

# Fair Folk & Other Fey & Creatures

An Old School Zine



DESIGNED FOR USE WITH

**OLD-SCHOOL  
ESSENTIALS**

2  
Issue



# FAIR FOLK

## ISSUE 2

### Writing

Simple Goblin  
Brian Yaksha  
Thomas Small

### Editing

Brian Yaksha  
Thomas Small  
Kieran Mayo

### Layout

Simple Goblin  
Chloe Pope

### Special Thanks

Chloe Pope  
Danaé Peters  
Kieran Mayo  
Thomas Small

### Public Domain Art

*Cover -*  
R. Doyle

*Interior Illustrations -*  
John D. Batten, Ludwig  
Richter, Arthur Rackham,  
Jessie Willcox Smith

*Graphic Elements -*  
Harold Nelson

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# OFF WITH THE FAERIES



## Time in Faerie

Time flows strangely in the realm of Faerie, unmoored as it is from the iron rules that govern the mortal realm. Many have enjoyed a month-long jaunt into the fey lands only to return mere moments after they left. But tragically, others have spent commensurate amounts of time, only to return to find a world that has bore centuries in their absence, leaving them unmoored and out of time.

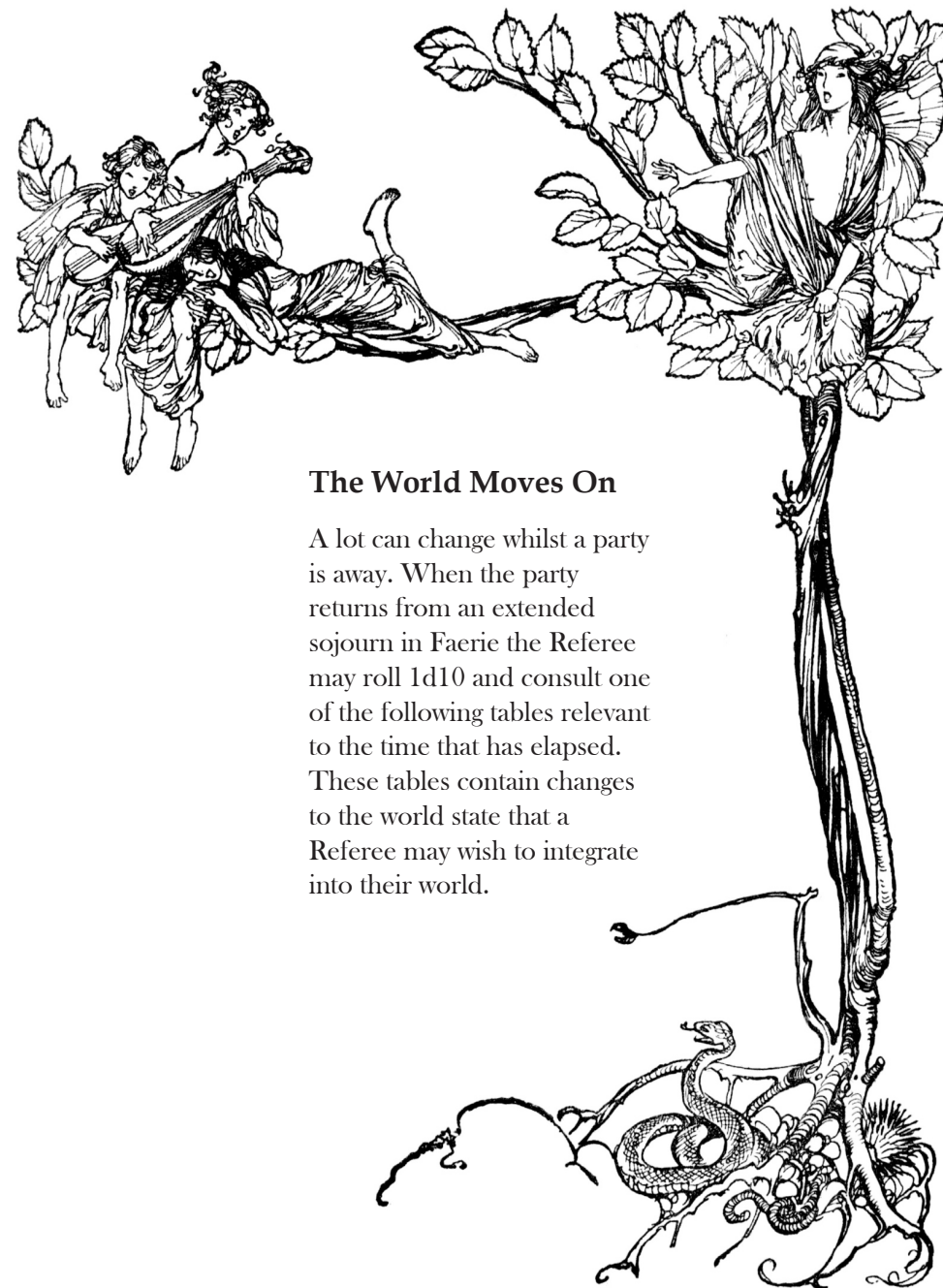
When a party returns from Faerie, roll on Figure 2 to see how much time has elapsed since they left the mortal realm. The amount of time the party spent in Faerie determines the dice used to roll. (See Figure 1)

Figure 1

Time in Faerie	Dice Rolled
Less than a day	1d4
A day or more	1d6
A week or more	1d8
A month or more	1d10

Figure 2

Dice Result	Time Elapsed
1	Mere moments
2	Commiserate
3	D20 hours
4	D6 days
5	D4 weeks
6	D6 months
7	D12 months
8	D10 years
9	D100 years
10	D4 centuries



## The World Moves On

A lot can change whilst a party is away. When the party returns from an extended sojourn in Faerie the Referee may roll 1d10 and consult one of the following tables relevant to the time that has elapsed. These tables contain changes to the world state that a Referee may wish to integrate into their world.



## WEEKS



- 1 A brawl at the tavern has left 1d3 people dead. The murderer escaped justice and has since fled towards the lawless hinterlands.
- 2 The local castle played host to a modest tourney. Most local knights were in attendance and the small folk put on their associated revelry.
- 3 The Goblin Market's trollish guards were given a rare day off to blow off steam. As such, several prized local livestock have been carried off or left brutalised, and some folk of a travelling bent are missing and presumed eaten. One of the trolls is still at large at a local crossing, wanted by both mortal and Goblin authorities.
- 4 A mysterious fire blazed across the countryside, dealing irreparable harm to large swaths of the village. Rebuilding efforts are underway, but morale is abysmal.
- 5 Several children have gone missing and the stricken families have pooled their meagre resources in hopes of paying adventuring types to find them. The children themselves have been cursed to live as hounds by an elven sorcerer who grew tired of the youths playing noisily near her favourite brook.



## WEEKS



- 6 Search parties were organised to look for the party by anyone who knew where they were headed. If the party is well regarded then there is a 70% chance the search parties are formed out of concern rather than the desire to loot corpses.
- 7 A friend or loved one of the PC's has been struck by a fey illness after eating food acquired from a Goblin Market. They will waste away in d3 months unless the goblin vendor is found and convinced they broke established laws of decorum and etiquette.
- 8 A mendicant preacher (cleric, 5th level) arrived in town bearing the strange teachings of a foreign god. They thus far have had little luck spreading their gospel, but they offer their powerful clerical ability to the converted or helpful.
- 9 A Pixie clan has held a raucous festival. All fields and orchards within a mile of the festival grounds have been plundered of livestock and fruit, and all taverns for miles around have found their booze replaced with tepid pond water.
- 10 Bandits have moved into a local ruin, hill, and set up forward camps in a patch of deep wood. They now harass the local trade roads.





## MONTHS



1

People have taken to openly carrying iron knives and are exceedingly cautious of strangers, only giving their names if the stranger offers theirs first. Lands beyond the markers of civilisation are considered “fey-haunted” by those who travel the roads.

2

A company of former sellswords has taken over a small walled town and begun ruling it like a petty fief. They have no desire to move on or return to mercenary work, but they also lack any skill at leading a community who view them as conquerors.

3

A poor season and a long period of inclement weather, storms and floods, has blighted the land and damaged the stockpiles. Starvation looms and the cost of basic provisions has tripled.

4

Migrants and refugees stream into the realm from the wild hinterlands beyond the borders, victims of increased raids from wild marauders in lands even further beyond.

5

A strange hound has taken residence on the outskirts of a backwater hamlet. Those who travel to and from the hamlet carry rumors of it, as it stays strangely in their memories. Some say it keeps the wolves at bay, others say it leads children through the fields at night in strange processions, most say it sometimes speaks in a tongue as old as the wind. By and large all of these rumours seem to be true.



## MONTHS



6

A pair of local mothers each birthed a set of twins on the night of the harvest moon. Locals gossip about the auspicious nature of this event and contemplate what it means for the nature of the children born. There is a 75% chance that this is a mundane although unlikely coincidence, and a 25% chance that the children all share an otherworldly sire.

7

A perfidious wizard has laid claim to the tallest building in the area, and proclaimed it their tower sanctum. The wizard has already acquired a reputation for being crotchety, unpleasant, generally unhelpful, and quite possibly mad.

8

The land is in the throes of a grand seasonal festival. Revelry runs thick in the air and even the fair folk cannot help but join the celebration in their own peculiar ways.

9

A string of robberies and thefts have put the community on edge, with tensions running high and any strange behaviour is as likely to draw an accusation of thievery as it will draw the swift application of mob justice. The true culprit was but a single mortal thief of adequate skill, who has recently left the area due to having taken all they found of worth. The locals remain unaware of this.

10

The Goblin Market came to town! The local economy has been flooded with a variety of strange magical curios and cursed objects. Too many have brokered deals and offered oaths with goblin merchants; leading to fortunes made and lost - often in the same night.



## YEARS



1

Years of famine and misfortune have diminished the local villages, causing some to be abandoned altogether. Many of the poor and hungry masses have flocked to the nearest large town, leading to a sizeable population of the poor and exploited.

2

A local mortal has gone and got themselves hitched with a faery spouse, becoming wealthy from the elfin dowry. Though the couple have borne many beautiful children, the mortal spouse is bound to the letter of a byzantine marriage contract and thus engages in a variety of odd behaviour. Rumour is the faery spouse wishes an end to their enchanted nuptials.

3

A band of adventurers turned grifters have flooded the realm with largely counterfeit treasure maps which have already sent many young, foolhardy souls to their dooms. Each map has a 2-in-6 chance of leading to a legitimate treasure location, but all maps lead somewhere dangerous. These con men toast the success of their schemes in the most expensive tavern in the area.

4

The local woods have become the favoured hunting ground of a faery noble. The locals have learned to flee indoors when the mist rolls in, lest they be the quarry.

5

A noble's daughter swapped places with an almost identical peasant girl. The deception was discovered quickly due to the peasants girls lack of courtly knowledge, but the noble's daughter is still at large. Her lord father is still offering a desperately high reward for her whereabouts, despite how long she has been vanished. The noble's daughter is now a 4th level rogue who often sells her services as a hireling in the coaching inns and dingy taverns of the region.



## YEARS



6

A rakish charlatan has run amok and since departed the region. During his "grand tour" he has sired 1d6+6 children, all with his distinctive features, with women wed and unwed alike. The charlatan promised each mother that he would support their child with his fortune, but not a single silver has been seen by any of them. These spurned women have since banded together and pooled resources to hire someone to track down the foul rake and retrieve what is owed.

7

The region is just now finally recovering from the gouging horror of the white-eye plague. Almost every family has lost a member to the sickness. Survivors are left blind and weeping from their milky eyes. All important NPCs have a 35% chance of having contracted the plague at some point. If contracted the disease has a 70% mortality rate and if survived there is a 80% chance of permanent blindness.

8

Loved ones of party members have held funerals for the missing, provided it was within their means. The party is legally dead in any records where they would otherwise appear.

9

A necromancer long rumoured to dwell amongst the ancient barrows has in recent years grown bold. These grounds, already maligned and feared, have become deeply infested by lost spirits and the walking dead who gather in unclean numbers.

10

A new Lord claims dominion of the area after an expensive conquest. The Lord levies heavy taxes to repay debts incurred during the campaign and their erstwhile mercenaries have been forced to stick around to collect their promised wages.



## DECADES



1

The local area has now long enjoyed a bit of fame due the sweetness of its milks, blessed as it is by fair folk. Milk based recipes have become regional staples and the export of the milk has become a brisk business. A spiteful sprite, spurned as it was by a village, now seeks to end this.

2

The realm has been plagued by frequent raids by marauders from the hinterlands. They appear in bands of d6 X 10 led by a barbarian of 3rd level and attack villages to carry off wealth, livestock and people with useful skills. They grow bolder with each passing year.

3

Due to misfortune and cruel fate, a mere child has ascended the throne and assumed the mantle of royal dignity. Naturally this has led to instability throughout the kingdom as lords openly vie against each other and pretenders gather allies for their own bid to the throne.

4

Two prominent families have entered a bloody feud following the tragic aftermath of an otherwise sporting duel. Since then the families have been stuck in an ever escalating cycle of retaliation which has dragged many other families into the conflict.

5

A change in regimes has seen trade with a previously hostile nation made commonplace. As merchants and foreigners become ubiquitous in the taverns and on the roads of both realms, so too does their foreign slang become common in the local dialect.



## DECADES



6

A young drake has made its home in the nearest mountain range or patch of hill country. The drake has thus far contented itself with the theft of livestock, but the locals fear that it will soon come into it's full fire and nobility fear that it will soon seek wealth to hoard.

7

A heresy has become prominent in the region, even attracting some support from the priestly and noble classes. Heartland ecclesiastical authorities have a dim view of these believers and talks of an inquisition or crusade are abound.

8

A tip from a friendly knocker troupe has led to the discovery of a bountiful silver vein. A rude and ready boom town has sprung up around the new mine and tensions are high as the nobility and new-money burghers squabble over the riches.

9

A series of costly wars and natural disasters in a neighbouring land has diverted a profitable trade route into the region. Previously exotic goods have become commonplace for the well off and the region's overall wealth has increased considerably.

10

An Elfin lord has taken to holding court in a patch of deep wood that was always connected to their realm but long neglected. Strange faerie bylaws govern this wood now and the Elfin lord has been known to demand a variety of odd goods and services from his mortal "subjects" in the surrounding area.



## CENTURIES



1

The region has undergone a massive linguistic shift. The common language of the PC's has become a language of scholars or of liturgy or has become utterly abandoned. The new common language is somewhat intelligible but the party will at most get snatches of sentences until they learn this new tongue.

2

Standing stones were raised alongside the roads throughout the realm, with each bearing the carved faces of bearded men. Much superstition has been attributed to the stones. Most believe them to be benign, the faces of ancient kings, or friendly pilgrims to accompany travellers. In truth, the stones serve a faery lord as his eyes in the mortal realm, but time has granted them an enchanted sentience and a grandparent's attitude to pilgrims who visit them.

3

The religious tenets of a distant land have attracted a small but widespread and fanatically loyal following. They practice in secret but proselytise amongst the poor to whom they give aid.

4

The kingdom has adopted a new form of currency, whether that be a new standard of coinage or a shift to paper currency. The money carried by the party is considered antique but can still be used in most places, although conversion rates are not favourable.

5

A generation ago, explorers discovered a land mass where none was previously recorded. Its coastline is dotted with colossal ruins, and interior exploration of the region has been intermittent and ill-fated. Nevertheless, an enclave for trade and exploration has been established in the ruins of a coastal citadel, ruled by representatives of the world's major seafaring powers.



## CENTURIES



6

A Pooka has settled in the area and has attracted a modest but well established harvest cult. Many generations have grown up with the Pooka blessing their harvests, but the faery has recently felt that offerings to it have been subpar and so has left in protest. Locals quail and scramble for ways to ensure the Pooka's return.

7

A venerable dynasty was deposed after a long and bloody civil war. A new republic has established itself and created a measure of stability and legitimacy, but royalists hiding in far off lands seek to appoint a far removed bloodline heir back on the throne.

8

A grand exodus and cultural diaspora from the untamed hinterlands has led to the collapse of several kingdoms and the birth of a dozen or so migrant kingdoms in their place. The cultures present in these lands previously have been subsumed into this new cultural sphere but many older practices remain.

9

In the decades the party was absent, an evil rose and threatened to plunge the realm into darkness. A fellowship of brave heroes fought back against this evil and prevailed, cementing themselves as celebrated paragons. Time has since claimed most if not all of their lives, but their deeds live on in monument and song.

10

The march of technological progress continued in the party's absence. Innovations once little more than dreams; firearms, painless surgeries, locomotive travel, efficient and modern infrastructures have been attained—alongside all the societal troubles such industrialisation brings.



## MAGIC ITEMS

Knocker's Compass - It's unclear whether this device was made by or was simply used by knockers. The needle of this compass points inexorably towards the nearest sources of concentrated mineral wealth such as gold and silver. A useful item for a knocker to have.

Taliesin's Door - A small free standing door frame that shrinks anyone who walks through it to a few inches tall, and grows anyone who walks back through to their original size. When returning to their original size there is a 3-in-6 chance that the user will lose an inch off their height during the process. The wizard Taliesin was a famous fey-friend and used this magical device to enter the abodes of his many diminutive fellows. It is said that by the end of his long life Taliesin was rather diminutive himself.

Hobb Broom - A stout twig broom with a knobbly handle, worn smooth with use. Can be used to sweep away illusions as well as functioning as an incredibly good mundane broom. A labourer making use of a Hobb broom for the purposes of a hard day's work can accomplish their task in 1/4th the amount of time or with only 1/4th the amount of exhaustion such labour would ordinarily entail.

Beggar's Sash - It is said this simple sash was created by the wizard Vortigern when he grew tired of being accosted during his frequent trips through Faerie. When worn, intelligent creatures will see the wearer as something unseemly and attempt to ignore or avoid them, like a nobleman ignoring a starving urchin.



Trapped Faery Blade - A faery soul bound to an iron blade as eternal punishment. The blade burns with the soul's white hot agony when wielded, dealing +2 magical fire damage. The faery's torment is somewhat lessened when it sits in its scabbard. Due to this, the blade wishes to avoid conflict at all cost and will whisper surprisingly cogent diplomatic advice to its wielder to avoid such scraps.

Spriggan-Rock - A large chunk of a spriggan's favourite stone that thrums with magical energy. Once per day, the stone may be tapped to replenish a spell slot. If this is done, or if the stone is set down on untilled earth, the spriggan will become aware of its presence and will beeline towards it with intent to retrieve the stone and indulge in retributive mayhem.

Elven Dress Shoes - A pair of delicate and immaculately clean elven slippers. When worn, these slippers levitate the wearer in the air an inch above any surface, solid or liquid, that they would walk upon. However, as an article of courtly dress, these shoes must be kept clean and stored carefully, else they may refuse to work in protest.





# FAERY BACKSTORY HOOKS



Fey creatures are a reclusive lot by and large. When they do interact with mortals however, they do tend to leave a most indelible mark— for good or for ill.

If a player wishes a fey creatures indelible mark placed on a PC they may roll 1d12 and consult the following numbered entries or simply choose one at the Referees discretion.



## 1. Goblin Child

*Born breathless, born silent. In their grief and desperation, your parents sought aid from the Goblin Market. They paid a price, one greater than you could ever imagine and one they would have gladly paid double for. All so that you might live. You gasped and wailed your first cry of life in the fey-haunted halls of the Market, among the Goblin folk who gazed upon you with a knowing avarice from that first balling breath.*

Something about your appearance or manner unnerves mortal folk but causes goblin folk to view you as kin. You gain +2 on reaction rolls against goblins but suffer -1 against mortal folk. Additionally, you have an ill-defined but unerring sense where the nearest Goblin Market hub resides.

## 2. Changeling Sibling

*It stung when your sibling vanished, and it was like a knife to your heart when none believed you when you spoke this truth. In that crib, in your home, throughout your childhood; dwelled an impostor. They grew up beautiful and vain, indolent but talented; sometimes capricious, and always cruel. No relief was had when they came of age and left home; for they had stolen your family's most valuable possession; your birthright, and your true name along with it all.*

Out in the world you have a faery sibling in possession of your family's most valuable possession. Confronting your sibling will be exceedingly difficult as they are in possession of your true name and therefore hold great power over you.



### 3. Faery Plaything

*You were plucked from a simple life and spirited away to the enchanted courts in the heart of Faerie. You were little more than a piece of exotic furniture, a dancing monkey, a curio of wounded flesh for a faery lord; something to be trotted out for the amusement of your abductor and their guests. You were forced to pick up many skills, honing some to superhuman levels; all to avoid the lash and sneer of your betters. But you could not hold their attention forever, and with little pomp or circumstance you were turfed back out into the mortal realm.*

You developed a superhuman talent whilst in the forced employ of a faery lord but picked up a strange quirk along with it. Choose a talent from the list opposite or use it as inspiration to make up your own. Any talent created must have a related ironic drawback.

Acrobatics - You are a world class acrobat but can only move around using jumps, rolls, cartwheels, pratfalls and such.

Singing - You have an almost inhumanly beautiful singing voice but when you sing or hear others sing you cannot help but weep and become wracked with sobs.

Impressively, this does not affect your performance.

Recitation - You have an encyclopaedic knowledge of poetry and great works of literature and may recite them without pause or stutter.

However, once you start reciting you may not stop until you have recited the entire work.

Music - You are a world class master of an instrument of your choice, but must have that instrument in your possession at all times or you begin to panic and cannot benefit from rest.





#### 4. Scion of the Lake

*Your father was a sullen man, for by fortune or by foolishness, he loved a maiden of the lake. She bore you and raised you until you came of age enough for your father to foster you in his home. The distance between you and he was only surmounted by the distance between your home and those enchanted waters. You both loved a maiden, a mother, who was an otherworldly creature; never fully present, and remembered only for times of joy and many a wondrous gift.*

You are hauntingly beautiful by human standards and may speak Low Faery if you cannot already. In addition you are a strong swimmer and may hold your breath for double the usual time. However, for every week that you spend without swimming in a large body of water your carrying capacity is reduced by 10 lbs. Should your carry capacity reach zero you dehydrate and die.

#### 5. Swindled by the Market

*You were looking for a deal, and by some terrible twist of fate you found yourself in a Goblin Market; alone. Coaxed by a variety of ill-informed deals and tantalised by unearthly delights that would drive a lesser mortal mad, you made many a foolish bid. When finally the market spat you out from its gullet, you were left with naught but a key of uncertain provenance and unknown purpose.*

You begin the game with a small, strange key. The key's significance, if it has any, is determined by your Referee. Goblins of the Market respond to the key with either greed, disgust, fear, or laughter. None know what it is for, but all have ideas.



## 6. Bewitched Bloodline

*Back in the mists of time, some long dead, nameless ancestor of yours did something foolish and drew the ire of a particular vindictive faery. Since that cursed day your family has known no peace. Cursed as you are, misfortune and misery follows your blood like flies to a corpse. The last of your family's meagre, diminishing wealth has recently provided you a long-awaited way to free your bloodline. You have finally received a reliable tip about a mystic with the means to identify and possibly even access your family's long tormentor.*

Whilst the vindictive faery haunts your bloodline your Referee may add a strange and unlikely twist to every failure you suffer. However, a lifetime of dealing with such torments has left you keen, giving you a +1 bonus to all saving throws.

## 7. Friend to Hobbs

*Though folktale contends that Hobbs prefer to keep to themselves, your acts of kindness and respect earned you the affection and mutual respect of the small domestic fey who dwelled in your home. They taught you a great many things: how to properly shine brass, the best way to scrub a stain from linen, and even how to find others of their kin should the need arise---so deep was the bonds you shared. Consummate natterers and gossips, your name is known by most Hobbs you encounter, and all can spare a kind word to a friend; provided you can live up to the reputation which precedes you.*

You are able to discern the subtle signs of Hobb habitation in any home, should you be investigating. Most Hobbs you encounter will be familiar with you and treat you somewhat like a distant cousin, helping you but not putting themselves in harm's way.

## 8. Pixie Chieftain

*You went drinking and soon found yourself upon the mounds, in the company of little men; and by some strange twist of fortune you awoke the morning after; no worse for the wear save for the hangover and the aching cramps of being confined within a Pixie den. The minuscule revellers, still inebriated and half-asleep in their tankards, told bawdy tales of your drunken escapades and how you stumbled upon them with manners enough to continue your debauchery. The aged clan chief of the Pixies, so impressed by your fool heart and iron liver, named you his honoured heir, married his eldest child to you, and then died, drowned in a mug of bitters while laughing upon his throne.*

A Pixie Horde, (Fair Folk, Issue 1. Page 22.) loyal to you, follows you at all times, refusing to leave your side. The swarm will do anything within their power to aid you, their chieftain;

but behaving is often beyond them and they will inevitably wreak havoc if left idle too long. Being a chieftain also confers onto you the rights of a visiting dignitary in the fey noble courts, guaranteeing significantly better treatment than a mortal would otherwise receive.







## 9. Formerly Blessed

*For generations your village toiled under the kind gaze of a faery patron. Babies were born hale and healthy, its young lovers beautiful to look upon, and its merchants especially lucky in their windfalls. All was well and all was good, until for reasons still not known, the faery's gaze departed. Now you and your people toil under the gaze of distant and uncaring gods, like every bugger else.*

You are a peasant who has lived a remarkably charmed life thus far given your station. You know your village's former patron is out there somewhere and that good times will come again should you convince them to return.

## 10. Arboreal Sire

*Your father was a man of tall tales and too many stories, and by his own telling he would often regale you of his time as a tree before he took the form of a man. Much like his many other stories, you never believed him; it was likely a parable or something even more tedious. That was, of course until, your father became a tree again. Now you curse yourself, for you cannot recall the name of the elven witch in his tale, nor the time limit she gave him on his human form---assuming you're remembering it correctly. He told them to you as a child, after all. And now you're left to question both whether a tree can be made mannish once more, and what other strange stories of his were in fact true.*

Your kindly father has been transformed into a tree that stands on the edge of your hometown. You promised your not-quite-widowed mother that you would find a way to change your father back.



## 11. Fey Admirer

*A Faery's favour is a fickle thing, and your fey "admirer" has favoured you with an unnerving consistency. Though their intentions don't appear romantic by any mortal standard, your "admirer" hounds your steps obsessively and is never far away. They rarely approach you openly, instead choosing to make their presence known by leaving strange and often deeply unsettling gifts.*

You have a faery stalker. This stalker will not approach if given a choice and will instead hover around the periphery. At night they will attempt to leave gifts near you as you sleep. There's a 2-in-6 chance this gift will be something useful like basic equipment or a small pouch of coins; otherwise the gifts will range from strange to legitimately unsettling, such as a watercolour painting of you sleeping that previous night or carved animal remains.

Please consult everyone at your table whether they are comfortable with this background being used.

If you would like to keep this background but remove the uncomfortable stalking aspect befitting the genre, the "Admirer" is instead a fairy knight or courtier who has made you a pawn in some grand scheme of Faery; their gifts of entrails or esoteric clues are them attempting to point you in a direction that favours their own plots—they don't care about your character as a person, but they may become deeply invested in the narrative idea of your character as time progresses; for better or for worse.

## 12. Head of an Ass

*Whilst you dreamt beneath the tree boughs on a midsummer's night, you suffered the cruel prank of a fey trickster. You awakened with the head of an ass, an exceptional misfortune which you've struggled through ever since. In pursuit of justice, satisfaction, or some form of reversal you found the spell was cast as some sort of joke. Given how you've suffered, you struggle to find the humour in it.*

You have the head of an ass and suffer all the mockery and social stigma that entails. Fortunately for you this curse has given an affinity for equine creatures and the ability to communicate with them in a limited fashion.



# THE GOBLIN MARKET



## Introduction: What is the Goblin Market?

The Goblin Market is a single sprawling entity, a seemingly never ending warren of plazas, pop-up stalls, merchant emporiums, bizarre grand bazaars, and wayward warehouses which are nestled like the thorny flowers of a particularly perfidious region of Faery known as “the Brambles.” It is a place of esoteric eclecticism, as odd and as variable as the goblins who dwell within it, and as equally as strange and ubiquitous as the many goods and buyers who grace it from across all known realms of existence. Any accessible point of the Goblin Market is a chaotic affair,

for the merchants do not desire stability in any form.

Shops and businesses scuttle locations over night, like gold-laden crabs seeking to arrange themselves differently upon the pile for little purpose other than posturing. Fortunes are made and lost in the blink of an eye, princes made paupers, and innovation made old hat by the ringing of the bell. Grudges and rivalries between consortiums, guilds, thieves and merchants burn bright but short; and the often (sometimes literally) explosive mischief is left to the trollish guards and any fool thick enough to offer their services as freelance troublemakers.



For all its strangeness to outsiders, the Goblin Market operates on its own internal logic that is far too mortal for anyone to politely accept the comment. It is a place of complex, long-running politics and schemes for power and position; but magnified and pulled taut to a scale nigh impossible for short-lived mortal lives to easily appreciate.



## The Brambles

The Brambles is a region of perpetual twilight where goblins and trolls dwell beneath the twisting roots of a gargantuan underbrush which sprawls across all reality like creeper vines, digging its thorns into places dark and ill-occupied. Traversing the Brambles is difficult for fey, who find the realm beneath their dignity; and impossible for mortals who can seldom rationalise or accommodate how the realm transcends their perceptions of the liminal. As a place unconquered by either force,

the Brambles play host to a variety of strange flora and fauna, the sort which have tantalised many an alchemist to madness in their lifelong search of wondrous reagents. As its thorns pierce into the dark shadows of the mortal realm, goblins have long made use of the Brambles to slink back and forth with ease and impunity. Mortals of truly knavish heart or youthful folly in wanderlust may journey into the Brambles with ease, but without a goblin to guide them they may find it quite impossible to navigate, let alone escape.

## The Goblin King

Legend attests that The Brambles is ruled by an enigmatic figure known as the Goblin King; though true knowledge about this entity is sparse. Most goblins claim the King is an immortal goblin sorcerer of great power, while many trolls believe that the King is simply the richest goblin in the market, and those elfin sorts who dare contemplate the subject contend the King is simply a personification of the strange whims and bylaws that govern The Brambles, and thus by extension the Market. In truth it doesn't matter really, as all goblins follow the King's edicts; seldom issued as they are, and all trolls are honour-bound to enforce them.



## How do you get to the Market?

There are two main ways for a mortal to find their way to the Goblin Market.

Firstly, many goblins do brisk trade as guides through The Brambles. If properly compensated, a goblin may be willing to escort a party of adventurers from the mortal realm into the market via a root-tangled portal.

The second and most common way of finding the market is stumbling across a market trading post in the mortal realm. These posts are allegedly established in shadowed ruins of old and haunted grottos, often founded by goblin merchants of an adventuring bent. These posts are usually hidden by subtle glammers, but clientele who are deemed "a good fit" for the Market tend to be able to find them via rumour and intuition, as if the Goblin Market was calling for them to attend.



## RUNNING THE GOBLIN MARKET

The Goblin Market is labyrinthine and infinite in scope, but the minuscule (though still obscenely large) localities that mortals can perceive and often find themselves in, are generally navigable. If a party wishes a jaunt into the market you can use the following procedures.

### Navigation

The mostly managed and occupied portions of a Goblin Market are split up into an uncountable amount of small plazas connected by root-shod tunnels of bare earth. These areas are uniformly bustling, with day and night having little meaning in the market's endless twilight.

Plazas are where most of the market's business is done and will generally contain a few stalls, dwellings, warehouses and mischief which change and shift seemingly in the blink of an eye. You may find tables for generating stalls and mischief on page 33.

It takes 1 turn to explore what a plaza generally has to offer, though it may take more if a party wishes to be thorough. If a party is looking for a specific good or service in the market then, unless otherwise stated by the referee, each plaza they enter has a 1-in-6 chance of containing the required stall. This chance increases by 1 for every prior stall the party has explored during their trip.

Tunnels are largely empty, serving as practical egress from one plaza to another. Mortal orienting signs may be carved into the walls, but are edited and redacted to the point of obsolescent madness. Goblin graffiti covers up the few signs which might otherwise be of use. Travelling from one plaza to another takes 1 turn, with little incident or random encounter save for perhaps a goblin clean-up crew scrubbing the walls or merchants marching from one corridor to the next.



## Wandering Monster & Market Events

Wandering Monsters are rolled as described in OSE - Dungeon Adventuring. In addition to this, a referee must also roll for a Market Event every 6 turns. Market events have a 1-in-6 chance of occurring near enough to the party that they may participate, suffer blame, or take advantage of the situation; with all other results occurring in the distance or just prior to the party's arrival. When an event occurs that is worth interacting with due to it's adjacency to the party, roll on the Market Event table opposite.

## Reaction Rolls

Reaction rolls are made as normal when wandering the market. However, whilst the market has dungeon-like qualities, it is a place of commerce that is governed by the laws of the distant but ever present Goblin King. Due to this, violent action which risks commerce or proper mischief,

is rarely taken openly and monsters and visitors alike will have to be subtle and creative with their hostile intentions should the desire for violence exist.

## Market Events

- 1 Thievery!
- 2 Flash sale. 1-in-10 chance of something useful.
- 3 Trollish guard parade. 1-in-3 chance of having a reason. Otherwise, they simply posture.
- 4 Colourful Explosion!
- 5 Excess/scarcity upturns market costs.
- 6 Desperate, faustian bargains offered.
- 7 A portal to the mortal realm opens nearby.
- 8 A market raffle is announced! (Page 43)



## Random Monster

- 1 1d12 Goblin Merchants, carrying stalls on their backs.
- 2 1d4 Trollish guards, on patrol and quite bored.
- 3 1d6 Imperious elves, hiding any interest behind facetiousness.
- 4 Small adventuring party. (Fighter, Thief, Magic-User all level 1d3).
- 5 Strange mystic, offering "true visions" but ignored by most.
- 6 2d6 Witches. 30% chance of being led by a hag.
- 7 1d2 Hobb cleaners, going about their task.
- 8 Pooka, a crusade of freed livestock in tow.
- 9 Changeling, glamoured as someone familiar to the party.
- 10 Pack of 1d8 sprite urchins. Subsist on thievery and petty scams.
- 11 1d3 Mundane mortals, utterly bewildered, asking for directions.
- 12 Hill giant, badly stooped, seeking balms or chiropractors.

## RANDOM STALL GENERATOR



To randomly generate a Goblin Market stall, roll on each of the below tables and combine the results.

### D8 Market Goods 1

- 1 Fresh produce (Strangely coloured, unearthly tastes, wrong textures, elemental or of alien planar origin.)
- 2 Exotic pets (Too smart, of planar alignments, familiars in disguise, agents of cosmic powers, endangered or extinct specimens.)
- 3 Pilfered antiques (Time-displaced, kintsugi, famous counterfeits, or items of personal sentimentality.)
- 4 Clothing (Flamboyant, organic, of antiquated fashion, of a designer's fever dreams, or glamoured beyond mortal comprehension.)
- 5 Drug paraphernalia (Miniature hookahs, musical smoke pipes, blessed smoking papers, or transdimensional snuff boxes.)
- 6 Street food (Bramble baklava, dream-dusted churros, trollbrine pickles, astral hog sausages, ouroboros bread pretzels, etc.)
- 7 Livestock (Chickens, pigs, cows, dodo birds, aurochs, sea turtles, etc.)
- 8 Liquors, ales and other intoxicating brews. (Vintage, antiquated, fermented in undeath, honeyed to slumber, or brewed in drunkard's dreams.)

## RANDOM STALL GENERATOR



### D8 Market Goods 2

- 1 Bones (Oracle bones, human bones, scrimshaw bones, dragon bones, talking bones, etc.)
- 2 Cursed amulets (Inverted religious symbols, defaced icons, scarified warding eyes, scarabs of death, saints of cowardice, etc.)
- 3 Controversial literature (Religious truths, risque drawings, revolutionary poetry, obscured historical atrocities, gossip rags)
- 4 Fortune telling and charms. (Devil's Tarot, twitching rabbits feet, albatross pendants, seven-bead amulets, barnstar pendants, ladybug jars, trusted horseshoes, grinning cat statues, etc.)
- 5 Treasure maps (To treasures lost to time, treasures long plundered, treasures thought lost, treasures yet undreamed of)
- 6 Alchemical reagents (Larvae of the soul, blessings of witches, the last love of villains, the sin shard of a hero, and other rare sorts.)
- 7 Magical toys and games (Talking puppets, oracular cards, spirit boards, animated folding paper, games of miniature strategy, etc.)
- 8 Short term labour contracts for hirelings (Indebted mortals in need of passage, out of work trolls, young goblins, unlucky knockers, displaced pooka, solitary pixie, or conspiratorial redcaps, etc.)



## RANDOM STALL GENERATOR



### D10 Associated Mischief

- 1 Price fixing.
- 2 Workers on strike.
- 3 Smuggling.
- 4 Star crossed love with a rival merchant.
- 5 Blackmail.
- 6 Poor quality goods.
- 7 Victim of a protection racket.
- 8 Counterfeiting.
- 9 Front for a fight club.
- 10 Counterfeiting.

### D6 General Pricing

- 1 Barter with goods and favours.
- 2 Cheap.
- 3 Reasonable.
- 4 Expensive.
- 5+ Esoteric and strange.



## MARKET BYLAWS

A variety of laws govern conduct in the market and are enforced by trollish guard and social taboo. Most of these laws can be found in any market town, such as laws against theft and fraudulent trade. Some of these laws are far more mercurial however, with strange rules often left unspoken and applied haphazardly. These strange and shifting bylaws are a normal part of life in the market and most locals have a knack of knowing which rules are in effect. Mortals are unfortunately not so in tune, and receive dirty looks, raised prices or even a drubbing from a trollish guard depending on the severity of their offence.

When a party enters the market, roll 1d8 on the below table to see which strange bylaw is in effect, or make up your own.

- 1 First offers, no matter how reasonable, must be rejected with great drama.
- 2 Bells must be affixed to your shoes whilst in the market. Shirking this bylaw draws accusations of thievery.
- 3 Every stall in the market must both have and advertise baby changing facilities. Inquiring about this law will draw stares into the middle distance and feverish muttering. Not again, never again.
- 4 Trollish guards must be greeted by a tip of the hat as you pass them. An un-hatted head is taken as a sign of disrespect for the law and a criminal proclivity.
- 5 Sellers must play an instrument when negotiations take place. The quality and persuasiveness of the barter is determined by how well the participants sing their case along with the music.
- 6+ No bylaw seems to be in effect, or else is it too obscure and esoteric for trollish guards to effectively enforce.



## MARKET TRADE GOODS

Goblin Fruit - Fruit with variety and look similar to mortal fruit, but with a hyperreal quality as if plucked from a painting. Sublimely intoxicating and terrifyingly addictive, goblin fruit withdrawals will waste a mortal away in a season unless more fruit is consumed or the vendor who sold the original dose is compelled to offer a refund.

Bramble Beetle - Pony-sized beetles, smart enough to be trained but docile enough to be ridden. Bramble beetles are used as reliable mounts, pack animals, and food for trolls if they get peckish.

Black Bramble Root - A commonly found root with a gnarled look and a bitter taste, popular amongst Bramble caravaners. Can be chewed to ease stomach problems and calm nerves. Chewing large amounts of the root is known to make someone utterly immune to panic, but can lead to loose bowels.

Trollstool Mushroom - Giant mushrooms found growing from the putrefying roots of dying underbrush. The mushroom is edible and has a taste similar to mortal game birds. Due to the ease with which it can be dried and stored, the mushroom is a popular ration staple.



Twilight Wildcat Pelt - The dappled pelt of the wildcats native to The Brambles is well sought after by fey nobility given it's thickness and interesting patterning. Fashions come and go, but wildcat pelts have remained a staple of the powerful for some time now.

Root Lurker Larvae - A protein rich staple of market street food, the fat wiggling larvae of the root lurker are eaten raw or dried and ground into meal. Whichever way they're served they are quite unpalatable for anyone other than goblins.

Root Lurker Ichor - The blood of rook lurkers has a opalescent quality and is used to create a very rare green pigment sought after highly by fey and mortal artists alike.

Goblin Fruit Liqueur - A potently alcoholic brew made from fermented goblin fruit. It has a sweet taste and syrupy texture and is a favourite of goblin and troll labourers alike, although it has a lower class reputation in the rest of Faerie. Fortunately for mortals, this brew lacks the addictive qualities of its ingredient and can be consumed with the same risk that comes with consuming mundane alcohol.



## MARKET SPARK TABLES

The Goblin Market is an eclectic meeting ground of the odd; filled with all manner of strange objects, peoples and encounters and can host a great deal of gonzo adventure in what otherwise could be a fairly grounded setting.

Following are a handful of D20 Spark Tables whose results may be combined to create some interesting combinations of elements to serve as a creative spark for your own adventure hooks to be encountered in the market.



*"Come buy, come buy: Our grapes fresh from the vine, Pomegranates full and fine, Dates and sharp bullaces, Rare pears and greengages, Damsons and bilberries, Taste them and try"*

## D20

## Market Patrons

- 1 Elven prince, poorly disguised and delighting in "slumming it" with the riff-raff.
- 2 Brownie orderly, fastidiously attempting to clean the uncleanable sprawl.
- 3 Trollish warehouse worker, coming into an intuitive understanding of class oppression.
- 4 Nouveau-riche mortal burgher, eager to spend new money on supernatural oddities.
- 5 Wide-eyed academic, overwhelmed with the opportunities for study.
- 6 Young woman, drunk on goblin fruit liquor and eager for more.
- 7 Wizard, shopping bags full of spell books, reagents and stranger things still.
- 8 Furtive knocker, moving unseen and searching for an artefact stolen from their clan.
- 9 Impoverished goblin merchant, desperate for any deal or scheme to increase their meagre remaining assets.
- 10 Questing knight, honorbound to slay some beast hiding in The Brambles and looking for a guide, and possibly a merry band to accompany them.
- 11 Hag brewmistress, seeking brewing ingredients that most would view as unethical at best.
- 12 Cunning beast, gifted with speech and thought and fascinated by the society it's new gifts facilitate.
- 13 Wood golem, centuries lost but still running errands in the market at the behest of a long dead wizard.
- 14 Barghest hound, searching out its littermates still in captivity and the fool soul bold enough to hold them in cages.
- 15 Traveller from a far off land, viewing both the magical and mundane with the same tourists enthusiasm.
- 16 Adolescent, searching for an erstwhile infant whose flight to the market may or may not have been their fault.
- 17 Jubilant pickpocket, taking advantage of the market's hustle and bustle to enjoy a hefty five-finger discount.
- 18 Old witch, returning from appeasing the old powers of The Brambles and now indulging in a bit of window shopping.
- 19 Trow, lugging a damp sack of various musical instruments.
- 20 Haggard glaistig, no interest in shopping as they ducked into the market just to avoid a particularly bothersome mortal smitten with their song.



## D20

## Strange Items

- 1 Magical ring.
- 2 Goblin fruit.
- 3 A bill of sale.
- 4 Cave-aged cheese made from the milk of an extinct animal.
- 5 Unnerving demon idol.
- 6 Crown of Madness (mundane crown with a terrible history).
- 7 Amulet of Invisibility
- 8 Thick leather collar
- 9 House cat.
- 10 Animated chess set.
- 11 Erstwhile mortal infant.
- 12 Endless flask.
- 13 Delightfully gaudy outfit.
- 14 Deeply cursed doll.
- 15 The lost masterpiece of a lauded mortal artist.
- 16 Bouquet of Elfland roses.
- 17 Pickled hand of saint
- 18 Biography of a mortal being written in real time.
- 19 Expertly taxidermied crocodile.
- 20 Truly awful street food.



## D20

## Troubles

- 1 Escalating price war.
- 2 Rising discontent amongst the market labourers.
- 3 Alchemical mishap.
- 4 Impromptu duel.
- 5 Extreme buyer's remorse.
- 6 Thievery!
- 7 Ill-fated love.
- 8 Shirked duty.
- 9 Livestock running wild.
- 10 A fundamental and disastrous misunderstanding.
- 11 Failed investment.
- 12 Overwhelming vice.
- 13 Banal bureaucratic cruelty.
- 14 Ravenous desire.
- 15 Lateness.
- 16 A besmirchment of family or personal honour.
- 17 Lost item of value.
- 18 Assassination plot.
- 19 Unpaid rents.
- 20 Serial killer on the loose!



## THE GOBLIN KING'S RAFFLE

### The Raffle

The raffle is a rare but vaunted event called by the Goblin King during nights of great importance. What constitutes as important for the enigmatic King of The Brambles is opaque at best, so the calling of the raffle is functionally random as far as all but the most well connected are concerned. During the raffle the market comes alive with ticketers collecting payments and punters theorising what great prize the Goblin King will bestow on the winners.

### Running the Raffle

To enter the raffle a PC must acquire a ticket. The easiest way to do this is trading an item to one of the many market ticketers. The item must be of value to the PC and not easily parted with, otherwise the ticketer will deem it unsuitable.

As with all such games, the actual odds of winning a raffle are small, but given that a PC has paid something dear for the ticket, the rule of narratives and as means to cajole more investment of both trust and coin into the Goblin Market, will give any PC an outsized chance of winning.

Every ticket owned by a PC gives them a 15% chance of winning the prize. If multiple PC's acquire tickets then each should get a segment out of the possible d100 results based on the number of tickets they have, determined by the Referee. Raffle Prizes should be notably magical, outstanding, strange, and useful; with any caveat coming more from how the PCs choose to use it than any trick of the item itself. If the party is in dire need of a magical item, this is a very reasonable way to give it to them.

*For example: A Referee with three ticket holders may rule that PC A wins on a roll of 1-15, PC B wins on 16-30, PC C wins on a 31-45.*



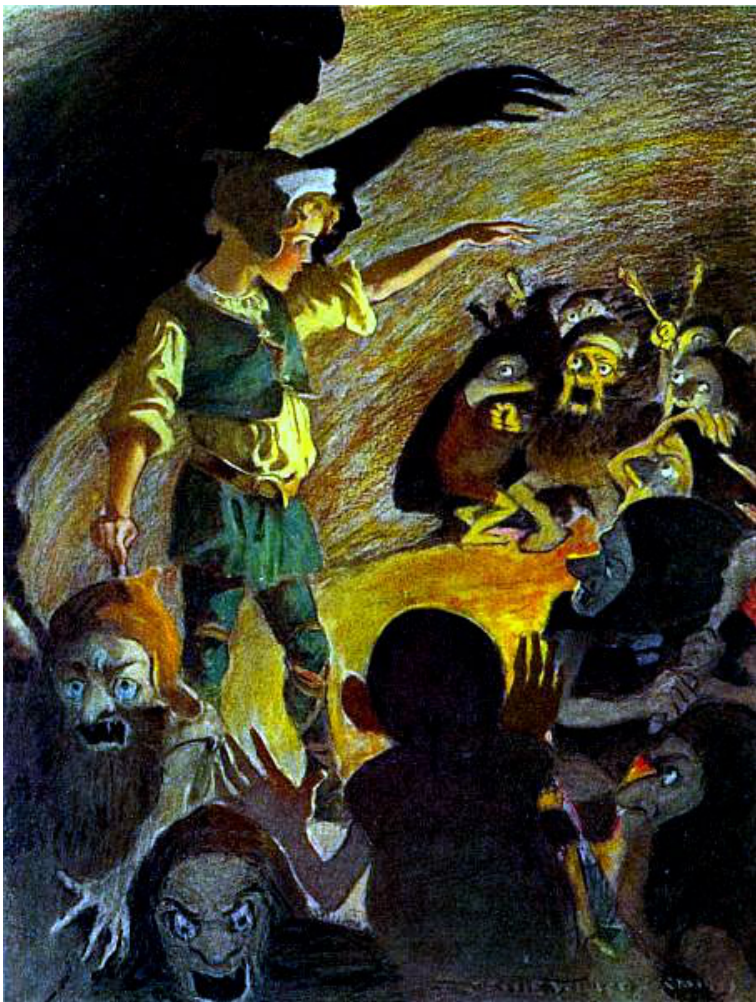
### D8 Raffle Prizes

- 1 The Egg of a Black Dragon from a notably perfidious brood
- 2 The Deed and Map to the Ancient Fortress of the Balor.
- 3 Petty Godhood. No additional power but 1d4 clerics experience visions of your divinity and begin spreading the word. Those keen to the divine will also understand your nature. If you serve a deity, they look upon you with either concern, jealousy, or overly familiar kindness.
- 4 The detailed plans, maps, diagrams, and schemes for a heist of a grand treasury, stolen from its original intended designers.
- 5 The unconditional friendship of a talking horse, now free from imprisonment in the Goblin King's oubliette.
- 6 A single, no-questions-asked favour from the Goblin King.
- 7 A small egg-shaped charm covered in human facial features. Mostly benign, but will offer its wearer terrible power at their lowest moment for an equally terrible price.
- 8 Ownership of a debt owed by a well-equipped Magic-user of 14th level who will do most anything (beyond paying back the sum) to get out of their financial situation.

## RANDOM ENCOUNTERS AROUND THE MARKET

Where a tunnel between the mortal realm and the market exists, strange things will invariable cross over.

Opposite is a list of random encounters that may occur within a hex containing a portal to the Goblin Market. These may be added into an existing wilderness encounter chart or rolled for separately on 1d10.



- 1 A goblin, doggedly hunting rats for its grilled rat on a skewer business, which they will excitedly advertise to any they encounter.
- 2 A strange, dishevelled woman selling junk for exorbitant prices, whispering cryptically that "the right buyer" would pay a king's ransom for them. The junk can genuinely be sold to various goblin vendors in the market at a roughly 30% markup.
- 3 A coven of 1d3 + 1 witches make haste to the market, seeking to bargain for favours and receive the counsel of an elder thing of The Brambles.
- 4 A pack of 1d6+ 6 thoroughbred barghest have escaped from their kennel stall in the market and are now terrorising those they deem cowards; namely any who flee their presence.
- 5 A wizard's prentice (1st level magic user) accompanied by an imposing golem of ancient troll artifice.
- 6 A fool peasant exits from the market, having cheerfully traded in their family's last cow for a handful of beans of unknown providence.
- 7 1d8 +2 crudely-masked Trow are mugging any buskers and musicians they come across near the Market, stealing their instruments and leaving small piles of gold in their wake. They have travelled from their island homes hoping to acquire instruments from the market, but unfortunately for all musicians in the area the trow understand little of commerce.
- 8 2d8 feline emissaries make their way towards the local market hub. They have been sent to treat with the Goblin King on behalf of the Marquis du Katzen - Sovereign Lord of All Cats. The head diplomat, a scruffy battleworn tomcat, carries a letter requesting the aid of the Goblin King in the Marquis' war against the perfidious Rat-King.
- 9 A hobb market sweeper wanders the area, having been turfed out of the market and accused of multiple petty thefts. This hobb is innocent on all counts and was framed by a fellow sweeper who is still at large at the market. Faery honour demands the innocent hobb proves their innocence but they are barred from re-entering the market and so require aid.
- 10 *Herne the Hunter* vents his frustration on the local wildlife after another failed attempt to cajole the Goblin King into breaking his eternal curse. A trail of animal carcasses drips gore in a gruesome path to the cursed huntsman.



# Faerie Bestiary

## Herne the Hunter

A plain looking human man of average height, clad in hunter's attire and a great mossy cloak. Once a mortal poacher, Herne was cursed when he strayed into Faerie and killed the local princess' favourite stag. Since then Herne is compelled to hunt for eternity in pointless vanity, never shall he feed himself or his loved ones with the efforts of his toil.

AC:	3(16)	<b>Number Appearing:</b> 1 (accompanied by 13 Barghests)
HD:	5 (23hp)	<b>Unerring Marksman:</b> When Herne attacks with his great bow he has a 75% chance of hitting regardless of the target's AC.
Att:	1 x wood ax (1d6), or 1 x great bow (1d12)	<b>Hunting Horn:</b> Once per day, Herne may use an action to blow his hunting horn and summon 1d6 additional barghests appearing within 60' of Herne.
THAC0:	17 (+2)	<b>Damage Resistance:</b> Herne takes half damage from non-magical attacks.
MV:	240'(80')	
SV:	D:11 W:12 P:13 B:14 S:14	
ML:	8	
XP:	2000	

## Hobb

Hobbs are small, subtle entities with kind features and dexterous fingers. They will most often make their homes in mortal dwellings where, should the mortal inhabitant be judged worthy, they will busy their nights with cleaning and toil to maintain the dwelling. Hobb's have the ability to glamour themselves invisible, thus their presence is seldom known other than by their handiwork.

AC:	3(16)	<b>Number Appearing:</b> 1d4
HD:	1 (4hp)	<b>Aversion to Iron:</b> Hobbs possess the fey weakness to iron. Attacks with iron weapons deal +2 damage against Hobbs.
Att:	1 x broom swat (1d4-1)	<b>Defensive Bonus:</b> Due to their small size, hobbs gain a +2 bonus to Armour Class when attacked by large opponents (greater than human-sized).
THAC0:	19 (+0)	<b>Household Cleaners:</b> Hobbs are almost always found living in countryside homes, doing domestic tasks at night in return for small offerings of bread, honey and milk. If these offerings are not made, or if the hobb feels its services are not valued; it may decide to make a huge mess of the adoptive home before moving on.
MV:	60'(20')	<b>Invisible:</b> Through innate glamour, hobbs are invisible to mortal folk at all times. If a mortal knows of the presence of a hobb then they may save against spells to track the hobb down and compel it to drop its glamour.
SV:	D:12 W:13 P:14 B:15 S:8	
ML:	5	
XP:	5	

Redcap

Redcaps are a militant offshoot of the far more peaceable fey known as the knockers. As such they share the same diminutive stature, wizened looks and resistance to the bite of cold iron; such that confusion between the two groups by outsiders is not uncommon and often the cause of bitter strife. For those wishing to avoid offence and to know when wariness is warranted, the difference is all too obvious to behold. Redcaps are often found clad in heavy iron boots and wearing their eponymous caps, dyed red with the blood of their victims.

Though the depths of their schism have been lost to the timeless echoes of the past, what is known is that Redcaps broke away from their kin during the first great knocker exile from Faerie; loudly proclaiming that vengeance was a kinder, better alternative to silent acquiescence. Since then, Redcaps have long established themselves in folktale and legend as vicious slayers, raiders, and hired blades of dread acumen in the art of murder.

AC:	5(14)	Number Appearing:	1d8
HD:	1+1 (5hp)	Kin to Knockers:	Despite their estrangement from their peaceable kin, Redcap's are still knockers in body if not in spirit. Redcaps have the abilities <b>Knocking</b> and <b>Furtive Miners</b> . (See <i>Knockers - Fair Folk Issue 1 pg. 21</i> )
Att:	1 x meat hook (1d8), 1 x iron-shod kick (1d6), or 1 x iron ball (1d4, 20')	Bloodthirsty Reputation:	Redcaps have a well earned reputation as vicious slayers that take no prisoners. If a creature fighting a redcap makes a morale test, then they do so with a -2 penalty.
THAC0:	18 (+1)	Leader:	A Redcap tongue-taker with 2HD (8 hp) is present for every 6 redcaps.
MV:	60'(20')		
SV:	D:10 W:11 P:12 B:13 S:14		
ML:	8 (10 with leader)		
XP:	15		

Glaistig

Glaistig are petite and capricious humanoids, skewing towards the smaller end of the human range. They possess strong goat-like legs, and all Glaistig regardless of sex possess large spiral horns they use in sport and self defence.

Glaistig are musical creatures by nature and can frequently be found in song, with women tending towards vocals and men tending towards instrumentation. Songs spun by Glaistig have a capacity to enchant mortals, although never in any way the Glaistig can control. Out of courtesy and a desire that their music not be appreciated in uncouth ways; many performances take place in secluded areas, far from mortal ears.

AC:	5(14)	Number Appearing:	1d6+1
HD:	1 (4hp)	Aversion to Iron:	Glaistig possess the fey weakness to iron. Attacks with iron weapons deal +2 damage against Glaistig. Touching iron without the proper protections leaves a Glaistig feeling cruel, curt of demeanour, and often with itching auditory headaches which cause them further petty misery.
Att:	2 x hoof kicks (1d4), 1 x horns (1d6)	Charge:	If the Glaistig has moved at least 30' before attacking with their horns then they roll 2d6 for damage.
THAC0:	18 (+1)	Enchanting Song:	If a Glastig is singing or playing an instrument all creatures within earshot must save versus spells or be under the effect of the Charm Person spell. The Glaistig has no control over this charm effect and may not end the charm spell at will.
MV:	120'(40')		
SV:	D:11 W:12 P:13 B:15 S:15		
ML:	7		
XP:	25		



## Trow

Trow resemble pallid humanoids from afar, but are set apart by their fish-like, perpetually damp skin and other subtle piscine features. Famed for their mystical ability to transform themselves into fish, mortal populations hold to the belief that to look upon a Trow is to suffer misfortune soon thereafter.

As such, Trow mostly dwell on coastlines, usually preferring hard to reach sea-caves and remote islands due to a well-learned, human-shy nature. Trow are great lovers of music; who both sadly and rarely, have access to instruments. Sailor's shanties are a particular favourite among Trow due to their acapella nature, and when performed by the Trow from their sodden homes many a coastal mortal folk will believe themselves hearing a choir of drowned souls echoing up from the deep.

<b>AC:</b>	6(13)	<b>Number Appearing:</b> 1d4
<b>HD:</b>	1 (4hp)	<b>Aversion to Iron:</b> Trow possess the fey weakness to iron. Attacks with iron weapons deal +2 damage against Trow. Of particular disdain are fishhooks, which when caught in the mouth of a trow can drive the usual timid creatures to a violent rage.
<b>Att:</b>	1 x whalebone knife (1d4)	
<b>THAC0:</b>	19 (+0)	
<b>MV:</b>	60'(20')	
<b>SV:</b>	D:8 W:9 P:10 B:13 S:12	<b>Inauspicious Appearance:</b> It is considered very poor luck to lay eyes on a Trow and this is for good reason. If a creature sees a Trow then the next saving throw they make that day will automatically fail.
<b>ML:</b>	6	
<b>XP:</b>	10	<b>Coastal Fey:</b> If threatened near a body of water a Trow's first reaction would be to flee beneath the waves. When underwater a trow may choose to transform into a common fish native to their home waters.



## Barghest

Though reminiscent of mortal wolfhounds with black fur and a reddish cast to their eyes, the Barghest is much larger and far more capable of intentional cruelty. It is held in mortal legend and in the common knowledge of Faery that all Barghest are descended from wolves domesticated by elves long ago. They have retained their ancestors' ferocity and cunning but possess an inhuman intelligence that allows them to indulge in, develop, enjoy and employ clever strategies during hunts and war; alone or in tandem with a master.

<b>AC:</b>	6(13)
<b>HD:</b>	2+1 (10hp)
<b>Att:</b>	1 x bite (3d4)
<b>THAC0:</b>	17 (+2)
<b>MV:</b>	240'(80')
<b>SV:</b>	D:12 W:13 P:14 B:15 S:10
<b>ML:</b>	9
<b>XP:</b>	75

**Number Appearing:** 1d4

**Aversion to Iron:** Barghests possess the fey weakness to iron. Attacks with iron weapons deal +2 damage against Barghests. Some particular cruel masters are known to clad their Barghests with iron studded collars. This proximity to hated iron creates a frustration in the hound that can lead to a state of heightened malice and cruelty.

**Hounds of Faerie:** Bred for intelligence and loyalty by the hound masters of Faerie, Barghests have a near-human intelligence and the ability to communicate in a barked and guttural form of low faery.

**Loyal Companions:** If a PC acquires a Barghest, the hound is treated as a follower and counts towards the total number of followers a PC may have. Barghests are fiercely loyal by nature and will not flee unless their master dies or begins to flee themselves. Barghests have no tolerance for cowards, though their perception of the term is far more specific and erudite than most mortals can perceive.



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