



'cooked meat, spices, and a hint of wildness.' Habitual drinkers of the liqueur (which seems to be favored by barbarian types more than anyone else) tend to become very moody, brooding, and usually become nocturnal due to the photosensitivity their eyes develop over periods of usage. The liqueur is occasionally available for about 22 and one-half GS to 23 and one-half GS per large bottle. However, it is most often all bought up by 'barbarian tribes' farther north and so is *not* available with any real regularity. This fine liqueur has been brewed more or less in the same manner for about 1,880 years by one tribe or another of the wild Vord riders but oddly enough, *they* never drink the stuff.

### **Weirdlings Beer**

A piquant brew made exclusively within the confines of Pixie Wood by, you guessed it, Pixies! This stuff is extremely 'foamy', a pale green in color and smells and tastes strongly of daisies and *clover!* The beer has been made for as long as there have been Pixies in the woods, and brother, that's a long, long time! However, as the Pixies have little commerce with the 'outside world', the stuff is pretty rare (even in the country of Arduin where it's made) - so the cost for a single *half* pint mug can go as high as six GS! On the other hand, it is one of the few drinks of any kind that will absolutely bomb out an Elf in just one mug! Humans can usually take two mugs and a Giant about six but then they are so far gone as not to awaken for a full day!!

### **White Rose Wine**

This wine, with the signet of the Vargallan Empress upon it as well as her official 'by appointment to the Royal family' and seal, is the true 'high class/noble' official drink in that nation. This white wine is made from roses, smells and tastes like the same and costs seven GS per pint bottle in Vargalla. The penalty for smuggling this 'Royal Wine' out of Vargalla is 'The Mothermouth', which is a horrid cavern and dungeon-like complex that is tantamount to a death sentence. Nonetheless there is a market for this wine as the dread dark Trelves simply go berserk over it for some reason and seem willing to pay as much as twenty-five GS per small (quarter-pint) bottle! So, now and again, it will appear but at an

even higher cost (after all they could get an automatic 25 GS from Trelves). This cost usually averages about 40 GS per small bottle. One final note here: legend has it that the secret of this wine's making is 'one of the Royal bequeathals of the original Royal line of the Amazon' homeland, the Misty Isles.' The legend further states that if 'any male should learn the secret of this wine then surely the Amazon nation will disappear from the annals of history and be forever lost to the dim mists of time'. Who knows what the truth is...

### **Golden Drops of Heavenly Essence**

There is a rare Khaasian adventurer who hasn't heard the tales and legends about this wondrous liquid. Its value is inestimable. It looks like a pale translucent golden liquid and one drop will completely restore any dead being, regardless of damage (or how little of them still remains)! It will cure disease, insanity or amnesia instantly. It is so rare that only 21 drops have been seen in the last 1,200 years!

No one really knows where this fabulous liquid comes from but many believe it is the spilling from the cups of the gods or the tears of one goddess or another. Still another tale says they are the small drops stolen by Imbr Kharl from the Feast of the Gods. The legend says that every millennium the gods put aside their differences for a short time and sit down at one table to partake in a feast. Every time they do so, they lift up one mortal to partake in the feast with them. One such mortal was Imbr, who was chosen by Puck to sit at the table with him. Whether encouraged by the mischievousness of his God or emboldened by his company, supposedly Imbr would flick drops of the golden ambrosia served into his pockets every time he drank! When he was returned to the mortal realm, Imbr ran to his Guild, hands clasped in glee and his mind lit with avarice over the price he would charge for the very drink of the gods! His glee turned to dismay when he peered into his pocket and found not the droplets of golden ambrosia, but a hole cut in the bottom of his pocket, neatly snipped to allow all the golden nectar to slip away as he ran home.