

Regions of Dolmenwood

The regions into which the Wood is divided 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 Horseye, Swinney, and Fort Roads connecting the stronghold city 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.

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, being situated half way 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 to be found on the tables of connoisseurs far and wide.

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

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. The few travellers who venture this deep into Dolmenwood have trouble leaving Meagre's Reach, once having arrived there.

Odd (Hex 1403)

Population: 90

Half way to the wild north-east: A small settlement half way along the old Follyegg Road that marches proudly out of Prigwort and creeps to a halt at the threshold of the Manse of Ygraine (hex 1802).

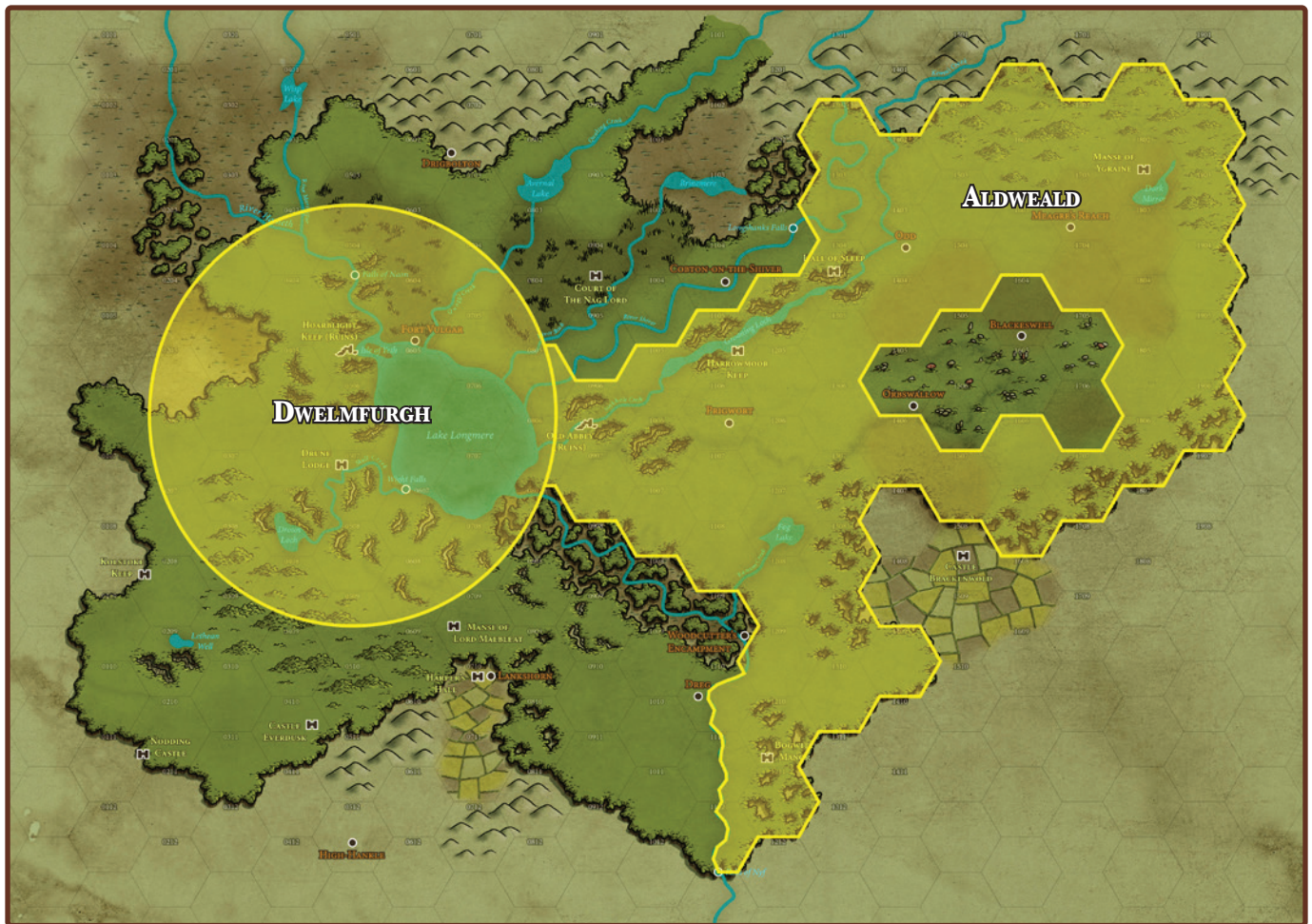
Uncertain name: Odd is the name given to this huddle of dwellings by those that live outside of it. The villagers themselves seemingly refer to their home by a different name every time outsiders arrive.

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.

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. Some centuries 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 a hidden library of forbidden occult texts—remain untouched in the ruins.



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 Dwelfmurch 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 “summerstones” 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 forever more. 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 ward: See *The Witching Ring*, p22 for further details on the ward and the stones that bound it.

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. It is here that 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 is responsible for assessing and collecting 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 *p68*). 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 upon 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 fat on the proceeds 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 to the south of Lake Longmere and the 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.

Interbreeding of goat-people and human aristocracy: The High Wold has an unusual political structure, peculiar to this region, whereby the land and titles of the goat-

lord aristocracy are respected by the humans of the region. In the High Wold, intermarriage between aristocratic goat-people and humans is a respectable tradition which is still practiced to the modern day. The folk of the region are, however, not so naive as to think that their traditions are understood and accepted by those from outside the region: strangers will seldom hear more than rumours.

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 of Dolmenwood 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 windwsept grasslands and rolling hills.

City of sin: The Baron is renowned for his lax attitude to the law, being more interested in wine and debauchery than in the maintenance of order. High-Hankle has thus, in recent years, become a favoured haunt of 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 point of cultural oddity, by outsiders, as the traditions of the civilised south meld with the quaint, superstitious ways of Dolmenwood. The respect held by the Lankshorners for the goat-lords 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.

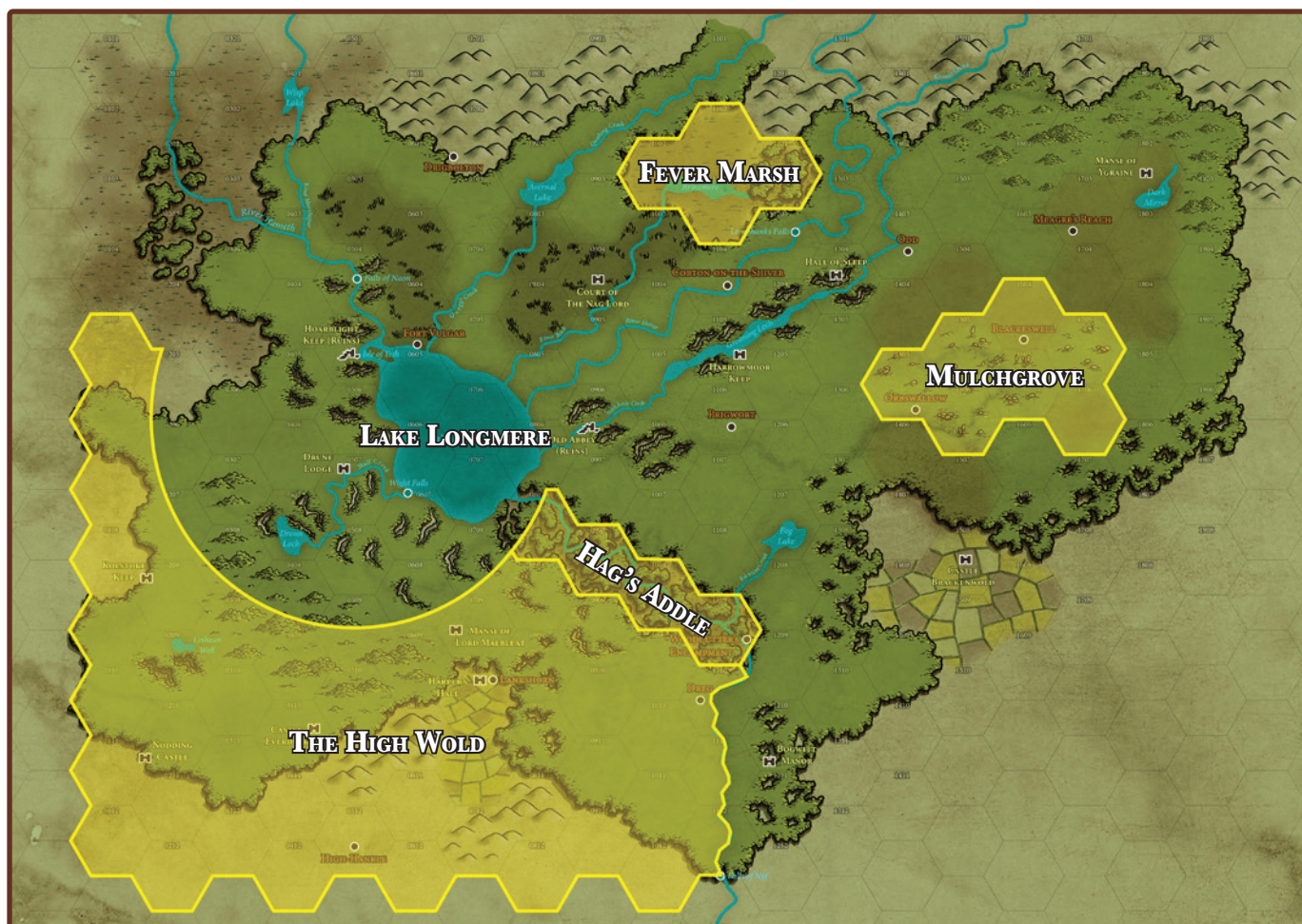
Dreg and Shantywood Isle (Hex 1110)

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, smugglers, 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—twelve miles broad at its widest point—is known colloquially as “the heart of the wood”.

Ancient magic and weird hauntings: The waters of Longmere were once home to a mighty dragon-spirit named Gheillough (see *p66*), which now lies in an enchanted torpor. In its place, the lake is now haunted by its twisted dream-double, the monster Big Chook, 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 moss dwarfs: Mulchgrove is little traversed by any save the moss dwarfs 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 wizard or herbalist, 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 port: Once a thriving port upon the banks of a trade river, a gradual shifting of the waters has 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, the village is still inhabited by a small number of devout folk eking out a living from the bogs that surround them, trading with moss dwarfs and the occasional pedlar who passes their way.

Orbswallow (Hex 1405)

Population: 80 moss dwarfs

Heart of moss dwarf culture: The largest moss dwarf 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

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

Crookhorn goat-people and evil trees: None who value their lives venture here, for the place is overrun by crookhorn goat-people (and worse) 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: This trackless and treacherous region is shunned by all travellers and is home only to bog-candles, banshees, and trolls.

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, but all now stand abandoned.

Haunted hills and deathly silence: Only phantoms and the moanings of the incessant 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 onto 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, however, 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 clerics. The weird of Dolmenwood ends here.

Castle Brackenwold (Hex 1508)

Population: 8,700

Ancient fortress city: A walled city 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 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 is said to hold equal sway over Dolmenwood to the duke himself.



THE VALLEY OF WISE BEASTS

Home of talking beasts: 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 speaking beasts of all kinds may be discovered beside the placid River Shiver that flows at the Valley's base, creating a winding series of bays and pools.

Baron Fraggleshorn's regime of terror: To an outsider, the Valley gives a surface impression of tranquil, well-ordered society, where all beasts live as equals, and where hunger and evil are but rumours. In truth, however, the inhabitants of the Valley live under a regime of terror as subjects of the Nag-Lord, under the totalitarian rule of the goatman Baron Fraggleshorn (see hex 1004).

The Nag-Lord as lord of creation: The command of the Baron is so absolute that animals 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 talking beasts

Largest talking beast town: This settlement of respectable stone houses, straw-built nests, and looming barracks is the centre of talking beast 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 gods, 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; goat-people 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; goat-people serve the Drune.

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

1,200 years ago: Brackenwolders arrive; Church of the One True God begins to replace pagan worship.

1,100 years ago: Kingdom of Brackenwold established.

1,000 years ago: Humans and goat-lords jointly rule the High Wold.

900 years ago: The Cold Prince returns to Dolmenwood; war against Frigia; 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: Arrival of the Nag-Lord; Lake Longmere corrupted, Gheillough broken free of Drune bondage, manifestation of Big Chook.

350 years ago: 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 sacked; decline of the Church, rise of Atanuwe; shrines lost.

THE BEGINNING OF DAYS

Primeval Sentience of the Wood

Like all nautral 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. It is thus that, in the primeval days of yore, when Dolmenwood was freshly sprung from the designs of the divine, it was these manifestations of Dolmenwood itself which first beheld the Wood. See *Independent Powers*, p66 for more details on the Wood Gods.

Gheillough—Lifeblood of the Waters

Of especial importance to the telling of 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 of 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 to the interlopers and observed their doings with dispassion.

THE CURRENT YEAR

This book does not stipulate any specific calendar year as the “current year”. The referee should choose a year number fitting to the wider campaign setting in which Dolmenwood is located.

Establishment of Fairy Kingdoms

While some fairies tarried in Dolmenwood for but a short while before returning to their own realm, others, acquiring a taste for the odd collusion of arcane energies in the forest, established outposts, dwellings, manses, and castles there. As time passed, these early settlers became known as lords of the forest, still 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 races. 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 the will of the Cold Prince, 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

Goat-People Serve the Cold Prince

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

Humans Trade with the Fairy Kindgom

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 (far larger) dominion in Fairy, Frigia. The Prince remained nominally the 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 normal cycle of the seasons returned to Dolmenwood. The fairy frost began to recede. In its place, lush mosses and vegetation sprung 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 men—the occult cabal known as the Drune. These were the first humans to venture into the forest after the receding of the frost and build dwellings there. To establish their presence in Dolmenwood, the early Drune settlers founded the Drune Lodge in the woods around Droun Loch (see hex 0507).

The Beginnings of Sorcery and Witchcraft

The Drune discovered that Dolmenwood was located on a powerful confluence of ley lines, which they learned to harness to their own ends. This was the beginning of the Drune's greedy accumulation of occult power in Dolmenwood. With the Drune came Drune-wives, and with the Drune-wives came the seeds of witchcraft in Dolmenwood.

The Drune and the Wood Gods

In their wanderings through the hidden places of Dolmenwood, the Drune and the Drune-wives came into contact with the Wood Gods. As is their way when encountering anything of magical aspect, the Drune lusted after the power of the Wood Gods and began to experiment 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 perhaps of the same racial stock—began to settle in Dolmenwood during this era, founding hamlets in the south-western corner of the forest, eking out a living as woodcutters and hunters.

The Wood Gods Venerated

These superstitious folk established the tradition of venerating the Wood Gods and developed the practices of witchcraft in Dolmenwood, taking and adopting the teachings of the Drune-wives to their own ends.

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 was 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 undertook a widespread programme of magical development within Dolmenwood, rerouting and amplifying the ley energies, and calling up many of the ley stones from the earth.

Goat-People Serve the Drune

As the influence of the Cold Prince and his court waned, the goat-people 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 Goat-People

The Drune's lordship over the goat-people was short lived, however, due to the deeds of a she-goat 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 artifact, using its powers to disappear into the twisting pathways of the ley lines.

Drune and Goat-People War

Using the power of the Crown, Hraigl turned all of her folk against the Drune, drawing them to her side and establishing the goat-dominion of the High Wold. The Drune fought this betrayal fiercely, finally cornering Hraigl at the summit of Wight Falls. Knowing her doom was at hand, the she-goat cast herself into the sharp-cragged torrent. Hraigl was thus killed and the Crown shattered and ground to dust. From that day forth, the Drune have hated all goat-kind and seek to destroy them wherever they find them.

Origins of the Goat-Lords

The goat-lords, 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 southeast, bringing with them their rigid, monotheistic religion—the Church of the One True God. They rapidly inhabited the southeastern reaches of Dolmenwood and appropriated the small number of extant settlements as their own, coercing the pagan folk to convert (if, initially, in appearance only) to their faith.

The Drune Withdraw

Faced with the 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 praising the One True God were constructed in and around the forest at this time.

1,000 YEARS AGO

Goats and Humans Rule the High Wold

The people of Brackenwold spread wide throughout Dolmenwood and came to build villages and farms in the goat-ruled regions of the High Wold. It was in this period that the tradition, peculiar to the High Wold, of goat-lords 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.

The Cold Prince Banished

After 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 thus 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

The Annexation of the Kingdom

The Kingdom of Brackenwold was annexed by a neighbouring kingdom, becoming a Duchy under foreign rule.

400 YEARS AGO

The Coming of the Nag-Lord

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

Sargstone Wrested from the Drune

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

Cults and Spawn of Chaos

The wild goat-people of the north came to worship Atanuwe and became its foot soldiers, carrying out its wicked bidding. A sect of twisted witches were drawn to the beast’s power and began to worship it, abandoning their gods of old. In unholy union with these women, Atanuwe’s children—the accursed atacorns—were spawned.

Gheillough Corrupted

In time, the presence of Atanuwe 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 diminished, to their eternal bitterness.

350 YEARS AGO

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 black unicorn. After pursuing the beast into the depths of the forest, the two battled amid a ring of standing stones and struck deadly blows upon one another. With his dying breath, the saint swore to pursue the monster’s soul in 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

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.

100 YEARS AGO

The Ruination of the Abbey

An ambitious man named Lummingwyll came to be Abbot of St Clewyd’s, and with that title inherited command over the extensive library of confiscated occult texts that lay in its crypts. Abbot Lummingwyll, believing himself of unshakeable piety, attempted an occult ritual to commune with the martyred St Clewyd. This proved to be a fatal miscalculation. The saint’s vow to battle the atacorn Sallowbryg in hell itself had come to pass, and the botched ritual ripped open a dimensional cataract in the crypts of the abbey. Hordes of Chaos flew from the cataract, sacking the abbey in their flight. The Abbey of St Clewyd was never rebuilt, despite several attempts to revive the brotherhood, and has lain in ruins ever since.

Decline of the Church, Rise of Atanuwe

The abbey’s downfall marks the beginning of the decline of the Church in Dolmenwood and the strengthening of the influence of Atanuwe. No longer content to lurk in the obscure north of the forest, Atanuwe harnessed the weird energies of the Sargstone to send a corrupting, arcane miasma oozing into Dolmenwood via the waters and soil.

Shrines Lost

It was at this time that many of the shrines built by the Church in the deep places of Dolmenwood were lost, being hidden, veiled, warped, or displaced by the corrupting influence of Atanuwe.