

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.

TODO.

**Terrain:** Bog, Northern Scratch

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

**Foraging:** Successful foraging yields TODO, in addition to the normal results.



## 0103—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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# THE PHANTOM LIGHTHOUSE

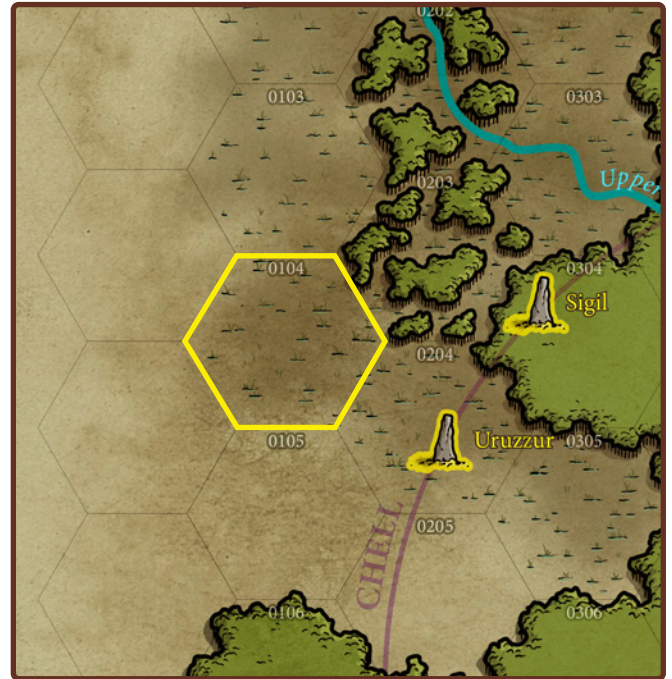
0104

TODO. Festering.

**Terrain:** Bog, Northern Scratch

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

**Foraging:** Successful foraging yields TODO, in addition to the normal results.





## 0105—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

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Spires and crags of pale, wind-carved rock, like the bones of gargantuan beasts.

**Terrain:** Tangled forest, High Wold

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

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

## Granite Crag

Close to the eastern edge of the hex, a sheer granite crag, 50' wide at the base, smothered in ivy and brambles, rises unexpectedly and penetrates the canopy of the wood. A faint crimson glow is visible at the summit.

**Searching the base:** Searching the brambles at the base of the crag reveals the remnants of ancient magical runes, hinting at the astral significance of the place, as well as several human skeletons. Many of the bones on the skeletons are broken.

**Climbing:** The crag is 100' tall, and steep-sided. Characters with the ability to climb sheer surfaces can scale it without danger. Others must make a DEX check to climb unaided.

**Summit:** The crag tapers to a 30' wide summit. A 20'-high spectral monolith of crimson light hovers at the centre. (See *The Red Vorpall Monolith*.)

**Panoramic views:** The summit affords a panoramic view of the surrounding land, as far as the Falls of Naon, to the northeast, on a clear day.



TODO: Illustration



## The Red Vorpall Monolith

Hovering at the top of the granite crag is a 20'-high spectral monolith of crimson light. This is one of the mysterious vorpall monoliths that trace an emergent fifth ley line in Dolmenwood (see *Vorpall Monoliths*, p21). In spring, summer, and autumn, the monolith is a mere shimmering figment. In wintertime, it becomes semi-corporeal.

**Viewing:** All who behold the monolith in the wintertime must **save versus spells**. Arcane spell-casters gain a +2 bonus. Those who fail are overcome by a wave of terror and the desire to leave the monolith's presence as quickly as possible. Climbing down in this state of dread requires a climb sheer surfaces check or a DEX check with a -2 penalty.

**Touching:** In its wintertime manifestation, the monolith's partially tangible surface feels like cold, sticky slime. Spells of shadow or darkness cast while touching the monolith are made permanent. In other seasons, a PC touching the monolith's diaphanous outline will temporarily experience the frosty chill of a winter's day.

## 0107—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

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## 0108—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0109—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0110—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0111—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0201—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0202—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0203—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0204—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0205—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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Decrepit woodland, the ground littered with fallen trees and rotting branches. Many insects creep and tickle.

**Terrain:** Tangled Forest, High Wold / Dwelmfurgh

**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.)

## Maidenhead Priory

This crumbling ruin derives its name from the great feminine bust half-buried near its entrance (the remnant of a larger statue of St. Gretchen). From a distance, the priory ruins appear to pulse and undulate, as if alive.

**History:** The ruin was once a priory, established to house and supply pilgrims who would come to this region to dissuade those seeking death at Droun Loch (hex 0407). It was a place of mercy and hope, but terrible decades have left it in a lesser state.

## Blanket of Beetles

Coming closer, it becomes clear that the creeping movement of the crumbling walls is caused by their being wholly enveloped by a twitching blanket of black beetles.

**Painful shrilling:** If PCs approach or enter the priory, the insects will begin a terrible, incessant shrilling that inflicts 1hp damage on characters for every turn they remain in or near the ruins.

**Repelling the beetles:** Fire, smoke, and other noxious fumes may cause the beetles to retreat, but they will return as soon as the irritant is no longer present.



## Sacred Dove Tapestry

A large and well-made tapestry, adorned with six embroidered doves (representing the six doves of Saint Lillibeth).

**Magically preserved:** It has survived the depredations of time and vandalism because of the holy magic with which it was woven.

**Healing properties:** Six times per day (once per dove), a Lawful character can touch one of the doves to recover 1d6+1hp, but only if it is hung, unfurled, above holy ground.

TODO: Illustration

## Within the Ruins

The crumbling stone innards of the priory are bare save for the intrusions of nature—moss blankets the walls and drifts of dead leaves carpet the floors.

**Stairway:** A debris-strewn stairway leads down to the *Defiled Crypt*.

**Searching:** Concealed behind a cascade of moss hangs a magnificent tapestry, intact after all these years. The tapestry can be discovered with 1d6 turns of searching. See *Sacred Dove Tapestry*.

## Defiled Crypt

A low-ceilinged chamber, crawling with screeching beetles, at the centre of which lies a stained marble coffin, its lid broken in half.

**Inscription:** Liturgic text around the rim of the coffin reads “Here lies Jerome Gust, blessed prior and founder, humble servant of the One True God”.

**Contents:** The coffin is bare. The prior’s bones and vestments were stolen long ago.

**Prayer:** The beetles were summoned to the ruins by the prior’s restless spirit, which lingers in the crypt. The prior can be put to rest (and the beetles banished) if a cleric or friar of the One True God replaces the broken lid upon the coffin and prays for 3 turns (while enduring the beetles’ agonizing stridulation).

A dense, shadow-oppressed maze of trees. The air is utterly still and coagulates with the gloom.

**Terrain:** Tangled Forest, High Wold / Dwelmfurgh

**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.)

## The Shadowed Bower

The woods around the Summerstone Radhd are under a Drune enchantment that causes light to dwindle and falter.

**Breathing:** Is laboured. The air is heavy and sluggish, and sound is muted.

**Darkness:** As characters journey deeper into the hex, a dusk-like darkness settles in. Without a light source or infravision, the gloom incurs a -1 penalty to attack rolls.

**Flames:** Are subdued and sputtering. Lanterns and torches cast a 50% smaller radius of light than usual.

**Shades:** Characters perceive spectral forms, as if of hooded men, observing them disapprovingly. The forms are illusory and disappear if attacked. These apparitions are a manifestation of the presence of the **Audrune Grebglin**, who wards the nodal Radhd.

TODO: Illustration

## The Summerstone Radhd (Hidden)

The Summerstone Radhd, also known as the Stone of Law, is a ragged shard of basalt (15' high, 8' around) lost in a pathless tangle of hawthorn. (See *The Ring of Chell*, p22 for full information on the Summerstones.)

**Balmy stillness:** A 120 yard region of hazy warmth and a balmy stillness of the forest air, reminiscent of the intoxicating days of high summer.

**Approaching:** Within 60 yards triggers the protective wrath of the **Audrune Grebglin**, the stone-ward. **3 werephasms** are conjured into existence to stalk those who dare come near to the Stone of Law.

**Touching:** While touching the stone, lies can be detected without fail and oaths that are sworn will be enforced via a *geas* (see *Old-School Essentials*).



## The Audrune Grebglin

**Incorporeal:** Grebglin has abandoned his physical form and now exists solely within the flow of the ley energies around the stone Radhd. His body lies in temporal stasis, ritually interred in the crypts of the Drune Lodge (hex 0507, pXXX).

**Powers:** Grebglin cannot interact with the physical world directly, but can send word of intruders to the Drune Aegis and can summon **3 werephasms** to attack any who approach the Stone of Law.

## Werephasms

Humanoid, lupine creatures of twisting shadow, summoned by Drune magic. Seek to snuff out light and rend sentient beings' souls from their flesh.

**AC** 4 [15] **HD** 6\* (hp 26, 27, 33) **Att** [2 × claws (1d4 + soul rend), 1 × bite (1d8)] or 1 × howl (extinguishes light) **THACO** 14 [+5] **MV** 120' (40') **SV** D10 W11 P12 B13 S14 (6) **ML** 10 **AL** Chaotic **XP** 500

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

**Weakened by light:** THACO reduced to 17 [+2] when within the radius of a light source.

**Howl:** The bone-chilling howl has a 4-in-6 chance of extinguishing light sources within 90' (roll per light source). This includes magical light, but excludes permanent enchantments such as *continual light*.

**Soul-rend:** Each hit reduces the target's CHA by 1. A target reduced to 0 CHA dies and has their soul abducted. Each abducted soul is trapped as a green vapour in a glass urn in the crypts of the Drune Lodge (hex 0507, pXXX).

**Recovering lost CHA:** 1 point per day.



Rugged woods dotted with sodden ditches and ant-mounds. A low thrumming pervades.

**Terrain:** Tangled Forest, High Wold

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

## Kolstoke Keep

Within a clear area, surrounded by looming forest on three sides, stands the blocky, dark stone keep of the goat-lord **Murkin (p63)**: Kolstoke Keep.

**Ditch, wall, and motte:** The keep is perched awkwardly atop a giddy motte of earth and encircled with a crenelated stone wall. At the base of the wall is a ditch lined with sharp spikes.

**Gate:** A wide drawbridge may be lowered over the ditch, leading to a single, intimidating gatehouse which pierces the wall.

**Interior:** TODO.

**Inhabitants:** The keep is the home of **Lord Murkin (p63)**—a rare, non-imbecilic half-goat—and his retinue of **12 longhorn knights**, “the Horns of Kolstoke” (use longhorn goatfolk stats—*DMB*).

**Visitors:** TODO.

**Dungeons:** Murkin’s mother, a human woman now in her seventies, is imprisoned in the keep’s dungeons, after contradicting her son’s word one too many times.

TODO: Illustration



## The Domain of Lord Murkin

The rule of House Murkin extends several leagues to the east and north, encompassing a rambling collection of hamlets and farmsteads (see *Goat-Lords, p60*). Both humans and goatfolk live in this domain.

**Revolt is brewing:** The human subjects that live under Murkin’s rule are verging on belligerence. They are tired and angered by their Lord’s petty laws and taxes, and revolt is close at hand.

## The Barrows of Illpuke

A few miles inside the dense canopy of the wood, south of the keep, can be found a series of mounds, known to the locals as the Barrows of Illpuke. There are thirteen mounds in total: a circle of twelve with one at the centre.

**Capstones:** Each mound is topped with a smooth round stone, 20 feet in diameter. The stones are covered in mosses, lichens, and rampant vines.

**Thrumming:** The thrumming sound that permeates this hex emanates from the mounds.

**A queasiness of stomach:** Stepping inside the circle of mounds, one feels a faint queasiness, becoming stronger the longer one remains.

**Beneath the capstones:** A jumble of humanoid bones is buried, carved with magical script (runes of divination and balancing). Examination may reveal that the bones are all elfish.

**True purpose:** The mounds are not actually barrows, but were built for the sole purpose of supporting the curious stones, which radiate a faint magical signal. Together, these stones form an ancient device used to measure power and deviations in the Witching Ring. This purpose and the method by which the device operates are long-forgotten, though the Drune know of the place and wish to reclaim it.



Tree trunks and boughs twist, sway, and writhe, creating weirdly silhouetted forms.

**Terrain:** Craggy Forest, High Wold / Dwelmfurgh  
**Lost/Encounters:** 3-in-6

## The Grasping Corridor

A trail branches off of the High Road in hex 0208 to the north of here; crossing into this hex, it soon becomes a long, tree-lined, bough-vaulted path that travels gently uphill. Human and goatfolk inhabitants of this region call the path the Grasping Corridor, and it is known to be the sole route to the Lethean Well, a fabled lake in the hills.

**Perpetual dark:** Beneath the dense canopy, it is like night, even during the brightest hours of daylight.

**Malign presence in the woods:** A thin, pale mist drifts in the brooding blackness of the woods on either side of the trail.

**Grasping hands:** Anyone getting too close to the inky darkness of the forest beyond the trail is grasped by cold, pale hands that form out of the mist. They must **save versus spells** or vanish into the blackness of the woods, reappearing back on the trail 1d6 hours later, stripped of valuables they carried and with no memory of where they have been.

**Effects of flame:** If any open flame is brought into the corridor, the things among the trees begin to shriek and wail in increasing and maddening volume unless it is extinguished. Characters who persist in carrying fire here for more than one turn must **save versus paralysis** or lose 1d3 points of WIS. (Lost WIS is recovered after a week.)

## The Lethean Well

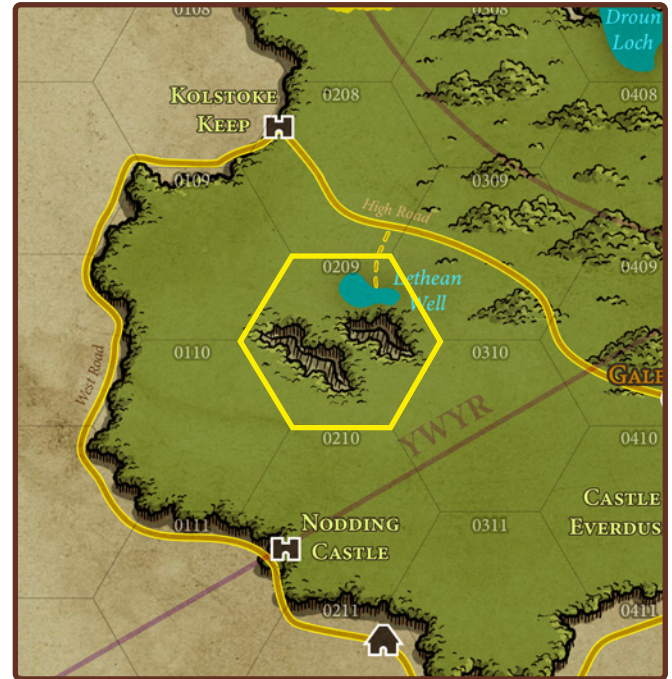
The lake known as the Lethean Well sits nestled in a hilly region, surrounded by treacherous 60' crags and pitch-dark woods. It is nearly two miles across, and its banks are overgrown and lined with dreamy weeping willows in abundance.

**Reaching the lake:** For those who do not wish to scale the rock faces, the lake is reachable only via the Grasping Corridor, which opens outwards at its terminus on the lake's northern shore.

**Boggín clan:** A malign clan of 12 boggins (DMB) inhabits the lake. Should characters attempt to bathe in the lake (see below), there is a 3-in-6 chance of 1d3 of the boggins attacking them, and attempting to drag them to their lair below.

**Trading with the boggins:** PCs who remain on the lake-shore for at least an hour will attract the attention of 1d3 boggins, who will swim to the water's edge to converse. In return for gems or jewellery (20gp value or greater) or magic items, they will allow characters to bathe in peace. They may also trade such items for a dose of the psychedelic compound *lethe* (pXXX), which they extract from the brains of their victims.

**Bathing:** Entering the dark, slumbrous waters, one feels a slowly pulsing vibration. Bathing in the lake for more than an hour cures a magical disease or curse and places an enchantment upon the bather (see **Lake Enchantments**).



### Lake Enchantments (d6)

Bathing in the Lethean Well cures a magical disease or curse, as well as causing one of the following effects:

#### d6 Enchantment

- 1 Bather's brain becomes increasingly sharp, permanently increasing INT by 1.
- 2 Bather gains a sense of serenity and contentment, permanently increasing WIS by 1.
- 3 Bather's visage becomes radiant and beautiful, permanently increasing CHA by 1.
- 4 Bather becomes convinced they are half-pig.
- 5 Bather has an insatiable hunger for raw root vegetables.
- 6 Bather believes they are one of the Lords of the High Wold.

Each character can only be affected by the enchanted waters once per year.

### The Lethean Door (Hidden)

High in the rocky peaks that surround the lake is a 10' tall craggy portal of utter blackness which even magic cannot illuminate. Stepping into the portal, one is transported to the wild forests of Diuthurnia, realm of Duke Mai-Fleur (p30).



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** (p69), 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.



### 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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TODO: Illustration



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*).



## 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.

## 0301—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0302—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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Festering pools and animal skeletons. Crows circle overhead, seeking carrion.

**Terrain:** Bog, Northern Scratch

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

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

## Riverside Traps

Here, amidst the black mud and pale swamp grasses, the Hameth widens and the water slows to an imperceptible crawl. Walking along the riverbank or navigating small vessels in this hex is fraught with danger, for this is a hunting ground frequented by **madtoms** (DMB).

**Man-fishing traps:** Travellers walking beside the Hameth in this hex have a 3-in-6 chance of encountering one of the madtoms' "man-fishing traps": a man-hook or a lure box (equally likely).

**Man-hook:** A set of 1d3 foot-sized concealed pits, edged with downward-slanted metal spikes. For each device encountered, a random adventurer must make a DEX check or take 1d4 hp damage; they are then ensnared and attacked.

**Lure box:** A wooden cage at the water's edge containing items of value or interest. Living "items" are often deployed thus: game hens, stolen livestock, or even a kidnapped child. A party distracted while attempting to open such a cage must make a surprise roll as they are set upon by madtoms.



**Anyone falling prey:** To either type of trap will be attacked by 2d8 madtoms (DMB), leaping from the river.

**Treasure:** At trapped locations, the dark sludge of the riverbed holds numerous bones, half-decayed carcasses, and fragments of wrecked boats. PCs searching this detritus will find 1d8gp, 2d12sp, 3d20cp, and a random item (see *Leavings in the Mud*).

## Leavings in the Mud (d6)

### d6 Item

- 1 A finely detailed 8" wooden figurine of a barrowbogie (DMB) worth 2gp at any major settlement. The jug head is removable, revealing a compartment containing three bunches of human hair, each tightly bound in catgut.
- 2 A mini-cask (8 pints, 4gp value if identified) of Cobsworth pale ale (DPB). Surprisingly, it is unspoiled. Sadly, it is unlabelled.
- 3 A pair of rotting, putrid, severed human lower legs, held together at the ankles with rusting manacles. The manacles bear the crest of House Murkin.
- 4 A leather scroll tube sealed with wax. Inside is a crude map of the region around the upper Hameth. There is an "X" drawn at a point upstream from the PC's current location, corresponding to hex 0202, with the word "Sedge" written in Liturgic next to it. (This indicates the location of the lost Shrine to St Sedge.)
- 5 A pair of professionally carved ivory dice. Rolling them repeatedly shows them to be loaded: one favouring 6, the other favouring 1. (If one of the dice is thrown, roll 1d8, with 1-6 indicating the rolled result, and 7 or 8 indicating the favoured number.)
- 6 A delicate porcelain doll of an elf, one arm missing. An hour after being cleaned off, the doll will stand up, appraise her surroundings, curtsy to the PCs, and, with a wry and playful look, vanish. She will reappear clad in finery, smiling and with arm intact, for 1d3 nights in a random PC's dreams.



## 0304—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0305—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0306—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0307—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0308—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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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.



Eerie silence. The loose soil seethes with carnivorous beetles.

**Terrain:** Tangled forest, High Wold

**Lost/Encounters:** 2-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with a **2 HD insect swarm** (OSE)—the flesh-eating beetles that swarm this hex.

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

## Mounds and Boulders

Scattered throughout the hex are earthen mounds, some up to 10' high, devoid of any vegetation or fungi. They are topped with clusters of large boulders.

**Carved faces:** Every boulder has a side covered by a carved face, invariably a visage depicting at once torment and wickedness.

**Foreign stone:** Those who have spent time in the hills and crags of the High Wold may notice that the stone is not of local origin.

**History:** Chiselled in ancient days by the wicked Drune, these boulders were carved in effigy of woods-folk chiefs who bowed to the Cold Prince and refused to join the Triple Compact (see **History**, p16). By use of most horrendous ritual the Drune pulled the souls from these chieftains and their heirs and bound them within the stones to scream silently until the sun grows cold. The Drune dub this prison the “Craven Mounds”.

## At Night

When night falls, the tormented spirits of the fallen chiefs begin to drip from the maws and eyes of the effigies. They seep down into the cold, loose earth in hopes of finding mortal bodies to infest and use as temporary hosts with which to take out their fury on the Drune. Most have little luck beyond parleying with the petty minds of beetles.

**Possessed in sleep:** Any mortals or demi-fey who would be so foolish as to rest here must **save versus death**. Those who succeed retch up the gruesome spirits attempting to possess them; those unfortunate souls who fail become thralls to the liquid slithering shadows (see **Shadow's Thrall**) until dawn or until dragged from this hex.

## The Shrine to St Elsa (Hidden)

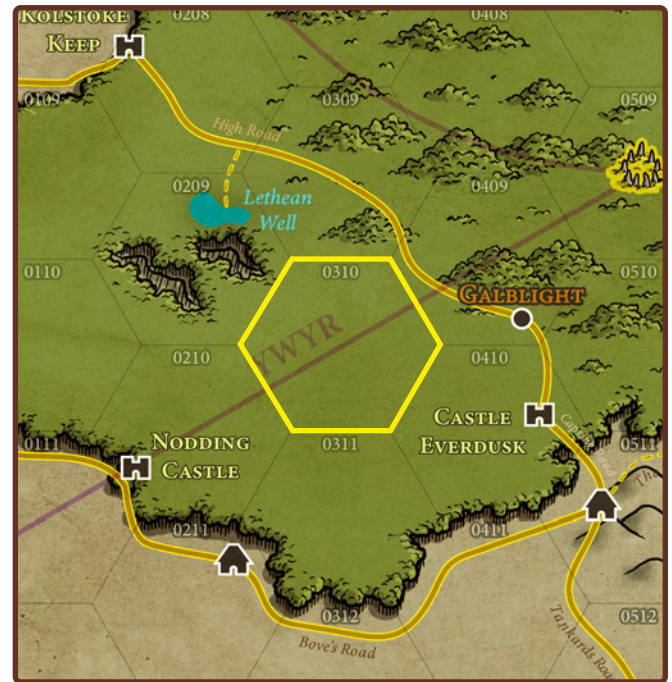
The point of a tiled roof is all the remains visible of the lost shrine to St Elsa, submerged beneath a mound of loose soil, writhing with carnivorous beetles.

**Clearing the shrine:** Treat the swarming beetles as a **4 HD insect swarm** (OSE).

**Structure:** A simple wayside shrine with wooden sides and a tiled roof.

**Statue of St Elsa:** A wooden carving depicting St Elsa atop a tall tower, gazing up to heaven.

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



## Shadow's Thrall

Those possessed by the dripping shadows are drained of colour, and appear as amalgams of spectral and rotten flesh.

**AC** 5 [14] **HD** 2+1\* (10hp) **Att** 1 × touch (1d6 + chill)  
**THACO** 17 [+2] **MV** 90' (30') **SV** D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (2)  
**ML** 12 **AL** Chaotic **XP** 35

**Possessed:** Despite its appearance, a shadow's thrall is possessed, not undead, and cannot be turned.

**Chill touch:** Victims lose 1 STR per hit. If reduced to 0 STR, the victim dies. Lost STR recovers at dawn.

**Dawn light:** The touch of the light of dawn will exorcise and defeat the shadow, ending the possession and returning the thrall to their normal state.

**Dragging from hex 0310:** Dragging a shadow's thrall from this hex also ends the possession.

TODO: Illustration



## 0311—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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Wild, rolling meadows of knee-high grass inhabited by legions of curious rabbits.

**Terrain:** Meadow, High Wold

**Lost/Encounters:** 1-in-6. Encounters are 1-in-6 likely (2-in-6 likely at night) 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 wood and surprise victims on a 1–3.

## Along Bove's Road

Bove's Road is a well-frequented roadway skirting the edge of Dolmenwood. Those traversing it are faced to the south by sweeping views of leagues and leagues of windswept meadows, and to the north by the brooding, sentient presence of the ancient wood.

**In winter:** PCs will be chilled by frequent gusts blowing unimpeded over the rolling plains.

**In summer:** Exposed in the open with no shade, travellers beneath the summer sun will soon feel particularly thirsty and prickly with sweat.

**Psychic snail emanations:** Those with some degree of psychic sensitivity (arcane spell-casters or the psionically gifted) may experience flash images of snail-covered bodies when traversing this stretch of road. These emanate from the **giant psionic snail** (*DMB*) which lies in a century-long slumber, curled in its moss-covered shell, resting in a ditch beneath the forest eaves to the north (see *The Dreaming Snail*).

## The Tea Tent

Alongside the road, about halfway across the hex, a bright pink, conical tent is erected. A snail-emblazoned banner flaps outside and smoke chuffs merrily from a stovepipe. During clement weather, wooden stools and benches may be seen arrayed near the entrance.

**Inquiring within:** One encounters the proprietor, a man who calls himself **Smalding Borotrope**, as well as 1d6 other visiting travellers.

**Tea time:** In copper vessels atop a cast iron stove, Smalding is cooking up a refreshing brew of tea, which he offers at 2cp a mug.

**Drinking and resting:** Smalding's hot tea proves to be just the thing to beat back the chill from the grassland gales of winter, and his iced tea is the perfect antidote to the thirst of summer road travel. In any season, staying, resting a while, and enjoying at least two mugs of the tea has a remarkably recuperative effect upon weary travellers (heal 1hp).

**More emanations of the snail:** The tent and its proprietor, while they appear real to those who encounter them, are, in fact, psychic projections of the giant snail.

**Detecting and dispelling:** Should spells such as *detect illusion* be used in the vicinity of the tea tent, its quasi-real nature will be revealed. Casting *dispel magic* causes the scene to vanish and the snail to awaken.



## The Dreaming Snail (Hidden)

In a damp depression amid a thicket of ferns in the woods north of the road lies a **giant psionic snail** (*DMB*), deep in slumber.

**Moss-coated shell:** The snail is concealed beneath a thick carpet of *mind-moss* (see pXXX). Carefully harvesting a portion requires a DEX check. Failure of the check awakens the snail.

### Smalding Borotrope

The psionic snail usually interacts with the world via its projected dream avatar: a rotund fellow with slimy skin, a wiry moustache, and a preposterous hat.

**Demeanour (Lawful):** Garrulous, cordial, a bit noseey.

**Speech:** Loquacious, prone to odd non-idiomatic phrases. Strangely-accented Woldish.

**Desires:** Invariably delighted to chat with travellers, offer them a cup of refreshing brew, and hear stories.

### Giant Psionic Snail

10'-round, deep purple shell, covered in moss. The snail's body is orange and its curious eyes are golden.

**Demeanour (Lawful):** Surprised and disgruntled at being awoken. Make a reaction roll (see *Encounters* in *Old-School Essentials*), modified by any previous interactions with Borotrope.

**Speech:** Sagacious, obtuse. Telepathic projection.

**Desires:** If friendly, asks for feedback on Borotrope's verisimilitude; otherwise wishes only to be left alone and return to slumber and projection.

## 0401—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0402—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0403—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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Sloping down eastward. Muddy, 10-20' high cliffs, festooned with lush ferns and trickling waterfalls.

**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.)

## The Remembering Mist

Shifting pockets of pale mist hang ominously in this hex.

**Avoiding the mist:** If characters try to navigate around the pockets of mist, treat the hex as difficult terrain (see *Exploration*, p150).

**Memory drain:** All characters entering the mist must make an INT check. If the check *succeeds* (not fails), the mist steals part of the character's memory away (see *Memory Drain*). Others may try to remind the PC of the lost memory, but it will at best become a piece of second hand trivia.

**Phantasms:** The mist has a rudimentary sentience of sorts, and enjoys replaying the memories that it has absorbed over the years. Characters may witness ghostly sounds and sights manifesting in the mist (see *Phantasms*).

## The Shrine to St Willofrith (Hidden)

Amid the mist, the lost shrine to St Willofrith lies, slowly sinking in a boggy dell.

**Structure:** The shrine consists of four stone pillars (carved with images of a hand reaching out to a fancy sword) and a slate roof (now collapsed).

**Statue of St Willofrith:** Toppled, 5' tall, carved in black wood, swollen with damp and covered in moss. The saint is depicted as a broad-bellied, grinning friar, holding a pie in his hands.

**Prayer:** If the shrine is righted, a cleric or friar of the One True God who prays for 1 hour receives the blessing of St Willofrith: the ability to cast *know alignment* once within the next 24 hours.



TODO: Illustration

### Memory Drain (d8)

#### d8 Memory Drained

- 1 Name
- 2 Place of birth
- 3 Parents
- 4 The last week
- 5 Companions
- 6 Reason for being in this hex
- 7 Proudest moment
- 8 Most hated enemy or rival

### Phantasms (d8)

#### d8 Phantasm

- 1 Hunting hounds baying
- 2 The climax of a battle
- 3 A joyful, woodland wedding
- 4 Twins being born
- 5 A leper crawling, coughing, and dying
- 6 A knight charging to deliver a message
- 7 A child singing nursery rhymes
- 8 Men unearthing a grave



Dense, gloomy, moss-carpeted woods of birch, yew, and elm. Stagnant puddles abound.

**Terrain:** Craggy Forest, Dwelmfurgh

**Lost/Encounters:** 3-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.)

## Blood-Cheese Sacs

Wanderers in this hex may come across a region where the skins of various large creatures—including goatfolk and humans—hang among the trees.

**Inside the skins:** The skins are carefully sealed into sacs, bloated and distended with their strange contents: a reddish black, cheese-like substance made from blood rather than milk. The stuff has many forms (slimy, runny, stringy, hard) and smells and tastes like cheese.

**Caretaker:** If players spend time investigating the skins, there is a 2-in-6 chance of the **cheese-fiend** wandering nearby, checking the state of the skins.

## Giant Hut

In the centre of the cluster of blood-cheese sacs stands a ramshackle hut of giant proportions (15' high), cobbled together from stone, thatch, and branch.

**Windows:** Small, odd-shaped windows allow a peek inside.

**Door:** A 10' high door of roughly nailed planks, eminently creaky.

**Smell:** An acrid stench of strong cheese emanates from the hut, to a near vomit-inducing potency.

## Inside the Hut

The hut consists of a single room, unlit.

**Inhabitant:** There is a 4-in-6 chance of the cheese-fiend being present in the hut, either dozing or skinning a corpse.

**Awful stench:** The odour of strong cheese is overwhelming here; characters must **save versus poison** or suffer a -1 penalty to attack rolls for 1d4 rounds.

**Corpses and skins:** Dangling from the rafters is a grisly collection of fresh corpses and drying skins.

**Tank:** A rusty metal tank in one corner is filled with guts and bones.

**Furnishings:** A great, oaken worktable and cleavers. A bed of dried leaves.

**Searching:** A pouch with 12 opals (150gp each) lays forgotten in a dark corner. One of the hanging corpses still wears a copper, knot-work engraved bracelet (200gp) and matching ring (a *ring of water walking*, see *Old-School Essentials*).



## The Cheese-Fiend

A giant, naked woman of obese, lumpy form, 10' high. Her body consists entirely of different kinds of cheese: eyes oozing, soft, pendulous breasts rubbery and bouncy, hairy regions of flagrant mould, a Swiss-cheese air-pocket mouth.

**Demeanour (Chaotic):** Low intelligence. Intruders are most likely to be viewed as potential prey.

**Speech:** Booming vibrato. Basic, stammering Woldish.

**Desires:** Driven only by the urge to hunt and gorge herself on cheese. She only has access to the blood-cheese that she produces, but treasures real cheese or milk.

**AC** 7 [12] **HD** 9\* (50hp) **Att** 2 × fists (2d6) or 1 × molten cheese vomit (4d6) **THACO** 12 [+7] **MV** 180' (60') **SV** D8 W9 P10 B10 S12 (9) **ML** 9 **AL** Chaotic **XP** 1,600

**Bludgeoning weapons:** Bounce off the rubbery flesh of the cheese-fiend, inflicting only half damage.

**Molten cheese vomit (thrice a day):** Affects all characters in a 10' radius area in front of the fiend's mouth. **Save versus breath** for half damage.

**Treasure:** The creature's body, if sliced into reasonably sized portions (ideally without obviously humanoid characteristics) could be sold to a discerning cheese-monger for up to 2,000gp.

TODO: Illustration

## 0406—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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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.

## 0408—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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Scents of onion, turnip, and garlic. Whorled ash trees sway over a rugged, fern-infested forest floor.

**Terrain:** Hilly Forest, High Wold

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

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

**Foraging:** Successful foraging yields 1d2 portions of garlic (see *Old-School Essentials*), in addition to the normal results.

## The Hamlet of Galblight

The goatfolk hamlet of Galblight lies upon the old stone High Road in the south-eastern corner of this hex.

**Gatehouse and farms:** The hamlet is little more than a disused gatehouse straddling the road with a few farms attached. Additional structures have been cobbled together from once fine masonry, built upon the wreckage of dilapidated old structures.

**Ruled by Cabruc the Crowner:** This enormous one-eyed longhorn is a retainer of Lord Ramius (see hex 0410).

**North of the hamlet:** Lie onion, garlic, and turnip fields, and a vineyard specializing in bitter white grapes. These farms are toiled by many shorthorn peasants.

## At Night

There is a 2-in-6 chance of encountering a hunting party of 2d6 **sleepwalking shorthorns** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*) in the woods of this hex or in Galblight (even in lodgings, if PCs stay in the hamlet).

**Sleepwalkers:** The somnambulent shorthorns are hunting for sentient beings to capture and bring to the lair of the Bicorné (hex 0510), having been roused by the enchanted whisper of that monstrosity.

**Captured sacrifices:** Will be brought to the Bicorné's lair to meet their fate (see hex 0510).



## Services in Galblight

**Lodging:** 3sp per night, in a former gaol.

**Stabling and fodder:** 2sp per night at the farms, 3sp per night in a protected courtyard.

**Common food:** See the *Dolmenwood Player's Book*. Served at the Mannish Miser, a roadhouse near the entrance to the hamlet; specialties include badger's tongue pickled in bitter garlic butter, a local delicacy.

**Utterly terrible wine:** 3sp per glass.

## Cabruc the Crowner

A towering, bearded longhorn with a single glowering eye in the centre of his forehead. Wears pompous military dress uniform. A cunning leader and veteran of many military campaigns.

**Demeanour (Chaotic):** Brutish, dense, xenophobic.

**Speech:** Barking. Woldish, Caprice, Gaffe.

**Desires:** Become Lord Ramius' right-hand man and live in fancy rooms in Castle Everdusk.

**AC** 4 [15] **HD** 6\* (45hp) **Att** 1 × butt (1d10) or 1 × morningstar (1d8) or gaze **THACO** 13 [+6] **MV** 120' (40') **SV** D10 W11 P12 B13 S14 (6) **ML** 9 **AL** Chaotic **XP** 350

**Gaze:** Once per day, Cabruc can use the supernatural power in his single eye to shatter a person's will. The victim must **save versus spells** or fall into a catatonic state, unable to act beyond weeping and retching until the sunrise of the following day.

TODO: Illustration

## 0410—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0411—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0412—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0501—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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Black-barked firs seem almost aware, quietly glowering at would-be intruders.

**Terrain:** Tangled Forest, Northern Scratch

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

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

## The People of Zarlac

In a small glade near the centre of the hex stands a cluster of mud huts.

**Inhabitants:** 13 normal humans (10 men and 3 women), as well as 12 green-skinned children (see *Children of Yrthstone*), eke out a precarious living here, subsisting on foraged nuts and berries and the yields of paltry vegetable patches. They are an odd mix of folk, but all dress alike, with shaven heads, white cassocks, and a Z-shaped rune branded on their foreheads.

**Strangers not welcome:** The people wish to be left alone and will request that visitors move along. They have no wish to discuss themselves or matters of the wider world.

**Z is for Zarlac:** If pressed about the meaning of the rune on their foreheads, the inhabitants will eventually allow that the Z stands for Zarlac, their master, and that they call themselves the “People of Zarlac”. They cannot resist rhapsodising about Zarlac’s generosity, wisdom, and arcane powers.

**History:** The people of Zarlac are wanderers who met the **Audrone Zarlac** by chance in these woods and accepted him as their spiritual master. They are now mind-bound to him through repeated sucklings at his breast. Zarlac himself resides close by, where he serves as guardian to the nodal Yrthstone.

### The Audrone Zarlac

A rotund fellow with a long thin nose jutting out from a black cowl. Zarlac welcomes man and beast alike to sit in Yrthstone’s shadow, if he believes they may be a source of knowledge. He invites visitors to suckle from his ample bosom, promising enlightenment.

**Demeanour (Neutral):** Kindly megalomaniac. Overly cordial for a Drune. Loquacious yet evasive.

**Speech:** Loud, ebullient. Woldish, Drunic, Sylvan.

**Desires:** To protect Yrthstone at all costs. To meet interesting, useful people and make thralls of them. To conceal his growing community of followers from the Drune Aegis.

**Combat stats:** Audrone (DMB).

**Milk:** Zarlac’s milk is warm and sweet. Those who partake must **save versus poison** or become charmed for the next 4d6 days. Such thralls join “the People of Zarlac”, whom Zarlac will task to perform various missions to esoteric ends.

**Possessions:** An *astrolabe of the Aegis* (allows an Audrone to take 4 others when travelling a ley line), and two dead mice with their tails braided together.



## The Nodal Yrthstone

In a grove of fir trees adjacent to the hamlet stands a 13’ high slab of white granite; this is Yrthstone, known as the Teeming Stone.

**Guardian:** Standing alongside the slab is the **Audrone Zarlac**, who will greet visitors with an affable bellow.

**Touching the stone:** Anyone who touches Yrthstone has a chance of being instantly impregnated with one of the *Children of Yrthstone*. Females have a 3-in-6 chance of impregnation and males (miraculously) a 1-in-4 chance.

TODO: Illustration

### Children of Yrthstone

Yrthstone-conceived pregnancies last only four months and produce offspring considered to be children of the Dolmenwood itself.

**Rapid growth:** After birth, such children continue to grow at twice the normal rate.

**Appearance:** They have greenish skin with a thin layer of bark underneath (+1 AC) and during the Spring often sprout leaves in embarrassing places.

**Annual pilgrimage:** On the 1st of Symswald, Yrthstone’s “offspring” are magically summoned to the stone from throughout the region to play, sing, and dance—much to the joy of Zarlac, and the annoyance and jealousy of Zarlac’s people.



## 0503—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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The falls can be heard throughout this hex. Cool spray and mist can be felt up to a mile distant.

**Terrain:** Craggy Forest, Dwelmfurgh

**Lost/Encounters:** 3-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.)

## The Falls of Naon

The river Hameth plummets over a stony cliff, 200' high, and crashes down upon the rocks below in a booming cacophony.

## The Top of the Falls

The waters of the Hameth narrow, accelerate, and plummet over the falls.

**Slippery:** The banks of the river and the summit of the falls are slick with mud and spray. Anyone moving carelessly (e.g. in melee) must make a DEX check once every 2 rounds or fall.

**Steps:** A stairway, carved into the rock, winds down the cliff face on the western side of the falls to the wooded slopes at the base. The steps are slippery, as above.

**Secret door:** Half way down the steps, a platform and an open door—both concealed by fairy glamours—lead into a series of hidden caverns. Those who can detect magic or the invisible can perceive the secret entrance.

## The Embassy in the Hidden Caverns

A small retinue of frost elves lives in isolation in the secret caverns behind the torrent of the falls. By ancient, uncircumventable decree, the Cold Prince's embassy to mortal folk was excluded from the ban of Chell (see *The Ring of Chell*, p22). It thus remains in the mortal world as the only foothold of the frost elves within Dolmenwood.

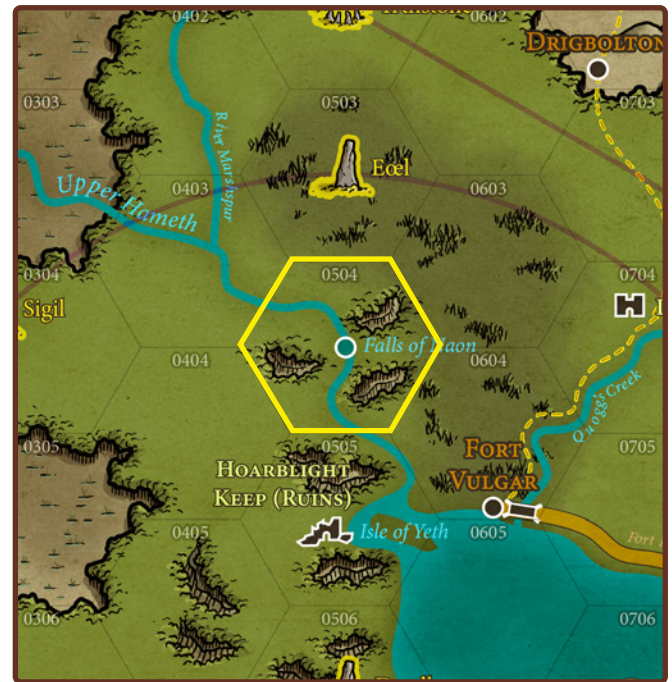
**Ice caverns:** Several hundred yards of winding tunnels and icicle-clad grottoes, all lit with a lambent blue light of unknown origin.

**The door to the embassy:** A 12' high, arched gate of polished black fairy wood. Pillars on each side are carved in the form of trees whose branches meet and intertwine above the door. The door is locked by magic, but knocking will summon a butler.

**Reception:** No guest has visited the embassy for centuries. The inhabitants are so bored that they will welcome anyone who knocks on their door, giving them the full royal treatment.

**The embassy:** A series of baroquely appointed reception rooms, legal libraries, and guest suites, arranged around a central banquet hall decked with taxidermied unicorns' heads.

**Inhabitants:** The frost elf **ambassador** (p54) presides over the embassy, treating with any and all visitors. His staff includes six ambassadorial aides, three chefs, three butlers, and four maids.



**Activities:** The elves await the return of their lord, the Cold Prince, and have maintained the necessary functions of an embassy. Utterly isolated for nigh on nine centuries, however, they have all but forgotten their duty, and now spend their days in endless feasting, listless debates on obscure points of law, theoretical heraldry centred on the hypothesised kings of the seas, baking emotions into pastries, and so on.

**Atmosphere:** A melancholic air of faded nobility, now debased into decadence, pervades the embassy. The ambassador and his retinue are becoming desperate, as their stocks of fairy victuals, once considered virtually without limit, are dwindling. With the last of their fairy foods and wines, the elves fear the touch of the mortal world will turn them to dust.

**Treasures:** The embassy contains a fortune of rich, antique furnishings. The vast (and magical, to mortal sense) pantry, though its stocks are greatly diminished, is store to great prizes such as wines from mortal cultures long forgotten.

## The Base of the Falls

**1d3 Drune cottagers** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*) watch from a hidden vantage point on the wooded slopes beside the falls. They will fight without quarter if attacked or if adventurers appear to be assisting frost elves in escape.

**Duty:** The Drune carefully guard this site, ensuring that no frost elf may come or go. Attempts to leave the embassy have occurred in the past, but have always been prevented.

**Reaction to strangers:** Typically aloof and enigmatic. Any fairy of any kind in this vicinity will be viewed with great suspicion.

**Treasures:** The Drune watchmen share a blue lens that allows them to see through fairy glamours.

## 0505 HOARBLIGHT KEEP AND THE ISLE OF YETH

High grounds beside the lake, clad with misty pine woods. The air here is motionless and chill.

**Terrain:** Craggy Forest, Dwelmfurgh

**Lost/Encounters:** 3-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.)

### Hoarblight Keep

High upon an outcropping of stone, a fearsome castle surveys the waters of Longmere.

**Cliffs:** Sheer chalk cliffs, 150' high, riddled with lichens and patches of sickly violet fungus.

**Stairway:** A stair is carved into the cliff side, winding its way up from the banks of Longmere to the woods before the outer walls of the keep.

**Outer walls:** The extent of the keep's grounds is bounded by a sturdy brick wall, overgrown with ivy. Many gates and secret doors pierce the wall; most are warded with tricksome fairy magic.

**Gardens:** Within the wall, one finds a fantastic and vast array of gardens, hedge mazes, follies, grottoes, lodges, and plazas. Many of these places are haunted with strange presences that have lingered since ages long past.

**The keep:** Clad in shimmering frost, centuries old, but pristine as the first snow of winter. The contents of the keep are beyond the scope of this book, but may be elaborated in a future publication (or by the referee).

**History:** The keep was the seat of the Cold Prince's dominion in Dolmenwood, whence he ruled for centuries unknown, before the coming of mortal folk to the Wood.

**Lingering fairy magic:** Though the Cold Prince and his allies are banished from Dolmenwood, some of his magic lingers in Hoarblight Keep and its grounds.

### The Isle of Yeth

The cliff-sided Isle of Yeth bisects the lake here for nigh 3 miles.

**Cliffs:** The steep, chalky, guano-streaked cliffs rise to a height of 200' above the waters of the lake.

**Caves in the cliffs:** The sides of the cliffs are riddled with delvings, some leading to caves of substantial size. Hundreds of **hairbats** roost here.

**Atop the isle:** Dense and utterly untamed forest, without path or glade. Few animals live here, but bats and birds are numerous.

### The Ruined Tower

At the northern tip of the Isle of Yeth, a wide, square tower pierces the canopy of the woods.

**Empty shell:** Even when viewed from the shore, it is obvious that the tower is little more than a shell.

**At night:** An eerie, green glow hangs above the tower.



### Hairbats

Giant bats with 3' wingspans, ugly, snarling visages, and great, floppy mops of green or orange hair upon their heads. They are harmless if left alone.

**AC** 6 [13] **HD** 1 (4hp) **Att** 1 × bite (1d3) **THACO** 19  
[0] **MV** 180' (60') flying **SV** D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (1) **ML**  
6 **AL** Neutral **XP** 10

### On Windswept Nights

The distant raging of the Falls of Naon (hex 0504, pXXX) and the keening of the air stimulate the manifestation of the Locus of Ertta, the Devouring Mother (see *Witches*, p70).

**The Locus of Ertta:** Manifests as a 30 yard diameter, misty green glow wavering above the summit of the ruined tower.

**Witches:** When the locus is manifest, **2d6 witches—brides of Ertta** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*) fly to the locus and gather in the green glow above the tower. They stand in mid air, as if the luminescence is solidified, and conduct their rites of communion with the Gwyrygon who has dominion over age, death, and decay.

TODO: Illustration



Lonely pine woods punctuated with granite outcroppings. A moaning wind pervades.

**Terrain:** Craggy Forest, Dwelmfurgh

**Lost/Encounters:** 3-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.)

## The Moaning Sphere

An area of flat, windswept, marsh 100 yards wide separates Lake Longmere from the woods. At the centre of this sedge-dotted strand is a 10' sphere of granite.

**Moaning wind:** The sphere is the source of the moaning wind that pervades this hex. It reaches near-maddening intensity as one approaches the stone.

**Runes:** The sphere is carved with a runic inscription identical to that found on the Summerstones (see *The Ring of Chell*, p22.)

**False Summerstone:** The Drune placed this stone here as a distraction for those who might seek out Drodh.

**Destroying the sphere:** Can be accomplished by powerful magic (e.g. disintegration). Should this occur, the moaning wind will reach a shattering crescendo, and an illusory procession of spectral frost elf knights will appear at the lake shore. The knights will march solemnly into the woods, brandishing banners and unearthly weapons while falsely proclaiming the return of the Cold Prince in icy, malevolent voices. PCs returning to the hex on a subsequent day will find the sphere back in its place, unscathed.

## The Summerstone Drodh (Hidden)

A ring of dolmens stands in a clearing atop a 40' high crag. At the centre of the ring is the 15' high stone of black basalt called Drodh, the Stone of Repentance. (See *The Ring of Chell*, p22 for full information on the Summerstones.)

**Balmy stillness:** A 120 yard region of hazy warmth and a balmy stillness of the forest air, reminiscent of the intoxicating days of high summer.

**Fleshy covering:** The dolmens encircling the Summerstone are covered with a thin layer of pustules and gore. This is the physical form of the **Audrune Rigmirth**, the guardian of Drodh.

**Entering the ring of dolmens:** Awakens Rigmirth.

**Powers of the Summerstone:** Anyone who sets eyes upon the Summerstone must **save versus spells**. If the saving throw is failed, upon leaving the area the character has no memory of what occurred there or of having ever seen the place.



## The Audrune Rigmirth

The Audrune exists in a bizarre, occult symbiosis with the stones of this glade, his skin and organs stretched across the surfaces of the megaliths surrounding Drodh. If intruders enter the circle, Rigmirth can cause the stones to rip out of the ground, combining into the form of a gargantuan golem-like creature (15' tall) of stretched skin and rune-bound stone.

**AC** 0 [19] **HD** 10\* (46hp) **Att** 2 × fists (3d6) or 1 × spell **THACO** 11 [+8] **MV** 90' (30') **SV** D6 W7 P8 B8 S10 (10) **ML** 10 **AL** Neutral **XP** 1,600

**Invulnerability:** Can only be harmed by magic.

**Damage reduction:** Suffers half damage from (magical) slashing or piercing weapons.

**Spells:** *Charm person, charm monster, dispel magic, death spell, disintegrate, hold person, invisible stalker.*

**Treasure:** Embedded in the Audrune's flesh are a ring of rose quartz (*ring of protection +1*—see *Old-School Essentials*), a platinum torc (350 gp), and a silver-plated finger bone (grants the ability to detect witches while held tightly in the palm).

TODO: Illustration

## 0507—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0508—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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Clearings choked with towering sunflowers and dazzling poppies that stand defiant on even the coldest of days.

**Terrain:** Hilly forest, High Wold / Dwelmfurgh

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

**Ley line crossing Chell/Ywyr:** Arcane spell-casters perceive the curious, dual sensation of balmy heat and biting cold. (See pXXX.) The energies of the Ywyr are siphoned into Chell at this nexus, and so visitors feel no additional effects from its presence.

**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.)

## Woods of Perpetual Summer

The arcane energies of the nodal known as the Pelloryons, which lies at the centre of this hex, keep the surrounding woods trapped in nigh-perpetual summer.

**Distracting drone:** Bees buzz here, often and loudly, with a slow, almost hypnotic drone.

## The Warding Maze

From the safety of a hidden fastness among the roots of the woods, the Pelloryons' guardian, the **Audrune Cadraigaunt**, oversees and maintains a series of wards structured to confound wanderers and destroy intruders.

**Common travellers:** Walk about three miles into the hex before realizing they have ended up back at whatever edge they entered from.

### The Audrune Cadraigaunt

An ancient, hunchbacked Audrune who has guarded the Pelloryons for nigh five centuries, clinging to life by sheer force of purpose. An eye-like flame burns beneath his cowl and bees flit menacingly around him.

**Demeanour (Chaotic):** Ruthless, joyless, single-minded, gleeful in hunting and destroying those who trespass on his lands. The cruellest of the Drune.

**Speech:** A sinister rasp, underpinned by the eerie buzzing of insects. Woldish, Old Woldish, Drunic, Liturgic.

**Desires:** Above all, to maintain the secrecy of the Pelloryons. To wrest the soul of his friend Hemlack (former guardian of Sargstone) from the clutches of Atanuwe (see hex 0904).

**Combat stats:** Audrune (DMB) with the ability to cast additional spells: *continual darkness*, *death spell*, *polymorph self*, and *geas*.

**Insect swarm:** Cadraigaunt's symbiotic swarm of bees and stinging insects can attack opponents (HD 3, **insect swarm**—OSE).

**Staff of mellification:** Cadraigaunt wields a gnarled staff oozing with honey. A victim hit by the staff must **save versus death (with a +2 bonus)** or collapse into a honey-filled husk, sweet nectar oozing from its orifices.



**Seekers of the Pelloryons:** Sense the woods slowly closing in on them, eventually transforming into a twilight, phantasmagoric labyrinth haunted by gibbering spirits and mocking, human-faced trees as Cadraigaunt slowly twists the strands of reality. Party members must **save versus spells**: should all succeed, the labyrinth vanishes; otherwise, the interlopers are attacked by an **invisible stalker** (OSE). The maze evaporates if the stalker is defeated.

## The Pelloryons

Beyond all the wards, in a glade nestled between hills at the hex's centre, stand the Pelloryons (the "three sisters"). They comprise the most crucial node of the warding ring.

**Guardian:** Should intruders reach this point, the Audrune Cadraigaunt will immediately arrive to dispatch them.

**Appearance:** The Pelloryons consists of three towering dolmens. Each is made from a single cyclopean pillar of chalky limestone, approximately 10' around and 18' in height, and is carved with figures representing elements of the Triple Compact (pXXX).

**King stone:** Carved on one side to resemble an ancient king and on its reverse to resemble a crone holding a chalice.

**Friar stone:** Engraved on one side with a towering friar holding a scrimshawed holy symbol, and on the other with a screaming elfin form locked in eternal torment.

**Drune stone:** Carved in the crude likeness of a Drune's hood, while on its reverse is the sculpted form of the stag-headed god Howawi (pXXX).

**Touching the stones:** The stones' surfaces are warm and balmy to the touch, while the areas around the figures' eyes and mouths are unearthly cold.

**Destroying the stones:** Toppling them by brute force brings about the disastrous consequences detailed under *The Ring of Chell*, p22.



Rugged, broken ground choked with brambles and smashed trunks. Ruined buildings collapsed into ditches.

**Terrain:** Hilly Forest, High Wold

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

## The Pit

Near the north-west corner of the hex is a redwood tree that appears to have been ripped from the earth by giant hands. Beneath it is a great deep pit that reeks of blood and carrion. Within the pit lairs an ancient monster known as the Bicorn.

**Descending the pit:** The pit itself is sheer-sided and 70 feet deep. Each character entering the pit has a 1-in-6 chance of waking the Bicorn (see below).

**Mushrooms:** The base of the pit is carpeted with mushrooms of two species: speckled sporange (see pXXX) and purple nightcap (see pXXX). 2d20 decent specimens of each can be gathered.

**The lair:** At one side, a rough, 50' long chamber is burrowed out, most of which is filled with old bones.

**The Bicorn:** Lies in this chamber in a nearly dormant state, belching forth contagion and nightmares.

**Treasure hoard:** Buried among the bones and detritus of the lair, accumulated over many centuries, are:

- ▶ **Coins:** 5,676gp, 6,332sp, 10,099cp.
- ▶ **Mouldy spell book:** Half of the spells are still readable: *hold portal*, *floating disc*, *ESP*, *haste*.
- ▶ **Shiny silver shield +2:** Somewhat dented, engraved with narwhals. The wielder gains the ability to speak with whales.
- ▶ **Bronze casket:** Studded with opals. Worth 1,500gp. Locked. Inside is a heap of earth from a witch's grave.
- ▶ **Silver locket:** With a portrait of a long-deceased long-horn noblewoman. Worth 100gp.

## At Night

There is a 2-in-6 chance of encountering a hunting party of 2d6 **sleepwalking shorthorns** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*) in the woods of this hex.

**Sleepwalkers:** The somnambulant shorthorns are hunting for sentient beings to capture and bring to the lair of the Bicorn, having been summoned from Galblight (hex 0409) by the monster's enchanted whisper.

**Captured sacrifices:** Will be tossed into the Bicorn's pit where the beast proceeds to shred them in psychic agony.



## The Bicorn

A beast of fey origin with the body of a bull, the legs of a boar, and a head that combines the worst aspects of both into a tusked and horned monstrosity.

**AC** 2 [17] **HD** 10\* (68hp) **Att** [1 × tusk/horn (2d8), 1 × tail/flank (1d10)] or breath **THACO** 11 [+8] **MV** 140' (45') **SV** D6 W7 P8 B8 S10 (10) **ML** 10 **AL** Chaotic **XP** 1,600

**Mundane weapons:** Do only 1 hp damage to it; pure iron weapons do full damage.

**Cloud breath:** Three times a day. The Bicorn may belch out a miasmic cloud of nightmarish misery. All within 90' must **save versus breath** or be paralysed for 9 turns.

TODO: Illustration

## 0511—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0512—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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Dotted with ancient earth-workings: mounds, ridges, and rings.

**Terrain:** Hills, Table Downs

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

## Moaning Wind

As characters travel along the bleak ridge of the Table Downs, the moaning of the wind takes on a voice-like quality, as if carrying shouted warnings from afar.

**If PCs stop to listen:** They catch the name of the character with the highest WIS in the erratic, ominous wailing.

## The Lonely Grave

A simple, weatherworn headstone is visible beneath the eaves of a serene copse at the base of a hill.

**Inscription:** The name of the PC with the highest WIS is inexplicably carved onto the gravestone, along with the epitaph “Lord of the Wild”.

**Examining:** The stone appears to be many centuries old. The ground around is overgrown and undisturbed.

**Unearthing:** A decaying coffin is buried 3’ beneath the surface. Inside is a skeleton of the same physical proportions as the PC whose name the headstone bears. Its skull is smashed in. Two objects lie at its side (see *Grave Treasures*).

**Cursed:** If the skeleton or the objects are taken from this place, the PC whose name is engraved on the headstone comes under a curse. The next time they sleep in a house or inn, they will experience a nightmare wherein they are attacked by a **wraith** (OSE) whispering “Lord of the Wild”. The PC may use their normal equipment, spells, etc. to fight the monster, but the wraith is immune to turning. If the PC is defeated, their companions discover them in the morning, dead, with their head smashed in.



TODO: Illustration



## Grave Treasures

Interred with the skeleton are:

**Silver knife:** Engraved with Liturgic runes only visible in moonlight. The runes read “For the glory of God”. If the phrase is spoken out loud by a lawful character, the knife grows instantly to the length of a sword, returning to the form of a knife when the wielder speaks the command phrase again. It bears a +1 enchantment to attack and damage rolls.

**Brass ring:** Inscribed with very fine lines in the shape of frost patterns. The ring is of fairy make and grants the wearer immunity to normal cold and a +2 bonus to saves versus cold. A mortal who possesses it also comes under a glamour causing them to giggle ominously in their sleep,

## 0602—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0603—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0604—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

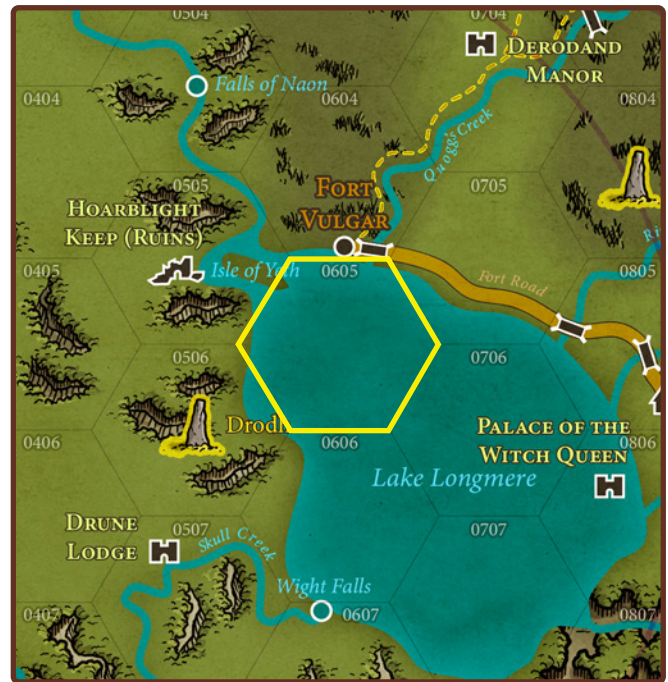
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Murky, shallow waters, dotted with patches of purple-flowering lilies and tangled weeds.

**Terrain:** Aquatic, Dwelmfurgh

**Lost/Encounters:** 2-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **Big Chook** (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.)



### King Capricorn

An ancient, barrel-bodied merfaun with huge, spiraling horns and a green beard as long as his tail.

**Demeanour (Neutral):** Jovial, brash, regal.

**Speech:** Bombastic, punctuated with rollicking roars. Woldish, Merfolk, Sylvan.

**Desires:** To be rid of the menace of Big Chook. Uninterested in the political concerns of the wider world.

**Reward:** A whelk-encrusted horn which summons a giant catfish (*OSE*) for 1 hour, to aid one who blows the horn underwater. The horn can be blown once per week.

**Knowledge:** Is aware of the presence (but not the significance) of the sleeping dragon Gheillough, in hex 0506.

**Possessions:** An enchanted *trident* +2 that inflicts 2d6 electrical damage to chaotic targets, on a successful hit.

**Combat stats:** As **merfaun**, but with 7 HD.

## 0606—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0607—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0608—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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Steep, bracken-clad mounds with boggy pools and sluggish rivulets at their feet.

**Terrain:** Hilly Forest, High Wold

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

**Foraging:** Successful foraging yields 1d6 portions of *wolfsbane* (see *Old-School Essentials*), in addition to the normal results.

### A Path and a Pine Glade

An old path leads north-west into the forest from the western road out of Lankshorn (hex 0710). Those who follow the path about a mile into the tangled wood come upon a pine glade.

**Plinth and monoliths:** The glade is dominated by a dark stone plinth and a pair of guardian monoliths of ancient construction.

**The Trothstone:** The plinth is known to locals as the Trothstone, and it is traditionally here that the wedding of human woman and goat-lord must take place.

### Owl Cave

Those who venture beyond the Trothstone into the deep wood come within the territory of a group of **4 witch-owls** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*) who make their lair in a stalactite-hung cave.

**Encrusted statue:** At the rear of the cave stands a 5' high statue of roughly humanoid form, rimed with a sparkling crust of mineral deposits.

**Chipping away the statue's outer coating:** Reveals an effigy of Saint Nuncy which was stolen from a neighbouring kingdom some centuries ago and hidden in this cave by its thieves (a band of delinquent friars). It is of great value (5,000gp), if identified and returned to its church of origin.



TODO: Illustration



Gently rolling hills populated mostly by sheep and dotted with shepherds' bothies.

**Terrain:** Hills, High Wold

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

## Marshland and Murky Pool

Under the eaves of the wood lies a region of marshland centred around a large, murky pool.

**Moss-covered sign:** A dilapidated, moss-covered sign bearing the inscription "Lankston" stands close to the south edge of the pool.

**Submerged town:** This is the former site of the town of Lankston, now wholly submerged in the sludge of the pool.

**Spire:** The only hint of the lost town, apart from the signpost, is a slime-covered stone spire rising out of the murk at the centre of the pool. This is the steeple of the submerged church.

**Haunted:** Lankston pool is shunned by local folk, being regarded as haunted—and, in this respect, the locals are very much correct.

**Floating bodies:** The former inhabitants of the town exist in a deathless state, lying in a dreamless sleep amongst the reeds and slime of the pool.

## At Night

**Strange fires:** Flicker over the waters.

**Bog zombies:** Under the pale glow of the fires, the bodies in the pool rise as **bog zombies** (2d6 on any given night; see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*) and emerge, shambling through the woods in search of the living. Victims are dragged into the pool, increasing the "population" of the submerged town.

## The Hand of St Howarth

An eerily throbbing, mummified left hand, preserved in a striking semblance of life. Scars on the palm depict a holy symbol of the One True God, bleeding as if freshly incised. One who takes the hand from its resting place in the sunken church is affected as follows:

**Cursed:** The owner becomes jealously possessive of the hand, cannot discard it, and attempts to hide it from others.

**Chaos speech:** The owner can speak with all chaotic creatures.

**Insidious lies:** Once per day, the power of the hand can convince a single person of the absolute veracity of a statement made by the owner. Such lies cannot be detected by magic.

**Grafting:** The owner may cut off their own hand and attach the relic. Doing so causes a permanent loss of 1d4 hit points and bestows the ability to make a paralysing touch attack 3 times per day (**save versus paralysis** or paralysed for 6 turns).



## The Submerged Town

A rotting, slime-filled cluster of wooden dwellings lies at the bed of the pool, 20' below the surface.

**Aquatic exploration:** Adventurers with a penchant for aquatic exploration may be able to extract small trinkets from the sunken town, although most of the objects possessed of old by the inhabitants of Lankston are now reduced to sludge.

**Sunken church:** The eerily throbbing left hand of Saint Howarth the Accursed lies, perfectly preserved, in the reliquary of the sunken church. The miserable fate of this town was brought about by the presence of this relic; the original owner's fall from grace caused an immediate reversal in the miracles associated with him.

**Removing the hand from the pool:** The curse on Lankston is lifted, allowing the undead inhabitants to finally rest in death.

TODO: Illustration

## 0611—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0612—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0701—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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Patches of sodden heathland cling between hills crowned with flaming heather.

**Terrain:** Hills, Table Downs

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

## The Hamlet of Drigbolton

Clinging onto existence in the borderlands between the forest and the Table Downs, the hamlet of Drigbolton consists of a cluster of rude cottages and barns and an old wooden church. It is home to a few dozen goatherds.

**Ancient crossroads:** Drigbolton sits a few miles south of the junction of two forgotten roads: the ancient trade road that crosses the Downs and an abandoned road that once led to Fort Vulgar (hex 0604).

**The King Deer (inn):** A cramped place with three round tables and stools for fifteen. The horns of prize goats are displayed on wooden plaques behind the bar. The inn is run by a tall, elegant, middle-aged woman named Frey, a thickset, red-haired man named Limber, and Frey's two adult sons from her former marriage—Wiggyl and Brag.

**Church of St Gretchen:** A dour, windowless structure of rough-hewn cedar boards with a conical roof. A red carnelian idol depicts the saint carrying a bucket, with a goat at her side. A cleric or friar of the One True God who prays for 1 hour receives the blessing of St Gretchen: the ability to cast *purify food and water* once within the next 24 hours.

**Repast rooms:** Remnants of ancient ancestor-worship survive in Drigbolton. Each dwelling (including the inn) possesses a locked chamber called a *repast room*, wherein the mummified corpses of a family's ancestors are propped up at a table in a gesture of prayer and have food and drink placed in their mouths at dusk each day. The villagers consider it taboo to discuss these rooms.

### Laird Alhoyle Spinnewith IV

A pale, delicate man in his fifties, with a sensitive gaze, clear grey eyes, enormous grey sideburns, and dazzlingly perfect teeth (revealed when he smiles—seldom). He dresses in quality but well-worn silks and linens, typically sporting a smoking jacket to accompany the pipe on which he constantly puffs. The laird is unmarried and set to be the last of his line—he has devoted his life to esoteric study and has little time for dalliances with women.

**Demeanour (Neutral):** Vacillates between regally standoffish and enthusiastically familiar.

**Speech:** Excessively upper-class. Woldish, Old Woldish.

**Desires:** The secrets of the stars. Books of occult lore.

**Knowledge:** An unsung expert on the hierarchies of the stellar cosmos and the astrobiology of heavenly bodies.

**Possessions:** A rare copy of the notorious *Black Book of Llaeggub* (worth 2,500gp), a suppressed work describing, among many other demonic summonings, dangerous rituals for communion with the daemons that inhabit stars.



### Services at the King Deer

**Poor food and lodging:** See *DPB*.

**Crabber:** Local crab apple scrumpy, 8cp a mug.

## The Oath House

Nestled in a valley in the chalk downs in the north of the hex stands a small, two-chimneyed manor known to locals as the Oath House.

**Appearance:** The manor is some centuries old but is well maintained, with rows of tidily clipped hedges and neat garden borders surrounding it. Architecturally, the manor is noteworthy for its single central tower, directly above the main entrance.

**Entrance:** Cracked granite steps lead up to a tiled porch containing solid, black-lacquered double doors with a brass door knob and a knocker in the form of a mermaid.

**Interior:** Cheerlessly clean, sparsely furnished halls, with cosy and much-used libraries, studies, and smoking rooms.

**Central tower:** A tall, stone room plastered with maps and charts of the cosmos, and dominated by an elaborate, brass star-viewing apparatus.

**Inhabitants:** Laird Alhoyle Spinnewith IV—the local lord—and Godfried Whelm, manservant, cook, butler, and groundsman. Traditionally, Drigbolton's headman pays fealty to the laird, though the latter takes no direct role in the governing of the hamlet.

**Visitors:** May be welcomed out of curiosity, if they seem well-mannered and erudite.



Trunks swollen and blistered, weeping orange sap. A drear quietude pervades.

**Terrain:** Tangled Forest, Nagwood

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

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

## The Old Road

A track that was once a road, now overgrown with bracken and slender birches.

**Warning signs:** Half a mile from the centre of the hex (in both directions) a series of boulders beside the trail are painted with crosses and skulls, now faded with age. These markings forewarn travellers of the vicinity of the plague town.

## Midgewarrow

At the centre of the hex stand the remnants of the ghost town Midgewarrow, abandoned for two centuries after the place was stricken by plague and shunned by all.

**Ruins:** The ruined town is now reclaimed by the forest: stone walls crumbling and clad with vines, moss, and rotting fungi. In this state, it is difficult to discern the purposes of any of the buildings.

**The white tower:** One structure, however, stands in its original form, unmarred by neglect and the passing of the centuries: a white tower in the centre of the ruined town.

**Searching the ruins:** Characters may discover an arched tunnel, lined with candle sconces (now covered in moss), leading down to a pair of still-locked wooden doors. Behind lies the chapel of St Eggort.

## The Chapel of St Eggort

A vaulted crypt with hundreds of candle sconces carved from the stone of its walls.

**Statue of St Eggort:** A lifesize rendering of the saint in simple grey sandstone. Eggort is depicted in a hooded robe, head bowed, holding a candle aloft.

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

## The White Tower

A square tower of pristine white marble with a silver pennant fluttering at its summit.

**Approaching:** The tower emits a loud boom if anyone draws near.

**Door:** The black oak door is *wizard locked* (by a 7th level caster).

**Windows:** Of an enchanted glass, unbreakable by mundane means.



**Interior floors:** A procession of four storeys of utterly empty (but perfectly clean) chambers lead, via a winding stair, to a magically locked door (*wizard locked* by a 7th level caster). The door prevents entry to the upper floor which consists of a single room—a bedchamber in which a woman rests in enchanted sleep. (See *The Bedchamber*.)

**History:** Those versed in the history of Dolmenwood (e.g. the *Lady Harrowmoor*, pXXX) may be familiar with the tower and its former inhabitants (see *Origins*).

## The Bedchamber

A beautifully furnished bedchamber at the summit of the tower. Not a speck of dust can be found on any of the carpets, tapestries, or furniture; it is as if the room had been meticulously cleaned only an hour ago.

**Sleeping beauty:** Sleeping in the bed is a young woman with long, black hair laid neatly in plaits upon her pillow. If she is examined, purple welts on her wrists, hands, ankles, and bare feet may be noted.

**Enchantment:** An enchantment of temporal stasis is about her (and the whole tower). It may be broken by use of *dispel magic* or with a kiss.

**If the enchantment is broken:** Awakens the woman—named Merwyth—but also the plague which destroyed the town. Unless cured, Merwyth will perish within a month, and PCs who fail a **save versus death** will also contract the disease. The referee may elaborate the details of the plague as required.

**Origins:** Merwyth, is the daughter of the wizard Hodrych who lived in this tower long ago. Fleeing the plague, he placed his daughter under a protective spell, hoping to return with a cure for the illness. As fate would have it, he perished in Dolmenwood and never returned.



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

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*).

## 0706—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0707—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0708—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0709—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0710—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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Quiet country lanes wind among farmers' fields and windswept hilltops.

**Terrain:** Farmland, High Wold

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

### The Quivering Doily (Inn)

A cute, thatched-roof cottage stands amid apple orchards at a crossroads where several farm tracks cross the Swallow Road.

**Sign:** A lady's gloved hand holding a doily whose lacework hints at a smirking face.

**Common room:** Floor strewn with straw, bales as seats, barrels for tables. The landlady, **Agnel Chudrow**, mingles congenially with guests. Her pet goat, Mable, roams freely.

**Portrait:** In a place of prominence near the fireplace hangs a portrait of a fluffy pussy cat wearing a plush crown.

**Guests:** Rustic farm folk telling tall tales, playing lively fiddle music, and goggling at travellers.

### Roadside Shrine

In the northeast of this hex, close to the eaves of Dolmenwood, a gloomy shrine stands beside the winding, well-used Swallow Road beneath a weather-beaten wooden roof.

**Pussy cat portrait:** Inside can be found an old lacquered portrait of a fluffy pussy cat wearing a plush crown (identical to the one at the inn, though older and more weathered).

**Inscription:** The portrait bears an inscription: "King Pusskin's Road—travellers upon the road must leave tribute in the form of milk or mice".

**Beneath the portrait:** A small table houses an array of mouse skeletons and chipped china saucers (also enamelled with images of the regal cat).

### Tribute

Although travellers often scoff at the shrine, dismissing it as rustic nonsense, the power of King Pusskin (see **p33**) is very real.

**Not leaving a tribute:** Anyone passing along the road without leaving a fitting tribute in the shrine will gain the displeasure of King Pusskin, manifesting upon awakening the following morning (see **King Pusskin's Displeasure**).

### The Moggle Door (Hidden)

Just under the eaves of Dolmenwood, in the far east of this hex, is a quiet glade with a circle of mouse skulls at its centre.

**Stepping into the ring:** Whisks one away to the fairy road Skipping-a-Derry (see **Fairy Roads**, **p26**).

**Grimalkin:** There is a 1-in-6 chance of a grimalkin (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*) entering or emerging.



### Services at the Quivering Doily

**Common lodgings and food:** See the *Dolmenwood Player's Book*. Only one private room is available.

**Cider ("Lanklow's"):** The landlord's bowel-blasting scrumpy is the locals' favoured drink. 1sp a mug.

**Mead:** Is always in stock. 12sp a glass.

### Agnel Chudrow—Quivering Doily Proprietor

A tiny (4'5"), quick-footed woman in her middle years, white apron always pristine and brown hair tied in a long braid down her back.

**Demeanour (Lawful):** Kindly, motherly, scolds the disorderly.

**Speech:** Breathless. Broad rustic accent. Woldish.

**Desires:** Fairy wines. To visit a fairy carnival.

**Family:** Husband (Lanklow) is an orchard man and cider brewer. Children are grown up and moved to High-Hankle.

**Knowledge:** If questioned about the pussy cat portrait, Agnel will beam with pride and say: "That's our protector there: King Pusskin. When he's happy, we're safe". She will disclose nothing else about it.

### King Pusskin's Displeasure (d6)

#### d6 Manifestation

- 1 Feverish dreams of being trapped in giant cats' claws.
- 2 A dead mouse discovered on the pillow.
- 3 Cat-scratches on hands and arms.
- 4 An item of clothing shredded by cat claws.
- 5 Coughs up furballs.
- 6 Attacked by any dogs encountered this day.

## 0712—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0801—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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Gnarled old elms and oaks with twisted, eye-like whorls and branches groping like greedy fingers.

**Terrain:** Tangled Forest, Nagwood

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

## Misty Waters

Shrouded in mists, close to the northern borders of Dolmenwood, Avernall Lake is placid, deep, and mysterious.

**River trade:** Barges bearing goods between Fort Vulgar and the realm to the north stick close to the northern and western banks of the lake as they make their way to Quogg's Creek, fearing the open waters and the southern banks in particular.

**Disused dock:** The trade barges sometimes halt at an old dock on the lake's northern shore.

**Passage to Fort Vulgar:** The barges may sometimes accept passengers for a fee of 1gp each to Fort Vulgar (the journey takes eight hours, from this point).

## The Sunken Keep

The partially submerged ruin of a small keep of human origin is visible 100 yards offshore, half a mile east of the mouth of Quogg's Creek. It appears to be unoccupied. The barge pilots have good reason to eschew the southern banks of the lake: a **phlegm wyrm** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*) lairs in the ruin.

**The wyrm's lair:** The wyrm dwells in a flooded courtyard surrounded by crumbling 30' walls; at the base of one of them is a large jagged opening onto the lake.

**Walking along the shore:** Adventurers walking on the southern shoreline have a 2-in-6 chance of encountering the wyrm as it bathes and suns itself in the shallows.

**Exploring the submerged ruin:** PCs have a 3-in-6 chance of attracting the wyrm's attention when exploring the ruin, and will certainly do so should they enter its courtyard.

**Treasure:** In one corner of the courtyard rests a portion of the battlement that has collapsed from above and now protrudes above the waterline. Under the top layer of broken stone debris, the wyrm has stored the following: 1,500gp; a necklace of rose quartz and blue opal (1,100gp).

## Days of the New Moon

**2d4 witches** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*) from the local area make their way here at dawn on days of the new moon to commune with the wyrm.

**The summoning:** The witches row out onto the lake upon barges and summon the wyrm with haunting music.

**The harvest:** The wyrm hovers dreamily above the water, eyes half-shut. As the serenade continues, a small group of witches in a skiff approach its flank to milk a magical fluid from the flesh between its scales. The fluid is a poison which the witches covet for use in their rituals.

**Intruding at peril:** Neither the witches nor the wyrm will take kindly to any intrusions on the ceremony, and will react accordingly. They will ignore those watching from a safe distance.



## Nights of the Full Moon

On nights of the full moon, the fairy city of the Lady of Midnight (**p33**), Tainglass, can be spied glittering in the depths of the lake.

**Entering the city:** One who descends into Avernall's depths and swims towards this vision will gain entry to Tainglass, though they will lose consciousness in the process, awakening washed up on the shores of another misty lake that lies in the city's crypts.

**Lost to this world:** Such castaways from the mortal world are pitied by the fairies of Tainglass, for their memories are void and seldom return.

TODO: Illustration



## 0803 THE TOLL BRIDGE AND SNARKSCORN'S CAMP

Trees blackened, twisted, and dripping with ochre slimes, becoming more severe in the southeast of the hex.

**Terrain:** Thorny Forest, Nagwood

**Lost/Encounters:** 3-in-6. Random encounters here are 3-in-6 likely to be with **2d4 crookhorns** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*) under the command of **Captain Snarkscorn**.

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

### The Toll Bridge

An arched wooden bridge, 6' wide and 30' long, spans the slippery banks of Quogg's Creek. The bridge is aged and covered in moss, but is quite stable.

**Guards:** At any time of the day, the bridge is guarded by **1d12 crookhorns** (DMB). These bridge-wards are under the command of **Captain Snarkscorn** (p46) and return to his encampment at night.

**River toll:** Boats are required to moor at the south bank, where tree trunks have been driven into the mud, or be attacked with bows and slings. They will not be allowed to depart until a "docking charge" of 2d20sp per crew member is paid to the crookhorns.

**Bridge toll:** Foot travellers wishing to traverse the bridge are also taxed, at 2d20sp per head. The crookhorns are also likely to attempt to simply rob travellers on foot whom they clearly outnumber.

### The Camp of Captain Snarkscorn

Three-hundred yards to the south of the bridge is an unruly encampment of **60 crookhorns** (DMB)—soldiers under the command of a brute known as **Captain Snarkscorn** (p46).

**During the day:** Most of the camp's inhabitants may be found sprawled in net-hammocks and beds of reed-straw.

**At night:** The crookhorns dance and cavort around great bonfires, drinking caustic brews of mugwort and fishbone and tormenting any humans that they have managed to lay their hands upon (2-in-6 chance of 1d6 having prisoners in their clutches).

**The pavilion:** In the centre of the encampment is a whitish, blood-stained pavilion where the Captain makes his lair. It is guarded at all times by **4 of the toughest crookhorns** (maximum hit points).

### The Captain's Pavilion

**Prisoner:** A human woman, gagged and chained to the tentpole. She is a witch (bride of Ertta—DMB), named Maydrid, whom Snarkscorn plans to bring before his master for questioning and corruption.

**Writing desk:** Stacked with plans and maps.

**Four-poster bed:** Plush but filthy. Under the bed, concealed in a pit beneath a rug, is a chest containing an angry **pit viper** (see *Old School Essentials*—12hp, roll for surprise!) and the captain's hoard.



### The Captain's Hoard

**Coins:** 1,784gp, 984sp, 2,321cp.

**A fist-sized aquamarine:** 5,500gp.

**A spiralling black horn:** Slick with a stinking oil. Licking the oil brings on a trance lasting 1d4 hours, wherein one may communicate with the **Nag-Lord, Atanuwë** (see p45). Those who are not under Atanuwë's direct command must **save versus spells** or become permanently insane.





## 0804—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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Elegant silver birches in chalky soil. An occasional tall hill punctuates the flat terrain.

**Terrain:** Tangled Forest, Aldweald / Dwelmfurgh

**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.)

### Mallowheart's Repose (Inn)

A decrepit manor house with a peculiar turret at one end stands upon a hill overlooking Lake Longmere. The place now functions as an inn.

**Sign:** A blue-skinned, pointed-eared fop (supposedly the fairy Prince Mallowheart, see p34) recoiling as a door is slammed in his face.

**Common room:** A high-ceilinged hall lined with dented wooden panels. The landlord, Sedgewick Ulmer, serves drinks from what appear to be bookshelves. The atmosphere is usually subdued and folk keep themselves to themselves, for it is said that Drune spies frequent the inn.

**Guests:** Way-weary merchants, guards, and soldiers, travelling between Fort Vulgar and Castle Brackenwold.

### The Moaning Hill

The Fort Road runs through the hushed, forlorn woods of this hex, passing close to the southern side of a low hill, some half a mile in diameter. The hill is known to locals as Prigmarinn Hill.

**Moaning sounds:** Adventurers overhear sporadic moans emanating from the direction of the hill.

**Climbing the hill:** Reveals a wide, flat, treeless plateau of flint pebbles and clumps of twisted, scrubby grass. The moaning sounds disappear once the summit is reached.

#### Services at Mallowheart's Repose

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

**Turret rooms:** Fancy suites overlooking the lake. 5gp a night.

#### Sedgewick Ulmer

A fresh-faced bachelor with curly, blond locks and a habit of dressing in ridiculous violet lace. Recently inherited the inn from his uncle.

**Demeanour (Lawful):** Hurried, somewhat confused. Habitually wipes sweat from his brow.

**Speech:** Country manners. Rushes off before finishing sentences. Woldish.

**Desires:** To find a partner (business or romantic) who knows how to run an inn.



### Pillar of Ambule

At the centre of the plateau stands a 20' tall column of roughly hewn chalk.

**Approaching the column:** Causes a brisk wind to pick up, blotting out any sounds from the wood below.

**Inspecting the column:** Many hundreds of names—both exotic and utterly mundane—are carved into the chalk.

**A character carving their name:** Promises, wittingly or unwittingly, their soul to the forgotten Wood God Ambule (pXXX), who lies sleeping in the chalky chasms beneath the hill (see *Consequences of Pledging to Ambule*).

**Carving another's name:** Has no effect.

**Removing or defacing names:** Has no effect.

#### Consequences of Pledging to Ambule

One who carves their name into the chalk column is affected as follows:

► **Remove curse:** The nullification of one curse or baleful enchantment.

► **Save bonus:** A permanent +2 bonus to saving throws against curses.

► **Nightly dreams:** Of being chained to the chalk column on the hill and being consumed, over the course of millennia, by mosses and lichens.

► **Upon death:** The character's spirit is summoned to this place and bound to eternal servitude. The character cannot be resurrected by normal means.

## 0806—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0807—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0808—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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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

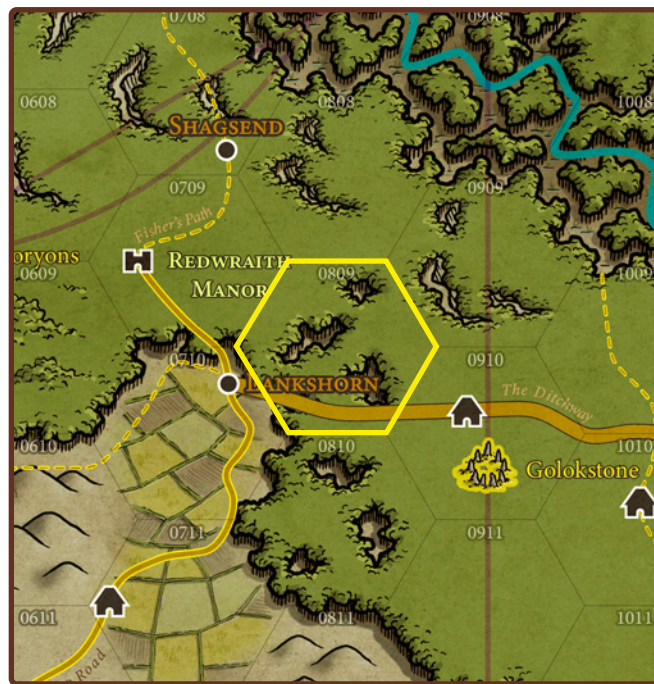
5'-10' long, eyeless, red worms, about 10" in diameter, with rubbery, ribbed, muscular bodies and tooth-filled maws. Nightworms lair in underground chambers bored out by their brood-mother. When abroad, they burrow into mud and sludge to sleep during the day, emerging at night to stalk warm-blooded prey. 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 *bless*, *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 **Alfhame**, which he brandishes two-handed in battle.

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

### Alfhame

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

**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 where in 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).

Low, flat-topped hills criss-crossed with chalky paths and dotted with boulders.

**Terrain:** Hills, High Wold

**Lost/Encounters:** 1-in-6. On sunny days, encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **2d6 young women** from the farms to the north-west. The maidens come here to forage for the mushrooms known as *lover's gasp* (pXXX) that grow on the rotting tree trunks at the edge of the Wood. (These mushrooms are said to bring luck in courtship.) They may warn PCs not to disturb the cornews (a type of fairy) who live in burrows within and beneath the rotting trunks.

## Sandstone Cliffs

The forest ends abruptly at a shallow, sandstone cliff overlooking the rolling hills and farmlands to the west and south.

**Small caves:** Between the tangle of overhanging trees can be found numerous small caves riddled with roots.

**Searching the caves:** Aside from birds and small mammals, the caves are uninhabited. There is a 2-in-6 chance of finding a random trinket (see the *Dolmenwood Player's Book*).

## Rotting Tree Trunks

Older trees, in their decrepitude, have stumbled over the edge of the cliff and lie rotting at its base. The trunks are covered in mushrooms of various kinds, thriving in the rotting wood sheltered beneath the cliff.

**Foraging:** Characters successfully foraging among the trunks will find mushrooms sufficient to feed 2d6 human-sized beings for a day (double the normal foraging yield—roll twice on the edible fungi table, *p158*) in addition to 1d6 portions of *lover's gasp* (pXXX).



**Holes in the trunks:** The larger trunks are riddled with 8" holes, leading to burrows in the trees' decomposing hearts and the earth below. Rooting around in the holes attracts the attention of **2d6 cornews**, emerging from the burrows.

**Cornew burrows:** 6' underground, at the heart of each burrow, the cornews keep their treasure: pilfered cutlery and thimbles, a handful of shiny coins (3d20cp, 1d10sp), and 1d4 pouches of shimmering moth-wing dust (see cornew monster stats).

## TODO: Illustration

## Cornews

6" tall fairies that look like pink puffballs with goggling eyes and tiny, straggling legs and arms.

**Demeanour (Neutral):** Delight in entertaining visitors with their quaint, squeaking songs (in Sylvan), but will lay a curse on any who meddle with them or their burrows in the rotting wood.

**Speech:** Adorable squeaking. Sylvan, basic Woldish.

**AC** 3 [16] **HD** ½\* (2hp) **Att** 1 × curse or 1 × moth-wing  
dust **THACO** 20 [-1] **MV** 60' (20') flying **SV** D14 W15  
P16 B17 S18 (NH) **ML** 5 **AL** Neutral **XP** 6

**Pure iron:** As fairies, cornews suffer 1 extra point of damage when hit with weapons of pure iron.

**Curse:** Lose the power of speech for 1d6 days (save **versus spells** to resist).

**Moth-wing dust:** Corneaws keep pouches of magical dust from the wings of moths, which they may fetch from their lairs if seriously threatened. If thrown, the dust from a pouch causes creatures in a 5' radius to **save versus spells** or rush towards the nearest light source (possibly the sun, if outside), fascinated for 1d6 turns.

## 0812—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0901—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0902—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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Boggy woods of wind-bent pine, riddled with small streams and islets. A purplish tinge pervades the air.

**Terrain:** Tangled forest, Nagwood

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

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

## Tenkystone

At the centre of a sodden hollow, in a glade ringed with elder, the nodal Tenkystone stands.

**Appearance:** Tenkystone is an obelisk of white, sandy stone, 15' tall, inlaid with silvery runes.

**Guardians:** The Audrune Jhaelloch and his wicker giant guard Tenkystone.

**The siege:** The Audrune and the stone are currently under siege by a horde sent by the Nag-Lord two weeks ago. The stone is attacked approximately one night in three. So far, the Audrune has held off the attackers, but his defences are becoming precarious and could be toppled at any time.

**Touching the stone:** Summons forth its power: a white mist rises from the soil, enveloping all within 10'. All in the mist must **save vs death** or perish. Any who survive may ask a question about the future. The referee should answer each character's question with what seems the most likely course of events.

## The Nag-Lord's Horde

Lurking in the periphery of Tenkystone, harrying the Audrune.

**Daytime:** 1d4 harpies (OSE) and 2d4 crookhorns (DMB) lounging in the branches.

**Nighttime:** Creeping towards the nodal stone are 1d4 harpies, 3d4 crookhorns, and 1d4 harridans.

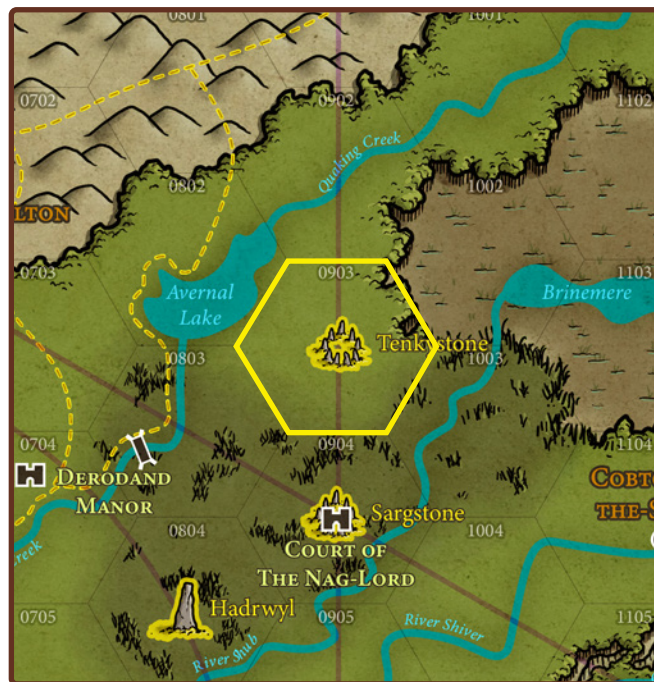
**Aim:** To slay or drive away the Audrune and his wicker giant, then to perform a binding ritual on Tenkystone, bringing it under Atanuwë's yoke.

## Giant Trident

The harridans have speared a great 7-pronged trident of pockmarked meteoric iron into the earth along the course of Lamm, 200 yards south of Tenkystone.

**Bleeding earth:** Black ooze seeps from the "wound".

**Astral interference:** The trident stymies Jhaelloch's magic.



## The Audrune Jhaelloch

A small, scrawny man with greyish, wrinkled skin, hawkish nose, and wan blue eyes. He dresses in the traditional night-black cloak and hood of his order. Currently wears a woollen scarf around his ears, to block out the song of the harpies that assail him.

**Demeanour (Neutral):** Agitated, suspicious. Usually taciturn, but will respond if engaged in conversation, owing to his current predicament.

**Speech:** Penetrating rasp. Woldish, Drunic.

**Desires:** To break the siege on Tenkystone. To contact his brethren for aid.

**Bargain:** Promises the gratitude of the Drune to any who will help him defeat the horde or inform his brethren of his plight. (Directs PCs to the Audrune Hermanach in hex 0804.)

**Combat stats:** Audrune (DMB). Spells 50% likely to fail when cast and unable to use ley travel (due to astral interference).

## The Wicker Giant

A 12' tall wicker man with a green flame flickering at its heart. In the gaps between the willow sticks that comprise it, charred bones, including crookhorn skulls, are visible.

**AC** 7 [12] **HD** 8\* (48hp) **Att** 2 × fists (1d10) **THACO** 12 [+7] **MV** 120' (40') **SV** D8 W9 P10 B11 S12 (8) **ML** 12 **AL** Neutral **XP** 1,200

**Swallow:** An opponent hit by both fists in the same round will be swallowed. Swallowed victims can attack the wicker giant from inside, but suffer 2d6 damage per round from the green fire in its chest.

## Harridans

Depraved ogre witches who serve the Nag-Lord.

**AC** 5 [14] **HD** 4+1\* (19hp) **Att** 1 × club (1d10) **THACO** 15 [+4] **MV** 90' (30') **SV** D10 W11 P12 B13 S14 (4) **ML** 10 **AL** Chaotic **XP** 200

**Spells:** Can cast each of the following spells once per day: *ventriloquism*, *mirror image*, *fly*.



## 0904—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 0905—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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Sighing wind seems to emanate from face-like formations in the sides of ragged granite peaks.

**Terrain:** Craggy forest, Aldweald

**Lost/Encounters:** 3-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with the **gloam** (DMB) that lairs in the abbey ruins.

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

## Abbey Hill

Close to the centre of this hex, Swinney Road passes around the base of a rocky outcropping upon which sections of tumbled stone walls can be spied among the trees.

**Path upwards:** A series of paved avenues and overgrown stairways winds its way up to the ruined abbey of St Clewyd.

## The Ruined Abbey of St Clewyd

The path passes through the toppled frame of the old gate and enters the central courtyard of the former monastic complex, now overgrown with brambles and errant trees. Most of the buildings are reduced to blackened rubble.

**Haunted bell tower:** A tall, square tower stands largely undamaged, close to the toppled gate. Dark birds can be seen roosting in the belfry at the tower's summit. A **gloam** haunts this place, dwelling with three **charmed children**.

**Chapel of St Clewyd:** The main chapel is damaged but largely intact. A series of mosaics depicting the life and deeds of St Clewyd may be spotted beneath the tapestry of climbing plants that lines the walls. Stairs lead down to a solid stone door, magically sealed (as *wizard lock* cast by a 6th level caster), blocking the way to the chapel's crypts.

**Disturbed graveyard:** The graves of several hundred monks, surrounded by buckling, ivy-covered walls. The newest graves bear dates just over 100 years ago. Many have been carelessly dug up. There is a 2-in-6 chance of a **charmed child** being present here, digging.

## The Chapel Crypts

An extensive series of tombs and catacombs extends beneath the chapel. The doors from the surface lead into a vast undercroft in the eastern half of the crypts.

**Chaos cataract:** The eastern crypts are wracked with chaotic energies and monsters, emanating from the dimensional rift caused by the ritual that brought about the abbey's destruction (see *History*, p16).

**Revivifying tombs:** Tombs of ten former abbots lie empty, their lids pushed aside. Fuelled by the energies of the cataract, any corpse placed in the coffers will be revived, though there is a 3-in-6 chance it becomes undead.

**The order of wardens:** The western crypts, free of the cataract's influence, are home to 70 monks—30 living, 40 undead. They have dwelt here since the abbey's destruction, swearing to remain until their "charge" can be healed.

**The "charge":** A wretched monstrosity formed of the amalgamation of St Clewyd and Sallowbryg (see *History*, p16). The beast is kept imprisoned, its mind shattered and hateful of all life.



## Charmed Children

Three children live in the bell tower, in the gloam's thrall, tasked with digging up teeth from the graveyard.

**Bilbry Worms:** A waif-like, blonde boy of 5 years.

**Willy Hodgeheg:** A strapping lad of 8 years, whose matted black hair cascades over his glowering eyes.

**Violet Harrowmoor:** A dark-haired girl of 6 whose dress and speech betray her aristocratic origins—she is the missing daughter of **Lady Harrowmoor** (p68). She secretly converses with her mother via a magical locket but—being charmed and unaware of her location—she cannot convey any useful information in this manner.

## Mister Rag-n-Bone (Gloam)

A sinister agglomeration of ragged undead crows.

**Demeanour (Neutral):** Erratic, withdrawn, obsessive.

**Speech:** Grating whisper, clacking of beaks. Woldish.

**Desires:** The teeth of the holy. More charmed servants.

## Inside the Bell Tower

**Ground floor (chapel):** A decaying chapel dedicated to St Woad, patron of bakers, bears, and hammersmiths.

**1st floor (bedroom):** The home of the three **charmed children**, living among the ramshackle remnants of the former gatewarden's residence.

**2nd floor (bell-ringing chamber):** Macabre dioramas of stuffed woodland creatures with human teeth glued into their mouths, strung from the bell ropes. Disturbing the figures risks the wrath of the **gloam** that lurks in the belfry.

**3rd floor (belfry):** A great bronze bell (1,500gp). The **gloam** (DMB), "**Mister Rag-n-Bone**", perches in flock form among the rafters, filling the chamber with eerie shadows.

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.



A confusing tangle of marshy waterways, peat bogs, and mud holes. Weirdly babbling bog-lights flicker.

**Terrain:** Swamp, Hag's Addle

**Lost/Encounters:** 3-in-6. Nighttime encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with the Hag (pXXX).

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

**Foraging:** Successful foraging yields 1d6 portions of *bloodcap* (see pXXX) or 1d4 portions of *grinning jenny* (see pXXX), in addition to the normal results.

## The Soul Pond

Close to the northern edge of this hex, amid the maze of streams and rivulets seeping into the River Hameth, is a broad, marshy pool veiled in a chill, greenish mist. The pool's waters are oily black whorled with vivid mauve.

**Phantoms:** If PCs approach, grisly heads and grasping hands form in the mist, gliding above the waters towards intruders. They brush against characters' cheeks and dissipate harmlessly.

**Bathing:** One who braves the phantoms and bathes in the oily waters will be blessed with the ability to levitate for 1d6 hours.

## The Hag's Hut (Hidden)

In the deeps of the swamps on the southern banks, travellers may come across a simple, wooden, reed-thatched shack with a single door and no windows. This is the home of the Hag (pXXX).

**Re-locating:** The hut vanishes and reappears at dawn each day, moving from place to place with a will of its own. Locating it requires characters to search anew with every visit to the hex (see Exploration, pXXX).

**By day:** The hut sits astride a hummock or other dry patch of ground amid a swampy pool or mire.

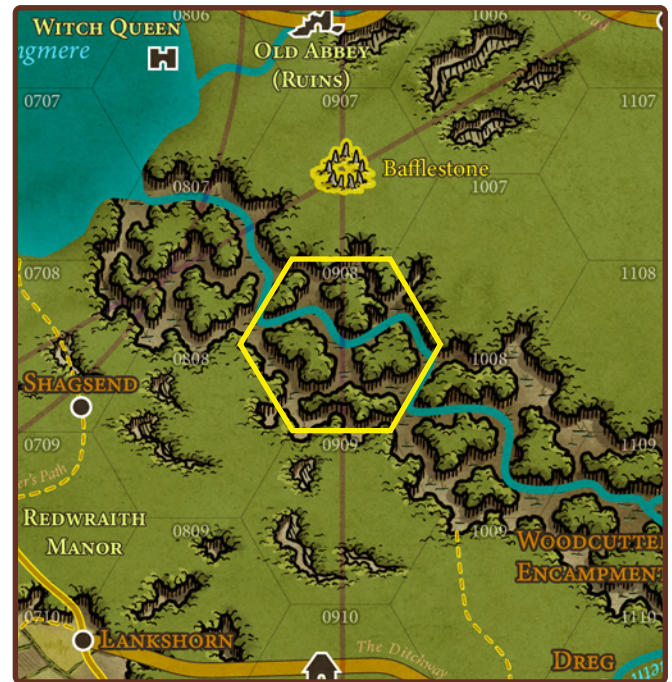
**By night:** The hut floats 10' above the surface of the gnat-plagued fen.

**Entering:** The door is not locked. The Hag gains an immediate awareness of intruders and, if elsewhere, will rush back to the hut, arriving within 1 turn.

## Inside the Hut

Characters entering unbidden will find the hut bare and unoccupied. Only those invited by the Hag (or those who can see through illusions) will perceive the hut's true interior: a jumble of rude baskets, jars, and pots, with drying herbs hanging from the rafters and gnarled candles sputtering upon every surface. Green and orange flames flicker in a fireplace at one side, heating a great cauldron. In a corner, a reeking bundle of furs and rags serves as a bed.

**The Hag:** Broods in the hut during the day, fulfilling her accursed duty of guarding the *Door to Fairy*. At night, she wanders the marsh, foraging for herbs or victims.



**The cauldron:** A stew of questionable meats (some identifiable as humanoid), bubbling away.

**Candles:** Anguished faces can be seen in the weirdly twisted wax of some of the candles. These are the last remnants of charmed victims of the Hag.

**The fireplace:** Is a door to Fairy, during the day (see below).

**Grimalkin guards:** 5 large black cats (actually grimalkins charmed to remain forever in chester—see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*) lurk in the rafters, eyeing guests greedily. They will pounce on troublemakers; anyone damaged by them must **save versus spells** or be afflicted with the nightly urge to drown themselves in the bog (WIS check per night to avoid).

## Door to Fairy

During the day, the Hag's fireplace acts as a door to Absynthe, Fairy domain of her sister, the Queen of Blackbirds (p35). The Hag is eternally bound as guardian to this door, even though she herself cannot cross its threshold.

**Entering:** Stepping past the cauldron and through the flames (which are harmless) whisks one away to Fairy.

**One-way:** The door allows entrance to Absynthe only; there is no way back. (The Hag may have knowledge—albeit dated—of other routes of escape from her sister's realm.)

**On the other side:** Characters appear amid a copse of forlorn pines upon an island in a gloomy lake. Ravens' calls pierce the frigid air, bringing word to the Queen that intruders have stepped through the Hag's portal.

## 0909—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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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).

Round, moss-covered, waist-high boulders, like a chain of islands in a verdant sea.

**Terrain:** Tangled forest, High Wold

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

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

## The Crooked Cottage

Beside a rushing brook of dark water is an ancient cottage of moss-covered brick. The one-and-a-half-storey structure is an assemblage of crooked angles, jutting gables, oddly-placed cupolas, and grimy, opaque windows. It is the dwelling of the goat-crone known in local folklore as **Shub's Nanna** (pXXX), and her henchfolk.

**Sleigh:** Beside the cottage is an unoccupied sleigh, bedecked with deerskins. If touched by one other than its mistress, the sleigh shakes and screams. (See pXXX for a description of the sleigh's powers.)

**Goats:** 5 **silver-eyed she-goats** graze the bracken of the surrounding woods. Sub's Nanna uses these animals to drive the sleigh.

**Interior:** A quaint, rustic kitchen and living room, stuffed with drying herbs, pickle jars, baskets of root vegetables, and human bones. Concealed behind a loose hearthstone are a pouch of 1,560sp, a *wand of fear*, a *potion of flying*, and a pair of unicorn horn bracelets (worth 1,000gp each).

**Inhabitants:** Nanna's servants—7 **silver goblins**—dozing in hammocks in the attic. There is a 3-in-6 chance of Nanna herself being at home (otherwise she is foraging in the woods of this hex).

## The Shrine to St Thorm (Hidden)

In the south of the hex, close to the forest's border, stands a ruined church surrounded by a pile of crusted black filth that resembles a slime mould. The church is overgrown with ivy and home to a venerable colony of rooks, whose caws can be heard from some distance away.

**Consuming the filth:** Non-humanoid mammals permanently gain human-like sentience after 1d3 days. (Animals in these parts instinctively avoid the substance.) Sentient humanoids enjoy the substance's delectable taste but must immediately **save versus spells**. Those who fail fall into a coma for 1d3 days, during which they dream incessantly of talking animals tormenting them with degrading insults.

**Church interior:** The icon and relics in the chapel are missing, but the epithets (in Liturgic) carved around the doorway indicate that this place was once dedicated to St Thorm "faith-smith".

**Prayer:** If the shrine is re-sanctified by placing a holy symbol upon the altar, a cleric or friar of the One True God who prays for 1 hour receives the blessing of St Thorm: the ability to cast *detect magic* once within the next 24 hours.



### Silver-Eyed She-Goats

Large female goats with tawny fur and flashing silver eyes.

**AC** 7 [12] **HD** 2+1\* (9hp) **Att** 1 × butt (1d6 + laughter) **THACO** 17 [+2] **MV** 120' (40') **SV** D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (2) **ML** 9 **AL** Neutral **XP** 47

**Laughter:** **Save versus spells** or be overcome with maniacal laughter for 1d3 rounds, unable to attack.

### Silver Goblins

Lithe, hairless, silver-skinned goblins kidnapped from Fairy and charmed into service by Atanuwë. Shun clothing, apart from little cloth caps.

**Demeanour (Chaotic):** Merry capering, flashes of deranged violence.

**Speech:** Mewling and snarling. Woldish, Sylvan.

**AC** 7 [12] **HD** 2\* (8hp) **Att** 1 × dagger (1d4) or 1 × fangs (1d3 + poison) **THACO** 18 [+1] **MV** 120' (40') **SV** D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (2) **ML** 9 **AL** Chaotic **XP** 29

**Pure iron:** As fairies, silver goblins suffer 1 extra point of damage when hit with weapons of pure iron.

**Poison:** **Save vs poison** or fall asleep for 4d4 turns.

TODO: Illustration



A bucolic idyll of green pastures and verdant orchards, dotted with old windmills and fields of oats and barley.

**Terrain:** Meadow, High Wold

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

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

## Nearing Swinescombe

Nestled by the forest, in the north of the hex, the inviting hamlet of Swinescombe presents a quaint image from a distance. The sounds of a lively lute or fiddle often greet travellers approaching the thatched-roof farmhouses and charming crimson barns.

## Human Livestock

Large pig-pens sprawl out from the hamlet's farms near a slaughterhouse, in which fat shapes waddle with a faintly uncanny motion. As one grows closer to the pens, their true nature becomes rapidly apparent.

**The herd:** The creatures snuffling for food in the pig-pens are not swine but human beings (roughly 60 in all), naked and mud-spattered, fattened and unshorn.

**Pigfolk in charge:** Tending to the herd are pigfolk farmers.

**Happy as a human in mud:** The humans express contentment: they are well-fed, free to lead lives of ease and pleasure, and—when their time comes—painlessly butchered.

## Services in Swinescombe

**Common lodgings:** See the *Dolmenwood Player's Book*. No private rooms are available.

**Common food:** Served at the Pot-Bellied Boar. As per the *Dolmenwood Player's Book*, except that all meat is human.

## Bartholomew "Old Bart" Bucksnort

An old, sad-faced boar with ale-tinted whiskers ringing a gin-blossomed snout.

**Demeanour (Neutral):** Sour, gripey. Will tell outsiders the history of Swinescombe for a drink.

**Speech:** Slow and deliberate, punctuated with meditative, mournful sighs.

**Desires:** Misses life as a mere pig, and longs to return to the carefree days of old.

**Knowledge:** Until recently, Swinescombe was a human hamlet of pig farmers. Pigs grazing in the woods in hex 0911 ate some mysterious black filth that caused a transformation—and an awakening. Come slaughtering time, the pigs overthrew their human masters, wrestling knives and pitchforks from their grasp. The humans were subdued and enslaved. After being bribed with the town's remaining gold, Baron Hogwarsh's soldiers who came to investigate left the pigs be. The pigfolk are now fearful of their inevitable return.



## Exploring Swinescombe

The hamlet is home to 30 pigfolk in all.

**The Pot-Bellied Boar (alehouse):** The village drunk, "Old Bart", habitually drowns his sorrows at the bar.

**Slaughterhouse:** Human corpses hang from the rafters, dismembered body parts are strewn across work-tables, and cleaver-wielding pigs cheerfully disjoint cadavers.

**The Church of Saint Craven:** The derelict interior is overgrown with weeds, but the 2'-high bronze statue of Saint Craven (depicted with sausage strings around his neck) is still intact. Anyone fleeing into the church will be safe from the pigfolk, who fear the patron saint of sausage-makers.

## Pigfolk Trouble

Having only recently seized control of Swinescombe (see "Old Bart"), the pigfolk are anxious to prevent word of their situation from reaching the outside world.

**Capturing the PCs:** Adventurers who begin to leave, choose to stay overnight in lodgings other than the abandoned church, attempt to free the humans, or try to interrupt Swinescombe's way of life, will be attacked by 6 pigfolk, who will try to beat them unconscious and bind them. Subdued PCs will wake in the pens, naked and in hog hobbles.

## Pigfolk

Walking, talking pigs dressed in fine peasant garb and wigs of human hair, chattering in Woldish.

**AC** 6 [13] **HD** 1 (4hp) **Att** 1 × weapon (1d6 or by weapon) or 1 × tusk (1d4) **THACO** 19 [0] **MV** 150' (50') **SV** D12  
**W13 P14 B15 S16 (1) ML 6 AL N XP 10**

**Repelled by idols:** Pigfolk can be kept at bay (10') using idols or relics of Saint Craven.

## 1001—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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Rotting reeds; stinking, tarry pools. Drifting, yellowish fog. Belching periodically breaks the silence.

**Terrain:** Bog, Fever Marsh

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

**Foraging:** Characters successfully foraging in this hex have a 3-in-6 chance of finding 1d3 portions of *marsh-wick seeds* (see **Mushrooms and Herbs** in the *Dolmenwood Player's Book*), in addition to the normal foraging results.

### The Belching Pools

This hex is dotted with hot pools, bubbling yellow with sulphur. The mud banks that surround them are prone to belching, as gases rise from the earth.

### Thorny Scrub

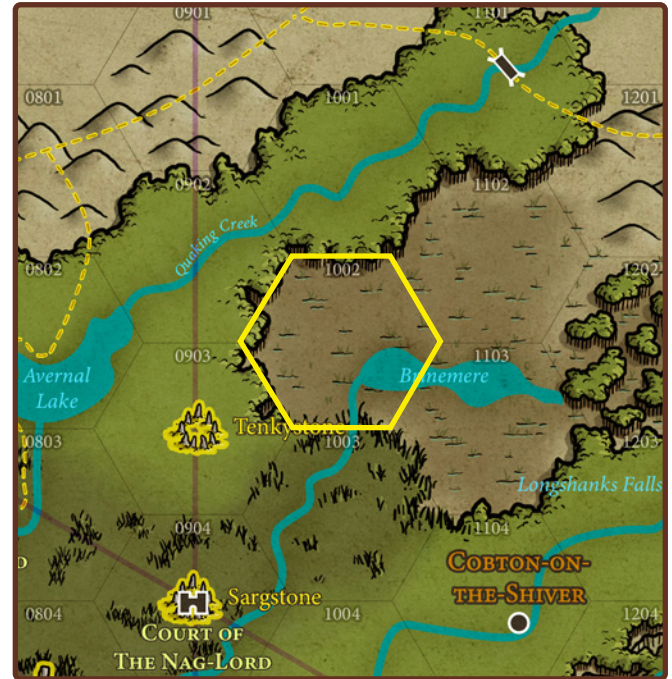
The south-eastern corner of the hex is carpeted up to knee-height with a scrub of wiry, black-stemmed bushes covered in vicious thorns. Passage is laborious and painful.

**Carrion storks:** The air is filled with the wretched cawing of the hundreds of carrion storks that nest at the western edge of Brinemere, protected by the thorn scrubs behind.

**Lichen nests:** The storks' nests are clad with a violet lichen known as *horridwort* (see pXXX). Collecting a portion of the lichen requires fighting off 1d4 carrion storks.

### Brinemere

At the centre of the thorny region lies the salt-sludge of Brinemere. The surface of the lake is patched with a crust of pure white salt crystals; its grey waters are lifeless and offensively salty.



### Carrion Storks

4' tall, ragged, black-feathered storks that feed on carrion, favouring succulent eyeballs. They are usually fearful of humanoids, but may attack the vulnerable-looking, tempted by fresh eyeballs.

**AC** 7 [12] **HD** 1\* **Att** 1 × beak (1d4 + eye peck) **THACO** 19 [0] **MV** 120' (40') flying **SV** D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (1) **ML** 7 **AL** Neutral **XP** 13

**Eye peck:** On an unmodified attack roll of 20, the stork has pecked out and guzzled down an eyeball.

TODO: Illustration



Everything is coated in a horrid, viscous, black slime. The place reeks of syrup.

**Terrain:** Thorny forest, Nagwood

**Lost/Encounters:** 3-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **black tentacles** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*).

**Foraging:** Successful foraging yields 1d3 portions of *grue's ear* (see *Mushrooms and Herbs* in the *Dolmenwood Player's Book*) and 1d2 portions of *goatman's goblet* (see pXXX), in addition to the normal results.

## The Black Slime

Thickly coats everything in this hex, from the muddy ground to the leaves of the trees to the surface of the languid and putrid River Shub.

**Odour:** The slime is the source of the sickly, syrupy aroma that permeates this stretch of wood.

**Taste:** An awful combination of acrid and syrupy sweet. Only the strong of stomach can resist vomiting, after touching this stuff onto the tongue.

**Sticky:** The slime is oily and hard to wash off without soap.

## Foetal Fruits

Oddly-shaped fruits can be seen among the boughs of the trees, beneath the slick of the black slime.

**Foetus shaped:** The fruits look like curled, humanoid foetuses, 8" long, attached to the trees by rubbery cords.

**Clearing the slime:** Beneath the slime, the fruits' foetus-like appearance increases. They really appear to be human foetuses, but their malformed eyes are bulbous and black.

**Plucking the fruits:** The tree sighs; the cord oozes a pink goo. The foetus-fruit moves around gently, but goes still and dies after an hour.

**Eating:** The foetus-fruits are filled with succulent pink jelly. They have restorative properties, curing 1 hit point per whole fruit consumed. The creature doing so must **save versus spells** or be cursed to henceforth view human babies as the most ravishing delicacy.

## The Shrine to St Faxis (Hidden)

A pool of the black slime has gathered in a hollow, a slime-coated cross protruding at the centre.

**The cross:** Marks the summit of the erstwhile shrine to St Faxis the penitent, now submerged in the pool of slime.

**The shrine:** A round building of stacked river stones, piled to a point.

**Inside:** The stone altar remains in the centre of the single chamber, but the relics and icons of the shrine were looted long ago.

**Prayer:** If the shrine is recovered from the slime and a statue of St Faxis placed upon the altar, a cleric or friar of the One True God who prays for 1 hour receives the blessing of St Faxis: the ability to cast *protection from evil*, 10' radius once within the next 24 hours.



TODO: Illustration



The wide, central region of the Valley of Wise Beasts. A region of rolling, wooded hillocks and springy grass.

**Terrain:** Tangled forest, Valley of Wise Beasts

**Lost/Encounters:** 2-in-6. Encounters are 3-in-6 likely to be with a patrol of **2d6 crookhorns** (DMB) from the garrison at the Baron's tower. They patrol down into the Valley from the tower, meting out terrible and anarchic justice. They will certainly attempt to arrest outsiders and bring them before the Baron.

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

## The River Shiver

A broad, shallow river that trickles lazily over its bed of pebbles.

## Baron Fraggleshorn's Tower

A crooked tower stands atop a sandstone crag at the north side of the Valley, looming over the river valley like a hawk gazing down upon bunnies at play. This is the tower of **Baron Fraggleshorn** (see pXXX), crookhorn warlord and sheriff.

**Construction:** A mishmash of styles: solid cut stone at the wide base, stacked river rocks in the midsection, two wooden turrets at the top. (The middle and upper floors were piggybacked on top of the disused **Shrine to St Goodenough**.)

**Cliff and stairs:** A stair, carved into the sandstone cliffs, leads up to the foot of the tower. At the summit of the stairway, a lopsided, iron gate bars the way. It is guarded by **1d4 crookhorns** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*).

**Front door:** The tower's great, oaken front door is shielded by a bent, slate-roofed porch. It is guarded by **1d4 crookhorns** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*).

## Inside the Tower

**Ground floor:** The dwelling place of the 30 crookhorns under the Baron's command. A stinking, dishevelled common room. A poky bed chamber packed with goat-dung and hammocks. A stairway leads down to the **Shrine to St Goodenough** (now used as a cellar).

**Middle floor:** The Baron's parlour. Plush leather furnishings, scratched up by unruly hooves and horns. A round feasting table strewn with roast game, wine bottles (1d6 worth 50gp each), and maps. **1d3 slovenly crookhorn goat-wives** (treat as crookhorns with AC 9 [10]; see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*) lounging.

**Left tower:** The Baron's bedchamber. Foetid opulence. Dank silks and tapestries (worth 500gp if cleaned up). Hidden in the rafters is a lead box containing 200pp and a string of black pearls carved into skulls (1,000gp).

**Right tower:** The wives' quarters. The Baron's seven wives sleep here, when not otherwise engaged. They number six crookhorn goatwives (see **Middle Floor**) and one imbecilic human woman (her skull bashed in to limit her intelligence and will to escape).



## The Shrine to St Goodenough

The stairway from the common room descends to a vaulted crypt with angelic statues along two walls.

**Altar and statue of St Goodenough:** An altar stands opposite the stairway. The cherry-wood statue of St Goodenough (a plump man cradling a corn dolly) is decked with gore and the raw pelts of various animals.

**Barrels:** Casks of cheap ale stacked to one side.

**Buckets:** Wooden pails covered with damp cloths litter the floor. They contain mixtures of raw meat, bones, fat, and goat-dung.

**Prayer:** If the altar is cleaned up, a cleric or friar of the One True God who prays for 1 hour receives the blessing of St Goodenough: the ability to cast *dispel evil* once within the next 24 hours.

TODO: Illustration

Hushed oak woods. Birds and small mammals are markedly scarce. A periodic groaning can be heard.

**Terrain:** Tangled forest, Aldweald

**Lost/Encounters:** 2-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with 1d4 stirge-owls.

## Shub's Finger

Close to the western side of this hex, a small, rustic-looking pathway forks off from Swinney Road and leads south into the woods.

**Signpost:** At the junction stands an old wooden signpost (known to local folk as "Shub's finger"), propped up against the stump of a dead elm.

**Odd place names:** The sign indicates a different imaginary destination each time PCs pass this way. The referee may invent something or roll 1d6: 1. The Devil's Mill, 2. Snablesby, 3. Court of the Warbelowe, 4. Snankton-by-Water, 5. Castle Wrackenbold, 6. Little Chittering.

**Following the path:** None of the indicated places exist; the path simply leads into the deep woods of hex 1006.

**Damaging the signpost:** Will amount to naught; it reappears intact the following morn.

## Stirge Isle

The accursed isle of the **stirge-owls** wards the western end of the Groaning Loch, at the point where it begins to narrow, feeding into Sinkhole Creek.

**Appearance:** 900 yards long, 100 yards wide. Steep, rocky sides, 50' high, slick with weeds. Topped with gloomy firs.

**Stirge-owls:** The isle is the nesting ground of around 60 **stirge-owls**, which will swoop down to attack trespassers upon the isle or those who pass by at night.

## The Isle in Springtime

In the springtime, the isle is frequented by **night-boars** (stats as boars—see *Old School Essentials*—but can only be harmed by magic). These gelatinous grazers leave their usual habitat in the near-astral to mate upon Stirge Isle.

**Mating calls:** The bellowing of the night-boars can be heard for a mile around, at times spooking the stirge-owls.

**Foraging:** After the night-boars have courted, their sticky, luminescent seminal fluid can be found dripping from rocks and tree trunks. Characters successfully foraging on Stirge Isle will find 2d6 doses of the stuff—known as *frisk* (see pXXX)—in addition to the normal foraging results.

## 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 and caves:** The Loch is bounded by forbidding, granite cliffs, 200 yards high. The cliffs at the Loch's shallower western end are pocked with deep caves. Waves lapping in the gaping cave mouths cause the groaning sounds that are heard throughout this hex.



## The Shrine in the Cliffs (Hidden)

As one navigates the currents of the Groaning Loch just beyond Stirge Isle, an overgrown ledge and the hint of a ruined stairway descending to it may be seen close to the summit of the southern cliff.

**Hidden shrine:** The thorn bushes on this ledge conceal a grotto in which a shrine to St Hollyhock the jubilant is located. The dilapidated wooden shrine is utterly overrun with shrubbery, fungi, and bats, but the idol itself is intact.

**Statue of St Hollyhock:** 3' tall, carved in black marble, depicts the saint in bishop's robes and mitre, smiling beneficently and holding a hearty loaf in his hands.

**Prayer:** If the shrine is purged of the brush, mould, and vermin, a cleric or friar of the One True God who prays for 1 hour receives the blessing of St Hollyhock: the ability to cast *resist fire* once within the next 24 hours.

### Stirge-Owls

3' tall, white owls with wickedly curved beaks and moon-like eyes without pupils. They eat human(oid) flesh, especially favouring that of children and infants.

**AC** 6 [13] **HD** 1+1\* **Att** 1 × beak (1d4), 2 × rending claws (1d3) **THACO** 18 [+1] **MV** 180' (60') flying **SV** D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (1) **ML** 8 **AL** Chaotic **XP** 19

**When first harmed in combat:** A stirge-owl lets out a bone-chilling screech. The one who harmed it must **save vs spells (with a +2 bonus)**. If the save fails, the subject is cursed to lose one point of WIS per day, going utterly insane when WIS reaches 2 or less. *Remove curse* or *dispel evil* will halt and reverse this process.

**Devour flesh:** Enter into a feeding frenzy, when left undisturbed with a fresh kill. The corpse will be stripped to the bone within minutes.



Paths navigate a series of granite outcroppings, with choked ravines below.

**Terrain:** Craggy forest, Aldweald

**Lost/Encounters:** 3-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **1d4 witches** (brides of Limwdd—see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*) making their way to the sacred glade.

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

## Where Men Dare Not Tread

The paths that lead to the centre of this hex are enchanted such that only women may follow them to the end.

**Men who come this way:** Experience a feeling of unease, as if being watched from the trees, growing to a palpable dread accompanied by an uncomfortable itching upon the face. Male divine spell-casters will also hear laughter that grows from a titter to a contemptuous cackle as they proceed.

**Women who come this way:** Perceive a deep thrum which, after some time, may be intuited as the actual sound of the growth of trees and plants.

## The Sacred Glade

Close to the centre of this hex, along the path of the ley line Ywyr, lies a peaceful glade surrounded by silvery-leaved sycamores. The glade is sacred to the witches of Dolmenwood.

**At the glade's edge:** The sense of dread among male party members culminates in a wave of abject terror—they must **save versus spells** or flee for 1d6 turns.

**Entering:** Men who set foot in the glade must **save versus paralysis** or be permanently transformed into a limbless, misshapen worm-like creature of animalistic intelligence. Even if the save is successful, the man's flesh agonisingly wells up into great lumps, causing a permanent disfiguration on the face. Witches or powerful divine magic (e.g. *remove curse*) may be able to reverse these afflictions.

**The Locus of Limwdd:** The Gwyrigon Limwdd the Quiet Brother (pXXX) resides here, its giant body lying a mile beneath the earth, like a seed awaiting the spring.

**Contacting the Gwyrigon:** The witches, upon occasion, commune with the Gwyrigon here. A PC versed in the rites of the witches—or other magicks of invocation or communion—may be able to do the same.

**Limwdd's gift:** Upon departing the glade, the female PC with the highest WIS finds that any scars or blemishes on her body have vanished.



TODO: Illustration

# 1007—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 1008—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 1009—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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Tall, sighing birches, bored with beetle holes. A profusion of busy ants and their mounds.

**Terrain:** Tangled forest, High Wold

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

## Crossroads and Signpost

At the crossroads of the Ditchway and Harrid's Path, an old signpost indicates the following: "N: Hag's Addle, S: The House of the Harridwn (Lodging), E: Dreg (Ferry), W: Lankshorn (Lankston)".

## The House of the Harridwn (Inn)

About three miles along the narrow, lesser-used Harrid's Path, travellers will come upon a small, homely inn standing at the side of the trail. A meagre and somewhat forlorn barn adjoins it.

**Sign:** A horde of welcoming children dressed as pages, in maroon livery.

**Sole guests:** The inn is little frequented; it is likely that adventurers who enter will be the only guests.

**Common room:** Cramped but cosy, with a roaring fire in the small, ironwork hearth, in colder months.

**Bigger on the inside:** The guest rooms are situated along a winding hallway up a wonky, creaky stair. Here something curious may be noted: there are seemingly dozens of guest rooms, occupying far more space than the inn's apparent size, when viewed from outside.

**Behind the barn:** Especially curious PCs may discover a glade of gravestones behind the barn. Several bear the name Occland, but graves for Tom, Mildred, and Greta Rumbelow are also present.

## Services at the Inn

**Common lodgings and food:** See the *Dolmenwood Player's Book*. Only one (tiny and quaintly appointed) private room is available; all other rooms are shared.

**Specialities:** Buttered currant buns for 3cp each; local ale (“Hameth Foam”) for 1sp a pint.

## Mallowyn and Trellayde Occland —The Landladies

Almost identical elderly sisters with bright blue eyes and flowing, silver hair. Dressed in tidy knitwear.

**Demeanour (Neutral):** Welcoming but enigmatic. Eyes twinkling with youthful mischief.

**Speech:** Shrill, wavering, punctuated with cackles.

**Desires:** Love to hear new songs and tales of daring.

**Knowledge:** If inquiries are made regarding the ghostly children, the landladies claim that they are here with another guest, Mr Rumbelow. There is no sign of him or his children, in daylight hours.



## Nightly Hauntings

The guest rooms of the inn are haunted by the ghosts of several children, who may be encountered during the night (as the referee wishes).

**Tom Rumbelow:** A small boy rolling marbles down the hallway.

**Mildred Rumbelow:** A coquettish, teenaged waif knocking on doors.

**Greta Rumbelow:** An infant, failing repeatedly to climb the stairs and bawling in frustration.

**The ghosts' origin:** Is left intentionally mysterious. The referee may elaborate as necessary.

## The Shrine to St Ponch (Hidden)

In the north-west corner of the hex, 200 yards from the Ditchway, a valley overgrown with towering nodules of slimy black fungus conceals a shrine to St Ponch the prudent, patron saint of whalers and castaways.

**Black fungus:** The fungus that dominates the valley is known as *hob's lewd* (pXXX). 3d6 portions of its psychoactive slime may be gathered here.

**The shrine:** A simple wooden porch (now rotten and slimy) above the statue. The whole structure is submerged in the mass of fungus.

**Statue of St Ponch:** A 2' high statue of white marble, depicting the saint as an old bearded man, bedraggled with sea foam and holding a whaling hook in one hand and a basket of scones in the other.

**Prayer:** If the shrine is cleared, a cleric or friar of the One True God who prays for 1 hour receives the blessing of St Ponch: the ability to cast *create food* once within the next 24 hours.

Wild, pathless woods choked with brambles and knee-height, blue-flowered thistles.

**Terrain:** Tangled forest, High Wold

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

**Foraging:** Successful foraging yields 1d3 portions of *hogscap* (see the *Dolmenwood Player's Book*) or *prancing mandrake* (see pXXX), in addition to the normal results.

### Standing Stones

Three-hundred yards from the southern edge of this hex, through an area overgrown with brambles, may be found a ring of tall standing stones, clad with white-leafed ivy.

**Human remains:** At the centre of the ring is a mound of human remains—primarily bones, but possibly a fresher corpse as well, rended limb from limb. No clothing or equipment is to be found.

**Examining the stones:** Reveals weatherworn runes beneath the ivy. They are in a language lost to the utmost antiquity. If deciphered, the runes reveal litanies of praise to nameless entities, detailing awful, gruesome rituals.

**Cursed place:** Locals know this place as Brydging Ring and speak of it as a place accursed and bewitched.

**Antler wraiths:** The remains are those of captives regularly sacrificed here by a group of 7 **antler wraiths** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*).



### The Wraiths' Hoard

Some way to the east of the standing stones, in a shadowed glade, is an ominous boulder, under which lie buried the clothing and possessions of the victims of the 7 **antler wraiths** which haunt the stones. Digging under the boulder summons the wraiths within one turn.

**Coins:** 4,980cp, 1,023sp, 993gp.

**Jewellery:** A silver ring engraved with a wyrm (30gp); a pendant shaped like a mermaid, with pearls for breasts (400gp); a platinum locket with a portrait of Lord Malbleat (400gp).

**A belt of shining fish skin:** With a buckle of silver thorns. The belt is of fairy make and bestows the ability to blend into a crowd (10 or more people) and not be clearly recalled. The owner is also cursed so as to not be able to reliably remember their own name.

### The Nymph Pool (Hidden)

A small pool of placid, pink-tinged water, hidden in a bramble-choked dell.

**In spring and summer:** 12 nymph statues stand in the water at the pool's edge, depicted joyously splashing on another. Bathing in the pool cures a magical condition (e.g. a curse, ability score loss, one level of energy drain).

**In autumn and winter:** 12 nymph statues stand in the trees around the pool, depicted gazing mournfully at the ground, their eyes pointedly averted from the pool. Bathing in the pool permanently halves a random ability score.

**Limit of effects:** Each character can only be affected by the pool's magic once per season.



# 1012—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 1101—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 1102—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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Sludge-choked pools, sluggish rivulets, and sodden fens with little dry ground. The air feels thick and ailing.

**Terrain:** Bog, Fever Marsh

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

## Thorny Scrub

The northern stretches of this hex take on an especially forlorn character. Wiry, black-stemmed bushes covered in vicious thorns carpet the ground up to knee-height, making passage laborious and painful.

## Brinemere

At the centre of the thorny region lies the salt-sludge of Brinemere. The surface of the lake is patched with a crust of pure white salt crystals; its grey waters are lifeless and offensively salty.

TODO: Illustration



## Chantry Isle

A low, flat island of salty mud can be seen in the middle of Brinemere, formed around a rocky outcropping half a mile from the southern shore. At the centre of the island, where the land rises up slightly, a cluster of cypress trees looms conspicuously. The stand is cloaked with a sinister gloom and a deathly quiet.

## The Lightless Tower

Amid the gloomy copse of cypress trees upon Chantry Isle stands a windowless, circular tower of polished, jet black stone, three storeys tall.

**Proof against scrying:** The tower and its contents are invisible to all forms of scrying and magic of location.

**Entrance:** A single portal—a yawning maw of blackness—grants access to its insides.

## Inside the Tower

**Gloom:** Both magical and mundane lights dim and falter.

**Ground floor:** Empty apart from a narrow stairway winding around the wall.

**Middle floor:** Also empty. The stairway ends at a trapdoor, barring entry to the upper floor.

**Trapdoor:** Dark wood, hermetically sealed with red wax around its sides, and *wizard locked* (by a 12th level caster). Magical runes flow faintly on its surface. (If deciphered, they read “Sealed by the Will of the Aubrathon. Within lies Death”.)

**Upper floor:** Filled with a deadly, blue vapour that falls out of the trapdoor when opened (**save vs poison at -2** or die). At the edges of the 10'-round chamber, gargoyles carved into ancient beams of black-stained wood peer down. At the centre of the chamber, upon a basalt plinth, stands an *obsidian mirror*.

## The Obsidian Mirror

A dark, scintillating mirror wrought of obsidian.

**Purpose:** This is one of the long-lost Mirrors of Embala (see *The Witches' Schemes*, p70).

**Power:** One who gazes into the mirror alone at night will see an idealised vision of themselves, stripped of all self-criticism or overreaching bravado, at the prime of their power and beauty. This increases the character's CHA by three points for the following 24 hours. In sleep, the character is wracked with feverish dreams of diving into the unfathomable darkness of the Groaning Loch, drowning in the embrace of a great serpent.

**Uniting the three mirrors:** If the three sister mirrors are united (see 0806, 0901), they have the power to reawaken the gwyrygon known as Embala of the Husk, which lies in a coma in a deep crevice at the base of the Groaning Loch.

## The Aubrathon

The tower upon Chantry Isle was constructed by a renegade Drune of great power known as the Aubrathon. Mightiest among the Drune aegis seven centuries past, the Aubrathon was expelled from his order after astrally infiltrating the vaults of the Witch Queen and absconding with the Obsidian Mirror of Embala. He haunted the fringes of Dolmenwood for some years, pursuing secretive occult schemes, before finally vanishing without a trace.

# 1104—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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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 Hoad:** 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** (*p68*), and consisting of her family, guards, servants, and cats.

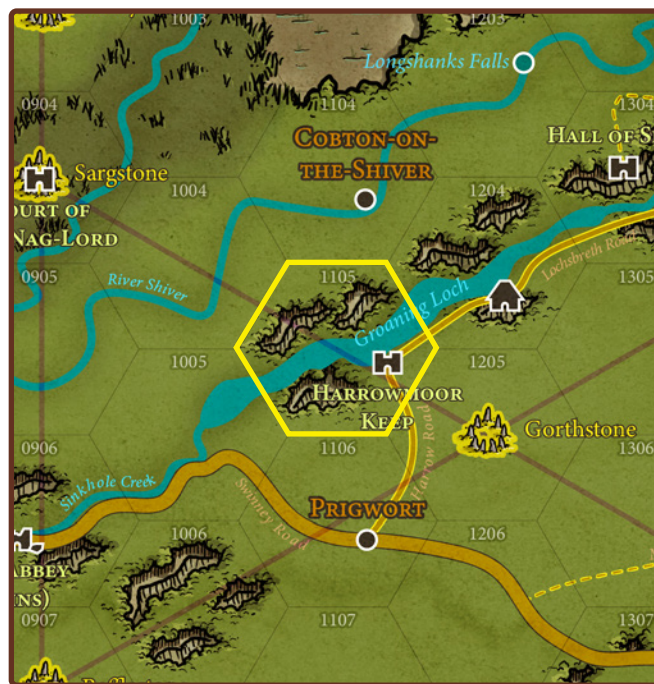
**Visitors:** The Harrowmoor family have a reputation as being distant, unwelcoming, and severe. The Lady may, however, offer her hospitality to intellectuals, academics, or those of poetic spirit.

**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 *p68*) may summon a monstrous entity known to the Harrowmoor family as the Forroth.



TODO: Illustration

**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.

# 1106—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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Paths crossed by many small rivulets, feeding a network of clear, still pools.

**Terrain:** Tangled forest, Aldweald

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

## Chasm and Lair

A great tangle of overgrown hazels and holly in the southern reaches of this hex conceals a 60' deep chasm, long forgotten.

**Cave and stream:** The chasm bottom—nearly lightless in the shade of the brush overhead—narrows to a cave-like passage at one end, from which a small stream trickles.

**Lair of Chasobrithe:** The passage descends for nearly half a mile, then opens onto a cavern, 200 yards across. It is here that the **yellow bile wyrm Chasobrithe** makes its lair, slumbering atop a mound of treasure (see *The Wyrms' Hoard*) and the skeletal remains and rusted armaments of some sixteen knights.

**Intruding into the lair:** Will awaken the wyrm.

TODO: Illustration

### Chasobrithe

A yellow bile wyrm with a second, snake-necked cockerel's head growing from a scar that nearly encircles its neck.

**Demeanour (Chaotic):** Lethargy quickly evaporating to calculating fury.

**Speech:** Drawn-out rasping. Woldish, Old Woldish, Sylvan.

**Desires:** To remain undisturbed; to gather information from intruders, then eat them.

**Combat stats:** Yellow bile wyrm (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*) with 72hp and an extra bite attack (the cockerel head) inflicting 1d6 damage and petrifying any who fail a **save versus paralysis**.

**Vulnerability:** Sunlight.

**History:** Chasobrithe has lived in the region of Prigwort for many years and, in olden times, brought great terror upon the local folk. For the past two centuries the wyrm has lain in slumber, believed dead after being almost decapitated by the knight errant Sir Windlass (whose remains lie among the wyrm's hoard). During its long repose, the wyrm's wounds have healed, with the cockerel head having grown from the near-fatal neck wound.



## The Wyrms' Hoard

**Coins:** 198,033cp, 44,290sp, 2,522gp, 1,051pp.

**30 gems:** Valued at: 7 × 10gp, 3 × 25gp, 2 × 50gp, 3 × 75gp, 4 × 100gp, 4 × 250gp, 2 × 500gp, 3 × 750gp, 2 × 1,000gp.

**Shield of Sir Windlass:** A 5' tall, oblong shield +3 of shining steel, emblazoned with the Brackenwold coat of arms and blessed by the hand of St Willofrith. The wielder may cast *light* once per day and is instilled with an utter honesty, unable to lie.

**Sword of Sir Windlass:** A broad-bladed sword +2 forged of a golden metal, inlaid with zigzag patterns in fairy silver. Of fairy make, the sword has a glamour of mirth about it—the owner is prone to levity, laughter, and whimsy.

**Ivory casket:** Engraved with an angelic choir. Worth 200gp. Contains a *potion of fire resistance* and a map—annotated in Liturgic—denoting the location of the lost relics of St Jorrael (see hex 1705).

## The Shrine to St Foggarty (Hidden)

A simple, wooden wayside shrine stands lost amid a tangle of brambles and wild roses.

**Icon of St Foggarty:** A brass plaque (now heavily tarnished) engraved with an image of the saint as a pilgrim holding aloft a cup in one hand and a lantern in the other.

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



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 Gwyrigon 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).

# 1109—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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Little streams meander through idyllic glades of lantern elms, their seeds like lambent paper lanterns.

**Terrain:** Tangled forest, High Wold / Aldweald

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

**Foraging:** Successful foraging yields 1d4 portions of young lantern elm roots, used to brew *afteritch* (DPB), in addition to the normal results.

## Dreg and Shantywood Isle

Sitting at the widest point of the River Hameth is the port and fishing village of Dreg, a major stopping point on the river trade that connects the High Wold, Castle Brackenwold, and the lands to the south of Dolmenwood.

**Seedy reputation:** Dreg has a reputation as a haunt for thieves, charlatans, and rascals of all stripes. Its many inns and taverns cater to the bawdy tastes of such folk.

**Shantywood Isle:** Opposite Dreg, the notorious pleasure isle of Shantywood sits amid the rushing waters of the Hameth.

**Full settlement description:** See pXXX.

## Myrrsian's Mill

A rustic, two-storey, timber-framed watermill stands on the banks of the Hameth in the northeast corner of this hex, its paddles producing a cheery splashing that can be heard from some way off.

**Entrance:** A circular wooden door, painted purple, inlaid with thorn and leaf patterns in brass, with a brass knocker in the form of a smirking imp. The door is *wizard locked* (by a 6th level caster).

**Dark glazed windows:** The mill has four windows (two on each level), with panes of dark green glass, virtually opaque from the outside. All are *wizard locked* (by a 6th level caster).

**Interior:** Cosy gloom. Homely woodwork painted with floral designs. A jumble of pots, pans, pestles and mortars, and drying herbs strewn over all surfaces. Crystals hang from low beams, refracting shafts of forest sunlight.

**Inhabitants:** The magic-user **Myrrsian the Mutable** and **3 sprites** (DMB)—a pink sprite named Tollowook, a blue sprite named Lillyshill, and a red sprite named Brigadoone—who act as servants and guest-wranglers, chittering and giggling in Sylvan.

**Grinding sound:** A low, grinding sound drones continuously, seemingly from below ground. The mill's inhabitants (if asked) confirm that the sound emanates from the grinding mill mechanisms in the cellar, which, they insist, are "purely decorative".

**Secret trapdoor:** The trapdoor to the cellar is concealed beneath a carpet and is *wizard locked* (by a 6th level caster).

**Cellar:** Gears and axles slowly turning glowing pink millstones wreathed in arcs of pale blue electricity. Sinister black forms can periodically be glimpsed in the lightning. Myrrsian's research focuses on attempting to use this device to open a dimensional portal to a shadowy plane of existence.



### Myrrsian the Mutable (6th Level Magic-User)

A youthful magic-user who switches between two forms (equal chance of either when encountered): a dashing young man with profound blue eyes and impressive red moustaches / a dainty young woman with fine, silver hair and eyes of chestnut. Both forms are clad in robes of green velvet embroidered with golden primroses.

**Demeanour (Neutral):** Convivial but tricksome—enjoys leaving the room, changing form, then claiming to be "Myrrsian's sibling Vyridan", upon returning. (The names are not tied to either form; Myrrsian is simply whichever is encountered first.)

**Speech:** Melodious, eloquent. Woldish, Sylvan, a smattering of Mewl.

**Desires:** Magical crystals of all kinds, to act as fodder for the mill—willing to pay a handsome price. (Myrrsian believes that an exact balance of different types will open the portal.)

**Possessions:** A twisted brass *ring of duomorph*—grants the wearer the ability to shift at will into an opposite-sex alter-ego (exact appearance, voice, etc. determined by the referee when the ring is first used). An elf-bone *wand of fear* (6 charges). Scrolls of *web* and *confusion*. A spell book bound in brass-scaled leather: *charm person*, *magic missile*, *mirror image*, *wizard lock*, *clairvoyance*, *lightning bolt*.

TODO: Illustration

# 1111—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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Paths crisscross among beds of beautiful ferns. Everything appears to be tended by some deliberate hand.

**Terrain:** Tangled forest, Aldweald

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

## The Falls

The Hameth takes a thunderous drop at the legendary Falls of Nyf, where surging white waters tumble down a 100' precipice—a majestic and spectacular sight.

## The Wondrous Ship-Conveyor

While the falls are indeed one of the region's greatest natural wonders, they are also home to one of its greatest magical marvels: the great Ship-Conveyor of Nyf.

**A boat approaching from the north:** Seems bound for certain doom as it nears the vertical drop of the falls. Just as its bow crosses the foaming brink, the boat effortlessly glides, swan-like, into the air, supported by naught but magic. It then descends the abyss in a slow, stately fashion, coming to rest at a safe distance beyond the falls' base, halting at a fortified wooden gate that spans the river.

**A boat approaching from the south:** Takes the opposite course, leaping skyward after it has cleared the gate, slowly and smoothly ascending the cliff, and alighting on the Hameth at a safe spot well upstream from the falls.

**Wardens and toll-gate:** The gate is controlled by House Mulbreck (hex 1210) and manned by **12 wardens** (1 HD veterans—*OSE*). They demand a toll from every boat passing through: 1sp/5sp/1gp (for small/medium/large boats). The wardens are garrisoned in a stout, two-storey guard-house alongside the gate.

**Operation and history:** The marvellous Conveyor operates automatically. Little is known of its origins, save that it was created by the powerful sorcerer Nyf Nimbley. Control of the gate and its lucrative toll revenues are granted by the duke, with great competition and skulduggery between the lesser noble houses. House Mulbreck currently holds the contract, valid for the next 7 years.

## Caves Behind the Falls

Hidden behind the Falls of Nyf is a cavern: low and broad, dripping and rancid, its walls spongy with a curious moss. Human bones clatter across the rocky cave-floor. Several corpses are impaled on stalagmites, infested with more of the verdant moss.

**Lair of Skulp:** This dank place is home to a cunning and vicious **troll** (*DMB*) called Skulp.

**Agreement with the wardens:** Skulp once terrorized the region at night, attacking boats, wardens, and travellers. However, the wardens have now struck a deal with the creature, and her attacks have ceased. Every week they provide her with battered, bloated corpses fished from the river. Skulp takes these corpses and cultivates a species of delicious moss in their putrescent flesh, which she devours, leaving the corpses themselves.



TODO: Illustration

## Skulp—Troll

An ancient, stinking, and especially cantankerous troll with a gaunt, skull-like face atop a wobbly, corpulent frame. Dresses in slimy rags and scraps of river weed.

**Demeanour (Chaotic):** Welcoming, eyes up visitors to assess their moss-worthiness, flies into a rage at the drop of a hat. Pushes her face right up close to others.

**Speech:** Snivelling, grumbling. Woldish, Sylvan.

**Desires:** Fresh corpses upon which to grow her unspeakable moss. In particular, woodgrue bodies, which Skulp says add a "special something" to the moss's taste.



# 1201—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 1202—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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Tangled willow woods, thick with vines and ditches filled with mounds of decaying leaves.

**Terrain:** Tangled forest, Valley of Wise Beasts

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

## Longshanks Falls

The River Shiver plunges down into the Valley of Wise Beasts, over a set of sheer-walled, 100' sandstone cliffs.

**Caves:** Small caves pockmark the sides of the cliffs. In one of them, two fugitives from the rule of the Nag-Lord (pXXX) have made their home (see *Scruff and Stripe*).

## The Elder Willows

A cluster of seven gargantuan (350' tall), ancient willow trees looms above the top of Longshanks Falls. These are known to the local humanoid animals as the Elder Willows.

**Roots:** Several clusters of roots descend from the willows alongside the falls to the base of the Valley below. These can be used as a kind of ladder to ascend or descend the cliffs, and to reach some of the caves.

**In the boughs:** The high branches of the trees are home to colonies of **gelatinous apes** (see pXXX) and **sprites** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*) of all colours.

**Lilac moss:** Just visible from ground level, the upper boughs are crusted with patches of fuzzy, lilac moss known as *sclobber's twist* (see pXXX). Parties of **sprites** lounge upon the moss and chew clumps of it. The **gelatinous apes** avoid the stuff. Characters who make the 300' climb may harvest 1d6 portions of the moss per hour.

## Scruff and Stripe

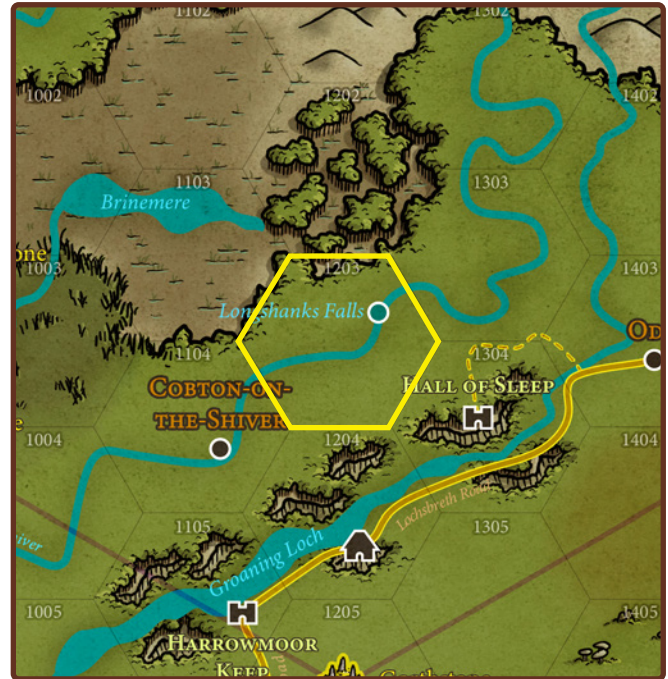
PCs climbing near one of the larger caves may overhear a heated exchange. Inside the cave is a makeshift camp: bedrolls and some crude cooking implements. A **crookhorn** (Scruff) and a **polecat humanoid animal** (Stripe) (DMB) are loudly arguing over differences in hygienic standards.

**Intruders:** If they notice intruders into their cave, the pair will cease their bickering and confront the party. The crookhorn will demand the PCs prove they are not agents of Baron Fraggleshorn (pXXX) if they wish to live, as the polecat postures menacingly beside him.

**History:** Originally strangers, they were imprisoned several months prior in a stockade in Cobton-on-the-Shiver (pXXX), where they were slated to be executed. They escaped together (each claiming sole credit for this accomplishment) and found their way to the cave. Having arrived at a sort of grudging accommodation, they now cooperate as unlikely (and highly quarrelsome) roommates.

## Bottom of the Valley

Following the south-westerly course of the River Shiver, the Valley of Wise Beasts widens from 100 yards across at the base of Longshanks Falls to half a mile across. The eastern end of the Valley, in this hex, is composed of wild forest and is scantily inhabited.



### Scruff Gobshyte—Crookhorn

This low-ranking crookhorn's crime was being unable to correctly state whether his master, Baron Fraggleshorn (pXXX), was "wickedly handsome" or "handsomely wicked".

**Demeanour (Chaotic):** Stubborn, irritable, foolishly brave. Secretly protective towards Stripe, whom he believes to be physically weaker.

**Speech:** Growling and impatient. Gaffe, halting Woldish.

**Desires:** Wavers between wanting to overthrow Fraggleshorn and wanting to leave the Valley.

**Knowledge:** The location of the shrine beneath Baron Fraggleshorn's tower (pXXX).

### Barney "Stripe" McGrew—Humanoid Animal (Polecat)

Arrested after bragging (falsely) of his membership in the Grey League (pXXX), Stripe is really just a failed con artist and ne'er-do-well.

**Demeanour (Neutral):** Fast-talking, with a veneer of confidence masking deep fearfulness. Secretly protective towards Scruff, whom he believes to be not too bright.

**Speech:** Riddled with flowery malapropisms. Woldish, Gaffe.

**Desires:** Unsure of his next move, but cannot imagine life outside the Valley.

**Knowledge:** The existence of the Grey League, and their meeting location (pXXX).

Quiet, sighing woods, punctuated with crags and cliffs of granite.

**Terrain:** Craggy forest, Aldweald

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

## 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.

## The Kelpie Forest

In the deeps of the Loch here can be spied a vast tangle of water-weed, 250 yards down.

**Lights:** The weed-forest is dotted with distant, twinkling lights, as if of villages and castles submerged in the deeps.

**Gazing at the forest:** Elicits the odd sensation of looking down upon Dolmenwood from on high: the weed-forest has the same basic shape as the Wood, with the twinkling lights located roughly in the same positions as the towns and villages of mortal folk.

**Descending to the forest:** The twinkling lights are, in fact, colonies of an aquatic form of **marsh lantern** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*), luring fish to their doom. The forest is also a favoured dreaming place of **kelpies** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*), who are none too pleased to be disturbed by land-dwellers.

## The Breath of the Kelpie (Inn)

Clinging perilously upon the summit of the cliffs beside Lochsbreth Road is a curious inn: The Breath of the Kelpie.

**Appearance:** A teetering construction—taller than it is wide—of jumbled gables and stacked turrets, all of dark, lacquered wood.

**Sign:** A green horse with a fish's tail, pink blossom streaming from its mouth.

**Entrance:** A circular door, painted pink, with a hand-worn brass knob in the centre.

**Common room:** Cramped; packed with narrow benches and too-small tables. The bar is on a mezzanine above. The landlord, **Hallyd Ongledrome**, presides watchfully.

**Guests:** Primarily travellers along the Lochsbreth Road: merchants, pedlars, friars, minstrels, and mercenaries.

## The Shrine to St Horace (Hidden)

An ornate, marble shrine leans askew against a black boulder in a muddy bay on the northern shore of the Loch, as if washed up from the deeps.

**Statue of St Horace:** Red marble, 2' tall. Depicts the saint as a friar, with an adder around his neck and a mushroom upon his head.



### Services at the Breath of the Kelpie

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

**Turret rooms:** Private rooms overlooking the Loch, 1gp per night.

**Lakeside veranda:** Paying guests at the inn may step out onto the veranda at its rear—a lantern-bedecked platform hanging over the edge of the cliff. Spectacular and dizzying views of the Loch are to be had.

### Hallyd Ongledrome—Breath of the Kelpie Proprietor

A man in his late middle-age, with long, straggly, white hair and a silver-rimmed monocle. Dresses in dapper waistcoats and silk pantaloons. Always carries a walking cane.

**Demeanour (Neutral):** Cultivates a refined and erudite air. Shrewd businessman. Treacherous.

**Speech:** Ingratiating, rambling.

**Desires:** People's secrets, which he is happy to sell to others. Discreet liaisons with beautiful young things (gender immaterial).

**Knowledge:** Ongledrome is privy to the plight of **Lady Harrowmoor** (p57), whose daughter Violet is missing. He is willing to divulge this information—and the fact that she would reward the girl's rescuer—for a sum of 10gp.

**Prayer:** If the shrine is righted, a cleric or friar of the One True God who prays for 1 hour receives the blessing of St Horace: the ability to cast *sticks to snakes* once within the next 24 hours.

## 1205—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 1206—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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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).

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.



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' (50'), **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.

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**).



TODO: Illustration

## 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).



## 1211—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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Lush meadows infused with the warmth of summer and the scent of blossom, even in deepest winter.

**Terrain:** Meadow, Tithelands

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

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

## Picnicking Herds

The last straggling copses of Dolmenwood open out onto the flat, lush grasslands known to locals as the “Balm Fields”, renowned for their vibrant populations of bees and hares. Herds of cows, sheep, and their owners also roam this region.

**Breakfasting beasts:** Those who wander among the meadows on clear, dewy mornings or drowsy summer afternoons may chance upon an odd sight: the cows and sheep sometimes don hoods and bonnets and sit together, breakfasting on pickled eggs and ham or drinking tea.

**Baffled herds-folk:** Travellers who witness this curious spectacle may also encounter the flummoxed owners of the precocious livestock, invariably attempting to disrupt the proceedings. (They claim that such unseemly behaviour among beasts brings ill luck.)

**Asking the humans:** Questioning the owners as to how sheep and cattle come by bonnets, eggs, and ham—let alone full china tea sets—elicits shrugs of befuddlement and frustration.

**Asking the animals:** Using magic or other abilities to question the animals about how they obtained such civilized viands leads to roundabout, nonsensical conversations, tinged with annoyance at the adventurers’ disruption of their meal. Occasionally, the beasts allude playfully to “the wee folk,” about whom they decline to elaborate.

TODO: Illustration



## The Golden Gazebo

Amid the gently swaying grasses and pretty wildflowers in the eastern reaches of this hex stands a solitary structure of artificial construction: a small, octagonal, radiant gold gazebo.

**Spiralling roof:** The gazebo’s roof is adorned with spiralling seashells and goats’ horns. Fairies and demi-fey may recognize this ornamentation as the mark of the fairy **Princess Andromethia** (p34), whose realm, the Blossom Fields, is coexistent with portions of this hex, including the gazebo.

**Interior:** A dog-eared visitors’ book lies on an octagonal table alongside a quill and ink. Benches around the edges of the gazebo provide seating for 12. A sense of contentment washes over any who sit within the shelter.

**Reading the book:** Page after page of questions, written in numerous hands and covering a wide range of topics (from the sincere to the flippant). Beneath each question is a response, in gold ink, all written by the same hand and signed with the initial “A” (the correspondent being Andromethia herself). The responses take the form of snippets of whimsical poetry, vaguely alluding to the query.

**Writing in the book:** An answer to any question posed magically appears at midnight. A positive reaction roll (see **Encounters** in *Old-School Essentials*—fairies gain a +1 bonus) indicates a marginally helpful answer; otherwise the answer is entirely abstruse. As the answers are composed by Andromethia, they can only provide useful information within domains of which she has knowledge.

**Removing the book:** If removed from the gazebo, the book magically disappears at midnight, returning to its rightful place on the table.

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.

## 1302—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 1303—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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Craggs of sandstone eroded (carved?) into outré forms like gesturing hands. A cool wind blows from the Loch.

**Terrain:** Craggy forest, Aldweald

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

**Foraging:** Successful foraging yields 1d6 portions of *fenob* (see the *Dolmenwood Player's Book*), in addition to the normal results.

## The Groaning Loch

**Waters:** Fathomless, cold, and unquiet.

**Northern bank:** The waves of the Loch lap against forlorn beaches of black shingle.

**Southern bank:** Steep granite cliffs, 50 yards high, dwindling towards the east.

## The Manor Road

A narrow gravel road connects Lochsbreth Road with the Hall of Sleep.

**Lined with poplars:** Even on the cheeriest day, the deep shadow beneath the looming trees that line the road conjures a sinister and paranoid atmosphere.

**Approaching the manor:** The road ends at a gate in the hulking, redbrick walls that enclose the manor grounds. Through the wrought iron, one can see the manse slumbering amid its rambling gardens.

**Guards:** The gate and the grounds are watched by **2d4 sleep-wardens**. A written invitation is required for entry.

## The Hall of Sleep

The seat of the noble House Guillefer, secluded lords of the northern reaches of central Dolmenwood.

**Grounds:** Gardens of exotic, flowering shrubs, little brooks and bridges, pagan statuary, and dreamy idylls. The whole place is infused with a sleepy, dreamlike atmosphere.

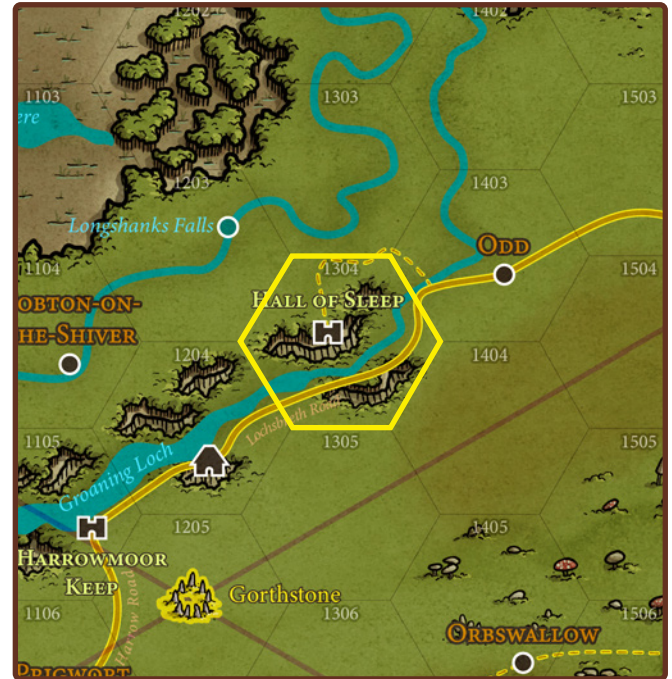
**The daydreaming pond:** A wide, placid pool lies at the foot of the manor house, dotted with lily pads and (in warmer months) buzzing with dragonflies. Pergolas and clusters of seats surround the pond.

**The manse:** The Hall itself is a long, low structure of red wood, overbrimming with white marble gargoyles in the form of cavorting forest spirits.

**Interior:** Three floors of hushed, airy halls of polished wood. Every room features a bed. Scents of cedar and sandalwood permeate. Furnishings are sparse but luxurious. Despite a distinct lack of people, the place feels content, if somewhat melancholic.

**Inhabitants:** The nobles of House Guillefer (mostly asleep). A total of **20 sleep-wardens**. Seemingly, a mere handful of servants cater to the manor's needs. Among the servants is a middle-aged lady's maid, **Sadewyn Gallbucket** (see pXXX), who is secretly one of the high-priestesses of the witches of Dolmenwood.

**Visitors:** Are not welcomed, and are constantly hushed by the servants. The lords of the Hall are reclusive and invariably indisposed.



## Sleep-Wardens

The honoured guard of the Hall of Sleep, clad in ornamental plate mail painted with blue flowers. Tasked to rebuff unwanted visitors and protect the sleeping nobles.

**AC** 2 [17] **HD** 1 (4hp) **Att** 1 × weapon (1d8 or by weapon) **THACO** 19 [0] **MV** 60' (20') **SV** D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (1) **ML** 9 **AL** Lawful **XP** 10

► **Wand of sleep:** The leader of each watch carries a *wand of sleep* (effects as the magic-user spell *sleep*) with 7 charges. All wardens are trained to use it.

**TODO: Illustration**

## The Nobles of House Guillefer

The dozen nobles of the Hall take turns in ruling. When not thus engaged, they sleep.

**Sleeping nobles:** The nobles sleep on the upper floor of the Hall, in a maze of bed chambers, each guarded by a **sleep-warden**. Their sleep is enchanted—they slumber for decades and do not age. The servants feed them fortified mead while they dream.

**Rulership shifts:** Each noble rules until one of their relatives wakes up and wanders bleary-eyed into the study to relieve their duty.

**The current lord:** House Guillefer is currently ruled by **Lord Edwin Guillefer** (see pXXX).

Ferns grown to extraordinary heights, towering above the heads of explorers.

**Terrain:** Tangled forest, Aldweald

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

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

## Ravine of the Stag Lord

Deep in the trackless woods of the east of this hex, deer paths lead to a secluded ravine. A winding series of ledges creates a route to the bottom, where the folded strata of the rock form a natural amphitheatre.

**Grotto and pool:** The amphitheatre faces a large grotto lined with sparkling mineral formations. Much of the grotto's floor is occupied by a wide and shallow pool. *Detect magic* will show both the pool and the grotto enveloped in a divine aura.

**Hoof prints:** A multitude of hoof prints can be seen in the mud around the pool. Most of the prints are those of large stags, but the occasional giant, web-toed humanoid footprint can also be spotted.

**Those who touch the pool:** Experience an icy chill and must **save versus paralysis** or be paralyzed in the touching limb for 1d3 days.

### The Stag Lord

A 30' tall, lumbering humanoid with toad-like skin and hands and great fronds of shaggy fur hanging between his arms and torso. His head is missing, causing him to stagger and lurch. (For more details, see pXXX.)

**Demeanour (Neutral):** Slow, out of touch with the modern world.

**Speech:** Gentle booming. Psychic projection—can communicate with all sentient beings.

**Desires:** To maintain the wilds of Dolmenwood and the dominion of the stags. To retrieve his head from the clutches of Atanuwë (hex 0904). The retinue of stags would enthusiastically join any who proposed a mission to retrieve the head.

**Reward:** Any who return the Stag Lord's head would be blessed with a set of enchanted antlers upon their crown (treat as a *sword* +2) and granted the undying friendship of all stags in Dolmenwood, as well as the ability to speak their secret language.

**AC** 3 [16] **HD** 20\* (82hp) **Att** 2 × stamp/fist (2d6 + evaporation) **THACO** 6 [+13] **MV** 150' (50') **SV** D2 W2 P2 B2 S4 (20) **ML** 10 **AL** Neutral **XP** 3,150

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

**Evaporation:** One who is killed by the Stag Lord dissolves immediately into a pool of plasma which evaporates within 1d6 rounds.



## New Moon Nights

On black nights of the new moon, **3d6 stags** (treat as medium herd animals with morale 8—see *Old-School Essentials*) trace the winding forest ways that only they know, and make their way to the chasm floor. There is a 2-in-6 chance they will be accompanied by **1d4 deerlings** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*).

**Ritual:** The creatures gather together and bellow in unison to their master, the Stag Lord.

**Manifestation of the Stag Lord:** Heeding the call of his followers, the gigantic, headless **Stag Lord** manifests, emerging from the waters of the shallow pool in the grotto.

**Stumbling procession:** In the presence of their master, the stags are transported in an ecstasy of worship. They follow in a gleeful train as the Stag Lord stumbles blindly out of the ravine and through the woods, until he vanishes at dawn.

**Enchanted antlers:** During the procession, the stags' antlers emanate an ultraviolet glow. Severed antlers function as magic weapons (treat as a *sword* +2) for one half day before losing their power.

## Treating with the Stag Lord

Interrupting the Stag Lord and his retinue during their wild cavorting is perilous—make a reaction roll (see *Encounters* in *Old-School Essentials*). If the reaction is positive, the Stag Lord (who can communicate psychically) may halt to converse with PCs.

## The Willow Gate (Hidden)

A natural archway formed of intertwined willow branches, swaying gently in a cool otherworldly breeze, can be found in an isolated part of this hex. Stepping through the archway, one is whisked away to the fairy road Skipping-a-Derry (see *Fairy Roads*, p26).



Ancient, moss-grown way-stones beside paths, at regular intervals.

**Terrain:** Tangled forest, Aldweald

**Lost/Encounters:** 2-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with either **1d6 woodgrues** (see the *DMB*) making their way to the dung heap or with **1d4 elf knights** (*DMB*) in the service of the Earl of Yellow (*p32*), clad entirely in yellow and mounted on great golden wolves (as dire wolves, *OSE*).

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

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

## Woodgrue Dung Heap

Adventurers travelling through this hex will notice an acidic stench drifting on the wind. The source of this miasma is a great mound of guano, 50 yards across, created by the woodgrues of this region of Dolmenwood, who (for reasons which they keep to themselves) travel from miles around to relieve themselves on the communal heap.

**Any woodgrue PCs:** Will recognize this landmark and its purpose.

**Woodgrues seeking relief:** There is a 3-in-6 chance of encountering **1d4 woodgrues** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*) nearby.

**At night:** There is also a 1-in-4 chance of a woodgrue revelry (2d6 individuals) taking place here.

## The Grey Vorpall Monolith

In the east of this hex, a 20'-high spectral monolith of dusky, grey light hovers amid a small area of bog-land. This is one of the mysterious vorpall monoliths that trace an emergent fifth ley line in Dolmenwood (see *Vorpall Monoliths*, *p21*). In autumn, winter, and spring, the monolith is a mere shimmering figment. In summertime, it becomes semi-corporeal.

**Viewing:** All who behold the monolith in the summer must **save versus spells**. Arcane spell-casters gain a +2 bonus. Those who fail are afflicted with a curse of delusion (see the *Delusions* table) and cannot be convinced that the fantasy they are experiencing is not real. This condition is curable only by magic (e.g. *remove curse*).

**Touching:** In its summertime manifestation, the monolith's partially tangible surface feels like cool glass. Spells of illusion cast while touching the monolith are made real. There is a 2-in-6 chance of creatures created in this way being hateful of the one who summoned them to reality. In other seasons, a PC touching the monolith's diaphanous outline will temporarily experience the warmth, humidity, and brightness of a hot summer's day.



## Delusions (d6)

One who is afflicted by the monolith's curse:

### d6 Delusion

- 1 Believes they are a different sex.
- 2 Believes they are a different race. Roll 1d6: 1. Elf, 2. Goatfolk, 3. Grimalkin, 4. Human, 5. Moss dwarf, 6. Woodgrue.
- 3 Fervently claims the Duke of Brackenwold is a devil.
- 4 Insists they are a saint of the Church of the One True God.
- 5 Believes they are the favoured scion of a fairy noble. Roll 1d6: 1. The Cold Prince, 2. Duke Mai-Fleur, 3. The Earl of Yellow, 4. Prince Mallowheart, 5. Princess Andromethia, 6. The Queen of Blackbirds.
- 6 Believes they are invisible.

TODO: Illustration

Spacious glades of majestic beech and oak. A profusion of songbirds, cheery twitterings fill the air.

**Terrain:** Open forest, Aldweald

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

## Wayside Monastery

Two miles from the edge of the forest, an old, stone building stands by wayside.

**Style:** The building is fastidiously maintained but with a touch of austerity about it.

**Entrance:** Above an arched oak door hangs a sign announcing (in beautifully painted red calligraphy) “The Refuge of St Keye—Pilgrims Welcome”. The door opens into the **Common Room**.

**Function:** This is the only active monastery remaining within Dolmenwood’s bounds. The Refuge is a popular stop along the way between Castle Brackenwold and Prigwort, serving as an inn for those travellers who can stomach a little religion with their evening repast.

**Origin:** The Refuge was originally established as a monastery and rest stop for pilgrims on the way to the abbey of St Clewyd. That pilgrimage route is no longer in active use (as the abbey is ruined, see *hex 0906, pXXX*).

## Common Room

A wide taproom and refectory, filled with wooden benches and trestle tables.

**Guests:** Of an evening, the place is teeming with travellers stopping here for the night.

**Casks:** Huge casks of ale line one wall, where a team of monks catch the seemingly endless flow in stone tankards.

**Statue of St Keye:** Above the cask wall hangs an oaken image—twice life size—of St Keye (“the chronicler”), bearing his tome and quill, and looking down across the guests with a beneficent but somewhat reprimanding gaze.

**Evening Mass:** Every evening at six, **Abbot Spatulard** holds a brief mass in the refectory, blessing travellers on their way and reading an extract from the vast chronicles of their patron saint. Supper is then served from the monastery kitchen.

**Exits:** A door in the common room permits entry to the **Chapel of St Keye**.

## Chapel of St Keye

A narrow pilgrims’ chapel, lit by night with hundreds of slim, yellow candles.

**Walls:** The stones of the walls are etched, in tiny Liturgic script, with the entire text of the second chronicle of St Keye.

**Prayer:** A cleric or friar of the One True God who prays in the chapel for 1 hour receives the blessing of St Keye: the ability to cast *locate object* once within the next 24 hours.

**Exits:** A locked trapdoor leads down to the crypts, where (it is said) relics of the saint are kept.



## Services at the Refuge

**Common lodgings and food:** See the *Dolmenwood Player's Book*. Only private rooms are available (spartan monastic cells on the upper floor, 2sp a night). Meals are always served with freshly baked caraway buns. Dinner is seldom available later than eight in the evening.

**Monastery ale:** “Keye’s Balm”, 1sp a pint.

## Abbot Spatulard

A wisp-haired man in his 60s, clad in rolls of fat from a sedentary life spent drinking ale.

**Demeanour (Lawful):** Apathetic moralising. Desperate to talk to someone new. Can’t keep a secret.

**Speech:** Interminable burbling. Sudden bursts of laughter. Old Woldish, Liturgic.

**Desires:** The secrets of the brewmasters of Prigwort. To go back in time, marry his childhood sweetheart, and forgo the monastic life.

TODO: Illustration

## 1308—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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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 petty mongery—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.

# 1310—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 1311—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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Acres of wildflower form broad swathes of colour, in contrast to the dark and shadowy forest to the north-west.

**Terrain:** Meadow, Tithelands

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

## Blossom Fields

A cheerful hill-scape of meadows carpeted in thriving wildflowers: pendulous bluebell, daisies of the purest white and yellow, powder-blue harebell, bright magenta corncockle intermingled with spindly cow parsley, and bracken leavened with pink and white foxglove. The air is fresh and sweet with the flowers' delightful essence.

**Pathways:** The seemingly wild fields are often bisected by pathways, clearly carefully and recently maintained.

**Fairy shimmer:** Fairies and demi-fey notice an occasional but persistent shimmering at the edge of their vision and will recognize this as an overlapping fairy reality.

## Princess Andromethia

An eternally youthful, half-elfish / half-satyr lady with a single spiralling horn above her left ear and the hoof of a goat in place of her right foot. See **p34** for more details on the princess and her domain.

**Demeanour (Neutral):** Warmhearted, mischievous, judicious.

**Speech:** Soft, languid. Woldish, Sylvan, High Elfish. Enjoys addressing people in fairy languages they cannot comprehend, before tiring of the game and switching to Woldish.

**Desires:** The recovery of her most cherished handkerchief, which she believes to be in the possession of her wicked half-sister, the Lady of Spring Unending (hex 0402). The delivery of a note to the ambassador of the Cold Prince (hex 0504—she can give directions but does not know how to locate or enter the embassy). The note, written in High Elfish, consists of banal pleasantries with a few double entendres sprinkled in. Oddly, it is dated with a human calendar date, some 200 years past.

**Reward:** Andromethia will awaken any sleeping party members, and will give adventurers the exact location of one fairy door (see **Fairy Doors**, **p24**).

## Combat Stats

**AC** 0 [19] **HD** 14\*\*\*\* (75hp) **Att** 1 × staff (1d6) or 1 × touch (slumber) 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.

**Slumber:** **Save versus spells** or fall deeply asleep for 1d6 turns—only awoken by violence.

**Magic:** Andromethia can cast the following spells without limit: *charm person*, *detect magic*, *sleep*, *invisibility*, *dispel magic*. Additionally, she may cast each of the following spells once per day: *polymorph others*, *create food*, *teleport*, *anti-magic shell*.



## A Century of Slumber

The meadows of this hex are partially coexistent with the fairy domain of the half-satyr **Princess Andromethia** and are under her enchantment.

**A contented tiredness:** PCs who have exerted themselves this day (e.g. by combat or long travels) must **save versus spells** (fairies and demi-fey gain a +4 bonus) or find themselves compelled to stop and rest among the flowers.

**Those who rest:** Will soon drift off to a serene and dreamy slumber, unless unaffected characters attempt to keep them awake. Those who do fall asleep cannot be awakened (short of the use of extremely powerful magic, at the referee's discretion) for at least a century.

**Princess Andromethia:** Will surreptitiously appear alongside the party 1d3 turns after any PC is ensorcelled in this way. She will be genuinely sympathetic, and will agree to awaken any sleepers—pending the fulfilment of one of her desires (see **Desires**).

## In Summertime

In the high days of summer, there is a 3-in-6 chance that adventurers will come upon **Princess Andromethia** and her fancifully clad entourage of **1d6+2 elf courtiers** (treat as **elf wanderers**—see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*), taking sumptuous meals and playing games.

**Greetings:** Andromethia's courtiers will announce her title in tones of exaggerated reverence as she modestly protests. She will greet the PCs warmly and invite them to join in the festivities.

**Bountiful hampers:** Those who partake of Andromethia's picnic hampers will find the food endless and exquisite beyond any previously experienced.

**Farewell:** As dusk approaches, Andromethia and the elves begin to vanish, unnoticed, one at a time, till all have gone.

# 1401—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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# MAI-FLEUR'S UNICORN-HUNTING GROUNDS 1402

A profusion of holly trees bearing red berries in the autumn.

**Terrain:** Tangled 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 (see hex 1502) in pursuit of 1d4 unicorns (*OSE*).

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

## Unicorns

Throughout this hex can be found the elegant, white **unicorns** kept by the fairy **Duke Mai-Fleur** (*p30*) as stock for his Wild Hunts. The unicorns are prevented from leaving the grounds by the **gamekeepers**, and by the magical disabling of their natural teleportation ability.

## The Silver Pool

Close to the centre of this hex is a serene pool of radiant, glittering water. **1d6 unicorns** (*OSE*) drink peacefully, while **1d3 gamekeepers** lurk uncomfortably nearby.

**Poachers:** There is a 2-in-6 chance of **1d4 poachers** (stats as traders—*OSE*) from the village of Odd (*pXXX*) hiding in the trees around the pool, eyeing the gamekeepers in the hope that they will stray from their charges. The horns, fur, and flesh of unicorns is highly valued.

**Intruding:** Any who disturb this peaceful scene will face the wrath of the gamekeepers.

**Drinking from the pool:** Heals 1d6+1 hp. Mortals must **save versus spells** or change alignment to lawful.

## The Dungle-Crack

A gloomy, 10'-wide chasm in the forest floor, whose base cannot be seen. Nearby trees lean above the chasm, their branches twisted and dripping with silvery dew.

**Anything lowered into the chasm:** Is whisked away to the fairy road the Narrow Way (see *Fairy Roads*, *p26*). A person who lowers part of their body (e.g. a hand) more than a foot into the chasm will be wholly transported to the Narrow Way.

## The Shrine to St Torphia (Hidden)

A simple wooden wayside shrine sits askew, 50' up in the boughs of a great, gall-infested oak, as if the tree sprouted beneath the shrine and raised it into the air. The statue which originally sat within the shrine is nestled in the tree's upper branches, 80' above the ground.

**Statue of St Torphia:** 2' high, carved of a single piece of obsidian. Torphia is depicted kneeling in prayer, with chains around her wrists and a heaping basket of berries before her.

**Prayer:** If the statue is retrieved and placed in the shrine, a cleric or friar of the One True God who prays for 1 hour receives the blessing of St Torphia: the ability to cast *neutralize poison* once within the next 24 hours.



## Gamekeepers

Monstrous black oaks with slitted red eyes that rarely open. The gamekeepers are the most evil trees of this hex, employed by Duke Mai-Fleur to ward his prized stock of unicorns.

**Demeanour (Chaotic):** Still and dormant, springing into action when poachers are foolish enough to interfere with their charges.

**Speech:** Cracking, grinding. Communicate only with their elfish masters. Sylvan.

**Desires:** Guard the unicorns. Destroy poachers.

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

TODO: Illustration

## 1403—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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# THE MERROVORE AND THE GLARING PYLON 1404

Forlorn tracks and fern-filled glades, dotted with milk-white, climbing vines.

**Terrain:** Boggy forest, Aldweald

**Lost/Encounters:** 3-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with the **merrovore**.

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

**Foraging:** Successful foraging yields 2d6 portions of the climbing vine known as *black clover* (see pXXX), in addition to the normal results.

## Tentacle Heaps

Any who wander through this hex will come across piles of bloody, writhing tentacles in the shapes of humans or animals.

**Alive:** The things seem vaguely alive, but do not move of their own accord, apart from the writhing.

**Victims of the merrovore:** These wretched things are all that remains of those who have met the **merrovore**.

## The Lair of the Merrovore (Hidden)

A pool of viscous, black fluid, almost completely opaque, about 20' wide and 12' deep.

**The merrovore:** The monster comes to this pool to sleep, submerging itself completely in the fluid. There is a 2-in-6 chance of it being present when the pool is discovered.

**Submerged in the pool:** The merrovore guards a 2' cube of black metal, at the bottom of the pool. If touched by an arcane spell-caster, the cube opens, revealing:

- ▶ **36 diamonds:** Worth 200gp each.
- ▶ **Spell book:** *Hold portal, light, detect invisible, locate object, dispel magic, lightning bolt, dimension door.*
- ▶ **Black silk robe:** Acts as a *displacer cloak*.

## The Glaring Pylon (Hidden)

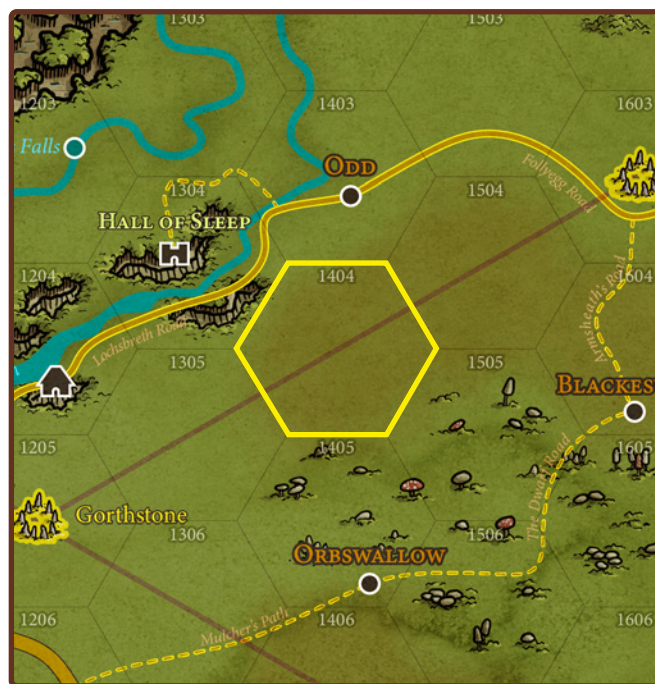
A gargantuan, granite pylon stands amid a tangle of black-thorn and brambles.

**Appearance:** The pylon is square, 100 yards high, and 10 yards across at the base.

**The glaring eyes:** At the top of the pylon (invisible from the forest floor) are carved four horrid eyes (one per side), glaring out at the sky. One who sees any of the eyes must **save versus spells** or be struck blind for 1d6 days, their sight blotted out by a vision of the awful, glaring eye.

**Witches' rituals:** This is the locus of Hasturiel Thrice-Crowned, a deity of the witches (see pXXX). On any given night, there is a 2-in-6 chance of **1d6 brides of Hasturiel** (see witches in the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*) conducting a ritual here.

**Solstices and equinoxes:** On nights at the turning of the seasons, the pylon blazes with blue flame and **4d6 brides of Hasturiel** worship here. Anyone who touches the flaming pylon gains the ability to shift into another form (per *polymorph self*) for up to 24 hours.



## The Merrovore

A lithe, deer-like body (10' tall to the shoulder), covered in shaggy, white fur, with cat-like paws and a seven-thonged tail. In its face is a single, crazed eye—deep red—and a slaverling, toothed maw. The merrovore stalks the wood in this hex, gurgling and mumbling, tracking by scent.

**AC** 5 [14] **HD** 8\* (43hp) **Att** 1 × bite (2d6), 2 × claws (1d6), 1 × tail whip (1d8) **THACO** 12 [+7] **MV** 180' (60') **SV** D8 W9 P10 B10 S12 (8) **ML** 10 **AL** Chaotic **XP** 1,200

**Aggressive:** Attacks all its encounters (aside from witches, whom it cannot see or smell).

**Surprise:** Anyone surprised by the merrovore automatically meets its gaze.

**Mimicry:** Tauntingly mimics victims' voices.

**In melee:** All in melee with the merrovore must **save versus petrify** each round or meet its gaze.

**Gaze:** The unfortunate victim is transformed into a writhing mass of tentacles. (This is fatal.)

**Averting eyes:** −4 penalty to attack rolls. The merrovore gains a +2 bonus to attack rolls.

TODO: Illustration

## 1405—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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By day, tiny golden sparkles drift down to the earth. At night, soft, green motes float into the sky.

**Terrain:** Boggy forest, Aldweald

**Lost/Encounters:** 3-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with **1d4 elf knights** (*DMB*) in the service of the Earl of Yellow (*p32*), clad entirely in yellow and mounted on great golden wolves (as dire wolves, *OSE*).

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

**Foraging:** Successful foraging yields 1d4 portions of *knobbed mandrake* (see *pXXX*), in addition to the normal results.

## Glowing Fungal Orbs

In the north-western half of this hex, the trees are festooned, in all seasons, with head-sized, orb-like growths of fungus.

**Golden glow:** The orbs emit a soft, golden glow, day and night. It is on account of this glow that the region is known to local folk as the Golden Wood.

**At night:** The ambient glow of the fungi is equivalent to the light of the full moon.

**Harvesting:** Plucked orbs continue to glow for 24 hours.

## The Yellow Doors

The Golden Wood is a favoured haunt of fairies of all kinds, due to the seven portals to the Fairy realm of Whyforth (domain of the Earl of Yellow, *p32*) which exist here. The Earl's servants use these portals to come and go between Dolmenwood and Fairy. The portals are concealed by illusion, but may sometimes be spotted.

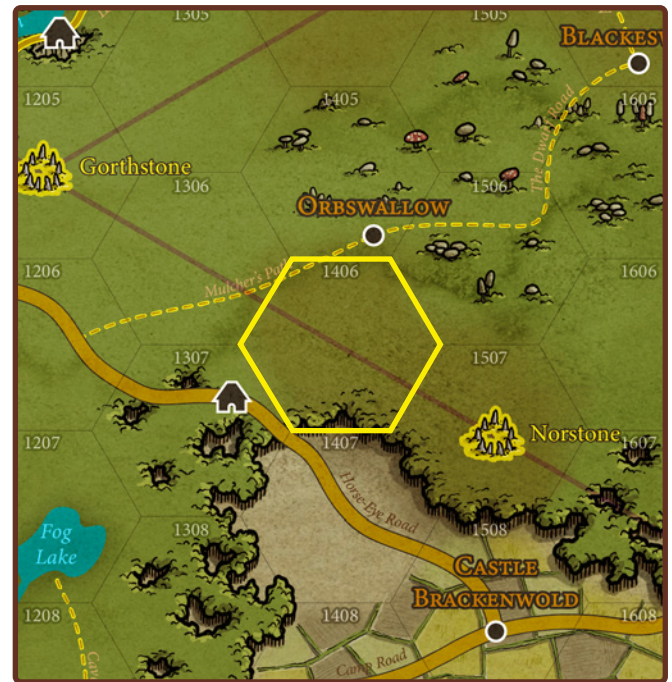
**Detection by passion:** A mortal in the throes of an extreme of emotion (madly in love, religious rapture, abject terror, etc.) has a 3-in-6 chance of spotting one of the portals when travelling through this hex.

**Detection by fairy lineage:** True fairies (that is, not demi-fey) have a 2-in-6 chance of noticing the presence of one of the portals.

**Detection by magic:** Spells of true seeing or detection of illusions reveal the presence of the portals.

**Appearance:** A detected portal appears as a yellow-varnished door, complete with shiny brass knob and knocker, in a natural hole or arch of some kind (a hole in the roots of a tree, beneath the intertwined branches of two willows, in a gap between two rocks, etc).

**Call of Fairy:** Mortals who perceive a portal to Whyforth (whether they enter it or not) must **save versus spells** or be forever stricken with a longing to leave the fields that we know and get lost in Fairy.



## Entering the Yellow Doors

The doors are not locked and may be used freely by those who perceive them. Those who do not see them can be pushed or dragged through.

**Size:** Whatever their apparent size in the mortal world (some seem to be no more than 2' high), the portals allow the entry of creatures up to the size of a knight on horseback.

**Peril for the uninvited:** Mortals who step into Whyforth without an invitation from the Earl of Yellow are in grave danger: a **saving throw versus death** must be made, with failure resulting in a transformation into a flowering plant.

**On the other side:** The portals in Whyforth are situated in beautiful, natural gardens of semi-sentient plants which may, at times, speak.

TODO: Illustration



Clouds of black midges buzz overhead, making periodic dive attacks.

**Terrain:** Meadow, Tithelands

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

### The Edge of the Wood

The flat plains and farmlands that surround Castle Brackenwold (visible upon a hill to the southeast) give way to the great forest, Dolmenwood.

**Horse-Eye Road:** A major trade route in and out of the wood. Follows the edge of the forest before plunging into its depths at the very north-west corner of this hex.

**The Wenchgate:** It is at the point where the road enters the forest that a curious landmark—a natural gateway, known as the “Wenchgate”—stands astride the road.

### The Wenchgate

The gate is formed of the living trunks and branches of dozens of trees, woven and melded together to create a natural arched tunnel (about 30’ high, wide, and long) above the road. It is here that many newcomers to Dolmenwood are granted their first taste of the queer atmosphere that haunts the place.

**Graffiti:** The lower portions of the trees which form the gate have been carved, over centuries, with the names, initials, and love declarations of hundreds of passers-by.

**Wooden faces:** Above the scrawl, a profusion of quizzical wooden faces can be seen, peering down at travellers.



**Greetings:** It is common for the faces of the Wenchgate to speak, addressing travellers with their own names, in the common Woldish tongue, and wishing them well within the eaves of the forest. They are willing to make pleasant small talk about the weather and such, but will merely smile quizzically if asked any questions.

**Origins:** The name “Wenchgate” presumably originates with the local name for dryads—“wood wenches”.

TODO: Illustration

Cheery, windswept fields of crops and scarecrows. Utterly flat, aside from a single gigantic rock.

**Terrain:** Farmland, Tithelands

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

## Moriggan's Crag

An enormous boulder juts out of the flatness of the arable plain to the south of Camp Road, visible for miles around.

**Size:** The rock is 100 yards high and almost 200 yards across, with a flattened top and jagged sides.

**Plants:** The sides and top both support a rich jungle of ferns, mosses, and silver-leafed oaks.

**Stairway:** A stair—partly carved out of the rock, partly consisting of hanging bridges—winds around half the rock's perimeter, ending at the summit on the south side.

**Sentinels:** 1d6 cragwardens guard the top of the Crag at any time.

## The Order of the Cragwardens

The top of the Crag has been guarded since time immemorial by the Order of the Cragwardens, a semi-secretive militia composed of all menfolk of an active age from among the local farms and villages. The cragwardens call the Crag "Old Mother".

**Loyalty:** The Order of Cragwardens is loyal to the Dukes of Brackenwold.

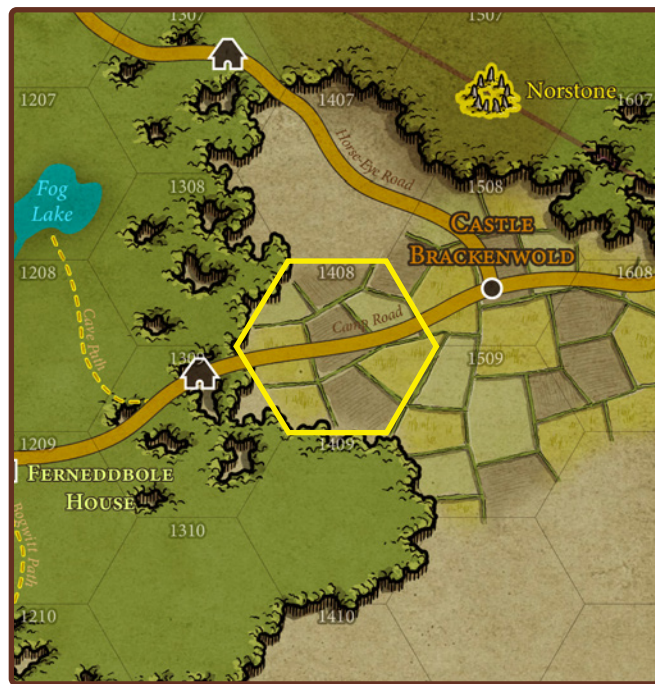
**Duty:** The Order is charged with two duties, both antiquated and defunct for many centuries. Firstly, they must guard the Crag against invasion by fairies. Secondly, they must maintain a cottage for the use of the Elder Phanatarch of the Drune (a mythical figure to these men).

**Uniform:** Scarlet leggings, pointy caps of green wool, polished black leather cuirasses.

### Cragwardens

**AC** 7 [12] **HD** 1 **Att** 1 × ceremonial boar spear (1d8) or 1 × short sword (1d6) **THACO** 19 [0] **MV** 120' (40') **SV** D12 W13 P14 B15 S16 (1) **ML** 8 **AL** Lawful **XP** 10

**TODO:** Illustration



## The Drune Cottage

Upon the northern edge of the Crag stands a quaint, round cottage of stacked stone, with a thatched roof and two chimneys, accompanied by a small, walled garden.

**Garden:** Well-maintained herb and vegetable gardens. (The produce of which is consumed in the kitchens of the cragwardens.)

**Interior:** A single, round room containing: a plump bed, a fireplace and stove, an ancient, oaken armoire, a library of curious lore (in Old Woldish), a mighty chest full of candles, and a walnut writing desk and chair. A quill, inkwell, and some neatly stacked sheets of blank paper sit atop the desk.

**View over Dolmenwood:** Above the desk is a window, through which can be seen the seemingly endless sweep of the Dolmenwood to the north.

**The spell book:** One of the books of lore contains the following arcane spells, written in the style of old Drunic magic: *charm person*, *magic missile* (manifests as a streak of green flame), *wizard lock*.

**Occupancy:** The cragwardens keep the cottage clean and hospitable, but even the oldest of their number have no memory of it ever being occupied by the Elder Phanatarch.

## Summer Solstice

Upon the eve of the summer solstice (the 18th of Chyusting), local people build fires atop the Crag and dance through the night. The cragwardens' watchfulness is lax, at best, on this evening.

Beech and hazel, the ground littered with nut husks. The stench of carrion pervades the whole hex.

**Terrain:** Tangled forest, Aldweald

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

## The Stinking Mausoleum

Travellers can follow their noses to the source of the stench: a circle of collapsed, stone buildings.

**Symbol:** The motif of an eye ringed with thorns is carved repeatedly into the ruined stone.

**Tiled courtyard:** Inside the circle of the ruined walls and buildings, the ground is paved with white tile, now chipped and greying with age, and pocked with errant trees.

**Stairs:** A single stairway can be spied, in the middle of the courtyard, free of the rubble of the ruins. It leads down into the dark of the crypts.

## The Crypts

The courtyard stairway leads down to a network of cramped, dripping tunnels, buzzing with flies.

**Stench:** The carrion reek intensifies. Characters who do not mask the odour somehow suffer –1 to attack rolls.

**Echoes:** Gasps and moans can be heard sporadically in the tunnels, echoing from a larger hall somewhere deeper in the crypts.

## The Central Hall

The tunnels converge on a 200' wide circular hall with a domed roof of cracked, pink porcelain.

**Treasures:** A glittering mound of coins and other treasures is piled up in the centre of the hall. See *The Treasure Hoard*.

**The Descendant:** Sprawled across the mound of treasure, gasping and lolling, is a giant and hideous being: **the Descendant**. If disturbed by light or words, it will rise and cast its malevolent, rotting gaze upon those who intrude upon its rest.

TODO: Illustration



### The Descendant

A 20' tall, roughly humanoid agglomeration of disinterred skeletons in a perpetual equilibrium of growth and decay, its maggot-riddled flesh slowly regenerating over the bones, animated by a lust for living flesh to meld with itself. While not sentient, the thing gurgles and gasps out occasional syllables in Old Woldish ("rend", "flesh", "bone").

**AC** 6 [13] **HD** 9\* (54hp) **Att** 2 × clawed hands (1d10), 1 × maw (2d6) **THACO** 12 [+7] **MV** 120' (40') **SV** D8 W9 P10 B10 S12 (9) **ML** 9 **AL** Chaotic **XP** 1,600

**Stench:** The source of the carrion stench. Characters who do not mask the odour somehow suffer a –2 penalty to attack rolls.

**Undead:** Immune to effects that affect living creatures (e.g. poison). Immune to mind-affecting or mind-reading spells (e.g. *charm*, *hold*, *sleep*).

**Regeneration:** 1hp per round, even when reduced to 0hp or less.

**Kill it with Fire:** Cannot regenerate fire damage.

### The Treasure Hoard

**Ancient coins:** Marked with the King of Brackenwold: 2,000sp, 3,000gp.

**6 bronze torcs:** Studded with rubies. Worth 500gp each.

**Twisted, ebony staff:** Capped with gold. Allows a divine spell-caster to cast *darkness* once a day, but carries a curse that causes the owner to only be able to cast reversed spells.

## 1410—TODO

Aldweald — Tangled Forest — Lost 2-in-6 — Encounters 2-in-6

TODO.

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Barely discernible remnants of pathway crisscross the hills—signs of ancient habitation here.

**Terrain:** Hills, Table Downs

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

## Ruined Hamlet

The Downs Road descends a gently sloping hillside and passes through a small cluster of ruined buildings centred around a rocky pool (see *Healing Spring*).

**Ruined buildings:** Homes, barns, and workshops, their stone walls crumbling and wind howling through their gaping orifices. Interior furnishings are long decayed. Religious characters may note that there is no sign of a church or graveyard among the ruins.

**Skeletal inhabitants:** The ruins are littered with intact human skeletons, seemingly the deceased inhabitants of the hamlet, posed in the midst of their day-to-day activities: pushing a wheelbarrow, digging turnips, tiling a roof, fetching water from the pool, weaving woollen yarn, and so on.

**Speaking:** If anyone speaks within the hamlet, the skeletons animate. (See *The Dead Rise*.)

## The Dead Rise

When awakened by speech, the deceased inhabitants of the hamlet (**30 skeletons—OSE**) unfreeze from their poses, dust off their decaying rags, and haltingly approach living visitors.

**Greetings:** The skeletons speak with the sound of rattling teeth, addressing visitors in Old Woldish (speakers of modern Woldish understand the odd word). They welcome visitors to their hamlet, which they refer to as “Chancton”. They ask the visitors where they hail from and invite them for refreshments in the tavern and to join a barn dance later that evening.

**Refreshments:** PCs who accept the skeletons’ offer will be led into a half-collapsed building and jovially served empty mugs of “Chancton ale” and empty plates of “sausage stew”.

TODO: Illustration



**If asked about their history:** It becomes clear that the skeletons have no idea that they are dead and no memory of their fate. If confronted with this fact, the skeletons laugh amiably, either dismissing the visitors’ “fancy Brick-enwilde humour” or warning that their senses have been addled by “too much time spent in the Tolmenwode”.

**Barn dance:** PCs who linger in the hamlet until the evening may join the skeletons in a dance in a lichen-clad, cobweb-filled barn, accompanied by the din of a broken fiddle and spoons clanking on rusty trays. The skeletons are eager to dance with visitors, and may even make marriage proposals to any they deem eligible.

**Moonlit bath:** The evening’s festivities culminate in a “recuperative bath” in the rocky pool at the centre of the hamlet. (See *Healing Spring*.)

**Staying the night:** If PCs enquire about overnight accommodations, the skeletons offer them pallets of desiccated straw in the tavern’s mostly-intact back room. They proudly refuse any payment. The remainder of the night passes uneventfully.

**Leaving the hamlet:** Whenever PCs decide to leave the hamlet, the skeletons will wistfully bid them farewell, return to their regular tasks (digging, building, weaving, etc.), and eventually stand once more still in death.

## Healing Spring

In the centre of the hamlet, a spring bubbles up from the rocky ground, forms a shallow pool ringed with boulders, then flows in a small stream to join with Kewen’s Creek to the south.

**Bathing in the pool:** Lawful characters who bathe in the bubbling waters are blessed with either the curing of a disease (including magical diseases) or the healing of 1d6+1 hit points. Non-lawful characters are not affected, nor, sadly, are the dead.



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 bicornie 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.

Tree trunks covered with whorls and holes having the unsettling appearance of eyes and mouths.

**Terrain:** Tangled 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** (see 1502) in pursuit of 2d6 fairy foxes.

## Fairy Foxes

The fairy **Duke Mai-Fleur** (p30) keeps this region of his mortal hunting grounds stocked with a dangerous species of game: a breed of intelligent, anthropomorphic, **fairy fox**, some 100 in total.

## Trapping the Trappers

The cunning fairy foxes attempt to confound the hunters by strewing the forest with traps.

**Encountering traps:** PCs travelling or exploring in this hex encounter 1d3 traps. For each trap, roll 1d6: 1-3: a random PC is caught in the trap, 4-5: the party unknowingly avoids the trap, 6: the party spots the trap.

**Caught in a trap:** The character is snared in a net or by the ankle and yanked 20' into the air. 1d6 **fairy foxes** quickly emerge to ambush their prey.

**Avoiding traps:** PCs who halve their travel speed can spot and avoid any traps.

## Fairy Fox Dens (Hidden)

The entire hex is riddled with cunningly hidden burrows where the fairy foxes lair.

**Entering:** Only creatures of 3' tall or less can squeeze down the tunnels that lead to the fairy foxes' dens.

**Inside the dens:** Each den is home to 2d4 **fairy foxes**, dwelling in a network of long, sandy tunnels, cosy lounges with wood-crafted furnishings, little bedchambers with straw nests, and larders stocked with hanging pheasants and rabbits.

**Treasures:** Hidden in each den are: 1d6 gems (50gp each), 1d100gp, 1d100pp, and 1d4 trinkets (see the *Dolmenwood Player's Book*).

### Fairy Foxes

2' tall, silver-furred humanoid foxes with pink eyes and jaws of vicious little teeth.

**AC** 7 [12] **HD** ½ (2hp) **Att** 1 × bite (1d4) or 1 × sling (1d4) **THACO** 19 [0] **MV** 120' (40') **SV** D14 W15 P16 B17 S18 (NH) **ML** 8 **AL** Neutral **XP** 5

**Surprise:** On a 1-4, due to stealth.

**Pure iron:** As fairies, fairy foxes suffer 1 extra point of damage when hit with weapons of pure iron.

**Tactics:** The foxes favour vicious hit-and-run attacks, striking and then retreating into their burrows.



TODO: Illustration

# 1504—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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# 1505—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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# 1506—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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# 1507—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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# 1508—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 1509—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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# 1601—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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Paths wind around, up, and down a series of rugged hills dotted with wonky cairns.

**Terrain:** Hilly forest, Aldweald

**Lost/Encounters:** 2-in-6. Encounters are 3-in-6 likely to be with **1d3 witches** (see the *Dolmenwood Monster Book*); these are brides of Hasturriel on pilgrimage here.

### The Sacred Hill

A low hill surrounded by dense thorn trees is situated close to the centre of this hex. All witches consider this a sacred site, calling it the Hill of Henlann. While the hill lies within the hunting grounds of the fairy Duke Mai-Fleur (p30), the duke and the witches pay one another scant attention.

**Ascending the hill:** Males feel their throats dry and contract; speech is hoarse and stammering.

**Urn and skulls:** At the crest of the hill stands a massive white marble urn surrounded by a grisly collection of skulls.

### Skulls Atop the Hill

The skulls are actually those of thirty-five corpses, each buried up to its neck.

**Bleached and weathered:** All of the heads are heavily weathered and bleached completely white, having been exposed to the elements, carrion birds, and other scavengers who dwell in the area.

**Missing jaws:** Most of the skulls are without jaws, though several are partially attached by leather-like ligaments or green cords of copper wire.

**Varnished with blood:** The skulls are coated in a varnish of dried blood. This is the menstrual blood of witches who serve the Gwyrigon Hasturriel Thrice-Crowned (pXXX), regularly applied to the skulls.

### Augury of the Dead

Though they are blind now in the mortal world, the dead of Henlann can observe events throughout Dolmenwood. Standing paralyzed atop a lonely mountain of black rock in limbo, they peer through the ethereal mists of death.

**Questioning the skulls:** The dead can make report of goings-on in Dolmenwood or answer specific questions. They speak in unison, a rasping chorus of whispers from beyond the grave.

**The price of their service:** Is an offering to Hasturriel, whom the thirty-five watchers serve eternally. The offering must be at least 800gp in value and may be deposited in the marble urn. Offerings dissolve into a green haze and are swept away by a forceful gust of wind.

**Contacting the Gwyrigon:** Hasturriel itself (see pXXX) may be addressed via Henlann's skull-augurs, though the Gwyrigon is only 20% likely to respond to a group of non-devotees.



### The Rosy Gate (Hidden)

A tangle of wild roses grows around a yawning cave mouth at the base of a gentle valley. Shimmering motes and rays of light play around the cave mouth.

**Approaching the cave:** Pushing through the briars to the entrance, PCs notice the summery scent of wildflowers and the cheery sound of birdsong emanating from the cave.

**Entering the cave:** Stepping over the threshold whisks one away to the fairy road Buttercup Lane (see *Fairy Roads*, p26).

TODO: Illustration



# 1603—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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# 1604—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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# 1605—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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A pleasant beech wood dotted with heaps, mounds, and spires of sandstone.

**Terrain:** Tangled forest, Aldweald

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

## The Whispering Caves

In the side of a hillock at the heart of the hex can be found the entrance to a series of caves, bored into the stone by the waters of ages past.

**Sounds of activity:** The caves are uninhabited, yet are filled with an echoing, sibilant mockery of the sounds of human habitation.

**Employing magical detection:** Reveals some unfathomable sorcery at work here.

**Whispers from Brackenwold:** The echoes heard in the caves are in fact a reproduction of what may currently be heard in the chambers of Castle Brackenwold. If PCs spend time wandering through the caves, listening, they may catch snippets of a conversation of note (see *Whispers in the Caves*). The identity of speakers should not be revealed unless the PCs have encountered them previously.

## Burned-Out Hut (Hidden)

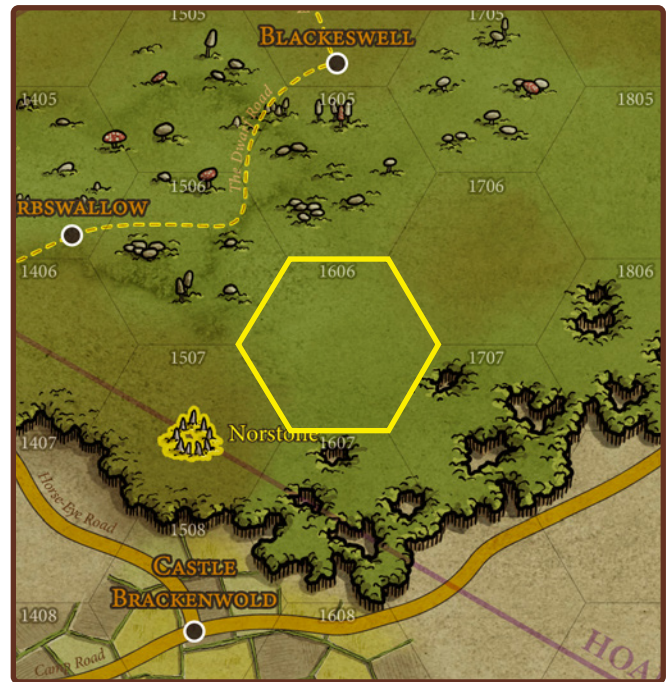
Those who wander in this hex may stumble upon the blackened remnants of a small, burned-out hut in a glade of horse chestnuts, half a mile to the south of the whispering caves.

**Moss corpse:** A curiously humanoid mound of moss flourishes on the forest floor a few yards from the ruined hut. It radiates witch magic, to those who can detect such things. One versed in the lore of the witches may realise that the mound is the remnant of a slain moss fetch -- a doppelgänger created by a witch to impersonate herself.

**The hut:** Appears to have been razed within the last six months. Its interior is overrun with freshly sprouted nettles. Buried in the ashes is a sealed tin box containing a 6" tall corn dolly with a lock of black hair braided into it. If released from the box, the dolly wails "mistress!" in a faint, shrill voice. If placed upon the ground, it will find its way to the location of its mistress in hex 1707 (though its tiny legs can only carry it at a rate of 1 mile per day).

**History:** A witch named Joab dwelt here until recently. She knew the secret of the whispering caves and used the overheard whispers for blackmail, until word of her intrigue got to the bishop. Inquisitors were sent to eradicate her, unknowingly slaying her doppelgänger. Joab is now in hiding in hex 1707.

**TODO: Illustration**



## Whispers in the Caves (d6)

### d6 Overheard

- 1 A noblewoman (cousin of the duke), in discussing her niece with a woman with a common accent (servant), says that she "shows promise", and should be "introduced to the library" (see *The Witches' Library*, p92). The second woman warns of the rise of witch-hunting under Bishop Sanguine (p51).
- 2 An elderly man with a grave, admonishing tone (Bishop Sanguine—p51) mentions "the oubliette" (p92) to a middle-aged, regal man (Duke Thespian—p56), who then begins to sob.
- 3 A gruff man (Captain Merriman Bogle—p93) confides to a deferential man (soldier) his belief that the "atrocities" of harsh goat-lord rule in Lankshorn (pXXX) make war "unavoidable", and thus Lord Malbleat (p62) will be "neutralized". The other man agrees, addressing the gruff man as "captain".
- 4 A soft-spoken man (Abbott Hargle—p51) tells a nervous man (acolyte) that Bishop Sanguine's zeal to destroy the Drune is "perhaps wrong-headed, possibly tragic", based on his research of "ancient, mutual obligations" (i.e. the Triple Compact) between the Drune and the Church. The nervous man counsels caution, addressing the soft-spoken man as "father".
- 5 A matronly woman recounts the tale of "poor Lady Persimone" (the firstborn child of the duke and duchess), who died of terror as a girl following a visitation by the banshee which haunts the castle. A gaggle of serving girls gasp. (False. Persimone was, in truth, a victim of the curse of the oubliette—p92.)
- 6 A noble-accented goatman (emissary of Lord Ramius—pXXX) presenting a gift to a young noblewoman (the Lady Zoemina—daughter of the duke), "from milady's humble admirer in the High Wold, with the hope that it pleases her". The lady murmurs appreciatively.

# 1607—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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# 1608—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 1701—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 1702—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 1703—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 1704—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 1705—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 1706 MOSS DWARFS AND THE YELLOW MONOLITH

Sodden ground, impenetrable bramble thickets. Winding paths with little wooden bridges and walkways.

**Terrain:** Boggy forest, Mulchgrove

**Lost/Encounters:** 3-in-6. Encounters are 2-in-6 likely to be with squirrels and raccoons attempting to pilfer small items from passersby (25% chance of success). These animals are in the service of the moss dwarfs that dwell in this hex, who have trained them in thievery.

**Foraging:** Successful foraging yields 1d6 portions of *speckled sporange* (see pXXX), in addition to the normal results.

### Moss Dwarf Burrows

A few dozen **moss dwarf** (DMB) families make their homes in this region at the edge of Mulchgrove, living in burrows beneath the boles of ancient, moss-bearded trees.

**Limby, the Master of Locks:** One especially labyrinthine burrow is home to Limby, regarded as the most cunning of the moss dwarfs and famed as the “Master of Locks”. Limby dwells amid the crowded clutter of his key cutting workshops with his wife Griselda and their sixteen children and grandchildren.

**Klimbim, the Claywife:** In a root-tangled burrow of sandy chambers dwells Klimbim, renowned for her remarkable ability to identify the ingredients of potions and brews. She is known as the Claywife, on account of her 11 “husbands”—slimy, semi-humanoid mounds that she has fashioned to do her bidding.

TODO: Illustration

### The Yellow Vorpal Monolith

In the west of this hex, a 20'-high spectral monolith of golden light stands in a grove of moss-smothered oaks. This is one of the mysterious vorpal monoliths that trace an emergent fifth ley line in Dolmenwood (see *Vorpal Monoliths*, p21). In winter, spring, and summer, the monolith is a mere shimmering figment. In the autumn, it becomes semi-corporeal.

**Viewing:** All who behold the monolith in the autumn must **save versus spells**. Arcane spell-casters gain a +2 bonus. Those who fail are transmuted into a dragonfly for 24 hours.

**Touching:** In its autumn manifestation, the monolith's partially tangible surface feels like tepid gel. Any charm spell cast while touching the monolith will form a permanent binding. There is a 2-in-6 chance of each creature charmed in this manner joining into telepathic contact with all others enchanted in this way and turning against those who enchanted them. In other seasons, a PC touching the monolith's diaphanous outline will temporarily experience the crisp coolness of an autumn morn.



#### Limby, the Master of Locks

A small, wizened, old dwarf aged over three centuries. His eyes are now blind—furred over with orange fungus—his beard of moss reaches down to his toes and is home to centipedes and mice, and his ears are grown larger than his hands.

**Demeanour (Lawful):** Kindly, absent-minded. Periodically falls asleep mid-conversation.

**Speech:** Whistling rasp. Woldish, Mulch.

**Desires:** For his middle-aged daughter to marry a wizard. To drink once more in the Sombre Lamb in Orbswallow (pXXX), as he did in his youth.

**Knowledge:** Limby is a master lock singer. His charms can coax any lock in Dolmenwood to open.

#### Klimbim, the Claywife

A hearty, rotund dwarf in the lazy ease of her middle age. Her hair is a jumble of matted, brown fibre, her toes (she wears no shoes) are like shiny conkers, and her lips are festooned with purple bracket fungi.

**Demeanour (Neutral):** Wide-eyed, curious, fidgety.

**Speech:** Jumps between topics, unabashedly intimate. Woldish, Mulch.

**Desires:** To learn the secret of granting sentience to her clay husbands. To locate her friend, the witch Joab, whose hut (hex 1606) was razed. Covets gems.

**Knowledge:** Klimbim can identify the ingredients in any herbal admixture or potion by means of a deep olfactory analysis taking 2d12 hours.

# 1707—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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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.



Dreary, teal-leafed willow trees, their great, sweeping boughs drifting in a gentle breeze.

**Terrain:** Boggy forest, Aldweald

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

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

## Chateau Mauvesse

The trail from Meagre's Reach wends its way through marshes, climbs a rocky incline, and ultimately leads to a sprawling, antiquated, manorial estate of many tiers, overlooking the Dark Mirror. This is the home of **Ygraine Mordlin** (pXXX).

**Wall and gates:** A great brick wall, overgrown with ivy, surrounds the chateau's grounds. The iron gates, wrought in serpentine forms, magically swing open, allowing entrance to any who dare.

**Fungal gardens:** The manor's gardens have fallen out of use and have become overgrown with brilliant, phosphorescent bracket mushrooms.

**The chateau:** The chateau's violet masonry shimmers as though always cast in the light of an unobscured sunset, falling only into darkness when the moon is high.

**The front door:** Polished greenish wood with a brass, imp-faced doorknob. The doorknob speaks, bidding visitors welcome as the door swings open.

## Inside the Chateau

The interior is lavish—fine carpets over marble and granite flags—but the atmosphere is subdued. Courtly music and sounds of merrymaking echo through the halls, though their source is hard to locate.

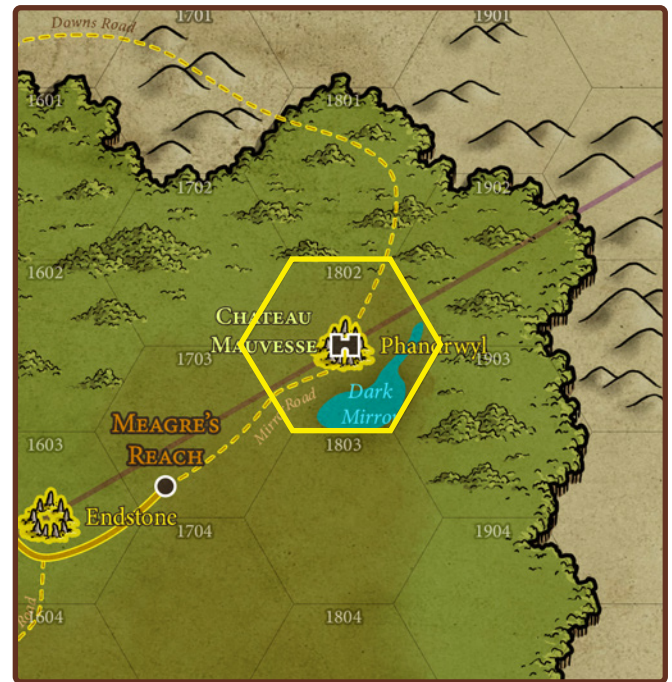
**Inhabitants:** Fairy courtiers and emissaries, visiting Ygraine. A small number of servants (of possible fairy origin) tending to guests' needs. Rugs and furnishings seem to move and clean themselves.

**The Lady Ygraine:** Is invariably indisposed, playing host to a continuous and fatiguing array of eminent fairies. She may make time to consult on matters occult.

**The great hall:** Many frescos of foreign lands line the walls, depicting images of deserts, jungles, and strange arctic skies. At the end of the great hall sits a dais and a throne upon it, where the Lady Ygraine holds her court.

**The dining hall:** Adjacent to the main hall is a grand dining hall with a large round table of fairy make. At the table sit twenty chairs of faintly glimmering fairy wood, each carved with the likeness of an important fairy personage (including each of the nobles described under *Fairy Nobles and Their Dominions*, p30).

**The nodal crypt:** In a secret crypt amid the chateau's foundations stands the obsidian obelisk called Phandrwyl—the hidden fifth nodal of the ley line Ywyr. The crypt is warded by such dread magic that even the Drune do not know of the stone's existence. Ygraine draws much of her power hence.



**Guest rooms, libraries, cloisters:** Half a dozen floors filled with guest rooms and amenities for those staying in the chateau, a few private libraries, a small set of religious cloisters for deities pagan, foreign, and that of the Church.

**Studios:** An art studio of half-finished portraits and a small museum to the pottery of ancient goatfolk.

**Postern gate:** Manned by speaking owls, leading to a sharp drop over the Dark Mirror.

**The chambers of Ygraine:** Above this all, and accessible to few, is the spiral staircase which leads into the highest tower of the chateau. Overlooking the Dark Mirror, within dwells Ygraine, the Sorceress.

## The Dark Mirror

Below Chateau Mauvesse runs the Dark Mirror. The lake's blackened waters are illuminated by the glamour of starlight, and perpetually reveal a reflection of a benighted sky, even in the day. The lake is part of the mortal dominion of the Duke Who Cherishes Dreams, a fairy noble and sometime ally of Ygraine.

## The Dark Mirror At Night

There is a 3-in-6 chance that several of the Duke's pale, swan-like ships will slowly take form on the lake.

**Dredging of dreams:** The ships' fairy sailors dredge the lake, collecting the dreams of the mortal folk of Dolmenwood which pool here, for inclusion in the Duke's libraries.

**Passengers and cargo:** While once the ships ferried the Duke's courtiers, tribute, and gifts of friendship to the chateau, and at times even the Duke himself, they now carry only spies and diplomats, due to the current unease between the Duke and Ygraine (pXXX).

**Entry to Fairy:** Those boarding the ships will be transported to Hypnagogia, the Fairy domain of the Duke Who Cherishes Dreams.



## 1803—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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# 1804—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 1805—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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## 1806—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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# 1901—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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# 1902—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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# 1903—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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# 1904—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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# 1905—TODO

TODO Region — TODO Terrain — Lost TODO-in-6 — Encounters TODO-in-6

TODO flavour text.

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Butterflies flit through spacious glades. In winter, their wings are rimed with hoarfrost.

**Terrain:** Open forest, Aldweald

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

## Abandoned Campsite

A glade near the forest edge contains an encampment of eight wagons of varying sizes, painted in what were once bright colours, now dulled by extensive weathering.

**Five enclosed wagons:** With doors and windows, eclectically adorned with baroque woodwork.

**Three cage-wagons:** Rusty cages, atop wagon bases. Large enough to house great beasts. The cages are unlocked and contain only parched straw.

**Lettering:** Painted on the sides of the wagons, in large, red and yellow, highly-stylized letters, are the words "Wetherbrooke's Wild World of Wonders".

**How did they get here?:** There is no path between the trees by which the wagons might have arrived here.

## Inside the Enclosed Wagons

All the enclosed wagon interiors are ransacked, covered in cobwebs, and strewn with animal droppings.

**Blue wagon with partial second storey:** Empty food stores and office (desk and overturned chair), with a very steep staircase leading to a bedroom. In the desk is a water-damaged financial ledger. Under the bed is a locked wooden strongbox, easily forced open, containing 205sp.

**Two long orange wagons:** Tightly packed bunks line the walls, some containing small animal nests. The far end of each wagon is partitioned into a pair of tiny bedrooms, containing: 1. A rack holding a whip (1d6 damage, range 10', enchanted +2 to attack and damage rolls against great cats only); 2. Barbells with hollow wooden weights painted to look like iron; 3. A half-empty vial of chartreuse liquid sitting on a makeup table (if consumed, **save versus poison** or die within 1d4 turns); 4. The image of a ghastly, grinning clown face painted on the wall in lurid tones, immediately next to a tarnished mirror.

**Short black wagon with purple trim:** Embroidered cloth-covered table with cracked crystal ball and bed behind curtain. Stale smell of incense. Upon entering, a disembodied female voice shrieks, urging PCs to flee the encampment immediately. Under the table is a hollow fake thumb holding a gem (25gp).

**Large white wagon:** Empty crates; dried-out, brittle leather tent-bundling straps.

## Big Top

An adjoining glade is filled by a bright red circus tent in perfect condition, its flap open invitingly.

**Music:** At once energetic and wistful emanates from the doorway.

**Magically rooted:** The ropes and spikes holding up the tent are immovable and indestructible.



TODO: Illustration

## Inside the Tent

Wooden benches and bales of hay surround a circus ring.

**Spectral performers and animals:** Wink into and out of existence, the humans' faces all grimaces of unceasing despair and terror. Acts include (roll 1d6): 1. Two tigers with tamer; 2. Clowns juggling torches and knives; 3. Acrobats forming a human pyramid; 4. Elephant performing tricks; 5. Strongman lifting barbells; 6. Fire-eater. The show is seemingly unending.

**An audience of spectral fey creatures:** Cheers and claps appreciatively.

**Ringmaster:** An apparition of a tall and wiry elf in a top hat and garish red long-tailed suit soon approaches, demanding both a fee for the performance and an "honest assessment" of the show.

**Tribute or trouble:** If the characters hand over 20gp per PC and offer effusive praise, the ringmaster will salute their "refinement and taste" and allow them to view the performances for as long as they like. Otherwise, his face will elongate and widen into a giant, distorted parody of ire. **2 tigers (OSE)** will become corporeal and attack, as the spectators roar with excitement.

**Defeating the tigers:** Will cause the audience to erupt in booing. They and the circus vanish, and the tent collapses. Only the ringmaster's empty suit remains, alongside a sack containing 320gp and 512 human teeth.

**Fleeing:** The tigers will pursue PCs for up to 10 rounds, before vanishing.