

0506—THE STONE OF REPENTANCE

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

Lonely pinewoods punctuated with granite outcroppings. A moaning wind pervades.

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 Moaning Sphere

An area of flat, windswept, marsh 100 yards wide separates Lake Longmere from the woods. At the centre of this sedge-dotted strand is a 10' sphere of granite.

Moaning wind: The sphere is the source of the moaning wind that pervades this hex. It reaches near-maddening intensity as one approaches the stone.

Runes: The sphere is carved with a runic inscription identical to that found on the summerstones (see *The Ring of Chell*, p22.)

False summerstone: The Drune placed this stone here as a distraction for those who might seek out Drodh.

Destroying the sphere: Can be accomplished by powerful magic (e.g. disintegration). Should this occur, the moaning wind will reach a shattering crescendo, and an illusory procession of spectral frost elf knights will appear at the lakeshore. The knights will march solemnly into the woods, brandishing banners and unearthly weapons while falsely proclaiming the return of the Cold Prince in icy, malevolent voices. PCs returning to the hex on a subsequent day will find the sphere back in its place, unscathed.



The Summerstone Drodh (Hidden)

A ring of dolmens stands in a clearing atop a 40' high crag. At the centre of the ring is the 15' high stone of black basalt called Drodh, the Stone of Repentance. (See *The Ring of Chell*, 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.

Fleshy covering: The dolmens encircling the summerstone are covered with a thin layer of

pustules and gore. This is the physical form of the **Audrune Rigmirth**, the guardian of Drodh.

Entering the ring of dolmens: Awakens Rigmirth.

Powers of the summerstone: Anyone who sets eyes upon the summerstone must **save versus spells**. If the saving throw is failed, upon leaving the area the character has no memory of what occurred there or of having ever seen the place.

The Audrune Rigmirth

The audrune exists in a bizarre, occult symbiosis with the stones of this glade, his skin and organs stretched across the surfaces of the megaliths surrounding Drodh. If intruders enter the circle, Rigmirth can cause the stones to rip out of the ground, combining into the form of a gargantuan golem-like creature (15' tall) of stretched skin and rune-bound stone.

AC 0 [19], HD 10* (46hp), Att 2 × fists (3d6) or 1 × spell, THACO 11 [+8], MV 90' (30'), SV D6 W7 P8 B8 S10 (10), ML 10, AL Neutral, XP 1,600

Invulnerability: Can only be harmed by magic.

Damage reduction: Suffers half damage from (magical) slashing or piercing weapons.

Spells: *Charm person, charm monster, dispel magic, death spell, disintegrate, hold person, invisible stalker.*

Treasures: Embedded in the audrune's flesh are a ring of rose quartz (*ring of protection +1*—see *Old-School Essentials*), a platinum torc (350 gp), and a silver-plated finger bone (grants the ability to detect witches while held tightly in the palm).

TODO: Illustration

0510—THE LAIR OF THE BICORNE

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

Rugged, broken ground choked with brambles and smashed trunks. Ruined buildings collapsed into ditches.

The Pit

Near the northwest corner of the hex is a redwood tree that appears to have been ripped from the earth by giant hands. Beneath it is a great deep pit that reeks of blood and carrion. Within the pit lairs an ancient monster known as **the Bicorne**.

Descending the pit: The pit itself is sheer-sided and 70 feet deep. Each character entering the pit has a 1-in-6 chance of waking the Bicorne (see below).

Mushrooms: The base of the pit is carpeted with mushrooms of two species: speckled sporange (see pXXX) and purple nightcap (see pXXX). 2d20 decent specimens of each can be gathered.

The lair: At one side, a rough, 50' long chamber is burrowed out, most of which is filled with old bones.

The Bicorne: Lies in this chamber in a nearly dormant state, belching forth contagion and nightmares.



At Night

There is a 2-in-6 chance of encountering a hunting party of **2d6 sleepwalking shorthorns** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*) in the woods of this hex.

Sleepwalkers: The somnambulant shorthorns are hunting for sentient beings to capture and bring to the lair of the Bicorne, having been roused by the monster's enchanted whisper.

Captured sacrifices: Will be tossed into the Bicorne's pit where the beast proceeds to shred them in psychic agony.

TODO: Illustration

The Bicorne

A beast of fey origin with the body of a bull, the legs of a boar, and a head that combines the worst aspects of both into a tusked and horned monstrosity.

AC 2 [17], **HD** 10* (68hp), **Att** [1 × tusk/horn (2d8), 1 × tail/flank (1d10)] or **breath**, **THACO** 11 [+8], **MV** 140' (45'), **SV** D6 W7 P8 B8 S10 (10), **ML** 10, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 1,600

Mundane weapons: Do only 1 hp damage to it; pure iron weapons do full damage.

Cloud breath: Three times a day. The Bicorne may belch out a miasmic cloud of nightmarish misery. All within 90' must **save versus breath** or be paralysed for 9 turns.

Treasure: Buried among the bones and detritus of the lair, accumulated over many centuries, are: 5,676gp, 6,332sp, 10,099cp; a mouldy spell book. Half of the spells are still readable: *hold portal*, *floating disc*, *ESP*, *haste*; a shiny silver shield +2, somewhat dented, engraved with narwhals—the wielder gains the ability to speak with whales; an ornate bronze casket, locked, studded with opals (1,500gp)—inside is a heap of earth from a witch's grave; a silver locket (100gp) with a portrait of a long-deceased longhorn noblewoman.

0703—THE RUINS OF MIDGEWARROW

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

Trunks swollen and blistered, weeping orange sap. A drear quietude pervades.

Ley Line Hoad

Hoad, “the line of birthing”, passes through this hex. Arcane spell-casters perceive the feeling of having just awoken from a dream.

The Old Road

A track that was once a road, now overgrown with bracken and slender birches.

Warning signs: Half a mile from the centre of the hex (in both directions) a series of boulders beside the trail are painted with crosses and skulls, now faded with age. These markings forewarn travellers of the vicinity of the plague town.

Midgewarrow

At the centre of the hex stand the remnants of the ghost town Midgewarrow, abandoned for two centuries after the place was stricken by plague and shunned by all.

Ruins: The ruined town is now reclaimed by the forest: stone walls crumbling and clad with vines, moss, and rotting fungi. In this state, it is difficult to discern the purposes of any of the buildings.

The white tower: One structure, however, stands in its original form, unmarred by neglect and the passing of the centuries: a white tower in the centre of the ruined town.

Searching the ruins: Characters may discover an arched tunnel, lined with candle sconces (now covered in moss), leading down to a pair of still-locked wooden doors. Behind lies the chapel of St Eggort.

The Chapel of St Eggort

A vaulted crypt with hundreds of candle sconces carved from the stone of its walls.

Statue of St Eggort: A lifesize rendering of the saint in simple grey sandstone. Eggort is depicted in a hooded robe, head bowed, holding a candle aloft.

Prayer: A cleric or friar of the One True God who prays for 1 hour receives the blessing of St Eggort: the ability to cast *continual light* once within the next 24 hours.



The White Tower

A square tower of pristine white marble with a silver pennant fluttering at its summit.

Approaching: The tower emits a loud boom if anyone draws near.

Door: The black oak door is *wizard locked* (by a 7th level caster).

Windows: Of an enchanted glass, unbreakable by mundane means.

Interior floors: A procession of four storeys of utterly empty (but perfectly clean) chambers lead, via a winding stair, to a magically locked door (*wizard locked* by a 7th level caster). The door prevents entry to the upper floor

which consists of a single room—a bedchamber in which a woman rests in enchanted sleep. (See *The Bedchamber*.)

History: Those versed in the history of Dolmenwood (e.g. the *Lady Harrowmoor*, pXXX) may be familiar with the tower and its former inhabitants (see *Origins*).

The Bedchamber

A beautifully furnished bedchamber at the summit of the tower. Not a speck of dust can be found on any of the carpets, tapestries, or furniture; it is as if the room had been meticulously cleaned only an hour ago.

Sleeping beauty: Sleeping in the bed is a young woman with long, black hair laid neatly in plaits upon her pillow. If she is examined, purple welts on her wrists, hands, ankles, and bare feet may be noted.

Enchantment: An enchantment of temporal stasis is about her (and the whole tower). It may be broken by use of *dispel magic* or with a kiss.

If the enchantment is broken: Awakens the woman—named Merwyth—but also the plague which destroyed the town. Unless cured, Merwyth will perish within a month, and PCs who fail a **save versus death** will also contract the disease. The referee may elaborate the details of the plague as required.

Origins: Merwyth, is the daughter of the wizard Hodrych who lived in this tower long ago. Fleeing the plague, he placed his daughter under a protective spell, hoping to return with a cure for the illness. As fate would have it, he perished in Dolmenwood and never returned.

0803—THE TOLL BRIDGE AND SNARKSCORN'S CAMP

Nagwood — Thorny Forest — Lost 3-in-6 — Encounters 3-in-6

Trees blackened, twisted, and dripping with ochre slimes, becoming more severe in the southeast of the hex.

Ley Line Hoad

Hoad, “the line of birthing”, passes through this hex. Arcane spell-casters perceive the feeling of having just awoken from a dream.

Encounters

Random encounters here are 50% likely to be with **2d4 crookhorns** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*) under the command of **Captain Snarkscorn**.

The Toll Bridge

An arched wooden bridge, 6' wide and 30' long, spans the slippery banks of Quogg's Creek. The bridge is aged and covered in moss, but is quite stable.

Guards: At any time of the day, the bridge is guarded by **1d12 crookhorns** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*). These bridge-wards are under the command of Captain Snarkscorn and return to his encampment at night.

River toll: Boats are required to moor at the south bank, where tree trunks have been driven into the mud, or be attacked with bows and slings. They will not be allowed to depart until a “docking charge” of 2d20sp per crew member is paid to the crookhorns.

Bridge toll: Foot travellers wishing to traverse the bridge are also taxed, at 2d20sp per head. The crookhorns are also likely to attempt to simply rob travellers on foot whom they clearly outnumber.

The Camp of Captain Snarkscorn

Three-hundred yards to the south of the bridge is an unruly encampment of **60 crookhorns**—soldiers under the command of a brute known as **Captain Snarkscorn**.

Daytime: During the day, most of the camp's inhabitants may be found sprawled in net-hammocks and beds of reed-straw.

Nighttime: At night, they dance and cavort around great bonfires, drinking caustic brews of mugwort and fishbone and tormenting any humans that they have managed to lay their hands upon (2-in-6 chance of 1d6 having prisoners in their clutches).

The pavilion: In the centre of the encampment is a whitish, blood-stained pavilion where the Captain makes his lair. It is guarded at all times by **4 of the toughest crookhorns** (maximum hit points).



The Captain's Pavilion

Prisoner: A human woman, chained to the tentpole.

Desk: A writing desk stacked with plans and maps.

Bed: A luxurious (but filthy) four-poster bed. Beneath the bed, concealed in a pit beneath a rug, is a large chest containing:

- An angry **pit viper** (12hp, see *Old School Essentials*. Roll for surprise!)
- 1,784gp, 984sp, 2,321cp.
- A spiralling black horn, slick with a stinking oil. Licking the oil brings on a psychedelic trance lasting 1d4 hours, wherein one

may communicate with the **Nag-Lord, Atanuwe** (see pXXX). Those who are not under Atanuwe's direct command must **save versus spells** or become permanently insane.

- A fist-sized aquamarine (5,500gp).

Captain Snarkscorn

A lanky, froth-mouthed goatman dressed in rag-tag plate mail with a huge wooden shield (a repurposed barn door). Snarkscorn is stationed here to guard the Nag-Lord's court against attack from the west.

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

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

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

AC 3 [16], **HD** 6+4* (40hp), **Att** 1 × butt (1d6+3 + disease), 1 × battleaxe (1d8+3), **THACO** 13 [+6], **MV** 120' (40'), **SV** D10 W11 P12 B13 S14 (6), **ML** 10, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 650

Disease: Anyone who comes into close contact with Snarkscorn (including being butted) must **save versus poison** or be afflicted by a nasty infection (see crookhorn in the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*).

War-horn: The captain carries a great war-horn around his neck which he can sound to summon **1d6 harpies** (see *Old-School Essentials*)—servants of the Nag-Lord—to his aid in 1d4 rounds.

0903—THE BESEIGED NODAL

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

Boggy woods of wind-bent pine, riddled with small streams and islets. A purplish tinge pervades the air.

Ley Line Lamm

Lamm, “the line of woe”, passes through this hex. Arcane spell-casters perceive the sensation of being observed by a pitiless malevolence.

Tenkystone

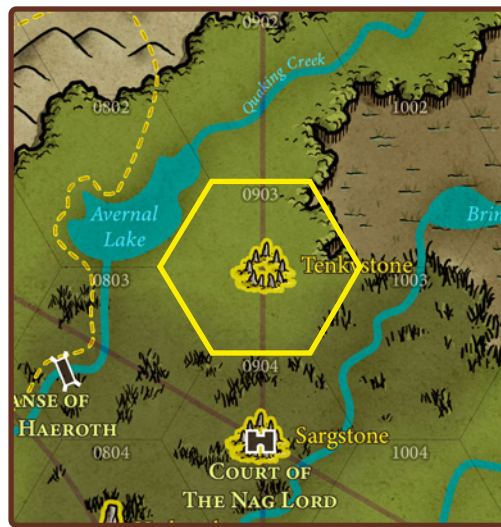
At the centre of a sodden hollow, in a glade ringed with elder, the nodal Tenkystone stands.

Appearance: Tenkystone is an obelisk of white, sandy stone, 15’ tall, inlaid with silvery runes.

Touching the stone: Summons forth its power: a white mist rises from the soil, enveloping all within 10’. All in the mist must **save vs death** or perish. Any who survive may ask a question about the future. The referee should answer each character’s question with what seems the most likely course of events.

Guardians of the stone: Tenkystone is guarded by the Audrune Jhaelloch and his wicker giant.

The siege: The Audrune and the stone are currently under siege by a horde sent by the Nag-Lord two weeks ago. The stone is attacked approximately one night in three. So far, the Audrune has held off the attackers, but his defences are becoming precarious and could be toppled at any time.



The Nag-Lord’s Horde

Lurking in the periphery of Tenkystone, harrying the Audrune.

Daytime: 1d4 harpies (see *Old School Essentials*) and 2d4 crook-horns (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*) lounging in the branches.

Nighttime: Creeping towards the nodal stone are 1d4 harpies, 3d4 crookhorns, and 1d4 harridans (depraved ogre witches who serve the Nag-Lord; treat as ogres—see *Old-School Essentials*—with the ability to cast: *ventriloquism*, *mirror image*, *fly*).

Aim: To slay or drive away the Audrune and his wicker giant, then to perform a binding ritual on Tenkystone, bringing it under Atanuwe’s yoke.

Giant Trident

The harridans have speared a great 7-pronged trident of pockmarked meteoric iron into the earth along the course of Lamm, 200 yards south of Tenkystone.

Bleeding earth: Black ooze seeps from the “wound”, like blood.

Astral interference: The harridans’ trident stymies Jhaelloch’s use of Lamm to escape or communicate with his brethren.

The Audrune Jhaelloch

A small, scrawny man with greyish, wrinkled skin, hawkish nose, and wan blue eyes. He dresses in the traditional night-black cloak and hood of his order. Currently wears a woolen scarf around his ears, to block out the song of the harpies that assail him.

Demeanour: Agitated, defensive, suspicious. Unlike his usually taciturn fellow Drune, he will respond if engaged in conversation, owing to his current predicament.

Desires: To break the siege on Tenkystone. To contact his brethren for aid.

Bargain: Promises the gratitude of the Drune to any who will help him defeat the horde or inform his brethren of his plight. (Directs PCs to the Audrune Hermanach in hex 0804.)

Combat stats: Audrune (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*). Astral interference makes his spells 50% likely to fail when cast.

The Wicker Giant

A 12’ tall wicker man with a green flame flickering at its heart. In the gaps between the willow sticks that comprise it, charred bones, including crookhorn skulls, are visible.

AC 7 [12], HD 8* (48hp), Att 2 × fists (1d10), THACO 12 [+7], MV 120’ (40’), SV D8 W9 P10 B11 S12 (8), ML 12, AL Neutral, XP 1,200

Swallow: An opponent hit by both fists in the same round will be swallowed. Swallowed victims can attack the wicker giant from inside, but suffer 2d6 damage per round from the green fire in its chest.

1002—THE BELCHING POOLS AND BRINEMERE

Fever Marsh — Bog — Lost 2-in-6 — Encounters 2-in-6

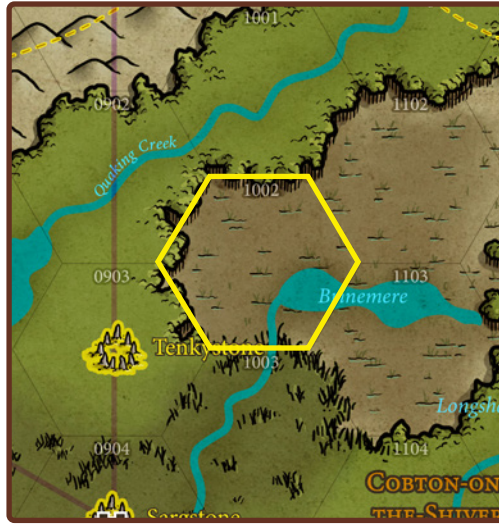
Rotting reeds; stinking, tarry pools. Drifting, yellowish fog. Belching periodically breaks the silence.

Foraging

Characters successfully foraging in this hex have a 3-in-6 chance of finding 1d3 portions of marsh-wick seeds (see *Mushrooms and Herbs* in the *Dolmenwood Player's Book*), in addition to the normal foraging results.

The Belching Pools

This hex is dotted with hot pools, bubbling yellow with sulphur. The mud banks that surround them are prone to belching, as gases rise from the earth.



Thorny Scrub

The southeastern corner of the hex is carpeted up to knee-height with a scrub of wiry, black-stemmed bushes covered in vicious thorns. Passage is laborious and painful.

Carrion storks: The air is filled with the wretched cawing of the hundreds of carrion storks that nest at the western edge of Brinemere, protected by the thorn scrubs behind.

Lichen nests: The storks' nests are clad with a violet lichen known as horridwort (see pXXX). Collecting a portion of the lichen requires fighting off 1d4 carrion storks.

TODO: Illustration

Brinemere

At the centre of the thorny region lies the salt-sludge of Brinemere. The surface of the lake is patched with a crust of pure white salt crystals; its grey waters are lifeless and offensively salty.

Carrion Storks

4' tall, ragged, black-feathered storks that feed on carrion, favouring succulent eyeballs. They are usually fearful of humanoids, but may attack the vulnerable-looking, tempted by fresh eyeballs.

AC 7 [12], HD 1*, Att 1 × beak (1d4 + eye peck), THACO 19 [0], MV 120' (40') flying, SV D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (1), ML 7, AL Neutral, XP 13

Eye peck: On an unmodified attack roll of 20, the stork has pecked out and guzzled down an eyeball.

1003—AN AWFUL, BLACK SLIME

Nagwood — Thorny Forest — Lost 3-in-6 — Encounters 3-in-6

Everything is coated in a horrid, viscous, black slime. The place reeks of syrup.

Encounters

Encounters here are 2-in-6 likely to be with **black tentacles** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*).

Foraging

Characters successfully foraging in this hex will find 1d3 portions of grue's ear (see **Mushrooms and Herbs** in the *Dolmenwood Player's Book*) and 1d2 portions of goatman's goblet (see pXXX), in addition to the normal foraging results.

The Black Slime

Thickly coats everything in this hex, from the muddy ground to the leaves of the trees to the surface of the languid and putrid River Shub.

Odour: The slime is the source of the sickly, syrupy aroma that permeates this stretch of wood.

Taste: An awful combination of acrid and syrupy sweet. Only the strong of stomach can resist vomiting, after touching this stuff onto the tongue.

Sticky: The slime is oily and hard to wash off without soap.

Foetal Fruits

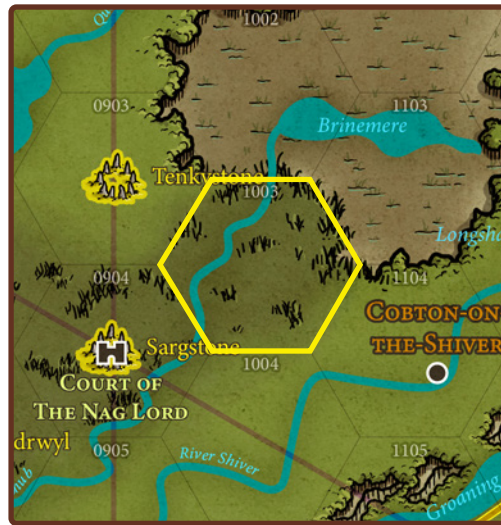
Oddly-shaped fruits can be seen among the boughs of the trees, beneath the slick of the black slime.

Foetus shaped: The fruits look like curled, humanoid fetuses, 8" long, attached to the trees by rubbery cords.

Clearing the slime: Beneath the slime, the fruits' foetus-like appearance increases. They really appear to be human fetuses, but their malformed eyes are bulbous and black.

Plucking the fruits: The tree sighs; the cord oozes a pink goo. The foetus-fruit moves around gently, but goes still and dies after an hour.

Eating: The foetus-fruits are filled with succulent pink jelly. They have restorative properties, curing 1 hit point per whole fruit consumed. The creature doing so must **save versus spells** or be cursed to henceforth view human babies as the most ravishing delicacy.



The Shrine to St Faxis (Hidden)

A pool of the black slime has gathered in a hollow, a slime-coated cross protruding at the centre.

The cross: Marks the summit of the erstwhile shrine to St Faxis the penitent, now submerged in the pool of slime.

The shrine: A round building of stacked river stones, piled to a point.

Inside: The stone altar remains in the centre of the single chamber, but the relics and icons of the shrine were looted long ago.

Prayer: If the shrine is recovered from the slime and a statue of St Faxis placed upon the altar, a cleric or friar of the One True God who prays for 1 hour receives the blessing of St Faxis: the ability to cast *protection from evil*, 10' radius once within the next 24 hours.

TODO: Illustration

1005—SHUB'S FINGER AND STIRGE ISLE

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

Hushed oak woods. Birds and small mammals are markedly scarce. Periodic groaning on the air.

Encounters

Encounters here are 2-in-6 likely to be with **1d4 stirge-owls**.

Shub's Finger

Close to the western side of this hex, a small, rustic-looking pathway forks off from Swinney Road and leads south into the woods.

Signpost: At the junction stands an old wooden signpost (known to local folk as “Shub’s finger”), propped up against the stump of a dead elm.

Odd place names: The sign indicates a different imaginary destination each time PCs pass this way (roll 1d6: 1. The Devil’s Mill, 2. Snablesby, 3. Court of the Warbelowe, 4. Snankton-by-Water, 5. Castle Wrackenbold, 6. Little Chittering). The referee may invent further imaginary place names, if PCs pass this way often.

Following the path: None of the indicated places exist; the path simply leads into the deep woods of hex 1006.

Damaging the signpost: Will amount to naught; it reappears intact the following morn.

Stirge Isle

The accursed isle of the **stirge-owls** wards the western end of the Groaning Loch, at the point where it begins to narrow, feeding into Sinkhole Creek.

Appearance: 900 yards long, 100 yards wide. Steep, rocky sides, 50’ high, slick with damp weeds. Topped with gloomy firs.

Stirge-owls: The isle is the nesting ground of around **60 stirge-owls**, which will swoop down to attack trespassers upon the isle or those who pass by at night.

The Isle in Springtime

In the springtime, the isle is frequented by **night-boars** (stats as boars—see *Old School Essentials*—but can only be harmed by magic). These gelatinous grazers leave their usual habitat in the near-astral to mate upon Stirge Isle.

Mating calls: The bellowing of the night-boars can be heard for a mile around, at times spooking the stirge-owls.

Foraging: After the night-boars have courted, their sticky, luminescent seminal fluid can be found dripping from rocks and tree trunks. Characters successfully foraging on Stirge Isle will find 2d6 doses of the stuff—known as frisk (see pXXX)—in addition to the normal foraging results.



Groaning Caves

The cliffs at the Loch’s shallower western end are pocked with deep caves. Waves lapping in the gaping cave mouths cause the groaning sounds that are heard throughout this hex.

The Shrine in the Cliffs (Hidden)

As one navigates the currents of the Groaning Loch just beyond Stirge Isle, an overgrown ledge and the hint of a ruined stairway descending to it may be seen close to the summit of the southern cliff.

Hidden shrine: The thorn bushes on this ledge conceal a grotto in which a shrine to St Hollyhock the jubilant is located. The dilapidated wooden shrine is utterly overrun with shrubbery, fungi, and bats, but the idol itself is intact.

Statue of St Hollyhock: 3’ tall, carved in black marble, depicts the saint in bishop’s robes and mitre, smiling beneficently and holding a hearty loaf in his hands.

Prayer: If the shrine is purged of the brush, mould, and vermin, a cleric or friar of the One True God who prays for 1 hour receives the blessing of St Hollyhock: the ability to cast *resist fire* once within the next 24 hours.

Stirge-Owls

3’ tall, white owls with wickedly curved beaks and moon-like eyes without pupils. They eat human(oid) flesh, especially favouring that of children and infants.

AC 6 [13], **HD** 1+1*, **Att** 1 × beak (1d4), 2 × rending claws (1d3), **THACO** 18 [+1], **MV** 180’ (60’) flying, **SV** D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (1), **ML** 8, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 19

When first harmed in combat: A stirge-owl lets out a bone-chilling screech. The one who harmed it must **save vs spells (with a +2 bonus)**. If the save fails, the subject is cursed to lose one point of WIS per day, going utterly insane when WIS reaches 2 or less. *Remove curse* or *dispel evil* will halt and reverse this process.

Devour flesh: Enter into a feeding frenzy, when left undisturbed with a fresh kill. The corpse will be stripped to the bone within minutes.

1010—THE HOUSE OF THE HARRIDWN

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

Tall, sighing birches, bored with beetle holes. A profusion of busy ants and their mounds.

Crossroads and Signpost

At the crossroads of the Ditchway and Harrid's Path, an old signpost indicates the following: "N: Hag's Addle, S: The House of the Harridwn (Lodging), E: Dreg (Ferry), W: Lankshorn (Lankston)".

The House of the Harridwn (Inn)

About three miles along the narrow, lesser-used Harrid's Path, travellers will come upon a small, homely inn standing at the side of the trail. A meagre and somewhat forlorn barn adjoins it.

Sign: A horde of welcoming children dressed as pages, in maroon livery.

Sole guests: The inn is little frequented; it is likely that adventurers who enter will be the only guests.

Common room: Cramped but cosy, with a roaring fire in the small, ironwork hearth, in colder months.

Bigger on the inside: The guest rooms are situated along a winding hallway up a wonky, creaky stair. Here something curious may be noted: there are seemingly dozens of guest rooms, occupying far more space than the inn's apparent size, when viewed from outside.

Behind the barn: Especially curious PCs may discover a glade of gravestones behind the barn. Several bear the name Occland, but graves for Tom, Mildred, and Greta Rumbelow are also present.



Nightly Hauntings

The guest rooms of the inn are haunted by the ghosts of several children, who may be encountered during the night (as the referee wishes).

Tom Rumbelow: A small boy rolling marbles down the hallway.

Mildred Rumbelow: A coquetish, teenaged waif knocking on doors.

Greta Rumbelow: An infant, failing repeatedly to climb the stairs and bawling in frustration.

The ghosts' origin: Is left intentionally mysterious. The referee may elaborate as necessary.

The Shrine to St Ponch (Hidden)

In the northwest corner of the hex, 200 yards from the Ditchway, a valley overgrown with towering nodules of slimy black fungus conceals a shrine to St Ponch the prudent, patron saint of whalers and castaways.

Black fungus: The species of fungus that dominates the valley is known locally as hob's lewd (pXXX), and is feared for its role in fairy tales, wherein it is said to flourish at sites where goblins have cavorted.

The shrine: A simple wooden porch (now rotten and slimy) above the statue. The whole structure is submerged in the mass of fungus.

Statue of St Ponch: A 2' high statue of white marble, depicting the saint as an old bearded man, bedraggled with seafoam and holding a whaling hook in one hand and a basket of scones in the other.

Prayer: If the shrine is cleared, a cleric or friar of the One True God who prays for 1 hour receives the blessing of St Ponch: the ability to cast *create food* once within the next 24 hours.

Mallowyn and Trellayde Occland — The Landladies

Almost identical elderly sisters with bright blue eyes and flowing, silver hair. Dressed in tidy knitwear.

Demeanour (Neutral): Welcoming but enigmatic. Eyes twinkling with youthful mischief.

Speech: Shrill, wavering, punctuated with cackles.

Desires: Love to hear new songs and tales of daring.

Information: If inquiries are made regarding the ghostly children, the landladies claim that they are here with another guest, Mr Rumbelow. There is no sign of him or his children, in daylight hours.

Services at the Inn

Common lodgings and food: See the *Dolmenwood Player's Book*. Only one (tiny and quaintly appointed) private room is available; all other rooms are shared.

Specialities: Buttered currant buns for 3cp each; local ale ("Hameth Foam") for 1sp a pint.

1304—THE HALL OF SLEEP

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

Craggs of sandstone eroded (carved?) into outré forms like gesturing hands. A cool wind blows from the Loch.

Foraging

Characters successfully foraging in this hex will find 1d6 portions of fenob (see the *Dolmenwood Player's Book*), in addition to the normal foraging results.

The Groaning Loch

Waters: Fathomless, cold, and unquiet.

Northern bank: The waves of the Loch lap against forlorn beaches of black shingle.

Southern bank: Steep granite cliffs, 50 yards high, dwindling towards the east.



The Manor Road

A narrow gravel road connects Lochsbreth Road with the Hall of Sleep.

Lined with poplars: Even on the cheeriest day, the deep shadow beneath the looming trees that line the road conjures a sinister and paranoid atmosphere.

Approaching the manor: The road ends at a gate in the hulking, redbrick walls that enclose the manor grounds. Through the wrought iron, one can see the manse slumbering amid its rambling gardens.

Guards: The gate and grounds are watched by 2d4 **sleep-wardens**. Only visitors with a written invitation are granted entry.

The Hall of Sleep

The seat of the noble House Guillefer, secluded lords of the northern reaches of central Dolmenwood.

Grounds: Gardens of exotic, flowering shrubs, little brooks and bridges, pagan statuary, and dreamy idylls. The whole place is infused with a sleepy, dreamlike atmosphere.

The daydreaming pond: A wide, placid pool lies at the foot of the manor house, dotted with lily pads and (in warmer months) buzzing with dragonflies. Pergolas and clusters of seats surround the pond.

The manse: The Hall itself is a long, low structure of red wood, overbrimming with white marble gargoyles in the form of cavorting forest spirits.

Interior: Three floors of hushed, airy halls of polished wood. Every room features a bed. Scents of cedar and sandalwood permeate. Furnishings are sparse but luxurious. Despite a distinct lack of people, the place feels content, if somewhat melancholic.

Inhabitants: The nobles of House Guillefer (mostly asleep). A total of 20 **sleep-wardens**. Seemingly, a mere handful of servants cater to the manor's needs. Among the servants is a middle-aged lady's maid, **Sadewyn Gallbucket** (see pXXX), who is secretly one of the high-priestesses of the witches of Dolmenwood.

Visitors: Are not welcomed, and are constantly hushed by the servants. The lords of the Hall are reclusive and invariably indisposed.

The Nobles of House Guillefer

The dozen nobles of the Hall take turns in ruling. When not thus engaged, they sleep.

Sleeping nobles: The nobles sleep on the upper floor of the Hall, in a maze of bed chambers, each guarded by a **sleep-warden**. Their sleep is enchanted—they slumber for decades and do not age. The servants feed them fortified mead while they dream.

Rulership shifts: Each noble rules until one of their relatives wakes up and wanders bleary-eyed into the study to relieve their duty.

The current lord: House Guillefer is currently ruled by **Lord Edwin Guillefer** (see pXXX).

Sleep-Wardens

The honoured guard of the Hall of Sleep, clad in ornamental plate mail painted with blue flowers. Tasked to rebuff unwanted visitors and protect the sleeping nobles.

AC 2 [17], HD 1 (4hp), Att 1 × weapon (1d8 or by weapon), THACO 19 [0], MV 60' (20'), SV D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (1), ML 9, AL Lawful, XP 10

► **Wand of sleep:** The leader of each watch carries a *wand of sleep* (effects as the magic-user spell *sleep*) with 7 charges. All wardens are trained to use it.

1404—THE MERROVORE AND THE GLARING PYLON

Aldweald — Boggy Forest — Lost 3-in-6 — Encounters 3-in-6

Forlorn tracks and fern-filled glades, dotted with milk-white, climbing vines.

Ley Line Ywyr

Ywyr, “the line of ravens”, passes through this hex. Arcane spell-casters perceive the distant moaning of the dead.

Encounters

Random encounters in this hex are 2-in-6 likely to be with the merrovore.

Foraging

Characters successfully foraging in this hex will find 2d6 portions of the climbing vine known as black clover (see pXXX), in addition to the normal foraging results.



Tentacle Heaps

Any who wander through this hex will come across piles of bloody, writhing tentacles in the shapes of humans or animals.

Alive: The things seem vaguely alive, but do not move of their own accord, apart from the writhing.

Victims of the merrovore: These wretched things are all that remains of those who have encountered the merrovore.

The Lair of the Merrovore (Hidden)

A pool of viscous, black fluid, almost completely opaque, about 20' wide and 12' deep.

The merrovore: The monster comes to this pool to sleep, submerging itself completely in the fluid. There is a 2-in-6 chance of it being present when the pool is discovered.

The black cube: The merrovore guards a 2' cube of black metal, at the bottom of the pool. If touched by an arcane spell-caster, the cube opens, revealing the monster's treasure (listed under *The Merrovore*).

The Glaring Pylon (Hidden)

A gargantuan, granite pylon stands amid a tangle of black-thorn and brambles.

Appearance: The pylon is square, 100 yards high, and 10 yards across at the base.

The glaring eyes: At the top of the pylon (invisible from the forest floor) are carved four horrid eyes (one per side), glaring out at the sky. One who sees any of the eyes must **save versus spells** or be struck blind for 1d6 days, their sight blotted out by a vision of the awful, glaring eye.

Witches' rituals: This is the locus of Hasturiel Thrice-Crowned, a deity of the witches (see pXXX). On any given night, there is a 2-in-6 chance of **1d6 brides of Hasturiel** (see witches in the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*) conducting a ritual here.

Solstices and equinoxes: On nights at the turning of the seasons, the pylon blazes with blue flame and **4d6 brides of Hasturiel** worship here. Anyone who touches the flaming pylon gains the ability to shift into another form (per *polymorph self*) for up to 24 hours.

The Merrovore

A lithe, deer-like body (10' tall to the shoulder), covered in shaggy, white fur, with cat-like paws and a seven-thonged tail. In its face is a single, crazed eye—deep red—and a slaverling, toothed maw. The merrovore stalks the wood in this hex, gurgling and mumbling, tracking by scent.

AC 5 [14], **HD** 8* (43hp), **Att** 1 × bite (2d6), 2 × claws (1d6), 1 × tail whip (1d8), **THACO** 12 [+7], **MV** 180' (60'), **SV** D8 **W9** **P10** **B10** **S12** (8), **ML** 10, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 1,200

Aggressive: Attacks all it encounters (aside from witches, whom it cannot see or smell).

Surprise: Anyone surprised by the merrovore automatically meets its gaze.

Mimicry: Tauntingly mimics victims' voices.

In melee: All in melee with the merrovore must **save versus petrify** each round or meet its gaze.

Gaze: The unfortunate victim is transformed into a writhing mass of tentacles. (This is fatal.)

Averting eyes: −4 penalty to attack rolls. The merrovore gains a +2 bonus to attack rolls.

Treasure: Inside the black cube which the merrovore guards are: 36 diamonds (200gp each), a spell book (*hold portal, light, detect invisible, locate object, dispel magic, lightning bolt, dimension door*), and a black silk robe (acts as a *displacer cloak*).

1409—THE STINKING MAUSOLEUM

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

Beech and hazel, the ground littered with nut husks. The stench of carrion pervades the whole hex.

The Stinking Mausoleum

Travellers can follow their noses to the source of the stench: a circle of collapsed, stone buildings.

Symbol: The motif of an eye ringed with thorns is carved repeatedly into the ruined stone.

Tiled courtyard: Inside the circle of the ruined walls and buildings, the ground is paved with white tile, now chipped and greying with age, and pocked with errant trees.

Stairs: A single stairway can be spied, in the middle of the courtyard, free of the rubble of the ruins. It leads down into the dark of the crypts.



The Crypts

The courtyard stairway leads down to a network of cramped, dripping tunnels, buzzing with flies.

Stench: The carrion reek intensifies. Characters who do not mask the odour somehow suffer –1 to attack rolls.

Echoes: Gasps and moans can be heard sporadically in the tunnels, echoing from a larger hall somewhere deeper in the crypts.

The central hall: The tunnels converge on a circular hall, 200' in diameter, with a domed roof of cracked, pink porcelain.

Treasures: A glittering mound of coins and other treasures is piled up in the centre of the hall.

The Descendant: Sprawled across the mound of treasure, gasping and lolling, is a giant and hideous being: **the Descendant**. If disturbed by light or words, it will rise and cast its malevolent, rotting gaze upon those who intrude upon its rest.

The Descendant

A 20' tall, roughly humanoid agglomeration of disinterred skeletons in a perpetual equilibrium of growth and decay, its maggot-riddled flesh slowly regenerating over the bones, animated by a lust for living flesh to meld with itself. While not sentient, the thing gurgles and gasps out occasional syllables in Old Woldish ("rend", "flesh", "bone").

AC 6 [13], HD 9* (54hp), Att 2 × clawed hands (1d10), 1 × maw (2d6), THACO 12 [+7], MV 120' (40'), SV D8 W9 P10 B10 S12 (9), ML 9, AL Chaotic, XP 1,600

Stench: The source of the carrion stench. Characters who do not mask the odour somehow suffer a –2 penalty to attack rolls.

Undead: Immune to effects that affect living creatures (e.g. poison). Immune to mind-affecting or mind-reading spells (e.g. *charm*, *hold*, *sleep*).

Regeneration: 1hp per round, even when reduced to 0hp or less.

Kill it with Fire: Cannot regenerate fire damage.

Treasure: The Descendant lies sprawled atop the piled goods of the crypts: coins marked with the King of Brackenwold (2,000sp, 3,000gp); six ruby-studded, bronze torcs (500gp each); a twisted, ebony staff, capped with gold (allows a divine spellcaster to cast *darkness* once per day, but carries a curse that causes the owner to only be able to cast reversed spells).

TODO: Illustration