

Gloomy, dripping corpses, drenched in cool mist and an unending drizzle.

**Terrain:** Tangled Forest, High Wold

**Lost/Encounters:** 2-in-6

**Ley line Ywyr:** Arcane spell-casters at times perceive the distant moaning of the dead. (See pXXX.)

## Nodding Castle

The decaying Nodding Castle, ancestral home of **Lord Nodlock** (p67), stands upon a hill at the forest's edge. The castle is built of grey stone, with three crumbling towers. The walls are dripping with damp and mould.

**Defensive palisade:** A series of thorny trees grown and weaved into a latticework palisade rings the castle. The thick palisade gates are decorated with horn and sport the heraldic shield of Lord Nodlock when the gates are closed.

**Moat of the dead:** The castle itself is further surrounded by a moat which is home to **7 headless bog zombies** (DMB), perpetually attempting to claw their way up the steep, slippery sides then slumping back into the putrid water. Lord Nodlock has pushed a deceitful advisor into the moat on a number of occasions.

**Interior:** A haphazard procession of cluttered hallways, disorderly studies, debauched feasting halls, and slovenly boudoirs. Lord Nodlock's long-suffering domestic staff periodically scurry through, attempting to restore order after their liege's bouts of debauchery.

**Inhabitants:** **Lord Nodlock** resides here, attended by a retinue of advisors who oversee the castle and borders during their Lord's alcohol-induced slumbers (of which there are many). A frequent attendant to Nodlock's binges is his wine taster, a **wronguncle** (DMB) called **Tasper**.

**Visitors:** The guest suites at Nodding Castle are seldom vacant. Lord Nodlock welcomes visitors of noble stock, hedonistic bent, or martial prowess, in addition to hordes of jugglers, dancers, musicians, and fortune tellers. Those who are not welcome can easily gain entrance posing as entertainers or servants.

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### Tasper Crymehump—Wronguncle Wine Taster

A red-capped, 5'-tall humanoid mushroom that grew on the corpse of Lord Nodlock's former wine taster, who was lost in the forest a year ago. Upon wandering to the castle, the mushroom was welcomed back into the role of wine taster, possessing all the skill and memories of its deceased progenitor. The castle's inhabitants regard it with curiosity and affection.

**Demeanour (Neutral):** Genial and lighthearted. Comes over murderous and conspiratorial at any mention of the castle's cook (see *Desires*).

**Speech:** Merry, squeaking banter. Woldish.

**Desires:** To locate and murder its loved one, Grymelda, the castle's head cook. (Unknown to Tasper, she was recently killed by Lord Nodlock's pack of hunting dogs. The castle's inhabitants are under strict instructions to string Tasper along, maintaining its belief that Grymelda still lives and, thus, its willingness to remain as head wine taster.)

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Placid grasslands dotted with cave-riddled sandstone outcroppings.

**Terrain:** Meadow, High Wold

**Lost/Encounters:** 1-in-6. Daytime encounters are 1-in-6 likely 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 woods and surprise victims on a 1–3. Nighttime encounters are 3-in-6 likely to be with **1d4+2 wolves** (*OSE*), who will taunt PCs in growled Woldish and attack if they outnumber the party.

## Along Bove's Road

Bove's Road is a well-frequented roadway skirting the edge of Dolmenwood. South of the road, open meadows and plains stretch as far as the eye can see, while to the north, a gentle upward slope climbs for about a mile until it reaches the eaves of the ancient wood.

## Mother Goat's Place (Inn)

At a bend in the road near the north-eastern corner of the hex is a sprawling, ramshackle inn maintained by a shorthorn goatwoman (*DMB*), **Mother Goat**, and her **7 kids**.

**Sign:** A goat and wolf head facing each other in profile, a steaming tureen beneath them.

**Common room:** Shouting, laughter, and bleating contrast with the silence of the lands outside. **Mother Goat** is always at the centre of things, telling bawdy jokes or chastising rowdy patrons. The interior stinks in a way that only goat-owned establishments can.

**Guests:** Most of the inn's visitors are shorthorn and human merchants travelling between Nodding Castle (hex 0210) and the High Wold settlements to the east, but intrepid hunters, adventurers, and even the occasional longhorn sometimes make their way here.

**Rumours and intrigue:** The establishment lies within the territory of Lord Nodlock, who is indifferent to activities at the inn to the point of sometimes forgetting its existence. Patrons speak freely, making the inn a hub of gossip about goings-on in the High Wold (see *Rumours by Topic*, pXXX).

**Wolves at night:** Shortly after sundown, **1d4+2 wolves** (*OSE*) scratch at the inn's doors and windows. Mother Goat and regular guests are untroubled by the sounds. At times the innkeeper may be seen conversing in hushed tones through a window with the creatures, which speak surprisingly eloquent Woldish, in gravelly tones. The wolves are friendly with Mother Goat and her kids, and would fight to protect them.

**Mother Goat's wolf:** In the wee hours, bestial moaning sometimes can be heard from Mother Goat's room as she entertains her favourite wolf, the pack's beta male.

**Treasure:** Mother Goat keeps two chests in her room: one with 1,375cp pieces and one with 1,925sp. She also has a golden chalice worth 130gp (obtained from someone who didn't have exact change and didn't want to wash dishes—see *Services at Mother Goat's Place*).



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## Mother Goat—Shorthorn Landlady

A youthful, lithe-limbed shorthorn woman with coarse brown fur with yellow spots. Wears colourful patchwork dresses and always has a mop close at hand.

**Demeanour (Neutral):** Merry, ribald.

**Speech:** Shrill vibrato. Woldish, Gaffe.

**Desires:** Unusual cheeses of all kinds. Wishes to set up a cheese manufactory alongside the inn.

**Knowledge:** Has heard rumour of a creature made of cheese deep in the woods of Dwelmfurgh. (Hex 0405.)

## Services at Mother Goat's Place

**Common lodgings and food:** See the *Dolmenwood Player's Book*. Mother Goat insists upon payment in exact change; those without exact change must wash dishes.

**"Mother's Surprise":** A dish of stewed game meats served on a choucroute of field grasses, at 1sp per small helping. The types of meat are a "special secret," according to Mother Goat; in truth they are muskrat, vole, and shrew, from kills delivered to her doorstep in the jaws of her lupine paramour as tokens of his affection.



Gloomy, rugged woods dotted with jagged fingers of dark granite. A groaning wind blows from the Loch.

**Terrain:** Craggy Forest, Aldweald

**Lost/Encounters:** 3-in-6.

**Ley Line Hoard:** Arcane spell-casters perceive the feeling of having just awoken from a dream. (See pXXX.)

## The Groaning Loch

**Dangerous waters:** Fathomless, cold, and unquiet. Unpredictable currents, whirlpools, and the presence of **kelpies** (DMB) make navigation of the loch's waters an often perilous undertaking; few boats are ever seen upon it.

**Cliffs:** The Loch is bounded by forbidding, granite cliffs, 200 yards high.

**Bays:** In places, the waves of the Loch lap against forlorn beaches of black shingle.

## Harrowmoor Keep

Perched upon the high, granite cliffs that verge the southern extent of the loch is the hereditary seat of the Harrowmoor family, who have lordship (under the Duke of Brackenwold) over this region of Dolmenwood.

**The manse:** The keep is tall and heavily fortified, with a steeply-roofed turret at each corner—all inhabited by cawing flocks of rooks. Its gates face southward, opening onto the bend where the Harrow Road from Prigwort turns and becomes Lochsbreth Road. Looking up at the keep from the waters of the loch below, it appears to be carved from the same granite as the cliffs, with hardly a join.

**Interior:** Chilly halls of echoing stone, starkly decorated with ancient tapestries, ancestral suits of armour, and ornamental polearms.

**Inhabitants:** The people of House Harrowmoor, presided over by **Lady Theatrice Harrowmoor** (p66), and consisting of her family, guards, servants, and cats.

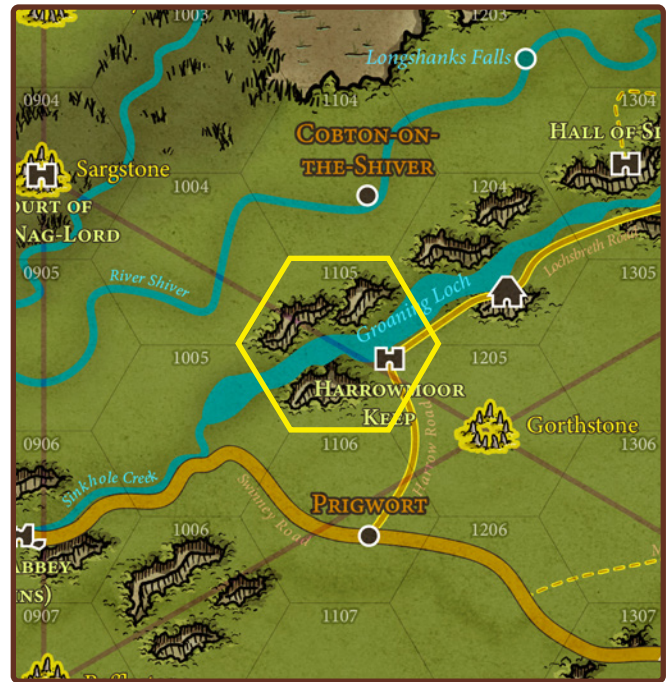
**Visitors:** The Harrowmoor family have a reputation as being distant, unwelcoming, and severe. The Lady may, however, offer her hospitality to intellectuals, academics, or those of poetic spirit.

**Library:** The lower chambers of the keep are dug within the cliff itself. Among them is an ancient library, where dusty tomes of philosophy and history rest upon oaken shelves in dim candlelight. Behind one bookcase is a secret door leading to a steep stair carved into the granite of the cliffs, which winds its way downward to the **Cove of the Forroth**.

## The Cove of the Forroth

A desolate, stony cove beside the loch. A steep stair runs from the cove to a secret door in the cliffs, leading to the library of Harrowmoor Keep.

**Summoning the Forroth:** At this site, at midnight on a moonless night, one who performs beautiful, mournful songs on the magical flute in the Harrowmoor family's possession (see p66) may summon a monstrous entity known to the Harrowmoor family as the Forroth.



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**The Forroth:** A gargantuan, jelly-like monstrosity which lurks in the abyss of the loch. Its form is a roughly spherical mass, sprawling with luminescent green tentacles.

**Communion:** Once summoned, the Forroth enters into a telepathic communion with all present in the cove, drawing them into a dream of the black, watery chasm in which it dwells. This fugue lasts until dawn. The after-effects are 1d3 days of exhaustion plus an insight into a puzzle or problem which plagues one's mind.

**Unearthly advisor:** Consultation of the Forroth in times of trouble is a tradition among the lords and ladies of House Harrowmoor, though several people in the line were driven insane by over-frequent contact with the entity.



Sodden, mossy ground, riddled with tickly centipedes.

**Terrain:** Open forest, Aldweald

**Lost/Encounters:** 1-in-6

## Bogwitt Manor

A little-used path leads from the Woodcutters' Encampment (hex 1109) to Bogwitt Manor, ancestral seat of House Mulbreck.

**Mansion of mould:** The ornate resplendence of Bogwitt Manor is now obscured by the estate's slow decay, the elaborate cupolas, turrets, and domes of the chateau increasingly obscured by a vivid fungal infestation: a burgeoning profusion of colourful mycelia devouring wood and cracking stone.

**Wall and guards:** The manor is protected by a low wall with four guard towers manned by **14 house guards** (stats as 1 HD veterans—*OSE*).

**Interior:** Musty chambers crammed with eclectic, sumptuous furnishings, mostly ruined by the mildew and mushrooms blooming riotously throughout the manse. Prominent in the rot are *mottlecap*, *devil's grease*, and *witch's purple* (see pXXX). The humid, stifling air is suffused with spores, inducing bouts of coughing and sneezing.

**Inhabitants:** **Lady Pulsephine Mulbreck** (pXXX) and her family, guards, and servants.

**Visitors:** The manor is generally not amenable to visitors without invitations.

**Kitchen door to tunnels:** Behind a locked door in the manse's dim, shabby kitchen lies a staircase, slick with black lichen, leading into the manor's cellar and depths beyond (see **The Tunnels**). Lady Mulbreck and Mrs. Baine, the housekeeper, possess the door's only keys.

## The Mycological Family

Lady Mulbreck and her eight sons—Lionel, Arthur, Treeve, Jowan, Wymond, Daubeney, Edwin, and Francois—who range in age from 22 to 12 and, improbably, were born in four sets of identical twins.

**Shut-ins and recluses:** While Lionel & Arthur and Treeve & Jowan occasionally leave the manor to hunt in the grounds or visit Chateau Shantywood (hex 1110), the rest of the Mulbrecks almost never step outside.

**Bodily infestations and alterations:** Lady Mulbreck and her four eldest sons have become infested with the spores of the manor's all-pervasive fungi. Mycelial filaments spread slowly throughout their bodies, gradually degrading their physiques, accentuating the already latent malevolence of their minds, and instilling a compulsion to consume the fruits of their rot. The infected family members drift from mouldy room to mouldy room, nibbling on the decadent delicacies which grow from the walls and from one another's bodies.

**Family servants:** Appear inured to this grotesque state of affairs. Yet most are secretly terrified, particularly as several of their number have mysteriously vanished over the past few years (see **The Tunnels**).



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## The Tunnels

The saprophytic putrescence overtaking the manor flows from deep within the tunnels and cellars that lie beneath.

**Lost servants:** In the teeming, fruiting dark, long-lost servants moan, slowly digested by the creeping infestation.

**Lord Mulbreck:** Imprisoned in the lowest depths is the addled **Lord Mulbreck**, his body so wholly consumed by fungi that he is scarcely recognizable: a shambolic lunatic, his limbs bloated, his torso glowing with bioluminescent toadstools. He is so slow, so large, and so riddled with fungus that he would have difficulty leaving even if freed. The constant fungal influences on his body and mind have made him a frequent conduit of the **Myconom** (pXXX).