

Birches rise from the sodden ground, impaled spear-like through the rotten remains of once greater trees.

**Terrain:** Hilly forest, High Wold

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

## Ramshackle Tower

Seemingly only upright due to the straining efforts of buckling scaffolds, a three-storey peel tower stands with an almost defiant pride on a bald hill overlooking the High Road and the surrounding woods. It is the home and headquarters of the brutish longhorn hedge knight, **Garnack the Horse**.

**Door:** The door to the tower is a grand wooden affair of oak, emblazoned with the cruel faces of wood spirits and rapacious swine, battered towards its hinges from the wounds of an ancient siege.

**Interior:** The tower's layout includes a large common room coated in louse-ridden animal pelt rugs, an armoury, shorthorn quarters, a small larder (originally a dungeon for prisoners), and Garnack's chambers.

**Garnack's quarters:** The hedge knight's personal quarters are on the top floor of the tower, behind a door secured with a half-dozen locks. Within this locked room Garnack keeps scarce furnishings and a few trophies from conquests of old (see **Garnack's Hoard**).

**Inhabitants:** **Garnack** himself, and 12 **shorthorns** (DMB), who maintain the grounds and spend their lives suffering the abuses of their master.

## Garnack's Hoard

The following treasures which are contained in an old wooden footlocker beneath Garnack's bed:

**Coins:** 370gp, 229sp, 1,321cp.

**Damaged gold medallion:** A 3" medallion studded with garnets forming the gnarled eye emblem of House Ramius. A large blade scar reduces the item's value to 800gp. (Skillfully repaired, it would be worth 1,500gp.)

**Three bottles of mead:** Bearing the mark of Shobrattle's brewery in Dreg. Worth 36sp each.

**The shin bone of an ancient Drune:** 150gp if sold to a Drune, though the transaction also arouses the suspicions of the Drune Aegis (pXXX) towards the sellers.

**Drune map:** A fragment of an old map, written in Drunic, indicating the location of a dark tower upon an island in the Brinemere (hex 1103). The phrase "Aubrathon—Traitor to his kind" is inscribed in red beside the tower.

## The Twice-Wreathed Door (Hidden)

In a glade of holly atop a steep knoll floats a sphere of porous black rock wreathed in sheets of flame and whirling snow.

**Wreaths of flame and snow:** Both are illusory and emit no heat or cold.

**Touching the sphere:** Whisks one away to the fairy road The Narrow Way (see **Fairy Roads**, p26).



## Garnack the Horse

An utterly corpulent longhorn (DMB) knight, with matted, greying fur, eyes of deep red, and one broken horn. Has a vicious reputation earned through bloody service in the many wars amongst the goat-lords and against the Drune.

**Demeanour (Chaotic):** Cruel and utterly humourless. Eyes strangers up and down, as if assessing their worth as provender.

**Speech:** Ominous rumbling. Woldish, Caprice, Gaffe.

**Desires:** Well-remunerated employment in military campaigns of any kind. Also open to joining adventurers on daring escapades. To marry Jesmerelda, daughter of Lord Ramius (p63).

**Possessions:** *Truespite*, a large warhammer especially enchanted for crushing the skulls of Drones (*warhammer +2, +4 vs Drune*). Its handle is of thunderstruck elm; its head is of fused and compacted goatfolk horns.

## The Shrine to St Hamfast (Hidden)

Bobbing precariously upon a floating moss island amid a small pond is a wooden wayside shrine.

**Stepping onto the island:** Unbalances it, tipping the shrine into the pool.

**Statue of St Hamfast:** A rosewood statue of Hamfast as a friar, with a squirrel on his shoulder and a songbird in his palm. Thorny shoots and black roses sprout from the wood.

**Prayer:** If the shrine is brought to stable ground and the statue pruned, a cleric or friar of the One True God who prays for 1 hour receives the blessing of St Hamfast: the ability to cast *speak with animals* once within the next 24 hours.

The stench of rotting sludge fills the air, wafting from stagnant pools around Quogg's Creek.

**Terrain:** Tangled forest, Dwelmfurgh / Nagwood

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

**Ley line Chell:** Arcane spell-casters perceive the curious, dual sensation of balmy heat and biting cold. (See pXXX.)

**Within the ring of Chell:** True fairies are afflicted with a spiritual malaise; teleportation and summoning are ineffectual; magic of illusion and charm has a 2-in-6 chance of failure. (See *The Ring of Chell*, p22.)

## Secluded Manor

In the northeast of this hex, near the junction of paths connecting Fort Vulgar to regions to the north, a track turns off and heads into a wood of twisted hazel, deep with ferns. 300 yards along this path is a mossy wall of round stones and a wrought-iron gate with patterns of curling ivy. Beyond is a small mansion house, overgrown with climbing roses: Derodand Manor.

**Interior:** Wood-panelled hallways lined with stilted portraits and overflowing bookshelves. Studies and chambers furnished with embroidered upholstery, as was the fashion a hundred years past. All areas are illuminated—in an archaic fashion—with candles.

**Inhabitants:** This is the home of the **Lady Emelda Haeroth** (p74), her three maidservants, her **4 great hounds**, and other manor staff. Lady Haeroth is many things: a noble of the Harrowmoor family; great-aunt to **Lady Theatrice Harrowmoor** (p68); and (in secret) one of the High Priestesses of the witches of Dolmenwood.

**A magical household:** The Lady's servants are aware of her occult practices, though they do not know of her role as High Priestess of the witches. All are fanatically loyal and would never knowingly betray her. Her three maidservants have some small training in the magical arts—each is able to cast *charm person* once per week.

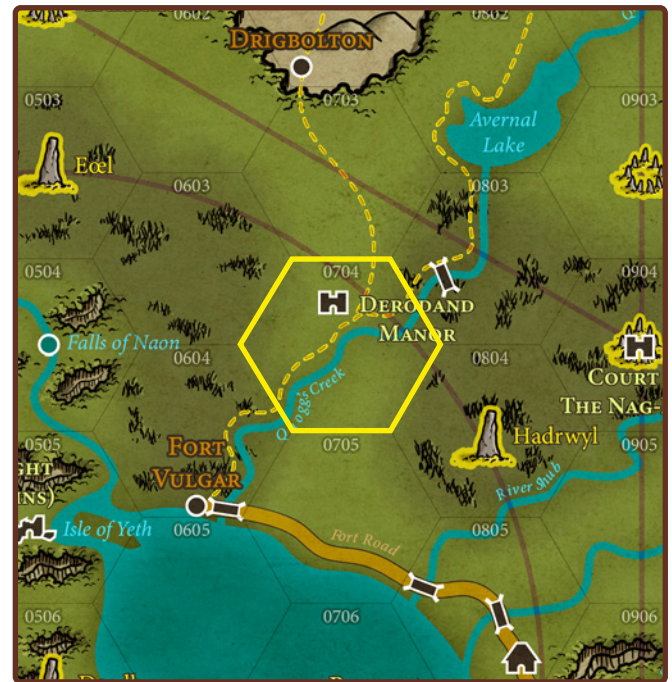
**Visitors:** The Lady is reclusive and enigmatic, and does not welcome visitors. She will release her **4 great hounds** on any intruders.

**Attic room:** In a secret attic room, an item of great power is kept upon a circular table: a tea set known as the *service of Calthrounhe*. (See **Lady Emelda Haeroth**, p74 for a description of the set's powers). The Lady's familiar, a witch owl (DMB) named **Hallohoo**, watches over the tea set and the room.

## Great Hounds

Four large, wiry-haired hounds live with Lady Haeroth and protect her jealously.

**AC** 7 [12] **HD** 3+2 (14hp) **Att** 1 × bite (1d8+2) **THACO** 16  
[+3] **MV** 150' (50') **SV** D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (2) **ML** 9 **AL**  
Neutral **XP** 65



## Rose Gardens

Verdant rose gardens dotted with statues and follies ramble languidly behind the manor.

**Temple of the Green Man:** An artfully overgrown circular temple of stone pillars, a fashionable folly over whose entrance is carved the benevolently smiling, leaf-ringed visage of the Green Man (pXXX). On auspicious occasions, members of Lady Haeroth's local coven gather here to perform rites praising the Gwyrigons (pXXX).

**Statue of the Forroth:** Amid a glade of silver birches, an odd statue of white marble stands atop a plinth-like slab of uncarved granite. The statue depicts an entity of roughly spherical mass, sprawling with tentacles. At its base, an inscription in Liturgic reads "In memory of Eldrin Harrowmoor. May he rest in peace". The statue depicts the Forroth (see hex 1105) and commemorates Lady Haeroth's brother, Eldrin, who was driven mad by contact with the entity.

TODO: Illustration



The booming croaks of bog-owls echo from the surrounding vegetation.

**Terrain:** Tangled forest, Aldweald

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

## Fog Lake

Fog Lake is an obvious and apt name for this basin-shaped location, as it is usually blanketed in obscurity with thick bluish-white vapour.

**Fog-clearing winds:** Occasionally a stray gust of wind will blow through from the surrounding woodlands, completely sweeping away the fog. It generally returns within half an hour.

**Crystal brewer:** The chief manservant of **Jollie Oistace Pollard** (hex 1209), **Duncan Mudmurloe**, can often be found on the banks of the lake, sitting cross-legged and gazing mournfully at the lake while cooking down pans of noxious crystal-sludge obtained from nearby caves (see *Crystal Caves*). He is manufacturing the drug *azoth* (pXXX), which can only be made within earshot of the lake's lapping waters. This dangerous and dull job is often made worse by Fog Lake being prone to flooding.

**TODO:** Illustration

### Duncan Mudmurloe

A stiff, lanky man in his mid-thirties, with dry, pallid skin and an anaemic moustache. Dresses in courtly breeches, jacket, and absurdly high, powdered wig, even when toiling beside Fog Lake. Mudmurloe is the “gentleman’s gentleman” of **Jollie Oistace Pollard** (pXXX), and hails from High-Hankle. His duties have, of late, tended more and more to the collection and manufacture of *azoth* at Fog Lake, which his master has been consuming and demanding in ever-increasing quantities.

**Demeanour (Neutral):** Haughty, beleaguered, depressed. Habitually sniffs, due to unintentional inhaling of crystal-sludge vapours.

**Speech:** Prissy and precise. Woldish, Old Woldish, Liturgic, Caprice.

**Desires:** To faithfully carry out his duties to this master, but to somehow find a way of no longer carrying them out in this perilous and forsaken place.

**Possessions:** Carries a crossbow and an oversized spoon for rock-scooping that also serves as a weapon (1d4 damage).



## Crystal Caves

The most notable feature of the site is the so-called Crystal Caves, a series of holes in the steep gravelly declivities that lead down to the lakeshore.

**Russet crystals:** At the backs of the caves can sometimes be seen deep russet crystals in chaotic formations. They are actually fairly unremarkable—not shiny or numerous, and at their largest about shin-high. The rock in these caves is very soft and crumbly, and these fast growing crystals appear to rapidly decay into slushy, gravelly mud shortly after reaching full size.

**Pilgrims and visitors:** As soft and unimpressive as the crystals may be, the appellation of “Crystal Caves” remains, and draws tourists. There is a 2-in-6 chance of there being 1d6 naïve urban pilgrims (normal human, OSE) in the area, seeking to touch the crystals as part of a bogus healing ritual—this despite the dangers of the surrounding Dolmenwood.

**Azoth ingredient:** The crystals are the main component of the drug *azoth* (pXXX), though this is unknown to the average pilgrim.

## The Mizzle Door (Hidden)

In a dell upon the wooded slopes to the north of Fog Lake, the persistent mist swirls and coalesces into the form of a gigantic doorway flanked by two fearsome, sword-wielding guardians.

**Approaching the door:** The misty guardians turn their heads to observe those who approach, but otherwise remain immobile.

**Stepping through the door:** One is whisked away to the fairy road the White Way (see *Fairy Roads*, p26).

The whinnying of ponies, the clapping of loose shutters, and occasional disembodied giggling.

**Terrain:** Tangled forest, Aldweald

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

## Moss-Coated Manse

At the end of a short path from the main road sits a rambling pile of a three storey, timbered mansion, indistinct in outline due to the sheer volume of mosses it sports. This is the home of **Jollie Oistace Pollard**, the hereditary chieftain of the Woodcutters' Encampment (hex 1109).

**Manor grounds:** The grounds echo with the whinnying of just under a score of pure-bred dwarf ponies—an affected hobby of Pollard's, who calls them his "Lovely Oafs".

## Inside the Manor

The interior of the mansion is cramped and illogical in layout, with great halls sitting side-by-side with cramped single-file wood panelled passages. Neglect is rife, with some rooms actually having the limbs of trees or vegetation growing through broken window-panes or loose stones.

**Inhabitants:** **Jollie Oistace Pollard** and his servants, including hapless head manservant **Mudmurloe**, who is usually engaged in perilous tasks at Fog Lake (hex 1207).

**The mornblade:** An ancient blue-green sword hangs above the doorway to the feasting hall. Unbeknown to Pollard, it is magical: in spring and summer it acts as a +1 weapon, while in colder seasons it causes the wielder to fall into a slumber for 1d6 hours (**save versus spells** to resist).

**Hall of hand sculptures:** A very long corridor is lined with glass cases that feature wooden sculptures of the right hands of Woodcutters of lore, memorialising the calluses and scars of their craft.

### Jollie Oistace Landriman Pollard

A middle-aged man, clad in the trappings of his office—tight breeches with lace tracery in forest shades, and fine shirt bedecked with buckles. His face has a fine bone structure buried by the fat of a sedentary life. He is a near-continuous inhaler of the smoke of Azoth (pXXX); his mental extra-planar excursions induced by the drug have loosened his grip on this plane. In this and in his disdain for heritage, Pollard is the very epitome of the softening of the Woodcutter lifestyle.

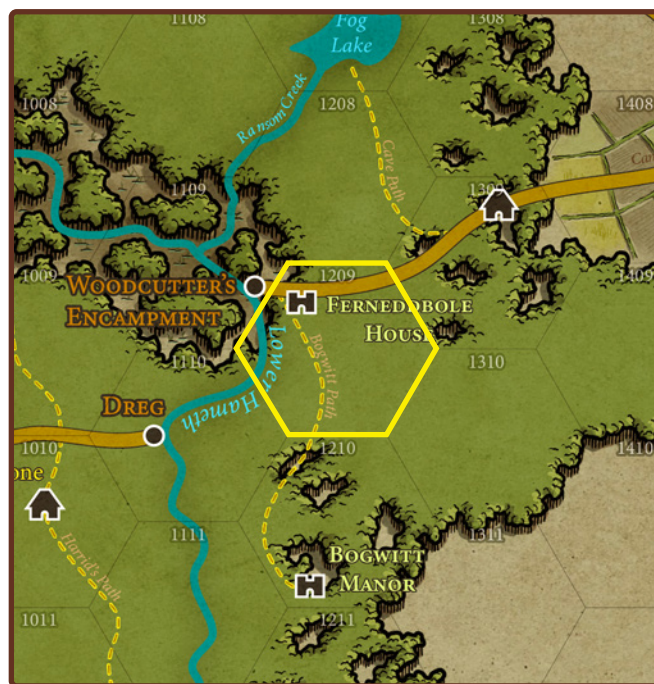
**Title:** "Jollie Oistace" (never just "Oistace" or "Jollie") is a hereditary title among the Woodcutters, akin to a minor lord (though Pollard serves House Mulbreck).

**Demeanour (Neutral):** Distracted, impatient, melancholy, superficial.

**Speech:** Courtly, with unintentional rustic idioms. Woldish, Old Woldish, Liturgic, Caprice.

**Desires:** Azoth. Discussion of extra-planar realms. To avoid discussing Woodcutter matters.

**Combat stats:** Noble (OSE).



**Portrait gallery:** Another gallery features oil portraits of past members of the Pollard line, depicted in settings of wild woodsiness. Drunic symbolisms can be spotted in the oldest paintings by those familiar with such lore.

**Visitors:** Pollard welcomes guests, reluctantly putting aside a lit pipe of the drug Azoth (pXXX) from which he regularly partakes, and offering extremely strong sherry to break the ice. Despite his apparent sociability, his enquiries about the stories of visitors are feigned politeness. As evening draws on, his mood often drifts from expansive to rather spiteful. Discussion of the Woodcutters' craft immediately sends him into a sulk.

**After dinner:** As the PCs prepare to retire, the air shimmers and a snickering cluster of 1d6+4 astral leapers appear. Pollard looks on in an indifferent trance as the leapers throw dinner scraps and cutlery at the party.

### Astral Leapers

Transparent, lemon-yellow gremlins with ball-shaped bodies, insect legs, brushes for fingertips, and heads for feet. These extra-planar creatures have been drawn to Ferneddbole House by Pollard's frequent out-of-body Azoth trips. Both Pollard and his servants totally deny their existence, but have all witnessed them wreaking havoc in the house and grounds. Leapers fight only if threatened or hindered in their mischief-making.

**AC** 4 [15], **HD** 2 (8hp), **Att** 2 × claw (1d6) or 1 × psychic head-butt (teleportation), **THACO** 18 [+1], **MV** 150' (5'), **SV** D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (2), **ML** 9, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 25

**Psychic head-butt:** The leaper grasps and violently nuzzles the target, who must **save vs spells**. After three failed saves, the target is transported 1d2 hexes away.

**Treasure:** Leapers covet gems, and each will be carrying 1d2 gems worth 1d10+10 gp each.



Overgrown piles of stone dot the woods, ruined remnants of ancient settlement.

**Terrain:** Hilly forest, Aldweald

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

## Blighted Hillside

The path of the Downs Road passes by a half-mile square expanse of sloping hillside forested only by ancient tree stumps and twisted dwarf trees. The place seems forsaken—no bird can be heard and no beast spotted.

**Acrid, coppery stench:** A metallic odour permeates the air, irritating the throat and leaving a coppery aftertaste.

**Mud and coloured pools:** Much of the hillside is mud. Pools of water, at turns orangish-brown or oxidized green, sit stagnant amongst the tree stumps.

**Toxic hazards:** The mud and pools are infused with a stew of lead, mercury, sulphur, and arsenic, leached from the discarded tailings of the copper mine destroyed here nearly two millennia ago. Drinking it is lethal.

**Exploring:** PCs exploring the hillside must **save vs poison** or suffer 1d4 damage (chemical burns on feet and ankles).

**Smelting pit:** A shallow pit, filled with ancient, toxic-smelling ash and rock, sits at the base of the hill. Characters with a knowledge of mining or alchemy (e.g. some arcane spell-casters) will recognize it as a primitive site for extraction of copper from ore.

**Mine entrances:** There are four mine entrances at various levels of the hillside. All but one are blocked with rubble.

### Orsath

A burly, massive, ursine creature, 8' tall, its fur an alloyed carpet of glittering, almost delicate copper-infused needles. Its face is all animalistic hatred and agony, its mind completely gone in a fog of arsenic-induced dementia. For more details about this former Wood God, see Orsath, pXXX.

**AC** 2 [17] **HD** 15\* (71hp) **Att** [2 × claw (1d6 + arsenic haze), 1 × bite (2d6)] or 3 × wall spikes (1d8, range 20'/40'/60') **THACO** 9 [+10] **MV** 120' (40') **SV** D4 W5 P6 B5 S8 (15) **ML** 10 **AL** Chaotic **XP** 2,300

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

**Wall spikes:** Orsath's essence infuses the chamber's wall and ceiling protuberances through a ghastly alchemical synergy. Instead of attacking with its claws and bite, it can cause 3 of these spikes to detach and hurtle towards the PCs.

**Arsenic haze:** **Save versus poison** or suffer a -2 penalty to attack rolls for 1d6 rounds.

**Treasure:** If Orsath is slain, its claws continue to glow. They can be crafted into two weapons (1d8 + arsenic haze). The Drune or other high-level arcane spell-casters would pay up to 7,000gp for the Wood God's remains, depending on condition, and 1,000gp for each spike (eight are salvageable).



## Into the Mine

The single unblocked mine entrance leads down a tunnel reinforced with wooden beams.

**Broken human bones:** Often snapped cleanly with apparently great force, litter the path.

**Mineshaft:** After passing several collapsed side tunnels, the passage ends at a downward vertical shaft. An orange glow emanates from its depths. Descent to the base, 90' down, requires climbing or ropes.

## The Bottom Chamber

At the bottom of the shaft, explorers emerge into a high, vaulted chamber, crudely hewn from the earth.

**Pulsating walls:** The chamber walls are shot through with veins of pure copper, pulsing with bright liquid amber light as if alive.

**Tools and bones:** Discarded primitive mining tools and broken bones carpet the floor.

**Orsath:** Looming at the end of the chamber is a hulking, bear-like being with metallic fur: the Wood God once called **Orsath**. Its arms stretch horizontally to either side of it, fully encrusted in bright blue crystals of copper sulphate, with massive glowing claws pressed flat onto the wall behind it. The creature immediately notices the party; it straightens its arms, shakes off the crystals, and lets out a pain-filled roar as it seeks to annihilate the intruders.

**Awful protuberances:** Sharp conical things protrude from the ceiling and walls, akin to stalactites, yet blighted with a patchwork of Orsath's dark brown fur and honey-coloured, crystallised ichor. A terrible fusion of stone and flesh, they glow in unison with the copper veins.