

A barren expanse of stagnant pools. The keening wind carries strains of distant violin music.

**Terrain:** Bog, Northern Scratch

**Lost/Encounters:** 2-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with a bewildered **banshee** (*DMB*) heading to a ball at the Spectral Manse.

**Foraging:** Successful foraging yields 1d2 portions of *bosun's balm* (*DPB*), in addition to the normal results.

## The Spectral Manse

A thicket of twisted blackthorns stands amid a treacherous region of rivulets and sodden moss carpets. Those who push through the tangled branches arrive at a blue-tinged, spectral vision of a baroque manor of dark wood, its windows lit with the veiled glow of firelight behind drawn curtains. Strains of plaintive violin music can be heard from somewhere within.

**Entering:** The front door opens freely, or a window can be forced.

**Interior:** The manor exists in an odd dimension, halfway between Fairy and the mortal world. Interior walls appear skewed, passages twist at odd angles, and rooms seem to expand and contract as characters move through them. Violin music drifts in the air, though its origin is unclear.

**Inhabitants:** Lord Hobbled-and-Blackened is imprisoned in the manse with a number of spectral guests.

**Exploring:** Roll on the **Rooms** and **Encounters** tables for each room entered. Each room connects to 1d3 other rooms, via crooked doors and lurching hallways.

**Leaving:** With the exception of any of Lord Hobbled-and-Blackened's possessions, items from the manse evaporate into mist when taken into the real world.

### Rooms (d6)

#### d6 Room

- 1 **Study.** Books of frost elf poetry, stag heads, ice hearth.
- 2 **Lounge.** Velvet couches, ice candles, wolf-skin rugs.
- 3 **Dining room.** Exquisite foods, frozen solid.
- 4 **Winter garden.** Hoar-clad roses drip blood if touched.
- 5 **Pantry.** Bottled emotions, iced fruits, frozen game.
- 6 **Bedroom.** Ice-block bed, furs, tundra tapestries.

### Lord Hobbled-and-Blackened

A gaunt, icicle-thin frost elf courtier (*DMB*) dressed in flamboyant white lace and a ruff of hoarfrost. He was once a court musician to **Prince Mallowheart** (*p34*), before being imprisoned in the Spectral Manse for falling in love with **Ygraine Mordlin** (*p82*), the Prince's fosterling daughter.

**Demeanour (Neutral):** Manic, twitchy fingers.

**Speech:** Rapid babbling, laughing. Woldish, High Elfish.

**Possessions:** Magical violin, which when played skillfully can, once per week, cast *charm monster*.

**Desires:** Freedom from the manse. To see Ygraine once more.



### Encounters (d8)

#### d8 Encounter

- 1 **Lord Hobbled-and-Blackened**, manically playing a violin. He beseeches PCs to take a letter to Ygraine (declaring his love for her and pleading for her aid in escaping the manse). In return he offers his violin.
- 2 **1d4 sleek, silver hounds** (use seelie dog stats, *DPB*) growl and may attack non-neutral aligned characters entering the room.
- 3 An **aged elven lady** with violet eyes and white, frost-clad hair in an extravagant beehive, waltzing and pirouetting to violin music. If asked to dance, she gladly accepts (partner must **save versus spells** or be whisked away into Ravenwild), but will otherwise attack any who disturb her (treat as a banshee, *DMB*).
- 4 **2 haughty frost elf courtiers** (*DMB*). Roll 1d6: 1. Trysting, 2. Dancing ponderously, 3. Arguing about musical notes, 4. Looking for Lord Hobbled-and-Blackened (their host), 5. Lounging disinterestedly, 6. Duelling.
- 5 A portrait of a beautiful mortal woman dressed in a regal fur robe with a brilliant diamond upon her brow (**Ygraine Mordlin**, *p82*). The frame is carved with plaintive faces, weeping icy tears.
- 6 Furnishings dance to the strains of violin music. A grandfather clock groans and grates, its hands stuck at seven-past-noon. Opening the clock and fixing the mechanism (a silver dagger is stuck inside) causes the hands to start moving and slowly accelerate, along with the tempo of the violin music. Upon returning to the mortal world, 1d12 days have passed.
- 7 A raging wind pulls a window and curtains out of their fittings and proceeds to suck the room's contents outside into the dark. PCs must **save versus breath** or be ejected back into the mortal world, the manor disappearing until the next full moon.
- 8 A great white stag's head has fallen from its mounting and lays on the carpet, moaning mournfully.

Gloomy, indigo-shadowed woods teeming with croaking frogs and creeping toads.

**Terrain:** Tangled forest, Aldweald

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

## The Louping Wood

This hex is referred to by villagers in the Woodcutters Encampment (hex 1109) as the “Louping Wood”, and its uncanniness is immediately apparent to visitors: every tree of any significant age has a trunk that has grown with one complete “loop-the-loop” in it about halfway up its length.

**The lost art of louping:** Shaping trees in this fashion—“louping”—was once one of the more exotic furnishing practices of the Woodcutters’ Encampment, but the old-timers who started and maintained trees in this process have long since passed away. It is uncertain whether the tradition or the name came to the area first.

## Luncheon Arch

Central to the hex is a clearing with a miniature unsupported arch of well-dressed, ancient stone, large enough for a crawling human or a stooped woodgrue to pass through.

**Keystone inscription:** The keystone of the little arch is heavily obscured by lichens, but cleaning it reveals an inscription: “To dine overnight, will the daytime delight”.

**Food transmutation:** If foodstuffs are left under the arch and remain until dawn, they will be replaced by an exquisite version of the same edibles (worth 3d6gp). Beef dripping might be replaced with a goulash spiced with cloves and vinegar for example, while a plate of near inedible rock-cakes might be replaced with a single many-tiered chocolate marvel.

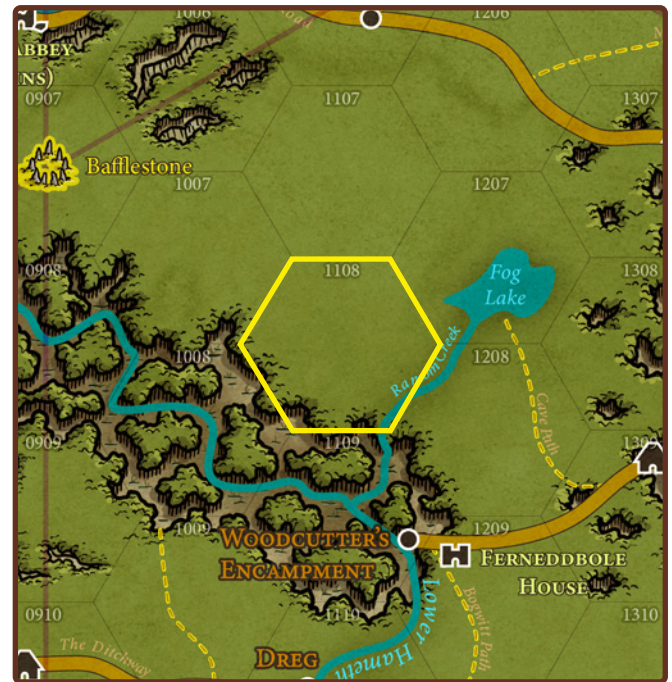
**Watching overnight:** Observers remaining overnight in the clearing hear a burbling voice after some time. The voice, at once bird-like and frog-like, firstly emits munching and chewing sounds, and then briefly complains about thankless tasks and gluttonous masters before the replacement dish appears.

## The Witch’s Cave (Hidden)

The swamp of Hag’s Addle encroaches on the south of this hex in a region of dark willows and sodden ground. A faint green glow and a strange, heady aroma may be noticed emanating from a narrow cave-mouth amid a pile of great boulders here.

**Interior:** Three small chambers with squelching, muddy floors, lit by bobbing, green, candle-like flames. The first chamber contains boots, cloaks, satchels, and stout walking sticks; the second contains a cauldron bubbling over embers, bundles of herbs drying, and a wicker cot; in the third are jars of pickled fish, roots, and marsh-onions.

**Treasure:** Hidden among the pickle jars are: 220gp, 190sp, a silver amulet depicting a howling, banshee-like face (200gp), a bottle of milky, pink-flecked liquid (*potion of healing* with 2 doses).



**Inhabitants:** The witch **Bragwen Hoad** lives hermit-like within, spending much of her time (2-in-6 chance) deep in babbling psychedelic communion with the Gwyrgion Hasturiel, and otherwise engaged in brewing potions. **3 wood golems** (OSE)—formed of broken chairs, varnished and painted with dainty flowers—guard the witch.

**TODO: Illustration**

### Bragwen Hoad—Bride of Hasturiel

A short, pudgy, woman in her thirties, with wide, roving eyes, cropped black hair, and flame tattoos on her face and body. She dresses in frayed, mud-spattered gowns. She reeks of onion.

**Demeanour (Neutral):** Quarrelsome, dislikes being disturbed. Amenable if matters arcane are broached.

**Speech:** Halting, veers between booming and whispering. Woldish, Drunic.

**Desires:** Magic items of all kinds. The return of her wand, stolen by the baker in hex 1206.

**Reward:** Remove curse. Potions of transformation (into a specific small animal for 1d6 hours).

**Knowledge:** The stretch of swamp in which the Hag’s hut can be found (hex 0908). The powers of the **Luncheon Arch**.

**Possessions:** A wicked, 12” thorn with a leather wrapping (treat as a *dagger* +1).



Boggy patches of deciduous growth punctuated by sharp black boulders.

**Terrain:** Tangled forest, Aldweald

**Lost/Encounters:** 2-in-6. Daytime encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with 2d6 clueless urban pilgrims (normal humans—*OSE*) on their way to the crystal caves at Fog Lake (hex 1207).

## Cave Path

The path from the southeast leading to Fog Lake (hex 1207) is called the “Cave Path” by local Woodcutter folk. It plunges into an incredibly deep rock trough, so high that the sun only touches the bottom for a few minutes at noon each day, if at all. It continues in this way for several miles.

**Ravine walls:** The chilly faces of the trough are streaming with rivulets of moisture, and are whorled and folded like the finger-marks of a titan.

**Carpet of flowers:** Despite the dimness, a carpet of ankle-high plants not dissimilar to a species of pale celandine is present throughout.

**Gloomy clefts:** At various heights from the ground, both sides of the trough feature many clefts deep and wide enough for smaller demihumans to fit inside, though most terminate a short distance into the rock.

**Befuddling echoes:** A traveller taken by a whim to bellow into a cleft is often surprised to hear their voice echoing back at them from some point ahead or behind of them on the path, often rendered comical or sinister by distortions.

**Broken musical instruments:** The remains of a broken or neglected musical instrument of low make will sometimes be stumbled over in the low vegetation by those who walk the length of the trough.

## The Rock Bridge

Half way along Cave Path, a bridge of black rock arches above the road. During the day, a **grimalkin** (*DMB*) minstrel by the name of **Dandy Prisslewhiff** sits atop the bridge, idly strumming her lute.

**Passersby:** The musical fairy greets passersby with a tip of the hat. If addressed, she may offer to aid travellers with her knowledge of the local region if they can answer her riddle or best her in a musical duel.

**Riddle:** “Oistace-kyne, tree-herd kin / Fulsome beard upon your chin / Axe, and saw, and coppice post / What is it that you fear the most?”. Answer: the Drune. (The riddle refers to the secret fear of the folk of the Woodcutters’ Encampment, see *p144*.)

**Musical duels:** Consist of three rounds: a sentimental song (*CHA* check), a virtuoso song (*DEX* check), and an improvisation (*WIS* check). Prisslewhiff has *CHA* 16, *DEX* 15, and *WIS* 12. Whoever succeeds their checks for the most rounds is the victor. Musical duels are conducted primarily for honour, but the loser is expected to smash their instrument upon the ravine walls.



## Dandy Prisslewhiff—Grimalkin Minstrel

A silver-furred, amber-eyed female grimalkin (*DMB*) in full minstrel garb, complete with billowing shirt sleeves and feather-topped hat.

**Demeanour (Lawful):** Strident, eminently honourable. Preens her ears habitually.

**Speech:** Eloquent drawl. Woldish, Mewl.

**Desires:** Musical conquests. Learning new songs. Fine wines and meads.

**Knowledge:** Secrets of this and surrounding hexes.

**Possessions:** A silver-stringed lute, 12 portions of *kitty-nibbles* (pXXX) in a knapsack, 32gp, a *potion of flying*.

## Shrine to St Wort (Hidden)

In the boggy western reaches of this hex, close to Ransom Creek, the remnants of a wayside shrine lie toppled in a ditch.

**Tumbled stones:** The shrine was a simple dry stone construction. The stones are now disarrayed and coated in noisome purple algae.

**Statue of St Wort:** Amid the tumbled stones, the 2'-high yew-wood statue of St Wort (depicted naked and bound to a yew tree) is intact, if somewhat soiled.

**Prayer:** If the shrine is rebuilt, a cleric or friar of the One True God who prays for 1 hour receives the blessing of St Wort: the ability to cast *speak with plants* once within the next 24 hours.

## 1301 SHIVERING BRIDGE AND THE BURNT MILL

The mournful sighing and shivering of the river echo among the hills, like the chattering of ghostly teeth.

**Terrain:** Hills, Table Downs

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

### Shivering Bridge

A run-down wooden bridge spans the restless and fast-moving River Shiver. Waves lap forlornly against its skewed posts and dark, churning waters are visible through the gaps left by fallen planks. Crows perch here, observing travellers quizzically.

**Crossing:** People and mounts can cross safely. If a vehicle is taken across, there is a 3-in-6 chance of the bridge collapsing.

### Burnt Mill

The burnt-out ruin of a stone building stands upon the western riverbank, 100 yards north of the Shivering Bridge. A smashed waterwheel lies on the bank, indicating the building's former function as a mill.

**History:** The miller was a necromancer who dwelt here with his coven of twelve apprentices. Religious zealots burned the building along with its inhabitants 1,000 years ago, but the spirit of the miller lingers in the evil tome hidden in the cellars.

**Approaching:** The undead inhabitants of the ruin—a cringing, mocking gang of **6 ghouls** (OSE) and their leader **John Turpentine, a headless rider** (DMB)—emerge and advance upon travellers. All are dressed in old fashioned, decaying finery, with ruffs and lacy cuffs.

**Interior:** Blackened stone, tumbled walls, collapsed roof and upper floor, smashed furnishings. The dirt floor is ashen and devoid of plant life. The carrion reek of ghouls permeates the ruin.

**Trapdoor:** A creaking wooden trapdoor gives access to the Cellars, via a steep stone stairway.

#### John Turpentine—Headless Rider

The hateful spirit of a highway robber, drawn to the malign influence of the miller's shade (see **Cellars**). Manifests as a pale blue phantom dressed in old fashioned finery (with a ruff and lacy cuffs), shrouded in mist, and mounted upon a spectral horse. Carries his grimacing, gore-dripping head in one hand and a bloody sabre in the other.

**Demeanour (Chaotic):** Haughty, hateful of all beings, whether living or dead—including himself. Swings his sabre brashly.

**Speech:** Hollow whispering. Woldish.

**Desires:** Murder. To release the miller's spirit.

**Possessions:** The following items manifest physically if Turpentine is slain: a bloody sabre (treat as a *cursed sword -1*; the blood cannot be cleaned), a platinum medallion in the shape of a horse's head (1,000gp), 3 gold rings (100gp each).



**Cupboard under the stairs:** A locked door stands beneath the ruined stairs that once led to the mill's upper floor. Behind the door is a small closet, strewn with gnawed bones (human and animal). A decaying sack contains the ghouls' loot: 1,000sp and a silver bracelet studded with 5 rubies (1,500gp).

**Searching:** Reveals traces of magical script on a burnt beam. *Read magic* indicates fragments of a necromantic mind-bondage ritual.

### Cellars

A putrid, low-roofed space with a floor of dank earth and walls dripping with mould. Shattered barrels are strewn about.

**Skeletons:** The charred skeletal remains of 13 humans lay here: one tied to a stake in the centre (the evil miller) and 12 around the edges of the room (his apprentices—each missing a finger or thumb). A golden medallion with a livid eye motif hangs around the neck of the staked skeleton. (The eye weeps blood. Wearing it grants +1 INT and the ability to return from death once. The wearer's alignment changes to chaotic.)

**Secret chamber:** A secret door leads to a circular, shelf-lined chamber. Upon the shelves are dozens of black jars, each containing a human finger or thumb, pickled in brine. A weighty, black leather tome stands upon a lectern.

**The tome:** Contains the following spells, inscribed in red ink which writhes subtly when viewed indirectly: *protection from evil*, *knock*, *speak with dead* (pXXX), *animate dead*.

**Touching the tome:** Any living creature who touches the tome releases the spirit of the miller. It manifests as a hissing laughter and a writhing **wraith** (OSE), fleeing the mill and disappearing into the hills.