

A befuddling maze of boulders and crumbling cliffs. Pale owls stare down from quiet, dark pines.

Terrain: Craggy forest, Dwelmfurgh

Lost/Encounters: 3-in-6. Encounters by the lakeside are 2-in-6 likely (3-in-6 likely at night) to be with **Red Henry** or **The Girl With Blue Lips**.

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*, pXXX.)

Droun Loch

This lonely, forsaken lake, nearly 3 miles across, is circled by tall hills that often end in abrupt, pine-clad cliffs overlooking the placid waters.

Abnormally quiet: Sound is muted, as if something in the water is drinking it out of the air.

Drune markings: Many of the surrounding trees are scratched with owl sigils—markings of Drune presence.

Trapped souls: The dark waters of the Loch seethe with gaping phantoms, visible just beneath the surface. These are the souls of those who cast themselves from the cliffs, called here by insidious dreams promising occult power in the afterlife. Among the many nameless spirits in the waters, two notable ghosts haunt the shores: **The Girl with Blue Lips** and **Red Henry**.

Random screams: Adventurers exploring the shores have a 1-in-6 chance of hearing a disembodied scream, followed by a profound splash.

At Dawn and Dusk

Adventurers will spot **1d4 Drune cottagers (DMB)** in a rowing boat, skimming the lake surface with glowing nets. These men are collecting luckless souls to bring back to the Drune Lodge (hex 0507), where they are used to power the Drune's awful thaumaturgic engines.

TODO: Illustration



The Girl With Blue Lips—Lake Phantom

A spectral little girl who hides amongst the rocks and brush along the shore, her skin pale and her lips oxygen-deprivation blue. She is the daughter of a woodsman who threw himself from the tallest of the cliffs, many years ago. She tragically drowned while looking for her father's body. Now she roams the perimeter of the lake searching for his soul.

Demeanour (Lawful): Constant shivering. Terrified of **Red Henry**, whom she calls "Red Eyes".

Speech: Meek whining. Woldish.

Desires: To find her lost father. To make "Red Eyes" go away. To warm up.

Treasures: A family heirloom necklace (150gp) secreted near the base of the cliff from which her father leapt.

Red Henry—Lake Phantom

The flickering apparition of a haggard soldier, with glowing red eyes and skin stretched so tight as to reveal starkly the outline of his skull. In his mortal life, Henry was a sadistic mercenary who threw himself from the cliffs in a crazed attempt to attain demonhood.

Demeanour (Chaotic): Jittery, brash. Face bears a fixed, unnatural grin.

Speech: Crazed shrieking and cackling. Woldish.

Desires: Blood, mayhem, death. To torment the souls imprisoned in the lake's waters. To imprison **The Girl with Blue Lips** with them, because her morose presence is just ruining his fun.

Combat stats: Wraith (OSE).

Treasures: Victims' remains, hidden in a small cave: 58gp, 2,100sp, a pearl ring (200gp), a flanged *mace* +1.

A rolling wood of hillocks and small streams. Trees are skewed, their roots grasping at the air.

Terrain: Tangled Forest, Dwelmfurgh

Lost/Encounters: 2-in-6

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.)

Buzzing Tree

Travellers on the Fort Road may be distracted from the sweeping views of Lake Longmere by a persistent, insectoid buzzing sound. If investigated, its source proves to be a great oak, twisted and gnarly in its old age.

Bees and wasps: A profusion of these insects buzz around the tree, their nests high in the branches.

Holes among roots: Many small holes and tunnels (1' wide) are visible among the roots. Several of the tunnels lead into a sandy, underground burrow (see *The Scrabey's Lair*).

Listening at the tunnels: A single voice can be heard muttering to itself in a subterranean space. PCs who speak Sylvan may understand perplexed snatches of speech such as "Now where did I put that confounded...", "It must be time for supper, or is it breakfast?".

The Scrabey's Lair

Beneath the tree, in a warm, sandy burrow composed of a cramped living chamber and a dozen store rooms, a **scrabey** (*DMB*) makes his lair. There is a 3-in-6 chance he will be present when the characters visit, and a 2-in-6 chance per turn that he returns to the lair from his wanderings.

Access: The scrubey, in his worm form, can come and go via the small tunnels under the tree roots. Larger passages lead from the lair into the trading tunnels of the subterranean kingdom of the scrabies.

Living chamber: Unremarkable, sparse, and compact. Contains a bedroll, a small iron stove, and chamber pot.

Store rooms: The 12 store rooms are crammed with a neglected array of dusty barrels and crates containing the scrubey's treasure and goods: 152gp, 233cp, 2,500' of good rope, 50 flasks of oil, 200lbs of coal, a barrel of *Old Doby* (*DPB*, 20gp, 500 smokes), a keg of *Buckland fizz* (*DPB*, 100gp, 100 glasses), 5 doses each of *gillywort*, *marshwick*, and *smottlebread* (*DPB*).

Desk and ledgers: In one store room, a desk built from an eclectic assembly of broken furniture pieces sits partially hidden behind a teetering wall of empty crates. Beneath it lie four bulging ledgers, each secured by leather straps and partially gnawed upon by vermin. For every turn the reader spends with them, they have a 2-in-6 chance of discerning the scrubey's name: **Horticulture**.

Cocoon and prisoner: On the floor in the corner of another storeroom lies a 5'-long silk cocoon. Within it, a young woman named **Amande Heape** lies in an enchanted sleep. (See *The Kidnapping Plot*.) If fully unwrapped from the cocoon, she awakens after 1d6 turns.



The Scrabey Who Forgot His Name

A tiny (3' tall), tan-skinned scrubey with ears so long their tips droop below his jowls. Dresses in oversized, damp woollens and an oiled leather overcoat. Once a thriving trader, he is now under the effects of a curse of amnesia placed by the witch **Lady Haeroth** (p74) in order to keep the origins of her magical tea set secret. (The scrubey procured it for her.)

Demeanour (Neutral): Desperately trying to conceal his disorientation. By turns aggressive and obsequious.

Speech: Veers from confused rambling to shrewd trade banter. Woldish, Sylvan.

Desires: Should he regain his memory, the scrubey may choose to resume his extortion plot.

Curse effects: No memory of anything beyond the last hour, including all details about his past and even his own name (Horticulture). If his name is returned to him, the curse will be broken and his other memories, including that of the kidnapped woman, also return.

Possessions: A wand of twisted, charred willow with the power to (safely) separate and reattach parts of a creature's body, by touch. The scrubey has forgotten its command word, but vaguely recalls its importance.

The Kidnapping Plot

The young woman in the cocoon (see *Cocoon and prisoner*) was kidnapped by the scrubey after her husband—a merchant named **Alfolonious Heape**—attempted to double-cross him in a business transaction. The scrubey had planned to extort a ransom from the unscrupulous merchant, but these plans were scuppered when he lost his memory (see *Curse effects*).

A sandy beech wood, echoing with birdsong. Red, eyeless worms teem in the undergrowth.

Terrain: Open forest, High Wold

Lost/Encounters: 1-in-6. After dark, encounters are 3-in-6 likely. Nighttime encounters are 4-in-6 likely to be with 1d8 **nightworms**.

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

The Ditchway

The well-trodden path between Lankshorn and Dreg, known locally as the Ditchway, makes its winding way through a broad channel with sandy banks on either side.

Red worms: Every half-mile or so, the sandy soil around the road is riddled with 6" long, red, eyeless worms, burrowing and writhing. These are immature nightworm spawn.

At dusk: The worms slither from the sand banks in great droves and writhe across the road and around the feet of any travellers abroad at this hour.

Nightworms' Brood Lair (Hidden)

A 5' round tunnel bored into a sandstone promontory may be discovered in the northern reaches of this hex. The tunnel leads down to a network of chambers and passageways where the nightworms that plague this hex make their lair.

Exploring: Roll on the **Chambers** table for each chamber entered. Each chamber connects to 1d4–1 others, via twisting passageways.

Nightworms

5'-10' long, eyeless, red worms, about 10" in diameter, with rubbery, ribbed, muscular bodies and tooth-filled maws. Nightworms lair in underground chambers bored out by their brood-mother. When abroad, they burrow into mud and sludge to sleep during the day, emerging at night to stalk warm-blooded prey. They drag fresh kills back to their brood lair, being especially fond of the flesh of humanoids and horses.

Mature Nightworm: AC 8 [11], HD 3** (13hp), Att 1 × bite (1d6 + constriction), THACO 17 [+2], MV 90' (30'), SV D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (2), ML 9, AL Neutral, XP 65

Brood-mother Nightworm: AC 5 [14], HD 9** (50hp), Att 1 × bite (2d6 + constriction), THACO 12 [+7], MV 150' (50'), SV D10 W11 P12 B13 S14 (4), ML 9, AL Neutral, XP 2,300

Constriction: When a bite attack is successful, the worm wraps itself around the victim and begins to exude a powerful acid. The acid eats through armour in 1 round and inflicts 1d4 damage per round, when in contact with flesh. The victim suffers a –1 penalty to attack rolls and can only escape if the worm is killed.

Regeneration: A damaged nightworm gains 2 hit points at the start of each round, as long as it is alive. Severed portions may reconnect.



Chambers (d8)

d8 Chamber

- 1d4 **nightworms** devouring the corpse of a horse.
- Walls, floor, and ceiling carpeted with 2", scarlet eggs. Inside each, a hatchling nightworm is visible. They squirm if examined closely. Walking through the chamber will inevitably result in crushing dozens.
- A twitching humanoid corpse. Examination reveals that the corpse is riddled with hundreds of 6"-long nightworm hatchlings, devouring it from the inside. The corpse has basic travelling gear, 2d12sp, and a random trinket (DPB).
- Heaps of bones—humanoid and animal. Among the remains are 1d100gp, 2d100sp, 4d100cp, a gem worth 250gp, and 2 random trinkets (DPB).
- Piles of rust-red moulted nightworm skins.
- Heaps of bones—humanoid and animal. Hidden among the remains are sleeping 1d3 **nightworms**. Rooting around in the bones awakens them.
- A **Drune cottager** (DMB), unconscious but barely alive, being dragged and throttled by 1d4 **nightworms**. The Drune has a bone dagger +1 and scrolls of *invisibility*, *wizard lock*, and *haste* on his person. **This chamber can only be encountered once**—re-roll subsequent results of 7.
- The gigantic 30' long, 4' diameter **brood-mother nightworm**, whose bulbous, eyeless, human-like head sways and moans for fresh blood. Her abdomen is lined with two dozen stunted arms, groping wretchedly at the 2d3 **nightworms** coiled around her body in a mating frenzy. Her lair is piled with bones and partially devoured corpses. Among the remains are 20pp, 542gp, 223sp, 432cp, a single diamond earring (800gp), a *bag of devouring*, a *displacer cloak* of black feathers, and a clerical scroll of *bles*, *find traps*, and *locate object*. **This chamber can only be encountered once**—re-roll subsequent results of 8.

KING'S MOUNDS AND THE DRUNE COTTAGE 0810

An undulating terrain of birch copses, chestnut glades, and bramble thickets.

Terrain: Open forest, High Wold

Lost/Encounters: 1-in-6

Ancient Burial Mounds

In the decrepit old woodland close to the north of the hex lies a series of long, low mounds, clearly of human construction.

History: These are burial mounds, housing the remains of ancient warrior-chieftains interred over the span of a century some 1,800 years ago. Local goatfolk scrupulously avoid the mounds, believing them to be haunted.

Inhabitants: What the goatfolk have mistaken for restless spirits are in fact fairies. The mounds are now home to 24 barrowbogeys (*DMB*)—led by one named **Thrattlewhit**—dwell among the tombs of the dead and the dusty passages which extend beyond, into the near reaches of Fairy.

Treasure: The barrow lairs contain the bogeys' treasures—buried in jugs and urns in the sandy soil: 985cp, a platinum ring set with a ruby (400gp), a pair of elf-bone bracelets inlaid with unicorns in fairy silver (800gp each), a string of pearls (900gp), a heavy gold amulet in the shape of a bull's head with emeralds for eyes (1,500gp).

Thrattlewhit—Chief Barrowbogey

A hunched bogey whose diminutive stature is made up for by the unusually tall brass jug upon his shoulders. Dresses in decaying burial rags.

Demeanour (Neutral): Mercurial, veers between gleeful capering and suspicious questioning. Stumbles and sways, as if intoxicated.

Speech: High and tinny as any barrowbogey's, but punctuated with strained attempts at a more baritone, authoritative register. Woldish, Sylvan.

Desires: Would give anything for the hand of the Braithmaid **Pollith**, upon whom he spies at night.

Possessions: The sword **Alfame**, which he brandishes two-handed in battle.

Combat stats: Barrowbogey (*DMB*) with 24 hit points.

Alfame

A wide-bladed, antique sword engraved with seven magical runes. *Read magic* shows that they spell the name "Alfame".

Powers: The sword bears an enchantment granting its wielder a +1 bonus to hit in combat (+2 vs undead) and a degree of protection from energy drain, allowing a save versus death to avoid the loss of levels.

Cursed: The sword is psychically tainted by the fate of its original owner, who was made drunken and assassinated by a treacherous rival: anyone who possesses the sword takes on an intoxicated and suspicious air.



The Drune Cottage (Hidden)

The Audrune **Aethogrym** (see 0910) maintains a compact cottage in the east of the hex, in a dreamy glade wherein spring always reigns and blossom drifts through the air.

Magically concealed: The path to the cottage is enchanted such that it cannot be found unaided; only by following one who knows the secret way can the cottage be located.

Kilnling protection: 3 kilnlings (1 sneak, 2 defenders; see Drune—Drune wife, *DMB*) created by Aethogrym's wife, **Maedred**, also guard the path and the cottage.

Inhabitants: **Aethogrym** is often absent, wandering the ways of the forest and the leys in 0910, while **Maedred** (Drune—Drune wife, *DMB*) remains in the cottage, weaving, singing, and potting. Their daughter **Pollith** (Drune—Braithmaid, *DMB*) roams the woods of this hex, singing haunting, magical songs.



Pollith—Braithmaid

A petite young woman with cropped black hair, chestnut brown eyes, and a freckled nose. Wears simple white gowns and an apron embroidered with intricate fungal and floral motifs.

Demeanour (Neutral): Cocky, independent.

Speech: Melodious, impudent. Woldish, Drunic.

Desires: Contact with the witches of Dolmenwood. To see the frozen spires of Hoarblight Keep (0505).

Dismal, pathless woods; knotted roots and tangled boughs. Grisly, rasping moans punctuate the silence.

Terrain: Tangled forest, Aldweald

Lost/Encounters: 2-in-6. Encounters are 3-in-6 likely to be with 2d10 wandering Bafflestone Thralls.

Ley line crossing Lamm/Ywyr: Arcane spell-casters perceive an incessant, spiralling wailing, as if a gateway to the realm of the dead were nearby.

Enfeebling Emanations

Travellers within this hex are assailed by nausea, confusion, and unease, emanating from a malignant presence that can be sensed at the centre of the hex.

Effects: Living creatures suffer a -1 penalty to attack rolls and saving throws while in this hex.

Locating the source: The source of the emanations—the broken nodal *Bafflestone*—can easily be located by heading towards the sensed malignant presence.

Bafflestone

Those who arrive at the centre of the hex enter a shadowy, silent glade, wherein an ancient and forbidding nodal stone looms over dead grass. It is known to the Drune, its creators, as Bafflestone.

Appearance: The stone is an irregular, blocky prism of deepest red carnelian, about 8' tall and 3' wide, with a smoke-like vein of black crystal residing at its core.

All who view Bafflestone: Must **save vs spells** or fall under its thrall (see *Consequences of Bafflestone Exposure*).

Examining: Close examination of Bafflestone's surface reveals minutely carved sigils, recognizable as Drunic by those versed in such lore, and a Drunic inscription: "Bafflestone, Hand of Drune, Nexus of Lamm and Ywyr".

Corruption: Bafflestone was irrevocably warped by a pernicious ley resonance set up by Atanuwë, emanating from the captured nodal Sargstone. The stone's inner magical structure erupted with a grievous and invisible wound that the Drune—much to their shame—were unable to clot.



Consequences of Bafflestone Exposure

Those who fail to resist the Bafflestone's power become sympathetic to the stone's deep malignity.

Initial symptoms: Victims are unable to sleep, unwilling to leave the stone's presence without physical coercion, and unwilling to eat or drink, despite feelings of hunger and thirst.

Undead thralldom: Unless they are dragged, pulled, or otherwise coerced at least 1 mile away from the stone within 8 hours, those enthralled wither and die, remaining on this plane as morose and disconsolate undead wanderers: *Bafflestone Thralls*.

TODO: Illustration

Bafflestone Thralls

Desiccated corpses that patrol the environs of Bafflestone without rest, seeking to drag outsiders to the site of the stone in order to test their wills against the monument's eldritch presence.

AC 8 [11], **HD** 2* (9hp), **Att** 1 × clawing grasp (1d4 + grapple), **THACO** 18 [+1], **MV** 90' (30'), **SV** D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (1), **ML** 12, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 25

Gang up: Groups of 3-4 thralls attempt to surround an individual victim, hoping to subdue them and drag them to Bafflestone.

Grapple: The thrall grabs onto the victim and will only let go if killed. The victim suffers a -2 penalty to attack rolls and AC. This penalty is cumulative if multiple thralls grapple the same victim. A victim grappled by 3 or more thralls is helpless (cannot attack, move, or act in any way) and will be dragged towards Bafflestone.

Old, thick-boled trees creak and groan. The soil is orange, as if soaked with blood.

Terrain: Tangled forest, High Wold

Lost/Encounters: 2-in-6. Off-road encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with 1d3+1 **bramblings** patrolling the region.

Ley line Lamm: Arcane spell-casters perceive the sensation of being observed by a pitiless malevolence. (See pXXX.)

The Jaunty Horn (Inn)

A high-gabled inn that spans the Ditchway, bridge-like. At the rear, a wide yard and stables bustle with caravans.

Sign: A curled bugle with a portrait of **Lord Ramius** (p63) engraved at its head. (The folk of the inn are Ramius loyalists, proudly retaining his portrait on the sign.)

Common room: A broad, low-beamed space rammed with round tables, with hundreds of horseshoes cladding the walls. The proprietor **Mollish Nag** and his wife **Jesibelle** serve tables while their 7 children run and play. A 6'-long drinking horn hangs above the bar—downing a whole horn is a challenge used by locals to settle disputes.

Guests: Common travellers, merchants, and surly guards.

Services at the Jaunty Horn

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

Golokstone

The nodal known as Golokstone lies at the centre of a glade of lofty silver birches, surrounded by dense, tangled forest and a maze of circuitous paths.

Appearance: A 10' square slab of yellow sandstone, split down the middle.

Guardians: The **Audrune Aethogrym**, along with 7 **bramblings** (DMB) that roam the hex.

Fungal ring: Dense patches of scarlet, 2' high toadstools encircle the stone; they release a 20' diameter cloud of spores if anyone approaches. All within must **save versus poison** or experience vivid, religiously-tinged hallucinations for 1d6 turns (–4 penalty to attack rolls and cannot cast spells). Aethogrym and his bramblings arrive after 1d6 minutes to evict the intruders.

Examining the stone: Reveals an inscription, in large Drunic script, reading “Scry, Drune, all Dolmenwood spread wide. Speak, Drune, voice of the Aegis”.

Peering into the split slab: Reveals an impossibly fathomless vista of swirling black and purple mists dotted with glinting points of silver, like stars.

Scrying: Casting *clairvoyance* or *wizard eye* while gazing into the vista brings about a trance, lasting for 1 turn, wherein the spell-caster has a vision of Dolmenwood in its entirety and may choose to zoom into any one hex, gaining an insight into the hidden features there.

Drunic speech: Uttering Drunic words into the vista opens a channel of communion to the Drune Aegis (pXXX).



Mollish Nag—Jaunty Horn Proprietor (4th Level Fighter)

A hirsute, muscular man in his late thirties, with huge, hairy forearms and a wide, gurning face. Dresses in sheepskin jerkins, striped pantaloons, and purple felt boots, always leaving his arms bare. Mollish is a retired fighter who bought the Jaunty Horn with the profits from his adventures.

Demeanour (Lawful): Boastful and belligerent, but unerringly loyal to those who earn his respect.

Speech: Brash. Woldish.

Desires: To best tough-looking warrior types in bouts of arm-wrestling or drinking contests. To experience the thrill of adventure “one last time”.

Possessions: Purple felt *boots of levitation*. A golden mace +2 (concealed behind the bar).

The Audrune Aethogrym

A towering (6'6") man of robust build, with shaven head and staring eyes as pale as moonlight. Wears a brass ring through his nose and dresses in the traditional night-black cloak and hood of his order. As guardian of Golokstone, Aethogrym is charged with deterring intruders, but favours words over violence.

Demeanour (Neutral): Temperate, genial but stern.

Speech: Slow, hearty rumble. Woldish, Caprice, Drunic.

Desires: To defend Golokstone at all costs. To track down the fairies that harass his daughter **Pollith** (see 0810) and ensure that they do not continue to do so.

Possessions: A bone bracelet, carved with mushrooms, which allows him to sense intruders at Golokstone and teleport to the vicinity.

Combat stats: Audrune (DMB).

Bucolic woods decked with artfully trailing ivy. Sheep and swine happily browse the glades.

Terrain: Open forest, Aldweald

Lost/Encounters: 1-in-6

Thirligrewe's Orchard

At the forest's edge, in a clearing surrounded by a waist-high stone wall, there sits a tiny orchard. A humble two-story cottage, leaning alarmingly sideways, adjoins it.

Strange apples: A row of gnarled crab apple trees bearing curious mauve fruits stands at the rear of the orchard. Cider brewed from the crab apples functions as a *potion of clairvoyance*. (One potion dose per pint consumed.)

Orchard tender: The orchard is tended and protected by **Thirligrewe Hangman**, who serves Castle Brackenwold; the orchard and cottage are the castle's property. Her most significant duty is the provision of crab apples, which she delivers to the **Roost**, a nearby inn, for onward transit to the castle. Should she catch PCs attempting to pilfer any, she runs to the Roost for help from the staff there.

Weighty tomes: A passionate reader, Thirligrewe has amassed a sizeable book collection whose sheer weight causes the cottage to lean toward the side dedicated to her study. Searching the collection for an hour yields four scrolls, tucked inside a horticulture manual: *floating disc*, *protection from evil*, *detect invisible*, and *ESP*.

The Roost (Inn)

Half a mile from the orchard, in an open glade beside Camp Road, a fantastic treehouse inn is nestled in the boughs of a trio of old beeches. The atmosphere of serenity that permeates the place is enhanced by the gentle cooing of the flocks of tame doves that perch among the inn's gables and the surrounding branches.

Sign (at the roadside): A dove contentedly nibbling hazelnuts from an open hand.

Entrance: A sweeping, wooden stairway that winds around the largest trunk or—for the audacious—a pair of rope ladders that dangle to the forest floor.

Common room: Tables and chairs densely clustered around a sweeping, circular bar. The landlady, **Zoemina Ladle**, serves with a gang of barmaids. On warm nights, doors are drawn back, joining the common room and the outside balcony. Genial flute music wafts.

Guests: Travellers, merchants, and guards. Adventurers and nobles of romantic spirit sometimes sojourn here, taken by the fanciful notion of living in a treehouse.

Services at the Roost

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

Attic suites: Private suites, each including a small dining room, can be rented for 5gp per night.

Stabling: Excellent stables are located (at ground level) in the woods behind the inn.



TODO: Illustration

Zoemina Ladle—The Roost Proprietor

A strapping, energetic woman in her late thirties, with plaited red hair and freckled complexion. Dresses in green gowns embroidered with ivy leaf motifs.

Demeanour (Neutral): Bold, spirited, gregarious. Flits between groups, seldom finishing conversations.

Speech: Strident, almost operatic. Woldish.

Desires: The company of talented musicians. To convince her lover, **Thirligrewe Hangman**, to fake her own death, escape her inherited obligation to Brackenwold, and come to live at the inn in secret.

Thirligrewe Hangman—Orchard Tender

A quiet, mousy woman of late youth with wispy hair and a penchant for berets. She who works for the dukes of Brackenwold, tending the orchard as a result of a hereditary family punishment that passes to the eldest woman in the extended family. The nature of the crime that her ancestor committed—named *pettymongery*—is long since forgotten.

Demeanour (Lawful): Rustic intellectual.

Speech: Halting, sarcastic. Woldish, Old Woldish.

Desires: To continue her quiet job, which gives her time to read from her extensive library. To learn the ultimate destination of her apples; all she has been able to ascertain is that they are spirited by courier to Castle Brackenwold, where they are said to be used to create small but regular quantities of cider for consumption by someone within.

Rugged knolls dense with holly. Blasts of hunting horns echo on the wind.

Terrain: Hilly 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** mustering in the woods around the lodge.

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

The Unicorn Gate

A pair of great oak trees stands atop a tall hill. Into the living trunk of each tree is carved the likeness of a rearing unicorn. They face one another.

Blowing a horn: Causes a brisk wind to pick up and a shimmering blue mist to fill the space between the two trees.

Entering the mist: Whisks one away to the fairy road Duke Mai-Fleur's Road (see *Fairy Roads*, p26).

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*.)

Combat Stats

AC 0 [19] **HD** 14**** (75hp) **Att** 1 × dusk bow (1d6+3 + paralysis, +3 to attack rolls, range 70' / 140' / 210') or 1 × silver sword (1d8+2, +2 to attack rolls) or magic **THACO** 9 [+10] **MV** 120' (40') **SV** D2 W2 P2 B2 S2 (28) **ML** 9 **AL** Neutral **XP** 5,150

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

Dusk bow: A long bow +3. A mortal hit by an arrow fired from the dusk bow is paralysed for 1d4 turns (save versus paralysis to resist).

Silver sword: A sword +2, forged of fairy silver.

Magic: Mai-Fleur can cast the following spells without limit: *charm person*, *detect magic*, *magic missile*, *invisibility*, *dispel magic*. Additionally, he may cast each of the following spells once per day: *polymorph self*, *teleport*, *anti-magic shell*.



Duke Mai-Fleur's Lodge (Hidden)

A two-storey wooden lodge, camouflaged by the trailing moss that blankets it. Even the windows are obscured.

Stepping onto the front porch: The moss peels back, revealing a polished black door, carved with scenes of unicorn hunting and the holly-wreath sigil of Duke Mai-Fleur. The door is wizard locked (by a 14th level caster).

Interior: Passages, drinking halls, and 3 bed chambers, spartanly furnished but replete with hunting trophies, including 3 great black bears and 2 majestic unicorns. Blue candles in wall sconces magically kindle.

Mai-Fleur's drinking horn: At the centre of one drinking hall table is a 2'-long horn of fairy silver studded with pale blue ice jewels (5,000gp). Once per day, water poured into the horn is transmuted into exquisite, sparkling wine.

Trespassers: Any who enter without Mai-Fleur's permission are attacked by animated stuffed animals: 3 black bears (OSE) and 2 unicorns (OSE). As magical constructs, the creatures have morale 12 and are immune to poison and mind-affecting magic (e.g. *sleep*, *hold*, *charm*).

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.