

About the Town

Misericord(e)

The town of Misericorde is an imaginary town in a fantastical version of our world sometime during the years 1100 through 1400 CE. Magic is real, though rare, in this world. Misericord is at the confluence of continents, a thoroughfare of trade and culture, visited and inhabited by peoples of many lands. People of all genders hold property and power in the world of Misericorde, but the Sovereign, who lives far away, holds the power of life and death over all.

The Guilds

There are many Guilds and Guild Members in Misericorde. Guild Members provide valuable and needed services to others in the town. Guilds are based on occupations: Brewers, Jongleurs (performers), Thieves, Butchers, Soldiers, Mages, Weavers, Smiths, Armorers, Jewelers, Bards, Carpenters. The skills of each occupation are passed along from Master to Apprentice in a Lineage.

Each Guild has a vow. Those who break their vows (and are found out) are drummed out of their guild. If you are forced out of a Guild, you may seek to be accepted into another Guild. But if you fail, you can always become part of the the 13th Guild, the Beggars Guild which accepts all who enter.

The Guildsmembers among the Other Town Folk

In the town of Misericord, Peasants farm the fields surrounding the town, living in its outskirts and lanes. Their animals are slaughtered by the Butchers Guild, to feed the townspeople. And the Peasants trade eggs and cheese to the Smith Guildmembers who in return keep their plows sharp and their horses shod.

The Nobility live in sumptuous manors and villas built by the Carpenter Guild. Each with its own secret passages, holding rooms and listening holes used to keep an eye on friend and foe alike. Grandest of all is that of the *Knyaz* or Mayor of the town. Her house is always filled with laughter and food for her guests. Their estates and the walls of the town are guarded by the Soldier Guildsmen and -women, each contracted to protect their local Liege but answering finally to the Sovereign over all. The Castle stands ready to protect all should war befall the town.

The Servants of the Nobility live in cramped quarters within the great houses, sewing the elaborate robes and gowns of the grand folks made from the priceless cloth woven by the Weavers' Guild. And shining the broaches and rings crafted by the Jewelers' Guild. Some say they have worked magic threads, with a glamour upon them from the Fae in the wilderness. And others swear they heard voices cry out from the depths of opalescent gems. But who believes in Faeries? And only Mages can work magic, so the Servants turn their eyes away, afraid of Wild Magic.

Bankers hold money for those that have it. Their funds are protected by the finest Soldiers, with the keenest blades the Armorers' Guild can provide. The Clergy protect the Souls of the inhabitants of Misericorde, though those who follow the New Gods are constantly bickering with those who walk the ways of the Old.

Everyone sneaks away to the Brew Houses to hear the latest tales told by the Bard Guildspeople and to see the Jongleurs perform deft feats of balance or throw their flashing blades. Brewers are popular with everyone, though there is fierce competition as to who makes the best ales and meads. The townsfolk delight in sampling the latest batches. Merchants sometimes bring strange fruits from distant lands that enterprising Brewers mix into their wares. They test them on *hoi polloi* before offering the best to the Nobility.

Farthest from the town are the Hunters who walk the Wilderness. They often over-winter with Peasants, trading their lesser pelts—rabbits and squirrels—to keep the farmers warm. Their greater prey—wolves, great cats, elk—are sold to the Nobility for a dear price. It is a hard life being a Hunter, since they must avoid Outlaws who ambush travelers on the roads. And some say they are mad, since they speak of Faeries dancing in the woods and strange Magical Creatures, like the Griffon or Unicorn, who speak and give blessings, or curses, to humankind.