

0207—THE SUMMERSTONE RADHD

High Wold / Dwelmfurgh — Tangled Forest — Lost 2-in-6 — Encounters 2-in-6

A dense, shadow-oppressed maze of trees. The air is utterly still and coagulates with the gloom.

Ley Line Chell

Chell, “the Witching Ring”, passes through this hex. Arcane spell-casters perceive the curious, dual sensation of balmy heat and biting cold.

Within the ring: True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion and charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure. (See *The Ring of Chell*, p22.)

The Shadowed Bower

The woods around the Summerstone Radhd are under a Drune enchantment that causes light to dwindle and falter.

Breathing: Is laboured. The air is heavy and sluggish, and sound is muted.

Darkness: As characters journey deeper into the hex, a dusk-like darkness settles in. Without a light source or infravision, the gloom incurs a –1 penalty to attack rolls.

Flames: Are subdued and sputtering. Lanterns and torches cast a 50% smaller radius of light than usual.

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 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, pXXX).

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.



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*, p22 for full information on the Summerstones.)

Balmy stillness: A 120 yard region of hazy warmth and a balmy stillness of the forest 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.

Touching: While touching the stone, lies can be detected without fail and oaths that are sworn will be enforced via a *geas* (see *Magic-User Spells* in *Old-School Essentials*).

Werephasms

Humanoid, lupine creatures of twisting shadow, summoned by Drune magic. Seek to snuff out light and rend sentient beings' souls from their flesh.

AC 4 [15], HD 6* (hp 26, 27, 33), Att [2 × claws (1d4 + soul rend), 1 × bite (1d8)] or 1 × howl (extinguishes light), THAC0 14 [+5], MV 120' (40'), SV D10 W11 P12 B13 S14 (6), ML 10, AL Chaotic, XP 500

Mundane damage immunity: Can only be harmed by magical attacks or silver weapons.

Weakened by light: THAC0 reduced to 17 [+2] 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 *continual light*.

Soul-rend: Each hit reduces the target's CHA by 1. A target reduced to 0 CHA dies and has their soul abducted. Each abducted soul is trapped as a green vapour in a glass urn in the crypts of the Drune Lodge (hex 0507, pXXX).

Recovering lost CHA: 1 point per day.

0208—KOLSTOKE KEEP AND THE BARROWS OF ILLPUKE

High Wold — Tangled Forest — Lost 2-in-6 — Encounters 2-in-6

Rugged woods dotted with sodden ditches and ant-mounds. A low thrumming is heard.

Kolstoke Keep

Within a clear area, surrounded by looming forest on three sides, stands the dark, stone keep of Lord Murkin: Kolstoke Keep.

Construction: A blocky structure of dark grey stone, perched awkwardly atop a giddy motte of earth.

Wall and ditch: The keep is 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 which pierces the wall.

Inhabitants: The keep is the home of **Lord Murkin** (p59)—a rare, non-imbecilic half-goat—and his retinue of 12 longhorn knights, “the Horns of Kolstoke” (use **longhorn goat-person** stats, see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*).

Lady 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 east and north, encompassing a rambling collection of hamlets and farmsteads (see *Goat-Lords*, p56). Both humans and goat-people live in this domain.

Revolt is brewing: The human subjects that live under Murkin’s rule are verging on belligerence. They are tired and angered by their Lord’s petty laws and taxes, and revolt is close at hand.

The Barrows of Illpuke

A few miles inside the dense canopy of the wood, south of the keep, can be found a series of mounds, known to the locals as the Barrows of Illpuke. The mounds are arranged in a circle of twelve, with one additional mound in the centre.

Capstones: Each mound is topped with a smooth round stone, 20 feet 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 may reveal that the bones are all 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 method by which the device operates are long-forgotten, though the Drune know of the place and wish to reclaim it.

TODO: Illustration

0404—THE REMEMBERING MIST

Dwelmfurgh — Tangled Forest — Lost 2-in-6 — Encounters 2-in-6

Sloping down eastward. Muddy, 10-20' high cliffs, festooned with lush ferns and trickling waterfalls.

Within the Ring of Chell

True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion and charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure. (See *The Ring of Chell*, p22.)

The Remembering Mist

Shifting pockets of pale mist hang ominously in this hex.

Avoiding the mist: If characters try to navigate around the pockets of mist, treat the hex as difficult terrain (see *Exploration*, p316).

Memory drain: All characters entering the mist must make an INT check. If the check succeeds, the mist steals part of the character's memory away (see table below). Other characters may try to remind the PC of the lost memory, but it will at best become a piece of second hand trivia.

Phantasms: The mist has a rudimentary sentience of sorts, and enjoys replaying the memories that it has absorbed over the years. Characters may witness ghostly sounds and sights manifesting in the mist (see table below).



The Shrine of St Willofrith (Hidden)

Amid the mist, the lost shrine to St Willofrith lies, 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, a cleric or friar of the One True God who prays for 1 hour receives the blessing of St Willofrith: the ability to cast *know alignment* once within the next 24 hours.

Memory Drain (d8)

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Name. | 6. Reason for being in this hex. |
| 2. Place of birth. | 7. Proudest moment. |
| 3. Parents. | 8. Most hated enemy or rival. |
| 4. The last week. | |
| 5. Companions. | |

Phantasms (d8)

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.

TODO: Illustration

0405—LAIR OF THE CHEESE-FIEND

Dwelfmurch — Craggy Forest — Lost 3-in-6 — Encounters 3-in-6

Dense, gloomy, moss-carpeted woods of birch, yew, and elm. Stagnant puddles abound.

Within the Ring of Chell

True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion and charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure. (See *The Ring of Chell*, p22.)

Blood-Cheese Sacs

Wanderers in this hex may come across a region where the skins of various large creatures—including goat-people 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) and 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: A few small, odd-shaped windows allow a peek at the interior.

Door: A 10' high door of roughly nailed planks, eminently creaky.

Smell: An acrid stench of strong cheese emanates from the hut, to a near vomit-inducing potency.

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.

Overwhelming stench: The odour of strong cheese is overwhelming here; characters must save versus poison or take a -1 penalty to hit for 1d4 rounds.

Corpses and skins: Dangling from the rafters is a grisly collection of fresh corpses and drying skins. A rusty metal tank in one corner is filled with guts and bones.

Furnishings: A great, oaken worktable and cleavers. A bed of dried leaves.

Searching: A pouch with 12 opals (150gp each) lays 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*, see *Old-School Essentials*).

The Cheese-Fiend

A giant, naked woman of obese, lumpy form, 10' high. Her body consists entirely of different kinds of cheese: eyes oozing, soft, pendulous breasts rubbery and bouncy, hairy regions of flagrant mould, a Swiss-cheese air-pocket mouth.

Demeanour: Low intelligence. Intruders are most likely to be viewed as potential prey.

Speech: Booming vibrato. Basic, stammering Woldish.

Desires: Driven only by the urge to hunt and gorge herself on cheese. She only has access to the blood-cheese that she produces, but treasures real cheese or milk.

AC 7 [12], HD 9* (50hp), Att 2 × fists (2d6) or 1 × molten cheese vomit (4d6), THAC0 12 [+7], MV 180' (60"), SV D8 W9 P10 B10 S12 (9), ML 9, AL Chaotic, XP 1,600

Bludgeoning weapons: Bounce off the rubbery flesh of the cheese-fiend, inflicting only half damage.

Molten cheese vomit: Three times per day. Affects all characters in a 10' radius area in front of the fiend's mouth. **Save versus breath** 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 cheese-monger for up to 2,000gp.

0504—THE FALLS OF NAON AND THE EMBASSY OF THE COLD PRINCE

Dwelfmfurgh — Craggy Forest — Lost 3-in-6 — Encounters 3-in-6

The falls can be heard throughout this hex. Cool spray and mist can be felt up to a mile distant.

Within the Ring of Chell

True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion and charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure. (See *The Ring of Chell*, p22.)

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 DEX 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 glammers—lead into a series of hidden caverns. Those who can detect magic or the invisible can 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*, p22). 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 will summon a butler.

Reception: No guest has visited the embassy for centuries. The inhabitants are so bored that they will 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 **ambassador** (p55) presides over the embassy and will treat 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 nine

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 forth.

Atmosphere: A melancholic air of faded nobility, now debased into decadence, pervades the embassy. The ambassador and his retinue are becoming 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 treasures such as wines from mortal cultures long forgotten.

The Base of the Falls

1d3 **drune cottagers** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*) watch from a hidden vantage point on the wooded slopes beside the falls. They will 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. Any fairy of any kind in this vicinity will be viewed with great suspicion.

Treasures: The drune watchmen share a blue lens that allows them to see through fairy glammers.

0505—HOARBLIGHT KEEP AND THE ISLE OF YETH

Dwelfmurfurh — Craggy Forest — Lost 3-in-6 — Encounters 3-in-6

High grounds beside the lake, clad with misty pinewoods. The air here is motionless and chill.

Within the Ring of Chell

True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion and charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure. (See *The Ring of Chell*, p22.)

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 cliffside, 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 trick-some 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.

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.

AC 6 [13], HD 1 (4hp), Att 1 × bite (1d3), THAC0 19 [0], MV 180' (60') flying, SV D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (1), ML 6, AL Neutral, XP 10

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.

An eerie, green glow: Hangs above the tower at night.

On Windswept Nights

The distant raging of the Falls of Naon (hex 0504, pXXX) and the keening of the air stimulate the manifestation of the Locus of Ertta, the Devouring Mother (see *Witches*, p60).

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—brides of Ertta** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*) 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 gwyrygon who has dominion over age, death, and decay.

TODO: Illustration

0609—THE TROTHSTONE AND THE OWL CAVE

High Wold — Hilly Forest — Lost 2-in-6 — Encounters 2-in-6

Steep, bracken-clad mounds with boggy pools and sluggish rivulets at their feet.

A Path and a Pine Glade

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 the wedding of human woman and goat-lord must 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** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*) who make their lair in a stalactite-hung cave.

Encrusted statue: At the rear of the cave stands a 5' high statue of roughly humanoid 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 kingdom some

centuries ago and hidden in this cave by its thieves (a band of delinquent friars). It is of great value (5,000gp), if identified and returned to its church of origin.

TODO: Illustration

0610—LANKSTON POOL

High Wold — Hills — Lost 1-in-6 — Encounters 1-in-6

Gently rolling hills populated mostly by sheep and dotted with shepherds' bothies.

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. This is the steeple of the submerged 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 zombies: Under the pale glow of the fires, the bodies in the pool rise as **bog zombies** (2d6 on any given night; see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*) 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 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 holy symbol of the One True God, bleeding as if freshly incised. One who takes the hand from its resting place in the sunken church is affected as follows:

Cursed: The owner becomes jealously possessive of the hand, cannot discard it, and attempts to hide it from others.

Chaos speech: The owner can speak with all chaotic creatures.

Insidious lies: Once per day, the power of the hand can convince a single person of the absolute veracity of a statement made by the owner. 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 paralyzing touch attack 3 times per day (save to avoid).

TODO: Illustration

0711—KING PUSSKIN'S ROAD

High Wold — Farmland — Lost 1-in-6 — Encounters 1-in-6

Quiet country lanes wind among farmers' fields and windswept hilltops.

The Quivering Doily (Inn)

A cute, thatched-roof cottage stands amid apple orchards at a crossroads where several farm tracks cross the Swallow 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. 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

The winding, well-used Swallow Road winds northwards through the hills and farmland of this hex, heading towards the village of Lankshorn (hex 0710). In the north of the hex, close to the eaves of Dolmenwood, a gloomy shrine stands by the roadside 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 older and 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).

Services at the Quivering Doily

Common lodgings and food: See the *Dolmenwood Player's Book*. 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 Chudmorrow—Landlady

A tiny (4'5"), quick-footed 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.

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.

Information: If questioned about the pussy cat portrait, Agnel will beam with pride and say: “That’s our protector there: King Pusskin. When he’s happy, we’re safe.” She will disclose nothing else about it.

King Pusskin's Displeasure (d6)

1. Feverish dreams of being trapped in the claws of giant cats.
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.

1204—THE BREATH OF THE KELPIE

Aldweald — Craggy Forest — Lost 3-in-6 — Encounters 3-in-6
Quiet, sighing woods, punctuated with crags and cliffs of granite.

The Groaning Loch

Waters: Fathomless, cold, and unquiet.

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.

The Kelpie Forest

In the deeps of the Loch here can be spied a vast tangle of seaweed, 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: The odd sensation of looking down upon Dolmenwood from on high arises. The weed-forest does indeed have 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** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*), luring fish to their doom. The forest is also a favoured dreaming place of **kelpies** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*), 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 the winding 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 (to match the horse-fish's blossom), 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. Activity is often presided over watchfully by the landlord, Hallyd Ongledrome.

Guests: Primarily travellers along the Lochsbreth Road: merchants, pedlars, friars, minstrels, and mercenaries.



The Shrine of 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.

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, a cleric or friar of the One True God who prays for 1 hour receives the blessing of St Horace: the ability to cast *sticks to snakes* once within the next 24 hours.

Services at the Breath of the Kelpie

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

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. Spectacular and dizzying views of the Loch are to be had.

Hallyd Ongledrome—The Landlord

A man in his late middle-age, with long, straggly, white hair and a silver-rimmed monocle. Dresses in dapper waistcoats and silk pantaloons. Always carries a walking cane.

Demeanour (Neutral): Cultivates a refined and erudite air. Shrewd businessman. Treacherous.

Speech: Ingratiating, rambling.

Desires: People's secrets, which he is happy to sell to others. Discreet liaisons with beautiful young things.

Information: Lady Harrowmoor (p49) has entrusted Ongledrome with the private knowledge that her daughter Violet is missing. He is willing to divulge this information—and the fact that she would reward the girl's rescuer—for a sum of 10gp.

1407—THE WENCHGATE

Tithelands — Meadow — Lost 1-in-6 — Encounters 1-in-6

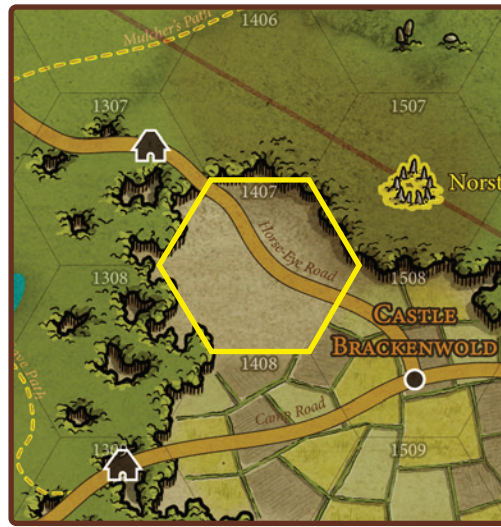
Clouds of black midges buzz overhead, making periodic dive attacks.

The Edge of the Wood

The flat plains and farmlands that surround Castle Brackenwold (visible upon a hill about ten miles to the southeast) give way to the great forest, 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 northwest corner of this hex.

The Wenchgate: It is at the point where the road enters the forest that a curious landmark—a natural gateway, known as the “Wenchgate”—stands astride the road.



The Wenchgate

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 which 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 can be seen, peering down at travellers.

Greetings: It is common for the faces of the Wenchgate to speak, addressing travellers with their own names, in the common Woldish tongue, and wishing them well within the eaves of the forest. They are willing to make pleasant smalltalk about the weather and such, but will merely smile silently if asked any questions.

Origins: The name “Wenchgate” presumably originates with the local name for dryads—“wood wenches”.

TODO: Illustration

1408—MORIGGAN'S CRAG

Tithelands — Farmland — Lost 1-in-6 — Encounters 1-in-6

Cheery, windswept fields of crops and scarecrows. Utterly flat, aside from a single gigantic rock.

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 both 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 all menfolk 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 men).

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. (The produce of which 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 some 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 the style of old Drunic magic: *charm person*, *magic missile* (manifests as a streak of green flame), *wizard lock*.

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.

Summer Solstice

Upon the eve of the summer solstice (the 18th of Chy-sting), local people build fires atop the Crag and dance through the night. The cragwardens' watchfulness is lax, at best, on this evening.

Cragwardens

AC 7 [12], HD 1, Att 1 × ceremonial boar spear (1d8) or 1 × shortsword (1d6), THAC0 19 [0], MV 120' (40'), SV D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (1), ML 8, AL Lawful, XP 10

TODO: Illustration