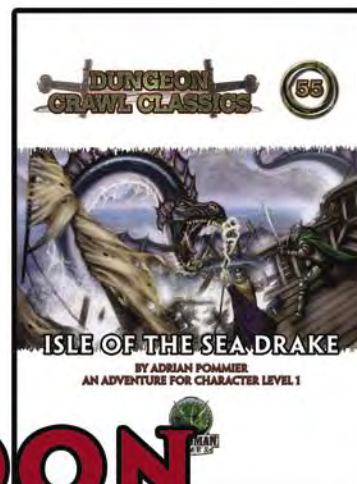
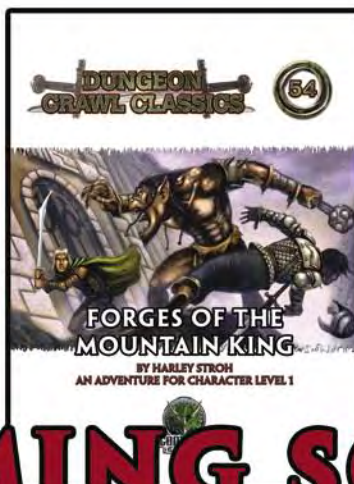
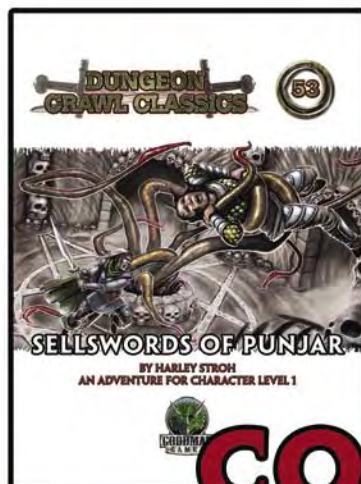


PUNJAR

THE TARNISHED JEWEL





COMING SOON

Punjar...

Throughout the Known World, no city is half so notorious. Blackened by fire, soiled by pestilence, and scarred by war, its sandy collection of spiderwebbed tenements and rat-ridden bazaars have birthed the worst rogues and villains to ever stalk the scoried thrones of the north.

But Punjar is also a city of chance and adventure, where fortunes are won in a night and lost before dawn. When gems glint and flare in the lamplight, the might of magic knows no bounds, and a warrior's quick blade and shirt of mail are his best defense.

So loosen your sword, keep a hand on your coin pouch, and take these first steps into its shadowy, torch-lit streets. A black mist is rolling in off the salt marsh, and the ancient city beckons...

Welcome to Punjar, The Tarnished Jewel!

THIS AUGUST DCC DELIVERS





PUNJAR: THE TARNISHED JEWEL

GAZETTEER OF THE KNOWN REALMS

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WELCOME TO PUNJAR ...

Throughout the Known World, no city is more notorious, decadent, or deadly. A sandy collection of spiderwebbed tenements, chaotic alleys, crumbling walls, and rat-ridden bazaars – the city's crowded wards have produced some of the worst rogues and villains to ever stalk the storied thrones of the north. Blackened by fire, soiled by pestilence, and scarred by war, Punjar's history is like a grim scar drawn by the hands of the gods across its chaotic streets and specter-haunted ruins.

But Punjar is also a city of chance and wealth, where fortunes are won in a night, and lost before dawn. Where the gold-plated thrones of courtiers are born on the backs of exotic slaves, and miracles can be bought if the coin is right. Sorcerers gather in dark conclaves to exchange eldritch secrets, and the mightiest of dweomercrafters tremble at the thought of the secrets slumbering beneath the cobblestone streets and sandy bazaars.

Above all, Punjar is a city of fierce contrasts. It boasts fabulous wealth and abject poverty, packed bazaars and forgotten alleys, haunting beauty, torrid wickedness, unbridled weal, and terrible woe. This is Punjar, The

Tarnished Jewel, a city where a quick blade and a shirt of mail are a warrior's best defense; a city where assassins slip unnoticed across the sooty rooftops, and the might of magic knows no limits.

So loosen your sword, keep a hand on your coin purse, and take your first steps into Punjar's shadowy, torch-lit streets. A black mist is rolling in off the salt marsh, and the ancient city beckons...

Those wishing to explore Punjar City should read no further – not because it might spoil their enjoyment, but because cunning GMs will always use misbegotten knowledge to lead cheating players into even more deadly traps ...

For your own safety: Players, beware!

... THE TARNISHED JEWEL

Of the nine initial 4th Edition Dungeon Crawl Classics, three are set within the city of Punjar and its nearby environs. By acquainting yourself with the city, it becomes that much easier to bring the adventures to life for your Dungeon Crawl Classic campaign.



Sages have dedicated their lives to recording the sordid history and happenings of Punjar (specifically, Jeren the Elder and his torrid Glossography of the Tarnished Jewel, which need not be recounted here). This meager tome serves merely as a primer, providing the GM with the tools necessary to begin a campaign set in the decadent capital of the Southern Province. Teeming with life, Punjar's chaotic streets and golden palaces offer no end of adventure and intrigue.

There are a number of ways for GMs to use Punjar in their campaign, and GMs should feel free to bend the city to serve the needs of their campaign:

- **Sanctuary:** For all its wickedness, Punjar is a bastion of civilization amid a sea of savage wilderness. From this stronghold, the heroes can launch raids against the forces of evil, returning to regroup, lick their wounds, and plot their next adventure.
- **The Undercity:** Not all dungeons are found in the wilderness. Punjar, laced with crumbling sewers, lost catacombs, and secret passages, has more than its share of deadly crawls. Known collectively as the Undercity, these areas comprise a forgotten, invisible world that exists a mere dozen feet beneath street level. The terrifying fiends lairing within, and the secrets they conceal, are enough to drive the staunchest champion mad.
- **Honor Among Thieves:** No hero can call Punjar home for long before running afoul of its underclass. Whether the PCs challenge Punjar's nefarious crime lords directly, or serve them as enforcers of muscle, and sell-rogues, internecine warfare draws in the heroes regardless. Perhaps most intriguing of all – for scoundrels of a ambitious bent – is the chance to become crime lords themselves, carving out a chunk of the ancient city to call their own.
- **The Nether Gates:** Believed to be a simple epithet noting Punjar's odd-score gates and gatehouses, the title carries a greater meaning for those acquainted with the city's dweomered past. Eldritch gates are concealed about Punjar, mimicking obscure, esoteric sigils. Portals to other places, planes, and times, the gates and their powers are closely guarded secrets, drawing conjurers, fiends, and travelers from throughout the multiverse.
- **Heirs to the Throne:** For ambitious PCs, there is no greater challenge than the quest for the mantle of the immortal Overlord. Trayr Sains, the current Overlord, won his throne through intrigue and violence, and his reign is sure to end in the same. Are the heroes powerful enough to win the throne and tame the restless city? And more importantly, are they cunning enough to keep it?

Perhaps most important is that the PCs experience Punjar as a living city, where their actions – be they for good or ill – incur repercussions and rewards. Spurned nobles will return to defend their honor, robbed shopkeepers will hire thugs and assassins to seek their revenge, and poxy beggars (befriended months past) can prove the difference between a dead-end alley and a harrowing escape. Recurring NPCs, be they enemies or allies, are what bring a city to life, and your Punjar should be no different.

THE CITY AT A GLANCE

Punjar is ruled by Overlord Trayr Sains, the self-declared Master of Heaven and Earth and Dragon of the Lurian Sea. A despicable rogue and back-alley fighter, Sains fought his way out of the slums of the Old City, and rules Punjar with a balance of masterful diplomacy and iron-fisted cruelty. He rightly assumes that all of his underlings seek to unseat him, and plays his rivals against one another in an endless series of internecine plots, assuring that no would-be usurper can become too powerful. Like a sinister puppet master, or archduke ruling from the pits of Hell, Sains accomplishes his aims through intricate schemes woven within schemes.

Though a masterful strategist, Sains has no clear heirs, and presently there is nothing that would prevent Punjar's decent into absolute anarchy upon the Overlord's death. Many believe that Sains' lack of a successor is just another plot, a clever ploy that makes him indispensable to the people of Punjar.

Sains is advised by a council of nobles and masters of various guilds. His council table is limited to thirteen seats, each awarded according to the petitioner's tithe. This has created an endless bidding war for a seat at the Overlord's table, in which seats go for an astronomical amount, only to be lost the next month when a rival outbids the current seated lord or master. Presently there are five lords seated at council table, four guild masters, and three arch-clergy, with the last seat reserved for the Overlord himself.

The city's walls and surrounding lands are patrolled by the Janizair, a fierce warrior caste more commonly known as the Dragonne – a direct reference to their scaled, stylized armor, and fearsome ability on the battlefield. Once warrior-slaves, the Dragonne are now vested with the right of hereditary titles and lands, and are effectively above the law. Organized into loose companies, the Dragonne are feared for their highly disciplined heavy cavalry, supported by mounted archers and spearmen.

The Dragonne captains and their warriors are not permitted to make their homes within Punjar proper. Rather, all have well-defended holdings outside of the city. Ironically, it is the Dragonne that run Punjar's notorious slave market, and the former slave-warriors use slaves to work their fields.

Finally, as much as a third of Punjar's 75,000 souls live outside the city walls, working the carefully irrigated farms that defy the arid land to supply Punjar's burgeoning population. Depending on the Dragonne for their safety, most have sworn fealty to one captain or another. Should Punjar ever be attacked, those living outside the city would be the first to fall before the invaders, immediately cutting off a crucial supply line to the city, a fact that is not lost on the Overlord. Of late, Sains has been secretly encouraging rebellious Dragonne captains to strengthen their fortifications with war-worthy citadels. Once the citadels are completed, Sains' agents will reveal the captains' traitorous plots, confiscate their lands, and award them to younger, landless captains, thus inspiring a new generations of loyal Dragonne warlords.

Bereft of the abundant natural resources that bless much of the Northlands, Punjar's economy is founded upon three equally dubious industries:

- **The Black Market:** Punjar's open black market is flouted in the face of the Criestiene Empire. Ranging from simple merchants seeking to avoid Crieste's high tariffs to outright pirates and privateers, Punjar's docks welcome ships of any nation, and opportunities abound for those able to live by their wits.
- **Mining:** The city's old iron mines were sufficient for little more than the crudest iron-mongery, and most were shut down decades ago. Regular shipments of ore are delivered from inland, with higher quality ores bought by traders. Local blacksmiths are known for forging slave manacles and shackles, nails, and low-quality arms and armor. Weapons forged in Punjar are notorious for breaking, and any thug or bravo worth his salt takes pride in owning a foreign blade. Weapons dealers, for their part, do a brisk trade in counterfeit weapons "imported" from imagined, faraway lands.
- **Entertainment:** Punjar's entertainment district caters to the lusty tastes of south seas traders, pirate captains, and their thirsty mariners, as well as the debauched desires of the Punjar's slumming nobility. Coming alive at night, Punjar's numerous drinking houses and raucous dens of vice have no equal. Whether enterprising rogues looking to roll a drunken mark, or high-riding con artists out to bilk effete aristocrats, the night offers no end of chance or danger.

THE (MIS)RULE OF LAW

Ask any sage of Punjar and you will get the same answer: in Punjar, every man is his own emperor. The jibe has two meanings. First, even the Overlord, master of Punjar and the Southern Province, was once a common pickpocket. Secondly, the citizens of Punjar, from the lowest beggar to the dread master of the Slayers, are notoriously self-possessed, greedy, and aggressive.

This culture of covetousness and violence is born out of the very nature of the city. While the Dragonne reign over life and death, they are self-serving at best, and their rule extends no further than the reach of their blade (or the arc of a red fletched war arrow). With no city guard proper to watch over Punjar, it has fallen to each of the various districts and wards of the city to create their own semblance of order.

These codes vary from ward to ward, neighborhood to neighborhood – and in some parts of Old Punjar – from block to block. Depending on the temperament of the reigning boss, these codes can vary from draconian and

