

0206—MAIDENHEAD PRIORY

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

Decrepit woodland, the ground littered with fallen trees and rotting branches. Many insects creep and tickle.

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.)

Maidenhead Priory

This crumbling ruin derives its name from the great feminine bust half-buried near its entrance (the remnant of a larger statue of St. Gretchen). From a distance, the priory ruins appear to pulse and undulate, as if alive.

History: The ruin was once a priory, established to house and supply pilgrims who would come to this region to dissuade those seeking death at Droun Loch (hex 0407). It was a place of mercy and hope, but terrible decades have left it in a lesser state.

Blanket of Beetles

Coming closer, it becomes clear that the creeping movement of the crumbling walls is caused by their being wholly enveloped by a twitching blanket of black beetles.

Painful shrilling: If PCs approach or enter the priory, the insects will begin a terrible, incessant shrilling that inflicts 1hp damage on characters for every turn they remain in or near the ruins.

Repelling the beetles: Fire, smoke, and other noxious fumes may cause the beetles to retreat, but they will return as soon as the irritant is no longer present.

Within the Ruins

The crumbling stone innards of the priory are bare save for the intrusions of nature -- moss blankets the walls and drifts of dead leaves carpet the floors.

Stairway: A debris-strewn stairway leads down to the *Defiled Crypt*.

Searching: Concealed behind a cascade of moss hangs a magnificent tapestry, intact after all these years. The tapestry can be discovered with 1d6 turns of searching. See *Sacred Dove Tapestry*.



Defiled Crypt

A low-ceilinged chamber, crawling with screeching beetles, at the centre of which lies a stained marble coffin, its lid broken in half.

Inscription: Liturgic text around the rim of the coffin reads “Here lies Jerome Gust, blessed prior and founder, humble servant of the One True God”.

Contents: The coffin is bare. The prior’s bones and vestments were stolen long ago.

Prayer: The beetles were summoned to the ruins by the prior’s restless spirit, which

lingers in the crypt. The prior can be put to rest (and the beetles banished) if a cleric or friar of the One True God replaces the broken lid upon the coffin and prays for 3 turns (while enduring the beetles’ agonizing stridulation).

Sacred Dove Tapestry

A large and well-made tapestry, adorned with six embroidered doves (representing the six doves of Saint Lillibeth).

Magically preserved: It has survived the depredations of time and vandalism because of the holy magic with which it was woven.

Healing properties: Six times per day (once per dove), a Lawful character can touch one of the doves to recover 1d6+1hp, but only if it is hung, unfurled, above holy ground.

TODO: Illustration

0209—THE LETHEAN WELL

High Wold — Craggy Forest — Lost 3-in-6 — Encounters 3-in-6

Tree trunks and boughs twist, sway, and writhe, creating weirdly silhouetted forms.

The Grasping Corridor

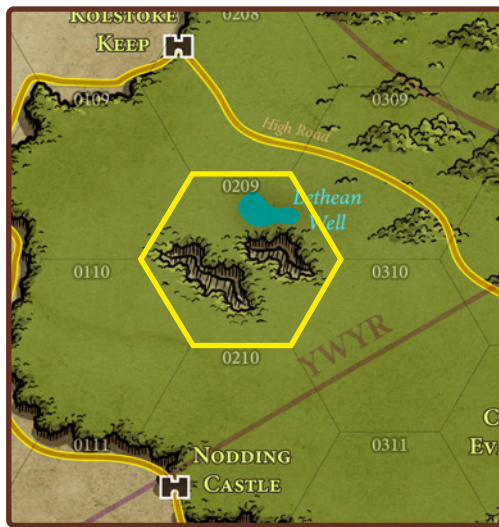
A trail branches off of the High Road in hex 0208 to the north of here; crossing into this hex, it soon becomes a long, tree-lined, bough-vaulted path that travels gently uphill. Human and goat-folk inhabitants of this region call the path the Grasping Corridor, and it is known to be the sole route to the Lethean Well, a fabled lake in the hills.

Perpetual dark: Beneath the dense canopy, it is like night, even during the brightest hours of daylight.

Malign presence in the woods: A thin, pale mist drifts in the brooding blackness of the woods on either side of the trail.

Grasping hands: Anyone getting too close to the inky darkness of the forest beyond the trail is grasped by cold, pale hands that form out of the mist. They must **save versus spells** or vanish into the blackness of the woods, reappearing back on the trail 1d6 hours later, stripped of valuables they carried and with no memory of where they have been.

Effects of flame: If any open flame is brought into the corridor, the things among the trees begin to shriek and wail in increasing and maddening volume unless it is extinguished. Characters who persist in carrying fire here for more than one turn must **save versus paralysis** or lose 1d3 points of WIS. (Lost WIS is recovered after a week.)



The Lethean Well

The lake known as the Lethean Well sits nestled in a hilly region, surrounded by treacherous 60' crags and pitch-dark woods. For those who do not wish to scale the rock faces, the lake is reachable only via the Grasping Corridor, which opens outwards at its terminus on the lake's northern shore. It is nearly two miles across, and its banks are overgrown and lined with dreamy weeping willows in abundance.

Boggin clan: A malign clan of 12 boggins (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*) inhabit the lake. Should characters attempt to

bathe in the lake (see below), there is a 3-in-6 chance of 1d3 of the boggins attacking them, and attempting to drag them to their lair below.

Trading with the boggins: PCs who remain on the lake-shore for at least an hour will attract the attention of 1d3 boggins, who will swim to the water's edge to converse. In return for gems or jewellery (20gp value or greater) or magic items, they will allow characters to bathe in peace. They may also trade such items for a dose of the psychedelic compound *lethe* (pXXX), which they extract from the brains of their victims.

Bathing: Entering the deep, dark, slumbrous waters, one feels a slow, pulsing vibration. Bathing in the Lethean Well for more than an hour cures a magical disease or curse and places an enchantment upon the bather (see **Lake Enchantments** table).

The Lethean Door (Hidden)

High in the rocky peaks that surround the lake is a 10' tall craggy portal of utter blackness which even magic cannot illuminate. Stepping into the portal, one is transported to the wild forests of Diuthurnia, realm of Duke Mai-Fleur (p30).

Lake Enchantments (d6)

Bathing in the Lethean Well cures a magical disease or curse, as well as causing one of the following effects:

1. Bather's brain becomes increasingly sharp, permanently increasing INT by 1.
2. Bather gains a sense of serenity and contentment, permanently increasing WIS by 1.
3. Bather's visage becomes radiant and beautiful, permanently increasing CHA by 1.
4. Bather becomes convinced they are half-pig.
5. Bather has an insatiable hunger for raw root vegetables.
6. Bather believes they are one of the Lords of the High Wold.

Each character can only be affected by the enchanted waters once per year.

TODO: Illustration

0502—YRTHSTONE AND THE PEOPLE OF ZARLAC

Northern Scratch — Tangled Forest — Lost 2-in-6 — Encounters 2-in-6

Black-barked firs seem almost aware, quietly glowering at would-be intruders.

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. (See pXXX.)

The People of Zarlac

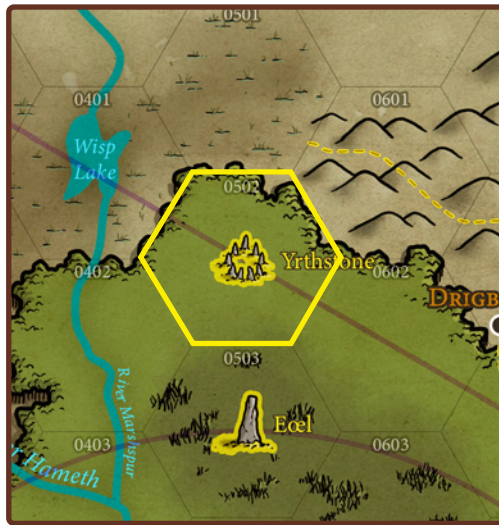
In a small glade near the centre of the hex lies a cluster of mud huts.

Inhabitants: 13 normal humans (10 men and 3 women), as well as 12 green-skinned children (see *Children of Yrthstone*), eke out a precarious living here, subsisting on foraged nuts and berries and the yields of paltry vegetable patches. They are an odd mix of folk, but all dress alike, with shaven heads, white cassocks, and a Z-shaped rune branded on their foreheads.

Strangers not welcome: The people wish to be left alone and will request that visitors move along. They have no wish to discuss themselves or matters of the wider world.

Z is for Zarlac: However, if pressed about the meaning of the rune on their foreheads, the inhabitants will eventually allow that the Z stands for Zarlac, their master, and that they call themselves the “People of Zarlac”. They will be unable to resist rhapsodising about Zarlac’s generosity, wisdom, and arcane powers.

History: The people of Zarlac are wanderers who met the **Audrune Zarlac** by chance in these woods and accepted him as their spiritual master. They are now mind-bound to him through repeated sucklings at his breast. Zarlac himself resides close by, where he serves as guardian to the nodal Yrthstone.



The Nodal Yrthstone

In a grove of fir trees adjacent to the hamlet stands a 13’ high slab of white granite; this is Yrthstone, known as the Teeming Stone.

Guardian: Standing alongside the slab is the **Audrune Zarlac**, who will greet visitors with an affable bellow.

Touching the stone: Anyone who touches Yrthstone has a chance of being instantly impregnated with one of the *Children of Yrthstone*. Females have a 3-in-6 chance of impregnation and males (miraculously) a 1-in-4 chance.

The Audrune Zarlac

A rotund fellow with a long thin nose jutting out from a black cowl. Zarlac welcomes man and beast alike to sit in Yrthstone’s shadow, if he believes they may be a source of knowledge. He invites visitors to suckle from his ample bosom, promising enlightenment.

Demeanour (Neutral): Kindly megalomaniac. Overly cordial for a Drune. Loquacious yet evasive.

Speech: Loud, ebullient. Woldish, Drunic, Sylvan.

Desires: To protect Yrthstone at all costs. To meet interesting, useful people and make thralls of them. To conceal his growing community of followers from the Drune Aegis.

Combat stats: Audrune (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*).

Milk: Zarlac’s milk is warm and sweet. Those who partake must **save versus poison** or become charmed for the next 4d6 days. Such thralls join “the People of Zarlac”, whom Zarlac will task to perform various missions to esoteric ends.

Possessions: An Astrolabe of the Aegis (allows an Audrune to take 4 others when travelling a ley line), and two dead mice with their tails braided together.

Children of Yrthstone

Yrthstone-conceived pregnancies last only four months and produce offspring considered to be children of the Dolmenwood itself.

Rapid growth: After birth, such children continue to grow at twice the normal rate.

Appearance: They have greenish skin with a thin layer of bark underneath (+1 AC) and during the Spring often sprout leaves in embarrassing places.

Annual pilgrimage: On the 1st of Symswald, Yrthstone’s “offspring” are magically summoned to the stone from throughout the region to play, sing, and dance—much to the joy of Zarlac, and the annoyance and jealousy of Zarlac’s people.

TODO: Illustration

0805—PRIGMARINN HILL

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

Elegant silver birches in chalky soil. An occasional tall hill punctuates the flat terrain.

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 for more details.)

Mallowheart's Repose (Inn)

A decrepit manor house with a peculiar turret at one end stands upon a hill overlooking Lake Longmere. The place now functions as an inn.

Sign: A blue-skinned, pointed-eared fop (supposedly the fairy Prince Mallowheart, see p34) recoiling as a door is slammed in his face.

Common room: A high-ceilinged hall lined with dented wooden panels. The landlord, Sedgewick Ulmer, serves drinks from what appear to be bookshelves. The atmosphere is usually subdued and folk keep themselves to themselves, for it is said that Drune spies frequent the inn.

Guests: Way-weary merchants, guards, and soldiers, travelling between Fort Vulgar and Castle Brackenwold.



The Moaning Hill

The Fort Road runs through the hushed, forlorn woods of this hex, passing close to the southern side of a low hill, some half a mile in diameter. The hill is known to locals as Prigmarinn Hill.

Moaning sounds: Adventurers overhear sporadic moans emanating from the direction of the hill.

Climbing the hill: Reveals a wide, flat, treeless plateau of flint pebbles and clumps of twisted, scrubby grass. The moaning sounds disappear once the summit is reached.

Pillar of Ambule

At the centre of the plateau stands a 20' tall column of roughly hewn chalk.

Approaching the column: Causes a brisk wind to pick up, blotting out any sounds from the wood below.

Inspecting the column: Many hundreds of names—both exotic and utterly mundane—are carved into the chalk.

A character carving their name: Promises, wittingly or unwittingly, their soul to the forgotten Wood God Ambule (pXXX), who lies sleeping in the chalky chasms beneath the hill (see sidebar for consequences).

Carving another's name: Has no effect, as does defacing or removing names from the chalk.

Services at Mallowheart's Repose

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

Turret rooms: Fancy suites overlooking the lake. 5gp a night.

Sedgewick Ulmer

A fresh-faced bachelor with curly, blond locks and a habit of dressing in ridiculous violet lace. Recently inherited the inn from his uncle.

Demeanour (Lawful): Hurried, somewhat confused. Habitually wipes sweat from his brow.

Speech: Country manners. Rushes off before finishing sentences. Woldish.

Desires: To find a partner (business or romantic) who knows how to run an inn.

Pledging to Ambule: Consequences

One who carves their name into the chalk column is affected as follows:

- **Remove curse:** The nullification of one curse or baleful enchantment.
- **Save bonus:** A permanent +2 bonus to saving throws against curses.
- **Nightly dreams:** Of being chained to the chalk column on the hill and being consumed, over the course of millennia, by mosses and lichens.
- **Upon death:** The character's spirit is summoned to this place and bound to eternal servitude. The character cannot be resurrected by normal means.

A divine spell-caster who signs their soul away in this fashion may, inspired by the dreams, choose to become a follower of Ambule.

0911—SHUB'S NANNA

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

Round, moss-covered, waist-high boulders, like a chain of islands in a verdant sea.

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. (See pXXX.)

The Crooked Cottage

Beside a rushing brook of dark water is an ancient cottage of moss-covered brick. The one-and-a-half-storey structure is an assemblage of crooked angles, jutting gables, oddly-placed cupolas, and grimy, opaque windows. It is the dwelling of the goat-crone known in local folklore as **Shub's Nanna** (pXXX), and her henchfolk.

Sleigh: Beside the cottage is an unoccupied sleigh, bedecked with deerskins. If touched by one other than its mistress, the sleigh shakes and screams. (See pXXX for a description of the sleigh's powers.)

Goats: 5 **silver-eyed she-goats** graze the bracken of the surrounding woods. Sub's Nanna uses these animals to drive the sleigh.

Interior: A quaint, rustic kitchen and living room, stuffed with drying herbs, pickle jars, baskets of root vegetables, and human bones. Concealed behind a loose hearthstone are a pouch of 1,560sp, a *wand of fear*, a *potion of flying*, and a pair of unicorn horn bracelets (worth 1,000gp each).

Inhabitants: Nanna's servants—7 **silver goblins**—dozing in hammocks in the attic. There is a 3-in-6 chance of Nanna herself being at home (otherwise she is foraging in the woods of this hex).



The Shrine to St Thorm (Hidden)

In the south of the hex, close to the forest's border, stands a ruined church surrounded by a pile of crusted black filth that resembles a slime mould. The church is overgrown with ivy and home to a venerable colony of rooks, whose caws can be heard from some distance away.

Consuming the filth: Non-humanoid mammals permanently gain human-like sentience after 1d3 days. (Animals in these parts instinctively avoid the substance.) Sentient humanoids enjoy the substance's delectable taste but

must immediately **save versus spells**. Those who fail fall into a coma for 1d3 days, during which they dream incessantly of talking animals tormenting them with degrading insults.

Church interior: The icon and relics in the chapel are missing, but the epithets (in Liturgic) carved around the doorway indicate that this place was once dedicated to St Thorm “faith-smith”.

Prayer: If the shrine is re-sanctified by placing a holy symbol upon the altar, a cleric or friar of the One True God who prays for 1 hour receives the blessing of St Thorm: the ability to cast *detect magic* once within the next 24 hours.

Silver-Eyed She-Goats

Large female goats with tawny fur and flashing silver eyes.

AC 7 [12], HD 2+1* (9hp), Att 1 × butt (1d6 + laughter), THACO 17 [+2], MV 120' (40'), SV D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (2), ML 9, AL Neutral, XP 47

Butt: **Save versus spells** or be overcome with maniacal laughter for 1d3 rounds, unable to attack.

Silver Goblins

Lithe, hairless, silver-skinned goblins kidnapped from Fairy and charmed into service by Atanuwe. Shun clothing, apart from little cloth caps.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Merry capering, flashes of deranged violence.

Speech: Mewling and snarling. Woldish, Sylvan.

AC 7 [12], HD 2* (8hp), Att 1 × dagger (1d4) or 1 × fangs (1d3 + poison), THACO 18 [+1], MV 120' (40'), SV D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (2), ML 9, AL Chaotic, XP 29

Pure iron: As fairies, silver goblins suffer double damage from weapons of pure iron.

Poison: **Save vs poison** or fall asleep for 4d4 turns.

0912—THE HAMLET OF SWINESCOMBE

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

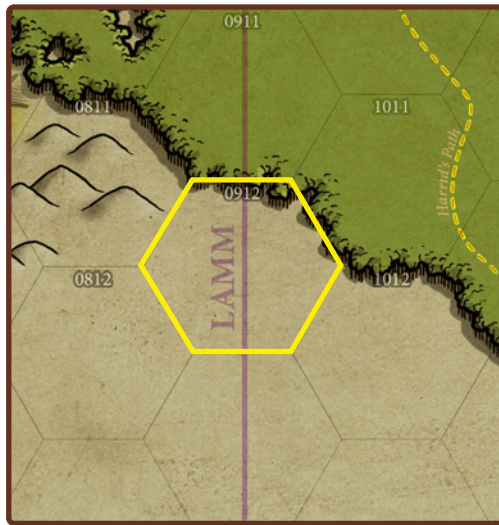
A bucolic idyll of green pastures and verdant orchards, dotted with old windmills and fields of oats and barley.

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. (See pXXX.)

Nearing Swinescombe

Nestled by the forest, in the north of the hex, the inviting hamlet of Swinescombe presents a quaint image from a distance. The sounds of a lively lute or fiddle often greet travellers approaching the thatched-roof farmhouses and charming crimson barns.



Human Livestock

Large pig-pens sprawl out from the hamlet’s farms near a slaughterhouse, in which fat shapes waddle with a faintly uncanny motion. As one grows closer to the pens, their true nature becomes rapidly apparent.

The herd: The creatures snuffling for food in the pig-pens are not swine but human beings (roughly 60 in all), naked and mud-spattered, fattened and unshorn. They seem well-fed and content.

Pigfolk in charge: Tending to the herd are pigfolk farmers.

Exploring Swinescombe

The hamlet is home to **30 pigfolk** in all.

Pig-eyed glances: PCs may notice the bewigged porcine villagers measuring them with their eyes.

Slaughterhouse: Human corpses hang from the rafters, dismembered body parts are strewn across work-tables, and cleaver-wielding pigs cheerfully disjoint cadavers.

The Pot-Bellied Boar (alehouse): The village drunk, “Old Bart”, habitually drowns his sorrows at the bar.

The Church of Saint Craven: The derelict interior is overgrown with weeds, but the 2'-high bronze statue of Saint Craven (depicted with sausage strings around his neck) is still intact. Anyone fleeing into the church will be safe from the pigfolk, who fear the patron saint of sausage-makers.

Services in Swinescombe

Common lodgings: See the *Dolmenwood Player’s Book*. No private rooms are available.

Common food: Served at the Pot-Bellied Boar. As per the *Dolmenwood Player’s Book*, except that all meat is human.

Pigfolk Trouble

Having only recently seized control of Swinescombe (see “Old Bart”), the pigfolk are anxious to prevent word of their situation from reaching the outside world.

Capturing the PCs: Adventurers who begin to leave, choose to stay overnight in lodgings other than the abandoned church, attempt to free the humans, or try to interrupt Swinescombe’s way of life, will be attacked by 6 pigfolk, who will try to beat them unconscious and bind them. Subdued PCs will wake in the pens, naked and in hog hobbles.

Pigfolk

Walking, talking pigs dressed in fine peasant garb and wigs of human hair, chattering in Woldish.

AC 6 [13], **HD** 1 (4hp), **Att** 1 × weapon (1d6 or by weapon) or 1 × tusk (1d4), **THACO** 19 [0], **MV** 150' (50'), **SV** D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (1), **ML** 6, **AL** N, **XP** 10

Repelled by idols: Pigfolk can be kept at bay (10') using idols or relics of Saint Craven.

Bartholomew “Old Bart” Bucksnot

An old, sad-faced boar with ale-tinted whiskers ringing a gin-blossomed snout.

Demeanour (Neutral): Sour, gripey. Will tell outsiders the history of Swinescombe for a drink.

Speech: Slow and deliberate, punctuated with meditative, mournful sighs.

Desires: Misses life as a mere pig, and longs to return to the carefree days of old.

Information: Until recently, Swinescombe was a human hamlet of pig farmers. Pigs grazing in the woods in hex 0911 ate some mysterious black filth that caused a transformation—and an awakening. Come slaughtering time, the pigs overthrew their human masters, wrestling knives and pitchforks from their grasp. The human farmers were subdued and enslaved. The Duke of Brackenwold sent soldiers to retake the hamlet, but the pigfolk impressed them with their orderly management of the place. The hamlet has been under pigfolk rule ever since.

1006—THE WITCH GLADE

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

Paths navigate a series of granite outcroppings, with choked ravines below.

Ley Line Ywyr

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

Encounters

Random encounters in this hex are 2-in-6 likely to be with **1d4 witches** (brides of Limwdd—see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*) making their way to the sacred glade.

Where Men Dare Not Tread

The paths that lead to the centre of this hex are enchanted such that only women may follow them to the end.

Men who come this way: Experience a feeling of unease, as if being watched from the trees, growing to a palpable dread accompanied by an uncomfortable itching upon the face. Male divine spell-casters will also hear laughter that grows from a titter to a contemptuous cackle as they proceed.

Women who come this way: Perceive a deep thrum which, after some time, may be intuited as the actual sound of the growth of trees and plants.



The Sacred Glade

Close to the centre of this hex, along the path of the ley line Ywyr, lies a peaceful glade surrounded by silvery-leaved sycamores. The glade is sacred to the witches of Dolmenwood.

At the glade's edge: The sense of dread among male party members culminates in a wave of abject terror—they must **save versus spells** or flee for 1d6 turns.

Entering: Men who set foot in the glade must **save versus paralysis** or be permanently transformed into a limbless, misshapen worm-like creature of animalistic intelligence. Even if the save is

successful, the man's flesh agonisingly wells up into great lumps, causing a permanent disfiguration on the face. Witches or powerful divine magic (e.g. *remove curse*) may be able to reverse these afflictions.

The Locus of Limwdd: The Gwyrion Limwdd the Quiet Brother (pXXX) resides here, its giant body lying a mile beneath the earth, like a seed awaiting the spring.

Contacting the Gwyrion: The witches, upon occasion, commune with the Gwyrion here. A PC versed in the rites of the witches—or other magicks of invocation or communion—may be able to do the same.

Limwdd's gift: Upon departing the glade, the female PC with the highest WIS finds that any scars or blemishes on her body have vanished.

TODO: Illustration

1305—THE RAVINE OF THE STAG LORD

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

Ferns grown to extraordinary heights, towering above the heads of explorers.

Ley Line Ywyr

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

Ravine of the Stag Lord

Deep in the trackless woods of the east of this hex, deer paths lead to a secluded ravine. A winding series of ledges creates a route to the bottom, where the folded strata of the rock form a natural amphitheatre.

Grotto and pool: The amphitheatre faces a large grotto lined with sparkling mineral formations. Much of the grotto’s floor is occupied by a wide and shallow pool. *Detect magic* will show both the pool and the grotto enveloped in a divine aura.

Hoof prints: A multitude of hoof prints can be seen in the mud around the pool. Most of the prints are those of large stags, but the occasional giant, web-toed humanoid footprint can also be spotted.

Those who touch the pool: Experience an icy chill and must **save versus paralysis** or be paralyzed in the touching limb for 1d3 days.

New Moon Nights

On black nights of the new moon, **3d6 stags** (treat as medium herd animals with morale 8—see *Old-School Essentials*) trace the winding forest ways that only they know, and make their way to the chasm floor. There is a 2-in-6 chance they will be accompanied by **1d4 deerlings** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*).

Ritual: The creatures gather together and bellow in unison to their master, the Stag Lord.

Manifestation of the Stag Lord: Heeding the call of his followers, the gigantic, headless **Stag Lord** manifests, emerging from the waters of the shallow pool in the grotto.

Stumbling procession: In the presence of their master, the stags are transported in an ecstasy of worship. They follow in a gleeful train as the Stag Lord stumbles blindly out of the ravine and through the woods, until he vanishes at dawn.

Enchanted antlers: During the procession, the stags’ antlers emanate an ultraviolet glow. Severed antlers function as magic weapons (treat as a **sword +2**) for one half day before losing their power.



Treating with the Stag Lord

Interrupting the Stag Lord and his retinue during their wild cavorting is perilous—make a reaction roll (see *Encounters* in *Old-School Essentials*). If the reaction is positive, the Stag Lord (who can communicate psychically) may halt to converse with PCs.

The Willow Gate (Hidden)

A natural archway formed of intertwined willow branches, swaying gently in a cool otherworldly breeze, can be found in an isolated part of this hex. Stepping through the archway, one is whisked away to the fairy road Skipping-a-Derry (see *Fairy Roads*, p26).

The Stag Lord

A 30’ tall, lumbering humanoid with toad-like skin and hands and great fronds of shaggy fur hanging between his arms and torso. His head is missing, causing him to stagger and lurch. (For more details, see pXXX.)

Demeanour (Neutral): Slow, out of touch with the modern world.

Speech: Gentle booming. Psychic projection—can communicate with all sentient beings.

Desires: To maintain the wilds of Dolmenwood and the dominion of the stags. To retrieve his head from the clutches of Atanuwe (hex 0904). The retinue of stags would enthusiastically join any who proposed a mission to retrieve the head.

Reward: Any who return the Stag Lord’s head would be blessed with a set of enchanted antlers upon their crown (treat as a **sword +2**) and granted the undying friendship of all stags in Dolmenwood, as well as the ability to speak their secret language.

AC 3 [16], **HD** 20* (82hp), **Att** 2 × stamp/fist (2d6 + evaporation), **THACO** 6 [+13], **MV** 150’ (50’), **SV** D2
W2 P2 B2 S4 (20), ML 10, **AL** Neutral, **XP** 3,150

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

Evaporation: One who is killed by the Stag Lord dissolves immediately into a pool of plasma which evaporates within 1d6 rounds.

1306—THE GREY MONOLITH AND THE DUNG HEAP

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

Ancient, moss-grown way-stones beside paths, at regular intervals.

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. (See pXXX.)

Encounters

Random encounters in this hex are 2-in-6 likely to be with **1d6 woodgrues** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*) making their way to the dung heap.

Foraging

Characters successfully foraging in this hex will find 1d2 portions of arrowhame (see the *Dolmenwood Player's Book*), in addition to the normal foraging results.

Woodgrue Dung Heap

Adventurers travelling through this hex will notice an acidic stench drifting on the wind. The source of this miasma is a great mound of guano, 50 yards across, created by the woodgrues of this region of Dolmenwood, who (for reasons which they keep to themselves) travel from miles around to relieve themselves on the communal heap.

Any woodgrue PCs: Will recognize this landmark and its purpose.

Woodgrues seeking relief: There is a 3-in-6 chance of encountering **1d4 woodgrues** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*) nearby.

At night: There is also a 1-in-4 chance of a woodgrue revelry (2d6 individuals) taking place here.



The Grey Vorpall Monolith

In the east of this hex, a 20'-high spectral monolith of dusky, grey light hovers amid a small area of bog-land. This is one of the mysterious vorpall monoliths that trace an emergent fifth ley line in Dolmenwood (see *Vorpall Monoliths*, p21). In autumn, winter, and spring, the monolith is a mere shimmering figment. In summertime, it becomes semi-corporeal.

Viewing: All who behold the monolith in the summer must **save versus spells**. Arcane spell-casters gain a +2 bonus.

Those who fail are afflicted with a curse of delusion (see the *Delusions* table) and cannot be convinced that the fantasy they are experiencing is not real. This condition is curable only by magic (e.g. *remove curse*).

Touching: In its summertime manifestation, the monolith's partially tangible surface feels like cool glass. Spells of illusion cast while touching the monolith are made real. There is a 2-in-6 chance of creatures created in this way being hateful of the one who summoned them to reality. In other seasons, a PC touching the monolith's diaphanous outline will temporarily experience the warmth, humidity, and brightness of a hot summer's day.

TODO: Illustration

Delusions (d6)

One who is afflicted by the monolith's curse:

1. Believes they are a different sex.
2. Believes they are a different race. Roll 1d6: 1. Elf, 2. Goatfolk, 3. Grimalkin, 4. Human, 5. Moss dwarf, 6. Woodgrue.
3. Fervently claims that the Duke of Brackenwold is a devil.
4. Insists they are a saint of the Church of the One True God.
5. Believes they are the favoured scion of a fairy noble. Roll 1d6: 1. The Cold Prince, 2. Duke Mai-Fleur, 3. The Earl of Yellow, 4. Prince Mallowheart, 5. Princess Andromethia, 6. The Queen of Blackbirds.
6. Believes they are invisible.

1307—THE REFUGE OF ST KEYE

Aldweald — Open Forest — Lost 1-in-6 — Encounters 1-in-6

Spacious glades of majestic beech and oak. A profusion of songbirds, cheery twitterings fill the air.

Wayside Monastery

Two miles from the edge of the forest, an old, stone building stands by wayside.

Style: The building is fastidiously maintained but with a touch of austerity about it.

Entrance: Above an arched oak door hangs a sign announcing (in beautifully painted red calligraphy) “The Refuge of St Keye—Pilgrims Welcome”. The door opens into the **Common Room**.

Function: This is the only active monastery remaining within Dolmenwood’s bounds. The Refuge is a popular stop along the way between Castle Brackenwold and Prigwort, serving as an inn for those travellers who can stomach a little religion with their evening repast.

Origin: The Refuge was originally established as a monastery and rest stop for pilgrims on the way to the abbey of St Clewyd. That pilgrimage route is no longer in active use (as the abbey is ruined, see *hex 0906, pXXX*).

Common Room

A wide taproom and refectory, filled with wooden benches and trestle tables.

Guests: Of an evening, the place is teeming with travellers stopping here for the night.

Casks: Huge casks of ale line one wall, where a team of monks catch the seemingly endless flow in stone tankards.

Statue of St Keye: Above the cask wall hangs an oaken image—twice life size—of St Keye (“the chronicler”), bearing his tome and quill, and looking down across the guests with a beneficent but somewhat reprimanding gaze.

Evening Mass: Every evening at six, **Abbot Spatulard** holds a brief mass in the refectory, blessing travellers on their way and reading an extract from the vast chronicles of their patron saint. Supper is then served from the monastery kitchen.

Exits: A door in the common room permits entry to the **Chapel of St Keye**.



Chapel of St Keye

A narrow pilgrims’ chapel, lit by night with hundreds of slim, yellow candles.

Walls: The stones of the walls are etched, in tiny Liturgic script, with the entire text of the second chronicle of St Keye.

Prayer: A cleric or friar of the One True God who prays in the chapel for 1 hour receives the blessing of St Keye: the ability to cast *locate object* once within the next 24 hours.

Exits: A locked trapdoor leads down to the crypts, where (it is said) relics of the saint are kept.

Services at the Refuge

Common lodgings and food: See the *Dolmenwood Player’s Book*. Only private rooms are available (see below). Meals are always served with freshly baked caraway buns. Dinner is seldom available later than eight in the evening.

Private rooms: 2sp per night, in spartan monastic cells on the upper floor.

Monastery ale: “Keye’s Balm”, 1sp a pint.

Abbot Spatulard

A wisp-haired man in his 60s, clad in rolls of fat from a sedentary life spent drinking ale.

Demeanour (Lawful): Apathetic moralising. Desperate to talk to someone new. Can’t keep a secret.

Speech: Interminable burbling. Sudden bursts of laughter. Old Woldish, Liturgic.

Desires: The secrets of the brewmasters of Prigwort. To go back in time, marry his childhood sweetheart, and forgo the monastic life.

1312—ANDROMETHIA'S BLOSSOM FIELDS

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

Acres of wildflower form broad swathes of colour, in contrast to the dark and shadowy forest to the north-west.

Foraging

The lush meadows of this hex make for superb foraging. The chance of successfully finding food here is increased to 2-in-6 (or 3-in-6 if a friar is in the party), and the yield is increased to 1d6+2. (See *Foraging*, p126.)

Blossom Fields

A cheerful hill-scape of meadows carpeted in thriving wildflowers: pendulous bluebell, daisies of the purest white and yellow, powder-blue harebell, bright magenta corncockle intermingled with spindly cow parsley, and bracken leavened with pink and white foxglove. The air is fresh and sweet with the flowers' delightful essence.

Pathways: The seemingly wild fields are often bisected by pathways that clearly have been carefully and recently maintained.

Watchful animals: Foxes and goldfinches will sometimes appear to be watching the PCs.

Fairy shimmer: Fairies and demi-fey notice an occasional but persistent shimmering at the edge of their vision and will recognize this as an overlapping fairy reality.

A Century of Slumber

The meadows of this hex are partially coexistent with the fairy domain of the half-satyr **Princess Andromethia** and are under her enchantment.

A contented tiredness: PCs who have exerted themselves this day (e.g. by combat or long travels) must **save versus spells** or find themselves compelled to stop and rest among the flowers. Fairies and demi-fey gain a +4 bonus to this save.

Those who rest: Will soon drift off to a serene and dreamy slumber, unless unaffected characters attempt to keep them awake. Those who do fall asleep cannot be awakened (short of the use of extremely powerful magic, at the referee's discretion) for at least a century.

Princess Andromethia: Will surreptitiously appear alongside the party 1d3 turns after any PC is ensorcelled in this way. She will be genuinely sympathetic, and will agree to awaken any sleepers—pending the fulfilment of one of her desires (see *Desires*).



In Summertime

In the high days of summer, there is a 3-in-6 chance that adventurers will come upon **Princess Andromethia** and her fancifully clad entourage of 1d6+2 **elf courtiers** (treat as **elf wanderers**—see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*), taking sumptuous meals and playing games throughout the day.

Greetings: Andromethia's courtiers will announce her title in tones of exaggerated reverence as she modestly protests. She will greet the PCs warmly and invite them to join in the festivities.

Bountiful hampers: Those who partake of Andromethia's picnic hampers will find the food endless and exquisite beyond any previously experienced.

Farewell: As dusk approaches, Andromethia and the elves begin to vanish, unnoticed, one at a time, till all have gone.

Princess Andromethia

An eternally youthful, half-elfish / half-satyr lady with a single spiralling horn above her left ear and the hoof of a goat in place of her right foot. See p34 for more details on the princess and her domain.

Demeanour (Neutral): Warmhearted, mischievous, judicious.

Speech: Soft, languid. Woldish, Sylvan, High Elfish. Enjoys addressing people in fairy languages they cannot comprehend, before tiring of the game and switching to Woldish.

Desires: The recovery of her most cherished handkerchief, which she believes to be in the possession of her wicked half-sister, the Lady of Spring Unending (hex 0402). The delivery of a note to the ambassador of the Cold Prince (hex 0504—she can give directions but does not know how to locate or enter the embassy). The note, written in High Elfish, consists of banal pleasantries with a few ribald double entendres sprinkled in. Oddly, it is dated with a human calendar date, some 200 years past.

Reward: Andromethia will awaken any sleeping party members, and will give adventurers the exact location of one fairy door (see *Fairy Doors*, p24).

Combat stats: Elf noble (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*).

1706—MOSS DWARF BURROWS AND THE MONOLITH

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

Sodden ground, impenetrable bramble thickets. Winding paths with little wooden bridges and walkways.

Encounters

Random encounters in this hex are 2-in-6 likely to be with squirrels and raccoons attempting to pilfer small items from passersby (25% chance of success). These animals are in the service of the moss dwarfs that dwell in this hex, who have trained them in thievery.

Foraging

Characters foraging in this hex will find 1d6 portions of *speckled sporange* (see pXXX), in addition to the normal foraging results.



Moss Dwarf Burrows

A few dozen **moss dwarf** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*) families make their homes in this region at the edge of Mulchgrove, living in burrows beneath the boles of ancient, moss-bearded trees.

Limby, the Master of Locks: One especially labyrinthine burrow is home to Limby, regarded as the most cunning of the moss dwarfs and famed as the “Master of Locks”. Limby dwells amid the crowded clutter of his key cutting workshops with his wife Griselda and their sixteen children and grandchildren.

Limby, the Master of Locks

A small, wizened, old dwarf aged over three centuries. His eyes are now blind—furred over with orange fungus—his beard of moss reaches down to his toes and is home to centipedes and mice, and his ears are grown larger than his hands.

Demeanour (Lawful): Kindly, absent-minded. Periodically falls asleep mid-conversation.

Speech: Whistling rasp. Woldish, Mulch.

Desires: For his middle-aged daughter to marry a wizard. To drink once more in the Sombre Lamb in Orbswallow (pXXX), as he did in his youth.

Knowledge: Limby is a master lock singer. His charms can coax any lock in Dolmenwood to open.

Klimbim, the Claywife: In a root-tangled burrow of sandy chambers dwells Klimbim, renowned for her remarkable ability to identify the ingredients of potions and brews. She is known as the Claywife, on account of her 11 “husbands”—slimy, semi-humanoid mounds that she has fashioned to do her bidding.

TODO: Illustration

Klimbim, the Claywife

A hearty, rotund dwarf in the lazy ease of her middle age. Her hair is a jumble of matted, brown fibre, her toes (she wears no shoes) are like shiny conkers, and her lips are festooned with purple bracket fungi.

Demeanour (Neutral): Wide-eyed, curious, fidgety.

Speech: Jumps between topics, unabashedly intimate. Woldish, Mulch.

Desires: To learn the secret of granting sentience to her clay husbands. To locate her friend, the witch Joab, whose hut (hex 1606) was razed. Covets gems.

Knowledge: Klimbim can identify the ingredients in any herbal admixture or potion by means of a deep olfactory analysis taking 2d12 hours.

The Yellow Vorpal Monolith

In the west of this hex, a 20'-high spectral monolith of golden light stands in a grove of moss-smothered oaks. This is one of the mysterious vorpal monoliths that trace an emergent fifth ley line in Dolmenwood (see *Vorpal Monoliths*, p21). In winter, spring, and summer, the monolith is a mere shimmering figment. In the autumn, it becomes semi-corporeal.

Viewing: All who behold the monolith in the autumn must **save versus spells**. Arcane spell-casters gain a +2 bonus. Those who fail are transmuted into a dragonfly for 24 hours.

Touching: In its autumn manifestation, the monolith's partially tangible surface feels like tepid gel. Any charm spell cast while touching the monolith will form a permanent binding. There is a 2-in-6 chance of each creature charmed in this manner joining into telepathic contact with all others enchanted in this way and turning against those who enchanted them. In other seasons, a PC touching the monolith's diaphanous outline will temporarily experience the crisp coolness of an autumn morn.