

Prigwort

1106—Famed brewing and market town in the midst of the Wood.

OVERVIEW

Situated in a hilly clearing in the deep woods, Prigwort is a market town famed for its breweries, inns, and taverns. Within the confines of the town wall, twisting alleys and crooked stairways weave between quaint wooden cottages and high-gabled inns, all decorated with colourful, pseudo-heraldic imagery and elaborate wood carving.

Inhabitants (2,800): A large majority of folk of Prigwort origin, together with a smattering of travellers and traders who wandered this way and decided to remain.

Ruler: The Elevated Council of Brewmasters sees to the day-to-day running of Prigwort, as representatives of **Lady Harrowmoor** (p66). The council also (in secret) pays fealty to the fairy **Earl of Yellow** (p32), under whose protection Prigwort lies.

Religion: It is said (by outsiders) that Prigwort folk glorify beer above all. In reality, it would be fair to say that the church and the tavern share equal space in their hearts.

The Elevated Council of Brewmasters

Prigwort's council consists of one elected representative from each of the **Seven Noble Brewing Houses**. The brewmasters may be seen, upon occasion, in public houses, where they can be recognised by their regalia: a pewter torc in the form of a two-headed eagle.

Beers and Fine Spirits

Located in the middle of Dolmenwood, the brewers of Prigwort have at their disposal a vast assortment of wild herbs, roots, and berries with which to flavour their concoctions. The admixture of such substances yields beers and spirits with delightfully intoxicating and even magical qualities.

Secret Congress with the Earl of Yellow

While the common folk of Prigwort speak often of the fairy Earl of Yellow (p32), they believe him to be merely a figure from folktale. The brewmasters, however, are privy to a carefully guarded secret: the council pays tribute to the Earl in the form of Prigwort's finest spirituous beverages. In return, the Earl offers the town protection in time of need and supplies the brewmasters with fabulous ingredients from Fairy for inclusion in their brews.

Fortification Against the Nag-Lord

Bands of crookhorns and other servants of Atanuwë have recently begun encroaching on the woods close to Prigwort and Harrowmoor Keep. Lady Harrowmoor is overseeing the establishment of a fortified garrison in Prigwort, as a precaution against the war she fears is brewing.

The Seven Noble Brewing Houses

Brewing and distillation dominate Prigwort culture to such a degree that all townsfolk are proud members of one of seven noble brewing houses. Each house has its own insignia and traditional festival garb, as well as a seat on the town council (see **The Elevated Council of Brewmasters**). The seven houses are as follows:

1. **House Cobsworth:** Specialises in light, fizzy beers. **Insignia:** a bear with a beer keg on its head. **Leader:** the Elevated Wilfry Grump.
2. **House Halthwidden:** Specialises in heavy stouts. **Insignia:** five fists clutching bunches of hops. **Leader:** the Elevated Daphnemene Hedger.
3. **House Oberon:** Prigwort's finest distillery, whose libations are legendary throughout Dolmenwood. **Insignia:** a mandrake root stirring a cauldron with a rod. **Leader:** the Elevated Sirrop Drouge.
4. **House Ogsbody:** Specialises in heavy, hoppy ales. **Insignia:** a ram with ivy intertwined in its horns. **Leader:** the Elevated Persimone Ogsbody.
5. **House Pilston:** Producers of low grade beer for the mass market. Said by some to be sullyng the noble art of brewing. **Insignia:** a skewered apple. **Leader:** the Elevated Smyde Humblebuff.
6. **House Sumferish:** Specialises in aspintheon of all kinds. **Insignia:** a crow drinking from a chalice. **Leader:** the Elevated Ignatius Craphand.
7. **House Wakelyke:** Producers of experimental, low grade spirits with all manner of highly odd ingredients. **Insignia:** a grinning, fat-faced sun. **Leader:** the Elevated Hoagle Broadmain.

EQUIPMENT AVAILABILITY

Standard equipment and vehicles are available in Prigwort at the normal price. Mounts and hounds are usually only available at the market on Colly (see p134). Mercenaries can often be hired here, but unusual specialists (e.g. sages, spies) can rarely be located.

TODO: Illustration



Map Key

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|---|------------------------------|
| 1. Town Hall | 9. Wyrmspittle the Herbalist |
| 2. Market Square | 10. Church of St Waylaine |
| 3. The Oaf in the Oast (Tavern and Baths) | 11. The Groaning Gate |
| 4. Brandybile's (Tailor) | 12. Turret Gate |
| 5. Raptappen's Quadrant (Inn) | 13. Abbey Gate |
| 6. The Earl's Court | 14. The Bagwall |
| 7. The Sea of Stars (Jeweller) | 15. Bag Manor |
| 8. The Wrinkled Medlar (Inn) | 16. The Clashed Antler (Inn) |
| | 17. Harrow Road |
| | 18. Swinney Road |
| | 19. Construction Site |
| | 20. Horse-Eye Road |

The Prigwort Alegard

Clad in mail with red tabards bearing the insignia of one of the Noble Brewing Houses. The Alegard is a small body of town guards garrisoned in the town hall.

Arrival on the scene: If word of a crime is called out in the town, 1d3 guards will arrive within 1d10 minutes (1d3 turns at night). A further 1d3 guards may arrive 10 minutes later (1d3 turns later at night), if reinforcements are called for.

AC 5 [14] **HD** 1 (4hp) **Att** 1 × weapon (1d6 or by weapon) **THACO** 19 [0] **MV** 120' (40') **SV** D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (1) **ML** 7 **AL** Neutral **XP** 10

PRIGWORT ENCOUNTERS—DAY

d6 Encounter

- 1 A pedlar bearing bags of fresh herbs to Wyrmspittle's.
- 2 One of **Mostlemyre Drouge's** (p138) enigmatic black-wreathed servitors running errands around town.
- 3 **1d3 Brewmasters** overseeing transport of a giant vat of liquid to the Town Hall.
- 4 **Hague Jerricorn** (p136) arguing with a raggedy sailor over the authenticity of an old map she is clutching.
- 5 **Captain Hogwash** (p134) loudly leading wagon-loads of stone to the construction site beside the Abbey Gate.
- 6 **Dozens of locals** bearing the insignia of one of the noble brewing houses, rolling kegs through the streets.

PRIGWORT ENCOUNTERS—NIGHT

d6 Encounter

- 1 **2d3 town guards** dragging **1d4 protesting youths** (members of **Austache's Bounders**—p139) to the gaol.
- 2 **Austache** (p139) and **2d4 gang members** drunkenly accosting **1d4 shorthorn travellers** on their way to the Oaf in the Oast for a soothing bath.
- 3 A **Brewmaster** surreptitiously reading a note written in glowing golden Sylvan script (from the Earl of Yellow, promising a shipment of "languid evermore").
- 4 **1d6 revellers** singing the praises of **Maydrid Hydball** (p136), whom they all profess their undying love for.
- 5 Brash war horns ring out in the woods as a troop of **3d6 crookhorns** (DMB) harries **1d6 lost pilgrims**.
- 6 **Wyrmspittle** (p137) smoking with a **moss dwarf**.

1. TOWN HALL

A large, elaborate building with two pointy ornamental turrets, an ostentatious, portcullised gate, and a profusion of heraldic shields decorating its tiled walls. This is the town hall of Prigwort, seat of the Elevated Council of Brewmasters.

Main hall: A wide, gloomy hall bedecked with heraldic tapestries bearing the insignias of the seven noble brewing houses and depicting the greatest Elevated Brewmasters of the town's past. When town meetings or legal proceedings are under way, the members of the Elevated Council are seated on wooden thrones upon a dais.

Brew cellars: The Elevated Brewmasters curate one of the town's greatest treasures: the exquisitely stocked cellars beneath the town hall. The collection of vintage wines, spirits, beers, and ciders rivals that of the palaces of kings. Many of the finest brews in these cellars are products of the Brewmasters' own craft.

Town gaol and garrison: A rear entrance leads to the garrison of the Alegard (see *p133*)—commanded by **Captain Hogwash**—and the subterranean gaol.

Captain Simwise Hogwash

A bristle-bearded man in his late middle-age, his impeccably polished helmet perpetually strapped upon his shiny bald head. Goggling eyes and a stiff upper lip lend him an astonished appearance at all times.

Demeanour (Lawful): Brusque, suspicious. Always on edge, even when drunk. Eye twitches.

Speech: Gentlemanly. Vacillates between barked orders and mumbled ruminations. Woldish.

Desires: Suspects **Austache's Bounders** (*p139*) of criminal activity and wishes to arrest Austache and shut down the vigilante gang.

TODO: Illustration

2. MARKET SQUARE

A cobbled square whose sides are packed with tall, leaning stores and public houses. Bustling markets are held here twice a week.

Colly: Livestock and crafts market. Vehicles, mounts, hounds, tools, adventuring gear, and basic weapons and armour can be found for sale.

Frisk: Lively food market with festive music, where the finest of seasonal produce can be bought. Specialities:

- **Fungi:** 3 randomly selected types of edible fungi (see *Foraging, p152*). 1d4sp a portion.
- **Fancy pastries:** Sold by the flirtatious young women from the bakery in hex 1206. 2sp per pastry.

3. THE OAF IN THE OAST (TAVERN AND BATHS)

An old oast-house converted into a heaving tavern. The exterior walls are coated in once bright primary colours, now obscured by layers of thick varnish. Outside are various terracotta pots fashioned as hog-like creatures, trailing a riot of brittle vines and dead flowers.

Sign: A slack-jawed hunchback obliviously scratching his behind as a fire kindles beneath his nethers.

Common room: An arc-shaped mahogany bar in the cramped roundel is where most serious drinking takes place. On warm nights the cowl in the lofty roof is opened, allowing nightly zephyrs to sweep away the fust and fug. Crowds are served by the landlord **Heggid** and two buxom barmaids—**Gawda** and **Blessie**—who have the necessary brawn and bold temperament to shoulder through the thronging drinkers. Strangers will often be pointedly overlooked by the server.

Brewery: The far larger oblong room at back is used as a store and the small brewery for Heggid's beers—the landlord and some of his more exclusive clientele sometimes sullenly drink in here betwixt the looming masses of two ancient mash tuns.

Guests: A bustle of bawdy locals, mostly working men.

Grimalkins: Are theoretically welcomed, but so are (mundane) dogs and cats, and all are treated alike.

No fancy folk: Those that seem too clever (above average INT) may be barred on sight, for no real reason.

Services at the Oaf-in-the Oast

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

Heggid's bitter: Two-pint ceramic steins of Heggid's Bitter at 15cp apiece. The steins are worked into faces of rosy-cheeked barmaids, rather gaudy and alarming.

Baths: In the basement, under the floor of the main bar. These are only offered to groups of 4 at a minimum, it not being worth stoking the fires to heat water otherwise. 1sp per person, attended by Heggid. 1gp per person, attended by Gawda or Blessie.

Heggid Axminster—Oaf in the Oast Proprietor

A barrel-chested, lantern-jawed man in his forties, with hairy forearms and a thatch of matted blonde hair. Broken teeth and nose do not detract from an almost noble carriage in the swing of his proud beer gut. Heggid "has always owned the Oaf and always will".

Demeanour (Neutral): Attempts to conceal his scheming and sly intellect with feigned absent-mindedness.

Speech: Rough, barely intelligible drawl. Woldish.

Desires: Scheming to set up a clandestine distillery in his cellars—out of sight of the meddling of the Brewmasters and their tax collectors—and start exporting cheap liquor to Dreg. To show his mettle defending Prigwort from any hypothetical invader.

TODO: Illustration

4. BRANDYBILE'S (TAILOR)

This beautifully lacquered but otherwise inconspicuous shop is the premises of a high-class tailor of great repute.

Entrance: A small, red-painted doorway with a shiny brass knob and a plaque bearing the inscription "Brandybile's, by appointment only (inquire at the Wrinkled Medlar). Member of the Esteemed Guild of Tailors. Rogues beware: affiliate of the Guild of Enchanters".

By appointment only: Inquiring at the Wrinkled Medlar, as specified, may gain well-to-do looking clients an appointment on the following day.

Interior: A series of elegantly appointed chambers containing the workshops, display racks, and boudoirs of this high-class tailor. As if to confirm the establishment's connection with the Enchanters' Guild, the place is lit by candles which flicker on and off as clients walk between rooms.

Wards: As the plaque on the exterior door implies, the premises is warded by sorcery. Use of magic within the shop causes a small silver bell to tinkle. Items removed from the shop without the proprietor's permission are cursed: the thief must **save versus spells** or be transformed permanently into a hog.

Services at Brandybile's

Fine clothing: Tailoring of fancy outfits of all manner comes at 50gp upwards (depending on the material, embellishments, etc.).

Embroidery: Brandybile can enhance existing clothing with emblems, coats of arms, etc. for 25gp upwards.

Enchantments: As an affiliate of enchanter's guild (see *p91*), Brandybile can tailor clothing suitable for subsequent enchantment (at double the normal cost of the clothing). He can also directly commission the enchantments via his contacts in the guild.

Algenon Brandybile—Brandybile's Proprietor

A weaselly man in his forties, always dressed to the height of fashion, with curl-toed moccasins and a moustache to match.

Demeanour (Neutral): Fawning and sycophantic to the right breed of customer, condescending and abrupt to the wrong breed. (But may be brought around if his expert opinion on fashion is deferred to.)

Speech: Obsequious whine. Woldish, basic Old Woldish.

Desires: To see **Cantius Croupe**—his arch-rival and chief boudoir-ward of the duke—ridiculed and deposed.

5. RAPTAPPEN'S QUADRANT (INN)

A squat building of black timber with eggshell-coloured trim, surrounding a grassy courtyard in which wavers a single stunted elm. Secure, quiet lodging is on offer here and, indeed, after dark, wan lights indicate that the majority of the rooms are usually occupied, although the actual traffic of travellers seen coming and going is negligible.

Sign: A small black sign depicting three concentric yellow squares and the austere inscription "Raptappen's".

Entry hall: The front door leads into an entry hall, lined with mossy green carpet and dark wood panelling. Here, politely timorous servant-lads clad in rust-coloured livery and starched ruffs greet guests and lead them through a maze of passages to one of the many private dining rooms.

Preternatural calm: Throughout Raptappen's, the atmosphere is one of preternatural calm and quiet, with only the occasional guest or scurrying servant-lad to disrupt the still tableaux of carpeted halls and parlours.

Private dining rooms: Rooms with space for up to 15 are available, attended by a dedicated servant-lad.

The courtyard: In warmer months, tables are placed in the courtyard, beneath lanterns hanging from the inn's eaves. The courtyard boasts several ancient sets of traditional lawn games such as quoits and skittles.

Guests: Other guests are rarely seen, though titters and muttering from closed rooms intimate their presence.

Services at Raptappen's Quadrant

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

Wines: All uncommon wines always are in stock and there is a 3-in-6 chance of any rare wine being available. Guests ordering wine may meet the proprietor, **Aspith Raptappen**, who personally brings bottles up from the cellars.

Aspith Raptappen—Raptappen's Proprietor

A sighing man in his fifties, of gaunt, saturnine aspect who appears of noble parentage. Dresses in sombre black suits and smells very strongly of mothballs.

Demeanour (Lawful): Bows scrapingly low to even the lowliest beggar. Will often enquire with genuine curiosity of adventurers' recent brushes with death.

Speech: Sombre. Given to maudlin proverbs. Woldish, Old Woldish.

Desires: Knowledge of what lies beyond death. To host Lady Harrowmoor in the inn.

6. THE EARL'S COURT

A cobblestoned courtyard featuring a charming fountain, and benches cloistered among rose-clad nooks.

Golden statue: At the centre of the courtyard stands a golden (actually yellow paint) statue of a portly, regally-dressed gentleman raising a goblet high in a toast. This purportedly represents the fairy Earl of Yellow.

Hague Jerricorn—Sea of Stars Proprietor

A woman in her late thirties with cool grey eyes, straight red hair to her waist, and a birth mark across her left eye and cheek. Dresses in an odd mélange of courtly gowns and utilitarian artisan's apron.

Demeanour (Neutral): Disarming serenity and charm. The grace and poise of a dancer. Has a reckless streak.

Speech: Hypnotically melodic. Woldish.

Desires: Adventure, excitement, and scandalous romance. The treasure hoard which her grandfather (who founded the Sea of Stars) claims to have buried on a remote island in his seafaring days. She has a map.

Possessions: A slim, silver *ring of invisibility*.

7. THE SEA OF STARS (JEWELLER)

A tall, narrow store, four storeys high, painted with pearls, mermaids, and gaudy nautical scenes.

Sign: A flotsam of bejewelled goblets and caskets, drifting on a tranquil sea.

Interior: A luxurious suite, with floral upholstered couches, elegant oil paintings, and display cases of polished, inlaid wood. The proprietor, **Hague Jerricorn**, greets clients from behind a grand consulting desk. The upper floors are off limits to customers, being occupied by the safe room and the proprietor's private lodgings.

Guards: Two guards armed with crossbows and swords (treat as 2 HD **veterans**—see *OSE*) stand discreetly outside the store, with two more placed in the safe room.

Services at the Sea of Stars

Buying: The store purchases gems and jewellery at 80% of their full value.

Selling: A wide range of gems and jewellery of decent quality are for sale at their full value (50–500gp).

Valuation (optional rule): It is generally assumed that adventurers are able to appraise the value of treasures themselves. If the referee wishes to keep the value of gems and jewellery secret, PCs may inquire at the store for a valuation. The fee for this service is 3% of the item's value.

Sprewdiman Kneeeve—Bardic Guild Delegate

A bulky, rat-faced man in his thirties, with a powdered wig and a brass-knobbed walking cane. As Prigwort delegate of the Bardic Guild, Kneeeve is an expert on matters musical and is himself a virtuoso violinist (although stage fright prevents him performing).

Demeanour (Neutral): Vain and insipid. Expresses himself with swishes of his silk handkerchief.

Speech: Nervous, effected giggling. Woldish, Old Woldish, Caprice.

Desires: The hand of **Maydrid Hydball** in marriage. (Maydrid has no time for the smarmy Kneeeve.)

8. THE WRINKLED MEDLAR (INN)

A three-winged building whose ground floor is constructed of timeworn stone blocks and two upper floors are wood-beamed and painted with murals of the town market. The Wrinkled Medlar cultivates the reputation of “luxury away from home” and caters to cultured travellers with the need to enter Dolmenwood.

Sign: A dog's paw reaching towards a desiccated medlar fruit atop a luxurious cushion of purple velvet.

Strict door policy: Those unsuitably dressed (e.g. wearing armour or carrying weapons) will be denied entry.

Common room: A curated balance between dim, rustic cosiness and timeless elegance. Tables are decked with linen, candles, and silver cutlery and liveried waiters serve guests at their seats. Double staircases lead to the intimate “evening bar”, overlooking the broad stage at the opposite end of the room.

Musical performances: The inn is renowned as the finest musical venue in Prigwort, under the discerning eye of the resident delegate of the Bardic Guild, **Sprewdiman Kneeeve**, who keeps a small office behind the stage. Kneeeve can be seen sitting with critical attention during performances and flitting between tables to lap up his share of praise after a particularly successful show.

Guests: Well-to-do merchants, clergy, and minor aristocrats who have need to visit Prigwort, along with their entourages of guards, servants, and hangers-on.

Proprietors: The Hydball family, principally twin brothers **Adran** and **Mollicop** (slick-haired men of stocky build, morose countenance, and serious mind who manage the inn's finances and kitchens, respectively) and their younger sister **Maydrid** who is often seen in the common room, welcoming guests and organising accommodation.

Services at the Wrinkled Medlar

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

TODO: Illustration

Maydrid Hydball—Wrinkled Medlar Proprietor

A tall, slender woman of great beauty in her late twenties, with cropped brown hair and a scintillating smile. Dresses in simple scarlet gowns and gold earrings.

Demeanour (Lawful): Vivacious, light-hearted. Charmingly informal, even with those of noble birth.

Speech: Teasingly forthright. Woldish.

Desires: To convince her staid brothers to open a ballroom in the inn's attic. For her lover—the bard Gherigew Thorncripe—to forsake the life of a wanderer and settle in Prigwort.

9. WYRMSPITTLE THE HERBALIST

An ungainly building teetering on the edge of a small bridge spanning a street below. Prigwort's primary herbalist and apothecary, operated by **Edgar Wyrmspittle**, is reached by a steep stair that passes alongside a stinking chicken enclosure.

Sign: A green-scaled wyrm drooling into a glass vial.

Services at Wyrmspittle's

Herbal consultation: Wyrmspittle can create herbal admixtures tailored to an individual customer's needs. Characters using these herbs gain an extra hit point per day of complete rest. 5gp per dose (enough for one day).

Mushrooms and herbs: The preparations listed in the *Dolmenwood Player's Book* are sold at the standard prices and with the standard chance of availability. There is a also 2-in-6 chance of each of the following fungi being available (to trusted customers only): *bloodcap* (pXXX), *goatman's goblet* (pXXX), *grinning jenny* (pXXX), *lover's gasp* (pXXX), *puck's ear* (pXXX), *velvet flounder* (pXXX).

Alchemical compounds: *Brewmaster's balsam* (pXXX) is brewed in house and is always in stock. There is a 2-in-6 chance of each of the following compounds being in stock: *alchemical tonic* (pXXX), *Orgon's scintillating philtre* (pXXX).

Edgar Wyrmspittle—Herbalist

A shaven-headed man in his fifties, with arched brows, a silver ring in his ear, and a long pipe of *mogglemoss* in his lips. Sports a forked beard and dangling moustaches. Dresses in genteel tweed and a burgundy velvet smoking jacket.

Demeanour (Neutral): Irascible, superior. Raises one eyebrow sceptically. Friendly with those who display an interest in the wild herbs and fungi of Dolmenwood.

Speech: Smooth, erudite bass. Waxes technical. Woldish, Old Woldish.

Desires: Unusual wild herbs or fungi—will pay well (75% of listed price). The distillation secrets of the Brewmasters.

Reverend Mother Liane Smunk—Vicar of Prigwort

A plump, rosy-cheeked woman in her forties, with prematurely white hair tied in a neat bun. Has one orange, goat-like eye. Dresses in white robes embroidered with vine-like patterns of gold thread, dotted with beads of yellow glass. Smunk is a native of Lankshorn (with goatish blood in her ancestry) who was placed in Prigwort by the Church as a young acolyte.

Demeanour (Lawful): Ever-cheerful (to an irritating degree), genuinely compassionate and good-hearted.

Speech: Overly familial. Woldish, Liturgic, Gaffe.

Desires: To send a mission to the goatfolk of the High Wold, seeking shorthorn initiates to the clergy.

TODO: Illustration

10. CHURCH OF ST WAYLAINE

A rambling structure whose original, narrow nave has been extended over time with many side-chapels in differing styles and antiquities.

Entrance: An extravagant portal framed by seven concentric arches, carved with scenes of angels raising the souls of the dead up to heaven. The entrance is angled such that it is immediately visible to travellers entering Prigwort through the Turret Gate.

Interior: The long, narrow nave, lined with pillars of gleaming white marble, gives a direct view onto the altar, bathed in coloured light filtering through the stained glass windows above. An enormous bronze statue of St Waylaine, depicted (unusually) with seven arms, each bearing an axe. Many side-chapels, dedicated to deceased vicars and bishops of great repute.

Populace: Brewers wheeling kegs of beer and bundles of hops to the altar for blessing. Pious locals and travellers, sitting in solemn prayer on the pews. The vicar, **Reverend Mother Liane Smunk**, passing among visitors, cheerily inquiring as to their health, marital woes, religious quandaries, etc.

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

Graveyard: A walled graveyard stands behind the church, at the edge of town. Entrance is only possible via a set of sturdy iron gates overlooked by a fortified, gargoyle-encrusted watchtower. Litanies engraved in Liturgic upon the gates and watchtower indicate that the cemetery is warded by the Lichwards (the Order of St Signis—see *Clerical Orders*, p48).

11. THE GROANING GATE

A squat stone gate topped with a covered wooden lookout post which is painted with the image of a sea serpent.

12. TURRET GATE

An ornamental, turreted gate, with portcullis and guard posts. The tops of the turrets stand fully twice the height of the town wall.

13. ABBEY GATE

A stone gate topped with a battlement. The gate is flanked on each side by a statue of a bishop.

Alms: Dating from the days when pilgrims would stop in Prigwort on their way to the Abbey of St Clewyd (hex 0906), the statues alongside the gate are fitted with alms boxes. Coins inserted into slots in the statues' palms are collected in the boxes, with proceeds donated to the local church.

14. THE BAGWALL

A crumbling brick wall runs along the north-east perimeter of the town, mirroring the course of the main town wall for a quarter of its length. The Bagwall is the remnant of a failed attempt by the semi-mythical Lord Bag-in-Hand to construct a manor in the outskirts of Prigwort (see *The Tale of Lord Bag-in-Hand*).

In local parlance: The Bagwall is a running joke among the locals, who use the phrase “when the Bagwall’s finished” to indicate something that is highly unlikely to occur.

Mostlemyre Drouge—Consulting Wizard (8th Level Magic-User)

A fat man in his late fifties, with a smooth-shaven head and pudgy, clammy hands clad with bejewelled rings (two of which are enchanted—see *Possessions*). Dresses in purple silks with an octagonal orange skullcap and a curious pair of thick, prismatic lensed spectacles.

Demeanour (Neutral): Wry, obtuse. Forthright and businesslike in his dealings with strangers. Has a general liking for adventurers, taking roguish antics with a pinch of salt. Smiles enigmatically to himself.

Speech: Dawdling baritone. Woldish, Old Woldish, several obscure otherworldly tongues.

Desires: Spells, tomes, and magic items related to scrying and other dimensions. Seeks a copy of the infamous tome of summoning magic, the *Black Book of Llareggub*.

Family: Elder brother of the Elevated Sirrop Drouge, member of the Council of Brewmasters and head of House Oberon. (The exquisite spirits of House Oberon are rumoured to be enhanced by Mostlemyre’s magic.)

Possessions: A ruby ring of protection. An emerald ring of spell turning (5 charges). A wand of illusion (7 charges). Spell book: charm person, detect magic, read magic, detect invisible, knock, locate object, clairvoyance, dispel magic, Drouge’s arcane unravelling (see *New Spells, p384*), polymorph self.

The Tale of Lord Bag-in-Hand

Some centuries ago, an eccentric noble, known in folktales as Lord Bag-In-Hand, had mind to build a manor on the outskirts of Prigwort. There was but one catch: he was mortally afraid of the squirrels (or badgers, or fairies—the tales vary) which frequent the region. Undeterred, he commissioned the construction of a wall around the site of the manor, with polished mirrors affixed to its outer side to repel the offensive creatures.

After a year of work, the builders upped and left, claiming that their employer had simply vanished. No more was heard of Lord Bag-In-Hand.

Some believe that he died of the plague, alone in a distant land. Others claim that he was, in fact, the Earl of Yellow in disguise, playing a prank or granting some mysterious boon upon the people of Prigwort.

15. BAG MANOR

A roomy, thatch-roofed residence of several rambling wings, hereditary home of the wealthy Drouge family, prominent members of the brewing house Oberon. Despite its name, Bag Manor has no relation to the semi-mythical Lord Bag-in-Hand (see *The Tale of Lord Bag-in-Hand*), but was constructed at a later date on the site he had supposedly selected for his manor.

Inhabitants: The manor is the residence of **Mostlemyre Drouge**, famed consulting wizard and elder scion of the Drouge clan. Drouge lives alone, accompanied only by three, mysterious, black-wreathed servitors who speak only in curt whispers. The wizard’s residence is known to occasionally host visitors of a sagely or adventurous sort.

Appointments: It takes 1d3 days to gain an audience with Drouge and all services require that the item or items to be analysed are left with him for 1d3 days.

Consulting study: An octagonal chamber lined with bookshelves and curio cabinets. A green-stained octagonal desk sits in the centre of a carmine rug, with a plush upholstered chair for Drouge and three plain wooden chairs for clients.

The book spirit: A magical spirit (known as a *demi-gnod*) inhabits the bookshelves in the study. Guests may spot it during consultations, manifesting as a quizzical, long-nosed face in the wood of the shelves. The demi-gnod absorbs the knowledge of books placed in its shelves and may speak with Drouge (in an obscure magical tongue), acting as a quick index.

Services of the Consulting Wizard

Detect magic: 25gp per item.

Read magic: 25gp per spell.

Magic item identification: Using a spell of Drouge’s own creation (*Drouge’s arcane unravelling*—see *New Spells, p384*). 500gp per item.

TODO: Illustration

16. THE CLASHED ANTLER (INN)

A rustic, two storey building with a thatched roof and sturdy black oak beams, similar in style to Bag Manor. The inn is supposedly located on a site intended for the grounds and outbuildings of Lord Bag-In-Hand's manor (see *The Tale of Lord Bag-in-Hand*).

Sign: Two stags (one purple, one orange) locking horns against a backdrop of blue stars.

Common room: Grandly rustic, with thick beams, intimately cramped nooks and crannies, comfortably low ceilings, and a horseshoe bar that looks solid enough to withstand a battering ram. Customers are served by the octogenarian proprietors, **Sespettra** and **Blino Jongle**.

Guests: A small number of cringing travellers and locals amid a roistering crowd of youths who call themselves **Austache's Bounders**. Driven by booze, boredom, and braggadocio, these rambunctious toughs can be easily fallen afoul of if a visitor does not watch their conduct.

Beer garden: A sprawling beer garden with lamps of purple and orange glass dotted amongst the trees and large wagon wheels for tables. The garden is bounded by the Bagwall (to the north) and a wooden fence (to the west), but bleeds directly into the eaves of Dolmenwood at several points, where the wall is crumbled to rubble. Although they have been asked repeatedly not to, **Austache's Bounders** often enter the premises directly from the woods rather than via the main entrance on Harrow Road.

Services at the Clashed Antler

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

Private cottages: Located in the beer garden. Somewhat shabby and musty, but serviceable. 1gp per person per night, including a simple breakfast. Each cottage can accommodate six.

Bundt cake: Sespettra bakes an immense bundt cake twice a week—on Moot and Sunning—slices of which are free to all patrons, as well as passing beggars.

Blino Jongle—Clashed Antler Proprietor

An elderly man, once proud and strong-backed, now dodderly and enfeebled. His bald pate is dotted with liver spots and his spit-soaked, grey moustaches hang limply down to his chest. Dresses in a shabby black suit.

Demeanour (Lawful): Feeble, familiar, forgetful. Will not have a bad word said about his great-nephew **Austache**, but looks on in silent reproach during his debauches, fretfully hand-wringing and chewing his moustaches.

Speech: Faltering, whistling. Woldish.

Desires: To find a good, dependable woman for Austache to settle down with or, failing that, a strict employer to keep him out of trouble.

Austache's Bounders—Vigilante Gang

Purpose: Formed under the loose motivation to drive out criminals deemed “wrong-uns” from Prigwort. The manifesto detailing what constitutes a “wrong-un” is kept in **Austache's** jerkin and is constantly edited and re-edited as circumstances dictate. The gang spends as much time raising hell at the Clashed Antler as it does tracking down ne'er-do-wells.

Membership: Two dozen local youths, primarily apathetic scions of better off families. The Bounders are mostly lads, but include a number of rowdy young women. While some of the members are passionate about law-enforcement, most just like the mystique that comes with declaring oneself a vigilante.

Current scheme: Harassment of any non-humans they catch sight of, on the imagined grounds that they are spies of the Nag-Lord.

Austache Jongle—Leader

An awkward, pudgy man in his early thirties (significantly older than most of his gang), with misty blue eyes and wildly unkempt blonde hair and beard. Dresses in a ridiculous, minstrel-like patchwork of coloured cloth. Austache is the great-nephew of **Sespettra** and **Blino Jongle**, elderly proprietors of the Clashed Antler.

Demeanour (Neutral): Ungainly and careless. Shaky hands caused by early-onset alcoholism.

Speech: Loud whooping and jeering. Woldish.

Desires: To remain young and carefree. To recruit more members to his gang—including adventurous types!—and set up continuous patrols around Prigwort, on the lookout for “wrong-uns”.

17. HARROW ROAD

A narrow, twisting forest road, just wide enough for a cart at the point where it leaves Prigwort. Harrow Road widens as it winds its way north towards the gates of Harrowmoor Keep (hex 1105).

18. SWINNEY ROAD

A well-maintained, much-frequented trade road that leads from Prigwort to Fort Vulgar. Also once an important pilgrimage route—Swinney Road passes along the feet of the hill on which sits the (now ruined) Abbey of St Clewyd (hex 0906).

19. CONSTRUCTION SITE

Piled beside the wall to the north of the Abbey Gate are rapidly growing heaps of brick, stone, and lumber. This site is being prepared for the construction of a garrison, at the instruction of Lady Harrowmoor and the duke.

20. HORSE-EYE ROAD

A well-maintained, much-frequented trade road that connects Castle Brackenwold and Prigwort.