyone to the value of your new life system. For simply 200 gold, you can turn someone's life around. It simply requires harnessing the power of their own mind to help themselves instead holding themselves back. Anyone who feels unfulfilled needs merely spend 6 months working with you.

You are here to denounce Mortak. His guards came into your home and beat you up, while he stood and laughed. Then they held down your wife while he . . . he . . . you don't even want to think about it. This bastard must be removed from his position before he abuses it any more than he has already done.

Once you get into council chambers:

You don't know what happened to you. A minute ago you were sure that Mortak had done horrible things, but you know this isn't true. In fact, he's a perfectly nice guy, you were just gambling with him a few nights ago, and made a pretty penny. Which, come to think of it, he still owes you, but he certainly never did anything like that. Someone must have done something to your mind. You've heard that there are wards in the council that stop mind control. You need to warn Mortak, and get the council to catch whoever did this to you, but you have no idea who that was.

B

City Council of Hounds' Teeth

B

You are Doisin Navis, a shepherd. Your neighbor, the rutabaga farmer, has been stealing your sheep. He claims that there are zombies in the fields that are doing it, but you haven't seen any wandering zombies. Yu are here to get the council to make him pay for your sheep.

You are Solitin Sal, a rutabaga farmer. Your neighbor Doisin keeps claiming that you are stealing his sheep. You have no use for sheep, and no idea what he's talking about. You've heard rumors of wandering zombies and think those might be what's stealing you neighbor's sheep, that is, if anything is.

You are the Knights of the Golden Flame, a wandering band of adventurers. One of your members has been imprisoned on charges of pickpocketing a local noble. This is his third offense, so under City law, he'll spend at least 50 years in the dungeons. Get him out. (x3-5)

You are the Crimson Vanguard, a wandering band of adventurers dedicated to protecting the world from the evils of goblinkind. You've heard reports that the city has a goblin problem, and you'd like a commission to eradicate the menace. (x2-5)

You are a member of a tribe of goblins. You have been sent as part of a delegation to protest the horrible treatment you have received. You just want to be left alone to work your mines, but all these nasty adventurers keep coming in, claiming to be sent by the council and trying to kill you. Humans are horribly prejudiced against the races that aren't tall and thin and smoothed skinned. Just because you're little and ugly, they think you're going to kill them. You want the council's protection for your tribe. (x2-5)

You're a lay priest in the temple of Sorisin, the Goddess of night and sex, and you've been noticing that there are a growing numbers of former parishioners of yours who have been leaving the flock to go worship in the sewers. This underground temple, the so-called "Church of Morrendick", must be stopped!

You are the Emperor's Deputy Undersecretary of Protocol and Homeland Defense. You're here to find out what the city is planning on doing for the Emperor's upcoming birthday. week. If the Emperor doesn't have funnier clowns, a bigger petting zoo, more chocolate cake, and even more presents than last year, it'll be your ass on the line.

You are Fellagri DeBarati, an elderly gnome bard renowned throughout the region for your harpsichord playing and singing skills. You comfortably settled in to retirement a decade ago when your hearing began to go. You have a hard time hearing most things... except those young dwarven "bards" that seem to just bang metal on metal all day and all night. What they make is not music! You're here to get the City Council to pass a noise ordinance so you can get back to enjoying your retirement.

You are Theodoric, a cleric, preacher, and prophet of the god of Prophecy. You have been known to have great visions and to speak in tongues. You received such a vision from your god that you should go to the City Council of Hound's Teeth this day and reveal to all present that the city is doomed. You don't know in what way, but you know you must convince everyone that the time has come and that they are all doomed.

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B

You are Rufus, an adventuring warrior. You and your love, Esmerelda, have been successful adventurers for the past five years. The worst happened two weeks ago: Esmerelda was slain in a battle against a terrible monster. So true was her love for you that she has lingered on as a ghost, vowing never to leave your side. Not having nearly the money to pay for it, you have come to petition the City Council to return Esmerelda to life . . . or at the least, this will get the ghost gone one way or another. You love her, certainly, but there's only so long a man can have a ghost following him every minute before he begins to wish she would stay dead. She's beautiful, but even so, as a ghost she's just creepy.

You are Esmerelda, an adventuring sorceress. You and your love, Rufus, have been successful adventurers for the past five years. The worst happened two weeks ago: you were slain in a battle against a terrible monster. So true was your love for Rufus that you have lingered on as a ghost, vowing never to leave his side. Rufus, not having nearly the money to pay for it, has come to petition the City Council to have you returned to life.

You are a merchant trying to hawk goods needed for adventuring to adventurers for inflated prices. A lot of adventurers come to City Council meetings to either get a job or get paid for a job. Money is your motive! Sometimes the council tries to shoo you from the meeting, but you can't let that happen: this is one of your best chances for sales.

You are an adventuring group! Your party noticed an advertisement in a local tavern that the City was looking to hire an adventuring group to handle problems with lizardmen from the swamps to the south of Hound's Teeth. (x3-6)

Serian Winters seduced your daughter and got her pregnant. You are determined to make him own up and do right by her. You are coming to humiliate him in front of the council to get him to marry her and accept her child as his heir . . . or at least pay generous child support and compensation to her.

You train insects to perform tricks. You are here to show off your trained cockroaches. You want to perform at the Emperor's birthday celebration. They are fascinating. You just have to look closely, and try not to step on the performers.

You have made a vitally important discovery! You are studying the physics of magic, and have learned that all magic operates by manipulating tiny particles called magons. You need at least a 5000 gold investment from the council to adequately study this phenomenon.

That horrible wizard Koric turned your beloved into a frog. You have brought the poor afflicted with you to get them turned back into a person, and to see Koric punished. How poor Porig must be suffering!

Mosqui is the one true God, and will wreak havoc on all the cursed unbelievers. You must try to convert as many heathens as possible from their imaginary demons, else they will all freeze in Mosqui's dark circle of eternal torment. (x1-3)

'Tavkeh is the one true God, and will wreak havoc on all the cursed unbelievers. You must try to convert as many heathens as possible from their imaginary demons, else they will all burn in 'Tavkeh's fiery hells of eternal torment. (x1-3)

You and your sheep have a deep and abiding love for one another, and want this recognized in holy matrimony. You are old fashioned, and don't believe in sex before marriage, and your dearest Fluffy is getting highly impatient. You want to satisfy your beloved, but you can't go back on your beliefs. You are here to demand that the council acknowledge your beautiful relationship.

You are a city guard watching the outer gates. You have seen zombies wandering around outside them in the past few hours and are getting concerned about it. None of them have tried to come in yet, but you have been dispatched to Mortak to tell him.

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C

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C

The merchants guild has ruined you. You are a perfectly decent purveyor of rags, fertilizer and spell components, however, they have refused to acknowledge you or allow you to sell in the market place. You demand that they be forced to accept you. You know Tofen would never see you on her own, but it council she has no choice.

You are an orc who has tried very hard over the past five years to fit in to "civilized" society. You even took the name Daisy. Unfortunately, two weeks ago, a woman pushed you too far... she wouldn't stop ranting about the "ugly, violent, smelly thing over there". You snapped after five years of such discrimination and killed her in a fit of rage. The law decided that your defense of "societal expectation pressure" was not good enough and have sentenced you to death. Your last chance for life is an appeal to the City Council.

There are many disreputable trades out there, but the most disgusting is that of the body merchants who sell bodies (and body parts!) to various kooks and necromancers in the city. You have been looking for a chance to go after them for years, and recently you got your chance. One of you saw this man dragging a still bleeding body out of an alley moments after hearing the screams of a dying man. This murderer must be killed, and his profession stopped. (x2-4)

You are a parts distributor. You have spent the past several years working distributing humanoid remains and parts to necromancers and spell casters who need very special spell components. Most of these parts you get from people who take a loan out from you during life on their remains after death. You have been known to supplement your takings by pulling the occasional fresh corpse out of a grave, however, you have never resorted to murder. Now, however, people are dragging you in here claiming that you murdered Hospic, a man who took out a loan from you. You are innocent: you simply found him in a dumpster, and claimed your rightful property. *

You are Einkil Rumnaheim, a dwarven practioner of the magical arts dealing with life forces, spirits, and the netherworlds. You are also a very competent lawyer and bureaucrat. You are tired of the simplification and vilification of your field of magical expertise with the label 'Necromancy'. You wish to petition the council to form an official Guild of Life-force Workers, with you as the head of the guild. You have all the appropriate legal documents completed in triplicate.

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You are the Red-assed Lama, spiritual leader of the Brotherhood of the Baboon. Your order has been trying to establish a temple in the city, but residents have been protesting, with ridiculous misconceptions like that you'll cause the streets to become littered with banana peels and feces. You need a zoning variance, for your 50-story ziggurat, and a Practice of Religion License. The tenets of your religion preclude coordinated work by its members, so you also need other people to build the temple for you. There is drastic prejudice against religions devoted to freedom from order and rationality and you want to change that.

You are follower of the Red-assed Lama, the leader of the brotherhood of the baboon. you are here to help him convince the council to allow you to build a temple. However, the religion precludes coordinated work by its members, and is devoted to freedom from order and rationality. (x2-4)

You are Jonis Cortik. You were born siamese twinned to your brother, Sonis Cortik. You have met Kamaw Tofit, the woman of your dreams, and want to marry her and settle down. however, she and your brother do not get along, and he has done everything in his power to stop the wedding. You want to be separated from him, or at least have them force him to allow you to marry.

You are Sonis Cortik. You were born siamese twinned to your brother, Jonis Cortik. He recently met a truly obnoxious woman, Kamaw Tofit, whom he has been dragging you all over with. You have done everything you could to break them up, but you have failed, and he wants to marry her. You can't imagine life with this woman, and so have agree to come to the council to try to get separated from your brother. If you can't be separated, you will try to convince them to prevent him from marrying her.

(cont'd on next card)

You are Kamaw 'Tofit. You recently met Jonis Cortik and fell head over heels for him. Unfortunately, he is siamese twinned to his brother Sonis Cortik, who is a complete jerk. You want to marry Jonis, but don't know if you could stand living with Sonis, so you have come with them to the council to get someone to separate them.

You are Marika Cortik. Your sons are an amazing miracle, having survived being siamese twins from birth. Recetnly they have been fighting over Jonis's proposed marriage to a woman who is no good for him anyway. They are coming to the council to try to convince someone to separate them. This would be a terrible loss, as they have something amazing that no other people have: a true connection between them. You want to prevent the council from splitting them up, and hopefully prevent Jonis and Kamaw from marrying.

You are Dirk, a local pickpocket. When you woke up one day invisible you thought it would be the best thing possible for your profession. It has been, however it hasn't gone away at all in the past month. It has also caused way more problems than you thought were possible. You've come to the City Council, knowing one of them is a powerful wizard, to see if you can get this curse on you lifted.

You are Tomis Corton, and you have recently discovered something truly horrifying: Lerin Lopel, the mayor is a demon come to take over the city. You think that the city council is probably aware of this and in cahoots with him, however, you hold out hope that they may not know, and will help to save the town. You have brought several of your friends for back up if they try to stop you. If they will not listen to you, you will know that they are working with him. Then you and your followers will try to warn all the people you can find to start a takeover.

You are a concerned townspeople. Tomis Corton recently came to you and told you that he had discovered that Lerin Lopel, the mayor, is a demon coming to take over the city. He is trying to talk to the council members first, in case they aren't working with Lerin. If they are on Lerin's side and don't listen, all of you will begin protesting and trying to convince all the townspeople there. The more people you can get on your side, the more prepared you will be when Lerin starts eating people's souls. (x2-5)

You are Liria Bowin. Your ex-husband Stani Bowin is the high priest of Porel and serves on the city council. He recently sent your daughter to another town to serve Porel there. While you never particularly wanted the child, you think that it is terrible of him to force this upon her, and know that she can't be happy there, so you are going to continue to show up and argue with him until he brings her back. He drove you away, and you know that it was really because he wanted to have access to all the young priestesses at the temple. You are certain that there are orgies going on there, and probably terrible abuse of all those poor children he "rescues." What other reason would there be for bringing so many children no body cares about into an expensive "school" when most of them don't become priests anyway?

Your daughter is a wonderful girl, but she is turning 21 next month, and has no prospects for a husband. You're here to find her a good match. Ideally, you'd really love to set her of with that dashing bachelor captain of the guard, but any good young man of strong prospects and abilities will do nicely. You know that some great heroes and adventurers come to these meetings, and hope to snare one.

You have discovered the cure to the zombie disease that has been running rampant in this city. However, right now you only have two doses. If the council can give you 500 gold and two assistants immediately, in the next half hour, you believe that you can make enough to treat 25 people, and the same amount every half hour after that. Of course, each dose will cost them another 100 gold, but how can you put a price on the survival of the city? One dose will cure the person immediately, but in order to confer immunity to future zombification, the person needs to drink four doses while not a zombie.

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You are a dragon. You have adopted human form and come down to Hound's Teeth because young adventurers keep coming up to your lair and disturbing your sleep. You really don't want to have to spend all your time fighting adventurers, and most of them are good and earnest and you'd rather not kill them. You want the council to ban the harassment of innocent monsters.

You are a ghost of the Spooks, Ghosts and Haunts guild. Your guild provides the valuable service of disseminating information to adventurers, providing clues, scaring young children into behaving, and giving new adventurers something to try their skill against. However, recently, several groups of adventurers have been actually killing off your members. You want it to be considered murder to kill someone, even if they are dead. The dead are people too. (x2-3)

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You are children who have been put to work in Tofen's factory. You have come to complain to the council about the excessive workload, no breaks and limited air supply. Your hands are always tired and aching, and you get paid less than half of what the other workers are being paid. You are here to demand that Tofen be required to pay you the same as the adults and give all her workers breaks and open windows. (x2-4)

You are a historian from 100 years in the future who has found a spell that lets you go back in time. However, you only have 8 minutes, so you have to learn everything you can as quickly as possible. This city is not your area of specialization, but the barrier between it and your time and place were lower than anywhere else. If you can get the right information and a few artifacts, you could be set for years.

D

City Council of Hounds' Teeth

D

You are a wand seller. Someone has been pilfering your profferings through a pulchritudinous performance of prestidigitation -- in other words, stealing your stuff. You require that the ridiculous rulers of this region restrict the rambunctious ruffian.

You are a Commedia dell' Farte performing troupe. Many refer to you as beggars, but those people clearly are indicating a desire to be on the pointy end of your timeless brand of insult comedy. You wish to hold a performance in the town square next month. You will also perform for the council so they realize the value of your art. (x3-6)

You are Steve, the dwarven were-crocodile hunter! You have made a name for yourself bravely (or foolishly) going in to the sewers of various cities and hunting were-crocodiles! You're an expert on the field and don't hesitate to tell everyone everything you know about were-crocodiles in grandiose terms! You have heard from reliable contacts that there are a few of them in the sewers of Hound's Teeth and you want to get a contract with the City Council for the dangerous hunt you're about to go on!

You are Black Timothy, a half-elven assassin. A month ago you received a contract from the Council of Hound's Teeth to cause eliminate the goblin troubles just north of the city. The City Council had no clue you were an assassin, just that you had good references at taking care of problems. You have assassinated the leaders of the three goblin tribes to the north, causing each of them to turn to internal warfare for at least the next several months. You're here to just get paid for a job done.

You are Jared Miller, a local miller. Your mill was utterly destroyed by some passing by adventurers fighting against some sort of monster who fled in to the mill to get away from them. Their wizard just blew your mill up with magic, engulfing it in flames! You are here to make sure the City Council pays for the rebuilding of your mill, since the adventurers were on a mission for the City Council at the time.

You are a popular minor noble in the city, Sir Jack. You see yourself as a true representative of the people and want to put forward the idea of the people electing the council members, so that the people--rather than just the guilds--are represented. You have attained your popularity with the townsfolk by upholding their interests when you can.

Sir Jack is a great man with high aspirations. He wants to give the townspeople a vote over what happens in the city. He will take the guilds out of government and put in an elected city council. You would love to see him leading the city. He is coming to tell the council what is in store for them, and you are here to support him. (x2-3)

You are an adventurer! You helped guard a merchants wagon coming to the city of Hound's Teeth. It was a tough job, some of the merchants goods were destroyed in a battle with monsters. The merchant has decided to take their worth out of your pay. You are here to petition the city council to make him pay in full the amount you are due.(x3-5)

You are a merchant. You were recently traveling with your goods, and unfortunately hired a batch of mouthy incompetent adventurers as your guards. They ran into a few dire bobcats, and couldn't handle them. The cats came over and destroyed half your cargo of rare and expensive powdered Kanaka fish. You, quite reasonably, took, some of the value of the destroyed goods out of the pay of the worthless guards who really don't deserve a copper from you. You have invented an amazing new clay. The liquid form of the clay can be poured

into any container. after which the container can be broken around it. The clay can then be remolded into any shape, after which, just a touch of the broken container it will resume its original shape. You need to convince the council that this clay has important prospects for the defense of the town, and that they should buy many gallons of it for the guards.

This town is a mess. The streets are filthy and the gutters run with stinking slime. Since you have been a zombie for the past 7 years, you are well acquainted with the stench of rot and decay. If you can spend so much of your time and effort to keeping yourself cleaned and perfumed, the city could at least put a little effort into clean-up. Even the people in this room are horrid. You can smell the body odor from the outside, and your nose fell off two years ago.

You are here to interview the council members. You are attempting to start a news sheet to distribute to the nobles on what is happening in town. You have gotten the attention of some, and they have agreed to pay you to cover this meeting as a test. You can't really afford to just sit here the whole meeting, so you hope to ask the council members a bunch of questions about anything you hear, or anything happening in town and take that information back to your clients.

Your husband was killed by a serial murderer and you will do absolutely ANYTHING to get him back. You've heard that the priest on the council could bring him back for you. He has to! He can't make you go on like this.

A nasty thief has been stealing your rhododendrons. The council needs to stop all this silly fuss about adventurers and zombies and catch this horrible thief! You know that the guards could get him if they'd just pay attention!

You are Noriff, a powerful extra planar creature who is doing a research project on some of the lesser races. You are trying to understand their actions, goals, and motivations. Anytime one of them does something that doesn't make sense, you should ask them about it, to get as many details as possible on this strange, primitive culture.

Z

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Z

You are a zombie. You want BRAINS!!! BRAINS!!!

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You are a zombie. You want BRAINS!!! BRAINS!!!

City Council of Hounds' Teeth

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