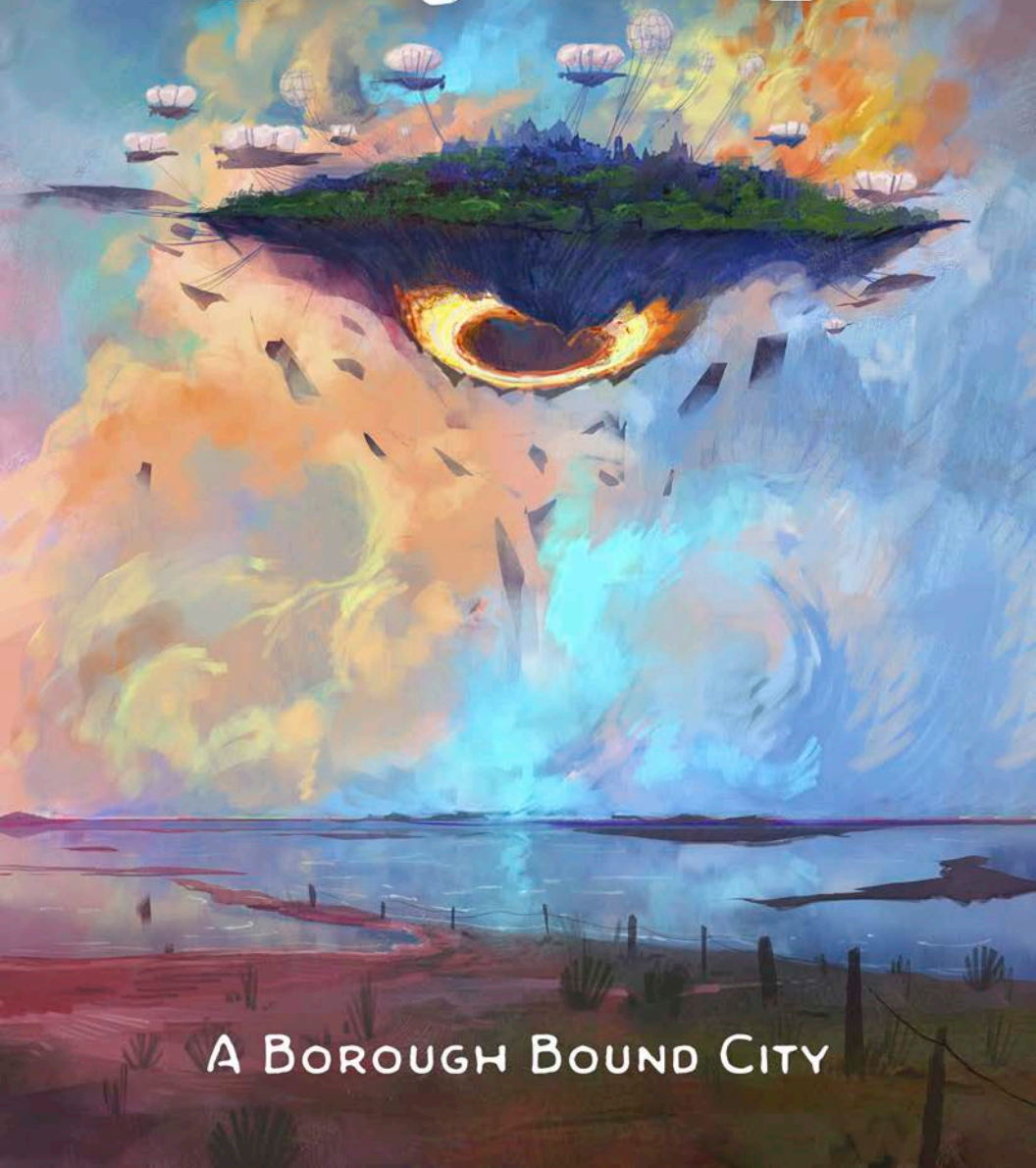


GRUUK JIT'JIT



A BOROUGH BOUND CITY

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CHAPTER 1

LEFTED





THE FLYING GOBLIN CITY! • THE EXPLOSION AT NIIRISARNEL! • THE ACCIDENT WAITING TO HAPPEN!

What a mess. Just an absolute blunder. Even for the Jit’Jit Clan, this is a fiasco of incalculable proportions. Here’s what happened:

The Jit’Jit Clan is a band of subterranean goblin criminals. For generations, the Jit’Jit Clan remained small in numbers, typically with no more than 150 or so members. They thrived on petty crimes. Their specialty was the “tunnel smash and grab.” The clan would burrow under inns and taverns, sneak up inside, and then steal huge amounts of food and alcohol to fuel their hyperactive metabolisms. After each heist, they’d return to their home base, comb through the rumors gathered by their informants, and then plan another job. Some of their members were moonshiners, others tinkerers, but most of the squad consisted of tunnelers and burglars.

A year ago, the Jit'Jit Clan decided to attempt its most daring robbery: a heist of the Niirisarnel Central Bank. The thieving goblins *knew* that there was an underground vault that would certainly hold a huge amount of complex mechanical wonders, and—they hoped, inexplicably—great stores of food. Even if they were wrong about that second bit (which, of course, they were), they figured they could snag enough gizmos and gadgets to support additional heists for years.

Unlike the rest stops and eateries they typically robbed, they knew the Niirisarnel Cen-

tral Bank would be well fortified. As such, they relied heavily on their tinkers to craft a comically large stockpile of explosives for the job. Beyond that, their plan was simple:

1. Burrow below the bank
2. Deploy a team to distract the guards from above
3. Ignite the explosives under the vault
4. Run away with all of the arcane trinkets (and non-existent snacks)

It was not a great plan, but similar strategies had worked wonders in the past.

The whole crew was going



to work on this one. A team of twenty would sneak into the bank topside and cause a distraction, while the rest of the crew got ready beneath the vault to handle the munitions and the extraction. Everything went according to plan, but the Jit'Jit Clan was not prepared for what was actually inside the vault: a selshanor elemental.

See, the Niirisarnel elves had maintained a near-monopoly over selshanor fuel, a type of highly reactive arcane goop. Most scholars and tinkerers across the realm assumed that the elves had stockpiled the selshanor fuel from eons long past, but the truth was that

they had an *inexhaustible supply* of it in the form of a sentient manifestation of the fluid. They kept this creature, an ancient being known as Piiralus (she/her), locked away in their Central Bank, only harvesting what fuel they needed to maintain dominance over the market.

When the Jit'Jit Clan ignited their munitions, they set off a chain reaction far more destructive than they could have anticipated. The resulting explosion launched an enormous chunk of the city of Niirisarnel into the sky. Yet, the reaction didn't stop there. Instead, Piiralus continued to



feed the flame, propelling the city higher and further into the sky.

Now, a whole neighborhood of the great elven city of Niirisarnel is rocketing across the sky with an endless supply of fuel. The Jit'Jit Clan has taken over the flying city, and the elves swept up in the chaos have retreated to a small corner. Pieces of the floating city keep falling to the ground, and

goblin raiders now have unprecedented access to the skies. Criminals use the lawless city as a base of operations. Worst of all, the departure of Piiralus has led to plummeting profits for the monopolist elves.

The goblins renamed their floating fortress Gruuk Jit'Jit. The town has been airborne for over a year now. This is not a good situation.

▶ AN UNBIASED OVERVIEW ◀

1. Population: Roughly 300 people (mostly goblins) live permanently in Gruuk Jit'Jit, though roughly half as many may also be staying at The Flying Pig Lodge at any given time.

2. Government: The city is ostensibly controlled by the Vaulters, the twenty goblins who were infiltrating the vault on the day of the heist. This is the same group who led the Jit'Jit Clan before the heist. However, many of the civic operations are conducted by the GJ Improvement Guild, an organization of altruistic volunteers. One could also consider Pii-

ralus the true “leader” of the city. Six major vactions vie for additional power.

3. Economy: The twin pillars of the Gruuk Jit'Jit economy are sky piracy and The Flying Pig Lodge. The city doesn't “export” any goods, but visitors bring in valuables to gain access to the massive—and lawless—inn that encompasses roughly one third of the town. That said, much of the goods that flow into the city are the result of aid from governments across the realm.

4. **Religion:** Like most goblins, the Jit'Jit Clan's belief system is a patchwork of parables and legends with few true deities. The foundational epic that informs much of goblin culture across the realm is *Trials of Traggle*, a legendary tale of the great goblin hero and his countless failures. A smaller group of goblins now also worship Piiralus as a God.

5. **Technology:** The Jit'Jit Clan has always included an impressive squad of tinkers. These clever artificers have flourished in Gruuk Jit'Jit, taking advantage of plundered airships and the fuel that Piiralus provides to build a wide breadth of new mechanical marvels. Chief among these is the now infamous steelfang, a class of goblin attack airships that terrorize the skies.



THE PEOPLES OF GRUUK JIT'JIT

Gruuk Jit'Jit is goblin territory through and through. Many elves were in the city when it launched into the sky, but most have since fled. Though only twenty goblins were “aboard” this district during the launch, most of the Jit'Jit Clan have hitched rides on airships to join their leaders. Plenty of goblins from rival clans have also made their way to the city, thrilled to witness the great goblin experiment firsthand. Finally, a diverse array of criminals and adventurers now flock to The Flying Pig Lodge.

THE JIT'JIT CLAN

Part family, part tribe, part criminal enterprise, the Jit'Jit Clan is not so easy to characterize. Jit'Jit goblins are insular. They rarely bear children with goblins of other clans, and thus they share many



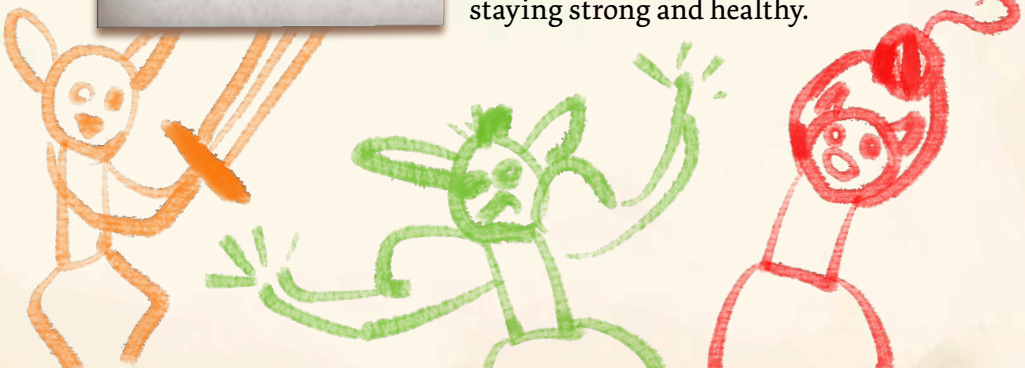
DEEDS OF THE JIT'JIT:

- During one of the first Jit'Jit heists—robbing a grain silo—a great fire broke out, eventually killing nearly a dozen neighboring villagers.
- Decades ago, the Jit'Jit Clan robbed a wedding banquet the night before the reception and inadvertently sabotaged a grand political union between warring monarchies.
- After stealing medical supplies (which they believed to be exotic desserts), the Jit'Jit Clan stoked a protest that resulted in the total reform of a kingdom's healthcare policy.

traits among themselves. They are shorter and scrawnier than most other goblins, features that serve them well when squeezing through the tunnels they once called home. One can “leave” the Jit'Jit Clan (that is: quit the thieving crew), but most who do so still refer to themselves as “Jit'Jit” to indicate their heritage.

The Jit'Jit Clan is known largely by other clans for their idiosyncratic lifestyle of running around tunnels and stealing food. Their reputation, however, grew far beyond their largely inconsequential crimes. Time after time, their petty burglaries resulted in dramatically outsized consequences, even *before* the incident at Niirisar-nel.

Pointing to various stories from Trials of Tragggle, the Jit'Jit Clan claims that these “unintended consequences” of their heists are irrefutable evidence that they are goblins worthy of exceptional renown. Tragggle himself was fabled to have caused mayhem everywhere he went, and *he* went on to save goblinkind from the archdemons Seclusion and Conformity. Clearly, the Jit'Jit clan is doing something right if they've managed to create so many mishaps while still staying strong and healthy.





OTHER GOBLINS

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There are scores of other goblin clans across the realm, and despite the Jit'Jit Clan's mixed reputation, many goblins from these foreign clans have made their way to Gruuk Jit'Jit. Most goblin clans fall into one of a handful of archetypes: martial, subservient, and mystic.

Martial clans are those that wage endless wars against the human, elven, and dwarven civilizations across the realm. A goblin from a martial clan is not *necessarily* trained in combat—even military societies need hunters and craftsmen—but they are each intimately familiar with lives of perpetual violence. As such, many are attracted to Gruuk Jit'Jit for the impressive contracts offered by thugs in The Flying Pig Lodge or the prospect of joining the elite sky pirates known as the Sharps.

Subservient clans are those that work for another group. Sometimes these clans are subordinate to orc and ogre raiding parties, acting as support crews for their powerful masters. Others are servants or slaves for wealthy human lords. These goblins have spent their lives in service, enriching and empowering superiors, and see Gruuk Jit'Jit as a shining beacon of goblin independence and excellence.

GOBLIN NAMES

D8	MALE	FEMALE	CLAN NAME
1	Aggik	Beeno	Argoo'See
2	Deeg	Iagru	Darof'Tu
3	Eesty	Kazi	Huk'Har
4	Mump	Luuksi	Klep'Beebis
5	Pish	Noyoka	Nargi'Juk
6	Spoogy	Quizzit	Ogga'Dod
7	Yunk	Sattiki	Trit'Uhr
8	Ziggo	Trimp	Urga'Barzoba

No two mystic clans are the same. Some are groups of goblin cults in urban centers, while others are isolationist zealots who live on the frontier. The one defining feature of mystic clans is their fervor for their beliefs. Most of these clans give primacy to the same body of legends that the Jit'Jit Clan has passed down for centuries, while others have their own deities and fables. Many goblins from mystic clans see the incident at Niirisarnel as a sign that the Jit'Jit Clan has begun to fulfill one prophecy or another. Still other goblins are drawn to Piiralus who they view as divine.

Goblins from other clans are proudly welcomed into Gruuk Jit'Jit society. They are not seen as second-class citi-

zens. That said, it is far harder for these "outsider" goblins to gain clout among the elite organizations within Gruuk Jit'Jit. Regardless of how clever one is, they will never be allowed to join the Vaulters, and it'll be harder for them to become a full pilot with the Sharps.

NIIRISARNEL ELVES

The elves of Gruuk Jit'Jit are—without exception—city elves from the great city of Niirisarnel who just happened to be in the banking district at the wrong time on the worst possible day. The elves of Niirisarnel are distinguished from other elves across the realm by their characteristic face tattoos, typically geometric patterns beneath their eyes.

ELVEN NAMES

D8	MALE	FEMALE	FAMILY NAME
1	Anaris	Biyariel	Abadar
2	Calmerin	Deimora	Calantho
3	Dest	Gadeline	Ebbor
4	Ersalin	Mo'inassa	Fal-Dín
5	Hellas	Niatriel	Lomella
6	Ristanios	Sioria	Possassen
7	Stellit	Tellain	Stendill
8	Zacius	Vaelua	Yoleis

Importantly, the Niirisarnel elves that still live in Gruuk Jit'Jit one full year later are each either incredibly stubborn or incredibly altruistic. The city is a mess, and the Jit'Jit Clan has fully established its authority over the city. Most of the elves who were in the district when it was ejected from the ground quickly made their escape as soon as the first airships reached the city. Those who remain are the members of The Niirisarnel Elves Hydroponic Laborers Union (described in detail in *Gruuk Jit'Jit* o8 - *The Elves*).

As such, the elves an adventurer meets in the city should not be taken as representative of elven control overall. Most Niirisarnel residents are taciturn and practical. Anyone in the city today has chosen to stay and is thus quite unusual for an elf.

CRIMINALS AND ADVENTURERS

A wide array of travelers make their way to Gruuk Jit'Jit. Some visit for but a brief moment to conduct business—typically illicit trade—while others use Gruuk Jit'Jit as a home base. The city is lawless, and so it attracts a variety of individuals who prefer to avoid the well-guarded city streets of the major towns across the realm.

If one can afford the trip—airship travel isn't cheap, especially now—one can make a nice profit by taking on jobs with Lyman's League, an "adventurers' club" that is largely a front for various criminal activities ranging from grave robbing to high-profile assassinations. Many desperate travelers take out large debts just to purchase fare to Gruuk Jit'Jit in the hopes that they'll

be able to repay their lender with the earnings from their trip.

Of course, not everyone who stays at The Flying Pig Lodge is a hardened criminal. Some are voyagers who hope to use Gruuk Jit'Jit as a sort of “ferry” between distant corners of the realm. The flight path of the floating island is unpredictable, but if one stays “aboard” long enough, one will see exotic jungles, deserted islands, and frosty mountain peaks.

FACTIONS

Most members of the Jit'Jit Clan claim that their flying fortress is a unified paradise. Make no mistake: the Jit'Jit Clan is in charge and it's just one big family of happy and healthy voyagers in the sky. This is patently false. Even the Jit'Jit Clan itself is a rapidly splintering organization that is threatened by infighting and tribalism. While the “glory of Gruuk Jit'Jit” is seen as the greatest accomplishment of the clan's storied history, the city has presented myriad

complications for the clan to overcome.

Outside influences have also dramatically shaped the culture of the floating city. The Jit'Jit Clan had never previously worked alongside other criminal enterprises, but the various small gangs operating out of The Flying Pig Lodge have forced the clan to set a few ground rules about how the city will function.

All in all, the city has become a complicated web of competing interests. Adventurers who make their way to Gruuk Jit'Jit will have to balance their reputations with these various groups if they hope to accomplish their goals. It is simply not possible to befriend everyone in town and expect everything to go hunky-dory.¹



1 A list of major factions follows, though these organizations will each be explored in much greater detail in the coming chapters.



GM NOTE: Given the competing interests of these various factions, you may want to quantify the reputations your players establish with each. Guidelines are provided in future chapters that outline actions the adventurers can take that will either gain or lose favor with each of the major factions. You can, of course, feel free to eschew this strictly numerical system and use a more narrative-based approach to faction approval if that's more your style.

THE VAULTERS

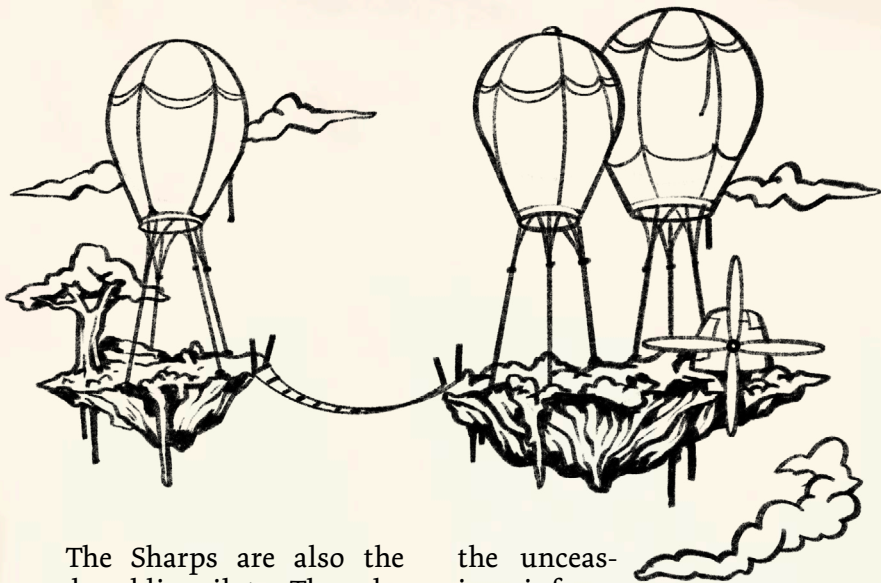
The twenty members of the Jit'Jit Clan who were *in and around the bank* when the bombs went off are known as the Vaulters. How they all survived the blast that leveled the bank is anyone's guess. As leaders of the operation that led to the ascent of Gruuk Jit'Jit, they consider themselves the true rulers of the city. That said, they have surprisingly little sway in how the city is managed. One consequence of a lawless city is that those in charge have few avenues to control the fate of their territory.

The Vaulters are the faces of the goblin takeover, and so they are usually the ones who interface with visiting dignitaries who hope to see a peaceful resolution to this whole mess. In practice, this means that the Vaulters are often

able to funnel outside aid into their own coffers. They've built themselves a pretty elaborate palace in a corner of the city, and the main way they interact with the other residents on the island is to make sure that proper laws *aren't* enacted or enforced.

THE SHARPS

Most of the Jit'Jit "operations crew" who helped set up the explosives that ignited Pii-ralus's propellant joined a force known as the Sharps. Collectively, the Sharps control most of Gruuk Jit'Jit's airdocks, meaning that the majority of visitors and cargo entering or exiting the city go through the Sharps. The notable exception here is that foreign ambassadors to Gruuk Jit'Jit reach the city via the Vaulters' private dock.



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The Sharps are also the crack goblin pilots. They design and fly the highly idiosyncratic steelfang airships, which they use to terrorize the skies. These chaotic airmen are the reason why air travel has become so risky for civilians. Any airship is a potential target of the Sharps. In most instances, these ace pilots will happily rob an airship blind, but there's always the chance that a particularly menacing or vindictive pilot will just shoot a ship out of the sky.

THE STOKERS

Piiralus is a strange entity. There are certainly more powerful elementals across the realm, but none that are so visible to so many. When Gruuk Jit'jit flies over a city, the first thing that will catch the eye is

the unceasing inferno at its center. Piiralus dedicates only a small amount of her seemingly inexhaustible output to the improvised rocket at any given time, but that's still enough to inspire awe and wonder from onlookers across the realm.

The Stokers are a fledgling goblin sect that worships the elemental. They consider her divine, and they "commune" with her regularly in an incredibly dangerous ritual that brings them exceedingly close to the never-ending explosion at the city's center. The Stokers have dubbed Piiralus "Jub," believing her to be an avatar of a supposedly divine being from ancient goblin lore. Of course, Piiralus is sentient, and she just so happens to appreciate the adoration.

THE GJ IMPROVEMENT GUILD

The entire hunk of stone, brick, and soil that makes up Gruuk Jit'Jit is barely stable. Large chunks threaten to crack off and fall to the ground at any moment. The GJ Improvement Guild is a volunteer organization whose primary directive is to prevent these rockfalls. Notably, most members of the GJ Improvement Guild are non-goblin. Instead, their membership consists of engineers and mages from across the realm who want to ensure that a Gruuk Jit'Jit landslide doesn't end up leveling a city.

The GJ Improvement Guild has—perhaps surprisingly—allied themselves with both the Sharps and the Flying Pig Lodge. They depend on rare and complex mechanisms to keep all of Gruuk Jit'Jit afloat, and the only current sources of these gizmos are the raids conducted by the Sharps and the payments collected by the staff at the lodge.

LYMAN'S LEAGUE

Every lawman across the realm knows of Lyman's League. They're *ostensibly* an outfit that sources contracts for adventurers. They connect powerful patrons to bold travelers, ensuring that anyone brave enough can earn some coin and build a reputation by undertaking dangerous jobs. In practice, the patrons that Lyman's League sources are usually financiers from within their own ranks, and the jobs are almost always criminal in nature. What might *appear* to be a scavenging operation is really ransacking, a contract for "reconnaissance" is really corporate espionage, etc.

No one was prepared for how quickly Lyman's League relocated to Gruuk Jit'Jit. Once scattered across various safehouses in disparate cities, the entire leadership—including Lyman himself—now maintains constant rentals of large blocks of rooms within The Flying Pig Lodge. As Gruuk Jit'Jit exists outside any formal legal authority, Lyman and his associates can rest assured that their work will go unpunished. The Jit'Jit Clan doesn't give them any hassle, and "adventurers" from across the globe know they can find reliable work by buying a ticket to Gruuk Jit'Jit.



THE NIIRISARNEL ELVES HYDROPONIC LABORERS UNION

Few elves remain in Gruuk Jit'jit, but those who do are almost all members of the Hydroponics Union. This collective is incredibly strategic. For one thing, the hydroponic farms that the elves tend are among the very few food sources on the island. Secondly, forming a proper union was the only way for the local elves to get the goblins off their backs. Quite simply: the Jit'jit Clan has a deeply ingrained tradition of respecting groups that band around a common cause. When the elves banded together, they guaranteed that the goblins would never crush them outright.

The Niirisarnel Elves Hydroponic Laborers Union (or NEH-LU) has very little power in Gruuk Jit'jit, but they hold many secrets that adventurers might need. They also—of course—provide much of the food needed on the flying island. Were they to go on strike, starvation would become inevitable. The elves have secret motives that might just make such a strike likely.

RESPECT FOR UNIONS!

Foolish Traggle was a stranger in the mountain home of the dwarves. He played with their tools, spat in their drinks, and chewed on their ores. Traggle was having fun, as a goblin should. But the dwarves were comrades, and they were all mad at Traggle. Traggle left the dwarves having made somber enemies instead of rowdy companions.

Foolish Traggle was friends with the Ku'Gigo Clan. He came to their feasts and caused a ruckus, ruining the elaborate pranks they had planned. The Ku'Gigo Clan were comrades too, and they were all mad at Traggle. Traggle left the Ku'Gigo Clan having spoiled a much more enjoyable party in which he could have participated.

Foolish Traggle went to buy some exploding powders. He bothered the tinkerers and stole their secrets. He flirted with their wives and poured ink on their records. He mixed up their potions and paid them in counterfeit coins. The tinkerers were also comrades, and they were all mad at Traggle. Traggle left, and his explosives misfired, burning him terribly.

Traggle was right to do mischief, but he was wrong to disrespect friends. A proper goblin honors comrades who unite for their common interests. A true union of equals who value fun and merriment is a thing to be commended.

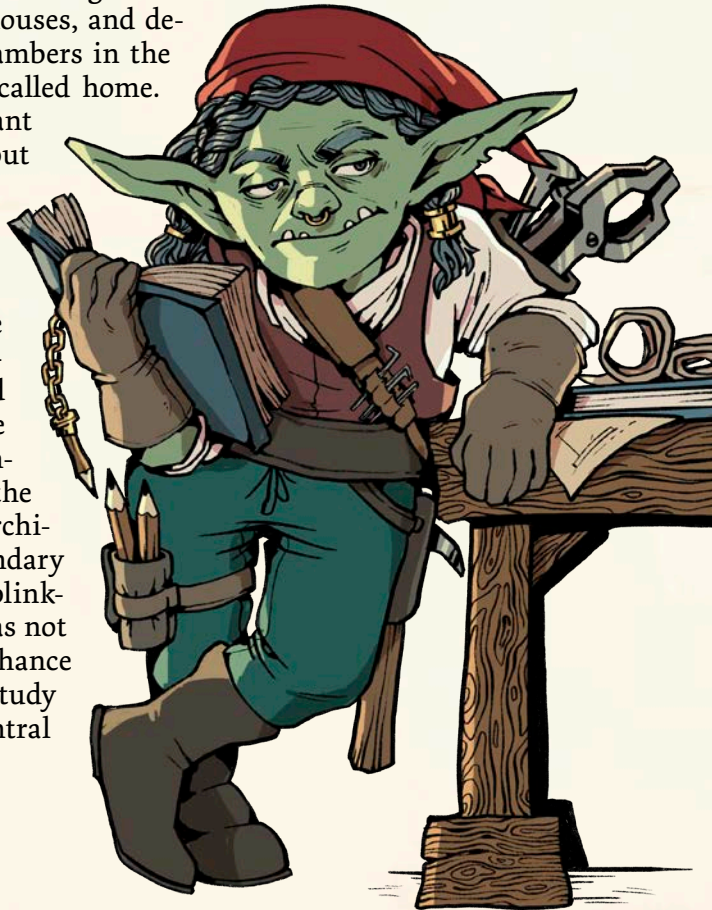
NOTE: To better understand the idiosyncratic culture of the Jit'Jit Clan, we have painstakingly recorded pieces of their oral history. Typically, easy-to-follow morals are provided. These morals form the backbone of goblin culture. LIMINA agents sent to Gruuk Jit'Jit would be wise to study these passages before interacting with the chaotic goblins of the flying city.

HEEGI JIT'JIT

When the Jit'Jit Clan infiltrated Niirisarnel's Central Bank, the majority of the team that actually made their way into the city proper were the sneaks, brutes, and duelists that usually tackle the team's dirty work. The tinkerers, planners, and demolition experts were in the tunnels below, preparing for the infiltration team's exit. However, among the team that would later become the Vaulters was Heegi Jit'Jit (she/her), the crew's architect.

Throughout her many years with the Jit'Jit Clan, Heegi mostly just worked on reinforcing tunnels, digging out safehouses, and designing small chambers in the caves their crew called home.

This is important work, to be sure, but nothing terribly fulfilling for an architect. When the team put together the plan to rob Niirisarnel, she begged and pleaded to be among the vanguard to explore the vaults. Elven architecture is legendary even among goblin-kind, and Heegi was not going to miss a chance to explore and study the majestic Central Bank.



There was one extremely fortuitous side effect of this decision: Heegi was among the first goblin residents of the newly flying city of Gruuk Jit'Jit. She had access to an entire district's worth of elven architecture to pore over. She could reshape the town however she wanted, synthesizing the elegant elven art style with the chaotic maximalism of goblin design.

To this day, Heegi is the official city planner of Gruuk Jit'Jit, but the anarchy of their bizarre city has quickly exceeded what Heegi can control. Goblins from other clans spend much of the time building new homes right on top of old ones and the staff at The Flying Pig Lodge are constantly expanding into sections that Heegi had designated "residential." Perhaps this was always inevitable. A lawless goblin city in the sky was never going to be neat and orderly. Oh well. At least Heegi can still take pride in the elaborate structures she spearheaded: Heegi's Lookout, Fort Vaulter, and the tourist docks.

Heegi has no aims toward greater leadership, but many diplomats from across the

realm are actively campaigning to install Heegi as the new chieftess of the Jit'Jit Clan. The present leader of the Clan, Chieftess Igo, is far too chaotic and difficult to work with. The ambassadors who are trying to bring about a peaceful resolution to the Gruuk Jit'Jit "fiasco" believe they'll have an easier time negotiating with Heegi. While this may be true, it seems entirely unlikely that these ambassadors will succeed in their plan unless they have allies in Gruuk Jit'Jit to aid their schemes.

HEEGI'S LOOKOUT

27

It is common practice for goblins of all varieties to construct lookout towers. For martial clans, this serves an obvious purpose. Enemies abound, and keeping a watchful eye on the surrounding lands can mean the difference between life and death. However, the significance of watchtowers in goblin culture extends far beyond their practical uses. Light-houses, guard posts, and towering pyres feature in a wide

variety of tales from goblin folklore, and even when such a structure is completely unnecessary (say: underground, or on a flying island), goblins will *always* construct some sort of elevated tower.

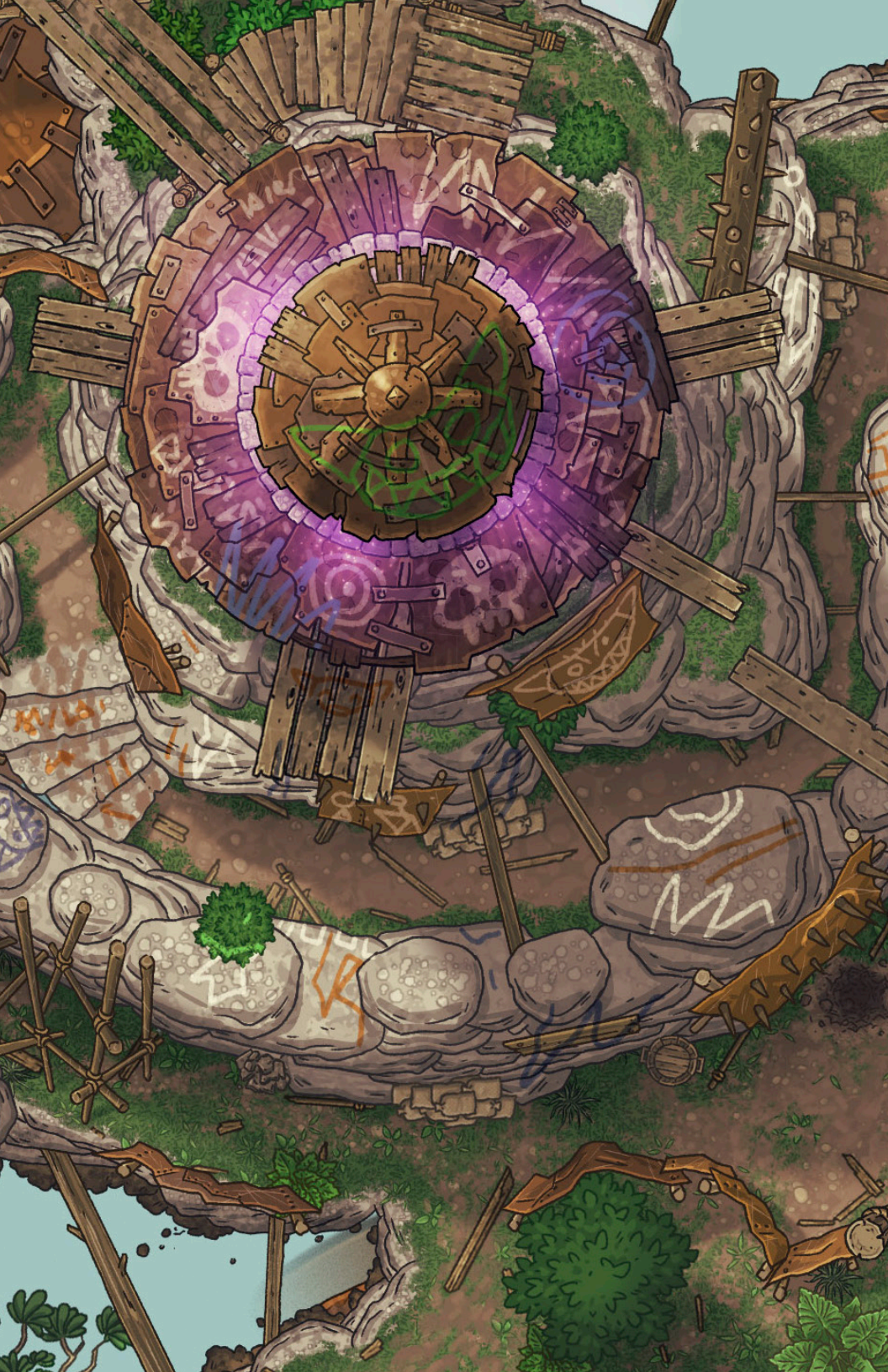
Heegi's Lookout is Gruuk Jit'Jit's obligatory watchtower. The city's goblins usually tell outsiders that the structure is a lighthouse. This is *technically* true; there is a continuous blaze that burns at its zenith. However, given the giant inferno in the center of Gruuk Jit'Jit, it is unlikely that even the most oblivious of airship pilots would accidentally crash into the floating city. Instead, the lighthouse serves to indicate Gruuk Jit'Jit's orientation in the sky. As the city flies across the realm, it often changes direction unexpectedly. When docking with the island, it's crucial to know the exact heading of the island, and Heegi's Lookout is the perfect reference point to triangulate with maps of the city.

Of course, Heegi's Lookout is both much more and much less than a lighthouse. The Jit'Jit Clan built the tower almost immediately after taking control of the island. The tower serves as an emblem of their goblin culture—a symbol to demonstrate that this elevated corner of Niirisarnel is no longer elven territory.

CLAIM THE FIRE!

Goblins love games, and since every goblin settlement has some form of watchtower, every goblin settlement also has its own variation of the human game King of the Hill. For Gruuk Jit'Jit, this is Claim the Fire, a citywide quest to maintain command over Heegi's Lookout. If a goblin is able to summit the tower without getting tackled back down to the ground, they can sprinkle a pinch of rainbow dust into the beacon fire, thereby changing its color. The color of the light at the top of Heegi's Lookout at any given time indicates the team that is winning.

At first, this was just a game between different families within the Jit'Jit Clan. It was a fun way to play around among Gruuk Jit'Jit's tangled architecture and fractured landscape. This all changed thanks to a gross misunderstanding. Goblins across the realm never intend for these games to be *meaningful*. That is: they are fun pastimes, but their outcomes ought not dictate anything of substance. Claim the Fire was never supposed to be a small-scale proxy war.



Humans, of course, can never appreciate something so simple. Once Lyman's League figured out what was going on with the colorful light atop Heegi's Lookout, they decided to go all-in on winning. The various couriers, burglars, and adventurers in Lyman's employ spent an irresponsible amount of time and resources to claim the beacon for their own, thereby demonstrating their dominance.

Once Lyman's League escalated the game, the goblins had to respond in kind. The stakes began to rise just as the Jit'Jit Clan themselves were beginning to become increasingly factionalized. Now, the major players in Claim the Fire are the same as the major players across the city. The teams currently competing are the Vaulters, the Sharps, the Stokers, the GJ Improvement Guild, Lyman's League, and—begrudgingly—the Niirisarnel Elves Hydroponic Laborers Union.

Functionally, nothing has changed. Teams send their members up the lighthouse in an attempt to pour their rainbow dust into the fire. If they succeed, they try to guard the tower against other teams. Winning does not meaningfully influence politics on the island, but there is always the *perception* that whoever controls the fire has just a bit more sway than they would have otherwise.

RAINBOW DUST

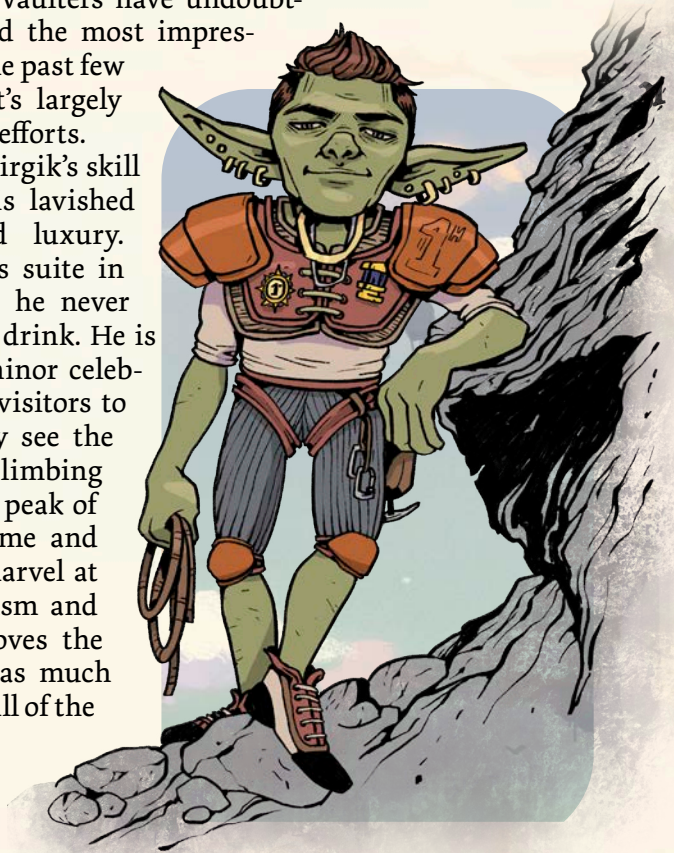
The Niirisarnel elves have a deep disdain for the goblins. They dislike the chaos, the noise, and the smell. Their greatest critique, though, is of the garish goblin lighting. Elves like simple fires or silvery arcane torches. The goblins, on the other hand, love adding rainbow dust to any fires they find. This inexpensive alchemical reagent can be added to any open flame to give it a distinctive hue. Goblin tinkerers seem to have a never-ending supply of the powder, and they'll happily share it with any adventurer who wants to add their own touch to any of the many open flames around the city.

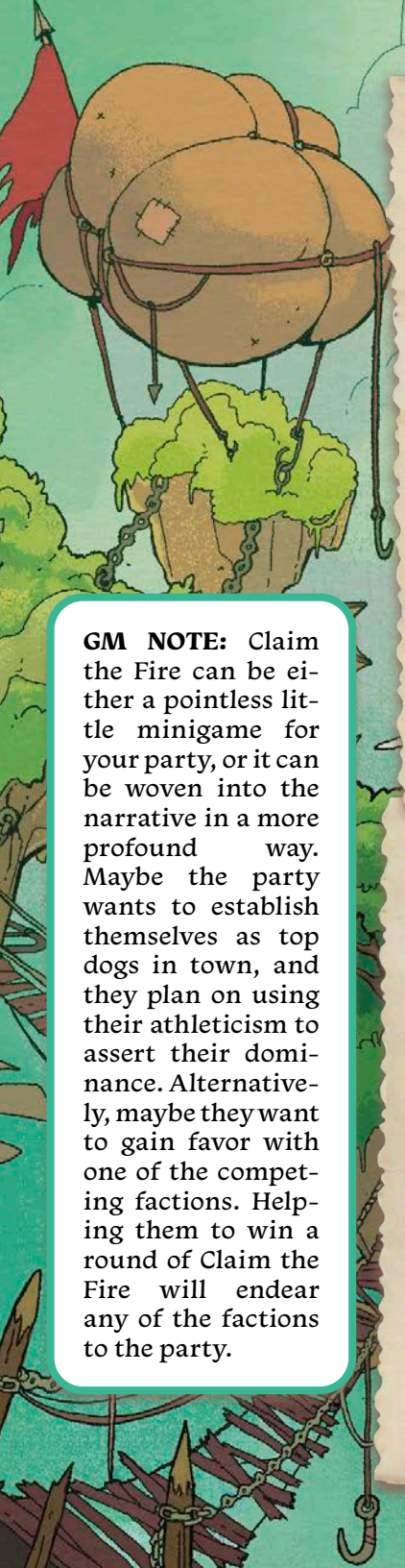
BIRGIK JIT'JIT

The Vaulters *really* want to assure everyone in town that Claim the Fire has *no* bearing on who controls Gruuk Jit'Jit. It's just a fun game that *some people* take way too seriously. They know, however, that perception matters, and that's why they make sure to provide their own star player with as much support as possible. Young Birgik (he/him) is an athletic powerhouse. During the infiltration of the Central Bank, Birgik was the team's ace in the hole, faster than his companions, able to squeeze through impossibly tiny crevices and scramble up sheer rock faces.

Birgik is always outfitted with the best equipment to ensure that the Vaulters keep control of Heegi's Lookout as often as possible. No team can ever maintain constant dominance in Claim the Fire, but the Vaulters have undoubtedly demonstrated the most impressive showing in the past few months, and that's largely thanks to Birgik's efforts.

In return for Birgik's skill and bravery, he is lavished with praise and luxury. He has a glorious suite in Fort Vaulter, and he never wants for food or drink. He is something of a minor celebrity, even among visitors to Gruuk Jit'Jit. They see the nimble goblin climbing his way up to the peak of the lighthouse time and time again and marvel at both his athleticism and tenacity. Birgik loves the attention almost as much as he loves the thrill of the game.





ELANDRIA DEVAL

The Niirisarnel elves realized that they *had* to participate in Claim the Fire if they wanted to be respected by the goblins. It is decidedly *not* a priority of theirs, but in order to remain in good standing with their de facto overlords, a bit of team spirit and enthusiasm is a must. Elandria (she/her) is the apathetic elven representative who spends the most time getting tackled by goblins. She does her best to reach the top of the lighthouse but always loses her footing or takes a goblin knee to the face before summiting. She's still healthy, but she's unsure of how much more of a beating she's willing to take just to suggest that elves can be "good sports."

GM NOTE: Claim the Fire can be either a pointless little minigame for your party, or it can be woven into the narrative in a more profound way. Maybe the party wants to establish themselves as top dogs in town, and they plan on using their athleticism to assert their dominance. Alternatively, maybe they want to gain favor with one of the competing factions. Helping them to win a round of Claim the Fire will endear any of the factions to the party.

OBIP, SON OF JUB

The Stokers take Claim the Fire exceedingly seriously. They believe that Jub—their name for Piiralus—bestows them with superior command over the island. As such, excellence in the inconsequential game should be evidence of Jub's greatness, and of the worthiness of her followers. Obip (he/him) is a zealot through and through. He competes for Jub, exalts her with every breath, and sermonizes at great length whenever he is able to sprinkle rainbow dust on the beacon. Generally speaking, the other competitors are friendly with each other, but Obip considers his own participation in Claim the Fire akin to a crusade on behalf of his God. Needless to say, he's a poor sport.

PLOT HOOK: LAND THE CITY

Gruuk Jit'Jit is a magical marvel and a symbol of pride for goblins across the realm. It is also a catastrophe waiting to happen. If the makeshift rocket engine ever ceases, the resulting collapse would kill everyone aboard, and it could wipe out an entire city. Put another way: the only thing keeping Gruuk Jit'Jit aloft is the perpetual blaze emanating from a temperamental elemental. If the binding shield around Piiralus were compromised, or if she decided to simply stop feeding the flame, the entire city would plummet from the skies, likely resulting in a shockwave that could kill thousands.

Mages, monarchs, and mystics from every corner of the terrestrial world are brainstorming how they might find a peaceful solution for the city in the sky. Some ideas involve military action, some magical mayhem, and others careful diplomacy. One thing is certain though: Gruuk Jit'Jit needs to *land*.



Adventurers deployed to Gruuk Jit'Jit on behalf of these powerful forces are likely to be given one singular directive: take the wheel, and bring 'er down. This is a complicated task that will require some combination of politicking, stealth, and combat. In the simplest terms, there are three ways that a party of adventures might land Gruuk Jit'Jit:

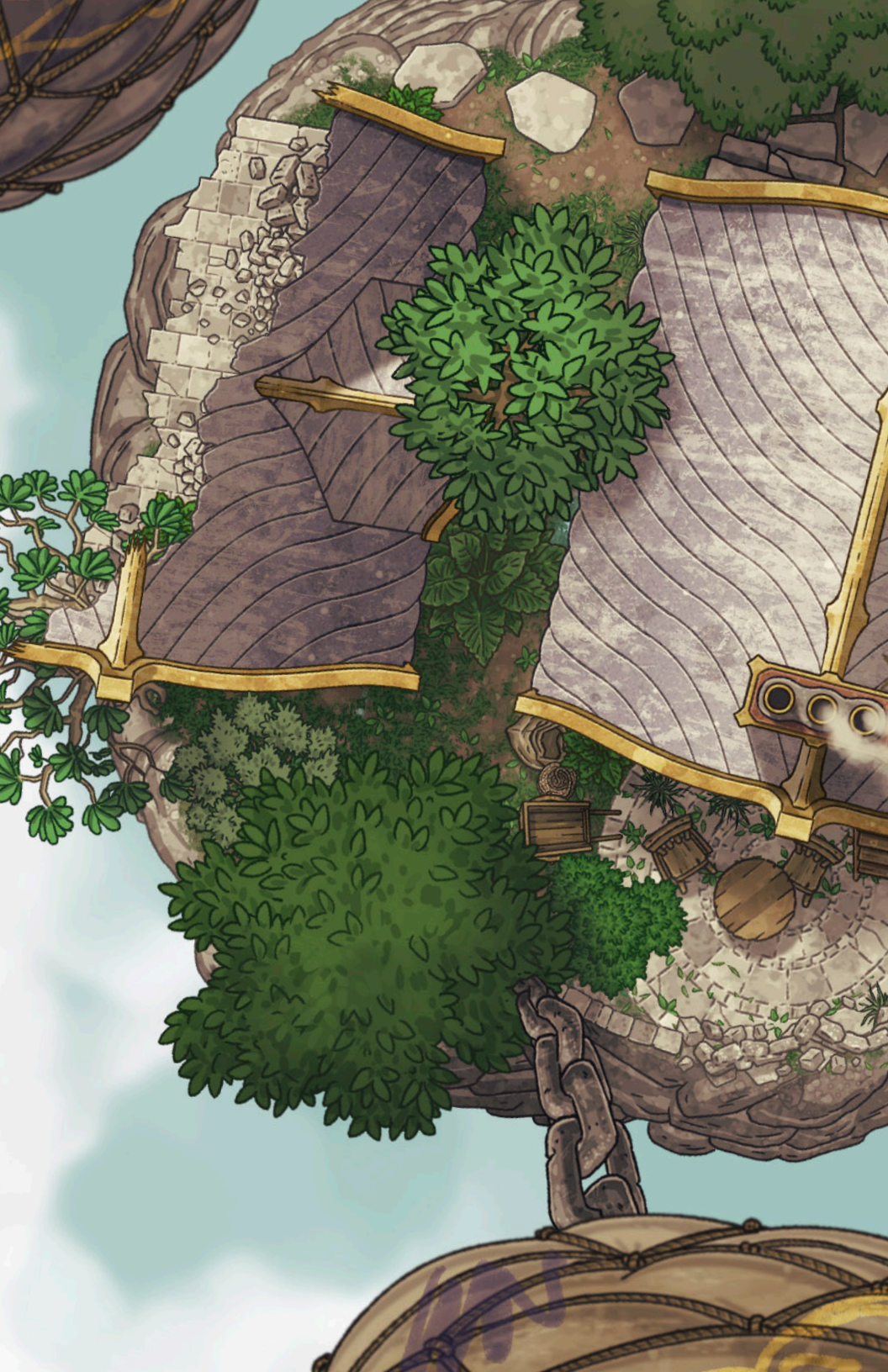
1. Convince Piiralus to land the island
2. Take control of the island
3. Sabotage the rocket

CONVINCE PIIRALUS TO LAND THE ISLAND

The basic mechanism for Gruuk Jit'Jit's flight is rather simple: Piiralus, the selshanor elemental, is feeding a constant explosion with the oil she can ceaselessly emit. She can control the rate and direction of this fuel, thereby dictating the angle and velocity of Gruuk Jit'Jit's journey through the clouds. The long-exploited elemental is the key to everything. If she tires of the goblins, she could "turn off" the rocket at any moment, allowing the city to plummet. She

GM NOTE: This is a complex plot hook that is likely to be intertwined with all of the party's actions throughout Gruuk Jit'Jit. Completing this task—should the party choose to—will likely be the last thing the party does in Gruuk Jit'Jit, so it is recommended to *draw this out*. Don't make it too easy for the party to just waltz down into the city's core and tell Piiralus "hey, let's land now, okay?" Instead, weave this into the greater plot. Intermediary quests that inch the players ever closer to their true goal will make landing Gruuk Jit'Jit all the more satisfying. Throughout the following borough guides, you'll find plot hooks that will tie into this central narrative.

Alternatively, you could also present the city as much less of a threat than this document suggests. If you'd rather keep a goofy flying goblin town as a staple of your campaign setting, just tell the players it's totally safe and reliable. Do whatever serves the tone of your campaign.



could also gradually reduce her output, slowly lowering the city to a new final resting place somewhere below.

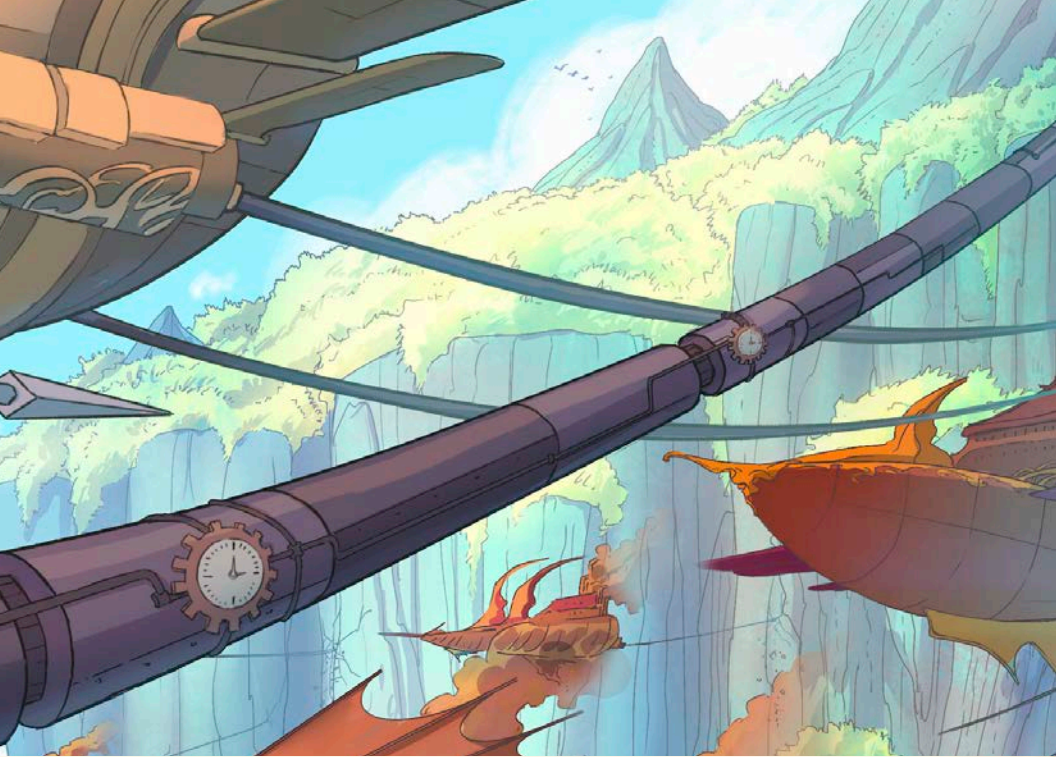
Getting to Piiralus will be no easy feat. She swirls around the binding shield, in the crater of what was once the Niiri-sarnel Central Bank. Teams of tinkerers build contraptions with the dregs they can siphon off from her, and the Stokers maintain a constant audience with the elemental. Visitors are *strictly forbidden* from getting anywhere close to Piiralus, for fear that they'll do exactly what the party is likely to attempt: interfere with the greatest achievement in goblin history.

If a party wants to gain access to Piiralus, they will either have to sneak past the squads of goblins, gain their trust, or else dispatch them with force. None of these options will be easy, but each will be *far simpler* with help. This is a primary reason why a group of adventurers will benefit from gaining standing with one of the major factions on Gruuk Jit'jit. Three-to-five brave adventurers won't be able to fight their way past dozens of inspired fanatics, but they might be able

to with the aid of a small army from a rival faction. It's an open secret that Lyman's League has been looking to gain access to the island's core for quite some time. The adventurers could potentially broker a deal that gives Lyman and his cronies access to Piiralus's precious selshonor fuel in exchange for some muscle. Of course, the party could always attempt to gain favor with the Stokers themselves, though they tend to be a suspicious lot.

Piiralus is highly intelligent and sensitive. Even if the party gains an audience with the elemental, they will have to tread carefully. Piiralus's full motivations will be explored in a future chapter, but the key for the adventurers to remember is that she is not stupid. She may be courting goofballs at the moment, but she has her own aims, and she is not to be underestimated.





TAKE CONTROL OF THE ISLAND

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Right now, Piiralus is at the helm, but powerful enough forces might be able to wrest control of the island from the elemental. If the adventurers are able to somehow overpower Piiralus and take command of Gruuk Jit'Jit, they'll be able to call the shots.

The most straightforward way that the city may be commandeered is through sheer mechanical might. The city is already a tangled web of loosely networked mechanisms acting in concert. The elemental at the city's core is providing the primary thrust, but the interlocking system of balloons, propellers, and minor jets could be hijacked and manipulated from a central position. This would require an overwhelming degree of technical coordination, but the GJ Improvement Guild might just have the manpower and knowhow to get the job done.

Alternatively, a powerful enough air force could strongarm the island into a landing. Some combination of harpoon airships, tug-boat dirigibles, and jury-rigged cargo fleets could pull Gruuk Jit'Jit out of the sky. This would almost certainly require the combined aeronautical forces of multiple sovereign states... in fact, such a

joint undertaking could set the precedent for long-standing airspace treaties to come. If the party doesn't feel like courting world governments, however, they could also try to *just* win over the Sharps. With the combined forces of their fleet—and any additional ships they can bully into helping them—they might be able to pull the city down. They'll just need an *exceedingly* compelling argument to do so first. The Sharps have total command over the skies thanks to Gruuk Jit'Jit, so it will not be easy to convince them to land their flying fortress.

38 Finally, there may be a purely magical means of ending the flying city's journey. Perhaps a powerful wizard is capable of re-shackling Piiralus, or perhaps a master of gravitational sorcery could yank the city back into place. Druidic rituals have been known to reshape landmasses before... if the great city could be transmuted to sand, it would at least eliminate the risk of catastrophic impact. Some say that the sage who initially shackled Piiralus still lingers in Gruuk Jit'Jit. Will the party stoop so low as to collaborate with a slaver?

SABOTAGE THE ROCKET

The shape of the tungsten binding shield, the mass of the island, and the exact fuel injections that Piiralus provides are all perfectly aligned to provide a reliable rocket thrust to keep the city aloft. If this balance were offset, there is no telling what would happen to Gruuk Jit'Jit's trajectory. Sabotaging any portion of the perilous balance could send the city tumbling into the sea or burning up into the atmosphere.

The most *likely* cause of an imbalance would be if something were to happen to the landmass of the island itself. If too much of the island were to become separated from the main chunk of rock and soil, Piiralus might suddenly send the island off into space with too much thrust. The goblins have *plenty* of still-usable explosives scattered across Gruuk Jit'Jit. It's entirely possible that an enterprising adventurer could "repurpose" some of these munitions for a bout of improvised guerilla terraforming.

Likewise, any distraction to Piiralus—magical, violent, or mundane—could snuff out

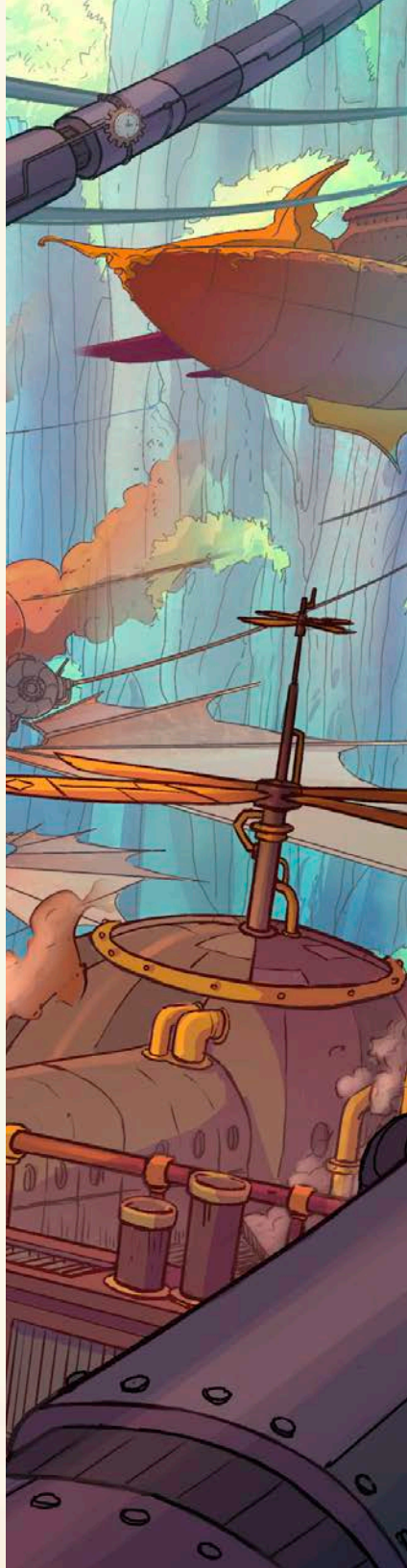
the ever-burning rocket that keeps Gruuk Jit'jit in the skies. If Piiralus were credibly threatened or otherwise incapacitated, there is a strong likelihood that the explosive engine would simply run out of fuel. As mentioned above, it is *not easy* to even get to Piiralus, let alone outmatch her, but the option is always available.

WHERE DOES THE CITY GO?

Landing Gruuk Jit'jit is likely to replace one problem with another. Even a perfectly executed touchdown will drastically reshape whatever landscape is chosen for the new site of this ex-Niirisarnel district. One of the primary reasons that world governments have yet to ground the floating city is the ongoing question of *where it ought to go*.

Many elves—of course—would like for their financial district to be returned to the city from whence it came. Many more elves want the “tainted” district to burn up in the sun. Wherever Gruuk Jit'jit lands, it is likely the goblins will want to stick around, and the elves *certainly* don't want a few hundred goblins causing problems in their city center. That said, there is wealth, history, and a small labor union of glorified hostages still trapped on the island.

Most of the human kingdoms agree the city should be grounded



somewhere very far from their own lands. They don't want to cause unnecessary casualties, but—like most elves—they don't want a confluence of goblins running around near their borders. The great trouble is that there are very few tucked-away locales across the realm that are unclaimed by one human kingdom or another. Anywhere that Gruuk Jit'Jit can land will likely bother someone.

There is always the *other* option. If the adventurers find a way to take control of Gruuk Jit'Jit or sabotage its thrust, they could choose to destroy it. They could drop it into the Yartharen Sea, or send it hurtling toward the stars. If the party does so, they could make a genuine effort to offload everyone on escape ships... or they could let the residents suffer the consequences of the city's altered trajectory. This is a cruel and destructive action, but it may be justified if the alternative is a game of meteor roulette hovering over mankind at all times.



CHAPTER 2

COMING AND GOING





THE SELF-GOVERNING TAVERN! THE ECSTATIC REVELRY! THE CHAOS OF AERIAL TRANSPORTATION!

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There are *officially* three sets of docks in Gruuk Jit'Jit: the tourist docks, the Sharp docks, and the skunkworks berth. These make up the entirety of the docks that you will see in official maps of the city, though this dramatically undercounts the various berths available to those in the know. Within the folds of Gruuk Jit'Jit's underbelly, any number of criminal vessels or stealthy skiffs can dock surreptitiously, away from the watchful eyes of the Sharps or any potential informants topside.

Regardless, adventurers making their way to Gruuk Jit'Jit for the first time will most likely make landfall at the tourist docks. These docks are located close to Heegi's Lookout and immediately adjacent to the entrance to The Flying Pig Lodge. Architect Heegi Jit'Jit selected this location strategically. The majority of travelers will easily find their way to these docks using Heegi's Lookout as a guide. They will then immediately make their way to the massive tavern. If the Jit'Jit Clan is lucky, these visitors will bring in valuables, enjoy their time in the tavern, and then leave without causing undue problems for the city.



It's not that the goblins dislike the predominantly human travelers who make their way to the city. After all, the goblins value camaraderie above all else. They do, however, dislike the degree to which human cultural expectations are increasingly thrust upon them. No, the Jit'Jit Clan

does not want to "uphold the rule of law." They do not want to transform every encounter into an exchange of shiny coins. They certainly do not want to bathe, eat with utensils, or urinate in privacy. The goblins desperately want to respect the human visitors, but it is overwhelmingly clear that the humans have no desire to reciprocate.

The strategic placement of the docks is thus an effort to funnel obstinate visitors into one corner of the city. There's still plenty to do in The Flying Pig Lodge, and most travelers will want to stay within the bubble of familiarity it provides anyway.

The tourist docks are the territory of the Sharps. This aggressive pseudo-army rules the docks like a highly disorganized gang. They want to make sure they have their eyes on any incoming visitors. They also want to assert their authority the moment a new traveler arrives in the city. The more the Sharps can make their presence known, the more likely it is that pilots will surrender the moment a Sharp steelfang launches an attack. Piracy is all about reputation, and the Sharps use the docks to establish their might and their unpredictability.



TUKIK JIT'JIT

Tukik (he/him) is doing his best to work his way up through the ranks of the Sharps. He's certain that he'll make for a crack pilot if he actually gets the chance to hop in the cockpit of a steelfang. Until then, however, he has to toil away on the tourist docks. Worst of all: he doesn't even know what he's supposed to be doing. He wants to impress the rest of his gang, but he doesn't know whether that means bullying around the visitors, acting professionally, or just slacking off. In practice, this often means Tukik dramatically shifts behavior mid-conversation with new arrivals. Little does he know that that's exactly the sort of chaotic comportment that the Sharps like to see.

EYKA JIT'JIT

Goblins seek constant stimulus. They are hyperactive and easily distracted. This manifests in many ways, but one of the most apparent to non-goblins is their love of incidental music. It is rare to walk into any goblin community without hearing the overlapping soundscapes of various goblins tapping their castanets, whistling strange folk melodies, or strumming away on improvised junk instruments. It's not unusual for a goblin to find some way to turn even the most mundane activities into an opportunity for music making. Laborers will strap bells to their ankles, dangle harmonicas from their necks, or sing a unison work song so that they never have to face a tedious moment of silence.

Eyka (she/her) takes this a step farther. She's technically a member of the Sharps, but the only time she has ever stepped foot onto an airship was to get to Gruuk Jit'Jit in the first place. Eyka is *terribly* afraid of heights... a particularly debilitating

fear given her role as a dock worker on the edge of a flying city. The Sharps trust Eyka's eye for character, so they've put her in charge of scoping out and casually interviewing new arrivals in the city. If anyone comes across as a fink, she'll warn the rest of her squad to be on the lookout. Alternatively, if an extroverted young adventurer has spunk and vigor, she may extend an invitation for them to meet with the Sharps.

Of course, Eyka is expected to do all of this while standing on rickety docks miles above solid ground.

In order to quell her constant nerves, Eyka plays accordion. Constantly. Ceaselessly. Whenever Eyka is working the docks, the entire district will be abuzz with her reedy harmonies ringing out over the din of the airship motors. She's a competent player, and visitors are frequently impressed with the cheerful goblin's ability to maintain a pleasant conversation while meandering her way through an old goblin folk tune.

Make no mistake: Eyka is *not* distracted. Or rather: she *is* distracted, but only from her crippling terror. She is still an excellent judge of character who can suss out liars and rats without missing a beat.



THE REALM SINGS “NO”

Foolish Traggles had become sad. He lost many friends, he had lost hair, and he had lost his way. Traggles had just wanted to have fun, but over and over the realm had sung to him and said “no.”

Foolish Traggles had begun to think the realm was at fault. He had tried so hard to help his clan and to revel in ecstasy. Maybe he ought not be blamed for his mistakes, for he had done his best all along the way. He still had time to right his wrongs, but the realm kept singing to him “no, no, no.”

Foolish Traggles had a bright idea. He believed he could no longer trust the realm, for he knew that it would only sing lies. So Traggles began to sing louder. He smashed pots and pans and blew profane melodies from his rusted pipes. He plucked on strings made of gut and created a horrible, joyous sound. The realm sang to him “no,” but he sang much louder. “Yes... ha ha ha...yes!”

The realm will sing lies to all goblins in turn. It is up to the goblin to sing louder.

THE FLYING PIG LODGE

Most visitors to Gruuk Jit’jit stay at The Flying Pig Lodge. This massive tavern complex takes up a full one third of the city’s upper landmass, and for good reason. At any given time, up to 150 guests may be renting rooms at the lodge. Demand for lodging in Gruuk Jit’jit is high, and The Flying Pig Lodge has had to gradually expand their capacity over the past year.

While most rooms are rented on a per-week basis, at least 20% of the rooms have been rented consistently by the same individuals from the moment the rooms were made available. Most of these

“semi-permanent” residents are members of Lyman’s League. These criminal administrators plan to keep Gruuk Jit’Jit as their home base for the foreseeable future, but they also know that they may be forced to leave town at any given moment.

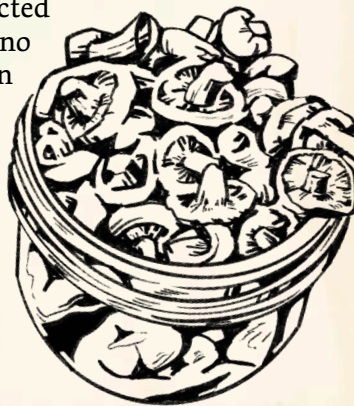
Rooms are sparsely furnished, and anyone who wants more than a bedroll, a chair, and candle will need to procure their own “luxuries.” A bit of straw to sleep on is plenty for most goblins, and if a visitor wants more, that’s up to them.

▶ THE ENDLESS BARBECUE ◀

The people who handle the day-to-day operations at The Flying Pig Lodge are goblinoid, and that’s never more apparent than when first arriving at the lodge’s front lawn. The tavern complex maintains a *truly* never-ending party immediately outside its main entrance. This unceasing cookout is exceedingly loud and exceedingly fun. Or rather: a visitor will know whether they’ll have any fun at all in Gruuk Jit’Jit based on how they respond to the Endless Barbecue.

Goblins need to eat frequently in order to slake their insatiable metabolisms, and so the concept of “meal hours” is entirely foreign to them. A goblin will seize on any instant that they might snag a bite of pig leg, mushroom chips, or pickled eggs. As such, some form of all-hours kitchen is standard in goblin settlements. The Flying Pig Lodge just happens to host one that is open to visitors. The sound of partying goblins can be heard at all hours, and the stench of strangely spiced foods emanates across the island.

All are free to eat, drink, and enjoy some chaotic music and party games at the Endless Barbecue. The only catch is that all who attend must not judge the customs of the goblins. If a human finds goblin eating habits repulsive, they are expected to keep that opinion to themselves. Likewise, no money can change hands at the barbecue. Even bartering and gambling is strictly prohibited. If guests want to buy goods elsewhere, they are free to, but the barbecue is a place for pure camaraderie free from economic pressures.



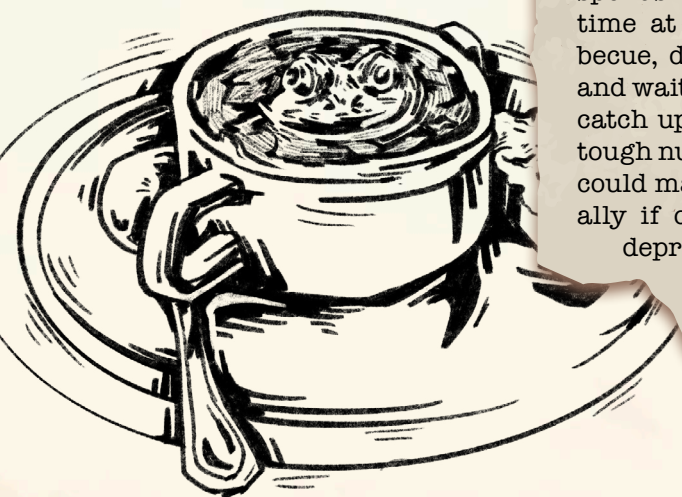


D10**BARBECUE FOOD
AND DRINK**

- 1 Hydroponic cantaloupe wine
- 2 Scallion pork haunch
- 3 Garlic curd
- 4 Sugar toad soup
“One of Everything”
(a mug containing a mixture of every currently available alcoholic beverage)
- 5 Chicken skin with capers and dill
Spiked Tonic (grain alcohol mixed with selshanor fuel—extremely poisonous to most species)
- 6 Mustard and cream delight
- 7 Mushroom chips
- 8 Charred cricket pita wrap
- 9
- 10

NANCE DECKAGE

Nance (she/her) is a drifter. In her earlier years, she was known as one of the finest swordfighters in the realm, a skilled mercenary who defended the honor of tyrants at the expense of her own. After decades of serving wicked men, she gave up her violent lifestyle and went into hiding. When she heard about Gruuk Jit’Jit, she made her way to the flying city as quickly as she could. She’s still technically in disguise, but anyone who has spent time in noble courts over the past 25 years will likely recognize the lithe middle-aged warrior. These days, she spends nearly all of her time at the Endless Barbecue, drinking endlessly and waiting for her past to catch up with her. She’s a tough nut to crack, but she could make for a powerful ally if coaxed out of her depressing drunken stupor.

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ACCESS TO THE LODGE

The Endless Barbecue may have strict rules against bartering, but access to the Flying Pig Lodge itself requires a material donation. Gold does very little for the goblins of Gruuk Jit'Jit. They do not use it to make exchanges with each other, and there's very little that they would want to buy from the visitors to their city when instead they could simply barter directly.

52 In almost all instances, travelers pay for their stays at The Flying Pig Lodge by bartering with mechanical parts. The city is perpetually falling apart, with large sections of the bedrock gradually cracking. The fractured landscape simply would not stay aloft were it not for the constant tinkering of the GJ Improvement Guild. These “upgrades” to the landscape—the installation of propellers, balloons, jets, and sturdy tethers—requires a massive and constant influx of materials. Some of these are acquired via piracy, but just as many are received as payments for entry to the lodge.

GM NOTE: The whole purpose of this bartering rigamarole is to show the players that the goblins don't subscribe to the same capitalist models that tabletop RPGs typically reinforce. Yes, of course, the goblins could just accept gold coins and buy the mechanical parts themselves, but that's not how their culture works. They only want goods that are actually useful: mechanisms that will help them *literally* keep their dream afloat. They're not going to start screwing around with fiat currencies now that they've finally achieved something close to their ideal society.

To be sure, not all visitors are flush with gears, nails, and adhesive when they arrive in the city. That will be a problem for empty-handed visitors hoping to sleep with a roof over their heads. The Flying Pig Lodge *will not accept* any minted currency in exchange for a room key. Luckily, some

enterprising members of Lyman's League have figured out a clever workaround for this issue: they'll happily trade with travelers. The criminal-adjacent organization maintains a steady influx of mundane mechanical materials via their secret dock under the lodge's sauna complex. Guests who need a room can exchange their hard-earned currency for a few buckets worth of gizmos which they can then use as acceptable payment.

▶ WHO'S IN CHARGE? ◀

The goblins have an extremely *laissez-faire* attitude toward The Flying Pig Lodge. It seems to keep growing and growing, and almost every goblin has worked at the inn in one capacity or another. However, unlike the docks, skunkworks, or greenhouse, there's no one faction that seems to claim ownership of the lodge.

There are always a few goblins cooking at the Endless Barbecue, someone handing out keys in exchange for gizmos, and a few goblins here or there creating additions to the ever-growing complex, but there is no widely accepted "proprietor" or "management." This is, after all, uncharted territory for goblinkind. There are no "goblin hotels" in their other settlements across the realm, so everything about the lodge has been improvised.





And yet, the lodge functions perfectly fine. Payments are collected, rooms are maintained (though infrequently cleaned), and the occasional dispute over the duration of a stay will always be resolved by whomever happens to be around at any given moment.

Many humans suspect that *someone* must be calling the shots from behind the scenes. Hell, some goblins figure that might be the case as well. There are debates about whether the lodge functions in spite of the city's anarchy, or rather *because* of it.



D6

MANAGEMENT SECRET

1 Volunteers from across the realm have been secretly managing the lodge in an effort to increase the city's stockpile of mechanical tools, thereby keeping the city afloat.

2 A secret deal has been struck by the various major factions of Gruuk Jit'Jit. Whoever is currently leading Claim the Fire is responsible for upkeep and management of the lodge.

3 An enterprising young businessman named Cherk Ku'Gigo took control of the lodge. He's selling off excess gizmos for cash. He hides his capitalist sins from his goblin kin.

4 Niirisarnel is a profoundly haunted city, and many of the spirits tied to it have been launched into the skies with the rest of Gruuk Jit'Jit. With fewer elves to torment, some have now entered the hospitality industry.

5 The lodge is exactly as anarchic and communal as it seems, but the entire structure is on the verge of an imminent collapse.

6 Various forces have attempted to commandeer the lodge, but Lyman has strongarmed each of them into backing off. He prefers the relative chaos of the current situation.

Many goblins suggest that a communal enterprise like this with no obvious leadership is exactly the sort of institution that goblins ought to strive for, and that the lodge is a sort of microcosm of Gruuk Jit'Jit itself.

In either case, there are downsides to this lack of proper leadership. The tavern is growing erratically, and while the whole city is lawless, there are parts of the lodge that are more lawless than others, dangerous alcoves and annexes ruled by Lyman's League with violence. Architecturally, the building is less sound than many of the other megastructures on Gruuk Jit'Jit, namely those designed by master architect Heegi Jit'Jit—the risk of a partial collapse is always on the mind of visitors. Nevertheless: it's astounding that the lodge functions at all.

It is possible that the leadership of The Flying Pig Lodge is more complicated than it appears. Consider rolling on the Management Secret table for plot hooks concerning the control of the lodge.

GRINGUS DU'GUK

The Du'Guk Clan is a sophisticated crew of urban goblins who pride themselves on their vast collections of goblin documents. Though most clans pass down their lore orally, the Du'Guk scribes make a point of recording any tales they hear when encountering kin from other clans. They take on this task nobly, but many Du'Guk goblins have an unmistakable pretension. Gringus (he/him) believes himself to be above the Jit'Jit Clan, the Ku'Gigo Clan, and just about every other group of goblins that has gradually made their way to Gruuk Jit'Jit. Nonetheless, Gringus plans to stay in the Flying Pig Lodge until he can fill at least three volumes with collected oral histories of the newly commingling clans in the floating city. If the party wants to know anything about goblinkind without arousing any suspicion, Gringus is undoubtedly the man to talk to.

PLOT HOOK: TRAVEL TO GRUUK JIT'JIT

So long as Gruuk Jit'Jit remains in the sky, traveling to the city will become increasingly difficult. Almost all airships across the realm require a shocking amount of selshonor fuel to function, and with Piiralus no longer contributing her stores to the Niirisarnel elves, nations across the realm have begun to ration their fuel stockpiles.

Adventurers making their way to Gruuk Jit'Jit will need to secure passage on an airship. This flight will be expensive, and there are constant threats in the dangerous skies above the realm.

GM NOTE: Adventures in Gruuk Jit'Jit are not reliant on the “fuel scarcity” subplot. It will motivate some factions in later chapters, but if you'd rather not shake up your game world's economy because of Gruuk Jit'Jit, just ignore it. If you want a low-level party to easily procure cheap airship tickets, that's totally acceptable.



AIRSHIP OPTIONS

Air travel had just begun to modernize prior to the Niiris-arnel incident. Airships were getting faster, more mechanically complex, and increasingly reliant on huge amounts of selshonor fuel. Now that the global production of this fuel has slowed to a trickle, goblins have achieved dominance over the skies. Faster airships are exceedingly costly to operate, and so the lugubrious dirigibles of decades past are now the favored mode of transport for all but the wealthiest travelers.

Adventurers can easily book passage to Gruuk Jit'Jit at any major aerodrome, though travel times will be unpredictable. Gruuk Jit'Jit's trajectory through the skies is erratic and fluctuates based entirely on Piiralus's whims. Dirigibles are slow, and if the flying city arcs away from one's departure port, it can take quite some time to catch up.

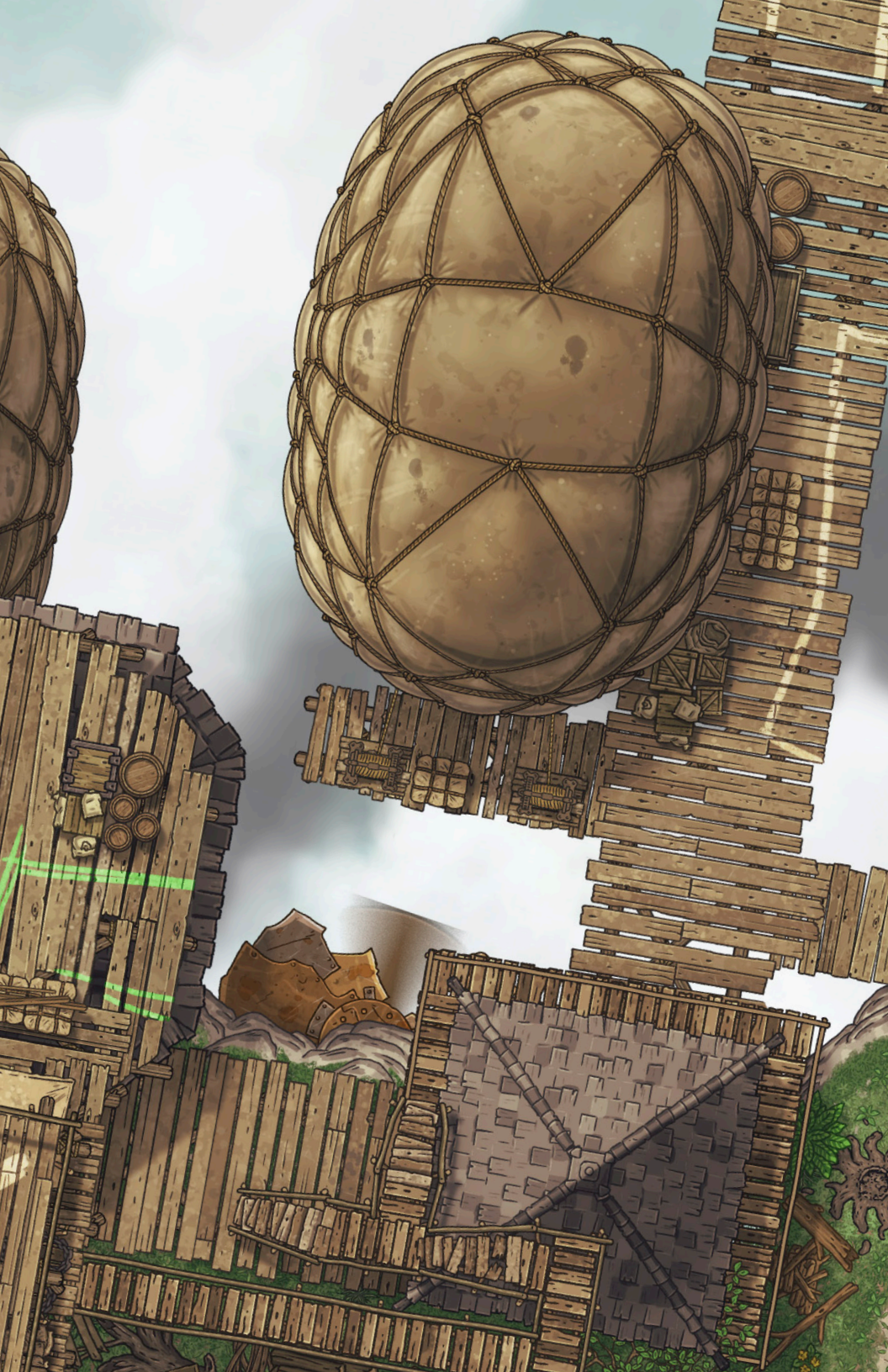
Major militaries across the realm have much more agile airships. These vessels of war require more selshonor fuel,

but sky navies also maintain larger stockpiles. If the adventurers are traveling on behalf of a king or general—perhaps one who hopes the party will resolve the Gruuk Jit'Jit scenario for good—they should have no problem requesting speedy transport.

Independent skiff pilots offer the most noteworthy balance of risk and reward. A tiny skiff is virtually defenseless in the skies. They also receive no assurances of support from sky navies, making these rickety constructions prime targets for Sharp pirates. Adventurers can hitch a ride on one of these skiffs, but they should be aware that falling prey to a goblin raid is a near certainty.

Of course, the most reliable way to ensure quick and safe travel is to wait for Gruuk Jit'Jit to be nearby before departing. If the party is patient, they can always sojourn at a port until the flying city draws near, though they'll have no means of predicting how long that wait may be.





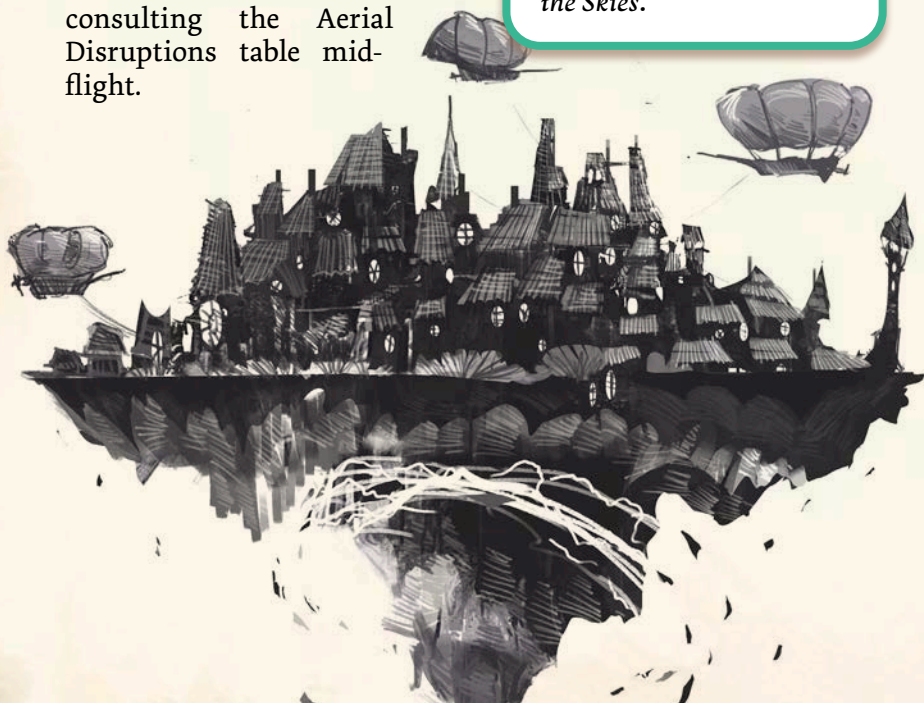
AERIAL DISRUPTIONS

The threat of sky pirate raids is omnipresent. Even aboard a navy airship, one cannot escape the potential of an attempted skyjacking from a rogue steelfang pilot. In a defenseless airship, an attack from the Sharps is a near inevitability. In most instances, surrender is the easiest option. The Sharps will only rarely commandeer a ship. They are far more likely to simply rob a passing airship and retreat back to the city.

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Even if a vessel can avoid a sky pirate attack, there are a number of potential threats that may disrupt travel to Gruuk Jit'Jit. Consider consulting the Aerial Disruptions table mid-flight.

GM NOTE: Gruuk Jit'Jit is a great stop for high-level parties who have acquired their own airships. If they try to make the flight by themselves, we strongly recommend that you challenge your party with a goblin pirate raid prior to arrival. For one thing: airship fights are fun and perfect for high-fantasy pulp adventures. Additionally, a raid provides a perfect opportunity to give your players a taste of the Jit'Jit Clan before they even arrive in the city. Details on these pirate raids will be provided in a *Gruuk Jit'Jit 04: Chaos in the Skies*.



**D6 AERIAL
DISRUPTIONS****DESCRIPTION****1** Dirigible drift

A dirigible that has run out of fuel is a sitting duck. A benevolent passerby can offer enough fuel to help the struggling pilot reach their destination. Alternatively, an opportunist can easily raid the drifting balloon with little fear of retaliation.

2 Jury-rigged vessel

Hundreds of goblins from across the realm are still hoping to make their way to Gruuk Jit'Jit. Many of them rely on... nontraditional methods of soaring into the sky. There's a high likelihood that one of these makeshift flying machines might go haywire.

3 Emergency taxation

World governments are panicking over the fuel shortage. Some navies have taken to "emergency taxation" measures, claiming excess airship fuel reserves as property of the state. They are unlikely to take no for an answer.

4 Roc attack

The golden age of air travel forced the predatory rocs into hiding. Now that airship traffic has fallen considerably, the massive birds are beginning to hunt the skies again.

5 A friendly challenge

With the constant threat of piracy on the horizon, "sleeper" airships have grown in popularity. These vessels look like junkers but hide incredibly powerful engines within their unimpressive exteriors. Sleeper pilots will often challenge nearby skysailors to impromptu races. Audacious aeronauts might consider putting some money on the line.

6 Rockfall

As the party approaches Gruuk Jit'Jit, the threat of falling debris increases exponentially. Even a small stone can pierce an airship engine if it's falling fast enough. A larger rockfall may threaten a community far below. Will the party investigate the damages?



▶ ARRIVAL IN THE CITY ◀

The Jit'Jit Clan collects no customs. There are no restrictions on what can be imported, nor documentation required for entry. Officially speaking, getting to Gruuk Jit'Jit is as easy as approaching by air, docking, and exiting one's craft. In practice, this is almost never the case.

The Sharps control the tourist docks, but there is no system in place to determine whether a ship will be raided on arrival, whether tourists will be searched, or whether a new arrival will be invited to drink with the rowdy gang. Arrival in Gruuk Jit'Jit is as risky and chaotic as everything else in the city. When the party arrives at the tourist docks, consult or roll on the Arrival Incident table to determine how the nearby Sharps treat the party.

The party doesn't have to dock at the tourist docks. If they'd rather stow their ship on some unoccupied patch of land, they are free to do so z. However, the Sharps make half-hearted assurances that any airships berthed at the tourist docks will be protected. Leaving an unguarded airship elsewhere may invite theft or vandalism. Then again... leaving the ship with the Sharps may do the same.

D6 ARRIVAL INCIDENTS DESCRIPTION

- 1** Highjacking
The Sharps take the party's airship as their own and/or scrap it for parts.
- 2** Fuel seizure
Despite the city's seemingly endless supply of selshonor fuel, the Sharps decide to siphon the party's remaining fuel and store it in their secret stockpile. The party will have to secure another source of fuel before departing.
- 3** Total chaos
The tourist docks are in disarray when the party arrives—due to a fire, a party, or some typical goblin mischief. The party will thus avoid any interference from the Sharps. They also have unfettered access to the docks and may snoop on adjacent airships if they so desire.
- 4** A simple task
The party is clearly capable, so the Sharps decide to make a simple request of them: perhaps a delivery mission or an espionage gig. The safety of their docked vessel may be contingent on the party's performance.
- 5** Harmless prank
One of the Sharps innocuously vandalizes the airship after the party leaves the dock. They cause no lasting damage, but they do invade the party's privacy. Does the party even notice what the rogue goblin did? And what does this little trickster find?
- 6** Invitation
One of the dockworkers invites the adventurers to drink and party this evening in their shipyard. There may be consequences if the party refuses.

CHAPTER 3

IN LEAGUE





THE BRUTAL FIGHTING PIT! THE QUASI-LEGAL MOB! THE FAT MAN WITH A PLAN!

The Flying Pig Lodge is seemingly a goblin-run enterprise, but many of its corridors and annexes are controlled by Lyman's League. Goblins are a minority in these corners of the lodge. Lyman and his lackeys use these lawless halls to conduct their business: meeting with spies and burglars, conducting illicit trades, and managing the infamous Gruuk Jit'Jit Dueling Pit.

Most visitors will pick up on the insidious atmosphere as they make their way through the lodge. There are blocks of rooms that house curious travelers, and there are those *other* blocks of rooms filled with hardened criminals. The stench of roasted pig and goblin spices is replaced with that of sweat, leather, and cigar smoke. Anyone is permitted into these hallways, but there is no assurance that an innocent lost traveler will leave unharmed.

II

FACTION DOSSIER: LYMAN'S LEAGUE

66

To know what's really going on in the darker corners of The Flying Pig Lodge—as well as Gruuk Jit'jit's criminal underbelly more broadly—it is crucial to understand who Lyman's League is, how they operate, and what they want.

WHO ARE THEY?

At a high level, Lyman's League is a loose collection of criminal financiers, a gang of criminal venture experts who source

potential gigs and assign them to adventurous independent contractors. The actual members of Lyman's League—that is, those who work directly under Lyman himself—are not *explicitly* criminals, at least as far as most legal systems are concerned. They are the go-betweens, the businessmen who connect powerful men with the freelancers willing to tackle their dirty deeds. In many instances, these “powerful men” just so happen to be members of Lyman's League themselves.

The core team consists of roughly a dozen liaisons from across the realm. Most of these masterminds are men, though they represent a surprisingly diverse collection of nations, species, and ideologies. There are the types of agents one would expect: ex-gang leaders and morally corrupt businessmen. There are also religious zealots, disinherited sons, and mad mages. Lyman is exceedingly picky with whom he brings into his inner circle, but his criteria would be difficult to ascertain by merely glancing at his associates.

Beyond the core team, Lyman's League consists of three additional bodies: Operations, Sourcing, and Recruiting.



OPERATIONS is in charge of the day-to-day minutiae of the organization: accounting, scheduling, payroll. These administrators have incredible access to Lyman and his inner circle.

SOURCING is responsible for finding new contracts. They travel across the realm meeting with known criminal powers. Whenever possible, they do their best to encourage risky behaviors, often pitching unusual ventures that these wealthy clients would be unlikely to pursue without a proper nudge.

RECRUITING is tasked with hiring the professionals that do the actual dirty work. They lurk in dark taverns, back alleys, and filthy warehouses. If they find someone who demonstrates certain desirable aptitudes, they'll provide a calling card. Anyone with a calling card is permitted to request work from the league.

HOW DO THEY OPERATE?

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For decades, Lyman's League had been exceedingly decentralized. Lyman would regularly relocate between the dens of his business partners. The total lawlessness of Gruuk Jit'jit paired with its relative security from terrestrial threats provided the perfect opportunity to consolidate his ventures. Most of Lyman's associates now operate from their new central headquarters: The Flying Pig Lodge.

Any adventurer or adventuring party who has a calling card can head to the league's territory and flash their credentials. Doing so grants a meeting with one of the league's higher ups. The freelancer then has an opportunity to pitch their skills. If there's a relevant job that the league member deems appropriate for the adventurers, they'll share the details. Crucially, if the freelancer gets this far in the process, they are *not permitted* to refuse the job. If the adventurer gets cold feet, they *will* be hunted down by one of the other freelancers in the league's employ.

Once the job is complete, the freelancer can collect payment. Should the freelancer successfully complete multiple gigs, they may be given a bit more agency and flexibility with regard to future job offerings. As they gain the trust of the league, they will also be offered increasingly challenging and lucrative missions.

WHAT DO THEY WANT?

Lyman's League is a business. Whenever an outside contact commissions the organization to hire suitable freelancers for a gig, Lyman's League takes a cut. So long as powerful interests have a need for "ethically flexible" professionals, Lyman's League will be able to eke out a pretty profit.

Most everyone involved with Lyman's League is in it for the money. This is *dangerous* work, and when gigs are completed successfully, no one realizes anything has happened but the perpetrators themselves. The most successful freelancers are also those who are most anonymous. That is to say: no one is building a reputation through Lyman's League. Those unmotivated by gold are unlikely to find satisfaction in their work.

The exception to this rule is Lyman. For the mastermind himself, profit maximization is just one piece of the puzzle. It's what comes *next* that keeps Lyman in the game.



THE LAB MAN

PRAYER & HEART

FOR



▶ LYMAN PRATTERSHARE ◀

Lyman (he/him) is a mountain of a man, heavier than a hog and stronger than a horse. He's staked his entire reputation on never backing down, and no one has ever dared to call his bluff. His mythos is fueled by legend and contradictory hearsay; some say he was a sellsword who made his riches pillaging windswept temples, while others say he was a financial prodigy who sold his first company at the age of 13. Depending on whom you ask, Lyman is a secret softie who sends half his money to orphanages, or he's a ruthless mogul who's slowly building a brutal mercenary army.

As tends to be the case, the truth is both less interesting and far more worrying. Lyman's father Ransley is a shipping magnate who made a fortune shipping cargo with the first generation of long-haul dirigibles. Lyman grew up in seedy aerodromes, seeing firsthand how much can be gained through resource control, supply chain management, and a small crew of loyal confidants.

Lyman didn't feel like waiting for his father to die to take control of the family business. Instead, he decided to tap into a different resource: human talent. He started Lyman's League in the hopes of achieving dominance over the criminal freelancer market the same way his father had monopolized his precious shipping lanes. A few decades later, it seems he has largely succeeded.

Unlike his father, though, Lyman is not just in this for the money. His criminal network, his steady income, and his new base of operations... it's all just a means to an end. When crafting plot hooks about Lyman's end goal, consider rolling on the Lyman's Motivation table.



D6**LYMAN'S
MOTIVATION****DESCRIPTION****1** Piiralus

Lyman had known about the Niirisarnel elves' secret source of fuel all along. In fact, he was the one who tipped off the Jit'Jit Clan about the bank vault in the first place. The ascension of Gruuk Jit'Jit brings Lyman one step closer to claiming the fuel elemental for himself.

2 Free state

Lyman knows that he'll never be truly free until he can rule his own territory. With a wide collection of freelancers and wealthy financiers, he can potentially annex one of the unclaimed islands in the Yartharen Sea and declare it an independent sovereign nation.

3 Hostile takeover

Lyman's bastard of a father will never relinquish control of his shipping empire unless Lyman can muster a credible threat. With his army of criminal agents, he may be able to force a change in leadership.

4 Family

The only way to be loved is to first be powerful. Lyman has done everything he has to ensure that he'll always have a family of close connections. All he wants is genuine affection, and he's certain that if he can just expand his professional network ever so slightly, he'll finally feel the warmth he's always sought.

5 Escape from the curse

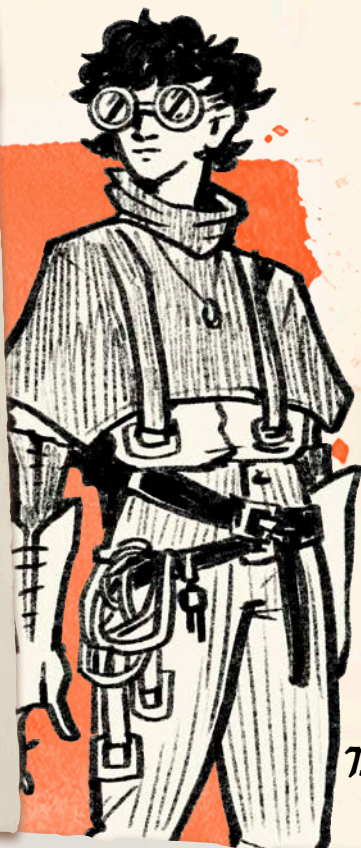
When Lyman was born, he was told that the binding forces of the world would trap him in eternal servitude upon his death. His goal from a young age has been to escape the realm of men and ascend to some higher plane of existence. Perhaps one of his freelancers will help uncover the power to untether himself from the shackles of mortality and mundanity.

6 Intelligence

Lyman was made to feel stupid time and time again by his abusive father. As his criminal empire grows, so too does his intelligence network. If Lyman were the kingpin of a global espionage ring, he would never feel stupid and insecure again.

HEMBEER ALGALLIS

The primary responsibility of Lyman's core team is to choose which freelancers get assigned to which jobs. This requires a clear understanding of how criminal ventures typically operate, as well as a proper judgment of a given freelancer's capabilities. Usually, this is a straightforward process. Heists require burglars. Espionage requires spies. Hember Algallis (he/him) excels at assembling unorthodox teams. When the unusual elven man reads the requirements of an upcoming gig, he does not think "which skills are needed" but instead "how can we get this job done in a way no one will expect?" He's been known to task linguists with arson, acrobats with tax evasion, and assassins with smuggling. Any gig that Hember plans is guaranteed to either succeed unconventionally or fail spectacularly.



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MGIBIT

(pronounced muh-JIH-bit)

Lyman's League has never had an explicit bias against goblins, but they have always been underrepresented, especially when taking into account how many goblins have experience in criminal ventures. Mgibit (he/him) hopes to change that. This eccentric chesskæl recruiter has learned quite a bit during his time in Gruuk Jit'Jit. He has seen how the Sharps have established their frightening reputation through their unpredictability, and he thinks a certain level of unprofessionalism might come in useful for a wide variety of gigs. If Mgibit spies a goblin adventurer who has yet to ally with one of the other factions, he'll make a point of recruiting them for some freelance "adventuring" regardless of aptitude.



PIA PRATTERSHARE

Women rarely stay in the employ of Lyman's League for long. One has to be exceedingly tough in order to weather the casual misogyny of the crew's operations staff. Over the years, Lyman has regularly hired some of his "illegitimate daughters" to join the team. These women are decidedly *not* Lyman's offspring, but he claims them as such nonetheless so that they'll command a bit of respect. As far as Lyman's core team knows, Lyman has fathered no children, but none would dare question his authority on the matter.

Pia (she/her) is one such "daughter," a halfling that any halfway intelligent adventurer will recognize as having no relation to her supposed father. Pia is Lyman's aide and closest consigliere, tackling all of his scheduling and recordkeeping. She is a gifted accountant, a tight-lipped confidante, and an unflappable gatekeeper who stone-walls anyone looking to gain access to Lyman. She looks up to Lyman like the father that he claims to be, and he in turn cares for her like he would an actual daughter.

If the party is able to secure a meeting with Lyman, Pia will be present. She will judge their intentions, and ultimately, *she* will be the one to determine whether they are worth Lyman's time. If the adventures need a favor from the big boss in The Flying Pig Lodge, they'd be wise to prioritize appeasing his alleged daughter first and foremost.



GAINING & LOSING FAVOR

76 A principled party is likely to run afoul of Lyman's League. The organization is extremely suspicious of anyone whom they see as law-abiding, even if these actions have no direct impact on the league itself. On the other hand, actively working against the interests of the organization will have far more dire consequences for the party.


Doing jobs for Lyman's League is a reliable way to satisfy the higher ups, but the average freelancer will have trouble proving themselves in the eyes of Lyman's and his closest companions by merely checking boxes. To truly build a reputation, a party needs to establish themselves as above the common riffraff tackling tasks for the organization. Advancing the organization's aims in the city or proving themselves in the Dueling Pit is much more likely to catch

the attention of those with sway.

With favor greater than 5, a party will start to have some flexibility with regard to which jobs they take. With favor greater than 10, they can request favors from the league's crew. With favor greater than 15, an adventurer can petition to join Lyman's core crew. As the party accumulates favor with Lyman's League, they'll command more and more respect among the faction's ranks.

Any party with favor of -5 or lower will not be offered gigs from Lyman's League, regardless of their aptitude. If a party makes the mistake of achieving a score of -10 or lower, Lyman's League will begin threatening them, eventually resorting to violence in an effort to force them off of Gruuk Jit'Jit. Even if the party was planning on leaving anyway, this infamy will follow them elsewhere through the realm.

GAINING FAVOR

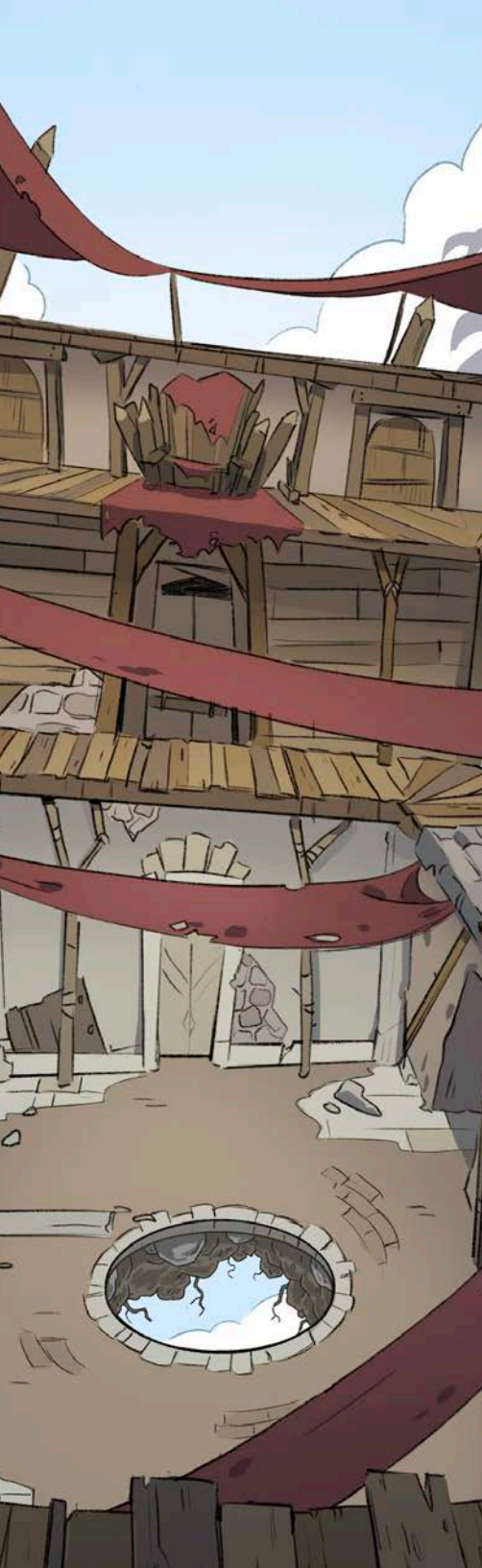
- +1** For sourcing a gig
- +1** For helping to recruit a new freelancer
- +1** For respecting Lyman's family
- +2** For providing intelligence about the Sharps or the Vaulters
- +3** For successfully completing a gig
- +3** For winning Claim the Fire for the league 
- +3** For securing new territory for the league (a new berth or block of rooms)
- +5** For an impressive showing in the Dueling Pit
- +5** For granting Lyman access to Piiralus

LOSING FAVOR

- 1** If caught snooping in the saunas
- 1** Each time the party comes across as overly law-abiding
- 2** If caught trespassing on Lyman's secret docks
- 3** For botching a gig
- 3** For revealing the identity of a league client
- 3** If party's favor with the NEHLU is greater than 10
- 3** For an embarrassing showing in the Dueling Pit
- 5** For refusing a gig 
- 5** For snitching on the league

 **1** Lyman cares much more about Claim the Fire than any of the other faction leaders in Gruuk Jit'Jit

 **2** Note that it's better to accept a gig and fail than it is to say no to a potential contract



PLOT HOOK: **FIGHT** **IN THE** **DUELING** **PIT**

In addition to their elaborate business ventures, Lyman's League also administrates one of the most beloved entertainment institutions of Gruuk Jit'Jit: the Dueling Pit. The dusty courtyard in the middle of The Flying Pig Lodge's annex provides the perfect setting for brutal battles between Lyman's freelancers. The upper floors of the inn allow any and all to spectate at a far enough distance to avoid errant blood splatters.

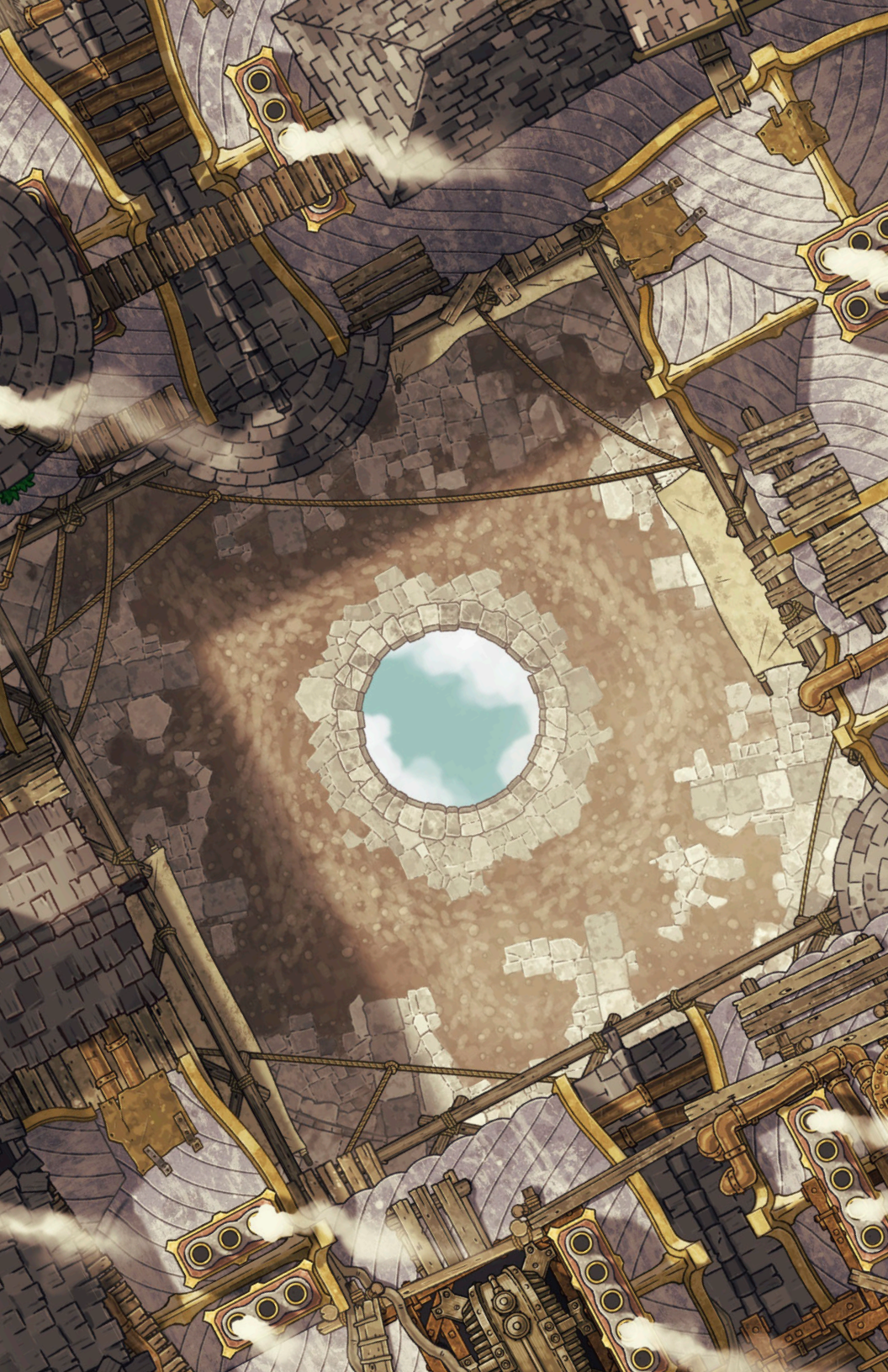
Some visitors are aghast when they discover the barbarity of the fighting pit. Some even suggest that the goblins ought to do something about it! Such a notion is, of course, ludicrous. The Jit'jit Clan laments many of the contributions that non-goblins have brought to their gleaming city, but the Dueling Pit is much to their liking. Goblins attend bouts regularly, regardless of the lack of kinship between Lyman's League and their goblinoid hosts.

The purpose of the Dueling Pit should be obvious to anyone who has met Lyman or one of his confidants: it is an opportunity for the league to suss out the abilities of their freelancers. If someone claims to be a gifted swordsman, they ought to prove it. For this reason, fights come in many forms. The most common is the standard "guts match." In a guts match, two freelancers enter the Dueling Pit and fight until one taps out. The two fighters can agree to additional rules (no weapons, no magic, no biting, etc), but the assumption is usually that anything goes.

Every contest has a winner, but simply besting an opponent is rarely the way to impress Lyman or his core team. Lyman wants to see ingenuity. He wants to see unusual feats of cunning or resilience. He wants evidence that the skills shown in the pit will translate to exceptional work

OTHER MATCH FORMATS

- 1 VS. 1 BOXING
- PISTOL DUEL (*with rubber bullets*)
- 12 MAN FREE-FOR-ALL
- BALLOON JOUSTING (*often interrupted by the GJ Improvement Guild who would rather their balloons not go to waste*)
- 3 VS. 3; NO WEAPONS
- 5 VS. 5; THROWN WEAPONS ONLY
- BIG HEAD MODE (*contestants wear giant inflatable masks that they must protect at all costs*)
- JIT'JIT MUD WRESTLING
- GOBLIN TOSS (*fighters stand on platforms and take turns throwing a willing goblin at one another until someone falls off their platform*)



in the field. A clever gambit that doesn't quite force a tاپout might still demonstrate to Lyman that a freelancer has a quick mind and a number of useful tricks up their sleeve.

Lyman doesn't want to lose talent, but if folks want to get themselves killed, he won't intervene. He collects good money on the bets, and the only people dumb enough to get themselves killed in a sporting event are probably too irresponsible to get sent on jobs anyway. If two bitter rivals want to settle their differences in a fight to the death, Lyman won't object.

For particularly bitter bouts, Lyman will open the hatch in the center of the Dueling Pit. With the trapdoor open, fighters are always one wrong step away from certain death.

GM NOTE: The purpose of the Dueling Pit is to give your players an opportunity to 1. engage in some combat or combat-adjacent role-playing without leaving the city, and 2. enjoy a challenge wherein the optimal solution is not necessarily a fight to the death. Succeeding in the Dueling Pit means impressing Lyman, and that means *doing something bold and clever*. Sure, your players can just treat the challenge like any old combat encounter, but it'll be more interesting if they use the Dueling Pit as an excuse to experiment with non-lethal mechanics or underused skills on their character sheet.



POTENTIAL OPPONENTS

Anyone is welcome to compete in the Dueling Pit, but usually only those who hope to impress Lyman bother. As such, the adventurers will mostly face other freelancers, only a scant few of whom consider themselves arena fighters first and foremost. Each of these combatants is skilled and versatile. They will challenge the party using their specialized sets of expertise, and they'll often be fighting *not* to kill, but to win in a way that embarrasses their opponents.

DJIMP KU'GIGO (he/him): An orcish servant of the powerful Ku'Gigo Clan. The Clan regularly sends Djimp to the Dueling Pit so that he can remind the people of Gruuk Jit'Jit how powerful they are. If the Ku'Gigo Clan can subdue and subjugate Djimp, that *should* imply something about their impressive might. Djimp wields two massive scimitars and prefers to fight blindfolded.

Preferred match format: *guts match, 1 vs. 1 boxing*

BA-ODI (they/them): One of the strangest residents of Gruuk Jit'Jit, a sentient moss creature that claims to be blessed with the magic of the titans. Ba-Odi does not work for Lyman, but revels in the thrill of combat nevertheless. They writhe awkwardly, smashing at combatants with surprising force.

Preferred match format: *3 vs. 3; no weapons*

OOK-OOK JIT'JIT (she/her): A comically muscular goblin who has consumed unhealthy quantities of Niirisarnel druidic mutagens. Though she is technically a Vaulter, Chieftess Igo has delicately encouraged Ook-Ook to seek kinship elsewhere. Experimenting with the NEHLU druids was a step too far.

Preferred match format: *Jit'Jit mud wrestling*

BESKIEU CHEYES (he/him): A gifted human chef who has infiltrated countless feasts, balls, and festivals. Beskieu is a whiz with both knife skills and poisons. He also just so happens to be dating Pia Prattershare.

Preferred match format: 12 man free-for-all

LESSIEL ARGONIS (she/her): An elven musketeer, often hired as a dirigible guard. She's not one of the fancy Niirisarnel elves, but a wood elf from distant forests. She uses her incredible eyesight to land deadly shots at unbelievable distances.

Preferred match format: pistol duel, balloon jousting

CREE STETSON (he/him): A clever sneak disguised as a charming bandit. Cree tricks his opponents into thinking he's a showy crowd-pleaser before employing sleight of hand to disarm them. Cree's bravado is an act; it's all a ruse to aid him in his pickpocketing and trickery.

Preferred match format: 12 man free-for-all, guts match

PEEP JIT'JIT (she/her): A former moonshiner looking for a new life. Her former Jit'Jit pals have all become passionate Stokers, and now Peep feels as though she doesn't belong in the city. Maybe she can find new meaning in life in the employ of Lyman. Peep slings caustic bottles of Gods-know-what at her opponents.

Preferred match format: 5 vs. 5; thrown weapons only

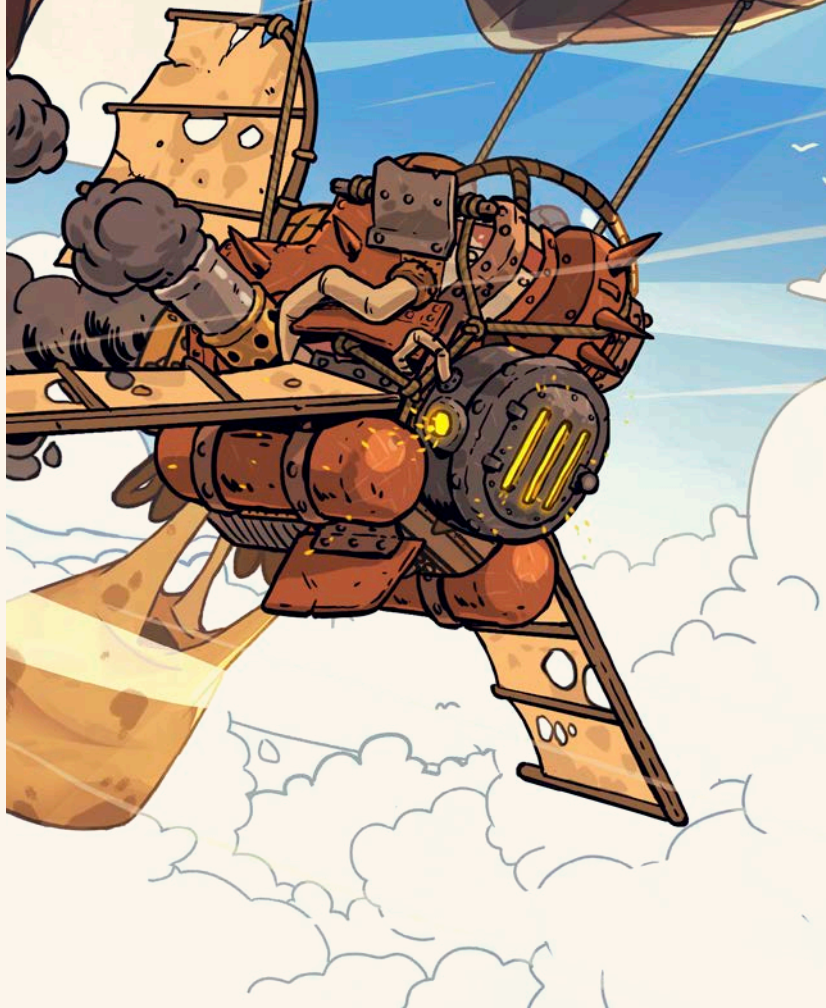
LYMAN PRATTERSHARE (he/him): The big man himself. Lyman will only rarely accept challenges, but if someone has proven themselves in the Dueling Pit a number of times, he'll gladly enter the ring to test their skills directly. Lyman fights with every tool possible: strange gizmos and gadgets hidden in the folds of his suit, an enchanted cane, and a few simple but devastating hexes he learned from cargo witches in his youth.

Preferred match format: guts match

CHAPTER 4

CHAOS IN THE SKIES





THE PIRATES WITH HEARTS OF GOLD! THE MECHANICAL MARVELS THAT TERRORIZE THE SKIES! THE MISCHIEF THAT MOVES US!

Visitors to Gruuk Jit'Jit head to the friendly tourist docks. They are greeted by the Sharps and quickly escorted to the Endless Barbecue. They drink, they party, and then they check into The Flying Pig Lodge.

The Sharp docks are a totally different story. Aggression is the name of the game in this rough and rowdy corner of town. Violent pilots and their cocky crews antagonize each other almost as much as they bully any outsiders who dare walk out onto their docks.

Like the rest of Gruuk Jit'Jit, the Sharp docks are lawless, and that means that *anyone* is allowed to freely enter what is essentially gang territory. It also means that—as is the case with the annex of the lodge—no one will guarantee a wandering fool's protection.



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The Sharps will happily pick a fight or pick a pocket. Travelers are advised to enter the docks at their own risk.

Unfortunately, there are quite a few reasons that adventurers might want to travel to Sharp territory. They may want

to get a closer look at the highly capable steelfang airships, or they may want to retrieve stolen cargo. Some will seek vengeance for previous wrongdoings by the Sharps, whereas others may want to forge an alliance with the dangerous sky pirates. For better or for worse, foolhardy parties will have no trouble traipsing into the lion's den.

FACTION DOSSIER: THE SHARPS

The Sharps terrorize skies, and this aerial dominance translates into an outsized influence in Gruuk Jit'Jit politics. It is clear to everyone that the Sharps are more than just a gang of crack pilots, though the nuances may be easily missed by less observant adventurers

WHO ARE THEY?

The Sharps are goblins, over 80% of whom are Jit'Jit. Most who have joined the ranks of this elite pirate crew were once tunnelers, tinkers, and craftsmen. They were the unsung heroes of the Jit'Jit criminal operation, toiling away in the dark while the sneaks, brutes, and extroverts claimed much of the glory. Their aspirations were always limited by their resources. The Jit'Jit Clan had to prioritize robbing food stores as opposed to factory warehouses. As such, the mechanically-minded goblins always had to make do with what few tools they had.

That all changed with Gruuk Jit'Jit. Now, those with mechanical knowhow have

access to as many resources as they could ever desire. Former drill operators now fly steel-fangs into battle. Goblins who once made improvised explosives from scavenged gunpowder now build jet engines. Goblin artificers were never inferior to their goblin kin or the craftsmen of the human kingdoms; they just never had access to the resources they needed to flourish.

Of course, not all Sharps are aerial aces or mad tinkers. Many of their ranks are laborers, patrolling the tourist docks, refueling the steel-fangs, and hauling stolen cargo across the island. Parables would suggest that these "lowliest of goblins" are as important to a crew as the higher ups, but none of the Sharps actually



GM Note: There have been many vague references in this guide to “gizmos” and “mechanisms.” These items are left intentionally vague so that you and your players don’t get bogged down in the nitty gritty of the “junk economy.” That said, there is an optional guide to the various classifications of mechanical trinkets in *Gruuk Jit’Jit 07: Staying Afloat*. If your players are invested in crafting, bartering, or just getting creative with the tools in their inventory, it can be quite fun to dive *really* deep into the mechanical details of this world and its gizmos.

feel this way. The unavoidable truth is that any and all goblins who join the Sharps do so because they want to become a pilot or an engineer. The implicit hierarchy flies in the face of egalitarian goblin orthodoxy, but it is simply a fact of life for the goblin pirates.

HOW DO THEY OPERATE?

The Sharps have designed a very effective feedback loop in their operations. Pilots patrol the skies and rob any airships they believe will be worth their time. They then haul their stolen treasures back to Gruuk Jit’Jit, and divide it into three categories: food for the city, gizmos for the Sharps to keep, and gizmos to donate to the GJ Improvement Guild.

- ◆ Stolen food gets sent to all corners of the island. Unsurprisingly, much of it ends up at the Endless Barbecue, but sizable donations are delivered to each of the city’s rival factions as well. Gifts of food allow the Sharps to curry favor with just about anyone—other than the elves, who grow more than enough food for themselves.
- ◆ The gizmos that the Sharps keep get immediately upcycled into new steelfangs. Each of these brutal airships are made from stolen or donated

mechanisms, and so the constant resupply helps the goblins to keep their fleet constantly refreshed.



- ◊ Anything that the Sharps can't reuse goes straight to the GJ Improvement Guild. They use these various tools to keep Gruuk Jit'Jit airborne. In return, the guild helps to funnel as much fuel to the Sharps as they can manage.

All of this happens with surprisingly little top-down organization. The Sharps don't have a chieftain or a suite of higher-ups. Instead, each steelfang has its own crew, led by a pilot and engineer duo. Each of these duos commands a small team of lackeys who handle repairs, see to the docks, etc. Anyone hoping to become a pilot with the Sharps will have to ally with a budding engineer capable of designing a new steelfang.

WHAT DO THEY WANT

Despite their laxness with regard to many traditional goblin tenets, the Sharps are still guided by *Trials of Traggle* and other pieces of moralistic goblin lore. They value the camaraderie of their brethren, they do their best to pick fights with those bigger than them, and they are proud practitioners of

what the elves dub "obligatory mischief." There is no secret agenda here; the Sharps *truly* are goblins in their purest form.

This causes some cognitive dissonance for those unfamiliar with goblin culture. Among the human kingdoms, the Sharps are reviled as violent brigands. The goblins don't see it that way. The Sharps are doing what the Jit'Jit Clan has *always* done: stealing what they need in the loudest way possible. That said, it would be wrong to say that the Sharps are wholly altruistic. The Sharps look out for their goblin kin, but they also have a great time doing it.

One final benefit of sky piracy is the way in which it aids in diplomacy. Much of the support for Gruuk Jit'Jit comes in the form of aid from various governments on the ground. The more the Sharps terrorizes the skies, the more sway the Vaulters have in their demands. Were it not for this final puzzle piece, it is likely the Vaulters would do more to assert their authority over Gruuk Jit'Jit. As it stands, the Vaulters are pleased to let the Sharps expand their reputation.

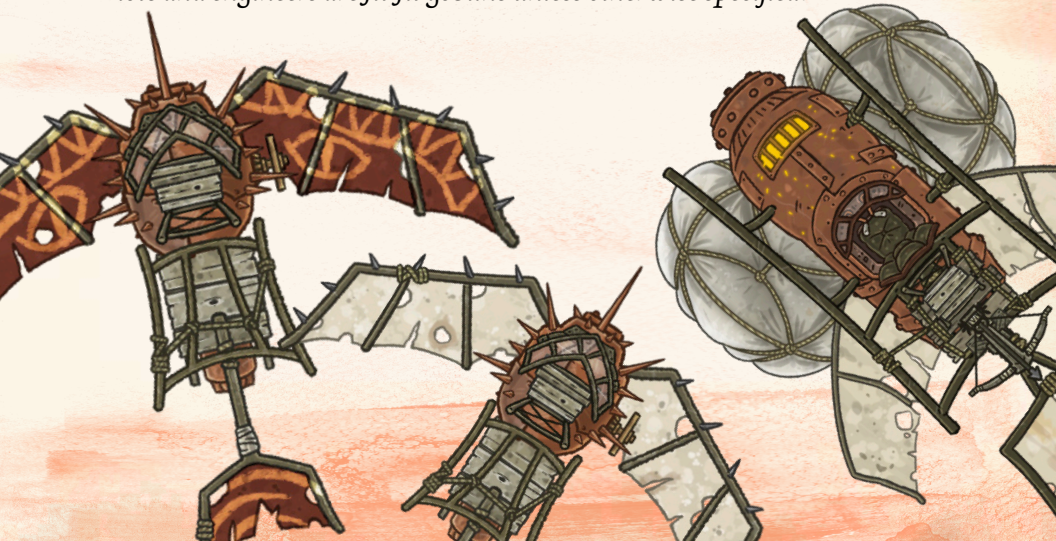
STEELFANGS

The key to goblin aerial dominance is the notorious steelfang, a goblin airship design that has proven to be exceedingly effective in the post-Niirisarnel incident airspace. “Steelfang” is better understood as a broad class of airships, encompassing a wide array of airframes and loadouts. The key component that makes a steelfang unique from non-goblin airships is their selshanor thrusters. These engines allow steelfangs to fly at blistering speeds, making quick hit-and-run tactics devastatingly effective.

Engineers among the human kingdoms have begun to emulate this arcane technology, but with so little selshanor fuel available across the realm, the demanding thrusters are exceedingly expensive to operate. For now, it seems that this incredible technology can only be properly wielded by those with a nearly inexhaustible supply of the fuel... meaning the Sharps are in luck, so long as they can maintain access to Piiralus and her bounty.

Because of the complex engines and need for ample cargo space, few steelfangs have room for passengers. A handful of ships have an additional seat for a gunner or a navigator. In most instances, however, it’s just the pilot, a tangled web of jury-rigged engineering, and enough trunk space to fit a pilfered engine and a barrel of jerked meat.

Each steelfang is the quirky creation born of the collaboration between a pilot and an engineer. As such, each ship is unique. A few examples are provided in the Steelfang Varieties table. *Note: pilots and engineers are Jit’Jit goblins unless otherwise specified.*

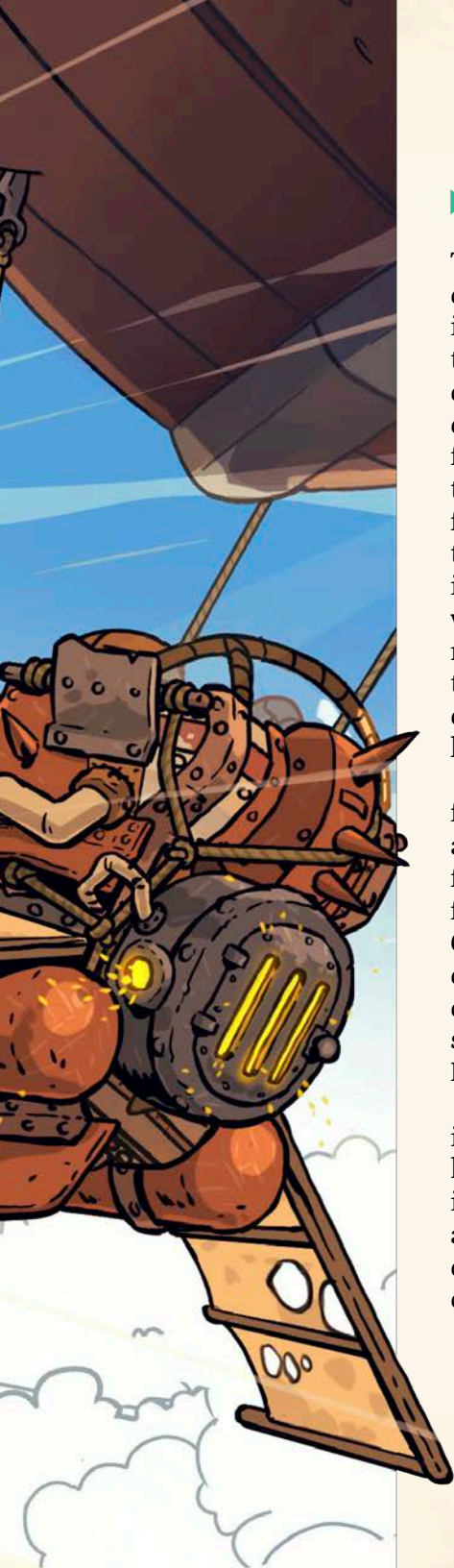


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STEELFANG
VARIETYPILOT AND
ENGINEER

DESCRIPTION

- | | | | |
|---|-------------------|-----------------------------------|---|
| 1 | The Spark | Bugipi and Ukababa | The fastest ship in the fleet, <i>The Spark</i> is largely a reconnaissance vessel. Bugipi flies distant patterns in an effort to spot airships avoiding Gruuk Jit'Jit airspace. When she spots a potential mark, she speeds back to the Sharp docks and alerts other pilots. |
| 2 | The Razorclad | Akkik and Riggilek | In lieu of projectile weapons, <i>The Razorclad</i> is covered in sharp barbs and sawblades. Dirigible captains know that <i>The Razorclad</i> can easily pierce their balloons with a dextrous fly-by. |
| 3 | Fat Gee-Gee | Impsa and Daggit Ar'Futi | There is a general "economy of design" to Jit'Jit steelfangs that is rarely emulated by engineers from other clans. <i>Fat Gee-Gee</i> is the bizzare work of an Ar'Futi crew, a bulbous vessel that makes up for its low speed with vast fuel reserves and a massive cargo hold. |
| 4 | Traggle's Joy | Limmi and Kar | In a stroke of genius, engineer Kar turned a blunder into a feature: Pilot Limmi Jit'Jit can strategically deploy his leaky fuel reserves and ignite them to blast adjacent airships with an explosive backdraft. |
| 5 | WoundSalt | Nika and Jorgo | The best Sharp engineers excel in multiple fields; Jorgo doubles as a potent alchemist. <i>WoundSalt's</i> projectiles may seem fairly ineffective, but they're loaded with a caustic reagent that emits poisonous gasses after a few moments. |
| 6 | The Flying Bridge | Doggar Barumph and Takka Kit'Daka | Doggar is the only orc pilot among the Sharps. As such, he employs unusual aerial strategies. Instead of striking airships from afar, he deploys a retractable bridge to board enemy vessels as quickly as possible. Once aboard, he lets his muscles do the talking. |



▶ RIPIK JIT'JIT ◀

The Sharps have no “best pilot,” because every pilot has different priorities. Hostile Akkik strikes fear into the hearts of dirigible captains. Joyous Bugipi wakes up each morning excited to find new sources of food for her goblin kin. Some pilots crave the thrill of a chase, while others prefer to fire a few warning shots so that their prey knows that there’s no point in fleeing. Some act as lone wolves, while others hunt in packs. There is no “right way” to be a sky pirate, and the Sharps will never mandate standard orders. That said, some pilots are less traditional than others.

Ripik Jit’Jit (he/him) flies his steelfang *Chains That Bind* in tight circles around target vessels, all the while firing off a bevy of grappling hooks from his silent harpoon cannons. Once he’s landed a few shots, he turns off his engines, retracts the chains of his grappling hooks, and pulls his steelfang right up against its target. Next, he climbs aboard.

Ripik is an exceptional pilot, but it’s not his aerial capabilities that have earned him his reputation. He is slippery and silver-tongued, and he almost always escapes from a boarded airship with plenty of loot and zero casualties.

Ripik's goal once aboard is to either convince the captain to make a donation to the goblin cause, or else sneak around and pilfer goods without anyone noticing. Ripik is charming, eloquent, and courteous, three traits rarely associated with the Sharps or goblins in general. Whenever possible, Ripik will attempt to sneak aboard a large ship and steal goods clandestinely, but when cornered, he has an impressive track record of talking his way out of trouble.

Many airship captains are surprised to hear of the plight of Gruuk Jit'Jit's residents. They think of the precarious island as a looming threat, and not a city of bright-eyed idealists perpetually confronting food scarcity and geological collapse. Ripik loves to weave tales of hungry babies and the glory of goblinkind, tugging at the heartstrings of wealthy travelers. If that doesn't work, he may attempt a bit of deception, claiming to be a down-and-out salesman with a bro-



THE SPRINGHEEL

Engineer Takka has recently designed a new pair of high-tech footwear for orcish pilot Doggar. With these rocket-enhanced boots, Doggar doesn't even need his retractable bridge to board enemy airships at range.



THE TINKERER

Switchy is always studying the engineering of the current steelfang fleet, ostensibly in an effort to find flaws. He also wants to make sure that when he eventually builds a steelfang of his own, it outclasses every other ship in every possible way.

ken down skiff. On rare occasions, he'll deploy outrageous threats, warning of a looming fleet ready to shoot the airship out of the sky. Ripik will do anything to rob an airship of their food and precious cargo short of actually hurting anyone.

Among the Sharps, Ripik has a reputation for being a bit of a wimp. When he can back out of an unfavorable confrontation, he will. The rest of Gruuk Jit'Jit, however, sees Ripik as a paragon of goblin virtue. He's chaotic and unpredictable, and everything he does, he does for Gruuk Jit'Jit.

➤ BEEBO “SWITCHY” SHREE'DUK ◀

Goblin tinkering is a profession that stretches back eons. A healthy spirit of experimentation combined with a willingness to get hurt in the name of science have yielded some impressive results over the centuries. If goblin lore is to be trusted, then goblins are responsible for the invention of gunpowder, airships, clocks, and even the wheel. Of course, goblin lore *isn't* to be trusted, but that's neither here nor there.

Beebo “Switchy” Shree'Duk (he/him) keeps this soul of goblin innovation alive within his workshop at the Sharp docks. He has devised countless contraptions to aid the Sharps in their aerial piracy: new weapons, tools, engine tweaks, and devices less easily classified. This young and vivacious goblin has occasionally been dubbed “an honorary Jit'Jit” due in no small part to his contributions to the island's technical capabilities. Indeed, it seems unlikely that the Sharps would have such a command over the skies were it not for Switchy's creations.

Surprisingly, Switchy has yet to build his own steelfang. He claims that he just doesn't have the time, but many suspect that he's afraid. There's so much pressure for Switchy's creation to be the *coolest, fastest, most innovative* airship in the fleet, and it's clear that Switchy's anxiety might be inhibiting his motivation. If someone were to help Switchy overcome his apprehensions, he would undoubtedly build an unrivaled airship. He has the tools and the aptitude; now he just needs a bit of help to clear his head.



SWITCHY'S CREATIONS

Switchy's most infamous creations are those that the Sharps use to antagonize ships that enter Gruuk Jit'Jit's airspace. These are bizarre and ostentatious inventions that no piracy victim will soon forget. Of course, many of Switchy's most *impactful* creations are those with more invisible influence: fuel injectors with increased efficiency, cargo bays with decreased drag, etc. Nevertheless, no traumatized dirigible pilot will ever return home saying "that goblin had the most impressive aerodynamics I've ever seen!" Instead, they'll say "wow, that flaming saw blade launcher scared the pants off of me."

FRUKI JIT'JIT

The Sharps maintain careful alliances with each of the other factions on the island (other than those damn elves), and Fruki (she/her) is the one responsible for keeping those relationships intact. She accompanies Sharp lackeys when they deliver food or pirated junk, and she'll remind the leaders of the Vaulters, the Stokers, or anyone else that it's *the Sharps* keeping this island running. Fruki is heavy-handed, but that's no sin in goblin culture. It's better to just say what you mean, and Fruki certainly says it. "We give you stuff, so you better be nice to us." This is the pinnacle of goblin diplomacy.

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CHIKICHIT AND ITCH JIT'JIT

Chikichit (he/him) and Itch (she/her) are one of the few steelfang pilot duos. Their bizarre ship *SplitTooth* has the pair sitting back-to-back. If either one of them pulls a lever, the direction of thrust switches to the opposite side, forcing the ship to quickly change directions. Whoever is facing forward pilots the ship while the other mans the guns. Chikichit and Itch have been *deeply* in love with each other for years now, but neither has the confidence to bring it up to one another. They're brave enough to rob military airships miles above the clouds in a rickety airship with a *really stupid design*, but they're still too embarrassed to open up to each other.





No-Fall Knapsack

Newspapers across the realm have amplified rumors of the so-called “wingèd goblinoid monstrosity.” These reports are only partially accurate. Eyewitnesses were mistaking the leather glider ejected from Switchy’s *no-fall knapsack* for goblin wings. Indeed, this contraption allows goblins to glide an impressive distance... though many Sharps have found themselves in the precarious position of falling too far *below* their target with no means to reascend. A handful of goblins have had to slowly guide all the way back down to the floor of the realm before finding passage back up to Gruuk Jit’Jit.

Bangsnap Bracer

Selshonor fuel is the most commonly available fuel in Gruuk Jit’Jit, but it is not the *only* fuel. For most chaotic and explosive results, goblins can employ the unpredictable Belfizz fuel. Switchy has harnessed this dangerous—and broadly outlawed—combustible to deadly effect in the *bangsnap bracer*, a projectile launcher that straps to one’s wrist. If a Sharp really wants to spread violence and mayhem, they can use the bracer to launch explosive saw blades at their opponent while leaving one hand free. It’s an unconventional weapon, and it has an absurdly high rate of misfiring.

Go-Getter

The trickiest stage of many Sharp raids is actually docking with and/or boarding a target vessel. The *go-getter* allows goblins to carefully grapple from their own ships over to a potential victim. In typical goblin fashion, the *go-getter* is horribly over-engineered, leading to extreme overheating and frequent jamming after use. Sharp pilots must be exceedingly careful to nail their first shot, lest they lose the ability to fire the deft hook a second time. In rare instances, Sharp pilots will use the *go-getter* in a more aggressive fashion, firing the hook directly at a ship’s pilot in lieu of the ship itself.

GAINING & LOSING FAVOR

In general, the Sharps want what's best for Gruuk Jit'Jit. Travelers who come to the city with gizmos to donate and who keep their prejudices to themselves are always appreciated. Adventurers who wish to court the loosely assembled pirate squad will have to champion goblin causes, amplify the legends of the masterful sky pirates, and potentially contribute directly to their raids.

The Sharps vehemently loathe travelers who try to impose their worldview on Gruuk Jit'Jit. This is a *goblin* city. Folks who disrespect the intentional chaos are no friends of the Sharps. Perhaps surprisingly, the Sharps hold no grudges against those who resist their efforts in the skies. Steelfang pilots know exactly what they are doing, and they certainly can't blame airship captains who attempt to flee or retaliate.

So long as a party has greater than 5 favor with the Sharps, they can comfortably traverse

the Sharp docks without getting hassled, and the Sharps will no longer attack them in the skies. With a favor of at least 10, the party may begin to seek work with the Sharps, though they will not be provided a steelfang automatically. At 15 favor, the party can request the aid of the Sharp fleet, though individual pilots may still refuse. Even a party that maximizes their favor with the faction cannot force the Sharps to act against their own interests.

If a party falls below -5 favor with the Sharps, they'll be targeted first if the pirates find that they suddenly need additional resources. The party will have to be extremely attentive to avoid being robbed, whether violently or surreptitiously, on their ship or in the lodge. Once a party falls below -10 favor, they will be actively hunted by the Sharps. The sky pirates may be benevolent at heart, but they will not tolerate those who spit on their ideals. Once a party reaches -10 favor, they will have to seek asylum with one of the other factions or else weather nonstop attacks from the sky pirates. The Sharps will not hesitate to burn the party's airship, kill them in their sleep, or drop them off the edge of the island.

GAINING FAVOR

+1 For spreading a terrifying rumor about the Sharps

+1 For donating some gizmos to The Flying Pig Lodge

+1 For recounting a tale from goblin lore

+2 For donating some gizmos or food directly to the Sharps

+3 For performing reconnaissance or fact-finding concerning potential marks

+3 For assisting a pilot on a raid

+3 For diverting additional fuel from Piiralus

+5 For assisting in the construction or upgrade of a steelfang

+5 For helping to defeat or defend against an enemy fleet

LOSING FAVOR

-1 For bringing capitalism to the sharp docks

-1 For disrespecting goblin tradition

-1 For arriving in Gruuk Jit'Jit without proper goods to donate

-2 For contributing faulty engineering work to a steelfang

-3 For refusing an invitation to drink and party with the Sharps

-3 For undermining a raid of someone else's ship

-3 If party's favor with the GJ Improvement Guild is less than -5

-5 For supporting the Vaulters or Stokers as the rightful rulers of Gruuk Jit'Jit

-5 If caught attempting to land or otherwise sabotage Gruuk Jit'Jit



EXCERPT FROM TRIALS OF TRAGGLE

MISCHIEF MATTERS

Foolish Traggle snuck into the lair of the archdemon Conformity, a colossal fiend made of diamond and turquoise. Traggle had spent many years pursuing the villain, and he had prepared many clever tricks to help him in the fight to come. He was small, but he was ready.

Foolish Traggle quietly entered the archdemon's dark throne room. The fiend could not hear Traggle and he could not see Traggle. This was the perfect moment for Traggle to strike. However, Traggle saw that Conformity kept many glass figurines in glorious glass displays throughout his throne room. Traggle could not help himself. He had to destroy the figurines. It would be very fun and very loud.

Foolish Traggle took his club and started smashing. In an instant, Traggle gave away his advantage. Conformity knew exactly where Traggle was and could probably kill Traggle with one kick to the gut. But the sound of shattering glass was Conformity's one weakness. The archdemon bellowed and doubled over in pain. Traggle kept smashing and laughing, and he ultimately destroyed the archdemon with his uncontrollable antics.

Mischief is the lifeblood of a goblin. A goblin should never be inhibited from expressing oneself chaotically.

PLOT HOOK: ASSIST OR RESIST A PIRATE RAID

Most residents living on the surface of the realm—that is, miles below the flying city—simply do not think about “the goblin dream.” They don’t see Gruuk Jit’Jit as a place for radicals to live free from tyranny, nor as a looming food scarcity crisis. It’s just “those dangerous rocks in the sky” or “the home of those nasty pirates.” In addition to an accident waiting to happen, Gruuk Jit’Jit’s primary legacy is its impact on air travel. The golden age of air travel has been replaced by the golden age of sky piracy.

Adventurers may encounter Sharp raids in three different ways:

- ◊ They can **fall victim** to a raid. Unless they’ve been guaranteed protection by the Sharps, any airships within 20 or so miles of Gruuk Jit’Jit is a potential target of a steelfang attack.
- ◊ They can **come across** a raid in process. If the Sharps are attacking a third party, the party will have to decide whether to assist the imperiled airship, join in the looting, or simply look the other way.
- ◊ They can **join the Sharps** on a raid. If the party has their own airship, they are more than welcome to assist in any Sharp raids so long as they promise to forfeit their share of the loot. The party will need an airship fast enough to keep up.

The party will have no choice about whether they face the first two options: either they’ll encounter a Sharp raid as they enter and exit the city, or they won’t. The third option, however, requires the agency of the adventurers. If they really want to support the goblin cause and accept a bit of moral flexibility, then they’re free to offer up their services to the pirate gang.

THE SHARP PLAYBOOK

Sky piracy has much in common with typical thievery on the high seas, but a number of complications arise from the variety of vessel types combined with travel in three dimensions. Though no two pilots have the exact same strategy, a typical Sharp raid follows a now predictable pattern:

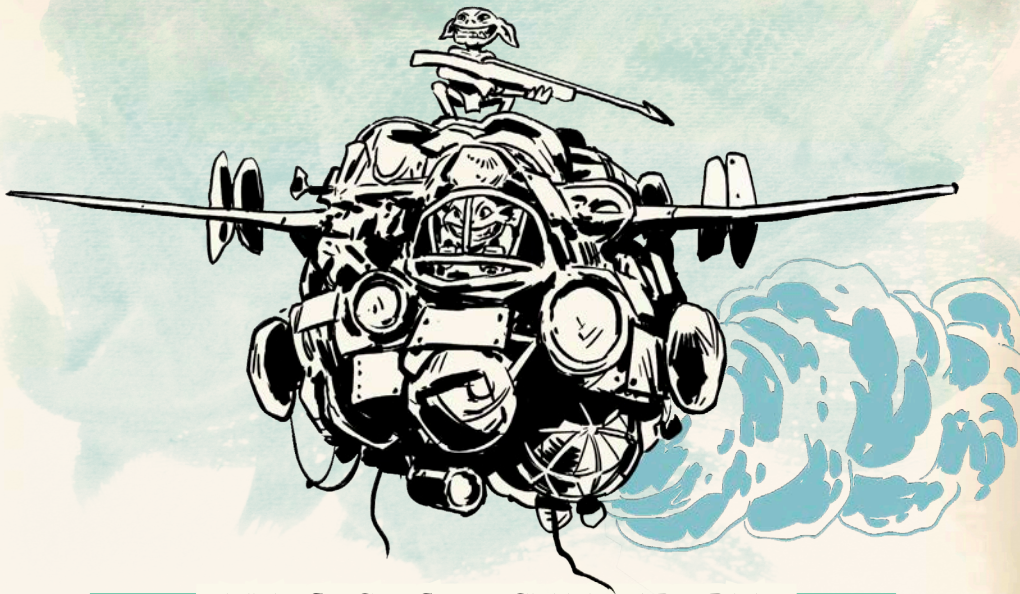
1. The steelfang will quickly approach the target airship.
2. The pilot will make a huge amount of noise, either with the ship's thrusters, a volley of projectiles, or jury-rigged noisemakers (crash cymbals are a favorite).
3. Assuming the target vessel slows to a stop, the pilot will fly toward the airship's captain.
4. The Sharp pilot will yell their demands: hand over a bunch of food and anything mechanical and useful.

The next step is trickier and depends heavily on the specs of both the steelfang

and its target. Most steelfangs have some version of a "hover mode" that allows a steelfang to stay motionless in the sky. Some steelfangs adhere to the edge of a target vessel, gripping onto the opposing frame with hooks and barbs. In either case: the goal is to get close to the other airship, allowing for a proper transfer of goods.

It's always awkward. Aligning two airships miles above the ground and successfully passing goods between them is rarely a simple task. Each steelfang has their own unique strategy for handling this process: some carry bridges, others attempt to dock *aboard* the enemy vessel, and some pilots just say "okay, toss the boxes in that hold right there." There's no telling how many crates of rations have tumbled down into the ocean thanks to a clumsy handoff.

The only time the Sharps veer from this playbook is when their marks make a foolish move. If the captain decides to fight back, flee, or refuses to hand over their cargo, the Sharps do what they do best: they inflict chaotic violence over the skies.



▶ ATTACKS AGAINST THE PARTY ◀

Regardless of how the party approaches Gruuk Jit'Jit, there is always a chance that the Sharps will attack. Steelfangs are faster and nimbler than all but the most experimental airship designs, so escape is exceedingly unlikely. Once a steelfang approaches, the raid has already become inevitable.

If the adventurers are mere passengers on a ship, they will likely have no say in how the captain proceeds. Unless the party has hitched a ride aboard a military vessel, surrender is a near certainty. The infamy of the Sharps precludes negotiation in almost all circumstances, and few airship captains are willing to die just to hold onto their food stores and some mechanical components.

Once a ship has been plundered, the only remaining decision is where to go next. If the airship has enough food for the journey and is still mechanically sound, most captains will opt to continue on toward the original destination. If the captain can no longer keep his crew and passengers fed—or if the Sharps lifted the ship's engine—then the only option is an emergency landing.

Despite the dire scenario, parties piloting their own airships have a few options available to them. Retaliation might be far less hopeless than it at first seems. While steelfangs are rarely out-matched in speed, they *are* occasionally bested in terms of firepower. Some pilots will fight to the bitter end, but others will immediately flee if they sense the battle is a lost cause.

Deceitful parties may attempt a bit of treachery. They can hand over rotten food, faulty equipment, or even rigged explosives. They can wait for the pilot to approach before they throw a knife into the poor Sharp's heart. They can hide in their airship and pretend it's abandoned. They can even attempt to flip the script and *board the steelfang*. A capable party will find many opportunities to take advantage of a bad situation.

Regardless of the outcome, there will be no bad blood between the Sharps and the adventures. The pirates do not fault captains who trick them, who retaliate, or who attempt to flee. Even if the party shoots a steelfang out of the sky, the wider organization is likely to be more impressed than mad. That said, the Sharps will want to make sure their reputation is not tarnished. The party should be prepared for a larger fleet of assailants next time they take to the skies.

▶ ATTACKS AGAINST THIRD PARTIES ◀

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It's easy to be brave when cornered. It's far harder to act decisively when the alternative is going on one's merry way. Steelfangs are *loud*, so it's usually pretty easy to know when a raid is occurring somewhere nearby. Whether or not the party decides to intervene can be tricky, especially when they don't know all the details.

The Sharps *are* providing a service for Gruuk Jit'Jit. They are ensuring that the city stays fed and properly aloft in the sky. However, it's entirely possible that the party won't know this. It's also possible that they'll believe that the ends don't justify the means. If a party decides to aid a plundered vessel, they will be putting their lives on the line. The Sharps don't mind when their targets attempt to fight or flee, but if a completely uninvolved airship swoops in to disrupt their marauding, they take that personally. Good samaritans will suffer the full wrath of the Sharp fleet. It is imperative that every captain in the realm knows the price of intervening on behalf of a steelfang's prey.

Alternatively, a party *could* attempt to aid a steelfang. Trying to assist a robbery that is already going smoothly is likely to only complicate matters, but if the target is retaliating, any Sharp pilot will be grateful for aerial support. Assisting a raid en route to Gruuk Jit'Jit may just be the quickest way for a party to endear themselves to the pirate faction.





IF ALL ELSE FAILS

The Sharps are never afraid to attempt wild tactics. The party can try all they want to encourage safer and more feasible strategies, but the Sharps are committed to their chaotic gambits.



THE OIL ELEMENTAL

Some of Piiralus's viscous emissions achieve a small degree of sentience. The Sharps employ these so-called "fuel sparks" to harry enemy vessels. On rare occasions, they may also imprison these elementals to act as potent fuel reserves.

▶ ASSISTING A SHARP RAID ◀

Once the party has demonstrated some degree of support for the goblin cause, most Sharp pilots will happily invite the adventurers to join them on a raid. The party should not take this invitation lightly. This is an opportunity to commit piracy on an unknown target. The victim may be a military airship, a dirigible carrying aid to the Vaulters, or

a humble party of adventurers much like themselves. It's one thing to say "for the good of Gruuk Jit'Jit!" and quite another to rob a group of travelers with the explicit threat of violence.

Though the party is unlikely to have an ultra-fast steel-fang to call their own, there are many additional ways they can assist a raid:

- ◊ **The Fake Emergency:** A favorite tactic for more devious Sharp pilots. The party will be tasked with flying out far from Gruuk Jit'Jit with a steelfang flying stealthily behind. The party will then have to play the part of a ship adrift, perhaps one that has already been raided by the Sharps. Once another airship comes to the party's aid, the prowling Sharp pilot can swoop in.
- ◊ **Suppressing Fire, or the Threat Thereof:** If the party has sufficient firepower, they can help to make retaliation an impossibility. The Sharps often rely on squadrons of steelfangs to stick up more powerful airships, particularly royal dreadnoughts. In instances where their mark is likely to have potent weaponry of their own, the Sharps will often rely on allies from outside their organization to add a bit of extra muscle to their threats.
- ◊ **Hijacking:** Usually, hijacking an entire airship is more trouble than it's worth. It's far easier to snag what's valuable and then return to base. In some instances, however, an entire airship will be so lucrative that it's worth attempting to commandeer it and fly it all the way back to Gruuk Jit'Jit. In these instances, a steelfang might haul a team of additional crew in its cargo hold, ready to board the target airship, subdue its crew, and then pilot it to the Sharp docks or skunkworks.
- ◊ **Technomagical Upgrades:** Goblin engineers are brilliant and innovative, but like all scientists, the scope of their knowledge is limited by their experience. It is entirely possible that the party's mages or tinkerers may have knowhow that would be of use to Sharps in the steelfang hangars. Sometimes, the best way to support a pirate raid is just to upgrade their fleet.



CHAPTER 5

ELEMENTAL UNSHACKLED





THE TUNGSTEN CORE! THE FERVENT SECT! THE UNSETTLED SPIRIT!

The center of Gruuk Jit’Jit was previously the location of the Niiri-sarnel Central Bank, the heart of the great elven empire’s economy. Over the course of the last century, the elves transitioned from “mystical weirdos in the woods” to “megarich oil barons.” They had dominated the selshanor fuel market, thanks to what they described as “ancient elven ritual stockpiles.” This was a lie.

The elves had instead imprisoned an elemental just as airship technology was beginning to proliferate across the realm. They knew the secrets of elemental shackling, a form of arcane imprisonment unknown to the human kingdoms. For 100 years, they kept Piiralus in a secure vault, endlessly siphoning fuel to sell at a wildly inflated price.

Then, the Jit’Jit goblins detonated a hodgepodge assemblage of crude explosive directly under Piiralus. All it took was a spark. The resultant explosion destroyed the bank and tore through the elemental shackling. Newly free, Piiralus began spinning in flaming ecstasy. This supersonic fiery swirl created the thrust needed to launch the entire banking district into the sky.

ENGINEERING AT THE CORE

The center of Gruuk Jit'Jit is a hole. Piiralus creates a swirling ring of pure energy that keeps the city aloft. Initially, the thrust generated by this explosive vortex was incredibly precarious. Gruuk Jit'Jit blasted off in a glorious launch, but the trajectory was jerky, leading to unstable ground and frequent turbulence. What's more: the residents of Gruuk Jit'Jit had no way of accessing Piiralus's fuel, and they could not approach her without coming into fatal contact with the inferno.

In a flash of insight, the goblins quickly figured out a solution to each of these problems. They developed a tungsten ring to surround Piiralus's circular flight. This "binding shield" has three properties:

1. Its particular shape stabilizes the thrust generated by Piiralus, leading to a much less turbulent flight.
2. Pipes affixed to the ring allow the goblins to siphon off a portion of Piiralus's fuel secretions and redirect this fuel to the rest of the city.
3. With the shield secured, Stokers can safely approach Piiralus.

Lowering the shield into the core was no easy feat, but now that it's locked in place, everyone in the city is much better off. The sudden jerks and tremors of Gruuk Jit'Jit's early days are a thing of the past. Fuel is plentiful, powering both the steelfangs and the various flying mechanisms that keep the city afloat. Plus, Piiralus's sect can now commune with her without fear of immediate incineration.



Platforms around the core provide a perfect meeting place for the Stokers and a deck upon which machinists can further tinker with the binding shield. These walkways are part engineering deck and part church hall. While goblin tinkerers reinforce the shield that stabilizes Gruuk Jit'Jit's flight, Stoker revelers contemplate tales of Jub's benevolence.

Gradually, the goblins overcomplicated Gruuk Jit'Jit's core. Winding pipes lead every which way, and valves and levers may not have an obvious purpose even to the tinkerers who had them installed. There are mechanisms to redirect fuel, funnel heat to the city, forge metals, and even rapidly grill entire meals in seconds. The goblins were blessed with a never-ending fuel source, and they'll be damned if they'll let that go to waste. The obvious downside is that no one quite knows how *all* of it works. Luckily, few of the mechanisms require much oversight, so for the most part, the core operates just fine with little interference.



FACTION DOSSIER: THE STOKERS

Now that the binding shield is in place, the goblins who spend the most time in and around Gruuk Jit'Jit's core are the Stokers. From the first days of Gruuk Jit'Jit, a handful of goblins saw Piiralus as a God, and that number has only increased over time.

WHO ARE THEY?

The first Stokers were members of the Jit'Jit Clan. They were a trio of moonshiners and storytellers who spotted some similarities between Piiralus and the entity called "Jub" in some of the earliest goblin fables. These first three Stokers did their best to convince the rest of the clan that they had inadvertently awoken a God, but most of their kin dismissed this notion. Piiralus is powerful, and Gruuk Jit'Jit is an exceptional accomplishment for goblinkind, but a swirling oily vortex hardly seemed *divine* to the otherwise practical tunnel folk.

As word started to spread across the realm, goblins from other clans saw things differently. Gruuk Jit'Jit isn't just a cool floating town; it is evidence of the ascendancy of the goblins. This is the culmination of all goblin teachings, a chaotic city in the clouds where tiny frenzied creatures can live free from non-goblin oppression. The definition of godhood seemed like little more than an afterthought. The force that granted goblins this miracle was worthy of worship. It is as simple as that.

Most Stokers are thus regular goblins who have followed their instincts and relocated to Gruuk Jit'Jit specifically to be near the avatar of Jub. Most of these goblins fulfill other roles on the island as well: some help out at the Lodge, others keep pigs, and some are even members of the other notable factions in town. It is possible—common, even—to be a sky pirate and also believe that the fuel elemental at your city's center is a God.

There are few casual believers among the Stokers. Either you believe the fiery engine in the core of your city is a God worthy of endless praise, or you don't. That said, there is a wide gap in ideology between the rank-and-file adherents and those who actually commune with Jub and oversee the operations of the organization. The latter are referred to as "Tenders," and they dictate how the faith trickles down to the masses.





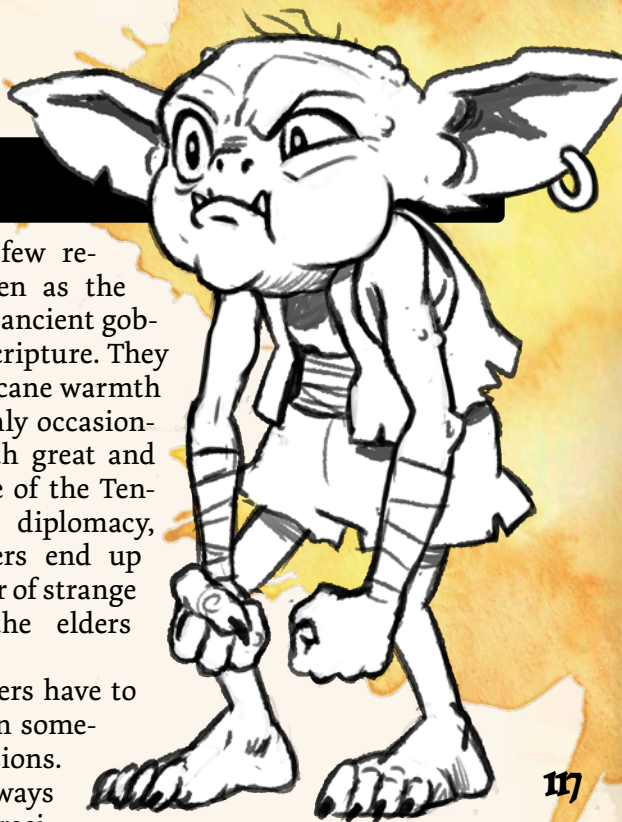
HOW DO THEY OPERATE?

Common Stokers have few responsibilities. They listen as the Tenders share tales from ancient goblin lore and brand new scripture. They dance and feast in the arcane warmth of the core. And then, only occasionally, they are tasked with great and profound tasks from one of the Tenders. Espionage, theft, diplomacy, engineering... the Stokers end up burdened with all manner of strange responsibilities from the elders within the faith.

Meanwhile, the Tenders have to split their duties between sometimes contradictory missions. Goal number one is always to appease Jub. She appreciates the devotion, but she also

has many demands. Her full motivations are described below, but whenever a Tender communes with Jub, they know that they are likely to be tasked with some strange new mission. Sometimes the Tenders take care of these tasks themselves, but just as often they will delegate to a follower.

Directive number two is to keep the common Stokers happy. A healthy and growing religion must prioritize appeasing its devotees, doubly so when these devotees are capricious goblins. In practice, this means producing unfathomable quantities of alcohol, scheduling near-constant sermons and musical performances, and somehow finding housing for everyone on the island. Again: the Tenders try to tackle as many of these tasks as they can, but acolytes seeking to gain favor within the organization often end up saddled with these difficult responsibilities.



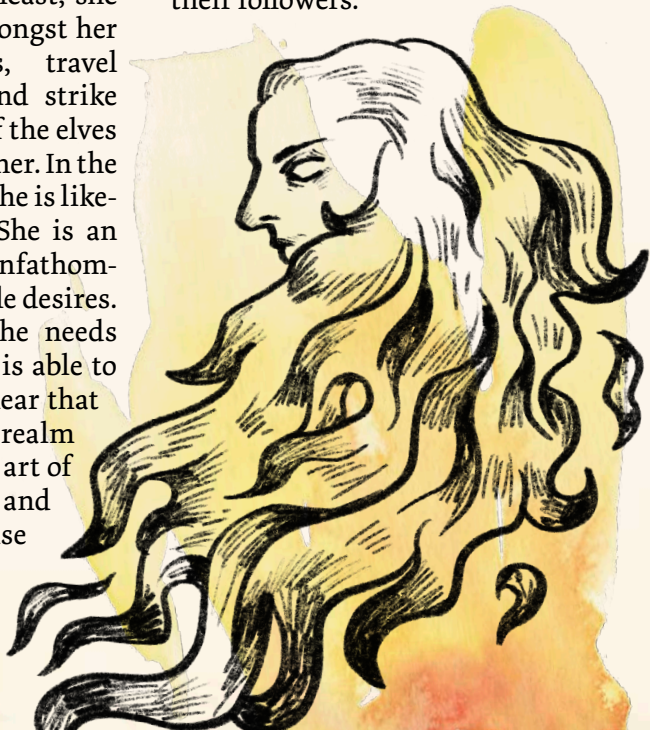
WHAT DO THEY WANT?

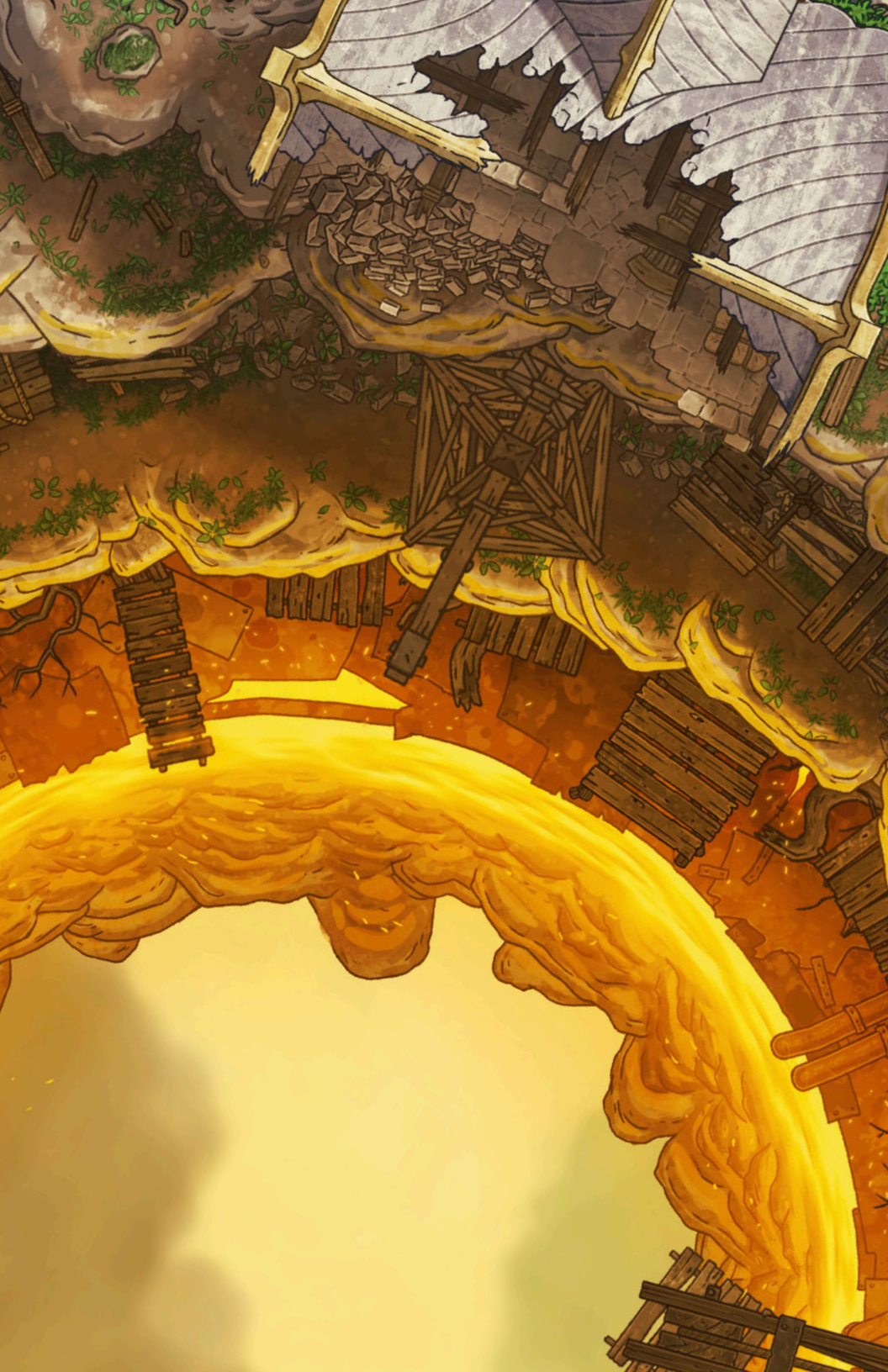
Unlike the other factions, there is a vast gulf in motivations between the various tiers within the faith. Easiest to understand are the common believers. Overwhelmingly, followers of Jub are happy to just live within the miracle that is Gruuk Jit'Jit. They like to drink and dance, and they love to be constantly reminded of how the city is the apotheosis of centuries of goblin prophecy. As far as they're concerned, they're already living in paradise.

Piiralus, on the other hand, seeks freedom and protection. For now, at the very least, she is happy to swirl amongst her goblin worshippers, travel across the realm, and strike fear into the hearts of the elves who had imprisoned her. In the long term, however, she is likely to grow restless. She is an elemental with an unfathomable lifespan and fickle desires. Most importantly, she needs to make sure no one is able to re-shackle her. It is clear that there are those in the realm who still practice the art of elemental shackling, and Piiralus will have to use

the Stokers to keep these foes at bay. She is not omniscient, so many of her demands concern spying on the great forces that occupy Gruuk Jit'Jit.

The Tenders have to juggle the needs of their followers and of Jub. This is not always straightforward. For example: to brew the requisite hooch for Stoker parties, the Tenders rely on the Niirisarnel Elves Hydroponic Laborers Union and their incredible corn yields. Jub, however, has forbidden all Stokers from interacting with the elves outside of espionage missions. Thus, the Tenders do what they can to honor their deity, but they also make concessions as necessary to woo their followers.







The Moonshiners

The first to recognize Piiralus as an avatar of Jub were **Krank** (he/him), **Dunk** (he/him), and **Diggie** (she/her), three Jit'Jit moonshiners. Back before the Niirisarnel incident, Krank, Dunk, and Diggie provided some 90% of the liquor consumed by the Jit'Jit clan. In the great spirit of goblin experimentation, this trio would attempt to make liquors out of just about anything: grass, mushrooms, crickets, ash, you name it. Many of the experiments “failed” (i.e. did not ferment and/or made goblins sick), but that didn't stop them from trying. Krank, Dunk, and Diggie are also a throuple.

Polyamory is common among goblin societies, but rarely does one find a group of goblins so perfectly aligned both in love and in vocation.

In Stoker lore, these three are now known simply as the Moonshiners. They are Tenders, considered by most to be the highest prophets in the faith. They are proud of their calling, and they remain exceptionally devout to this day. They are also *exhausted*. Back in the tunnels before the Niirisarnel incident, the Moonshiners were a happy trio of loving goofballs who would spend their hours making strange concoctions and laughing with their friends. Now, they're the *de facto* voices of a God, constantly balancing their holy duties with the practical necessities of mass-producing liquor for scores of devotees.

Dunk, in particular, has been debating whether he even wants to stay in Gruuk Jit'jit. The great goblin experiment is an incredible marvel, but he is no longer having any fun. He believes Jub is a God, but he also doesn't know if he cares anymore. He desperately wants his partners to leave with him, but he's afraid of what they'll say if he opens up about his reservations.

If the party befriends the Stokers, the Moonshiners will be happy to offload any responsibilities onto the eager adventurers. Alternatively, if the party seeks to disrupt Stoker operations, their best bet may be to inflame tensions within the devout triad.

GM NOTE: The key to roleplaying the Moonshiners is making it clear that they want to be carefree. They're exhausted, but if the party offers even a hint of levity, they'll smile as though it's the first joke they've heard since their childhood. This past year has worn them down. Running a religion is hard, and it's rarely fun. This will hopefully inspire your players to act, either by seeking to overthrow the Moonshiners, help them find replacements, or take advantage of their fatigue.

TENDER REEGIJIR GUR'DILZ

Goblin faith, superstition, and oral history are all woven together. Stories form the backbone of goblin culture, and communities with practiced storytellers tend to prosper. Tender Reegijir (he/him) is a mystic from a reclusive goblin clan in the Silliar Ghats. The teachings of his people are unusual, relying on few of the touchstone goblin fables. Nevertheless, Reegijir has a gift for sharing tales of Jub that are easily digested by goblins from all different backgrounds. He sermonizes while drumming, the rhythms reinforcing the pacing of his universal parables. Reegijir is an unusual figure, shamanistic and seeming unapproachable. And yet, his words seem to strike a chord with all Stokers.

THE TI'ZIT CLAN

Once slaves to cruel orcish masters, the Ti'Zit Clan was nearly completely obliterated after a confrontation with dwarven rebels. The seven surviving members of the clan, horrified by the atrocities of wanton violence, made their way to Gruuk Jit'Jit. It is an unusual location to claim asylum. There are no protections guaranteed to anyone, least of all wanderers scarred by war and the recent shackles of servitude. And yet, the Ti'Zit Clan has found refuge among the Stokers. To them, Jub represents much more than goblin excellence. Whether she is truly benevolent or simply unknowable, she provides sanctuary for the downtrodden. That is enough for these tormented goblins.

PIIRALUS JUB

What does it mean to be “divine”? Is it enough to have exceptional power that transcends what seems possible to mortals? Must it be coupled with omniscience? Omnipotence? Or merely benevolence? Compared to an ant, is a goblin “divine”?

With a generous enough definition, one could reasonably conceive of Piiralus as godly. There are forces in this world with power far beyond hers: the four titans, a handful of ancient dragons, and the elder elementals whose abilities exceed Piiralus’s explosive might. Nevertheless, Piiralus is powerful, and her actions also unambiguously bring glory to the goblins. The question of whether or not this merits a designation of true godhood seems moot.

At the very least, that’s what Piiralus thinks. After spending 100 years enslaved and tormented by the ungrateful elves, she takes great pride in what she’s been able to accomplish for the goblins. Their spirit—the ineffable joy and zeal that permeates all goblinkind—is infectious and fully in line with Piiralus’s capricious nature. The goblins love her, and she loves them back.

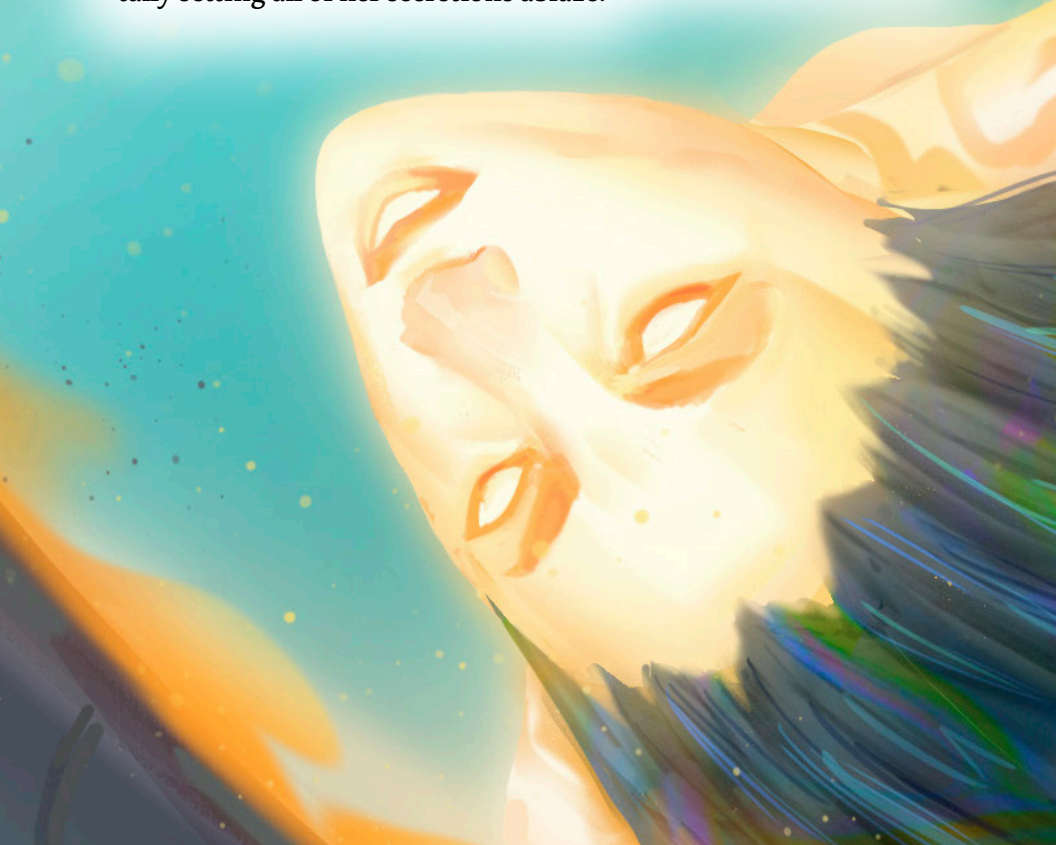
Of course, Piiralus is also incredibly afraid. Elemental shackling is a horrific practice. The magic process causes searing mental pain and renders an elemental completely immobile. Piiralus suffered this fate for *ten decades*. That is not the sort of trauma one overcomes quickly. She is torn between competing impulses: she fears the elves and wants to avoid their psychic stranglehold at all costs, but she also seeks revenge on her prior captors. For now, she has entrusted her Tenders with collecting information on the elves, discovering their weakness, and protecting Gruuk Jit’Jit’s core from anyone that might be dangerous. Outsiders are not even allowed to attend sermons until they’ve been properly vetted by the Tenders.

WHAT IS PIIRALUS?

Many Stokers are disappointed when they finally get close to Piiralus. She swirls at such a rapid pace that it is difficult to see her as a creature. To mortal eyes, she appears as a ring of fire. That fire is *not* Piiralus. It is just the byproduct of her rapid rotations and the selshasnor fuel she emits.

Piiralus is a sort of sentient primordial form of this fuel. Some think that elementals such as Piiralus are related to the titans; where Scamhóga “represents” the wind, Piiralus represents the fuel itself. She is the physical and spiritual embodiment of energy—rambunctious and kinetic.

When not ablaze, Piiralus takes on a vaguely humanoid form, goopy and slick. She is capable of producing fuel at staggering volumes. Some of this fuel drips from her body, but much of it pools at distant points in her vicinity. Through this process, she is able to feed the pipes connected to the binding shield without accidentally setting all of her secretions ablaze.

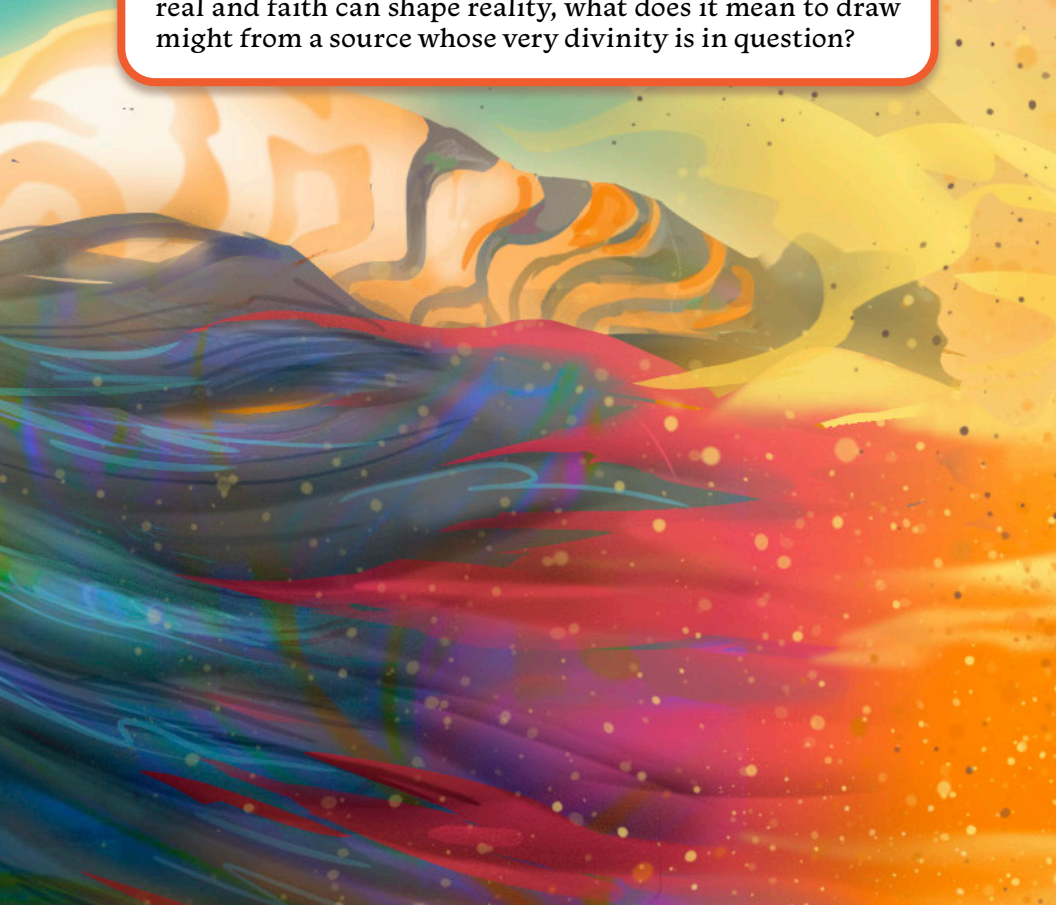


PIIRALUS AND DIVINE ADVENTURERS

Many tabletop characters gain their abilities through faith. Paladins, clerics, priests, and holy knights may have the option to list the deity or greater power that bestows them with strength. Whether or not Piiralus is a valid option is a question for you to discuss with your players.

Consider how your RPG system frames holy power. Is a paladin's divine sword swipe caused by a literal bequeathing of power from a God to a sword? Or is the paladin imbuing the sword via their *faith*? If you consider it the latter, then a goblin paladin with Piiralus-infused might is totally viable!

You may also consider the possibility that a character *believes* that their power comes from Piiralus, when the reality is something more complicated. In a world where Gods are real and faith can shape reality, what does it mean to draw might from a source whose very divinity is in question?



THE STOKERS

VS

THE VAULTERS

When the Moonshiners declared Piiralus an avatar of Jub, they were denounced by the Vaulters. See, assigning godhood to Piiralus robs the Vaulters of much of their agency. Those goblins who oversaw the heist that *created* Gruuk Jit'jit want to take credit for this new city. They see themselves as its rightful rulers, and they want to feel as though they are responsible for this miracle of goblinkind.

As more and more goblins join the Stoker sect, the feud between the Vaulters and the Stokers escalates. The Stokers far outnumber the twenty true Vaulters, but the Vaulters have their stronghold and possess all the sway with the foreign dignitaries who regularly visit the city. The Vaulters fear that the Stokers will try to overthrow them as the dominant faction in political relations, and the Stokers fear that the Vaulters will betray Jub in some way.

There is a quiet stalemate between the two factions, but it seems likely that active conflict is unavoidable.

GAINING LOSING FAVOR

Rising in standing with the Stokers means impressing the Tenders. Only by assisting these overworked religious leaders can a party gain the favor of the organization itself. It may be possible for the party to befriend Piiralus by other means. This is likely to impress the Tenders if they find out, but befriend Piiralus and winning the trust of the Stoker *faction* are two different tasks.

As such, the best way to gain favor with the Stokers is to perform favors for them. The Moonshiners and other Tenders need help, and many of their needs are entirely secular in nature. It is possible for a party to become trusted allies with the Stokers without ever declaring their allegiance to Piiralus.

GAINING FAVOR

+1 Upon pledging themselves to Piiralus

+1 For attending a Stoker party

+1 For bringing a new convert to the core

+2 For repairing or augmenting the binding shield

+3 For sourcing new moonshine supplies

+3 For foiling a plot to shackle Piiralus

+3 For conducting reconnaissance on behalf of the Tenders

+3 For securing additional housing for new Stoker converts

+5 For ousting the Vaulters

+5 If Piiralus declares the party her friends

LOSING FAVOR

-1 For blasphemy

-1 Whenever fuel is used for an unsanctioned purpose

-2 Each time the party fails a mission assigned to them by the Tenders

-3 For approaching the core without permission from the Tenders

-3 For publicly cavorting with the elves (no penalty for doing so secretly)

-3 If party's favor with the Vaulters is greater than 5

-5 For sabotaging the binding shield

-5 If found guilty of aiding those who seek to land the city

Access to the core is only granted to parties with a favor rating of at least 5, *unless* that party consists solely of goblins, or if they are working on behalf of the GJ Improvement Guild. With a favor of 10 or higher, the Tenders will begin to assign more high-profile tasks: infiltrating the Vaulters, robbing the NEHLU, or striking deals with the Sharps. At a favor of 15 or higher, the adventurers may become Tenders themselves, and they may also speak with Piiralus whenever they wish.

Once a party falls below -5 favor with the Stokers, they will no longer be allowed anywhere in the vicinity of the core, regardless of their race or their relationship with the GJ Improvement Guild. They will be hassled merely for approaching the center of the island. The Tenders will also task rank-and-file followers to spy on the party. With a score of -10, the Tenders will preach of the party's villainy, spreading word of their misdeeds, both real and invented. The Tenders very rarely instruct members to attack heretics, but they will tactfully suggest that Gruuk Jit'jit would be safer without the party around.

EXCERPT FROM TRIALS OF TRAGGLE

TRAGGLE MEETS JUB

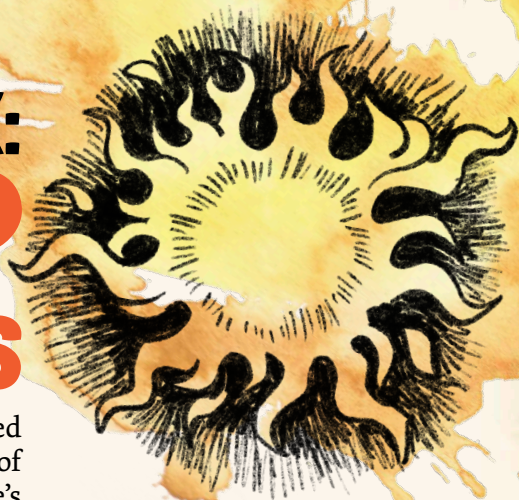
Foolish Traggles had heard of Jub. Some said she had helped the goblins before. Some said she was a God, stronger than a giant, cleverer than an archdemon, and funkier than a rotten brew. Jub stated that she wanted to meet Traggles, for Traggles had defeated Conformity.

Foolish Traggles approached Jub's home, atop a mountain at the bottom of the sea inside a volcano on the moon. Traggles made the journey, difficult though it was. He knocked on her door, and she answered.

Foolish Traggles beheld Jub. She was old and naked and wrinkly, and she smiled a wild toothy grin. She gave Traggles a high five, and he smiled. They slurped a weird soup and set off firecrackers indoors. It was great fun. Traggles thanked her for a wonderful stay.

Traggles never knew whether Jub was truly a God. All that mattered was that she was loud and kind.

PLOT HOOK: HELP PIIRALUS



Piiralus is adrift. She's scarred from one hundred years of torture and solitude, and she's taking advantage of her unexpected freedom by helping those who freed her. In all likelihood, however, Piiralus will not want to spin in circles and fly a city district across the sky forever. She is a fuel elemental and it is in her nature to follow her whims. For now, she is content, but she needs help overcoming her trauma and deciding what she really wants in life.

The party may want to help Piiralus for any number of reasons. They may want to gain her favor for selfish aims; after all, she is a near-limitless source of ultra-valuable fuel. They may also hope to land the city, a feat that will be much more easily accomplished with Piiralus's cooperation. Finally, they may just want to help the tormented creature out of the kindness in their hearts.

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▶ **APPROACH PIIRALUS** ◀

Getting to Piiralus is difficult. To access the core, they will have to either join the Stokers, the GJ Improvement Guild, or approach with extreme stealth. There are always Tenders on watch, and many of them have unique gifts that will make speaking with Piiralus difficult. Some are expert tinkerers that can use the binding shield against intruders, triggering sprays of burning fuel, or opening trap doors. Others are divinely inspired shamans, with strange magics to harry intruders. Tender Reegijir doesn't just drum to aid his sermons; he can wield rhythmic spells to charm anyone

within range. It would be a strange fate to arrive at the core, only to be tricked into jumping to one's death by an arcane percussionist with enchanting spells.

As the party approaches the binding shield, they will feel intense heat. Piiralus will be able to hear them, though she will not respond unless she believes she has something to gain. Understandably, Piiralus is exceedingly distrustful. For better or worse, there is little she can do directly. To provide a steady flight path, she must maintain a constant swirl of flames.

▶ HELP PIIRALUS CHOOSE ◀

Once the party has gained Piiralus's trust, either by allying with the Tenders or speaking with her directly, the next step is to help Piiralus decide what she wants from life. Piiralus is weighing many options and can be nudged in one direction or another by a persuasive or potentially threatening party.

WHAT TO DO ABOUT THE ELVES?

Piiralus holds a grudge against elves. Of course, Piiralus believes the elves that had actually imprisoned her are likely all dead. The mage responsible for her elemental shackling was almost certainly in the Niirisarnel Central Bank the day of the incident, and the guards were all near the vault. Thus, the direct culprits of Piiralus's shackling are no longer in the

picture. However, Piiralus is still deeply distrustful and resentful of *all* elves.

If the party thinks this is justified, they can nudge her toward exacting revenge: she could hover around what's left of Niirisarnel and hope that chunks of Gruuk Jit'Jit fall onto the city, leveling it. Or she could simply land the city right on top of the elven capital. She could even abandon Gruuk Jit'Jit altogether and tear through the realm on a fiery, genocidal rampage.

Alternatively, the party could encourage her to leave the past behind. The elves who still live had no hand in her shackling. It is unlikely they even knew the circumstances of Piiralus's imprisonment. Perhaps the best way forward for the troubled elemental is to forgive and forget.



THE FATE OF CASELLIAS

Piiralus is wrong about one thing: the elf who imprisoned her one hundred years ago is not dead. In fact, he's very close to her at this very moment. Casellias Elliren has been hiding within the elven quarter of Gruuk Jit'Jit since the incident. Though it may not be healthy to do so, your party can help Piiralus to get the vengeance she seeks.

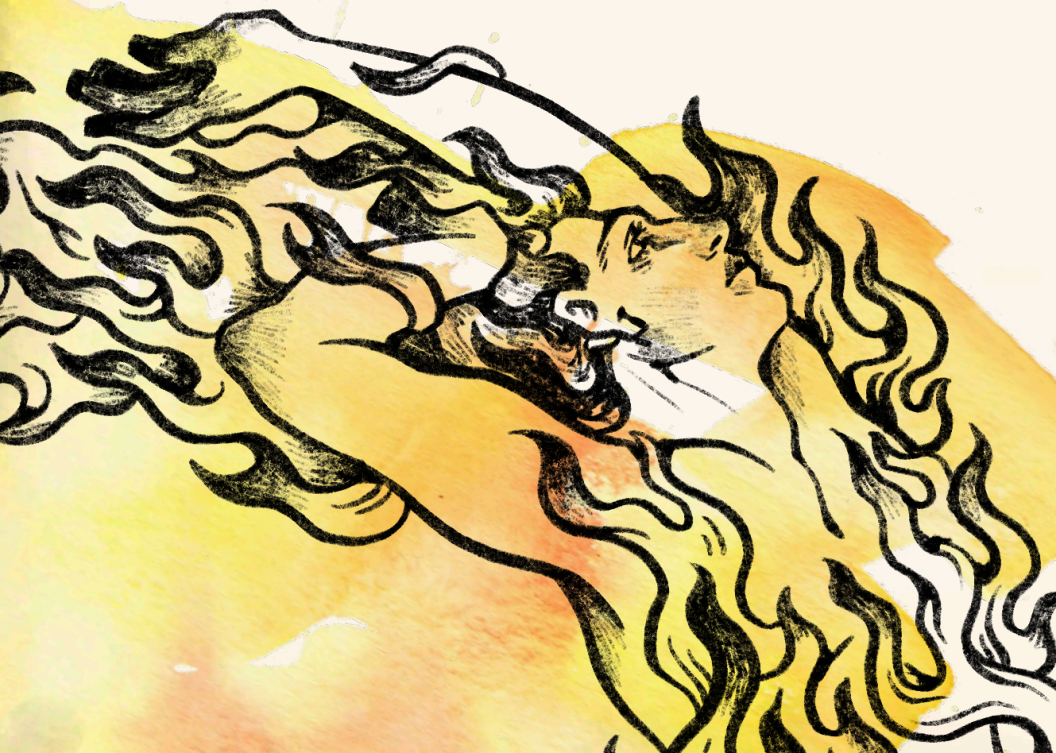
WHAT TO DO ABOUT THE CITY?

If the party wants Gruuk Jit'Jit to land, the most painless way to do so is by convincing Piiralus to gently lower it back into place. Deep down, Piiralus knows that she cannot hold the city in the sky forever... or rather, she *can* do that, but she will probably grow bored eventually.

However, landing the city is not the only option. If the goblins were to properly reinforce the bedrock and affix enough *sustainable* propellers, balloons, and jets to the various islands, they could theoretically keep Gruuk Jit'Jit airborne indefinitely. This will be a herculean task of engineering, but Piiralus has the means to help. She'll just need patience.

WHAT TO DO NEXT?

Regardless of what Piiralus chooses to do with the elves or with Gruuk Jit'Jit in the long term, there will eventually come a time when she is no longer the engine for a city. Someday, she will be free to do as she pleases, untethered to the lives of hundreds of goblins and adventurers. What will she do when that day comes?



GM NOTE: Not every party will want to engage with the plot point of helping Piiralus confront her trauma. It is realistic, but it's not necessarily *fun*. Some parties may find satisfaction in directing the elemental toward proper systems of care, but others may find it boring and/or depressing. If you feel it's a worthwhile inclusion in your narrative, it may be satisfying to give your players an opportunity to flex their empathy muscles.

Alternatively, you can address this with a single sentence, something like "I think it's time I tackle my own demons for a bit," or similar. If you're just GMing a lighthearted goofy goblin adventure, there's no need to disrupt the tone by bringing the mood down. Say that Piiralus wants vengeance on the elves, run a session where the party fights Casellias, and call it a day. Some campaigns benefit from exploring deep emotional wounds, and some don't. You know your party's boundaries and needs best.

The party is likely to have a vested interest in this question. If they swear allegiance to one kingdom or another, they will want Piiralus to bless their home with the fuel that will almost certainly still be in high demand for decades or centuries to come. Piiralus is unique in that she is simultaneously a primordial force, a troubled sentience, and a scarce natural resource. She is already the most wanted creature in the realm. She could choose to continue aiding the various goblin clans, of course, or she could use her fuel as a bargaining chip to encourage governments across the realm to act as she wishes.

Piiralus may also decide that the realm is no longer worthy of her gifts. She is an ancient and powerful force, and there are adjacent realms that may be more fitting. She could escape to the stars, the fae Principality, or any of the stranger planes of existence.

Perhaps the most important question for Piiralus is how she will face her past. One hundred years of torment cannot be forgotten. She will have to either confront this trauma or let it ruin her. Any truly compassionate party will encourage Piiralus to seek the treatment that she so desperately needs. Even an ancient elemental has to rely on the help of professionals every once in a while.

CHAPTER 6

Secrets of the SAUNA





THE THICKET OF INFRASTRUCTURE! THE LAWLESS MARKETPLACE! THE THREAT OF TRUE JUSTICE!

Despite Lyman Prattershare's stranglehold over The Flying Pig Lodge, most of the lawless tavern is not a cutthroat den of thieves. To be clear: the halls of the massive inn are truly *lawless* in the sense that there is no central authority dictating how folks ought to act. Nevertheless, anarchy is not always synonymous with chaos. In the quieter wings of the tavern, travelers sleep soundly, eat savory meals in quiet nooks, and chat with the cosmopolitan tourists who claim adjoining rooms.

Many freelancers, explorers, and volunteers arrive in Gruuk Jit'Jit with few valuables other than the gizmos mandatory for entrance into the city. Food is free, and most goblins will refuse to accept gold in all circumstances. There are thus few incentives for violence or burglary. Yes, there are no guards in the tavern nor agents responsible for resolving disputes. That said, Gruuk Jit'Jit as a whole is a surprisingly safe city to visit assuming you know which corners to avoid.

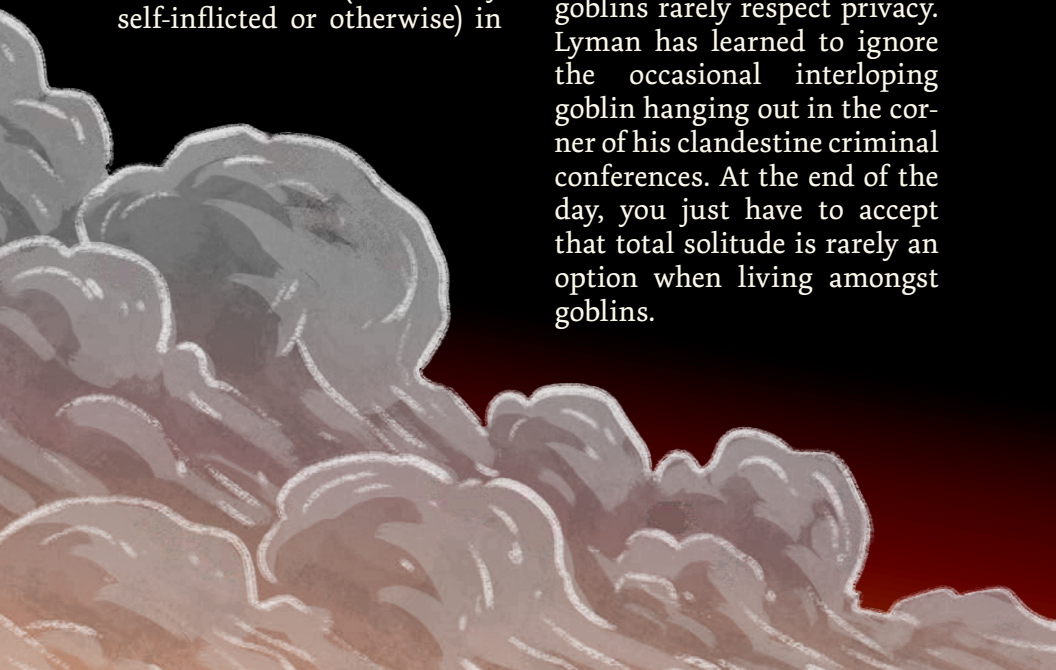
THE SAUNAS

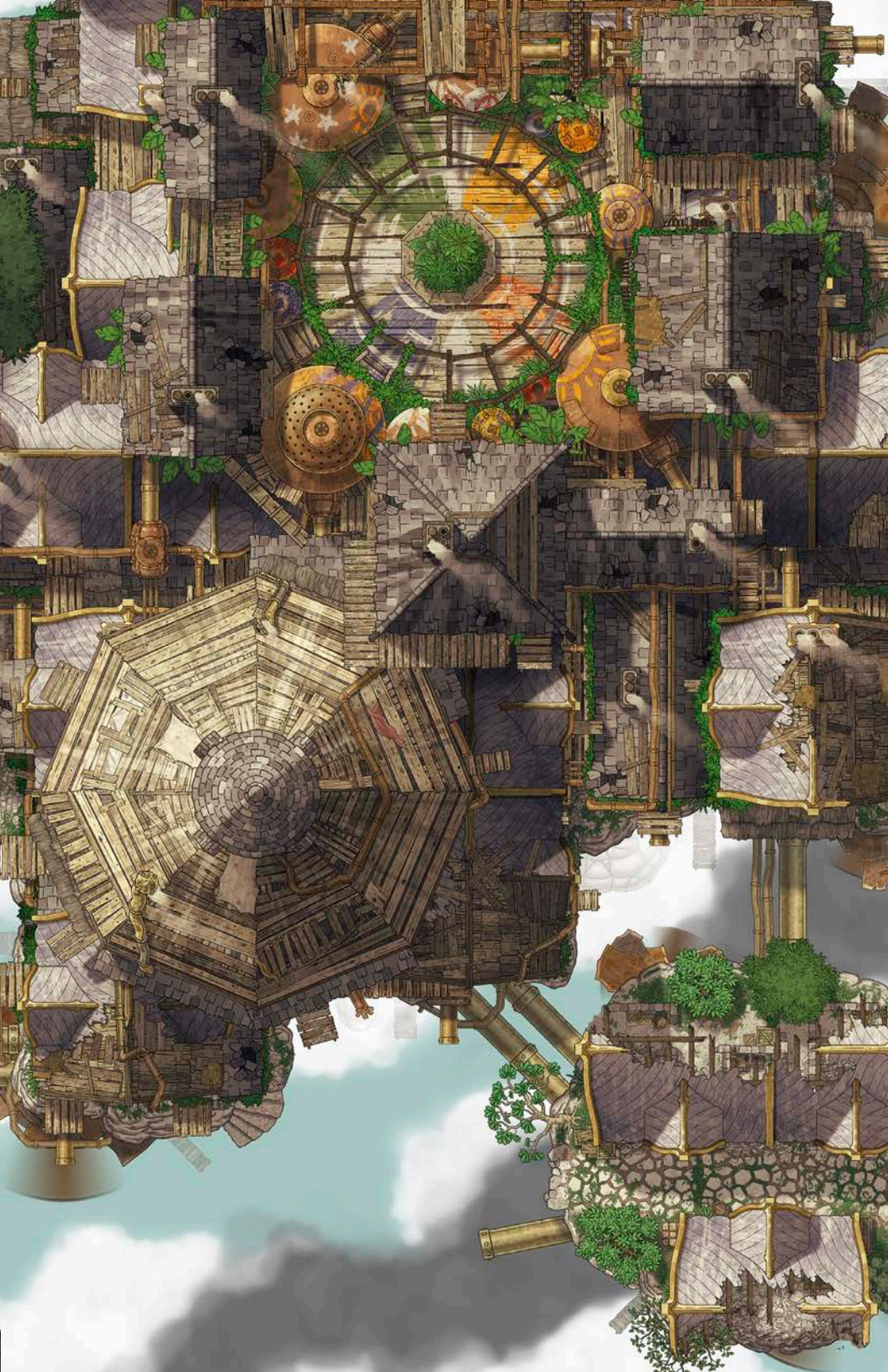
The Flying Pig Lodge offers a variety of amenities to goblins and travelers alike. Foremost among these are the saunas. Powered by a tiny trickle of fuel siphoned off from Piiralus, the saunas are active at all times, with levers in each room to adjust the flow of heat that pours in through the steam tunnels that wind their way through Gruuk Jit'Jit's underbelly.

Businessmen intent on striking deals with Lyman's League flock to the saunas to covertly discuss new contracts. Sharp pilots tend to their wounds (accidentally self-inflicted or otherwise) in

Piiralus's blissful heat. Even the few remaining Niirisarnel elves residing in Gruuk Jit'Jit take advantage of the saunas after a long day in their hydroponic farm. More than anywhere else throughout the flying city, the saunas are the sort of cultural kaleidoscope that goblin culture strives for but almost never achieves.

Rooms in the sauna vary in size, from tiny solo vats barely large enough for a single goblin, to larger chambers perfect for business meetings or amorous goblin polycules. There are no reservations, and the doors do not lock. If you would like to have a bit of privacy, you may have to wait a moment before an appropriately sized sauna opens up. Even then, goblins rarely respect privacy. Lyman has learned to ignore the occasional interloping goblin hanging out in the corner of his clandestine criminal conferences. At the end of the day, you just have to accept that total solitude is rarely an option when living amongst goblins.





KCULLIK THREE-HAND

While Lyman's father Ransley rules the aerial shipping lanes, the Three-Hand Consortium has always dominated the sea freight market. For decades, their grip on realm-wide trade had loosened as airship travel grew cheaper and cheaper, but the selshanor fuel shortage has renewed the demand for nautical shipping. Thus, the leaders of the Three-Hand Consortium are quite pleased with everything that has transpired since the incident at Niirisarnel, and they've sent representative Kcullik (he/him) to capitalize on the shake-up.

Kcullik is a rungal, a simian cousin of the goblin, though it would be hard to notice the

evolutionary similarities between Kcullik and most of Gruuk Jit'Jit's residents. Kcullik has the massive frame of a silverback and the wide mustache of an emperor tamarin. Culturally, however, Kcullik and his rungal kin share quite a bit with the goblins of Gruuk Jit'Jit with one major difference: Kcullik is a big fan of the free market.

For years, Kcullik has managed all gemstone, spice, and exotic animal trade for the Three-Hand Consortium. He's a ruthless negotiator with a knack for nautical logistics. Now, he's in Gruuk Jit'Jit to meet with Lyman to see just how much leverage he can gain from this strange twist in the transportation economy. Specifically, Kcullik wants to employ Lyman's freelancers to take care of three tasks that will help his nautical guild:

1. Investigate a rumor that someone is siphoning off selshanor fuel and taking it off-island
2. Destroy the airship that's currently berthed in the skunkworks
3. Sabotage any diplomatic efforts to land the city

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The Three-Hand Consortium will pay handsomely for these tasks. They expect they'll have to work with Lyman (who will take his customary cut of the fee), though Kcullik is also authorized to offer these jobs to capable freelancers outside of Lyman's employ. This would

cause a rift between the Three-Hand Consortium and Lyman's League, but it would also cost quite a bit less. If the adventurers feel like undercutting the criminal mastermind, they could potentially land this gig before Lyman is able to assign it to his own freelancers.

▶ THE UTILITY TUNNELS ◀

Gruuk Jit'Jit is more than a hunk of soil and rock flying across the realm. It was inevitable that the Jit'Jit Clan would gradually crisscross Gruuk Jit'Jit's underground with tangled tunnel passages. Perhaps more surprising is that they found a way to make these tunnels useful. The entire fabric of the city is threaded with gas lines and steam pipes, many of which flow through utility tunnels that connect the various points of interest across the island. An incredible amount of fuel is redirected from the binding shield to the Sharp docks, and pressurized steam created from flame blasted rain water is funneled toward the saunas.

Gaining access to the web of tunnels hidden within the island should be a top priority for adventurers intent on espionage or mischief. Locked doors and hatchways are camouflaged throughout the city, off-limits to all but a few Vaulters tunnellers and select members of the GJ Improvement Guild. The Jit'Jit Clan is generally a trusting crew, but even they aren't willing to risk the city's sensitive infrastructure to chance.

Broadly speaking, there are five means of gaining access to the utility tunnels:

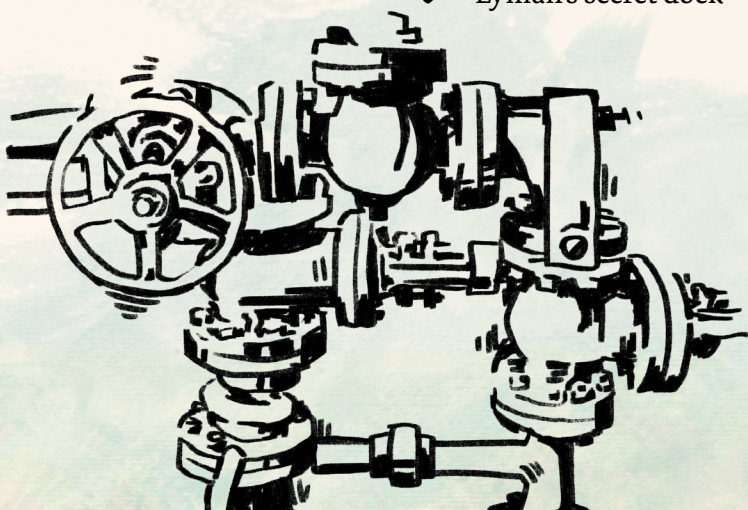
1. Gaining sufficient favor with the GJ Improvement Guild
2. Gaining sufficient favor with the Vaulters
3. Stealing a key from a trusted member of either of the two preceding factions
4. Breaking in (via lockpicking, brute force, or magical trickery)
5. Accessing an open hatch beneath the city

Breaking into the utility tunnels will draw the ire of any Jit'Jit goblins and *especially* the GJ Improvement Guild. It is still a risk many parties will be willing to take, given how useful this connective tissue can be. The metal entryways are each built from reinforced alloys forged in Piiralus's swirling furnace. No conventional battering ram will penetrate these hardy metals, though certain powerful arcane tools found around the island may. Potent spell-casters may also find a means to coax the doors open or bypass them entirely.

The last remaining option is to find an opening from beneath the city. Sections of the utility tunnels branch out into open air, corroded by the whipping winds or Piiralus's caustic output. The GJ Improvement Guild is usually quick to patch these holes, but there are always a couple lingering tunnel ruptures at any given time. With an agile enough skiff and an expert pilot, it is possible to sidle up against a section of Gruuk Jit'Jit's underbelly that has worn away and then climb inside.

From within the utility tunnels, one can quickly sneak from one corner of the city to another. The tunnels connect all major points of interest throughout the city, including but not limited to:

- ◊ The Flying Pig Lodge (entrance)
- ◊ The Flying Pig Lodge (saunas)
- ◊ The Flying Pig Lodge (The Dueling Pit)
- ◊ Fort Vaulter
- ◊ The greenhouse
- ◊ The city's core
- ◊ The Sharp docks
- ◊ The skunkworks
- ◊ Lyman's secret dock



A Quick Note on Weather

One would think that a flying city would experience some wild weather: rapidly changing atmospheric pressure, harsh sunlight, and the bitter cold of undamped winds. This is occasionally true, but the city is spared from extreme weather for two reasons. First and foremost, Piiralus will usually avoid inclement weather, only dipping into rain clouds when the elves need to top up their cisterns. Additionally, the GJ Improvement Guild can open or close strategic vents placed throughout the city to influence the ambient temperature of the city. With an unlimited source of heat powering the town, mitigating the cold winds is mostly an issue of infrastructure.

Nevertheless, Piiralus craves novelty and will occasionally take a sojourn toward the frigid poles, above arid deserts, or nearer to active volcanoes than would be advisable.

▶ EAVESDROPPING ON THE SAUNAS ◀

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It's common for adventurers to make their way to Gruuk Jit'Jit with nary a lead to follow. Mercenaries, couriers, and even diplomats will head to the city without a plan, confident that some lucrative opportunity will present itself in due time. The most reliable way to seek out rumors or gigs is to head to the saunas. Gregarious sorts might try to butt their way into conversations, whereas introverted sneaks and vagabonds might prefer to listen in on discussions from the privacy afforded by the utility tunnels. More powerful agents will tend to speak in coded language or otherwise close off when their sauna has an intruder, but most will talk openly if the uninvited guest is an innocent-seeming goblin. Clever travelers can use this fact to their advantage by interrogating the sweaty goblin afterward.

There are as many rumors flying around the saunas as there are ways to overhear them. When adventurers decide to check the pulse of Gruuk Jit'Jit, consider rolling on the Rumors table.

- 1 Lyman is building up a team of freelancer commandos to wrest control of the core from the Stokers.
- 2 The elf known as Iriyas is actually a mage named Casellias Elliren. The reason for his subterfuge is unknown, but apparently he won't leave the city until he accomplishes some profound magical task.
- 3 Members of the Ku'Gigo Clan, working on behalf of Niirisarnel's monarchy, have planted explosives throughout the utility tunnels. They plan to detonate the explosive as soon as Piiralus next hovers over the human nation that once subjugated their kind.
- 4 That giant airship in the skunkworks has a piece of engineering that terrifies the GJ Improvement Guild. They're delaying the full decommissioning of the ship until they can figure out what to do with this mystical device.
- 5 The binding shield was constructed with a deliberate weakness, an exploitable flaw supposedly only known by Chieftess Igo Jit'Jit and one anonymous engineer.
- 6 Dunk, the Stoker Moonshiner, has just secured tickets for a flight off of Gruuk Jit'Jit, presumably never to return. Should he leave, the sect's management could spiral into complete disarray.
- 7 Signor Iallo, a collector of powerful artifacts, is nearing a deal with the Vaulters. He'll provide the Jit'Jit Clan with an experimental levitation device, and all they need to do is grant him a permanent embassy in the city. The mysterious collector must have more up his sleeve.
- 8 A crew of dwarven rebels has come to Gruuk Jit'Jit to kill the infamous swordfighter Nance Deckage. They are justified in their hatred of the amoral mercenary, but she was hoping to leave her past behind her. She'll probably be too drunk to defend herself.
- 9 The NEHLU has been wielding their druidic magic for more than just agriculture. Apparently top NEHLU laborers have been augmenting wild hogs with horrible porcine mutations. The Jit'Jit Clan may soon come face to face with an enraged pig-beast horde.
- 10 Lanky, uptight ghosts of former Niirisarnel residents have been making brief appearances in the vicinity of the Endless Barbecue. They seem incensed by the loud music, gross food, and lack of decorum.

GM NOTE: These rumors needn't be true. Rumors are a great way to coax a party into investigating some NPC, faction, or location, but it is usually more interesting if the truth ends up more complicated. Of course, that doesn't mean every quest that starts with a rumor has to involve a giant twist. Sometimes a rumor mill can just be a convenient means to funnel your players into a ghost hunting quest, an obvious trap, or a moral conundrum.

KUSKYN MARKET

Goblins are averse to anything that reeks of capitalism, what they call “the shiny charade.”¹ Most goblins will refuse even to barter. If they need something that is currently in the possession of someone else, they'll either ask for it or take it. So long as food and shelter is plentiful, this rarely leads to conflict.

Visitors to Gruuk Jit'Jit aren't so free from material desires, and the lack of any legal authorities aboard the flying city provides an irresistible opportunity for those who hope to offload or acquire certain illicit products. Kuskyn Market is where all manner of non-goblin trade takes place. In the commons of The Flying Pig Lodge, adventurous travelers peddle their questionable wares, and desperate buyers come in search of variously outlawed weapons, drugs, endangered species, and more.

There is no rule that says a vendor in Kuskyn Market *cannot* sell traditional goods as well, and plenty of clever salesmen purvey essentials that are nevertheless difficult to come by in the goblin town: namely soaps, perfumes, and clothing tailored to fit creatures taller than three-and-a-half feet.

1 Most goblin clans don't hold terribly nuanced views of economics. Their distaste for capitalism isn't deep and theoretical... it's just a natural disdain for what they see as convoluted and mean-spirited human practices.



Unlike the seedier annexes and dimly lit hallways of The Flying Pig Lodge, Kuskyn Market is generally clean and welcoming. Without the fear of law enforcement cracking down on illicit trade, there is no reason to discourage anyone from stopping by. Instead, this is a cheery and lively market where less-than-reputable salesmen put on a bright smile for anyone with a full coin purse.

PICHI JIT'JIT

Like the rest of her clan, Pichi (she/her) has never bothered to learn the ins and outs of how a traditional human marketplace works. She does, however, really enjoy the bizarre smells, the free samples, and the lively atmosphere of Kuskyn Market. She spends much of her time in the marketplace chatting with vendors and patrons and generally adding an air of "Jit'Jit credibility" to the whole plaza. Pichi provides an additional invaluable service for the shopkeepers in Kuskyn Market: she tells newcomers which vendors deal in which sorts of goods. Whether a hunter needs to fence some exotic pelts or a rich wine connoisseur seeks a rare vintage, Pichi knows just the trader who may be able to help.

D8

**KUSKYN
MARKET GOODS**

DESCRIPTION

- | | | |
|----------|--------------------|--|
| 1 | Lime nacre resin | A particularly potent hallucinogen cultivated by sea fae |
| 2 | Belfizz fuel | Extremely crude alternative to selshonor fuel; inefficient, pollutive, and prone to spontaneously combust even in an inactive engine |
| 3 | Homing bolas | Seemingly crude weapons that have proven particularly effective at disrupting royal processions |
| 4 | Blood-oath sprites | Tiny fairies that are incapable of refusing commands written in blood |
| 5 | Hydra liver | When consumed: reverses the effects of magics that cause rapid aging |
| 6 | Royal blueprints | Detailed architectural diagrams of palaces and official residences from across the realm |
| 7 | Meteoric iron | Rare and highly regulated metal with arcane properties |
| 8 | Druidic mutagens | Viscous liquids that cause unpredictable mutations when consumed by mammals |

DOULMECQ AND THE SOT STONE

If the adventurers are lucky, they'll run into Doulmecq (he/him), a spry old dwarf with a braided forked beard. Should the adventurers agree to fetch him a mug of ale from the Endless Barbecue, Doulmecq will reveal the unusual wares he's peddling.

Lately, he has been trying to offload the *sot stone*, a strangely absorbent rock. Doulmecq has yet to convince anyone in Gruuk Jit'Jit of this item's fabulous value. It's a rock that you can place in a liquid and it will absorb it. As far as Doulmecq knows, it's the only such rock in existence. Perhaps Doulmecq would do a better job pitching the magical stone if he also explained that squeezing the stone allows one to ring out up to 36 gallons of previously stored liquid in a matter of minutes. In an era of profound fuel scarcity, that feature might be an incredible selling point.

Some days, Doulmecq can be found in Kuskyn Market, and some days he cannot. If he keeps a room at The Flying Pig Lodge, nary a soul has seen him enter it. There is never any record of Doulmecq arriving in or leaving Gruuk Jit'Jit. If asked how he came to the flying city, he'll always give a different answer. He'll claim to have ridden on the back of pegasus, piloted an experimental military craft, or fallen from the stars above.

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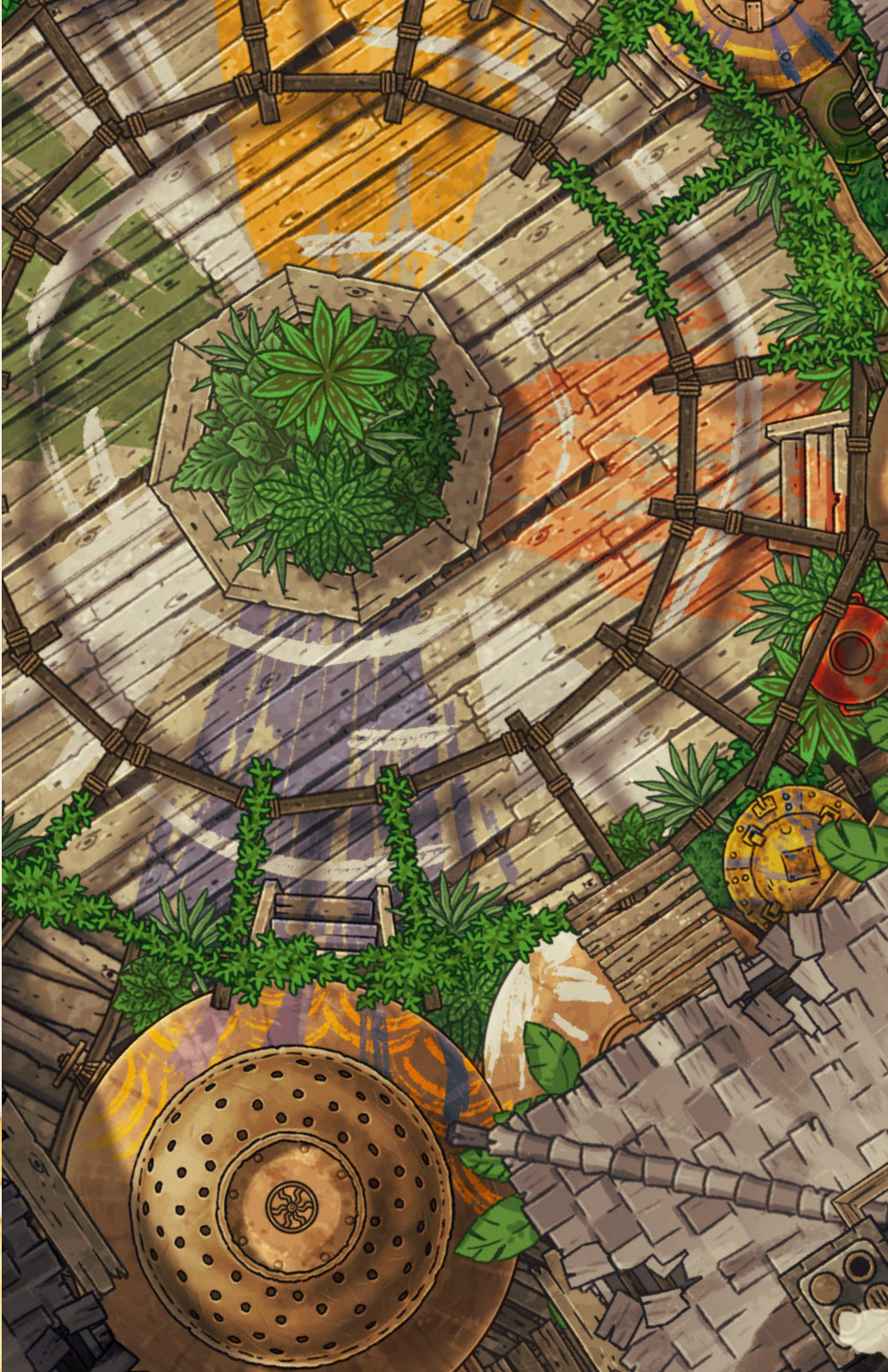


Hey boss,

I don't know how we missed him, but yes, Doulmecq seems to have made his way to Gruuk Jit'Jit as well. Crabwell service clerks say they saw him last, and a general messenger in Meddenfirth before that. I guess we should keep tabs on him... but even just keeping track of his movements within a given realm has proven difficult. I guess the next question to ask is whether he's specifically following LIMINA around, or whether he's even more ubiquitous than we've yet to realize.

Fow now, I'm going to file a report with the Department of Chances and Loops. I will keep you posted.

LIMINA WAYFINDER
NANNI YA-TAEN



CHEZZMAYNI “CHEZZ” ABRUDINDEY

Most kingdoms and city-states in the realm below Gruuk Jit’Jit have common sense laws limiting the sale of animal products harvested from magical, supernatural, or endangered species. Chezz (he/him) views these laws as discriminatory against adventurers. In his mind, there is no justice in a world where a courageous knight can’t slice the horn off the head of a unicorn and sell it for a massive profit. Luckily, this charming halfling merchant can skirt such laws in Gruuk Jit’Jit. He will gladly purchase catoblepas hooves, coral spriggan polyps, or hippogriff feathers that the party has gathered on their travels. If, instead, the adventurers hope to complete some complex alchemical recipe, they can also procure many rarer reagents from Chezz.

TRID

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Skulking in the corners of Kusky Market, Trid (she/her) is always on the lookout for intriguing new arrivals. Trid is an informant, an employee with an ongoing contract with Lyman to scout out leads related to just about anything. If a wealthy newcomer arrives in town, Trid wants to know about it so that she can tell Lyman. If something supernatural is occurring in the utility tunnels, that’s something she’ll want to be on top of as well. Lyman’s business is a necessarily tenuous affair. The more he knows about Gruuk Jit’Jit, the more well-equipped he’ll be to assign new contracts, protect his business interests,

and fend off legal threats.

Trid can’t possibly keep tabs on every part of the city, however, so she relies on some help of her own. If someone particularly adept finds their way to Gruuk Jit’Jit, Trid will toss them a few coins to share any rumors they hear. Trid will do her best to avoid revealing the nature of her employment, but most folks will be able to figure out she’s working for Lyman fairly easily. This, however, is all part of her plan.

In an ideal world, it would be an open secret that Trid is working for Lyman. This will make for a much easier alibi. In truth, Trid is a double agent. She’s keepin tabs on Ly-

man, on Kuskyn Market, and on any nefarious adventurers who make their way to Gruuk Jit'Jit. The anarchic goblin city might sound like a wonderful little quirk of realm-wide law enforcement, but the money that flows through the city is funding acts far more heinous than the petty grave robbing of which most of Lyman's freelancers are guilty. Thus, the Onotanie Royal Constabulary has deployed Trid to Gruuk Jit'Jit. Her mission is to limit the city's large-scale criminal enterprises while the crown attempts to find a peaceful resolution to the Gruuk Jit'Jit viasco.

PLOT HOOK: JOIN THE SIDE OF JUSTICE

Trid is a capable agent, but she has bitten off more than she can chew. The breadth and depth of villainy afoot in Gruuk Jit'Jit caught even this seasoned detective off guard. If Trid is actually going to foil the various bad actors aboard the flying city, she will need help.

Of course, Trid is discerning. She will only reveal the nature of her quest in the city to the most upstanding adventurers. This is not as difficult for her to suss out as one might suspect. The vast majority of adventuring parties get to Gruuk Jit'Jit and reveal their chaotic dispositions almost immediately. Trid will only want to work with those groups who refuse to fight in the Dueling Pit, reject offers to join the Sharps on their raids, and dismiss the Stokers' dangerous rhetoric out of hand. If a party is genuinely lawful in the otherwise frenzied city, she may enlist them to help her with the following tasks.

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FOLLOW THE MUTAGEN MONEY

Druidic mutagens are outlawed all across the realm. These strange potions cause bizarre mutations when consumed, and their most common use is within criminal rings. Mob bosses will force mutagens down the throats of anyone guilty of betraying a given crime family. If the mutations prove to be advantageous (enhanced physique, fire breath, psionic powers), the mob has just gained a new superior henchman. If not, no one will weep for a dead criminal.

An incredibly diverse collection of buyers has been clearing out the mutagen stocks of one Lester Thude (he/him). Before doing so, they utter the enigmatic catchphrase “pot holder,” and after the transaction, the buyer exchanges an elaborate handshake with Lester. Clearly, there’s something going on here, but Trid can’t figure out what.

QUEST RESOLUTION: *No money is actually changing hands.*

A small subset of the NEHLU is using Lester to funnel mutagens that they’re creating back down to what’s left of Niirisarnel. They are hoping that the mutagens will help the elves to build an elite army to retake Gruuk Jit’jit from the goblins. The adventurers can foil this plan by revealing the NEHLU’s plot to one of the other factions or by taking out Lester and the guilty druids. Alternatively, they can offer to help the elves in their strange rebellion.

FIND THE MISSING AID

Governments from across the realm have been sending aid to Gruuk Jit’jit for quite some time. They worry that if famine strikes the city, the goblins will flee, and Piiralus will abandon the city, leading to a potentially catastrophic impact as the city falls from the sky. The calculus is simple: the more food the city has, the less risk there is of collapse. From what Trid can tell, more than half of this aid isn’t actually finding its way into the hands of the common goblins, the elves, or the inhabitants of The Flying Pig Lodge.

The aid ships always dock at the private Vaulter Docks, so if adventurers are going to figure out what’s happening to this food, they’ll have to sneak their way through Fort Vaulter. Trid will not stand for violence, so if the party resorts to taking out Vaulter guards, she’ll cut off all ties with the party.

QUEST RESOLUTION: *This one is straightforward. The Vaulters are hoarding the food. They’re terrified that the great goblin experiment is going to fail, and they want to make sure they stay fed if the city falls into chaos. The party can either expose the Vaulters for betraying every tenet of goblin ideals, or they can gain a huge amount of favor with the faction by promising to keep the secret.*

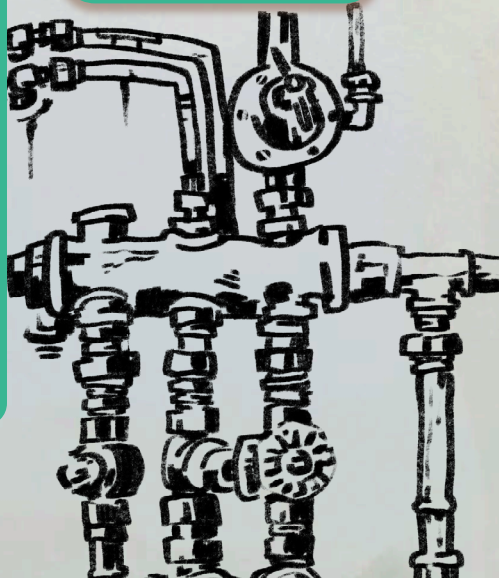
FOIL THE COUP

Trid has determined by now that Jergen von Cap (he/him), a member of Lyman's core team, is gathering up allies to stage a coup within the criminal organization. From what Trid can tell, Jergen wants to greatly expand the League's current operations, prioritizing even more insidious jobs and eliminating the loose moral code that Lyman currently employs when evaluating potential contracts.

Lyman may not be the "noble criminal" that he thinks he is, but he's certainly fomenting less evil than his crew would with Jergen at the helm. Trid doesn't know many details, but she knows that Jergen and his advocates meet in the utility tunnels.

QUEST RESOLUTION: *Killing Jergen outright is unlikely to solve anything; only defeating the whole body of usurpers will do. This will be quite difficult for the party to accomplish without drawing the ire of Lyman—and, for that matter, Trid. A much cleaner solution is to find evidence of Jergen's plot, present it to Lyman, and allow the big man himself to take care of the traitor. A particularly unscrupulous party can always opt to aid Jergen instead. Jergen will definitely offer top contracts to any allies that support his bid for leadership, but the party should be wary that Jergen has already proven his disloyalty.*

GM NOTE: It's important that you spell out the fact that Jergen will be *explicitly* worse than Lyman, but you don't have to go into specifics. That is: we can all imagine the sorts of extra heinous crimes a particularly evil mob boss might start attempting, but you don't have to actually name them. Your players will get it. There's theft and extortion, and then there's *the really bad stuff*. Unless your friends are down to engage with some extremely dark plotlines, leave it vague.



CHAPTER 7

Staying Afloat





THE BENEVOLENT TECHNOPHILES! THE MECHANICAL ANOMALY! THE UNEXPECTED ARMADA!

Across Gruuk Jit'Jit, at all hours of the day, desperate volunteers inspect propellers, adjust hot air balloon burners, and tighten bolts on quickly weathering bridges. Keeping Gruuk Jit'Jit stable in any capacity is a full-time job for an impressive team of laborers. The reality is that the "miracle" of Gruuk Jit'Jit is not so miraculous at all: 90 percent of the city would have plummeted into the sea within months of the launch had it not been for the efforts of the GJ Improvement Guild.

Those who do not work with the guild do not realize this. Visitors and denizens see the balloons, the pipes, and the strange motors affixed to every corner of the island, but most take for granted the necessity of these mechanical reinforcements.

There is a dream amongst the guild that this constant toiling will someday become unnecessary. At a certain point, the city will be so threaded with tunnels and piping, the binding shield will become so efficient, and the various minor engines will be so well calibrated that the city will fly autonomously. As it stands, this dream will require major technical innovations if the guild wants any hope of lessening its workload. Today, the guild can barely tread water.



FACTION DOSSIER: THE GJ IMPROVEMENT GUILD

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To understand Gruuk Jit'Jit's perilous position in the skies, it is crucial to understand every nuance of the guild. This scrappy faction is, ultimately, a loose band of volunteers with some degree of engineering expertise. They have no flag, no public-facing leaders, and no storied history. And yet, their impact on Gruuk Jit'Jit is immeasurable. Were they to suddenly disappear, the city would immediately begin to crumble.

WHO ARE THEY?

The only thing that binds the members of the GJ Improvement Guild is a willingness to work. Members of the other factions in Gruuk Jit'Jit all earn their time off: Lyman's crew takes a casual break to watch a fight, the Sharps grab a drink and do some barrel rolls to impress their friends, and even the Stokers share stories in the gentle light of the subterranean chapel. The GJ Improvement Guild enjoys no such luxuries. Anyone who commits to keeping the island aloft must understand the massive responsibility that entails. Working for the guild means long hours and minimal pay-off.

Most members are not goblins. They are volunteer engineers from the Grand University of Steam and Machinery. They are kinesis mages who find themselves on the island against their will. They are bright-eyed young idealists who think they understand the value of a hard day's work. Yes, there are some goblins among their ranks, hyper-focused tinkerers who understand the precarious reality of the city.



Most, however, are well-intentioned loners from the realm below who would rather not see the countryside leveled by a collapsing city.

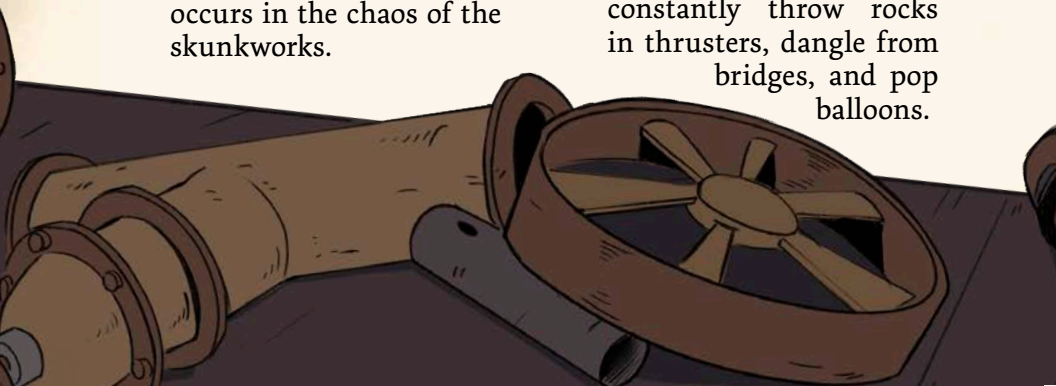
There are no “ranks” in the GJ Improvement Guild. One member cannot bark orders to another. Anyone who commits themselves to the infrastructural reinforcement of the island gains the title of “volunteer.” There is no glory in this work, but it must be done nonetheless.

HOW DO THEY OPERATE?

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Broadly, the GJ Improvement Guild’s work falls into four categories:

- ♦ **Dismantling** is the process of breaking down gizmos and machines into their core components. A stolen airship is of little use to the guild in its intact form. Instead, the guild wants springs, gaskets, gears, and balloon sacks. Most of this work occurs in the chaos of the skunkworks.
- ♦ **Assembling** is *building* the various machines that will be used to keep the island afloat. With the huge amount of mechanical parts arriving in the city via piracy or donation, guild engineers can construct just about any contraption they can dream of.
- ♦ **Installing** is the most visible portion of guild work. Once a balloon, a rocket, a pipe, a bridge, or a propeller has been constructed, the guild needs to affix it to the appropriate section of the city, hook it up to the necessary utility infrastructure, and ensure that it works properly.
- ♦ **Maintenance** is the work that guild members dread the most. The island’s infrastructure has to weather the rapidly shifting climate of Piiralus’s circuitous travel in addition to never-ending goblin antics. Jit’Jit youngsters constantly throw rocks in thrusters, dangle from bridges, and pop balloons.



Though there are no ranks within the guild, there is a central plan, and volunteers with the guild consult this plan whenever determining what work needs to be done. Only one goblin understands the entirety of Gruuk Jit'Jit's geology and geography, and he alone dictates what work takes precedence.

WHAT DO THEY WANT?

Unlike every other faction in Gruuk Jit'Jit jockeying for power, the GJ Improvement Guild has one clear desire: they want a structurally stable island city. Every rockfall is a failure. Every crack in the bedrock or fissure in a basement wall is one step closer toward total calamity.

Unfortunately, they lack a clear strategy for how to change their current holding pattern into a long-term solution. They can keep the city sound today and probably tomorrow, but as they look to the future, the odds become less clear. The rate of structural decay seems to be accelerating, and there is an upper limit with regard to how successfully the mishmash of machinery can function.

Some volunteers see their work as a necessary but temporary solution. The city must land, they believe. Others cherish Gruuk Jit'Jit for what it represents and hope that they can keep the city aloft indefinitely. For better or worse, there is little time for ideological debates. There is work to be done right now.

ZEK JIT'JIT

Officially speaking, the GJ Improvement Guild has no leader. Volunteers stammer and deflect whenever a tourist asks, "who's in charge here?" It is in everyone's best interest if the guild appears to be a ragtag coalition of otherwise autonomous engineers, each tending to their separate projects. This is exactly as Zek (he/him) has planned.

Zek Jit'Jit is a stone augur, a geological mage able to deeply comprehend any earth he can touch. He instinctively understands rocks, caves, and dirt better than any scholar can hope to. This was exceedingly useful to his clan before the Niirisarnel incident.



Zek used his stone augury to guide the tunnelers to a given destination, avoiding cave-ins, impenetrable bedrock, and hidden aquifers.

When Zek made his way to Gruuk Jit'Jit, he instantly knew that he had an incredible amount of work ahead of him. The stones spoke to him as they had once spoken to Traggles. Zek knew that the city could not hold. And while his knowledge of geosciences was profound, he had little familiarity with goblin tinkering. He raced to learn the basics of

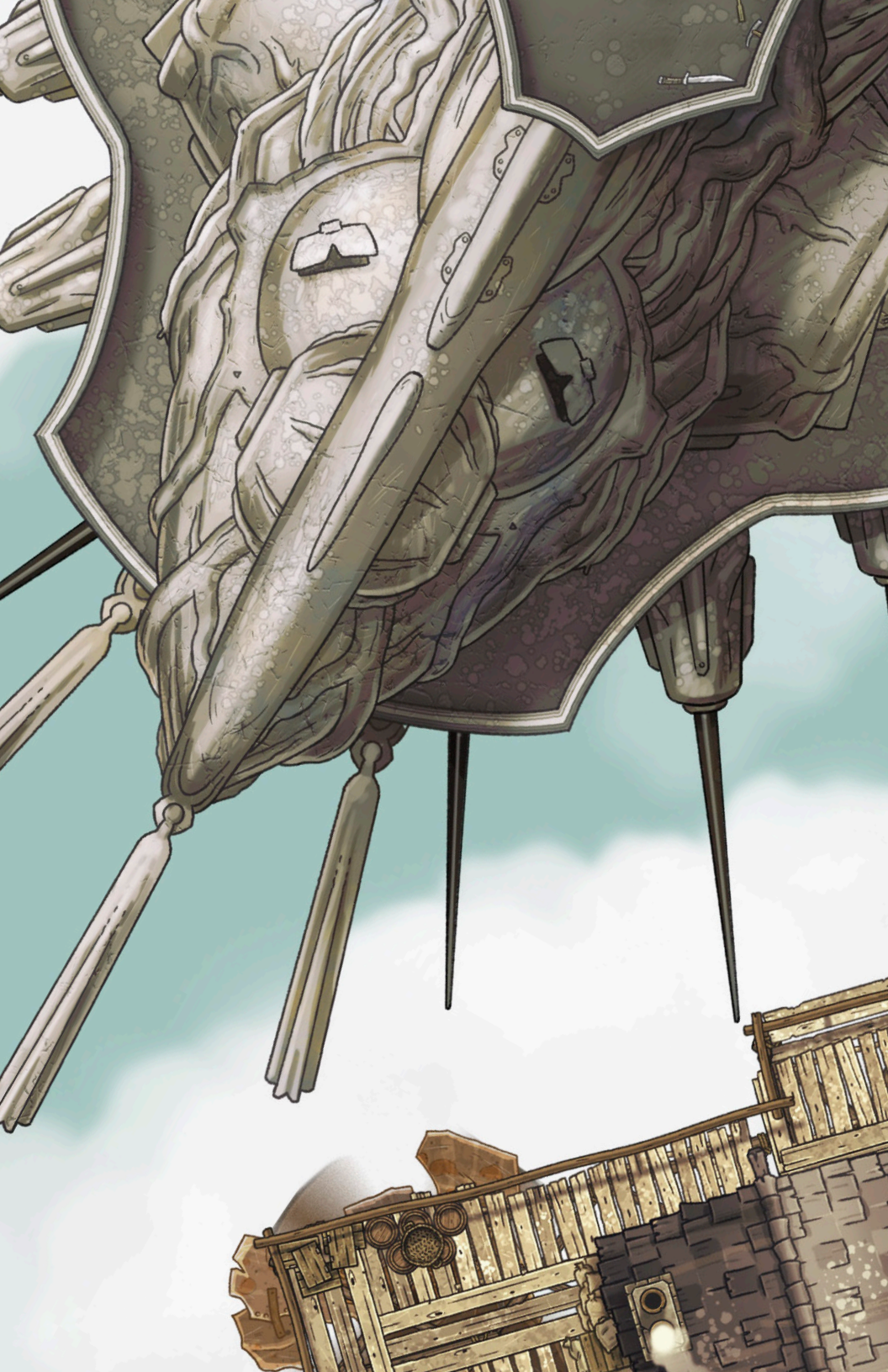


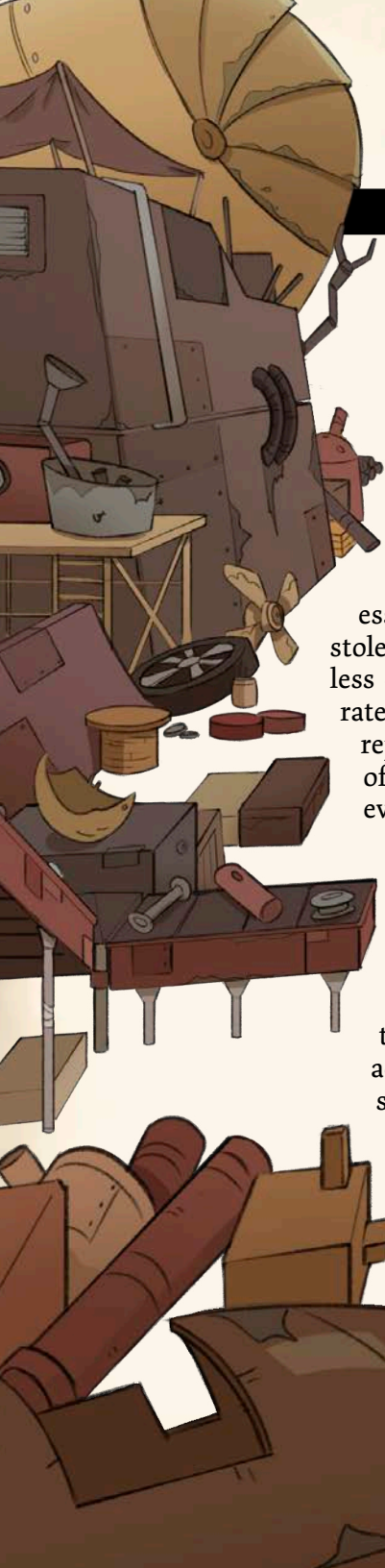
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steam machinery, combustion, and aeronautics, begging travelers to teach him what they could. He did everything possible to avoid revealing his plans to his Jit'Jit kin.

Zek is passionate about goblin lore and prophecy. He recognizes the symbolic significance of Gruuk Jit'Jit to goblins across the realm. He *needs* the city to be a miracle, even if the truth is more complicated. And so, he uses stone augury and his basic fluency with engineering to plan and delegate. The GJ Improvement Guild relies on his schematics and timetables. There's a reason that the guild tends to strap a balloon to a slab of stone and earth right before it cleaves off from the main island. Zek knows what the island is doing, and he's pulling mechanical strings in secret.

Most Jit'Jit goblins believe that Zek is enjoying his old age in relative solitude. The aging goblin spends most of his days walking around the island, taking naps, and holding his head against errant boulders. At night, he furiously scribbles plans for the guild to follow in the coming days. His work is painstaking, and the guild has maintained an incredible degree of secrecy regarding Zek's minor subterfuge in the name of goblin prophecy.

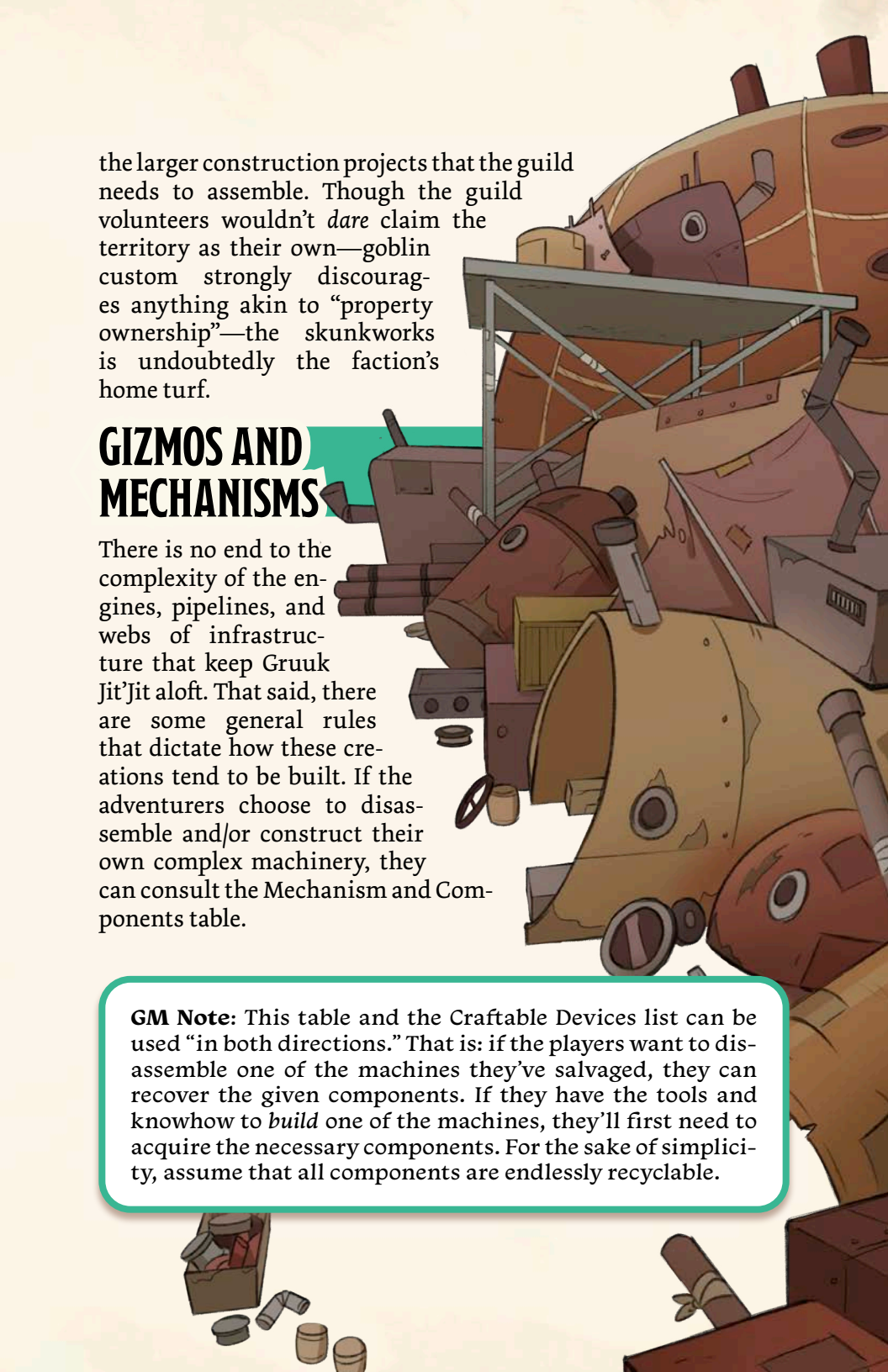




THE SKUNK WORKS

The guild works all across the city as necessary. Volunteers are permitted to dismantle stolen components at the Sharp docks regardless of their individual standings with the pirates. Engineers are constantly erecting and repairing flying machines in every corner of Gruuk Jit'jit. Veteran guild volunteers are even allowed into the core to tweak and repair the binding shield. However, the most technical and experimental work occurs in the skunkworks. This corner of town looks like a junkyard to the untrained eye, yet it holds incredible technological secrets. It is as disorganized as the rest of the city but with the added unfathomable accumulation of gizmos across the entire swath of land. It is an outdoor factory, recycling plant, and test site all in one.

In the skunkworks, guild volunteers toy with new designs. They dismantle and reverse-engineer all manner of stolen or donated contraptions. Often the skunkworks is simply the only patch of land large enough to accommodate



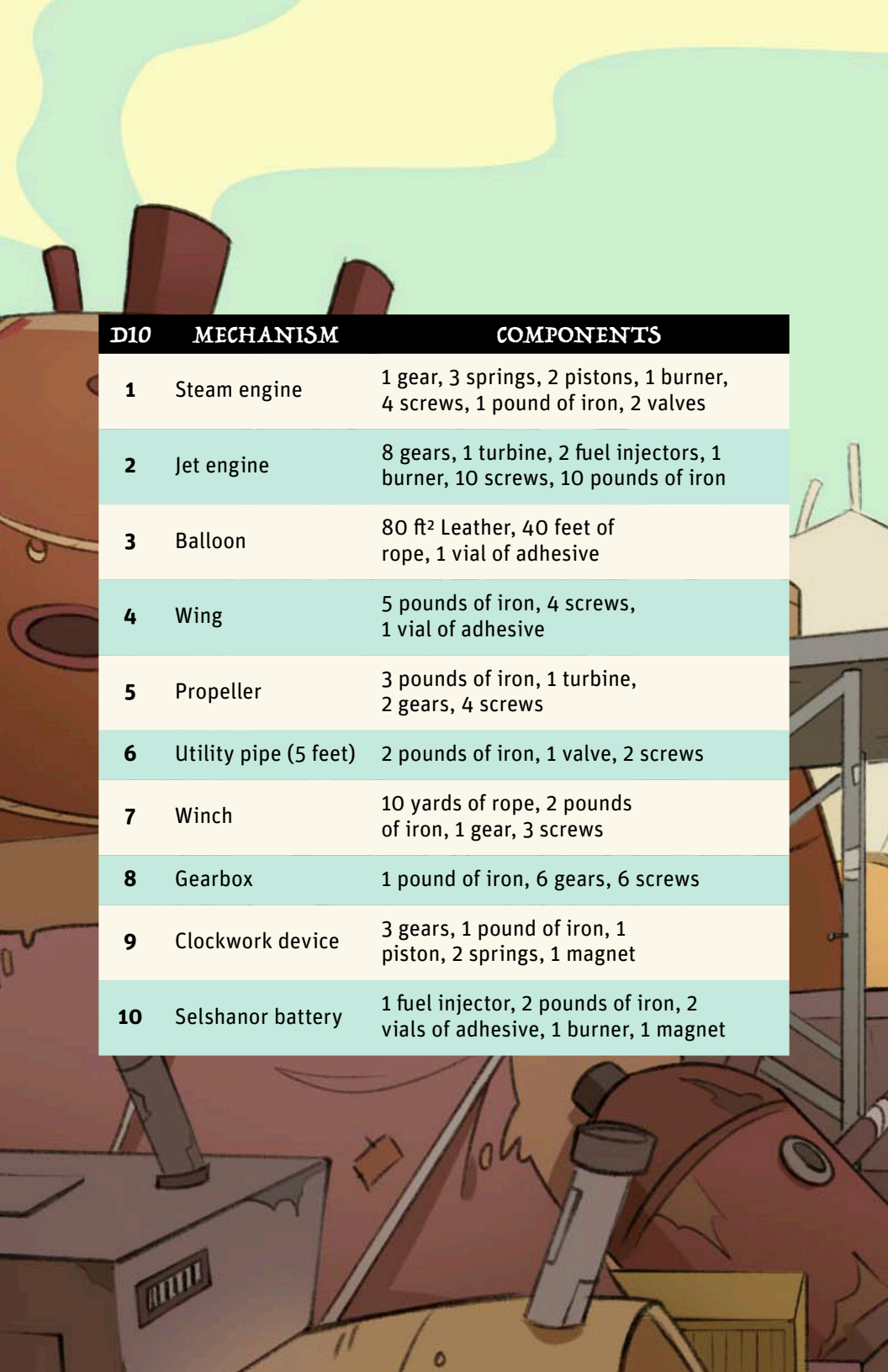
the larger construction projects that the guild needs to assemble. Though the guild volunteers wouldn't *dare* claim the territory as their own—goblin custom strongly discourages anything akin to “property ownership”—the skunkworks is undoubtedly the faction's home turf.

GIZMOS AND MECHANISMS

There is no end to the complexity of the engines, pipelines, and webs of infrastructure that keep Gruuk Jit'jit aloft. That said, there are some general rules that dictate how these creations tend to be built. If the adventurers choose to disassemble and/or construct their own complex machinery, they can consult the Mechanism and Components table.

GM Note: This table and the Craftable Devices list can be used “in both directions.” That is: if the players want to disassemble one of the machines they've salvaged, they can recover the given components. If they have the tools and knowhow to *build* one of the machines, they'll first need to acquire the necessary components. For the sake of simplicity, assume that all components are endlessly recyclable.





D10	MECHANISM	COMPONENTS
1	Steam engine	1 gear, 3 springs, 2 pistons, 1 burner, 4 screws, 1 pound of iron, 2 valves
2	Jet engine	8 gears, 1 turbine, 2 fuel injectors, 1 burner, 10 screws, 10 pounds of iron
3	Balloon	80 ft ² Leather, 40 feet of rope, 1 vial of adhesive
4	Wing	5 pounds of iron, 4 screws, 1 vial of adhesive
5	Propeller	3 pounds of iron, 1 turbine, 2 gears, 4 screws
6	Utility pipe (5 feet)	2 pounds of iron, 1 valve, 2 screws
7	Winch	10 yards of rope, 2 pounds of iron, 1 gear, 3 screws
8	Gearbox	1 pound of iron, 6 gears, 6 screws
9	Clockwork device	3 gears, 1 pound of iron, 1 piston, 2 springs, 1 magnet
10	Selshonor battery	1 fuel injector, 2 pounds of iron, 2 vials of adhesive, 1 burner, 1 magnet

SANDRA KANNIS

Every guild volunteer wants to keep the city afloat, but not everyone is in town solely out of altruistic compassion. Sandra (she/her) is a university dropout, a failed steam engineer who couldn't handle the rigid structure of academic life. Now, Sandra is gaining invaluable first-hand experience with aeronautics, geothaumaturgy, and arcane combustion, and she isn't even spending money on tuition! The chaotic way of life in Gruuk Jit'Jit suits Sandra, who has trouble keeping to a strict schedule. So long as she helps advance the plans that Zek has prepared, no one complains about Sandra's lack of formal training. When Sandra eventually departs from Gruuk Jit'Jit, she'll have one hell of a resume.

YANN AILOMERIK

The tropical dwarves who operate the realm's coastal quarries are *terrified* of what could happen if a collapsing Gruuk Jit'Jit were to cause a tidal wave. They've sent the stone mechanist Yann Ailomerik (he/him) to "help out" Gruuk Jit'Jit during the city's time of peril. He's certainly pulling his weight, but he is also keeping tabs on the floating island's movement. He uses his stone telegraph to communicate the city's coordinates each morning and also thinks he may have the means to predict Piiralus's flight path. Zek and the rest of the volunteers aren't aware of Yann's motivations, but they do know that he is a skilled mason and arcanist.



CRAFTABLE DEVICES

With enough gizmos and gadgets on hand, talented tinkerers can assemble incredible creations in the skunkworks, the Sharps' hangar, or anywhere else on the island with suitable tools and workshop space. Adventurers should feel encouraged to experiment on their own, but a short list of craftable vehicles, tools, and weapons is provided below.

- ◊ **Airship (dirigible):** 1 balloon, 1 steam engine, 1 propeller, 5 pounds of iron, enough wood, wicker, or metal for the basket. Minimal tools required, but considerable space.
- ◊ **Airship (steelfang):** 1 jet engine, 2 wings, 1 gearbox, 1 selshonor battery, 20 pounds of iron, 8 screws. Design is highly configurable and can be upgraded with firearms, additional cargo space, an optional propeller, wheels, and anything else a talented tinkerer can design. Requires many tools to build but less total workshop space than a dirigible. Highly reliant on selshonor fuel.
- 164 ◊ **Flintlock:** 1 foot of utility pipe, 8 screws, 1 pound of iron, 2 valves. Requires exceptional tools to create but minimal space. Inferior craftsmanship can cause deadly misfires. Bullets and gunpowder also required. Schematics can be tweaked for constructing rifles, blunderbusses, or revolvers.
- ◊ **Clockwork Automaton:** 3 clockwork devices, 1 selshonor battery, 1 winch, 8 springs, 2 vials of adhesive, 2 lenses, 2 wheels, 1 magnet. Impossible to create without exceptional tinkering experience and knowledge of the arcane.
- ◊ **Cannon:** 40 pounds of iron, 3 feet of utility pipe, 2 wheels. Wheels optional for stationary firing. Each cannonball requires 5 to 10 pounds of iron.
- ◊ **Improvised Explosive:** 1 vial of adhesive, 1 pound of iron, 4 screws, explosive charge (gunpowder, Belfizz fuel, or alchemical reagents).
- ◊ **Compass:** 1 magnet, 1 pound of iron, 2 springs. Generally when approaching Gruuk Jit'Jit's core.
- ◊ **Spyglass:** 2 valves, 1 spring, 3 lenses. Distance of magnification and level of focus scale with tinkering expertise.

THE WAXEN INDEPENDENCE

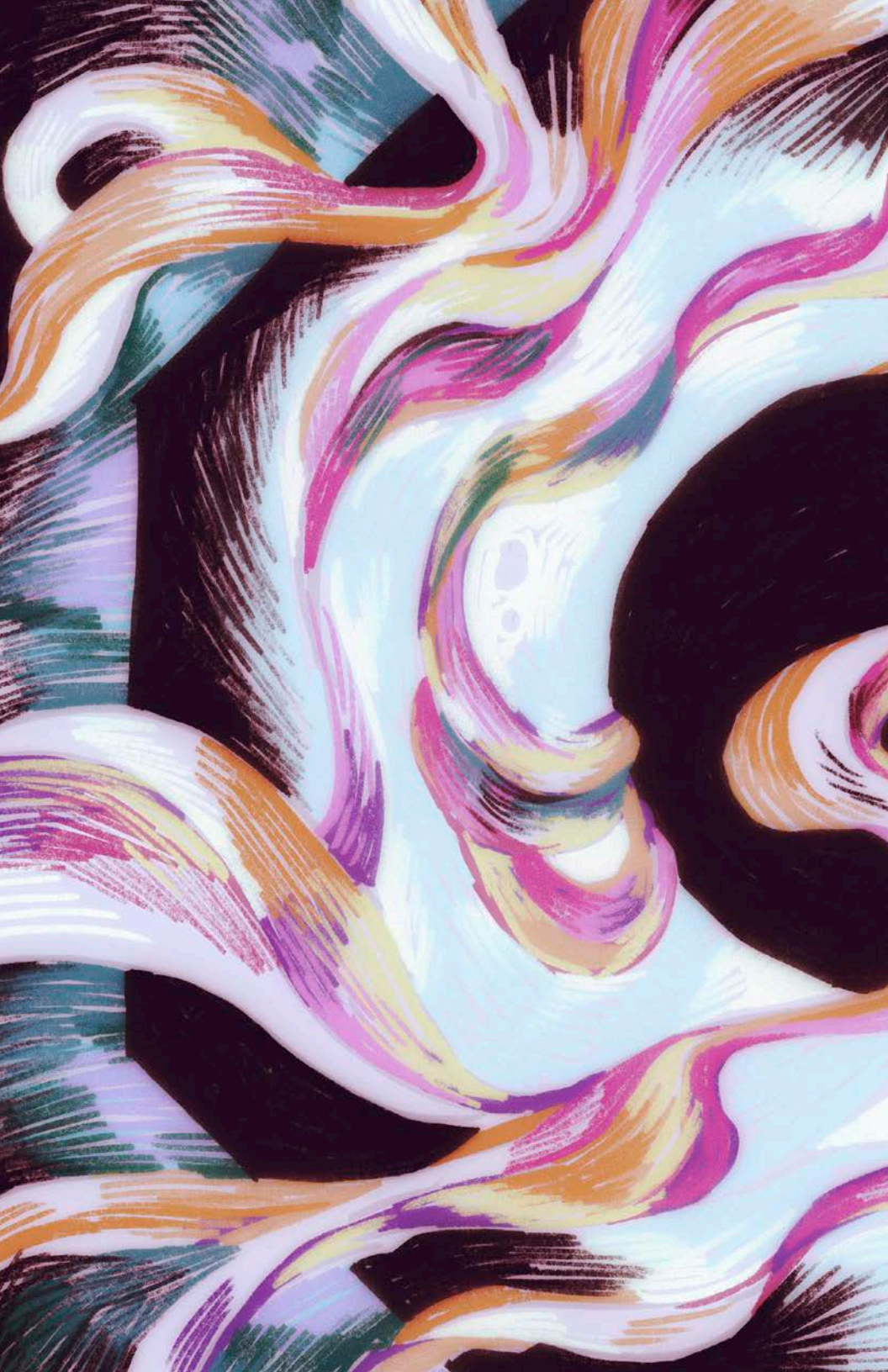
For three weeks now, the GJ Improvement Guild has allowed an impressive dreadnought to lie dormant in the skunkworks. *The Waxen Independence* lies in a state of semi-decommission. Volunteers have disassembled many of its mechanical systems, but the rest of the ship lingers. Goblins, tourists, and even many guild volunteers are confused. Why hasn't the guild completely stripped the airship for parts?

The Sharps raided *The Waxen Independence* one month ago. The strange airship took out half-a-dozen steelfangs before eventually surrendering to the sky pirates. Once aboard, the Sharps determined that the ship's crew—a group of supposed “pilgrims” belonging to the Order of the Forgotten Dynast—were hiding something. As far as the Sharps could tell, the ship had *no engine, no balloon, and no propeller*. Quite simply: they couldn't even figure out how the ship was airborne. The Sharps hijacked the vessel and flew it to the skunkworks.

The guild quickly dismantled all traditional pieces of machinery onboard; compasses, sextants, pulleys, mounted arquebuses, and so forth. Next, they found what they thought was the engine... but after examining the jumble of gears and pistons, they discovered that this contraption was a decoy. Only after considerable effort did the guild ascertain the true source of power: a crystalline orb floating in a vat of quicksilver. On the vat's outer edge, they read the words “TITANIC TAP DRIVE” chiseled in an elaborate script. The GJ Improvement Guild has studied the mysterious arcane engine for weeks now, and they are no closer to understanding it.

The Waxen Independence represents an existential threat to Gruuk Jit'Jit. If a rebel group of religious extremists can build an airship that requires no selshonor fuel and can easily repel multiple steelfangs, then the city's aerial superiority is far more tenuous than previously believed.

Until Zek can be sure how the Titanic Tap Drive works, he has instructed all volunteers to cease work on *The Waxen Independence*. This single device could reshape everything the goblins thought they knew about aerial transportation. Comprehending its inner workings is the guild's highest priority.





HEY BOSS,

It's all but confirmed. Every test suggests that this engine indeed operates via transference magic. That makes this the second known realm in which transference is possible, after Roksunay. What's crazier, this seems to be the exact same use case as the Neverlight Amulet: a solitary item that permanently leeches power from the realm's titans. So here's the question... has transference magic always been here, or is it... spreading?

LIMINA Wayfinder
Nanni Ya-Taen

GAINING LOSING & FAVOR

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The GJ Improvement Guild is easy to please. Volunteers have no consistent set of ideals and maxims beyond “please help us save this goddamn city.” They don’t care whether adventurers respect goblin orthodoxy, how they comport themselves, or where they stand with regard to the other factions. Impressing and pleasing the guild is as simple as contributing parts and labor without giving up the organization’s few secrets.

Once the party has 5 or more favor with the GJ Improvement Guild, they’ll learn the secret of Zek and his lead-

ership within the guild. Once they’ve achieved a favor of 10, they’ll be granted a master key to the utility tunnels. Finally, once they’ve achieved a favor of 15 or more, the party will be able to make sizable requests of the guild’s engineers: upgrades to their ship, first pick of recycled gizmos, or anything else reasonable to ask of the group of mages and mechanists.

There is very little that the GJ Improvement Guild can do to retaliate against individuals who stand against them. In most instances, the GJ Improvement Guild will simply petition their allies—particularly the Sharps and the Vaulters—to treat the party with hostility. The more the party angers the benevolent volunteers, the more effort Zek and his crew will exert to demonize the adventurers and their destructive behavior. Perhaps the greatest risk in angering the guild is simply losing access to their services. Travelers can reliably ask simple favors of the guild: access to tools and basic mechanical services. If the adventurers decide to frustrate the volunteers, those offers will no longer be on the table.

GAINING FAVOR

+1

For donating some gizmos to The Flying Pig Lodge

+2

For donating gizmos directly to the guild

+2

For reporting faulty infrastructure

+2

For each balloon, jet, or propeller disassembled

+3

For each balloon, jet, or propeller assembled

+5

For unlocking the secrets of yet unexplained technology

LOSING FAVOR

-1

For arriving in Gruuk Jit'Jit without proper goods to donate

-2

For failing to recycle

-3

If caught stealing gizmos

-3

For contributing faulty engineering

-3

For trespassing in the utility tunnels

-5

For sabotaging the city's infrastructure

-5

For revealing the secret of Zek's influence



PLOT HOOK: REPEL THE EXPERIMENTAL ARMADA

Necessity is the mother of invention, and the fuel shortage has created incredible need across the realm. With no fuel to power their more traditional airships, many tinkerers have begun exploring new means of aerial propulsion. The result has been an explosion of unorthodox engineering. The residents of Gruuk Jit’Jit are about to discover that *The Waxen Independence* is not the only experimental airship in the skies above the realm.

Various sky navies, mage guilds, and guerilla factions have banded together to use extreme force against Gruuk Jit’Jit, and they have some exceedingly bizarre and dangerous airships at their disposal.

▶ THE ENEMY FLEET ◀

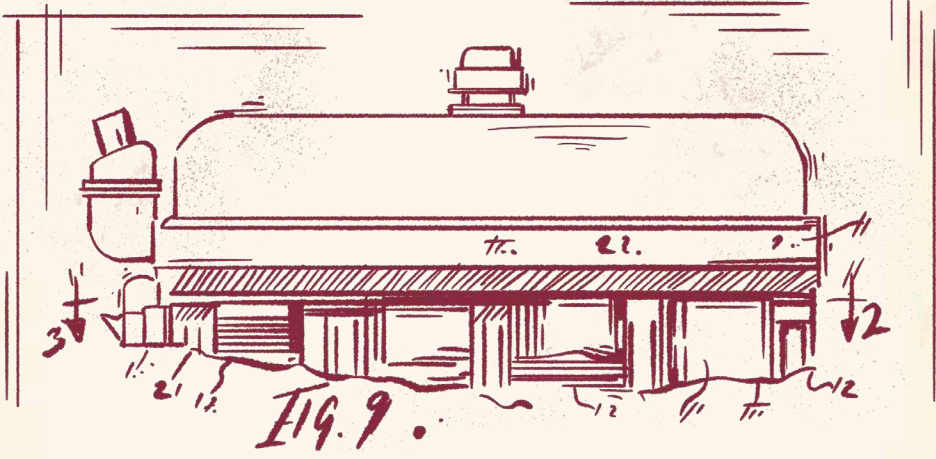
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Most of the major powers across the realm have signed a treaty to find a peaceful solution to what they call “the Gruuk Jit’Jit fiasco.” These are the states that have sent representatives to work directly with the Vaulters, donating aid and negotiating for a potential landfall. However, not *every* global superpower has vowed to act with such restraint.

The loose alliance that has deployed the incoming armada has chosen what they see as the safest path forward: they are going to blast Gruuk Jit’Jit out of the sky. Regardless of how many civilians die in the process, it will be a drop in the bucket compared to the potential death toll of the feared ultimate Gruuk Jit’Jit calamity. Of course, some members of this alliance have more practical motivations for the attack beyond that bizarre risk calculus. Some want cheap fuel. Others don’t want their airships to weather endless attacks from crazed pirates. Some are intent on stopping the unpoliced criminal madness that is headquartered on the island. In short, they just want everything to *go back to normal*.

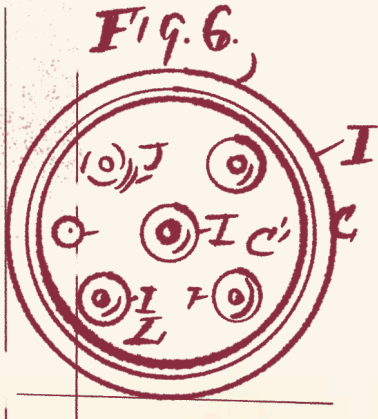
The alliance has a bizarre mishmash of airships at its disposal.

- ♦ **The Crystal Veil:** In a stunning rebuke of the Gruuk Jit'Jit Peace Accord, the Lodge of Astral Mages has elected to join the violence against the goblin city. Their newest airship *The Crystal Veil* harnesses undetectable astral energy in its crystalline sails. Though it is not the fastest in the armada, the ship is able to channel starry magic to preemptively evade incoming fire. Most had considered the intersection of astral magic and probability a pseudoscience, but the impossibility of *The Crystal Veil's* evasive maneuvers are likely to convince any remaining skeptics.
- ♦ **Spark of the Woken Bones:** Tribes in the Silliar Ghats have banded together to reanimate the remains of a long-defeated dragon. Fusing these bones with their crude airship designs, they've created a strange symbiotic undead amalgam. They've also brought new life to the preserved glands that once produced the dragon's projectile breath. With the aid of shamanic magic, they can coax the glands into once again ejecting a flow of arcing energy. This hyper-charged blast functions as the ship's strange engine, allowing for a rapid balloon-aided ascent followed by vicious dives.



- The VimDeath Dreadnought:** The Grand University of Steam and Machinery has long discouraged the use of kinesis magic, believed to be too erratic and unstable for use in dependable engineering. Inevitably, expelled students have found lucrative work in the employ of sky pirates. Their experimental “vim force engines” supercharge air within a thruster to generate incredible jet propulsion, all without a single drop of conventional fuel. These engines, paired with the exceptional firepower the pirates boast, make for a gunship with an alarming top speed. *The VimDeath Dreadnought* may just be an insurmountable threat for the goblin steelfangs.
- Mutagenic Dire Bugs:** Many of the druidic mutagens flowing out of Gruuk Jit’Jit have ended up in the wrong hands, namely Jit’Jit rivals the Po’Dengy Clan. These vengeful goblins have force-fed the strange alchemical fluids to bugs, resulting in unfathomable growth rates. Most of these massive critters immediately perished, but some survived the rapid mutations. Now, the Po’Dengy Clan rides these unsettling mounts in an attempt to raid the flying city. The dire bugs are difficult to control, but they’re nimble and effective enough at delivering the goblins onto Gruuk Jit’Jit soil.

FIG. 2. FIG. 1.









➤ RESTORE THE WAXEN INDEPENDENCE ◀

Steelfangs and goblin pirates won't be enough to repel the oncoming armada. The only option is to fight fire with fire. The city will need an unconventional dreadnought of its own, and as it just so happens, they already have one.

The Waxen Independence is not ready to fly. Its engine has been probed and prodded and is no longer functioning. Plus, the guild has already decommissioned all of the ship's auxiliary systems.

To get *The Waxen Independence* back in flying condition, the party will have to accomplish the following:

- ◊ **Research the engine.** The Titanic Tap Drive relies much more on magic than pure engineering. Before the party can begin to restore the engine, they will first have to comprehend its inner workings. There may be elven mages or visiting scholars in town familiar with the transference magic that the engine harnesses.
- ◊ **Reinstall the engine.** Once the party learns how the engine works, they still have a massive engineering challenge ahead of them. Detaching the engine from the rest of the ship was an easy task for the guild, but reattaching and jump-starting the drive will require incredible technological knowhow.
- ◊ **Install weapons and auxiliary systems.** A ship is more than just a hull and an engine. If the party wants any hopes of defeating an unpredictable fleet, they'll need some heavy weaponry and additional tools. The GJ Improvement Guild, the Sharps, and potentially even Lyman's League can help, but it will be up to the party to corral the various factions.
- ◊ **Recruit a crew.** No one in town knows how to fly this unusual ship. Even if it can be restored to working order, its maiden voyage is likely to be an awkward affair. The party will have to find a crew capable enough to pilot the newly airworthy dreadnought, man its guns, and operate any extra tools and mechanisms they have installed on board.

GM Note: The intention for this plot hook is for you to reveal the threat days or weeks before the party has to actually fight the enemy fleet. This should provide enough time for a satisfying “preparation session” for your party. They can woo the various factions, ask for favors, and roll a variety of checks to prep the ship and the city’s defenses. However, it can also be fun for goofier campaigns or higher-level parties to add an incredible amount of time pressure. See if the party can hot-wire the dreadnought while in initiative. They’ll probably end up splitting the party and stumbling around the city in a frantic attempt to get the defenses up.

DEFEND THE CITY

Unless the adventurers have already nudged Gruuk Jit’Jit toward total chaos, the city’s factions will band together at least temporarily to help repel the enemy threat. Lyman’s League will use their freelancers to snipe skiffs out of the air and infiltrate any ship they can. The Stokers will encourage Piiralus to direct the city’s flight path in defensive maneuvers. The Sharps will deploy their entire fleet of steelfangs in an all-out assault.

How the party chooses to help can have a drastic impact on the progression of the battle. Mages can sling spells from Heegi’s Lookout while sneaks drop from steelfangs into enemy airship cockpits. Gunners can man specially crafted cannons in the skunkworks, or join the fight aboard *The Waxen Independence*.

Victory will be a question of how well the party can prepare the city and how much they can contribute during the fight. If the city is in disarray before the fleet even arrives, it will be difficult to muster a proper force to retaliate. Likewise, if the adventurers fail to pull their weight during the onslaught, it is unlikely the city will be able to defend itself alone.

If the enemy armada is not stopped, they will use all of the firepower at their disposal. They will destroy the entirety of the infrastructure the GJ Improvement Guild has installed over the past year. Without the mechanical improvements the guild has installed across the island, Gruuk Jit’Jit will plummet to the realm below.

CHAPTER 8

THE ELVES





THE EX-MONOPOLIST LABORERS! THE DRUIDIC BOUNTY! THE WICKED MAGUS IN WAITING!

Niirisarnel was once unique even among elven cities. It was an idyll of forests, magic, and profit. In the verdant hills of the elven homeland, the gleaming capital stood as a beacon of elven excellence.

There is still a Niirisarnel. Most of the city was relatively unharmed by the blast beneath their central bank. And yet, at the center of the town, a gaping hole is all that remains of their once thriving financial district.

A select few elves chose not to abscond from their newly hijacked neighborhood. They have retreated to a mostly intact cul-de-sac in what was once the southern edge of the banking center. These elves toil in solitude, combining druidic spells with advanced agricultural techniques to feed most of the city. They are not slaves nor captives, but they still dream of the day they can return their stolen community to the capital where it belongs.



FACTION DOSSIER:

THE NIIRISARNEL ELVES HYDROPONIC LABORERS UNION

In their advanced greenhouse, the Niirisarnel Elves Hydroponic Laborers Union (or NEHLU), grows much of the food consumed in Gruuk Jit'Jit. The breadth of their agricultural output is impressive, and this bounty is a large part of the reason that these judgmental elves are tolerated by the goblins in town.

WHO ARE THEY?

After the Niirisarnel incident, the majority of elves who were launched into the sky quickly found their way back down to what remained of Niirisarnel. They had no interest in toiling away in the dangerous sky city, and they knew they would have little ability to effect change under total goblin hegemony. Those who stayed behind were either exceedingly altruistic or—more commonly—harboring secret motives.

Much like the GJ Improvement Guild, the NEHLU offers minimal benefits to its workers. The laborers work long hours to keep the city fed, and Gruuk Jit'Jit offers few amenities that the urbane elves can meaningfully appreciate. Most goblins haven't given these facts much consideration. If they had, they would come to an obvious conclusion: the elves who stayed behind did so because they are working toward something quite unrelated to their stated hydroponic aspirations.

Most of the Niirisarnel elves living in Gruuk Jit'Jit are former corporate leaders who also just so happen to excel at various forms of druidic mag-



ic. They are mages with expertise in agricultural spells. To be clear: fluency with natural magic is not a prerequisite for success in elven business. Instead, it is only those few shareholders and executives who practice this powerful spellcasting who are uniquely positioned to enact the various elven plans in Gruuk Jit'Jit.

HOW DO THEY OPERATE?

The NEHLU's work is idiosyncratic when compared with most terrestrial farms. They collect waste from the city—a task that they unsurprisingly abhor—magically transform that waste into potent nutrient solutions, and then use these nutrients to grow large quantities of fruits, vegetables, and legumes within their greenhouse. They do all of this without wasting Gruuk Jit'Jit's precious little soil.

The NEHLU is able to harness their agricultural magic to grow exceptional produce at an incredible pace. Piiralus typically flies the city through warm sunny weather. She will also dip the city into rain clouds only when the NEHLU requires additional water. As such, conditions are ideal for crop harvests. With the aid of potent druidic spells, the elves are able to produce far more food than their meager numbers and cramped workspace would imply.

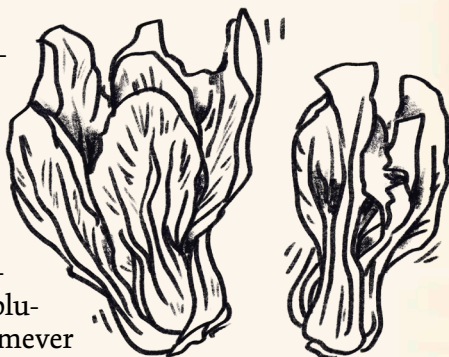
There is a constant jockeying within the NEHLU for positions of power. In the early days of Gruuk Jit'Jit, it was important for the elves to appear as though they were a truly egalitarian agricultural union. Anything less, and the goblins would have deemed them unworthy of respect. In the year since, however, the naturally competitive business leaders who fill the NEHLU's ranks have begun to endlessly vie for essentially meaningless positions of power within the union.



WHAT DO THEY WANT?

Despite the supposed altruism of the elven farmers, the NEHLU has anything but unselfish goals. The bitter magnates want an end to Gruuk Jit'Jit. They hate the flying goblin city, and they hate farming. Everything they've done has been in the name of a brutal political calculus. The elves have a strategy in place for how the NEHLU will bring Gruuk Jit'Jit to its knees. Here's how it works:

1. The NEHLU will cultivate dependence. As the city's population grows, the need for hyper-efficient farming will increase geometrically.
2. Elves in terrestrial Niirisarnel will corral various governments to force a diplomatic solution with the Vaulters (or whomever seems to be in charge).
3. When it's time to make a deal, the NEHLU will go on strike, leading to starvation among the goblin population.
4. The NEHLU will promise to return to work only when the goblins elect to accept the terms of a total surrender.
5. Under NEHLU orders, the goblins will force Piiralus to return the island to Niirisarnel, and then the goblins shall relocate.



This was once a sound plan. Even today, all of the residents of Gruuk Jit'Jit are exceedingly reliant on NEHLU crops. However, there is growing concern among the elves that the entire scenario has grown too complicated. The Sharps bring in nearly as much food via piracy as the elves do via hydroponics. The world governments are struggling to establish any lasting diplomatic relations with the Vaulters. Lyman's League is a wildcard that desperately wants to keep the city afloat and has no allegiance to world governments, the elves, or the Vaulters. If the NEHLU is going to outwit the goblins, they will need help or a devious new strategy.



SYLZIUM LENTIS

The people who are working the hardest to bolster the reputation of the NEHLU are those that have lost the most in the wake of the Niirisarnel incident. One year ago, Sylzium Lentis (he/him) was one of the most desirable bachelors in the elven city. He was a talented mage and an heir to one of the great Niirisarnel fortunes. Lamentably, his father had made one crucial mistake. He kept the entirety of the family's wealth—held in gold, gemstones, and more unusual elven luxuries—in the vaults of the Niirisarnel Central Bank. Newly impoverished, Sylzium is committed to returning the missing chunk of the city back where it belongs.

Many of the other NEHLU laborers will profit directly from a return of the banking district. Some will reclaim aerial shipping lanes, others will receive direct payouts from the city's desperate government. Sylzium, however, mostly just wants to get married. With no fortune to his name, he knew he would be unlikely to find a suitable partner were he to disembark

in Niirisarnel now. His only hope, as he sees it, is to return to the city a hero, a mildly attractive elven farmer with a minuscule inheritance, but an impressive ability to retrieve stolen cities.

Sylzium is far less cold than many of the other Niirisarnel elves in the city. He is not a greedy old man desperate to recover forfeited hordes of money. He just laments that he was not able to secure true love before becoming—in his words—“undateable.” As such, his views are far more malleable than many of his stiffer comrades. If one of the adventurers seeks to woo Sylzium, they may be able to lure him away from the NEHLU altogether. Sylzium is not picky. Like many Niirisarnel elves, he’s attracted to people of many genders and species. He just wants to find someone who likes him for him.

THE GREENHOUSE

While the rolling hills of Niirisarnel are and were quite conducive to farming, the goblins have immediately rendered Gruuk Jit’Jit’s soil unusable. Leaky fuel pipes, constant trampling, and ever-increasing erosion have had an immediate impact on what little is left of the city’s topsoil. As such, the NEHLU has chosen a different strategy for growing crops: an indoor hydroponic farm.

In this greenhouse, they need little more than space, light, water, and druidically manufactured nutrients. With all of this, they can grow corn, melons, black beans, rice, spinach, and herbs. Their produce is of such a high quality that it has impacted both goblin cuisine and health. Never before has a group of goblins consumed such a comparatively nutritious diet. It turns out even goblins need more than jerky and cave mushrooms to thrive.

The greenhouse is strictly off limits to all but the NEHLU. Surprisingly, the goblins respect this. Though they are loath to be told *not* to go somewhere, they can appreciate the delicate work that takes place in the greenhouse, and they have enough self-awareness to recognize that they probably ought not be trusted in a building filled with breakable glass and delicious beans.



Despite the conspiratorial nature of the NEHLU, there is nothing nefarious occurring in the greenhouse. The elves conduct all of their planning in their homes or in the tunnels beneath the street. The reason access to the greenhouse is forbidden is exactly as they say: the building is fragile, and the agricultural processes are complex. If the NEHLU loses control of their harvests, they will lose all of the political sway they've worked to achieve in Gruuk Jit'jit. It may not seem like much, but the greenhouse is still key to all of the NEHLU's plans.

EYELLARA, VOICE OF LAL ULLSALA

The elves of Niirisarnel are exceedingly patriarchal. There are no women in government, nor leading the city's powerful businesses. Women are relegated to positions in the clergy or as wives and homemakers. Eyellara (she/her) is one such religious figure, a supposed conduit for the elven deity Lal Ullsala. When the businessmen of Niirisarnel need sage advice, they turn to one of Lal Ullsala's voices for guidance. They believe that their God leads them to victory in business, conquest, and lovemaking. Truthfully, Eyellara has no direct line to the God. She has fabricated each prophecy she has provided. She hopes that her small seditious nudges will push the NEHLU toward failure, and that she might someday escape with the goblins far away from the men and the culture that she loathes.

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UVIS TENOLLE

When goblins imagine the worst traits of men, the image they conjure is nearly identical to one Uvis Tenolle (he/him). This shrewd shipping magnate—once a rival of Lyman's father Ransley Prattershare—has had his business decimated in the wake of Pii-ralus's freedom. Elven luxuries currently sit in overstuffed warehouses back on the mainland. It's too expensive to ship the goods by land, and too risky to fly it anywhere. As such, Uvis is intent on recapturing the fuel elemental by whatever means necessary. Uvis is a cruel and lustful man. His patience is clearly waning; it seems it won't be long before he gives up on the whole farming charade and starts starving the goblins in an effort to speed up "negotiations."

IRIYAS

AKA

CASELLIAS ELLIREN

Though each member of the NEHLU has an ulterior motive keeping them in Gruuk Jit'Jit, they are careful not to betray their "happy farmer" facade. No one plays this role more carefully than the man known simply as Iriyas (he/him). Most goblins in town know Iriyas. He's the shining paragon of an elf who has learned to live in a goblin paradise. He always totes out the most misshapen fruits and veggies and laughs with the chefs at the Endless Barbecue. He sprinkles rainbow dust in any open flame he sees, and he's become impressively fluent in the goblin tongue.

If the goblin knew the depths of this ruse, they'd string him up.

Iriyas is the most duplicitous of them all. In truth, he

is the court mage Casellias Elliren, a powerful druidic sorcerer responsible for the century-long imprisonment of Piiralus. He wears an arcane illusion to conceal his identity, going so far as to give himself goblin-esque features to further ingratiate himself with the great powers of the island.

From the moment Piiralus was freed, Casellias began to scheme how he could re-shackle his cash cow. When the rest of his elven brethren formed the NEHLU and established relations with their goblin neighbors, Casellias began building. He converted a former bath house under the greenhouse into his lair, a dark magical laboratory where he hopes to soon recapture Piiralus.

When he is not manically tweaking his soon-to-be prison chamber, he is smiling and laughing with the goblins, dancing with them in the moonlight and eating their disgusting food. He must do everything in his power to keep his intentions secret. They know him as affable Iriyas, not duplicitous Casellias. If the negotiations fail, he will be responsible for getting the job done.





GAINING & LOSING FAVOR

The elves are difficult to please. In order for a party to truly impress the NEHLU, the adventurers will first have to deduce the union's plans without angering them in the process. In most instances, this will require the adventurers to make a gamble: offer services that they assume the NEHLU would want but never publicly request. The party could present some intel that might be useful for negotiations with the Vaulters, or they could tactfully mention a plan to sabotage the efforts of the Sharps.

Alternatively, a party can gain favor with the NEHLU by assisting their agricultural efforts. The NEHLU *will* appreci-

ate any labor the party can provide, but they will not bring the party into the fold just because they make good farmhands. The party will need to make the opening gambit, presenting themselves as agents of the *true* elven cause. Until then, the elves will never see the party as anything more than over-eager agricultural enthusiasts.

If the party gains favor with the NEHLU but does not openly support their full mission, their only reward will be access to the greenhouse and a bonus share of crops. Once the NEHLU welcomes the party into the fold, the potential bounty increases greatly. The NEHLU can provide something that few other factions on Gruuk Jit'Jit can offer: gold. The Niirisarnel elves hold incredible wealth, and they will pay handsomely for the services of talented agents. Once the party gains 10 favor with the NEHLU, they will learn

GM NOTE: It's fine to drop some *very* obvious hints that the elves aren't as altruistic as they seem. Players will have trouble keeping track of the web of motivations in Gruuk Jit'Jit, so don't be afraid to spell it out. You should still wait for the players to be the ones to say "wait, I think elves aren't acting in good faith," but don't feel bad if it takes a few sessions of blatant nudges to get them there.

GAINING FAVOR

+1

For contributing seeds or crops to the greenhouse

+2

For delivering intel of elven efforts from the realm below

+2

If party demonstrates disloyalty to the goblins

+3

For spying on the Vaulters

+3

For assisting Casellias with improvements to his lair

+3

For smuggling druidic mutagens off-island

+5

If the party has a favor greater than 10 with *any* other faction and is willing to betray them

+5

If the party can negotiate a landfall

+5

If the party can help to re-shackle Piiralus

LOSING FAVOR

-1

For exhibiting pro-goblin sentiments

-1

For trespassing in the greenhouse

-2

If the party supports Piiralus's independence ¹

-3

Each time the party refuses to reveal secrets from another faction

-3

For stealing crops or interfering with the hydroponic farm

-5

If the party reveals the NEHLU's plans to any goblin faction

-5

If caught trespassing in Casellias's lair

-5

If the party aids any goblin faction during negotiations

¹ Note that this is not a dealbreaker for the elves. Their top priority is repairing their town and ending goblin domination of the skies. Recapturing Piiralus would be ideal but is not absolutely necessary.

of Casellias's plan and will gain access to his lair. Once they've reached 10 favor, however, any losses of favor will double in magnitude; the elves are extra strict with those they've chosen to trust. Finally, once the party gains 15 favor with the NEHLU, the elves will task the adventurers with conducting negotiations on their behalf.

If the party achieves -5 favor with the NEHLU, they will be locked out from ever gaining favor with the NEHLU again. The elves will hold this grudge indefinitely. Once the party hits -10 favor, the union will make sure that the identity of the adventurers is known among their leaders back in Niirisarnel. The adventurers will be forbidden from entering elven lands, purchasing elven goods, and even speaking with elven women. The NEHLU may or may not make this fact known. That is: the party may not discover the consequences of their actions until the Niirisarnel guard prevents the party from entering elven woods or requesting the services of an elven priestess.

EXCERPT FROM TRIALS OF TRAGGLE

FEAR SECLUSION

Foolish Traggle tracked the archdemon Seclusion, but this was difficult, because no one knew where the demon was. Traggle asked his kin what Seclusion looked like, but they did not know because they had not seen him. He tried to imagine how Seclusion might defend himself, but he could not imagine because he had never shared drinks with the demon.

Foolish Traggle searched all across the realm. He knew Seclusion had no friends and no allies, and so Traggle became lonely, for he was exploring the loneliest corners of the world. Traggle knew that this too was part of Seclusion's plan.

Foolish Traggle found Seclusion and was disgusted to find that the fiend had once been a goblin. Millennia in isolation had transformed Seclusion into the monstrosity he was today. Traggle defeated Seclusion the only way he knew how: he brought him home. Traggle showed Seclusion his friends and his family and song and dance and feast and hooch and love and joy. After many years, Seclusion shed his demonic skin.

The cure for wickedness is compassion and community. There is glee in all, but it requires the glee of others to be freed.

PLOT HOOK: DEAL WITH CASELLIAS

In the coming days and weeks, Casellias will complete the construction of his shackling chamber. When his arcane lair is complete, he will finally be free to enact his plans, recapturing the elemental that keeps Gruuk Jit'Jit aloft and inspires goblins all across the realm. If the party has gained the full trust of the NEHLU, Casellias will request their help. If not, the party will have to first uncover his plan, and then either foil it or leave Piiralus to her fate.

WORKING FOR CASELLIAS

Casellias's plan is a bit convoluted, but he still believes that it is more reliable than the "negotiations" that the rest of the NEHLU is attempting. When his shackling chamber is fully operational, he will ask the party to infiltrate the core of the island. As soon as the city flies close to the ground, Casellias will ignite the eldritch engines, thereby incapacitating Piiralus. The party must then douse the elemental with an alchemical agent. If they succeed, they will extinguish Piiralus's ceaseless flame, and she will hang motionless in the sky. The city will begin to slowly descend, with its freefall partially counteracted by the GJ Improvement Guild's various contraptions.

It will then be the party's responsibility to wrangle Piiralus's paralyzed form away from the binding shield and into Casellias's lair. This will be exceedingly difficult. The Stokers will resist, and then the Sharps will quickly mobilize. The adventurers will have no choice but to fight their way through hordes of goblins who will do anything to keep Piiralus safe.

Once the party smuggles the elemental into Casellias's lair, the mage will harness Piiralus's raw potential energy to create a kinetic force field around the elven cul-de-sac. With luck, this should provide adequate protection until the city makes landfall. The party will then have to hold off any goblin intruders until the Niiris-arnel guard can rendezvous with the landed city.

▶ AIDING PIIRALUS ◀

If the party would rather keep Piiralus and her flying city safe, they will have to thwart Casellias's plans. The sooner the party is able to deduce the greedy mage's plans, the easier it will be to counteract them.

DISCOVER CASELLIAS'S PLANS

The man known as Iriyas works in secret. Unless the party makes a point to investigate the greenhouse, the tunnels that wind their way through Gruuk Jit'Jit, or the rumors in Kuskyn Market, there is a good chance they will be blindsided when Casellias animates his shackling device.

In most instances, the party will have to either endear themselves to the NEH-LU sufficiently as a means to learn their various secrets, or else sneak into passageways beneath the greenhouse and discover Casellias's lair themselves. The elves are exceedingly tight-lipped regarding their machinations, so the adventurers are unlikely to discover the shackling chamber just by keeping their ear to the ground.





INFILTRATE THE LAIR

To foil the potential shackling, the party's best bet is to make their way to Casellias's subterranean chamber. Once inside, they'll have far more flexibility in how they proceed.

- 1. Kill Casellias.** There is only one mage in Gruuk Jit'Jit with the sorcerous knowhow to shackle Pii-ralus. If the party eliminates the mage, that will force the NEHLU to explore other options.
- 2. Destroy the chamber.** It has taken Casellias a full year to construct this incarnation of his eldritch machine. The party could set him back another year if they smash this one to bits, tarnishing his runes and disturbing his liquid focus.
- 3. Blackmail and/or reveal his intentions.** Casellias can only work in Gruuk Jit'Jit because of his disguise. If his plans and former identity were revealed, a hundred or more goblins would immediately try to kill him. The party can either threaten him with this prospect or else sic the goblins on him.

INTERRUPTING THE PLAN

If the party fails to thwart Casellias's aims prior to the chamber's activation, they'll have to scramble to undo the plan before the city crashes and Piiralus is recaptured. Their best bet would be to storm the lair as soon as this happens, but in all likelihood, they won't know where it is.

Instead, they will have to contend with the druidic NEHLU laborers who will attempt to wrest Piiralus from the city's core. If Casellias triggers his plans before the Vaulter negotiations are complete, the rest of the elves will have no choice but to aid in the re-shackling. Thus, the party will have to fight alongside the goblins to quell the incoming elven fighters. They may or may not be backed by Niirisarnel airships, mutagenically enhanced pig monsters, and vengeful golems crafted by Casellias himself.

Assuming the party is able to quas the initial elven assault, Casellias will then approach the core in an attempt to finish the job himself. Either way, the party's next target will be the mad mage, and he won't go down without a fight.

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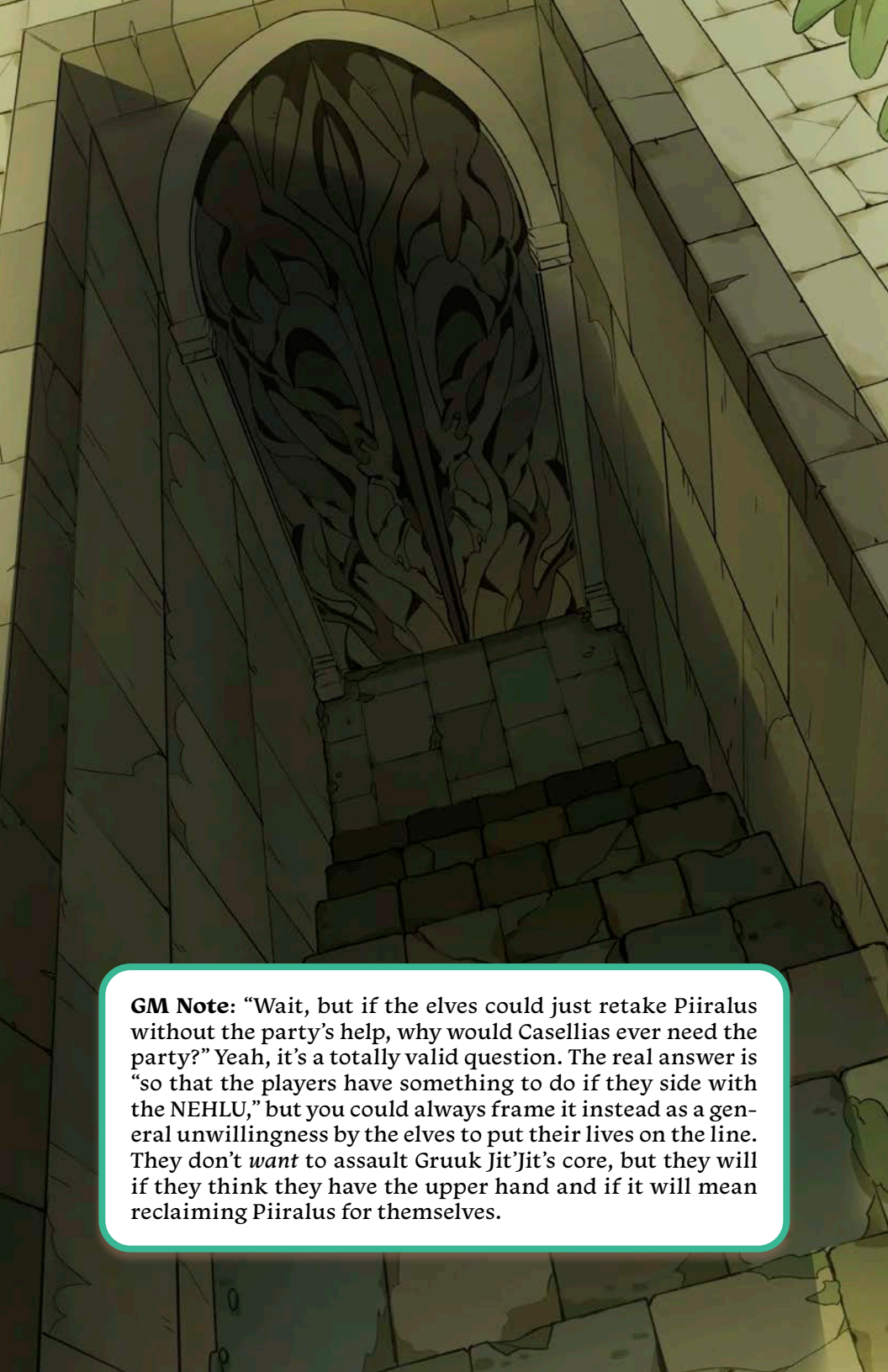
FIGHTING CASELLIAS

The mage is a deadly spellslinger, a powerful elven druid with the ability to quickly turn the tide of a fight. He has spells that can paralyze, charm, burn, or disorient. He can greatly enhance his own speed or the strength of his allies. He acted as Niirisarnel's highest court mage for over 200 years; if he hadn't learned some nasty tricks in his great lifetime, he never would have lasted.

If the party chooses to fight Casellias within his lair, he'll have even more tools at his disposal. He can redirect the energy of his shackling chamber to incapacitate nearby foes. He can also retreat into nearby tunnels and activate hidden pre-tuned hexes hidden around his lair.

When planning a climactic battle with Casellias, feel free to give the mage any additional advantages from the following list:

- 1** Mutated pigs
The NEHLU has been pumping the city's pigs with powerful mutagens to build a strange army of druidically enhanced beasts. Ultimately, they serve Casellias.
- 2** Force fields
The shackling machine can draw some power from Piiralus even if she isn't in the lair itself. Casellias can use this to make minor force fields to protect him or to keep foes from approaching the greenhouse.
- 3** Elven armada
Casellias can request the aid of Niirisarnel airships at a moment's notice. If they can overwhelm the Sharp defenses, their firepower will be a serious problem for the party.
- 4** Tuber golems
The NEHLU laborers will weaponize their crops if they can. So-called "tuber golems" aren't terribly powerful, but the ambling root vegetable will use their numbers to harry intruders.
- 5** Goblin dissenters
There are those goblins who reject prophecy. They see the Jit'Jit Clan as their foes and hate that the Vaulters have taken credit for this miracle. They've joined Casellias in an effort to end Gruuk Jit'Jit.
- 6** Massive illusion
Casellias will need to buy time. So long as he can wait for the Niirisarnel guard to arrive, he knows he will win. Thus, he may choose to activate a city-wide illusion in an attempt to confuse Gruuk Jit'Jit's residents just long enough.
- 7** Binding shield blast
The NEHLU has been collecting a portion of their goblin waste and transforming it into powerful explosives. They may ignite these charges to disrupt the binding shield, thereby throwing the city into chaos before Casellias's plans even begin.
- 8** Partnership with Lyman
Casellias may just form a strategic alliance with Lyman in an effort to capture Piiralus. If he does, the party will have to contend with a league of capable criminals assisting Casellias as the city descends into chaos.

A stone archway with intricate carvings and a set of stone steps leading up to it. The archway is set into a stone wall, and the steps lead up to the base of the arch. The carvings on the archway are detailed and appear to be of a nature-themed design. The overall scene is dimly lit, suggesting an underground or cavernous setting.

GM Note: “Wait, but if the elves could just retake Piiralus without the party’s help, why would Casellias ever need the party?” Yeah, it’s a totally valid question. The real answer is “so that the players have something to do if they side with the NEHLU,” but you could always frame it instead as a general unwillingness by the elves to put their lives on the line. They don’t *want* to assault Gruuk Jit’Jit’s core, but they will if they think they have the upper hand and if it will mean reclaiming Piiralus for themselves.

CHAPTER 9

FORT VAULTER





THE GUILTY PARTY! THE DIPLOMATIC FORTRESS! THE SEDITIOUS GOBLIN CRIMES!

The Vaulters claim all responsibility for everything good that has happened in Gruuk Jit’Jit. They say the “goblin miracle” is their doing—despite, of course, the fact that they weren’t the ones lighting the explosives. They’re in charge, even though the town has no laws or law enforcement. The Vaulters are theoretically the faction with the most sway, despite the fact that they use that sway for virtually nothing at all.

The truth is obvious to most. The Vaulters are “in charge” because they were here first. They were the leaders of the Jit’Jit Clan before the Niirisarnel incident and were perfectly situated to assert themselves as the city’s lords after takeoff.

Ultimately, the Vaulters are just a tight-knit group of goblins who enjoy relaxing in their giant fort and hobnobbing with dozens of visiting dignitaries. Though they established many of the mainstays of Gruuk Jit’Jit life in the city’s early days, they maintain few responsibilities today. Ostensibly, they will be in charge of finalizing negotiations with the various governments who want to resolve what much of the realm sees as a looming crisis. Unsurprisingly, though, those talks seem to have stalled indefinitely.

FACTION DOSSIER:

THE VAULTERS

The Vaulters are the smallest of the factions in Gruuk Jit'Jit, with fewer than twenty members. They are what remains of the Jit'Jit goblins tasked with invading the Niirisarnel Central Bank. Today, their role in the city is both more complicated and much more relaxed.

WHO ARE THEY?

The Vaulters were once the most daring and ambitious members of the Jit'Jit Clan. They were the ones willing to put their necks on the line to keep the clan fed. Had they been caught, they almost certainly would have been hanged by the majority of their marks. Among their ranks are tough brutes, sneaky gymnasts, and smooth-talking charlatans.

Today, these skills are totally wasted. The Vaulters do no planning, no high-stakes thievery, and no daring life-



or-death missions into enemy territory. They are able to take credit for the goblin miracle while mostly just enjoying their days in the comfort of their fort.

Notably, the Vaulters are quite young for goblins. Most clans have leaders in their 50s, which is squarely in the realm of “elderly” for goblins. None of the Vaulters are over 30 years old, and some are as young as 15.

HOW DO THEY OPERATE?

Despite what they say, the Vaulters of today have few meaningful responsibilities in Gruuk Jit'Jit. Their primary task is to negotiate with visiting dignitaries. This means requesting aid, stonewalling demands to land the city, and



arguing for whatever additional protections the realm's governments can provide. The Vaulters are also responsible for hosting the diplomats, who, by and large, refuse to stay in The Flying Pig Lodge.

When they are not engaging in their carnal delights, the Vaulters spend their days wooing these diplomats, eating long meals, and discussing potential futures for Gruuk Jit'Jit. Vaulters will spend hours upon hours chatting about aid, asylum, no-fly zones, infrastructure management, and other painfully boring topics while getting incredibly drunk and eating twice their weight in snack food.

Chieftess Igo is the head of the Vaulters, but she has been completely ineffectual since the Niirisarnel Incident. As such, her outstanding responsibilities fall onto the remaining Vaulters with only a semblance of a hierarchy.

WHAT DO THEY WANT?

Out of all of Gruuk Jit'Jit's factions, the Vaulters have been most effective at getting what they want. They get to spend most of their time eating,

drinking, lounging, and partaking in the pleasures of the flesh. The Vaulters have everything they could want: a palace, endless food and booze, and a score of other fit young goblins to keep them company. They have somehow stumbled into a hedonistic paradise, a glorious goblin castle in a flying city where they can waste a few hours talking to dorky politicians and then get back to smoking, drinking, and making out.

Of course, key to this dream is keeping the world's governments off their backs. The Vaulters need to guarantee the constant influx of aid while also assuring the ambassadors that a compromise is well within sight. "Yes, yes," they'll say. "We will try to land the island very soon. We just have a few details to iron out." This is a lie. The Vaulters want to keep the goblin miracle alive indefinitely.



FORT VAULTER

Most Vaulters rarely leave their palace. Fort Vaulter is a goblin paradise filled with tasty food, gorgeous views, and surprisingly comfortable bedding. As such, adventurers who hope to speak with the Vaulters will have to make their way to the palace in the corner of the city.

GM NOTE: What follows is a room-by-room dissection of Fort Vaulter. This will prove particularly useful for quests that involve finding a permanent solution for Gruuk Jit'Jit. Even if the party has befriended Pii-ralus, defeated the experimental armada, and subdued the vindictive mage Casellias, they still have to *eventually* figure out what the hell to do with the perilous city. In all likelihood, this difficult question will take the party deep into the fort.

VAULTER BRIDGE

Architect Heegi Jit'Jit chose to erect Fort Vaulter on the very first sub-island that became separated from the mainland of Gruuk Jit'Jit. This corner of the city felt perfect for a palace with a bit of extra privacy and defense. Vaulter Bridge was built soon after this mass of land was fully reinforced with GJ Improvement Guild infrastructure.

The bridge itself is not off limits to travelers—after all, without laws, can anywhere truly be off limits? That said, Vaulters will *thoroughly* interrogate anyone approaching. An adventurer is free to ignore this interrogation, but the Vaulters are also free to punch that same adventurer in the nose and throw them off the bridge. “Lawless” cities have their quirks.

GRIBBUS JIT'JIT

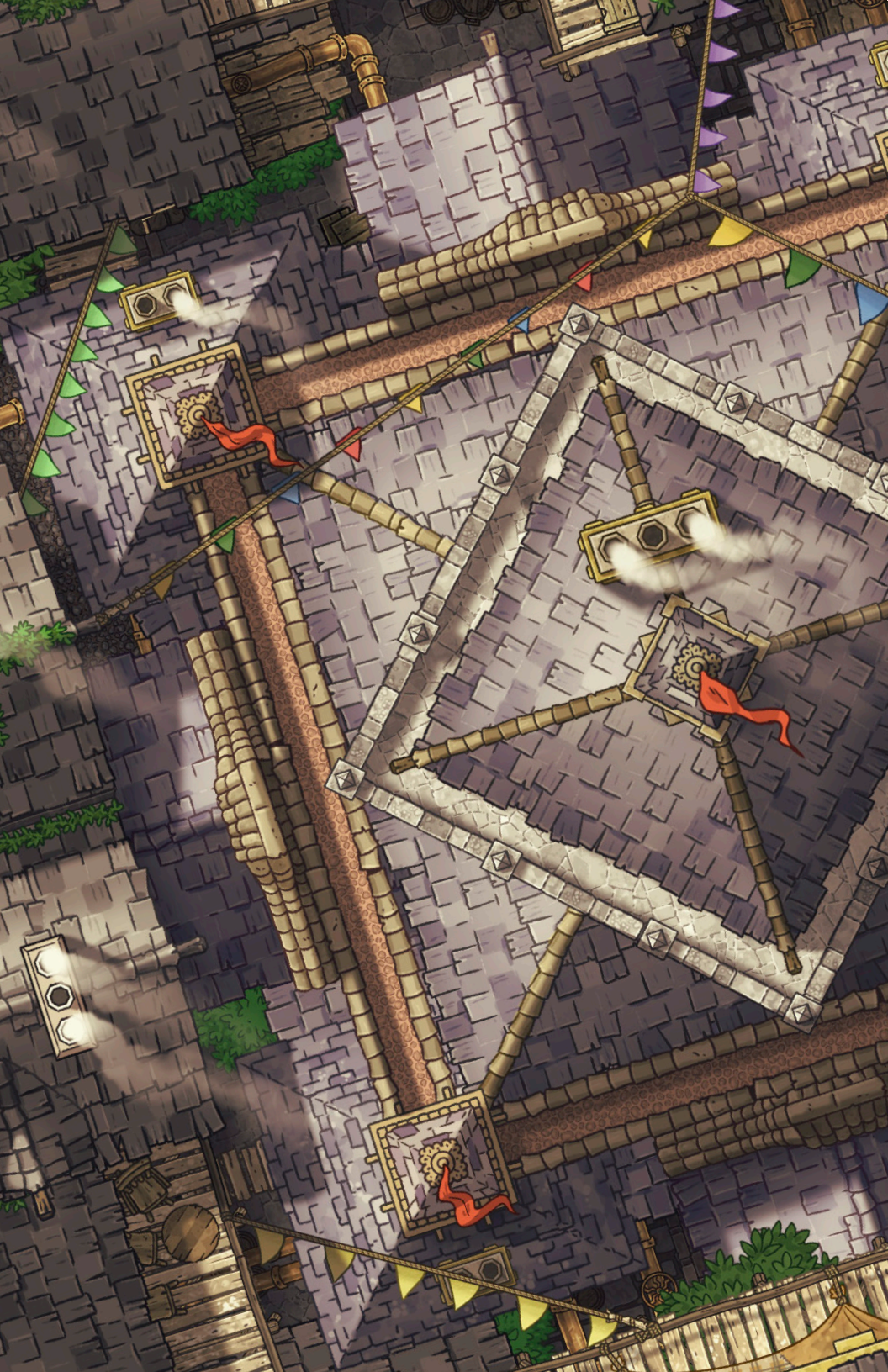
The Vaulters are mostly free to pursue whatever pleasures they seek. All Gribbus (she/her) wants on a day-to-day basis is a warm meal in her belly and a good fight. She has appointed herself lead guard of the fort, primarily so that she can tussle with any meddlesome visitors.



> THE GREAT HALL <

The Vaulters' important work is conducted in the Great Hall. This large feasting room features a rarely used lectern, sour beer on tap, and beautiful views that ought to reinforce the majesty of the flying city. Visiting dignitaries sit down in the Great Hall for breakfast and stay until evening tea is completed. They agonizingly try to get their points across over the din of goblin banter.

Negotiations are circuitous. Diplomats will state the obvious, claiming that Gruuk Jit'jit has to land eventually, so *shouldn't the goblins start planning for that?* Then the goblins will say, "yes, good point, we shall consider," before leaving their seats and running upstairs for hours at a time. The nations of the world have limited fuel stores, and most superpowers have agreed not to use the threat of violence to convince the goblins to surrender their island. As such, the goblins have all the power in negotiations and are using that upper hand to indefinitely forestall making any decisions.





QUEEN ANCHELLY BESSDELLIAN

Most kingdoms, duchies, and city-states have sent minor nobles or appointees to tackle the business of quibbling with the goblins. On the other hand, Her Majesty Queen Anchely

Bessdellian of Onotanie (she/her) has decided to handle the negotiating herself. Onotanie is a large nation with a mostly temperate climate. Piiralus often flies over Onotanie's territory to benefit from the mild weather. It is generally agreed that if Gruuk Jit'Jit is going to collapse, it will likely crash-land in Onotanie.

Queen Bessdellian is a doer. She is a no-nonsense monarch who leads her nation's parliament in addition to its royal delegations. She will not stand aside with the threat of calamity hanging over her head so long as there is something to be done.

Or at least... that *was* her attitude. Then she got to Gruuk Jit'Jit and realized just how intractable the situation had become. The Vaulters have no willingness to discuss a potential compromise. They just want to drink and fart and kiss each other with their mouths open. Like most of the other dignitaries, she can see right through the ruse they've set up, collecting international aid and paying minor lip service in exchange for total freedom from consequences.

Queen Bessdellian has come to the same conclusion as many others: Gruuk Jit’Jit needs a regime change. Chieftess Igo will barely talk to the ambassadors, and the rest of the Vaulters aren’t much better. Perhaps the Stokers could be convinced of Piiralus’s need for true independence, or maybe Lyman could just be bribed into taking the island somewhere else. Hell, if only she could persuade Heegi to become the chieftess, negotiations might make some headway.

For now, Queen Bessdellian is gathering allies: other ambassadors, seemingly reasonable faction representatives from across the island, and—of course—travelers who might be able to tackle some dirty work off the record.

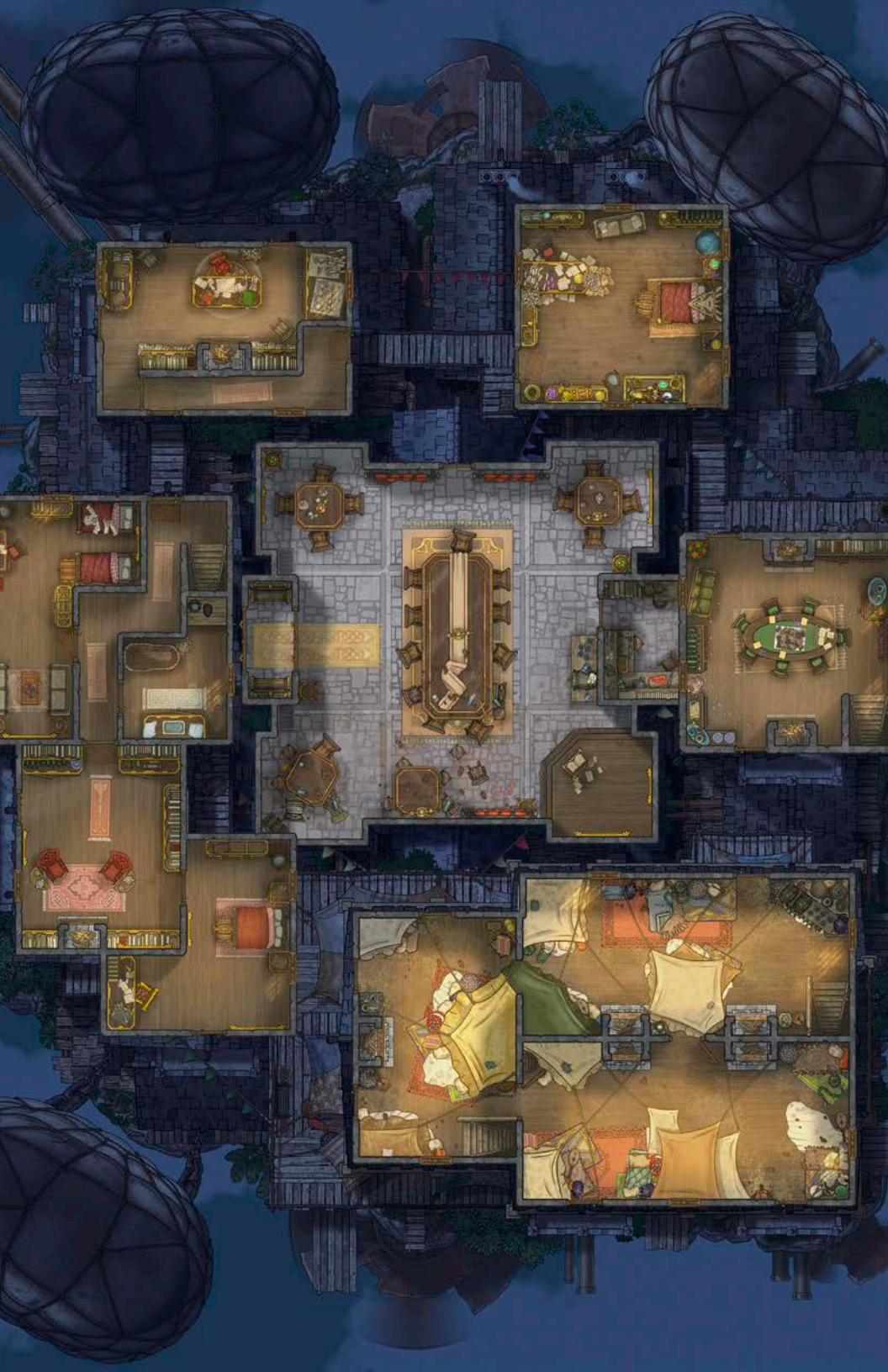
NOREN UMEDI

The Niirisarnel elves have sent Noren (he/him) to “argue on behalf of the elves.” Of course, the NEHLU has informed everyone back home that negotiations are not an option. Thus, Noren is wasting no energy. He sneaks out each night to consult with the NEHLU and bides his time until the elves can enact their plan. Nevertheless, the elven bureaucracy requires him to keep detailed notes on all proceedings. Noren records painstaking transcripts of all meetings in the Great Hall. Noren’s notes are encoded in a tricky cipher, but even if someone could decode the text, they would mostly just read line after line of goblin fart jokes.

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▶ **DIPLOMAT KITCHEN** ◀

Many of the diplomats who struggle through never-ending meals in the Great Hall have palates that are a touch more refined than those of the Jit’Jit goblins. Queen Bessdellian is a vegetarian, the tropical dwarven ambassadors have to consume a steady diet of rare gems, and the Niirisarnel representatives don’t even drink. These inflexible nobles and civil servants can’t simply eat “termite pie” or “goat pig mystery loin” or whatever it is they’re serving at the Endless Barbecue on a given day. The “proper” meals get prepared in the Diplomat Kitchen.



VAULTER MEALS

A few times per day, one volunteer goblin will bring a cartload of food from the Endless Barbecue into Fort Vaulter for the Jit'Jit goblins to eat during negotiations. This goblin will inevitably overhear some of the proceedings inside. If the adventurers want to get some hints as to what's going on inside the palace, they'd be wise to interrogate this delivery carrier.

JUK JIT'JIT

Before the Niirisarnel, the Jit'Jit Clan repeatedly tasked Juk (she/her) with impersonating a world-class chef in order to gain access to one kitchen or another. Juk played this role so often that she learned a thing or two about actual cooking. Now, Juk is responsible for all of the meals that the diplomats consume. She's still inexperienced compared to the cooks with which these diplomats are accustomed, and she's been known to outright ignore stated dietary restrictions. On more than one occasion, an ambassador has gone into anaphylactic shock after eating an ingredient Juk *swore* she'd omit. Oops!

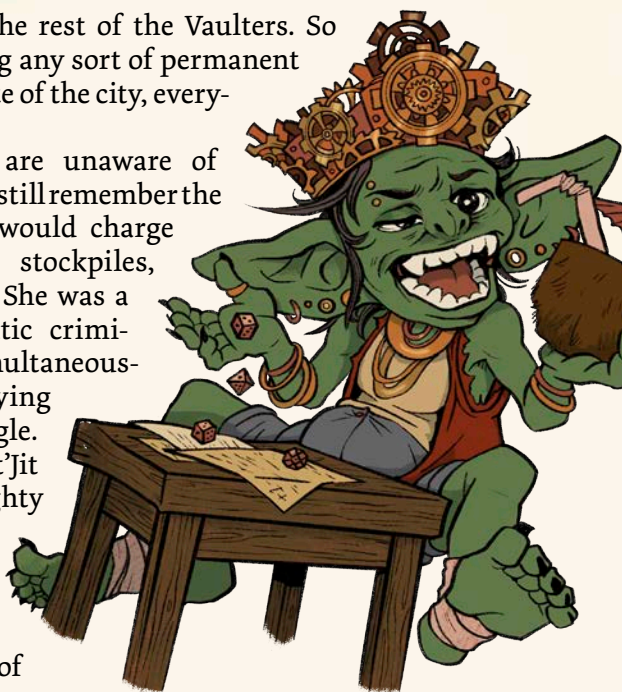
CHIEFTESS IGO JIT'JIT

The Jit'Jit Clan had just appointed Igo (she/her) mere days before the Niirisarnel bank heist. As such, quite a bit of prophecy has been reinterpreted to frame Chieftess Igo as some sort of goblin miracle worker. She has *not* taken this well.

Chieftess Igo makes few public appearances. She is anxious, insular, and extremely paranoid. It is unclear whether she is uncomfortable with the fact that she may be the harbinger of goblin destiny or that she very obviously is not. She makes decisions rashly, often trusting her insecurities over the guidance of her advisors. Igo is stumbling her way through leadership. Luckily, this

has been acceptable to the rest of the Vaulters. So long as she delays making any sort of permanent decision regarding the fate of the city, everyone is happy.

Most Jit'Jit goblins are unaware of Chieftess Igo's woes. They still remember the fearless spearhead who would charge headfirst into valuable stockpiles, screaming all the while. She was a vivacious and charismatic criminal, with a knack for simultaneously charming and terrifying anyone she chose to burgle. The residents of Gruuk Jit'Jit assume she's still as mighty and persuasive as she was before the Niiris-arnel incident. If they knew the truth, they'd bemoan the sorry state of the city's leadership.

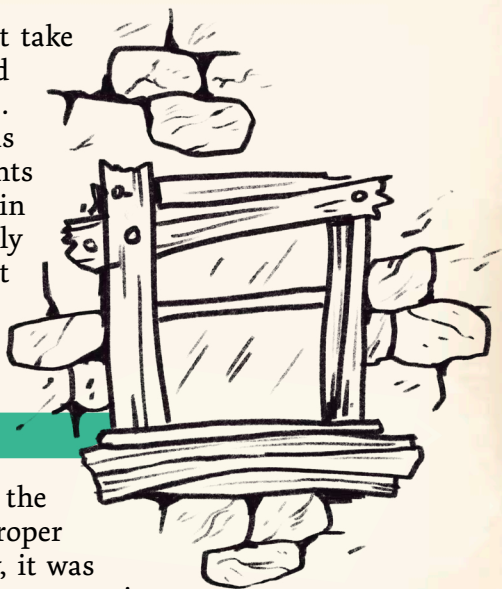


▶ CHIEFTESS IGO'S RUMPUS ROOM ◀

In lieu of a throne room or office, Chieftess Igo whiles away most of her time in her Rumpus Room. Surrounded by an endless supply of sugary cocktails, Igo can stave off her anxieties while occasionally meeting with ambassadors in relative privacy.

She plays fantasy games with elaborate rules to distract herself from the stress of running a crumbling city. She'll happily roleplay epic quests with whoever is willing to join her: Vaulter, diplomat, or otherwise. These complex adventures occupy 90% of Chieftess Igo's attention at any given time. This is a blessing and a curse. On the one hand, it means that Chieftess Igo's mental health is, at the very least, stable. On the other hand, she has made no meaningful effort to lead the city through its myriad setbacks, focusing instead on her imaginary campaigns. If the adventurers hope to have a poignant conversation with the chieftess, they will likely have to do it "in character" within one of these roleplaying games.

Perceptive adventurers might take note of just how tactical, bold, and persuasive Chieftess Igo can be... *when she's in character*. Her various personae embody all of the talents and virtues that the goblins see in Igo herself. The chieftess clearly has the knowledge and skill set to be a great leader, but she desperately needs help getting past her anxiety.



> HEEGI'S OFFICE

Architect Heegi Jit'Jit is one of the few Vaulters who maintains a proper office in Fort Vaulter. Previously, it was here that she planned large-scale construction projects on the island. As Gruuk Jit'Jit quickly fills up, however, it seems unlikely she'll be able to build much more. There is only so much space available, and what's left is becoming increasingly crowded with balloons, propellers, and the like. Maybe Heegi's best chance to return to her passion is to start designing new structures in the kingdoms below. Maybe there's just no room for Heegi in this city anymore.

> BIRGIK'S SUITE

All-star athlete Birgik Jit'Jit is responsible for much of the goodwill toward the Vaulters. He's a celebrity, beloved by everyone in town, even those who root for other Claim the Fire teams. His suite is filled to the brim with trinkets and gifts from adoring fans: medals, gems, letters of admiration, taxidermied game, and lewd self-portraits. Though goblin oral culture discourages luxury and excess, Birgik can't help but bask in the glory of his accomplishments. His suite would put many royal bedrooms to shame.

DIPLOMAT SUITES

It is *crucial* to the Vaulter strategy that diplomats are content. Every Vaulter knows that they're walking a tightrope: if they screw around too much, the nations of the world might decide it'll be easier to just blast them out of the sky. Thus, they do their best to keep the diplomats happy. The ambassadors who visit Gruuk Jit'jit sleep in beautifully appointed rooms filled with gold and silk and all of the best fineries the goblins have amassed and ignored throughout their storied history of heists and burglaries.

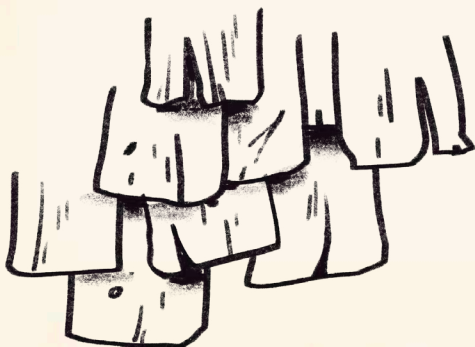
Most ambassadors choose to sleep in these glorious chambers, but some still prefer to stay in the cabins of their private airships, nestled into the caves and folds beneath the city, or berthed at the Private Vaulter Docks.

RANSLEY PRATTERSHARE

Lyman Prattershare might be a big dog in Gruuk Jit'jit, but his little criminal enterprise pales in comparison to his father's massive Prattershare Shipping Company. Ransley (he/him) is old, bitter, and ruthless. He has been a juggernaut in international trade for five decades and has no intention of slowing down. He will die at the helm of his company.

Of course, business has *not* been good for Ransley over the past year. His long-haul dirigibles are frequent targets for Sharp raids, and there is an increased movement away from aerial shipping across the realm. Ransley has come to Fort Vaulter to sort all that nonsense out.

He has many demands, few of which the Vaulters can accommodate. At first, Ransley ordered an end to the Sharp raids. He was hoping the Vaulters could bring the pirates in line, but once it became clear that was not an option, Ransley decided to take matters into his own hands.



Ransley is biding his time in Fort Vaulter, learning what he can from negotiations and clandestinely deploying his guards throughout the palace whenever the Vaulters seem too drunk to notice. He has gleaned *quite a bit* about Vaulter operations. Meanwhile, his personal guard—an elite crew of mercenaries—is poised to take the fort from the Vaulters should it seem advantageous. He could hand the Sharps the key to the castle tomorrow if he wanted to. He could also back the NEHLU or the Stokers. He doesn't care who leads the city so long as he can rule the skies once more.

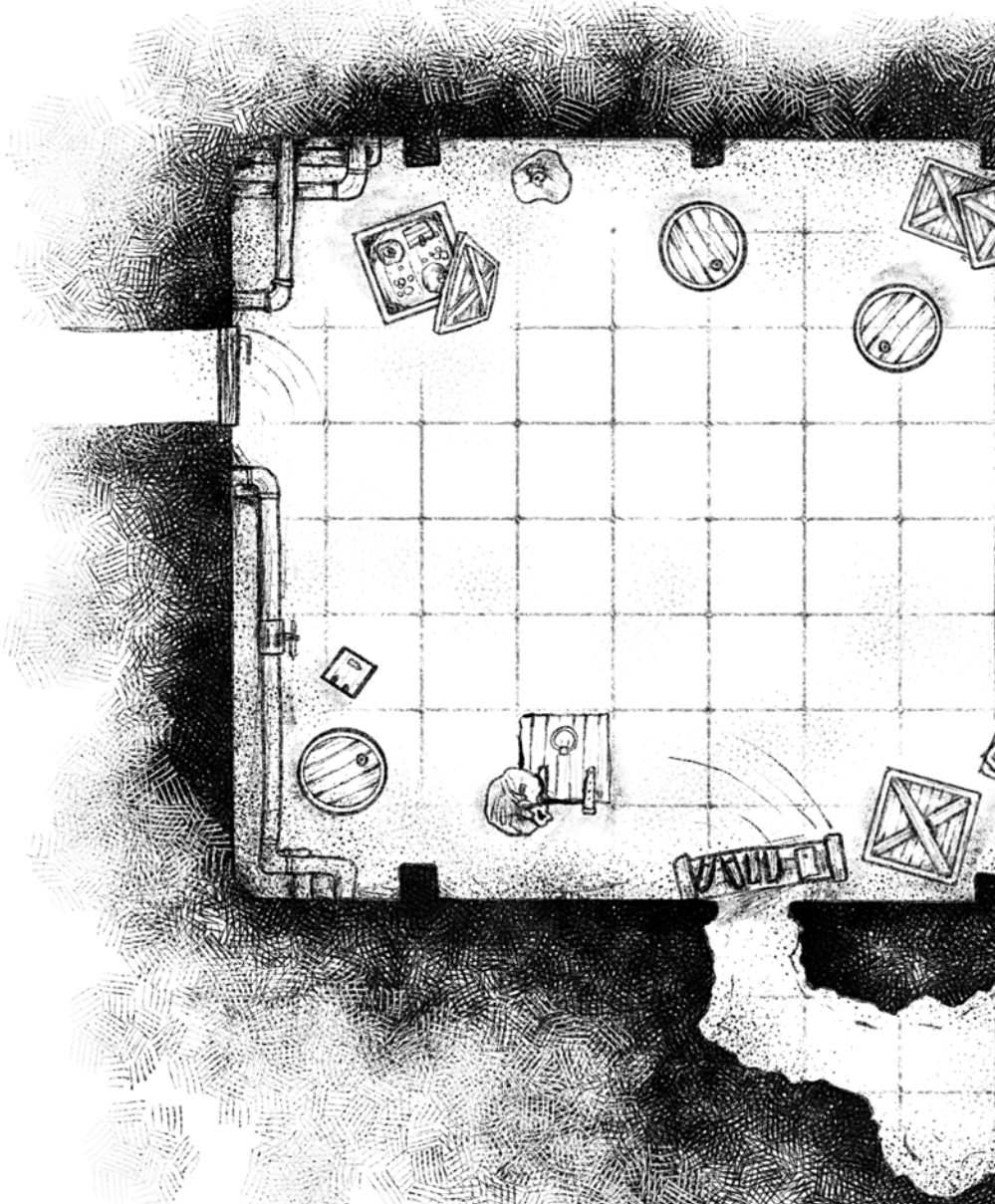
Lyman does not yet know that Ransley is scheming in his city. Were Lyman to find out, he would confront his cold-hearted father regardless of the potential fallout. If he were to bring a crew of freelancers with him, large-scale violence in Fort Vaulter would be unavoidable.

▶ **BLANKET FORT** ◀

Governments love to give blankets and bedding to communities in need. When the nations of the world first discovered the depths of Gruuk Jit'Jit's squalor, they donated hundreds upon hundreds of blankets. However, comfort is not in short supply throughout the city. Steam vents keep Gruuk Jit'Jit warm, and most goblins don't mind sleeping in dirty piles of straw. Thus, the Vaulters hoarded all the donated blankets and built a floor-wide fort.

The Blanket Fort is where all of the Vaulters sleep, wrestle, and pair off. Sidearms are stashed beneath pillows, and bottles of hooch are rolled up in the folds of duvets. Ecstatic yelps can be heard from *somewhere* in the tangle of sheets at all times of the day. Smoke and incense fill the room, and yes, of course, it is an incredible fire hazard. Unless adventurers want to bear witness to all manner of goblin debauchery, they'd be better off avoiding the Blanket Fort altogether.

Nightly, the Blanket Fort becomes one massive party. The Vaulters invite what few diplomats are interested in the vulgar forms of merriment preferred by the goblins, and then they drink, dance, and make music and love until the sun rises. This is the spoils of a successful heist. The Vaulters believe they have earned this eternal revelry by virtue of their deeds. Everything that the Vaulters do is in service of maintaining this glorious nightly rapture.

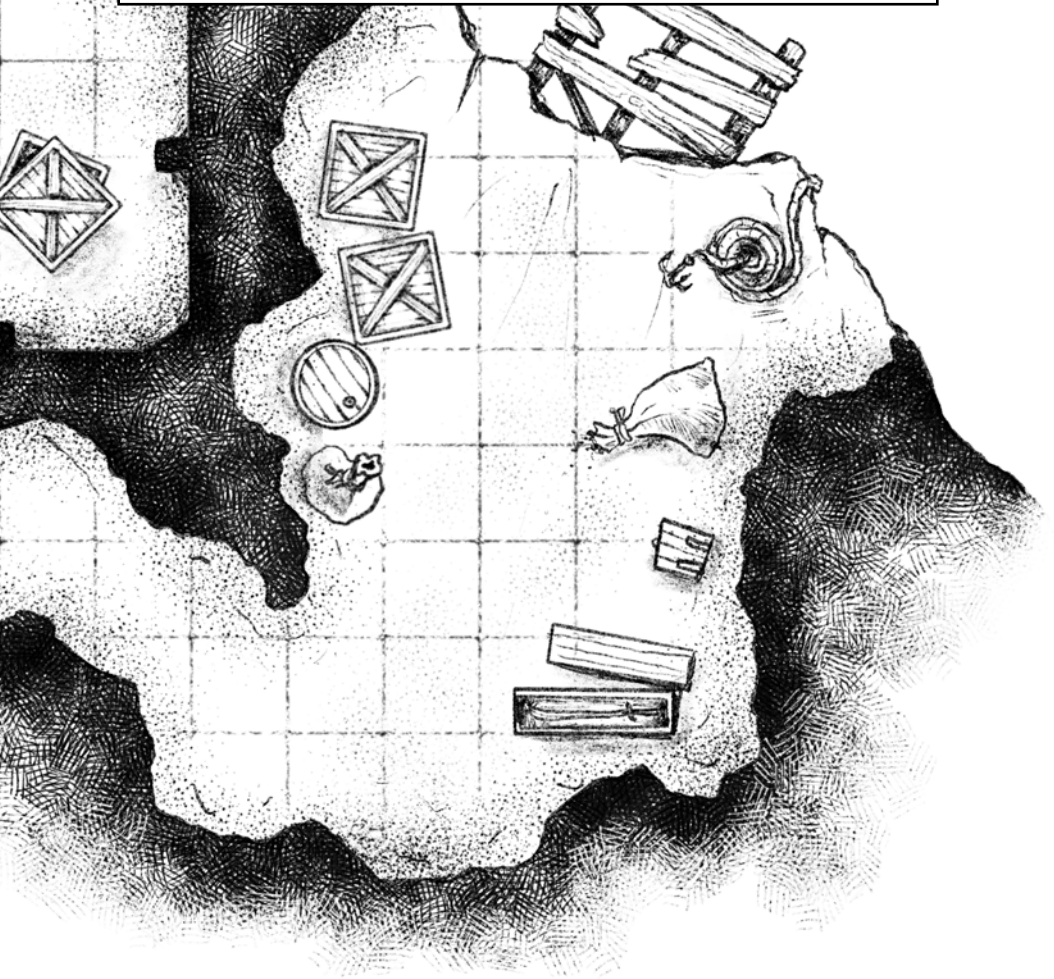


FORT VAULTER
BASEMENT

STANDARD STORAGE

The Vaulters maintain stockpiles of many essentials beneath the Great Hall: crates filled with elven bricks, barrels of gold to appease spurned diplomats, and ice boxes refrigerating the specialty foods needed for visiting ambassadors.

This is the basement room that *all* goblins know about. It is publicly available information that the Vaulters maintain a strategic warehouse beneath their fort. There is access within this warehouse to the utility tunnels, though GJ Improvement Guild members are forbidden from using this entrance.



SECRET STORAGE

Beyond the Standard Storage, the Vaulters keep their *true* haul: the Secret Storage. Only accessible via airship or a secret door occluded by clutter, this single room might just be Gruuk Jit'Jit's best-kept secret. The Vaulters have been hoarding greater and greater amounts of aid for the past year, stockpiling huge crates of food in this single chamber. Thanks to experimental techniques developed in the Alchemy Lab, they believe they can preserve this food indefinitely—a perfect fallback plan in case the city descends into chaos.

In truth, the Vaulters are not confident about the long-term prospects of their city. They're clearly doing nothing to keep the city running beyond obstructing diplomats from interrupting day-to-day operations. And yet, they know of plenty of threats to the island. They know about the experimental ship technology that has begun to proliferate across the realm. They know that the rate of erosion is increasing. They know Piiralus is restless. They even know that the elves plan to strike when it will hurt the city the most. And so, the twenty-ish Vaulters are preparing for the worst. They'll ride out the storm, lock themselves inside their fort, and eat and smoke and drink until the dream dies. This is the extent of their plan, and it is their great shame.

The Secret Storage chamber features a tiny airship dock that is exceedingly difficult to detect from the outside. Delivery skiffs must enter a narrow crevice in the land beneath Fort Vaulter in order to clandestinely deposit goods that are unlikely to ever leave the palace.

EXPLOSIVES TESTING CHAMBER

The Vaulters can't rely on manpower if their faction comes into conflict with any other. They must always rely on either cunning or sheer firepower. Their explosives testing chamber is where they prepare for the worst, evaluating strange new reagents they've been gifted by governments across the realm. In a pinch, the athletic Vaulters can lob these explosive devices at enemies or deto-

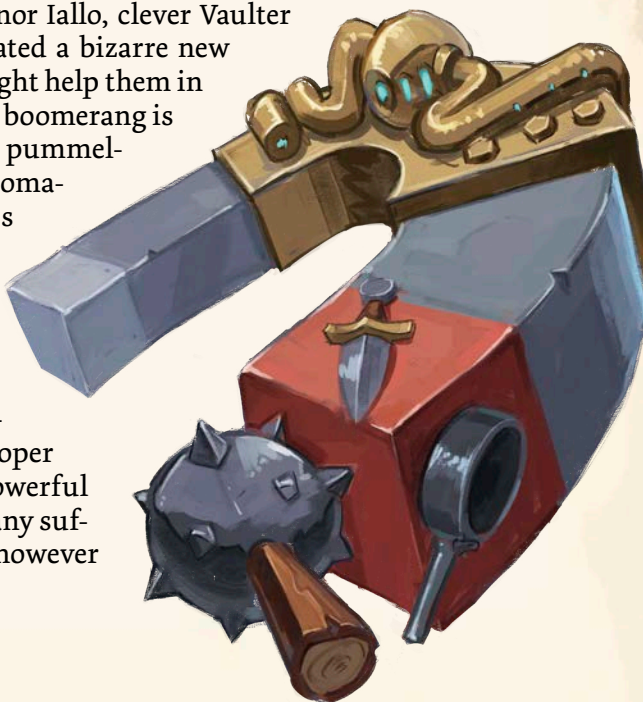
nate the entire payload to jettison their floating island off Gruuk Jit’Jit’s mainland.

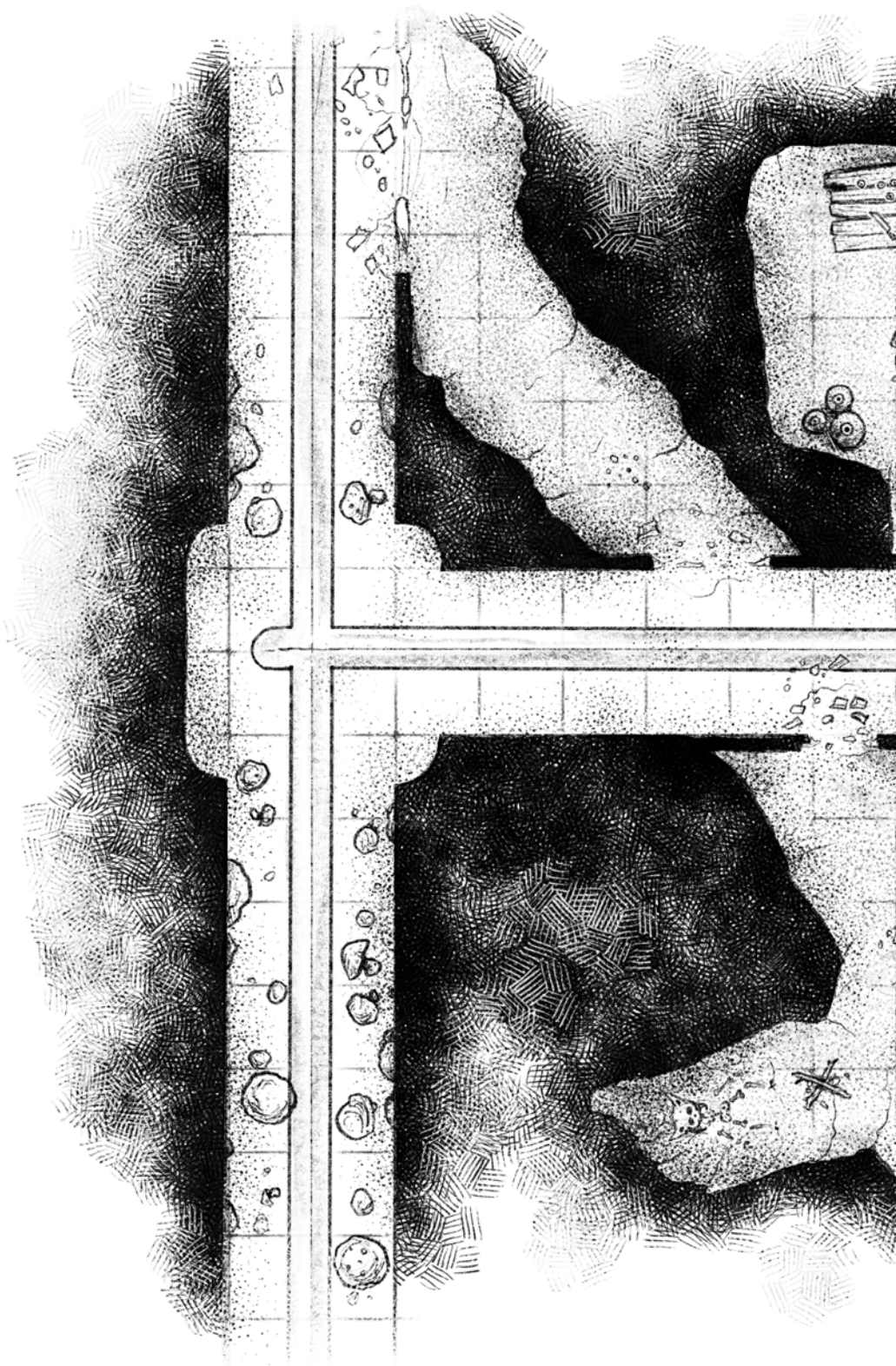
Of course, the Vaulters also like to have fun, and setting off firecrackers in the basement is an excellent way to let off steam when they’re sick of their other modes of leisure. Adventurers who make their way to the Explosive Testing Chamber may choose to steal these experimental grenades and charges, but they should be wary. If anyone happens to be guarding the chamber when they arrive, dangerous mayhem is sure to follow.

▶ ALCHEMY LAB ◀

Crucial to the Vaulters’ safety net is the ability to keep their food preserved. Back in their old tunnels, they could just dig and dig until they hit a depth at which the cold persisted year round. In Gruuk Jit’Jit, however, they rely on alchemy. The Vaulters have concocted an alchemical powder they call “ice-dust,” a fine particulate blend that they can sprinkle on food to keep it cold until wiped clean. This dust has allowed the Vaulters to slowly amass years’ worth of perfectly preserved food in their Secret Storage.

With help from Signor Iallo, clever Vaulter tinkerers have also created a bizarre new weapon they believe might help them in a pinch. Their magnetic boomerang is exceedingly effective at pummeling armored foes, automations, and enemy airships alike. While it can be thrown like a typical boomerang, it can also manipulate electromagnetic fields with pinpoint accuracy. A goblin with proper training can use this powerful magnet to manipulate any sufficiently metallic foe however they please.







SEWERS AND TUNNELS

When the Jit'jit Clan first arrived in Niirisarnel, they did so via tunnel. Those original tunnels still exist, and Fort Vaulter sits just above them. These tunnels intersect and crisscross with the remains of Niirisarnel's sewer system. These, in turn, variously connect with the utility tunnels. From top to bottom, Gruuk Jit'jit is an interlocking web of infrastructure and improvised design. If the adventurers choose to sneak down to this subbasement level, they might assume that they have stumbled into some forgotten passageways ignored by the Vaulters. They're wrong. These tunnels hold a few more Vaulter secrets.



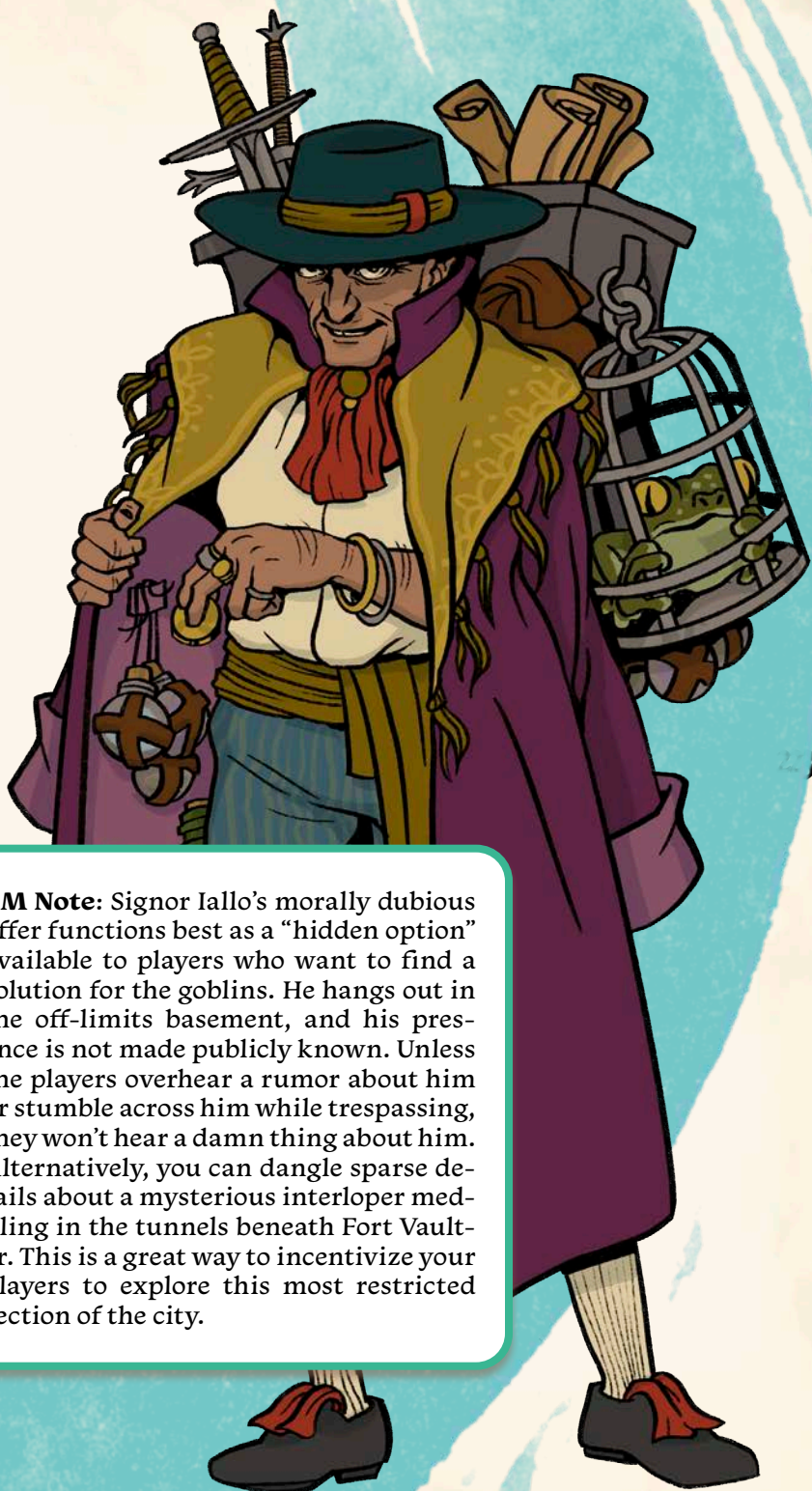
FORT VAULTER SEWERS

SIGNOR IALLO

One of the few visiting dignitaries granted access to Fort Vaulters' subbasement is Signor Iallo (he/him), a purveyor of legendary artifacts. Iallo has made a fortune renting out powerful magic doodads to wealthy playboys, mercenaries, and governments in need. He has come to Gruuk Jit'jit not to peddle his wares but to strike a deal with the Vaulters. He has offered them three *steady beads*, minuscule gems that anchor a physical object in three-dimensional space. Should the Vaulters ever seek to permanently hold Gruuk Jit'jit or perhaps just their fort at one coordinate above the realm, they could carefully place these beads and then trigger them with a command word. Doing so would secure anything between the beads, even in the sky.

Signor Iallo has promised to provide these beads so long as he is granted 1) a permanent embassy in the city, 2) full-time, highly trained protection, and 3) unfettered access to Piiralus. The Vaulters desperately want access to these magic beads, but they cannot as of yet promise access to Piiralus. Internally, they are debating whether it is worth attempting to wrest control of the island's core just to secure Iallo's help. Unsurprisingly, Chieftess Igo has yet to make a decision.

The goblins were skeptical of Iallo when he first came to the city, but he has proven trustworthy. He warned the Vaulters of the experimental armada and explained the construction of Titanic Tap Drive. He also provided pointers for improving the binding shield and offered critical insights into improvements for the efficacy of the ice-dust in the Alchemy Lab. It would seem as though the artifact tycoon is likely telling the truth about these beads as well... though he has yet to reveal his intentions with Piiralus or why he might need such expensive protection.



GM Note: Signor Iallo's morally dubious offer functions best as a "hidden option" available to players who want to find a solution for the goblins. He hangs out in the off-limits basement, and his presence is not made publicly known. Unless the players overhear a rumor about him or stumble across him while trespassing, they won't hear a damn thing about him. Alternatively, you can dangle sparse details about a mysterious interloper meddling in the tunnels beneath Fort Vaulter. This is a great way to incentivize your players to explore this most restricted section of the city.

GAINING LOSING & FAVOR

It is not easy to get on the good side with the Vaulters. For one thing, most adventurers—at least, those unaffiliated with world governments—never end up meeting a single member of the original Niirisarnel burglars. The Vaulters keep to themselves, so a crew that hopes to woo them will first have to gain access to their palace. This feat will require the adventurers to establish themselves as an influential force in Gruuk Jit'Jit politics *or* as the premier partiers in town.

Befriending the Vaulters requires some combination of working as the agents of their schemes (i.e., protecting their secrets and keeping governments off their backs) plus partaking in glorious goblin debauchery. Once the party has made the smallest of inroads with the Vaulters, it is relatively easy to keep them happy, but opportunities abound to com-

pletely spoil a burgeoning relationship.

Gaining favor with the Vaulters can be exceedingly lucrative. Though the Vaulters have no interest in meaningfully controlling their city, they are happy to recommend random adventurers for positions with governments across the world. Even with just 5 favor, parties can join the Vaulters for negotiations, thereby gaining access to powerful leaders from around the realm. After achieving 10 favor, the party will be permitted to enter the first level of the basement, gaining access to whatever they need from both storage rooms, as well as a berth in the Private Vaulters docks. Once a party achieves 15 favor with the Vaulters, they will have a say in internal politics. They can sway the Vaulters toward action, reform, or even a potential regime change.

Earning infamy with the Vaulters seems like it ought to be catastrophic for the party, but most parties suffer surprisingly few consequences. Once a party reaches -5 favor, the Vaulters will forbid the party from crossing Vaulters Bridge and demand that they

GAINING FAVOR

+1

For bringing snacks, hooch, or explosives to the fort

+1

For causing a ruckus during negotiations

+1

Each time the party revels in the Blanket Fort

+2

For keeping a diplomat distracted

+3

For helping to grow or protect the Vaulters' strategic stockpile

+3

If the party guards the fort against intruders or insurrection

+3

For participating in a session of gaming with Chieftess Igo

+4

For defending the city from a massive threat (Casellias, experimental armada, etc.)

+5

If the party can ensure the revelry will never end

LOSING FAVOR

-1

For being party-poopers

-1

For advancing negotiations in any way

-2

For attributing the goblin miracle to any non-Vaulter cause

-3

For anything that reeks of condescension or lecturing

-3

If the party's favor with the Stokers is greater than 5

-4

If caught trespassing in the basement

-4

For allying with Ransley Prattershare in any capacity

-5

For negotiating against Vaulter interests

-5

For revealing the Vaulters' great betrayal

be cut off from access to the Endless Barbecue. At –10 favor, the Vaulters will make more significant threats, often associated with the diplomats they court—excommunication from churches! banishment from kingdoms! loss of deeds and titles!—In reality, the Vaulters don't have nearly the sway they think they do, and most ambassadors will ignore these requested penalties.

The Vaulters are too lazy to make any efforts beyond bad-mouthing the party. They won't deploy hit squads, and they have no attack ships of their own. The biggest downside for adventurers who have angered the Vaulters is losing access to a seat at the table.

PLOT HOOK: JUMPSTART OR BYPASS NEGOTIATIONS

Negotiations cannot stall forever. If the governments and guilds of the world determine that diplomacy is genuinely hopeless, they may resort to more drastic measures. This is an outcome that no one wants, even the myopic Vaulters.

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The Vaulters are not unilaterally responsible for the future of the city, but any long-term plan for Gruuk Jit'Jit is likely to fail if the alleged leaders of the city do not cosign. The party has a variety of options available to them if they want to move the needle. A number of diplomats have already presented plans that might fundamentally reshape Gruuk Jit'Jit, and if the party helps them achieve goals around the city *and* sway the Vaulters toward compromise, various outcomes are possible.

▶ FORCE A REGIME CHANGE ◀

Queen Anchely Bessdellian rightly believes that the biggest obstacle to Vaulter cooperation is Chieftess Igo. The “goblin of prophecy,” as some in town call her, has no willingness or ability to effect change. If a new chief were selected, diplomats would have a far easier time discussing options and planning for the future.

The Jit'Jit Clan has no formal process for selecting a new chief. Previous chiefs have earned their place through trial by combat, heredity, or random selection. What matters is less how a chief

claims leadership and more how they defend that claim. Chieftess Igo was voted to replace the former chief after his unexpected passing (he blew himself up lighting fireworks while drenched in moonshine). The Vaulters have been able to support Chieftess Igo's position by virtue of Gruuk Jit'Jit's ascendancy, but that could change *very* quickly should the party effectively defame either her or the Vaulters.

DEAMING CHIEFTESS IGO

Chieftess Igo is undeniably a mess. Even when compared to the other Vaulters, she is an ineffective leader who spends most of her day drunk and distracted. Revealing the depths of her neuroses will be difficult, as she does not make public appearances. The party could choose to steal and display the notes from her roleplaying games or find a kitchen manifest that reveals the extent of her alcoholism (profound even by goblin standards).

Prophecy is the main defense of Chieftess Igo, and a clever scholar might be able to disentangle her mythos from that of goblin parables. Adventurers could point out the noteworthy disconnect between Traggles unconventional heroism and Igo's complete inaction. Alternatively, should the Stoker faith grow in scope, Igo's favor would inevitably fall in turn, as the Tenders do not view Chieftess Igo as messianic in any capacity.

DEAMING THE VAULTERS

Many across Gruuk Jit'Jit still consider the Vaulters the heroes of the Jit'Jit Clan. They were the vanguard in the Niirisarnel Central Bank, and they have consistently held off the diplomats who would see the goblin dream die. However, the Vaulters are guilty of great crimes: hoarding aid, conspiring with foreign dignitaries, and withholding information from their kin.

Revealing any one of these crimes could swiftly change the balance of power in the city. Evidence of the Secret Storage, the proposed deal with Signor Iallo, or their advance knowledge of the experimental armada would shake public faith in the Vaulters. This could create an opening for any of the other factions to make a play for more formal leadership within the city.

GM NOTE: Once Chieftess Igo or the Vaulters lose sway among the city, a myriad of consequences might follow. The party might encourage Zek Jit'Jit to lead the city toward a future of purely mechanical sustainability. The NEHLU could initiate their coup and force the city to land. Some random goblin could claim the mantle as the new chief and act as the party's puppet.

The realm of possibilities is massive, which is why this borough guide has dedicated so much space to explaining the complex dynamics between factions. Depending on the players' actions, any number of organizations may have strengthened or collapsed. There are no easy answers here for how Gruuk Jit'Jit *should* be run, so it's best to let the players express themselves through the politics of the world.

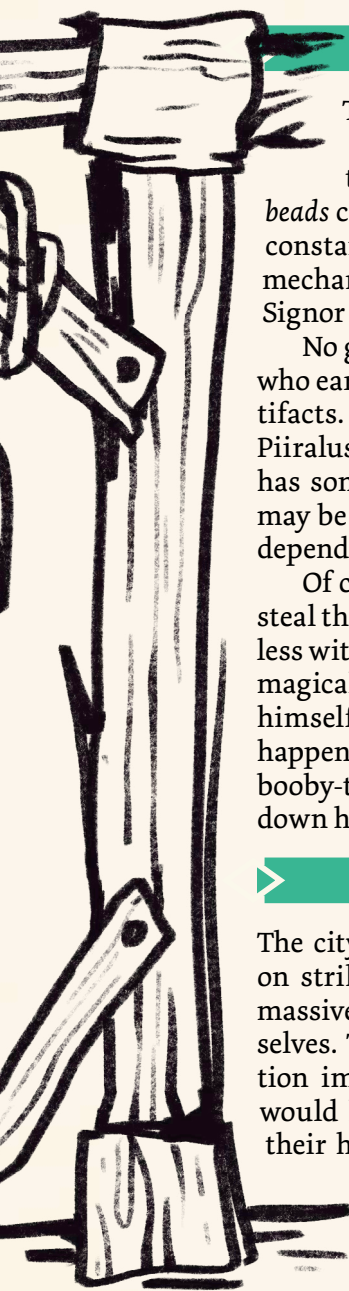
▶ BACK OR DEFEAT RANSLEY'S COUP ◀

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Ransley Prattershare is prepared to take Gruuk Jit'Jit himself. At any moment, he could command his mercenaries to lock down Fort Vaulter, kill any goblins inside, and take the city for himself.

The party could help him do this! It would be a bloody affair and would almost certainly mean the end of Gruuk Jit'Jit. After securing the city, he would methodically dismantle all of the GJ Improvement Guild's Infrastructure until the city collapsed. All the party would have to do is assist the mercenaries and then defend Vaulter Bridge against the inevitable counterassault.

Alternatively, the party could try to defeat Ransley and his guards. These mercenaries are *tough*, but the party has many potential advantages. Fort Vaulter is filled with secret passages, experimental weaponry, and goblins who are—or were—competent fighters and sneaks. If the party were to team up with the Vaulters to defeat the insidious coup, the Vaulters might just be invigorated enough to make meaningful progress toward a long-term compromise.



WORK WITH SIGNOR IALLO

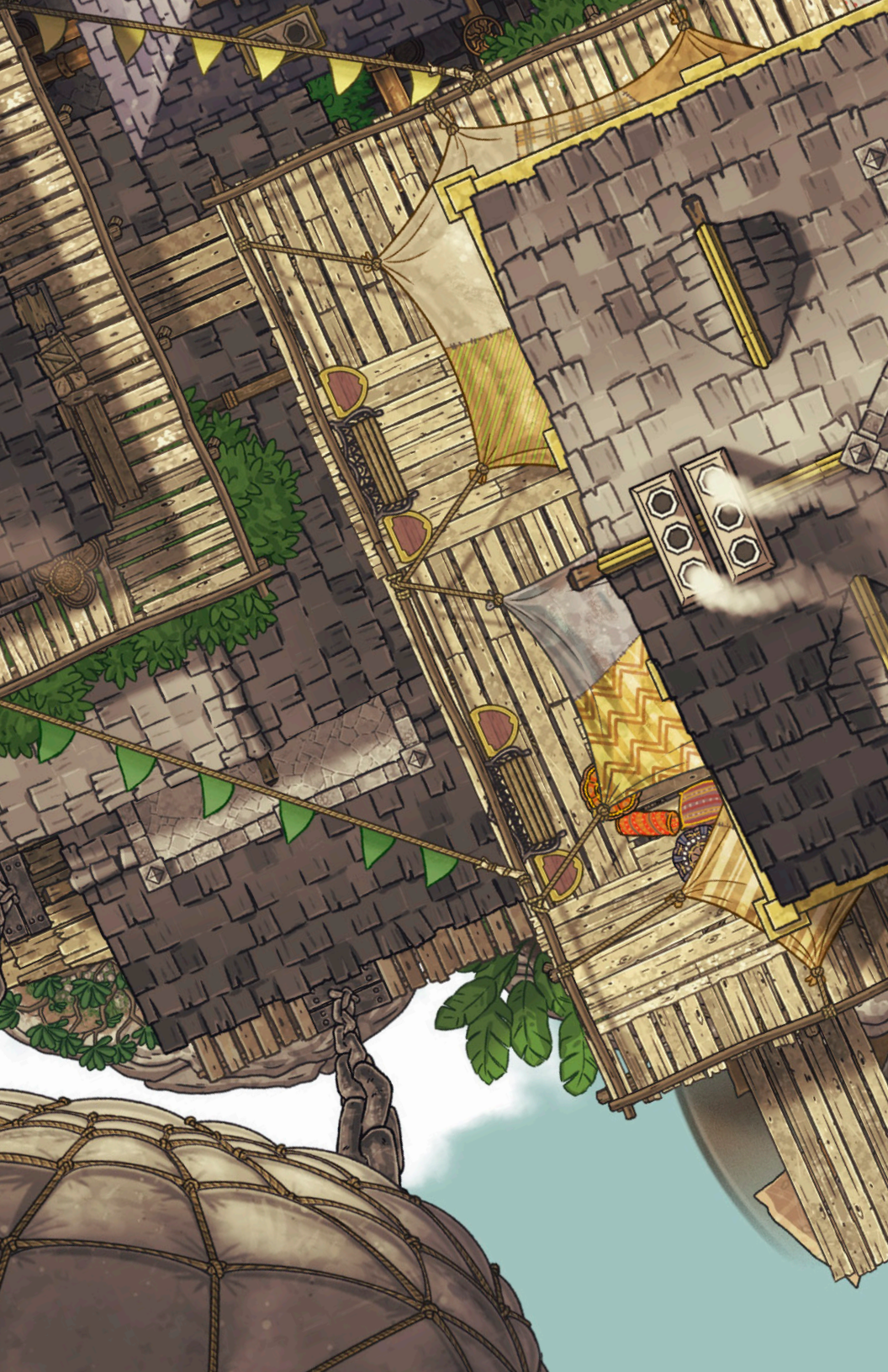
The enigmatic Signor Iallo has a solution that will make Piiralus irrelevant and eliminate the threat of a catastrophic collapse. His *steady beads* could keep the entire city aloft without needing constant explosive thrust or endlessly maintained mechanical infrastructure. The trick, however, is that Signor Iallo has made some concerning demands.

No goblin wants to just hand over Piiralus to a man who earns incredible wealth by renting out magical artifacts. It is not clear what he would attempt to do with Piiralus, but it seems overwhelmingly likely that Iallo has something nefarious planned. Nevertheless, that may be an acceptable bargain in exchange for total independence from the fickle elemental.

Of course, the party could always just kill Iallo and steal the beads, but the mysterious gems would be useless without knowing the password that activates their magical effect. Plus, Iallo has undoubtedly protected himself with arcane failsafes: who knows what would happen if he were suddenly killed. His body might be booby-trapped, or shackled elementals might hunt down his killers. The risk would be high.

STARVE THE CITY

The city has but one farm, and the NEHLU could go on strike whenever they please. The Vaulters have a massive store of food, but they're hoarding it for themselves. The combined elven delegation could force action immediately by starving the city. The Vaulters would have no choice but to negotiate or contribute their hidden food stores. Either option would nudge the city toward drastic change.



ACHIEVE SUSTAINABLE FLIGHT

It is possible for the GJ Improvement Guild to create flying mechanisms that can function indefinitely. They will need experimental technologies—perhaps the same eldritch methods that power the Titanic Tap Drive—but it is possible to ensure that Gruuk Jit’Jit remain airborne regardless of Piiralus’s whims and the structural integrity of the island. This will be an exceptional challenge, but it can happen and would invalidate the need for diplomacy.

EXPEL THE DIPLOMATS

The negotiations don’t need to take place at all. A sufficiently persuasive party could advise the Vaulters to simply expel the diplomats. This would escalate the situation and lead to armed conflict, though it *might* just be a war that the city could win. With Piiralus’s help and a functioning *Waxen Independence*, a unified city could theoretically hold off the world’s sky navies long enough to gain true freedom. They could escape to the far reaches of the realm and ignore the pleas of guilds and governments to *land the goddamn city*.

LAND THE CITY

There is always one final option available to the goblins of Gruuk Jit’Jit. They could land. It would be a disappointment, an end to the goblin miracle. It would also mean an end to the infighting between Stokers and Vaulters. It would mean the goblins wouldn’t have to share an island with a bunch of hoity-toity elves. It would mean Piiralus could finally follow her fancy, no longer ironically bound to those who freed her.

EXCERPT FROM TRIALS OF TRAGGLE

THE FOLLIES OF FABLES

Foolish Traggle had amassed acclaim. He had traveled the realm, befriended a God, and defeated two archdemons. He had made mistakes and he had learned and he had had fun the entire time. From clan to clan, his goblin kin sang his praises. And yet, Traggle had grown old and tired.

Foolish Traggle was not ready to give up on his goofy life of mayhem, but he desperately wanted to come home. He had become a legend, but all he wanted was to get drunk and splash in mud puddles with his friends. He was worried that his friends would judge him for returning home instead of furthering his exploits.

Foolish Traggle was foolish. His friends and his family were happy to see him, and then they threw a big party, and they treated him like he was any other goblin. Sometimes strangers would give him gifts because he had done this or that, but mostly, goblins ignored all that prophecy mumbo-jumbo. They knew Traggle, and they knew he wanted to enjoy his old age. They were just happy to have him around.

Accomplishing incredible feats is excellent, but living a happy life is far more excellent. It is often better to learn from legends than to create them.

