Area A. Flavor Text: Outside the Warehouse

The warehouse looms over the muddy street, its weathered stone walls streaked with grime and moss from years of neglect, yet the place is far from abandoned. Above the wide iron doors, an oversized wooden sign dominates the facade, patched together with mismatched planks to accommodate the sprawling text: "Backbend Braid & Bind Conglomerate: Purveyors of Fine Ropes, Twine, Knots, and Other Stringed Oddities." The sign's peeling paint and faded lettering speak to its age, but the constant activity below ensures it remains a landmark of industry in the Stink.

The scene is a cacophony of labor. Goblins scurry between spools of rope, tying knots with practiced precision or untying snarls as fast as their nimble fingers allow. Others load crates and barrels onto carts with haphazard efficiency, their chatter sharp and clipped in their native tongues. Overseeing the chaos, Krumpter's human enforcers cut an imposing figure, clad in wool coats and flat caps, their eyes ever-watchful beneath the brims. They bark orders at the workers or lean against the doorframe, arms crossed, exuding menace with every glance. The faint but persistent smell of damp burlap, freshly cut twine, and sweat hangs in the air, mingling with the ever-present stench of the district. The occasional rattle of a cartwheel and the thud of boxes being dropped echo off the stone walls, a reminder that the warehouse is alive and grinding beneath the weight of its own industry.

If at Night, Read This:

The warehouse looms ominously in the Stink's nighttime murk, its stone facade cloaked in jagged shadows. Above the iron doors, a warped wooden sign stretches awkwardly across its frame, with crude planks tacked onto its edges to extend its boastful proclamation: "Backbend Braid & Bind Conglomerate: Purveyors of Fine Ropes, Twine, Knots, and Other Stringed Oddities." Wizard Cold Fire casts an eerie, flickering blue glow from the grimy windows, spilling fractured light onto the uneven cobblestones below. The enchantment's feeble illumination twists ordinary shadows into grotesque shapes, leaving the street bathed in an unsettling half-light.

A lone guard patrols nearby, their swinging lantern cutting arcs through the gloom, revealing fleeting glimpses of the scene:

warped barrels leaking onto the road, muddy wheel ruts carving through the dirt, and a broken pushcart abandoned by the wall. The interplay of the lantern's warm yellow light and the Cold Fire's icy glow deepens the dissonance of the scene. Every soft sound—the drip of water, the scuttling of rats—feels amplified in the stillness, as the guard's measured steps echo through the dark, warding off unseen threats.

Warehouse Overview

The warehouse is bustling with activity during the day, overseen by Krumpter's human enforcers and staffed primarily by goblins. At night, it becomes eerily quiet save for the occasional patrol by a lone guard carrying a lantern. The area is part of the Stink, a downtrodden district where trouble is as common as mud, and justice is as slippery as a grease spell.

Front Door:

• **Lock (DC 15):** The front door is secured with a standard lock. Picking the lock requires thieves' tools; otherwise, it cannot be opened without forcing it.

• **Breaking the Lock:** Forcing the door open (Strength DC 18) automatically alerts the patrolling guard at night or the goons during the day.

Windows:

• **Lock (DC 20):** All windows are locked from the inside. Picking the lock also requires thieves' tools; without them, a break-in will make enough noise to alert the nearest guard.

• **Breaking the Window:** Breaking a window immediately alerts anyone nearby due to the loud noise.

Nighttime Conditions:

• **Lighting:** Dimly lit by Wizard Cold Fire lanterns inside the warehouse, casting eerie, inconsistent light through the windows. Outside, the streets are poorly illuminated, granting a +15 circumstance bonus to Hide checks if outside of the lantern's range.

• **Guard Patrol:** One guard patrols the perimeter, carrying a lantern. The guard takes 2 minutes to complete a circuit.

Goblins (Daytime Only):

Goblins are busy with mundane tasks such as untying knots, loading boxes, or sorting rope. They are eager to gossip or provide information but will only do so if bribed (minimum of 2 copper pieces or 1 dinner) and the human enforcers are distracted.

Consequences:

• **Daytime Combat:** Any combat during the day will attract town guards in 2d10 rounds.

• **Nighttime Combat:** No one in the Stink will respond to a fight, but survivors of a violent encounter will report it. Within 1d4 days, the party will be hunted by a pack of goons for revenge (2 goons per PC).