

TRADE TOWN: SIGHTS & SOUNDS

Use this table to generate the sights and sounds the PCs experience as they move about the trade town. Some may be inappropriate based on the locale's set up; ignore such results and simply re-roll.

D%	
1	Guards shout to stop a passing caravan as the driver tries to flee.
2	A man in luxurious robes jingles as he walks, his purse heavy with coin.
3	Hawkers belt out deals for lesser wares on practically every street corner.
4	A chain line of slaves shuffles by under the watchful eye of an obese taskmaster and his guards.
5	The line of wagons and people passing through the main gates seems never-ending.
6	Competing food vendors fling rotted wares across the street at one another.
7	A whole mercenary band stands guard in front of the imposing gates of a large building.
8	A slim man flanked by bodyguards notes all passersby, jotting observations on a parchment.
9	The last cart to roll by definitely had the aura of something dead wafting from it.
10	Lamplighters collect their dues from business owners to keep the streets lit at night.
11	A crate lies in the middle of the street, cracked open and empty of anything but sawdust.
12	Workers chant in rhythm as they unload seemingly endless crates from the latest caravan.
13	Someone has painted a rather obscene glyph on every business door along this street.
14	Water splashes as labourers slop it across the street, washing animal refuse from the cobbles.
15	Two merchants wave daggers at each other as they argue over a shipment.
16	A whole guard troop accompanies a tax collector who stops by every establishment along the way.
17	Signs indicate all business done in town must be registered with the appropriate guild, on pain of imprisonment.
18	A smell of smoke, redolent with foreign spices, wafts through the market.
19	A merchant is flanked by two massive hounds, that growl at anyone who gets too close.
20	Lute and flute players are among the many performers playing to the crowded market.
21	A lovely young woman chats up a merchant, who appears completely unaware he's standing outside a brothel.
22	A vendor tries to sell off his stacks of candles before they melt in the blazing sun. He appears desperate—perhaps suspiciously so.

23	A heavily muscled man rolls a massive barrel along the street.
24	A man cries in denial as he's shackled by guards for doing business without guild registration.
25	Black smoke churns from a wagon as it burns in the street, dangerously close to a shop.
26	A line of guild registrants shuffles in place as they wait admittance by the guards.
27	A courier pants as he darts passed, message bag overflowing with letters.
28	These gates leading to a guild's compound have been smashed in by a massive force.
29	Drunk traders weave through the crowd as they celebrate a recent sale.
30	A trader weeps over a lost shipment, wailing his tragedy to anyone who'll listen.
31	A caged menagerie of exotically coloured (and noisy) birds chatter loudly at passersby.
32	A sign advertises entrance to the mayor's private zoo for a hefty fee.
33	A door slams in a woman's face, and she falls to her knees on the stoop, sobbing.
34	A group of black-veiled foreigners carry a gilded litter down the way.
35	The doors of this tavern are shut and chained, the sign knocked to the ground.
36	A gaudy sign indicates fresh corpses are sold within the establishment beneath.
37	A guard leads several dogs around a wagon, letting them sniff it vigorously. A merchant looks on—nervously.
38	Wine glugs as it's poured from a barrel for a merchant to sample.
39	Guards guide a caravan off to one side for further inspection.
40	A lovely voice floats over the crowd, the singing almost unearthly in its beauty.
41	A worker opens a barrel only for a torrent of rats to pour forth.
42	A merchant oversees the preparation of oil-soaked bundles of new weapons.
43	Voices babble over one another during an open-air auction.
44	Horses whinny as they're tied to posts for inspection by buyers.
45	Flyers proclaim a reward for the capture of a group of bandits harrying the incoming caravans.
46	The central market is a dusty, chaotic affair, with foot and hoof traffic all about.
47	Beyond the gates, an encampment of traders refused entry has sprung up.
48	People mutter and glare at a trader caravan composed of people wearing bronze masks.
49	Townfolk scurry to cover their goods in tarps as thunder rumbles in the distance.

50	A mage casts an icy spell to keep a stall of fish brought in from the coast fresh.
51	Two carts crash together, spilling wares across the road.
52	A quartermaster checks off crates and barrels with a wedge of chalk.
53	A guild leader preaches the virtue of proper registration and following regulations.
54	An angry crowd demonstrates in front of a guild hall; guards watch on nervously.
55	A man loudly begs a moneylender to extend his debt just once more.
56	A group of traders swagger down the street, bare chests covered in nautical tattoos.
57	This trader appears to buy and trade all matter of tarred or shrunken heads.
58	The glint of jewelled rings on a merchant's pudgy fingers catches the sun.
59	A ragged woman runs up to a newly arrived trader, holding up a child as he tries to shove her away.
60	A caravan surrounded by soldiers blocks the street. A growing crush of other merchants and passers-by are growing increasingly angry at the delay.
61	This row of crates and pots has been marked in red, saying: "Do Not Open Under Pain of Death."
62	This enormous clothing shop sells outfits for every possible race and size.
63	A pair of traders guffaws as they stroll along, boasting how much gold they cheated from their latest client.
64	A child calls to passers-by, saying they can get anything at any price with his help.
65	A man flips through a large tome, wondering out loud why there aren't any pictures.
66	This trader's cart appears to be guarded by a massive, horned demon.
67	Merchants still beyond the gates clamour to be let in before nightfall.
68	A buyer challenges a trader to a duel for attempting to swindle him.
69	A trader tosses a few coppers to a beggar alongside the street. Immediately, he is inundated with other street denizens begging for money.
70	Bolts of silk and cloth, of all colours and patterns, are lined up against the wall.
71	This trader displays an array of tiny, manicured trees, claiming they come from a distant land.
72	The smell of salted meats and pickled vegetables reaches the party's nostrils.
73	In a plume of dusty rubble, a warehouse collapses just down the street.
74	The heady scent of mint hangs over the whole street.

75	People in long white robes gaze at vials of white dust, dabbing the substance on their tongues.
76	A thief hangs by his thumbs in the middle of the town square, a warning to all.
77	A seer wanders the street, calling out offers to sell prophecies.
78	A guildmaster tacks up a scroll listing next week's projected tariffs.
79	A strange moan emanates from a nearby crate, which shakes briefly.
80	Donkeys bray as they haul sacks laden with grain and goods.
81	A bare-handed masked man asks people to make a donation to the thieves' guild.
82	Near the wall, the lowing of cattle can be heard in the stockyard outside town.
83	Townfolk line up to gawk at a recently unveiled statue of the town leader.
84	A market stall selling odd citrus drinks appears to be run entirely by children.
85	Something shatters nearby, followed by a bellow of rage and screams.
86	A merchant stumbles, an arrow having just sprouted from his broad back.
87	A vendor wanders the street, handing out free samples of fruit sold back at the stall.
88	This wall has the image of a black hog painted on it, with an arrow pointing down a nearby alley.
89	The stink of sulphur wafts from a bathhouse offering hot baths for weary travellers.
90	This temple appears to be dedicated to a god of commerce and wealth.
91	A puppet show depicts the mayor as controlled by the strings of the many guilds.
92	The crowd boos as a crier announces the latest tax rise by the mayor.
93	This street is oddly empty and quiet for being in the middle of the bustling town.
94	A carriage careens down the street, the driver trying to get the horses back under control.
95	Pure white doves flutter within a wooden cage, soft coos barely heard over the crowd.
96	Coins chink as they strike the bottom of this temple's "non-voluntary offering" box.
97	Hammering and sawing can be heard as a building undergoes new construction.
98	A mage chants a spell to check for disease in a wagon loaded with foodstuffs.
99	Every driver and worker on this caravan appears to be the exact same person, down to the face and clothes.
100	This shop sign promises wishes fulfilled if you'll simply sell your soul to the proprietor.