

Tabletop Adventures Presents:

DESTINATIONS: CANTINAS AND MORE

Introduction

Not everyone is cut out for fine dining and a five-star rating. *Cantinas and More* supplies the Game Master a choice of eating establishments to whet your characters' appetites. Pick a venue to match your current campaign needs and pull up a chair for some quality food. Better yet, come for the atmosphere and a few juicy rumors. Complete with interior and exterior descriptions, plot hooks and character sketches, these haunts are for you.

This release includes three establishments and a roving food cart. All of the settings assume a humano-centric universe, but the GM should freely alter these venues as necessary to include alien races/characters appropriate to the campaign.

The Blast-Off Bar is a shady planet-side haunt with unique décor and a great selection of spirits. The owner, Jack "Shorty" Foggarty, is a colorful character not opposed to bellying up to his own bar and joining his patrons for a drink or two on a slow night. A word of advice: keep on the good side of Foggarty and keep an eye out for the law, because there is no telling when things in this joint will really take off.

For a more elite crowd, *The Pilots' Lounge* is a restricted-entry club, whose amenities and superb concierge service are supplied compliments of the local port authority. This establishment best suits a planetary spaceport or a busy space station. The concierge service and perks here are seldom matched by other ports, and so a good cross-section of commercial, passenger and cargo pilots frequent the Lounge. While here, the characters could get or give a hot tip or catch up on the news and holos

from home. If they need to expand their crew, or replace a pilot, this is the place to do it.

Smith's Restaurant is more of a hometown eatery established on a nearby planet. Come here to get in touch with the locals, catch up on the racing news or find some additional cargo to haul. A well-rounded menu and a quick turn-around time make the café a perfect spot to rendezvous with a potential business contact or to pick up local gossip. Rumor says a recent strike has made local business interests desperate to find ways to get their cargo moved. Perhaps the group can take advantage of it and pick up some much-needed credits.

Have the characters rub elbows with the crème de la crème or a few shady characters of your choosing and have a great time. Whatever your craving, *Cantinas and More* will help spice up your campaign, providing *Destinations* perfectly suited as jumping off points, quick stopovers or great hangouts. If you'd like to be a food critic, put up a Cantina rating on our EN World forum – the Overlord will be pleased.

Bon Appétit!

The good people at Tabletop Adventures and the Overlord



The Blast-Off Bar

The Blast-Off Bar is a moderately busy, medium-sized establishment frequented by a mix of locals and off-worlders. Plenty of business, both legitimate and otherwise, is conducted here. It also serves a fairly decent rack of ribs, and the music is better than most, so a fair number of patrons just drop by to relax. However, no matter how comfortable one gets, there is something about the place that makes the back of your neck itch.

Exterior Scenes

These mini-vignettes can be used to convey the feel of approaching the bar from the ground. Approaching The Blast-Off Bar from the air could more clearly reveal the presence of a ship, although if located at a busy spaceport, it would look very much like a ship docked at a port building or repair station.

Exterior I

A ramshackle, run-down looking building comes into view, low and almost mean in the way it sits there. A gaudy red neon sign crackles and pops, some of the letters work now and then and the place reveals itself to be—The Blast-Off Bar. The exterior of the building is covered in bits of starship and mechanical parts. Some of them have fallen off and lie on the ground. Here and there, antennas and communications devices have been attached to the structure.

Exterior II

The front windows have been plated up with shutters: each one has several slits in it to allow in a small amount of light. A few large tubes poke in and around the structure, again reinforcing the feeling that the bar has a definite 'spacer' theme about it. The front

doors are made from heavy-looking steel [reinforced], and look as though they could withstand a direct assault for quite a while. A glowing computer-panel to the right side of the doors just waits to be pressed. There does not appear to be any other entry into this establishment.

[When the panel is pressed, read:] *The front doors open with a low hiss of hydraulics, sticking for a moment, before opening fully and allowing you inside.*

Interior Scenes

Interior I

You enter the bar proper and the moment you do, you are greeted by a number of questioning eyes. People quickly look away and tend to their own business. This medium-sized bar serves a good number of customers. There are round tables with harsh electric light streaming from overhead, while the slatted windows let in very little illumination from the outside. At the back of the room a typical bar is stocked with a number of bottles and tended by a thin, scrawny-looking man. [This is Jack, the owner of the Blast-Off Bar. He has mastered the ability to convince others that he is one brick shy of a load—when he wishes.]

Music plays quietly in the background and the atmosphere is relaxed, but has an obvious underlying current of trouble. The interior mirrors the exterior, using cast-off starship parts as décor. No attempt has been made to camouflage or update this odd collection of ephemera via paint or other means. They are everywhere on the walls, floors and ceiling; even utilizing a couple of large ducting fans in the ceiling to provide climate control. Fuel pipes and piping of all shapes and sizes crisscross the walls, stretching overhead and down into the floor. [An alert person might notice that these pipes have a habit of gurgling now and

attention of the characters. For example: an announcement that an off-world ship, matching their ship's description, is being sought for detainment. Or perhaps a broadcast of a solar flare or other weather items that will turn their itinerary topsy-turvy. Perhaps the shipping news indicates local companies are scrambling to find ships to haul local cargo due to a wide-spread strike of freighters from nearby worlds.

- The characters have been able to trace a suspect that they have been following to this place. However, they cannot understand what draws that individual to this remote corner of the galaxy. They do not realize that the owner of this establishment is an off-worlder with his own history and connections.
- A sire of a famous dakwaaby racer has been traced to this planet. The characters have been sent here to discover who owns the creature. If they cannot acquire the creature itself, they must do everything in their power to obtain a tissue sample and other related material. Returning empty-handed is not acceptable.
- A recent pilots' union strike has ground shipping on this side of the planet to a halt. Local business interests are desperate to find new methods to transport their planetary and interplanetary cargo. The characters would find it very easy to obtain one large or several smaller cargo contracts by responding to the advertisements running on the monitors.

she turns to serve a customer: she lays a small bowl made of edible (and so, biodegradable) material on the edge of the cart, enters payment in her scanner, and then quickly scoops the hot rolls out of the oil, draining them in a flick of her wrist and tossing them lightly into the waiting bowl. She sprinkles them with a dark sauce, indicates with a gesture to the next customer the choice of sauces available, and turns to complete the next set of rolls.

A crudely lettered sign says "petan, chickn, fish or marrj 2 for 3 cr" Below that was added "sauces: soy, Pnut, red fruit, ibby, hot ibby"

Hawkers

The woman is aided by a girl of an age and coloring to be her daughter [although she is not]. The older woman rarely speaks, mainly nodding "yes" or shaking her head "no" in response to questions from customers. She is ethnically distinct enough [dark if locals are light, light if locals are dark, or something] so that it is not clear whether she really speaks the local language. The younger woman generally takes over if conversation is needed. Both tie their hair back with bright ribbons and are dressed in long skirts and flowered blouses favored by rural colonists. Each also wears, clipped on, the required holographic ID card and vendor's license.

Iris Lesli, the older woman

Iris is fluent in a dozen languages, and was a prominent scholar before some major catastrophe displaced her to this planet (space station). She gathers information for a cause (corporate espionage; freedom fighters; to right some injustice; personal vendetta) and is good enough at concealing her understanding that she is very hard to trick into revealing it. If necessary, she will let on that she understands the common words a vendor needs.

She rents a space in a corner of a warehouse at night, where she sleeps next to her cart. About once every month or so, she spends a few hours relaxing

Street Vendor

The woman is tiny. She stands barely taller than her push-cart, yet she works around it with great skill. She places chopped vegetables and a little meat on a triangle of pastry about the size of her hand, closes it up and drops it quickly into the vat of steaming oils. 1-2-3-4-5! The little rolls fall rapidly into the oil. She turns them, spreads out more pastry, and then