Dolmenwood

ADVENTURE AND PERIL IN FAIRYTALE WOODS

Campaign Book

Dolmenwood

Campaign Book

Version August 6, 2024

Writing: Gavin Norman. **Additional writing:** Chance Dudinack, Luke Gearing, Yves Geens, Noah Green, Greg Gorgonmilk, Kyle Hettinger, Clint Krause, Amelia Luke, Scott Malthouse, Jonathan Newell, Frances Northcutt Green, Amanda P., Doyle Wayne Ramos-Tavener, Glynn Seal, James Spahn, Andrew Walter, Brian Yaksha. **Editing:** Noah Green, Gavin Norman, Brandes Stoddard, Rabbit Stoddard. ***Pipes on Droomen Knoll* play testing:** Jimmy Alleva, J A Coonradt, Corey Farach, Aaron Frary, Tom-Eric Gerritsen, Michał Harendarz, David Lane, Taber McFarlin, Nuelijarma, Jack Pflieger. **Layout:** Gavin Norman. **Visual design:** Vasili Kaliman, Gavin Norman. **Art direction:** Gavin Norman, David Hoskins. **Cover art:** Ulla Thynell. **Back cover design:** Chandler Kennedy. **Art:** Lorenzo Colangeli, Alexis Descamps, Pauliina Hannuniemi, Jana Heidersdorf, Aaron Howdle, Chris Huth, Natasa Ilincic, Tom Kilian, Jeff Kristian, Elliot Lang, Theren Lazauski, Jethro Lentle, Ellie Livingston, Arlin Ortiz, Kyle Patterson, Lizbeth Poirier, Rachel Quinlan, Frank Scacalossi, Mish Scott, Glynn Seal, Ulla Thynell, Waclaw Traier, Andrew Walter, Letty Wilson. **Dolmenwood map:** Glynn Seal. **Settlement maps:** Arlin Ortiz. **Dolmenwood logo:** Tim Hastings (Mindkillerink).

Text and design © 2024 Necrotic Gnome. Dolmenwood® and all related characters and elements © 2024 Necrotic Gnome. All Rights Reserved.

This work includes material taken from the System Reference Document 5.1 ("SRD 5.1") by Wizards of the Coast LLC and available at https://dnd.wizards.com/resources/systems-reference-document. The SRD 5.1 is licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution 4.0 International License available at https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/4.0/legalcode.

NECROTIC GNOME

EXALTED FUNERAL

Table of Contents

4 SECRETS OF DOLMENWOOD

Welcome, Master of Dolmens 6
Regions 8
History 14
Ley Lines and Standing Stones 18
The Ring of Chell 20
Shrines 22
Fairy 24
Fairy Roads 26
Fairy Nobles and Their Dominions 30
Wood Gods 36

41 FACTIONS AND POWERS

Atanuwë 42
Cold Prince 48
Drune 52
Human Nobility 56
Longhorn Nobility 62
Pluritine Church 66
Witches 72
Faction Relationships 78
Factions and Adventurers 80
The Hag 82
Ygraine Mordlin 84

86 RUNNING A CAMPAIGN

Starting a Campaign 88
Campaign Themes 90
Running Games 92
Designing Adventures 94
Designing Dungeons 96
Dungeon Denizens 98
Dungeon Environment 100
Traps 102
Secret Doors 104
Tricks and Weirdness 105
Awarding XP 106

109 EXPLORING THE WILD

Seasons and Unseasons 110
Weather 112
Getting Lost 113
Encounters 114
Fishing 116
Foraging 118
Hunting 120

122 SETTLEMENTS

Blackeswell 124
Castle Brackenwold 128
Cobton-on-the-Shiver 136
Dreg and Shantywood Isle 140
Fort Vulgar 146
High-Hankle 150
Lankshorn 156
Meagre's Reach 162
Odd 166
Orbswallow 170
Prigwort 174
Woodcutters' Encampment 182

187 HEX DESCRIPTIONS

Hex Description Format 188
0101–0111 190
0201–0211 201
0301–0312 212
0401–0412 224
0501–0512 236
0601–0612 248
0701–0712 260
0801–0812 272
0901–0912 284
1001–1012 296
1101–1112 308
1201–1212 320
1301–1312 332
1401–1410 344
1501–1509 354
1601–1608 363
1701–1707 371
1801–1806 378
1901–1906 384

390 TREASURES AND ODDMENTS

Placing Treasure 392
Gems and Art Objects 394
Magic Items 396
Amulets and Talismans 398
Magic Armour 400
Magic Balms and Oils 402
Magic Crystals 404
Magic Garments 406
Magic Instruments 408
Magic Rings 410
Magic Weapons 412
Potions 414
Rods, Staves, and Wands 416
Scrolls and Books 418
Wondrous Items 420
Trade Goods 422
Enchanted Oddments 424
Rare Comestibles 426
Rare Fungi 428
Rare Herbs 430

433 APPENDICES

Pipes on Droomen Knoll 434
Rumours 440
Uncommon Spells 454
Index 458
Credits 462
Pronunciation Guide 464

Part One

Secrets of Dolmenwood

"I've been to the ends of the Wood and back and I've seen a lot, bless my burls. More than you'd believe. And you'd be right to think me a liar, because truth's a tricksy thing in Dolmenwood. But let me tell you something: there's more secrets under the eaves of Dolmenwood than you or I could experience in a dozen mortal lifetimes. Standing stones older than time itself, ley lines flowing like the life-blood of the earth, shrines praising mysterious saints, and the tumbled ruins of ancient Elfdom. You start from the seeming safety of your village, but before long you find yourself walking a fairy road, stepping through a fairy door, and you're nothing more than another local legend told to younglings before they slip off into dreamland."

—Gombly Smallcheese, mossling hunter

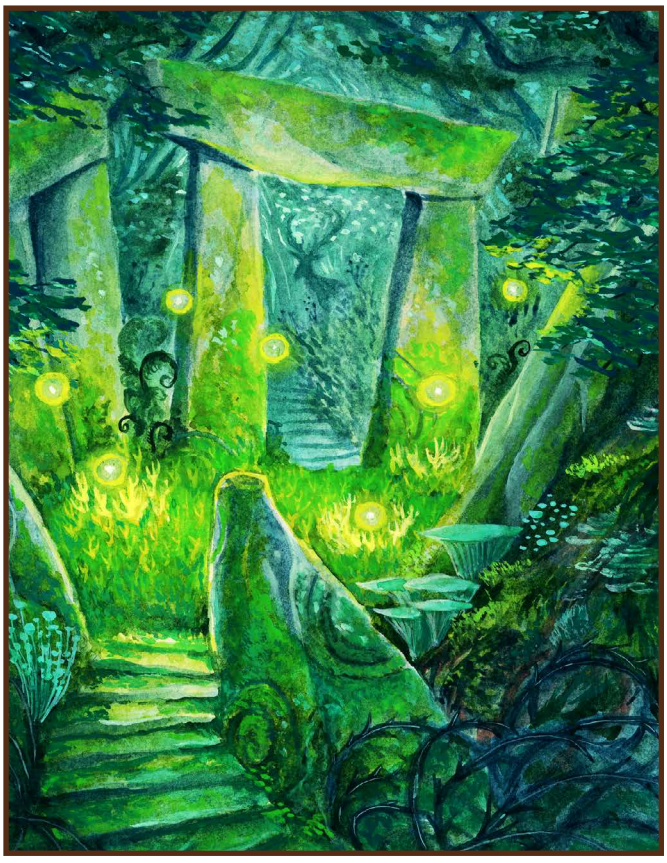
Welcome, Master of Dolmens

The scroll of lore is unfurled, and the telling of Dolmenwood begins.

With the contents of this book, the Referee is equipped to run long-term campaigns within the moss-draped bounds of Dolmenwood. Adventure of all kinds lurks beneath the forest's eaves, enabling campaigns of serious depth or frivolous fun. The Referee may weave tales of lost treasure, looming war, wicked fey revenge, perilous magic, and free-wheeling antics from the warp of Dolmenwood's lore. Read on then, sagacious Master of Dolmens, and begin to set the story in motion.

The World Around Dolmenwood

This book describes the forest of Dolmenwood and its immediate surroundings in great detail, but does not detail the wider world beyond the Wood. This makes it easy for the Referee to insert Dolmenwood into a wider campaign world of their choosing, if desired (see ***p89***). This is entirely optional, however, as there is enough material in this book to run a long-term campaign fully within the bounds of Dolmenwood, without ever detailing the world beyond.



STARTING PLAY

When starting a new campaign in Dolmenwood, the following steps are recommended:

1. **Read the *Player's Book* first:** Make sure you are familiar with the content of the *Dolmenwood Player's Book*, which presents an introduction to the realm of Dolmenwood and its denizens.
2. **Background reading:** Next, read the first two sections of this book (***Secrets of Dolmenwood*** and ***Factions and Powers***). It is also useful to read through the Referee advice in ***Running a Campaign***.
3. **Choose a starting date:** Decide whether the campaign begins in the spring, summer, autumn, or winter. See ***Seasons and Unseasons, p110***. Then select a date.
4. **Choose a starting settlement:** Take a look at the campaign map and select a settlement for PCs to start in. If the PCs are outsiders entering Dolmenwood for the first time, a good option is to start with them approaching Lankshorn (***p156***) or Castle Brackenwold (***p128***). If the PCs are natives to Dolmenwood, Prigwort (***p174***) and Dreg (***p140***) make for good starting locales.
5. **Read settlement info:** Read the description of the selected settlement, focussing on the overview, the map, and the most important NPCs.
6. **Read nearby hexes:** Read the descriptions of the hex in which the starting settlement is located and the six surrounding hexes, with a focus on the opportunities for adventure that they present.
7. **Place adventures (optional):** Locate any dungeons or adventure modules that you intend to integrate into the campaign in hexes close to the starting settlement. A short starter adventure—*Pipes on Droomen Knoll*—is found on ***p434***. Necrotic Gnome also publishes a line of official Dolmenwood adventures, for example the introductory adventure *Winter's Daughter*.
8. **Prepare rumours:** In addition to any explicit hooks to the selected starter adventure, note three or four rumours to feed the players in the first session. These can be drawn from the ***Rumours*** section (***p440***), the desires of NPCs in the settlement, or potential sites of interest in nearby hexes.
9. **The first session:** Begin with the PCs approaching the starting settlement, seeking lodgings and rumour of adventure. Allow the players to soak up the flavour of the settlement, meet NPCs, and sample local fare, while slowly introducing the prepared hooks and rumours. Before long, players will follow up on one or more of the rumours, and your campaign is under way.

WHAT'S IN THIS BOOK?

This book is an exhaustive tome detailing the secrets and lore of Dolmenwood. It contains everything a Referee needs to run campaigns in the setting.

Part 1: Secrets of Dolmenwood

An overview of the history and geography of Dolmenwood, including the eleven regions of the forest, the ley lines, standings stones, fairy doors, and lost shrines that may be discovered, and the fairy nobles and ancient gods that lurk on the periphery.

Part 2: Factions and Powers

Seven major factions and two independent powers vie for martial, spiritual, or occult control of the Wood. Each is detailed with its schemes, history, enclaves, and significant NPCs.

Atanuwë: The nine-legged chaos godling and its horde of wicked minions.

Cold Prince: The cruel, banished fairy prince who covets his former domain of Dolmenwood.

Drune: A sinister cabal of sorcerers who covet occult knowledge above all else.

Human nobility: The Duke of Brackenwold and the noble houses that rule most of Dolmenwood.

Longhorn nobility: The breggle noble houses, which have ruled the High Wold since ancient times.

Pluritine Church: The dominant religion of the mortal folk of Dolmenwood in modern times.

Witches: A secretive sect of women who commune with ancient gods in the deep woods.

The Hag: An evil old woman, bent and decrepit, who haunts the swamp of Hag's Addle.

Ygraine Mordlin: Mysterious sorceress of northern Dolmenwood, lady of Chateau Mauvesse.

Part 3: Running a Campaign

Guidelines for starting and sustaining campaigns within the bounds of Dolmenwood, including advice on Refereeing, designing adventures and dungeons, awarding XP, and integrating Dolmenwood into a wider campaign setting.

Part 4: Exploring the Wild

Procedures for handling travel in the wilds of Dolmenwood, including rules and tables for weather, getting lost, encounters, fishing, foraging, and hunting.

Part 5: Settlements

Detailed descriptions of twelve settlements, each with an overview, a map, and descriptions of the most important services, locations, and inhabitants.

Part 6: Hex Descriptions

200 pages of fantastic locales throughout the Wood, each page covering one of the 200 hexes on the campaign map.

Book Title Acronyms

The following acronyms are sometimes used when referring to other books:

DPB: The *Dolmenwood Player's Book*.

DMB: The *Dolmenwood Monster Book*.

Part 7: Treasures and Oddments

Procedures for generating treasure hoards, including rules and tables for gems, art objects, rare herbs and fungi, and a profusion of magic items of many different kinds.

Part 8: Appendices

A miscellany of additional detail, including a short starter adventure, rumours, new spells, and a plethora of useful indexes.

Inside Covers

Referee's map of Dolmenwood: The Referee's hex map of Dolmenwood, showing the terrain type of each numbered hex, in addition to settlements, keeps, ruins, roads, wayside lodgings, waterways, standing stones, and ley lines.

Quick reference: Commonly used tables and rules summaries compiled for quick reference.

REQUIRED BOOKS

The *Dolmenwood Player's Book*: The game's core rules, along with an introduction to the lore of Dolmenwood and the procedures for creating and equipping Player Characters.

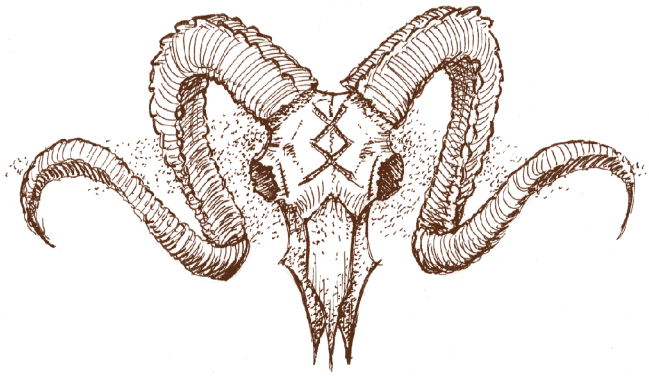
The *Dolmenwood Monster Book*: A menagerie of weird beasts, fickle fairies, and strange spirits that inhabit the wild places of the Wood.

OTHER BOOKS

Dolmenwood adventure scenarios: A series of adventures set in Dolmenwood is also available, presented in an easy-to-use format, perfect for the time-pressed Referee.

FREE DOWNLOADS

Visit **dolmenwood.com** for Dolmenwood character sheets, calendars, and more.



Regions

The regions into which mortal folk divide the Wood and what lies in each.

ALDWEALD

East of the Hameth: The eastern region of Dolmenwood—with the exclusion of the fungal forest of Mulchgrove—is known as Aldweald. This region is bounded on the west by the River Hameth and on the north by the Valley of Wise Beasts.

Civilised and well-travelled: In Aldweald, Dolmenwood is at its most settled, with the well-maintained Horse-Eye, Swinney, and Fort Roads connecting the stronghold town of Castle Brackenwold (hex 1508) with the military outpost Fort Vulgar (hex 0604), via the market town of Prigwort in the centre of the Wood (hex 1106).

Don't stray from the path: If one sticks to the roads and settlements, Aldweald is a relatively safe place to travel. However, as is the way in the whole of Dolmenwood, stepping but a short distance from the structures of human civilisation brings one into contact with the wider weird. Tricksome fairies of all kinds are rife in the glades of Aldweald, weird ley energies crisscross the region, and witches congregate in secret to worship their obscure gods.

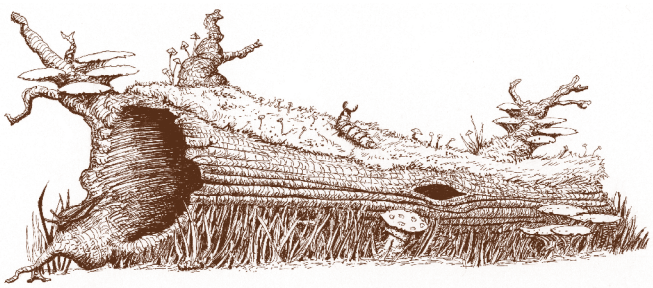
The Groaning Loch

Just over a mile wide at its widest point (in hex 1204), 15 miles long, and of unfathomed depth, the cold waters of the Groaning Loch divide the human-realm of south-eastern Dolmenwood from the weird reaches of the northern woods (the Valley of Wise Beasts, the Fever Marsh, and the domain of the Nag-Lord).

Ruined Abbey of St Clewyd (Hex 0906)

Relic of past glory: East of Lake Longmere, in the depths of Dolmenwood, a great monastery was founded, of old, in honour of the revered St Clewyd. A century past, an ill-judged ritual of communion with the dead went horribly awry, opening a dimensional rift in the abbey's crypts and bringing about its utter destruction.

Ghosts and treasures: Weird energies wrack the crypts of the abbey still, thwarting any attempts to restore the place to its former glory. Many treasures—including lost holy relics—remain untouched in the ruins.



Prigwort (Hex 1106)

Population: 2,800.

Bustling trade: The most populous settlement beneath the eaves of the forest, the town of Prigwort is the centre-point of trade in the region, situated halfway along the road that connects Castle Brackenwold and Fort Vulgar.

Fine ales and spirits: Prigwort is especially famed, even in the wider region of the Duchy, for its breweries and distilleries. Fine Prigwort spirits, flavoured with the wild herbs of the forest, are found on the tables of connoisseurs far and wide.

The consulting wizard: Of interest to adventurers, it is also known that a magician of commercial bent makes his home within the town. See ***Mostlemyre Drouge, p180***.

Odd (Hex 1403)

Population: 90.

Halfway to the wild north-east: A small settlement halfway along the old road that marches proudly out of Prigwort and creeps to a halt at the threshold of Chateau Mauvesse, home of Ygraine the sorceress (hex 1802).

Uncertain name: Odd is the name given to this huddle of dwellings by those that live outside of it. The villagers themselves seemingly refer to their home by a different name every time outsiders arrive.

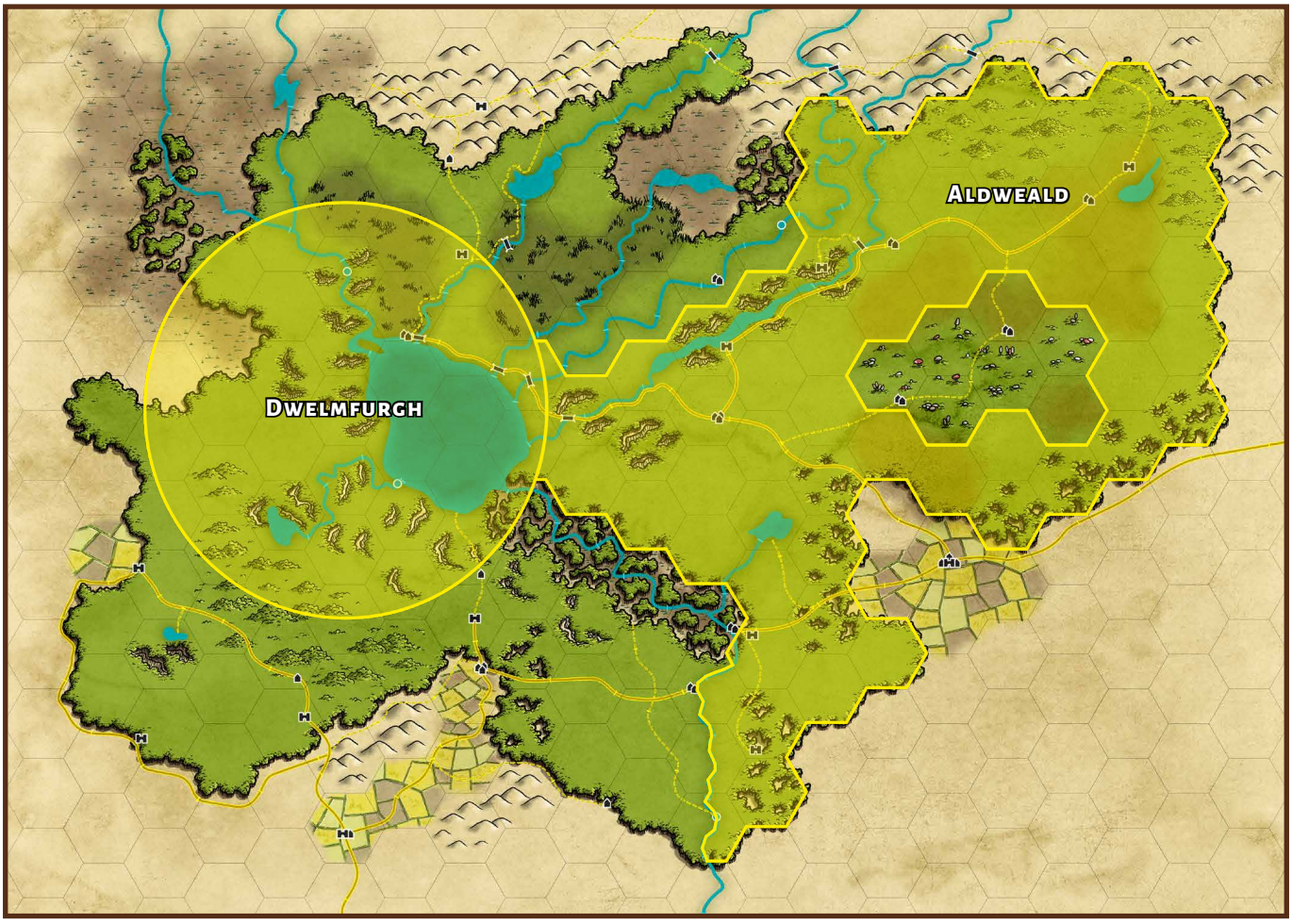
Drune spies and rituals: The place is under the control of the Drune, who have spies among the villagers and hold the keys to the barricaded church, wherein they conduct nighttime rituals around the monolith that forms the spire.

Meagre's Reach (Hex 1703)

Population: 120.

Returned from the dead: An odd, archaic village of dark brick houses, situated in the seldom-trod north-east of the Wood. Meagre's Reach was once a plague-decimated ruin, but was rescued (after a fashion) by the powerful dimension-twisting magic of the sorceress Ygraine.

Lost in time: The place now exists in a hazy bubble of history, half a real village in the present day, half a memory of its heyday some centuries past.



DWELMFURGH

Rocky highlands: The wild, western reaches of Dolmenwood consist of a stony highland of treacherous slopes, rocky outcroppings, and fast-running falls and rivers, cascading down to Lake Longmere.

Drune heartland: This is the heartland of the Drune, self-proclaimed masters of the ley lines and standing stones of Dolmenwood.

Ringed by standing stones: The region of Dwelmfurgh is demarcated by a vast ring of standing stones. The arcane potency of this ring is such that the encircled area possesses supernatural qualities quite distinct from the rest of the forest. In the parlance of modern folk, the sister-stones that make up the ring are called the "Summer-stones" and the great ring itself is called the "Witching Ring" (though, in truth, the ring of stones is in no way related to the witches of Dolmenwood).

Ward against the Cold Prince: The origin of this enchanted section of the Wood lies in deep antiquity, at a time when the Drune conspired with the Church and the King to banish the erstwhile fairy ruler of the forest—the Cold Prince—from the mortal world forevermore. The stones and the ring maintain the ban to this day, and are carefully guarded by the Drune, in case the Cold Prince should attempt to reclaim his dominion of old.

Effects of the warding ring: See ***The Ring of Chell, p20*** for further details on the ward and the stones that bound it.

Lake Longmere

The great lake at the heart of Dolmenwood. See ***p11***.

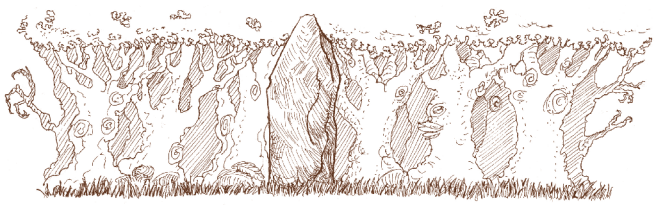
Fort Vulgar (Hex 0604)

Population: 90.

Guards Lake Longmere: A run-down palisade and keep overlooking the northern end of Lake Longmere. The Fort was constructed following the banishment of the Cold Prince and is (poorly) maintained by Sir Osric the Gaunt—a vassal of the Duke of Brackenwold—and a small retinue of mounted knights, boatmen, and domestic servants.

Docks and shanty town: The Fort stands at the mouth of Quogg's Creek as it empties into Lake Longmere. Trade boats from the north unload their goods onto wagons for transport on to Prigwort (for no ships ply the haunted waters of Lake Longmere). A cluster of shacks and cottages has accumulated here, forming a dock-side hamlet catering to the needs of weary sailors.

Taxation: Sir Osric assesses and collects taxes from all boats and barges that dock here—a not insubstantial sum!



FEVER MARSH

Stagnant lowland: A lowland pocket of cold, stagnant marsh pooled at the foot of the Table Downs, feeding the roots of Dolmenwood's northern tangle.

Outcasts, fairies, and fungi: The place is home to a scattering of strange outcasts, recluses, and hermits, along with an unsettling profusion of bog-fairies and malicious fungi.

Remnants of ancient habitation: In spite of the current state of this region, ancient earthworks and burial mounds attest to the fact that humans once dwelt here.

HAG'S ADDLE

Treacherous swamp: Hag's Addle is the name given to the region of mazy swampland that clogs the banks of the River Hameth as it drains from Lake Longmere into southern Dolmenwood.

The Hag: This place is shunned not only due to the natural hazards of the stinking marsh, but also because of tales of the Hag who haunts its sodden expanse (see ***The Hag, p82***). The foolhardy or desperate sometimes seek consultation with the Hag, as she has the power to see into the past and future and to raise the dead, though the price she demands in return is perilous.

Magical herbs: Adventurers dare to explore Hag's Addle on occasion, as the place is rich with magical herbs.

Woodcutters' Encampment (Hex 1109)

Population: 180

Once-famed foresters: A small township on the verge of the swamp, situated on the eastern bank of the River Hameth. The people of the village were once famed for their expertise in forestry, though these arts have now devolved into little more than a cursory tradition.

Trading port: In recent times, the people of the Encampment have grown rich and indolent on the profits of trade: the village operates a port ferrying goods to Dreg. This forms an essential part of the trade route connecting Castle Brackenwold with Lankshorn and the High Wold.

THE HIGH WOLD

Northern reach of a wider barony: The corner of Dolmenwood that lies south of Lake Longmere and west of the River Hameth is part of a larger region, known as the High Wold, that extends south of the forest for some further forty leagues. The region is a barony under the dominion of the Duchy of Brackenwold.

Independent spirit: This area of wild, rolling hills and rustic meadows has been long inhabited. The folk who now dwell there regard themselves, indeed, as the original and true inhabitants of Dolmenwood.

Intermarriage of breggle and human aristocracy: The High Wold has an unusual political structure, peculiar to this region, whereby the land and titles of the longhorn aristocracy are respected by the humans of the region. Marriage of breggle and human nobles is commonplace.

Rule of law faltering: Of late, the barony has become somewhat wild, under the lax rule of the Baron Hogwarsh: bandits and highwaymen ply their trade with increasing boldness, charlatans peddle brews and compounds of questionable morality, and the hand of the Drune claws ever southwards.

High-Hankle (Hex 0512)

Population: 5,300.

Capital of the High Wold: The seat of administrative power in the High Wold lies to the south of Dolmenwood, amid a region of windswept grasslands and rolling hills.

Town of hedonism: The baron is renowned for his lax attitude to the law, more interested in wine and debauchery than in the maintenance of order. High-Hankle has thus, in recent years, become a favoured haunt for jaded nobles and hedonists of all stripes.

Lankshorn (Hex 0710)

Population: 1,100.

Threshold to Dolmenwood: The northernmost settlement in the High Wold, the market town of Lankshorn lies within a bowshot of the forest's border, acting as one of the two main "thresholds" into Dolmenwood (the other being Castle Brackenwold, in the east).

Superstitious folk: Lankshorn is regarded as a cultural oddity by outsiders, as the traditions of the civilised south meld with the quaint, superstitious ways of Dolmenwood. The respect Lankshorners hold for the longhorn nobles of the wood is an apt example of the cultural melange in this border-town.

Master bladesmith: The finest bladesmith in the High Wold makes his home in Lankshorn.

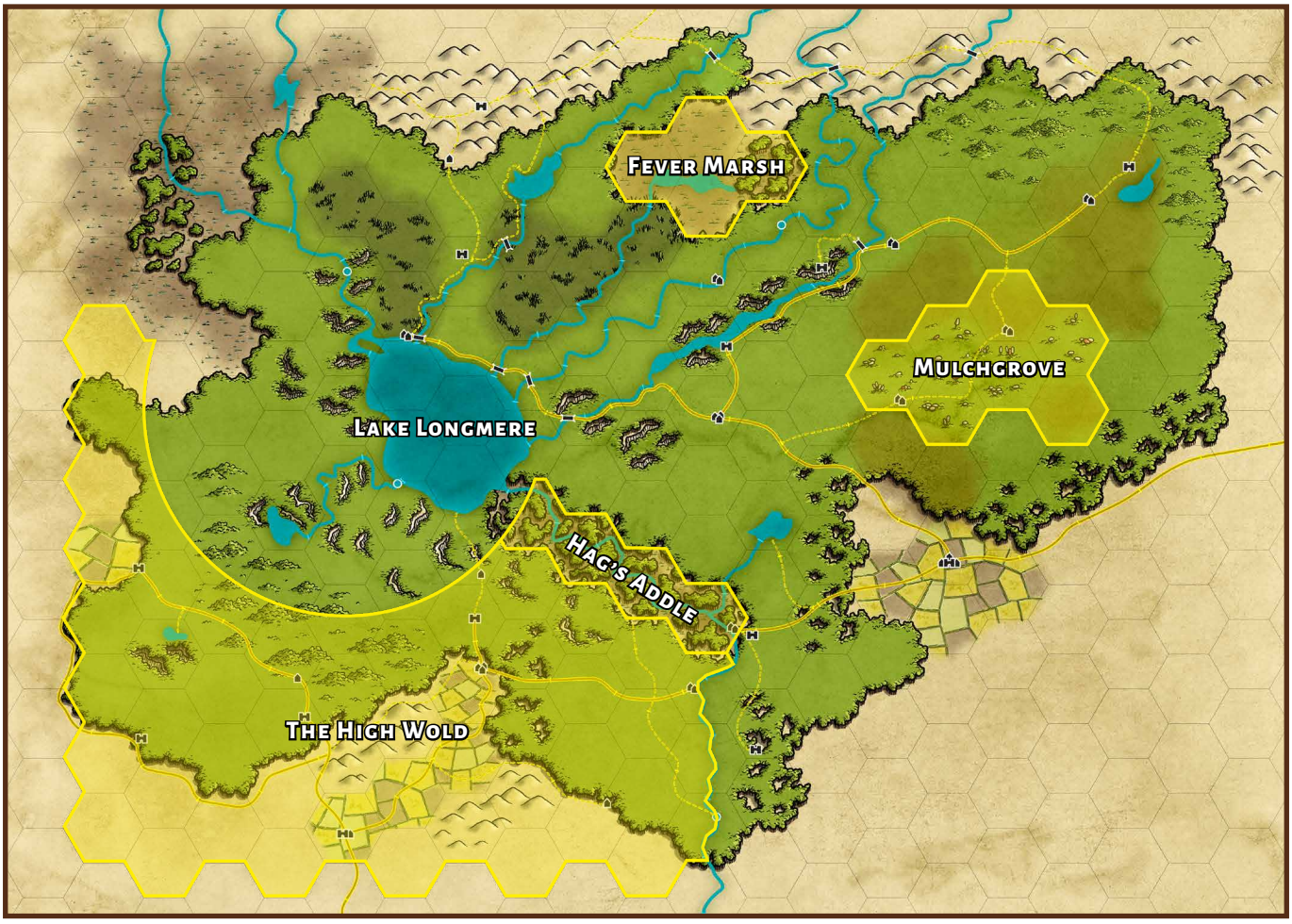
Dreg and Shantywood Isle (Hex 1110)

Population: 300.

The port of Dreg: A rough port-town and fishing village on the marshy banks of the Hameth. Dreg has a seedy reputation as a haunt for thieves, charlatans, and rascals of all stripes.

Shantywood Isle: Dreg's reputation is made only worse (in the eyes of right-minded outsiders) by its proximity to the island of Shantywood, a notorious port of ill repute run by the seductive and ruthless Madame Shantywood.

Pubs and sausages: Aside from its profusion of public houses and gambling dens, Dreg is known for its fine sausages, made from the flesh of the swine kept in the bogs to the north of the village.



LAKE LONGMERE

The Heart of the Wood: The great lake Longmere—15 miles long and 12 miles broad at its widest point—is known colloquially as "the Heart of the Wood."

Ancient magic: The waters of Longmere were once home to a mighty dragon-spirit named Gheillough (***p37***), which now lies in an enchanted torpor.

Haunted waters: Locals now shun Lake Longmere, as the place is haunted by Gheillough's twisted dream-double—the monster Big Chook (hex 0606), whose mind-melting wailings assault those who venture onto the waters.

Relics of the Cold Prince: Two sites of great importance to the Cold Prince—the fairy who ruled over Dolmenwood in days long past—are situated upon the shores of Lake Longmere. Firstly, the ruins of Hoarblight Keep, his palace and court, overlook the western banks (hex 0505). Secondly, the fairy embassy to the human kingdom of old lies hidden behind the torrent of the Falls of Naon (hex 0504). Both of these sites hold many secrets of the past.

MULCHGROVE

Bogs and fungal forest: The southern central region of the Wood is a dank lowland riddled with fungal forests, treacherous bogs, and twisted willow-woods.

Home of the mosslings: Mulchgrove is little traversed by any save the mosslings who are native to the place, loving fungi and moulds and all that is dank.

Magical and monstrous fungi: Mulchgrove is a paradise for mycologists, as a profusion of magical fungi can be found there. Many an adventurer comes to Mulchgrove on a fungus-foraging errand for a herbalist or witch, seeking rare specimens, while hoping to stay out of the clutches of the fungal monstrosities that also lurk in the region.

Blackeswell (Hex 1604)

Population: 90.

Former mining town: Once a thriving mining town, exporting the rare metal *Hag Iron*, the exhaustion of the mineral veins left Blackeswell isolated among the foetid fungus of Mulchgrove.

Isolated bog town: Among humans, the village of Blackeswell is nigh forgotten—a curiosity that may be spotted on old maps. Nevertheless, a small number of devout folk eke out a living from the bogs, trading with mosslings and the occasional pedlar who passes their way.

Orbswallow (Hex 1405)

Population: 80 mosslings.

Heart of mossling culture: The largest mossling settlement in Dolmenwood.

Fine cheeses and pipes: Orbswallow is centred around three venerable and magical trees, whose produce—fine cheeses, oils, pigments, and high quality smoking pipes—is famed throughout the Dolmenwood region.

THE NAGWOOD

Atanuwë's dominion: A stretch of twisted woods that lies between Quogg's Creek and the Avernal Lake, to the north, and the Valley of Wise Beasts to the south. This is the realm of Atanuwë, the wicked nine-legged unicorn godling known in folklore as the Nag-Lord. The monster squats in this region of Dolmenwood, oozing out its Chaotic taint into the roots and waters of the forest.

Crookhorns and evil trees: None who value their lives venture here, for the place is overrun by corrupted breggles known as crookhorns, under the Nag-Lord's command. The trees themselves are hostile to intruders, and the place is under a sorcerous malaise that twists the mind.

NORTHERN SCRATCH

Windswept bog: At the far north-western extent of Dolmenwood, the trees dwindle, giving way to a disputed region of wild, windswept fens and bogs.

Wild and pathless land: Travellers shun this trackless and treacherous region. It is home only to marsh lanterns, banshees, trolls, and other monsters.

THE TABLE DOWNS

Windswept range of hills: The northern edge of Dolmenwood opens onto a range of high, windswept hills called the Table Downs.

Relics of ancient habitation: A smattering of hamlets and farms once huddled in the valleys of these hills, and fortresses were built atop them. All now stand abandoned.

Haunted hills and deathly silence: Only phantoms and the incessant moaning of the wind now break the stillness of this place. Travellers may walk the old roads that cross the hilltops, if they dare disturb the silence of the Downs.

Drigbolton (Hex 0702)

Population: 40.

Rustic goatherds: Desperately clinging to existence in the borderlands between the forest and the Table Downs, the hamlet of Drigbolton is home to a few dozen goatherds and an old wooden church.

Ancient crossroads: Drigbolton sits near the junction of two forgotten roads: an ancient trade road at the foot of the Downs and an abandoned road that once led to Fort Vulgar (hex 0604), passing through the plague town of Midgewarrow (hex 0703).

THE TITHELANDS

Bountiful farmland: Dolmenwood can be best described as a borderland, where the civilised and wild meet. The rolling expanse of bountiful farmland to the south-east of the Wood is wholly within the realm of human dominion, under the vigilant eye of Castle Brackenwold, looming upon a high hill on the verge of the forest.

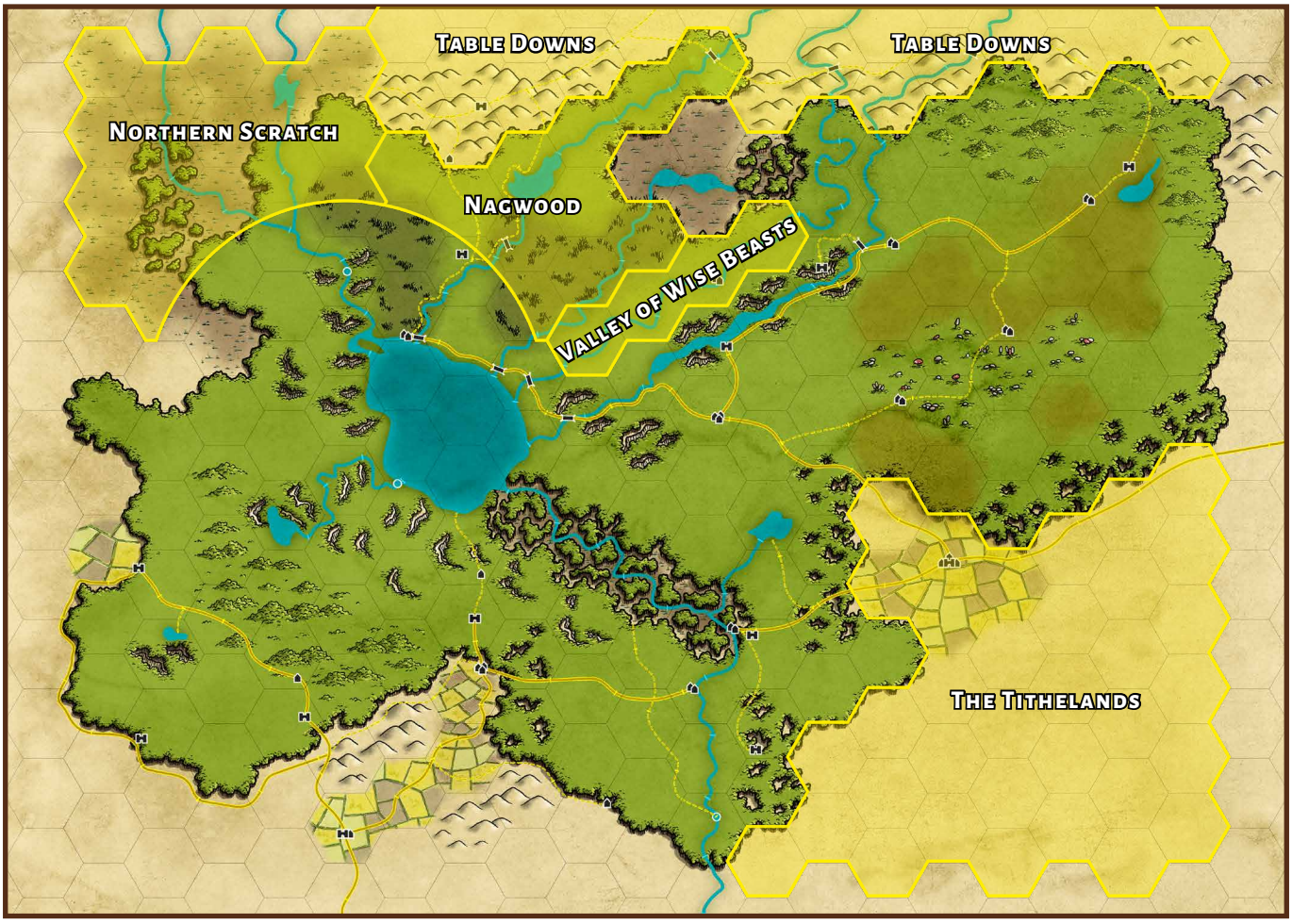
End of the Weird: Travellers along the gentle country lanes of the Tithelands encounter a profusion of the mundane: toiling farmers, conniving merchants, steadfast soldiers, and pious clergy. The weird of Dolmenwood ends here.

Castle Brackenwold (Hex 1508)

Population: 8,700.

Ancient fortress town: A great, walled town sits sprawled upon the hillside at the feet of the fortified castle and keep. Castle Brackenwold is an ancient place whose oldest parts were used by elf lords in ancient times, before the people of Brackenwold migrated to Dolmenwood.

Seat of the duke and the Pluritine Church: At the summit of a hill, the ducal keep is the ancestral home to the nobility of the Brackenwold line. Alongside the mighty garrison maintained by the duke is a great cathedral, making this fortress-town also the centre of the Church's power in the region. Indeed, the Bishop of Brackenwold holds sway over Dolmenwood equal to the duke himself.



THE VALLEY OF WISE BEASTS

Home of the Cobbins: In the northern central region of the forest, this long valley, though uninhabited by humans, is home to many a sentient soul. The quaint, wooden homes of the talking, humanoid beasts who call themselves Cobbins sit beside the placid River Shiver that winds at the Valley's base.

Baron Fragglehorn's regime of terror: To an outsider, the Valley gives a surface impression of tranquil, well-ordered society, where all Cobbins live as equals and hunger and evil are but rumours. In truth, however, the inhabitants of the Valley live in a regime of terror as subjects of the Nag-Lord, under the totalitarian rule of the crookhorn **Baron Fragglehorn** (***p46***).

The Nag-Lord as lord of creation: The command of the Baron is so absolute that Cobbins of the Valley have no conception of the world beyond, believing the Nag-Lord to be lord of all of creation.

Cobton-on-the-Shiver (Hex 1104)

Population: 200 Cobbins.

Largest Cobbin town: This settlement of respectable stone houses, straw-built nests, and looming barracks is the centre of Cobbin civilisation in the Valley.

Built on top of human ruins: Cobton-on-the-Shiver was founded on the ruins of a human-built hamlet, long abandoned. The beasts of the Valley were tasked with clearing the stone remnants from the undergrowth and restoring the place to domestic function.

History

A brief telling of the deeds of godlings, fairies, and mortals in Dolmenwood since the beginning of days.

Overview

Beginning of days: Dolmenwood untrod by sentient life; the spirit of the Wood manifested in the form of primeval beings called the Wood Gods; the dragon Gheillough was the lifeblood of the waters.

Prehistory: Fairies venture into Dolmenwood; the dominion of the Cold Prince; Dolmenwood cloaked in eternal winter.

2,500 years ago: Arrival of mortals; breggles serve the Cold Prince; trade with humans.

2,000 years ago: The Cold Prince withdraws into Frigia; fairy frost melts.

1,900 years ago: Arrival of the Drune; Drune Lodge established.

1,800 years ago: Early human settlements; first witches.

1,700 years ago: Drune bind Gheillough, call up ley stones; breggles serve the Drune.

1,500 years ago: Breggles betray the Drune; theft and destruction of the Horned Crown of the Hydrogyle.

1,200 years ago: Brackenwolders arrive; Pluritine Church begins to replace Gwyrae worship.

1,100 years ago: Kingdom of Brackenwold established.

1,000 years ago: Humans and longhorns jointly rule the High Wold.

900 years ago: The Cold Prince returns to Dolmenwood; war against Frigia.

850 years ago: The Triple Compact; erecting of the ring of Chell; the Cold Prince banished.

600 years ago: Kingdom of Brackenwold annexed, becomes a Duchy; High Wold becomes a Barony under the rule of Brackenwold.

400 years ago: Secret arrival of Atanuwë, the Nag-Lord; Lake Longmere corrupted, Gheillough broken free of Drune bondage, manifestation of Big Chook.

350 years ago: Rumours of the Nag-Lord; St Clewyd and the Atacorn Sallowbryg die in mortal combat.

300 years ago: Abbey of St Clewyd established.

100 years ago: Abbey of St Clewyd destroyed; rise of Atanuwë, shrines lost.

Present day: Crookhorns massing for war.

Current Year 1089

The founding of Castle Brackenwold and the Kingdom of Brackenwold, 1,089 years ago, marks the beginning of the Brackenwold Calendar used in Dolmenwood (*DPB*).

THE BEGINNING OF DAYS

Primeval Sentience of the Wood

Like all natural places of significance, the trees, waters, stones, and earth of Dolmenwood are host to a native consciousness which operates on a scale far beyond the comprehension of the mortal mind. This consciousness manifested in the form of primeval spirits, known collectively as the Wood Gods. In the primeval days of yore, when Dolmenwood was freshly sprung from the designs of the divine, it was these manifestations of Dolmenwood itself that first beheld the Wood. See ***Wood Gods, p36*** for more details.

Gheillough—Lifeblood of the Waters

Of especial importance to the history of Dolmenwood is the Wood God known as Gheillough—a being of dragon-like aspect whose dominion is the waters of Dolmenwood, in particular the great Lake Longmere. Gheillough's function, via the waters of Dolmenwood, was to regulate the arcane energies of the forest.

PREHISTORY

Fairies Venture into Dolmenwood

In ancient times, long before the dominion of mortal folk had spread wide across the earth, beings from the timeless realm of Fairy found their way into the dew-fresh glades of Dolmenwood. Elves and others of fairy kin were thus the first outsiders to lay eyes upon the Wood.

The Wood Gods Veiled

Sensing the arrogance and capriciousness of the fairies, the Wood Gods hid themselves from the interlopers and observed their doings with dispassion.

Establishment of Fairy Kingdoms

Some fairies tarried in Dolmenwood for but a short while before returning to their own realm. Others, acquiring a taste for the odd tapestry of arcane energies in the forest, established outposts, dwellings, manses, and castles there. These early settlers became known as lords of the forest, long before the first human set foot beneath its eaves. Some eventually abandoned their domains in Dolmenwood and returned to Fairy, but many retained their presence in the forest, even after the arrival of mortal folk. It is thus that the foundations of culture in Dolmenwood are ultimately of fairy origin.

Dominion of the Cold Prince

As the years slipped by and the whims of fairy lords waxed and waned, Dolmenwood came under the sway of a cruel elf lord known as the Cold Prince. All other fairy lords who maintained an interest in the Wood were subservient to his will, who claimed the entirety of Dolmenwood as an extension of his domain in Fairy.

Eternal Winter

By the whim of the Cold Prince, Dolmenwood was cloaked in frost and snow, locked in an eternal winter. All waters were frozen solid, save Lake Longmere, which remained untouched by the frost due to the presence of the dragon Gheillough. Fairies, unicorns, and magical beasts frolicked beneath the rime-frosted boughs of the Wood, but few of mortal kin dared trespass in the Prince's dread dominion.

2,500 YEARS AGO

Breggles Serve the Cold Prince

The first mortals to arrive in Dolmenwood were breggles, who prostrated themselves before the Cold Prince and were accepted into his courts and castles as servitors.

Humans Trade with the Fairy Kingdom

Although no humans settled within Dolmenwood at this time, certain bold folk from neighbouring lands would traffic with the Prince's people, bringing them various oddments in exchange for fairy trinkets and knowledge.

2,000 YEARS AGO

The Cold Prince Withdraws

This period is considered the beginning of known history in Dolmenwood, commencing with the gradual withdrawal of the Cold Prince into his dominion in Fairy, Frigia. The Prince remained the nominal ruler of Dolmenwood, but left its governance to his courtiers and underlings.

Nature Takes Hold—The Frost Recedes

With the Prince's attentions elsewhere, time and the natural processes of the mortal world took hold once more and the cycle of the seasons returned to Dolmenwood. The fairy frost began to recede. In its place, lush mosses and vegetation sprang up, fed by the enchanted meltwaters, which pooled to form fens and swamps.

Only Dwelmfurgh Remains Frozen

Only Dwelmfurgh, where the Prince's castle was located, on the verge of Lake Longmere, remained frozen.

1,900 YEARS AGO

The Arrival of the Drune

The commerce between humans and the fairy dominion in Dolmenwood had attracted cunning folk—the occult cabal known as the Drune. These were the first humans to venture into the forest and build dwellings after the receding of the frost. To establish their presence in Dolmenwood, the early Drune settlers founded the Drune Lodge in the depths of Dwelmfurgh (hex 0507).

The Origins of Ley-Magic

The Drune discovered a powerful confluence of ley lines in Dolmenwood, which they learned to harness to their own ends. This was the beginning of the Drune's greedy accumulation of occult power in Dolmenwood.

The Drune and the Wood Gods

In their wanderings through the hidden places of Dolmenwood, the Drune came into contact with the Wood Gods. As is their way when encountering magic of any kind, the Drune lusted after the power of the Wood Gods and experimented with means of binding and ensnaring them.

1,800 YEARS AGO

Early Woodcutters and Hunters

A small number of other humans—not affiliated with the Drune, though some of the same cultural origins—settled in Dolmenwood during this era, founding hamlets under the eaves of the forest, eking out a living as woodcutters and hunters.

The Wood Gods Venerated

These early settlers encountered and venerated the Wood Gods, establishing the Gwyrae religion and the traditions and practices of witchcraft in Dolmenwood.

1,700 YEARS AGO

Gheillough Bound

At the heart of the wood, in the frost-clad fairy woods of Dwelmfurgh, the Drune discovered an ancient magical potency in the flashing waters of the great Lake Longmere—the Wood God Gheillough. The sorcerers bent their will upon harnessing the mystic powers of the dragon, eventually succeeding in binding it. With this godling beneath their yoke, the Drune's capacity to mould the forest to their will increased manifold.

The Workings of the Drune

In this intermediate era, the Drune achieved the peak of their arcane potency. Their chiefs rivalled the fairy lords in wizardly might, and they worked great magic in Dolmenwood, re-routing and amplifying the ley energies, and calling up many of the ley stones from the earth.

Breggles Serve the Drune

As the influence of the Cold Prince and his court waned, the breggles who had served the fairy aristocracy swore fealty to the Drune in their stead, worshipping them as men-made-gods.

1,500 YEARS AGO

The Betrayal of the Breggles

The Drune's lordship over the breggles was short lived, however, due to the deeds of a breggle woman named Hraigl. Hraigl was favoured by the Drune and was granted high rank within the hierarchy of their servants, including access to their secret libraries and sacred relics. The Drune's trust was misplaced: Hraigl became enamoured of the most potent of all Drune-relics—the *Horned Crown of the Hydrogyle*—and stole the artefact, using its powers to disappear into the twisting pathways of the ley lines.

Drune and Breggles War

Using the power of the *Horned Crown*, Hraigl turned her folk against the Drune, drawing them to her side and establishing the breggle-dominion of the High Wold. The Drune fought this betrayal fiercely, finally cornering Hraigl at the craggy summit of Wight Falls (0607). Knowing her doom was at hand, Hraigl cast herself into the torrent. She was thus killed and the *Crown* shattered and ground to dust. The Drune cursed the kin of Hraigl for ninety-nine generations, and to this day harbour a mistrust of all breggles.

Origins of the Longhorn Nobility

The longhorn nobility, for their part, trace the heritage of their noble houses back to the seven kids borne by Hraigl before her demise.

1,200 YEARS AGO

The Arrival of the Brackenwolders

A second, more organised wave of human settlers entered Dolmenwood from the south-east, bringing with them their rigid, monotheistic religion—the Pluritine Church. They rapidly inhabited the south-eastern reaches of Dolmenwood and appropriated the small number of extant settlements as their own, coercing the natives to convert (if, initially, in appearance only) to their faith.

The Drune Withdraw

Faced with aggressive settlers and eschewing mundane power, the Drune withdrew to the secrecy of the deep woods, becoming ever more obscure.

1,100 YEARS AGO

The Kingdom of Brackenwold Founded

The invaders established the Kingdom of Brackenwold, encompassing, in the absence of the Cold Prince, the whole of Dolmenwood outside of the frozen Dwelmfurgh.

The Building of Castles and Shrines

Castle Brackenwold was founded on the ruined remnants of an ancient fairy keep, and a profusion of shrines and churches glorifying the God of the Pluritine Church were constructed in and around the forest at this time.

1,000 YEARS AGO

Breggles and Humans Rule the High Wold

The people of Brackenwold spread wide throughout Dolmenwood and came to build villages and farms in the breggle-ruled regions of the High Wold. It was in this period that the tradition, peculiar to the High Wold, of longhorn and human aristocrats ruling side by side originated.

900 YEARS AGO

The Cold Prince's Wrath

The Cold Prince's fickle mind turned once more to Dolmenwood, which he still regarded as his own property. Asserting his claim to Dolmenwood above that of the King of Brackenwold, the Cold Prince caused a fey winter to fall on the forest. Many mortal folk died in the fairy winter, and territorial dispute soon escalated to war.

Fairies and Mortals War

The fairy armies of the Cold Prince marched forth from Frigia and were met by the armies of the King upon the battlefield of the High Wold. The armies of mortals suffered great losses in this first battle.

850 YEARS AGO

Triple Compact Banishes the Cold Prince

Following two years of all-out war, the King and the Church made a desperate and unlikely alliance with the power-hungry Drune. This alliance—known as the "Triple Compact"—colluded to divert the energy of the ley line Ywyr into a great ring encircling Dwelmfurgh, where the gates to the fey kingdom of Frigia lay. A mighty ward was erected, banishing the Cold Prince from Dolmenwood, forcing him into exile in Frigia, and at last freeing the central woods from their ages-old mantle of frost.

600 YEARS AGO

Political Alliances

The Kingdom of Brackenwold was amalgamated into a wider kingdom, becoming a duchy. At this time, the High Wold became a barony under the rule of the Duke of Brackenwold.

400 YEARS AGO

Atanuwë Arrives in Secret

A wandering Chaos godling—known to the learned as Atanuwë Nine-Legs—chanced upon the fecund realm of Dolmenwood and took a liking to the place.

Sargstone Wrested from the Drune

Atanuwë was drawn to the weird energies of the nodal Sargstone (hex 0904). The beast confronted and vanquished the guardian Audrune (Hemlack) and established a secret court around Sargstone, claiming the nodal for its own.

Cults and Spawn of Chaos

Atanuwë enslaved and magically corrupted the rustic breggles of northern Dolmenwood, creating the wicked crookhorns as worshippers and servants. In unholy union with a sect of corrupted human women, Atanuwë's children—the accursed Atacorns—were spawned.

Gheillough Corrupted

The presence of Atanuwë slowly corrupted the waters of Lake Longmere, breaking the dragon Gheillough free from the bondage of the Drune and causing the manifestation of its twisted dream-double—the monstrosity known to locals as Big Chook. With the loss of their most potent source of arcane energy, the Drune's power was lessened.

350 YEARS AGO

Rumours of the Nag-Lord

Wanderers in the wild northern woods encountered the court and minions of Atanuwë. The few who escaped with their lives whispered of this evil presence, and the wicked Nag-Lord entered folklore.

Saint Clewyd and the Atacorn

The living saint Clewyd journeyed to Dolmenwood, following the trail of the wicked Atacorn Sallowbryg, who took the form of a scarlet unicorn. Clewyd pursued the beast into the depths of the forest, where the two battled and struck deadly blows upon one another. With his dying breath, the saint swore to pursue the monster's soul to hell and vanquish it there.

The Saint Slain

St Clewyd's followers discovered his slain body alongside that of the Atacorn several days later and vowed to construct a great abbey at the site, in honour of the saint.

300 YEARS AGO

The Abbey of St Clewyd Founded

A capstone for the Church and its conquest of Dolmenwood, the Abbey of St Clewyd was completed at the site of the saint's death, in the heart of the wood (see hex 0906).

100 YEARS AGO

The Ruination of the Abbey

The abbot of St Clewyd's, an arrogant and ambitious man named Lummingwyll, delved into forbidden texts in an attempt to commune with the spirit of St Clewyd. A magical disaster resulted, ripping open a dimensional rift in the abbey's crypts. An explosion of chaotic energies and monstrous beings was released, including a monstrous man/unicorn hybrid—the amalgam of Clewyd and Sallowbryg. The abbey was destroyed and has lain abandoned, in ruins, ever since. The Chaos Rift still rages, although its effects on the surface have recently subsided. The abbey's downfall marks the beginning of the decline of the Church in Dolmenwood.

The Rise of Atanuwë, Shrines Lost

No longer content to lurk in the obscure north of the forest, Atanuwë harnessed the weird energies of the Sargstone to send a corrupting arcane miasma oozing into Dolmenwood's waters and soil. Many of the shrines erected by the Pluritine Church in the deep places of the Wood were lost, being hidden, veiled, warped, or displaced by the corrupting influence of Atanuwë.

PRESENT DAY

Crookhorns Massing for War

Atanuwë's minions roam ever more boldly abroad, venturing into Aldweald and the heartland of civilisation. With the Pluritine Church weakened and its own forces waxing, Atanuwë is poised for all-out warfare, seeking dominion of all Dolmenwood.

Ley Lines and Standing Stones

The earth magic of Dolmenwood, long cultivated by the learned.

As its name conveys, the Wood of Dolmens is a place brimming with monoliths, obelisks, and stone circles, erected by its inhabitants since the long forgotten past. Wandering in the woods, adventurers are bound to stumble across these stones and wonder at their origin and secrets, for even to the simple, rustic folk of the Wood, it is clear that the stones of Dolmenwood have some occult significance.

Certain stones, known as *nodals*, are indeed of great significance: marking, in the physical world, the lines of otherworldly energy that run through the Wood—the ley lines.

LEY LINES

Ley lines, said to exist throughout the world, are paths of arcane earth energy that sustain the life of the land. Dolmenwood is located at a nexus of great potency: the crossing of three major ley lines. This arcane confluence heightens the occult significance and weird atmosphere of the Wood. Additionally, a fourth, artificial ley exists, curled within the western reach of the forest.

Magical Effects of Ley Lines

Even to those not versed in the secrets of geomantic magic, ley lines have two noticeable effects:

Arcane scent: Arcane spell-casters perceive a supernatural sensation in hexes which a ley line passes through.

Spell enhancement: Spells of a certain type are enhanced when cast in hexes which a ley line passes through.

Chell—The Witching Ring

Inscribes a circle around Lake Longmere, in the far west of the Wood. Chell is described in detail overleaf.

Arcane scent: The curious dual sensation of balmy heat and biting cold.

Spell enhancement: Arcane spells of fire, cold, or lightning inflict one additional point of damage per damage die.

Hoad—The Line of Birthing

Runs from the north-western corner of Dolmenwood, where the woods overwhelm the fens of the Northern Scratch, through the Groaning Loch, and to the south-east of the Wood close to Castle Brackenwold.

Arcane scent: The feeling of having just awoken from a dream.

Spell enhancement: Saving Throws versus arcane spells of illusion or phantasm are made at a –2 penalty.

Lamm—The Line of Woe

Inscribes a directly north-south line through central Dolmenwood, passing through the Court of the Nag-Lord (0904) and the foetid wastes of Hag's Addle. Two of the four nodals on Lamm have been corrupted by Atanuwë.

Arcane scent: The sensation of being observed by a pitiless malevolence.

Spell enhancement: The range of arcane spells of divination or detection is increased by 50%.

Ywyr—The Line of Ravens

Runs from the south-western corner of the Wood, within a mile of Nodding Castle, through the northernmost reaches of Hag's Addle, beneath Chateau Mauvesse (home of Ygraine the sorceress), and to the desolate Table Downs in the north-east.

Arcane scent: The distant moaning of the dead.

Spell enhancement: Saving Throws versus arcane spells dealing with death or undeath are made at a –2 penalty.

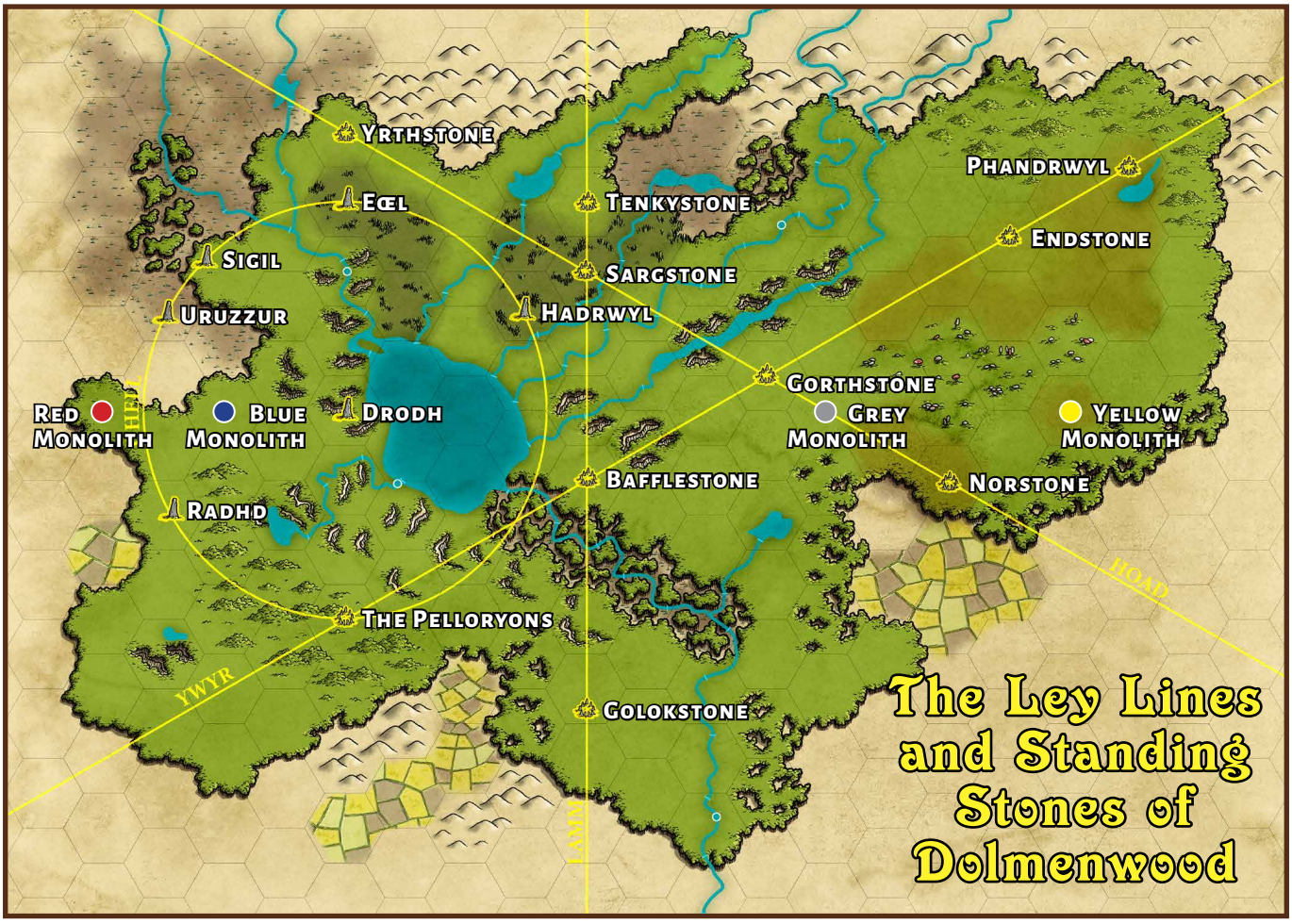
NODAL STONES

The most potent standing stones in Dolmenwood are known as *nodal stones*, each erected at a nexus point of arcane power along the course of a major ley line. Presently, the great majority of the nodals are under the control of the Drune, with a member of their sect posted as a permanent guardian in the vicinity. The ***Nodal Stones*** table gives a summary of the nodals, including the name of each stone's guardian. Other unique properties of each nodal are described in the appropriate hex description (see ***Part Six: Hex Descriptions, p187***).

Inscribed spells: Most nodal stones are inscribed with Drunic runes for an arcane spell. An arcane spell-caster can transcribe the runes for future study (treated as studying a spell book—see ***Arcane Magic***, *DPB*). Transcribing a spell takes 1 hour per Rank.

LESSER STONES

While the nodal stones represent the geomantic crown jewels of Dolmenwood, they are not the only stones of magical significance in the Wood. The numerous lesser stones are not coveted like the nodals, but they are not without power. Many a glade lies under an old enchantment centred on a long-disused standing stone. The location and powers of the most important of the lesser stones are noted in the appropriate hex description (see ***Part Six: Hex Descriptions, p187***).



VORPAL MONOLITHS

In addition to the four ley lines proper within Dolmenwood, those who are learned in the arts of geomancy have noted the emergence of what may be a fifth ley, tracing an east-west path through the Wood. This enigmatic proto-ley has—as yet—no arcane scent and no known magical properties; its existence is hypothesised only due to the presence of four spectral stones that appear in specific locations (hexes 0106, 0306, 1306, 1706) under certain conditions. These stones are known collectively as vorpal monoliths.

The origin, development, and possible powers of this fifth ley line and its spectral nodal stones is a topic of great interest to those who concern themselves with the geomantic energies of Dolmenwood (i.e. primarily the Drune).

THE NODAL STONES

#	Names	Hex	Inscribed Spell	Ley Lines	Guardian
1	Bafflestone	0907	*Glyph of Locking*	Crossing of Lamm/Ywyr	None; abandoned
2	Drodh—*Stone of Repentance*	0506	*Hex Weaving*	Central Summerstone	Rigmirth (Audrune/stone symbiont)
3	Endstone	1603	*Animate Dead*	Ywyr	Mathonwy (mummified Audrune)
4	Eœl—*The Horn*	0503	*Dispel Magic*	Chell (Summerstone)	Morgodh, "the Destroyer" (Audrune)
5	Golokstone	0910	*Arcane Eye*	Lamm	Aethogrym (Audrune)
6	Gorthstone	1205	*Trap the Soul*	Crossing of Hoad/Ywyr	Haygral (Audrune shade)
7	Hadrwyl—*Sagestone*	0804	*Oracle*	Chell (Summerstone)	Hermanach (Audrune)
8	Norstone	1507	*Dimension Door*	Hoad	Morthgwail (Audrune)
9	The Pelloryons—*3 Sisters*	0509	*Invisible Stalker*	Crossing of Chell/Ywyr	Cadraigaunt (Audrune)
10	Phandrwyl	1802	–	Ywyr	Ygraine Mordlin (hidden under chateau)
11	Radhd—*Stone of Law*	0207	*Geas*	Chell (Summerstone)	Grebglin (Audrune shade)
12	Sargstone—*Weirdstone*	0904	*Dweomerfire*	Crossing of Hoad/Lamm	Atanuwë (the Audrune Hemlack, of old)
13	Sigil—*Sunfinger*	0304	*Dweomerlight*	Chell (Summerstone)	Wargfole (Audrune)
14	Tenkystone	0903	*Word of Doom*	Lamm	Jhaelloch (Audrune; besieged)
15	Uruzzur—*Wetstone*	0204	*Water Breathing*	Chell (Summerstone)	Mestmord (Audrune shade)
16	Yrthstone—*Teeming Stone*	0502	*Cannibalise*	Hoad	Zarlac (Audrune)

The Ring of Chell

The mighty warding effects and vulnerabilities of the artificial ley line Chell.

Chell is an artificial ley line brought into being some 850 years ago by an unlikely alliance known as the Triple Compact—the Drune, the Church, and the King of Brackenwold. The purpose of Chell is the banishment of the Cold Prince and his frost elf armies from Dolmenwood forevermore (see ***History, p14***).

THE CREATION OF CHELL

The energy of Ywyr was tapped at its southernmost nodal—the circle of obelisks called *the Pelloryons*. From this foundation point, Ywyr's energy was siphoned into a ring of arcane power. Five great stones were called from the earth at points around the ring, tethering it. A final, central stone was summoned and, with a great ritual, the ring was made permanent. These six summoned stones are known as the *Summerstones*.

THE EFFECTS OF THE WARD

Chell forms a mighty ward that to this day keeps the gates to the fairy kingdom of Frigia locked shut, barring the Cold Prince and his armies from returning to Dolmenwood. The ban has the following side-effects within the Ring of Chell:

The ban: Frost elves cannot enter Dwelmfurgh. It is even impossible to physically drag a frost elf across the border.

Inaccessible from Fairy: No doors to or from Fairy exist within Chell, and no fairy roads cross through the ring.

Fairy malaise: True fairies, excluding demi-fey, are afflicted by a malaise of the spirit, perceiving the shadow of death hanging heavy over all things.

Teleportation nullified: Magical teleportation (including magic that summons creatures or objects from a distant location) is utterly ineffectual.

Reality prevails: Magic of illusion or charm is weak and hazy, with a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

Drune magic: As masters of Dwelmfurgh and the Ring of Chell, Drune magic is unaffected by the limitations listed above. They are able to use teleportation within the ring, and Drune magic of charm and illusion has no chance of failure.

THE WARDING STONES

Chell is tethered and maintained by a set of seven nodals—six forming the ring and a seventh at its centre.

The Pelloryons

The first and most crucial nodal on Chell is the Pelloryons (also known as the "Three Sisters"), the point at which the energy of Ywyr is siphoned into the warding ring.

Appearance: The Pelloryons consists of three towering pillars, each constructed of a single cyclopean column of chalky limestone, approximately 10′ around and 18′ in height, and carved into the likeness of different characters.

The Summerstones

The other six warding stones are the Summerstones.

Placement: The Summerstones are positioned at locations where, in ancient times, access to the fairy kingdom of Frigia was possible. No sign remains of the fairy gates which once stood at these locations.

Appearance: Physically, the Summerstones are all alike: massive shards of basalt (a black, volcanic rock), warm to the touch, approximately 8′ in diameter and 15′ high. Each is inscribed with a text in Old Woldish runes (see below).

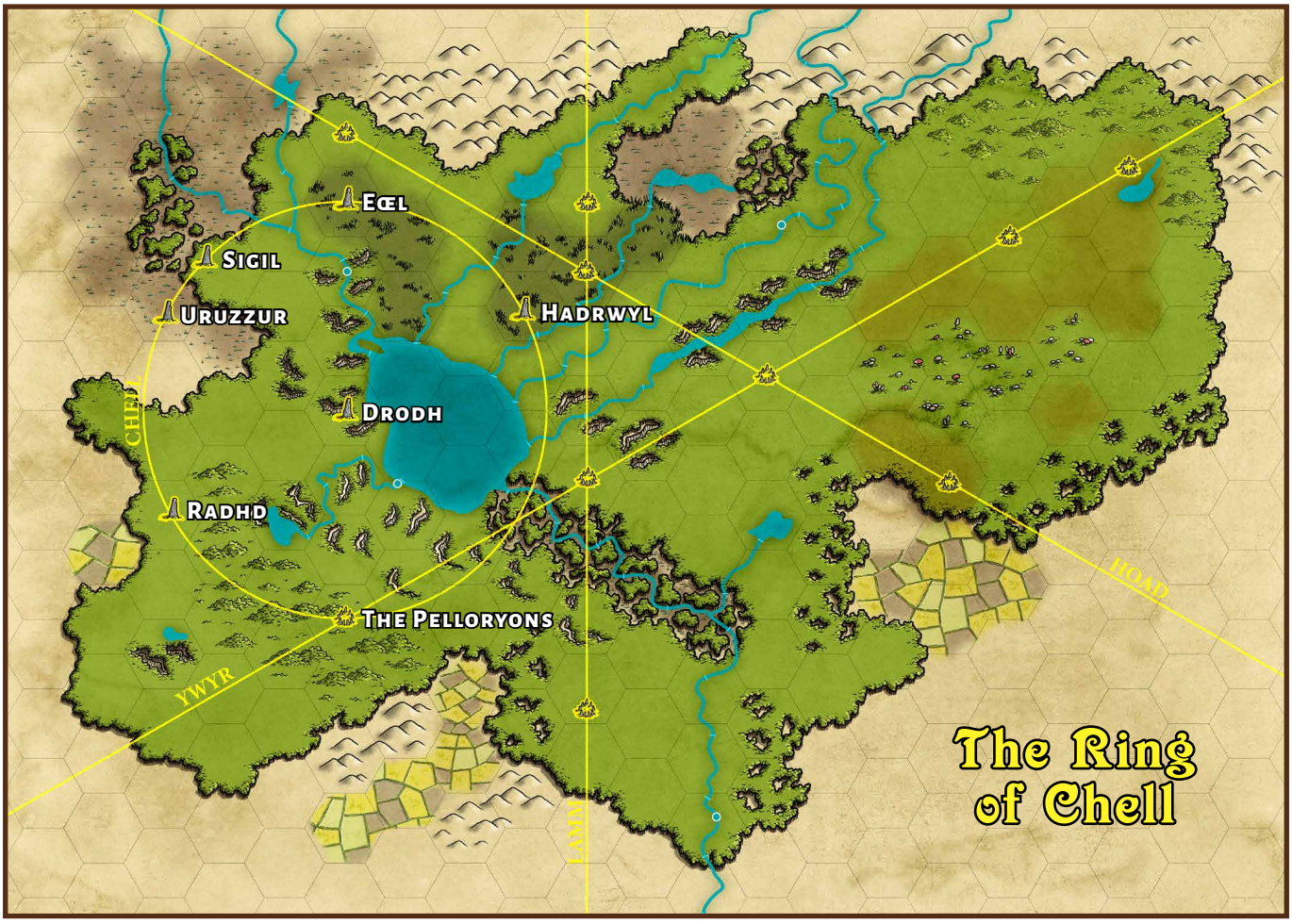
Frost ward: Within 120 yards of a Summerstone, a hazy warmth and balmy stillness of the forest air pervades, reminiscent of the intoxicating days of high summer. These glades are never touched by frost or snow, even in deepest winter.

The Runic Inscription

This stone stands by decree
Of the Triple Compact of Tolmenwode:
King Hadryg of Brackenwold,
The High Abbot of Wellskeep,
The Elder Phanatarch of the Wood.
Hereby knows fire dominion over frost.
The gates of Frigia be shut.
The Lord of Winter may pass no more.

THE WARDING STONES

#	Names	Hex	Inscribed Spell	Position	Guardian
1	Drodh—*Stone of Repentance*	0506	*Hex Weaving*	Central Summerstone	Rigmirth (Audrune/stone symbiont)
2	Eœl—*The Horn*	0503	*Dispel Magic*	Ring of Chell	Morgodh, "the Destroyer" (Audrune)
3	Hadrwyl—*Sagestone*	0804	*Oracle*	Ring of Chell	Hermanach (Audrune)
4	The Pelloryons—*3 Sisters*	0509	*Invisible Stalker*	Crossing of Chell/Ywyr	Cadraigaunt (Audrune)
5	Radhd—*Stone of Law*	0207	*Geas*	Ring of Chell	Grebglin (Audrune shade)
6	Sigil—*Sunfinger*	0304	*Dweomerlight*	Ring of Chell	Wargfole (Audrune)
7	Uruzzur—*Wetstone*	0204	*Water Breathing*	Ring of Chell	Mestmord (Audrune shade)



BREAKING THE WARD

The magic that maintains Chell is of a magnitude that modern magicians cannot equal. It is not, however, completely impervious to attack. Two main possibilities for breaking or suspending the ward exist: tampering with the Summerstones or disturbing the Pelloryons, the source of the ley energy.

Disturbing the Summerstones

The Summerstones are impervious to mundane damage and magical energy attacks (including disintegration). They could, however, be destroyed by powerful relics or specially constructed magic items. Were the warding about one or more stones to be broken or suspended, the following events would transpire.

One stone disturbed: An invisible doorway opens beside the stone, allowing entrance to Dolmenwood from the fairy Kingdom of Frigia. Frost elf spies emerge and race through the wood, carrying fey jewels and ice gems to tempt mortals to their cause. Their goals are to contact the Prince's embassy behind the Falls of Naon (hex 0504) and to locate and destroy the remaining warding stones. They know of the weak-point at the Pelloryons and may choose to focus their attack on that site.

Two stones disturbed: A freezing wind wracks the forest. In spring or summer, the trees drop their leaves in a premature autumn. Frost elf knights and their icy steeds march into the forest. They carry blasting horns that can shatter stone, and seek out the remaining warding stones, bent on reducing them to rubble.

Three stones disturbed: The armies of the Cold Prince are unleashed onto Dolmenwood, accompanied by deep snow over the whole wood. All waters freeze.

Four or more stones disturbed: Chell is utterly destroyed. The earth shudders as the energy of Ywyr violently returns to its natural course. The ban is completely broken and the fairy gates to Frigia are reopened. The Cold Prince may return to the mortal world. His wrath brings a fey winter upon Dolmenwood for all eternity.

Disturbing the Pelloryons

As the foundation point from which the energy of Ywyr is siphoned into Chell, the Pelloryons are the most vulnerable node of the warding ring. Naturally, this means that they are also the most vigilantly guarded.

Befuddling illusions: The Pelloryons are concealed at the centre of a maze of glamours and illusion (see hex 0509).

Guardian Audrune: The Pelloryons are under the constant watch of the Audrune Cadraigaunt, who will protect the stones with his life, should any come with malice in mind.

Toppling the Three Sisters: If the illusions and guardians are overcome, the Pelloryons may be toppled with mundane might. This causes the instant and final destruction of Chell and its warding enchantment. (This has the same effects as disturbing four Summerstones, see ***Four or More Stones Disturbed***.)

Shrines

Places of spiritual respite for devout adventurers, many now lost in the wilds.

A multitude of wayside shrines once dotted the tracks of Dolmenwood, a balm to the way-weary and a monument to the Church's power over the wild woods. Time and the pernicious influence of Atanuwë, however, have caused many of the shrines to become lost.

HISTORY OF THE SHRINES

Upon arriving in Dolmenwood (see ***History, p14***), the Pluritine Church set about making its mark on the landscape and in the minds of the local folk. A profusion of shrines, chapels, and churches sprang up in towns and villages and along roadsides.

A Shrine in Every Village

At the peak of the Church's power, a shrine to all thirty-four major saints existed within Dolmenwood, as well as shrines to many saints of lesser importance. For centuries, these were places of pilgrimage and spiritual respite to travellers in the wild woods.

Corruption by Atanuwë

With the waxing power of the Nag-Lord, the woodland paths of Dolmenwood grew once more wild, Atanuwë's corrupting influence pushing back against the forces of order and civilisation. A century ago, the wayside shrines began to disappear, veiled or displaced by Atanuwë's capricious magic. Outside of towns and villages, the majority of the old wayside shrines are now lost. Many have been overwhelmed by the wild growth of plants and fungi, the pilgrims' paths that once led to them absorbed into undergrowth. Others have been concealed or moved entirely, under the influence of more pernicious energies.

LOCATING SHRINES

The locations of all shrines in Dolmenwood are denoted in the ***Shrines of Dolmenwood*** table.

Active shrines: Shrines highlighted in bold are in active use. Their locations are well known to the Church.

Lost shrines: Other shrines are lost. Adventurers may locate lost shrines by travelling to the appropriate hex, but their locations are not known to the Church. The Referee may wish to send PCs on quests to locate a specific lost shrine. In this case, they may have advice from a Church official on the supposed whereabouts of the shrine (e.g. from old maps). It is recommended that such information be inaccurate, leading PCs to roughly the right part of Dolmenwood, but not to the exact hex where the shrine is located.

PRAYING AT SHRINES

Holy spell-casters who pray for 1 hour at a shrine may receive the blessing of the saint in the form of a specific holy spell.

One use: The spell bestowed by a saint's blessing is added to the character's list of memorised spells. Once cast, it is gone and the saint's blessing expires.

One blessing at a time: A character may only have the blessing of a single saint (and therefore only a single additional spell) at any one time. Praying at a shrine dedicated to a different saint causes the spell bestowed by the new saint to replace that bestowed by the previous saint.

Spells of higher Rank: A spell bestowed by a saint's blessing may be of higher Rank than the character is usually able to memorise. For example, a Level 2 cleric (normally able to memorise only Rank 1 spells) is able to memorise and cast a single spell of Rank 2 or higher after praying at a shrine. Or, for example, a Level 1 cleric (not normally able to memorise spells at all) is able to memorise and cast a single spell after praying at a shrine.

Repeated blessings: Characters may wish to return to a previously visited shrine and pray again. The saint's blessing is bestowed once more only if the spell is of a Rank that the character can normally memorise and as long as at least one day has passed.

Non-Spell-Casters (Optional Rule)

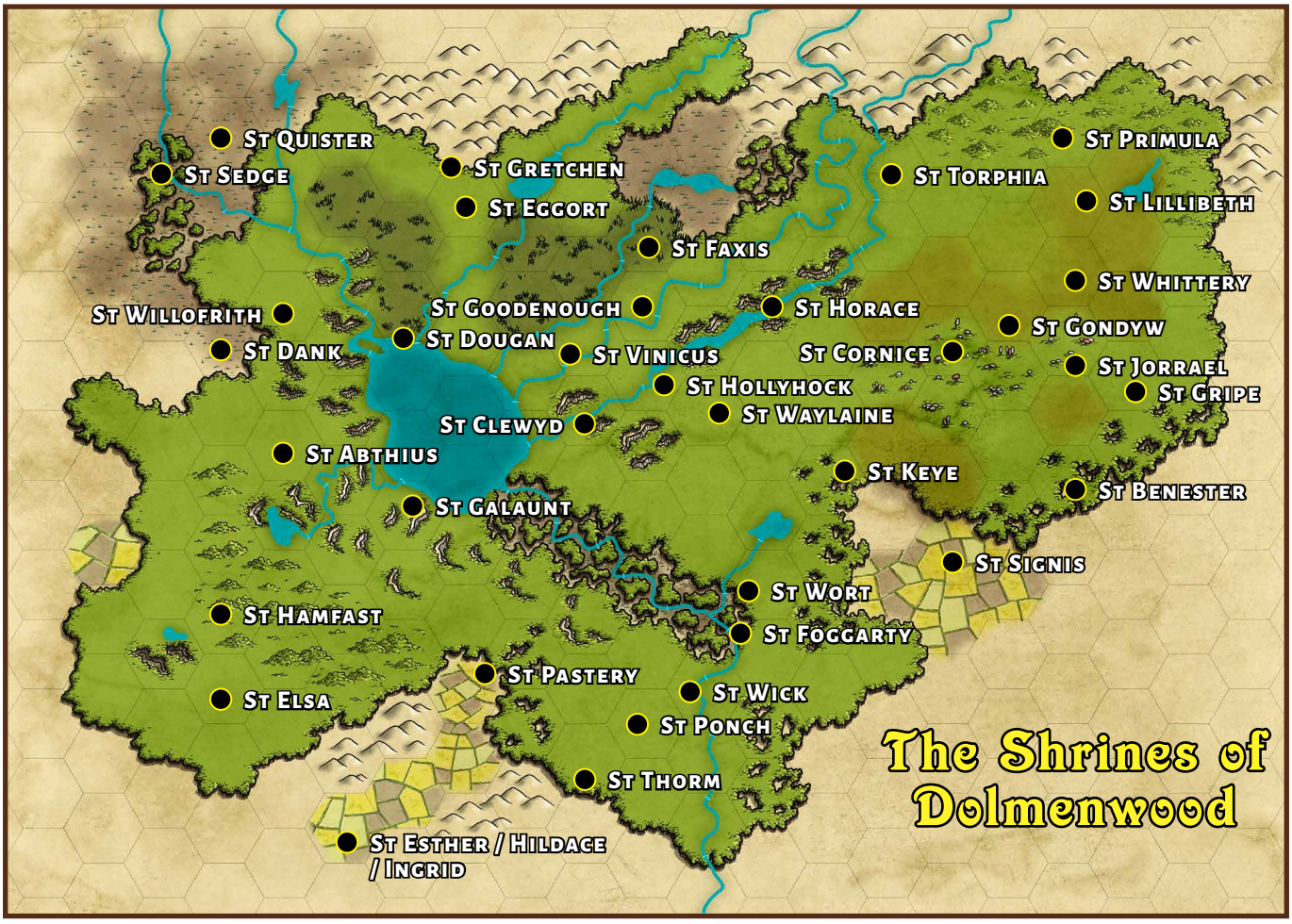
The Referee may also allow adventurers of other Classes (i.e. not holy spell-casters) to pray at shrines and receive the blessing of the saints.

Requirements: The character must be of Lawful Alignment, Level 3 or higher, and have performed worthy deeds in the service of the Church.

Once ever: The character can only receive the blessing of each saint once ever.

RESTORING SHRINES

Some lost or abandoned shrines are in a rather poor state of repair. Before characters can gain the benefits of prayer at such shrines, they must repair or restore the shrine to a decent condition. The details of this are noted in the hex descriptions of lost or abandoned shrines.



THE SHRINES OF DOLMENWOOD

#	Saint	Hex	State / Location	#	Saint	Hex	State / Location
1	Abthius	0406	Buried in purple ooze	19	Jorrael	1705	Buried in rotting fungus
2	Benester	1707	Buried in a giant ants' nest	20	**Keye**	1307	**In a wayside refuge**
3	Clewyd	0906	In the crypts of the ruined abbey	21	**Lillibeth**	1703	**In the village of Meagre's Reach**
4	Cornice	1505	Overgrown with moss + lichen	22	**Pastery**	0710	**In the town of Lankshorn**
5	Dank	0305	Toppled in mud	23	Ponch	1010	Overgrown with lofty fungus
6	**Dougan**	0604	**In Fort Vulgar**	24	Primula	1702	Toppled at the base of a sinkhole
7	Eggort	0703	In ruined town of Midgewarrow	25	Quister	0302	Half buried in boggy earth
8	Elsa	0310	Buried in beetle-infested soil	26	Sedge	0202	Submerged in a swamp
9	Faxis	1003	Submerged in a pool of slime	27	**Signis**	1508	**In Castle Brackenwold**
10	**Foggarty**	1109	**In the Woodcutters' Encampment**	28	Thorm	0911	Overgrown with ivy and fungus
11	Galaunt	0607	Concealed in a reed bed	29	**The 3 Martyrs**	0512	**In the town of High-Hankle**
12	**Gondyw**	1604	**In the village of Blackeswell**	30	Torphia	1402	In the branches of a great oak
13	Goodenough	1004	Beneath Baron Fragglehorn's tower	31	Vinicus	0905	Cliffs above Valley of Wise Beasts
14	**Gretchen**	0702	**In the hamlet of Drigbolton**	32	**Waylaine**	1106	**In the town of Prigwort**
15	Gripe	1805	In gullet of a giant willow mouth	33	Whittery	1704	Buried in the roots of a great oak
16	Hamfast	0309	Floating in a small pond	34	**Wick**	1110	**In the village of Dreg**
17	Hollyhock	1005	On the cliffs of Groaning Loch	35	Willofrith	0404	Sinking into a bog
18	Horace	1204	On a muddy beach	36	Wort	1208	Toppled into a ditch

Bold: Actively used shrines. (Others are lost or abandoned.)

The 3 Martyrs: Saints Esther, Hildace, and Ingrid.

Fairy

The nature of the timeless realm and how one may get there from Dolmenwood.

The native realm of fairies is adjacent to the mortal world, but veiled from those of mortal birth. In Dolmenwood, the boundary between the two realms grows thin, such that the laughter of fairies may at times be heard drifting on the winds of the fields we know.

An exhaustive account of the Undying Realm is beyond the scope of this book—only the most pertinent details on Fairy and its peoples as they relate to Dolmenwood are discussed here.

THE NATURE OF FAIRY

Permeated With Magic

Fairy is endless and timeless, beyond the comprehension of mortals. The very nature of Fairy is steeped with magic, so much so that, to natives of that realm, magic is entirely natural and unremarkable.

Time Flows Unevenly

The forces of time, ageing, and decay do not wrack Fairy in the same way as they do the mortal world. While events come to pass one after the other, decay and death are not inevitable facts of life and time does not flow in an even course, but twists and loops and lurches.

Those few bold or hapless mortals who journey for long periods in Fairy often find that, upon returning to their own world, only a few days have passed. Conversely, one who makes a brief dalliance in Fairy may find that years have passed upon their return to the mortal world.

A Multitude of Regions

Fairy is divided into innumerable regions, each with its own character and denizens. Some regions are lush and fecund, filled with flitting, mirthful sprites; others are sombre and forbidding, ruled by mighty Kings and Queens; still others are wild and untamed, abandoned save for flowers of deathly beauty.

The most important regions and personages of Fairy are described under ***Fairy Nobles and Their Dominions, p30***.

Fairies of Myriad Kinds

The inhabitants of Fairy are endless in their variety. Many fairies are of a particular folk—elves, goblins, sprites, satyrs, hobs, pooks, redcaps, and bogeys, to name but a small number—each having their homeland in a particular region of Fairy. Other fairies are unique individuals, sprung into existence without parent or kin.

FAIRY DOMINIONS IN DOLMENWOOD

Of old, all Dolmenwood was ruled by fairy nobles, who claimed sections of the forest as extensions of their domains in Fairy. Those days are long since past, and the Wood as a whole is now ruled by mortals. However, remnants of fairy rule abide to this day in certain corners of Dolmenwood, and a small number of fairy nobles retain a dominion in the mortal world. These are discussed under ***Fairy Nobles and Their Dominions, p30***.

FAIRY DOORS

Doors into Fairy exist in a few special places in Dolmenwood, though some are hidden and others are guarded. The ***Fairy Doors*** table lists these portals. Individual doors are detailed in the descriptions of the hexes where they are located.

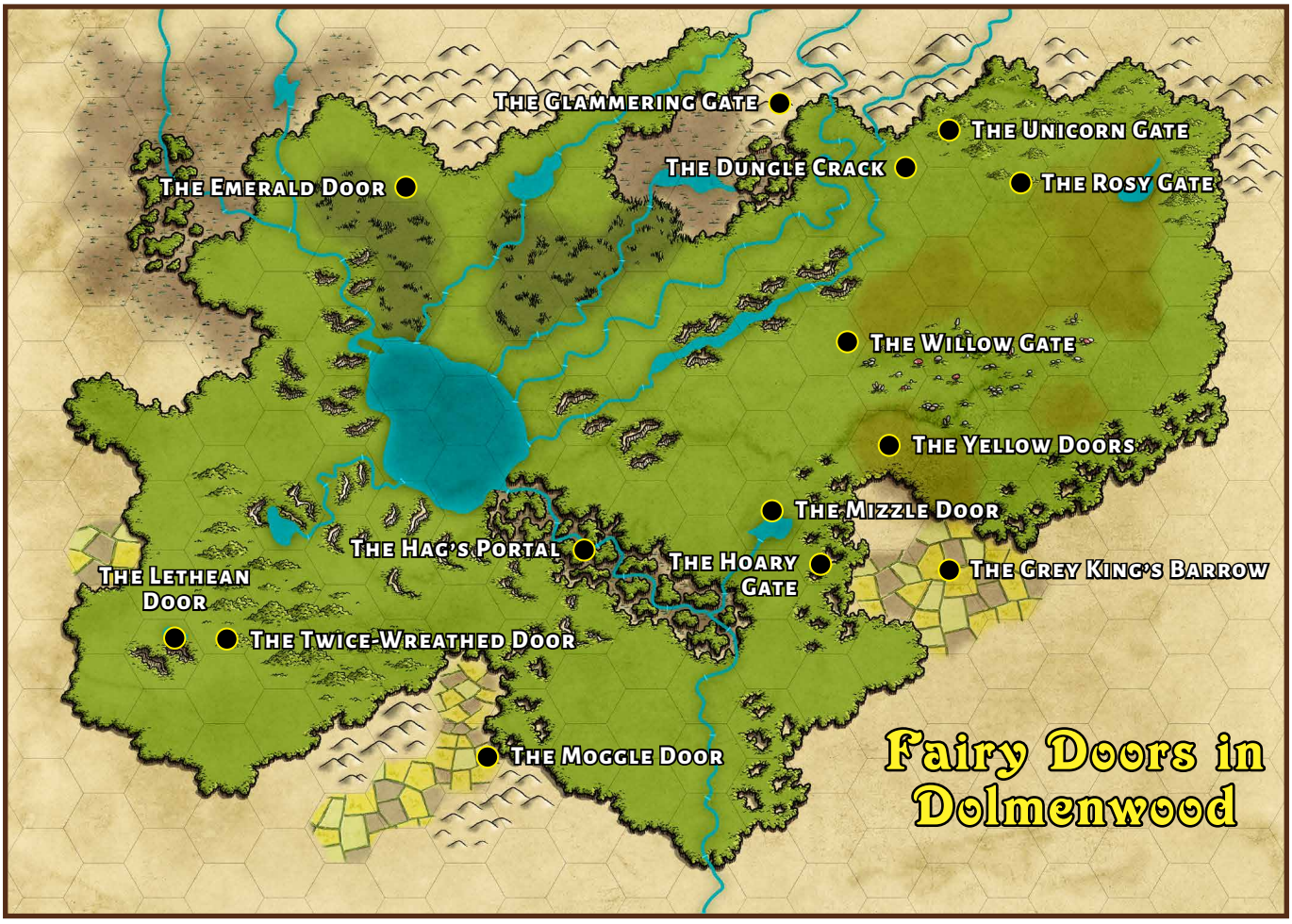
Doors directly into Fairy: A few fairy doors lead directly into the domain of a particular fairy noble. Such doors are impassable without a special invitation from the noble.

Doors into fairy roads: Other fairy doors lead into one of the fairy roads that crisscross Dolmenwood. These magical roads allow rapid travel from one part of Dolmenwood to another, via isolated regions of Fairy. See ***Fairy Roads, p26*** for full details on travelling along fairy roads.

Journeys Into Fairy (Optional)

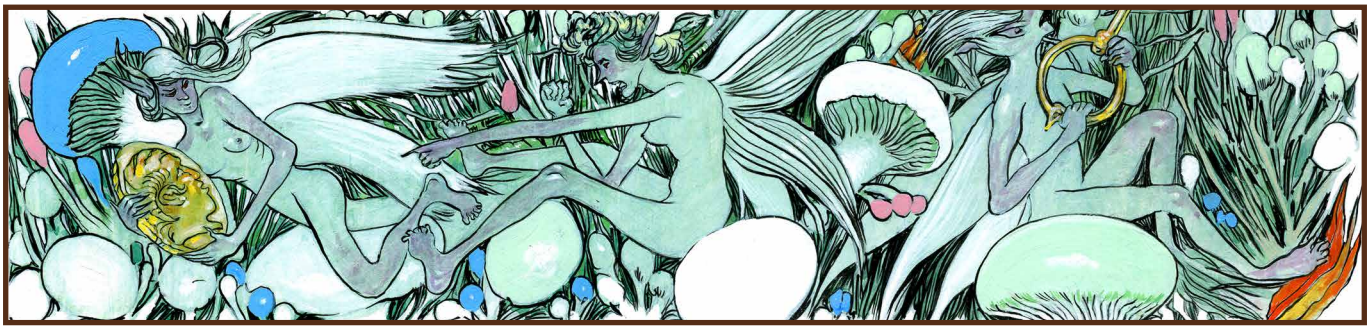
While adventurers may journey along Dolmenwood's fairy roads, Fairy itself is inaccessible, with all entrances requiring an invitation from a fairy noble. The game is set up in this way to simplify the Referee's job by avoiding unprepared jaunts into another world that is only lightly detailed in this book.

Referees wishing to expand play into one or more specific regions of Fairy may provide PCs with an invitation or other means of entering Fairy. This requires the Referee to develop adventure locales of their own in the desired region of Fairy.



FAIRY DOORS

#	Name	Hex	Leads To
1	The Dungle-Crack	1402	The Narrow Way (fairy road)
2	The Emerald Door	0602	Buttercup Lane (fairy road)
3	The Glammering Gate	1201	The White Way (fairy road)
4	The Grey King's Barrow	1508	Duke Mai-Fleur's Road (fairy road)
5	The Hag's Portal	0908	Absynthe (realm of the Queen of Blackbirds)
6	The Hoary Gate	1308	The Prince's Road (fairy road)
7	The Lethean Door	0209	Diuthurnia (realm of Duke Mai-Fleur)
8	The Mizzle Door	1207	The White Way (fairy road)
9	The Moggle Door	0711	Skipping-a-Derry (fairy road)
10	The Rosy Gate	1602	Buttercup Lane (fairy road)
11	The Twice-Wreathed Door	0309	The Narrow Way (fairy road)
12	The Unicorn Gate	1502	Duke Mai-Fleur's Road (fairy road)
13	The Willow Gate	1305	Skipping-a-Derry (fairy road)
14	The Yellow Doors	1406	Whyforth (realm of the Earl of Yellow)



Fairy Roads

Pathways constructed by mighty fairies of old, some of which still function.

In ancient days, when all of Dolmenwood was ruled from Fairy, the mighty lords and ladies of the Wood set about constructing a web of magical roads that enabled travel from one place in the mortal world to another via the twisting ways of Fairy. Six of these ancient fairy roads remain in Dolmenwood and may be used by those of adventurous spirit. The use of fairy roads is not without peril.

ENTERING A FAIRY ROAD

Fairy roads are accessed by magical doors in the mortal world, one located at each end of the road. Some of these doors are plain to see, while others are magically warded or veiled. Doors are detailed in the descriptions of the hexes where they are located.

WHERE FAIRY ROADS LEAD

While fairy roads conceptually lead directly from one location in Dolmenwood to another, in reality they twist and meander through the border regions of Fairy, such that travellers do not experience them as a straight course.

JOURNEYS ALONG FAIRY ROADS

When entering a fairy road, one leaves the comfortable surety of the mortal world and ventures into Fairy, where magic permeates all things. Journeys along a fairy road are thus perilous and unpredictable.

Travel Procedure

Use the standard rules for overland travel (see ***Travel***, *DPB*). Each fairy road has a defined length in miles.

Getting lost: As characters are following a road, there is no chance of them getting lost.

Encounters and locations: As characters travel along a fairy road they may encounter monsters or special locations. Roll 1d6 up to three times per day (or part of a day) of travel on a fairy road. If the roll comes up 1–2, a monster is encountered (roll 1d20 on the ***Fairy Road Encounters*** table). If the roll comes up 3–4, a location is encountered (roll 1d8 on the ***Locations*** table for the road being traversed—note that the same location may be encountered twice!).

Don't Stray From the Path

Fairy roads, though they may appear to pass through wide expanses of terrain, are in fact only partially real, existing in magically isolated regions of Fairy. Characters who stray from a fairy road soon begin to feel faint. Those who persist lose consciousness within 1 Turn, awakening some time later in a random hex in Dolmenwood. Roll 2d6 on the ***Time Passed in the Mortal World*** table to see how much time has passed in the mortal world.

Side-Roads

Fairy roads are not only useful as a means of travel between distant locations in the mortal world, but also lead into Fairy via side-roads to the domains of specific fairy nobles.

Invitation only: Side-roads are impassable without a special invitation from a fairy noble (see ***Journeys Into Fairy, p24***). They lead the uninvited off the fairy road (see ***Don't Stray From the Path***).

Journey's End

Time in Fairy does not flow in the same manner as it does in the mortal world. The perceptual time elapsed during a party's journey along a fairy road bears no relation to the passing of time in the mortal world.

Time in the mortal world: When the party returns to the mortal world, roll 2d6 on the ***Time Passed in the Mortal World*** table to see how much time has elapsed.

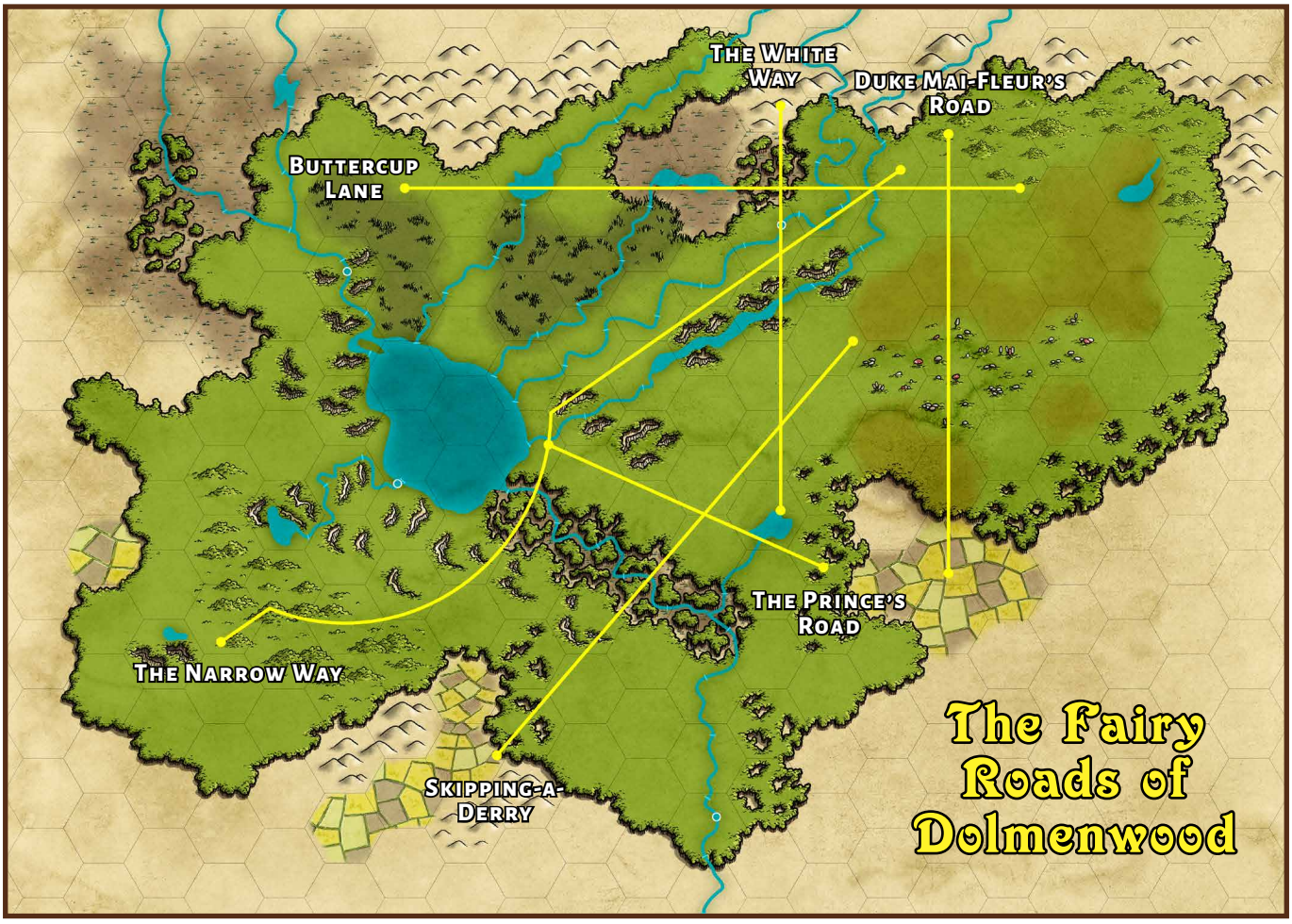
FAIRY ROAD ENCOUNTERS

d20	Encounter	d20	Encounter
1	Adventuring Party	11	Grimalkin (1d4)
2	Barrowbogey (2d6)	12	Lost Soul ‡ (1d4)
3	Centaur—Sylvan (2d6)	13	Redcap (2d6)
4	Drune—Braithmaid (1d3)	14	Redcap (2d6)
5	Drune—Cottager (1d3)	15	Scrabey (1d6)
6	Elf—Courtier (1d3)	16	Shape-Stealer (1d6)
7	Elf—Knight (1d8)	17	Snail, Giant—Psionic (1)
8	Elf—Wanderer (1d6)	18	Sprite (2d6)
9	Fairy Horse (1)	19	Witch (1d6)
10	Goblin (2d6)	20	Woodgrue (3d6)

Double dagger (‡): See ***Everyday Mortals***, *DMB*.

TIME PASSED IN THE MORTAL WORLD

2d6	Time Passed
2	1d6 minutes
3–5	1d6 hours
6–8	1d6 days
9–11	2d6 days
12	1d6 weeks



FAIRY ROADS

#	Name	Door 1	Door 2	Length	Side-Roads
1	Buttercup Lane	0602	1602	12 miles	The Blossom Fields, the Gladding-Gloam
2	Duke Mai-Fleur's Road	1502	1508	24 miles	Diuthurnia, Ravenwild
3	The Narrow Way	0309	1402	36 miles	The Gladding-Gloam, Goblinhold
4	The Prince's Road	0806 (exit only)	1308	24 miles	Ravenwild
5	Skipping-a-Derry	0711	1305	36 miles	Absynthe, Catland, Whyforth
6	The White Way	1201	1207	12 miles	Lampwrack, Tallowspire

BUTTERCUP LANE

A quaint, winding lane bounded with towering hedges of beech and hazel. Buttercup Lane exists in the perpetual haze of a summer afternoon, carpeted with buttercups.

Doors: The emerald door (0602) and the rosy gate (1602).

Length: 12 miles.

BUTTERCUP LANE LOCATIONS

d8	Buttercup Lane Location
1	Two giant willow trees flank a break in the hedge, their branches interwoven into a natural arch. A side-road leads off into the Blossom Fields (***p34***).
2	A wrought-iron gate—formed like interwoven, tropical vines—hangs slightly open. Beyond the gate, a broad side-road lined with purple rhododendrons leads into the Gladding-Gloam (***p34***).
3	The road passes through a meadow with a pond at its centre, surrounded by reeds and buzzing with dragonflies. Bathing in the pond restores 1d4 HP.
4	The road broadens and passes through a shady hazel copse. The head of a giant satyr statue lies tumbled amid the trees. The body is nowhere to be found.
5	A tree hangs over the road, laden with ripe peaches. These are *Fairy Fruits* (***p426***).
6	The road passes through a hole in the trunk of a gargantuan old oak. **1d6 root things** (*DMB*) guard the passage.
7	A picnic hamper, stuffed with delicious provender (6 fresh rations), lies in the road. The napkins bear the royal sigil of Princess Andromethia (***p34***).
8	Buttercups sway and sing a hypnotic lullaby. **Save Versus Spell** or fall into an enchanted slumber. 3d10 days pass in the mortal world.

DUKE MAI-FLEUR'S ROAD

This sandy road makes its twisting way through a morose, misty pine-wood punctuated by the eerie cries of ravens. Depressing drizzle and perpetual dusk reign.

Doors: The unicorn gate (1502) and the Grey King's barrow (1508).

Length: 24 miles.

DUKE MAI-FLEUR'S ROAD LOCATIONS

d8	Duke Mai-Fleur's Road Location
1	A broad, flagstoned road branches off. An ivy-crowned unicorn—the insignia of Duke Mai-Fleur—is carved into a large stone. The side-road leads to Diuthurnia (***p30***).
2	The road passes along a rocky ledge. At the bottom of the 50′ drop can be spied a second road which soon diverges. This is a side-road to Ravenwild (***p34***).
3	The road ascends a boulder-strewn hillside in a series of gravelly switchbacks. There is a 3-in-6 chance of a landslide: **Save Versus Hold** or suffer 1d8 damage.
4	The road crosses a stone bridge flanked by unicorn statues. Gazing into the misty river below, one may glimpse the goings-on in Castle Brackenwold.
5	Night falls, bringing utter darkness for 6 hours. During this time, **2d4 shadows** (*DMB*) emerge from the trees, grasping after living souls.
6	The forest recedes and the road passes through a misty heath. **1d6 blessed unicorns** (*DMB*) are grazing on the rough grass.
7	A hunting lodge, copiously adorned with antlers, stands beside the road, windows shuttered. The door is not locked. Inside are five lightly furnished rooms, cobwebbed and dusty, but serviceable. Any who sleep here regain 1d6 HP and awake with greying hair.
8	The ravens' cries intensify to a maddening din. PCs with Wisdom 6 or less must **Save Versus Spell** or run into the woods, leaving the road.

THE NARROW WAY

A shadowy pathway follows the zigzagging base of a lofty canyon. A huge red sun blazes in a midnight blue sky.

Instability: The Narrow Way crosses through the region of Dolmenwood which is warded by the ley line Chell (see ***p20***). This magical interference has disturbed the course of the road, causing it to become somewhat unstable.

Doors: The twice-wreathed door (0309) and the dungle-crack (1402).

Length: 36 miles.

THE NARROW WAY LOCATIONS

d8	The Narrow Way Location
1	A lopsided, 4′-high door in the canyon wall hangs open, creaking. A side-road of mazy tunnels leads to Goblin-hold (***p32***).
2	A green-varnished door in the canyon wall, with a shiny brass door-knocker, clasped in the mouth of a jester. Behind the door is a side-road leading into the steaming tropical gardens of the Gladding-Gloam (***p34***).
3	The canyon splits into a winding maze of rocky paths, increasing the effective length of the road by 4d6 miles (reduced by 2 miles for each PC with Intelligence 15+).
4	A twinkling star emerges in the sky, gradually waxes, and plunges comet-like into the canyon ahead. Impish faces dance amid the flames of the star-ember. They offer the PC with the highest Charisma a wish in exchange for their soul. (The PC can never be raised from the dead.)
5	**2d4 goblins** (*DMB*) peddle their wares from candlelit niches in the canyon walls.
6	The road descends a steep stairway, entering a chthonic region of pitch darkness extending for 1 mile.
7	**2d6 skeletons** burst from the canyon walls, clawing after living flesh.
8	The influence of the ley line Chell disrupts the road. Space fractures and the party tumbles into a void, emerging in the mortal world in hex 0807.

THE PRINCE'S ROAD

A relentlessly straight road, paved with slabs of cut ice. The Prince's Road passes through a frozen wasteland wracked by howling wind and snowstorms.

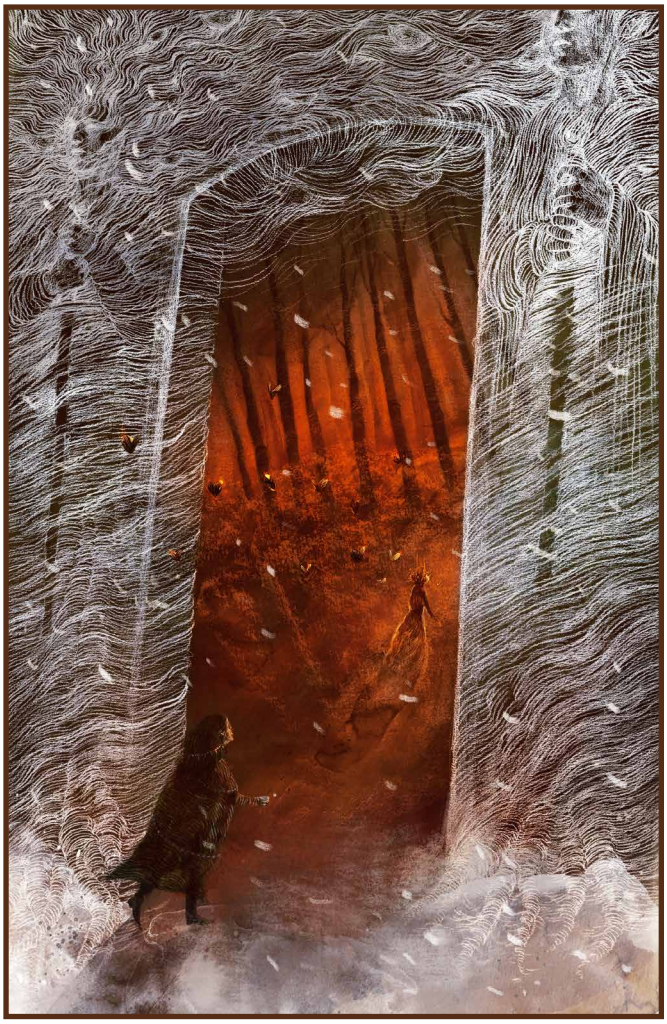
Cut short: The Prince's Road originally ran to the gates of Hoarblight Keep (hex 0505), but its path is now blocked by the ley line Chell (see ***p20***). Thus only a single door grants entry to this road. Travellers who reach the end of the road are dumped without warning into hex 0806, close to the wall of white flame.

Doors: The hoary gate (1308).

Length: 24 miles.

THE PRINCE'S ROAD LOCATIONS

d8	The Prince's Road Location
1	The road crosses a frozen river that heads toward a misty pine-wood in the distance. The river is a side-road to Ravenwild (***p34***).
2	Icy statues of elf nobles line the road. They whisper to passersby in High Elfish: "Pay fealty to the Prince."
3	A pair of 16′ tall, **ice-carved knights** flank the road. Speaking in distant whispers, they demand a toll of 100gp per mortal who wishes to pass. If denied their price, they attack. (Treat as **wicker giants**—*DMB*—with cold-based breath and immunity.)
4	A raging blizzard descends, rapidly burying the road under snowdrifts. There is a 3-in-6 chance of PCs becoming lost and wandering off the road.
5	A frozen human is entombed beneath the surface of the road. If dug up they thaw out within a day. They angered the Cold Prince in ages long past with a petty deed and still fear his wrath. They speak Old Woldish.
6	A homely inn—the Hobbler's Rest—stands beside the road. It is run by a cantankerous old goblin woman named Thoggle. Lodgings are available (common quality—*DPB*), but the only food served is *Fairy Fruit* (***p426***), at 1gp per serving.
7	A trail of blood crosses the road and leads off into the snow.
8	A bottomless, 20′ wide chasm interrupts the road. Any who cannot cross it must turn back.



SKIPPING-A-DERRY

This rustic pathway winds its way through pleasant water meadows, little valleys, and up and down a series of merry knolls. A clement sun shines cheerily in a clear sky.

Doors: The moggle door (0711) and the willow gate (1305).

Length: 36 miles.

SKIPPING-A-DERRY LOCATIONS

d8	Skipping-a-Derry Location
1	A road paved with dark grey stones crosses the path. It is a side-road leading (in either direction) to Absynthe (***p35***).
2	The path fords a sparkling stream that meanders into a cave mouth in the valley wall. The cave is a side-road to Catland (***p35***).
3	The path passes a crossroads in the midst of a field of golden corn. A wooden signpost indicates that the other road leads to "Spoondrift" (to the right) and "Wattle-Town" (to the left). Both ways lead to Whyforth (***p32***).
4	Within the space of a breath, the sun begins to set. A moment later, it is night. A blue moon rises and sings incomprehensible lullabies. Mortals must **Save Versus Spell** or be perpetually enamoured of the night, suffering a –1 penalty to attacks and saves during daylight.
5	The path passes through a wood of sweetly blossoming elder trees. Amid the trees are gravestones, some bearing names of PCs' deceased relatives. Laying flowers upon a relative's grave grants the PC a +1 bonus to Saving Throws for one week.
6	The path climbs a tall hill, its top carpeted with wildflowers. Butterflies of all hues flit around. Any who sleep here amid the flowers regain 1d6 HP.
7	The path crosses a wooden bridge over rushing river. A **sylvan centaur** (*DMB*) named Cmbrogh guards the way, challenging the strongest PC to defeat her in (non-lethal) unarmed combat.
8	The path passes through a 3′ high tunnel in the roots of a giant willow. **2d6 sprites** (*DMB*) dwell among the roots and harass passing PCs.

THE WHITE WAY

This gravel road twists through a gloomy, bewildering twilight forest. The White Way is utterly colourless; those entering from Dolmenwood bring with them an awful, buzzing vibrancy which fades within minutes.

Doors: The glammering gate (1201) and the mizzle door (1207).

Length: 12 miles.

THE WHITE WAY LOCATIONS

d8	The White Way Location
1	Thorny, white branches bend into an archway at the roadside. Within the arch is a howling blackness leading to a side-road to the wastes of Lampwrack (***p35***).
2	A crumbling mausoleum stands beside the road. Inside, a staircase leads down to a stretch of corridor—a side-road which eventually emerges in the catacombs of Tallowspire (***p35***).
3	**2d6 hollow, lupine creatures** formed of rasping husks emerge from the trees and pursue travellers, gurgling and wailing. (Treat as **dire wolves**—*DMB*.)
4	A region of ashen trees with faintly glowing, crystalline apples high in their branches. When picked, the fruits glow only in darkness, casting a 20′ radius light in which all things are colourless. One who possesses such a fruit must **Save Versus Spell** or forever lose the ability to sing.
5	The road passes by a pool of horrid, seeping yellow. A vaguely **humanoid phantom**—also vivid yellow—emerges from the pool and gropes after living travellers. (Treat as a **spectre**—*DMB*.)
6	Light fades to utter blackness, lasting for 12 hours. Only magical light can penetrate the dark.
7	The road passes through a boulder-strewn plain. **2d6 shadows** (*DMB*) follow travellers, observing from a distance. 1d3 of them continue to follow PCs until they leave the White Way. They are harmless if left alone.
8	A plaza of white marble, ringed with pillars carved with the stern faces of satyrs and nymphs. Water trickles from the mouths of a great seven-headed lion fountain. Any who drink heal 1d6 HP and become forever colourless, even after leaving the White Way.

Fairy Nobles and Their Dominions

The mighty rulers of Fairy and the weird realms over which they hold dominion.

While the ancient beings who rule realms within Fairy seldom have direct dealings with the mortal world, Dolmenwood and its inhabitants are sometimes embroiled in their inscrutable machinations. The main fairy nobles and realms that appear in the folklore of Dolmenwood are described here. Many more exist and may be heard of in rumour and folktale.

THE BLIND KING

A terrible iron-crowned giant with grey, sagging skin, hair stiff with frost, and empty eye sockets. Though sightless, the Blind King senses the echoes of all that comes to pass within his drear realm, Gloomhold. All of the King's servants are blind, for his countenance brings eternal death.

The Blind King has no contact whatsoever with Dolmenwood and mercilessly imprisons any mortals who trespass in his realm.

The Realm of Gloomhold

A vast, lightless realm of perilous mountains, fathomless chasms, and smothering fogs.

The Fortress of Absolom: The Blind King rules from the obsidian fortress of Absolom, which stands at the summit of a great peak known as the Mountain of Whispers.

The dungeons of Absolom: Mortals speak fearfully of the fortress' dungeons, whose darkness is so profound that it seeps into a mortal's mind, erasing all memory of light.

THE COLD PRINCE

A cruel, alabaster-skinned frost elf, erstwhile ruler of all Dolmenwood, whose mind has been twisted by centuries of exile in his realm of Frigia (see ***History, p14***). The Cold Prince is chief of one of the major factions in Dolmenwood. See ***Cold Prince, p48***.

The Realm of Frigia

A realm of hoar-cloaked forest and snowy peaks.

The Palace of Ruvanaith: The Prince's ice-palace, Ruvanaith, sits in a hidden mountain valley and can only be reached by air.

Magically warded: All erstwhile paths between Frigia and Dolmenwood are magically warded, leaving the frost-realm deeply isolated in an obscure recess of Fairy. See ***The Ring of Chell, p20***.

The Blind King

DUKE MAI-FLEUR

A wild-spirited fairy with an elf father and a human mother, crowned with holly and ivy, whose dreadful anger and heartening laughter are ever imminent. Mai-Fleur rules the fairy realm of Diuthurnia. He is renowned as the most accomplished hunter ever to set foot in Dolmenwood.

The Realm of Diuthurnia

A moderately sized realm of dense, primal forest.

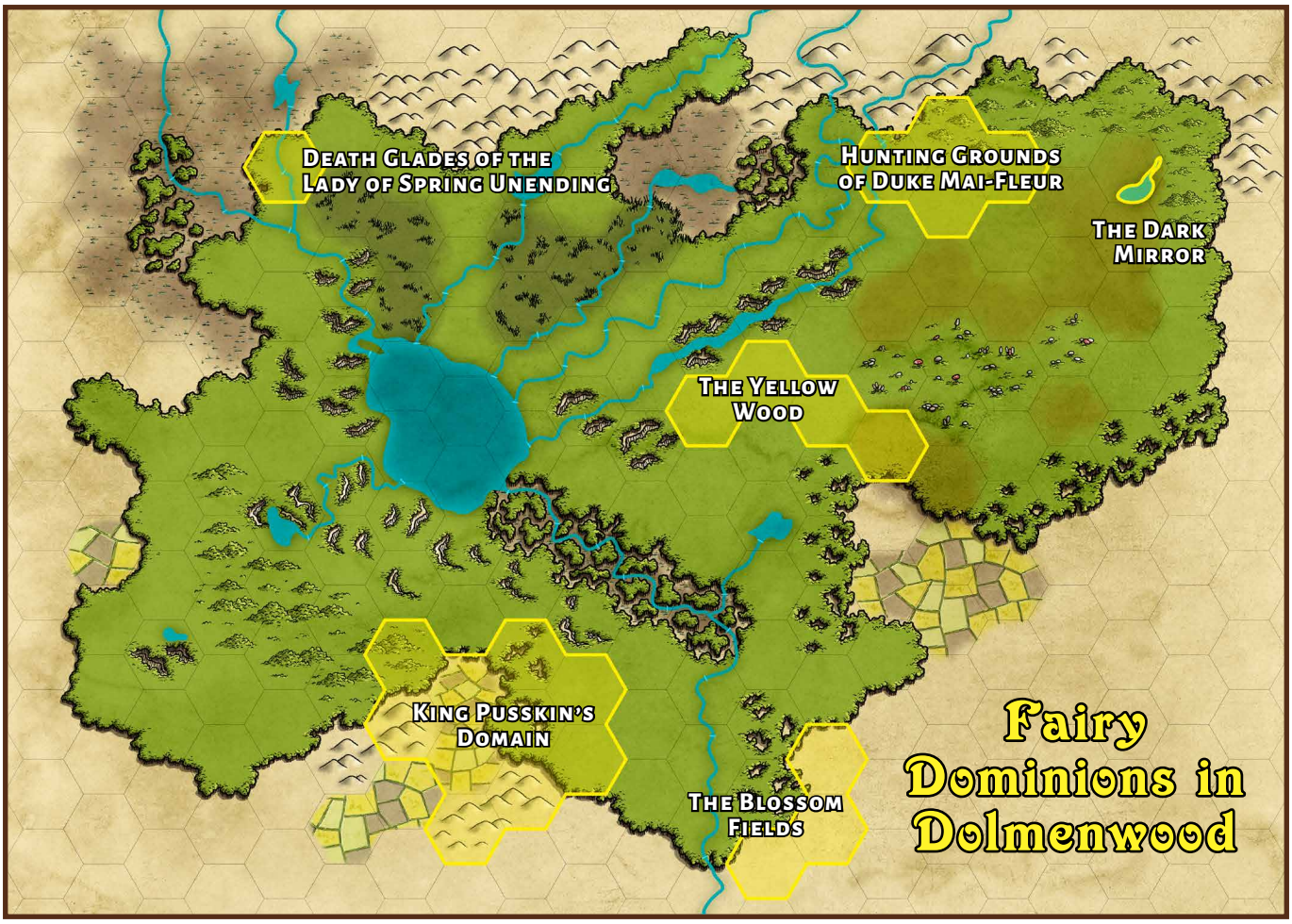
Castle Ravenmere: Deep in a pathless tract of wood is the Duke's castle, Ravenmere, which is ruled by his wife.

Mortal Dominion—Hunting Grounds

Duke Mai-Fleur rules a small area of eastern Dolmenwood (hexes 1402, 1502, 1503, 1602) in addition to the forest realm of Diuthurnia.

Encounters in Dolmenwood

The Duke spends three out of every four seasons hunting with his retinue in the tangled depths of the forest and beyond. The Wild Hunts which cross over from Fairy into Dolmenwood are under the command of Duke Mai-Fleur. See hex 1502.



THE DUKE WHO CHERISHES DREAMS

A ficklesome being, ruler of Hypnagogia, who takes a variety of guises, as suit his whims. In the presence of mortals or elves, he usually takes the form of a corpulent, robed courtier bearing wondrous trinkets of illusion and dream.

The Realm of Hypnagogia

A disorienting dimension of endless, mazy forest where a playful, dream-like sentience pervades all things.

The Alabaster Spire: The Duke Who Cherishes Dreams rules from his fortress, the Alabaster Spire. His greatest treasure is his library of dreams, wherein the reveries and nightmares of every mortal in Dolmenwood are archived.

Mortal Dominion—The Dark Mirror

The waters of the Dark Mirror in Dolmenwood (hex 1802) are traditionally counted as a part of the Duke's dominion. The dreams of the mortal folk of Dolmenwood pool in the Dark Mirror and are dredged by the Duke's sailors.

Ygraine and Meagre's Reach

The Duke was traditionally an ally of the sorceress Ygraine. Their relationship has become strained of late, as he holds Ygraine responsible for the irksome repeating dreams of the people of Meagre's Reach (hex 1703).

The Duke Who Cherishes Dreams

THE EARL OF YELLOW

A mirthful, ochre-skinned satyr with horns of shimmering ivory and a mane of radiant gold. The Earl rules the realm of Whyforth and a portion of central Dolmenwood. While he seldom visits the mortal world himself, the Earl takes an active interest in the doings of mortal folk in his dominion.

The Realm of Whyforth

A realm of golden plains and rolling meadows.

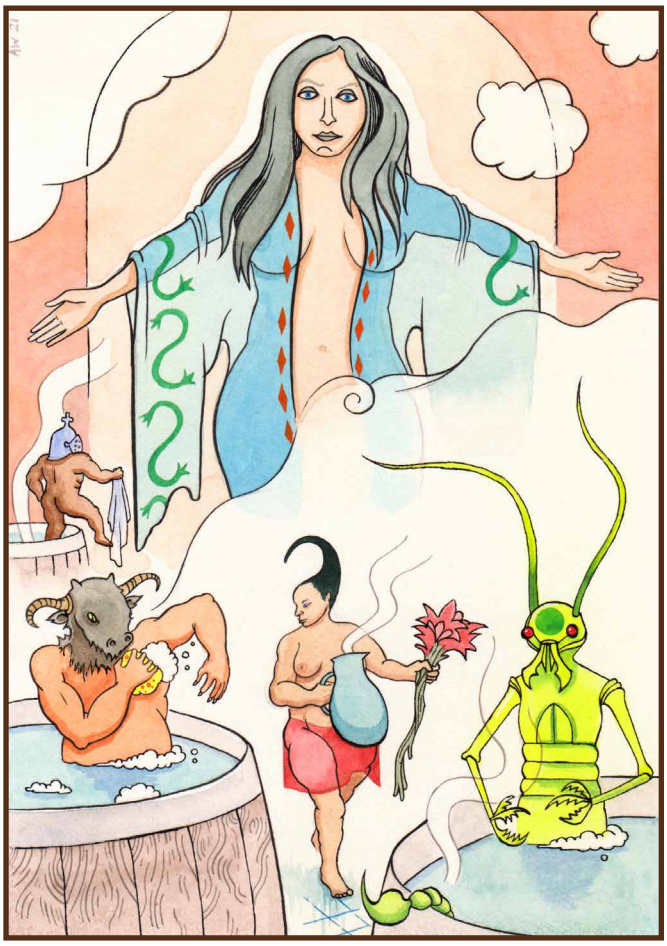
Spoondrift Castle: A towering fortification of spiralled, yellow sandstone—seemingly carved from a single piece, by the whimsy of the wind—from whence the Earl rules.

Mortal Dominion—The Yellow Wood

The Earl's dominion also encompasses part of central Dolmenwood (hexes 1106, 1205, 1306, 1406), known as the Yellow Wood. The Earl's emissaries—enigmatic elf knights clad entirely in yellow and riding atop great golden wolves—patrol this area of Dolmenwood and visit Prigwort in secret.

The Fealty of Prigwort

The town of Prigwort (hex 1106) is located within the Yellow Wood and its folk secretly pay fealty to the Earl of Yellow. If the town were ever seriously threatened, the Earl would certainly lend his aid.



The Hag Thorn-Rosy

THE GOBLIN KING

A lithe, silver-haired elf of jealous, sardonic temperament who has ruled over goblinkind since ancient times. He loves music and cavorting, often accompanied by hordes of goblin followers. The Goblin King is feared among mortals for his love of whisking children away to his realm, Goblinhold, where they are imprisoned in his befuddling dungeons. The Goblin King keeps many names, some of them public and some known only to a few individuals. (His true name is known only to himself, of course.)

The Realm of Goblinhold

A flat and barren plain of rocky wastelands and mazy swamps. The sun of Goblinhold is merciless and its moon is bewitching.

Castle Muddlemoot: The Goblin King's castle looms at the centre of Goblinhold. The castle has a whimsical sentience of sorts and works to befuddle and mislead those unfortunates who pass through its gates and wander its seemingly endless mazes, courtyards, and dungeons.

The Goblin Market

Winding pathways from all over Fairy converge on the market of the goblins—an important centre of commerce in the timeless realm. It is here that goblins and fairies of all other kinds gather to trade weird and fantastic wares. Some few mortals of cunning bent (e.g. Drunes) find their way here too, and are welcomed by the goblins, who make no discrimination with whom they trade.

The true location of the Goblin Market is unknown, though some believe it to be situated within Castle Muddlemoot.

THE HAG THORN-ROSY

A mistress of illusion, Thorn-Rosy typically takes the form of voluptuous, silk-robed giantess. She is the proprietor of a dimension-hopping bath-house known as the Baths of Astralon, where she dwells in palatial suites in the upper floors. She is known for her changeable temperament, her iron-fisted rule of the bath-house, her fits of sudden mirth, and her love of gold. Though she spends her days surrounded by interdimensional nobility, she has little true respect for rank, preferring to consort with those who have the talent to reach above their station.

The Baths of Astralon

An extravagant bath-house where fairy nobles, powerful magicians, astral travellers, and the like may find rest and recuperation. The bath-house drifts throughout Fairy and may be reached via portals in many realms and strange dimensions.

In the mortal world: The bath-house occasionally manifests beside pools or rivers in the mortal world. Mortals are not permitted entry as guests, but may apply for employment as maids or furnace-tenders. Adventurers may also, upon occasion, gain an audience in the baths with an eminent individual seeking emissaries, servitors, or mercenaries.

KING PUSSKIN

A grimalkin king who has completely abandoned Fairy and "gone native" in his domain in the mortal world. As is the fate of any fairy noble who takes up permanent residence in the mortal world, King Pusskin has faded, over many centuries, into a dilute presence that pervades his dominion, no longer having a fixed, physical form. In time, he will fade entirely into folklore.

Mortal Dominion—The High Wold

King Pusskin's presence is felt around the town of Lankshorn (hexes 0609, 0610, 0710, 0711, 0712, 0809, 0810, 0811, 0910, 0911), manifesting as a series of odd by-laws and taboos that, if not respected, bring down his wrath.

LADY BELLADONNA

An elf lady of refined taste and capricious nature. Her eyes are blue as glaciers, her hair is crimson and wildly backcombed, and her garb is of black lace and cobwebs. Lady Belladonna is a rare, wandering noble, and the whereabouts of her ancestral dominion are unknown. Some speculate that it was destroyed in war or disaster. She roams in Fairy (where she is treated with respect) and in Dolmenwood.

Encounters in Dolmenwood

In the mortal realm, Lady Belladonna typically takes on the guise of an alluring, well-bred lady in distress, seeking the aid of adventurers in some grave matter. Inevitably the quest they undertake for her is under false pretences. Characters seldom escape a quest for Lady Belladonna without new enemies, a criminal reputation, or worse.

THE LADY OF MIDNIGHT

A grim elf lady with skin the colour of rock and hair like living shadow. The Lady of Midnight rules the beleaguered fairy realm of Everborne. She is a cool-headed leader and a great poet who inspires her afflicted people to great valour.

The Realm of Everborne

A domain of dismal thorn-forests and broken deserts. The harrowing moon of Everborne looms ever-full.

The City of Tainglass: At the centre of Everborne stands the walled city of Tainglass, with its great garrison, eternally beleaguered by mindless hordes that descend from the moon. The Lady of Midnight remains in the city, in solidarity with her people.

Mercenaries and Alliances

In an attempt to break the siege of Tainglass, the Lady of Midnight accepts aid from all quarters. She has been known to enlist mercenaries from the mortal world, in times of dire need. She would enter into an alliance with any faction that could tip the balance of her eternal battle. Indeed, servants of the Cold Prince have recently fought their way to Tainglass, seeking an audience with the Lady to discuss the possibilities of a coalition.

Lady Belladonna

THE LADY OF SPRING UNENDING

A cruel elf woman of eternally youthful complexion, clad in white, with golden hair falling to her feet. The Lady is the half-sister of Princess Andromethia (***p34***), banished from her native realm of the Blossom Fields after poisoning her own brother in an attempt to take the throne.

Mortal Dominion—The Death Glades

Exiled from Fairy, the Lady lingers in a small dominion in north-western Dolmenwood (hex 0402). Despite her cheery name, the lady's lands are dreaded—few who set foot in her ever-blossoming glades are seen again by mortal eyes.

The Lady's Beauty

Some say that the Lady of Spring Unending is the most beautiful woman in Dolmenwood, and no small number of mortals have wandered into her dreaded lands wishing to catch a glimpse of her.

LORD GLADHAND

A portly, blue-skinned elf lord with broad, violet eyes and a prodigious, ivy-like beard. Gladhand dresses in pied garb of padded silk and has a fondness for absurd masks. Lord Gladhand can step between his realm, the Gladding-Gloam, and the mortal world at will and can take mortals back with him, if it is his wish.

The Realm of the Gladding-Gloam

A fathomless expanse of lush, tropical gardens with an infinite variety of flowering plants.

Shandycoiffe Manor: A rambling manse of mahogany and teak, situated atop a bluff overlooking the gardens. The vast hordes of servants who toil in the manse's gloomy interior seldom know whether their enigmatic Lord is at home or off on one of his wanderings.

Encounters in Dolmenwood

Lord Gladhand is a trickster who often wanders Dolmenwood in various guises. He delights in toying with mortals, taking a special interest in adventurers. One of his favoured tricks is to take on the guise of a kindly magician, send adventurers on a dangerous quest, and then assume the role of their antagonist. When he tires of his tricks, he reveals himself, then disappears with a chuckle.

Lord Gladhand

PRINCE MALLOWHEART

Ruler of Ravenwild, also known as Prince Seven-Past-Noon. A decadent, cruel, and capricious frost elf who regards mortals as mere playthings. His sallow lips and skin are blackened by frostbite. He dresses in robes of rich fur and wears a crown of iron thorns and fused diamonds.

Mallowheart is the estranged half-brother of the Cold Prince (***p30***) and foster father of the magician Ygraine Mordlin (***p84***).

The Realm of Ravenwild

A wild, desolate realm of eerie pine woods and treacherous bluffs. Ravenwild is unpopulated by sentient life.

Nooning Keep: Mallowheart's palace of granite and obsidian stands upon a lonely isle on a haunted lake.

Encounters in Dolmenwood

Prince Mallowheart comes and goes as he pleases within Dolmenwood's bounds, though the ring of Chell bars him, as it does all frost elves (see ***The Ring of Chell, p20***). The Prince and his entourage of sadistic knights, amoral courtiers, and jaded ladies are sometimes encountered upon the roads of Dolmenwood, either charging toward some unknown destination or arrogantly setting up court in the middle of the road, forcing beings of lesser stature to trudge through the underbrush.

PRINCESS ANDROMETHIA

The ruler of the Blossom Fields is of half-elf, half-satyr heritage, with a single spiralling horn above her left ear and the hoof of a goat in place of her right foot. She is a kindly woman of ancient years, yet appears eternally young.

The Realm of the Blossom Fields

Located in an obscure region of Fairy, the Princess's domain consists of a wide expanse of carefully tilled farmlands, rolling hills, and wild meadows. Her dominion is famed among mortals for the pastoral beauty of its timeless blossom fields, where a person may rest and dream for a century, without a care in the world.

Mortal Dominion

The Blossom Fields are partially coexistent with a small region of rolling meadows to the south east of Dolmenwood (hexes 1212, 1311, 1312).

Encounters in Dolmenwood

In the balmy days of high summer, mortals of light spirit and good intent may chance upon the Princess and her courtiers, picnicking among the fields of her dominion in the mortal world (see hex 1312). Her hampers contain the most heavenly luncheon snacks that one could wish for.

THE PRINCE WHO IS SEVEN

A world-weary elf lord—ruler of the realm of Lampwrack—who manifests as seven identical individuals. Surrounded by a thousand courtiers and petty nobles, six of the Prince's seven forms dance with elf-ladies and dine at overflowing banquet tables, while one dwells in near-isolation, in a forgotten tower in an obscure reach of his palace.

The Realm of Lampwrack

An endless waste haunted by husk-like beings that devour the souls of mortal and fairy alike.

The ruined city of Harkthold: At the centre of Lampwrack stands the ruined fairy city of Harkthold, where the Prince Who Is Seven holds his courts, which are host to a ball and banquet that persist without end. A languid decadence has taken hold here over centuries beyond memory.

The Prince's Research

The private form of the Prince is absorbed in a study of the magical arts of Fairy. He seeks to revive his mythical ancestor, the vanquished First King of Lampwrack, who he believes has the power to return the kingdom to its former glory.

QUEEN ABYSSINIA

Ruler of Catland, also known as the Queen of All Cats. The fearsome Queen Abyssinia is a fairy of odd heritage, half elfish, half grimalkin. She appears as a tall, slender woman dressed all in silver, with straight, silver hair, green, feline eyes, and needle-like claws as long as her fingers. She is volatile, reckless, spiteful, and whimsical.

The Realm of Catland

A hidden realm of gloomy woods, mazy rocks, and bewildering caverns. This is the native realm of grimalkins.

Murquine Palace: The palace of Queen Abyssinia: a palazzo of some fantastic proportion, its domes, spires, halls, and parlours said to extend infinitely.

Former Ally of the Cold Prince

Queen Abyssinia was once an ally of the Cold Prince, but spurned him long ago.

THE QUEEN OF BLACKBIRDS

A raven-haired, black-eyed elf lady, cloaked in crows' feathers, who rules over the fairy realm of Absynthe. The Queen is aloof and ignorant to the concerns of mortal folk, but is for the most part benign toward any mortals who should cross her path.

The Realm of Absynthe

A great, phantasmagoric thorn-wood and a vast estate of frozen gardens and dark, cold lakes.

Blackwood Manor: The Queen's brooding manse, formed of a forest of shadows. Visitors frequently become lost for all eternity within its benighted halls.

Former Mortal Dominion—Hag's Addle

In ancient times, the Queen's dominion encompassed the region of Dolmenwood now known as Hag's Addle. She no longer maintains this erstwhile domain and has no interest in the mortal world.

The Hag: The Queen's sister (now known simply as the Hag) haunts Hag's Addle, where she has been exiled for millennia for her wicked deeds. See ***p82*** for full details on the Hag.

The Queen's Banquets

The Queen of Blackbirds holds great balls and banquets upon barges in the lakes of Absynthe, as she once did upon the river Hameth. It is said that mortals who find their way to Absynthe are welcomed at the banquets.

THE REGENT HADOR

A mercurial being who shifts between a multitude of physical forms, all with cerulean skin and golden, rope-like locks. Ruler of the infinite city of Tallowspire, Hador values aesthetic beauty above all else and is known as a collector of unsurpassed taste.

The Realm of Tallowspire

An infinite city whose catacombs are said to date from before the creation of the mortal world.

The Palace of Sighs: The palace of the Regent, walls studded with jade and opal, seemingly constructed by and for giants. The parlours, studies, and vaults of the palace house objects of exquisite beauty collected from obscure reaches of Fairy and the mortal world.

Wood Gods

Godlings that have dwelt in Dolmenwood since the dawn of time.

The Wood Gods are a manifestation of the spirit of Dolmenwood—or, seen the other way around, the forest may be a physical manifestation of the Wood Gods. Though the first humans in Dolmenwood worshipped these entities, this religion (Gwyrae) is now outlawed by the Pluritine Church. Among humans, the Wood Gods are now largely absorbed into the half-truths of folklore. Eleven Wood Gods are described here, but others—now disappeared—existed in the distant past.

The Wood Gods are neither good nor evil and, despite the allusions in the names mortals give to them, they are neither male nor female—as powerful otherworldly entities, they transcend human conceptions of gender.

AMBULE

A smiling, pot-bellied giant with red clay flesh coated in thick, trailing mosses and a single, hexagonal eye of absolute blackness. Ambule is a manifestation of the mutability of earth, from silt to mud to rock.

Relationship with humans: The folk of northern Dolmenwood once worshipped Ambule, propitiating the Wood God for protection and good fortune. Ambule is now forgotten to all save those who study ancient gods.

Locus: Ambule slumbers in the chalky chasms beneath a treeless, flat-topped hill at the eastern edge of Dwelmfurgh (hex 0805). Atop this hill stands the sole remaining monument to Ambule: a tall column of roughly hewn chalk, carved with hundreds of names. The chalk column marking the godling's sleeping place has some power still, if one carves one's name into its surface.

CWRNUS—THE GREEN MAN

A portly, merry giant with twinkling emerald eyes and a benevolently smiling, leaf-ringed visage. Cwrnus is a manifestation of the fecund growth of trees, mosses, and creepers throughout Dolmenwood, dressed in a cloak of moss, with a crown of holly. As the plants beloved of Cwrnus rely on the waters of Dolmenwood for life, Cwrnus was a close ally of the water-dragon Gheillough in ancient times.

Relationship with humans: Before the coming of the Pluritine Church to Dolmenwood, the people of the Wood worshipped Cwrnus as King of the Wood. He was revered as a god of feast and plenty, mirth and debauch, master of hops and ale-craft, and lord of the hunt. Of old, the ivy-wreathed face of the Green Man was carved upon every inn and way-sign in Dolmenwood.

Modern remnants: If one looks closely, one can still find the face of Cwrnus and the symbol of his dominion—a cruciform oak—among the old stones and carvings of churches and gravestones, a near-hidden echo of the past, amalgamated into the trappings of the monotheistic Pluritine Church.

Suppressed by the Church: Worship of all Wood Gods—but especially that of Cwrnus—was swiftly stamped out by the Church upon its conquest of Dolmenwood some 1,200 years ago (see ***History, p14***), but the Green Man lingers still in local folklore to this day.

Poisoned by tainted waters: The poisoning of Dolmenwood's waters by Atanuwë (also see ***Gheillough***) has greatly diminished the already failing power of Cwrnus.

Supplanted by Atanuwë in folklore: Folk tales tell that the Green Man was slain by the Nag-Lord, who usurped his position as folkloric King of the Wood. The new bearer of that title is not well-loved, and many tales speak of the day when Cwrnus will sprout anew from the soil and defeat the Nag-Lord to reclaim his rightful title.

Locus: Suppressed by the Church and slowly poisoned by Atanuwë's toxic influence, Cwrnus no longer has the power to manifest physically, instead existing in a disparate form throughout the verdant undergrowth of the Wood.

Wood Gods and Worshippers

Wood Gods are beings of godling status, bound to some aspect of the mortal world. As such, while they can bestow magical powers upon worshippers, they cannot grant spells in the way that true deities can. The god of the Pluritine Church, for example, is of a higher order of magnitude than the Wood Gods.

EMBALA

A gargantuan lamprey-like monstrosity with seven spherical eyes, a ring of writhing blue tentacles around the mouth, and numerous smaller, suckered mouths along its underbelly. Embala is a manifestation of the cold depths of the Groaning Loch.

Relationship with humans: Embala was once primary among the deities (known as "Gwyrigons") worshipped by the witches of Dolmenwood (see ***Witches, p72***), who named the Wood God "Embala of the Husk." The witches associate Embala with dreams, prophecy, and madness.

The Mirrors of Embala: Embala could only be contacted via a set of three crystal mirrors of entrancing beauty, known as the *Mirrors of Embala* (see ***p75***), possessed by the Queen of all Witches. The loss of two of the mirrors many centuries ago made communion with Embala impossible. For some witches in the modern day, the ancient quest to recover the mirrors becomes an obsession.

Locus: Embala lies in a comatose slumber in a deep crevice at the base of the Groaning Loch (hex 1204).

ERTTA

A giant, black-scaled serpent, wreathed in mist, with seventeen heads and a like number of tails, coiled in on itself with each head devouring a tail in a bizarre cycle of perpetual digestion and growth. Ertta is a manifestation of the power of the skies and winds of Dolmenwood and is especially active on stormy days.

Relationship with humans: Ertta is one of the three primary deities (known as "Gwyrigons") worshipped by the witches of Dolmenwood (see ***p72***), who name the Wood God "Ertta the Devouring Mother." The witches associate Ertta with ageing, death, and decay.

Locus: Except when manifest, Ertta exists in a invisible, disparate form, drifting in the skies, clouds, and winds above Dolmenwood. The Wood God's primary locus—where the witches commune with it—is in hex 0505, upon the Isle of Yeth.

GHEILLOUGH

A great, flashing, silver-scaled water-dragon which is a manifestation of the energies of Dolmenwood's waters. The waters of Dolmenwood carry not only the vital stuff of mortal life, but also form a conduit for the spiritual and magical energies that sustain the forest on a subtler level, with Gheillough a physical manifestation of the cycles of flowing, gathering, and purification.

In ancient times: Gheillough's presence kept Lake Longmere unfrozen during the reign of the Cold Prince, when Dolmenwood was cloaked in ice (see ***History, p14***).

Relationship with humans: Despite Gheillough's fundamental role as a manifestation and conduit of the magical energies of Dolmenwood, its existence has been long forgotten by all but the Drune and a few sages of mythology. The Drune, long ago, subjugated Gheillough with their binding magic, siphoning a portion of its supernatural force for their own purposes. The sorcerers' hold on the godling has not lasted until the present day, however.

Corruption by Atanuwë: The corrupting influence of the Nag-Lord, oozing out from its chosen domicile in the north of the Wood, spread quickly through the waters, pooling in Lake Longmere. The waters became magically tainted, causing Gheillough to fall into a soporific delirium in the mud of the lakebed (hex 0606), dispelling the arcane bonds that the Drune had placed upon it.

Locus: Gheillough once manifested in all the waters of the great Lake Longmere and the torrent of the Falls of Naon. In the present day, however, the Wood God lies submerged in the mud in the depths of the lake (see hex 0606), slumbering fitfully under the noisome influence of Atanuwë.

Connection with Big Chook: Gheillough's troubled dreams manifest in the mortal world as a monster of violent temperament and horrid aspect—the beast known as Big Chook (see ***p253***), which haunts Lake Longmere. This relationship is unknown to any but Atanuwë.

Awakening: If Gheillough were to be awoken, the consequent revitalisation of Lake Longmere would be disastrous for Atanuwë, causing the unnatural Chaotic influences of the nine-legged lord to be flushed out of Dolmenwood within a matter of months. The reappearance of Gheillough would be cause for celebration among the Drune, who would doubtless connive to reinstate their arcane bonds around the Wood God.

Slaying: Likewise, the death of Gheillough would tip the balance of power heavily in favour of Atanuwë, whose influence would spread rapidly throughout the Wood.

HASTURIEL

This Wood God is a manifestation of fire and embers, taking the form of a 10′ tall humanoid skeleton formed of ashen wood, veiled in three concentric layers of energy: a wreath of writhing, carmine plasma, a sheen of flickering, emerald flame, and an aura of flashing, cyan sparks. Hasturiel's single, lidless, flashing eye is terrible to behold.

Relationship with humans: Hasturiel is one of the three primary deities (known as "Gwyrigons") worshipped by the witches of Dolmenwood (see ***Witches, p72***), who name the Wood God "Hasturiel Thrice-Crowned" and "She From Beyond." The witches associate Hasturiel with metamorphosis, vision, and speech.

Locus: Hasturiel dwells in subterranean caverns deep beneath the gargantuan granite pylon in hex 1404.

HOWAWI

A tall, humanoid being, cloaked in black, with the head and antlers of a stag. Howawi is associated with the hunt and with the symbiosis of hunter and hunted.

Relationship with humans: In times beyond knowledge, a cult devoted to Howawi existed among the people dwelling in northernmost reaches of Dolmenwood and the lands beyond—including the Table Downs and the Northern Scratch. This forgotten folk lived in mud huts, burned bog-peat to assuage the wind's cold bite, and hunted beasts on the fens. In a scant few sites, remnants of this worship can be found in the form of time-worn statues of Howawi, depicted clutching a human skull.

Relationship with deorlings: Although Howawi is all but forgotten among humans, the godling has power still among the deorlings (*DMB*) who tread the wild paths of the northern woods. The deer-folk regard Howawi as their spiritual patron—a proud and vengeful god, halfway between man and beast.

Locus: Howawi lingers in the shadows of the wild woods in hex 1702.

LIMWDD

A gargantuan being of roughly humanoid form, with six clawed limbs, a head like a chestnut, a tail alike to a curled fern frond, and earthy flesh teeming with worms. Limwdd is a manifestation of the fecund soils of Dolmenwood.

Relationship with humans: Limwdd is one of the three primary deities (known as "Gwyrigons") worshipped by the witches of Dolmenwood (see ***Witches, p72***), who name the Wood God "Limwdd the Quiet Brother." The witches associate Limwdd with stasis, growth, and rejuvenation. Witches in union with this Gwyrigon can feel the pulse of its energy in the ground when walking barefoot.

Locus: Limwdd's giant body lies curled up a mile beneath the earth in hex 1006, like a seed awaiting the spring.

THE MYCONOM

An incomprehensibly vast bulk of pallid, fungal fibrils that form a unified whole, concealed beneath the feet of mortal folk. The Myconom has a vast intelligence, but one wholly alien and attuned to time scales unimaginable to mortal minds. It lurks within the soil, spread web-like throughout the entirety of Dolmenwood, waiting with aeons-long patience for the age when mortals pass and the forest returns once more to the rule of the vegetative.

Relationship with humans: Due to its aeons-long perspective on life, the Myconom has no concern for the comings and goings of mortals. The voice of the Myconom is aloof and alien (from the mortal perspective, at least).

Relationship with mosslings: Though the mosslings of Dolmenwood have no conception of the Myconom as a single entity, they worship a variety of its aspects. The gods of the mosslings are, in sooth, all manifestations of the fungal over-mind. For example, the entity Blosquom worshipped by the mosslings of Orbswallow (***p173***) is an avatar of the Myconom.

Eyes of the Myconom: The Myconom's sensory organs are spread throughout Dolmenwood, for the multitudinous fungi of the forest are its eyes and ears. It is able to hijack the body of a sentient fungus and use it as a vessel of verbal communication. A person under the influence of hallucinogenic mushrooms also comes into fleeting contact with the Myconom, and becomes a conduit for its senses and (potentially) voice.

Locus: The Myconom reaches throughout Dolmenwood, though its presence is especially strong in hex 1505, where its throbbing "upper brain" lurks amid the fungal forest.

ORSATH

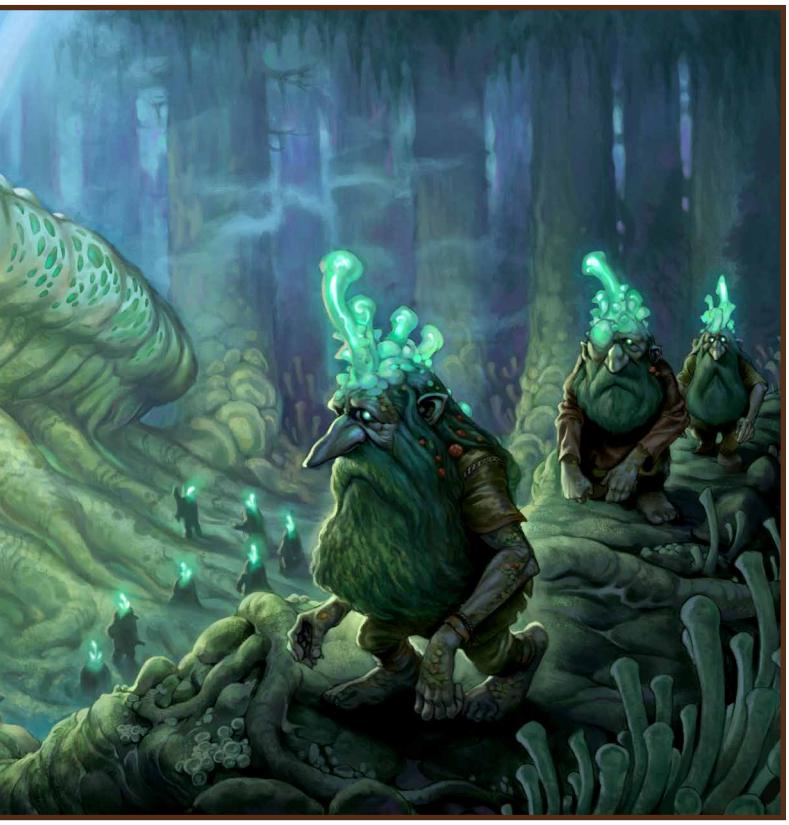
A massive, burly ursine creature, 14′ tall, with fur as black as pitch, teeth and claws of glowing amber, and wide, pitying, human-like eyes. Orsath is a manifestation of the wild, rocky hills and caves of north-east Dolmenwood, which were long utterly uninhabited.

Relationship with humans: Humans have never truly worshipped Orsath, though the long-forgotten people who once dwelt in the Table Downs to the north of Dolmenwood made sacrifices to the Wood God as lord of wild beasts and guardian of the souls of the dead. Remnants of these practices can be seen in the bear's-head markings upon ancient burial mounds in the northern woods.

Destruction of the woods: Orsath's reign in the wild woods came to an end when the people of the Table Downs encroached southwards into the forest. They stripped a hillside of its trees and dug a mine into the rich veins of copper running beneath. Orsath looked on in sorrow and fury as the humans greedily pillaged the earth and poisoned the woods with toxins leaching from the mine's carelessly discarded tailings.

Orsath's wrath and demise: Finally, in a single day of carnage, the Wood God arose to end the depredations, bearing down upon the mine and destroying it, slaying all within. In the course of the slaughter, the godling was exposed to the dreadful toxins of the mine, initiating an unholy alchemy between the toxic metals and Orsath's magical essence. Metallic crystals sprouted from its fur, and in mortification Orsath hid itself in the deepest part of the mine, its new home and prison.

Locus: Orsath still lingers in the abandoned mine in hex 1801, a twisted shadow of its former self. It no longer has any power elsewhere in the Wood.



YORGHAN—THE STAG LORD

A lumbering, 30′ tall humanoid with toad-like skin and hands, great fronds of shaggy fur hanging between its arms and torso, and a stag-like, antlered head. Yorghan is associated with the deer of Dolmenwood and with the forest's hidden springs and grottoes.

Relationship with humans: Hunters may whisper a prayer to Yorghan when setting out into the deep woods, but this Wood God is otherwise virtually unknown to humans.

Relationship with deer and deorlings: On auspicious nights, the stags of the Wood gather in a secret grotto in hex 1305 and bellow in unison, summoning Yorghan. In addition to the veneration of mundane beasts, the Stag Lord is sacred to the deorlings (*DMB*), who regard the Wood God as the guardian of their dead.

Decapitation: Yorghan's proudly antlered head is currently missing, having been stolen by servants of Atanuwë (it hangs above the Nag-Lord's throne in hex 0904). Decapitation has not reduced the Wood God's power, but it does cause it to stumble blindly when manifest.

Locus: Yorghan drifts in an astral space parallel to hex 1305, where it manifests on nights on the new moon.

Part Two

Factions and Powers

"No one can ever truly rule Dolmenwood, but that doesn't prevent foolish mortal and haughty fairy alike from endlessly trying. They rule their tiny little kingdoms from tiny little thrones and make tiny little promises they'll break at the first sniff of power. Whether it's one of the human or longhorn nobility, or one of them ageless fairy lords like the Cold Prince, they're all looking for fresh pawns to put on the board. And they're the least of your worries compared to the likes of the Nag-Lord. In Dolmenwood a promise may be given freely, but the price is in keeping it."

—Fitch of Brackenwold, knight-turned-bandit

Atanuwë

The nine-legged chaos godling and its horde of wicked minions.

FACTION OVERVIEW

Alien to Dolmenwood

The origins of Atanuwë, the Nag-Lord, are unknown, though the beast is certainly not native to Dolmenwood. The illusion, treachery, and lies that attend its trail compound the difficulty in tracing its provenance. The few sages who specialise in the study of chaos godlings have reached no agreement on the subject.

Entered Dolmenwood 400 Years Ago

On first coming to Dolmenwood some 400 years ago (see ***History, p14***), Atanuwë found a realm dominated by petty sects vying for such tedious things as military or magical domination. Perceiving the lack of fun (i.e. depravity, madness, and horrific absurdity) in the place, Atanuwë set about carving out a dominion from which to ooze its unsettling influence.

Wrested Sargstone from the Drune

Atanuwë found the ideal location for its court—the Sargstone (hex 0904), which marks the nexus point of two ley lines. The mortal who claimed himself the warden of the stone circle (the Audrune Hemlack) was quickly dispatched and the power of Sargstone subjugated.

Minions Called to the Court of Chaos

Its court established around the Sargstone, the Nag-Lord sent out a call, inviting all creatures of Chaos to bow before it. A ghastly menagerie of monsters flowed through the gates of the court, pledging their allegiance to Atanuwë. Atanuwë rules its horde with absolute, despotic authority. Its whim is law to be followed without question.

Creator of the Crookhorns

The rustic breggles of northern Dolmenwood, who heretofore served no master, were corrupted by contact with Atanuwë, giving birth to the crookhorns.

Poisoned the Wood God Gheillough

Atanuwë's presence poisons the waters of Lake Longmere, causing the water-dragon Gheillough (long bound by the Drune) to fall into a dream-wracked torpor in the mud of the lake-bed (see ***History, p14***). By keeping the dragon in this state, Atanuwë has usurped its role as regulator of the arcane energies of Dolmenwood, twisting the forest ever more in the direction of the Weird.

A Monster Beyond Human Concepts of Gender

As a monstrous being of Chaos transcendent of human concepts of gender, the Nag-Lord is referred to as "it."

Absurdity and Dark Comedy

At root, Atanuwë is a godling of dark comedy. Its deeds and decrees are laced with cosmic irony, absurdity, and horrific slapstick—all to satisfy its morbid sense of humour.

Destruction and Debauchery

As is the case with all beings of cosmic Chaos, the Nag-Lord has a passion for wanton waste and destruction. It relishes the extermination of beauty, the toppling of order, and the annihilation of knowledge. Connected with this love of destruction, Atanuwë has a taste for debauchery. Feasts are constantly upon its tables, mounds of decaying food crushed beneath piles of fresh delicacies. For beings inclined towards Chaos, the balls and banquets of Atanuwë are without rival.

Ruler of the Valley of Wise Beasts

As a pet project, Atanuwë awakened sentience in the animals of the valley its Court overlooks. Thus awakened and given humanoid form, the little creatures were trapped in a nightmare of quaint tea parties and police-state terror under the rule of the crookhorns.

ATANUWË'S SCHEMES

Become Ruler of All Dolmenwood

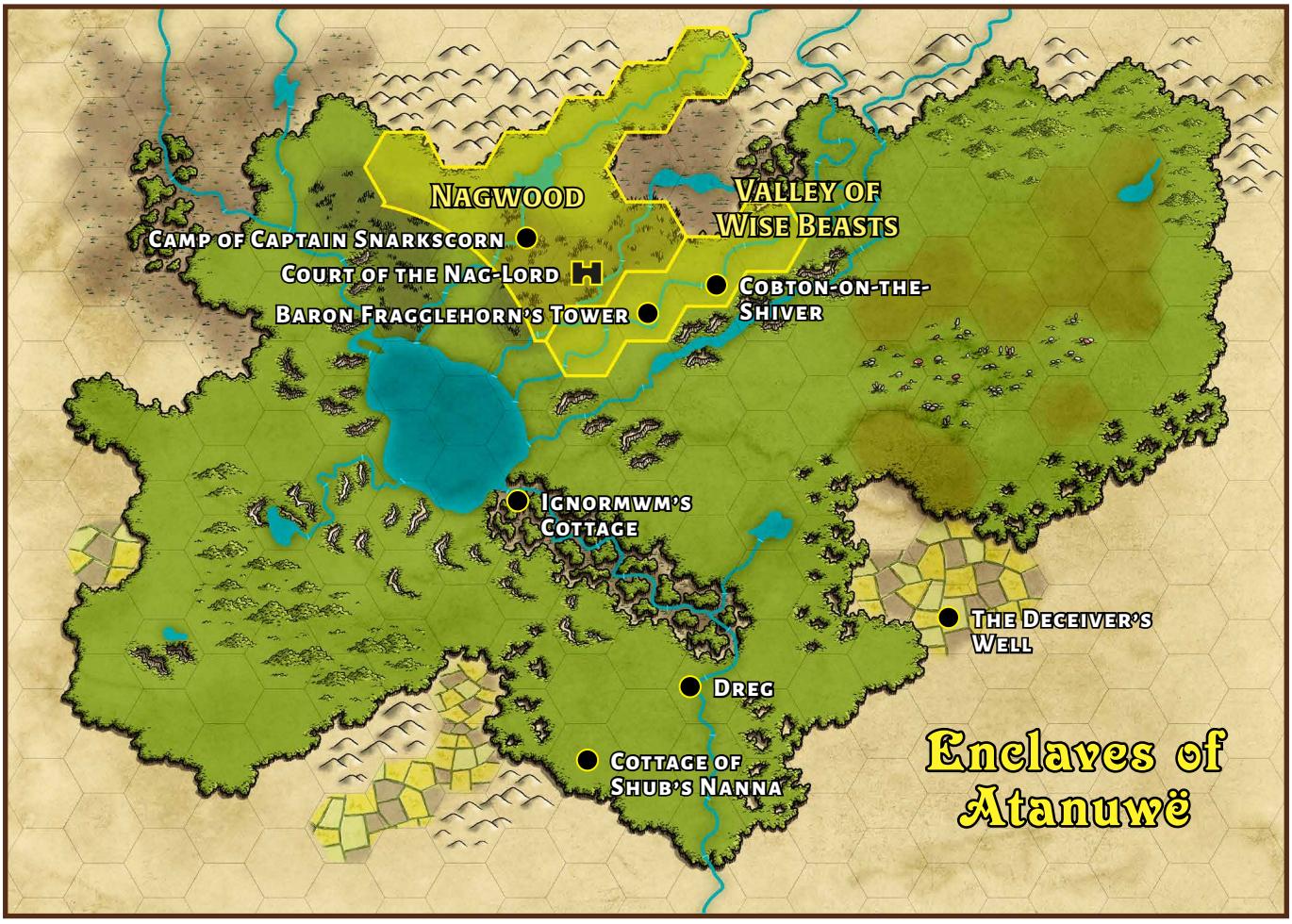
The Nag-Lord cannot abide the thought of mortals who live free from its command, and seeks to increase its dominion to encompass the whole of Dolmenwood and the lands beyond.

Marriage With Gheillough

Having usurped Gheillough's role as regulator of the arcane energies of Dolmenwood, Atanuwë's next fancy is to summon the slumbering dragon-spirit to its side, complete its corruption into a being of pure Chaos, and wed it. The spawn of such a union would surpass all conceptions of wickedness.

Collect the Bones of Holy People

Atanuwë has come into the possession of several saints' skulls and revivifies them for the amusement of the court. The skulls' sanctimonious wailings proved so droll that the Nag-Lord seeks to expand its collection.



ENCLAVES OF ATANUWË

Baron Fragglehorn's Tower (1004): Overlooking the Valley of Wise Beasts, this tower serves as a base of operations for the Nag-Lord's forces in the Valley and as a safeguard against attack from the east.

The Camp of Captain Snarkscorn (0803): A makeshift but semi-permanent military outpost under the command of Captain Snarkscorn, established to protect the Nag-Lord's Court from attack from the west.

Cottage of Shub's Nanna (0911): A cute, rustic cottage in the woods, dwelling place of the corrupt longhorn crone known as Shub's Nanna.

Court of the Nag-Lord (0904): The Court of Chaos, lair of the beast Atanuwë, its most powerful servants and courtiers, and hordes of minions.

The Deceiver's Well (1509): Hiding place of the Atacorn Hawalyeer.

Ignormwm's Cottage (0807): Dwelling of the Atacorn Ignormwm and her spawn.

The Nagwood: A stretch of twisted woods overrun by evil trees and crookhorns. The place is under a sorcerous malaise that twists the mind.

The Valley of Wise Beasts: A long valley, uninhabited by humans, but home to a multitude of talking, humanoid animals (Cobbins) awakened by Atanuwë's fell hand.

The Village of Cobton-on-the-Shiver (1104): The centre of Cobbin culture in the Valley, watched over by a garrison of crookhorns.

The Village of Dreg (1110): Hiding place of the Atacorn Crewithyant.

MEMBERS AND ORGANISATION

Atanuwë, The Nag-Lord

The nine-legged unicorn godling, whose psychedelic horn and lunatic braying hold sway over all others in this faction.

Atacorns

The spawn of the Nag-Lord, birthed by unholy union with a harridan (see below). Atacorns are unicorn-things with human features and a bizarre, cruel sense of humour. The Atacorns number eighteen—one who is slain (**Sallowbryg**, see ***History, p14***), three who have remained in Dolmenwood, and fourteen who have roamed to distant lands to spread woe and discord. Those in Dolmenwood are: **Ignormwm** (hex 0807), **Crewithyant** (in the village of Dreg, see ***p140***), and **Hawalyeer** (hex 1509).

Crookhorns

Breggles corrupted by Atanuwë's wicked magic, who now carry out its every twisted whim. Crookhorns form a large (and ever-increasing) force of brigands, making travel in the northern woods treacherous and threatening the safety of civilisation to the south (in particular, Prigwort, hex 1106).

Atanuwë and Worshippers

Atanuwë is a being of godling status, similar in cosmic stature to the Wood Gods of Dolmenwood (see ***p36***). As such, while it can bestow magical powers upon its followers and teach them unspeakable secrets of dark magic, it cannot grant spells in the way that true deities can. The god of the Pluritine Church, for example, is of a higher order of magnitude than the Nag-Lord.

Harpies and Giant Humanoids

Among the creatures of Chaos that have gathered around Atanuwë and its fell court are a multitude of wicked harpies, twisted ogres, and evil fomorians.

Harridans

Harridans are witches (see ***p72***) corrupted by Atanuwë's dark magic, now twisted into the form of hideous ogres. They serve the Nag-Lord as lieutenants and soothsayers.

Corrupt Unicorns

Atanuwë's delight in corrupting that which is pure and good makes unicorns a favoured target. A small number of the creatures have been so thoroughly corrupted that they have come under the Nag-Lord's banner. These wicked fairies now serve as Atanuwë's lieutenants in matters of war and its assistants in rituals of dark sorcery.

CROOKHORN NAMES

d20	Male	Female	Unisex	Surname
1	Bart	Breek	Addle	Bludger
2	Billy	Crag	Adder	Boner
3	Broo	Crewn	Blocke	Bugber
4	Broob	Dank	Bog	Clubber
5	Curlip	Errid	Cleaver	Crapshod
6	Grim	Fanny	Crewn	Gouger
7	Grip	Grewigg	Curlip	Grimes
8	Gripe	Gruw	Dunder	Hogbard
9	Hoge	Lankly	Frand	Hogblood
10	Lank	Nagly	Grerg	Hoglick
11	Lope	Nanna	Grin	Limplore
12	Lurp	Plim	Gore	Nagger
13	Org	Prim	Hanck	Nailer
14	Shadgore	Scrag	Hod	Quimmer
15	Shank	Shim	Lin	Shergulp
16	Slurp	Shoddy	Meg	Shiver
17	Snerd	Slyme	Mug	Smollow
18	Snerg	Slynn	Shrug	Sodder
19	Willy	Smoo	Sodlow	Wallow
20	Winder	Wilda	Wug	Wanklore

ATANUWË—THE NAG-LORD

A monstrous, nine-legged unicorn godling, Atanuwë's physical form is mutable, shifting through an unsettling variety of structure, composition, and colour before onlookers' eyes. At one moment, the beast may appear as a mound of grinning pink jelly with flailing legs and crooked horn protruding; at the next moment it may seem to be a gargantuan, flaming unicorn with eyes of ruby and nine clawed hooves.

Names: The name Atanuwë is rarely used, except by those of scholarly bent. The beast's servants commonly call it the Nag-Lord or "Your Worshipfulness," while in folklore it is often referred to by the moniker "Old Shub."

Demeanour (Chaotic): Cruel, decadent, utterly narcissistic. Basks in flattery. Loves to mete out absurd injustice.

Speech: Suave insinuations, punctuated with lunatic braying. Speaks all languages (via telepathic communion).

Desires: See ***Atanuwë's Schemes, p42***.

Possessions: Atanuwë hoards magical artefacts (see hex 0904), but carries none on its person.

Servants: An army of crookhorns and monstrous humanoids. Harpy servitors. A sect of harridan soothsayers. Twisted unicorn advisers.

Location: The Court of the Nag-Lord, hex 0904.

Combat Stats

LARGE MONSTROSITY—GENIUS—CHAOTIC

Level 22 **AC** 20 **HP** 112 **Saves** D2 R2 H2 B2 S2
Att [6 hooves (+14, 1d4) and horn (+14, 1d10 + jellification)] or spell or gaze (hypnotism) **Speed** 50 **Morale** 10
XP 15,350

Immunities: Only harmed by magic or magic weapons. Unharmed by poison, fire, and cold.

Magic reflection: Each time Atanuwë is targeted by magic, roll 1d6. 1: Effect reflected back at caster; 2–3: Effect nullified; 4–6: Normal effect.

See invisible: Atanuwë can see through veils of invisibility.

Jellification: A victim pierced by Atanuwë's horn must **Save Versus Doom** or be transformed into a pool of jelly.

Spells: Atanuwë can cast the following arcane spells without limit: **Rank 3** *Dispel Magic*, **Rank 4** *Confusion*, *Dimension Door*, *Hex Weaving* (place curse only), *Polymorph*, **Rank 5** *Animate Dead*, *Feeblemind*.

Hypnotic gaze: Anyone at whom Atanuwë intently stares is compelled to meet its gaze. The target must **Save Versus Spell** or be affected per *Dominate*, beguiled by the strobing emanations of the Nag-Lord's iridescent horn.

BARON LUCIUS FRAGGLEHORN

A monstrously obese crookhorn man, 8′ tall, with one milky, weeping eye. His three horns curve downwards over his brow, like a wicked veil.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Lecherous, debauched, brutal. Terrified of snakes.

Speech: Menacing mirth, fits of bellowing. Woldish, Gaffe.

Desires: Fine vittles. More wives.

Family: Six crookhorn wives (willing concubines of the powerful crookhorn lord).

Servants: Two dozen crookhorn soldiers. A despicable human cook named Mertrude.

Location: Tower overlooking the Valley of Wise Beasts, in hex 1004.

Combat Stats

LARGE MORTAL—SENTIENT—CHAOTIC

Level 7 **AC** 16 **HP** 40 **Saves** D8 R9 H10 B11 S12
Att Bite / butt (+6, 1d8 + disease) and [two-handed sword (+6, 1d10+2) or *Arcane Dagger* (+8, 1d4+2)] **Speed** 40
Morale 9 **XP** 1,080

Disease: Save Versus Doom or be afflicted by a nasty infection (see crookhorn—*DMB*).

***Arcane Dagger* (*p412*):** The baron keeps an antique goathorn dagger sheathed at his neck.

CAPTAIN GIB SNARKSCORN

A lanky (7′6″ tall), froth-mouthed crookhorn man dressed in rag-tag plate mail with a huge wooden shield (a repurposed barn door). Snarkscorn is stationed in hex 0803 to guard the Nag-Lord's court against attack from the west.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Cruel bully, prone to random rages. Loves wild music and debauchery.

Speech: Raw-throated barking and derisive whimpering. Woldish, Gaffe.

Desires: To depose **Baron Fragglehorn** as lord of the Valley of Wise Beasts. Hates and covets **Lady Haeroth** (***p76***), who has escaped his clutches by trickery on two occasions. He would gladly pay for her capture.

Servants: 60 crookhorn soldiers, camped in hex 0803.

Location: Semi-permanent camp in hex 0803.

Combat Stats

LARGE MORTAL—SENTIENT—CHAOTIC

Level 6 **AC** 16 **HP** 40 **Saves** D9 R10 H11 B12 S13
Att Bite / butt (+5, 1d8 + disease) and battle axe (+5, 1d8+2)
Speed 40 **Morale** 10 **XP** 720

Disease: Save Versus Doom or be afflicted by a nasty infection (see crookhorn—*DMB*).

War-horn: Carries a great war-horn around his neck that can be sounded once a day to summon **1d6 harpies** (*DMB*) to aid in 1d4 Rounds. Worth 10,000gp.

SHUB'S NANNA

An elderly longhorn woman with flowing, pale tan fur and silver eyes with violet pupils. She wears layered black dresses and a green woollen shawl. Nanna is a favoured servant of Atanuwë, responsible for keeping its larder stocked with plump human children.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Acts as a kindly old lady who wishes to coddle visitors. Schemes to trap any she deems worthy of her master's prisons or table. Loves flattery.

Speech: Absent-minded blather, laced with baby talk and bleating cackles. Woldish, Caprice, Gaffe, Sylvan.

Desires: Plump children for her master's larder. Magical baubles. Wishes to be once more young and fair.

Possessions: A magical goat-sleigh that, under Nanna's guidance, can carry herself plus four passengers anywhere along the course of the ley line Lamm in a matter of minutes. She uses it to visit the Court of the Nag-Lord, in hex 0904. An *Arcane Whip* (1d6+2 damage, 10′ reach, 2,500gp value, ***p412***) woven from the hair of elf maidens.

Servants: 7 silver goblins and 5 silver-eyed goats (see 0911).

Location: Woodland cottage in hex 0911.

Combat stats: Longhorn breggle (*DMB*).

Summoning Shub's Nanna

The attention of Shub's Nanna may be gained by calling out the magic word "Leeleeglablea" upon a moonlit night within Dolmenwood. In response, Nanna may dispatch a number of her goblin servants to the location of the one who called. The goblins appear within 1d6 Turns and may return to their mistress at will, disappearing into mist within 3 Rounds.

Local folklore is correct in suggesting that the goblins of Shub's Nanna pays a sum of 13sp in exchange for an unwanted child. She may also grant other favours (e.g. transportation) in exchange for especially succulent, sweet-smelling children.

Cold Prince

The cruel, banished fairy prince who covets his former domain of Dolmenwood.

FACTION OVERVIEW

Liege of the Fairy Domain of Frigia

The Cold Prince rules the distant fairy realm of Frigia (***p30***), which once lay close to Dolmenwood. The natives of Frigia are the cold-hearted and frigidly beautiful frost elves. In primaeval days, beyond living memory, they dwelt solely in the frost-clad forests and mountains of Frigia. Insatiable curiosity led them into Dolmenwood.

Eternal Winter of the Cold Prince

The frost elves and their liege, the Cold Prince, claimed Dolmenwood for themselves, as an extension of their dominion in Frigia, and ruled for centuries beyond count. When mortals first came to the Wood, they found it blanketed with fairy magic and wracked with eternal ice.

Temporary Absence from Dolmenwood

As was his fickle way, the Cold Prince's interest in Dolmenwood waned. His courts withdrew into Frigia and the fairy frosts that had wracked the forest receded. It was at this time that the human habitation of Dolmenwood began in earnest. When the Cold Prince's fancy returned to Dolmenwood, 1,000 years had passed in the mortal world and his former dominion was claimed by mortal folk.

Banished by the Triple Compact

There followed a period of bitter conflict between frost elves and humans. In desperation, the King, the Church, and the Drune formed an alliance known as the Triple Compact (see ***History, p14***). By a working of deep magic, these unlikely bedfellows constructed the Ring of Chell, banishing the Cold Prince and his folk from the mortal world and isolating them in Frigia, in the distant reaches of Fairy.

Feared Antagonist of Folklore

Since his banishment from Dolmenwood 850 years ago, the Cold Prince has faded into folklore, in the minds of the common people of the Wood. His presence there, however, is significant: he features in many folktales as an ancient evil that threatens to overrun the Wood once more. Snows and cold winters are feared to augur the Cold Prince's return to the mortal world.

Cruel and Mistrustful

The Cold Prince and his servants are cruel and malevolent, like the bitter frosts of deep winter, delighting in the agony of others. Exile has made the Cold Prince utterly insular, trusting only his closest advisors. He views frost elves as superior to all mortals and most other fairies (having only a modicum of respect for the nobles of other fairy kingdoms).

Magic of Frost and Ice

Like all fairies, frost elves have innate power that mortals regard as magic. Their frigid, otherworldly beauty and silvery words are as perilous as their ice-blades. Frost elves are masters of cold, ice, snow, and frost—they can chill or freeze living things by touch and they can walk upon snow-clad ground without trace. The Cold Prince himself has such dominion over the frigid element that he could, of old, defy the natural cycle of the seasons and keep the whole of Dolmenwood locked in eternal winter.

THE COLD PRINCE'S SCHEMES

Locate Secret Paths into Dolmenwood

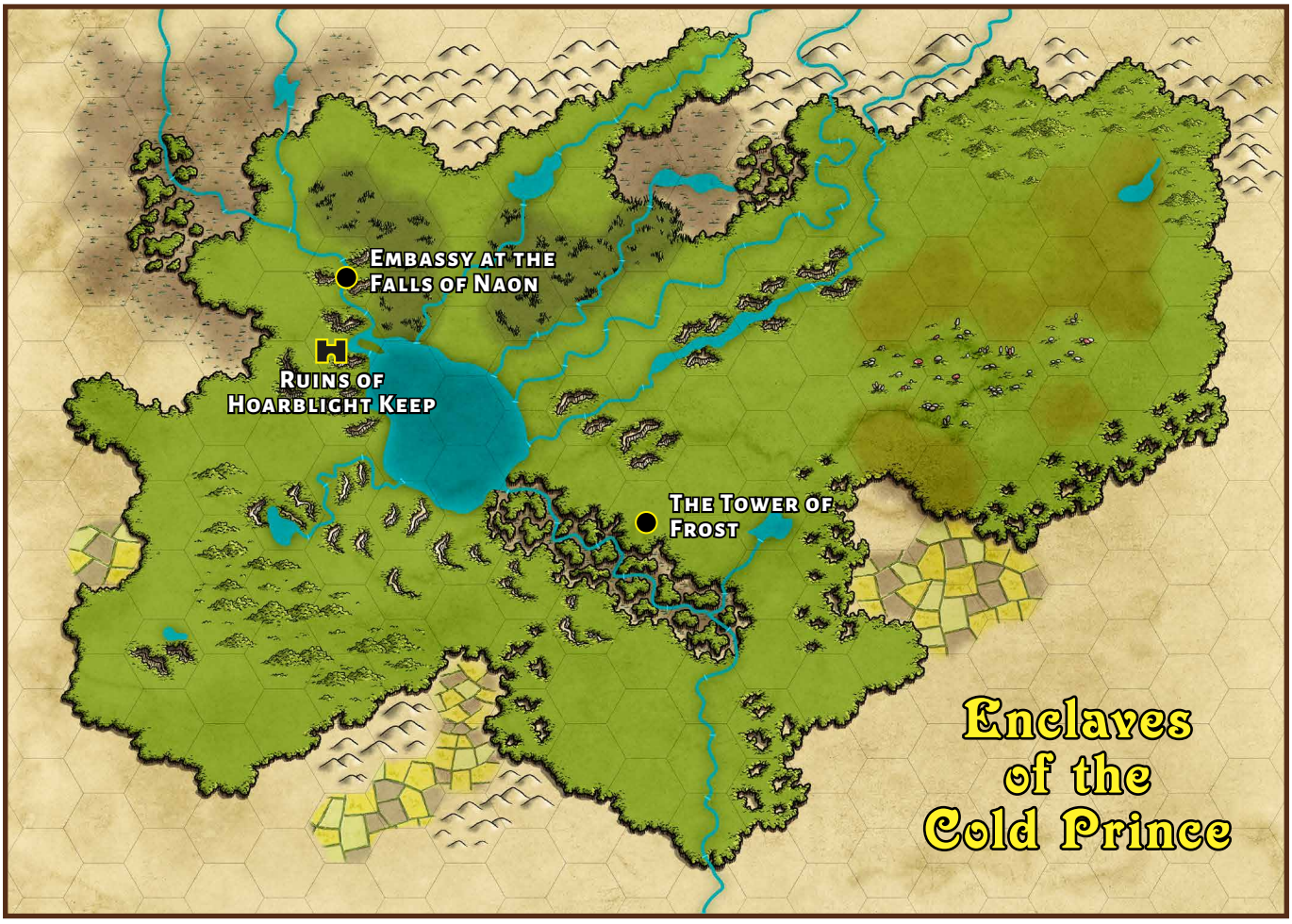
A number of the Cold Prince's most trusted servants wander Fairy, seeking hidden routes that would allow quick access to Dolmenwood. A few paths into the Wood have been located, but none are expedient.

Destroy the Ring of Chell

The Cold Prince's immortal mind is consumed with breaking the ward of Chell (***p20***) and reclaiming his dominion over Dolmenwood. Those few frost elves who find their way, through secret paths, into Dolmenwood are charged to investigate the warding ring and to spy on its wardens, the Drune. They seek knowledge of any vulnerabilities of the ward and of any moral weakness in the Drune, employing magic and bribery to tempt mortals to aid them.

Alliance With Another Fairy Noble

The rulers of other fairy realms (see ***p30***) are reluctant to treat with the Cold Prince, having no nostalgia for the days of his dominion. Nonetheless, an alliance—if one could be achieved—could be highly beneficial for the Prince, opening possible paths into Dolmenwood via the ally's domain. The most promising candidate for such an alliance is the Lady of Midnight, who rules the eternally beleaguered city of Tainglass.



ENCLAVES OF THE COLD PRINCE

The Embassy at the Falls of Naon (0504): By ancient, uncircumventable decree, the Cold Prince's embassy to mortal folk was excluded from the ban of Chell. It thus remains as his only foothold in the mortal world. The **Ambassador** (***p50***) and his retinue are utterly impotent and reduced to a decadent mockery of their former majesty. The Drune carefully guard this site, ensuring that no frost elf may come or go.

The Ruins of Hoarblight Keep (0505): The seat of the Cold Prince's dominion in Dolmenwood, of old. If his schemes to destroy the Ring of Chell and reopen the fairy gates to Frigia were to succeed, his armies would attempt to reclaim the ruined keep and reinstate the fairy court.

The Tower of Frost (1007): An ancient fairy ruin, recently re-inhabited by a servant of the Cold Prince, Lady Frost-Dust-Shadow.

MEMBERS AND ORGANISATION

The Cold Prince

Lord of the fairy realm of Frigia since time immemorial, the Cold Prince is a fairy of the ancient days, wielding power akin to a godling.

Frost Elf Courtiers

The courtiers, counsellors, and kin of the Cold Prince are mighty fairies in their own right. As is the way with mortal and fairy alike, their ranks are riddled with traitors, sycophants, and rivals. Of those whom the Prince can truly trust, many have been sent abroad to find routes into Dolmenwood, and the few who have been successful may be encountered there.

Soldiery

The Cold Prince keeps a formidable army of highly trained foot soldiers and cavalry. They are confined to the realm of Frigia, for the time being, but are primed to launch into full-scale war on Dolmenwood, should the time come.

FROST ELF NAMES

d20	Rustic	Courtly
1	Bearded-With-Rime	Bitter-Dusk's-Hallow
2	Blackened-and-Bitter	Black-Rime-and-Frostbite
3	Blood-on-the-Lip	Candle's-Last-Gasp
4	Churned-and-Curdled	Dawn's-Feeble-Gleaming
5	Cold-Stroke-of-Midnight	Frost-Dust-Shadow
6	Flurry-and-Fleet	Frosted-and-Flawless
7	Frosted-Night's-Breath	Frozen-in-Lace
8	Hawthorn-and-Thistledown	Heart-of-Ice
9	Mantle-of-Snowdrifts	Hearth's-Bitter-Gloaming
10	Plum-Frost-and-Medlars	Howling-Wind's-Waltz
11	Raven's-Cold-Call	Ice-Cap-and-Fox-Gown
12	Shivers-Entwined	Never-Be-Borrowed
13	Stark-Raving-Sorrow	Shards-of-Dusk-Mirror
14	Stars'-Breath-Splintered	Sleet-Under-Foot
15	Sunbeam's-Last-Breath	Snowfall-at-Dusk
16	Thankless-and-Spry	Splendour-of-Morrow
17	Thaw-Never-Comes	Spring's-Wilting-of-Heart
18	Time's-Slow-Ague	Twine-for-the-May-Ball
19	Tip-of-the-Hat	Weeps-Until-Morning
20	Woken-too-Early	Willow's-Slow-Freezing

Frost elf names: Like other elves, frost elves enjoy being addressed by curious epithets hinting at their names in the tongues of Fairy (which they never reveal to mortals). Epithets are broadly divided into rustic and courtly, depending on the elf's origin or the persona they choose to present.

THE AMBASSADOR

An exceptionally tall, brittle-framed frost elf man with hair like frozen cobwebs and eyes of iridescent blue. Dresses in high courtly garb—with full, three-tiered, powdered wigs—at all times. The Ambassador's name (translated into Woldish) is Spring's-Habitude-Vanquished, though all refer to him as "Your Excellency."

Demeanour (Neutral): Professionally cold, suspicious, and condescending. Childish glee at the prospect of talking with outsiders.

Speech: Rigid courtly form, interspersed with exuberant giggling. Lectures obsessively on heraldry. Woldish, High Elfish, Caprice, Old Woldish.

Desires: An end to his vigil. Fresh supplies of fairy foods. Maps or legendaria relating to the kings of the seas.

Possessions: The Ambassador carries upon a chain around his neck the *Ring of Evermore* (worth 17,500gp), crafted of fairy silver and crowned with a pale ruby. One who wears the ring becomes invisible and is able to pause the flow of time in the mortal world for up to five minutes per day. Use of the ring's time stop power is perilous: each use requires a **Save Versus Doom** (fairies with a +2 bonus) to prevent falling into a coma for 2d6 days.

Servants: A small, lonesome retinue of six ambassadorial aides, three chefs, three butlers, and four maids.

Location: The embassy at the Falls of Naon (hex 0504).

Combat stats: Elf courtier (*DMB*).

THE COLD PRINCE

A fairy lord of ancient provenance, among the mightiest and wickedest of all fairies. The Cold Prince is a tall, lithe frost elf man with pale blue, hoar-crusted skin, angular features, and wan eyes lined with shimmering red light. He dresses in kingly robes of snow-white fur, with a ruff of blue feathers. In the centuries of his banishment from Dolmenwood, the Cold Prince's wrath has only waxed—his mind burns with an obsessive malice directed toward the mortals of Dolmenwood.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Cruel, disciplinarian tyrant. All his deeds blaze with a volatile fury and malevolent genius.

Speech: Like the grinding and cracking of ice. Malevolent sneering, maniacally mocking laughter. Woldish, the Immortal tongue of Fairy, High Elfish, Sylvan, Old Woldish, Caprice.

Desires: The Cold Prince's immortal mind is consumed with but a single goal: break the ward of Chell and reclaim his dominion over Dolmenwood. See ***The Cold Prince's Schemes, p48***.

Possessions: The *Royal Crown of Frigia*, a cluster of 17 primal ice crystals melded into his skull—each crystal is worth 5,000gp, if extracted. The *Rimeblade* (see ***Combat Stats***), *Staff of Mortality* (see ***Combat Stats***).

Family: Five wives, innumerable children sired over countless aeons. His estranged seventeenth daughter, Princess Snowfall-at-Dusk, is kept imprisoned in a tower in a remote region of Frigia.

Servants: Countless courtiers, counsellors, and noble kin. A vast household of servants, cooks, tailors, coiffeurs, court musicians, librarians, groundsmen, and so forth. A formidable army, primed for war on the mortal world.

Location: The ice-palace Ruvanaith, hidden in a mountain valley in the fairy domain of Frigia (***p30***).

Combat Stats

MEDIUM FAIRY—GENIUS—CHAOTIC

Level 18 **AC** 19 **HP** 100 **Saves** D2 R2 H3 B4 S5
Att *Rimeblade* (+14, 1d8+2) or *Staff of Mortality* (+12, 1d6 + ageing) or touch (+12, freezing) or magic **Speed** 40
Morale 10 **XP** 14,750

Awful presence: All who behold the Cold Prince must **Save Versus Spell** or be subject to one of the following effects (as the Prince wishes): charmed (per *Dominate*), terrified (flee for 2 Turns), or befuddled (per *Feeblemind*). Beings of equal stature (e.g. other fairy nobles or beings of godling status) are immune.

Immunities: Only harmed by magic or magic weapons. Unharmed by cold-based attacks.

Aura of frost: Any in melee with the Cold Prince suffer 1d8 damage per Round.

The Rimeblade: A *Fairy Longsword* (worth 10,000gp, ***p412***) of ensorcelled ice, shimmering with an aura of dancing blue sparks. The sword can conjure up to 5 enchanted missiles of ice per day. Instead of making a melee attack, one or more missiles can be fired at a target within 150′, each missile inflicting 1d6+1 damage. The missiles hit automatically, without an Attack Roll or Saving Throw.

Staff of Mortality: A staff of frigid bone (worth 35,000gp), carved with lamenting visages. A mortal who touches or is struck by the staff is ravaged by the accelerated passage of time, permanently losing 1d4 Constitution. If reduced to 0 Constitution, the victim dies of old age and cannot be raised from the dead by any means short of a wish.

Freezing touch: The victim must **Save Versus Hold** or be turned into a statue of ice. (Magic such as *Petrification* can restore frozen victims.)

Fairy magic: Glamours *Beguilement*, *Breath of the Wind*, *Dancing Flame*, *Fairy Dust*, *Flame Charm*, *Masquerade*, *Moon Sight*, *Subtle Sight*. **Lesser runes** (thrice a day) all, **Greater runes** (once a day) all, **Mighty runes** (once a day) *Eternal Slumber*, *Rune of Death*, *Rune of Wishing*. Can also cast the arcane spells *Wall of Ice* and *Teleport* thrice a day.

Drune

A sinister cabal of sorcerers who covet occult knowledge above all else.

FACTION OVERVIEW

Masters of the Leys and Standing Stones

The Drune are the unchallenged masters of the standing stones of Dolmenwood, controlling all nodal stones save for Bafflestone (hex 0907—corrupt), Phandrwyl (hex 1802—created in secret by Ygraine), and Sargstone (hex 0904—usurped by Atanuwë).

They guard secret arts of geomancy for the harnessing and manipulation of earth energies through the stones, having painstakingly mapped the many greater and lesser ley lines of Dolmenwood. A sub-order known as the Audrunes are the designated masters of the leys and know the secrets of travel along them, both to other locations in the wood and to otherworldly realms beyond.

Wardens of the Witching Ring

Among the Drune's chief activities in the Wood is the tending of the Ring of Chell—the vast artificial ley that encircles Dwelmfurgh (see ***The Ring of Chell, p20***), preventing the exiled Cold Prince from returning to Dolmenwood. The Drune maintain their vigil against the return of the Cold Prince with deadly earnestness, for they wish to share arcane dominion over Dolmenwood with no one.

Origins in a Faraway Land

The Drune migrated to Dolmenwood from elsewhere long ago. They are a folk apart from the other humans of Dolmenwood, marrying only among their own kind. Their hair is straight and raven-hued, their complexion is ghostly pale, and their voices are clear and strident.

Last Remnant of the Triple Compact

As wardens of the Ring of Chell, the Drune are the last remnant of an ancient alliance, known as the Triple Compact, that expelled the Cold Prince from Dolmenwood. The other factions that partook in this alliance—the Pluritine Church (***p66***) and the Duchy of Brackenwold (***p56***)—have long forgotten their pact and its deadly significance.

Hoarders of Arcane Knowledge

Key to the tenets of the Drune sect is the hoarding of knowledge. They regard knowledge as sacred and more valuable than a mortal life.

Common Folk Fear to Speak Their Name

Common folk refer to the Drune by euphemisms such as "the Watchers of the Wood" or "the Hooded Men," for the name they call themselves—the Drune—is said to be accursed.

Occult Binding and Subjugation

A significant portion of the Drune's occult potency stems from spirits and godlings that they have bound and subjugated. The Drune also apply these techniques to lesser beings as a means of amplifying or creating arcane force. Kidnap and sacrifice by the Drune is feared as a fate worse than death by the common folk of Dolmenwood.

Magic of Shadow and Flame

These two energies have long been allies to the Drune. All Drunes can see in utter blackness and they may summon flickering green flames to their service at will.

Constructs of Wicker and Bramble

Having dwelt exclusively in the forest for many centuries, it is natural that the Drune's studies have led them to dominate their environment. They possess occult powers of commanding and transmuting wood and plants, and creating servitors of wood, wicker, and bramble.

THE DRUNE'S SCHEMES

Reawaken the Entity Gheillough

The Drune, of old, profited greatly from their dealings with the mysterious power in the waters of Lake Longmere. Contact with the entity was lost when the Nag-Lord tainted the waters of the Lake, but the Drune seek to reawaken Gheillough.

Entrap and Subjugate Atanuwë

The Drune view the coming of Atanuwë with strictly pragmatic eyes—the Nag-Lord is a godling whose powers must be subjugated and harnessed to further their own ends. If the Drune were to succeed in this scheme, their occult dominion over Dolmenwood would be nigh complete.

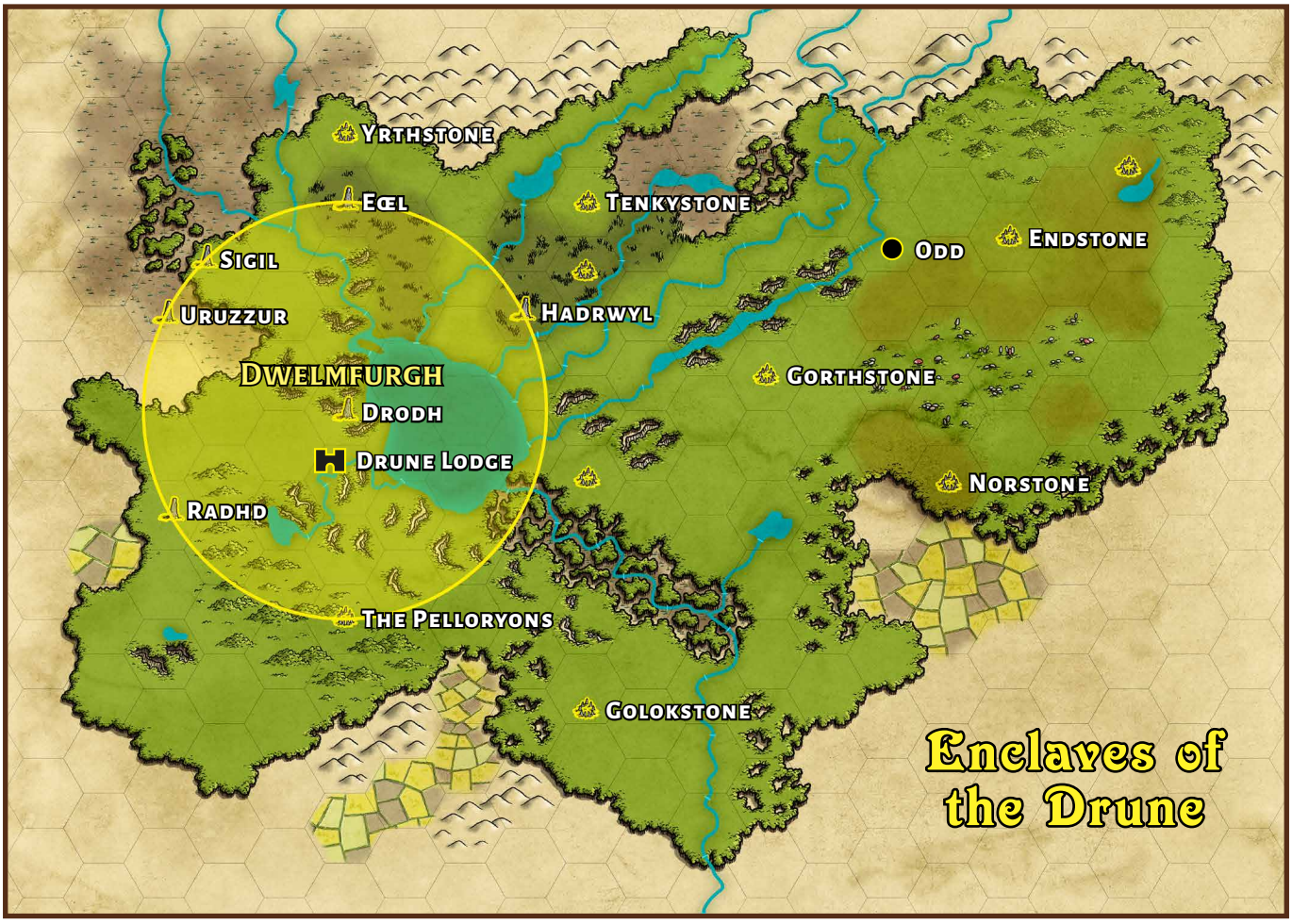
Reclaim Dominion Over Lost Nodals

The Drune bitterly rue the loss of Sargstone (0904)—stolen by Atanuwë—and Bafflestone (0907)—corrupted by Atanuwë.

Locate the Energy Disturbance on Ywyr

Fluctuations in the energy flows of Ywyr imply the existence of an unlawful fifth nodal somewhere along the ley line's course. The clandestine stone is located in Chateau Mauvesse (hex 1802), Ygraine's magic concealing it from the Drune's ever-searching gaze.

"Seek, Know, Keep"—the Drune rede, referring to their avaricious quest for arcane knowledge.



ENCLAVES OF THE DRUNE

Drune Lodge (0507): The centre of Drune activity in Dolmenwood and home of the Elder Phanatarch (the king of all Drunes) and the Aegis (the Drune high council). The Lodge consists of a series of hidden doors scattered among the sloping woods beneath Droun Loch, along with a maze of catacombs tunnelled in the earth and rocks beneath. All are guarded with great magic, invisible and unlocatable to all but the Drune.

Dwelmfurgh: The area around Lake Longmere within the circle of Chell (see ***Regions of Dolmenwood, p8***), is the Drune heartland. In the absence of any meaningful presence of the duke and his nobility, the Drunes' word here is law.

The Nodal Stones: Listed with their warding Audrune.

- **Drodh (0506):** Warded by Rigmirth.
- **Endstone (1603):** Warded by Mathonwy.
- **Eœl (0503):** Warded by Morgodh.
- **Golokstone (0910):** Warded by Aethogrym.
- **Gorthstone (1205):** Warded by Haygral.
- **Hadrwyl (0804):** Warded by Hermanach.
- **Norstone (1507):** Warded by Morthgwail.
- **The Pelloryons (0509):** Warded by Cadraigaunt.
- **Radhd (0207):** Warded by Grebglin.
- **Sigil (0304):** Warded by Wargfole.
- **Tenkystone (0903):** Warded by Jhaelloch.
- **Uruzzur (0204):** Warded by Mestmord.
- **Yrthstone (0502):** Warded by Zarlac.

Odd, Village (1403): The Drune secretly control this village and the monolith that is integrated into its disused church.

MEMBERS AND ORGANISATION

The Elder Phanatarch

The chief of all Drunes in Dolmenwood and ruler of the Aegis dwells in the crypts of the Drune Lodge, attended by nine spirits.

The Aegis

Members of the Aegis—the Drune high council—dwell with their families in the Drune Lodge and spend their days coordinating occult schemes, judging conflicts, and handing down policy. Other Drunes consider them bureaucrats, necessary yet at times terrible.

The Drunemoot

Moonlit meetings—overseen by at least one member of the Aegis—are sometimes called to mete out justice or discuss recent goings-on. On such occasions, as many as thirty Drunes may appear, though gatherings of less than a dozen are more common.

The Audrunes

Drunes tasked to watch over the stones and mind the leys. Each nodal stone within Dolmenwood is guarded by an Audrune, many of them living hermit-like in its vicinity.

Cottagers

The remainder of Drune men live with their families in isolated dwellings throughout the Wood. Until a cottager is called upon by the Aegis to perform some official duty, he spends his days scavenging ruins for lost grimoires, sleeping in crypts and dream-talking to ghosts, brewing virulent poisons, recording omens and auspices, and tracking the doings of the breggle noble houses.

Drunewives

Wives of the Drune who practice inherited crafts of herbalism, pottery, and song. Their songs—known as *notions*—are enchanted, as are their kilns, which they use to construct small clay servitors called *kilnlings*. Each household and its property are owned and managed by the Drunewife.

Braithmaids

The adolescent daughters of the Drune, who roam the wild regions of Dolmenwood, singing enchanted melodies and foraging for magical herbs. Some Braithmaids marry a Drune, becoming a Drunewife, while others join the ranks of the witches (see ***p72***).

Lampers

The adolescent sons of the Drune, who spend their days and nights in gruelling ritual and occult study. Drune boys are raised to be initiated into the cabal on the night of their 17th birthday. Only the sons born to Drunes can become Drunes, and every Drune is born into a specific station within Drune society.

DRUNE NAMES

d20	Male	Female	Unisex	Surname
1	Abram	Aembgyth	Agred	Astraleth
2	Aestgrym	Andramath	Ambe	Bonewort
3	Brackborne	Braithlynne	Athe	Broodmoot
4	Brimgord	Caendrgald	Eld	Broomewith
5	Cantcor	Deregbra	Frig	Canker
6	Celleddach	Eolenn	Gremd	Casket
7	Dhrimmlon	Eostra	Haldrime	Chancter
8	Forroth	Estembra	Hancith	Dolmward
9	Grimlocke	Frigdra	Hestor	Doome
10	Hecator	Glana	Jhaellen	Duskwith
11	Hestith	Gremlith	Jhorhen	Hallow
12	Hestobraithe	Gwentmarg	Limnis	Loome
13	Illforridh	Gwordlith	Lolldhrimm	Moonewer
14	Majorus	Haelleth	Mandra	Owlhame
15	Malrubius	Idralynne	Mirrod	Unction
16	Mirroddor	Lagwynne	Morda	Unlight
17	Molloch	Lestwith	Oblith	Vaunte
18	Mordoch	Polldra	Obwynd	Wicker
19	Oglimoth	Pollith	Oed	Wraithmord
20	Waykehald	Sigdra	Wakehyld	Wyrd

CADUCEUS DOOME—ELDER PHANATARCH

A gaunt, vault-pale human man of imposing height, crowned with the finger bones of his mightiest forebears and swathed in black. His beard and hair are tangled like bramble thickets. A baleful green fire flickers in his pupils.

Titles: Known in folklore as "the Owl King" and to other Drunes as "the Bone King."

Demeanour (Neutral): Cool-minded, scheming, manipulative. Pulls at his bony fingers, as if removing rings.

Speech: A dispassionate whisper that penetrates all noise. Woldish, Old Woldish, Drunic, Liturgic, Sylvan, a smattering of High Elfish.

Desires: To forge a deeper alliance with the witches, ushering in a new era of Drunedom where the occult energies of male and female are united. To procure saintly relics and turn their power (oft ignored by the Drune) against Atanuwë.

Possessions: *Vorpal Knife* (see ***Combat Stats***). *Amulet of Refraction* (***p398***). 2 magic rings (see ***Combat Stats***). The *Crown of Old Droun*—formed of the finger bones of other men who once held the title of Bone King (worth 15,000gp). One who wears the Crown ages at one-fifth of the natural rate and experiences fever dreams wherein Drunes long deceased whisper their rede.

Servants: Scribes, archivists, spies, and so on. A personal guard of 12 shadows (*DMB*). 9 phantoms known as the *Auldweathe*—the spirits of Braithmaids who elected to sacrifice their mortal lives in order to serve their king for all eternity. They fulfil many functions, including those of guards and advisors (for their memories span back to the old days of Drunedom).

Location: In the crypts of Drune Lodge, hex 0507.

The Aubrathon

A towering figure in the history of the Drune is the renegade known as *the Aubrathon*. Mightiest among the Drune Aegis seven centuries past, the Aubrathon was a genius theoretician who rocked the order of Drunedom with his iconoclastic approach to magic and his refusal to bow to tradition.

He was eventually expelled from the order after astrally infiltrating the vaults of the Witch Queen and absconding with the *Onyx Mirror of Embala* (see ***The Mirrors of Embala, p75***). (The mirror remains sealed in the Aubrathon's magically veiled tower in hex 1103.) In exile, he haunted the fringes of Dolmenwood for some years, pursuing secretive occult schemes, before finally vanishing without a trace. The mystery of his true fate remains a matter of intense speculation.

In hindsight, some of the Drune have reappraised the controversial deeds of the Aubrathon, honouring his relentless innovation and iconoclastic spirit. They erected a monument in Northern Scratch (hex 0201), at the site of his final discourse with his acolyte Cylaeth, before he strode north into the bog and disappeared.

Combat Stats

MEDIUM MORTAL—GENIUS—NEUTRAL

Level 14 **AC** 12 **HP** 38 **Saves** D10 R10 H9 B12 S10
Att *Vorpal Knife* (+6, 1d4+2) or staff (+4, 1d4 + flame) or spell **Speed** 40 **Morale** 9 **XP** 6,550

Dark sight: Can see normally in darkness up to 30′.

Vorpal Knife*:** A slim, curved *Arcane Dagger* (p412***) of black iron (worth 20,000gp). On an natural 19 or 20 Attack Roll, a Small or Medium target is decapitated. Against targets of solid stone or metal, only a natural 20 decapitates. Creatures without a head are unaffected. Some creatures with heads (e.g. constructs) are not killed by decapitation.

Flame: A victim damaged by the Elder Phanatarch's staff must **Save Versus Spell** or be wreathed in snaking green flame, suffering 3 damage per Round for 1d4 Rounds.

Magic rings: The Elder Phanatarch wears a steel *Ring of Charming (Humans)* and a golden *Ring of Energy Resistance (Fire)*. See ***Magic Rings, p410***.

Spells: Doome has the following arcane spells memorised: **Rank 1** *Decipher*, *Firelight*, *Ingratiate*, *Ignite / Extinguish*, *Shield of Force*, **Rank 2** *Flaming Spirit*, *Invisibility*, *Mirror Image*, *Phantasm*, **Rank 3** *Dispel Magic*, *Fireball*, *Haste*, *Serpent Glyph*, **Rank 4** *Arcane Eye*, *Dimension Door*, *Polymorph*, **Rank 5** *Animate Dead*, *Cloudkill*, *Mire*, **Rank 6** *Geas*, *Word of Doom*.

Enter Chell: When in Drune Lodge, the Elder Phanatarch may step into the Ring of Chell, at any point he wishes around the ring.

Ley travel: When in a hex which a ley line passes through, the Elder Phanatarch can step into the ley line and travel astrally along the course of energy at a rate of 24 miles per hour.

Human Nobility

The Duke of Brackenwold and the noble houses which rule all of Dolmenwood.

FACTION OVERVIEW

House Brackenwold and Its Vassals

The entirety of Dolmenwood—along with the lands to the south, east, and west—falls under the dominion of the Duke of Brackenwold. Certain regions of the Wood fall within the traditional domain of one of the noble houses that swear fealty to the duke: the human houses Guillefer, Harrowmoor, Hogwarsh, Nodlock, and Mulbreck (discussed here) and the longhorn houses Malbleat, Murkin, and Ramius (see ***Longhorn Nobility, p62***).

Supplanted Earlier Folk of Dolmenwood

The noble houses of Dolmenwood and the common folk who serve them migrated to Dolmenwood from a land to the south-east some 1,200 years ago (see ***History, p14***). A highly organised and militaristic people, they quickly supplanted the rustic folk who had inhabited Dolmenwood before them, replacing Gwyrae worship with their monotheistic faith—the Pluritine Church (see ***p66***).

The Dreaming Nobles of House Guillefer

The nobles of House Guillefer share rulership on a sporadically rotating basis. Those who are off-duty spend their days in enchanted slumber, dallying for years and decades in the lands of dream. Even when awake, they are dreamy and aloof, favouring poetry and quiet contemplation over politics and intrigue. It takes much to move them to action.

The villages within their domain have drifted out of their control. The Drune control Odd (hex 1403), Ygraine rules Meagre's Reach (hex 1703), and Blackeswell (hex 1604) is nigh-forgotten and virtually independent.

House Harrowmoor Harried by Atanuwë

The northernmost lands of House Harrowmoor sit now within the accursed Nagwood—the festering dominion of the beast Atanuwë. The wicked servants of Atanuwë have recently ventured ever further afield, with skirmishes occurring in the woods close to Harrowmoor Keep and the town of Prigwort. Lady Harrowmoor is overseeing the establishment of a fortified garrison in Prigwort, as a precaution against the war she fears is brewing.

The Lax Rule of Baron Hogwarsh

Under the rule of the current Baron Hogwarsh, the Barony of the High Wold grows wild and lawless. The roadways are no longer safe and local people whisper fearfully of war brewing among the longhorn noble houses.

Fungal Deterioration of House Mulbreck

Formerly a Lady of upstanding morals and loyal ally of the duke, Lady Mulbreck is now a recluse. Within the decaying walls of her chateau, her family hides an unsettling secret: they are addicted to psychedelic fungus that riddles their home, addling their minds and infiltrating their bodies. Lord Mulbreck, believed dead by the outside world, is secretly imprisoned in the dungeons—now a fungus-riddled monstrosity.

Lord Nodlock, Lackey of Lord Ramius

Ruler of a small dominion sandwiched between the larger realms of the longhorn lords Murkin and Ramius, the cowardly Lord Nodlock has become embroiled in their rivalry. His grovelling at the feet of Lord Ramius is all that saves his realm from attack by Lord Murkin.

THE HUMAN NOBILITY'S SCHEMES

Maintain Lordship of Dolmenwood

The political machinery of the duchy has one primary aim: to maintain (and ideally expand) its dominion. To this end, the nobles fortify borders, stifle revolutions and political intrigues, and dispatch their enemies.

Expel the Nag-Lord

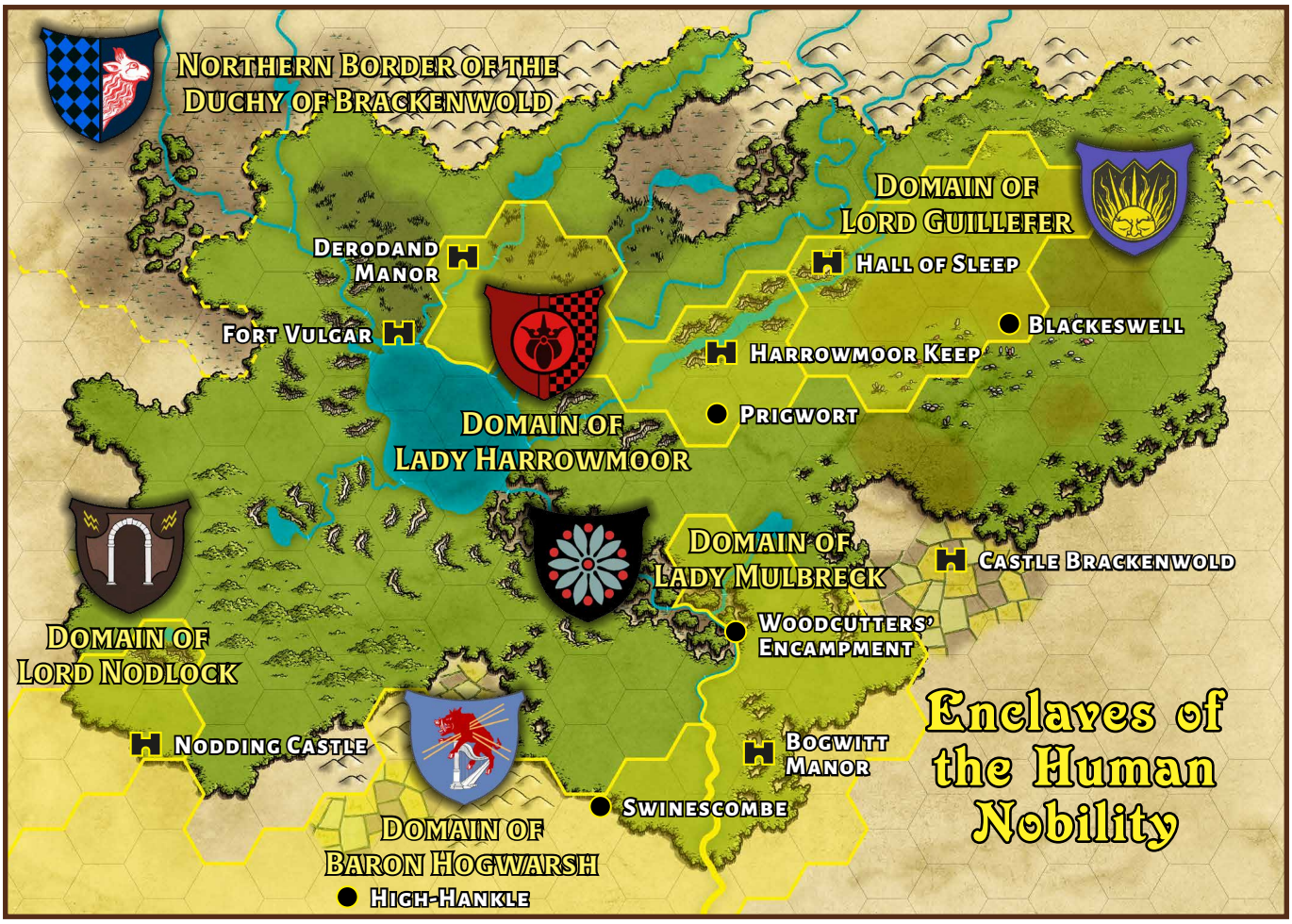
The beast Atanuwë has long been a thorn in the side of the Dukes of Brackenwold, with its occupation of the northern Wood. The harrying of mid-Dolmenwood by Atanuwë's forces, in recent times, has inspired Duke Thespian's ire and increased his urgency to act.

Claim the Wild Lands to the North

The haunted and disputed lands beyond Dolmenwood—the Table Downs and the Northern Scratch—never fell within the Duchy, but have always lingered on its periphery, like delectable pastries just out of arm's reach. Many a duke has laid plans to claim them, only to be thwarted by their remoteness and peril.

Root Out the Drune

Once allied against the Cold Prince (see ***History, p14***), the uneasy affiliation between the Drune and the duchy has soured to a truce and, in the last century, putrefied into outright animosity. The Church is behind this gradual drift in attitude among the dukes, but the sentiment is cemented in Duke Thespian's heart: the Drune's clawing after power in Dolmenwood must be halted.



ENCLAVES OF THE HUMAN NOBILITY

Blackeswell, Village (1604): Nigh-forgotten village of once-prosperous traders deep in the fungal woods of Mulchgrove. Though notionally ruled by House Guillefer, the nobles of that house pay no attention to Blackeswell.

Bogwitt Manor (1210): An ornate but decaying chateau, home of Lady Mulbreck.

Castle Brackenwold, City (1508): Capital of the Duchy of Brackenwold and seat of the duke.

Derodand Manor (0704): A secluded manor in the deep woods, on the borders of the corrupted Nagwood. Home of Lady Haeroth, great-aunt of Lady Harrowmoor.

Fort Vulgar (0604): A fortified outpost overlooking the shores of Lake Longmere. Ruled by Sir Osric the Gaunt, vassal of the duke.

The Hall of Sleep (1304): The dreamy, red-wood manor of House Guillefer.

Harrowmoor Keep (1105): A fortified castle atop the cliffs of the Groaning Loch. Seat of House Harrowmoor.

High-Hankle, Town (0512): Capital of the High Wold and seat of Baron Hogwarsh.

Nodding Castle (0210): A moated keep that is the home of Lord Nodlock.

Prigwort, Town (1106): Famed brewing town, under the protection and rule of Lady Harrowmoor.

Swinescombe, Hamlet (0912): A small swine-herding community on the southern edge of Dolmenwood, within the domain of Baron Hogwarsh.

The Woodcutters' Encampment, Village (1109): Rustic village of woods-folk, under the rule of House Mulbreck, via their representative, the Oistace.

MEMBERS AND ORGANISATION

All inhabitants of Dolmenwood are regarded as subjects of the duke, thus the membership of this faction is, in theory, vast. In practice, however, not all beings that creep beneath the forest's eaves care one whit for the word of Duke Thespian III. The following people and groups represent the practical membership of this faction.

Noble Houses

The heads of the noble houses, their extended families, servants, and private soldieries.

Knights

Each noble house (naturally including the ducal house Brackenwold) is served by a number of knights, themselves regarded as members of the lower nobility.

Soldiery

The armies of the duchy are sizeable and well-disciplined. The duke's longbowmen have especial renown.

Peasant Militias

The decree of the duke or his vassals is to be obeyed unquestioningly by any of his subjects. Should the need arise, the ducal army could swiftly double in size by conscripting able folk from among the peasantry.

NOBLE / KNIGHTLY NAMES

d20	Male	Female	Unisex	Surname
1	Afton	Abygail	Adelais	Albrime
2	Albrith	Alienor	Ance	Baldericke
3	Arthur	Amandine	Blythe	Brackenwold
4	Bertrand	Augustina	Brandon	Elfwit
5	Charle	Bethany	Candice	Flechette
6	Edwin	Emelda	Chynce	Guillefer
7	Erick	Esther	Dacre	Haeroth
8	Francois	Grace	Darcy	Harrowmoor
9	Gawain	Lisabeth	Guillaine	Highgrime
10	Gondyw	Lucia	Gwend	Hogwarsh
11	Jospher	Myranda	Hague	Ladrigham
12	Lyredon	Olivia	Medigord	Mulbreck
13	Maximillian	Persephone	Megynne	Nodlock
14	Nash	Persimone	Melysse	Offcester
15	Pieter	Primace	Merridane	Snape
16	Rogbert	Roese	Merrild	Symeswitt
17	Treeve	Sortia	Tristam	Twinsor
18	Trevyn	Theodora	Ulva	Underlow
19	Uther	Therese	Ursequine	Waldermost
20	Waylord	Wilhemina	Wynne	Woldeleigh

DUKE THESPIAN III OF BRACKENWOLD

A troubled human man of 60 years, worn down by a life of discretion and statecraft. Dresses in robes of deep blue and exquisitely embroidered tunics. Wears a neatly trimmed beard and a golden crown bedecked with rubies and shards of unicorn horn. The duke lives in the shadow of the great deeds of his father, Duke Argibald IV, a beloved military leader who died serving the Pluritine Church in its distant wars.

Form of address: Your Grace.

Demeanour (Lawful): Even-tempered, magnanimous, stern, carefully elegant. Perpetually furrows his brow.

Speech: Measured, sonorous. Woldish, Old Woldish, Caprice, Liturgic.

Desires: To earn renown to rival his father's. To be the duke who brings the uncivilised lands to the north of Dolmenwood under the wing of the duchy. To retire to a life of hunting, away from courtly intrigue. To see his deceased daughter Persimone once more.

Possessions: The *Amulet of St Faxis*—a silver, hand-shaped amulet that grants a +2 bonus to all Saving Throws and the ability to activate an *Anti-Magic Ward* (per the arcane spell) once a day (worth 12,000gp). The *Armour of King Hadryg*—a suit of *Holy Plate Mail* (***p400***).

Family: Spouse (***Duchess Ophelia, p59***). Three sons, five daughters (the eldest, Persimone, was sacrificed to the entity in the Oubliette, see ***p130***). Elderly mother, the Dowager Duchess.

Servants: A standing army, two dozen knights, a dozen personal guards, a court magician (Paglimon the Perspicacious), groundsmen, cooks, butlers, librarians, scribes, etc.

Location: Castle Brackenwold (hex 1508).

Combat stats: Level 3 knight (*DMB*).

DUCHESS OPHELIA OF BRACKENWOLD

A tall, unceasingly elegant human woman in her mid-fifties, with a narrow jaw and long black hair. Dresses in pale violet, pearl-studded robes. Wears a silver crown adorned with leaf-shaped sapphires. The duchess was adopted into the Brackenwold family as a young child, brought back from a distant land by the elder Duke Brackenwold, her noble family slain in wars waged by the Pluritine Church.

Form of address: Your Grace.

Demeanour (Lawful): Demure, but with a calculating wit and a fierce temper, seldom seen. Artful—uses deception, flattery, and seduction to push others to reveal their hand. Brushes the air with her fingertips as she speaks.

Speech: Clear soprano, careful enunciation. Woldish, Old Woldish, Liturgic.

Desires: To visit the land of her birth in times of peace. Yearns to unravel the mystery of the death of her eldest daughter, Persimone. (The duchess is not privy to her true fate as a sacrifice to the entity in the Oubliette, see ***p130***.)

Possessions: The *Shieldmaiden's Ring*—a jade-studded platinum ring that grants the ability, once a day, to conjure a terrible, four-armed angelic being of shining steel (stats as a gargoyle—*DMB*) to serve for 6 Turns (worth 10,000gp).

Family: Spouse (***Duke Thespian, p58***). Three sons, five daughters (the eldest, Persimone, was sacrificed to the entity in the Oubliette, see ***p130***).

Servants: A trio of women knights who serve her alone. Secretaries, ladies-in-waiting, handmaids, etc. Holds the **Bishop of Brackenwold** (***p69***) in her sway, tempering his zealous hatred of the witches.

Location: Castle Brackenwold (hex 1508).

Combat stats: Level 3 knight (*DMB*).

LORD EDWIN GUILLEFER

A slight human man, with lank blond hair, a mousy moustache, and a dusty, greyish complexion. Apparently in his thirties, he was actually born nigh 200 years ago—like all of his family, he has spent the majority of his adult life in magical slumber. Guillefer, a poet and harpist, is a friend of **Ygraine the Sorceress** (***p84***). He remains untroubled by the waxing of the Nag-Lord's influence in Dolmenwood, to the consternation of his neighbour, **Lady Harrowmoor** (***p60***).

Demeanour (Neutral): Contemplative, aloof, naive. Kind-hearted but absorbed in his artistic pursuits, with little interest in the troubles of the world.

Speech: Slow lilting, with frequent contemplative pauses. Favours old-fashioned turns of phrase. Woldish, Old Woldish, Liturgic, surprisingly eloquent Sylvan.

Desires: To be left in peace. To visit the fabled fairy courts of the **Duke Who Cherishes Dreams** (***p31***), whom he has met in the dreamlands of his deep slumber.

Possessions: The *Harp of Lady Silver-So-Mirrored*—a fairy relic which, when played with skill, conjures low clouds and melancholic drizzle (worth 3,000gp).

Family: Eleven sleeping relatives, including his wife and parents.

Servants: A small guard (known as sleep-wardens), advisors who deal with the quotidian dealings of the House, groundsmen, cooks, butlers, librarians, etc. **Sadewyn Gallbucket** (***p77***), a witch high-priestess, is in the employ of House Guillefer, in the guise of a lady's maid.

Location: The Hall of Sleep (hex 1304).

Combat stats: Level 3 knight (*DMB*).

LADY THEATRICE HARROWMOOR

A towering, ungainly human woman in her mid-30s, with sumptuous black locks and eyes of cool grey. Dresses in white, vaguely clerical robes. She thrives on quiet and solitude, but offers hospitality to intellectuals, academics, or those of poetic spirit. Her thoughts are currently preoccupied with the recent disappearance of her daughter Violet (see hex 0906).

Demeanour (Lawful): Forbidding intellectual, pious and even-handed ruler. Her passionate side is revealed when discussing matters of history, religion, or politics.

Speech: Punctilious, dwells on the abstract. Woldish, Old Woldish, Liturgic, Caprice.

Desires: The return of her missing daughter, Violet. To brace the defences of mid-Dolmenwood against the mustering crookhorn armies. To discover whether the folkloric Nag-Lord is truly the force behind the crookhorns.

Reward: 2,000gp for the safe return of her daughter.

Knowledge: Lady Harrowmoor is possessed of a great mind and is a renowned expert on the history of Dolmenwood. Apply the standard rules for hiring a sage (*DPB*).

Possessions: The *Pipe of the Forroth*—a long, wooden flute (worth 2,500gp) which can summon a telepathic entity from Groaning Loch (see hex 1105). Communion with the entity can reveal secrets, but is perilous. Lady Harrowmoor resists consulting with the Forroth, but is coming close to doing so on the matter of her missing daughter.

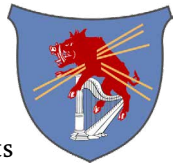
Family: Husband. Three children, aged 6–12. (The youngest, Violet, recently disappeared when they visited the construction site at Prigwort.) Younger sister—**Hilda Harrowmoor** (***p70***). Great aunt—**Lady Haeroth** (***p76***).

Servants: Six knights, a small personal guard, groundsmen, cooks, butlers, librarians, etc. A profusion of cats.

Location: Harrowmoor Keep (hex 1105).

Combat stats: Level 3 knight (*DMB*).

BARON SAGEWINE HOGWARSH



A lithe, dashing human man in his mid-thirties, with a head of wayward golden ringlets and a neatly trimmed beard. Dresses in purple silk pantaloons and salmon doublets, with a fashionable neck ruff. Hogwarsh inherited lordship of the High Wold as a callow youth, following the untimely death of his father in a fencing mishap. He is known for his lax attitude to the law, more interested in wine and debauchery than in the maintenance of order. He is a friend of **Lord Malbleat** (***p64***), who shares his taste for carousing.

Demeanour (Neutral): Amoral, hedonistic, self-centred, and utterly vain. Dismisses dissent with an arched brow and a charming smirk. Has a weakness for flattery and beautiful women.

Speech: Eloquent, chummy, laced with contemporary slang. Woldish, Old Woldish, Caprice, rusty Liturgic.

Desires: To recover the *Hanglehorn*—a lost heirloom of his house that was stolen by the infamous robber Dewidort of Smerne (see hex 0607). To be recognised for his (genuine) skills as a composer and fencer.

Family: Doting mother, the dowager baroness, who resides with him in Castle Perigonne. Younger brother, the timorous Walter. A wide assortment of lovers, beaus, and fiancées—but no wife.

Servants: Advisors, thugs, and assassins who do his bidding in secret. A standing army, a small personal guard, groundsmen, cooks, butlers, librarians, etc.

Location: Castle Perigonne, in High-Hankle (hex 0512).

Combat stats: Level 3 knight (*DMB*).

LADY PULSEPHINE MULBRECK

A voluptuous human noblewoman, 50 years of age, with cascades of pristinely curled silver hair and an awkward, slightly hunched posture. Lady Mulbreck—in addition to her husband and four of their eight sons—is addicted to the weird fungus that infests her home. Mycelia spread insidiously through her body, visible as a fine, violet lacework just beneath her skin.

Demeanour (Neutral): Sharp wit, piercing intelligence, remorseless cunning. The fungus that addles her mind has inflamed her appetites and eaten away at her conscience. (In former times, Lady Mulbreck was Lawful.)

Speech: Sweet drivel, indignant roaring. Punctuated with fits of dry coughing. Woldish, Old Woldish, Liturgic.

Desires: To keep the fate of Lord Mulbreck utterly secret, in order to maintain her indulgent rule (she has essentially imprisoned him within her dungeons). To maintain control of the Falls of Nyf (hex 1112). Would pay 300gp for one of the moss-covered corpses from the caves at the Falls—discreetly delivered—which she covets as a delicacy.

Possessions: The Crown of Bogwitt (locked in a concealed safe in her manor)—a gold circlet studded with purple tourmaline (worth 8,000gp).

Family: Her husband, Lord Mulbreck, imprisoned in the cellars of Bogwitt Manor, reduced by the fungal infestation to a bloated, lumbering monster. Eight sons, born as sets of identical twins.

Servants: A small guard, wardens at the Falls of Nyf (hex 1112), groundsmen, cooks, butlers, librarians, etc.

Location: Bogwitt Manor (hex 1210).

Combat stats: Level 3 knight (*DMB*).

LORD HARALD NODLOCK

A slovenly human man in his mid-fifties, of prodigious girth and balding pate. Hunched and dishevelled beneath the weight of a heavy rust-red robe (which appears to be a hastily unhung tapestry) slung over his shoulders. Bulbous, goggling eyes stare quizzically. Though he would never admit it, Nodlock is a lackey of **Lord Ramius** (***p65***).

Demeanour (Neutral): Presents himself as battle-hardened and iron-willed, but is a coward and has never seen combat. Drunk at almost any time of day. Flies into a rage at any mention of his neighbour, **Lord Murkin** (***p65***), who threatens Nodlock's northern border.

Speech: Gruff drawl, accompanied with frequent belching and spittle spray. (It is advisable not to sit too close to Lord Nodlock when he speaks.) Woldish, Old Woldish.

Desires: Nodlock is a simple man: he desires little beyond fine wine, fine food, and fine women, spiced with the occasional amusing execution.

Possessions: The Rod of the Wyrd—a melodramatically named heirloom of House Nodlock. What it lacks in occult power, the rod makes up for in mundane value: it is set with diamonds to the value of 10,000gp.

Family: Happily unmarried. Has many illegitimate children, but no heir.

Servants: A retinue of sycophants and advisors who oversee the castle and borders during Nodlock's frequent alcohol-induced slumbers. A poorly trained standing army. Groundsmen, cooks, butlers, librarians, etc.

Location: Nodding Castle (hex 0210).

Combat stats: Level 3 knight (*DMB*).

Longhorn Nobility

The breggle noble houses which have ruled the High Wold since ancient times.

FACTION OVERVIEW

Houses Ramius, Murkin, and Malbleat

Three breggle nobles currently rule over large portions of the High Wold: the powerful and respected Lord Ramius, the belligerent Lord Murkin, and the sadistic Lord Malbleat.

Earliest Mortals in Dolmenwood

The origins of breggles are lost in antiquity. They have lived in the environs of Dolmenwood for as long as any records show, and were the first mortal Kindred to dwell under the forest's frost-rimed boughs, in ancient days when the Cold Prince ruled supreme.

Ancient Nobility

The longhorns hold their distant forebears to be those bold few breggles who ventured into the ice-clad courts of the Cold Prince and pledged him their fealty, desiring the elevation of their own kind. These early days among the high-born of Fairy instilled in the longhorns a love of all that is noble, a proclivity which drives them to this day.

Sorcerous Blood

In addition to their political might, longhorns possess a degree of sorcerous power, derived from their ancient dealings with the Cold Prince. The gaze of the longhorns is greatly feared among the ranks of human aristocracy. Petty human lords often enlist sorcerous aid when attending the court of a longhorn.

Age-Old Enemies of the Drune

Following the betrayal of the Drune by the longhorn woman Hraigl, some 1,500 years ago (see ***History, p14***), a bitter hatred between Drune and breggles has smouldered.

In the Service of the Duchy

The longhorn aristocrats are counted among the noble houses loyal to the Duke of Brackenwold, ruling the High Wold side by side with humans. Intermarriage of breggle and human nobles is commonplace.

Nominally Follow the Pluritine Church

The longhorn nobles and their subjects are nominally aligned with the Church, though their loyalty is born out of political convenience, rather than devotion. It is sometimes noted that the feeling may be mutual—no breggle saints exist within the host of the blessed.

Lord Murkin's Aggressions

Lord Murkin has eyes on the lands of his southerly neighbour—the human House Nodlock—and is amassing troops near the border. Only the protection of Lord Ramius (whom Lord Nodlock is a lackey of) prevents outright war.

House Ramius Divided

Twenty-two years ago, unearthed genealogical documents purportedly revealed Lord Malbleat as the rightful head of House Ramius, through the line of his mother, Lady Shankhollow. Lord Ramius' interpretation of the documents naturally differed, and a feud ensued, growing quickly to violence. Baron Hogwarsh (then a mere youth) intervened, ruling that the lands of House Ramius should be divided. Malbleat was granted the eastern portion and Ramius the western.

THE LONGHORN NOBILITY'S SCHEMES

Vanquish Rival Longhorn Houses

The longhorn nobles are greatly occupied with bitter in-fighting, with petty familial rivalries amplified to blood-feud and vendetta. Each noble wishes to achieve dominance over his kin, whether by political subjugation, warfare, or sorcery. The longhorn nobles' scheming to outdo one another largely hinders the advancement of their shared goals.

Maintain Lordship of the High Wold

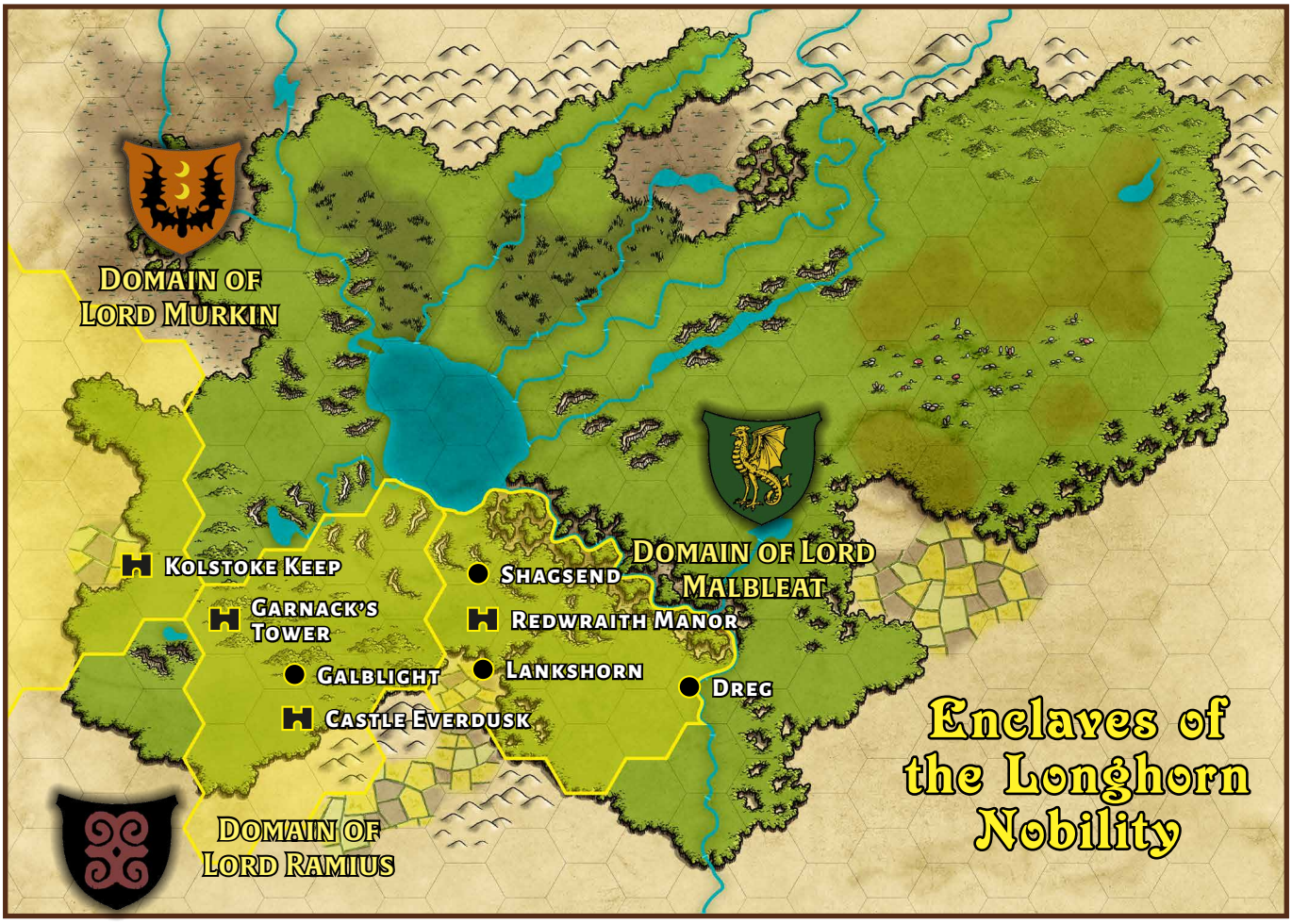
At many points in history has an imperious human noble of one kind or another emerged to challenge the longhorns' right to dominion in the High Wold. Always have the tenacious longhorns prevailed, but the risk of outside meddling in breggle rulership of the region remains.

Extend Breggle-Country Southwards

Collectively, but primarily as individuals, the longhorns seek to reverse the trend of the gradual human domination of the High Wold and extend their rule further south. Each of the nobles has his eye on the courts of High-Hankle and the throne of the foolish Baron Hogwarsh.

Destroy the Drune

The longhorns hate the Drune for their power, arrogance, and long-standing vendetta against all breggle-kind. They seek to eradicate the Drune from the High Wold and bring the lands of Dwelmfurgh under longhorn rule.



ENCLAVES OF THE LONGHORN NOBILITY

Castle Everdusk (0410): Home of Lord Ramius, most powerful of the longhorn nobles.

Dreg, Village (1110): A fishing village and trading port at the far eastern extent of Lord Malbleat's domain. It is an accepted reality in Dreg that Madame Shantywood (ruler of the independent Shantywood Isle) has more political clout here than Lord Malbleat or his representative, the Berkmaster.

Galblight, Hamlet (0409): A community of shorthorns, ruled over by Cabruc Lockehorn, servant of Lord Ramius.

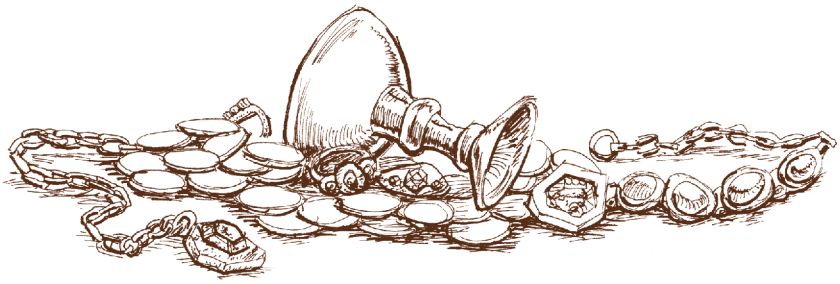
Garnack's Tower (0309): Home of Garnack the Horse, a longhorn hedge knight who hires out his services to the highest bidder.

Kolstoke Keep (0208): Seat of Lord Murkin, a half-breggle, half-human driven by his hatred of Lords Ramius and Malbleat.

Lankshorn, Town (0710): A market town located a few miles to the south of Redwraith Manor. Lankshorn is firmly under the control of Lord Malbleat, who makes frequent visits.

Redwraith Manor (0709): Home of Ramius' half-brother, Lord Malbleat, who rules over the eastern reach of the High Wold, as far as Dreg.

Shagsend, Hamlet (0708): A fortified community of shorthorns, ruled over by Hoblewort the sorcerer, servant of Lord Malbleat.



MEMBERS AND ORGANISATION

Breggle Nobles

The rulers of the noble houses: Lords Malbleat and Ramius—longhorns of ancient stock, proud and arrogant—and the upstart, half-breggle, half-human Lord Murkin.

Longhorn Elite

The breggle elite, consisting of the longhorn courtiers and knights under the command of the nobles.

Shorthorns

Members of the breggle serving class fill the roles of household servants, cooks, messengers, groundskeepers, hunters, guards, and soldiers.

NOBLE BREGGLE NAMES

d20	Male	Female	Unisex	Surname
1	Amshred	Aedel	Aegll	Barbicant
2	Craglow	Berryld	Andred	Canticreed
3	Eriggwen	Bethla	Bllennith	Cllern
4	Fennig	Crandragrew	Crewwin	Cornicus
5	Frannidore	Dweldra	Drangwen	Furroughby
6	Ghrend	Fannigrew	Grennigore	Hoblewort
7	Gryphius	Fredreth	Gwendl	Houndswort
8	Gwellith	Grendilore	Hgwennith	Hraiglent
9	Hgrlleld	Hlleth	Hmenidore	Llhraigl
10	Hmardrus	Howand	Hwandilore	Lockehorn
11	Hwardlow	Hraigl	Llaind	Lockelope
12	Hwoldwen	Hrannilde	Merrild	Malbleat
13	Llandred	Lindra	Pllandred	Murkin
14	Maindr	Llemberith	Pwenth	Overlocke
15	Nodlore	Llemmeth	Shennithold	Pellicorn
16	Olligore	Mmereth	Smenthard	Ramius
17	Shadgore	Mregginor	Snerg	Shankhollow
18	Smerigore	Pettigrew	Thannidreth	Snidebleat
19	Snide	Pwettig	Wendlow	Wealdleap
20	Wllannoth	Wendliore	Windor	Wealdlore

LORD GRYPHIUS MALBLEAT

A mature longhorn man of noble, philosophical air. Malbleat is tall (almost 7′), graceful, slender, and has black fur with a silver nose. Dresses in refined silks, with a fashionable neck ruff. Renowned for his love of poetry and his elegance in the ballroom. Dabbles in matters occult.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Refined aesthete, sadist. Delights in humiliating those of lower rank. Has a habit of smiling at uncomfortably inappropriate junctures.

Speech: Silver-tongued, eminently reasonable. Woldish, Caprice, Gaffe, Old Woldish.

Desires: To depose Lord Ramius, whom he envies and connives against. To continue cultivating the favour of Baron Hogwarsh. To unlock the arcane secrets of his semi-mythical, sorcerous ancestor Lord Gnarlgruff.

Possessions: A *Ring of Vanishing* (***p410***). An extensive occult library, including a tome, bound in human skin, which contains the trapped soul of a necromancer (worth 12,000gp). One who gains a familiarity with the tome can command the spirit to cast a *Geas* spell once a week.

Family: Seven wives (two longhorns and five humans—including **Bronywyn Baldricke**, daughter of **Berkmaster Baldricke**—***p159***). Malbleat is the younger half-brother (to different mothers) of Lord Ramius.

Servants: A coterie of alchemists and minor sorcerers. Two great black hounds. Groundsmen, cooks, butlers, etc. A small soldiery of shorthorns. Malbleat has the ear of **Father Dobey**, the vicar of Lankshorn (***p158***).

Location: Redwraith Manor (hex 0709).

Combat stats: Longhorn (*DMB*). Malbleat is a magician of some small talent, and has *Glyph of Sealing* and *Vapours of Dream* memorised.

LORD SIMEONE MURKIN

A half-breggle, half-human man in his 50s, the only child of the former Lord Murkin (deceased), who fell in love with a human woman. Murkin is auburn-haired, squat, and pot-bellied. He is of human appearance but for his prodigious chin-locks, a rudimentary horn nub, and one goat-like eye. Habitually clad in ill-fitting armour and billowing silk neckerchiefs.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Pompously regal. Cruel temper.

Speech: Nasal and condescending. Woldish, Caprice, Gaffe.

Desires: To erase the embarrassingly temperate legacy of his father and gain House Murkin the power and respect it deserves. To imprison those behind the revolt brewing in his domain (see hex 0108). To conquer House Nodlock and take Nodding Castle for himself. To undermine Lord Malbleat and Lord Ramius, bring about their painful and excruciating deaths, and rule the High Wold.

Possessions: The *Sword of Kolstoke*—an *Arcane Two-Handed Sword* (*Fairy Bane*, ***p412***) whose hilt is inlaid with black opals. The sword is an heirloom of House Murkin, said to have been used in the wars against the Cold Prince.

Family: Murkin's mother, now in her seventies, is imprisoned in the dungeons of Kolstoke Keep, after contradicting her son's word one time too many. His cousin, Lady Borrid, maintains a hunting lodge in hex 0109.

Servants: A retinue of 12 longhorn knights known as "the Horns of Kolstoke." A small but strengthening body of troops (in hex 0109). Groundsmen, cooks, butlers, etc.

Location: Kolstoke Keep (hex 0208).

Combat stats: Level 3 knight (*DMB*).

LORD SHADGORE RAMIUS

A venerable longhorn nobleman with snow-white fur, yellow eyes with red pupils, and a curly beard down to his ample belly. Ramius dresses in thickly layered regal robes embroidered with thorny roses.

Demeanour (Neutral): Cold, shrewd. Disdainful of social mores. Brilliant strategist and a wise ruler. Red pupils enlarge and contract when he is displeased.

Speech: Sweet, rasping, well-considered. Woldish, Caprice, Gaffe, Old Woldish, basic Sylvan.

Desires: To keep Lord Malbleat in check by playing the Drune against him. To cultivate the trust of the Duke of Brackenwold and be granted the barony of the High Wold, supplanting the reckless Baron Hogwarsh. Failing that, to wed his daughter Berryld to the baron. To enslave the monster known as the Bicorne (hex 0510) and use it as a beast of war.

Possessions: The *Thorned Eye*—a gold medallion whose curious shape is featured on the Ramius coat-of-arms (worth 8,000gp). One who wears the medallion can conjure a 15′ radius area of magical darkness for 6 Turns thrice a day and can harm mortals by striking at their shadows (AC 10).

Family: Widower with three sons and four daughters (including his heir, Lady Berryld, ***p233***). Ramius is the elder half-brother (to different mothers) of Lord Malbleat.

Servants: A standing army of shorthorns and humans, commanded by his sons (longhorn knights). Groundsmen, cooks, butlers, etc.

Location: Castle Everdusk (hex 0410)—ancestral home of House Ramius (and of Lord Malbleat).

Combat stats: Longhorn (*DMB*).

Pluritine Church

The dominant religion of the mortal folk of Dolmenwood in modern times.

FACTION OVERVIEW

See ***Religion in Dolmenwood***, *DPB* for details on the religious tenets, cosmology, holy symbols, and origins of the Pluritine Church.

Origins in a Distant Land

The Pluritine Church is not native to the Dolmenwood region, but originated in a distant land that is now the site of pilgrimage and sometimes political strife.

Monotheistic and Evangelistic

According to Church doctrine, there exists but One True God. Deities of other religions are regarded as personifications of aspects of God or one of the ascended saints. The Church aims to convert non-believers and bring them into the fold.

One God, Many Saints

Daily practice focuses on venerating the host of saints, rather than on God Himself, who remains somewhat abstract. Each place of worship is therefore dedicated to a particular saint, whose blessings may be bestowed upon the faithful.

Supplanted the Gwyrae Religion

In the early days of the Church in Dolmenwood, 1,200 years ago, missionaries flooded the forest, drawn from far and wide to bring the Word of God to the folk of the Wood. Gwyrae shrines in hamlets and villages were commandeered and converted into chapels venerating the saints of the Church, and a profusion of wayside shrines was established throughout the wilds of the forest.

Official Faith of the Duchy and Beyond

The Church is the officially sanctioned religion of the Duchy of Brackenwold and many kingdoms beyond. The political clout of the Church is not to be underestimated—many a young prince is advised by a gaggle of condescending clergy, and many a devout duchess unquestioningly follows the holy edict of the Church. Such is the Church's power—acting as counsellor and conduit of the Divine Word while subtly enforcing its own agenda.

Military Might

The Church wields significant military power, though it prefers to only exert this force in tandem with the kings and nobles who support it. Nonetheless, should the need arise, the Church could muster a great army from the ranks of its Holy Orders and sanctioned battalions.

Disappearing Shrines and Ebbing Power

Over the last century, the many wayside shrines of Dolmenwood have disappeared, due to the corrupting influence of Atanuwë (see ***Shrines, p22***). While most villages still maintain a church, the old gods and spirits of folklore play an increasingly important role in the minds of everyday folk.

The Ruined Abbey of St Clewyd

The capstone of the Church's former power in Dolmenwood, the Abbey of St Clewyd, now lies in ruins (hex 0906), purportedly haunted by evil powers. All attempts to clear the ruins have failed.

Miracles and Magic

Adventurers who dedicate their lives to serving the Church in wild and dangerous lands (e.g. clerics, friars) are granted the ability to directly channel divine power in the form of holy spells. High-ranking, non-adventuring priests (e.g. the **Bishop of Brackenwold**, ***p69***) can channel the power of God by performing elaborate rituals in holy places. The average rural vicar has no magical power.

THE CHURCH'S SCHEMES

Locate and Restore the Shrines

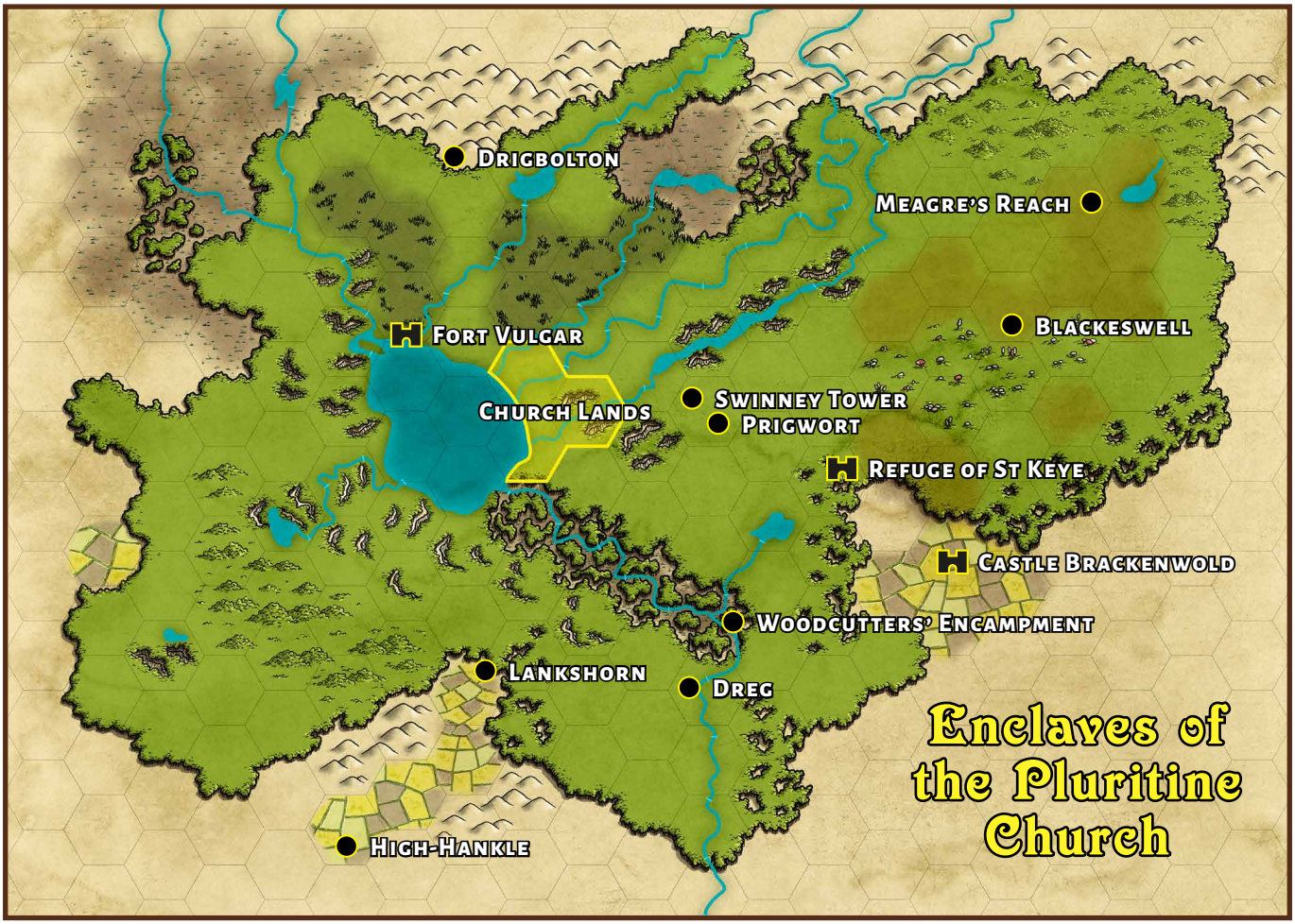
The Bishop of Brackenwold ardently seeks to locate and re-sanctify the vanished wayside shrines. The force behind the disappearance of the shrines is not currently known to the Church, though they suspect an arcane origin. The Drune are their prime suspect.

Rebuild the Abbey of St Clewyd

The ultimate achievement of the restoration of the Church in Dolmenwood would be the reconstruction of the ruined Abbey of St Clewyd, in the heart of the Wood (hex 0906). The Church does not know the true cause of the abbey's destruction, but (incorrectly) suspects Atanuwë's involvement.

Stamp out the Drune and the Witches

Under the authority of Bishop Sanguine, the Church has become more actively antagonistic toward the Drune and witches of Dolmenwood, perceiving both (inaccurately) as devil-worshipping sects. Current Church policy is to root out both sects, wherever they are encountered.



ENCLAVES OF THE PLURITINE CHURCH

Blackeswell, Village (1604): An impressive (and overly large, for the size of the village) church dedicated to St Gondyw.

Castle Brackenwold, City (1508): The central administration of the Church in Dolmenwood. The mighty Cathedral of St Signis dominates the Inner City, while the Bishop's Palace and the Seminary of 100 Martyrs (headquarters of the Order of St Faxis) stand within the Ducal Keep, beside Castle Brackenwold itself.

Church Lands (0805, 0806, 0906): The lands surrounding the ruined Abbey of St Clewyd are owned by the Church.

Dreg, Village (1110): A mouldering, wooden, port-side shrine to St Wick.

Drigbolton, Hamlet (0702): A small chapel dedicated to St Gretchen.

Fort Vulgar (0604): A chapel dedicated to the minor saint Dougan.

High-Hankle, Town (0512): A minster dedicated to the three minor saints Esther, Hildace, and Ingrid. The Order of St Signis is based in the Silent Tower in High-Hankle.

Lankshorn, Town (0710): An antique and elaborately adorned stone church dedicated to St Pastery.

Meagre's Reach, Village (1703): A small chapel dedicated to St Lillibeth.

Prigwort, Town (1106): A rambling church dedicated to St Waylaine.

The Refuge of St Keye (1307): The only remaining monastery in Dolmenwood. Once a rest stop for pilgrims travelling to the Abbey of St Clewyd (hex 0906), the monks now cater to a clientele consisting of merchants, pedlars, and woodcutters.

Swinney Tower (1106): An old watchtower on the road to Fort Vulgar, recently commandeered as a headquarters of the Order of St Sedge in Dolmenwood.

The Woodcutters' Encampment, Village (1109): A varnished wooden church dedicated to St Foggarty.

MEMBERS AND ORGANISATION

Saints

The most exalted servants of the Pluritine Church, whose holy deeds have merited them a place at God's side. Upon death, the bodies, clothing, and possessions of such individuals are venerated as relics, and have magical potency. No living saint currently resides in Dolmenwood.

Feast days: The feast days of the 100 saints venerated in Dolmenwood are listed on the Dolmenwood Calendar (available as a free download from **dolmenwood.com**).

The Bishop of Brackenwold

The head of the Church within Dolmenwood is Bishop Sanguine, resident in Castle Brackenwold (hex 1508).

Clerical Orders

The Church's militaristic arm takes the form of three Holy Orders of warrior-priests who venture into dangerous realms to vanquish enemies of the Church.

The Order of St Faxis: The order of seekers, based in the Seminary of 100 Martyrs, in Castle Brackenwold. Clerics of St Faxis follow an edict to root out practitioners of dark magic—those who truck with devils or deal in necromancy.

The Order of St Sedge: The defenders of the Church; clerics who protect the lands of the Church from invaders. Based in the Swinney Tower, by Prigwort.

The Order of St Signis: The order of Lichwards; those who watch over the dead and hunt revenant corpses and spirits which rise from the grave as undead. Based in the Silent Tower, in High-Hankle.

Priests

The mainstream of the Church, from lowly curates, through village priests, to the archbishops who determine the course of the Church across all the lands where it has dominion.

Monastics

Ascetics who live cloistered lives of prayer, fasting, and contemplation. In the present day, there is but a single monastery within Dolmenwood—the Refuge of St Keye, in hex 1307. Monastics are therefore seldom encountered by the everyday folk of the Wood.

Friars

Wandering ascetics who have vowed to leave the austere life of the cloister and take to a homeless existence on the road. Friars are tasked with bringing the good word of the Pluritine Church to the poor, downtrodden, and disease-ridden in borderlands at the edge of the civilised world (such as Dolmenwood). Friars maintain only a loose affiliation with the Church proper, being granted the fiat to carry out God's will as they see fit, without recourse to the ecclesiastical hierarchy. A large number of saints lived as friars.

THE 100 SAINTS OF DOLMENWOOD

d%	Saint	d%	Saint
01	*Abthius, ever-lustrous*	51	Joane the broken
02	Aeynid the impeccable	52	*Jorrael, God-friend*
03	Albert of the bleeding palm	53	Jubilant the chanter
04	Albrith the illuminator	54	*Keye the chronicler*
05	Apoplect the ever-roaming	55	Knock the steadfast
06	Baldric of the liminal eye	56	*Lillibeth of the sugared breath*
07	*Benester the right-believing*	57	Loame the sanctimonious
08	Bethany of Brackenwold	58	Lummox, soul-sooth
09	Calafredus the confessor	59	Maternis the sufferer
10	Cantius, God-fool	60	Medigor, mead-fast
11	Capernott the prophetess	61	Moribund the doorkeeper
12	Choad the mellifluous	62	Neblit the horrified
13	*Clewyd the refulgent*	63	Nuncy the wretched
14	Clister of the four winds	64	Offrid, oath-bearer
15	Clyde the right-minded	65	Pannard the lithe
16	Clyve the doleful	66	*Pastery, butter-monger*
17	*Cornice of the angels*	67	Philodeus the mighty
18	Craven the incontinent	68	Pious the plump
19	*Dank of the thorn*	69	Poltry of the wastes
20	Dextre the unbridled	70	*Ponch the prudent*
21	Dillage the blood-bearer	71	Primace the obdurate
22	Dougan the incredulous	72	*Primula the beneficent*
23	Dullard the swift	73	Puriphon of the wick
24	Egbert the grim	74	*Quister, ever-loyal*
25	*Eggort the troglodyte*	75	Rhilma of the parched lip
26	Elephantine the scribe	76	Sabian the horn-bearer
27	*Elsa, balm-gusher*	77	Sanguine, fairy-bane
28	Esther of the orchard	78	*Sedge the unblemished*
29	*Faxis the penitent*	79	Shank the eagle-eyed
30	Flatius, parchment-bearer	80	*Signis the silent*
31	*Foggarty of the cup*	81	Simone the withered
32	Fredulus the beheaded	82	Sortia, serpent-bane
33	*Galaunt the wonderworker*	83	Talambeth the ignitor
34	Gawain the goodly	84	Therese the young
35	Godfrey the chaste	85	*Thorm, faith-smith*
36	*Gondyw, converter of kings*	86	Thridgold the gallant
37	*Goodenough the hearty*	87	*Torphia of the solitudes*
38	*Gretchen the maiden*	88	Tumbel torch-bringer
39	*Gripe the forthright*	89	*Vinicus, thrice hanged*
40	Gwigh the unsleeping	90	Visyg of the canker
41	Habicus the lofty	91	*Waylaine of the sack*
42	*Hamfast, cloud-head*	92	Waylord of the brook
43	Hildace the hidden	93	*Whittery of the woods*
44	Hoargrime the vexed	94	*Wick the venerable*
45	Hodwich the unmercenary	95	Wilbranch of the weeping
46	*Hollyhock the jubilant*	96	Willibart, balm-tears
47	*Horace the puissant*	97	*Willofrith the wide*
48	Howarth the accursed	98	Woad the homefast
49	Howdych the tower	99	*Wort the benignant*
50	Ingrid of the bludgeon	00	Wynne of the scar

Major saints: The 34 major saints are listed in *italics*. For more information on the major saints' myths, associated spells, and areas of patronage see ***Holy Magic***, *DPB*.

The Fall of St Howarth

Originally known as St Howarth the Just, Howarth is now accursed, after having betrayed the archangel Heroclesius to the clutches of devils. Howarth was cast out from heaven and all of his miracles in the mortal world were reversed. See 0512, 0610.

BISHOP JOSPHER SANGUINE

An elderly human man with pasty skin, a bald pate, a hawkish nose, and penetrating eyes of pale blue. Dresses in episcopal purple finery, with a ruby-encrusted gold medallion. The bishop is famed for his great scholarly achievements and the far-sightedness of his political machinations.

Form of address: Your Excellency.

Demeanour (Neutral): Vainglorious, condescending, coldly zealous. His hatred of "heathens" (e.g. the Drune, the witches) clouds his reason. Has a habit of grinding his teeth while listening.

Speech: Erudite, sneering. Woldish, Liturgic, Old Woldish.

Desires: To restore the lost shrines of Dolmenwood and the dominance of the Church. To weaken or destroy the Drune. To eradicate the witches and the vestiges of the old Gwyrae religion.

Possessions: The *Rod of Temperance*—an ebony rod topped with a silver orb (allows the wielder to perceive lies with 50% accuracy and to cast *Holy Quest* and *Reveal Alignment* once a week, worth 20,000gp). The *Elixir of St Eggort*—a 2′ decanter of eternally radiant liquid (emanates bright sunlight in a 120′ radius, worth 10,000gp).

Servants: Several dozen assistants and librarians, a staff of several dozen household servants. **Sanctus Primus** (***p71***), commander of the Order of St Faxis, is the bishop's right hand man.

Location: The Bishop's Palace (***p130***) in Castle Brackenwold (hex 1508).

Combat stats: Everyday mortal (*DMB*). Has the ability to cast holy spells of up to Rank 5 by performing lengthy rituals in a specially consecrated sanctum.

ABBOT NEDWYNNE HARGLE

A stiff, looming human man in his late middle age, with a wide, rustic face and unruly grey hair. Dresses in the simple tan robes of a librarian. As abbot of the Seminary of 100 Martyrs, Hargle is responsible for overseeing the theological libraries and the training of new priests.

Form of address: Father.

Demeanour (Lawful): Sombre, kindly, intellectual. Ruffles his hair unconsciously.

Speech: Slow, soft, meandering. Woldish, Liturgic, Old Woldish, Caprice.

Desires: Discreet contact with the Drune about the status of the wards against the Cold Prince. A quiet retirement in the High Wold countryside—once the "current troubles" (a constantly evolving topic) are resolved.

Knowledge: Specialises in the lore of the Church, including the history of the Triple Compact in Dolmenwood (***p17***—now all but forgotten to the Church). Apply the standard rules for hiring a sage (*DPB*). His research services can sometimes be engaged free of charge by other servants of the Church.

Servants: A dozen librarians, three personal servants.

Location: The Seminary of the 100 Martyrs (***p131***) in Castle Brackenwold (hex 1508).

Combat stats: Everyday mortal (*DMB*). Has the ability to cast holy spells of up to Rank 4 by performing lengthy rituals in a specially consecrated sanctum.

JOAN ABLEWRIGHT—COMMANDER OF THE ORDER OF ST SIGNIS

An elderly human woman with stern brown eyes, furrowed brow, half moon spectacles perched on her crooked nose, and thin, shoulder length hair streaked with grey. Dresses in the ivy-crowned skull medallion and elaborately pleated, indigo robes of her station.

Form of address: Commander.

Demeanour (Lawful): Contemplative, even tempered, preternaturally perceptive.

Speech: Hushed, punctuated with formal, macabre phrases such as "while we still live," "before death takes us," "while speech still avails." Woldish, Liturgic, Old Woldish.

Desires: Word on the current state of the ruined Abbey of St Clewyd (fears the crypts are becoming overrun by undead). Possession of the lost *Hand of St Signis* (rumoured to have been in the crypts of the Abbey of St Clewyd). To aid **Duchess Ophelia** (***p59***) in solving the lingering mystery of her daughter Persimone's death. (Ablewright and the duchess meet seldom but are close correspondents.)

Possessions: The *Stifling Mallet*—a bone-handled, flanged *Holy Mace* (*Undead Bane*, ***p412***) with the power to cast the holy spell *Silence* once a day. Worth 5,000gp.

Servants: Directly served by twelve clerics of the Order of St Signis.

Location: The Silent Tower (***p153***) in High-Hankle (hex 0512).

Combat stats: Level 9 cleric.

HILDA HARROWMOOR—COMMANDER OF THE ORDER OF ST SEDGE

A tall, brawny human woman in her late twenties, with cascading black curls, blazing blue eyes, and a wide, expressive mouth. Dresses in stark military garb with a plain white tabard. Harrowmoor was recently recalled by the bishop from her station in a distant land to protect Dolmenwood against the rising forces of the Nag-Lord. She now works closely with her elder sister, **Lady Theatrice Harrowmoor** (***p60***), a somewhat frustrating experience for both.

Form of address: Commander.

Demeanour (Lawful): Hard-headed pragmatist with little interest in matters of theory. Accomplished tactician.

Speech: Eloquent and forthright. Prone to inspiring speeches. Woldish, Liturgic, Old Woldish.

Desires: Glory in adventure and battle. To convince **Captain Hogwash** (***p176***) of the real threat of crookhorn attacks on central Dolmenwood, drawing his attention away from trivial matters in Prigwort.

Possessions: The *Shield of Harrowmoor*—a great *Holy Shield* (***p400***) bearing the Harrowmoor coat of arms.

Family: Elder sister—**Lady Harrowmoor** (***p60***). Great aunt—**Lady Haeroth** (***p76***).

Servants: Directly served by a troop of eight clerics of the Order of St Sedge and six soldiers of House Harrowmoor.

Location: The Swinney Tower, outside Prigwort (hex 1106).

Combat stats: Level 7 cleric.

SANCTUS PRIMUS—COMMANDER OF THE ORDER OF ST FAXIS

A robust, handsome human man in his late forties, with a square jaw, cropped hair, and wide set eyes of deep grey. Dresses in sombre black robes, with a golden symbol of St Faxis—three crossed swords—on a chain around his neck. Insists on being addressed by the pompous Liturgic title "Sanctus Primus." His real name—Lowlan Creede—is known to no one. As commander of the Order of St Faxis in Dolmenwood and right hand man of the bishop, Primus is charged with the eradication of the Drune and witches.

Form of address: Commander.

Demeanour (Neutral): Hard-line scripturalist, unwaveringly loyal, ruthlessly ambitious.

Speech: Silver-tongued. Careful enunciation belies his working class roots. Woldish, Liturgic, Old Woldish.

Desires: To keep his liaisons with the thief **One-Eyed Gil**, landlady of the Poppy Cock (***p135***) utterly secret. (He claims to be celibate.) To be announced as the bishop's official successor. Evidence of **Abbot Hargle's** (***p69***) entanglement with dark powers. (Primus loathes the abbot's quiet, even-handed piety and would gladly see him defrocked and locked up.)

Possessions: An ebony *Rod of Bless Weapon* (***p416***), engraved with liturgies to St Faxis.

Servants: Directly served by fifteen clerics of the Order of St Faxis.

Location: The Seminary of the 100 Martyrs (***p131***) in Castle Brackenwold (hex 1508).

Combat stats: Level 10 cleric.

Witches

A secretive sect of women who commune with ancient gods in the deep woods.

FACTION OVERVIEW

Worship Secret Gods—the Gwyrigons

The witches of Dolmenwood worship ancient Wood Gods (see ***p36***) known as the Gwyrigons—Ertta the Devouring Mother, Hasturiel Thrice-Crowned, and Limwdd the Quiet Brother. Witches also once worshipped the Gwyrigon Embala of the Husk, with whom contact has been lost. The presence of the Gwyrigons in Dolmenwood and the witches' worship of them are closely guarded secrets.

Encounters With the Gwyrigons

Each Gwyrigon may manifest physically at a specific site within Dolmenwood, known as its *locus*. Mortals who wander to such a place by chance may witness a Gwyrigon's manifestation. Men invariably report such encounters as horrific—a brush with monstrous powers inimical to humankind. Some women of sensitive nature (especially those of Drune blood) perceive instead an otherworldly beauty. Such women show potential as witches and may be contacted and offered initiation into the craft.

Initiation Over 13 Lunar Cycles

A woman who has begun her initiation is not regarded as a true witch until thirteen lunar cycles have passed. During this period, the Gwyrigon and initiate commune in dreams until, upon the night of the thirteenth full moon, the woman is accepted into the sisterhood as part of a coven. This occasion is marked with a night-long, visionary ritual wherein the initiate ingests a psychedelic mandrake brew.

Spiritual Union With a Gwyrigon

Upon acceptance into a coven as a full member of the sisterhood, a witch enters into a permanent spiritual union with one of the Gwyrigons, her mortal soul becoming a fibril of the Gwyrigon's vast consciousness. The witch thus becomes the eyes of the Gwyrigon in the mortal world, gaining supernatural powers in return.

Extended Lifespans

Union with a Gwyrigon extends a witch's mortal lifespan and delays the ravages of ageing. While the average witch's lifespan is extended by a only decade or so, the most powerful witches may live for several centuries, periodically taking on new identities to remain hidden.

Never Speak of Dreams

Discussing one's dreams with others is taboo within the sisterhood, for dreams are the private realm wherein each witch communes nightly with the Gwyrigon.

Hidden in All Spheres of Society

While some witches live as hermits, many dwell among other mortals, practicing their craft in secret. Unbeknown to those around her, any woman—from the lowliest scullery maid to the noblest lady—may be a witch.

The Witches' Cant

Witches speak a secret cant that allows them to identify one another.

Charms, Hexes, and Witches' Brews

In addition to the powers gained by union with a Gwyrigon, witches guard a body of occult lore, passed among members of the sisterhood. It is thus that witches can cast arcane spells (primarily taking the form of charms and curses) and brew potions. Witches are infamous for their use of psychedelic plants as primary ingredients in the brews they concoct.

Familiars, Corn-Dolls, and Manikins

Witches frequently bind common animals as familiars and craft magically animated servitors to guard their lairs.

THE WITCHES' SCHEMES

Maintain the Secrecy of the Craft

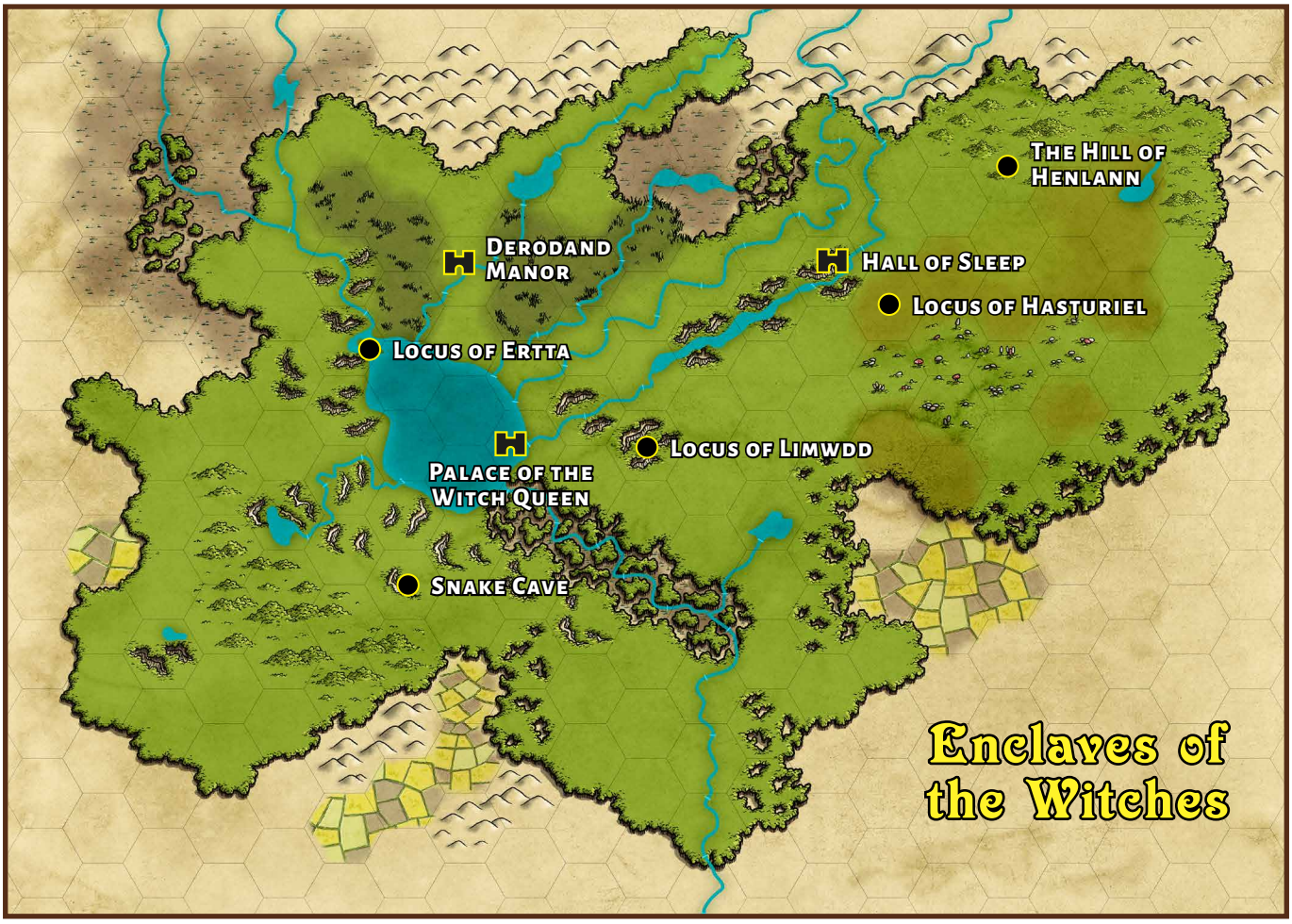
The primary aim of the witches is to pass their craft on to future generations, ensuring that communion with the Gwyrigons continues. Their teachings and lore are to be kept safe from outsiders' eyes and the Gwyrigons themselves guarded against external attack or tampering.

Recover the Mirrors of Embala

The witches once possessed three crystalline mirrors, used to communicate with the lost Gwyrigon named Embala of the Husk. One of these mirrors is in the possession of the Queen of the Witches, but the whereabouts of the other two are unknown. See ***The Mirrors of Embala, p75***.

Locate the Hoaghryn

Witch lore speaks of a child—known as the *Hoaghryn*—destined to be the Queen of the Witches and to rule all Dolmenwood in the name of the Gwyrigons. Witches who subscribe to this prophecy scour the Wood in search of a baby born under certain auspices, with the spiritual capacity to be initiated into the sisterhood as a child. Some view the quest for this messiah-like being as the true aim of witchcraft.



ENCLAVES OF THE WITCHES

Derodand Manor (0704): Home of Lady Haeroth, High Priestess of northern and western Dolmenwood and scion of House Harrowmoor.

The Hall of Sleep (1304): Abode of the witch Sadewyn, High Priestess of eastern Dolmenwood.

The Hill of Henlann (1602): An ancient burial ground where the Gwyrigon Hasturiel may be addressed.

The Locus of Ertta (0505): On windswept nights, witches fly to the summit of the ruined tower upon the Isle of Yeth to commune with the Gwyrigon Ertta.

The Locus of Hasturiel (1404): A gargantuan granite pylon of unknown provenance marks the primary locus of the Gwyrigon Hasturiel.

The Locus of Limwdd (1006): A glade warded by witch magic, wherein contact with the Gwyrigon Limwdd is possible.

The Palace of the Witch Queen (0806): The Queen of All Witches dwells in a palace dug into the underwater cliffs at the eastern shore of Lake Longmere. The location of the palace is known only to the three High Priestesses.

The Snake Cave (0608): Lair of the witch Grwith, mistress of snakes and High Priestess of southern Dolmenwood.

MEMBERS AND ORGANISATION

The Gwyrigons

The Wood Gods worshipped by the witches. The witches count three extant Gwyrigons (Ertta, Hasturiel, and Limwdd—described below), two who have passed away, and one with whom contact has been lost (Embala of the Husk—see ***The Witches' Schemes, p72***).

Ertta the Devouring Mother: A sleepy power who has dominion over ageing, death, and decay. Ertta is associated with the sky and the winds, and is most easily contacted on stormy days. Ertta's primary locus is in hex 0505, upon the Isle of Yeth. See ***p37*** for more information on Ertta.

Hasturiel Thrice-Crowned: Also known as "she from beyond." Hasturiel has dominion over metamorphosis, vision, and speech and is associated with fire. Hasturiel's primary locus is in the gargantuan granite pylon in hex 1404. See ***p38*** for more information on Hasturiel.

Limwdd the Quiet Brother: Has dominion over stasis, growth, and rejuvenation. Limwdd is associated with seeds and the depths of the earth. Witches in union with Limwdd can feel the pulse of its energy in the ground when walking barefoot. Limwdd's primary locus is in hex 1006. See ***p38*** for more information on Limwdd.

Initiates

Women who have witnessed the manifestation of a Gwyrigon and begun their initiation into the sisterhood, lasting thirteen lunar cycles.

Eyes of the Gwyrigons

Witches who have completed their initiation and entered into spiritual union with a Gwyrigon are known as "eyes" of the Gwyrigon in question. They make up the vast bulk of the sisterhood.

Covens

The primary means of organisation among witches is the coven: a group of up to thirteen (called a "witches' dozen") witches in a local area. There is a coven in the vicinity of each settlement in Dolmenwood, and smaller covens are scattered throughout the wild areas of the forest.

Priestesses

Each coven is loosely governed by a Priestess who determines the dates and conditions of their gatherings.

High Priestesses and the High Coven

All of the covens of Dolmenwood are at least nominally under the command of the High Coven, which consists of three High Priestesses.

The Queen of All Witches

The High Coven is commanded in turn by the Queen of All Witches. The Queen is near-mythical in the minds of most witches—none outside of the High Coven have ever had direct contact with her.

COVEN NAMES

d20	First Element	Second Element
1	Bleeding	Blade
2	Bloody	Chalice
3	Chiming	Circle
4	Cloaked	Crone
5	Coiled	Elm
6	Crooked	Hart
7	Drowned	Heart
8	Hatching	Holly
9	Hidden	Mandrake
10	Ivy-Crowned	Moon
11	Liminal	Night
12	Silent	Oak
13	Silver	Palm
14	Singing	Pentacle
15	Triple	Raven
16	Twinned	River
17	Veiled	Serpent
18	Virgin	Solstice
19	Wailing	Well
20	Whispering	Wyrm

CELENIA—THE QUEEN OF ALL WITCHES

An androgynous human woman of waifish build, with cropped silver hair and eyes as blue as cold moonlight. Dresses in ethereal gowns of silver gauze. Appears around 20, but is actually 280 years old. In union with Hasturiel Thrice-Crowned.

Demeanour (Neutral): Aloof, mercurial, quick to anger, does not suffer fools gladly.

Speech: Dreamy, old-fashioned, and formal. Woldish, Old Woldish, Sylvan, a smattering of High Elfish.

Desires: To find a High Priestess to replace Grwith (whose behaviour of late grows ever more bestial). To discover the arcane secrets of the sorceress Ygraine (***p84***). To re-establish communion with Embala of the Husk (see ***The Witches' Schemes, p72***).

Possessions: *Sword of Lost Souls* (see ***Combat Stats***). Giant clam shell (in which she gains glimpses of the future). The *Selenite Mirror of Embala* (see ***The Mirrors of Embala***). *Crown of Fallen Stars* (see ***Combat Stats***).

Servants: Swarms of silvery eels which can evade the ravenous Big Chook (see ***p253***). The Belwycht—a guardian of ancient magic. Six witches (two in union with of each of the Gwyrigons).

Location: Secret, submerged palace at the bottom of Lake Longmere, hex 0806.

The Mirrors of Embala

According to witch legend, the lost Gwyrigon Embala of the Husk was, in ancient times, the lord of its kind and mighty ruler of all Dolmenwood. Myth tells that Embala could only be contacted via a set of three crystal mirrors of entrancing beauty—the *Mirrors of Embala*—one of malachite (lost, see hex 0701), one of onyx (lost, see hex 1103), and one of selenite (in the possession of the Queen of the Witches, hex 0806).

Loss of the malachite mirror: In ancient times, when war with Frigia wracked Dolmenwood (see ***History, p14***), an attack on the Palace of the Witch Queen (hex 0806) was feared. The *Mirrors of Embala* were entrusted to the three High Priestesses, who hid them away. The malachite mirror was taken far from civilisation, into the Table Downs, to be guarded in the ruined watchtower in hex 0701. Little did the Priestess know that an older presence lingered in the tower still. She was slain and the mirror's fate lost to history.

Loss of the onyx mirror: The onyx mirror was stolen some seven centuries ago by the renegade Drune known as the Aubrathon (***p55***), who astrally infiltrated the Palace of the Witch Queen. He sealed the mirror in his magically veiled tower upon Chantery Isle (1103), where it remains to this day.

Uniting the three mirrors: If the three sister mirrors are united, they have the power to reawaken the Gwyrigon Embala of the Husk, which lies in a coma in a deep crevice at the base of the Groaning Loch.

Combat Stats

MEDIUM MORTAL—GENIUS—NEUTRAL

Level 12 **AC** 18 **HP** 40 **Saves** D11 R11 H10 B13 S11
Att *Sword of Lost Souls* (+5, 1d8+2) or spell **Speed** 40
Morale 10 **XP** 7,200

Sword of Lost Souls*:** An *Arcane Longsword* (p412***) with a blade of clear crystal which traps the souls of those it slays. A creature slain by the sword cannot be returned to life unless the sword is destroyed.

***Crown of Fallen Stars*:** A vortex of glittering crystals that orbits the head of the wearer. The crown grants an AC of 16 and immunity to Rank 1 spells. Worth 25,000gp.

Spells: Celenia has the following arcane spells memorised: **Rank 1** *Crystal Resonance*, *Ingratiate*, *Firelight*, *Glyph of Sealing*, **Rank 2** *Dweomerlight*, *Levitate*, *Mind Crystal*, *Perceive the Invisible*, **Rank 3** *Fireball*, *Paralysation*, *Water Breathing*, **Rank 4** *Confusion*, *Hex Weaving*, *Wall of Fire*, **Rank 5** *Conjure Elemental*, *Teleport*, **Rank 6** *Geas*, *Wave of Force*.

Secret name of Hasturiel (thrice a day): Celenia can speak the secret name of Hasturiel, causing beings of Level 6 or lower within 20′ to flee in terror for 2 Turns (**Save Versus Hold** to resist).

Evil eye (thrice a day): Celenia can inflict a curse (per the arcane spell *Hex Weaving*) by gazing at a target.

Cloak true form: The Queen of all Witches can take on any outward appearance she wishes (limited to female humanoids of roughly the same size).

Metamorphosis (once a day): Celenia can change into any creature, per the arcane spell *Polymorph*. The metamorphosis lasts until dawn or until she chooses to shed her new form.

GRWITH THE SCALED—HIGH PRIESTESS OF THE SOUTH

A wild-eyed, stick-thin human woman with long black hair, gleaming green eyes, and dark, slightly scaly skin. Appears to be in her 30s, but is actually 220 years old. In union with Limwdd the Quiet Brother. The strange waters in Grwith's cavern lair have transformed her, over time, into a semi-ophidian, with forked tongue and a ravenous appetite for flesh.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Suspicious, secretive. Hates the Drune for their arrogance.

Speech: Sinister and sibilant. Woldish, Old Woldish, Sylvan.

Desires: To feast on mortal flesh. The skeletons of two dozen Drunes (required for a ritual to destroy the sorcerers)—possibly stolen from Drune Lodge, which she believes is located in hex 0508.

Possessions: A bone *Staff of Dominion (Snakes, **p416**)*.

Servants: A dozen great snakes, charmed by her staff.

Location: Lives in a cave in hex 0608.

Combat stats: Witch (Eye of Limwdd—*DMB*) with 35 HP and the ability to cast additional arcane spells: *Vapours of Dream*, *Dispel Magic*, *Confusion*, *Polymorph* and the following holy spells (treated as being of arcane origin): *Charm Serpents*, *Serpent Transformation*.

LADY EMELDA HAEROTH—HIGH PRIESTESS OF THE NORTH AND WEST

A tall, elegant human noblewoman of House Harrowmoor, usually dressed in black lace, with listless blond hair, delicate complexion, and blue eyes. Often weirs a veil to conceal her visage—appears around 40, but is actually 105 years old. In union with Ertta the Devouring Mother.

Demeanour (Neutral): Reclusive and enigmatic. Does not welcome visitors.

Speech: Cold, graceful, self-assured. Woldish, Old Woldish.

Desires: Information on the lost *Mirrors of Embala* (see ***The Witches' Schemes, p72***)—believes the Drune are keeping one of the mirrors upon Phantom Isle (hex 0706). The head of the crookhorn **Captain Snarkscorn** (***p46***), whose ruffians encroach onto her lands. To discover the fate of her jade necklace and the treacherous apprentice, Myrabelle, who stole it (see hex 0303) some decades ago.

Possessions: A magical tea set known as the *Service of Calthrounhe* (see hex 0704).

Family: Lady Haeroth is the great-aunt of **Lady Harrowmoor** (***p60***) and **Hilda Harrowmoor** (***p70***), and is a member of the Harrowmoor noble house.

Servants: Witch owl (*DMB*) familiar, Hallohoo. Four great guard dogs. Maids, cooks, footmen, etc.

Location: Lives in the isolated manse Derodand Manor, in hex 0704.

Combat stats: Witch (Eye of Ertta—*DMB*) with 30 HP and the ability to cast additional spells: *Mind Crystal*, *Phantasm*, *Crystal Vision*, *Lightning Bolt*.

SADEWYN GALLBUCKET—HIGH PRIESTESS OF THE EAST

A buxom, rosy-cheeked human woman with curly brown hair and a merry twinkle in her eye. Appears around 50, but is actually 350 years old. Has dwelt for centuries among the nobles of House Guillefer, slipping between guises as required over the years (currently a lady's maid). In union with Hasturiel Thrice-Crowned.

Demeanour (Lawful): Merry, overly familiar. Feigned dimwittedness. Occasional flashes of wry wisdom.

Speech: Uneducated and coarse. Prone to rustic aphorism. Woldish, Old Woldish, Sylvan.

Desires: To discover the powers of the monolith in Odd. To awaken the nobles of House Guillefer and nudge them into mobilising against Atanuwë. Stirge-owl feathers (see hex 1005) for the magical cloak she is crafting.

Possessions: A set of *Needles of Hexing* (***p420***). A partially crafted cloak of stirge-owl feathers (once complete, it will allow her to move insubstantially).

Servants: The nightingales that nest in the grounds of the Hall of Sleep.

Location: Works as a lady's maid in the Hall of Sleep, hex 1304.

Combat stats: Witch (Eye of Hasturiel—*DMB*) with 28 HP and the ability to cast additional spells: *Firelight*, *Glyph of Sealing*, *Vapours of Dream*, *Invisibility*, *Knock*, *Mind Crystal*, *Dark Sight*, *Missile Ward*.

Faction Relationships

The attitudes and interactions between each of the major factions in Dolmenwood.

Each of the major factions in Dolmenwood has its own agenda, sometimes sympathetic and sometimes at odds with those of other factions. This section summarises the relationships between the major factions, as of the present day.

ATANUWË

Hates the Church and the Human Nobility: Atanuwë is actively antagonistic toward the forces of Law in the forest and would like nothing better than to conquer their petty dominions and warp them into playgrounds of Chaos.

Unaware of the Cold Prince: Atanuwë cares little for history and has no knowledge of the Wood's former liege.

Views all others as playthings: Atanuwë views all other beings as fair game for its cosmic pranks and jokes.

COLD PRINCE

Unaware of Atanuwë: The Nag-Lord arrived in Dolmenwood many centuries after the banishment of the Cold Prince and his people back to the fairy realm of Frigia. The Cold Prince is thus unaware of the corruption of the Wood by Atanuwë. His immortal ire would be inflamed should he hear of it.

Hates the Church and the Human Nobility: Although the Cold Prince has scant knowledge of recent events in Dolmenwood (i.e. the last eight centuries), his hatred for those who deposed him burns fiercely still. His dreams of returning to claim his mortal dominion and enslave his enemies are frequent and impassioned.

Hates but seeks to treat with the Drune: The Cold Prince suspects that the Drune—alone among the three factions complicit in his banishment from Dolmenwood—could be tempted to aid his return. He knew the sorcerers' ancestors, of old, and recalls their brazen lust after occult knowledge and power. It is possible that some among them may be willing to damage the warding ring of Chell in exchange for deep secrets of fairy magic.

Seeks an alliance with the Longhorn Nobility: Breggles served the Cold Prince, long ago, and he seeks to rekindle that loyalty.

Unaware of the Witches: Although witches were present in Dolmenwood in the days of the Cold Prince's reign, the frost elves never paid them any heed.

DRUNE

Lust after Atanuwë's power: The Drune look upon Atanuwë with greedy eyes, viewing the Nag-Lord as another potential arrow to add to their arcane quiver. Of course, the Nag-Lord is not easily bound by Drune magic, and would require an eldritch trap of the most exquisite design. They also seek revenge upon Atanuwë for the theft of the nodal Sargstone (hex 0904).

Disdain the Church and the Human Nobility: The Drune view their fellow mortals with contempt, using them as befits their machinations.

Ward against the Cold Prince: Of the three factions that united to banish the Cold Prince from the mortal world (the Triple Compact—see ***History, p14***), the Drune alone remember and honour their role in the banishing. They carefully ward the Summerstones still, guarding against the return of the Cold Prince or his minions.

Mistrust the Longhorn Nobility: Breggles once served the Drune, but betrayed them and destroyed their most precious relic. Drune memories are long and unforgiving; many still view breggles as wholly treacherous.

Pact with the Witches: Though the Drune covet the power of the Gwyrigons, ancient pacts deter them from interfering with the activities of witches. Open collaborations between the Drune and the Witches are historically somewhat rare, but not unheard of.

HUMAN NOBILITY

Fear Atanuwë: The nobles fear the increasingly bold incursions of crookhorns into Aldweald, but remain unsure of the true identity and nature of the enigmatic figure known in folklore as the Nag-Lord.

Allied with the Church: In most deeds, the Church and nobility are unified. Many in the aristocracy are devout followers of the Church's word, and the high clergy gladly accept the advice of the duke and duchess.

Turning against the Drune: Traditionally, there was a creed of non-violence between the Dukes of Brackenwold and the Drune (a last remnant of the Triple Compact—see ***History, p14***). Recent Dukes, however, have questioned this creed, and have initiated a slow-burning campaign to drive the sorcerers out of the forest.

Dismiss the Cold Prince as legend: Time enough has passed since the days of the Cold Prince's dominion in Dolmenwood that ancient records of his reign are now dismissed as mere legend.

Allied with the Longhorn Nobility: Humans and longhorns have ruled side by side in the High Wold since ancient times. While longhorns and humans both tend to favour their own kind, their alliance is stable.

Tolerant of the Witches: The machinations of the witches are largely irrelevant to the power plays of the aristocracy, who also pay little heed to the reams of ambiguous and wildly varying folktale surrounding the witches. The dukes' awareness of the vein of witchcraft that runs through their women-folk reinforces this attitude of neutrality and unspoken tolerance.

LONGHORN NOBILITY

Fear and hate Atanuwë: The longhorns fear the increasingly bold incursions of crookhorns into Aldweald, but remain unsure of the true identity and nature of the enigmatic figure known in folklore as the Nag-Lord. They harbour a deep hatred of Atanuwë for the twisting of breggles into crookhorns.

Disdain the Church: Although nominally followers of the Church's doctrine, the longhorns' loyalty is born of political convenience, rather than devotion. In truth they are adherents of Aud frengd Hlerr—propitiating the blessing of their esteemed ancestors.

Dismiss the Cold Prince as legend: Time enough has passed since the ancient days when breggles served the Cold Prince that even the learned now dismiss talk of his reign as fanciful legend.

Allied with the Human Nobility: Humans and longhorns have ruled side by side in the High Wold since ancient times. While longhorns and humans both tend to favour their own kind, their alliance is stable.

Fear and hate the Drune: The Drune, held responsible for the death of the longhorns' ancestor Hraigl, are hated and feared by all breggles of the High Wold. Seldom do breggles venture deep into Drune-haunted Dwelmfurgh.

Ignore the Witches: While breggle women occasionally become witches, the practice of witchcraft is not widespread among the longhorn nobility.

PLURITINE CHURCH

Fears Atanuwë: The Church fears the increasingly bold incursions of crookhorns into Aldweald, but remains unsure of the true identity and nature of the enigmatic figure known in folklore as the Nag-Lord.

Hates the Drune and the Witches: The Church seeks to eradicate the Drune and the witches from Dolmenwood, viewing them as cults of depraved devil-worshippers. The ancient alliance with the Drune (the Triple Compact—see ***History, p14***) is all but forgotten to the Church.

Dismisses the Cold Prince as legend: Time enough has passed since the days of the Cold Prince's dominion in Dolmenwood that the learned eminences of the Church now dismiss talk of fairy lords as superstitious nonsense.

Tolerates the Longhorn Nobility: There are some among the Church who view the presence of the longhorn nobles in the High Wold as an uncomfortable relic of ancient days, before the coming of the Church to Dolmenwood. For the time being, the current state of affairs is tolerated.

Allied with the Human Nobility: In most deeds, the Church and nobility are unified. Many in the aristocracy are devout followers of the Church's word, and the high clergy gladly accept the advice of the duke and duchess.

WITCHES

Hate Atanuwë: To the witches, Atanuwë is an imposter and its minions a plague upon the forest. The High Coven regards the creeping influence of the Nag-Lord as the principal threat to their power in Dolmenwood and seeks to confine the beast to its dominion in the North.

Fear and seek to hide from the Church: The witches are becoming ever more secretive, following the Church's increasing aggression against them.

Pact with the Drune: Ancient pacts deter the witches and Drune from interfering in each other's affairs. Witches typically give Drune men a wide berth while actively seeking to enlist young Braithmaids into their covens.

Ignore the Cold Prince: For the most part, the witches view tales of the Cold Prince's reign in Dolmenwood as mere legend. Those more learned in ancient history view the chance of the frost elves returning as remote and, even if it were to come to pass, of little threat to the Gwyrigons and the craft.

Ignore the Longhorn Nobility: While breggle women occasionally become witches, the witches have no direct dealings with the longhorn nobility.

Loosely allied with the Human Nobility: Witchcraft has a long history among the women of House Brackenwold. The High Coven communicates regularly with initiates among the aristocracy.

Factions and Adventurers

The dealings that the major factions in Dolmenwood have with adventurers.

Bands of wandering adventurers who delve into the deeps of Dolmenwood in search of fame and fortune are typically not directly aligned with any of the factions detailed previously. This section describes how each of the major factions of the Wood views adventurers and whether (and under what circumstances) they may be willing to work with them.

ATANUWË

Mortals who seek to parley with a Chaos-godling are likely to be disappointed. The Nag-Lord has no interest in the piffling deeds of mortals, so is just as likely to snack on adventurers who seek an audience as it is to hear them out.

Affiliation with Atanuwë: Adventurers of Chaotic Alignment who impress the Nag-Lord with their sense of humour or penchant for wickedness and pandemonium may receive its "blessing" to wreak havoc in Dolmenwood as they see fit. Those who submit to the hypnotic bondage of the Nag-Lord's gaze (see ***Atanuwë, The Nag-Lord, p45***) are accepted into the ranks of the faction and entrusted with a role in its schemes.

Rewards: Wild feasts and debauchery, magic items (often with dangerous side-effects), crookhorn servitors.

Example Quests

Spying and subterfuge: Infiltrating and subverting the actions of the Church or the human nobility.

Warbands: Joining (or leading, for more powerful characters) bands of crookhorns on raids into human-ruled lands or attacks on military outposts.

COLD PRINCE

The few servants of the Cold Prince who find their way through cunning paths into Dolmenwood are well aware of their isolation in the mortal world. They are, therefore, inclined to act subtly, achieving their ends indirectly by bribing or charming mortals into doing their bidding.

Affiliation with the Cold Prince: While frost elves are quite willing to pay adventurers and mercenaries for their aid, they never truly accept mortals into the ranks of the faction. Elves in an adventuring party may eventually become trusted allies of the frost elves, if they swear fealty to the banished Cold Prince.

Rewards: Coins of fairy silver (worth 5gp each), scintillating ice jewels, enchanted fairy trinkets (usually bearing an inconvenient glamour affecting mortals that wield them).

Example Quests

Spying on the Drune: Scouting around Dwelmfurgh and reporting on the doings of the Drune.

Locating nodal stones: The frost elves desire precise information on the location of the nodal stones of Dolmenwood, with especial interest in the stones around the Witching Ring.

Escorting to the Embassy: Trusted parties may be enlisted as guards and scouts to bring an important frost elf to the hidden embassy at the Falls of Naon (hex 0504).

DRUNE

The Drune mistrust bands of wandering ne'er-do-wells, but deal with them at times.

Affiliation with the Drune: It is not unheard of for a group of adventurers to establish an ongoing working relationship with the sorcerers, though such parties are not privy to the reason driving their odd quests. The Drune look especially unkindly upon rogues who attempt to seduce their daughters.

Trade in magic: The Drune covet magic of all kinds—both magic items and spell books—and are often willing to purchase items from adventurers.

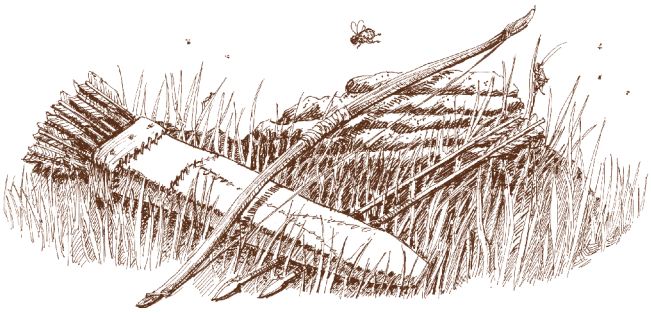
Rewards: Gold or precious stones—never magic of any kind, which Drune hoard absolutely.

Example Quests

Fetching odd items or substances: The Drune require all manner of items and substances for their magical practice, often obtained from scrabey or goblin merchants. The Drune sometimes trade with more questionable creatures (e.g. the boggins in hex 0209).

Scouting frost elf activities: The Drune vigorously investigate any report of frost elves or their allies in Dolmenwood, even if it turns out to be hogwash.

Guarding ritual sites: Trusted (or charmed) parties may be enlisted to clear monsters from the site of a planned ritual, and to repel intruders while the ritual is under way.



HUMAN NOBILITY

The duke and the nobles who swear fealty to him keep their plans to themselves, as a rule. Occasionally, a noble may inquire after the services of an adventuring party to carry out some covert plot.

Affiliation with the human nobility: Adventurers of compatible Alignment who swear fealty to a noble may be accepted into their service. Those who prove themselves trustworthy and discreet are assigned ever more sensitive or dangerous quests and granted greater favour. While it is rare for non-humans to rise far in the ranks of a noble's servants, it is not unheard of.

Rewards: Gold, political favours, rank and title, land.

Example Quests

Scouting crookhorn activities: Monitoring the movements of the Nag-Lord's servants and warning of any large-scale incursions into human-ruled lands.

Eliminating monsters: Killing or driving off monsters that have encroached too close to civilised parts.

LONGHORN NOBILITY

The longhorns of the High Wold have their own servants, but frequently need unaffiliated agents to do their dirty work, often against rivals of their own kind (the longhorns are notorious for their jealousy and antagonism).

Affiliation with the longhorn nobility: Adventurers of compatible Alignment who swear fealty to a longhorn noble house may be accepted into its service. Those who prove themselves trustworthy and discreet are assigned ever more sensitive or dangerous quests and granted greater favour. While it is rare for non-longhorns to rise far in the ranks of a breggle noble house, it is not unheard of.

Rewards: Gold, political favours, rank and title, land.

Example Quests

Spying on other nobles: Longhorns take any opportunity to insert spies into the midst of their rivals.

Assassination or kidnapping: Simple and brutal methods of eliminating rivals, usually performed by unaffiliated brigands, so as to give plausible deniability.

Skirmishes: In times of war (or brewing war), adventurers may be enlisted into warbands or mustering armies.

Drune and Witch Player Characters?

The Drune and the witches are treated in this book as NPC-only factions which PCs cannot be fully initiated into. Rules for Player Character Drunes or witches—along with the secrets of their magic—may appear in future supplements.

PLURITINE CHURCH

The Church has its own servants—including PC clerics and friars—who are sent on missions into wild and perilous lands. The faction generally has no pressing need to seek out adventuring parties.

Affiliation with the Church: Pious adventurers of Lawful or Neutral Alignment who take an oath of good faith may be taken into the fold and sent on missions within Dolmenwood.

Unaffiliated relic hunters: The fabled wealth of the Church attracts procurers of holy relics to its door. The Church rewards such opportunists, so long as the authenticity of the proffered items can be verified.

Rewards: Salvation, forgiveness of sins, gold, holy magic (e.g. healing spells). Those within the ranks of the Church receive increased responsibility, servitors, holy scrolls or potions, and occasionally the use of relics.

Example Quests

Locating lost shrines: The Bishop of Brackenwold greatly desires to locate and restore the many wayside shrines in Dolmenwood which have mysteriously disappeared in recent years.

Vanquishing enemies: The elimination or capture of sects of Drunes, witches, or wicked crookhorns.

Procuring relics: The recovery of lost relics associated with saints or places holy to the Church.

WITCHES

Due to their limited numbers and sparse distribution, witches sometimes require assistance in achieving their aims and do, upon occasion, enlist the aid of bands of adventurers and mercenaries.

Affiliation with the witches: Occasionally a witch establishes a regular working relationship with an adventuring party, but in all such cases, the true aims of the witch remain carefully occluded.

Trade in herbs and fungi: Witches are often keen to trade or purchase psychedelic or magical substances.

Rewards: Charms, talismans, or spell casting. Adventurers in Dolmenwood know that consultation with a witch (if one can be located) is often the simplest way of acquiring services such as the unravelling of curses.

Example Quests

Fetching magical herbs or fungi: A witch may send adventurers to retrieve magical specimens from remote or dangerous parts of Dolmenwood.

The Hag

An evil old woman, bent and decrepit, who haunts the swamp of Hag's Addle.

A malevolent, supernatural being with an appetite for mortal flesh. While she takes on many illusory guises (see ***Favoured Guises***), the Hag's true form is that of a crone, bent and decrepit beyond mortal conception, with eyes as large as saucers and a great, warty nose. Unbeknown to any of mortal blood, the Hag was long ago a fairy princess, the sister of the **Queen of Blackbirds** (***p35***). She betrayed her sister and was cursed to spend eternity in the mortal world, guarding the door to the fairy realm of Absynthe (her sister's domain).

Names: The Hag is known to mortals by many names: Black Allis, Shub's Nanna (falsely—this name refers to an entirely different person, see ***p47***), Old Crust-Breath, and Mother Swithenby. Her true (fairy) name is forgotten to all but the Queen of Blackbirds.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Depraved, lustful, treacherous. Loves to deceive, torment, and kill mortals. Fears elf nobles and anything associated with them.

Speech: Slavering and cackling. Woldish, Old Woldish, Sylvan, Mewl, High Elfish (rusty).

Desires: Fornication with succulent young mortals. To feast on the flesh of succulent young mortals. (As a fairy of ancient years, *all* mortals are young in the Hag's eyes.) Also see ***The Hag's Schemes***.

Possessions: Enchanted walking stick (see ***Combat Stats***), *Boggle Lantern* (***p420***). Pouches containing 1d4 portions of each of the following herbs / fungi: *Bloodcap* (***p428***), *Bosun's Balm* (*DPB*), *Grinning Jenny* (***p428***), *Hag's Tears* (***p430***), *Lankswith* (*DPB*), *Marshwick* (*DPB*), *Snogglebeard* (***p430***), *Witch's Oyster* (*DPB*).

Family: The fairy **Queen of Blackbirds** (***p35***) is the Hag's estranged elder sister.

Servants: Five grimalkins (*DMB*), charmed to remain forever in chester.

Location: Magically roaming hut in hex 0908. Her wicked magic permeates all of Hag's Addle.

FAVOURED GUISES

d8	Illusory Guise
1	A rustic maid gathering marsh herbs.
2	A longhorn woman, capering in a copse.
3	A gaunt, wide-eyed girl, tall beyond her years.
4	A pregnant woman with eyes of blood red.
5	An elderly lady with skin covered in fungus.
6	A wooden woman, carved from a rotting log.
7	A crow-headed lady, dressed in sodden lace.
8	A pale, wailing corpse, lurching through the bog.

Combat Stats

MEDIUM FAIRY—GENIUS—CHAOTIC

Level 11 **AC** 16 **HP** 57 **Saves** D6 R7 H8 B9 S10
Att Stick (+10, 1d4+2) or finger snap (waxification) or magic **Speed** 20 **Morale** 8 **XP** 5,600

Cold iron: As a fairy, the Hag suffers 1 extra point of damage when hit with weapons of (enchanted) cold iron.

Immunities: Only harmed by magic or magic weapons.

Magic Resistance: +4 bonus to Saving Throws against effects of magical origin.

Cloak true form: The Hag can take on any outward appearance she wishes (limited to female humanoids of roughly the same size)—see ***Favoured Guises***. Such is her power that magicks of detection (e.g. *Detect Magic*, *Dweomerlight*) have a 50% chance of failing to detect this glamour.

Fairy magic: Glamours *Beguilement*, *Cloak of Darkness*, *Disguise Object*, *Fairy Dust*, *Moon Sight*, *Subtle Sight*, **Lesser runes** (once a day) all, **Greater runes** (once a day) *Arcane Unbinding*. The Hag can also cast the arcane spells *Hex Weaving*, *Polymorph*, and *Cloudkill* once a day.

Finger snap: With a click of her fingers, the Hag can permanently transform a subject enchanted with *Sway the Mortal Mind* into a gnarled candle. The victim may **Save Versus Spell** to avoid this fate. The Hag can return a victim to their living form with another click of her fingers.

Stick: The Hag's crooked walking stick acts as an *Arcane Club* (***p412***).

BACKGROUND

Corrupt Fairy Princess

The Hag was once a fairy princess and sister of the **Queen of Blackbirds** (***p35***). A dabbler in dark magic, she delighted in observing the ravages of time on the mortal world: decay, disease, and death. Under her influence, the beautiful water-meadows of her sister's dominion along the Lower Hameth were corrupted into a festering bog.

Exiled to the Mortal World

When the Queen of Blackbirds discovered all that her sister had wrought, her wrath was great. The princess was captured and brought before her elder sister, who decreed "if thou lovest decay and decrepitude above all, then such shall be thine own fate." The wicked princess was exiled from the undying realm of Fairy, to dwell forever in the mortal world where all things wane and pass. Imprisoned in the region of Hag's Addle, surrounded by the miasma and decay of the marsh that she herself created, she is cursed to wither and decay (though never to die).

Cursed Warden of the Way to Absynthe

Sealing the exile with a final, cruel twist, the Queen of Blackbirds placed a fairy geas upon her sister. The Hag is compelled to ward the door that leads from Hag's Addle into the fairy kingdom of Absynthe, cursed to dwell on the threshold that she may herself not pass.

THE HAG'S SCHEMES

Release From Her Bondage

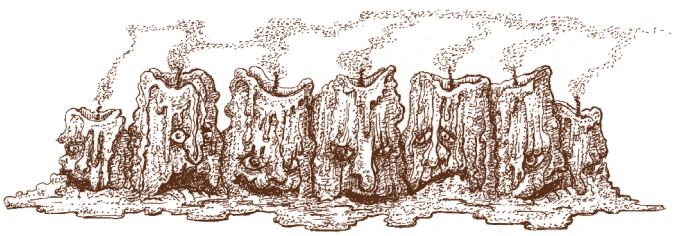
Long has the Hag endeavoured to dispel the fairy geas placed upon her, but ever has she been vexed. She voraciously pursues any possible means of release.

Corrupt the Fairy Realm of Absynthe

The Hag's sole means of revenge against her sister is to occasionally allow unsavoury things into Absynthe, via the door in her hut. She dreams of the wickedness she would work on her sister's domain, if she could find a way to be released from her bondage.

Expand Her Swampy Dominion

The Hag's foul magic encompasses all of Hag's Addle—the region in which she is imprisoned. If she could dispel her bondage, she would fain extend her miasma further into Dolmenwood.



THE HAG AND FACTIONS

Atanuwë: The Hag seeks contact with Atanuwë, hoping to find a kindred spirit with the power to break the magic that binds her to Hag's Addle and the fairy door.

Witches: Individual witches occasionally seek to consult with the Hag on matters of herbalism or sorcery. Such contact is, however, strictly on an impromptu basis—no affiliation between the Hag and the witches exists.

THE HAG AND ADVENTURERS

While most mortals shun the foetid marshland of the Hag's Addle, adventurers sometimes seek the Hag to consult her on matters arcane. If well-disposed, she performs the following services, for a price (see ***Prices***).

Access to Absynthe: The Hag is bound not to allow mortals or enemies of the Queen of Blackbirds to pass through the fairy door which she guards (see hex 0908). For a price, however, she turns a blind eye.

Prophecy: The Hag may see into the distant past and future to answer a question posed to her. She casts marsh herbs into her brazier, causing her hut to be filled with noxious smoke. All present enter a hallucinogenic stupor lasting for 1d6 hours. The Hag's prophecy can be heard among her screeching and wailing. Each character witnessing the prophecy has a 10% chance of being afflicted with a curse of indolence: 2-in-6 chance of doing nothing each Round in combat, earned XP penalised by –50%.

Spell casting: Many of the spells the Hag is able to cast are useful to adventurers (see ***Combat Stats***).

Bestow vigour / beauty: The Hag can bestow beauty or vigour upon a mortal, increasing the subject's Constitution or Charisma by 1d3 points (to a maximum of 18). This boon lasts for 1d6 years (though the Hag claims it to be eternal).

Raise dead: The Hag can recall the deceased to life, per the fairy rune *Unravel Death* (though her magic is effective without time limit). In addition to whatever price the Hag demands (see ***Prices***), someone who truly loves the one to be raised must forfeit their own life and their immortal soul. (Raising of the one thus sacrificed is impossible.)

Prices

The horrible price the Hag demands for her services is open to negotiation. Some examples are as follows.

A living child: To be dismembered and boiled into a stew.

A limb: Freshly severed with her rusty bread knife. The Hag is happy to cauterise the wound with irons from her fire.

A night of passion: A full night spent in the Hag's embrace. This reduces the character's maximum Hit Points by 1d6 and incurs a –1 penalty to Attack Rolls and Saving Throws. Gaining a Level removes all penalties and restores lost maximum HP.

A soul: Extracted via an all-night ritual in her hut. The character can no longer be raised from the dead.

Ygraine Mordlin

Mysterious sorceress of northern Dolmenwood, lady of Chateau Mauvesse.

The mysterious Sorceress of Chateau Mauvesse and ruler of Meagre's Reach, Ygraine is a human woman of noble bearing and patrician beauty. She appears in her fifties (though she is in fact over 500 years old), with straight black hair to her waist, eyes of cool grey, and a complexion as pale as moonlight. She dresses in white lace with a heavy fur robe, lavishly buttoned and baubled. Upon her brow is a brilliant diamond. Ygraine is the foremost practitioner of the occult within Dolmenwood, with the capabilities of a Level 15 magician. Her appearance in Dolmenwood 200 years ago is shrouded in mystery—few know of her true origins as a mortal fosterling raised in the courts of Fairy (see ***Background***).

Names: The common folk of Dolmenwood refer to Ygraine as the Sorceress of the North or the Lady of the Mirror (referring to the Dark Mirror—the lake she dwells beside). Nobles may refer to her by her mortal name, Ygraine Mordlin, while to fairies she is Lady Heart-Torn-in-Tatters.

Demeanour (Neutral): Majestic, proud. She is a diplomat par excellence, but is fatigued by her constant duties as host to all manner of eminent fairies.

Speech: Firm, calculated. Lyrical in the scant moments when she finds happiness. Woldish, Old Woldish, Sylvan, High Elfish.

Desires: To escape from the attentions of all aspiring suitors (of which there are many!). Peace in which to conduct magical research (she has especial interest in magic of illusion and time-control). To keep the existence of the nodal Phandrwyl (in the crypts of her chateau) hidden, especially from the Drune. News of her dear friend and former music teacher, **Lord Hobbled-and-Blackened**, who disappeared when she was a youth (see hex 0101). Also see ***Ygraine's Schemes***.

Possessions: Three wands (see ***Combat Stats***). An *Ioun-Blade* (see ***Combat Stats***). An obsidian *Talisman of Protection* (***p398***), carved in the form of a squid. Spell books (see list of spells in ***Combat Stats***). The breathtaking diamond at her brow is worth 50,000gp. Her libraries are stocked with magical scrolls of all manner—given time, she can locate a scroll of almost any spell.

Family: Ygraine is the foster daughter of the fairy **Prince Mallowheart** (***p34***), to whom she owes her magical education. Their relationship is troubled, as Ygraine disapproves of her father's cruelty towards others of mortal blood. She is the adoptive niece of the **Cold Prince** (***p30***), estranged half-brother of **Prince Mallowheart**. She has never met her uncle, but fears and despises him as a tyrant.

Servants: A small personal guard of eight elf knights (*DMB*), groundsmen, cooks, butlers, librarians, etc. (possibly also of fairy origin).

Location: Chateau Mauvesse, in hex 1802.

Combat Stats

MEDIUM MORTAL—GENIUS—NEUTRAL

Level 15 **AC** 15 **HP** 40 **Saves** D10 R10 H9 B12 S10
Att 2 *Ioun Blade* (+6, 1d4+2) or wand or spell **Speed** 40
Morale 9 **XP** 8,300

Fairy awe: One who initiates aggressive action against Ygraine (e.g. attacking her or using offensive magic on her) must **Save Versus Spell** or be awe-struck, delaying their intended action for 1 Round. (This applies to each character's first act of aggression against Ygraine per encounter.)

Ioun Blade*:** An *Arcane Dagger* (p412***) formed of radiant orange crystal. In combat, its wielder is enveloped in a globe of time acceleration and can attack twice per Round. Worth 10,000gp.

Wands: Ygraine carries a *Wand of Phantasm*, a *Wand of Lightning Bolts*, and a *Wand of Dispel Magic* concealed about her person. (10 charges each.)

Spells: Ygraine has the following arcane spells memorised: **Rank 1** *Crystal Resonance, Decipher, Glyph of Sealing, Ingratiate, Vapours of Dream*, **Rank 2** *Invisibility, Mind Crystal, Mirror Image, Perceive the Invisible*, **Rank 3** *Dispel Magic, Fly, Lightning Bolt, Missile Ward*, **Rank 4** *Dimension Door, Hex Weaving, Polymorph*, **Rank 5** *Cloudkill, Feeblemind, Sending*, **Rank 6** *Anti-Magic Ward, Geas, Project Image*.

BACKGROUND

Fosterling Daughter of Mallowheart

Born the daughter of a humble blacksmith in the village of Meagre's Reach, Ygraine was stolen by fairies as a babe and raised as the adopted daughter of the cruel **Prince Mallowheart** (***p34***). Showing a gift for all things arcane, the child Ygraine was tutored in the secrets of fairy magic.

Inherited Chateau Mauvesse

As an adolescent, Ygraine accompanied her father on a jaunt into the mortal world and chanced to pass by the village of Meagre's Reach and the ruined Chateau Mauvesse—a long-abandoned palace of Mallowheart's. The young Ygraine was struck by the earnest toiling and tragic merriment of the mortal folk she witnessed and pleaded with her father to be granted Chateau Mauvesse as a plaything. Upon her coming of age, he finally agreed and Ygraine, now a sorceress of great power, returned to the mortal world, where she has dwelt ever since. Within the chateau's fairy-glamoured walls, she ages not.

Created the Hidden Nodal Phandrwyl

Deep in the forgotten crypts of Chateau Mauvesse, Ygraine summoned an obelisk of obsidian (named Phandrwyl), tapping the pulsing energies of the ley line Ywyr, which runs beneath the castle. Intertwined with her own power, the energies of the obelisk allow workings of great magic.

Wrested Meagre's Reach From History

Three centuries had passed in the mortal world between Ygraine's adolescent visit to Meagre's Reach and her taking residence in Chateau Mauvesse, for time in Fairy flows strangely. She was heartbroken to find the village abandoned following a plague and vowed to restore it to life. With great magicks of her own devising, augmented by the power of Phandrwyl, she twisted time, resurrecting Meagre's Reach as it was 300 years ago, before it was ravaged by plague. The village now exists in a temporal bubble, its inhabitants unable to leave hex 1703.

Host to Fairy Diplomats

In the courts of Fairy, Ygraine is regarded as a neutral party and is constantly called upon as diplomat and arbitrator. She is thus host to a fatiguing array of fairy courtiers, including frequent visits from emissaries of the fairy nobility (see ***Fairy Nobles and Their Dominions, p30***). The numerous visitors have worn her patience thin. Even her friendship with the **Duke Who Cherishes Dreams** (***p31***) is strained, due to the bothersome repeating dreams of the mortal folk of Meagre's Reach, for which the duke holds Ygraine responsible.

YGRAINE'S SCHEMES

Root Meagre's Reach in the Present Day

Ygraine rues her only partial ability to resurrect Meagre's Reach and seeks a means of rooting it fully in the present day, allowing its people to wander freely as they wish.

Prevent Alliances With the Cold Prince

Unbeknown to the Drune, Ygraine plays a pivotal role in thwarting the plans of the Cold Prince (see ***p48***) by preventing any alliance among the nobility of Fairy that might aid his return.

YGRAINE AND FACTIONS

Ygraine is primarily concerned with the fairy nobility, and has little time for or interest in the doings of mortals.

Human nobility: Since Ygraine's appearance in Dolmenwood 200 years ago and her taking up residence in Chateau Mauvesse, the Dukes of Brackenwold have eyed her with suspicion. Several times has her right to inhabit the castle been questioned, but in the end the dukes fear to meddle with the ways of fairies and sorceresses.

Lord Guillefer: Ygraine met **Lord Guillefer** (***p59***) when he was a youth, at a ball in the dreamlands hosted by the **Duke Who Cherishes Dreams** (***p31***). As kindred explorers of imaginary realms, the two maintain a friendship.

YGRAINE AND ADVENTURERS

Ygraine sometimes enlists the aid of adventurers to aid in her schemes. She also sometimes consults on matters arcane, having an especial affinity for other female practitioners of the occult.

Part Three

Running a Campaign

"All tales remain untold, incomplete. The story never really ends, you see. Nor does it begin. It simply goes on. Like time. Like life. Like death. It whispers and it weeps of songs and of sorrows. We are walking in its words, living in its lyrics. The Wood is the heart of the story, the stage upon which we all shall play our part—willing or not. Our names, our faces, our purposes, and our places. They matter not and yet are at the very heart of all things, for they are all simply part of the story. Won't you join me in the telling of the tale?"

—Rosemary, Princess of the Goblin Rhymers

Starting a Campaign

Notes for the Referee on beginning a new campaign in Dolmenwood.

First, an exhortation to the Referee: make Dolmenwood your own and do not fear to alter, expand, and amend what you read in this book. As your campaign progresses, add locations and characters of your own devising, place adventure modules you enjoy, and adapt the setting to the tastes of yourself and your players.

This book presents the lore and tools to run campaigns in Dolmenwood, but the setting comes to life at your gaming table. Above all: enjoy your journeys in the magical realm of Dolmenwood.

CAMPAIGN STYLES

Player-Driven Campaigns

Dolmenwood is presented as a sandbox, hex-crawl style setting, with a map of wild and semi-civilised lands ready for PCs to explore in search of adventure. With little preparation, the Referee can start play in a settlement, present players with some local rumours of adventure or intrigue, and allow events to unfold. In this way, the desires, schemes, and whims of the PCs direct play, guided by the rumours and story hooks provided by the Referee.

Awarding XP: In a player-driven campaign, the standard rules for awarding XP based on monsters defeated and treasure recovered work marvellously.

Plot-Driven Campaigns

Alternatively, the Referee could focus the campaign on an overarching theme or plot, whereby adventures and quests undertaken by the PCs tie into the unfolding of some great event in Dolmenwood. A few possible overarching plots are suggested under ***Campaign Themes, p90***. In plot-driven campaigns, it is common for PCs to ally with one of Dolmenwood's major factions, performing quests to further the faction's goals.

Awarding XP: In a plot-driven campaign, the standard rules for awarding XP (primarily based on treasure recovered) can sometimes feel inappropriate. Depending on the chosen plot, adventures will not always result in PCs acquiring large quantities of loot, which can slow PC advancement. The Referee may instead consider awarding XP for plot milestones. See ***Awarding XP, p106***.

Mixing Campaign Styles

The player-driven and plot-driven styles can of course be combined. The Referee can set a great plot event unfolding in the background, with players choosing whether and how to get involved. Players might make and break alliances with different factions as the campaign progresses.

GROUP TYPES

The most common setup for a role-playing group involves a single Referee and a more or less fixed group of players, each running a single PC. This is not the only possibility, however. The alternative approaches described below are sometimes used.

Character stables: Each player creates multiple characters and chooses which will participate in each adventure. The rate at which characters advance is slower (as XP is essentially divided between multiple PCs), but the choice of characters allows for greater variety of play. Backup characters are also instantly available, should a PC die.

Open tables: The Referee invites a large pool of players to the game, running sessions for whomever can attend, rather than trying to schedule sessions based on the availability of a fixed group. This alleviates difficulties in scheduling sessions, but can lead to continuity issues if the characters in the party change from one session to the next. A common solution is to ensure that sessions always finish at a safe haven (e.g. a settlement), giving characters the opportunity to come and go between sessions.

CUSTOMISING TONE

Numerous themes weave their way through this book, each adding its own nuances to the flavour of Dolmenwood. By emphasising or playing down the role of these themes, the Referee can season the tone of the game to the tastes of their group.

Setting Expectations

When starting a campaign, check in with the players to get a feeling for their preferred tone and to establish whether there are any kinds of content or situations they prefer not to explore in the game. In this way, the Referee can ensure the game will be enjoyable for all participants.

Content to be elided: There may be content or situations that participants are not averse to having come up in the game but prefer not to explore in detail. Such material may be mentioned in passing or happen "off screen," but not be described in great detail.

Content to be omitted: There may be content or situations that participants prefer to not engage in at all. Such material should be omitted from the game entirely.

Whimsy and Horror

In the vein of traditional fairy tales, Dolmenwood combines whimsical and horrific elements. If one of these tones is not to the taste of the group, the Referee should diminish its role.

Presentation: The Referee's own words are the most powerful tool for controlling tone. Unsettling details can either be elided or lingered upon, according to taste. Consider, for example, the difference between "a skeleton lies in the bed" and "a skeleton lies in the bed, its eye sockets crawling with maggots feeding on encrusted remnants of blood and decaying brain matter." Similarly, whimsical elements can be brief, passing details, or can be elaborated into involved scenes.

Removing elements: Some locations in the Wood are very strongly horrific or whimsical. The Referee should wholly excise such locations, if desired, perhaps replacing them with randomly rolled encounters (see ***Encounters, p114***).

Time Period

Dolmenwood assumes a late medieval level of technology, before the advent of firearms and the printing press. However, later historical periods (early modern tales of highway robbers and derring-do, for example) also play a role in the setting's flavour. The Referee may wish to emphasise these later historical influences.

Firearms: A simple, flavourful option is to replace bows and crossbows with early firearms.

Fairy and its Denizens

While the parallel world of Fairy is only briefly described in this book, it is not uncommon to encounter its denizens wandering in Dolmenwood. The emphasis placed on fairies and their world of origin can strongly affect the tone of the campaign.

Amorality, alienness, and whimsy: As immortal beings from a world unravaged by time, fairies have a singular mindset and perspective on life. The Referee's portrayal of fairies may range from alien and aloof, to amoral and cruel, to fanciful and innocent, each bringing its own flavour to the campaign.

Limiting access to Fairy: As described in this book, the realms of Fairy are only accessible to those with an invitation. It is thus easy to keep play focused purely within Dolmenwood.

Adventures in Fairy: Referees wishing to emphasise the role of Fairy in the campaign may wish to develop their own adventures in the various dominions of Fairy and provide PCs with hooks and rumours drawing them hence, along with an invitation or other means of entry.

The Role of the Church

The Pluritine Church plays a prominent role in the setting. The Church in Dolmenwood is presented as a largely benign, somewhat decaying institution, but its role and prevalence can easily be tweaked to alter the feel of the setting.

Severe monotheism: Emphasising the bishop's quest to eradicate the Drune and the witches, employing the Order of St Faxis, can foster an atmosphere of severe rules, authoritarianism, paranoia, and political corruption.

Rustic folk religion: Referees preferring a lighter tone can emphasise the Church's syncretism, as an amalgamation of the host of saints with the older deities of the Gwyrae religion native to Dolmenwood. Portray Church-aligned NPCs as jolly friars and doddering vicars, rather than stern authoritarians.

THE WIDER WORLD

There is enough material in this book to run a long-term campaign fully within the bounds of Dolmenwood, without ever detailing the world beyond. However, Dolmenwood is designed to be easily slotted into a wider campaign world, should the Referee wish. The following points are worth considering when doing so.

Environs

Dolmenwood is assumed to be situated in a cool, temperate region with balmy summers and frosty winters. The Duchy of Brackenwold is implied to extend beyond the campaign map, so the Referee should determine its full extent when integrating Dolmenwood into a wider campaign world.

Other Kindreds

If other fantasy Kindreds (e.g. dwarfs, gnomes, etc.) are present in the wider campaign setting, the Referee may wish to consider why they do not inhabit Dolmenwood. This may be due to some historical, political, or religious quirk of the region.

Elves: If elves are present in the wider world, the Referee should decide on their relationship with the elves of Fairy who sometimes visit Dolmenwood. For example, they may be the distant descendants of elves who settled in the mortal world, now a demi-fey Kindred.

Religions

Under the Pluritine Church, the culture of Dolmenwood is primarily monotheistic. Other religions—for example, cults of Atanuwë (***p42***) and worship of the ancient Wood Gods (***p36***)—do exist, but are suppressed by the Church. The Referee should consider the Church's relationship with other religions present in the wider campaign setting.

Introducing Dolmenwood into an Ongoing Campaign

Dolmenwood can be added to an ongoing campaign by placing it somewhere on the world map and introducing story hooks to draw PCs to the region. A couple of options:

Just beyond the borders: Dolmenwood is located in an area that PCs have hitherto not explored.

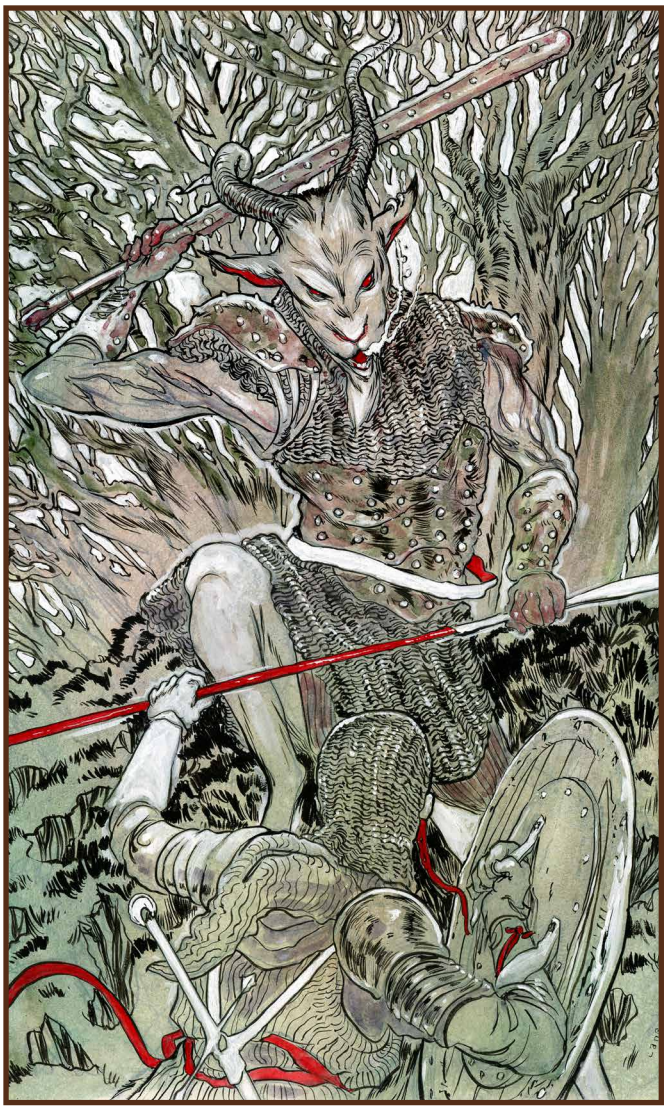
Magical appearance: Dolmenwood magically appears in an area close to the PCs' current location, having been lost in Fairy or veiled from mortal sight by a powerful magical ward. Previous to the reappearance of Dolmenwood, PCs may hear rumour of the place in folklore or see it noted on old maps.

Campaign Themes

Overarching themes that weave through the fabric of Dolmenwood.

Whether running campaigns of freewheeling, sandbox adventure or story-driven intrigue, consider the broad, overarching themes and mysteries of Dolmenwood. This section presents some ideas for major themes to weave into the campaign.

Each major faction and power in Dolmenwood (see ***p41***) has its own schemes, many of which interlock or oppose. The Referee may choose one of these schemes as a major theme of the campaign, with player characters either serving one of the factions involved or being swept along on the tide of great events occurring in the background. Some suggestions follow.



HIGH WOLD INTRIGUE

The High Wold region in south-western Dolmenwood is a powder keg, rife with political tension and bitter rivalry that could explode into war at any moment. The region and its conflicts are the perfect backdrop for a campaign heavy on political intrigue, skulduggery, and warfare.

Possible events: Lord Murkin (***p65***) sends his secret army (hex 0109) to attack Nodding Castle (hex 0210), coveting House Nodlock's domain for his own. The lax Baron Hogwarsh (***p60***) fails to respond, so Duke Brackenwold (***p58***) is forced to intercede. Lord Ramius (***p65***) manoeuvres to take over Murkin's domain. Lord Malbleat (***p64***) secretly allies with Murkin, attempting to assassinate Lord Ramius by occult means.

PC involvement: PCs could ally with any of the involved noble houses, acting as spies, assassins, lieutenants, etc. Alternatively, PCs might form a mercenary company fighting on the side of the highest bidder.

WAR WITH ATANUWË

Since Atanuwë's arrival in Dolmenwood 400 years ago, its influence has spread slowly but steadily, bringing about the corruption of the Wood God Gheillough and the loss of the Pluritine Church's wayside shrines. Atanuwë's eye now turns to warfare, its armies of crookhorns poised to march on central Dolmenwood. This theme brings the conflict between Law and Chaos to the forefront, with the scope for great magic and battles that could permanently change Dolmenwood.

Possible events: Crookhorn brigands on Fort Road and Swinney Road disrupt trade to Castle Brackenwold. Attacks and possibly a full-scale siege on Prigwort (hex 1106) follow shortly. A large army of ducal soldiers musters at Harrowmoor Keep (hex 1105), launching a counterstrike. Meanwhile, Atanuwë succeeds in seizing Tenkystone (hex 0903) from the Drune. A force of harpies and harridan witches is dispatched to the ruined abbey of St Clewyd (hex 0906), tapping the ley line Lamm in an attempt to tame and harness the energies of the Chaos Rift that rages in the ruins.

PC involvement: PCs ally with the Church or the nobility, taking part in intelligence or combat missions against Atanuwë's troops. Alternatively, Chaotic PCs might be approached by agents of Atanuwë, offering them riches and magical power in return for acting as spies or saboteurs against the forces of civilisation.

THE COLD PRINCE RETURNS

From his frosty domain, isolated deep in Fairy, the Cold Prince's hatred of mortals seethes. He seeks to reclaim his dominion in the mortal world, placing Dolmenwood under a cloak of eternal winter. A campaign based around this theme offers espionage, desperate alliances against the common enemy, and apocalyptic warfare.

Possible events: The Cold Prince (***p51***), via an alliance with the Lady of Midnight (***p33***), establishes an expedient route from Frigia to Dolmenwood. Troops of frost elves move in secret, seeking the location of the warding stones of Chell (***p20***). The Elder Phanatarch of the Drune (***p55***) sends a missive to Bishop Sanguine (***p69***) to reform the Triple Compact. The bishop, in his arrogance, ignores the missive, but Abbot Hargle (***p69***) suspects something is afoot. Meanwhile, Atanuwë (***p42***) laughs to see such doom impending.

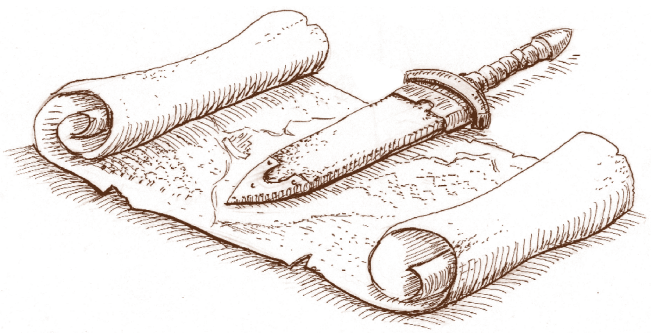
PC involvement: Abbot Hargle sends the PCs on a clandestine mission to contact the Drune, behind the bishop's back. Alternatively, PCs could stumble upon the doings of the frost elves and find themselves forced to take sides in a centuries-long struggle.

RESTORING THE CHURCH

Bishop Sanguine (***p69***) has vowed to locate and re-sanctify the lost wayside shrines of Dolmenwood and to rebuild the ruined abbey of St Clewyd. This quest could form the basis of a campaign heavy on exploration and wilderness travel, possibly leading to eventual conflict with Atanuwë, should a significant number of sites be restored.

Possible events: As lost holy sites are restored, Atanuwë senses ripples of psychic backlash against its corrupting miasma. Bands of crookhorns and harpies are dispatched to track down and capture those responsible. Taking advantage of Atanuwë's distraction, the Drune secure Tenkystone (hex 0903) and launch a clandestine raid on the Court of the Nag-Lord (hex 0904) to rescue the imprisoned Audrune Hemlack. If the creature imprisoned in the crypts of the ruined abbey (hex 0906) escapes, Atanuwë attempts to capture it and charm it to service.

PC involvement: PCs are sanctioned by Bishop Sanguine or his agents to seek out the lost shrines in Dolmenwood. They may be provided with old maps or documents revealing the former location of various shrines, or rumour of their current state and whereabouts. Successful parties may later be tasked with weightier undertakings, such as exploring the ruined abbey of St Clewyd (hex 0906). Alternatively, PCs could act as free agents seeking to be rewarded by the Church for their aid.



Recurring Mysteries

Several recurring themes or mysteries are mentioned in multiple hexes or concern multiple NPCs. These can also make for engaging longer-term plot elements.

The Aubrathon: A renegade Drune who, some seven centuries ago, stole one of the *Mirrors of Embala* (see below) from the witches, then vanished from history. Mentioned in hexes 0112, 0201, 0309, 0710, 1103, and 1903. See ***p55*** for a summary of the Aubrathon's deeds.

Dewidort of Smerne's hoard: The ghost of an infamous highway robber who haunts the roads of Dolmenwood. His lost hoard is legendary. Mentioned in hexes 0301, 0501, and 0607. Several NPCs seek Smerne's hoard: Baron Hogwarsh (***p60***), Snerd Furroughby (***p154***), Carrington Shydewick (***p216***).

The Flayed Queen: An undead being in the northern Table Downs whose influence slowly spreads southwards towards Dolmenwood. Mentioned in hexes 0501, 0701, and 1301.

The Mirrors of Embala: A set of three magical mirrors the witches used to contact the Wood God Embala (***p37***). One mirror is in the possession of the Queen of Witches (***p75***), but the other two are lost. Mentioned in hexes 0701, 0710, 0806, 1103, 1903, and 1905.

The vorpal monoliths: Four spectral standing stones that appear, under certain conditions, in hexes 0106, 0306, 1306, and 1706. Theorised to form an emerging fifth ley line, the vorpal monoliths are of great interest to the Drune.

AGAINST THE DRUNE

Directed by Bishop Sanguine (***p69***) and Sanctus Primus (***p71***), the Order of St Faxis is mobilising against the Drune and the witches. This conflict could form the basis of a campaign of dark themes, intrigue, and magical warfare.

Possible events: Soldiers and clerics of St Faxis roam Dolmenwood under an episcopal edict ordering the rooting out of all unsanctioned magicians. PC magicians not affiliated with a sanctioned guild may be targeted. Captured Drune cottagers and witches are paraded through settlements, on their way to the holy gaol in Castle Brackenwold (***p131***). The Drune and the witches form a deeper alliance and summon magical mists and veils throughout the Wood, befuddling those who hunt them. A series of assassinations of Pluritine Church figures is carried out by renegade witches, who then flee into the woods. Abbot Hargle (***p69***) and his allies within the Church make moves to depose Sanctus Primus or Bishop Sanguine. If the Church succeed in seriously damaging the Drune, the warding ring of Chell may collapse, leading to the return of the Cold Prince.

PC involvement: PCs could ally with any of the involved factions. The Drune and witches, usually insular and secretive, have especial need of unaffiliated allies.

Running Games

Advice on running exciting, engaging, and mysterious game sessions.

Advice on running role-playing games is a vast and deep subject upon which treatises and tomes have been written. The advice here covers the most fundamental topics, but necessarily only scratches the surface.

THE REFEREE'S ROLE

Facilitator of Fun and Adventure

The Referee's primary role is to bring to life exciting adventures for the enjoyment of the group.

Preparation: Before a game session begins, read up on any Dolmenwood lore or locations that are applicable and spend some time preparing any required adventures, maps, and so on. See ***Designing Adventures, p94***.

Improvisation: It is of course impossible to predict every conceivable player action. Players will come up with ideas that the Referee has not even considered. Remain flexible and roll with any unexpected turns the game might take, rather than trying to force players into a preconceived course of events. The Dolmenwood core books contain myriad random tables to provide quick inspiration when needed. In cases where players venture way beyond anything the Referee has prepared, it is perfectly fine to request a short break to consider what lies ahead, or even to say "is it OK if we explore that next session when I've had time to prepare?"

Lore: The Dolmenwood core books provide a great deal of detail on the creatures, factions, and places of Dolmenwood. However they are by no means exhaustive. Sooner or later, players will inquire about something not detailed in the core books. When this happens, feel free to invent additional details about Dolmenwood as required.

Neutral Judge

The Referee should remain neutral in all things—neither on the side of the players nor against them.

Non-competitive: The game is not a competition, with the players attempting to defeat the Referee, or vice versa.

Consistency: Apply the rules of the game equally to Player Characters, monsters, and NPCs.

Arbiter of Rules

The Referee decides when and how to apply the rules of the game.

Narrative focus: Focus first on the narrative description of situations and actions, before considering the mechanical or rules aspects. The game's rules are only general guidelines, and can be overridden by narrative concerns. For example, a character might discover a hidden pit without a **Search Check** by pouring water onto the floor and hearing it trickle down cracks. Judge when to apply the game's rules and when to resolve situations purely based on narration. See also ***Narrative Interaction*** under ***Hazards and Challenges***, *DPB*.

Rulings: The rules of the game—including descriptions of magic items, spells, and monsters' special traits—do not cover all possible eventualities. Apply judgement to resolve any unexpected situations that arise. See ***Basic Game Procedure***, *DPB* for guidance around making rulings in situations not covered by the rules.

Disagreements: The players may not always agree with the Referee's application of the rules. When this happens, the group should briefly discuss the point of disagreement and come to a decision. The Referee is always the final arbiter in such cases and should ensure that the game does not get bogged down in long discussions about the rules.

Procedures: The rules provide procedures for many common adventuring situations. These exist in order to aid the Referee in running the game. However, the Referee should feel free to skip procedural elements during play, in order to keep the game moving.

Time-keeping: The passing of time governs many aspects of the game, from travel and weather to healing and training. The Referee should track the progress of time in the campaign to ensure that such rules work as intended.

DESCRIBING THE WORLD

The Referee acts as the PCs' senses in the world, describing what they see, hear, smell, and feel. These descriptions determine the flow of the game.

Player Agency

Only with sufficient information from the Referee can players make informed decisions.

Clear descriptions: Present everything the PCs can perceive from their current vantage point, focusing on creatures, objects, and environmental features they can meaningfully interact with. It is usually best to present an overview of a scene then ask players if there's anything they'd like more detail on.

Telegraphing danger: While it is important to maintain an element of mystery and surprise in the game, the Referee should provide clues to players about potential dangers. For example, a monster's dangerous magical powers might be foreshadowed by PCs coming across the bodies of former victims. Players who pick up on clues can then make informed decisions about how to approach the situation, including further investigation or retreat.

Describing the Unknown

When describing what PCs experience during an adventure, only convey what they can directly perceive.

Creatures: Describe how creatures look, sound, and smell, rather than referring to them by name. Players will come to recognise different types of creatures by their descriptions and behaviours.

Surprise attacks: When characters are attacked by surprise, simply describe the attack itself, rather than giving a complete description of the attacker. For example, a character might see a clawed hand reaching out of the shadows. Only provide a more detailed description of the foe in subsequent combat Rounds.

Monster and NPC game stats: Players sometimes ask about the game statistics (e.g. Hit Points, Level, Armour Class) of creatures encountered. Such information can be roughly conveyed in a descriptive manner. For example, "you think the thick, plated hide of the beast might be equivalent to chainmail" or "after battling the warrior for a couple of Rounds, you can gauge they're a more experienced combatant than you, maybe around Level 4 or 5."

Special items: Describe magic items, special fungi, and similar, rather than referring to them by name. Only by experimentation can players discover the properties of such items.

Describing Areas Being Explored

The usual procedure is for the players to draw maps of areas being explored, based on the Referee's descriptions.

Known areas: Sometimes, characters may already know the shape of an area being explored. For example, an NPC might have verbally described an area or provided a map. In this case, the Referee may draw the parts of the map which are already known.

Dimensions: One way to speed up mapping in dungeons is to specify the width and length of rooms in terms of map squares, rather than in feet. The Referee and the players must agree on the size of one map square.

Complex areas: In the case of extremely complicated areas, the Referee may draw directly on the players' map. This is not generally encouraged, however, as it does not help players to improve their own mapping skills.

MONSTERS AND NPCS

The Referee is responsible for deciding how monsters and NPCs react when encountered, but also what schemes and tactics they follow when the PCs are elsewhere. Monsters and NPCs have their own instincts, interests, and motivations, just as Player Characters do.

Teamwork

When designing encounters, bear in mind that—like Player Characters—monsters and NPCs join forces in order to increase their chance of survival.

Combined forces: Creatures with different capabilities (e.g. those skilled in melee, missile attacks, and magic) may join forces.

Leaders: May have special capabilities, maximum Hit Points, or be of higher Level.

Allies: Creatures may have friends, minions, or retainers of different types nearby. These come to their allies' aid, or may avenge them if they are defeated.

Tactics

When deciding how a monster or NPC acts, bear in mind its level of intelligence. Intelligent creatures might use any of the following tactics.

Traps and stealth: Creatures that are cunning but not physically powerful might lay traps or ambushes and may favour attacking PCs from a distance with missile weapons.

Guards: Creatures may make use of guards or pets to weaken PCs or to protect important escape routes.

Magic items: If creatures possess magic items that they know how to use, they use the items to thwart intruding PCs.

Learning and preparation: If PCs encounter but do not defeat creatures, the creatures may learn from the experience and prepare for encountering the PCs again. They may build defensive structures, call for reinforcements, relocate their base of operations, and so on.

Adaptation: Creatures may copy or adapt tactics successfully used by PCs and may plan specific counter-manoeuvres.

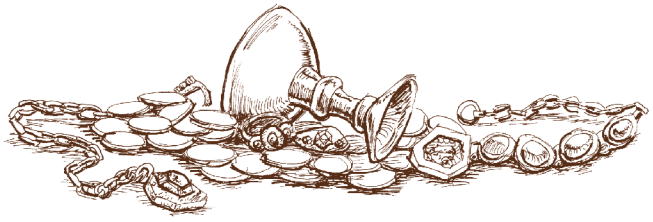
CHARACTER ADVANCEMENT

It is important that the game remain challenging, even when Player Characters have reached high Levels and amassed great wealth and power.

Rate of advancement: The Referee's placement of enemies and treasures can strongly determine the rate at which characters advance in Level. See ***Rate of Advancement, p106***.

Special powers: Players may sometimes wish to attain special capabilities and powers beyond those normally granted by their Class, whether on a temporary or permanent basis. Be careful when allowing this, as it can easily lead to imbalance. It is recommended to always require a special quest or adventure in such cases—merely spending gold does not suffice. For example, PCs may need to quest to find a magical site, a long-lost artefact, an expert sage, or a master to learn from.

Excess wealth: If the level of PC wealth has got out of hand, the Referee may wish to relieve characters of excess money. This should always present the player with a choice, for example: pay a local tax or become an outlaw?



Designing Adventures

Advice on creating adventure sites and drawing PCs towards them.

While Player Characters may choose to wander aimlessly in search of adventure, the game is usually driven by adventures designed by the Referee, tailored to PCs' actions and aims.

ADVENTURE SCENARIOS

The first step in designing an adventure is to decide on the type of scenario. This is the overarching theme that draws Player Characters to an adventure site and provides a background that the Referee can use to tie the adventure together. The scenario drives the Referee's choices of specific adversaries, treasures, and traps to be placed in the adventure. The following examples may be used for inspiration.

Exploring the Unknown

Hearing of a previously unexplored location, PCs set out to map it and uncover its secrets. The unknown site might be a dungeon, an obscure wilderness area (e.g. in the Table Downs or Northern Scratch), or an otherworldly realm (e.g. in Fairy). It also might sometimes be a known area that has recently been altered (e.g. a mysterious castle appears by magic, or a sinister magical force changes the landscape).

Finding a Fabled Site

PCs have a clue to the location of a fabled site and venture out to find it. The site may, for example, be a standing stone (***p18***), a fairy door (***p25***) or one of the lost shrines of the Pluritine Church (***p22***).

Infiltrating an Enemy Faction

PCs must locate and infiltrate an enemy faction's outpost. Once there, they must gather intelligence on the enemies' plans, strengths, and weaknesses, or possibly attempt to destroy them.

Rescuing Captives

Local people or important NPCs have been kidnapped by a sinister force such as crookhorns, bandits, or the Drune. The PCs must attempt to rescue the prisoners, either seeking a reward or due to a personal connection with the unfortunate captives.

Seeking Knowledge

PCs must travel to find clues to unravel a mystery that confronts them. They know of a magical site, ancient inscription, or sagacious NPC that allegedly has the knowledge they seek.

Seeking Magical Aid

PCs require magical aid to remove a curse, revive the dead, gain insight into the future, or similar. They have a clue to the whereabouts of a magical site, special fungus or herb, magic item, or NPC with the required power, and must travel through the wilds to locate it.

Seeking Treasure

PCs learn of the reputed site of some treasure and venture out to claim it. As XP is awarded primarily for treasure recovered, this is the most fundamental adventure scenario.

Vanquishing Evil

An evil presence (e.g. a monster or NPC) must be banished or destroyed. It may have migrated to a location where it threatens a local settlement, or it may have lain dormant for years and have been recently awakened (perhaps as a result of another party's meddling).

ADVENTURE SITES

After deciding on the basic scenario of the adventure, it's time to design the site at which the adventure takes place. Most adventures take place in one of the following types of sites.

Dungeon: A ruined, subterranean, or indoor space. See ***Designing Dungeons, p96***.

Wilderness: An outdoor location in a specific hex on the campaign map.

Settlement: One or more locations within a settlement. Indoor locations may be designed as dungeons (***p96***).

Location

Decide which hex the adventuring site is located in. Some factors to consider:

Base town: Game sessions often begin in a settlement, where the PCs returned to rest following their previous adventure. Consider the distance from this settlement to the adventure site. Adventures at distant sites entail extensive travel through the wilds, increasing the duration and complexity of the adventure.

Beginning characters: For Level 1 characters, it is recommended to place adventures close to a settlement, obviating the need for extensive (and potentially dangerous) overland travel. For a party's first adventure, play may optionally start directly at the adventure location (e.g. at the entrance to a dungeon), getting players directly into the action.

Uncertainty: Sometimes the location of the adventure site may be a matter of conjecture. PCs may be working from rumours, old maps, or hearsay. Simply locating the site may be an adventure in itself.

Backstory

Consider what led the site to cease being a normal place and become an adventure locale where monsters can be battled and treasures found. For example, it may be a ruin of a past civilisation (mortal or fairy), a place twisted by weird magic (e.g. ley energies, Atanuwë), or a site abandoned following a disaster (e.g. fire, war, fungal infestation).

Players may discover the site's backstory during play, or it may simply aid in conjuring a sense of flavour and cohesion in the place.

Prepare Situations, Not Plots

It can be tempting to plot out elaborate storylines, where antagonists and PCs interact in a series of predetermined or branching steps. However, this approach tends to result in rigid scenarios that fall apart as soon as players decide on an unforeseen course of action. Much of the Referee's prep work is wasted.

Instead, spend prep time detailing the locations, puzzles, monsters, NPCs, and treasures involved in the adventure. The story and the means by which PCs transition from one part of the adventure to the next emerge during play, rather than being pre-plotted.

HOOKS AND RUMOURS

Once the adventure scenario has been determined and the adventure site detailed, consider how PCs may get involved in the adventure.

Hooks: Hooks are means of directly involving PCs in an adventure. They may be hired to complete a mission, sent on a quest by a mentor, drawn to an adventure by dreams or visions, seek a bounty offered for completion of a task, find a map or documents leading to the adventure site, or be present at the scene of a crime.

Rumours: In addition to direct hooks, it can be fun to create a list of rumours that PCs might hear about the adventure site or creatures or treasures that might be encountered there. Not all rumours are true, however. Some may contain partial truths, misleading misconceptions, or outright falsehoods.

Designing Dungeons

Advice on creating dungeons to challenge and intrigue adventurers.

Dungeon Design Procedure

1. **Determine form:** Roll or choose the overall form of the dungeon.
2. **Choose denizens:** Select one or more types of creatures that inhabit the dungeon.
3. **Map the dungeon:** Draw maps of one or more dungeon levels, marked with numbered areas.
4. **Stock the dungeon:** Make notes on the creatures, hazards, and special features of each numbered area.

1. DETERMINE FORM

DUNGEON FORM

d20	Dungeon Form	d20	Dungeon Form
1	Barrow mound	11	Giant tree
2	Burrow	12	Hamlet
3	Camp	13	Hamlet (ruined)
4	Caverns	14	Magical space
5	Church (ruined)	15	Thicket
6	Crypt complex	16	Tower or keep
7	Dwelling	17	Tower or keep (ruined)
8	Dwelling (ruined)	18	Tunnels
9	Giant creature	19	Vessel
10	Giant mushroom	20	Watercourse

Barrow mound: Ancient tombs beneath one or more raised mounds.

Burrow: Tunnels and chambers dug out by burrowing animals, worms, or insects.

Camp: A complex of tents and pavilions, either nomadic, semi-permanent, or erected for a specific purpose.

Caverns: Naturally occurring tunnels and caves, formed by water erosion of rock.

Church (ruined): A ruined chapel, church, or shrine.

Crypt complex: Abandoned graveyards, mausoleums, and underground crypts.

Dwelling: A cottage, manor, or inn (active or ruined).

Giant creature: Inside the body, corpse, or skeleton of a gargantuan humanoid or animal.

Giant mushroom: Carved in the flesh or in underground spaces created by the mycelia.

Giant tree: Carved in the trunk or in underground spaces created by the roots.

Hamlet: An isolated cluster of dwellings (active or ruined).

Magical space: An isolated pocket of Fairy, an extra-dimensional space in a ley line, the interior of a magical sack.

Thicket: Tunnels and chambers within a mass of tangled trees, brambles, moss, or fungal matter.

Tower or keep: A stone fortification (active or ruined).

Tunnels: Mine shafts or tunnels delved underground.

Vessel: A grounded ship, a giant teapot or cauldron.

Watercourse: Passages and chambers around an underground watercourse, some with air pockets, some completely submerged.

Unusual Locales

Most dungeons are located either underground or on the surface. Some other possibilities are dungeons underwater, floating in the air, or suspended in the treetops.

2. CHOOSE DENIZENS

Based on the selected adventure scenario and dungeon form, decide what types of creatures inhabit the dungeon. You can use creatures from the *Dolmenwood Monster Book* (possibly tailored to suit the location) or devise new ones. See ***Dungeon Denizens, p98*** for more suggestions.

3. MAP THE DUNGEON

On a sheet of graph paper (or dungeon mapping software), sketch out the basic shape of the dungeon, with rooms or open areas connected by doors, passages, stairs, and so forth.

Structure: The dungeon's form (see step 1) usually determines its overall structure and size—e.g. rough caverns and winding passages, separate tombs or dwellings, or carefully laid-out defensive structures

Numbering: Give each room or significant area of the dungeon a number.

Levels: If the dungeon has multiple levels, make a separate map for each, noting stairs, pits, trapdoors, and other means of moving between levels.

Scale: Dungeon maps are typically drawn with a scale of 5′ or 10′ per square, depending on the size of the site and the rooms.

Symbols: See ***Common Dungeon Mapping Symbols*** for some basic symbols used in dungeon maps.

Variety: Varied environments and non-linear routes through the dungeon provide ground for fun exploration and tactics. Some ideas: multiple entrances (some hidden), multiple routes to major areas and between levels, secret areas, unusual passages (pipes, well shafts, submerged tunnels, etc.), loops, shafts or tall rooms spanning levels, balconies, chasms, bridges.

4. STOCK THE DUNGEON

Make notes describing each numbered area on the map. This is called *stocking* the dungeon. Begin by placing creatures, treasures, and features that play an important role in the adventure, then detail areas of less importance.

Layout: Consider how different parts of the dungeon are used by its denizens and place features appropriately. For example, intelligent creatures may place guard posts, barricades, or traps along paths leading to their main lair.

Empty rooms: Every single area need not be crammed full of creatures, traps, and treasure. Quiet, uninhabited areas help to build tension and provide opportunities for stealth, ambushes, and rest. In larger dungeons (20+ areas), it is recommended that roughly one-third of rooms be empty.

Area Descriptions

Write some simple notes on the contents of each numbered area. There is no need to write full paragraphs of descriptive text—rough notes to jog the memory usually suffice.

Primary details: For each area, note any creatures that are present, along with any environmental features, hazards, traps, tricks, treasures, mysteries, or special magical effects that are present. See ***Dungeon Environment, p100***, ***Traps, p102***, ***Secret Doors, p104***, and ***Tricks and Weirdness, p105*** for more ideas.

Secondary details: Note additional descriptive details for each area: furnishings, everyday items, smells, sounds, lights, etc.

Adjacent areas: Note sounds, light, or smells emanating from adjacent areas (if any). Such details give players clues as to what they may encounter next.

Treasure Caches

Small caches of treasure may be placed in dungeon rooms as the Referee wishes. Some may be hidden or trapped, others found on the bodies of deceased adventurers, and a few may be completely unguarded.

Roll in each column of the ***Cache by Dungeon Level*** table to determine the number of coins present, and whether gems, art objects, or magic items are found.

CACHE BY DUNGEON LEVEL

		Chance of Other Items		
Level	Coins (gp)	Gems	Art Obj.	Magic
1	1d4 × 20	5%	2%	2%
2–3	1d4 × 100	10%	5%	8%
4–5	1d4 × 500	20%	10%	10%
6–7	1d4 × 1,000	30%	15%	15%
8+	1d4 × 2,000	40%	20%	20%

Coins: May be fully or partially swapped out for other coins of equivalent value, if desired.

Gems: Roll 1d6 gems (see ***Gems and Art Objects, p394***).

Art objects: Roll 1d6 art objects (see ***Gems and Art Objects, p394***).

Magic: Roll a single magic item of randomly determined type. See ***Placing Treasure, p392***.

Random Room Stocking (Optional)

The following table may help when stocking dungeon areas.

RANDOM DUNGEON AREA

d6	Contents	Chance of Treasure
1–2	Empty	1-in-6
3–4	Creature	3-in-6
5	Trap	2-in-6
6	Weird	None

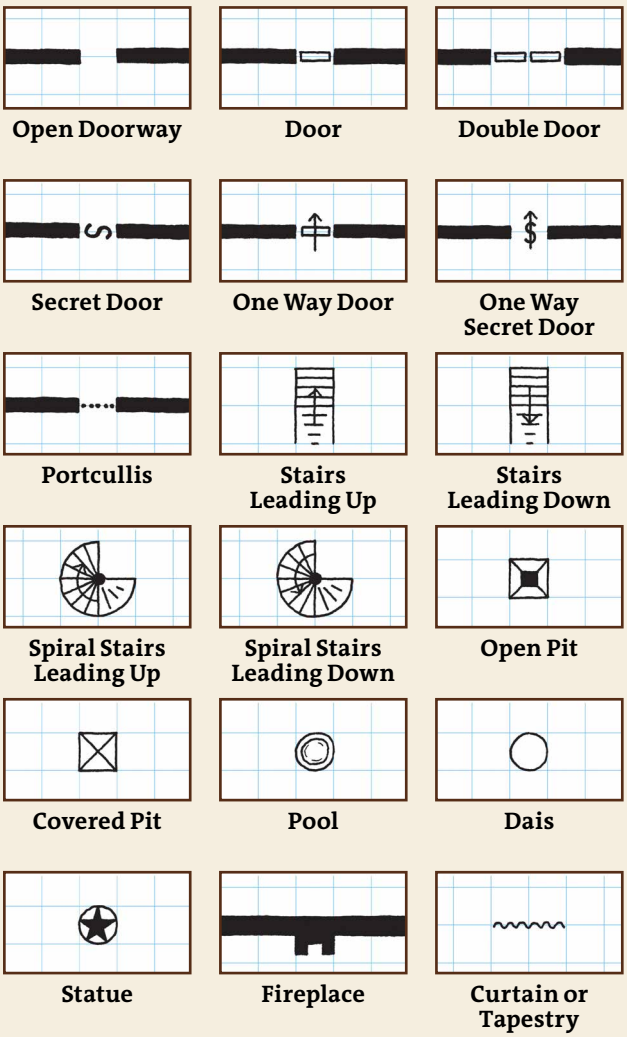
Creatures: Roll on an encounter table or select creatures by hand. See ***Dungeon Denizens, p98***.

Traps: If treasure is present, the trap may be triggered when the treasure is tampered with. Otherwise, the trap is triggered by simply entering the area. See ***Traps, p102***. Alternatively, a dangerous mould or slime may be present. See ***Dungeon Environment, p100***.

Treasure: If a creature is present, roll the treasure type indicated in its description. Otherwise, roll a ***Treasure Cache*** based on the dungeon level.

Weird: Weird or magical features of an area, including tricks or puzzles. See ***Tricks and Weirdness, p105***.

Common Dungeon Mapping Symbols



Dungeon Denizens

Creatures that lurk in dark, ruined places.

A dungeon's flavour is strongly impacted by the denizens the referee selects. Each type of creature—from shambling undead or fungal horrors to crafty bandits or tricksome fairies—presents its own challenges and atmosphere for players to encounter.

PLACING DENIZENS

For each level of the dungeon, select thematically appropriate creatures of the same Level. Generally speaking, Level 1 creatures inhabit a dungeon's first level, Level 2 creatures its second level, and so on.

Higher Level creatures: The referee can place creatures of a higher Level in reduced numbers. For example, madtoms (Level 2 monsters—*DMB*) are usually encountered in groups of 1d12. If placed on the first level of a dungeon, this might be reduced to 1d6.

Lower Level creatures: Similarly, creatures of lower Level may appear in greater numbers.

Factions

Each type of creature or social grouping forms a *faction* in the dungeon. For small dungeons (up to around 20 areas), 1–3 main factions are sufficient. Larger dungeons often find multiple factions living alongside one another and interacting in various ways. For each faction, consider the following.

Dungeon usage: Why is the faction in the dungeon? It may be simply living there, or may be hiding, performing rituals, rearing young, visiting a magical site, etc.

Areas and paths: Which areas of the dungeon does the faction occupy? Does it regularly use any paths leading into other regions of the dungeon or out of the dungeon? Does it maintain patrols in any areas of the dungeon?

Reaction to PCs: How does the faction react to the presence of adventurers? For example, defensive actions, offers of trade, or outright hostility. A faction's reaction to PCs can also be left open, to be determined by a Reaction Roll in play (see ***Encounters***, *DPB*).

Relationships: What is the faction's relationship with other factions? For example, rivalries, enmities, truces, or trade relationships.

Lairs

Dungeon denizens of a particular type or faction often occupy multiple rooms of a dungeon. When placing a large group of creatures, the total number of individuals in the lair may be divided between a number of areas of the dungeon. The creatures' shared hoard (as indicated in the monster listing) should likewise be divided between multiple areas or located in one central treasure room.

Example: The Referee is designing a dungeon hidden behind a waterfall, where a band of crookhorn brigands lair. Consulting the crookhorn entry in the *DMB*, the Referee notes that they are encountered in groups of 3d10 individuals. The *DMB* ***Monster Statistics*** section states that up to 5 times as many individuals may be encountered in monster lairs (i.e. typically up to 15d10 crookhorns). Deciding this is a relatively small lair, the Referee rolls 8d10, resulting in 33 individuals in the lair. The Referee decides to place 4 guarding the entrance, 8 lounging in a foetid feasting chamber, 12 sleeping in a set of three rank bunk rooms, and the leader and two lieutenants scheming and gloating over the group's hoard in a secluded chamber with 6 guards posted outside.

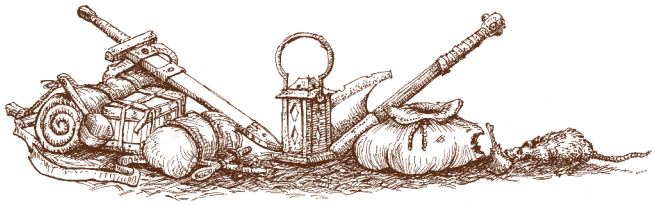
WANDERING MONSTERS

In addition to creatures placed in specific areas of a dungeon, an encounter table provides creatures that might be encountered on the move between areas. Wandering monsters enhance the feeling that the dungeon is an active, living environment, and serve the important function of keeping players on their toes as they explore.

Encounter tables: Create an encounter table for each level of the dungeon, tailored to its form and denizens, or use the generic encounter tables opposite.

When to roll for wandering monsters: Roll a check for wandering monsters once every 2 Turns, with a 1-in-6 chance of an encounter occurring. At the Referee's discretion, some dungeons or areas may have higher or lower chances of wandering monsters. See ***Wandering Monsters*** under ***Hazards and Challenges***, *DPB*.

Encounter procedure: See ***Rolling an Encounter*** for a summary of the steps to follow when a wandering monster is encountered.



Restocking

If PCs leave a dungeon and then return at a later date, consider whether anything has changed in the intervening time. For example, scavengers may have devoured slain monsters or adventurers, new creatures may have moved into areas PCs cleared, and traps may have been reset. Intelligent denizens may increase patrols, call for reinforcements, revise tactics, or even move their base of operations in response to PC intrusions. In this way, the dungeon feels like a dynamic, living environment.

Rolling an Encounter

1. **Creature:** Roll 1d20 on the table for the dungeon level being explored.
   - **Asterisk (*):** See ***Animals***—*DMB*.
   - **Dagger (†):** See ***Adventurers***—*DMB*.
2. **Number encountered:** The dice to roll are listed after the creature's name in the encounter tables.
3. **Surprise:** Roll 1d6 per side. (1–2 = surprised.)
4. **Encounter distance:** 2d6 × 10′ (or 1d4 × 10′ if both sides are surprised).
5. **Reaction:** If the creatures' potential reaction to PCs is unclear, make a Reaction Roll—see ***Encounters***, *DPB*.

Activity (Optional)

Roll 1d20 to spark a quick idea about what the creature is doing when encountered.

CREATURE ACTIVITY

d20	Activity	d20	Activity
1	Celebrating	11	Lost / exploring
2	Chasing ?	12	Marking territory
3	Constructing	13	Mating / courting
4	Defecating	14	Negotiating with ?
5	Dying / wounded	15	Patrolling / guarding
6	Fleeing from ?	16	Resting / camping
7	Hallucinating	17	Ritual / magic
8	Hunting / foraging	18	Sleeping
9	In combat with ?	19	Trapped / imprisoned
10	Journey / pilgrimage	20	Washing

Question mark (?): Roll another encounter to determine the other creature involved.

LEVEL 1

d20	Creature
1	Barrowbogey (1d4)
2	Cave Salamander* (1d3)
3	Centipede, Giant* (1d8)
4	Cleric† (1d8)
5	Crookhorn (1d10)
6	Fire Beetle, Giant* (2d6)
7	Goblin (1d8)
8	Grimalkin (1d4)
9	Hunter† (1d8)
10	Killer Bee* (2d6)
11	Mossling (2d8)
12	Rat, Giant* (3d6)
13	Skeleton (3d6)
14	Snake—Adder* (1d8)
15	Spinning Spider, Giant* (1)
16	Sprite (3d6)
17	Stirge* (2d6)
18	Thief† (1d8)
19	Wolf* (2d6)
20	Woodgrue (3d6)

LEVEL 2

d20	Creature
1	Bog Corpse (2d4)
2	Bog Salamander (1d2)
3	Burrowing Beetle, Giant* (2d4)
4	Crookhorn (3d10)
5	Devil Goat (1d3)
6	Elf—Wanderer (1d6)
7	Fly, Giant* (2d4)
8	Galosher (2d4)
9	Ghoul (2d4)
10	Madtom (1d12)
11	Pook Morel (2d10)
12	Redcap (2d6)
13	Redslob (1d2)
14	Root Thing (1d3)
15	Scrabey (1d6)
16	Shadow (1d8)
17	Spinning Spider, Giant* (1d3)
18	Witch (1d3)
19	Witch Owl (1d6)
20	Wolf, Dire* (1d4)

LEVEL 3

d20	Creature
1	Adventuring Party
2	Ant, Giant* (2d4)
3	Black Tentacles (1d3)
4	Carrion Worm* (1d3)
5	Crookhorn (3d6)
6	Crystaloid (1d6)
7	Devil Goat (1d4)
8	Drune—Cottager (1d3)
9	Gargoyle (1d6)
10	Ghoul (2d6)
11	Harpy (1d6)
12	Jack-o'-Lantern (1d8)
13	Mugwudge (1d4)
14	Ogre (1d6)
15	Rapacious Beetle, Giant* (2d4)
16	Shadow (2d6)
17	Shape-Stealer (1d4)
18	Snail, Giant—Mutant (1)
19	Wight (1d6)
20	Yickerwill (1d4)

LEVEL 4–5

d20	Creature
1	Adventuring Party
2	Bog Salamander (1d3)
3	Boggin (1d4)
4	Cockatrice (1d4)
5	Earthworm, Giant* (1)
6	Ooze Salamander* (1d2)
7	Gelatinous Hulk (1d2)
8	Harridan (1d3)
9	Leech, Giant* (1d3)
10	Marsh Lantern (1d12)
11	Mould Oracle (1d3)
12	Ochre Slime-Hulk (1)
13	Owlbear* (1d4)
14	Redslob (1d4)
15	Shape-Stealer (1d6)
16	Spectre (1d3)
17	Troll (1d3)
18	Weasel, Giant* (1d6)
19	Werewolf (1d6)
20	Wyrm—Black Bile (1)

LEVEL 6–7

d20	Creature
1	Adventuring Party
2	Banshee (1)
3	Basilisk (1d6)
4	Boggin (2d4)
5	Drune—Audrune (1)
6	Earthworm, Giant* (1d3)
7	Gelatinous Hulk (1d3)
8	Leech, Giant* (1d4)
9	Mugwudge (2d4)
10	Ochre Slime-Hulk (1)
11	Onyx Blob (1)
12	Owlbear* (2d4)
13	Slug, Giant* (1)
14	Spectre (1d4)
15	Swamp Spider, Giant* (1d6)
16	Troll (1d3)
17	Unicorn—Corrupt (2d6)
18	Wicker Giant (1)
19	Wyrm—Black Bile (1)
20	Wyrm—Phlegm (1)

LEVEL 8+

d20	Creature
1	Adventuring Party
2	Banshee (1)
3	Basilisk (2d4)
4	Boggin (2d6)
5	Centaur—Bestial (1d3)
6	Earthworm, Giant* (1d4)
7	Fomorian (1d3)
8	Gelatinous Hulk (1d4)
9	Gloam (1)
10	Harridan (2d4)
11	Manticore (1d6)
12	Onyx Blob (1)
13	Purple Worm* (1d2)
14	Slug, Giant* (1)
15	Spectre (1d6)
16	Wicker Giant (1)
17	Wyrm—Black Bile (1)
18	Wyrm—Blood (1)
19	Wyrm—Phlegm (1)
20	Wyrm—Yellow Bile (1)

Dungeon Environment

Fungi, slimes, moulds, plants, and the weird illogic of the underworld.

Extensive subterranean dungeons often form an ecosystem of their own, rife with weird fungi and plants and deadly slimes and moulds. This section details some of the most common hazardous and beneficial species, along with a general discussion on the bizarre environment of realms beneath the surface.

THE WEIRD UNDERWORLD

Many dungeons beneath Dolmenwood's surface stray into regions of subterranean weirdness. The everyday logic of the surface world recedes and dream logic and perplexing mystery take over. It may be that pulsating ley energies or slumbering subterranean godlings disrupt the laws of nature that govern life on the surface. Whatever the cause, the deeps of the world are rife with weird monsters, mysterious secrets, and otherworldly magic.

Designing Underworld Dungeons

While some subterranean dungeons operate according to the normal laws of logic and ecology, this does not always have to be the case. When designing dungeons, the Referee should let their imagination run wild, populating the Underworld with bizarre and wondrous environments, puzzles, encounters, monsters, and treasures. Such delves offer an exciting change of pace, compared with the more naturalistic adventures of the surface. See ***Tricks and Weirdness, p105*** for some ideas.

Dungeon Adversity (Optional)

Some regions of the Underworld have a sentience of their own, actively resisting the intrusion of adventurers from the surface world. The following ideas emphasise this adversarial aspect of the Underworld.

Stuck doors: Most dungeon doors resist being opened by adventurers—treat them as being stuck (see ***Doors*** under ***Hazards and Challenges***, *DPB*). The dungeon allows its own denizens to pass freely, however.

Doors closing: Unless wedged open (e.g. using iron spikes), dungeon doors surreptitiously close after PCs have passed.

Darkness: All dungeon denizens can see normally in the dark, whether this is mentioned in their stat block or not. Adventurers must bring their own light sources to fathom the deeps.

Lights: The dungeon resists the presence of light sources, incurring a chance (e.g. 1-in-6 per Turn) of torches and lanterns sputtering out, unexpectedly dropping characters into utter blackness.

FUNGI

Having no need of light, fungi of many kinds thrive underground. The ***Common Dungeon Fungi*** table lists some species of edible and special fungi that adventurers may find underground.

COMMON DUNGEON FUNGI

d20	Fungus (Edible)	d20	Fungus (Special)
1	Amethyst Orb	11	Angel's Lament
2	Drounberry	12	Bloodcap
3	Fairy Veil	13	Grinning Jenny
4	Hell Horns	14	Hob's Lewd
5	Marshguts	15	Lambent Stinkhorn
6	Moonchook	16	Mossmulch
7	Purple Piper	17	Mottlecap
8	Scrabey's Hair	18	Numblings
9	Shank-Orbs	19	Shaggy Sage
10	Windcap	20	Speckled Sporange

Edible fungi: See ***Foraging, p118***.

Special fungi: See ***Rare Fungi, p428***.

PLANTS

While the roots of great trees often intrude into dungeons close to the surface, normal woodland plants cannot survive underground. Some plants of a magical nature thrive underground, feeding on veins of magical energy in lieu of sunlight. The ***Dungeon Plants*** table lists some species of magical plants that adventurers may come across in their delvings.

DUNGEON PLANTS

d10	Plant	d10	Plant
1	Blushing Mandrake	6	Mind-Moss
2	Frondhelm	7	Prancing Mandrake
3	Groaning Mandrake	8	Sclubber's Twist
4	Horridwort	9	Snogglebeard
5	Knobbled Mandrake	10	Writhing Mandrake

Descriptions: See ***Rare Herbs, p430***.

MOULDS

Patches of fungal fuzz that cover walls and ceilings.

Triggering: If touched or damaged, there is a 3-in-6 chance of the mould emitting a cloud of spores in a 10′ cube area.

Effect: All in the cloud must **Save Versus Blast** or be caught in the spores. The effect depends on the type of mould.

Removing: Each type of mould is harmed by a specific type of damage. Each roughly 10′ × 10′ patch of mould can withstand 2d8 points of damage.

Common Mould Types

1. Beige mould: Inflicts 2d6 cold damage per Round to any in the cloud, which lingers for 1d6 Rounds. Beige mould patches spread in the presence of fire within 5′: a torch causes the mould to double in size, burning oil quadruple, and a *Fireball* 8 times. Multiplication takes 1 Round. Beige mould is harmed by magical cold.

2. Cyan mould: Infests victims' skin with spores, manifesting as cyan patches the next day. If not cured (e.g. the holy *Cure Affliction* spell), the victim dies after seven days, as the mould overruns the entire body. Cyan mould is harmed by fire or acid.

3. Ochre mould: Causes choking for 6 Rounds, inflicting 1d6 damage per Round. Ochre mould is harmed by fire.

4. Violet mould: Desiccates characters' internals, causing a –2 penalty to Attack Rolls and Saving Throws until a pint of water is consumed. Death by dehydration occurs after 4 hours, if no water is available. Violet mould explodes if touched with fire, inflicting 2d4 damage to all within 10′ (**Save Versus Blast** for half damage). Violet mould is harmed by acid or water (1d6 damage per pint).

SLIMES

Dripping sheets of slime that cling to ceilings.

Triggering: When a character passes beneath, there is a 2-in-6 chance of the slime dropping down on their head.

Effect: The character must **Save Versus Blast** or be coated in the slime, suffering damage. The type of damage and other effects depend on the type of slime.

Armour: Light armour prevents damage for 1 Round, after which it is dissolved. Medium armour dissolves after 2 Rounds, and Heavy armour after 3 Rounds.

Removing: Slimes can only be removed by fire, which inflicts half damage to the victim and half to the slime. Each slime can withstand 2d8 points of damage.

Common Slime Types

1. Clear slime: Freezing, inflicts 1d4 damage per Round. A character killed is frozen solid.

2. Green slime: Acidic, inflicts 1d6 damage per Round. A character killed is dissolved to sludge.

3. Mauve slime: Causes flesh to puff, bubble, and dissolve, inflicting 1d3 damage per Round. A character killed is reduced to a mauve-tinged skeleton which reanimates as a Chaotic undead monster after 1d6 Turns (**skeleton**—*DMB*).

4. Onyx slime: Burning, inflicts 1 damage per Round. If the character has any magic items on their person, there is a 2-in-6 chance per Round of an item exploding, causing an additional 1d4 damage (and destroying the item). A character killed becomes a charred corpse.

Traps

Dastardly contraptions to thwart the intrusions of meddling adventurers.

From the humble pit, to the cunningly hidden poisoned needle, to magical wards and enchantments, traps play a fundamental role in the dungeon. This section discusses some of the most common types of traps. For more details on finding and disarming traps, see ***Traps*** under ***Hazards and Challenges***, *DPB*.

TRIGGERS AND EFFECTS

All traps have a *trigger* (the action that sets off the trap) and an *effect* (what happens when the trap is triggered). With a pit trap, the trigger and effect are combined—a character steps on the pit and falls in. For other traps, possible triggers and effects are discussed separately.

EXPLORATION AND CLUES

A party moving at exploration speed (see ***Time and Movement***, *DPB*) is assumed to be carefully inspecting the environment for hazards. The Referee may give the players clues as to the presence of traps, drawing their attention to features that warrant further investigation. The various trap effects and triggers discussed here list some example clues that the Referee may provide to players.

PIT TRAPS

Pit traps are simply holes in the floor, usually 10′ across and 10′–20′ deep, that harm and trap the victim (1d6 damage per 10′ depth, aid or climbing tools needed to escape).

Disarming and bypassing: Pits can be jumped or bridged (e.g. with planks or ladders). Sometimes a ledge allows passage around the rim.

Pit Types

Open pit: The pit is not concealed in any way. Its presence is obvious to any approaching it.

Covered pit: The pit is covered with cloth or branches and disguised with debris. Anyone stepping on the pit falls in. **Clues:** Sagging floor. Ropes or pegs anchoring the cover.

Hinged pit: The pit is covered with a hinged section of normal floor. Anyone stepping on the hinged section causes it to swing open, dropping them in the pit. If detected, the hinged floor can be wedged shut (or open) using iron spikes. **Clues:** Angled floor. Creaking hinges.

Locking pit: Functions the same as a hinged pit, but the hinged floor springs shut, trapping characters in the pit. A **Strength Check** can force the lid open.

Pit base hazards: The pit may be lined with spikes (inflicting 1d6 additional damage), filled with water (carrying a risk of drowning), filled with acid (1d6 damage per Round), or inhabited by a ravenous monster. **Clues:** Odour of dank water or chemicals. Muffled monster sounds.

ARCHITECTURAL TRAPS

Architectural traps are based on large-scale mechanisms of hinges, cogs, pulleys, and springs hidden inside dungeon floors, walls, and ceilings.

Disarming and bypassing: Architectural traps can usually only be disarmed or bypassed by narrative interaction with the trap's trigger or effect. See ***Narrative Interaction*** under ***Hazards and Challenges***, *DPB*.

Triggers

Pressure plate: Weight on a section of floor triggers the trap. Characters can bypass the trap by jumping over or moving around the pressure plate. The plate may also be jammed with iron spikes, or by leaving a weight on it. **Clues:** Slightly raised, lowered, or uneven floor.

Scales: Removing an object (e.g. a treasure) from its place of rest triggers the trap. A successful **Legerdemain Check** allows a bard or thief to bypass the trap by switching out the object with another of similar weight. **Clues:** Object rests on an obvious plate. Object precisely placed.

Tripwire: Pulling a wire stretched between two walls or pillars triggers the trap. Characters who are aware of a tripwire can bypass it simply by stepping over it. An unaware character has a 4-in-6 chance of triggering the trap when passing. **Clues:** Glinting wire. Suspended cobwebs.

MAGICAL TRAPS

Magical traps may be placed on any area or object by someone with appropriate spells or other magical capabilities.

Disarming and bypassing: Magical traps can usually only be disarmed or bypassed by magic (e.g. *Dispel Magic*). Sometimes a password might grant safe passage.

Clues: The presence of a magical trap is sometimes hinted at by glowing energy, odd statues or murals, runes, symbols, or arcane inscriptions.

Triggers

Detection: The presence of a certain type of person or object triggers the trap. A magical trap could detect any quality imaginable, for example character Alignment, faction affiliation, religion, etc.

Proximity: Movement of any kind in a certain area triggers the trap.

Speech: Speech (or sound) in a certain area triggers the trap. The magic may also distinguish specific languages or words.

Touch: Touching a certain object triggers the trap.

MECHANISM TRAPS

Mechanism traps are based on complex, clockwork-like mechanisms hidden inside locks, lids, and door handles.

Disarming and bypassing: Thieves' tools and a successful **Disarm Mechanism Check** allows a thief to disable or deactivate a mechanism trap. Other characters do not have the requisite expertise. Mechanism traps sometimes feature a hidden button to temporarily disable the mechanism.

Destroying: If characters suspect the presence of a mechanism trap, simply smashing the mechanism is sometimes effective in disabling the trap. The Referee must judge in each case whether this successfully disables the trap or causes it to trigger.

Clues: Mechanism traps sometimes have unusual construction or bulk around the trigger.

Triggers

Lock: Turning a lock with the wrong key triggers the trap.

Opening mechanism: Opening a latch, lid, or handle triggers the trap.

TRAP EFFECTS

When triggered, a mechanism, architectural, or magical trap may have any number of effects. Some common trap effects are described below, but feel free to invent others.

1. Alarm: A loud noise blares, attracting nearby creatures or triggering a wandering monster check. **Clues:** Visible bell or horn. Statue with gaping mouth.

2. Collapsing ceiling: All in a 10′ square area must **Save Versus Blast** or be hit by rubble (1d10 damage). Depending on the severity of the collapse, the area may be blocked. **Clues:** Cracks on the ceiling. Rubble and dust on the floor.

3. Crushing walls or ceiling: The walls or ceiling of the room crush inwards, killing characters who do not escape within 3 Rounds. This effect is often combined with a dropping portcullis. **Clues:** Tracks along walls. Crushed bones.

4. Darts or arrows: One or more small missiles fire from holes. For each missile, make an Attack Roll (Attack +2) against the triggering character. Arrows inflict 1d6 damage. Darts inflict no damage but are poisoned: **Save Versus Doom** or suffer 1d6 damage for 6 Rounds. **Clues:** Small holes in wall. Impact marks on opposite wall.

5. Deafening noise: Characters within 20′ must **Save Versus Doom** or be deafened for 1d6 Turns. **Clues:** Container of explosive powder. Chemical odour.

6. Dropping portcullis: A portcullis falls, blocking a passage (often characters' exit). Characters with a combined Strength of 40 or more can lift the portcullis. **Clues:** Channels in the walls. A slot in the ceiling.

7. Fire blast: A gout of flame shoots out from a wall or statue. All in a line 5′ wide and 20′ long must **Save Versus Blast** or suffer 2d4 damage. **Clues:** Small hole where flame emanates. Charred stone. Odour of oil or chemicals.

8. Flashing light: A blinding light flashes. All within 10′ must **Save Versus Doom** or be blinded for 1d8 Turns. **Clues:** Container of flare powder. Chemical odour. Crystal globe.

9. Illusion: An illusion of a monster appears and attacks the triggering character. It has AC 10 and disappears if hit. The monster's attacks appear to inflict damage, but no real damage is ever inflicted. A character killed by the illusion actually falls unconscious for 1d4 Turns. **Clues:** Crystal prism. Murals depicting the monster.

10. Mantrap: Hidden metal jaws snap around the triggering character's foot. Make an Attack Roll (Attack +2) against the triggering character. If the attack succeeds, the character suffers 1d3 damage and is unable to move. Characters with a combined Strength of 20 or more can free the victim. **Clues:** Rubble concealing the mantrap. Holes in floor. Blood stains.

11. Monster release: A locked or hidden door opens, releasing dangerous creatures. **Clues:** Muffled monster sounds. Monster scent. Claw marks on walls.

12. Net: Characters in a 10′ square area must **Save Versus Hold** or be yanked upwards, trapped and suspended in a net. With a bladed weapon, a trapped character may make a **Dexterity Check** each Round to escape. **Clues:** Rubble disguising the net. Ropes along walls.

13. Poison gas: A cloud of gas fills a 10′ cube. Anyone in the gas must **Save Versus Doom** or be affected. Poison gas commonly causes victims to fall unconscious for 1d6 Turns or inflicts 1d6 damage for 6 Rounds. **Clues:** Chemical odour. Area free of lichen, mould, etc.

14. Poison needle: A small needle jabs the triggering character. Make an Attack Roll (Attack +4) against the triggering character. If the attack succeeds, the character must **Save Versus Doom** or die in 1d6 Rounds. **Clues:** Pinhole.

15. Rolling boulder: A spherical boulder drops from the ceiling and rolls in a specific direction with Speed 30. Any character it passes must **Save Versus Blast** or suffer 6d6 damage. **Clues:** Sloped floor. Outline of trapdoor.

16. Scything blade: A blade springs out from a wall. Make an Attack Roll (Attack +2) against the triggering character. The blade inflicts 1d8 damage. **Clues:** Slot in wall. Blood stains.

17. Snare: The triggering character must **Save Versus Hold** or be yanked upwards and suspended in a snare. With a bladed weapon, the trapped character may make a **Dexterity Check** each Round to escape. **Clues:** Rubble disguising the snare. Ropes along walls.

18. Spikes: Spikes spring out from a wall. Make an Attack Roll (Attack +4) against the triggering character. The spikes inflicts 2d6 damage. **Clues:** Holes in wall. Blood stains.

19. Spray: A liquid sprays out. All in a line 5′ wide and 10′ long must **Save Versus Blast** or be covered. Sprays are commonly either acid (2d4 damage) or coat characters in a monster attracting scent (chance of wandering monsters is doubled for 1d6 hours). **Clues:** Chemical odour. Spray marks on walls.

20. Water filling: Doors close and lock tight, as water pours from the ceiling. After 6 Rounds, the room is submerged, drowning any who cannot breathe underwater (see ***Suffocation*** under ***Hazards and Challenges***, *DPB*). **Clues:** Holes in ceiling. Watertight surroundings.

Secret Doors

Cunningly hidden portals leading to secret dungeon areas.

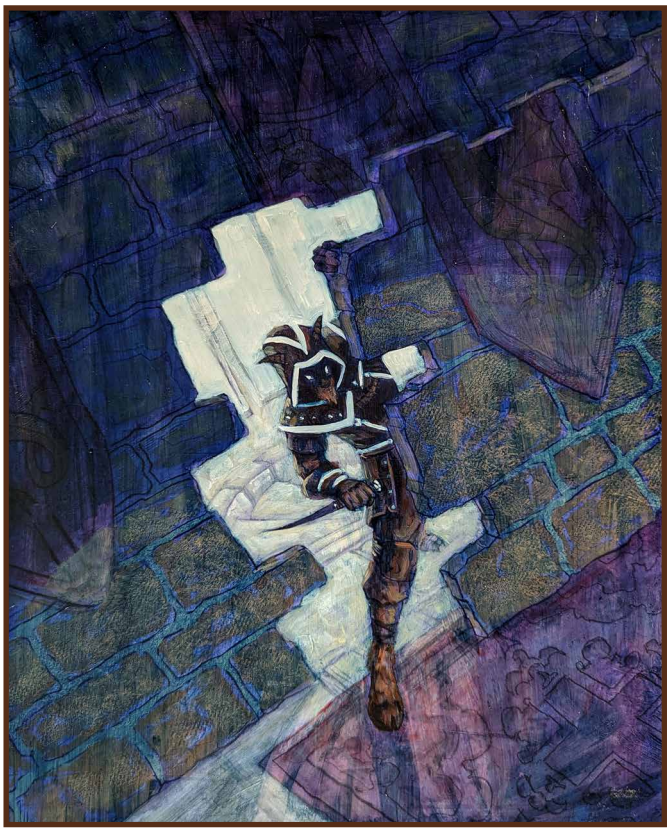
Doors hidden from plain sight—concealing treasures, profane shrines, arcane mysteries, or secret exits—are a classic element of dungeon design. While secret doors are not essential in all dungeons, their potential presence adds an element of mystery to a dungeon. For more details on finding secret doors, see ***Doors*** under ***Hazards and Challenges***, *DPB*.

TYPES OF SECRET DOORS

There are broadly three types of secret doors:

1. **Hidden doors:** Some secret doors are hidden from sight and must be located by searching or by narrative interaction. The ***Secret Doors*** table provides some ideas.
2. **Hidden opening mechanisms:** Some secret doors are plain to see but can only be opened by a mechanism hidden nearby, either mechanical or magical in nature. The ***Mechanical Opening Mechanisms*** and ***Magical Opening Mechanisms*** tables provide some ideas.
3. **Doubly hidden doors:** Sometimes characters must locate a hidden door *and* a hidden opening mechanism.

Other door types: Secret doors need not always be human-sized portals in a wall. Secret portals of many other kinds are possible—for example, trapdoors (in ceilings or floors), hatches, spyholes, pipes, and closets.



SECRET DOORS

d20	Location	d20	Location
1	At base of pool	11	In giant statue's mouth
2	Behind large open door	12	Mosaic section
3	Behind mirror	13	Mural section
4	Behind picture frame	14	Overgrown with lichen
5	Behind tapestry	15	Overgrown with moss
6	Beneath large statue	16	Overgrown with roots
7	Beneath rug	17	Pivoting bookshelf
8	Concealed by slime	18	Pivoting chimney back
9	False closet back	19	Seamless pillar section
10	False coffer base	20	Seamless wall section

MECHANICAL OPENING MECHANISMS

d20	Mechanism	d20	Mechanism
1	Fill or drain basin	11	Pull lever in grate
2	Open statue's mouth	12	Pull on finger hole
3	Pivot statue's arm	13	Pull rope behind brick
4	Place item on altar	14	Pull torch sconce
5	Place item on ledge	15	Put coin in slot
6	Poke thin object in slot	16	Remove item from altar
7	Press button in mosaic	17	Step on corner slab
8	Press button in wall	18	Step on dais tile
9	Press jutting wall brick	19	Turn statue
10	Press slab in ceiling	20	Weight pressure plate

MAGICAL OPENING MECHANISMS

d20	Mechanism	d20	Mechanism
1	Answer riddle	11	Lay down arms
2	Arrange items on altar	12	Light candle on altar
3	Bow before door	13	Make certain gesture
4	Copy motions in mural	14	Play on nearby piano
5	Cover mirror	15	Put gem in statue's eye
6	Drink liquid in chalice	16	Put gold in statue's palm
7	Drip blood on altar	17	Recite inscription
8	Feed beer to statue	18	Ring nearby bell
9	Inscribe chalk arrow	19	Singing
10	Kiss statue or painting	20	Speak command word

CLUES

The Referee may sometimes give the players clues about secret doors and how to open them.

Visual: There may be scuff marks on the floor, footprint trails leading to the door, faintly audible sounds beyond the door, stains or roots crossing the threshold, and so on.

Functional: The presence of guards or patrols suggest the presence of a secret door.

Symbolic: Inscriptions, murals, or statues in the vicinity (or elsewhere in the dungeon) may hint at the means of opening a door.

Tricks and Weirdness

Dungeon oddities to befuddle and vex adventurers.

Tricks, puzzles, riddles, and magical weirdness can add mystery and excitement to a dungeon, challenging players' creativity and imagination. Some of the most common forms of tricks are discussed here. Use these to spark the imagination in creating unique new puzzles and mysteries.

ARCHITECTURAL TRICKS

Shifting walls: After the party (or half the party) passes, a wall slides in place to block retreat. It shifts back after some time.

Shifting rooms: Rooms may spin, rise, or drop when PCs enter, disorienting the party or taking them to a different dungeon level.

Trick doors: One-way doors and false doors are common tricks to control adventurers' paths through the dungeon. Magical doors may lead to two or more different locations depending on the circumstances (e.g. position of a lever or speaking a command word).

ILLUSORY FEATURES

Illusory walls: A door or passageway may be concealed with an illusion of a blank wall, revealed by touch.

Invisible walls: An invisible portcullis or section of wall may trick PCs into thinking an exit is available.

Illusory floors: A pit or chasm may be concealed with an illusory bridge or section of floor.

TELEPORTS

Entrances: Magical doorways, energy vortices, planes of light, mirror surfaces, or floor pads that PCs can step into and emerge in another location. Teleports may be plain to see, invisible, or hidden (e.g. a magic circle under a rug).

Destinations: Characters may be transported to another place in the dungeon, to a place elsewhere in Dolmenwood, to a fairy road, or even into Fairy or some other magical dimension. The Referee should, of course, develop the details of the destination ahead of time.

Returning: Characters may be able to return by stepping back through a portal or by using a return teleporter, or travel may be one-directional.

RIDDLES AND CLUES

Riddles: Inscriptions, dungeon denizens, or speaking statues may pose riddles. Riddles sometimes refer to information found elsewhere in the dungeon, encouraging thorough exploration. If players can answer the riddle, they are usually rewarded—e.g. safe passage, opening a locked door, or revelation of a secret or treasure.

Clues: The Referee can offer hints to important traps, tricks, and puzzles with clues elsewhere in the dungeon, rewarding players with an eye for detail. For example, murals and statues can depict visual clues, riddles and codes can provide written clues, and so forth.

MAGICAL WEIRDNESS

An infinite variety of other magical tricks and oddities is possible. The following tables present some ideas for magical qualities of dungeon features. The Referee may use these tables to inspire all manner of odd magical locations, fleshed out with ideas from their own imagination.

DUNGEON FEATURES

d20	Feature	d20	Feature
1	Altar, plinth	11	Illusion, projection
2	Archway, alcove	12	Lever, button
3	Bed, nest	13	Mirror
4	Bones, taxidermy	14	Moss, lichen, roots
5	Books, tomes	15	Mural, mosaic, tapestry
6	Cage, bars	16	Pillar, obelisk
7	Carpet, rug	17	Pool, well, spring
8	Crystals, prisms	18	Runes, sigils
9	Fire pit, cauldron	19	Statue, idol
10	Fountain, basin	20	Throne, chair

MAGICAL QUALITIES

d20	Quality	d20	Quality
1	Absorbs magic	11	Poison gas
2	Animated	12	Polymorphs
3	Charms or compels	13	Poses riddle
4	Electric shock	14	Removes/places curse
5	Enhances Ability Score	15	Reversed gravity
6	Enlarges or shrinks	16	Sentient, speaks
7	Heals	17	Shoots energy ray
8	Induces slumber	18	Swaps minds
9	Invisible	19	Vanishes
10	Paralyses or petrifies	20	Zero gravity

Awarding XP

How characters advance following a successful adventure.

The *Dolmenwood Player's Book* describes the basics of how characters earn XP for successful adventuring (see ***Advancement***, *DPB*). This section describes the process of awarding XP in greater detail, along with optional rules for different kinds of XP awards.

WHEN TO AWARD XP

XP is awarded to the party following an adventure, upon their return to safety. The Referee may decide what constitutes a safe place, as befits the campaign. For example, XP may only be awarded when PCs return to their home base, or it may be awarded upon arriving at a wayside inn, or even upon safely emerging from a dungeon.

STANDARD XP AWARDS

XP For Treasure Recovered

Treasure that PCs bring back from an adventure is the primary means by which they gain XP, usually accounting for three-quarters or more of the total XP earned. The game is designed this way—with treasure as the primary source of XP—to encourage varied play and reward all types of characters equally. For example, violence, stealth, trickery, magic, and diplomacy are all equally valid means of acquiring treasure.

Awards: The party gains 1 XP per 1 gold piece value of treasure, including coins, gems, jewellery, and art objects. Items that grant special powers (e.g. magic items, special fungi / herbs, and similar) do not usually grant XP—their wondrous powers are their own reward to adventurers.

Recovered treasure and rewards: Usually only treasure recovered from dangerous adventure sites (e.g. monster lairs, enemy camps, dungeons, etc.) or granted as a reward for completing a quest qualifies for XP awards.

Other wealth: The Referee should decide whether wealth acquired by other means (e.g. stolen in towns, gained by selling used items, earned through business ventures, etc.) qualifies for XP awards.

XP For Defeating Foes

Foes defeated during the course of an adventure also grant XP. This includes creatures slain, as well as those that fled from combat or surrendered. The Referee may optionally also grant XP for creatures tricked or outsmarted by the party in a clever way.

Awards: The party gains the XP award listed in the stat block of each creature defeated.

Foes: XP is usually only awarded for defeating creatures that posed a threat during an adventure. Unprovoked attacks on villagers and farm animals do not earn XP.

Rate of Advancement

Each group has its own preferences as to how quickly characters advance in Level. The Referee should discuss expectations with the players. Typically, at least one PC should reach Level 2 after 10–15 hours of play. If this has not happened, the Referee may consider increasing the rate of advancement. If, on the other hand, most PCs have reached Level 3 in this time-frame, the Referee may consider slowing the rate of advancement.

XP multiplier: To speed up or slow down advancement, calculate XP awards as normal, then apply a multiplier (e.g. doubling or halving calculated XP awards).

Treasure placement: If using the standard ***XP For Treasure*** rule, the Referee can control the rate of advancement by adjusting the amount of treasure placed in adventures.

Danger: When adjusting the rate of advancement, also bear in mind the risk level of the game. Some groups prefer a game with high risk and high reward, leading to quick advancement for characters who survive. Other groups prefer the game to focus on character development, with slow advancement and low danger.

New Player Characters

Sometimes a new PC joins an adventuring party, for example when a previous PC dies. Per the standard rules (***Creating a Character***, *DPB*), new PCs begin play with 0 XP. Groups wishing for the new PC to catch up with others more quickly may optionally allow new PCs to start with half the XP of the old PC (or of the group's average XP). This will, on average, place the new PC one Level below other characters.

OPTIONAL XP AWARDS

The Referee may use any of the following options in addition to or instead of the standard awards described previously (XP for treasure recovered and defeating foes).

XP For Magic and Special Items

Referees wishing to increase the rate of advancement may also grant XP for magic items, special herbs / fungi, and similar items gained by adventuring.

Awards: The party gains XP equal to one-fifth of the gold piece value of magic and special items.

Selling items: If characters sell a magic or special item without using it, they may be awarded XP equal to the sale value in gold pieces. If the party has already used its powers, they do not gain XP from the proceeds of the sale. See ***Magic Items, p396*** for further guidelines on selling magic items.

XP For Milestones

In campaigns focused on an overarching plot or theme (see ***p90***), adventures are often based around story milestones, rather than the search for treasure. In such cases, award XP when characters achieve a certain goal or milestone (as judged by the Referee).

Awards: Milestone XP awards are determined by the average Level of characters in the party (with fractions rounded down) and whether a major or minor milestone has been achieved. See the ***Milestone Awards*** table. Each character in the party receives the listed milestone award.

Milestones: The Referee must determine what constitutes a major or minor milestone, based on the party's goals and the current adventure plot.

> **Example:** A party of 5 characters—a Level 5 magician, a Level 2 thief, and three Level 4 knights—has achieved a minor milestone. The party's average Level is 3, calculated as (5 + 2 + 4 + 4 + 4) / 5, rounded down. The milestone award for each character in the party is thus 1,000 XP.

XP For Great Deeds

The Referee may optionally award extra XP to individual characters who excelled in an adventure (e.g. single handedly defeated dangerous foes, saved the day with clever tactics, etc.).

Awards: A deed award for the character's Level (see the ***Milestone Awards*** table), or as the Referee wishes.

XP For Spending Treasure

Referees wishing to encourage characters to spend treasure acquired on adventures may award XP for treasure *spent* (in addition to or instead of treasure recovered). Awarding XP for both acquiring and spending treasure significantly increases the rate of character advancement.

Awards: Individual characters gain 1 XP per 1 gold piece they spend on non-trivial expenditures.

Non-trivial expenditures: The Referee should judge what kinds of expenditures qualify for XP awards. Philanthropic projects that do not directly benefit the character are a good example. Daily living expenses and buying items to be used on adventures typically do not qualify.

Carousing: Referees wishing to foster a picaresque tone of hard-living, hard-drinking adventurers may decide to grant XP for money frittered away on elaborate parties, feasts, and celebrations.

MILESTONE AWARDS

Average Level	XP Award Per Character		
	Major MS	Minor MS	Deed
1–2	2,000	400	200
3	5,000	1,000	500
4	10,000	2,000	1,000
5	15,000	3,000	1,500
6	30,000	6,000	3,000
7	60,000	12,000	6,000
8+	120,000	24,000	12,000

XP For Exploration

Referees wishing to encourage exploration of Dolmenwood and its mysteries may award XP for a variety of exploration goals.

Awards: A deed award for the party's average Level (see the ***Milestone Awards*** table). Each character in the party receives the award.

Exploration goals: Some example exploration goals are listed below. The Referee may invent others as desired.

- Visiting a settlement for the first time.
- Entering a hex for the first time (optionally excluding hexes simply travelled through by road).
- Finding a lost shrine.
- Finding a nodal stone.
- Discovering a hidden location.
- Meeting a faction or type of creature for the first time.
- Confirming the veracity of a rumour.

Part Four

Exploring the Wild

"Winter, autumn, summer, spring
Be careful of the songs you sing
If fairies hear your wandering song
Your paths grow twisty, strange, and long
Sunrise at dawn, new moon by night
Bogeys dance and comes the blight
Rain, and sun, and snow, and rain
Step off the path, don't come home again"
—Common Woldish children's rhyme

Seasons and Unseasons

The turning of the year's wheel and how the climate of the Wood fluctuates.

The calendar used in Dolmenwood is described in the *Dolmenwood Player's Book*. This section further details the turning of the seasons in Dolmenwood, including the weird, magical environmental conditions—known as *unseasons*—that occasionally take hold.

WINTER

The months of Grimvold, Lymewald, and Haggryme. In ancient days, Dolmenwood fell within the dominion of the Cold Prince, and was clad in ice all year round. Since the vanquishing of the Cold Prince, winter's hold over Dolmenwood is light. The waters of the Wood seldom freeze and the fecund growth of moss and fern forms a gentle blanket that fends off the worst of the cold. Snowfall is common in the months of Lymewald and Haggryme, but it seldom piles deep.

SPRING

The months of Symswald, Harchment, and Iggwyld. Dolmenwood is widely regarded as most beautiful in the springtime. The cold, dark nights of winter withdraw, and the carpets of soft, sparkling snow melt away to reveal dainty flowers. Spring in Dolmenwood is sunny and clement, and animals and people alike skip gaily through the glades of the Wood.

SUMMER

The months of Chysting, Lillipythe, and Haelhold. Dolmenwood is hot and humid in the summertime, abuzz with foraging and biting insects. A syrupy stillness hangs among the trees and an atmosphere of reverie pervades, punctuated by brooding thunderstorms. Summer is sprite season—in the month of Lillipythe, the place is awash with the fey rascals, who visit the mortal world to cavort.

AUTUMN

The months of Reedwryme, Obthryme, and Braghold. In the month of Reedwryme, biting winds from the north-east abruptly banish the heady stillness of summer. It is as if the Wood has awoken from an enchanting dream and must now busy itself with preparations for the coming cold. The shivering winds are accompanied by chill mists, interminable drizzle, and merciless downpours.

DAYLIGHT HOURS

The hours of sunrise and sunset may be useful on occasion, especially in relation to PCs setting up camp.

SUNRISE AND SUNSET BY MONTH

Month	Sunrise	Sunset	Daylight
Grimvold	8:00 AM	4:00 PM	8 hours
Lymewald	8:00 AM	4:30 PM	8½ hours
Haggryme	7:30 AM	5:00 PM	9½ hours
Symswald	6:30 AM	6:00 PM	11½ hours
Harchment	6:00 AM	8:00 PM	14 hours
Iggwyld	5:00 AM	9:00 PM	16 hours
Chysting	4:30 AM	9:30 PM	17 hours
Lillipythe	5:00 AM	9:00 PM	16 hours
Haelhold	6:00 AM	8:30 PM	15½ hours
Reedwryme	6:30 AM	7:30 PM	13 hours
Obthryme	7:30 AM	6:00 PM	10½ hours
Braghold	7:30 AM	4:30 PM	9 hours

UNSEASONS

The standard procession of the seasons does not always turn unhindered. At certain specific points in the year, rarer environmental conditions—known as *unseasons*—may take hold.

Hitching

Occurrence: On Dolmenday—the last day of the year—there is a 1-in-4 chance of Hitching commencing.

Duration: The first 20 days of the month of Grimvold.

Nature: The trees drip with dew, the woods are filled with balmy mists, and the eternal night of the fairy realm of Everborne (***p33***) encroaches upon the mortal world. In this unseason, the fey moon shines at night, alongside the true moon, which the witches pray to.

Effects: A special weather table for the unseason of Hitching is found on ***p112***.

Chame

Occurrence: On each of the first five days of the month of Haelhold, there is a 1-in-20 chance of Chame beginning.

Duration: 2d10 days.

Nature: Chame is a period of snakes and unease, during which serpents of all sizes fill the wood, creeping from underneath rocks and slithering out of holes in trees. Travel in this unseason is perilous and mortals hide restlessly within doors.

Effects: If an encounter is rolled during Chame, there is a 2-in-6 chance of PCs encountering serpents and wyrms. In this case, roll on the table below, instead of the normal encounter tables.

ENCOUNTERS IN CHAME (2-IN-6)

d10	Encounter
1	Galosher (2d6)
2	Snake—Adder (1d8)
3	Snake—Adder (1d8)
4	Snake—Adder (1d8)
5	Snake—Giant Python (1d3)
6	Snake—Giant Python (1d3)
7	Wyrm—Black Bile (1)
8	Wyrm—Blood (1)
9	Wyrm—Phlegm (1)
10	Wyrm—Yellow Bile (1)

Colliggwyld

Occurrence: On the first day of the month of Iggwyld, there is a 1-in-4 chance of Colliggwyld beginning.

Duration: The entire month of Iggwyld (30 days).

Nature: Particularly beautiful and fecund fungus blooms throughout the Wood. These blossoms grow to fantastic proportions, dwarfing humans as they go about their way. Upon the last eve of Iggwyld, the fungi dissolve into a rainbow-hued sludge which drains into the rivers and washes away.

Effects: All fungi located by foraging (see ***Foraging, p118***) are found in twice the normal quantity—double the portions of special fungi, and double the rations of edible fungi.

Vague

Occurrence: On the first day of each week in the months of Lymewald and Haggryme, there is a 1-in-10 chance of a Vague beginning.

Duration: 1d6 days.

Nature: A thick, sinister fog emerges from the earth and rolls in great clouds through the forest. In addition to the normal hazards of fog, the coming of a Vague is accompanied by a rising of the dead. Ghosts, phantoms, and ghouls roam with the fogs, ensuring that only the desperate venture out of doors.

Effects: A special weather table for the unseason of Vague is found on ***p112***. If an encounter is rolled during a Vague, there is a 2-in-6 chance of PCs encountering undead. In this case, roll on the table below, instead of the normal encounter tables.

ENCOUNTERS IN VAGUE (2-IN-6)

d10	Encounter
1	Banshee (1)
2	Bog Corpse (2d4)
3	Bog Corpse (2d4)
4	Ghoul (2d4)
5	Ghoul (2d4)
6	Gloam (1)
7	Headless Rider (1)
8	Skeleton (3d6)
9	Spectre (1d4)
10	Wight (1d6)

Weather

Procedures for determining prevailing weather, and its effects on travel.

Travel in the wilds of Dolmenwood can be eased or hampered by the prevailing weather conditions. A clement day can cheer oppressed spirits, or a fresh rain can provide a welcome respite from oppressive midsummer heat. A dense fog can cause travellers to lose their way in the tangled woods, or a relentless blizzard can make travel all but impossible.

ROLLING WEATHER

Roll on the ***Weather By Season*** table once a day to determine the prevailing conditions.

Unseasons: Colliggwyld and Chame do not have special weather tables of their own—use the standard tables for spring and summer, respectively.

WEATHER EFFECTS (OPTIONAL RULE)

Certain weather conditions hinder a party's travel and exploration through Dolmenwood. The ***Weather By Season*** table may indicate one or more of the following optional adverse effects.

Travel impeded (I): The party's daily Travel Points are reduced by 2. If this reduces the party's Travel Points to 0 or below, they can only progress by forced marching.

Poor visibility (V): The distance at which encounters occur is halved. Additionally, the chance of getting lost while travelling wild is increased by 1-in-6. For example, travelling wild in hills usually carries a 1-in-6 chance of getting lost. Travelling wild in hills during a blizzard carries a 2-in-6 chance of getting lost.

Wet conditions (W): Building a campfire is difficult.

WEATHER BY SEASON

2d6	Winter	Effects
2	Deep freeze, hoarfrost	–
3	Snow storm	IVW
4	Relentless wind	–
5	Bitter, silent	–
6	Frigid, icy	–
7	Clear, cold	–
8	Freezing rain	VW
9	Cold wind, gloomy	–
10	Frigid mist	V
11	Icy, steady snow	VW
12	Relentless blizzard	IVW

2d6	Spring	Effects
2	Cold, gentle snow	W
3	Chilly, damp	W
4	Windy, cloudy	–
5	Brisk, clear	–
6	Clement, cheery	–
7	Warm, sunny	–
8	Bright, fresh	–
9	Blustery, drizzle	W
10	Pouring rain	VW
11	Gloomy, cool	–
12	Chill mist	V

2d6	Summer	Effects
2	Cool winds	–
3	Low cloud, mist	V
4	Warm, gentle rain	W
5	Brooding thunder	–
6	Balmy, clear	–
7	Hot, humid	–
8	Overcast, muggy	–
9	Sweltering, still	–
10	Baking, dry	–
11	Warm wind	–
12	Thunder storm	VW

2d6	Autumn	Effects
2	Torrential rain	VW
3	Rolling fog	V
4	Driving rain	VW
5	Bracing wind	–
6	Balmy, clement	–
7	Clear, chilly	–
8	Drizzle, damp	W
9	Cloudy, misty	V
10	Brooding clouds	–
11	Frosty, chill	–
12	Icy, gentle snow	W

2d6	Hitching	Effects
2	Torrential rain	VW
3	Clear, fresh dew	W
4	Sleepy, purple mist	V
5	Interminable drizzle	W
6	Balmy mist	V
7	Thick fog, hot	V
8	Misty, seeping damp	VW
9	Hazy fog, dripping	VW
10	Sticky dew drips	W
11	Gloomy, shadows drip	–
12	Befuddling green fog	V

2d6	Vague	Effects
2	Hoarfrost, freezing fog	V
3	Steady snow, icy mist	VW
4	Low mist, writhing soil	–
5	Sickly, yellow mist	V
6	Thick, rolling fog	V
7	Freezing fog	V
8	Chill mist, winds wail	V
9	Icy mist, eerie howling	V
10	Violet mist rises	V
11	Blizzard, earth tremors	IVW
12	Blizzard, dense fog	IVW

I: Travel impeded. **V:** Poor visibility. **W:** Wet conditions.

Getting Lost

The ever-present danger of wandering off-course in the wilds.

The *Dolmenwood Player's Book* describes the chance of adventurers getting lost while travelling in Dolmenwood. The effects of getting lost are described here, so that the Referee may maintain a sense of mystery.

ROLLING FOR GETTING LOST

The Referee should roll once per day to see if the party gets lost, typically at the start of the travel day. If the party starts the day travelling along a road (no chance of getting lost), the roll for getting lost is made when they leave the road.

Chance of getting lost: The chance of getting lost is determined by the terrain type and whether the party is travelling wild or following a track. See ***Travel***, *DPB*.

If a hunter is in the party: If the party gets lost, a hunter can find the path again on a 3-in-6 chance.

EFFECTS OF GETTING LOST

If the party gets lost, roll on the ***Consequences of Getting Lost*** table.

Travelling Off Course

The Referee may handle off-course travel (results 6–9 and 12–15) in two ways, as follows.

Secret: The Referee tracks the party's actual course on the map, but does not tell the players that they are travelling off-course. Players only later realise they have become lost, and have to revise inaccuracies in their maps.

Open: The Referee informs the players of the actual (off-course) direction of travel, but does not allow them to alter this course. Players know that they have become lost, but have an accurate map of the unintended course travelled.

CONSEQUENCES OF GETTING LOST

3d6	Consequence
3	Lost in time. Travel is along the intended course, but 1d4+1 days pass.
4	Accidentally stumble into a randomly selected fairy road. See ***Fairy Roads, p26***.
5	Move in circles, ending the day where it began.
6–7	Travel 90° to the left of the intended course.
8–9	Travel 45° to the left of the intended course.
10–11	Travel along intended course, but uncertain paths cause all Travel Point costs to be doubled.
12–13	Travel 45° to the right of the intended course.
14–15	Travel 90° to the right of the intended course.
16	Move in circles, ending the day where it began.
17	Knocked unconscious by flashing, coloured lights. Awaken 1d4 hours later in the hex of a randomly selected nodal stone. See ***Ley Lines and Standing Stones, p18***.
18	Enveloped in a bewildering fog. Emerge at the end of the day in a randomly selected hex (at least 2 hexes away from the original hex).

Encounters

The beasts, horrors, fairies, and mortal folk one may encounter in the wilds.

Rolling an Encounter

1. **Encounter type:** Roll 1d8 on the ***Encounter Type*** table. The result indicates which sub-table to consult.
   - ▸ **Aquatic encounters:** For encounters on rivers or lakes, roll directly on the Aquatic regional encounter table. Land-dwelling sentients encountered are either on boats or the shore.
2. **Creature:** Roll 1d20 on the indicated sub-table.
   - ▸ **Asterisk (*):** See ***Animals***—*DMB*.
   - ▸ **Dagger (†):** See ***Adventurers***—*DMB*. Typically Level 1 characters are encountered.
   - ▸ **Double dagger (‡):** See ***Everyday Mortals***—*DMB*.
3. **Wandering or in lair (optional):** The *DMB* bestiary lists the chance of encountering creatures in their lair (as opposed to wandering abroad). For other creatures, a basic 30% chance may be used.
4. **Number encountered:** The dice to roll are listed after the creature's name in the encounter tables.
   - ▸ **Lair encounters:** Up to 5 times as many individuals may be encountered in the creatures' lair.
5. **Surprise:** Each side rolls 1d6, and are surprised on 1–2.
6. **Encounter distance:** 2d6 × 30′ (or 1d4 × 30′ if both sides are surprised).
7. **Reaction:** If the creatures' potential reaction to PCs is unclear, optionally make a Reaction Roll—see ***Encounters***, *DPB*.

Activity (Optional)

Roll 1d20 to spark a quick idea about what the creature is doing when encountered.

CREATURE ACTIVITY

d20	Activity	d20	Activity
1	Celebrating	11	Lost / exploring
2	Chasing ?	12	Marking territory
3	Constructing	13	Mating / courting
4	Defecating	14	Negotiating with ?
5	Dying / wounded	15	Patrolling / guarding
6	Fleeing from ?	16	Resting / camping
7	Hallucinating	17	Ritual / magic
8	Hunting / foraging	18	Sleeping
9	In combat with ?	19	Trapped / imprisoned
10	Journey / pilgrimage	20	Washing

Question mark (?): Roll another encounter to determine the other creature involved.

ENCOUNTER TYPE

	Daytime		Nighttime	
d8	Road/Track	Wild	Fire	No Fire
1	Animal	Animal	Monster	Animal
2	Monster	Monster	Monster	Animal
3	Mortal	Mortal	Mortal	Monster
4	Mortal	Sentient	Mortal	Monster
5	Sentient	Regional	Sentient	Monster
6	Sentient	Regional	Sentient	Regional
7	Regional	Regional	Regional	Regional
8	Regional	Regional	Regional	Regional

COMMON ENCOUNTERS

d20	Animal	Monster
1	Bat, Giant* (1d10)	Ant, Giant* (3d4)
2	Bear* (1d4)	Centaur—Bestial (1)
3	Boar* (1d6)	Cockatrice (1d4)
4	Burrowing Beetle* (2d4)	Ghoul (2d4)
5	Carrion Worm* (1d3)	Griffon* (2d8)
6	Centipede, Giant* (1d8)	Headless Rider (1d4)
7	False Unicorn* (3d4)	Mogglewomp (1)
8	Fire Beetle, Giant* (2d6)	Mugwudge (1d4)
9	Fly, Giant* (2d6)	Ogre (1d6)
10	Insect Swarm* (1d3)	Owlbear* (1d4)
11	Rapacious Beetle* (2d4)	Root Thing (1d4)
12	Rat, Giant* (3d6)	Snail, Giant—Mutant (1d3)
13	Red Deer* (3d10)	Spinning Spider, Giant* (1d3)
14	Shaggy Mammoth* (2d8)	Stirge* (2d6)
15	Snake—Adder* (1d8)	Treowere (1d8)
16	Stirge* (2d6)	Werewolf (1d6)
17	Toad, Giant* (1d4)	Wolf, Dire* (2d4)
18	Weasel, Giant* (1d6)	Wyrm—Black Bile (1)
19	Wolf* (3d6)	Wyrm—Blood (1)
20	Yegril* (3d8)	Yickerwill (1d6)

d20	Mortal	Sentient
1	Adventuring Party	Barrowbogey (2d6)
2	Cleric† (1d20)	Breggle—Shorthorn (3d10)
3	Crier‡ (1d6)	Crookhorn (3d10)
4	Drune—Cottager (1d4)	Deorling—Stag (1d6)
5	Fighter† (2d6)	Elf—Courtier or Knight (1d4)
6	Fortune-Teller‡ (1d3)	Elf—Wanderer (1d6)
7	Friar† (1d6)	Goblin (2d6)
8	Hunter† (3d6)	Grimalkin (1d4)
9	Knight† (2d6)	Mossling (2d8)
10	Lost Soul‡ (1d4)	Nutcap (2d6)
11	Magician† (1d4)	Redcap (2d6)
12	Merchant‡ (1d20)	Scarecrow (1d4)
13	Pedlar‡ (1d4)	Scrabey (1d6)
14	Pedlar‡ (1d4)	Shape-Stealer (1d6)
15	Pilgrim‡ (4d8)	Sprite (3d6)
16	Priest‡ (1d6)	Talking Animal (1d4)
17	Thief (Bandit)† (3d10)	Treowere (1d8)
18	Thief (Bandit)† (3d10)	Troll (1d3)
19	Villager‡ (2d10)	Wodewose (1d6)
20	Witch (1d6)	Woodgrue (3d6)

REGIONAL ENCOUNTERS

d20	Aldweald	Aquatic	Dwelmfurgh	Fever Marsh
1	Antler Wraith (2d4)	Adventuring Party	Antler Wraith (2d4)	Bat, Vampire* (1d10)
2	Breggle—Shorthorn (3d10)	Angler‡ (2d4)	Basilisk (1d6)	Black Tentacles (1d4)
3	Centaur—Sylvan (2d6)	Boggin (1d6)	Brambling (1d4)	Bog Salamander (1d3)
4	Deorling—Doe (4d4)	Catfish, Giant* (1d2)	Centipede, Giant* (1d8)	Centaur—Bestial (1)
5	Elf—Knight (1d4)	Crab, Giant* (1d6)	Crookhorn (3d10)	Crookhorn (3d10)
6	Elf—Wanderer (1d6)	Fly, Giant* (2d6)	Drune—Audrune (1)	Fly, Giant* (2d6)
7	Fairy Horse (1)	Insect Swarm* (1d3)	Drune—Braithmaid (1d4)	Galosher (2d6)
8	Gelatinous Hulk (1d4)	Kelpie (1)	Drune—Cottager (1d4)	Gelatinous Hulk (1d4)
9	Gloam (1)	Killer Bee* (2d6)	Drune—Cottager (2d6)	Harridan (1d3)
10	Goblin (2d6)	Leech, Giant* (1d4)	Drune—Drunewife (1)	Insect Swarm* (1d3)
11	Grimalkin (1d4)	Madtom (1d12)	Lost Soul‡ (1d4)	Jack-o'-Lantern (1d8)
12	Pedlar‡ (1d4)	Merchant‡ (1d20)	Shadow (1d8)	Leech, Giant* (1d4)
13	Redcap (2d6)	Merfaun (2d6)	Skeleton (3d6)	Madtom (1d12)
14	Snail, Giant—Psionic (1)	Pedlar‡ (1d4)	Spinning Spider, Giant* (1d3)	Marsh Lantern (1d12)
15	Sprite (3d6)	Pike, Giant* (1d4)	Sprite (3d6)	Mugwudge (1d4)
16	Thief (Bandit)† (3d10)	Stirge* (2d6)	Thief (Bandit)† (3d10)	Redcap (2d6)
17	Unicorn—Blessed (1d6)	Thief (Pirate)† (3d10)	Wicker Giant (1)	Shadow (1d8)
18	Wild Hunt (see ***p355***)	Toad, Giant* (1d4)	Wight (1d6)	Toad, Giant* (1d4)
19	Witch (1d6)	Water Termite, Giant* (1d3)	Witch (1d6)	Troll (1d3)
20	Woodgrue (3d6)	Wyrm—Phlegm (1)	Wyrm—Yellow Bile (1)	Wyrm—Phlegm (1)

d20	Hag's Addle	High Wold	Mulchgrove	Nagwood
1	Banshee (1)	Barrowbogey (2d6)	Bat, Vampire* (1d10)	Atanuwë (see ***p45***)
2	Bat, Giant* (1d10)	Breggle—Longhorn (2d4)	Bog Corpse (2d4)	Bat, Vampire* (1d10)
3	Black Tentacles (1d4)	Breggle—Shorthorn (3d10)	Bog Salamander (1d3)	Bog Corpse (2d4)
4	Bog Corpse (2d4)	Breggle—Shorthorn (3d10)	Brainconk (1d8)	Centaur—Bestial (1)
5	Bog Salamander (1d3)	Crier‡ (1d6)	Gelatinous Hulk (1d4)	Crookhorn (3d10)
6	Boggin (1d6)	Devil Goat (1d4)	Jack-o'-Lantern (1d8)	Crookhorn (3d10)
7	Galosher (2d6)	Drune—Braithmaid (1d4)	Mossling (2d8)	Crookhorn (6d10)
8	Ghoul (2d4)	Drune—Cottager (1d4)	Mossling (2d8)	Harpy (2d4)
9	Gloam (1)	Elf—Knight (1d4)	Mossling (2d8)	Harridan (1d3)
10	Leech, Giant* (1d4)	Goblin (2d6)	Mossling (4d8)	Manticore (1d4)
11	Marsh Lantern (1d12)	Grimalkin (1d4)	Mould Oracle (1d3)	Ochre Slime-Hulk (1)
12	Mugwudge (1d4)	Knight† (2d6)	Ochre Slime-Hulk (1)	Ogre (1d6)
13	Shadow (1d8)	Merchant‡ (1d20)	Ochre Slime-Hulk (1)	Ogre (1d6)
14	Swamp Sloth* (1d6)	Pedlar‡ (1d4)	Onyx Blob (1)	Owlbear* (1d4)
15	Swamp Spider, Giant* (1d3)	Priest‡ (1d6)	Pook Morel (2d10)	Snail, Giant—Mutant (1d3)
16	The Hag (see ***p82***)	Scrabey (1d6)	Pook Morel (2d10)	Spinning Spider, Giant (1d4)
17	Toad, Giant* (1d4)	Thief (Bandit)† (3d10)	Redslob (1d4)	Treowere (Chaotic) (1d8)
18	Troll (1d3)	Witch (1d6)	Redslob (1d4)	Unicorn—Corrupt (1d6)
19	Unicorn—Corrupt (1d6)	Witch Owl (1d6)	Wodewose (1d6)	Wolf, Dire* (2d4)
20	Wronguncle (1)	Woodgrue (3d6)	Wronguncle (1)	Wyrm—Black Bile (1)

d20	Northern Scratch	Table Downs	Tithelands	Valley of Wise Beasts
1	Banshee (1)	Banshee (1)	Breggle—Shorthorn (3d10)	Cobbin (1d4)
2	Bat, Vampire* (1d10)	Crookhorn (3d10)	Cleric† (1d20)	Cobbin (1d4)
3	Black Tentacles (1d4)	Deorling—Doe (4d4)	Elf—Wanderer (1d6)	Cobbin (1d4)
4	Bog Corpse (2d4)	Drune—Cottager (1d4)	Fighter† (2d6)	Cobbin (3d8)
5	Bog Salamander (1d3)	Elf—Wanderer (1d6)	Friar† (1d6)	Crookhorn (3d10)
6	Deorling—Stag (1d6)	Fly, Giant* (2d6)	Gloam (1)	Crookhorn (3d10)
7	Fomorian (1d3)	Ghoul (2d4)	Goblin (2d6)	Crookhorn (3d10)
8	Galosher (2d6)	Gloam (1)	Griffon (2d8)	Deorling—Stag (1d6)
9	Gloam (1)	Harpy (2d4)	Grimalkin (1d4)	Goblin (2d6)
10	Harridan (1d3)	Headless Rider (1d4)	Killer Bee* (2d6)	Grimalkin (1d4)
11	Leech, Giant* (1d4)	Lost Soul‡ (1d4)	Knight† (2d6)	Lost Soul‡ (1d4)
12	Madtom (1d12)	Peryton (2d4)	Merchant‡ (1d20)	Mossling (2d8)
13	Marsh Lantern (1d12)	Peryton (2d4)	Mossling (2d8)	Ochre Slime-Hulk (1)
14	Mugwudge (1d4)	Shadow (1d8)	Pilgrim‡ (4d8)	Ogre (1d6)
15	Redcap (2d6)	Shape-Stealer (1d6)	Pook Morel (2d10)	Owlbear* (1d4)
16	Scarecrow (1d4)	Skeleton (3d6)	Scrabey (1d6)	Redslob (1d4)
17	Shadow (1d8)	Spectre (1d4)	Sprite (3d6)	Sprite (3d6)
18	Spectre (1d4)	Wight (1d6)	Villager‡ (2d10)	Troll (1d3)
19	Wight (1d6)	Witch (1d6)	Witch (1d6)	Wodewose (1d6)
20	Witch Owl (1d6)	Woodgrue (3d6)	Woodgrue (3d6)	Woodgrue (3d6)

Fishing

What can be caught in the pools, streams, and lakes of Dolmenwood.

Fishing Procedure

1. **Decide to go fishing:** The party decides to go fishing in a hex containing a lake or river. A fishing rod and tackle are required. See ***Finding Food in the Wild***, *DPB*.
2. **Chance of catching fish:** The party makes a **Survival Check**, using the highest chance of success of all characters. If the party devotes a whole day exclusively to fishing, without travelling, they gain a +2 bonus. If the check succeeds, the party has caught something.
3. **Determine catch:** Roll 1d20 to see what is caught.
4. **Yield:** The party gains 2d6 fresh rations.

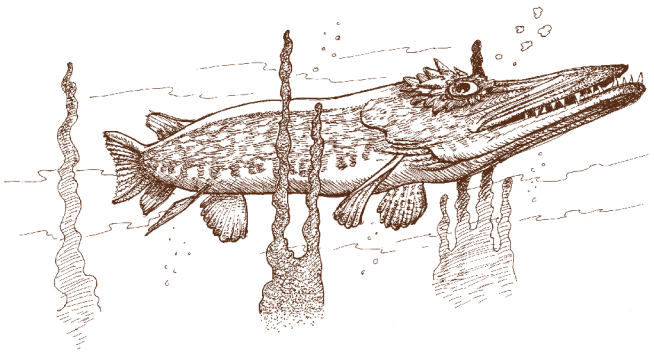
Encounters

Roll for encounters as normal during a day's fishing. Waterside encounters use the aquatic encounter table or the regional table.

EDIBLE FISH

1. Bally-tom: Rotund, slow-swimming fish with silver scales and bulbous green eyes. When threatened, their eyes flash hypnotically. The party member with the lowest Wisdom must **Save Versus Hold** or be dazzled and fall splashing into the water. (Lone anglers—without a companion to rescue them—have been known to drown as a result.)

2. Braithgilly: Lithe, white-scaled trout with adorable pink eyes. When unafraid, braithgillies poke their heads above the surface and sing beautiful, wistful melodies. Their songs sometimes contain snippets of well-known folk-melodies and passages that sound almost like words. According to folklore, braithgillies willingly leap into the net of a maiden who sings to them under the light of the moon.



3. Butter-eel: 3′-long, buttery-brown eels with startled, gaping mouths and a tendency to writhe vigorously when caught. Butter-eels are coated with a fatty slime, making them difficult to land, requiring at least two PCs make a successful **Dexterity Check**.

4. Gaffer: Foot-long catfish with tufts of coarse white fur around their face and gills, often formed into a goat-like beard upon the chin. Bleat when dragged from the water. Their flesh is tough but has a palatable sweet-sour note.

5. Giant catfish: A real monster! Handle as a normal combat encounter (see **giant catfish** stats in the *DMB*). If the fish is killed, its flesh provides 4 rations per Hit Point.

6. Groper: Flat-bodied, green-skinned bottom feeders with gaping mouths and spacious gullets. There is a 2-in-6 chance of finding a random human trinket (*DPB*) in a fish's belly.

7. Gurney: Big, ball-shaped fish with beady eyes, misshapen faces, and wide, flapping mouths. They are known among anglers for their habit of suddenly snapping with their concealed rows of vicious, spiny teeth. Characters who have not caught gurneys before must **Save Versus Doom** or suffer 1 point of damage.

8. Hameth sprat: Little black-scaled fish with long, ribbon tails. Flit around in great swarms, especially numerous in the River Hameth. Eaten whole (bones and all), typically fried in batter. A catch of hameth sprats only provides 2d4 rations.

9. Lardfish: Head-sized, translucent cream jellyfish with tangled tentacles dotted with clusters of grape-like nodules. The body of a lardfish is tough and somewhat fatty, but its tentacles are sweet and succulent.

10. Maid-o'-the-lake: Thigh-sized, pink, translucent squids renowned as a Dolmenwood delicacy. Their flesh is succulent and has a mildly fruity flavour. According to folklore, feasting beneath the moon on these squids fried in garlic butter is a sure way to summon the attentions of a witch, who will visit in the dead of night.

11. Mummer: Sluggish, puffy fish with mud-brown scales, pink, ribbon-like fins, and bulbous, yellow faces of an unnervingly human-like cast. There is a 3-in-6 chance that the face of one of the caught fish has an uncanny resemblance to a family member of someone in the party.

12. Nag-pike: Muscular, 3′-long, snaggle-toothed pikes with nine crooked horns upon their heads. Nag-pikes are vicious and tenacious, making them tricky to catch. The catch is only landed if at least two PCs make a successful **Strength Check**. When sliced and fried, nag-pikes' flesh is deliciously gamy.

13. Orbling: Silvery, spherical jellyfish that hide in weeds during the day and only emerge after sundown. In shaded waters, they bob near the surface, resembling reflected moonlight. Their outer skin is rubbery, but their insides are soft and taste of toffee. They are typically eaten like boiled eggs, by slicing off the top and scooping out the insides with a spoon.

14. Pilgrim crab: Chunky violet crabs with long, delicate pincers and creamy-white underbellies. Their shells are graven with lines that look curiously like a religious script of some kind. (These are sometimes used as a means of fortune-telling.) If cooked alive, pilgrim crabs emit a shrill tone reminiscent of choirboys at practice.

15. Puffer: 2′-round, near-spherical fish covered with hard scales and spines. Puffers are slow moving and easy to catch. Killing and preparing them is the tricky part: they have a gas-filled organ that explodes if not handled correctly. Characters who have not caught puffers before must **Save Versus Blast** or suffer 1d3 damage when the fish explode.

16. Queen's salmon: Iridescent-scaled salmon that dart and leap playfully. Queen's salmon are fairy fish that visit Dolmenwood to spawn. They speak Sylvan and basic Woldish, and address anglers in squeaking little voices when caught. In return for their lives, a catch of these fish offer to place their blessing upon the noble anglers. If the fish are released, each member of the fishing party gains a +4 bonus to the next Saving Throw rolled against a deadly effect (e.g. death, petrification, poison, etc.).

17. Screaming jenny: Long, slender fish with frilly purple fins and tails. When pulled from the water, they emit a startling shriek, which has a 3-in-6 chance of attracting a wandering monster (see ***Encounters, p114***).

18. Smuggler-fish: Puffed up, putrid green fish with lemon yellow bellies and wide, astonished eyes. Sigh plaintively then give up the ghost when landed. There is a 2-in-6 chance of finding a small gem (1d20 × 10gp) in the belly of one of the caught fish.

19. Twine-eel: 3′-long, twisty, finger-thick eels with scales of purple or burnished pink. Swim in great schools and voraciously attack small prey and tempting morsels of bait. Preparing them is fiddly work, due to all the fine bones, but their delectably sweet flesh makes it worthwhile.

20. Wraithfish: Lazy weed-browsers with near-transparent, jelly-like, white flesh. Wraithfish can turn incorporeal for brief periods, a trick they invariably perform when yanked out of the water by anglers. Madcap pipe music stymies this ability, and woodgrues are expert wraithfish catchers. Parties fishing without the requisite musical accompaniment only land fish sufficient for 1d6 rations.

Foraging

Bountiful delights to dig up in the undergrowth.

Foraging Procedure

1. **Decide to forage:** The party decides to forage for food as they travel. See ***Finding Food in the Wild***, *DPB*.
2. **Chance of finding food:** The party makes a **Survival Check**, using the highest chance of success of all characters. If the party devotes a whole day exclusively to foraging, without travelling, they gain a +2 bonus. If the check succeeds, the party has found edible wild plants or fungi.
3. **Determine foraged food:**
   - ▸ **Hex-specific results:** Some hex descriptions note special plants or fungi found by successful foraging. This may be instead of or in addition to general foraging results.
   - ▸ **General results:** Roll 1d6 to determine whether fungi or plants are found (1–3: fungi, 4–6: plants). Roll 1d20 to determine the type.
4. **Yield:** The party gains 1d6 fresh rations.

Encounters

Roll for encounters as normal during a day's foraging.

EDIBLE FUNGI

1. Amethyst orb: Transparent violet spheres with moist orifices. Smell of horse manure; hearty, chicken-like taste.

2. Chanctonslip: Flat, brown mushrooms that grow on tree trunks. Smell of fine pipeleaf, taste of spiced pumpkin.

3. Drounberry: Walnut-sized buttons, jet black with bright yellow gills. Odourless, but taste mildly of pepper.

4. Fairy veil: Silvery latticeworks that shine golden in moonlight. Smell faintly of leek, taste of kiwi. This fungus is perfectly nourishing, but is seldom foraged due to folktales claiming it is the property of the Cold Prince.

5. Goodgilly: Tall mushrooms with great, white, orb-like caps and pale pink gills. Smell of fresh rain. The caps taste of rotten fish, while the gills have a delicate, cinnamon flavour.

6. Hell horns: Ominous, black antlers with red striations. Smell of vomit, taste like lettuce. Hell horns are highly nutritious: a single ration can nourish two people instead of one.

7. Liverwort Jack: Mustard yellow toadstools with indigo spots. Odourless, taste of raw liver.

8. Mangy horns: Floppy red phalluses that ooze black juice. Smell of bark, taste of cooked apple. Mangy horns are tasty when eaten raw, but become tough and chewy if cooked.

9. Marshguts: Coils of glowing yellow tubes. Smell of sweat, with an odd, extremely moreish, fizzy flavour.

10. Meat and bread: Spherical sacs of deep blue hue with cyan stripes. Smell like raw meat, taste like stale bread. Cause stinking, rancid breath which attracts flies.

11. Monkskull: Tan coloured, brain-like mushrooms. Smell like pine and taste bloody. Perfectly nourishing, but something of an acquired taste.

12. Moonchook: White, moon-like orbs, with pocked craters. Smell like chicken soup, taste like raw onion. Moonchook mushrooms are a gourmet culinary item in Dolmenwood. Each ration can be sold for 1d6gp.

13. Old Duchess: Pink flutes with mauve stems. Smell like sewage, but taste of pineapple. It is the usual practice to hold one's nose while eating.

14. Purple piper: Foot-wide, purple puffballs that emit drifts of pale green spores. Smell like wet dog, taste like old cabbage.

15. Scrabey's hair: Mud brown, wispy filaments that ooze a lime green gel. Smell like beer and taste like a bland, mealy porridge.

16. Shank-orbs: Masses of gloopy, crimson orbs, spotted with droplets of white juice. Smell like leaf mould, with a metallic taste. Edible, but have no nutritive effect.

17. Spatchcock: Chunky, grey bracket fungi. Smell and taste of roasting game. Spatchcock mushrooms are one of the woodsman's most treasured delicacies. Once foraged, they dissolve into slime within the day, so are rarely tasted by townsfolk.

18. Willy-be-bold: Tall, brown mushrooms with great, floppy caps and dark green gills. Smell of blue cheese, but have very little flavour. When eaten, these mushrooms inhibit social awkwardness.

19. Windcap: Oyster clusters, tan in colour, with maroon patches. Smell like burnt hair, with a strange, anti-flavour that numbs the tongue. Nourishing, but produce awful flatulence.

20. Woodsman's fancy: Black and yellow striped, hairy spheres. Smell of strong solvent and taste of lavender. Woodsman's fancy mushrooms bring on a very mild drunkenness and trigger the unbridled growth of hair from the nostrils and cheeks.

EDIBLE PLANTS

1. Barb cone: Horribly barbed pine cones that conceal a profusion of fatty nuts. Taste like bacon dripping.

2. Bent leek: Wild vegetables with narrow, lank leaves that droop 2–3′ across the ground. Strong garlic flavour.

3. Black medlar: Rock hard, pink, inedible fruits. When they have lain in the undergrowth for a season, they become soft, slimy, and black. Sickly marshmallow flavour.

4. Bogsnip: A marsh-dwelling, wild relative of the common parsnip. Foraging bogsnips invariably involves wading into muddy pools, but the reward is a delightfully creamy root. Best pan-fried.

5. Butter mandrake: Anthropomorphic roots that wriggle when dug up and thrash when cooked. Hard and woody, but soften up when boiled. Deliciously buttery. Butter mandrakes are the safest and least defiant member of the mandrake family to deal with.

6. Creeping prune: Delectable miniature, purple fruits of a vine that creeps through the undergrowth and occasionally a short way up tree trunks. Taste like plum brandy.

7. Gobble-drop: Bulbous black berries clustered atop a thick green stem. Smell like offal, but taste sweet and crisp.

8. Hag's mantle: Thick, furry, bright green leaves of a shade-dwelling herb. Their sulphurous aroma and furry texture are unpleasant, but the sweet, pungent flavour is a treat for the road-weary.

9. Hangleberry: Clusters of inch-round, succulent crimson fruits that dangle tantalisingly from high branches. Unpleasantly slimy texture, but taste delectably sweet.

10. Hob nut: Clusters of nuts encased in a hard shell that looks like a fairy's tiny fist. Nourishing but have a somewhat unappealing taste (like stale bread). Eating a ration of hob nuts brings on a whimsical foolhardiness which lasts until the next day, incurring a –2 penalty to Saving Throws against magic.

11. Jellycup: Lambent orbs of orange, violet, or lime green jelly that droop from the top of a sunflower-like stem. Difficult to harvest without bursting. Typically eaten by squeezing the syrupy flesh into a bowl. Eating jellycups after dark brings on a very mild state of psychedelia wherein even the gravest circumstances seem comical.

12. Lankleaf root: Tangled root balls of a spiny bog shrub. Cleaning out the dirt from among the roots is time-consuming. Once boiled, the roots dissolve into a starchy pudding with a pleasant, smoky flavour.

13. Noosenut: Soft, hairy-shelled, orange nuts about the size of an eyeball. Very mild, slightly milky flavour. Noosenut trees are said to grow on ground where a criminal was once hanged.

14. Prehensile radish: Long white radishes identified aboveground by their bright pink stem clusters. Squirm like the tail of an angry monkey when uprooted. Taste of rotten egg with an aftertaste of cinnamon.

15. Shankroot: Long, black, hairy, sickle-shaped roots that take quite some effort to dig up. The skin is tough and bitter, but the flesh is tender and juicy, with a cherry flavour.

Identifying Species

Initially, only the physical characteristics (i.e. colour, form, smell, etc.) of foraged specimens should be described to the players.

Common species: Species listed on this page or in the *Dolmenwood Player's Book* are common enough that PCs recognise them and know them by name.

Unusual species: Other species are unusual and cannot be automatically identified by PCs. Players may collect specimens, investigate them further, or even risk eating them. In time, players may come to recognise certain species by their description and learn their names from herbalists.

16. Snodberry: The tiny, blue berries of a horridly thorny bush. The odd, bitter / sweet taste does not make them worth the scratches entailed in harvesting them, but they grow in vast quantities so can at least provide a solid meal.

17. Wallow shoot: Pointy purple leaf-shoots that poke out from foetid puddles. The outer leaves are hard and scaly, but the insides are succulent and taste like pears.

18. Westernut: Tiny purplish nuts encased in incredibly hard shells. Require serious work to extract, but have a delightful flavour akin to popcorn. Grow only at the base of west-facing cliffs or ridges.

19. Witch-elm lantern: Papery, violet lanterns that conceal clusters of hard, green berries. Wince-inducingly tart, but highly nourishing. Local folk fear to harvest the fruits of the witch-elm, for it is said that the Queen of All Witches covets them for herself.

20. Wranklefrond: Delicate, hairy, green shoots of a common fern. Smell like beer; taste fresh and gingery.

Hunting

The game animals of Dolmenwood and how to hunt them.

Hunting Procedure

1. **Decide to hunt:** The party decides to try to creep up on game animals as they travel. See ***Finding Food in the Wild***, *DPB*.
2. **Chance of stalking:** The party makes a **Survival Check**, using the highest chance of success of all characters. If the party devotes a whole day exclusively to hunting, without travelling, they gain a +2 bonus. If the check succeeds, the party has stalked and crept up on game animals.
3. **Determine quarry:** Roll 1d20 on the ***Game Animals*** table to see what type of animals the party has crept up on. Game animals are described under ***Animals***, *DMB*.
4. **Number of animals:** The dice to roll are listed after the animal's name in the ***Game Animals*** table.
5. **Combat:** Having crept up on game animals, the party can attempt to kill them. This is handled as a normal combat encounter. The party has surprise (see ***Surprise*** under ***Encounters***, *DPB*) and begins the encounter 1d4 × 30′ away from the quarry.
6. **Yield:** The party gains fresh rations based on the Hit Points of game animals killed: 1 ration per HP for Small animals, 2 rations per HP for Medium, and 4 rations per HP for Large (or more for extremely large creatures, per the Referee's judgement).

Encounters

Roll for encounters as normal during a day's hunting.

Eating Other Creatures

When adventurers go hunting, they are specifically looking out for commonly known game animals. All characters can identify such animals and know how to cook them.

Upon occasion, characters may consider eating the flesh of other, less commonly consumed creatures. The Referee must judge which creatures are edible, which are too repulsive to eat, which cause sickness, and which are outright poisonous.

GAME ANIMALS

d20	Bog	Farmland	Forest, Boggy	Forest, Craggy
1	False Unicorn (3d4)	Boar (1d6)	Boar (1d6)	Boar (1d6)
2	False Unicorn (3d4)	Boar (1d6)	False Unicorn (3d4)	False Unicorn (3d4)
3	Headhog (2d6)	Boar (1d6)	Gelatinous Ape (1d12)	False Unicorn (3d4)
4	Headhog (2d6)	False Unicorn (3d4)	Gelatinous Ape (1d12)	Gelatinous Ape (1d12)
5	Headhog (2d6)	False Unicorn (3d4)	Gobble (3d6)	Gelatinous Ape (1d12)
6	Honey Badger (1d4)	False Unicorn (3d4)	Headhog (2d6)	Gelatinous Ape (1d12)
7	Lurkey (2d4)	Headhog (2d6)	Honey Badger (1d4)	Gobble (3d6)
8	Moss Mole (1d6)	Honey Badger (1d4)	Honey Badger (1d4)	Gobble (3d6)
9	Moss Mole (1d6)	Honey Badger (1d4)	Lurkey (2d4)	Gobble (3d6)
10	Moss Mole (1d6)	Lurkey (2d4)	Merriman (1d6)	Honey Badger (1d4)
11	Red Deer (3d10)	Lurkey (2d4)	Moss Mole (1d6)	Lurkey (2d4)
12	Swamp Sloth (1d6)	Lurkey (2d4)	Moss Mole (1d6)	Moss Mole (1d6)
13	Swamp Sloth (1d6)	Lurkey (2d4)	Moss Mole (1d6)	Moss Mole (1d6)
14	Swamp Sloth (1d6)	Merriman (1d6)	Puggle (2d4)	Puggle (2d4)
15	Swamp Sloth (1d6)	Merriman (1d6)	Red Deer (3d10)	Puggle (2d4)
16	Trotteling (2d6)	Red Deer (3d10)	Swamp Sloth (1d6)	Red Deer (3d10)
17	Trotteling (2d6)	Red Deer (3d10)	Swamp Sloth (1d6)	Trotteling (2d6)
18	Woad (3d6)	Red Deer (3d10)	Trotteling (2d6)	Yegril (3d8)
19	Woad (3d6)	Trotteling (2d6)	Woad (3d6)	Yegril (3d8)
20	Woad (3d6)	Trotteling (2d6)	Yegril (3d8)	Yegril (3d8)

d20	Forest, Hilly	Forest, Open	Forest, Tangled	Forest, Thorny
1	Boar (1d6)	Boar (1d6)	Boar (1d6)	Gobble (3d6)
2	Boar (1d6)	Boar (1d6)	Boar (1d6)	Gobble (3d6)
3	False Unicorn (3d4)	False Unicorn (3d4)	Gelatinous Ape (1d12)	Gobble (3d6)
4	False Unicorn (3d4)	False Unicorn (3d4)	Gelatinous Ape (1d12)	Headhog (2d6)
5	False Unicorn (3d4)	False Unicorn (3d4)	Gelatinous Ape (1d12)	Headhog (2d6)
6	Gelatinous Ape (1d12)	Headhog (2d6)	Gelatinous Ape (1d12)	Honey Badger (1d4)
7	Gobble (3d6)	Honey Badger (1d4)	Gobble (3d6)	Lurkey (2d4)
8	Headhog (2d6)	Lurkey (2d4)	Headhog (2d6)	Merriman (1d6)
9	Honey Badger (1d4)	Lurkey (2d4)	Headhog (2d6)	Merriman (1d6)
10	Honey Badger (1d4)	Merriman (1d6)	Honey Badger (1d4)	Merriman (1d6)
11	Honey Badger (1d4)	Merriman (1d6)	Honey Badger (1d4)	Merriman (1d6)
12	Lurkey (2d4)	Puggle (2d4)	Lurkey (2d4)	Moss Mole (1d6)
13	Lurkey (2d4)	Puggle (2d4)	Merriman (1d6)	Moss Mole (1d6)
14	Lurkey (2d4)	Red Deer (3d10)	Merriman (1d6)	Red Deer (3d10)
15	Moss Mole (1d6)	Red Deer (3d10)	Moss Mole (1d6)	Trotteling (2d6)
16	Moss Mole (1d6)	Red Deer (3d10)	Moss Mole (1d6)	Trotteling (2d6)
17	Puggle (2d4)	Trotteling (2d6)	Red Deer (3d10)	Trotteling (2d6)
18	Red Deer (3d10)	Woad (3d6)	Red Deer (3d10)	Trotteling (2d6)
19	Trotteling (2d6)	Yegril (3d8)	Trotteling (2d6)	Trotteling (2d6)
20	Yegril (3d8)	Yegril (3d8)	Woad (3d6)	Trotteling (2d6)

d20	Fungal Forest	Hills	Meadow	Swamp
1	Boar (1d6)	False Unicorn (3d4)	False Unicorn (3d4)	Boar (1d6)
2	Boar (1d6)	False Unicorn (3d4)	False Unicorn (3d4)	False Unicorn (3d4)
3	Gelatinous Ape (1d12)	False Unicorn (3d4)	Headhog (2d6)	Gelatinous Ape (1d12)
4	Gelatinous Ape (1d12)	False Unicorn (3d4)	Headhog (2d6)	Gelatinous Ape (1d12)
5	Gobble (3d6)	Headhog (2d6)	Honey Badger (1d4)	Gobble (3d6)
6	Headhog (2d6)	Headhog (2d6)	Honey Badger (1d4)	Headhog (2d6)
7	Honey Badger (1d4)	Honey Badger (1d4)	Lurkey (2d4)	Honey Badger (1d4)
8	Merriman (1d6)	Honey Badger (1d4)	Lurkey (2d4)	Lurkey (2d4)
9	Merriman (1d6)	Honey Badger (1d4)	Lurkey (2d4)	Merriman (1d6)
10	Merriman (1d6)	Lurkey (2d4)	Lurkey (2d4)	Moss Mole (1d6)
11	Merriman (1d6)	Lurkey (2d4)	Merriman (1d6)	Puggle (2d4)
12	Moss Mole (1d6)	Lurkey (2d4)	Merriman (1d6)	Red Deer (3d10)
13	Puggle (2d4)	Moss Mole (1d6)	Merriman (1d6)	Swamp Sloth (1d6)
14	Puggle (2d4)	Moss Mole (1d6)	Moss Mole (1d6)	Swamp Sloth (1d6)
15	Puggle (2d4)	Red Deer (3d10)	Red Deer (3d10)	Swamp Sloth (1d6)
16	Puggle (2d4)	Red Deer (3d10)	Red Deer (3d10)	Trotteling (2d6)
17	Red Deer (3d10)	Red Deer (3d10)	Trotteling (2d6)	Woad (3d6)
18	Swamp Sloth (1d6)	Trotteling (2d6)	Trotteling (2d6)	Woad (3d6)
19	Trotteling (2d6)	Trotteling (2d6)	Woad (3d6)	Yegril (3d8)
20	Yegril (3d8)	Yegril (3d8)	Yegril (3d8)	Yegril (3d8)

Part Five

Settlements

"Folks spout all manner of tales about how adventure is out there in the Wood, but the way I see it there's plenty enough adventure right here in town without getting mixed up in what goes on out there in the bramble. Lord Malbleat dragging folks off to his manor to serve his every whim. Coins flying as fast as lies and daggers in Dreg. And what I hear about Fort Vulgar. Let me tell you, if you're brave enough to stay overnight there, you best bring a string of prayer beads to stuff under yer pillow to ward off the wailings of the Big Chook. No, let the Dolmenwood mind its own business, and I'll mind mine."

—Pike Pickfoot, Lankshorn constable

Blackeswell

1604—Isolated Mulchgrove village, nearing the utmost decay of its former wealth.

A village of finely-built houses and stores, slowly falling into disrepair. Blackeswell is situated beside a stinking pool in the isolated northern reaches of Mulchgrove, now subsumed in the slowly expanding fungal forest.

Inhabitants (90—village): A proud and somewhat inbred folk who cling to the remnants of their ancestors' prosperity. Visitors to Blackeswell are rare, and new settlers ever rarer (though its isolation appeals to a certain type of eccentric).

Ruler: Blackeswell is within the domain of House Guillefer (see hex 1304), but is nigh forgotten and virtually independent. The village is managed by a council of representatives of six guilds—the guilds of tailors, lenders, taverners, masons, jewellers, and chandlers. The tailor, **Sylvain Aster**, is the elected leader of the council.

Religion: The people of Blackeswell are devotees of St Gondyw. The ostentatious and fastidiously maintained church of St Gondyw on the village square is by far the largest remaining building in the settlement.

Rumours: See ***Rumours in Blackeswell, p442***.

Former Mining Riches

Blackeswell was founded at the site of a rich vein of *Hag Iron*, a rare metal renowned for its curative properties when crafted into jewellery. Wagon-loads of the metal were exported from the village to Castle Brackenwold and trade brought great prosperity—a thriving marketplace, amenities to entertain merchants, and artisans' workshops soon followed. Blackeswell gained a reputation as a place of good taste and exquisite craftsmanship.

Trade Stopped, Blackeswell Forgotten

200 years ago, the vein of *Hag Iron* began to dry up. Trade slowed, as ever smaller quantities of the metal were extracted. Eventually the mine was exhausted and trade halted. Blackeswell's reputation faded and the village became little more than a curiosity on old maps.

Abandoned Buildings

The population of Blackeswell has greatly diminished since the village's heyday and many once-proud buildings have been abandoned. Some, fallen into utter ruin, have been demolished and cleared, while others remain standing, empty and half decrepit, reminders of the past.

Ever Present Stench of the Blacke

Blackeswell is pervaded by a fishy, rotting stench wafting from the pool beside which it sits, known to locals as the Blacke. The villagers are completely inured to the smell, but visitors find it impossible to ignore.

Sylvain Aster—Tailor and Council Leader

A broad-faced human man in his forties, with sparkling green eyes, a dazzling smile, prodigious red sideburns, and a shiny monocle. Dresses in paisley waistcoats, billowing silk pantaloons, and pompously plumed velvet caps.

Demeanour (Neutral): Narcissistic, two-faced. Clasps his hands together in delight.

Speech: Affectedly upper class. Seldom wishes to speak of non-sartorial matters. Woldish.

Desires: To discover the intent of the outsiders Mr Klepp and Mr Paronax in Blackeswell and to convince the council to ban the sale of property to non-Blackeswellers. For his singular vision of costumery to be celebrated far and wide, bringing prosperity to Blackeswell once more.

Green Waters, Green-Tinged Skin

The people of Blackeswell drink the stinking, green water of the Blacke, guzzling down mugs of the stuff with gusto (an acquired taste!). The constant consumption of the contaminated water lends their skin a pallid tint, with a distinct greenish tinge visible under candlelight.

Noxious to outsiders: Outsiders who consume the unprocessed waters of the Blacke become sick, suffering from vomiting and shakes for 1d4 days (–1 penalty to Attack Rolls and Saving Throws).

Enigmatic Outsiders Moving In

The mysterious outsider Mr Klepp, said to be of Castle Brackenwold, recently purchased an old warehouse in Blackeswell and has moved in all manner of odd equipment. Agents of the equally enigmatic Mr Paronax are said to be eyeing derelict buildings for purchase. The intent of these out-of-town folk in Blackeswell is unclear, but according to certain Blackeswellers the interest of "city folk" bodes ill. The vicar, **Father Bertil** (***p126***), and the council leader, **Sylvain Aster**, secretly plot to discover more about the outsiders' (presumably nefarious) schemes.

EQUIPMENT AVAILABILITY

All equipment in Blackeswell costs double the standard price. Rope purchased here is greenish-white, made from fungal fibres harvested in Mulchgrove. Only rustic weapons (e.g. arrows, daggers, shortbows, slings, staves) are available. No form of armour can be bought in Blackeswell.

Map Key

1. The Blacke
2. Village Square
3. Church of St Gondyw
4. Abandoned Mine
5. The Crooked Arm (Inn)
6. The Spigot and Gullet (Tavern)
7. Council House
8. Fish Market
9. Aster's Fine Costumery (Tailor)
10. Klepp's Workshop
11. Fishfop Brewery
12. Disused Granary
13. Armsheath's Road
14. Blacke Road
15. The Duke's Road

BLACKESWELL ENCOUNTERS—DAY

d6	Encounter
1	**Father Bertil** (***p126***) snooping disapprovingly around Klepp's workshop, trying to peek through the shutters.
2	A ruined building collapses. **2d4 villagers** begin clearing the rubble.
3	**2d4 villagers** erect precarious ladders and scaffolds around the church, preparing to clean its exterior.
4	**2d4 mercenaries** (Level 1 fighters—*DMB*) roll up in 1d4 wagons and proceed to unload at Klepp's workshop.
5	**2d4 villagers** hauling barrels of stinking water from the Blacke to the Fishfop brewery.
6	**2d4 mosslings** (*DMB*) arrive to trade.

BLACKESWELL ENCOUNTERS—NIGHT

d6	Encounter
1	The landlady, **Gilly-Ann Locke** (***p126***), capering giddily through the square, singing raunchy ballads.
2	The innkeeper, **Arbie Snyde** (***p126***), poking around a derelict building, looking for abandoned treasures.
3	**Sylvain Aster** loitering by Klepp's workshop, listening for the tell-tale sounds of black magic.
4	The **clockwork guardian** (***p127***) bursts out of Klepp's workshop and runs amok.
5	An **adventuring party** (*DMB*) arrives, covered in sticky orange slime. (They have travelled through the fungal chasm in hex 1605.)
6	A hungry **ochre slime-hulk** (*DMB*) wanders through, sniffing out fresh flesh.

1. THE BLACKE

Once a cheery stream, shifting waters in Mulchgrove gradually transformed the Blacke into a foetid pool, choked with silt and stinking purple lilies.

Abandoned huts: Long-disused fishing huts, now ruined and rotting, stand along the shore.

2. VILLAGE SQUARE

A broad, paved square, neatly maintained but seldom used. An eerie emptiness pervades.

Statue of St Gondyw: To the west of the square stands a white marble statue of the saint clad in mail, holding aloft a lantern and carrying an unfurled scroll.

Breggle statue: On the square's eastern edge, a comical diorama depicts three laughing maidens, waving coyly, pursued by a leering shorthorn.

Watchtower: A locked brick building (the village watch was long ago disbanded) with a rickety wooden lookout tower stands at the south-east corner of the square. **Sylvain Aster** (***p124***) keeps the keys to the tower.

3. CHURCH OF ST GONDYW

A grand church in an unusual provincial style, worthy of a much larger town. A tall bell tower with a weathercockatrice at its apex overlooks the village.

Entrance: Beautifully wrought doors of black iron.

Interior: An austere space of cold stone pews and stark pillars, with a plain marble altar. The only decoration is a huge portrait of St Gondyw staring down from the ceiling. The vicar, **Father Bertil**, potters in the adjoining parsonage.

Populace: The occasional devout local. Generally empty.

Prayer: Characters praying may receive the blessing of St Gondyw: the ability to cast *Bless*. See ***Shrines, p22***.

Graveyard: Ringed with iron railings, with an ornamental gate in the south-east corner. The neat rows of tombstones clearly denote the greater population in centuries past.

Father Ingram Bertil—Vicar of Blackeswell

An ageing, frizzy-haired human bachelor with bent spectacles and bristling, white eyebrows.

Demeanour (Neutral): Animated, scatty. Wonky grin.

Speech: Flighty, well enunciated. Woldish, Liturgic.

Desires: To expel meddling outsiders. To do as little work as possible—gladly lets the pious villagers take care of many of his duties.

4. ABANDONED MINE

A decrepit, tiled-roof building—the former headquarters of the Blackeswell Mining Co—stands beside the fenced-off mining pit which was the source of Blackeswell's former wealth. The boarded up building and the gate to the pit are both locked—**Sylvain Aster** (***p124***) keeps the keys.

5. THE CROOKED ARM (INN)

A homely, rural inn with a sagging, tiled roof. At the south-east corner, a closed hatch gives access to the cellar.

Sign: A Chapes holy symbol hanging in the crook of a flexed arm.

Common room: A gloomy space of black beams, sombre portraits, and pipesmoke-stained walls. The landlady, **Arbie Snyde**, serves from a solid oak counter.

Guests: The occasional morose local or lone traveller.

Services at the Crooked Arm

Lodgings and food: Of common quality (*DPB*).

Drinks: The local, frothing green ale (Fishfop's), 8cp a mug. No other drinks are served.

Stabling: Mounts are accommodated in the adjacent goat field, with no form of shelter. 2sp per mount.

Arbie Snyde—Crooked Arm Proprietor

A stooped, corpulent human woman in her fifties, with a mop of grey hair, pendulous jowls, and a peg leg.

Demeanour (Neutral): Sombre, penny-pinching. Perpetually grimacing—as if she is the only villager who can smell the Blacke.

Speech: Cantankerous drawl. Woldish.

Desires: Money. To relocate to Castle Brackenwold.

6. THE SPIGOT AND GULLET (TAVERN)

A low, one-storey tavern with a door on each side and numerous round, porthole-like windows. The thatched roof is topped with a wooden sea monster's head.

Sign: A sea monster clutching ale kegs in its maw.

Common room: A round room with too few tables, too many chairs, and a wobbly drinks table at one side. Locals serve themselves, as the landlady, **Gilly-Ann Locke**, carouses and dances to the ever-present fiddle music.

Guests: Merry, tipsy locals, dancing, boozing, and chewing the fat. An occasional pedlar selling wares.

Services at the Spigot and Gullet

Food: Of poor quality (*DPB*).

Fishfop's: Frothing green ale (locally brewed), 8cp a mug.

Other drinks: Are imported and cost twice normal price.

Gilly-Ann Locke—Spigot and Gullet Proprietor

A busty human woman in her 60s, with curly locks and remarkably hairy ears. Dresses in stretched woollens.

Demeanour (Lawful): Nosy, open-minded. Wipes her nose on her sleeve.

Speech: Vulgar, chummy. Woldish.

Desires: Tales from afar. To welcome **Mr Klepp** to the village by cooking his favourite food for him.

7. COUNCIL HOUSE

A once-stately building of plastered stone, that is now beginning to crumble. A tower stands at the south-east corner, now home to a great colony of rooks. The council meets here once a month, but the building is otherwise little used.

8. FISH MARKET

The stink of fresh fish wafts from this low, tin-roofed marketplace. Most of the fish on sale are oddly green-hued and many have unusual features such as extra eyes, clusters of tentacles, human-like snouts, or two heads.

9. ASTER'S FINE COSTUMERY (TAILOR)

A tidy little store on the edge of the village. Mannequins stand outside, sporting outlandish waistcoats and caps.

Interior: Overbrimming with mannequins, display cases, and bolts of fabric. The tailor, **Sylvain Aster** (***p124***), greets clients, while his aide, the dour **Henricus Buttons**, stitches furiously in the back room.

Services at Aster's

Fashionable outfits: 50gp "off the rack," 100gp (or more) tailored. Aster's concept of fashion is highly idiosyncratic.

10. KLEPP'S WORKSHOP

A long, one-storey building that was recently purchased by a mysterious out-of-towner, Mr Klepp.

Strange shipments: Furnishings, workbenches, and crates of equipment arrive by cart every 2–3 weeks and are unloaded into the workshop by folk from Castle Brackenwold. They are under strict orders of secrecy.

Mr Klepp: Intends to move to the village once his workshop is established. Unbeknown to any in Blackeswell, he is an artificer specialising in clockwork automata.

Locked: The shuttered windows and the massive stone front door are locked tight.

Interior: Crates of gears, rivets, and metal plates, watched by a **clockwork guardian** programmed to expel intruders.

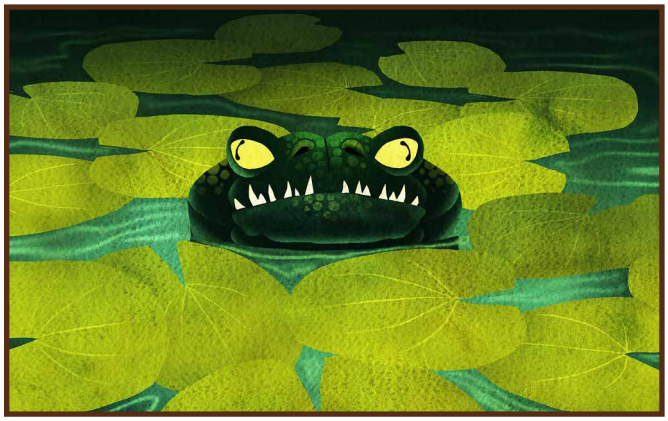
Clockwork Guardian

A hulking, 6′ tall, humanoid automaton of brass and bolts, powered by gears, springs, and coils.

MEDIUM CONSTRUCT—MINDLESS—NEUTRAL

Level 3 **AC** 16 **HP** 20 **Saves** D11 R12 H13 B14 S15
Att Two-handed sword (+2, 1d10) **Speed** 20 **Morale** 12
XP 40

Construct: Immune to biological effects (e.g. disease, poison) and mind-affecting spells (e.g. *Vapours of Dream*, *Paralysation*, *Dominate*).



11. FISHFOP BREWERY

A small brewery with a massive brick chimney, providing for all the village's spirituous needs. Clusters of barrels stand outside, reeking of fish and pondweed, their lids ajar and overbrimming with pale green foam.

12. DISUSED GRANARY

A squat, square stone tower of two storeys overlooking the Blacke. A cacophony of croaking can often be heard from its empty windows and door frame.

Interior: A colony of **15 quag toads** has taken up residence in the slime-drenched rooms of the ruin. They do not appreciate people poking around in their lair.

Quag Toads

2′ long, black-skinned toads with quizzically rotating eyeballs and mouths full of gnarled fangs.

SMALL ANIMAL—ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE—NEUTRAL

Level 1 **AC** 11 **HP** 1d8 (4) **Saves** D12 R13 H14 B15 S16
Att Bite (+0, 1d4 + poison) **Speed** 30 **Morale** 7 **XP** 15

Poison: Save Versus Doom or become sick for 1d10 days: –2 to Attack Rolls and Saving Throws, Speed reduced by half.

13. ARMSHEATH'S ROAD

A narrow, winding trade route that heads north to Follyegg Road. Used by traders from Odd and Meagre's Reach.

14. BLACKE ROAD

An old cart road, now seldom used and almost disappeared in the mycelial undergrowth of the fungal forests it traverses. Following the path west leads to Orbswallow.

15. THE DUKE'S ROAD

An ill-repaired, cobbled road that dwindles and is subsumed by dense fungal forest after 200 yards. The road once carried trade to Castle Brackenwold, travelling southward through Mulchgrove (via the chasm in 1605) and meeting the King's Road in hex 1608, just east of the town.

Castle Brackenwold

1508—The Castle and the Inner City.

Located four miles from the eaves of Dolmenwood, the fortified castle and keep of the dukes of Brackenwold sit proudly atop a tall hill, with a city stretched at their feet. While the name Castle Brackenwold properly refers only to the castle itself, the surrounding city is commonly included in the designation.

Inhabitants (8,700—city): As is the way in all large settlements, folk of all kinds live in Castle Brackenwold. The total population is just under 9,000 souls, principally humans native to the city, but with a sizeable number of immigrants from elsewhere in the Duchy and beyond. Approximately 1,000 people dwell within the walled Inner City (the area depicted in the map opposite).

Ruler: The **Duke of Brackenwold** himself (***p58***) directly rules over Castle Brackenwold.

Religion: Castle Brackenwold is the seat of the Pluritine Church in the Dolmenwood region. As such, it is the site of the great Cathedral of St Signis (***p132***). Even in the bustling metropolis, however, seemingly a world apart from the rustic ways of Dolmenwood, remnants of ancient Gwyrae worship can be spotted.

Rumours: See ***Rumours in Castle Brackenwold, p443***.

The Outer City

The sprawling region of teetering abodes, twisting alleys, and seedy taverns contained within the city's outer wall. The Outer City is home to the everyday folk of Castle Brackenwold—labourers, common craftspeople, thieves, and beggars. The map opposite focuses on the Inner City and only depicts the innermost region of the Outer City.

The Inner City

The city's commercial hub, where the primary markets, traders' districts, courts of law, and public institutions of learning are found. The Inner City is ringed with a second, inner wall. The map opposite shows the Inner City in its entirety.

Castle Hill—Clod's Seat

In the south-east corner of the Inner City, a steep, rocky hill known as Clod's Seat rises.

Lower wall and gates: A wall protects the bottom of the hill, manned with city guards. A single gate pierces the wall where a grand stairway ascends to the castle (see ***Clod's Stair and The Headless Gate, p131***).

Upper gates: Several gates from the castle itself grant access to the woods and gardens of the hill.

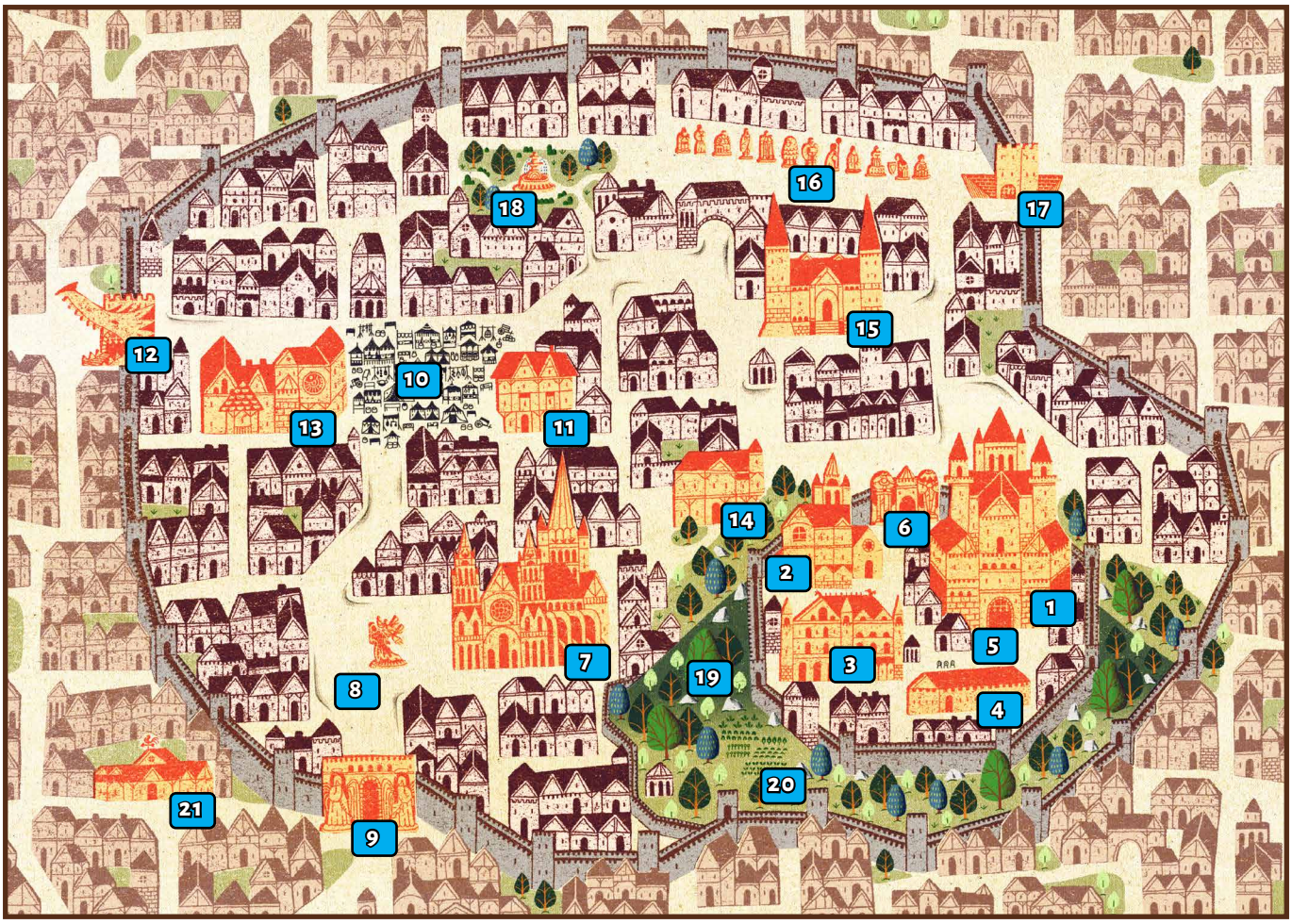
Origin of the name: The name Clod's Seat is believed to be derived from "Clewyd's Seat," in reference to the location of the bishop's palace atop the hill.

The Castle

Looming over the city, at the summit of Clod's Seat, stands the castle proper, home to the Duke of Brackenwold, and the seat of the bishop. The castle is ringed with a tall stone wall with battlements and is deemed impregnable. (Though in sooth this has not been tested in many centuries.)

EQUIPMENT AVAILABILITY

In addition to the standard equipment and services listed in the *DPB*, unusual, non-standard businesses can be located with a little investigative work.



Map Key

1. The Ducal Keep
2. Bishop's Palace
3. Seminary of the 100 Martyrs
4. Ducal Barracks
5. Tourney Grounds
6. Clod's Stair and the Headless Gate
7. Cathedral of St Signis
8. Square of the Eidolon
9. The Silent Gate
10. Grand Market
11. The Chateau (Inn)
12. The Maw
13. The Shadow House
14. The Bitter Rose (Inn)
15. Royal Institute of Physicks and Sorcerers
16. Fool's Row
17. The Sunken Gate
18. Well Gardens
19. The Frolicke
20. Herb Gardens
21. The Poppy Cock (Inn)

The City Watch

Clad in mail with black, unicorn-emblazoned tabards, the soldiers of the city watch are numerous within the Inner City.

Arrival on the scene: If word of a crime is called out in the Inner City, 1d3 soldiers arrive within 1d10 minutes. A further 2d6 soldiers arrive 10 minutes later, if reinforcements are called for.

Combat stats: Level 1 fighter (*DMB*)—Lawful.

INNER CITY ENCOUNTERS—DAY

d6	Encounter
1	**1d4 longhorns** (*DMB*) and **3d6 shorthorns** (*DMB*)—emissaries of **Lord Ramius** (***p65***) sent to the duke.
2	A **pickpocket** (Level 1 thief—*DMB*) charging through the streets, **2d4 soldiers of the town watch** pursuing.
3	**20 musicians** and carts laden with fancy, orchestral instruments, heading to the Chateau.
4	A **grimalkin** (*DMB*) pedlar laden with herbs to sell to **Mistress Waldefroum** (***p135***).
5	**12 pilgrims** on their way to the Cathedral of St Signis.
6	**Captain Bogle** (***p131***) and **2d6 nobles** (Level 1 knights—*DMB*) returning from the hunt with several stag heads.

INNER CITY ENCOUNTERS—NIGHT

d6	Encounter
1	**2d4 clerics of St Faxis** (Level 1 clerics—*DMB*) carrying a **cloaked man** (allegedly a Drune) in silver chains to the holy gaol in the Seminary of the 100 Martyrs.
2	A troupe of jugglers, fire breathers, and thespians performing in a public square. Pickpockets are rife.
3	**2d4 thieves** (Level 1—*DMB*) sneaking to the Frolicke, seeking a secret passage beneath a merman statue.
4	A **young woman** with a curious glint in her eyes (charmed) bearing a report from the Drune to **Bishop Sanguine** (***p69***) on the doings of the Cold Prince.
5	An **adventuring party** (*DMB*) bringing a bound **fire elemental** (*DPB*) to Professor Woglemain (***p134***).
6	**2d4 soldiers of the town watch** questioning passersby.

1. THE DUCAL KEEP

A lofty, white stone keep with numerous towers, turrets, minarets. The ducal keep is the ancestral home to the nobility of the Brackenwold line.

Entrance: A fortified, portcullised gate guarded by an elite soldiery. The gate usually stands open.

Interior: Exorbitant luxury. A seemingly endless procession of hallways, studies, drawing rooms, dining halls, and suites. Luxurious carpets, gold-leafed doorways, exquisite cabinetry, artisan wallpapers painted with scenes from fable and history.

Inhabitants: The **Duke of Brackenwold** (***p58***), the **Duchess of Brackenwold** (***p59***), their unmarried daughter (Zoemina—a dashing and highly eligible young woman of 22), their youngest son (Edmund—a callow lad of 14), the Dowager Duchess (the duke's elderly mother—decrepit, dithering, and highly demanding), a continually shifting entourage of noble visitors, and nigh on a hundred servants.

Fairy origins: Castle Brackenwold is an ancient place whose oldest parts were built by elf lords in days of yore, long before the people of Brackenwold migrated to Dolmenwood. This fact has blurred into legends hinting at the fairy blood of the noble line of Brackenwold.

The Lost Wing

Inhabitants and curious-minded visitors to the keep are perplexed by tales of a lost suite of rooms, visible from the outside but which no internal doors or stairways reach. Impetuous young nobles of each generation attempt to gain entrance to the lost rooms, but invariably meet an unpleasant and mysterious doom.

The Oubliette

A secret place, known as the oubliette, lies in the dungeons of the keep. Its mere existence is a closely guarded secret—indeed, only the duke, the bishop, and five elite guards know of the place. In this accursed vault lurks the presence of an ancient evil, chained within the form of a stone throne atop a great pedestal. A pact was made in the unknown past, compelling each duke of the line of Brackenwold to sacrifice his first born daughter to the entity in the oubliette. Their "disappearances" have been noted and are interpreted as a curse on the family. See ***Family*** under ***Duke Thespian III of Brackenwold, p58*** and ***Duchess Ophelia of Brackenwold, p59***.

The Witches' Library

The ladies of the Brackenwold line, despite their close ties with the bishopry, have a propensity toward witchcraft. Those who show interest and potential are shown the secret passages that lead to the occult library in the dusty attics of a little-used tower. While few of the Brackenwold ladies are ever fully initiated into the sisterhood, they are allied with the witches and secretly work for their benefit.

2. BISHOP'S PALACE

An imposing, church-like building of black stone. The administrative locus of the Church within the Duchy of Brackenwold and home of the bishop.

Entrance: A grandiose gateway with exquisite carvings, in bronze and granite, depicting the souls of the righteous ascending to heaven.

Interior: Cathedralesque vaulted halls, sombre reading rooms, plush studies, and opulent appointment chambers.

Inhabitants: The **Bishop of Brackenwold** (***p69***), several dozen assistants and librarians, several dozen servants, and a varying number of visiting Church dignitaries.

The Throne Room

Located at the centre of palace, this grand, vaulted stone hall is where the bishop meets with those he wishes to impress or intimidate. The place is starkly decorated, with a red carpet leading up to the bishop's imposing throne. No other seating is available. Behind the throne, bishops of the past peer disapprovingly from portraits hung in velvet-curtained alcoves.

The Episcopal Library

An entire wing of the palace is devoted to its library—stuffy, silent halls with shelves 15′ high. The library's thousands of books cover all imaginable topics in some detail, but focus most heavily on the chronology of the Church and accounts of the deeds and miracles of the saints. Entrance to the library is by permission from the bishop only.

The Stellarium and the Night Tower

Bishop Pastoral II, who dwelt in the palace some 150 years past, was enamoured of astronomy and had several additions made to the building. The stellarium, featuring a map of the heavens painted on the ceiling, is located directly above the throne room. The night tower, with its panoply of telescopes aimed at the stars, is accessed only from the bishop's private suite.

3. SEMINARY OF THE 100 MARTYRS

A 4-storeyed edifice decorated with grimacing gargoyles of dark stone. Priests of the Pluritine Church dwelling in the Dolmenwood region are trained within these halls.

Entrance: Three lofty gateways grant access to the Seminary, leading to the libraries, the chapel, and the dormitories.

Interior: Bustling common rooms, hushed hallways, contemplative courtyards.

Inhabitants: Abbot Hargle (***p69***), **Sanctus Primus** (***p71***), 100 monastics and priests in training, 15 clerics of the Order of St Faxis, a dozen librarians.

The Theological Libraries

Most of the first floor is dedicated to libraries for research into particularities of Church doctrine and canon law.

The vaults: A spiral stair leads from the library into a locked crypt wherein texts of a questionable nature are hidden. Among their number are certain tomes of magic the Church has deemed heretical.

Sage consultation: Abbot Hargle and his assistants can sometimes be engaged to research matters of Church lore. Apply the standard rules for hiring a sage (*DPB*). These services may be offered free of charge to other servants of the Church.

Dormitories

The upper floor and attics house the monastics who dwell in the Seminary.

Lodging: Characters who serve the Pluritine Church (e.g. clerics, friars) may request lodging in the Seminary. Those with their own means are expected to donate 2sp per night for simple monastic lodgings and food.

The Holy Gaol

Secreted in a covert corner of the crypts is a series of gaols and interrogation chambers. It is here that the Order of St Faxis keeps political prisoners, Drunes, and witches for interrogation.

4. DUCAL BARRACKS

A long, low building of heavy stone with many small windows. Home to the castle garrison.

Entrance: Towering doors of studded oak emblazoned with coats of arms.

Interior: Spartan mess halls, plush officers' studies and smoking rooms, stark bunk rooms.

Inhabitants: Captain Bogle (commander of the garrison), 80 soldiers, a dozen staff.

5. TOURNEY GROUNDS

The paved inner courtyard of the castle, used as a practice grounds for the duke's soldiery and knights.

The Duke's Tourney

The Duke of Brackenwold hosts a great tourney here at midsummer each year, when the gates of the castle are open to the general populace. In addition to the traditional challenges of skill at arms, a hunting contest takes place in Dolmenwood, the winner of which is, by ancient decree, welcomed as a guest of the duke for one night.

6. CLOD'S STAIR AND THE HEADLESS GATE

A wide stair climbs the steep northern slope of Clod's Seat, ascending from the streets of the Inner City to the castle itself. At the summit, the castle gate is flanked by two huge (30′ tall) statues of warrior kings. Both are headless.

Ducal guards: Soldiers dressed in shining plate mail, purple capes, and unicorn-topped helmets, man the stair and gate. 2d6+6 are stationed at any given time. Treat as Level 3 fighters (*DMB*).

Captain Merriman Bogle—Commander of the Garrison (Level 10 Fighter)

A red-cheeked, white-whiskered human man in his middle years, never seen without his pipe in his teeth. Confidante and hunting companion of the duke and veteran of a number of minor wars. Known for his mistrust of longhorns, especially **Lord Malbleat** (***p64***).

Demeanour (Lawful): Boastful, overbearing, rigorous. Twirls moustache.

Speech: Staccato, rife with military metaphor. Woldish.

Desires: Word on the whereabouts of his eldest son, Jocund, who disappeared in the vicinity of Prigwort while hunting. A landed title—has his eye on Malbleat's manse, Redwraith Manor (hex 0709).

7. CATHEDRAL OF ST SIGNIS

The centre of worship in the city, the great cathedral of St Signis rivals the Ducal Keep in height and grandeur. The cathedral's exterior is a masterwork of architecture, bristling with gargoyles and flying buttresses.

Entrance: A vaulted gateway with exquisite ceiling frescoes depicting the One True God's judgement of the dead.

Interior: An echoing nave of breathtaking height and architectural ingenuity, supported by pillars and ribs resembling the trunks and limbs of trees. Candle holders and censers of pure gold. A 20′ marble statue of St Signis standing cloaked behind the altar. A profusion of side-chapels dedicated to other saints.

Populace: Weeping supplicants, silent priests.

Prayer: Characters praying may receive the blessing of St Signis: the ability to cast *Silence*. See ***Shrines, p22***.

8. SQUARE OF THE EIDOLON

A wide, brick-paved square with a great iron statue at the centre. It depicts a looming phantom dressed in rags (known as the Eidolon), harried by two (much smaller) winged angels with swords.

Inscription: Mysterious runes in an unknown script are graven into the statue's base. Even magical analysis has failed to reveal their meaning.

Origin: The statue's origin is unknown. The Church interpretation of its symbolism is that it represents the righteous conversion of Dolmenwood to the faith of the Pluritine Church. The common local belief, however, is that the Eidolon represents a cloaked Atacorn (one of the offspring of the Nag-Lord) leading the angels into the clutches of their sire. Both interpretations are debatable.

9. THE SILENT GATE

The Inner City's south gate is flanked on each side by a statue of an angel with a finger raised to its lips in a gesture of silence.

City watch: The gate is manned by **2d6 soldiers** of the city watch at any given time (see ***The City Watch, p129***).

10. GRAND MARKET

The city's most luxurious markets take place daily in this cobblestoned square. Specialist merchants of different kinds are present on each particular day of the week:

- **Colly:** Hounds, trained beasts, and rare animals.
- **Chime:** Jewellery and crystalware.
- **Hayme:** Antique books and maps.
- **Moot:** Gastronomic specialities from far and wide.
- **Frisk:** Wines and rare spirits.
- **Eggfast:** Curios, taxidermy, and *objets d'art*.
- **Sunning:** Religious icons and jewellery.

City watch: 1d6 soldiers of the city watch are present at the market at any given time (see ***The City Watch, p129***).

11. THE CHATEAU (INN)

A grandiose, 4-storey inn with a black wooden frame and painted wooden panels in the style of a rustic manor house. The Chateau is known as the city's *second* finest inn—despite the continued efforts of the proprietors, its reputation is one of affected luxury, rather than the true class of its rival, ***The Bitter Rose***.

Sign: A unicorn atop a knoll, eating a pomegranate.

Private dining rooms: There is no public bar or common room. Guests are seated in private, waited rooms.

Music room: A small auditorium with deep carmine wallpaper and dainty chairs upholstered in floral silk. It is here that guests socialise between performances. The proprietor, **Drouge Underhill**, can be met here, flitting between favoured guests.

Guests: Flashy merchants, wealthy dilettantes, upcoming musicians and singers, foppish minor nobles and their fawning entourages.

Services at the Chateau

Lodgings and food: Of fancy quality (*DPB*).

Concerts in the music room: Cost 5–10gp per evening, depending on the musicians performing.

Drouge Underhill—The Chateau Proprietor

A human man resisting his advancing years, his balding pate topped with a modish wig, his cheek adorned with a beauty mark, and his moustache fashionably curled.

Demeanour (Neutral): Fawning, utterly vapid yet somehow engaging. Overly tactile.

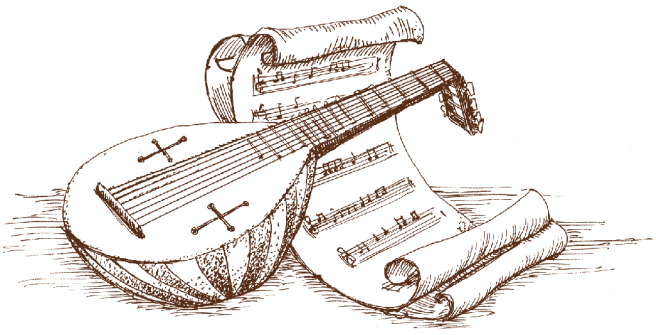
Speech: Rapid, nasal, jittery. Woldish.

Desires: To eclipse the ***Bitter Rose*** as the town's finest inn. The hand of **Lady Haeroth** (***p76***) in marriage.

12. THE MAW

The Inner City's west gate is shaped like the gaping mouth of a dragon-like monster.

City watch: The gate is manned by 2d6 soldiers of the city watch at any given time (see ***The City Watch, p129***).



Lady Periwinkle—Guildmistress of the Shadow House (Level 11 Magician)

A wan, wide-eyed human woman apparently in her 20s, dressed in elegant courtly gowns and adorned with a profusion of pearls. Her delicate, perfectly formed visage and lustrous silver locks enchant those who look upon her. If the guildmistress has a first name, none know it.

Demeanour (Neutral): Distant, distracted, flashes of blazing wit. Fleeting eye contact.

Speech: Demure yet firm. Woldish, Old Woldish, Sylvan.

Desires: The arcane secrets of **Ygraine** (***p84***). The affections of Lady Zoemina, the duke's 22-year-old daughter (renowned as the most beautiful and eligible maid of the court).

Possessions: A *Mirror of Youthfulness* (***p420***)—in truth, Lady Periwinkle is in her middle-age. Spell books: **Rank 1** *Crystal Resonance, Decipher, Ingratiate, Ventriloquism*, **Rank 2** *Dweomerlight, Invisibility, Phantasm*, **Rank 3** *Dispel Magic, Paralysation, Water Breathing*, **Rank 4** *Arcane Eye, Hallucinatory Terrain*, **Rank 5** *Teleport, Wall of Stone*, **Rank 6** *Project Image*.

13. THE SHADOW HOUSE

Home to the city's only commercially-minded guild of magicians, whose services are available for hire, to the wealthy. The Shadow House appears to be an amalgamation of random parts of several smaller buildings of clashing styles. One side features a great astrological clock.

Public entrance: A tall, tiled porch stands at the front of the House, but there is no visible door inside. A brass imp's face addresses visitors, asking their business and arranging meetings (see ***Services***, below).

Secret entrance: Guildmembers are instructed in magical words and gestures that open a shadowy portal at the rear of the building.

Interior: A bewildering maze of wood-panelled corridors, dingy libraries, magical laboratories, and oddly-dimensioned conference rooms. The Shadow House is certainly larger inside than it seems from the outside.

Inhabitants: Half a dozen guildmembers lodge in attic suites. **Lady Periwinkle**, the enigmatic mistress of the guild, dwells in a sub-dimensional manor accessible from the cellars.

Services at the Shadow House

The guild-magicians always meet with prospective clients in private rooms at ***The Chateau***.

Detect magic: Detection of magic on an item costs 25gp and takes 1d4 days. (The item in question must be left at the House.)

Permanent enchantments: The guild places permanent magicks of warding and detection for wealthy clients (principally merchants). Their consultation fee for such jobs is 100gp and the fees for actual magic begin at 500gp.

14. THE BITTER ROSE (INN)

Once the home of a minor noble, this old-fashioned wooden manor now acts as the city's fanciest inn.

Sign: A white rose atop a rosy cross, heraldic style.

Common room: The manor's former feasting hall, now furnished with discreetly spaced tables, candles, silver cutlery, and leather-upholstered seating. Musicians play tastefully subdued tunes from a balcony. Tables are attentively served by manor-trained waiting staff under the watchful eye of **Hadle Butterwheeve**, the butler.

Guests: Rich merchants and minor nobles, accompanied by a smattering of bodyguards (on their best behaviour).

Private dining rooms: Converted studies and smoking rooms on the ground floor, as well as a single large hall on the second floor, the latter sufficient for 30 guests.

Secret passage to the Frolicke: A brick-walled passage leads from the inn's wine cellar into ***The Frolicke*** (***p135***). Entry to the passage is barred by a locked gate (**Hadle Butterwheeve** has the key). The existence of the passage is known to the inn's staff, but only the proprietors and the butler know where it leads.

Proprietors: The Bitter Rose is owned by a wealthy merchant family who keep their identity well-guarded.

Services at the Bitter Rose

Lodgings and food: Of fancy quality (*DPB*).

Rare wines: The Bitter Rose has one of the finest wine cellars in the duchy and always has all the wines listed in the *Dolmenwood Player's Book* in stock.

The ducal suite: One extra-luxurious suite of rooms is kept aside for visiting nobility, who book its use via the duke's butler. Characters who appear reputable and invest at least 100gp in palm greasing may be able to book directly at the inn. The suite costs 20gp per night.

Portrait painting: Available at a cost of 500gp, performed over a series of 1d6+6 days by an artist sanctioned by the inn.

Hadle Butterwheeve—Bitter Rose Butler

A portly human man in his late forties, with prodigious mutton chops, beady eyes, and a petulantly protruding lower lip. His tailored black attire is the picture of tasteful modesty. His only indulgence is his fastidiously preened hair.

Demeanour (Lawful): Scrupulously mannered, perfectly timed. Habitually bows.

Speech: Slow, painfully courteous rumbling. Woldish.

Desires: To expand his collection of taxidermied trotelings. Privately wishes to know more about his enigmatic employers.

15. ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PHYSICKS AND SORCERERS

An imposing, ecclesiastical-looking building of dark stone with a red tiled roof and two pointy towers. This is the farthest flung outpost of a magicians' guild of some influence in the wider kingdom beyond Dolmenwood—the pompously titled Royal Institute of Physicks and Sorcerers. The institute has the honour of being the only magic guild officially sanctioned by the nobility.

Entrance: Grand steps lead up to a simple arched gateway and a door of unblemished black metal. Closer scrutiny reveals minute runes engraved in spirals upon the arch.

Interior: Chilly flagstoned passages, sprawling libraries, cosy studies warmed by enchanted purple flames, secluded alchemical laboratories. A profusion of odd statues lurks in nooks and corners and upon high plinths. Visitors get the feeling that they are being observed.

Inhabitants: Four lecturers (including **Professor Edwynne Woglemain**, the divination master and head of the college), a dozen apprentices, and a handful of servants.

Affiliated to the duke: The college operates as a private centre of education and research, funded by the duke, who occasionally requires the services of gentleman magicians.

The Feast Hall

A grand meeting hall lined with portraits of mysterious and hoary magicians of yore. It is here that novices are initiated into the guild, swearing allegiance to one of four schools as directed by the faces in the portraits, which animate and speak upon such occasions. The hall is never used for dining.

The Heptagrammic Vault

Concealed in the cellars of the institute is a secret vault where forbidden magicks of summoning and dimensional travel are explored. A demon is currently trapped here.

Professor Edwynne Woglemain (Level 10 Magician)

An ambitious, scheming human man in his fifties, dressed in purple felt, with a white beard to his belly. His beak-like nose and intensely peering eyes lend him a hawkish air. Wears half-moon spectacles.

Demeanour (Neutral): Cold, obsessive, only wishes to speak with those of great intellect.

Speech: Precise and succinct. Woldish, Old Woldish, Sylvan, Caprice, a smattering of otherworldly tongues.

Desires: Knowledge of other worlds. To convince the duke that the rumours of black magic conducted at the institute are untrue. To enlist the aid of his former colleague, **Madame Thornwaife** (see hex 1905) in constructing demon-binding chains.

Possessions: Spell books: **Rank 1** *Decipher, Firelight, Ingratiate, Shield of Force*, **Rank 2** *Knock, Mind Crystal, Perceive the Invisible*, **Rank 3** *Crystal Vision, Dispel Magic, Fly*, **Rank 4** *Dominate, Wall of Fire*, **Rank 5** *Sending, Teleport*.

16. FOOL'S ROW

Following King's Highway into Castle Brackenwold and through the ***Sunken Gate***, one comes to a breezy plaza known colloquially as Fool's Row.

Heroic statues: The plaza is lined with statues of beloved heroes of fable. Included are Sir Windlass, said to have saved the town of Prigwort from the terrors of a wyrm, and Sir Chyde, hero of the wars against the Cold Prince and slayer of the fairy giant Butter-for-Bones.

Entertainers: At the feet of the statues, teeming swaths of jugglers, fire-breathers, sword-eaters, animal tamers, and conjurers ply their trade.

City watch: 1d6 soldiers of the city watch are present at Fool's Row at any given time (see ***The City Watch, p129***).

Autumnal parade: On the 7th of Reedwryme, in the early days of autumn, the statues of Fool's Row are hoisted onto wagons and carried through the city streets in a parade known affectionately as the Fools' Feast. The people of each district wave banners cheering on their favoured hero.

17. THE SUNKEN GATE

The east gate to the Inner City is (due to a long-forgotten quirk of planning) located beneath the wall. A stairway descends 20′ on either side of the wall, leading to a broad tunnel with the portcullised gate at its middle.

City watch: The gate is manned by 2d6 soldiers of the city watch at any given time (see ***The City Watch, p129***).

18. WELL GARDENS

Fancy public gardens, where well-to-do couples stroll on sunny days and love-struck poets compose odes.

Wishing well: A disused city well, now used as a wishing well, is found in an inconspicuous corner of the gardens. At the base of its long shaft, the faint glimmer of water and precious coins can be glimpsed.

Swan fountain: The centrepiece of the gardens is an extravagant, tiered marble fountain carved with a multitude of swans' heads.

City watch: 1d3 soldiers of the city watch are present in the gardens at any given time (see ***The City Watch, p129***). The guards do not look kindly on attempts to pilfer coins from the wishing well.

19. THE FROLICKE

The slopes of ***Clod's Seat*** (***p128***) are devoted to scrupulously cultivated woods and gardens where nobles come to frolic and pontificate. The woods can only be accessed from within the castle; there is no public entry from the Inner City.

The banshee: A hideous bronze statue of a howling old woman stands in a sequestered grove. It is depicts Duchess Phespherine, who was drowned in a pool in the Frolicke four centuries ago and whose spirit is said to haunt the woods still.

Secret passage to the Bitter Rose: A hidden trapdoor at the foot of a statue of a surprised merman leads, via a secret passage, to the cellars of the ***Bitter Rose*** (***p133***), known to but a handful of individuals.

Ducal guards: Soldiers dressed in shining plate mail, purple capes, and unicorn-topped helmets patrol the gardens. 2d4 are stationed at any given time. Treat as Level 3 fighters (*DMB*).

20. HERB GARDENS

Neat rows of medicinal herbs, fastidiously maintained by the monks of the ***Seminary of 100 Martyrs*** (***p131***).

St Wort's tree: A dilapidated old yew tree grows at the centre of the gardens. The seminary's herbalist, the retired friar **Mistress Waldefroum**, can be found of an afternoon, sitting in quiet contemplation upon a worn wooden bench beneath its eaves.

Mistress Hanctra Waldefroum—Seminary Herbalist (Level 8 Friar)

An elderly human woman with a wobbly pot-belly and eyes like merrily gleaming jewels. Walks with a stick.

Demeanour (Lawful): Patient, inquisitive. Benevolent smile. Rubs her sore knees and back.

Speech: Wavering, meandering, filled with reminiscences. Grumbles good-naturedly about her back pains. Woldish, Liturgic, Old Woldish.

Desires: Rare herb and fungus varieties (willing to purchase with Church funds).

Companions: The master herbalist is normally accompanied by two over-cautious aides, whom she shushes away when she wishes to speak with others.

21. THE POPPY COCK (INN)

A dishevelled building of tarred planks with a huge weather-cock on the point of its roof. The Poppy Cock is an infamous den of gamblers, smugglers, cutpurses, and harlots.

Sign: A busty maiden wrestling with a rooster.

Common room: A winding, low-roofed room, narrowing almost to a corridor in places, packed with rickety stools. The place reeks with the bonfire aroma of *Burglar's Blend* pipeleaf (*DPB*). The bar, staffed by the landlady **One-Eyed Gil** and her gang of barmaids, is crammed into a poky corner, near overflowing with kegs and stacked bottles.

Guests: A rowdy, heaving mix of thieves, thugs, and mercenaries.

Card rooms: One ground floor wing is dedicated to a collection of gloomy side-rooms where gamblers congregate and schemes are made. The regulars only welcome strangers they can swindle or rob.

The Thieves' Guild

The Poppy Cock is a regular haunt of Castle Brackenwold's thieves' guild. Anyone familiar with the appropriate gestures and code phrases (e.g. Player Character thieves) can make acquaintances in the common room with ease.

Services at the Poppy Cock

Lodgings and food: Of poor quality (*DPB*).

Pipeleaf: All common and uncommon varieties of leaf can be purchased from pedlars in the common room.

One-Eyed Gil—Poppy Cock Landlady (Level 4 Thief)

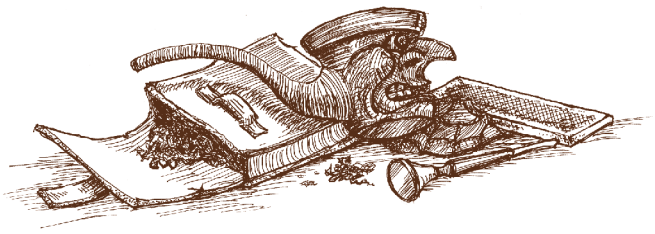
A wiry-framed human woman in her late thirties, with cropped black hair, a dozen earrings, and both eyes intact. (She and the regulars mockingly refuse to explain the origin of her nickname.) Her arms are adorned with tattoos of burly breggles. Gil is an erstwhile pickpocket and a member of the thieves' guild.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Brash, cool-headed. Feigned drunkenness.

Speech: Snarling, habitually shouts. Woldish.

Desires: Information on the layout of the ***Ducal Keep*** (***p130***) and any weaknesses in its defences. To insinuate herself deeper into the trust of **Sanctus Primus** (***p71***)—with whom she has a clandestine relationship—and subtly elicit secrets. To become mistress of the thieves' guild.

Possessions: A poisoned stiletto concealed in the sole of her boot.



Cobton-on-the-Shiver

1104—A thriving village of Cobbins, ruled by cruel crookhorn ruffians.

An idyllic-seeming village situated at a bend in the River Shiver, in the Valley of Wise Beasts. Most of the buildings in the village are quaint little houses of wood, half human size, with charmingly carved and painted gables. Mingled among them are a number of treehouses, stilt-houses (beside the river), and a few larger buildings of stone (located around the village square).

Inhabitants (200—village): Talking, humanoid animals who call themselves Cobbins (*DMB*), 2′–3′ tall, dressed in dapper woollens and tweed. Many species of Cobbins live in Cobton—see the ***Cobbin Species*** table.

Ruler: The village is within the dominion of **Atanuwë** (***p45***), under the totalitarian rule of the crookhorn **Baron Fragglehorn** (***p46***) and his band of ruffians from his tower in hex 1004.

Religion: The animals of Cobton worship **Atanuwë** (***p45***) as lord of all creation. The villagers refer to their master as the Nag-Lord, not knowing of its other names.

Rumours: See ***Rumours in Cobton-on-the-Shiver, p444***.

Atanuwë as Lord of Creation

Upon taking up lordship of the abandoned reaches of northern Dolmenwood, Atanuwë decided it needed servitors and worshippers. It created the crookhorns to do its bidding in war, but also saw fit to awaken sentience in the woodland animals of the nearby valley. The animals—given humanoid form and intelligence—were to serve merely as adoring worshippers. Several centuries later, the Cobbins of the Valley of Wise Beasts worship the Nag-Lord as master of all creation, as they know nothing of the world beyond the Valley.

Former Human Settlement

Cobton was built upon the ruins of a human settlement which had lain derelict and overgrown for untold centuries. Atanuwë tasked the newly awakened Cobbins with clearing the ruins and building a village for their own kind there, in mockery of the proud creations of humankind.

The Tyranny of the Crookhorns

Upon first impression, all in Cobton seems well. Animals merrily go about their business, fishing, sailing little boats, making and mending, smoking pipes and drinking tea. In truth, however, the inhabitants of the Valley live under the totalitarian rule of the crookhorn **Baron Fragglehorn** (***p46***) and his band of ruffians. Daily communal worship of the Nag-Lord is enforced, and it is illegal (on pain of death!) for any Cobbin to leave the Valley. While the majority of Cobbins simply wish to lead a quiet life and stay out of trouble, a rebellion is brewing—see ***The Grey League***.

COBBIN SPECIES

d12	Species	d12	Species
1	Badger	7	Rabbit
2	Fox	8	Rat
3	Hare	9	Squirrel
4	Mole	10	Toad
5	Mouse	11	Water vole
6	Otter	12	Weasel

The Grey League—Resistance Movement

Purpose: A secret (and blasphemous) resistance movement against the tyranny of the Nag-Lord, with the ultimate aim of expelling all crookhorns from Cobton.

Membership: After a recent backlash, the League is reduced to three mice, a badger, and two water voles, in addition to their leader, **Wallobry Trundlehorn**.

Wallobry Trundlehorn—Grey League Leader

An old mole lady with twinkling eyes and a grey patch on her head. Dresses in ill-fitting woollens and a floppy, floral hat.

Demeanour (Lawful): Timid, principled. Looks at the ground when speaking.

Speech: Hesitant mumbling. Woldish, Gaffe.

Desires: All crookhorns expelled from the Valley. To marry the innkeeper, **Smunkey O'Brady** (***p138***).

Illegal to Bear Arms

The bearing of anything more threatening than a dagger or a stout staff is banned in Cobton. Transgressors quickly attract the attentions of the crookhorn guards.

Reaction to Outsiders

Visitors from beyond the Valley are a once-in-a-lifetime event for the residents of Cobton. Strangers rapidly come to the attention of the crookhorn village guard, who try to imprison or expel them.

EQUIPMENT AVAILABILITY

All items for sale in Cobton are sized for Cobbins—approximately half human size. Weapons larger than a dagger are not available (except in secret, to trusted friends of the smith—see ***p139***). Mounts and armour cannot be bought in Cobton.

Map Key

1. The King's Head (Inn)
2. Village Square and Docks
3. Guardhouse and Gaol
4. Shiverston Brewery
5. Village Church
6. The Smithy
7. Toad's Hole (Herbalist)
8. Water Mill
9. Dobbledown Tea Rooms
10. River Path

The Crookhorn Village Guard

Lazy, cruel, and anarchic crookhorns (*DMB*) clad in a rough patchwork of chainmail, plates, and studs. The guard is under the command of **Briggsy Bugber** (***p138***).

Arrival on the scene: If word of unrest (i.e. against the crookhorn regime) or of outsiders reaches the guard, 2d3 arrive within 1d12 minutes (1d4 Turns at night). A further 1d6 guards arrive 10 minutes later (1d4 Turns later at night), if reinforcements are called for.

COBTON ENCOUNTERS—DAY

d6	Encounter
1	**1d4 cackling crookhorn guards** tripping passersby.
2	**2 moles** flounder in the river, their boat capsized.
3	One of the **mouse millers** (see the ***Water Mill***) with a glazed expression, gazing into empty space.
4	**2d3 crookhorn guards** round up everyone in the village to the church to celebrate the Nag-Lord's birthday (of which there are several per year).
5	The public hanging of the rat **Hackle Kingsley**, who has been lingering in the gaol for some months.
6	**1d4 crookhorn guards** drag a yelping rabbit—caught with a knife longer than the permitted 6"—to the gaol.

COBTON ENCOUNTERS—NIGHT

d6	Encounter
1	**1d3 heretical mice** remove the hanged hares from the village square and replace them with unicorn effigies.
2	**Briggsy Bugber** (***p138***) slipping into the mill's back door to consult with **Old Madame Whipthorn** (***p139***).
3	Loud cheers and merry singing drift from the Dobbledown Tea Rooms—a birthday party.
4	**1d4 crookhorn guards** enforcing an impromptu curfew.
5	**Briggsy Bugber** (***p138***) and **2d4 crookhorn guards** march through the streets to welcome a visiting party including **Baron Fragglehorn** (***p46***) himself.
6	**Wallobry Trundlehorn** sneaking round the back of the Shiverston Brewery for a secret meeting of the Grey League.

1. THE KING'S HEAD (INN)

A human-height ground floor of ancient stone, augmented with a miniature upper floor in red-varnished wood. The King's Head is the social nexus of the village.

Sign: A portrait of Atanuwë, depicted (as is traditional in the Valley) with white fur, purple horn, pink mane, a toothy smirk, and seven eyes in a row.

Common room: Cheery and spotlessly clean. Miniature (half human size) tables are decked with embroidered tablecloths and lace doilies, and ringed with dainty stools carved with sylvan scenes. Little cast iron lanterns hang from the human-height (8′) ceiling, lending a warm, flickering glow to the space. Rocking chairs with cosy cushions stand in the corners. The landlord, **Smunkey O'Brady**, serves from a bar stacked with shiny brass tankards.

Guests: Cobbins of all species, drinking, singing, and dancing upon tables. Crookhorn guards poke their heads in periodically.

Services at the King's Head

Lodgings and food: Of common quality (*DPB*). Only Cobbin-sized beds are available. Medium characters may be offered a cramped space in the common room.

Shiverston ale: The only drink served is the local brew from the Shiverston brewery—a golden ale with a smooth texture and a hint of honey. 1sp a (half-sized) mug.

No stabling: The inn has no stable, and the village no facilities for handling large mounts.

Smunkey O'Brady—King's Head Proprietor

A tan male hare, with one bent ear. Dresses in red and white polka dot pantaloons with a black apron.

Demeanour (Neutral): Excitable, boastful, conspiratorial. Tugs on his bent ear when thinking.

Speech: Whiny drawl. Woldish, Gaffe.

Desires: For Cobton to be freed from slavery. To sail upon the mythical Lake Longmere.

Knowledge: Knows of the Grey League and has contacts. Knows that Baron Fragglehorn is afraid of snakes.

2. VILLAGE SQUARE AND DOCKS

A neat cobbled square beside the river, with a set of small piers and moorings.

Gallows: Hanging ominously in the middle of the square are the rotting corpses of three hares (erstwhile members of the Grey League).

Boat travel: Cobbins seldom travel far by water. Passage on a boat to hexes 1004 or 1203 can be bought for 1gp per foot passenger. Mounts and vehicles cannot be handled. The journey takes 1½ hours to 1004 and 2 hours to 1203.

Frisk market: Once a week—on Frisk—Cobbins from throughout the Valley gather here to sell their wares and produce.

Briggsy Bugber—Crookhorn Guard Captain

A red-furred, hunch-backed crookhorn woman with frenzied, staring eyes and a single, spiralling horn in the centre of her forehead (regarded as highly auspicious). Wears a chainmail hauberk daubed with blood.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Brutal, utterly humourless.

Speech: Dictatorial braying. Woldish, Gaffe.

Desires: To serve in battle under **Captain Snarkscorn** (***p46***)—bored of her post in Cobton.

MEDIUM MORTAL—SENTIENT—CHAOTIC

Level 4 **AC** 14 **HP** 22 **Saves** D10 R11 H12 B13 S14
Att Bite/butt (+3, 1d8 + disease) or great axe (+3, 2d4)
Speed 40 **Morale** 9 **XP** 130

Disease: Anyone bitten or butted by Briggsy must **Save Versus Doom** or be afflicted by a nasty infection (see crookhorn—*DMB*).

3. GUARDHOUSE AND GAOL

An old stone house of human dimensions, extended with a wooden lookout tower and used as the village guard's base of operations.

Guards: 12 crookhorns (*DMB*) are barracked here, along with the guard captain **Briggsy Bugber**. 2d6 of them are present at any given time, while the rest patrol the village.

Prisoner: A rat named **Hackle Kingsley** is currently in the gaol, awaiting trial for the crime of attempting to leave the Valley.

4. THE SHIVERSTON BREWERY

A long, low building of black-glazed bricks, alive with the sounds of cheery industry.

Secret meetings: Of late, the Grey League (see ***p136***) has held their candlelit meetings in the cellars of the brewery.

5. VILLAGE CHURCH

A wee, human-sized chapel repurposed as a Cobbin-sized church praising the Nag-Lord. The walls are of pebble-dashed stucco and a wicker unicorn is perched atop the pointed roof.

Interior: Polished river stones serve as seats. A gaudily painted clay effigy of the Nag-Lord stands upon a 4′ high altar. A holy unicorn horn (actually a painted piece of carved wood) hangs by a chain from the ceiling.

Populace: Cobbins cower before the effigy of their lord, praying for mercy. Every evening, the whole village gathers at the church for (forced) communal hymns and prayer. **Briggsy Bugber** acts as priest, bearing a viciously spiked ceremonial mace and wearing a cloak studded with hundreds of horns.

6. THE SMITHY

The village's smithy is dug into the banks of the eastern side of the river, its location signified by a tall brick chimney emerging from the grass. Entrance is possible from a dock on the riverside or via the back door.

Services at the Smithy

The smith, **Fosbry Hollowhop**, cares for the village's supplies in pots, pans, and tools. He also illegally manufactures weapons for the Grey League in secret, at ten times the normal price.

Fosbry Hollowhop—Smith

A middle-aged male fox with grizzled fur and an eye patch. Dresses in scorched leathers and always carries a flask of strong spirits in his belt.

Demeanour (Neutral): Affable friend-to-all. Remains carefully neutral, politically.

Speech: Eloquent and meandering. Woldish, Gaffe.

Desires: To be the wealthiest Cobbin in the Valley—and leader of Cobton—if the crookhorn regime is deposed.

7. TOAD'S HOLE (HERBALIST)

A round door and windows in a little knoll, bordered by well-tended herb gardens and a wicker fence. The village herbalist does nothing to advertise the presence of his business, but is known to all locals.

Entrance: A plain wooden door with a brass plaque: "Dr. Simeone Fisher—all who ail are welcome."

Interior: A series of cosy subterranean chambers with rounded doors, walls, and ceilings (6′ tall at their highest point). Shelves stacked with textbooks, notebooks, and jars of ointment line the walls. Bundles of drying herbs hang beside fireplaces. The herbalist, **Dr. Simeone Fisher**, hurries earnestly from his studies to greet visitors.

Services in Toad's Hole

Mushrooms and herbs: The preparations listed in the *Dolmenwood Player's Book* are sold at the standard prices and with the standard chance of availability.

Infirmary: For a fee of 5gp per day, the doctor admits patients to his home for private care. Ailments are cured after half the normal duration and there is a 1-in-4 chance of magical diseases being healed after 2d6 days. The cost of any specific herbs required is extra.

Doctor Simeone Fisher—Herbalist

An elderly male toad with dark blue skin and unusual pale violet eyes. Dresses in pristine, medical whites, with little spectacles perched upon his nose.

Demeanour (Lawful): Cantankerous but kindly.

Speech: Rumbling and burping. Woldish, Gaffe.

Desires: Rare herbs and mushrooms. To cure the crookhorns of their maladies (believing their evil nature to be a product of their sickness).

Old Madame Whipthorn—Harpy

A bent, warty, pallid-skinned crone with staring red eyes and the legs, tail, and wings of a great crow. Scrawny, 3-jointed arms emerge from her shoulders, below the wings. On her head is a luxuriant cascade of blonde curls. She adorns herself with pearls.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Narcissistic, loves flattery.

Speech: The beautiful, clear voice of a young noblewoman. Woldish, Gaffe, Sylvan, the tongue of crows.

Desires: Magic items. To eat the flesh of magicians. To bear an Atacorn—a spawn of the Nag-Lord.

Possessions: A charred willow stick (*Wand of Phantasm* with 12 charges). Pearl brooch (1,500gp) and earrings (600gp each).

8. WATER MILL

An imposing stone building of human dimensions with a granary tower at the rear. The lapping of the mill wheel and the grinding of the stone are ceaseless—the place produces sack after sack of fine, white flour.

Inhabitants: The mouse millers (husband and wife) and their four children. All are in the thrall of the harpy, **Old Madame Whipthorn**, who lives secreted in their cellar.

Harpy in the cellar: A secret door in the mill's cellar leads to a suite of plushly decorated boudoirs and bedchambers, where the light of hypnotically flickering purple lanterns reflects off dozens of mirrors. This is the lair of the harpy **Old Madame Whipthorn**, a servant of Atanuwë placed here as a spy.

Mouse informants: Every evening, the miller mice go below and tell the harpy of all that they saw and heard that day. Anything suspicious soon reaches the ears of **Briggsy Bugber**, who secretly visits at night.

9. DOBBLEDOWN TEA ROOMS

A little white-walled farmhouse with a thatched roof, sitting at the edge of several acres of arable.

Sign: A smiling cow wearing a chef's hat.

Interior: The front room and kitchen of the farm now serve as a public tea room, with little rickety tables and chairs situated around a circular, green rug embroidered with the smiling cow. The owner, a twitchy squirrel named **Nathaniel Nutkin**, scurries between tables serving guests.

Services at Dobbledown Tea Rooms

Tea and scones: A pot of tea with creamy milk costs 2sp. A full cream tea—with scones, butter, clotted cream, and blackberry jam—costs 1gp.

10. RIVER PATH

A little footpath (not suitable for large mounts or vehicles) that winds along the northern bank of the River Shiver, leading from Baron Fragglehorn's tower (hex 1004) to Longshanks Falls (hex 1203).

Dreg and Shantywood Isle

1110—Rowdy Hameth port-town and the neighbouring isle of ill-repute.

A rough port-town and fishing village founded amid the marshes and mists of the River Hameth's banks. Tall, wonky houses are clad with tarred wooden planks against the damp. The place is slumping inexorably into the bog and the river. Dreg has a seedy reputation as a haunt for thieves, charlatans, and rascals of all stripes.

Inhabitants (300—village): A majority of humans of High Woldish descent have plied the river here for many generations, alongside a smaller population of shorthorns. As a centre of trade and transit, Dreg is also home to a significant population of folk from other regions.

Ruler: Dreg is notionally ruled by **Lord Malbleat** (***p64***) and his representative in the village, the **Berkmaster Monocleese** (***p143***—a mayor of sorts). **Madame Shantywood** (***p145***), although she has no legally recognised position in Dreg, practically runs the port, due to her economic clout.

Religion: Ostensibly devotees of the Church, the rowdy folk of Dreg have a tendency towards godlessness. The rogue friar **Brother Hogbeard** and his flock of yellow-smocked zealots seek to reverse this trend.

Rumours: See ***Rumours in Dreg and Shantywood Isle, p445***.

The River Trade

The River Hameth runs wide and shallow at this point and is rich with fish and floating debris from the forest. Boats and barges carry goods and passengers along two routes:

East-west: The 7-mile river journey between Dreg and the Woodcutters' Encampment forms a vital link in the trade route between Castle Brackenwold (in the east) and High-Hankle and Lankshorn (in the west).

North-south: Trade between Dolmenwood and the lands to the south travels along the Hameth, via Dreg, the Woodcutters' Encampment, and the wondrous ship-conveyor at the Falls of Nyf (see hex 1112).

The Atacorn's Miasma

Unknown to the people of Dreg, an Atacorn—one of the spawn of Atanuwë—has dwelt hidden in the town for some years, infusing the town's smoked fish with its corrupting miasma (see ***Crewithyant, p144***). As a result of the Atacorn's insidious influence, violence, treachery, and discord are on the rise in Dreg.

Reaction Rolls: The supernatural aura of discord incurs a –1 penalty to all Reaction Rolls in Dreg.

Brother Rodger Hogbeard (Level 3 Friar)

A plump, red-faced human man in his fifties, with bushy beard and eyebrows. Dressed in the hessian robes and tonsure of a friar, with a Chapes swinging from a chain around his neck. Hogbeard came to Dreg five years ago, to aid the poor, but has become the leader of a band of religious vigilantes who dispense justice in the town.

Demeanour (Neutral): Magnetic, wide-eyed religious fervour. (Hogbeard was previously Lawful, but the Atacorn's influence has swayed him to increasing passion and violence.)

Speech: Bombastic, doom-laden. Woldish, Liturgic.

Desires: For Dreg to be freed of sin. To be recognised by the Church for his holy deeds and be decreed a living saint.

Hogbeard's Zealots

Yellow-smocked converts to Hogbeard's cause who patrol the town, preaching the word of the Pluritine Church. Of late, the zealots have taken to kidnapping "sinners" for nighttime exorcism in the woods.

Famed Bog-Swine Sausages

Dreg is known for its fine sausages, made from the flesh of the swine kept in the bogs to the north of the village. The bog-swine of Dreg are huge, bristly, black creatures fed on detritus from the river.

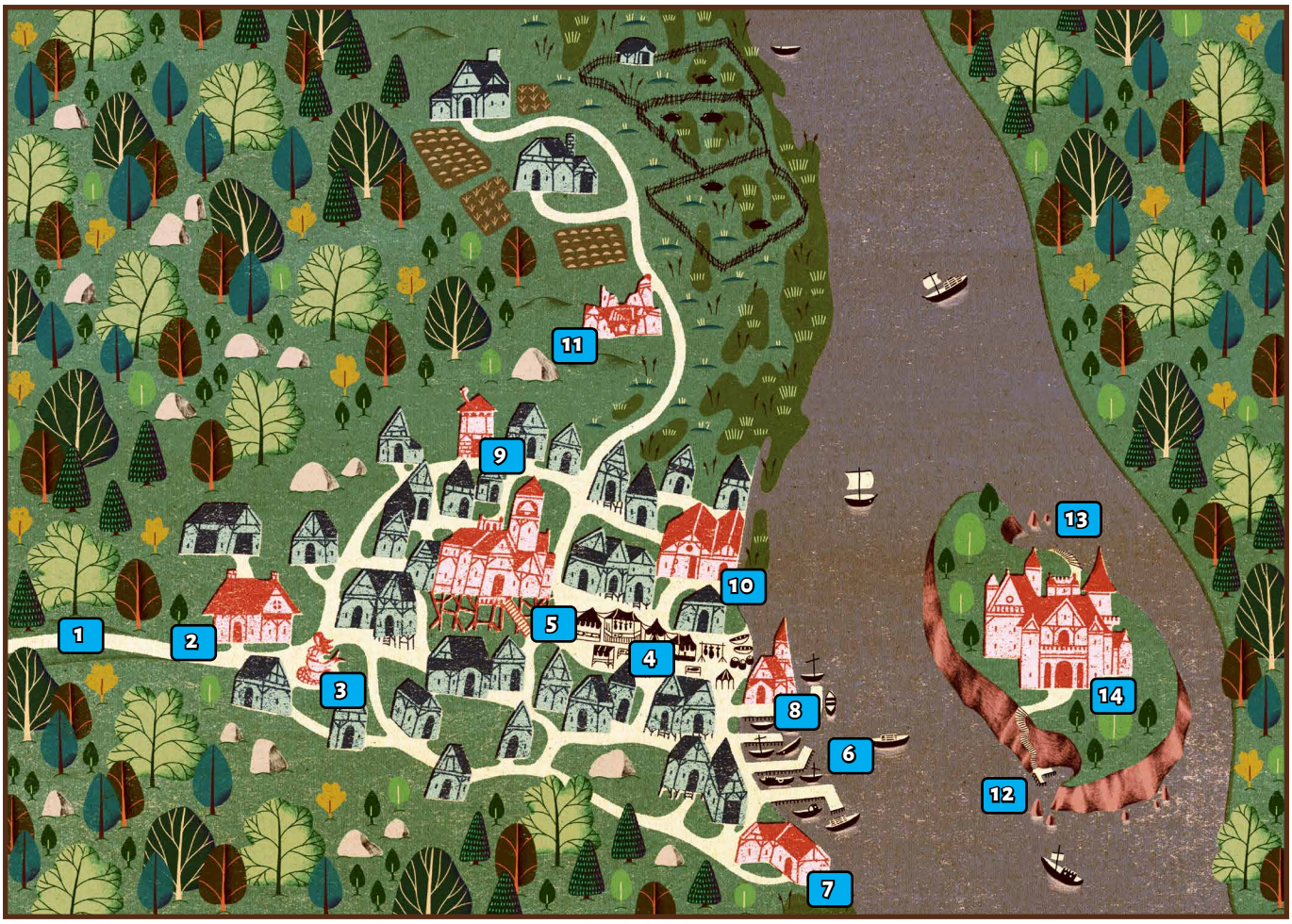
Shantywood Isle

A cliff-sided island divides the River Hameth for a quarter of a mile. The island has long been inhabited and its surface consists of gentle woods and pleasure gardens surrounding the fabulous Chateau Shantywood—a notorious manor of ill-repute. Two coves give access, via steep stairways, to the interior.

By a quirk of legal history, the island is technically an independent country and has the right to arbitrate its own laws. (In practice, the law is dictated by the whims of Madame Shantywood.)

EQUIPMENT AVAILABILITY

Vehicles and mounts cost 50% more than usual. Despite Dreg's status as a village, mercenary companies can occasionally be hired here (2-in-6 chance, see ***Specialist Services***, *DPB*).



Map Key

1. The Ditchway
2. The Mermaid's Arms (Inn)
3. Young Merble
4. Fish Market
5. Berkmaster's Manor
6. Port
7. Shodgerey's Shack (Inn)
8. Church of St Wick
9. The Smokehouse
10. The Spawning Salmon (Inn)
11. The Boghouse
12. South Cove
13. North Cove
14. Chateau Shantywood

The Dreg Constabulary

Clad in mail with black tabards bearing the silver fish emblem of the Berkmaster. The constabulary is a small body of town guards commanded by the Berkmaster.

Arrival on the scene: If word of a crime is called out in the town, 1d3 guards arrive within 1d12 minutes (1d4 Turns at night). A further 1d3 guards arrive 10 minutes later (1d4 Turns later at night), if reinforcements are called for.

Bribery: The guards often turn a blind eye to minor crimes for a 5gp consideration.

Combat stats: Level 1 fighter (*DMB*)—Neutral.

DREG ENCOUNTERS—DAY

d6	Encounter
1	**1d4 longhorns** (*DMB*)—knights in the service of **Lord Malbleat** (***p64***)—charge into town, bearing urgent news to **Berkmaster Monocleese**.
2	**Brother Hogbeard** and **1d3 zealots** approach PCs asking for a donation to their cause.
3	**2d3 fishermen** come to blows outside the Smokehouse over a disagreement about who owns a batch of fish.
4	**1d4 town guards** chase a pickpocket through the streets. Onlookers jeer and throw fish guts.
5	**1d4 shifty lads** (members of the Boghouse Boys—see ***p145***) staking out the Berkmaster's manor.
6	**1d3 Hogbeard's zealots** drag a "sinner" to the church.

DREG ENCOUNTERS—NIGHT

d6	Encounter
1	**1d4+1 thugs** (as Level 1 thieves—*DMB*) follow an old lady (***Tamrin Tweede, p142***) into a dark alleyway. Loud cursing ensues, as the thugs are caught in her *Web*.
2	**1d4+1 thugs** (as Level 1 thieves—*DMB*), looking for prey.
3	**1d3 farmhands** drunkenly bragging about witch-hunting, on their way to a secret meeting in the Boghouse.
4	A rowdy fistfight between **3d6 sailors** (two rival gangs).
5	**2d3 Hogbeard's zealots**, bearing torches, dragging a blindfolded "sinner" into the woods for exorcism.
6	Folk stumble indoors as a thick mist rolls off the river.

1. THE DITCHWAY

The east-west road, known to locals as the Ditchway, winds through a broad channel with sandy banks on either side. The road is frequented by much trade, leading to the market-town of Lankshorn (hex 0710).

2. THE MERMAID'S ARMS (INN)

The only reputable inn in Dreg, the Mermaid's Arms is little more than a cottage, but is homely and well maintained. The inn is known colloquially as the "Mermaid's Arse."

Sign: A mermaid on the seashore, bashfully hiding her modesty with her immaculately braided blonde hair.

Common room: Dark beams, floorboards decked with round woollen rugs, the scent of wood polish, and a cheery fireplace conjure an atmosphere at once welcoming and intimate. A sign reads "No gambling, lewdness, or sea shanties!" Customers are served by **Ogham Tweede**, the bartender.

Guests: A courteous mix of travellers and locals wishing for a quiet drink away from the crowds. There is a 1-in-6 chance per evening of the inn's proprietor, **Tamrin Tweede**, sitting in a corner drinking quietly by herself.

The attic suite: A ladder and trapdoor (kept locked) in the upper hallway lead to a suite of rooms in the attic, beneath the thatched roof. These chambers are the private residence and research laboratory of the inn's proprietor, the magician **Tamrin Tweede**.

Services at the Mermaid's Arms

Lodgings and food: Of common quality (*DPB*). The inn has only three 2-bed rooms and a single private room.

Tweede's fish pie: Said to be the best in Dreg. Baked fresh every day. 3sp a meal.

3. YOUNG MERBLE

A bawdy marble statue of a busty mermaid at the centre of a fenced pool. Dreg folk throw coppers into the pool for good luck. Local down-and-outs sometimes engage in a nighttime bath to filch whatever pittance lies in the pool. "Pool dredger" is a common insult in Dreg.

4. FISH MARKET

A cobblestoned square rammed with tarpaulin-draped market stalls. The raucous cries of hawkers and the reek of fish—fresh and smoked—permeate all.

Hogbeard's zealots: During the day, **Brother Hogbeard** (***p140***) and **2d4 zealots** patrol the fish market, preaching.

Ogham Tweede—Mermaid's Arms Bartender (Level 3 Thief)

A burly, rough-faced human man in his forties, with dense black stubble covering his face and head. Dresses in utilitarian leathers and white apron. Ogham is a reformed thief, tasked with running the Mermaid's Arms by his aunt, **Tamrin Tweede**.

Demeanour (Neutral): Charming, with an edge of cautionary pugnacity. Clenches his fists on the bar.

Speech: Consciously hushed, bursts of loud guffawing. Woldish.

Desires: Word on the whereabouts of his ex-flame, **One-Eyed Gil** (***p135***), whom he has not seen in 15 years, since the night they fled the grounds of Redwraith Manor (0709) following an aborted burglary.

Tamrin Tweede—Mermaid's Arms Proprietor (Level 5 Magician)

An elderly human woman with a frizzy mane of white hair and tiny spectacles balanced on a pinched, mouse-like visage. Tamrin is the owner of the Mermaid's Arms, having inherited the inn from her grandmother. She has lived in the seclusion of its attic for the last 20 years, since retiring from the adventuring life.

Demeanour (Lawful): Wistful, private. Happy to converse with erudite visitors. Near-sighted.

Speech: Hushed, considered. Woldish, Caprice.

Desires: To uncover the cause of the growing violence and unrest in Dreg (see ***The Atacorn's Miasma, p140***), which she suspects to be of magical origin.

Possessions: An obsidian *Ring of Energy Resistance (Fire,* ***p410***). Spell books: **Rank 1** *Decipher, Vapours of Dream*, **Rank 2** *Perceive the Invisible, Web*, **Rank 3** *Circle of Invisibility.*

5. BERKMASTER'S MANOR

A tall, ungainly building clad with stained wood shingles and topped with a teetering bell tower. The manor is an odd structure that has been extended many times by Berkmasters over the centuries.

Raised on stilts: The current Berkmaster's predecessor, envious of Madame Shantywood's power and influence, had the manor raised up on high stilts, setting it directly facing Chateau Shantywood, across the river.

The berk-bell: A great, goat-faced copper bell shines at the summit of the manor's bell tower. A hereditary bell-polisher buffs it daily, but it is only rung upon the arrival of a longhorn noble in Dreg.

Inhabitants: The current Berkmaster is Maximilian Monocleese ("His Lordship") lives here with his sickly wife Hilda. The title of Berkmaster is bestowed by the lord of Dreg (currently Lord Malbleat), but it tends to be hereditary, passed from father to eldest son.

Berkmaster Maximilian Monocleese

A slight human man in his late fifties, with elegantly oiled and curled black hair. Dresses in black silk shirts and slacks and wears the silver fish's head medallion hereditary to his station. Monocleese considers himself nobility, although none of noble blood would concur.

Demeanour (Neutral): Self-important, carefully cultivated air of nobility.

Speech: Snide drawl. Woldish, patchy Old Woldish.

Desires: Tired of his wife's long illness, wishes for her to either be healed of her afflictions (both physical and mental) or to pass peacefully. If Hilda's fate is death: to marry **Madame Shantywood** (***p145***), whom he admires and secretly lusts after.

6. PORT

A ramshackle assortment of piers, fishing boats, and river barges. Passage by water to nearby destinations can be bought here.

Hogbeard's zealots: In the evening, **Brother Hogbeard** (***p140***) and **2d4 zealots** stand beside the docks, preaching.

To the Woodcutters' Encampment: Passage on a boat or barge along the 7-mile stretch of river to the Woodcutters' Encampment can be bought for 2sp per foot passenger, 5sp per horse, and 2gp per vehicle. The journey takes 2 hours.

To Shantywood Isle (south cove): Seductively attired employees of Madame Shantywood operate red-lanterned barges ferrying foot passengers (no animals or vehicles) back and forth from Dreg, free of charge. The barges only operate during the evening and night. No other boats are permitted to land directly on the island.

7. SHODGEREY'S SHACK (INN)

A low-roofed, single storey doss-house favoured by the numerous sailors who find themselves in Dreg for a night. The cheapest place to stay in town, but hazardous for non-sailors.

Sign: A leering moon ringed with grimacing stars.

Common room: A draughty hall, rammed with a jumble of rickety stools. An old fishing boat hangs from the rafters, keel down, its nets dangling at head height, festooned with crab shells and fish bones. The landlord, **Lyren Shodgerey**, serves patrons from behind a stockade of barrels.

Guests: Itinerant sailors and barge-folk. Raucous sea shanties and tussles over dice games are regular fixtures, of an evening.

Trouble: Non-sailors are almost guaranteed to meet with trouble in Shodgerey's. Outsiders who appear weak or cultured may be targeted by louts or pickpockets.

Services at Shodgerey's Shack

Hammocks: Guests sleep in a long, windowless hall, lined with hammocks, nautical style. 2cp per night.

Food: Of poor quality (*DPB*).

Beverages: Only *Pilston's Heartbreaker* (*DPB*) and (for the customer with loot to spend) *Barrowblaster* (*DPB*) are served. Inquiries after spirits or wines invariably meet with incredulous laughter.

Pipeleaf: Sailors trade pipeleaf in the common room at 50% of the normal price. Only those the sailors take a shine to are offered pipeleaf at this reduced rate. All common pipeleafs can be found for sale here.

Lyren Shodgerey—Shodgerey's Shack Landlord

A squat, muscular human man in his late thirties, with a shaven head and half his teeth missing. Covered from head to toe in tattoos of malignant beings (harpies, crookhorns, ogres, etc.). Lyren turns a blind eye to thievery in the Shack in return for a small cut of the profits.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Oafish, relishes violence. Wipes sweat from his head and face in a single motion.

Speech: Sneering, mocking laughter. Basic Woldish.

Desires: Easy money—willing to go in on any crooked scheme. To found a rival thieves' guild in Dreg.

8. CHURCH OF ST WICK

A mouldering wooden church beside the port, built upon a pier above the river. The church is dedicated to St Wick (patron saint of ferry-folk and amputees). The church's meagre size and poor state of repair indicate the esteem in which the folk of Dreg generally hold organised religion.

Entrance: A once-solid door of oak, now weathered and battered. The door is only unlocked during the mornings, until the elderly vicar—**Reverend Mother Hadlewreath**—retires for the day at lunch time.

Interior: Dusty, musty wooden walls and pews. A tarnished pewter icon on the velvet-cloaked altar depicts St Wick with eyes raised to heaven, impaled with a horrid array of spears, arrows, and axes.

Populace: A handful of pious locals. **Reverend Mother Hadlewreath** sits to one side, reading.

Prayer: Characters praying may receive the blessing of St Wick: the ability to cast *Greater Healing*. See ***Shrines, p22***.

9. THE SMOKEHOUSE

A tall, windowless building topped with a conical roof and a rusted iron chimney. The smokehouse is a communally owned facility for preserving fish by smoking.

The cellars: Towering stacks of firewood and smoking racks of various sizes are stored in extensive cellars beneath the smokehouse.

The polluter in the dark: Unknown to the folk of Dreg, the Atacorn **Crewithyant**—spawn of the Nag-Lord—lurks in the dark recesses of the smokehouse cellars. After dark, the Atacorn dissolves into a gaseous form and infuses the smoking fish in his corrupting miasma (see ***The Atacorn's Miasma, p140***). During the day, he sleeps.

Crewithyant—Atacorn

A naked, emaciated, gangly (6′ tall) man-thing with warty, ashen skin and the decaying head of a unicorn. Crewithyant is a child of the Nag-Lord (***p45***), sent out into the world to spread discord and woe.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Wretched, hunched skulking. Utterly craven.

Speech: Coughing and wheezing. Woldish, Gaffe.

Desires: To corrupt mortals. To eat succulent children. (A pleasure in which he only occasionally indulges, so as not to draw attention to his presence in Dreg.)

MEDIUM MORTAL—SENTIENT—CHAOTIC

Level 4 **AC** 12 **HP** 19 **Saves** D10 R11 H12 B13 S14
Att Horn (+3, 1d6 + disease) **Speed** 40 **Morale** 6
XP 180

Disease: The victim must **Save Versus Doom** or suffer 1d3 damage per day, their flesh erupting in grey lumps.

Gaseous form: Crewithyant can dissolve his physical form—including clothing and equipment—into a sooty vapour at will. The process takes 1 Round, as does re-coalescing. In gaseous form, he is immune to mundane damage and can seep through small cracks.

Reverend Mother Shandra Hadlewreath—Vicar of Dreg

An elderly, flabby human woman with fluffy white hair and a scratched monocle. Hadlewreath has abandoned hope for the spiritual salvation of the people of Dreg and wishes to spend her last years in peace, writing her memoirs and drinking *Porrid's Full Moon* (*DPB*).

Demeanour (Lawful): Doddery, weak-willed, aloof but kindly at heart.

Speech: Timid droning. Woldish, Liturgic.

Desires: To be left in peace and not be dragged into the unrest in Dreg.

10. THE SPAWNING SALMON (INN)

A squat, converted warehouse, now the favoured gambling establishment in Dreg and secret headquarters of the thieves' guild.

Sign: A bright pink salmon leaping out of a stream, its mouth gaping after a dangling sausage pie.

Common room: A wide hall packed with gambling tables. The smell of roasting meat wafts from the grill at one end, mingling with the reek of pipesmoke. A stage at the other end of the room frequently hosts bawdy performances.

Viewing balcony: For an entrance fee of 2sp, one may ascend to the balcony that overlooks the common room. The balcony is served by its own bar and features plush leather couches. The landlord, **Sidley Crump**, often surveys goings-on in the common room from this vantage point.

Guests: River workers, mercenaries, locals, and travellers congregate in the common room to gamble, carouse, and eat grilled meats, while merchants lounge and drink above.

The thieves' guild: The Dreg thieves' guild operates from secret headquarters in the cellars of the Spawning Salmon.

Services at the Spawning Salmon

Lodgings and food: Of common quality (*DPB*).

Grilled sausages: A trio of bogswine sausages fresh from the grill, served in a bowl of ale gravy. 3sp.

Common and uncommon spirits: Only served from the bar on the viewing balcony.

Sidley Crump—Spawning Salmon Landlord

A tall, wiry human man in his forties, with bulging eyes and long, greasy hair. Dresses in smart shirts and black leather trousers. Though not himself a practicing thief, Crump is a member of the thieves' guild and conceals the guild's presence from the law.

Demeanour (Neutral): Feigned amicability. Callous. Habitually rolls up his shirt sleeves.

Speech: Jovial, boisterous. Woldish.

Desires: To ascertain the true purpose of his wife Elmine's trips to Lankshorn "to visit her ailing cousin." (She is in love with ***Sydewich Maldwort, p160***.)

The Boghouse Boys—Secret Society

Purpose: To protect the people of Dreg from the evil forces that lurk in the forest (e.g. witches, the Drune, the Nag-Lord, or wicked fairies).

Membership: 20 Dreg men, mostly farm workers. They are largely well-meaning and of Lawful Alignment.

Current scheme: The leader, **Brigg**, believes (incorrectly) that **Berkmaster Monocleese** (***p143***) plans to sacrifice his wife to a coven of evil witches in return for a demon servitor. The Boghouse Boys plan to infiltrate the Berkmaster's manor, rescue the poor lady, and bring the Berkmaster and the witches to justice.

Brigg "Hollowhand" Meagre—Leader

A stocky, broad-shouldered human man in his late 30s, with shaven head, mop-like beard, and one wooden hand. Brigg owns one of the more profitable bog-swine farms north of Dreg. Of late, his dreams have been haunted by false visions of great evils afoot in Dreg (the insinuations of the **Atacorn Crewithyant**, see ***p140***).

Demeanour (Lawful): Quiet but firm. Shifty-eyed.

Speech: Dour, conspiratorial. Woldish.

Desires: For Dreg to be ruled by common folk of good sense and upstanding morality (e.g. himself).

11. THE BOGHOUSE

The shell of a burned-out farmhouse, now used as the meeting house of a secret society who have dubbed the ruin "the Boghouse" and themselves "**the Boghouse Boys**."

Interior: Collapsed beams and the blackened remnants of a few walls remain. Bracken and nettles crowd the space.

Tracks and secret trapdoor: Upon close examination of the ruin, bootprints in the mud and a slight disturbance of the undergrowth mark a subtle path to one corner. Under a mound of carefully arranged rubble is a locked trapdoor.

Cellar: The ruin's cellar is decked out as a secret meeting house, complete with twelve stools, a rickety table for scheming at, a rough map of Dreg and the surrounding woodland, a keg of ale, and a set of pewter tankards.

Inhabitants: In the day, the ruined farmhouse is empty. At night, there is a 3-in-6 chance of **2d6 local menfolk** ("**the Boghouse Boys**") hiding out in the cellars, scheming.

12. SOUTH COVE

A small dock located in a wide cove in the cliff-ringed Shantywood Isle. Boats other than the barges operated by Madame Shantywood are not permitted to land directly.

Red banners: Banners bearing Madame Shantywood's coat of arms—seven golden coins encircling a black rose—hang from the cliff walls.

Stairs up: A steep stairway leads up the cliffside to the island's interior and the fabulous Chateau Shantywood.

Barges to Dreg: Seductively attired employees of Madame Shantywood operate red-lanterned barges ferrying passengers back and forth from Dreg, free of charge. The barges only operate during the evening and night.

13. NORTH COVE

A broad, undecorated dock in a small cove at the north-eastern corner of Shantywood Isle, used for ferrying goods.

Stairs up: A steep stairway leads up the cliffside to the servants' entrance at the rear of Chateau Shantywood.

Guards: 2 soldiers (usually women, Level 1 fighters—*DMB*) guard the dock at all hours, vetting arrivals.

14. CHATEAU SHANTYWOOD

A manse of ostentatious turrets and flamboyant minarets at the summit of Shantywood Isle. The chateau is a much-frequented manor of ill-repute and home of the seductive and ruthless **Madame Shantywood**.

Common room: A stone-flagged hall with gaudy tapestries, crystal chandeliers, and a sea of gambling tables. Scantily-clad wait staff serve tables.

Guests: Boorish, drunken locals, ogling at the staff. A smattering of wealthy merchants, minor nobility, and successful adventurers.

Ballroom: Exclusively reserved for well-to-do patrons who wish to avoid the riff-raff. Elegant music accompanies refined dances and dalliances.

Services at Chateau Shantywood

Lodgings and food: Lodgings of fancy quality, food of common quality (*DPB*).

Companionship: The private company of staff in Madame Shantywood's employ can be bought from 5sp per hour.

Madame Chandilore Shantywood

A bewitching human woman approaching 50, with cascading, raven locks and eyes of striking green. Dresses in an antiquated style, with black lace dress, layered petticoats, tightly strung corset, and heavily powdered face. As Lady of Shantywood Isle (a hereditary position passed from mother to daughter), she is the wealthy ruler of an independent micro-domain.

Demeanour (Neutral): Self-assured, calculating. Has a taste for cruelty. Merciless in punishing those who cross her. Habitually gazes into an ivory hand mirror, reapplying her face powder with a feathery puff.

Speech: Eminently refined, mischievously demeaning, callously frank. Woldish, Old Woldish.

Desires: The amorous attentions of the sorceress **Myrrsian** (hex 1110), whom she has spied in the ballroom on occasion. The painful death of **Lord Murkin** (***p65***) who slew her eldest daughter many years ago. To keep the identity of her children's father (the gentleman in the mirror—see ***Possessions***) secret.

Possessions: A magic mirror granting access to a dusty, dreamy shadow manse ruled by a spectral gentleman.

Family: Two adult daughters—Heremine and Ayla.

Servants: 12 soldiers (mostly women), several dozen hospitality staff.

Fort Vulgar

0604—Trading and military outpost on the haunted shores of Lake Longmere.

A teeming, ramshackle dock, along with a cluster of buildings, located at the point where Quogg's Creek flows into the haunted Lake Longmere. An old stone keep ringed with a dilapidated palisade stands on the cliffs above the docks, overlooking the lake.

Inhabitants (90—village): The inhabitants of the keep itself, a handful of permanent residents around the docks, plus a transient population of traders, fishers, and barge-folk. It is common to see people from the realm to the north of Dolmenwood here.

Ruler: Sir Osric the Gaunt (***p149***), a vassal of the **Duke of Brackenwold** (***p58***). The **Dockmaster** (***p148***) and the ***Vulgar Knights*** act as law enforcement.

Religion: Sailors and river-folk tend to be devout sorts, happy to propitiate both the saints of the Pluritine Church and an assortment of folk-deities and spirits of the water.

Origin of the name: The name "Fort Vulgar" is a contraction of the name of the keep—Vulgular.

Rumours: See ***Rumours in Fort Vulgar, p446***.

Ancient Watch-Keep

Keep Vulgular was originally constructed following the banishment of the Cold Prince, 850 years ago (see ***History, p14***). With views from its towers across Lake Longmere to Hoarblight Keep (the erstwhile palace of the Cold Prince), it kept a watch for the fairy lord's return.

The Lake Monster, Big Chook

Once serene and plied by a multitude of ships, Lake Longmere is now home to a horrible lake monster known as Big Chook. First sightings of the monster date back to 400 years ago, shortly after the coming of the Nag-Lord to Dolmenwood (see ***History, p14***). All who travel along the lakeside fear the mind-melting, cockerel-like wailings of the beast—doubly so those who, like the residents of Fort Vulgar, dwell beside Longmere.

The Chookers—Victims of the Big Chook

A close encounter with Big Chook is usually fatal for mortal folk. There are a few, however, who avoid being eaten alive and manage to escape. Such people often become wild-eyed obsessives, bewitched by the accursed monster they encountered. A number of these hapless folk frequent Fort Vulgar, irresistibly drawn to shores where they may catch snippets of the monster's song. The locals call them "Chookers."

The Realm to the North

Fort Vulgar is an important stopping point on the trade route between the Duchy of Brackenwold and the realm that lies to the north, beyond the haunted Table Downs. The Referee may determine the nature of the northerners who make their way south to Fort Vulgar and the goods that they carry, if extending play to the north of Dolmenwood.

The River Trade

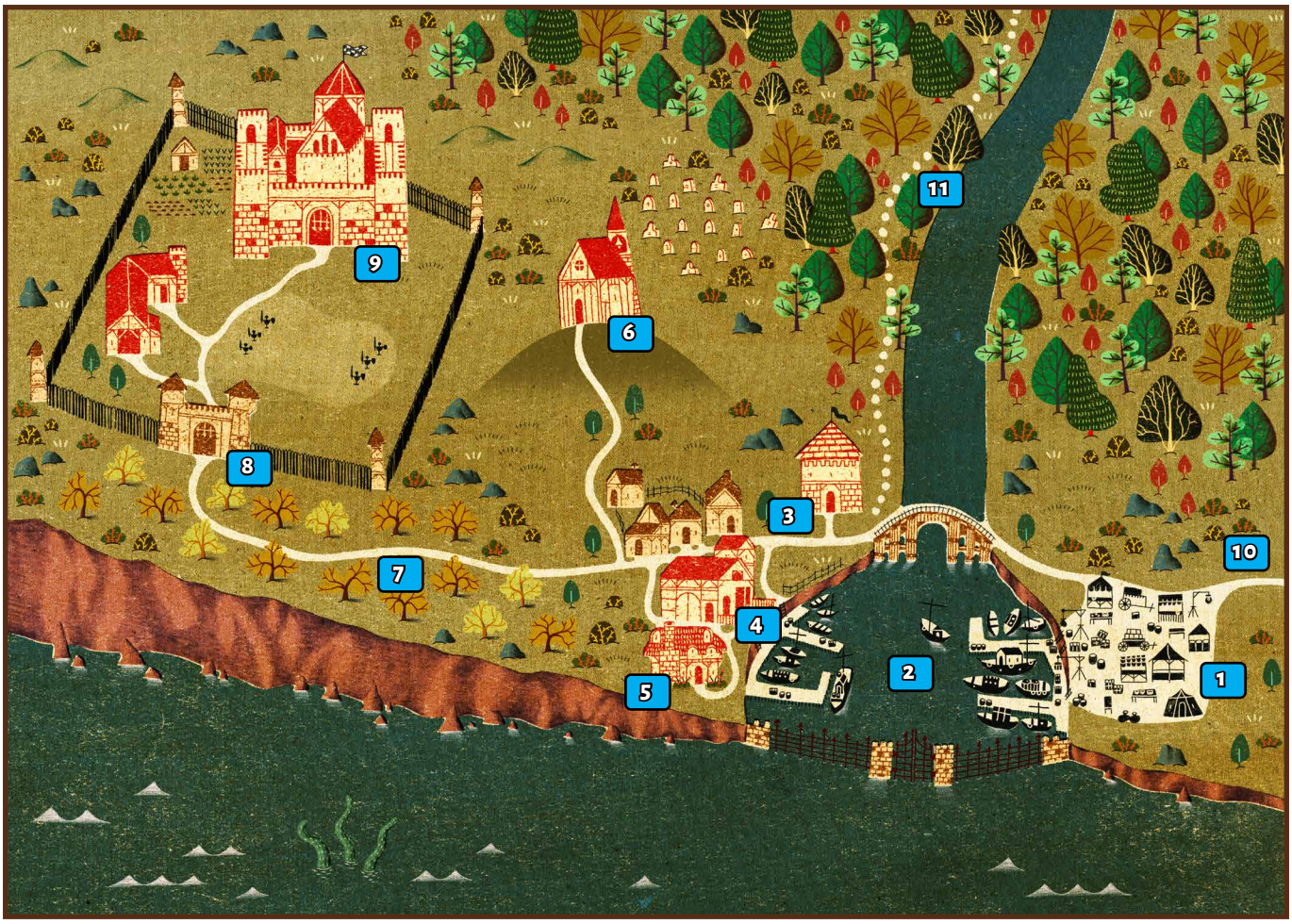
Trade between the Duchy of Brackenwold and the realm to the north principally flows via boats and barges along Quogg's Creek. In olden times, these boats would traverse Lake Longmere and pass along the Lower Hameth to the Woodcutters' Encampment and Dreg. Nowadays, however, goods transported from the north are unloaded at Fort Vulgar onto wagons for transport on to Prigwort via the Fort Road. Since the coming of the lake monster Big Chook, none of sound mind ply the waters of Lake Longmere.

Tentacle Tattoos

Many of the barge-folk and dock workers sport a tattoo of a black tentacle coiled around one forearm. Outsiders sometimes mistake this as the sigil of an imagined insidious cult. In fact, the tattoos are a tradition and mark of pride among the barge-folk who frequent Fort Vulgar (see ***The Chook's Nob, p148***) and have no sinister meaning.

EQUIPMENT AVAILABILITY

Weapons and armour cost 50% more than usual. Vehicles and mounts are not generally available, though adventurers willing to pay 5 times the going rate may be able to persuade a merchant or trader to part with their transport.



Map Key

1. Trade Square
2. Docks
3. Tax Tower
4. The Chook's Nob (Inn)
5. Dockmaster's Cottage
6. Chapel of St Dougan
7. Soured Orchard
8. Fort Palisade
9. Keep Vulgular
10. Fort Road
11. Creek Path

The Vulgar Knights

Five knights in the service of **Sir Osric** act as law enforcement in Fort Vulgar, when required. All are mounted, clad in plate mail with feather-crested helms, and bear longswords and lances. Each is accompanied by a squire.

Names: Sir Bastian, Sir Chortle, Sir Hadrian, Sir Lythe, and Sir Osquip.

Arrival on the scene: If trouble breaks out, the **Dockmaster** (***p148***) and 1d3 knights and squires arrive within 1d12 minutes (1d4 Turns at night). The remaining knights and squires arrive 10 minutes later (1d4 Turns later at night), if reinforcements are called for.

Combat stats: Knights as Level 3 knight (*DMB*)—Lawful. Squires as Level 1 knight (*DMB*)—Neutral.

FORT VULGAR ENCOUNTERS—DAY

d6	Encounter
1	**Dockmaster Bogleman** (***p148***) laden with baskets of crab apples or freshly trapped honey badgers.
2	**Father Drabe** (***p149***) chasing after hand-lettered scriptural verses, blown away by a capricious wind.
3	**1d3 knights** arguing with a **boatman** about the taxable value of his wares.
4	**1d3 merchants** looking to hire caravan guards. Offering 5gp per person to Castle Brackenwold.
5	A toothless **old Chooker**, prophesying doom for all mortals in the insatiable belly of Big Chook.
6	**1d4+1 northerners** harassing a meek **squire**.

FORT VULGAR ENCOUNTERS—NIGHT

d6	Encounter
1	**1d3 crookhorns** (*DMB*) snoop around in the shadows.
2	**2d6 barge-folk** prancing drunkenly on the lakeside cliffs, shouting "come and get us Chookie!"
3	**1d4+1 Chookers** circle around passersby, making aggressive clucking and cock-a-doodle-do noises.
4	A **knight** in the service of **Lady Harrowmoor** (***p60***) charging to the keep, bringing tidings of a force of crookhorns amassing at the ruined abbey (hex 0906).
5	**2d6 zombies**, riddled with blood-red worms, emerge from the soil of the soured orchard and go hunting for live brains.
6	The cockerel-like wailings of Big Chook echo across the lake. Chookers rejoice; others rush indoors.

1. TRADE SQUARE

A cobblestoned square where goods are traded and unloaded from boats onto wagons and vice versa, via a set of creaky winches on the eastern side of the dock. While the square does not host a market as such, traders are happy to sell goods to the occasional passing traveller.

2. DOCKS

A widened bay at the river's mouth, with piers and mooring points for trade vessels to dock. Rope ladders lead 15′ up from the piers to land level. On the eastern side of the dock, larger platforms with winches allow goods to be lifted.

Chappily bridge: Spans the river at the docks, its support posts as thick as tree trunks.

Chook gate: A rusty gate spans the width of the river mouth at the docks, barring further travel and—more importantly—preventing anything unsavoury entering the docks from the lake. A portal in the centre can be opened to allow access to the lake when occasionally required.

Taxation: All goods loaded or unloaded are subject to a 5% tax, levied by one of Sir Osric's knights (see ***The Vulgar Knights, p147***), who watch from the ***Tax Tower***.

Boat travel northwards: Passage on a boat to the old dock beside Avernal Lake (hex 0802) can be bought for 1gp. The journey takes 10 hours. The cost of travel onward to the realm north of Dolmenwood is left for the Referee to decide, if they wish to extend play to the north.

3. TAX TOWER

A squat, two-storey tower of pale pinkish-white stone with a pointed, tiled roof, flying a black pennant.

Knights and squires: 1d4 knights and their squires (see ***The Vulgar Knights, p147***) are stationed here during the day, practicing combat manoeuvres on the riverbank and keeping an eye out for incoming traders along the river or road. At night, 1d3 squires are stationed in the tower as lookouts.

Interior: A feasting table, well-stocked pantry, and strongbox on the lower floor. Spartan lodgings on the upper floor.

4. THE CHOOK'S NOB (INN)

An old wooden warehouse building with a tarred roof, now converted into a makeshift tavern and flophouse. On one side, a deck with barrels for tables and benches overlooks the docks.

Sign: A green, scaly tentacle, severed and nailed to a board, oozing purple blood.

Common room: A lofty warehouse space with clusters of stools carelessly scattered throughout. No tables. The place is constantly filled to the brim with pipe-smoke. The landlady, **Brewigg Shankwolde**, wanders among guests, carrying a huge jug of crabble (see below).

Guests: Rough barge-folk (including folk from the realm to the north) arm-wrestling and singing raucous sea shanties. The occasional merchant or trader, uncomfortably attempting to go unnoticed.

Brewigg Shankwolde—Chook's Nob Proprietor

A burly shorthorn woman with coarse, ginger fur, eyes of unusual deep red, foot-long chin-locks, and one fang-like tooth. Keeps one forearm shaved, proudly revealing the tattooed tentacle coiling around it.

Demeanour (Neutral): Gruff, slow-witted. Eyes guests suspiciously, but is eager to talk to outsiders.

Speech: Strongly Gaffe-accented, frequent pauses while she gathers her thoughts. Woldish, Gaffe.

Desires: News from the High Wold (her land of origin).

Services at the Chook's Nob

Lodgings and food: Of poor quality (*DPB*). The inn has 4 private rooms available for 1gp per night. Other guests must sleep on the common room floor.

Dockmaster's marmalade: Jars of sour crab apple jam, sweetened with lashings of honey badger slime (see ***Animals***, *DMB*). An acquired taste. 3gp a jar.

Crabble: Wince-inducingly sour crab apple cider fermented in the inn's cellars. 4cp a mug.

Tattoos: It is customary among the barge-folk to have a tentacle tattooed coiling around one's forearm upon first visiting Fort Vulgar. Adventurers are encouraged to do likewise. A traditional tentacle tattoo can be had for free (accompanied by encouraging roaring from the crowd). Other designs cost 5gp or more.

5. DOCKMASTER'S COTTAGE

The only lovingly maintained building in Fort Vulgar (and thus looking completely out of place). The residence of the dockmaster, **Wiglow Bogleman**, and her family is a homely, thatched cottage with rustic roses rambling up its sides.

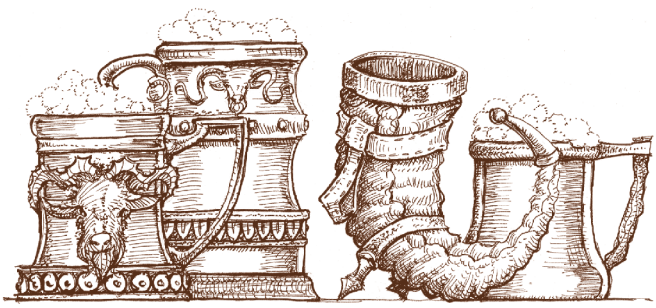
Wiglow Bogleman—Dockmaster

A human woman in her fifties with long, straggling hair, a portly frame, and many missing teeth. Sports a threadbare purple skullcap and clutches a cudgel topped with a carved wooden fist.

Demeanour (Lawful): Wary of foot travellers. Habitually casts worried glances at the lake.

Speech: Barely comprehensible rustic burr laced with official-sounding nautical terms. Woldish.

Desires: Unusual fruits. The capture of **Captain Snarkscorn** (***p46***) and his cronies, who are hunting honey badgers (*DMB*) in the region to near extinction.



Father Edgar Drabe—Vicar of Fort Vulgar

A bald, chubby human man in his forties, with dull brown eyes hiding behind tiny spectacles. The Father lives in quarters in the keep and is on good terms with **Sir Osric**.

Demeanour (Lawful): Well-intentioned, but somewhat snooty. Socially awkward, especially with women.

Speech: Droning monologues punctuated with bursts of nervous laughter. Woldish, Liturgic.

Desires: Antique scriptures. A post in a more glamorous, cultured locale.

6. CHAPEL OF ST DOUGAN

A tall, narrow church made of vertical wooden posts with a sloping slate roof. Set atop a hill overlooking the docks, the chapel can be seen from all vantage points in Fort Vulgar.

Entrance: A weathered door of black-lacquered oak with the desiccated remnants of innumerable apple cores (a symbol of St Dougan) nailed upon it.

Interior: A windy, austere space with rickety, unornamented pews lined up before a monolithic altar of black stone. Upon the altar stands an unassuming wooden statue of the obscure minor saint, Dougan the Incredulous (patron saint of night wardens and orchards).

Populace: God-fearing barge-folk, come to meekly pray for luck on their journeys and forgiveness of their sins. The local vicar, **Father Edgar Drabe**, disseminates beautifully hand-lettered pamphlets of favoured scriptural verses to any who can read.

Prayer: Characters praying may receive the blessing of St Dougan: the ability to cast *Detect Disguise*. See ***Shrines, p22*** and ***Uncommon Spells, p454***.

Graveyard: A lonely graveyard is located behind the chapel, on the border of the woods. The simple graves bear a great diversity of names—those of the barge-folk and soldiers who met their end here, far from home.

7. SOURED ORCHARD

Old, unmaintained copses of pear and apple trees, now twisted and hunchbacked. In the autumn, they bear sour fruits, which locals gather.

Writhing soil: Passersby may notice unwholesome blood-red worms writhing among the roots of the trees. They are eyeless but have tiny, human-like mouths and tongues. Anyone touching the worms must **Save Versus Doom** or be afflicted with sickness for 1d3 days (–2 to Attack Rolls and Saving Throws).

8. FORT PALISADE

A ramshackle wooden palisade surrounding Keep Vulgular and its grounds. The palisade is in dire need of reinforcement and, in its current state, would provide little protection against concerted attack.

Gate: A turreted gatehouse with a portcullis, usually kept open during the day. Inhabited by the 1d3 squires (see ***The Vulgar Knights, p147***) who vet visitors.

Sir Osric "the Gaunt" Hazelmire (Level 9 Knight)

A human man renowned as the heartiest, most robust, reddest-faced man in the duke's service (his epithet is ironic). His height and the curl of his moustaches are equally famed. As vassal of the **Duke of Brackenwold** (***p58***), Osric is responsible for collecting taxes from all boats and barges travelling through Fort Vulgar.

Demeanour (Lawful): Brash, blustery, hot-tempered. Robust back-slapping. Cranes his neck forward and stares when awaiting an answer.

Speech: Toffish, inappropriately chummy. Woldish, rusty Old Woldish.

Desires: Reconnaissance from the Nagwood. The head of the crookhorn **Captain Snarkscorn** (***p46***), whose minions harry the river trade along Quogg's Creek. To be granted free rein to hunt crookhorns in the woods. The hand of **Lady Mulbreck** (***p61***), whom he has admired from afar for years.

9. KEEP VULGULAR

An old, crumbling castle of great stone blocks, partly clad in ivy. The chequered banner of House Brackenwold flies proudly from the highest gable. Its tall towers and high vantage point afford the keep excellent views across Lake Longmere.

Keep grounds: Just inside the gate stands a large stable, home to the beloved steeds of the keep's knightly inhabitants. A grassy square with battered jousting targets is spread before the keep, a meagre herb garden at its rear.

Interior: Frigid, dusty halls and chambers clad with moth-eaten tapestries, faded military maps, and damp carpets. The excess of side-doors, cramped connecting passages, and jumbled stacks of crates lends the place a bewildering, maze-like quality.

Inhabitants: The fort is occupied by **Sir Osric the Gaunt**, five mounted knights (see ***The Vulgar Knights, p147***), their squires and families, and a small retinue of boatmen and domestic servants.

Guests: Sir Osric welcomes well-to-do merchants, any who are affiliated with the Church or one of the noble houses of Dolmenwood, as well as anyone bringing news from the Nagwood. Guests are granted use of one of the keep's sumptuous (if somewhat dusty and ageing) suites.

10. FORT ROAD

A well-maintained, much-frequented trade road that leads to Prigwort, past the ruins of the Abbey of St Clewyd.

11. CREEK PATH

A little-used hunter's trail leading into the depths of the forest, through the western edge of the Nagwood, and, eventually, north to the accursed Table Downs.

High-Hankle

0512—Ancient capital of the High Wold and burgeoning town of hedonism.

An ancient, thriving town that has formed the heart of High Wold culture since days long since forgotten. At its centre, within the great town walls, the imposing baronial tower—Castle Perigonne—surveys the windswept grasslands and rolling hills of the southern High Wold.

Inhabitants (5,300—large town): As a town of some renown, High-Hankle is home to a diverse population of local, curly-haired High Woldish folk, breggles, and a sizeable number of immigrants from throughout Dolmenwood and beyond. Approximately half the population dwells within the town walls and half without.

Ruler: The **Baron Hogwarsh** (***p60***) rules over High-Hankle and the surrounding High Wold region. The baron's disinterest in law and order has spurred, however, a rapid waxing in the power of the thieves' guild, led by the sinister **Bagsley Corundum** (***p153***).

Religion: By and large, the folk of High-Hankle adhere to the tenets of the Pluritine Church, with the resplendent Three Martyrs Minster serving as their locus of worship. Led by the Baron's example, however, an irreligious mien is en vogue among the youthful aristocracy.

Rumours: See ***Rumours in High-Hankle, p447***.

Hangleton

Once a separate village that was gradually subsumed by the town, Hangleton is the name now given to all parts of High-Hankle that lie outside the town wall. It is here that the majority of the town's lower classes dwell, in a jumble of cottages, workshops, market squares, and drinking establishments. At the town's edge, Hangleton blends into the farmland of the surrounding region.

The Walled Town

The town's artisan districts, garrisons, and higher class entertainment venues are ringed with a hulking, fortified wall of timeworn sandstone, carved with a multitude of griffons and boars (symbols of House Hogwarsh).

The Escalade

A labyrinthine district of bridges, arches, and raised buildings built up over many centuries around the skirts of Castle Perigonne, at the centre of the town. The Escalade now consists of three stacked layers with stairways and ramps providing access to the upper and middle layers.

Upper layer: Fancy establishments catering to the aristocracy and those with money to fritter.

Middle layer: Housing for servants and staff, workshops of less affluent artisans.

Lower layer: Cellars and warehouses, with a small population of the utterly destitute dwelling in forgotten passages.

Town of Hedonism

Since the current baron's ascent to power, High-Hankle's reputation is one of revelry, carousing, and debauchery of all kinds. The town is now the favoured haunt of jaded nobles, hedonists, and thrill-seekers from far and wide.

The Power of the Thieves' Guild

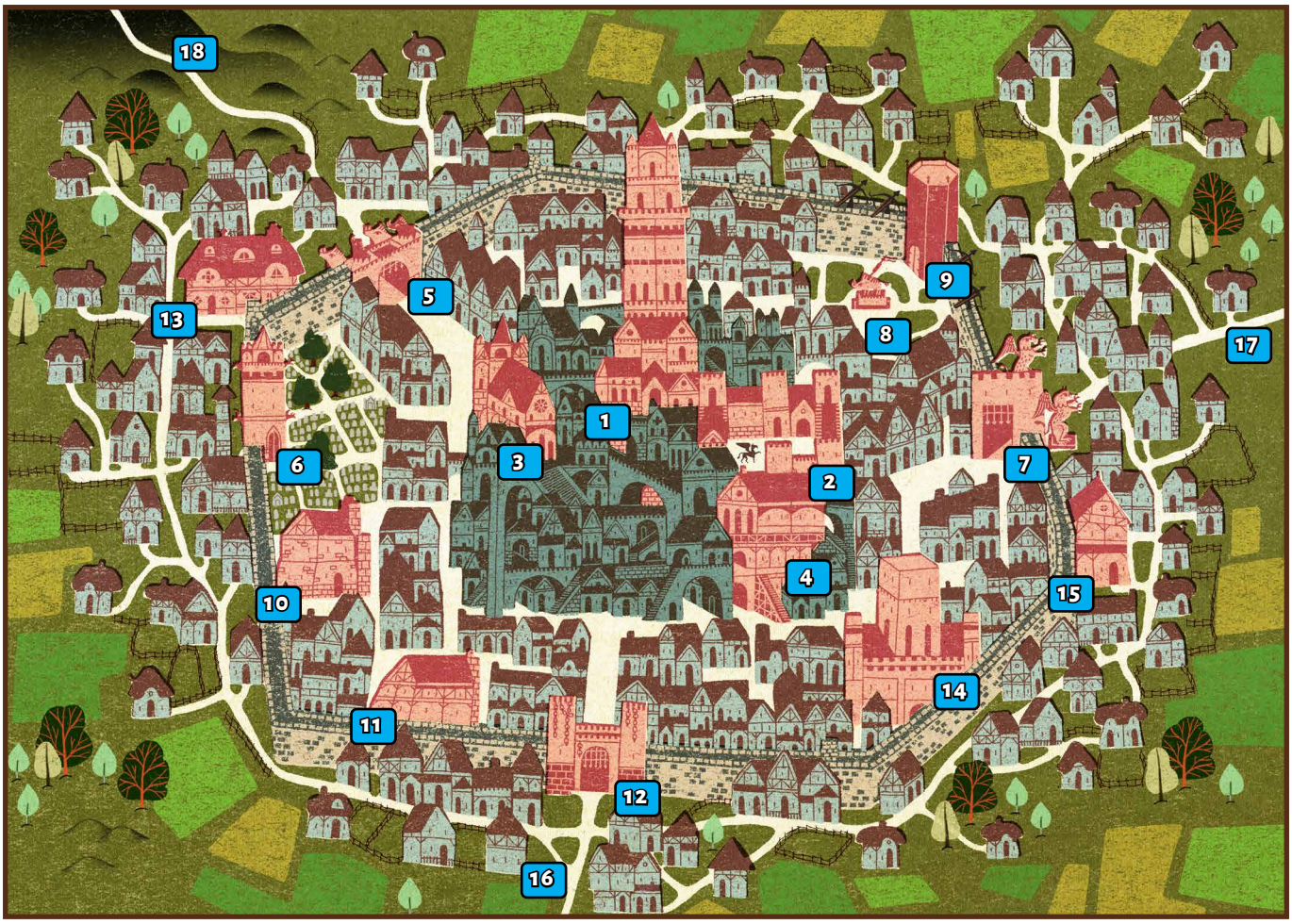
Flourishing under the baron's lax rule, the thieves' guild of High-Hankle has become a power to contend with. Seemingly every business of any import is now entangled in the schemes of the guildmaster, **Bagsley Corundum** (***p153***). The guild maintains its headquarters in secret chambers in the lower layer of the Escalade.

Intrigues and Plots

The High Wold's longhorn noble houses have long envied the power of House Hogwarsh, to which they are subservient. Currently, **Lord Ramius** (***p65***) connives against the reckless Hogwarsh, wishing to be declared baron of the High Wold in his stead. **Lord Malbleat** (***p61***) curries Hogwarsh's favour, as a fellow aesthete, for aid in his private war against Ramius. **Lord Murkin** (***p65***) dreams of conquest, beginning with the lands of House Nodlock and ending with the capture of High-Hankle. Spies are numerous within the courts of Castle Perigonne.

EQUIPMENT AVAILABILITY

In addition to the standard equipment and services listed in the *DPB*, unusual, non-standard businesses can be located with a little investigative work.



Map Key

1. Castle Perigonne
2. The Griffonry
3. The Crown Cruciferous (Inn)
4. The Balustrade (Ballroom and Tavern)
5. Hangle Gate
6. The Silent Tower
7. Griffon Gate
8. Battery Square
9. The Raven Tower
10. Helmsmith's
11. Hankle Heirlooms (Jeweller / Antiquarian)
12. Fettered Gate
13. The Chantry (Inn)
14. Three Martyrs Minster
15. Coldlanks (Tavern)
16. South Road
17. Swallop Road
18. Tankards Road

The Town Guard

Clad in mail with periwinkle, boar-emblazoned tabards, the soldiers of the town guard—a mixture of humans and shorthorns—are numerous throughout High-Hankle.

Arrival on the scene: If word of a crime is called out, 1d3 soldiers arrive within 1d10 minutes. A further 2d6 soldiers arrive 10 minutes later, if reinforcements are called for.

Bribery: The guards often turn a blind eye to minor crimes for a small consideration (1d10+5gp).

Combat stats: Level 1 fighter (*DMB*)—Neutral.

HIGH-HANKLE ENCOUNTERS—DAY

d6	Encounter
1	**2 dandies** (Level 1 knights—*DMB*) duel in a square.
2	**2d4 town guards** arresting **1d4 shorthorns** (*DMB*) on false claims of smuggling, demanding a hefty bribe.
3	**2 griffons** (*DMB*) shriek in battle above the Griffonry.
4	**3 grimalkins** (*DMB*) in estray carrying the huge skull of a mogglewomp (*DMB*) to the **Florid Envoy** (***p153***).
5	**Sir Waverly "the Orange"** (***p152***) and **4 knights** (Level 3 knights—*DMB*) parade a noble, chained **griffon** (*DMB*) through the streets. Crowds of onlookers cheer.
6	**2d6 urchins** roam the streets begging, on their way to their homes in the lower layer of the Escalade.

HIGH-HANKLE ENCOUNTERS—NIGHT

d6	Encounter
1	**Venerable Adreline Sumner** (***p155***) and **1d6 acolytes** (Level 1 clerics—*DMB*) marching to the Silent Tower to consult the Order of St Signis on rumours of an undead plague around the ruins of Lankston (hex 0610).
2	**2d4 gentry** raucously roam the streets, singing and laughing, after a night at the Balustrade.
3	**2d6 thieves** (Level 1 thieves—*DMB*) set fire to the shop of an artisan who refused to pay their "protection" fees.
4	A man lies dying, his face burned by acid. He is a guild thief who crossed **Bagsley Corundum** (***p153***).
5	**2d6 acolytes** (Level 1 clerics—*DMB*) silently patrol.
6	**2d4 thieves** furtively bringing fenced statuettes from Hankle Heirlooms into the lower levels of the Escalade.

1. CASTLE PERIGONNE

A massive, dizzyingly tall tower of stone that looms over High-Hankle. Its lower levels are now effectively subterranean, subsumed beneath the three layers of the Escalade (***p150***).

Entrance: A grand stair, lined with scowling griffon statues, leads from the upper layer of the Escalade to the black iron gates of the castle. **2d4+6 baronial guards** are stationed here at all times (Level 3 fighters—*DMB*).

Ancient gate: The ancient granite gate of the castle is situated in the bowels of the Escalade's lower layer. It is disused and magically sealed, though it could provide a means of escape from the castle in dire need.

Interior: Seemingly countless floors of luxurious suites, dusty libraries and map rooms, taxidermy-bedecked lounges, and opulent banquet halls. The castle's subdued tapestries and stately furnishings are rapidly being replaced with a modish array of gaudy oil paintings, silk upholstered couches, and garish carpets.

Inhabitants: The **Baron Hogwarsh** (***p60***), his doting mother, the Dowager Baroness, his timorous brother, Walter, and a staff of around 50 servants.

2. THE GRIFFONRY

The High-Hankle garrison—a squat keep with six crenellated towers, adjoining the lower levels of Castle Perigonne. The central courtyard is home to a herd of griffons—the pride of the barony. The beasts are sometimes seen flying above the garrison, reined with long chains of fairy silver.

Entrance: A portcullis and massive door inlaid with the image of a griffon battling a unicorn.

Interior: Chilly stone chambers draped with heraldic flags, sombre banquet halls, cramped dormitories.

Inhabitants: 60 soldiers, led by the dashing **Sir Waverly "the Orange."**

The griffons: The herd numbers seven in total, but only four are currently resident. The other three recently escaped (an event said to be of evil portent) and are living wild, terrorising the surrounding farmland (see hex 0512).

Sir Hoarsent Waverly "the Orange" (Level 10 Knight)

A slim, freckled, clean-shaven human man of 40 years, with cascading orange curls and striking green eyes. Dresses in shining, orange-crested plate or (when off duty) in orange doublet and fashionable neck ruff. Fencing partner and closest friend of the baron. The finest knight in the land—unbested in any jousting tourney.

Demeanour (Lawful): Rakish and somewhat aggressive, but honest, loyal, and of upstanding moral fibre.

Speech: Enunciated, taunting. Woldish, Liturgic.

Desires: The baron's heart (despite Hoarsent's well-known dalliances with noblemen and academics, he loves Hogwarsh). The return of the wayward griffons (see ***The Griffonry*** and hex 0512).

Rewards: 1,500gp for each griffon safely returned.

Emeritus Jasquith—Crown Cruciferous Proprietor

A looming, portly human man in his late middle years, with impeccably greased hair, drooping jowls, and a brass-rimmed monocle. Dresses in a pristine dinner jacket and bow tie. Before taking over the Crown Cruciferous from his father, Emeritus was a monk at the Refuge of St Keye (hex 1307).

Demeanour (Lawful): Slow precision in all deeds.

Speech: Indignant rumbling. Woldish, Liturgic.

Desires: The finest wine selection in the duchy. Relics of St Howarth the Accursed, especially his hand, purported to be in the sunken ruins of Lankston (hex 0610).

3. THE CROWN CRUCIFEROUS (INN)

A lofty stone building perched upon the upper layer of the Escalade beside a grand stairway leading up from street level. The inn is styled after a cathedral, complete with small flying buttresses and stained glass windows.

Sign: A golden crown decorated with a hefty cross of rubies.

Common room: A broad, reverberant stone hall, decked with plush green carpet. Booths around the perimeter, discreetly partitioned with wood panelling, contain upholstered seating and tables. Heraldic banners and the coats of arms of hundreds of obscure noble houses line the walls. Serving staff congregate around a fully stocked bar and open wine cellar at one side, under the scrupulous oversight of the proprietor, **Emeritus Jasquith**.

Private dining rooms: The middle floor is dedicated to a dozen large private rooms, each sporting a fabulous stained glass window, as well as the inn's kitchens.

Guests: Well-to-do merchants, intellectuals, priests, and the occasional aristocrat whose low rank or disfavour with the baron forces them to seek lodgings outside of Castle Perigonne.

Services at the Crown Cruciferous

Lodgings and food: Of fancy quality (*DPB*).

Rooms with a view: Exclusive private suites facing north-west, with a view over the Hangle Gate and the sweep of Tankards Road as it winds into the hills. 25gp a night.

4. THE BALUSTRADE (BALLROOM AND TAVERN)

A tall, ungainly building clad with wooden tiles, spanning all three levels of the Escalade. One entrance at street level leads to the public tavern, while another atop the Escalade (upper layer) grants entrance to the ballroom.

Sign: A miniature dragon coiled around a goblet, smoke meandering from its nostrils.

Common room (ground floor): A dingy, maze-like space extending beneath the Escalade. Smoke and sweat pervade. A marble balustrade leads up to the ballrooms.

Ballrooms (upper 2 floors): Scintillating crystal chandeliers, polished oak flooring, and billowing white drapes. Scantily clad, glitter-daubed staff serve drinks on trays. The resident, virtuoso string ensemble plays fashionable dance tunes late into the night.

Guests: The common room is frequented by a heaving mass of people from all walks of life, as young aesthetes daringly mingle with commoners. Pickpocketing and altercations are rife. Even duels are permitted. The ballrooms (off-limits to those without wealth) are peopled by lascivious young gentry and adventurers.

Proprietor: It is an open secret that the Balustrade is owned by **Bagsley Corundum**, master of thieves.

Services at the Balustrade

Golden aspintheon: 3-in-6 chance of the legendary tipple being available (see ***p426***).

Entry to the ballrooms: 5gp per person.

Psychedelic compounds: There is a 2-in-6 chance of each of the following compounds being available from a discreet vendor among the ballroom merrymakers: *Azoth* (***p426***), *Black Clover* (***p430***), *Devil's Grease* (***p428***), *Frisk* (***p426***), *Goatman's Goblet* (***p428***), *Witch's Purple* (***p428***).

5. HANGLE GATE

Flanked on each side by a great stone boar, bearing the fluttering banners of House Nodlock and House Murkin. Atop the battlements stand two further boars, bearing the banners of House Ramius and House Malbleat (the latter boar of notably newer construction).

Town guard: The gate is manned by **2d4 soldiers** of the town guard at any given time (see ***p151***).

6. THE SILENT TOWER

A mighty sandstone tower carved with a multitude of gargoyles, overlooking the placid, yew-shaded avenues of the town's graveyard. This is the headquarters of the Order of St Signis the Silent (see ***Clerical Orders, p68***) in the Dolmenwood region.

Entrance: A stele-lined path leads through the graveyard to the tower's iron gates, engraved with litanies to St Signis.

Inhabitants: Joan Ablewright (***p70***)—commander of the Order of St Signis—along with **12 clerics** of the Order (Level 1 clerics—*DMB*).

Bagsley Corundum—Thieves' Guildmaster (Level 11 Thief)

A slight, middle-aged human man, blind in one eye, his face disfigured by burn scars. Dresses in drab silks, with his face concealed within a voluminous hood. Corundum is the mastermind behind the rapid expansion of the High-Hankle thieves' guild.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Ruthless, tactical genius. Traces his fingers over his facial scars when in thought.

Speech: Quiet yet brutal. Woldish.

Desires: Infamy throughout Dolmenwood. To wed his daughter Jacinth to Baron Hogwarsh, cementing his power over High-Hankle and the High Wold.

Possessions: A platinum *Talisman of Protection From Scrying* (***p398***), in the form of two winged angels clasping a vivid amethyst. An unremarkable, dented copper *Ring of Charming (Humans,* ***p410***). A *Holy Shortsword* (*Light Bringer,* ***p412***).

Servants: 4 unfailingly loyal bodyguard-lieutenants, 60 relatively loyal guild members (charmed by Corundum's magic ring, as necessary).

7. GRIFFON GATE

A broad, deep gate flanked by statues of rearing griffons. Small windows indicate the presence of a set of rooms above the gate.

Town guard: The gate is manned by **2d4 soldiers** of the town guard at any given time (see ***p151***).

Interior: A locked door inside the gate leads up a narrow stair into the quarters of the Florid Envoy, including a cramped but extensive library on the lore of Fairy and its inhabitants.

Inhabitants: Gemrand Soliquant, the current Florid Envoy—a sage specialising in the study of Fairy.

Gemrand Soliquant—The Florid Envoy (Sage)

A tall, flabby, middle-aged human man with wavy blond hair, wide, green eyes, and thin, wafting moustaches. Dresses in dusty russet robes with a profusion of silver bangles, earrings, and medallions. Soliquant holds the title *Florid Envoy*—a hereditary position whose duties, in ancient times, supposedly included envoy to the Cold Prince.

Demeanour (Neutral): Blithesome, irreverent. Believes fairies to be superior to mortals in all respects.

Speech: Rich, effusive, strays between topics. Woldish, Old Woldish, Sylvan, rudimentary High Elfish.

Desires: Fairy artefacts—he has a budget of 1,000gp. Word of any lingering fairy presence in Hoarblight Keep (hex 0505) or the Cold Prince's embassy (hex 0504). Secretly wishes for the Cold Prince to return to Dolmenwood, and would collude to bring this about.

Knowledge: Specialises in the study of fairies and the realms of Fairy. Apply the standard rules for hiring a sage (*DPB*).

8. BATTERY SQUARE

A flagstoned square with a great bronze statue of a spear-pierced boar (the emblem of House Hogwarsh) at its centre.

Siege weapons: An arsenal of venerable catapults and ballistas stands upon the battlements of the town wall, overlooking the square.

Eggfast horse market: Once a week, on Eggfast, a dedicated horse market takes place in Battery Square. It is renowned as the place to buy the finest steeds in all the duchy.

9. THE RAVEN TOWER

An austere, windowless, hexagonal tower of sheer black stone, notorious throughout Dolmenwood. Dangerous convicts and political prisoners are confined before trial or execution in the many levels of dungeons, oubliettes, and interrogation chambers that extend beneath the tower.

Entrance: A mighty gate of solid iron, in Battery Square.

Town guard: A dedicated company of **20 soldiers** of the town watch (see ***p151***) protects the Raven Tower.

10. HELMSMITH'S

A bulky brick building whose chimney belches day and night. The resident smith, **Griselda Helmsmith**, is renowned as one of the finest armourers in the duchy.

Services at Helmsmith's

Standard armour: At 25% above the normal price. Stamped with Helmsmith's prestigious hallmark.

Full plate armour: Helmsmith has the expertise to craft full plate armour (*DPB*).

Engraving: Commissioned armour may be engraved with patterns, script, or runes, as the buyer wishes. This typically doubles the basic cost.

11. HANKLE HEIRLOOMS (JEWELLER & ANTIQUARIAN)

A venerable timber-framed house, leaning to one side in its age. Affiliated with the High-Hankle thieves' guild, Hankle Heirlooms maintains a "no questions asked" policy with regard to purchasing valuable items.

Sign: A serpent coiling around a distressed lamb.

Interior: A series of creaky wooden rooms crammed with antique furniture, jewellery display cases, and taxidermied curios. A genteel quietude pervades. The proprietor, **Snerd Furroughby**, pops out from an unexpected location, after observing visitors for a short while.

Guards: 8 shorthorns (*DMB*), armed with crossbows and longswords, lurk in corners.

Services at Hankle Heirlooms

See ***Buying and Selling Treasure*** under ***Settlements***, *DPB*. Hankle Heirlooms stocks a wide range of high quality jewellery and antiquities (200–5,000gp).

Fencing: The store purchases items that may arouse suspicion at 50% of their full value. Fenced items are not on public display, but may be available to trusted customers.

12. FETTERED GATE

Flanked with two turrets, from which a multitude of thick, rusty chains hang. In olden times, the corpses of murderers and treasonists were hung from the chains to be devoured by crows.

Town guard: The gate is manned by **2d4 soldiers** of the town watch at any given time (see ***p151***).

Griselda Helmsmith—Helmsmith's Proprietor

A muscular human woman in her 40s, with a snub nose, freckles, and a cascade of wiry locks. Dresses in leather apron and trousers, baring the owl tattoos on her arms.

Demeanour (Neutral): Passionate about her craft. Seldom allows someone to leave without a purchase.

Speech: Eloquent banter. Woldish, Gaffe.

Desires: Rare metals. Challenging commissions from the rich and powerful.

Snerd Furroughby—Hankle Heirlooms Proprietor

A mature longhorn gentleman, 6½′ tall, with dappled chestnut fur and striking eyes of deep green. Dresses in dapper tweed and black velvet smoking jacket. Furroughby is a distant cousin of Lord Ramius (***p65***).

Demeanour (Neutral): Erudite, discreet, and eminently reasonable. Twitches one eye when perturbed.

Speech: Smooth and sonorous. Woldish, Caprice, Gaffe.

Desires: Loves mysterious treasure maps and codes. Obsessed with the legend of the lost hoard of Dewidort of Smerne (see hex 0607), said to include the *Hanglehorn*—a lost heirloom of House Hogwarsh.

Knowledge: Knows that Dewidort of Smerne magically hid his treasures inside solid rock. Suspects that his lost hoard is concealed within a standing stone somewhere in Dolmenwood. (See hex 0607.)

Sandrine Candlewick—Chantry Proprietor

A stocky human woman in her 20s, with plaited red hair, ruddy cheeks, and aquiline nose. Dresses in a colourful, patchwork apron over frilly dresses. Sandrine recently took over the Chantry, following the death of her mother.

Demeanour (Neutral): Beaming, easily flustered.

Speech: Soft, deliberate. Woldish, basic Liturgic.

Desires: To discover the location (believed to be somewhere in Dwelmfurgh) of the spiritual ascension of her ancestor, Abygail Grynn, and to petition the Church for her to be accepted into the host of saints. See hex 0307.

13. THE CHANTRY (INN)

A wide, wood-framed building with a multitude of odd-shaped windows and a beautifully maintained thatched roof. In former times, the Chantry only accepted clergy, but now functions as a normal travellers' inn.

Sign: A Chapes holy symbol ringed with holly.

Common room: An open plan space of three broad, connected rooms—each with its own hearth—occupying the inn's whole ground floor. A number of tables in odd corners are sequestered with thick curtains. The landlady, **Sandrine Candlewick**, and her team of white-aproned staff serve from a long bar close to the central hearth.

Evening poetry: From dinner time, bards stand before the inn's three hearths and regale patrons with epics, folktales, poems, and parables.

Guests: Travellers from all walks of life rub shoulders at the Chantry—the town's busiest inn.

Services at the Chantry

Lodgings and food: Of common quality (*DPB*).

14. THREE MARTYRS MINSTER

An ancient, blocky structure of crumbling sandstone with a square tower whose flat roof affords priests a view of the town. The minster's exterior is remarkable only for its utter lack of gargoyles and other ornamentation.

Entrance: Grand gates of weathered copper, engraved with a unicorn and cockatrice lounging in the shade of an apple tree. (The symbolism of the engraving is mysterious.)

Interior: Contrasting its unadorned exterior, the minster's interior is a breathtaking vista of marble pillars and vaults, carved to resemble the fruit-laden boughs of an orchard. The chancel houses an unusual triumvirate of altars, dedicated to St Esther, St Hildace, and St Ingrid.

Populace: Awe-struck locals of the lower classes, officious priests on upper balconies quietly convening with the archdeacon, **Adreline Sumner**.

Prayer: Characters praying may receive the blessing of one of the three martyrs (chosen by the supplicant): the ability to cast *Aid* (St Esther), *Command* (St Ingrid), or *Sanctuary* (St Hildace). See ***Shrines, p22*** and ***Uncommon Spells, p454***.

Blinghop Drooglight—Coldlanks Proprietor

A lanky woodgrue woman in her middle years, with greying fur, weepy eyes, and bright orange ears. Wears patchwork, many-pocketed leather garments.

Demeanour (Neutral): Crude, loud-mouthed. Gleefully incites brawls and playful anarchy.

Speech: Hoarse babbling and cackling. Woldish, Sylvan.

Desires: Establish a secret den beneath the Escalade. Liaisons with broad-minded fairies of all kinds.

15. COLDLANKS (TAVERN)

A teetering, three storey wooden building whose small windows constantly emit the stench of pipesmoke.

Sign: A weeping cat's face, surrounded by sliced onions.

Common room: A bustling space extending the full height of the building's three storeys. A rickety stairway spirals up, giving access to bowing balconies held up by makeshift beams and ropes. The woodgrue landlord, **Blinghop Drooglight**, serves from atop a stack of barrels.

Evening entertainment: Musicians and fire jugglers enhance the raucous din, of an evening.

Guests: Drunkards, gamblers, thieves, and adventurers.

Services at Coldlanks

Food: The tavern serves no food aside from its namesake: the raw grated onion dish named "coldlanks." Classic coldlanks (marinated in mustard and beer) costs 2sp. Variant specialities (marinated in wine, mixed with horseradish, fried with bacon, fermented and smoked) cost 3sp.

16. SOUTH ROAD

A broad, paved road that connects High-Hankle with the regions of the High Wold to the south.

17. SWALLOP ROAD

A hedge-lined country road that winds through rustic farmland towards Lankshorn.

18. TANKARDS ROAD

A steep road that traverses a series of hilly ridges toward the Inn of the Tankards (hex 0511) and Lord Ramius' realm.

Venerable Adreline Sumner—Archdeacon of High-Hankle

A slight human woman, of wan complexion and advancing years. Dresses in plain white robes, with silver hair in a long braid. The Archdeacon is utterly absorbed in Church matters, and knows little of High-Hankle's recent degeneration.

Demeanour (Lawful): Introverted, contemplative, but stern when required. Prone to paranoia.

Speech: Wavering. Woldish, Liturgic, Caprice.

Desires: Private discourse with **Abbot Hargle** (***p69***) about **Bishop Sanguine's** (***p69***) waxing zealotry.

Lankshorn

0710—High Wold market town on the edge of the tangled, breggle-ruled woods.

A bustling town of well-kept, stonebuilt houses, clustered around a tall-steepled church and a cobbled market square. At the rear of the town, a slope rises towards Dolmenwood, which looms ominously, a reminder of Lankshorn's position on the verge of the wild.

Inhabitants (1,100—small town): Mostly consisting of local, curly-haired folk of High Woldish origin who have made their livings in the town for many generations. A number of breggles also dwell in Lankshorn.

Ruler: Lord Malbleat (***p64***) and **Berkmaster Baldricke** (***p159***)—Malbleat's representative in the town (a mayor of sorts).

Religion: As the old and well-loved church of Saint Pastery—located proudly in the town centre—attests, the people of Lankshorn are devout followers of the Pluritine Church. However, in addition to the tenets of the Church, Lankshorners proudly follow a body of local superstitions.

Rumours: See ***Rumours in Lankshorn, p448***.

Threshold to Dolmenwood

The northernmost settlement in the High Wold, Lankshorn lies within a bowshot of the forest's border, acting as one of the two main "thresholds" into Dolmenwood (the other being Castle Brackenwold, in the east).

Wrested From Lord Ramius' Domain

Twenty-two years ago, a feud among the nobles of House Ramius led to an abrupt reshaping of traditional domain boundaries in the High Wold (see ***House Ramius Divided, p62***). It was thus that Lankshorn was wrested overnight from the domain of Lord Ramius and became part of the newly established domain of Lord Malbleat.

The Cruelty of Lord Malbleat

Lankshorners take great pride in the ancient breggle noble houses which have ruled over their town since time immemorial. However, the current ruler, Lord Malbleat, is unloved. Townsfolk fear his frequent visits, demanding that folk cater to his every whim. He metes out swift and cruel justice on any who resist, falter, or so much as cast their glance unwanted in his direction.

Unrest Brewing

Malbleat's increasingly brazen cruelty is leading to unrest in Lankshorn. Some folk speak of petitioning the Baron Hogwarsh to intervene and replace Malbleat or restore Lankshorn to the domain of Lord Ramius. Others note that it was Hogwarsh who was responsible for Malbleat's appointment as lord of Lankshorn in the first place.

Breggle Blood

Over many generations, the humans and breggles of Lankshorn have partially intermixed. Most Lankshorners show no evidence of this mixed heritage, but the occasional goat-like feature can be noted among the human townsfolk.

THE LANKSHORN LOOK

d6	Goatish Aspect
1	Goatee beard (also sometimes found on old women).
2	Goat eyes (sometimes a single eye only).
3	Goat's hoof in place of a foot.
4	Goat's hoof in place of a hand.
5	Horn-like nubs on the forehead.
6	Rudimentary tail ending in a tuft of coarse hair.

A Superstitious Folk

In Lankshorn, ancient Gwyrae beliefs blend with the strictures of the Pluritine Church, forming an idiosyncratic mass of folk belief and superstition. Some example superstitions that adventurers may come across are listed below, but many more exist. PCs who transgress these edicts encounter an incredulous or frosty reception from locals.

LANKSHORN SUPERSTITIONS

d6	Superstition
1	It is disrespectful to travel south along the Swallop Road without carrying a little fresh milk. (This relates to the shrine to King Pusskin in hex 0711.)
2	Draining one's glass completely brings ill luck. A sip should always be left for the house bogle.
3	Stepping over a threshold without knocking on the door first (even if the door is open!) brings ill fortune.
4	Bringing a sword into a dwelling without first dousing the blade with water invites misfortune upon the household.
5	It is advisable to tiptoe up stairs, so as not to disturb the cob-knockers who make their homes under the boards.
6	Wiping one's plate clean with a fresh handkerchief brings good luck.

EQUIPMENT AVAILABILITY

Mounts and hounds are usually only available at the market on Moot (see ***p158***).

Map Key

1. Church of St Pastery
2. Market Square
3. Vicarage
4. Graveyard
5. The Hornstoat's Rest (Inn)
6. Harper's Hall
7. The Bladesmith
8. The Man of Gold Apothecary
9. The Nuncle-Stones
10. The Ditchway
11. Manor Road
12. Swallop Road
13. Bogway's (Tavern and Stables)

The Lankshorn Constabulary

Clad in smart red leather armour with goat-horned helmets, the guards of the constabulary are semi-professionals drafted from the ranks of townsfolk of eligible age.

Arrival on the scene: If word of a crime is called out in the town, 1d3 guards arrive within 1d10 minutes (1d3 Turns at night). A further 1d3 guards arrive 10 minutes later (1d3 Turns later at night), if reinforcements are called for.

Combat stats: Level 1 fighter (*DMB*)—Lawful.

LANKSHORN ENCOUNTERS—DAY

d6	Encounter
1	**3d6 shorthorn** (*DMB*) soldiers bringing a caged captive to Redwraith Manor for trial before Lord Malbleat.
2	A company of **2d6 merchants** (plus their guards—*DMB*) from Castle Brackenwold.
3	A funeral procession of **3d6 townsfolk** wearing wooden goat masks, led by **Father Dobey** (***p158***).
4	**Berkmaster Baldricke** (***p159***) ordering folk around.
5	**Lord Malbleat** (***p64***) and **2d4 longhorn** (*DMB*) guards demanding impromptu taxes (10% of carried wealth).
6	**Sydewich Maldwort** (***p160***) haggling with a loud foreign **pedlar** over the price of *Memory Dust* (***p426***).

LANKSHORN ENCOUNTERS—NIGHT

d6	Encounter
1	**1d4 masked townsfolk** furtively daubing "MALBLEAT OUT!" on walls.
2	**2d6 ruffians** (Level 1 thieves—*DMB*), looking for trouble.
3	**3d6 sprites** (*DMB*) causing mischief.
4	**Father Dobey** (***p158***) sneaking into the woods, via the secret passage in the church, to meet with a minion of Lord Malbleat.
5	**Lord Malbleat** (***p64***), **2d4 shorthorn** (*DMB*) guards, and **1d4 longhorn** (*DMB*) nobles driving in a fancy carriage to the Hornstoat's Rest to demand food and entertainment.
6	**Margerie Stallowmade** (***p159***) gossiping with a **barrowbogey** (*DMB*) from hex 0810.

1. CHURCH OF ST PASTERY

An antique, stone church with a strikingly pointy steeple and a riot of carvings depicting gargoyles and angels battling.

Entrance: An archway lined with white marble carvings of a friar (St Pastery) laying hands beneficently on hordes of cattle.

Interior: In contrast with the church's grand exterior, the interior is simple and rustic: lacquered wooden pews, a stone block altar, and a 5'-high wooden statue of St Pastery (patron saint of butchers and well-borers) holding a meat cleaver and a shovel.

Populace: Solemn mourners and supplicants, cheery choirs. The local vicar, **Father Eggwin Dobey**, surreptitiously surveying visitors from a balcony. On Sunning mornings, most of the townsfolk attend the sermon.

Prayer: Characters praying may receive the blessing of St Pastery: the ability to cast *Cure Affliction*. See ***Shrines, p22***.

Secret passage to the woods: A trapdoor is concealed beneath a stone font. Beneath, a short flight of stairs leads down to a damp tunnel that passes beneath Lankshorn and emerges in the woods in hex 0709, close to the Manor Road. Father Dobey uses this tunnel to come and go between Lankshorn and Redwraith Manor.

2. MARKET SQUARE

A cobbled market square at the centre of the town. Markets are held here twice a week:

Moot: Food, drink, and livestock market. Stalls hawking local produce, freshly brewed cider, and a vast array of cheeses. Horses and hounds of all kinds may also be purchased on Moot.

Sunning: General market with a mixture of stalls.

Father Eggwin Dobey—Vicar of Lankshorn

The vicar of Lankshorn is a scrawny, stooped human man of advanced years with a wispy pate and flimsy spectacles. Dobey is a corrupt priest who cares little for the Church. He serves **Lord Malbleat** (***p64***) and is complicit in several of his wicked schemes.

Demeanour (Chaotic): A sharp and conniving mind, despite the doddery impression he presents. Has a habit of wagging his finger admonishingly.

Speech: Feeble, wavering. Woldish, Liturgic, Old Woldish.

Desires: To aid Lord Malbleat in defeating his half-brother **Lord Ramius** (***p65***) and consolidating his rule over all of the High Wold. To be instated as the Archdeacon of High-Hankle.

Possessions: A golden Chapes, studded with rubies (2,500gp)—a gift from Lord Malbleat.

3. VICARAGE

A small, thatched cottage located to the south-east of the town proper, accessed by a track that winds through sheep-grazed pastures.

Inhabitants: The local vicar, **Father Dobey**, along with his maidservant, Mabble.

4. GRAVEYARD

To the rear of the vicarage lies the village's graveyard, bounded by imposing, ivy-clad walls.

Entrance: Cast iron gates engraved with Liturgic script. The writing is a traditional plea to Saint Signis the Silent that the interred dead may slumber in rest eternal. To anyone familiar with religious practices within Dolmenwood, it is clear that the graveyard is under the protection of the order of Lichwards.

Gravestones: Outsiders may note the presence of goats' heads carved atop many of the gravestones.

5. THE HORNSTOAT'S REST (INN)

A high-gabled, wooden building of overhanging eaves and many-hued, lacquered panels. A wide, round door topped with a goat's skull welcomes travellers and merrymakers.

Sign: A white stoat with prominent red horns reclining on a luxurious purple couch. (This creature is a hornstoat—a fairy of local legend, said to live in the hearts of great oak trees and mock the foolish toiling of humans.)

Common room: A cramped room with high stools crammed against the walls and a cluster of three small tables in the centre. Guests are served by the landlady, **Margerie Stallowmade**, her three sons, and her twelve-year-old daughter Willow (who has a goat's hoof in place of her left hand).

In the late evenings: The tables are often pushed together in the centre of the common room and used as an improvised stage for raucous dances or musical performances.

Guests: Local folk, pedlars, travellers, and merchants. There is a 2-in-6 chance per evening of a beloved Lankshorn resident—the sage **Farnham Ribblemead** (who rents the inn's attic suite on a permanent basis)—quietly sharing a glass of *Aspintheon* with the landlady.

The attic suite: A heavy, locked door in the inn's upper floor leads, via a steep, creaky stairway, to a plush attic suite—the home of the sage **Farnham Ribblemead**.

Services at the Hornstoat's Rest

Lodgings and food: Of common quality (*DPB*).

Aspintheon: The preferred tipple of the proprietor, *Purple Aspintheon* (*DPB*) is always in stock. Favoured guests may also be offered a glass of the rarer and more infamous *Green Aspintheon* (***p426***).

Margerie Stallowmade—Hornstoat's Rest Landlady

A human woman of some fifty years, with twinkling eyes, a broad grin, copper hoops in her ears, and a figure plump with decades of pie-eating. Since the death of her husband and two eldest sons in a pointless war a decade ago, Margerie has taken to wandering in Dolmenwood, fascinated by its strange secrets.

Demeanour (Lawful): Presents herself to strangers as a harmless bumpkin, but has a keen ear and a sharp memory. Constantly polishes surfaces, mugs, and guests while chatting.

Speech: Incessant, rustic banter. Woldish.

Desires: To meet a real witch or wizard. To visit Fairy. To taste the legendary *Golden Aspintheon*.

Knowledge: She is acquainted with the fairy Thrattlewhit (hex 0810), with whom she shares foraged blackberries and silly stories of comings and goings in Lankshorn. She knows the location of the fairy's lair, but does not share it lightly.

Farnham Ribblemead—Sage

An elderly human gentleman of gangly frame, with long white hair, hawkish nose, wide mouth, and stretched, angular cheeks. Wears shabby leather traveller's garb and a pair of half-moon spectacles balanced on his nose.

Demeanour (Lawful): Jocular, high-brow, bumbling.

Speech: Lethargic drawl. Woldish, Old Woldish, Liturgic, Caprice, Gaffe, Old Drunic, Sylvan, Drunic.

Desires: Obscure scripts. Access to Malbleat's library, said to contain a large body of texts in Old Caprice.

Knowledge: Specialises in ancient languages and scripts. Apply the standard rules for hiring a sage (*DPB*).

6. HARPER'S HALL

A tall, lime-white manor beside a shallow lake ringed with storm-wracked elms.

Function: Harper's Hall serves a dual purpose. First and foremost, it is the town residence of Lord Malbleat, though he seldom inhabits it for longer than a night each month. Secondly, one of its side-wings houses the Berkmaster and his family.

Inhabitants: The current Berkmaster (installed by Malbleat when he assumed lordship of the town) is **Clewyd Baldricke** ("His Lordship"), who lives here with his wife Almerie and four adolescent children.

Hidden fugitive: The Berkmaster harbours his grandson—a rebellious young half-human, half-breggle boy named Billy—who stumbled out of the Wood some months ago. The boy fled from Redwraith Manor after his governess fed him a dangerous mandrake brew as punishment. The brew afflicted the boy with a curse, causing him to mutate into different forms and personalities. Wary of revealing the boy's presence, the Berkmaster has enlisted the aid of the hermit-magician Merridwyn Scymes (hex 0808) to discover a means of curing his grandson.

Berkmaster Clewyd Baldricke

A tall, plump human man of around 50 years, with densely curled, auburn hair on his head, face, and chest. He dresses in voluptuous purple velvet and wears the silver boar's head medallion hereditary to his station. Many townsfolk privately mock the Berkmaster as a self-important puppet of Lord Malbleat.

Demeanour (Neutral): Brusque, pompous, incredulous at any who would question his word.

Speech: Exaggerated booming. Woldish.

Desires: The respect of all in Lankshorn. To cure his grandson Billy of his curse. To temper the wickedness of Lord Malbleat. (Privately worries that his lord's growing cruelty will lead to rebellion.)

Family: Eldest daughter, Bronywyn, was married to Lord Malbleat a decade ago and seldom leaves Redwraith Manor.

Servants: The local constabulary. Several informants and rumour-mongers in the town report to the Berkmaster of anything untoward.

7. THE BLADESMITH

A slate-roofed, pebble-walled forge with tall chimney of stacked slate. The resident blacksmith, **Joremey Whilpston-Puddingfoot**, earns his daily living shoeing horses, mending pots, and forging farm tools. His true passion, however, is for the forging of artisan blades. His handiwork is of a quality seldom found even in great towns.

Services at the Bladesmith's

Standard blades: Finely crafted steel blades at 25% above the normal price.

Iron blades: A small number of iron daggers are kept in stock at all times, at a cost of 5gp.

Silvering: Silvered daggers and swords may be purchased at ten times the cost of a plain steel blade. Only silvered daggers are usually kept in stock.

Engraving: Commissioned blades may be engraved with patterns, script, or runes, as the buyer wishes. This typically doubles the basic cost. The bladesmith's work is detailed and beautiful.

Moon-forging: The bladesmith is privy to a craft of fairy origin—practiced by very few in the modern day—by which a blade forged by the light of the full moon can be imbued with a minor enchantment (see ***Moon-Forging Enchantments***). Moon-forging takes much preparation and is only performed to special order for trusted customers.

Moon-Forging Enchantments

Minor enchantments of any kind may be imbued into a blade by the craft of moon-forging. The following enchantments are known to the bladesmith of Lankshorn, but others are possible. Note that the cost is in addition to the basic cost of the blade.

Foe-binding: Grants a +2 bonus to damage against a specific foe. This requires a sample of the blood or hair of the target, which is folded into the surface of the blade. 500gp.

Vengeance: Grants a +1 bonus to Attack Rolls against opponents who have wounded the wielder in this combat. 250gp.

Back-biter: Grants a +1 bonus to Attack Rolls against a foe retreating from melee. 100gp.

Moonlight: Speaking the weapon's name (bestowed upon it during forging) causes it to emit moonlight in a 30′ radius for one hour. It must then be recharged by bathing it in moonlight for a night. 400gp.

Joremey Whilpston-Puddingfoot—Bladesmith

A slim human man in his late forties, with black, slicked-back hair and eyes set wide apart. Unbeknown to any in the town, Joremey has fairy blood—his grandfather was sired by a wandering elf.

Demeanour (Lawful): Quiet and confident. Down to earth, but easily waxes lyrical when speaking of his craft. Holds penetrating eye contact.

Speech: Gentle, lilting quality. Woldish, basic Sylvan.

Desires: To know the identity of his fairy ancestor. To forge a sword for the Duke of Brackenwold.

8. THE MAN OF GOLD APOTHECARY

A squat, stone building with a wooden, two-storey tower lies in a narrow alleyway at the rear of the Hornstoat's Rest, cramped between a fishmonger's and a butchery.

Sign: The sign of a smiling, golden sun swings above the door, announcing the name and function of this shop.

Proprietor: The Man of Gold is owned and run by **Sydewich Maldwort**. The establishment has been in the Maldwort family for three generations and has an excellent reputation for the quality of its herbs (carefully air-dried in the tower above the shop).

Services at the Man of Gold

Mushrooms and herbs: The preparations listed in the *Dolmenwood Player's Book* are sold at the standard prices and with the standard chance of availability.

Alchemical compounds: There is a 2-in-6 chance of each of the following compounds being in stock: *Alchemical Tonic* (***p414***), *Amber Nectar* (***p414***), *Memory Dust* (***p426***), *Orgon's Scintillating Philtre* (***p414***).

Psychedelic compounds: There is a 2-in-6 chance of each of the following compounds being in stock: *Black Clover* (***p430***), *Devil's Grease* (***p428***), *Frisk* (***p426***), *Lethe* (***p426***).

Sydewich Maldwort—Man of Gold Proprietor

A human bachelor in his late thirties, with a fashionable moustache and long blond hair tied in plaits.

Demeanour (Neutral): Sycophantic, aloof. Bored with simple townsfolk, but excited to converse with folk of adventurous spirit.

Speech: Nasal, oily. Woldish.

Desires: To sell the apothecary and elope with Elmine Crump, wife of the keeper of the Spawning Salmon tavern in Dreg (***p144***), whom he is in love with.

9. THE NUNCLE-STONES

A ring of ancient, moss-covered stones standing upon a hill, looming over the town.

Shunned: The townsfolk shun the stones, believing them to be associated with the dark magic of the Drune. The stones are therefore a favoured haunt of local youths, daring to defy their elders' wisdom.

Swirling vortex: Anyone who can detect magic or the invisible (e.g. those under the influence of *Green Aspintheon*, ***p426***) perceives a swirling pink and orange vortex in the sky above the stones. Anyone who flies into the vortex is swept away by a violent gust of wind and released half an hour later above the Isle of Yeth (hex 0505).

10. THE DITCHWAY

The east-west road, known to locals as the Ditchway, winds through a broad channel with sandy banks on either side. The western route is disused, as it passes by the haunted Lankston Pool (hex 0610), but the eastern road is frequented by much trade, leading to the port-town Dreg on the banks of the Hameth (hex 1110).

To the Trothstone: An old path leads into the forest from the western road out of Lankshorn. Those who follow the path come to a glade (hex 0609) where, according to tradition, weddings of longhorn nobles take place.

11. MANOR ROAD

The old north road leads to the gates of Lord Malbleat's estate at Redwraith Manor (hex 0709). Beyond the Malbleat's manor, a track known as Fisher's Path leads to the depths of Dwelmfurgh and Lake Longmere in the heart of the Wood.

12. SWALLOP ROAD

A hedge-lined country road winds through rustic farmland towards High-Hankle.

13. BOGWAY'S (TAVERN AND STABLES)

A ramshackle two-storey drinking establishment with wonky windows. A large stable yard and stalls are located at the rear.

Sign: A grinning toad holding a frothing mug of ale.

Common room: A lofty space, packed with wobbly tables and stumpy stools. Balconies on the upper floor overlook the common room. An iron candelabra bearing dozens of fat candles hangs from chains in the rafters, occasionally dripping gouts of wax onto patrons below. The proprietors, **Lump "Sarge" Groghorn** and **Whimsly Bobblefrock**, serve the crowds from behind a row of barrels.

Upper rooms: A bustling and inconveniently low-roofed dancehall and a series of gloomy side-rooms for card games or discreet liaisons.

Guests: A raucous mix of human and shorthorn farm hands, wayfarers, drunkards, and gamblers.

Services at Bogway's

Food: Of poor quality (*DPB*). No lodgings are available (apart from stabling for mounts).

Nippers: The grimalkin's favoured tipple, *Nippers* (*DPB*), is always available here.

Stabling: 3sp a night, including fodder. Despite the low cost, the stables at Bogway's are of good quality and the grooms are well-trained and professional.

Horses: Good quality riding horses can often (3-in-6 chance) be purchased from the stables at the normal price.

Lump "Sarge" Groghorn—Bogway's Proprietor (Level 3 Fighter)

An ageing, battle-scarred, white-eyed shorthorn man dressed in grimy leather with a single gold earring. Served in Lord Murkin's army for many years.

Demeanour (Neutral): Scowling, mean, laughs readily and heartily. Pulls one ear when thinking.

Speech: Curt and crude. Woldish, Gaffe.

Desires: To marry a "real lady" (i.e. a longhorn). To steal Lord Murkin's enchanted sword (see ***p65***).

Whimsly Bobblefrock—Bogway's Proprietor

A gangly tortoiseshell grimalkin woman who habitually wears a tricorn hat and an eyepatch. Escaped imprisonment for gambling debts in Chateau Shantywood (hex 1110) with the aid of a sympathetic bard.

Demeanour (Neutral): Flamboyant, indignant.

Speech: Purring punctuated with yowls. Woldish, Mewl, Gaffe.

Desires: To relieve the arrogant rich of their baubles. To burn down Chateau Shantywood (hex 1110).

Possessions: An *Eye of the Yurl* (***p420***), hidden beneath her eyepatch.

Meagre's Reach

1703—Antiquated village dredged out of time by Ygraine's sorcery.

A quaint village of antique brick structures built tall and too close to one another. Meagre's Reach (or, as locals call it, simply "the Reach") is located close to several rich claybeds and thrives on clay mining and brickmaking.

Inhabitants (120—village): A noticeably aged population of folk native to the village, alongside a number of outsiders hired to work in the clay pits and brickworks.

Ruler: House Guillefer, in whose domain Meagre's Reach falls (see ***Human Nobility, p56***), pays little attention to the village. Practically, the Reach is run by a council of Elders, dominated by **Reynold Barhaim** and **Benedict Redhearth** (***p164***), under the patronage of **Ygraine Mordlin** (***p84***), lady of the nearby Chateau Mauvesse (hex 1802).

Religion: Native Reach-folk are devout adherents of the Pluritine Church, but have a preference for private contemplation, scriptural study, and prayer in their own homes. The village's church is little used.

Rumours: See ***Rumours in Meagre's Reach, p449***.

Plague Village Snatched Out of Time

Meagre's Reach has a curious history: 250 years ago, it was ravaged by plague and became a ghost town, entirely abandoned. 100 years later, Ygraine took up residence in the nearby Chateau Mauvesse (hex 1802). Taking pity on the fate of Meagre's Reach, she worked great magic to give its people a second chance. The village as it existed 300 years ago—before the plague—was wrested out of time and brought into the present day.

While this history is not immediately apparent to travellers, locals are willing to discuss it if asked.

Elders and Younglings

The resurrected villagers (who were born over 300 years ago) are known as the Elders. Due to a side-effect of Ygraine's temporal magic, they age at one-third of the normal rate—some have lived through more than 150 winters. Those born in Meagre's Reach since it was resurrected—known as Younglings—age normally.

The Curse of Meagre's Reach

Ygraine's magic was flawed, however, causing unexpected temporal anomalies.

Local folk are trapped: The most significant side-effect of Ygraine's magic is that any person born in Meagre's Reach cannot leave hex 1703. Those who pass outside the hex disappear into oblivion.

Dreams outside of time: Some Elders experience vivid dreams of their lives in the alternate timeline in which they died in the plague. **Benedict Redhearth** (***p164***) even claims to recall dying and ascending to Heaven.

Reynold Barhaim—Brickmaster

A hearty, middle-aged human man of 115 years (as an Elder, he was born 315 years ago) with a bald pate and luxuriantly curled black beard and eyebrows. As owner of the brickworks, Barhaim is the richest person in Meagre's Reach.

Demeanour (Neutral): Bold, mirthful, arrogant.

Speech: Cordial rumbling. Woldish.

Desires: To see the world beyond the Reach. To quash Redhearth's rebellion (see ***Redhearth's Rebels, p164***).

Possessions: A silver raven *Talisman of Dimensional Anchoring* (***p398***)—a secret gift from Ygraine. The talisman allows a resident of Meagre's Reach to survive outside of hex 1703 for up to 48 hours. Barhaim and his five sons secretly use the talisman to visit Chateau Mauvesse and the Dark Mirror.

Rebels and Loyalists

Unrest is brewing in Meagre's Reach, as the two most influential Elders vie for control. The village baker, **Benedict Redhearth** (***p164***), believes that Ygraine keeps the village enchanted as a plaything and wishes to break free of her (supposed) sorcerous yoke. The owner of the village's brickworks, **Reynold Barhaim**, remains loyal to Ygraine, opposing Redhearth and his rebels. In secret, Barhaim is training his workers as a militia to resist Redhearth's rebels, should it come to violence.

Archaic Phrases of the Elders

The Elders, born over 300 years ago, tend to use old-fashioned turns of phrase.

ARCHAIC PHRASES

d6	Phrase
1	"Collymoot"—hello / greeting.
2	"Otherlings"—outsiders / folk from beyond the Reach.
3	"God's hand clawed!"—exclamation of surprise.
4	"Good gobbling"—said before a meal.
5	"Merryhap"—good luck.
6	"You be gone!"—refusal / disbelief.

EQUIPMENT AVAILABILITY

Armour, weapons, vehicles, and mounts cost 50% more than usual.

Map Key

1. Village Square
2. The Chapel of the Host of Heaven's Light
3. Redhearth Bakery
4. Everslumber Lane
5. The Grizzle and Grouse (Inn)
6. Smarg's Turret
7. Barhaim and Sons Brickyard
8. Follyegg Road
9. Mirror Road

MEAGRE'S REACH ENCOUNTERS—DAY

d6	Encounter
1	**1d3 Elders** gathered in the village square, cleaning the Frozen with soapy cloths.
2	**12 immigrant brickworkers** roll into the village with cartload of iridescent clay from the Dark Mirror.
3	Panic in the village as a fire breaks out in the brickyard.
4	**Benedict Redhearth** (***p164***) and **Reynold Barhaim** (***p162***) quarrel loudly in the village square.
5	A woman tearfully asking if any have seen her husband, Jock, who has not returned from hunting.
6	**Sister Delora** (***p164***) loudly expels **Benedict Redhearth** (***p164***) from the church, stating that malcontents are unwelcome at her services.

MEAGRE'S REACH ENCOUNTERS—NIGHT

d6	Encounter
1	A scuffle between **2d6 Redhearth's Rebels** (***p164***) and a like number of **Loyalist brickworkers**.
2	An **adventuring party** (*DMB*) carries the bloody, decapitated head of a bestial centaur (*DMB*) to Smarg's Turret.
3	**Benedict Redhearth** (***p164***) drunkenly rages through the village, urging all Reach-folk to take up arms and storm Chateau Mauvesse.
4	A drunk claims the Frozen have returned to life.
5	A sombre procession through Everslumber Lane, bearing the bones of honoured ancestors.
6	All-night festivities at the Grizzle and Grouse, as the landlord attempts to find a suitor for his daughter.

1. VILLAGE SQUARE

A tidy, brick-paved square whose breadth feels diminished by the overhanging eaves of the teetering buildings that surround it.

The Frozen: Amid the bustle of the square, three villagers stand stock-still: an old woman carrying a basket of loaves, a dapper man with a feather in his cap, and a young girl crouched as if playing with a cat. These individuals are, in fact, frozen in time—victims of a flaw in Ygraine's magic. They are impervious to weathering and damage. The Elders (some of whom knew the frozen people when alive) keep them free of moss and bird droppings.

Eggfast market and sermons: Every Eggfast, a general market takes place in the square. Typically, **Benedict Redhearth** takes the opportunity to climb upon the village well and give fire and brimstone sermons to a crowd of cheering followers (see ***Redhearth's Rebels***). Redhearth beseeches all who "would know Heaven's Light" to gather weapons and await the time to strike at Ygraine, freeing the Reach of the sorceress's arcane bondage.

2. THE CHAPEL OF THE HOST OF HEAVEN'S LIGHT

A narrow church whose sober grey stone contrasts against the colourful brickwork of the rest of the village. Gargoyles in the form of puff-cheeked, goggle-eyed devils and priests festoon its exterior, also at ground level.

Entrance: An inconspicuous oaken door, merely 5′ high.

Interior: A poky space crammed with pews, candle holders, incense burners, stacks of prayer books, and far too many pillars. A beautiful wooden idol of St Lillibeth of the Sugared Breath stands upon the altar, depicted with a dozen doves perched among her cascading, gilded locks.

Populace: A small number of Younglings and the occasional traveller. 2-in-6 chance of the sage **Lorrima Gravesby** (***p165***) in prayer. **Sister Delora** observes stoically.

Prayer: Characters praying may receive the blessing of St Lillibeth: the ability to cast *Lesser Healing*. See ***Shrines, p22***.

Sister Nancy Delora—Nun

A stony-faced old human nun, dressed in a chaste white robe embroidered with golden doves. Sister Delora is an Elder who served as assistant to Vicar Hallyman, 300 years ago. She takes confession and holds services in the chapel, still awaiting the return of the vicar, who she claims is "away on pilgrimage." (In truth, Hallyman left Meagre's Reach and disappeared into oblivion—a victim of the village's temporal curse.)

Demeanour (Neutral): Meditative stillness, verging on torpidity. Standoffish. Isolated from reality.

Speech: Frosty, creaky. Woldish, Liturgic.

Desires: To be excluded from contentious goings-on in the village. Secretly wishes to leave Meagre's Reach and go on pilgrimage to Castle Brackenwold, but knows this is an impossibility.

Redhearth's Rebels—Dissident Gang

Purpose: To free Meagre's Reach from Ygraine's spell, believing that she keeps the village enchanted as a plaything, purposefully entrapping its people.

Membership: A growing contingent of Reach-folk, currently numbering 26—mostly consisting of youths who seek to defy authority and those who have known relatives that wandered too far from the village and never returned. The gang has established a camp in the woods to the west of the village, where a number of them now live full time (see hex 1703).

Current scheme: Gather weapons and strike at Ygraine and her (supposed) coterie of witches and sorcerers.

Benedict Redhearth—Baker / Dissident Leader

A hale old human man of 140 years (as an Elder, he was born 340 years ago) with spiky red hair and beard, a distended gut, and fire in his eyes. Redhearth is visited nightly by dreams of his past life and claims to recall his death and the embrace of Heaven (though he will not speak of the details).

Demeanour (Neutral): Cantankerous, obsessive.

Speech: Hoarse tirades and quiet mumbling. Woldish.

Desires: To free the people of Meagre's Reach from their bondage under Ygraine's magic. Secretly believes that ending Ygraine's spell on the village will bring about the death of its inhabitants. He desires above all to return himself and the other Elders to Heaven.

3. REDHEARTH BAKERY

The village bakery is notable for the vividly painted, life-size statue of St Hollyhock (patron saint of bakers' ovens) integrated into its exterior at ground level. The saint is depicted with soot-covered face and hands, clutching a basket overflowing with scones. Two doors flank the statue: the entrance on his left and the exit on his right.

Limited opening hours: The bakery opens early and closes mid-morning.

Interior: A cramped room stuffed with baskets. The heat and clouds of flour dust are nigh unbearable. The baker, **Benedict Redhearth** (***p164***), furiously shovels fresh buns out of the oven and into baskets.

Services at Redhearth Bakery

Baked goods: If caught in a pleasant mood, Redhearth sells exquisite cookies and spiced bread for 2sp a ration.

4. EVERSLUMBER LANE

A narrow lane lined with family crypts, the arch around each door decorated with human skulls. Within each crypt are interred the bones of many generations of Reach-folk, who do not bury their dead in the ground like other folk of Dolmenwood.

Dates: The names and dates of death of the interred are carved on the doors. Close study reveals a gap in the dates: no deaths occurred between 250 years ago and 100 years ago. (Locals refer to this period as "the missing years.")

Primulus Paste—Grizzle and Grouse Proprietor

A rotund, sour-faced, slack-jowled human man in his middle years (a Youngling), with a dirty mop of blond hair and drooping moustaches like a pair of rat tails. Dresses in grubby hose and shirts, splitting at the seams.

Demeanour (Neutral): Miserly, easily startled.

Speech: Acerbic grumbling. Woldish.

Desires: To marry his eldest daughter, Pilphra (24), to any well-off outsider willing to settle in the Reach.

5. THE GRIZZLE AND GROUSE (INN)

A tall, narrow building on the edge of the village, constructed of purple-glazed bricks with an iridescent sheen. A grinning man in the moon face is engraved in each brick.

Sign: The man in the moon weeping into a bowl of porridge, clutching a glass of claret.

Common room: Smoky, dimly lit, and low-beamed, with tables crammed into odd nooks and corners. A magnificent pair of stuffed grouse is poised dramatically above the bar, the landlord, **Primulus Paste**, serving dourly beneath. Of an evening, the landlord's wife, **Betsy**, plays the fiddle and forces guests to dance duets with ill-matched partners.

Guests: A rowdy assortment of local Reach-folk and immigrant brick-workers. A group of ***Redhearth's Rebels*** (***p164***) invariably occupies a shadowed corner table, conspiring quietly. They may approach able-looking outsiders, seeking to enlist them to their cause.

Services at the Grizzle and Grouse

Food: Of common quality (*DPB*).

Stoggy stew: Fermented game fowl served on a plate of beans—a local speciality. 3sp a plate.

6. SMARG'S TURRET

A square, four-storey turret, complete with crenellations, standing utterly incongruously at the edge of the village, under the boughs of a mighty copper beech. The origin of the turret and the identity of Smarg are unclear, even to Elders, but it is commonly believed to be the remnant of a much larger fortification.

Entrance: A reinforced wooden door adorned with a Chapes holy symbol, in brass.

Interior: Pristine, whitewashed walls, simple yet beautiful wooden furnishings, and meticulously ordered bookshelves (folklore and bestiaries) lining the spiral stairways. A silver *Holy Shield* (***p400***) bearing the symbol of St Signis hangs in the library on the second floor.

Cellars: Expansive cellars contain jarred and stuffed specimens of fairies, monsters, and fantastic beasts.

Inhabitants: The sage **Lorrima Gravesby** and **3 lichhounds** (*DPB*), named Benester, Eggort, and Hollyhock.

Visitors: Those who wish to consult with the sage and those with reports of monsters are welcomed to the library. Others are genially rejected.

Lorrima Gravesby—Sage (Level 4 Cleric)

An elderly human woman of graceful bearing, with long silver hair and deep grey eyes. Dresses in plain white robes, with an ornate, swan-crested silver helm (a *Helm of Realignment* (***p406***)—she was formerly Lawful). Born in Castle Brackenwold, Gravesby retired to Meagre's Reach to pursue her passion for the study of monster lore. Unbeknown to any in Meagre's Reach, Gravesby is a former cleric of the Order of St Signis and retains the capabilities of that Class.

Demeanour (Neutral): Wry, humble, vilifies arrogance.

Speech: Slow and soft. Prone to in-depth tangents. Woldish, Old Woldish, Liturgic.

Desires: Erudite companionship. Books from afar. Monster specimens—whole carcasses or parts.

Knowledge: Specialises in the monsters of Dolmenwood. Apply the standard rules for hiring a sage (*DPB*).

Possessions: A platinum *Ring of Energy Resistance (Fire,* ***p410***), engraved with a wyrm biting its own tail.

7. BARHAIM AND SONS BRICKYARD

A broad, dusty fenced yard, with towering piles of stacked bricks and a bustle of carts, draft horses, and whistling brick-workers.

Kilns: A trio of kilns at the north of the yard operates day and night, firing clay from pits just south of the village and from the enchanted banks of the Dark Mirror (hex 1802).

Workers: A mix of locals and migrant workers from other parts of Dolmenwood. The Reach-folk for the most part work the kilns and the outsiders the clay pits. The outsiders are essential for operations, as the locals cannot leave this hex to make the four-mile journey to the Dark Mirror. The owners, **Reynold Barhaim** (***p162***) and his five sons hawkishly observe proceedings from a raised platform.

Lodgings: To the west of the brickyard stands a long, three-storey building whose ground floor serves as a warehouse. The upper floors contain rows of bunks for the scores of migrant workers.

At night: Muffled sounds of military drills (blades clashing, drill instructor yelling) emanate from the basement of the workers' lodgings.

8. FOLLYEGG ROAD

A twisting, little-used road in the deep forest, leading west to the village of Odd (hex 1403).

9. MIRROR ROAD

Paved with violet-glazed bricks, shimmering as though always cast in the light of an unobscured sunset, falling only into darkness when the moon is high. The Mirror Road leads four miles directly to the gates of Chateau Mauvesse (hex 1802), home of **Ygraine the Sorceress** (***p84***).

Odd

1403—Drifting on the borders of Fairy. Secret allies of the Drune.

A huddle of thatched wooden huts intermingled with animal pens. The village is located in a glade around a grassy knoll, on which stands a ramshackle church.

Inhabitants (90—village): Rustic, woodland folk, distinguished by their height and black hair (they have mixed Drune heritage).

Ruler: Odd is within the domain of House Guillefer (see hex 1304), but controlled by the Drune, via the authority of a headman (currently **Broobe Dogoode**—see ***p169***) appointed by the sorcerers.

Religion: Odd-folk ostensibly follow the Pluritine Church, but the village church is clearly disused. If questioned about this, the villagers claim that they worship in their homes, only using the church for marriages and baptisms. In fact, they worship "beast saints" (amalgams of one of the saints of Dolmenwood with an animalistic folk-deity) at secret shrines in their attics.

Rumours: See ***Rumours in Odd, p450***.

Fur and Game Hunters

Situated in the deep woods, the people of Odd are predominantly trappers and hunters. Traders regularly travel from Prigwort to purchase fur from the Odd-folk, and quality inns as far south as Castle Brackenwold covet the rare game that can be trapped in the woods around the village. Indeed, the bolder folk of the village venture into the hunting grounds of the fairy Duke Mai-Fleur (***p30***—hexes 1402, 1502, 1503, 1602) to poach the fairy animals which live there.

Drifting into Fairy

Over the last few centuries, Odd has come under the effect of a dimensional anomaly of unknown provenance—it is slowly drifting into the fairy realm of Diuthurnia (***p30***). The Drune exert the power of the monolith in the church (see ***The Orbstone, p168***) to tether the village to the mortal world.

The Village's Name Keeps Changing

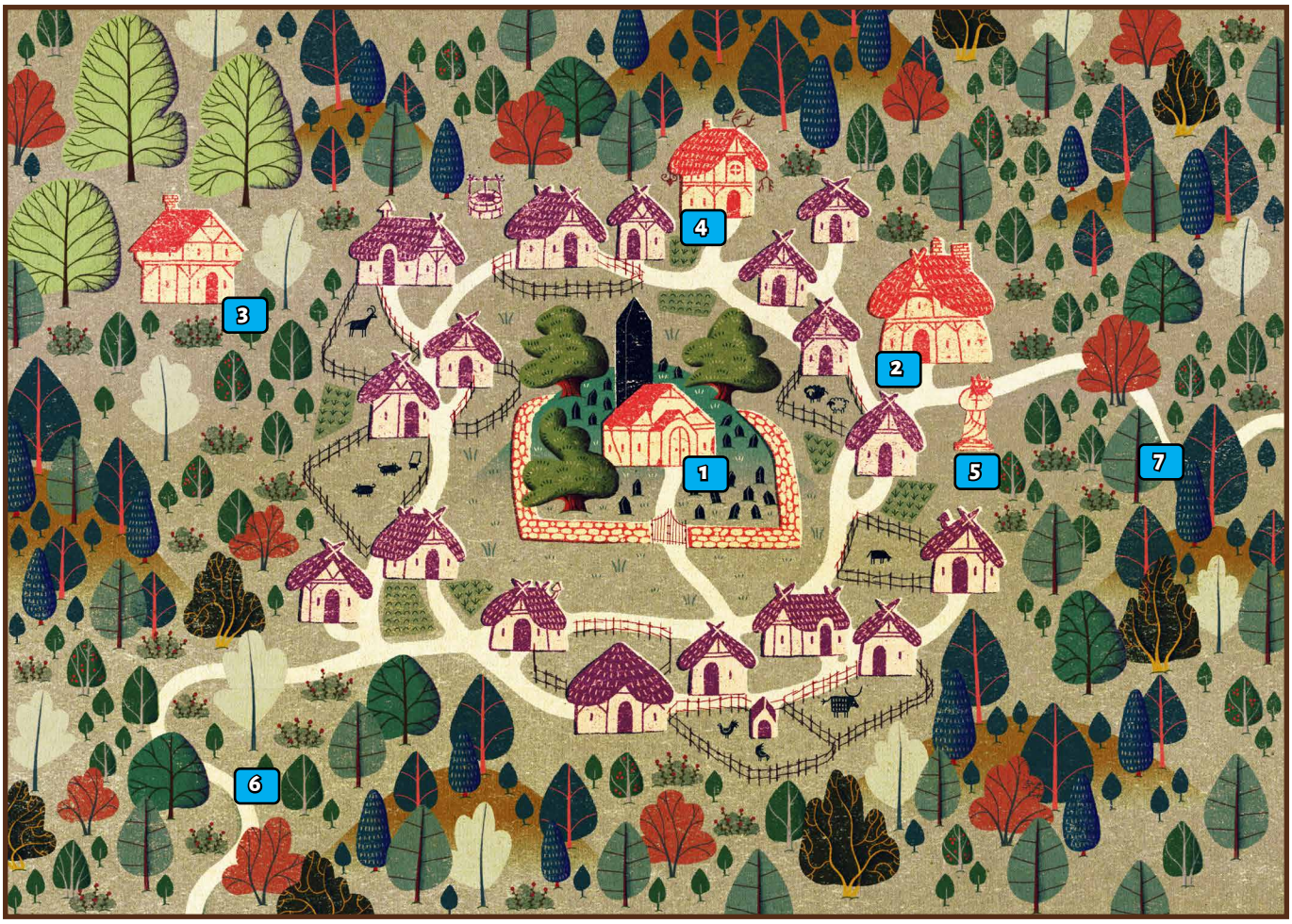
The most noticeable effect of the village's dimensional vagueness is that it has a different name each time outsiders enter. Only outsiders refer to this village by the name Odd—the villagers themselves refer to the place by other names, different every time outsiders arrive. When the name seemingly changes, the villagers themselves do not ever remember it being called anything else.

THE VILLAGE'S CURRENT NAME

d12	Name	d12	Name
1	Chancton Vale	7	Dwarrowmold
2	Snablesby	8	Lobwall
3	Billingshorst	9	Little Chinctory
4	Hogle's Nob	10	Swickery
5	Poncing-Upon-Sea	11	High-Hangle
6	Angerslock	12	Creamslow

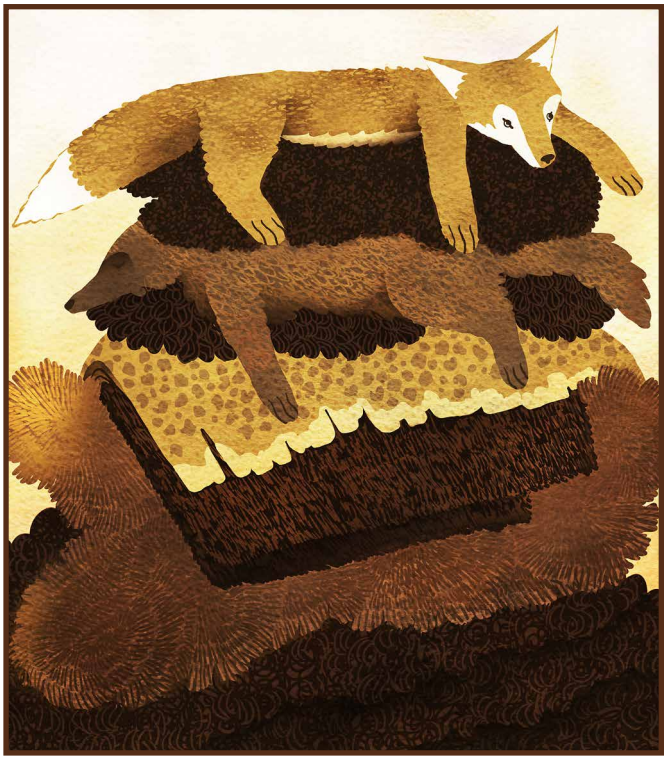
EQUIPMENT AVAILABILITY

Luxurious furs are available at the lodge—see ***p169***. Only rustic weapons (e.g. arrows, daggers, shortbows, slings, staves) are available. No form of armour can be bought in Odd.



Map Key

1. The Church
2. The Moggle's Gob (Inn)
3. The Home of the Sage
4. The Lodge
5. Beast Saint Statue
6. Lochsbreth Road
7. Follyegg Road



ODD ENCOUNTERS—DAY

d6	Encounter
1	**3d6 villagers** waving animal heads and pelts on poles, parading to the beast saint statue.
2	A madcap chase through the village: **1d4 villagers** pursuing a **mud-spattered pig**, escaped from its pen.
3	A company of **1d4 merchants** (*DMB*) and their guards, heading to the lodge to buy fur garments.
4	A **braithmaid** (*DMB*) bringing a note to the headman.
5	An **elf knight** (*DMB*) in the service of Duke Mai-Fleur, seeking three poachers believed to be in Odd. She pays 30 coins of fairy silver (5gp each) for their capture.
6	**2d4 mosslings** (*DMB*) stumble bleary-eyed into the village, asking for directions to the Sombre Lamb inn.

ODD ENCOUNTERS—NIGHT

d6	Encounter
1	**2d6 drunkards** (as Level 1 thieves—*DMB*) looking for trouble with outsiders.
2	**1d3 Drune cottagers** (*DMB*) slipping into the church, carrying a woman bound in bandages upon a bier.
3	A monster (roll on the ***Monsters*** encounter table, see ***p114***) wanders out of the woods and into the village.
4	An **adventuring party** (*DMB*) with a cart-load of grave goods from the barrows in hex 1504 creep toward the home of the sage, seeking his aid.
5	A wandering **friar** (*DMB*) irately tearing the "sacrilegious" adornments from the beast saint statue.
6	**Briggle** (the sage's grandson) trysting in the churchyard with a **braithmaid** (*DMB*).

1. THE CHURCH

A run-down church of weather-stained stone, perched atop the knoll in the centre of the village. The church is locked up and appears disused. In place of a spire, a black monolith protrudes (see ***The Orbstone***).

Wall: The church is girded by a 5′ high wall with a rusty iron gate that creaks in the wind.

Churchyard: Wild old yew trees. Graves marked with miniature obelisks, rather than conventional gravestones.

Entrances: All windows are shuttered. Doors are chained and locked. (The village headman, **Broobe Dogoode**, and the local Drune have keys.)

Interior: Wooden pews stacked at one side. Thorny twigs litter the floor. Altar covered in melted, black wax. No religious oddments—it is unclear to which saint this shrine was dedicated. At the rear, the Orbstone ascends through the roof.

On nights of the full moon: Drunes slip into the village and perform rituals in the church, decanting the spirit energies of the Orbstone—a phosphorescent green gloop—into copper urns.

The Orbstone

A 30′ tall monolith of sheer black stone, glassy and almost mirror-smooth.

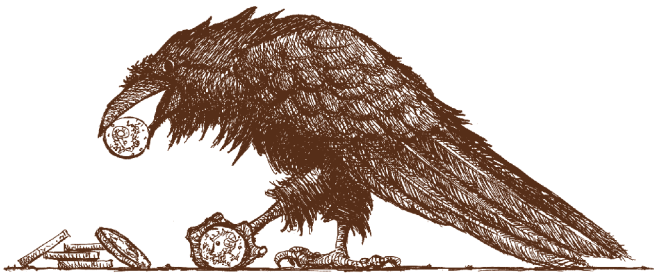
Reflections in the stone: Appear distorted and beast-like.

Faintly glowing green markings: Palm-sized, runes of Drunic script, interwoven with fine Woldish script, etched into the stone: hundreds of human names, both modern and archaic.

Inscribed spell: The Drunic runes describe the arcane spell *Speak With Dead* (***p457***). An arcane spell-caster can transcribe the runes for future study (treated as studying a spell book). Copying the spell takes 3 hours. The hundreds of souls imprisoned in the monolith may be addressed via this spell.

Function: The Orbstone was placed in Odd by the Drune many centuries ago, pre-dating the church, which was built around it later. The stone acts as a soul siphon, trapping the spirits of all who die in the village. (It is their names that can be read on the surface.) The Drune extract the energies of the trapped spirits for use in their magic. In recent years, a portion of the spirit energy is harnessed to tether Odd to the mortal world, preventing it from drifting into Fairy.

Destroying the stone: Releases the souls of the dead and causes Odd to drift off into Diuthurnia, disappearing from the mortal world within a fortnight.



2. THE MOGGLE'S GOB (INN)

The village's only tavern, slumped and bulging under the weight of its oversized thatch.

Sign: The gaping maw of a monster, showing its malformed teeth and dangling tonsils.

Common room: Gloomy, smoky, and poky, yet cosy. The landlady, **Mogget Crookbone**, serves from behind a bar strewn with bear wolf pelts.

Guests: The patrons, of an evening, consist of local drunkards and gamblers, prone to aggressive tirades.

Services at the Moggle's Gob

Lodgings and food: Of poor quality (*DPB*).

Game stew: Spicy fresh forest game. 4sp a portion.

Stabling: The inn has no stable, but animals can be lodged in a barn elsewhere in the village for 2sp a night.

Mogget Crookbone—Moggle's Gob Proprietor

A grim-faced human woman in her forties, with curly, grizzled hair and a pipe of *Old Doby* (*DPB*) perpetually in her teeth. Her left hand is missing three fingers (she alleges they were torn off by an owlbear). Reports all she observes to **Broobe Dogoode**, the headman.

Demeanour (Neutral): Morbid, cool toward strangers. Rubs the stumps of her missing fingers.

Speech: Sour and scornful. Cackles maniacally. Woldish, basic Drunic.

Desires: To marry a Drune, for the prestige.

Broobe Dogoode—Village Headman

A hulking, thickset human man in his fifties, with an unkempt mane of black hair and a purple scar across his cheek. Broobe is the village headman, appointed by the Drune, and an adept tracker.

Demeanour (Neutral): Domineering, obstinate. Absently scratches his stubble.

Speech: Sonorous, sombre. Woldish, basic Drunic.

Desires: To join Duke Mai-Fleur's (***p30***) hunt. To know the origin of the wretched masses of tentacles in the woods to the south (hex 1404).

Possessions: Keys to the church.

3. THE HOME OF THE SAGE

An elegant, venerable, two-storeyed home of tarred wood, and white-daubed walls, with a roof of grey slate. Stands under the eaves of several great beeches. This is the home of **Philontimus the Wizened**.

Entrance: A brass plaque hangs on the front door. It depicts the face of the Green Man (***p36***) and carries the slogan (in Old Woldish) *"Seek, know, teach"* (an odd variant on an old Drune rede).

Interior: Jumbled piles of books, leaning bookshelves, cabinets of curiosities.

Inhabitants: The sage **Philontimus the Wizened** and his grandson, a lad of 20 named **Briggle** who acts as his manservant, page, and research assistant.

Visitors: Those with serious enquiries after the sage's wisdom are welcomed to his study. Others are barred.

Treasure: The home is littered with valuable (if obscure) items. A locked chest is hidden under the floorboards of the study. It holds 200pp, 1,200gp, 8,000sp, a pockmarked bronze *Ring of Invisibility* (***p410***), and a vial of *Vaporous Spirits* (***p414***).

Philontimus the Wizened—Sage

A hunched, frail, bespectacled human man of 70 years, with a white beard down to his knees. He wears a curious robe of golden feathers at all times. Originally hailing from outside Dolmenwood, Philontimus has spent the latter half of his life in Odd, drawn to the obscure reaches of Dolmenwood where ancient ways still flourish.

Demeanour (Lawful): Wry, ponderous, near-sighted. Despises the wilfully ignorant. Coughs feebly.

Speech: Feeble and wavering. Prone to excited, high-pitched exclamations. Woldish, Old Woldish, Drunic, Sylvan, Caprice, a profusion of dead tongues.

Desires: Pays handsomely for ancient artefacts, especially those associated with the Gwyrae religion. Loves fruit pies.

Knowledge: Specialises in the ancient religions, legends, and folklore of Dolmenwood. Apply the standard rules for hiring a sage (*DPB*).

4. THE LODGE

A precarious, narrow, two-storey hut decorated with antlers and animal skulls hanging from the eaves. The lodge functions as a meeting place for the villagers, a fur trading emporium, and the home of the village headman, **Broobe Dogoode**, and his family.

Entrance: A black-lacquered door in a high archway. The door is usually locked, but a dull tin bell may be rung for attention.

Ground floor: A wide room with a roof supported by great, tarred beams. Hundreds of sets of antlers of all sizes hang from the rafters. A great wooden table stands in the centre of the room, typically spread with a profusion of furs. Two dozen chairs are pushed against the walls.

Inhabitants: The village headman, **Broobe Dogoode**, lives in the upper floor with his family. Broobe descends to the meeting hall to greet visitors and sell the village's excellent quality fur garments.

Services at the Lodge

Fur garments: Luxurious garments crafted by the Odd-folk can be purchased here.

GARMENTS OF FINE FUR

Type of Fur	Hat or Gloves	Vest or Belt	Cape or Cloak
Fairy fox (rugged, silver)	150gp	400gp	800gp
Gobble (fluffy, black)	10gp	30gp	75gp
Shaggy mammoth (green)	20gp	50gp	125gp
Puggle (smooth, silver)	15gp	50gp	100gp
Unicorn (silky, white)	200gp	500gp	1,000gp
Yegril (fluffy, purple)	20gp	50gp	125gp

Unicorn: Poached from hex 1402. Sold to trusted customers only.

Fairy foxes: See hex 1503.

Gobbles, puggles, shaggy mammoths, yegrils: See ***Animals***, *DMB*.

5. BEAST SAINT STATUE

A worn, 8′-tall stone statue in the form of a chubby man. Strips of hide and strings of animal teeth adorn the statue. A mangy boar's head is perched on top, concealing the statue's own head.

Removing the adornments: The grinning face of St Hamfast may be seen, depicted with four squirrels upon his shoulders.

Inquiries: If asked about the statue, villagers claim the adornments are hunters' tributes to St Hamfast.

6. LOCHSBRETH ROAD

A well-kept road leading west to Prigwort (hex 1106). Traders travel between the two settlements to procure Odd's sought-after game and furs.

7. FOLLYEGG ROAD

A twisting, little-used road in the deep forest, leading to the village of Meagre's Reach (hex 1703).

Orbswallow

1405—Mossling village in the deep fungal forest of Mulchgrove.

A community in the seldom-trod fungal forest of Mulchgrove, clustered around a pair of gargantuan toadstools and three magical trees. Lush moss covers every surface not occupied by giant, garish fungus.

Inhabitants (80—village): Mosslings. No humans or folk of other Kindreds dwell here.

Ruler: House Guillefer, in whose domain Orbswallow lies (see ***Human Nobility, p56***), pays no attention whatsoever to the village of mosslings. Orbswallow is thus effectively independent, ruled by an individual known as the Chief Mulcher. The Chief Mulcher is selected every seven years by an oracular process—currently **Brimbul**.

Religion: As subjects of the duke, the folk of Orbswallow are nominally followers of the Pluritine Church. In practice, they worship an entity named **Blosquom** that manifests in their fungal shrine (***p173***). Unbeknown to the folk of Orbswallow, Blosquom is an aspect of the Myconom (***p38***). The locals also commonly journey into the fungal forest to seek the guidance of the mould oracle **Gropoll** in her hidden grotto (hex 1405) dedicated to the clay-god Mbombre.

Rumours: See ***Rumours in Orbswallow, p451***.

Centre of Mossling Culture

While mosslings dwell in small communities throughout Mulchgrove (e.g. the burrows in hex 1706), the heart of their culture lies in Orbswallow. Mosslings from isolated hamlets come to seek council, to trade, and to drink *Moon's Milk* (*DPB*—only brewed in Orbswallow).

The Three Trees and Their Fruits

Orbswallow is centred around three great and venerable trees—the Milktree, the Moontree, and the Pipetree—each with unique magical properties. The folk of Orbswallow carefully protect and tend to the trees, on whose fruits their livelihood depends. The loss of one of the trees would bring calamity to the village. As a precaution against such disaster, breeding programmes are attempted, although none has been entirely successful, to date.

The Pipers, the Milkers, and the Waxers

The folk of Orbswallow are divided into three clans—the Pipers, the Milkers, and the Waxers—each dedicated to the tending of one of the three trees and harvesting and processing its produce. Mosslings of each clan are jokingly said to display a certain temperament: Pipers are said to be hasty and headstrong, Milkers gullible and guileless, and Waxers fickle and sly.

Brimbul—Chief Mulcher of Orbswallow

A squashed-looking, middle-aged mossling woman, with tiny black eyes, matted, root-like hair, and a long, floppy nose that looks like a limp parsnip. As designated leader of Orbswallow, Brimbul lives among each of the three clans on a rotating basis.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Suspicious, feigned cordiality. Quick to judge, narrow-minded.

Speech: Squeaking and grumbling. Woldish, Mulch.

Possessions: A prismatic crystal *Talisman of Spell Reflection* (***p398***, 3 charges). (Unaware of its magic.)

Desires: The expulsion of all nutcaps from the surrounding woods (her husband was slain by them while defending the three trees—see ***Conflict With Nutcaps***). The secret alchemical recipe to combine the essences of the three trees, producing (according to **Blosquom**—***p173***) an elixir of eternal life. (She has no idea that the nutcaps in this hex already know how to create this elixir, though its powers are not quite what Brimbul imagines.)

Reward: Would reward any who can expel the nutcaps with 1,000gp (a substantial portion of the village's wealth), an antique, zircon-encrusted composting urn (worth 1,500gp), and her crystal talisman.

Mossling Trade Goods

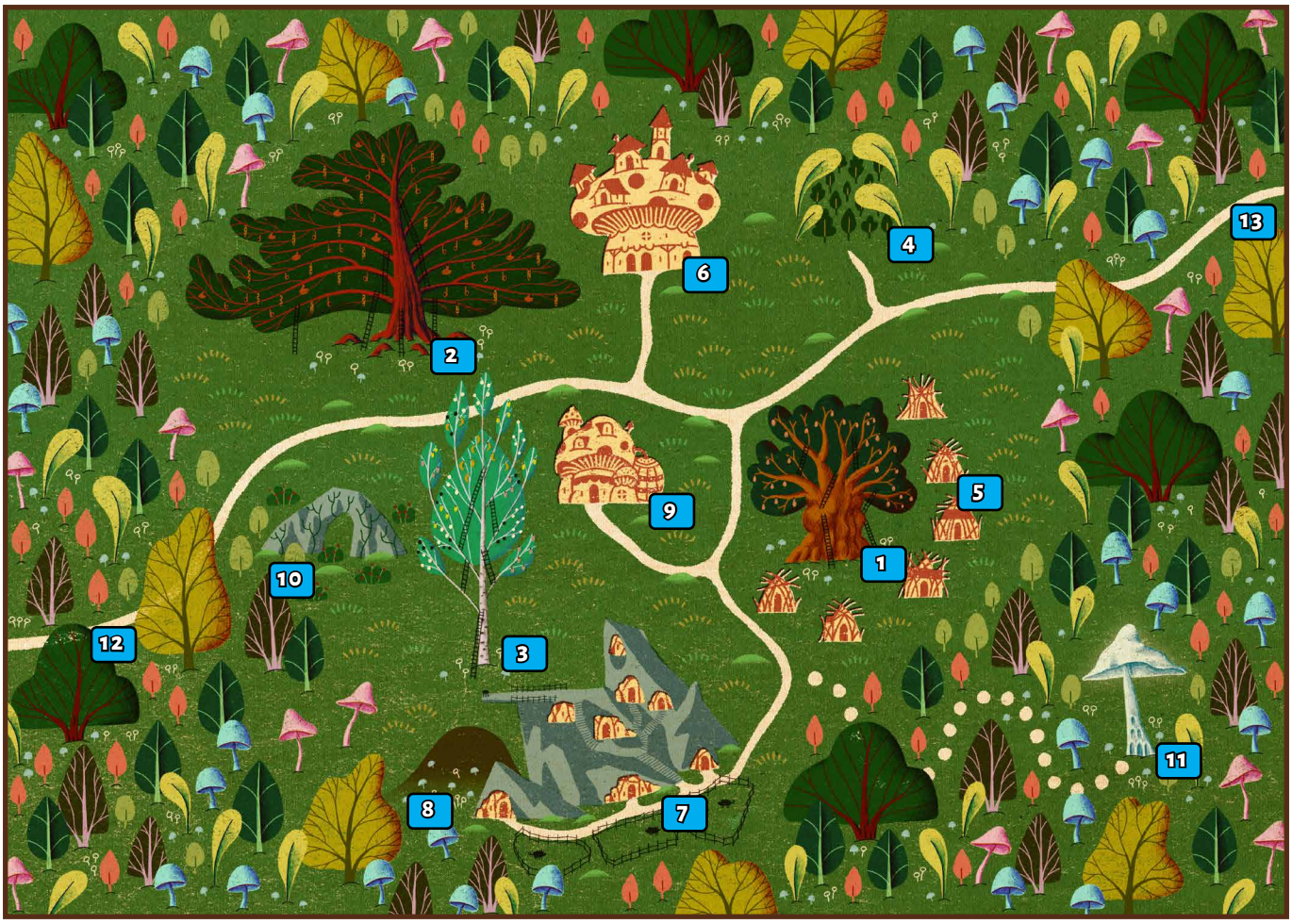
Though Orbswallow is not situated on a trade route frequented by merchant caravans, pedlars and wayfarers sometimes come here to trade. The smokepipes and creamy cheeses of Orbswallow are known and beloved in the local region (e.g. in Prigwort).

Conflict With Nutcaps

Multiple colonies of nutcaps (*DMB*) dwell in clusters of trees in the fungal forest around Orbswallow (see 1405). In an ongoing and escalating conflict, the nutcaps launch aerial raids on Orbswallow, snatching the delicious fruits of the three trees. The nutcaps believe they have a right to the produce of all trees in Dolmenwood, but the mosslings disagree. Most of the folk of Orbswallow would be glad to find a peaceful coexistence with the nutcaps, but **Brimbul** and a few vocal supporters brook no compromise.

EQUIPMENT AVAILABILITY

Special produce of the three trees can be bought (see village area descriptions). Only rustic weapons (e.g. arrows, daggers, shortbows, slings, staves) are available. No armour aside from the special forms of mossling armour listed in the *DPB* can be purchased in Orbswallow.



Map Key

1. The Milktree
2. The Pipetree
3. The Moontree
4. Sapling Grove
5. Milkers' Huts
6. Old Thromby
7. Waxers' Rock
8. Compost Heap
9. The Sombre Lamb (Inn)
10. The Weaning Arch
11. Fungal Shrine
12. Mulcher's Path
13. Blacke Road

ORBSWALLOW ENCOUNTERS—DAY

d6	Encounter
1	A **mossling** explodes in a puff of slime and spores. This is regarded as a blessing from **Blosquom** (***p173***).
2	**1d3 giant mutant snails** (*DMB*) slither into the village and attack the trees.
3	**1d3 traders** (Level 1 hunters—*DMB*) come to buy pipes.
4	An **ochre slime-hulk** (*DMB*) wanders through the village. It ignores mosslings, but attacks others.
5	**3d6 mosslings** dance through the village to music played on pot-bellied gourd pipes from the Pipetree.
6	**2d4 nutcaps** (*DMB*) make an aerial raid on the fruits of one of the three trees (roll 1d3 and consult map key).

ORBSWALLOW ENCOUNTERS—NIGHT

d6	Encounter
1	Coming of age ceremony: a young mossling is bathed in hog-cream beneath the Weaning Arch.
2	A mushroom-addled **mossling** stumbles around, ranting about "the coming age of the Myconom."
3	An **adventuring party** (*DMB*) brings a corpse to the fungal shrine for spore infestation.
4	**2d6 mosslings** from an outlying community arrive for a rollicking night out "on the town." It is difficult for anyone to get any sleep during the ensuing rumpus.
5	**3d6 mosslings** singing and making offerings at the fungal shrine. The smiling face of **Blosquom** (***p173***) manifests and croons along.
6	**2d4 nutcaps** (*DMB*) make an aerial raid on the fruits of one of the three trees (roll 1d3 and consult map key).

1. THE MILKTREE

Broad, bulbous, and oak-like, the Milktree is festooned with pendulous, orb-shaped fruits bearing a remarkable resemblance to mammalian teats. The low-hanging fruits are filled with sweet, nourishing milk or yoghurt, while those in the upper branches are filled with cheese. These fruits form a significant part of the village's food.

Wardens: The mosslings who tend the Milktree live in a cluster of huts around its base—***Milkers' Huts***.

Wicker spheres: Mosslings napping in the cosy wicker spheres hanging among the branches are a common sight.

2. THE PIPETREE

Sprawling and multi-limbed, with maple-like leaves, the Pipetree bears long, hollow, dry-husked fruits. The husks are harvested and crafted into several kinds of pipes, used by the villagers and sold for export.

Wardens: The mosslings who tend the Pipetree live in and upon ***Old Thromby***, a giant toadstool nearby.

3. THE MOONTREE

Tall, elegant, and birch-like, the Moontree bears fruits of several different kinds, hanging in clusters high among its delicate, silver limbs. The characteristics of the fruits resemble the phases of the moon and see use, variously, as food, pigmentation, tools, oils, and lighting.

Wardens: The mosslings who tend the Moontree make their homes in rooms carved out of a natural rock formation—**Waxers' Rock**—which stands nearby.

4. SAPLING GROVE

A sheltered grove of experimental saplings—cuttings and cross-breedings of the three trees. The cuttings invariably perish after a decade, never bearing fruit.

5. MILKERS' HUTS

Squat huts, built of wicker and slimy mud, huddled around the base of the Milktree. Five mossling families of the Milkers clan live here. The place reeks of mouldy cheese.

Services at the Milkers' Huts

Speciality cheeses fermented from the fruits of the Milktree can be purchased from the home-fromageries.

Old Shuck: Rigid, stinking, and ultra-mature (mild and creamy to mossling tastes). 10gp per 18″ round.

Hogger: Wrinkled and covered in fuzzy green mould. Consumption by non-mosslings induces the profuse growth of mossy green chest hair and has a 10% chance per complete cheese round eaten of increasing Constitution by 1 (at most once). 20gp per 6″ round.

Buggler-boot: Grotesquely slimy (to non-mosslings), hairy blue strands, sold in sock-like leather pouches. Each full pouch consumed (takes 1 Turn) has a 3-in-6 chance of healing 1 HP. Non-mosslings can only consume one pouch per day without vomiting. 20gp per pouch.

6. OLD THROMBY

A giant toadstool which houses six mossling families of the Pipers clan. Half dwell in chambers dug out of the toadstool's flesh, the rest in houses perched precariously upon its dome.

Services at Old Thromby

The dry-husked fruits of the Pipetree are fashioned into several types of pipe, which can be purchased here.

Smokepipes: Gourd-like fruits with a stem, mouthpiece, and bowl, perfectly suited for smoking pipeleaf. 1gp.

Windpipes: Long, reedy fruits riddled with holes which, upon catching the wind, produce whistling tones soothing to livestock. 4gp.

Dancepipes: Thick, pot-bellied, woody fruits bored with holes to serve perfectly as a musical instrument. Especially beloved by woodgrues. 10gp.

7. WAXERS' ROCK

A natural rock formation that houses seven mossling families of the Waxers clan, who dwell in rooms carved out of the rock. A cacophony of snorting and oinking emanates from the hog enclosures at the feet of the rock.

Services at Waxers' Rock

The harvested fruits of the Moontree can be purchased.

New moon fruits: Succulent black orbs, 6″ in diameter, filled with a sweet, nourishing, midnight-black juice. Each fruit is treated as a day's rations. The juice can also be used as a pigment, sufficient to dye a person-sized object. 1gp.

Crescent fruits: Golden, sickle-shaped shards with the strength of steel. Used in Orbswallow as cutting, carving, and digging tools. May also be used as a weapon (treat as a dagger). 3gp.

Waxing fruits: Near-hemispheres of soft, yellow, fatty tissue. Valued for the lubricative and preservative properties of their waxy juices. 1gp.

Gibbous fruits: Bulbous spheroids of yellow, green-veined flesh. Consumed as a delicacy, having a nectar-like flavour. Each fruit is treated as a day's rations. 2gp.

Full moon fruits: The rarest of the Moontree's fruits. Perfect, milk-white, spheres 1′ in diameter. Give off a warm, creamy glow in a 20′ diameter. Once picked, the glow subsides after 1 week. 5gp.

8. COMPOST HEAP

A steaming mound of decomposing vegetable matter and mossling dung. The stench is almost unbearable (to humans, at least—mosslings savour the aroma).

Toilet platform: A small platform hangs over the heap from the top of ***Waxers' Rock***. Happily defecating mosslings perch shamelessly upon stools on the platform, adding their dung to the mound.

Examining the heap: Several decomposing mossling corpses can be found. The mosslings bring their dead here, piling them up to decompose into mould.

Phrobe—Sombre Lamb Proprietor

A rotund mossling man, hunched over with age, with bulbous black eyes, a broad toothless grin, and straggling, white mycelial hair. Dresses in mould-riddled woollens and a floppy hog-skin cap.

Demeanour (Neutral): Gentle, nurturing. Nearly blind (mistakes strangers for people he knows).

Speech: Constant burbling and cackling. Makes jokes no one else understands. Woldish, Mulch.

Desires: To meet the fabled "Duke of Brackenwoolled" (who he believes is a unicorn of some kind).

9. THE SOMBRE LAMB (INN)

A giant toadstool housing the village's tavern and brewery, the Sombre Lamb.

Sign: A wooden sign bearing the words "The Sombre Lamb—Folk of All Clans Welcome."

Common room: Porous, smoke-stained walls of spongy mushroom flesh. Crowded with quirky wooden stools, tables, and log benches. Illuminated by the pale, creamy glow of full moon fruits (see ***Services at Waxers' Rock***) perched upon rickety shelves among the skulls of forest animals and pieces of artistic wood. The landlord **Phrobe** serves from a little moss-clad nook.

Guests: At night-time the mushroom is jam-packed with local mosslings, merrily drinking and smoking. Travellers are rare and are treated politely until all are inebriated.

Services at the Sombre Lamb

Lodgings and food: Of common quality (*DPB*).

Black new moon soup: Spiced with pine sap. Stains the tongue and teeth for days. 2sp.

Beverages: Only *Moon's Milk* (*DPB*) and *Glubwob* (*DPB*) are served, both brewed in mycelial cellars beneath the inn.

10. THE WEANING ARCH

A stone arch of apparently natural origin, completely overgrown with brambles, ivy, and wild roses.

Rituals: The mosslings conduct various rites of passage beneath the arch, where they bathe initiates in hog-cream.

Clearing the brambles: Reveals a series of graven bands of magical script. If deciphered (e.g. using *Decipher*), the script describes a ritual to summon spirits of flame. An arcane spell-caster may perform the hour-long ritual at the arch, requiring the burning of rare woods (worth 250gp). The ritual opens a dimensional rift beneath the arch, releasing a cascade of wicked fire spirits (treat as a single fire elemental—see the arcane spell *Conjure Elemental*). The summoner must **Save Versus Spell**—if successful, the spirits obey their commands for 1 hour per Level, before vanishing back to their own dimension. If the save fails, the spirits cannot be controlled and wreak gleeful destruction.

Blosquom—Fungal Avatar

A jolly, long-nosed face ringed with tiny, waving hands, manifested in a cloud of greenish mushroom spores. Blosquom is worshipped by the mosslings of Orbswallow, who are not aware that it is a manifestation of the Myconom (***p38***).

Demeanour (Neutral): Flippant, merry. Operates on a cosmic plane, with no conception of worldly matters.

Speech: Lazy sighing. Woldish, Mulch, Sylvan.

Desires: Corpses for spore infestation, to further spread the influence of the Myconom throughout Dolmenwood. Interested parties may be instructed to slay a particular individual in Dolmenwood, bring their corpse to the fungal shrine for spore infestation, then bury the corpse in a specific locale in Mulchgrove.

Reward: The friendship of all fungus-kind, manifesting as a +1 bonus to Reaction Rolls when encountering fungal monsters and the one-time ability to cast *Dominate* on a fungal monster.

11. FUNGAL SHRINE

In the dank forest just outside the village stands a tall, white mushroom, swaying gently as if in a breeze. Little niches are carved into its stem.

Offerings: Many of the niches are occupied by offerings left here by the locals: gourds carved with silly faces, little rounds of creamy cheese, strips of hog blubber. All are riddled with furry, white mould.

"Eat me!": Visitors hear a chorus of squeaky voices, imploring them to consume one of the mouldy offerings. Anyone who does **Save Versus Doom** or enter into a psychedelic trance of vomiting and vision questing for 1d8 hours, suffering 1 HP damage per hour (mosslings only suffer damage every other hour). Survivors gain a cryptic clue to a puzzle which vexes them, granted by the Myconom.

Characters with Wisdom 13+: Trigger a mist of spores to puff out from the mushroom's saffron gills, coalescing into a jolly face ringed with tiny, waving hands. This is **Blosquom**, fungal avatar of the Myconom (see ***p38***).

12. MULCHER'S PATH

A narrow, twisting track partially overgrown with bracken and fungal patches. The path leads west to Horse-Eye Road.

13. BLACKE ROAD

An old cart road, now seldom used and almost disappeared in the mycelial undergrowth of the fungal forests it traverses. Following the path east leads to Blackeswell.

Prigwort

1106—Famed brewing and market town in the heart of the Wood.

Situated in a hilly clearing in the deep woods, Prigwort is a market town famed for its breweries, inns, and taverns. Within the confines of the town wall, twisting alleys and crooked stairways weave between quaint wooden cottages and high-gabled inns, all decorated with colourful, pseudo-heraldic imagery and elaborate wood carving.

Inhabitants (2,800—small town): A large majority of folk of Prigwort origin, together with a smattering of travellers and traders who wandered this way and decided to remain.

Ruler: The Elevated Council of Brewmasters sees to the day-to-day running of Prigwort, as representatives of **Lady Harrowmoor** (*p60*). The council also (in secret) pays fealty to the fairy **Earl of Yellow** (*p32*), under whose protection Prigwort lies.

Religion: It is said (by outsiders) that Prigwort folk glorify ale above all. In reality, it would be fair to say that the church and the tavern share equal space in their hearts.

Rumours: See ***Rumours in Prigwort, p452***.

The Elevated Council of Brewmasters

Prigwort's council consists of one elected representative from each of the ***Seven Noble Brewing Houses***. The brewmasters may be seen, upon occasion, in public houses, where they can be recognised by their regalia: a pewter torc in the form of a two-headed eagle.

Beers and Fine Spirits

Located in the middle of Dolmenwood, the brewers of Prigwort have at their disposal a vast assortment of wild herbs, roots, and berries with which to flavour their concoctions. The admixture of such substances yields beers and spirits with delightfully intoxicating and even magical qualities.

Secret Congress with the Earl of Yellow

While the common folk of Prigwort speak often of the fairy Earl of Yellow (*p32*), they believe him to be merely a figure from folktale. The brewmasters, however, are privy to a carefully guarded secret: the council pays tribute to the Earl in the form of Prigwort's finest spirituous beverages. In return, the Earl protects the town in time of need and supplies the brewmasters with fabulous ingredients from Fairy for inclusion in their brews.

Fortification Against the Nag-Lord

Bands of crookhorns and other monsters have recently begun encroaching on the woods close to Prigwort and Harrowmoor Keep. Lady Harrowmoor is overseeing the establishment of a fortified garrison in Prigwort, as a precaution against the war she fears is brewing. The old Swinney Tower (see hex 1106) is also now reoccupied.

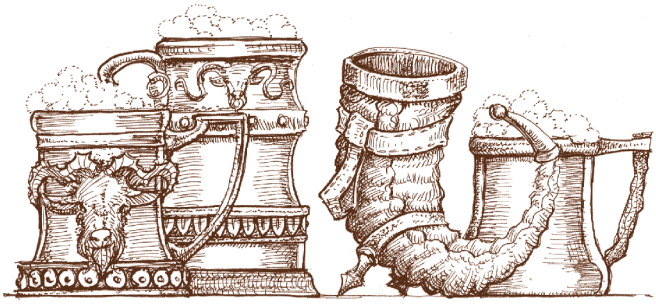
The Seven Noble Brewing Houses

Brewing and distillation dominate Prigwort culture to such a degree that all townsfolk are proud members of one of seven noble brewing houses. Each house has its own insignia and traditional festival garb, as well as a seat on the town council (see ***The Elevated Council of Brewmasters***). The seven houses are as follows:

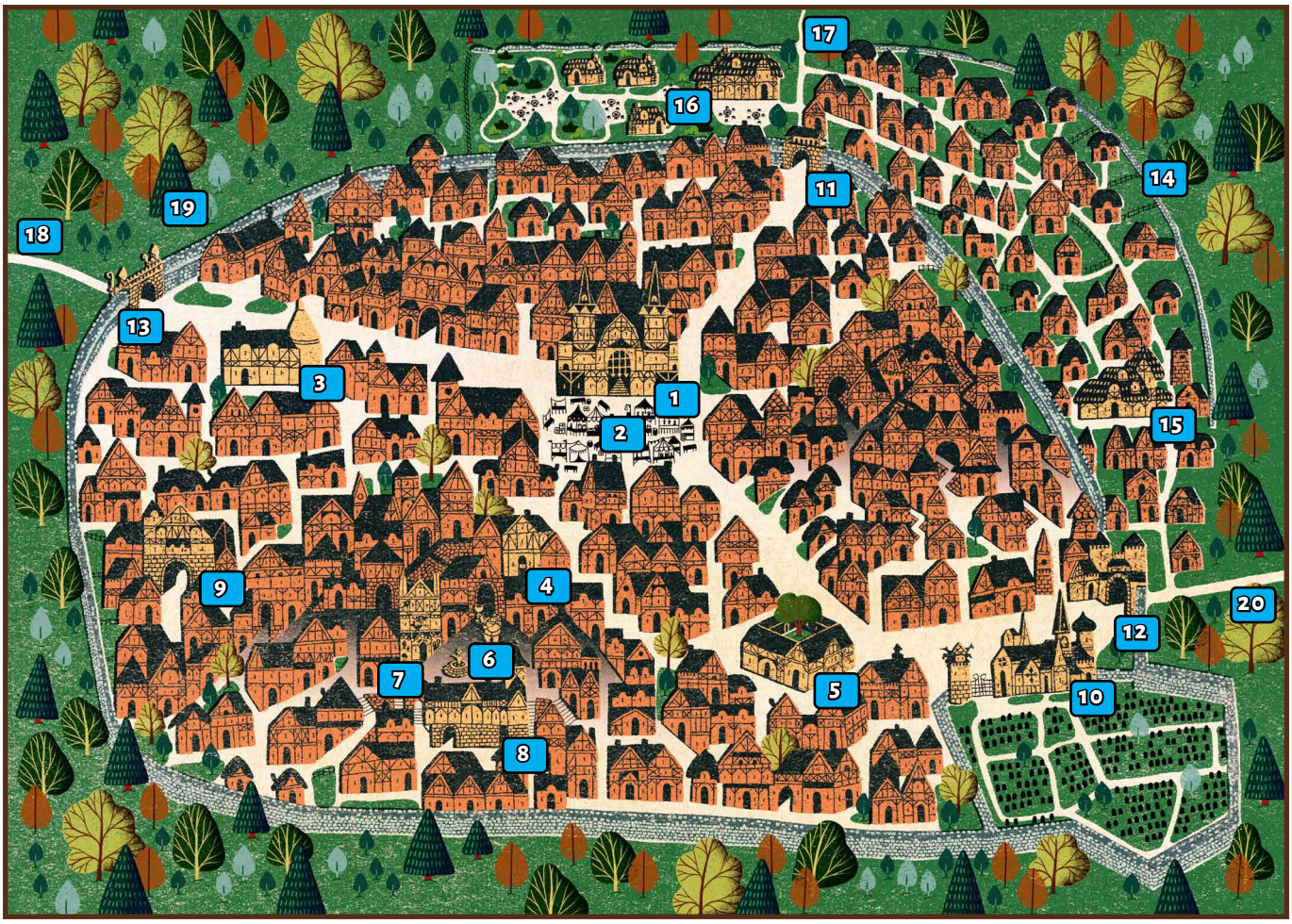
1. **House Cobsworth:** Specialises in light, fizzy beers. **Insignia:** a bear with a beer keg on its head. **Leader:** the Elevated Wilfrinda Grump.
2. **House Halthwidden:** Specialises in heavy stouts. **Insignia:** five fists clutching bunches of hops. **Leader:** the Elevated Daphnemene Hedger.
3. **House Oberon:** Prigwort's finest distillery, whose libations are legendary throughout Dolmenwood. **Insignia:** a mandrake root stirring a cauldron with a rod. **Leader:** the Elevated Sirrop Drouge.
4. **House Ogsbody:** Specialises in heavy, hoppy ales. **Insignia:** a ram with ivy intertwined in its horns. **Leader:** the Elevated Persimone Ogsbody.
5. **House Pilston:** Producers of low grade beer for the mass market. Said by some to be sullying the noble art of brewing. **Insignia:** a skewered apple. **Leader:** the Elevated Smyde Humblebuff.
6. **House Sumferish:** Specialises in aspintheon of all kinds. **Insignia:** a crow drinking from a chalice. **Leader:** the Elevated Ignatius Craphand.
7. **House Wakelyke:** Producers of experimental, low grade spirits with all manner of highly odd ingredients. **Insignia:** a grinning, fat-faced sun. **Leader:** the Elevated Hoagle Broadmain.

EQUIPMENT AVAILABILITY

Mounts and hounds are usually only available at the market on Colly (see *p176*).



"Yellow be willing"—commonly heard utterance in Prigwort, willing the favour of the fairy Earl of Yellow.



Map Key

1. Town Hall
2. Market Square
3. The Oaf in the Oast (Tavern and Baths)
4. Brandybile's (Tailor)
5. Raptappen's Quadrant (Inn)
6. The Earl's Court
7. The Sea of Stars (Jeweller)
8. The Wrinkled Medlar (Inn)
9. Wyrmspittle the Herbalist
10. Church of St Waylaine
11. The Groaning Gate
12. Turret Gate
13. Abbey Gate
14. The Bagwall
15. Bag Manor
16. The Clashed Antler (Inn)
17. Harrow Road
18. Swinney Road
19. Construction Site
20. Horse-Eye Road

The Prigwort Alegard

Clad in mail with red tabards bearing the insignia of one of the Noble Brewing Houses. The Alegard is a small body of town guards garrisoned in the town hall.

Arrival on the scene: If word of a crime is called out in the town, 1d3 guards arrive within 1d10 minutes (1d3 Turns at night). A further 1d3 guards arrive 10 minutes later (1d3 Turns later at night), if reinforcements are called for.

Combat stats: Level 1 fighter (*DMB*)—Lawful.

PRIGWORT ENCOUNTERS—DAY

d6	Encounter
1	A **pedlar** bearing bags of fresh herbs to Wyrmspittle's.
2	One of **Mostlemyre Drouge's** (***p180***) enigmatic black-wreathed servitors running errands around town.
3	**1d3 Brewmasters** overseeing transport of a giant vat of liquid to the Town Hall.
4	**Hague Jerricorn** (***p178***) arguing with a raggedy sailor over the authenticity of an old map she is clutching.
5	**Captain Hogwash** (***p176***) loudly leading wagon-loads of stone to the construction site beside the Abbey Gate.
6	**Dozens of locals** bearing the insignia of one of the noble brewing houses, rolling kegs through the streets.

PRIGWORT ENCOUNTERS—NIGHT

d6	Encounter
1	**2d3 town guards** dragging **1d4 protesting youths** (members of Austache's Bounders—***p181***) to the gaol.
2	**Austache** (***p181***) and **2d4 gang members** drunkenly accosting **1d4 shorthorn travellers** on their way to the Oaf in the Oast for a soothing bath.
3	A **Brewmaster** surreptitiously reading a note written in glowing golden Sylvan script (from the Earl of Yellow, promising a shipment of "languid evermore").
4	**1d6 revellers** singing the praises of **Maydrid Hydball** (***p178***), whom they all profess their undying love for.
5	Brash war horns ring out in the woods as a troop of **3d6 crookhorns** (*DMB*) harries **1d6 lost pilgrims**.
6	**Wyrmspittle** (***p179***) smoking with a **mossling** (*DMB*).

Captain Simwise Hogwash (Level 6 Fighter)

A bristle-bearded human man in his early sixties, his impeccably polished helmet perpetually strapped upon his shiny bald head. Goggling eyes and a stiff upper lip lend him an astonished appearance at all times.

Demeanour (Lawful): Brusque, suspicious. Always on edge, even when drunk. Eye twitches.

Speech: Gentlemanly. Vacillates between barked orders and mumbled ruminations. Woldish.

Desires: Suspects **Austache's Bounders** (***p181***) of criminal activity, and wishes to arrest Austache and shut down the vigilante gang.

House affiliation: House Halthwidden.

1. TOWN HALL

A large, elaborate building with two pointy ornamental turrets, an ostentatious, portcullised gate, and a profusion of heraldic shields decorating its tiled walls. This is the town hall of Prigwort, seat of the Elevated Council of Brewmasters.

Main hall: A wide, gloomy hall bedecked with heraldic tapestries bearing the insignias of the seven noble brewing houses and depicting the greatest Elevated Brewmasters of the town's past. When town meetings or legal proceedings are under way, the members of the Elevated Council are seated on wooden thrones upon a dais.

Brew cellars: The Elevated Brewmasters curate one of the town's greatest treasures: the exquisitely stocked cellars beneath the town hall. The collection of vintage wines, spirits, beers, and ciders rivals that of the palaces of kings. Many of the finest brews in these cellars are products of the Brewmasters' own craft.

Town gaol and garrison: A rear entrance leads to the garrison of the Alegard (see ***p175***)—commanded by **Captain Hogwash**—and the subterranean gaol.

2. MARKET SQUARE

A cobbled square whose sides are packed with tall, leaning stores and public houses. Bustling markets are held here twice a week.

Colly: Livestock and crafts market. Vehicles, mounts, hounds, tools, adventuring gear, and basic weapons and armour can be found for sale.

Frisk: Lively food market with festive music, where the finest of seasonal produce can be bought. Specialities:

- **Fungi:** Three randomly selected types of edible fungi (see ***Foraging, p118***). 1d4sp a portion.
- **Fancy pastries:** Sold by the flirtatious young women from the bakery in hex 1206. 2sp per pastry.

3. THE OAF IN THE OAST (TAVERN AND BATHS)

An old oast-house converted into a heaving tavern affiliated with House Ogsbody. The exterior walls are coated in once bright primary colours, now obscured by layers of thick varnish. Outside are various terracotta pots fashioned as hog-like creatures, trailing a riot of brittle vines and dead flowers.

Sign: A drunken bumpkin obliviously scratching his behind as a fire kindles beneath his nethers.

Common room: An arc-shaped mahogany bar in the cramped roundel is where most serious drinking takes place. On warm nights the cowl in the lofty roof is opened, allowing nightly zephyrs to sweep away the fust and fug. Crowds are served by the landlord **Heggid** and two buxom barmaids—**Gawda** and **Blessie**—who have the necessary brawn and bold temperament to shoulder through the thronging drinkers. Strangers are often pointedly overlooked by the server.

Brewery: The far larger oblong room at back is used as a store and the small brewery for Heggid's beers—the landlord and some of his more exclusive clientele sometimes sullenly drink in here betwixt the looming masses of two ancient mash tuns.

Guests: A bustle of bawdy locals, mostly manual labourers.

Grimalkins: Are theoretically welcomed, but so are (mundane) dogs and cats, and all are treated alike.

No fancy folk: Patrons dressed in fancy attire or putting on fancy airs may be barred on sight, for no real reason.

Services at the Oaf-in-the Oast

Food: Of common quality (*DPB*).

Heggid's bitter: Two-pint ceramic steins of Heggid's Bitter at 15cp apiece. The steins are worked into faces of rosy-cheeked barmaids, rather gaudy and alarming.

Baths: In the basement, under the floor of the main bar. These are only offered to groups of four at a minimum, it not being worth stoking the fires to heat water otherwise. 1sp per person, attended by Heggid. 1gp per person, attended by Gawda or Blessie.

Heggid Axminster—Oaf in the Oast Proprietor

A barrel-chested, lantern-jawed human man in his forties, with hairy forearms and a thatch of matted blonde hair. Broken teeth and nose do not detract from an almost noble carriage in the swing of his proud beer gut. Heggid "has always owned the Oaf and always will."

Demeanour (Neutral): Attempts to conceal his scheming and sly intellect with feigned absent-mindedness.

Speech: Rough, barely intelligible drawl. Woldish.

Desires: Scheming to set up a clandestine distillery in his cellars—out of sight of the meddling of the Brewmasters and their tax collectors—and start exporting cheap liquor to Dreg. To show his mettle defending Prigwort from any hypothetical invader.

House affiliation: House Ogsbody.

Algenon Brandybile—Brandybile's Proprietor

A weaselly human man in his forties, always dressed to the height of fashion, with curl-toed moccasins and a moustache to match.

Demeanour (Neutral): Fawning and sycophantic to the right breed of customer, condescending and abrupt to the wrong sort. (But may be brought around if his expert opinion on fashion is deferred to.)

Speech: Obsequious whine. Woldish, basic Old Woldish.

Desires: To see **Cantius Croupe**—his arch-rival and chief boudoir-ward of the duke—ridiculed and deposed.

House affiliation: House Sumferish.

4. BRANDYBILE'S (TAILOR)

This beautifully lacquered but otherwise inconspicuous shop is the premises of a high-class tailor of great repute.

Entrance: A small, red-painted doorway with a shiny brass knob and a plaque bearing the inscription "Brandybile's, by appointment only (inquire at the Wrinkled Medlar). Member of the Esteemed Guild of Tailors. Rogues beware: affiliate of the Shadow House, Castle Brackenwold."

By appointment only: Inquiring at the Wrinkled Medlar, as specified, may gain well-heeled clients an appointment on the following day.

Interior: A series of elegantly appointed chambers containing the workshops, display racks, and boudoirs of this high-class tailor. As if to confirm the establishment's connection with the Shadow House, the place is lit by candles that flicker on and off as clients walk between rooms.

Wards: As the plaque on the exterior door implies, the premises are warded by sorcery. Use of magic within the shop causes a small silver bell to tinkle. Items removed from the shop without the proprietor's permission are cursed: the thief must **Save Versus Hold** or be transformed permanently into a hog.

Services at Brandybile's

Fine clothing: Tailoring of fancy outfits comes at 50gp upwards (depending on the material, embellishments, etc.).

Embroidery: Brandybile can enhance existing clothing with emblems, coats of arms, etc. for 25gp upwards.

Enchantments: As an affiliate of Shadow House (see ***p133***), Brandybile can tailor clothing suitable for subsequent enchantment (at double the normal cost of the clothing). He can also directly commission the enchantments via his contacts in the guild.

5. RAPTAPPEN'S QUADRANT (INN)

A squat building of black timber with eggshell-coloured trim, surrounding a grassy courtyard in which wavers a single stunted elm. Secure, quiet lodging is on offer here and, indeed, after dark, wan lights indicate that the majority of the rooms are usually occupied, although the actual traffic of travellers seen coming and going is negligible.

Sign: A small black sign depicting three concentric yellow squares and the austere inscription "Raptappen's."

Entry hall: The front door leads into an entry hall, lined with mossy green carpet and dark wood panelling. Here, politely timorous servant lads clad in rust-coloured livery and starched ruffs greet guests and lead them through a maze of passages to one of the many private dining rooms.

Preternatural calm: Throughout Raptappen's, the atmosphere is one of preternatural calm and quiet, with only the occasional guest or scurrying servant lad to disrupt the tableaux of carpeted halls and parlours.

Private dining rooms: Rooms with space for up to fifteen are available, attended by a dedicated servant lad.

The courtyard: In warmer months, tables are placed in the courtyard, beneath lanterns hanging from the inn's eaves. The courtyard boasts several ancient sets of traditional lawn games such as quoits and skittles.

Guests: Other guests are rarely seen, though titters and muttering from closed rooms intimate their presence.

Services at Raptappen's Quadrant

Lodgings and food: Of common quality (*DPB*).

Wines: All uncommon wines always are in stock and there is a 3-in-6 chance of any rare wine being available. Guests ordering wine may meet the proprietor, **Aspith Raptappen**, who personally brings bottles up from the cellars.

Aspith Raptappen—Raptappen's Proprietor

A sighing human woman in her 50s, of gaunt, saturnine aspect, appearing of noble parentage. Dresses in sombre black suits and smells strongly of mothballs.

Demeanour (Lawful): Bows scrapingly low to even the lowliest beggar. Will often enquire with genuine curiosity of adventurers' recent brushes with death.

Speech: Sombre. Given to maudlin proverbs. Woldish, Old Woldish.

Desires: Knowledge of what lies beyond death. To host **Lady Harrowmoor** (***p60***) in the inn.

House affiliation: House Oberon.

6. THE EARL'S COURT

A cobblestoned courtyard featuring a charming fountain, and benches cloistered among rose-clad nooks.

Golden statue: At the centre of the courtyard stands a golden (actually yellow paint) statue of a portly, regally-dressed gentleman raising a goblet high in a toast. This purportedly represents the fairy Earl of Yellow.

Hague Jerricorn—Sea of Stars Proprietor

A human woman in her late thirties with cool grey eyes, straight red hair to her waist, and a birth mark across her left eye and cheek. Dresses in an odd mélange of courtly gowns and utilitarian artisan's apron.

Demeanour (Neutral): Disarming serenity and charm. The grace and poise of a dancer. Has a reckless streak.

Speech: Hypnotically melodic. Woldish.

Desires: Adventure, excitement, and scandalous romance. The treasure hoard her grandfather (who founded the Sea of Stars) claims to have buried on a remote island in his seafaring days. She has a map.

Possessions: A slim, silver *Ring of Invisibility* (***p410***).

House affiliation: House Pilston.

7. THE SEA OF STARS (JEWELLER)

A tall, narrow store, four storeys high, painted with pearls, mermaids, and gaudy nautical scenes.

Sign: A flotsam of bejewelled goblets and caskets, drifting on a tranquil sea.

Interior: A luxurious suite, with floral upholstered couches, elegant oil paintings, and display cases of polished, inlaid wood. The proprietor, **Hague Jerricorn**, greets clients from behind a grand consulting desk. The upper floors are off limits to customers, occupied by the safe room and the proprietor's private lodgings.

Guards: 6 guards (Level 1 fighters—*DMB*) armed with crossbows and swords. Three stand discreetly outside the store, with three more guarding the safe room.

Services at the Sea of Stars

See ***Buying and Selling Treasure*** under ***Settlements***, *DPB*. The Sea of Stars stocks a wide range of gems and jewellery of decent quality (50–500gp).

8. THE WRINKLED MEDLAR (INN)

A three-winged building whose ground floor is constructed of timeworn stone blocks and two upper floors are wood-beamed and painted with murals of the town market. The Wrinkled Medlar cultivates the reputation of "luxury away from home" and caters to cultured travellers with the need to enter Dolmenwood.

Sign: A dog's paw reaching towards a desiccated medlar fruit atop a luxurious cushion of purple velvet.

Strict door policy: Those unsuitably dressed (e.g. wearing armour or carrying weapons) are denied entry.

Common room: A curated balance between dim, rustic cosiness and timeless elegance. Tables are decked with linen, candles, and silver cutlery and liveried waiters serve guests at their seats. Double staircases lead to the intimate "evening bar"overlooking the broad stage at the opposite end of the room.

Musical performances: The inn is renowned as the finest musical venue in Prigwort, under the discerning eye of the resident delegate of the Bardic Guild, **Sprewdiman Kneeve**, who keeps a small office behind the stage. Kneeve can be seen sitting with critical attention during performances and flitting between tables to lap up his share of praise after a particularly successful show.

Guests: Well-to-do merchants, clergy, and minor aristocrats who have need to visit Prigwort, along with their entourages of guards, servants, and hangers-on.

Proprietors: The Hydball family, principally twin brothers **Adran** and **Mollicop** (slick-haired men of stocky build, morose countenance, and serious mind who manage the inn's finances and kitchens, respectively) and their younger sister **Maydrid,** who is often seen in the common room, welcoming guests and organising accommodation.

Services at the Wrinkled Medlar

Lodgings and food: Of fancy quality (*DPB*).

Maydrid Hydball—Wrinkled Medlar Proprietor

A tall, slender human woman of great beauty in her late 20s, with cropped brown hair and a scintillating smile. Dresses in simple scarlet gowns and gold earrings.

Demeanour (Lawful): Vivacious, light-hearted. Charmingly informal, even with those of noble birth.

Speech: Teasingly forthright. Woldish.

Desires: To convince her staid brothers to open a ballroom in the inn's attic. For her lover—the bard **Gherigew Thorncripe** (see hex 0604)—to forsake the life of a wanderer and settle in Prigwort.

House affiliation: House Halthwidden.

Sprewdiman Kneeve—Bardic Guild Delegate

A bulky, rat-faced human man in his thirties, with a powdered wig and a brass-knobbed walking cane. As Prigwort delegate of the Bardic Guild, Kneeve is an expert on matters musical and is himself a virtuoso violinist (but stage fright prevents him performing).

Demeanour (Neutral): Vain and insipid. Expresses himself with swishes of his silk handkerchief.

Speech: Nervous, affected giggling. Woldish, Caprice.

Desires: The hand of **Maydrid Hydball** in marriage. (Maydrid has no time for the smarmy Kneeve.)

House affiliation: None. Not a Prigwort native.

9. WYRMSPITTLE THE HERBALIST

An ungainly building teeters on the edge of a small bridge spanning a street below. Prigwort's primary herbalist and apothecary, operated by **Edgar Wyrmspittle**, is reached by a steep stair that passes alongside a stinking chicken enclosure.

Sign: A green-scaled wyrm drooling into a glass vial.

Services at Wyrmspittle's

Herbal consultation: Wyrmspittle can create herbal admixtures tailored to an individual customer's needs. Characters using these herbs gain an extra Hit Point per day of complete rest. 5gp per dose (enough for one day).

Mushrooms and herbs: Items listed in the *DPB* are sold at the standard prices and with the standard chance of availability. Trusted customers may also be offered the following (2-in-6 chance of each): *Bloodcap, Goatman's Goblet, Grinning Jenny, Lover's Gasp, Puck's Ear, Velvet Flounder*. See ***Rare Fungi, p428***.

Alchemical compounds: *Brewmaster's Balsam* (***p402***), brewed in house, is always in stock. There is a 2-in-6 chance of each of the following compounds being in stock: *Alchemical Tonic* (***p414***), *Orgon's Scintillating Philtre* (***p414***).

Edgar Wyrmspittle—Herbalist

A shaven-headed human man in his fifties, with arched brows, a silver ring in his ear, and a long pipe of *Mogglemoss* (*DPB*) in his lips. Sports a forked beard and dangling moustaches. Dresses in genteel tweed and a burgundy velvet smoking jacket.

Demeanour (Neutral): Irascible, superior. Raises one eyebrow sceptically. Friendly with those who display an interest in the wild herbs and fungi of Dolmenwood.

Speech: Smooth, erudite bass. Waxes technical. Woldish, Old Woldish.

Desires: Unusual herbs or fungi—pays well (75% of listed price). The distillation secrets of the Brewmasters.

House affiliation: House Wakelyke.

Reverend Mother Liane Smunk—Vicar of Prigwort

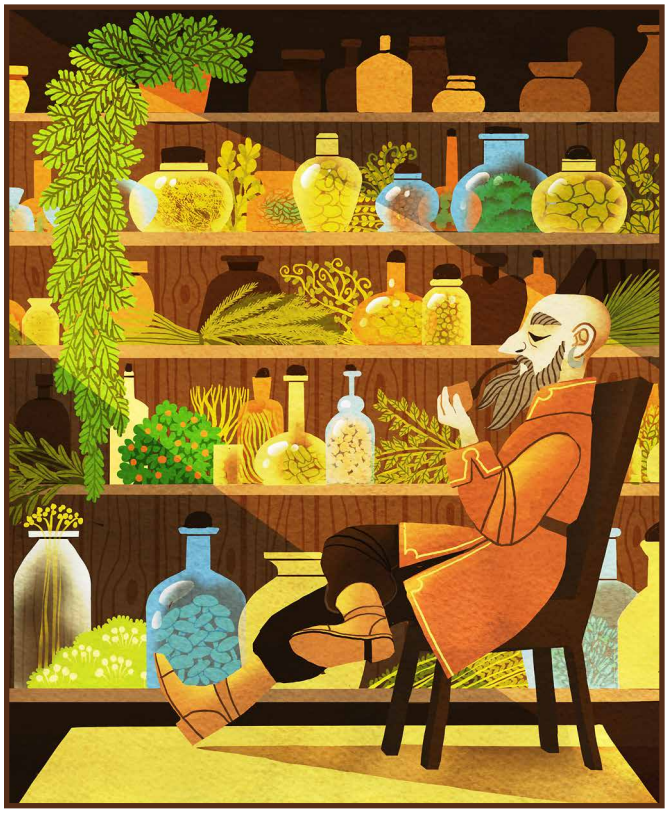
A plump, rosy-cheeked human woman in her forties, with prematurely white hair tied in a neat bun. Has one orange, goat-like eye. Dresses in white robes embroidered with vine-like patterns of gold thread, dotted with beads of yellow glass. Smunk is a native of Lankshorn (with breggle blood in her ancestry) who was placed in Prigwort by the Church as a young acolyte.

Demeanour (Lawful): Ever-cheerful (to an irritating degree). Compassionate and good-hearted.

Speech: Overly familial. Woldish, Liturgic, Gaffe.

Desires: To send a mission to the High Wold, seeking shorthorn initiates to the clergy.

House affiliation: None. Not a Prigwort native.



10. CHURCH OF ST WAYLAINE

A rambling structure whose original, narrow nave has been extended over time with many side-chapels in differing styles and antiquities.

Entrance: An extravagant portal framed by seven concentric arches, carved with scenes of angels raising the souls of the dead up to heaven. The entrance is angled such that it is immediately visible to travellers entering Prigwort through the Turret Gate.

Interior: The long, narrow nave, lined with pillars of gleaming white marble, gives a direct view onto the altar, bathed in coloured light filtering through the stained glass windows above. An enormous bronze statue of St Waylaine, depicted as a plump woman. Unusually, the statue has seven arms, each bearing an axe. Many side-chapels, dedicated to deceased vicars and bishops of great repute.

Populace: Brewers wheeling kegs of beer and bundles of hops to the altar for blessing. Pious locals and travellers, sitting in solemn prayer on the pews. The vicar, **Reverend Mother Liane Smunk**, passing among visitors, cheerily inquiring as to their health, marital woes, religious quandaries, etc.

Prayer: Characters praying may receive the blessing of St Waylaine: the ability to cast *Hold Person*. See ***Shrines, p22***.

Graveyard: A walled graveyard stands behind the church, at the edge of town. Entrance is only possible via a set of sturdy iron gates overlooked by a fortified, gargoyle-encrusted watchtower. Litanies engraved in Liturgic upon the gates and watchtower indicate that the cemetery is warded by the Lichwards (the Order of St Signis—see ***Clerical Orders, p68***).

11. THE GROANING GATE

A squat stone gate topped with a covered wooden lookout post, painted with the image of a sea serpent.

12. TURRET GATE

An ornamental, turreted gate, with portcullis and guard posts. The tops of the turrets stand fully twice the height of the town wall. The entrance to the Church of St Waylaine is visible to travellers passing through the Turret Gate.

13. ABBEY GATE

A stone gate topped with a battlement. The gate is flanked on each side by a statue of a bishop.

Alms: Coins dropped in slots in the statues' palms are collected in alms boxes, dating from the days when pilgrims would stop in Prigwort on their way to the Abbey of St Clewyd (hex 0906). Proceeds go to the local church.

14. THE BAGWALL

A crumbling brick wall that mirrors the course of the main town wall for a quarter of its length. The Bagwall is the remnant of a failed attempt by the semi-mythical Lord Bag-in-Hand to establish a manorial estate in the outskirts of Prigwort (see ***The Tale of Lord Bag-in-Hand***).

In local parlance: The Bagwall is a running joke among the locals, who use the phrase "when the Bagwall's finished" to indicate something that is highly unlikely to occur.

15. BAG MANOR

A roomy, thatch-roofed residence of several rambling wings. Hereditary home of the wealthy Drouge family, prominent members of the brewing house Oberon. Despite its name, Bag Manor has no relation to the semi-mythical Lord Bag-in-Hand (see ***The Tale of Lord Bag-in-Hand***), but was constructed at a later date on the site he had supposedly selected for his manor.

Inhabitants: The manor is the residence of **Mostlemyre Drouge**, famed consulting magician and elder scion of the Drouge clan. Drouge lives alone, attended by three mysterious, black-wreathed servitors who speak only in curt whispers.

Visitors: The magician's residence occasionally hosts visitors of a sagely or adventurous sort.

Appointments: It takes 1d3 days to gain an audience.

Consulting study: An octagonal chamber lined with bookshelves and curio cabinets. A green-stained octagonal desk sits in the centre of a carmine rug, with a plush upholstered chair for Drouge and three plain wooden chairs for clients.

The book spirit: A magical spirit (known as a *demi-gnod*) inhabits the bookshelves in the study. Guests may spot it during consultations, manifesting as a quizzical, long-nosed face in the wood of the shelves. The demi-gnod absorbs the knowledge of books placed in its shelves and addresses Drouge in an obscure magical language, acting as a quick index.

The Tale of Lord Bag-in-Hand

Some centuries ago, an eccentric noble, known in folk-tales as Lord Bag-In-Hand, had mind to build a manor on the outskirts of Prigwort. There was but one catch: he was mortally afraid of the squirrels (or badgers, or fairies—the tales vary) that frequent the region. Undeterred, he commissioned the construction of a wall around the site of the manor, with polished mirrors affixed to its outer side to repel the offensive creatures.

After a year of work, the builders upped and left, claiming that their employer had simply vanished. No more was heard of Lord Bag-In-Hand.

Some believe that he died of the plague, alone in a distant land. Others claim that he was, in fact, the Earl of Yellow in disguise, playing a prank or granting some mysterious boon upon the people of Prigwort.

Mostlemyre Drouge—Consulting Magician (Level 8 Magician)

A fat human man in his late 50s, with a shaven head and pudgy, clammy hands clad with bejewelled rings (one of which is enchanted—see ***Possessions***). Dresses in purple silks with an octagonal orange skullcap and a curious pair of thick, prismatic lensed spectacles.

Demeanour (Neutral): Wry, abstruse. Forthright and businesslike in his dealings with strangers. Has a general liking for adventurers, taking roguish antics with a pinch of salt. Smiles enigmatically to himself.

Speech: Dawdling baritone. Woldish, Old Woldish, several obscure otherworldly tongues.

Desires: Spells, tomes, and magic items related to scrying and other dimensions. Seeks a copy of the infamous tome of summoning magic, the *Black Book of Llareggub*.

Family: Elder brother of the Elevated Sirrop Drouge, member of the Council of Brewmasters and head of House Oberon. (The exquisite spirits of House Oberon are rumoured to be enhanced by Mostlemyre's magic.)

Possessions: A ruby *Ring of Protection* (***p410***). A *Talisman of Spell Reflection* (***p398***, 5 charges). A *Wand of Phantasm* (7 charges). Spell books: **Rank 1** *Decipher*, *Ingratiate*, *Ioun Shard*, **Rank 2** *Knock*, *Mind Crystal*, *Perceive the Invisible*, **3rd** *Crystal Vision*, *Dispel Magic*, **4th** *Drouge's Arcane Unravelling* (see ***Uncommon Spells, p454***), *Polymorph*.

House affiliation: House Oberon.

Services of the Consulting Magician

All services require that the item or items to be analysed are left with Drouge for 1d3 days.

Detect magic: 25gp per item.

Deciphering: 25gp per inscription or page of text.

Magic item identification: Using a spell of Drouge's own creation (*Drouge's Arcane Unravelling*—see ***Uncommon Spells, p454***). 1,000gp per item.

16. THE CLASHED ANTLER (INN)

A rustic, two-storey building with a thatched roof and sturdy black oak beams, similar in style to Bag Manor. The inn is supposedly located on a site intended for the grounds and outbuildings of Lord Bag-In-Hand's manor (see ***The Tale of Lord Bag-in-Hand***).

Sign: Two stags (one purple, one orange) locking horns against a backdrop of blue stars.

Common room: Grandly rustic, with thick beams, intimately cramped nooks and crannies, comfortingly low ceilings, and a horseshoe bar that looks solid enough to withstand a battering ram. Customers are served by the octogenarian proprietors, **Sespettra** and **Blino Jongle**.

Guests: A small number of cringing travellers and locals amid a roistering crowd of youths who call themselves **Austache's Bounders**. Driven by booze, boredom, and braggadocio, these rambunctious toughs spell trouble for any ill-mannered visitor.

Beer garden: A sprawling beer garden with lamps of purple and orange glass dotted amongst the trees and large wagon wheels for tables. The garden is bounded by the Bagwall (to the north) and a wooden fence (to the west), but bleeds directly into the eaves of Dolmenwood at several points, where the wall is crumbled to rubble. Although they have been asked repeatedly not to, **Austache's Bounders** often enter the premises directly from the woods rather than via the main entrance on Harrow Road.

Services at the Clashed Antler

Lodgings and food: Of common quality (*DPB*).

Private cottages: Located in the beer garden. Somewhat shabby and musty, but serviceable. 1gp per person per night, including a simple breakfast. Each cottage can accommodate six.

Bundt cake: Sespettra bakes an immense bundt cake twice a week—on Moot and Sunning—slices of which are free to all patrons, as well as passing beggars.

Blino Jongle—Clashed Antler Proprietor

An elderly human man, once proud and strong-backed, now doddery and enfeebled. His bald pate is dotted with liver spots and his spit-soaked grey moustaches hang limply down to his chest. Dresses in a shabby black suit.

Demeanour (Lawful): Feeble, familiar, forgetful. Will not have a bad word said about his great-nephew **Austache**, but looks on in silent reproach during his debauches, fretfully hand-wringing and chewing his moustaches.

Speech: Faltering, whistling. Woldish.

Desires: To find a good, dependable woman for Austache to settle down with or, failing that, a strict employer to keep him out of trouble.

House affiliation: House Cobsworth.

Austache's Bounders—Vigilante Gang

Purpose: Formed under the loose motivation to drive out criminals deemed "wrong-uns" from Prigwort. The manifesto detailing what constitutes a "wrong-un" is kept in **Austache's** jerkin and is constantly edited and re-edited as circumstances dictate. The gang spends as much time raising hell at the Clashed Antler as it does tracking down ne'er-do-wells.

Membership: Two dozen local youths, primarily apathetic scions of better-off families. The Bounders are mostly lads, but include a number of rowdy young women. While some of the members are passionate about law enforcement, most just like the mystique that comes with declaring oneself a vigilante.

Current scheme: Harassment of any non-humans they spot, on the imagined grounds that they are spies of the Nag-Lord.

Austache Jongle—Vigilante Leader

An awkward, pudgy human man in his early thirties (significantly older than most of his gang), with misty blue eyes and unkempt blonde hair and beard. Dresses in a ridiculous, harlequin patchwork of coloured cloth. Austache is the great-nephew of **Sespettra** and **Blino Jongle**, elderly proprietors of the Clashed Antler.

Demeanour (Neutral): Ungainly and careless. Shaky hands caused by early-onset alcoholism.

Speech: Loud whooping and jeering. Woldish.

Desires: To remain young and carefree. To recruit more members to his gang—including adventurous types!—and set up continuous patrols around Prigwort, on the lookout for "wrong-uns."

House affiliation: House Cobsworth.

17. HARROW ROAD

A narrow, twisting forest road, just wide enough for a cart at the point where it leaves Prigwort. Harrow Road widens as it winds its way north towards the gates of Harrowmoor Keep (hex 1105).

18. SWINNEY ROAD

A well-maintained, much-frequented trade road that leads from Prigwort to Fort Vulgar. Also once an important pilgrimage route—Swinney Road passes the foot of the (now ruined) Abbey of St Clewyd (hex 0906).

19. CONSTRUCTION SITE

Piled beside the wall to the north of the Abbey Gate are rapidly growing heaps of brick, stone, and lumber. This site is being prepared for the construction of a garrison, at the instruction of Lady Harrowmoor and the duke.

20. HORSE-EYE ROAD

A well-maintained, much-frequented trade road that connects Castle Brackenwold and Prigwort.

Woodcutters' Encampment

1109—Archaic village of loggers and wood-crafters on the verge of Hag's Addle.

Once truly a mere encampment in the woods, now a village proper and thriving trade community, known as "the Camp" for short. Streets of tall wood-panelled, clay-roofed buildings are lined with tidy rows of coppiced hazel, beech, and oak. Houses in the western part of the village rest on short stilts to alleviate flooding from the nearby swamp. A small stream named Sundiman's Beck flows through the streets in little cobblestone channels beside the thoroughfare.

Inhabitants (180—village): Almost exclusively folk of Woodcutter stock, tall and hirsute.

Ruler: Jollie Oistace Pollard (see ***p328***—resident in Ferneddbole House, hex 1209), representative of House Mulbreck, in whose domain the village lies. ("Jollie Oistace"—or the "Lumbermaster"—is a hereditary title among the Woodcutters, akin to a minor lord.)

Religion: The Woodcutters faithfully serve the Pluritine Church.

Rumours: See ***Rumours in the Woodcutters' Encampment, p453***.

The Dying Art of Furnging

In addition to their work as simple loggers and woodcrafters, the Woodcutters traditionally practice an art known as "furnging"—the coppicing and maintenance of trees with a view to heightening the innate properties of the wood. The most refined arts of furnging are applied over several human lifespans and result in timbers with unusual and even magical qualities.

The Softening of the Woodcutter Life

In recent years, the once hardy Woodcutters are grown indolent on the profits of trade, softened by the comforts of civilised life. The furnging-woods are still maintained by a stalwart few, but ever half-heartedly.

Mock But Secretly Fear the Drune

The Woodcutters have dwelt in Dolmenwood since antiquity, arriving alongside the Drune (see ***History, p14***). While the two groups once worked in tandem, each benefiting from the other's knowledge, these days are now only recognised in folktale. In the modern day, while affecting a boisterous mockery and disdain for the Drune (see ***The Mocking of the Drune***), each and every Woodcutter harbours a lurking fear of them at the back of their mind.

Shun Drune country: Woodcutters are reluctant to travel further west than Lankshorn (hex 0710) and refuse utterly to trespass into Dwelmfurgh, the heart of Drune country.

The Mocking of the Drune

Unlike other folk of Dolmenwood, the Woodcutters do not fear to utter the word "Drune." Indeed, they tend to dismiss the cabal's existence as superstition and laughingly engage in a ritual known as "the mocking of the Drune." Of an evening, one of the locals gathered in the Stump and Poniard calls out *"Oistace-kyne arise, Baggle-men bedroggle!"* The caller then rushes outside to ring the Drounbell, showing their fearlessness of the Drune, before returning and buying a round of drinks. These antics continue through the evening, typically with ever-increasing zeal and disrespect. Visitors to the Woodcutters' Encampment are encouraged to join in.

Meaning of the call: "Oistace-kyne" is the Woodcutters' name for themselves; "Baggle-men" is a local (flippant) name for the Drune; "bedroggle" is a word meaning to cast an unwanted item (or person) into a sodden ditch. All of these words are of Drunic origin.

Bordering the Hag's Domain

Dwelling on the edge of Hag's Addle, the Woodcutters whisper fearfully of **the Hag** (***p82***), who is said to haunt the village outskirts at night, bewitching any who glimpse her lantern. Many who venture into the swamp to forage or fish claim to have encountered the Hag, though the veracity of such tales is uncertain.

The River Trade

The River Hameth runs wide and shallow at this point, rich with fish and floating debris from the forest. Boats and barges carry goods and passengers along two routes:

East-west: The seven-mile river journey between Dreg and the Woodcutters' Encampment forms a vital link in the trade route between Castle Brackenwold (in the east) and High-Hankle and Lankshorn (in the west).

North-south: Trade between Dolmenwood and the lands to the south travels along the Hameth, via Dreg, the Woodcutters' Encampment, and the wondrous ship-conveyor at the Falls of Nyf (see hex 1112).

EQUIPMENT AVAILABILITY

Vehicles and mounts cost 50% more than usual.

Map Key

1. Camp Road
2. The Kissing Stone
3. Marrowbold's Smoke Shop
4. Lumbermaster's Lodge
5. Port
6. The Drounbell
7. The Stump and Poniard (Tavern)
8. Church of St Foggarty
9. The Oistace Tree
10. The Merry Mendicant (Inn)

ENCAMPMENT ENCOUNTERS—DAY

d6	Encounter
1	Folk flee logs tumbling off a collapsed logging cart. (The Referee may optionally call for a **Save Versus Ray** to jump out of the way or suffer 1d4 damage.)
2	A **family** takes a sickly child to the Kissing Stone.
3	**Father Horsely** (***p185***) leaving for Hag's Addle, with his dog and a partial map, which he hopes to expand.
4	A **mossling pedlar** laden with pipeleaf asks the way to Marrowbold's Smoke Shop.
5	**Merry locals** bedecked with garlands dance through the streets to a wedding at the Oistace Tree.
6	An **elder Woodcutter**, dressed in traditional green tweed jacket and tight white breeches, scolds **1d3 youths** for disrespectfully laughing beneath an elm.

ENCAMPMENT ENCOUNTERS—NIGHT

d6	Encounter
1	A **tipsy local** tolling the Drounbell with mad vigour.
2	**Hagbard Sundiman** (***p184***) and **1d4 Woodcutter elders** sneaking off to Ferneddbole House (hex 1209) to spy on the Jollie Oistace, making plans to exorcise him.
3	**Father Horsely** (***p185***) rushes into the village, wide-eyed and bedraggled after a face-to-face encounter with **the Hag** (***p82***) in the swamp.
4	A **lost soul** (*DMB*) wanders in from Hag's Addle.
5	**1d6 bog corpses** (*DMB*) stumble out of the swamp.
6	**Jock Furngle** (***p185***) furtively examining fungal specimens brought by a black-cloaked individual.

1. CAMP ROAD

A broad, well-maintained cobbled road leading to Castle Brackenwold.

2. THE KISSING STONE

An obelisk of black marble stands by the roadside. A white rope is braided around its centre.

Kissing the stone: Woodcutters traditionally kneel and kiss the stone when returning from the woods, claiming that doing so brings good fortune and health.

Engraved script: Upon close examination, worn remnants of an inscription may be noted at the rear of the stone. The script is Old Drunic (which few living understand) and tells of the presence of a "water weird" named Gheillough in the great lake, said to be a source of great power to the Drune.

3. MARROWBOLD'S SMOKE SHOP

A thatched cottage with two wooden towers out the back, used for drying herbs.

Sign: A shorthorn breggle looking with surprise at a quizzical face coalescing in the wisps rising from his pipe.

Interior: A cramped, soothingly dim space whose meticulously packed shelves loom reassuringly over visitors. The proprietor, **Megwynne Marrowbold**, smiles from behind a felt-clad counter, polishing pipes with a cloth. Above her, a range of peculiar pipes are displayed on plaques.

Services at Marrowbold's

Standard pipes and pipeleaf: The pipes and leaves listed in the *DPB* are sold at the standard prices. Common and uncommon leaves are always available, and there is a 3-in-6 chance of rare leaves being in stock.

Magical pipeleafs: There is a 2-in-6 chance of each of the following being in stock: *Mallow-Puff*, *Purple Shag*, *Sticky Gilly*, *Wanton Wisp*. See ***Rare Comestibles, p426***.

Enchanted pipes: The peculiar pipes hanging above the counter are of antiquated mossling manufacture and are enchanted with a variety of minor dweomers (blows purple smoke, blows wyrm-shaped smoke rings, plays jingling melodies when smoked, etc.). Each costs 100gp.

Megwynne Marrowbold—Marrowbold's Proprietor

A plump, bespectacled human woman in her sixties, with plaited, grey hair down to her ankles. Dresses in chunky wool and an oiled leather apron. Megwynne is an expert on matters of pipeleaf and smoking.

Demeanour (Lawful): Enthusiastic (insists customers sample at least half a dozen weeds).

Speech: Convivial, slow. Woldish.

Desires: Rare and unusual pipes and weeds. To publish her life's work: a rambling collection of treatises on pipeleaf through the ages.

Hagbard Sundiman—Elder Woodcutter

A remarkably hale, bear-like human man in his eighties, his dark eyes almost lost in the tangle of his russet hair and beard. Dresses in scratched leather and a squirrel-skin hat (complete with tail).

Demeanour (Lawful): Dour, God-fearing, suspicious of "soft-skins" (i.e. non-loggers), brutally honest. Habitually chews pine sap.

Speech: Gruff, curt. Woldish.

Desires: To bring about a new dawn of Woodcutter culture by awakening the Jollie Oistace from his indolence. A complete exorcism of his manor (hex 1209) may prove necessary.

4. LUMBERMASTER'S LODGE

An impressive, two-storey log cabin / manor, with exceptionally large trunks for corner posts. Originally the Jollie Oistace's residence, the lodge is now used as a meeting house by the elders who maintain the art of furnging.

Entrance: A single, heavily furnged slab of ancient oak. A multitude of whimsical visages can be seen amid the structure of its whorls and grain. As visitors approach, the little faces animate, peering curiously at those who would enter.

Interior: A lofty space with beams and panels of fragrant wood. A round table and stools, carved from an unusual, purple-hued wood. Mighty saws and gargantuan rounds of wood decorate the walls. A library of decaying books contains the secrets of furnging, recorded in a code passed down over generations.

Inhabitants: In the day, the lodge is empty. One evening in three, a hoary collection of village elders gathers here and gravely schemes to revive the rapidly dying art of furnging. Chief among them is **Hagbard Sundiman**.

Services at the Lumbermaster's Lodge

The elder Woodcutters may be willing to sell furnged wood (either as raw lumber or crafted items) to interested parties. Wood furnged for flame resistance is the most commonly desired product, but woods with more exotic qualities (e.g. the strength of steel, great elasticity, incorporeality beneath moonlight) are sometimes available at high prices.

5. PORT

An assortment of piers, fishing boats, and lumber barges.

Boats to Dreg: Passage on a boat or barge along the seven-mile stretch of river to Dreg can be bought here for 2sp per foot passenger, 5sp per horse, and 2gp per vehicle. The journey takes 1½ hours.

6. THE DROUNBELL

A great, weathered copper bell standing on a wooden platform at the riverside, beneath a clay-tiled roof. The bell is carved with the antlered head of a stag.

The Mocking of the Drune: Tipsy locals rush here to vigorously ring the bell as part of their ritual "Mocking of the Drune" (see ***p182***).

7. THE STUMP AND PONIARD (TAVERN)

A long, low wooden shack on the edge of the forest. A tree trunk pierces the roof of the tavern, with a chimney on either side.

Sign: A slim dagger stuck in the side of a great stump.

Common room: A draughty, smoky, sawdust-floored space, little more than a barn. Not a stool or table can be found. The landlord, **Jock Furngle**, serves from a circular bar surrounding a varnished trunk that pierces the roof. Meats roast in a pair of fireplaces. In the evening, fiddle-players and barn-dances intermingle with drinkers.

Guests: Merry locals, river workers, traders, and the occasional adventuring party.

Services at the Stump and Poniard

Food: Of common quality (*DPB*).

8. CHURCH OF ST FOGGARTY

A tall church constructed of varnished wooden staves, overlooking Hag's Addle. In its tower, a pale yellow flame burns, lighthouse-like, guiding lost travellers to safety.

Entrance: A towering, unadorned wooden door, which is often locked in the day, when the vicar wanders the swamp.

Interior: A tall circular space with a serene pinewood aroma. An oaken idol of St Foggarty—depicted holding a lantern to guide the lost—stands opposite the door.

Populace: Lone locals in prayer. The vicar, **Father Horsely**, sits quietly with his shaggy dog, Clewyd, at his feet.

Prayer: Characters praying may receive the blessing of St Foggarty: the ability to cast *Light*. See ***Shrines, p22***.

Father Jymes Horsely—Vicar of the Woodcutters' Encampment

A stick-thin human man in his fifties, with pale, greyish skin, wispy white hair, and darting grey eyes. Spends much of his time wandering in Hag's Addle with his dog, Clewyd.

Demeanour (Lawful): Shy. Prefers books to people, but cares deeply about the plight of the suffering.

Speech: Awkward stammering. Woldish, Liturgic.

Knowledge: Expert on the paths of Hag's Addle.

Desires: To map Hag's Addle and drive out the Hag.

9. THE OISTACE TREE

A huge, wild-limbed oak tree allegedly over 1,000 years old, its larger branches propped up on supports. The grassy area at the foot of the oak is roped off for use in weddings and village dances.

Jock Furngle—Stump and Poniard Proprietor

A stout, round-faced human man in his forties, with twinkling brown eyes, a mop of black hair, and ruddy cheeks.

Demeanour (Neutral): Grinning and affable. Scheming, untrustworthy, and entirely unscrupulous.

Speech: Rustic, slow and circuitous. Woldish.

Knowledge: Has heard of the fungal infestation in Bogwitt Manor (hex 1210) and addiction of the nobles.

Desires: To supply **Jollie Oistace Pollard** (***p328***) with fungi acquired from Bogwitt Manor (particularly *Devil's Grease*), with the aim of establishing an addiction.

10. THE MERRY MENDICANT (INN)

A five-storey building so narrow that it looks almost like a tower. The inn is the tallest building in the village.

Sign: A grinning friar polishing his pate with beeswax.

Common room: A symphony of carven wood—sylvan statues clutching oil lamps peek out from little nooks and alcoves, delightful woodland dioramas form a frieze around the room, and dark beams worked into the shape of ivy-clad branches radiate out from the bar. The bar itself is constructed entirely of polished cherry-wood, with a pair of 8'-high friars toasting the health of guests, one on each side of the bar. The landlady, **Clement Brancher**, serves amid this atmosphere of amiable rustic ease.

Guests: Contented locals, travellers, and merchants.

Services at the Merry Mendicant

Lodgings and food: Of common quality (*DPB*).

Addle mead: A rich, herby mead is brewed in the inn's cellars, from the honey of the beehives that stand among the reeds on the village's northern edge. 15sp a glass.

Attic suite: A cosy lounge and separate bedroom, with a luxurious feather bed of kingly proportions. 3gp per night; at most 2 guests.

Clement Brancher—Merry Mendicant Proprietor

A slender human woman in her twenties, with a mass of curly red hair and beady brown eyes. Dresses in traditional male Woodcutter garb: green tweed jacket and tight white breeches. Has no knowledge of the Woodcutter life, having moved here from Castle Brackenwold after inheriting the inn from her grandfather.

Demeanour (Neutral): Warm, wry, somewhat baffled. Loves dogs and cats. Fondly predisposed towards grimalkins.

Speech: Leisurely, familiar. Woldish.

Desires: A magical hound for a pet. To marry a dashing swordsman (or swordswoman?—she's unsure).

Part Six

Hex Descriptions

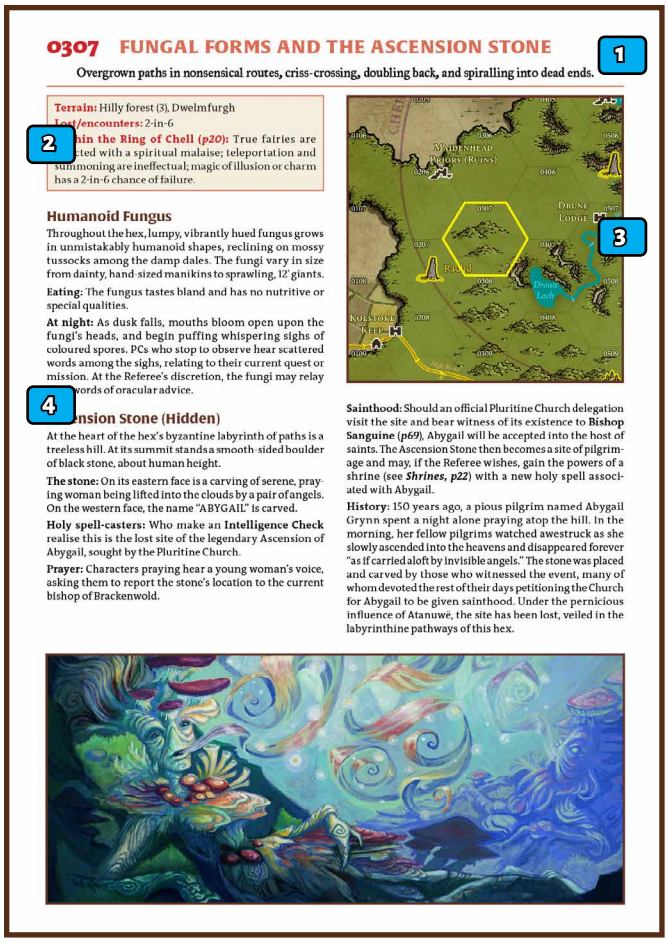
"Whether you've been out into the wild twice in your life or a hundred times in a hundred seasons, Dolmenwood always holds another delightful secret, the strangest of strangers, or a place untouched by time. You'll forgive the jest, but it truly is an enchanted and enchanting place in spite of all the fearful talk you might hear in the tales of mortal folk. Not that it's without its dangers, mind you. But the danger is part of the joy, and I think mortals know that—even if they don't realise it. You just have to let go of that foolish voice in your head called fear and let the winds of the Wood take you where they will."

—Boots Pouncemouse, grimalkin enchanter

Hex Description Format

The various statistics and entries by which hexes are described.

The Dolmenwood campaign map is divided into 200 hexes, each encompassing an area 6 miles across. The following 200 pages of this book each describe one hex on the map, listed in numerical order—from the north-west corner of the map to the south-east. These one-page hex descriptions detail the most mysterious, magical, useful, and dangerous features located within each hex. The format in which they are presented is explained here.



1. HEADER

The header at the top of each hex description page lists a few basic facts about the hex.

Hex Number

The hex's number, for referencing it on the campaign map.

Name

Each hex has a name, giving a brief indication of what might be discovered there.

Flavour Text

A brief description of the sights, sounds, smells, and atmosphere of the hex. Describe this flavour to the players when their characters enter a hex. Read the flavour text aloud or convey it in your own words.

2. GEOGRAPHICAL INFO

Beneath the header, on the left of the page, boxed text notes relevant geographical information about the hex.

Terrain

The hex's terrain type (e.g. fungal forest, meadow, swamp, etc.—see ***Travel***, *DPB*) is listed, along with the region or regions in which it is located (e.g. Aldweald, Mulchgrove, etc.—see ***Regions of Dolmenwood, p8***).

Terrain type: A hex's terrain type determines the party's travel speed and whether mounts or vehicles can be used. See ***Travel***, *DPB*.

Travel Point cost: The Travel Point cost to enter or search the hex is noted in parentheses. See ***Travel***, *DPB*.

Region: The region in which a hex is located determines the types of creatures that might be encountered. See ***Encounters, p114***.

Lost / Encounters

Lists an X-in-6 chance used for rolls for losing direction and for encounter checks while in the hex.

Losing direction: The X-in-6 chance of getting lost when travelling wild under normal conditions, based on the hex's terrain type. Extreme weather conditions increase this chance. See ***Travel***, *DPB*.

Chance of encounters: The X-in-6 chance of an encounter occurring if a random encounter check is rolled in this hex. See ***Travel***, *DPB*.

Special encounters: If an encounter is rolled while characters are in the hex, some hexes note a separate chance that a special encounter may occur. Special encounters are typically with creatures resident in the hex. If the chance for the special encounter comes up, the encounter is with the specified creature; otherwise roll on the standard encounter table for the hex's region (see ***Encounters, p114***).

Ley Lines

If a ley line passes through the hex, its basic effects are noted as a reminder to the Referee. See ***Ley Lines and Standing Stones, p18***.

Foraging

Edible fungi and plants can be found in any hex (see ***Foraging, p118***). Successful foraging in some hexes also yields unusual or magical species, for example those described in ***Part Seven: Treasures and Oddments, p390*** or in ***Common Herbs and Fungi***, *DPB*.

3. LOCAL AREA MAP

Beneath the header, on the right of the page, is a section of the Referee's map, showing the hex and neighbouring hexes.

Current hex: The hex described is outlined in yellow.

Hyperlinks: In the PDF edition of this book, clicking on a surrounding hex jumps to its description.

Hex Dimensions

Flat side to opposite side: 6 miles.

Centre to flat side: 3 miles.

Corner to opposite corner: 7 miles.

Centre to corner: 3½ miles.

Edge (corner to corner): 3½ miles.

Expanding Hex Locations

Each hex on the campaign map covers an area of nearly 32 square miles. Given this scope, the hex descriptions in this book necessarily only note and detail the most significant features in each hex.

Expanding features: The Referee may wish to flesh out features described in this book in more detail, as required. For example, locations such as lairs and domiciles could be expanded into full adventure sites, with a map and appropriate treasure (see ***Designing Dungeons, p96***).

Adding features: The Referee may wish to add wholly new, additional features to hexes. For example, a dungeon adventure could be placed in a hex on the Dolmenwood map. In the case of hexes PCs have fully explored or frequently travel through, adding new features keeps the environment fresh and surprising.

4. FEATURES

Each hex notes one or more features of interest that characters might encounter while passing through: islands, tombs, inns, lairs, strange pools, settlements, castles, and so on.

Hidden Features

Some features are marked as "Hidden." Parties spending extra time to search the hex discover such features. See ***Travel***, *DPB*.

Revealing features: When a party searches a hex, the Referee may wish to reveal all hidden features, one feature per search, or give a chance (e.g. 2-in-6) of finding a hidden feature per search.

Non-Hidden Features

Other features (those *not* marked as "Hidden") are encountered by parties passing through the hex.

Travelling by road: The Referee may need to use judgement as to which features a party encounters when passing through a hex by road. For example, a feature located deep in the woods may be missed by a party simply travelling along a road without making any detours.

Map Features

Note that many hexes have obvious, large-scale features indicated on the campaign map—rivers, marshes, islands, roads, etc. These are only specifically described if they are of especial interest.

0101 THE SPECTRAL MANSE

A barren expanse of stagnant pools. The keening wind carries strains of distant violin music.

Terrain: Bog (3), Northern Scratch

Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with a bewildered **banshee** (*DMB*) heading to a ball at the Spectral Manse.

Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d2 portions of *Bosun's Balm* (*DPB*), in addition to the normal results.

The Spectral Manse

A thicket of twisted blackthorns stands amid a treacherous region of rivulets and sodden moss carpets. Those who push through the tangled branches arrive at a blue-tinged, spectral vision of a baroque manor of dark wood, its windows lit with the veiled glow of firelight behind drawn curtains. Strains of plaintive violin music can be heard from somewhere within.

Entering: The front door opens freely, or a window can be forced.

Interior: The manor exists in an odd dimension, halfway between Fairy and the mortal world. Interior walls appear skewed, passages twist at odd angles, and rooms seem to expand and contract as characters move through them. Violin music drifts in the air, though its origin is unclear.

Inhabitants: Lord Hobbled-and-Blackened is imprisoned in the manse with a number of spectral guests.

Exploring: Roll on the ***Rooms*** and ***Encounters*** tables for each room entered. Each room connects to 1d3 other rooms, via crooked doors and lurching hallways.

Leaving: With the exception of any of Lord Hobbled-and-Blackened's possessions, items from the manse evaporate into mist when taken into the real world.

Rooms (d6)

d6	Room
1	**Study.** Books of frost elf poetry, stag heads, ice hearth.
2	**Lounge.** Velvet couches, ice candles, wolf-skin rugs.
3	**Dining room.** Exquisite foods, frozen solid.
4	**Winter garden.** Hoar-clad roses drip blood if touched.
5	**Pantry.** Bottled emotions, iced fruits, frozen game.
6	**Bedroom.** Ice-block bed, furs, tundra tapestries.

Lord Hobbled-and-Blackened

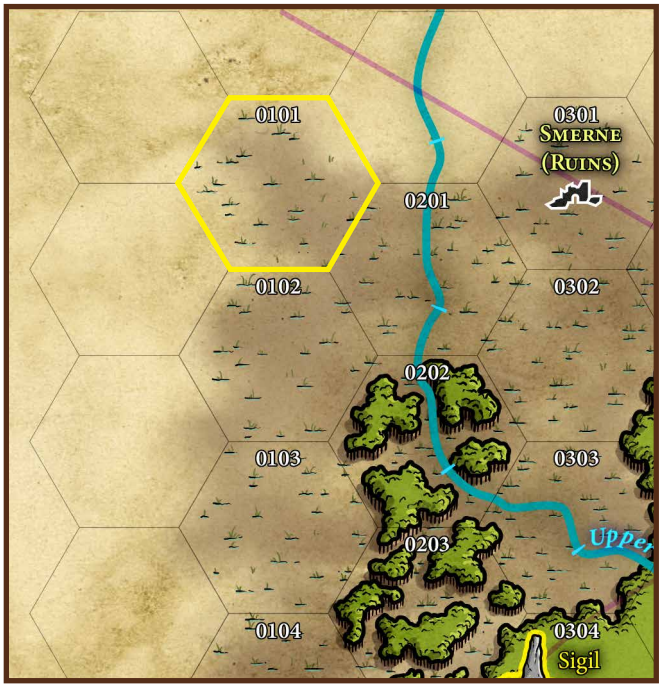
A gaunt, icicle-thin frost elf courtier (*DMB*) dressed in flamboyant white lace and a ruff of hoarfrost. Once a court musician to **Prince Mallowheart** (***p34***), he was imprisoned here for falling in love with **Ygraine Mordlin** (***p84***), the Prince's fosterling daughter.

Demeanour (Neutral): Manic, twitchy fingers.

Speech: Rapid babbling, laughing. Woldish, High Elfish.

Possessions: Magical violin, which when played skilfully can cast the arcane spell *Dominate* once a week (worth 10,000gp).

Desires: Freedom from the manse. To see Ygraine once more.



Encounters (d8)

d8	Encounter
1	**Lord Hobbled-and-Blackened**, manically playing a violin. He beseeches PCs to take a letter to Ygraine (declaring his love for her and pleading for her aid in escaping the manse). In return he offers his violin.
2	**1d4 sleek, silver hounds** (use seelie dog stats, *DPB*) growl and may attack non-Neutral aligned characters entering the room.
3	An **aged elven lady** with violet eyes and white, frost-clad hair in an extravagant beehive, waltzing and pirouetting to violin music. If asked to dance, she gladly accepts (partner must **Save Versus Hold** or be whisked away into the Prince's Road—see ***Fairy Roads, p26***); otherwise she attacks any who disturb her (treat as a banshee, *DMB*).
4	**2 haughty frost elf courtiers** (*DMB*). Roll 1d6: 1. Trysting, 2. Dancing ponderously, 3. Arguing about musical notes, 4. Looking for Lord Hobbled-and-Blackened (their host), 5. Lounging disinterestedly, 6. Duelling.
5	A portrait of a beautiful mortal woman dressed in a regal fur robe with a brilliant diamond upon her brow (***Ygraine Mordlin, p84***). The frame is carved with plaintive faces, weeping icy tears.
6	Furnishings dance to the strains of violin music. A grandfather clock groans and grates, its hands stuck at seven-past-noon. Opening the clock and fixing the mechanism (a silver dagger is stuck inside) causes the hands to start moving and slowly accelerate, along with the tempo of the violin music. Upon returning to the mortal world, 1d12 days have passed.
7	A raging wind rips a window and its curtains from their fittings and proceeds to suck the room's contents outside into the dark. PCs must **Save Versus Hold** or be ejected back into the mortal world, the manor disappearing until the next full moon.
8	A great white stag's head has fallen from its mounting and lays on the carpet, moaning mournfully.

Banks of tall reeds and thickets of gnarled bog willow form a natural labyrinth. Passage is laborious.

Terrain: Bog (3), Northern Scratch
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6
Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d3 portions of *Sage Toe* (***p430***), in addition to the normal results.

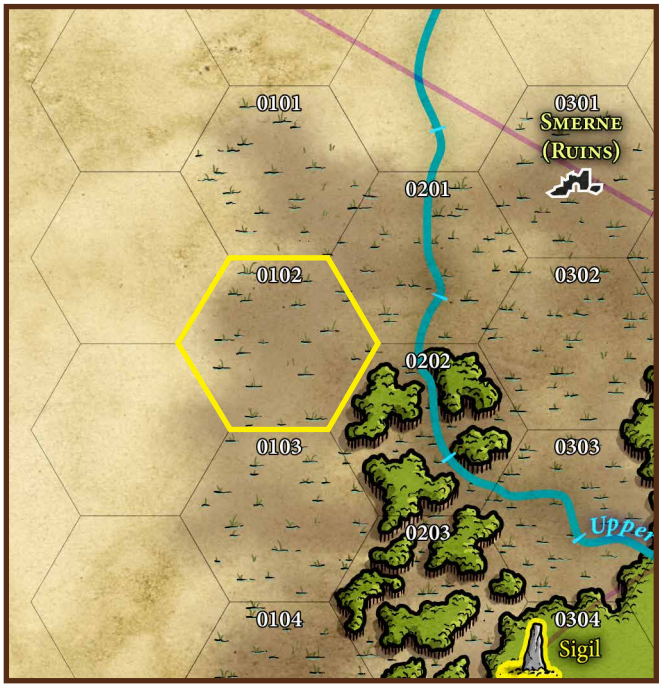
Reedwall

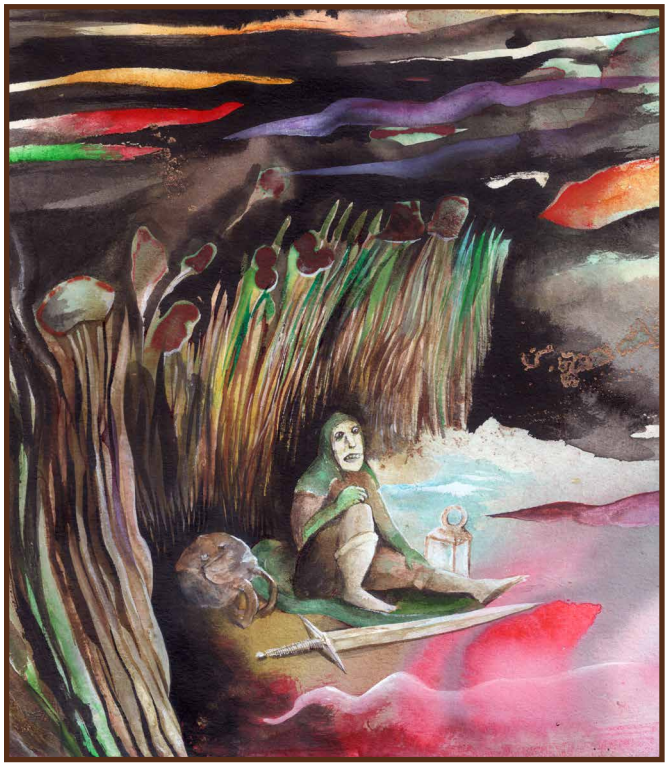
Among the great walls of reeds and willows (6′ tall and often 20′ or more thick), this hex is dotted with slurping pools of thick, black mud.

Getting lost: Characters who get lost in this hex spend the day wandering in circles, unable to find a way out of the maze. They remain lost in the hex until their daily check for losing direction does not indicate getting lost again.

Bones in the mud: The remains of unfortunates who perished here are visible in some of the mud pools. Searching these may reveal small treasures: 3d6cp, 1d6sp, and a random item (see ***Leavings in the Mud***) or human or woodgrue trinket (*DPB*).

At night: At night, wisps of mauve, indigo, and orange mist drift from the mire. Characters who fall asleep here must **Save Versus Doom** or be stricken with a state of dreamlessness lasting for 2d6 days. See ***Effects of Dreamlessness***.





Leavings in the Mud (d6)

Each item can be found only once. Re-roll duplicates if players search repeatedly.

d6	Item
1	A finely detailed 8″ wooden figurine of a barrowbogey (*DMB*) worth 2gp. The jug head is removable, revealing a compartment containing three bunches of human hair, each tightly bound in catgut.
2	A mini-cask of *Cobsworth Pale Ale* (*DPB*, 4gp / 8 pints). Surprisingly, it is unspoiled. Sadly, it is unlabelled.
3	A pair of rotting, putrid, severed human lower legs, held together at the ankles with rusting manacles. The manacles bear the crest of House Murkin.
4	A leather scroll tube sealed with wax. Inside is a crude map of the region around the Upper Hameth. There is an "X" drawn at a point corresponding to hex 0202, with the Liturgic word "Sedge" next to it. (This indicates the location of the lost Shrine to St Sedge.)
5	A pair of professionally carved ivory dice. Rolling them repeatedly shows them to be loaded: one favouring 6, the other favouring 1. (If one of the dice is thrown, roll 1d8, with 1–6 indicating the rolled result, and 7 or 8 indicating the favoured number.)
6	A delicate porcelain doll of an elf, one arm missing. An hour after being cleaned off, the doll stands up, appraises her surroundings, curtsies to the PCs, and with a wry and playful look, vanishes. She reappears clad in finery, smiling and with arm intact, for 1d3 nights in a random PC's dreams.

Effects of Dreamlessness

Wisdom loss: –1 Wisdom every second day. A character reaching 0 Wisdom becomes utterly vacant, lost in a world of phantasms. Once dreams return, lost Wisdom is recovered at a rate of 1 point per night's rest.

Difficulty memorising illusions: A character attempting to memorise a spell of illusion (e.g. *Phantasm*, *Invisibility*, etc.) must make a **Save Versus Spell** or fail to memorise it—the spell memorisation slot remains empty.

0103 THE GOLDEN GOOSE

A vastness containing nothing but carpets of red, orange, and ochre moss. The wind howls.

Terrain: Bog (3), Northern Scratch
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6

Sidney's Company

Roaming the featureless bogland is a small band of humans, miserable but determined.

Members: Sidney Tew, **4 minor nobles**, and **4 ruffians** (Level 1 thieves—*DMB*) on the hunt for a "golden goose that lays golden eggs."

The hunt: Two weeks ago, a scavenger from Fort Vulgar sighted a "golden goose" here and found one of its golden eggs. He sold his egg and story to Sidney Tew, whose gang of second-son minor nobles and hangers-on headed out to find it before anyone else. The party is now (unknowingly) only a day away from discovering ***Crocus's Cave***.

Approaching: Sidney is suspicious but outwardly welcoming. He cannot help but brag about his search and shows the golden egg to those who doubt his claims.

Crocus's Cave (Hidden)

A large but obscured opening in the moss carpet leads downward into a sodden, high-ceilinged stone cave, filled with piles of reeds, bones, and shiny objects.

Inhabitants: The monstrous **Crocus** lies in wait here. She is accompanied by the **Golden Goose**, who is bound by a silver chain (100gp) and gagged with a cloth.

Treasure hoard: Amongst a collection of broken glass, polished metal, and worthless trinkets is 673cp, 432sp, 925gp, four golden eggs, and a pewter *Talisman of Non-Detection* (***p398***) shaped like a bisected eye.

Sidney Tew

A handsome human man in his 30s, with dashing blonde hair and sharp eyes, hailing originally from Prigwort. Dresses like a travelling noble, though his clothes are well-worn. Introduces himself as a cousin of the **Lady Harrowmoor** (***p60***)—this is true, though he is only a third cousin, once removed.

Demeanour (Neutral): Friendly and charming, but always looking for an angle. Will use a person, then feel bad about it to feel better about it.

Speech: Feigned noble affect. Woldish, Old Woldish.

Desires: To find the golden goose. To assume a place of proper nobility and be recognised as a man of worth. He has engaged in innumerable failed schemes to do so, this goose venture being only the latest. If he survives, he will soon attempt another.

Rewards: Promises a future payment in golden eggs in exchange for the PCs' assistance in obtaining the goose.

Possessions: A silver longsword engraved with the Tew name (110gp).

Combat stats: Level 3 fighter (*DMB*).

Crocus

A 10′ tall ogre-like fairy. She has no skin, just exposed muscle and patches of scab-like scales. Her lipless mouth is set in a permanent smile. Her fingers are tipped by teeth instead of nails. Until recently, avoiding her betrayed mistress **Thorn-Rosy** (***p32***) was her highest priority. Having finally grown too bored of hiding in a cave and eating wildlife, she now deliberately allows travellers to sight the goose, attracting greedy mortals to feed upon.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Crude and brutish.

Speech: Guttural growls and grunts. Basic Woldish, Sylvan.

Desires: To feed and be amused, to avoid the wrath of Thorn-Rosy, and to be surrounded by shiny things.

Combat stats: Ogre (*DMB*). As a fairy, suffers 1 extra point of damage when hit with cold iron weapons.

The Golden Goose

An immortal goose with golden plumage. If its gag is removed, it repeatedly honks "Mother Rosy." It is otherwise unable to speak.

Golden eggs: Every 1d4 days, it lays a golden egg worth 40gp that induces a subtle, covetous feeling in those who see it. After 4d6 days, the egg collapses into dust.

History: The Golden Goose was once the prized possession of the fairy noble, the **Hag Thorn-Rosy** (***p32***), until her servitor **Crocus** stole it and fled to the mortal world. Thorn-Rosy bestows a significant reward upon whomever returns it, just as she would severely punish whomever keeps it from her.

THE PHANTOM LIGHTHOUSE 0104

Unsteady islands of festering vegetation, amid a mire of black mud and iridescent pools.

Terrain: Bog (3), Northern Scratch
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6

Lighthouse in the Bog

Toward the north of the hex, a low, scrubby island 200 yards across rises out of the festering bog. A lonely tower stands defiantly in the middle.

Beam at night: During the hours of darkness, a wide beam of eerie, pale blue light shines out from the summit of the tower, sweeping across the bog in slow, two-minute revolutions.

Approaching: At 200 yards distance, the tower can be seen in more detail: it is circular, four storeys tall, and made of rough stone blocks. At the summit is a roofed area with a thick metal railing.

Characters familiar with coastal regions: Recognise the tower as a lighthouse.

Climbing onto the island: The sides are choked with thorny, scabrous succulents at ankle height. On the summit, the soil and scrubby undergrowth teem with centipedes and ticks.

Entering the lighthouse: A portal gapes at the base of the tower, the door having fallen and rotted long ago. There are two square windows at each of the four levels, barred with rusted iron.

Inside the lighthouse: The interior of the lighthouse differs based on the time of day—see below.

The Dredger

A giant, 8-armed cephalopod, with milky, near transparent flesh, a sucker-like mouth, and a trio of pupilless, purple eyes. The Dredger feeds on the magic of the *Crystal of Sepulture* at the lantern's heart, disrupting the crystal's function and temporarily releasing figments of the mariners' souls trapped within.

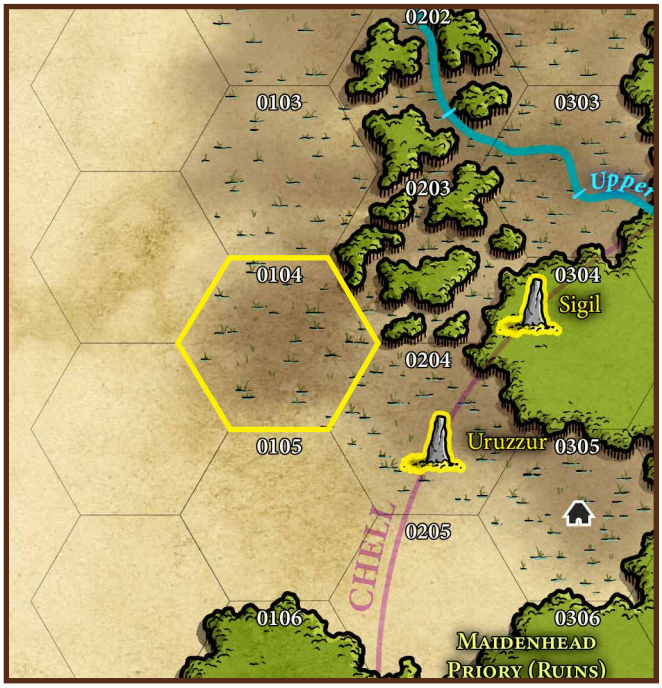
LARGE MONSTROSITY—ANIMAL INT.—NEUTRAL

Level 7 **AC** 14 **HP** 45 **Saves** D8 R9 H10 B11 S12
Att 6 tentacles (+6, 1d4 + constriction) **Speed** 10
Swim 80 **Morale** 10 **XP** 1,380

Constriction: Tentacles grab and constrict after a hit, inflicting 1d4 automatic damage per Round.

Severing tentacles: Requires a hit inflicting 6+ damage.

Devour magic: If a spell is cast upon the Dredger, there is a 3-in-6 chance of it having no effect, the magic being instead sucked into the monster's maw. Following such magical sustenance, the Dredger regains 1d6 HP.



Inside the Lighthouse—Daytime

The lighthouse's interior is slick with black lichen but otherwise utterly barren. The wind whistles eerily through the barred windows and empty chambers.

The lantern room: Worn shards of the shattered lantern litter the upper floor. Inside the wrecked frame, a faint blackness and shimmering can be seen, as if a patch of the starry night sky were trying to pierce through into the day. Touching the blackness induces a feeling of nausea and dread.

Inside the Lighthouse—Nighttime

Pale blue, spectral mariners crowd around benches and barrels in the lighthouse's whitewashed chambers, raising mugs of ale in delirious toasts to "the Lord of the Seas." They do not perceive PCs, who are able to walk right through them.

The lantern room: A spectral blue light beam blazes from a 1′ high, faceted, ovoid crystal positioned behind the lenses of the lantern. The crystal rotates slowly. The slimy bulk of an octopoid monstrosity—**the Dredger**—fills most of the room, its tentacles wrapped around the lantern, the light beam blazing visibly through its translucent flesh. It attacks any who disturb it.

Removing the Dredger: If the Dredger is killed or removed from the lantern room, the beam of light is extinguished and the spectral mariners vanish from the lighthouse, reabsorbed by the crystal at the lantern's heart. The lantern can be opened and the crystal accessed—it is a *Crystal Of Sepulture* (***p404***).

0105 THE DEMESNE OF THE FRORE GRYPHUS

Long, blue-green grass mixed with wild coneflower and goldenrod. Unnatural silence fills the area.

Terrain: Meadow (2), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6. Encounters are 3-in-6 likely to be with the **frore gryphus** residing in this hex, soaring high above the grasslands in search of prey.

Frozen Battleground

No matter the season, wide, frost-covered patches of hard earth dot the centre of this hex, ice cracking in web-like patterns. The patches radiate magic and wintry cold.

Searching the field: Soon reveals the remnants of an ancient battle: arrowheads marked with High Elfish frost-runes, broken blades of swords ranging from the crude to the fanciful, and decayed pennants of forgotten heraldry.

The fallen giant: In a particularly desolate portion of the battleground, a dead frost giant lies prone, limbs sprawled wide, marbled blue eyes staring skyward. Alongside him, two ice-coated soldiers, man and frost elf, stand frozen in conflict, swords permanently crossed.

History: This field was the site of a major battle in the war between humans and the armies of the Cold Prince (see ***History, p14***), nearly 900 years ago. The frost-magicks unleashed by the fairy army linger here still.

Shepherd Encampment

At the southern edge of the hex stands a gentle hill dotted with small tree groves, leaves green and yellow. Wandering the slopes are many sheep, with sleepy sheep dogs pacing and watching for predators. The hill is crowned by a rough semicircle of irregular boulders, and in their shadow sits a cluster of rough canvas tents stained by weather, surrounding a cooking fire.

Inhabitants: 12 shepherds focused on caring for their flocks, squabbling over wool prices, and debating how to protect their sheep from the winged beast that preys upon them—a fairy creature, according to local legend, called a frore gryphus. The shepherds' unofficial leader is **Aegnyth Cormick**.

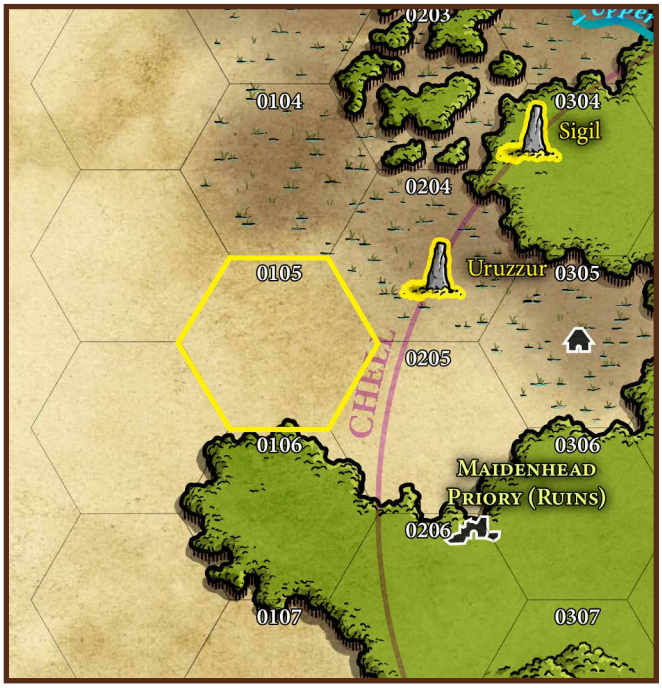
The Nest of the Frore Gryphus (Hidden)

Scattered copses of trees dot the northern edge of the hex. Concealed within one of them is an enormous nest of broken boughs and uprooted shrubbery.

Inhabitants: Brood of **5 frost-rimed frore gryphlings** (stats as hawks, *DMB*) noisily peck at one another. There is 3-in-6 chance that their mother, the **frore gryphus** who terrorises this hex, is in the nest; if not, she arrives in 1 Turn.

Searching the nest: Takes 1 Turn and reveals, wedged amongst the crushed foliage, a *Fairy Longsword* (*Mortal Bane*, ***p412***) of frost elf origin, and a necklace of ice-like crystals (650gp)—both leftover relics from the ***Frozen Battlefield***.

History: A survivor of the ancient battle, this frore gryphus lay frozen for centuries and has only recently awoken and laid her clutch of eggs.



Aegnyth Cormick—Shepherd Leader

A tall, broad-shouldered human woman with weathered olive brown skin and long black hair in a tight, practical braid. Garbed in shepherd's robes, fraying and stained with weather.

Demeanour (Lawful): Sturdy and solemn, with a magnetism that causes humans and sheep alike to feel secure. Deeply pragmatic, an authority respected by both sheep and shepherd.

Speech: Slow drawl, lovingly enunciating every syllable and consonant. Woldish.

Desires: News from Shrivelbyne (0108). Safety for her flock. The defeat or banishment of the frore gryphus.

Frore Gryphus

The frore gryphi were beasts of war in the armies of the Cold Prince. They resemble enormous, long-necked hawks (12′ tall), with razor-sharp, toothy grins, wingspans of over 20′, and long talons springing from stumpy legs. Their frost-coated, silver feathers shimmer with drapings of ice.

LARGE FAIRY—SEMI-INTELLIGENT—NEUTRAL

Level 10 **AC** 16 **HP** 46 **Saves** D6 R7 H8 B9 S10
Att 2 claws (+8, 1d8) and bite (+8, 1d12) **Speed** 20
Fly 160 **Morale** 10 (12 in lair) **XP** 1,600

Cold iron: As fairies, frore gryphi suffer 1 extra point of damage when hit with cold iron weapons.

Swoop: Can dive onto victims visible from above. If the victim is surprised, the attack inflicts double damage. On a natural Attack Roll of 18 or more, a Small or Medium victim can be carried away.

THE OUTLOOK AND THE RED MONOLITH 0106

Spires and crags of pale, wind-carved rock, like the bones of gargantuan beasts.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6
Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d3 portions of *Wayfarrow* (*DPB*), in addition to the normal results.

Granite Crag

Close to the eastern edge of the hex, a sheer granite crag, 50′ wide at the base, smothered in ivy and brambles, rises unexpectedly and penetrates the canopy of the wood. A faint crimson glow is visible at the summit.

Searching the base: Searching the brambles at the base of the crag reveals the remnants of ancient magical runes, hinting at the astral significance of the place, as well as several human skeletons. Many of the bones on the skeletons are broken.

Climbing: The crag is 100′ tall and steep-sided. Characters with the ability to climb walls can scale it without danger. Others must make a **Dexterity Check** to climb unaided.

Summit: The crag tapers to a 30′ wide summit. A 20′-high spectral monolith of crimson light hovers at the centre. (See ***The Red Vorpal Monolith***.)

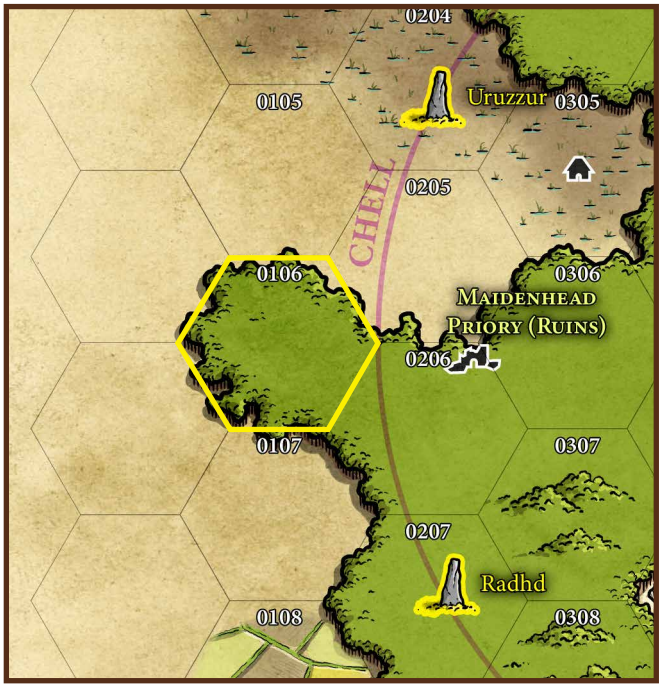
Panoramic views: The summit affords a panoramic view of the surrounding land, as far as the Falls of Naon to the north-east, on a clear day.

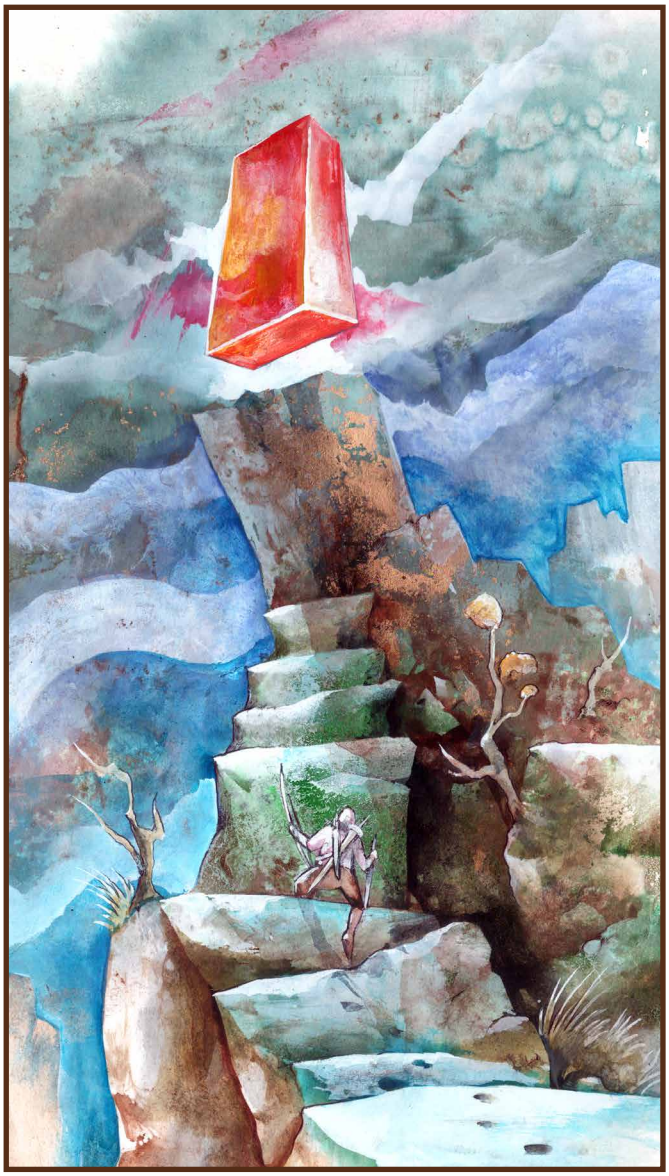
The Red Vorpal Monolith

Hovering at the top of the granite crag is a 20′-high spectral monolith of crimson light. This is one of the mysterious vorpal monoliths that trace an emergent fifth ley line in Dolmenwood (see ***Vorpal Monoliths, p19***). In spring, summer, and autumn, the monolith is a mere shimmering figment. In wintertime, it becomes semi-corporeal.

Viewing: All who behold the monolith in the wintertime must **Save Versus Spell**. Arcane spell-casters gain a +2 bonus. Those who fail are overcome by a wave of terror and the desire to leave the monolith's presence as quickly as possible. Climbing down in this state of dread requires a **Climb Walls Check** or a **Dexterity Check** with a –2 penalty.

Touching: In its wintertime manifestation, the monolith's partially tangible surface feels like cold, sticky slime. Spells of shadow or darkness cast while touching the monolith are made permanent. In other seasons, a PC touching the monolith's diaphanous outline temporarily experiences the frosty chill of a winter's day.





0107 THE WEEPING WOMAN

Faint, otherworldly pipe music drifts sporadically on the breeze.

Terrain: Meadow (2), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6
Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d3 portions of *Wolfsbane* (*DPB*), in addition to the normal results.

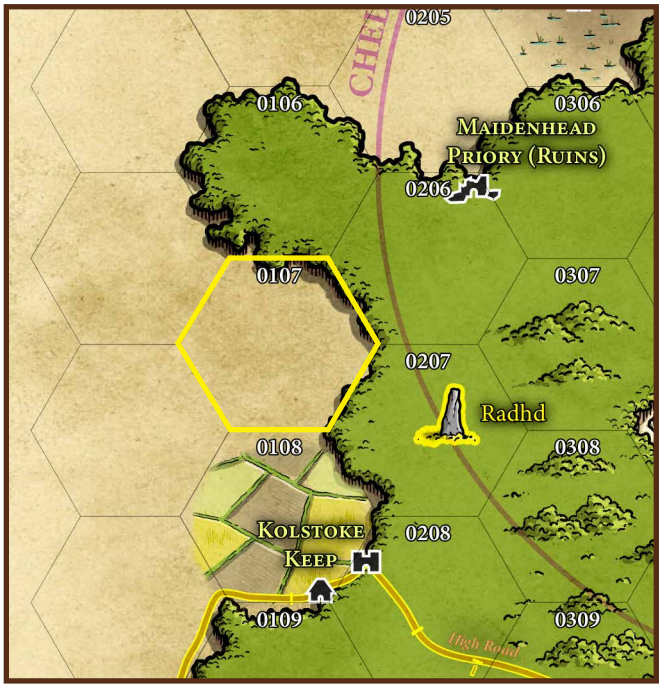
The Weeping Woman

Near the verge of the forest stands a tall outcropping of lichen-pocked grey stone surrounded by boulders and scattered rubble. The 40′-tall central outcropping—while clearly a natural rock formation—resembles a cloaked female figure, kneeling and facing westward. The figure is known to locals as the Weeping Woman.

The Woman's tears: From dark recesses in the figure's face trickle twin rivulets of cold water that roll down her body and form a stream beneath her. This stream flows north, through part of Dolmenwood, eventually spilling into the dank fens of the Northern Scratch.

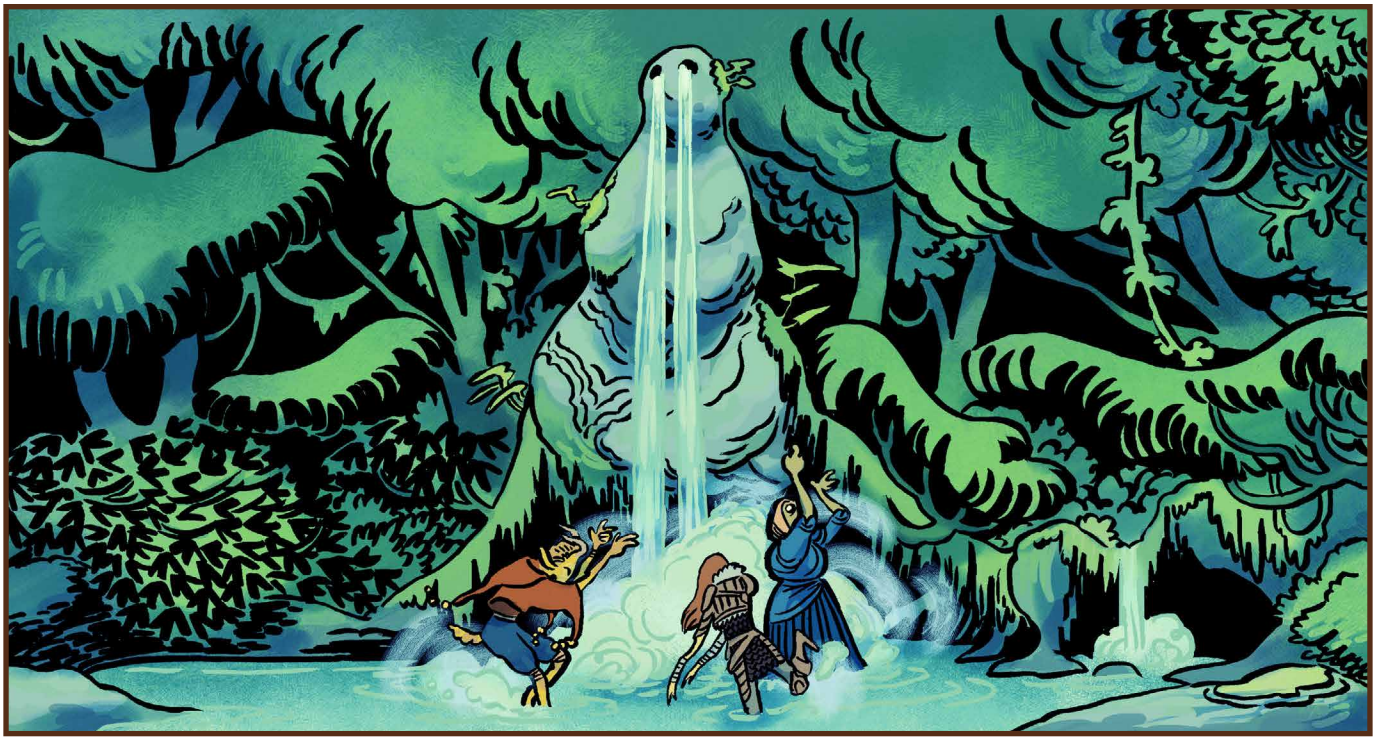
Drinking the waters: The water is deliciously cold and refreshing, with a faint blossomy note. Those who imbibe must **Save Versus Spell** or begin to perceive faint, piping music of a singularly enchanting nature. The source of the music is unclear, but it seems to drift from the Woman's eyes, along with the water, emanating from an aquifer deep below the world.

Hearing the music: Those who hear the music of the deeps fall into an enchanted reverie wherein they are compelled to dance and caper at the feet of the Weeping Woman. Dancers perceive elves, fauns, sylphs, and nymphs emerging from the forest to join them in celebration of starlight and moonlight. (Those not affected by the water and the music cannot see these creatures—indeed, they may be purely imaginary, at the Referee's discretion.) They dance into the night and until dawn, when the music fades.



After the music: When dawn comes, dancers fall into a slumber at the feet of the Weeping Woman and sleep for 8 hours, magically protected from the elements. If undisturbed, they heal 1d6 Hit Points.

Long-term effects of the music: All who have danced to the enchanting music dream sporadically, over the next 6 months, of odd, sly-faced elves demanding they "return the music stolen from the fairy lord of Neveryon." (Neveryon is not counted among the fairy realms known to those who study such matters.)



THE CABBAGE PLOT 0108

Field after field of turnip, leek, radish, and rye. A hint of rotting cabbage drifts on the breeze.

Terrain: Farmland (2), High Wold

Lost/encounters: 1-in-6. Encounters are 1-in-6 likely to be with a gang of ***Murkin's Soldiers***.

Hamlets and Rotting Cabbages

A patchwork of fields, country lanes, farms, and little clusters of dwellings crowds this hex in the domain of the cruel **Lord Murkin** (***p65***).

Rotting cabbages: Blackened, rotting cabbages with an unusual crown-like shape notably fill a number of fields bordering the West Road.

Investigating the cabbages: Natives of the High Wold recognise these as "crown cabbages," a highly prized export of the region, especially beloved by **Duke Brackenwold** (***p58***). If PCs linger, there is a 2-in-6 chance of a gang of ***Murkin's Soldiers*** arriving to harass them on suspicion of destroying the valuable crops.

Source of the rot: In truth, the cabbages have been secretly poisoned by locals rebelling against Murkin's tyranny. See ***The Cabbage Plot***.

The Crimson Bath (Inn)

Two miles from the gates of Kolstoke Keep (0208), the West Road passes through a cluster of dwellings and outbuildings known as the hamlet of Shrivelbyne. At the centre of the hamlet is a tall, wonky inn.

Sign: A portly longhorn gentleman relaxing in a bath of red wine. The gentleman depicted is the previous Lord Murkin (the current Lord Murkin's father).

Common room: A poky, smoke-filled room lit only by the grate opposite the entrance. Miniature portraits of bears dressed as nobility dot the walls. **Timilda Brumble** and her husband **Grerg**—a human from Dreg—serve from a tree-trunk bar. An acrid reek occasionally wafts up from the cellar, when the door is opened.

Guests: Rowdy farmhands, a mix of humans and shorthorns. The mood veers between tomfoolery, raucous jigs, conspiratorial whispering, and drunken screeds against Murkin.

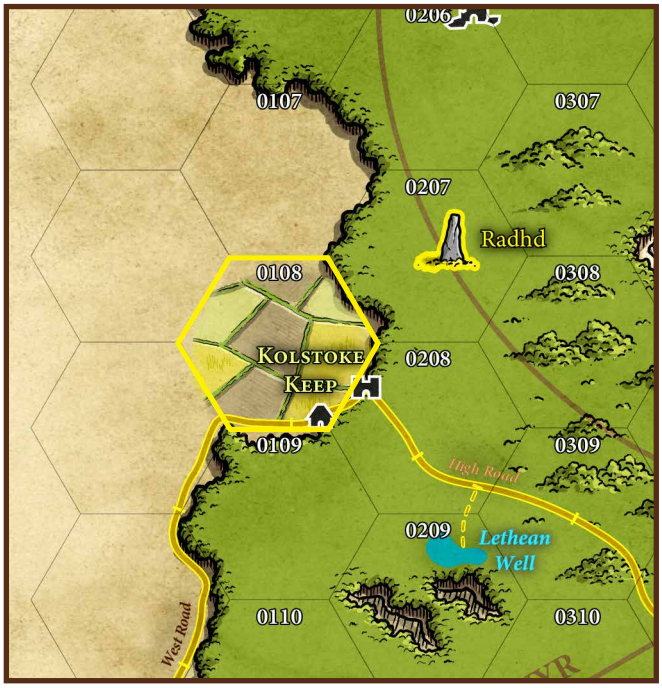
Soldiers: A gang of ***Murkin's Soldiers*** drops by to harass the inn's patrons most evenings.

The cellar: Concealed behind a stack of barrels is a vat of acrid, black liquid—a vegetable poison brewed by Timilda for use in the ***Cabbage Plot***.

Services at the Crimson Bath

Lodgings and food: Of poor quality (*DPB*). Bedrooms lean noticeably and creak disconcertingly.

Poodden pie: Timilda's speciality: a pie of blackberries, apple, and custard. Significantly surpasses the quality of all other food available here. 2sp a serving.



The Cabbage Plot

The common folk of this area, angered by Lord Murkin's petty laws and crippling taxes, are on the verge of revolt. **Timilda Brumble** has led a secret plot to destroy this year's harvest of crown cabbages, in an attempt to draw the duke's attention to Lord Murkin's tyranny.

Murkin's Soldiers

Unruly gangs of soldiers in the employ of Lord Murkin roam this hex. Each gang is composed of **1d4 humans** (Level 1 fighters—*DMB*) and **1d4 shorthorns** (*DMB*). The gangs are tasked with the following:

Recruitment: Press-gang working class youths of disrepute (e.g. vagrants, layabouts, adventurers) into service in Murkin's army. They use force if they clearly outmatch their targets. Any successfully recruited are taken to the camp in hex 0109.

Rooting out rebels: Capture those responsible for the ***Cabbage Plot***.

Timilda Brumble—Crimson Bath Proprietor

An elderly shorthorn woman with tan fur, a silver nose, and missing front teeth. Dresses in layers of woollen shawls and skirts. A respected community elder, Timilda is also the secret leader of the plots against Lord Murkin.

Demeanour (Lawful): Mild-mannered, sweetly smiles. Shrewd, scheming.

Speech: Slow, rustic lilt. Woldish, Gaffe.

Desires: The dethronement of Lord Murkin, preferably to be replaced by his cousin **Lady Borrid** (0109). To keep the plots against Murkin from deteriorating into violence.

0109 LADY BORRID AND MURKIN'S ARMY

Ancient coppices of hazel and chestnut. North-south paths are trampled with bootprints.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6

Lady Borrid's Hunting Lodge

Among the thickets of blackthorn in the north of the hex is a small, high-gabled brick manor, replete with pointed turrets and balconies surveying the woods.

Inhabitants: Lady Borrid, her animal companion **Brynne**—a white-furred giant weasel (*DMB*—unfailingly loyal to Lady Borrid, does not check Morale), and **1d6 hunting companions** (Level 1 hunters—*DMB*).

Visitors: Lady Borrid enjoys her peace, but may host travellers bearing news on High Wold politics or fearsome monsters.

Making ready for the hunt: Borrid and her companions are preparing to venture north to hunt down the cheese monstrosity rumoured to lair in central Dwelmfurgh (see hex 0405). Friendly PCs may be invited to join the hunt.

Entrance hall: An unlocked front door engraved with hunting motifs leads to a wood-panelled hall, at the far end of which hangs a mighty moose head. Entering without permission causes the moose head to bellow, alerting all within to the intrusion.

Feasting hall: With plush, ivy-carved wooden furnishings and decked with the taxidermied heads, horns, and antlers of a multitude of fearsome beasts, including a manticore's head, an antler wraith's antlers, and a 5′ wide wyrm's skull with the inscription "The Wyrm of Odd." A *Horn of Blasting* (***p408***, crafted from the horn of a devil goat—*DMB*) is concealed among the trophies.

Upper floor: Bedroom suites furnished in a luxurious but modest style.

Secret chamber: A secret door in the cellars leads to a vault containing chalices and jewels worth 8,000gp, a *Fairy Shortbow* (***p412***) carved from a giant antler, and a quiver of 12 *Fairy Arrows* (*Breggle Bane*, ***p412***).

Lady Amonie Borrid (Level 9 Hunter)

A limber human woman in her 50s, with arched brows, chestnut eyes, and a blonde braid down her back. Dresses in a green woollen tunic and brown leather breeches. While she spent her youth roaming the deep woods, avoiding political matters, Borrid now follows the manoeuvrings of the High Wold noble houses with concern. She is famed throughout Dolmenwood for having slain a mighty blood wyrm that terrorised Odd.

Demeanour (Lawful): Quiet vigilance, broken with gentle laughter.

Speech: Precise, considered. Woldish, Gaffe.

Desires: To turn back the tides of war in the High Wold. Views **Lord Ramius** (***p65***) as potential peacemaker.

Possessions: A cloak of autumnal leaves (grants +2 AC). A *Bag of Holding* (***p420***) containing 2,000gp.

Family: Maternal cousin of **Lord Murkin** (***p65***).

Murkin's Army

In a secluded dell in the south of the hex, a mile into the woods, can be found a ring of canvas tents, sloppily camouflaged with sprays of bracken and oak. Clustered to one side are tables, log stools, barrels of pickled turnips and eggs, and racks of hanging squirrels and rabbits.

Inhabitants: 18 shorthorns (*DMB*) and **22 humans** (Level 1 fighters—*DMB*) under the command of the longhorn **Sergeant Snidebleat**. The troops' morale is low, many of them having been press-ganged into service.

Activities: Mustering for war against House Nodlock (see ***Human Nobility, p56***). For now, this consists mainly of pike training, marching in formation, and furtive swilling of ale. A pot of stew is constantly steaming.

Visitors: Are brought before **Snidebleat** for questioning, then brusquely told to move along.

Sergeant Crewwin Snidebleat (Level 4 Knight)

A longhorn woman with russet fur, amber eyes, and 2′-long, outward curving horns. Dresses in burnished plate mail with a full visor helm. Snidebleat is a member of **Lord Murkin's** (***p65***) knightly retinue, the Horns of Kolstoke. Her loyalty is bought—she loathes Murkin and his pompous schemes.

Demeanour (Neutral): Air of refinement, enjoys humiliating her lessers.

Speech: Eloquent, husky. Woldish, Caprice, Gaffe.

Desires: To see Murkin ridiculed. Glory in easily-won skirmishes. Ascent to a position of aristocracy and wealth. Assistance in brokering a potential alliance with **Red Gwen** (hex 0311) to accomplish said goals.

Possessions: A *Ring of Energy Resistance (Fire,* ***p410***), searing to the touch. A pouch of 20 onyxes (50gp each).

Shadowy woods of holly and hawthorn. Life here is creeping and vigilant, as if avoiding some looming terror.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **1d3 devil goats** (*DMB*).

Devil Goats' Glade

An awful charnel stench permeates a large section of the wood. Following it to its source leads to a shadowy glade ringed with sighing, black-leafed poplars. At the centre of the glade stands a blackened, roughly shaped monolith, draped with rotting entrails, amid a mound of bones.

Inhabitants: 2d4 devil goats (*DMB*) mill about the glade, devouring corpses among the pile of bones, rearing up to drape fresh entrails over the monolith, and licking the gore that streaks the stone's surface.

Entering: The devil goats suffer none but longhorn breggles to enter the glade.

Examining the bones: Scattered among the remains of shorthorns, humans, and forest animals can be found 15gp, 155sp, a silver dagger, a silver necklace with a single grey ioun (250gp, ***p394***), a gold ring with a red garnet engraved with the letter E (400gp), and a hip flask containing a dose of *Philtre of Wondrous Vitality* (***p414***).

Examining the monolith: Its crumbling surface is carved with ancient Caprice script, now only partially legible. The following intact fragments can be deciphered by any who can read Caprice: "I bind my spirit to this stone" … "wander restless through benighted realms" … "to manifest when the full moon rises."

History: The monolith is all that remains of the razed laboratory of Lord Gnarlgruff, an ancient longhorn necromancer and ancestor of **Lords Malbleat** (***p64***) and **Ramius** (***p65***). A fragment of his spirit lingers still in this place where he practiced dire sorcery.

Nights of the Full Moon

On nights of the full moon, the monolith is wreathed with a flickering, violet aura and a faint, moaning voice can be heard on the wind.

Listening: The voice rants in disjointed Caprice of an ancient mode. Any who understand Caprice can pick out the following snippets: "in time I shall return" … "the workings of Malbleat, scion of House Gnarlgruff" … "the Book of Foul Wonders."

Meaning: Lord Gnarlgruff seeks to live once more, hoping that his descendant, Lord Malbleat, resurrects his remains that lie beneath the Shadholme (0709). The Book of Foul Wonders—an ancient, near-mythical tome of longhorn necromancy (named "Ghrehraird frengl Llaindr" in Caprice)—may contain the key. The book is believed to have been stolen, following Gnarlgruff's demise, by a rival sorcerer to the east of Dolmenwood.

0111 THE WISHING PIT

Scrubby grassland dotted with fern-capped knolls. Old hedgerows and walls demarcate disused arable fields.

Terrain: Meadow (2), High Wold.
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6
Ley line Ywyr (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the distant moaning of the dead.

Roadside Signs and Trails

About four miles west of Nodding Castle (hex 0210), travellers along the West Road notice makeshift hand-painted signs and carvings, with prominent arrows pointing southward along trails to the "Wishing Pit."

Following the trails: The trails seem blazed by visitors' feet, pack animal hooves, and wagon wheels. They end near a low hill, topped by a ruin, a small encampment at its base.

Encampment

Rough tents and wagons circle small campfires. Encamped here are **2d10+10 assorted pilgrims and merchants**.

Charlatans: The party is immediately approached by obvious tricksters and crooks, selling fake Church tokens of luck and protection costing 1d3sp each.

Rumours: Excited locals regale the party with accounts of miracles granted by the pit atop the hill.

Searching: The area around the earthwork reveals wagon tracks leading to and from the hill's southern slope, concealed by mud-coated rugs. Searching the thorny brush here reveals the hidden entrance to the ***Smugglers' Cave***.

Wishing Pit Complex

Atop the hill is an ancient cobblestone parade ground hung with Chapes holy symbol banners. Fallen walls coated in moss lean on each other like standing stones around the perimeter. At its centre stands a decaying, round tower of rough hewn grey stone, its roof collapsed.

Inhabitants: Praephator Lenore and **8 shrine staff**—they appear to the PCs as clergy, but are in fact common thieves (see ***The scam***). The staff feign muteness.

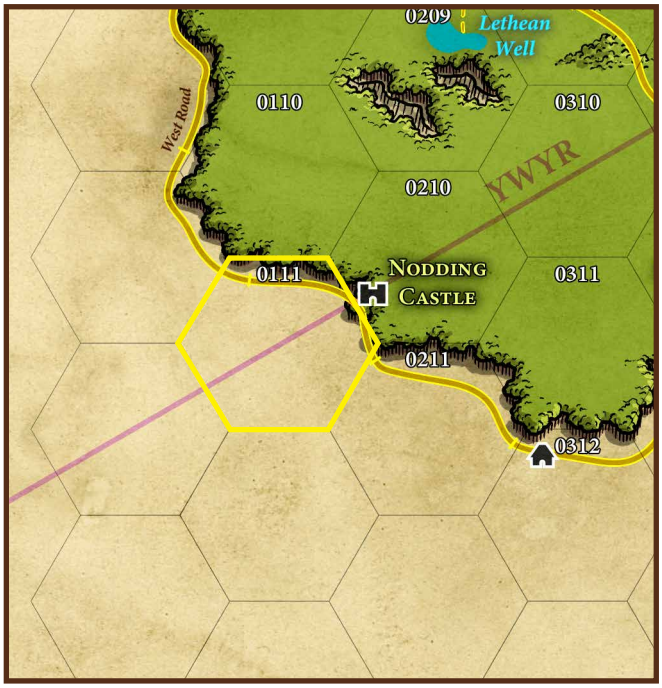
Wishing Pit: At the east end of the parade ground is a trapdoor with crank lift system to lower items into the Wishing Pit: a fire pit chamber below. Smoke scented with sage, pine and incense issues from a large grate next to the pit. Eager wishers arrive, each sacrificing an item to be burnt to change their luck.

Stone megaphone: Visiting wishers are addressed by Praephator Lenore via a stone amplification sculpture shaped like a megaphone, mounted near the pit.

Round tower: This small, single-story structure contains a single drab chamber with a narrow staircase leading to the crank room in the cave below. **3 shrine staff** guard the stair.

To make a wish: One states their wish to Praephator Lenore and offers an item of great personal or financial value.

The scam: The shrine staff pretend to burn the items in sacrifice, but actually sell them to travelling merchants and smugglers, with whom they have an accord.



Praephator Lenore—False Oracle

A tall human woman with waves of long black hair with a shock of white at the temples. She dresses like a religious hermit with long, overly dramatic grey robes, embroidered with silver Chapes holy symbols.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Elevated and mysterious, but with a warm and welcoming tone. Otherworldly.

Speech: Imperious with elongated vowels. Woldish.

Desires: To successfully run this grift without drawing authorities' attention. She hopes the wishes come true.

Shrine Staff

Level 1 thieves (*DMB*) disguised in altar robes, affecting miens of exaggerated gravity and solemnity. They pretend to have taken a vow of silence, but can be provoked to break it by shock or opportunity.

The Smugglers' Cave (Hidden)

The cave beneath the hill is accessible via the stairs from the round tower to the ***crank room***, or via a hidden entrance concealed by thorny bushes in the southern slope.

Crank room: Contains an enormous smouldering fire pit, the crank lift system from the parade ground, and carts to transport the "sacrifices."

Hidden entrance: Leads to a guard station, where a single shrine staff member sleeps in a chair leaning against the wall, a large keyring (includes key to ***storage room***) at his waist belt. Weapons hang neatly on hooks or stuck in barrels. A large bell hangs on the wall—if rung, all staff and Praephator Lenore arrive in 1d3 Rounds.

Storage room (locked): An assortment of belongings of varying degrees of personal or commercial value on sagging wooden shelves, worth 180gp altogether.

GRAVE OF THE AUBRATHON AND HELATH TOR 0201

Rusty brown bog riddled with sluggish waterways. Clumps of raised, drier ground dotted with cairns.

Terrain: Bog (3), Northern Scratch
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6
Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d2 portions of *Blushing Mandrake* (***p430***), in addition to the normal results.

The Grave of the Aubrathon

The gloomy monotony of a tract of tussocky heath is interrupted by a 7′-tall obelisk of black stone, veined with orange. This is a lonely memorial to the renegade arch-Drune known as the Aubrathon (see ***p55***).

Drunic inscription: "Aubrathon—Mightiest of the sons of Drune—Dissident heart, indomitable mind, adamant spirit—Wherever thou tarriest may thy bones one day honour the Lodge."

Touching the stone: Causes 1d6 damage to Lawful and Chaotic characters, and heals 1d3 HP to Neutral characters (once a day per character).

History: The cenotaph was erected 500 years past, when the controversial deeds of the Aubrathon were reappraised by some within the Drune. The monument marks the site of the Aubrathon's final discourse with his acolyte Cylaeth, before he strode north into the bog and vanished without trace.

Helath Tor

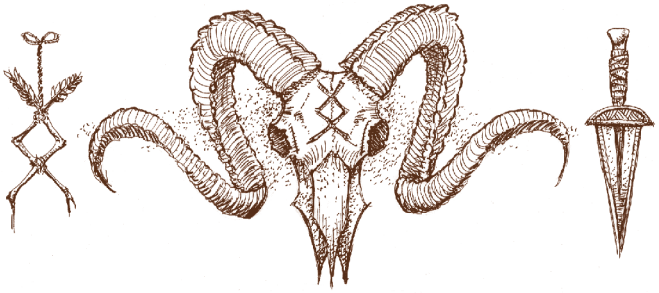
A high, rocky hill composed of huge, leaning slabs of heather-patched granite stands in the far north of this hex. At its base, a cave mouth can be spied.

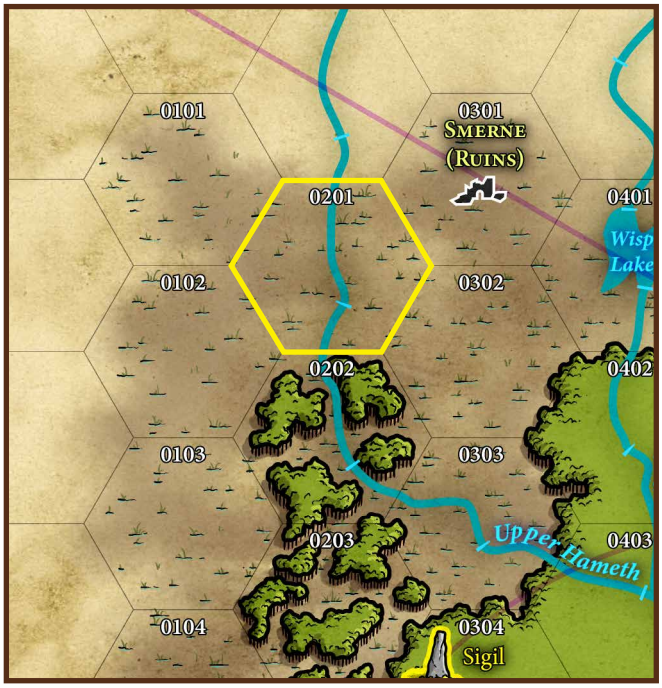
Approaching: The boggy ground outside the cave mouth is dotted with small cairns topped with animal skulls. A foul, animalistic reek emanates from within.

Interior: A dank cavern, clad with a tapestry of moulds and slimy, black fungi. Water drips from the ceiling into a brackish pool in which bundles of marsh vegetables pickle. Piles of reeds serve as beds.

Inhabitants: The exiled harridan **Nanna Wortgrew** lives here along with a domesticated menagerie of lame and wounded bog animals—sheep, swamp sloths, merrimans, crows, and woads. The animals are loyal to Wortgrew, who nurses them to health. Animals who fail to recover are lovingly interred in the skull-adorned cairns outside.

Visitors: Are expelled with feigned, exaggerated menace. Those showing an allegiance with the Pluritine Church may be cautiously welcomed.





Nanna Wortgrew—Harridan

A hulking, hunched ogress, 8′ tall, with pallid, violet skin, sodden black hair, and bulging eyes of livid scarlet. Dresses in rags of velvet and lace, and wears a crystal amulet. Formerly a servant of **Atanuwë** (***p45***), she went into self-imposed exile upon being forcibly changed to Lawful Alignment after mockingly donning the amulet (a saintly relic—the ***Amulet of St Hamfast***—captured from slain Pluritine Church pilgrims).

Demeanour (Lawful): Tender, suspicious. Head and limbs twitch involuntarily.

Speech: Spluttering and drooling. Woldish, Gaffe.

Desires: To remain hidden from Atanuwë and its minions. To die human. (Has a vague recollection of her former life, before being corrupted by Atanuwë. A quest to a holy site could restore her human form.)

Knowledge: The powers of Atanuwë. The location and structure of the Court of the Nag-Lord (hex 0904), as well as a secret way from the thorn wall directly into the throne room.

The Amulet of St Hamfast

A 2″ crystal, engraved with a Chapes holy symbol and set in a chunk of polished sandalwood. Worth 10,000gp.

Laying on hands: The wearer can heal 4 Hit Points per day by laying their hands on wounded characters.

Speak with animals: The wearer can communicate with normal animals of any species.

Alignment change: A non-Lawful character who dons the amulet becomes Lawful and is cursed. The curse is such that the wearer cannot remove the amulet, once in place, and resists attempts to remove it. The curse can be removed by magic or (at the Referee's option) by performing a special quest.

0202 OATH ISLE

Countless pools, streams, and rivulets draining into the Upper Hameth. Moss-covered willows pervade.

Terrain: Swamp (4), Northern Scratch
Lost/encounters: 3-in-6

Oath Isle

A small isle—little more than a heaping of mossy stones, 100 yards across—sits amid the wide shallows of the Upper Hameth as the river seeps through the swamp. A grove of dark, broken-limbed pines clings to the isle, creaking in the breeze.

Signs of habitation: A building of rough stone is visible through the trees. See ***The Knight's Abode***.

The Knight's Abode

A squat, skewed hut constructed of the same moss-covered stones as the isle on which it stands. Appears to be a partial ruin, shored up and made once more habitable by recent work. A meagre smoke drifts from the chimney.

Inhabitants: The lost knight **Sir Tegwyn the Disloyal** lives a forlorn existence in the rude hut.

Interior: A single, dingy room, 15′ square, with a bed of reeds, tables and chairs of stacked river stones, and racks of drying fish. Opposite the fireplace hang a gleaming suit of armour and sword (see ***Sir Tegwyn's possessions***).

Visitors: Sir Tegwyn desperately welcomes any visitors to his forsaken isle, offering them a humble meal of marsh fish and reed tea.

Sir Tegwyn the Disloyal (Level 3 Knight)

A scrawny, once handsome human man with distant grey eyes and raggedly trimmed silver beard and hair. Appears to be in his late middle years. Dresses in the threadbare remnants of once fine garb. Regular bathing in the Hameth keeps him clean, despite his rude circumstances. Served in Fort Vulgar (hex 0604) 100 years ago, but is now cursed to remain on Oath Isle and age but never die (see ***Curse***).

Demeanour (Neutral): Noble bearing belies his ragged appearance. Crazed, desperate look in his eyes.

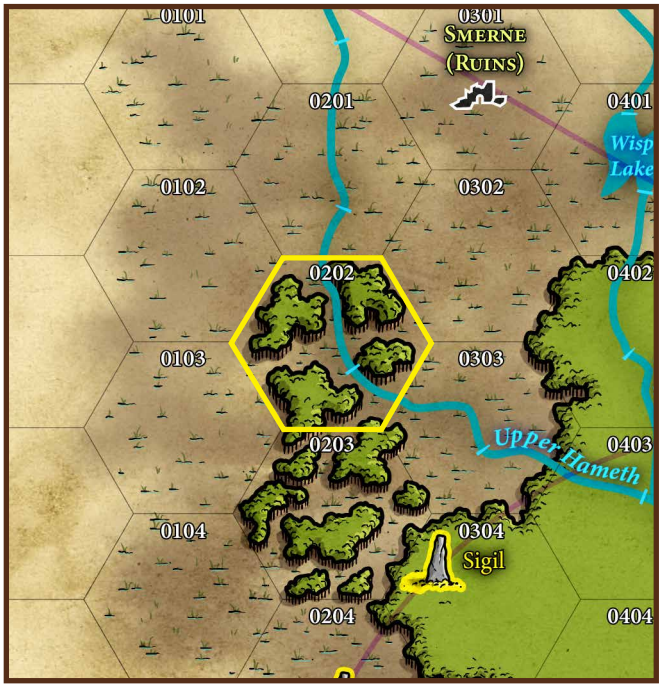
Speech: Scattered, faltering. Woldish, Old Woldish.

Desires: Longs for a magical means to escape Oath Isle.

Rewards: Would loyally serve any who could release him from his curse (see ***Curse***).

Possessions: A *Holy Longsword* (*Undead Bane*, ***p412***), inlaid with Old Woldish script: "Talleghon, bane of the deathless." (Tegwyn dwells on the strange fate of such a weapon accompanying his own deathless existence.)

Curse: Tegwyn sought the Lady of Spring Unending (hex 0402), wishing to behold her fabled beauty. The fey Lady fell in love with the young knight, but cursed him upon discovering his unfaithfulness with several of her maids. Banished to Oath Isle and cursed with immortality, he has dwelt alone here since, unable to leave and unable to die. His curse can be ended only via magic or by convincing the Lady to lift it.

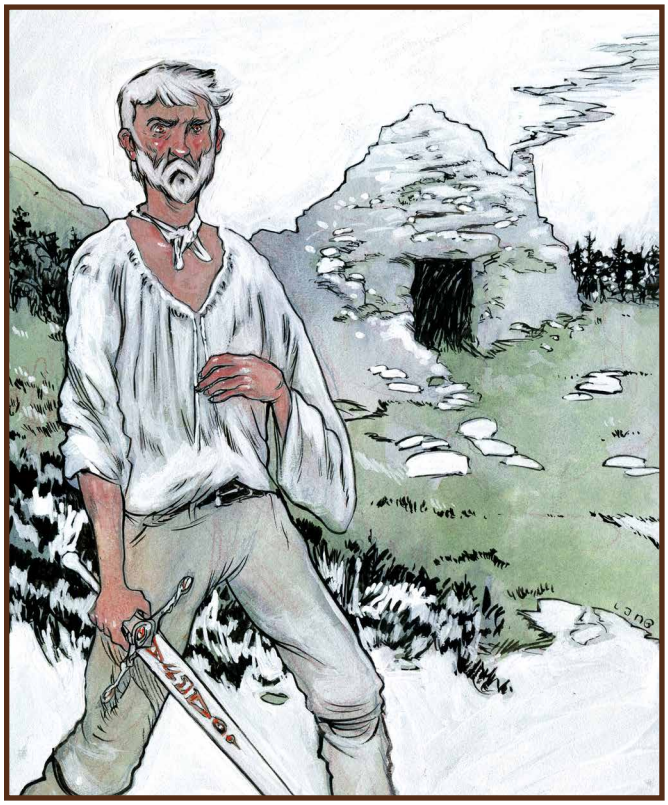


The Shrine to St Sedge (Hidden)

The lost wayside shrine to St Sedge lies submerged in the swamp in the far north of the hex, only the tiled ridge of its roof still visible.

Statue of St Sedge: Austere stone, 3′ high, depicting St Sedge dressed in knightly armour with a sword.

Prayer: If the shrine is extracted from the mud and cleaned, characters praying may receive the blessing of St Sedge: the ability to cast *Bless Weapon*. See ***Shrines, p22***.



THE MOSS GARDEN 0203

A drear, pathless expanse of black pools, mud beds, and copses of rotting trees.

Terrain: Swamp (4), Northern Scratch
Lost/encounters: 3-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **Brawg** or **Agnes**.

The Moss Garden

In a particularly foetid corner of the bleak mire, the stink of decaying corpses mingles with the peaty reek of bog moss. Cadavers—their heads crushed, bellies clawed open, and spines broken—bob like macabre buoys in the black water, festooned with sickeningly vivid green moss.

Owners: The moss garden is owned by trolls (*DMB*) **Brawg** and **Agnes**, who prize the succulent moss they diligently nurture on the corpses of their victims. Adventurers have a 3-in-6 chance of encountering one of the trolls in the garden. Should this happen, there is an additional 3-in-6 chance that the other appears and contests their right to the PCs, leading to a surreal argument over who can kill the travellers and cultivate moss on their bodies.

Marital dispute: Brawg and Agnes used to be a mated pair, but recently they have been squabbling and divided their moss farm between the two of them. The trolls bicker endlessly over where the border of one troll-spouse's territory ends and the other begins.

Troll-Hole (Hidden)

The two trolls share a lair near the middle of the swamp, a dank grotto accessible via a narrow, flooded passage. This can only be found through extensive searching or by following one of the trolls.

Interior: Slick, slimy walls and floor. Like everything else, the cave is ruthlessly divided by the former troll-mates.

Brawg's side: A pile of broken wooden furniture, a filthy mat of swamp grass, and a wooden cage containing three well-fed, meticulously-groomed songbirds.

Agnes's side: A clean grass mat and a neatly ordered collection of steel carving implements.

Treasure: On both sides of the cave are identical crude wooden boxes, each containing half of the following: four portions of *Snogglebeard* (***p430***), 20,000sp, 5,000gp, two bloodstones (50gp each), and two beryls (500gp each).

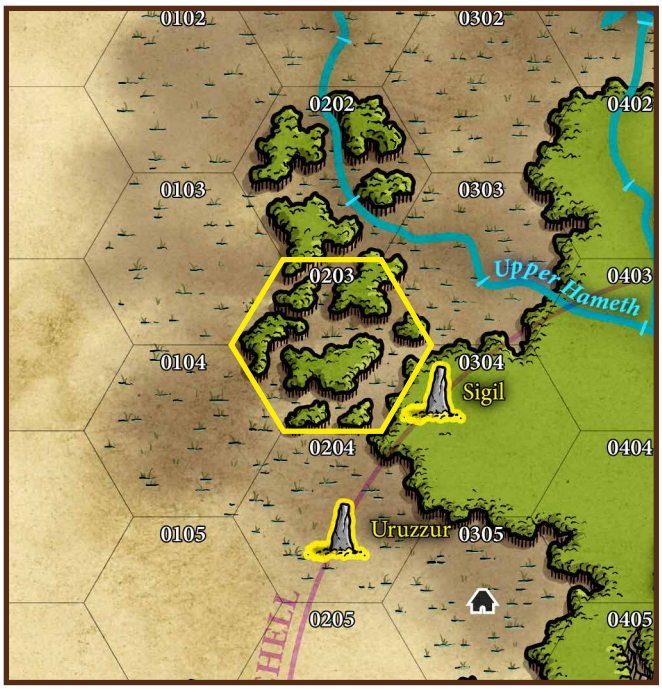
Brawg—Troll

A pot-bellied troll, covered in warts and boils, with the greasy remains of a once-resplendent mane of hair matted about his bald head.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Lazy, self-indulgent, lecherous. Curiously gentle with small animals.

Speech: Grumpy, peevish. Woldish, Sylvan.

Desires: Brawg desperately wishes to be reunited with his former mate, Agnes, but he is stubborn and unwilling to admit his faults, too proud to apologise. If he can be coaxed into meeting Agnes's demands and apologizing for his behaviour, the two trolls might reconcile. However, he insists that Agnes make the first move.



Agnes—Troll

A thin, long-limbed troll with enormous yellow eyes and long, dark hair who delights in swimming through the wetlands and ambushing potential victims, making them fodder for the moss-farm.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Fastidious, irritable, judgemental. Fond of flowers.

Speech: Sharp-tongued, clever. Woldish, Sylvan.

Desires: Agnes has a long list of complaints against Brawg. She wishes he would help clean the troll-hole, assist in his share of moss-harvesting, stop squeezing his boils in their lair, and bring her swamp-flowers the way he used to. She has grudging affection for her former mate but finds his indolence and inattentiveness off-putting.

0204 THE SUMMERSTONE URUZZUR

Squelching mud punctuated with clumps of purple-leafed reeds and granite spires and boulders.

Terrain: Bog (3), Northern Scratch / Dwelmfurgh
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6
Ley Line Chell (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the curious dual sensation of balmy heat and biting cold.
Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

Mud Basin

Close to the centre of the hex, the boggy ground dips and forms a 100-yard-wide, sludge-bottomed basin, 10′ deep at its centre. At the very centre of the basin, raised upon an 11′-high column of white marble, is a 15′-high shard of basalt—the ***Summerstone Uruzzur***.

Balmy stillness: The stone is surrounded by a 120-yard radius of hazy warmth and balmy stillness of the air, reminiscent of the intoxicating days of high summer.

Invisible water: Though the basin appears empty, it is in fact filled with magically invisible water secreted by the Summerstone. Anyone entering experiences the odd sensation of splashing, wetness, and water pressure, without any visual sign of the liquid.

Skeletons: At the base of the column (submerged in the invisible water) lie four human skeletons, some armoured, reaching towards the column as if desperately trying to climb it.

Swimming: Alerts the stone-ward—the **Audrune Mestmord**—to the presence of intruders. Unless they come on Drune business, the Audrune summons the **3 frost fiends** guarding the invisible waters.

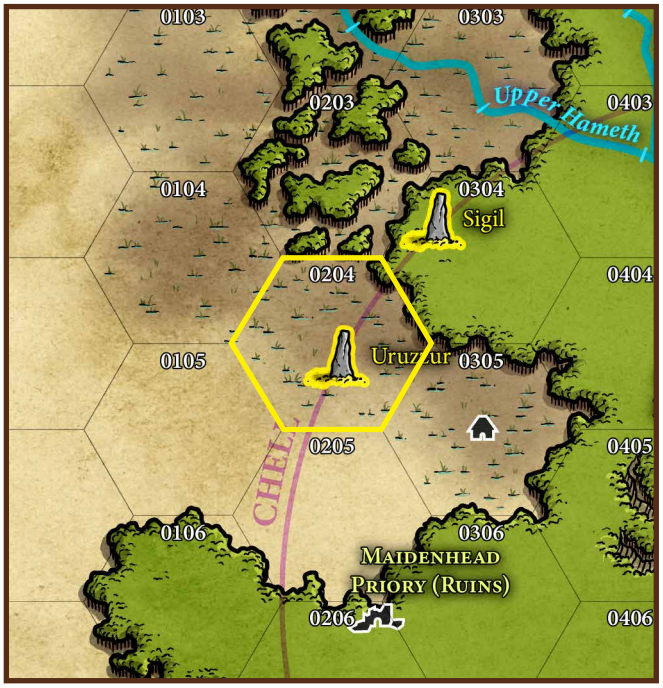
Searching the skeletons: Adventurers able to swim to the bottom of the pool and search the skeletons find an iridescent black suit of *Fairy Chainmail* (***p400***), a silver, winged *Helm of Realignment* (***p406***), a quiver of 10 crystal-tipped *Arcane Arrows* (***p412***), and 350gp.

The Summerstone Uruzzur

The Summerstone Uruzzur, also known as the Wetstone, is a ragged shard of basalt (15′ high, 8′ around). The column upon which it rests keeps it 1′ above the basin's invisible waterline. (See ***The Ring of Chell, p20*** for full information on the Summerstones.)

Inscribed spell: Drunic runes describe the arcane spell *Water Breathing*. See ***Ley Lines and Standing Stones, p18*** for details on learning this spell.

Touching: Anyone who touches the stone gains the ability to breathe water and a +4 bonus to Saving Throws against fire. Both effects last for 1d3 days.



Frost Fiends

Evil spirits of frost bound by Drune magic to protect the pool around Uruzzur. Though the water of the pool from which they form is invisible, the frost fiends are visible as jagged, serpent-like extrusions of ice with malevolent human faces.

MEDIUM MONSTROSITY—SEMI-INTELLIGENT—CHAOTIC

Level 3 **AC** 15 **HP** 3d8 (13) **Saves** D11 R12 H13 B14 S15
Att Strike (+2, grab) **Speed** 40 **Morale** 9 **XP** 90

Formation: Take 2 Rounds to form.

Grab: The victim must **Save Versus Hold** or be dragged underwater. Each Round in this state, they suffer 1d4 damage and must **Save Versus Doom** or become unconscious. Unless the frost fiend is killed, an unconscious victim dies after 3 Rounds.

Immunities: Only suffer 1 point of damage from sharp weapons.

Vulnerabilities: Double damage from fire attacks.

Return from death: If killed (0 HP), they reform with full HP in 2 Rounds. Can only be killed permanently by holy magic (e.g. *Holy Fire*, *Purify Food and Drink*).

Water-bound: Must remain in water.

The Audrune Mestmord

Incorporeal: Mestmord has abandoned his physical form and now exists solely within the flow of the ley energies around the stone Uruzzur. His body lies in temporal stasis, ritually interred in the crypts of the Drune Lodge (hex 0507).

Powers: Mestmord cannot interact with the physical world directly, but can send word of intruders to the Drune Aegis and can summon the frost fiends in the invisible pool around Uruzzur against intruders.

Quiet grasslands sparsely populated by leafless trees. Songbirds flit through the air.

Terrain: Meadow (2), High Wold / Dwelmfurgh

Lost/encounters: 1-in-6

Ley Line Chell (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the curious dual sensation of balmy heat and biting cold.

Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

The Woodcarver's House

In the south-east corner of the hex, nestled in the eaves of Dolmenwood, is a picturesque wooden cottage with a thatched roof. Its front door hangs off its hinges.

Inhabitants: The woodcarver **Ellery Lumley** and her **7 magical doll children**. Six of the dolls are now slain (see ***Workshop***). The seventh, **Minch**, now keeps Ellery prisoner (see ***Under the House***).

Recent bandit attack: Several days ago, bandits attacked the cottage, destroying the dolls and injuring Ellery. Minch slew the bandits, but became mentally unhinged, traumatised by the concept of death.

Interior: A large room in disarray, its quaint furnishings rummaged through and torn apart. A large, ornate wooden doll's house lies in pieces on the floor. An open door leads to the ***Workshop***.

Workshop: Filled with quality woodcarving tools (150gp), staring wooden dolls, and carved statuettes. Six broken dolls—two boys, two girls, a horse, and a dog—have been carefully placed atop a workbench. These are the magical doll children killed by the bandits. An open trapdoor leads ***Under the House***.

Backyard: Atop a mound of firewood are four decomposing naked corpses of human men—the bandits bludgeoned to death by Minch. Four sets of bloody clothing, as well as four shortswords, are neatly arranged beside the pile.

Minch—Animated Puppet

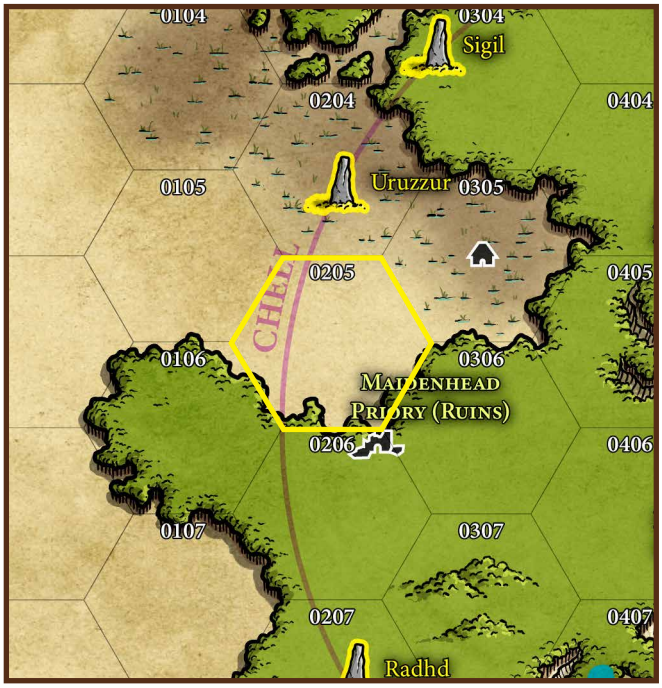
A 6′ tall wooden puppet, created by **Ellery**, carved in the shape of a young man. The mouth on his rounded, innocent face moves when he speaks, but his painted-on eyes do not. He wears a simple outfit sewn from red and green bed sheets. If the PCs attempt to reason with him, he willingly explains his motivations.

Demeanour (Neutral): Normally merry and jocular, now distressed and angry. Naïve, he sometimes makes strange leaps of logic.

Speech: Halting, childish. Woldish.

Desires: To avenge his dead siblings. To punish Ellery for making him and his defenceless siblings (he now believes it cruel to create new life). To rob the oak of its life-giving magic. He hopes that starving Ellery to death beside the tree achieves this, but he does not actually know if this will work and keeps giving Ellery water.

Combat stats: As manikin (*DMB*), with 15 HP.



Under the House

The trapdoor ladder in the workshop descends into a dirt corridor. This passageway slopes downward until reaching a 30′ wide, 20′ tall underground cavern.

The oak: Dominating the cavern is an enormous, ancient oak, its branches brushing the stone ceiling, its acorns glowing with a faint silvery light.

The prisoner: Lashed to the tree is the dishevelled, barely conscious **Ellery Lumley**. She is starving and delirious.

The puppet: Slumped in a rocky recess is a life-sized wooden puppet: Lumley's creation, **Minch**. He at first seems absolutely motionless, but sporadically explodes into uncontrollable sobbing.

Damaging the tree: If cut, the tree immediately heals, growing back lost branches.

Life-giving wood: If wood from the tree is fashioned into the form of a living creature, it becomes an animate being, with a nature determined by the carver. This is how Minch was created.

Ellery Lumley—Woodcarver

A large, comely human woman in her late 30s. Thick red hair cascades down her back. Dressed in humble clothes and a smock, she sports a black eye and broken arm. A skilled woodcarver, she sought out the oak after reading stories of its life-giving powers. She has so far made **Minch** and the six now-destroyed dolls in the workshop.

Demeanour (Neutral): Motherly, quick to obsess.

Speech: Soft, breathy. Woldish, basic Sylvan.

Desires: To master the secrets of the ancient oak. For Minch to come to terms with death and release her.

0206 MAIDENHEAD PRIORY

Decrepit woodland, the ground littered with fallen trees and rotting branches. Many insects creep and tickle.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), High Wold / Dwelmfurgh
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6
Ley Line Chell (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the curious dual sensation of balmy heat and biting cold.
Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

Maidenhead Priory

Just under the eaves of the wood at the northern border of the hex lies the crumbling ruin of a small priory. The place is known to locals as Maidenhead Priory, owing to the great feminine bust half-buried near its entrance (the remnant of a larger statue of St Gretchen). From a distance, the structure appears to pulse and undulate, as if alive.

History: The priory was established here in an ultimately vain attempt to bring piety and civilisation to the wretched fens of Northern Scratch. With the rise of Atanuwë (see ***History, p14***), the priory was wracked by hauntings and was abandoned 80 years ago.

Blanket of Beetles

Coming closer, it becomes clear that the creeping movement comes from the twitching blanket of black beetles that envelops the crumbling walls.

Painful shrilling: If PCs approach or enter the priory, the insects begin a terrible, incessant shrilling that inflicts 1 HP damage per Turn spent in the ruins.

Repelling the beetles: Fire, smoke, and other noxious fumes cause the beetles to retreat, but they return as soon as the irritant is no longer present.

Within the Ruins

The crumbling stone innards of the priory are bare save for the intrusions of nature—an endless carpet of moss blankets the walls and drifts of dead leaves carpet the floors.

Stairway: A debris-strewn stairway leads down to the ***Defiled Crypt***.

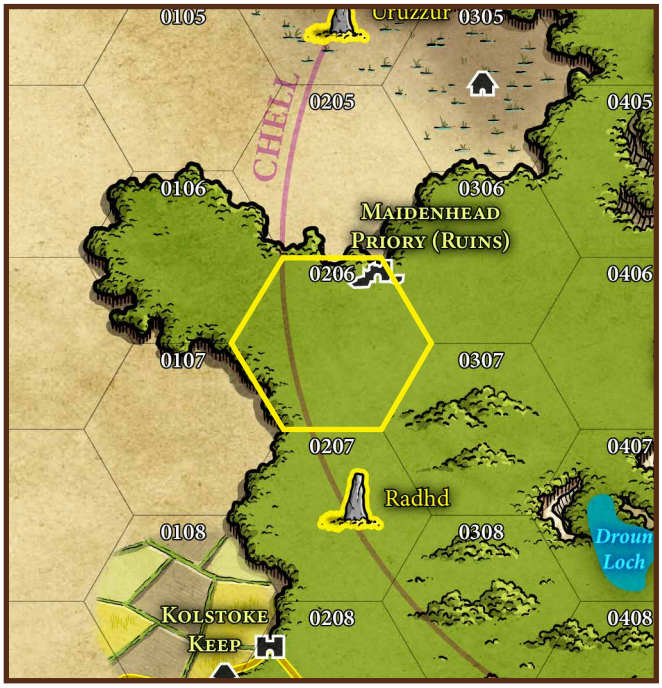
Hidden tapestry: Concealed behind a cascade of moss hangs the magnificent ***Banner of St Lillibeth***, magically preserved. It is very difficult to find without knowing its location (see ***Sealing the coffin***).

Defiled Crypt

A low-ceilinged chamber, crawling with screeching beetles. At the centre of the chamber lies a stained marble coffin, its lid broken in half.

Approaching the coffin: The stridulation of the beetles takes on an almost mournful tone.

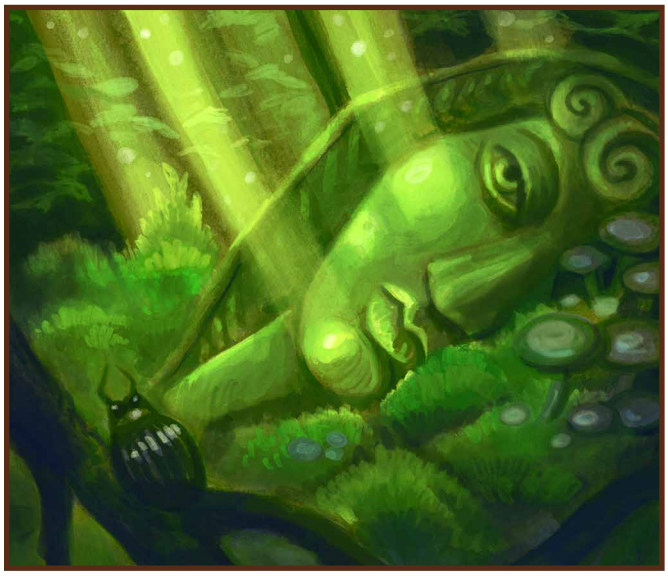
Examining the coffin: Liturgic text around the rim reads "Here lies Jerome Gust, blessed prior and founder, humble servant of the One True God." The inside is bare; the prior's bones and vestments were stolen long ago.



The Banner of St Lillibeth

A beautifully woven tapestry, embroidered with six doves (the doves of Saint Lillibeth). Worth 30,000gp.

Healing properties: Six times per day (once per dove), a Lawful character can touch one of the doves to recover 1d6+1 HP, but only if it is hung, unfurled, on holy ground.



Restless spirit: The prior's restless spirit lingers, invisible, in the crypt, its torment drawing the beetles to the priory.

Sealing the coffin: If the lid's two fragments are placed together to seal the coffin, they emanate a soft glow of light as they fuse, and the beetles depart the priory in quiet droves. Holy spell-casters are filled with an overwhelming sense of awe and inspiration and receive a vision revealing the location of the ***Banner of St Lillibeth***, upstairs.

THE SUMMERSTONE RADHD 0207

A dense, shadow-oppressed maze of trees. The air is utterly still and coagulates with the gloom.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), High Wold / Dwelmfurgh
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6
Ley Line Chell (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the curious dual sensation of balmy heat and biting cold.
Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

The Shadowed Bower

The woods around the Summerstone Radhd are under a Drune enchantment that causes light to dwindle and falter.

Heavy, sluggish air: Breathing here is laboured and sound is muted.

Darkness: As characters journey deeper into the hex, a dusk-like darkness settles in. Without a light source or dark sight, the gloom incurs a –1 penalty to Attack Rolls.

Flames: Subdued and sputtering. The radius of light cast by lanterns and torches is reduced by 50%.

Shades: Characters perceive spectral forms, as if of hooded men, observing them disapprovingly. The forms are illusory and disappear if attacked. These apparitions are a manifestation of the presence of the **Audrune Grebglin**, who wards the nodal Radhd.

The Summerstone Radhd (Hidden)

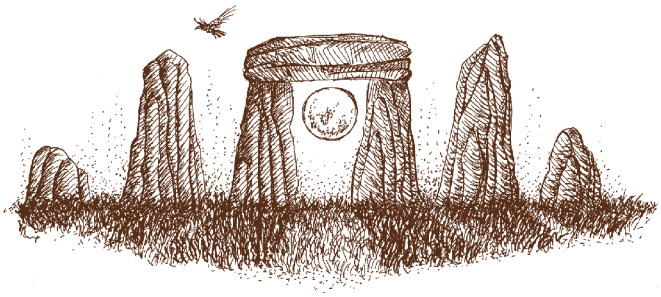
The Summerstone Radhd, also known as the Stone of Law, is a ragged shard of basalt (15′ high, 8′ around) lost in a pathless tangle of hawthorn. (See ***The Ring of Chell, p20*** for full information on the Summerstones.)

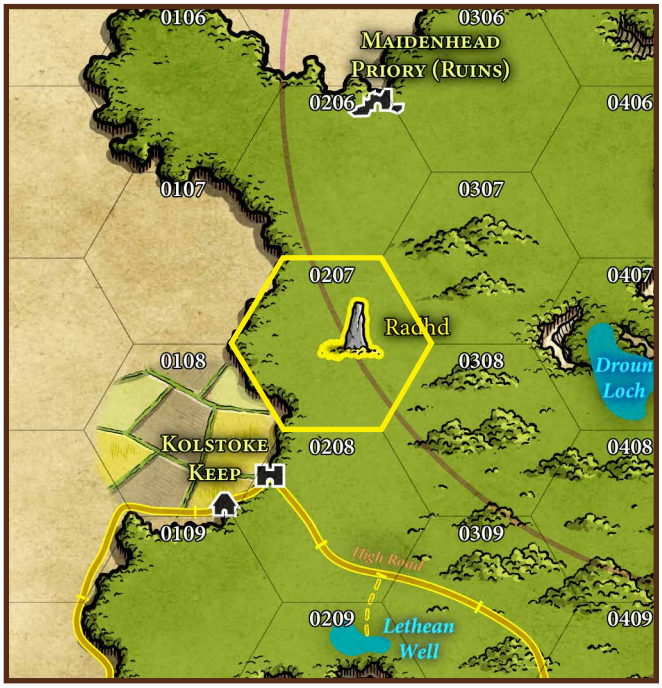
Balmy stillness: The stone is surrounded by a 120-yard radius of hazy warmth and balmy stillness of the air, reminiscent of the intoxicating days of high summer.

Approaching: Within 60 yards triggers the protective wrath of the **Audrune Grebglin**, the stone-ward. **3 werephasms** are conjured into existence to stalk those who dare come near to the Stone of Law.

Inscribed spell: Drunic runes describe the arcane spell *Geas*. See ***Ley Lines and Standing Stones, p18*** for details on learning this spell.

Touching: While touching the stone, lies can be detected without fail and oaths that are sworn are enforced via a *Geas* (per the arcane spell).





The Audrune Grebglin

Incorporeal: Grebglin has abandoned his physical form and now exists solely within the flow of the ley energies around the stone Radhd. His body lies in temporal stasis, ritually interred in the crypts of the Drune Lodge (hex 0507).

Powers: Grebglin cannot interact with the physical world directly, but can send word of intruders to the Drune Aegis and can summon **3 werephasms** to attack any who approach the Stone of Law.

Werephasms

Humanoid, lupine creatures of twisting shadow, summoned by Drune magic. They snuff out light and rend sentient beings' souls from their flesh.

MEDIUM MONSTROSITY—MINDLESS—CHAOTIC

Level 6 **AC** 15 **HP** 6d8 (27) **Saves** D9 R10 H11 B12 S13
Att [2 claws (+5, 1d4 + soul rend) and bite (+5, 1d8)] or howl (extinguishes light) **Speed** 40 **Morale** 10
XP 720

Immunities: Only harmed by silver weapons, magic, or magic weapons.

Weakened by light: Suffer a –3 penalty to Attack Rolls when within the radius of a light source.

Howl: The bone-chilling howl has a 4-in-6 chance of extinguishing light sources within 90′ (roll per light source). This includes magical light, but excludes permanent enchantments such as *Holy Light*.

Soul-rend: Each hit reduces the target's Charisma by 1. A target reduced to 0 Charisma dies and has their soul abducted. Abducted souls are trapped as green vapour in glass urns in the crypts of Drune Lodge (hex 0507).

Recovering lost Charisma: 1 point per day.

0208 KOLSTOKE KEEP AND ILLPUKE BARROWS

Rugged woods dotted with sodden ditches and ant-mounds. A low thrumming pervades.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6

Kolstoke Keep

Within a clear area, surrounded by looming forest on three sides, stands the blocky, dark stone keep of **Lord Murkin** (***p65***): Kolstoke Keep.

Ditch, wall, and motte: The keep is perched awkwardly atop a giddying motte of earth and encircled with a crenelated stone wall. At the base of the wall is a ditch lined with sharp spikes.

Gate: A wide drawbridge may be lowered over the ditch, leading to a single, intimidating gatehouse that pierces the wall.

Interior: Austere and militaristic. Cold stone halls are lined with maps, banners, and antique weapons. The sound of marching feet echoes throughout.

Inhabitants: The keep is the home of **Lord Murkin** (***p65***) and his retinue of **12 longhorn knights**, "the Horns of Kolstoke" (use longhorn breggle stats—*DMB*). A troop of **20 soldiers** (Level 1 fighters—*DMB*, a mix of shorthorns and humans) acts as guards and household servants.

Visitors: Are unwelcome, though Lord Murkin may grant an audience to those bearing gifts or sharing secrets beneficial in his campaigns against the other lords of the High Wold (in particular ***Lord Harald Nodlock, p61***).

Dungeons: Lady Mirilda Murkin (Murkin's mother), a human woman now in her seventies, is imprisoned in the keep's dungeons, after contradicting her son's word one too many times.

The Domain of Lord Murkin

The rule of House Murkin extends several leagues to the west and north, encompassing a rambling collection of hamlets and farmsteads (see ***Longhorn Nobility, p62***). Both humans and breggles live in this domain.

Revolt is brewing: Tired and angered by their Lord's petty laws and taxes, Murkin's subjects grow belligerent. Revolt is close at hand.

Illpuke Barrows

A few miles inside the dense canopy of the wood, south of the keep, are a series of mounds known to the locals as Illpuke Barrows. There are thirteen mounds in total: a circle of twelve with one at the centre.

Capstones: Each mound is topped with a smooth round stone, 20′ in diameter. The stones are covered in mosses, lichens, and rampant vines.

Thrumming: The thrumming sound that permeates this hex emanates from the mounds.

A queasiness of stomach: Stepping inside the circle of mounds, one feels a faint queasiness, becoming stronger the longer one remains.

Beneath the capstones: A jumble of humanoid bones is buried, carved with magical script (runes of divination and balancing). Examination reveals that the bones are elfish.

True purpose: The mounds are not actually barrows, but were built for the sole purpose of supporting the curious stones, which radiate a faint magical signal. Together, these stones form an ancient device used to measure power and deviations in the Witching Ring. This purpose and the operation of the device are long-forgotten, though the Drune know of the place and wish to reclaim it.

Tree trunks and boughs twist, sway, and writhe, creating weirdly silhouetted forms.

Terrain: Craggy forest (4), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 3-in-6
Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d2 portions of *Woodpurse* (***p430***), in addition to the normal results.

The Grasping Corridor

A trail branches off of the High Road in hex 0208 to the north of here; crossing into this hex, it soon becomes a long, tree-lined, bough-vaulted path that travels gently uphill. Inhabitants of this region call the path the Grasping Corridor, and it is known to be the sole route to the Lethean Well, a fabled lake in the hills.

Perpetual dark: Beneath the dense canopy, it is like night, even during the brightest hours of daylight.

Drifting mist: A thin, pale mist drifts in the brooding blackness of the woods on either side of the trail.

Grasping hands: Anyone getting too close to the inky darkness of the forest beyond the trail is grasped by cold, pale hands that form out of the mist. They must **Save Versus Spell** or vanish into the blackness of the woods, reappearing back on the trail 1d6 hours later, stripped of valuables they carried and with no memory of where they have been.

Effects of flame: If any open flame is brought into the corridor, the things among the trees begin to shriek and wail in increasing and maddening volume unless it is extinguished. Characters who persist in carrying fire here for more than 1 Turn must **Save Versus Hold** or lose 1d3 points of Wisdom. (Lost Wisdom is recovered after a week.)

The Lethean Well

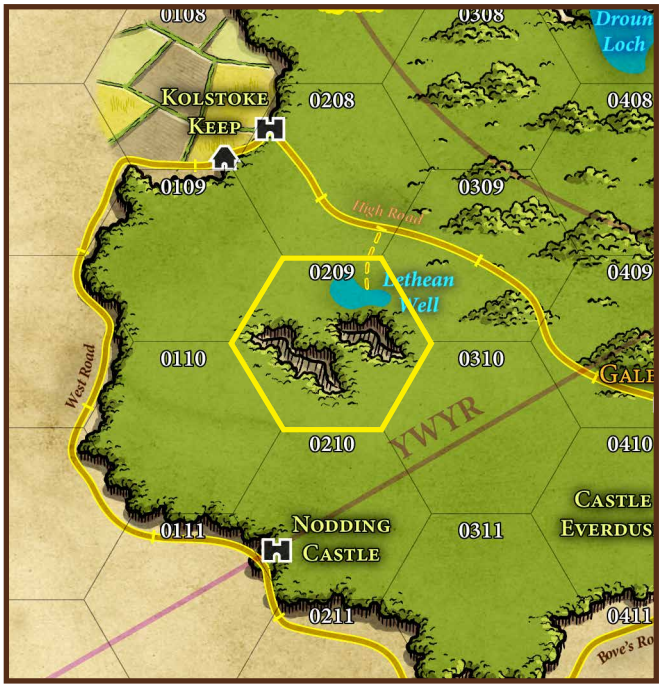
The lake known as the Lethean Well sits nestled in a hilly region, surrounded by treacherous 60′ crags and pitch-dark woods. It is nearly two miles across, and its banks are overgrown and lined with dreamy weeping willows in abundance.

Reaching the lake: For those who do not wish to scale the rock faces, the lake is reachable only via the Grasping Corridor, which opens outwards at its terminus on the lake's northern shore.

Boggin clan: A malign clan of **12 boggins** (*DMB*) inhabits the lake. Should characters bathe in the lake (see below), there is a 3-in-6 chance of 1d3 of the boggins attacking them, attempting to drag them to their lair below.

Trading with the boggins: PCs who remain on the lakeshore for at least an hour attract the attention of 1d3 boggins, who swim to the water's edge to converse. In return for gems or jewellery (20gp value or greater) or magic items, they allow characters to bathe in peace. They may also trade for such items with a dose of the psychedelic compound *Lethe* (***p426***), which they extract from the brains of their victims.

Bathing: Entering the dark, slumbrous waters, one feels a slowly pulsing vibration. Bathing in the lake for more than an hour cures a magical disease or curse and places an enchantment upon the bather (see ***Lake Enchantments***).



Lake Enchantments (d6)

Bathing in the Lethean Well cures a magical disease or curse, as well as causing one of the following effects:

d6	Enchantment
1	Brain becomes increasingly sharp, permanently increasing Intelligence by 1.
2	Gain a sense of serenity and contentment, permanently increasing Wisdom by 1.
3	Visage becomes radiant and beautiful, permanently increasing Charisma by 1.
4	Become convinced they are half-pig.
5	Insatiable hunger for raw root vegetables.
6	Believe they are one of the Lords of the High Wold.

Each character can only be affected by the enchanted waters once per year.

The Lethean Door (Hidden)

High in the rocky peaks that surround the lake is a 10′ tall craggy portal of utter blackness that even magic cannot illuminate. Adventurers with an invitation from Duke Mai-Fleur may step into the portal and be transported to the wild forests of Diuthurnia (***p30***). Without an invitation, the door is impassable.

Journeys Into Fairy (Optional)

Referees wishing to expand play into the realm of Diuthurnia may allow adventurers to enter the Lethean Door without an invitation. This requires the Referee to develop adventure locales of their own in Diuthurnia.

0210 NODDING CASTLE

Gloomy, dripping copses, drenched in cool mist and an unending drizzle.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6
Ley line Ywyr (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the distant moaning of the dead.

Nodding Castle

The decaying Nodding Castle, ancestral home of **Lord Nodlock** (***p61***), stands upon a hill at the forest's edge. The castle is built of grey stone, with three crumbling towers. The walls drip with damp and mould.

Defensive palisade: A series of thorny trees grown and woven into a latticework palisade rings the castle. The thick palisade gates are decorated with horn and sport the heraldic shield of Lord Nodlock when the gates are closed. They are manned by a surly and listless group of **8 guards** (Level 1 fighters—*DMB*).

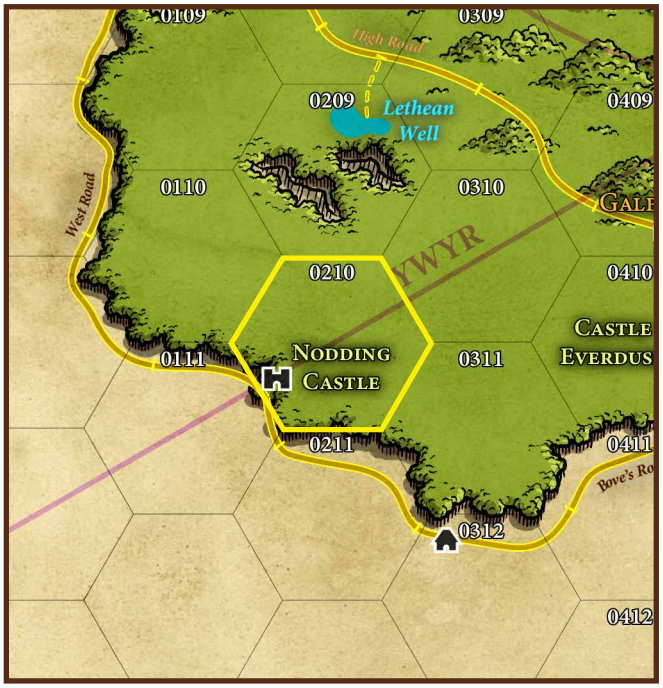
Moat of the dead: The castle itself is further surrounded by a moat which is home to **7 bog corpses** (*DMB*), headless and perpetually attempting to claw their way up the steep, slippery sides, then slumping back into the putrid water. Lord Nodlock has pushed a deceitful advisor into the moat on a number of occasions.

Interior: A haphazard procession of cluttered hallways, disorderly studies, debauched feasting halls, and slovenly boudoirs. Lord Nodlock's long-suffering domestic staff periodically scurry through, attempting to restore order after their liege's bouts of excess.

Barracks: A poorly trained garrison of **28 soldiers** (Level 1 fighters—*DMB*) is quartered in decaying barracks at the castle's rear.

Inhabitants: Lord Nodlock resides here, attended by a retinue of advisors who oversee the castle and borders during their Lord's alcohol-induced slumbers (of which there are many). A frequent attendant to Nodlock's binges is his wine taster, a **wronguncle** (*DMB*) called **Tasper**.

Visitors: The guest suites at Nodding Castle are seldom vacant. Lord Nodlock welcomes visitors of noble stock, hedonistic bent, or martial prowess, in addition to hordes of jugglers, dancers, musicians, and fortune tellers. Those who are not welcome can easily gain entrance posing as entertainers or servants.



Tasper Crymehump—Wronguncle Wine Taster

A red-capped, 5'-tall humanoid mushroom that grew on the corpse of Lord Nodlock's former wine taster, who was lost in the forest a year ago. Upon wandering to the castle, the mushroom was welcomed back into the role of wine taster, possessing all the skill and memories of its deceased progenitor. The castle's inhabitants regard it with curiosity and affection.

Demeanour (Neutral): Genial and lighthearted. Becomes murderous and conspiratorial at any mention of the castle's cook (see ***Desires***).

Speech: Merry, squeaking banter. Woldish.

Desires: To locate and murder its loved one, Grymelda, the castle's head cook. Unknown to Tasper, she was recently killed by Lord Nodlock's pack of hunting dogs. The castle's inhabitants are under strict instructions to string Tasper along. As long as it believes Grymelda lives, it cheerfully serves as head wine taster.

THE TEA TENT AND THE DREAMING SNAIL 0211

Wild, rolling meadows of knee-high grass inhabited by legions of curious rabbits.

Terrain: Meadow (2), High Wold

Lost/encounters: 1-in-6. Encounters are 1-in-6 likely (2-in-6 likely at night) to be with **1d3+2 bandits** (Level 1 thieves—*DMB*) and **1d3+2 shorthorns** (*DMB*)—members of the gang based in hex 0311. Opposing side has a 3-in-6 chance of being surprised, due to bandits hiding in the woods.

Along Bove's Road

Bove's Road is a well-frequented roadway skirting the edge of Dolmenwood. To the south, there are endless leagues of windswept meadows, while the north offers only the brooding, sentient presence of the ancient wood.

In winter: Frequent gusts blowing unimpeded over the rolling plains chill travellers to the bone.

In summer: Exposed in the open with no shade, the summer sun beats down on travellers with thirst and prickling sweat.

Psychic snail emanations: Those with some degree of psychic sensitivity (arcane spell-casters or the psionically gifted) may experience flash images of snail-covered bodies when traversing this stretch of road. These emanate from the **giant psionic snail** (*DMB*) that lies in a century-long slumber, curled in its moss-covered shell, resting in a ditch beneath the forest eaves to the north (see ***The Dreaming Snail***).

The Tea Tent

Alongside the road, about halfway across the hex, a bright pink, conical tent is erected. A snail-emblazoned banner flaps outside and smoke chuffs merrily from a stovepipe. During clement weather, wooden stools and benches may be seen arrayed near the entrance.

Inquiring within: One encounters the proprietor, a man who calls himself **Smalding Borotrope**, as well as 1d6 other visiting travellers.

Tea time: In copper vessels atop a cast iron stove, Smalding cooks up a refreshing brew of tea, which he offers at 2cp a mug.

Drinking and resting: Smalding's hot tea proves to be just the thing to beat back the chill from the grassland gales of winter, and his iced tea is the perfect antidote to the thirst of summer road travel. In any season, staying, resting a while, and enjoying at least two mugs of the tea has a remarkably recuperative effect upon weary travellers (heal 1 HP).

More emanations of the snail: The tent and its proprietor, while they appear real to those who encounter them, are psychic projections of the giant snail.

Detecting and dispelling: Spells such as *Dweomerlight* reveal the quasi-real nature of the tea tent. Casting *Dispel Magic* causes the scene to vanish and the snail to awaken.

The Dreaming Snail (Hidden)

In a damp depression amid a thicket of ferns in the woods north of the road lies a **giant psionic snail** (*DMB*), deep in slumber.

Moss-coated shell: The snail is concealed beneath a thick carpet of *Mind-Moss* (***p430***). Carefully harvesting a portion requires a **Dexterity Check**. Failing the check awakens the snail.

Smalding Borotrope

The psionic snail usually interacts with the world via its projected dream avatar: a rotund human man with slimy skin, a wiry moustache, and a preposterous hat.

Demeanour (Lawful): Garrulous, cordial, a bit nosey.

Speech: Loquacious, prone to odd non-idiomatic phrases. Strangely-accented Woldish.

Desires: Invariably delighted to chat with travellers, offer them a cup of refreshing brew, and hear stories.

Giant Psionic Snail

10′-round, deep purple shell, covered in moss. The snail's body is orange and its curious eyes are golden.

Demeanour (Lawful): Surprised and disgruntled at being awoken. Make a Reaction Roll (see ***Encounters***—*DPB*), modified by any previous interactions with Borotrope.

Speech: Sagacious, obtuse. Telepathic projection.

Desires: If friendly, asks for feedback on Borotrope's verisimilitude; otherwise wishes only to be left alone and return to slumber and projection.

0301 THE RUINS OF SMERNE

Pools of black, iridescent water. Abandoned peat beds riddled with ditches and collapsed banks.

Terrain: Bog (3), Northern Scratch
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6
Ley line Hoad (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the feeling of having just awoken from a dream.
Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d2 portions of *Horridwort* (***p430***), in addition to the normal results.

The Ruins of Smerne

The remnants of an abandoned village sit in the midst of the fens, sinking slowly, over the course of the long, lonely years, into a bog. Crows roost amid the ruins, bitterly cawing at intruders into their realm.

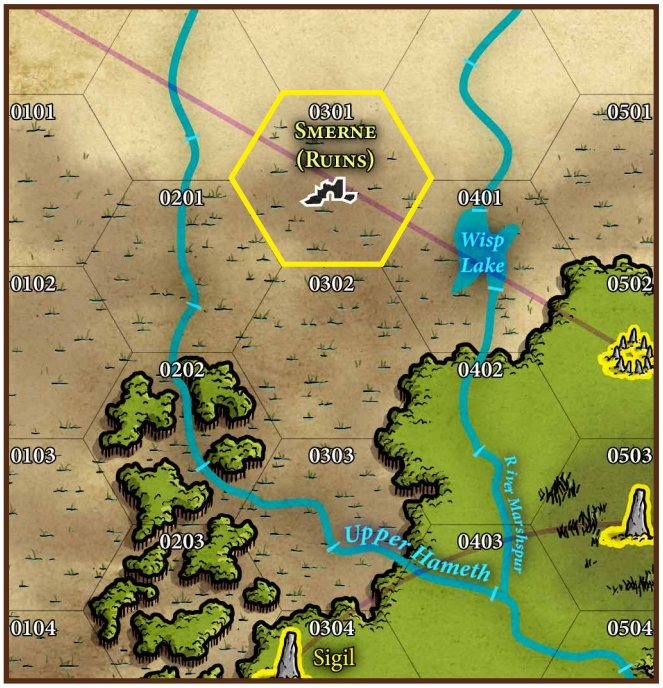
Structures: Wooden houses built upon stilts now kiss the sodden ground, drystone walls are collapsed into heaps, and sturdy dwellings of stone lie slumped, half submerged beneath the mire.

Exploring: The few still-intact interior spaces are filled with sludge, brambles, and decaying leaves.

Wolf statue: In the centre of the ruined settlement, the statue of a great, shaggy wolf still stands, its head raised as if defiantly howling at the sky. The pedestal on which the statue stands is engraved with the word "Egrydgenn." (Dewidort of Smerne—infamous highwayman and scion of this desolate place—used this word as the magical means of revealing his treasure hoard. See 0607.)

Church and graveyard: The leaning posts of a ruined stave church stand, ribcage-like, at the north of the village—a favoured roosting place for the crows. Surrounding the church, the tops of a few dozen almost-submerged grave-stones peek out of the mire.

Touching the graves: Awakens the **Ghosts of Smerne**, who rush from the black, boggy earth like a cloying, twisting smoke, whirling around those who disturb their rest.



The Ghosts of Smerne

A roiling cluster of colourless, vaporous spirits, with stretched, gaping mouths, clawed, grasping hands, and baleful holes of blackness where their eyes should be. Dressed in ragged leather and dented wolf's-head helms, with hoods of moss draped over their shoulders. The ghosts number some three dozen, but speak in unison and attack as a single combatant, their deathless minds merged into a cacophony of hunger.

Demeanour (Neutral): Desperately hungry, plead for vittles favoured in life (e.g. smoked fish, blackbird pie, mulled wine). Attack if mocked or provoked.

Speech: Plaintive babbling. Woldish.

Desires: Filling food and hearty drink.

Reward: If sated (requires at least 10 rations), the ghosts sigh and dissipate, giving their blessing to those who pitied them. All characters present gain a +4 bonus to the next Saving Throw they roll against a deadly effect.

LARGE UNDEAD—SENTIENT—NEUTRAL

Level 6 **AC** 14 **HP** 30 **Saves** D9 R10 H11 B12 S13
Att Horde (+5, 1d6 + chill) **Speed** 30 **Morale** 12
XP 920

Undead: Silent before attacking. Immune to biological effects (e.g. disease, poison) and mind-affecting spells (e.g. *Vapours of Dream*, *Paralysation*, *Dominate*).

Immunities: Only harmed by magic or magic weapons.

Horde: The ghosts make a single Attack Roll against all creatures within a 20′ radius area.

Chill: Victims lose 1 Constitution per hit. If reduced to 0 Constitution, the victim turns to ash and blows away with the wind. Lost Constitution recovers at a rate of one point per day.

Sludgy layers of black, brown, and red earth, teeming with flies and creeping newts.

Terrain: Bog (3), Northern Scratch
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6
Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d3 portions of *Marshwick* (*DPB*), in addition to the normal results.

Grey, Leafless Trees

Copses of leafless, grey trees are dotted across the barren, boggy expanse of this hex.

Approaching: At 100 yards distance, it becomes clear that the trees are dead. They stand at odd angles, some partially submerged in pools of stagnant water. They have no twigs—only their largest limbs remain.

Close up: It becomes apparent that the trees are actually made of stone.

Touching: One who touches the trees with a bare hand experiences a momentary reverie in which they see the foetid bog transformed into a lush meadow and the trees flourishing and laden with blossom.

History: This region was once woodland, and part of the dominion of the wicked Lady of Spring Unending (see ***p33***). With each act of cruelty she has committed, her realm has diminished. Over time, this has caused the once vibrant woods here to turn to lifeless stone, and her power over this region to dissipate.

Sludge Trail

A 10′ wide trail of sludge crosses the hex, as if a giant plough has furrowed the boggy earth.

Following the trail: The trail leads north-west to the lost ***Shrine of St Quister***.

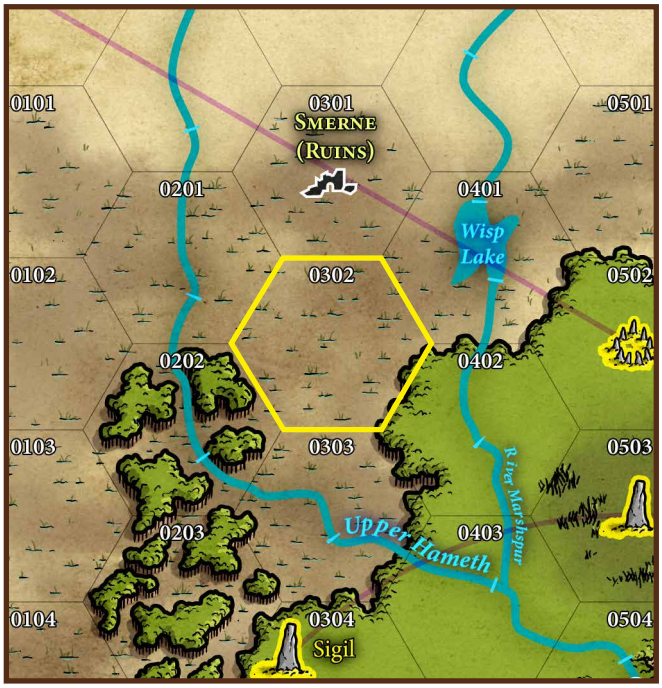
The Shrine to St Quister (Hidden)

In the far north-west of the hex stands the lost shrine to St Quister—a narrow, blocky structure of granite, half buried in a disturbed mound of boggy earth.

Movement: An unknown force drags the shrine slowly through the mire on a course to the north-west. At intervals, the shrine shudders, creaks, and carves its way another half-inch through the bog, moving a total of around 5′ per day.

Statue of St Quister: 4′ tall, carved in green marble. The saint is depicted squatting beside a hunting hound, pouring wine from a bottle into his loyal companion's mouth.

Prayer: Characters praying may receive the blessing of St Quister: the ability to cast *Create Water*. See ***Shrines, p22***.



0303 MOTHER EFTE'S LAIR

Perpetual drizzle. Festering pools and animal skeletons. Crows circle overhead, seeking carrion.

Terrain: Bog (3), Northern Scratch
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6
Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d4 portions of *Lilywhite* (*DPB*), in addition to the normal results.

Perpetual Rain

Whatever the prevailing weather conditions elsewhere, this hex is wreathed in an interminable drizzle. The rain becomes heavier toward the centre of the hex, where ***Mother Efte's Lair*** is located.

Riverside Traps

The Hameth and its environs here are fraught with danger, for this is the hunting ground of the numerous **madtoms** (*DMB*) who dwell in ***Mother Efte's Lair***.

Mantraps: Travellers walking along the riverbank or navigating small vessels have a 3-in-6 chance of encountering one of the madtoms' traps (see madtom, *DMB*). Anyone falling prey is attacked by **2d8 madtoms**, leaping from the river.

Mother Efte's Lair

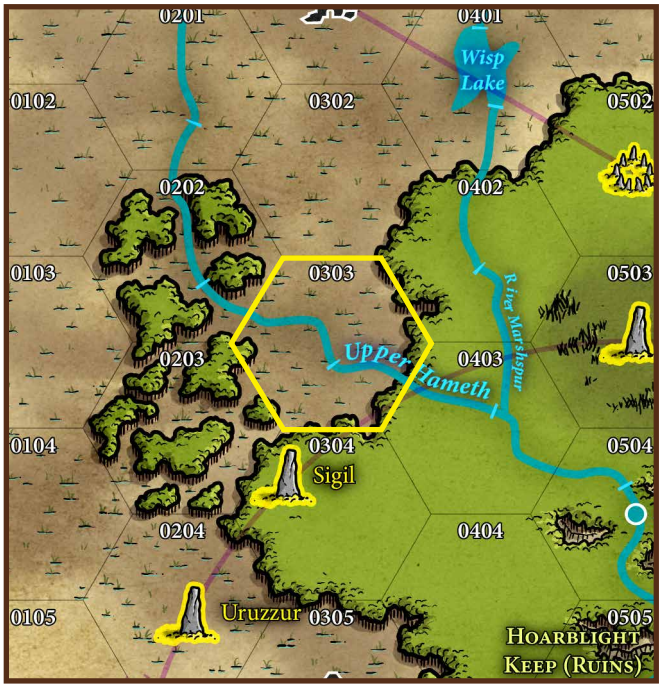
Coalesced beside the sluggish crawl of the Upper Hameth is a 100-yard-wide pool of black, muddy water, ringed with collapsing willows and spiny teasels, reflecting the dreary, rainy sky. **Mother Efte** reclines in the pool, gaping mouth pointed skywards, guzzling the perpetual rain. Her servants—**30 madtoms** (*DMB*)—loll in psychedelic ecstasy, under the effects of their mistress's pus (see **Mother Efte**).

Dais and podium: A dais of lichen-chewed flagstones is located in the mud at one side of the pool. Upon the dais stands a white marble podium, stylised with carvings of fruiting vines. Crystal clear water rests in the bowl-like top of the podium. The water is pure and good to drink, and can never be exhausted.

Rain making: The dais has the power to conjure rains, even violent storms, in the Northern Scratch. Mother Efte knows the ancient command words that control this magic, using it to wreathe her home in endless precipitation. The magically conjured rain slowly causes her body to grow ever more massive.

If threatened: Mother Efte croaks out command words that cause the dais's magic to conjure a shroud of fog around the pool, reducing visibility to 10'.

Treasure: The madtoms' ill-gotten gains, buried in sacks at the pool's bottom: 3,300gp, 2,450cp, 4 snake-shaped silver brooches (200gp each), 5 small diamonds (250gp each).



Mother Efte

A 12' long giant newt with pink eyes, indigo skin, feathery, purple gills, and patches of oozing, orange warts along her back. Mother Efte was once human—an apprentice of the witch **Lady Haeroth** (***p76***) who stole her mistress's jade necklace by swallowing it. After fleeing the lady's manor, a curse upon the jewels transformed Efte into a newt. Decades later, she has forgotten her past life, save her festering hatred of Lady Haeroth.

Demeanour (Neutral): Lethargic, slow-witted. Greedily eyes characters she suspects may have magic.

Speech: Languorous belching. Woldish, Sylvan.

Desires: To gorge on magic, grow ever greater, and one day wreak vengeance upon Lady Haeroth. Would pay up to 500gp per spell or item fed to her (see ***Eating magic***, below), but initially offers only 100gp.

Possessions: The stolen jade necklace (worth 2,000gp—or 3,000gp if returned to Lady Haeroth) is still lodged in Efte's belly.

Wart pus: The warts on Efte's back ooze a milky pus. Consuming has the effects of *Sclubber's Twist* (***p430***).

LARGE MONSTROSITY—SENTIENT—NEUTRAL

Level 8 **AC** 15 **HP** 44 **Saves** D8 R9 H10 B11 S12
Att Bite (+7, 2d6 + swallow whole) **Speed** 20 **Morale** 9
XP 1,040

Eat magic: Eats magic items or spells cast into her mouth, growing and gaining 1 HP per serving. Gulps down other spells cast at her, if she makes the save.

Swallow whole: On a natural 19–20 Attack Roll, a Small or Medium victim is swallowed. In Efte's belly: 1d6 damage / Round (until Efte dies); may attack with sharp weapons at –2 Attack; body digested 6 Turns after death.

Surviving being swallowed: The victim emerges with the stolen jade necklace (see ***Possessions***).

Mossy paths navigate between sodden shallows and impenetrably tangled groves of blackthorn and nettle.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Northern Scr. / Dwelmfurgh

Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Encounters are 1-in-6 likely to be with the **Audrune Wargfole** as he wanders the hex, cleaning the ***Pointing Statues*** in honour of the sacrifice they made to maintain the wards against the Cold Prince.

Ley Line Chell (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the curious dual sensation of balmy heat and biting cold.

Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

Pointing Statues

White marble statues, devoid of blemish or moss, dot the morose woods of this hex. They depict hunters, warriors, hermits, and woodcutters, all with one hand raised, pointing toward the centre of the hex—in the direction of the ***Soul Pyre***.

The Soul Pyre

In a glade of mighty, long-limbed copper beeches at the centre of the hex is a giant wicker man, 20′ high, ablaze with an uncanny green flame emanating from within its belly. The flame does not consume the wicker laths that form the man.

Approaching: Closer up, distorted faces of mortals grimace and howl silently within the flickering flame. These are the souls of victims trapped by the **Audrune Wargfole**.

Toppling the man: Extinguishes the flame, releases the trapped souls, and terminates the illusion hiding Sigil (see ***The Veiling of Sigil***). If a soul's body has not yet become a statue (see ***The Mask and Lamp of Ghrind***), the soul returns to it; otherwise, it moves on to the afterlife.

The Giant Stump (Veiled Nodal)

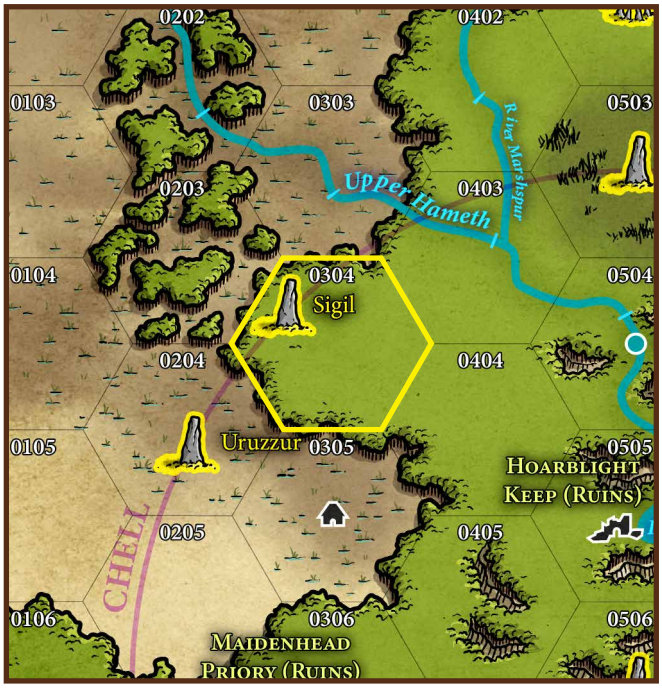
In the north-west of the hex is a dewy glade riddled with thick roots growing from a giant tree stump. The stump is 20′ high and 10′ around, coated in lush moss. The roots and stump are all illusory, veiling the presence of the Summerstone Sigil (see ***The Veiling of Sigil***).

Balmy stillness: The veiled stone is surrounded by a 120-yard radius of hazy warmth and balmy stillness of the air, reminiscent of the intoxicating days of high summer.

Detect illusion: Those who can see through illusions perceive the Summerstone: a ragged shard of basalt (15′ high, 8′ around). (See ***The Ring of Chell, p20*** for full information on the Summerstones.)

Inscribed spell: Drunic runes describe the arcane spell *Dweomerlight*. See ***Ley Lines and Standing Stones, p18*** for details on learning this spell.

Touching: One who perceives Sigil and touches it gains a permanent +1 bonus to Intelligence, and the ability to cast the holy spell *Locate Object* once within the next week.



The Veiling of Sigil

The Summerstone Sigil is hidden by an illusion of a ***Giant Stump***. This powerful illusion cannot be dispelled and is maintained by the souls fed to the ***Soul Pyre*** by the **Audrune Wargfole**, using the magical ***Mask and Lamp of Ghrind***. The ***Pointing Statues*** littering the hex are the petrified bodies of those robbed of their souls.

The Audrune Wargfole

A frail old human man, bent and hooded, leaning on his walking staff and carrying a lamp of polished bone that burns with a shimmering, golden light. Concealed beneath his cowl, he wears a skull-like mask, also of bone. Both the lamp and mask are magical—see **The Mask and Lamp of Ghrind**.

Demeanour (Neutral): Grim, mournful.

Speech: Croaking whisper. Woldish, Drunic.

Desires: Souls to feed the ***Soul Pyre***—he seeks to drain them from those who seem worthy of serving a great cause. Fine ale and provender—he misses the luxuries of civilisation.

The Mask and Lamp of Ghrind

A skull-like mask and a lamp, both made from burnished, lustrous bone. Worth 20,000gp.

Soul draining: Once per day, the lamp has the power to drain the soul of a person to whom the mask is revealed. The victim may **Save Versus Doom** to resist.

Victims' bodies: Are initially paralysed, then turn into marble statues over a period of 1d6 weeks.

Restoring: If a victim's body has not yet turned to stone, they can be saved by smashing the lamp, releasing their soul. *Trap the Soul* (***p457***) is also effective.

0305 THE BOGGIN'S LAMP

Scrubby heath, mud, and shallow pools. Windless and quiet. Eerie lights and strands of mist drift.

Terrain: Bog (3), Dwelmfurgh

Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **1d4 marsh lanterns** (*DMB*).

Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d2 portions of *Oddy Sorrel* (***p430***), in addition to the normal results.

The Boggin's Lamp (Inn)

A homely inn stands inexplicably in the midst of the trackless bog, its lights flickering welcomingly at all hours.

Sign: A young boy gazing in wonderment at a glowing crystal pendant held by a cloaked, bearded hermit.

Interior: Low beams, crackling fire, chunky oak tables and chairs. Narrow windows look out into the night, whatever time of day a traveller entered. A sign reads "To each their own rede; to each their own seclusion." The landlord, **Smauvol Oddnum**, serves from a nook lined with bottles.

Guests: A merry assortment of travellers from far-off places (some real, some imaginary). **Carrington Shydewick** (going by the name of Mercy Alquip) mingles in the crowd, contentedly sipping a glass of *Underbrood's Vintage* (*DPB*). There is a 2-in-6 chance of **1d3 Drune cottagers** (*DMB*) quietly conversing in a corner.

Protection from divination: The inn is swathed in a dweomer that stymies all magical scrying and detection.

Food and drink: The inn's pantries and cellars are magically replenished daily. Items taken from the inn disappear after 1d6 days.

Origin: A magical lodging of fairy construction, claimed by the Drune after the Cold Prince was banished.

Services at the Boggin's Lamp

Lodgings and food: Of common quality (*DPB*).

Smet: A hearty dish of bread, gravy, turnip, and goose fat. 4sp.

Wine: The inn stocks all wines listed in the *Dolmenwood Player's Book*.

No stabling: The inn has no housing for mounts.

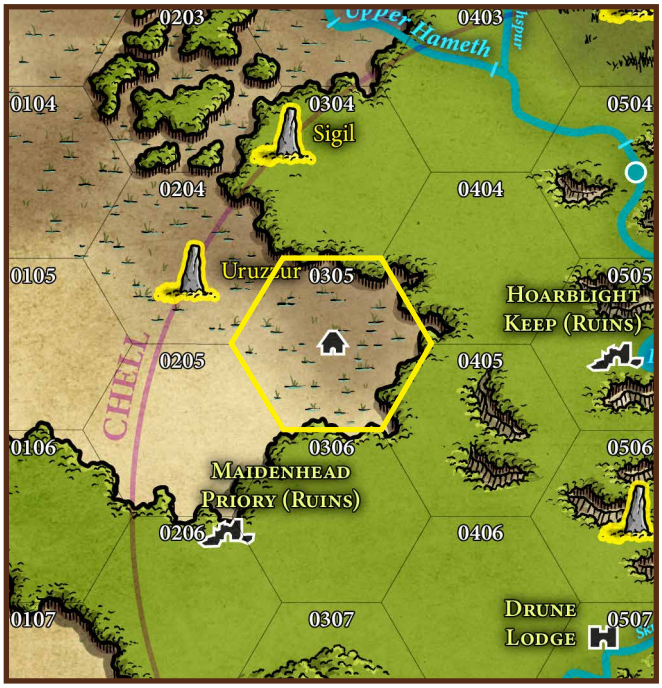
Smauvol Oddnum—Boggin's Lamp Proprietor

A broad-faced, wide-eyed human man in his late 40s, with black, shoulder length hair. Wears a chequered doublet, white hose, pointy shoes, and a brass skull necklace. Refuses to discuss any of the inn's peculiarities, merely replying that he keeps his own rede.

Demeanour (Neutral): Smug, enigmatic, mirthful.

Speech: Softly spoken. Shifts between rustic, urban, and archaic. Woldish, Old Woldish, Sylvan.

Desires: Peace and good company. Tales from afar.



The Shrine to St Dank (Hidden)

A wooden wayside shrine, now decaying and covered in moss, lies toppled in the mud beside a reeking pool.

Idol of St Dank: A 2′ square marble relief depicting St Dank with a great serpent around his neck, flanked by two kneeling longhorn acolytes.

Prayer: If the shrine is righted and cleaned, characters praying may receive the blessing of St Dank: the ability to cast *Charm Serpents*. See ***Shrines, p22***.

Carrington Shydewick ("Mercy Alquip") (Level 7 Thief)

A youthful human woman with a button nose, freckles, a beauty mark, and voluminous golden tresses (a wig). Wears an extravagant ball gown of turquoise satin, with a blue leather girdle embossed with silver hops. Currently lying low in the Boggin's Lamp after infiltrating the Hall of Sleep (1304) and stealing a platinum tiara from the sleeping **Lady Guillefer**.

Demeanour (Neutral): Jaded aesthete. Arches her brows with curiosity.

Speech: Affected upper class accent. Casually impudent. Woldish.

Desires: Information on tombs, dungeons, and ruins in the Table Downs. Clues about the location of Dewidort of Smerne's lost hoard (see 0607). To undertake thrilling robberies of heavily guarded sites. Has her eye on Nodding Castle (0210) and the Drune mausoleum on Phantom Isle (0706).

Possessions: *Belt of Might* (***p406***). A *Bag of Holding* (***p420***), containing an *Arcane Longsword* (***p412***), 3 *Fairy Daggers* (***p412***), 500pp, 1,000gp, and a platinum tiara stolen from the Hall of Sleep (2,000gp).

WALKER'S VOID AND THE BLUE MONOLITH 0306

Great thickets of brambles and bracken, criss-crossed by disused, overgrown paths.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Dwelmfurgh
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6
Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

Walker's Void

In a clearing, a perfectly circular, 10′-diameter pit in the ground opens into a shaft containing an impenetrable black void. Ringing the hole are a set of ropes secured to stakes; several ropes are tautly attached to something in the pit. Wooden beams and planks are stacked about the clearing, and the ground is scattered with nails, sawdust, and other signs of carpentry. Nearby stands a simple shack.

Dubious ladder: The taut ropes are attached to the top of a rickety ladder, suspended in the abyss of the pit. The ladder dangles precipitously and stretches out of sight. It is of shoddy construction, composed of varying types of wood, with many of its rungs oddly angled.

Walker: There is a 3-in-6 chance that the clearing's inhabitant, **Walker**, is present, preparing to add a new section of rungs to the top of the ladder and lower the extended structure into the pit. Otherwise, she returns in 1d10 Turns.

Descending: The ladder descends 200′, then ends abruptly with no shaft bottom in sight. For every 10′ traversed, there is a 1% chance that the entire structure fails and plummets into the shaft below, taking anyone on the ladder with it, and earning Walker's enmity.

Treasure cache: 25′ down the ladder, a chunk of cork plugs a hole containing 287sp, 75gp, a silver *Ring of Mortality* (***p410***) with a Drunic owl signet, and a handwritten letter. Worn from touch and faintly perfumed, the letter is addressed to "Melisse" (Walker's former name), from a person called "Allendra," ending their romantic relationship. Walker fights to the death to protect this treasure.

The pit's nature: The pit has no bottom. Anything or anyone that falls in simply falls forever.

The Blue Vorpal Monolith

In the east of this hex, a 20′-high spectral monolith of azure light hovers in a tangled dell. This is one of the mysterious vorpal monoliths that trace an emergent fifth ley line in Dolmenwood (see ***Vorpal Monoliths, p19***). In summer, autumn, and winter, the monolith is a mere shimmering figment. In spring, it becomes semi-corporeal.

Viewing: All who behold the monolith in the spring must **Save Versus Spell**. Arcane spell-casters gain a +2 bonus. Those who fail change to a random Alignment immediately and upon awakening every subsequent day.

Touching: In its springtime manifestation, the monolith's partially tangible surface feels like warm honey. Spells of healing cast while touching the monolith are doubled in potency. In other seasons, a PC touching the monolith's diaphanous outline temporarily experiences the pleasant, agreeable balm of a mild spring day.

Walker the Mad Ladderer

A human woman in her late 50s, with long white hair, dark eyes, and numerous scars. Dresses in threadbare forest garb. Lives as a hermit, consumed by her obsession with finding the bottom of the hole.

Demeanour (Neutral): Wary and unfriendly, but warms to anyone who agrees with the worthiness of her perilous, idiosyncratic goal of reaching the pit bottom.

Speech: Well-spoken though vague. Woldish.

Desires: To build the ladder until it reaches the bottom of the hole. Solitude.

Combat stats: Level 1 hunter—*DMB*. Fights with a small hammer (1d4 damage).

0307 FUNGAL FORMS AND THE ASCENSION STONE

Overgrown paths in nonsensical routes, criss-crossing, doubling back, and spiralling into dead ends.

Terrain: Hilly forest (3), Dwelmfurgh
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6
Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

Humanoid Fungus

Throughout the hex, lumpy, vibrantly hued fungus grows in unmistakably humanoid shapes, reclining on mossy tussocks among the damp dales. The fungi vary in size from dainty, hand-sized manikins to sprawling, 12′ giants.

Eating: The fungus tastes bland and has no nutritive or special qualities.

At night: As dusk falls, mouths bloom open upon the fungi's heads, and begin puffing whispering sighs of coloured spores. PCs who stop to observe hear scattered words among the sighs, relating to their current quest or mission. At the Referee's discretion, the fungi may relay brief words of oracular advice.

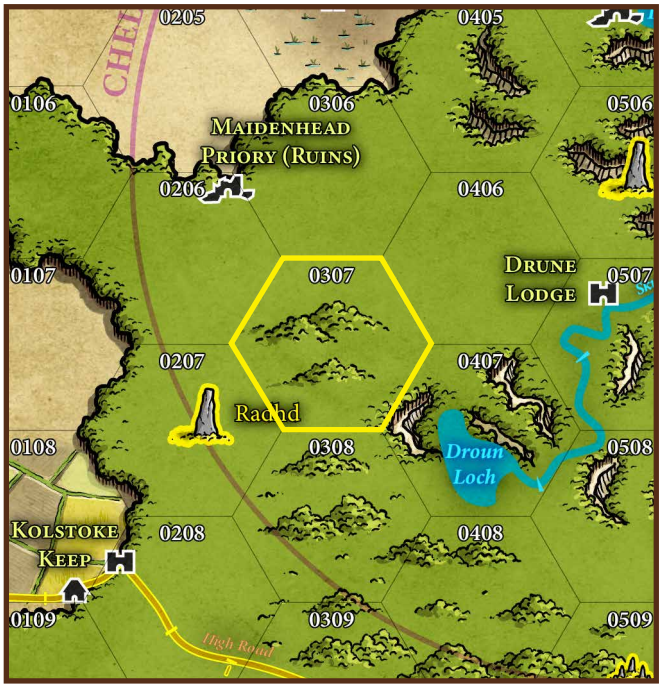
Ascension Stone (Hidden)

At the heart of the hex's byzantine labyrinth of paths is a treeless hill. At its summit stands a smooth-sided boulder of black stone, about human height.

The stone: On its eastern face is a carving of serene, praying woman being lifted into the clouds by a pair of angels. On the western face, the name "ABYGAIL" is carved.

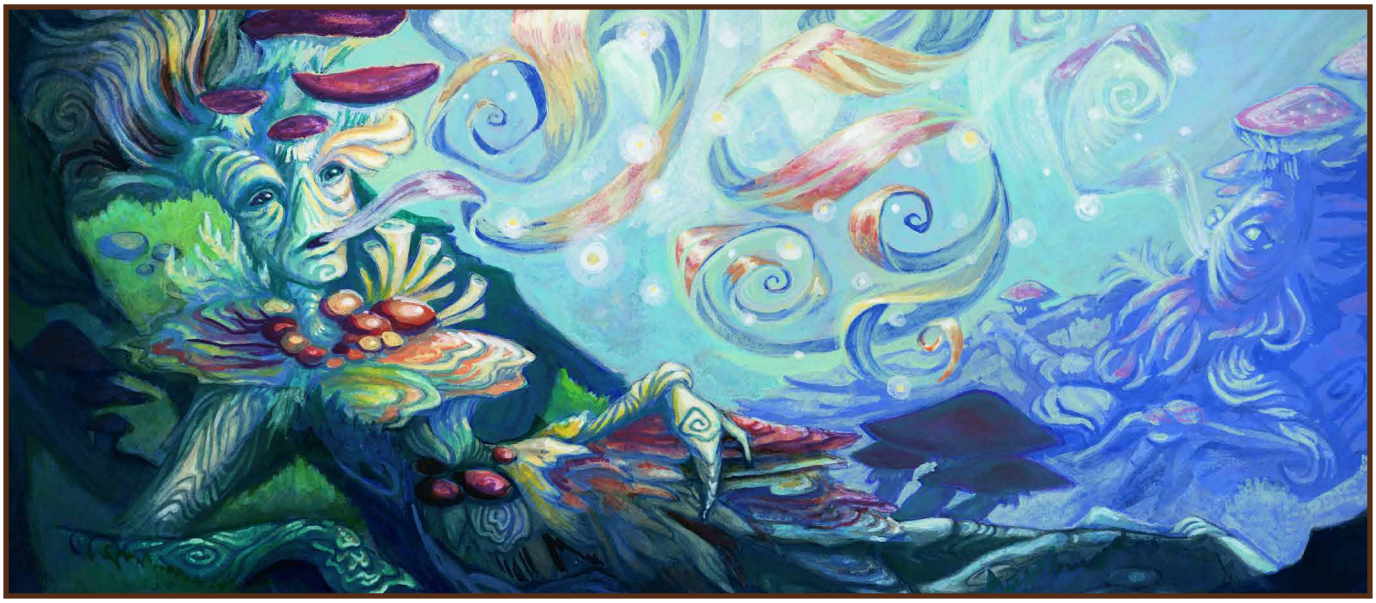
Holy spell-casters: Who make an **Intelligence Check** realise this is the lost site of the legendary Ascension of Abygail, sought by the Pluritine Church.

Prayer: Characters praying hear a young woman's voice, asking them to report the stone's location to the current Bishop of Brackenwold.



Sainthood: Should an official Pluritine Church delegation visit the site and bear witness of its existence to **Bishop Sanguine** (***p69***), Abygail will be accepted into the host of saints. The Ascension Stone then becomes a site of pilgrimage and may, if the Referee wishes, gain the powers of a shrine (see ***Shrines, p22***) with a new holy spell associated with Abygail.

History: 150 years ago, a pious pilgrim named Abygail Grynn spent a night alone praying atop the hill. In the morning, her fellow pilgrims watched awestruck as she slowly ascended into the heavens and disappeared forever "as if carried aloft by invisible angels." The stone was placed and carved by those who witnessed the event, many of whom devoted the rest of their days petitioning the Church for Abygail to be given sainthood. Under the pernicious influence of Atanuwë, the site has been lost, veiled in the labyrinthine pathways of this hex.



THE FACE OF THE DRUNE 0308

Granite cliffs in eroding hillsides topped with leaning, blue-leafed pines.

Terrain: Hilly forest (3), High Wold / Dwelmfurgh
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6
Ley Line Chell (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the curious dual sensation of balmy heat and biting cold.
Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.
Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d2 portions of *Rindlewort* (***p430***), in addition to the normal results.

The Great Stone Face

Overlooking a shady dale is a great stone face, 15′ high, carved into a sheer, granite cliff, 10′ from the ground. The crude relief depicts the scowling visage of a stern-eyed man with a great, wizardly beard. Below the beard, a green copper door is set into the rock-face.

Inspecting the face: Reveals that the pupils of its eyes are holes, 1′ in diameter, opening onto utter darkness (see ***Inside the Cave***).

The door: Bears the Drunic inscription, "Render Magus." It is sealed with a *Glyph of Locking* (Level 7 caster). Beyond the door is a large cave (see ***Inside the Cave***).

History: Render Magus was a Drune of some power, now dead for many centuries, who made his home here.

Inside the Cave

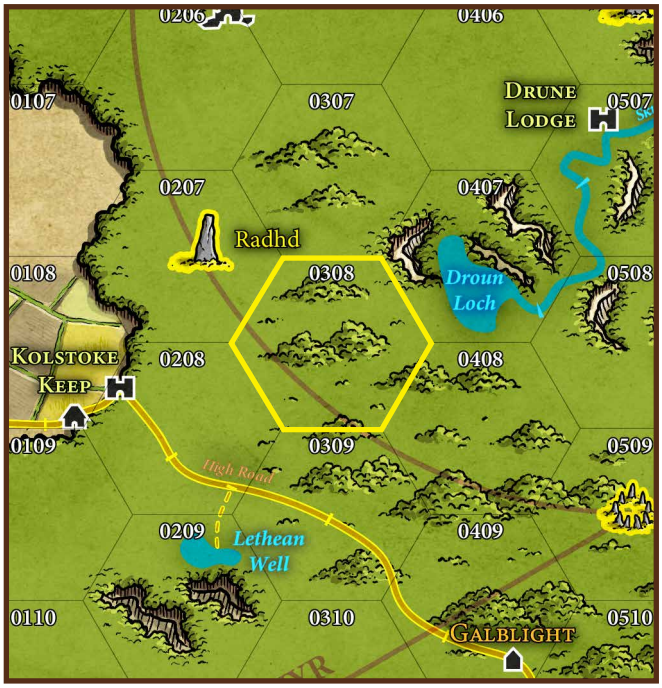
The cave is a dry, musty chamber, about 40′ wide and deep and 20′ high. It is dominated by the carving on its front wall—aligned with the great stone face on its other side, it depicts the interior anatomy of the front of a skull, including teeth, sinuses, and some portions of the brain, all labelled with obscure Drunic anatomical terms.

Furnishings: At the very back lies a forlorn, unmade bed, its wooden frame engraved with clustered brambles, and a matching chest. Beneath the bed's verminous mattress is a forgotten *Arcane Dagger* (***p412***), engraved with "THORN" in Drunic. The chest contains three tattered black robes.

Inhabitant: A spirit of green fire, created by Magus and named **Tinekin**, guards the meagre remains of its master's lair. It hides beneath the bed, observing intruders.

Disturbing the cave: Should PCs attempt to remove any items, look under the bed, or study the cave's hidden spell (see ***At night***), Tinekin darts out and confronts them, madly uttering threats as it capers about the chamber. If the adventurers persist, Tinekin attacks.

At night: When moonlight shines through the eyes of the stone face, a glowing, ghostly script is projected onto the cave floor. Casting *Decipher* on the script reveals the text of the spell *Dimension Door*. An arcane spell-caster who studies the script (4 hours) may copy this spell into a spell book.



Tinekin

A diminutive humanoid (3′ high) composed entirely of the green fire over which the Drune have mastery. Its flames do no damage unless it wills them to.

Demeanour (Neutral): Belligerent and paranoid, with an undercurrent of loneliness.

Speech: Staccato rambling in a rapid, high-pitched hiss. Woldish, Old Woldish, Drunic.

Desires: To ensure the safety of Magus's decayed, useless possessions. Craves a new master and companion (a human arcane spell-caster of at least Level 7).

Binding: An enchantment set by a Level 7 caster binds Tinekin to the cave, breakable by *Dispel Magic*.

SMALL CONSTRUCT—SENTIENT—NEUTRAL

Level 2 **AC** 17 **HP** 11 **Saves** D12 R13 H14 B15 S16
Att 2 touches (+1, 1d4 + burning) **Speed** 30 **Morale** 8
XP 50

Immunities: Only harmed by magic or magic weapons.

Burning: Anyone damaged by the unearthly green fire of Tinekin's hands suffers a painful burn: –2 penalty to Attack Rolls for 1 Turn.

Return from death: If slain while within the cave, Tinekin reforms in 1 hour.

0309 GARNACK'S TOWER

Birches rise from the sodden ground, impaled spear-like through the rotten remains of once greater trees.

Terrain: Hilly forest (3), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6

Ramshackle Tower

Seemingly only upright due to the straining efforts of buckling scaffolds, a three-storey peel tower stands with an almost defiant pride on a bald hill overlooking the High Road and the surrounding woods. It is the home and headquarters of the brutish longhorn hedge knight, **Garnack the Horse**.

Door: The door to the tower is a grand wooden affair of oak, emblazoned with the cruel faces of wood spirits and rapacious swine, battered towards its hinges from the wounds of an ancient siege.

Interior: The tower's layout includes a large common room coated in louse-ridden animal pelt rugs, an armoury, shorthorn quarters, a small larder (originally a dungeon for prisoners), and Garnack's chambers.

Garnack's quarters: The hedge knight's personal quarters are on the top floor of the tower, behind a door secured with a half-dozen locks. Within this locked room Garnack keeps scarce furnishings and a few trophies from conquests of old (see ***Garnack's Hoard***).

Inhabitants: Garnack himself, and **12 shorthorns** (*DMB*), who maintain the grounds and spend their lives suffering the rigours of their master's rules.

Garnack's Hoard

The following treasures are contained in an old wooden footlocker beneath Garnack's bed:

Coins: 370gp, 229sp, 1,321cp.

Damaged gold medallion: A 3″ medallion studded with red garnets forming the gnarled eye emblem of House Ramius. A large blade scar reduces the item's value to 800gp. (Skilfully repaired, it would be worth 1,500gp.)

Three bottles of mead: Bearing the mark of Shobrattle's brewery in Dreg. Worth 36sp each.

A human shin bone: Etched with Drunic runes relating the deeds of an ancient Drune. Worth 150gp if sold to the Drune, though the transaction also arouses the suspicions of the Aegis (***p54***) towards the sellers.

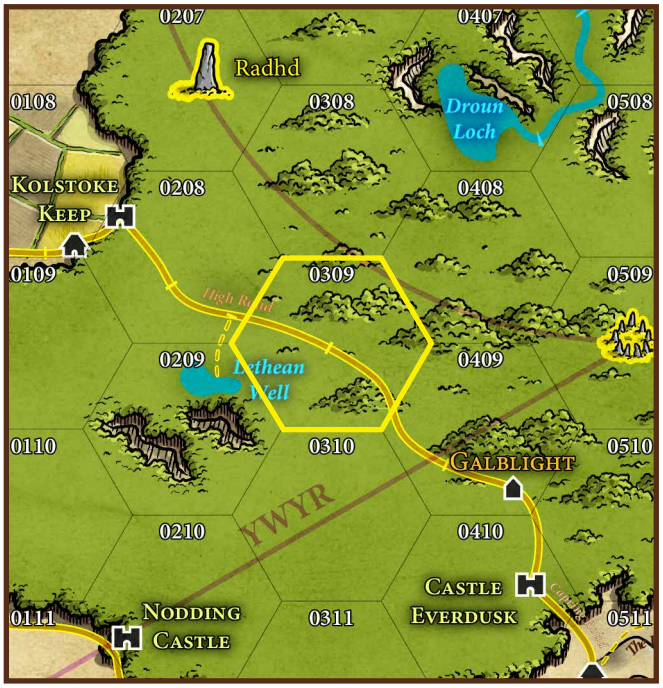
Drune map: A fragment of an old map, written in Drunic, indicating the location of a dark tower upon an island in the Brinemere (hex 1103). The phrase "Aubrathon—Traitor to his kind" is inscribed in red beside the tower.

The Twice-Wreathed Door (Hidden)

In a glade of holly atop a steep knoll floats a sphere of porous black rock wreathed in sheets of flame and whirling snow.

Wreaths of flame and snow: Both are illusory and emit no heat or cold.

Touching the sphere: Whisks one away to the fairy road The Narrow Way (see ***Fairy Roads, p26***).



Garnack the Horse (Level 5 Fighter)

A corpulent longhorn man with matted, greying fur, eyes of deep red, and one broken horn. Has a vicious reputation, earned through bloody service in the many wars amongst the longhorn noble houses and against the Drune.

Demeanour (Neutral): Stern and utterly humourless. Eyes strangers up and down, as if assessing their worth as battle fodder.

Speech: Ominous rumbling. Woldish, Caprice, Gaffe.

Desires: Well-remunerated employment in military campaigns of any kind. Also open to joining adventurers on daring escapades. To marry Jesmerelda, daughter of **Lord Ramius** (***p65***).

Possessions: *Truespite*, a large *Arcane Warhammer* (*Drune Bane*, ***p412***) especially enchanted for crushing the skulls of Drunes. Its handle is of thunderstruck elm; its head is of fused and compacted breggle horns.

The Shrine to St Hamfast (Hidden)

Bobbing precariously upon a floating moss island amid a small pond is a wooden wayside shrine.

Stepping onto the island: Unbalances it, tipping the shrine into the pool.

Statue of St Hamfast: A rosewood statue of Hamfast as a friar, with a squirrel on his shoulder and a songbird in his palm. Thorny shoots and black roses sprout from the wood.

Prayer: If the shrine is brought to stable ground and the statue pruned, characters praying may receive the blessing of St Hamfast: the ability to cast *Speak With Animals*. See ***Shrines, p22***.

THE CRAVEN MOUNDS 0310

Eerie silence. The loose soil seethes with carnivorous beetles.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), High Wold

Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with an **insect swarm** (*DMB*)—the flesh-eating beetles that swarm this hex.

Ley line Ywyr (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the distant moaning of the dead.

Mounds and Boulders

Scattered throughout the hex are earthen mounds, some up to 10′ high, devoid of any vegetation or fungi. They are topped with clusters of large boulders.

Carved faces: Every boulder has a side covered by a carved face, invariably a visage depicting at once torment and wickedness.

Foreign stone: Those who have spent time in the hills and crags of the High Wold may notice that the stone is not of local origin.

History: Chiselled in ancient days by the Drune, these boulders were carved in effigy of woods-folk chiefs who bowed to the Cold Prince and refused to join the Triple Compact (see ***History, p14***). By use of most horrendous ritual the Drune pulled the souls from these chieftains and their heirs and bound them within the stones to scream silently until the sun grows cold. The Drune dub this prison the "Craven Mounds."

At Night

When night falls, the tormented spirits of the fallen chiefs begin to drip from the maws and eyes of the effigies. They seep down into the cold, loose earth in hopes of finding mortal bodies to infest and use as temporary hosts with which to take out their fury on the Drune. Most have little luck beyond parleying with the petty minds of beetles.

Sleeping: Any mortal or demi-fey foolish enough to rest here must **Save Versus Doom**. Those who succeed retch up the gruesome spirits attempting to possess them; those unfortunate souls who fail become thralls to the liquid slithering shadows (see ***Shadow's Thrall***) until dawn or until dragged from this hex.

The Shrine to St Elsa (Hidden)

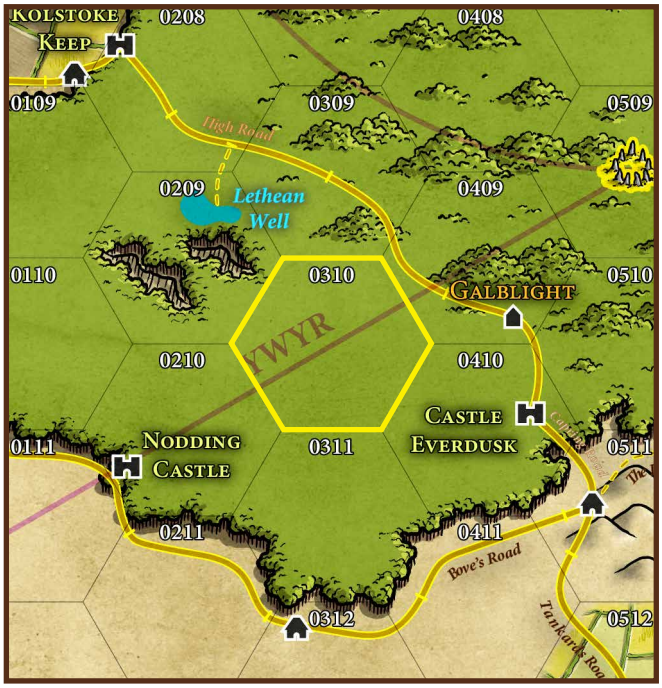
The point of a tiled roof is all the remains visible of the lost shrine to St Elsa, submerged beneath a mound of loose soil, writhing with carnivorous beetles.

Clearing the shrine: Treat the swarming beetles as an **insect swarm** (*DMB*).

Structure: A simple wayside shrine with wooden sides and a tiled roof.

Statue of St Elsa: A wooden carving depicting St Elsa atop a tall tower, gazing up to heaven.

Prayer: If the shrine is cleared, characters praying may receive the blessing of St Elsa: the ability to cast *Communion*. See ***Shrines, p22***.



Shadow's Thralls

Those possessed by the dripping shadows are drained of colour, and appear as amalgams of spectral and rotten flesh.

SIZE, TYPE, INTELLIGENCE AS ORIGINAL—CHAOTIC

Level 2 **AC** 14 **HP** 2d8 (9) **Saves** D12 R13 H14 B15 S16
Att Touch (+1, 1d6 + chill) **Speed** 30 **Morale** 12 **XP** 35

Possessed: Despite its appearance, a shadow's thrall is possessed, not undead, and cannot be turned.

Chill touch: Victims lose 1 Strength per hit, with death at 0 Strength. Lost Strength recovers at dawn.

Dawn light: The touch of the light of dawn exorcises and defeats a shadow, ending the possession and returning the thrall to their normal state.

Dragging from hex 0310: Dragging a shadow's thrall from this hex also ends the possession.

0311 BANDIT HIDEOUT

A seldom-trod woodland of tangled oak and elm, littered with decaying branches and mouse nests.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), High wold

Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Daytime encounters are 1-in-6 likely to be with **1d3+2 bandits** (Level 1 thieves—*DMB*) and **1d3+2 shorthorns** (*DMB*)—members of the gang based in this hex. Opposing side has a 3-in-6 chance of being surprised, due to bandits hiding in the woods.

Bandit Territory

The southern half of this hex is the territory of a band of human and shorthorn bandits. Led by the notorious **Red Gwen**, this gang strikes merchant caravans along an 18 mile stretch of Bove's Road to the south of here (hexes 0211, 0312, 0411), fading into the safety of the Dolmenwood with their plunder.

Net traps: Those who traverse this region have a 3-in-6 chance of triggering a net trap. Each party member must then **Save Versus Hold** or be hoisted 20′ off ground and ensnared (treat as a *Web* spell). A patrol of **1d3+2 bandits** (Level 1 thieves—*DMB*) and **1d3+2 shorthorns** (*DMB*) arrives in 1d4 Turns to capture the prisoners and lead them, bound and blindfolded, to the Treehouse.

Treehouse (Hidden)

At the heart of the bandits' territory is their hidden headquarters: an elaborate, heavily camouflaged treehouse consisting of multiple platforms and eclectic, bough-hugging domiciles, connected by hanging bridges, ladders, and ropes. It spans four adjacent, ancient elm trees. Two retractable rope ladders and a cargo winch provide access.

Inhabitants: 12 shorthorns (*DMB*), **10 bandits** (Level 1 thieves—*DMB*), and their leader, **Red Gwen**.

Red Gwen—Bandit Leader (Level 4 Fighter)

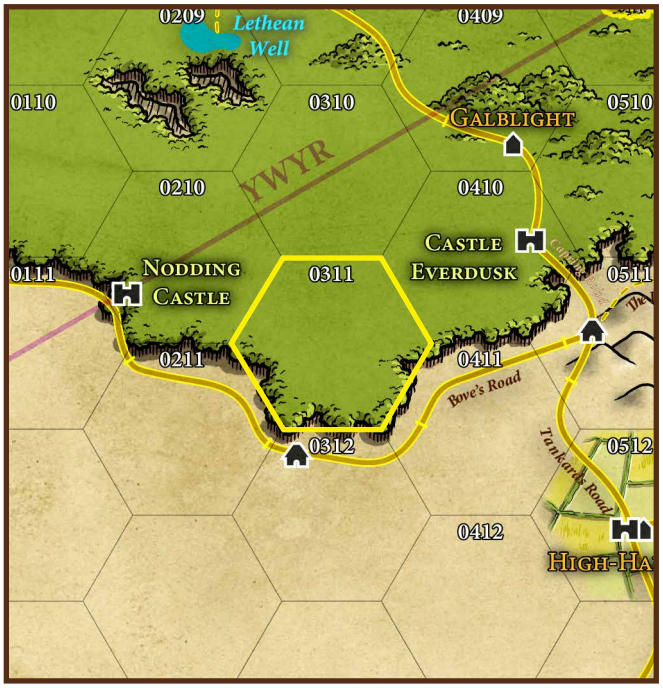
A tall, lithe half-breggle, half-human woman dressed in chainmail and a black tunic. Her thick, tightly curled, flaming red hair frames a pointed, shrewd face and twinkling, goat-like eyes. Gwen's hold over her gang stems from her tactical brilliance, and from the carefully cultivated tale of her origins—namely, that she is the exiled younger sister of **Lord Murkin** (***p65***), whose title she will one day usurp. In truth, Gwen grew up as an urchin on the streets of High-Hankle. The longhorn nobles find her claims an amusing sideshow to their own more deadly political intrigues.

Demeanour (Neutral): Charming, energetic, droll.

Speech: Dramatic, littered with swashbuckling clichés like "stand and deliver." Affected Gaffe accent. Woldish, Caprice, Gaffe.

Desires: To continue her exhilarating career of adventure and thievery. To build her myth of breggle nobility without actually confronting Murkin. To rob the longhorn mercenary **Garnack the Horse** (hex 0309), who owes Gwen an unpaid gambling debt.

Possessions: *Holy Dagger* (***p412***) engraved with howling skulls. The key to the ***Treasury***.



Common area: A 20′-diameter platform where the bandits muster for their forays, count their spoils, and idly drink, gamble, and engage in ribaldry. A thick branch bisects the space, upon which Red Gwen sits and holds court.

Treasury: A locked hut near the common area contains: 6,500gp, 12,500sp, a large assortment of furs (300gp), 6 barrels of *Cobsworth Pale Ale* (*DPB*, 62gp / 124 pints each), 20 bottles of *Prigwort Pure* (*DPB*, 35sp / 5 glasses each), 10 bottles of *Lord Oberon's Ambrosial* (*DPB*, 5gp / 5 glasses each), 20 crates of *Dusty Abbot* and *Westling's Weed* (*DPB*, 10gp / 50 smokes each), and a pair of woollen trousers crafted by Mannog that magically transform the wearer's appearance to that of a woodgrue (200gp, see hex 0411).

Visitors: The fate of prisoners depends on their knowledge of the treehouse's location, whether they have harmed the bandits, their potential profit as hostages, and Red Gwen's mood. One can expect anything from ransoming to execution, though the most likely fate is to be deposited at the edge of the wood, stripped of all but clothes. Adventurers who impress Gwen may gain a peaceful audience with her.

MOTHER GOAT'S PLACE 0312

Placid grasslands dotted with cave-riddled sandstone outcroppings.

Terrain: Meadow (2), High Wold

Lost/encounters: 1-in-6. Daytime encounters are 1-in-6 likely to be with **1d3+2 bandits** (Level 1 thieves—*DMB*) and **1d3+2 shorthorns** (*DMB*)—members of the gang based in hex 0311. Opposing side has a 3-in-6 chance of being surprised, due to bandits hiding in the woods. Nighttime encounters are 3-in-6 likely to be with **1d4+2 wolves** (*DMB*), who taunt PCs in growled Woldish and attack if they outnumber the party.

Along Bove's Road

Bove's Road is a well-frequented roadway skirting the edge of Dolmenwood. South of the road, open meadows and plains stretch as far as the eye can see, while to the north, a gentle upward slope climbs for about a mile until it reaches the eaves of the ancient wood.

Mother Goat's Place (Inn)

At a bend in the road near the north-western corner of the hex is a sprawling, ramshackle inn maintained by a shorthorn woman (*DMB*), **Mother Goat**, and her **7 kids**.

Sign: A goat and wolf head facing each other in profile, a steaming tureen beneath them.

Common room: Shouting, laughter, and bleating contrast with the silence of the lands outside. **Mother Goat** is always at the centre of things, telling bawdy jokes or chastising rowdy patrons. The interior stinks of goatish sweat.

Guests: Most of the inn's visitors are shorthorn and human merchants travelling between Nodding Castle (hex 0210) and the High Wold settlements to the east, but intrepid hunters, adventurers, and even the occasional longhorn sometimes make their way here.

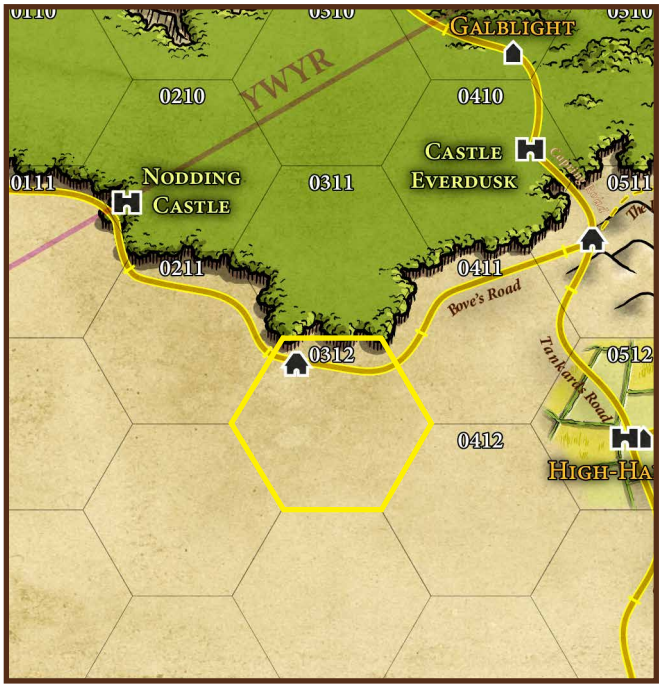
Rumours and intrigue: The establishment lies within the territory of **Lord Ramius** (***p65***), who is indifferent to activities at the inn to the point of sometimes forgetting its existence. Patrons thus speak freely, making the inn a hub of gossip about goings-on in the High Wold (see ***High-Hankle Rumours, p447*** and ***Lankshorn Rumours, p448***).

Treasure: Mother Goat keeps two chests in her room: one with 1,375cp and one with 1,925sp. She also has a golden chalice worth 130gp (obtained from someone who didn't have exact change and didn't want to wash dishes—see ***Services at Mother Goat's Place***).

The Inn at Night

Wolf visitors: Shortly after sundown, **1d4+2 wolves** (*DMB*) scratch at the inn's doors and windows. Mother Goat and regular guests are untroubled by the sounds. At times the innkeeper may be seen conversing in hushed tones through a window with the creatures, which speak surprisingly eloquent Woldish, in gravelly tones. The wolves are friendly with Mother Goat and her kids, and would fight to protect them.

Mother Goat's wolf: In the wee hours, bestial moaning sometimes can be heard from Mother Goat's room as she entertains her favourite wolf.



Mother Goat—Shorthorn Landlady

A youthful, lithe-limbed shorthorn woman with coarse brown fur with yellow spots. Wears colourful patchwork dresses and always has a mop close at hand.

Demeanour (Neutral): Merry, ribald.

Speech: Shrill vibrato. Woldish, Gaffe.

Desires: Unusual cheeses of all kinds. Wishes to set up a cheese manufactory alongside the inn.

Knowledge: Has heard rumour of a creature made of cheese deep in the woods of Dwelmfurgh. (Hex 0405.)

Services at Mother Goat's Place

Lodgings and food: Of common quality (*DPB*). Mother Goat insists upon payment in exact change; those without exact change must wash dishes.

"Mother's Surprise": A dish of stewed game meats served on a choucroute of field grasses, at 1sp per small helping. The types of meat are a "special secret," according to Mother Goat; in truth they are muskrat, vole, and shrew, from kills delivered to her doorstep in the jaws of her lupine paramour as tokens of his affection.

0401 THE HANGING TREE

Sodden ground with heaps of decaying plant matter. Twisting wisps of yellowish mist grasp at travellers.

Terrain: Bog (3), Northern Scratch
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6
Ley line Hoad (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the feeling of having just awoken from a dream.

Wisp Lake

A broad, shallow expanse of brackish, yellowish water, shunned by all living creatures. Wisps of mist dance and twirl above the lake's surface at all times.

Roiling fog: An unholy sympathy exists between the eerie waters of Wisp Lake and the gallowgeist spirits that haunt the ***Hanging Tree*** on its shore. While gallowgeists pursue adventurers, a thick fog rolls off the lake, making navigation difficult. The chance of getting lost rises to 4-in-6.

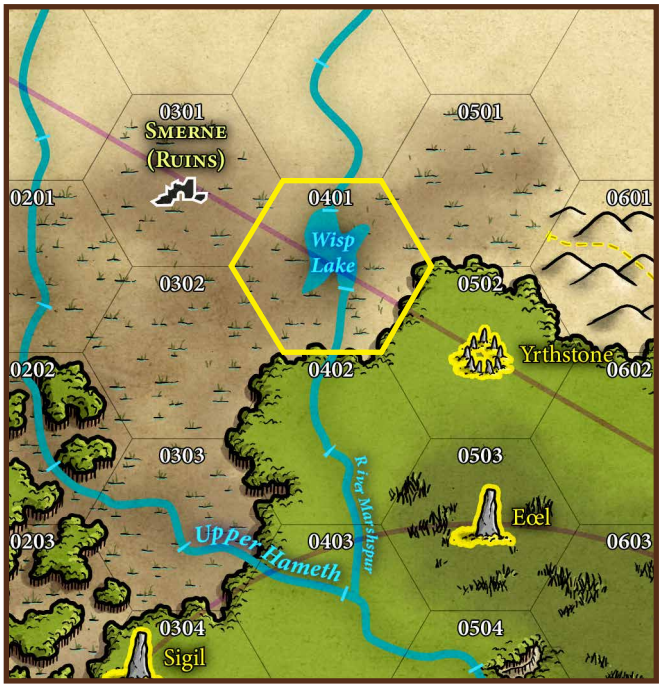
The Hanging Tree

Near the western shore of Wisp Lake, a great tree stands gnarled and dead amidst a small copse of willows. 5 corpses dangle unmistakably from its twisted branches like macabre fruit.

Inspecting the corpses: Reveals them to be identical to the bodies of up to five of the PCs, down to the smallest scar or blemish. Carved into the flesh of each corpse is a word or short phrase describing the worst crime or vice of the person mimicked (e.g. "murder," "theft," or "greed") in the course of their travels in Dolmenwood.

Departing: The hanging corpses are **gallowgeists** and pursue once the party is out of sight, accompanied by a roiling fog (see ***Wisp Lake***).

History: Many years past, the now-abandoned village of Smerne (hex 0301) used the tree for hanging accused criminals—both the guilty and the innocent. The spirits of the hanged inhabit the tree, with several manifesting as the gallowgeists.



Gallowgeists

Ragged skeletal remnants of people hanged and left to be picked bare by crows, now reanimated as hateful undead. Still hanging at the site of their execution, these monsters can mimic the form of a living person, aiming to kill them and assume their identity.

MEDIUM UNDEAD—SENTIENT—CHAOTIC

Level 3 **AC** 13 **HP** 3d8 (13) **Saves** D11 R12 H13 B14 S15
Att Bite (+2, 1d3) or weapon (+2) **Speed** 30 **Morale** 9
XP 90

Undead: Silent before attacking. Immune to biological effects (e.g. disease, poison) and mind-affecting spells (e.g. *Vapours of Dream*, *Paralysation*, *Dominate*).

Doppelgänger flesh: When a living person approaches a hanging gallowgeist, dead flesh manifests around its bones, exactly mimicking the appearance of the person approaching. The corpse has no possessions and is clothed in rags.

Pursuit: Once out of sight of the living, the corpse unties its noose and creeps after the person mimicked, magically sensing their location. It does not stop until the victim is slain.

Identity stealing: If a gallowgeist slays the person it has mimicked, it steals their soul, gaining access to their memories. The monster then enters a semi-living state, with warm flesh and blood (but is still treated as undead, for magical purposes). Until the gallowgeist is killed, attempts to raise the victim from the dead fail.

If killed: The gallowgeist's restless spirit returns to its site of execution and re-manifests its physical form after 1 day.

Burial: Can only be permanently dispatched if buried and given proper rites.

THE LADY OF SPRING UNENDING 0402

Serene glades of anemones, celandine, and bluebells. Vernal clemency and eerie silence prevail.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Northern Scratch
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6

The Ever-Blossoming Death Glades

The serene woodland glades in the dread domain of the **Lady of Spring Unending** are enchanting but deadly.

Enchantment: Mortals and demi-fey who wander among the death glades must **Save Versus Doom** or become suffused with drowsy wonder. Enchanted characters suffer a –2 penalty to Attack Rolls and Saving Throws while in this hex, and continue to wander, eventually discovering ***The Lady's Palace*** unless led out by unaffected party members.

The Lady's Palace

A palace of white marble spires and crystalline cupolas, set beside a mist-shrouded pool amid meandering acres of meadows, ornamental rose gardens, and trellis-lined avenues.

Interior: The front door—tall, narrow and arched—stands unlocked, giving way to a labyrinth of immaculate, lifeless halls. Luxurious furnishings lie covered in sterile white drapes. A cold, blue gloom pervades, dimming all vibrancy.

Exits: It is impossible to retrace one's steps—only by magic or with the Lady's permission can one leave.

Vaults: Beneath the palace, grey, pillared vaults stretch endlessly, filled with lifelike statues of people, animals, and monsters. Many are victims of the Lady's fell magic. In a particularly bleak and frigid domed chamber, a *Petrified Fairy Heart* (***p420***) lies upon a pedestal.

Inhabitants: The Lady of Spring Unending, her **12 spectral hounds**, and **36 servants**—grey-clad human women who wandered into her domain and were charmed to remain forever in servitude.

Visitors: The Lady suffers no one to enter her palace or grounds. Female intruders may be charmed (see the Lady's combat stats) to serve in the gardens and vaults. Others are attacked by **3d4 spectral hounds**, or dispatched by the Lady herself. However, the Lady may converse with any who mention her half-sister, **Princess Andromethia** (***p34***).

Spectral Hounds

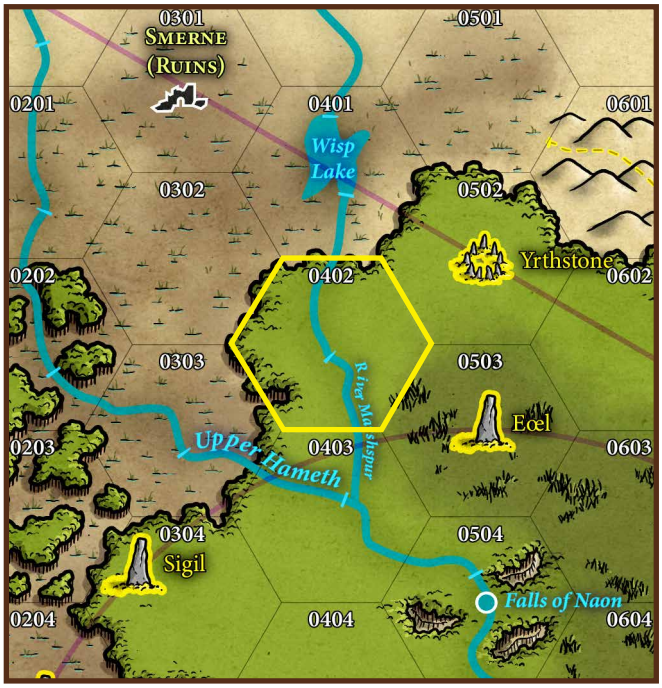
Great, smooth-furred hunting hounds, ghostly transparent and wreathed in blue flame.

MEDIUM MONSTROSITY—ANIMAL INT.—NEUTRAL

Level 3 **AC** 14 **HP** 3d8 (13) **Saves** D11 R12 H13 B14 S15
Att Bite (+2, 1d8) **Speed** 50 **Morale** 9 **XP** 90

Immunities: Only harmed by silver weapons, magic, or magic weapons.

Blood-curdling baying: Creatures pursued by a group of spectral hounds must **Save Versus Doom** or fall to the ground, stricken with fear and unable to move for 1d4 Rounds. Each character must save once per encounter with spectral hounds.



The Lady of Spring Unending

A tall, elegant elf woman of youthful complexion, with eyes of crystalline silver and golden hair falling to her feet. Appears warm and radiant, amid the sombre gloom of her palace. Clad in gowns of white, with a pendant of scintillating silver. The Lady is the half-sister of **Princess Andromethia** (***p34***), exiled from her native realm of the Blossom Fields and unable to leave this hex. See ***p33*** for more details on the Lady.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Hateful. Loves only revenge.

Speech: Mellifluous but bitter. Woldish, Old Woldish, Sylvan, High Elfish.

Desires: The death of her half-sister, **Princess Andromethia** (***p34***). Entrusts willing conspirators with a white rose whose aroma slays Andromethia. Escape to Fairy.

Rewards: A wish (see ***p397***).

Possessions: Fairy silver star-shaped *Talisman of Spell Reflection* (***p398***, 8 charges).

MEDIUM FAIRY—GENIUS—CHAOTIC

Level 10 **AC** 18 **HP** 55 **Saves** D6 R7 H8 B9 S10
Att Staff (+8, 1d6) or magic **Speed** 40 **Morale** 9
XP 5,500

Immunities: Only harmed by magic or magic weapons.

Magic Resistance: +4 bonus to Saving Throws against effects of magical origin.

Fairy magic: Glamours *Awe*, *Breath of the Wind*, *Dancing Flame*, *Fairy Dust*, *Forgetting*, *Moon Sight*, *Subtle Sight*, **Lesser runes** (thrice a day) all, **Greater runes** (once a day) all, **Mighty runes** (once a day) *Rune of Death*. The Lady can also cast the arcane spell *Petrification* once a day.

Eternal charm (once a day per target): Can cast a permanent *Dominate* on mortals at will. Charmed individuals are caught in a timeless dream and do not age.

0403 QUEEN ARDA'S DEMESNE

A multitude of tiny brooks trickle down to join the Hameth. Wafts of heady nectar drift on the breeze.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Northern Scr./Dwelmfurgh

Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Encounters are 1-in-6 likely to be with **1d4 × 10 purple sprites** from the ***Sprite Mound***.

Ley Line Chell (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the curious dual sensation of balmy heat and biting cold.

Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

Gigantic Flowers

Around the banks of the Hameth, bounteous clusters of massive flowers (10′ tall) bloom: white and yellow lilies, reddish-pink peonies, and dark blue hibiscuses. Their deep green stalks and lurid petals create a grotesquely gorgeous tableau.

Soporific smell: The air is humid and heavy with the flowers' powerful, aromatic scents, evoking strong emotions in travellers. Lilies entice with the perfume of forbidden love; peonies soothe with the half-forgotten idyll of a childhood afternoon; hibiscuses reek of mortal terror.

If the party lingers: Mortals must **Save Versus Doom** or fall into a deep, uninterruptible sleep for 4d4 Turns, during which they are haunted by dreams flavoured with the feelings evoked by the flowers.

Sprite attack: A party deemed sufficiently weakened by the flowers is ambushed by **30 purple sprites** (*DMB*) from the ***Sprite Mound***. Flitting from watch-places atop the hideous blooms, they attack viciously, and attempt to drag dead or unconscious PCs to the ***Shambles***.

Petals: If a giant flower petal is placed in boiling water within 1 day of being picked, the resulting tea becomes a sleep draught with the same effect as the flower's scent.

Shambles

At the centre of this hex is a glade where a charnel stench overwhelms even the powerful scents of the giant flowers.

Open-air abattoir: Carrion, bones, and rotted entrails are scattered throughout the glade. Five human corpses hang from trees, their blood dripping into tiny bowls. Gut-spattered tables the size of playing cards and various miniature carving implements lie nearby.

Observing: Characters who watch secretly may observe **1d4 × 5 purple sprites** butchering their kills and transporting the constituent parts to the ***Sprite Mound***: meat and organs bound for the sprites' kitchens, bones for the crafting workshops, and skulls planted with seeds to nourish new flowers.

Queen Arda—Sprite Ruler

A purple sprite woman with orange, insectoid eyes and drifting hair of pure white. A tyrant obsessed with her prophetic dreams of ruling all Dolmenwood. Tells her subjects that "big folk" are marauding giants who must be slain for the sake of the realm.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Bloodthirsty, dour, decadent.

Speech: Warbling, imperious squeaking. Woldish, Sylvan, High Elfish.

Desires: Worship. Secrets of magic.

Possessions: Fairy silver crown of leaves (200gp). A tiny (2″) brass *Wand of Confusion* (***p416***, 3 charges).

Combat stats: Purple sprite (*DMB*) with the ability to cast the following arcane spells once a day each: *Glyph of Sealing*, *Vapours of Dream*, *Ventriloquism*.

Sprite Mound (Hidden)

Not far from the ***Shambles*** stands a 10′-high mound of clay that might be mistaken for nothing more than a hillock of earth. Hidden doorways lie at its base, concealed by the thick grass.

Interior: An impossibly labyrinthine complex of intricate tunnels and fanciful chambers, including living quarters, armouries, workshops, kitchens for the preparation of humanoid flesh, and baroque dining halls.

Inhabitants: 200 purple sprites (*DMB*) with a murderous, carnivorous nature instilled by **Queen Arda**.

Treasure: Behind a tiny locked door at the heart of the mound is Arda's treasure chamber, containing three rubies of increasing sizes (50gp, 100gp, 500gp), a human-sized necklace of fairy silver, bearing the Harrowmoor family crest (1,200gp), and 450 tiny platinum coins stamped with Queen Arda's dour visage (each worth 5sp).

Sloping down eastward. Muddy, 10–20′ high cliffs, festooned with lush ferns and trickling waterfalls.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Dwelmfurgh
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6
Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

The Remembering Mist

Shifting pockets of pale mist hang ominously in this hex.

Avoiding the mist: Characters may navigate around the pockets of mist, but doing so increases all Travel Point costs (e.g. to search or leave the hex) by 1.

Memory drain: All characters entering the mist must make an **Intelligence Check**. If the check fails, the mist steals part of the character's memory away (see ***Memory Drain***) until they sleep in an inn or settlement. Until then, while others may try to remind the PC of the lost memory, it is merely a piece of second hand trivia.

Phantasms: The mist has a rudimentary sentience of sorts, and savours replaying memories it has absorbed over the years. Characters may witness ghostly sounds and sights manifesting in the mist (see ***Phantasms***).

The Shrine to St Willofrith (Hidden)

Amid the mist stands the lost shrine to St Willofrith, slowly sinking in a boggy dell.

Structure: The shrine consists of four stone pillars (carved with images of a hand reaching out to a fancy sword) and a slate roof (now collapsed).

Statue of St Willofrith: Toppled, 5′ tall, carved in black wood, swollen with damp and covered in moss. The saint is depicted as a broad-bellied, grinning friar, holding a pie in his hands.

Prayer: If the shrine is righted, characters praying may receive the blessing of St Willofrith: the ability to cast *Reveal Alignment*. See ***Shrines, p22***.

Memory Drain (d8)

d8	Memory Drained
1	Name
2	Place of birth
3	Parents
4	The last week
5	Companions
6	Reason for being in this hex
7	Proudest moment
8	Most hated enemy or rival

Phantasms (d8)

d8	Phantasm
1	Hunting hounds baying
2	The climax of a battle
3	A joyful, woodland wedding
4	Twins being born
5	A leper crawling, coughing, and dying
6	A knight charging to deliver a message
7	A child singing nursery rhymes
8	Men unearthing a grave

0405 LAIR OF THE CHEESE-FIEND

Dense, gloomy, moss-carpeted woods of birch, yew, and elm. Stagnant puddles abound.

Terrain: Craggy forest (4), Dwelmfurgh
Lost/encounters: 3-in-6
Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

Blood-Cheese Sacs

Wanderers in this hex may come across a region where the skins of various large creatures—including breggles and humans—hang among the trees.

Inside the skins: The skins are carefully sealed into sacs, bloated and distended with their strange contents: a reddish black, cheese-like substance made from blood rather than milk. The stuff has many forms (slimy, runny, stringy, hard), but smells and tastes like cheese.

Caretaker: If players spend time investigating the skins, there is a 2-in-6 chance of the **cheese-fiend** wandering nearby, checking the state of the skins.

Giant Hut

In the centre of the cluster of blood-cheese sacs stands a ramshackle hut of giant proportions (15′ high), cobbled together from stone, thatch, and branch.

Windows: Small, odd-shaped windows allow a peek inside.

Door: 10′ high, of roughly nailed planks, eminently creaky.

Smell: An acrid stench of strong cheese emanates from the hut, to a near vomit-inducing potency.

The Cheese-Fiend

A giant woman of obese, lumpy form, 10′ tall, formed entirely of different kinds of cheese: eyes oozing, rubbery, bouncy flesh, hairy regions of fuzzy mould, an oozing Swiss-cheese air-pocket mouth.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Lumbering. Hungry. Views intruders as potential prey.

Speech: Booming vibrato. Basic, stammering Woldish.

Desires: Driven only by the urge to hunt and gorge herself on cheese. Treasures real cheese or milk (only has access to the blood-cheese that she produces).

LARGE MONSTROSITY—SEMI-INTELLIGENT—CHAOTIC

Level 9 **AC** 12 **HP** 50 **Saves** D7 R8 H9 B10 S11
Att 2 fists (+7, 2d6) or molten cheese vomit (4d6)
Speed 40 **Morale** 9 **XP** 1,350

Immunities: Bludgeoning weapons bounce off the cheese-fiend's rubbery flesh, inflicting half damage.

Molten cheese vomit (thrice a day): Affects all characters in a 10′ radius area in front of the fiend's mouth. **Save Versus Blast** for half damage.

Treasure: The creature's body, if sliced into reasonably sized portions (ideally without obviously humanoid characteristics) could be sold to a discerning cheesemonger for up to 2,000gp.

Inside the Hut

The hut consists of a single room, unlit.

Inhabitant: There is a 4-in-6 chance of the **cheese-fiend** being present in the hut, either dozing or skinning a corpse.

Awful stench: The odour of strong cheese is overwhelming here; characters must **Save Versus Doom** or suffer a –1 penalty to Attack Rolls for 1d4 Rounds.

Corpses and skins: Dangling from the rafters is a grisly collection of fresh corpses and drying skins.

Rusty metal tank: In a corner, filled with guts and bones.

Furnishings: A great, oaken worktable and cleavers. A bed of dried leaves.

Searching: A pouch with eighteen kunzites (100gp each) lies forgotten in a dark corner. One of the hanging corpses still wears a copper, knot-work engraved bracelet (200gp) and matching ring (a *Ring of Water Walking*—***p410***).

FUNGAL BLOOM CAVE 0406

Humidity permeates these woods. The ground is muddy, the trees mostly rotting.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Dwelmfurgh
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6
Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

Cave Entrance

On the gentle slope of a hillside sits a bright patch of white, fibrous mycelia, about 5′ square, blocking the entrance to what appears to be a cave. This gate is part of **Bloom**—the fungal entity inhabiting the cave's interior.

Approaching: As adventurers approach, the mycelial patch emits a hovering cloud of yellowish, fuzzy spores.

Spore cloud: A character who enters the spore cloud is able to telepathically communicate with the gate (see ***Speech*** in **Bloom**), which states: "We are Bloom."

Entering the cave: If good intentions are convincingly expressed, a portion of the mycelial gate parts, allowing access. Applying force to the barrier causes Bloom to retaliate.

Inside the Cave

The cave is large and dank, and slopes downward in a staggered series of steps. Ribbed, white mycelia extend to the cave mouth from deeper in the cavern.

Fungal entity: At the very bottom of the cave lies a multihued fungal growth the size of a small oak tree. In this growth resides the consciousness of **Bloom**.

Trapped woman: Swaddled within the fungal mass can be seen the form of a pale young woman, breathing slowly as if asleep, mycelial tendrils delving into her flesh.

Touching the woman: She awakens. She is **Polldra Duskwith**, a Drune Braithmaid. Polldra and Bloom fell in love and she is in the process of being assimilated into the fungal entity.

Removing Polldra: Requires 1d6+1 Rounds of cutting—with Polldra vehemently protesting all the while—and incurs the wrath of **Bloom**. Polldra fights and attempts escape as long as she is with the PCs. Returning her to the Drune earns a 1,500gp reward for the party.

The Shrine to St Abthius (Hidden)

A 20′ mound of semi-translucent, purple ooze stands in an isolated glade, exuding a chill mist. Buried within the wobbling ooze can be seen the lost shrine to St Abthius, its wooden structure perfectly preserved by the jelly.

Extracting the shrine: The ooze can be dug away, but re-coagulates at a frightful rate. A team of six or more people could extract the shrine in 4 hours. Magical fire burns the ooze away, but risks damaging the wooden shrine.

Prayer: If the shrine is extracted from the ooze, characters praying may receive the blessing of St Abthius: the ability to cast *Frost Ward*. See ***Shrines, p22***.

Polldra Duskwith—Braithmaid

A slight human woman of 21, pale, her long black hair adorned by variously coloured mushrooms that infest it. A shrivelled human hand is strung around her neck, recognisable as a Drune artefact to those familiar with that faction (a Braithmaid *Hand of Glory* talisman—*DMB*).

Demeanour (Neutral): Serene, content.

Speech: Affectless, deliberate. Woldish, Drunic.

Desires: To remain here forever, in union with Bloom.

Bloom

An extensive agglomeration of endlessly varied colours and species of fungus. It lies in impressive repose, ensconced in a soft bioluminescence, swathed in a thick mist of placidly floating spores.

Demeanour (Neutral): Contemplative, benign.

Speech: Bloom expels spore clouds, which establish a telepathic link with the inhaler. Woldish.

Desires: To commune blissfully with its love, Polldra. To absorb organic material to augment its consciousness, particularly snails, slugs, and other gastropods.

Rewards: If given sufficient organic material, allows characters to harvest some of its growth: 1d6 doses chosen randomly from *Lambent Stinkhorn*, *Mottlecap*, *Devil's Grease*, or *Witch's Purple*. See ***Rare Fungi, p428***.

LARGE FUNGUS—SENTIENT—NEUTRAL

Level 4 **AC** 8 **HP** 24 **Saves** D10 R11 H12 B13 S14
Att Spore cloud **Speed** 0 **Morale** 8 **XP** 130

Spore cloud (once a day): A 30′ radius cloud of deadly lung-burr spores, filling the cave. All within the cloud must **Save Versus Blast** with a +2 bonus or die. Polldra is immune.

0407 DROUN LOCH

A befuddling maze of boulders and crumbling cliffs. Pale owls stare down from quiet, dark pines.

Terrain: Craggy forest (4), Dwelmfurgh

Lost/encounters: 3-in-6. Encounters by the lakeside are 2-in-6 likely (3-in-6 likely at night) to be with **Red Henry** or **The Girl With Blue Lips**.

Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

Droun Loch

This lonely, forsaken lake, nearly 3 miles across, is circled by tall hills that often end in abrupt, pine-clad cliffs overlooking the placid waters.

Abnormally quiet: Sound is muted, as if something in the water is drinking it out of the air.

Drune markings: Many of the surrounding trees are scratched with owl sigils—markings of Drune presence.

Trapped souls: The dark waters of the Loch seethe with gaping phantoms, visible just beneath the surface. These are the souls of those who cast themselves from the cliffs, called here by insidious dreams promising occult power in the afterlife. Among the many nameless spirits in the waters, two notable ghosts haunt the shores: **The Girl with Blue Lips** and **Red Henry**.

Random screams: Adventurers exploring the shores have a 1-in-6 chance of hearing a disembodied scream, followed by a profound splash.

At Dawn and Dusk

Adventurers may spot **1d4 Drune cottagers** (*DMB*) in a rowing boat, skimming the lake surface with glowing nets. These men are collecting luckless souls to bring back to the Drune Lodge (hex 0507), where they power the Drune's thaumaturgic engine.

The Girl With Blue Lips—Lake Phantom

A spectral little human girl who hides amongst the rocks and brush along the shore, her skin pale and her lips oxygen-deprivation blue. She is the daughter of a woodsman who threw himself from the tallest of the cliffs, many years ago. She tragically drowned while looking for her father's body. Now she roams the perimeter of the lake searching for his soul.

Demeanour (Lawful): Constant shivering. Terrified of **Red Henry**, whom she calls "Red Eyes."

Speech: Meek whining. Woldish.

Desires: To find her lost father. To make "Red Eyes" go away. To warm up.

Combat stats: Spectre (*DMB*) with 6 Hit Points.

Treasures: A family heirloom necklace (150gp) secreted near the base of the cliff from which her father leapt.

Red Henry—Lake Phantom

The flickering apparition of a haggard human soldier, with glowing red eyes and skin stretched so tight as to reveal the outline of his skull. In his mortal life, Henry was a sadistic mercenary who was summoned here by the insidious dreams of the Loch.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Jittery, brash. Face bears a fixed, unnatural grin.

Speech: Crazed shrieking and cackling. Woldish.

Desires: Blood, mayhem, death. To torment the souls imprisoned in the lake's waters. To imprison **The Girl with Blue Lips** with them, because her morose presence is just ruining his fun.

Combat stats: Spectre (*DMB*).

Treasures: Victims' remains, hidden in a small cave: 58gp, 2,100sp, a pearl ring (800gp), a flanged *Arcane Mace* (*Bloodthirsty*, ***p412***).

Paths wind among flower-filled dells between steep, bracken-clad hillocks.

Terrain: Hilly forest (3), Dwelmfurgh

Lost/encounters: 2-in-6

Ley Line Chell (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the curious dual sensation of balmy heat and biting cold.

Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

The Sinking Chapel

The green-streaked ruins of an old chapel sit sunken about 3′ in mud at the bottom of a dark glen.

Entering: The door is blocked by the mud, but PCs may enter through one of the shattered, stained-glass lancet windows on the chapel's sides.

Interior: Flooded with 2′ of murky water and boot-sucking muck. Leafy creepers form bushes in the corners of the room and climb the walls, and mould abounds. An altar is barely visible above the flooding.

Inhabitants: Two old gargoyles (*DMB*), **Lucianus** and **Nicodemus**, make their home in the steeple. They immediately fly down to challenge any visitors. They are servants of the Church, bound by magic to guard the chapel until the last brick crumbles to dust. The magic prevents them from going farther than 100 yards from the chapel.

Altar: Holds a saintly icon weathered beyond recognition. The altar has a keyhole in its side that, when unlocked, causes the altar to slide backwards, revealing a staircase into ***The Flooded Crypt***.

Trial: The gargoyles cryptically state that they guard this site for the worthy. If any servants of the Pluritine Church are in the party, the gargoyles pose a series of questions relating to the Church in Dolmenwood (see ***The Gargoyles' Questions***). If characters can successfully answer all of them, the gargoyles open the altar and grant the party access to the crypt below.

Treasure: The gargoyles' possessions are kept at the top of the steeple: 1,200sp, a golden Chapes holy symbol (150gp), and a silver ring with a carnelian setting shaped like a flower (300gp).

Flooded crypt: The crypt is entirely flooded with dark water. The floor is covered in 4′ of muddy slime. 1d3 Turns of underwater searching of the muck uncovers an oversized reliquary bust in the likeness of St Sedge. Inside is the long-lost ***Helm of St Sedge***.

The Gargoyles' Questions

1. To which saint is the bell tower of the Abbey of St Clewyd dedicated? (St Woad.)
2. Which saint stands beside Follyegg Road as it leaves Odd? (St Hamfast.)
3. Which saint gazes over the Valley of Wise Beasts? (St Vinicus, in hex 0905.)

Nicodemus—Guardian Gargoyle

A gargoyle with a lion's body and a long neck. His head is that of a beaked dragon, with a goat's beard and a flicking, forked tongue.

Demeanour (Lawful): Dutiful, proud. Keeps the posture of a proper gargoyle at all times.

Speech: Eloquent, prone to sprinkling in passages of scripture. Woldish, Liturgic.

Desires: To fulfil his duty as a guardian.

Possessions: The key to the Flooded Crypt is his tongue, which he can temporarily detach.

Lucianus—Guardian Gargoyle

A gargoyle shaped like a spiky-haired dog with a short wrinkled face and bulging eyes.

Demeanour (Neutral): Slovenly, crotchety. Mutters surreptitiously about Nicodemus's "holy guardian act."

Speech: Marble-mouthed, snorting. Woldish, Liturgic.

Desires: To be released from his binding.

The Helm of St Sedge

A helm of silvery-white metal styled to resemble a roaring lion. The tresses of its mane are accented with gold and its eyes are glittering rubies. Worth 8,000gp.

Commanding power: Once a day, the wearer can cast *Command* (***p454***) on a Chaotic subject.

Compulsive candour: Anyone who dons the helmet finds themself unable to tell a lie, though they can remove the helmet at any time.

0409 THE HAMLET OF GALBLIGHT

Scents of onion and garlic. Whorled ash trees sway over a rugged, fern-infested forest floor.

Terrain: Hilly forest (3), High Wold

Lost/encounters: 2-in-6

Ley line Ywyr (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the distant moaning of the dead.

Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d2 portions of *Parson's Gobble* (***p430***), in addition to the normal results.

The Hamlet of Galblight

The breggle hamlet of Galblight lies upon the old stone High Road in the south-eastern corner of this hex. The hamlet is little more than a toll-house and an old inn, with a few farmhands' cottages attached.

Inhabitants: 40 shorthorns (*DMB*—30 unarmed villagers, 10 soldiers), ruled over by **Captain Lockehorn**, a retainer of **Lord Ramius** (***p65***).

Toll-house: A dilapidated gatehouse straddles the road. In the daytime, 1d4 shorthorn soldiers demand a toll of 1sp per traveller and 1gp per wagon. At night the gate is closed.

The Mannish Miser (inn): A former gaol, now converted into a wayside inn. The sign depicts a sour-faced human merchant quibbling over coppers with a longhorn knight. The interior is cramped and low-roofed, with a meagre fire in the grate. In the evenings, most of the hamlet's folk crowd around, cackling and crooning. The establishment is run by a spirited young shorthorn woman named **Harryp**, who is said to be able to drink anyone beneath the table.

Barracks: At the rear of the hamlet, hidden in a copse of firs, stands a squat, shale-roofed building of dark stone. Cabruc and her troop of 10 soldiers dwell here in spartan quarters.

North of the hamlet: Onion, garlic, and turnip fields, and a vineyard specializing in bitter white grapes. Shorthorn peasants toil in these farms daily.

Captain Cabruc Lockehorn—Ruler of Galblight

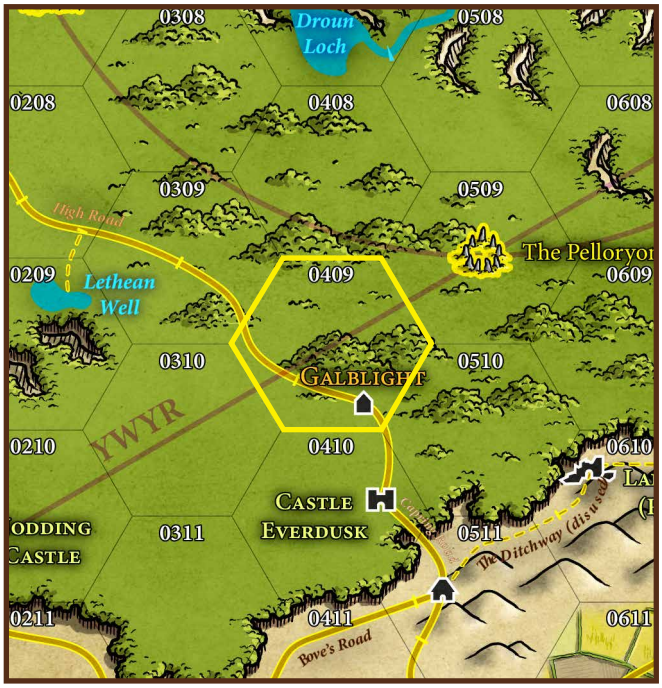
A towering, bearded longhorn (*DMB*) woman with a single glowering eye (the other was lost in battle). Wears pompous military dress uniform and an eyepatch. A cunning leader and veteran of many military campaigns. Unwaveringly loyal to Lord Ramius. She is troubled by her master's desire to tame and control the Bicorne, believing Ramius's plan to be both unachievable and a danger to the region.

Demeanour (Neutral): Considered, taciturn. Leans with one fist clenched on a table or door frame.

Speech: Curt barking. Woldish, Caprice, Gaffe.

Desires: The return of nighttime serenity to Galblight, either by the death or pacification of the Bicorne. Become Ramius' right-hand woman and live in fancy rooms in Castle Everdusk.

Possessions: A spiked *Arcane Mace* (***p412***) with a haft of bone.



Services at the Mannish Miser

Lodgings and food: Of common quality (*DPB*). Accommodation is in former gaol cells, complete with barred windows.

Badgers' tongues: A local delicacy: badgers' tongues pickled in bitter garlic butter. 3sp a serving.

Utterly terrible wine: 3sp per glass.

Stabling and fodder: 2sp per night at the farms, 3sp per night in a protected courtyard.

At Night

There is a 2-in-6 chance of encountering a hunting party of **2d4 sleepwalking shorthorns** (*DMB*) in the woods of this hex or in Galblight (even in lodgings, if PCs stay in the hamlet).

Sleepwalkers: The somnambulant shorthorns are hunting for sentient beings to capture and bring to the lair of the Bicorne (hex 0510), having been roused by the enchanted whisper of that monstrosity.

Captured sacrifices: Are brought to the Bicorne's lair to meet their fate (see hex 0510).

Carefully managed woods rife with the grunting of wild boars. Benches sit at the edges of pretty glades.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6

Castle Everdusk

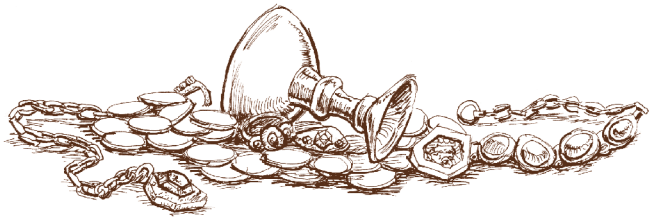
Deep in the tangled woods, the stone keep of Castle Everdusk stands atop a steep, bare hill, looming above the palisaded garrison at its feet. It is here that the longhorn nobles of House Ramius have brooded over the High Wold since antiquity.

Approaching: An avenue of sighing copper beeches leads from Capring Road to the iron-studded gates of the garrison. **2d4 shorthorn** (*DMB*) soldiers interrogate would-be visitors from an adjoining tower.

The garrison: Stone barracks and stables, housing the army of House Ramius. Drills and pike training take place in the courtyard, under the command of Braembel and Hrannid Ramius, Lord Ramius' sons (longhorns—*DMB*).

Stairs and gate: A steep stair of white marble, flanked with banners of House Ramius, leads up the hill to the gates of the keep.

The keep: Tall and austere, built of ancient stone, girded with towers and ringed with a stockade of mighty pine trunks, each branded with the thorned eye emblem of House Ramius.



Lady Berryld Ramius

A graceful, 6½' tall longhorn woman in her thirties, with ivory horns, unusual pink eyes, and her father's snow-white fur. Dresses in gowns of green velvet, with a silver circlet and cascades of pearls. As heir to House Ramius, Lady Berryld is scrupulously trained in the arts of diplomacy and intrigue by her father. Her true passion lies with the occult, believing herself (in vainer moments) to be the arcane heir of Hraigl.

Demeanour (Neutral): Arch, haughty, spiteful. Carefully mannered with those of noble stock; disdainful and curt with those of lower station.

Speech: High and warbling, precisely enunciated. Woldish, Caprice, Gaffe, Old Woldish.

Desires: Lore relating to her ancestor Hraigl. To insinuate herself into the trust of her uncle and fellow student of occult ancestors, **Lord Malbleat** (***p64***), in order to purloin his tomes. To marry anyone but **Baron Hogwarsh** (***p60***).

Combat stats: Longhorn (*DMB*). Lady Berryld is a magician and can memorise *Glyph of Sealing* and *Shield of Force*.

Inside the Keep

Oddly proportioned chambers with ill-fitting furnishings, all thickly clad with tapestries and animal skin rugs. A preternatural chill pervades, in spite of the cladding, as if the castle were built of ice, not stone. Only the sumptuous studies—where Lord Ramius spends his days huddled in thought before the fire—feel lived in.

Inhabitants: The nobility of House Ramius (longhorns—*DMB*), including **Lord Ramius** (***p65***), two of his three sons (Braembel and Hrannid), and two of his four daughters (**Lady Berryld** and Nannigrew). Lady Berryld, heir of House Ramius, deals with guests and oversees the shorthorn servants and the running of the keep.

Visitors: Are only permitted on official business, and are kept carefully contained and out of Lord Ramius' way.

Throne room: A red-carpeted hall on the keep's upper floor, its walls lined with archaic polearms. A pair of taxidermied unicorns rear beside the elaborately carved, thorn-rimmed throne of Lord Ramius. Grand windows fill the hall with coloured light and present dramatic views over the High Wold.

Ancestral crypts: Befuddling, twisting levels of tombs and dungeons are built into the hill beneath the keep. It is here that the scions of House Ramius are interred.

Monument to Hraigl: Among the countless tombs is an ancient monument dedicated to Hraigl—the fabled progenitor of the longhorn noble houses. A remarkable carving in white marble depicts Hraigl atop Wight Falls, wearing the *Horned Crown of the Hydrogyle*, about to leap to her doom (see ***History, p14***). Lady Berryld spends much of her time here, contemplating the deeds and power of her ancestor.

Ice caverns: A gated stairwell spirals down from the deepest crypt to a series of scintillating ice caverns that have remained frozen since the reign of the Cold Prince.

0411 MANNOG'S FLOCK

Undulating plains of coarse, knee-deep grass dotted with heather-clad knolls.

Terrain: Meadow (2), High Wold

Lost/encounters: 1-in-6. Encounters are 1-in-6 likely (2-in-6 likely at night) to be with **1d3+2 bandits** (Level 1 thieves—*DMB*) and **1d3+2 shorthorns** (*DMB*)—members of the gang based in hex 0311. Opposing side has a 3-in-6 chance of being surprised, due to bandits hiding in the woods.

Farmstead

A quarter mile north of Bove's Road at the edge of the woods sit the old, stone buildings of a farmstead: two barns, some outbuildings, and a large cottage. A thriving flock of sheep roams the nearby eaves of the forest.

Inhabitants: The farmer **Old Mannog Murderman**, his **2 shorthorn farmhands** (*DMB*), and his sheep.

Visitors: Are greeted gruffly and offered the opportunity to purchase Mannog's garments. He typically has three garments for sale. See ***Mannog's Garments***.

Grazing area: Large concealed net traps surround the sheep's grazing area. A group approaching the sheep has a 2-in-6 chance of triggering one; each member must then **Save Versus Hold** or be hoisted from the ground and ensnared. Anyone caught in the trap is manhandled, imprisoned, and interrogated by Mannog and his farmhands, suspicious of potential sheep thieves.

Cottage interior: A jumbled living space with chunky woollen rugs, low oak tables, and colourful floor cushions (no chairs). Creaky doors lead into poky, smoky workshops for greasing, combing, spinning, and weaving wool.

Bedroom: Mannog keeps his stocks of wool and finished garments in three great closets in his bedroom. They are locked and guarded by **3 dolmen pinchers** (see ***Hounds***, *DPB*) that hide under the bed.

The Flock and Its Wool

Mannog's sheep are a special breed with long, lustrous wool, and icy blue, almost human-like eyes. Their diet of weird woodland fungi lends their wool magical properties.

Magical wool: Garments created from the sheep's wool allows the wearer to assume the appearance of another being (see ***Mannog's Garments***). No other farmer in the region can replicate it. Old Mannog sells the garments, but not the wool or sheep.

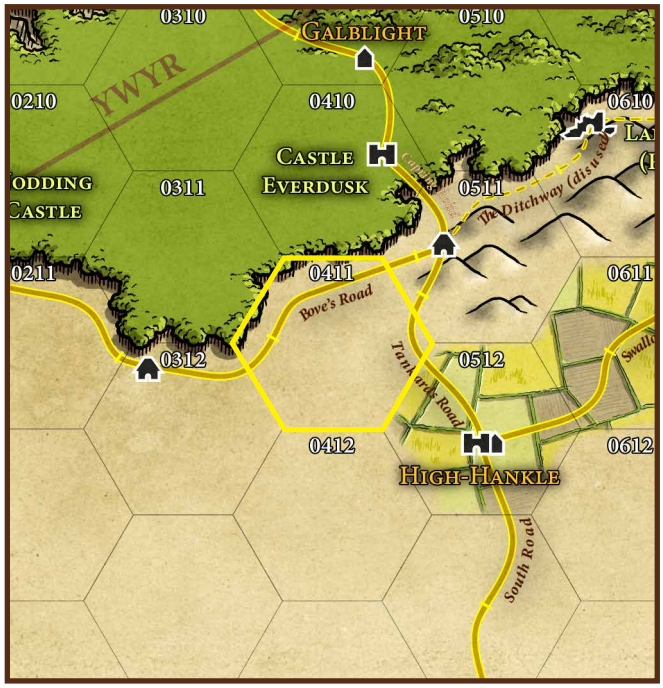
Old Mannog Murderman

A hairy human man in his middle years, with burly arms, a barrel chest, and a frazzled beard down to his paunch. Wears a sheepskin jacket and a pink felt cap. Smokes *Barley Blend* (*DPB*) in a long, sheep-horn pipe.

Demeanour (Neutral): Rude, cantankerous, shrewd businessman.

Speech: Wheezing and rumbling. Woldish, basic Gaffe.

Desires: Strong ciders and beers. To grow and protect his flock. To marry **Mother Goat** (hex 0312).



Mannog's Garments

A garment transforms the wearer's appearance to that of another being, until removed. The effect is visual only, altering only appearance and garb. Anyone able to see the invisible can see through the deceit.

Each garment offered for sale is of a random type (1d6) and appearance/cost (1d6). Garments can also be made to order for 100gp extra, taking 1d3 weeks.

GARMENTS

d6	Type	d6	Bestowed Appearance (Cost)
1	Cap	1	Drune (400gp)
2	Cardigan	2	Elf (250gp)
3	Hood	3	Grimalkin (250gp)
4	Long johns	4	Mossling (150gp)
5	Socks	5	Shorthorn (250gp)
6	Trousers	6	Woodgrue (200gp)

THE TOWER OF BIRDS 0412

Wild grassland dotted with isolated farmsteads and the odd ruined fortification.

Terrain: Meadow (2), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6

The Tower of Birds

A tower of dark stone clad with climbing roses stands amid an expanse of rolling, arable fields. Crows and ravens wheel about its summit, their cawing drifting on the wind. The tower is the base of the ancient Order of Warffles.

Wall and gate: A high brick wall, overgrown with ivy, rings the four acres around the tower. A narrow portcullis, guarded by **4 shorthorns** (*DMB*), allows entry.

Gardens: The grounds within the wall are beautifully laid out gardens, burgeoning with aromatic herbs and flowers. Twittering songbirds observe strangers quizzically. A winding, gravelled path leads to the tower door.

Pond: A family of swans glides across a placid pond at the rear of the tower.

Inside the Tower

Four storeys of warm, wood-floored passages, drawing rooms, dining halls, and bedchambers, arranged to a circular layout. Decorated with ancient heraldic tapestries and antique, embroidered furnishings.

Inhabitants: Commander Fannigrew Lockelope, **3 human Warffles** (Level 3 fighters—*DMB*) and **5 longhorn Warffles**, and a small staff of **shorthorn servants**. The atmosphere is hushed, as the Lady lives in mourning.

Visitors: Politely refused, unless they bring news relating to High Wold politics or the **Bicorne** (0510).

The inner garden: An ancient, low door opens to a magical interior garden—seemingly wider than the tower itself—wet with dew and lit by a scintillating, golden glow. Ferns, rambling roses, and honeysuckle thrive here. At the centre is a 6′ marble statue of a frore gryphus (see 0105)—a long-necked hawk, clad in frost, with its wings spread wide. An archaic Caprice inscription at the base reads "The Gryphus serves the tower's lords as its brethren serve the Prince." The statue magically draws birds to the tower.

History: The tower is an ancient fairy stronghold, captured by the order in the wars with the Cold Prince.

The Order of Warffles

A hereditary military order, based in the Tower of Birds. The Order is under the notional command of **Baron Hogwarsh** (***p60***), though practically independent. Originally founded to defend the High Wold against the armies of the Cold Prince (see ***History, p14***), the Order is now mainly ceremonial, with the nebulous mission of "warding High-Hankle's flank."

Insignia: Order members bear a saffron sash embroidered with a frore gryphus (see 0105) akin to the statue in the tower's inner garden.

Commander: Minor noble **Fannigrew Lockelope** currently holds the title Commander Warffle.

Fannigrew Lockelope (Level 6 Knight)

A longhorn woman in her 30s with a long, slender face, ebony horns, and dark brown fur streaked with white. Lockelope is the sole survivor of a disastrous attempt, several years prior, to capture the monstrous **Bicorne** (0510) at the behest of **Lord Ramius** (***p65***). She is still in mourning for her elder sister Hrobe, who was among those slain by the monster. She remains salty toward Ramius, but does not blame him.

Demeanour (Lawful): Sombre, distant.

Speech: Reserved, enunciated. Woldish, Caprice, Gaffe.

Desires: The death of the Bicorne. The recovery of her sister's remains from its lair, including the locket that was an heirloom of their Order. Honouring and maintaining the Order's traditions.

Reward: May grant honorary membership of the Order of Warffles—including a sash and the right to dwell in the tower—for the return of her sister's remains and the locket. Such honourees must also agree to carry out occasional missions for the Order.

Knowledge: Detailed information about the Bicorne, including its lair, treasure hoard, and paralysing breath.

Possessions: A serrated *Arcane Longsword* (***p412***). A ruby pendant (2,000gp). A shining, horned suit of *Fairy Plate Mail* (***p400***).

0501 THE BOG HERMIT

A foul, cloying mist drifts around, rising from stagnant pools. Remnants of ancient walls dot the landscape.

Terrain: Bog (3), Northern Scratch
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6

Downs Road

The ancient road that runs along the ridge of the Table Downs descends from the slope of the last hill in hex 0601 and disappears without trace in the fens of this hex.

The Sickening Stone

A short monolith of black stone (3′ wide and 5′ tall), patched with lichen, can be spied amid a copse of twisted, wind-swept trees.

Entering the copse: The wind goes still and all who enter must **Save Versus Doom** or be sickened for the rest of the day (–1 penalty to Attack Rolls and Saving Throws).

Examining the monolith: Beneath the lichen are magical runes. If deciphered (e.g. with *Decipher*), the runes reveal the spell *Fear* (see ***Uncommon Spells, p454***). An arcane spell-caster who studies the runes (1 hour) may copy this spell into a spell book.

The Witch's Hut

In the south of the hex, close to the eaves of Dolmenwood, lie the ruins of an ancient settlement, utterly lost to history and now almost subsumed in the slime and creepers of the bog. A single, decrepit hut stands amid the ruins, smoke rising from its tin chimney.

Inhabitants: The witch (*DMB*) **Helligora Ambe** lives as a hermit, along with her lamb familiar, **Whipple**.

Interior: A clutter of rustic furnishings, fishing nets, and pungent dried fish. A violet fire burns in the hearth.

Visitors: Those who have travelled the Table Downs are enthusiastically welcomed, if they agree to tell of what they have seen there. Others are shunned.

Whipple

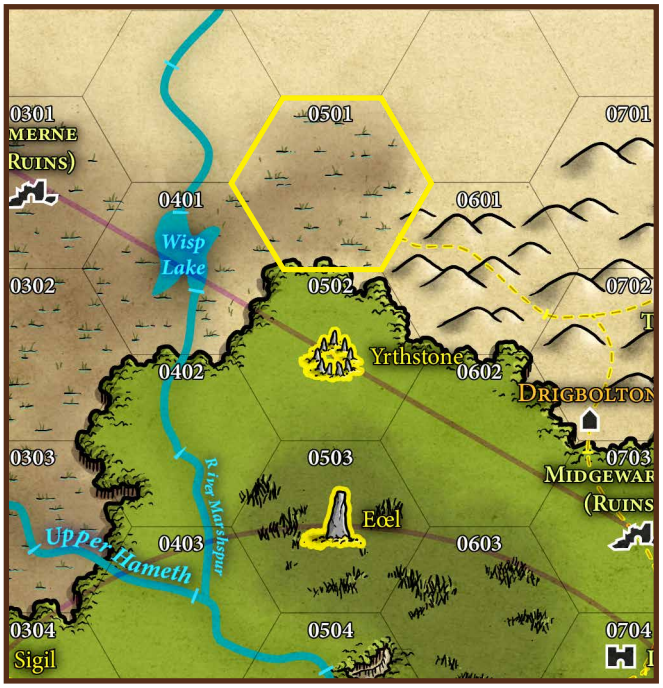
A young, capering lamb with thick, black wool. It weeps tears of blood.

SMALL ANIMAL—SEMI-INTELLIGENT—NEUTRAL

Level 1 **AC** 11 **HP** 2 **Saves** D12 R13 H14 B15 S16
Att None **Speed** 40 **Morale** 6 **XP** 15

Secret name of Hasturiel (once a day): The lamb can bleat the secret name of Hasturiel, causing beings of Level 6 or lower within 20′ to flee in terror for 2 Turns (**Save Versus Hold** to resist).

If killed: The lamb's spirit rises as a smoky form, attacking as a spectre (*DMB*).



Helligora Ambe (Witch—Eye of Hasturiel)

A tall, frail human woman of youthful mien (seemingly in her 20s, but actually 45 years old), with straight white hair to her waist, dull grey eyes, and several teeth missing. Her bones creak as she moves. Dresses in rough woollens, thickly layered against the cold and damp.

Demeanour (Neutral): Jittery. Terrified of the "Flayed Queen," an undead being whose power in the Table Downs is waxing, or so she believes.

Speech: Cracking, jittery. Woldish, Drunic.

Desires: Information pertaining to the movements of the Flayed Queen and her undead servants in the Table Downs (see hex 0701). To unravel the riddle of the ring and parchment she possesses.

Possessions: *Smerne's Ring* (a red soapstone *Ring of Encystment*—***p410***) and ***Smerne's Riddle***. She knows that both items are inherited from her ancestor, the infamous highwayman Dewidort of Smerne (see hex 0607), but does not understand their significance.

Smerne's Riddle

A frayed scrap of parchment with the following riddle:

Margarette, now yours,
My last fortune endures,
The wolf of Smerne wards it.
Locked within willing stone,
As the cleft rock is known,
To the Drune who defend it.

Meaning: The riddle refers to Smerne's hoard, hidden using the ring's magic inside the Willingstone in hex 0607. The command word to release the hoard is "Egry-dgenn"—the name engraved at the base of the great wolf statue in the ruined village of Smerne (hex 0301).

Black-barked firs seem almost aware, quietly glowering at would-be intruders.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Northern Scratch
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6
Ley line Hoad (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the feeling of having just awoken from a dream.

The People of Zarlac

In a small glade near the centre of the hex stands a cluster of mud huts.

Inhabitants: 13 humans (10 men and 3 women), as well as **12 green-skinned children** (see ***Children of Yrthstone***), eke out a precarious living here, subsisting on foraged nuts and berries and the yields of paltry vegetable patches. They are an odd mix of folk, but all dress alike, with shaven heads, white cassocks, and a Z-shaped rune branded on their foreheads.

Strangers not welcome: The people wish to be left alone and request that visitors move along. They have no wish to discuss themselves or matters of the wider world.

Z is for Zarlac: If pressed about the meaning of the rune on their foreheads, the inhabitants eventually allow that the Z stands for Zarlac, their master, and that they call themselves the "People of Zarlac." They cannot resist rhapsodising about Zarlac's generosity, wisdom, and arcane powers.

History: The people of Zarlac are wanderers who met the **Audrune Zarlac** by chance in these woods and accepted him as their spiritual master. They are now mind-bound to him through repeated sucklings at his breast. Zarlac himself resides close by, where he serves as guardian to the nodal Yrthstone.

The Audrune Zarlac

A rotund human man with a long, thin nose jutting out from a black cowl. Zarlac welcomes all to sit in Yrthstone's shadow, if he believes they may be a source of knowledge. He invites visitors to suckle from his ample bosom, promising enlightenment (see ***Milk***).

Demeanour (Neutral): Kindly megalomaniac. Overly cordial for a Drune. Loquacious yet evasive.

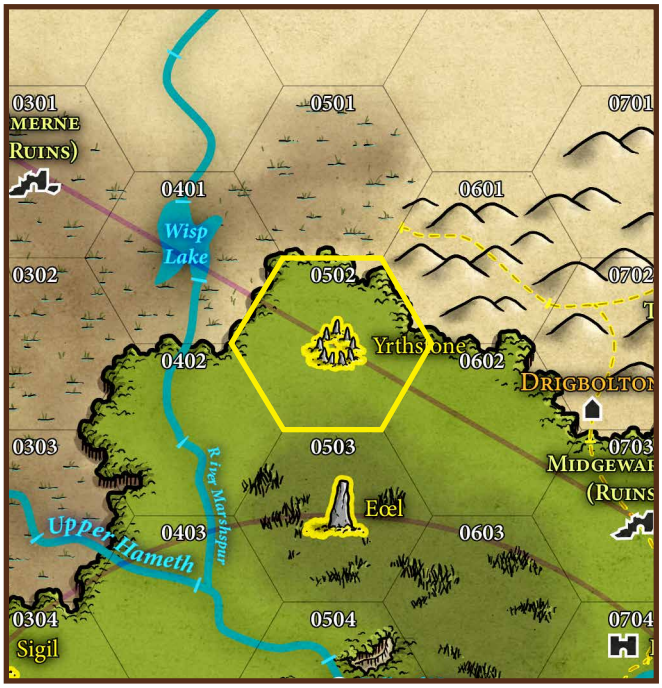
Speech: Loud, ebullient. Woldish, Drunic, Sylvan.

Desires: To protect Yrthstone at all costs. To meet interesting, useful people and make thralls of them. To conceal his growing community of followers from the Drune Aegis.

Combat stats: Audrune (*DMB*).

Milk: Zarlac's milk is warm and sweet. Those who partake must **Save Versus Spell** or become charmed for the next 4d6 days (per the arcane spell *Ingratiate*). Such thralls join "the People of Zarlac," whom Zarlac tasks to perform various missions to esoteric ends.

Possessions: An *Astrolabe of the Aegis* (***p420***) and two dead mice with their tails braided together.



The Nodal Yrthstone

In a grove of fir trees adjacent to the hamlet stands a 13′ high slab of white granite; this is Yrthstone, known as the Teeming Stone.

Guardian: Standing alongside the slab is the **Audrune Zarlac**, who greets visitors with an affable bellow.

Inscribed spell: Drunic runes describe the arcane spell *Cannibalise* (***p454***). See ***Ley Lines and Standing Stones, p18*** for details on learning this spell.

Touching the stone: Anyone who touches Yrthstone must **Save Versus Spell** or be afflicted with a curse of disintegrating flesh. Each day, a pound of flesh rends away from the victim's body. Unless removed by magic (e.g. *Remove Curse*), the curse is fatal within 10 days. Dropped chunks of flesh fester for 1 day before turning green and beginning to crawl. They make their way towards Yrthstone, where they gather and grow a new ***Child of Yrthstone***.

Children of Yrthstone

Chunks of flesh that return to Yrthstone gather and grow into children of broadly human appearance.

Demeanour (Neutral): Quizzical, amoral. Love to wander the wild woods. Regard themselves as children of Dolmenwood itself.

Appearance: Green-tinged skin with a thin layer of bark underneath (+1 AC). Leaves sprout from their joints during the spring.

Annual pilgrimage: On the 1st of Symswald, Yrthstone's "offspring" are magically summoned to the stone from throughout the region to play, sing, and dance—much to the joy of Zarlac, and the annoyance and jealousy of Zarlac's people.

0503 Eœl "The Horn"

Chill, mist-filled depressions. Wicked thorn trees, in whose gnarled bark morose faces seem to leer.

Terrain: Thorny forest (4), Dwelmfurgh / Northern Scr.

Lost/encounters: 3-in-6. Encounters are 4-in-6 likely to be with the **Audrune Morgodh** and **1d6 bramblings** (*DMB*).

Ley Line Chell (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the curious dual sensation of balmy heat and biting cold.

Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d2 portions of *Rindlewort* (***p430***), in addition to the normal results.

Domain of the Destroyer

All who enter this hex come under the debilitating influence of the Summerstone Eœl and trespass in the domain of the **Audrune Morgodh**, fell guardian of the stone.

Debilitating energy: Eœl exudes a powerful debilitating energy, nauseating all within this hex: –2 penalty to Attack Rolls and Saving Throws, and spells have a 3-in-6 chance of failure. The interference with spell-casting makes this place especially dangerous to the Drune, who only come here when absolutely necessary.

Morgodh's wrath: Morgodh is aware of all who enter this hex, and tracks them down and attacks them without mercy. (See chance of encounters in this hex.)

Morgodh's Cottage (Hidden)

This hovel is formed entirely from a dense weave of thorn bushes, and is barely distinguishable from the briar patch in which it nestles.

Interior: Sparsely furnished with a rough wicker cot and two tables covered with an assortment of odd items (worth up to 100gp if sold to an apothecary): animal skins, dried mushrooms, rodent organs, and powdered dung.

Cellar: Concealed behind stacks of twisted roots are 200pp, a pouch of *Mogglemoss* (*DPB*—15 smokes), a silver casket engraved with an elf maiden bathing in moonlight (200gp, contains 6 portions of *Dust of Extinguished Ghosts*).

The Audrune Morgodh

A hulking human man cloaked in black and wreathed in a sickly purple mist. Known to his fellow Drune as "the Destroyer," due to his legendary ruthlessness towards those who would interfere with Eœl. Morgodh's features are inscrutable beneath his black cowl.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Single-minded, bestial fervour.

Speech: Rasping, violent ranting. Woldish, Drunic.

Desires: Actually welcomes trespassers, as he takes singular joy in dispatching them.

Possessions: A charred *Arcane Staff* (*Impact*, ***p412***). A flame-wreathed *Ring of Charming (Humans*, ***p410***).

Combat stats: Audrune (*DMB*) with 48 Hit Points.

The Summerstone Eœl (Hidden)

The Summerstone Eœl lies at the heart of an especially tangled and thorny part of the woods. The basalt slab (15′ high, 8′ around) is partly overgrown by the briar bushes surrounding it. It is known to the Drune as the Horn, due to its positioning as the northernmost of the warding stones. (See ***The Ring of Chell, p20*** for full information on the Summerstones.)

Balmy stillness: The stone is surrounded by a 120-yard radius of hazy warmth and balmy stillness of the air, reminiscent of the intoxicating days of high summer.

Guardian: The **Audrune Morgodh**.

Inscribed spell: Drunic runes describe the arcane spell *Dispel Magic*. See ***Ley Lines and Standing Stones, p18*** for details on learning this spell.

Touching: Anyone who touches Eœl continues to suffer its effects (see ***Debilitating energy***) for 1d3 days after leaving this hex. However, if they strike an opponent in combat during that time, the debilitating effects are transferred to the opponent.

Dust of Extinguished Ghosts

A semi-transparent, floury powder. Each portion is worth 4,000gp.

Throwing: A portion forms a 10′ cloud when thrown in the air. Everything it coats is rendered visible for 2d10 Turns, negating magic of invisibility, camouflage, displacement, and mirror imaging.

THE FALLS OF NAON AND THE EMBASSY 0504

The falls can be heard throughout this hex. Cool spray and mist can be felt up to a mile distant.

Terrain: Craggy forest (4), Dwelmfurgh
Lost/encounters: 3-in-6
Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

The Falls of Naon

The river Hameth plummets over a stony cliff, 200′ high, and crashes down upon the rocks below in a booming cacophony.

The Top of the Falls

The waters of the Hameth narrow, accelerate, and plummet over the falls.

Slippery: The banks of the river and the summit of the falls are slick with mud and spray. Anyone moving carelessly (e.g. in melee) must make a **Dexterity Check** once every 2 Rounds or fall.

Steps: A stairway, carved into the rock, winds down the cliff face on the western side of the falls to the wooded slopes at the base. The steps are slippery, as above.

Secret door: Half way down the steps, a platform and an open door—both concealed by fairy glamours—lead into a series of hidden caverns. Those who can detect magic or the invisible perceive the secret entrance.

The Embassy in the Hidden Caverns

A small retinue of frost elves lives in isolation in the secret caverns behind the torrent of the falls. By ancient, uncircumventable decree, the Cold Prince's embassy to mortal folk was excluded from the ban of Chell (see ***The Ring of Chell, p20***). It thus remains in the mortal world as the only foothold of the frost elves within Dolmenwood.

Ice caverns: Several hundred yards of winding tunnels and icicle-clad grottoes, all lit with a lambent blue light of unknown origin.

The door to the embassy: A 12′ high, arched gate of polished black fairy wood. Pillars on each side are carved in the form of trees whose branches meet and intertwine above the door. The door is locked by magic, but knocking summons a butler.

Reception: No guest has visited the embassy for centuries. The inhabitants are so bored that they welcome anyone who knocks on their door, giving them the full royal treatment.

The embassy: A series of baroquely appointed reception rooms, legal libraries, and guest suites, arranged around a central banquet hall decked with taxidermied unicorns' heads.

Inhabitants: The frost elf **Ambassador** (***p50***) presides over the embassy, treating with any and all visitors. His staff includes six ambassadorial aides, three chefs, three butlers, and four maids.

Activities: The elves await the return of their lord, the Cold Prince, and have maintained the necessary functions of an embassy. Utterly isolated for nigh on nine centuries, however, they have all but forgotten their duty, and now spend their days in endless feasting, listless debates on obscure points of law, theoretical heraldry centred on the hypothesised kings of the seas, baking emotions into pastries, and so on.

Atmosphere: A melancholic air of faded nobility, now devolved into decadence, pervades the embassy. The Ambassador and his retinue grow desperate, as their stocks of fairy victuals, once considered virtually without limit, are dwindling. With the last of their fairy foods and wines, the elves fear the touch of the mortal world will turn them to dust.

Treasures: The embassy contains a fortune of rich, antique furnishings. The vast (and magical, to mortal sense) pantry, though its stocks are greatly diminished, is store to great prizes, such as wines from mortal cultures long forgotten.

The Base of the Falls

1d3 Drune cottagers (*DMB*) watch from a hidden vantage point on the wooded slopes beside the falls. They fight without quarter if attacked or if adventurers appear to be assisting frost elves in escape.

Duty: The Drune carefully guard this site, ensuring that no frost elf may come or go. Attempts to leave the embassy have occurred in the past, but have always been prevented.

Reaction to strangers: Typically aloof and enigmatic. They view any kind of fairy in this vicinity with great suspicion.

Treasures: The Drune watchmen share a *Lens of Penetration* (***p404***).

0505 HOARBLIGHT KEEP AND THE ISLE OF YETH

High grounds beside the lake, clad with misty pine woods. The air here is motionless and chill.

Terrain: Craggy forest (4), Dwelmfurgh
Lost/encounters: 3-in-6
Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.
Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d2 portions of *Goatsweed* (***p430***), in addition to the normal results.

Hoarblight Keep

High upon an outcropping of stone, a fearsome castle surveys the waters of Longmere.

Cliffs: Sheer chalk cliffs, 150′ high, riddled with lichens and patches of sickly violet fungus.

Stairway: A stair is carved into the cliff side, winding its way up from the banks of Longmere to the woods before the outer walls of the keep.

Outer walls: The extent of the keep's grounds is bounded by a sturdy brick wall, overgrown with ivy. Many gates and secret doors pierce the wall; most are warded with tricksome fairy magic.

Gardens: Within the wall, one finds a fantastic and vast array of gardens, hedge mazes, follies, grottoes, lodges, and plazas. Many of these places are haunted with strange presences that have lingered since ages long past.

The keep: Clad in shimmering frost, centuries old, but pristine as the first snow of winter. The contents of the keep are beyond the scope of this book, but may be elaborated in a future publication (or by the Referee).

History: The keep was the seat of the Cold Prince's dominion in Dolmenwood, whence he ruled for centuries unknown, before the coming of mortal folk to the Wood.

Lingering fairy magic: Though the Cold Prince and his allies are banished from Dolmenwood, some of his magic lingers in Hoarblight Keep and its grounds.

The Isle of Yeth

The cliff-sided Isle of Yeth bisects the lake here for nigh 3 miles.

Cliffs: The steep, chalky, guano-streaked cliffs rise to a height of 200′ above the waters of the lake.

Caves in the cliffs: The sides of the cliffs are riddled with delvings, some leading to caves of substantial size. Hundreds of **hairbats** roost here.

Atop the isle: Dense and utterly untamed forest, without path or glade. Few animals live here, but bats and birds are numerous.

The Ruined Tower

At the northern tip of the Isle of Yeth, a wide, square tower pierces the canopy of the woods.

Empty shell: Even when viewed from the shore, it is obvious that the tower is little more than a shell.

At night: An eerie, green glow hangs above the tower.

Hairbats

Giant bats with 3′ wingspans, ugly, snarling visages, and great, floppy mops of green or orange hair upon their heads. They are harmless if left alone.

SMALL ANIMAL—ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE—NEUTRAL

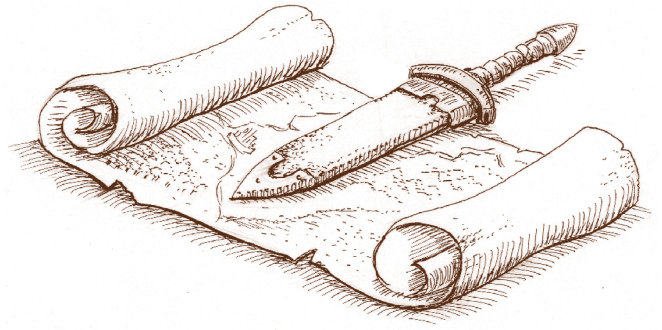
Level 1 **AC** 13 **HP** 1d8 (4) **Saves** D12 R13 H14 B15 S16
Att Bite (+0, 1d3) **Fly** 60 **Morale** 6 **XP** 10

On Windswept Nights

The distant raging of the Falls of Naon (hex 0504) and the keening of the air stimulate the manifestation of the Locus of Ertta the Devouring Mother (see ***Witches, p72***).

The Locus of Ertta: Manifests as a 30-yard-diameter, misty green glow wavering above the summit of the ruined tower.

Witches: When the locus is manifest, **2d6 witches—eyes of Ertta** (*DMB*) fly to the locus and gather in the green glow above the tower. They stand in mid air, as if the luminescence is solidified, and conduct their rites of communion with the Gwyrigon who has dominion over age, death, and decay.



THE STONE OF REPENTANCE 0506

Lonely pine woods punctuated with granite outcroppings. A moaning wind pervades.

Terrain: Craggy forest (4), Dwelmfurgh
Lost/encounters: 3-in-6
Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

The Moaning Sphere

An area of flat, windswept marsh 100 yards wide separates Lake Longmere from the woods. At the centre of this sedge-dotted strand is a 10′ sphere of granite.

Moaning wind: The sphere is the source of the moaning wind that pervades this hex. It reaches near-maddening intensity as one approaches the stone.

Runes: The sphere is carved with a runic inscription identical to that found on the Summerstones (see ***The Ring of Chell, p20***.)

False Summerstone: The Drune placed this stone here as a distraction for those who might seek out Drodh.

Destroying the sphere: Can be accomplished by powerful magic (e.g. *Disintegrate*). Should this occur, the moaning wind reaches a shattering crescendo and an illusory procession of frost elf knights appears at the lake shore. The knights march solemnly into the woods, brandishing banners and unearthly weapons while falsely proclaiming the return of the Cold Prince in icy, malevolent voices. The following day, the sphere returns to its place, unscathed.

The Summerstone Drodh (Hidden)

A ring of trilithons stands in a clearing atop a 40′ high crag. At the centre of the ring is the 15′ high stone of black basalt called Drodh, the Stone of Repentance. (See ***The Ring of Chell, p20*** for full information on the Summerstones.)

The Audrune Rigmirth

Rigmirth exists in an occult symbiosis with the stones of this glade, his skin and organs stretched across the megaliths around Drodh. If intruders enter the circle, Rigmirth can rip the stones out of the ground, becoming a gargantuan construct, 15′ tall, of stretched skin and rune-bound stone.

LARGE MORTAL / CONSTRUCT—GENIUS—NEUTRAL

Level 10 **AC** 19 **HP** 46 **Saves** D6 R7 H8 B9 S10
Att 2 fists (+8, 3d6) or spell **Speed** 30 **Morale** 10
XP 3,550

Immunities: Only harmed by magic or magic weapons. Suffers half damage from slashing or piercing weapons.

Spells: Has the following arcane spells memorised: **Rank 3** *Dispel Magic*, *Paralysation*, **Rank 4** *Dominate*, **Rank 6** *Disintegrate*, *Invisible Stalker*, *Word of Doom*.

Possessions: Embedded in the Audrune's flesh are an opal *Ring of Protection* (***p410***), a platinum torc (350gp), and a silver-plated finger bone (grants the ability to detect witches while held tightly in the palm, 1,000gp).

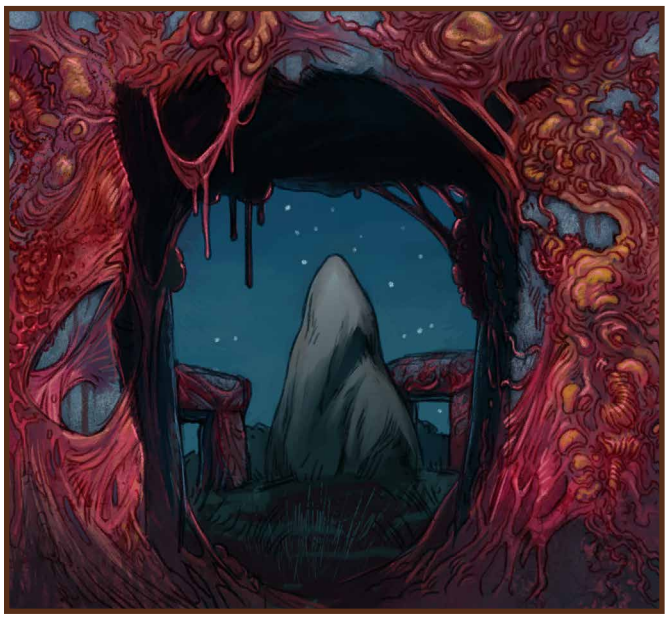
Balmy stillness: The stone is surrounded by a 120-yard radius of hazy warmth and balmy stillness of the air, reminiscent of the intoxicating days of high summer.

Fleshy covering: The stones encircling the Summerstone are covered with a thin layer of pustules and gore. This is the physical form of the **Audrune Rigmirth**, the guardian of Drodh.

Entering the ring of stones: Awakens Rigmirth.

Inscribed spell: Drunic runes upon Drodh describe the arcane spell *Hex Weaving*. See ***Ley Lines and Standing Stones, p18*** for details on learning this spell.

Viewing Drodh: Anyone who sets eyes upon the Summerstone must **Save Versus Spell**. If the save fails, upon leaving the area the character has no memory of what occurred there or of having ever seen the place.



0507 DRUNE LODGE

Calcified, skull-like rock formations. Dripping, moss-clad cliffs descend eastward in tiers.

Terrain: Craggy forest (4), Dwelmfurgh
Lost/encounters: 3-in-6
Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

The Veiled Wood

This hex is woven with the deepest of Drune magic, warping the fabric of reality itself. The Referee should secretly roll a **Save Versus Spell** for all non-Drunes entering this hex. If any in a party fail, all are unwittingly transported to the next hex in their direction of travel, continuing their journey there.

Doors to Drune Lodge

The northern banks of Skull Creek are dotted with mighty, black-barked pines with trunks 15′ thick.

Concealed doors: Each great pine has an arched door at its base, concealed by illusion and visible only to Drunes.

Entering: Those who can perceive a door and bypass its *Glyph of Locking* (Level 5 caster) find a timeworn wooden stairway spiralling down into the Drune Lodge.

Within Drune Lodge

Chilly, subterranean halls of stone, lit by green flames flickering in the suspended skulls of stags and great owls, echoing with the distant howl of the thaumaturgic engine. Doors of black oak ward cramped living quarters, larders, and kitchens. Pillared galleries overlook gloomy studies and ritual chambers. Stairways and corridors wind and sweep, bewildering those not familiar with their paths.

Inhabitants: 15 Aegis members (treat as Drune cottagers, *DMB*), **18 archivists, scribes, and assistants** (Drune cottagers, *DMB*), **22 Drunewives** (*DMB*), **24 children** (including **8 Braithmaids**, *DMB*), **5 charmed servants**, and the **Elder Phanatarch** (***p55***).

Intruders: Are exterminated. **12 giant stone owls** (as gargoyles—*DMB*) animate to see off intruders.

The Aegis hall: A vaulted hall of polished, russet wood, ringed with owl-carved benches, where the Drune council assembles. At one side sits the austere granite throne of the Elder Phanatarch, flanked by two great bells—one of iron and one of silver—rung to pronounce judgement or doom.

Library and vaults: Winding caverns, lined with towering bookshelves containing the sum of Drune lore (including all arcane spells). Sigil-warded vaults hold coins and jewels (worth 50,000gp), potions, scrolls, and all manner of magical artefacts, including a *Staff of Cancellation* (***p416***), a *Staff of Wizardry* (***p416***), and a *Helm of Teleportation* (***p406***).

The thaumaturgic engine: A domed chamber housing a hovering, 20′ wide sphere of utter blackness, wreathed in blue lightning and emitting a horrid howl as it slowly rotates. The engine, fed by souls dredged from Droun Loch (0407), maintains the enchantments that veil Drune Lodge.

Ossuary: The bones of all deceased Drunes—etched with the summation of each individual's deeds and the names of their forebears—are interred within niches in the vast, labyrinthine ossuary.

Audrune crypts: The bodies of the Audrunes Grebglin, Haygral, and Mestmord lie in stasis in hidden ossuary crypts. Each is interred with a *Talisman of Protection From Scrying* (***p398***) and guarded by **3 shadows** (*DMB*).

Palace of the Phanatarch: Deep below the ossuary, the **Elder Phanatarch** (***p55***) dwells in pillared halls of sepulchral black marble. All furnishings are of bone, owl-feather, and wolf-fur. The Phanatarch spends his days poring over old tomes, scrying in a *Crystal Ball* (***p404***), or consulting with Auldweathe—the **spirits of 9 Braithmaids** who in the ancient days of Drunedom sacrificed themselves to serve their king eternally (as spectres, *DMB*). If threatened, the Phanatarch can summon **12 shadows** (*DMB*).

THE SKELETAL GARDENER 0508

Tiers of rugged cliffs, sloping steeply to the east. Moss and mould thrive in dank, lightless recesses.

Terrain: Craggy forest (4), Dwelmfurgh
Lost/encounters: 3-in-6
Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

Fungal Organs

Skull Creek, where it winds through this hex, cascades through a series of gurgling pools and falls. The slick rock faces beside these pools are home to a rare species of scarlet fungus named *Numblings* (***p428***), bearing an eerie resemblance to various organs of the human body—fungal mockeries of brains, hearts, eyeballs, tongues, lungs, fingers, and noses may all be found here.

Skeletal warden: While these odd mushrooms are naturally occurring, their profusion here is due to the care and attention of their warden—**Colly**, a sentient skeleton (*DMB*) who spends her ageless life tending these fungal miracles.

Colly—Sentient Skeleton

A 5′4″ tall female human skeleton in pristine, gleaming white condition, her forehead subtly engraved with magical runes.

Demeanour (Neutral): Single-minded. Happy to converse with those who approach her in peace.

Speech: Whistling between the teeth. Woldish.

Desires: To care for and nurture this unique mycological paradise, and to prevent anyone from tampering with it, especially eating of it.

Knowledge: Does not remember how she was created or who tasked her with the protection of the garden, but has vague memories of once living in a grand manor to the south.

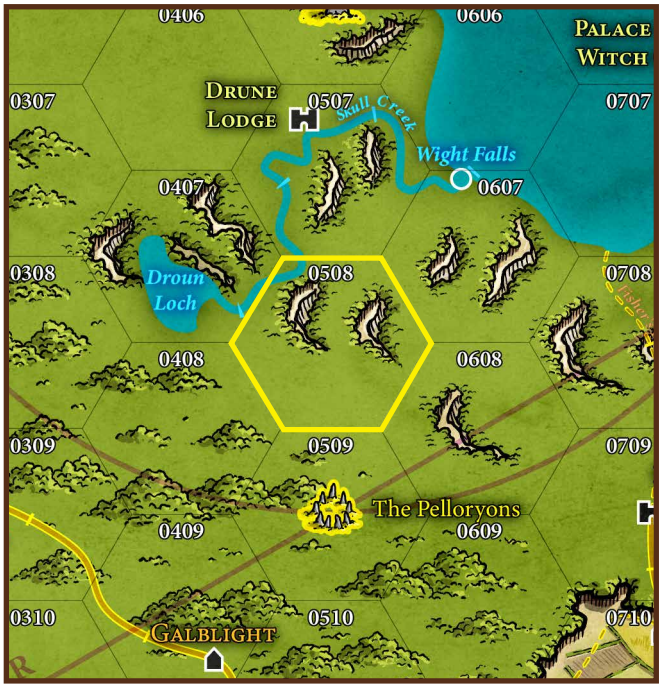
The Ruined Manse (Hidden)

Deep in a ravine overgrown with tangled hawthorn stands the ruin of a once-grand manse, now reduced to roofless heaps of tumbled stone and rotted beams.

Searching: The symbol of a serpent writhing through the mouth and eye sockets of a human skull (the sigil of the manse's former owner) appears on a number of fallen keystones.

Sealed door: A single door of iridescent black wood stands intact in its arch amid the ruins, leading to nowhere. The door is sealed with a *Glyph of Locking* (Level 9 caster). If opened, a secret, extra-dimensional laboratory is revealed.

The extra-dimensional laboratory: A 20′ square chamber of chill, white marble. The central area is sequestered with white drapes, concealing the grossly swollen (but still fresh) corpse of a raven-haired woman laid upon a solid steel, rune-etched slab. Bone-trimmed cupboards by the walls contain hundreds of embalmed organs in jars,



knives and saws of all sizes, a collection of treatises on necromancy (2,000gp), a set of five *Skeleton Keys* (***p420***), arcane scrolls of *Arcane Eye* and *Animate Dead*, a crystal flask of *Essence of Springtime* (***p414***).

History: Many centuries ago, the necromancer **Leelandra Umberwold** dwelt in the manse with her two sons and dozens of undead servitors (including Colly—the last remaining). The body in the laboratory is her failed attempt at cloning herself to escape death.

0509 THE PELLORYONS

Balmy clearings of towering sunflowers and dazzling poppies. Summer reigns year round.

Terrain: Hilly forest (3), High Wold / Dwelmfurgh

Lost/encounters: 2-in-6

Ley line crossing Chell/Ywyr: Arcane spell-casters perceive the curious dual sensation of balmy heat and biting cold. (See ***p20***.) The energies of the Ywyr are siphoned into Chell at this nexus, so visitors feel no additional effects from its presence.

Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

Woods of Perpetual Summer

The arcane energies of the nodal known as the Pelloryons, which lies at the centre of this hex, keep the surrounding woods trapped in nigh-perpetual summer.

Distracting drone: Bees buzz here, often and loudly, with a slow, almost hypnotic drone.

The Warding Maze

From the safety of a hidden fastness among the roots of the woods, the Pelloryons' guardian, the **Audrune Cadraigaunt**, oversees and maintains a series of wards to confound wanderers and destroy intruders.

Common travellers: Walk about three miles into the hex before realizing they have ended up back at whatever edge they entered from.

Those who seek the Pelloryons: Feel the woods slowly closing in on them, eventually transforming into a twilit, phantasmagoric labyrinth haunted by gibbering spirits and mocking, human-faced trees. Characters must **Save Versus Spell**. Should all in the party succeed, the labyrinth vanishes; otherwise, the interlopers are attacked by **3 invisible stalkers** (per the arcane spell—*DPB*). The maze evaporates if the stalkers are defeated.

The Pelloryons

Beyond all the wards, in a glade nestled between hills at the hex's centre, stand the Pelloryons (the "three sisters"). They comprise the most crucial node of the warding ring.

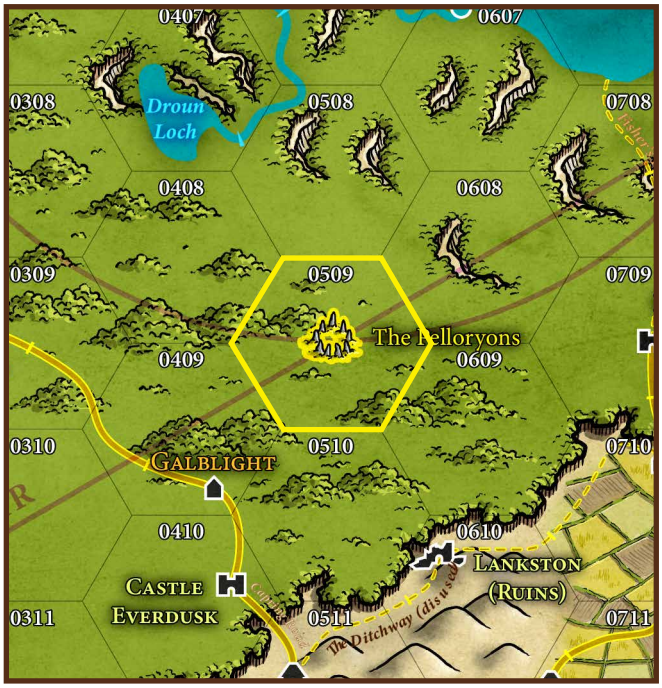
Guardian: Should intruders reach this point, the **Audrune Cadraigaunt** immediately arrives to dispatch them.

Appearance: The Pelloryons consists of three towering pillars of chalky limestone, approximately 10′ around and 18′ in height. Each is carved with figures representing members of the Triple Compact (***p17***), as follows.

King stone: Carved on one side to resemble an ancient king and on its reverse to resemble a crone holding a chalice.

Friar stone: Engraved on one side with a gaunt friar holding a flaming Chapes holy symbol, and on the other with a screaming elfin form locked in eternal torment.

Drune stone: Carved in the crude likeness of a Drune's hood, while on its reverse is the sculpted form of the stag-headed Wood God Howawi (***p38***).



Inscribed spell: Drunic runes around the stones' base describe the arcane spell *Invisible Stalker*. See ***Ley Lines and Standing Stones, p18*** for details on learning this spell.

Touching the stones: The stones' surfaces are warm and balmy to the touch, while the areas around the figures' eyes and mouths are unearthly cold.

Destroying the stones: Toppling them by brute force brings about the disastrous consequences detailed under ***The Ring of Chell, p20***.

The Audrune Cadraigaunt

An ancient, hunchbacked Audrune who has guarded the Pelloryons for nigh five centuries, clinging to life by sheer force of purpose. An eye-like flame burns beneath his cowl and bees flit menacingly around him.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Ruthless, joyless, single-minded, gleeful in hunting and destroying those who trespass on his lands. The cruellest of the Drune.

Speech: A sinister rasp, underpinned by the eerie buzzing of insects. Woldish, Old Woldish, Drunic, Liturgic.

Desires: Above all, to maintain the secrecy of the Pelloryons. To wrest the soul of his friend Hemlack (former guardian of Sargstone) from the clutches of Atanuwë (see hex 0904).

Combat stats: Audrune (*DMB*) with the ability to cast additional spells: *Dweomerlight*, *Polymorph*, *Dweomerfire*, *Geas*, *Word of Doom*.

Insect swarm: Cadraigaunt's symbiotic **insect swarm** (*DMB*) of bees and stinging insects can attack foes.

***Staff of Mellification*:** Cadraigaunt wields a gnarled staff oozing with honey. A victim hit must **Save Versus Doom** (with a +2 bonus) or collapse into an oozing, honey-filled husk. The staff is worth 35,000gp.

Rugged, broken ground choked with brambles and smashed trunks. Ruined buildings collapsed into ditches.

Terrain: Hilly forest (3), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6

The Pit

Near the north-west corner of the hex is a redwood tree that appears to have been ripped from the earth by giant hands. Beneath it is a great deep pit that reeks of blood and carrion. Within the pit lairs an ancient monster known as the **Bicorne**, stirring from its fitful dreams of late.

Descending the pit: The pit itself is sheer-sided and 70′ deep. Each character entering the pit has a 1-in-6 chance of waking the Bicorne.

Mushrooms: The base of the pit is carpeted with *Speckled Sporange* and *Purple Nightcap* mushrooms (see ***Rare Fungi, p428***). 2d20 decent specimens of each can be gathered.

The Bicorne's lair: At one side, a rough, 50′ long chamber is burrowed out, most of which is filled with old bones. **The Bicorne** lies in this chamber in a nearly dormant state, belching forth contagion and nightmares.

Treasure hoard: Buried among the bones and detritus of the lair are 5,676gp, 6,332sp, 10,099cp, a set of three mouldy spell books (half of the spells are still readable: **Rank 1** *Floating Disc, Glyph of Sealing*, **Rank 2** *Mind Crystal*, **Rank 3** *Haste*), a shiny silver *Holy Shield* (***p400***), somewhat dented, engraved with narwhals (the wielder gains the ability to speak with whales), a bronze casket studded with citrine (1,500gp), a silver locket with a portrait of a longhorn noblewoman wearing a saffron sash (1,000gp—belonged to the sister of **Commander Lockelope**, ***p235***).

At Night

There is a 2-in-6 chance of encountering a hunting party of **2d4 sleepwalking shorthorns** (*DMB*) in the woods of this hex.

Sleepwalkers: The somnambulant shorthorns are hunting for sentient beings to capture and bring to the lair of the Bicorne, having been summoned from Galblight (hex 0409) by the monster's enchanted whisper.

Captured sacrifices: Are tossed into the Bicorne's pit, where the beast shreds them in psychic agony.

The Bicorne

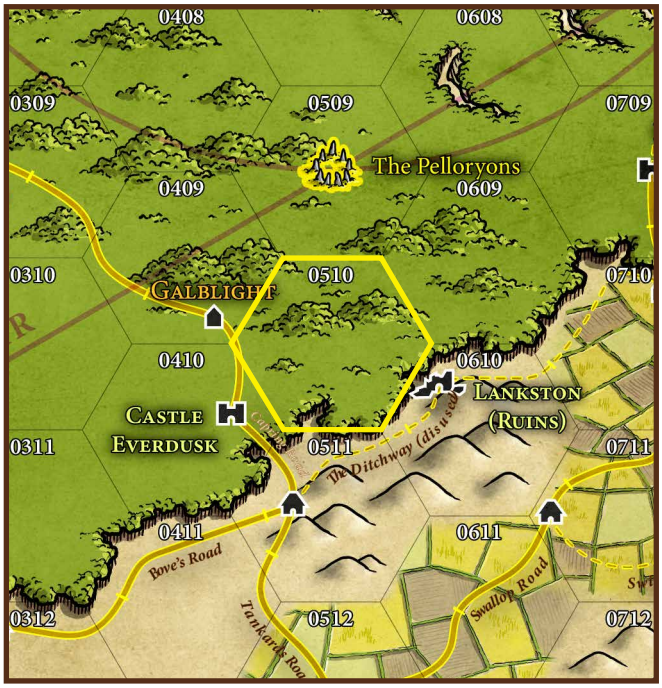
A beast of fey origin with the body of a bull, the legs of a boar, and a head that combines the worst aspects of both into a tusked and horned monstrosity.

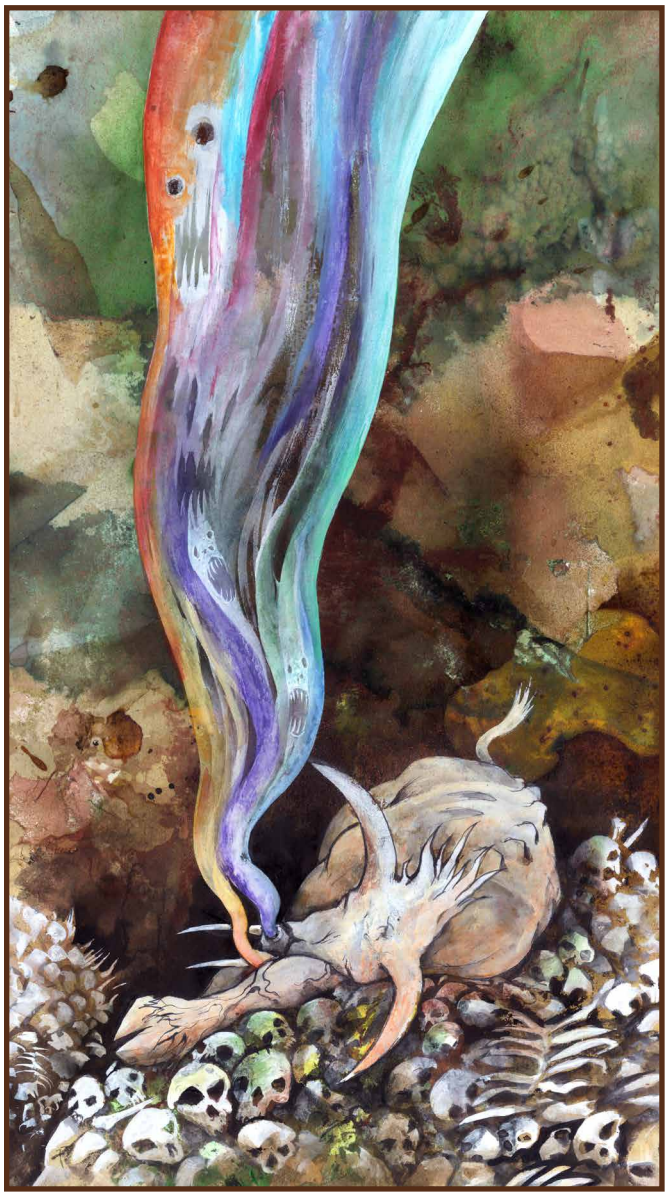
LARGE MONSTROSITY—ANIMAL INT.—CHAOTIC

Level 10 **AC** 17 **HP** 68 **Saves** D6 R7 H8 B9 S10
Att [Tusk / horn (+8, 2d8) and tail / flank (+8, 1d10)] or breath (paralysis) **Speed** 45 **Morale** 10 **XP** 2,250

Immunities: Suffers only 1 damage from mundane weapons. Cold iron weapons inflict normal damage.

Cloud breath (thrice a day): The Bicorne may belch out a miasmic cloud of nightmarish misery. All within 90′ must **Save Versus Blast** or be paralysed for 9 Turns.





0511 THE INN OF THE TANKARDS

Steep-sided, flat-headed hills, many topped with fluttering banners of House Ramius.

Terrain: Hills (2), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6

The Inn of the Tankards

At the oft-trodden junction near the hex's centre stands an inn, its lower floor entirely obscured by old growth trees.

Sign: A breggle arm crossing a human arm, each holding a frothing tankard.

Common room: Large and busy, the cacophony of patrons' voices verging on harsh. Conspicuously clean, all walls freshly painted, all wooden surfaces polished to a bright sheen. The inn is owned by a shorthorn couple: **Crump Elbowgen** frenetically serves patrons, while his wife **Nelga** alternates between poring over a ledger and roaming the grounds compulsively in search of maintenance tasks.

Negative atmosphere: All Reaction Rolls suffer a –1 penalty in the inn. PCs may witness a random and upsetting mishap in the common room (argument turned knife fight, horrific gambling loss, vicious lovers' quarrel, etc.) Afterwards, holy spell-casters feel nauseous.

Guests: Shorthorn and human merchants. Casual conversation reveals that the inn changes hands frequently. The Elbowgens have owned it for two years; the previous owner drowned in a nearby well in an apparent drunken mishap.

Services at the Inn of the Tankards

Lodgings and food: Of common quality (*DPB*).
Elder tea: Served in fine porcelain. 1gp per serving.

Crump Elbowgen—Shorthorn Landlord

Brown fur with black patches, in a crisply pressed waistcoat. Crump can feel his wife is not entirely present.

Demeanour (Lawful): Nervous, wary, eager to please.
Speech: Staccato rambling. Woldish, Gaffe.
Desires: To understand his wife's state. To sell the inn.

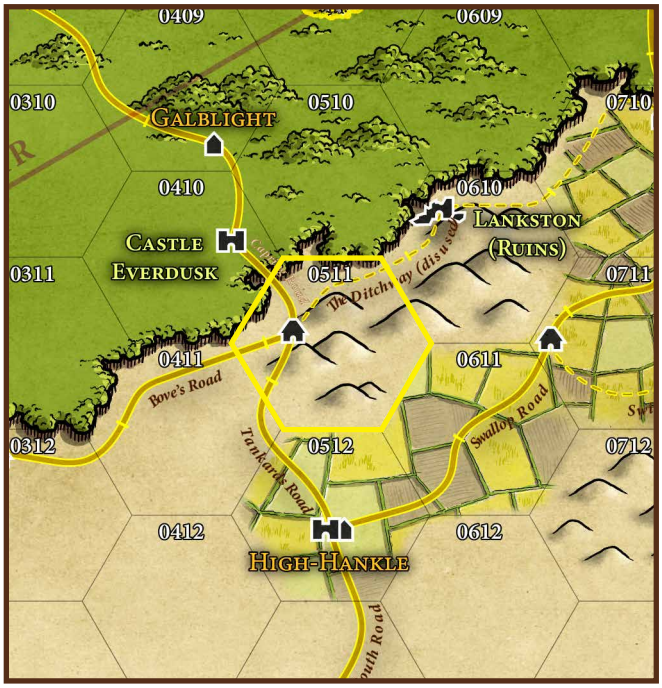
Nelga Elbowgen—Shorthorn Landlady

White fur and a calico dress. She talks of nothing but the inn, in language that personifies it.

Demeanour (Neutral): Quiet yet forceful.
Speech: Direct, then trailing off. Woldish, Gaffe.
Desires: To keep the inn utterly, painfully clean.

Hauntings

d6	Event
1	Spectral blood dripping from walls.
2	Oppressive sensation of being watched.
3	Corpse-like female elfish visage in window.
4	Bed levitates to the sound of mocking laughter.
5	Disembodied moaning under the bed, in closets, etc.
6	Window opens and slams shut multiple times.



At Night

Haunting: While in bed, 1 random party member experiences an event from the ***Hauntings*** table.

Sleepwalker: Watchful PCs may observe Nelga moving in a trance-like state to the basement, where she enters a door hidden behind a wine rack, passing into a secret chamber.

The secret chamber: A damp, vaulted brick chamber. Scattered about are sheet after sheet of drawings, clearly created by different artists over many years, all depicting the inn in various forms, often with a sinister face.

Observing Nelga: She crouches on the floor and manically sketches by candlelight, all the while muttering threats and pleading for mercy in different voices. She continues for an hour, then departs, still in a trance.

Interrupting Nelga: The house causes a torrent of bricks to fall onto the PCs (**Save Versus Hold** or take 1d4 damage). In the confusion, Nelga flees and returns to her room. The next day, she has no recollection of these events.

The Inn's Secret Nature

History: Centuries ago, the inn was unwittingly built with wood felled in an accursed glade. It is now a sentient, malevolent entity that instigates and feeds on terror, strife, sorrow, and murder. It delights in slowly destroying its proprietors and causing their untimely end. Each time it changes hands, an owner (currently Nelga) gradually becomes obsessed with the inn, soon treating it as if it were alive.

Exorcising: Using magic of curse removal or successfully turning undead against a Level 5 monster in the secret chamber causes foetid, black water to burst from the walls, and a mournful, plangent wail. The inn's evil nature is purged, leaving the inn heavily damaged and its owners bewildered but relieved.

HIGH-HANKLE AND THE WAYWARD GRIFFONS 0512

Ancient, tilled land, awash with the sounds of chittering hedgerow birds, clopping hooves, and lowing cattle.

Terrain: Farmland (2), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **1d4 knights** (Level 1 knights—*DMB*) and **1d4 griffon trainers** equipped with caged wagons, huge nets, and braces of hares, attempting to capture the wayward griffons established on Monk's Hill.

The Town of High-Hankle

High-Hankle, sprawling capital of the High Wold, sits in the south of the hex, amid a patchwork of fields, farms, and thorps.

Town walls: A hulking sandstone wall girds the inner town.

Castle Perigonne: A dizzyingly tall tower that looms at the centre of the town. This is the home of **Baron Hogwarsh** (***p60***), ruler of the High Wold.

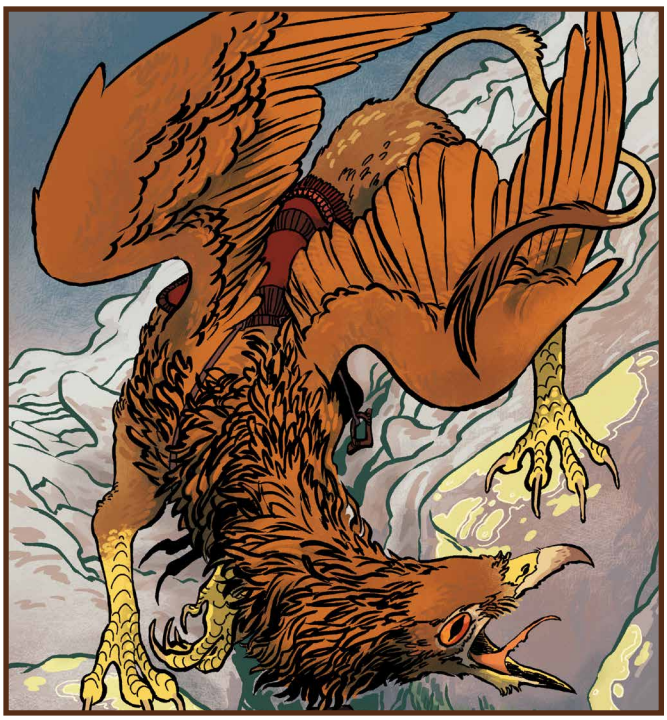
Town of hedonism: Under the lax rule of the current Baron Hogwarsh, High-Hankle has developed a reputation for revelry, carousing, and debauchery of all kinds.

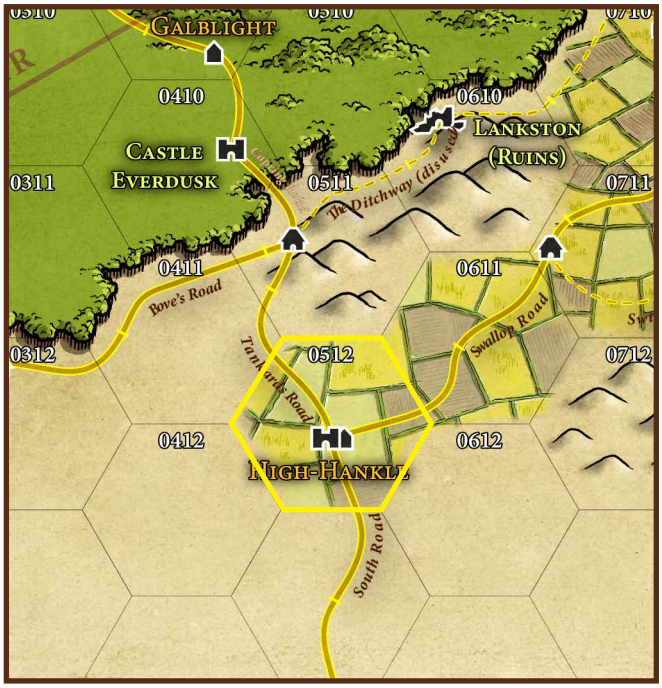
Full settlement description: See ***p150***.

Monk's Hill and the Ruined Tower

A broad hill stands in the north of the hex, overlooking Tankards Road. Its summit and sides are clad with dense woodland, wild and untouched save by the locals who venture there to collect firewood. A ruined tower stands atop the hill, lost amid the tangled wood.

Griffons: Travellers sight **1d3 griffons** wheeling in the air above the hill and gliding over the surrounding farmland, observing livestock below. These creatures recently escaped from the Griffonry in High-Hankle and are lairing in the upper floors of the ruined tower at the hill's summit. They are a source of terror and aggravation for the farmers whose herds they prey upon.





Capture: Sir Waverly (***p152***) pays 1,500gp for each griffon safely returned to the Griffonry in High-Hankle.

Tower ground floor: Relatively intact, with a solid oaken door hanging off its hinges. Shrubs, mosses, and creepers have colonised the dank interior. A faint purple glow emanates from a circular shaft in the floor, leading 20′ down to the ***Accursed Grotto***. A stone stair winds up to the upper floors.

Tower upper floors: Partially collapsed, overgrown with ivy. The **3 griffons** have begun to establish a nest, pushing out errant rubble and mounding up branches and straw. Bones and carcasses of sheep are scattered around.

The Accursed Grotto

The shaft from the surface ends in a small cave, which opens into a larger subterranean grotto. At the centre of the grotto sits a dark, 10′-deep pool that emits a slowly pulsing, purple glow. Salt-crusted stalactites ring the cave walls, some of which are carved into the likeness of great, grimacing oxen with a blood-like liquid dripping from their mouths.

Examining the pool: A 4′-high, tarnished metal statue of a man in bishop's robes can be spied at the bottom of the pool. The statue—depicting St Howarth—is solid silver, worth 1,500gp.

Touching the water: Save Versus Doom or be overcome with blood-lust, ruthlessly attacking allies for 1d6 Turns.

Touching the "blood": Save Versus Hold or transform into an ox over the course of 2d6 days. The character can be returned to their normal form by magic of curse removal.

History: Long ago, this was a sacred healing pool associated with St Howarth, who once bathed here. Following Howarth's fall (***p68***), the pool and grotto became accursed.

0601 THE LONELY GRAVE

Dotted with ancient earth-workings: mounds, ridges, and rings.

Terrain: Hills (2), Table Downs
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6

Moaning Wind

As characters travel along the bleak ridge of the Table Downs, the moaning of the wind takes on a voice-like quality, as if carrying shouted warnings from afar.

If PCs stop to listen: They catch the name of the character with the highest Wisdom in the erratic, ominous wailing.

The Lonely Grave

A simple, weatherworn headstone is visible beneath the eaves of a serene copse at the base of a hill.

Inscription: The name of the PC with the highest Wisdom is inexplicably carved onto the gravestone, along with the epitaph "Lord of the Wild."

Examining: The stone appears to be many centuries old. The ground around is overgrown and undisturbed.

Unearthing: A decaying coffin is buried 3′ down. Inside is a skeleton of the same physical proportions as the PC whose name the headstone bears. Its skull is smashed in. Two objects lie on its breast (see ***Grave Treasures***).

Cursed: If the skeleton or the objects are taken from this place, the PC whose name is engraved on the headstone comes under a curse. The next time they sleep in a house or inn, they experience a nightmare wherein they are attacked by a **spectre** (*DMB*) whispering "Lord of the Wild." The PC may use their normal equipment, spells, etc. to fight the monster, but it is immune to turning. If the PC vanquishes the spectre, they awake unharmed and without any spells or equipment expended. If the PC is defeated, their companions discover them in the morning, dead, with their head smashed in.

Grave Treasures

Silver knife: Engraved with Liturgic script only visible in moonlight. The script read "For the glory of God." The knife is actually a *Holy Longsword* (*Shrinking*, ***p412***). The Liturgic inscription, if uttered by a Lawful character, causes the blade to grow or shrink.

Brass ring: Inscribed with very fine lines in the shape of frost patterns. It is a *Ring of Energy Resistance (Cold*, ***p410***) of fairy make. A mortal who possesses it also comes under a glamour causing them to giggle ominously in their sleep, disturbing the rest of any nearby.

THE HALL OF THE FOMORIAN 0602

Looming fir trees, surrounded with a weird, pink luminescence. Jagged, mutant cones litter the ground.

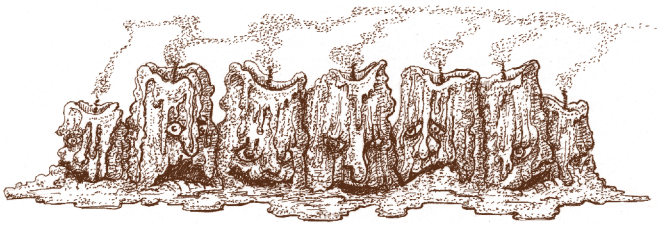
Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Nagwood
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6
Ley line Hoad (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the feeling of having just awoken from a dream.
Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d2 *Shub Eggs* (***p430***), in addition to the normal results.

Massive Platform and Domed Hall

At the very bottom of a steep, fir-wooded dingle, a 30′ high wall looms abruptly into view. Composed of gargantuan marble flagstones smoothed to a mirror-like lustre, it proves to be the side of a 500′ square massive stone platform. A stairwell on each side leads to the top.

Platform top: A bare, cracked expanse, its monotony broken only by small tussocks of grass, occasional flocks of birds, and a structure at its very centre: the Domed Hall.

Domed hall: A purple-veined half-bubble of stone, 30′ tall and 80′ in diameter. A pyramid of scarlet glass sits at its peak. On its eastern face lies an arched doorway.



The Fomorian

A blue-skinned giant standing roughly 15′ tall, wearing a grey wool tunic, bracers of black metal, and a thick belt of cracked brown leather. A grim helm of raw black iron partially covers a beard of pale, finger-thick earthworms that wriggle constantly. The helmet's visor covers a writhing, black smudge in place of eyes (see ***Gaze***). The Fomorian is a guardian placed here by the fairy trickster **Lord Gladhand** (***p34***) to toy with mortals wishing to enter the ***Emerald Door***.

Demeanour (Neutral): Solemn, placid, mournful.

Speech: Slow, calm, deep boom. Woldish, Old Woldish, Sylvan, High Elfish.

Desires: To be relieved of his vigil by the (imaginary) "Jack-the-Emerald-Cloaked."

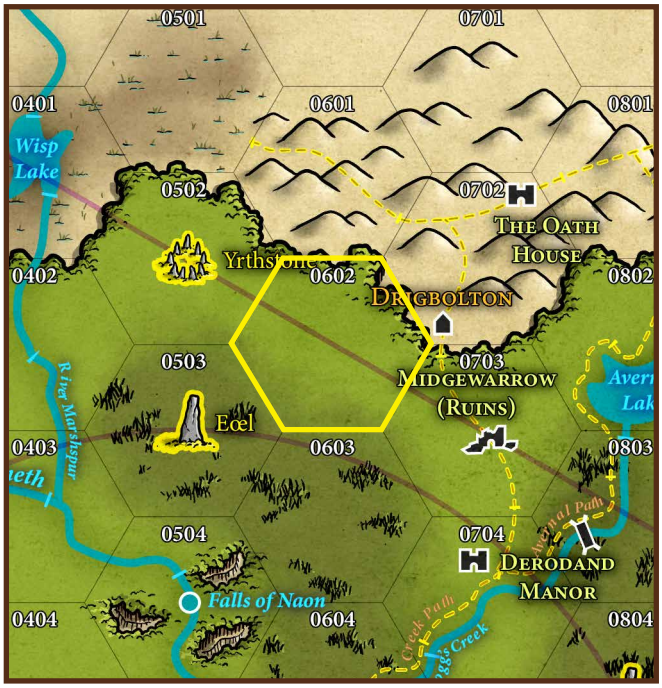
LARGE MONSTROSITY—SENTIENT—NEUTRAL

Level 16 **AC** 15 **HP** 64 **Saves** D2 R3 H4 B5 S6
Att 2 fists (+11, 2d6) or gaze (glassify) **Speed** 60
Morale 11 **XP** 4,250

Immunities: Only harmed by magic or magic weapons.

Gaze: The Fomorian may raise his visor and cast his baleful gaze upon a target within 100′. The target must **Save Versus Hold** or be transformed into green glass. The victim returns to normal if the Fomorian is defeated or departs.

If slain: The Fomorian melts away into nothingness.



Inside the Domed Hall

A dry, musty, cavernous space, barely illuminated by reddish light filtered through the glass pyramid above. A mass of broken statuary draped with ancient, mouldering rugs fills much of the room. Atop this heap sits the ***Scrying Globe***, a giant figure—the **Fomorian**—leaning over it, peering into it with concentration.

Addressing the Fomorian: The being breaks its reverie and asks the adventurers their business. If addressed respectfully, the Fomorian states that he is an immortal from the "World Below," sent here by the "Powers" to await "Jack-the-Emerald-Cloaked," who will be invested with custody of the all-powerful globe.

The Scrying Globe: A great, glowing orb. The Fomorian forbids any to approach the globe, resorting to deadly force should PCs persist. Should a character peer into the globe—after satisfying, defeating, or otherwise evading the Fomorian—they perceive the ***Emerald Door*** within.

The arrival of Jack: A character need only don an emerald green cloak and announce that they are "Jack-the-Emerald-Cloaked" to satisfy the Fomorian of Jack's arrival. The Fomorian then grins slyly, bows, and disappears.

The Emerald Door

Visible within the Scrying Globe guarded by the Fomorian is a door of scintillating emerald, surrounded by dense, bluish mist.

Touching the globe: Whisks one away to the fairy road Buttercup Lane (see ***Fairy Roads, p26***).

Exiting through the door: Characters exiting Buttercup Lane in this hex appear outside the domed hall atop the massive platform.

0603 THE RUINED COTTAGE

Choked with thickets of brittle, barbed bushes. The wind whistles with almost voice-like susurrations.

Terrain: Thorny forest (4), Dwelmfurgh / Northern Scr.
Lost/encounters: 3-in-6
Ley Line Chell (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the curious dual sensation of balmy heat and biting cold.
Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

Charred Cottage

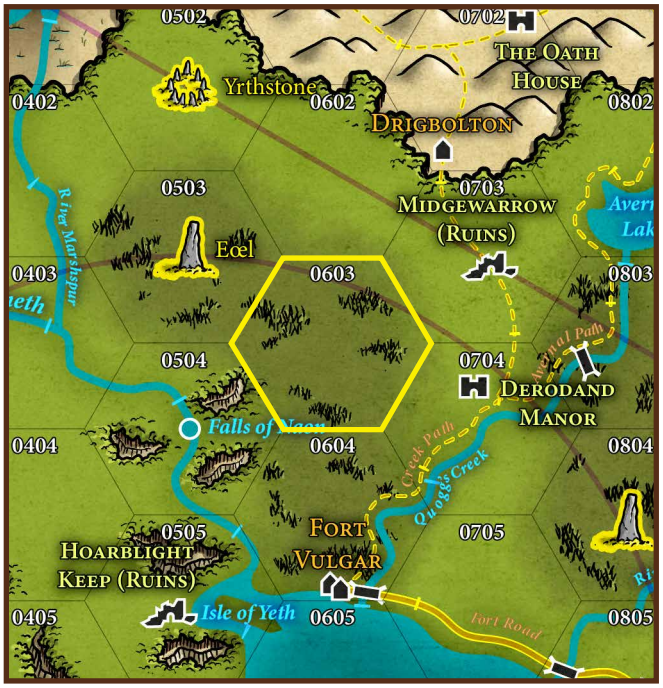
Beside a sluggishly flowing stream, in a clearing ringed by ancient and rotting firs, sit the charred remains of a cottage. Its burnt timbers lie scattered within the roughly square frame of its foundation stones. Tall grasses now occupy its dirt floors, swaying in a gentle breeze.

At night: Voices murmur near the ruin, muffled and frantic as if in heated debate. This is the sound of **1d3+1 muttering phantoms** congregating and exchanging secrets. They manifest among the trees and drift to the cottage's broken doorstep, where they hover for the remainder of the night.

Approaching the phantoms: If approached with proper deference, they converse warily with the living; if provoked, or if any Drunes are with the party, they attack.

Secrets of the Phantoms (d6)

d6	Secret
1	The **Big Chook** (hex 0606) is in sooth a psychic emanation of a nightmare-plagued dragon slumbering in the lakebed.
2	There are still frost elves living in Dwelmfurgh, in a place hidden behind the Falls of Naon (hex 0504).
3	The Drune guard a magical mirror of great power upon the Phantom Isle (hex 0706).
4	The legendary robber **Dewidort of Smerne** hid his treasure horde close to Wight Falls (hex 0607).
5	The being called **the Hag** was once a fairy princess; her hut can be found by searching in the central regions of Hag's Addle (hex 0908).
6	The lost tower of the renegade Drune called the Aubrathon is on an isle in the Brinemere (hex 1103).



Muttering Phantoms

Humanoid figures composed of tendrils of mist and eddies of dead leaves, which combine into larger vortices when the phantoms gather. These minor ghosts are created when a mortal dies clinging to a perilous secret. In death, they value secrets above all else, trading them as a form of currency.

Demeanour: Curious, suspicious, argumentative.

Speech: Urgent, barely intelligible murmurs, which become clearer when conversing with the living. Woldish, Old Woldish, some Drunic.

Desires: To collect and trade secrets. To cause mischief for the Drune, whom they dislike and fear.

Rewards: Once per week, the phantoms are willing to share a single secret of their own (see ***Secrets of the Phantoms***), in exchange for a non-trivial secret of equal value. If the PCs share an untrue secret, the phantoms manifest and attack them in their sleep 1d3 days later, regardless of location.

MEDIUM UNDEAD—SENTIENT—ANY ALIGNMENT

Level 4 **AC** 16 **HP** 4d8 (18) **Saves** D10 R11 H12 B13 S14
Att Touch (+3, 1d3 + slow death) **Speed** 40 **Morale** 9
XP 180

Undead: Silent before attacking. Immune to biological effects (e.g. disease, poison) and mind-affecting spells (e.g. *Vapours of Dream*, *Paralysation*, *Dominate*).

Immunities: Only harmed by silver weapons, magic, or magic weapons.

Slow death: The victim is cursed to suffer a melancholic yearning for death. They must **Save Versus Spell** each morning upon awakening or suffer 1d3 damage, fading into nothingness should they reach 0 HP. The curse can be reversed by magic of curse removal or by sharing a worthy secret with the phantom.

Tangled woods of holly and hawthorn, riddled with muddy mires and ponds ringed with thorny reeds.

Terrain: Thorny forest (4), Dwelmfurgh

Lost/encounters: 3-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **1d3 galoshers** in the vicinity of a pond.

Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

Fort Vulgar

An old stone keep overlooks a village and ramshackle dock, where barge-folk and merchants congregate to trade. Few folk permanently reside here.

Chappily bridge: Spans Quogg's Creek at Fort Vulgar.

Big Chook: Fort Vulgar lives in the shadow of the lake monster known as Big Chook, whose mind-wrenching wails can be heard from the settlement.

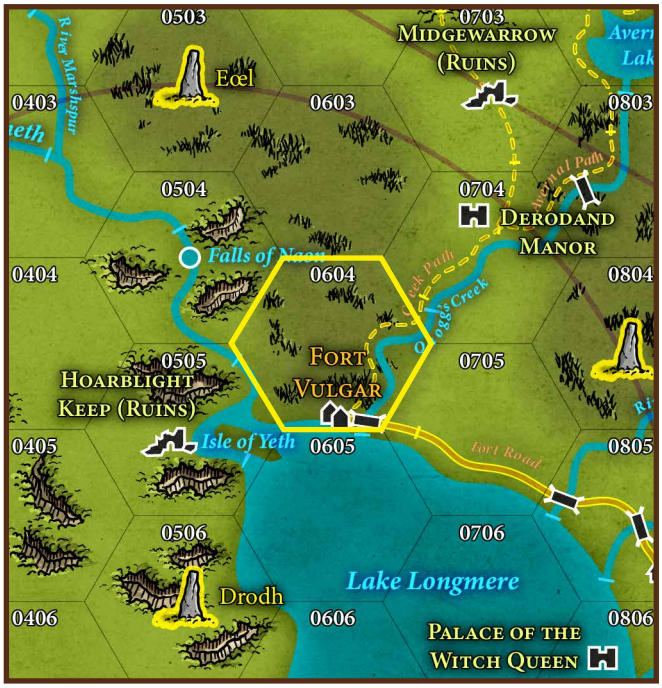
Full settlement description: See ***p146***.

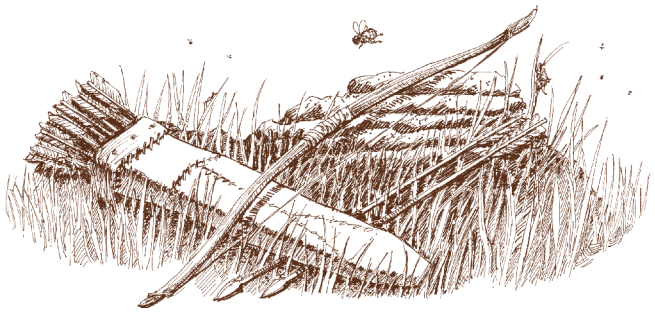
The Galoshers' Pool

In the briar-choked western reaches of this hex lies a shallow pool of muddy, black water, 100 yards across, rimmed with frothing green scum.

Approaching: Coming near to the shore attracts the attention of the **6 galoshers** (*DMB*) that dwell in the mud. Initially a single monster emerges, but the others soon arrive if commotion ensues.

Bodies in the mud: Submerged in the mud around the shore are a multitude of humanoid bones, the partially preserved corpses of 3 travellers (each with 1d100gp), and the still-living **Gherigew Thorncripe**, in suspended animation and surrounded by a swarm of feeding galosher lampreys (see ***Dream feeding*** under ***Galoshers***, *DMB*).





Gherigew Thorncripe (Level 6 Bard)

A dashing human man in his early 30s, with twirled moustache, pointy beard, curly chestnut hair, and twinkling grey eyes. Dresses in leather woodland garb, a crimson cape, and a green bycocket hat. Soaked, filthy, and delirious after being submerged in the ***Galoshers' Pool*** for months.

Demeanour (Neutral): Merry, sentimental, vain. Preens his moustache.

Speech: Eloquent and poetic. Woldish, Old Woldish, butchered Sylvan.

Desires: To behold the fabled beauty of the **Lady of Spring Unending** (0402). To hunt with **Duke Mai-Fleur** (***p30***). If rescued: to explain his long absence to his lover in Prigwort, **Maydrid Hydball** (***p178***), with an epic song detailing his imprisonment (which he has already begun composing).

Possessions: A gold-inlaid lute (500gp), an emerald-pommelled *Fairy Shortsword* (***p412***), a sealed tube containing arcane scrolls of *Levitate* and *Paralysation*, a bronze and violet garnet brooch in the form of an ivy leaf (1,000gp).

Reward: If rescued, Thorncripe offers his eternal gratitude and service to the PCs (though is likely to be distracted by his own quests before long).

0605 THE FOLK OF KING CAPRICORN

Murky waters, 50′ deep, dotted with patches of purple-flowering lilies and tangled weeds.

Terrain: Aquatic, Dwelmfurgh

Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **Big Chook** (***p253***).

Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

Call of the Merfauns

Those who sail the waters of this hex during the day are sure to encounter the folk of King Capricorn—the merfauns who dwell in the lakebed here.

Sighting: Merfauns are typically sighted lounging and frolicking among the thick beds of weeds and white lilies that dot the surface of the lake.

Call: The merfauns call out to passing boats, merrily inquiring after exotic land-goods such as cheeses and ale, which they gladly trade for fish or silver coins stamped with the head of their liege, **King Capricorn**.

The Palace of King Capricorn

The lake bed is riddled with a complex of natural, water-filled caves, which have been expanded by the merfauns. **90 merfauns** (*DMB*) inhabit this complex.

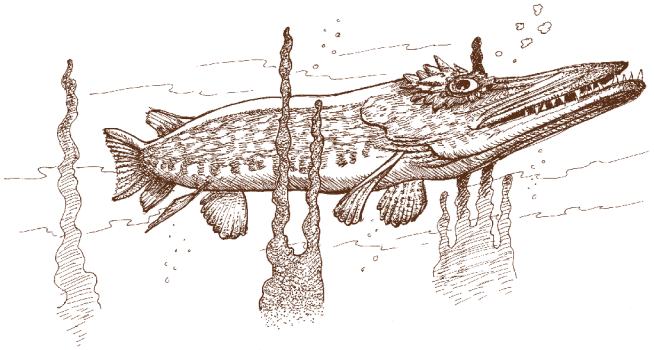
Guarded entrances: Four entrances to the open water exist, gated with rusty metal bars. Each is guarded by **1d3 merfauns** (*DMB*).

The great hall: The entrances lead to a central cavern lit by glowing clam shells. Debauched feasts of pondweed and lake fish are served here, to the music of great drums and aquatic pipes, presided over approvingly by **King Capricorn** himself. **3 giant catfish** (*DMB*) are chained here and can be commanded to attack intruders.

Living quarters: Smaller tunnels lead from the great hall into the private chambers of the merfauns, decorated with shells and stone carvings, with beds of soft weeds.

The King's chambers: Guarded by **2 elite merfauns** (16 Hit Points), the king keeps a harem of three honoured merfauns and three human men.

Treasures: A hoard of 850pp, 1,200gp, and 2,400sp is kept by the merfauns, along with 20 pearls (500gp each).



King Capricorn

An ancient, barrel-bodied merfaun man with huge, spiralling horns and a green beard as long as his tail.

Demeanour (Neutral): Jovial, brash, regal.

Speech: Bombastic, punctuated with rollicking roars. Woldish, Merfolk, Sylvan.

Desires: To be rid of the menace of Big Chook. Uninterested in the political concerns of the wider world.

Reward: For permanently dispatching Big Chook, the king awards PCs a whelk-encrusted horn which summons a giant catfish (*DMB*) for 1 hour, to aid one who blows the horn underwater. The horn can be blown once per week and works in any large body of water. It is worth 8,000gp.

Knowledge: The king fondly recalls how, in ages past, he would experience the exhilaration of swimming alongside **Gheillough** (***p37***), the "noble, magnificent silver-scaled water dragon that once embodied all the magicks of the Mere." Wistfully, he notes Gheillough vanished some 400 years ago; since then, "the waters turned," and Big Chook first started appearing. So too did other unsettling phenomena, such as an "awful, eel-infested mound" on the lake bottom, which Capricorn can direct PCs to (hex 0606).

Possessions: A *Fairy Trident* (***p412***)—1d6+2 damage—that inflicts an additional 2d6 electrical damage to Chaotic targets on a successful hit. Worth 7,000gp.

Combat stats: Merfaun (*DMB*), with 40 Hit Points and a +4 bonus to Attack Rolls and Saving Throws.

BIG CHOOK AND THE DREAMING DRAGON 0606

Cold, choppy waters, 300′ deep, wracked with chaotic winds.

Terrain: Aquatic / craggy forest, Dwelmfurgh
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Aquatic encounters are 3-in-6 likely to be with **Big Chook**.
Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

The Wailings of Big Chook

Those who brave the choppy waters of this hex occasionally hear a demented, cockerel-like wailing echoing across the lake. This is the cry of the abominable lake monster known as Big Chook.

Effect of hearing: Up close (240′ or closer), the wail of Big Chook has magical effect (see ***Mind Melt*** under **Big Chook** combat stats). At greater distance it is merely unnerving.

Big Chook's Lair

In the north-eastern reaches of the hex, voyagers notice a curious eddying in the lake's waters. Explorers with water-breathing ability who follow the eddy downwards arrive at a whirling vortex of sludge at the lakebed, some 300′ below the surface. Those entering the vortex are drawn into the dream-lair of the **Big Chook**.

Appearance: A great aquatic cavern hung with scintillating stalactites and carpeted with groping fronds of purple seaweed as long as horses. Schools of orange, cyclops-eyed fish dart among the weeds, gazing at intruders.

Big Chook

An awful chimera, 30′ long, with the body of a pike and three cockerel's heads on the end of scaly, sinuous necks. The monster's whole body is covered in pink, orange, and rust scales, dotted with horrid barbs and blind, weeping eyes. Although it manifests as a physical being, the Big Chook is in truth an emanation of the nightmares of the sleeping Wood God Gheillough (see ***The Dreaming Dragon***).

LARGE MONSTROSITY—ANIMAL INT.—CHAOTIC

Level 14 **AC** 17 **HP** 100 **Saves** D4 R5 H6 B7 S8
Att [3 bites (+10, 1d8+2) and 2 claws (+10, 2d6)] or wail (mind melt) **Speed** 20 **Swim** 60 **Morale** 10
XP 4,550

Immunities: Only harmed by magic or magic weapons.

Mind melt: All within 240′ who hear the cockerel-like wailing of the Chook must **Save Versus Spell**. Those who fail are stricken with fear and flee for 1 Turn. Those within 90′ additionally lose 1d6 points of Wisdom and 1d6 points of Intelligence, permanently.

If killed: As a dream emanation, Big Chook cannot be truly slain. If reduced to 0 HP, it dissipates in a noisome purple cloud, which drifts to the location of Gheillough (see ***The Dreaming Dragon***). The Chook then reappears upon the next night of the full moon.

Inhabitants: The **Big Chook** (3-in-6 chance of being at home) plus its mates: **3 giant pikes** (*DMB*), hiding in the seaweed. Opposing side has a 3-in-6 chance of being surprised.

Treasure: Piled at one side of the cavern are hundreds of slime covered, fish-eaten corpses—the remains of the Chook's victims. Among them can be found 329pp, 8,394gp, 5,667sp, 9,400cp, 50 × 250gp value gems, a shimmering black suit of *Fairy Chainmail* (***p400***), a thorn-like *Arcane Spear* (***p412***), a red-bladed *Holy Shortsword* (*Treacherous*, ***p412***), a *Fairy Jar* (***p420***), and a magically-waterproofed scroll, written in High Elfish, with clear directions to the secret entrance to the hidden embassy of the Cold Prince at the Falls of Naon (hex 0504).

The Dreaming Dragon (Hidden)

Buried within a 50′ wide mound of mud that seethes with eels at the lakebed is the water-dragon **Gheillough** (***p37***). The Wood God lies in a dream-wracked torpor, poisoned by the noxious emanations of Atanuwë (***p45***).

Digging into the mud: Reveals the Wood God's coiled, comatose form—a silver-scaled water-dragon, 80′ long, with lolling orange tongue and teeth like crystal shards.

Scrying: Veiled by the emanations of Atanuwë, Gheillough is invisible to scrying magic.

Awakening: While Big Chook is manifest, Gheillough cannot be awoken. If Big Chook is slain, powerful magic (e.g. a wish, a *Staff of Cancellation*, or *Dispel Magic* versus a Level 24 caster) can weaken Atanuwë's hold on Gheillough enough to awaken it.

Slaying: The comatose Wood God can be slain with a single blow from a magical, bladed weapon.

If slain or awoken: See ***Gheillough, p37*** for details on the effects this would have on Dolmenwood as a whole.

0607 WIGHT FALLS AND SMERNE'S LOST HOARD

Bluffs and great boulders of granite, many carved with Drune owl symbols.

Terrain: Craggy forest (4), Dwelmfurgh
Lost/encounters: 3-in-6
Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

Wight Falls

The circuitous Skull Creek ends here at Wight Falls, plummeting 100′ over a sheer granite cliff into Lake Longmere.

Top of the falls: Peering over the edge, a cave behind the base of the waterfall can be clearly spied.

Cliff path: A treacherous path along the cliffside allows transit between the base and top of the falls. Encumbered characters have a 1-in-6 chance of slipping.

Base of the falls: A narrow bay of algae-coated boulders, misty spray, and little rock pools.

Cave behind falls: In a deep cave behind the falls stands a heavily calcified statue of a breggle woman holding aloft a horned crown. This is a monument to Hraigl, reputed ancestor of the longhorn noble houses, who died at the base of the falls (see ***History, p14***). It has stood here intact for centuries, as the Drune shun Wight Falls.

Searching the crown: Tucked among the horns is a pouch containing 108gp, marked with the "thorned eye" crest of House Ramius (***p65***), left here as an offering.

Dewidort of Smerne—Ghost

A faint blue, spectral human gentleman with pointed moustaches and a sabre at his side. Dressed in outmoded dapper ruffs and frilly doublet. His ghostly ringlets waft in an imaginary breeze. In life, Dewidort was a notorious highwayman who terrorised travellers along Swinney Road, before being caught and hanged in Prigwort. His ghost now lingers in this hex, where his treasure is hidden, and haunts Swinney Road at night.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Alternates between dashing camaraderie and deranged fury.

Speech: Gentlemanly, archaic. Woldish, Old Woldish.

Desires: To terrorise the living. To keep his treasure hoard (see ***Smerne's Lost Hoard***) secret.

Combat stats: Spectre (*DMB*).

The Hanglehorn

A great hunting horn formed from a polished devil goat (*DMB*) horn, carved with battle scenes and inlaid with sapphires. A stolen heirloom of House Hogwarsh.

Blowing the horn: Once a day, blowing the horn can manifest one of the following spell effects: *Move Terrain*, *Petrification*, *Raise Dead* (the latter has a 2-in-6 chance of shattering the horn, permanently destroying it).

Value: 30,000gp as a magic item. **Baron Hogwarsh** (***p60***) would pay up to 10,000gp for it.

Smerne's Lost Hoard (Hidden)

Deep in a secluded, moss-draped valley stands a 20′ tall granite boulder, split down the middle. The stone—known to the Drune as the Willingstone—exudes an aura of stillness, as if rooted in the primordial past.

Touching the stone: Sends a character into a dreamlike reverie wherein they experience the manifestation of their heart's desire, lasting as long as the stone is touched.

Lingering at the stone: Attracts the ghost of **Dewidort of Smerne**, attempting to nonchalantly or violently deter visitors from the site, protecting his treasure hoard, which lies magically hidden within the Willingstone.

The hoard of Dewidort of Smerne: Hidden inside the stone by the power of the magic ring Smerne possessed in life (see hex 0501) is a plain wooden box containing: a diamond necklace (3,000gp), a ring of ruby and gold (2,000gp), 4 platinum bars (500gp each), and the ***Hanglehorn***.

Speaking the word "Egrydgenn": Uttering the word inscribed on the wolf statue in the ruins of Smerne (hex 0301) causes the hoard to drift out of the stone and fall to the ground. Dewidort immediately attacks.

The Shrine to St Galaunt (Hidden)

The lost shrine to St Galaunt is concealed in reed beds at the shore of Lake Longmere, partially submerged in silt.

Structure: A simple, wood-shingled wayside shrine.

Statue of St Galaunt: A rotting wooden statue depicts the saint holding a holy book in one hand and a fat, smiling frog in the other.

Prayer: If the shrine is extricated from the lake, characters praying may receive the blessing of St Galaunt: the ability to cast *Holy Quest*. See ***Shrines, p22***.

Gnarled trees perch among cliffs and jagged promontories of slate. Ravens roost here in great numbers.

Terrain: Craggy forest (4), Dwelmfurgh

Lost/encounters: 3-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **1d8 adders** (*DMB*) or **1d3 giant pythons** (*DMB*).

Ley line proximity Chell/Ywyr: Arcane spell-casters perceive the distant moaning of the dead and the curious dual sensation of balmy heat and biting cold.

Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d4 portions of *Spirithame* (*DPB*), in addition to the normal results.

Hanging Bones

In the central regions of this hex, the mightiest, most venerable, and most gnarled trees are hung with rattling arrangements of humanoid bones: skulls dangling lop-sided from cords, ribs strung up in star formations, arm and thigh bones bound around trunks. The fastidiously cleaned bones are of human and breggle origin.

The Snake Cave

Near the centre of the hex, a jagged canyon descends to a cave mouth from which wafts a stale, carrion scent. Fang-like stalactites lend it the appearance of a gaping, serpentine mouth. The cave mouth is festooned with thorny creepers and humanoid bones (see ***Hanging Bones***).

Interior: Beyond the mouth lies a 100′ wide, circular cavern, carpeted with faintly luminescent violet lichen and hung with hundreds of slender stalactites. Three cramped passages wind to ***Grwith's lair*** (hot, carrion scent), the ***Tenebrous pool*** (cold, damp), and the ***Hatching chamber*** (faint slithering sound).

Inhabitants: Grwith the Scaled, witch High Priestess of Southern Dolmenwood (***p76***) and the **12 giant pythons** (*DMB*) that serve Grwith, charmed by her staff.

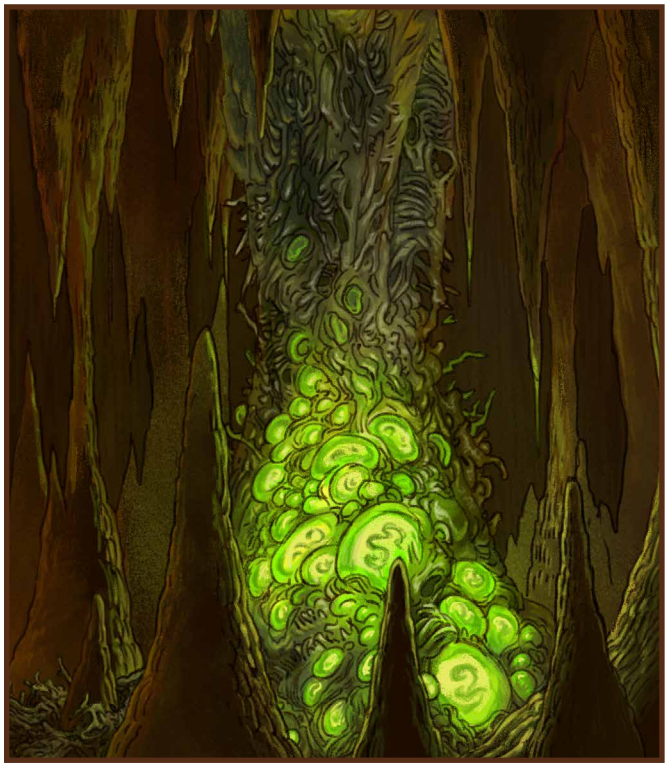
Visitors: Grwith repels intruders with violence and magic, unless they bring a gift of flesh (she favours the meat of humanoids). If suitably propitiated, she shares information about the surrounding region, especially relating to the movements of the Drune.

Grwith's lair: A dry chamber, stiflingly hot, strewn with moulted snake skins and humanoid bones. Scrawled repeatedly on the walls is a curled worm emblem (a sigil of the Gwyrigon Limwdd—***p38***). Buried beneath the snake skins are 5 silver daggers with amber-encrusted hilts (1,000gp each), an octahedral flask of *Prismatic Elixir* (***p414***), a tiny crystal vial of *Dimensional Solvent, Silver* (***p402***), and necklace of onyx chunks (1,500gp).

The tenebrous pool: A subterranean pool that snuffs out all light (both magical and mundane) brought within 15′ of it. Bathing in the cold, black waters, a humanoid gains +1 Constitution. Repeated bathing causes a person to slowly take on serpentine qualities (e.g. scaly skin, the ability to unhinge the jaw, a forked tongue, a ravenously carnivorous appetite, etc.).

Hatching chamber: A pillar of slimy grey gristle covered with hundreds of fist-sized eggs. Within the translucent shell of each egg can be seen the pale, squirming form of a baby snake.

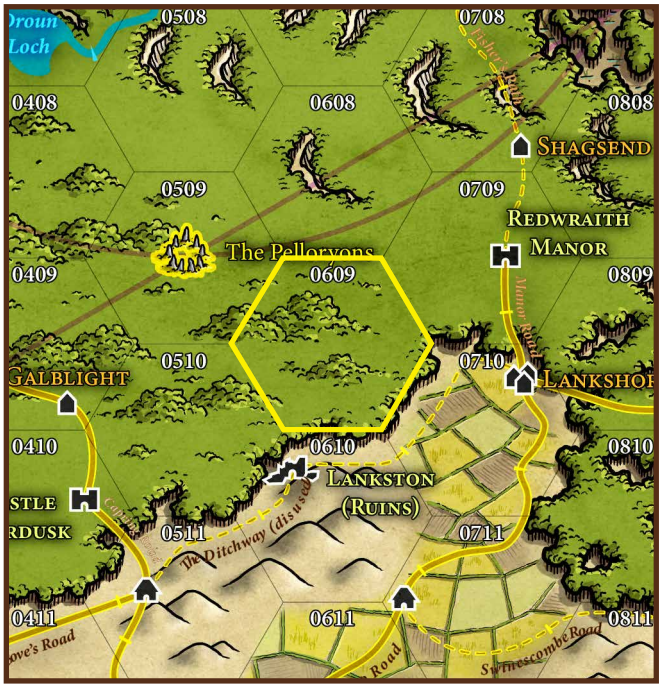
The ritual of serpentine doom: The eggs in the hatching chamber are the fruit of years of Grwith's secret arcane research. Once hatched and fed on human blood, each snake magically seeks out and attempts to murder a specific member of the Drune cult. She requires the complete skeletons of two dozen Drunes to complete the hatching ritual.



0609 THE TROTHSTONE AND THE OWL CAVE

Steep, bracken-clad mounds with boggy pools and sluggish rivulets at their feet.

Terrain: Hilly forest (3), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6
Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d6 portions of *Wolfsbane* (*DPB*), in addition to the normal results.



The Trothstone

An old path leads north-west into the forest from the western road out of Lankshorn (hex 0710). Those who follow the path about a mile into the tangled wood come upon a pine glade.

Plinth and monoliths: The glade is dominated by a dark stone plinth and a pair of guardian monoliths of ancient construction.

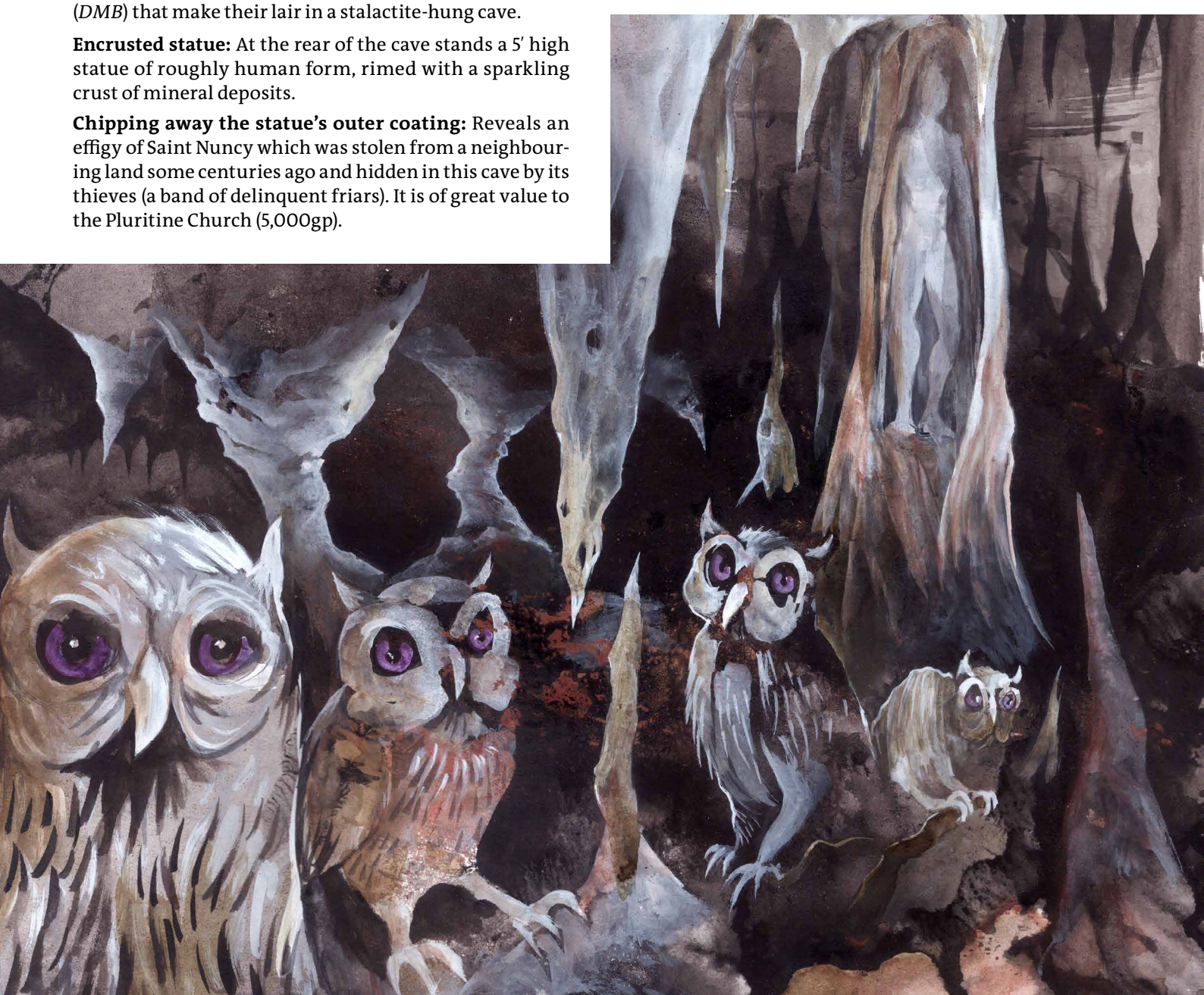
The Trothstone: The plinth is known to locals as the Trothstone, and it is traditionally here that weddings of longhorn nobles take place.

Owl Cave

Those who venture beyond the Trothstone into the deep wood come within the territory of a group of **4 witch owls** (*DMB*) that make their lair in a stalactite-hung cave.

Encrusted statue: At the rear of the cave stands a 5′ high statue of roughly human form, rimed with a sparkling crust of mineral deposits.

Chipping away the statue's outer coating: Reveals an effigy of Saint Nuncy which was stolen from a neighbouring land some centuries ago and hidden in this cave by its thieves (a band of delinquent friars). It is of great value to the Pluritine Church (5,000gp).



LANKSTON POOL 0610

Gently rolling hills populated mostly by sheep and dotted with shepherds' bothies.

Terrain: Hills (2), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6

Marshland and Murky Pool

Under the eaves of the wood lies a region of marshland centred around a large, murky pool.

Moss-covered sign: A dilapidated, moss-covered sign bearing the inscription "Lankston" stands close to the south edge of the pool.

Submerged town: This is the former site of the town of Lankston, now wholly submerged in the sludge of the pool.

Spire: The only hint of the lost town, apart from the signpost, is a slime-covered stone spire rising out of the murk at the centre of the pool—the steeple of the sunken church.

Haunted: Lankston Pool is shunned by local folk, being regarded as haunted—and, in this respect, the locals are very much correct.

Floating bodies: The former inhabitants of the town exist in a deathless state, lying in a dreamless sleep amongst the reeds and slime of the pool.

At Night

Strange fires: Flicker over the waters.

Bog corpses: Under the pale glow of the fires, the bodies in the pool rise as **bog corpses** (2d6 on any given night, *DMB*) and emerge, shambling through the woods in search of the living. Victims are dragged into the pool, increasing the "population" of the submerged town.

The Submerged Town

A rotting, slime-filled cluster of wooden dwellings lies at the bed of the pool, 20′ below the surface.

Aquatic exploration: Adventurers with a penchant for aquatic exploration may be able to extract small trinkets from the sunken town, although most of the objects possessed of old by the inhabitants of Lankston are now reduced to sludge.

Sunken church: The eerily throbbing left hand of Saint Howarth the Accursed (***p68***) lies, perfectly preserved, in the reliquary of the sunken church. The miserable fate of this town was brought about by the presence of this relic; the original owner's fall from grace caused an immediate reversal in the miracles associated with him.

Removing the hand from the pool: The curse on Lankston is lifted, allowing the undead inhabitants to finally rest in death.

The Hand of St Howarth

An eerily throbbing, mummified left hand, preserved in a striking semblance of life. Scars on the palm depict a Chapes holy symbol, bleeding as if freshly incised. One who takes the hand from its resting place in the sunken church is affected as follows:

Cursed: Jealously possessive of the hand, cannot discard it, and attempts to hide it from others.

Chaos speech: Can speak with all Chaotic creatures.

Insidious lies: Once a day, can convince a single person of the absolute veracity of a statement made. Such lies cannot be detected by magic.

Grafting: The owner may cut off their own hand and attach the relic. Doing so causes a permanent loss of 1d4 Hit Points and bestows the ability to make a paralysing touch attack thrice a day (**Save Versus Hold** or be paralysed for 6 Turns: aware but unable to move or act).

Value: The hand is worth 20,000gp as a magic item.

0611 THE MAGPIE GANG

Deeply rutted country lanes shaded by looming hedgerows 10′ tall.

Terrain: Farmland (2), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6

Magpie's Oak

In the northernmost part of the hex, where the farmlands give way to low hills, an ancient, gnarled oak wallows in a thicket of silver-leafed ivy. Silver trinkets such as bracelets, necklaces, and talismans hang from the oak's crooked branches as flocks of magpies watch from their perches. A sturdy reinforced wooden door is set into the base of the trunk.

Climbing the oak: The magpies eye climbers warily. Anyone attempting to remove the trinkets is attacked by **1d6+4 angry magpies** (as hawks—*DMB*). There are 20 trinkets altogether, worth 1d10gp each.

Listening at the door: The gruff chuntering of an older man stirring a pot, occasionally erupting in coughing fits.

Inside the Oak: The natural ceiling reaches 18′ high while the circular room spans 20′ in diameter, with various holes leading outside. **King Magpie** tends to a pot of thick green soup. A rug barely covers a trapdoor leading to ***Magpie's Cellar***. Shelves along the walls are packed with shiny objects: pots, pans, tins, and spoons.

Visitors: Are welcomed for a bowl of pea soup and probed for tidbits of knowledge about Fairy and possible sources of fairy silver. If attacked, King Magpie cries for help, summoning magpies (see combat stats) and his henchmen from the cellar to his aid.

Magpie's Cellar

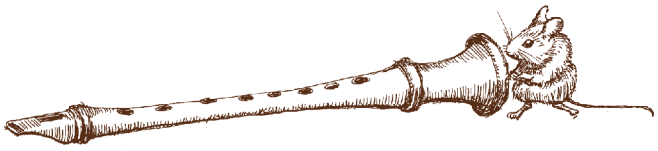
Wooden stairs lead down into a gloomy earthen lair, 30′ in width and 40′ long. The walls are compacted soil and embedded with snaking tree roots. A long oak table with five chairs around it sits in the centre with notes, maps, candles, and leather pouches spread across its surface. A cage hangs from the ceiling.

Magpie thieves: Poring over a map at the table and conversing in hushed tones are **4 henchmen** (Level 3 fighters—*DMB*). Like their master upstairs, they dress in black and white feather cloaks with beaked hoods.

Reading the paperwork: Maps and notes pointing to an upcoming raid on road merchants around High-Hankle. A particularly prosperous silversmith is due to travel from the town in 1d4 days time.

Inspecting the cage: Reveals the imprisoned **pink sprite** (*DMB*) **Feathertoe**, bruised with her wings clipped, as well as a tiny burning forge and a minute anvil. She is being forced to forge fairy silver, but has so far refused.

Treasure: The pouches contain 100pp, 120gp, 580sp, and eight red garnets (100gp each).



King Magpie

A hunched old human man decked in a heavy, beak-hooded cloak of black and white feathers. Tangled in his grey beard are nails, forks, and a whistle, causing him to jangle as he moves. His eyes are glassy and his mouth a graveyard of silver teeth.

Demeanour (Neutral): Wild eyes focus on the shiniest objects a PC holds. Moves erratically and occasionally flaps the wings of his feathered cloak.

Speech: Croaky and shrill. Woldish.

Desires: Lusts after fairy silver.

MEDIUM MORTAL—SENTIENT—NEUTRAL

Level 4 **AC** 14 **HP** 18 **Saves** D10 R11 H12 B13 S14
Att Shortsword (+3, 1d6) **Speed** 20 **Morale** 8 **XP** 130

Summon magpies: By vocalising a raspy chattering, the man can summon **1d6 magpies** (treat as hawks—*DMB*), appearing in 1d4 Rounds. Due to their odd dress and the shiny rewards they dole out, the King and his gang are regarded by the birds as a fellow flock.

Feathertoe (Pink Sprite)

Mahogany skin and a pink tuft of hair like a wave crashing on the shore. Dishevelled and dirty clothing, torn from scrapping with her captors. Two ineffective half-wings flutter inconsequentially.

Demeanour (Neutral): Desperately trying to squeeze through the cage bars. Her head darts around at any new sound, almost bird-like.

Speech: Emulates the sound of a bear's roar in an attempt to scare off her captors. Otherwise her voice is light and airy. Woldish, Sylvan.

Desires: Immediate release. Bloody revenge against her captors.

THE STARING STONES 0612

Rugged, tussocky grasses and prodigious thistle patches. Rabbits roam in great numbers.

Terrain: Meadow (2), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6
Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d3 portions of *Moonhaw* (*DPB*), in addition to the normal results. The berries only have their magical effect if harvested at night, under the light of the moon.

Stony Faces

The sloping expanses of wild grassland in this hex are dotted with hundreds of boulders, ranging from 10′ to 50′ tall.

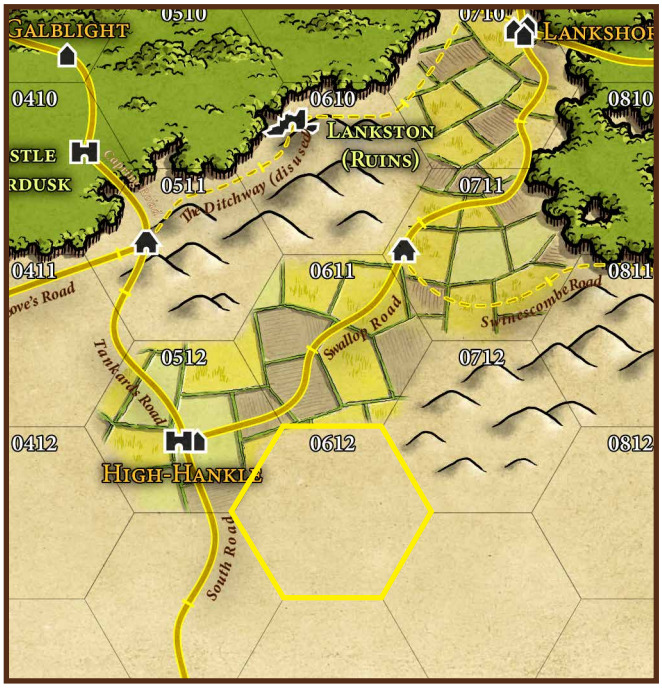
Approaching: Viewed up close, many of the boulders bear a vague resemblance to humanoid faces, some staring at travellers, proudly upright, others toppled and reclining in the grass, their eyes gazing at the heavens.

Examining: The boulders appear to be natural formations, showing no signs of having been carved or worked.

The Staring Stones (Hidden)

Concealed in an overgrown dell in the gentle slope of the meadows is a ring of six oblong stones, standing 8′ high, each formed into the visage of a specific animal: a spider, a bird, a cat, a dog, a goat, a cow.

Staring: Standing before one of the animal statues and gazing into its eyes, a character must **Save Versus Hold** or be transformed into an animal of that type, along with all clothing and equipment, until the following dawn. (A character who knows the effects of the stones may willingly fail the Saving Throw.)



Transformed characters: Retain their own wits, but cannot speak or use any Class skills or magical capabilities. To all intents and purposes they are normal animals.

After-effects: Upon returning to their normal form, there is a 2-in-6 chance of a transformed character taking on some behavioural trait of the animal for the following week. For example, a propensity for eating flies, a desire to build nests, or a mewling tone of voice.

0701 THE RUINED WATCHTOWER

Coarse, clawed grasses grasp and tear at travellers' clothes. Carrion birds cry out, as if warning off trespassers.

Terrain: Hills (2), Table Downs
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6

The Ruined Watchtower

A stone tower looms on a high hill, like a sentinel surveying the surrounding downs. Windows on the ground and middle floors gape, empty. Its upper floor has no aperture. A doorway at ground level leers open, as if daring mortal souls to disturb the tower's silent vigil.

Approaching: Shadows seem to flit past the gaping windows, as if someone or something within watches those ascending the hill.

At night: Ultraviolet blue fire flickers over the tower's surface, streaming into the heavens.

Inside the Tower

Ground floor: Barren flagstones, scattered with windblown debris. No plant has dared to intrude. A ragged tapestry depicts a grim lord and lady, seated on thrones composed entirely of wolf skulls, their twelve adult children standing solemnly on either side. A stairway winds upwards. A stone door concealed behind the tapestry leads down to the ***Crypt***.

Middle floor: Walls hung with scarlet banners with a wolf skull emblem. A mighty banquet table and high-backed chairs of dark wood. Upon the table, a great feast is laid out. Candelabras burn with an eerie, reddish light. Across the room, a stairway leads upward. If any living creature enters, the spirits of the tower awaken—see ***Spirits Awakened***.

Upper floor: Windowless. On a pedestal stands the ***Malachite Mirror***. At its base lies a woman's skeleton, dressed in decayed rags (the witch who hid the mirror here—see ***The Mirrors of Embala, p75***).

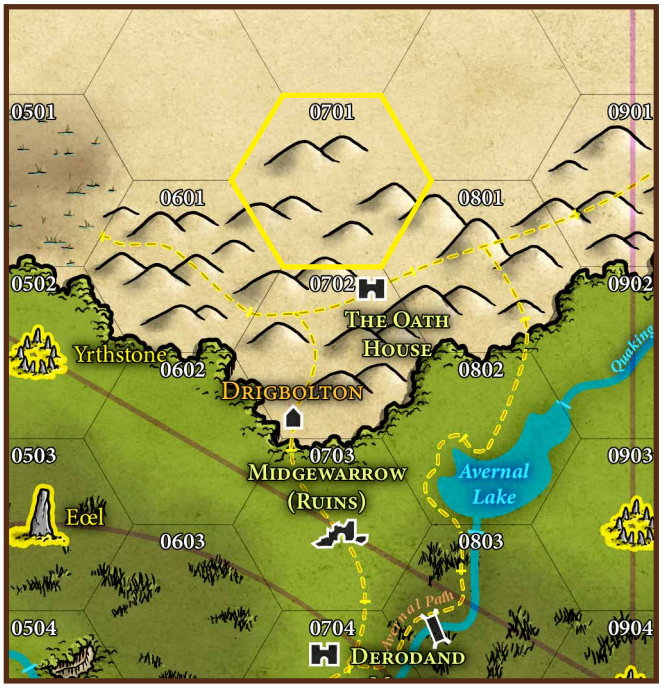
Crypt: The skeletons of the lord and lady and their twelve children are interred in granite coffers, carved with leaping wolves rending humans limb from limb. In the two largest coffers, the lord and lady lie with their treasures: 2 platinum and jet crowns (2,000gp each), a moonstone-encrusted gold rod (2,500gp), and an ebony *Staff of Striking* (***p416***). Disturbing the tombs awakens the spirits of the tower—see ***Spirits Awakened***.

Spirits Awakened

Stepping into the tower's middle floor or disturbing the crypt triggers the following effects:

Middle floor: The banquet rots away to maggot-crawling sludge and **2 spectres** (*DMB*)—the spirits of the lord and lady—manifest at the head of the table, each crowned with a circlet of red flame. Hissing "death, doom, oblivion" in Old Woldish, they arise to repel intruders.

Ground floor: The shades of the children emerge from the tapestry, leaving gaping black holes in their stead. Treat the shades as **12 shadows** (*DMB*), which can be turned as undead. They linger in the ground floor, awaiting the commands of the spectres.



The Malachite Mirror

A mirror of scintillating malachite, deep green. This is one of the long-lost *Mirrors of Embala* (see ***p75***).

Touching the mirror: The first time the mirror is touched, a terrible vision of a woman's head, crowned with barbs of iron, flickers briefly across its surface. Her face is flayed, bloody, and contorted with rage, her ice-blue eyes staring into the soul of any who return her gaze. This is a glimpse of the Flayed Queen, an undead being in the northern Table Downs whose influence, slowly spreading southwards into Dolmenwood, awakened the spirits of this tower.

Powers: Reveals events that occurred in the past in the current location. A spell-caster can concentrate to sift through past events, revealing anything from mere moments ago to centuries past.

Dreams: After using the mirror, a character's sleep for 7 nights is wracked with feverish dreams of diving into the unfathomable darkness of the Groaning Loch, drowning in the embrace of a great serpent.

DRIGBOLTON AND THE OATH HOUSE 0702

Patches of sodden heathland cling between hills crowned with flaming heather.

Terrain: Hills (2), Table Downs

Lost/encounters: 1-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **2d4 cannibals** (see hex 0801), attempting to capture travellers and drag them back to their lair.

The Hamlet of Drigbolton

Clinging onto existence in the borderlands just beyond the Duchy of Brackenwold's northern border, Drigbolton consists of a cluster of rude cottages and barns and an old wooden church. It is home to a few dozen goatherds.

Ancient crossroads: Drigbolton sits a few miles south of the junction of two forgotten roads: the ancient trade road that crosses the Downs and an abandoned road that once led to Fort Vulgar (hex 0604).

The King Deer (inn): A cramped place with three round tables and stools for fifteen. The horns of prize goats are displayed on wooden plaques behind the bar. The inn is run by a tall, elegant, middle-aged woman named **Frey**, a thickset, red-haired man named **Limber**, and Frey's two adult sons from her former marriage—**Wiggyl** and **Brag**.

Church of St Gretchen: A dour, cone-roofed, windowless structure of rough-hewn cedar boards. A red carnelian idol depicts the saint carrying a bucket, with a goat at her side. Characters praying may receive the blessing of St Gretchen: the ability to cast *Purify Food and Drink*. See ***Shrines, p22***.

Repast rooms: Remnants of ancient ancestor-worship survive in Drigbolton. Each dwelling (including the inn) possesses a locked chamber called a *repast room*, wherein the mummified corpses of a family's ancestors are propped up at a table in a gesture of prayer and have food and drink placed in their mouths at dusk each day. The villagers consider it taboo to discuss these rooms.

Laird Alhoyle Spinnewith IV—Sage

A pale, delicate human man in his fifties, with a sensitive gaze, clear grey eyes, enormous grey sideburns, and dazzlingly perfect teeth (revealed when he smiles—seldom). He dresses in quality but well-worn silks and linens, typically sporting a smoking jacket to accompany the pipe on which he constantly puffs. The laird is unmarried and set to be the last of his line—he has devoted his life to esoteric study and has little time for romance.

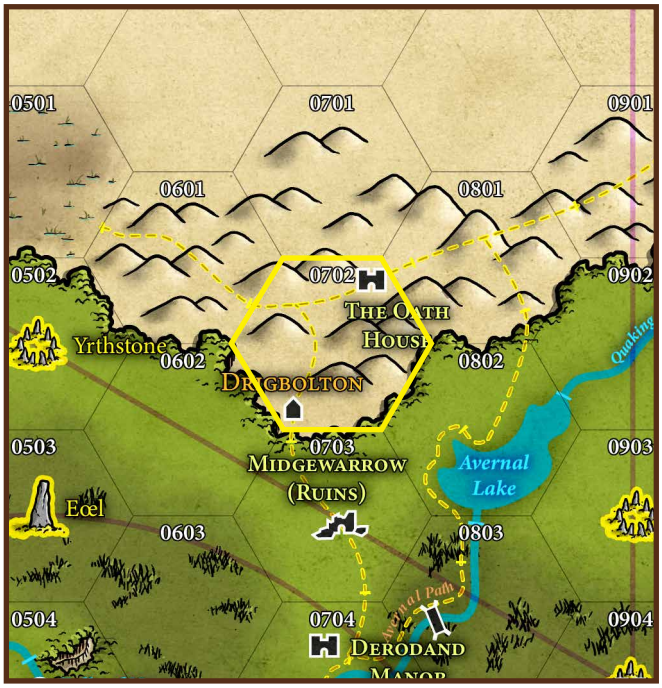
Demeanour (Neutral): Vacillates between regally standoffish and enthusiastically familiar.

Speech: Excessively upper-class. Woldish, Old Woldish.

Desires: The secrets of the stars. Books of occult lore.

Knowledge: Specialises in astronomy, astrology, and ley lines. Apply the standard rules for hiring a sage (*DPB*).

Possessions: A rare copy of the notorious *Black Book of Llareggub* (worth 2,500gp), describing, among other demonic summonings, dangerous rituals for communion with the daemons that inhabit stars.



Services at the King Deer

Lodgings and food: Of poor quality (*DPB*).

Crabber: Bitter crab apple scrumpy, 8cp a mug.

The Oath House

Nestled in a valley in the chalk downs in the north of the hex stands a small manor known locally as the Oath House.

Appearance: The manor is some centuries old but is well maintained, with rows of tidily clipped hedges and neat garden borders surrounding it. Architecturally, the manor is noteworthy for its single central tower, directly above the main entrance.

Entrance: Cracked granite steps lead up to a tiled porch containing solid, black-lacquered double doors with a brass door knob and a knocker in the form of a mermaid.

Interior: Cheerlessly clean, sparsely furnished halls, with cosy and much-used libraries, studies, and smoking rooms.

Central tower: A tall, stone room plastered with maps and charts of the cosmos, dominated by an elaborate, brass star-viewing apparatus.

Inhabitants: Laird Alhoyle Spinnewith IV—the local lord and a sage of small renown—and **Godfried Whelm**, manservant, cook, butler, and groundsman. Traditionally, Drigbolton's headman pays fealty to the laird, though the latter takes no direct role in the governing of the hamlet.

Visitors: May be welcomed out of curiosity, if they seem well-mannered and erudite.

0703 THE RUINS OF MIDGEWARROW

Trunks swollen and blistered, weeping orange sap. A drear quietude pervades.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Nagwood

Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **2d4 cannibals** (see hex 0801), attempting to capture travellers and drag them back to their lair.

Ley line Hoad (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the feeling of having just awoken from a dream.

Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d2 *Shub Eggs* (***p430***), in addition to the normal results.

The Old Road

A track that was once a road, now overgrown with bracken and slender birches.

Warning signs: Half a mile from the centre of the hex (in both directions) a series of boulders beside the trail are painted with crosses and skulls, now faded with age. These markings forewarn travellers of the vicinity of the plague town.

Midgewarrow

At the centre of the hex stand the remnants of the ghost town Midgewarrow, abandoned for two centuries after the plague struck and the place was shunned.

Ruins: The ruined town is now reclaimed by the forest: stone walls crumbling and clad with vines, moss, and rotting fungi. In this state, it is difficult to discern the purposes of any of the buildings.

The white tower: One structure, however, stands in its original form, unmarred by neglect and the passing of the centuries: a white tower in the centre of the ruined town. See ***The White Tower*** for more detail.

Searching the ruins: Characters may discover an arched tunnel, lined with candle sconces (now covered in moss), leading down to a pair of still-locked wooden doors. Behind lies the ***Chapel of St Eggort***.

The Chapel of St Eggort

A vaulted crypt with hundreds of candle sconces carved from the stone of its walls.

Statue of St Eggort: A life-size rendering of the saint in simple grey sandstone. Eggort is depicted in a hooded robe, head bowed, holding a candle aloft.

Prayer: Characters praying may receive the blessing of St Eggort: the ability to cast *Holy Light*. See ***Shrines, p22***.

The White Tower

A square tower of pristine white marble with a silver pennant fluttering at its summit.

Approaching: The tower emits a loud boom if anyone draws near.

Door: The black oak door is sealed with a *Glyph of Locking* (by a Level 7 caster).

Windows: Made of an enchanted glass, unbreakable by mundane means.

Interior floors: A procession of four storeys of utterly empty (but perfectly clean) chambers lead, via a winding stair, to a magically locked door (sealed with a *Glyph of Locking* by a Level 7 caster). The door prevents entry to the upper floor, which consists of a single room—a bedchamber in which a woman rests in enchanted sleep. (See ***The Bedchamber***.)

History: Those versed in the history of Dolmenwood (e.g. the **Lady Harrowmoor**, ***p60***) may be familiar with the tower and its former inhabitants (see ***Origins***).

The Bedchamber

A beautifully furnished bedchamber at the summit of the tower. Not a speck of dust can be found on any of the carpets, tapestries, or furniture; it is as if the room had been meticulously cleaned only an hour ago.

Sleeping beauty: Sleeping in the bed is a young woman with long, black hair laid neatly in plaits upon her pillow. If she is examined, purple pustules may be noted on her skin.

Enchantment: An enchantment of temporal stasis is about her (and the whole tower). It may be broken by use of *Dispel Magic* (against a Level 7 caster) or with a kiss.

If the enchantment is broken: The woman—named Merwyth—awakens. This also awakens the plague which destroyed the town. Unless cured, Merwyth perishes within a month, and PCs who fail a **Save Versus Doom** also contract the disease. The Referee may elaborate the details of the plague as required.

Origins: Merwyth is the daughter of the magician Hodrych who lived in this tower long ago. Fleeing the plague, he placed his daughter under a protective spell, hoping to return with a cure for the illness. As fate would have it, he perished in Dolmenwood and never returned.

DERODAND MANOR 0704

The stench of rotting sludge fills the air, wafting from stagnant pools around Quogg's Creek.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Dwelmfurgh / Nagwood
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6
Ley Line Chell (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the curious dual sensation of balmy heat and biting cold.
Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

Secluded Manor

In the north-east of this hex, near the junction of paths connecting Fort Vulgar to regions to the north, a track turns off and heads into a wood of twisted hazel, deep with ferns. 300 yards along this path is a mossy wall of round stones and a wrought-iron gate with patterns of curling ivy. Beyond is a small mansion house, overgrown with climbing roses: Derodand Manor.

Interior: Wood-panelled hallways lined with stilted portraits and overflowing bookshelves. Studies and chambers furnished with embroidered upholstery, as was the fashion a hundred years past. All areas are illuminated—in an archaic fashion—with candles.

Inhabitants: This is the home of the **Lady Emelda Haeroth** (***p76***), her three maidservants, her **4 Lankston mastiffs** (*DPB*), and other manor staff. Lady Haeroth is many things: a noble of the Harrowmoor family; great-aunt to **Lady Theatrice Harrowmoor** (***p60***); and (in secret) one of the High Priestesses of the witches of Dolmenwood.

A magical household: The Lady's servants are aware of her occult practices, though not of her role as High Priestess of the witches. All are fanatically loyal and would never knowingly betray her. Her three maidservants have some small training in the magical arts—each is able to cast *Ingratiate* once per week.

Visitors: The Lady is reclusive and enigmatic, and does not welcome visitors. She releases her **4 Lankston mastiffs** (*DPB*) on any intruders.

Attic room: In a secret attic room, an item of great power is kept upon a circular table: a tea set known as the ***Service of Calthrounhe***. The Lady's familiar, a witch owl (*DMB*) named **Hallohoo**, watches over the tea set and the room.

The Service of Calthrounhe

A glass and bone china tea set, painted with owls and dainty forget-me-nots. Worth 10,000gp. The tea set was procured for Haeroth by the scrabey Horticule (hex 0705), whose memory the witch subsequently stole.

Powers: Serving tea from the set at night by candlelight summons spirits of the dead to sit at the table and converse.

Perils: Using the tea set is perilous: one who pours tea with the dead must **Save Versus Doom** or have their maximum Hit Points permanently reduced by 1d3. Spell-casters of Level 4 or above are immune.

Rose Gardens

Verdant rose gardens dotted with statues and follies ramble languidly behind the manor.

Temple of the Green Man: An artfully overgrown circular temple of stone pillars, a fashionable folly over whose entrance is carved the benevolently smiling, leaf-ringed visage of Cwrnus, the Green Man (***p36***). On auspicious occasions, members of Lady Haeroth's local coven gather here to perform rites praising the Gwyrigons (***p74***).

Statue of the Forroth: Amid a glade of silver birches, an odd statue of white marble stands atop a plinth-like slab of uncarved granite. The statue depicts an entity of roughly spherical mass, sprawling with tentacles. At its base, an inscription in Liturgic reads "In memory of Eldrin Harrowmoor. May he rest in peace." The statue depicts the Forroth (see hex 1105) and commemorates Lady Haeroth's brother, Eldrin, who was driven mad by contact with the entity.

0705 THE SCRABEY WHO FORGOT HER NAME

A rolling wood of hillocks and small streams. Trees are skewed, their roots grasping at the air.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Dwelmfurgh

Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Nighttime encounters on the road are 2-in-6 likely to be with the ghost of **Dewidort of Smerne** (see hex 0607).

Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

Buzzing Tree

Travellers on the Fort Road may be distracted from the sweeping views of Lake Longmere by a persistent, insectoid buzzing sound. If investigated, its source proves to be a great oak, twisted and gnarly in its old age.

Bees and wasps: A profusion of these insects buzz around the tree, their nests high in the branches.

Holes among roots: Many small holes and tunnels (1′ wide) are visible among the roots. Several of the tunnels lead into a sandy, underground burrow (see ***The Scrabey's Lair***).

Listening at the tunnels: A single voice can be heard muttering to itself in a subterranean space. PCs who speak Sylvan may understand snatches of perplexed speech such as "Now where did I put that confounded...," "It must be time for supper, or is it breakfast?"

The Scrabey's Lair

A **scrabey** (*DMB*) merchant makes her home in a warm, sandy burrow beneath the tree, consisting of a cramped living chamber and a dozen store rooms. There is a 3-in-6 chance that she is present when PCs visit; otherwise a 2-in-6 chance per Turn that she returns home.

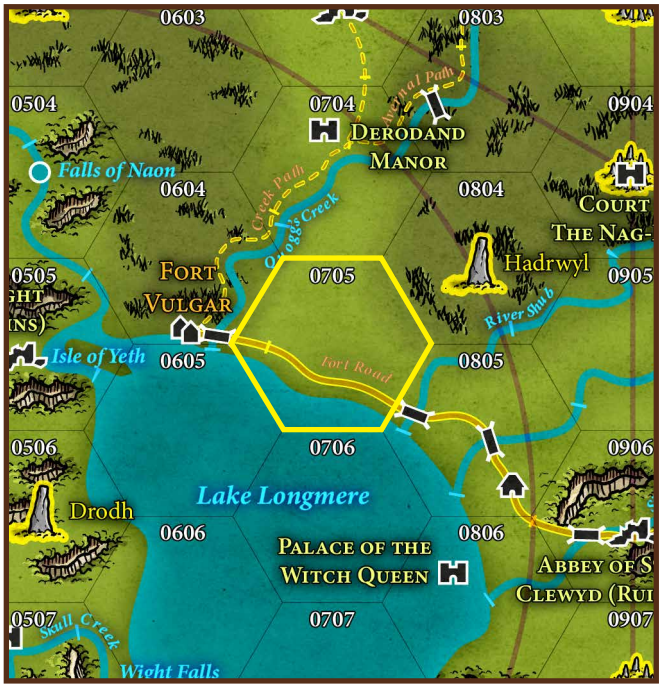
Access: The scrabey, in her worm form, can come and go via the small tunnels under the tree roots. Larger passages lead from the lair into the tunnels of the subterranean realm of the scrabies.

Living chamber: Unremarkable, sparse, and compact. Contains a bedroll, a small iron stove, and a chamber pot.

Store rooms: Crammed with neglected, dusty barrels and crates containing the scrabey's treasure and goods: 152gp, 233cp, 2,500′ of good rope, 50 flasks of oil, 200lbs of coal, a barrel of *Old Doby* (*DPB*, 20gp, 500 smokes), a keg of *Buckston Fizz* (*DPB*, 100gp, 100 glasses), 5 doses each of *Gillywort* (*DPB*), *Marshwick* (*DPB*), and *Smottlebread* (*DPB*).

Desk and ledgers: In one store room, a desk built from an eclectic assembly of broken furniture pieces sits partially hidden behind a teetering wall of empty crates. Beneath it lie four bulging ledgers, each secured by leather straps and partially gnawed upon by vermin. For every Turn the reader spends with them, they have a 2-in-6 chance of discerning the scrabey's name: **Horticule**.

Cocoon and prisoner: On the floor in the corner of another storeroom lies a 5′-long silk cocoon. Within it, a young human woman named **Amande Heape** lies in an enchanted sleep. (See ***The Kidnapping Plot***.) If fully unwrapped from the cocoon, she awakens after 1d6 Turns.



The Scrabey Who Forgot Her Name

A tiny (3′ tall) scrabey with ears so long their tips droop below her jowls. Dresses in oversized, damp woollens and an oiled leather overcoat. Once a thriving merchant, she is now under the effects of a curse of amnesia placed by the witch **Lady Haeroth** (***p76***) in order to keep the origins of her magical tea set secret. (The scrabey procured it for her.)

Demeanour (Neutral): Desperately trying to conceal her disorientation. By turns aggressive and obsequious.

Speech: Veers from confused rambling to shrewd mercantile banter. Woldish, Sylvan.

Desires: Should she regain her memory, the scrabey resumes her extortion plot.

Curse effects: No memory of anything beyond the last hour, including all details about her past and even her own name (Horticule). If her name is returned to her, the curse breaks and her other memories, including that of the kidnapped woman, also return.

Possessions: A bent butter knife—a *Knife of Separation* (***p420***). The scrabey has forgotten its command word, but vaguely recalls its importance.

The Kidnapping Plot

The young woman in the cocoon (see ***Cocoon and prisoner***) is the wife of a human merchant named **Alfolonious Heape**. The scrabey kidnapped her after Heape attempted to swindle her in a business transaction. The scrabey had planned to extort a ransom from the unscrupulous merchant, but these plans were scuppered when she lost her memory (see ***Curse effects***).

Cold, clear waters, 200′ deep, abounding with drifting islets of tangled pondweed.

Terrain: Aquatic, Dwelmfurgh
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6
Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

Phantom Isle

Shimmering mirage-like above the waters of Lake Longmere, 2 miles from the shore, can be seen the apparition of a small, low island clad with dark, mournful cypresses surrounding a pillared mausoleum.

At midnight: The isle becomes real for 1 hour and may be landed upon.

Drunes: Each night, there is a 1-in-6 chance of **1d4 Drune cottagers** (*DMB*) rowing to the isle. They wear *Lenses of Reflection* (***p404***) to counteract the gaze of the basilisk that guards ***The Mausoleum***, and bring sacks of fresh meat to feed it.

At other times: The isle wavers and vanishes if a living soul approaches within 100 yards.

The Mausoleum

In the centre of the isle is a crumbling mausoleum fronted with grey marble pillars clad with ivy and carved with stark likenesses of elfish knights.

Entrance: Great double doors of black wood, in the shadow of the pillars. A *Glyph of Locking* (Level 5 caster) and brass lock in the form of a skull seal the doors. The key is kept in the Drune Lodge (0507).

Interior: Stairs lead down to a 120′ long, pillared hall, lined with burial niches. In each niche is a human skeleton wrapped in black silk. At the far end of the hall stands a powerful Drune artefact: the ***Mirror of Canticorl***.

Inhabitants: A **basilisk** (*DMB*) is chained in the middle of the hall, in the pitch darkness, hungry for flesh. It is trained to ignore living creatures if presented with fresh meat.

History: Originally a tomb for elf knights who died honourably serving the Cold Prince, the structure has been commandeered by the Drune as a vault to secure the Mirror. It still holds honourable dead: in this case, past Drune minders of the vault, interred here with their charge after death.

The Mirror of Canticorl

A 4′ high oval mirror of glimmering black crystal, set in a frame of filigreed fairy silver, depicting antlered skulls. The mirror is an ancient Drune artefact, a window into a dimensional prison in which a powerful astral entity known as Canticorl is trapped.

Approaching within 5′: Summons Canticorl, manifesting in the mirror's surface as a plaintive face of purple and blue mist.

Communicating: Canticorl can see and hear anyone who presses their face up to the mirror. The entity speaks in a dread whisper seemingly emanating from somewhere behind the mirror, demanding "what knowledge do you seek from the void?"

Powers: Canticorl can dredge knowledge from unspeakable dimensions. Each week, it may give a truthful yes/no answer to a single question. Subsequent questions within a week receive no answer and the questioner must **Save Versus Hold** or be turned to stone.

Smashing the mirror: The mirror can only be harmed by magic, and takes 75 HP of damage before shattering. If the mirror is successfully damaged, Canticorl manifests, howling in rage, admonishment, and terror, warning of the danger and folly of harming it. Destroying the mirror instantly destroys Canticorl and the dimensional prison in a cataclysm of fire and brimstone, permanently vaporising the island and killing all creatures in a 3-mile radius.

Taking the mirror: Successfully spiriting the mirror from the island enrages the Drune, who use all their resources—including their network of spies throughout Dolmenwood—to track down and recover it, and mete out agonising punishment to its thieves.

Value: The mirror is worth 30,000gp as a magic item.

0707 CATCHER'S BAY

Cloudy shallows, 50′ deep, choked with rotting branches and teeming with fish.

Terrain: Aquatic / tangled forest, Dwelmfurgh
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Aquatic or lakeshore encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **Big Chook** (***p253***).
Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

Catcher's Bay

The shore of Lake Longmere forms a wide, sandy beach called Catcher's Bay, frequented by the special breed of angler who dares ply their trade under the enchanted eaves of Dolmenwood.

Fisherfolk: Visitors to the bay include shorthorns from neighbouring Shagsend (hex 0708), and other folk from further afield, all willing to brave the boggin hazard (see below) for the chance to net rare squids and other catches.

Maids o' the lake: The waters here are famed as the singular location in which the squids known as maids-o'-the-lake (see ***p116***) lurk and may be caught.

Boggins: Characters exploring the shores of this hex have a 2-in-6 chance of attracting the attention of **1d6 boggins** (*DMB*). The area is feared as a favoured prowling spot of these water monsters.

Rumours: Conversing with the bored, loquacious fisherfolk, adventurers may hear about (roll 1d3): 1. The danger from the boggins. 2. The presence of the maids-o'-the-lake. 3. The allure of "good times" (said with a wink) with one Agnel ("definitely not a maid-o'-the-lake"), who lives in a cottage a little way east around the lake, beside the Hameth (hex 0807).

Submerged Manse of the Boggins

Some 300 yards into the lake, a submerged manse of domes and twisted spires is visible beneath the lake surface.

Interior: Cramped, weed-choked chambers alternating with expansive galleries. In the cellars is a locked room containing the manse's treasures (see ***Boggins' Hoard***), as well as a tunnel that winds below the lakebed into a claustrophobic series of rough-hewn, sludgy, aquatic caverns. These caves, illuminated by slow-moving bioluminescent fish, are a large ore mine.

Inhabitants: 20 boggins and **20 human captives**. The captives' despondent faces are smeared with the foetid, greenish boggin vomit that allows them to breath underwater. Most of them work in the mine.

Visitors: The boggins fiercely deter visitors, though insistent and respectful conversation can convince them to offer barter to adventurers.

Trading with the boggins: The boggins are always eager to obtain new mining implements to replace those lost or damaged. In return, they offer like-valued amounts of metals, as well as succulent live eels which they vehemently insist taste better than maids-o'-the-lake. This is because, the boggins claim, the eels are birthed in an

unceasing stream from a nameless magical "giant" who lies slumbering in deep mud somewhere in the lake to the north-west. (The "giant" is **Gheillough** (***p37***), sleeping in hex 0606, though the boggins do not know this.)

History: The manse was once the home of a great sorcerer, known in legends as Hysanth the Amphibious, who accidentally created the boggins in a magical mishap (*DMB*). The magician is long dead, but the hateful boggins have multiplied and spread throughout Dolmenwood.

Boggins' hoard: A great store of rare ores of zinc and marsh-copper (worth 5,000 gp—valued by alchemists and arcane spell-casters), a *Crystal Ball* (***p404***), a pearl *Amulet of Breath* (***p398***), and a damaged metal-and-glass contraption that appears to be a derelict subaquatic single passenger vehicle (an arcane spell-caster may offer up to 2,500gp for it).

THE HAMLET OF SHAGSEND 0708

Verdant paths and glades wind among sheer slate cliffs topped with trailing brambles.

Terrain: Craggy forest (4), High Wold / Dwelmfurgh

Lost/encounters: 3-in-6. Nighttime encounters are 3-in-6 likely to be with a **Drune cottager** (*DMB*) and **1d4 bramblings** (*DMB*), spying on Shagsend, seeking their lost comrade, **Cranthus** (imprisoned in Shagsend).

Ley line proximity Chell/Ywyr: Arcane spell-casters perceive the distant moaning of the dead and the curious dual sensation of balmy heat and biting cold.

Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

The Hamlet of Shagsend

A fortified breggle settlement built atop a flat hill ringed with a forbidding wooden palisade. Timber-framed, thatch-roofed houses with hastily extended attics and upper floors teeter above the palisade. Fenced glades nearby teem with miniature swine and strutting turkeys.

Inhabitants: Shagsend is home to some **70 shorthorns** (*DMB*—40 soldiers and 30 unarmed villagers), ruled by the sorcerer **Hoblewort**, a servant of **Lord Malbleat** (***p64***).

Entry: The palisade is breached by a large gate, manned by shorthorn guards. They admit travellers, so long as there are no Drune—real or suspected—among them.

Fear the Drune: Situated on the edge of Dwelmfurgh, Shagsend is ever-threatened by the Drune. Locals venture to Catcher's Bay (hex 0707) on Lake Longmere to fish, but do not stray from Fisher's Path.

The black tower: A three-storey tower of black stone looms over the hamlet, the glaring red eyes painted at its summit ominously observing all below. This is the home of the sorcerer **Hoblewort**, ruler of Shagsend.

Within the tower: Hoblewort's private chambers in the upper floor are guarded by a **devil goat** (*DMB*) and contain his arcane library (including scrolls of *Perceive the Invisible*, *Lightning Bolt*, and *Arcane Eye*). An invisible chest on a high shelf contains 50pp, 1,300gp, 500sp, and a masterfully faceted star sapphire worth 2,000gp. In a dangerous act of hubris, Hoblewort has imprisoned a Drune cottager named **Cranthus** in his dungeon (sealed with a *Glyph of Locking*—Level 4 caster).

The Crab and Copper (inn): A low, tile-roofed building with a wonky chimney and bulging walls. The sign depicts a grinning crab boiling in a copper pot. The interior is a gloomy, smoke-fogged haze of benches and low stools where locals drink, dine, and crowd around games of dice and cards. The owner, a squat old shorthorn woman named **Gwendilore**, shouts above the din and whacks unruly customers with her walking stick.

Garrison: Greatly expanded since Shagsend came under the rule of Lord Malbleat, a 40-strong soldiery is housed in this blocky, brick building in the centre of the hamlet.

Services at the Crab and Copper

Lodgings and food: Of poor quality (*DPB*). Accommodation is limited to a single shared room (four beds) or the common room floor.

Giblet dunkers: A local speciality: metallic, bitter ale with a bundle of pickled turkey giblets. 3sp per mug.

Windore Hoblewort (Level 4 Magician)

An austere longhorn man with white fur, silver horns, and pink eyes. Dresses in black robes trimmed with gold sigils. Walks with a limp. Hoblewort rules Shagsend and its garrison, under the banner of Lord Malbleat.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Cool-tempered megalomaniac. Despises the cultured excesses of his master, Malbleat.

Speech: Eloquent whisper. Woldish, Caprice, Gaffe, basic Drunic.

Desires: The secrets of Drune magic. Possession of Malbleat's soul-bound tome (***p64***).

Possessions: Elf-bone *Ring of Protection* (***p410***). Ebony walking cane (treat as a *Wand of Paralysation*, 5 charges). Spell books: **Rank 1** *Shield of Force*, *Vapours of Dream*, **Rank 2** *Phantasm*, *Glyph of Locking*.

Servants: 40 shorthorn soldiers, housed in the garrison. A devil goat (*DMB*) guards his private chambers.

0709 THE SHADHOLME AND REDWRAITH MANOR

Dense, foreboding shadows. A sense of being observed is exacerbated by the unnatural echoing of sound.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6

The Shadholme

In the far south of the hex, Manor Road passes by the Malbleat family tomb complex known as the Shadholme.

Lodge: A ceremonial lodge marking the entrance to the tombs. Guarded by **10 shorthorn guards** (*DMB*).

Crypts: Beneath the lodge lie the crypts of the Malbleat family, where many generations of longhorns are interred.

The Black Tomb: In the depths of the crypts lies an obsidian coffer housing the mortal remains of the great longhorn sorcerer, Lord Gnarlgruff. Malbleat, obsessed with the mage's arcane secrets, visits often, contemplating rituals to raise Gnarlgruff from the dead.

Secret tunnel (hidden): A concealed trapdoor in the forest floor close to the Shadholme leads down to a damp tunnel that emerges in the Church of St Pastery in Lankshorn. **Father Dobey** (***p158***) uses this tunnel to secretly come and go from Lankshorn.

Redwraith Manor

The Manor Road from Lankshorn winds through tangled woods to the gates of the estate of **Lord Malbleat** (***p64***).

Wall: An ancient stone wall, festooned with ferns and moss and topped with iron spikes, rings the estate.

Gates: Iron gates, wrought into the shape of two goats butting heads, are secured with a thick chain and padlock and warded by **1d4 shorthorns** (*DMB*).

Grounds: Within the wall is a rambling and overgrown series of tiered gardens, fish-ponds, fountains, and small hedge mazes. **2 Lankston mastiffs** (*DPB*) may be released to see off intruders.

Hothouse: At the rear of the manor, a dome of glass panes houses a steamy tangle of vines, flowers, and creepers, buzzing with flesh-eating flies.

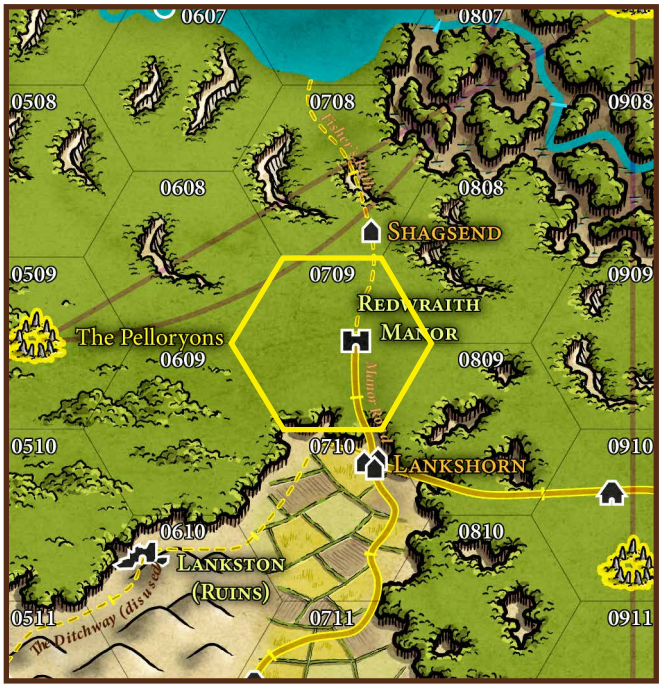
The manor: An ancient building of tall wooden wings and steep gables, perched atop a rocky peak at the centre of the estate, accessible by a stairway cut into the stone.

Entrance: Double doors intricately carved with the likeness of Lord Malbleat.

Inside the Manor

Creaky halls and chambers of maroon-varnished wood, clad with ancient portraits, maps, ceremonial shields, and exquisite artworks. Rushed staff struggle to maintain the luxurious, refined furnishings in pristine condition.

Inhabitants: Lord Malbleat (***p64***), his **2 longhorn wives** (**Gerytrud** and **Hrend**), his **5 human wives** (including **Bronywyn Baldricke**, daughter of **Berkmaster Baldricke**—***p159***), a **dozen children** who roam the halls at will, a small staff of servants (shorthorns and humans), **3 longhorn sorcerers and alchemists** who assist Malbleat in his eldritch pursuits, and **15 shorthorn guards**.



Visitors: Only those bearing an official invite or occult secrets are admitted for an audience with Lord Malbleat.

Drawing room: Richly appointed with fine oak furniture, crystal chandeliers, and goose feather cushions. An imposing portrait of a black-horned longhorn dressed in sable robes and holding a crooked oak staff hangs above the fireplace, glaring at visitors. The inscription in the golden frame reads: "Lord Gnarlgruff."

Library: Protected by a magically warded door and **4 animated suits of armour** (as gargoyles—*DMB*). Ancient, superbly crafted shelves house hundreds of volumes on history, poetry, and the occult. Atop a carved walnut pedestal sits a locked glass case, containing Malbleat's necromantic tome (see ***Malbleat's Possessions***, ***p64***) and an ornate bronze page turner.

LANKSHORN AND THE ANIMAL ORCHESTRA 0710

A busy patchwork of wheat fields, cow pasture, hamlets, and muddy lanes. The rustic reek of dung pervades all.

Terrain: Farmland (2), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6

The Town of Lankshorn

A bow's shot from the looming eaves of Dolmenwood, the market town of Lankshorn is the gateway from the rolling plains of the High Wold into the deeps of the Wood.

Breggle country: Lankshorn has been ruled by longhorns since time immemorial, though unrest is brewing, stoked by the cruelty of the current liege, **Lord Malbleat** (***p64***).

Stone circle: A ring of mossy stones looms over the town.

Full settlement description: See ***p156***.

The Aubrathony Animal Orchestra

Halfway through this hex along Swallop Road, travellers come to a wooden board by the roadside, emblazoned with cheerful letters in lurid red and yellow.

Sign: The sign reads "The Aubrathony Animal Orchestra—Witness the foremost Marvel of the High Wold!" An arrow points to a nearby side-track.

Following the track: Leads, after 200 yards, to a farmyard bustling with clucking fowl and scurrying milkmaids. A hulking barn directly opposite the track greets daytime visitors with its doors flung welcomingly open. (At night the barn is locked up.)

In the barn: Rows of wobbly benches on a hay-strewn floor face a raised stage, sequestered with tatty orange drapes. Quiet chirping and mewling can be heard behind the curtains. A curious painting depicting robed figures and a serpent hangs 20′ above (see ***The Triptych***). A barnyard odour permeates all.

The animal orchestra: The owner, **Berrit Margleman**, cordially greets visitors and invites them to witness her animal orchestra for a mere 2sp per guest (plus 2sp extra to view the painting up close). If paid, Margleman draws back the curtains, revealing several dozen cats, canaries, mice, and stoats lined up on perches. The animals treat guests to an amusing and impressively synchronised performance of popular folk ditties, squeaked, chirruped, and screeched. In parts, words of human speech are even recognisable.

Berrit Margleman—Orchestrator

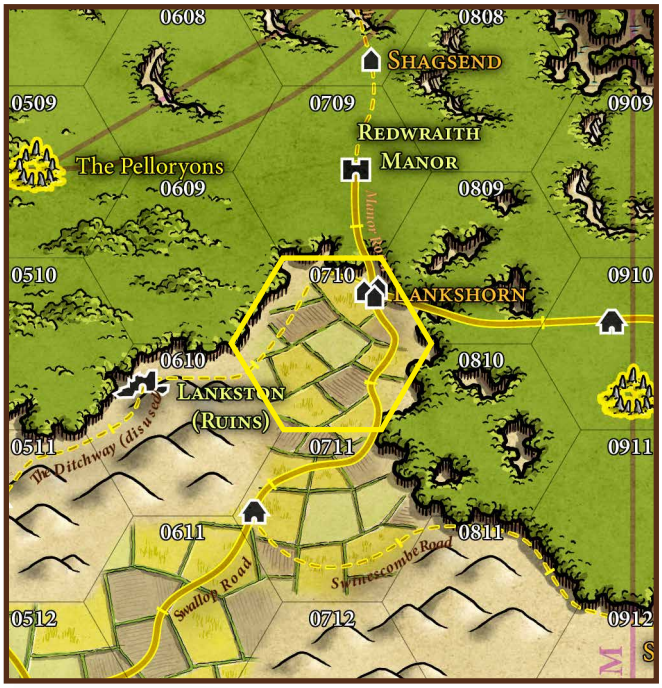
A hunched human woman in her 50s, with floppy, centre-parted hair, a lazy eye, and one gold tooth. Dresses in a harlequin patchwork of quilted felt, brandishes a long walking cane topped with a cat's head.

Demeanour (Lawful): Grinning, showmanlike, vacuously jocular.

Speech: Rustic brogue. Woldish, Gaffe.

Desires: Unusual animals, especially those trained to perform. Rumours from afar.

Knowledge: Has no knowledge of the origin or meaning of the triptych, which has been in her family as long as anyone knows.



The Triptych

A time-worn oil painting, beginning to fade and peel. Unbeknownst to its owner, the painting and its inscription (see below) relate the tale of the arch-Drune known as the **Aubrathon** (***p55***) and his theft of one of the three *Mirrors of Embala* from the witches (see ***p75***).

Left panel: An old woman cloaked in white stands in the woods with three silver mirrors, a gigantic russet serpent coiled at her feet.

Centre panel: The russet serpent in a great body of dark water, its head raised out of the waters in ecstasy. Sheer cliffs loom above it.

Right panel: A gaunt man cloaked in black stands on a bleak hilltop, holding aloft one of the silver mirrors and trampling upon the russet serpent, now blindfolded.

Inscription

Beneath the triptych is an inscription, written in the Witches' Cant (***p72***):

Husk-y Embala, myrk mother dream dryger,
Scryft glasses three, shant we with thee,
Aubrathon-y Droun, dwimm master kin grafter,
Swart glass he stole, Embala nw wole.

Meaning of the inscription: "Myrk" is the Witches' Cant word for lake; "dryger" means one who sends; a "scryft glass" is a mirror; "shant" means to commune; a "dwimm master" is a master of sorcery; a "kin grafter" is a traitor; "nw" means therefore; "wole" means lost in deep slumber.

0711 KING PUSSKIN'S ROAD

Quiet country lanes wind among farmers' fields and windswept hilltops.

Terrain: Farmland (2), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6

The Quivering Doily (Inn)

A cute, thatched-roof cottage stands amid apple orchards at a crossroads where Swinescombe Road and several farm tracks meet the Swallop Road.

Sign: A lady's gloved hand holding a doily whose lacework hints at a smirking face.

Common room: Floor strewn with straw, bales as seats, barrels for tables. The landlady, **Agnel Chudrow**, mingles congenially with guests. Her pet goat, Mable, roams freely.

Portrait: In a place of prominence near the fireplace hangs a portrait of a fluffy pussy cat wearing a plush crown.

Guests: Rustic farm folk telling tall tales, playing lively fiddle music, and goggling at travellers.

Roadside Shrine

In the north-east of this hex, close to the eaves of Dolmenwood, a gloomy shrine stands beside the winding, well-used Swallop Road beneath a weather-beaten wooden roof.

Pussy cat portrait: Inside can be found an old lacquered portrait of a fluffy pussy cat wearing a plush crown (identical to the one at the inn, though more weathered).

Inscription: The portrait bears an inscription: "King Pusskin's Road—travellers upon the road must leave tribute in the form of milk or mice."

Beneath the portrait: A small table houses an array of mouse skeletons and chipped china saucers (also enamelled with images of the regal cat).

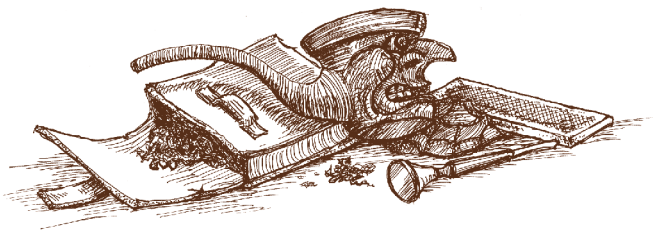
Not leaving a tribute: Although travellers often scoff at the shrine, dismissing it as rustic nonsense, the power of King Pusskin (see ***p33***) is very real. Anyone passing along the road without leaving a fitting tribute in the shrine displeases King Pusskin, manifesting upon awakening the following morning (see ***King Pusskin's Displeasure***).

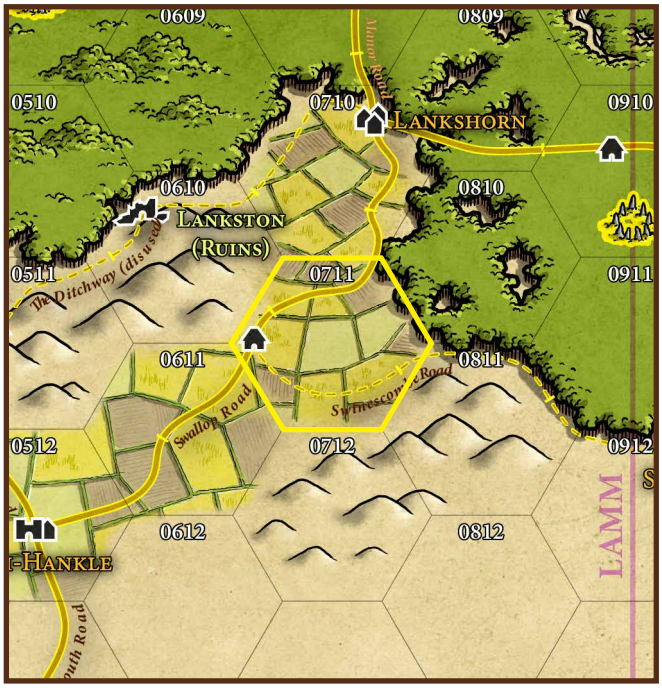
The Moggle Door (Hidden)

Just under the eaves of Dolmenwood, in the far east of this hex, is a quiet glade with a circle of mouse skulls at its centre.

Stepping into the ring: Whisks one away to the fairy road Skipping-a-Derry (see ***Fairy Roads, p26***).

Grimalkin: There is a 1-in-6 chance of a **grimalkin** (*DMB*) entering or emerging from the Moggle Door as PCs arrive.





Services at the Quivering Doily

Lodgings and food: Of common quality (*DPB*). Only one private room is available.

Cider ("Lanklow's"): The landlord's bowel-blasting scrumpy is the locals' favoured drink. 1sp a mug.

Mead: Is always in stock. 12sp a glass.

Agnel Chudrow—Quivering Doily Proprietor

A tiny (4'5"), quick-footed human woman in her middle years, white apron always pristine and brown hair tied in a long braid down her back.

Demeanour (Lawful): Kindly, motherly, scolds the disorderly.

Speech: Breathless. Broad rustic accent. Woldish.

Desires: Fairy wines. To visit a fairy carnival.

Family: Husband (Lanklow) is an orchard man and cider brewer. Children are grown up and moved to High-Hankle.

Knowledge: If questioned about the pussy cat portrait, Agnel beams with pride and says: "That's our protector there: King Pusskin. When he's happy, we're safe." She discloses nothing else about it.

King Pusskin's Displeasure (d6)

d6	Manifestation
1	Feverish dreams of being trapped in giant cats' claws.
2	A dead mouse discovered on the pillow.
3	Cat-scratches on hands and arms.
4	An item of clothing shredded by cat claws.
5	Coughs up furballs.
6	Attacked by any dogs encountered this day.

Rugged hillsides criss-crossed with sheep paths. The clanking of cowbells echoes.

Terrain: Hills (2), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6

The Derelict Windmill

An old, three-storey windmill, its sails in tatters and its roof caved in, stands atop a high, desolate hill. The flapping shreds of sail produce an eerie chuckling sound audible from some distance away.

Entrance: The door is blocked shut from the inside by fallen beams. Windows on all storeys are open and large enough for a slim person to slip through.

Interior: The ground floor is filled with the debris of the collapsed upper floors, including the millstones. A stone trapdoor to the ***Cellar*** can be spied amid the chaos. All that remains of the upper floors is a hollow interior space criss-crossed with broken beams and jagged islands of flooring.

Inhabitants: Coiled among the uppermost rafters are **Bharhgda** (black bile wyrm—*DMB*) and her brood of **4 black bile wyrmlings**.

Visitors: The wyrm mother is protective of her young, and is quick to repel any intruders detected. If gifted with food sufficient for her and her young (e.g. a fat cow), she may mention the "cold magic" that she can smell in the cellar. Unable to pass through the trapdoor herself, she proposes a deal to share whatever PCs can retrieve (but betrays those she views as weak enough to vanquish).

Bharhgda—Black Bile Wyrm

A mature black bile wyrm with golden eyes and a full mane of dark purple feathers.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Defensive, hungry.

Speech: Monosyllabic snarls. Woldish, Wyrm, the tongue of serpents.

Desires: Fresh flesh for herself and her young. The magic items she believes lie in the cellar, out of her reach.

Vulnerability: Gold-plated weapons.

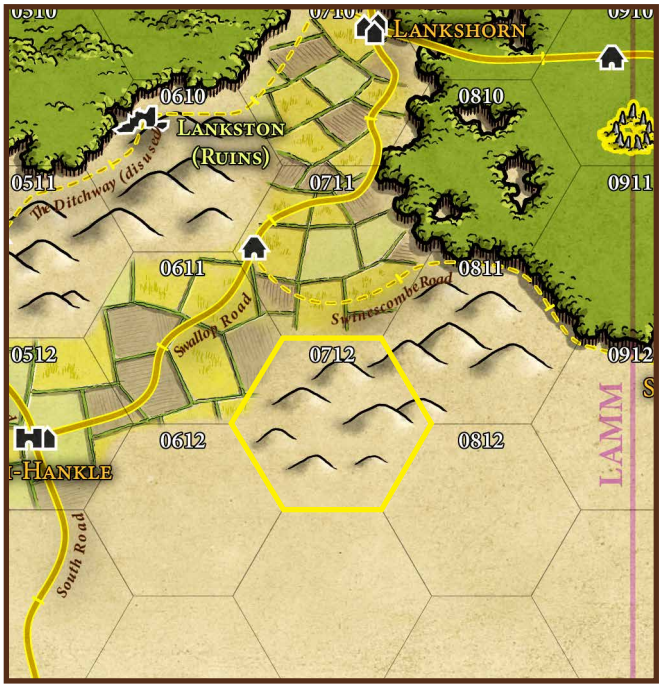
Black Bile Wyrmlings

8′ long, immature black bile wyrms, covered in black fur, with bulging yellow eyes, puppy-like faces, and panting tongues.

MEDIUM DRAGON—SEMI-INTELLIGENT—CHAOTIC

Level 2 **AC** 15 **HP** 2d8 (9) **Saves** D12 R13 H14 B15 S16
Att Bite (+1, 1d6 + acid) **Speed** 40 **Morale** 7 **XP** 35

Acid: Bite is laced with acidic, black drool, which sticks to victims and inflicts 1 damage for 3 subsequent Rounds, unless washed off (takes 1 Round).



The Cellar

Conspicuous boot prints lead down a frosty stair to a door of ice, standing slightly ajar. A crystalline key sits abandoned in its lock. Beyond the door is a frigid, circular chamber whose walls, floor, and ceiling are clad in thick ice. The place is chilled like a deep, silent winter.

Ritual circle: A circle of runes, 10′ across, is carved into the ice at the centre of the room. *Decipher* reveals a ritual invoking the power of the Cold Prince.

Frozen magician: A block of ice stands at the centre of the ritual circle. The frozen form of an old woman can be seen within, dressed in black robes with her arms raised up. Many centuries ago, she created this laboratory and was killed during a magical experiment. If thawed, her body rots away to sludge in a matter of minutes.

Icy plinths: Five ritual objects float above 4′ high blocks of jagged ice surrounding the circle: an ice-shard *Fairy Dagger* (*Frost-Rimed*, ***p412***), a helm of fairy silver (2,000gp), a *Wand of Lightning Bolts* (11 charges), a glass chalice filled with a vaporous blue liquid (2 doses of *Vaporous Spirits*—***p414***), and a platinum sceptre tipped with a cluster of 4 peridots (3,000gp).

Taking an object: The ritual objects are magically frozen in time and space, and can only be unfrozen and removed by means of *Dispel Magic* (against a Level 10 caster). Anyone touching a frozen object must **Save Versus Spell** or also be frozen (can be released with *Dispel Magic*).

Frozen thief: A lithe man clad in leather armour and fancy doublet stands frozen, arm extended towards the floating sceptre. His face bears a permanent expression of wonder. If freed (with *Dispel Magic*), he reveals his name as Simeone Waylord of High-Hankle. He is a Level 3 thief and associate of ***Bagsley Corundum*** (***p153***), who may be grateful for PCs having freed him.

0801 THE CAVES OF CLAN SHAGGYTREE

Rocky crags and barren hills, almost devoid of grass. Strange laughter echoes half-heard on the wind.

Terrain: Hills (2), Table Downs
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **2d4 cannibals**, attempting to capture travellers and drag them back to their lair.

Profane Effigies

Amongst the parched, dusty crags loom scattered figures that, from a distance, look like malformed giants.

Inspecting the figures: Each is a gruesome effigy, about 8′ tall—a macabre amalgam composed of the bones of dozens of humans, lashed together with poorly tanned leather strips, topped by a single human skull with an eyeless gaze directed downward.

Alarm: The effigies psychically alert the cannibals of Clan Shaggytree to the presence of intruders. Clan members watch the intruders through the eyes of the effigies.

Destroying the effigies: Removing an effigy's skull blinds it, but the vandal must **Save Versus Spell** or develop a bizarre mutation—a hideously chortling mouth opens somewhere on their body. The mouth can be removed only by magic or by the destruction of the ***Idol of Atanuwë***, in the caves.

The Caves of Clan Shaggytree (Hidden)

Deep in a maze of rocky defiles and ravines lies the stinking, maw-like entrance to the caves of Clan Shaggytree.

Interior: An endless labyrinth of winding, maddeningly narrow tunnels, echoing constantly with a maniacal laughter. A dank, charnel humidity pervades all.

Inhabitants: A family of **50 cannibals**, presided over by its progenitors, **Sandy** and **Agnes Shaggytree**.

Cannibals

Fell beings twisted into scuttling, slithering, spindly, half-human forms by the mad caprice of their master, the Nag-Lord. Some possess multiple heads, while others sprout clusters of semi-humanoid arms.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Maniacal, voracious, unwholesomely mirthful.

Speech: Guttural snatches of Woldish intermingled with a constant chuckling in a curious cadence that seems to help the cannibals navigate the black tunnels.

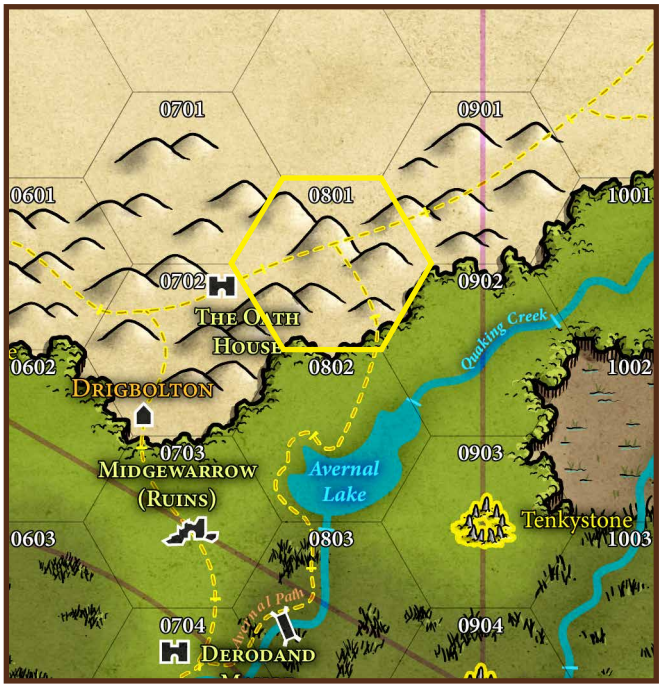
Desires: Sentient flesh to feast upon and to offer to the idol of their master, Atanuwë.

Origins: Sandy and Agnes Shaggytree—the parents of all the other cannibals—were criminal runaways who fled the law some decades past and discovered the refuge of the caves and the strange shrine within.

MEDIUM MORTAL—SENTIENT—CHAOTIC

Level 2 **AC** 12 **HP** 2d8 (9) **Saves** D12 R13 H14 B15 S16
Att Spear (+1, 1d6, range 20′ / 40′ / 60′) or bite (+1, 1d3)
Speed 30 **Morale** 7 **XP** 20

Dark sight: Can see normally without light.



The clan hall: Some way into the caves sprawls the squalid central cavern of the clan, its walls adorned with the fleshy tapestries of dozens of flayed skins, its floor carpeted with gnawed bones. At any time, **3d6 cannibals** lurk here, eating, sleeping, tanning leather, or fashioning spears from bones or wood. 45gp and 6,400sp, gleaned from the cannibals' victims, are scattered about.

The larder: Dangling from the ceiling of this long, malodorous hallway are the carcasses of hundreds of animals and about a dozen humans, curing with salt harvested from the depths of the caverns.

The shrine of Atanuwë: In the deepest part of the caves lies a stalactite-encrusted cavern dedicated to the worship of the Nag-Lord, dominated by a massive ***Idol of Atanuwë***. **Sandy** and **Agnes Shaggytree** and some **2d4 cannibals** supplicate here and provide sacrifices of human carrion to the idol, which whispers darkly in their minds. The offerings disappear when unobserved.

The Idol of Atanuwë

A nine-legged monstrosity of primeval stone. Drool issues from the idol's sneering lips in a languid flow, pooling around its stone hooves.

Drinking the drool: Those who drink of the foetid liquid dribbling from the idol must **Save Versus Spell** or begin to develop strange growths and mutations, while also becoming attuned to the ***Profane Effigies***.

Destroying the idol: The idol can only be destroyed with magic or blunt magical weapons. Its destruction reverses all mutations caused by the idol or effigies, destroys all psychic links to the effigies, and reveals a compartment beneath containing 3 large, magenta-streaked emeralds (1,500gp each) stolen from the Nag-Lord by the shrine's builders.

AVERNAL LAKE 0802

Gnarled old elms and oaks with twisted, eye-like whorls and branches groping like greedy fingers.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Nagwood
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **2d4 cannibals** (see hex 0801), attempting to capture travellers and drag them back to their lair.

Misty Waters

Shrouded in mists, close to the northern borders of Dolmenwood, Avernal Lake is placid, deep, and mysterious.

River trade: Barges bearing goods between Fort Vulgar and the realm to the north stick close to the northern and western banks of the lake as they make their way to Quogg's Creek, fearing the open waters and the southern banks in particular.

Disused dock: The trade barges sometimes halt at an old dock on the lake's northern shore.

Passage to Fort Vulgar: The barges may sometimes accept passengers for a fee of 1gp each to Fort Vulgar (the journey takes eight hours, from this point).

The Sunken Keep

The partially submerged ruin of a small keep of human origin is visible 100 yards offshore, half a mile east of the mouth of Quogg's Creek. It appears to be unoccupied. The barge pilots have good reason to eschew the southern banks of the lake: **Sowynder** (phlegm wyrm—*DMB*) lairs in the ruin.

The wyrm's lair: The wyrm dwells in a flooded courtyard surrounded by crumbling 30′ walls; at the base of one of them is a large jagged opening onto the lake.

Walking along the shore: Adventurers walking on the southern shoreline have a 2-in-6 chance of encountering the wyrm as it bathes and suns itself in the shallows.

Exploring the submerged ruin: PCs have a 3-in-6 chance of attracting the wyrm's attention when exploring the ruin, and automatically do so when they enter its courtyard.

Treasure: In one corner of the courtyard rests a portion of the battlement that has collapsed from above and now protrudes above the waterline. Under the top layer of broken stone debris, the wyrm has stored 1,500gp and a necklace of rose quartz and carnelian (1,100gp).

Sowynder—Phlegm Wyrm

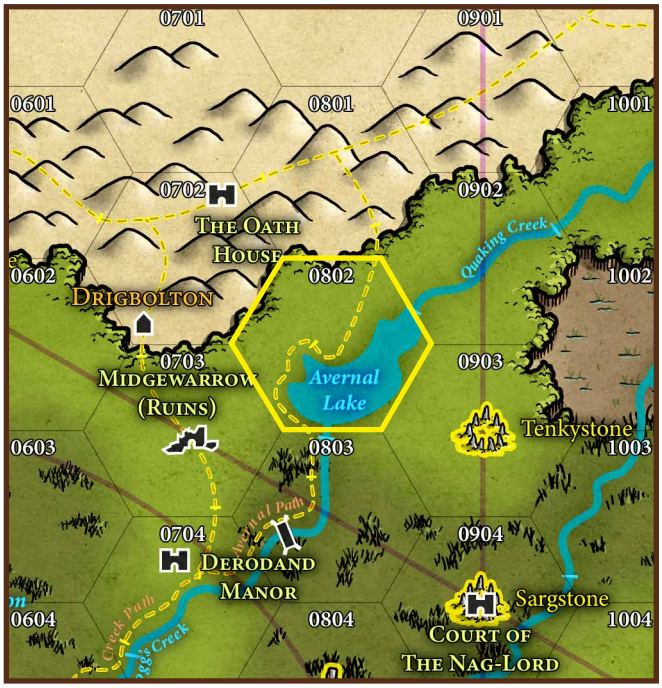
A juvenile phlegm wyrm with 5 golden eyes and a bifurcated tail which she lashes when excited.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Languid, sweetly amicable. Feigns loneliness to put potential victims off guard.

Speech: Whining, whistling, gurgling. Woldish, Wyrm.

Desires: The flesh of sentients, favouring the sweet meat of grimalkins. The ecstasy of beautiful music. Finely crafted jewels.

Vulnerability: Roses.



Days of the New Moon

2d4 witches (*DMB*) from the local area make their way here at dawn on days of the new moon to commune with the wyrm.

The summoning: The witches row out onto the lake upon barges and summon the wyrm with haunting music.

The harvest: The wyrm hovers dreamily above the water, eyes half-shut. As the serenade continues, a small group of witches in a skiff approach its flank to milk a magical fluid from the flesh between its scales. The fluid is a poison that the witches use in their rituals.

Intruding at peril: Neither the witches nor the wyrm take kindly to any intrusions on the ceremony, and react accordingly. They ignore those watching from a safe distance.

Nights of the Full Moon

On nights of the full moon, the fairy city of the Lady of Midnight (***p33***), Tainglass, glitters in the depths of the lake.

Entering the city: One who descends into Avernal's depths and swims towards this vision might, at the Referee's option, gain entry to Tainglass, though they lose consciousness in the process, awakening washed up on the shores of another misty lake that lies in the city's crypts.

Lost to this world: The fairies of Tainglass pity such castaways from the mortal world, for their memories are void and seldom return.

0803 THE TOLL BRIDGE AND SNARKSCORN'S CAMP

Trees blackened, twisted, and dripping with ochre slimes, becoming more severe in the south-east of the hex.

Terrain: Thorny forest (4), Nagwood

Lost/encounters: 3-in-6. Random encounters here are 3-in-6 likely to be with **2d4 crookhorns** (*DMB*) under the command of **Captain Snarkscorn**.

Ley line Hoad (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the feeling of having just awoken from a dream.

Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d2 portions of *Woodpurse* (***p430***), in addition to the normal results.

The Toll Bridge

An arched wooden bridge, 6′ wide and 20′ long, spans the slippery banks of Quogg's Creek. The bridge is aged and covered in moss, but stable. Locals call it Griswold Bridge.

Guards: During the day, **1d12 crookhorns** (*DMB*) guard the bridge. These bridge-wards are under the command of **Captain Snarkscorn** (***p46***), returning to his encampment at night.

River toll: Boats are required to moor at the south bank, where tree trunks have been driven into the mud, or be attacked with bows and slings. They are not allowed to depart until a "docking charge" of 2d20sp per crew member is paid to the crookhorns.

Bridge toll: Foot travellers wishing to traverse the bridge are also taxed, at 2d20sp per head. The crookhorns attempt to rob travellers whom they clearly outnumber.

The Camp of Captain Snarkscorn

300 yards to the south of the bridge is an unruly encampment of **60 crookhorns** (*DMB*)—soldiers under the command of the brute **Captain Snarkscorn** (***p46***).

During the day: Most of the camp's inhabitants may be found sprawled in net-hammocks and beds of reed-straw.

At night: The crookhorns dance and cavort around great bonfires, drinking caustic brews of mugwort and fishbone and tormenting any humans that they have seized (2-in-6 chance of having 1d6 prisoners in their clutches).

The pavilion: In the centre of the encampment is a whitish, blood-stained pavilion where the Captain makes his lair. It is guarded at all times by **4 of the toughest crookhorns** (maximum Hit Points).

The Captain's Pavilion

Prisoner: A human woman, gagged and chained to the tentpole. She is a **witch—Eye of Ertta** (*DMB*), named Maydrid, whom Snarkscorn plans to bring before his master for questioning and corruption.

Writing desk: Stacked with plans and maps.

Four-poster bed: Plush but filthy. Under the bed, concealed in a pit beneath a rug, is a chest containing an angry **adder** (*DMB*—make a Surprise Roll) and the ***Captain's Hoard***.

The Captain's Hoard

Coins: 1,784gp, 984sp, 2,321cp.

A fist-sized aquamarine: 5,500gp.

A spiralling black horn: Slick with a stinking oil. Licking the oil brings on a trance lasting 1d4 hours, wherein one may communicate with the **Nag-Lord, Atanuwë** (***p45***). Those who are not under Atanuwë's direct command must **Save Versus Spell** or be cursed: they become Chaotic, and their Intelligence and Wisdom are reduced to 3. The horn is worth 3,000gp.

Clogged with cobwebs and crawling with spiders. Great clouds of flies and gnats emerge from the dank soil.

Terrain: Thorny forest (4), Nagwood / Dwelmfurgh

Lost/encounters: 3-in-6. In the eastern part of the hex (outside of Dwelmfurgh), encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **1d4 Chaotic treoweres** (*DMB*).

Ley Line Chell (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the curious dual sensation of balmy heat and biting cold.

Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

Grasping Thorns

The eastern portion of this hex, outside of the Ring of Chell, is a treacherous tangle of stunted, black-leafed trees with thorny, claw-like branches.

Grasping: Travellers in this forsaken wood awaken a wicked sentience in the trees, which slowly come to life and attempt to grasp onto those who dare disturb their brooding slumber. Characters must **Save Versus Hold**. All who fail suffer 1d6 points of damage from the trees' rending branches.

Border with Dwelmfurgh: The trees that line the border with Dwelmfurgh (along the path of the Ring of Chell) are frozen and dead, their brittle branches blanketed with frost.

In Dwelmfurgh: On the other side of the frozen border is a normal wood of hawthorn and blackthorn, untainted by the toxic influence of Atanuwë.

Crookhorn Heads

Travellers in this hex are likely to come across the decapitated heads of crookhorns, skewered atop stakes. Some are fresh and gory, while others are skulls, picked clean by birds.

Origin: The skulls are victims of the **Audrune Hermanach**, guardian of the Summerstone Hadrwyl, placed to deter intrusion by Atanuwë's minions.

The Summerstone Hadrwyl (Hidden)

An evergreen glade of beech and hawthorn surrounds a 15′ shard of black basalt. This is the Summerstone named Hadrwyl, also called the Sagestone. (See ***The Ring of Chell, p20*** for full information on the Summerstones.)

Balmy stillness: The stone is surrounded by a 120-yard radius of hazy warmth and balmy stillness of the air, reminiscent of the intoxicating days of high summer.

Overwhelming aura: All who enter the glade (within 60′ of the stone) must **Save Versus Spell** or be blinded for 24 hours, their eyes veiled with frost.

Guardian: The **Audrune Hermanach** and **6 bramblings** (*DMB*) who serve him. Hermanach is indifferent to travellers sleeping here, but does not allow any to touch the Summerstone.

The Audrune Hermanach

A short, stocky, shaven-headed human man with dark, sparkling eyes, a pointy, freckled nose, and a long braid of black beard hanging from his chin. He dresses in the traditional night-black cloak and hood of his order. Hermanach lives in the woods around Hadrwyl, spending most of his time in the form of a raven (using his magic ring—see ***Possessions***).

Demeanour (Neutral): Dispassionate, stands eerily still.

Speech: Soft yet forceful. Woldish, Drunic.

Desires: To destroy the crookhorn garrison in hex 0803. To discover the location of the Aubrathon's secret tower (see hex 1103).

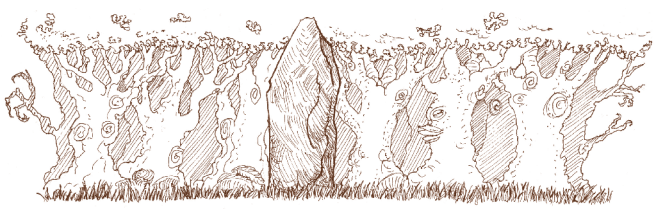
Possessions: A tarnished copper *Ring of Animal Affinity (Ravens, **p410**)*.

Combat stats: Audrune (*DMB*).

Inscribed spell: Drunic runes describe the arcane spell *Oracle*. See ***Ley Lines and Standing Stones, p18*** for details on learning this spell.

Touching: While touching the stone, all written languages can be read without fail.

Prophetic dreams: Blinded victims of Hadrwyl who sleep the night nearby receive a prophetic dream containing symbols and allusions hinting at the answer to a question which perplexes them.



0805 PRIGMARINN HILL

Elegant silver birches in chalky soil. An occasional tall hill punctuates the flat terrain.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Aldweald / Dwelmfurgh

Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Nighttime encounters on the road are 2-in-6 likely to be with the ghost of **Dewidort of Smerne** (see hex 0607).

Ley Line Chell (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the curious dual sensation of balmy heat and biting cold.

Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

Mallowheart's Repose (Inn)

A decrepit manor house with a peculiar turret at one end stands upon a hill overlooking Lake Longmere. The place now functions as an inn.

Sign: A blue-skinned, pointed-eared fop (supposedly the fairy Prince Mallowheart, see ***p34***) recoiling as a door is slammed in his face.

Common room: A high-ceilinged hall lined with dented wooden panels. The landlord, Sedgewick Ulmer, serves drinks from what appear to be bookshelves. The atmosphere is usually subdued and folk keep themselves to themselves, for it is said that Drune spies frequent the inn.

Guests: Way-weary merchants, guards, and soldiers, travelling between Fort Vulgar and Castle Brackenwold.

Prigmarinn Hill and The Pillar of Ambule

The Fort Road passes the southern side of a low hill, some half a mile in diameter, known to locals as Prigmarinn Hill. A stairway of protruding, rough-hewn blocks of slate ascends from the road.

Climbing the hill: Reveals a wide, flat, treeless plateau. At its centre stands a 20′ tall column of roughly hewn chalk.

Approaching the column: Causes a brisk wind to pick up, blotting out any sounds from the wood below.

Inspecting the column: Many hundreds of names—both exotic and utterly mundane—are carved into the chalk.

Carving one's name: The character promises their soul, wittingly or unwittingly, to the forgotten Wood God Ambule (***p36***), who lies sleeping in the chalky chasms beneath the hill (see ***Consequences of Pledging to Ambule***).

Carving another's name: Has no effect. The same is true for defacing or removing names from the chalk.

Gawyn's Bridge and Chaffer Bridge

Gawyn's Bridge (west): A slender, covered bridge that crosses the chaos-tainted River Shub. Noisome black foam collects about its pilings, glowing purple at nighttime. Further downstream, great encrusted floes of foam can be spied, dissolving into the waters of Lake Longmere.

Chaffer Bridge (east): A bridge of crumbling stone that spans the River Shiver. Its end posts are carved with Green Man visages and Chapes holy symbols.

Services at Mallowheart's Repose

Lodgings and food: Lodgings of common quality, food of fancy quality (*DPB*).

Turret rooms: Fancy suites overlooking the lake. 5gp a night.

Sedgewick Ulmer—Mallowheart's Repose Proprietor

A fresh-faced human bachelor with curly, blond locks and a habit of dressing in extravagant violet lace. Recently inherited the inn from his uncle.

Demeanour (Lawful): Hurried, somewhat confused. Habitually wipes sweat from his brow.

Speech: Country manners. Rushes off before finishing sentences. Woldish.

Desires: To find a partner (business or romantic) who knows how to run an inn.

Consequences of Pledging to Ambule

One who carves their name into the chalk column is affected as follows:

Remove curse: The nullification of one curse or baleful enchantment.

Save bonus: A permanent +2 bonus to Saving Throws against curses.

Nightly dreams: Of being chained to the chalk column on the hill and being consumed, over the course of millennia, by mosses and lichens.

Upon death: The character's spirit is summoned to this place and bound to eternal servitude. The character cannot be resurrected by normal means.

THE PALACE OF THE WITCH QUEEN 0806

Gently rising and falling beech woods beside cold, clear waters, 200′ deep.

Terrain: Aquatic / tang. forest, Aldweald / Dwelmfurgh

Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Aquatic encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with Big Chook (***p253***).

Ley Line Chell (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the curious dual sensation of balmy heat and biting cold.

Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

Wall of White Flame

A sheet of ephemeral, white flame traces the course of Chell in this hex, forming a barrier separating the lakeshore and adjoining woods from the lands to the east.

Touching the flame: Is harmless and does not burn.

Crossing the barrier: Characters must **Save Versus Doom** (fairies at a –4 penalty) or experience paranoid visions of watching faces until leaving this hex. Afflicted characters suffer a –2 penalty to saves against magic and are automatically surprised in encounters.

Eastern Shore of Lake Longmere

A few feet from the shoreline, sheer underwater cliffs abruptly descend 200′ to the lakebed. Fronds of indigo kelp line the cliffs, waving in the currents.

Silvery eels: Swarms of silvery eels dart among the kelp.

Entering the lake: The eels serve the **Queen of All Witches** (***p75***), alerting her of intruders in these waters.

Secret door: At the base of the cliffs, a secret door sealed with a *Glyph of Locking* (Level 12 caster) among the kelp leads to a water-filled tunnel to the ***Grotto and gateway***.

The Palace of the Witch Queen (Hidden)

Grotto and gateway: The underwater tunnel ends at the bottom of a murky, 10′ deep pool. Swimming to the fog-wreathed surface, visitors find themselves in a tall grotto lined with scintillating crystals of azure, violet, and pearl. At the far end of the grotto looms a great stone gateway into the palace proper, guarded by the **Belwycht**.

Interior: Rounded tunnels and domed chambers carved into living bedrock, lit by white flames that flicker within violet geodes. Elegant suites are furnished with pearl-studded divans, silk-draped beds, exquisite watercolours of otherworldly landscapes, and obsidian statuettes of the Gwyrigons. The art objects are worth 40,000gp total.

Inhabitants: Celenia, the Queen of All Witches (***p75***) and **6 witches** (*DMB*—2 Eyes of each Gwyrigon).

Visitors: Intruders are charmed and interrogated, then drowned in the pool of the **Belwycht**.

Library: Behind an alabaster door, a ring of domed chambers contains a great trove of witch history and lore, as well as a set of black mirrors that allow one to magically view the lake and the woods in this hex. All spells known to the witches can be located here.

Celenia's chambers: Accessible only by passing through illusory walls. Celenia dwells amid statues of the Witch Queens of old. The ***Selenite Mirror*** hovers 20′ above the floor, rotating slowly in mid-air.

The Belwycht

A 15′ tall stag-headed humanoid cloaked in violet mist, holding a graven copper bell. This creature of ancient magic is tasked with guarding the Queen of the Witches, and allows entry to none but those in her service.

Demeanour (Neutral): Grim, unswayable.

Speech: Stern whispering. Woldish, Old Woldish.

Possessions: The *Wyrdbell*—may be rung once a day, producing the arcane spell *Word of Doom*. The bell is worth 15,000gp as a magic item.

Combat stats: As mugwudge (*DMB*) with 45 HP, immune to non-magical damage.

The Selenite Mirror

A lambent, milky mirror wrought of selenite. This is one of the *Mirrors of Embala* (see ***p75***).

Powers: The true appearance of all things reflected in the selenite mirror is revealed. Illusions and invisibility are stripped away. Magic and Alignment are revealed as coloured auras. The true form of shape-changed creatures is exhibited.

Dreams: After looking into the mirror, a character's sleep for 7 nights is wracked with feverish dreams of diving into the unfathomable darkness of the Groaning Loch, drowning in the embrace of a great serpent.

0807 IGNORMWM'S COTTAGE

Thick banks of reeds and stands of gangly willows, amid a maze of stinking waterways. Solid ground is rare.

Terrain: Swamp (4), Dwelmfurgh / Hag's Addle

Lost/encounters: 3-in-6

Ley line crossing Chell/Ywyr: Arcane spell-casters perceive a throbbing warmth from the earth and the chilling cries of gigantic ravens.

Within the Ring of Chell (*p20*): True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion or charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure.

Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d2 portions of *Bosun's Balm* (*DPB*) and 1d3 portions of *Lankswith* (*DPB*), in addition to the normal results.

Ignormwm's Cottage

In the far north-west of this hex, a rickety, turf-roofed cottage stands on the south bank of the Hameth. Its small windows are occluded by grubby red drapes.

Entrance: The door bears a crude painting of a busty maiden and the message "respite for weary fishermen."

Interior: A single, cluttered room with an iron stove, a table, several stools, and an ample, fur-decked bed curtained off in one corner. Dozens of fish hang from the ceiling, drying above the fireplace. Beneath a bearskin rug is a locked trapdoor to the cellar.

Inhabitants: The Atacorn **Ignormwm**, habitually in her human form (and going by the name of Agnel) in the presence of others.

Creeping up: If surprised, there is a 4-in-6 chance of encountering Ignormwm in her hag form. The monster attempts to slay any who witness her thus.

Visitors: Agnel gladly entertains guests, offering bitter marsh-herb teas and dried fish. Male guests may be suggestively invited to stay the night and led, following a nightcap of home-brewed eggnog, to Agnel's bed. She appreciates payment in the morning, in coin or fresh fish, but does not scorn those who are remiss.

Subterranean moans: Visitors may occasionally perceive muffled moans through the floorboards. If asked, Agnel blames mating swamp sloths.

Spawn of Ignormwm

Wretched, bestial offspring of Ignormwm—4′ tall, roughly humanoid blobs of knotty flesh, with gaping maws, weeping eyes, and a spiralling black horn in the centre of their foreheads.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Brutal, ravenous, lecherous.

Speech: Plaintive gurgling and moaning. Rudimentary Woldish.

Desires: Freedom from the cellar. To murder mortals and consume their flesh.

SMALL MORTAL—SEMI-INTELLIGENT—CHAOTIC

Level 1 **AC** 12 **HP** 1d8 (4) **Saves** D12 R13 H14 B15 S16
Att Horn (+0, 1d4) **Speed** 30 **Morale** 7 **XP** 10

The cellar: A low-roofed space near to collapse. **23 spawn of Ignormwm** lurk miserably in the dark, listlessly gnawing on fish bones. A locked chest hidden in a corner contains 159gp, 223sp, a jar of *Mawbarg's Jam* (***p428***), and a blue velvet *Bag of Holding* (***p420***—stuffed with dried fish, with 5 blue spinels stashed at the bottom—500gp each).

Ignormwm ("Agnel")—Atacorn

A horrid monster with the ability to switch between two forms: a tall woman of lithe frame and bronze complexion, with lustrous red curls and enchanting green eyes / a stick-thin, 8′ tall hag with hairy red skin, staring, lidless eyes, and a flaking, crooked horn in the centre of her forehead. Both forms dress in a rustic hessian shift with a goat-skin waistcoat. Ignormwm is a child of the Nag-Lord (***p45***), sent out into the world to spread discord and woe.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Merry, licentious (human form) / sullen, brutal (hag form). Obsessively scratches behind the ears (in both forms).

Speech: Gentle crooning (human form) / violent stammering (hag form). Woldish, Gaffe, Caprice.

Desires: To mate with mortals and enlarge her brood. To attack Lankshorn, once her brood is large enough.

Spawning: Following copulation with a male humanoid, Ignormwm undergoes an accelerated pregnancy lasting only 1 week, giving birth to a new **spawn of Ignormwm**.

MEDIUM MORTAL—SENTIENT—CHAOTIC

Level 6 **AC** 14 **HP** 32 **Saves** D9 R10 H11 B12 S13
Att 2 fists (+5, 1d6+2) or horn (+5, 1d6 + paralysis)
Speed 30 **Morale** 8 **XP** 520

Paralysis: Mortals must **Save Versus Hold** or be paralysed for 1d4 Turns (aware but unable to move or act).

THE HOUSE OF MERRIDWYN SCYMES 0808

Precarious paths wind around sandstone cliffs, avoiding the boggy ditches and reeking fens below.

Terrain: Craggy forest (4), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 3-in-6. Daytime encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with a **Lankshorn town guard** (***p157***) bringing provisions to **Merridwyn Scymes's** cottage.

Shuttered Cottage

In a small wooded dell in the south-west of this hex, a simple, one-storey, thatched cottage stands beside a cheery stream. Its windows are shuttered and the little herb gardens and rockeries that surround it show signs of neglect. The door is unlocked.

Inhabitants: The magician **Merridwyn Scymes** and her husband **Arb**. Following a gruesome magical accident (see ***A Magical Miscalculation***), the magician's body has been split into three separate entities—her viscera, skeleton, and skin—the last of which killed her husband.

Approaching: Crushed, strangled corpses of small animals litter the dell. An odd, choked moaning can be heard within the cottage (see ***Bedroom***).

Living room: Cosy chairs by the hearth. A great oaken table laden with bread, cheese, preserves, and five leather pouches (100gp in each). 1 Turn after entry, the **skin** barges in from the woods and attacks.

Bedroom: Arb's strangled corpse lies peacefully in bed, preserved by magic. Beside the bed stands a copper bath tub of warm salt water, in which the magician's moaning **viscera** spends most of its time submerged, tended by the ministrations of the **skeleton**. A plush jewellery box, hidden beneath the bed, contains an amber necklace (2,000gp) and a vial of *Prismatic Elixir* (***p414***).

Laboratory: Shelves toppled, specimen jars smashed on the tiled floor. Hidden among the disarray are a scroll of *Shield of Force* and *Knock*, a vial of *Bottled Light* (***p414***), and Scymes's spell books (see list of spells in **viscera** combat stats). Strewn about are incomplete research notes for the spell *Split Personality* (see ***A Magical Miscalculation***). An arcane spell-caster could complete the spell with 1d6 week's further research.

A Magical Miscalculation

Merridwyn Scymes lives an isolated existence, dominated by her research into matters of mutation and transformation. Several months ago, **Berkmaster Baldricke of Lankshorn** (***p159***), harbouring his fugitive grandson, commissioned the magician to attempt to cure the boy's curse. Scymes believes the curse causes aspects of the boy's personality to manifest as physical transformations, and that he can be cured by splitting his personality into separate physical forms.

A research mishap resulted in the magician herself splitting into the three entities that inhabit the hex today. Scymes's patron, the Berkmaster of Lankshorn, is aware of "delays" in the magician's research, though not their true nature, and continues to support her with deliveries of food and gold.

Merridwyn Scymes—Viscera

The magician's nerves, muscles, blood vessels, internal organs, and brain, together in an amorphous mass.

Demeanour (Neutral): In constant agony. Distraught at her husband's death (murdered by the skin) and her own presumed impending downfall. Desperate for aid.

Speech: Bubbling, rasping whine. Woldish, Sylvan.

Desires: To have her body restored or, failing that, a merciful end to her suffering.

MEDIUM MONSTROSITY—SENTIENT—NEUTRAL

Level 5 **AC** 10 **HP** 7 **Saves** D13 R13 H12 B15 S13
Att Spell **Speed** 3 **Morale** 6 **XP** 360

Spells: Rank 1 *Decay* (***p454***), *Vapours of Dream*, **Rank 2** *Transparency* (***p457***), *Web*, **Rank 3** *Cannibalise* (***p454***).

Merridwyn Scymes—Skeleton

The magician's blood-caked skeleton mindlessly obeys the viscera, defending against the skin's attacks.

Combat stats: Skeleton (*DMB*).

Merridwyn Scymes—Skin

The naked, flayed skin of the magician. Moves by creeping along the ground with uncanny speed, wrapping its flapping limbs around objects to propel itself through the air, its mop of red hair dragging behind it. It is mindless but filled with hatred for the living.

MEDIUM MONSTROSITY—MINDLESS—CHAOTIC

Level 3 **AC** 10 **HP** 17 **Saves** D11 R12 H13 B14 S15
Att Grab (+2, 1d4 + wrap) **Speed** 40 **Morale** 8 **XP** 65

Wrap: On a successful attack, the skin wraps around the victim, causing a –4 penalty to AC and Attack Rolls. Attacking the skin when it is wrapped around someone has a 3-in-6 chance of damaging the victim instead.

0809 NIGHTWORMS

A sandy beech wood, echoing with birdsong. Red, eyeless worms teem in the undergrowth.

Terrain: Open forest (2), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6. After dark, encounters are 3-in-6 likely. Nighttime encounters are 4-in-6 likely to be with **1d8 nightworms**.
Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d3 portions of *Smottlebread* (*DPB*), in addition to the normal results.

The Ditchway

The well-trodden path between Lankshorn and Dreg, known locally as the Ditchway, makes its winding way through a broad channel with sandy banks on either side.

Red worms: Every half-mile or so, the sandy soil around the road is riddled with 6″ long, red, eyeless worms, burrowing and writhing. These are immature nightworm spawn.

At dusk: The worms slither from the sand banks in great droves, writhing across the road and around the feet of any travellers abroad at this hour.

Nightworms' Brood Lair (Hidden)

A 5′ round tunnel is bored into a sandstone promontory in the northern reaches of this hex. The tunnel leads down to a network of chambers and passageways where the nightworms that plague this hex make their lair.

Exploring: Roll on the ***Chambers*** table for each chamber entered. Each chamber connects to 1d4–1 others, via twisting passageways.

Nightworms

8′–10′ long, eyeless red worms, about 10″ in diameter, with rubbery, ribbed, muscular bodies and tooth-filled maws. Nightworms lair in underground chambers bored out by their brood-mother. When abroad, they burrow into mud and sludge to sleep during the day, emerging at night to stalk warm-blooded prey. They drag fresh kills back to their brood lair, being especially fond of the flesh of humanoids and horses.

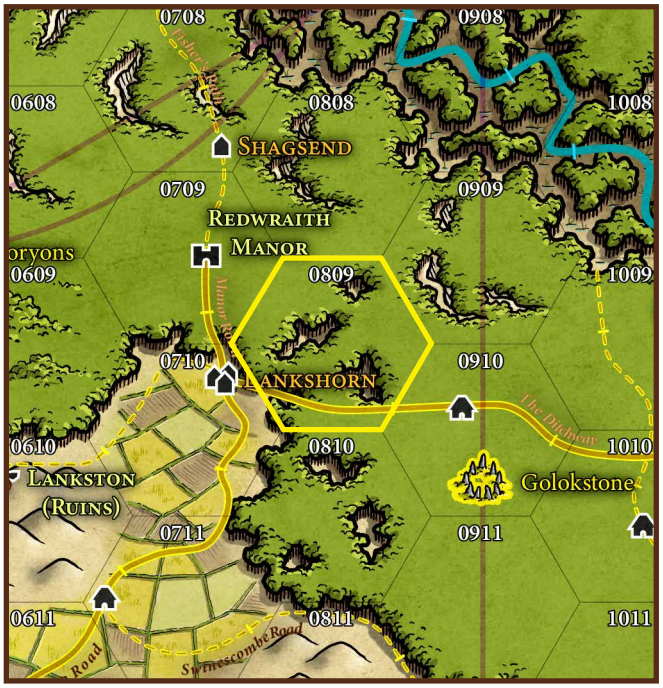
LARGE BUG—ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE—NEUTRAL

Mature Nightworm: **Level** 3 **AC** 11 **HP** 3d8 (13) **Saves** D11 R12 H13 B14 S15 **Att** Bite (+2, 1d6 + constriction) **Speed** 30 **Morale** 9 **XP** 90

Brood-Mother Nightworm: **Level** 9 **AC** 14 **HP** 50 **Saves** D7 R8 H9 B10 S11 **Att** Bite (+7, 2d6 + constriction) **Speed** 50 **Morale** 9 **XP** 1,900

Constriction: On a successful bite, the worm wraps around the victim and exudes a powerful acid, automatically inflicting 2d4 damage per Round of constriction. Armour prevents damage for 1 Round, before it is eaten away. The victim suffers a –1 penalty to Attack Rolls and can only escape if the worm is killed.

Regeneration: A damaged nightworm gains 2 HP at the start of each Round, as long as it is alive. Severed portions may reconnect.



Chambers (d8)

d8	Chamber
1	**1d4 nightworms** devour the corpse of a horse.
2	Walls, floor, and ceiling carpeted with 2″, scarlet eggs. Inside each, a hatchling nightworm is visible. They squirm if examined closely. Walking through the chamber inevitably results in crushing dozens.
3	A twitching humanoid corpse. Examination reveals that the corpse is riddled with hundreds of 6″-long nightworm hatchlings, devouring it from the inside. The corpse has basic travelling gear, 2d12sp, and a random human or breggle trinket (*DPB*).
4	Heaps of bones—humanoid and animal. Among the remains are 1d100gp, 2d100sp, 4d100cp, a gem worth 250gp, and 2 random breggle trinkets (*DPB*).
5	Piles of rust-red moulted nightworm skins.
6	Heaps of bones—humanoid and animal. Hidden among the remains are sleeping **1d3 nightworms**. Rooting around in the bones awakens them.
7	A **Drune cottager** (*DMB*), unconscious and barely alive, being dragged and throttled by **1d4 nightworms**. The Drune has an *Arcane Dagger* (***p412***) of bone and scrolls of *Invisibility*, *Glyph of Locking*, and *Haste* on his person. **This chamber can only be encountered once**—re-roll subsequent results of 7.
8	The gigantic 30′ long, 4′ diameter **brood-mother nightworm**, whose bulbous, eyeless, human-like head sways and moans for fresh blood. Her abdomen is lined with two dozen stunted arms, groping wretchedly at the **2d3 nightworms** coiled around her body in a mating frenzy. Her lair is piled with bones and partially devoured corpses. Among the remains are 20pp, 542gp, 223sp, 432cp, a single diamond earring (800gp), a *Bag of Devouring* (***p420***), a *Cloak of Displacement* (***p406***), and a holy scroll of *Bless*, *Find Traps*, and *Locate Object*. **This chamber can only be encountered once**—re-roll subsequent results of 8.

KING'S MOUNDS AND THE DRUNE COTTAGE 0810

An undulating terrain of birch copses, chestnut glades, and bramble thickets.

Terrain: Open forest (2), High Wold

Lost/encounters: 1-in-6. Daytime encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with the **Braithmaid Pollith Bonewort**, roaming the woods singing haunting, magical songs. Nighttime encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with the barrowbogey **Thrattlewhit**, creeping to the **Drune Cottage** to catch a glimpse of his beloved Pollith.

Ancient Burial Mounds

In the decrepit old woodland close to the north of the hex lies a series of long, low mounds, of human construction.

History: These are burial mounds, housing the remains of ancient warrior-chieftains interred over the span of a century some 1,800 years ago. Locals scrupulously avoid the mounds, believing them to be haunted.

Inhabitants: What locals have mistaken for restless spirits are in fact fairies. The mounds are now home to **24 barrow-bogeys** (*DMB*)—led by one named **Thrattlewhit**—who dwell among the tombs of the dead.

Treasure: The barrow lairs contain the bogeys' treasures, buried in jugs and urns in the sandy soil: 985cp, a platinum ring set with a ruby (1,500gp), a pair of elf-bone bracelets inlaid with unicorns in fairy silver (800gp each), a jasper necklace (900gp), and a heavy gold amulet in the shape of a bull's head with emeralds for eyes (2,500gp).

The Drune Cottage (Hidden)

The Audrune **Aethogrym** (see 0910) maintains a compact cottage in the east of the hex, in a dreamy glade wherein spring always reigns and blossom drifts through the air.

Magically concealed: The path to the cottage is enchanted such that it cannot be found unaided; only by following one who knows the secret way can the cottage be located.

Kilnling protection: 3 kilnlings (1 sneak, 2 defenders; see Drune—Drunewife, *DMB*) created by Aethogrym's wife, **Maedred**, also guard the path and the cottage.

Inhabitants: Aethogrym is often absent, wandering the ways of the forest and the leys in 0910, while **Maedred** (Drune—Drunewife, *DMB*) remains in the cottage, weaving, singing, and potting. Their daughter **Pollith** (Drune—Braithmaid, *DMB*) roams the woods by day.

Pollith Bonewort—Braithmaid

A petite young human woman with cropped black hair, chestnut brown eyes, and a freckled nose. Wears simple white gowns and an apron embroidered with intricate fungal and floral motifs.

Demeanour (Neutral): Cocky, independent.

Speech: Melodious, impudent. Woldish, Drunic.

Desires: Contact with the witches of Dolmenwood. To see the frozen spires of Hoarblight Keep (0505). To be rid of the unwanted attentions of the barrowbogey **Thrattlewhit**.

Thrattlewhit—Chief Barrowbogey

A hunched bogey whose diminutive stature is made up for by the unusually tall brass jug upon his shoulders. Dresses in decaying burial rags.

Demeanour (Neutral): Mercurial, veers between gleeful capering and suspicious questioning. Stumbles and sways, as if intoxicated.

Speech: High and tinny as any barrowbogey's, but punctuated with strained attempts at a more baritone, authoritative register. Woldish, Sylvan.

Desires: Would give anything for the hand of the Braithmaid **Pollith**, whom he loves and spies upon at night.

Possessions: The sword ***Alfhame***, which he brandishes two-handed in battle.

Combat stats: Barrowbogey (*DMB*) with 24 Hit Points.

Alfhame—Magic Longsword

A wide-bladed, antique *Holy Longsword* (*Undead Bane, Drunken*, ***p412***) engraved with seven magical runes. *Decipher* shows that they spell the name "Alfhame."

Drunkenness: The sword is psychically tainted by the fate of its original owner, who was made drunken and assassinated by a treacherous rival. Anyone who possesses the sword takes on an intoxicated and suspicious air.

0811 CORNEW CLIFFS

Low, flat-topped hills criss-crossed with chalky paths and dotted with boulders.

Terrain: Hills (2), High Wold

Lost/encounters: 1-in-6. On sunny days, encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **2d6 young women** from the farms to the north-west. The maidens come here to forage for the mushrooms known as *Lover's Gasp* (***p428***) that grow on the rotting tree trunks at the edge of the Wood. (These mushrooms are said to bring luck in courtship.) They may warn PCs not to disturb the cornews (a type of fairy) who live in burrows within and beneath the rotting trunks.

Sandstone Cliffs

The forest ends abruptly at a shallow sandstone cliff overlooking the rolling hills to the south and the farmland to the west.

Small caves: Between the tangle of overhanging trees can be found numerous small caves riddled with roots.

Searching the caves: Aside from birds and small mammals, the caves are uninhabited. There is a 2-in-6 chance of finding a random human or elf trinket (*DPB*).

Rotting Tree Trunks

Older trees, in their decrepitude, have tumbled over the edge of the cliff and lie rotting at its base. The trunks are covered in mushrooms of various kinds, thriving in the rotting wood sheltered beneath the cliff.

Foraging: Characters successfully foraging among the trunks find 2d6 fresh rations of mushrooms (double the normal foraging yield—roll twice on the edible fungi table, ***p118***) in addition to 1d6 portions of *Lover's Gasp* (***p428***).

Holes in the trunks: The larger trunks are riddled with 8" holes, leading to burrows in the trees' decomposing hearts and the earth below. Rooting around in the holes attracts the attention of **2d6 cornews**, emerging from the burrows.

Cornew burrows: 6' underground, at the heart of each burrow, the cornews keep their treasure: pilfered cutlery and thimbles, a handful of shiny coins (3d20cp, 1d10gp), and 1d4 pouches of *Moth-Wing Dust*.

Cornews

6" tall fairies that look like pink puffballs with goggling eyes, gossamer wings, and thin, straggling limbs.

Demeanour (Neutral): Delight in entertaining visitors with their quaint, squeaking songs. Lay a curse on any who meddle with them or their burrows.

Speech: Adorable squeaking. Sylvan, basic Woldish.

SMALL FAIRY—SENTIENT—NEUTRAL

Level 1 **AC** 16 **HP** 1d4 (2) **Saves** D12 R13 H14 B15 S16
Att Curse (speechlessness) or moth-wing dust (range 20') **Fly** 20 **Morale** 5 **XP** 15

Cold iron: As fairies, cornews suffer 1 extra point of damage when hit with cold iron weapons.

Curse: The target must **Save Versus Spell** or lose the power of speech for 1d6 days.

Moth-wing dust: Fetch from their lairs if threatened.

Moth-Wing Dust

Flaky, shimmering dust. Worth 1,000gp per portion.

Throwing: If thrown in the air, a portion of dust causes creatures in a 5' radius to **Save Versus Blast** or rush towards the nearest light source (possibly the sun, if outside), fascinated for 1d6 Turns.

Wild, tussocky grassland dotted with copses of oak, each trunk featuring a whorl alike to a suspicious eye.

Terrain: Meadow (2), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6

The Shadow Revel

A gigantic sandstone monolith, 30′ tall and 10′ across, stands alone in a field of thistles. Those who study the stones of Dolmenwood know it as Twolgstone. Plant life in a 60′ radius area around the stone is flattened, as if a mighty wind had blasted out from the stone.

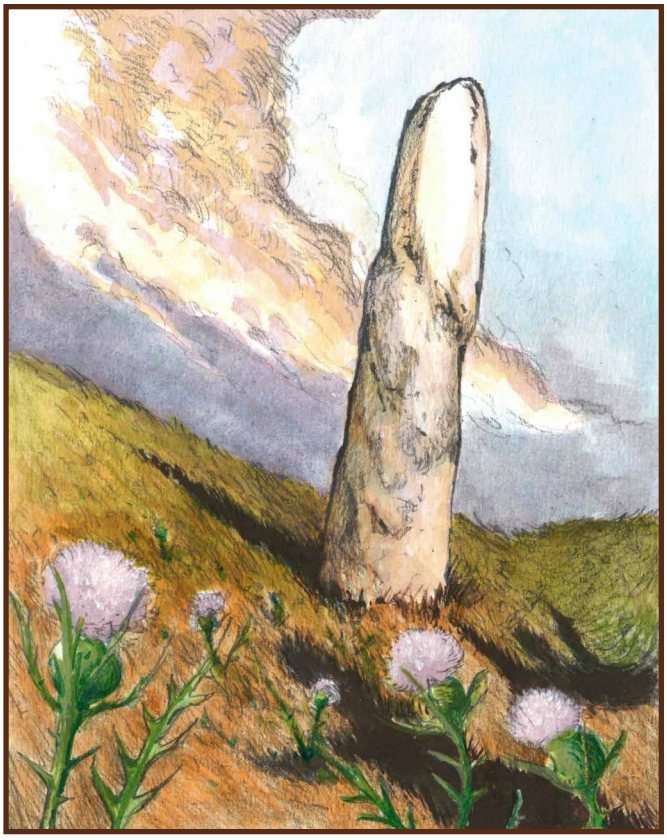
Shadowy revelry: If shadows are visible (depending on lighting conditions), a strange revelry can be seen in the flattened area surrounding the stone. Dozens of **dancing shadows** silently move in procession, projected on the ground around the monolith, prancing and waving their arms in a rising and falling rhythm.

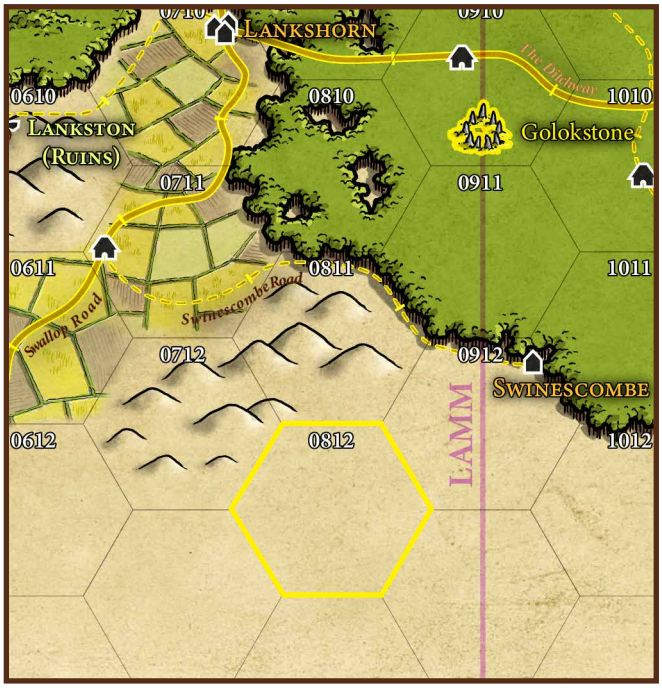
Approaching: If any living person approaches the revelry, one of the shadowy dancers reaches out their hand. A whispering voice, carried on the wind, invites: "come and join the dance."

Taking a shadow's hand: The person's own shadow slips away from their body and joins the dance, quickly getting lost in the throng. See ***Effects of Losing One's Shadow***.

Speaking with the shadows: Every 30 minutes or so, the dance reaches a lull and the shadows may be conversed with.

Retrieving one's shadow: Once mingled among the dancers, a person's shadow can be retrieved only if it is replaced with another shadow. Using magic of curse removal, cast in this location, is also effective.





Dancing Shadows

Humanoid shadows of all shapes and sizes, some seemingly dressed in elaborate costumes, with broad-brimmed hats, flailing wigs, and masks visible. The shadows move with a life of their own but are projected on the ground and other surfaces, lengthening and contracting as normal shadows, according to the prevailing light.

Demeanour (Neutral): Merry, elegant. Peaceful, vanish if attacked.

Speech: Soft whispering, carried on the wind. Woldish, Old Woldish.

Desires: Live music played by an accomplished musician. More shadows to dance with.

Rewards: The shadows reward anyone whose shadow has joined their number, or who has entertained them with music, granting the ability to cast *Summon Shadow* (see ***Uncommon Spells, p454***) once. If an arcane spellcaster brings six or more shadows to join the dance, the shadows reveal the secrets of the *Summon Shadow* spell. The character may then copy this spell into a spell book.

Combat stats: Shadow, *DMB*.

Effects of Losing One's Shadow

Someone whose shadow has absconded does not notice any immediate change, other than the uncanny experience of not casting a shadow.

Reactions: In lighting conditions where shadows are visible, the character suffers a –2 penalty to Reaction Rolls (see ***Encounters***, *DPB*) with everyday folk and normal animals, who are unnerved by a person unaccompanied by their shadow.

0901 THE BLOODIED ALTAR

Steep hills, scree slopes, cliffs, and jagged boulders streaked with what appears to be bloodstains.

Terrain: Hills (2), Table Downs
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6. Sentient folk encountered within the ring of the ***Mysterious Cairns*** are trapped. Some may have read ***The Inscription***, and seek to free themselves by sacrificing others.
Ley line Lamm (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters feel observed by a pitiless malevolence.

Mysterious Cairns

Visible from a distance, a large area near the centre of this hex is clearly circumscribed by a series of cairns. These assemblies of carefully arranged flat stones, many over 10′ high, cast jagged shadows on the surrounding hillsides.

Entering the ring of cairns: Anyone who crosses the invisible threshold demarcated by the ancient cairns becomes trapped within the area they describe. Attempts to leave are futile: paths loop back on themselves, and even the hills seem to shift to cut off escape. Nothing short of powerful magic or the ***Rite of Escape*** allows for egress.

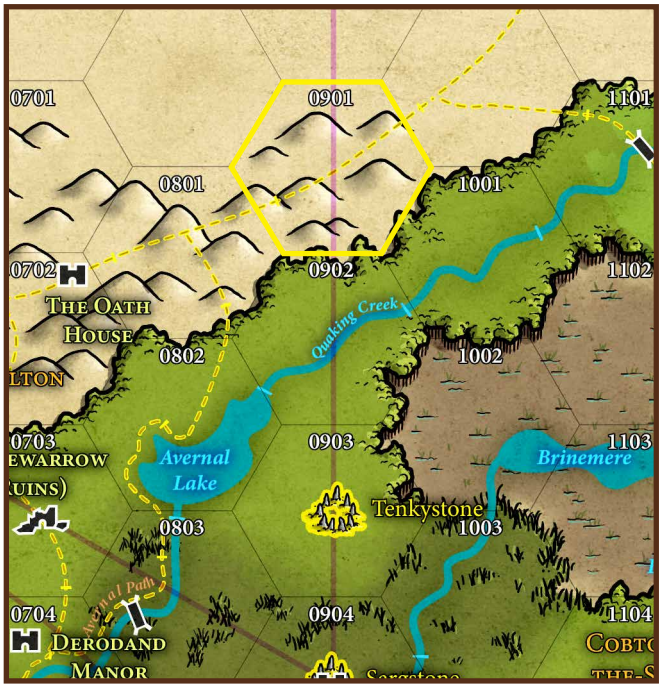
Disturbing the cairns: Attempting to dismantle the cairns is fruitless. If disturbed, a cairn reassembles itself when unobserved; permanently removing one is impossible.

The Bloodied Altar

At the centre of the cairn-delimited region lies a deep cleft in the earth, and on its brink stands an ancient stone altar. The altar is covered in dark stains, and a crude bone knife lies atop the rough-hewn slab. Graven upon the altar's side is a series of elaborate glyphs.

Reading the glyphs: The odd shapes twist and writhe when viewed, magically imparting their meaning into the mind of the reader—see ***The Inscription***.

Descending into the cleft: Clambering down into the ravine reveals that it is choked with broken bones. Mixed in with the bones are coins thrown in as unsuccessful offerings by past prisoners (381gp and 1,583sp).



Hermit's Cave (Hidden)

At the base of a rocky crag within the ring of cairns lies a small cave, concealed by brush. Within are a series of natural chambers. The remnants of a fire pit sit near the entrance; deeper within, furs, tanned hides, and tools fashioned from bone and wood can be found, as well as a small arsenal of crude bone arrows and spears.

Writing: Marks on the walls appear to track the slow passage of time, stretching for many years. Hymns of the Pluritine Church are scrawled alongside.

Corpse: In the final chamber, swathed in furs on a makeshift bed, reclines the slowly decaying corpse of a bearded, elderly man. In his bony hands, he clasps a Chapes holy symbol. His mouth is filled with congealed blood.

The Inscription

The hunger of the hills is great,
And one of you its greed must sate.
Now take this hallowed knife in hand,
If 'tis your wish to leave this land.
Turn selfsame blade on mortal kin,
And then perchance your freedom win.
With blood this sacred stone besmear,
And bow your head in sacred fear.
Then cast the corpse into the pit,
And then this region you may quit.

The Rite of Escape

A group may only leave the region if they daub the altar with blood, and cast a humanoid corpse into the cleft. However, despite the allusions, the corpse need not be freshly killed and the blood need not be drawn from the same corpse.

Uneven ground, riven with ditches, gullies, and rifts. Foul, purple vapours drift from the earth.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Nagwood

Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with a **treowere** (*DMB*), either Lawful or Chaotic (see ***The Battle of the Trees***).

Foraging: Successful foraging yields ruddy medlars sufficient for 1d6 doses of *Moonhaw* (*DPB*), in addition to the normal results.

Ley line Lamm (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters feel observed by a pitiless malevolence.

The Battle of the Trees

As the adventurers struggle through the hex, they hear the sound of a terrible ruckus. It sounds like falling trees and the roaring of monsters.

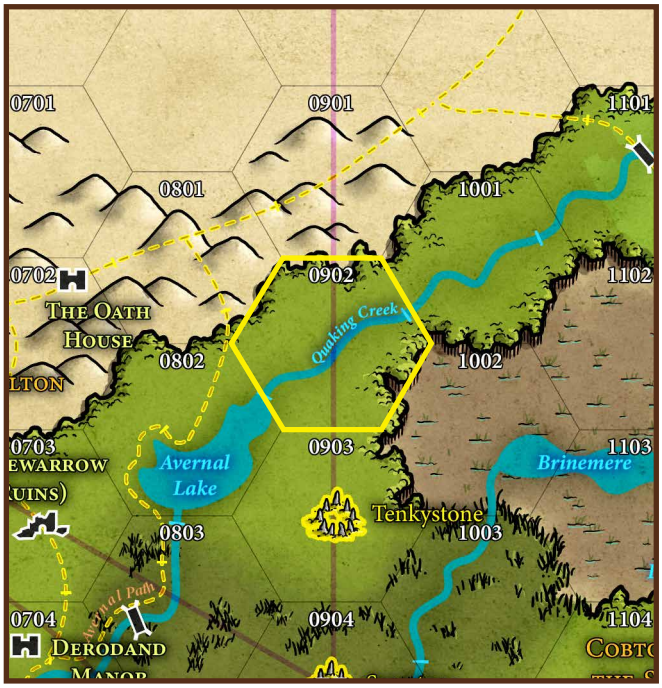
Following the sound: Adventurers come upon an extraordinary scene: **two groups of treoweres**, each of different appearance, fighting each other in a field of upturned trunks and torn-up foliage. There are nearly two dozen combatants on each side.

Chaotic treoweres: Bent, twisted, thorny, briar-ridden trees who scream horridly as they fight. These have been corrupted by **Atanuwë** (***p45***) and fight to drive the Lawful treoweres from the area. They number **8 treoweres** and **16 animated trees**.

Lawful treoweres: Appear as normal, if enormous, trees. They put up a ferocious resistance to the Chaotic invaders. They number **6 treoweres** and **12 animated trees**.

Intervening: If the adventurers enter the affray, tardy though they may be, they might make the difference between victory and defeat for one of the warring sides (see ***Fighting the Battle***).

Rewards: The Chaotic treoweres, if victorious, reward any who aid them by issuing a personal invitation to the Court of the Nag-Lord (hex 0904), so that Atanuwë may reward them "personally." The Lawful treoweres, should they prevail, reward the adventurers for their aid with a *Arcane Shortbow* (*Chaos Bane*, ***p412***) made from a branch of an old treowere who died long ago.

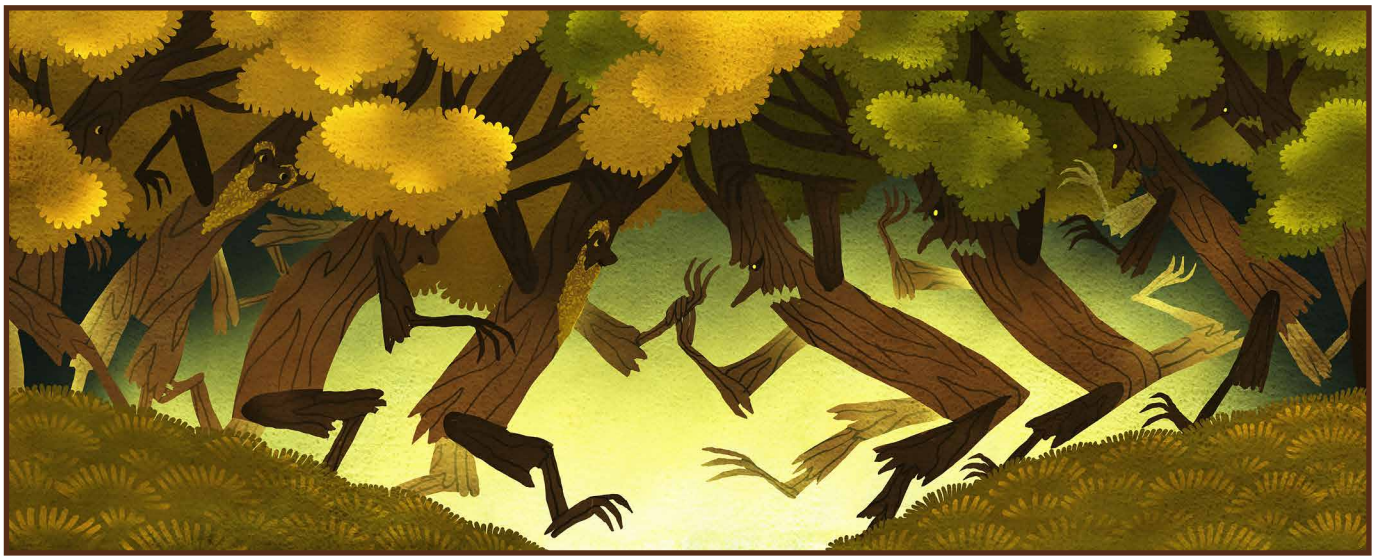


Fighting the Battle

If the party joins the battle, the Referee may resolve it in one of the following ways.

Standard combat: Use the standard combat rules to resolve the engagement of 14 treoweres, 28 animated trees, and the PCs.

Abstract combat: Abstract the course of the battle into a smaller engagement between the PCs and a small number of opponents, as follows. If the adventurers aid the Chaotic treoweres, they need only fight and destroy a single Lawful treowere before the tide turns and the Lawful treoweres are defeated and repulsed. If they aid the Lawful treoweres, the PCs must defeat two corrupted treoweres to repel the Chaotic force, though they gain the aid of two formerly Chaotic animated trees after defeating the first treowere.



0903 THE BESIEGED NODAL

Boggy woods of wind-bent pine, riddled with small streams and islets. A purplish tinge pervades the air.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Nagwood
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6
Ley line Lamm (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters feel observed by a pitiless malevolence.
Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d4 *Shub Eggs* (***p430***), in addition to the normal results.

Tenkystone

At the centre of a sodden hollow, in a glade ringed with elder, the nodal Tenkystone stands.

Appearance: Tenkystone is an obelisk of white, sandy stone, 15′ tall, inlaid with silvery runes.

Guardians: The **Audrune Jhaelloch** and his **wicker giant** (*DMB*) guard Tenkystone.

The siege: The Audrune and the stone are currently under siege by a horde sent by the Nag-Lord two weeks ago. The stone is attacked approximately one night in three. So far, the Audrune has held off the attackers, but his defences are precarious and could be toppled at any time.

Inscribed spell: Drunic runes describe the arcane spell *Word of Doom*. See ***Ley Lines and Standing Stones, p18*** for details on learning this spell.

Touching the stone: Summons forth its power: a white mist rises from the soil, enveloping all within 10′. All in the mist must **Save Versus Doom** or perish. Any who survive may ask a question about the future. The Referee should answer each character's question with what seems the most likely course of events.

The Nag-Lord's Horde

Lurking in the periphery of Tenkystone, harrying the Audrune.

Daytime: 1d4 harpies (*DMB*) and **2d4 crookhorns** (*DMB*) lounging in the branches.

Nighttime: Creeping towards the nodal stone are **1d4 harpies** (*DMB*), **3d4 crookhorns** (*DMB*), and **1d4 harridans** (*DMB*).

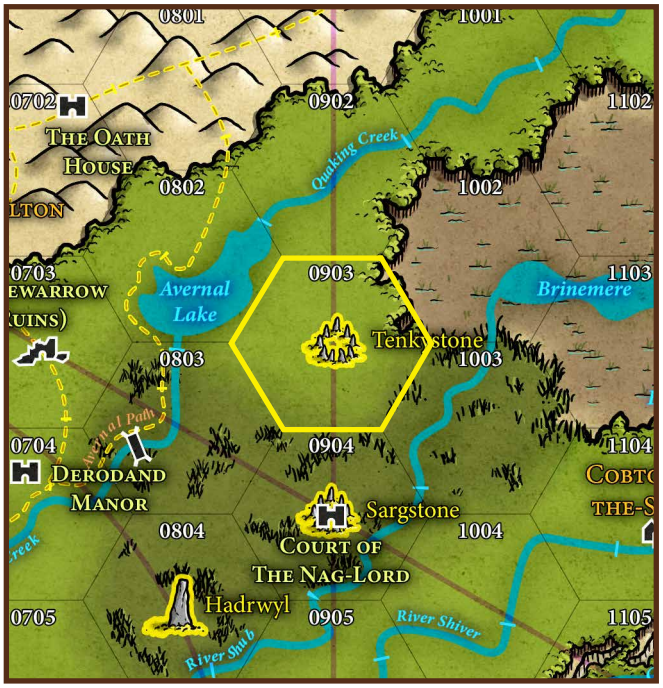
Aim: To slay or drive away the Audrune and his wicker giant, then to perform a binding ritual on Tenkystone, bringing it under Atanuwë's yoke.

Giant Trident

The harridans have speared a great seven-pronged trident of pockmarked meteoric iron into the earth along the course of Lamm, 200 yards south of Tenkystone.

Bleeding earth: Black ooze seeps from the "wound."

Astral interference: The trident stymies Jhaelloch's magic.



The Audrune Jhaelloch

A small, scrawny human man with greyish, wrinkled skin, hawkish nose, and wan blue eyes. He dresses in the traditional night-black cloak and hood of his order. Currently wears a woollen scarf around his ears, to block out the song of the harpies that assail him.

Demeanour (Neutral): Agitated, suspicious. Usually taciturn, but will respond if engaged in conversation, owing to his current predicament.

Speech: Penetrating rasp. Woldish, Drunic.

Desires: To break the siege on Tenkystone. To contact his brethren for aid.

Bargain: Promises the gratitude of the Drune to any who will help him defeat the horde or inform his brethren of his plight. (Directs PCs to the Audrune Hermanach in hex 0804.)

Combat stats: Audrune (*DMB*). Spells 50% likely to fail when cast and unable to use ley travel (due to astral interference from the ***Giant Trident***).

THE COURT OF THE NAG-LORD 0904

Decrepit firs and twisted thorn trees, dripping with pink ooze. Clawed roots writhe and grasp at travellers.

Terrain: Thorny forest (4), Nagwood

Lost/encounters: 3-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **2d10 vampire bats** (*DMB*), bred by the Nag-Lord to plague its domain.

Ley line crossing Hoad/Lamm: Arcane spell-casters perceive the feeling of desperately awakening from a nightmare. (See ***p18***.)

The Court of the Nag-Lord

Perched on the steep northern shore of the rank, sluggish River Shub sits the court of the Nag-Lord, Atanuwë. It takes the form of a great, oozing dome of black slime, quivering like a bubble drifting on water. A contorted, glistening tower ascends 100′ from its centre, topped with a cluster of gristly horns. A wall of venom-dripping thorns, 15′ high and 15′ deep, rings the court.

Putrescent flow: A putrid, frothing liquid—black and purple and horrid pink—drains from the base of the wall of thorns and oozes into the River Shub. This is Atanuwë's corruption, which flows into Lake Longmere and thence into the waters of all Dolmenwood.

Thorn wall: The wall is impenetrable and immune to mundane damage. Scaling it is perilous: 2d8 damage plus **Save Versus Doom** or die of poison.

Entrance: The thorn wall parts for any who bow low and proclaim their servitude to Atanuwë, granting entrance to the court.

Inside the Court

Within the slime dome, rubbery, black membranes form intestine-like passages and womb-like chambers. The only light is from the luminous secretions that weep from pustules dotting the walls. Cries of anguish, the scents of gore and sickly, otherworldly perfumes, and wicked, cackling laughter pervade.

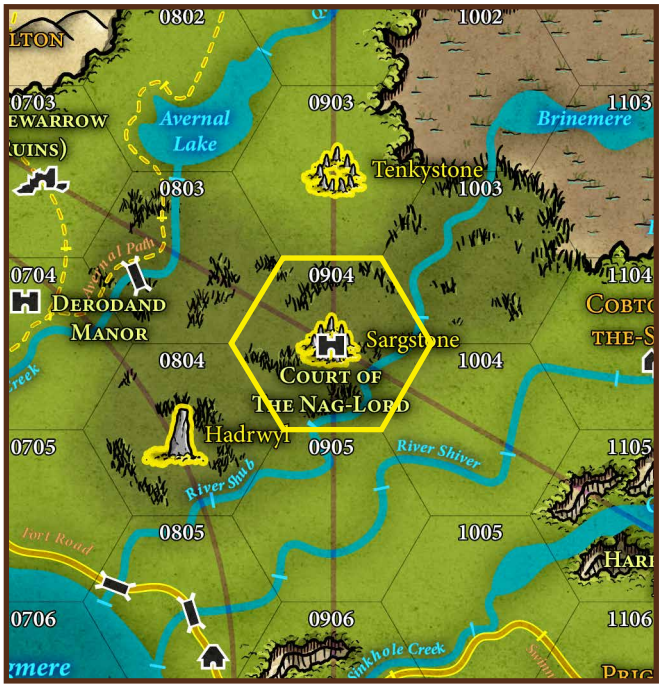
Inhabitants: The **Nag-Lord, Atanuwë** (***p45***), **75 crookhorns** (*DMB*), **12 harpies** (*DMB*), **7 harridans** (*DMB*), and **5 corrupt unicorns** (*DMB*) are typically resident.

Visitors: Are likely to be imprisoned, tormented, and eaten alive.

Throne room: A giant throne of pale, twisted wood stands before the captured nodal ***Sargstone***, surrounded by feasting tables piled with entrails, rotting fruits, and roasted children's flesh. The *Head of the Stag Lord* hangs above the throne and the antlered staff the Drune call the *Awlflame* (an *Arcane Staff / Staff of Dominion (Humans)*) lies on a table nearby—used by Atanuwë as a toothpick.

Sargstone: Sargstone—known as the Weirdstone—is a 15′ tall obsidian pyramid, its surface flickering with maelstroms of purple energy. Amid the energy, the agonised visage of a man can be seen (the trapped spirit of the Audrune Hemlack—the stone's former guardian). Touching Sargstone is deadly: **Save Versus Doom** or disintegrate.

Inscribed spell: Drunic runes describe the arcane spell *Dweomerfire*. See ***Ley Lines and Standing Stones, p18*** for details on learning this spell.



The Head of the Stag Lord

The decapitated head of the Wood God Yorghan (see ***p39*** and hex 1305), with antlers spanning 8′, its great tongue drooling and its eyes rolling vacantly.

Drool: Consuming the head's frothy drool cures 1d6+1 HP. (Once per day per character.)

Gaze: Speaking the Stag Lord's name (Yorghan) causes the eyes to focus briefly. One who meets its gaze must **Save Versus Doom** or dissolve into a pool of plasma and evaporate in 1d6 Rounds. A character who makes the save is cured of all curses and diseases afflicting them and gains 1d4 Constitution. (Once ever per character.)

Freeing the trapped Audrune: The spirit of Hemlack can be released into another vessel by magic of soul transference such as *Trap the Soul* (***p457***).

Ballroom: A 100′ wide disc of solidified darkness floating at the top of the dome. Harpies, corrupted woodgrues, and crookhorns play a continuous, maddening din. The skulls of four saints drift around, wailing sanctimoniously (much to the amusement of Atanuwë and its minions).

Cellars and pantries: Beneath the court, an endless maze of frigid chambers houses an exquisite selection of crushed-sprite wines, human children, and other prisoners whose destiny awaits on the Nag-Lord's feasting tables.

Atanuwë's chambers: A stair of human bone ascends the central tower to Atanuwë's private chambers, overlooking the Valley of Wise Beasts. Amid heaps of offal and silk cushions can be found jewels to the value of 20,000gp, depraved statues and art objects to the value of 20,000gp, a shimmering pool of liquid gold (20,000gp worth, if solidified), and an assortment of discarded magical playthings: *Belt of Might* (***p406***), *Horn of Blasting* (***p408***), *Talisman of Protection From Hexes* (***p398***), a suit of *Holy Chainmail* (***p400***), and an *Arcane Shield* (*Freezing*, ***p400***).

0905 THE MOUSE SHRINE AND THE HERMITAGE

Broken boughs and carelessly felled trunks. Crookhorn hoof-prints traipse throughout.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Valley of Wise Beasts

Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with a patrol of **2d6 crookhorns** (*DMB*) from the garrison at Baron Fragglehorn's tower (hex 1004). They patrol down into the Valley from the tower, meting out terrible and anarchic justice. They attempt to arrest outsiders and bring them before the Baron.

Ley line Lamm (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters feel observed by a pitiless malevolence.

Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d4 portions of *Worm-Mallow* (***p430***), in addition to the normal results.

The Valley of Wise Beasts

A mile wide here, the Valley of Wise Beasts dwindles away toward the south-west of this hex, the cliffs that bound it gradually diminishing in height. The western end of the Valley, in this hex, is composed of wild forest and is scantly inhabited.

The Shrine to St Vinicus

Upon the verge of the southern cliffs, a well-maintained, miniature church, complete with steeple, sits overlooking the Valley of Wise Beasts. Next to it is a pathway along the cliff edge, leading to the ***Hermitage***.

Door: The building's oaken door is beautifully carved with a diorama of mice and shrews floating on barges around a flooded church. It is locked.

Interior: Rear windows reveal a picturesque view of the valley below. Between them stands a statue of a man smiling benevolently—Saint Vinicus, patron saint of mice and beggars. Three separate nooses hang about his neck. Upon the altar at his feet stands a foot-high, silver Chapes holy symbol (500gp).

Prayer: Characters praying may receive the blessing of St Vinicus: the ability to cast *Animal Growth*. See ***Shrines, p22***.

Hermitage

A tidy pathway beside the shrine leads 100 yards along the cliff edge to a clearing containing a thatch-roofed hut and a pile of neatly stacked firewood. Atop the hut is a grisly sight: a decapitated human head rests at the roof's apex, its blood staining the thatch.

Occupant: The entire space inside the hut is occupied by the bulk of a **mogglewomp** (*DMB*). This creature slew the owner of the hut, a friar who lived here as a hermit and had restored the shrine.

Contents: If the beast can be dislodged from its appropriated lair, the friar's possessions can be retrieved, including the key to the shrine, a set of antique religious books (200gp), and a map of Lake Longmere with "Lost shrine to Saint Galaunt?" annotated in red, close to the south-western bank.

THE RUINED ABBEY OF ST CLEWYD 0906

Sighing wind seems to emanate from face-like formations in the sides of ragged granite peaks.

Terrain: Craggy forest (4), Aldweald

Lost/encounters: 3-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with the **gloam** (*DMB*) that lairs in the abbey ruins.

Ley line Lamm (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters feel observed by a pitiless malevolence.

The Ruined Abbey of St Clewyd

Close to where Swinney Road crosses the turreted Chantilope Bridge, a cobblestoned avenue diverges. Overgrown and flanked with defaced saintly statues, it leads to the shattered gate of the ruined abbey complex.

Chaotic phenomena: Manifest among the ruins: prismatic, spectral flames; iridescent lights drifting and bobbing; erratic booming from underground; twitching ears and whispering mouths sprouting from stone.

Haunted bell tower: A tall, square tower stands largely undamaged, close to the toppled gate. Dark birds roost in the belfry at the tower's summit. A **gloam** haunts this place, dwelling with three **charmed children**.

Chapel of St Clewyd: The main chapel is damaged but largely intact. A tapestry of climbing plants conceals a series of mosaics depicting the life and deeds of St Clewyd. Twin staircases descend to the chapel's crypts.

Disturbed graveyard: The graves of several hundred monks, surrounded by buckling, ivy-covered walls. The newest graves bear dates just over 100 years ago. Many have been carelessly dug up. There is a 2-in-6 chance of a **charmed child** being present here, digging.

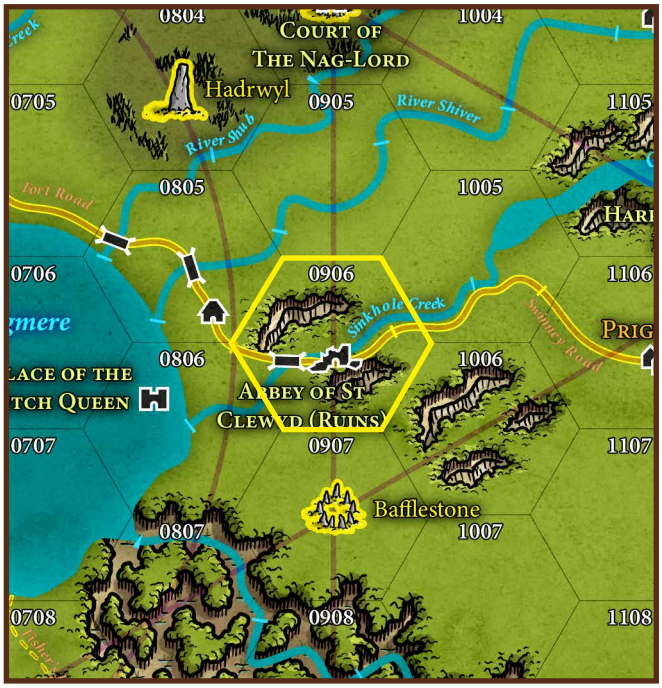
Inside the Bell Tower

Ground floor (chapel): A decaying chapel dedicated to St Woad, patron of bakers, bears, and hammersmiths.

1st floor (bedroom): The home of the three **charmed children**, living among the ramshackle remnants of the former gatewarden's residence.

2nd floor (bell-ringing chamber): Macabre dioramas of stuffed woodland creatures with human teeth glued into their mouths, strung from the bell ropes. Disturbing the figures risks the wrath of the **gloam** that lurks in the belfry.

3rd floor (belfry): A great bronze bell (1,500gp). The **gloam** (*DMB*), "**Mister Rag-n-Bone**," perches in flock form among the rafters, filling the chamber with eerie shadows.



The Chapel Crypts

An extensive series of tombs and catacombs extends beneath the chapel. The doors from the surface lead into a vast undercroft in the eastern half of the crypts.

Chaos Rift: The eastern crypts are wracked with Chaotic energies and monsters, emanating from the dimensional rift caused by the ritual that brought about the abbey's destruction (see ***History, p14***).

The Order of Wardens: The western crypts, free of the Rift's influence, are home to 50 monks—20 living, 30 undead. They have dwelt here since the abbey's destruction, magically walling themselves in, swearing to remain until their "Charge" can be healed.

Holy magic: Provides sustenance for the monks, and resurrects those who pass away. The latter power has sometimes misfired, causing some monks to return as mindless undead (cared for by the living monks).

The "Charge": A wretched monstrosity formed of the amalgamation of St Clewyd and Sallowbryg (see ***History, p14***). The beast is imprisoned, its mind shattered and hateful of all life.

Charmed Human Children

Three children live in the bell tower, in the gloam's thrall, tasked with digging up teeth from the graveyard.

Bilbry Worms: A waif-like, blonde boy of 5 years.

Willy Hodgeheg: A strapping lad of 8 years, whose matted black hair cascades over his glowering eyes.

Violet Harrowmoor: A dark-haired girl of 6 whose dress and speech betray her aristocratic origins—she is the missing daughter of **Lady Harrowmoor** (***p60***). The gloam charmed her away from behind her mother's back on a visit to the fortifications at Prigwort (***p181***).

Mister Rag-n-Bone (Gloam)

Flock form: A swirling, noisome gyre of shrieking, decayed crows. **Humanoid form:** A gangly, pulsing agglomeration of tiny, broken bones, wearing a cloak of rancid feathers.

Demeanour (Neutral): Erratic, withdrawn, obsessive.

Speech: Grating whisper, clacking of beaks. Woldish.

Desires: Obsessed with creating taxidermied animals with the teeth of the devoutly religious (dug up by the children, in the abbey graveyard) carefully sewn into their jaws. Protect and nurture the foster children.

0907 BAFFLESTONE

Dismal, pathless woods; knotted roots and tangled boughs. Grisly, rasping moans punctuate the silence.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Encounters are 3-in-6 likely to be with **2d10 wandering Bafflestone Thralls**.
Ley line crossing Lamm/Ywyr: Arcane spell-casters perceive an incessant, spiralling wailing, as if a gateway to the realm of the dead were nearby.

Enfeebling Emanations

Travellers within this hex are assailed by nausea, confusion, and unease, emanating from a malignant presence that can be sensed at the centre of the hex.

Effects: Living creatures suffer a –1 penalty to Attack Rolls and Saving Throws while in this hex.

Locating the source: The source of the emanations—the broken nodal ***Bafflestone***—can easily be located by heading towards the sensed malignant presence.

Bafflestone

Those who arrive at the centre of the hex enter a shadowy, silent glade, wherein an ancient and forbidding nodal stone looms over dead grass. It is known to the Drune, its creators, as Bafflestone.

Appearance: The stone is an irregular, blocky prism of deepest red carnelian, about 8′ tall and 3′ wide, with a smoke-like vein of black crystal residing at its core.

All who view Bafflestone: Must **Save Versus Spell** or fall under its thrall (see ***Consequences of Bafflestone Exposure***).

Examining: Close examination of Bafflestone's surface reveals minutely carved Drunic sigils, repeating the phrase: "Bafflestone, Hand of Drune, Nexus of Lamm and Ywyr."

Inscribed spell: Drunic runes describe the arcane spell *Glyph of Locking*. See ***Ley Lines and Standing Stones, p18*** for details on learning this spell.

Corruption: Bafflestone was irrevocably warped by a pernicious ley resonance set up by Atanuwë, emanating from the captured nodal Sargstone. The stone's inner magical structure erupted with a grievous and invisible wound that the Drune—much to their shame—were unable to staunch.

Consequences of Bafflestone Exposure

Those who fail to resist the Bafflestone's power become sympathetic to the stone's deep malignity.

Initial symptoms: Unable to sleep, unwilling to leave the stone's presence without physical coercion, and unwilling to eat or drink, despite hunger and thirst.

Undead thralldom: Unless dragged, pulled, or otherwise coerced at least 1 mile away from the stone within 8 hours, those enthralled wither and die, remaining on this plane as morose and disconsolate undead wanderers: ***Bafflestone Thralls***.

Bafflestone Thralls

Desiccated corpses that patrol the environs of Bafflestone without rest, seeking to drag outsiders to the site of the stone to test their wills against the monument's eldritch presence.

MEDIUM UNDEAD—MINDLESS—CHAOTIC

Level 2 **AC** 11 **HP** 2d8 (9) **Saves** D12 R13 H14 B15 S16
Att Claw (+1, 1d4 + grasp) **Speed** 30 **Morale** 12 **XP** 35

Undead: Silent before attacking. Immune to biological effects (e.g. disease, poison) and mind-affecting spells (e.g. *Vapours of Dream*, *Paralysation*, *Dominate*).

Gang up: Groups of 3–4 thralls attempt to surround an individual victim to subdue them and drag them to Bafflestone.

Grasp: The thrall grabs onto the victim and only lets go if killed. The victim suffers a –2 penalty to Attack Rolls and AC. This penalty is cumulative if multiple thralls grasp the same victim. A victim grappled by 3 or more thralls is helpless (cannot attack, move, or act in any way) and is dragged towards Bafflestone.

THE HAG'S LAIR 0908

A confusing tangle of marshy waterways, peat bogs, and mud holes. Weirdly babbling bog-lights flicker.

Terrain: Swamp (4), Hag's Addle

Lost/encounters: 3-in-6. Nighttime encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **the Hag** (***p82***).

Ley line Lamm (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters feel observed by a pitiless malevolence.

Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d6 portions of *Bloodcap* (***p428***) or 1d4 portions of *Grinning Jenny* (***p428***), in addition to the normal results.

The Soul Pond

Close to the northern edge of this hex, amid the maze of streams and rivulets seeping into the River Hameth, is a broad, marshy pool veiled in a chill, greenish mist. The pool's waters are oily black whorled with vivid mauve.

Phantoms: If PCs approach, grisly heads and grasping hands form in the mist, gliding above the waters towards intruders. They brush against characters' cheeks and dissipate harmlessly.

Bathing: One who braves the phantoms and bathes in the oily waters is blessed with the ability to levitate for 1d6 hours.

The Hag's Hut (Hidden)

In the deeps of the swamps on the southern banks, travellers may come across a simple reed-thatched wooden shack with a single door and no windows. This is the home of **the Hag** (***p82***).

Re-locating: The hut vanishes and reappears at dawn each day, moving from place to place with a will of its own. Locating it requires characters to search anew with every visit to the hex (see ***Travel***, *DPB*).

By day: The hut sits astride a hummock or other dry patch of ground amid a swampy pool or mire.

By night: The hut floats 10′ above the surface of the gnat-plagued fen.

Entering: The door is not locked. The Hag gains an immediate awareness of intruders and, if elsewhere, rushes back to the hut, arriving within 1 Turn.

Inside the Hut

Characters entering unbidden find the hut bare and unoccupied. Only those invited by the Hag (or those who can see through illusions) perceive the hut's true interior: a jumble of rude baskets, jars, and pots, with drying herbs hanging from the rafters and gnarled candles sputtering upon every surface. Green and orange flames flicker in a fireplace at one side, heating a great cauldron. In a corner, a reeking bundle of furs and rags serves as a bed.

The Hag: Broods in the hut during the day, fulfilling her accursed duty of guarding the ***Door to Fairy***. At night, she wanders the marsh, foraging for herbs or victims.

The cauldron: A stew of questionable meats (some identifiable as humanoid), bubbling away.

Candles: Anguished faces can be seen in the weirdly twisted wax of some of the candles. These are the last remnants of charmed victims of the Hag.

The fireplace: A door to Fairy, during the day (see below).

Grimalkin guards: 5 large black cats (actually grimalkins charmed to remain forever in chester—see the *DMB*) lurk in the rafters, eyeing guests greedily. They pounce on troublemakers; anyone damaged by them must **Save Versus Spell** or be afflicted with the nightly urge to drown themselves in the bog (**Wisdom Check** per night to avoid).

Door to Fairy

During the day, the Hag's fireplace acts as a door to Absynthe, Fairy domain of her sister, the Queen of Blackbirds (***p35***). The Hag is eternally bound as guardian to this door, even though she herself cannot cross its threshold.

Entering: Adventurers with an invitation from the Queen of Blackbirds may step past the cauldron, through the flames (which are harmless), and be transported to the fairy realm of Absynthe. The door allows entrance; there is no way back. (The Hag may have knowledge—albeit dated—of other routes of escape from her sister's realm.)

On the other side: Characters appear amid a copse of forlorn pines upon an island in a gloomy lake. Ravens' calls pierce the frigid air, bringing word to the Queen that intruders have stepped through the Hag's portal.

Journeys Into Fairy (Optional)

Referees wishing to expand play into the realm of Absynthe may allow adventurers to enter the Hag's portal without an invitation. This requires the Referee to develop adventure locales of their own in Absynthe.

0909 THE WORM'S PIT

Blackened and charred trees. A perpetual light haze smells of smoke.

Terrain: Craggy forest (4), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 3-in-6
Ley line Lamm (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters feel observed by a pitiless malevolence.

The Blistered Woods

This section of the forest appears to have recently been ravaged by fire. Trees are blackened and charred, stripped of leaves. The ground is hardened dirt, with little undergrowth. A light haze with the odour of smoke fills the air, lightly obscuring one's vision.

The curse: The Blistered Woods has manifested due to the presence of the **Worm**, slowly growing in scope each year it has resided in ***The Pit***. Slaying the Worm causes the haze to lift and the forest to begin to heal.

The Pit

At the dead centre of the Blistered Woods is a clearing containing a circular pit, 30′ in diameter.

Darkness: Starting 10′ below its opening, the pit is immersed in a supernatural darkness. Anything thrown into the pit, including light sources, falls 10′ and then disappears.

Inhabitant: The pit is home to the **Worm**, who telepathically detects any who approach, while concealing itself within the darkness.

Questions: After taking a moment to read the PCs' minds, the Worm telepathically communicates with one or more of them. It can communicate simultaneously with as many people as it wishes, depending on whom it feels will be most interesting or amusing.

Tribute: The Worm offers knowledge, but demands tribute in exchange. It cares more about the worth of the tribute to the questioner than its strict material value. It accepts sacrifices, treasure, and even important memories (which it scours from the questioner's mind).

Knowledge: The Worm only knows disconnected facts, gleaned from previous visitors and victims. It primarily relies on reading the thoughts of questioners to provide answers they want to hear. If any members of the questioning party are keeping secrets from each other, it reveals them to deliberately cause chaos.

Inside the Pit

The pit is 60′ deep, with earthen walls. It does not appear to be naturally occurring. Inside, light only reaches 10′ from its source (see ***Darkness***).

Bottom: The bottom of the pit is a mass of junk and bones, both animal and humanoid.

Treasure: Scattered amongst the debris is a mess of coins (426cp, 708sp, 694gp), 12 silver bangles adorned with hanging owls (35gp each), and a ruby-encrusted *Holy Shortsword* (***p412***) that can produce the effects of the holy spell *Locate Object* once a day when coated in blood.

The Worm

An enormous, 40′-long earthworm with transparent, veiny skin and a lamprey mouth full of jagged teeth.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Gruff, affecting mystery. Haughty but tries to conceal it. Demands tribute but acts as if it is always the more generous party in any exchange.

Speech: Low, confident. Communicates telepathically within 120′, in the listener's preferred language.

Desires: To amuse itself. To feel powerful. To feed. To be entertained or flattered through tribute.

LARGE BUG—SENTIENT—CHAOTIC

Level 9 **AC** 16 **HP** 40 **Saves** D7 R8 H9 B10 S11
Att Slam (+7, 1d10) and bite (+7, 1d10 + swallow)
Speed 20 **Morale** 9 **XP** 1,350

Mind-probing: Can probe surface thoughts of all within 120′, or probe deeper thoughts and memories by concentrating on a specific creature within range.

Swallow: A bite Attack Roll of 4 or more than the target number required indicates the victim is swallowed. Swallowed victims can attack the worm from inside, but must **Save Versus Hold** each Round or be paralysed for as long as they remain inside the worm (aware but unable to move or act). The worm digests food incredibly slowly, dehydration killing victims long before they're properly dissolved.

Old, thick-boled trees creak and groan. The soil is orange, as if soaked with blood.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), High Wold

Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Off-road encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **1d3+1 bramblings** patrolling the region.

Ley line Lamm (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters feel observed by a pitiless malevolence.

The Jaunty Horn (Inn)

A high-gabled inn that spans the Ditchway, bridge-like. At the rear, a wide yard and stables bustle with caravans.

Sign: A curled bugle with a portrait of **Lord Ramius** (***p65***) engraved at its head. (The folk of the inn are Ramius loyalists, proudly retaining his portrait on the sign.)

Common room: A broad, low-beamed space rammed with round tables, with hundreds of horseshoes cladding the walls. The proprietor **Jesibelle Nag** and her husband **Mollish** serve tables while their **7 children** run and play. A 6′-long drinking horn hangs above the bar—downing a whole horn is a challenge the locals use to settle disputes.

Guests: Common travellers, merchants, and surly guards.

Services at the Jaunty Horn

Lodgings and food: Of common quality (*DPB*).

6′ of ale: 4 pints of *Keye's Balm* (*DPB*) in the horn. 4sp.

Golokstone

A 10′ square slab of yellow sandstone, split down the middle, lies at the centre of a glade of lofty silver birches, surrounded by a maze of circuitous paths.

Guardians: The **Audrune Aethogrym**, along with **7 bramblings** (*DMB*) that roam the hex.

Fungal ring: Dense patches of scarlet, 2′ high toadstools encircle the stone; they release a 20′ diameter cloud of spores if anyone approaches. All within must **Save Versus Blast** or experience vivid, religiously-tinged hallucinations for 1d6 Turns (–4 penalty to Attack Rolls and cannot cast spells). Aethogrym and his bramblings arrive after 1 Turn to evict the intruders.

Inscriptions: Drunic runes describe the arcane spell *Arcane Eye* in addition to the inscription "Scry, Drune, all Dolmenwood spread wide. Speak, Drune, voice of the Aegis." See ***Ley Lines and Standing Stones, p18*** for details on learning the spell.

Peering into the split slab: Reveals an impossibly fathomless vista of swirling black and purple mists dotted with glinting points of silver, like stars.

Scrying: Casting *Crystal Vision* or *Arcane Eye* while gazing into the vista brings about a trance, lasting for 1 Turn, wherein the spell-caster has a vision of Dolmenwood in its entirety and may choose to zoom into any one hex, gaining an insight into the hidden features there.

Drunic speech: Uttering Drunic words into the vista opens a channel of communion to the Drune Aegis (***p54***).

Jesibelle Nag—Jaunty Horn Proprietor (Level 4 Fighter)

A stout, muscular human woman in her late thirties, with a knotted brow and a wide, gurning face. Dresses in sheepskin jerkins, striped pantaloons, and purple felt boots, always leaving her heavily bangled arms bare. Jesibelle is a retired fighter who bought the Jaunty Horn with the profits from her adventures.

Demeanour (Lawful): Boastful and belligerent, but unerringly loyal to those who earn her respect.

Speech: Brash. Woldish.

Desires: To best tough-looking warrior types in bouts of arm-wrestling or drinking contests. To experience the thrill of adventure "one last time."

Possessions: Purple felt *Boots of Weft-Striding* (***p406***). A golden *Holy Mace* (***p412***) concealed behind the bar.

The Audrune Aethogrym

A towering (6′6″) human man of robust build, with shaven head and staring eyes as pale as moonlight. Wears a brass ring through his nose and dresses in the traditional night-black cloak and hood of his order. As guardian of Golokstone, Aethogrym is charged with deterring intruders, but favours words over violence.

Demeanour (Neutral): Temperate, genial but stern.

Speech: Slow, hearty rumble. Woldish, Caprice, Drunic.

Desires: To defend Golokstone at all costs. To track down the fairy who spies on his daughter **Pollith** (see 0810) and ensure that he does not continue to do so.

Possessions: A bone bracelet, carved with mushrooms, which allows him to sense intruders at Golokstone and teleport to the vicinity.

Combat stats: Audrune (*DMB*).

0911 SHUB'S NANNA

Round, moss-covered, waist-high boulders, like a chain of islands in a verdant sea.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6
Ley line Lamm (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters feel observed by a pitiless malevolence.

The Crooked Cottage

Beside a rushing brook of dark water is an ancient cottage of moss-covered brick. The one-and-a-half-storey structure is an assemblage of crooked angles, jutting gables, oddly-placed cupolas, and grimy, opaque windows. It is the dwelling of the longhorn crone known in local folklore as **Shub's Nanna** (***p47***) and her henchfolk.

Sleigh: Beside the cottage is an unoccupied sleigh, bedecked with deerskins. If touched by one other than its mistress, the sleigh shakes and screams. (See ***p47*** for a description of the sleigh's powers.)

Goats: 5 silver-eyed she-goats graze the bracken of the surrounding woods. Shub's Nanna uses these animals to drive the sleigh.

Interior: A quaint, rustic kitchen and living room, stuffed with drying herbs, pickle jars, baskets of root vegetables, and human bones. Concealed behind a loose hearthstone are a pouch of 1,560sp, a *Wand of Fear*, a vial of *Philtre of the Winds* (***p414***), and 2 unicorn horn bracelets (1,000gp each).

Inhabitants: Nanna's servants—**7 silver goblins**—dozing in hammocks in the attic. There is a 3-in-6 chance of Nanna herself being at home (otherwise she is foraging in the woods of this hex).

Silver Goblins

Lithe, hairless, silver-skinned goblins kidnapped from Fairy and charmed into service by Atanuwë. Shun clothing, apart from little cloth caps.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Merry capering, flashes of deranged violence.

Speech: Mewling and snarling. Woldish, Sylvan.

SMALL FAIRY—SENTIENT—CHAOTIC

Level 2 **AC** 12 **HP** 2d8 (9) **Saves** D12 R13 H14 B15 S16
Att Dagger (+1, 1d4) or fangs (+1, 1d3 + poison)
Speed 40 **Morale** 9 **XP** 35

Cold iron: As fairies, silver goblins suffer 1 extra point of damage when hit with cold iron weapons.

Poison: Save Versus Doom or fall asleep for 4d4 Turns.

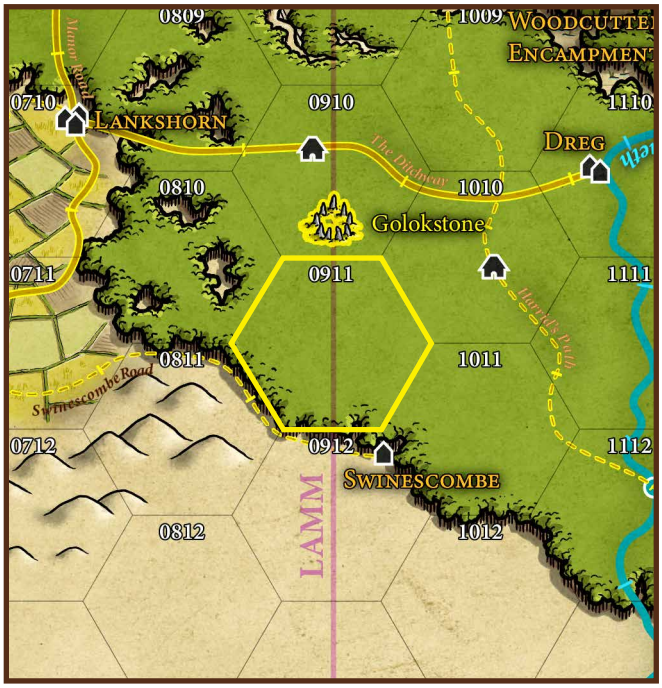
Silver-Eyed She-Goats

Large female goats with tawny fur and flashing silver eyes.

MEDIUM ANIMAL—ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE—NEUTRAL

Level 2 **AC** 12 **HP** 2d8 (9) **Saves** D12 R13 H14 B15 S16
Att Butt (+1, 1d6 + mirth) **Speed** 40 **Morale** 9 **XP** 35

Mirth: Save Versus Spell or be overcome with maniacal laughter for 1d3 Rounds, unable to attack.



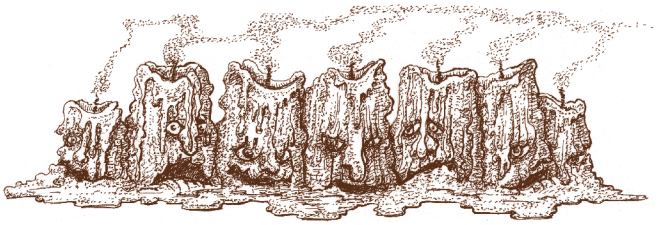
The Shrine to St Thorm (Hidden)

In the south of the hex stands a ruined church surrounded by a pile of crusted black filth that resembles a slime mould. The church is overgrown with ivy and home to a venerable colony of rooks, whose caws can be heard from some distance away.

Consuming the filth: Non-humanoid mammals permanently gain human-like sentience after 1d3 days. (Animals in these parts instinctively avoid the substance.) Mortals, fairies, and demi-fey enjoy the substance's delectable taste but must immediately **Save Versus Spell**. Those who fail fall into a coma for 1d3 days, during which they dream incessantly of talking animals tormenting them with degrading insults.

Church interior: The icon and relics in the chapel are missing, but the epithets (in Liturgic) carved around the doorway indicate that this place was once dedicated to St Thorm "faith-smith."

Prayer: If the shrine is re-sanctified by placing a holy symbol upon the altar, characters praying may receive the blessing of St Thorm: the ability to cast *Detect Magic*. See ***Shrines, p22***.



THE HAMLET OF SWINESCOMBE 0912

A bucolic idyll of green pastures and verdant orchards, dotted with old windmills and fields of oats and barley.

Terrain: Meadow (2), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6
Ley line Lamm (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters feel observed by a pitiless malevolence.

Nearing Swinescombe

Nestled by the forest, in the north of the hex, the inviting hamlet of Swinescombe presents a quaint image from a distance. The sound of a lively lute or fiddle often greets travellers approaching the thatched-roof farmhouses and charming crimson barns.

Outlying farms: Farms surround the hamlet, with large pig-pens in which fat shapes waddle with a faintly uncanny motion. As one gets closer, it becomes apparent that the creatures snuffling for food are not swine but **bestial humans** (30 in all), naked and mud-spattered, fattened and unshorn. Tending to the herds are **pigfolk** farmers. See ***The Secret of Swinescombe***.

The Hamlet of Swinescombe

Inhabitants: The hamlet is home to **30 pigfolk** and **30 bestial humans**. See ***The Secret of Swinescombe***.

Visitors: Adventurers who try to interrupt Swinescombe's way of life are attacked by **6 pigfolk**, who try to beat them unconscious and bind them. Subdued PCs awake in the pens, naked and in hog hobbles.

Slaughterhouse: Human corpses hang from the rafters, dismembered body parts are strewn across work-tables, and cleaver-wielding pigfolk cheerfully disjoint cadavers.

The Pot-Bellied Boar (alehouse): The village drunk, **Old Bart**, habitually drowns his sorrows at the bar.

Abandoned building: Blockish, windowless. Conspicuously shunned by the pigfolk, who refer to it in quavering whispers as the "haunted tomb of the ancestors." The dark, cool interior proves to be a curing larder for pork sausages, which dangle from numerous hooks. Anyone fleeing here is safe from the pigfolk.

Services in Swinescombe

Lodgings: Of common quality (*DPB*). No private rooms are available.

Food: Served at the Pot-Bellied Boar. Of common quality (*DPB*). All meat served is human.

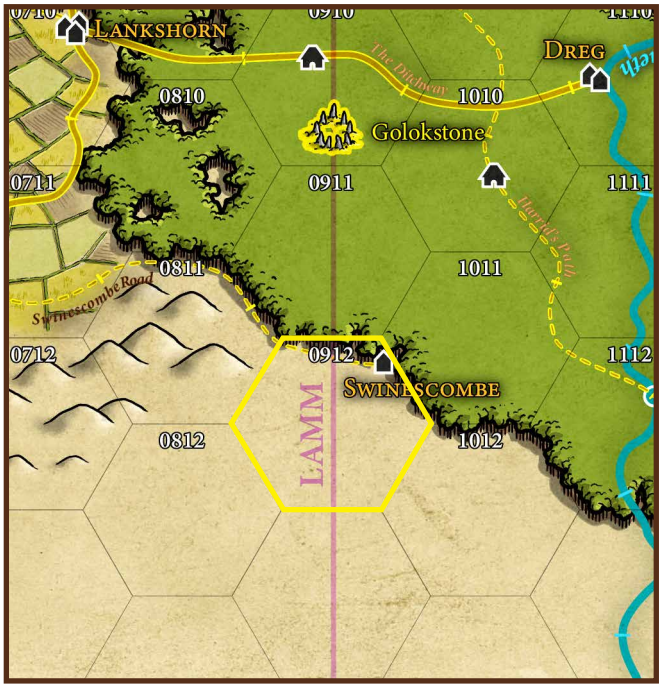
Bartholomew "Old Bart" Bucksnort

An old, sad-faced male boar with ale-tinted whiskers ringing a gin-blossomed snout.

Demeanour (Neutral): Sour, gripey. Tells outsiders the history of Swinescombe for a drink.

Speech: Slow and deliberate, punctuated with meditative, mournful sighs. Woldish.

Desires: Misses life as a mere pig, and longs to return to the carefree days of old.



The Secret of Swinescombe

Swinescombe was originally a hamlet of pig-farming humans. By chance, a local charcutier discovered the black filth in hex 0911. Believing it magical, he fed it to the pigs, in a bid to outdo the famed bog-swine sausage of Dreg (***p140***). The filth permeated the hamlet's food chain, eventually transforming its pigs into sentient, anthropomorphic pigfolk and its humans into dull-witted beasts. The pigfolk appropriated the homes and lives of the former farmers, herding the bestial humans.

Having only recently seized control of Swinescombe, the pigfolk are anxious to prevent word of their situation from reaching the outside world. They bribed Baron Hogwarsh's tax collectors to let them be, but fear their inevitable return.

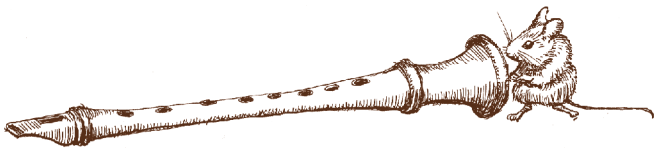
Pigfolk

Walking, talking pigs dressed in fine peasant garb and wigs of human hair, chattering in Woldish.

MEDIUM MORTAL—SENTIENT—ANY ALIGNMENT

Level 1 **AC** 13 **HP** 1d8 (4) **Saves** D12 R13 H14 B15 S16
Att Meat cleaver (+0, 1d4) or tusk (+0, 1d4) **Speed** 40
Morale 6 **XP** 10

Terrified of sausages: Pigfolk can be kept at bay (10') by brandished sausages, though they repeatedly warn this will bring "the wrath of the ancestors" down upon the entire hamlet "any minute now."



A rubbery, black weed, clustered with squeaking bladders, carpets the ground.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Nagwood
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely (4-in-6 likely if travelling on Quaking Creek) to be with **1d2 bogen**.
Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d3 portions of *Foolscap* (***p428***), in addition to the normal results.

Bogen Territory

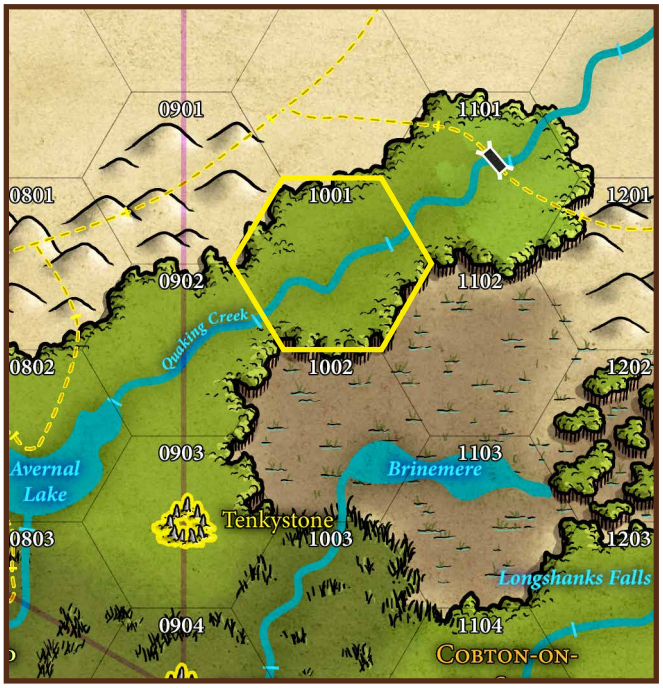
Many fallen, battered, and bent timbers litter the slopes above Quaking Creek, which bisects this hex. Barge-folk travelling the creek know these wood piles to be the territorial markings of the **bogen**, hirsute, giant-like creatures who dwell in mounds beneath the brush. The mariners refer to this area as the Bogenwood.

Shrill whistling: Visitors are often startled by the distant, shrill whistles of the bogen, meant to keep away intruders.

Attacks on strangers: Beleaguered by Atanuwë's fell influence and murderous minions, the bogen loathe all outsiders. They take particular frustrated pleasure in hurling rocks at boats travelling the creek.

Blood-Daubed Stakes

As adventurers traverse the southern portion of the hex, they encounter trees with images of braying unicorn heads and nine-pointed stars—symbols of Atanuwë (***p45***)—daubed upon them in blood. At the centre of this region is the ***Burial Pit***.



Burial Pit

A glade carpeted with tree stumps and mulch, at the centre of which is a natural, limestone pit, half-filled with brackish water. Once a burial site where the bogen would throw the bones of their dead, the pit has been appropriated by servants of the Nag-Lord.

Chaos minions: 2d4 crookhorns (*DMB*), clad in filthy hooded robes, prowl the edge of the pit, agitating the dark water with long staves. They are assisting in the gradual conjuration of a horrible new servant—the **Huorglein**—weaving flesh around centuries of bogen remains. One crookhorn's staff is encrusted with rubies, cut in odd shapes that seem to change when viewed (worth 500gp).

Awakening the Huorglein: Any corpse falling into the pit triggers the Huorglein's premature awakening, and its hulking, scarlet form emerges from the depths in a rage. The Huorglein cuts a bloody swath towards the court of its master (hex 0904), littering the branches and boughs of Dolmenwood with the entrails of those whom it destroys.

The Huorglein

A great, scarlet, ogre-like being, 12′ tall, with the antlers of a stag, the teeth of a shark, and the benign, unflinching eyes of a mortal man. Not fully-formed, it is still missing large chunks of muscle mass in places, exposing blackened bone beneath.

LARGE UNDEAD—SEMI-INTELLIGENT—CHAOTIC

Level 8 **AC** 14 **HP** 55 **Saves** D8 R9 H10 B11 S12
Att 2 fists (+7, 1d8 + disease) and gore (+7, 1d10)
Speed 40 **Morale** 11 **XP** 1,840

Undead: Silent before attacking. Immune to biological effects (e.g. disease, poison) and mind-affecting spells (e.g. *Vapours of Dream*, *Paralysation*, *Dominate*).

Immunities: Only harmed by magic or magic weapons.

Disease: Anyone hit contracts a horrible rotting disease. Magical healing is ineffective; natural healing is 10 times slower. The disease can only be removed by magic.

Howl (once a day): Servants of the Nag-Lord within 60′ are driven into a violent frenzy: +1 to Attack Rolls, damage, and morale for 1 Turn.

Bogen

Dull-witted giants, about 8′ to 10′ tall, with thick, wavy tresses covering their entire body, except for their bird-like, three-toed feet. They do not speak, but communicate with eerie whistles and sighs.

LARGE MORTAL—SEMI-INTELLIGENT—NEUTRAL

Level 8 **AC** 12 **HP** 8d8 (36) **Saves** D8 R9 H10 B11 S12
Att 2 fists (+7, 1d8 + hurl) or rock (+7, 2d6, range 200′)
Speed 40 **Morale** 8 **XP** 1,040

Hurl: A character hit by both fists in a single Round is lifted up and tossed onto the ground (2d6 damage) or another character within 30′ (another Attack Roll required to hit, 2d6 damage to both).

THE BELCHING POOLS AND BRINEMERE 1002

Rotting reeds; stinking, tarry pools. Drifting, yellowish fog. Belching periodically breaks the silence.

Terrain: Bog (3), Fever Marsh
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6
Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d3 portions of *Marshwick* (*DPB*) or *Horridwort* (***p430***), in addition to the normal results.

The Belching Pools

This hex is dotted with hot pools, bubbling yellow with sulphur. The mud banks that surround them are prone to belching, as gases rise from the earth.

Thorny Scrub

The south-eastern corner of the hex is carpeted up to knee-height with a scrub of wiry, black-stemmed bushes covered in vicious thorns. Passage is laborious and painful.

Carrion storks: The air is filled with the wretched cawing of the hundreds of carrion storks that nest at the western edge of Brinemere, protected by the thorn scrubs behind.

Lichen nests: The storks' nests are clad with a violet lichen known as *Horridwort* (***p430***). Collecting a portion of the lichen requires fighting off 1d4 carrion storks.

Brinemere

At the centre of the thorny region lies the salt-sludge of Brinemere. The surface of the lake is patched with a crust of pure white salt crystals; its grey waters are lifeless and offensively salty.

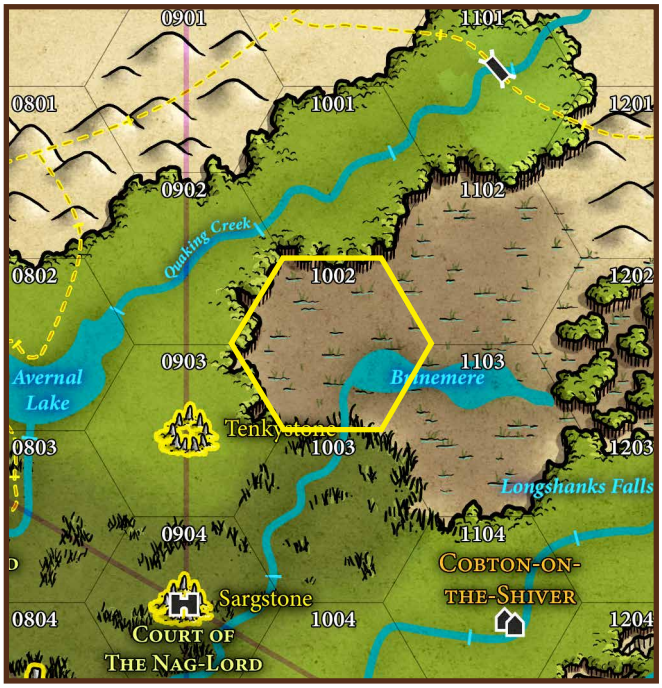
Carrion Storks

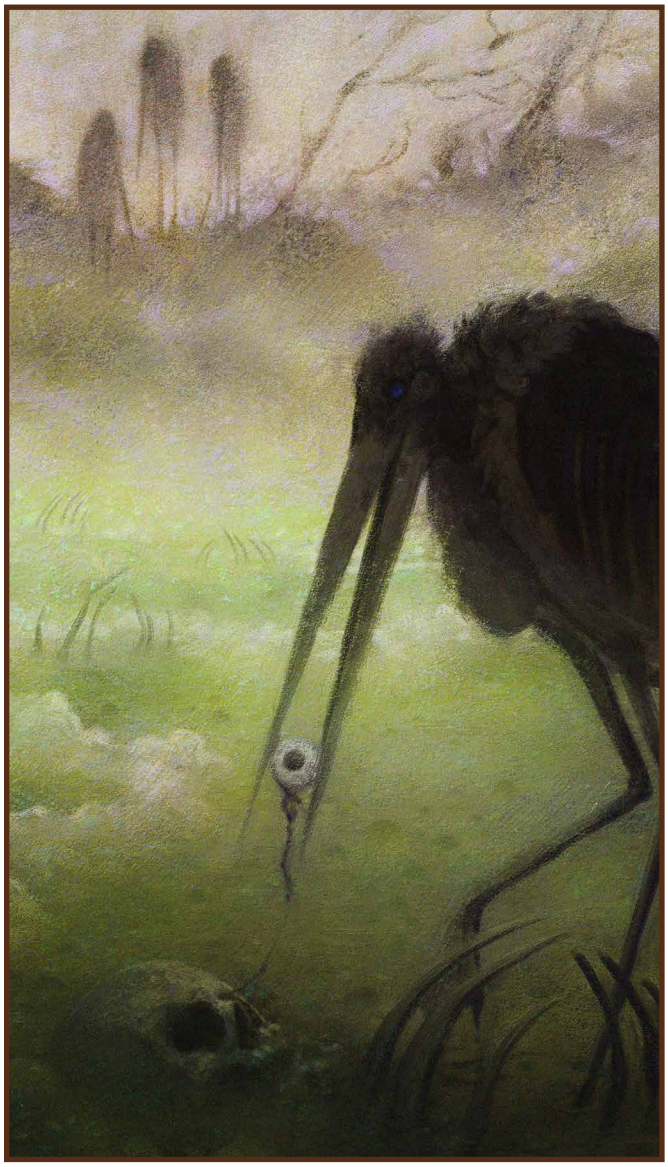
4′ tall, ragged, black-feathered storks that feed on carrion, favouring succulent eyeballs. Except when defending their nests, they are fearful of humanoids, but may attack the vulnerable-looking, tempted by fresh eyeballs.

SMALL ANIMAL—ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE—NEUTRAL

Level 1 **AC** 12 **HP** 1d8 (4) **Saves** D12 R13 H14 B15 S16
Att Beak (+0, 1d4 + eye peck) **Speed** 20 **Fly** 40
Morale 7 **XP** 15

Eye peck: On a natural 20 Attack Roll, the stork pecks out and guzzles down an eyeball. Unless cured, a one-eyed victim suffers a –1 penalty to missile Attack Rolls.





1003 AN AWFUL BLACK SLIME

Everything is coated in a horrid, viscous, black slime. The place reeks of syrup.

Terrain: Thorny forest (4), Nagwood

Lost/encounters: 3-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **black tentacles** (*DMB*).

Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d3 portions of *Grue's Ear* (*DPB*) and 1d2 portions of *Goatman's Goblet* (***p428***), in addition to the normal results.

The Black Slime

Thickly coats everything in this hex, from the muddy ground to the leaves of the twisted, thorny trees to the surface of the languid and putrid River Shub.

Odour: The slime is the source of the sickly, syrupy aroma that permeates this stretch of wood.

Taste: An awful combination of acrid and syrupy sweet. Only the strong of stomach can resist vomiting, after touching this stuff to the tongue.

Sticky: The slime is oily and hard to wash off without soap.

Brain-Like Fruits

Twisted trees bearing the 6", brain-like fruits known as *Shub Eggs* (***p430***) are numerous throughout this hex. The fruits bob and wobble, attached to the trees by rubbery cords, covered in the slick of black slime.

Harvesting: The tree sighs; the cord oozes a pink goo. The brain-fruit pulses gently for an hour, then goes still. Characters can harvest as many fruits in this hex as they wish.

The Shrine to St Faxis (Hidden)

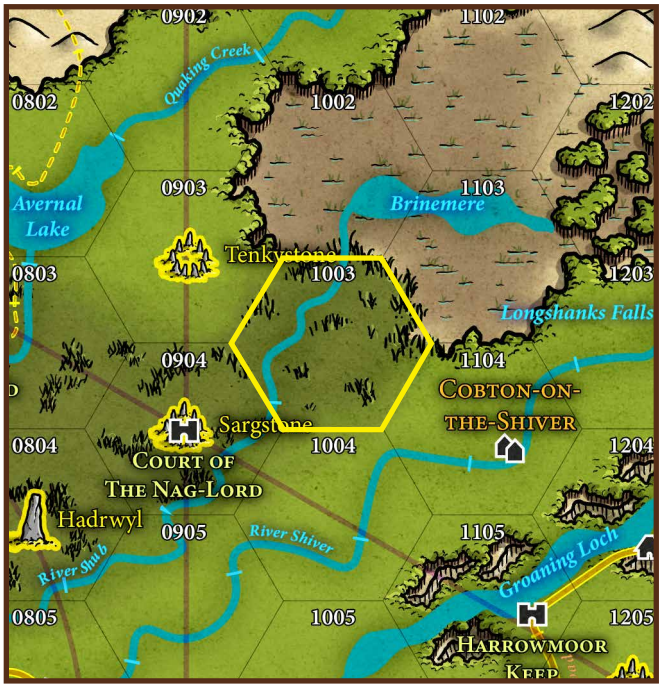
A pool of the black slime has gathered in a hollow, a slime-coated Chapes holy symbol protruding at the centre.

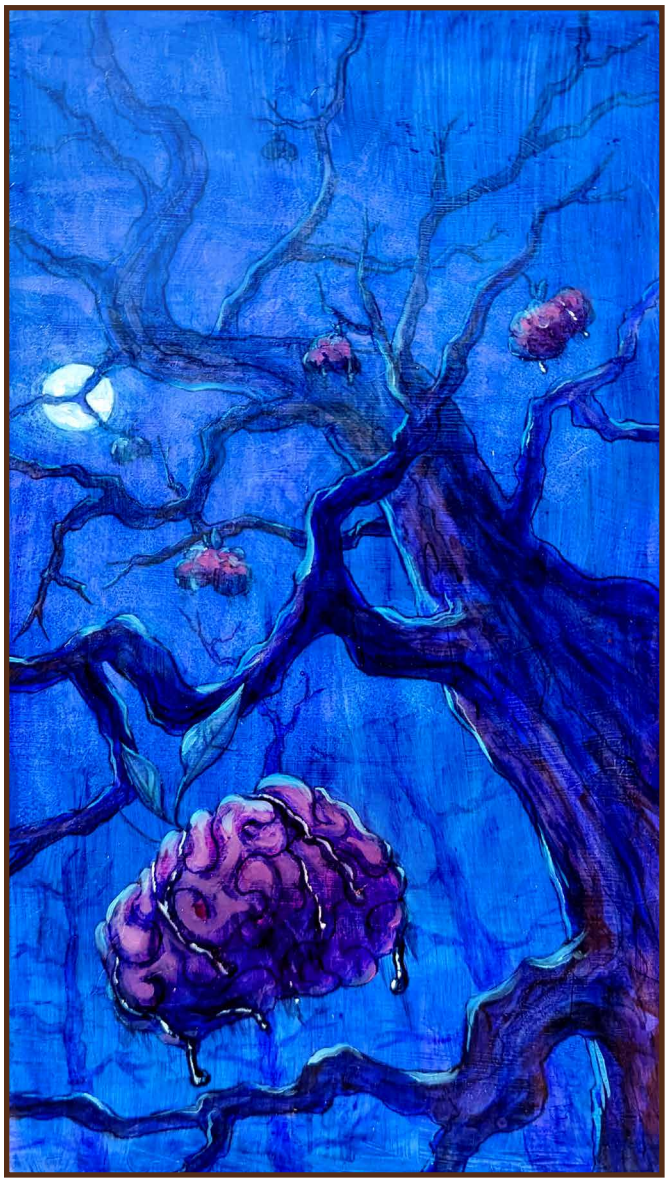
The Chapes: Marks the summit of the erstwhile shrine to St Faxis the penitent, now submerged in the pool of slime.

The shrine: A round building of stacked river stones, piled to a point.

Inside: The stone altar remains in the centre of the single chamber, but the relics and icons of the shrine were looted long ago.

Prayer: If the shrine is recovered from the slime and a statue of St Faxis placed upon the altar, characters praying may receive the blessing of St Faxis: the ability to cast *Circle of Protection*. See ***Shrines, p22***.





BARON FRAGGLEHORN'S TOWER 1004

The wide, central region of the Valley of Wise Beasts. A region of rolling, wooded hillocks and springy grass.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Valley of Wise Beasts
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Encounters are 3-in-6 likely to be with a patrol of **2d6 crookhorns** (*DMB*) from the garrison at the Baron's tower. They patrol down into the Valley from the tower, meting out terrible and anarchic justice. They attempt to arrest outsiders and bring them before the Baron.
Ley line Hoad (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the feeling of having just awoken from a dream.

The River Shiver

A broad, shallow river that trickles lazily over its bed of pebbles.

Baron Fragglehorn's Tower

A crooked tower stands atop a sandstone crag at the north side of the Valley, looming over the river valley like a hawk gazing down upon bunnies at play. This is the tower of **Baron Fragglehorn** (***p46***), crookhorn warlord and sheriff.

Construction: A mishmash of styles: solid cut stone at the wide base, stacked river rocks in the midsection, two wooden turrets at the top. (The middle and upper floors were piggybacked on top of the disused ***Shrine to St Goodenough***.)

Cliff and stairs: A stair, carved into the sandstone cliffs, leads up to the foot of the tower. At the summit of the stairway, a lopsided iron gate bars the way. It is guarded by **1d4 crookhorns** (*DMB*).

Front door: The tower's great, oaken front door is shielded by a bent, slate-roofed porch. It is guarded by **1d4 crookhorns** (*DMB*).

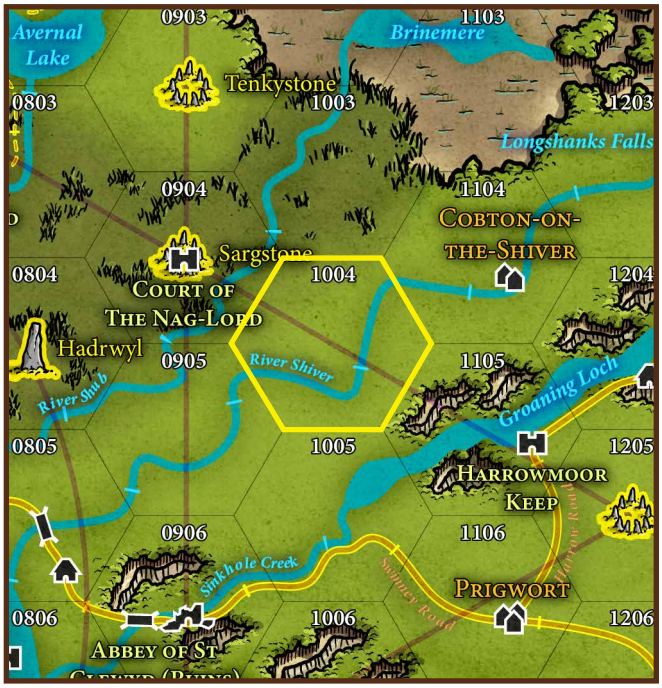
Inside the Tower

Ground floor: The dwelling place of the **30 crookhorns** under the Baron's command. A stinking, dishevelled common room. A poky bed chamber packed with crookhorn excrement and hammocks. A stairway leads down to the ***Shrine to St Goodenough*** (now used as a cellar).

Middle floor: The Baron's parlour. Plush leather furnishings, scratched up by unruly hooves and horns. A round feasting table strewn with roast game, wine bottles (1d6 worth 50gp each), and maps. **1d3 slovenly crookhorn women** (unarmoured) lounging.

Left tower: The Baron's bedchamber. Foetid opulence. Dank silks and tapestries (worth 500gp if cleaned up). Hidden in the rafters is a lead box containing 200pp and a string of ametrine carved into skulls (1,000gp).

Right tower: The wives' quarters. The Baron's six crookhorn wives (see ***Middle Floor***) sleep here, when not otherwise engaged.



The Shrine to St Goodenough

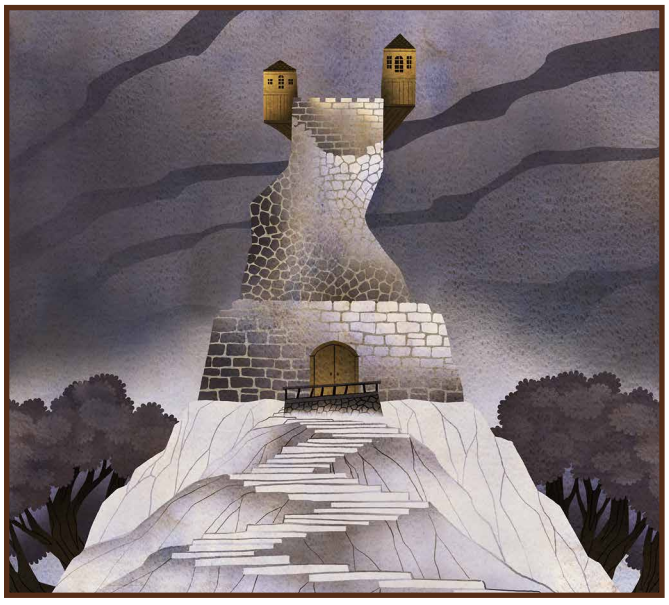
The stairway from the common room descends to a vaulted crypt with angelic statues along two walls.

Altar and statue of St Goodenough: An altar stands opposite the stairway. The cherry-wood statue of St Goodenough (a plump man cradling a corn dolly) is decked with gore and the raw pelts of various animals.

Barrels: Casks of cheap ale stacked to one side.

Buckets: Wooden pails covered with damp cloths litter the floor. They contain mixtures of raw meat, bones, fat, and crookhorn excrement.

Prayer: If the altar is cleaned up, characters praying may receive the blessing of St Goodenough: the ability to cast *Holy Fire*. See ***Shrines, p22***.



1005 SHUB'S FINGER AND STIRGE ISLE

Hushed oak woods. Birds and small mammals are markedly scarce. A periodic groaning can be heard.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **1d4 stirge-owls**.

Shub's Finger

Close to the western side of this hex, a small, rustic-looking pathway forks off from Swinney Road and leads south into the woods.

Signpost: At the junction stands an old wooden signpost (known to local folk as "Shub's finger"), propped up against the stump of a dead elm.

Odd place names: The sign indicates a different imaginary destination each time PCs pass this way. The Referee may invent something or roll 1d6: 1. The Devil's Mill, 2. Snablesby, 3. Court of the Warbelowe, 4. Snankton-by-Water, 5. Castle Wrackenbold, 6. Little Chittering.

Following the path: None of the indicated places exist; the path simply leads into the deep woods of hex 1006.

Damaging the signpost: Amounts to naught; it reappears intact the following morn.

Stirge Isle

The accursed isle of the **stirge-owls** wards the western end of the Groaning Loch, at the point where it narrows, feeding into Sinkhole Creek.

Appearance: 900 yards long, 100 yards wide. Steep, rocky sides, 50′ high, slick with weeds. Topped with gloomy firs.

Stirge-owls: The isle is the nesting ground of **60 stirge-owls**, 2d6 of which swoop down to attack trespassers upon the isle or those who pass by at night.

The Isle in Springtime

In the springtime, the isle is frequented by **night-boars** (stats as boars—*DMB*—but can only be harmed by magic or magic weapons). These gelatinous grazers leave their usual habitat in the near-astral to mate upon Stirge Isle.

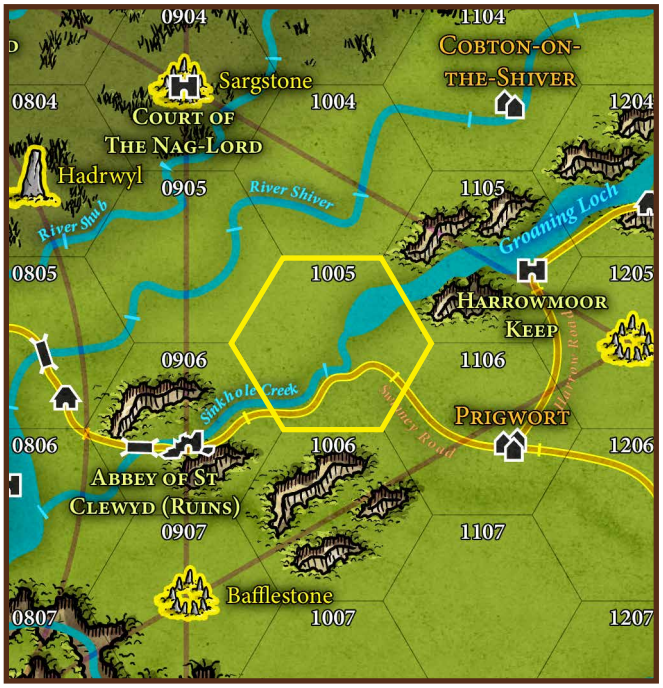
Mating calls: The bellowing of the night-boars can be heard for a mile around, at times spooking the stirge-owls.

Foraging: After the night-boars have courted, their sticky, luminescent seminal fluid can be found dripping from rocks and tree trunks. Characters successfully foraging on Stirge Isle find 2d6 doses of the stuff—known as *Frisk* (***p426***)—in addition to the normal foraging results.

The Groaning Loch

Dangerous waters: Fathomless, cold, and unquiet. Unpredictable currents, whirlpools, and the presence of **kelpies** (*DMB*) make navigation of the loch's waters a perilous undertaking; few boats are ever seen upon it.

Cliffs and caves: The Loch is bounded by forbidding, granite cliffs, 200 yards high. The cliffs at the Loch's shallower western end are pocked with deep caves. Waves lapping in the gaping cave mouths cause the groaning sounds heard throughout this hex.



The Shrine in the Cliffs (Hidden)

As one navigates the currents of the Groaning Loch just beyond Stirge Isle, an overgrown ledge and the hint of a ruined stairway descending to it may be seen close to the summit of the southern cliff.

Hidden shrine: The thorn bushes on this ledge conceal a grotto in which a shrine to St Hollyhock the jubilant is located. The dilapidated wooden shrine is utterly overrun with shrubbery, fungi, and bats, but the idol itself is intact.

Statue of St Hollyhock: 3′ tall, carved in black marble, depicts the saint in bishop's robes and mitre, smiling beneficently and holding a hearty loaf in her hands.

Prayer: If the shrine is cleaned out, characters praying may receive the blessing of St Hollyhock: the ability to cast *Flame Ward*. See ***Shrines, p22***.

Stirge-Owls

3′ tall, white owls with wickedly curved beaks and moon-like eyes without pupils. They eat humanoid flesh, especially favouring that of children and infants.

SMALL MONSTROSITY—ANIMAL INT.—CHAOTIC

Level 1 **AC** 13 **HP** 1d8 (4) **Saves** D12 R13 H14 B15 S16
Att Beak (+0, 1d4) and 2 rending claws (+0, 1d3)
Fly 60 **Morale** 8 **XP** 15

When first damaged: A stirge-owl lets out a bone-chilling screech. The one who harmed it must **Save Versus Doom** with a +2 bonus or be cursed: lose 1 point of Wisdom per day, becoming wild and animalistic when Wisdom reaches 2 or less. The curse can be reversed by magic of curse removal or by drinking stirge-owl blood.

Devour flesh: Enter into a feeding frenzy, when left undisturbed with a fresh kill. The corpse is stripped to the bone within minutes.

Paths navigate a series of granite outcroppings, with choked ravines below.

Terrain: Craggy forest (4), Aldweald

Lost/encounters: 3-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **1d4 witches** (eyes of Limwdd—*DMB*) making their way to the sacred glade.

Ley line Ywyr (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the distant moaning of the dead.

Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d3 portions of *Lambent Stinkhorn* (***p428***), in addition to the normal results.

Where Men Dare Not Tread

The paths that lead to the centre of this hex are enchanted such that only women may follow them to the end.

Men who come this way: Experience a feeling of unease, as if being watched from the trees, growing to a palpable dread accompanied by an uncomfortable itching upon the face. Male holy spell-casters also hear laughter that grows from a titter to a contemptuous cackle as they proceed.

Women who come this way: Perceive a deep thrum which, after some time, may be intuited as the actual sound of the growth of trees and plants.

The Sacred Glade

Close to the centre of this hex, along the path of the ley line Ywyr, lies a peaceful glade surrounded by silvery-leafed sycamores. The glade is sacred to the witches of Dolmenwood.

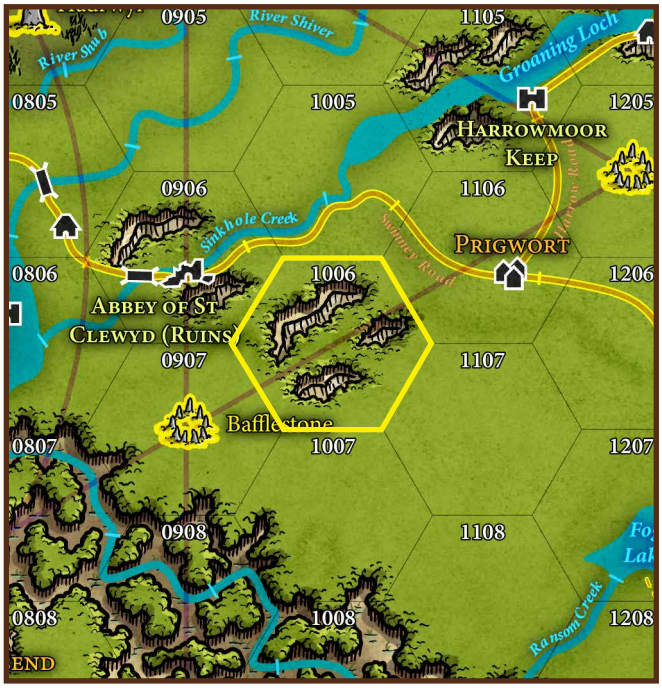
At the glade's edge: The sense of dread among male party members culminates in a wave of abject terror—they must **Save Versus Hold** or flee for 1d6 Turns.

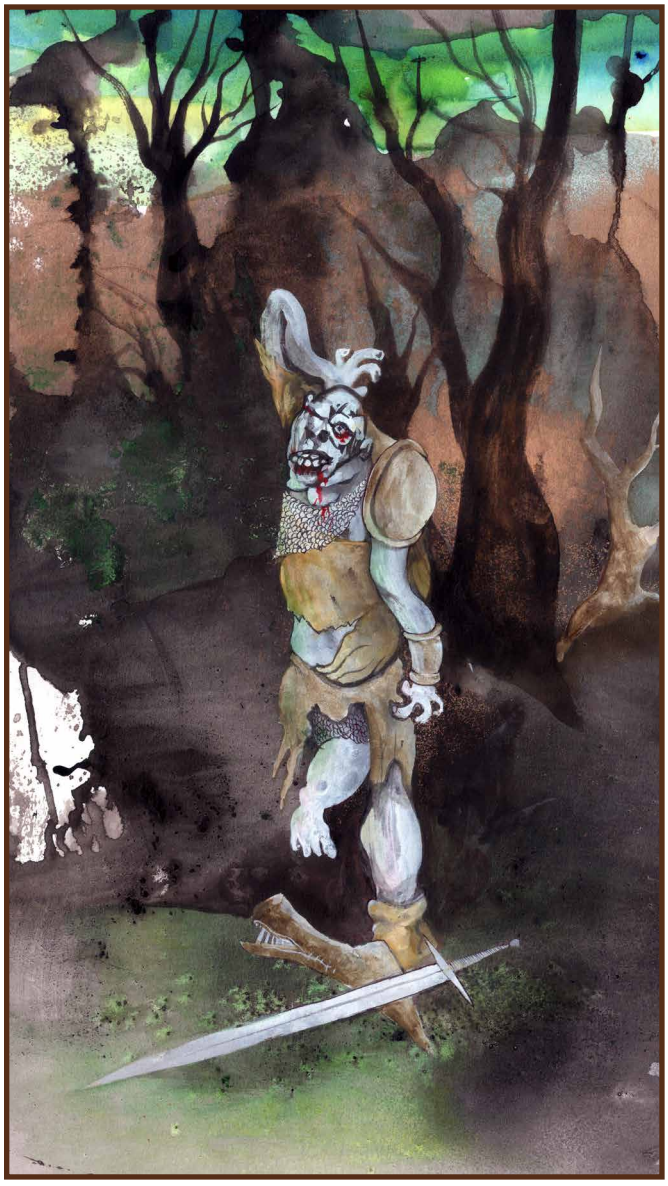
Entering: Men who set foot in the glade must **Save Versus Hold** or be permanently transformed into a limbless, misshapen worm-like creature of animalistic intelligence. Even if the save is successful, the man's flesh agonisingly wells up into great lumps, causing a permanent disfiguration on the face. Witches or powerful holy magic (e.g. *Remove Curse*) can reverse these afflictions.

The Locus of Limwdd: The Gwyrigon Limwdd the Quiet Brother (***p38***) resides here, its giant body lying a mile beneath the earth, like a seed awaiting the spring.

Contacting the Gwyrigon: The witches, upon occasion, commune with the Gwyrigon here. A PC versed in the rites of the witches—or other magicks of invocation or communion—may be able to do the same.

Limwdd's gift: Upon departing the glade, the female PC with the highest Wisdom finds that any scars or blemishes on her body have vanished.





1007 THE TOWER OF FROST

Pastoral woods of willow and elm. Golden motes drift in the air, leading travellers south to the swamp.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6

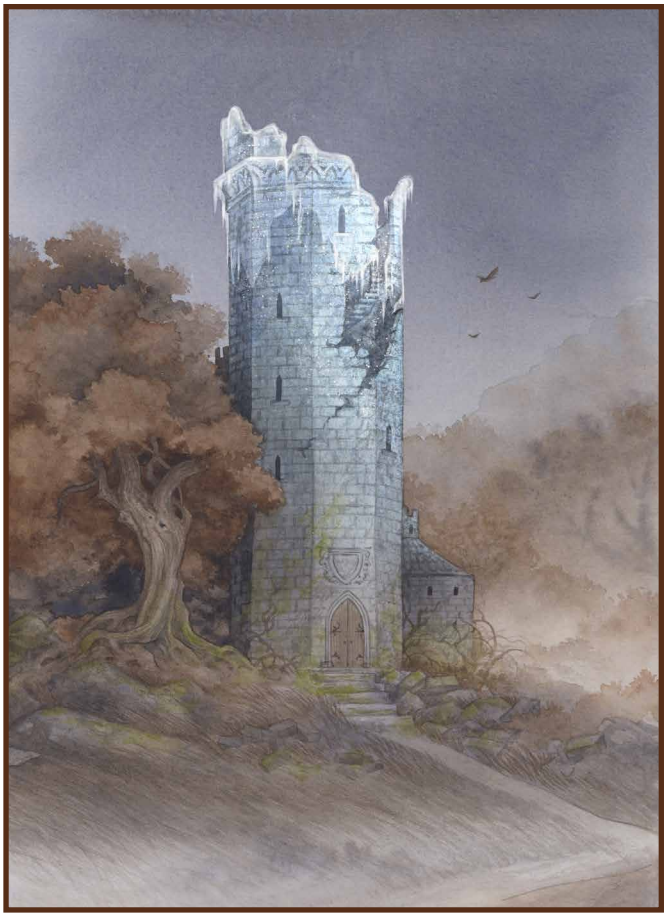
The Tower of Frost

A slender, partially collapsed tower stands in a glade of twisted beech trees, encased in a scintillating rime which seemingly holds the ruin in place. The windows of the upper floor are entirely covered by sheets of ice.

Inhabitants: The tower is the recently adopted home of an elf courtier, disguised by fairy magic as a human and going by the name **Lady Misthraine**. She lives with her **4 servants** (as Level 1 thieves—*DMB*, each carries 2d20pp)—young human men, charmed into her service. The servants are unaware of their mistress's true nature or name (Lady Frost-Dust-Shadow).

Ground floor (entry and main rooms): Double doors of elegantly carved white willow wood lead into a wide hall of cold, white stone. Doors lead from the hall to a dining room, a kitchen, a larder, spartan servants' quarters, and a stairway to the second floor. During the day, 1d4 of the servants remain in the tower, while the others are abroad, carrying out their mistress's command.

First floor (ruins): Entirely empty and in ruins; windblown by an unceasing gust whipping through a large hole in the wall. The stairway to the upper level is blocked by hunks of ice. These are illusory and can be walked through, but hold up against tactile inspection.



Second floor (the Lady's chambers): Its windows occluded by sheets of ice, the contents of the room are minimal: a slab of ice decked with white furs; books, in High Elfish, recounting the history of the Cold Prince's dominion in Dolmenwood and eventual exile; a small coffer with 100pp and sixteen frosty quartz crystals (50gp each); several sets of clothing (white silk dresses, wolf-fur cloaks).

Visitors: The servants admit PCs for an audience with the Lady if she is present (3-in-6 chance); otherwise they refuse entry. The Lady receives visitors in the dining room. She attempts to charm any mortals, seeking information on the Ring of Chell (***p20***). PCs with no useful information are sent on their way.

Lady Misthraine (Lady Frost-Dust-Shadow)

A young woman, tall and slender, clad in white, with eyes of cold blue and hair of silver. Fairy magic completely disguises her as human, though animals are sometimes (2-in-6) nervous in her presence. Presents herself as Lady Misthraine, a human sorceress from a distant realm, come to Dolmenwood to study its ley lines. A trusted agent of the Cold Prince, she was sent here via perilous, long-forgotten ways, to uncover the means by which her liege's kingdom is exiled.

Demeanour (Neutral): Dislikes mortals but tries to act genial. Unsure of the social norms of Dolmenwood.

Speech: Stilted, circuitous. Woldish (with a noble foreign accent), High Elfish, Sylvan.

Desires: To discover the locations of the standing stones around Dwelmfurgh (the Summerstones) and any weaknesses in the warding ring.

Combat stats: Elf courtier (*DMB*).

Possessions: A fairy silver *Talisman of Spell Reflection* (***p398***—6 charges remaining).

Willows hang over dreary swampland. The occasional sound of waves, as if an ocean were nearby.

Terrain: Swamp (4), Hag's Addle

Lost/encounters: 3-in-6. Daytime encounters are 1-in-6 likely to be with **Tekwell Onehorn**.

Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d3 portions of *Hag's Tears* (***p430***) and 1d2 portions of *Marshwick* (*DPB*), in addition to the normal results.

Flotsam Pools

Scattered throughout this section of the swamp are small pools of dark, brackish water. No apparent bottom to these pools can be seen.

Chance of flooding: The pools are always swollen after heavy rain; otherwise there is a 2-in-6 chance that they are flooding when the PCs encounter them.

When flooded: A random PC must make a **Dexterity Check** or plunge into one of the pools with a loud splash. Roll for a random encounter, attracted by the noise.

Flotsam: When the pools flood, strange objects and unknown species of fish (among them—inexplicably—oceanic ones) sometimes wash up on the muddy banks. Their true provenance is unknown.

Tekwell's Hut

A rickety stilt house constructed from willow wood and thatching stands alone in the south-east corner of the hex.

Inhabitant: Tekwell Onehorn, who has a 3-in-6 chance of being present. If not, he is out travelling the swamp.

Interior: A sparse single room with mismatched wooden walls and floors, where rot and water damage have been cut away. Its furniture appears fashioned by someone of below-average skill. Next to a reed bed is a large trunk containing 380sp, 185cp, and dozens of small trinkets made of semi-precious metals, all aquatic-themed (200gp total).

For sale: Tekwell has an assortment of oddities dredged from the pools, which he is willing to sell. See ***Tekwell's Wares***. Roll up to 4 times, ignoring duplicate results over 8.

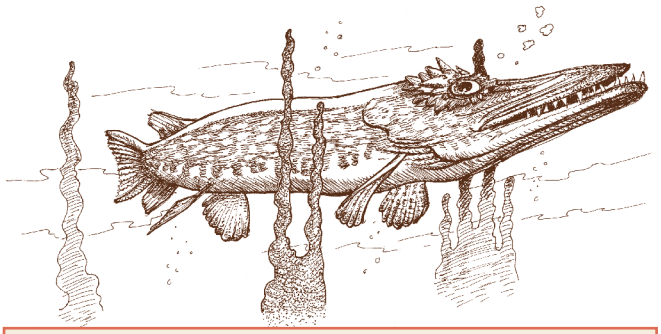
Tekwell Onehorn

An elderly longhorn (*DMB*) fisherman with dirty white fur and sickly yellow eyes. Wears a wide-brimmed straw hat with a single large hole cut out for his left horn. The right horn was broken off near the base and refuses to regrow. Once a knight to the previous Lord Murkin, he was banished years ago by the current **Lord Murkin** (***p65***) for a perceived lack of loyalty.

Demeanour (Neutral): Cautious but agreeable if approached respectfully. Has the social grace of someone who speaks with real people only a few times a year. Doffs and dons his hat frequently.

Speech: Friendly drawl. Woldish, Caprice, Gaffe.

Desires: Useful and entertaining trinkets. To only have short, pleasant interactions with people. For visitors to stop asking if he's secretly a banished prince. To avoid **The Hag** (hex 0908).



Tekwell's Wares (d12)

d12	Item
1–4	A thin, leathery fish with enormous teeth. Technically edible. (1gp)
5	A brown, bulbous anglerfish. While its light gland is submerged in water, it produces a 10′ radius glow. (10gp)
6	A 3′-long eel with a thin body and an enormous head. Delicious if cooked properly. (10gp)
7	A sealed jar of water containing a bloated red fish that explodes harmlessly if removed. (20gp)
8	A tiny octopus with a golden ring pattern. Lethal if consumed (**Save Versus Doom**). (10gp)
9	An empty stone bowl. If lifted to one's lips, the holder experiences the sensation of drinking fresh water. (50gp)
10	A tightly sealed copper locket stylised as a fish eye. If pried open, it contains a lock of hair matching the colour and texture of one of the PCs. (10gp)
11	A cursed bronze *Ring of Water Walking* in the shape of a mermaid holding her own tail. If the wearer is ever submerged in water, they must **Save Versus Spell** or be compelled to stop moving and let themselves drown. (100gp)
12	A small leather case, swollen shut. Inside is a set of eight hematite statuettes of fish-headed humanoids (worth 50gp each). (20gp for the closed case)

Patches of grey bushes, flowers, and skeletal trees stand out against the otherwise verdant forest.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), High Wold

Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Encountered creatures or people are 3-in-6 likely to be afflicted with the ***Grey Blight***.

Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d3 portions of *Parson's Gobble* (***p430***), in addition to the normal results.

The Anti-Prism

In the north-west of this hex, Harrid's Path passes through a region, half a mile in diameter, where all the colours of the forest bleed away into monochrome. Trees are bare and undergrowth is wilted. All sounds of nature are silenced, save a low, pulsing hum.

Giant crystal: At the centre of the greyness, a giant, transparent crystal juts 20′ from the earth. A psychedelic mixture of colours swirls inside it, undulating like ink in water.

Touching the prism: A character who touches the prism must **Save Versus Spell** or contract the ***Grey Blight***. An arcane spell-caster who successfully saves gains an arcane insight into the very nature of colour and the body, and may copy the spell *Transparency* (***p457***) into a spell book.

Striking the prism: Beams of colour flash out towards the attacker. They and anyone within 10′ of them must **Save Versus Ray** or be struck by a beam and be afflicted with a ***Coloured Heart***.

The Coloured Heart

The opposite of the ***Grey Blight***, this much rarer condition alters a victim's personality based on the colour of the beam that strikes them.

Effects: Roll 1d6 on the table below.

Cure: Magic of curse removal, keeping the victim in complete darkness for 24 uninterrupted hours, or afflicting them with the ***Grey Blight***, in which case their symptoms are replaced with those of that condition.

d6	Coloured Heart
1	**Red—Anger.** Infuriated by even the most minor inconvenience. Any time the character is slighted in any way, they must make a **Charisma Check** or turn violent.
2	**Orange—Overconfidence.** Rushes headlong into any danger that presents itself.
3	**Yellow—Happiness.** Filled with joy. Permanent uncanny smile and laughter at inappropriate times.
4	**Green—Disgust.** Always feels sickened and is visibly off put by anything unusual. Must make a **Save Versus Hold** to keep any food down.
5	**Blue—Sadness.** The character only sees the worst in any situation. Their followers must make daily Morale Checks or depart.
6	**Violet—Fear.** Paranoid. The character automatically fails any Morale Checks or Saving Throws against fear.

The Grey Blight

Victims of the colour-sapping powers of the Anti-Prism have all colour drained from their bodies. They are dull, emotionless husks of their former selves, unable to act of their own will and easily suggestible. Locals refer to this condition as the "Grey Blight."

Afflicted people: Their entire bodies (including clothing and possessions) are grey. These poor souls are listless zombies, unwilling to speak, unable to do more than sigh.

Afflicted animals and monsters: Furs, feathers, or skins are completely grey. Appear lethargic and depressed; even normally hostile beasts simply laze about.

Cure: Magic of curse removal, immersing the victim in a rainbow, or afflicting them with a ***Coloured Heart***, in which case their symptoms are replaced with those of that condition.

Tall, sighing birches, bored with beetle holes. A profusion of busy ants and their mounds.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6

Crossroads and Signpost

At the crossroads of the Ditchway and Harrid's Path, an old signpost indicates: "N: Hag's Addle, S: House of the Harridwn (Inn), E: Dreg (Ferry), W: Lankshorn (Lankston)."

The House of the Harridwn (Inn)

About three miles along the narrow, lesser-used Harrid's Path, travellers come upon a small, homely inn standing at the side of the trail. A meagre, forlorn barn adjoins it.

Sign: A horde of welcoming children in maroon livery.

Sole guests: The inn is little frequented; it is likely that adventurers who enter are the only guests.

Common room: Cramped but cosy. In colder months, the small ironwork hearth holds a roaring fire.

Bigger on the inside: The guest rooms are situated along a winding hallway up a wonky, creaky stair. Curiously, there are dozens of guest rooms, occupying far more space than the inn's apparent size, when viewed from outside.

Dead-end stair: The winding upper hallway ends at a stairway leading up to a blank ceiling. Knocking causes a hidden trapdoor to open, leading to the ***Hidden Bedroom***.

Hidden bedroom: A gloomy attic space, long undisturbed. A woman's skeleton lies in a neatly made bed, strewn with bundles of dried lavender and roses. If disturbed, the witch's spirit rises as a **spectre** (*DMB*). Slaying the spirit puts an end to the inn's odd magic and the hauntings.

Behind the barn: A glade of gravestones is found behind the barn. Several bear the name Occland, but graves for Tom, Mildred, and Greta Rumbelow are also present.

History: The inn was once the enchanted house of a powerful witch, Holstra Loom. When she died, her family interred her in the ***Hidden Bedroom***. The Rumbelow children (see ***Nightly Hauntings***) were slain by the witch's spirit.

Nightly Hauntings

The guest rooms of the inn are haunted by the ghosts of several children, who may be encountered during the night (as the Referee wishes).

Tom Rumbelow: A small boy rolling marbles around.

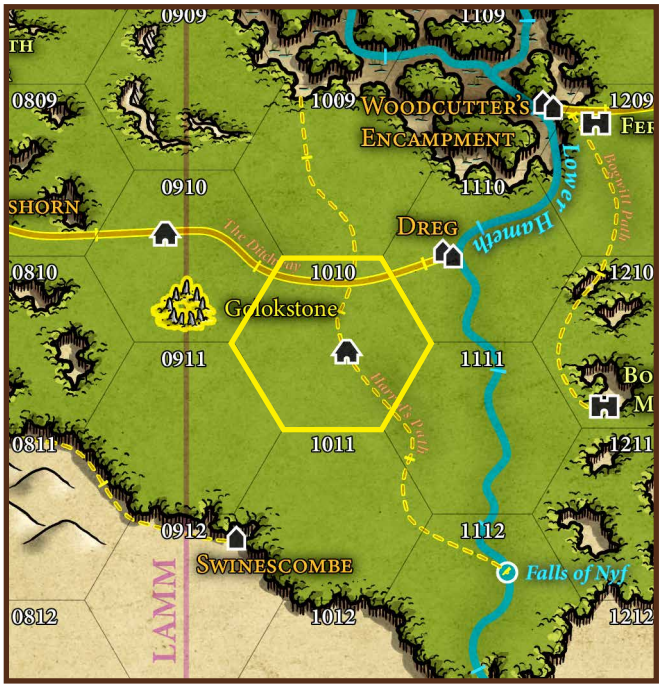
Mildred Rumbelow: A coquettish, teenaged waif knocking on doors, looking for "the witch room."

Greta Rumbelow: An infant, failing repeatedly to climb the stairs and bawling in frustration.

Services at the House of the Harridwn

Lodgings and food: Of common quality (*DPB*). Only one (tiny and quaintly appointed) private room is available; all other rooms are shared.

Specialities: Buttered currant buns for 3cp each; local ale ("Hameth Foam") for 1sp a pint.



The Shrine to St Ponch (Hidden)

In the north-west corner of the hex, 200 yards from the Ditchway, a valley overgrown with towering nodules of slimy black fungus conceals a shrine to St Ponch the prudent, patron saint of whalers and castaways.

Black fungus: The fungus that dominates the valley is known as *Hob's Lewd* (***p428***). 3d6 portions of its psychoactive slime may be gathered here.

The shrine: A simple wooden porch (now rotten and slimy) above the statue. The whole structure is submerged in the mass of fungus.

Statue of St Ponch: A 2′ high statue of white marble, depicting the saint as an old bearded man, bedraggled with sea foam and holding a whaling hook in one hand and a basket of scones in the other.

Prayer: If the shrine is cleared, characters praying may receive the blessing of St Ponch: the ability to cast *Create Food*. See ***Shrines, p22***.

Mallowyn and Trellayde Occland—Landladies

Nigh-identical elderly human sisters with bright blue eyes and flowing, silver hair. Dressed in tidy knitwear.

Demeanour (Neutral): Welcoming but enigmatic. Eyes twinkling with youthful mischief.

Speech: Shrill, wavering, punctuated with cackles. Woldish.

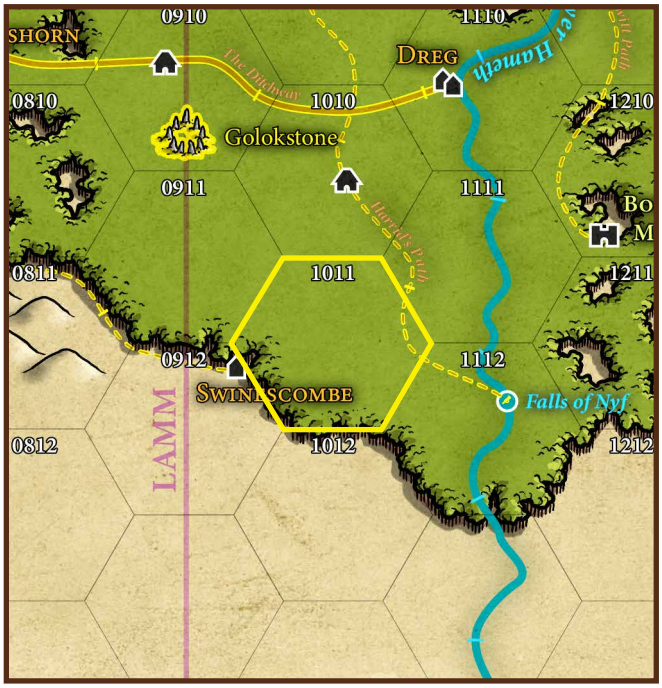
Desires: Love to hear new songs and tales of daring. For the witch in the ***Hidden Bedroom*** to be left in peace.

Knowledge: The landladies know of the inn's ***History***. They are descendants of the witch. If asked about the ghostly children, the landladies claim they are here with another guest, Mr Rumbelow. They wish to draw attention away from the ***Hidden Bedroom***.

1011 BRYDGING RING

Wild, pathless woods choked with brambles and knee-height, blue-flowered thistles.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6
Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d3 portions of *Hogscap* (*DPB*) or *Prancing Mandrake* (***p430***), in addition to the normal results.



Standing Stones

300 yards from the southern edge of this hex, through an area overgrown with brambles, stands a ring of tall stones, clad with white-leafed ivy.

Human remains: At the centre of the ring is a mound of human remains—primarily bones, but possibly a fresher corpse as well, rended limb from limb. No clothing or equipment is to be found.

Examining the stones: Reveals weatherworn runes beneath the ivy. They are in a language lost to the utmost antiquity. If deciphered, the runes reveal litanies of praise to nameless entities, detailing awful, gruesome rituals.

Cursed place: Locals know this place as Brydging Ring and speak of it as a place accursed and bewitched.

Antler wraiths: The remains are those of captives regularly sacrificed here by a group of **7 antler wraiths** (*DMB*).

The Wraiths' Hoard

Some way to the east of the standing stones, in a shadowed glade, is an ominous boulder, under which lie buried the clothing and possessions of the victims of the **7 antler wraiths** that haunt the stones. Digging under the boulder summons the wraiths within 1 Turn.

Coins: 4,980cp, 1,023sp, 993gp.

Jewellery: A silver ring engraved with a wyrm (30gp); a silver pendant shaped like a mermaid, with pearls for breasts (1,400gp); a platinum locket with a portrait of Lord Malbleat (400gp).

A belt of shining fish skin: A *Belt of Blending* (***p406***).

The Nymph Pool (Hidden)

A small pool of placid, pink-tinged water, hidden in a bramble-choked dell.

In spring and summer: Twelve nymph statues stand in the water at the pool's edge, depicted joyously splashing on another. Bathing in the pool cures a magical affliction (e.g. a curse, Ability Score loss, energy drain).

In autumn and winter: Twelve nymph statues stand in the trees around the pool, depicted gazing mournfully at the ground, their eyes pointedly averted from the pool. Bathing in the pool permanently halves a random Ability Score.

Limit of effects: Each character can only be affected by the pool's magic once per season.

Wildflower meadows dotted with teeming ponds. A hollow moaning sound drifts on the wind.

Terrain: Meadow (2), High Wold
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6

Colossal Tunnels

The wild grasslands of this hex are riddled with 20′ wide holes, leading down to a network of tunnels running for miles beneath the earth.

Peering in: The holes descend at a steep angle before levelling off, each leading to a winding, 20′ wide, circular tunnel. The entrances are lined with grass, ferns, and mosses, where sunlight penetrates. Deeper below, the tunnels are bare, dug into the hard, clay soil.

Campsites: Signs of impromptu travellers' campsites can be found in many of the tunnels, just below the surface.

Exploring: The warm, echoing tunnels run for miles, providing a means to traverse the whole hex below ground, should a party wish to. PCs exploring the tunnels are likely to come to the ***Grand Arboretum***. The Referee may also roll for one or more subterranean encounters, as PCs explore (see ***Encounters in the Tunnels***).

Origins: The tunnels were excavated by gargantuan worms in ancient days lost to memory.

The Grand Arboretum

A 100′ deep sinkhole where the earth has collapsed into the giant tunnels below, forming a cavern open to the surface. At the base of the sinkhole, dense copses of trees grow in the scintillating light, thriving on the black soil, rich with ancient vermicast. Tunnels lead into the wider network beneath this hex (see ***Colossal Tunnels***).

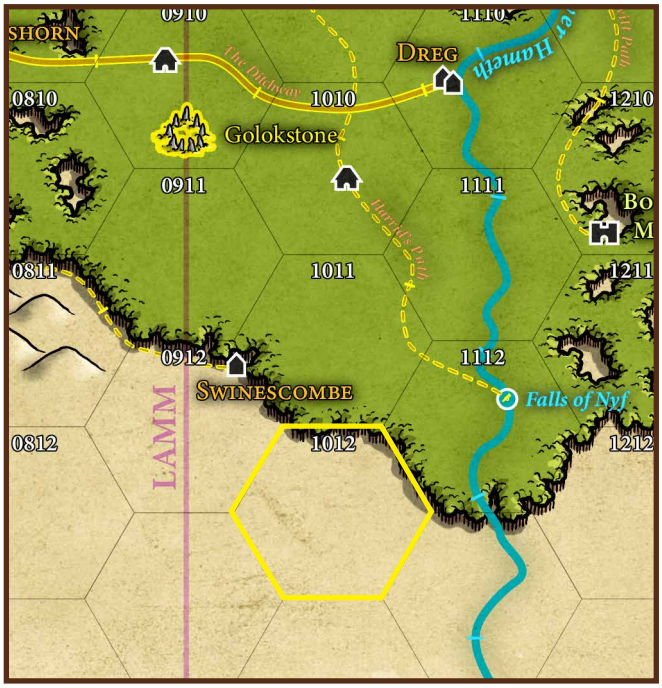
Descent: The sinkhole's sides are sheer, requiring specialised climbing equipment or skill.

Trees: Great, rambling specimens with waxy, heart-shaped leaves of emerald and midnight blue, and long, bean-like seed pods. They are unlike any common species that grows in Dolmenwood.

Seed pods: The brown beans inside the pods are edible, with a flavour akin to waxy almonds. Characters foraging here can collect 1d4 fresh rations. One very short pod contains 1d6 *Bronze Beans*.

Encounters in the Tunnels (d6)

d6	Encounter
1	**3d10 bandits** (Level 1 thieves—*DMB*) hiding in a rough camp in the tunnels with stolen loot (1d8 × 100gp).
2	**1d2 purple worms** (*DMB*) in search of prey, burrowed up from deeper subterranean realms.
3	**1d4 root things** (*DMB*) emerging from the earth, disturbed by travellers' footsteps.
4	**1d3 mutant giant snails** (*DMB*) slithering along walls and ceiling.
5	**1d6 scrabies** (*DMB*) foraging for fungi.
6	**1d4 owlbears** (*DMB*) nesting in a side cavern, with 1d6 eggs each.

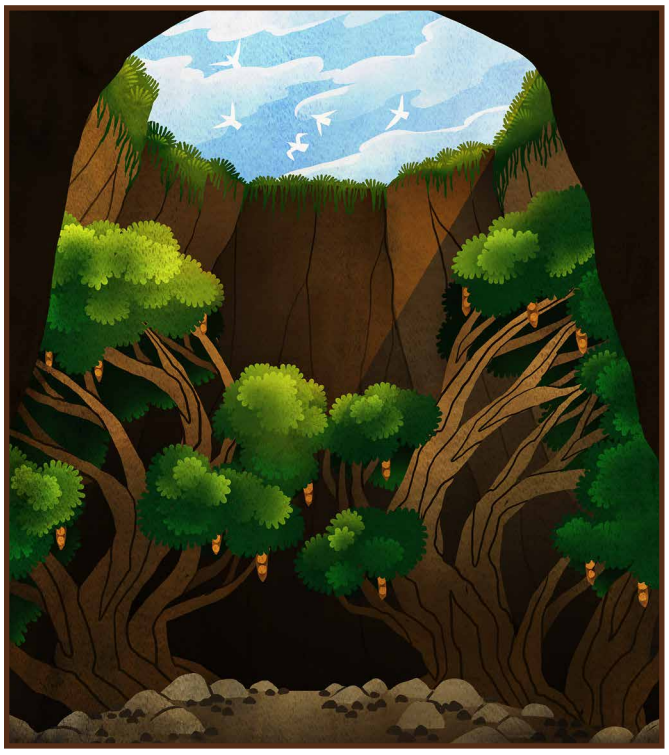


Bronze Beans

1″ tree beans with wrinkled skin of shimmering bronze. Worth 100gp each. The Shadow House in Castle Brackenwold (***p133***) has long sought these beans, and pays for any retrieved. They pay 1,000gp for their location.

If eaten: Save Versus Doom or suffer 1d4 damage and vomit violently for 1d6 Turns (unable to move or act).

If planted: A tree like those in the Grand Arboretum sprouts from the earth and grows to full maturity over the space of 1 Turn. There is a 1-in-6 chance of the tree being sentient (as a treowere—*DMB*).



1101 HOUNDMISTRESS MOUND

Tangled, twisted trees press in close, their shades of green and brown almost painfully vivid.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Nagwood
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **1d4 labourers** and **1 guard** (Level 1 fighter—*DMB*) from the expedition based in hex 1201, surveying the exterior of the ***Houndmistress Mound***.

Fentifey Bridge

A wonky, decaying bridge spans Quaking Creek at a narrow point beside a swirling pool.

Crossing: People and mounts can cross the bridge safely. Vehicles have a 3-in-6 chance of collapsing it.

Houndmistress Mound

A burial mound sits in a large clearing at the south-eastern edge of hex, in the shadow of gloomy, windswept hills of the Table Downs.

Appearance: The mound is 60′ in diameter, composed of dirt and stone, and covered in a black ivy that has a peculiar, oily sheen. It has a single stone entrance, partially obscured by the ivy, above which is carved the snarling visage of a bear—PCs versed in Wood God lore recognise it as that of **Orsath** (***p39***), the ancient guardian of the dead. The entrance is extremely narrow and requires characters to turn side-on to enter the ***Reception Chamber***.

Dogs become restless: As the party approaches the mound, any dogs or wolves accompanying the PCs begin to act strangely: sniffing, whining, and ignoring commands.

History: The mound is one of several created by prehistoric inhabitants of the Table Downs (see also hexes 1201 and 1202). This one, a tomb of one of their chieftains, has been corrupted by the energies of the Nagwood.

Reception Chamber

The mound entrance leads to a reception chamber with walls of stone. The chamber takes up half of the mound.

Dog carvings: The walls are covered with carved images of dogs leaping up at a nighttime sky. Some dogs appear to be tearing away chunks of the sky in their jaws, while others bury the chunks, which seem to bleed starlight.

Burial chamber door: A tall, smooth stone blocks the entrance to the ***Burial Chamber***.

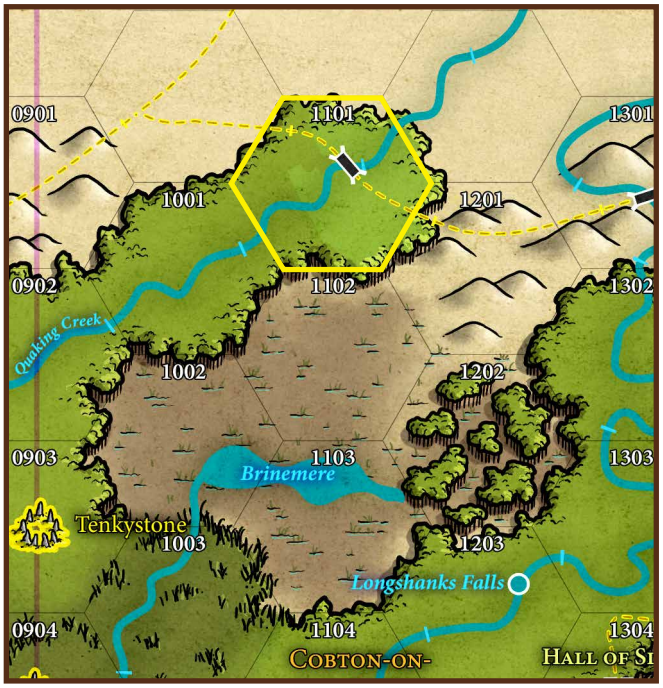
Opening the door: Requires a combined Strength of 30 or more. As soon as the stone is dislodged, any dogs or wolves accompanying the party suddenly become berserk and attack the PCs for 1d6 Rounds.

Skeletal Dogs

SMALL UNDEAD—MINDLESS—NEUTRAL

Level 1 **AC** 12 **HP** 1d8 (4) **Saves** D12 R13 H14 B15 S16
Att Bite (+0, 1d6) **Speed** 60 **Morale** 12 **XP** 10

Undead: Silent before attacking. Immune to biological effects (e.g. disease, poison) and mind-affecting spells (e.g. *Vapours of Dream*, *Paralysation*, *Dominate*).



Burial Chamber

The burial chamber takes up the other half of the mound.

Burial slab: At the chamber's centre is a stone slab; carved on either side of it are images of two hounds, facing one another and baying.

Corpses: On the slab lies a partially mummified corpse clad in the rich robes of a noblewoman. In its right hand, the corpse clutches a whip, set with thorns. Curled near the foot of the slab are the skeletons of several large dogs.

Entering the chamber: The corpse rises as a **wight** (*DMB*) wielding the thorny whip (1d6 damage, 10′ range) and the dog skeletons rise as **4 skeletal dogs**. They attack the tomb's defilers and pursue any who flee up to the edge of the hex.

Treasures: Placed about the chamber are 12 bronze shortswords (negligible worth), 12 silver dishes (50gp each), and 12 gold bowls (100gp each), all engraved with images of hounds and crowns. In a sealed earthen jar is a copper *Ring of Control* (*Animals*, ***p410***), engraved with wolf-like eyes.

The lingering odour of rotting eggs and sporadic slurping of mud.

Terrain: Bog (3), Fever Marsh
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **Old Ned**.

Mudpots

Craters filled with pools of bubbling mud pockmark this section of Fever Marsh. Most of the crater rims are only a few feet tall, but some reach a height of 10′ or greater, resembling cylindrical chimneys.

Mud: A viscous, bubbling grey slurry, streaked red and pink. Its temperature can vary from a relaxing warmth to a skin-stripping heat (1d3 damage if touched).

Eruption: Build-up causes the mudpots to unpredictably erupt. Once per day, there is a 3-in-6 chance of an eruption close to the PCs: all characters must **Save Versus Blast** or be splattered with searing mud (1d4 damage).

Salamanders: Scurrying between the hot mudpots and the cooler bog are ***striped salamanders***.

The Witch's Cottage (Hidden)

A cottage fashioned from stone and packed dirt stands amid a maze of towering mudpots, partially buried in falling mud. The sparkle of light on glass betrays its location.

Entrance: There is a 1-in-6 chance that **Old Ned** is lounging half-asleep at the cottage door.

Interior: Crowded with cooking and alchemical equipment. Lit by **2d3 fire beetles** (*DMB*) crawling on the walls. A cot rests in a corner, beside an offal-strewn dissection table.

Striped Salamanders

Small, dark red amphibians that radiate an intense heat.

Capturing: The salamanders are extremely quick and nimble; a day spent on attempted captures yields only 1d6. Unless **Deidre** calls **Old Ned** off, such efforts arouse its wrath, and it attacks would-be gatherers soon after they begin.

Value: Prized as an alchemical ingredient, they are worth 50gp each to the right buyer.

Old Ned—Giant Salamander

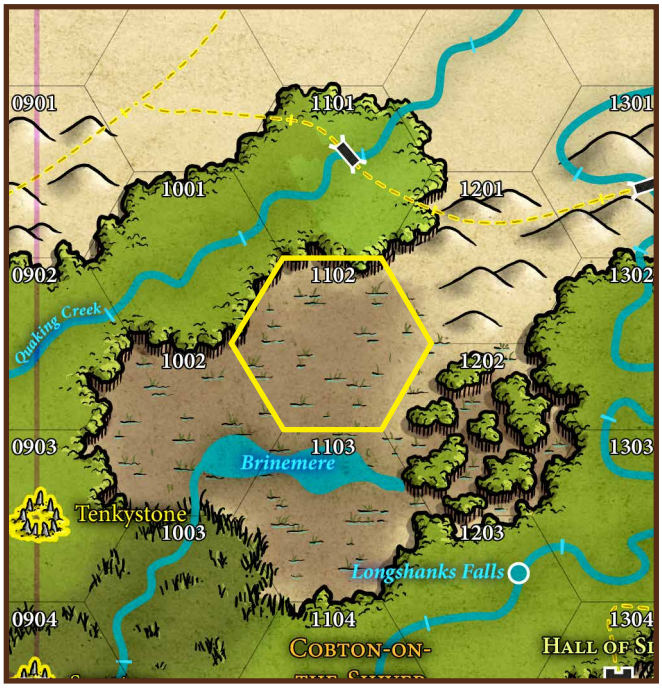
A mutant salamander the size of a small horse. Its scaled coat is a dull red colour, with black scarring across its left flank. Shrewd for an animal. Treats Deidre with affection. When foraging amongst the mudpots, it views anyone it encounters as prey, but is pacified if large amounts of food are offered. If followed, Old Ned eventually returns to the ***Witch's Cottage***.

LARGE MONSTROSITY—SEMI-INTELLIGENT—NEUTRAL

Level 6 **AC** 17 **HP** 30 **Saves** D9 R10 H11 B12 S13
Att 2 claws (+5, 1d4) and bite (+5, 1d8) **Speed** 40
Swim 40 **Morale** 8 **XP** 520

Immunities: Unharmed by fire.

Heat aura: 1d8 damage per Round to all within 20′.



Greenhouse: A side chamber topped with a glass roof acts as a greenhouse for an eclectic mix of plants and fungi. At any time, 1d4 rations of edible plants and 1d4 rations of edible fungi (see ***Foraging, p118***) are ripe.

Inhabitants: The hermit witch **Deidre Loam**, her pet giant salamander **Old Ned**, and a colony of semi-domesticated, foot-long fire beetles living underneath.

Visitors: Vexed and irritated, Deidre demands the party depart at once, threatening to sic **Old Ned** on them. However, successful negotiation reveals that she is willing to trade for *Horridwort* (***p430***) from hex 1002. In return, she allows the party to gather the valuable ***striped salamanders***, untroubled by Old Ned, for one day.

Treasure: A search of the cottage's mess reveals 128gp, 34sp, 87cp, a collection of eight silver rings (10gp each), and three unlabelled bottles: *Distillation of Hoarfrost*, *Philtre of Delusion*, *Vaporous Spirits*. See ***Potions, p414***.

Deidre Loam—Witch (Eye of Hasturiel)

A grim, lean human woman in her late 50s, with short grey hair and pinprick eyes. Always wears a smock splattered with mud, juices, and viscera. Her scent is dizzying. Deidre spends most of her time engaged in her sole pursuit: experimenting with alchemical concoctions and food recipes.

Demeanour (Neutral): Anti-social and put upon. Prefers simple, transactional relationships.

Speech: Like gravel. Woldish, Old Woldish.

Desires: Rare and interesting ingredients (plants, fungi, or magical creatures). For interlopers to go away and stop stealing "her" salamanders.

Possessions: Earrings fashioned from salamander eyes encased in glass, which make the wearer immune to heat (per the holy spell *Flame Ward*).

1103 THE LIGHTLESS TOWER

Sludge-choked pools, sluggish rivulets, and sodden fens with little dry ground. The air feels thick and ailing.

Terrain: Bog (3), Fever Marsh
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6

Thorny Scrub

The northern stretches of this hex take on an especially forlorn character. Wiry, black-stemmed bushes covered in vicious thorns carpet the ground up to knee-height, making passage laborious and painful.

Brinemere

At the centre of the thorny region lies the salt-sludge of Brinemere. The surface of the lake is patched with a crust of pure white salt crystals; its grey waters are lifeless and offensively salty.

Chantery Isle

A low, flat island of salty mud can be seen in the middle of Brinemere, formed around a rocky outcropping half a mile from the southern shore. At the centre of the island, where the land rises up slightly, a cluster of cypress trees looms conspicuously. The stand is cloaked with a sinister gloom and a deathly quiet.

The Lightless Tower

Amid the gloomy copse of cypress trees upon Chantery Isle stands a windowless, circular tower of polished, jet-black stone, three storeys tall.

Proof against scrying: The tower and its contents are invisible to all forms of scrying and locating magic.

Entrance: A single portal—a yawning maw of blackness—grants access to its insides.

History: The tower upon Chantery Isle was constructed by the renegade Drune known as the Aubrathon (see ***p55***).

Inside the Tower

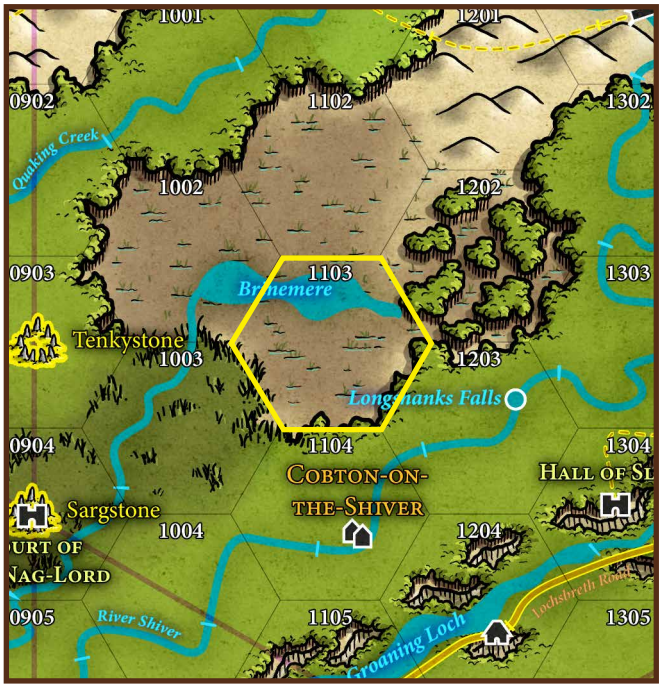
Gloom: Both magical and mundane lights dim and falter.

Ground floor: Empty apart from a narrow stairway winding around the wall.

Middle floor: Also empty. The stairway ends at a trapdoor, barring entry to the upper floor.

Trapdoor: Dark wood, hermetically sealed with red wax around its sides, and sealed with a *Glyph of Locking* (by a Level 12 caster). Magical runes glow faintly on its surface. If deciphered, they read "Sealed by the Will of the Aubrathon. Within lies Death."

Upper floor: Filled with a deadly, blue vapour that falls out of the trapdoor when opened (**Save Versus Doom** with a –2 penalty or die). At the edges of the 10′-round chamber, gargoyles carved into ancient beams of black-stained wood peer down. At the centre of the chamber, upon a basalt plinth, stands the ***Onyx Mirror***.

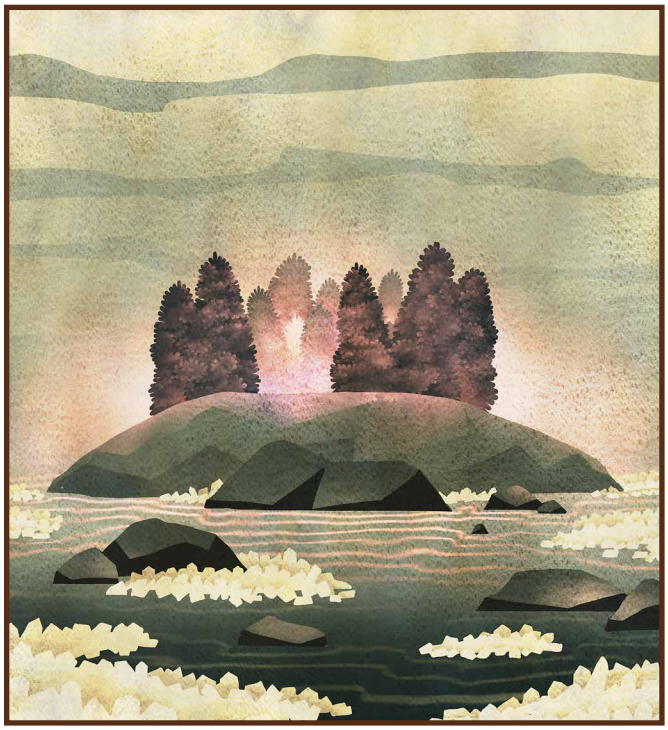


The Onyx Mirror

A dark, scintillating mirror wrought of black onyx. This is one of the long-lost *Mirrors of Embala* (see ***p75***).

Powers: One who gazes into the onyx mirror alone at night sees an idealised vision of themselves, stripped of all self-criticism or overreaching bravado, at the prime of their power and beauty. The character's Charisma increases by 3 points for the following 24 hours.

Dreams: After using the mirror, a character's sleep for 7 nights is wracked with feverish dreams of diving into the unfathomable darkness of the Groaning Loch, drowning in the embrace of a great serpent.



COBTON-ON-THE-SHIVER AND THE GIANT EGG 1104

The wide, central region of the Valley of Wise Beasts. Woodland glades dotted with little Cobbin farms.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Valley of Wise Beasts

Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with a patrol of **2d6 crookhorns** (*DMB*) from the garrison at the Baron's tower (hex 1004). They patrol down into the Valley from the tower, meting out terrible and anarchic justice. They attempt to arrest outsiders and bring them before the Baron.

The Village of Cobton-on-the-Shiver

Beside a bend in the River Shiver sits a quaint, idyllic-seeming village of painted wooden houses, half human size. The village is populated by Cobbins (*DMB*) of many different species, industriously going about their business and scuttering from house to house.

Larger, stone buildings: Human-sized, can be seen in the village square.

Crookhorn soldiers: Surly crookhorns swagger around the village, cackling and bullying the Cobbins.

Full settlement description: See ***p136***.

The Giant Egg

A curious farm is located in a broad glade a mile west of Cobton. Much of the glade is partitioned into fenced animal pens, where geese, domesticated quails, and miniature pigs honk and squeal. At one side stands a Cobbin-sized cottage with a giant egg perched atop its thatched roof, propped up with poles.

The egg: 5′ wide, creamy white with speckles of blue. It first appeared ten years ago, the size of a duck's egg, and has grown progressively since. Unbeknown to those who observe it, the egg is now close to hatching. In 1d6 days, a giant black cygnet—**Chrysaïs**—will emerge.

Inhabitants: A family of badger Cobbins: **Chumbra Burrowflop**, her husband **Mollow**, and their five cubs. The Cobbins believe they are blessed by the Nag-Lord and that a wondrous serpent-unicorn grows inside the egg.

Crookhorn patrols: There is a 3-in-6 chance of **1d6 crookhorns** being present, eyeing the giant egg suspiciously. **Baron Fragglehorn** (***p46***) takes great interest in the egg, presuming it to be either a weapon or treasure of some kind. They do not tamper with it, for the time being.

Visitors: Are welcomed by the Cobbins, encouraged to view the marvellous egg, then hurried away before they are spotted by crookhorns.

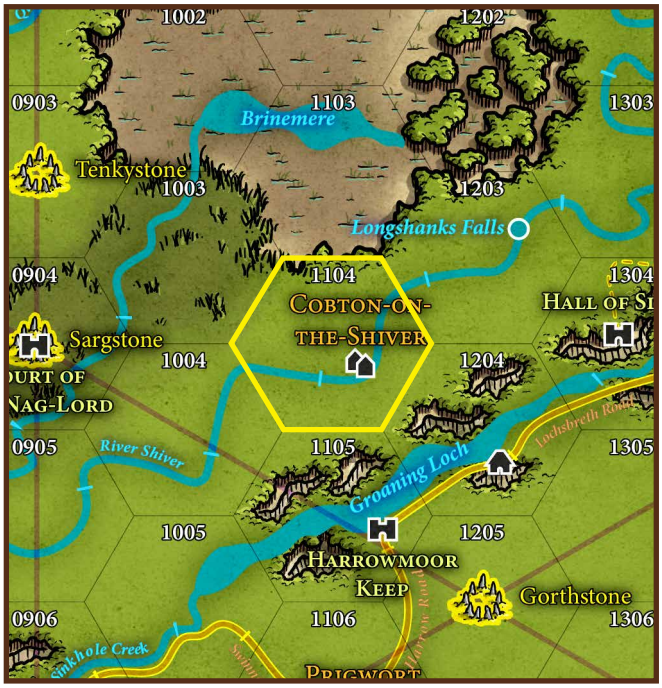
Chumbra Burrowflop—Cobbin (Badger)

A youthful female badger with an unusual red stripe on her nose. Wears a frayed, checked dress with a wide-brimmed straw hat and copper hoop earrings.

Demeanour (Lawful): Frolicsome, excitable.

Speech: Shrill growling. Woldish, Gaffe.

Desires: Baron Fragglehorn's praise for her devoted raising of the giant egg. Magical means of peering inside the giant egg.



Chrysaïs—Giant Cygnet

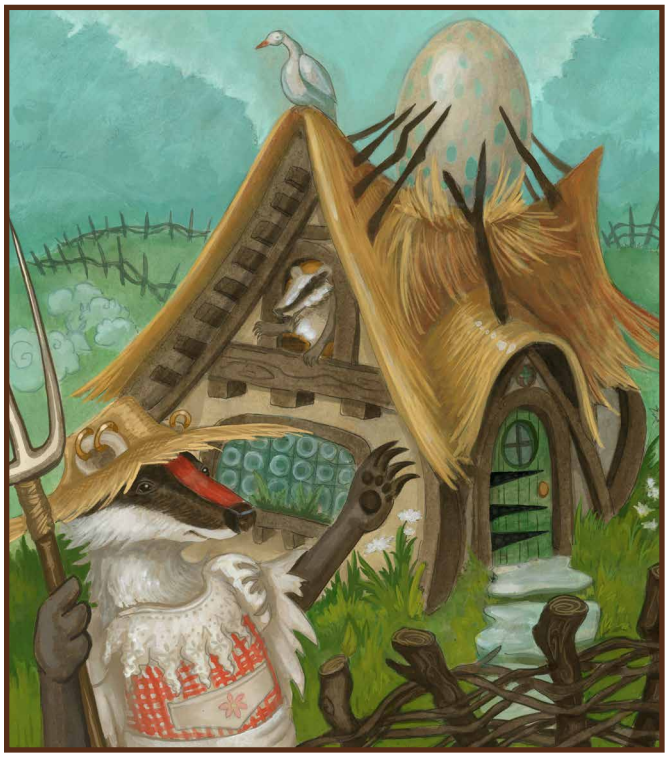
A giant black cygnet, 10′ tall, with eyes and wing tips of bronze. Claims to be a prophet of the Pluritine Church sent to battle the forces of Chaos in Dolmenwood.

Demeanour (Lawful): Gentle, beatific, otherworldly.

Speech: Melodious, noble. Woldish, Liturgic.

Desires: To root out corruption, bring justice to the downtrodden, and vanquish the forces of Chaos.

Combat stats: Giant hawk (*DMB*). Will continue to grow, in time reaching truly gargantuan proportions (Level 24, with 24d8 HP).



1105 HARROWMOOR KEEP

Gloomy, rugged woods dotted with jagged fingers of dark granite. A groaning wind blows from the Loch.

Terrain: Craggy forest (4), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 3-in-6.
Ley line Hoad (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the feeling of having just awoken from a dream.

The Groaning Loch

Dangerous waters: Fathomless, cold, and unquiet. Unpredictable currents, whirlpools, and the presence of **kelpies** (*DMB*) make navigation of the loch's waters a perilous undertaking; few boats are ever seen upon it.

Cliffs: The Loch is bounded by forbidding, granite cliffs, 200 yards high.

Bays: In places, the waves of the Loch lap against forlorn beaches of black shingle.

Harrowmoor Keep

Perched upon the high, granite cliffs that verge the southern extent of the loch is the hereditary seat of the Harrowmoor family, who have lordship (under the Duke of Brackenwold) over this region of Dolmenwood.

The manse: The keep is tall and heavily fortified, with a steeply-roofed turret at each corner—all inhabited by cawing flocks of rooks. Its gates face southward, opening onto the bend where the Harrow Road from Prigwort turns and becomes Lochsbreth Road. Looking up at the keep from the waters of the loch below, it appears to be carved from the same granite as the cliffs, with hardly a join.

Interior: Chilly halls of echoing stone, starkly decorated with ancient tapestries, ancestral suits of armour, and ornamental polearms.

Inhabitants: The people of House Harrowmoor, presided over by **Lady Theatrice Harrowmoor** (***p60***), and consisting of her family, guards, servants, and cats.

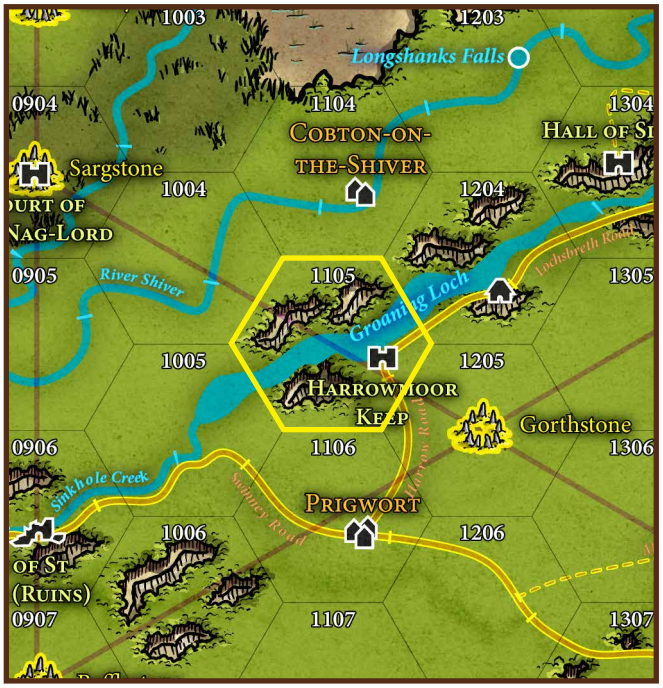
Visitors: The Harrowmoor family have a reputation as being distant, unwelcoming, and severe. The Lady may, however, offer her hospitality to intellectuals, academics, or those of poetic spirit.

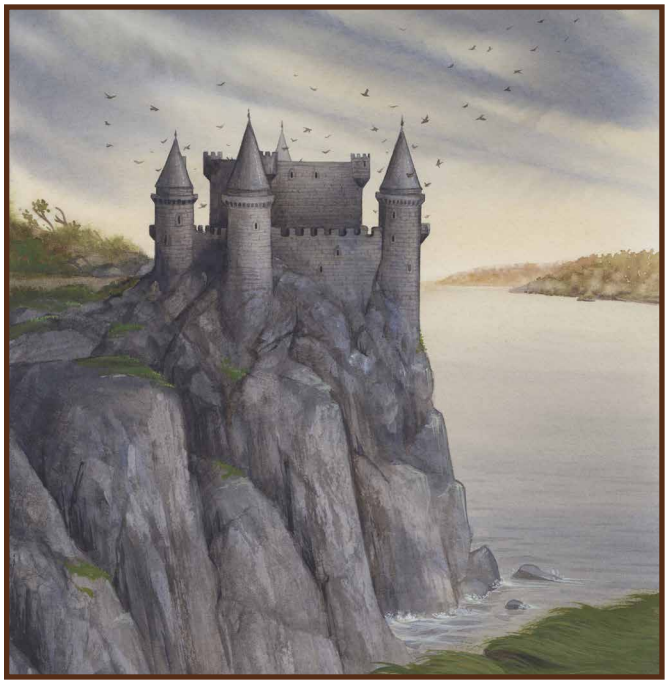
Library: The lower chambers of the keep are dug within the cliff itself. Among them is an ancient library, where dusty tomes of philosophy and history rest upon oaken shelves in dim candlelight. Behind one bookcase, a secret door leads to a steep stair carved into the granite of the cliffs, which winds its way downward to the ***Cove of the Forroth***.

The Cove of the Forroth

A desolate, stony cove beside the loch. A steep stair runs from the cove to a secret door in the cliffs, leading to the library of Harrowmoor Keep.

Summoning the Forroth: At this site, at midnight on a moonless night, one who performs beautiful, mournful songs on the magical flute in the Harrowmoor family's possession (see ***p60***) may summon a monstrous entity known to the Harrowmoor family as the Forroth.





The Forroth: A gargantuan, jelly-like monstrosity which lurks in the abyss of the loch. Its form is a roughly spherical mass, sprawling with luminescent green tentacles.

Communion: Once summoned, the Forroth enters into a telepathic communion with all present in the cove, drawing them into a dream of the black, watery chasm in which it dwells. This fugue lasts until dawn. The after-effects are 1d3 days of exhaustion plus an insight into a puzzle or problem that plagues one's mind.

Unearthly advisor: Consultation of the Forroth in times of trouble is a tradition among the lords and ladies of House Harrowmoor, though over-frequent contact with the entity caused several people in the line to succumb to delusions and waking nightmares.

Gently swaying, golden-leafed beeches sigh contentedly, eye-like whorls peering curiously at travellers.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Aldweald

Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Nighttime encounters on the road are 2-in-6 likely to be with the ghost of **Dewidort of Smerne** (see hex 0607).

Ley line Ywyr (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the distant moaning of the dead.

The Town of Prigwort

Nestled in a hilly clearing in the deep woods, the thriving market town of Prigwort is the largest settlement beneath the eaves of Dolmenwood.

Brewing: Prigwort is famed for its breweries and distilleries, the town council consisting of the leaders of the seven noble brewing houses.

Fortification: Spurred by rumour of imminent war with the crookhorns mustering in the north, a fortified garrison is currently under construction on the edge of Prigwort.

Full settlement description: See ***p174***.

The Swinney Tower

In the west of this hex, Swinney Road passes beneath a 20′-high wooded bank. Hints of a watchtower overlooking the road can be spied, a little way back in the woods at the top of the bank. This is a recently renovated defensive fortification operated by the Order of St Sedge (see ***Clerical Orders, p68***) against the mustering crookhorn forces.

Approaching the tower: A narrow path hidden in the bushes slopes up to the tower's door. The tower is circular, four storeys high, and built of roughly cut stone, now timeworn and patched with moss. **1d3 soldiers** (Level 1 fighters—*DMB*) atop the battlements aim crossbows down from at strangers and demand to know their business.

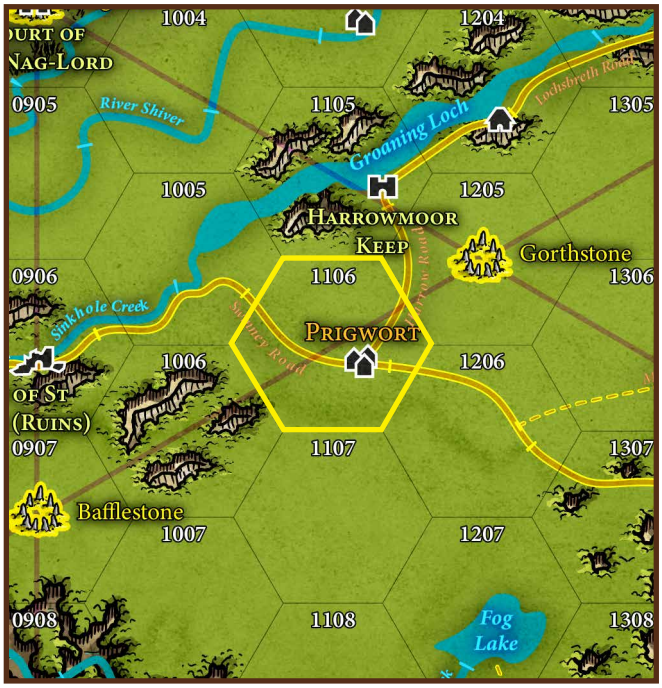
Entrance: A wooden door reinforced with iron bands. Each band is engraved with the Liturgic script "Thorn, Hammer, and Grail" (the motto of the Order of St Sedge).

Interior: Cramped chambers stuffed with arms, crates of supplies, spartan bunks, and idols of St Sedge. Everything is ordered with military precision, aside from incongruously jumbled piles of inside-out clothing (the work of the house bogle—see below). The commander—**Hilda Harrowmoor** (***p70***)—keeps a small chamber on the third floor.

Inhabitants: A small troop of **2d4 acolytes** (Level 1 clerics—*DMB*) of the Order of St Sedge and **2d4 soldiers** of House Harrowmoor (Level 1 fighters—*DMB*), commanded by **Hilda Harrowmoor**.

The house bogle: A fairy known as **Jilly Jump-at-the-Moon** lodges in the cellars and store rooms of the tower, creeping out at night to pilfer food, hide cutlery, and turn clothes inside out. The tower inhabitants native to Dolmenwood laughingly tolerate the fairy's antics, while those from outside the Wood wish to evict the creature.

Visitors: Those in the service of the Church, the noble houses of Dolmenwood, or the Prigwort Alegard are welcomed. Others are repelled. Watchful PCs who spend a night in the tower may observe **Jilly** up to her tricks.



Jilly Jump-at-the-Moon—House Bogle

A stumpy, 1½′ tall fairy with skin like knotted wood, huge, staring cat's eyes, and a gurning grin of crooked teeth. Remains invisible most of the time, but may manifest to fairy-friends.

Demeanour (Neutral): Shy, but can be tempted out with food and drink.

Speech: Lethargic mewling and sighing. Basic Woldish, Sylvan.

Desires: Milk, ale, sweet treats.

Knowledge: Knows of the Earl of Yellow's patronage of Prigwort, and may casually mention it as common knowledge.

Combat stats: Sprite—yellow (*DMB*), without flight.

Paths crossed by many small rivulets, feeding a network of clear, still pools.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6

Chasm and Lair

A great tangle of overgrown hazels and holly in the southern reaches of this hex conceals a 60′ deep chasm, long forgotten.

Cave and stream: The chasm bottom—nearly lightless in the shade of the brush overhead—narrows to a cave-like passage at one end, from which a small stream trickles.

Lair of Chasobrithe: The passage descends for nearly half a mile, then opens onto a cavern, 200 yards across. It is here that **Chasobrithe** (yellow bile wyrm—*DMB*) makes its lair, slumbering atop a mound of treasure (see ***The Wyrm's Hoard***) and the skeletal remains and rusted armaments of some sixteen knights.

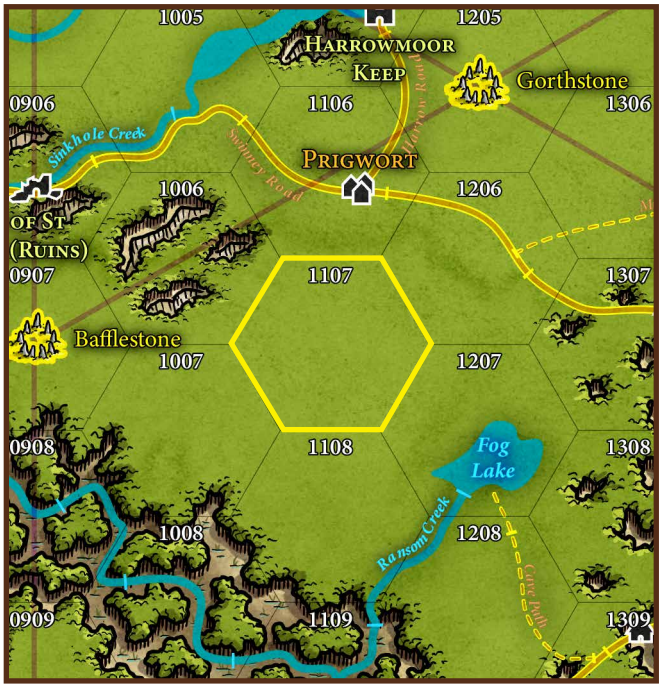
Intruding into the lair: Awakens the wyrm.

The Wyrm's Hoard

Coins: 198,033cp, 44,290sp, 12,522gp, 1,051pp.

Gems: 7 hematites (10gp each), 5 bloodstones (50gp each), 5 tourmalines (100gp each), 3 blue spinels (500gp each), 4 star sapphires (1,000gp each).

Shield of Sir Windlass: A 5′ tall, oblong *Holy Shield* (*Truthful*, ***p400***) of shining steel, emblazoned with the Brackenwold coat of arms and blessed by the hand of St Willofrith. The wielder may cast the holy spell *Light* once per day.



Sword of Sir Windlass: A broad-bladed *Fairy Longsword* (*Mirthful*, ***p412***) forged of a golden metal, inlaid with zigzag patterns in fairy silver.

Ivory casket: Engraved with an angelic choir. Worth 200gp. Contains a vial of *Distillation of Hoarfrost* (***p414***) and a map—annotated in Liturgic—denoting the location of the lost relics of St Jorrael (see hex 1705).

Chasobrithe—Yellow Bile Wyrm

A yellow bile wyrm with a second, snake-necked cockerel's head growing from a scar that nearly encircles his neck.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Lethargy quickly evaporating to calculating fury.

Speech: Drawn-out rasping. Woldish, Wyrm, Caprice, Sylvan, the tongue of serpents.

Desires: To remain undisturbed. To gather information from intruders, then eat them.

Extra attack: Chasobrithe's cockerel head makes a bite attack each Round, inflicting 1d6 damage and petrifying any who fail a **Save Versus Hold**.

Vulnerability: Sunlight.

History: Chasobrithe has lived in the region of Prigwort for many years and, in olden times, brought great terror upon the local folk. For the past two centuries the wyrm has lain in slumber, believed dead after Sir Windlass the laughing knight (whose remains lie among the wyrm's hoard) almost decapitated him. During his long repose, the wyrm's wounds have healed, and the cockerel head grew from the near-fatal neck wound.

Gloomy, indigo-shadowed woods teeming with croaking frogs and creeping toads.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6

The Louping Wood

This hex is referred to by villagers in the Woodcutters Encampment (hex 1109) as the "Louping Wood," and its uncanniness is immediately apparent to visitors: every tree of any significant age has a trunk that has grown with one complete "loop-the-loop" in it about halfway up its length.

The lost art of louping: Shaping trees in this fashion—"louping"—was once one of the more exotic furnging practices of the Woodcutters' Encampment, but the old-timers who started and maintained trees in this process have long since passed away. None can say whether the tradition or the name came to the area first.

The Luncheon Arch

Central to the hex is a clearing with a miniature unsupported arch of well-dressed, ancient stone, large enough for a crawling human or a stooped woodgrue to pass through.

Keystone inscription: The keystone of the little arch is heavily obscured by lichens, but cleaning it reveals an inscription: "To dine overnight, will the daytime delight."

Food transmutation: If foodstuffs are left under the arch and remain until dawn, they are replaced by an exquisite version of the same edibles (worth 3d6gp). Beef dripping might be replaced with a goulash spiced with cloves and vinegar, for example, while a plate of near inedible rock-cakes might be replaced with a single many-tiered chocolate marvel.

Watching overnight: Observers remaining overnight in the clearing hear a burbling voice after some time. The voice, at once bird-like and frog-like, firstly emits munching and chewing sounds, and then briefly complains about thankless tasks and gluttonous masters before the replacement dish appears.

The Witch's Cave (Hidden)

The swamp of Hag's Addle encroaches on the south of this hex in a region of dark willows and sodden ground. A faint green glow and a strange, heady aroma emanate from a narrow cave-mouth amid a pile of great boulders here.

Interior: Three small chambers with squelching, muddy floors, lit by bobbing, green, candle-like flames. The first chamber contains boots, cloaks, satchels, and stout walking sticks; the second contains a cauldron bubbling over embers, bundles of herbs drying, and a wicker cot; in the third are jars of pickled fish, roots, and marsh-onions.

Treasure: Hidden among the pickle jars are 220gp, 190sp, a silver amulet depicting a howling, banshee-like face (200gp), and an octahedral glass bottle containing 2 doses of *Prismatic Elixir* (***p414***).

Bragwen Hoad—Witch (Eye of Hasturiel)

A short, pudgy human woman in her thirties, with wide, roving eyes, cropped black hair, and flame tattoos on her face and body. She dresses in frayed, mud-spattered gowns. She reeks of onion.

Demeanour (Neutral): Quarrelsome, dislikes being disturbed. Amenable if matters arcane are broached.

Speech: Halting, veers between booming and whispering. Woldish, Drunic.

Desires: Magic items of all kinds. The return of her wand, stolen by the baker in hex 1206.

Reward: Removing a curse. Potions of transformation (into a specific small animal for 1d6 hours).

Knowledge: The stretch of swamp in which the Hag's hut can be found (hex 0908). The powers of the ***Luncheon Arch***.

Possessions: An *Arcane Dagger* (***p412***) in the form of a wicked, 12" thorn with a leather wrapping.

Inhabitants: The witch **Bragwen Hoad** lives hermit-like within, spending much of her time (2-in-6 chance) deep in babbling psychedelic communion with the Gwyrigon Hasturiel, and otherwise engaged in brewing potions. **3 manikins** (*DMB*)—formed of broken chairs, varnished and painted with dainty flowers—guard the witch.

1109 WOODCUTTERS' ENCAMPMENT AND FROG ISLE

An awful expanse of black water and twisted copses, wreathed in an endless cloak of rolling mist.

Terrain: Swamp (4), Hag's Addle
Lost/encounters: 3-in-6. Encounters in the swamp are 2-in-6 likely to be with **Father Horsely** (***p185***) and his dog Clewyd.
Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d4 portions of *Snogglebeard* (***p430***) and 1d2 portions of *Witch's Oyster* (*DPB*), in addition to the normal results.

The Woodcutters' Encampment

Perched beside the Lower Hameth on the edge of Hag's Addle, the Woodcutters' Encampment is a community of once-hardy woodcrafters now grown indolent on the profits of trade. The Encampment is a major stopping point on the river trade that connects the High Wold, Castle Brackenwold, and the lands to the south of Dolmenwood.

At night: The pale yellow flame that burns in the tower of the Church of St Foggarty is visible across the swamp, guiding lost travellers to safety.

Full settlement description: See ***p182***.

Isle of the Frogs (Hidden)

An islet, 50 yards across, formed of rotting trunks and decayed fungi, drifts through the mists of this hex. A haphazard chorus of croaks and grunts announces the isle's presence, before it drifts into view.

Approaching: The isle is seemingly held together by the root systems of the trailing mosses and 5′ high ferns that smother its sodden surface. A many-hued multitude of frogs teems around the isle and the surrounding waters. A raised bulk can be seen shrouded in mist at the isle's summit.

Climbing onto the isle: Unless using special tools, techniques, magic, etc., characters must make a **Dexterity Check** to scale the isle's slippery, bobbing sides. Those who fail get drenched in slimy water and suffer a –1 penalty to Saving Throws until cleaned off on dry land.

At the summit: The shattered remnants of a giant frog-headed statue lie toppled amid the ferns, covered in slime and bedraggled moss. The statue's head (5′ high) is intact: a leering, batrachian visage with empty eye sockets (stones long ago looted) and a tongue lolling from its gaping mouth, glistening with black slime. As characters gaze upon the fallen head, the phrase "the tongue, the tongue" is briefly audible in the chorus of croaks.

Licking the tongue: The slime is horribly bitter: **Save Versus Doom** or vomit immediately. The following day, a character who licked the tongue is cured of one ailment (e.g. curse, disease, etc.) and develops slimy skin like that of an amphibian (painful in dry conditions). Repeated lickings of the tongue have no effect.

Re-locating: As the isle drifts in the swamp, locating it requires characters to search anew with every visit to the hex (see ***Travel***, *DPB*).

DREG AND MYRRSIAN'S MILL 1110

Little streams meander through idyllic glades of lantern elms, their seeds like lambent paper lanterns.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), High Wold / Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6
Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d4 portions of young lantern elm roots, used to brew *Ofteritch* (*DPB*), in addition to the normal results.

Dreg and Shantywood Isle

Sitting at the widest point of the River Hameth is the port and fishing village of Dreg, a major stopping point on the river trade that connects the High Wold, Castle Brackenwold, and the lands to the south of Dolmenwood.

Seedy reputation: Dreg has a reputation as a haunt for thieves, charlatans, and rascals of all stripes. Its many inns and taverns cater to the bawdy tastes of such folk.

Shantywood Isle: Opposite Dreg, the notorious pleasure isle of Shantywood sits amid the rushing waters of the Hameth.

Full settlement description: See ***p140***.

Myrrsian's Mill

A rustic, two-storey, timber-framed watermill stands on the banks of the Hameth in the north-east corner of this hex, its paddles producing a cheery splashing that can be heard from some way off.

Entrance: A circular wooden door, painted purple, inlaid with thorn and leaf patterns in brass, with a brass knocker in the form of a smirking imp. The door is sealed with a *Glyph of Locking* (by a Level 6 caster).

Dark glazed windows: The mill has four windows (two on each level), with panes of dark green glass, virtually opaque from the outside. All are sealed with a *Glyph of Locking* (by a Level 6 caster).

Interior: Cosy gloom. Homely woodwork painted with floral designs. A jumble of pots, pans, pestles and mortars, and drying herbs strewn over all surfaces. Crystals hang from low beams, refracting shafts of forest sunlight.

Inhabitants: The magician **Myrrsian the Mutable** and **3 sprites** (*DMB*)—a pink sprite named Tollowook, a blue sprite named Lillyshill, and a red sprite named Brigadoone—who act as servants and guest-wranglers, chittering and giggling in Sylvan.

Grinding sound: A low, grinding sound drones continuously, seemingly from below ground. The mill's inhabitants (if asked) confirm that the sound emanates from the grinding mill mechanisms in the cellar, which, they insist, are "purely decorative."

Secret trapdoor: The trapdoor to the cellar is concealed beneath a carpet and is sealed with a *Glyph of Locking* (by a Level 6 caster).

Cellar: Gears and axles slowly turn glowing pink millstones, wreathed in arcs of pale blue electricity. Sinister black forms periodically appear in the lightning. Myrrsian's research focuses on using this device to open a dimensional portal to a shadowy plane of existence.

Myrrsian the Mutable (Level 6 Magician)

A youthful human magician who switches between two forms (equal chance of either when encountered): a dashing young man with profound blue eyes and impressive red moustaches / a dainty young woman with fine, silver hair and eyes of chestnut. Both forms are clad in robes of green velvet embroidered with golden primroses.

Demeanour (Neutral): Convivial but tricksome—enjoys leaving the room, changing form, then claiming to be "Myrrsian's sibling Vyridan," upon returning. (The names are not tied to either form; Myrrsian is simply whichever is encountered first.)

Speech: Melodious, eloquent. Woldish, Sylvan, a smattering of Mewl.

Desires: Magical crystals of all kinds, to act as fodder for the mill—willing to pay a handsome price. (Myrrsian believes that an exact balance of different types will open the portal.)

Possessions: A twisted brass *Ring of Duomorph* (***p410***). An elf-bone *Wand of Fear* (6 charges). Scrolls of *Web* and *Confusion*.

Spells: Rank 1 *Decipher*, *Fairy Servant*, *Ingratiate*, **Rank 2** *Glyph of Locking*, *Mirror Image*, **Rank 3** *Crystal Vision*, *Lightning Bolt*.

Odd spatial distortions. Trees and rocks change size when travellers blink. Already traversed paths repeat.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Aldweald/High Wold
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6

Nyfward

A slender, crooked, windowless tower of stone at the river bank. It impossibly ascends hundreds of yards into the sky, and yet is not visible from a distance. A yawning arch at ground level provides entry.

Ground floor: A marble lion-head fountain burbles. In the pool at the fountain's base, reflections of jovial, peering manticores can be seen.

Ascending: A spiral stair ascends from each floor to the next. No matter how high PCs ascend, they never reach the top of the tower.

Upper floors: The size and contents of each floor magically change each time the tower is explored. Roll on the ***Encounters*** and ***Rooms*** tables for each floor entered.

Monsters: Roll on the dungeon encounter table (***p98***), treating the tower's floor number as the dungeon level, with a maximum level of 7. Also make a Reaction Roll (see ***Encounters***, *DPB*) and roll on the ***Monster Activities*** table.

Special encounters: These rooms contain treasure hidden among the furnishings: 1d20 × 100gp and a 2-in-6 chance of a random magic item.

History: The strange tower was built by the legendary arch-wizard Nyf Nimbly, who is said to reside in a magical workshop at its (unreachable) summit.

Encounters (d4)

d4	Encounter
1	**None.** Empty room.
2	**Monster.** Roll a dungeon encounter (***p98***).
3	**Special.** Roll on the ***Special Encounters*** table.
4	**Special + monster.** Roll as above.

Rooms (d6)

d6	Room
1	**Library.** Nonsense, obscure arcana, or erotic verse.
2	**Study.** Leather couches, roaring fire, plush rugs.
3	**Banquet hall.** Syrupy fruits, boar heads, fine wine.
4	**Bedroom.** Four-poster bed, furs, arcane tapestries.
5	**Conservatory.** Jungle plants, dark soil, lambent orbs.
6	**Planetarium.** Alien star maps, illusory orreries.

Monster Activities (d12)

d12	Activity	d12	Activity
1	Playing cards.	7	Playing the flute.
2	Napping.	8	Nibbling biscuits.
3	Sipping tea.	9	Pacing nervously.
4	Philosophising.	10	Preening.
5	Bathing in milk.	11	Singing operatically.
6	Blowing smoke rings.	12	Dusting.

Special Encounters (d20)

d20	Special Encounter
1	Animated furniture dancing silently.
2	Jars of candy. If eaten, **Save Versus Doom** or die.
3	Steamy atmosphere. Potted plants. **1d3 giant, carnivorous plants** (as giant leech—*DMB*) attack intruders.
4	Household implements (cutlery, quills, needles and thread, fire pokers, etc.) flying in formation.
5	Pink vapour blocks ascent. If traversed, **Save Versus Doom** or be polymorphed into a pig for 1d6 days.
6	Walls covered with manticore head carvings.
7	Stone manticore head emits a deafening roar: **Save Versus Doom** or be deafened for 1d6 Turns.
8	3′ brass bowls magically filled with meat and water.
9	Raging **teapot automaton** (as wicker giant—*DMB*).
10	**1d3 manticores** (*DMB*). Roll on ***Monster Activities***.
11	Copper vat of bubbling, steaming water and herbs.
12	Floating rune, glowing red. Anyone entering must **Save Vs. Spell** or be transported to the ground floor.
13	Vats of hybrid animals suspended in green liquid.
14	Fancy hats. If worn, **Save Vs. Spell** or dance for 2 hours.
15	Ethereal music. **Save Versus Spell** or entranced for 1d4 Turns. 2-in-6 chance per Turn of a monster arriving.
16	1d4 levers. Roll 1d4 for each one pulled: 1. PCs transported to the ground floor, 2. PCs transported 1d6 floors higher, 3. Secret treasure cache opens (a piece of jewellery and a random magic item), 4. Gravity reverses in the tower for 1d6 Turns.
17	A statue of a snake-headed woman. If touched, **Save Versus Spell** or become obsessed with marrying her.
18	Huge oil painting of Lake Longmere. Any who touch it are transported to the Isle of Yeth (hex 0505).
19	Noble portraits goad and mock PCs.
20	A **moustachioed woman** dressed in green silk, claims to be Nyf Nimbly. Congratulates PCs, grants them one wish, then vanishes. PCs appear outside the tower. If they return, they henceforth find the tower empty.

Paths crisscross among beds of beautiful ferns. Everything appears to be tended by some deliberate hand.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6

The Falls

The Hameth takes a thunderous drop at the legendary Falls of Nyf, where surging white waters tumble down a 100′ precipice—a majestic and spectacular sight.

The Wondrous Ship-Conveyor

While the falls are indeed one of the region's greatest natural wonders, they are also home to one of its greatest magical marvels: the great Ship-Conveyor of Nyf.

A boat approaching from the north: Seems bound for certain doom as it nears the vertical drop of the falls. Just as its bow crosses the foaming brink, the boat effortlessly glides, swan-like, into the air, supported by naught but magic. It then descends the abyss in a slow, stately fashion, coming to rest at a safe distance beyond the falls' base, halting at a fortified wooden gate that spans the river.

A boat approaching from the south: Takes the opposite course, leaping skyward after it has cleared the gate, slowly and smoothly ascending the cliff, and alighting on the Hameth at a safe spot well upstream from the falls.

Wardens and toll-gate: The gate is controlled by House Mulbreck (hex 1210) and manned by **12 wardens** (Level 1 fighters—*DMB*). They demand a toll from every boat passing through: 1sp/5sp/1gp (for small/medium/large boats). The wardens are garrisoned in a stout, two-storey guardhouse alongside the gate.

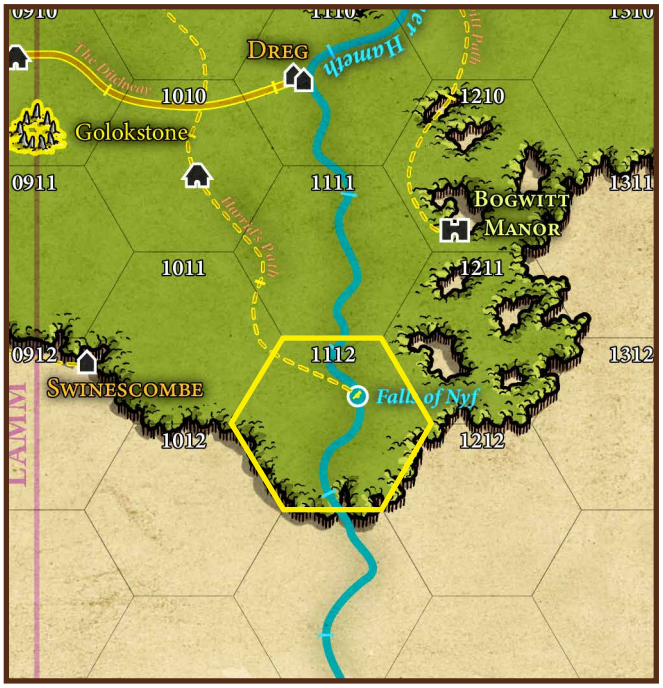
Operation and history: The marvellous Conveyor operates automatically. Little is known of its origins, save that it was created by the powerful sorcerer Nyf Nimbly. Control of the gate and its lucrative toll revenues are granted by the duke, with great competition and skulduggery between the lesser noble houses. House Mulbreck currently holds the contract, valid for the next seven years.

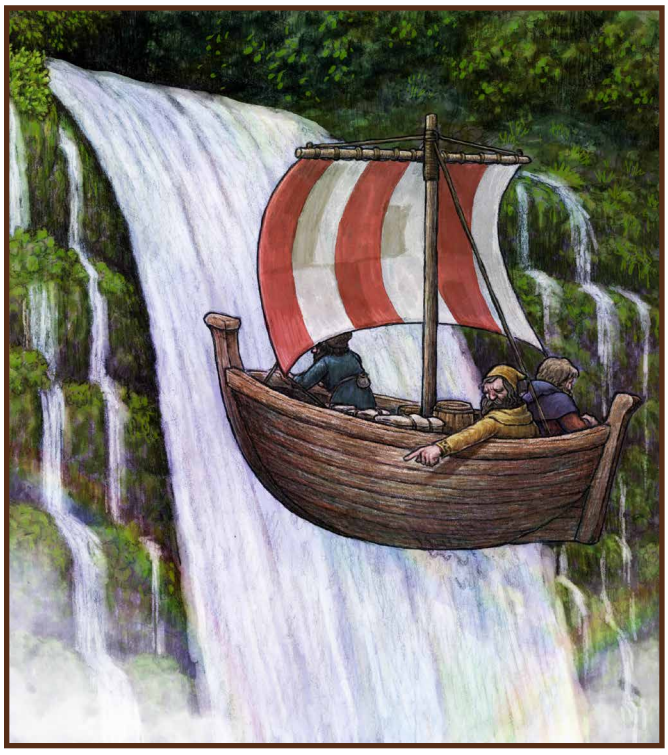
Caves Behind the Falls

Hidden behind the Falls of Nyf is a cavern: low and broad, dripping and rancid, its walls spongy with a curious moss. Human bones clatter across the rocky cave-floor. Several corpses are impaled on stalagmites, infested with more of the verdant moss.

Lair of Skulp: This dank place is home to a cunning and vicious **troll** (*DMB*) called Skulp.

Agreement with the wardens: Skulp once terrorised the region at night, attacking boats, wardens, and travellers. However, the wardens have now struck a deal with her, and her attacks have ceased. They provide her with any corpses they fish from the river, battered and bloated. Skulp takes these corpses and cultivates a species of delicious moss in their putrescent flesh, which she devours, leaving the corpses themselves.





Skulp—Troll

An ancient, stinking, and especially cantankerous troll with a gaunt, skull-like face atop a wobbly, corpulent frame. Dresses in slimy rags and scraps of river weed.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Welcoming, eyes up visitors to assess their moss-worthiness, flies into a rage at the drop of a hat. Pushes her face right up close to others.

Speech: Snivelling, grumbling. Woldish, Sylvan.

Desires: Fresh corpses upon which to grow her unspeakable moss. In particular, woodgrue bodies, which Skulp says add a "special something" to the moss's taste.

Relentless moaning wind. The sky seems vast and malevolent.

Terrain: Hills (2), Table Downs
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6

The Excavation

A recently-trafficked trail branches south from the Downs Road, leading to a large mound ringed by a series of concentric ridges (the widest 300 yards across). An encampment of tents and wagons squats amid the ancient earthworks.

Inhabitants: 10 labourers, pack animals, and **3 guards** (Level 1 fighters—*DMB*), led by the adventuring sage **Archibald Helmwhit**. The group arrived here three days ago after a long and treacherous journey from Castle Brackenwold.

Approaching: If PCs are spotted, they are warily hailed and allowed into the encampment.

The excavation: Pursuing Helmwhit's obsession with the ancient civilisations of the Table Downs, the expedition is digging into the earthworks and has also dispatched teams to two smaller mounds nearby (hexes 1101 and 1202). So far, they have unearthed sundry artefacts (pottery fragments, wood carvings, etc.) and have reached a layer of carved stone, which they are working to break through.

Troubles: Several of the workers have had nightmares in which the mound shakes, the sky boils, and a demented, spiteful shrieking fills the air. Helmwhit remains unperturbed and oblivious.

The day after PCs arrive: The workers penetrate the stone barrier, unearthing the tomb of a powerful and malevolent priestess—Kul—who was magically bound and buried here in prehistoric times. Exposure to sun and air causes her wicker-crowned corpse to disintegrate, and her spirit erupts from the ground as a terrible swirling vortex of screams, attacking all present (see ***Spirit of Kul***).

Grave artefacts: Atop the dust of Kul's corpse lie six heavy bars of intricately carved, polished petrified wood (1,000gp each) that held Kul in place. Searching beneath the bars also reveals a desiccated severed finger; on it is a *Ring of Charming* (*Humans*, ***p410***).

Archibald Helmwhit—Sage

A squat, elderly human man, sporting a neatly trimmed beard, blue robes, and an embroidered red smoking cap.

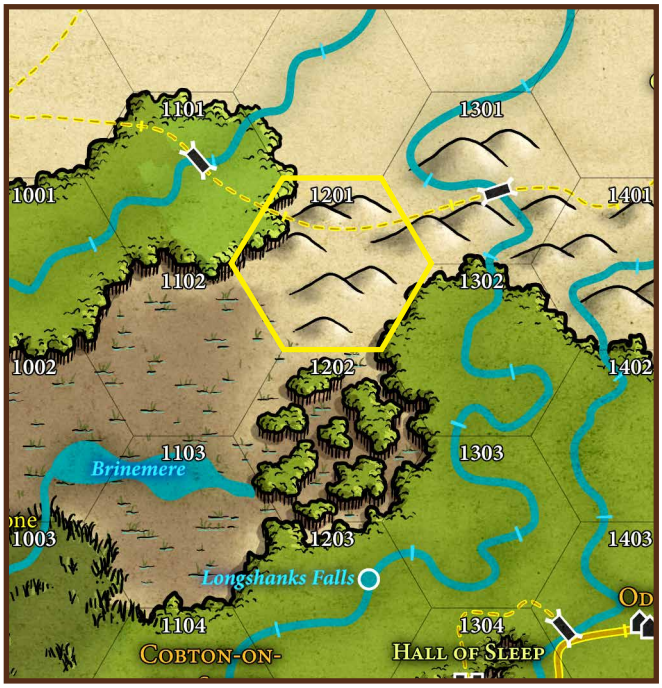
Demeanour (Neutral): As forgetful and unwitting as he is self-assured and condescending.

Speech: Precise but repetitive. Woldish, Old Woldish, Liturgic.

Desires: To unearth the "great treasures" he believes to be buried here. He welcomes assistance with the excavation, offering 5gp per PC to assist in the digging, and 15gp to check on the teams sent to hex 1101 or 1202.

Possessions: 400gp in purse.

Knowledge: Specialises in the history and ancient civilisation of the Table Downs and Northern Scratch. Apply the standard rules for hiring a sage (*DPB*).



The Glammering Gate (Hidden)

On the side of a low mound in the south-east of the hex, a pale mist roils within a stone-lintelled portal.

Touching the mist: Mortals must **Save Versus Spell** or be overcome with light-hearted gaiety lasting 1d6 days.

Stepping through the portal: One is whisked away to the fairy road the White Way (see ***Fairy Roads, p26***).

Spirit of Kul

A seething, 25′ tall, turquoise gyre of spectral energy, emitting mindless howls of malice from a multitude of gaping mouths. Deeper wards prevent the spirit from leaving the ancient earthworks, and it does not pursue targets past that boundary.

LARGE UNDEAD—MINDLESS—CHAOTIC

Level 12 **AC** 19 **HP** 50 **Saves** D5 R6 H7 B8 S9
Att Whirlwind (+9, 2d8) **Fly** 120 **Morale** 10 **XP** 3,800

Undead: Immune to biological effects (e.g. disease, poison) and mind-affecting spells (e.g. *Vapours of Dream*, *Paralysation*, *Dominate*).

Whirlwind: The spirit makes a single Attack Roll against all creatures in a 10′ radius area. Creatures of Level 2 or lower in the area must also **Save Versus Hold** or be swept up in the vortex and killed.

Immunities: Only harmed by magic or magic weapons.

Howling: Any within 60′ hearing the spirit's howls must **Save Versus Hold** or be paralysed with terror for 1d4 Rounds (aware but unable to move or act). Each character must save once per encounter with the spirit.

MOUND OF THE WILLING SACRIFICE 1202

A bewildering expanse of thorn trees, chest-high reeds, and stinking pools. Sound here is painfully amplified.

Terrain: Swamp (4), Fever Marsh
Lost/encounters: 3-in-6. Encounters are 1-in-6 likely to be with the **Willing Sacrifice**.

The Mound

A burial mound sits in the centre of a drier patch of the otherwise waterlogged swamp. The reeds of the patch are plastered flat, pointing away from the mound.

Appearance: The mound is 60′ in diameter and composed of dirt and stone. Hanging moss dapples its surface in drooping, forlorn patches. It has a single stone entrance, above which is carved the snarling visage of a bear—PCs versed in Wood God lore recognise it as that of **Orsath** (***p39***), the ancient guardian of the dead. The entrance is extremely narrow and requires characters to turn side-on to enter the ***Reception Chamber***.

History: The mound is one of several created by prehistoric inhabitants of the Table Downs (see also hexes 1101 and 1201). This one was the resting place of a tribe member buried alive as a willing sacrifice in the ritual that entombed Kul, a wicked and dangerous priestess, in the mound in hex 1201. Over the millennia, Kul's evil infected the sacrifice, whose reanimated corpse now roams the hex in search of mortal victims.

Reception Chamber

The mound entrance leads to a reception chamber with walls of stone. The chamber takes up one half of the mound.

Fresh corpses: Sprawled about the chamber are six human bodies, only a few days dead. Their faces are rictus masks of agony, and their hands are clutched to their ears, in which dried blood is pooled. Lying among the corpses are shovels, picks, and provisioned backpacks. (This is the group sent by the expedition in hex 1201.)

Wall carvings: The stone walls are carved with a sequence of images. The first depicts a priestess, bedecked in a robe and wicker crown, reaching up to the sky, surrounded by blood-red whirlwinds. The second shows figures clad in loincloths burying her beneath a mound amid a series of concentric ridges (hex 1201). The third shows a bear-masked woman sacrificed, her blood dripping down to seal the priestess beneath the mound.

Burial chamber door: The entrance to the burial chamber is open, a tall and heavy stone lying on the ground beside it.

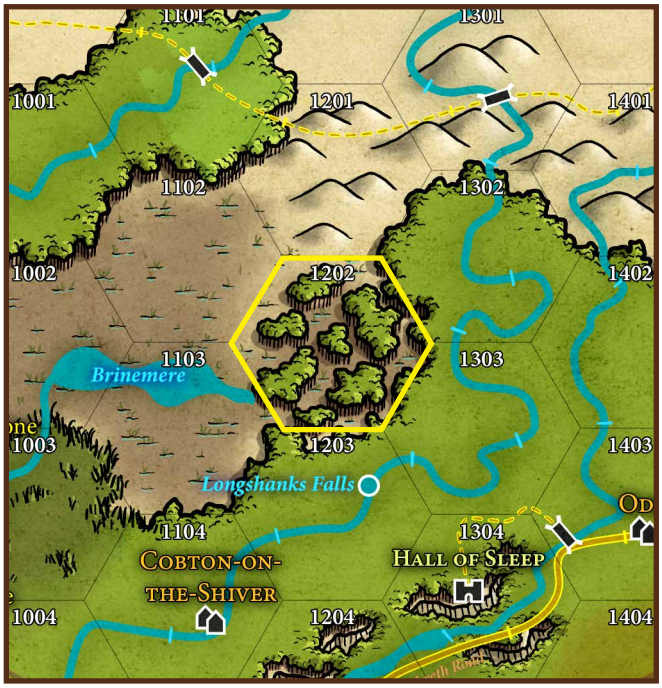
Burial Chamber

The burial chamber takes up the other half of the mound.

Scratched walls: The chamber walls appear to have been scratched deeply and repeatedly, over a very long time.

Pit: At the far end of the chamber is a pit, 8′ in diameter and 40′ deep, surrounded by piles of loose dirt. At the bottom are four sealed earthen jars, each containing a different carved amber totem (1,000gp each).

Entering the pit: Once a PC reaches the pit bottom, the **Willing Sacrifice** returns to the mound and attacks.



The Willing Sacrifice

A grave-blackened corpse clad in filthy ornamental robes, striding with swift preternatural grace, reeking of befouled earth. While her limbs are sinuous and lithe, her stomach is a distended bulge, and a sickly turquoise glow emanates from within it. Strapped onto her face is a cracked, wooden bear-face mask.

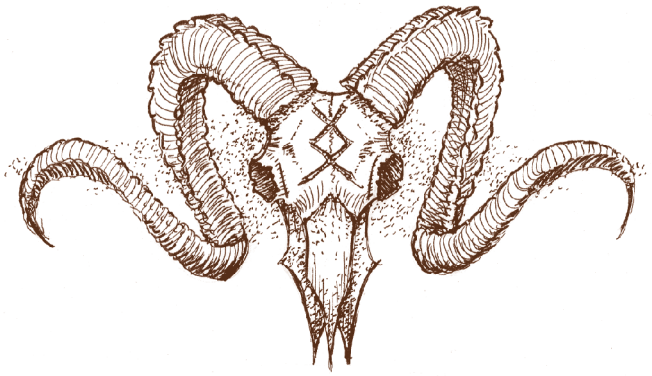
MEDIUM UNDEAD—SEMI-INTELLIGENT—CHAOTIC

Level 7 **AC** 16 **HP** 37 **Saves** D8 R9 H10 B11 S12
Att Claw (+6, 1d8) or shriek (2d6) **Speed** 40 **Morale** 10
XP 1,080

Undead: Silent before attacking. Immune to biological effects (e.g. disease, poison) and mind-affecting spells (e.g. *Vapours of Dream*, *Paralysation*, *Dominate*).

Immunities: Only harmed by magic, silver weapons, or magic weapons.

Shriek (thrice a day): A horrendously piercing shriek over a 30′ long cone, toppling unsecured objects and inflicting 2d6 damage on living creatures (**Save Versus Hold** for half damage; those with ear protection or deafness automatically succeed).



1203 THE ELDER WILLOWS

Tangled willow woods, thick with vines and ditches filled with mounds of decaying leaves.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Valley of Wise Beasts
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6

Longshanks Falls

The River Shiver plunges down into the Valley of Wise Beasts, over a set of sheer-walled, 100′ sandstone cliffs.

Caves: Small caves pockmark the sides of the cliffs. In one of them, two fugitives from the rule of the Nag-Lord (***p45***) have made their home (see ***Scruff and Stripe***).

Bottom of the Valley

Following the south-westerly course of the River Shiver, the Valley of Wise Beasts widens from 100 yards across at the base of Longshanks Falls to half a mile across. The eastern end of the Valley, in this hex, is composed of wild forest and is scantly inhabited.

The Elder Willows

A cluster of seven gargantuan (350′ tall), ancient willow trees looms above the top of Longshanks Falls. The local Cobbins call them the Elder Willows.

Roots: Several clusters of roots descend from the willows alongside the falls to the base of the Valley below. These can be used as a kind of ladder to ascend or descend the cliffs, and to reach some of the caves.

In the boughs: The high branches of the trees are home to colonies of **gelatinous apes** (***Animals***, *DMB*) and **sprites** (*DMB*) of all kinds.

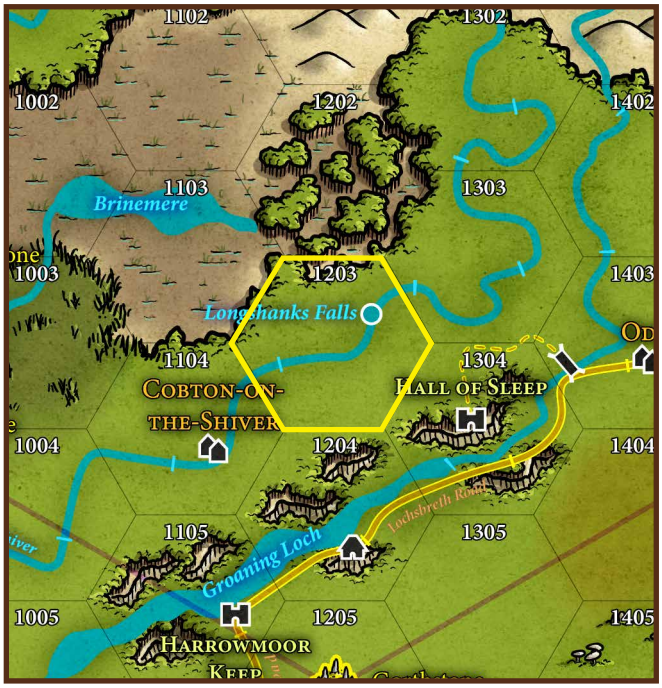
Lilac moss: Just visible from ground level, the upper boughs are crusted with patches of fuzzy, lilac moss known as *Sclubber's Twist* (***p430***). Parties of **sprites** lounge upon the moss and chew clumps of it. The **gelatinous apes** avoid the stuff. Characters who make the 300′ climb may harvest 1d6 portions of the moss per hour.

Scruff and Stripe

PCs climbing near one of the larger caves may overhear a heated exchange. Inside the cave is a makeshift camp: bedrolls and some crude cooking implements. A crookhorn (*DMB*) called **Scruff** and a polecat Cobbin (*DMB*) called **Stripe** are loudly arguing over differences in hygienic standards.

Intruders: If they notice intruders into their cave, the pair cease their bickering and confront the party. The crookhorn demands the PCs prove they are not agents of **Baron Fragglehorn** (***p46***) if they wish to live, as the polecat postures menacingly beside him.

History: Originally strangers, they were imprisoned several months prior in a stockade in Cobton-on-the-Shiver (***p136***), where they were slated to be executed. They escaped together (each claiming sole credit for this accomplishment) and found their way to the cave. Having arrived at a sort of grudging accommodation, they now cooperate as unlikely (and highly quarrelsome) roommates.



Scruff Gobshyte—Crookhorn

This low-ranking crookhorn woman's crime was being unable to correctly state whether her master, Baron Fragglehorn (***p46***), was "wickedly handsome" or "handsomely wicked."

Demeanour (Chaotic): Stubborn, irritable, foolishly brave. Secretly protective towards Stripe, whom she believes to be physically weaker.

Speech: Growling and impatient. Gaffe, halting Woldish.

Desires: Wavers between wanting to overthrow Fragglehorn and wanting to leave the Valley.

Knowledge: The location of the shrine beneath Baron Fragglehorn's tower (1004).

Barney "Stripe" McGrew—Cobbin (Polecat)

Arrested after bragging (falsely) of his membership in the Grey League (***p136***), Stripe is really just a failed con artist and ne'er-do-well.

Demeanour (Neutral): Fast-talking, with a veneer of confidence masking deep fearfulness. Secretly protective towards Scruff, whom he believes to be not too bright.

Speech: Riddled with flowery malapropisms. Woldish, Gaffe.

Desires: Unsure of his next move, but cannot imagine life outside the Valley.

Knowledge: The existence of the Grey League, and their meeting location (***p136***).

THE BREATH OF THE KELPIE 1204

Quiet, sighing woods, punctuated with crags and cliffs of granite.

Terrain: Craggy forest (4), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 3-in-6

The Groaning Loch

Dangerous waters: Fathomless, cold, and unquiet. Unpredictable currents, whirlpools, and the presence of **kelpies** (*DMB*) make navigating the loch's waters a perilous undertaking; few boats are ever seen upon it.

Cliffs: The Loch is bounded by forbidding, granite cliffs, 200 yards high.

Bays: In places, the waves of the Loch lap against forlorn beaches of black shingle.

Embala's repose: The lost Wood God Embala slumbers feverishly in a crevice in the unfathomable deeps of the Loch. The only means of awakening and contacting Embala is with the three *Mirrors of Embala* (***p75***).

The Kelpie Forest

In the deeps of the Loch here grows a vast tangle of waterweed, 250 yards down.

Lights: The weed-forest is dotted with distant, twinkling lights, as if of villages and castles submerged in the deeps.

Gazing at the forest: Elicits the odd sensation of looking down upon Dolmenwood from on high: the weed-forest has the same basic shape as the Wood, with the twinkling lights located roughly in the same positions as the towns and villages of mortal folk.

Descending to the forest: The twinkling lights are, in fact, colonies of an aquatic form of **marsh lantern** (*DMB*), luring fish to their doom. The forest is also a favoured dreaming place of **kelpies** (*DMB*), who are none too pleased to be disturbed by land-dwellers.

The Breath of the Kelpie (Inn)

Clinging perilously upon the summit of the cliffs beside Lochsbreth Road is a curious inn: The Breath of the Kelpie.

Appearance: A teetering construction—taller than it is wide—of jumbled gables and stacked turrets, all of dark, lacquered wood.

Sign: A green horse with a fish's tail, pink blossom streaming from its mouth.

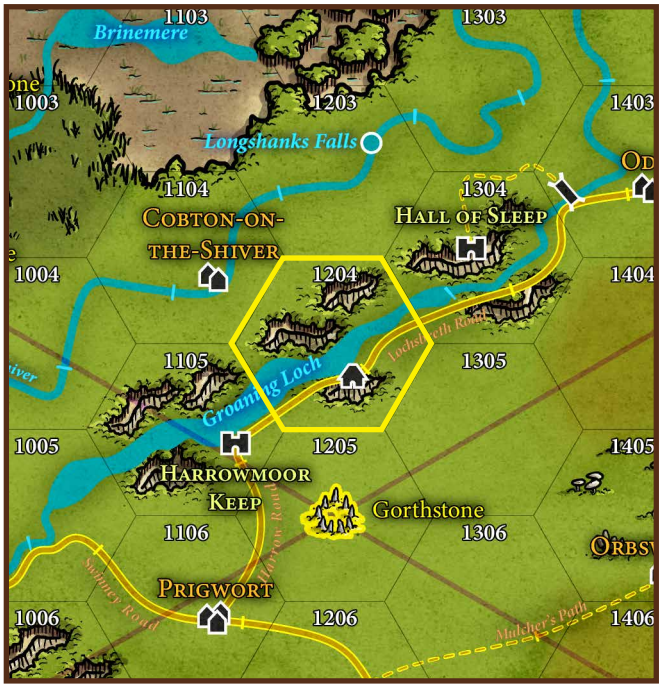
Entrance: A circular door, painted pink, with a hand-worn brass knob in the centre.

Common room: Cramped; packed with narrow benches and too-small tables. The bar is on a mezzanine above. The landlord, **Hallyd Ongledrome**, presides watchfully.

Guests: Primarily travellers along the Lochsbreth Road: merchants, pedlars, friars, bards, and mercenaries.

The Shrine to St Horace (Hidden)

An ornate, marble shrine leans askew against a black boulder in a muddy bay on the northern shore of the Loch, as if washed up from the deeps.



Hallyd Ongledrome—Breath of the Kelpie Proprietor

A human man in his late 50s, with straggly, white hair and a silver-rimmed monocle. Dresses in dapper waistcoats and silk pantaloons, with a walking cane.

Demeanour (Neutral): Cultivates a refined and erudite air. Shrewd businessman. Treacherous.

Speech: Ingratiating, rambling. Woldish.

Desires: People's secrets, which he is happy to sell to others. Discreet liaisons with beautiful young things (gender immaterial).

Knowledge: Ongledrome is privy to the plight of **Lady Harrowmoor** (***p60***), whose daughter Violet is missing. He is willing to divulge this information—and the fact that she would reward the girl's rescuer—for 25gp.

Services at the Breath of the Kelpie

Lodgings and food: Of common quality (*DPB*).

Turret rooms: Private rooms overlooking the Loch, 1gp per night.

Lakeside veranda: Paying guests at the inn may step out onto the veranda at its rear—a lantern-bedecked platform hanging over the edge of the cliff. It offers spectacular and dizzying views of the Loch.

Statue of St Horace: Red marble, 2′ tall. Depicts the saint as a friar, with an adder around his neck and a mushroom upon his head.

Prayer: If the shrine is righted, characters praying may receive the blessing of St Horace: the ability to cast *Serpent Transformation*. See ***Shrines, p22***.

GORTHSTONE

Elegant, golden-leafed beeches seem to caringly shield travellers from the elements.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Aldweald

Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **1d4 elf knights** (*DMB*) in the service of the Earl of Yellow (***p32***), clad entirely in yellow and mounted on great golden wolves (as dire wolves, *DMB*).

Ley line crossing Hoad/Ywyr: Arcane spell-casters perceive the wailing cries of infants slowly fading into the moans of the dead, repeating in an endless cycle.

Haunted Pool

At the very centre of the hex lies a large glade, about 500′ wide, surrounding a 300′ diameter pool of clear, placid water punctuated with clusters of pale green water lilies. At the very centre of the pool is a tall, black obelisk—the ***Gorthstone***.

Weather reversal: An odd magic wraps the glade, whereby the day's prevailing weather conditions are reversed. On sunny days, the pool is veiled with fog and storms; in the deep cold of winter, a clement warmth surrounds the stone; and so forth.

Gazing into the waters: Reveals the pale, shrouded form of a young woman, drifting among the lily stems: the **Phantom of the Pool**.

Touching the waters: Awakens the **Phantom of the Pool**, who rises from the water. The person disturbing the pool must also **Save Versus Spell** or fall instantly into a deep slumber for 1d3 hours.

Drinking the waters: Causes a person to instantly fall into a deep slumber for 1d3 hours, with no save.

Gorthstone

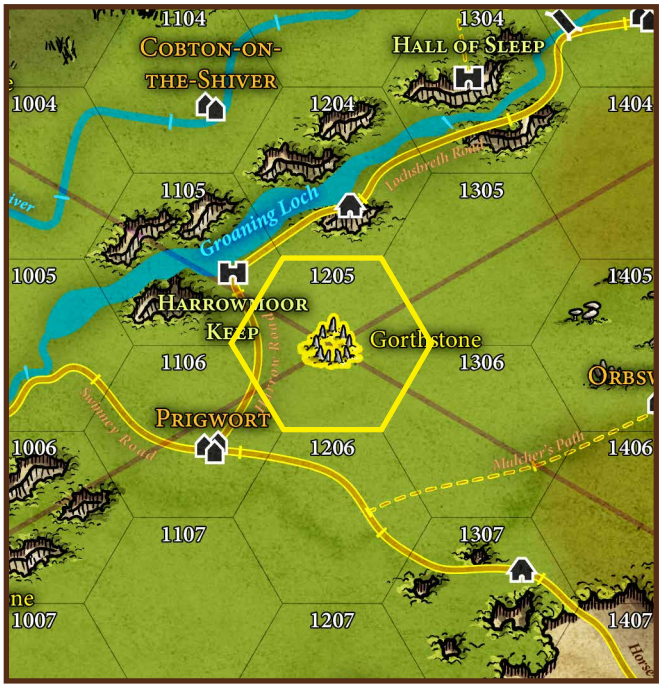
Those who successfully cross the pool arrive at a 20′ wide dais of crumbling, weed-clad sandstone. Atop it stands a 15′ high obelisk of hard, black rock, veined with silver.

Guardian: The **Audrune Haygral**. Stepping on the dais alerts him of intruders, causing him to summon **2 Drune cottagers** (*DMB*) and **1d4 bramblings** (*DMB*) that arrive in 1d6 Turns.

Examining the stone: Reveals tight bands of ancient Old Drunic script close to the base of the stone and more recent Drunic runes around the middle.

Inscribed spell: The Drunic runes describe the arcane spell *Trap the Soul* (***p457***). See ***Ley Lines and Standing Stones, p18*** for details on learning this spell.

Old Drunic script: The ancient script provides instructions for a ritual that may be performed at this site to dispel even the deepest enchantments. The ritual requires the participation of three arcane spell-casters of at least Level 5 and must be performed upon the night of a solstice. At the culmination of the ritual, the magical components of the enchantment are unwoven and released as free-willed *demi-plasms*—entities of pure magical energy. The Drune know further magical techniques to bind and command these entities.



The Audrune Haygral

Incorporeal: Haygral has abandoned his physical form and now exists solely within the flow of the ley energies around Gorthstone. His body lies in temporal stasis, ritually interred in the crypts of the Drune Lodge (hex 0507).

Powers: Haygral cannot interact with the physical world directly, but can send word of intruders to the Drune Aegis.

The Phantom of the Pool

A pale, spectral human woman dressed in the sodden white vestments of some long-forgotten sect. In her eyes burns an eerie blue light. Upon being awakened from the pool, she drifts towards the nearest living creature, beseeching that "the Staff of the Apostle must be restored." If the listener does not understand her pleas (or ignores or mocks her), she attacks.

Demeanour (Neutral): Despondent, hateful of the living who do not understand her plight.

Speech: Otherworldly wailing. Woldish.

Desires: To be laid to rest by the reconstitution of a staff, belonging to the Church, that once imprisoned her.

Combat stats: Spectre (*DMB*). If slain, returns 7 days later.

History: Originally a high priestess of a Gwyrae sect, the Church trapped her spirit within the *Staff of the Apostle*, a powerful relic. When the Drune destroyed the staff here through the disenchantment ritual engraved on ***Gorthstone***, she was released as a *demi-plasm*. The Drune then bound her to the pool to act as a guardian for the stone. She believes she can be freed by recreating the staff—practically, an impossibility. However, she can in fact be freed by performing the disenchantment ritual on the pool itself.

Dense, forbidding woods of twisted elm and hawthorn. Many paths lead to gloomy dead-ends.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Nighttime encounters on the road are 2-in-6 likely to be with the ghost of **Dewidort of Smerne** (see hex 0607).

The Bakery

A charming, thatched cottage lies nestled in a glade half a mile south of Horse-Eye Road. Mouthwatering scents of cinnamon and gingerbread waft from the dwelling.

Inhabitants: A baker (and, secretly, magician) known only as **Mother** and her **12 daughters** spend their days baking all manner of tantalising pastries and tarts. The daughters vary greatly in appearance, and range from ages 7 to 21. The older daughters operate a popular market stall in Prigwort (***p176***), and the family also produces commissioned specialties for local nobles and gentry (magically enhanced, for the most exclusive clients).

Main room: Spacious, dominated by a massive oaken table. Cats leap and play in the rafters above. Shelves are laden with homely crockery and chinaware.

Kitchen: The heat and bulk of an enormous brick oven dominate the kitchen. Higgledy-piggledy shelves line the walls, brimming with jars of biscuits, flour, herbs, and spices. One jar contains 12 *Chocolate Chip Healing Cookies* (eating one heals 1d6 HP, worth 800gp each). Another, hidden at the back of a shelf, contains 17pp, 214gp, 112sp.

Back door: Opening from the kitchen to a small herb garden and a path leading to the ***Dough Pool***.

Mother's bedroom: Dark and cosy. Lined with shelves crammed with cookbooks, with several treatises on sorcery and enchantment in more hidden corners. Beneath a floorboard are Mother's spell books (see combat stats for spell list). Beneath the bed's mattress is a jewellery box with 16 ametrines (100gp each) and a diamond hat-pin (600gp).

Daughters' bedrooms: Each has her own bedroom on either the ground floor or the upper floor. In several hang needlepoint samplers featuring Sylvan names and phrases.

Visitors: Are greeted cordially, though gently but firmly prevented from exploring inside the house. Delicious, freshly-baked pastries are available for 2sp each.

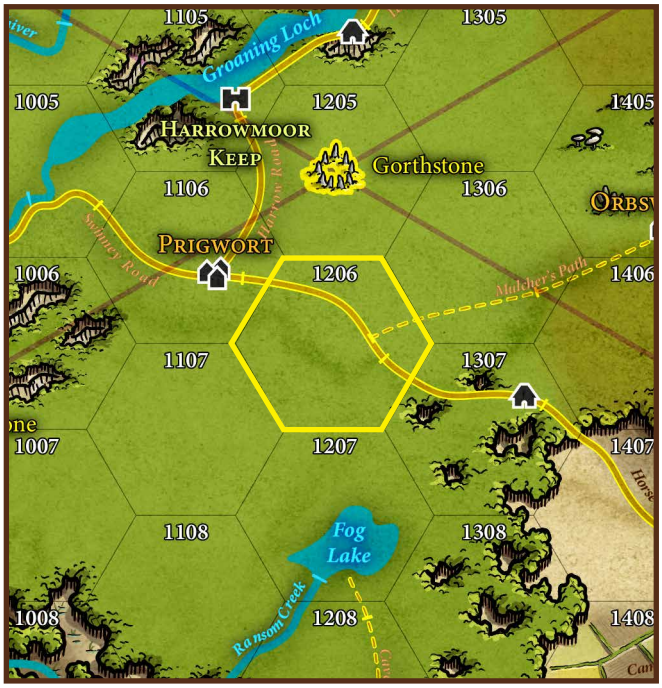
The Dough Pool

A 60′ wide pool of yeasty, frothing dough belches and bubbles at the rear of the bakery.

Wardens: 6 gingerbread servitors (6′ tall, treat as manikins—*DMB*) mindlessly stir the pool, their sugar icing faces grinning vacantly at onlookers. They periodically spoon finished dough into wheelbarrows for delivery to the kitchen. Each servitor contains the charred skeleton of a rogue who crossed Mother or her daughters, captured by the family and baked alive in gingerbread dough.

Tool shed: Contains wheelbarrows and a variety of tools for working the dough pool (long ladles, shovels, spoons).

Tumbledown cottage: The gingerbread servitors sleep here at night in cosy beds.



Mother (Level 5 Magician)

A plump, middle-aged human woman, with unruly curls, a rolling pin in hand, a floured apron, and a twinkle in her eye. She is always referred to simply as "Mother" and will not reveal any other name.

Demeanour (Neutral): Jolly, secretive, fanatically protective of her daughters. Habitually rubs her hands together, brushing off clouds of flour.

Speech: Charmingly rustic. Addresses strangers as "deary." Woldish, Sylvan.

Desires: To support her family and protect the secrets of her enterprise. *Lover's Gasp* mushrooms (***p428***), required for an extravagant, enchanted wedding gateau commissioned by the **Earl of Yellow** (***p32***). She knows only that the mushrooms can be found "in the vicinity of cliffs in the High Wold" (in fact, hex 0811).

Rewards: 200gp for 12 portions of *Lover's Gasp*.

Possessions: Wields a rolling pin (1d4 damage). A plain silver *Ring of Vanishing* (***p410***, command word "MIGRAMANALANAX"). A *Wand of Polymorph* (12 charges), which her daughters stole from the witch Bragwen Hoad in hex 1108, required for the enchanted gateau she is preparing to bake for the **Earl of Yellow**.

Servants: Mother commands the gingerbread servitors that work the ***Dough Pool*** and can summon them to aid in 1d4 Rounds.

Spells: Rank 1 *Gingerbread Charm*, *Yeast Growth*, **Rank 2** *En Croute*, *Mirror Image*, **Rank 3** *Ginger Snap*. See ***Uncommon Spells, p454***.

1207 CRYSTAL CAVES AROUND FOG LAKE

The booming croaks of bog-owls echo from the surrounding vegetation.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6

Fog Lake

Fog Lake is an obvious and apt name for this basin-shaped location, as it is usually blanketed in obscurity with thick bluish-white vapour.

Fog-clearing winds: Occasionally a stray gust of wind blows through from the surrounding woodlands, completely sweeping away the fog. It generally returns within half an hour.

Crystal brewer: The chief manservant of **Jollie Oistace Pollard** (hex 1209), **Duncan Mudmurloe**, can often be found on the banks of the lake, sitting cross-legged and gazing mournfully at the lake while cooking down pans of noxious crystal-sludge obtained from nearby caves (see ***Crystal Caves***). He is manufacturing the drug *Azoth* (***p426***), which can only be made within earshot of the lake's lapping waters. This dangerous and dull job is made worse by Fog Lake being prone to flooding.

Crystal Caves

The most notable feature of the site is the so-called Crystal Caves, a series of holes in the steep gravelly declivities that lead down to the lakeshore.

Russet crystals: At the backs of the caves can sometimes be seen deep russet crystals in chaotic formations. They are actually fairly unremarkable—not shiny or numerous, and at their largest about shin-high. The rock in these caves is very soft and crumbly, and these fast growing crystals rapidly decay into slushy, gravelly mud shortly after reaching full size.

Pilgrims and visitors: As soft and unimpressive as the crystals may be, the appellation of "Crystal Caves" remains, and draws tourists. There is a 2-in-6 chance that **1d6 naïve urban pilgrims** (everyday mortals—*DMB*) are in the area, seeking to touch the crystals as part of a bogus healing ritual—this despite the dangers of the surrounding Dolmenwood.

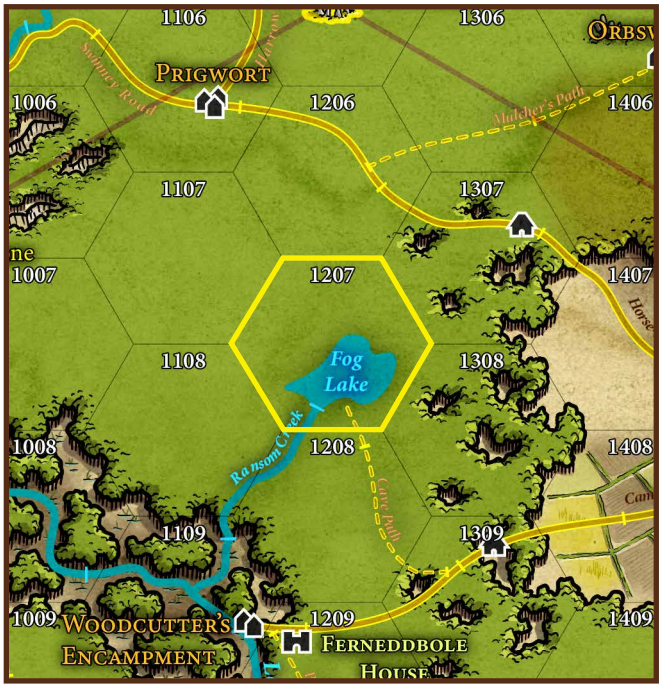
Azoth ingredient: The crystals are the main component of the drug *Azoth* (***p426***), though this is unknown to the average pilgrim.

The Mizzle Door (Hidden)

In a dell upon the wooded slopes to the north of Fog Lake, the persistent mist swirls and coalesces into the form of a gigantic doorway flanked by two fearsome, sword-wielding guardians.

Approaching the door: The misty guardians turn their heads to observe those who approach, but otherwise remain immobile.

Stepping through the door: One is whisked away to the fairy road the White Way (see ***Fairy Roads, p26***).



Duncan Mudmurloe

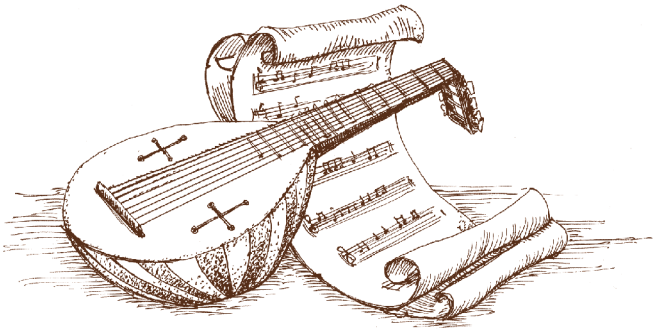
A stiff, lanky human man in his mid-thirties, with dry, pallid skin and an anaemic moustache. Dresses in courtly breeches, jacket, and absurdly high, powdered wig, even when toiling beside Fog Lake. Mudmurloe is the "gentleman's gentleman" of **Jollie Oistace Pollard** (***p328***), and hails from High-Hankle. His duties have, of late, tended more and more to the manufacture of *Azoth* at Fog Lake, which his master has been consuming and demanding in ever-increasing quantities.

Demeanour (Neutral): Haughty, beleaguered, depressed. Habitually sniffs, due to unintentional inhaling of crystal-sludge vapours.

Speech: Prissy and precise. Woldish, Old Woldish, Liturgic, Caprice.

Desires: To faithfully carry out his duties to this master, but to somehow find a way of no longer carrying them out in this perilous and forsaken place.

Possessions: Carries a crossbow and an oversized spoon for rock-scooping that also serves as a weapon (1d4 damage).



Boggy patches of deciduous growth punctuated by sharp black boulders.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Aldweald

Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Daytime encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with 2d6 clueless urban pilgrims (everyday mortals—*DMB*) on their way to the crystal caves at Fog Lake (hex 1207).

Cave Path

The path from the south-east leading to Fog Lake (hex 1207) is called the "Cave Path" by local Woodcutter folk. It plunges into an incredibly deep rock trough, so high that the sun only touches the bottom for a few minutes at noon each day, if at all. It continues in this way for several miles.

Ravine walls: The chilly faces of the trough are streaming with rivulets of moisture, and are whorled and folded like the finger-marks of a titan.

Carpet of flowers: Despite the dimness, a carpet of ankle-high plants not dissimilar to a species of pale celandine is present throughout.

Gloomy clefts: At various heights from the ground, both sides of the trough feature many clefts deep and wide enough for Small characters to fit inside, though most terminate a short distance into the rock.

Befuddling echoes: A traveller taken by a whim to bellow into a cleft is often surprised to hear their voice echoing back at them from some point ahead or behind of them on the path, often rendered comical or sinister by distortions.

Broken musical instruments: The remains of a broken or neglected musical instrument of low make are sometimes found in the low vegetation.

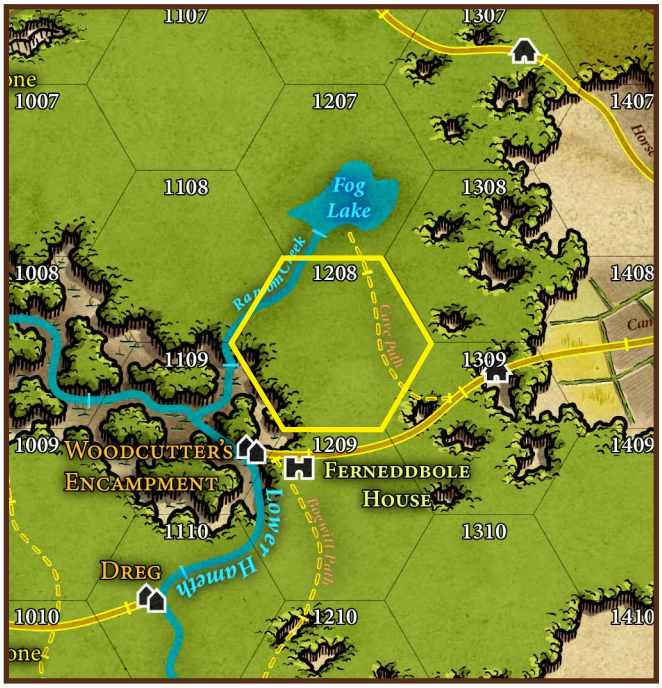
The Rock Bridge

Half way along Cave Path, a bridge of black rock arches above the road. During the day, a **grimalkin bard** by the name of **Dandy Prisslewhiff** sits atop the bridge, idly strumming her lute.

Passersby: The musical fairy greets passersby with a tip of the hat. If addressed, she may offer to aid travellers with her knowledge of the local region if they can answer her riddle or best her in a musical duel.

Riddle: "Oistace-kyne, tree-herd kin / Fulsome beard upon your chin / Axe, and saw, and coppice post / What is it that you fear the most?" Answer: the Drune. (The riddle refers to the secret fear of the folk of the Woodcutters' Encampment, see ***p182***.)

Musical duels: Consist of three rounds: a sentimental song (**Charisma Check**), a virtuoso song (**Dexterity Check**), and an improvisation (**Wisdom Check**). Prisslewhiff has Charisma 16 (+2), Dexterity 15 (+1), and Wisdom 12 (+0). Whoever succeeds their checks for the most rounds is the victor. Musical duels are conducted primarily for honour, but the loser is expected to smash their instrument upon the ravine walls.



Dandy Prisslewhiff (Level 2 Bard)

A silver-furred, amber-eyed grimalkin woman in extravagant bard's garb, complete with billowing shirt sleeves and feather-topped hat.

Demeanour (Lawful): Strident, eminently honourable. Preens her ears habitually.

Speech: Eloquent drawl. Woldish, Mewl.

Desires: Musical conquests. Learning new songs. Fine wines and meads.

Knowledge: Secrets of this and surrounding hexes.

Possessions: A silver-stringed lute, 12 portions of *Kitty-Nibbles* (***p426***) in a knapsack, 32gp, a vial of *Philtre of the Winds* (***p414***).

The Shrine to St Wort (Hidden)

In the boggy western reaches of this hex, close to Ransom Creek, the remnants of a wayside shrine lie toppled in a ditch.

Tumbled stones: The shrine was a simple dry stone construction. The stones are now disarrayed and coated in noisome purple algae.

Statue of St Wort: Amid the tumbled stones, the 2'-high yew-wood statue of St Wort (depicted naked and bound to a yew tree) is intact, if somewhat soiled.

Prayer: If the shrine is rebuilt, characters praying may receive the blessing of St Wort: the ability to cast *Speak With Plants*. See ***Shrines, p22***.

1209 FERNEDDBOLE HOUSE

The whinnying of ponies, the clapping of loose shutters, and occasional disembodied giggling.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Encounters at night are 1-in-6 likely to be with the **Moonlit Maw** (hex 1311).

Moss-Coated Manse

At the end of a short path from the main road sits a rambling pile of a three storey, timbered mansion, indistinct in outline due to the sheer volume of mosses it sports. This is the home of **Jollie Oistace Pollard**, the hereditary chieftain of the Woodcutters' Encampment (hex 1109).

Manor grounds: The grounds echo with the whinnying of just under a score of pure-bred dwarf ponies—an affected hobby of Pollard's, who calls them his "Lovely Oafs."

Inside the Manor

The interior of the mansion is cramped and illogical in layout, with great halls sitting side-by-side with cramped single-file wood panelled passages. Neglect is rife, with some rooms actually having the limbs of trees or vegetation growing through broken window-panes or loose stones.

Inhabitants: Jollie Oistace Pollard and his servants, including hapless head manservant **Mudmurloe**, who is usually engaged in perilous tasks at Fog Lake (hex 1207).

The *Mornblade*: An ancient blue-green sword hangs above the doorway to the feasting hall. Unbeknown to Pollard, it is a *Fairy Longsword* (*Slumbering*, ***p412***). Its slumbering effect is only active during the autumn and winter.

Hall of hand sculptures: A very long corridor is lined with glass cases that feature wooden sculptures of the right hands of Woodcutters of lore, memorialising the calluses and scars of their craft.

Jollie Oistace Landriman Pollard

A middle-aged human man, clad in the trappings of his office—tight breeches with lace tracery in forest shades, and fine shirt bedecked with buckles. His face has a fine bone structure buried by the fat of a sedentary life. He is a near-continuous inhaler of the smoke of *Azoth* (***p426***); his mental extra-planar excursions induced by the drug have loosened his grip on this plane. In this and in his disdain for heritage, Pollard is the very epitome of the softening of the Woodcutter lifestyle.

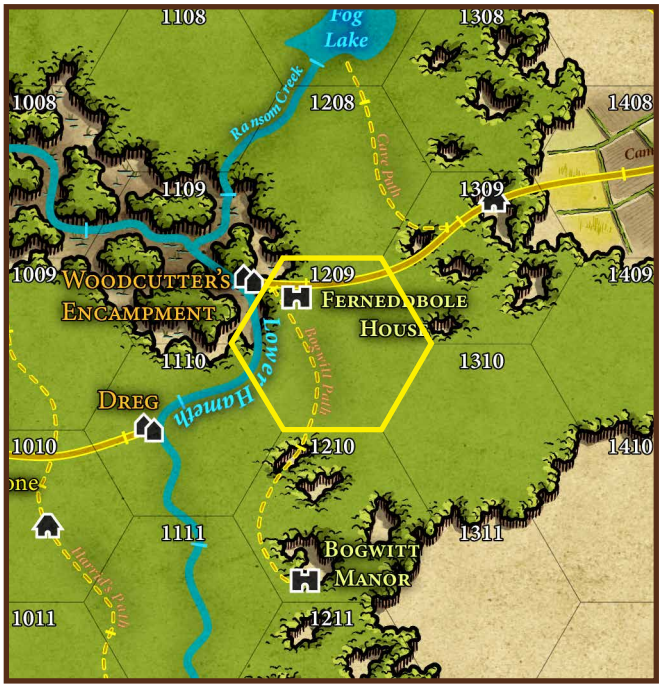
Title: "Jollie Oistace" (never just "Oistace" or "Jollie") is a hereditary title among the Woodcutters, akin to a minor lord (though Pollard serves House Mulbreck).

Demeanour (Neutral): Distracted, impatient, melancholy, superficial.

Speech: Courtly, with unintentional rustic idioms. Woldish, Old Woldish, Liturgic, Caprice.

Desires: *Azoth*. Discussion of extra-planar realms. To avoid discussing Woodcutter matters.

Combat stats: Everyday mortal (*DMB*).



Portrait gallery: Another gallery features oil portraits of past members of the Pollard line, depicted in settings of wild woodsiness. Drunic symbolism can be spotted in the oldest paintings by those familiar with such lore.

Visitors: Pollard welcomes guests, reluctantly putting aside a lit pipe of the drug *Azoth* (***p426***) from which he regularly partakes, and offering extremely strong sherry to break the ice. Despite his apparent sociability, his enquiries about the stories of visitors are feigned politeness. As evening draws on, his mood often drifts from expansive to rather spiteful. Discussion of the Woodcutters' craft immediately sends him into a sulk.

After dinner: As the PCs prepare to retire, the air shimmers and a snickering cluster of **1d6+4 astral leapers** appear. Pollard looks on in an indifferent trance as the leapers throw dinner scraps and cutlery at the party.

Astral Leapers

Transparent, yellow gremlins with spherical bodies, insect legs, brushes for fingertips, and heads for feet. These extra-planar creatures are drawn to Ferneddbole House by Pollard's frequent out-of-body *Azoth* trips. Pollard and his servants deny their existence, but have all witnessed them wreaking havoc. Leapers fight only if threatened or hindered in their mischief-making.

SMALL MONSTROSITY—SEMI-INTELLIGENT—CHAOTIC

Level 2 **AC** 15 **HP** 2d8 (9) **Saves** D12 R13 H14 B15 S16
Att 2 claws (+1, 1d6) or psychic head-butt (teleportation) **Speed** 50 **Morale** 9 **XP** 35

Psychic head-butt: The leaper violently nuzzles the target, who must **Save Versus Spell**. After three failed saves, the target is transported 1d2 hexes away.

Possessions: Leapers covet gems, and each carries 1d2 gems worth 10 gp each (see ***p394***).

Sodden, mossy ground, riddled with tickly centipedes.

Terrain: Open forest (2), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6. Encounters at night are 1-in-6 likely to be with the **Moonlit Maw** (hex 1311).

Bogwitt Manor

A little-used path leads from the Woodcutters' Encampment (hex 1109) to Bogwitt Manor, ancestral seat of House Mulbreck.

Mansion of mould: The ornate resplendence of the manor is now obscured by slow decay. Its elaborate cupolas, turrets, and domes are increasingly covered by a vivid fungal infestation: a burgeoning profusion of colourful mycelia devouring wood and cracking stone.

Wall and guards: The manor is protected by a low wall with four guard towers, manned by **14 house guards** (Level 1 fighters—*DMB*).

Interior: Musty chambers crammed with eclectic, sumptuous furnishings, mostly ruined by the mildew and mushrooms blooming riotously throughout. Prominent in the rot are *Mottlecap*, *Devil's Grease*, and *Witch's Purple* (see ***Rare Fungi, p428***). The humid, stifling air is suffused with spores, inducing bouts of coughing and sneezing.

Inhabitants: Lady Pulsephine Mulbreck (***p61***) and her guards, servants, and 8 sons (see ***The Mycological Family***).

Visitors: The manor is generally not amenable to visitors without invitations.

Kitchen door to tunnels: Behind a locked door in the manse's dim, shabby kitchen lies a staircase, slick with black lichen, leading into the manor's cellar and depths beyond (see ***The Tunnels***). Lady Mulbreck and Mrs. Baine, the housekeeper, possess the door's only keys.

The Mycological Family

Lady Mulbreck has eight sons—Lionel, Arthur, Treeve, Jowan, Wymond, Daubeney, Edwin, and Francois—who range in age from 22 to 12 and, improbably, were born in four sets of identical twins.

Shut-ins and recluses: While Lionel & Arthur and Treeve & Jowan occasionally leave the manor to hunt in the grounds or visit Chateau Shantywood (hex 1110), the rest of the Mulbrecks almost never step outside.

Bodily infestations and alterations: Lady Mulbreck and her four eldest sons have become infested with the spores of the manor's all-pervasive fungi. Mycelial filaments spread slowly throughout their bodies, gradually degrading their physiques, accentuating the already latent malevolence of their minds, and instilling a compulsion to consume the fruits of their rot. The infected family members drift from mouldy room to mouldy room, nibbling on the decadent delicacies which grow from the walls and from one another's bodies.

Family servants: Appear inured to this grotesque state of affairs. Most are secretly terrified, particularly as several of their number have mysteriously vanished over the past few years (see ***The Tunnels***).

The Tunnels

The saprophytic putrescence overtaking the manor flows from deep within the tunnels and cellars that lie beneath.

Lost servants: In the teeming, fruiting dark, long-lost servants moan, slowly digested by the creeping infestation.

Lord Mulbreck: Imprisoned in the lowest depths is the addled **Lord Mulbreck**, his body so wholly consumed by fungi that he is scarcely recognizable: a shambolic lunatic, his limbs bloated, his torso glowing with bioluminescent toadstools. He is so slow, so large, and so riddled with fungus that he would have difficulty leaving even if freed. The constant fungal influences on his body and mind have made him a frequent conduit of the **Myconom** (***p38***).

1211 THE WEBS OF OLD AUNT SPINDEL

Sticky, silken cobwebs clot the woods, hung with decaying animals. A rank carrion fetor fills the air.

Terrain: Open forest (2), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6. Encounters are 4-in-6 likely to be with **1d3 giant spinning spiders** (*DMB*).

Perilous Travel

The hex is a cat's cradle of rope-like spiders' webs. Gloom is perpetual, and travel slow.

Webs: Characters may navigate around the webs, but doing so increases all Travel Point costs (e.g. to search or leave the hex) by 1. Otherwise, each character must **Save Versus Hold** or become entangled in the rope-like webs (effects listed under **Old Aunt Spindel**). When a character is trapped, there is a 3-in-6 chance that **1d3 giant spinning spiders** (*DMB*) arrive in 1d3 Rounds.

Macabre Marionettes

In a web-swathed glade that reeks of carrion, the PCs come upon a bizarre, macabre tableau: a group of people, some moving stiffly and talking loudly and awkwardly, others sitting and watching. Their clothes are threadbare, their expressions blank and vacant, their skin of an almost moribund pallor. They are actually **12 marionettes** of the hex's arachnid mistress, **Old Aunt Spindel**.

The play: The humans are acting out some sort of play (comedy, tragedy, history, etc.)

The puppeteer: Concealed in a tree, Old Aunt Spindel uses her little hands to twist and pull at strands of webs connected to the marionettes. She takes great delight in the rigid cavorting of these putrid servitors, and frequently forces them to put on plays of her own devising, ventriloquising every part.

Interrupting the show: The marionettes attack the PCs, while Spindel attempts to remain hidden. Should they be defeated, she herself attacks.

Treasure horde: Stuffed in a sack in Spindel's tree are 1,436cp, 802sp, 303gp, a fairy-silver necklace studded with jet (1,400gp), a platinum ring bearing the Pollard family crest (800gp—see hex 1209), and a *Ring of Control (Fungi, **p410***).

Marionettes

Hollowed corpses, their delectable organs consumed, body-cavities stuffed with eggs, limbs lashed with webs to make them cadaverous puppets. Most are luckless staff of Bogwitt Manor (hex 1210) who mistakenly wandered this way.

Combat stats: Treat as manikins (*DMB*).

If Old Aunt Spindel is killed: Marionettes perish.

Old Aunt Spindel

Resembling a gigantic spider, Old Aunt Spindel has the twisted face of a human woman, but in place of a lower jaw, a pair of slender, childish arms extend, chelicerae-like. Her swollen bulk belies the predatory grace of her movements.

Demeanour (Chaotic): At turns gleeful and morose. Clearly mad.

Speech: Compulsively varying voices and tones. Can throw her voice up to 60'. Woldish, Sylvan.

Desires: To feed. To enact and re-enact her sick performances. To become human once more (see ***Curse***).

Curse: Old Aunt Spindel was once a travelling puppeteer, cursed to take this form by the capricious **Prince Mallowheart** (***p34***) after one of her shows offended the fairy lord. As part of her curse, she spontaneously produces eggs, some of which hatch into giant spiders that roam the hex.

Reward: If the characters are sufficiently silver-tongued, she might spare their lives if they promise to seek a way to reverse the curse.

LARGE MONSTROSITY—SENTIENT—CHAOTIC

Level 8 **AC** 14 **HP** 45 **Saves** D8 R9 H10 B11 S12
Att Bite (+7, 1d8+2 + poison) **Speed** 20 **Webs** 40
Morale 9 **XP** 1,040

Poison: Save Versus Doom or die in 1 Turn.

Webs: Creatures caught in webs become entangled and unable to move or act. An entangled victim who forgoes other actions may make a **Strength Check** each Round to escape.

Burning webs: Webs can be destroyed by fire in 1 Round. All creatures in a flaming web suffer 1d6 damage.

THE BALM FIELDS 1212

Lush meadows infused with the warmth of summer and the scent of blossom, even in deepest winter.

Terrain: Meadow (2), Tithelands
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6
Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d3 portions of *Tom-A-Merry* (*DPB*), in addition to the normal results.

Picnicking Herds

The last straggling copses of Dolmenwood open out onto the flat, lush grasslands known to locals as the "Balm Fields," renowned for their vibrant populations of bees and hares. Herds of cows, sheep, and their owners also roam this region.

Breakfasting beasts: Those who wander among the meadows on clear, dewy mornings or drowsy summer afternoons may chance upon an odd sight: the cows and sheep sometimes don hoods and bonnets and sit together, breakfasting on pickled eggs and ham or drinking tea.

Baffled herds-folk: Travellers who witness this curious spectacle may also encounter the flummoxed owners of the precocious livestock, invariably attempting to disrupt the proceedings. (They claim that such unseemly behaviour among beasts brings ill luck.)

Asking the humans: Questioning the owners as to how sheep and cattle come by bonnets, eggs, and ham—let alone full china tea sets—elicits shrugs of befuddlement and frustration.

Asking the animals: Those able to speak with animals may question the animals about how they obtained such civilised viands. This leads to roundabout, nonsensical conversations, tinged with annoyance at the adventurers' intrusion. Occasionally, the beasts allude playfully to "the wee folk," about whom they decline to elaborate.

The Golden Gazebo

Amid the gently swaying grasses and pretty wildflowers in the eastern reaches of this hex stands a solitary structure of artificial construction: a small, octagonal, radiant gold gazebo.

Spiralling roof: The gazebo's roof is adorned with spiralling seashells and goats' horns. Fairies and demi-fey may recognise this ornamentation as the mark of the fairy **Princess Andromethia** (***p34***), whose realm, the Blossom Fields, is coexistent with portions of this hex, including the gazebo.

Interior: A dog-eared visitors' book lies on an octagonal table alongside a quill and ink. Benches around the edges of the gazebo provide seating for twelve. A sense of contentment washes over any who sit within the shelter.

Reading the book: Page after page of questions, written in numerous hands and covering a wide range of topics (from the sincere to the flippant). Beneath each question is a response, in gold ink, all written by the same hand and signed with the initial "A" (the correspondent being Andromethia herself). The responses take the form of snippets of whimsical poetry, vaguely alluding to the query.

Writing in the book: An answer to any question posed magically appears at midnight. A positive Reaction Roll (see ***Encounters***, *DPB*—fairies gain a +1 bonus) indicates a marginally helpful answer; otherwise the answer is entirely abstruse. As the answers are composed by Andromethia, they can only provide useful information within domains of which she has knowledge.

Removing the book: If removed from the gazebo, the book magically disappears at midnight, returning to its rightful place on the table.

1301 SHIVERING BRIDGE AND THE BURNT MILL

The mournful sighing and shivering of the river echo among the hills, like the chattering of ghostly teeth.

Terrain: Hills (2), Table Downs
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6

Shivering Bridge

A run-down wooden bridge spans the restless and fast-moving River Shiver. Waves lap forlornly against its skewed posts, and dark, churning waters are visible through the gaps left by fallen planks. Crows perch here, observing travellers quizzically.

Crossing: People and mounts can cross the bridge safely. Vehicles have a 3-in-6 chance of collapsing it.

Burnt Mill

The burnt-out ruin of a stone building stands upon the western riverbank, 100 yards north of the Shivering Bridge. A smashed waterwheel lies on the bank, indicating the building's former function as a mill.

Approaching: The undead inhabitants of the ruin—a cringing, mocking gang of **6 ghouls** (*DMB*) and their leader **Jayne Turpentine**, a **headless rider** (*DMB*)—emerge and advance upon travellers. All are dressed in old fashioned, decaying finery, with ruffs and lacy cuffs.

Interior: Blackened stone, tumbled walls, collapsed roof and upper floor, smashed furnishings. The dirt floor is ashen and devoid of plant life. The carrion reek of ghouls permeates the ruin.

Trapdoor: A creaking wooden trapdoor gives access to the ***Cellars***, via a steep stone stairway.

Cupboard under the stairs: A door stands beneath the ruined stairs that once led to the mill's upper floor. Behind the door is a small closet, strewn with gnawed bones (human and animal). A decaying sack contains the ghouls' loot: 1,000sp and a silver bracelet studded with jet (1,500gp).

Jayne Turpentine—Headless Rider

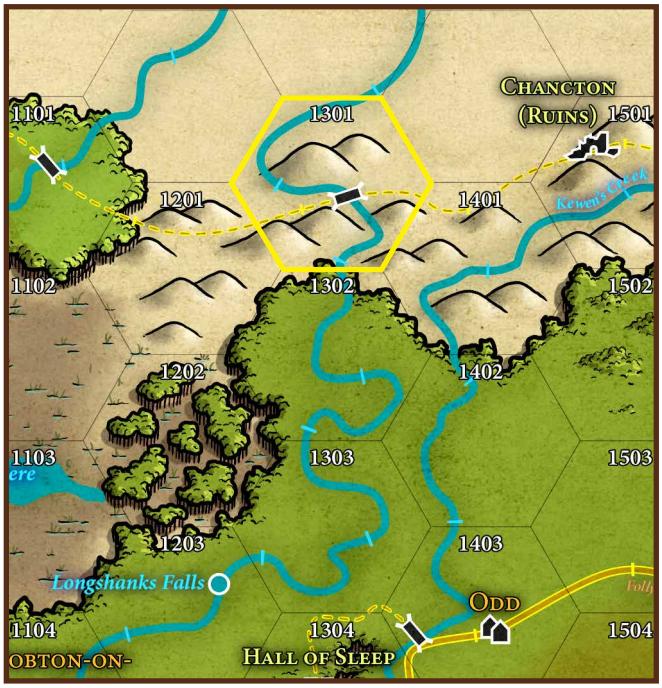
The hateful spirit of a highway robber, drawn to the malign influence of the miller's shade (see ***Cellars***). Manifests as a pale blue phantom dressed in old fashioned finery (with a ruff and lacy cuffs), shrouded in mist, and mounted upon a spectral horse. Carries her grimacing, gore-dripping head in one hand and a bloody sabre in the other.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Haughty, hateful of all beings, whether living or dead—including herself. Swings her sabre brashly.

Speech: Hollow whispering. Woldish.

Desires: Murder. To release the miller's spirit.

Possessions: The following items manifest physically if Turpentine is slain: a bloody *Arcane Longsword* (*Doomed*, ***p412***—the blood cannot be cleaned), a platinum medallion in the shape of a horse's head (1,000gp), 3 gold rings (100gp each).



Searching: Reveals traces of magical script on a burnt beam. *Decipher* indicates fragments of a necromantic mind-bondage ritual.

History: The miller was a necromancer who dwelt here with his coven of twelve apprentices. Religious zealots burned the building along with its inhabitants 1,000 years ago, but the spirit of the miller lingers in the evil tome hidden in the cellars.

Cellars

A putrid, low-roofed space with a floor of dank earth and walls dripping with mould. Shattered barrels are strewn about.

Skeletons: The charred skeletal remains of thirteen humans lay here: one tied to a stake in the centre (the evil miller) and twelve around the edges of the room (his apprentices—each missing a finger or thumb). A golden medallion with a livid eye motif hangs around the neck of the staked skeleton. (The eye weeps blood. Wearing it grants +1 Intelligence and the ability to return from death once. The wearer's Alignment changes to Chaotic. The medallion can only be removed by magic of curse removal.)

Secret chamber: A secret door leads to a circular, shelf-lined chamber. A weighty, black leather tome stands upon a lectern. Upon the shelves are dozens of black jars, each containing a human finger or thumb, pickled in brine.

The tome: A spell book with the following spells, inscribed in red ink which writhes when viewed indirectly: *Knock*, *Speak With Dead* (***p457***), *Animate Dead*.

Touching the tome: Any living creature who touches the tome releases the trapped spirit of the miller. It manifests as a writhing **spectre** (*DMB*), hissing "I come to serve you now, O Flayed Queen." If able to escape, the spirit flees the mill and disappears into the hills.

THE VERNAL CHAPEL 1302

Colonies of doves roost in groves of silver birch, cooing psalm-like, communal melodies.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6
Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d3 portions of *Worm-Mallow* (***p430***), in addition to the normal results.

Ruined Chapel

At the centre of a fern-decked glade stands the forsaken ruin of a chapel, its spire toppled in a heap of stones.

Approaching: Charmed, wild-eyed servants of the wyrm that lairs in the ruin—**3 Level 1 hunters** (*DMB*)—hide in the trees around the glade with shortbows and ambush trespassers (opposing side has a 3-in-6 chance of being surprised). They warn strangers against entering the chapel, claiming it is forbidden by "Queen Incantral, Lady of the Table Downs."

Entrance: An ancient oaken door is held ajar by a thicket of ground creepers. Its exterior is pitted with numerous old, humanoid claw marks.

Interior: Smashed pews and floral columns, overwhelmed with ivy and mould. **Queen Incantral** (blood wyrm—*DMB*) lairs here, coiled around the altar, protecting her eggs—five blood-red sacs glued to the altar.

Cleared door: A sturdy, locked door behind the altar—cleared of ivy—leads to a narrow stair to the ***Chapel Crypt***.

Chapel Crypt

A dank space, streaked with mould. Against the far wall sits an altar, surrounded by the mounded hoard of Incantral (see ***The Wyrm's Hoard***). Lying pristine atop the altar is the lost ***Sword of St Sedge***.

Frozen ghouls: 7 ghouls (*DMB*)—remnants of the undead horde that sacked the chapel (see ***History*** of the ***Sword of St Sedge***)—stand paralysed at the crypt's perimeter, poised to strike the altar. They are paralysed by the sword's magic, but could be awoken by *Dispel Magic*.

Queen Incantral—Blood Wyrm

A mature blood wyrm with a regal visage of great beauty and humanity, aside from bulbous cerulean eyes, faceted like diamonds. Rows of purple blisters pulsate upon her belly.

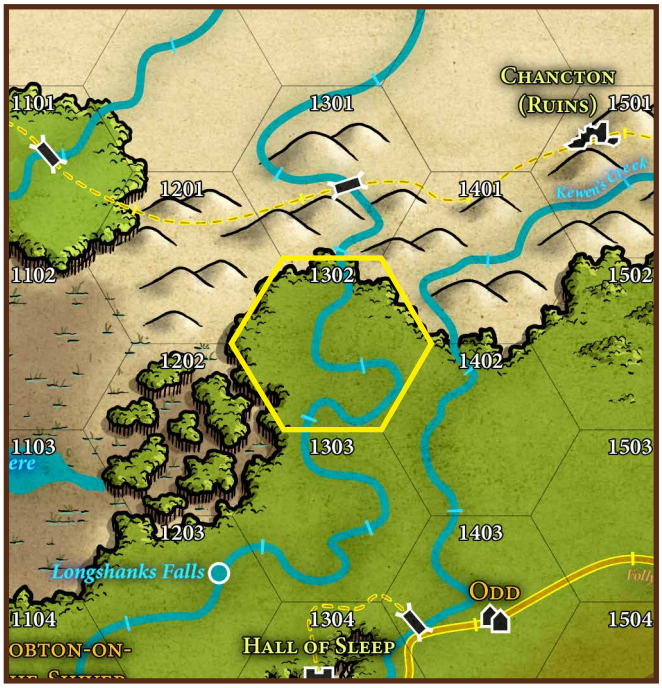
Demeanour (Chaotic): Boastful, protectiveness can flare to ferocious violence.

Speech: Silky baritone, absolutely human. Woldish, Wyrm, Sylvan, the tongue of serpents.

Desires: To protect her clutch of eggs (see ***Ruined Chapel*** interior). To charm more powerful servants.

Vulnerability: Water.

Possessions: Key to the ***Chapel Crypt***, hung on a neck-antler.



The Wyrm's Hoard

Coins: 20,225gp, 958pp.

2 arcane scrolls: One of *Ingratiate*, *Web*, and *Teleport*. A second of *Shield of Force* and *Perceive the Invisible*.

Magic items: A dented brass *Ring of Energy Resistance (Fire,* ***p410***). A vial of *Philtre of the Winds* (***p414***). An *Arcane Shortsword* (*Werebane*, ***p412***) with a wolf's head pommel and a wolf-fur sheath.

The Sword of St Sedge

A gleaming *Holy Longsword* (*Holy Radiance*, ***p412***) imbued with sentience. Decorated with a scintillating chrysoberyl on the pommel and raindrop engravings along the blade. Worth 15,000gp.

Demeanour (Lawful): Passionate, devout, obsessed with the myths of St Sedge.

Speech: Strident, metallic ringing. Woldish, Old Woldish, Liturgic.

Desires: To be reunited with the lost shield and helm of St Sedge (the helm is in hex 0408 and the shield may be placed by the Referee as desired).

Touching the sword: Non-Lawful creatures suffer 1d6 damage per Round. A Lawful character who possesses the sword must **Save Versus Spell** or come under a *Holy Quest* (per the spell) to achieve the sword's desires.

History: Taking vows of peace and poverty in his retirement, Sedge bequeathed his magic sword to the keeping of the nuns of the Vernal Chapel. Many years later, a horde of undead descended from the nearby Table Downs, sacked the chapel, and slew the nuns. A young nun, Gryselde, guarded the sword with her life. Her spirit lives on in the blade, granting it sentience.

1303 THE WOODWIND TREES

Drifting melodies harmonise with the placid babbling of the River Shiver.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6

Woodwind Trees

This section of the wood is dominated by trees with vibrant leaves ranging from bright pink to a reddish-violet. Their trunks and branches are honeycombed with small 1″ holes.

Music: When the wind blows through the holes, they create sonorous melodies. Animals flock to the trees, each singing along in their own way. Songbirds twitter in their branches, crickets chirp, frogs croak, and even flies buzz in tune.

Disruption: The incessant music makes it impossible for parties to rest here. The music also disrupts magical incantations: spells have a 3-in-6 chance of failing when cast.

Magical wood: The wood of these trees is magical, and can be made into ***Magical Instruments*** when cut. Woodgrue and bard PCs know that some of the finest instruments are made from the wood of such trees.

Cutting the trees: If any of the trees are harmed, the song from all trees screeches to a halt and the forest goes deathly silent. Animals are spooked and flee. A group of **2d4 woodgrues** (*DMB*) arrive in 1d4 Turns to investigate.

Guardians: The trees are protected by the woodgrues who dwell in the ***Treehouse***. Their leader has an accord with the woodwind trees that allows her to take periodic cuttings from them to craft musical instruments.

Threeble Pidderpat (Level 4 Bard)

A woodgrue woman with wiry white fur, sleepy eyes, and pale yellow ears. Wears a striped sock hat and an oversized shirt with long puffy sleeves she keeps rolled up. She is devoted to the trees that support her callings as a musician and instrument-crafter. She believes the trees speak to her through their songs.

Demeanour (Neutral): Easygoing, but quickly angered if the trees are threatened.

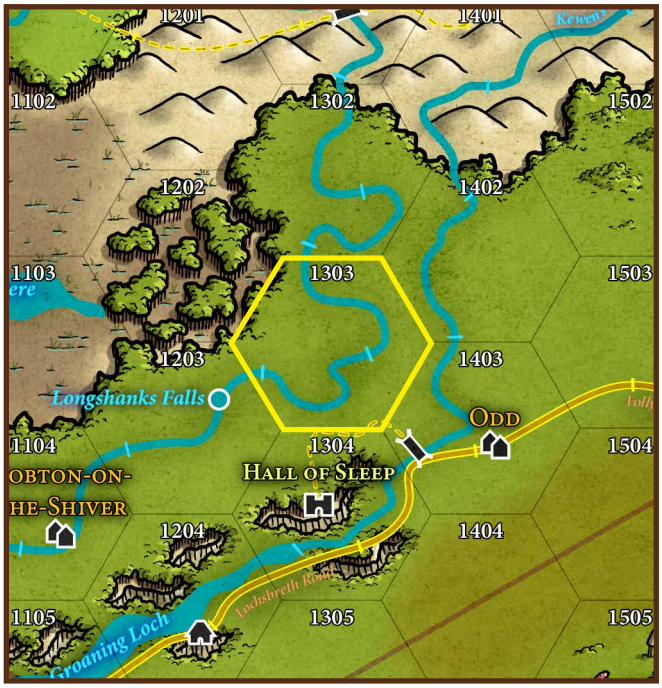
Speech: Sing-song, peppered with flowery words she doesn't actually understand. Often waxes poetic about nature's beauty. Woldish, Sylvan.

Desires: To discover the best song in the world, to create the best instrument in the world, and to protect the ***Woodwind Trees***.

Possessions: A wyrm-bone *Flute of Revelry* (***p408***).

Magical Instruments

d6	Instrument	Effect
1	Crumhorn	Disembodied choral accompaniment
2	Doodlepipe	Attracts insects
3	Flute	Causes flowers to bloom
4	Recorder	Conjures motes of light
5	Shawm	Elicits giggles
6	Squamp	Soothes animals



Treehouse

The largest woodwind tree lies at the centre of the hex. 5′ wicker spheres hang down from its branches like giant fruits, each connected by a lattice of rickety rope bridges.

Inhabitants: A band of **20 woodgrues**, led by **Threeble Pidderpat**.

Interior: Each wicker sphere is the dwelling of several woodgrues, furnished with a nest of furs and leaves.

Common area: A central platform 20′ wide is built into the boughs of the tree, covered by a roof of violet leaves and illuminated by jars of twinkling fireflies. At night the woodgrues come here to play their songs.

Threeble's woodwind workshop: A wicker cone, slung above the common area. Threeble offers to sell one of the ***Magical Instruments*** she creates to anyone who can prove their own musical talent to her with a song. Each costs 200gp. The instrument and effect are random—roll on the ***Magical Instruments*** table.

THE HALL OF SLEEP 1304

Crags of sandstone eroded (carved?) into outré forms like gesturing hands. A cool wind blows from the Loch.

Terrain: Craggy forest (4), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 3-in-6
Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d6 portions of *Fenob* (*DPB*), in addition to the normal results.

The Groaning Loch

Waters: Fathomless, cold, and unquiet.

Northern bank: The waves of the Loch lap against forlorn beaches of black shingle.

Southern bank: Steep granite cliffs, 50 yards high, dwindling towards the east.

The Manor Road

A narrow gravel road connects Lochsbreth Road with the Hall of Sleep.

Lined with poplars: Even on the cheeriest day, the deep shadow beneath the looming trees that line the road conjures a sinister and paranoid atmosphere.

Approaching the manor: The road ends at a gate in the hulking, redbrick walls that enclose the manor grounds. Through the wrought iron, one can see the manse slumbering amid its rambling gardens.

Guards: The gate and the grounds are watched by **2d4 sleep-wardens**. A written invitation is required for entry.

The Hall of Sleep

The seat of the noble House Guillefer, secluded lords of the northern reaches of central Dolmenwood.

Grounds: Gardens of exotic, flowering shrubs, little brooks and bridges, folkloristic statuary, and dreamy idylls. The place is infused with a sleepy, dreamlike atmosphere.

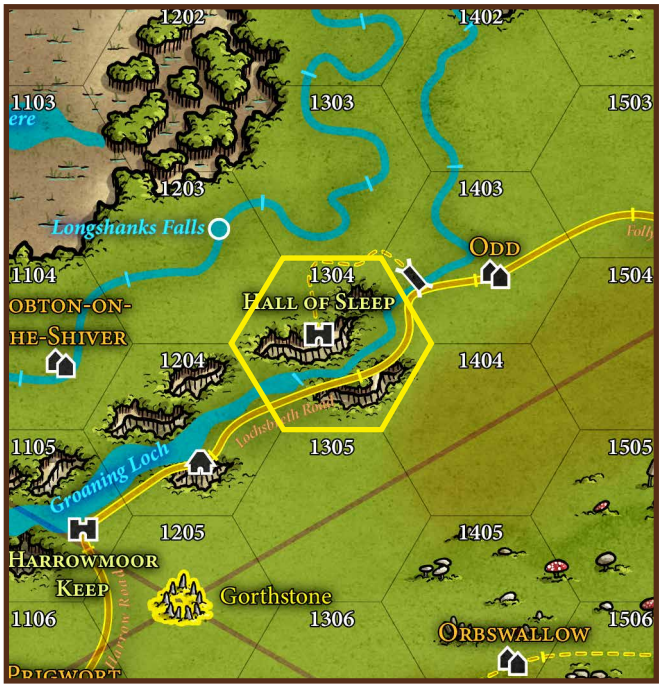
The daydreaming pond: A wide, placid pool lies at the foot of the manor house, dotted with lily pads and (in warmer months) buzzing with dragonflies. Pergolas and clusters of seats surround the pond.

The manse: The Hall itself is a long, low structure of red wood, overbrimming with white marble gargoyles in the form of cavorting forest spirits.

Interior: Three floors of hushed, airy halls of polished wood. Every room features a bed. Scents of cedar and sandalwood permeate. Furnishings are sparse but luxurious. Despite a distinct lack of people, the place feels content, if somewhat melancholic.

Inhabitants: The nobles of House Guillefer (mostly asleep). A total of **20 sleep-wardens**. Seemingly, a mere handful of servants cater to the manor's needs. Among the servants is a middle-aged lady's maid, **Sadewyn Gallbucket** (***p77***), who is secretly a high priestess of the witches of Dolmenwood.

Visitors: Are not welcomed, and constantly hushed by the servants. The lords of the Hall are reclusive and invariably indisposed.



Sleep-Wardens

The honoured guard of the Hall of Sleep, clad in ornamental plate mail painted with blue flowers. Tasked to rebuff unwanted visitors and ward the sleeping nobles.

MEDIUM MORTAL—SENTIENT—LAWFUL

Level 1 **AC** 17 **HP** 1d8 (4) **Saves** D12 R13 H14 B15 S16
Att Longsword (+0, 1d8) **Speed** 20 **Morale** 9 **XP** 10

Wand: The watch-leader carries a *Wand of Vapours of Dream* (7 charges). All wardens are trained to use it. Worth 5,000gp.

The Nobles of House Guillefer

The dozen nobles of the Hall take turns in ruling. When not thus engaged, they sleep.

Sleeping nobles: The nobles sleep on the upper floor of the Hall, in a maze of bed chambers, each guarded by a **sleep-warden**. Their sleep is enchanted—they slumber for decades and do not age. The servants feed them fortified mead while they dream.

Rulership shifts: Each noble rules until one of their relatives wakes up and wanders bleary-eyed into the study to relieve their duty.

The current lord: House Guillefer is currently ruled by **Lord Edwin Guillefer** (see ***p59***).

1305 THE RAVINE OF THE STAG LORD

Ferns grown to extraordinary heights, towering above the heads of explorers.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6
Ley line Ywyr (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the distant moaning of the dead.

Ravine of the Stag Lord

Deep in the trackless woods of the east of this hex, deer paths lead to a secluded ravine. A winding series of ledges creates a route to the bottom, where the folded strata of the rock form a natural amphitheatre.

Grotto and pool: The amphitheatre faces a large grotto lined with sparkling mineral formations. Much of the grotto's floor is occupied by a wide and shallow pool. Detection of magic shows both the pool and the grotto enveloped in a spiritual aura.

Hoof prints: A multitude of hoof prints can be seen in the mud around the pool. Most of the prints are those of large stags, but the occasional giant, web-toed humanoid footprint can also be spotted.

Those who touch the pool: Experience an icy chill and must **Save Versus Hold** or the touching limb is paralysed for 1d3 days.

Yorghan—The Stag Lord (Wood God)

A 30′ tall, lumbering humanoid with toad-like skin and hands and great fronds of shaggy fur hanging between its arms and torso. Its head is missing, causing the Wood God to stagger and lurch. (For more details, see ***p39***.)

Demeanour (Neutral): Slow, out of touch with the modern world.

Speech: Gentle booming. Can communicate with all sentient beings through psychic projection.

Desires: To maintain the wilds of Dolmenwood and the dominion of the stags. To retrieve its head from the clutches of Atanuwë (hex 0904). The retinue of stags would enthusiastically join any who proposed a mission to retrieve the head.

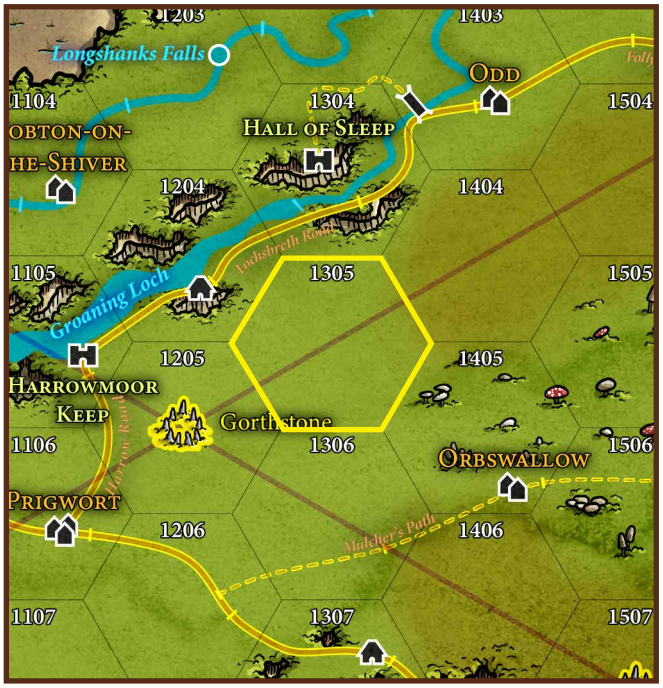
Reward: Any who return the Stag Lord's head are blessed with a set of magic antlers upon their crown—treat as an *Arcane Longsword* (***p412***)—and granted the undying friendship of all stags in Dolmenwood, as well as the ability to speak their secret language.

LARGE MONSTROSITY—SENTIENT—NEUTRAL

Level 20 **AC** 16 **HP** 102 **Saves** D2 R2 H2 B3 S4
Att 2 stamps / fists (+13, 2d6 + evaporation) **Speed** 50
Morale 10 **XP** 4,050

Immunities: Only harmed by magic or magic weapons.

Evaporation: One who is killed by the Stag Lord dissolves into a pool of plasma, which evaporates within 1d6 Rounds.



New Moon Nights

On black nights of the new moon, **3d6 stags** (red deer—*DMB*—with Morale 8) trace the winding forest ways that only they know, and make their way to the chasm floor. There is a 2-in-6 chance they are accompanied by **1d4 deorlings** (*DMB*).

Ritual: The creatures gather together and bellow in unison to their master, **Yorghan—the Stag Lord**.

Manifestation of the Stag Lord: Heeding the call of its followers, the gigantic, headless Stag Lord manifests, emerging from the waters of the shallow pool in the grotto.

Stumbling procession: In the presence of their master, the stags are transported in an ecstasy of worship. They follow in a gleeful train as the Stag Lord stumbles blindly out of the ravine and through the woods, until it vanishes at dawn.

Enchanted antlers: During the procession, the stags' antlers emanate an ultraviolet glow. Severed antlers function as a *Arcane Longsword* (***p412***) for one day before losing their power.

Treating with the Stag Lord

Interrupting the Stag Lord and its retinue during their wild cavorting is perilous—make a Reaction Roll (see ***Encounters***, *DPB*). If the reaction is positive, the Stag Lord halts to converse with PCs. Otherwise, stags attack PCs for 1d4 Rounds before continuing their cavorting procession.

The Willow Gate (Hidden)

A natural archway formed of intertwined willow branches, swaying gently in a cool otherworldly breeze, can be found in an isolated part of this hex. Stepping through the archway, one is whisked away to the fairy road Skipping-a-Derry (see ***Fairy Roads, p26***).

Ancient, moss-grown way-stones stand beside paths at regular intervals.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Aldweald

Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with either **1d6 woodgrues** (*DMB*) making their way to the dung heap or with **1d4 elf knights** (*DMB*) in the service of the Earl of Yellow (***p32***), clad entirely in yellow and mounted on great golden wolves (as dire wolves, *DMB*).

Ley line Hoad (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the feeling of having just awoken from a dream.

Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d2 portions of *Arrowhame* (*DPB*), in addition to the normal results.

Woodgrue Dung Heap

Adventurers travelling through this hex notice an acidic stench drifting on the wind. The source of this miasma is a great mound of guano, 50 yards across, created by the woodgrues of this region of Dolmenwood, who travel from miles around to relieve themselves on the communal heap.

Woodgrue PCs: Recognise this landmark and its purpose.

Woodgrues seeking relief: There is a 3-in-6 chance of encountering **1d4 woodgrues** (*DMB*) nearby.

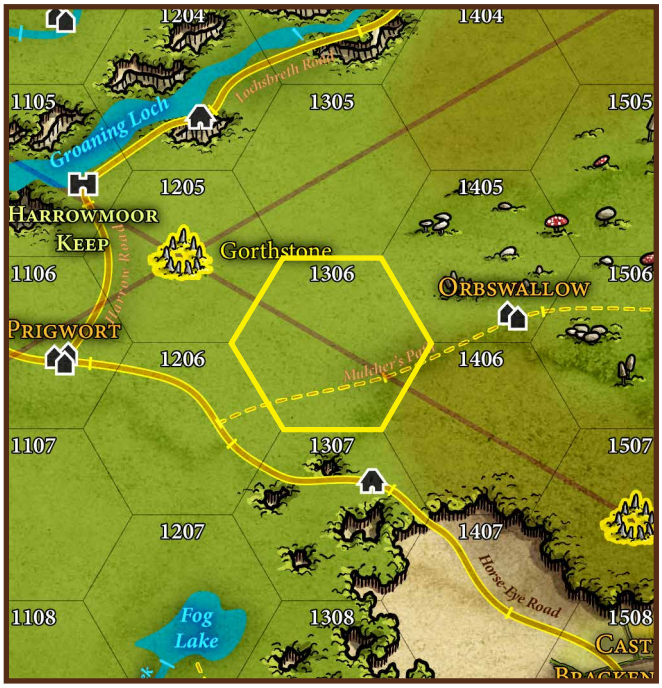
At night: There is also a 1-in-4 chance of a woodgrue revelry (2d6 individuals) taking place here.

The Grey Vorpal Monolith

In the east of this hex, a 20′-high spectral monolith of dusky, grey light hovers amid a small area of bog-land. This is one of the mysterious vorpal monoliths that trace an emergent fifth ley line in Dolmenwood (see ***Vorpal Monoliths, p19***). In autumn, winter, and spring, the monolith is a mere shimmering figment. In summertime, it becomes semi-corporeal.

Viewing: All who behold the monolith in the summer must **Save Versus Spell**. Arcane spell-casters gain a +2 bonus. Those who fail are afflicted with a curse of delusion (see the ***Delusions*** table) and cannot be convinced that the fantasy they are experiencing is not real.

Touching: In its summertime manifestation, the monolith's partially tangible surface feels like cool glass. Spells of illusion cast while touching the monolith are made real. There is a 2-in-6 chance of creatures created in this way being hateful of the one who summoned them to reality. In other seasons, a PC touching the monolith's diaphanous outline temporarily experiences the warmth, humidity, and brightness of a hot summer's day.



Delusions (d6)

One who is afflicted by the monolith's curse:

d6	Delusion
1	Believes they are the chosen one.
2	Insists they are a close friend of Baron Hogwarsh (or another randomly selected noble).
3	Fervently claims the Duke of Brackenwold is a devil.
4	Insists they are a saint of the Pluritine Church.
5	Believes they are the favoured scion of a fairy noble. Roll 1d6: 1. The Cold Prince, 2. Duke Mai-Fleur, 3. The Earl of Yellow, 4. Prince Mallowheart, 5. Princess Andromethia, 6. The Queen of Blackbirds.
6	Believes they are invisible.

1307 THE REFUGE OF ST KEYE

Spacious glades of majestic beech and oak. A profusion of songbirds, cheery twitterings fill the air.

Terrain: Open forest (2), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6

Wayside Monastery

Two miles from the edge of the forest, an old stone building stands by the wayside.

Style: The building is fastidiously maintained, but with a touch of austerity about it.

Entrance: Above an arched oak door hangs a sign announcing (in beautifully painted red calligraphy) "The Refuge of St Keye—Pilgrims Welcome." The door opens into the ***Common Room***.

Function: This is the only active monastery remaining within Dolmenwood's bounds. The Refuge is a popular stop along the way between Castle Brackenwold and Prigwort, serving as an inn for those travellers who can stomach a little religion with their evening repast.

Origin: The Refuge was originally established as a monastery and rest stop for pilgrims on the way to the abbey of St Clewyd. That pilgrimage route is no longer in active use (as the abbey is ruined—see hex 0906).

Common Room

A wide taproom and refectory, filled with wooden benches and trestle tables.

Guests: Of an evening, the place is teeming with travellers stopping here for the night.

Casks: Huge casks of ale line one wall, where a team of monks catch the seemingly endless flow in stone tankards.

Statue of St Keye: Above the cask wall hangs an oaken image—twice life size—of St Keye the chronicler, bearing his tome and quill, and looking down across the guests with a beneficent but somewhat reprimanding gaze.

Evening Mass: Every evening at six, **Abbot Spatulard** holds a brief mass in the refectory, blessing travellers on their way and reading an extract from the vast chronicles of their patron saint. Supper is then served from the monastery kitchen.

Exits: A door in the common room permits entry to the ***Chapel of St Keye***.

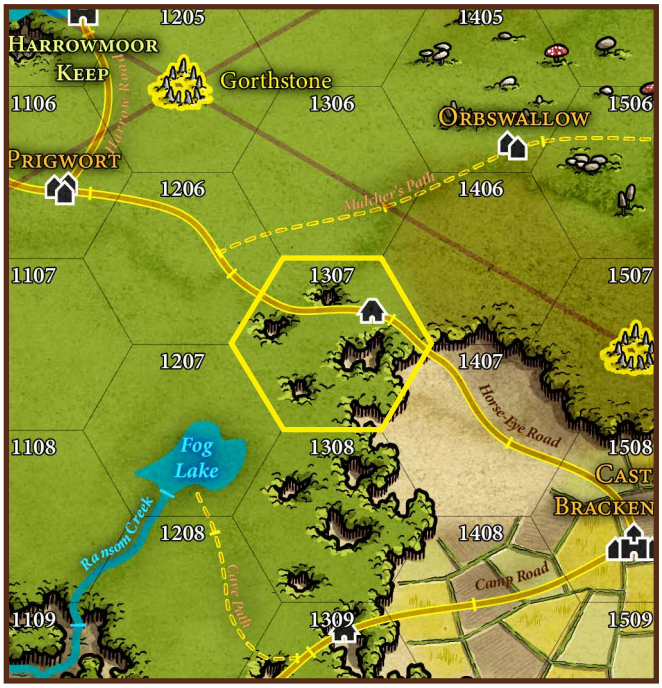
Chapel of St Keye

A narrow pilgrims' chapel, lit by night with hundreds of slim, yellow candles.

Walls: The stones of the walls are etched, in tiny Liturgic script, with the entire text of the second chronicle of St Keye.

Prayer: Characters praying in the chapel may receive the blessing of St Keye: the ability to cast *Locate Object*. See ***Shrines, p22***.

Exits: A locked trapdoor leads down to the crypts, where (it is said) relics of the saint are kept.



Services at the Refuge

Lodgings and food: Of common quality (*DPB*). Only private rooms are available (spartan monastic cells on the upper floor, 2sp a night). Meals are always served with freshly baked caraway buns. Dinner is seldom available later than eight in the evening.

Monastery ale: *Keye's Balm* (*DPB*)—1sp a pint.

Abbot Wiston Spatulard

A wisp-haired human man in his 60s, clad in rolls of fat from a sedentary life spent drinking ale.

Demeanour (Lawful): Apathetic moralising. Desperate to talk to someone new. Can't keep a secret.

Speech: Interminable burbling. Sudden bursts of laughter. Woldish, Old Woldish, Liturgic.

Desires: The secrets of the brewmasters of Prigwort. To go back in time, marry his childhood sweetheart, and forgo the monastic life.

Trees are shaggy with yellow, hanging mosses. Visibility is low, with vapours hanging at head level.

Terrain: Open forest (2), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6

Noisome Pond

In the north of this hex, the ground slopes downward to a waterlogged region of puddles and tussocks. In a dim and damp glade sits a pond, about 35′ across, completely covered in lily pads. Around its edges are many diseased-looking orange flowers, all facing into the centre of the water.

Rising Scoyfe: Anyone dallying at the pond soon sees a bizarre pair of figures arise slowly from the centre, known in local legend as **The Scoyfe**. The pair bellow in anger and attack intruders, pursuing them for up to a mile if they flee.

Treasure horde: Scattered about the bottom of the pond is 1,000gp, mostly near a submerged, rotten, burst sack.

The Scoyfe

A pair of corpse-like men, one riding on the other's back, both draped in lilies and foul mire water. Though the two appear to be in conflict, they act in unison.

Undead: Immune to biological effects (e.g. disease, poison) and mind-affecting spells (e.g. *Vapours of Dream*, *Paralysation*, *Dominate*).

Immunities: Only harmed by magic, silver weapons, or magic weapons.

Eternal grudge: In life, the two were bandits who killed each other arguing over a sack of gold. There is a 1-in-6 chance per Round that the two fall to attacking each other, vanishing in a puff of stringy ectoplasm.

Return from death: Can only be permanently defeated if the corpses of both beings are incinerated. Otherwise, both re-manifest in the pond at midnight.

Upper Being

A scrawny man cloaked in tattered bandages, with a moon-like face and red-rimmed eyes. Sits astride the Lower Being, holding a rusty knife at his neck.

MEDIUM UNDEAD—SENTIENT—CHAOTIC

Level 3 **AC** 13 **HP** 15 **Saves** D11 R12 H13 B14 S15
Att Knife (+2, 1d4 + drown) **Speed** 0 **Morale** 10 **XP** 65

Drown: Lungs fill with pond weed and newt-spawn. –2 to Attack Rolls for 1 Turn or until being is defeated.

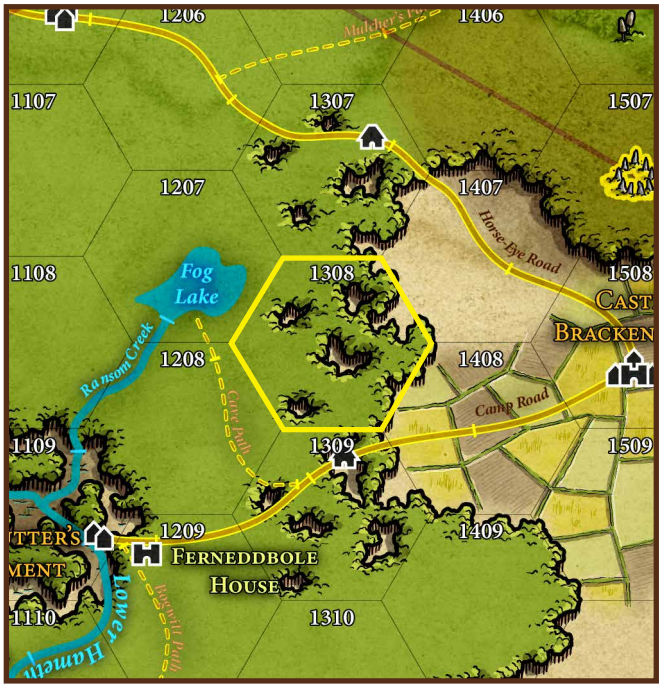
Lower Being

A hulking brute, with long orange hair and a beard that covers his entire body. Walks upon rough stilts, gripping at the Upper Being's ankles with long, biting nails.

MEDIUM UNDEAD—SENTIENT—CHAOTIC

Level 5 **AC** 13 **HP** 26 **Saves** D10 R11 H12 B13 S14
Att 2 grasps (+4, 1d8+1) **Speed** 30 **Morale** 10 **XP** 160

Gold lust: Walks on his stilts to attack the member of the party carrying the most gold.



The Hoary Gate

At the centre of this hex stand two 10′ pillars of glistening ice, crackling with hoarfrost. The 5′ aperture between the pillars is filled with a swirling, chill mist.

Stepping between the pillars: Whisks one away to the Prince's Road (see ***Fairy Roads, p26***).

1309 THIRLIGREWE'S ORCHARD

Bucolic woods decked with artfully trailing ivy. Sheep and swine happily browse the glades.

Terrain: Open forest (2), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6

Thirligrewe's Orchard

At the forest's edge, in a clearing surrounded by a waist-high stone wall, there sits a tiny orchard. A humble two-storey cottage, leaning alarmingly sideways, adjoins it.

Strange apples: A row of gnarled crab apple trees bearing curious mauve fruits stands at the rear of the orchard. Cider brewed from the crab apples functions as *Sandor's Phantasmal Elixir* (***p414***). (One dose per pint consumed.)

Orchard tender: The orchard is tended and protected by **Thirligrewe Hangman**, who serves Castle Brackenwold; the orchard and cottage are the castle's property. Her most significant duty is the provision of crab apples, which she delivers to ***The Roost***, a nearby inn, for onward transit to the castle. Should she catch PCs attempting to pilfer any, she runs to the Roost for help from the staff there.

Weighty tomes: A passionate reader, Thirligrewe has amassed a sizeable book collection whose sheer weight causes the cottage to lean toward the side dedicated to her study. Searching the collection for an hour yields four arcane scrolls, tucked inside a horticulture manual: *Decipher*, *Floating Disc*, *Arcane Cypher*, and *Perceive the Invisible*.

Thirligrewe Hangman—Orchard Tender

A quiet, mousy human woman of late youth with wispy hair and a penchant for berets. She works for the dukes of Brackenwold, tending the orchard as a result of a hereditary family punishment that passes to the eldest woman in the extended family. The nature of the crime that her ancestor committed—named pettymongery—is long since forgotten.

Demeanour (Lawful): Rustic intellectual.

Speech: Halting, sarcastic. Woldish, Old Woldish.

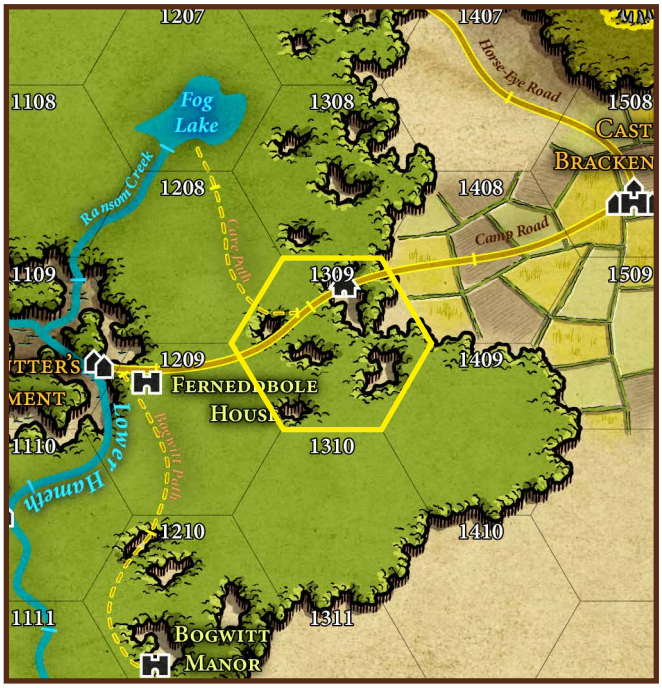
Desires: To continue her quiet job, which gives her time to read from her extensive library. To learn the ultimate destination of her apples; all she has ascertained is that they are spirited by courier to Castle Brackenwold, where they are said to be used to create small but regular quantities of cider for consumption by someone within.

Services at the Roost

Lodgings and food: Of common quality (*DPB*).

Attic suites: Private suites, each including a small dining room, can be rented for 5gp per night.

Stabling: Excellent stables are located (at ground level) in the woods behind the inn.



The Roost (Inn)

Half a mile from the orchard, in an open glade beside Camp Road, a fantastic treehouse inn is nestled in the boughs of a trio of old beeches. The atmosphere of serenity that permeates the place is enhanced by the gentle cooing of the flocks of tame doves that perch among the inn's gables and the surrounding branches.

Sign (at the roadside): A dove contentedly nibbling hazelnuts from an open hand.

Entrance: A sweeping, wooden stairway winds around the largest trunk. For the audacious, a pair of rope ladders dangle to the forest floor.

Common room: Tables and chairs densely clustered around a sweeping, circular bar. The landlady, **Zoemina Ladle**, serves with a gang of barmaids. On warm nights, doors are drawn back, joining the common room and the outside balcony. Genial flute music wafts.

Guests: Travellers, merchants, and guards. Adventurers and nobles of romantic spirit sometimes sojourn here, taken by the fanciful notion of living in a treehouse.

Zoemina Ladle—The Roost Proprietor

A strapping, energetic human woman in her late thirties, with plaited red hair and freckled complexion. Dresses in green gowns embroidered with ivy leaf motifs.

Demeanour (Neutral): Bold, spirited, gregarious. Flits between groups, seldom finishing conversations.

Speech: Strident, almost operatic. Woldish.

Desires: The company of talented musicians. To convince her lover, **Thirligrewe Hangman**, to fake her own death, escape her inherited obligation to Brackenwold, and come to live at the inn in secret.

Bleached animal skulls nailed to trunks. Eerie quiet, as if the beasts and birds were all holding their breath.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. If the d8 roll for encounter type indicates a Monster encounter, roll again.

Wooden Lodge

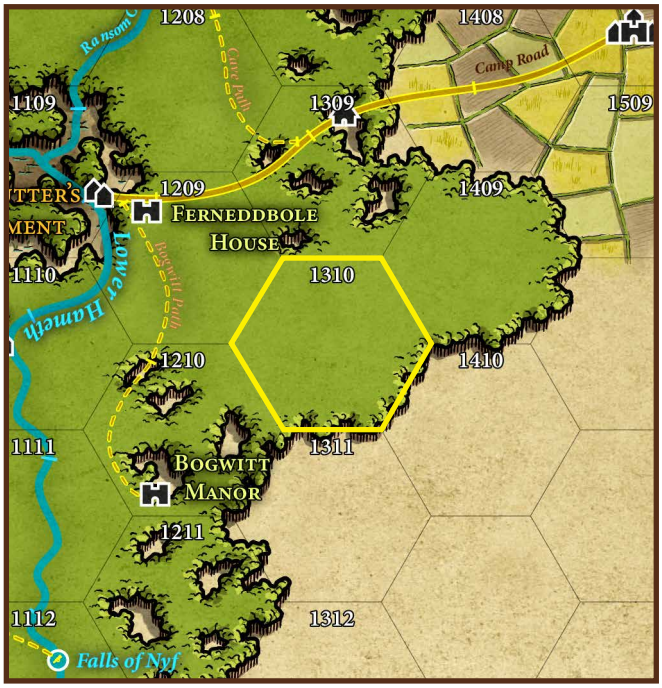
A cosy, cheerfully painted one-storey cabin, with neat flowerbeds flanking a short flagstone path to the door, smoke rising steadily from a chimney, and an odour of toothsome food in preparation. The structure is clearly solidly built and its windows and doors are heavily barred.

Inhabitants: Lodge owner and retired monster-hunter, **Granny Wolfsbane**.

Visitors: Granny Wolfsbane greets visitors with a crossbow in hand, and pipe smouldering between her teeth. She treats adventurers warily, especially arcane spell-casters, but if convinced of the party's good intentions, invites them inside for a meal.

Main room: A kitchen with food on the stove, a sleeping area, and the stuffed, mounted heads of Granny Wolfsbane's many kills—crookhorns, a few trolls, two wyrm skulls, and many wolves, their ferocious heads bristling from the walls by the dozen. One of these belongs to the werewolf ghost—the **Moonlit Maw**—in hex 1311. A large wooden rack holds weapons of every kind, especially iron and silver blades. On a shelf above the rack sit four dried bunches of *Wolfsbane* (*DPB*).

Back room: Granny Wolfsbane does not allow visitors to the back room. Should adventurers gain access, they find a small stove over which a potion is brewing. Any spell-caster can recognise the odour of *Writhing Mandrake* (***p430***), which Granny Wolfsbane uses to control her lycanthropic transformations (see ***Granny Wolfsbane—Lycanthropy***). Six uncooked portions of *Writhing Mandrake* can be found in a pot beneath the stove. In a locked box next to the pot are 1,218gp and a gold ring (450gp) bearing the crest of a wealthy Brackenwold merchant family.



Granny Wolfsbane—Werewolf (Level 4 Hunter)

A scarred, sinewy human woman of 70 years, her white hair draped behind her like a soldier's flag. Horses and other animals seem to dislike her scent. Granny Wolfsbane is a monster-hunter, an occupation she took up after a wolf devoured her granddaughter.

Demeanour (Lawful): Cheerful and even ribald at times; turns deadly serious when discussing monsters.

Speech: Gruff yet oddly genteel. Woldish, some Sylvan.

Desires: To defeat **Old Aunt Spindel** (hex 1211), whom she (incorrectly) believes to be a rogue witch. To investigate rumours that a werewolf she slew long ago in hex 1311 is now a ghost that locals call the **Moonlit Maw**. To ensure no one is harmed by her own lycanthropy (see below).

Lycanthropy: Though Granny claims to be "retired" due to age, her inactivity is in fact due to lycanthropy (see werewolf, *DMB*), acquired during her last hunt. She dares not leave her lodge for fear of harming those she once protected. Her *Writhing Mandrake* potions help control her transformations, but nonetheless she sleeps with a silver bolt beneath her pillow, prepared to use it on herself should her blood-lust grow too strong.

Knowledge: If the rumoured ghost is discussed, she points adventurers to the werewolf's grave in 1311, though she warns it contains a "cursed" treasure. She proudly admits to killing the beast and allows PCs to take its head from her collection if they request it.

Combat stats: Werewolf (*DMB*). In human form, wears leather armour (AC 12) and wields a crossbow.

Placid rolling meadows, punctuated by groves of dark pines and damp hollows.

Terrain: Meadow (2), Tithelands
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6. Encounters at night are 4-in-6 likely to be with the **Moonlit Maw**.

By Day

These green hills and golden meadows are placid and beautiful. Sheep graze in the shallow folds, tended by the handful of **weather-beaten shepherds** who inhabit the area.

Scattered corpses: PCs occasionally come across corpses of animals or travellers, marring the pastoral tranquillity of the hex. The corpses have expressions of terror fixed on their sunken features and are shunned by worms and flies, decaying very slowly. These are victims of the ghostly **Moonlit Maw**.

Speaking with the shepherds: They fearfully refuse to discuss the corpses, stating only that the PCs should "go and tell **Granny Wolfsbane**" in hex 1310.

At Night

When night descends, the darkness seems especially fearsome and opaque, shadows lengthening like tenebrous fangs. An eerie mist seeps from Dolmenwood to pool in the region's vales and hollows.

Howling: From sunset to sunrise, the fields echo with unearthly howls, seemingly from some gigantic beast.

Sheltering shepherds: At night, the shepherds lock themselves and their sheep tightly away in their huts. Some place corn doll effigies of the fairy **Princess Andromethia** (*p34*), whose realm overlaps this hex, on their doors for protection. They refuse to admit strangers.

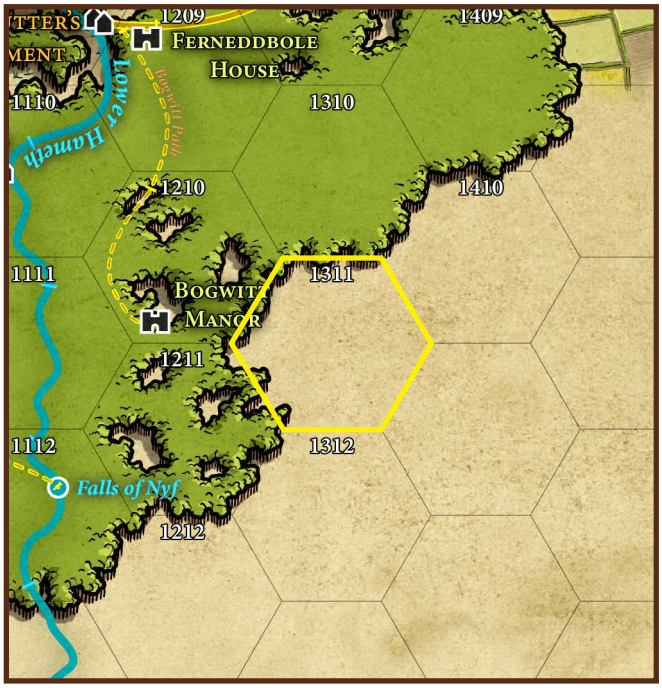
Source of howls: A spirit prowls the Weald at night: the ghost of a werewolf slain by **Granny Wolfsbane** (hex 1310), known as the **Moonlit Maw**.

Grave of the Moonlit Maw (Hidden)

Atop a lonely hillock near the border of Dolmenwood stands a plain wooden stele, emblazoned with a crudely gouged X.

Digging up the grave: 5′ beneath the earth lies a headless wolf skeleton, its rib cage filled with stones.

Treasure hoard: Tucked between the dead wolf's feet is a rotting sack containing 400sp, 1,411gp, a key to the kitchen door in Bogwitt Manor (hex 1210), and a *Sylvan Bracelet* (*p420*). Should adventurers claim any of the treasure, every night until the Maw is defeated (see below), a random party member has horrifying, realistic dreams of being torn to pieces by the beast. They suffer a –2 penalty to Attack Rolls on the following day.



The Moonlit Maw

This horror manifests as the spectral image of a ghastly patchwork of flesh and fur, neither man nor wolf. Unable to satisfy its hunger for flesh, the beast instead gorges itself on the spirits of its prey. Their anguished faces are clearly visible in its grotesquely swollen stomach, where they swirl in a ceaseless vortex, screaming silently. The Maw hunts here and in hexes 1209 and 1210.

MEDIUM UNDEAD—ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE—CHAOTIC

Level 5 **AC** 16 **HP** 34 **Saves** D10 R11 H12 B13 S14
Att Bite (+4, 2d4 + life drain + swallow) or howl (fear)
Speed 60 **Morale** 12 **XP** 560

Undead: Immune to biological effects (e.g. disease, poison) and mind-affecting spells (e.g. *Vapours of Dream*, *Paralysation*, *Dominate*).

Immunities: Only harmed by magic, silver weapons, or magic weapons.

Life draining bite: Victim must **Save Versus Doom** or permanently lose 1 Constitution. If reduced to 0 Constitution, the victim dies and is swallowed (see below).

Swallow: The Maw gulps down the spirit of any victim it kills. The victim's face appears in the ghost's belly. The victim cannot be raised from the dead by any means short of a wish unless the ghost's belly is deliberately slit open with a successful attack dealing at least 5 damage, freeing the spirit.

Howl: Once every 3 Rounds, the Maw can howl, causing all within 30′ to **Save Versus Hold** or flee for 2d6 Turns. Holy spell-casters of Level 7 or above are immune.

Return from death: If killed (0 HP), the Maw re-forms the next night. It can only be permanently destroyed by burning its corpse: the skeleton interred in the ***Grave of the Moonlit Maw*** and the severed head hanging in Granny Wolfsbane's cottage (hex 1310).

ANDROMETHIA'S BLOSSOM FIELDS 1312

Acres of wildflower form broad swathes of colour, in contrast to the dark and shadowy forest to the north-west.

Terrain: Meadow (2), Tithelands
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6

Blossom Fields

A cheerful hill-scape of meadows carpeted in thriving wildflowers: pendulous bluebell, daisies of the purest white and yellow, powder-blue harebell, bright magenta corncockle intermingled with spindly cow parsley, and bracken leavened with pink and white foxglove. The air is fresh and sweet with the flowers' delightful essence.

Pathways: The seemingly wild fields are often bisected by pathways, clearly carefully and recently maintained.

Fairy shimmer: Fairies and demi-fey notice an occasional but persistent shimmering at the edge of their vision and recognise this as an overlapping fairy reality.

Princess Andromethia

An eternally youthful, half-elfish / half-satyr lady with a single spiralling horn above her left ear and the hoof of a goat in place of her right foot. See ***p34*** for more details on the princess and her domain.

Demeanour (Neutral): Kindly, tricksome, judicious.

Speech: Soft, languid. Woldish, Sylvan, High Elfish. Enjoys addressing people in fairy languages they cannot comprehend, before tiring of the game and switching to Woldish.

Desires: The recovery of her most cherished handkerchief, which she believes to be in the possession of her wicked half-sister, the Lady of Spring Unending (hex 0402). The delivery of a note to the Ambassador of the Cold Prince (hex 0504—she can give directions but does not know how to locate or enter the embassy). The note, written in High Elfish, consists of banal pleasantries with a few double entendres sprinkled in. Oddly, it is dated with a human calendar date, some 200 years past.

Reward: Andromethia awakens any sleeping party members, and gives adventurers the exact location of one fairy door (see ***Fairy Doors, p25***).

MEDIUM FAIRY—GENIUS—NEUTRAL

Level 14 **AC** 19 **HP** 75 **Saves** D4 R5 H6 B7 S8
Att Staff (+10, 1d6) or touch (+10, slumber) or magic
Speed 40 **Morale** 9 **XP** 7,550

Immunities: Only harmed by magic or magic weapons.

Magic Resistance: +4 bonus to Saving Throws against effects of magical origin.

Slumber: Save Versus Spell or fall deeply asleep for 1d6 Turns—may be forcibly awakened (e.g. by slapping).

Fairy magic: Glamours *Beguilement*, *Conjure Treats*, *Disguise Object*, *Forgetting*, *Moon Sight*, *Seeming*, *Subtle Sight*, **Lesser runes** (thrice a day) all, **Greater runes** (once a day) all, **Mighty runes** (once a day) *Eternal Slumber*. The Lady can also cast the arcane spell *Vapours of Dream* without limit, *Geas* once a day, and the holy spell *Create Food* once a day.

A Century of Slumber

The meadows of this hex are partially coexistent with the fairy domain of **Princess Andromethia** and are under her enchantment.

A contented tiredness: PCs who have exerted themselves this day (e.g. by combat or long travels) must **Save Versus Spell** (fairies and demi-fey gain a +4 bonus) or find themselves compelled to stop and rest among the flowers.

Those who rest: Soon drift off to a serene and dreamy slumber, unless unaffected characters forcibly keep them awake. Those who do fall asleep cannot be awakened (short of the use of extremely powerful magic, at the Referee's discretion) for at least a century.

Princess Andromethia: Surreptitiously appears alongside the party 1d3 Turns after any PC is ensorcelled in this way. She awakens any sleepers and casts *Geas* on them, tasking them with a quest (see ***Desires***). Should they fail, they return to slumbering in the fields.

In Summertime

In the high days of summer, there is a 3-in-6 chance that adventurers come upon **Princess Andromethia** and her fancifully clad entourage of **1d6+2 attendants** (stats as **elf wanderers**—*DMB*), taking sumptuous meals and playing games.

Greetings: Andromethia's courtiers announce her title in tones of exaggerated reverence as she modestly protests. She greets the PCs warmly and invites them to join in the festivities.

Bountiful hampers: Those who partake of Andromethia's picnic hampers find the food endless and exquisite beyond any previously experienced.

Farewell: As dusk approaches, Andromethia and the elves begin to vanish, unnoticed, one at a time, till all have gone.

A weak wind carries the low, mournful cries of distant wolves.

Terrain: Hills (2), Table Downs
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6. Nighttime encounters are 3-in-6 likely to be with **Grinstead**, accompanied by **1d6 wolves** (*DMB*).

Graveyard

Visible a mile south of the Downs Road is a lonely graveyard, surrounded by crumbling stone walls. Alongside is the ruin of a small stone building (see ***Parr's Ruin***).

The graves: Ten graves lie inside the stone perimeter, the earth of each freshly churned. The tombstones are crudely carved with religious scripture, but no names.

Digging up the graves: Only one contains a body: a young man, freshly killed.

Parr's Ruin

The collapsed remains of an ancient farmhouse. A single room remains intact, with a wooden door and shutters recently installed.

Interior: Sparsely furnished with camping gear and candles. A small bundle of religious texts lies beside a bedroll. A door, obscured by debris, leads to a stairway down to the ***Cellar***.

Inhabitants: Sister Parr leads a solitary, miserable existence here.

Visitors: Parr warns off visitors without saying why, imploring them to leave the hex before dark.

Cellar

A small stone room, stinking of rot and death. Dried blood spatters the walls and floor. A jagged opening in one wall leads to a warren of tunnels and wolf dens, with exits among the surrounding hills.

Inhabitants: By day, the revenant **Grinstead** lurks here; by night, he roams the nearby road, in search of victims.

Tunnels: In one den sits a chest (locked—Grinstead has the key) guarded by **1d6+1 wolves** (*DMB*). It contains 360gp, 494sp, 283cp, a sapphire ring (1,200gp), and a vial of *Wyrmsblood Elixir* (***p414***).

Sister Wilfrinda Parr (Level 1 Friar)

A gaunt, middle-aged human woman with an ill-maintained tonsure and sunken eyes. Dressed in hessian robes. Her hands and fingernails are stained with dirt. She is a captive of **Grinstead**, forced to consecrate the bodies of the revenant's kills so that Grinstead may unearth and devour them. She bitterly knows he will just find another priest if she dies refusing.

Demeanour (Lawful): Depressed and defeated.

Speech: Deliberate, weary. Woldish, Liturgic.

Desires: To find the strength to escape.

Spells: Unable to cast spells, due to deity disfavour.

Grinstead—Necrophage

An undead revenant, originally a sadistic noble who developed a taste for human flesh. Dark-haired, tall, ashen-skinned, eyes a bloody red, seemingly in his late 20s. Dresses in finery, blackened with dirt. In undeath, can feed only on corpses that have received a consecrated burial. Driven out of civilised regions, he has kidnapped the friar **Sister Parr**, forcing her to perform last rites on the bodies of travellers he murders.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Proud and manipulative. Long past any sense of shame or guilt for his actions.

Speech: Strong, commanding. Woldish, Old Woldish.

Desires: Fresh human corpses for the ***Graveyard***. Alliances with the Table Downs' fell denizens (such as the wolves, to whom he feeds his victim's mounts).

Possessions: An *Arcane Longsword* (***p412***) of cold iron; "Vilin remembers" is engraved on the pommel in Old Woldish. The key to the chest in the ***Tunnels***.

MEDIUM UNDEAD—SENTIENT—CHAOTIC

Level 5 **AC** 15 **HP** 22 **Saves** D10 R11 H12 B13 S14
Att Bite (+4, 1d4 + disease) or *Arcane Longsword* (+6, 1d8+2) **Speed** 40 **Morale** 8 **XP** 360

Undead: Silent before attacking. Immune to biological effects (e.g. disease, poison) and mind-affecting spells (e.g. *Vapours of Dream*, *Paralysation*, *Dominate*).

Immunities: Only harmed by fire, magic, or magic weapons.

Disease: Victim loses 1 Strength per day, dying at 0 Strength. The disease can only be cured by magic.

Light sensitivity: Suffers a –2 penalty to Attack Rolls and a –1 penalty to AC in sunlight.

Summon beasts: Can summon **1d6 wolves** (*DMB*), which arrive in 1d4 Rounds.

MAI-FLEUR'S UNICORN-HUNTING GROUNDS 1402

A profusion of holly trees bearing red berries in the autumn.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Aldweald

Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Encounters are 1-in-6 likely (2-in-6 likely at night) to be with a **Wild Hunt** (see hex 1502) in pursuit of **1d4 blessed unicorns** (*DMB*).

Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d3 portions of *Sallow Parsley* (*DPB*), in addition to the normal results.

Unicorns

Throughout this hex can be found the elegant **blessed unicorns** kept by the fairy **Duke Mai-Fleur** (***p30***) as stock for his Wild Hunts. The unicorns are prevented from leaving the grounds by the **gamekeepers**, and by the magical disabling of their natural teleportation power.

The Silver Pool

Close to the centre of this hex is a serene pool of radiant, glittering water. **1d6 blessed unicorns** (*DMB*) drink peacefully, while **1d3 gamekeepers** lurk uncomfortably nearby.

Poachers: There is a 2-in-6 chance of **1d4 poachers** (as Level 1 hunters—*DMB*) from the village of Odd (***p166***) hiding in the trees around the pool, eyeing the gamekeepers in the hope that they stray from their charges. The horns, fur, and flesh of unicorns are highly valued.

Intruding: Any who disturb this peaceful scene face the wrath of the gamekeepers.

Drinking from the pool: Heals 1d6+1 HP. Mortals must **Save Versus Spell** or change Alignment to Lawful.

The Dungle-Crack

A gloomy, 10′-wide chasm in the forest floor, whose base cannot be seen. Nearby trees lean above the chasm, their branches twisted and dripping with silvery dew.

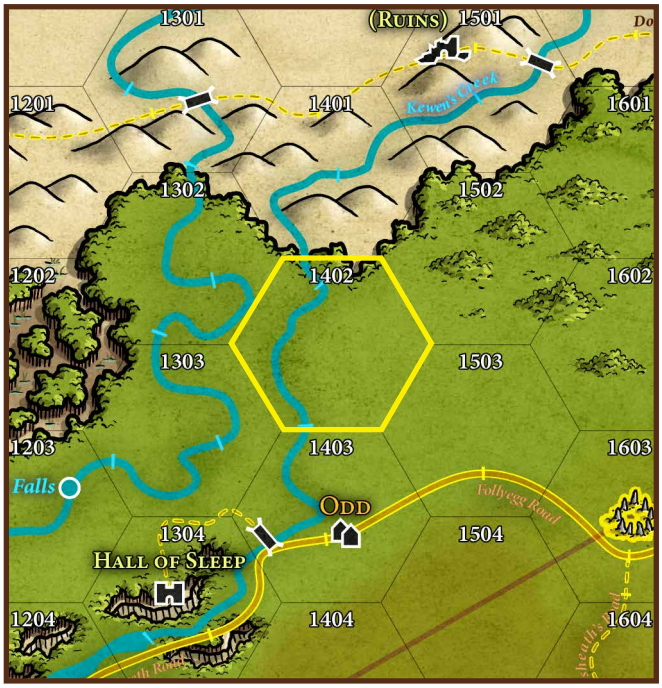
Anything lowered into the chasm: Is whisked away to the fairy road the Narrow Way (see ***Fairy Roads, p26***). A person who lowers part of their body (e.g. a hand) more than a foot into the chasm is wholly transported to the Narrow Way.

The Shrine to St Torphia (Hidden)

A simple wooden wayside shrine sits askew, 50′ up in the boughs of a great, gall-infested oak, as if the tree sprouted beneath the shrine and raised it into the air. The statue that originally sat within the shrine is nestled in the tree's upper branches, 80′ above the ground.

Statue of St Torphia: 2′ high, carved of a single piece of obsidian. Torphia is depicted kneeling in prayer, with chains around her wrists and a heaping basket of berries before her.

Prayer: If the statue is retrieved and placed in the shrine, characters praying may receive the blessing of St Torphia: the ability to cast *Remove Poison*. See ***Shrines, p22***.



Gamekeepers

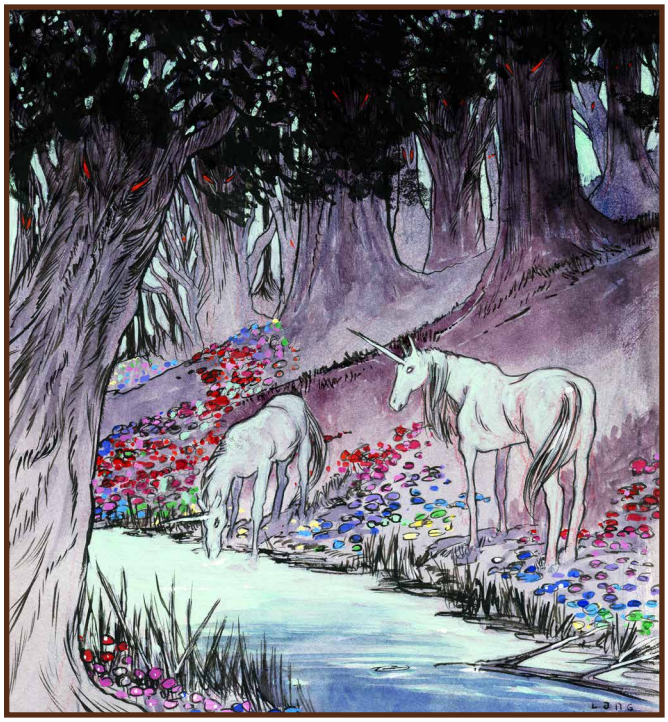
Monstrous black oaks with slitted red eyes that rarely open. The gamekeepers are the most evil trees of this hex, employed by Duke Mai-Fleur to ward his prized stock of unicorns.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Still and dormant, springing into action when poachers are foolish enough to interfere with their charges.

Speech: Cracking, grinding. They communicate only with their elfish masters. Sylvan.

Desires: Guard the unicorns. Destroy poachers.

Combat stats: Treowere (*DMB*).



1403 ODD AND THE WAR OF THE SPRITES

Trees festooned with dainty, glowing flowers of ochre, lilac, and mauve.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6

The Village of Odd

A small cluster of thatched huts and animal pens nestled in a glade, a low grassy knoll at its centre. Some 90 folk dwell here, under the domain of House Guillefer (see hex 1304).

Fur and game: Odd is renowned for the fine furs and rare game sold by its rustic inhabitants.

Full settlement description: See ***p166***.

Along Lochsbreth Road

Sprites: Adventurers travelling Lochsbreth Road are approached by **1d4+2 black sprites** (*DMB*), who identify themselves as members of the Grand Gupple tribe. They urge PCs to follow them to their tree (see ***Sprite Lairs***) to hear out a "business proposal" (see ***The War of the Sprites***).

Slumbering Bridge: A track diverges and leads to the Hall of Sleep (1304), crossing Kewen's Creek at an old, creaky bridge overhung by sighing willows.

Along Follyegg Road

Anyone travelling the little-used Follyegg Road is met by **1d4+2 blue sprites** (*DMB*), who identify themselves as members of the Timeless Twook tribe. They beg the PCs for aid in a "dire situation" (see ***The War of the Sprites***) and ask them to follow them to their tree (see ***Sprite Lairs***).

Sprite Lairs

The Grand Gupple Tree: PCs who follow the black sprites arrive at the base of an exceptionally broad black poplar tree. Minuscule huts festoon its branches. **80 black sprites** live here, lounging among the huts. They are a plain-spoken, assertive lot.

The Timeless Twook Tree: PCs who follow the blue sprites come upon a tall, blue poplar tree. Homes made from floating puffball fungi cling to its upper reaches. **70 blue sprites** dally among the puffballs. Their demeanour is dreamy but vaguely sinister.

The War of the Sprites

The two sprite tribes claim to have been at war for as long as they can recall (in reality, it has only been three weeks).

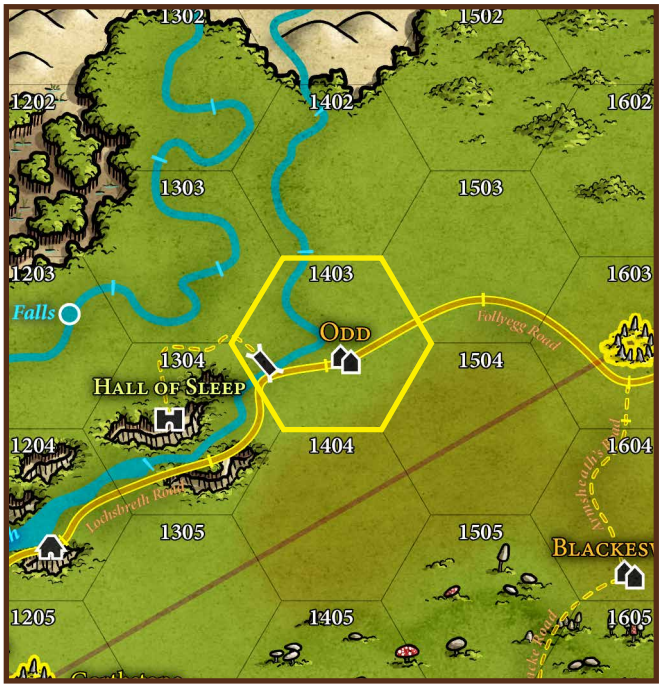
Grievances: Each tribe complains about the ***Indignities and Insults*** visited upon them by their enemies (see table).

Enlistment and reward: The sprites entreat PCs to dispatch the opposite tribe once and for all, directing them to the enemy's lair. They offer the first listed ***Fantastical Treasure*** as reward, but refuse to produce it until the party returns with proof of their conquest.

Counteroffer: A party arriving at the opposing tribe's tree is met with protestations of innocence. This tribe claims that the other tribe is really at fault, likewise complaining of their abuse by their enemies (roll again on the ***Indignities and Insults*** table). They in turn offer the next ***Fantastical Treasure*** on the list if the adventurers return to their enemies and dispatch them, instead.

Back and forth: This pattern repeats with each encounter, the promised rewards growing more fantastic as counteroffer after counteroffer is deployed.

Defeating a tribe: Each tribe defends its lair to the death; each sprite killed performs exaggerated death throes and vanishes. The conquered lair has no treasure. PCs returning to the tree of their patrons to claim their prize find it to have completely disappeared and hear a faint tittering in the breeze. Later, they spot members of both tribes, alive and well, fluttering above and taunting them.



Indignities and Insults

The other tribe... (roll 1d6 on the table below).

d6	Accusation
1	Pelted them with foul dung!
2	Delivered bold lies about them to their neighbours!
3	Mocked their queen's dignity by making her belch!
4	Caused a small thundercloud to rain upon them!
5	Stole away with a mortal child in their care!
6	Insulted their mostly adequate endowments!

Fantastical Treasures

#	Treasure
1	The ancestral sword of a deorling stag!
2	The ruby earrings of **The Hag** of Hag's Addle (***p82***)!
3	The knuckle-bone of St Lowery!
4	The silver mirror of the **Queen of Witches** (***p75***)!
5	A *Ring of Invisibility* once owned by an elf courtier!
6	The fabled black sword Rainmaker!
7	The crown of an old king of Brackenwold!
8	The sceptre of the **Cold Prince** (***p51***)!

Forlorn tracks and fern-filled glades, dotted with milk-white, climbing vines.

Terrain: Boggy forest (4), Aldweald

Lost/encounters: 3-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with the **merrovore**.

Ley line Ywyr (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the distant moaning of the dead.

Foraging: Successful foraging yields 2d6 portions of the climbing vine known as *Black Clover* (***p430***), in addition to the normal results.

Tentacle Heaps

Any who wander through this hex come across piles of bloody, writhing tentacles in the shapes of people or animals.

Alive: The things seem vaguely alive, but do not move of their own accord, apart from the writhing.

Victims of the merrovore: These wretched things are all that remains of those who have met the **merrovore**.

The Lair of the Merrovore (Hidden)

A pool of viscous, black fluid, almost completely opaque, about 20′ wide and 12′ deep.

The merrovore: The monster comes to this pool to sleep, submerging itself completely in the fluid. There is a 2-in-6 chance it is present when the pool is discovered.

Submerged in the pool: The merrovore guards a 2′ cube of black metal, at the bottom of the pool. If touched by an arcane spell-caster, the cube opens, revealing 72 tourmalines (100gp each), a set of three spell books (**Rank 1** *Firelight*, *Glyph of Sealing*, **Rank 2** *Perceive the Invisible*, *Phantasm*, **Rank 3** *Dispel Magic*, *Lightning Bolt*, **Rank 4** *Dimension Door*), and a black silk robe that acts as a *Cloak of Displacement* (***p406***).

The Glaring Pylon (Hidden)

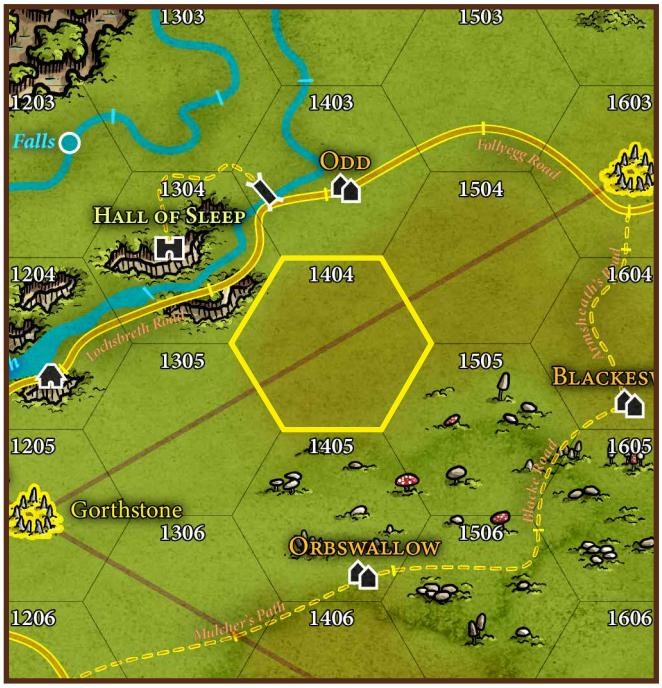
A gargantuan, granite pylon stands amid a tangle of blackthorn and brambles.

Appearance: The pylon is square, 100 yards high, and 10 yards across at the base.

The glaring eyes: At the top of the pylon (invisible from the forest floor) are carved four horrid eyes (one per side), glaring out at the sky. One who sees any of the eyes must **Save Versus Spell** or be struck blind for 1d6 days, their sight blotted out by a vision of the awful, glaring eye. Witches bound to Hasturiel are immune.

Witches' rituals: This is the locus of Hasturiel Thrice-Crowned (***p38***), a deity of the witches who dwells in inaccessible caverns deep beneath the pylon. On any given night, there is a 2-in-6 chance of **1d6 Witches** (Eyes of Hasturiel, *DMB*) conducting a ritual here.

Solstices and equinoxes: On nights at the turning of the seasons, the pylon blazes with blue flame and **4d6 Witches** (Eyes of Hasturiel, *DMB*) worship here. Anyone who touches the flaming pylon gains the ability to shift into another form (per the arcane spell *Polymorph*) for up to 24 hours.



The Merrovore

A lithe, deer-like body (10′ tall to the shoulder), covered in shaggy, white fur, with cat-like paws and a seven-thonged tail. In its face is a single, crazed eye—deep red—and a slavering, toothed maw. The merrovore stalks the wood in this hex, gurgling and mumbling, tracking by scent.

LARGE MONSTROSITY—SEMI-INTELLIGENT—CHAOTIC

Level 8 **AC** 14 **HP** 43 **Saves** D8 R9 H10 B11 S12
Att Bite (+7, 2d6) and 2 claws (+7, 1d6) and tail whip (+7, 1d8) **Speed** 60 **Morale** 10 **XP** 1,440

Aggressive: Attacks all it encounters (except witches, whom it cannot see or smell).

Surprise: Anyone surprised by the merrovore automatically meets its gaze.

In melee: Unless averting eyes, characters in melee with the merrovore meet its gaze each Round.

Gaze: Victims must **Save Versus Hold** or be transformed into a writhing mass of tentacles. (This is fatal.)

Averting eyes: –4 penalty to Attack Rolls. The merrovore gains a +2 bonus to Attack Rolls.

Mimicry: Tauntingly mimics victims' voices.

1405 ORBSWALLOW AND THE NUTCAP COLONIES

A multi-hued jumble of giant, woody toadstools and tall, finger-like fungus.

Terrain: Fungal forest (2), Mulchgrove

Lost/encounters: 1-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **2d6 nutcaps** (*DMB*), fluttering around nest-like platforms of woven bark amid the branches of a grove of silver birch.

Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d4 portions of *Devil's Grease* (***p428***) and 1d4 portions of *Blood Canker* (*DPB*), in addition to the normal results.

The Village of Orbswallow

In the far south-east of the hex, the village of Orbswallow nestles in a glade amid the fungal forest, clustered around a pair of gargantuan toadstools and three magical trees.

Mosslings: Orbswallow is the centre of mossling culture in Dolmenwood.

Full settlement description: See ***p170***.

The Botanical Laboratory

A cluster of great sycamores, their trunks wrapped with climbing fungus, stands close to the centre of the hex. About 50′ up the trunk of the largest tree, a 3′ diameter, perfectly circular hole can be spied.

Interior: The hole leads to a warm, wood-lined chamber, connected by narrow shafts within the living tree to similar chambers above and below. This first chamber serves as an entrance and meeting area, with mounds of sawdust for seating, bark rugs, and dancing firefly lamps. Below is an unlit bedchamber, stuffed with dried leaves. Above is a botanical laboratory with glowing pea flowers, vats of bubbling sap, and experimental crossbred seedlings.

Inhabitant: The nutcap priest, **Creekeek**, lives here alone in this arboreal laboratory.

Visitors: Are welcomed for a cup of sap-wine, if peaceful. Creekeek openly discusses the ongoing ***Conflict Between Nutcaps and Mosslings***.

The *Elixir of Vegetative Life*: Creekeek has succeeded in combining the essences of the three trees of Orbswallow (***p170***) to produce an elixir of life. Four doses are hidden in the laboratory. To sentient plant-based creatures (e.g. nutcaps), it acts as a *Prismatic Elixir* (***p414***). To others (including mosslings), it extends life indefinitely by transforming the imbiber into a small tree. Each dose is worth 1,000gp.

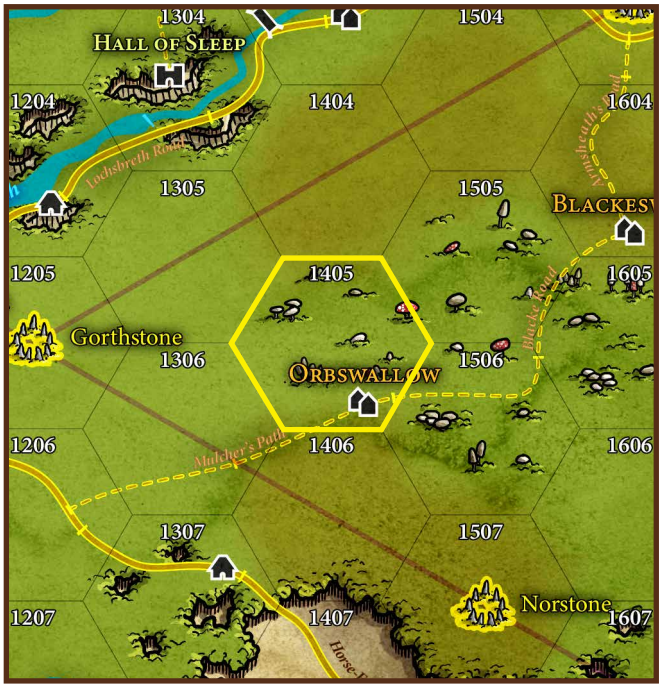
The Fungal Grotto (Hidden)

Concealed in a dell filled with rotting, purple mushroom debris is a 5′ high cave mouth.

Interior: A lofty cavern whose rough walls and ceiling are clad with dainty toadstools that emit a soft pink glow. In the centre is a 10′ high idol of slick red clay depicting a 5-eyed, humanoid slug (the mossling deity Mbombre).

Inhabitant: The mould oracle (*DMB*) **Gropoll**.

Visitors: Mosslings are welcomed. Others are rebuffed unless on a quest to aid mosslings.



Conflict Between Nutcaps and Mosslings

Multiple nutcap colonies dot the woods here around the mossling village of Orbswallow. In an ongoing and escalating conflict, the nutcaps launch aerial raids on Orbswallow, snatching the delicious fruits of the three trees. The nutcaps believe they have a right to the produce of all trees in Dolmenwood, but the mosslings disagree.

Creekeek—Nutcap Priest

A creaky old nutcap (*DMB*) with eight fluttering wings, three sinuous arms, and head crowned with sprouting oak leaves. Creekeek acts as priest, advisor, and healer for the nutcap colonies in this hex.

Demeanour (Neutral): Slow, contemplative, curious.

Speech: Resonant clicks. Woldish, Sylvan.

Desires: Peace with the mosslings of Orbswallow. Wishes to raise cuttings of the three trees for nutcap use, ending the raids on Orbswallow.

Gropoll—Mould Oracle

A venerable mossling woman with maroon eyes, hair of white mycelia, a great sentient yellow puffball atop her head, and black skin wrinkled like the shell of a walnut. Dresses in a patchwork of colourful fungus leather. Mosslings from Orbswallow often journey to consult Gropoll's oracular wisdom.

Demeanour (Neutral): Jolly, enigmatic.

Speech: Erratic warbling. Puffball occasionally grumbles in agreement. Woldish, Mulch.

Desires: Word of any psionic giant snails (*DMB*) in Dolmenwood. Seclusion in which to commune with Mbombre. (Has no interest in the nutcap conflict.)

THE GOLDEN WOOD 1406

By day, tiny golden sparkles drift down to the earth. At night, soft, green motes float into the sky.

Terrain: Boggy forest (4), Aldweald

Lost/encounters: 3-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **1d4 elf knights** (*DMB*) in the service of the Earl of Yellow (***p32***), clad entirely in yellow and mounted on great golden wolves (as dire wolves, *DMB*).

Ley line Hoad (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the feeling of having just awoken from a dream.

Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d4 portions of *Knobbled Mandrake* (***p430***), in addition to the normal results.

Glowing Fungal Orbs

In the north-western half of this hex, the trees are festooned, in all seasons, with head-sized, orb-like growths of fungus.

Golden glow: The orbs emit a soft, golden glow, day and night. It is on account of this glow that the region is known to local folk as the Golden Wood.

At night: The ambient glow of the fungi is equivalent to the light of the full moon.

Harvesting: Plucked orbs continue to glow for 24 hours.

The Yellow Doors

The Golden Wood is a favoured haunt of fairies of all kinds, due to the seven portals to the Fairy realm of Whyforth (domain of the Earl of Yellow, ***p32***) that exist here. The Earl's servants use these portals to come and go between Dolmenwood and Fairy. The portals are concealed by illusion, but may sometimes be spotted.

Detection by passion: A mortal in the throes of an extreme emotion (madly in love, religious rapture, abject terror, etc.) has a 3-in-6 chance of spotting one of the portals when travelling through this hex.

Detection by fairy lineage: True fairies (that is, not demi-fey) have a 2-in-6 chance of noticing the presence of one of the portals.

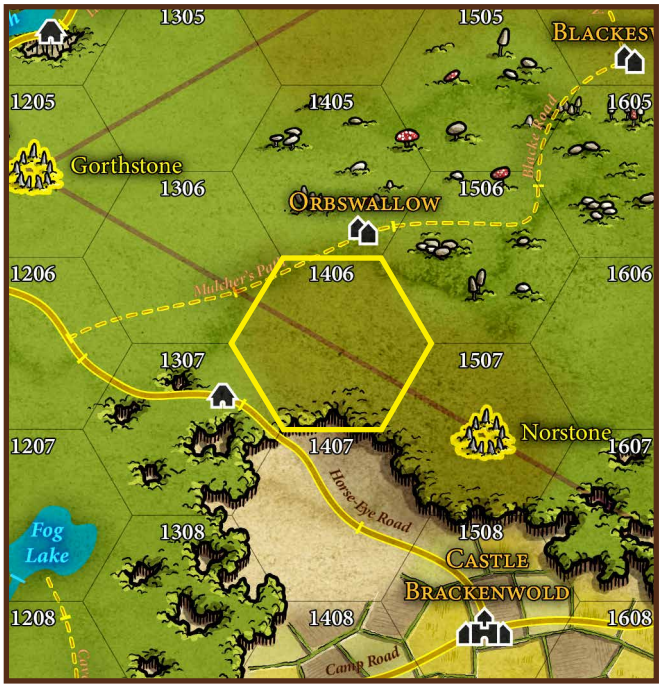
Detection by magic: Spells of true seeing or detection of illusions reveal the presence of the portals.

Appearance: A detected portal appears as a yellow-varnished door, complete with shiny brass knob and knocker, in a natural hole or arch of some kind (a hole in the roots of a tree, beneath the intertwined branches of two willows, in a gap between two rocks, etc.).

Call of Fairy: Mortals who perceive a portal to Whyforth (whether they enter it or not) must **Save Versus Spell** or be forever stricken with a longing to leave the fields that we know and get lost in Fairy.

Journeys Into Fairy (Optional)

Referees wishing to expand play into the realm of Whyforth may allow adventurers to enter the Yellow Doors without an invitation. This requires the Referee to develop adventure locales of their own in Whyforth.

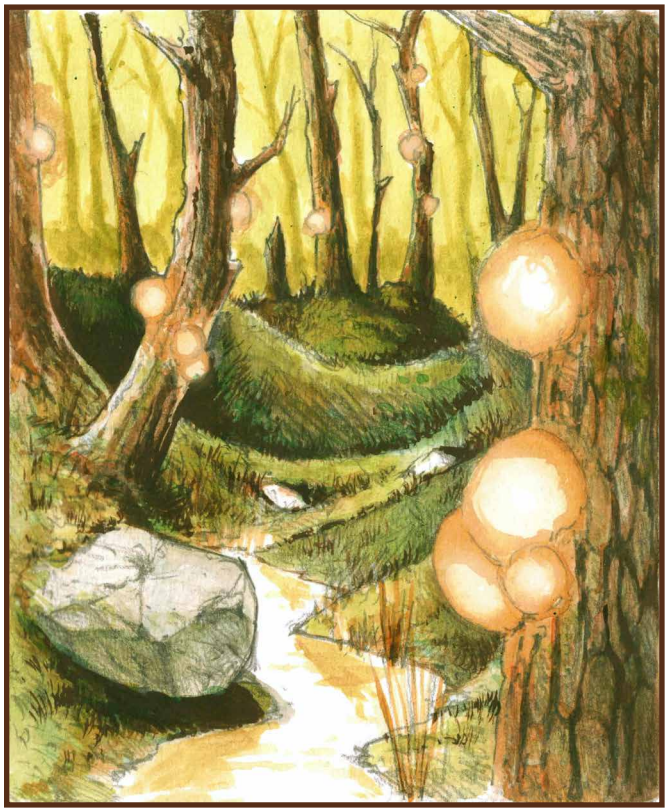


Entering the Yellow Doors

Adventurers with an invitation from the Earl of Yellow may open and enter the doors. Without an invitation, the doors are impassable.

Size: Whatever their apparent size in the mortal world (some appear no more than 2′ high), the portals allow the entry of creatures up to the size of a knight on horseback.

On the other side: The portals in Whyforth are situated in beautiful, natural gardens of semi-sentient plants that may, at times, speak.



1407 THE HENCHGATE

Clouds of black midges buzz overhead, making periodic dive attacks.

Terrain: Meadow (2), Tithelands
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6

The Edge of the Wood

The flat plains and farmlands that surround Castle Brackenwold (visible upon a hill to the south-east) give way to the great forest of Dolmenwood.

Horse-Eye Road: A major trade route in and out of the wood. Follows the edge of the forest before plunging into its depths at the very north-west corner of this hex.

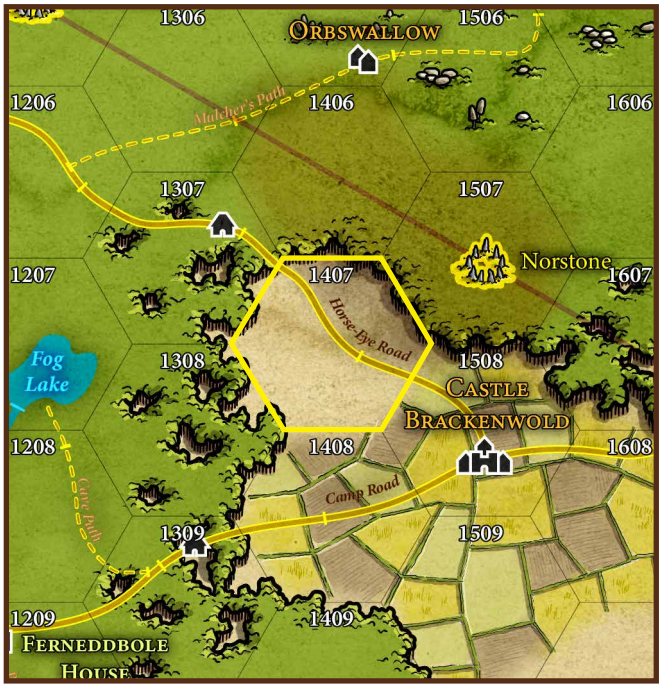
The Henchgate: At the point where the road enters the forest, a curious landmark—a natural gateway, known as the "Henchgate"—stands astride the road.

The Henchgate

The gate is formed of the living trunks and branches of dozens of trees, woven and melded together to create a natural arched tunnel (about 30′ high, wide, and long) above the road. It is here that many newcomers to Dolmenwood are granted their first taste of the queer atmosphere that haunts the place.

Graffiti: The lower portions of the trees that form the gate have been carved, over centuries, with the names, initials, and love declarations of hundreds of passers-by.

Wooden faces: Above the scrawl, a profusion of quizzical wooden faces peer down at travellers.



Greetings: It is common for the faces of the Henchgate to speak, addressing travellers with their own names, in the common Woldish tongue, and wishing them well beneath the eaves of the forest. They are willing to make pleasant small talk about the weather and such, but merely smile quizzically if asked any questions.

MORIGGAN'S CRAG 1408

Cheery, windswept fields of crops and scarecrows. Utterly flat, aside from a single gigantic rock.

Terrain: Farmland (2), Tithelands
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6

Moriggan's Crag

An enormous boulder juts out of the flatness of the arable plain to the south of Camp Road, visible for miles around.

Size: The rock is 100 yards high and almost 200 yards across, with a flattened top and jagged sides.

Plants: The sides and top support a rich jungle of ferns, mosses, and silver-leafed oaks.

Stairway: A stair—partly carved out of the rock, partly consisting of hanging bridges—winds around half the rock's perimeter, ending at the summit on the south side.

Sentinels: 1d6 cragwardens guard the top of the Crag at any time.

The Order of the Cragwardens

The top of the Crag has been guarded since time immemorial by the Order of the Cragwardens, a semi-secretive militia composed of folk of an active age from among the local farms and villages. The cragwardens call the Crag "Old Mother."

Loyalty: The Order of Cragwardens is loyal to the Dukes of Brackenwold.

Duty: The Order is charged with two duties, both antiquated and defunct for many centuries. Firstly, they must guard the Crag against invasion by fairies. Secondly, they must maintain a cottage for the use of the Elder Phanatarch of the Drune (a mythical figure to these folk).

Uniform: Scarlet leggings, pointy caps of green wool, polished black leather cuirasses.

The Drune Cottage

Upon the northern edge of the Crag stands a quaint, round cottage of stacked stone, with a thatched roof and two chimneys, accompanied by a small, walled garden.

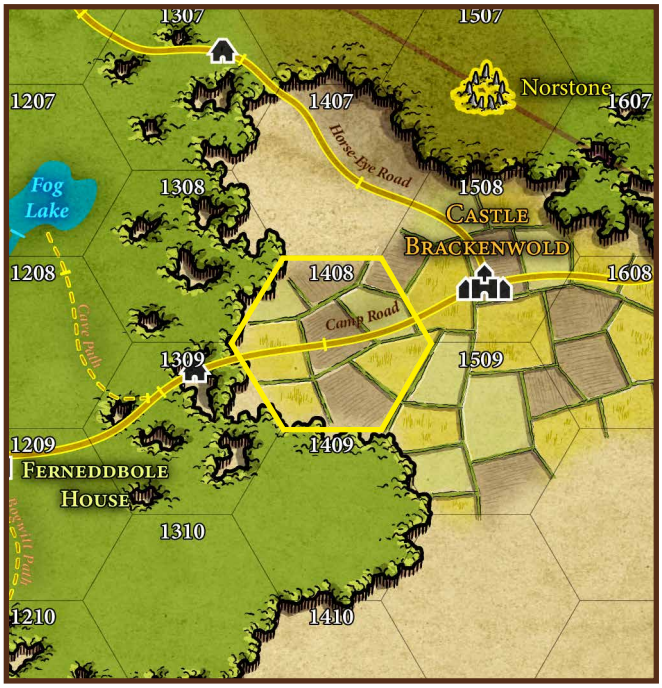
Garden: Well-maintained herb and vegetable gardens. (Its produce is consumed in the kitchens of the cragwardens.)

Interior: A single, round room containing a plump bed, a fireplace and stove, an ancient, oaken armoire, a library of curious lore (in Old Woldish), a mighty chest full of candles, and a walnut writing desk and chair. A quill, inkwell, and neatly stacked sheets of blank paper sit atop the desk.

View over Dolmenwood: Above the desk is a window, through which can be seen the seemingly endless sweep of the Dolmenwood to the north.

The spell book: One of the books of lore contains the following arcane spells, written in Drunic: **Rank 1** *Ingratiate*, *Ioun Shard* (manifests as a streak of green flame), **Rank 2** *Glyph of Locking*.

Occupancy: The cragwardens keep the cottage clean and hospitable, but even the oldest of their number have no memory of it ever being occupied by the Elder Phanatarch.



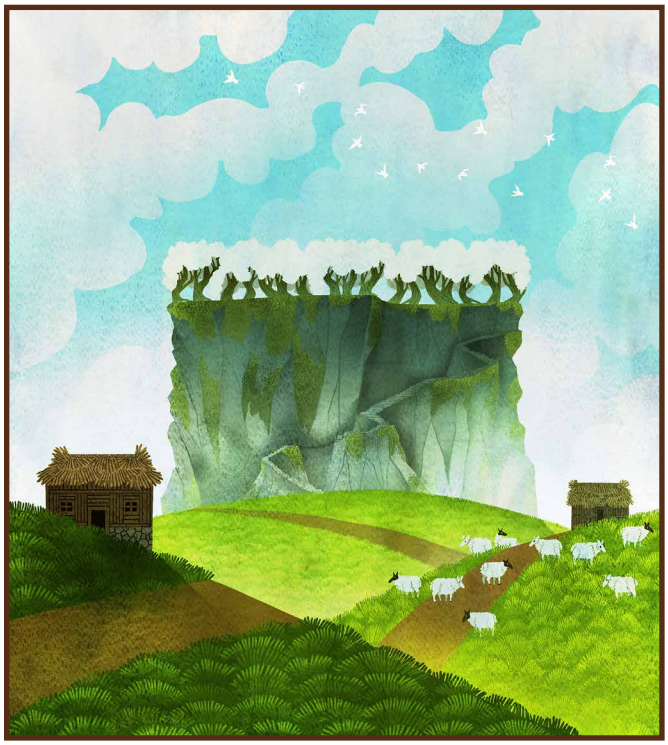
Cragwardens

MEDIUM MORTAL—SENTIENT—LAWFUL

Level 1 **AC** 12 **HP** 1d8 (4) **Saves** D12 R13 H14 B15 S16
Att Ceremonial boar spear (+0, 1d8) or shortsword (+0, 1d6) **Speed** 40 **Morale** 8 **XP** 10

Summer Solstice

Upon the eve of the summer solstice (the 18th of Chysting), local people build fires atop the Crag and dance through the night. The cragwardens' watchfulness is lax, at best, on this evening.



1409 THE STINKING MAUSOLEUM

Beech and hazel, the ground littered with nut husks. The stench of carrion pervades the whole hex.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6

The Stinking Mausoleum

Travellers can follow their noses to the source of the stench: a circle of collapsed stone buildings.

Symbol: The motif of an eye ringed with thorns is carved repeatedly into the ruined stone.

Tiled courtyard: Inside the circle of the ruined walls and buildings, the ground is paved with white tile, now chipped and greying with age, and pocked with errant trees.

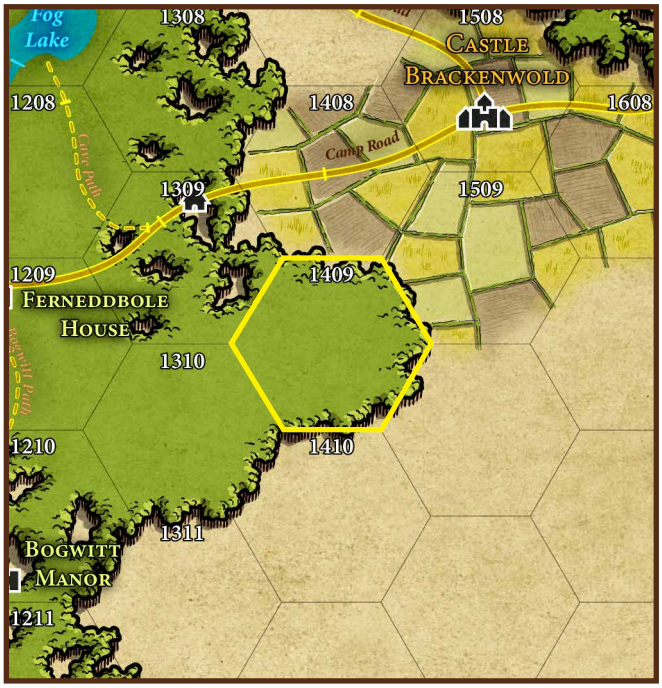
Stairs: A single stairway can be spied, in the middle of the courtyard, free of the rubble of the ruins. It leads down into the dark of the crypts.

The Crypts

The courtyard stairway leads down to a network of cramped, dripping tunnels, buzzing with flies.

Stench: The carrion reek intensifies. Characters who do not mask the odour somehow suffer –1 to Attack Rolls.

Echoes: Gasps and moans can be heard sporadically in the tunnels, echoing from the ***Central Hall***.



The Central Hall

The tunnels converge on a 200′ wide circular hall with a domed roof of cracked, pink porcelain.

Treasures: A glittering mound of coins and other treasures is piled up in the centre of the hall: 2,000sp and 3,000gp stamped with the head of the King of Brackenwold, 6 bronze torcs set with a black opal (1,200gp each), a twisted ebony *Staff of Darkness* (***p416***).

The Descendant: Sprawled across the hoard, gasping and lolling, is a giant and hideous being: **the Descendant**. If disturbed by light or words, it rises and casts its malevolent, rotting gaze upon those who intrude upon its rest.

The Descendant

A 20′ tall, vaguely humanoid agglomeration of maggot-riddled corpses, animated by a lust for living flesh to meld with itself. Gurgles and gasps out occasional syllables in Old Woldish ("rend," "flesh," "bone").

LARGE UNDEAD—MINDLESS—CHAOTIC

Level 9 **AC** 13 **HP** 54 **Saves** D7 R8 H9 B10 S11
Att 2 claws (+7, 1d10) and maw (+7, 2d6) **Speed** 40
Morale 9 **XP** 1,900

Stench: The source of the carrion stench. Characters who do not mask the odour somehow suffer a –2 penalty to Attack Rolls.

Undead: Immune to biological effects (e.g. disease, poison) and mind-affecting spells (e.g. *Vapours of Dream, Paralysation, Dominate*).

Regeneration: Heals 1 HP per Round, even when reduced to 0 HP or less.

Kill it with fire: Cannot regenerate fire damage.

Rugged, gently sloping meadows of rough, knee-high grass, crawling with insects.

Terrain: Meadow (2), Tithelands

Lost/encounters: 1-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **1d4 cockatrices** (*DMB*) from the ***Cockatrice Nest***.

Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d2 portions of *Writhing Mandrake* (***p430***), in addition to the normal results.

Buzzing Wetlands

In the north-west of this hex, close to the forest's edge, is a damp-earthed region riddled with little brooks, alive with croaking frogs and buzzing mosquitoes.

Singing: As travellers wander through this region, they become aware of a choral crooning drifting on the wind.

Following the song: Leads to the ***Singing Spring***.

The Singing Spring

At the middle of the wetlands, a spring bubbles up from the ground amid a cluster of boulders. A group of **2d4 cockatrices** (*DMB*) perch atop the boulders, singing jaunty songs (see ***Cockatrice Songs***) and occasionally pausing to slake their thirst at the spring or returning to the nearby ***Cockatrice Nest*** in shifts.

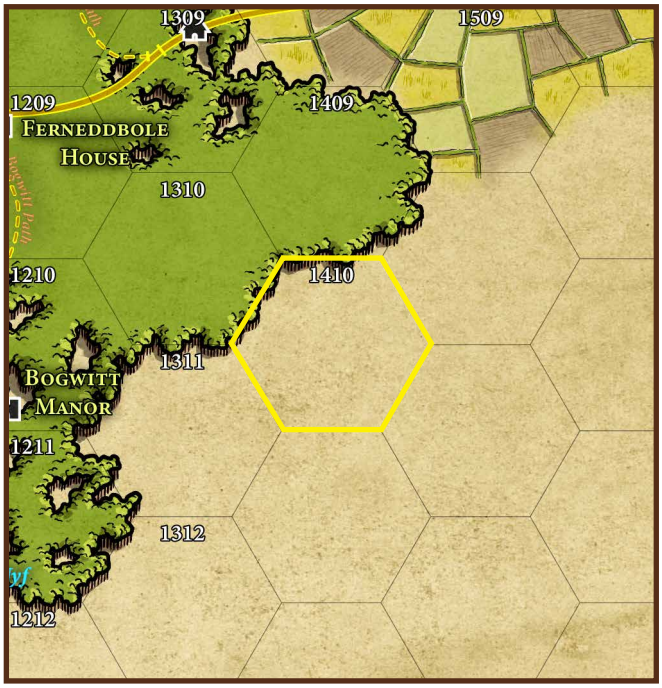
Approaching: The cockatrices play up to an audience, springing and bobbing in rhythm with their songs. After each song, there is a 1-in-4 chance of the monsters suddenly turning on anyone present (make a Surprise Roll). Should the party clap or otherwise express appreciation, this chance is reduced to 1-in-6. Despite their singing talents, they cannot speak or understand language.

Drinking the spring water: Grants a beautiful singing voice and inspires the imbiber to sing merrily (**Save Versus Spell** to resist). Even normally mute creatures gain the ability to sing in eloquent Woldish. Effects last for one day.

Watering objects: Objects immersed in the spring water likewise begin to sing. Effects last for 1d6 Turns.

Cockatrice Songs

d6	Song
1	**By the Meadow Begot:** The wistful tale of one who spends her days seeking her fairy father.
2	**Chancton Lads and Lasses:** An uproarious dance number relating the carousing antics of the town of Chancton. (See 1501.)
3	**Merrye Be Met:** The romantic tale of a wandering bard and her suitors, including a knight, a grimalkin, and a speaking goose (the last of whom wins her hand).
4	**Old Longsniver:** The sinister account of a long-nosed ghost who haunts the newly married.
5	**Spindel's Luck:** The tragic tale of a puppeteer cursed by **Prince Mallowheart** (***p34***) and transformed into a spider. (See 1211.)
6	**Waltzing With the Scoyfe:** The absurd story of two waltzing bandits who murdered each other over a sack of stolen gold. (See 1308.)



The Cockatrice Nest

A group of **20 cockatrices** (*DMB*) nest in a copse of twisted old hazel trees. Broken up chunks of petrified victims (shepherds, travellers, deer, sheep) dot the copse, surrounding a cluster of six nests in the middle.

Inhabitants: 2d6 cockatrices are typically present, the others out hunting or playing at the ***Singing Spring***.

Nests: 8 cockatrice eggs sit in the nests (each worth up to 400gp to the right buyer), along with scattered trinkets gathered from victims: 600gp, 2,100sp, a vivid violet *Scholar's Cap* (***p406***), and a topaz-knuckled gauntlet (3,000gp).

1501 THE RUINS OF CHANCTON

Barely discernible remnants of pathway crisscross the hills—signs of ancient habitation here.

Terrain: Hills (2), Table Downs
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6

Wretching Bridge

A dilapidated bridge spans Kewen's Creek. It rocks and groans when crossed, but remains intact.

Ruined Hamlet

The Downs Road descends a gently sloping hillside and passes through a small cluster of ruined buildings centred around a rocky pool (see ***Healing Spring***).

Ruined buildings: Rude homes, barns, and workshops, their stone walls crumbling and wind howling through their gaping orifices. The place has lain in ruins for over 1,000 years—interior furnishings are long decayed. Religious characters may note that there is no sign of a church or graveyard among the ruins.

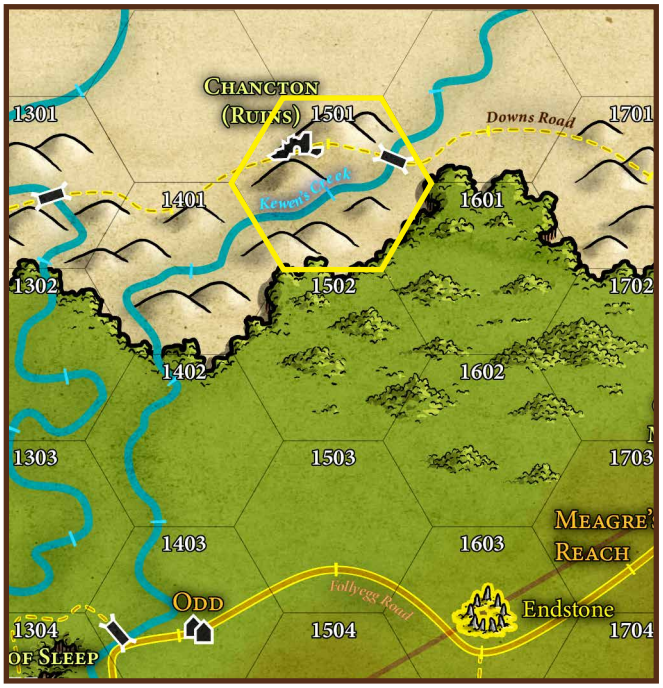
Skeletal inhabitants: The ruins are littered with the intact skeletons of the hamlet's former human inhabitants, posed in the midst of day-to-day activities: pushing a wheelbarrow, digging turnips, tiling a roof, fetching water from the pool, weaving woollen yarn, and so on.

Speaking: If anyone speaks within the hamlet, the skeletons animate. (See ***The Dead Rise***.)

The Dead Rise

When awakened by speech, the deceased inhabitants (**30 skeletons**—*DMB*) unfreeze from their poses, dust off their decaying rags, and haltingly approach living visitors.

Greetings: With the sound of rattling teeth, the skeletons address visitors in Old Woldish (speakers of modern Woldish understand the odd word). They welcome visitors to their hamlet, which they refer to as "Chancton." They ask visitors where they hail from and invite them for refreshments in the tavern and a barn dance later that evening.



Refreshments: PCs who accept the skeletons' offer are led into a half-collapsed building and jovially served empty mugs of "Chancton ale" and empty plates of "sausage stew."

If asked about their history: It becomes clear that the skeletons have no idea that they are dead and no memory of their fate. If confronted with this fact, the skeletons laugh amiably, either dismissing the visitors' "fancy Brickenwilde humour" or warning that their senses have been addled by "too much time spent in the Tolmenwode."

Barn dance: PCs who remain until evening may join the skeletons in a dance in a cobweb-filled barn, accompanied by the din of a broken fiddle and spoons clanking on rusty trays. The skeletons are eager to dance with visitors, and may even make marriage proposals to eligible PCs.

Moonlit bath: The evening's festivities culminate in a "recuperative bath" in the rocky pool at the centre of the hamlet. (See ***Healing Spring***.)

Staying the night: If PCs enquire about overnight accommodations, the skeletons offer them straw pallets in the tavern's mostly-intact back room. They proudly refuse any payment. The remainder of the night passes uneventfully.

Leaving the hamlet: Whenever PCs decide to leave the hamlet, the skeletons wistfully bid them farewell, return to their regular tasks (digging, building, weaving, etc.), and eventually stand once more still in death.

Healing Spring

In the centre of the hamlet, a spring bubbles up, forms a shallow pool ringed with boulders, then flows in a small stream to join with Kewen's Creek to the south.

Bathing in the pool: Lawful characters who bathe in the bubbling waters are blessed with either the curing of a disease (including magical diseases) or the healing of 1d6+1 Hit Points. Non-Lawful characters are not affected; nor, sadly, are the dead.

DUKE MAI-FLEUR'S HUNTING LODGE 1502

Rugged knolls dense with holly. Blasts of hunting horns echo on the wind.

Terrain: Hilly forest (3), Aldweald

Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Encounters are 1-in-6 likely (2-in-6 likely at night) to be with a **Wild Hunt** mustering in the woods around the lodge.

Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d4 portions of *Gillywort* (*DPB*), in addition to the normal results.

The Unicorn Gate

A pair of great oak trees stands atop a tall hill. Into the living trunk of each tree is carved the likeness of a rearing unicorn. They face one another.

Blowing a horn: Causes a brisk wind to pick up and a shimmering blue mist to fill the space between the two trees.

Entering the mist: Whisks one away to the fairy road Duke Mai-Fleur's Road (see ***Fairy Roads, p26***).

Duke Mai-Fleur

A lithesome half-elf / half-human lord with ashen complexion and flowing raven locks. The light of a blazing sunset shines in his eyes. Dresses as a hunter, crowned with holly and ivy. Mai-Fleur is renowned as the most accomplished hunter in all Dolmenwood. See ***p30*** for more details on the duke and his domain.

Demeanour (Neutral): Wild-spirited, mercurial. Dreadful anger and heartening laughter are ever imminent.

Speech: Commanding, indignant. Woldish, Old Woldish, High Elfish, Sylvan.

Desires: To locate game worthy of a fairy lord (e.g. the Stag Lord in hex 1305, the Bicorne in hex 0510).

Reward: One who aids Mai-Fleur may be gifted with a magical hunting horn which, if blown, summons a Wild Hunt to their command. This may be used once only and works like the mighty fairy rune *Summon Wild Hunt*—*DPB*. Worth 5,000gp.

MEDIUM FAIRY—GENIUS—NEUTRAL

Level 14 **AC** 19 **HP** 75 **Saves** D4 R5 H6 B7 S8
Att *Dusk Bow* (+12, 1d6+2 + paralysis, range 70′ / 140′ / 210′) or *Silver Sword* (+12, 1d8+2) or magic **Speed** 40
Morale 9 **XP** 7,550

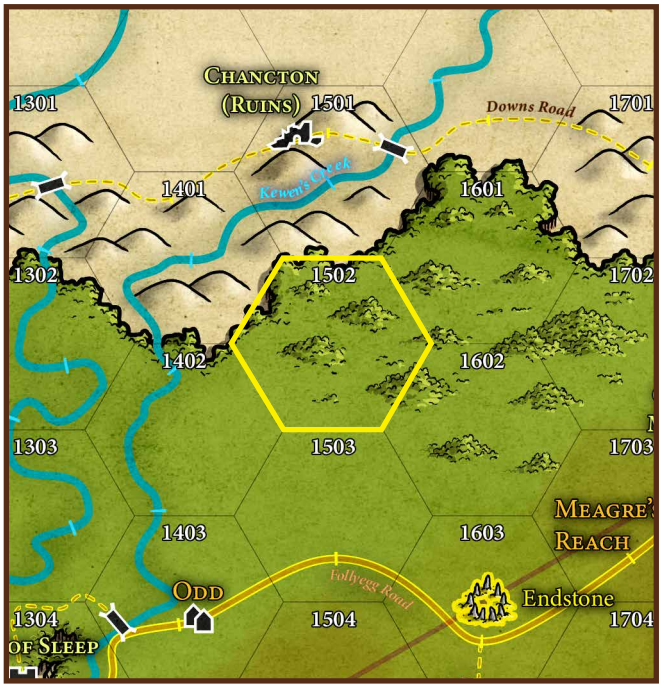
Immunities: Only harmed by magic or magic weapons.

Magic Resistance: +4 bonus to Saving Throws against effects of magical origin.

Dusk Bow*:** A *Fairy Longbow* (p412***). A mortal hit by an arrow fired from the *Dusk Bow* must **Save Versus Hold** or be paralysed for 1d4 Turns (aware but unable to move or act).

Silver Sword*:** A *Fairy Longsword* (p412***) of fairy silver.

Fairy magic: Glamours *Awe*, *Breath of the Wind*, *Dancing Flame*, *Mirth and Malice*, *Moon Sight*, **Lesser runes** (thrice a day) all, **Greater runes** (once a day) all, **Mighty runes** (once a day) *Summon Wild Hunt*. Duke Mai-Fleur can also cast the arcane spell *Polymorph* thrice a day.



Duke Mai-Fleur's Hunting Lodge (Hidden)

A two-storey wooden lodge, camouflaged by the trailing moss that blankets it. Even the windows are obscured.

Stepping onto the front porch: The moss peels back, revealing a polished black door, carved with scenes of unicorn hunting and the holly-wreath sigil of Duke Mai-Fleur. The door is sealed with a *Glyph of Locking* (Level 14 caster).

Interior: Passages, drinking halls, and three bed chambers, spartanly furnished but replete with hunting trophies, including three great black bears and two majestic unicorns. Blue candles in wall sconces magically kindle.

***Mai-Fleur's Drinking Horn*:** At the centre of a drinking hall table is a 2′-long horn of fairy silver, studded with pale blue ice jewels. Once a day, water poured into the horn is transmuted into exquisite, sparkling wine. Worth 5,000gp.

Trespassers: Any who enter without permission are attacked by animated stuffed animals: **3 bears** (*DMB*) and **2 blessed unicorns** (*DMB*). As magical constructs, the creatures have Morale 12 and are immune to poison and mind-affecting magic (e.g. *Ingratiate*, *Vapours of Dream*).

The Wild Hunt

A raucous train of fairies gleefully charging through the forest after prey.

Leader: 3-in-6 chance that the hunt is led by **Duke Mai-Fleur** himself, otherwise by an **elf knight** (*DMB*) loyal to the Duke.

Retinue: 4d6 fairy hounds (stats as wolves), **2d10 elf wanderers** (*DMB*) on foot, **2d10 elf wanderers** (*DMB*) mounted on **fairy horses** (*DMB*), **1d6 woodgrues** (*DMB*—horn-blowers), **1d6 sylvan centaurs** (*DMB*).

Interference: The fairies do not discriminate between their intended quarry and PCs who get in their way.

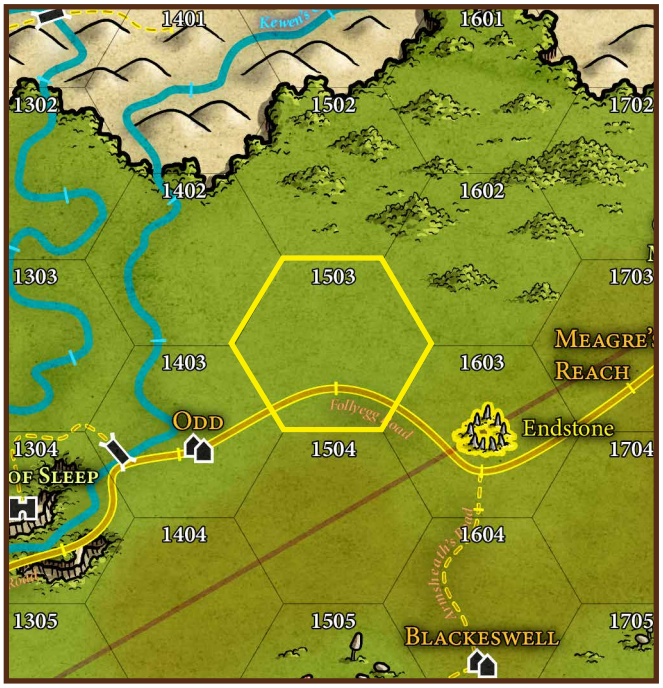
1503 MAI-FLEUR'S FOX-HUNTING GROUNDS

Tree trunks covered with whorls and holes having the unsettling appearance of eyes and mouths.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Aldweald

Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Encounters are 1-in-6 likely (2-in-6 likely at night) to be with a **Wild Hunt** (see 1502) in pursuit of **2d6 fairy foxes**.

Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d3 portions of *Oddy Sorrel* (***p430***), in addition to the normal results.



Fairy Foxes

The fairy **Duke Mai-Fleur** (***p30***) keeps this region of his mortal hunting grounds stocked with a dangerous species of game: a breed of intelligent, anthropomorphic **fairy fox**, some 100 in total.

Trapping the Trappers

The cunning fairy foxes attempt to confound the hunters by strewing the forest with traps.

Traps: When PCs move through this hex, roll 1d6: 1–3: a random PC must **Save Versus Hold** or be caught in a trap, 4–5: no traps encountered, 6: the party spots a trap.

Caught in a trap: The character is snared in a net or by the ankle and yanked 20′ into the air. **1d6 fairy foxes** quickly emerge to ambush their prey.

Avoiding traps: Characters aware of the presence of traps here may navigate around them, but doing so increases all Travel Point costs (e.g. to search or leave the hex) by 1.

Fairy Fox Dens (Hidden)

The entire hex is riddled with cunningly hidden burrows where the fairy foxes lair.

Entering: Only creatures of 3′ tall or less can squeeze down the tunnels that lead to the fairy foxes' dens.

Inside the dens: Each den is home to **2d4 fairy foxes**, dwelling in a network of long, sandy tunnels, cosy lounges with wood-crafted furnishings, little bedchambers with straw nests, and larders stocked with hanging pheasants and rabbits.

Treasures: Hidden in each den are 1d6 gems (50gp each), 1d100gp, 1d100pp, and 1d4 elf trinkets (*DPB*).

Fairy Foxes

2′ tall, silver-furred humanoid foxes with pink eyes and jaws of vicious little teeth.

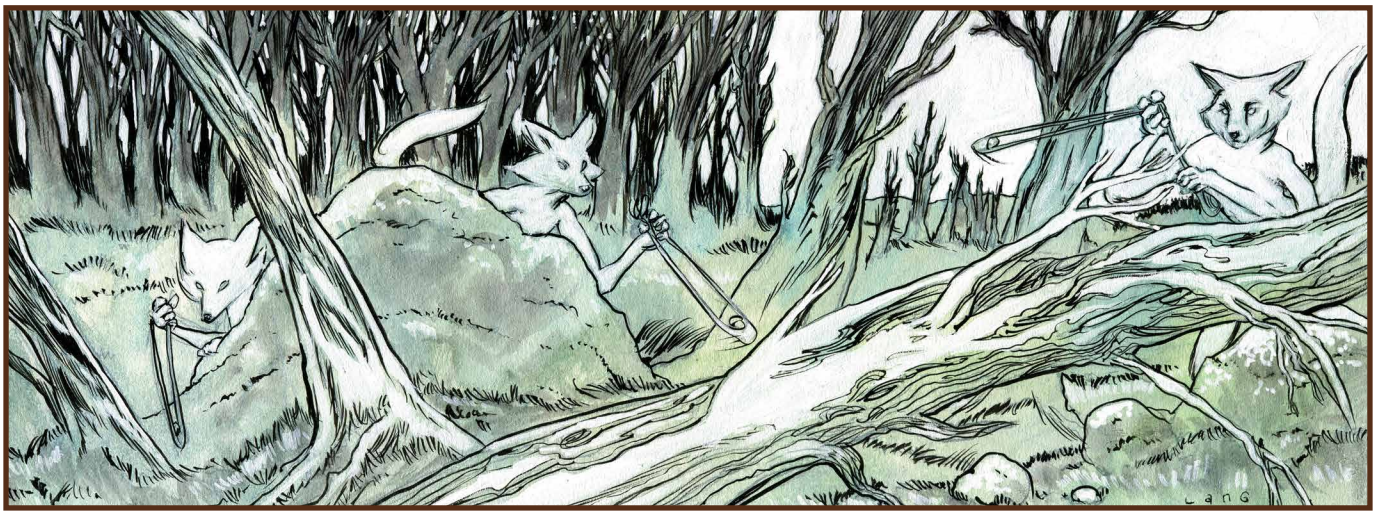
SMALL FAIRY—SENTIENT—NEUTRAL

Level 1 **AC** 12 **HP** 1d4 (2) **Saves** D12 R13 H14 B15 S16
Att Bite (+0, 1d4) or sling (+0, 1d4, range 40′/80′/160′)
Speed 40 **Morale** 8 **XP** 10

Surprise: Opposing side has a 4-in-6 chance of being surprised, due to fairy foxes' stealth.

Cold iron: As fairies, fairy foxes suffer 1 extra point of damage when hit with cold iron weapons.

Tactics: The foxes favour vicious hit-and-run attacks, striking and then retreating into their burrows.



THE BARROW BOG 1504

Sodden ground, stunted, twisted trees. Wreathed in perpetual mist and an eerie silence.

Terrain: Boggy forest (4), Aldweald

Lost/encounters: 3-in-6. Use the Table Downs regional encounter table in place of the Aldweald table.

Ley line Ywyr (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the distant moaning of the dead.

Ancient Burial Mounds

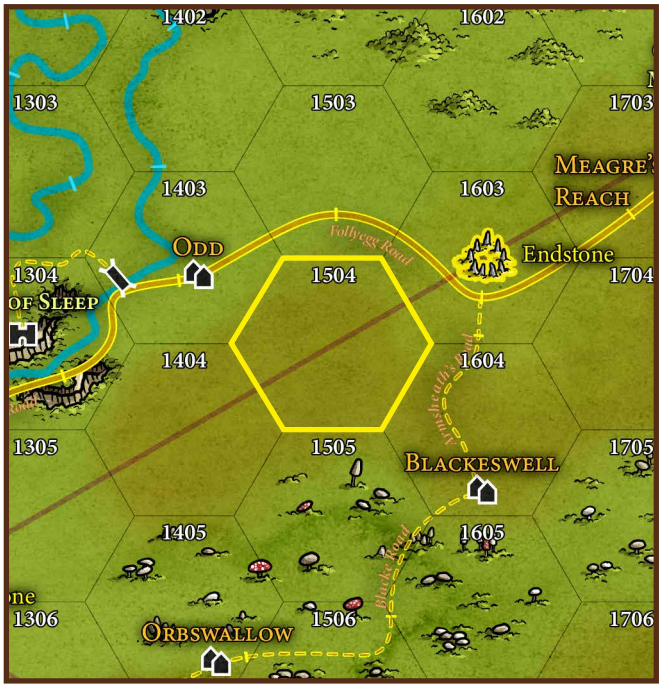
This hex is dotted with scores of barrows—ancient burial mounds dating back more than 1,200 years.

Exploring the mounds: Shifting mists and boggy earth reveal different mounds each time PCs visit.

Mound features: For each mound explored, roll to determine the ***Mound Entrance***. Beyond the entrance, a stairway descends to the tomb proper.

Tomb features: Roll to determine the ***Tomb Layout*** and ***Tomb Features***. The layout indicates the number of crypts.

Crypt features: For each crypt, roll to determine the ***Crypt Contents*** and follow instructions in entry.



Mound Entrance (d6)

d6	Entrance
1	Fallen slab; open.
2	Stone slab. 3 Turns to open (requires sledgehammers).
3	Buried. 3 hours to unearth (requires shovels).
4	Rune-carved slab. *Glyph of Locking* (Level 3 caster).
5	Rotting wooden door.
6	Rusted portcullis. Combined Strength 30+ to raise.

Tomb Layout (d6)

d6	Layout
1	Single circular **crypt**.
2	Entrance hall plus **2 crypts**, one on each side.
3	Large circular chamber plus **3 small side crypts**.
4	Hallway with **4 side crypts**.
5	Entrance hall with 2 collapsed crypts (inaccessible).
6	Looping passage with **3 side crypts**.

Tomb Features (d12)

d12	Feature
1	Flooded with cold water, 1d6 feet deep.
2	Wooden crypt doors swollen stuck.
3	Insects and worms writhe over walls and surfaces.
4	Riddled with roots or fibrous, white mycelia.
5	Dripping with black slime.
6	One crypt concealed behind a secret door.
7	Clay urns, decorated with eyes, skulls, snakes, or owls.
8	Frescoes of battle, blood sacrifice, or antler wraiths.
9	Ritual pools, may heal, remove curses, or harm.
10	Ossuary, walls lined with mortal skulls and bones.
11	Statues of warriors, maidens, boar-men, or breggles.
12	Ragged shrouds hang from ceilings.

Crypt Contents (d6)

d6	Contents
1	Empty.
2	Treasure (1d100gp): old coins, bronze jewellery.
3	Roll on ***Traps***.
4	Roll on ***Traps*** + treasure types C1 + R1.
5	Roll on ***Monsters***.
6	Roll on ***Monsters*** + treasure type C3 + R3 + M3.

Traps (d6)

d6	Trap
1	Collapsing ceiling. **Save Vs. Hold** or 2d6 damage.
2	Open pit (not concealed). 1d3 × 10′ deep.
3	Concealed pit. 10′ deep, spikes inflict 1d6 damage.
4	Runes. **Save Vs. Spell** or blinded until next new moon.
5	Poison gas. 10′ radius, **Save Vs. Blast** or 3d6 damage.
6	Spear trap. Attack Roll: Attack +2, 1d8 damage.

Monsters (d12)

d12	Monsters
1	**2d4 barrow bogies** (*DMB*). Caper on sealed coffers.
2	**1d8 bog corpses** (*DMB*). Lurch from flooded coffers.
3	**1d4 gargoyles** (*DMB*). Owl, boar, or toad heads.
4	**1d8 ghouls** (*DMB*). Risen from the grave, lurking.
5	**2d4 ghouls** (*DMB*). In coffers, rise if disturbed.
6	**2d6 giant centipedes** (*DMB*). Lurk in dark corners.
7	**3d6 giant rats** (*DMB*). Burrows riddle the tomb.
8	**1 redslob** (*DMB*). Dripping from crypt roof.
9	**1d4 shadows** (*DMB*). Disturbed by light.
10	**2d6 skeletons** (*DMB*). Bones in niches reanimate.
11	**1d4 spectres** (*DMB*). Manifest if crypt is defiled.
12	**1d4 wights** (*DMB*). In coffers, rise if disturbed.

1505 THE UPPER BRAIN OF THE MYCONOM

Enormous pallid toadstools sway eerily. Glistening fungal parasites strangle rotting trees and undergrowth.

Terrain: Fungal forest (2), Mulchgrove
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6
Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d6 portions of *Rotting Mazegill* (***p428***) and 1d4 portions of *Grinning Jenny* (***p428***), in addition to the normal results, which are always fungi.

Spore Clouds

As the gigantic (30′ tall) toadstools sway with an eerie rhythm, they periodically puff out clouds of spores.

Spores: Anyone entering this hex without taking precautions to avoid breathing in the spores must make a **Save Versus Doom** or become infested with them until leaving this hex. (Effects of infestation are described below.)

Infested animals: Animals scampering through the undergrowth often sport small growths of fungus sprouting from their heads, like eerie white caps. Servants of the Myconom, they watch intruders carefully.

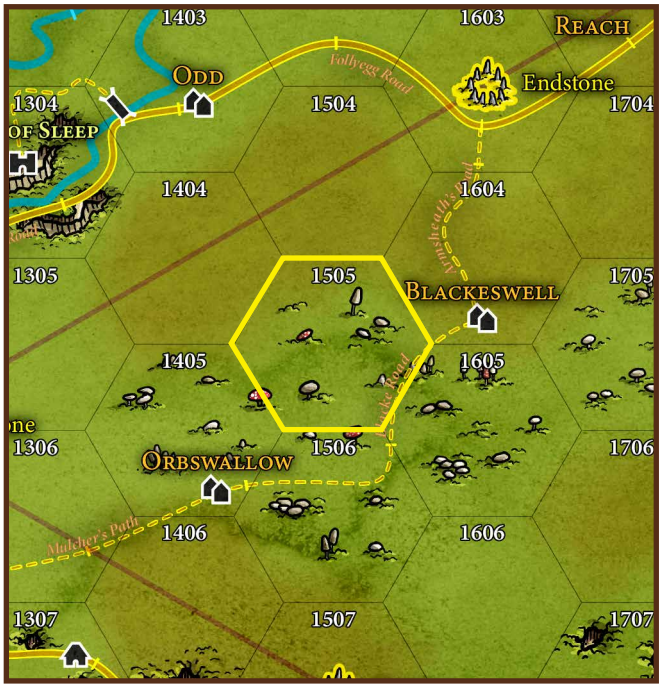
The Upper Brain of the Myconom

In the central region of this hex, fat, white tendrils like creeping worms writhe through the forest. Fungus has its dominion here, obliterating all plant life. The unbridled fungal growth in this region is due to the presence of the Myconom (***p38***) rising to the surface.

The upper brain: At the centre of this hex throbs the Myconom's "upper brain," a grotesque, pulsating, faintly luminous enormity (100′ across, 50′ high) of white fungus, receiving sensory input from millions of its tendrils spread throughout the forest.

Guardians: A group of **30 mosslings** (*DMB*) dwell in the depths of the woods here, their skulls split open by translucent green mushrooms that grow from their brains. They worship the upper brain, which they call "Queen Shlobrot," speaking in unison in a cold, alien voice.

Reaction to outsiders: The servants of the upper brain are indifferent to the presence of visitors, but mercilessly attack any who threaten the brain.



Characters infested with spores: (See ***Spores***.) Can be commanded by the upper brain while in its presence, and fight to protect it.

Damaging the brain: The brain is so huge and has such profound regenerative capacity that it can only truly be harmed by extremely powerful magic (even a *Fireball* would merely singe the surface) or other gargantuan creatures. If destroyed, a new brain sprouts at a different location over the next millennium.

The Shrine to St Cornice (Hidden)

An overgrown shrine to St Cornice can be found in the teeming depths of the region; though covered in moss and lichens, the shrine is curiously free of the Myconom's pallid fungi.

Characters infested with spores: (See ***Spores***.) If an infested character enters the shrine, a swarm of holy beetles (**insect swarm**—*DMB*) seethes from the moss-covered walls of the shattered fane, attacking the intruders. The beetles are otherwise dormant.

Hidden compartment: An engraved trapdoor concealed beneath the ornate, overgrown altar reveals a small, musty space. Within can be found the *Apron of St Cornice*.

Prayer: Characters praying may receive the blessing of St Cornice: the ability to cast *Insect Plague*. See ***Shrines, p22***.

The Apron of St Cornice

This relic was worn by St Cornice in her days as a scullery maid. Anyone wearing it can speak with beetles of any size and gains a +1 bonus to Reaction Rolls with beetles (see ***Encounters***, *DPB*). Additionally, the wearer is treated as being of Lawful Alignment for the purposes of interacting with unicorns. The apron is worth 6,000gp.

THE TICKING WOOD 1506

Great, multi-hued fungal latticeworks stretch between the branches of crooked oaks.

Terrain: Fungal forest (2), Mulchgrove
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6
Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d4 portions of *Angel's Lament* (***p428***) and 1d4 portions of *Velvet Flounder* (***p428***), in addition to the normal results.

Quiet Ticking

Beneath the natural sounds of the fungal forest—the chirruping of birds and the yapping of puggles (see ***Animals***, *DMB*)—a slow, resonant ticking, as of a clock, persists.

Source: Travellers may at times feel that they are approaching the source of the ticking, and may even hear it echoing out from holes in trees or cracks between rocks. The source is, however, elusive, and seems to shift over time.

The Clockwork Assembly (Hidden)

Giant, spotted mushrooms ring a steep dell, which is coated in the turquoise slime dripping from them. Built into one side of the dell is a 3′ high, slime-covered round wooden door.

Cavern: Beyond the door, a sandy, root-lined crawlway slopes down into the earth for 50′ before opening out into a domed cavern, 100′ high, that houses the Clockwork Assembly (the source of the ticking in this hex).

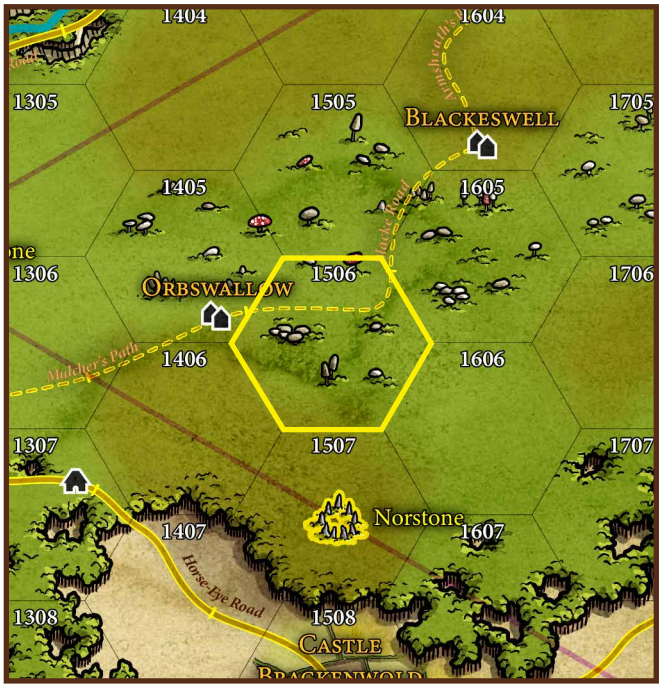
Inhabitants: Briglomb the Clockworker dwells here alone, tending to the workings of the Clockwork Assembly. He has no knowledge of its function or origin, but presents his theories as fact, if questioned. See ***Hypothesised Functions of the Clockwork Assembly***.

Visitors: Are welcome, so long as they do not tamper with the Assembly.

The Clockwork Assembly: A vast living machine of gears, cogs, levers, clock faces, dials, and symbol-inscribed discs, constructed entirely of polished wood, seemingly grown from great roots at the base of the cavern. Briglomb scrambles up and down the scaffold of ladders, pulleys, and rickety platforms that surrounds the assembly, laboriously polishing by the light of an oil lamp. A clangour of creaking, grinding, and ticking reverberates around the cavern, and the smell of wood polish is all-pervasive.

Clockworker's chambers: A small side chamber, riddled with giant roots as thick as thighs, blanketed in a profusion of glowing pink mushrooms. Little areas clear of fungus house Briglomb's bed (mounds and pillows of dried moss), library (meticulous plans and notes relating to the Assembly), and pantry (jars of pickled fungus).

The Clockworker's child: A path twists through the gears and mechanisms of the assembly, down a stone stairway, and to an unlit cavern beneath. Black-leafed ivy coats the damp walls, clustering in a roughly humanoid shape of tangled creepers, breathing slowly as if asleep. Upon inspection, the form appears identical to Briglomb. It is here that the Clockworker's inheritor grows, in a manner utterly alien to normal mossling reproduction.



Briglomb the Clockworker—Mossling

An ancient, gnarled mossling man (4′ tall) with a face of polished wood, eyes like black conkers, a tangle of black ivy upon his head, and knotted hands like wriggling roots. Dresses in a patched leather apron and pointy clogs, with a spray-can and polishing cloth in hand at all times.

Demeanour (Lawful): Slow diligence gives way to jovial agitation when in company. Habitually polishes his nose, visitors' elbows, and shiny objects.

Speech: Muttering, chuckling, and wisecracking (to himself, when alone). Woldish, Mulch.

Desires: To peacefully carry out his duties to the "Great Machine." To learn more about Mr Klepp (***p127***) in Blackeswell (hex 1604), who is said to share his passion for clockwork.

Hypothesised Functions of the Clockwork Assembly (d6)

d6	Hypothesised Function
1	Part of the "vast, mechanical mind" of the Wood God Limwdd (***p38***).
2	Countdown to the end of time.
3	Tallies souls passed into the afterlife.
4	Tracks the positions of a multitude of heavenly and chthonic bodies.
5	Controls the fates of all mortals within Dolmenwood.
6	Calculating the answer to the great question of life, the universe, and everything.

An infuriating profusion of watery ditches and mud-choked pathways.

Terrain: Boggy forest (4), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 3-in-6
Ley line Hoad (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the feeling of having just awoken from a dream.

The Unearthly Glade

Deep in the quiet calm of the airy beech woods in this hex, a wide glade is overrun with sighing grasses. This place has an odd air, feeling dreamy, welcoming, and yet also somehow forbidding.

Unnatural sensations: Arcane spell-casters and fairies sense something wrong or unnatural about this glade, as if space itself were twisted or broken here.

Magical detection: Detection of magic, invisibility, or dimensional warping reveal a 20′ dome of magical energy at the centre of the glade.

Touching the dome: Once thus detected, the dome may be touched, revealing a shimmering, silver door that leads into a parallel dimensional space.

The Parallel Glade

Entering the door in the invisible dome, one appears at the edge of a glade nearly identical to that in which the dome stands, with a few key differences.

Perpetual night: This glade is always veiled in night, lit by a full moon.

Misty boundary exit: The glade is surrounded by mists. Entering the mist causes one to reappear in the original glade, beside the door in the dome.

Monolith: At the glade's centre, where the invisible dome is located in the real world, stands the ***Norstone***.

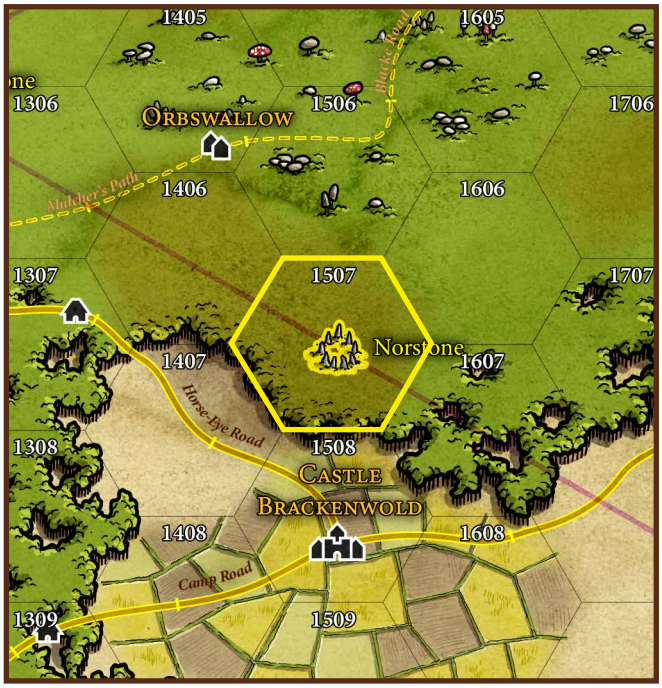
Norstone (Hidden)

A great, square monolith of red/purple-striated stone—20′ tall and 8′ to a side. It can only be seen and accessed in the parallel glade.

Guardian: Anyone approaching the stone attracts the attention of the **Audrune Morthgwail**—the stone ward—and his two dire wolves. There is a 3-in-6 chance of him being already present (invisible) in the glade; if not, he arrives from Dolmenwood within 1d3 Turns.

Inscribed spell: Drunic runes describe the arcane spell *Dimension Door*. See ***Ley Lines and Standing Stones, p18*** for details on learning this spell.

Touching the stone: When touched by an arcane spell-caster of Level 7 or higher, the stone thrums, vibrates, and exudes a violet plasma in which babbling, spectral faces form. These phantoms speak in the Old Drunic tongue and may be conversed with, revealing secrets arts for manipulating space and time (magic practised and jealously guarded by the Audrunes). Conversing with the phantoms allows an arcane spell-caster to reduce the research time and cost of a spell related to these topics (including teleportation magic) by 25%.



The Audrune Morthgwail

An old human man, stick thin and stooped, with missing teeth, goggling eyes, and a white beard to his belly. He dresses in the traditional night-black cloak and hood of his order. Morthgwail wanders the woods around the nodal glade, living in the wilds without domicile.

Demeanour (Neutral): Eccentric, easily enraged. Tilts his head to one side then the other when speaking.

Speech: Toothless whistle. Veers erratically between topics. Woldish, Drunic, Old Drunic.

Desires: To repel intruders from Norstone. To learn magic of shape-shifting.

Combat stats: Audrune (*DMB*).

Servants: 2 dire wolves (*DMB*).

Possessions: A twisted elm *Staff of Dominion (Animals, **p416***) with 7 charges.

CASTLE BRACKENWOLD AND MONARCH'S HILL 1508

Tilled fields dotted with farms and little hamlets. Ancient stones with faded way-markings flank the roads.

Terrain: Farmland (2), Tithelands
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6

Castle Brackenwold

The fortified castle and keep of the Dukes of Brackenwold watch over the southern eaves of Dolmenwood from atop a steep, rocky hill, a great town sprawled below.

Town walls: An outer wall girds the town's lower class quarters, while a second wall wards the Inner City, home to great markets, traders' districts, courts of law, and public institutions of learning.

Seat of the Duchy: The town is the capital of the Duchy of Brackenwold, and the **Duke of Brackenwold** (***p58***), his family, and court dwell within the castle.

Seat of the bishop: The **Bishop of Brackenwold** (***p69***) also dwells within the castle, beside the Seminary of 100 Martyrs, where priests of the Pluritine Church are trained.

Full settlement description: See ***p128***.

Monarch's Hill and Erligstone

A mile south of the town, a wide hill rises up from the surrounding fields, its sides clad with oak woods and heather. As ducal property (at least notionally), the hill is untilled, though flocks of sheep roam and graze here.

Summit: Locals avoid the top of the hill, where there stands a ring of twelve ancient barrows with a standing stone—Erligstone—at their centre.

Barrows: Low, grassy mounds, 20′ long and 10′ wide, each with a crumbling, stone-lintelled entrance. All are empty, save the northernmost—see ***The Grey King's Barrow***.

Erligstone: A 15′ high obelisk of rough granite, inscribed with Old Woldish runes around the base: "Majesty. Fidelity. Humility. Wisdom." Lawful characters who touch the stone are flushed with boldness and gain a +1 bonus to Attack Rolls for the next 24 hours. Chaotic characters are bowed with cowardice and suffer a –1 penalty to Attack Rolls for the next 24 hours.

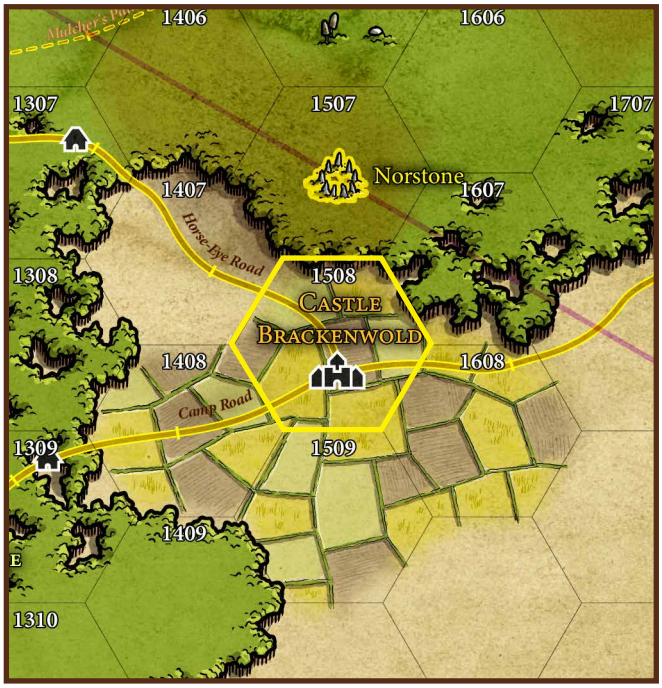
History: In the days of the Kingdom of Brackenwold (see ***History, p14***), monarchs were crowned upon the hill before the Erligstone and were buried in the barrows surrounding it. The site is now unused, and the early monarchs' remains long ago relocated to the crypts of Castle Brackenwold.

The Grey King's Barrow

Of the twelve barrows atop Monarch's Hill, the northernmost is by far the oldest, having been constructed by fairies in ancient days beyond the reckoning of mortals.

Interior: A musty, low-roofed chamber, 10′ long. A cracked, full-length mirror stands at the far end, framed with delicate filigreed unicorns.

Inhabitant: The barrow is warded by a shade known as the **Grey King**, who manifests out of swirling dust if any attempt entry.



The Grey King

The pale white shade of an aged human man, crowned and with a beard to his belly. The shade was once a mortal king and adept hunter, who befriended the fairy **Duke Mai-Fleur** (***p30***) and was granted eternal life (of a lingering sort) as warden of the entrance to the fairy road. He has long forgotten his true name, but is known in local folklore as the Grey King.

Demeanour (Neutral): Placid, well-mannered. Welcomes discussion, but earnestly defends the barrow—including with violence—if crossed.

Speech: Feeble wafting. Old Woldish, Woldish, Liturgic, basic Sylvan.

Desires: To ward the fairy door. News and rumour of the mortal world, especially relating to the nobles of Dolmenwood.

Combat stats: Spectre (*DMB*). Bound to the barrow by ancient fairy magic, the Grey King cannot be permanently destroyed. If killed or banished, he reappears the following dawn.

Visitors: The Grey King bars further passage, demanding all who approach to present the sigil of **Duke Mai-Fleur**. A copy of the fairy duke's holly-wreathed sigil suffices, for example discovered in hex 1502 or by consulting the sage **Gemrand Soliquant** (***p153***) in High-Hankle.

Those with the sigil: Are deferentially granted access to the barrow, including the mirror within.

Those without the sigil: Are barred from access, though the shade is open to polite conversation.

Touching the mirror: The mirror is a fairy door. Touching it whisks one away to the fairy road Duke Mai-Fleur's Road (see ***Fairy Roads, p26***).

1509 THE DECEIVER'S WELL

Agricultural land, alive with the chatter of milkmaids and the braying of animals.

Terrain: Farmland (2), Tithelands
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6

Shankswell Cross

At a major crossroads amid the farms and thorps of this hex is a lively, cobblestoned market square. The place bustles with local folk, trading, gossiping, and drinking to a soundtrack of barnyard squawks and bleats. An especially large crowd gathers around the dilapidated stone well that stands at the centre of the square.

Stalls: Farm produce of all kinds (fresh rations), poultry and livestock, local cider (1sp a pint), basic tools and equipment (e.g. backpacks, bedrolls, candles, chisels, cooking pots, fishing rods, lanterns, oil flasks, ropes, sacks, torches).

Rumours: Travellers browsing the stalls or speaking with the locals hear the outlandish rumour of the day—see ***Rumours at the Well***. If asked about the source of these rumours, locals simply say that they "heard it at the well." In truth, these rumours originate with the whisperings of the Atacorn **Hawalyeer**, secretly lurking in the well.

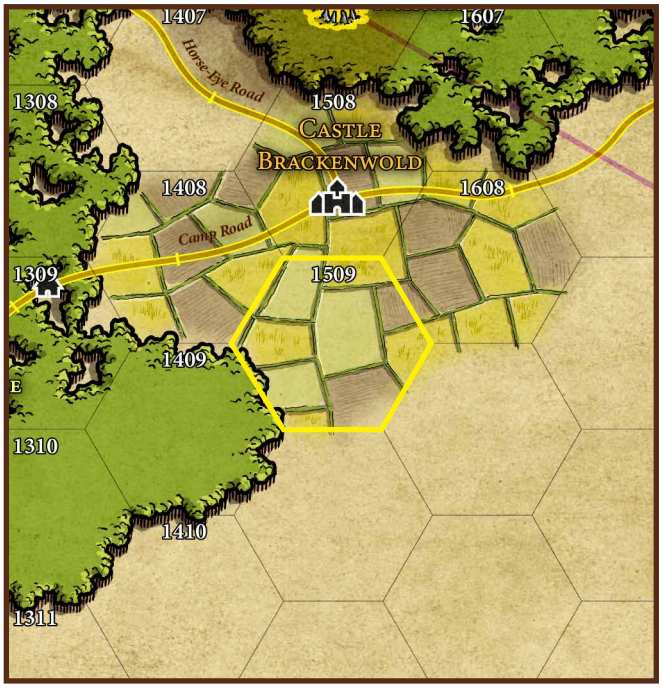
The well: Rusty rungs lead down 50′ to ***Hawalyeer's Cave***. If a crowd is present, PCs may directly hear a rumour from Hawalyeer, though it appears to come from the crowd.

At night: Hawalyeer creeps out to stalk the fields in search of carrion.

Rumours at the Well (d8)

All are utterly false and unfounded.

d8	Rumour
1	**Duchess Ophelia** (***p59***) is on her deathbed and needs the rare *Groaning Mandrake* (***p430***) to be cured.
2	The monks of the ruined abbey of St Clewyd, deep in Dolmenwood, were buried along with gold pendants that lie untouched beneath the soil.
3	**Sir Waverly "the Orange"** (***p152***) seeks bold companions to quest with him into Hag's Addle to kill the Hag.
4	A secret passage in the library of Harrowmoor Keep leads to a profane cove beside the Groaning Loch, where **Lady Harrowmoor** (***p60***) sacrificed her daughter in return for dark powers.
5	**Captain Bogle** (***p131***) seeks live unicorns for use in a spectacular jousting contest planned for the duke's tourney at Castle Brackenwold next midsummer.
6	A secret vault in the cellars of the Castle Brackenwold Magicians' College contains relics magically purloined from nobles, including the *Hanglehorn*, long sought by **Baron Hogwarsh** (***p60***).
7	The **Bishop of Brackenwold** (***p69***) has come under the spell of the Cold Prince and connives to summon the wicked fairy back to Dolmenwood via an alliance with the sinister Drune.
8	The first King of Brackenwold was interred in the northernmost barrow atop Monarch's hill. Relics of his splendour remain there, including his sapphire crown, buried somewhere in the tomb.



Hawalyeer's Cave

The well shaft pierces the roof of a natural cave, half-filled with water. The Atacorn **Hawalyeer** lurks here on dry, rocky ledges at the sides, among her obsessively arranged collection of animal bones and broken toys.

Treasures: Hidden in a nook are 32 bloodstones (50gp each) and a rusty, serrated *Arcane Dagger* (*Lying*, ***p412***).

Escape route: The cave connects with an underground waterway that runs through deep caverns beneath Dolmenwood. If threatened, Hawalyeer may dive into the pool to escape.

Hawalyeer—Atacorn

A scrawny, pallid monster, with a waifish maiden's body and the head of a donkey, topped with three ichor-dripping horns. Her eyes are milky white, as if blind, and her shaggy ears droop to her shoulders. Wears a muddy white dress and oversized hobnail boots. Hawalyeer is a child of the **Nag-Lord** (***p45***), sent out into the world to spread discord and woe.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Falsely innocent, spiteful, deranged. Stares expressionlessly.

Speech: Can mimic any voice, but favours the sweet giggling of a young girl. Woldish, Gaffe, Caprice.

Desires: Toys, games, and jokes. To spread bafflement.

Possessions: A twisted *Ring of Amphibious Breath*.

MEDIUM MORTAL—SENTIENT—CHAOTIC

Level 5 **AC** 13 **HP** 19 **Saves** D10 R11 H12 B13 S14
Att Gore (+4, 2d4 + poison) **Speed** 40 **Morale** 7
XP 360

Poison: Save Versus Doom or lose 1d3 HP each dawn for the next twelve days.

Charming voice (twice a day): Effects per *Ingratiate*.

Steep, bramble-clad hills interspersed with tranquil pools where woodland animals sup contentedly.

Terrain: Hilly forest (3), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6

The Slumbering Giant

In the hilly north-eastern reaches of the hex, the mossy earth quivers, and a rank, whistling, halitotic wind sways trees and stirs leaves. Pursuing the source of the wind and stench leads to the recumbent body of a gigantic (200′ tall) humanoid: **Fergus the Famished**. The last true giant in all Dolmenwood, he has lain here in deep slumber for several centuries.

Appearance: Lain upon his back, with limbs splayed out and great head resting upon the mighty trunk of a fallen oak. Moss and lichen cover his body, and small trees sprout upon the summit of his belly, which rises and falls in a slow, snoring rhythm. His hair sprawls across the forest floor in a tangled mass, slowly writhing with an eerie life of its own.

Breath: The snoring wind and awful reek pervading the region emanate directly from the giant's nose. Those coming within 10′ of the nose's noisome exhalations must **Save Versus Blast** or become physically ill and unable to act for 1d6 Turns.

Chance of awakening: Climbing upon the giant or damaging him has a 2-in-6 chance of awakening him.

If awoken: Fergus furiously shakes off his blanket of vegetation in 1d3 Rounds and rears up to his full height. He seizes a tree trunk and attempts to bludgeon, kill, and eat all present. He pursues any fleeing characters for 1d4 Rounds (though he may have trouble finding them amongst the trees). He then roams Dolmenwood for 1d6 days, hunting and devouring large game and humanoids, after which he returns to hibernation in this hex.

Harvesting Treasures

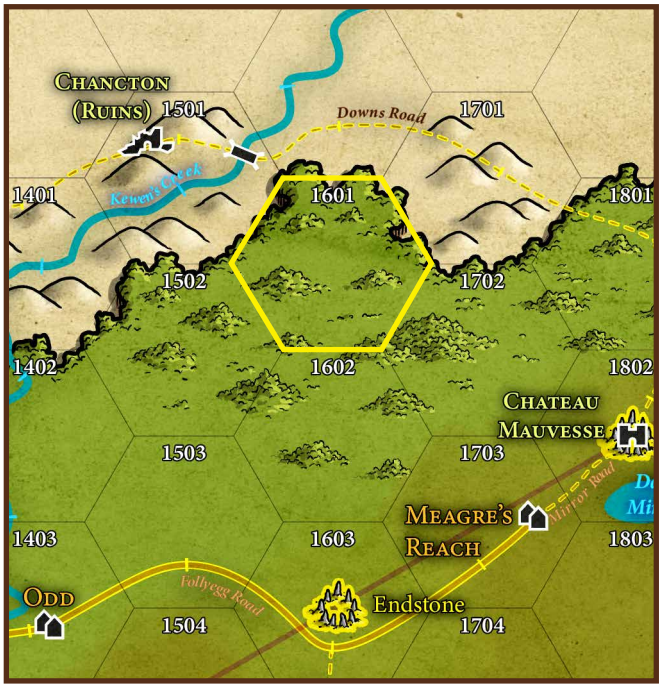
Those who dare meddle with a sleeping giant may be able to harvest the following useful items.

Risk: Each attempt to harvest from the sleeping giant, roll 1d6: 1. Fergus awakes, 2–3: Fergus sleepily swats/kicks at the character (roll a stamp/fist attack), 4–6: nothing.

Hair: The giant's hair is extremely strong, immune to fire and mundane weapons, and functions as a *Rope of Climbing* (***p420***) for one week. Anyone cutting the hair (requires a magical weapon) must **Save Versus Hold** or become entangled in it for 1d4 Rounds (each Round, roll 1d6 as per ***Risk***). Cutting any more than 10′ of hair at a time requires contending with the giant's ***Breath***.

Fingernail fungus: A pungent, yellow fungus (*Shaggy Sage*, ***p428***) grows beneath the giant's ragged, crooked nails.

Toe cheese: The grey clods of stinking sludge accumulated between Fergus's toes are large deposits of the rare *Mawbarg's Jam* (***p428***).



Fergus the Famished

An ancient giant of gargantuan proportions (200′ tall), with shaggy, greenish hair, muscular, thickset frame, and a prodigious pot belly. Fergus is naked but for the curly hair that covers his entire body.

Demeanour (Neutral): Frustrated rage, fuelled in equal parts by indignation and gnawing hunger.

Speech: A stream of bellowed, barely articulate threats. Woldish, Old Woldish.

Desires: To avenge himself on those who dared awaken him prematurely. To fill his insatiable gullet. To take care of both needs at the same time.

LARGE MORTAL—SENTIENT—NEUTRAL

Level 24 **AC** 14 **HP** 110 **Saves** D2 R2 H2 B2 S2
Att Stamp/fist (+14, 3d6) or tree trunk (+14, 4d8)
Speed 80 **Morale** 9 **XP** 5,050

Damage reduction: Suffers half damage from area effects (e.g. *Fireball*), one-quarter damage from directly targeted magic (e.g. *Ioun Shard*), and but a single point of damage from petty, human-sized weapons, which are little more than a nuisance (2 points of damage for magic weapons).

The Giants of Dolmenwood

In ages long past, Dolmenwood was home to giants so great that the trees of the forest merely brushed their knees (300–400′ tall). In the modern age, no such creatures dwell in the region. Fergus the Famished is their last remaining descendent—a mere stunted dwarf compared with his titanic forebears.

1602 THE HILL OF HENLANN

Paths wind around, up, and down a series of rugged hills dotted with wonky cairns.

Terrain: Hilly forest (3), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Encounters are 3-in-6 likely to be with **1d3 witches—eyes of Hasturiel** (*DMB*) on pilgrimage here.

The Sacred Hill

A low hill surrounded by dense thorn trees is situated close to the centre of this hex. Witches consider this a sacred site, calling it the Hill of Henlann. While the hill lies within the hunting grounds of the fairy Duke Mai-Fleur (***p30***), the duke and the witches pay one another scant attention.

Ascending the hill: Males feel their throats dry and contract; speech is hoarse and stammering.

Urn and skulls: At the crest of the hill stands a massive white marble urn, surrounded by a grisly collection of skulls.

Skulls Atop the Hill

The skulls are actually those of thirty-five corpses, each buried up to its neck.

Bleached and weathered: All of the heads are heavily weathered and bleached completely white, having been exposed to the elements, carrion birds, and other scavengers who dwell in the area.

Missing jaws: Most of the skulls are without jaws, though several are partially attached by leather-like ligaments or green cords of copper wire.

Ominous markings: The crowns of the skulls are smeared with red clay markings, forming clusters of cryptic symbols. One who looks at the symbols perceives a momentary vision of being burned alive, their flesh crisping. These ritualistic glyphs are regularly applied by witches who serve the Gwyrigon Hasturiel Thrice-Crowned (***p38***).

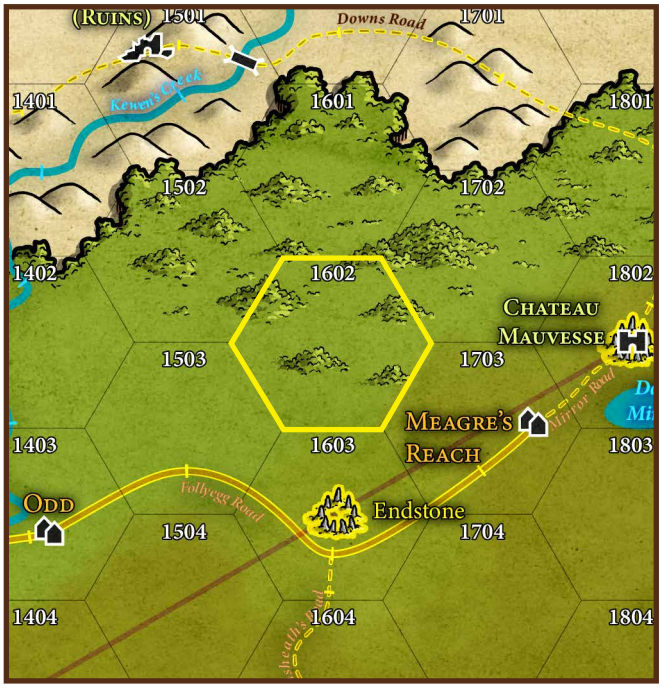
Augury of the Dead

Though they are blind now in the mortal world, the dead of Henlann can observe events throughout Dolmenwood. Standing paralysed atop a lonely mountain of black rock in limbo, they peer through the ethereal mists of death.

Questioning the skulls: The dead can make report of goings-on in Dolmenwood or answer specific questions. They speak in unison, a rasping chorus of whispers from beyond the grave.

The price of their service: Is an offering to Hasturiel, whom the thirty-five watchers serve eternally. The offering must be at least 800gp in value, deposited in the marble urn. Offerings dissolve into a green haze that is swept away by a forceful gust of wind.

Contacting the Gwyrigon: Hasturiel itself (***p38***) may be addressed via Henlann's skull-augurs, though the Gwyrigon is only 1-in-6 likely to respond to a group of non-devotees.



The Rosy Gate (Hidden)

A tangle of wild roses grows around a yawning cave mouth at the base of a gentle valley. Shimmering motes and rays of light play around the cave mouth.

Approaching the cave: Pushing through the briars to the entrance, PCs notice the summery scent of wildflowers and the cheery sound of birdsong emanating from the cave.

Entering the cave: Stepping over the threshold whisks one away to the fairy road Buttercup Lane (see ***Fairy Roads, p26***).

Soft, pungent ground, littered with blight-mottled leaves. Sickly boughs heavy with swollen fungi.

Terrain: Boggy forest (4), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 3-in-6
Ley line Ywyr (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the distant moaning of the dead.

The Hamlet of the Embalmed

About a mile north of Follyegg Road, a cluster of rickety buildings sits on stilts above a bog, covered in moss and lichens. Shadows stir in the darkness of the tiny hamlet.

Inhabitants: 21 Embalmed make their home here, led by one who calls herself **Bertha Bogborn**. She runs the hamlet's distillery.

The Distillery: The Embalmed have a crude distillery made from bits and pieces bartered from travellers. They make a heavily peated whiskey which carries a necromantic effect: if a bottle is poured down the throat of a corpse, the corpse revives sufficiently to speak for 1 minute. A bottle is worth 400gp. The Embalmed will trade a bottle per week for goods of equivalent value, particularly fine fur garments from Odd (***p166***), of which they've heard rumour.

Peat baths: The Embalmed sustain their decaying forms by bathing in peat bogs on the outskirts of the hamlet.

Endstone (Hidden)

Endstone is a 15′ high monolith of greyish-green rock, veined with vivid crimson. It lies in a brush-choked part of the wood, half a mile from the hamlet.

Guardian: The **Audrune Mathonwy** guards this stone.

Necromantic aura: Anyone who dies within a mile of the stone rises again as one of the ***Embalmed***.

Inscribed spell: Drunic runes describe the arcane spell *Animate Dead*. See ***Ley Lines and Standing Stones, p18*** for details on learning this spell.

The Audrune Mathonwy

A tall, gaunt human man in a tattered black cloak and garments of matted badger-fur. Protruding from his rancid body are knives and the hafts of broken spears. He has been slain many times during his vigil over Endstone, but always revives, often to slay his own killers (they, too, rise—some now reside in the hamlet).

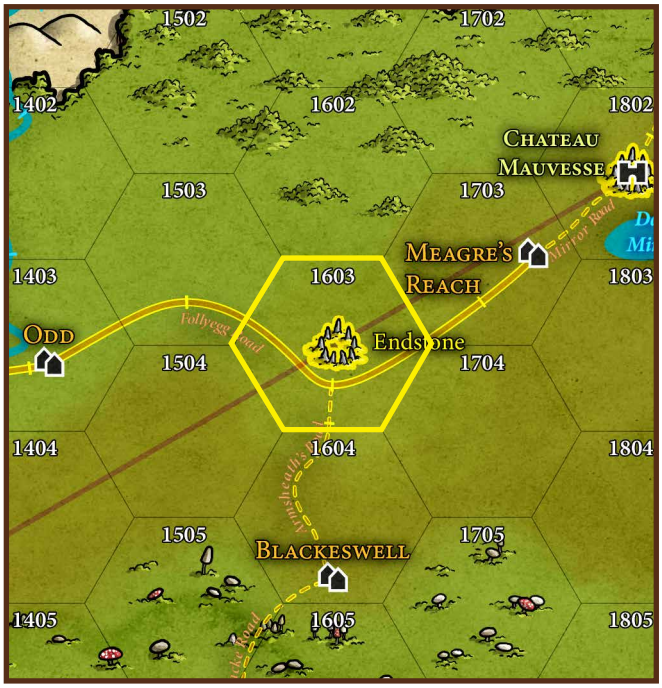
Demeanour (Chaotic): Sardonic, patronising, sadistic.

Speech: Low, nasal hiss. Woldish, Drunic.

Desires: To protect Endstone at all costs. Consumed with self-hatred for what Endstone has made him, Mathonwy wishes to eradicate all other Embalmed. He cannot leave his post, but may attempt to hire the party to permanently incinerate the hamlet and its people, promising treasure.

Possessions: A blazing, inextinguishable torch.

Combat stats: Audrune (*DMB*), with Embalmed immunity and undead traits.



The Embalmed

Those lost souls who have died near Endstone and been resurrected by its necromantic aura call themselves the "Embalmed." They have rotting bodies, torn and makeshift garb, and stretched, bog-blackened faces. Their manner is shy but not hostile. They can never leave this hex, or they return to lifeless carrion.

MEDIUM UNDEAD—SENTIENT—ANY ALIGNMENT

Level 2 **AC** 13 **HP** 2d8 (9) **Saves** D12 R13 H14 B15 S16
Att Weapon (+1) **Speed** 20 **Morale** 9 **XP** 35

Undead: Silent before attacking. Immune to biological effects (e.g. disease, poison) and mind-affecting spells (e.g. *Vapours of Dream*, *Paralysation*, *Dominate*).

Immunities: Only harmed by fire, magic, or magic weapons.

Bertha Bogborn

A hulking Embalmed woman, some 500 years old, with blackened skin, acid-bleached hair, and ossified eyeballs with a tendency to fall out. Reeks of whiskey.

Demeanour (Neutral): Gruff but congenial. Beleaguered by the quirky, ancient personalities of the motley crew she oversees.

Speech: Hearty, gurgling rumble. Woldish.

Desires: To be rid of the Audrune Mathonwy, who periodically sends lackeys to (unsuccessfully) destroy her hamlet. She offers a party two bottles of her enchanted whiskey to permanently slay him (only possible outside the area of Endstone's influence).

1604 BLACKESWELL AND THE DROWNING POOL

Dismal grey trees drip sullenly in the mist. Giant white toadstools encroach from the south.

Terrain: Boggy forest (4), Mulchgrove

Lost/encounters: 3-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **1d8 toad-children** wandering abroad.

Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d4 portions of *Witch's Purple* (***p428***), in addition to the normal results.

The Village of Blackeswell

An isolated and near-forgotten village, now subsumed in the rapidly expanding fungal forest of Mulchgrove.

The stench of the Blacke: Situated beside a stinking, green pool known as the Blacke, the village has an awful stench that visitors cannot ignore.

Former riches: Once a thriving mining town, Blackeswell now stands forgotten and half derelict, with only a few stubborn inhabitants remaining.

Full settlement description: See ***p124***.

The Drowning Pool

A black pool clotted with putrid grey-green scum festers in the north-western corner of this gloomy hex, 100 yards east of Armsheath's Road. The place is shunned by locals, who fear its sinister powers and rumoured undead inhabitants.

Inhabitants: 11 toad-children crawl and hop about the pool's periphery. If characters linger, they inevitably attract their attention, as well as that of **Grey Mayble**, who lurks just beneath the water's surface.

Golden apples: The scum-splashed trunk of a bent old tree juts out of the water at the centre of the pool, 50′ from the shore. Among its gnarled, blackened branches shine 3 magical apples of solid gold (500gp each). If used as a pommel stone, an apple endows a weapon with a +1 bonus to attack and damage. If worn as a talisman, an apple functions as a *Talisman of Protection From Hexes* (***p398***).

Drinking the water: A mere sip of the festering water incurs a **Save Versus Doom** to avoid becoming violently ill: –2 penalty to Attack Rolls for 24 hours.

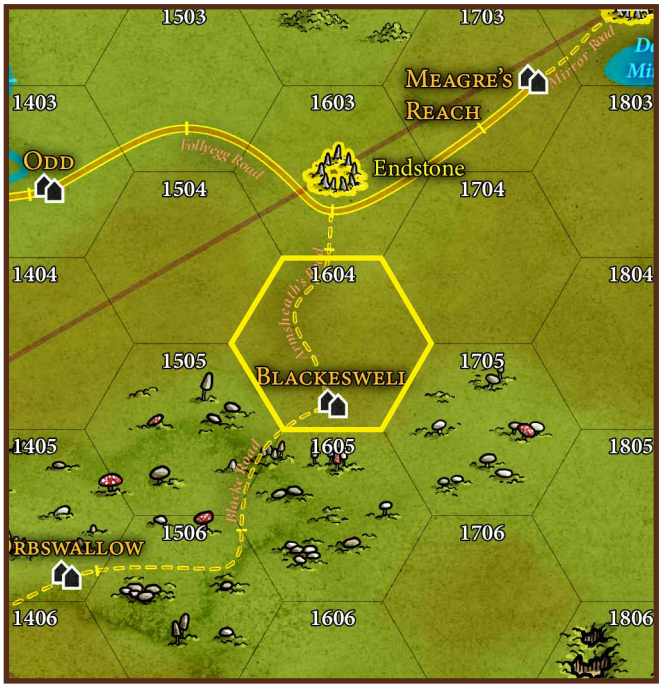
Entering the pool: Save Versus Hold or become unable to move for 1d6 Turns. Unless aided, this results in drowning.

Toad-Children

1½′ tall, baby-headed amphibians with staring eyes, small, webbed hands, and slimy, bulging brows. The toad-children are normal toads transformed by suckling on Grey Mayble's necrotic milk. They hop around the pool and the surrounding woods, burbling with voices somewhere between infants' wails and croaking toad-song.

SMALL MORTAL—SEMI-INTELLIGENT—NEUTRAL

Level 1 **AC** 13 **HP** 1d4 (2) **Saves** D12 R13 H14 B15 S16
Att Claw (+0, 1d3) **Speed** 20 **Morale** 6 **XP** 10



Grey Mayble

A wretched crone with grey, bloated skin, sodden, algae-ridden hair, black teeth, and bulging eyes. She frequently suckles a **toad-child** at her breast. Over a century ago, Mayble was a Blackeswell woman who fell in love with a priest and, after being spurned, drowned herself in the pool. The weird magic of the place transformed her into a revenant.

Demeanour (Neutral): Jittery. Torn between her craving for mortal flesh and her lingering compassion for mortals. Attacks if her toad-children are threatened or if she sees a holy symbol of the Pluritine Church—she loathes priests.

Speech: Gurgling, hissing, articulate. Woldish.

Desires: The return of one of her ghoulish toad-children who has wandered off towards Endstone (hex 1603). She tries to convince the party to find the errant child for her—she cannot stray far from the pool.

Rewards: Should the child be returned, Mayble offers the rescuers one of the golden apples.

MEDIUM UNDEAD—SENTIENT—NEUTRAL

Level 5 **AC** 12 **HP** 24 **Saves** D10 R11 H12 B13 S14
Att 2 claws (+4, 1d6 + paralysis) **Speed** 30 **Morale** 9
XP 260

Undead: Silent before attacking. Immune to biological effects (e.g. disease, poison) and mind-affecting spells (e.g. *Vapours of Dream*, *Paralysation*, *Dominate*).

Paralysis: Save Versus Hold or be paralysed for 2d4 Turns (aware but unable to move or act).

Water-bound: Mayble must remain within 60′ of the Drowning Pool.

Rubbery black and deep purple antler fungi tower overhead, dripping sheets and strands of orange slime.

Terrain: Fungal forest (2), Mulchgrove
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6
Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d3 portions of *Mossmulch* (***p428***) or *Wallowmost* (*DPB*), in addition to the normal results, which are always fungi.

Dripping Slime

Sticky orange slime drips from the gigantic (40′ tall) antler fungi that dominate this hex. Before long, travellers are coated in the stuff.

Wiping off: The slime is so sticky that it is almost impossible to wipe off, except with the aid of an acidic liquid (e.g. wine, vinegar). The slime naturally rubs off over the course of several days.

Consuming: Those bold enough to taste the slime find it surprisingly tasty, with a sweet, nutty flavour. Consuming a large volume (at least a cup full) cures 1d3 Hit Points (maximum once a day), but causes the character's mouth to become so gummed up that they are unable to speak clearly for 1d4 hours (this prevents spell casting).

Harvesting: If collected, the slime loses its healing potency after 1d6 days. Each dose is worth 50gp.

The Fungal Chasm

A great chasm, 100 yards deep and nearly 4 miles long, runs north–south through the central regions of this hex. Its sheer sides are clad with hand-like fronds of cyan and violet lichen, dotted with small crevices in which tiny glow worms nest.

At the bottom: The base of the chasm is a lightless avenue of rich, black soil, creeping worms, and sprawling mounds of yellow and orange ear-shaped fungi.

Travel in the chasm: Following the natural path of the chasm, characters can travel north or south through this hex (to 1604 or 1606) with no chance of getting lost.

Holbies

1′ tall, incorporeal, translucent humanoid mushrooms that glow a lambent green or yellow. Holbies have bendy, jointless limbs and bulbous mushroom caps in place of heads.

Demeanour (Neutral): Curious, playful.

Speech: Silent tittering. Appear to understand Sylvan, but do not speak.

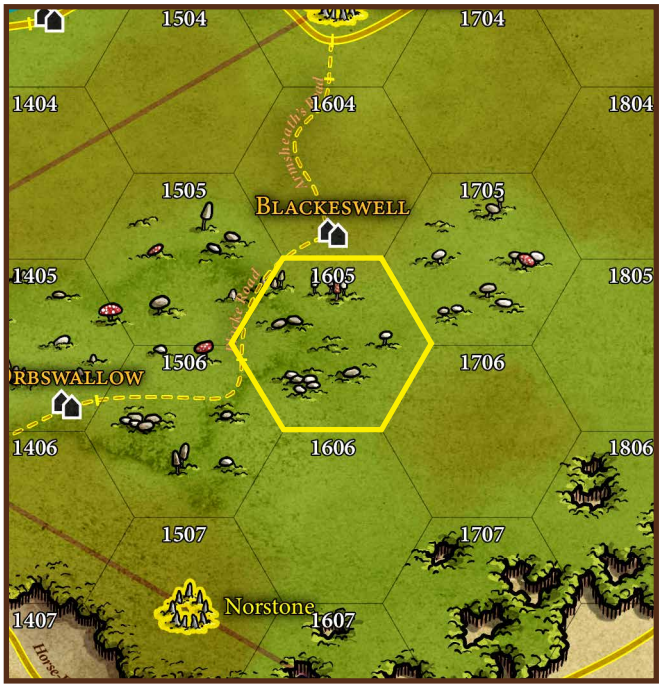
Desires: To observe travellers and witness the natural beauty of the fungal forest.

SMALL FUNGUS—SENTIENT—NEUTRAL

Level 1 **AC** 10 **HP** 1d4 (2) **Saves** D12 R13 H14 B15 S16
Att None **Speed** 20 **Fly** 20 **Morale** 5 **XP** 20

Immunities: Only harmed by magic or magic weapons.

Vanish: Can disappear into a mysterious parallel dimension at will.



Inhabitants: The chasm is home to hundreds of diminutive fungal humanoids called **holbies**. Travellers in the chasm attract an ever-growing following of the curious creatures.

Encounters: While PCs travel in the chasm, any creatures encountered are 3-in-6 likely to be above the party, at the top of the chasm.

Eating the lichen: It tastes horribly bitter and is mildly poisonous: **Save Versus Doom** or suffer fits of vomiting for 1d2 hours (–2 to Attack Rolls and Saving Throws).

1606 THE WHISPERING CAVES

A pleasant beech wood dotted with heaps, mounds, and spires of sandstone.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6

The Whispering Caves

In the side of a hillock at the heart of the hex can be found the entrance to a series of caves, bored into the stone by the waters of ages past.

Sounds of activity: The caves are uninhabited, yet are filled with an echoing, sibilant mockery of the sounds of human habitation.

Employing magical detection: Reveals an unfathomable sorcery at work here.

Whispers from Brackenwold: The echoes heard in the caves reproduce what may currently be heard in the chambers of Castle Brackenwold. If PCs spend time wandering through the caves, listening, they may catch snippets of a conversation of note (see ***Whispers in the Caves***). The identity of speakers is not obvious unless the PCs have encountered them previously.

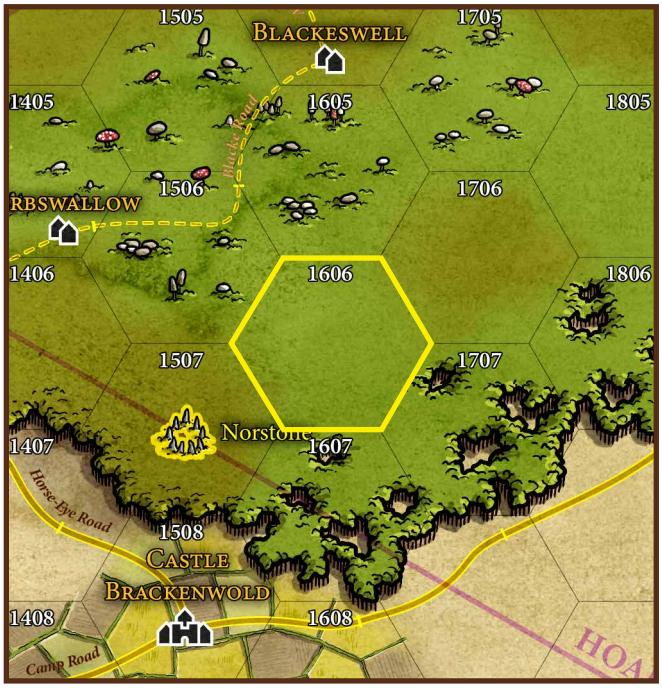
Burned-Out Hut (Hidden)

Half a mile to the south of the whispering caves, the blackened remnants of a small, burned-out hut stand in a glade of horse chestnuts.

Moss corpse: A curiously humanoid mound of moss flourishes on the forest floor a few yards from the ruined hut. It radiates witch magic, to those who can detect such things. One versed in the lore of the witches may realise that the mound is the remnant of a slain *moss fetch*—a doppelgänger created by a witch to impersonate herself.

The hut: Appears to have been razed within the last six months. Its interior is overrun with freshly sprouted nettles. Buried in the ashes is a sealed tin box containing a 6″ tall corn dolly with a lock of black hair braided into it. If released from the box, the dolly wails "mistress!" in a faint, shrill voice. If placed upon the ground, it finds its way to the location of its mistress in hex 1707 (though its tiny legs can only carry it at a rate of 1 mile per day).

History: The witch Joab Elfwit dwelt here until recently. She knew the secret of the whispering caves and used the overheard whispers to blackmail **Sanctus Primus** (***p71***). Clerics of St Faxis were sent to eradicate her, unknowingly slaying her doppelgänger. She is now in hiding in hex 1707.



Whispers in the Caves (d6)

d6	Overheard
1	A noblewoman (cousin of the duke), in discussing her niece with a woman with a common accent (servant), says that she "shows promise," and should be "introduced to the library" (see ***The Witches' Library, p130***). The second woman warns of the rise of witch-hunting under Bishop Sanguine (***p69***).
2	An elderly man with a grave, admonishing tone (Bishop Sanguine—***p69***) mentions "the oubliette" (***p130***) to a middle-aged, regal man (Duke Thespian—***p58***), who then begins to sob.
3	A gruff man (Captain Merriman Bogle—***p131***) confides to a deferential man (soldier) his belief that the "atrocities" of harsh longhorn rule in Lankshorn (***p156***) make war "unavoidable," and thus Lord Malbleat (***p64***) will be "neutralised." The other man agrees, addressing the gruff man as "captain."
4	A soft-spoken man (Abbot Hargle—***p69***) tells a nervous man (acolyte) that Bishop Sanguine's zeal to destroy the Drune is "perhaps wrong-headed, possibly tragic," based on his research of "ancient, mutual obligations" (i.e. the Triple Compact) between the Drune and the Church. The nervous man counsels caution, addressing the soft-spoken man as "father."
5	A matronly woman recounts the tale of "poor Lady Persimone" (the firstborn child of the duke and duchess), who died of terror as a girl following a visitation by the banshee that haunts the castle. A gaggle of serving girls gasp. (False. Persimone was, in truth, a victim of the curse of the oubliette—***p130***.)
6	A noble-accented breggle (emissary of Lord Ramius—***p65***) presenting a gift to a young noblewoman (the Lady Zoemina—daughter of the duke), "from milady's humble admirer in the High Wold, with the hope that it pleases her." The lady murmurs appreciatively.

Ancient hazel and beech coppices, inhabited by a vast population of inquisitive squirrels.

Terrain: Open forest (2), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6
Ley line Hoad (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the feeling of having just awoken from a dream.

The Wandering Friars

As the adventurers pass through this forest, they sight a group of **12 friars**, arrayed in severe black, hooded robes, making their solemn and deliberate way through the trees and glades. They chant in (ungrammatical, to those who speak it) Liturgic.

Hailing the friars: If the friars are spoken to, they stop, and one of their number cries out: "You! Declare yourselves! What have you done that pleases the One True God!"

Replying to the friars: A party that replies truthfully with a sufficiently pleasing Lawful feat or accomplishment receives the ***Friars' Boon***. A party that lies or replies with an evil deed receives the ***Friars' Curse***. A party that replies ambiguously or insufficiently must undertake the ***Redeeming Quest***.

Following the friars: Those granted the ***Friars' Boon*** or who have completed the ***Redeeming Quest*** may follow them down a hidden path to the ***Chapel of Redemption***. Others watch as the friars become transparent, fade, then vanish completely.

Attacking the friars: The friars wait passively for their doom. Each is killed with a single hit. Regardless of the weapons used, no wounds appear on any bodies. The party immediately receives the ***Friars' Curse***.

History: The friars were formerly a gang of bandits who terrorised travellers on the Kings' Highway. They took up the mantle of the Church after receiving a divine vision, and embarked upon a permanent quest for redemption of self and other. The quest continues even now, centuries after their natural deaths.

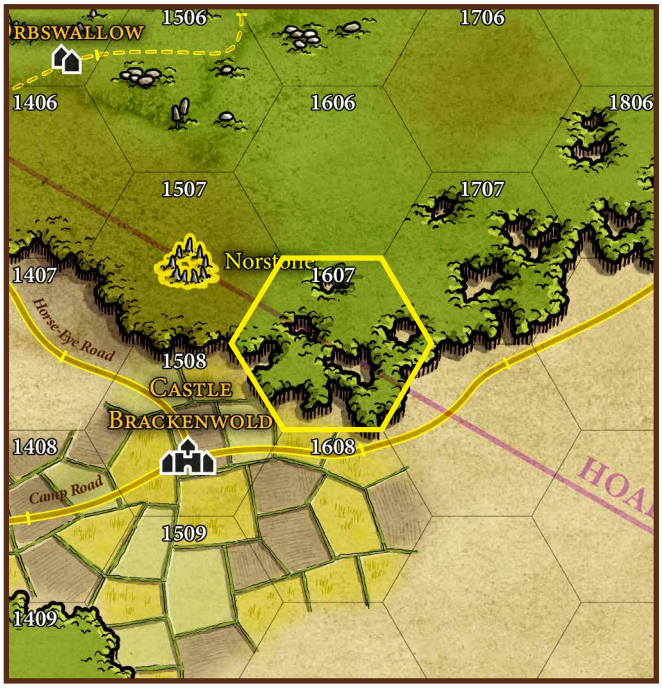
The Chapel of Redemption (Hidden)

Concealed in a dense bramble thicket, reachable only via a hidden path, is a small, crude stone chapel, about 10′ square. A wooden door, carved with a figure of St Clewyd, hangs slightly ajar.

Interior: Overrun with brambles. The walls are filthy and the floor is covered in leaves and animal droppings. At the far side is an altar; a wooden triptych sits upon it.

Triptych: The first panel depicts a group of twelve bandits attacking a farmer in a wagon on a road, with Castle Brackenwold clearly recognisable in the distance. The second panel shows the bandits sitting listless and remorseful in a forest, a heavenly light shining down upon them from above. The third panel depicts twelve black-robed friars, wandering the wood.

Cleaning the chapel: Takes about two hours, and reveals a wooden alms box, lost amidst the briars, containing 120gp. If the party chooses to distribute the entirety of the coins to the indigent, each member gains +1 Wisdom.



Friars' Boon

The recipients feel a calming warmth settle upon them. They gain a +1 bonus to Attack and Damage Rolls and a +1 bonus to Morale for 1 day. They can also join the friars' procession (see ***Following the friars***).

Friars' Curse

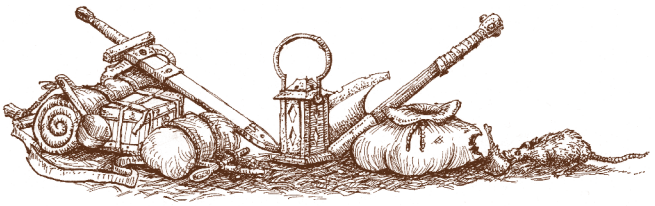
The victims immediately double over in searing pain. They suffer a permanent –1 penalty to Attack and Damage Rolls and a –1 penalty to Morale, until they complete the ***Redeeming Quest***.

Redeeming Quest

Those charged are overcome with a vision in which they see themselves carving twelve names into a wooden staff planted in the graveyard of the Abbey of St Clewyd (hex 0906). They find themselves physically unable to enter any settlement until they have fulfilled this mission.

The names: Ablegood, Barnabas, Chadwick, Crump, Dimothey, Effred, Guillem, Hob, Jymes, Mug, Shank, Wilfry.

Completing the quest: If the adventurers complete the quest and return to this hex, they encounter the friars again (even if they were previously slain).



THE BAD APPLES

Windmills, wheat fields, coppiced lanes, and duckponds.

Terrain: Farmland (2), Tithelands
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6

Cidery Road

A side-road branches from King's Road to the south-east. Next to it is a sign of weather-beaten wood, reading: "CIDERY ROAD—Home to the Famed and Esteemed Titheland Cider."

Following the road: Cidery Road wends its way for several miles past apple orchards and farmhouses.

Apple orchards: Low, closely planted trees in sinuous rows wade in mounds of rotting apples. No workers can be seen.

Eating an apple: The apples are small, oxblood-red, and syrupy sweet. Mortals must **Save Versus Doom**—those who fail die at dawn after sweet dreams; those who succeed suffer an evening of nightmares.

Smoke column and odour: After 2 miles, the party sees a column of smoke rising in the distance, and smells a sweet, apple-scented odour. The smoke and the odour both emanate from the ***Titheland Cidery***, ahead.

Titheland Cidery

The road ends at a two-storey cidery of stone and thick timber. Before it is the source of the smoke: piles of burning apples, stoked and fed by listless, dejected workers. Alongside are several pens of pigs, feeding on apple scraps.

Speaking to the workers: They relate that last year, most of the orchard workers who sampled the inaugural batch of *Titheland Cider* (*DPB*) suffered screaming nightmares, while a few enjoyed pleasant dreams before dying at dawn. The workers now burn their orchards' yields, hoping to purge the trees of the blight that seems to infect them.

Reward: The cidermasters offer 1,000gp to adventurers who can discover and eliminate the cause of the blight.

Examining the pig pens: The pigs become increasingly agitated as the day gets later.

At Night

After the workers depart, the pigs leap from their pens, one after another, to merrily trot about the orchards.

Following the pigs: Ultimately leads to a clearing that glitters with fairy-light. There, the pigs gather around **elf courtier** (*DMB*) **Demozel Hazel**, who holds court solemnly.

Speaking with Hazel: She explains that she and her younger sister, **Demozel Olive**, are former ladies-in-waiting to the **Lady of Spring Unending** (***p33***), and are now at liberty and seeking diversion; last summer, they took up residence here. She admits to instilling the apples with a magical horror, but is genuinely shocked if told of the deaths. If asked, she directs PCs to Olive's location.

Hazel's directions: Lead to a grove where **Demozel Olive** (**elf courtier**, *DMB*) reclines serenely on a bed of fallen, rotten apples.

Demozel Hazel—Elf Courtier

Tall and plump, with long silver hair and a prominent chin. Wears a necklace of pigs' teeth, given as gifts by the pigs themselves. She wears it to please the pigs, of whom she is quite fond.

Demeanour (Neutral): Upright posture and frequent pointing.

Speech: Precise, forceful, and erudite. Woldish, Sylvan, High Elfish.

Desires: To enjoy the scent of nightmares on a brisk night. To discuss philosophy with local pigs.

Possessions: A rose gold and pearl ring (900gp).

Demozel Olive—Elf Courtier

Tall and slender, with short golden curls. Wears a coronet of human teeth, extracted from local graves. She wears it to put any humans she may encounter at ease.

Demeanour (Neutral): Charming, warm, kindly.

Speech: Full of tsks and tuts. Woldish, Sylvan, High Elfish.

Desires: Kindly disposed towards humans, her chief desire is to put them out of their misery, poor dears, and into a nice dark grave.

Possessions: A moonstone necklace (1,000gp).

Speaking with Olive: She patiently explains that when her sister isn't looking, she removes the magical horror from the apples and replaces it with deadly poison. She is genuinely shocked that anyone would object to this.

Evicting the elf sisters: They can only be evicted by force, or by providing them with very convincing, specific knowledge of better fun that can be had elsewhere. If either sister is attacked, the other comes to her aid immediately.

Grinning faces seem to manifest in tussocks, clouds, and puddles, vanishing when looked at directly.

Terrain: Hills (2), Table Downs

Lost/encounters: 1-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **Hilda**, furtively travelling between the ***Ogre Lair*** and the ***Secret Cave***.

Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d6 portions of *Groaning Mandrake* (***p430***), in addition to the normal results.

Distraught Grimalkin

After some travel along Downs Road, the party encounters the grimalkin **Prissy Longtail**, pacing in a circle and mumbling to herself.

Speaking to the grimalkin: She says her litter were all killed and eaten by a clan of ogres, whom she has tracked to their lair nearby (see ***The Ogre Lair***). She has taken terrible oaths and sworn vengeance on the ogres, and begs the party for aid in this quest.

Prissy's plan: She accurately describes the lair as a cave in a nearby hill. She says the party need only distract the ogres, so that she can enter the lair via its chimney and strike from the rear. The party is free to keep all the ogres' treasure. If the party follows her plan, Prissy proceeds to the chimney, but reneges on her promise to attack, waiting first to see how the adventurers fare. Only if PCs slay at least four of the ogres does she join in.

The Ogre Lair

In a bare hillside overlooking the road looms the mouth of a foul, bone-choked cave. A stubby chimney sits atop the hill.

Inhabitants: A clan of **7 ogres** (*DMB*): an enormous, cruel matriarch named **Aldheid** (maximum HP, +1 bonus to Attack and Damage Rolls), 5 loutish and cantankerous sons, and a gentle-natured human daughter, **Hilda**. All are present except possibly Hilda, who has a 3-in-6 chance of being in the ***Secret Cave***, from which she returns in 1d3 Turns.

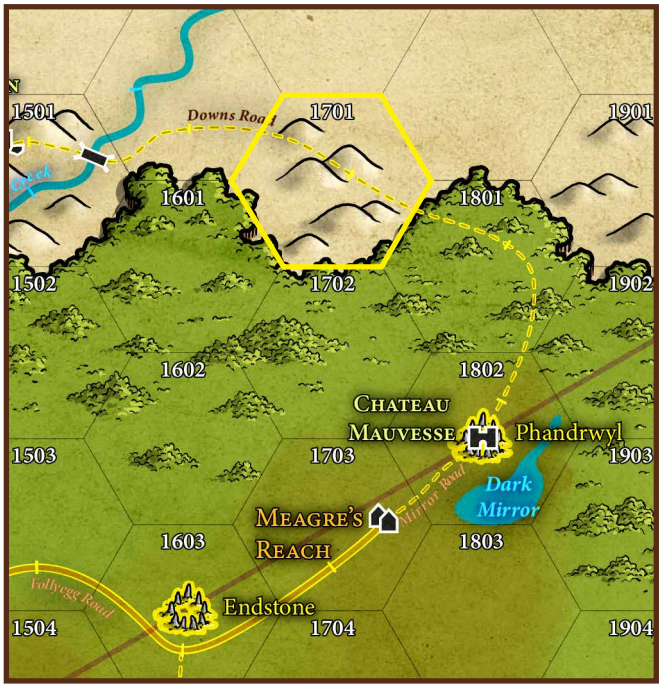
Treasure: Under a pile of filthy, maggoty furs is a crude hole in the cave floor. Inside are a golden locket (contains a perfect cloisonné image of Chateau Mauvesse, 1,300gp), 3 sapphires (1,000gp each), and 650gp.

The Secret Cave (Hidden)

A mile away from the ogres' lair is another cave. Unknown to all, **Hilda** saved one of Prissy's kittens, and has brought it here to grow up far from the slavering jaws of the ogre family.

Inhabitants: A single grimalkin kitten, which Hilda calls **Tommy Fluffkin**. There is a 3-in-6 chance that Hilda is here, feeding the kitten and cleaning the cave.

Contents: Some canisters of dead mice and some crude wooden toys.



Prissy Longtail (Level 4 Thief)

A chubby, sprightly, white-furred grimalkin woman with goggling blue eyes. Witlessly pacing the hills of this hex since the loss of her children, her fur is matted, her dress rumpled and torn, and her armour ragged.

Demeanour (Neutral): Manic, alternates between mournful, vengeful, and calculating.

Speech: Rapid and distracted. Woldish, Mewl.

Desires: Utterly committed to the destruction of the ogres, to the point of bloodthirsty obsession.

Glamours: *Cloak of Darkness* (*DPB*).

Hilda

A 6′ tall, beautiful, golden-haired young human woman. Should PCs attack her clan, Hilda does not protect her family, but cries and grieves over their deaths. Given a chance, she tells Prissy about her remaining child, if the crazed grimalkin doesn't kill her first. She also freely offers the family's treasure to Prissy as wergild.

Demeanour (Neutral): Taciturn, distant, glum. Gentle disposition, unlike the rest of her family.

Speech: Calm and firm. Woldish.

Desires: To protect the grimalkin kitten. To guide her family away from its brutal ways, or at least find a way of living her own life.

1702 THE BALMING GROVE

Milky fungal puddles and towering, lichen-coated fir trees, the bark near their bases notably shredded.

Terrain: Hilly forest (3), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6. Encounters are 3-in-6 likely to be with **2 deorling stags** (*DMB*) and **1d6+1 deorling does** (*DMB*). The stags duel each other over breeding rights with one of the does, who observes and judges the fight.

Shadows of Howawi

In the perpetually fir-shaded hills of this hex gather the mysterious and fading creatures known as the deorlings. Though scarce throughout most of Dolmenwood, the creatures are drawn to this region. Amidst the hills, dales, and dense woods, they engage in complex social rituals, including bloody duels over breeding rights, and veneration of their patron deity, the Wood God **Howawi** (***p38***).

Locus of Howawi: The deorlings are attracted here by the lingering presence of their god, whose essence they can sense throughout these hills. Though Howawi is no longer visible to mortal eyes, PCs feel something watching from the gloom, and hunters may glimpse the shadows of giant antlers.

The Balming Grove

In the north-western region of this hex, travellers perceive a persistent chanting—low and sibilant, composed of many voices. Following the sounds to their source leads to a copse of fir trees, nestled among the hills.

Entering the copse: The fir trees have off-white needles and are dotted with eternally juvenile, ochre cones, textured like an infant's soft flesh. The chanting emanates from a broad glade at the copse's centre.

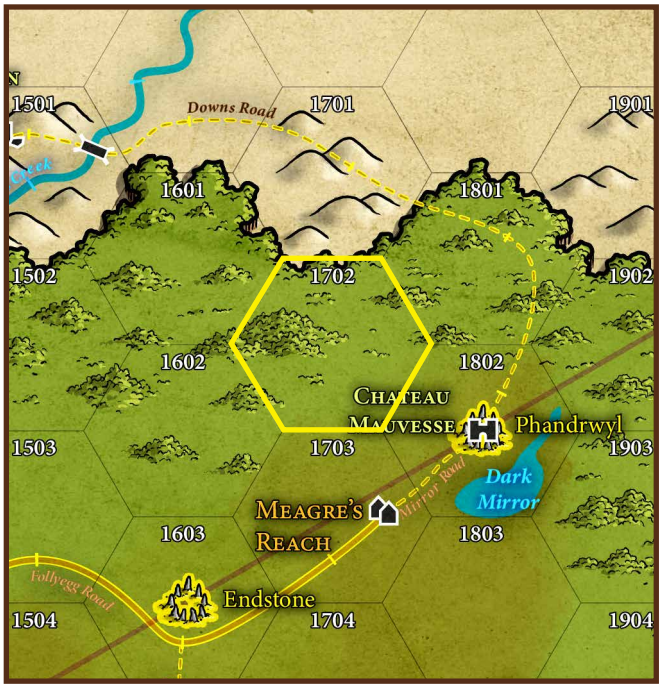
Inhabitants: On this needle-littered ground, a **deorling doe matriarch** (*DMB*), known as the Mother of Whispers, and an ever-changing choir of **25 deorling does** (*DMB*) stand in a circle, maintaining an unending vigil of ancient prayer to Howawi. At times, one or more members enter the circle to perform an elaborate series of dancing motions and wild gesticulations.

Visitors: Are immediately confronted by the matriarch and 5 attending does, while the rest of the choir continues uninterrupted. Unless interlopers offer profound apologies and a quick departure, or a tribute to Howawi, the matriarch and her attendants attack them. Those presenting a suitable tribute may be invited to return on the next new moon night for a reciprocal gift.

New Moon Nights

On the coming of the new moon, the does' prayers turn to wild ululation. The worshippers produce crude iron mortars, pestles, and cauldrons. Toiling over these for several hours even as they chant ecstatically, they brew a restorative balm out of boiled bristle-cone, sap, and mould-coated needle (see *Deorling Balm*, ***p402***).

Invited guests: Each receives a dose of the balm.



The Shrine to St Primula (Hidden)

A 30′ deep sinkhole lies at the bottom of a dell tangled with fallen trees.

In the sinkhole: The tumbled remnants of a pink-veined marble shrine rest at the sludgy base of the sinkhole. Beneath the pile is a beautiful (though lichen-stained) wood engraving of St Primula and a herd of oxen.

Prayer: If the shrine is reassembled, characters praying may receive the blessing of St Primula: the ability to cast *Remove Curse*. See ***Shrines, p22***.

Serene pools overgrown with algae and lilies. Time seems to dawdle. A satisfied lethargy seeps into travellers.

Terrain: Boggy forest (4), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 3-in-6
Ley line Ywyr (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the distant moaning of the dead.

Creeping Ennui

Those who travel in this hex note a sense of ennui, gradually increasing the longer they remain within the hex.

Fairies and arcane spell-casters: Realise that this area is swaddled in deep magic, warping the fabric of time.

Local folk: The people of Meagre's Reach and any others born and raised in this hex do not notice the ennui.

The Village of Meagre's Reach

A bustling village of antique, brick buildings, glazed in a multitude of shining hues.

Old-fashioned ways: The elderly outnumber the young in Meagre's Reach. Odd, long-outmoded forms of speech and dress are still current in the village.

Clay and bricks: Located in the vicinity of several rich clay beds, the village thrives on clay mining and brickmaking.

Full settlement description: See ***p162***.

Redhearth's Rebels

A group of dissidents known as Redhearth's Rebels (see ***p164***) has established a makeshift encampment in the woods to the west of the village. The gang members believe **Ygraine** (***p84***) keeps Meagre's Reach under her spell as a plaything, entrapping its people for her own wicked ends.

Inhabitants: The gang's deputy, **Gemyme Grange**, and **2d6 rebels** (Level 1 thieves—*DMB*). There is a 2-in-6 chance that the leader, **Benedict Redhearth** (***p164***), is present.

Gemyme Grange—Gang Deputy (Level 1 Fighter)

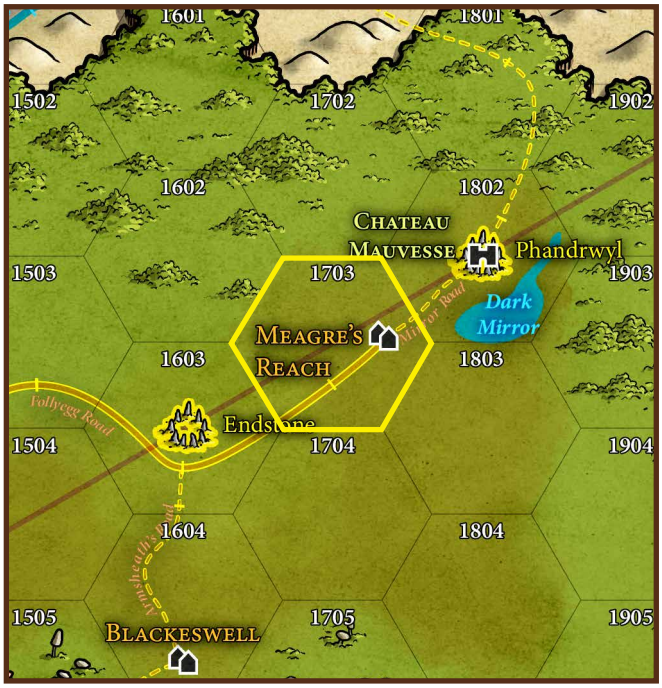
A limber, fox-faced human woman of 18, with ice blue eyes, cropped blonde hair, and a silver ring through her nose. Dresses in soggy leathers and an oversized bear-skin cloak. Gemyme seeks to push the gang to action, despite their lack of training, preparation, and concrete plans. While currently devoted to Redhearth, she could easily be swayed to another cause if promised excitement and danger.

Demeanour (Neutral): Suspicious, domineering, bored.

Speech: Snide. Woldish.

Knowledge: Has witnessed Lope Barhaim (son of Reynold—***p162***) furtively leaving Meagre's Reach, seemingly on his way to Chateau Mauvesse. Aware that all others who venture beyond this hex never return.

Desires: Adventure and derring-do. Knowledge of the secret used by Barhaim and his sons to safely leave the vicinity of Meagre's Reach. Yearns to escape the confines of this hex and explore the wider world.



Encampment: A sorry-looking cluster of sodden tents, erected on lumpy, root-riddled slopes to avoid boggy ground. Gang members typically convene around a fire pit, skinning game, cooking stews in a cauldron, and practising archery. Redhearth's visits always include hours of impassioned preaching and diatribes against Ygraine's wickedness.

Equipment stashes: Hoisted into the branches of nearby trees are several tarpaulins of equipment: ropes, tools, shortswords, leather armour.

Visitors: Are initially treated cautiously, under the suspicion that they may be spies or ruffians sent by **Reynold Barhaim** (***p162***)—the village's leading citizen and primary Ygraine loyalist—to disrupt the gang's plans. If convinced that this is not the case, the gang welcome outsiders, evangelising their cause and asking for aid in the form of weapons, equipment, or intelligence on Chateau Mauvesse and the doings of Ygraine.

1704 THE KING OF THE WOODGRUES

Sandstone crags protrude from stinking, fly-infested bogs.

Terrain: Boggy forest (4), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 3-in-6

Music on the Wind

Eccentric pipe music drifts on the wind in the central regions of this hex. Long beards of moss drape the trees and seem to sway in unison with it.

Pipe music: During the daytime, gentle, curlicued lullabies. At night, wild, up-tempo warbling and screeching.

Following: The music emanates from the yawning mouth of a cavern in the steep side of a crag of rock that juts from the bog: see ***The King's Grotto.***

The King's Grotto

A vault-like cavern with a 40′ high, layered ceiling, decked with giant stalactites. Troupes of capering woodgrue pipers play music day and night. Vats of steaming, spiced mead and mounds of furs line the walls. The place reeks of guano, sweat, and honey.

Host: King Ogglewoop—self-styled "king of all woodgrues"—perches upon a throne of artfully arranged stalactites and massive quartz chunks (5,000gp), gleefully observing the merrymaking.

Guests: A madcap gaggle of **2d3 × 10 woodgrues** (*DMB*), prancing, imbibing, and whooping by night, lounging and snoring by day. Half the guests are zealous followers of Ogglewoop and most others are indifferent to his claims, merely wishing to carouse. A few are spies sent by the woodgrue elders to discredit this supposed "king."

Non-woodgrues: Are welcomed, as long as they do not spoil the fun.

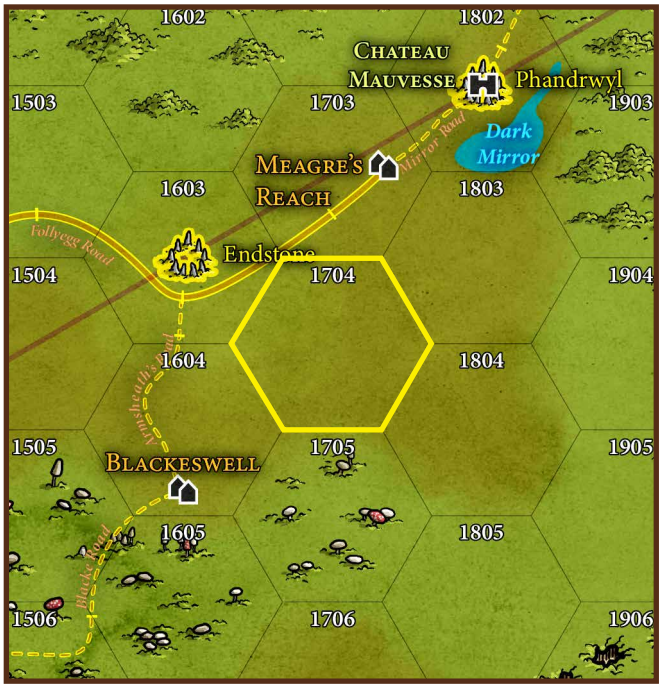
The Shrine to St Whittery (Hidden)

A white marble hand in a gesture of benediction protrudes from the jumbled roots of a large oak.

Examination: Reveals that the hand is part of a statue, apparently buried among the roots.

Extracting: Six hours of digging and cutting away the roots unearths a wooden wayside shrine with a lifesize marble statue of St Whittery, depicted as a beatific youth holding an ornate chamberstick.

Prayer: If the shrine is unearthed, characters praying may receive the blessing of St Whittery: the ability to cast *Detect Evil*. See ***Shrines, p22***.



Services at The King's Grotto

Food: Of poor quality (*DPB*). All dishes served with a sprinkling of powdered moth wings.

Spiced mead: 1gp a mug.

Lodgings: A flop space can usually be found (free of charge) on the mounds of furs at the sides of the grotto, though privacy is impossible and decent rest is hard to come by.

King Ogglewoop (Level 7 Fighter)

A hefty (5′ tall) woodgrue man with a giant pot-belly, floppy jowls, thick orange fur, and pupilless eyes of pure white. Dresses in a snakeskin cape, a bent brass crown, and a codpiece in the shape of a shocked gargoyle's visage. Ogglewoop claims to be an emissary of the **Goblin King** (***p32***) with leave to rule over woodgrues in the mortal world. He is a fraud and has in fact never visited Fairy.

Demeanour (Neutral): Mirthful, mercurial. Affected and bombastic majesty.

Speech: Brash whooping, uproarious laughter. Woldish, Sylvan.

Desires: To avoid the attention of genuine kings, dukes, etc. (including, of course, the Goblin King). The adoration of all. Schemes to bring the Embalmed (hex 1603) into his service by livening up their tedious existence with raucous festivities.

Possessions: A *Fairy Sling* (***p412***). 10 bejewelled rings: one a *Ring of Invisibility* (***p410***), the others mundane (though valuable—worth 1,000gp each). A *Talisman of Spell Reflection* (***p398***, 5 charges left).

Gargantuan, phallic, brown-and-cream fungi. Flies buzz. The place stinks of carrion.

Terrain: Fungal forest (2), Mulchgrove

Lost/encounters: 1-in-6. Encounters are 3-in-6 likely to be with **2d10 giant blood-sucking flies** (as stirges—*DMB*) or **1d8 giant burrowing beetles** (*DMB*).

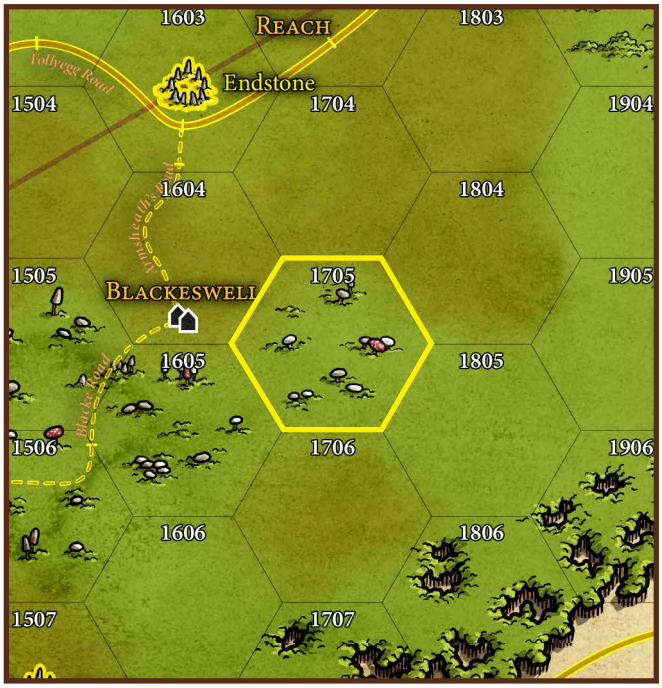
Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d4 portions of *Blood Canker* (*DPB*) or *Puck's Ear* (***p428***), in addition to the normal results, which are always fungi.

Songs of the Stinkhorns

As characters travel through this hex, they notice a sighing coming from the tops of the stinkhorns, gradually increasing in frequency and volume. After an hour of travel, the sighing exhibits a definitive melody, with Woldish words soon becoming recognisable. Soon, the stinkhorns throughout the hex are singing a faint, breezy lullaby in unison (see ***Fungal Lullabies***).

Fungal Lullabies (d6)

d6	Lullaby
1	A lament for the imminent deaths of the party, each individual mentioned by name.
2	A maddening, rasping taunt of "Babes in the woods!" The party's leader or navigator must **Save Versus Spell**. If the save fails, the party becomes lost.
3	Lyrics describing shadows rising up from the dank earth, seeking to destroy the party. All characters must **Save Versus Spell**. For each save that fails, a **shadow** (*DMB*) manifests, stalking the party for a time before attacking.
4	A sweet melody lulls characters into a drowsy, dream-like state. All must **Save Versus Spell** or fall asleep on the slimy earth, waking the following morning (unless disturbed).
5	A sinister chant foretells the dominion of fungus over humanoid life in Dolmenwood, with the whispered refrain "The Myconom desires you, westward lies the font."
6	A canticle recounts the deeds of St Jorrael, whereby the saint's holy words emboldened oppressed villagers to rise up against a despot baron and bring him and his knights to justice.



The Shrine to St Jorrael (Hidden)

Subsumed beneath a slimy mound of rotting, collapsed stinkhorn trunks is the lost shrine to St Jorrael.

Structure: A white marble mausoleum whose exquisitely carved pillars depict a righteous peasant horde rising up against their wicked liege. The door is stuck (see ***Doors***, *DPB*).

Statue of St Jorrael: A once beautiful marble statue lies in pieces, shattered on the floor. The saint's plaintive visage looks directly up at those who enter, her eyes seeming to twinkle in the light.

Prayer: If a suitable icon is placed on the altar, characters praying may receive the blessing of St Jorrael: the ability to cast *Rally*. See ***Shrines, p22***.

Buried Reliquary (Map Required)

Near the middle of the hex, there stands a gigantic oak tree. A plain black chest containing three relics of St Jorrael is buried among its roots, 5′ beneath the earth. The tree and the buried reliquary can only be found by characters who know of its precise location, for example via the map lost in the hoard of the great wyrm Chasobrithe (see hex 1107).

The Cap of St Jorrael: This plain black cap cloaks its wearer in anonymity; anyone trying to recall their face when not in their presence is unable to. Worth 8,000gp.

The Skull of St Jorrael: If its eyes are pointed at an object, it whispers the object's value in a hoarse, sepulchral voice. Worth 2,000gp.

The Shoe of St Jorrael: Ensures a light tread. The wearer never activates the pressure plates of traps and cannot be tripped up by slippery surfaces, such as rain-slicked rooftiles, mossy rocks, ice, or similar obstacles. Worth 9,000gp.

1706 MOSSLINGS AND THE YELLOW MONOLITH

Sodden ground, impenetrable bramble thickets. Winding paths with little wooden bridges and walkways.

Terrain: Boggy forest (4), Mulchgrove

Lost/encounters: 3-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with squirrels and raccoons attempting to pilfer small items from passersby (25% chance of success). These animals are in the service of the mosslings that dwell in this hex, who have trained them in thievery.

Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d6 portions of *Speckled Sporange* (***p428***), in addition to the normal results.

Mossling Burrows

A few dozen **mossling** (*DMB*) families make their homes in this region at the edge of Mulchgrove, living in burrows beneath the boles of ancient, moss-bearded trees.

Limbly the Master of Locks: One especially labyrinthine burrow is home to Limbly, regarded as the most cunning of the mosslings and famed as the "Master of Locks." Limbly dwells amid the crowded clutter of his key-cutting workshops with his wife Griselda and their sixteen children and grandchildren.

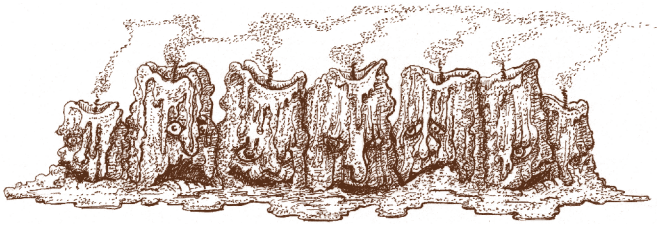
Klimbim the Claywife: In a root-tangled burrow of sandy chambers dwells Klimbim, renowned for her remarkable ability to identify the ingredients of potions and brews. She is known as the Claywife, on account of her eleven "husbands"—slimy, semi-humanoid mounds that she has fashioned to do her bidding (treat as manikins, *DMB*).

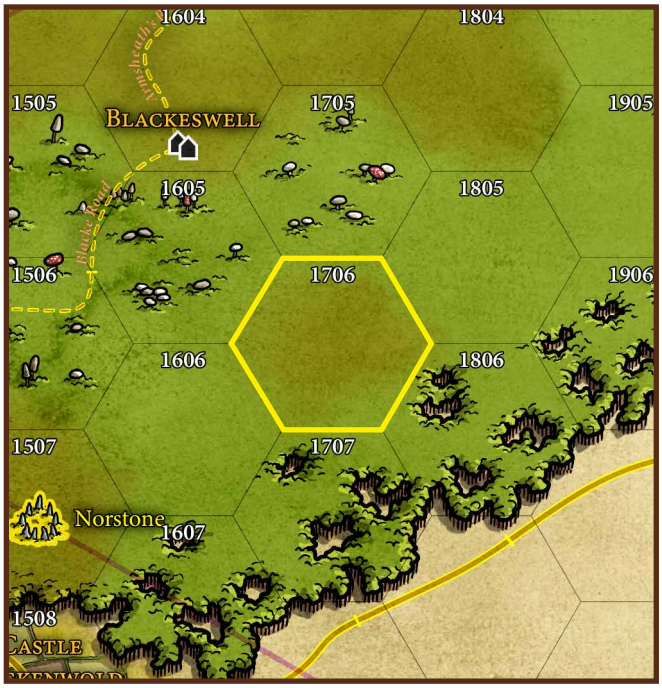
The Yellow Vorpal Monolith

In the west of this hex, a 20′-high spectral monolith of golden light hovers in a grove of moss-smothered oaks. This is one of the mysterious vorpal monoliths that trace an emergent fifth ley line in Dolmenwood (see ***Vorpal Monoliths, p19***). In winter, spring, and summer, the monolith is a mere shimmering figment. In the autumn, it becomes semi-corporeal.

Viewing: All who behold the monolith in the autumn must **Save Versus Spell**. Arcane spell-casters gain a +2 bonus. Those who fail are transmuted into a dragonfly for 24 hours.

Touching: In its autumn manifestation, the monolith's partially tangible surface feels like tepid gel. Any charm spell cast while touching the monolith forms a permanent binding. There is a 2-in-6 chance of each creature charmed in this manner joining into telepathic contact with all others enchanted in this way and turning against those who enchanted them. In other seasons, a PC touching the monolith's diaphanous outline temporarily experiences the crisp coolness of an autumn morn.





Limbly the Master of Locks

A wizened old mossling man aged over three centuries. His eyes are now blind, furred over with orange fungus. His beard of moss, home to centipedes and mice, reaches down to his toes, and his ears are grown larger than his hands.

Demeanour (Lawful): Kindly, absent-minded. Periodically falls asleep mid-conversation.

Speech: Whistling rasp. Woldish, Mulch.

Desires: For his middle-aged daughter to marry a magician. To drink once more in the Sombre Lamb in Orbswallow (***p173***), as he did in his youth.

Knowledge: Limbly is a master lock singer. His charms can coax any lock in Dolmenwood to open.

Klimbim the Claywife

A hearty, rotund mossling woman in the lazy ease of her middle age. Her hair is a jumble of matted, brown fibre, her toes (she wears no shoes) are like shiny conkers, and her lips are festooned with purple bracket fungi.

Demeanour (Neutral): Wide-eyed, curious, fidgety.

Speech: Jumps between topics, unabashedly intimate. Woldish, Mulch.

Desires: To learn the secret of granting sentience to her clay husbands. To locate her friend, the witch Joab, whose hut in 1606 was razed. Covets gems.

Knowledge: Klimbim can identify the ingredients in any herbal admixture or potion by means of a deep olfactory analysis taking 2d12 hours.

Serene, profusely fern-filled glades. Ancient oak copses draped with spongy, hanging lichen.

Terrain: Open forest (2), Aldweald

Lost/encounters: 1-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **2d6 giant ants** (*DMB*) from the nest at ***The Shrine to St Benester***.

Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d2 portions of *Frondhelm* (***p430***), in addition to the normal results.

The Rainbow Pool

A small lake, encircled with susurrant reed-beds and wide beaches of inky clay. The waters glitter with darting rainbows and teem with leaping fish and quacking birds.

Examining the clay: Barefoot human prints can be found, leading to the ***Chestnut Dell***.

Peering into the water: The black clay extends to the lakebed, where it is streaked with swathes of crimson, ochre, azure, and fuchsia.

Drinking: The water is magically nourishing. Drinking a pint has the same effect as eating a day's rations.

The Chestnut Dell

A verdant dell in the vicinity of the ***Rainbow Pool***, its slopes clad with chestnut trees. Hunks of crumbled, mossy stone protrude from the sea of ferns filling the hollow.

Examining the stones: They appear to be the remnants of a chapel, long collapsed and overgrown. The beneficent, leafy visage of the Wood God Cwrnus (***p36***) is graven into several larger chunks.

Inhabitant: The witch **Joab Elfwit**—an Eye of Limwdd (*DMB*)—is melded into the earth, able to observe goings on here. After travellers have departed, she may emerge from hiding and call out to them, pretending to be lost, a victim of fairy magic. She may request aid in "returning" to Prigwort (whence she intends to travel alone to the Locus of Limwdd in 1006), promising a reward.

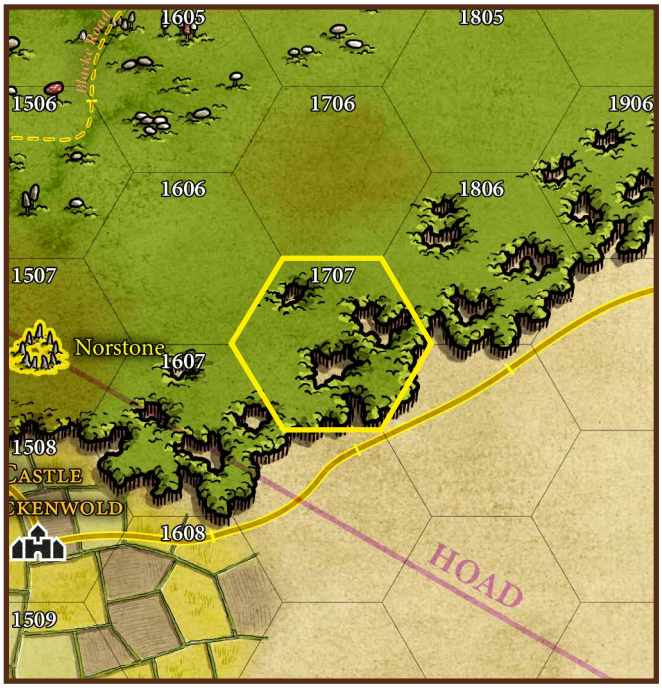
Escorting Joab: She refuses to pass through Castle Brackenwold, claiming her vengeful sisters live there. Should the group visit an inn or settlement on the journey, there is a daily 2-in-6 chance thereafter that the party is ambushed by **7 clerics of St Faxis** (Level 1 clerics—*DMB*) seeking Joab's capture. At the journey's end, Joab rewards the party as agreed and disappears at the first opportunity.

The Shrine to St Benester (Hidden)

A marble shrine, formed like an elegant mausoleum, now buried in a 20-yard-diameter mound of branches, only the base of one of the entrance pillars visible. The mound is the nest of **50 giant ants** (*DMB*), who swarm around the area hunting living creatures and gathering wood.

Shrine room: Squirming giant ant eggs glued to a marble diorama of St Benester and seventeen archangels. Semi-humanoid sculptures formed of bones, armour, and equipment of the ants' victims, including 2,000gp.

Prayer: If the shrine is cleared of the anthill, characters praying may receive the blessing of St Benester: the ability to cast *Mantle of Protection*. See ***Shrines, p22***.



Joab Elfwit—Witch (Eye of Limwdd)

A tall, willow-slender human woman of age 50, with dense black ringlets, chestnut eyes, and a crooked nose. Bedraggled and mud-streaked, having been melded into the earth (see **Witch, Eye of Limwdd** powers—*DMB*) for months. Formerly dwelt in 1606, where she used the whispers of the magic caves to blackmail **Sanctus Primus** (***p71***). Fled here when her hut was razed by clerics of St Faxis. Alienated from her coven and fearful for her life.

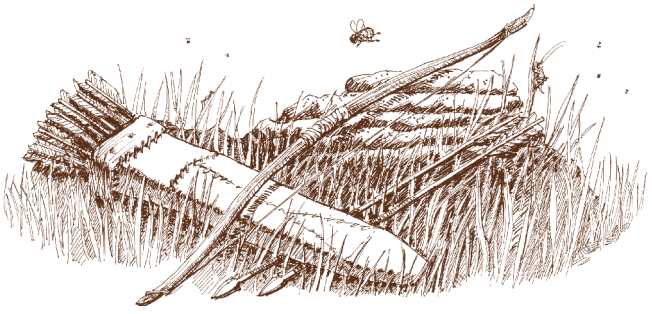
Demeanour (Neutral): Disoriented and drowsy from having been melded into the earth for so long. Wary, tricksome.

Speech: Slurred, well-to-do. Woldish, Old Woldish.

Desires: Communion with Limwdd in 1006. Her coven's forgiveness for bringing them into peril through her blackmailing of Sanctus Primus.

Possessions: 10pp, 50gp, 25sp. Vials of *Sandor's Phantasmal Elixir* (***p414***) and *Wyrmsblood Elixir* (***p414***). A coral pendant carved in the shape of a unicorn (250gp).

Reward: May give any of her possessions to those who aid her, but tries to minimise the reward.



Overgrown piles of stone dot the woods, ruined remnants of ancient settlement.

Terrain: Hilly forest (3), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6

Blighted Hillside

The path of the Downs Road passes by a half-mile square expanse of sloping hillside forested only by ancient tree stumps and twisted dwarf trees. The place seems forsaken—no bird can be heard and no beast spotted.

Acrid, coppery stench: A metallic odour permeates the air, irritating the throat and leaving a coppery aftertaste.

Mud and coloured pools: Much of the hillside is mud. Pools of water, orange-brown or oxidised green, sit stagnant amongst the tree stumps.

Toxic hazards: The mud and pools are infused with a stew of lead, mercury, sulphur, and arsenic, leached from the discarded tailings of the copper mine destroyed here nearly two millennia ago. Drinking it is lethal.

Exploring: PCs exploring the hillside must **Save Versus Doom** or suffer 1d4 damage (chemical burns around feet).

Smelting pit: A shallow pit, filled with ancient, toxic-smelling ash and rock, sits at the base of the hill. Characters with a knowledge of mining or alchemy (e.g. some arcane spell-casters) recognise it as a primitive site for extraction of copper from ore.

Mine entrances: There are four mine entrances at various levels of the hillside. All but one are blocked with rubble.

Orsath

A massive, burly, ursine creature, 14′ tall, its fur an alloyed carpet of delicate, glittering copper-infused needles. Its face is all animalistic hatred and agony, its mind completely gone in a fog of arsenic-induced dementia. For more details about this former Wood God, see ***Orsath, p39***.

LARGE MONSTROSITY—ANIMAL INT.—CHAOTIC

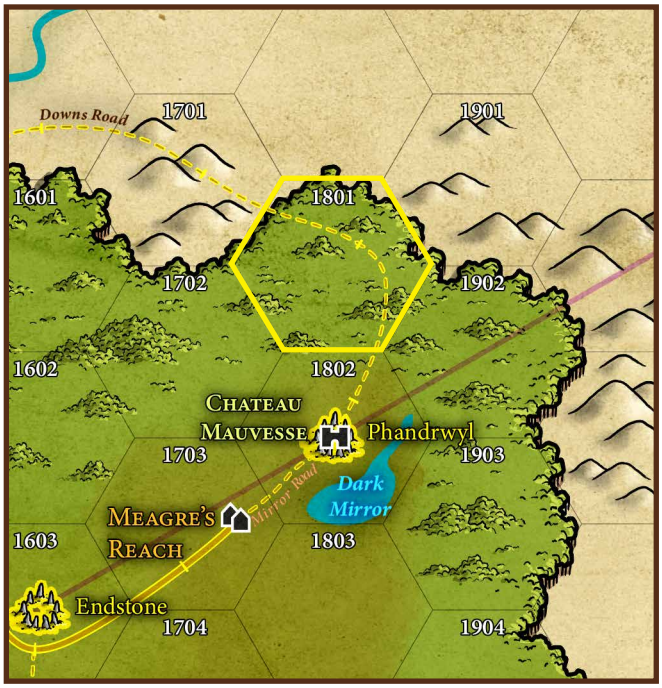
Level 15 **AC** 17 **HP** 71 **Saves** D3 R4 H5 B6 S7
Att [2 claws (+10, 2d4 + arsenic haze) and bite (+10, 2d6)] or 3 wall spikes (+10, 1d8, range 20′/40′/60′) **Speed** 40
Morale 10 **XP** 3,900

Immunities: Only harmed by magic or magic weapons.

Wall spikes: Orsath's essence infuses the chamber's wall and ceiling protuberances through a ghastly alchemical synergy. Instead of attacking with its claws and bite, it can cause 3 of these spikes to detach and hurtle towards the PCs.

Arsenic haze: Save Versus Doom or suffer a –2 penalty to Attack Rolls for 1d6 Rounds.

Treasure: If Orsath is slain, its claws continue to glow. They can be crafted into two weapons (1d8 + arsenic haze). The Drune or other high-Level arcane spell-casters would pay up to 7,000gp for the Wood God's remains, depending on condition, and 1,000gp for each spike (eight are salvageable).



Into the Mine

The single unblocked mine entrance leads down a tunnel reinforced with wooden beams.

Broken human bones: Shards of bone litter the path, often snapped cleanly with apparently great force.

Mineshaft: After passing several collapsed side tunnels, the passage ends at a downward vertical shaft. An orange glow emanates from its depths. Descent to the base, 90′ down, requires climbing or ropes.

The Bottom Chamber

At the bottom of the shaft, explorers emerge into a high, vaulted chamber, crudely hewn from the earth.

Pulsating walls: The chamber walls are shot through with veins of pure copper, pulsing with bright liquid amber light as if alive.

Tools and bones: Discarded primitive mining tools and broken bones carpet the floor.

Orsath: Looming at the end of the chamber is a hulking, bear-like being with metallic fur: the Wood God once called **Orsath**. Its arms stretch horizontally to either side of it, fully encrusted in bright blue crystals of copper sulphate, with massive glowing claws pressed flat onto the wall behind it. The creature immediately notices the party; it straightens its arms, shakes off the crystals, and lets out a pain-filled roar as it seeks to annihilate the intruders.

Awful protuberances: Sharp conical things protrude from the ceiling and walls, akin to stalactites, yet blighted with a patchwork of Orsath's dark brown fur and honey-coloured, crystallised ichor. A terrible fusion of stone and flesh, they glow in unison with the copper veins.

Dreary, teal-leafed willow trees, their great, sweeping boughs drifting in a gentle breeze.

Terrain: Boggy forest (4), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 3-in-6
Ley line Ywyr (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the distant moaning of the dead.

Chateau Mauvesse

The trail from Meagre's Reach wends its way through marshes, climbs a rocky incline, and ultimately leads to a sprawling, antiquated, manorial estate of many tiers, overlooking the Dark Mirror. This is the home of **Ygraine Mordlin** (*p84*).

Wall and gates: A great brick wall, overgrown with ivy, surrounds the chateau's grounds. The iron gates, wrought in serpentine forms, magically swing open, allowing entrance to any who dare.

Fungal gardens: The manor's gardens have fallen out of use and have become overgrown with brilliant, phosphorescent bracket mushrooms.

The chateau: The chateau's violet masonry shimmers as though always cast in the light of an unobscured sunset, falling into darkness only when the moon is high.

The front door: Polished, greenish wood with a brass, imp-faced doorknob. The doorknob speaks, bidding visitors welcome as the door swings open.

Inside the Chateau

The interior is lavish—fine carpets over marble and granite flags—but the atmosphere is subdued. Courtly music and sounds of merrymaking echo through the halls, though their source is hard to locate.

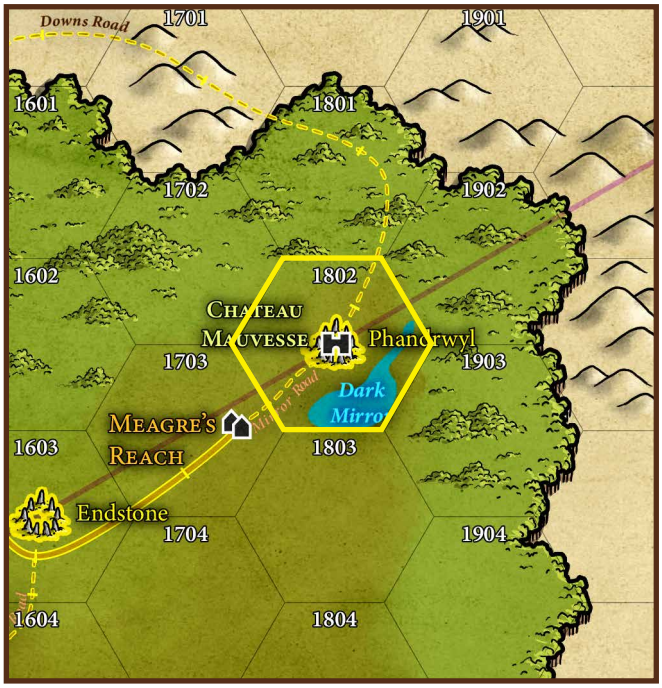
Inhabitants: Fairy courtiers and emissaries, visiting Ygraine. A small number of servants (possibly of fairy origin) tend to guests' needs. Rugs and furnishings seem to move and clean themselves.

The Lady Ygraine: Is invariably indisposed, playing host to a continuous and fatiguing array of eminent fairies. She may make time to consult on matters occult.

The great hall: Many frescos of foreign lands line the walls, depicting images of deserts, jungles, and strange arctic skies. At the end of the great hall sits a dais and a throne upon it, where the Lady Ygraine holds her court.

The dining hall: Adjacent to the main hall is a grand dining hall with a large round table of fairy make. At the table sit twenty chairs of faintly glimmering fairy wood, each carved with the likeness of an important fairy personage (including each of the nobles described under ***Fairy Nobles and Their Dominions, p30***).

The nodal crypt: In a secret crypt amid the chateau's foundations stands the obsidian obelisk called Phandrwyl—the hidden fifth nodal of the ley line Ywyr. The crypt is warded by such dread magic that even the Drune cannot perceive the stone's existence. Ygraine draws much of her power hence.



Guest rooms, libraries, cloisters: Half a dozen floors filled with guest rooms and amenities for those staying in the chateau, a few private libraries, and a small set of cloisters for deities of multiple religions.

Studios: An art studio of half-finished portraits and a small museum dedicated to the pottery of ancient breggles.

Postern gate: Manned by speaking owls, leading to a sharp drop over the Dark Mirror.

The chambers of Ygraine: Above this all, and accessible to few, is the spiral staircase that leads into the highest tower of the chateau. Overlooking the Dark Mirror, the Sorceress Ygraine dwells within.

The Dark Mirror

Below Chateau Mauvesse runs the Dark Mirror. The lake's blackened waters are illuminated by the glamour of starlight, and perpetually reveal a reflection of a benighted sky, even in the day. The lake is part of the mortal dominion of the Duke Who Cherishes Dreams, a fairy noble and sometime ally of Ygraine.

The Dark Mirror At Night

There is a 3-in-6 chance that several of the Duke's pale, swan-like ships slowly take form on the lake.

Dredging of dreams: The ships' fairy sailors dredge the lake, collecting the dreams of the mortal folk of Dolmenwood that pool here, for inclusion in the Duke's libraries.

Passengers and cargo: While once the ships ferried the Duke's courtiers, tribute, and gifts of friendship to the chateau, and at times even the Duke himself, they now carry only spies and diplomats, due to the current unease between the Duke and Ygraine (*p85*).

Entry to Fairy: Those boarding the ships are, at the Referee's option, transported to Hypnagogia, the Fairy domain of the Duke Who Cherishes Dreams.

1803 THE LONELY TREE

A low fog rises from the sodden earth. Trees ooze silvery sap and fungi thrive on rotting trunks.

Terrain: Boggy forest (4), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 3-in-6. Encounters with humanoids are 3-in-6 likely to be with delirious, elderly individuals fleeing the area.
Foraging: The chance of foraging is increased by 1-in-6 in this hex. Successful foraging yields 2d6 fresh rations of edible fungi.

Forsaken Forest

The abundance of edible mushrooms and sap-rich trees should attract civilization or its enterprises, yet these woods remain scarcely trod.

Abandoned campsites: Many abandoned camps can be found on the edges of deer trails, some recent, some old.

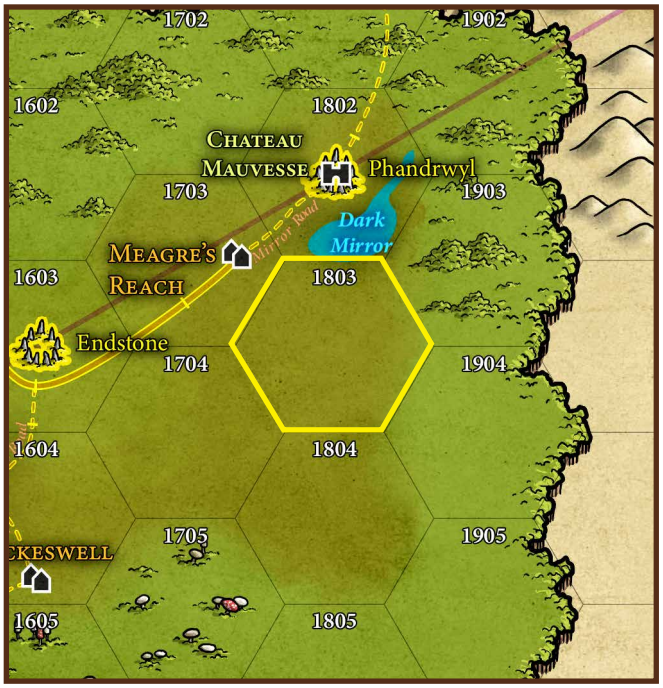
Carrion birds in trees: A careful eye might notice, in the upper boughs of the forest, many a bloated carrion crow and magpie waiting with a hungry glint in its eyes.

The Lonely Tree

In the northern fringe of the hex is a hill ringed with bristle thickets and bogs. Atop it, a mighty apple tree stands as tall as a tower, adorned with dozens of gnarled, rosy fruits.

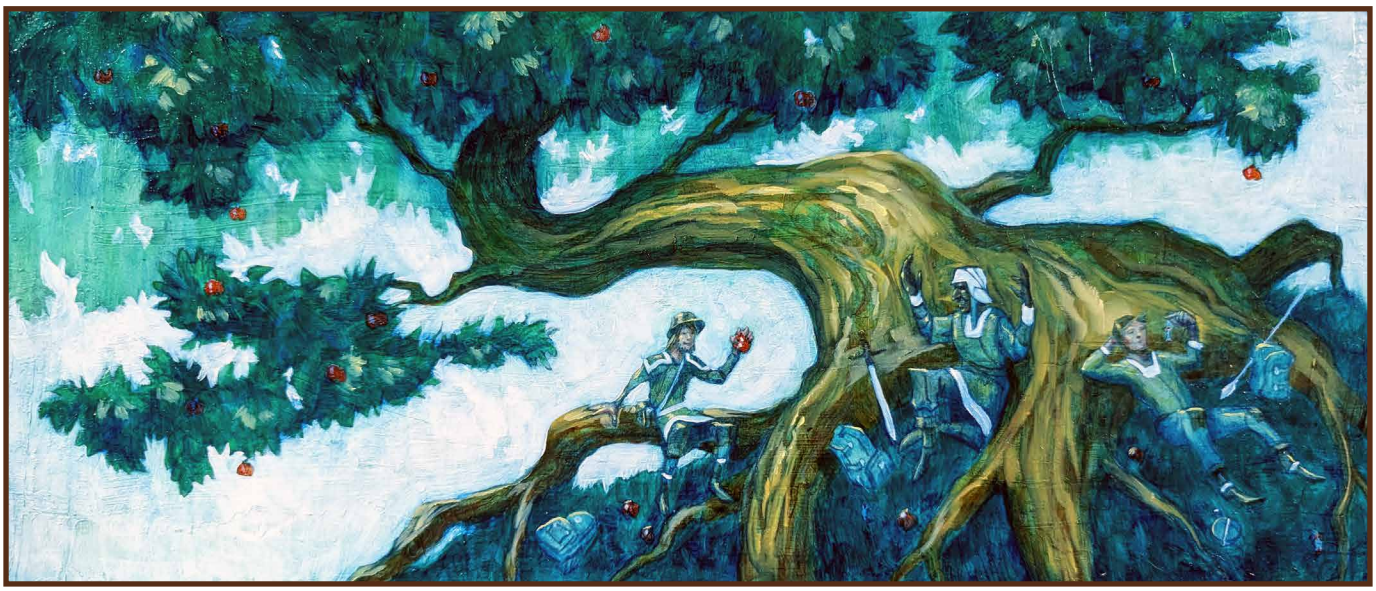
Wayward thralls: There is a 3-in-6 chance that 1d8 dishevelled wanderers—wood tramps, vagabonds, lepers, and wayward pilgrims—are gathered at this hill, reciting strange legends and consuming bitter crab apples from the tree in an odd state of torpor. They refer to the tree as the "Lonely Tree" and feel the need to stay in its presence to keep it company.

Eating the apples: Those who consume the apples must **Save Versus Spell** or fall under an enchantment compelling them to remain in the tree's presence overnight, relaxing, telling tall tales heard in childhood, and consuming more apples. Once per subsequent day, they can attempt to escape the enchantment with a save, continuing in this state until they succeed or perish (see below).



Effects of remaining: An individual loses 1d6 Constitution and ages 3d6 years for each week they spend in the tree's thrall. Those who die near the tree are dragged beneath the soil by its roots. Those who die further away are devoured by carrion birds.

Nature of the tree: The Lonely Tree itself is an intelligent entity, though it is unable to attack or directly influence anyone who does not consume its fruits. Not outrightly malevolent, it is an intelligence consumed by ennui and a desire for company. Unbeknownst to all (including itself), the tree was created 150 years ago by the sorceress **Ygraine Mordlin** (***p84***), as an early experiment with the temporal magicks she would eventually use to wrest nearby Meagre's Reach (hex 1703) from the past.



MUMBLEBOLE MANOR 1804

Uneven woodland, pocked with gullies and pools. The reek of ripe cheese wafts throughout.

Terrain: Boggy forest (4), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 3-in-6
Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d3 portions of *Foolscap* (***p428***), in addition to the normal results.

Cheese Fungus

In a small region in the west of this hex, ochre fungal tendrils creep across the ground and drape among the tree branches, oozing cream. Dotted among the tendrils are fruiting bodies that look and smell exactly like hunks of cheese.

Eating: The fungal cheeses are deliciously ripe and exist in sufficient quantity for PCs to gorge themselves. (Though this brings on excessive flatulence.)

Harvesting: Once plucked from the fungal vine, the cheese hunks dissolve into mould in twelve hours.

Following the tendrils: Leads to ***Mumblebole Manor***.

Mumblebole Manor

At the centre of the region of cheese fungus is the base of the mossling adventurer **Blumber**: a squat manor formed of spongy fungal matter, its oval windows veiled with curtains of mould. Floating above is a giant puffball as large as the manor, tethered to the roof by mycelial cords.

Cheese gardens: The manor's grounds are occupied by row after row of neatly tended cheese fungus.

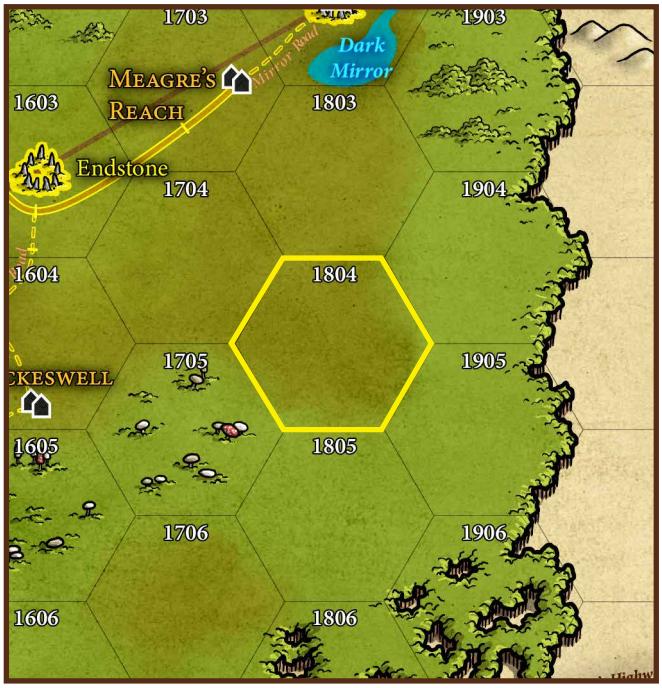
Interior: Warm, pulsing, fleshy walls, 5′ high ceilings. Carpeted with soft moss and cluttered with rough wooden furnishings, clad with bark. Most rooms are dedicated to feasting, cooking, or sleeping.

Library: A circular chamber at the heart of the manor houses a rare collection of books written in Mulch and a gallery of maps of the moon's surface.

Secret vault: A trapdoor in the library, concealed by moss, leads to a poky cellar lined with puffball skin. In locked iron chests are 5,000gp, 20,000sp, 2 *Cream Horns*, 3 *Ashy Bishops*, and 5 *Lichen Yargs* (see ***Magical Cheeses***).

Inhabitants: Blumber, the mossling cheese-breeder, and her **10 mossling** (*DMB*) **assistants**, tending the fungal gardens, staffing the bustling kitchens, and parading around playing sea shanties on toadstool cap tubas.

Visitors: Those of a cheerful nature may be invited for a slap-up feast of cheese and mushrooms. Guests may be offered ***Magical Cheeses*** for sale and hear of Blumber's plans to inflate her giant puffball sufficiently to lift her entire manor into the air, bound for the cheese fields of the moon (see Blumber's ***Desires***).



Blumber (Level 8 Fighter)

A stocky mossling woman, near spherical in girth, with a mound of yellow mould in place of hair, bracket fungus ears, and spotted toadstool caps in place of eyes. Dresses in leather straps and patches of fur.

Demeanour (Neutral): Chatty, harebrained. Loves cheese above all else.

Speech: Rumbling drawl. Woldish, Mulch.

Desires: The body of a yellow bile wyrm, to be boiled down to produce a potent gas to lift the puffball balloon into the air. To visit the cheese fields of the moon. Trusty adventurers to join her on this fantastic voyage.

Possessions: A crusty old diary describing the journey of a group of rat-folk who descended to Dolmenwood from the moon. A thorny *Arcane Club* (***p412***). An iron *Amulet of Density* (***p398***) graven with a leering griffon's face.

Fungal symbiosis: Can release a 10′ cube cloud of mould spores, suffering 1d6 damage in the process. All within must **Save Vs. Blast** or die of choking within 6 Rounds.

Magical Cheeses

Blumber has bred several unique species of magical fungal cheeses that duplicate the effects of potions or balms. She may be willing to sell some of the specimens she keeps in her vault.

Cream Horn: Oozing horns of blue cheese. Acts as *Dimensional Solvent, Gold* (***p402***). 3,000gp.

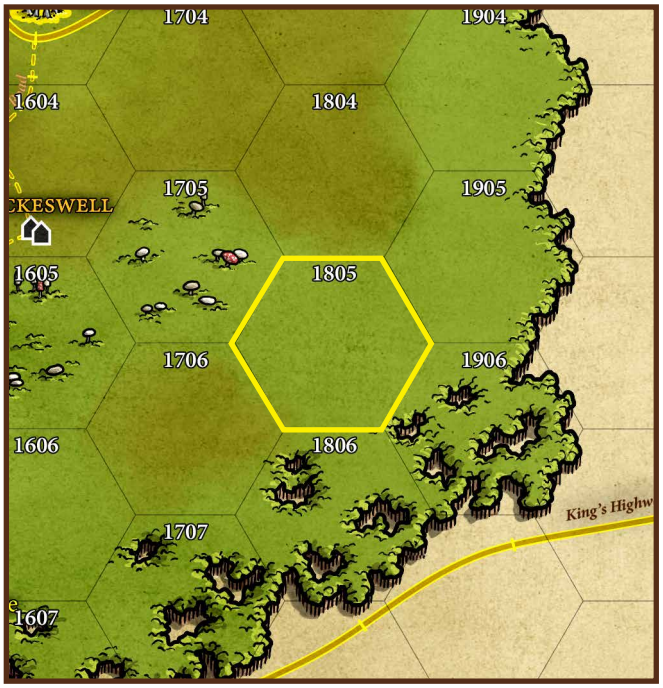
Ashy Bishop: Ash-coated rounds of pungent, purple brie. Acts as *Distillation of Hoarfrost* (***p414***). 2,000gp.

Lichen Yarg: Creamy white soft cheese wrapped in pickled lichen. Acts as *Prismatic Elixir* (***p414***). 1,000gp.

1805 THE WILLOW MOUTH

An airy wood of little brooks and bendy, old willow trees.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6



The Willow's Pool

Following the lay of the land and the gentle flow of the water leads down to a wide pool covered in algae and lily pads, surrounded by willows. Animals of the wood seem to shun this pool.

Willow and mouth: At one end of the pool stands an enormous willow tree, unusually thick, with a gigantic (10′ tall) human mouth in the base of its trunk: the **Great Willow**.

Inside the gullet: Characters who feed the willow a large animal (see ***Willow's Desires***) notice that its throat leads to a cavernous area beneath the tree: the ***Willow's Gullet***. Three white cows, standing still, undigested and fully intact, can be glimpsed in the gullet. If questioned about them, the Willow replies: "My first meal. Didn't go down so well. Still bothers me."

The Willow's Gullet / Shrine to St Gripe (Hidden)

A humid, foetid chamber. Tree roots pulse in the walls like veins. The walls and floor ripple unnervingly.

Statuary: Visitors discover that the undigested cows are in fact statues of cows, standing on a thick wooden platform. Amongst them is a fourth statue (not visible from the surface): St Gripe the forthright, depicted as a young man leading the cows, his expression wary and watchful.

Prayer: With heavy labour and some cajoling of the Great Willow to open its mouth wide, adventurers can remove the statues and platform, soothing the Willow and restoring the shrine. After that, characters praying may receive the blessing of St Gripe: the ability to cast *Find Traps*. See ***Shrines, p22***.

The Great Willow

A miraculous, magical creation of the Dolmenwood: a huge willow tree with a human mouth. The mouth emits loud moans, as if hungry.

Demeanour (Neutral): Ravenously hungry and eager to negotiate for food.

Speech: Loud, deep, indignant. Woldish, Sylvan.

Desires: The Great Willow is voraciously carnivorous, but has no way of getting food into its gullet. Due to its size, only whole sheep, deer, cattle, horses, etc. can provide the willow with a satisfying meal. The Willow also seeks relief from the indigestion caused by the white cows (see ***The Willow's Gullet***) and allows characters to safely enter its mouth if they offer aid.

Rewards: In exchange for food or relief from the dyspepsia-inducing nuisance of the white cows, the willow mouth can offer knowledge. It knows a great deal about surrounding hexes, and may be able to answer obscure questions posed by adventurers.

UNEARTHED SKELETON 1806

Moss-carpeted woodland. Vague scent of carrion when the wind changes.

Terrain: Open forest (2), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6

The Skeleton

Sprawled across the centre of the hex is the buried skeleton of a 300′-tall, humanoid giant. Some of its bones still protrude from the earth, visible amongst the trees: the fingertips of a hand (each 5′ long) and several ribs (curving up to 20′ into the air).

Peligrue's Camp

In a clearing near the hex's centre is a simple campsite of tents and wagons.

Inhabitants: Tithelands mage **Peligrue the Perspicuous**, her guards **Grent and Grottle Koop**, and **7 labourers** directed by **Senna Blore**. The group has been excavating the giant skeleton for six weeks now and, with little to show for it, the atmosphere has grown increasingly tense. Sore points include missing pay and the lack of "hidden treasures" Peligrue accidentally promised they'd find.

Approaching: Peligrue eagerly invites visitors to stay the night, questioning them about their travels until inevitably getting distracted and retiring.

Peligrue's tent: A mess of maps, planning notes, and alchemical testing equipment. Numerous books on the history of Dolmenwood, all by humans.

That evening: Senna confronts Peligrue, who lets slip she is about to run out of funds. When Senna attempts to take what she can to compensate the workers, Grent and Grottle intervene to take all the money for themselves. If the PCs are present, the Koops try to bribe them to their side, while Senna appeals to their better nature.

Senna Blore—Chief Labourer (Level 1 Fighter)

A well-built human woman in her early 50s, grey streaks in her short black hair. Her calloused hands are always holding a tool or object.

Demeanour (Lawful): Kind but serious-minded. Absolute loyalty to those she considers under her care.

Speech: Gruff, considered. Woldish.

Desires: What's best for "her" labourers. To provide for her family back in Castle Brackenwold.

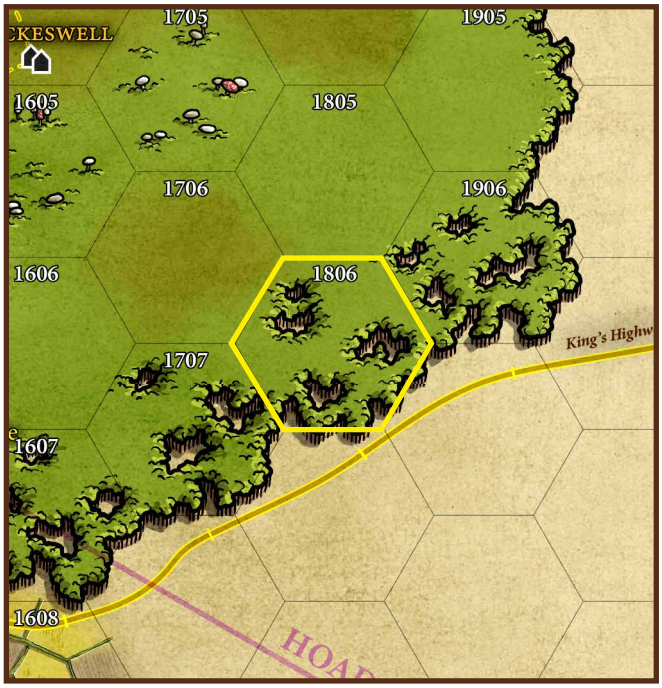
Grent & Grottle Koop (Level 2 Fighters)

Stout, red-headed human women (twins) with flushed complexions. They dress in well-worn chainmail.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Patience that borders on laziness, making their occasional turns towards brutish violence sudden and unpredictable.

Speech: Rough, straightforward. Woldish.

Desires: To live well. To be accepted back into the Brackenwold soldiery.



Dig Site

A pit has been dug near the camp, 40′ in diameter and 15′ deep, exposing part of the giant's head. The skull is on its side facing west, with a large hole in the temple.

Inside the skull: A 12′ drop through the hole leads to the dirt floor of the skull's partially excavated, cavernous interior. A dim emerald glow radiates from a large boulder with luminous green veins that sits below the hole.

Boulder: Too heavy for the labourers to move, only Peligrue knows its true power. Once per day, someone touching the stone can freely cast a memorised spell twice.

History: Peligrue believes the skeleton belongs to a Wood God. In truth, it is an ancient giant (see ***p363***), killed when the enchanted boulder was catapulted through its skull.

Peligrue the Perspicuous (Level 5 Magician)

A wiry human woman in her late thirties, with curly, prematurely grey hair. Wears deep blue robes with a golden fringe, dirt and mud splattering the hem.

Demeanour (Neutral): Optimistic, absent-minded, and easily distracted. Singularly focuses on whatever interests her at any given moment.

Speech: Rapid. Often changes the subject multiple times a sentence, belying her self-assigned title. Woldish, Old Woldish.

Desires: To use her newly acquired inheritance to prove her worth and be remembered for a great discovery. She's convinced the labourers will understand the importance of her mission and continue to work when she eventually runs out of money.

Possessions: The remains of her inheritance (132gp). An emerald *Ring of Protection* (***p410***). Spell books: **Rank 1** *Decipher, Ioun Shard*, **Rank 2** *Arcane Cypher, Mind Crystal*, **Rank 3** *Crystal Vision*.

1901 THE CHALK GIANT

Flocks of crows caw and wheel above rugged chalk downs. Beds of gorse and twisted blue thistle.

Terrain: Hills (2), Table Downs
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with a peryton.

The Chalk Giant

A humanoid figure, 200′ high, framed by a doorway, occupies the side of a hill, carved into the chalk beneath the turf of the downs. It is visible for miles around.

The lost scholar: Crouched atop the hill is the **Lost Scholar**. He may spot PCs and wave to them excitedly.

Secret door: If the giant's name—Talorch—is called, he magically animates and opens the doorway behind him, revealing a shimmering portal to the ***Crystal Cave***.

The Perytons' Nest

In the south-western reaches of the hex stands a 100′ sheer bluff. Atop sits a massive nest of brambles and boughs.

Inhabitants: 5 perytons (*DMB*).

Treasure: A gold necklace (1,500gp), 3 emeralds (1,000gp each), and a sack of 2,000sp. Three dead bramblings (*DMB*) are incorporated into the materials of the nest. One clutches a scroll sealed in a tube.

Reading the scroll: Descriptions of a crystalline dream-world of eternal life, in Drunic, as well as several drawings of the ***Chalk Giant***, who is referred to as "Talorch."

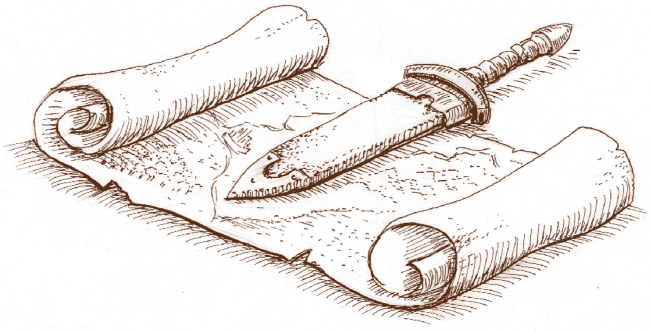
The Crystal Cave

Through the door in the ***Chalk Giant*** is a vast cave, its walls entirely encrusted in large purple and mauve crystals. An old man with the same face as the **Lost Scholar** appears in the reflection of the crystals, dressed in black hooded robes. He introduces himself as **Alhair**, a Drune.

Asking about his situation: Trapped here by an experiment involving the crystals' legendary powers of eternal life. (Which, it turns out, forever entrap the soul.)

Asking about the scroll: Alhair's bramblings were tasked to bring it to the Drune Lodge (hex 0507), but were waylaid by the perytons. His missive to the Aegis was lost.

Asking about the Lost Scholar: Alhair says the man was no doubt a projection of his own psyche, reacting to the local environment. "Either that, or I am a projection of his."



The Lost Scholar—Dream Projection

An old, bearded human man, hunched and weary. He wears a tattered purple and mauve hooded robe. Claims to be the last survivor of a group of scholars from the land of Wyggrabole (a place not known to the PCs), who had come to study the ***Chalk Giant***. All but he were eaten by a flock of perytons.

Demeanour (Neutral): Confused and distraught, cannot even remember his own name.

Speech: Old-fashioned, creaky. Woldish, Drunic.

Desires: Begs PCs to retrieve from the Perytons' Nest his notes detailing his "extraordinary findings" and to help him find his way back to Wyggrabole.

Knowledge: Directions to the nest. Little about the giant itself.

True nature: The man is a dream projection of Alhair, the Drune trapped in the Crystal Cave. If PCs return to the spot where they met him, he has vanished.

Alhair—Ancient Drune

An ancient Drune who was alive at the creation of the Ring of Chell (***p20***).

Demeanour (Neutral): Cheerful, content, eccentric. Eager to speak.

Speech: Calm, warm whisper, punctuated with cheerful laughter uncharacteristic of Drune. Woldish, Drunic, Old Drunic.

Desires: Company and conversation. He does not wish to be freed, and is happy here in his crystal dream world.

Knowledge: He knows much of the Cold Prince (***p51***), the Ring of Chell, and the ley lines of Dolmenwood (***p18***), and shares this knowledge freely.

Wild woods that seem inexplicably well-tended. Rows of wildflowers beside paths. Little bridges span brooks.

Terrain: Hilly forest (3), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6
Ley line Ywyr (*p18*): Arcane spell-casters perceive the distant moaning of the dead.

The Clockmaker's House

Nestled between three hills is a two-storey house of grey, gloomy stone. Ivy climbs up its damp walls and patches of shaggy moss hang down from the bowing roof. It appears abandoned; the windows are shattered and the front door very slightly ajar.

Approaching: A cacophony of ticking comes from inside the house.

Living room: This spacious room is being slowly claimed by patches of moss and weeds sprouting up from the floor. The room has been ransacked. Cabinets are thrust open, drawers pulled out and emptied. The walls are covered with silly but well-made clocks, still ticking away, including the *Backwards Clock* and the *Merriman Clock* (see ***Unique Clocks***). The *Merriman Clock* chimes suddenly, shortly after PCs enter.

Staircase: Leads up to the bedroom. Three sheets of parchment are strewn upon the stairs; each is a note to a Mr Klepp (***p127***) in Blackeswell, unfinished past the salutation and some pleasantries.

Bedroom: Simple furnishings, also destroyed. A skeleton is in the bed, lying in a putrid black stain. Wadded up old clothes are piled on the floor in front of an emptied armoire. The *Crooked Clock* and *Mood Clock* hang here (see ***Unique Clocks***); if the arm on the *Mood Clock* is set to "Awestruck," a secret door in the back of the armoire swings open, leading to the ***Workroom***.

Unique Clocks

Of the clocks on the walls, four in particular stand out for their workmanship and odd qualities.

Crooked Clock: A simple, elegant silver clock whose arms continually twist themselves into angular, crooked shapes. (Worth 300gp).

Backwards Clock: Lacquered wood with a stately, enamelled face. It runs backwards, and staring at it for more than a minute induces nausea. (Worth 150gp).

Mood Clock: Diamond-shaped and fashioned from lead, this piece has a face with only four labels: "Euphoric," "Awestruck," "Ticked Off (Pun Intended)," and "Terrified." Moving the arm to point at a label causes the clock to speak, with tone and varying phrases matching the described mood. (Worth 500gp).

Merriman Clock: Exquisitely detailed wooden piece in the form of a fantastically elaborate cottage. Every hour and half-hour, a tiny wooden merriman (see ***Animals***, *DMB*) emerges from the attic door, and lies down slowly as if to sleep, all the while singing a haunting, soporific melody. (Worth 750gp).

Workroom

Cobweb-festooned shelves packed with springs, gears, and metal sheets. Tarps cover unfinished and incomprehensible contraptions. A workbench is crowded with the schematics for ridiculous clockwork war machines. The Clockwork Man stands in the corner, dusty and inert.

Examining the man: A plaque on the back of his neck reads "Clockwork Mechanical Soldier." A large metal key protrudes from the centre of his back.

Winding the key: Sets his works ticking, and his eyes flick open. He struggles with his creaking joints, which must be oiled before he can move properly. Once fully functional, he introduces himself with a groggy "good morning."

The Clockwork Man

A humanoid automaton made entirely of brass with a rotund torso like a metal barrel. He has no mouth, but his metal moustaches waggle as he speaks.

Demeanour (Neutral): Childlike curiosity. Loyal.

Speech: Tinny, as if echoing on the inside of his head. Mannerly and methodical. Woldish.

Desires: To learn more about the world, and to become more like a real human. He may choose to accompany the PCs for a time.

Knowledge: Does not know what happened to his master. The last thing he remembers is being told to wait here, which he did until his clockworks ran down.

MEDIUM CONSTRUCT—SENTIENT—NEUTRAL

Level 3 **AC** 16 **HP** 20 **Saves** D11 R12 H13 B14 S15
Att Weapon (+2) **Speed** 30 **Morale** 10 **XP** 40

Construct: Immune to biological effects (e.g. disease, poison).

1903 MERRY LODGINGS

A profusion of ditches and gullies, their dank bottoms filled with iridescent water.

Terrain: Hilly forest (3), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6

Bracket Outlook

Close to the centre of this hex, an enormous silver birch stands at the centre of a wide, sunlit glade. The birch is nigh on twice the height of the surrounding woods, standing a clear 60′ proud of the canopy.

Bracket ledges: All the way up the birch's smooth trunk are giant, woody bracket fungi, large enough to act as seats for human-sized individuals. Climbing up the brackets, the tree's high branches can be easily attained.

Outlook: From the top of the birch, characters can survey the surrounding hexes and make out details: the edges of Dolmenwood and the desolate Table Downs beyond to the north and north-east, Chateau Mauvesse perched on cliffs above the Dark Mirror (hex 1802) to the north-west, the top of a white marble tower (hex 1904) to the south, and open land reaching to the horizon to the east.

Woodland Cottage

A quaint little cottage stands at the base of a steep-sided valley carpeted with foxgloves. Wood is piled neatly under the eaves, smoke rises merrily from the stacked-slate chimney, and a boiling kettle whistles cheerily.

Entrance: The door (lacquered cherry wood, painted with dainty flowers) hangs ajar.

Investigating: Calls of greeting go unanswered. Peeking through windows reveals that, despite appearances, no one seems to be at home.

Inside the Cottage

A cosy living room lined with bookshelves, a well-stocked kitchen and pantry, and two bedrooms—all decorated in a simple, rustic style, lovingly maintained and spotlessly clean. The place is utterly still, as if the inhabitants had just stepped out.

Upon entering: The furnishings and household implements magically animate to serve guests: brooms sweep away dust, kettles pour tea, chairs pull out to seat visitors, kitchen implements bake scones and boil soups, pillows and eiderdowns puff themselves, tongs and pokers stoke the hearth, etc.

Staying overnight: The cottage gladly hosts guests for one night, providing nourishment, refreshment, and rest. Any who linger beyond breakfast the following morn are physically ejected if they persist (see ***Defences***).

Books: The shelves in the living room hold hundreds of books, on topics ranging from herbalism and woodcraft to baking and poetry. Searching reveals a notebook written in the Witches' Cant, discussing the history of the three *Mirrors of Embala* (***p75***), including the theft of the onyx mirror by the arch-Drune known as the Aubrathon. The notes hypothesise that the mirror still lies in the ebony tower of the Aubrathon (though no location is posited).

Theft: The cottage has a 3-in-6 chance of noticing the theft of any object from it; if so, it attacks the thieves (see ***Defences***) and attempts to retrieve the item. Enchanted items stolen from the cottage stubbornly refuse to function, unless charmed by some means.

Defences: The household implements can gather into the forms of **3 manikins** (*DMB*) to attack any threats.

History: A sorceress and her husband once lived here in happy isolation. The enchanted objects in the house were so contented that, upon the death of the couple, they could not bear to cease their domestic functions.

Tumbled walls and abandoned coppices. Ruined steadings occasionally peek out from the undergrowth.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6

Ruined Keep and Spire

In the eastern reaches of the hex, a turret of white marble stands intact amid mounds of overgrown rubble. Its upper floor pierces the canopy of the forest.

Entrance: An open archway at the base of the tower.

Inhabitants: 3 badger Cobbins (*DMB*) named **Vannard**, **Ivol**, and **Segwine**. Escapees from the Valley of the Wise Beasts, they learned magic decades ago as assistants to a Drune cottager who once lived nearby, and now refer to themselves as "badger-magi."

Lower storeys: The first through third storeys are a series of empty halls, windowless rooms, and stairs. Numerous sets of tiny tracks are visible on the dirty stone floors, identifiable as badger prints by PCs versed in animal tracking.

Fourth storey: A room containing a massive oak desk packed with papers, each bearing a rune. The desk is an illusion concealing the door to the final stairwell. Anyone viewing the runes must **Save Versus Spell** or be compelled to leave the Spire at once, unable to return for 1d3 days. Spells of true seeing or detection of illusion reveal the portal.

Fifth storey: A cramped library-loft maze of dusty and precarious stacks and over-packed bookshelves, with the three badgers' beds nestled among them. The badgers spend much of their time reading from the sizable collection of occult documents and folios abandoned here. Notable in this cache is a hidebound tome containing all spells known by the badgers (see sidebars).

History: The Spire is all that remains of the keep of Hoglyn, a vassal of the Kingdom of Brackenwold some 600 years ago. The keep was destroyed when Hoglyn joined the few lords who resisted Brackenwold's amalgamation into a wider kingdom (see ***History, p14***).

Vannard—Cobbin (Badger) Magician

Bespectacled and clad in a cardigan with mismatched buttons. His fur has greyed with age. He is the oldest of the three and the nominal leader. He is obsessed with the sorceress **Ygraine Mordlin** (***p84***), whom he compares (unfairly) to his former master, the **Nag-Lord** (***p45***), and fears her influence in the region.

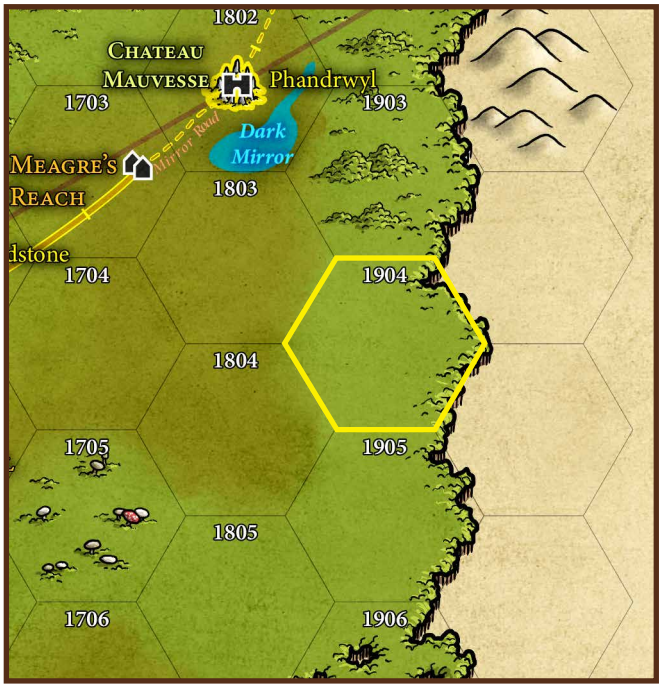
Demeanour (Neutral): Shrewd, scholarly, absent-minded.

Speech: Precise and nasal. Woldish, basic Drunic.

Desires: Any magical object from Ygraine's home, Chateau Mauvesse (hex 1802).

Rewards: Vannard can teach an arcane spell-caster how to create the runes of redirection protecting the badgers' lair (see ***Fourth storey***).

Spells: *Decipher, Ingratiate, Glyph of Locking, Phantasm.*



Ivol—Cobbin (Badger) Magician

Wears a monocle and a thick greenish wool sweater with worn suede elbow patches. Ivol is fascinated by fey magic and is the group's self-styled "fairy expert."

Demeanour (Neutral): Self-important, prone to spouting wild misinformation on matters fey.

Speech: Quiet, deliberate. Woldish, mangled Sylvan.

Desires: To meet fairies and demi-fey and interview them on obscure, nonsensical topics.

Spells: *Ioun Shard, Vapours of Dream, Perceive the Invisible.*

Segwine—Cobbin (Badger) Magician

Dressed in a brightly-striped cotton jumper, wearing empty eyeglass frames. She is the youngest of the group, and also the most eccentric. Spends many evenings perched on the Spire's roof, studying the stars.

Demeanour (Neutral): Cordial, dreamy, conspiratorial.

Speech: Impish whisper. Woldish.

Desires: A working telescope. A star chart.

Spells: *Shield of Force, Vapours of Dream, Levitate.*

1905 MADAME THORNWAIFE'S LABORATORY

Great colonies of three-eyed ravens roost in the trees here.

Terrain: Tangled forest (3), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 2-in-6
Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d2 portions of *Goatsweed* (***p430***), in addition to the normal results.

The Crystal Shard

A jagged, 10′ tall shard of dark grey crystal stands in a wide glade carpeted with moss and purple lichen.

Metal attraction: Metal objects brought into the glade are gently pulled towards the shard by a magical force. The pull is not strong enough to wrench items from a character's hands, but it is clearly perceptible.

Etched sigils: Fine, angular sigils are etched into the five largest facets on the shard's surface. Arcane spell-casters recognise these as the alchemical symbols for earth, water, air, fire, and ether.

Touching the shard with metal: Metallic objects that come into contact with the shard are instantly liquefied (as if in the fires of the forge) and absorbed into the crystal.

Touching gold: Gold absorbed into the crystal (even a single gold piece) causes the entire shard to levitate 5′ off the ground, revealing a stone stairway spiralling underground, illuminated by lambent yellow crystals. The stairway leads to ***Madame Thornwaife's Laboratory***.

Madame Thornwaife's Laboratory

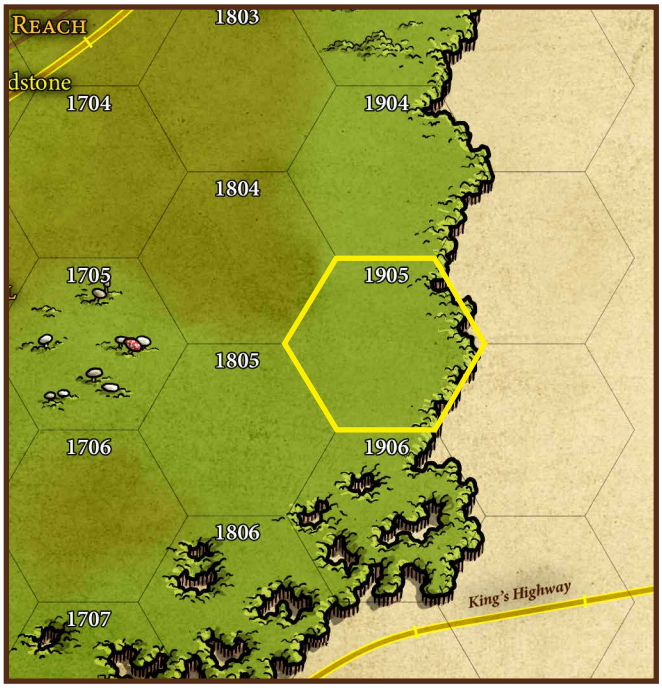
A subterranean labyrinth of elegantly curving passages, circular antechambers, and domed halls, with rounded cobblestone floors and white plaster walls and ceilings decorated with spiralling mosaics of blue crystal. Marble statues of capering nymphs are encountered here and there. Furnishings of wood and felt lend an air of comfort.

Inhabitants: Famed alchemist **Madame Thornwaife** and her assistants: **6 crystaloids** (*DMB*). The assistants are formed of milky selenite, pulsating with a rainbow-hued inner light. They speak with a humming vibration.

Visitors: Those who come seeking Madame Thornwaife's alchemical aid or sagacious knowledge of plants and fungi are welcomed. Others are politely expelled.

Alchemical laboratory: At the heart of the complex, accessible only via a secret door, is Madame Thornwaife's workspace: a seemingly endless array of glass tubes, distilling vessels, vats of gel, herb racks, hanging skeletons and skins, and shelf after shelf of grimoires.

Treasure: The lab is littered with valuable items, including 5,000gp worth of alchemically pure gold and platinum nuggets, 3 *Orbs of Illumination* (5″ crystal spheres that emit light in a 30′ radius when tapped—worth 1,500gp each), and a complete twelve-volume set of the incredibly rare alchemical treatise *Ascrythe's Transfigurations*, bound in cockatrice skin (worth 10,000gp).



Services at Madame Thornwaife's Laboratory

While reclusive, Madame Thornwaife sells certain products of her craft to wealthy visitors.

Potions: At standard prices. 1d4 *Prismatic Elixirs*, 3-in-6 chance of a *Wyrmsblood Elixir*, 3-in-6 chance of a *Vanishing Philtre*, 2-in-6 chance of a *Liquid Time*. See ***Potions, p414***.

Alchemical compounds: 4-in-6 chance of each of the following compounds being in stock: *Alchemical Tonic* (***p414***), *Memory Dust* (***p426***), *Orgon's Scintillating Philtre* (***p414***), *Philtre of Wondrous Vitality* (***p414***).

Alchemical commissions: Madame Thornwaife may take on commissions, per the standard rules for hiring an alchemist (*DPB*).

Madame Virginia Thornwaife—Alchemist/Sage

A spry human woman in her 60s, with huge volumes of wispy white hair, wide-set eyes of clear blue, and long, deft fingers stained with chemicals. Dresses in purple velvet robes set with scintillating gemstones. Once a lecturer at the Royal Institute of Physicks and Sorcerers in Castle Brackenwold (***p134***), Thornwaife now lives as a recluse, absorbed by her research.

Demeanour (Lawful): Animated, impatient. Filled with wonder when discussing her craft. Incessantly drums her fingers.

Speech: Posh. Woldish, Old Woldish, Caprice.

Desires: Magical herbs and fungi. Monster parts. Would pay 10,000gp for one of the *Mirrors of Embala* (***p75***).

Possessions: A mother-of-pearl *Talisman of Protection From Scrying* (***p398***).

Knowledge: Specialises in unusual plants and fungi. Apply the standard rules for hiring a sage (*DPB*).

Butterflies flit through spacious glades. In winter, their wings are rimed with hoarfrost.

Terrain: Open forest (2), Aldweald
Lost/encounters: 1-in-6

Abandoned Campsite

A glade near the forest edge contains an encampment of eight wagons of varying sizes, painted in what were once bright colours, now dulled by extensive weathering.

Five enclosed wagons: With doors and windows, eclectically adorned with baroque woodwork.

Three cage-wagons: Rusty cages, atop wagon bases. Large enough to house great beasts. The cages are unlocked and contain only parched straw.

Lettering: Painted on the sides of the wagons, in large, highly-stylised red-and-yellow letters, are the words "Wetherbrooke's Wild World of Wonders."

How did they get here?: There is no path between the trees by which the wagons might have arrived here.

Inside the Enclosed Wagons

The enclosed wagon interiors are ransacked, covered in cobwebs, and strewn with animal droppings.

Blue wagon with partial second storey: Empty food stores and office (desk and overturned chair), with a very steep staircase leading to a bedroom. In the desk is a water-damaged financial ledger. Under the bed is a locked wooden strongbox, easily forced open, containing 205sp.

Two long orange wagons: Tightly packed bunks line the walls, some containing small animal nests. The far end of each wagon is partitioned into a pair of tiny bedrooms, containing: 1. A rack holding an *Arcane Whip* (***p412***, 1d6 damage, reach 10′, +2 enchantment bonus only applies against great cats); 2. Barbells with hollow wooden weights painted to look like iron; 3. A half-empty vial of chartreuse liquid sitting on a makeup table (if consumed, **Save Versus Doom** or die within 1d4 Turns); 4. The image of a ghastly, grinning clown face painted on the wall in lurid tones, immediately next to a tarnished mirror.

Short black wagon with purple trim: An embroidered cloth-covered table with a cracked crystal ball and a bed behind a curtain. Stale smell of incense. Upon entering, a disembodied female voice shrieks, urging PCs to flee the encampment immediately. Under the table is a hollow fake thumb holding a carnelian (50gp).

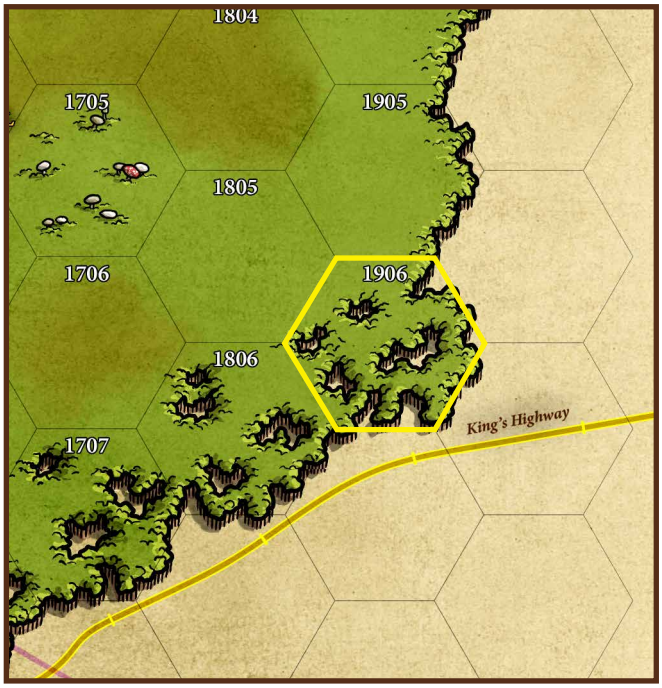
Large white wagon: Empty crates; dried-out, brittle leather tent-bundling straps.

Big Top

An adjoining glade is filled by a bright red circus tent in perfect condition, its flap open invitingly.

Music: Emanates from the doorway, both energetic and wistful.

Magically rooted: The ropes and spikes holding up the tent are immovable and indestructible.



Inside the Tent

Wooden benches and bales of hay surround a circus ring.

Spectral performers and animals: Wink into and out of existence, the humans' faces all grimaces of unceasing despair and terror. Acts include (roll 1d6): 1. Two tigers with tamer; 2. Clowns juggling torches and knives; 3. Acrobats forming a human pyramid; 4. Elephant performing tricks; 5. Strongman lifting barbells; 6. Fire-eater. The show is seemingly unending.

An audience of spectral fey creatures: Cheers and claps appreciatively.

Ringmaster: An apparition of a tall and wiry elf in a top hat and garish red long-tailed suit soon approaches, demanding both a fee for the performance and an "honest assessment" of the show.

Tribute or trouble: If the characters hand over 20gp per PC and offer effusive praise, the ringmaster salutes their "refinement and taste" and allows them to view the performances for as long as they like. Otherwise, his face elongates and widens into a giant, distorted parody of ire. **2 tigers** (as dire wolves—*DMB*) become corporeal and attack, as the spectators roar with excitement.

Defeating the tigers: Causes the audience to erupt in booing. They and the circus vanish, and the tent collapses. Only the ringmaster's empty suit remains, alongside a sack containing 320gp and 512 human teeth.

Fleeing: The tigers pursue PCs for up to 10 Rounds, then vanish.

Part Seven

Treasures and Oddments

"There's an old adage that the traveller's greatest treasure is the friends they made on the journey. Hogswallop. You know what the greatest treasure is? Treasure. A nice gem or piece o' jewellery cut as sharp as a star. Or better yet, a magical trinket or two. Gotta be careful, though. While fairy curses are what everyone will warn ye about, the last thing you wanna be is a hapless git like myself who slaps on a blessed suit of armour and finds his skin blistering. Come to think of it, if you haven't got a quality magician, one you can trust mind you, to look these trinkets over, best just selling 'em for coin first chance you get."

—Snerg Snidebleat, breggle thief

Placing Treasure

Guidelines for creating precious hoards to tempt and reward diligent adventurers.

There are two methods of deciding what treasure creatures have in their lairs: rolling randomly and Referee choice.

ROLLING TREASURE

Letter codes in a monster's listing indicate the magnitude of C(oins), R(iches), and M(agic) typically found in its hoard. These codes correspond to the rows in the ***Coins***, ***Riches***, and ***Magic Items*** tables opposite.

How to Roll Treasure

The table row for each treasure type lists one or more types of coins or items. For each entry in the table row:

1. **Roll chance:** First roll d100, using the listed percentage chance, to see whether this item is present.
2. **Roll number:** If a range of values is given (e.g. 1d6 × 1,000cp, 6d6 gems), roll the specified dice to determine the quantity of this item that is present.
3. **Roll details:** For gems, art objects, and magic items, further rolls determine their value and properties.
   - **Gems and art objects:** See ***p394***.
   - **Magic items:** If the treasure type indicates a specific type of magic item (e.g. 3 potions), roll on the table for that type of item (found in the following pages). Otherwise, first roll on the ***Magic Item Type*** table to determine the type of the item, then roll on the table for that type (found in the following pages).

Example: The Referee is rolling a hoard for a group of monsters that have treasure type C5. The C5 row in the ***Coins*** table indicates that the hoard may contain copper pieces (45% chance), silver pieces (40% chance), and gold pieces (30% chance). Starting with copper, the Referee rolls d%: a roll of 30 indicates that copper coins (1d10 × 1,000) are present in the hoard. The Referee rolls 1d10, resulting in 7 × 1,000cp. A second d% roll of 78 indicates no silver coins are present. A third d% roll of 24 indicates that gold coins (1d8 × 1,000) are present. The Referee rolls 1d8, resulting in 2 × 1,000gp. The hoard thus consists of a total of 7,000cp and 2,000gp. The Referee decides to also roll on the optional ***Coin Appearance*** table. Two d10 rolls indicate coins stamped with the head of Lady Mulbreck on one side and a cockatrice on the other.

Manual Adjustments

If the value of the randomly generated treasure is significantly above or below the average value of the treasure type, the Referee may adjust the results manually, as desired.

REFEREE CHOICE

The Referee may choose treasures appropriate to the monsters and the PC party. As treasure is the main source of XP (see ***Awarding XP, p106***), carefully consider treasure placement. The following procedure is recommended:

1. **Assess XP requirements:** Consider the size of the adventuring party, the Levels of the characters, the XP they need to advance in Level, and the desired rate of advancement.
2. **Decide XP total:** Decide how many Experience Points the treasure hoard should provide if the party successfully acquires it.
3. **Choose treasures:** Place treasures whose total value matches the determined XP total.

Balance of Reward Versus Danger

When using this approach, the Referee should ensure that the treasure is guarded by sufficiently powerful monsters. Adventurers should have to earn this reward.

Treasure Maps (Optional)

The Referee may wish to place maps indicating the location of a valuable treasure hoard (see the ***Treasure Hoard*** table). Treasure maps may not always be easy to interpret: a map may be incomplete, worded in riddles, or written in an obscure language.

Chance: When rolling treasure, the Referee may replace 1-in-10 rolled magic items with a treasure map.

TREASURE HOARD

d100	Hoard	Average Value
01–16	Coins (1d4 × 1,000gp)	2,500gp
17–28	1 magic item	6,100gp
29–36	1d6 × 10 gems + 2d10 art objects	12,200gp
37–44	2 magic items	12,250gp
45–48	2 magic items + 5d6 gems	15,650gp
49–68	Coins (5d6 × 1,000gp)	17,500gp
69–72	3 magic items	18,400gp
73–76	3 magic items + 1 potion	20,100gp
77–80	Coins (5d6 × 1,000gp) + 5d6 gems	20,900gp
81–88	Coins (6d6 × 1,000gp)	21,000gp
89–96	Coins (5d6 × 1,000gp) + 1 magic item	23,600gp
97–00	4 magic items + 1 potion	26,200gp

Coins: Any type of coins totalling the listed value.
Magic items: Roll on the ***Magic Item Type*** table.

COINS

Hoard Type	Copper %	Copper Quantity	Silver %	Silver Quantity	Gold %	Gold Quantity	Pellucidium %	Pellucidium Quantity	Average Value
C1	25%	1d4 × 1,000cp	10%	1d3 × 1,000sp	–	–	–	–	25gp
C2	50%	1d8 × 1,000cp	35%	1d8 × 1,000sp	–	–	–	–	180gp
C3	50%	1d12 × 1,000cp	40%	1d8 × 1,000sp	–	–	–	–	200gp
C4	40%	1d8 × 1,000cp	30%	1d6 × 1,000sp	40%	1d3 × 1,000gp	–	–	900gp
C5	45%	1d10 × 1,000cp	40%	1d12 × 1,000sp	30%	1d8 × 1,000gp	–	–	1,600gp
C6	10%	1d8 × 1,000cp	15%	1d12 × 1,000sp	60%	1d6 × 1,000gp	–	–	2,200gp
C7	10%	1d6 × 1,000cp	40%	2d8 × 1,000sp	35%	2d6 × 1,000gp	25%	1d2 × 1,000pp	4,700gp
C8	–	–	50%	2d10 × 1,000sp	45%	1d12 × 1,000gp	30%	1d3 × 1,000pp	6,500gp
C9	–	–	–	–	–	–	30%	1d8 × 1,000pp	6,750gp
C10	–	–	–	–	50%	1d4 × 10,000gp	50%	1d6 × 1,000pp	21,000gp
C11	25%	3d8 × 1,000cp	75%	1d100 × 1,000sp	50%	1d8 × 10,000gp	25%	5d4 × 1,000pp	42,000gp
C12	–	–	–	–	40%	2d4 × 1,000gp	50%	5d6 × 1,000pp	46,000gp

Silver: In fairies' hoards, the Referee may replace silver coins with pellucidium (50sp = 1pp).
Ingots: If the Referee wishes, any quantity of coins may be replaced with cast ingots or raw nuggets of the same value.

RICHES

Hoard Type	Gems %	Gems Quantity	Art Objects %	Art Objects Quantity	Average Value
R1	50%	1d4 gems	–	–	250gp
R2	10%	1d10 gems	10%	1d10 objects	700gp
R3	25%	1d4 gems	25%	1d4 objects	800gp
R4	25%	1d6 gems	25%	1d6 objects	1,100gp
R5	20%	2d12 gems	10%	1d12 objects	1,200gp
R6	–	–	50%	1d4 objects	1,300gp
R7	30%	1d8 gems	30%	1d8 objects	1,700gp
R8	25%	3d6 gems	25%	1d10 objects	2,000gp
R9	50%	2d6 gems	50%	2d6 objects	4,400gp
R10	55%	5d4 gems	45%	2d6 objects	4,600gp
R11	50%	6d6 gems	50%	6d6 objects	13,000gp
R12	50%	1d100 gems	50%	1d4 × 10 objects	18,000gp

COIN APPEARANCE (OPTIONAL)

d10	Head	Tail
1	Baron Hogwarsh	Acorn
2	Duke Argibald IV	Chapes
3	Duke Thespian III	Coat of arms
4	Lady Harrowmoor	Cockatrice
5	Lady Mulbreck	Green Man
6	Lord Guillefer	Griffon
7	Lord Malbleat	Hop leaf
8	Lord Murkin	Tankard
9	Lord Nodlock	Unicorn
10	Lord Ramius	Wyrm

Duke Argibald: Previous duke; Thespian III's father.
Antique coins: The Referee may place antique coins, worth twice normal value to a collector.

MAGIC ITEMS

Hoard Type	Magic items %	Magic items Quantity	Average Value
M1	10%	1 armour or weapon (equal chance of either)	670gp
M2	15%	1 item (roll type)	920gp
M3	10%	2 items (roll type)	1,225gp
M4	15%	2 items (roll type) + 1 potion	2,100gp
M5	40%	2d4 potions	3,400gp
M6	50%	1d4 scrolls / books	3,500gp
M7	15%	4 items (roll type) + 1 potion + 1 scroll / book	4,350gp
M8	25%	3 items (roll type) + 1 scroll / book	5,300gp
M9	30%	3 items (roll type)	5,500gp
M10	30%	3 items (roll type) + 1 potion + 1 scroll / book	6,850gp
M11	35%	4 items (roll type) + 1 scroll / book	9,550gp
M12	50%	2d4 items (roll type)	15,300gp

MAGIC ITEM TYPE

d100	Magic Item Type	See Page
01–05	Amulet / talisman	*p398*
06–20	Magic armour	*p400*
21–25	Magic balm / oil	*p402*
26–28	Magic crystal	*p404*
29–30	Magic garment	*p406*
31–32	Magic instrument	*p408*
33–37	Magic ring	*p410*
38–62	Magic weapon	*p412*
63–77	Potion	*p414*
78–82	Rod / staff / wand	*p416*
83–97	Scroll / book	*p418*
98–00	Wondrous item	*p420*

Gems and Art Objects

Scintillating jewels and other precious objects.

GEMS

Value: Gems commonly range in value from 10gp to 1,000gp. Roll on the ***Gem Value*** table to determine the value of each gem in a treasure hoard.

Type: Optionally roll on the ***Gem Type*** table to determine the type of gem present.

Weight: Gems weigh 1 coin, for encumbrance purposes.

GEM VALUE

d100	Category	Value
01–20	Ornamental	10gp
21–45	Semi-precious	50gp
46–75	Fancy	100gp
76–95	Precious	500gp
96–00	Gemstone	1,000gp

Large Hoards of Gems and Art Objects

Random determination of treasure (see ***p392***) sometimes results in large numbers of gems or art objects. In such cases, it is sometimes preferable to simplify things, rather than determining the specifics of dozens of items.

Combining items: The values of multiple items may be combined into a single more precious item. For example, ten 500gp gems could be combined into a single, exquisite jewel worth 5,000gp.

Average values: For very large numbers of items, rather than rolling for the value of each item, the Referee may assign the approximate average value—200gp for gems and 1,000gp for art objects.

GEM TYPE

d12	Ornamental (10gp)	Semi-Precious (50gp)	Fancy (100gp)	Precious (500gp)	Gemstone (1,000gp)
1	Azurite	Bloodstone	Amber	Amber + trapped insect	Black opal
2	Banded agate	Carnelian	Amethyst	Aquamarine	Black pearl
3	Clear quartz	Chalcedony	Ametrine	Beryl	Black sapphire
4	Eye agate	Chrysoprase	Chrysoberyl	Blue spinel	Blue diamond
5	Hematite	Citrine	Coral	Chrysolite	Emerald
6	Lapis lazuli	Jasper	Grey ioun*	Diamond	Fire opal
7	Malachite	Moonstone	Jade	Pearl	Jacinth
8	Moss agate	Onyx	Jet	Peridot	Opal
9	Obsidian	Rose quartz	Kunzite	Red spinel	Ruby
10	Rhodochrosite	Sardonyx	Red garnet	Scintillant ioun*	Sapphire
11	Tiger eye	Smoky quartz	Tourmaline	Topaz	Star ruby
12	Turquoise	Zircon	Violet spinel	Violet garnet	Star sapphire

*: *Ioun Stones* (***p404***) whose magic has faded but that still have material value as gems.

ART OBJECTS

Value: Art objects commonly range in value from 300gp to 1,800gp. Roll 3d6 × 100gp to determine the value of each art object in a treasure hoard.

Type: Optionally roll on the ***Jewellery*** table or the ***Miscellaneous Art Objects*** table to determine the type of art object present. Use common sense with regard to the types of items found in a creature's hoard. For example, while a bejewelled comb might be found in the lair of an animal or non-sentient monster (on the body of a victim), a well-preserved piece of antique furniture is less likely to be discovered in such a place.

Description: If desired, make a few notes on the materials and embellishments that give each art object its value. See ***Art Object Qualities*** for some ideas.

Weight: Small items (e.g. pieces of jewellery) weigh 10 coins, for encumbrance purposes. The Referee should judge the weight of larger items.

JEWELLERY

d100	Type	d100	Type
01–03	Anklet	39–41	Diadem
04–08	Armlet	42–49	Earrings (pair)
09–16	Bracelet	50–54	Hairpin
17–24	Brooch	55–60	Locket
25–27	Buckle	61–68	Medallion
28–31	Choker	69–78	Necklace
32–34	Circlet	79–88	Pendant
35–36	Coronet	89–98	Ring
37–38	Crown	99–00	Tiara

MISCELLANEOUS ART OBJECTS

d100	Type	d100	Type
01	Armour*	45–47	Jewellery box
02	Astrolabe	48–50	Mirror
03–04	Bell	51–52	Musical instrument
05–07	Book	53	Orb
08–09	Bowl	54–55	Painting: landscape
10–11	Candelabra	56–58	Painting: portrait
12–13	Chalice	59–60	Painting: triptych
14–15	Chandelier	61–63	Perfume
16–17	Clock	64–65	Porcelain
18	Comb	66–68	Pottery
19–20	Cutlery	69–71	Reliquary
21–22	Decanter	72–74	Rug
23–25	Drinking horn	75	Sceptre
26–27	Engraving	76	Shield*
28–29	Furniture	77–78	Silks
30–32	Furs	79–80	Spices
33	Game set	81–83	Statuette
34–35	Glassware	84–87	Tapestry
36	Gong	88–90	Taxidermy
37	Helm*	91–92	Tray
38–40	Hunting horn	93–95	Vase
41–42	Incense	96–97	Weapon*
43–44	Ivory	98–00	Wine

*: Ornamental arms, valuable as works of art, but worthless in battle. Such items are destroyed if used in combat.

Art Object Qualities

Art objects are usually valued for their craftsmanship, precious materials, embellishments, history, or a combination of all four. The following tables offer inspiration.

PRECIOUS MATERIALS

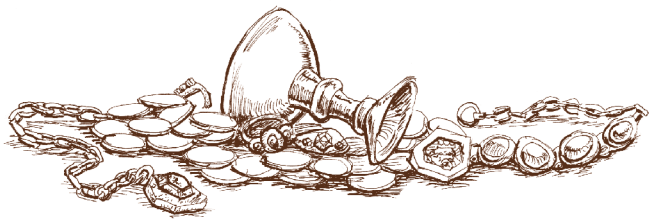
d20	Material	d20	Material
1	Alabaster	11	Jade
2	Amber	12	Meteoric iron
3	Brass	13	Obsidian
4	Bronze	14	Pellucidium
5	Copper	15	Platinum
6	Coral	16	Porcelain
7	Crystal	17	Rare wood
8	Electrum	18	Silver
9	Gold	19	Unicorn horn
10	Ivory	20	Wyrmskin

EMBELLISHMENTS

d20	Embellishment	d20	Embellishment
1	Adorned with feathers	11	Hammered
2	Beaded	12	Heraldry
3	Bejewelled	13	Inlaid: mirror
4	Enamelled	14	Inlaid: precious metal
5	Engraved: patterns	15	Inlaid: shells
6	Engraved: unicorns	16	Inlaid: unicorn horn
7	Engraved: words	17	Intricately carved
8	Filigreed	18	Lacquered
9	Fur-trimmed	19	Pearl-studded
10	Gilded	20	Studded

PROVENANCE

d20	Provenance	d20	Provenance
1	Another world	11	House Mulbreck
2	Beyond Dolmenwood	12	House Murkin
3	Drune	13	House Nodlock
4	Fairy noble (see ***p30***)	14	House Ramius
5	Frost elves	15	Lesser noble
6	House Brackenwold	16	Mossling
7	House Guillefer	17	Pluritine Church
8	House Harrowmoor	18	Saint (see ***p68***)
9	House Hogwarsh	19	Table Downs
10	House Malbleat	20	Witches



Magic Items

An overview of the 13 kinds of magic items and their uses.

Items woven with magic are, for many adventurers, the most sought-after form of treasure, granting wondrous capabilities that defy the limits of nature and the rules of the game.

MAGIC ITEM CATEGORIES

Magic items are usually classified as one of the following categories. Items of each category are described in the following pages.

Amulets and talismans: Necklaces worn to grant magical capabilities or to ward against harm.

Enchanted oddments: Miscellaneous items with minor enchantments.

Magic armour: Grants bonuses to Armour Class. May be enchanted with additional powers.

Magic balms and oils: Substances that bring about a magical effect when rubbed or poured onto a subject.

Magic crystals: Natural or worked stones with various magical properties.

Magic garments: Boots, clothes, helmets, and other items of apparel that place an enchantment about the wearer.

Magic instruments: Musical instruments that cause magical effects when played.

Magic rings: Plain or bejewelled rings that place an enchantment about the wearer.

Magic weapons: Grant bonuses to Attack and Damage Rolls. May be enchanted with additional powers.

Potions: Magical liquids, usually stored in glass vials. A potion takes effect when drunk.

Rods, staves, and wands: Magical lengths of wood, metal, crystal, etc. Enable spell-casters to unleash magical effects.

Scrolls and books: Aged sheets of parchment or tomes inscribed with magical script.

Wondrous items: Enchanted items that do not fit into any other category.

IDENTIFYING MAGIC ITEMS

Certain characters can detect whether items are enchanted (e.g. the magician's Detect Magic skill or the holy spell *Detect Magic*). Merely knowing that an object is magical does not, however, reveal the exact nature of its enchantment and the powers it possesses.

Using magic items: When a character uses a magic item for its intended purpose (e.g. playing an instrument, donning a suit of armour, using a weapon in battle, etc.) they magically become aware of its powers and how to use them. Of course, using a cursed item brings the character under the effects of its curse.

Retainers: Players may ask retainers to test magic items, in order to discover their unknown properties. Retainers may agree to do this, but only if suitably compensated (e.g. by being allowed to keep the item in question).

Magical analysis: Potions can be analysed and identified by an alchemist (see ***Specialist Services***, *DPB*). Specialised spells to identify magic items also exist (e.g. *Drouge's Arcane Unravelling*—see ***Uncommon Spells, p454***).

USING MAGIC ITEMS

In order to be effective, a magic item must be used, held, or worn after the normal fashion for that type of object.

Items that are always active: Magic items that must be worn (e.g. amulets, armour, garments, rings, etc.) take effect as soon as they are donned and remain active without any need for concentration. Likewise, enchantments on magic weapons are always active.

Items that require activation: Magical effects of other items must be intentionally activated. This counts as the character's action for a Round.

Actions per Round: A magic item's effect can normally be used only once per Round, unless its description notes otherwise.

Cumulative effects: Unlike spells, multiple magic items *can* increase the same statistic (e.g. bonuses to Attack, AC, damage, Saving Throws, etc.).

Command Words (Optional Rule)

At the Referee's discretion, certain magic items may only be activated by speaking a specific command word, which must be known by the character. A command word may occasionally be inscribed on an item, but otherwise discovering the appropriate command word for a magic item may not be easy.

Guesswork: Characters may be able to guess a command word, perhaps using previous clues as to the nature of a magic item or its creator.

Recorded elsewhere: A command word may be written on another object (e.g. in a book), which might be found together with the magic item or in an entirely different location.

Obfuscation: Command words may be written in obscure (even dead) languages, in code, in the form of a riddle, as script that can only be read by magic, or in invisible script.

Lost command words: Sometimes a command word has simply been lost. In this case, characters may need to hire the services of a sage or employ divination magic to discover the command word.

BUYING AND SELLING MAGIC ITEMS

Although monetary values are listed for magic items, this is mainly for the sake of the optional rule whereby magic items grant XP (see ***p106***).

Buying magic items: Aside from the occasional potion of low value, it is very rare to find magic items for sale.

Selling magic items: Likewise, although PCs may occasionally wish to sell magic items, finding willing and sufficiently wealthy buyers is difficult. Nobles and powerful NPCs (e.g. the Drune) are likely the only potential buyers. Finding a buyer often requires significant time and effort. Of course, PCs willing to settle for less than an item's full worth have an easier time selling it.

WISHES

Some magic items grant wishes, the powerful ability for a character to change the nature of reality in any conceivable way that they desire. Wishes are generally regarded as the most powerful magic in the game. The Referee must handle wishes carefully so that the balance of the game is not upset. Some adjudication guidelines follow.

Fundamental changes: A wish that would alter some fundamental aspect of the game or the campaign world has no effect. For example, a wish that altered the capabilities of all monsters of a particular type would fail.

Greedy wishes: A wish that the Referee judges to be unreasonable or overly greedy may come to pass, but with its intent twisted in some way. For example, a wish for a very powerful magic item may cause the item to appear, but in the possession of a dangerous enemy.

Wording: The player and Referee must pay great attention to the precise wording of a wish. Ambiguous or incomplete wordings may be twisted by the fates of magic.

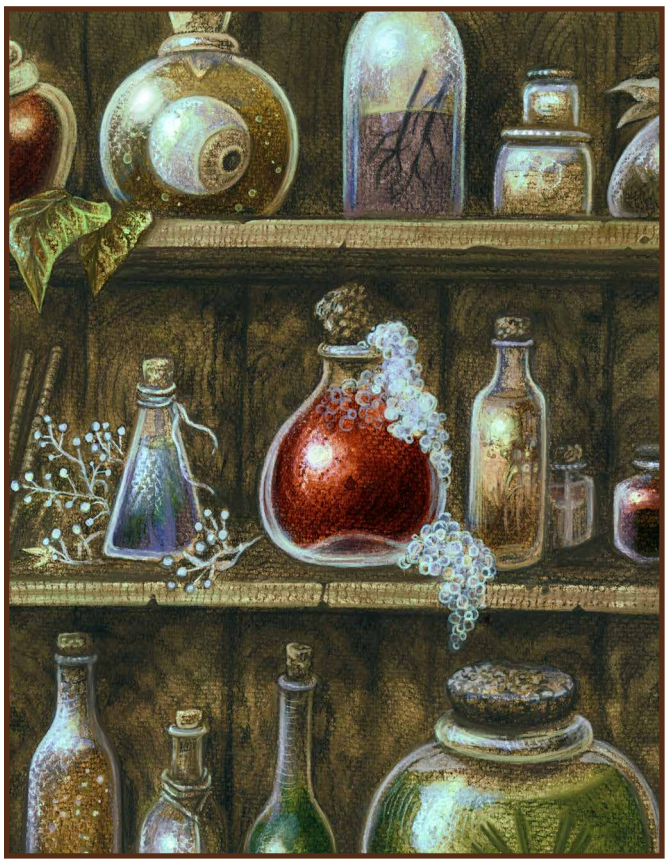
Wishing for more wishes: Results in an infinite time loop, putting the character out of play.

Example Reasonable Wishes

Spell effect: Wishing for the effect of a specific spell. A wish can duplicate the effect of any arcane or holy spell.

Weapon: Wishing for a weapon to help fight magical monsters. The wish grants an *Arcane Longsword* (***p412***) that vanishes when the combat ends.

Time reversal: Wishing that a monster had not attacked. The wish places the characters a short way back in time and changes the reaction of the monster.



Amulets and Talismans

Necklaces worn to grant magical capabilities or to ward against harm.

AMULETS AND TALISMANS

Type	Value (gp)	Summary of Effect
Amulet of Breath	5,000	Breathe in air and underwater
Amulet of Density	25,000	Transform into gaseous form or solid iron
Amulet of Lightning	7,500	Throw lightning bolts
Amulet of Mind-Reading	10,000	Read others' thoughts
Amulet of Pristine Sight	12,500	See through illusions and see invisible
Amulet of Refraction	10,000	Conjure defensive mirror images
Ioun Trap	9,000	Protects against *Ioun Shards*
Talisman of Defence	15,000	Paralyses attackers for 1d4 Rounds
Talisman of Devotion	7,000	+1 AC and Saving Throw bonus against Chaotic / summoned creatures
Talisman of Dimensional Anchoring	4,000	Immunity to teleportation and time alteration
Talisman of Free Action	5,000	Immunity to restraint, paralysis, and slowing
Talisman of Gaze Reflection	20,000	Nullifies gaze attacks
Talisman of Hex Attraction	1,000	Cursed; –4 penalty to Saving Throws against curses and death magic
Talisman of Magic Resistance	4,000	+2 Magic Resistance
Talisman of Non-Detection	7,500	Immunity to detection / divination magic
Talisman of Protection	12,000	Grants AC 14
Talisman of Protection From Hexes	25,000	Nullifies curses and death magic
Talisman of Protection From Scrying	10,000	Immunity to scrying / mind-reading magic
Talisman of Spell Reflection	20,000	Reflects spells back at the caster
Talisman of Vitality	10,000	+4 bonus to Saving Throws against poison and disease

Encumbrance: Amulets and talismans weigh 10 coins.

AMULET / TALISMAN APPEARANCE

d12	Material	Shape	Engraving
1	Bone / horn	Bar	Astrological signs
2	Brass / copper	Diamond	Coiled wyrm
3	Crystal	Disc	Eye(s)
4	Flint / obsidian	Hand	Green Man
5	Gem (see ***p394***)	Hexagon	Griffon / unicorn
6	Gold / silver	Jagged	Leering face
7	Ice (never melts)	Octagon	Magic sigils
8	Iron / cold iron	Oval	Magic square
9	Pellucidium	Ring	Moon / sun
10	Platinum	Saintly effigy	Pentagram
11	Solid shadow	Teardrop	Rune(s)
12	Wood	Twisted	Skull and roses

One Amulet or Talisman Only

If a character wears more than one amulet or talisman, none of their magical effects function. Cursed amulets or talismans do not count towards this limit and cannot be deactivated by wearing more items.

AMULETS AND TALISMANS

1. Amulet of Breath: When placed in the mouth, allows the wearer to breathe both in air and underwater.

2. Amulet of Density: Once a day, the wearer (along with all their gear) can turn into either a cloud of vapour or a statue of solid iron for as long as they wish. When in the form of a cloud, the wearer has Speed 40, can seep through small cracks, cannot attack, has AC 21, and can only be harmed by magic. When in the form of a statue of iron, the wearer cannot move, has AC 24, and can only be harmed by magic.

3. Amulet of Lightning: Appears worthless until worn. The wearer perceives 2d4 small silver lightning bolts hanging from the amulet. Up to once a Round, the wearer can detach and throw one of the small metal lightning bolts, producing a stream of lightning 60′ long and 5′ wide. All in the stream suffer 5d6 damage (**Save Versus Ray** for half). Once all the lightning bolts have been thrown, the amulet's magic is spent.

4. Amulet of Mind-Reading: Grants the power to read thoughts. By concentrating for 1 Round, the wearer may target a creature within 30′. If the target fails a **Save Versus Spell**, the wearer can read their surface thoughts. While reading thoughts, the wearer may move, but cannot cast spells or attack. The amulet is not entirely reliable: each time it is used, there is a 1-in-6 chance of it misfiring, instead sending the wearer's thoughts to all within 30′.

5. Amulet of Pristine Sight: The wearer can see through all illusions, and can perceive invisible objects and creatures. The pristine sight is restricted to 30′ range. There is a 1-in-6 chance each day of the wearer being accosted by 2d6 yellow sprites (*DMB*), striving to steal or destroy the amulet.

6. Amulet of Refraction: Once a day, the wearer can cause 1d4 illusory images of themselves to appear. The mirror images look and behave exactly as the wearer, remaining within 3′. The wearer's voice and any spells they cast emanate randomly from one of the mirror images or the wearer's true form. Attacks on the wearer destroy one of the mirror images (even if the attack misses). If the wearer is an arcane spell-caster, they also gain the ability to cast the spell *Project Image* once a week. While wearing the amulet, the wearer casts no reflection.

7. Ioun Trap: Protects the wearer from *Ioun Shards* (from spells, wands, etc.). *Ioun Shards* that target the wearer are trapped and harmlessly orbit their head forevermore. Each time an *Ioun Shard* is trapped, there is a 1-in-20 chance of the amulet's magic expiring.

8. Talisman of Defence: Any who attack the wearer in melee must **Save Versus Hold** or be paralysed for 1d4 Rounds (aware but unable to move or act, the triggering attack misses). The charm is only effective against each individual once per day.

9. Talisman of Devotion: Grants a +1 bonus to Armour Class and Saving Throws against attacks and special powers of Chaotic creatures, as well as creatures created or summoned by magic. If the wearer is a devout follower of the Pluritine Church (e.g. a holy spell-caster), they also gain immunity to all forms of disease. While wearing the talisman, the wearer becomes of Lawful Alignment.

10. Talisman of Dimensional Anchoring: Grants immunity to magic of teleportation and time alteration (e.g. the *Haste* spell). Causes the wearer's hair to grey prematurely.

11. Talisman of Free Action: Protects the wearer from all forms of restraint, paralysis (but not petrification), and slowing (but not encumbrance). For example, a character wearing a *Talisman of Free Action* can slip out of bonds or a *Web* spell, is immune to the spell *Hold Person* or the paralysing touch of a ghoul, and is unaffected by magic armour with the Freezing curse.

12. Talisman of Gaze Reflection: The wearer's eyes take on an odd, iridescent, mirrored hue. Gaze attacks (e.g. a basilisk's petrifying gaze) directly targeting the wearer are reflected back and affect the attacker instead. After 2d4 gaze attacks are reflected, the talisman loses its power.

13. Talisman of Hex Attraction (cursed): Appears to be a protective talisman of some kind. This cursed talisman afflicts the wearer with a –4 penalty to Saving Throws against curses and death magic (e.g. *Word of Doom*). The talisman and its curse can only be removed by magic (e.g. *Remove Curse*).

14. Talisman of Magic Resistance: Grants +2 Magic Resistance (applied to Saving Throws against magic).

15. Talisman of Non-Detection: Protects the wearer from all magic of detection and divination pertaining to their person or gear. Magic that detects the presence of some force or quality (e.g. *Detect Evil*) simply fails to detect the wearer. Magic that divines information about a subject (e.g. *Reveal Alignment*) provides no information when applied to the wearer. Even those who know the wearer tend to forget their name.

16. Talisman of Protection: Grants the wearer an Armour Class of 14, modified by Dexterity. Foiled attacks produce a flash of prismatic light. If worn in conjunction with armour that grants better than AC 14, the talisman has no effect.

17. Talisman of Protection From Hexes: Protects the wearer from baleful magic, nullifying magic that places a curse or causes instant death (e.g. *Word of Doom*). The talisman works 2d6 times before its magic is spent.

18. Talisman of Protection From Scrying: Stymies all attempts at scrying (e.g. a *Crystal Ball*) and mind-reading (e.g. *Crystal Vision*) that target the wearer.

19. Talisman of Spell Reflection: Spells cast directly on the wearer are reflected back and affect the caster instead. After 2d6 spells are reflected, the talisman loses its power.

20. Talisman of Vitality: Grants the wearer a +4 bonus to Saving Throws against poison and disease. If worn on a daily basis, the talisman promotes vigorous hair growth.

Magic Armour

Suits of armour and shields, imbued with arcane, fairy, or holy magic.

ARMOUR TYPE

d100	Armour	Value (gp)
01–10	Leather armour	6,000
11–15	Leather armour + shield	11,000
16–20	Bark armour	7,000
21–23	Bark armour + shield	12,000
24–38	Chainmail	8,000
39–53	Chainmail + shield	13,000
54–58	Pinecone armour	9,000
59–60	Pinecone armour + shield	14,000
61–70	Plate mail	10,000
71–75	Plate mail + shield	15,000
76–77	Full plate	15,000
78	Full plate+ shield	20,000
79–00	Shield	5,000

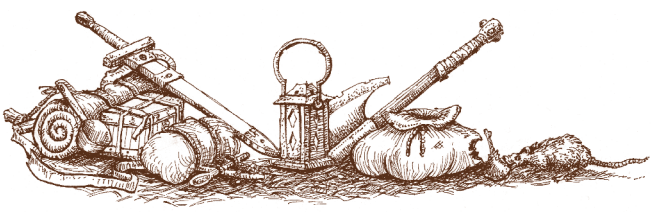
Curses and special powers: Cursed armour is valued at 50% less than listed. Armour with a special power is valued at 50% higher than listed.

ENCHANTMENT

d6	Enchantment Type	Chance of Special Power	Chance of Oddity
1–2	Arcane	2-in-6	2-in-6
3–4	Fairy	2-in-6	4-in-6
5–6	Holy	3-in-6	3-in-6

SPECIAL POWERS

d12	Arcane	Fairy	Holy
1	Acid resistance	Accelerating	Arcane ward
2	Eldritch barrier	Beguiling	Breath ward
3	Energy reflecting	Charm ward	Disease ward
4	Fire resistance	Flight	Fairy barrier
5	Frost resistance	Frost resistance	Fairy ward
6	Gaze reflecting	Hex reflecting	Fear ward
7	Incorporeality	Holy ward	Healing
8	Levitation	Law barrier	Holy circle
9	Poison ward	Refracting	Life protection
10	Shocking	Spell reflecting	Paralysis ward
11	Spell reflecting	Tirelessness	Retribution
12	Swimming	Vanishing	Undead barrier



ODDITIES

d8	Arcane	Fairy	Holy
1	Anointing	Covetous	Anointing
2	Covetous	Freezing (cursed)	Devoted
3	Doomed (cursed)	Lying	Devoted
4	Foe attraction	Mirthful	Foe attraction
5	Lying	Missile attraction	Questing (cursed)
6	Missile attraction	Slumbering	Questing (cursed)
7	Spell attraction	Snow white	Truthful
8	Truthful	Spell attraction	Unyielding

Fairy oddities: Fairies are unaffected by oddities on fairy armour.

MAGIC ARMOUR

Enchantment: All magic suits of armour and shields grant the wielder a +2 Armour Class bonus.

Encumbrance: Magic suits of armour weigh 50% less than normal armour of the same type and are treated as one bulk category lighter, for encumbrance purposes only. For example, magic chainmail weighs 200 coins and is treated as Light armour, but still cannot be used by hunters or thieves.

Size: Bark and pinecone armour are usually sized for mosslings and other Small beings (e.g. grimalkins, woodgrues). Other types of armour are usually sized for humans and other Medium beings (e.g. breggles, elves).

Tailoring magic armour: Magic armour can be tailored to fit smaller or larger characters than it was designed for. See ***Armour and Weapons***, *DPB*. However, unless performed by an armourer versed in enchantment, there is a 2-in-6 chance of the armour being rendered non-magical during the process.

Cursed armour: Following the armour's first use in battle, the wielder comes under its curse and is unwilling to relinquish it or use any other armour. Curses can only be removed by magic (e.g. *Remove Curse*, *Hex Weaving*).

Types of Enchantment

Arcane: Constructed by mighty magicians. Engraved with eldritch runes or constructed of unusual materials (e.g. star-metal, iridescent crystal).

Fairy: Constructed by great fairy smiths or wrought from wondrous materials originating in Fairy. Eerie or otherworldly appearance (e.g. wreathed in shadow, rimed with frost).

Holy: Anointed in a sacred spring, blessed by a holy person, or formerly wielded by a saint. Decorated with Liturgic script or holy symbols.

SPECIAL POWERS

Accelerating: Once a day may be commanded to warp time around the wearer, enabling them to make 1 additional attack per Round for 1d4 Rounds.

Barrier: Once a day may produce a 10′ radius warding barrier that creatures of a specific type cannot enter. The barrier moves with the wearer and lasts for 3 Turns. Affected creatures may still make missile or magical attacks against those within the barrier. (Eldritch barrier: creatures created or summoned by magic.)

Beguiling: Mortals who successfully hit the wearer in melee must **Save Versus Spell** or change sides for 1d4 Rounds, attacking the wearer's foes and defending their allies.

Energy reflecting: Magical beams of light or electricity that directly target the wearer are reflected back at the attacker. After reflecting 1d6 such attacks, the armour loses this power.

Flight: Once a day the wearer may fly, levitate, and hover for 3 Turns, with Speed up to 120.

Gaze reflecting: Gaze attacks are reflected back at the attacker. After reflecting 1d6 such attacks, the armour loses this power.

Healing: Once a day may heal 2d6+2 Hit Points to the wearer.

Hex reflecting: Curses that directly target the wearer are reflected back at the caster. After reflecting 1d6 curses, the armour loses this power.

Holy circle: Once a day may produce a 10′ radius circle of protection. Allies within the circle gain a +1 bonus to AC and Saving Throws against the attacks or special powers of supernatural creatures of Chaotic Alignment.

Incorporeality: Once a day the wearer may become incorporeal for 3 Turns. In this state, the wearer can only be harmed by magic or magical weapons, and can pass through walls, doors, and other solid objects. They can only make magical attacks against corporeal creatures.

Levitation: Once a day the wearer may levitate for 3 Turns, moving vertically through the air at 20′ per Round.

Life protection: Protects the wearer from attacks that drain Ability Scores or permanently reduce Hit Points. After nullifying 1d6 such attacks, the armour loses this power.

Refracting: Once a day may be commanded to conjure 1d4 illusory images of the wearer. The mirror images look and behave exactly as the wearer, remaining within 3′. The wearer's voice, as well as any spells cast, emanate randomly from one of the mirror images or the wearer's true form. Attacks on the wearer destroy one of the mirror images (even if the attack misses).

Resistance: Grants a +2 bonus to Saving Throws versus attacks of a specific type and reduces damage by 1 point per damage die. (For example, 6d6 damage of the affected type would be reduced by 6 points.)

Retribution: Inflicts 1d4 damage on supernatural creatures of Chaotic Alignment that harm the wearer in melee.

Shocking: Once a day the armour can be charged with electrical energy. If the wearer is hit in melee, the attacker suffers 2d6 damage, discharging the electricity.

Spell reflecting: Spells that directly target the wearer are reflected back at the caster. After reflecting 1d6 spells, the armour loses this power.

Swimming: The wearer may swim with no risk of drowning, even in rough waters.

Tirelessness: The wearer may ignore the normal need for rest when travelling. See ***Travel***, *DPB*.

Vanishing: Once a day the wearer may disappear from sight for 1d4 Rounds. The wearer gains +4 Attack against foes that cannot detect invisible.

Ward: Grants a +2 bonus to Saving Throws versus a specific type of effect. (Arcane ward: arcane magic. Breath ward: breath attacks. Fairy ward: fairy magic. Holy ward: holy magic.)

ODDITIES

Anointing: The armour's enchantment bonus fades unless it is ritually anointed in blood (arcane armour) or holy water (holy armour) every day.

Covetous: The wearer is horribly possessive of the armour, loathe for others to touch or even behold it.

Devoted: The wearer is obsessed with honouring a specific saint (see ***p68***), questing for shrines, relics, and so on.

Doomed (cursed): Incurs a –2 AC penalty, instead of the normal +2 enchantment bonus.

Foe attraction: In combat, enemies within 10′ are 3-in-6 likely to attack the wearer, rather than an ally.

Freezing (cursed): If the wearer rolls a natural 1 on any Saving Throw, they become rooted to the spot for 1 Turn.

Lying: The wielder is unable to speak entirely truthfully. Their speech is veiled in lies and half truths.

Mirthful: The wielder is prone to levity, laughter, and whimsy, even in the face of grave circumstances.

Missile attraction: Missile attacks against allies within 10′ are 3-in-6 likely to redirect to target the wearer.

Questing (cursed): The wearer comes under a holy quest of the Referee's choosing, conveyed via prophetic dreams. Should the wearer refuse to undertake the quest, they suffer a –2 penalty to Attack Rolls and Saving Throws.

Slumbering: The wearer suffers a –4 penalty to Saving Throws versus sleep-inducing magic. Furthermore, each time they sleep, there is a 1-in-6 chance of falling into an enchanted slumber lasting 1d6 days, from which they cannot be awoken.

Snow white: The wearer's hair turns white.

Spell attraction: Spells that directly targets allies within 10′ are 3-in-6 likely to redirect to target the wearer.

Truthful: The wielder is instilled with utter honesty. They are unable to lie or veil the truth.

Unyielding: When in combat with undead or supernatural creatures of Chaotic Alignment, the wearer is compelled to continue fighting until all such creatures within 60′ are vanquished.

Magic Balms and Oils

Magical substances with wondrous effects when rubbed or poured onto a subject.

BALMS AND OILS

Type	Value (gp)	Summary of Effect
Alchemical Fire	4,000	Explodes in a fireball causing 5d6 damage in a 10′ radius
Anti-Magic Balm	3,500	Dispels enchantments on a creature or temporarily renders an object non-magical
Brewmaster's Balsam	250	Heals 1d4 Hit Points if used within 1 Turn; soporific effect: –1 to AC and Saving Throws
Dimensional Solvent, Gold	3,000	Shrink to 6″ tall
Dimensional Solvent, Silver	3,000	Double in size; double melee damage
Deorling Balm	500	Heals 1d6 HP or 1d6 Constitution
Holy Oil	3,000	3d8 damage to undead monsters
Hunter's Balm	800	Makes subject scentless
Morphic Unguent	2,000	Alter form into any imagined humanoid form
Nebulous Ointment	1,000	Makes subject unable to sink in water
Oil of Sharpness	4,000	Makes a bladed weapon magical; +2 to Attack and Damage Rolls
Oil of St Signis	1,500	Preserves a corpse indefinitely
Ointment of Weightlessness	750	Renders a creature or object weightless
Orgon's Sovereign Lubricant	750	Makes a creature or object impossible to grasp
Phantasmal Unguent	1,500	Renders a solid object intangible
Salve of Repulsion	3,000	Emits a scent repulsive to a specific type of creature
Solvent of Whispers	1,000	Renders a subject utterly silent
Spectral Oil	1,500	Makes creatures or objects insubstantial, like a ghost
Thieves' Salve	8,000	Grants the ability to smell treasure
Viridescent Balm	3,000	Cures all diseases and poisons or permanently grants +1 HP

Encumbrance: Balms and oils weigh 10 coins.

BALMS AND OILS

1. Alchemical Fire: An incredibly noxious black oil, alchemically brewed from salamander bile. *Alchemical Fire* is always stored in tightly stoppered clay flasks, sealed with wax. **Unstoppering:** A gout of blue-yellow flame bursts out of the flask, causing 1d4 damage to the character. If they fail a **Dexterity Check** to replace the stopper, the flask explodes, causing damage as follows. **Throwing:** The flask can be thrown as a missile attack (range 10′ / 30′ / 50′). It explodes on impact, inflicting 5d6 damage on the target and all within 10′ (**Save Versus Blast** for half damage).

2. Anti-Magic Balm: A pearlescent white balm with a sweet aroma that brings to mind memories of childhood. **Effect:** If applied to a character, all magical effects they are subject to (including both beneficial enchantments and curses) are permanently removed. If applied to an object, the object is rendered utterly non-magical for 1d6 hours.

3. Brewmaster's Balsam: A black gloop in a sturdy glass jar shaped like a miniature cauldron. Tastes sweet and syrupy with an undertone of beef dripping. **Effect:** Applied to wounds within 1 Turn of damage, the balsam heals 1d4 Hit Points. However, the substance has a soporific effect, incurring a –1 penalty to Armour Class and Saving Throws until a night's rest is had. (This side-effect is cumulative, if multiple doses are used.)

4. Deorling Balm: A resinous, white balm brewed from pine sap and needles. **Effect:** If chewed and spat onto a wound, the balm heals 1d6 HP or restores 1d6 points of lost Constitution, leaving behind bark-like scar tissue.

5. Dimensional Solvent, Silver: A noxious smelling, metallic silver oil. **Effect:** When poured onto a character, they double in size for 1d6 + 6 Turns, along with their equipment. Their melee attacks inflict double normal damage.

6. Dimensional Solvent, Gold: A noxious smelling, metallic gold oil. **Effect:** When poured onto a character, they shrink to 6″ high for 1d6 + 6 Turns, along with their equipment. The character can slip through small spaces and hide behind small objects, but is unable to harm creatures larger than 1′ tall.

7. Holy Oil: Sweet-smelling, amber oil blessed by a saint of the Pluritine Church. Stored in ceramic flasks engraved with holy liturgies. **Throwing:** The flask can be thrown as a missile attack (range 10′ / 30′ / 50′). It smashes on impact, inflicting 3d8 damage on an undead monster plus 3d8 damage on the subsequent Round, as the oil drips off.

8. Hunter's Balm: A transparent, yellowish balm that has the scent of a different animal each time it is smelled. **Effect:** Renders a character utterly odourless for 1d6 hours, making them impossible to track by scent. Creatures that rely primarily on scent (per the Referee's judgement) suffer a –2 penalty to Attack Rolls against the character.

9. Morphic Unguent: A syrupy, orange balm that smells of tar. **Effect:** Changes a character's physical form into another imagined humanoid form for 1d6 + 6 Turns. The character's physical features (e.g. weight, skin colour, hair colour, hair length, etc.) may be altered in any way, their sex and Kindred may change, and they may change in height by up to 1′. The unguent may be used to duplicate the appearance of a specific individual, as long as the character can clearly imagine them. Those familiar with the copied individual may **Save Versus Spell** to detect the ruse.

10. Nebulous Ointment: A fluffy, grey ointment that smells of rain and feels like wisps of cloud. **Effect:** Renders a character unable to sink in water for 1d4 + 4 Turns. Even heavily armoured characters may thus swim without risk of drowning.

11. Oil of Sharpness: A fine, golden oil with a subtle, rainbow-hued scintillance. **Effect:** Renders a bladed or pointed weapon magical for 1d6 + 6 Rounds. While enchanted, the weapon grants a +2 bonus to Attack and Damage Rolls and is effective against monsters that can only be harmed by magic. The oil has no effect if applied to a weapon that is already magic. A flask of *Oil of Sharpness* contains 4 applications.

12. Oil of St Signis: A thin, iridescent black oil with an odour of mothballs. **Effect:** Protects a corpse from the natural processes of decay, preserving it indefinitely. The corpse is also prevented from rising as undead of any kind. A flask of the oil is sufficient for 8 Medium or 12 Small corpses. This oil is used by the Lichwards to preserve the bodies of nobles and bishops.

13. Ointment of Weightlessness: A thick, slippery balm of scintillating, pearly hue. Smells of fresh rain. **Effect:** Renders a creature (Small or Medium) or object (up to 5,000 coins of weight) utterly weightless for 1d6 + 6 Turns. An affected creature can will itself to move vertically through the air up to 20′ per Round.

14. Orgon's Sovereign Lubricant: A thin, pinkish oil with a metallic odour. **Effect:** When poured onto a subject (a character or object), it becomes impossible to grasp or restrain. The subject is immune to constriction attacks and able to instantly slip out of webs, rope bonds, chains, and so forth. If applied to a floor, a flask covers a 10′ × 10′ area. Creatures walking through the area have a 95% chance per Round of slipping over (unable to move or act further that Round). Effects last for 8 hours.

15. Phantasmal Unguent: An obsidian balm twinkling with silver motes. **Effect:** Renders a solid object (up to 5′ diameter) or section of wall (5′ diameter, up to 10′ deep) intangible for 1d4 + 4 Turns. The affected object or section of wall appears normal, but creatures and solid objects can pass through it.

16. Salve of Repulsion: A cream-coloured, oily balm whose odour is utterly repulsive to creatures of one specific species or Kindred (e.g. deer, grimalkins, humans, wyrms, etc.). To creatures of other kinds, the salve is odourless. **Effect:** Applied to an object or area, the scent can be detected up to 120′ away, for 1d6 hours. Creatures of the affected type must **Save Versus Spell** or be unable to approach closer than 120′. Those who make the save may approach, but suffer a –2 penalty to Attack Rolls and Saving Throws while in the affected area.

17. Solvent of Whispers: A slightly transparent oil of deep indigo hue that emits sibilant noises when moved. Smells faintly of almonds. **Effect:** Renders a subject (a character or object onto which the solvent is poured) utterly silent for 1d4 + 4 Turns. The subject cannot produce sound, either by its own volition (e.g. speech) or by contact with other objects (e.g. a hammer pounding).

18. Spectral Oil: A thin, transparent oil with a slightly iridescent hue, stored in opaque clay flasks. If exposed to light, the oil loses its magical properties unless used within 1 Turn. **Effect:** When poured onto a character, they become incorporeal for 1d4 + 4 Turns, along with their equipment—able to move through walls, doors, and other solid objects, like a ghost. The subject can only be harmed by magic or magic weapons.

19. Thieves' Salve: An indigo salve found in tiny quantities in miniature crystal jars. Smells of musty crypts. **Effect:** When applied to a character's nose, grants the ability to smell treasure for 1d6 + 6 Turns. The subject can sense the direction and distance of the largest treasure hoard within 360′. The magic is blocked by lead. A jar of *Thieves' Salve* is sufficient for 4 uses.

20. Viridescent Balm: A deep emerald green balm that smells of spring rain. **Effect:** Instantly cures the subject of all diseases and poisons. If the subject is in good health (i.e. not suffering from disease or poison), the balm instead permanently increases their maximum Hit Points by 1. An individual can benefit from the HP increase at most three times ever.

Magic Crystals

Glittering stones with mysterious and wondrous properties.

MAGIC CRYSTALS

Type	Value (gp)	Summary of Effect
Crystal Ball	5,000	View a distant location
Crystal of Sepulture	5,000	Absorbs souls which can be consumed to power enchantments
Dweomer Shard	20,000	Absorbs magical energy which can be released in the form of a spell
Ioun Stone, Absorption	20,000	Absorbs and negates spells cast at the character
Ioun Stone, Agility	5,000	Grants +1 Dexterity
Ioun Stone, Breath	5,000	Sustains the character without air
Ioun Stone, Fortitude	5,000	Grants +1 Constitution
Ioun Stone, Insight	5,000	Grants +1 Wisdom
Ioun Stone, Intellect	5,000	Grants +1 Intelligence
Ioun Stone, Might	5,000	Grants +1 Strength
Ioun Stone, Presence	5,000	Grants +1 Charisma
Ioun Stone, Regeneration	20,000	Heal 1 HP per Turn
Ioun Stone, Sustenance	5,000	Sustains the character without food and water
Lenses of Reflection	5,000	Immunity to gaze attacks
Lenses of Sight	3,000	Look into one lens, see through the other
Lens of Penetration	3,000	Sees through fairy glamours of illusion
Leystone	3,000	Detects the presence of ley lines and nodal stones
Loadstone	1,000	Cursed; slows movement and action
Luckstone	25,000	+1 bonus to Saving Throws and Ability Checks
Moonstone	1,000	Absorbs moonlight and emits light for 1 month

Encumbrance: Unless noted, crystals weigh 1 coin.

MAGIC CRYSTALS

1. Crystal Ball: A perfect, polished sphere of clear crystal, 6″ across. Gazing into the crystal, an arcane spell-caster can view any place or object that is brought to mind. The vision lasts for 1 Turn. Its clarity is dependant on the scryer's familiarity with the subject—for example, the scryer's own home could be viewed with great clarity, whereas a place the scryer has only heard of would produce a faint, blurry image. A *Crystal Ball* may be used up to thrice a day. Weight: 50 coins.

2. Crystal of Sepulture: A faceted, 1′ tall, ovoid crystal of pale blue or violet hue. Placed within a case or cabinet by an arcane spell-caster, the crystal floats and rotates slowly, absorbing the soul of any sentient being that dies within 120′. Victims cannot be raised from the dead, unless the soul is released by the caster. Trapped souls may be consumed to extend the duration of a spell or other magical effect. For each soul consumed, the spell is extended for one third of its initial duration. For example, a *Haste* spell (duration 3 Turns) would be extended by 1 Turn per soul. Weight: 50 coins.

3. Dweomer Shard: A rough-cut aquamarine crystal that emits a faint, pulsing warmth when touched by an arcane spell-caster. If placed in a flow of arcane energy (e.g. a ley line), the crystal charges up, becoming purple-tinged and eventually purplish-black when fully charged (6 hours). Once fully charged, the crystal contains a random Rank 1 arcane spell. An arcane spell-caster can identify the spell by touch and can cast it at will, releasing the stored energy and returning the crystal to its "empty" state.

4. Ioun Stone, Absorption: A pale lavender ellipsoid that absorbs and negates spells of Rank 3 or lower cast at the character. After absorbing a total of 1d3 × 10 Ranks of spells, the stone burns out and turns to dull grey, forever useless. See ***Ioun Stones***.

5. Ioun Stone, Agility: A deep red sphere that increases the character's Dexterity by 1 (to a maximum of 18). See ***Ioun Stones***.

6. Ioun Stone, Breath: An iridescent spindel that sustains the character without air. See ***Ioun Stones***.

7. Ioun Stone, Fortitude: A pink rhomboid that increases the character's Constitution by 1 (to a maximum of 18). See ***Ioun Stones***.

8. Ioun Stone, Insight: An incandescent blue sphere that increases the character's Wisdom by 1 (to a maximum of 18). See ***Ioun Stones***.

9. Ioun Stone, Intellect: A striated scarlet and blue sphere that increases the character's Intelligence by 1 (to a maximum of 18). See ***Ioun Stones***.

10. Ioun Stone, Might: A pale blue rhomboid that increases the character's Strength by 1 (to a maximum of 18). See ***Ioun Stones***.

11. Ioun Stone, Presence: A striated pink and green sphere that increases the character's Charisma by 1 (to a maximum of 18). See ***Ioun Stones***.

12. Ioun Stone, Regeneration: A pearly white spindle that heals 1 Hit Point per Turn. See ***Ioun Stones***.

Ioun Stones

Small (1–2″), floating crystals of different shapes and hues, each granting a different magical boon. *Ioun Stones* are said to originate in a distant, otherworldly dimension, known to magicians as "Ioun." While *Ioun Stones* are especially coveted by magicians, they can be used by all characters.

Activating: A stone's power is activated when it is held then released beside the character's head, whereupon it takes up a circling orbit 1–3′ around the head.

Stealing: Stones may be grasped or netted to separate them from their owner.

Attacking stones: AC 20 and 10 Hit Points.

Storing: The character may grasp an orbiting stone to store it, temporarily deactivating its power.

13. Ioun Stone, Sustenance: A clear spindle that sustains the character without food and water. See ***Ioun Stones***.

14. Lenses of Reflection: A pair of 2″, transparent grey, lens-shaped crystals, attached to a leather strap. When affixed over the eyes, the wearer is immune to gaze attacks (e.g. a basilisk's gaze—*DMB*).

15. Lenses of Sight: A pair of 2″, transparent, lens-shaped crystals, one pink, the other azure. Looking through the pink lens, one sees out of the azure lens. The pair of lenses operates at any distance.

16. Lens of Penetration: A 2″, transparent blue, lens-shaped crystal. Looking through the lens, one sees through all fairy glamours of illusion.

17. Leystone: A 3″ shard of translucent crystal, deep green or blue in colour, slightly warm to the touch. Placed in the palm of the hand, the crystal points towards the nearest ley line. In a hex containing a nodal stone, the crystal slowly rotates.

18. Loadstone (cursed): A roughly hewn piece of ornamental stone (e.g. agate—see ***Gems and Art Objects, p394***) which afflicts the owner with a curse of slow movement. The character's Speed is halved and they can only attack or cast spells every second Round. The curse takes effect when the character attempts to flee from an enemy (whether in combat or in pursuit). If the stone is discarded, it reappears, hidden somewhere on the character's person, unless the curse is removed by magic (e.g. *Remove Curse*).

19. Luckstone: A roughly hewn piece of ornamental stone (e.g. agate—see ***Gems and Art Objects, p394***) which grants its owner good luck. The character gains a +1 bonus to Saving Throws and Ability Checks.

20. Moonstone: A perfect, polished sphere of silver-grey crystal, 6″ across, engraved with geomantic and astrological sigils. If placed for a night beneath the light of the full moon, the stone becomes charged with the moon's light. Once successfully charged, the stone radiates a lambent, bluish light in a 30′ radius until the moon is next full. Weight: 50 coins.

Magic Garments

Boots, clothes, helms, and items of apparel that grant magical capabilities.

MAGIC GARMENTS		
Type	**Value (gp)**	**Summary of Effect**
Belt of Blending	8,000	Blend into a crowd without being remembered
Belt of Hounds	10,000	Conjure 8 different hounds
Belt of Might	10,000	Gain 18 Strength; lessens encumbrance
Boggin-Hair Cloak	5,000	Transforms into a small boat
Boots of Andromethia	6,000	Leave a trail of petals; lessens chance of getting lost in difficult terrain
Boots of the Plains	20,000	Move at Speed 80 for up to 1 day
Boots of Weft-Striding	15,000	Step up to 30′ away; float in mid-air
Cloak of Displacement	17,500	Wearer appears 5′ away from actual location; +2 versus targeted attacks
Cloak of Leaves	15,000	Different bonus each season
Cobweb Socks	10,000	Walk along walls and ceilings
Hearty Companion Cloak	8,000	Sleep in any conditions; must be fed 1 ration
Helm of Realignment	1,000	Cursed; change Alignment
Helm of Teleportation	20,000	Cast *Teleport* once a day (thrice for arcane spell-casters)
Lichen Cloak	8,000	Blend into trees or rock
Mushroom Cap	5,000	Produces edible (and sometimes special) fungi
Pickpocket's Glove	12,500	Objects touched are invisible while in contact with the glove
Robe of Eyes	50,000	All-round vision, see in darkness, see invisible, prevents surprise
Robe of Useful Items	15,000	Patches can be removed to produce items
Scholar's Cap	12,500	Read any language
Sprite-Wing Cloak	6,000	Near invisibility when moving slowly

Encumbrance: Garments weigh 20 coins.

MAGIC GARMENTS

1. Belt of Blending: A belt of glimmering fish skin with a buckle of silver thorns. The wearer can blend into a crowd (10 or more people) and not be clearly recalled. The wearer also has difficulty recalling their own name.

2. Belt of Hounds: A broad leather belt emblazoned with portraits of 8 noble hounds—one per type of hound listed in the *DPB*. If the wearer lovingly strokes one of the hounds, it leaps from the belt, manifesting as a dog of the corresponding type. The hound serves the wearer for 24 hours before vanishing (along with the image on the belt).

3. Belt of Might: A broad leather belt with patterns of metal studs. Grants the wearer Strength 18 (+3). They may also ignore 1,000 coins (or 10 items) of encumbrance.

4. Boggin-Hair Cloak: A cloak of thick, green weed-like boggin hair, perpetually sodden and dripping, but perfectly warm. Cast upon a body of water, the cloak functions as a small rowing boat capable of carrying up to 2 people and their gear. A pole or oars are required to propel the boat.

5. Boots of Andromethia: Cherry blossom petals that swathe a character's feet, warming and protecting like stout travelling boots. As the wearer walks, the boots leave a trail of petals in their wake. This reduces the party's chance of getting lost in difficult terrain to 2-in-6 (see ***Travel***, *DPB*). Following the wearer is trivial.

6. Boots of the Plains: Soft suede boots with soles covered in fresh, green blades of grass. When travelling overland, the wearer moves with Speed 80 (16 Travel Points a day). After a day travelling at this rate, the wearer must rest for 1 day, unable to move at greater than Speed 10.

7. Boots of Weft-Striding: Supple leather boots threaded with a mesh of fairy silver. The wearer gains the ability to step through the fabric of reality. Up to thrice a day, they may make a small step and be transported to a selected location up to 30′ away. The wearer may even step into mid-air and not fall, though without a means of propulsion (e.g. pushing along a wall), they cannot move.

8. Cloak of Displacement: A cloak of black, shimmering scales that bends light, making the wearer appear to be 5′ away from their true location. The wearer gains a +2 bonus to Saving Throws against attacks that directly target them (e.g. wands, spells, gaze attacks, etc.). Attacks Rolls against the wearer are penalised by –2.

9. Cloak of Leaves: A long, voluminous cloak of oak leaves that change with the seasons, from freshly unfurling buds in spring, to deep and lustrous greenery in summer, to shades of golden orange in autumn, to mere skeletons in winter. The cloak's magic also changes with the seasons: in spring it grants the wearer a +2 bonus to AC, in summer a +2 Attack bonus with missile weapons, in autumn a +2 bonus to **Survival Checks** for hunting and foraging, and in winter a +2 bonus to **Constitution Checks** for sleeping.

10. Cobweb Socks: Long socks woven of sticky cobwebs. If wearing nothing else on their feet, the wearer can walk up vertical surfaces and upside down along ceilings. The wearer gains a taste for eating raw insects.

11. Hearty Companion Cloak: A normal-looking woollen cloak with a brass clasp in the form of a merry face. If the clasp is fed 1 ration of food and a sip of alcohol in the evening, the cloak produces a hearty warmth for the wearer throughout the night. Weather conditions and lack of fire or camping equipment do not prevent the wearer getting a good night's rest.

12. Helm of Realignment (cursed): A beautifully crafted silver helmet. Donning the helmet instantly causes the wearer's Alignment to change to a new, randomly determined Alignment (re-roll duplicates). Once donned, the helmet and its Alignment-changing curse can only be removed by magic (e.g. *Remove Curse*).

13. Helm of Teleportation: A beautifully crafted silver helmet. Grants the wearer the ability to cast the arcane spell *Teleport* on themselves once a day. Arcane spell-casters may cast *Teleport* up to thrice a day and are able to cast the spell on other creatures or objects if desired.

14. Lichen Cloak: A ragged cloak of patched, dank-smelling, multi-hued lichen. When motionless, the wearer can blend into trees or stone, appearing as a large patch of lichen.

15. Mushroom Cap: A floppy leather cap laced with mycelia and covered in rampant growth of a random edible fungus (see ***p118***). The fungi are sufficient for 1 ration. If consumed, a new batch of fungus grows the following dawn—1 ration of a random edible type, plus a 1-in-6 chance of a portion of a random special type (see ***p428***).

16. Pickpocket's Glove: A silk glove embroidered with sprite motifs. When the glove is worn, non-living objects (up to 100 coins weight) in contact with it are rendered invisible. Object becomes visible when contact ceases.

17. Robe of Eyes: A luxurious robe adorned with dozens of eye motifs. The wearer can see in all directions at once, can see normally in darkness (up to 60′), can perceive invisible (up to 60′), and can plainly see anyone hiding or using camouflage. The robe's visual powers prevent the character from being surprised. The holy spell *Light*, cast directly on the robe, causes the wearer to be blinded for 1d4 Rounds.

18. Robe of Useful Items: A plain, unremarkable robe. Fairies, demi-fey, and arcane spell-casters who don the robe notice a series of cloth patches sewn into it, shaped like items—see ***Robe of Useful Items Patches***. Other characters cannot perceive the patches or use the powers of the robe. Patches on the robe can be removed (take 1 Round), permanently turning into the corresponding item.

19. Scholar's Cap: A floppy felt cap embroidered with mystic sigils. The wearer gains the ability to read writing of all kinds, including text in all languages and magical text (e.g. created by *Arcane Cypher*).

20. Sprite-Wing Cloak: A diaphanous cloak formed of thousands of iridescent sprite wings, stitched together with spider silk. When moving carefully (maximum half Speed), the wearer is rendered almost invisible: there is only a 1-in-6 chance of them being spotted. The invisibility is nullified for 1 Turn if the wearer attacks or casts a spell.

Magic Garment Sizing

When first discovered, a magic garment may be sized to fit a human, a smaller humanoid (e.g. a grimalkin), or a larger humanoid (e.g. an ogre). However, when a magic garment is donned it changes size, adapting to the stature of the wearer.

Multiple Garments

If a character wears multiple magic garments of the same kind (e.g. two magic cloaks), their magical effects do not function. Cursed garments do not count towards this limit and cannot be deactivated by wearing more magic garments.

Robe of Useful Items Patches

The robe has the following patches when found: two daggers, two 10′ poles, two lanterns (lit and filled with oil), two sacks, two small mirrors, two 50′ ropes, 4d4 items rolled on the table below.

USEFUL ITEMS

d12	Item
1	Pouch of 100gp
2	Small silver box (worth 500gp)
3	Iron door with a bar; may be attached to a wall
4	Pouch of 10 gems (worth 100gp each)
5	Rope ladder
6	Mule with saddle bags
7	10′ deep pit; may be thrown onto the ground
8	Potion that heals 2d6+2 Hit Points
9	Rowing boat
10	Scroll of a random arcane spell
11	Two dolmen pincher hounds (*DPB*)
12	Window (2′ × 4′, 2′ deep); may be attached to a wall

Magic Instruments

Drums, pipes, fiddles, and lutes whose music enchants and amazes.

INSTRUMENT TYPE

d20	Instrument	Type
1	Chime	Percussion
2	Crumhorn	Wind
3	Doodlepipe	Wind
4	Flute	Wind
5	Frame drum	Percussion
6	Harp	String
7	Horn	Wind
8	Kettle drum	Percussion
9	Lute	String
10	Lyre	String
11	Mandolin	String
12	Panpipes	Wind
13	Recorder	Wind
14	Shawm	Wind
15	Squamp	Wind
16	Tambour	Percussion
17	Trombone	Wind
18	Tuba	Wind
19	Viola	String
20	Violin	String

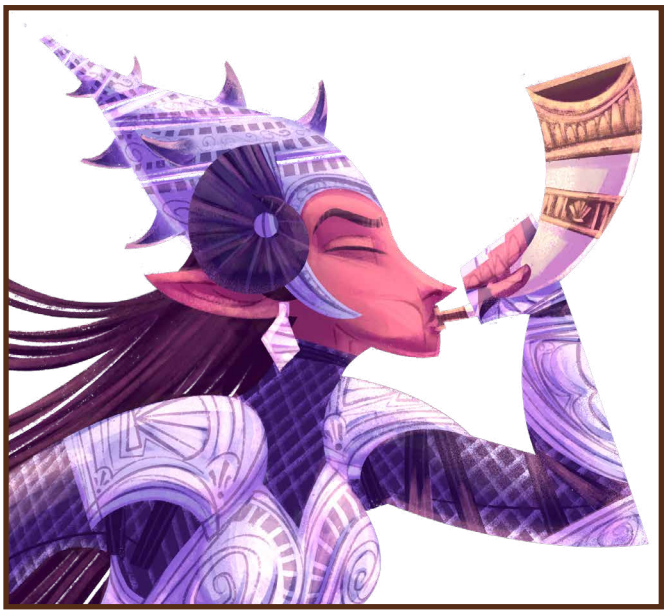
Encumbrance: Stringed instruments weigh 50 coins; wind instruments weigh 20 coins.

Doodlepipe: A pipe with a bladder surrounding the reed.

Squamp: Several cured gourds bored with holes and fitted with pipes. Fed from a single mouthpiece. Popular among mosslings.

INSTRUMENT ENCHANTMENT

d20	Enchantment	Value (gp)
1	Animation	15,000
2	Blasting	40,000
3	Calling	5,000
4	Chaos	10,000
5	Cooking	8,000
6	Dance of the dead	15,000
7	Enraging	3,000
8	Entanglement	10,000
9	Fascination	8,000
10	Frothing	2,000
11	Jackanapes	12,000
12	Levitation	10,000
13	Obscurement	10,000
14	Opening	20,000
15	Panic	35,000
16	Ravening	2,000
17	Revelry	5,000
18	Sending	10,000
19	Slumber	10,000
20	Warning	6,000



Musical Proficiency

The magic of an enchanted musical instrument can only be activated by a skilled musician, as follows.

Bards: Can play all instruments.

Woodgrues: Can play all wind instruments.

Other characters: A character's background may imply proficiency with certain types of musical instruments, at the Referee's discretion.

Noise

Playing a musical instrument is a noisy affair. At the Referee's discretion, this may incur an additional check for wandering monsters.

ENCHANTMENTS

Animation: Once a day, animates 1d6 corpses, skeletons, or household tools (e.g. rolling pins, brooms, scissors) within 30′. As long as the musician plays, they can command the animated subjects to perform any tasks desired. The subjects must remain within 30′. Subjects may be commanded to attack—see stats to the right.

Blasting: Up to once a Turn, releases a blast of destructive noise. Creatures within a 100′ long cone (20′ wide at the end) suffer 2d6 damage (**Save Versus Blast** for half). Affected creatures are also deafened for 1 Turn (**Save Versus Spell** to avoid). At the Referee's discretion, the noise may also be able to damage objects and buildings (e.g. a single blast might be enough to destroy a simple cottage; a 10′ section of castle wall might require three blasts).

Calling: Attracts the attention of animals or bugs of a specific type (e.g. bears, giant rats, giant spiders). If any creatures of the affected type are present within 400′, 2d6 individuals arrive in 2d6 Rounds. The instrument's magic does not influence the creatures' attitude towards the musician, which should be determined by the Referee (possibly using a Reaction Roll—see ***Encounters***, *DPB*).

Chaos: All creatures within 30′ must **Save Versus Spell** or be stricken with delusions, unable to control their actions. The Saving Throw is repeated each Round. Roll 2d6 for each affected subject each Round: 2–5: attacks allies; 6–8: confused, no action; 9–12: attacks foes.

Cooking: Once a day, magically conjures a hearty meal sufficient for 12 people. A cooking pot or other vessel must be to hand. There is a 1-in-20 chance per usage that eating the food has the effect of a random rare fungus (***p428***) or rare herb (***p430***).

Dance of the dead: Undead within 30′ must **Save Versus Spell** (incorporeal undead gain a +2 bonus) or dance a nonsensical jig as long as the musician keeps playing. Afflicted undead cannot move, attack, or perform any other actions. Subjects that are attacked (physically or magically) cease to be affected.

Enraging: Creatures of a specific type (e.g. breggles, elves, wolves, wyrms) within 30′ must **Save Versus Spell** or be enraged by the instrument's music. Enraged creatures attack the musician and allies as long as the music persists.

Entanglement: Once a day, causes mundane plants in 20′ radius area up to 80′ away to bend and twist, attempting to entangle creatures within their grasp. Creatures in the affected area must **Save Versus Hold** or be entangled and unable to move until the musician stops playing.

Fascination: Animals of a specific type (e.g. bears, cats, rodents) within 30′ are fascinated by the instrument's music. Subjects must **Save Versus Spell** or sit and raptly listen to the music, perhaps singing along according to their art. If the musician moves, fascinated subjects will follow. Any interruptions (e.g. loud noise or violence) end the fascination.

Frothing: Under normal circumstances, playing the instrument has no special effect. In perilous circumstances (e.g. in the presence of hostile monsters), playing it causes a mass of bubbles to froth out and envelop the musician's face. This causes blindness for 2d10 Rounds.

Animated Corpses / Skeletons / Tools

MEDIUM CONSTRUCT/UNDEAD—MINDLESS—NEUTRAL

Level 1 **AC** 12 **HP** 1d4 (2) **Saves** D12 R13 H14 B15 S16
Att Blow (+0, 1d4) **Speed** 20 **Fly** 20 (tools only)
Morale 12 **XP** 10

Non-biological: Immune to biological effects (e.g. disease, poison) and mind-affecting spells (e.g. *Vapours of Dream*, *Paralysation*, *Dominate*).

Jackanapes: Once a day, conjures 1d6 gobbles (*DMB*) dressed in dapper waistcoats and jester hats. Each gobble carries either a cymbal, a trumpet, or a small cudgel (1d4 damage)—selected at random. The animals are obedient, if rambunctious, and obey the musician's mental commands. The gobbles vanish as soon the musician stops playing.

Levitation: Causes the musician and all unsecured creatures and objects within 10′ to float upwards at a rate of 10′ per Round. As soon as the music stops, levitated subjects drop back to the ground.

Obscurement: Conjures a cloud of misty vapour around the musician. After the first Round of playing, the vapour fills a 10′ radius area. The radius expands by 5′ per additional Round of playing, up to a maximum radius of 60′. The vapour blocks all vision, except the musician's (who can see 10′ in the vapour) and those able to see invisible. It remains for 4 Turns, or 1 Turn in windy conditions.

Opening: Playing for 1 Turn causes a single door, lid, or other portal to open. All mundane locks and bars are bypassed. Magical locks and wards are suppressed for 3 Turns. After being used 2d10 times, the instrument becomes non-magical.

Panic: All creatures within 120′ must **Save Versus Spell** or flee from the sound of the instrument for 1 Turn. Those within 10′ of the instrument are not affected.

Ravening: All creatures within 60′ must **Save Versus Spell** or be afflicted with ravenous hunger. Creatures with access to food will drop anything in their hands and immediately consume the available food for 1d6 Rounds. Creatures without food will move as fast as possible to the musician's location and will attempt to kill and eat anyone present. Each Round a creature eats, it may **Save Versus Spell** to end the ravenous hunger.

Revelry: Listeners suffer a –2 penalty to any Saving Throws against mad revelry effects played on the instrument. See the woodgrue Kindred, *DPB*.

Sending: Thrice a day, the instrument can send a message (up to 20 words) drifting on the winds. The winds carry the message to a known person or location up to 24 miles distant, travelling at a rate of 1 mile per Turn.

Slumber: Causes animals, demi-fey, and mortals within 30′ to become drowsy. After hearing the music for 1 Turn, subjects must **Save Versus Spell** or drift off to sleep. Slumbering subjects are awoken by loud noise or violence.

Warning: The instrument's music is only audible to allies of the musician, and can thus be used to send alarms, alerts, or warnings.

Magic Rings

Plain or bejewelled rings that place an enchantment about the wearer.

MAGIC RINGS

Type	Value (gp)	Summary of Effect
Ring of Amphibious Breath	5,000	Breathe in air and underwater
Ring of Animal Affinity	7,500	Speak with and transform into one kind of animal
Ring of Charming	10,000	Charm one kind of sentient creature
Ring of Control	5,000	Control one kind of non-sentient creature
Ring of Delusion	2,000	Cursed; effects of another ring until a critical juncture
Ring of Duomorph	5,000	Change into an opposite-sex form
Ring of Encystment	10,000	Store objects within solid rock
Ring of Energy Resistance	5,000	Resistance to mundane and magical energy of one kind
Ring of Enfeeblement	1,000	Cursed; Strength reduced to 3
Ring of Feather Falling	5,000	Float like a feather, unharmed by falling
Ring of Jumping	5,000	Jump up to 30′ horizontally, 10′ vertically
Ring of Invisibility	7,500	Grants invisibility
Ring of Mortality	8,000	Wearer is treated as a mortal, cannot use glamours
Ring of Protection	10,000	+1 bonus to AC and Saving Throws
Ring of Regeneration	40,000	Heal 1 HP per Round
Ring of Selective Invisibility	5,000	Grants invisibility to one kind of creature
Ring of Vanishing	10,000	Short range teleport plus invisibility for 2d6 Rounds
Ring of Vision	35,000	See through solid objects
Ring of Water Walking	5,000	Walk on the surface of water
Ring of Wishes	15,000	Grants three wishes

Encumbrance: Rings weigh 1 coin.

RING APPEARANCE

d12	Material	Shape	Engraving
1	Bone	Braided band	Abraded text
2	Brass	Emblem	Curse
3	Bronze	Gem cluster	Eyes
4	Copper	Gem pair	Fantastic beasts
5	Gold	Gem trio	Holy symbols
6	Iron	Gem-studded	Leaves
7	Lead	Hammered	None
8	Pellucidium	Missing gem	Owner's name
9	Platinum	Plain band	Religious text
10	Silver	Pockmarked	Riddle
11	Silver filigree	Saint effigy	Runes
12	Tin	Single gem	Spirals

Emblem: A prominent design affixed to the ring. e.g. a coat of arms, a stamp, an eye, etc.

Gems: See ***p394*** to determine gem type.

Multiple Rings

If a character wears more than two magic rings, their magical effects do not function. Cursed rings do not count towards this limit and cannot be deactivated by wearing more magic rings.

MAGIC RINGS

1. Ring of Amphibious Breath: The wearer can breathe both in air and underwater.

2. Ring of Animal Affinity: The wearer can speak with animals of one specific species (e.g. deer, ravens, wolves, etc.) and may transform into an animal of that type (and back) at will. The transformation does not alter the character's Hit Points, Save Targets, Attack, or intelligence. Physical capabilities of the new form (e.g. strength, physical attack forms, modes of movement) are acquired. Non-physical special traits or powers (e.g. immunities, breath weapons, spell casting) are not acquired. While transformed, the character is unable to cast spells.

3. Ring of Charming: Allows the wearer to place a charm on sentient creatures of a specific type (e.g. breggles, elves, humans, etc.). A total of up to 6 Levels of creatures may be charmed at once. Targets of lower than Sentient intelligence are immune. Each target must **Save Versus Spell** or regard the wearer as a close friend. They will come to the wearer's defence and will obey their commands, as long as these are not obviously harmful and do not contradict the subject's habits or Alignment. The wearer may dispel the ring's hold on a subject at any time. Removing the ring dispels its effects on all subjects.

4. Ring of Control: Grants the power (up to once a Turn) to control the actions of non-sentient creatures of a specific type (e.g. animals, bugs, plants, etc.). A total of up to 6 Levels of creatures (minimum 1 individual) within 60′ may be affected at once. Targets of Sentient intelligence or greater are immune. Using the ring requires concentration, broken if the wearer moves or performs any other action. Creatures released from command are 1-in-6 likely to attack the wearer.

5. Ring of Delusion (cursed): The wearer comes temporarily under the effect of another type of magic ring, but all effects vanish at a critical juncture (as determined by the Referee).

6. Ring of Duomorph: When wearing the ring, the character physically changes into an alter-ego of a different gender. The exact characteristics of the alter-ego (e.g. appearance, voice, etc.) are determined by the Referee when the ring is first used by a character.

7. Ring of Encystment: Has the power, once a day, to magically store an object within solid rock. The object may be up to 2′ across and must fit within a volume of nearby rock. Magically stored objects can be released by a command word chosen by the wearer.

8. Ring of Energy Resistance: Protects the wearer against harmful energy of a specific kind (e.g. cold, fire, lightning). The wearer is immune to normal, non-magical energy. They gain a +2 bonus to Saving Throws against magical energy and any damage is reduced by 1 per damage die rolled. (For example, 4d6 damage is reduced by 4.)

9. Ring of Enfeeblement (cursed): Reduces the wearer's Strength to 3. The ring and its curse can only be removed by magic (e.g. *Remove Curse*).

10. Ring of Feather Falling: If the wearer falls more than 5′, they begin to drift gently downwards as if as light as a feather. They fall at a rate of 10′ per Round and land without damage.

11. Ring of Jumping: The wearer can make great leaps, up to 30′ horizontally and up to 10′ vertically. The ring's power can be used up to thrice a day.

12. Ring of Invisibility: The wearer becomes invisible, along with all their gear. The invisibility lasts until the character removes the ring, makes an attack, or casts a spell. The ring's magic functions up to once per Turn.

13. Ring of Mortality: Renders a fairy or demi-fey temporarily mortal, while the ring is worn. The wearer is thus immune to any effects that target fairies / demi-fey, and is not harmed by cold iron. It is not possible to use fairy glamours while wearing a *Ring of Mortality*.

14. Ring of Protection: Grants a +1 bonus to Armour Class and Saving Throws.

15. Ring of Regeneration: As long as they are alive (above 0 HP), the wearer heals 1 Hit Point per Round. Severed limbs will also regrow—the rate depends on the size of the limb (e.g. a finger may regrow in a day, while a whole limb may take a week). Damage from fire or acid cannot be regenerated.

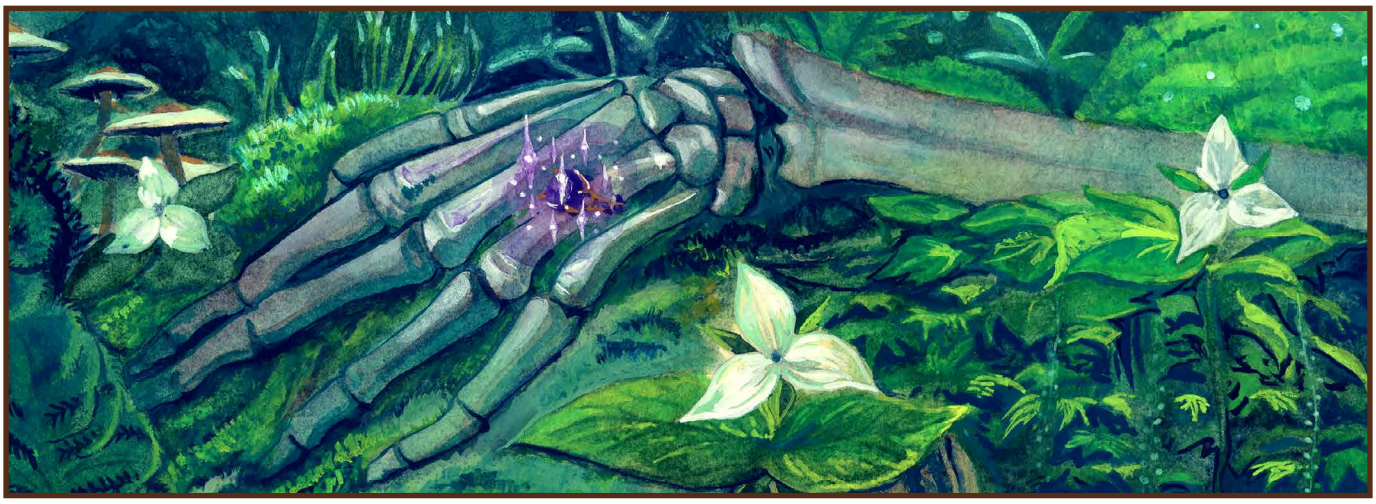
16. Ring of Selective Invisibility: The wearer becomes invisible (along with all their gear) to the sight of a specific type of creature (e.g. animals, fairies, mortals, etc.). The invisibility lasts until the character removes the ring, makes an attack, or casts a spell. The ring's magic functions up to once per Turn.

17. Ring of Vanishing: Has the power, once a day, to teleport the wearer to a chosen location within 60′ and to render them invisible for 2d6 Rounds, along with all their gear. Attacking or casting a spell breaks the invisibility.

18. Ring of Vision: Grants the power to see through solid objects by concentrating (no movement or other actions). Sight is possible up to 30′ through stone and up to 60′ through less dense materials (cloth, water, wood). Gold and lead block sight. When used for the purpose of locating hidden features (see ***Hidden Features*** under ***Hazards and Challenges***, *DPB*), the wearer is guaranteed to notice secret doors or traps in the 10′ square area being examined. The ring's power functions up to once per Turn.

19. Ring of Water Walking: Grants the power to walk on the surface of water, without sinking.

20. Ring of Wishes: Grants the wearer three wishes (see ***Wishes, p397***). Once all wishes have been used, the ring's magic is spent.



Magic Weapons

Swords and other weapons, imbued with arcane, fairy, or holy magic.

WEAPON TYPE

d100	Weapon	Value (gp)
01–08	Arrows (2d6)	300 each
09–11	Battle axe	4,000
12	Club	1,500
13–14	Crossbow	2,500
15–20	Dagger	1,500
21–22	Hand axe	3,500
23	Lance	3,500
24–25	Longbow	2,500
26–43	Longsword	4,000
44–48	Mace	2,500
49	Polearm	6,000
50–56	Quarrels (2d6)	300 each
57–59	Shortbow	2,500
60–71	Shortsword	2,500
72–75	Sling	1,500
76–79	Sling stones (2d6)	300 each
80–83	Spear	3,500
84	Staff	1,500
85–96	Two-handed sword	6,000
97–00	War hammer	2,500

Curses and special powers: Cursed weapons are valued at 50% less than listed. Weapons with a special power are valued at 50% higher than listed.

ENCHANTMENT

d6	Enchantment Type	Chance of Special Power	Chance of Oddity
1–2	Arcane	2-in-6	2-in-6
3–4	Fairy	2-in-6	4-in-6
5–6	Holy	3-in-6	3-in-6

SPECIAL POWERS

d12	Arcane	Fairy	Holy
1	Accelerating †	Accelerating †	Chaos bane
2	Disintegrating *	Elf friend †	Defender *†
3	Dragon bane	Flaming †	Eldritch bane
4	Flaming †	Flying †	Fairy bane
5	Flying *†	Frost-rimed †	Holy radiance †
6	Frost-rimed †	Guileful †	Light bringer †
7	Giant bane	Law bane	Marshall †
8	Growing *†	Moon sight †	Succouring †
9	Impact	Mortal bane	Undead bane
10	Vampiric	Shrinking	Venger *†
11	Vanishing †	Vanishing †	Were bane
12	Venger *†	Wasting	Wizard bane

*: Re-roll for missile weapons.
†: Re-roll for ammunition.

ODDITIES

d8	Arcane	Fairy	Holy
1	Arrogant	Ageing	Devoted
2	Bloodthirsty	Arrogant	Devoted
3	Bloodthirsty	Chaotic aligned	Hallowed
4	Doomed (cursed)	Covetous	Lawful aligned
5	Lying	Lying	Questing (cursed)
6	Neutral aligned	Mirthful	Truthful
7	Treacherous (crs.)	Possessed (crs.) *	Unyielding
8	Truthful	Slumbering	Unyielding

*: Re-roll for missile weapons and ammunition.
Fairy oddities: Fairies are unaffected by oddities on fairy weapons.

MAGIC WEAPONS

Enchantment: All magic weapons grant the wielder a +2 bonus to Attack and Damage Rolls and are effective against monsters that can only be harmed by magic.

Magic missiles: Lose their enchantment once fired.

Magic missile weapons: If a magic missile is fired from a magic weapon, both enchantments apply. For example, firing a magic arrow from a magic bow grants a +4 bonus to the Attack and Damage Rolls.

Weapons of special metals: For metal weapons, there is an optional 1-in-6 chance of the weapon being made of either cold iron or silver.

Cursed weapons: Following the weapon's first use in battle, the wielder comes under its curse and is unwilling to relinquish it or use any other weapon. Curses can only be removed by magic (e.g. *Remove Curse*, *Hex Weaving*).

Types of Enchantment

Arcane: Constructed by mighty magicians. Engraved with eldritch runes or constructed of unusual materials (e.g. star-metal, iridescent crystal).

Fairy: Constructed by great fairy smiths or wrought from wondrous materials originating in Fairy. Eerie or otherworldly appearance (e.g. wreathed in shadow, rimed with frost).

Holy: Anointed in a sacred spring, blessed by a holy person, or formerly wielded by a saint. Decorated with Liturgic script or holy symbols.

SPECIAL POWERS

Accelerating: Once a day may be commanded to warp time around the wielder, enabling them to make 1 additional attack per Round for 1d4 Rounds.

Bane: Enchanted to vanquish creatures of a specific type. When used against creatures of the listed type, the weapon's damage bonus increases to +4. (Eldritch bane: creatures created or summoned by magic. Giant bane: Large humanoids. Were bane: werewolves. Wizard bane: arcane spell-casters.)

Defender: Each Round of combat, the wielder may choose to apply the weapon's +2 bonus to AC instead of Attack.

Disintegrating: Victims slain by the weapon are utterly annihilated, leaving no physical remains.

Elf friend: Grants the wielder the ability to understand (but not speak) High Elfish.

Flaming: Once a day may be commanded to burst into flames for 1d6 Rounds, casting light in a 20′ radius and inflicting an additional 1d6 damage per hit.

Flying: Once a day may be commanded to fly from the wielder's grasp and independently attack a foe up to 30′ distant (using the wielder's Attack bonus). After 1d4 Rounds, the weapon returns to the wielder.

Frost-rimed: Once a day may be commanded to produce an aura of cold for 1d6 Rounds, inflicting an additional 1d6 damage per hit.

Growing: Once a day may be commanded to double in length for 1d6 Rounds, allowing the wielder to attack foes up to 10′ distant.

Guileful: Once a day the wielder may cause their appearance to become completely nondescript for 1 Turn. This allows them to escape notice by any who seek them.

Holy radiance: Once a day may be commanded to manifest glorious light in a 30′ radius for 1d4 Rounds. Undead within the radiance must **Save Versus Hold** or be paralysed for the duration of the light (aware but unable to move or act).

Impact: In addition to suffering damage, victims must **Save Versus Hold** or be flung 1d3 × 10′ back.

Light bringer: Once a day may be commanded to conjure silvery light in a 15′ radius for 1 hour.

Marshall: Once a day may be raised aloft to counteract fear in allies within 20′. Those afflicted with magical fear may **Save Versus Doom** to regain their courage.

Moon sight: Grants the wielder the ability to see in moonlight as if at full noon.

Shrinking: May be commanded to shrink to miniature size (2–3 inches) and to return to normal size.

Succouring: Once a day may heal 1d6+1 Hit Points to a subject touched.

Vampiric: The wielder heals 1 Hit Point on each successful hit with the weapon.

Vanishing: Once a day the wielder may disappear from sight for 1d4 Rounds. The wielder gains +4 Attack against foes that cannot detect invisible.

Venger: When the wielder is damaged in melee, they may instantly make a return attack with the weapon.

Wasting: Causes the target to age 1d6 years per hit.

ODDITIES

Ageing: The wielder ages 1d6 years after each combat in which the weapon is used.

Aligned: Strongly enchanted with a particular Alignment. Creatures of opposite Alignment that touch the weapon suffer 1d6 damage. (Neutral-aligned weapons harm both Lawful and Chaotic creatures.) Following the weapon's first use in battle, the wielder permanently changes to the same Alignment.

Arrogant: When the weapon is used in battle, the wielder is compelled to seek out and attack the largest foe in melee.

Bloodthirsty: Once drawn, the weapon cannot be discarded or sheathed without drawing blood.

Covetous: The wielder is horribly possessive of the weapon, loathe for others to touch or even behold it.

Devoted: The wearer becomes obsessed with honouring a specific saint (see ***p68***), questing for shrines, relics, and so on.

Doomed (cursed): Incurs a –2 penalty to Attack and Damage Rolls, instead of the normal +2 enchantment bonus.

Hallowed: The wielder becomes obsessed with giving creatures slain with the weapon a proper burial.

Lying: The wielder is unable to speak entirely truthfully. Their speech is veiled in lies and half truths.

Mirthful: The wielder is prone to levity, laughter, and whimsy, even in the face of grave circumstances.

Possessed (cursed): When used in battle, the wielder must **Save Versus Spell** or come under the control of the vengeful fairy spirit that inhabits the weapon. The spirit forces the wielder into a battle frenzy for 1 Turn, wildly attacking the closest creature (be it friend or foe), until it is slain, then moving onto attack the next nearest creature.

Questing (cursed): The wielder comes under a holy quest of the Referee's choosing, conveyed via prophetic dreams. Should the wielder refuse to undertake the quest, they suffer a –2 penalty to Attack Rolls and Saving Throws.

Slumbering: The wielder suffers a –4 penalty to Saving Throws versus sleep-inducing magic. Furthermore, each time they sleep, there is a 1-in-6 chance of falling into an enchanted slumber lasting 1d6 days, from which they cannot be awoken.

Treacherous (cursed): On a natural 1 Attack Roll, bends to strike the wielder, inflicting normal damage.

Truthful: The wielder is instilled with utter honesty. They are unable to lie or veil the truth.

Unyielding: When in combat with undead or supernatural creatures of Chaotic Alignment, the wielder is compelled to continue fighting until all such creatures within 60′ are vanquished.

Potions

Magical liquids, usually stored in glass vials. Imbue magical effects when drunk.

POTIONS

Type	Value (gp)	Summary of Effect
Aethers of Starlight	2,000	See magic and invisible
Alchemical Tonic	250	Rouses unconsciousness; grants a Saving Throw against paralysis
Amber Nectar	200	Heals 1d4 Hit Points; chance of drifting off to sleep
Bottled Light	200	Emits light when unstoppered
Distillation of Hoarfrost	2,000	Resistance to mundane and magical heat / fire
Elixir of Mutability	2,000	Polymorph into a chosen creature of equal or lower Level
Essence of Springtime	8,000	Rejuvenates mortals and demi-fey; poisonous to fairies
Essence of Sweet Dreams	250	Bonus to Saving Throws or induces deep, restful sleep
Liquid Time	3,000	Double Speed and actions; causes ageing
Orgon's Scintillating Philtre	500	Heals 1d6 Hit Points; does not combine with other potions
Philtre of Delusion	150	Cursed; effects of another potion until a critical juncture
Philtre of Doom	500	Cursed; deadly poison
Philtre of the Winds	3,000	Grants the ability to fly
Philtre of Wondrous Vitality	1,000	Revives a character slain up to 3 Rounds ago
Prismatic Elixir	1,000	Heals 1d6+1 Hit Points
Sandor's Phantasmal Elixir	3,000	Spiritual journeying in intangible form
Vanishing Philtre	2,000	Grants invisibility
Vaporous Spirits	3,000	Turn into a cloud of vapour
Wereform Elixir	750	Polymorph into a specific animal kind
Wyrmsblood Elixir	1,000	+2 AC and Saving Throw bonus

Encumbrance: Potions weigh 10 coins.

POTIONS

1. Aethers of Starlight: A clear, slightly fizzing liquid dotted with twinkling points of light. Odourless and tasteless. **Effect:** Grants the ability to see enchantments and invisibility within 60′ for 1d6+6 Turns.

2. Alchemical Tonic: A clear, fizzing liquid, flavourless but with a repulsive, acrid odour. **Effect:** Rouses an unconscious subject or grants a **Save Versus Hold** to recover from paralysis of any form. If the roll succeeds, the subject regains the ability to move freely.

3. Amber Nectar: A thick, honey-like liquid in a 2″ spherical jar. **Effect:** Heals 1d4 Hit Points and brings on a heady euphoria lasting for 1 Turn. A **Save Versus Doom** must also be made, with failure incurring a deep, dream-filled sleep, lasting for 1d6 Turns.

4. Bottled Light: Dawn light decanted into stoppered bottles of dark crystal. **If unstoppered:** Casts amber light in a 30′ radius for 6 Turns. May be sealed and reopened multiple times. Monsters affected by sunlight are vulnerable to *Bottled Light*.

5. Distillation of Hoarfrost: A pale blue liquid shot through with jagged ice crystals. Numbs the tongue. **Effect:** Renders the imbiber immune to non-magical heat and fire, and grants a +2 bonus to Saving Throws against magical fire. Furthermore, fire-based damage is reduced by 1 per damage die rolled. (For example, 4d6 damage is reduced by 4.) Effects last for 1d6+6 Turns.

6. Elixir of Mutability: A viscous, amethyst liquid that is unaffected by gravity. **Effect:** Transforms the imbiber into another being of their choice for 1d6 + 6 Turns. The transformation fails if the new form's Level is greater than the imbiber's. The transformation does not alter the character's Hit Points, Save Targets, Attack, or intelligence. Physical capabilities of the new form (e.g. strength, physical attack forms, modes of movement) are acquired. Non-physical special traits or powers (e.g. immunities, breath weapons, spell casting) are not acquired. While transformed, the character is unable to cast spells.

7. Essence of Springtime: A clear liquid with the odour of a fresh spring day. Tastes of cherry blossom. **Effect:** Reverses the effects of ageing, causing a mortal or demi-fey to become 10 years younger. Fairies must **Save Versus Doom** or fall into a coma for 2d6 days.

8. Essence of Sweet Dreams: Dreams filched from the innocent minds of sleeping children and distilled into a violet spirit stored in delicate perfume bottles. **If applied as a perfume:** Grants a +1 bonus to Saving Throws Versus Spell for 6 Turns. Sufficient for 4 applications. **If drunk:** Induces a night of deep rest and ambrosial dream, even in the most uncomfortable of conditions.

9. Liquid Time: A curious liquid with constantly changing visual and tactile qualities—viscous then watery, transparent then opaque, lilac then scarlet. Smells and tastes of the imbiber's favourite tipple. **Effect:** Accelerates the imbiber's passage through time, doubling Speed and enabling twice the normal number of attacks or other actions per Round. Lasts for 1d6+6 Turns. This time acceleration causes the imbiber to age 1d6 years.

10. Orgon's Scintillating Philtre: An iridescent spirit that must be stored in crystal to retain its unusual properties. Smells faintly of almonds and has no flavour, but evokes a curious "flashing" of hot and cold sensations in the mouth and throat when consumed. **Effect:** Heals 1d6 Hit Points. If drunk within 2 hours of having consumed another potion (including previous doses of the philtre), the imbiber must **Save Versus Doom** or vomit up the philtre, wasting it.

11. Philtre of Delusion (cursed): This potion has the appearance of another randomly selected potion. **Effect:** The imbiber comes temporarily under the effect of the other type of potion, but all effects vanish at a critical juncture (as determined by the Referee).

12. Philtre of Doom (cursed): This potion has the appearance of another randomly selected potion. **Effect:** The imbiber must **Save Versus Doom** or die instantly. Even a tiny sip is deadly.

13. Philtre of the Winds: A tempestuous, cloudy fluid of blue and grey with the odour of rain and the taste of damp earth. **Effect:** Grants the ability to fly, levitate, and hover for 1d6+6 Turns, with Speed up to 120.

14. Philtre of Wondrous Vitality: A deep purple liquid of thin, vaporous consistency that evaporates within seconds following contact with air. Smells strongly of cinnamon and elicits a shocking heat in the mouth when drunk. **Effect:** Has a 3-in-6 chance of reviving a subject killed by damage (i.e. not by poison, disintegration, etc.) within the last 3 Rounds. Returning from death is an ordeal: until the subject gets two full weeks of bed rest, they have 1 Hit Point, half Speed, cannot carry heavy items, and cannot attack, cast spells, or use other Class capabilities. This period of weakness may not be shortened by any magical healing.

15. Prismatic Elixir: A pulsing, rainbow-hued liquid that is always found in octahedral glass containers (required retain its magical properties). Odourless but has a zingy metallic taste. **Effect:** Instantly heals 1d6+1 Hit Points.

16. Sandor's Phantasmal Elixir: A frothing indigo liquid that smells of sulphur and tastes of dry earth. **Effect:** The imbiber falls into a deep coma for 1d6+6 Turns, their spirit rising from the comatose body as a translucent phantom. The spirit may roam where it will, moving with Speed 40, able to pass through walls, doors, and other solid objects. It cannot attack, cast spells, or influence the world in any way, but may be harmed by magic and magic weapons, having Armour Class 20. When the potion's duration expires, if the spirit has not returned to the body the character must **Save Versus Doom**. If the save fails, the body dies and the spirit is lost in unknown dimensions.

Identifying Potions

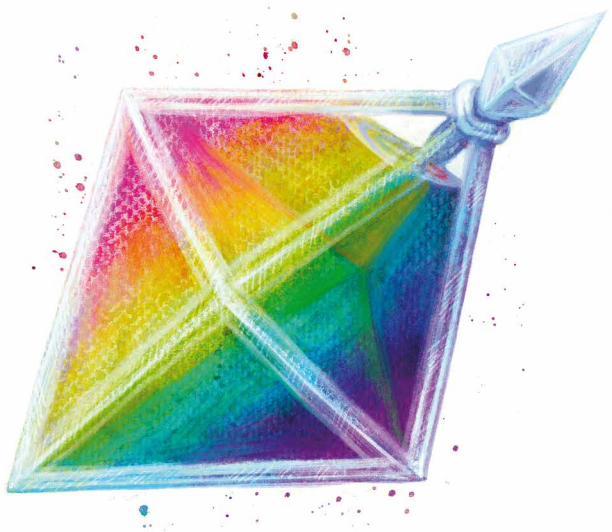
Potions can be identified by an alchemist (*DPB*) or by players who learn to recognise their qualities. Characters bold enough to take a small sip of a potion can also gain a hint as to its effects, as the character is briefly affected by the magic. The Referee should describe a minor magical effect that the sampling character experiences, hinting at the full effects of the potion.

17. Vanishing Philtre: An invisible liquid, only detectable by its weight, motion, and consistency. Smelling the philtre causes a brief blacking out of vision. It tastes like robust port. **Effect:** Renders the imbiber (and all gear) invisible for 1d6+6 Turns, or until they attack or cast a spell.

18. Vaporous Spirits: A thin, lime green fluid always stored in a tightly stoppered container. Evaporates into a gas immediately upon being unstoppered. A character must decide instantly whether to imbibe it or let it escape. **Effect:** The imbiber's body (but not gear) is transformed into a cloud of vapour for 1d6+6 Turns, moving at Speed 40 and able to seep through small cracks. While in gaseous form, the character cannot attack, but has AC 21 and can only be harmed by magic.

19. Wereform Elixir: A substance that separates into a thin, yellow liquid and a brown sludge. Must be mixed before use. **Effect:** Transforms the imbiber into animal of a specific kind (determined by the potion's creator) for 1d6+6 Turns. The type of animal must be non-magical, at most Level 2, and of at most Animal intelligence. The transformation does not alter the imbiber's Hit Points, Save Targets, Attack, or intelligence. Physical capabilities of the new form (e.g. strength, physical attack forms, modes of movement) are acquired. While transformed, the character is unable to cast spells.

20. Wyrmsblood Elixir: A thick, opaque liquid of deep crimson or plum. Radiates a distinct warmth, smells of ash, and tastes acidic and metallic. **Effect:** Grants a +2 bonus to Armour Class and Saving Throws for 1d6+6 Turns. If drunk within 1 week of having consumed another dose, the effect is inverted: –2 to AC and Saving Throws.



Rods, Staves, and Wands

Lengths of metal or wood, whose mighty powers only spell-casters can unleash.

ROD / STAFF / WAND TYPE			
d6	Type	Enchantment	Charges
1	Rod	Holy	1d10
2	Staff	Arcane	3d10
3–6	Wand	Arcane	2d10

ROD APPEARANCE			
d12	Material	Form	Engraving
1	Brass	Dagger head	Angels
2	Bronze	Fist head	Angels and devils
3	Ebony	Gargoyle head	Coats of arms
4	Gold	Gem-encrusted	Gargoyles
5	Iron	Leather grip	Griffons
6	Oak	Metal studs	Liturgic psalm
7	Pellucidium	Orb head	Liturgic quote
8	Pewter	Saint effigy head	Saint icons
9	Platinum	Unicorn fur grip	St Faxis symbols
10	Silver	Unicorn horn tip	St Sedge symbols
11	Steel	Velvet grip	St Signis symbols
12	Yew	Wyrmskin grip	Unicorns

STAFF / WAND APPEARANCE			
d12	Material	Form	Surface
1	Ash (wood)	Forked	Charred
2	Crystal	Gem in handle	Engraved spiral
3	Ebony	Gnarled	Frost-rimed
4	Elf-bone	Hexagonal	Glowing embers
5	Gold / silver	Iron-capped	Magic sigils
6	Holly	Jagged	Painted flowers
7	Ice (never melts)	Knobbly	Pockmarked
8	Meteoric iron	Leather handle	Riddle
9	Oak	Perfectly straight	Rune(s)
10	Pellucidium	Silver-capped	Scales
11	Willow	Spliced shards	Sprouting leaves
12	Yew	Twisted	Tiny eyes

CHARGES

Rods, staves, and wands have a limited number of uses, called "charges." The number of charges in an item when discovered is determined by the Referee—see the ***Rod / Staff / Wand Type*** table.

Usage: Each use of a rod, staff, or wand takes 1 Round and consumes one charge. When the last charge is consumed, the item loses its magical potency.

Recharging: It is normally not possible to add charges to a rod, staff, or wand. The Referee may sometimes allow this if a special quest or research process is performed.

RODS

Dimensions: Around 1″ thick, 3′ long. Weigh 20 coins.

Usage: Holy spell-casters only.

In combat: A rod can be used as a melee weapon, inflicting 1d4 damage.

Powers: Each rod can cast a specific holy spell, selected by the Referee or rolled on the ***Rod Spell*** table.

Value: A rod is worth 5,000gp per Rank of the spell it casts. (e.g. a *Rod of Raise Dead*—a Rank 5 spell—is worth 25,000gp.)

ROD SPELL			
d20	Spell	d20	Spell
1	*Bless*	11	*Holy Light*
2	*Bless Weapon*	12	*Lesser Healing*
3	*Cure Affliction*	13	*Light*
4	*Detect Evil*	14	*Locate Object*
5	*Detect Magic*	15	*Mantle of Protection*
6	*Find Traps*	16	*Raise Dead*
7	*Flame Ward*	17	*Rally*
8	*Frost Ward*	18	*Remove Curse*
9	*Greater Healing*	19	*Remove Poison*
10	*Hold Person*	20	*Silence*

STAVES

Dimensions: Around 2″ thick, 5′–6′ long. Weigh 40 coins.

Usage: Arcane spell-casters only.

In combat: A staff can be used as a two-handed melee weapon, inflicting 1d4 damage.

Powers: Each staff can either cast a group of spells or manifest a special power, rolled on the ***Staff Power*** table.

Value: The value of each type of staff is listed along with the description of its power.

STAFF POWER			
d20	Special Power	d20	Spell Group
1	Absorption	11	Crypts
2	Cancellation	12	Glyphs
3	Darkness	13	Illusion
4	Detection	14	Rainbow hues
5	Dominion	15	Sight
6	Negation	16	Sigils
7	Striking	17	Walls
8	Summoning	18	Warding
9	Transformation	19	Wizardry
10	Withering	20	Woodlands

Staff Special Powers

Absorption: When a spell is cast at the wielder, the staff absorbs its energy, negating its effect. This uses one charge per Rank of the spell. The staff gains an equal number of stored energy Ranks. Stored energy Ranks may be used to cast spells which the wielder has memorised. When doing so, a number of stored energy Ranks are expended equal to the Rank of the spell cast. Spells cast in this way are not lost from the character's memory. **Value:** 40,000gp.

Cancellation: Renders an item touched utterly non-magical. If the targeted item is being used by another creature, the wielder of the staff must make an Attack Roll against AC 10 to hit it. A *Staff of Cancellation* can only be used once—it has but a single charge. **Value:** 15,000gp.

Darkness: Conjures a 15′ radius area of magical darkness in a fixed location. The darkness lasts 6 Turns. **Value:** 5,000gp.

Detection: Reveals the presence of objects of one specific type (e.g. secret doors, traps, masses of metal over 1,000 coins) within 20′. **Value:** 10,000gp.

Dominion: Allows the wielder to cast *Dominate* on creatures of one specific type (e.g. animals, fish, humans, mammals, serpents, wyrms). The wielder can also speak with creatures of that type, without using a charge. **Value:** 20,000gp.

Negation: Negates the powers of a targeted rod, staff, or wand within 60′ for 1 Round. The wielder must declare use of the staff before initiative is rolled. If they lose initiative, the negation has no effect. **Value:** 15,000gp.

Striking: After making a successful hit in combat, the wielder may spend a charge, inflicting 2d6 additional damage. **Value:** 15,000gp.

Summoning: Summons a creature of a specific type (e.g. brambling, insect swarm, manikin, root thing—*DMB*). The creature arrives in 1d4 Rounds and obeys the wielder's commands for 2d4 Rounds before vanishing. **Value:** 5,000gp per Level of the creature summoned.

Transformation: The staff can transform into a creature of a specific type (e.g. adder, carrion worm, giant python), which follows the wielder's commands. The transformation lasts for 2d4 Rounds. If the creature is killed, it does not return to staff form, rendering the staff useless. **Value:** 5,000gp per Level of the creature.

Withering: After making a successful hit in combat, the wielder may spend a charge, causing the victim to age 10 years. Creatures that do not age (e.g. constructs, undead, fairies) are unaffected. Others die upon reaching their natural lifespan. **Value:** 35,000gp.

Caster Level

For spell qualities (e.g. range, duration) that vary by caster Level, the caster is treated as at least Level 6 (for wands) or Level 8 (for rods and staves).

Staff Spell Groups

The wielder can cast any of the listed spells by expending a charge.

Crypts: *Animate Dead*, *Dark Sight*, *Word of Doom*. **Value:** 35,000gp.

Glyphs: *Glyph of Locking*, *Glyph of Sealing*, *Serpent Glyph*. **Value:** 20,000gp.

Illusion: *Hallucinatory Terrain*, *Mirror Image*, *Phantasm*. **Value:** 25,000gp.

Rainbow hues: *Dweomerlight*, *Firelight*, *Ioun Shard*. **Value:** 15,000gp.

Sight: *Arcane Eye*, *Dark Sight*, *Perceive the Invisible*. **Value:** 25,000gp.

Sigils: *Arcane Cypher*, *Decipher*, *Knock*. **Value:** 15,000gp.

Walls: *Passwall*, *Wall of Ice*, *Wall of Stone*. **Value:** 30,000gp.

Warding: *Mirror Image*, *Missile Ward*, *Shield of Force*. **Value:** 20,000gp.

Wizardry: *Conjure Elemental*, *Fireball*, *Invisibility*, *Lightning Bolt*, *Paralysation*, *Passwall*, *Telekinesis*, *Web*. **Value:** 60,000gp.

Woodlands: *Control Weather*, *Plant Growth*, *Woodland Veil*. **Value:** 35,000gp.

WANDS

Dimensions: Around ½″ thick, 1′–1½′ long. Weigh 10 coins.

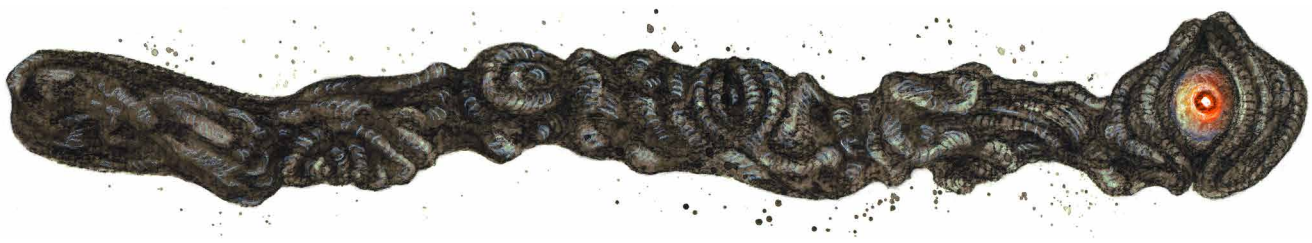
Usage: Arcane spell-casters only.

Powers: Each wand can cast a specific arcane spell, selected by the Referee or rolled on the ***Wand Spell*** table.

Value: A wand is worth 5,000gp per Rank of the spell it casts. (e.g. a *Wand of Fear*—a Rank 3 spell—is worth 15,000gp.)

WAND SPELL

d20	Spell	d20	Spell
1	*Acid Globe*	11	*Flaming Spirit*
2	*Confusion*	12	*Glyph of Locking*
3	*Dimension Door*	13	*Glyph of Sealing*
4	*Disintegrate*	14	*Ioun Shard*
5	*Dispel Magic*	15	*Lightning Bolt*
6	*Dominate*	16	*Paralysation*
7	*Dweomerlight*	17	*Phantasm*
8	*Fear* (see ***p454***)	18	*Polymorph*
9	*Fireball*	19	*Vapours of Dream*
10	*Firelight*	20	*Web*



Scrolls and Books

Aged sheets of parchment or tomes inscribed with magical script.

SCROLL / BOOK TYPE

d100	Item	Value (gp)
01–09	Arcane spell book	Varies
10–35	Arcane spell scroll	Varies
36–50	Control scroll	2,000
51–55	Cursed scroll	250
56–65	Holy spell scroll	Varies
66–00	Protection scroll	2,000

Encumbrance: Scrolls weigh 1 coin, books weigh 50 coins.

SCROLLS AND BOOKS

Scrolls are aged sheets of parchment or paper on which magical words are inscribed. Books are heavy tomes of many pages, expounding upon an arcane topic.

Language: To use a scroll or book, a character must be able to read the writing. Most scrolls and books are written in Woldish. The Referee may optionally rule that 1-in-4 are written in another language, rolled on the ***Scroll / Book Language*** table.

Identifying: A spell-caster able to read a scroll or book can identify its powers by browsing it for 1 Turn.

SCROLL/BOOK LANGUAGE (OPTIONAL)

d12	Language	d12	Language
1–3	Caprice	8	High Elfish
4	Cypher	9	Old Drunic
5–6	Drunic	10	Old Woldish
7	Foreign	11–12	Witches' Cant

Cypher: Written in either coded Woldish or *Arcane Cypher*.
Foreign: A language originating outside of Dolmenwood, possibly in current use or possibly ancient / dead.

ARCANE SPELL BOOKS

Each spell book contains up to 3 arcane spells. Arcane spell-casters can learn to cast the recorded spells by studying the book—see ***Arcane Magic***, *DPB*.

Spells in a book: A spell book may contain any spells the Referee wishes. See the ***Spell Book*** table for some examples of famous spell books.

Value: Spell books are worth 1,000gp per Rank of spell. For example, a spell book with three Rank 4 spells is worth 12,000gp.

SPELL BOOK

d20	Book
1–10	Common starting spell book—see ***Magician***, *DPB*. **Value:** 3,000gp.
11	**Extracts From the 7th Angle:** *Dimension Door*, *Teleport*, *Oracle*. **Value:** 15,000gp.
12	**Hoylo's Visions:** *Perceive the Invisible*, *Dark Sight*, *Arcane Eye*. **Value:** 9,000gp.
13	**Metalogical Workings:** *Dispel Magic*, *Haste*, *Hex Weaving*. **Value:** 10,000gp.
14	**Oliphan's Excellent Prismatic Tome:** *Dweomerlight*, *Mind Crystal*, *Crystal Vision*. **Value:** 7,000gp.
15	**Orgon's Folio of Force:** *Ioun Shard*, *Lightning Bolt*, *Conjure Elemental*. **Value:** 9,000gp.
16	**The Book of Lies:** *Paralysation*, *Dominate*, *Geas*. **Value:** 13,000gp.
17	**The Treatise on Wishery:** *Invisibility*, *Phantasm*, *Hallucinatory Terrain*. **Value:** 8,000gp.
18	**The Violet Tome:** *Web*, *Fly*, *Water Breathing*. **Value:** 8,000gp.
19	**Vyla's Wards:** *Arcane Cypher*, *Glyph of Locking*, *Serpent Glyph*. **Value:** 7,000gp.
20	**Workings in Flame:** *Flaming Spirit*, *Fireball*, *Wall of Fire*. **Value:** 9,000gp.

SPELL BOOK APPEARANCE

d12	Cover	Details	Interior
1	Basilisk scale	Cold iron rune	Always dusty
2	Charred wood	Frost rimed	Glows in dark
3	Cold iron	Gem-studded	Illuminated
4	Cracked leather	Glowering eye	Marginal art
5	Human skin	Glowing rune	Marginal notes
6	Mugwudge hide	Gold corners	Marginal riddles
7	Pellucidium	Scarred	Mentions reader
8	Pristine leather	Shudders	Script shifts
9	Snake skin	Smoking	Strong scent
10	Suede	Sparkling motes	Tiny, dense text
11	Wormskin	Sparks	Witticism-laced
12	Wyrm scale	Whispers	Written in blood

CONTROL SCROLLS

Reading the script of a control scroll aloud grants the reader power to control the actions of creatures of a specific type (see the ***Control Scroll*** table).

Creatures: A total of up to 16 Levels (minimum 1 individual) of creatures of the affected type can be controlled. Each subject may **Save Versus Spell** to resist the scroll's magic.

Commanding: The character can only control creatures that they can see and must concentrate to exercise control (no movement or other actions). Controlled creatures do not obey commands that are deadly to themselves. Creatures of Sentient or greater intelligence also do not obey commands that are contradictory to their habits or Alignment.

Duration: 1d6 + 6 Turns. When the duration ends, affected creatures have a hostile reaction toward the reader.

CONTROL SCROLL

d12	Creature Type	d12	Creature Type
1	Animals	7	Monstrosities
2	Bugs	8	Monstrosities
3	Constructs	9	Mortals
4	Dragons	10	Oozes
5	Fairies and demi-fey	11	Plants
6	Fungi	12	Undead

PROTECTION SCROLLS

Reading the script of a protection scroll aloud conjures a 10′ radius circle of protection around the reader, shielding them against a specific type of creature or hazard (see the ***Protection Scroll*** table). The circle of protection moves with the reader.

Protection against creatures: A total of up to 40 Levels of creatures of the affected type are barred from entering the circle of protection. The circle does not prevent affected creatures from using magic or missile attacks against those within it. If anyone within the circle attacks an affected creature in melee, the circle is broken. Otherwise, it lasts for 6 Turns.

Protection against hazards: Hazards of the specified type cannot cross the circle of protection in either direction (entering or leaving). The circle lasts for 1d4 Turns.

PROTECTION SCROLL

d12	Protection Against	d12	Protection Against
1	Animals	7	Petrification
2	Bugs	8	Plants
3	Constructs	9	Spells
4	Fairies	10	Undead
5	Fungi	11	Werewolves
6	Lightning	12	Wyrm breath

CURSED SCROLLS

Merely looking at the script on a cursed scroll activates its baneful magic. The reader must **Save Versus Doom** or come under the curse. The Referee should determine the nature of the curse (see examples below). Curses can only be removed by magic (e.g. the holy spell *Remove Curse*).

Example Curses

1. Transformation: The reader changes into a harmless creature (e.g. a frog).

2. Summoning: A monster appears next to the reader and attacks (gaining surprise). The monster is of equal Level to the reader.

3. Lost item: A magic item in the reader's possession vanishes. The Referee may select the item or choose it at random.

4. Energy drain: The curse reduces the victim's maximum Hit Points by 1d4 and incurs a –1 penalty to Attack Rolls and Saving Throws.

5. Prime Ability loss: The character's Prime Abilities are reduced by half.

6. Slow healing: The reader's healing capacity is reduced. Natural healing takes double the normal amount of time, and magical healing cures only half the normal number of Hit Points.

SPELL SCROLLS

The magically charged text on a spell scroll triggers a spell effect when read. Only a spell-caster of the appropriate type (arcane or holy) may activate a spell scroll's magic.

Spells on a scroll: The number and Rank of spells on a scroll are rolled randomly. First roll on the ***Spell Number*** table to determine how many spells are on the scroll. Then, for each spell, roll on the ***Spell Rank*** table. Once a spell's Rank has been determined, the Referee may choose or roll the specific spell from the lists in the *DPB*.

Casting: When a spell is cast from a scroll, the words of the spell vanish from the scroll.

Level and Rank: A spell-caster of any Level may cast spells from a scroll, even if they are not able to memorise spells of appropriate Rank. For spell qualities (e.g. range, duration) that vary by caster Level, the caster is treated as at least Level 6.

Value: Scrolls are worth 500gp per Rank of spell. For example, a scroll of two Rank 3 spells is worth 3,000gp.

SPELL NUMBER

d20	Spells
1–7	1
8–12	2
13–15	3
16–17	4
18–19	5
20	6

SPELL RANK

d20	Arcane	Holy
1–5	1	1
6–10	2	2
11–14	3	3
15–17	4	4
18–19	5	5
20	6	5

Wondrous Items

Miscellaneous items of kinds that fit in no other category.

WONDROUS ITEMS

Type	Value (gp)	Weight	Summary of Effect
Astrolabe of the Aegis	50,000	200	Allows travel along ley lines
Bag of Devouring	1,500	10	Cursed; objects placed inside disappear
Bag of Holding	25,000	10	Magically stores large objects and weights
Boggle Lantern	35,000	20	Summon marsh lanterns
Eye of the Yurl	20,000	1	Replaces normal eye; dark vision and ability to see through cloth and wood
Fairy Jar	15,000	10	Trapped fairy spirit can cast fairy runes; risk of the fairy escaping
Horseshoes of Lightness	7,500	40	Allow a steed to float above the ground
Horseshoes of Speed	10,000	40	Double a steed's Speed
Knife of Separation	15,000	10	Harmlessly separate and reattach body parts
Leaf Dome	10,000	5	Conjures a protective canopy of leaves
Marvellous Pigments	3,000	10	Painted objects become real
Mirror of Life Trapping	25,000	200	Traps living creatures; released by breaking the mirror
Mirror of Youthfulness	15,000	200	Bestows a youthful, fey appearance
Needles of Hexing	15,000	1	Place curses remotely by embroidering a likeness of the victim
Petrified Fairy Heart	18,000	10	+1 bonus to Saving Throws against fairy magic; powder rejuvenates mortals
Portable Hole	50,000	1	Creates an extra-dimensional hole in a surface
Purse of Plentiful Coin	25,000	10	Duplicates coins placed inside
Rope of Climbing	10,000	100	Climbs upwards and attaches on command
Skeleton Key	1,000	1	Opens any lock
Sylvan Bracelet	5,000	5	Speak Sylvan or speak with plants

WONDROUS ITEMS

1. Astrolabe of the Aegis: An intricate brass astrolabe, 10″ wide, of Drune make, detailing the movements of the moon and stars in relation to the ley lines of Dolmenwood. Arcane spell-casters can use this device to travel through Dolmenwood's ley lines. When in a hex which a ley line passes through, a spell-caster can step into the ley line and travel astrally along the course of energy at a rate of 24 miles per hour. Characters of Level 5 or greater can take up to 4 companions with them into the ley.

2. Bag of Devouring (cursed): A normal-looking sack that devours objects placed inside it. Anything placed inside the bag vanishes from existence after 1d6+6 Turns. Living creatures may be affected, but only if the entire creature fits inside the bag.

3. Bag of Holding: A normal-looking sack that can magically hold large objects and weights. Objects of up to 10′ × 5′ × 3′ can fit inside the bag. Up to 10,000 coins of weight can be placed in the bag. When full, the bag weighs 600 coins.

4. Boggle Lantern: A lantern of brass and pink glass which the owner can light or extinguish on command. Once a day, the owner can summon **1d3 marsh lanterns** (*DMB*) to serve for 6 Turns.

5. Eye of the Yurl: A glass eye with a cat-like iris of pale violet, said to have been created by a mythical grimalkin ancestor known as the Yurl. When placed against a creature's eye (or empty eye socket), the glass eye liquefies and seeps into the eye socket, dissolving the creature's own eye (if present) into a purple jelly. The subject may **Save Versus Doom** to resist, casting the glass eye aside. The *Eye of the Yurl* grants the subject normal vision, the ability to see through cloth and wood, and the ability to see in the dark up to 30′.

6. Fairy Jar: A 4″ high glass jar of deep purple or pale pink hue. The spirit of a fairy is trapped in the jar, visible as a tormented face swathed in swirling mist. Smashing the jar frees the spirit, which grants the character a boon (e.g. permanent +1 to an Ability Score) before dissipating. The spirit is magically compelled to offer to serve a character who addresses it (up to once a day). Acceptance requires a **Save Versus Doom**. If the save succeeds, the spirit either reveals a random lesser fairy rune (*DPB*) or casts a previously revealed rune on the character's behalf. If the save fails, the spirit cannot be contacted for 2d6 days. On a natural 1 save, the jar shatters and the spirit escapes, placing a curse on the character (per the arcane spell *Hex Weaving*).

7. Horseshoes of Lightness: A set of 4 iron horseshoes which, when affixed, allow a horse to float slightly above the ground. The horse leaves no tracks and can move across water as if it were solid ground. The magic is only effective if all 4 horseshoes are worn.

8. Horseshoes of Speed: A set of 4 iron horseshoes which, when affixed, double a horse's Speed. The mount can travel at this speed for up to a whole day, allowing the rider to travel great distances. After travelling at speed for more than 4 hours in a day, the horseshoes do not function for 24 hours. The magic is only effective if all 4 horseshoes are worn.

9. Knife of Separation: A short-bladed knife with a notably blunt blade. Slicing across a living creature's appendage (e.g. limb, tail, neck) allows body parts to be harmlessly detached. Detached body parts are independently mobile and can be reattached by touching them back onto the creature's body.

10. Leaf Dome: A bundle of compressed leaves, fresh green as if picked from trees in high spring. If placed on the ground and watered, the bundle erupts into a verdant canopy providing shelter for up to 4 people. Beneath the leaf canopy, a pleasant coolness pervades—treat as springtime, for the purposes of camping. Punctually at dawn, the leaf dome collapses back into a bundle.

11. Marvellous Pigments: A pot of magical paint which can be applied to a flat surface (e.g. wall, door, floor, ceiling) to conjure a real, permanent, three-dimensional object. The artistic skill of the character has no bearing—the object magically flows from the paint brush, guided by the character's imagination alone. Only non-magical, inanimate things may be conjured (e.g. rooms, portals, armour, equipment, trees, flowers, pits, passages, etc.). Apparently precious objects may be conjured, but they are always constructed of low value materials. Painting an object takes 1 Turn. Each pot of the pigments is sufficient to cover a 10′ × 10′ surface, conjuring an object of up to 1,000 cubic feet (e.g. 10′ × 10′ × 10′).

12. Mirror of Life Trapping: A mirror with the ability to magically trap living creatures behind its pane. Small or Medium creatures who gaze into the mirror must **Save Versus Spell** or be sucked inside, along with their belongings. Up to 20 creatures can be trapped in the mirror, where they will live indefinitely, without the need for air or sustenance, and unaffected by ageing. When 20 creatures are trapped, it becomes safe to look into the mirror. Trapped creatures may converse with those outside, but are utterly powerless. Breaking the mirror releases those trapped.

13. Mirror of Youthfulness: An enchanted looking glass that veils its possessor's true appearance with one of youth and fey beauty. The owner must spend at least 1 hour per day gazing at their reflection in the mirror. The mirror has no power to actually stop ageing, it merely veils the owner's appearance.

14. Needles of Hexing: A set of enchanted embroidery needles that can place curses remotely by embroidering a likeness of the intended victim. Once the victim's likeness has been embroidered with the needles, any cursing magic cast upon it (e.g. using the arcane spell *Hex Weaving*) affects the victim as if they were present.

15. Petrified Fairy Heart: A fist-sized heart of black stone which emits a slow, pulsing frigidity. The owner gains a +1 bonus to Saving Throws against fairy magic. If powdered and consumed, the dust rejuvenates a mortal by 1d20 years per dose (12 doses in total).

16. Portable Hole: A 6′ diameter circle of fine black cloth that can be folded down to the size of a handkerchief. The cloth can be placed upon a surface (floor, wall, ceiling, etc.) to conjure a 6′ diameter, 10′ deep hole in the surface. The cloth can subsequently be picked up by a creature inside or outside of the hole, causing the hole to vanish. Anything inside the hole when the cloth is picked up remains in an extra-dimensional space. A living creature inside the hole can unfold the cloth (if they have it) to recreate the hole at its last location. The hole contains enough air for 1 Turn.

17. Purse of Plentiful Coin: A small leather pouch which can magically duplicate coins placed inside it. When found, the purse contains 26 coins of each type (cp, sp, gp, pp). Each morning, the purse duplicates any coins left in it, producing up to 25 coins of each type it contains. For example, if a single gold piece is left in the pouch, the following day it will contain 26gp. If completely emptied, the purse permanently loses its magical power.

18. Rope of Climbing: A coil of thin, strong rope, 50′ in length. The owner may command the rope to climb in any direction, and may command it to attach to a surface. The rope can hold loads of up to 10,000 coins of weight.

19. Skeleton Key: A magical key, carved from thin bone, that opens any lock (mundane or magical). Using a *Skeleton Key* bypasses any traps or wards upon the lock. Each key can be used only once, crumbling to dust afterwards. Usually found in sets of 2d3 keys.

20. Sylvan Bracelet: A silver bracelet of seven interlocking leaves that allows the wearer to speak with plants and fairies. When activated, the wearer gains the ability to speak either the Sylvan tongue for 24 hours or to communicate with plants for 3 Turns. Normal plants may inform the character of creatures that have recently passed or may perform simple favours (e.g. clearing passage, tangling into an impassable thicket). The magic can be used seven times—upon each use, one of the leaves "wilts."

Trade Goods

Oddities and essentials carried by the beings that trade within Dolmenwood.

It is not uncommon to encounter traders and merchants of various kinds along the roads and wild paths of Dolmenwood. Mortal pedlars wend their way along the roads between settlements, laden with packs of essential items and rare luxuries. Goblin merchants bring exotic goods from the odd realms of Fairy to sell to wide-eyed mortals. Scrabey traders emerge from their subterranean realm to exchange oddities with surface-dwellers.

Determining Trade Goods

1. **Types of goods:** The type of goods carried are listed under ***Possessions*** in a creature's stat block. (e.g. a creature may carry fairy and herbal trade goods.)
2. **Types of items:** For each type of goods carried, roll once or twice (Referee's choice) on the corresponding trade goods table (see opposite) to determine the type of items carried.
3. **Number of items:** If PCs wish to purchase multiples of a single type of item (e.g. multiple bottles of wine, multiple doses or a herb, multiple days' worth of rations, etc.), roll the dice listed in the ***Num.*** column of the table to determine the number of items of that type the trader has available for sale.

ARCANE TRADE GOODS

d20	Item	Num.	Cost	Source
1	*Alchemical Tonic*	1d6	250gp	***p414***
2	*Amber Nectar*	1d6	200gp	***p414***
3	*Azoth*	1d6	40gp	***p426***
4	Balm or oil (roll type)	1d3	By type	***p402***
5	Bestial centaur items	1d3	250gp	DMB
6	Boggin vomit	1d3	100gp	DMB
7	Braithmaid talismans	1d3	500gp	DMB
8	Brambling scrolls	1d4	250gp	DMB
9	*Brewmaster's Balsam*	1d3	250gp	***p402***
10	Ench. oddment (roll type)	1d6	By type	***p424***
11	Ench. oddment (roll type)	1d6	By type	***p424***
12	Gelatinous hulk brains	1d3	500gp	DMB
13	*Hungry Shadow*	1d3	50gp	***p424***
14	*Lethe*	1d6	50gp	***p426***
15	*Memory Dust*	1d4	350gp	***p426***
16	*Orgon's Scint. Philtre*	1d3	500gp	***p414***
17	Potion (roll type)	1d3	By type	***p414***
18	*Wizard's Pipe*	1d4	50gp	***p424***
19	Wodewose blood	1d3	200gp	DMB
20	*Writhing Mandrake*	1d3	100gp	***p430***

FAIRY TRADE GOODS

d20	Item	Num.	Cost	Source
1	*Bottled Light*	1d6	200gp	***p414***
2	Ench. oddment (roll type)	1d6	By type	***p424***
3	Ench. oddment (roll type)	1d6	By type	***p424***
4	Ench. oddment (roll type)	1d6	By type	***p424***
5	*Essence of Sweet Dreams*	1d6	250gp	***p414***
6	*Fairy Fruits*	3d6	5gp	***p426***
7	*Fairy Fruits*	3d6	5gp	***p426***
8	*Fairy Fruits*	3d6	5gp	***p426***
9	*Fairy Fruits*	3d6	5gp	***p426***
10	*Flufftop*	2d6	1sp	P
11	Rare comest. (roll type)	1d6	By type	***p426***
12	Rare comest. (roll type)	1d6	By type	***p426***
13	Rare comest. (roll type)	1d6	By type	***p426***
14	Rare fungus (roll type)	1d6	By type	***p428***
15	Rare fungus (roll type)	1d6	By type	***p428***
16	Rare fungus (roll type)	1d6	By type	***p428***
17	Rare herb (roll type)	1d6	By type	***p430***
18	Rare herb (roll type)	1d6	By type	***p430***
19	*Tom-a-Merry*	1d3	150gp	CFH
20	*Wayside Wisp*	3d6	25cp	P

HERBAL TRADE GOODS

d20	Item	Num.	Cost	Source
1	*Arrowhame*	2d4	100gp	CFH
2	*Blood Canker*	2d6	50gp	CFH
3	*Blushing Mandrake*	1d6	800gp	***p430***
4	Common item (roll type)	2d4	By type	CFH
5	Common item (roll type)	2d4	By type	CFH
6	Common item (roll type)	2d4	By type	CFH
7	Common item (roll type)	2d4	By type	CFH
8	Edible fungus (roll type)	3d6	7sp	***p118***
9	Edible fungus (roll type)	3d6	7sp	***p118***
10	Edible plant (roll type)	3d6	7sp	***p118***
11	Edible plant (roll type)	3d6	7sp	***p118***
12	*Marshwick*	2d4	200gp	CFH
13	*Mind-Moss*	1d6	400gp	***p430***
14	Rare fungus (roll type)	1d6	By type	***p428***
15	Rare fungus (roll type)	1d6	By type	***p428***
16	Rare herb (roll type)	1d6	By type	***p430***
17	Rare herb (roll type)	1d6	By type	***p430***
18	Rare herb (roll type)	1d6	By type	***p430***
19	*Sage Toe*	1d6	400gp	***p430***
20	*Wallowmost*	2d4	150gp	CFH

MUNDANE TRADE GOODS

d20	Item	Num.	Cost	Source
1	Bedrolls	2d4	2gp	AG
2	Bottles of beer (roll type)	3d6	By type	B
3	Bottles of wine (roll type)	2d6	By type	B
4	Bundles of firewood	2d6	1gp	AG
5	Casks of beer (roll type)	1d6	By type	B
6	Coils of rope (50')	2d6	1gp	AG
7	Cooking pot sets	2d6	3gp	AG
8	Edible fungus (roll type)	3d6	7sp	***p118***
9	Edible plant (roll type)	3d6	7sp	***p118***
10	Fresh rations (cheese)	1d6	3gp	AG
11	Fresh rations (fish)	1d6	1gp	AG
12	Fresh rations (root veg.)	3d6	7sp	AG
13	Fresh rations (sausages)	3d6	1gp	AG
14	Gourd pipes	2d6	2gp	P
15	Hammers (small)	3d6	2gp	AG
16	Musical instr. (wind)	3d6	5gp	AG
17	Oil flasks	2d6	1gp	AG
18	Pipeleaf (roll type)	2d6	By type	P
19	Pipeleaf (roll type)	2d6	By type	P
20	Torches (bundles of 3)	2d6	1gp	AG

Notes

Food: For edible fungi, edible plants, and fresh rations, the Number column indicates days' worth of food. (e.g. 3d6 rations of fresh fungus, rather than 3d6 individual fungi.)

Random types: For types of beer, fungus, pipeleaf, wine, etc., roll once on the table in the specified section to find the exact type available. Optionally, roll for multiple types and divide the number of items available between them. (e.g. 12 rations of edible fungus may consist of 6 rations of *Drounberries* and 6 rations of *Purple Pipers*.)

Sources

AG: See ***Adventuring Gear***—*DPB*.

B: See ***Beverages***—*DPB*.

CFH: See ***Common Fungi and Herbs***—*DPB*.

DMB: See corresponding monster listing—*DMB*.

P: See ***Pipeleaf***—*DPB*.

Enchanted Oddments

Sundry items of minor enchantment, sometimes sought by adventurers.

ENCHANTED ODDMENTS			
Type	**Value (gp)**	**Weight**	**Summary of Effect**
Boggle Mask	100	10	Disguises wearer as a fearsome demon
Clockwork Beetle	100	5	Flies and carries small objects
Crystal Illusion	100	10	Conjures a fleeting illusion
Dreaming Burl	75	100	Burns for 8 hours, providing a bonus to sleep checks
Dust of Ages	100	10	Illusion that makes an object or creature look old and tattered
Eternal Flower	10–500	1	Timeless beauty
Fairy Comb	100	5	Changes hair style and colour
Fairy Swan Feather	150	1	Float 1′ off the ground while concentrating
Fire Powder	25	10	Changes the colour of a flame and doubles its light radius for 1 Turn
Frozen Birdsong	250	10	Chorus of birdsong; –2 penalty to saves against enchanted music
Ghost Crow Quill	50	1	Writing only visible under moonlight
Gold Leaf	50	1	Makes an object appear as solid gold
Grave Wax Candle	100	2	Detect undead creatures
Growling Tree Face	50	10	Growls when sighting a sentient being
Hungry Shadow	50	10	Creates an area of magical darkness
Jar of Seasons	250	10	Conjures an area of magical weather
Redcap's Mug	50	10	Transforms water into ale
Salamander Seed	75	2	Creates a mass of creeping vines
Steed Stump	50	200	Acts as a mount for 1 day
Wizard's Pipe	50	10	Make forms out of smoke

ENCHANTED ODDMENTS

1. Boggle Mask: A wooden mask with bulging eyes, twisting horns, and a sinister fanged grin. The wearer of the mask takes on the appearance of a terrifying horned demon, veiling their true form, clothing, and equipment. The effect is purely visual. When removed, the mask bursts into flame and vanishes.

2. Clockwork Beetle: A 3″ brass contraption that resembles an oval-shaped brooch with a winding key on the underside. Winding key causes legs, wings, and mandibles to pop out. Once activated, the beetle flies in a straight line at Speed 30. It can carry a small object (weighing up to 40 coins). The beetle flies until manually deactivated or until it winds down (1 Turn). After each use, there is a 1-in-6 chance of the beetle exploding in a mess of tiny gears.

3. Crystal Illusion: A pouch of faceted crystal fragments, scintillating with pink, cerulean, and indigo light. If crushed, the fragments release a fleeting, glowing, life-size illusion of a noble elf bowing, pirouetting, or whirling a sabre. The illusion lasts for 1d6 Rounds.

4. Dreaming Burl: A chunky tree burl, 8″ across, covered with face-like gnarls and whorls. When lit in a fire pit, the burl slowly burns (8 hours), emitting a soothing greenish-orange glow and a hearty aroma reminiscent of a cosy tavern. Characters sleeping by the fire gain a +1 bonus to any **Constitution Checks** required to sleep (see ***Camping***, *DPB*) and experience comforting dreams of merry, burl-faced fairies. A random injured character is blessed by the burl-fairies and heals 1 HP.

5. Dust of Ages: A pouch of sooty grey powder. When sprinkled over an object or creature, the dust makes it appear as an aged and decrepit version of itself. People and animals become old and grey, objects become tattered and dusty. The illusion is purely visual and lasts for 6 Turns.

6. Eternal Flower: A delicate bloom plucked at its peak and frozen in time. If treated gently, it retains its beauty (and value) for all eternity. Greatly valued by mortals of noble means. Value: 10gp for a dainty snowdrop, 50gp for a spring-fresh tulip, 250gp for a pristine water lily, 500gp for a majestic black rose.

7. Fairy Comb: An elegant comb of ivory or wyrm-bone, shaped like a fanciful bird with tooth-feather wings. By brushing the comb through their hair for 1 Turn, the user can change their hair to any colour and style desired.

8. Fairy Swan Feather: A long, elegant feather of pearlescent white. If a character holds the feather tight against their chest, closes their eyes, and thinks happy thoughts, they begin to float 1′ off the ground. The character cannot move through the air of their own volition, but drifts if pushed by an outside force. The levitation lasts as long as the character concentrates with their eyes closed. When concentration ends, the feather vanishes in a wisp of smoke.

9. Fire Powder: A bag of shimmering dust of a particular, vivid hue (the dust comes in any colour of the rainbow). Tossing the powder into a flame causes it to change colour to match the powder and to flare up, doubling its light radius. The colour change lasts as long as the flame burns, and the brightness lasts for 1 Turn.

10. Frozen Birdsong: Flakes of glittering hoarfrost, stored in a glass bottle swaddled in thick felt. If thawed, the melting flakes release a beauteous symphony of birdsong, as if a chorus of nightingales, blackbirds, thrushes, and finches were greeting the dawn. All within 30′ of the birdsong suffer a –2 penalty to any Saving Throws against enchanted music (e.g. played by a bard or woodgrue). The song echoes around for 1 Turn, then fades.

11. Ghost Crow Quill: A shadowy, semi-corporeal feather. Writing made using the quill fades and is only visible under moonlight.

12. Gold Leaf: An autumn birch leaf that glitters like real gold. Crushing the leaf and sprinkling the dust over an object makes it appear to be made of solid gold. The effect is purely visual and lasts until washed off with water. A single leaf is enough to affect a single object weighing up to 50 coins.

13. Grave Wax Candle: A lumpy candle shaped like a crooked finger. While lit, it gives off the faint, sickly sweet odour of a fresh corpse. The candle's flame sputters and pops when brought within 30′ of an undead creature. Burns for 3 Turns.

14. Growling Tree Face: A scowling, human-like face of gnarled bark, ringed with drooping lichen and moss. If placed upon a tree trunk, the face adheres and opens its eyes, peering this way and that. Upon sighting a sentient being close by (30′), it grumbles wordlessly (audible within 60′). Fairies sometimes set these faces as guardians around a camp. A *Growling Tree Face* functions for 8 hours, then crumbles to dust.

15. Hungry Shadow: A drawstring pouch that wriggles and growls when touched by light. Opening the bag releases a monstrous blot of shadow that slithers along walls, floors, and ceilings to devour all light in a 15′ radius, creating an area of magical darkness. The patch of darkness lasts for 6 Turns, after which the shadow disappears.

16. Jar of Seasons: A stoppered clay jar painted with scenery corresponding to one of the four seasons. When opened, a miniature weather pattern whisks out of the jar and occupies a 30′ radius area for 8 hours. Once released, the weather pattern cannot be returned to the jar. Comes in 4 varieties: winter (chilly wind, 3′ snowfall), spring (tiny clouds, rainfall), summer (golden sunbeams, warmth), autumn (gusts of wind and brown leaves).

17. Redcap's Mug: A tankard of green wood with a hinged lid in the form of a jolly, grinning face. Often carved with woodland scenes or animals dancing arm-in-arm. Once a day, a pint of water poured into the tankard is instantly transformed into cold, dark beer when the lid is replaced.

18. Salamander Seed: A bright red seed, 2″across, with a tiny wick-like stem. When the stem is lit, the seed rapidly grows into a mass of fiery red creeper vines covering a 20′ radius area. The vines latch firmly onto surfaces (including vertical surfaces within their area of extent) and can be used for climbing or anchoring. Creatures caught in the vines when they grow must **Save Versus Hold** or be entangled, unable to move. Another save is allowed each Round to escape. The vines wither and disappear after 1d6 hours.

19. Steed Stump: A small, uprooted tree stump (1′ across) with several thick roots at the base. Sitting on the stump's flat, cut surface and speaking a command word (typically "whalloop"—the Sylvan equivalent of "giddyup") brings the stump to life, its roots scrabbling like legs. The stump acts as a mount for 24 hours before rotting away to slime. The stump has Speed 40 with a Small rider and 20 with a Medium rider. It can carry one character and all their gear.

20. Wizard's Pipe: A smoking pipe of fine red clay with a long stem inscribed with astrological symbols. When stoked with leaf, the smoker can blow smoke into any shape desired, so long as it is no larger than 1 cubic foot. The forms produced by the pipe are obviously smoky apparitions.

Rare Comestibles

Wondrous foodstuffs, beverages, pipeleafs, and mind-altering substances.

RARE COMESTIBLES

Type	Value (gp)	Type	Summary of Effect
Azoth	40	Psychedelic	Pleasurable out of body experience
Fairy Fruits	5	Food	Cures 1 HP for fairies; mortals yearn to visit Fairy
Frisk	50	Psychedelic	Empathic amplification; detect lies; prevents lying
Golden Aspintheon	20 (80)*	Beverage	Sublime joviality
Green Aspintheon	10 (40)*	Beverage	Merry boisterousness; see invisible fairies
Ishwagrande	1,000	Psychedelic	Incapacitating smoke cloud; curse of befuddlement
Kitty-Nibbles	50	Food	+1 Attack for grimalkins
Lethe	50	Psychedelic	Deep introspection
Mallow-Puff	15	Pipeleaf	Mobile puffs of smoke
Memory Dust	350	Psychedelic	Memorise one additional arcane spell; addictive
Ourob	50	Beverage	Digestive bubbling; belch that pacifies fungal creatures
Prigwort Black	20 (80)*	Beverage	Sharpness of mind; see auras (detect Alignment)
Purple Shag	30	Pipeleaf	Frivolity; +1 to Morale Checks; +2 to fear Saving Throws
Shandycoiffe Sparkle	100 (400)*	Beverage	Changing skin and hair hues; dispels polymorph effects
Snobble's Blend	50	Beverage	Daydreams and reverie; heal 1 HP; repels mogglewomps
Sprite Fancies	75	Food	Semi-invisible while speaking or singing
Sticky Gilly	200	Pipeleaf	Water breathing
Tarts of Amicability	250	Food	Subject views bestower as a trusted friend
Wanton Wisp	25	Pipeleaf	Smoke faces entertain with songs and jokes in Sylvan
Wyrm-Leaf	100	Pipeleaf	Exhale a blast of fire, 1d10 damage

*: Value of a bottle (5 portions).

Encumbrance: Each portion weighs 4 coins. Bottles weigh 30 coins.

RARE COMESTIBLES

1. Azoth: A russet residue made from the crystals in the caves around Fog Lake. Crystals collected from the caves are boiled down, producing a sludge which re-crystallises when cooled. Oddly, the process must be completed while the lapping of the lake is within earshot, or the drug will be ineffective. **If smoked:** A full out-of-body experience results, the subject's soul drifting where it will. While the voyager experiences vast tracts of time passing, the effects last for 1d4 Turns in reality. Following an *Azoth* trip, the subject's ability to empathise with others is dulled for 1d4 days. Repeated use of *Azoth* attracts extra-planar pests (e.g. astral leapers—see hex 1209).

2. Fairy Fruits: Wondrously succulent peaches, apples, pomegranates, plums, and bunches of grapes, dripping with syrup. Fairy fruits stay fresh indefinitely, untouched by the ravages of time in the mortal world. **If eaten:** Each fruit provides nourishment for a whole day. True fairies (excluding demi-fey) heal 1 HP (up to thrice a day). Mortals must **Save Versus Spell** or be struck with a yearning to get lost in Fairy. Eventually, eating more *Fairy Fruit* is the only thing that brings joy. (*Bless* or magic of curse removal reverses this malady.)

3. Frisk: A sticky, luminescent paste; actually the seminal fluid of the night-boars that sometimes visit Dolmenwood. Odourless, but has a faint, bitter flavour. **If eaten:** The subject's sense of empathic connection with other sentients is amplified. The subject cannot lie and can detect the lies of others (50% chance per lie). All effects last for 1d6 hours.

4. Golden Aspintheon: A legendary draught said to be only distilled in Fairy. The spirit has a rich, golden hue, glimmering with motes of silvery radiance. Its taste is exquisite and differs based on the preferences of the imbiber. **If drunk:** Elicits a state of sublime joviality, where one rejoices in the company of friends and is at peace with the world.

5. Green Aspintheon: A deep green spirit, swirling with enigmatic clouds. The flavour is of bitter herbs tempered with the sweetness of spring nectar. **If drunk:** Brings on a merry boisterousness. After 1d6 Turns, the subject gains the fleeting ability (for 1 Turn) to clearly perceive invisible fairies, much to the vexation of such creatures.

6. Ishwagrande: A resinous ochre dust that smells strongly of pine sap. **If burnt:** Fills a 20′ radius area with dense, purple smoke for 1 Turn. The smoke completely obscures vision. Any who inhale it must **Save Versus Doom** or fall unconscious for 1 Turn. While unconscious, victims experience nightmarish visions of an alien dimension and are stricken with a curse of befuddlement. The afflicted have their Wisdom reduced to 3 and change Alignment randomly each day. Used with the arcane spell *Oracle*, *Ishwagrande* can be used to open a channel of direct communion with an extra-dimensional intelligence.

7. Kitty-Nibbles: Little, crunchy almond-flavoured biscuits, each baked with a cat's paw-print in the top. **If eaten:** Sends grimalkins and other felines into an accelerated frenzy, granting a +1 bonus to Attack Rolls for 1 Turn. Non-felines gain no effect, though the nibbles are rather tasty.

8. Lethe: A silvery ooze typically contained in rough clay bottles. Has an odour akin to rust. *Lethe* is distilled from the brains of those who have bathed in the Lethean Well (hex 0209). **If vaporised and inhaled:** The subject enters into a mentally cleansing state of intense introspection and questioning of life motives, lasting 1d3+3 hours. Afterwards, they gain +2 Wisdom (maximum 18) for 24 hours. If disturbed during the period of introspection, they fly into a violent rage.

9. Mallow-Puff: Pale violet pipeleaf, loosely chopped. Smells of rich, smoky, apple and burns with a bright white flame. **If smoked:** Once per Turn for 2d6 Turns after smoking, the subject is able to puff out a little cloud of violet smoke. While the cloud remains (1 Turn), the subject can direct its movement at will, with Speed 20.

10. Memory Dust: A fine, pearlescent dust, renowned for its ability to expand the mind's capacity for the energies required by arcane spell memorisation. **If snorted:** Grants an arcane spell-caster the ability to memorise a single extra spell (of any Rank they can cast). The *Dust* is highly addictive: after every use, the subject must make a **Wisdom Check**. If the check fails, they suffer a –2 penalty to Attack Rolls and Saving Throws until they use the *Dust* again. A natural 1 indicates that the subject's tolerance for the *Dust* has increased: from now on they must consume an additional dose to achieve the same effect.

11. Ourob: A thick, swirling mushroom brew of indigo, black, and purple hue that is brewed by mosslings. Reeks of acidic rot. Good vintages are fermented for at least 5 years. **If drunk:** Characters resilient to fungal poison (e.g. mosslings) experience amusing digestive bubbles and gurgles, followed by a mighty belch that pacifies fungal creatures within 20′ (behave only defensively for 1 Round). Others vomit the stuff up immediately and must **Save Versus Doom** or suffer 1d3 damage.

12. Prigwort Black: A pure black spirit that tastes of aniseed with an undertone of lemon. Once the pride of Prigwort's distillery House Oberon, the art of producing this spirit was lost a century ago. **If drunk:** Elicits a sharpness of mind and open-minded inquiry. After 1d6 Turns, the subject gains the fleeting ability (for 2 Turns) to perceive shimmering, colourful auras around sentient creatures. Focusing on an individual's aura for 1 Turn reveals their Alignment to the imbiber.

13. Purple Shag: Thick-cut, deep purple pipeleaf dotted with pale yellow, scintillating crystals. Smells of dewy grass and produces a thin, sweet-scented smoke. **If smoked:** Lends an air of frivolity and bolsters the spirit for 2d6 Turns. The subject gains a +1 bonus to Morale Checks and a +2 bonus to Saving Throws versus fear effects.

14. Shandycoiffe Sparkle: A deep pink sparkling wine brewed from the fruits of Lord Gladhand's orchards. Smells of luscious, ripe fruit—a different kind on each smelling. **If drunk:** Causes the drinker's skin and hair to change colour for 1d6 Turns, in a continuous procession of rainbow hues. Dispels any magic of polymorph affecting the drinker.

15. Snobble's Blend: A rough-leafed tea of chestnut hue, sparkling with silver motes. Has a delightful yet elusive aroma reminiscent of high summer. **If drunk:** Elicits a pleasant reverie filled with daydreams of youth and home. If smoked while resting (no other activities for 1 hour), heals 1 HP. *Snobble's Blend* is abhorrent to mogglewomps (*DMB*), driving them to instantly flee a building.

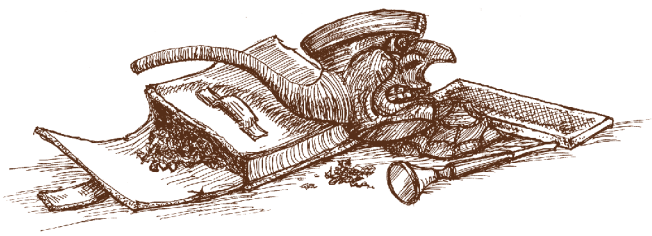
16. Sprite Fancies: Dainty square cakes, frosted with congealed dreams. Smell of honey and hypnagogia. **If eaten:** The subject gains a limited form of invisibility, only active while they speak or sing. As long as the subject makes clearly audible sound, they appear as shimmering and semi-visible (+2 AC). The effect wears off after 6 Turns.

17. Sticky Gilly: Long, moist fronds of sticky, green pipeleaf. Reeks of pondweed. The smoke is thick, green, and tends to form piscine faces. **If smoked:** Rudimentary gills sprout on the subject's neck, granting the ability to breathe water for short periods (at most 2 consecutive Turns, followed by at least 2 Turns of breathing air). The gills disappear after 1d6 hours.

18. Tarts of Amicability: Dainty baked tarts with a delightful almond glaze, topped with a glacé cherry. **If eaten:** The subject must **Save Versus Spell** or be enchanted to view the one who bestowed the tart as a trusted friend. The enchantment lasts for 1d6 Turns, but is otherwise treated as the arcane spell *Ingratiate*.

19. Wanton Wisp: A fine, supple pipeleaf of sparkling, golden hue, cultivated in Fairy. Produces coils and spirals of violet smoke, smelling of rosemary and peach. **If smoked:** Brings on a playful, frolicsome mood. Benignly smiling faces coalesce in the swirling smoke and entertain smokers with absurd songs and jokes in Sylvan.

20. Wyrm-Leaf: A coarse pipeleaf of deep purple hue, with strands that writhe slowly when exposed to air. Hisses and produces thick, coiling smoke. **If smoked:** The smoker can exhale a blast of violet flame in a cone 15′ long, 10′ wide at the end. All in the cone suffer 1d10 damage (**Save Versus Blast** for half damage). Blasting fire consumes the portion of *Wyrm-Leaf*.



Rare Fungi

Little-known varieties of poisonous, intoxicating, or magical effect.

RARE FUNGI

Type	Value (gp)	Summary of Effect	Locations
Angel's Lament	200	Poison: Charisma, Intelligence, and Wisdom loss	1506
Bloodcap	150	Poison: risk of fainting in stimulating situations	0908
Devil's Grease	75	Psychedelic: pleasurable physicality; lose 1d4 Constitution	0406, 1405
Foolscap	300	Transform into a werewolf until dawn	1001, 1804
Goatman's Goblet	10	Intoxicant: merry leaping	1003
Grinning Jenny	400	+1 bonus to Attack, damage, saves; catatonia	0908, 1505
Hob's Lewd	15	Intoxicant: energetic jubilation; 24 hours' sleep	1010
Lambent Stinkhorn	300	Grotesque fungal infection; +1 maximum Hit Points	0406, 1006
Lover's Gasp	15	+1 Charisma with respect to a specific individual	0811
Mawbarg's Jam	350	Heals 1d4 HP or weightlessness	1601
Mossmulch	175	Poison: disorientation and coma	1605
Mottlecap	100	Poison: sleeplessness, susceptibility to enchantment	0406, 1210
Numblings	200	Grow new organ	0508
Puck's Ear	20	Psychedelic: listless trance; assailed by imaginary sprites	1705
Purple Nightcap	1,000	Poison: asphyxiation, death, coma	0510
Rotting Mazegill	500	Poison: Constitution loss	1505
Shaggy Sage	50	Psychedelic: deep sleep with otherworldly dreams	1601
Speckled Sporange	200	+1 Constitution or –1 Constitution and Strength	0510, 1706
Velvet Flounder	100	Raging blood-lust	1506
Witch's Purple	10	Psychedelic: purple hue; skin becomes purple	0406, 1604

Encumbrance: Each portion weighs 4 coins.

RARE FUNGI

1. Angel's Lament: A fungus formed of hollow chimneys of shining, golden hue. Smells of wet wool and has a taste akin to intense horseradish, painfully attacking the sinuses. **If eaten:** Addles the mind. The subject loses 1d6 points of Intelligence, Wisdom, and Charisma for 2d12 hours. A successful **Save Versus Doom** reduces the loss by half. If any score goes below 1, death results.

2. Bloodcap: Dainty little amber-coloured mushrooms with a pointed cap. Their odour is reminiscent of bad blue cheese and they have an oily taste. **If eaten:** Increases blood pressure and heart rate for 24 hours. In stimulating situations (e.g. combat), the subject must **Save Versus Doom** or faint for 1d6 Rounds.

3. Devil's Grease: A slime-mould that gathers in cracks in trees. It is jet black in colour, with an aura of ultraviolet. Its odour is like off sausage and it tastes of goose grease. **If eaten:** The subject becomes intensely aware of their own physicality and animalistic nature for 1d6 hours—a highly pleasurable experience. They must **Save Versus Spell** or be overwhelmed by a primordial beast spirit, behaving like an animal for the duration. Afterwards, the character's Constitution is reduced by 1d4 for a week.

4. Foolscap: Cream-coloured mushrooms with large, floppy caps, flecked with orange. Smell distinctly of cloves and taste earthy. **If eaten:** The subject must **Save Versus Doom** or undergo a lycanthropic transformation into a werewolf (*DMB*) over the space of 2d4 Rounds. The subject remains in were-form until dawn.

5. Goatman's Goblet: Miniature, orange, goblet-shaped fungi that sprout from fuzzy patches on rotting wood. Smell of goat's milk and taste like blood. **If eaten:** Causes a state of merry disorientation and restless leaping, lasting for 1d4 hours. After each use of the fungus, the subject's facial hair noticeably increases. Frequent users of *Goatman's Goblet* are exceptionally hirsute.

6. Grinning Jenny: Drab, olive capped toadstools whose rims tend to curl up like leering grins. **If eaten:** Provides a rush of energy, giving a +1 bonus to Attack Rolls, Damage Rolls, and Saving Throws for 3d6 Turns. After the original effect subsides, a state of complete catatonia sets in for 1d10 Turns.

7. Hob's Lewd: Towering, horn-like nodules of slimy black fungus. The slime, if collected when fresh, is sweet-tasting and highly psychoactive. *Hob's Lewd* is feared for its role in folktales, wherein it is said to flourish at sites where goblins have cavorted. **If drunk:** A pint of the fungus' slime, guzzled down, brings on a state of energetic jubilation and wild cavorting lasting for 2d6 hours. Afterwards, the subject must sleep for 24 hours straight or suffer a –2 penalty to Attack Rolls and Saving Throws.

8. Lambent Stinkhorn: 8″ fungi with a long, fleshy stem topped with a pink, lattice-like veil. Reek of stale urine but are virtually flavourless. In darkness, lambent stinkhorns produce a faint, blue luminescence. **If eaten:** The subject's appetite is noticeably diminished, until 2 weeks later a profusion of tiny stinkhorns erupt on their face overnight. Unless removed by magic (e.g. *Cure Affliction*), the fungi form a permanent, symbiotic growth, increasing the subject's maximum Hit Points by 1 and incurring a –1 penalty to Reaction Rolls (see ***Encounters***, *DPB*)—except with those who do not find fungal infestations disconcerting (e.g. mosslings).

9. Lover's Gasp: Tiny pink mushrooms with delicate, pointed caps and long, stringy stems. Have a faintly floral odour and taste of sand. **If eaten:** A handful grants a +1 bonus to Charisma with respect to a single, specific individual, who must be visualised while the portion of mushrooms is slowly consumed.

10. Mawbarg's Jam: A frothy, grey sludge that reeks of awful cheese and tastes worse. **If rubbed on wounds:** Heals 1d4 Hit Points. **If eaten:** The subject must **Save Versus Doom** or vomit up the offensive "jam," wasting the portion. Those who manage to keep it down become weightless for 1d6 Turns.

11. Mossmulch: Dark green, drooping fungi covered in seaweed-like tendrils. **If eaten:** All parts of this fungus are poisonous, causing abnormal thirst, visual distortions, and delirium: –2 penalty to Attack Rolls and Saving Throws. After 2d4 Turns, the subject must **Save Versus Doom** or become comatose for 1d6 days.

12. Mottlecap: Wide-capped toadstools of mottled green/brown colouration. Have an unpleasant odour akin to cat's urine. **If eaten:** Brings on a pounding headache for 24 hours. The subject must **Save Versus Doom** or be unable to sleep, due to the throbbing pain. During this period, the subject suffers a –2 penalty to Saving Throws against effects of magical origin and perceives unnerving whisperings from afar.

13. Numblings: Slimy, scarlet fungus bearing an eerie resemblance to various bodily organs, including (1d6): 1. brain, 2. heart, 3. eyeball, 4. tongue, 5. finger, 6. nose. **If eaten:** A character who consumes one of the organ-like fungi will, after 1d6 days, grow an organ of the appropriate type. Organs lost to disease or damage may thus be restored, or grotesque duplicate organs sprouted.

14. Puck's Ear: Glistening black, ear-shaped fungi that grow on bark. Smell of vinegar but taste fruity. **If eaten:** Causes a listless trance lasting 1d4 hours. If a **Save Versus Doom** fails, the subject is mentally assailed by **1d3 sprites** (*DMB*). The sprites are semi-imaginary, but malicious and quite capable of harming the character.

15. Purple Nightcap: A deep purple fungus with long stems and tiny button caps. Smells of milk and has a yeasty flavour. **If eaten:** Causes a distressing shortness of breath. After 1 Turn, the subject must **Save Versus Doom** or die of asphyxiation. On a successful save, the subject falls into a coma for 1d4 days. During the coma, there is a 50% chance of a bodily appendage dying.

Identifying Species

The species listed here are considered unusual and cannot be automatically identified by PCs. Players may decide to collect specimens, investigate them further, or even dare to try eating them.

Initially, only the physical characteristics (i.e. colour, form, smell, etc.) of foraged specimens should be described to the players. In time, players may come to recognise certain species by their description and learn their names from herbalists.

Locations of Common Fungi (DPB)

Blood Canker (1405, 1705), *Grue's Ear* (1003), *Hogscap* (1011), *Smottlebread* (0809), *Tom-a-Merry* (1212), *Witch's Oyster* (1109).

16. Rotting Mazegill: Densely packed balls of fibres that appear to be of purple or orange hue, depending on the viewing angle. The fungi smell of rotten parsnips and taste of lime sorbet. **If eaten:** Causes weakness and heart palpitations. After 1d4 Turns, the subject loses 3d6 Constitution—**Save Versus Doom** for half. If Constitution goes below 1, death results. Lost Constitution returns at a rate of 1 point per day of complete rest. Until all lost Constitution is recovered, the subject suffers a –2 Attack penalty, due to weakness.

17. Shaggy Sage: A tiny, yellow fungus that grows in frothing clumps. Reeks of pungent spice and tastes of aniseed. **If eaten:** Elicits a deep, hypnotic sleep lasting 2d3 hours, wherein the subject dreams of an otherworldly paradise. Upon awakening, the subject must **Save Versus Spell** or become obsessed with the quixotic quest of finding this obscure realm (or at least of eating *Shaggy Sage* again). If awakened prematurely, part of the dreamer's soul is lost in this far realm—permanently lose 1 Wisdom.

18. Speckled Sporange: White puffballs, flecked with gold. Odourless, but have a very strong citrus flavour. **If eaten:** 2-in-6 chance of granting a permanent +1 Constitution. Otherwise causes a permanent –1 Strength and Constitution.

19. Velvet Flounder: Luxuriant, purple mushrooms covered in swirling crimson patterns. **If eaten:** Engenders a raging blood-lust, causing the subject to attack friend and foe alike. Lasts for 1d3 Turns.

20. Witch's Purple: Big, floppy bracket fungus of deep purple hue and woody consistency. The fungi smell of fine wine and taste of aniseed. **If eaten:** Brings on a psychedelic state wherein all things appear purple-hued and eyes seem to quadruple in size. The subject's skin takes on a violet hue for 1d4 days.

Rare Herbs

Unusual species only found in the tangled depths of the woods.

RARE HERBS			
Type	**Value (gp)**	**Summary of Effect**	**Locations**
Black Clover	400	Psychedelic: communication with objects	1404
Blushing Mandrake	800	Change physical features	0201
Frondhelm	500	Invisible hand manipulates at a distance	1707
Goatsweed	600	Causes goats and breggles to caper for 1d4 Rounds	0505, 1905
Groaning Mandrake	200	Polymorph into last creature eaten	1701
Hag's Tears	150	Enhanced hearing	1008
Horridwort	1,500	Recall a recently cast arcane spell	0301, 1002
Knobbled Mandrake	600	Regrow lost appendage	1406
Mind-Moss	400	Restore lost memories	0211
Oddy Sorrel	1,500	Forget events of last 3d6 days	0305, 1503
Parson's Gobble	300	Eradicates need to sleep for 24 hours	0409, 1009
Prancing Mandrake	200	Poison: wooziness and unconsciousness	1011
Rindlewort	1,000	Magic ink that cannot be read by others	0308, 0503
Sage Toe	400	Accelerated information uptake	0102
Sclubber's Twist	100	Psychedelic: wondrous for fairies, nightmarish for mortals	1203
Shub Eggs	25	Cures 1 HP; desire to eat human flesh	0602, 0703, 0903, 1003
Snogglebeard	100	Read thoughts; project thoughts to others	1109
Woodpurse	750	Interact with incorporeal creatures	0209, 0803
Worm-Mallow	400	Induces sobriety, 3-in-6 chance of removing poison	0905, 1302
Writhing Mandrake	100	Prevents lycanthropic transformation	1310, 1410

Encumbrance: Each portion weighs 4 coins.

RARE HERBS

1. Black Clover: The milk-white leaves of a climbing vine that turn black when dried. **If eaten:** Mildly poisonous: **Save Versus Doom** or suffer 1 damage per Turn for the next 1d4 Turns. **If smoked:** Smoking dried leaves grants the ability to speak with inanimate objects for 6 Turns. Most conversations of this kind are hallucinatory nonsense, but the Referee may also allow nuggets of useful information to be gleaned.

2. Blushing Mandrake: Spindly, 1′-long, roughly humanoid roots, covered in wiry, purple hairs. *Blushing Mandrake* roots turn a bright scarlet hue within 5 minutes of being unearthed. They reek of garlicky sweat. **If eaten:** The bitter, oozing flesh has no effect. **If boiled:** If boiled and the resulting liquid consumed, causes a brief but intense heating of the blood and flushing of the skin—**Save Versus Doom** or faint for 1d6 Turns. Over the following 1d4 weeks, the subject's physical form changes in any way desired, within the normal parameters of their Kindred. Weight, height, skin, hair, sex, etc. may all be permanently altered.

3. Frondhelm: A striated green and yellow moss, with a dank aroma. Each frond is tipped with a tiny, hand-like furl. **If eaten:** For 1d6 Turns, the subject gains an invisible, quasi-real extra hand that can be directed to manipulate small objects up to 10′ distant. It can carry and manipulate objects weighing up to 100 coins.

4. Goatsweed: Ungainly crowns of long, rough-furred leaves that grow upon tree branches. **If burned:** Produces a thick, roiling smoke that smells of roast pork. All goats and related creatures (including breggles and those of breggle ancestry) within 10′ of the burning *Goatsweed* must **Save Versus Doom** or caper uncontrollably for 1d4 Rounds, unable to move, attack, or perform any other actions. A portion of *Goatsweed* burns for 4 Rounds.

5. Groaning Mandrake: Hand-sized, roughly humanoid roots, with long, straggly arms and wispy fingers. Black on the outside, with rich green flesh. The roots briefly emit a plaintive groaning, when unearthed. **If eaten:** The subject must **Save Versus Hold** or transform into the last plant or creature they ate for 1d3 hours. For example, if they dined on roast beef, they become a cow; if they snacked on a bread roll, they become a patch of wheat; and so on.

6. Hag's Tears: The teardrop-shaped leaves of a marsh succulent, olive green and scaly on the outside, pink and juicy on the inside. Extremely bitter. **If eaten:** Enhances hearing for 3d4 Turns. The subject gains a +1 bonus to Listen, but loud sounds (e.g. combat) incur a –1 Attack and Armour Class penalty for 1 Turn.

7. Horridwort: A violet marsh lichen with a musty odour and an awfully bitter flavour. **If eaten:** Has no effect. **If smoked:** An arcane spell-caster who smokes a pipe of dried *Horridwort* in peace (2 Turns) has a 50% chance once a day of being able to recall to memory a single spell that they

cast within the last hour. The maximum Rank of spell that can be recalled depends on the subject's Level: a caster of Level 1–4 may recall a Rank 1 spell, Level 5–9 a Rank 1–2 spell, and 10+ a Rank 1–3 spell.

8. Knobbled Mandrake: Hand-sized roots, broadly humanoid in form, covered in knobbly protrusions alike to extra heads. When plucked from the earth, knobbled mandrake roots squirm gently, sigh, then go still. They have a plum-like odour and taste of dung. **If eaten:** A missing bodily appendage begins to regrow. A small appendage (e.g. a finger) regrows 1 week after consuming the mandrake. Full restoration of larger appendages requires additional portions of *Knobbled Mandrake*: 2 portions and 2 weeks for a hand, 4 portions and 4 weeks for an arm or leg.

9. Mind-Moss: Glistening purple moss spattered with points of scintillating light. Smells of fresh dew and tastes of elderberries. **If eaten:** Has the capacity to restore memories lost due to magic or old age. A subject under the effects of a curse of delusion or amnesia may **Save Versus Spell** to shake off the affliction.

10. Oddy Sorrel: Long, lank leaves with purple spots. Taste of awfully strong vinegar. **If eaten:** The subject must **Save Versus Doom** or forget everything that occurred in the last 3d6 days.

11. Parson's Gobble: Purple stem nodules of a lanky woodland flower. Taste at once horribly sweet and horribly bitter. **If eaten:** The subject's need for sleep is eradicated for 24 hours. If consumed repeatedly, causes the subject's teeth to blacken and rot.

12. Prancing Mandrake: 1′-long roots with lanky, human-like legs and arms and bulbous heads. The roots' legs wobble and jig when unearthed, and their faces smirk and grimace. Smell of wild garlic and taste of goose fat. **If eaten:** Brings about a wooziness and lightness of head within 1 Turn. The subject must **Save Versus Doom** or fall deeply unconscious for 2d12 hours. If the save succeeds, the subject remains conscious but suffers a –2 penalty to Attack Rolls and Saving Throws for 1d8 hours.

13. Rindlewort: Long, finger-like roots that scrabble at the soil when unearthed. Smell of dung and taste horribly bitter. **If boiled:** The roots dissolve, producing a viscous, steel-grey liquid that can be used as an ink (sufficient for 4 pages of text). Text in *Rindlewort* ink can only be read by the character who wrote it and optionally one other person named while writing.

14. Sage Toe: Toe-like root nodules of a gnarled bog willow, dug up and smoke-dried. **If chewed:** Grants the ability to absorb written information at a greatly accelerated rate. The subject can get the gist of a book on a quick flip through (1 Turn) and can fully absorb the contents in 6 Turns. The effects last for 2d6 Turns, during which time the character is unable to communicate lucidly.

15. Sclubber's Twist: A fuzzy, lilac moss that grows in the upper branches of unusually large trees (150′ tall or more). The moss has a faint, earthy odour. If chewed, it exudes a juice that tastes like cherry wine. **If chewed:** The subject enters a trance state for 1d6 Turns. Fairies and demi-fey experience a fantastic vision of the dawning of creation. Mortals experience a harrowing nightmare of being torn limb from limb by evil trees. **If eaten:** Brings on stomach cramps and sickness. After 1d6 Turns, the subject must **Save Versus Doom** or permanently lose 1 Constitution.

16. Shub Eggs: 6″ ovoid fruit sacs dangling by rubbery cords from the twisted trees of the Nagwood. Each sac contains a brain-like inner fruit in a succulent, pink jelly. When a fruit is plucked, the brain-like interior pulses gently for an hour, then goes still. **If eaten:** Each whole fruit consumed heals 1 Hit Point. The subject must **Save Versus Doom** or be cursed with a hunger for human flesh. Those who succumb gradually turn into ogres (*DMB*).

17. Snogglebeard: A lichen-like moss that grows on rotting wood in long, yellow or cyan beards. Odourless and flavourless. Unpleasantly dry, chewy, and stringy to eat. **If eaten:** Blurs the subject's mental aura for 1d6 Turns, enabling them to read the thoughts of others within 5′. The subject's own thoughts also flow uncontrollably outwards and are perceived by all within 10′.

18. Woodpurse: Pale, pouch-like leaves of a creeping shrub. Acorns, water, or honey are sometimes found within the pouches. The leaves are odourless and have a slightly minty taste. **If eaten:** The subject becomes deathly pale and partially transparent for 1d6 Turns. During this time, they can physically interact with incorporeal creatures and can harm them in combat even without magic.

19. Worm-Mallow: Stringy, pink roots of a flowering shrub beloved by toads. Taste sweet and gooey. **If eaten:** Induces instant sobriety and has a 3-in-6 chance of negating poisons.

20. Writhing Mandrake: 5″ roots with stubby limbs and wolf-like heads. When unearthed, the root writhes around as if in agony. Smell of dung. **If eaten:** The subject must **Save Versus Doom** or immediately vomit the root back up. Those who make the save experience intense grumbling of the digestive system for several hours, followed by the vigorous growth of all body hair. Excess hair drops off after 1 week. **If boiled:** The resulting liquid acts as a potion preventing lycanthropic transformation for 1d4 days.

Identifying Species

The species listed here are considered unusual and cannot be automatically identified by PCs. Players may decide to collect specimens, investigate them further, or even dare to try eating them.

Initially, only the physical characteristics (i.e. colour, form, smell, etc.) of foraged specimens should be described to the players. In time, players may come to recognise certain species by their description and learn their names from herbalists.

Locations of Common Herbs (DPB)

Arrowhame (1306), *Bosun's Balm* (0101, 0807), *Fenob* (1304), *Gillywort* (1502), *Lankswith* (0807), *Lilywhite* (0303), *Marshwick* (0302, 1002, 1008), *Moonhaw* (0612, 0902), *Ofteritch* (1110), *Sallow Parsley* (1402), *Spirithame* (0608), *Wallowmost* (1605), *Wayfarrow* (0106), *Wolfsbane* (0107, 0609).

Part Eight

Appendices

"A rumour is just a legend fresh out of the womb. At least that's what my granddad used to always say. Full of tall tales that one was, and I never believed a word. "Not proper," is what my mum used to call them. Well, proper or not, rumours ain't always false whispering or idle gossip. Neither rightly are they always true. They seem to have a way of taking on a life of their own, if you ask me and live on well past thems that started them. Most of all, they're dangerous in the wrong ears. I suppose, in that respect, my dear old departed granddad and saint of a mother, god rest their souls, were both right."

—Gilda Goodwife, Shankswell Cross gossip-monger

Pipes on Droomen Knoll

A short starter adventure to introduce players to the mysteries of Dolmenwood.

Pipes on Droomen Knoll is a short introductory adventure set in an ancient fairy ruin, now the base of a band of crookhorns spying on a nearby settlement.

Character Levels 1–2

This adventure is designed for PCs of Level 1–2. It makes a great introduction to Dolmenwood for groups new to the setting. A total of approximately 5,000gp worth of monetary treasure is present.

Location

Choose which settlement PCs will start in and locate this adventure somewhere in the vicinity. For example, in hex 0809 (near Lankshorn), hex 1111 (near Dreg), or hex 1206 (near Prigwort). The Referee may either require PCs to travel to the adventure site or may start play as they approach the site (Area 1).

REFEREE'S BACKGROUND

Fairy Keep

Long ago, a fairy keep stood atop a hill in the erstwhile mortal dominion of Prince Mallowheart (***p34***) in Dolmenwood. The prince and his frost elf courtiers visited the keep upon occasion, gathering to feast and make merry. A small series of dungeons housed prisoners for the entertainment of the prince and his retinue.

As time turned in the mortal world and allegiances and whims in Fairy shifted, the keep was eventually abandoned. After centuries, it fell into ruin and was forgotten.

Crookhorn Spies

In recent weeks, a band of crookhorns has taken up residence in the ruins, using them as a base of operations to spy on the doings of local folk. They have instructions to contact corrupt elements in the local constabulary and learn of their secrets.

The Prisoner

When the keep was abandoned, one prisoner was left behind—a treacherous frost elf named Famine-Whistles-Whither, whom Mallowheart condemned to eternal incarceration in the mortal world. Trapped by magic, the prisoner fell into a fitful reverie, lost to time and the world.

Pipes on Droomen Knoll

The crookhorns, exploring the dungeons beneath the keep, awoke the prisoner from his reverie. He now hopes to escape with the aid of mortals. Fashioning a set of panpipes from the bones of dungeon vermin, his beautiful, enchanting music now echoes from the ruins. The crookhorns mockingly accompany his piping with their own brash melodies, but other mortals may be drawn near to aid the prisoner.

HOOKS

Select one or more of the following hooks to draw PCs into the adventure. When selecting a hook, consider the interests and inclinations of the players and their characters. For example, heroically inclined PCs may be drawn in by the ***Missing Youth*** hook, whereas the ***Fairy Chalice*** hook may appeal to those of a more mercenary persuasion.

Missing Youth

A local human youth of fanciful nature, named Arda Vague, is missing and his family seeks the PCs' aid in bringing him home. They report that he spent several nights in the last week visiting Droomen Knoll, where he said he heard enchanting music. The family fear he has been kidnapped by fairies and provide PCs with a pair of cold iron shortswords, in addition to directions to the knoll. They offer PCs 200gp for the safe return of Arda.

In reality: Arda has been captured by the crookhorns lairing in the ruins on Droomen Knoll.

Crookhorn Sightings

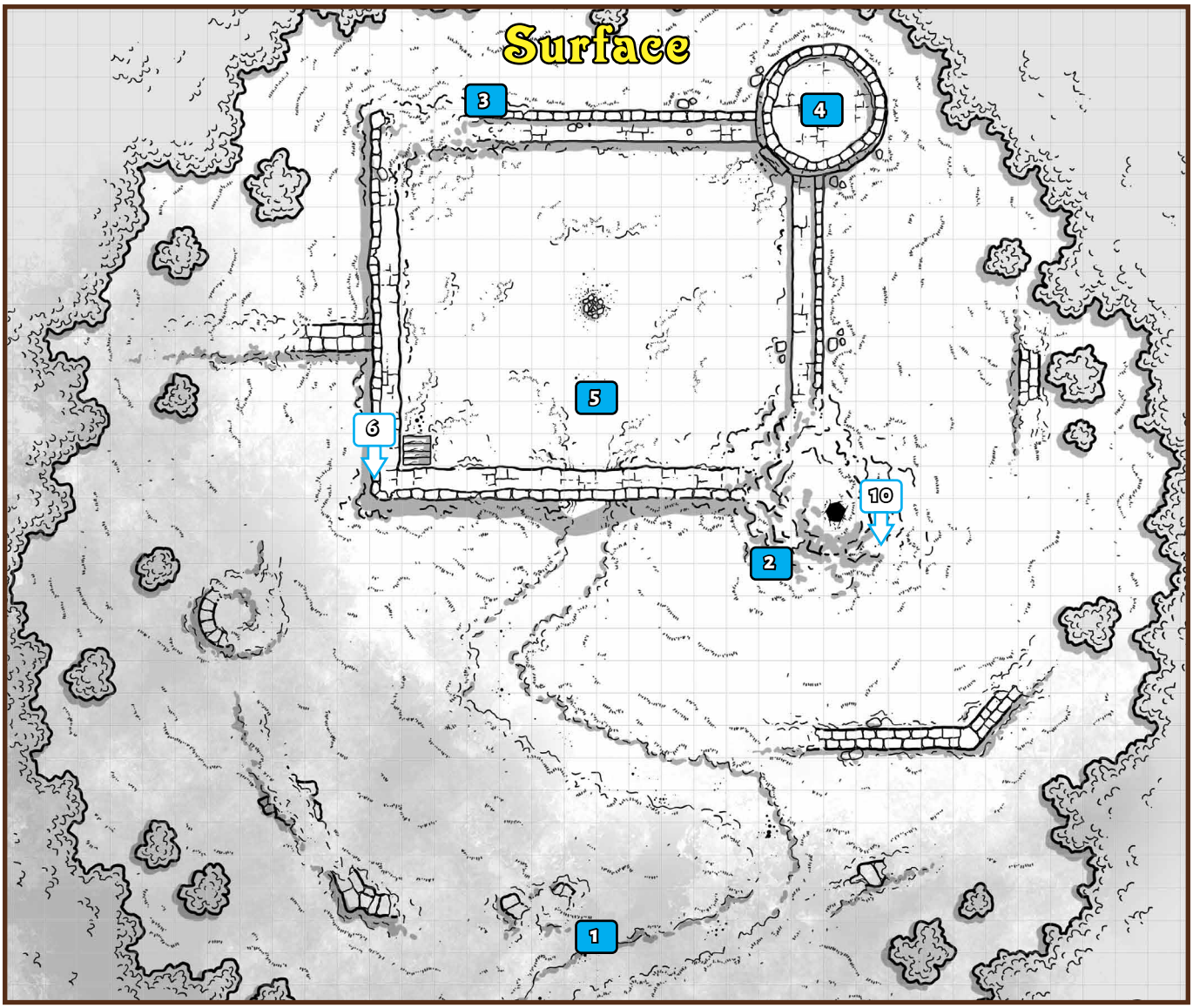
Two humans of the local constabulary contact PCs with a covert mission to aid the local settlement. Sergeant Marge Bregson informs PCs of reports of crookhorns snooping around the ruins atop Droomen Knoll. The settlement leaders will pay 200gp to the party to scout out the knoll and report back on any crookhorn activities. Marge's companion, constable Rodger Burl, clarifies that the reports are probably nonsense.

In reality: The reports of the crookhorns are true. Rodger Burl meets regularly with them at the settlement's outskirts at night. He and several other constables have been corrupted by the crookhorns' master, the Nag-Lord, Atanuwë (***p45***).

The Fairy Chalice

PCs come into possession of a page from an old book describing the ancient fairy keep atop Droomen Knoll. The page describes a pellucidium chalice of great beauty (and, presumably, material value) hidden within a magical pool in a secret hall beneath the keep. The cryptic note "Fairy ice and mortal blood" appears at the bottom of the page.

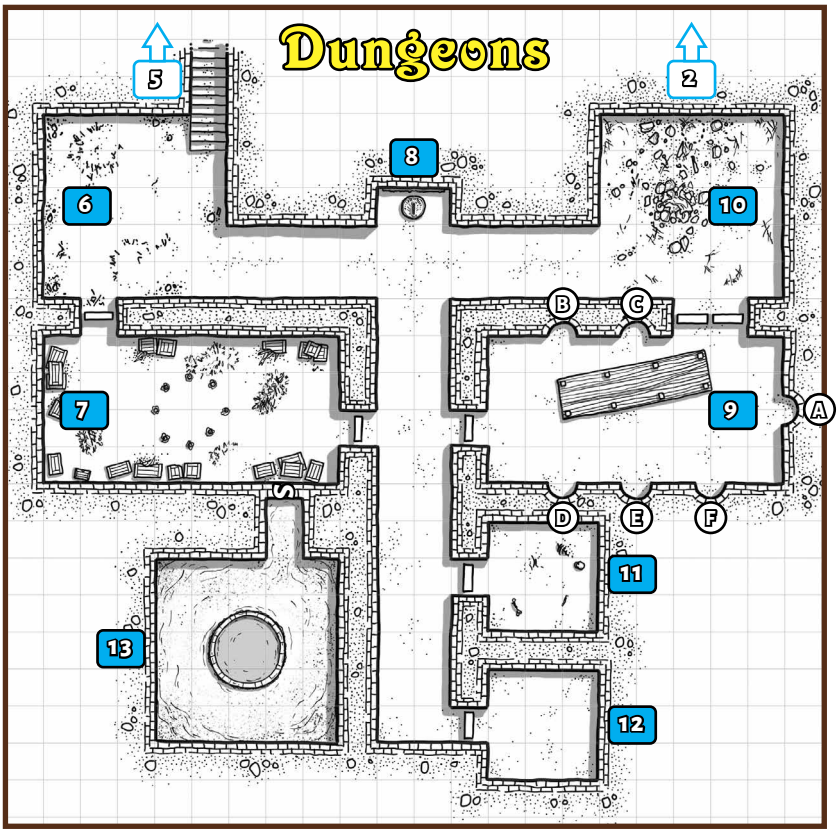
In reality: The page refers to Area 13, where the chalice can indeed be found. The cryptic note refers to the means of clearing the ice protecting the chalice.



Scale: 1 square = 5′.

S: Secret door (Area 7 to 13).

Exploring: Use the procedure for ***Dungeons*** (*DPB*) as characters explore the site.



Random Happenings

Every Turn PCs explore the site, there is a 1-in-6 chance of a random happening. If the chance comes up, roll 1d6 for one of the events below.

1. **1d4 stirges** (*DMB*) from Area 10 fluttering around looking for prey.
2. A **crookhorn** (*DMB*) from Area 5 drunkenly staggering around, shouting "grub's up Grobnott!"
3. **1d3 redcaps** (*DMB*) creep about the ruins, seeking to taunt and torment mortals.
4. A gust of freezing wind whips around.
5. A patch of wall freezes over. On it, icy High Elfish script reads "Eternal shall he rot."
6. Light sources flicker and turn pale blue for 1 Turn.

1. APPROACHING THE KNOLL

Forest hill (looms above treetops). **Pale blue mallows** (underfoot). **Slender silver birches** (grow on slopes).

Cacophonous Music

Drifts from Ruined Keep (carried by breeze). **Keening pipes** (thin, eerie). **Drums and trumpet** (raucous). **Brash cries** (snatches of Gaffe).

Listening: The eerie pipe music conjures mournful visions of Dolmenwood in deep winter.

Ruined Keep Atop Knoll

Piles of collapsed stone (covered with moss and ivy). **1 tower mostly intact** (20′ high, leaning, ivy-clad). **Walled central courtyard** (10′ high walls, parapet carved with icicle designs). **Pointed archway** (intact, leads to Area 5, spires shaped like frozen waves). **Firelight and smoke** (from within).

Carelessly approaching: 2-in-6 chance of being spotted by the lookout in the tower (Area 4), who raises the alarm.

Touching the stone: Ice cold, regardless of season.

At night: Dim light can be seen flickering at the tower's summit (Area 4).

2. COLLAPSED TOWER

Great mound of rubble (covered with moss and ivy). **2′ wide hole** (amid rubble, leads down).

Examining the hole: A tunnel, reeking of guano, descends 15′ to a chamber below (Area 10). Black feathers are scattered around the hole.

Noise and odours: Loud noise or meaty smells attract 1d5 of the stirges that roost below (see Area 10) to fly out of the hole in search of prey.

Adventure Format

Dolmenwood adventures are written in a format that makes them quick and easy to run with minimal prep. Each adventure area is structured as follows.

Number and name: The number corresponds with the map. The name helps to quickly orient the Referee as to the area's form or function.

Description: A highlighted block noting the main descriptive elements obvious to PCs entering the area. This is formatted as a series of bolded terms, each followed by parentheses containing a little more detail.

Actions and details: Paragraphs beginning with a bold label. These describe the possible results of actions the PCs might take, or additional details pertaining to certain conditions (e.g. directions, times of day).

Major features: Elements of an area that require a more detailed individual description—for example creatures inhabiting the area—are listed under separate headings, each with their own description and actions.

Using the Format

1. Scan the area name and the headings of any major features. This gives a high-level impression of the area's form, function, and the most important features (including denizens).
2. Scan the descriptions, focusing on the bolded terms. Describe the most important details to the players.
3. As players explore or ask questions about the area, provide further details, for example the terms listed in parentheses.
4. Refer to the listed actions and details as required, based on PC actions. Improvise any PC actions not covered—that is part of the fun of the game.

3. CLEMATIS THICKET

Thicket of vines (dense, 10′ radius). **Purple flowers** (sweet aroma).

Within the thicket: Characters pushing into the thicket discover a back entrance to Area 5.

4. LOOKOUT TOWER

Partly collapsed (leaning, 20′ high). **Open doorway** (no door). **Spiral staircase** (leads upwards). **Open upper floor** (battlements).

Grerta—Crookhorn Lookout

Lean crookhorn woman (hunched, heavy horns). **1 large tusk** (drooling, distended lip). **Bracer of cooking pans** (bent). **Hooded lantern** (dimmed). **Peering from tower** (sporadically).

Reaction: Shocked. Raises alarm by clanging pans.

Speech: Ragged whining. Gaffe.

Combat stats: Crookhorn (*DMB*). 6 HP. Wields pans (1d4).

5. WALLED COURTYARD

Blazing campfire (smoky). **Roasting meats** (deer, woodgrue shank). **Provisions** (arrayed around the fire). **Rank bedding** (piles of fur).

Stairs to Area 6: Keening pipe music and snoring drift from below. Open stairway descends 15′.

Provisions: 12 bottles of rancid ale. 20 smokes of *Burglar's Blend* (*DPB*). A string of slimy sausages.

Searching the bedding: Save Versus Doom or contract a crookhorn disease (*DMB*). A brass statuette of a dancing nymph (50gp) is hidden in one bed.

Bert, Drogba, Grip, Scrag—Partying Crookhorns

Gangly (6′ tall). **Groggy** (drunken). **Striped pantaloons** (billowy). **Ragged armour** (chain and leather). **Prancing and drinking** (around campfire). **Playing raucous music** (drums, trumpets). **Mocking jeers** ("faster, faster Skinny-Whistle!").

Reaction: Make a Reaction Roll (see ***Encounters***, *DPB*).

Speech: Brash bleating. Gaffe. Bert and Scrag speak crude Woldish.

Knowledge: Leader (Grobnott) broods in the dungeons below (Area 7). Someone spied a "flock of mangy owls" outside (the stirges in Area 10).

Combat stats: Crookhorn (*DMB*). HP 4, 7, 9, 10. Spears (1d6). –1 to Attack Rolls and Saving Throws due to inebriation.

6. GUARD COCKEREL

Damp flagstones (slimy). **Vaulted ceiling** (10′ high). **Crumbling plaster walls** (hints of colour).

Examining the walls: Faded remnants of murals depicting white humanoid silhouettes in a frost-clad pine forest.

East (Area 12): Keening pipes.

Mutant Cockerel

Large, ragged bird (3′ long). **2 heads** (lolling). **Purple wattles** (flabby). **Red and black feathers** (oily, dirt-encrusted). **Drowsing** (slumped, snoring). **Rope leash** (tied to door handle).

Sneaking past: PCs have a 3-in-6 chance of surprising the sleeping cockerel. Make a Surprise Roll once per Round (see ***Stealth*** under ***Hazards and Challenges***, *DPB*).

Reaction: If awoken, leaps and crows loudly, alerting Grobnott in Area 7 and the crookhorns in Area 5. Feeding the cockerel prevents it from crowing.

Leashed: Cannot leave this room.

SMALL ANIMAL—ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE—NEUTRAL

Level 1 **AC** 11 **HP** 2 **Saves** D12 R13 H14 B15 S16
Att 2 beaks (+0, 1d2) or breath (retching) **Speed** 20 **Fly** 40
Morale 6 **XP** 15

Breath (thrice a day): A foul-smelling cloud. Living creatures within 10′ must **Save Versus Blast** or spend the next Round retching (unable to move or act).

7. GROBNOTT'S DEN

Stone blocks (walls, floor, ceiling 10′). **Smashed crates** (stacked around walls, empty). **Ring of yellow candles** (lumpy, human tallow). **Swirling orange smoke** (rising from candles, rotting aroma). **Rank bedding** (piles of fur).

Searching the bedding: Save Versus Doom or contract a crookhorn disease (*DMB*).

Secret door to Area 13: Concealed behind a stack of crates. A successful **Search Check** or moving the crates and casting light on the walls reveals a subtle amber outline. Pushing opens the secret door.

Grobnott—Crookhorn Leader

Burly crookhorn man (7′ tall). **Weighty fur cloak** (greasy). **Bulbous red eyes** (lambent glow). **Crouched amid candle ring** (swaying, eyes closed, inhaling the smoke).

Reaction: In a state of psychedelic rage, attacks any who disturb him. Bellows to the crookhorns in Area 5 for aid.

Speech: Coarse bellowing. Woldish, Gaffe.

Combat stats: Crookhorn (*DMB*). 14 HP. Spiked club (1d6).

Possessions: Key to disarm the ***Trapped Chest***. Retrieval requires **Save Versus Doom** or contract a crookhorn disease (*DMB*).

Arda Vague—Prisoner

Youthful human man (late teens). **Tight clothing** (breeches, chemise). **Staring into space** (wide-eyed). **Bound with ropes** (cruelly tight). **Sprawled in corner** (twitching).

Reaction: Incoherent (drugged by the candle smoke). Head clears if taken into fresh air. Pleads to be returned to the local settlement.

Origin: Arda visited Droomen Knoll repeatedly, enchanted by the magical pipe music emanating from the ruin (Area 12). He was captured by the crookhorns.

Trapped Chest

Wooden chest (2′ across). **Iron bands** (sturdy). **Iron lock** (crude, +1 to Pick Lock Checks).

Opening: The chest is unlocked, but opening it without first turning the lock has a 4-in-6 chance of triggering a mechanism trap: a poisoned dart shoots out at the character (Attack Roll with Attack +2). If the dart hits, it inflicts 1 damage and the victim must **Save Versus Doom** or lose 1 HP per hour until the poison is cured (e.g. by *Ofteritch*, *DPB*).

Contents: Sacks of 200sp and 500gp. A pair of amber-studded bracelets of twisted gold (750gp each). A scrawled note in Gaffe, with instructions to contact one Rodger Burl in the local settlement (wherever the adventure is placed) regarding his spies in the constabulary.

8. SUNDIAL

Stone blocks (walls and floor). **Vaulted ceiling** (10′ high).

East (Area 10): Acrid stench of guano.

South (Area 12): Keening pipes.

Sundial

Stone sundial (4′ high). **Inscription** (around rim). **Glimmering gnomon** (frost-clad). **Gnomon shadow** (cast by torch light).

Inscription: Written in a magical script that any sentient creature can read: "On the Slow Creep of Aeons, Mallowheart's Mercy May Shine."

Casting light: If the gnomon's shadow is held for 30 seconds or more, precisely at seven-past-noon, the magical ward on the oubliette door (Area 12) is dispelled.

Relief Carving

Behind sundial (back of alcove). **Noble elf man** (bitter expression). **Dressed in rich robes** (furs). **Crown of thorns** (diamond-studded).

Elf PCs: Recognise the man as Prince Mallowheart, estranged half-brother of the Cold Prince.

Touching: PC is coated in frost and shivers for 1 Turn: –1 penalty to Attack Rolls.

9. NOBLE MURALS

Stone blocks (walls and floor). **Vaulted ceiling** (15′ high). **Tracery of frost** (covers all surfaces). **Overturned table** (20′ long, carved with hunting scenes).

Frost Elf Murals

6 alcoves (arched, 8′ high). **Faded murals** (at alcove backs). **Depict frost elves** (names inscribed below, magical script readable by all sentients).

A—Prince Seven-Past-Noon: Tall nobleman, bitter expression, face blackened with frostbite. Dressed in robes of rich fur. Wears a crown of thorns and diamonds. Elf PCs recognise the man as Prince Mallowheart (also known as Seven-Past-Noon), estranged half-brother of the Cold Prince.

B—Lady Silver-So-Mirrored: Slender noblewoman, playing a harp shaped like a teardrop-headed angel.

C—Sir Dawn-Never-Blooms: Tall knight, frost-clad armour, beard of icicles.

D—Lord Slumber-Bone: Portly nobleman, wide eyes, merry expression.

E—Whisper-of-Candlelight: Statuesque woman, holding longsword and shield.

F—Famine-Whistles-Whither: Slender man, hair like thistledown, playing a silver flute. A trio of blood-red hounds snap at his heels. The hounds are brighter than the rest of the mural, as if added at a later date.

10. STIRGE LAIR

Damp flagstones (slimy). **Collapsed ceiling** (10′ high, partially intact). **2′ wide hole** (in ceiling, leads up). **Mounds of rubble** (from ceiling). **Crumbling plaster walls** (hints of colour). **Guano streaked** (acrid stench).

Examining the hole: A tunnel ascends 15′ to the surface (Area 2).

Examining the walls: Faded remnants of murals depicting frost elves playing musical instruments seemingly carved from humanoid bones.

Doors to Area 9: Hang from hinges, partly smashed. Remnants of icicle-clad tree branch carvings.

West (Area 12): Keening pipes.

5 Stirges

Glistening feathers (black, oily). **Pointed proboscises** (wriggling, twitching). **Hanging** (from vault ribs).

Reaction: Frantically fly around the room if disturbed. Make a Morale Check to determine whether they attack or flee through the ceiling hole.

Combat stats: Stirge (*DMB*). HP 1, 3, 3, 4, 4.

Cloaked Corpse

Male human corpse (tall, thin). **Cloaked in black** (dusty). **Punctured and desiccated** (blood drained by stirges). **Sprawled** (atop rubble).

Searching: Golden owl torc (150gp), *Scroll of Decipher*, platinum ring with an eye-shaped topaz (700gp), *Oracle Crystal*. Dolmenwood natives recognise this as the corpse of a Drune cottager.

Oracle Crystal

A 1″ pale orange crystal (50gp). Anyone who touches it experiences a fleeting vision of a twitching, slime-coated stag skeleton in a circle of 7 trilithons. A grim voice intones "Ill omens at the Whything Stones. Winter cometh." (This vision refers to the first scene of the Dolmenwood adventure scenario *Winter's Daughter*.)

11. EMPTY CELL

Prison cell door (barred window). **Stone blocks** (walls, floor, ceiling 8′). **Dry** (dusty). **Loose bones** (elf skull and arm bones). **Scratchings on wall** (faint, ancient).

Examining the walls: Fragments of Sylvan text are still legible: "Mallowheart be cursed," "Hound-baker Famine-Whistle be doubly cursed."

12. THE PRISONER

Prison cell door (barred window). **Stone blocks** (walls, floor, ceiling 8′). **Bare** (no furnishings).

Entering: The door is magically sealed. Blue flames shimmer across it if touched (harmless). It can only be opened by magic (e.g. *Knock*, *Dispel Magic* versus a Level 14 caster) or by using the sundial in Area 8.

Thinwhistle—Imprisoned Elf

Frost elf man (thin, drawn). **Dressed in rags** (once fine lace). **Wild hair** (like tangled thistledown). **Claw-like nails** (twisted). **Playing rat-bone panpipes** (thin, eerie). **Pacing erratically** (arrhythmical).

Recognising: PCs who have studied the murals in Area 9 recognise Thinwhistle as the elf named Famine-Whistles-Whither.

Reaction: Pleads with PCs to release him. Claims he was wrongly imprisoned by the cruel Mallowheart. Babbles about "Mallowheart's Mercy."

If freed: He attempts to leave the ruins as quickly as possible and flees, laughing, into the woods.

Reward: In return for aid in escaping, Thinwhistle reveals how to access the magic pool and its treasures (Area 13) via the secret door in Area 7.

Speech: High-pitched. Scattered ranting. Woldish, Sylvan, High Elfish.

Origin: Once a courtier of Prince Mallowheart named Famine-Whistles-Whither (a name he now only distantly remembers). In a fit of jealousy, he baked the prince's favoured hounds into a pie. He was captured and imprisoned here, where he has remained, forgotten, for centuries on end.

MEDIUM FAIRY—SENTIENT—CHAOTIC

Level 5 **AC** 12 **HP** 20 **Saves** D10 R11 H12 B13 S14
Att 2 claws (+4, 1d3) or music (command) **Speed** 40
Morale 8 **XP** 260

Cold iron: Suffers 1 extra point of damage when hit with cold iron weapons.

Magic resistance: +2 bonus to Saving Throws against effects of magical origin.

Music: Maddening panpipe music directed at a chosen target, who must **Save Versus Spell** or attack their allies for 1 Round.

13. MAGIC POOL

Stone blocks (walls and floor). **Vaulted ceiling** (15′ high). **Icy cold** (steaming breath). **Gentle snowfall** (drifting flakes, from ceiling). **Snow drifts** (in corners). **Crumbling plaster walls** (hints of colour).

Examining the walls: Faded remnants of murals depicting human victims bleeding into a frosty lake.

Frozen Pool

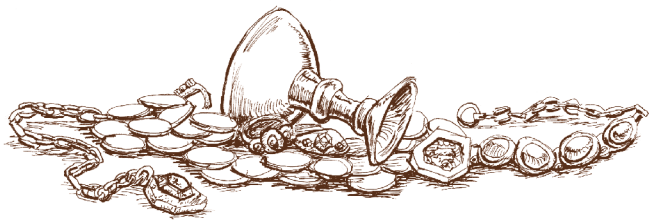
Stone basin (10′ wide). **Stag skull carvings** (around rim). **Frozen water** (5′ deep). **Glittering light** (beneath ice).

Beneath the ice: At the pool's base is a scintillating pellucidium chalice engraved with weeping stags with tears of icy crystal (2,000gp). In the chalice is a single dose of *Liquid Time* (***p414***), magically separated from the pool's water.

Breaking the ice: The chalice swirls and vanishes. It reforms, along with the ice, after 2 Turns.

Mortal blood: A drop of mortal blood causes the ice to recede for 2 Turns, making the treasure beneath accessible.

Entering the water: Extreme cold inflicts 1 damage per Round.



EPILOGUE

The adventure may have various repercussions, depending on the PCs' actions. Following are some possible threads that the Referee may weave into the ongoing campaign.

The Prisoner Released

The frost elf Thinwhistle (Area 12), if freed, disappears initially. However, he may reappear later in the campaign as a vexing antagonist or occasional ally of the PCs.

Local Spies

PCs may uncover the corruption in the local constabulary. This could lead to intrigue and further adventures in the local settlement, as PCs help uncover the corrupt elements and bring them to justice.

Atanuwë's Interest Piqued

If PCs defeat the crookhorns at Droomen Knoll, word may eventually get back to Atanuwë. Crookhorns and other minions of the Nag-Lord may track the PCs down to exact vengeance or to try to corrupt and recruit them.

Rumours

Tales which may be heard by the tavern fireside or on the lips of wandering bards.

Folktales, rumours, and hearsay about weird monsters, fabulous treasures, and political intrigue flow freely wherever people gather. It is recommended that the Referee relate one or two rumours whenever characters spend time in an inn, tavern, or other location where gossip is shared.

General rumours: The general rumours in this section relate to topics that are discussed throughout Dolmenwood.

Settlement rumours: The rumours listed in the following pages relate to the people, folktales, and immediate environs of the most important settlements in Dolmenwood. These rumours are generally only heard within the settlement in question.

Monster rumours: The *Dolmenwood Monster Book* also contains an appendix with rumours about the monsters of Dolmenwood. These rumours may be sprinkled in to taste or used when characters inquire about the folklore surrounding specific monsters.

GENERAL RUMOURS

1. Ancient magic of Lake Longmere: Known colloquially as "the Heart of the Wood," the great lake Longmere is said to be the seat of an ancient magic in Dolmenwood, guarded by the witches. On moonlit nights, witches fly over the lake and commune with water spirits, who whisper secrets that others wish to hide. **Partly true:** The presence of the Wood God Gheillough in the lake in ancient times is the source of rumours about the powers of the lake. The witches have no relation with Gheillough.

2. Be wary of the owls: The common folk of the Wood fear owls of all kinds, for they are regarded as an omen of death. Many a folk tale speaks of mortals who were driven mad by the gaze of an owl or disappeared after encountering one of the birds by surprise. It is perhaps no coincidence that the chosen symbol of the Drune—found carved into rocks and trees wherever they gather—is an owl in flight. **Partly true:** Such rumours refer to witch owls (*DMB*). Normal owls have no supernatural potency, as a rule.

3. Dewidort of Smerne: The phantom of this notorious highwayman has haunted the roads of the Wood since the village of his origin—situated in the wild moors north of Dolmenwood—was submerged in the black ooze of the ever-expanding bog. The secret location of his treasure hoard is a topic of great interest to adventurers, rogues, and the law alike. **True.**

4. Fairies in Prigwort: The jaded entourage of the evil fairy Prince Mallowheart is said to visit the town of Prigwort at night for secret congress with its council, the Brewmasters. What dealings they have with the fairy Prince is unknown. **False:** Though such rumours may originate in the Brewmasters' secret alliance with the Earl of Yellow.

5. Longhorn rivalries: The half-brother longhorns Ramius and Malbleat are bitter rivals, scheming to undermine each other's reputation and influence. Word in Lankshorn is that both lords are amassing troops in secret and that their animosity will soon erupt into open war. The Lankshorners fear that their town may be the stage upon which the two armies clash. **Partly true:** The rivalry between the half-brothers is well known, though neither currently plans open warfare.

6. Master bladesmith in Lankshorn: The finest bladesmith in Dolmenwood makes his home in Lankshorn. In addition to normal swords of exquisite make, he sells weapons of cold iron, which is harmful to fairies. **True.**

7. Relics in the ruined abbey: It is rumoured that the Church has endeavoured on several occasions to re-sanctify the ruined abbey of St Clewyd, but to no avail, for the place is said to be haunted. The riches of the former abbey are believed to still lie untouched in its crypts. **True.**

8. Rise of the talking beasts: The population of sapient beasts in Dolmenwood is growing, especially in the northern valley now known as the "Valley of Wise Beasts." It is feared that some unknown force is rallying the talking beasts, preparing to overrun the forest and wrest town and bower from their rightful owners. **False:** The Valley of Wise Beasts is home to many humanoid animals (Cobbins—*DMB*), but they are not being rallied to take over Dolmenwood.

9. Sinister fogs in winter: Sometimes in the deeps of winter, clouds of thick, sinister fog rise from the earth in Dolmenwood. Ghosts, phantoms, and ghouls roam with the fogs, ensuring that only the desperate venture out of doors. These fogs—lasting for several days—are known as *Vagues*. **True.**

10. Spies of the Cold Prince: There are reports of frost-clad fairies upon the roads of Dolmenwood—undoubtedly servants of the Cold Prince. It is claimed that these frigid elves will trade icy jewels and fairy silver in exchange for information about what goes on in the deep woods. **True.**

11. The dead in Dolmenwood: A curious property of Dolmenwood is that the souls of those who die there retain their connection to the corpse indefinitely. This is known, in scriptural terms, as "mortalism" and is a phenomenon of some dispute within the Pluritine Church. It is only through the careful ministrations of the order of Saint Signis the Silent (also known as the order of Lichwards) that the dead are put to rest. **False:** The fate of deceased souls is no different in Dolmenwood than elsewhere in the wider world.

12. The dream thief: Folk in Castle Brackenwold speak of recent nights of restless sleep in which they dream only of drifting upon a vast body of purple water. This portends the machinations of the fairy lord known as The Duke Who Cherishes Dreams. It is said that he steals the dreams of mortals and—with the aid of the sorceress Ygraine—plots to drag Dolmenwood into his somnambulant domain. **False.**

13. The Drunes' vengeance: Red-eyed ravens and ghostly owls have been spied congregating around graveyards. This is an omen that the wrath of the Drune is turning toward the Pluritine Church, in reprisal for the recent attacks on the brotherhood by the witch-hunters of the order of St Faxis. **Partly true:** The Church, under Bishop Sanguine, has turned its attentions toward rooting out the Drune of late, but the purported omens are fictitious.

14. The dukes' sinister pact: In ancient times, the Dukes of Brackenwold made pact with the secret gods of the Wood, being granted rulership over all of Dolmenwood for forty-four generations, in exchange for their souls after death. This time span has almost expired and it is surmised that ruin will soon befall the duke and his family. **False:** Though this rumour may have its origin in the pact made with the entity in the Oubliette (see ***p130***).

15. The Hag's eye: Those who venture into the stinking marshes north of the village of Dreg speak in fearful tones of the Hag, an ancient and terrible sorceress who haunts the region. According to legend, bold Sir Hankley skewered her left eye upon his lance and cast the horrid organ into the bog. The Hag promptly devoured the impudent and ill-fated knight, but searches to this day for her lost eye. She would be greatly indebted to one who could locate it. **False.**

16. The Nag-Lord moves south: Crookhorns have been sighted in the vicinity of the ruined abbey of St Clewyd of late, far to the south of their master's dominion. The folk of Prigwort mutter fearfully of war. Word has it that the duke's forces are massing in the town in anticipation of an attack. **True.**

17. The wizard of Prigwort: A magician by the name of Droobe makes his home within the town of Prigwort. It is said that he is amenable to visitors seeking his arcane knowledge and is willing to place or lift curses for a fee. It is believed that his magic is responsible for the otherworldly quality of the spirits brewed in Prigwort. **Partly true:** His name is Drouge and he has no involvement with the distilleries of Prigwort. He also cannot place or lift curses, but does offer other magical services.

18. Treasures of Hoarblight Keep: Anglers and hunters who ply the western shores of Lake Longmere speak of Hoarblight Keep: a pale white keep atop the cliffs. This is the accursed palace of the fairy Cold Prince, lain in ruins for many centuries, shrouded with fearsome wards and bans to protect the earthly hoard of the Cold Prince which still lies untouched in its catacombs. **True.**

19. Treasures of the Big Chook: Fishers' tales abound with accounts of the lake monster Big Chook which haunts the waters of Lake Longmere and metes out horrific death to all who encounter it. The beast is said to slumber in a crystal cavern deep in the lake, where it guards a hoard of fabulous treasures, including the long lost mirror of the Queen of the Witches—a magical doorway to the realm of the witches' dark gods. **Partly true:** Big Chook does lair in an aquatic cavern (hex 0606), but its treasure hoard does not contain the described (imaginary) artefact.

20. Weird fungi in Mulchgrove: A profusion of valuable fungi, some of which are magical, can be found in Mulchgrove. Witches and herbalists will pay good money for rare specimens. **True.**

RUMOURS IN BLACKESWELL

1. Aster's mannequin: The village tailor, Sylvain Aster, is in love with a bejewelled mannequin, which he keeps in his private chambers. **False.**

2. Fungal brain: Mosslings worship a giant fungal brain in the toadstool woods to the south-east (1505). **True.**

3. Fairy music: Otherworldly music drifts through the bogs to the north-east (1704), emanating from a magical portal to the fairy realm of Whyforth. **Partly true:** The presence of the music is correct, but its source is misconstrued.

4. Golden apples: A tree bearing golden apples stands by a putrid pool north along Armsheath's Road. An evil hag guards the tree, and only parts with an apple if fed the still-beating heart of a priest. **Partly true:** The site is correctly noted, but the hag's desires are pure speculation.

5. Healing slime: The sticky, orange slime that drips from the giant fungi to the south (1605) has powers of healing if consumed. **True.**

6. Lepers' whiskey: A colony of lepers lurks in the bogs north of Follyegg Road (1603). They brew a potent whiskey strong enough to rouse the dead. **Partly true:** The brewers are undead, not lepers.

7. Mine reopening: A mysterious Mr Klepp from the big city has been buying up property in Blackeswell. He plans to reopen the mine, extending the ancient tunnels with modern machinery to open up new veins of *Hag Iron*. **Partly true:** Mr Klepp has indeed bought property in Blackeswell, but does not intend to pursue mining.

8. Necromancer's tomb: An evil magician lies entombed in the bog to the north-east (1504). On nights of the full moon, her fell spirit rises and commands the corpses of the surrounding barrows to roam abroad. **False:** Though the presence of haunted barrows is correct.

9. Singing stinkhorns: Giant mushrooms in the fungal woods to the south-east (1705) sing lullabies praising St Jorrael. **True.**

10. The gaunt sorcerer: The sorcerer Brainfogle haunts a stone circle north of Follyegg Road (1603), studying ancient lore by the light of a blazing torch. He wields the secrets of death and eternal life, which he is willing to share with any who can defeat his skeletal minions. **Partly true:** The location of the stones is correct, but the nature of the sorcerer is misconstrued (he is the Audrune Mathonwy).

11. The King of all Woodgrues: Mighty King Ogglewoop—ruler of all goblin-kind in the mortal world—holds court in the bogs to the north-east (1704). The king plots to bring Blackeswell under his dominion, replacing the village council with a goblin baron. **Partly true:** The identity of the king and the location of his court are correct. His plot to take over Blackeswell is pure speculation.

12. Fungal shortcut: Following the fungal chasm to the south of Blackeswell (1605) provides a straightforward and relatively safe route directly south. **True.**

13. Slumbering frog: The peculiar state of the Blacke is due to an enormous frog that lies in perpetual slumber at the very bottom of the pool. The toad-children sometimes seen wandering about are its spawn. **False.**

14. Crooked smuggler: The proprietor of the Crooked Arm, Arbie Snyde, has been seen hanging around derelict buildings at night. She's been taking advantage of the numerous abandoned buildings as part of an elaborate smuggling operation. **Partly true:** Snyde is lurking around the village's derelict buildings to look for treasure, not hide it.

15. Burial mounds: Scores of ancient barrows are scattered throughout the boggy landscape to the north-west (1504). Many are still unlooted, though those that remain untouched are protected by traps and guardians. **True.**

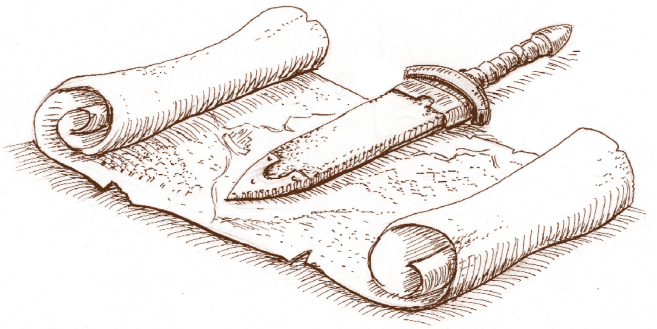
16. Golden beetles: An overgrown shrine is hidden deep in the toadstool forest to the west (1505); however, swarms of golden beetles attack all who venture too near. **Partly true:** The presence of the shrine is correct, but the holy beetles only attack those infested with the Myconom's spores.

17. Cheese gardens: A retired mossling warrior lives in a manor to the east (1804) where she tends to magnificent gardens of fungal cheese. Some of these cheeses have magical properties. **True.**

18. Secret partnership: Father Bertil is secretly in league with the mysterious Mr Klepp, despite his protestations. Why else has the vicar been so frequently spotted near the out-of-towner's workshop? **False.**

19. The hungry willow: Following streams and the sound of moaning in the south-east leads to a grove of willows (1805). One of these ancient trees is intelligent and willing to trade secrets in exchange for sufficient sacrifices. **True.**

20. Rogue animals: Past the fungal woods to the south-east are bramble thickets infested with thieving rodents (1706). These animals have been trained to steal and hoard treasures on behalf of a fairy prince. **Partly true:** The presence of thieving animals is correct, but they were actually taught to steal by some of the mossling families in the hex.



RUMOURS IN CASTLE BRACKENWOLD

1. Patriarch's shadow: Although Duke Thespian is a fair ruler, he has yet to live up to the standard set by his war hero father, Duke Argibald IV. Even at sixty years of age, his people await an action or crisis that will define his legacy. **True.**

2. Fairy ancestry: The Dukes of Brackenwold have fairy ancestry, with their forebears courting the elf nobles who helped build Castle Brackenwold in days of yore. **False:** Elf nobles did build the original castle, but this was long before the people of Brackenwold arrived in Dolmenwood.

3. Familial curse: The Duke's first-born daughter, Persimone, perished when she was young. This was yet another death in a generational curse that has claimed the life of each first-born daughter of the dukes in the Brackenwold line. **False:** There is no curse; rather, the Duke sacrificed his daughter as part of an ancient pact.

4. The Duke's tourney: Every midsummer, Brackenwold holds a great tourney where Dolmenwood's best demonstrate their skill at arms. Most famous, however, is the hunting contest, whose winner is a guest of the Duke for a night. **True.**

5. The Shadow House: The city's only commercial guild of magicians, the Shadow House offers spell-craft and enchantment. The guildmistress, Lady Periwinkle, appears in her 20s but has already lived countless other lives. **Partly true:** She actually appears younger than her true age due to the powers of her magic mirror.

6. The bishop's obsession: Bishop Jospher Sanguine is infamous for his hatred of unsanctioned practitioners of arcane magic, only increasing as he's aged. He now desires nothing more than to utterly purge Dolmenwood of the Drune and the witches. **True.**

7. Witch blackmail: Sanctus Primus sent clerics of St Faxis to slay a witch near the Whispering Caves (1606). She was blackmailing Primus, though no one knows what about. **Partly true:** The witch survived as well and is now hiding in the Chestnut Dell (1707).

8. Kingly barrows: A mile south of the city is Monarch's Hill (1508), topped by twelve barrows and a granite obelisk. The oldest barrow is guarded by an ancient spirit who demands proof of nobility before giving access to the treasures within. **Partly true:** The spirit requests the sigil of the fairy Duke Mai-Fleur and guards a Fairy Door.

9. Henchgate: A gateway of arched trees on the way into Dolmenwood, known as the Henchgate (1407), famously gives well wishes to those passing beneath it. The gate was formed long ago, when human knights slew the forest's false wooden gods and fashioned their bodies into the gate. **False:** The provenance of the henchgate is unknown but seemingly natural.

10. Fairy rumours: Shankswell Cross (1509), to the south of the city, is a farmers' market famed as a local hotspot of gossip. Many of the rumours are whispered by invisible sprites who live in the hedge rows. **Partly true:** The market is a source of rumours, but they're all invented by the Atacorn living in a cave at the bottom of the well.

11. Cragwardens: An enormous stone crag to the west (1408) is guarded by a militia known as the Order of Cragwardens. In times of war, the militia commands ancient ritual magic that can cause the crag to rise out of the ground, revealing a stone titan to defend the Tithelands. **False:** The crag and its wardens are real, but they have no such power.

12. Stinking mausoleum: A party of grievously injured tomb raiders recently returned from an expedition to a rotting mausoleum in the woods to the south-west (1409). They spoke of unlooted treasure, but also an undead amalgamation of maggot-filled corpses. **True.**

13. Singing spring: In the wetlands to the south-west (1410) is a magical spring that grants a beautiful singing voice to any who drink from it, even animals. It can be found by following melodies drifting on the wind. **True.**

14. Wandering friars: A group of twelve friars in black robes wander the woods to the north-east (1607). Travellers avoid them, fearing they are malicious fairy bandits. **Partly true:** The friars are restless spirits, here to test the character of others.

15. Secret tunnels: The Frolicke, the Duke's personal woodland, is full of ornate statues that conceal secret passageways leading throughout the city. Nobles use them for clandestine meetings and illicit affairs. **Partly true:** There is at least one, which leads to the Bitter Rose's cellars.

16. Black magic: The Royal Institute of Physicks and Sorcerers is dogged by accusations of black magic and demon summoning, despite protestations from college head and divination master Edwynne Woglemain. **True:** Beneath the institute, forbidden magicks have trapped a demon.

17. Den of thieves: The Poppy Cock inn is infamous for the low morals of its clientele, making it the perfect place to meet rogues or mercenaries. Castle Brackenwold's thieves' guild isn't based out of the inn, but its members can be found there. **True.**

18. Crookhorn war: The Order of St Sedge has been mustering defensive fortifications near Prigwort (1106), meaning war against the crookhorns is imminent. **Partly true:** The likelihood of war is high, but not inevitable just yet.

19. Healing crystals: A couple of days' travel to the west is Fog Lake, surrounded by wondrous crystal caves (1207). These underground chambers contain russet crystals with remarkable curative properties. **False:** Though the crystal caves exist, their crystals do not have any healing powers.

20. Excavations: Two archaeological expeditions have left Castle Brackenwold recently. Sage Archibald Helmwhit's went north to the Table Downs (1201) to unearth ancient civilisations, while magician Peligrue the Perspicuous' went east to unearth a giant skeleton (1806). **True.**

RUMOURS IN COBTON-ON-THE-SHIVER

1. The Baron: As the Nag-Lord's representative in the Valley of the Wise Beasts, Baron Fragglehorn is a holy man, with great spiritual powers. **False:** Fragglehorn isn't holy, nor does he have any supernatural powers.

2. Nag-Lord of Creation: The Cobbins, the Valley, and everything else in the world were brought into existence by the Nag-Lord, master of all creation. **Partly true:** Atanuwë is responsible for awakening sentience in the Cobbins.

3. Omnipresence: The Nag-Lord's power is absolute. He knows the whereabouts and deeds of everyone in the Valley at all times. Despite this, he sometimes does not expose crimes and blasphemy, for secret reasons of his own. **False.**

4. The Grey League: A blasphemous plot is being hatched in whispers, with the ultimate goal of expelling all crookhorns from Cobton and overthrowing Baron Fragglehorn. The corpses of three hares hang in the village square, sending a pointed message about the effectiveness of rebellion. **True.**

5. No leaving the valley: It is illegal on pain of death for a Cobbin to leave the Valley, as the realms beyond are sacred lands where only the Nag-Lord and his chosen servants may roam. Hackle Kingsley tried to leave, and now he's in the gaol awaiting trial. **Partly true:** The world beyond the Valley is not sacred.

6. Rats: Someone in Cobton has been feeding information on their fellows to the guard captain, Briggsy Bugber, but no one knows who. **True:** The spies are the mouse millers, charmed by a harpy.

7. Enthralled: The mouse millers have been out of sorts lately, often staring vacantly at nothing. Doctor Simeone Fisher wants to create a herbal cure for them, though the millers have rebuffed his concerns. **Partly true:** Fisher is correct that there is something wrong with the mice but does not realise it has a magical cause.

8. Baron Fragglehorn's Tower: Baron Fragglehorn's warped tower sits in the centre of the valley, a base of operations and garrison from which crookhorns are sent out on patrol. **True.**

9. The egg: A mile west of Cobton is a farmstead nursing a 7′ wide egg. A serpent-unicorn grows inside, a blessing sent by the Nag-Lord. **False:** The egg contains a giant black cygnet, sent to fight Chaos in Dolmenwood.

10. Fugitives: Two hardened criminals, the crookhorn Scruff and the polecat Stripe, recently escaped from the stockade in Cobton and fled east towards Longshanks Falls (1203). They are armed and extremely dangerous. **Partly true:** Both are fugitives from the Baron, but they are not dangerous.

11. The Elder Willows: A cluster of seven colossal willow trees sit atop Longshanks Falls (1203). Known to locals as the Elder Willows, their roots stretch the entire height of the Valley. **True.**

12. Black slime: A sickly black slime sometimes leaks down the north side of the Valley from somewhere above (1003). It's a reminder of the dangers outside the Valley, and touching it physically stains your hands with sin. **False:** The slime has no moral aspect.

13. Singing trees: From beyond the eastern end of the Valley (1303) comes the sounds of sonorous melodies, animals singing, and other strange but beautiful noises. No one knows who or what is causing them. **True.**

14. Hermitage: A huge, hairless mouse lives alone atop the far south-western end of the Valley (0905). Only ever glimpsed from a distance, there's been no sight of him in some time. **Partly true:** The hairless mouse was a human friar, since murdered by a mogglewomp.

15. Gelatinous punishment: Translucent, jelly-like animals live amongst the willow trees in the far east (1203). They were once like other Cobbins, until the Nag-Lord revoked their ability to talk and think as a punishment for their blasphemy. **False:** The jelly-like animals in question are simply gelatinous apes.

16. Mouse shrine: An adventurous Cobbin who visited a strange church in the Valley's far west (0905) returned with reports of a strange statue surrounded by carved mice. Some mouse Cobbins secretly speculate that mousekind was created by the being depicted by this idol, not the Nag-Lord. **False:** What the Cobbin found was a shrine to St Vinicus, patron saint of beggars and mice.

17. Runaway badgers: Three badgers named Vannard, Ivol, and Segwine attempted to escape out of the eastern end of the Valley decades ago. They were never heard from again, but given that their corpses weren't paraded through the streets of Cobton, sympathetic Cobbins still hold out hope they were successful. **True:** The escapees did survive, making it to Hoglyn's Spire (1904).

18. Holy bones: The crookhorns have been overheard talking in strange jeering tones of searching for "holy people bones" for the Nag-Lord's "collection." **True.**

19. Ophidiophobia: Baron Fragglehorn once jumped and screamed at the sight of a normal adder. He bludgeoned the only crookhorn witness to death in anger, but a Cobbin witnessed the entire thing from hiding. **True.**

20. Watchers: Sometimes, strange figures in dark cloaks are spotted standing atop the Valley's ridge, surveying everything below in silence. **True:** Specifically, these figures are Drune.

RUMOURS IN DREG AND SHANTYWOOD ISLE

1. Fungal manor: The reclusive Lady Mulbreck, in her grief at the loss of her husband, has let Bogwitt Manor (1210) run to ruin. The place is now so blanketed in eerie fungus that it's difficult to find the entrance. **Partly true:** The description of the manor is accurate, but the cause of Lady Mulbreck's seclusion is not.

2. Haunted stones: Avoid the accursed glades around Brydging Ring (1011), by the edge of the forest to the south-west, where wraiths lurk. **True.**

3. Hogbeard's zealots: Brother Hogbeard's manner has gotten ever more fiery of late. Reverend Mother Hadlewreath wants nothing more to do with him and his vigilante gang. **True.**

4. Incestuous magicians: Avoid the old watermill up north along the Hameth (1110). A brother and sister—magicians both—live there as incestuous husband and wife, entertaining sinister guests from Fairy. **Partly true:** The brother and sister are actually two guises of a single person.

5. Island of the frogs: A mysterious, fog-shrouded island drifts in the swamp to the north (1109). It is home to a frog-headed sorceress whose hypnotic gaze can cure magical afflictions. **Partly true:** The presence of the drifting island is correct, but a sorceress does not dwell there.

6. Lights in the inn: The Mermaid's Arms is haunted by the spirit of old Mrs Tweede (the former landlady). At night, guests report seeing weird lights and noxious mists drifting from a secret attic room. **Partly true:** The lights and vapours originate in the attic laboratory of Tamrin Tweede, the current proprietor.

7. Madame Shantywood's eternal youth: Madame Shantywood procures her eternal youth by selling the souls of young men to unscrupulous fairies. **False:** Shantywood is neither eternally young nor in league with fairies.

8. Madame Shantywood's schemes: Madame Shantywood has ambitions that extend beyond her isle. She has taken to hosting private parties for local aristocrats in an attempt to entangle the unwary in her web of intrigue. **True.**

9. Nyfward: The perplexing tower of the mad magician Nyf Nimbly stands beside the Hameth in the woods to the south (1111). Nyf guards magical doorways to Fairy and many other wizard-realms, which he allows others to use, for a price. **Partly true:** No doors to Fairy are to be found in the tower.

10. Pollard's visions: The ruler of the Woodcutters' Encampment, Jollie Oistace Pollard (1209), has become withdrawn and contemplative. He spends his days inhaling the smokes of an odd crystal that grants him visions of other worlds. **True.**

11. Secret tavern: The bog-workers keep a secret drinking den in the ruined farmhouse just north of town. The constabulary is planning a raid to shut it down. **Partly true:** The ruined farmhouse is used as a secret meeting place, but it is not merely an unlicensed drinking den.

12. Shantywood password: If you row to the north cove on Shantywood Isle and present a white rose, you'll be granted free entry to the Chateau for one night. **False.**

13. The Berkmaster's wicked scheme: Berkmaster Monocleese is in league with witches and plans to sacrifice his wife to their evil deity. He must be stopped before it's too late! **False:** This is a fabrication of the haunted dreams of Brigg Meagre, leader of the Boghouse Boys.

14. The Grey Blight: Wretched victims of the Hag wander aimlessly in the woods to the north-east (1009), stripped of their souls and drained of all colour. They can only be cured by merriment, music, and wine. **Partly true:** The presence of such unfortunates is true, but the source and cure of their affliction are unfounded.

15. The mushroom stone: An ancient, mushroom-covered standing stone of great occult potency lies to the south of the Ditchway (0910). It is jealously guarded by a sorcerer who is a master of slimes and fungi. **Partly true:** The nature of the warden is misconstrued.

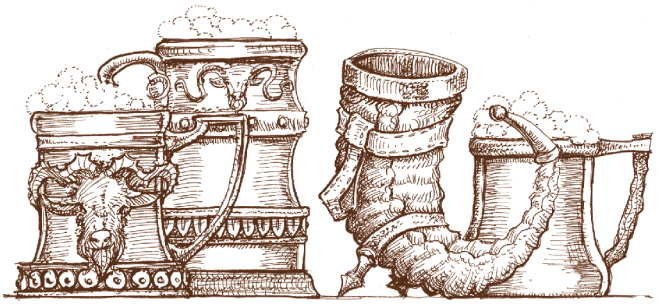
16. The river troll: Ships travelling over the wondrous conveyor at the Falls of Nyf (1112) fear the presence of a vile river troll who drags sailors from their ships and smashes their skulls on the riverbed. The toll wardens would pay a hefty ransom to any who could kill this monster. **Partly true:** The wardens have come to an agreement with the troll, who no longer attacks ships.

17. The sleeping sword: An enchanted sword hangs in the halls of Ferneddbole House (1209). Any struck by it fall into a deep slumber for 100 years. **Partly true:** A magical sword does indeed hang in the manor, though its powers are somewhat misunderstood.

18. The smokehouse bogle: A kindly bogle has taken up residence in the cellars of the smokehouse, tidying the firewood and smoking racks if weary fishers leave them in disarray. **False:** Items in the cellar are sometimes moved by the Atacorn Crewithyant, who lurks there.

19. The witches' inn: The inn just south of the Ditchway, along Harrid's Path (1010), is run by a pair of hags who practice witchcraft and kidnap those guests whose faces they do not like. **False.**

20. Thieves in the Shack: The centre of criminal activity in Dreg is Shodgerey's Shack. Shodgerey himself is a member of the notorious guild of thieves. **False:** While many of a criminal inclination hang out in the Shack, the thieves' guild is based in the Spawning Salmon.



RUMOURS IN FORT VULGAR

1. Vulgar knights: Fort Vulgar and the Vulgar knights are so named as a term of disparagement by those angry at the taxes the knights levy on the goods passing through. **False.**

2. Chookers: Those who encounter Big Chook and live typically become wild obsessives known as "Chookers." Bargefolk can always tell if the monster is approaching because the Chookers crowd the shores to hear its eerie song. **Partly true:** Chookers are too addled to be a truly reliable guide to the Big Chook's activity.

3. The Gaunt: Sir Osric the Gaunt's epithet originated many years ago—he was once practically emaciated. Now, he's addicted to a special witch's elixir that bestows a robust and hearty constitution. **False.**

4. Blood worms: Townsfolk have been finding blood-red worms with human-like mouths in the soil. Father Edgar Drabe fears they indicate an incursion from the Nagwood. **Partly true:** The origin of the worms is unknown.

5. Ruined Abbey: Strange lights have been observed in the Ruined Abbey of St Clewyd (0906). Recent expeditions, however, reported no signs of life beyond flocks of malevolent blackbirds. **True.**

6. Hoarblight Keep: Across the waters of Lake Longmere stands the fearsome ruin of Hoarblight Keep (0505), once the Cold Prince's seat in Dolmenwood. Strange presences and lingering magic mark the castle as a site of unusual activity. **True.**

7. Isle witches: On particularly windy nights, luminous women can be seen floating above the Isle of Yeth (0505), performing some kind of ritual in the air. What that could be, so close to the ruins of Hoarblight Keep, is unknown. **Partly true:** A ritual is occurring, but its proximity to Hoarblight is coincidental.

8. Missing bard: A letter recently arrived from Prigwort's Maydrid Hydball (***p178***), asking after her lover, the bard Gherigew Thorncripe. He was last seen heading westward from Fort Vulgar several months ago. He must have either abandoned Maydrid for another lover or have perished. **Partly true:** Thorncripe is close to death, having fallen prey to the galoshers' pool (0604).

9. Cheese sacs: South-west of Hoarblight (0405), wanderers have noted sacs of human and breggle skin stuffed with a blood-black cheese. These sacs are the work of a deranged mossling lurking in the woods. **Partly true:** The sacs are real, but their creator is something else.

10. Falls prison: A frost elf was once spied atop the Falls of Naon (0504) before being pursued by a group of Drunes and taken into a secret prison behind the Falls. **Partly true:** The sighting is real, but there is no Drune prison.

11. The water dragon: The king of the merfauns (0605) has spoken to sailors of a wondrous water-dragon that lived in Lake Longmere many centuries ago. Big Chook killed and ate the dragon, taking its place as guardian of Lake Longmere. **Partly true:** Big Chook is actually the manifest nightmare of the imprisoned water-dragon, Gheillough (0606).

12. Ancestor worship: The northern people of Drigbolton (0702) have secret locked rooms in their houses where they keep the mummified bodies of their dead relatives. If you ask to see these rooms, they deny their existence. **True.**

13. The burnt cottage: To the north, in a clearing of rotting firs, is the burnt remains of a cottage (0603). At night, strange voices whisper and murmur angrily to one another in the dark. No one has been bold or foolish enough to speak with them. **True.**

14. The moaning sphere: South of Hoarblight Keep (0506), an enormous granite sphere sits atop a flat, windswept marsh. It emits a moan loud enough to be heard for miles, capturing the souls of all who die nearby. **Partly true:** The sphere exists but does not capture souls.

15. Golden goose: A party of minor nobles led by one Sidney Tew left Fort Vulgar recently, just before they completely wore out their welcome. The group headed west towards the Northern Scratch, crowing about their hunt for a goose that lays golden eggs (0103). **True.**

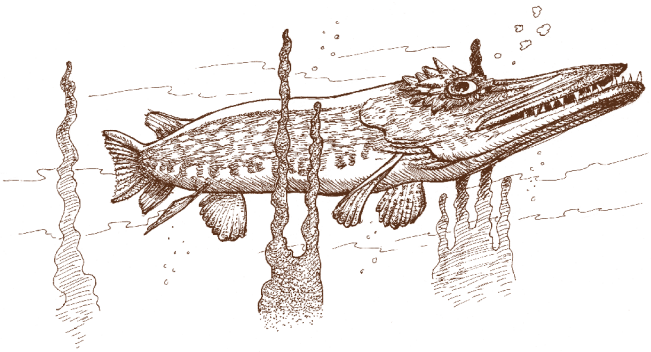
16. Chalk column: Fort Road passes by the southern side of Prigmarinn Hill (0805), which is topped by a 20′ tall column of roughly hewn chalk. Carving your name into the chalk can lift any curse, and hundreds of names already adorn the column. **True:** But lacks the full context of the column's powers.

17. Phantom isle: Sometimes, in the middle of Lake Longmere (0706), the shimmering mirage of a small island topped with cypresses and a mausoleum appears. If approached at any time other than the dead of night, it vanishes. **True.**

18. Derodand Manor: Heading up Quogg's Creek takes you past Derodand Manor (0704), home to Lady Emelda Haeroth, a noble of House Harrowmoor. The lady lives as a recluse, hiding the skeletons of the rest of her family, whom she murdered with evil magic. **False:** The lady's presence is true, but the reason for her seclusion is utterly false.

19. The toll bridge: Crookhorn soldiers have blockaded a bridge partway up Quogg's Creek, charging a toll of any ships or travellers passing through—if they don't simply attack and rob them. **True.**

20. The lake wyrm: Barges traversing the Avernal Lake, to the north-east (0802), hug the north-western banks to avoid the phlegm wyrm lairing in the southern waters. Local witches know how to soothe the wyrm's rapacious nature. **True.**



RUMOURS IN HIGH-HANKLE

1. Town of hedonism: The enforcement of law and order has become increasingly lax under the reign of the current Baron Hogwarsh. It has become clear he simply doesn't care, content to distract himself with revelry and debauchery. **True.**

2. The master thief's den: The Balustrade is the place to be, especially if one is in the market for drinking, dancing, and mind-bending elixirs. It's not much of a secret that the establishment's owner, Bagsley Corundum, is the master of High-Hankle's thieves. **True.**

3. Fairy sage: Gemrand Soliquant is the town's current Florid Envoy and Fairy specialist. Secretly a fairy himself, he spends his days seeking Fairy artefacts and talismans, secretly abetting an elfish invasion of Dolmenwood. **False:** Though not a secret fairy, Soliquant does wish for the Cold Prince's return.

4. The Orange: Sir Hoarsent Waverly is the Baron's closest friend and the finest knight in the land. Despite his frequent romantic dalliances, there is talk someone has finally captured his heart. **True:** Waverly is in love with the Baron.

5. The Silent: Members of the Order of St Signis have been surreptitiously inquiring after anyone who may have passed by the Abbey of St Clewyd recently, wanting to know what, if anything, they saw there. **True.**

6. A like friend: Lord Malbleat has been seen in the company of the Baron, bonding with a fellow aesthete. In private, the Baron has promised to help the longhorn get the upper hand in his conflict with Lord Ramius. **Partly true:** The Baron and Malbleat are friendly, but no promises or offers have been made yet.

7. Escaped griffons: Sir Waverly is offering a substantial reward for the capture of three griffons that escaped the Griffonry and flew north. The creatures have been spotted lairing on Monk's Hill. They are trained to land next to someone ringing a small bell. **Partly true:** Bells have no special control over the griffon other than attracting their attention.

8. Ramius' plot: Lord Ramius has spent years now trying and failing to capture and tame an ancient monstrosity known as the Bicorne, which lurks east of Galblight (0510). **True.**

9. Stone faces: The wild grassland to the south-east (0612) is dotted with boulders with an uncanny resemblance to humanoid faces. They are all that remains of the victims of a petrifying monster that lurks nearby. **False.**

10. Dancing shadows: Shadows dance around a great sandstone monolith in a field of thistles to the east (0812). If you give your shadow leave to join the dance, you become immortal—no one without a shadow can die. **Partly true:** The dancing shadows are real, though losing one's shadow does not actually confer immortality.

11. Swinescombe: A drunken tax collector was overheard babbling in Coldlanks about the hamlet of Swinescombe (0912) having been taken over by talking pigs. He later burst into tears and began calling his gold "swine money." **True.**

12. The tower of birds: The Order of Warffles is based out of a black stone tower to the south-west (0412). The Order's commander, the longhorn Fannigrew Lockelope, has extensive first-hand knowledge of a horrible monster known as the Bicorne. **True.**

13. The magpies: A gang of humans dressed as magpies has been attacking merchant caravans as they travel along the Swallop Road (0611). After their successful robberies, they turn into real magpies and fly away. **Partly true:** The gang exists, but can only summon the aid of magpies, not transform into them.

14. Cursed inn: The Inn of the Tankards stands at a junction to the north (0511). The inn was built on the site of a wicked hag's grave, bringing bad luck to all who stay there. **Partly true:** The bad luck is real, but caused instead by the wood the inn was built with.

15. Fraudulent puss-king: The roadside shrine to the King Pusskin (0711) is an elaborate con to trick passersby into leaving gifts for some ne'er-do-well grimalkin. **False:** King Pusskin is very real.

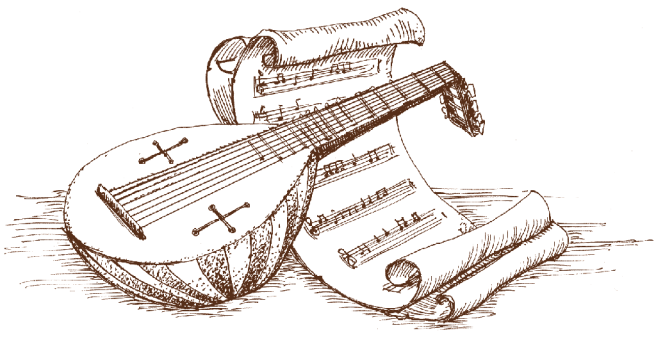
16. Lankston: The ruins of the town of Lankston can be found somewhere in the hills to the north (0610), sunken into the muck. The pale light of ghosts can be seen flitting about over the ruin at night. **Partly true:** The undead threat in Lankston is bog corpses, not ghosts.

17. The animal orchestra: Near Lankshorn, along Swallop Road (0710), is a farmyard where one can witness an elaborate and wondrous animal orchestra. The animals' musical talent is due to them actually being transformed people. **False.**

18. Mannog's garments: Old Mannog Murderman lives in a farmstead to the north-west, near Bove's Road (0411). His one-of-a-kind sheep produce woollen garments that can magically transform the wearer's appearance. **True.**

19. Sleepwalking kidnappers: Bands of seemingly sleeping shorthorns have been kidnapping people near the hamlet of Galblight (0409), taking them to be sacrificed to the Nag-Lord. **Partly true:** The kidnapped sacrifices are intended for the Bicorne (0510).

20. Red bandits: A bandit group has been striking at caravans on Bove's Road from somewhere in the nearby woods. Red Gwen, the group's leader, is the exiled sister of Lord Murkin, gathering resources to take her revenge. **False:** Gwen was born a titleless urchin but spreads rumours to build her prestige.



RUMOURS IN LANKSHORN

1. Berkmaster's mistress: The Berkmaster secretly sends provisions to his mistress and second family, hidden in a woodland hut to the north-east (0808). **Partly true:** The provisions are for the magician Merridwyn Scymes, whom the Berkmaster has contracted to discover a means of curing his grandson's curse.

2. Berkmaster's prisoner: The Berkmaster holds a secret prisoner in his attic. **Partly true:** The rumour relates to the Berkmaster's fugitive, half-breggle, half-human grandson, who secretly lives in the attic.

3. Drune in the woods: The "Watchers of the Wood" lurk under the eaves of the forest on moonlit nights, regarding the merrymakers in Lankshorn with loathing. They plot to turn the roots of the trees against the town and replace Lord Malbleat with their own dark hierophant. **False:** The Drune do dwell in the woods to the north, but have no plans to depose Malbleat.

4. Duke Pole's lost galleon: The mad Duke Pole (the great-grandfather of Duke Thespian III) sailed a galleon up the Hameth and into Lake Longmere. It now lies sunken in the mud, close to Wight Falls. The duke's fabled planetary clock was aboard the galleon when it was sunk, though lake-beasts have most likely made off with it by now. **False.**

5. King's Mounds: The burial mounds in the woods to the south-east (0810) were originally built by the folk of the ancient King Hoarth, who would inter honoured warriors in woodland graves. **True.**

6. Lost statue: A company of friars took a statue of the obscure Saint Nuncy into the woods to the west (0609) and lost it, some centuries ago. **True.**

7. Magical bladesmith: The bladesmith, Joremey, practices a magical smith-craft taught to him by fairies. **Partly true:** It was taught to him by his father (of elf ancestry).

8. Malbleat's piety: Lord Malbleat makes frequent visits to Father Dobey, seeking spiritual guidance. **Partly true:** His visits are frequent, but the two do not discuss religion.

9. Malbleat's sorcery: Lord Malbleat possesses a tome of black magic, which he uses to enslave the minds of any who cross him. **True.**

10. Milk or mice: If you travel south, be sure to take a tribute of milk or mice for King Pusskin (0711). **True.**

11. Mind-addling substances: The local apothecary has begun stocking a range of weird substances. The proprietor, Sydewich Maldwort, makes regular trips to Dreg to acquire these compounds (and doubtless to also indulge in the pleasures the port-town has to offer). **Mostly true:** The compounds are acquired from pedlars, not from Dreg. Maldwort visits Dreg to see his lover.

12. Nightworms: If you travel east along the Ditchway, make sure to stay off the road at night. The woods are teeming with giant red worms that crave human flesh (0809). **True.**

13. Pot-head fairies: The mounds in the woods to the south-east (0810) are haunted by a rabble of fairies. Their chief is a bowl-headed scamp known as Thraggletwist, who spies upon travellers along the Ditchway. **Partly true:** The fairy's name is Thrattlewhit. He is in love with a local Braithmaid, whom he besottedly follows, but does not spy on travellers.

14. Secret passage: A secret escape tunnel once led from the church into the woods. No one knows if it's still there. **Mostly true:** Father Dobey makes regular use of the tunnel.

15. Sunken Lankston: The ruins of the accursed town of Lankston lie submerged in the sludge-rimmed pool along the western road (0610). **True.**

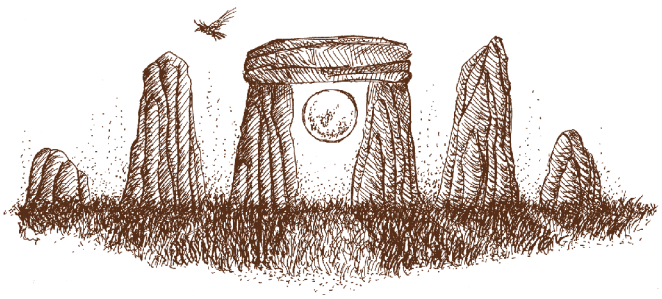
16. The Black Tomb of the longhorns: The remains of many generations of longhorn nobles are interred in the crypts beneath Shadholme Lodge (0709). Lord Malbleat, obsessed with the glory of his forebears, spends more time lingering in the crypts than he does with his own wives. **True.** Malbleat desires to raise his sorcerous ancestor, Lord Gnarlgruff, from the dead.

17. The black unicorn: The Nuncle-Stones were once the site of a great summoning gone awry, whereby a black unicorn spirit was released from its prison in hell. The beast has lurked in the heart of the wood ever since, spreading evil and discord. **False:** Though such legends are likely inspired by the presence of Atanuwë in the north.

18. The grimalkin's revenge: The grimalkin proprietor of Bogway's, Whimsly Bobblefrock, was bested in a game of cards by the illustrious Madame Shantywood. The vengeful fairy now hates Shantywood and is plotting a grisly doom for her. **Partly true:** Bobblefrock does hate Madame Shantywood and would gladly see her destroyed, but the genesis of their antipathy is far more serious—she was imprisoned in Chateau Shantywood for gambling debts and only escaped with the aid of a sympathetic bard.

19. The Trothstone: Longhorn nobles may only be married at the great stone slab in the woods to the west (0609), called the Trothstone. **Mostly true:** The stone is used for this purpose, though longhorns may equally marry elsewhere.

20. Unwanted children: Crying the magic word "Leeleeglablea" on a moonlit night summons the longhorn crone Shub's Nanna (***p47***) to whisk away an unwanted child. In return, her servants pay 13 silver pieces. **True.**



RUMOURS IN MEAGRE'S REACH

1. Temporal dreams: Many villagers have vivid dreams of the lives they would have led—including their eventual deaths—if the village had not been rescued from time. **True.**

2. Barhaim's son: An outsider visiting Chateau Mauvesse (1802) claims to have seen a figure who resembled Reynold Barhaim's son Rodrick, despite Reach locals being unable to travel so far. **True.**

3. Redhearth's rebels: Benedict Redhearth is stirring a rebellion against Ygraine, with his recruits gathering at a war camp to the west of the village. **True.**

4. Heaven's light: Sister Nancy Delora insists that the village's vicar, Hallyman, is "away on pilgrimage." In fact, this is a cover for the fact she murdered him for speaking out against Ygraine. **False:** The vicar left the Reach and disappeared into oblivion, as Delora secretly knows.

5. Monster parts: Local sage Lorrima Gravesby has been securing monster parts, ostensibly for study. In truth, she grafts these pieces together in her basement in the hopes of creating a monstrous servant. **False.**

6. Dream thief: Tensions have risen between Ygraine and her fairy allies, ever since the sorceress began hoarding the dreams of the Reach's villagers for herself. **Partly true:** Tensions have risen between Ygraine and the Duke Who Cherishes Dreams, but not because she has been gathering or withholding dreams.

7. Dream boats: At night, swan-like ships can be seen crossing the Dark Mirror (1802). Boarding one of these ships takes you to the land of dreams. **Partly true:** These ships come and go from Hypnagogia in Fairy.

8. Deorling choir: In the hills to the north (1702), a choir of deer-like women can be found by their low, sibilant chanting. This is a futile mating chant, as all the males of their kind disappeared long ago. **Partly true:** The song is in veneration of their patron deity. Deorling stags are not actually missing.

9. Skull augurs: Atop a low hill surrounded by thorn trees to the north (1602) is a collection of weathered skulls painted with glyphs. Sacrifices of precious treasure cause the skulls to speak, rasping out secret goings-on elsewhere in Dolmenwood. **True.**

10. The dead man: A man wielding a blazing torch that illuminates the weapons pin-cushioning his rotting body has been seen stalking the bogs near the hamlet to the south-west (1603). He was cursed with a wretched unlife for trying to assassinate the sorceress Ygraine. **Partly true:** The man, Mathonwy, was raised by the Endstone, not cursed.

11. The woodgrue king: An emissary of the Goblin King has taken up court in a grotto to the south (1704), styling himself "king of all woodgrues." At night, the sounds of his raucous parties carry on the wind. **Partly true:** The alleged woodgrue king is a fraud who has never even met the Goblin King.

12. Time scars: Wanderers who brave the forest south of Chateau Mauvesse (1801) risk falling through cracks in time and vanishing into the far future or distant past. **False:** Disappearances in the area are caused by the Lonely Tree.

13. Merry lodgings: Labourers who have got lost heading east to the Dark Mirror report stumbling across a quaint cottage in a valley of foxgloves (1903). The house's furnishings came alive when the lost souls entered, commanded by the witch inhabitant to expel intruders. **Partly true:** A witch does not dwell in the cottage.

14. Lost mine: North of Chateau Mauvesse (1801) is a blighted hillside, the poison from an ancient mine so thoroughly soaked into the earth that it birthed a monster that scares even the birds away. **Partly true:** The mine didn't create a new monster, but it did corrupt an existing being.

15. Ogre lair: When following the Downs Road up into the Table Downs, watch for a cave mouth overlooking the path (1701). Inside the cave lives a clan of ogres, and a young human girl kept as a slave. **Partly true:** The human girl Hilda is in fact part of the ogre family.

16. True giant: Three hundred years ago, a true giant used to wander the hilly woods to the north (1601). No one has heard of this giant since the Reach was displaced, however, meaning it likely passed on in the meantime. **Partly true:** The giant isn't dead, just sleeping.

17. Unicorn gate: In the fairy Duke Mai-Fleur's domain to the west (1502) is a pair of oak trees atop a hill, both carved to resemble rearing unicorns. The fairy Wild Hunt has been spied emerging from between these carvings, charging from Fairy on the trail of magical game. **True.**

18. Hoglyn's Spire: A turret of white marble juts from the canopy of the forest to the south-east (1904). Despite the keep seemingly being in ruin and long abandoned, lights can be seen in the windows of the tower's highest storeys at night. **True.**

19. Ygraine's visitors: Lady Ygraine is rarely seen these days, constantly entertaining various courtiers and emissaries from Fairy. If a mortal visitor is lucky, however, she might spare time to consult on occult matters. **True.**

20. The Frozen: The three Frozen who stand in the village square are just the beginning. Eventually, every Elder in the Reach will stop moving and freeze into a statue too. **False.**

RUMOURS IN ODD

1. Fairy hunting grounds: The fairy Duke Mai-Fleur claims territory to the north and east as part of his personal hunting grounds. Certain villagers have forged a dark deal with him in order to hunt on his lands. **False:** The villagers are just engaging in poaching.

2. Finger trap: Although Mogget Crookbone, proprietor of the Moggle's Gob, claims to have lost three fingers to an owlbear, she really had to chew them off after getting caught in her own trap. **False.**

3. The Orbstone: The black monolith forming the church's spire is an ancient, natural landmark once used for navigation. **False:** The monolith is a magical stone placed in Odd long ago by the Drune.

4. Fine garments: Luxurious garments of fine fur can be purchased at the headman's lodge. Those who have won the locals' trust can even purchase clothing made from the hides of magical beasts. **True.**

5. Beast saint statue: The statue of St Hamfast is adorned with hides and a boar's head as a hunters' tribute, ensuring the saint's blessing and the village's fortune. **False.**

6. Local authority: House Guillefer ostensibly rules Odd, but neither Lord Guillefer nor his soldiers are seen around these parts. Broobe Dogoode runs the village freely as headman, which is just fine by the villagers. **Partly true:** Dogoode was appointed to his position by the Drune.

7. The sprite war: Two tribes of sprites are accosting people coming to and from the village, each seeking assistance in a war against the other. Both offer fantastical treasure in exchange for help. **Partly true:** Both groups do want to rope outsiders into their conflict, but any promise of treasure is a trick.

8. Witches gathering: A group of witches was seen travelling east along Lochsbreth Road, veering off just before the village and heading south through the forest. Witches have been seen nearby before, most often just before solstices and equinoxes. **True.**

9. Ancient barrows: Burial mounds over a millennium old dot the misty landscape to the south-east (1504). All of these belong to a single ancient king, whose body and treasure were chopped up into a thousand pieces and buried in a thousand tombs. **False:** The presence of the barrows is correct, but the story of their origin is fictitious.

10. Black tentacles: Strange masses of bloody tentacles have been found to the south (1404). These are cast-offs of a gargantuan, mutant octopus, which emerges to hunt from a pool in a hidden glade. **False.**

11. Woodwind trees: Melodic, singing trees can be found to the north-west (1303). A band of woodgrues lives nearby, harvesting the wood to make some of Dolmenwood's finest musical instruments. **True.**

12. Unicorn hunting: The best place to catch a unicorn is a glittering pool of water to the north (1402), where the creatures drink peacefully and unprotected. **Partly true:** The unicorns are in fact guarded by monstrous black oaks. This rumour is likely told by a poacher hoping to create a distraction.

13. The Dungle-Crack: In the forest to the north (1402) is a small chasm overlooked by silvery trees. Entering reveals a strange, twisting canyon, unmarked on any map, where the sun appears swollen and red against a midnight sky. **True:** The chasm leads to the Narrow Way.

14. The hunting lodge: The hunting lodge of the fairy Duke Mai-Fleur lies hidden in the hilly woods to the north-east (1502). In his arrogance, the Duke never leaves servants or guards behind to protect his lodge during a hunt. **Partly true:** The hunting lodge exists but it is secretly protected by animated stuffed animals.

15. The Wild Hunt: Duke Mai-Fleur leads the fairy Wild Hunt on frequent, raucous charges throughout Dolmenwood. Sufficiently impressive hunters can join the hunt by standing in front of the train and offering their weapons. **Partly true:** That Mai-Fleur would stop his hunt on behalf of an impressive hunter is pure speculation.

16. Fox traps: The forest to the north-east (1503) is strewn with dangerous traps set by Duke Mai-Fleur and his retinue to capture the region's fairy foxes. **Partly true:** The area being full of traps is correct, but it is the fairy foxes who set them, not Mai-Fleur.

17. Night ambush: Trappers travelling north met a dying man who narrowly escaped a night-time ambush on the Downs Road (1401). He described his attacker as "like a dread prince" before he expired—an elf knight, most likely. **Partly true:** His attacker was the necrophage Grinstead.

18. Queen Incantral: Hunters a day's travel north-west (1302) were recently chased away from a ruined chapel by wild-eyed men wielding shortbows and raving about "Incantral, Queen of the Table Downs." **True.**

19. Healing spring: Far to the north, in the Table Downs (1501), lie the ruins of a long-forgotten hamlet and a healing spring. A legion of malevolent undead guard the empty settlement. **Partly true:** The hamlet is full of undead, but they are friendly rather than malicious.

20. The kelpie inn: Before you reach Harrowmoor Keep on the Lochsbreth Road, you pass by the Breath of the Kelpie Inn (1204). The view down into the Groaning Loch is to die for, but the landlord Hallyd Ongledrome is a man as treacherous as the kelpies below. **True.**

RUMOURS IN ORBSWALLOW

1. Moontree-kin: The Moontree is the last scion of a forest of such trees, which once lay to the south. Now all that is found there are orb-fungi (1406)—pale imitations of the beauty of the Moontree. **False:** The two species are unrelated, though similar.

2. Woodgrue compost heap: Woodgrues come from all over Dolmenwood to bury their dead in a huge compost heap in 1306. **Partly true:** The woodgrues gather here to defecate, not to compost their dead.

3. Elf court: Elves keep a secret court in 1406. **Partly true:** Doors to the realm of Whyforth, in Fairy, are present here.

4. Evil marsh spirits: Beware the powers of the bog in 1306: mosslings who fish there in the summer have returned with their minds addled by marsh spirits. **Partly true:** The madness is caused by the presence of the vorpal monolith.

5. Rock-worshippers: A day's travel through the forests to the north gets you straight to the human village of Squobb (1403), where folk worship rocks and farm animals speak with human voices. **Partly true:** The location is correct (the village of Odd), but the "facts" are mere fancy.

6. Ales of Prigwort: The best markets in the region are to be found in Prigwort (1106), a day's journey west along Mulcher's Path. Their ales rival those of Orbswallow. **True.**

7. The Master of Locks: An old, greatly respected mossling—Limbly, Master of Locks—dwells in a burrow in 1706. He knows every lock within Dolmenwood and can coax them to open and close as he wishes. **True.**

8. Mould oracle: An oracle dedicated to the clay-god Mbombre lives in a hidden grotto in the woods to the north (1405). She has powers of healing and may be consulted in times of need. **True.**

9. Henchgate: The faces in the wooden gate along the humans' road to the south (1407) are the spirits of mosslings entrapped there by an evil sorceress in days of yore. Only her ghost, which wanders Dolmenwood enchanting mortal folk, can release them. **False.**

10. Nutcap raiders: Nutcaps have been launching raids on Orbswallow to steal fruits from the magical trees. Their leader hoards these fruits somewhere in the nearby forest (1405), using them to brew a poison deadly to mosslings. **Partly true:** The fruit theft is correct, but the nutcaps' leader—the priest Creekeek—has alchemical, not malicious, uses for the fruit.

11. Bloody tentacles: Bloody piles of writhing tentacles in the shapes of animals and people have been found in the glades to the north (1404). **True.**

12. Constant ticking: Travellers moving through the fungal forest to the south-east (1506) report hearing a constant ticking sound. The noise comes from an enormous clock hidden beneath the earth with power over time itself. **Partly true:** The sound is caused by the Clockwork Assembly, a device of unknown function.

13. Headless god: On nights of the new moon, a procession of stags is occasionally seen in the giant fern-woods to the north-west (1305). The animals ecstatically follow a colossal headless being as it lurches through the woods. **True.**

14. Blinding eye: A giant floating eye lurks in the bog forest to the north (1404), striking people blind with its enchanted gaze. **False:** The blinding effect is actually caused by a magical pylon.

15. Arcane arch: The Weaning Arch, under which initiates are bathed in milk, is inscribed with a secret magical language. If it could be deciphered, its power would purge any threat to the folk of Orbswallow—including the nutcaps. **Partly true:** The power in the arch is real, but it could just as easily be the mosslings' undoing.

16. Mission to the moon: The great mossling adventurer Blumber now lives several days travel to the north-east in a manor made entirely of cheese (1804). She is conspiring with a group of rat-folk to return them to the moon. **Partly true:** Blumber's desire to travel to the moon is correct, but her manor is not made of cheese, nor is she in league with any rat-folk.

17. Mossling monarch: Folk in the fungal forest to the north-east (1505) worship an ancient mould oracle, grown to gargantuan size and known as "Queen Shlobrot." **Partly true:** A "Queen Shlobrot" does exist, but it is not a mossling.

18. Sapling sabotage: Though many attempts have been made to create cuttings or crossbreeds of the three trees, all have failed. Brimbul (leader of Orbswallow) suspects someone has been sabotaging the process—nutcaps in all likelihood. **False.**

19. The Duke: The proprietor of the Sombre Lamb, Phrobe, is secretly entreating with the Duke of Brackenwold, who visits him upon the back of a unicorn. Their dealings regard some great and secret threat to the entirety of Dolmenwood. **False.**

20. Vision quests: Eating one of the mouldering offerings at the fungal shrine to Blosquom induces psychedelic visions, providing answers and secret insights to a seeker's questions—assuming they're of strong mind (and stomach). **True.**

RUMOURS IN PRIGWORT

1. Alchemy and brewing: The herbalist, Wyrmspittle, dabbles in alchemy. He would pay dearly for the secrets of the Brewmasters craft, which he suspects to be of an alchemical nature. **True.**

2. Brewmasters' secret: The secret ingredient in the Brewmasters' prize spirits is mossling bones! The bones are procured by unscrupulous gravediggers who enter mossling villages under cover of night. **False.**

3. Drouge and the Bagwall: The mysterious magician, Mostlemyre Drouge, plans to complete the Bagwall and enchant it to prevent servants of the wicked Nag-Lord entering Prigwort. **False.**

4. Enchanted cakes: The baker in the woods to the south-east (1206) has the power to bake enchanted cakes, for the right price. **True.**

5. Extravagant pastries: Something fishy is going on at the bakery in the woods (1206). The miller says that their orders of flour are utterly insufficient for the extravagant quantity of pastry they produce. **True:** They get most of their dough from the magical pool behind the bakery.

6. Haunted stone: A standing stone of great mystery and power lies to the north-east (1205). The site is haunted by the ghost of Lady Harrowmoor's great-great-grandmother, who was murdered for her insolence at standing up to the Drune. **Partly true:** The presence of the stone and the phantom is accurate, but the story about her origin is false.

7. Heggid's antiques: Heggid Axminster, proprietor of the Oaf in the Oast, keeps pet adders in the cellar to protect his collection of antique clocks that lies hidden behind a secret panel. If you keep an ear out at midnight, you can hear them all chiming in unison. **False.**

8. Lady Harrowmoor's dark secret: The nobles of Harrowmoor Keep consort with a monstrous entity in the lake, which grants them wisdom in exchange for their mortal souls. **Partly true:** The Harrowmoor family does consult with an entity in the lake (see 1105), but it does not claim their souls.

9. Lost wyrm's hoard: The wyrm Chasobrithe laired in the woods to the south (1107), until it was slain by the noble Sir Windlass ("the laughing knight"). The body of the monster was never found—its bones may lay in some forgotten grove, to this day. **Partly true:** The wyrm is not dead.

10. Magical attire: The high-class tailor, Brandybile, has contacts in the Shadow House and can craft magical clothing. **Partly true:** Brandybile himself cannot weave enchantments, but he can make the necessary arrangements with the Shadow House.

11. Maydrid the witch: Maydrid Hydball of the Wrinkled Medlar is an apprentice witch and regularly has secret woodland meetings with the Witch Queen, reporting on goings-on in Prigwort. **False:** The meetings are with her lover, the wandering bard Gherigew Thorncripe.

12. Pirate's jewels: The jeweller, Hague Jerricorn, is the granddaughter of an infamous freebooter who made his fortune on the high seas. She knows the secret location of his lost treasure. **True.**

13. Poisoned glades: Beware the woods to the west (1006), where the trees are possessed by evil spirits and exude a poisonous fume into the air. All who go that way return with their flesh bruised and inflamed, if indeed they return at all. **Partly true:** The curse is actually caused by magicks around the Locus of Limwdd.

14. Shortcut west: If you intend to travel westwards, it's quicker to use the shortcut indicated by the old signpost that stands about 10 miles along Swinney Road (1005). **False:** This "advice" is given by someone with malicious or capricious intent.

15. Shub's Finger: If you travel west along Swinney Road, don't trust the way-markings on Shub's Finger (1005)! **True.**

16. Smyde as Council Overmaster: The Elevated Smyde Humblebuff, leader of House Pilston, has proposed introducing the position of Council Overmaster (and, naturally, proposes himself for the role). This would be a major break with tradition, though it may speed up decision making in the council. **True:** Smyde schemes to become the sole leader of Prigwort and cut the town's ties with the Earl of Yellow. (The scheme is not his own—he has come under the sway of Duke Brackenwold's court magician, Paglimon the Perspicacious.)

17. The awlflame: The local Drune wield a magical staff topped with flaming antlers, known as the "awlflame." The antlers were procured from certain special stags who roam the forest to the north-east (1305). **Partly true:** The staff has been stolen by Atanuwë, who uses it as a toothpick.

18. The duke's secret visits: The duke himself sometimes visits Prigwort, disguised as a foreign merchant, wearing a green feather in his cap. The finest suite at the Wrinkled Medlar is always put at his disposal. **False.**

19. The Nag-Lord's spies: The town is teeming with the Nag-Lord's spies—grimalkins, mosslings, woodgrues, and breggles of all kinds. Austache at the Clashed Antler is looking for trusty folk to help see them off. **Partly true:** The suspicion that all non-humans are spies is false, but Austache's plan is indeed to drive them out of town.

20. Witch hunters: The garrison being constructed on the edge of town will house a legion of the Order of St Faxis, who plan to eradicate all witches in the region. **False:** It is to be used by ducal soldiers as a defence against feared crookhorn attacks.

RUMOURS IN THE WOODCUTTERS' ENCAMPMENT

1. Drune furnging: Elder Woodcutters practise a traditional art of tree maintenance called "furnging," producing unusual and even magical timbers. Their dark secret is that this practice was originally invented by the Drune. **False.**

2. Mocking bell: The Woodcutter's ritual of mocking the Drune empowers the Drounbell with the ability to repel the Drune when rung. **False.**

3. Hag's Addle: The Hag stalks Hag's Addle at night, seeking to satisfy her desire for flesh—and worse. If caught in a good mood, she might be willing to strike a bargain, though any gift is unlikely to be worth the price she demands. **True.**

4. Kissing stone: The black obelisk near the village entrance is a powerful artefact that ancient Woodcutters secured from the Drune. The foul sorcerers still plot to steal it back. **False.**

5. The Hag's lover: The local Vicar, Father Jymes Horsely, spends his days and nights wandering Hag's Addle. The reason is that he's the Hag's secret lover and servant. His dog Clewyd is a monstrosity in disguise, a gift from the Hag. **False.**

6. Dangerous Dreg: Once an ordinary port, the village of Dreg to the south (1110) has become overrun by rogues and ne'er-do-wells. A friar arrived there five years ago to help heal the town, but it seems all he's done is make things worse. **True.**

7. Froggy behemoth: An islet of trunks and fungi drifts through the black water of the nearby swamp. Those who've seen it report a monstrous frog sitting atop it, seeking prey. **Partly true:** The nature of the isle is correct, but the giant frog is just a statue.

8. Chieftain's manse: The Woodcutters' chieftain, Jollie Oistace Pollard, lives in a mansion to the east of the Encampment (1209). He isn't one for visitors, however, and has grown increasingly sedate and withdrawn over the years. **True.**

9. Howling stalker: The Bogwitt Path between Ferneddbole House (1209) and Bogwitt Manor (1210) is rarely used these days, not least because of the sightings of a horrid, wolf-like monster that stalks through the forest. **True:** These are sightings of the Moonlit Maw (1311).

10. Melodic duellist: Halfway along the Camp Road to Castle Blackwood is the "Cave Path" (1208), which leads north-west up to Fog Lake (1207). A fairy has taken up residence along this route, doling out secrets to those who best her in a musical duel. **True.**

11. Louping wood: To the north is the "Louping Wood" (1108), so-called due to the "loop-the-loop" structure of its trees. Woodcutters once knew the secret of using these loops to scry into other parts of Dolmenwood, and even Fairy. **Partly true:** The Louping Wood is real, but any talk of the loop's true purpose is speculation.

12. Banished prince: Amongst the flotsam pools in the north-west swampland (1008) lives an elderly longhorn. Though he appears to be a simple fisherman, he is actually a prince in exile. **False.**

13. The bleached forest: To the west, Harrid's Path passes through an area of forest entirely bleached of sound and colour (1009). Those who travel too near catch the "Grey Blight," a contagious disease that transforms those afflicted into colourless husks. **Partly true:** The Grey Blight is real but is neither contagious nor a disease.

14. The blistered woods: To the north-west is a patch of woods that appears perpetually ravaged by fires (0909). Amongst the burnt trees lives a pyromancer, a rogue magician obsessed with perfecting his fire magic. **Partly true:** The burnt woods exist, but the cause has been misconstrued.

15. Agnel's hospitality: On the south bank of the Hameth near Lake Longmere (0807) lives a beautiful woman named Agnel. Those who have met her speak of her exceptional hospitality. **Partly true:** Agnel is indeed hospitable, as long as no one witnesses her monstrous Atacorn form.

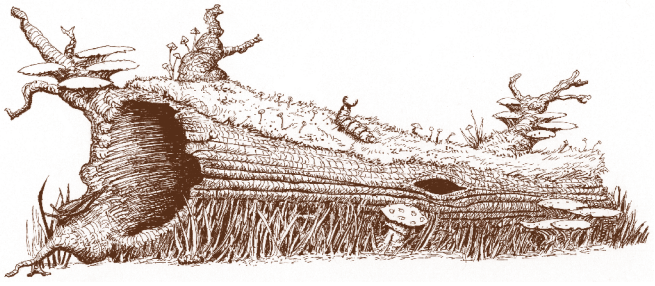
16. Lady Misthraine: A sorceress known as Lady Misthraine has moved into a partially collapsed tower to the north-west (1007). She has travelled from beyond Dolmenwood to study its ley lines and is keen to converse with those learned in such matters. **Partly true:** Lady Misthraine is in truth a frost elf courtier sent by the Cold Prince to investigate the Ring of Chell.

17. The hunter: Granny Wolfsbane, a retired monster hunter, lives in a quaint cottage to the south-east (1310). She's cautious around strangers but willing to share her expertise with those with good intentions. **True.**

18. Orchard library: Following Camp Road leads to a tree-house inn called the Roost (1309). Nearby is a small cottage and apple orchard, the owner of which has an extensive library. **True.**

19. Pollard's manservant: Mudmurloe, Jollie Oistace Pollard's chief manservant, is often sighted sitting forlornly on the shores of Fog Lake to the north (1207). He refuses to discuss what he is doing there or whom he is waiting to meet. **True.**

20. Submerged manse: At the far end of Hag's Addle, where Lake Longmere flows into the Hameth (0707), is an underwater manse of domes and spires. Diving beneath the lake reveals mermaids and their wondrous treasures. **Partly true:** The manse exists but is in truth the domain of boggins.



Uncommon Spells

Additional magicks that may be discovered in certain locations in Dolmenwood.

AID

Rank 2 holy spell (0512)
Prayer name: Charity of St Esther
Duration: 1 Round per Level
Range: The caster or a creature touched

Accompanied by the sound of a hound's bark, a single living creature gains 1d6 bonus Hit Points.

Maximum Hit Points: The granted bonus Hit Points can increase the character's current Hit Point total above their normal maximum.

Any damage suffered: Is subtracted first from the bonus Hit Points.

When the duration ends: If any of the bonus Hit Points remain, they disappear.

The miracle of St Esther: Following the sudden death of her parents, the youthful Esther inherited a small estate in a region south of Dolmenwood, along with the title baroness. A devout follower of the Pluritine Church, she spent her days in prayer at the family mausoleum, accompanied only by her loyal hound, who sat patiently outside. Late one evening, her prayers were disturbed by the hound's barking. Rushing outside, Esther witnessed a would-be thief in battle with the dog, about to skewer it with a wicked dirk. Esther beseeched God to aid the noble hound, which was unharmed by the thief's blow and saw the villain off. Following this incident, Esther was moved by the plight of the common folk and donated much of her family's wealth to the poor. **Patronages:** Loyal hounds, (grave wardens), (charitable deeds).

CANNIBALISE

Rank 3 arcane spell (0502, 0808)
Duration: Instant
Range: Creature touched

This gruesome spell enables the caster to magically absorb the living tissue of another creature and transmute its energy to regenerate damage to their own body.

Damage: The caster's touch inflicts 2d6 points of damage, ripping flesh from the victim's body. This damage can only be healed by magic.

Regeneration: The caster instantly regenerates an equal number of Hit Points to the damage taken by the target.

Touching: Unless the target is willing or helpless, a successful melee attack is required.

Restrictions: Non-living creatures are not affected.

COMMAND

Rank 1 holy spell (0512)
Prayer name: St Ingrid's Admonition
Duration: 1 Round
Range: 10′

The caster utters a command charged with holy power. A selected creature within range is magically compelled to obey for 1 Round.

Command: The command is limited to a single word (e.g. flee, back, stop, surrender, leave, etc.).

Language: If the command is spoken in a language the subject does not understand, the spell has no effect.

Ineffectual commands: Commands that directly harm the subject or that enact evil or abusive deeds have no effect—the spell fails.

Saving Throw: The subject may **Save Versus Hold** to resist the command.

Restrictions: Undead and mindless creatures are unaffected.

The miracle of St Ingrid: As chief librarian of a great abbey, Ingrid was feared among the acolytes for her austere mien and her righteous temper. The local baron, a vain and greedy man, decreed a tithe on all gold and silver in his demesne, ostensibly to support the strengthening of his soldiery. When his lackeys took their crowbars to a local chapel, Ingrid was among the clergy dispatched to its defence. Her brusque commands caused the vandals to prostrate themselves on the chapel's floor, not leaving until the following dawn. **Patronages:** Teachers, librarians, (tithe collectors).

DECAY

Rank 1 arcane spell (0808)
Duration: Instant or permanent
Range: Corpse touched

This spell has three usages (chosen when cast):

1. **Destroy tissue:** A touched corpse or dead body part (e.g. dismembered limb, extracted organ, etc.) is eaten away to bones in 1 Turn, devoured by a gruesomely accelerated mass of maggots and mould. For the purposes of *Raise Dead*, a decayed corpse is treated as being 6 days old + 1 day per Level of the caster.
2. **Harm undead:** Inflicts 2d6 damage against a corporeal undead monster with flesh (e.g. ghoul, wight). The target must be touched, requiring a successful melee attack.
3. **Ward against decay:** Indefinitely protects a single corpse or dead body part (e.g. dismembered limb, extracted organ, etc.) from the natural processes of decay and deterioration.

DETECT DISGUISE

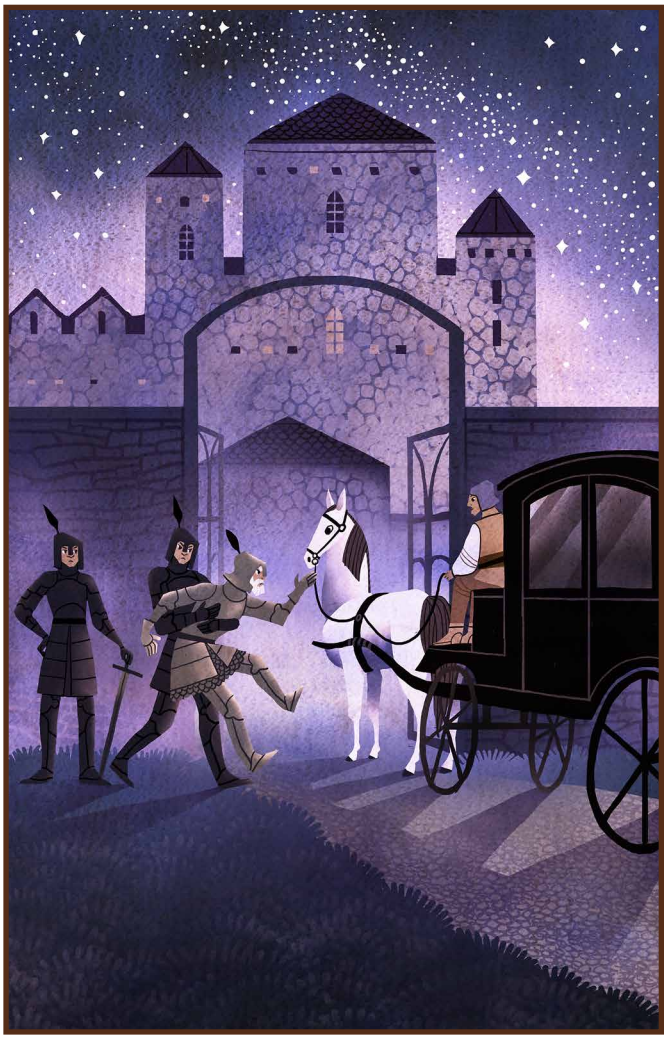
Rank 1 holy spell (0604)
Prayer name: St Dougan's Discernment
Duration: Instant
Range: 60′

The reassuring voice of the aged St Dougan speaks in the caster's mind, saying simply "be wary" or "be sure." The saint's advice reveals whether a chosen person within range is disguised by mundane (non-magical) means, for example with makeup, clothing, wigs, etc.

Saving Throw: The target may **Save Versus Spell** to resist.

True identity: The target's true identity is not revealed by this spell, merely the fact that they are disguised.

The miracle of St Dougan: The elderly Dougan was a night watchman posted to guard a gate to a great prince's estate. While his companions played cards and smoked leaf, Dougan would sit in quiet prayer, watching the road outside the gate. One night, as his eyes lit upon an approaching carriage, he heard the voice of an angel warning him that all was not as it seemed. As the carriage drew up to the gate, the prince's aunt could be seen inside. Despite Dougan's incredulous protestation, the carriage was admitted to the estate. Dougan himself was tied in the nearby orchard, still ranting about the false identity of the carriage's occupant. Only later was Dougan's wisdom discovered—the woman was actually an assassin who succeeded in poisoning the prince. **Patronages:** Night wardens, (orchards).



DROUGE'S ARCANE UNRAVELLING

Rank 4 arcane spell (1106)
Duration: 1 Turn
Range: Object touched

Entering into a state of deep concentration for 1 Turn, the caster gains an insight into any enchantments upon the object touched.

Detect magic: The caster knows whether the object is magical and whether the enchantment is permanent or temporary.

Nature of enchantment: The caster learns the nature and function of the enchantment about the object, including whether it is cursed. Command words are not revealed.

Chance of error: There is a 5% chance that the knowledge gained is erroneous or misleading.

Interruption: The caster gains no knowledge if interrupted before the 1 Turn duration ends.

Exhaustion: Casting this spell is mentally exhausting—the caster is unable to cast further spells of greater than Rank 2 until they have had a night's rest.

Material component: This spell requires a crystal rod worth 100gp. The rod shatters when the spell ends.

EN CROUTE

Rank 2 arcane spell (1206)
Duration: Special
Range: 20′

A single humanoid target of Small or Medium size is enveloped in a pastry crust, ready spiced for baking.

Immobilisation: The victim can breathe normally, but cannot speak and is immobilised by the magic of the crust.

Escaping: The victim may try to break out of the crust, with success dependant on their Strength: 5 or less: six Turns, 6–8: four Turns, 9–12: three Turns, 13–15: two Turns, 16–17: one Turn, 18 or greater: 1d4 Rounds.

FEAR

Rank 3 arcane spell (0501)
Duration: Instant
Range: 60′ cone, 30′ wide at end

Conjures a cone of magical energy that terrifies those within it.

Effect: Creatures in the cone must **Save Versus Spell** or be struck with terror, fleeing from the caster at maximum speed for 1 Round per Level of the caster.

Dropping items: Affected creatures have a 60% chance of immediately dropping anything in their hands. The chance is decreased by 5% for each Level above 1.

GINGERBREAD CHARM

Rank 1 arcane spell (1206)
Duration: 24 hours
Range: Touch

This spell causes a single freshly baked gingerbread figure (up to 1′ across) to come to life.

Behaviour: Animated gingerbread figures are cunning, sentient, and independent. The Referee should roll on the ***Gingerbread Charm Personality*** table to determine the figure's personality and Alignment.

Communication: The caster can communicate with the gingerbread figure telepathically. This only functions when the two make eye contact (the gingerbread creature must be baked with eyes) and enter into a hypnotic trance.

When the duration ends: The gingerbread figure disintegrates into crumbs.

Combat Stats

SMALL CONSTRUCT—SENTIENT—ANY ALIGNMENT

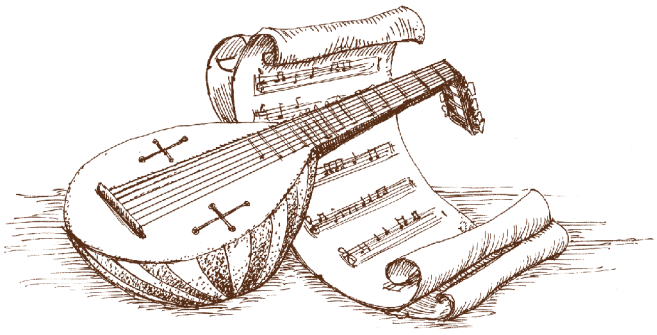
Level 1 **AC** 10 **HP** 1d4 (2) **Saves** D12 R13 H14 B15 S16
Att None **Speed** 10 **Morale** 6 **XP** 10

Immunities: Unharmed by gas or poison.

Surprise: Opposing side has a 4-in-6 chance of being surprised, due to the gingerbread figure's stealth.

GINGERBREAD CHARM PERSONALITY

d8	Personality and Alignment
1	**Loving (Lawful).** Wants nothing more than to cuddle and nestle with its creator.
2	**Duplicitous (Chaotic).** Outwardly friendly to its creator yet secretly strives to undermine their plans.
3	**Adventurous (Neutral).** Lusts after travel and new experiences. Will abandon a staid creator.
4	**Contrary (Neutral).** Stubbornly refuses to obey its creator. If left to its own devices, may create beautiful things.
5	**Homely (Lawful).** Loves to help with household chores.
6	**Hateful (Chaotic).** Takes pleasure in causing pain (especially physical) to living creatures, including its creator.
7	**Wise (Neutral).** Surprisingly perceptive when asked for moral or personal advice.
8	**Demanding (Neutral).** Desires luxurious foods, beverages, and bedding. Has tantrums if it doesn't get its way.



GINGER SNAP

Rank 3 arcane spell (1206)
Duration: 1d6 Rounds
Range: 30′

A single mortal, fairy, or demi-fey is partially transformed into crunchy gingerbread for the duration.

Affected body parts: For every 3 Levels of the caster, one of the victim's limbs is transformed. At Level 14, the victim's head is also transformed.

Effects: Affected body parts are brittle and useless and can be easily snapped. A successful Attack Roll with the intent to snap or smash a gingerbread body part will reduce it to crumbs. Successfully smashing a gingerbread head kills the victim.

When the duration ends: Transformed body parts that remain intact return to normal. Smashed body parts are permanently destroyed.

Saving Throw: The subject may **Save Versus Hold** to resist the transformation.

SANCTUARY

Rank 1 holy spell (0512)
Prayer name: Obduracy of St Hildace
Duration: 1 Round per Level
Range: The caster or a creature touched

Accompanied with the pealing of bells, this spell hinders attacks against the subject.

Attacks: An opponent intending to directly attack the subject must **Save Versus Spell**. If the save succeeds, the opponent is unaffected by the *Sanctuary* spell and may attack the subject as normal. If the save fails, the opponent will attack another target instead and cannot attack the subject while the *Sanctuary* spell lasts.

Area effects: Affect the subject normally. (e.g. *Fireball*, wyrm breath, etc.)

Offensive actions: The *Sanctuary* spell ends immediately if the subject takes any offensive action (e.g. attacking, casting offensive spells, etc.).

The miracle of St Hildace: As a young acolyte in a coastal town, Hildace was responsible for ringing a great bell in the market square at dawn to call adherents of the Pluritine Church to prayer. Following a long siege, the town was conquered by a pirate army, who set up their camp in the square. Undeterred, Hildace strode peaceably through the enemy encampment and proceeded to ring the great bell. Despite their efforts, not a single pirate was able to lay hands on her, their attacks repelled by the will of God. **Patronages:** Bell ringers, (kittens).

SPEAK WITH DEAD

Rank 3 arcane spell (1301, 1403)
Duration: 1 Turn
Range: 10′

The caster may ask questions of a deceased person, the spirit's voice echoing out from beyond the grave.

Remains: Some remnant of the person's physical body (e.g. bones) must be within range.

Time since death: It is only possible to awaken the spirit of a person who died within a certain time frame, dependent on the caster's Level (see the ***Speak With Dead Limitations*** table).

Questions: The number of questions that can be asked depends on the caster's Level (see the ***Speak With Dead Limitations*** table). The spirit answers truthfully but briefly, and only possesses knowledge it had during life.

Speech: The spirit speaks with the tongues it knew in life.

SPEAK WITH DEAD LIMITATIONS

Level	Time Since Death	Questions
6 or lower	7 days	2
7–8	7 months	3
9–10	7 years	4
11–12	70 years	5
13 or higher	Unlimited	6

SUMMON SHADOW

Rank 5 arcane spell (0812)
Duration: 1 Round per Level
Range: 30′

One shadow (*DMB*) per three Levels of the caster appears and does the caster's bidding for the duration.

Requires darkness: *Summon Shadow* requires the presence of darkness within range. Conjured shadows emerge from this area of gloom.

TRANSPARENCY

Rank 2 arcane spell (0808, 1009)
Duration: 1 Turn per Level
Range: The caster or a creature touched

The flesh, bones, hair, and internal organs of the subject become completely see-through, enabling a near-invisibility.

Invisibility: The subject is completely invisible when stationary and has a 90% chance of remaining undetected when moving. In encounters, the opposing side has a 5-in-6 chance of being surprised.

Clothing and equipment: Are not affected and must be removed in order to achieve the full effect.

In combat: The subject may attack normally while transparent. Opponents suffer a –2 penalty to Attack Rolls.

Restrictions: Non-living creatures are not affected.

TRAP THE SOUL

Rank 6 arcane spell (1205)
Duration: Instant
Range: 20′

This spell either traps or releases the life force of a single living creature, with two usages as follows:

1. **Trap:** The subject must **Save Versus Doom** or have their life force sucked out and trapped inside a precious receptacle prepared by the caster (see below). Stripped of its soul, the victim's body enters a comatose state and will die after 30 days, unless the soul is restored.
2. **Release:** The life force of a trapped target is released, either into their body (if it is within range) or to another suitable receptacle prepared by the caster (see below).

Soul Receptacles

Any gem, crystal, or precious object may be used.

Value: The receptacle must be worth at least 1,000gp per Level of the intended subject.

Name: The subject's name must be engraved on the receptacle. If the subject uses multiple names, their primary name (as judged by the Referee) must be used.

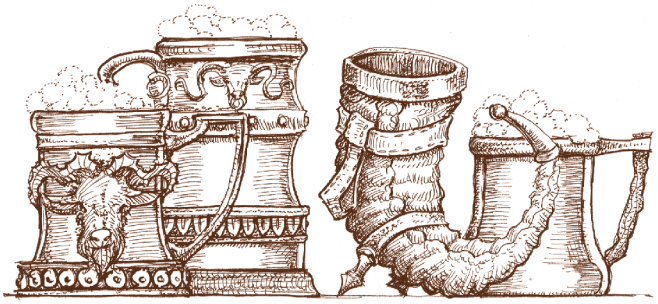
Trapped soul: After *Trap the Soul* has been cast, an image of the trapped creature's face flits across the surface of the receptacle. The trapped creature may be conversed with.

YEAST GROWTH

Rank 1 arcane spell (1206)
Duration: Instant
Range: 30′

This spell causes the radically accelerated growth of naturally occurring yeast, with two usages (chosen when cast):

1. **Yeast froth:** All creatures, objects, and surfaces within range are engulfed in a slimy mass of frothing yeast. Affected creatures suffer a 2-in-6 chance per Round of slipping over and a –1 penalty to Attack Rolls, until they are free of the yeast. Wiping froth off an object takes 1 Round; clearing a Medium creature takes 2 Rounds.
2. **Fermentation:** A process of natural yeast fermentation (e.g. bread rising, beer brewing, etc.) is instantaneously completed.



Index

The full cast of monsters, faction members, standing stones, sages, and more.

ATANUWË

Atacorns 17, 44, 132, 139. *See* Crewithyant, Hawalyeer, and Ignormwm
Atanuwë 8, 12, 13, 17, 19, 22, 36, 37, 39, 41, **42**, 43, 44, **45**, 46, 47, 52, 55, 56, 59, 60, 70, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 83, 89, 90, 91, 95, 115, 132, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 144, 145, 146, 174, 181, 201, 206, 218, 244, 253, 272, 274, 275, 278, 285, 286, 287, 290, 294, 296, 311, 322, 336, 362, 387, 439, 441, 444, 447, 448, 452
Bugber, Briggsy 138
Cannibals 261, 262, **272**, 273
Crewithyant, Atacorn 43, 44, **144**, 145, 445
Fragglehorn, Lucius, Baron 13, 23, 43, **46**, 136, 137, 138, 139, 288, 299, 311, 322, 444
Hawalyeer, Atacorn 43, 44, **362**, 443
Ignormwm, Atacorn 43, 44, **278**, 453
Nag-Lord, The. *See* Atanuwë
Sallowbryg, Atacorn 17, 44, 289
Shaggytree, Agnes 272
Shaggytree, Sandy 272
Shub's Nanna 43, **47**, 82, 294, 448
Snarkscorn, Gib, Captain 43, **46**, 76, 138, 148, 149, 274
Whipthorn, Old Madame 137, **139**

CLASSED NPCS

Ablewright, Joan, Cmdr. (C9) 70. *For full references, see* Pluritine Church
Blore, Senna (F1) 383
Blumber (F8) **381**, 451
Bogle, Merriman, Captain (F10) 129, **131**, 362, 368
Borrid, Amonie, Lady (H9) 65, 197, **198**
Corundum, Bagsley (T11) 150, 151, **153**, 271, 447
Drouge, Mostlemyre (M8) 180. *For full references, see* Magicians
Garnack the Horse (F5) 63, **220**, 222
Grange, Gemyme (F1) 373
Gravesby, Lorrima (C4) 165. *For full references, see* Sages
Groghorn, Lump "Sarge" (F3) 161
Gwen, Red (F4) 198, **222**, 447
Harrowmoor, Hilda, Cmdr. (C7) 70. *For full references, see* Pluritine Church
Hazelmire, Osric, Sir (K9) 9, 57, 146, 147, 148, **149**, 446
Hoblewort, Windore (M4) 267. *For full references, see* Magicians
Hogbeard, Rodger, Br. (Fr3) 140. *For full references, see* Pluritine Church
Hogwash, Simwise, Captain (F6) 70, 175, **176**
Koop, Grent (F2) 383
Koop, Grottle (F2) 383
Lockelope, Fannigrew (K6) **235**, 245, 447
Longtail, Prissy (T4) 371
Mordlin, Ygraine (M14) 84. *For full references, see* Magicians
Mother (M5) 325. *For full references, see* Magicians
Myrrsian the Mutable (M6) 317. *For full references, see* Magicians
Nag, Jesibelle (F4) 293
Ogglewoop, King (F7) **374**, 442
One-Eyed Gil (T4) 71, **135**, 142
Parr, Wilfrinda, Sister (Fr1) 344
Peligrue the Perspicuous (M5) 383. *For full references, see* Magicians
Periwinkle, Lady (M11) 133. *For full references, see* Magicians
Pidderpat, Threeble (B4) 334
Primus, Sanctus, Cmdr. (C10) 71. *For full references, see* Pluritine Church
Prisslewhiff, Dandy (B2) **327**, 453
Scymes, Merridwyn (M5) 279. *For full references, see* Magicians
Shydewick, Carrington (T7) 91, **216**
Snidebleat, Crewwin, Sergeant (K4) 198
Tegwyn the Disloyal, Sir (K3) 202
Thorncripe, Gherigew (B6) 178, **251**, 446, 452
Tweede, Ogham (T3) 142
Tweede, Tamrin (M5) 142. *For full references, see* Magicians
Waldefroum, Hanctra, Mstr. (Fr8) 135. *For full references, see* Pluritine Church
Waverly, Hoarsent, Sir (K10) 151, **152**, 247, 362, 447
Woglemain, Edwynne, Prof. (M10) 134. *For full references, see* Magicians
Wolfsbane, Granny (H4) **341**, 342, 453

DRUNE

Aethogrym, Audrune 19, 53, 281, **293**
Alhair 384
Aubrathon, The **55**, 75, 91, 201, 220, 250, 269, 275, 310, 386
Bonewort, Pollith 281
Cadraigaunt, Audrune 19, 20, 21, 53, **244**
Cranthus 267
Doome, Caduceus, Elder Phanatarch 53, 54, **55**, 91, 242, 351
Duskwith, Polldra 229
Grebglin, Audrune 19, 20, 53, **207**, 242
Haygral, Audrune 19, 53, 242, **324**
Hemlack, Audrune 17, 19, 42, 91, 244, **287**
Hermanach, Audrune 19, 20, 53, **275**, 286
Jhaelloch, Audrune 19, 53, **286**
Mathonwy, Audrune 19, 53, **365**, 442, 449
Mestmord, Audrune 19, 20, 53, **204**, 242
Morgodh, Audrune 19, 20, 53, **238**
Morthgwail, Audrune 19, 53, **360**
Rigmirth, Audrune 19, 20, 53, **241**
Tinekin 219
Wargfole, Audrune 19, 20, 53, **215**
Zarlac, Audrune 19, 53, **237**

FAIRIES

Agnes 203
Brawg 203
Cornews 282
Creekeek 348
Crocus 192
Fairy Foxes 169, **356**, 450
Feathertoe 258
Hazel, Demozel 370
Horticule. *See* Scrabey Who Forgot Her Name
Jump-at-the-Moon, Jilly 313
Olive, Demozel 370
Scrabey Who Forgot Her Name 264
Silver Goblins 294
Skulp **319**, 445
Thrattlewhit 159, **281**, 293, 448

FAIRY NOBILITY

Abyssinia, Queen 35
Ambassador, The 49, **50**, 239, 343
Andromethia, Princess 27, 33, **34**, 225, 331, 337, 342, **343**, 406

Arda, Queen 226
Belladonna, Lady 33
Blind King, The 30
Capricorn, King **252**, 446
Cold Prince, The 9, 11, 15, 16, 17, 20, 28, **30**, 33, 34, 35, 37, 41, **48**, **51**, 52, 56, 62, 65, 69, 78, 79, 80, 84, 85, 91, 110, 118, 129, 134, 146, 153, 194, 215, 216, 221, 233, 235, 239, 240, 241, 253, 265, 271, 302, 337, 343, 346, 362, 384, 438, 441, 446, 447, 453
Duke Who Cherishes Dreams, The **31**, 59, 85, 379, 441, 449
Earl of Yellow, The 25, **32**, 174, 175, 177, 180, 313, 324, 325, 337, 349, 440, 452
Frost-Dust-Shadow, Lady 302
Gladhand, Lord **34**, 249, 427
Goblin King, The **32**, 374, 449
Hador, Regent, The 35
Hag, The 10, 25, 35, **82**, 115, 182, 183, 185, 250, **291**, 303, 315, 346, 362, 441, 445, 453
Hobbled-and-Blackened, Lord 190
Lady of Midnight, The **33**, 48, 91, 273
Lady of Spring Unending, The **33**, 202, 213, **225**, 251, 343, 370
Mai-Fleur, Duke 25, 28, **30**, 166, 167, 169, 209, 251, 337, 345, **355**, 356, 361, 364, 443, 449, 450
Mallowheart, Prince **34**, 84, 85, 190, 276, 330, 337, 353, 434, 438, 439, 440
Misthraine, Lady. *See* Frost-Dust-Shadow, Lady
Mordlin, Ygraine 84. *For full references, see* Magicians
Prince Who Is Seven, The 35
Pusskin, King **33**, 156, 270, 447, 448
Queen of Blackbirds, The 25, **35**, 82, 83, 291, 337
Seven-Past-Noon, Prince. *See* Mallowheart, Prince
Thorn-Rosy, Hag, The **32**, 192
Wild Hunt, The 115, 345, **355**, 356, 449, 450

HUMAN NOBILITY

Brackenwold, Argibald IV, Duke 58, 59, 393, 443
Brackenwold, Ophelia, Duchess 58, **59**, 70, 79, 130, 362, 368
Brackenwold, Thespian III, Duke 9, 12, 53, 56, **58**, 59, 62, 65, 79, 81, 90, 128, 129, 130, 131, 133, 134, 146, 149, 160, 170, 173, 177, 181, 197, 312, 319, 337, 340, 351, 361, 362, 368, 393, 441, 443, 448, 451, 452
Brackenwold, Zoemina, Lady 130, 133, 368
Crymehump, Tasper 210
Guillefer, Edwin, Lord **59**, 85, 335, 393, 450
Haeroth, Emelda, Lady 46, 57, 60, 70, 73, **76**, 132, 214, 263, 264, 446
Harrowmoor, Hilda 70. *For full references, see* Pluritine Church
Harrowmoor, Theatrice, Lady 56, 57, 59, **60**, 70, 76, 147, 174, 177, 181, 192, 262, 263, 289, 312, 323, 362, 393, 452
Harrowmoor, Violet 60, **289**, 323
Hogwarsh, Sagewine, Baron 10, 56, 57, **60**, 62, 64, 65, 90, 91, 150, 152, 153, 156, 233, 235, 247, 254, 295, 337, 362, 393, 447
Mulbreck, Pulsephine, Lady 56, 57, **61**, 149, 329, 392, 393, 445
Nodlock, Harald, Lord 56, 57, **61**, 62, 210, 393
Shantywood, Chandilore, Madame 10, 63, 140, 141, 143, **145**, 161, 445, 448
Spinnewith, Alhoyle IV, Laird 261
Tew, Sidney **192**, 446

LONGHORN NOBILITY

Furroughby, Snerd 91, **154**
Garnack the Horse 220. *For full references, see* Classed NPCs
Gnarlgruff, Wrygott, Lord 64, 199, 268, 448
Hoblewort, Windore 267. *For full references, see* Magicians
Lockehorn, Cabruc, Captain 63, **232**
Malbleat, Gryphius, Lord 60, 62, 63, **64**, 65, 90, 123, 131, 140, 141, 143, 150, 156, 157, 158, 159, 161, 199, 233, 267, 268, 269, 306, 368, 393, 440, 447, 448
Murkin, Simeone, Lord 56, 61, 62, 63, 64, **65**, 90, 145, 150, 161, 197, 198, 208, 222, 303, 393, 447
Ramius, Berryld, Lady 65, **233**
Ramius, Shadgore, Lord 56, 61, 62, 63, 64, **65**, 90, 129, 150, 154, 155, 156, 158, 198, 199, 220, 223, 232, 233, 235, 293, 368, 393, 440, 447
Snidebleat, Crewwin, Sergeant 198

MAGICIANS

Drouge, Mostlemyre 175, **180**, 396, 441, 452, 455
Hoblewort, Windore 63, **267**
Ivol 387
Mordlin, Ygraine 8, 18, 19, 31, 34, 52, 56, 59, 75, **84**, 133, 162, 164, 165, 190, 373, 379, 380, 387, 441, 449
Mother 315, **325**, 452
Myrrsian the Mutable 145, **317**, 445
Paglimon the Perspicacious 58, 452
Peligrue the Perspicuous **383**, 443
Periwinkle, Lady **133**, 443
Scymes, Merridwyn 159, **279**, 448
Segwine 387
Tweede, Tamrin **142**, 445
Vannard 387
Woglemain, Edwynne, Professor 129, **134**, 443

OTHER CREATURES

Astral Leapers **328**, 426
Belwycht, The 75, **277**
Bharhgda 271
Bicorne, The 65, 232, 235, **245**, 355, 447
Big Chook 11, 17, 37, 75, 123, 146, 147, 250, 251, 252, **253**, 266, 277, 441, 446
Black Bile Wyrmlings 271
Bloom 229
Bogen 296
Carrion Storks 297
Chasobrithe **314**, 375, 452
Cheese-Fiend, The 198, **228**, 446
Clockwork Guardian 127
Clockwork Man, The 385
Dancing Shadows **283**, 447
Dredger, The 193
Fergus the Famished **363**, 449
Fomorian, The 249
Frost Fiends 204
Gamekeepers **345**, 450
Great Willow, The 382
Hairbats 240
Holbies 367
Huorglein, The 296
Incantral, Queen **333**, 450
Marionettes 330
Merrovore, The 347
Minch 205
Mother Efte 214
Nightworms **280**, 448
Pigfolk **295**, 447
Quag Toads 127
Shadow's Thralls 221
Silver-Eyed She-Goats 294
Sowynder **273**, 446
Spawn of Ignormwm 278
Spectral Hounds 225
Spindel, Old Aunt **330**, 341, 353
Stirge-Owls 300
Toad-Children 366
Werephasms 207
Whipple 236
Worm, The 292
Wortgrew, Nanna 201

PLURITINE CHURCH

Ablewright, Joan, Commander **70**, 153
Bertil, Ingram, Father 124, 125, **126**, 442
Chrysaïs **311**, 444
Clewyd, Saint 8, 17, 23, 66, 67, 68, 70, 90, 91, 128, 149, 180, 181, 231, 289, 338, 362, 369, 440, 441, 446, 447
Delora, Nancy, Sister 163, **164**, 449
Dobey, Eggwin, Father 64, 157, **158**, 268, 448
Drabe, Edgar, Father 147, **149**, 446
Gravesby, Lorrima 165. *For full references, see* Sages
Hadlewreath, Shandra, Rev. Mother **144**, 445
Hargle, Nedwynne, Abbot **69**, 71, 91, 131, 155, 368
Harrowmoor, Hilda, Commander 60, **70**, 76, 313
Hogbeard, Rodger, Brother **140**, 141, 142, 143, 445
Horsely, Jymes, Father 183, **185**, 316, 453
Lucianus 231
Nicodemus 231
Parr, Wilfrinda, Sister 344
Primus, Sanctus, Commander 69, **71**, 91, 131, 135, 368, 377, 443
Sanguine, Jospher, Bishop 12, 59, 66, 68, **69**, 70, 71, 81, 89, 91, 128, 129, 130, 155, 218, 361, 362, 368, 441, 443
Smunk, Liane, Reverend Mother 179
Spatulard, Wiston, Abbot 338
Sumner, Adreline, Venerable 151, **155**
Waldefroum, Hanctra, Mistress 129, **135**

SAGES

Gravesby, Lorrima (monsters of Dolmenwood) 164, **165**, 449
Hargle, Nedwynne, Abbot (Pluritine Church lore) 69. *For full references, see* Pluritine Church
Harrowmoor, Theatrice, Lady (history of Dolmenwood) 60. *For full references, see* Human Nobility
Helmwhit, Archibald (ancient Table Downs culture) **320**, 443
Philontimus the Wizened (ancient religion and folklore) 169
Ribblemead, Farnham (ancient languages) 159
Soliquant, Gemrand (Fairy and its denizens) **153**, 361, 447
Spinnewith, Alhoyle IV, Laird (astronomy, astrology, ley lines) 261
Thornwaife, Virginia, Madame (plants and fungi) 134, **388**

SETTLEMENT LEADERS

Aster, Sylvain (Blackeswell) **124**, 125, 126, 127, 442
Baldricke, Clewyd, Berkm. (Lankshorn) 64, 156, 157, **159**, 268, 279, 448
Barhaim, Reynold (Meagre's Reach) **162**, 163, 165, 373, 449
Blosquom (Orbswallow) 38, 170, 171, **173**, 451
Brimbul (Orbswallow) **170**, 451
Broadmain, Hoagle, Elev. (Prigwort) 174
Craphand, Ignatius, Elev. (Prigwort) 174
Dogoode, Broobe (Odd) 166, 168, **169**, 450
Drouge, Sirrop, Elev. (Prigwort) **174**, 180
Grump, Wilfrinda, Elev. (Prigwort) 174
Hazelmire, Osric, Sir (Fort Vulgar) 149. *For full references, see* Classed NPCs
Hedger, Daphnemene, Elev. (Prig.) 174
Humblebuff, Smyde, Elev. (Prig.) **174**, 452
Jongle, Austache (Gang head, Prig.) 175, 176, **181**, 452
Lockehorn, Cabruc, Captain (Galblight) 232. *For full references, see* Longhorn Nobility
Meagre, Brigg "Hollowhand" (Gang head, Dreg) **145**, 445
Monocleese, Maximilian, Berkm. (Dreg) 63, 140, 141, **143**, 145, 445
Ogsbody, Persimone, Elev. (Prig.) 174
Pollard, Landriman, Jollie Oistace (W. Enc.) 182, 185, 326, **328**, 330, 445, 453
Redhearth, Benedict (Meagre's R.) 162, 163, **164**, 165, 373, 449
Sundiman, Hagbard (W. Enc.) 183, **184**
Trundlehorn, Wallobry (Cobton) **136**, 137

SETTLEMENTS

Blackeswell (Village) 124
Castle Brackenwold (City) 128
Cobton-on-the-Shiver (Village) 136
Dreg (Village) 140
Drigbolton (Hamlet) 261
Fort Vulgar (Village) 146
Galblight (Hamlet) 232
High-Hankle (Large Town) 150
Lankshorn (Small Town) 156
Meagre's Reach (Village) 162
Odd (Village) 166
Orbswallow (Village) 170
Prigwort (Small Town) 174
Shagsend (Hamlet) 267
Shrivelbyne (Hamlet) 197
Swinescombe (Hamlet) 295
Woodcutters' Enc. (Village) 182

SHOPKEEPERS

Bogleman, Wiglow (Dock, Fort V.) 148
Brandybile, Algenon (Tailor, Prig.) 177
Fisher, Simeone, Doctor (Cobton) 139
Furroughby, Snerd (Antiques, HH) 154
Helmsmith, Griselda (Smith, HH) 154
Hollowhop, Fosbry (Smith, Cobton) 139
Jerricorn, Hague (Jeweller, Prig.) 178
Maldwort, Sydewich (Herb., Lanks.) 160
Marrowbold, Megwynne (Smokeshop, W. Enc.) 184
Murderman, Old Mannog (Weaver, 0411) 234
Whilpston-Puddingfoot, Joremey (Smith, Lankshorn) 160
Wyrmspittle, Edgar (Herb., Prig.) 179

STANDING STONES

Anti-Prism, The 304
Bafflestone 290
Brydging Ring 306
Crystal Shard, The 388
Drodh 241
Endstone 365
Erligstone 361
Gnarlgruff's Monolith 199
Golokstone 293
Gorthstone 324
Grave of the Aubrathon, The 201
Hadrwyl 275
Kissing Stone, The 184
Luncheon Arch, The 315
Moaning Sphere, The 241
Norstone 360
Nuncle-Stones, The 161
Orbstone, The 168
Pelloryons, The 244
Phandrwyl 379
Radhd 207
Sargstone 287
Sickening Stone, The 236
Sigil 215
Staring Stones, The 259
Tenkystone 286
Trothstone, The 256
Twolgstone 283
Uruzzur 204
Vorpal Monolith, Blue 217
Vorpal Monolith, Grey 337
Vorpal Monolith, Red 195
Vorpal Monolith, Yellow 376
Weaning Arch, The 173
Willingstone, The 254
Yrthstone 237

TAVERNERS

Axminster, Heggid (Prigwort) 176
Bobblefrock, Whimsly (Lankshorn) 161
Borotrope, Smalding (0211) 211
Brancher, Clement (W. Enc.) 185
Brumble, Grerg (0108) 197
Brumble, Timilda (0108) 197
Butterwheeve, Hadle (Castle B.) 133
Candlewick, Sandrine (High-H.) 155
Chudrow, Agnel (0711) 270
Crookbone, Mogget (Odd) 168
Crump, Elmine (Dreg) 144
Crump, Sidley (Dreg) 144
Drooglight, Blinghop (High-H.) 155
Elbowgen, Crump (0511) 246
Elbowgen, Nelga (0511) 246
Furngle, Jock (W. Enc.) 185
Groghorn, Lump "Sarge" (Lanks.) 161
Hydball, Maydrid (Prigwort) 178
Jasquith, Emeritus (High-Hankle) 152
Jongle, Blino (Prigwort) 181
Jongle, Sespettra (Prigwort) 181
Kneeve, Sprewdiman (Prigwort) 178
Ladle, Zoemina (1309) 340
Locke, Gilly-Ann (Blackeswell) 126
Mother Goat (0312) 223
Nag, Jesibelle (0910) 293
Nag, Mollish (0910) 293
O'Brady, Smunkey (Cobton) 138
Occland, Mallowyn (1010) 305
Occland, Trellayde (1010) 305
Oddnum, Smauvol (0305) 216
One-Eyed Gil (Castle B.) 135. *For full references, see* Classed NPCs
Ongledrome, Hallyd (1204) 323
Paste, Primulus (Meagre's Reach) 165
Phrobe (Orbswallow) 173
Raptappen, Aspith (Prigwort) 177
Shankwolde, Brewigg (Fort Vulgar) 148
Shodgerey, Lyren (Dreg) 143
Snyde, Arbie (Blackeswell) 126
Stallowmade, Margerie (Lanks.) 159
Tweede, Ogham (Dreg) 142. *For full references, see* Classed NPCs
Tweede, Tamrin (Dreg) 142. *For full references, see* Classed NPCs
Ulmer, Sedgewick (0805) 276
Underhill, Drouge (Castle B.) 132

UNDEAD

Bafflestone Thralls 290
Bogborn, Bertha 365
Colly 243
Descendant, The **352**, 443
Dewidort of Smerne 60, 91, 154, 212, 216, 236, 250, **254**, 264, 276, 313, 325, 440
Embalmed, The **365**, 374, 442
Flayed Queen, The 91, 236, 260, 332
Gallowgeists 224
Ghosts of Smerne, The 212
Girl With Blue Lips, The 230
Grey King, The 25, 28, **361**, 443
Grinstead **344**, 450
Henry, Red 230
Mayble, Grey 366
Moonlit Maw, The 328, 329, 341, **342**, 453
Muttering Phantoms **250**, 446
Phantom of the Pool, The 324
Rag-n-Bone, Mister **289**, 446
Scoyfe, The **339**, 353
Skeletal Dogs 308
Spirit of Kul **320**, 321
Turpentine, Jayne 332
Willing Sacrifice, The 321

WITCHES

Ambe, Helligora 236
Celenia, Queen of All Witches 37, 55, 72, 73, 74, **75**, 91, 119, 277, 346, 441, 452
Elfwit, Joab 368, 376, **377**, 443
Gallbucket, Sadewyn, High Priestess 59, 73, **77**, 335
Grwith, High Priestess 73, 75, **76**, 255
Gwyrigons. *See* Woods Gods (Ambule, Embala, Ertta, Hasturiel)
Haeroth, Emelda, High Priestess 76. *For full references, see* Human Nobility
Hoad, Bragwen **315**, 325
Loam, Deidre 309
Loom, Holstra 305

WOOD GODS

Ambule **36**, **276**
Cwrnus **36**, 169, 263, 377, 393, 398
Embala of the Husk **37**, 55, 72, 74, 75, 76, 91, 269, 277, 310, **323**, 386, 388, 471
Ertta the Devouring Mother **37**, 72, 74, 76, 240, 274
Gheillough 11, 14, 15, 16, 17, 36, **37**, 42, 52, 90, 184, 252, **253**, 266, 440, 446. *See also* Monsters (Big Chook)
Green Man, The. *See* Cwrnus
Hasturiel Thrice-Crowned **38**, 72, 74, 75, 77, 236, 309, 315, **347**, 364
Howawi **38**, 244, 372
Limwdd the Quiet Brother **38**, 72, 74, 76, 255, **301**, 359, 377, 452
Myconom, The **38**, 170, 171, 173, 329, **358**, 375, 442
Orsath **39**, 308, 321, **378**
Stag Lord, The. *See* Yorghan
Yorghan **39**, 287, **336**, 355

Credits

Who created what.

ART

Lorenzo Colangeli
Art on page 107, 408 © Necrotic Gnome 2024.

Alexis Descamps
Art on page 297 © Alexis Descamps 2024.

Greg Gorgonmilk
Noble house coats of arms © Necrotic Gnome 2024.

Pauliina Hannuniemi
Art on page 4, 40, 87, 108, 111, 115, 122, 158, 186, 242, 391, 432, 459, 461 © Pauliina Hannuniemi 2024. Art on page 125, 127, 128, 130, 131, 134, 142, 143, 146, 150, 152, 154, 161, 163, 166, 167, 168, 171, 179, 183, 285, 299, 307, 310, 351, 455 © Necrotic Gnome 2024.

Jana Heidersdorf
Art on page 2 © Jana Heidersdorf 2024. Art on page 49, 51, 119, 120, 396, 397, 403, 407, 415, 417, 421 © Necrotic Gnome 2024.

Aaron Howdle
Brown fill-in art © Necrotic Gnome 2024.

Chris Huth
Art on page 1, 4, 41, 86, 109, 122, 187, 390, 433 © Chris Huth 2024. Art on page 45, 46, 47, 50, 51, 55, 64, 65, 69, 70, 71, 82, 84, 188, 208, 210, 221, 222, 228, 241, 251, 255, 308, 337, 373, 436, 438 © Necrotic Gnome 2024.

Natasa Ilincic
Art on page 73, 74, 302, 312 © Natasa Ilincic 2024.

Tom Kilian
Art on page 319, 329, 334, 350, 353, 354, 367 © Tom Kilian 2024.

Jeff Kristian
Art on page 104, 248, 298, 380 © Jeff Kristian 2024.

Elliot Lang
Art on page 25, 78, 90, 199, 202, 224, 234, 259, 314, 341, 345, 352, 356, 386 © Necrotic Gnome 2024.

Theren Lazauski
Art on page 85, 94 © Theren Lazauski 2024.

Jethro Lentle
Art on page 54, 274, 306 © Jethro Lentle 2024.

Ellie Livingston
Art on page 47, 304, 360, 382, 394, 399, 404 © Necrotic Gnome 2024.

Arlin Ortiz
Settlement maps © Arlin Ortiz 2024.

Kyle Patterson
Art on page 36, 37, 39, 95, 358 © Necrotic Gnome 2024.

Lizbeth Poirier
Art on page 260, 283, 284, 349 © Necrotic Gnome 2024.

Rachel Quinlan
Art on page 6, 15, 110, 113, 206, 212, 213, 218, 227, 243, 257, 263, 282, 311, 313, 316, 331, 364, 411, 418, 440, 461 © Rachel Quinlan 2024.

Frank Scacalossi
Art on page 58, 59, 60, 61, 75, 76, 77 © Necrotic Gnome 2024.

Mish Scott
Art on page 13, 44, 338, 372 © Mish Scott 2024.

Glynn Seal
Referee's map of Dolmenwood © Necrotic Gnome 2024. Pipes on Droomen Knoll maps © Necrotic Gnome 2024.

Ulla Thynell
Cover art © Ulla Thynell 2024. Art on page 77 © Ulla Thynell 2024.

Waclaw Traier
Art on page 191, 195, 217, 230, 245, 256, 301, 375 © Necrotic Gnome 2024.

Andrew Walter
Art on page 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 117, 203, 266, 288, 422, 425 © Andrew Walter 2024.

Letty Wilson
Art on page 196, 247, 339, 429 © Necrotic Gnome 2024.

WRITING

Gavin Norman
All content in this book, except as noted.

Chance Dudinack
Hexes 0408, 1009, 1303, 1902 (with Noah Green). Some Enchanted Oddments.

Luke Gearing
Hexes 1101, 1201 (with Noah Green and Gavin Norman), 1202.

Yves Geens
Elements of Blackeswell.

Noah Green
The Wood God Orsath. Hexes 0102 (with Gavin Norman), 0307 (with Clint Krause and Gavin Norman), 0308 (with Clint Krause), 0311, 0511, 1112 (with Jonathan Newell), 1201 (with Luke Gearing and Gavin Norman), 1203 (with Gavin Norman), 1312, 1702 (with Brian Yaksha and Gavin Norman), 1801, 1902 (with Chance Dudinack), 1904 (with Greg Gorgonmilk), 1906.

Greg Gorgonmilk
Elements of Lady Belladonna and Lord Gladhand. Elements of the Drune faction. Elements of hex 0303. Hexes 0107 (with Gavin Norman), 0602, 0603, 0907, 1602, 1904 (with Noah Green).

Kyle Hettinger
Elements of hex 0303. Hexes 0312, 0502 (with Gavin Norman), 0503.

Clint Krause
Hexes 0206, 0209, 0306 (with Gavin Norman), 0307 (with Gavin Norman and Noah Green), 0308 (with Noah Green), 0406 (with Gavin Norman), 0407.

Amelia Luke
Hexes 0103, 0205, 0909, 1008, 1102, 1401, 1806. Some Blackeswell rumours. Castle Brackenwold rumours. Cobton-on-the-Shiver rumours. Fort Vulgar rumours. High-Hankle rumours. Meagre's Reach rumours. Odd rumours. Some Orbswallow rumours. Woodcutters' Encampment rumours.

Scott Malthouse
Elements of Lord Malbleat. Elements of hex 0709. Hex 0611.

Jonathan Newell
Original conception of Nyfward (hex 1111) and Nyf Nimbly. Hexes 0203, 0401, 0403, 0801, 0901, 0912, 1112 (with Noah Green), 1210, 1211, 1310, 1311, 1402 (with Gavin Norman), 1503, 1505, 1601, 1603, 1604 (with Gavin Norman).

Frances Northcutt Green
Hex 1608.

Amanda P.
Hexes 0105, 0111.

Doyle Wayne Ramos-Tavener
Hexes 0902, 1403, 1607, 1701, 1901.

Glynn Seal
Hexes 0208, 0411.

James Spahn
Chapter introduction quotes.

Andrew Walter
Prigwort inns: Raptappen's Quadrant, the Oaf in the Oast, the Clashed Antler. Elements of the Woodcutters' Encampment. Hexes 1108 (with Gavin Norman), 1207, 1208 (with Gavin Norman), 1209, 1308, 1309 (with Gavin Norman).

Brian Yaksha
Elements of Lord Ramius. Elements of Meagre's Reach and hex 1703. Hexes 0309 (with Gavin Norman), 0310 (with Gavin Norman), 0409 (with Gavin Norman), 0509, 0510, 1001, 1702 (with Noah Green and Gavin Norman), 1802, 1803.

SETTING CONCEPTION
Dolmenwood was originally conceived by Gavin Norman and Greg Gorgonmilk in 2013. It was partially developed in the *Wormskin* zine (2015–2018), before being fully realised in the *Dolmenwood Player's Book*, *Dolmenwood Campaign Book*, and *Dolmenwood Monster Book*.

INSPIRATION
Thanks to the originators of early *Dungeons & Dragons*—Gary Gygax, Dave Arneson, John Eric Holmes, Tom Moldvay, Steve Marsh, Dave Cook, Frank Mentzer—upon whose work the rules of Dolmenwood are founded.

Thanks to Matthew Schmeer for the original conception of Atacorns.

Thanks to Jon Britton (3d6 Down The Line) for inspiration of the XP for Exploration goals (***p107***).

Pronunciation Guide

Typical Dolmenwood pronunciation of significant names and Woldish words.

Words and names occurring in Dolmenwood are generally pronounced according to the norms of English. Additional guidance for pronouncing some of the more unusual words is provided here. Note that this guide is optional; it presents one possible pronunciation scheme. Groups should feel free to pronounce Woldish words according to their own preferences, if desired.

Abyssinia (Queen): ab-iss-IN-ee-uh
Aldweald: ALD-weeld
Andromethia (Princess): an-dro-METH-ee-uh
Auldweathe: AWLD-weedh
Atanuwë: a-TAN-u-weh
Aubrathon: AW-bra-thon
Audrune: AW-droon
Chapes: CHAYPS
Clewyd (Saint): KLOO-id (common) or KLOOD (posh)
Crewithyant: kroo-ITH-ee-uhnt
Cwrnus: KOOR-nuus
Drodh: DROHDH
Drouge (Mostlemyre): DROOZH
Drune: DROON
Dwelmfurgh: DWELM-furg
Embala: em-BAH-luh
Eœl: EE-uhl
Ertta: AIR-tuh (witches roll the R)
Gheillough: GEL-och (as "loch")
Gondyw (Saint): GON-dee-oo
Grimalkin: GRIM-uhl-kin
Grwith (witch High Priestess): GROO-ith
Guillefer: GWI-leh-fer
Gwyrae: GWI-ray
Gwyrigon: GWI-ri-gon
Hador (Regent): HAD-or
Hadrwyl: HAD-roo-ill
Hasturiel: hast-OOR-ee-uhl
Howawi: ho-WAH-wee
Ignormwm: IG-nor-moom

Notes on Pronunciation

'dh': The voiced 'th' sound in "**th**is," "**th**at."
'oo': The long 'oo' sound in "sh**oo**t," "b**oo**t."
'uu': The short 'oo' sound in "f**oo**t," "s**oo**t."
'zh': The 's' sound in "plea**s**ure," "vi**s**ion."

Breggle Languages

A small number of Caprice and Gaffe words appear in the Dolmenwood core books, for example: Aud frengd Hlerr, Ghrygaile, Hraigl, hregl.

The special shape of breggles' tongues and mouths makes their languages difficult for non-breggles to pronounce accurately. The pronunciation of these words is therefore left for each group to decide.

Jorrael (Saint): jo-RAY-el
Keye (Saint): As "key"
Lankshorn: LANKS-horn
Limwdd: LIM-uud
Mai-Fleur (Duke): MAY-fler
Malbleat (Lord): MAL-bleet
Naon (Falls of): NAY-on
Nyf (Falls of): As "knife"
Oistace: OY-stuhs
Orbswallow: ORBS-wo-low
Pastery (Saint): PAY-ster-ee
Pelloryons: pell-O-ree-ons
Phandrwyl: FAN-droo-ill
Radhd: RADHD
Ramius (Lord): RAM-ee-us
Signis (Saint): SIG-nis
Uruzzur: UU-ruuz-oor
Waldefroum (Hanctra): WALD-eh-froom
Ygraine (Mordlin): ig-RAYN
Yorghan: YOR-gan
Yrthstone: As "earth stone"
Ywyr: ih-WEER

Dolmenwood

ADVENTURE AND PERIL IN FAIRYTALE WOODS

The complete Referee's guide to running campaigns in the beguiling realm of Dolmenwood.

Dolmenwood is a weird fairy tale adventure game, conjuring the wonder, horror, whimsy, and strangeness of British folklore. Included in this book:

- **Mysterious lore** of the standing stones, ley lines, lost shrines, fairy roads, Wood Gods, fairy nobles, and ancient history.
- **7 major factions:** the Chaos-godling Atanuwë, the wicked fairy Cold Prince, the sorcerous Drune, the human nobility, the breggle nobility, the Pluritine Church, and the enigmatic witches.
- **12 settlements** detailed with beautiful maps, major sites, and important NPCs.
- **Expanded procedures** for weather, getting lost, encountering monsters, fishing, foraging, and hunting.
- **200 pages of fantastic locations** waiting to be explored.
- **Hundreds of magical artefacts** from enchanted oddments to magical fungi to holy relics.
- **Easy-to-reference presentation** designed to minimise prep time and page flipping.
- **A starter adventure** to get you right into the action.

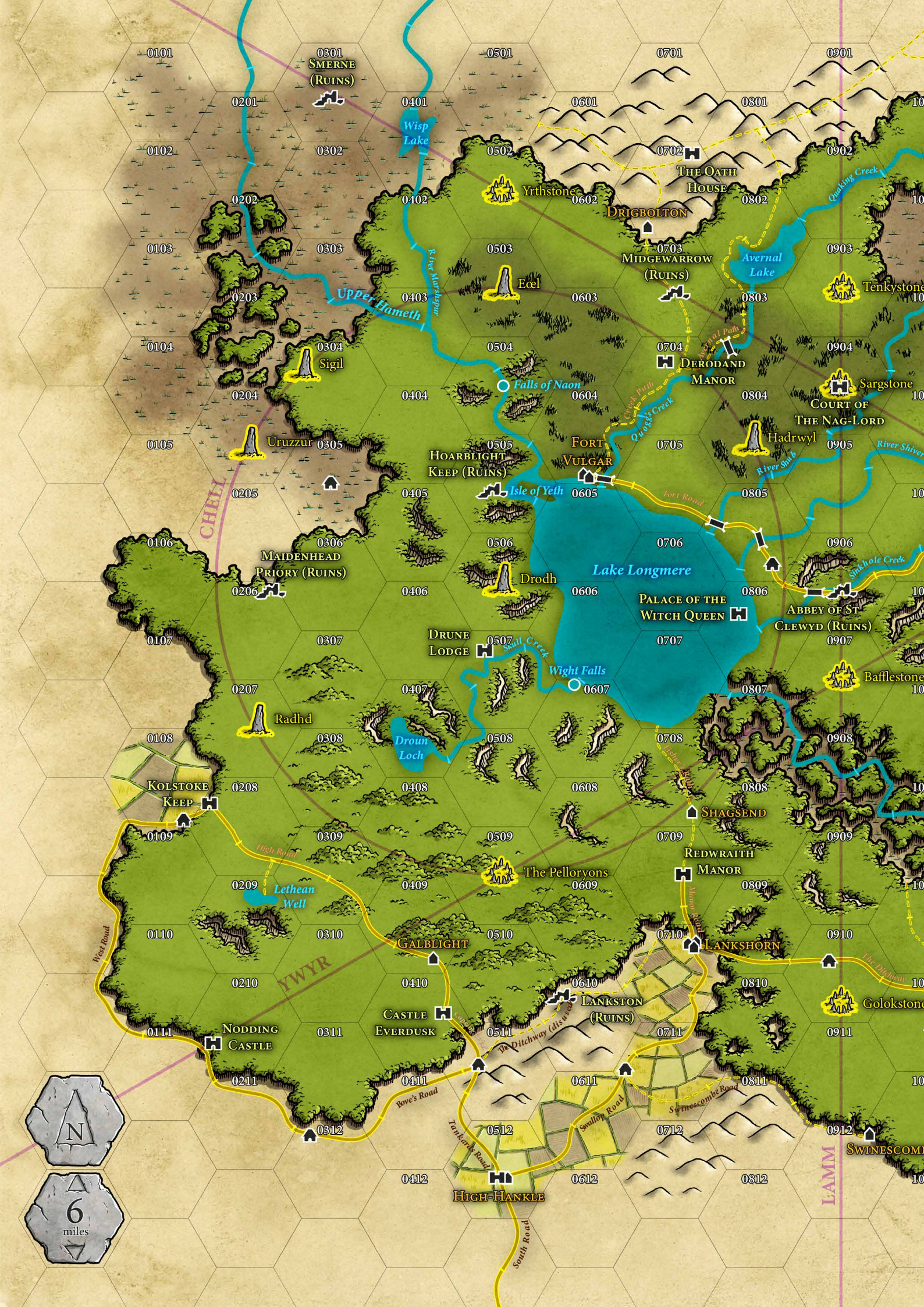
Core book 2 of 3. Referees also need the *Dolmenwood Player's Book* and the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*.

Contains adult themes and elements of horror.
May not be suitable for children.

NECROTIC GNOME

PDF ISBN
979-8-88756-115-8

EXALTED FUNERAL


Smerne (Ruins)
Wisp Lake
The Oath House
Yrthstone
Drigbolton
Quaking Creek
Midgewarrow (Ruins)
Avernal Lake
Tenkystone
River Marshspur
Upper Hameth
Ecel
Sigil
Avernal Path
Derodand Manor
Falls of Naon
Sargstone
Court of The Nag-Lord
Quoggs Creek
Creek Path
Uruzzur
Hadrwyl
Fort Vulgar
Hoarblight Keep (Ruins)
River Shiver
River Shurb
Isle of Yeth
Fort Road
Chell
Maidenhead Priory (Ruins)
Drodh
Lake Longmere
Sinkhole Creek
Palace of the Witch Queen
Abbey of St Clewyd (Ruins)
Drune Lodge
Skull Creek
Wight Falls
Bafflestone
Radhd
Droun Loch
Kolstoke Keep
Fisher Road
Shagsend
High Road
Redwraith Manor
The Pelloryons
Lethean Well
Mossy Road
Lankshorn
West Road
Galblight
Ywyr
The Ditchway
Castle Everdusk
Lankston (Ruins)
Golokstone
Nodding Castle
Castle Road
The Ditchway (disused)
Bove's Road
Swinescombe Road
Swallow Road
Tankard's Road
High-Hankle
South Road
Lamm
N
6 miles

Chancton (Ruins)
Downs Road
Kewen Creek
Chateau Mauvesse
Phandrwyl
Brinemere
Dark Mirror
Meagre's Reach
Longshanks Falls
Odd
Endstone
Tollyegg Road
Cobton-on-the-Shiver
Hall of Sleep
Blackeswell
Groaning Loch
Harrowmoor Keep
Gorthstone
Orbswallow
Prigwort
Norstone
King's Highway
Fog Lake
Castle Brackenwold
Horse-Eye Road
Camp Road
HOAD
Woodcutter's Encampment
Ferneddbole House
Lower Hamelt
Dreg
Bogwitt Manor
Falls of Nyf
Stronghold
Wayside Lodging
Bridge
Ruin
Summerstone
Nodal Stone
Hamlet
Village
Small Town
Large Town
City
River
Track
Road
Ley Line
Hills
Meadow
Swamp
Forest, Open
Forest, Tangled
Bog
Forest, Craggy
Farmland
Forest, Boggy
Forest, Hilly
Forest, Thorny
Fungal Forest

TRAVEL DAYS

Travel Points: Party's Speed divided by 5.

1. **Weather:** Roll 2d6 on the seasonal table.
2. **Party decides course of travel**
3. **Losing direction:** Chance based on hex terrain.
4. **Wandering monsters:** Chance based on hex terrain.
5. **Description:** Referee describes regions passed through and sites of interest, asking players for their actions.
6. **End of day:** Update time records: rations, durations, rest.

SEARCHING, FINDING FOOD

Searching: Expends Travel Point cost of hex. Reveals all / some hidden features in hex, as Referee wishes.

Finding food: Survival Check. +2 bonus for devoted day.

Fishing: Requires gear and a river / lake hex. 2d6 rations.

Foraging: 1d6 rations, plus special results in hex.

Hunting: Combat encounter; party has surprise; 1d4 × 30′ away. Rations per HP: Small = 1, Medium = 2, Large = 4+.

CAMPING

Fetching firewood: 1d6 hours of wood per character, modified for conditions (e.g. damp: –1, snow: –2, heavy rain: –4).

Building a fire: 4-in-6 chance (or lower) in bad conditions.

Cooking: Wisdom Check. Success = +1 to rest checks. 1 = **Save Versus Doom** or meal ruined.

Camaraderie: Charisma Check. Success = +1 to rest checks. 1 = **Save Versus Doom** or discord, –1 to rest checks.

Sleep: Rest depends on gear, campfire, and season. Failure: exhausted, 1-in-6 chance of failure to prepare each spell.

Falling asleep on watch: 1-in-10 chance. Constitution 15 or higher 1-in-20. Constitution 6 or lower 1-in-6.

Surprise: Sleeping characters are automatically surprised.

DUNGEON TURNS

Exploration movement: Party's Speed × 3 feet per Turn.

1. **Decide actions:** Players decide their course of action: moving, searching, listening, entering rooms, etc.
2. **Wandering monsters:** 1-in-6 chance every 2 Turns.
3. **Description:** Referee describes areas explored and results of characters' actions.
4. **End of Turn:** Update time records: light, durations, rest.

ENCOUNTERS

1. **Surprise:** Each side rolls 1d6. 1–2 = surprised.
2. **Encounter distance:** 2d6 × 30′ outdoors. 2d6 × 10′ indoors. (1d4 × 30′ / 10′ if both sides are surprised.)
3. **Initiative:** Unsurprised sides only. Each side rolls 1d6. Sides act in order (highest first).
4. **Actions:** Any sides that are not surprised decide how to respond to the encounter (e.g. attack, evade, parley).
5. **Conclusion:** 1 Turn has passed.

TERRAIN TYPES

Terrain	Description	Difficulty
Bog	Treeless mire	Moderate
Boggy forest	Wet, muddy woods	Severe
Craggy forest	Broken terrain, cliffs	Severe
Farmland	Tilled fields and lanes	Light
Fungal forest	Giant fungi, few trees	Light
Hills	Undulating grassland	Light
Hilly forest	Undulating woods	Moderate
Meadow	Flat grassland	Light
Open forest	Light, airy woods	Light
Swamp	Wetland dotted with trees	Severe
Tangled forest	Dense, gloomy woods	Moderate
Thorny forest	Dense, thorny thickets	Severe

Light: 2 TP. 1-in-6 lost/encounters.

Moderate: 3 TP. 2-in-6 lost/encounters. Mounts may enter but must be led; vehicles may not enter.

Severe: 4 TP. 3-in-6 lost/encounters. No mounts or vehicles.

CONSEQUENCES OF GETTING LOST

3d6	Consequence
3	Lost in time. Travel is along the intended course, but 1d4+1 days pass.
4	Accidentally stumble into a random fairy road.
5	Move in circles, ending the day where it began.
6–7	Travel 90° to the left of the intended course.
8–9	Travel 45° to the left of the intended course.
10–11	Travel along intended course, but uncertain paths cause all Travel Point costs to be doubled.
12–13	Travel 45° to the right of the intended course.
14–15	Travel 90° to the right of the intended course.
16	Move in circles, ending the day where it began.
17	Knocked unconscious by flashing, coloured lights. Awaken 1d4 hours later in random nodal stone hex.
18	Enveloped in a bewildering fog. Emerge at end of day in a random hex (2+ hexes away from original hex).

SLEEPING IN THE WILDS

Fire	Bed	Win.	Spr.	Sum.	Aut.
No fire	No bedding	Imp.	Diff.	Mod.	Diff.
No fire	Bedroll or tent	Imp.	Mod.	Easy	Mod.
No fire	Bedroll and tent	Diff.	Mod.	Easy	Mod.
Campfire	No bedding	Imp.	Diff.	Mod.	Diff.
Campfire	Bedroll or tent	Diff.	Easy	Easy	Easy
Campfire	Bedroll and tent	Mod.	Easy	Easy	Easy

Easy: Good night's rest. **Moderate: Constitution Check**.
Difficult: Constitution Check at –2. **Impossible:** Bad night's rest.

ENCOUNTER REACTIONS

2d6	Reaction
2 or less	Attacks
3–5	Hostile, may attack
6–8	Uncertain, wary
9–11	Indifferent, may negotiate
12 or more	Eager, friendly

Charisma: Add parleying character's Charisma Modifier.

WEATHER BY SEASON

2d6	Winter	Effects
2	Deep freeze, hoarfrost	–
3	Snow storm	IVW
4	Relentless wind	–
5	Bitter, silent	–
6	Frigid, icy	–
7	Clear, cold	–
8	Freezing rain	VW
9	Cold wind, gloomy	–
10	Frigid mist	V
11	Icy, steady snow	VW
12	Relentless blizzard	IVW

2d6	Summer	Effects
2	Cool winds	–
3	Low cloud, mist	V
4	Warm, gentle rain	W
5	Brooding thunder	–
6	Balmy, clear	–
7	Hot, humid	–
8	Overcast, muggy	–
9	Sweltering, still	–
10	Baking, dry	–
11	Warm wind	–
12	Thunder storm	VW

2d6	Hitching	Effects
2	Torrential rain	VW
3	Clear, fresh dew	W
4	Sleepy, purple mist	V
5	Interminable drizzle	W
6	Balmy mist	V
7	Thick fog, hot	V
8	Misty, seeping damp	VW
9	Hazy fog, dripping	VW
10	Sticky dew drips	W
11	Gloomy, shadows drip	–
12	Befuddling green fog	V

2d6	Spring	Effects
2	Cold, gentle snow	W
3	Chilly, damp	W
4	Windy, cloudy	–
5	Brisk, clear	–
6	Clement, cheery	–
7	Warm, sunny	–
8	Bright, fresh	–
9	Blustery, drizzle	W
10	Pouring rain	VW
11	Gloomy, cool	–
12	Chill mist	V

2d6	Autumn	Effects
2	Torrential rain	VW
3	Rolling fog	V
4	Driving rain	VW
5	Bracing wind	–
6	Balmy, clement	–
7	Clear, chilly	–
8	Drizzle, damp	W
9	Cloudy, misty	V
10	Brooding clouds	–
11	Frosty, chill	–
12	Icy, gentle snow	W

2d6	Vague	Effects
2	Hoarfrost, freezing fog	V
3	Steady snow, icy mist	VW
4	Low mist, writhing soil	–
5	Sickly, yellow mist	V
6	Thick, rolling fog	V
7	Freezing fog	V
8	Chill mist, winds wail	V
9	Icy mist, eerie howling	V
10	Violet mist rises	V
11	Blizzard, earth tremors	IVW
12	Blizzard, dense fog	IVW

I: Travel impeded. –2 TP / day.

V: Poor visibility. Half encounter distance, +1-in-6 lost travelling wild.

W: Wet conditions.

SEASONS, MONTHS, DAYS

Winter: Grimvold, Lymewald, Haggryme. **Spr.:** Symswald, Harchment, Iggwyld. **Summer:** Chysting, Lillipythe, Haelhold. **Autumn:** Reedwryme, Obthryme, Braghold.

Days: Colly, Chime, Hayme, Moot, Frisk, Eggfast, Sunning.

REGIONS

Aldweald: Central / eastern oft-travelled region.

Dwelmfurgh: Western highlands, in Chell, Drune country.

Fever Marsh: Stagnant lowland below Table Downs.

Hag's Addle: Marsh by Lower Hameth, domain of the Hag.

High Wold: South-western breggle country.

Lake Longmere: Great lake haunted by Big Chook.

Mulchgrove: Eastern fungal forest, mossling country.

Nagwood: Twisted northern woods ruled by Atanuwë.

Northern Scratch: Wild north-western bog.

Table Downs: Haunted northern hills.

Tithelands: South-eastern farmland.

Valley of Wise Beasts: Cobbins, crookhorn tyranny.

LEY LINES

Chell—the Witching Ring: Balmy heat and biting cold. Arcane fire, cold, lighting: +1 damage per die. Frost elves cannot enter. Fairies suffer spiritual malaise. Teleport / summon negated. Illusion / charm 2-in-6 chance of failure.

Hoad—the Line of Birthing: Just awoken from a dream. Saving Throws against arcane illusion / phantasm at –2.

Lamm—the Line of Woe: Observed by a pitiless malevolence. Arcane divination / detection range 50% greater.

Ywyr—the Line of Ravens: Distant moaning of the dead. Saves against arcane spells of death / undeath at –2.

SETTLEMENTS

Castle Brackenwold (8,700): Capital city, duke and bishop.

High-Hankle (5,300): Town of hedonism and crime.

Prigwort (2,800): Brewing / market town, fairy influence.

Lankshorn (1,100): Market town, humans and breggles.

Dreg (300): Seedy riverside port, under Atacorn's malaise.

Cobton-on-the-Shiver (200): Cobbins (talking animals).

Woodcutters' Encampment (180): Archaic woodsfolk.

Meagre's Reach (120): Dredged out of time by Ygraine.

Blackeswell (90): Forgotten trade village in Mulchgrove.

Fort Vulgar (90): Military outpost beside Lake Longmere.

Odd (90): Drifting on Fairy's borders, secret allies of Drune.

Orbswallow (80): Isolated mossling village, 3 magic trees.

FACTIONS

Atanuwë: Chaos godling. Seeks to rule Dolmenwood, marry Gheillough, collect saints' bones.

Cold Prince: Prior fairy ruler, exiled by Chell. Seeks return to Dolmenwood, destroy Chell, ally with other fairy nobles.

Drune: Wardens of nodals and leys. Seek to reawaken Gheillough, subjugate Atanuwë, reclaim lost nodals.

Human nobility: Seek to maintain rule, expel Atanuwë, expand rule northwards, root out the Drune.

Longhorn nobility: Seek to vanquish rival longhorns, maintain High Wold, extend southwards, destroy Drune.

Pluritine Church: Dominant, monotheistic religion. Seek to restore lost shrines, rebuild Abbey of St Clewyd, stamp out witches and Drune.

Witches: Occult Wood God worshippers. Seek to maintain secrecy, recover lost *Mirrors of Embala*, locate Hoaghryn (prophesied child ruler).