

WATERDEEP: PEOPLE, PLACES, AND SHOPS:

Waterdeep, the City of Splendors. Within these pages you will find more than a dozen unique shops, restaurants, and other places of interest for your adventures in the Crown of the North.

BY PAGE BONIFACI



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Castle Ward

Dapper Gentleman's Arsenal and Armorer

Armorer

In the distance you spot a rather eccentrically dressed man, bowing and gesturing to passersby in a comical fashion.

As you come nearer, you can make out that what you thought was a man is instead some sort of construct. The animated wooden man motions you into the shop. The sign above the magical mannequin proclaims this to be "The Dapper Gentleman's Arsenal and Armorer"

Rather than a sign, this store is identified by an animated mannequin (known as The Dapper Gentleman) that stands in front of the shop, welcoming customers with exaggerated bows and mock challenges for honor. The shop is a high-end armorer, specializing in custom parade mail, and can make Armor of Gleaming (see Xanathar's Guide to Everything) to order.

Estella's Famous Pies

Restaurant

The wonderful scent of meat pies fills the street from a little hole-in-the-wall shop. A matronly woman is loudly singing, mostly on key, as she fills the racks which adorn the street-side counter.

Plucked gamebirds and bundles of aromatic spices frame the window, clearly communicating the quality of her product.

Upon seeing a prospective customer, Estella sings out in a heavy accent "Getchoo anythin' dearie?"

Estella's pies are extremely popular with the various government agents in the district. From high magistrates to the lowest porter. Everyone has tried the shops product. Rumor has it that Laeral Silverhand herself has a taste for them.

The White Stag

Tavern

The small square tavern here has its windows thrown open, and you can hear raised voices within. To your surprise, it's not a bar brawl, but instead several loud voices debating the reasons for the war in Calimshan.

Popular with the idle rich and court clerks. The Stag's clientele considers themselves philosophers, constantly swapping stories and theorizing on the nature of the universe.

The White Stag Drink Menu

- *Deepwater Stout*: Smooth dark beer
- *Red Field Ale*: An amber ale
- *Aghairon's Twist*: A bitter cocktail
- *Old Harrin's Cordial*: Elderberry cordial

Dock Ward

Col's Fish Shoppe

Restaurant

An old weather-beaten shack stands here. It's door nearly hanging off the hinges. There's a rancid smell to the air, but just above it floats the scent of cooking oil and old fish.

An old man glowers at you from across the grey plank counter, crooked and bent like an old tree.

"Fish?"

Col, the owner of the eponymous shoppe, is every bit as worn as his store. Thin and gaunt, he would have once been quite tall, but these days stands with a notable hunch.

Age hasn't dimmed Col's eyes or memory. He remembers every face that stops by his shop.

The Mermaid

Tavern

Light spills out of the door of an old house at the end of the wharf. Raucous singing and cheers fill the otherwise dreary night.

An old sign hangs, half illuminated by the open door, carved with the relief of a flirtatious mermaid. A few remaining flecks of gold leaf catch the light on her scales.

Two drunken sailors stumble out into the night, singing a bawdy dwarven song, carrying some of The Mermaid's merry out into the chilly evening.

The Mermaid is a popular spot for locals and sailors who call the city home. The homey tavern's doors are always open.

The drinking house began life as the home of Brunas Adderwind, a ship captain, who happily let his crew stay there between voyages. Slowly, the drinking hall gained its own identity, including a sign carved by the captains bosun as a gift.

Brunas is long dead, but his skull and captain's hat still sit above the bar, keeping an eye on the merriment within his old home.

The Mermaid Drink Menu

- *Mistshore Lager*: Very cheap beer, nearly flavorless
- *Deepwater Stout*: Smooth dark beer
- *Thundersail*: Popular ship's brandy

Weigh Anchor

Tavern

A large galley sits in the nearly abandoned harbor of Mistshore. Its mast lays broken above the deck, with canvas stretched to create an area protected from the elements. Ships lanterns illuminate the deck, where you can see beer kegs stacked high, as patrons drink from the permanently moored ship.

The Weigh Anchor is a large dilapidated trade galley, which managed to survive the fires that ravaged Mistshore. It hasn't left the dock in decades, becoming a permanent establishment in the district.

The old ship is popular with the desperately poor denizens of Mistshore, and sailors down on their luck.

Weigh Anchor Drink Menu

- *Captains Hat*: Cheap brandy
- *Mistshore Lager*: Very cheap beer, nearly flavorless.
- *Porter's Piss*: Rudely named strong beer

Field Ward

Myrna's

Brothel

A pair of young sailors stumble drunkenly along the street, led by the arm of a woman in a tattered dress that leaves very little to the imagination. She leads them to the doorway of a small house, its windows covered with faded scarves and shawls.

A grimy brothel, known only by the name of its owner and madame. The old house is infamous with local guards, and many have stories of young recruits drunkenly being taken there, only to wake up the next morning penniless in the street, with no memory of what they may have done or paid for.

The Corner

Tavern

As you approach the corner of two muddy streets, a young disheveled man bursts out of the door of a nearby hovel, followed by a pair of hulking bruisers. One of the bruisers tackles the young man and begins beating him into the muck. From a distance, you see a pair of City Watch approach, and enter the bar, evidently unconcerned about the street brawl.

Unremarkable and unmarked, this drinking spot is set at the corner of two unnamed streets. Popular with off-duty watch members looking for cheap drinks, and locals looking to drown themselves with rotgut.

The Corner Drink Menu

- *Porter's Piss*: Rudely named strong beer
- *Rigan's*: A terrible neighborhood brew.

North Ward

Moza's Maske Shop

Clothier

Rounding the corner, you find yourself face to face with a leering troll. Its fangs gleaming in the light.

Your surprise quickly settles, as you realize the monstrous face is a mask, crafted from dark wood, painted leather, and with a pair of ivory tusks jutting outward.

The troll mask is just one of many festooning the front of a small shop, whose wooden sign proudly proclaims it to be "Moza's Maske Shop".

Moza is a Batiri (Chult Goblin) who was once the maker of war masks for her tribe. She doesn't talk about what happened to make her leave the south, or why she lives in Waterdeep now.

The truth is her tribe is nearly gone. Moza's war masks were so well made, that the war chief of the tribe became overconfident. After a disastrous attempt to assault a Necromancer's tower, the tribe was scattered, and the foolish chief laid the blame on Moza.

The maske shop has a huge variety of masks for sale. Not only Moza's handcrafted wood and bone masks, but also a variety of fancy masquerade masks, religious masks, and any other sort of face covering you could imagine.

On the wall behind the counter is mounted a unique mask. This was Moza's greatest work, a war mask to surpass all others. After her tribe fell, she swore never to wear it.

Moza's War Mask

Wonderous Item, Uncommon

This mask is shaped in the likeness of a Triceratops and has 3 charges. While wearing the mask you can expend 1 charge and use the mask to gain the "enlarge" effect of the *enlarge/reduce* spell for 1 hour (no concentration required). The mask regains all expended charges at dawn.

Hook: Moza's War Mask has been stolen by a thief, and she enlists the party to track it down. It turns out the thief is another Goblin, the son of the old war chief who has come to Waterdeep to find the legendary mask and use its power to reform his shattered tribe.

Seabreeze Gentlemen's Club

Gentlemen's Club

A group of foppish men push past you on the street, marching up to the door of a nearby club, its entrance flanked by provocative statues of sea elf women.

The men sneer to the goliath bouncer at the door, flashing some sort of badge or sign of membership. The doorman lets them inside, with a stiff bow.

To the right of the scantily clad statues, a bronze sign bears the script "Seabreeze Gentlemen's Club"

Located in the west of the North Ward, the Seabreeze is a popular gentlemen's club, titillating Waterdeep's upper crust while playing host to innumerable backroom deals.

The club has two levels, which wrap around a massive (and expensive) cylindrical aquarium, full of exotic fish and exotic dancers. The lower tier of seating and bar is open to the public,

though with an expensive cover charge of 2 dragons. The upper terrace is exclusive to members. Several private rooms are available to important members, which can be used for private shows or meetings.

The interior of the club is bedecked in dark lacquered wood, and a host of glowglobes made in the form of glass fishing buoys cast dim light throughout. The servers are exclusively beautiful elven women, all of whom appear to be sea elves (several have simply dyed their hair or used minor magic to appear as such).

The club is owned and run by "Dame" Shallara Dorsidia, a hauntingly beautiful Sea Elf woman in her mid-300s. She is also one of the star attractions, performing within the club's central tank.

Seabreeze Drink Menu

- *Snobeedle Vintage*: Expensive mead
- *Dancing Efreet Calimshan Red*: Spiced red wine, very expensive
- *Piergeiron Porter*: A limited-run beer from the Guild of Vintner's, Distiller's, and Brewer's
- *Deepwater stout*: Smooth dark beer

Black Dog Brewing

Tavern

You step off the street into an alleyway. There are several shops here, but the area is dominated by a large building with a mural of a black hound painted on its side.

The doors are thrown open, and inside you see huge beer barrels stacked to the ceiling, and a few tables set near the entrance. You see Watersdhavians of all walks of life drinking side-by-side.

The Black Dog is a brewery and tavern in the North ward, sitting in the middle of Black Dog Alley, from which it took its name.

Black Dog Brewing Drink Menu

- *Black Dog Lager*: A black lager, and the brewery's best selling beer.
- *Winterwolf Ale*: A sharp ale brewed with spruce needles
- *Weissen Warg*: A Damaran-style beer

The Sandy Pot Antique Shop

Antique Shop

"It belongs in a museum!" A male voice cuts across the street where you are walking, shouting at someone. A female voice answers, calm but firm. "Well, if you'd like to donate it to one the price is two hundred dragons. I'd be happy to gift wrap it for you." You see a young man storm out of a squat, two story, stone building. Above the door, a ceramic pot is set into plaster, with a small wooden sign for "The Sandy Pot Antique Shop" below it.

The Sandy Pot Antique Shop deals in collectible art and antiques, chiefly those artifacts of Ancient Netheril.

Ramili, the Calishite shop owner, prefers to avoid dealing in magic items, though she may be willing to direct interested players towards ruins of interest.

Sea Ward

The Woodcutter's Teahouse

Restaurant

The doors of this restaurant are made of rich lacquered wood. Stained glass hangs in the windows, providing an otherworldly view inside.

An efficient woman is hurriedly gathering plates from a booth, while a young couple dreamily stare into each other's eyes one table over.

Noticing your gaze, the waitress wipes off her hands on a rag before speaking to you through the open door. "We're open you know. Sit anywhere and I'll bring out whatever you like."

The woodcutter is a quiet and calm little café, popular with nobility, artists and the more cosmopolitan residents of the city. It serves small plates and a wide variety of teas from across the realms.

Woodcutter's Drink Menu

- *Earth Dragon's Eye*: An exotic Shou green tea.
- *Kryptgarden Tisane*: A musky mint tea.
- *Kazari Butter Tea*: An acquired taste, this tea is acrid yet invigorating, served with Yak's milk.
- *White Gold*: An herbal tea with a clean lemony scent, made from lemon balm and white pine needles.

Sun Gull Tailors

Clothier/Tailor

You come upon a small flagstone plaza, filled with well to do shoppers and merchants. With dozens of people going about their business, it is difficult to navigate along the street.

Suddenly, the crowd parts, making way for a tall elven woman. She is clad in an impeccable red satin dress, the color contrasting with her snow-white wings. She walks like a queen among her subjects, gently passing through the doors of a three story building, with the name "Sun Gull Tailors". Golden letters inlaid into the dark timbers of the building.

Purveyor of ladies fashions, the Sun Gull is a relatively recent arrival to the Sea Wards mercantile streets. Catering to Noble ladies and courtiers, Sun Gull's tailors are highly sought after for their bespoke ladies dresses, while also creating a small number of ready-to-wear fashions for short notice events.

The owner, Kotilla Avenqaal (Avariel woman) cuts a very visible figure, combining elven poise with her beautiful white wings and voluminous dresses in the current fashion.

The Crane

Tavern

The broad avenue splits before you. Between the two roads you see a low building with covered patios and gardens to either side. The place is filled with men and women in expensive clothing with more than a few holy symbols between them.

A high-class tavern in the Sea Ward. Its clientele is mostly minor nobles and clergy of the various temples nearby.

The Crane Drink Menu

- *The House Inspired Lager*: Brewed at the Crane, taking its name from the temple of Gond
- *Sharesse's Caress*: A cocktail including rum, whiskey, and elderflower cordial
- *Winterwolf Ale*: A sharp ale brewed with spruce needles

South Ward

Stak's Snack Shack

Restaurant

An indescribable smell strikes your nose. Something deep in your mind says to run, but your stomach is far more curious. The smell comes from the open fire of one of the many food-carts that line the streets here.

To your surprise the chef, a tiny Goblin, peers at you from a stool behind the cart. He is turning a gigantic kabob of some sort of meat you couldn't even begin to guess. The goblin takes a skewer from the fire and angrily pokes it toward you. "Two coin. Shiny silver!"

Stak doesn't answer questions or say anything at all beyond his sales pitch of "Two coin. Shiny Silver!" Yet his mysterious kabobs have become quite popular with the working class of South ward. Still, no one is quite sure what kind of meat is on Stak's skewers.

Gorehame's Exotic Animals

Pet Shop and Monster Parts

Eyes peer out at you, glinting in myriad colors beneath a shadowed awning. The shop
Massive tusks hang out into the street, acting as unmistakable signs for Gorehame's Exotic Animals.

Gorehame is a retired hunter, having made a name for himself leading expeditions into the jungles of Chult. These days he's more of a businessman, commissioning other hunters to bring back trophies and captured beasts.

Rumor has it that House Phylund has it out for Gorehame, resenting even the small competition he represents.

Hook:

Gorehame has commissioned seasoned hunters to track down and bring back a legendary beast (a red-skinned Froghemoth) from a deep swamp hidden within Kryptgarden.

House Phylund has caught wind of this, and plans to hire a party to kill the beast first, and they wouldn't be saddened if Gorehame's hunters met an unfortunate end along the way.

Caravanseraï

Inn and Tavern

The scent of exotic incense strikes your nose as you approach a foreign-looking inn. Its name is written in flowing script atop an arched fence as "Caravanseraï". The main building is painted bright white, with plaster archways leading to a stable-yard behind, where you can see a number of exotic draft animals and carts tied up.

Catering to visiting merchants, particularly those from the southern nations visiting the city.

Tessele Sterrin (tethyrian woman) has lived in Waterdeep for nearly a decade, but she maintains many connections back to her homeland. Her inn and tavern cater to Tethyrian, Amnian, and Calishite merchants and locals.

Caravanseraï Drink Menu

- *Weissen Warg*: A Damaran-style beer
- *Snobeedle Mead*: A fine sweet mead
- *Saravva*: Amnian wine
- *Golden Sands Orange*: Orange and red currant Lager brewed in the Calishite style

Trade Ward

Alabaster Abundance

Jeweler and Gem cutter

A narrow three-story building sits at the end of a breezy cul-de-sac. The store front is painted bright white, with a sign depicting a rising sun and the shop's name written out in golden letters. "Alabaster Abundance"

A Halfling woman is whistling as she waters the small flower planters that sit out front. Seeing you she sets down her watering can. "Hello there. Anything I can help you with? Custom jewelry, any stone, any setting, we can see you right."

The shop is owned by a married couple: Arnin (Gnome male) handles gem cutting and polishing, while his wife Nolla (Halfling) sets the gems and handles sales.

They rent the basement of the business to a young Gnome enchanter named Monuenta Fiddlegold, who has lied about being a member of the Watchful Order of Magists and Protectors.

Hook:

Monuenta is selling shoddy magic items to a Zhentarim fence, and they are ending up in the hands of Black Network mercenaries in their gang war with the Xanathar Guild.

See the free supplement [*Unlicensed Enchantment*](#) on DMsguild for more.

The Grey Serpent

Inn

You are almost to the end of the cul-de-sac before you finally make out the Grey Serpent. A small grey sign hangs above the door, barely visible against the pale stone walls, as if the Grey Serpent Inn doesn't want to be found.

Popular with trysting nobles and out-of-town criminals, The Grey Serpent is a nondescript inn down a nondescript street, at the far south end of the Trade ward. The owner (a male Damaran named Besk) makes his coin renting rooms to travelers, with an emphasis on "no names". Rooms can be paid for in advance, and the alley door can be opened with a room key for those not wishing to be seen.

The lobby is small, little more than a hallway and desk. There is a small lounge to the right of the entrance, with a beer keg and two tables, but the Serpent is clearly not a tavern.

The rest of the two-story building is dedicated to rooms for rent, and Besk's small apartment.

Surrounding Area

Accadia Farms

Farm

As you walk along the beaten dirt path, a small farmhouse comes into view, nestled in a shallow valley between the hills. You can make out a tall woman working the fields, and far in the distance, a herd of goats grazes along the hill.

A small farmstead managed by Enalla (Illuskan human woman), her husband Kersey (gnome), and their farmhand Jun (half-orc woman). They raise squash and pumpkins, as well as keeping a herd of goats in the nearby hills.

The farm sits a full days ride to the east of Waterdeep.

Kersey is devoted to his wife, but isn't useful for much other than shepherding his goats. Enalla manages their finances, makes any decisions, and keeps an eye on any farmhands.

Hook:

Enalla and Kersey recently lost two goats to *something* out in the fields. Whatever it is isn't eating the goats, but it is tearing them limb from limb. Kersey is distraught over his herd, but none of the three of them have been able to track down whatever has been mutilating their animals.

Bola's Farm and Wayhouse

Farm

As you round a bend in the Long Road, you see a small farmstead ahead of you. Set amid the gardens and fields, you spot several low stone buildings, one of which flies the flag of Waterdeep.

Bola is a middle-aged half-orc woman, who keeps a farm to the North of the city. In her younger days, Bola was an adventurer, but settled down after receiving the small farm as a reward for a particular task.

Her small farm keeps her fed, but she doesn't sell much at market. She earns a small stipend from Waterdeep to maintain a wayhouse for guards that patrol the Long Road. She likes to meet travellers and trade news and stories.

The wayhouse is fully stocked with rations, water, and beer that Bola brews. She'll also bring out fresh vegetables and fruit for visitors, in accordance with the season. Up to twelve guards can bunk down inside, though it would be very cramped.

Officially the wayhouse is for the exclusive use of agents of Waterdeep, though Bola can be convinced to let adventurers or other travellers use the small building, as long as they don't trash the place.

