

Castle Brackenwold

1508—*The Castle and the Inner City.*

OVERVIEW

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 great 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): As is the way in all cities, folk of all kinds live within the walls of 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 (*p48*) directly rules over Castle Brackewold.

Religion: Castle Brackenwold is the seat of the Church of the One True God in the Dolmenwood region. As such, it is the site of the great *Cathedral of St Signis*. Even in the bustling metropole, however, seemingly a world apart from the rustic ways of Dolmenwood, remnants of ancient pagan worship can be spotted.

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. Note that the map opposite focuses on the Inner City and only depicts the innermost region of the Outer City.

The Inner City

The commercial hub of the city, where the primary markets, traders' districts, courts of law, and public institutions of learning are to be found. The Inner City is ringed with a second, inner city wall. The map opposite shows the Inner City in its entirety.

Castle Hill—Clod's Seat

In the southeast corner of the Inner City, a steep, rocky hill known as Clod's Seat rises.

Lower wall and gates: The bottom of the hill is walled and 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, p83*).

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 possibly derived from "Clewyl'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, seat of the bishop. The castle is ringed with a tall stone wall with battlements and is deemed impregnable. (Though in sooth its military credentials have not been tested in many centuries.)

EQUIPMENT AVAILABILITY

All standard equipment and services are available in Castle Brackenwold at the normal price. Additionally, all manner of more unusual items and businesses can be located with a little investigative work.

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** (*p48*), the **Duchess of Brackenwold** (*p48*), 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 used by elf lords in days of yore, before the people of Brackenwold migrated to Dolmenwood.



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 grant access to. Impetuous young nobles of each generation have attempted to gain entrance to the lost rooms, but have invariably met 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.

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.

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| 1. The Ducal Keep | 12. Enchanters’ Guildhouse |
| 2. Bishop’s Palace | 13. The Maw |
| 3. Seminary of the 100 Martyrs | 14. The Bitter Rose (Inn) |
| 4. Ducal Barracks | 15. College of the Royal Institute of Physicks and Sorcerers |
| 5. Tourney Grounds | 16. Fool’s Row |
| 6. Clod’s Stair and the Headless Gate | 17. The Sunken Gate |
| 7. Cathedral of St Signis | 18. Well Gardens |
| 8. Square of the Eidolon | 19. The Frolicke |
| 9. The Silent Gate | 20. Herb Gardens |
| 10. Grand Market | 21. The Poppy Cock (Inn) |
| 11. The Chateau (Inn) | |

The City Watch

Clad in mail with black, unicorn-emblazoned tabards, the soldiers of the city watch are numerous within the Inner City.

Combat stats: Treat as **veterans** (see *Old-School Essentials*) with 1 HD and AC 5 [15].

Arrival on the scene: If word of a crime is called out in the Inner City, 1d3 soldiers will arrive within 1d10 minutes. A further 2d6 soldiers may arrive 10 minutes later, if reinforcements are called for.

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** (*p41*), 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 request 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 One True God dwelling in the region of Dolmenwood are trained within these halls.

Entrance: Three lofty gateways grant access to the Seminary, leading respectively to the libraries, the chapel, and the dormitories.

Interior: Bustling common rooms, hushed hallways, contemplative courtyards.

Inhabitants: **Abbot Hargle** (*p41*), 100 monastics and clerical trainees, a dozen librarians.

The Theological Libraries

Most of the first floor is dedicated to libraries where particularities of Church doctrine may be researched.

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 which have been deemed heretical by the Church.

Dormitories

The upper floor and attics are devoted to housing for the monastics who dwell in the Seminary.

Lodging: Characters who serve the One True God (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 Inquisitorial 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 (dedicated to witch-hunting and inquisition) keep their prisoners.

TODO: Illustration

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.

Captain Merriman Bogle

A red-cheeked, white-whiskered gentleman 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. Renowned for his mistrust of the goat-lords, especially **Lord Malbleat** (p58).

Demeanour (Lawful): Boastful, overbearing, rigorous. Twirls moustache.

Speech: Staccato, loaded with military metaphor.

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.

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 **veterans** (see *Old-School Essentials*) with 2 HD.

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 alike to 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.

8. SQUARE OF THE EIDOLON

A wide, brick-paved square with a great iron statue at the centre depicting 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 vanquishing of paganism by the righteous servants of the One True God. 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.

TODO: Illustration

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*, p81).

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*, p81).

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, between performances, guests may socialise. 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

Fancy lodgings and food: See the *Dolmenwood Player's Book*.

Concerts in the music room: Cost 5–10gp per evening, depending on the musicians performing.

Drouge Underhill

A 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.

Desires: To eclipse the *Bitter Rose* as the city's finest inn. The hand of **Lady Haeroth** (p64) in marriage.

12. ENCHANTERS' GUILDHOUSE

Home to the city's only commercially-minded guild of wizards, whose services are available for hire, to the wealthy. The guildhouse appears to be an amalgamation of random parts of several smaller buildings of clashing styles. A great astrological clock is on one side of the building.

Public entrance: A tall, tiled porch stands at the front of the guildhouse, 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 which 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 guildhouse 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 of the Enchanters' Guildhouse

The enchanters always meet with prospective clients in private rooms at *The Chateau*.

Detect magic: A simple *detect magic* costs 25gp and takes 1d4 days. (The item in question must be left with the guild.)

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.

Lady Periwinkle

A wan, wide-eyed woman apparently in her twenties, dressed in elegant courtly gowns and adorned with a profusion of pearls. Her delicate, perfectly formed visage and lustrous silver locks enchant those 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 and yet firm. Old Woldish, Sylvan.

Desires: The arcane secrets of **Ygraine** (p69). The affections of Lady Zoemina, the duke's 22-year-old daughter (renowned as the most beautiful and eligible maid of the court).

Possessions: An enchanted mirror which veils its possessor's true appearance with one of youthfulness and fey beauty. In truth, Lady Periwinkle is in her middle-age.

13. 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*, p81).

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 former feasting hall of manor, 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* (p87), emerging from a hidden trapdoor at the foot of a statue of a surprised merman. 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.

Hadle Butterwheeve

A portly man in his late forties, with prodigious mutton chops, beady eyes, and a petunantly 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: A slow, painfully courteous rumbling.

Desires: To expand his collection of taxidermied sprites. Secretly wishes to know more about his enigmatic employers.

Services at the Bitter Rose

Fancy lodgings and food: See the *Dolmenwood Player's Book*.

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 are willing to invest at least 100gp in palm greasing may be able to book directly at the inn. The suite costs 20gp per night.

Portrait painting: Is available at a cost of 500gp, performed over a series of 1d6+6 days by an artist sanctioned by the inn.

TODO: Illustration

15. COLLEGE OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PHYSICKS AND SORCERERS

An imposing, vaguely ecclesiastical-looking building of dark stone with a red tiled roof and two pointy towers. This is the farthest flung outpost of the kingdom's premier wizards' guild—the pompously titled Royal Institute of Physicks and Sorcerers. The institute has the honour of being the only magic guild officially sanctioned by the king.

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, dusty, 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 up 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 wizards 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

An ambitious, scheming 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. 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.

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 (e.g. Sir Windlass, who is said to have saved the town of Prigwort from the terrors of a wyrm).

Entertainers: At the feet of the statues, teeming swathes 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*, p81).

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.

TODO: Illustration

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*, p81).

18. WELL GARDENS

Fancy public gardens where well-to-do couples stroll on sunny days and love-struck poets come to 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*, p81). The guards do not look kindly on attempts to pilfer coins from the wishing well.

19. THE FROLICKE

The slopes of *Clod's Seat* (p80) 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 said to depict 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 from the Bitter Rose: The Frolicke is accessible via a secret passage in the cellars of the *Bitter Rose* (p85), 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 **veterans** (see *Old-School Essentials*) with 2 HD.

20. HERB GARDENS

Neat rows of medicinal herbs, fastidiously maintained by the monks of the *Seminary of 100 Martyrs* (p82).

St Wort's tree: A dilapidated old yew tree grows at the centre of the gardens. The seminary's herbalist, **Master Waldefroum**, can be found of an afternoon, sitting in quiet contemplation upon a worn wooden bench beneath its eaves.

Master Waldefroum

A slender, elderly man with a wobbly pot-belly and eyes like merrily gleaming jewels. Walks with a stick.

Demeanour (Lawful): Patient, inquisitive. Benevolent smile. Rubs his sore knees and back.

Speech: Wavering, meandering, filled with reminiscences. Grumbles good-naturedly about his back pains. 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 he shushes away when he 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 pipeweed (see the *Dolmenwood Player's Book*). The bar, staffed by the landlady **One-Eyed Gil** and her gang of wenches, is crammed into a pokey 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 whom they believe can be swindled or robbed.

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 and assassins) can make acquaintances in the common room with ease.

Services at the Poppy Cock

Poor lodgings and food: See the *Dolmenwood Player's Book*.

Pipeweed: All common and uncommon varieties of weed can be purchased from pedlars in the common room.

One-Eyed Gil

A wiry-framed 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 tatoos of burly goatmen. Gil is an erstwhile pickpocket and a member of the thieves' guild.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Brash, cool-headed. Feigned drunkenness.

Speech: Snarling, habitually shouts.

Desires: Information on the layout of the *Ducal Keep* (p80) and any weaknesses in its defences. To become mistress of the thieves' guild.

Possessions: A poisoned stiletto concealed in the sole of her boot.