

1

The Weather-Goose of Market Ward | Scene 1 of 6

The Empty Measure

Scale Square

What the heroes want

Find out who Sixpence is, what the ward loses without her, and where she was really last seen.

Ways to try it

1. Talk to the apprentice. Who is Sixpence, and when did he last see her?
2. Climb up and look closely at the beam. What clues are there?
3. Ask Marren Vost, who runs the awnings, why the goose matters so much. Can you get him to stop for a moment?

What did your heroes do? Write it or draw it here

Scene 1 of 6

The Empty Measure

Read this scene in: Quick Quest, Short Session, One-Sitting Session, Full Session, Epic Session

Read aloud

It is Cornfair, the busiest market day of the year, and the Market Ward is SO loud! Stalls, carts and shouting, everywhere. In the middle of the square stands the Great Scale. On its beam sits a little brass measure full of barley. That measure belongs to Sixpence, a grey goose. For thirty-one years she has honked whenever rain was coming. But today her barley is untouched, and Sixpence is gone. A young apprentice stands under the empty beam with both hands on his head.

What the heroes want

Find out who Sixpence is, what the ward loses without her, and where she was really last seen.

Ask your players

Ask the table	If you were a goose and nobody could hear you, what would you do?



The Empty Measure

Ways to try it

Talk to Tib

No roll

It works

Tib Orrey feeds her every day. She was on her beam at first light. She has never once left her barley. "She went UP," he says. "And nobody believes me."

It doesn't

Tib is too upset to talk at first. Give him a moment and a kind word, and it all comes out in a rush: "She went UP!"

Look at the beam

Clever, DN 10

It works

Three grey feathers caught in the brass, and one scratch where a webbed foot pushed off upward, toward the salt barrel at the end of the Long Row.

It doesn't

You cannot see much from down here. But a grey feather drifts down, and there she is for a blink, on the salt barrel at the end of the Long Row. Then she is gone again.

Ask Marren Vost

Kind, DN 8

It works

Without her, nobody knows when rain is coming. For thirty-one years the ward has not watched the sky; it has listened for a goose. He has a little book in his apron he has not opened yet: give the players the handout.

It doesn't

Vost is far too busy. "She'll turn up!" But his weather book falls out of his apron, open, and lands at your feet: give the players the handout.

Just for you, not to read out

Play the noise from the first sentence and never turn it down. The roar of Cornfair is this adventure's problem, its clock and its joke all at once. Two things must leave this scene with the heroes: the ward cannot tell the weather without her, and whatever she did, she went up. Vost is not unkind, just buried: it is his biggest day of the year. His weather book, the handout, holds the whole answer. Nobody took her. If a player goes hunting for a baddie, let the ward itself be the answer.