

Spires and crags of pale, wind-carved rock, like the bones of gargantuan beasts.

Terrain: Tangled forest, High Wold

Lost/Encounters: 2-in-6

Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d3 portions of wayfarrow (DPB), in addition to the normal results.

Granite Crag

Close to the eastern edge of the hex, a sheer granite crag, 50' wide at the base, smothered in ivy and brambles, rises unexpectedly and penetrates the canopy of the wood. A faint crimson glow is visible at the summit.

Searching the base: Searching the brambles at the base of the crag reveals the remnants of ancient magical runes, hinting at the astral significance of the place, as well as several human skeletons. Many of the bones on the skeletons are broken.

Climbing: The crag is 100' tall, and steep-sided. Characters with the ability to climb sheer surfaces can scale it without danger. Others must make a DEX check to climb unaided.

Summit: The crag tapers to a 30' wide summit. A 20'-high spectral monolith of crimson light hovers at the centre. (See *The Red Vorpall Monolith*.)

Panoramic views: The summit affords a panoramic view of the surrounding land, as far as the Falls of Naon, to the northeast, on a clear day.

The Red Vorpall Monolith

Hovering at the top of the granite crag is a 20'-high spectral monolith of crimson light. This is one of the mysterious vorpall monoliths that trace an emergent fifth ley line in Dolmenwood (see *Vorpall Monoliths*, p21). In spring, summer, and autumn, the monolith is a mere shimmering figment. In wintertime, it becomes semi-corporeal.

Viewing: All who behold the monolith in the wintertime must **save versus spells**. Arcane spell-casters gain a +2 bonus. Those who fail are overcome by a wave of terror and the desire to leave the monolith's presence as quickly as possible. Climbing down in this state of dread requires a climb sheer surfaces check or a DEX check with a -2 penalty.

Touching: In its wintertime manifestation, the monolith's partially tangible surface feels like cold, sticky slime. Spells of shadow or darkness cast while touching the monolith are made permanent. In other seasons, a PC touching the monolith's diaphanous outline will temporarily experience the frosty chill of a winter's day.



TODO: Illustration

Festering pools and animal skeletons. Crows circle overhead, seeking carrion.

Terrain: Bog, Northern Scratch

Lost/Encounters: 2-in-6

Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d4 portions of lilywhite (DPB), in addition to the normal results.

Riverside Traps

Here, amidst the black mud and pale swamp grasses, the Hameth widens and the water slows to an imperceptible crawl. Walking along the riverbank or navigating small vessels in this hex is fraught with danger, for this is a hunting ground frequented by **madtoms** (DMB).

Man-fishing traps: Travellers walking beside the Hameth in this hex have a 3-in-6 chance of encountering one of the madtoms' "man-fishing traps": a man-hook or a lure box (equally likely).

Man-hook: A set of 1d3 foot-sized concealed pits, edged with downward-slanted metal spikes. For each device encountered, a random adventurer must make a DEX check or take 1d4 hp damage; they are then ensnared and attacked.

Lure box: A wooden cage at the water's edge containing items of value or interest. Living "items" are often deployed thus: game hens, stolen livestock, or even a kidnapped child. A party distracted while attempting to open such a cage must make a surprise roll as they are set upon by madtoms.

Leavings in the Mud (d6)

d6 Item

- 1 A finely detailed 8" wooden figurine of a barrowbogy (DMB) worth 2gp at any major settlement. The jug head is removable, revealing a compartment containing three bunches of human hair, each tightly bound in catgut.
- 2 A mini-cask (8 pints, 4gp value if identified) of *Cobsworth pale ale* (DPB). Surprisingly, it is unspoiled. Sadly, it is unlabelled.
- 3 A pair of rotting, putrid, severed human lower legs, held together at the ankles with rusting manacles. The manacles bear the crest of House Murkin.
- 4 A leather scroll tube sealed with wax. Inside is a crude map of the region around the upper Hameth. There is an "X" drawn at a point upstream from the PC's current location, corresponding to hex 0202, with the word "Sedge" written in Liturgic next to it. (This indicates the location of the lost Shrine to St Sedge.)
- 5 A pair of professionally carved ivory dice. Rolling them repeatedly shows them to be loaded: one favouring 6, the other favouring 1. (If one of the dice is thrown, roll 1d8, with 1–6 indicating the rolled result, and 7 or 8 indicating the favoured number.)
- 6 A delicate porcelain doll of an elf, one arm missing. An hour after being cleaned off, the doll will stand up, appraise her surroundings, curtsy to the PCs, and, with a wry and playful look, vanish. She will reappear clad in finery, smiling and with arm intact, for 1d3 nights in a random PC's dreams.



Anyone falling prey: To either type of trap will be attacked by 2d8 madtoms (DMB), leaping from the river.

Treasure: At trapped locations, the dark sludge of the riverbed holds numerous bones, half-decayed carcasses, and fragments of wrecked boats. PCs searching this detritus will find 1d8gp, 2d12sp, 3d20cp, and a random item (see *Leavings in the Mud*).



Wild, rolling meadows of knee-high grass inhabited by legions of curious rabbits.

Terrain: Meadow, High Wold

Lost/Encounters: 1-in-6. Encounters are 1-in-6 likely (2-in-6 likely at night) to be with **1d3 bandits** (*OSE*) and **1d3 shorthorns** (*DMB*)—members of the gang of highwaymen based in hex 0311. They emerge from hiding in the wood and surprise victims on a 1–3.

Along Bove's Road

Bove's Road is a well-frequented roadway skirting the edge of Dolmenwood. Those traversing it are faced to the south by sweeping views of leagues and leagues of windswept meadows, and to the north by the brooding, sentient presence of the ancient wood.

In winter: PCs will be chilled by frequent gusts blowing unimpeded over the rolling plains.

In summer: Exposed in the open with no shade, travellers beneath the summer sun will soon feel particularly thirsty and prickly with sweat.

Psychic snail emanations: Those with some degree of psychic sensitivity (arcane spell-casters or the psionically gifted) may experience flash images of snail-covered bodies when traversing this stretch of road. These emanate from the **giant psionic snail** (*DMB*) which lies in a century-long slumber, curled in its moss-covered shell, resting in a ditch beneath the forest eaves to the north (see *The Dreaming Snail*).

The Tea Tent

Alongside the road, about halfway across the hex, a bright pink, conical tent is erected. A snail-emblazoned banner flaps outside and smoke chuffs merrily from a stovepipe. During clement weather, wooden stools and benches may be seen arrayed near the entrance.

Inquiring within: One encounters the proprietor, a man who calls himself **Smalding Borotrope**, as well as 1d6 other visiting travellers.

Tea time: In copper vessels atop a cast iron stove, Smalding is cooking up a refreshing brew of tea, which he offers at 2cp a mug.

Drinking and resting: Smalding's hot tea proves to be just the thing to beat back the chill from the grassland gales of winter, and his iced tea is the perfect antidote to the thirst of summer road travel. In any season, staying, resting a while, and enjoying at least two mugs of the tea has a remarkably recuperative effect upon weary travellers (heal 1hp).

More emanations of the snail: The tent and its proprietor, while they appear real to those who encounter them, are, in fact, psychic projections of the giant snail.

Detecting and dispelling: Should spells such as *detect illusion* be used in the vicinity of the tea tent, its quasi-real nature will be revealed. Casting *dispel magic* causes the scene to vanish and the snail to awaken.



The Dreaming Snail (Hidden)

In a damp depression amid a thicket of ferns in the woods north of the road lies a **giant psionic snail** (*DMB*), deep in slumber.

Moss-coated shell: The snail is concealed beneath a thick carpet of *mind-moss* (see pXXX). Carefully harvesting a portion requires a DEX check. Failure of the check awakens the snail.

Smalding Borotrope

The psionic snail usually interacts with the world via its projected dream avatar: a rotund fellow with slimy skin, a wiry moustache, and a preposterous hat.

Demeanour (Lawful): Garrulous, cordial, a bit noseey.

Speech: Loquacious, prone to odd non-idiomatic phrases. Strangely-accented Woldish.

Desires: Invariably delighted to chat with travellers, offer them a cup of refreshing brew, and hear stories.

Giant Psionic Snail

10'-round, deep purple shell, covered in moss. The snail's body is orange and its curious eyes are golden.

Demeanour (Lawful): Surprised and disgruntled at being awoken. Make a reaction roll (see *Encounters* in *Old-School Essentials*), modified by any previous interactions with Borotrope.

Speech: Sagacious, obtuse. Telepathic projection.

Desires: If friendly, asks for feedback on Borotrope's verisimilitude; otherwise wishes only to be left alone and return to slumber and projection.

Dotted with ancient earth-workings: mounds, ridges, and rings.

Terrain: Hills, Table Downs

Lost/Encounters: 1-in-6

Moaning Wind

As characters travel along the bleak ridge of the Table Downs, the moaning of the wind takes on a voice-like quality, as if carrying shouted warnings from afar.

If PCs stop to listen: They catch the name of the character with the highest WIS in the erratic, ominous wailing.

The Lonely Grave

A simple, weatherworn headstone is visible beneath the eaves of a serene copse at the base of a hill.

Inscription: The name of the PC with the highest WIS is inexplicably carved onto the gravestone, along with the epitaph “Lord of the Wild”.

Examining: The stone appears to be many centuries old. The ground around is overgrown and undisturbed.

Unearthing: A decaying coffin is buried 3’ beneath the surface. Inside is a skeleton of the same physical proportions as the PC whose name the headstone bears. Its skull is smashed in. Two objects lie at its side (see **Grave Treasures**).

Cursed: If the skeleton or the objects are taken from this place, the PC whose name is engraved on the headstone comes under a curse. The next time they sleep in a house or inn, they will experience a nightmare wherein they are attacked by a **wraith** (OSE) whispering “Lord of the Wild”. The PC may use their normal equipment, spells, etc. to fight the monster, but the wraith is immune to turning. If the PC is defeated, their companions discover them in the morning, dead, with their head smashed in.

Grave Treasures

Interred with the skeleton are:

Silver knife: Engraved with Liturgic runes only visible in moonlight. The runes read “For the glory of God”. If the phrase is spoken out loud by a lawful character, the knife grows instantly to the length of a sword, returning to the form of a knife when the wielder speaks the command phrase again. It bears a +1 enchantment to attack and damage rolls.

Brass ring: Inscribed with very fine lines in the shape of frost patterns. The ring is of fairy make and grants the wearer immunity to normal cold and a +2 bonus to saves versus cold. A mortal who possesses it also comes under a glamour causing them to giggle ominously in their sleep, disturbing the rest of any nearby.



TODO: Illustration

Patches of sodden heathland cling between hills crowned with flaming heather.

Terrain: Hills, Table Downs

Lost/Encounters: 1-in-6

The Hamlet of Drigbolton

Clinging onto existence in the borderlands between the forest and the Table Downs, the hamlet of Drigbolton consists of a cluster of rude cottages and barns and an old wooden church. It is home to a few dozen goatherds.

Ancient crossroads: Drigbolton sits a few miles south of the junction of two forgotten roads: the ancient trade road that crosses the Downs and an abandoned road that once led to Fort Vulgar (hex 0604).

The King Deer (inn): A cramped place with three round tables and stools for fifteen. The horns of prize goats are displayed on wooden plaques behind the bar. The inn is run by a tall, elegant, middle-aged woman named Frey, a thickset, red-haired man named Limber, and Frey's two adult sons from her former marriage—Wiggyl and Brag.

Church of St Gretchen: A dour, windowless structure of rough-hewn cedar boards with a conical roof. A red carnelian idol depicts the saint carrying a bucket, with a goat at her side. A cleric or friar of the One True God who prays for 1 hour receives the blessing of St Gretchen: the ability to cast *purify food and water* once within the next 24 hours.

Repast rooms: Remnants of ancient ancestor-worship survive in Drigbolton. Each dwelling (including the inn) possesses a locked chamber called a *repast room*, wherein the mummified corpses of a family's ancestors are propped up at a table in a gesture of prayer and have food and drink placed in their mouths at dusk each day. The villagers consider it taboo to discuss these rooms.

Laird Alhoyle Spinnewith IV

A pale, delicate man in his fifties, with a sensitive gaze, clear grey eyes, enormous grey sideburns, and dazzlingly perfect teeth (revealed when he smiles—seldom). He dresses in quality but well-worn silks and linens, typically sporting a smoking jacket to accompany the pipe on which he constantly puffs. The laird is unmarried and set to be the last of his line—he has devoted his life to esoteric study and has little time for dalliances with women.

Demeanour (Neutral): Vacillates between regally standoffish and enthusiastically familiar.

Speech: Excessively upper-class. Woldish, Old Woldish.

Desires: The secrets of the stars. Books of occult lore.

Knowledge: An unsung expert on the hierarchies of the stellar cosmos and the astrobiology of heavenly bodies.

Possessions: A rare copy of the notorious Black Book of Llaeggub (worth 2,500gp), a suppressed work describing, among many other demonic summonings, dangerous rituals for communion with the daemons that inhabit stars.



Services at the King Deer

Poor food and lodging: See DPB.

Crabber: Local crabapple scrumpy, 8cp a mug.

The Oath House

Nestled in a valley in the chalk downs in the north of the hex stands a small, two-chimneyed manor known to locals as the Oath House.

Appearance: The manor is some centuries old but is well maintained, with rows of tidily clipped hedges and neat garden borders surrounding it. Architecturally, the manor is noteworthy for its single central tower, directly above the main entrance.

Entrance: Cracked granite steps lead up to a tiled porch containing solid, black-lacquered double doors with a brass door knob and a knocker in the form of a mermaid.

Interior: Cheerlessly clean, sparsely furnished halls, with cosy and much-used libraries, studies, and smoking rooms.

Central tower: A tall, stone room plastered with maps and charts of the cosmos, and dominated by an elaborate, brass star-viewing apparatus.

Inhabitants: Laird Alhoyle Spinnewith IV—the local lord—and Godfried Whelm, manservant, cook, butler, and groundsman. Traditionally, Drigbolton's headman pays fealty to the laird, though the latter takes no direct role in the governing of the hamlet.

Visitors: May be welcomed out of curiosity, if they seem well-mannered and erudite.

Paths crisscross among beds of beautiful ferns. Everything appears to be tended by some deliberate hand.

Terrain: Tangled forest, Aldweald

Lost/Encounters: 2-in-6

The Falls

The Hameth takes a thunderous drop at the legendary Falls of Nyf, where surging white waters tumble down a 100' precipice—a majestic and spectacular sight.

The Wondrous Ship-Conveyor

While the falls are indeed one of the region's greatest natural wonders, they are also home to one of its greatest magical marvels: the great Ship-Conveyor of Nyf.

A boat approaching from the north: Seems bound for certain doom as it nears the vertical drop of the falls. Just as its bow crosses the foaming brink, the boat effortlessly glides, swan-like, into the air, supported by naught but magic. It then descends the abyss in a slow, stately fashion, coming to rest at a safe distance beyond the falls' base, halting at a fortified wooden gate that spans the river.

A boat approaching from the south: Takes the opposite course, leaping skyward after it has cleared the gate, slowly and smoothly ascending the cliff, and alighting on the Hameth at a safe spot well upstream from the falls.

Wardens and toll-gate: The gate is controlled by House Mulbreck (hex 1210) and manned by **12 wardens** (1 HD veterans—*OSE*). They demand a toll from every boat passing through: 1sp/5sp/1gp (for small/medium/large boats). The wardens are garrisoned in a stout, two-storey guard-house alongside the gate.

Operation and history: The marvellous Conveyor operates automatically. Little is known of its origins, save that it was created by the powerful sorcerer Nyf Nimbley. Control of the gate and its lucrative toll revenues are granted by the duke, with great competition and skulduggery between the lesser noble houses. House Mulbreck currently holds the contract, valid for the next 7 years.

Caves Behind the Falls

Hidden behind the Falls of Nyf is a cavern: low and broad, dripping and rancid, its walls spongy with a curious moss. Human bones clatter across the rocky cave-floor. Several corpses are impaled on stalagmites, infested with more of the verdant moss.

Lair of Skulp: This dank place is home to a cunning and vicious **troll** (*DMB*) called Skulp.

Agreement with the wardens: Skulp once terrorized the region at night, attacking boats, wardens, and travellers. However, the wardens have now struck a deal with the creature, and her attacks have ceased. Every week they provide her with battered, bloated corpses fished from the river. Skulp takes these corpses and cultivates a species of delicious moss in their putrescent flesh, which she devours, leaving the corpses themselves.



TODO: Illustration

Skulp

An ancient, stinking, and especially cantankerous troll with a gaunt, skull-like face atop a wobbly, corpulent frame. Dresses in slimy rags and scraps of river weed.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Welcoming, eyes up visitors to assess their moss-worthiness, flies into a rage at the drop of a hat. Pushes her face right up close to others.

Speech: Snivelling, grumbling. Woldish, Sylvan.

Desires: Fresh corpses upon which to grow her unspeakable moss. In particular, woodgrue bodies, which Skulp says add a "special something" to the moss's taste.

Lush meadows infused with the warmth of summer and the scent of blossom, even in deepest winter.

Terrain: Meadow, Tithelands

Lost/Encounters: 1-in-6

Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d3 portions of *tom-a-merry* (DPB), in addition to the normal results.

Picnicking Herds

The last straggling copses of Dolmenwood open out onto the flat, lush grasslands known to locals as the “Balm Fields”, renowned for their vibrant populations of bees and hares. Herds of cows, sheep, and their owners also roam this region.

Breakfasting beasts: Those who wander among the meadows on clear, dewy mornings or drowsy summer afternoons may chance upon an odd sight: the cows and sheep sometimes don hoods and bonnets and sit together, breakfasting on pickled eggs and ham or drinking tea.

Baffled herds-folk: Travellers who witness this curious spectacle may also encounter the flummoxed owners of the precocious livestock, invariably attempting to disrupt the proceedings. (They claim that such unseemly behaviour among beasts brings ill luck.)

Asking the humans: Questioning the owners as to how sheep and cattle come by bonnets, eggs, and ham—let alone full china tea sets—elicits shrugs of befuddlement and frustration.

Asking the animals: Using magic or other abilities to question the animals about how they obtained such civilized viands leads to roundabout, nonsensical conversations, tinged with annoyance at the adventurers’ disruption of their meal. Occasionally, the beasts allude playfully to “the wee folk,” about whom they decline to elaborate.

TODO: Illustration



The Golden Gazebo

Amid the gently swaying grasses and pretty wildflowers in the eastern reaches of this hex stands a solitary structure of artificial construction: a small, octagonal, radiant gold gazebo.

Spiralling roof: The gazebo’s roof is adorned with spiralling seashells and goats’ horns. Fairies and demi-fey may recognize this ornamentation as the mark of the fairy **Princess Andromethia** (p34), whose realm, the Blossom Fields, is coexistent with portions of this hex, including the gazebo.

Interior: A dog-eared visitors’ book lies on an octagonal table alongside a quill and ink. Benches around the edges of the gazebo provide seating for 12. A sense of contentment washes over any who sit within the shelter.

Reading the book: Page after page of questions, written in numerous hands and covering a wide range of topics (from the sincere to the flippant). Beneath each question is a response, in gold ink, all written by the same hand and signed with the initial “A” (the correspondent being Andromethia herself). The responses take the form of snippets of whimsical poetry, vaguely alluding to the query.

Writing in the book: An answer to any question posed magically appears at midnight. A positive reaction roll (see **Encounters** in *Old-School Essentials*—fairies gain a +1 bonus) indicates a marginally helpful answer; otherwise the answer is entirely abstruse. As the answers are composed by Andromethia, they can only provide useful information within domains of which she has knowledge.

Removing the book: If removed from the gazebo, the book magically disappears at midnight, returning to its rightful place on the table.

MAI-FLEUR'S UNICORN-HUNTING GROUNDS 1402

A profusion of holly trees bearing red berries in the autumn.

Terrain: Tangled forest, Aldweald

Lost/Encounters: 2-in-6. Encounters are 1-in-6 likely (2-in-6 likely at night) to be with a Wild Hunt (see hex 1503) in pursuit of 1d4 unicorns (*OSE*).

Foraging: Successful foraging yields 1d3 portions of *sallow parsley* (*DPB*), in addition to the normal results.

Unicorns

Throughout this hex can be found the elegant, white **unicorns** kept by the fairy **Duke Mai-Fleur** (*p30*) as stock for his Wild Hunts. The unicorns are prevented from leaving the grounds by the **gamekeepers**, and by the magical disabling of their natural teleportation ability.

The Silver Pool

Close to the centre of this hex is a serene pool of radiant, glittering water. **1d6 unicorns** (*OSE*) drink peacefully, while **1d3 gamekeepers** lurk uncomfortably nearby.

Poachers: There is a 2-in-6 chance of **1d4 poachers** (stats as traders—*OSE*) from the village of Odd (*pXXX*) hiding in the trees around the pool, eyeing the gamekeepers in the hope that they will stray from their charges. The horns, fur, and flesh of unicorns is highly valued.

Intruding: Any who disturb this peaceful scene will face the wrath of the gamekeepers.

Drinking from the pool: Heals 1d6+1 hp. Mortals must **save versus spells** or change alignment to lawful.

The Dungle-Crack

A gloomy, 10'-wide chasm in the forest floor, whose base cannot be seen. Nearby trees lean above the chasm, their branches twisted and dripping with silvery dew.

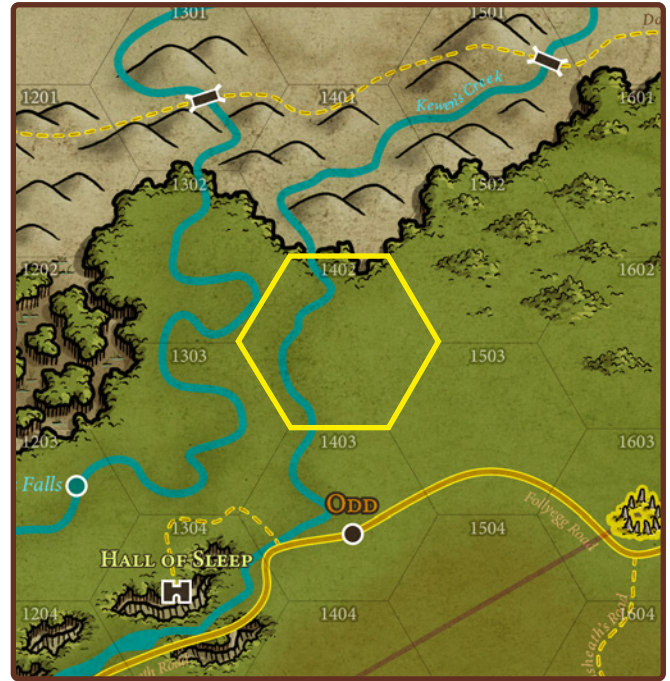
Anything lowered into the chasm: Is whisked away to the fairy road the Narrow Way (see *Fairy Roads*, *p26*). A person who lowers part of their body (e.g. a hand) more than a foot into the chasm will be wholly transported to the Narrow Way.

The Shrine to St Torphia (Hidden)

A simple wooden wayside shrine sits askew, 50' up in the boughs of a great, gall-infested oak, as if the tree sprouted beneath the shrine and raised it into the air. The statue which originally sat within the shrine is nestled in the tree's upper branches, 80' above the ground.

Statue of St Torphia: 2' high, carved of a single piece of obsidian. Torphia is depicted kneeling in prayer, with chains around her wrists and a heaping basket of berries before her.

Prayer: If the statue is retrieved and placed in the shrine, a cleric or friar of the One True God who prays for 1 hour receives the blessing of St Torphia: the ability to cast *neutralize poison* once within the next 24 hours.



Gamekeepers

Monstrous black oaks with slitted red eyes that rarely open. The gamekeepers are the most evil trees of this hex, employed by Duke Mai-Fleur to ward his prized stock of unicorns.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Still and dormant, springing into action when poachers are foolish enough to interfere with their charges.

Speech: Cracking, grinding. Communicate only with their elfish masters. Sylvan.

Desires: Guard the unicorns. Destroy poachers.

Combat stats: Treant (*OSE*).

TODO: Illustration

Barely discernable remnants of pathway crisscross the hills—signs of ancient habitation here.

Terrain: Hills, Table Downs

Lost/Encounters: 1-in-6

Ruined Hamlet

The Downs Road descends a gently sloping hillside and passes through a small cluster of ruined buildings centred around a rocky pool (see *Healing Spring*).

Ruined buildings: Homes, barns, and workshops, their stone walls crumbling and wind howling through their gaping orifices. Interior furnishings are long decayed. Religious characters may note that there is no sign of a church or graveyard among the ruins.

Skeletal inhabitants: The ruins are littered with intact human skeletons, seemingly the deceased inhabitants of the hamlet, posed in the midst of their day-to-day activities: pushing a wheelbarrow, digging turnips, tiling a roof, fetching water from the pool, weaving woollen yarn, and so on.

Speaking: If anyone speaks within the hamlet, the skeletons animate. (See *The Dead Rise*.)

The Dead Rise

When awakened by speech, the deceased inhabitants of the hamlet (**30 skeletons**—*OSE*) unfreeze from their poses, dust off their decaying rags, and haltingly approach living visitors.

Greetings: The skeletons speak with the sound of rattling teeth, addressing visitors in Old Woldish (speakers of modern Woldish understand the odd word). They welcome visitors to their hamlet, which they refer to as “Chancton”. They ask the visitors where they hail from and invite them for refreshments in the tavern and to join a barn dance later that evening.

Refreshments: PCs who accept the skeletons’ offer will be led into a half-collapsed building and jovially served empty mugs of “Chancton ale” and empty plates of “sausage stew”.

TODO: Illustration



History: If asked about their history, an odd fact becomes clear: the skeletons have no idea that they are dead and no memory of their fate. If confronted with this fact, the skeletons laugh amiably, either dismissing the visitors’ “fancy Brickenwilde humour” or warning that their senses have been addled by “too much time spent in the Tolmenwode”.

Barn dance: PCs who linger in the hamlet until the evening may join the skeletons in a dance in a lichen-clad, cobweb-filled barn, accompanied by the din of a broken fiddle and spoons clanking on rusty trays. The skeletons are eager to dance with visitors, and may even make marriage proposals to any they deem eligible.

Moonlit bath: The evening’s festivities culminate in a “recuperative bath” in the rocky pool at the centre of the hamlet. (See *Healing Spring*.)

Staying the night: If PCs enquire about overnight accommodations, the skeletons offer them pallets of desiccated straw in the tavern’s mostly-intact back room. They proudly refuse any payment. The remainder of the night passes uneventfully.

Leaving the hamlet: Whenever PCs decide to leave the hamlet, the skeletons will wistfully bid them farewell, return to their regular tasks (digging, building, weaving, etc.), and eventually stand once more still in death.

Healing Spring

In the centre of the hamlet, a spring bubbles up from the rocky ground, forms a shallow pool ringed with boulders, then flows in a small stream to join with Kewen’s Creek to the south.

Bathing in the pool: Lawful characters who bathe in the bubbling waters are blessed with either the curing of a disease (including magical diseases) or the healing of 1d6+1 hit points. Non-lawful characters are not affected, nor, sadly, are the dead.

Tree trunks covered with whorls and holes having the unsettling appearance of eyes and mouths.

Terrain: Tangled forest, Aldweald

Lost/Encounters: 2-in-6. Encounters are 1-in-6 likely (2-in-6 likely at night) to be with a **Wild Hunt** in pursuit of 2d6 fairy foxes.

Fairy Foxes

The fairy Duke Mai-Fleur (p30) keeps this region of his mortal hunting grounds stocked with a dangerous species of game: a breed of intelligent, anthropomorphic, **fairy fox**, some 100 in total.

Trapping the Trappers

The cunning fairy foxes attempt to confound the hunters by strewing the forest with traps.

Encountering traps: PCs travelling or exploring in this hex encounter 1d3 traps. For each trap, roll 1d6: 1-3: a random PC is caught in the trap, 4-5: the party unknowingly avoids the trap, 6: the party spots the trap.

Caught in a trap: The character is snared in a net or by the ankle and yanked 20' into the air. 1d6 **fairy foxes** quickly emerge to ambush their prey.

Avoiding traps: PCs who halve their travel speed can spot and avoid any traps.

Fairy Fox Dens (Hidden)

The entire hex is riddled with cunningly hidden burrows where the fairy foxes lair.

Entering: Only creatures of 3' tall or less can squeeze down the tunnels that lead to the fairy foxes' dens.

Duke Mai-Fleur

A lithesome half-elf lord with ashen complexion and flowing raven locks. The light of a blazing sunset shines in his eyes. Dresses as a hunter, crowned with holly and ivy. Mai-Fleur is renowned as the most accomplished hunter in all Dolmenwood. See p30 for more details on the duke and his domain.

Demeanour (Neutral): Wild-spirited, mercurial. Dreadful anger and heartening laughter are ever imminent.

Speech: Commanding, indignant. Woldish, Old Woldish, High Elfish, Sylvan.

Desires: To hunt undisturbed. To know the whereabouts of game worthy of a fairy lord (e.g. the Stag Lord in hex 1305, the bicorn in hex 0510).

Reward: One who aids Mai-Fleur may be gifted with a magical hunting horn which, if blown, summons a Wild Hunt to their command. (This may be used once only and works like the mighty elf rune *summon wild hunt*—see the *Dolmenwood Player's Book*.)

Possessions: The *dusk bow*: a mighty longbow +3. A mortal hit by an arrow fired from the bow is paralysed for 1d4 turns (**save versus paralysis** to resist).

Combat stats: Elf noble (DMB).



Inside the dens: Each den is home to 2d4 **fairy foxes**, dwelling in a network of long, sandy tunnels, cosy lounges with wood-crafted furnishings, little bedchambers with straw nests, and larders stocked with hanging pheasants and rabbits.

Treasures: Hidden in each den are: 1d6 gems (50gp each), 1d100gp, 1d100pp, and 1d4 trinkets (see the *Dolmenwood Player's Book*).

Fairy Foxes

2' tall, silver-furred humanoid foxes with pink eyes and jaws of vicious little teeth.

AC 7 [12], **HD** ½ (2hp), **Att** 1 × bite (1d4) or 1 × sling (1d4), **THACO** 19 [0], **MV** 120' (40'), **SV** D14 W15 P16 B17 S18 (NH), **ML** 8, **AL** Neutral, **XP** 5

Surprise: On a 1-4, due to stealth.

Tactics: The foxes favour vicious hit-and-run attacks, striking and then retreating into their burrows.

The Wild Hunt

A raucous train of fairies gleefully charging through the forest after prey.

Leader: 3-in-6 chance that the hunt is led by **Duke Mai-Fleur** himself, otherwise by an **elf knight** (DMB) loyal to the Duke.

Retinue: 4d6 **fairy hounds** (stats as wolves—OSE—with 1+2 HD), 2d10 **elf wanderers** (DMB) on foot, 2d10 **elf wanderers** (DMB) mounted on **fairy horses** (DMB), 1d6 **goblins** (DMB—horn-blowers).

Interference: The fairies do not discriminate between their intended quarry and PCs who get in their way.

A pleasant beech wood dotted with heaps, mounds, and spires of sandstone.

Terrain: Tangled forest, Aldweald

Lost/Encounters: 2-in-6

The Whispering Caves

In the side of a hillock at the heart of the hex can be found the entrance to a series of caves, bored into the stone by the waters of ages past.

Sounds of activity: The caves are uninhabited, yet are filled with an echoing, sibilant mockery of the sounds of human habitation.

Employing magical detection: Reveals some unfathomable sorcery at work here.

Whispers from Brackenwold: The echoes heard in the caves are in fact a reproduction of what may currently be heard in the chambers of Castle Brackenwold. If PCs spend time wandering through the caves, listening, they may catch snippets of a conversation of note (see *Whispers in the Caves*). The identity of speakers should not be revealed unless the PCs have encountered them previously.

Burned-Out Hut (Hidden)

Those who wander in this hex may stumble upon the blackened remnants of a small, burned-out hut in a glade of horse chestnuts, half a mile to the south of the whispering caves.

Moss corpse: A curiously humanoid mound of moss flourishes on the forest floor a few yards from the ruined hut. It radiates witch magic, to those who can detect such things. One versed in the lore of the witches may realise that the mound is the remnant of a slain moss fetch -- a doppelgänger created by a witch to impersonate herself.

The hut: Appears to have been razed within the last six months. Its interior is overrun with freshly sprouted nettles. Buried in the ashes is a sealed tin box containing a 6" tall corn dolly with a lock of black hair braided into it. If released from the box, the dolly wails "mistress!" in a faint, shrill voice. If placed upon the ground, it will find its way to the location of its mistress in hex 1707 (though its tiny legs can only carry it at a rate of 1 mile per day).

History: A witch named Joab dwelt here until recently. She knew the secret of the whispering caves and used the overheard whispers for blackmail, until word of her intrigue got to the bishop. Inquisitors were sent to eradicate her, unknowingly slaying her doppelgänger. Joab is now in hiding in hex 1707.

TODO: Illustration



Whispers in the Caves (d6)

d6 Overheard

- 1 A noblewoman (cousin of the duke), in discussing her niece with a woman with a common accent (servant), says that she "shows promise", and should be "introduced to the library" (see *The Witches' Library*, p88). The second woman warns of the rise of witch-hunting under Bishop Sanguine (p49).
- 2 An elderly man with a grave, admonishing tone (Bishop Sanguine—p49) mentions "the oubliette" (p88) to a middle-aged, regal man (Duke Thespian—p56), who then begins to sob.
- 3 A gruff man (Captain Merriman Bogle—p89) confides to a deferential man (soldier) his belief that the "atrocities" of harsh goat-lord rule in Lankshorn (pXXX) make war "unavoidable", and thus Lord Malbleat (p66) will be "neutralized". The other man agrees, addressing the gruff man as "captain".
- 4 A soft-spoken man (Abbott Hargle—p49) tells a nervous man (acolyte) that Bishop Sanguine's zeal to destroy the Drune is "perhaps wrong-headed, possibly tragic", based on his research of "ancient, mutual obligations" (i.e. the Triple Compact) between the Drune and the Church. The nervous man counsels caution, addressing the soft-spoken man as "father".
- 5 A matronly woman recounts the tale of "poor Lady Persimone" (the firstborn child of the duke and duchess), who died of terror as a girl following a visitation by the banshee which haunts the castle. A gaggle of serving girls gasp. (False. Persimone was, in truth, a victim of the curse of the oubliette—p88.)
- 6 A noble-accented goatman (emissary of Lord Ramius—pXXX) presenting a gift to a young noblewoman (the Lady Zoemina—daughter of the duke), "from milady's humble admirer in the High Wold, with the hope that it pleases her". The lady murmurs appreciatively.

Butterflies flit through spacious glades. In winter, their wings are rimed with hoarfrost.

Terrain: Open forest, Aldweald

Lost/Encounters: 1-in-6

Abandoned Campsite

A glade near the forest edge contains an encampment of eight wagons of varying sizes, painted in what were once bright colours, now dulled by extensive weathering.

Five enclosed wagons: With doors and windows, eclectically adorned with baroque woodwork.

Three cage-wagons: Rusty cages, atop wagon bases. Large enough to house great beasts. The cages are unlocked and contain only parched straw.

Lettering: Painted on the sides of the wagons, in large, red and yellow, highly-stylized letters, are the words "Wetherbrooke's Wild World of Wonders".

How did they get here?: There is no path between the trees by which the wagons might have arrived here.

Inside the Enclosed Wagons

All the enclosed wagon interiors are ransacked, covered in cobwebs, and strewn with animal droppings.

Blue wagon with partial second storey: Empty food stores and office (desk and overturned chair), with a very steep staircase leading to a bedroom. In the desk is a water-damaged financial ledger. Under the bed is a locked wooden strongbox, easily forced open, containing 205sp.

Two long orange wagons: Tightly packed bunks line the walls, some containing small animal nests. The far end of each wagon is partitioned into a pair of tiny bedrooms, containing: 1. A rack holding a whip (1d6 damage, range 10', enchanted +2 to attack and damage rolls against great cats only); 2. Barbells with hollow wooden weights painted to look like iron; 3. A half-empty vial of chartreuse liquid sitting on a makeup table (if consumed, **save versus poison** or die within 1d4 turns); 4. The image of a ghastly, grinning clown face painted on the wall in lurid tones, immediately next to a tarnished mirror.

Short black wagon with purple trim: Embroidered cloth-covered table with cracked crystal ball and bed behind curtain. Stale smell of incense. Upon entering, a disembodied female voice shrieks, urging PCs to flee the encampment immediately. Under the table is a hollow fake thumb holding a gem (25gp).

Large white wagon: Empty crates; dried-out, brittle leather tent-bundling straps.

Big Top

An adjoining glade is filled by a bright red circus tent in perfect condition, its flap open invitingly.

Music: At once energetic and wistful emanates from the doorway.

Magically rooted: The ropes and spikes holding up the tent are immovable and indestructible.



TODO: Illustration

Inside the Tent

Wooden benches and bales of hay surround a circus ring.

Spectral performers and animals: Wink into and out of existence, the humans' faces all grimaces of unceasing despair and terror. Acts include (roll 1d6): 1. Two tigers with tamer; 2. Clowns juggling torches and knives; 3. Acrobats forming a human pyramid; 4. Elephant performing tricks; 5. Strongman lifting barbells; 6. Fire-eater. The show is seemingly unending.

An audience of spectral fey creatures: Cheers and claps appreciatively.

Ringmaster: An apparition of a tall and wiry elf in a top hat and garish red long-tailed suit soon approaches, demanding both a fee for the performance and an "honest assessment" of the show.

Tribute or trouble: If the characters hand over 20gp per PC and offer effusive praise, the ringmaster will salute their "refinement and taste" and allow them to view the performances for as long as they like. Otherwise, his face will elongate and widen into a giant, distorted parody of ire. **2 tigers (OSE)** will become corporeal and attack, as the spectators roar with excitement.

Defeating the tigers: Will cause the audience to erupt in booing. They and the circus vanish, and the tent collapses. Only the ringmaster's empty suit remains, alongside a sack containing 320gp and 512 human teeth.

Fleeing: The tigers will pursue PCs for up to 10 rounds, before vanishing.