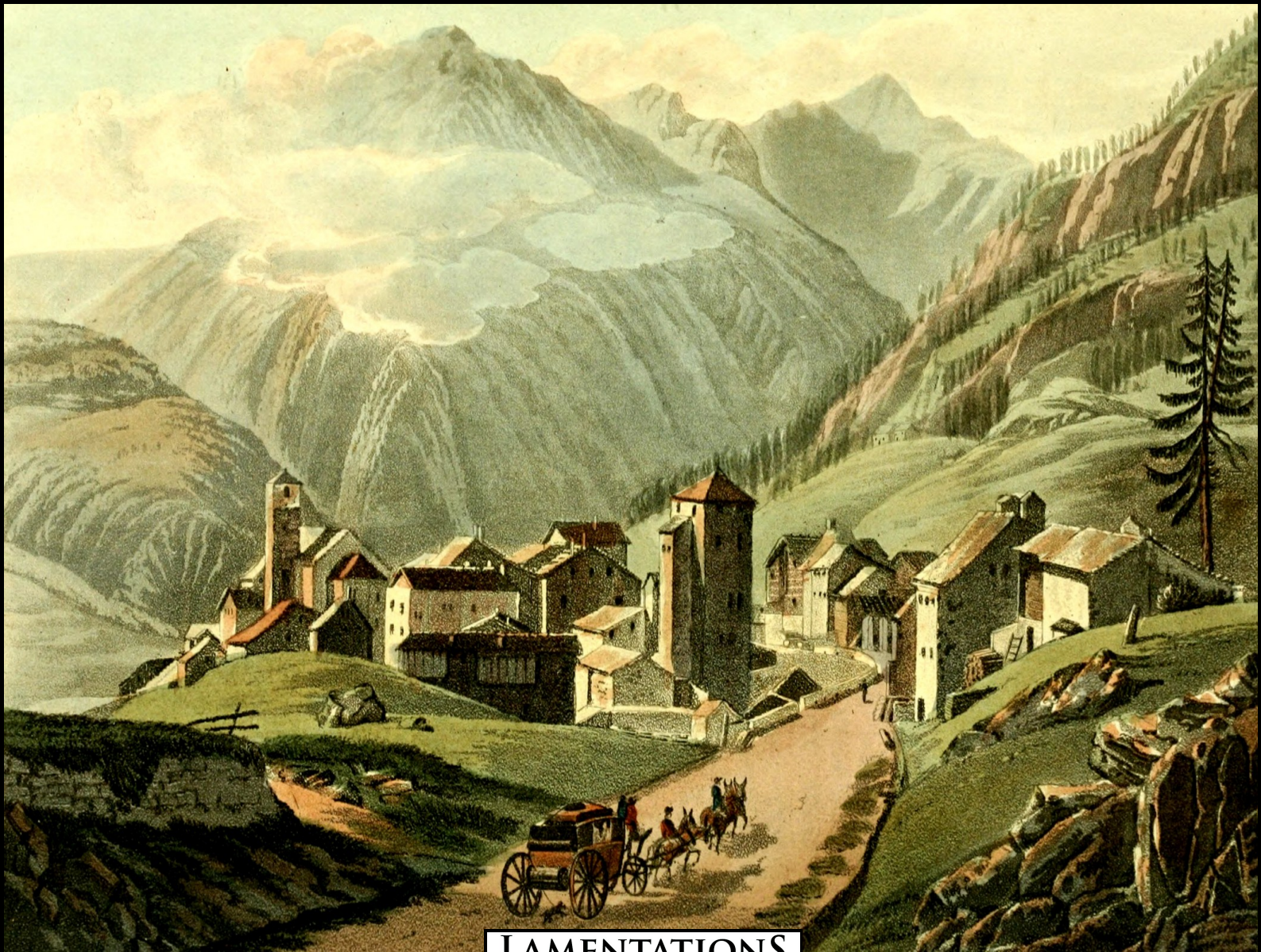


Gregorius 21778:

Boarwood

A fiefdom somewhere in England



LAMENTATIONS
of the
FLAME PRINCESS
WEIRD FANTASY ROLE-PLAYING
COMPATIBLE PRODUCT

by Kai Pütz © 2018
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Welcome to Boarswood! A small fictional barony that was written as a staging area for your own sessions. Tiny hamlets, proper villages and a small town form the fiefdom that Baron Payton rules over. The assumed period is "somewhere in the Tudor area / during the 15th or 16th century". All locations come with a brief description that helps to imagine the place but does not weigh itself down with an abundance of details that would be tiresome to read and hard to reference. Only the most likely NPC to deal with the party are given names and a brief description. Taverns and inns received the same treatment, as the PC are likely to spend much time there in-between adventures. Same is true for the vendors of special goods, as a gun maker or armorer may easily become a given PC's best friend (everybody loves a returning customer).

A large part of the document is made up of detailed price lists for locations and special vendors alike, all of them meant to be printed as handouts for the players or as handy cheat-sheets for the Referee. Ten plot hooks/ideas for side quests are included as well, so that Boarswood itself may become the stage for more adventures.

Have fun!

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Boarswood is an English fiefdom named after the large forest at its center. It consists of the town of [Calvenhill](#), the prosperous village of [Merryshire](#), [Abbotspit](#) and several hamlets, the only truly noteworthy of which is [Mudheath](#). Its borders are marked to the north by a low mountain ridge, and by [Ravenpine Forest](#) from northeast to southeast. At the south the arable land merges into rocky and broken hills that form the "Borderbarrens", a region no noble pays heed to as the few souls that eke out a living there are not worth the trouble of taxing or policing them. A similar stretch of land is found in the west, but as this region contains a valuable trade route that connects Boarswood to the next fief it is neither lawless nor ignored. The current lord of Boarswood is [Baron Payton](#), who rules from an old [keep](#) that has been home to his line for the last two centuries.

Of course, all of this is fictional, and not even historically accurate. The aim of this fiefdom description (that started out as a sandbox for a monster hunting session of my LotFP group) is to provide a starting (or "base") region for the PC, and thereby a collection of places where they may rest, heal, sell their loot and buy new equipment. The period I used for orientation(!) was the Tudor area in England, somewhere in the 15th century or so. You will find arquebuse and pistols, but no muskets. Padded/Quilted protective clothing (also known as "gambeson") is treated as buffcoats (LotFP p.162). Shields are still available, but uncommon for foot soldiers. Rapiers, while already in use, are omitted.

The area descriptions as well as the simple map of it provide enough space for a Referee to fill in own ideas and material.

Boarswood Keep has been erected centuries ago on a steep hill, and served as the home of the fief's ruler ever since. **Baron Payton** (in his early 40s) and his only remaining son, **Sir Durham** (21 years and knighted two years ago) live here with their household staff and a total of 20 men-at-arms (all trained in the use of mace, pike and arquebuse). Sir Payton's wife died 16 years ago while giving birth to the Lord's third son, Allan. The child died due to a fever in the following year. His daughter **Myra** has been married with a noble, and lives with her husband now.

The keep and the buildings that belong to it (stable, granary, bakery, a small chapel, smithy, smoking house, barracks, etc) are surrounded by a 10 feet wall with a small gatehouse and portcullis. From both the top of the keep and the gate house the guards have a good view on the surroundings.

At the northern foot of the hill lies the small hamlet of [Keepsfoot](#), made up of a dozen cottages and some modest huts. The serfs living there toil the Lord's fields (found further north) and a yeoman runs a little tavern called [the Old Mug](#). The tavern is heavily frequented by the men-at-arms of the keep, which are the best source of income of the owner (a man reminding of a weasel, named **Farrow**). Other than the tavern, Keepsfoot has not much to offer but for an oxen-powered mill and a shop that belongs to a merchant in [Calvenhill](#). The people are poor but self-sufficient and happy to live this close to the castle "right at the feet of the Baron, and under his protection". Peasants may be hired for simple tasks for the right price, and PC who are on good terms with Baron Payton (either due to noble birth, good standing or previous deeds) might be able to "lend" a soldier or three from the keep.



Baron Payton is a 3rd level Fighter who lives a quiet and rather mirthless life, as he still has not overcome the loss of his wife Annalynt. He never married again and does not intend to, but tries to arrange a good marriage for his son Durham, so that the family line may continue. He sees to it that the fiefdom is kept in order, and rides to [Calvenhill](#), [the abbey](#) and the major settlements at least once a month to have a look at things and to show the people that their ruler cares for the fief. Due to an event in his past, Baron Payton despises Magic-Users and does not trust them (-3 on all reaction rolls).

Sir Durham, the son of Baron Payton, is a 2nd level Fighter (ST:14; CON:14; DEX:12) that is often absent from the fiefdom. He attends to as many tournaments as possible and spends a lot of time visiting other nobles (the latter is due to his father's attempts to arrange a marriage for him). He thirsts for excitement. Should formidable PC (Level 3 or more) seek an ally, he can be won as such with a Reaction roll of 9+ as long as the deed ahead is not against his knightly principles. His father will disapprove of his son heading out on foolish quests, and the PC will earn his scorn for it (-2 on all future Reaction rolls). Thereby, Sir Durham will only be accompanied by his squire (a level 0 human with a gambeson and a light weapon), but still have his warhorse, a horse that carries the squire and the other belongings as well as his knightly armament (full plate, shield, sword, lance).

Father Acton is the chaplain of the keep and a counselor to the Baron and his son. The elderly priest is indeed a 1st level cleric who is able to cast *Detect Evil*. Aside from this sparsely used ability, he has a keen eye for the true intents of people, and is a well respected mediator even beyond the borders of the fiefdom (WIS: 15; INT: 13).

Luella is a simple but shrewd young broad that works as a serving wench in *the Old Mug*. It is commonly known that she spreads her legs for coin (which makes her VERY popular with the keep's soldiers), and so she is shunned by most of the others: the married women hate her, the men risk their reputation and/or their wives trust if they are seen with her. Luella may be of value to those who want to learn some gossip from within the keep's walls. Some of the soldiers talk a lot after the act. Aside from that, she is one of the few in the village who is willing to talk about [the witch of boarswood](#) -and- knows her in person.

Learning about the witch is hard in [Keepsfoot](#), as nobody wants to raise the Lord's ire by talking about such things to strangers. Only on a *Helpful* reaction will any local talk about the witch. The only exception is Luella, who visits her on a regular basis. She may tell the PC about her (unless they are declared witch-hunters) on an *Indifferent* or better reaction, and may even describe the way to her. Of course she will demand money for it, and will try to act as a go-between instead (to earn even more money).



The town of Calvenhill is with more than 700 souls the largest center of population in the otherwise rural fiefdom, and the Baron's main source of tax income: it is not a free city with a wall but part of the Baron's tenure. Calvenhill lies along an old but still serviceable road that is the major trade route of the region. South of it are the fringes of [Boarswood Forest](#). The nearby woodland has been thinned out for miles by Calvenhill's demand for wood. While about half of the townsfolk live a peasant's life and toils on the arable land found near the north of the city, the income of the majority is linked to what the hills further north hold in store: tin and coal.

Many open ditches dot the rocky hills, and scores of sturdy men toil away with picks and shovels to dig up ore and coal for the fuming smelts of Calvenhill. What is taken from the earth is put into baskets (often by the hands of children) that are emptied into carts. Mules pull them back and forth between the town and the mining sites, from dusk till dawn. Many of the farmers are yeoman, and a lot of those who toil in the mines and ditches are free men as well. But it is a backbreaking work, and those whose bodies fail before their time have to make baskets, lead donkeys for a living or must rely on their children to provide for them "*till God calls*".

[Calvenhill](#) has everything that a town can offer, including a small militia (of which five at a time keep the peace in town and act as guards on the streets), a weapon smith, armorer, more than one blacksmith, an inn, two taverns, a bathhouse, a church, a medicus and even a Dwarf gunsmith.

[Master Terrel, the Armorer](#) (32 years) takes great pride in the fact that his father is employed by [Baron Payton](#) and lives at [the keep](#) (also he already has to give some tasks to his grandson, Eldon, who is his apprentice). Both of his sons (Eldon, who works at the keep, and Edgar) learn their father's trade, and Eldon will sooner or later become the new smith of Baron Payton. As he equips both the local militia and the Baron's men, Master Terrel is always able to offer a (minor or small) weapon to a prospective buyer. More sophisticated armament he is able to create on order, but making a good weapon takes time (one or two adventures/scenarios), and a suit of armor even more so (at least three). Strangers (e.g. PC) that order a suit of armor will have to pay 1/3 of the price up front. He can adjust any provided armor to fit a certain person (which will cost 1/5 of the list price of the armor).

Medicus Doyle Oakes is the man to go to when it is something worse than the common cold or a mere cut. He has not studied at one of the universities, but learned the trade from somebody who did. The characters may hire him as a physician on a daily basis for 28sp. Furthermore, they may purchase bandages and healing herbs from Master Oakes to tend their wounds (roll twice for natural healing of light wounds and keep the higher result; 3sp per application).

[Master Askill Hollowbelt](#) is the only Dwarf in town, and the only gun maker as well. The gray bearded Dwarf had already set up shop in a former smithy as the grandfathers of today were children back then. Even at that time, he was the most grumpy fellow in the whole town. People wonder why somebody who does not get along with men decided to settle among them. Some of the eldest remember an incident where traveling Dwarfs came through town. Everybody was surprised that they did not paid Master Hollowbelt a visit, and that he did not entered the inn to greet them neither. Still, the settlement takes a bit of pride in "*bearing that Dwarf*", for he is able to craft the finest mechanics all around and builds masterful wheel-lock pistols. Their firing mechanism is so delicate that the chance for a misfire is only 1 in 10, but it will automatically break when the weapon is used as a club. The prices are... typical for a dwarf. Askill Hollowbelt reacts bad (-3) to other Dwarfs for reasons he is unwilling to talk about. He could for sure create a wheel-lock arquebus as part of an order, but won't do so unless a character either pays 10x the list price (instead of 7x) or achieves a *Talkative* or better response on a reaction roll.

[The Jolly Carter](#) is the inn of the town, and caters mostly to merchants and those craftsmen that can afford the prices. It lies just at the edge of Calvenhill. The inn (which includes a well, a large yard and a stable) is surrounded by an 8 feet high wooden wall, and offers enough space for up to six coaches or merchant wagons. All rooms have feather beds, the common sleeping hall only has hay mattresses and simple blankets.

Most of the miners and farmers frequent [the Coalface](#), a large tavern. The ale is thin, but the price for a mug is low in turn, and the stew is always worth the money. For those who cannot afford the stew, there is always a cauldron with oatmeal porridge over the fire. The miners are a noisy lot when drunk, but [the Coalface](#) is one of the most peaceful taverns the PC may ever enter: those who work hard all day are not quick to pick fights. Furthermore, gambling is forbidden by the owner (a fat little man named **Howard**). [The Coalface](#) is the only place in town that serves the beer from [the abbey](#) (which is the best beer of the region).

Those who like to throw dice or play a game of cards do so at [the Red Rooster](#). In the main tap room in the ground floor, miners rub shoulders with coachman, carters, farmers, workers and everyone else that looks for a stiff drink and some gambling. Sometimes fights break out and may even get out of hand. Last year a drunken argument led to one man dying the very same night from a knife to the gut while the culprit found his end at the gallows the day to follow. Those who are of better standing (shown by being able to pay for the better food and drink [the Rooster](#) has to offer) are served at the tables at the second floor, where guests may also play a game of chess, backgammon, cards or dice. Violence is less common up there, but not unheard of.

While not officially an inn, [the Red Rooster](#) has four small rooms with a bed that may be rented for a night. As the tavern has no stables it is uncommon for travelers to stay here. The real reason for the rooms is that some of the wenches in the tavern may provide "company" if one has been rented.

The St. Peter's church in town is catholic, as are the majority of people in Calvenhill. About 1/5 of the miners and workers are Anglican, and a traveling monk has took it upon him to see to their spiritual needs till he is able to collect enough money for the construction of a simple, wooden church (that will also need the permission of [Baron Payton](#) before it can be erected). Neither **Father Ainsley** (the catholic priest) nor **Brother Walby** (the Anglican friar) are clerics in the sense of the character class, and thereby cannot cast any spells. The two do not get along, and refuse to talk to (but not *about*) another.

Cornfork is not a single village or hamlet, but a wide area of fertile land dotted with many a farmstead surrounded by corn fields. The peasants here are used to a simple but safe life, and toil the acres generation after generation. Each homestead grows corn on the fields, vegetables in a garden and has a few cows, swine, chicken or goats. What the people here cannot provide for themselves, they get at [Waywell Point](#), a place that is nothing more than a well, a blacksmith, a merchant shop and an inn, all next to the middle of the only road that links the homesteads with one another and the rest of Boarswood.

The smith, a burly but aging man named **Brinley**, is not only able to forge tools and shoe horses but doubles as a carpenter if an axle needs to be replaced. His son **Ogden** still works as his apprentice, and patiently waits for the day when his aging father will hand over the smithy to him, so that he may finally marry the lovely **Nara** (the third daughter of one of the local farmers). Smith Brinley is against this marriage, but then again there is not much he ever approved of.

The shop is run by the son and daughter of a merchant from [Calvenhill](#), and even to a casual observer it is obvious that the two young siblings do not get along. **Roberta**, a nondescript woman in the right age for marriage, makes sure that everyone knows what a do-no-good her brother is, while the raven-haired **Timothy** spends most of his evenings (sometimes: nights) in the inn, where he drinks and sometimes gambles with any travelers that may happen to be there. He carries a short sword at his side and hopes that his father will not leave him "*to rot in this little shop*", as he all-too-openly admits when drunk. He dreams about traveling to different cities, "*perhaps even to Paris*".

The inn Waywell is centered on is the [Fieldside Inn](#). The place is run by a jolly, round-faced man going by the name of **Quintine**. After a few words it will be clear that he is not from around here, and likely not even of English stock. He will admit to that quickly: he inherited this inn from his father, who inherited it from his father, who bought it after he finished a tour as mercenary in the service of the English Crown in France, where his family hails from. The old bihander of his grandfather still hangs above the door frame of the tap room (on the inside, and thereby overlooked by almost anyone upon entering the place). Quintine was raised speaking French at home, but speaks English, Dutch and Wallon. He hires young folk from the surrounding farms as helping hands while he sticks to the kitchen and the tap room. Behind the counter, he keeps a loaded wheel-lock pistol, a further heirloom. The inn keeper secretly despises Timothy, but as he is his best customer he grins and bears him. One would think he would thereby get along with Roberta, but she shuns him for his manners and rude spree. Quintine in turn flirts a lot with her, just because she is so prudish.

Merryshire is located in the southeast of Boarswood, between [Cornfork](#) and [Abbotspitt](#). With a little more than 400 souls it is the second largest settlement of the fiefdom, and is made up of cottages and half-timbered houses that sit close by another, left and right along the road. The houses spread out a little more towards the extension of [the forest](#) in the north as well as towards the cornfields, carp pounds and many an apple orchard in the south. Further south, the ground grows rocky and is only home to shrubbery, patchy fields of hardy grass and scattered trees. This region is the forecourt of [the Borderbarrens](#).

Unlike the majority of the populace in the fief, the people of Merryshire are Anglican Protestants. Only a handful of families kept their Catholic roots. This was not a process that took generations, but happened in a matter of weeks after a group of Anglican clerics visited Merryshire. They sought shelter for the night after the the cloister in Abbotspitt refused to welcome them. The story goes that this lack of hospitality caused an outrage with the people of Merryshire (especially among the cider brewers, who had a long established rivalry with the beer brewing monks of the abbey). Many a family in the village renounced the Pope and the Catholic church in that night, and asked the clerics to help them raise an Angelican community in Merryshire, which they did. Two month later, most of the village was Anglican, a wooden church had been erected on the edge of an orchard and the Catholic stone church had many an empty pew on Sunday. Rumors say that some ugly scenes happened in town that involved the priest and the most outspoken of the converted Anglicans (which happened to be the families most involved in the cider trade), and in the end the priest asked officially for a re-assignment while officials of the Anglican church made an offer for the stone church in Merryshire. The negotiations with the Catholic Church were anything but fruitful, and so the stone church remained Catholic and the keys in the hands of the eldest of the families still faithful to their ancestor's believes.

The situation calmed down over time, but the dwindling Catholic community has no priest since that day. They open the church regularly to offer prayer to God and the saints, but the individual families need to travel to Abbotspitt for confession and the other sacraments (which they do at least once a month). Monks from the abbey avoid to stay in Merryshire, and if they have to they rather spend the night in the old church than in the inn. Many catholics of the fiefdom refuse to drink the cider from Merryshire ever since they heard rumors about the maltreatment of the former parish priest. The cider in turn is nowadays sold to merchants from the environs.

The Grancourt House is the inn of Merryshire, named after the family that has owned and run it since the founding of the village. While it has ample stables and a large court to accommodate multiple wagons at once, it usually sees no patrons unless it is a market day or a merchant is visiting. Even **Newell**, the balding, pot-bellied owner and current head of the family, drinks in *Ye ol' Rython*, in which case his (far younger and fairer) wife **Darrene** and his eldest son, the burly **Carvell**, look after the inn. This is all fine and well with the family, as the inn is only a secondary source of income and rather an object of family pride and prestige to them: the Grancourt's are the most affluent orchard owners and cider brewers in Merryshire. A stay at the inn is a quiet one, but when guests are in the house Newell himself will cater to them while his wife plays the harp for entertainment. At such days, at least one member of each family that has an orchard or a hand in the cider trade (be it a as field worker or barrel maker) will drop by for a meal or at least a drink. The Grancourts makes sure that nobody has a reason to speak ill of their house.

The best tavern in Merryshire is *Ye ol' Rython*, named after the drinking horn that is its business sign. It is one of the few houses that is at least partially build of stone (the second floor that was later added is half-timbered), and the tap room is cool in summer and warm in winter. The tables are never empty, which is not only due to its rich wines, dark beer and good kitchen but also to its size: as soon as 40 guests are present, the room gets crowded. Over the years an order of who will visit it on a given day has established itself, and when there are travelers in town one table in the corner is reserved for them till late in the evening. This way the owner, **Cedric**, always keeps himself a chance to welcome a new face in his house. Cedric has earned himself the nickname **Big Cedric** in the village, for he is short of statue but speaks with a voice so loud that it could rival that of much bigger men.

The other tavern is *the Longhouse*, literally an old longhouse not far from the main road. Its interior is dominated by a rectangular fire pit in the middle, enclosed by rows of tables to the left and right. The kitchen is located in an annex that was added as the erstwhile home was put to its current use. Its owner is **Marlow**, a man like a beanstalk, who at first seems to be a bit shy for running a tavern. After the first offish greeting his convivial nature comes to the forth. When *the Longhouse* has a busy day and sees lots of patrons, Marlow will spit-roast a piglet on the central fire pit. He is keen enough to know how good an appetizing scent is for business. While *the Longhouse* is no inn and has no rooms, the owner may arrange for a stay in a barn for honest travelers that cannot pay for a stay at the *Grancourt House*.



While the village has a blacksmith, and even one that is versed in making weapons, there is no armor to be had in Merryshire. The same is true for medium and great weapons, but arquebus and pistols are available. **Master Sanford**, the maker of them, is a little less skilled than he would ever admit to himself or others, and some of his wares are even of a dangerous quality.

When a character purchases an arquebuse or pistol, there is a 1 in 6 chance that this weapon's barrel is flawed and will explode when an attack with it would deal maximum damage. In that case the shooter takes 1d8 damage instead. The flaw may be noticed by a Specialist with a successful *Tinkering* roll upon inspection. A Fighter has a x in 8 chance as well, where "X" is the INT bonus of the fighter.

If Master Sanford is called out on such a flaw, he will deny that there is any and throw the one saying so out of his shop, as well as anybody with this character. He will not sell any goods to those anymore. Those who were with the accuser may change the smith's mind if they approach him not sooner than the other day with an apology (and achieve a result of 9 or better on a Reaction roll).

The one that cares for the spiritual well-being of the Anglican flock is **Vicar Rishley**, who hails from Derby. He is a well-meaning and enthusiastic man of old age who prefers to dress more lowly as he could afford to. The vicar is respected on all hands, and tries to ease "*the situation with the abbey*". While being a spiritual man (and a 2nd level cleric that knows *Bless*, *Turn Undead* and *Protection from Evil*), he focuses on the care of the sick and runs a small spital at the edge of Merryshire, with the help of several volunteers. Everyone is welcome at the spital, but those who have the means to are supposed to give alms appropriate to their standing. Vicar Rishley has one special possession that he received as a gift from his mentor as he was ordained: a *Scroll of Protection against Witches*. Characters that have gained his trust, and turn to him for aid in a matter that will have them face such an enemy, may receive this scroll as a gift.



Abbotspitt is a village in the south of the fiefdom, nestled against the flanks of a kidney-shaped hill on top of which the St. Gytha abbey sits. The abbey lies right on the edge of the vertical drop, where once was a quarry that took the stones out of the hill flank with which the abbey has been build. The village itself counts about 200 souls, all of whom toil on the southward fields. A road runs around the hill and the northern edge of it. To the west lies [Merryshire](#), to the east the hamlet of [Mudheath](#) and the [Thornmist Fens](#). In the south, the foothills mark the transition into [the Borderbarrens](#). To the north, only a few hundred yards of cleared pasture separate the hill from [Boarswood Forest](#). For a mile it has been thinned by years of use as a source of wood by the abbey, for the lands around it have been granted to it by an ancestor of [the current baron](#) (a gift of penance, so that the monks may pray for his soul and that of any of his lineage). After a mile, the nature stands wild and untamed, like a wall that separates the realm of man from the wild: just like a silently reminder to any trespassers whose domain they now leave, and that another's they enter.

The village proper is as simple as a rural community can get. Aside from a blacksmith and a carpenter, little other crafts are found but those that are common means of additional income for a peasant household. Merchants stop by twice a month. They do most of their trade with the abbey, but always bring further goods along and stay for an additional day to give the villagers a chance to spend their money as well. Often they sell peat that they bought in Mudheath.

St. Gytha Abbey is small in comparison to others, but holds the relics of St. Gytha and brews the best beer of the fiefdom. Since the rise of the Anglican Church the monks (or more precisely: the abbot) have become choosy as to whom it is sold to, and the monks hold a silent but well-known and unforgiving grudge against all Anglicans of [Merryshire](#).

Abbot Hollace is a stern man with a narrow face that shows his age and concerns for the current state of affairs in England. While he will never admit it in public nor to anybody that does not wear a catholic vestment, the rise of "the heretics" (the Anglicans) bothers him deeply, to the point that he fears that it might be the end of proper Christianity in England.

"To all Christians" the abbey offers the treatment of wounds and illnesses (for a price). Those of catholic faith that make a proper donation (based on standing) or those of christian faith that make a *substantial* donation, the monks will include in their daily prayers. While non of them is truly a cleric, their combined faith and the relics of St. Gytha will either have the effect of a 1st level *Cure Light Wounds* divided over two days, of a 2nd level *Bless* or that of 3rd level *Remove Curse/Remove Disease* which effects set in after 1d4+1 days.

Abbotspitt has only one inn that is also the village's tavern: [the Hooded Friar](#). It is owned by the abbey and currently rented to **Wells Brington**, eldest of the villagers and head of his family. Crooked and elderly, he delegates all daily tasks to his three sons and two daughters (a third he already had married to a carpenter in [Ravenpine](#)), who he keeps in check with the threat to disinherit them: while the inn is not his own, the old miser was able to save an all but meager sum over the years, all under lock and key in the abbey. Additionally, none of the family members could hope to rent the inn after their father's death if he would disinherit any of them, for abbot Hollace sees Wells as a prime example of a good, god-fearing man.

The inn offers no wine but ale, beer and liquor as well as simple but good meals, clean rooms with straw mattresses and a stay in the locked tap room for all that cannot afford the former. But even that little comfort will not be given to anybody that is not human. Wells Brington does not suffer Dwarfs, Elves and Halflings under his roof, and any of those who practice "witchcraft" better leave before he was able to fetch a whip from the stable. Those wearing a catholic vestment will be given a warm welcome, and offered free lodging for a night.

Demi-humans that are for one or the other reason in good standing with **abbot Hollace** may have him speak to Wells on their behalf. This will be quite a shock for the elderly innkeeper, but afterwards he will not turn them down anymore (but simply avoid any word or contact with them). Otherwise, they may find a serf willing to let them sleep in a barn for 1cp on a Reaction of *Talkative* or better. Those known to be Magic-Users will find not one soul in the village willing to give them shelter.

The stables may accommodate up to eight horses, but that is more space than is usually needed. In the case that this should not be enough, the abbey will take in the horses, wagons and carts of further travelers for a fee equal to what the inn would charge.

Once a year pilgrims from near and afar visit Abbotspitt on the death day of St. Gytha (which is a market day as well), on which a mass is given and the relics are presented in the abbey. All pilgrims are welcome to camp in the yard, as well as left and right of the road leading up to the abbey.

Mudheath is too small for a village, but just a bit too important to be called a mere hamlet. At least that is how the inhabitants of the hovels and cottages feel about the patch of land they call home. As it is located next to the road that leads to the [Baron's keep](#) and not far from a fork towards [Ravenpine](#) and [Abbotspitt](#), it even used to have an inn. Nowadays the ramshackle building is used to coop up the sheep during the winter, but travelers are still welcome to sleep in the house. The roof is intact and the ground is dry (but after spending just a night in there, one will reek like a shepherd on the following day).

The small community counts more hovels than cottages, and much more sheep than inhabitants. Its name hails from the surrounding heaths, 3/4 of which are lower than the ground of the hamlet itself. Each autumn the heavy rain gathers there from the surrounding land and soaks the earth. The grazing sheep then scrunch the ground and turn it bit by bit into a mud field. The majority of people in Mudheath are serfs and rather poor. Aside from herding sheep and spinning wool, they each own a swine or two, some chickens or rabbits, and tend to a vegetable garden. Every fifth of them works either as charcoal burner in the nearby woods or as a peat digger in the Thornmist Fens.

The Thornmist Fens are a couple of miles south of Mudheath, and are only frequented in spring and summer. When autumn sets in, none of the locals will dare to get closer than a mile. What of the ground is not covered in sturdy grass is home to groups of thorny bushes that bear most wicket thorns, as well as the one or the other odd looking willow. Little wildlife is found there, and when autumn comes the ground becomes bog-like from the rain. Mist seems to hang constantly over it, and shrouds the few willows so that they look like malformed fiends through the haze.

The peat diggers from Mudheath uncover at least one bog mummy each year, a circumstance that provides steady fodder for the local legends about the fen having been a place of devil-worship before the dawn of Christianity. Never would any peat digger stay in the fen over night, and each spring the abbot of [St. Gytha](#) comes to Mudheath to give a blessing to all diggers, so that they may stay safe over the course of the year (and collect some of last years peat as a donation in return).

Sometimes, during autumn evenings, the people say that they hear the wails of the *Foolish Young Thistle* in the fens. Generations ago, so the old folks say, a maiden had been raised to be braver than it is good for a woman to be. She laughed about all the legends regarding the fen, and swore that she would spend the night of her 18th birthday on that ground. The day she went out to do so was the last time she had been seen.



Ravenpine is not a part of the tenure of **Baron Payton**, but would not exist without a deal between a wealthy merchant and the baron. Ravenpine is first and foremost the name of the forest that forms the eastern boundary of the fiefdom of Boarswood. Unlike **Boarswood Forest**, it consists solely of conifers and is home to many a murder of ravens, which are a plague to all the surrounding farmers. Baron Payton sold the right to untimber the western part of Ravenpine for a certain number of years to **Thomas Benyt**, a wealthy merchant magnate. Benyt wasted no time, hired workers and saw to it that as much trees as possible are logged and transported to the next sawmill. Over the course of the first year, barracks have been erected for the workers, as well as an inn. A bakery for fresh bread followed, a merchant erected a small blockhouse to use it as a shop and storeroom, and the lumbers themselves collected money to erect a bathhouse (as part of a deal with a barber-surgeon). The settlement grew.

Now, the logger's camp is known as Ravenpine as well, and counts more than 100 souls. Most are loggers, but there is also a small smithy, the baker, the inn, the bath house (that doubles as laundry) and some other shops that all line up left and right of the road that leads through Ravenpine and to Boarswood. To maintain order, the foreman has appointed a few "trusted men" that have an eye on things. Each of them wears a small wooden whistle and a not-so-small truncheon. Troublemakers become a stern warning at first, then they lose a days payment or end up fired and thrown out of the settlement. Every building in Ravenpine belongs to Thomas Benyt, and the foreman collects money for the rent. Those who sleep in the barracks pay with a part of their wages, so do those that buy bread. The foreman has a lot of money running through his hands. Just a little further away from the proper blockhouses, a few hovels can be found. Most of those are home to women with no husbands. Their trade is obvious, and the foreman connives. "*Man have needs*" he says "*in a way these women keep the wenches in the inn and those at the bathhouse save*". Those who bother to keep an eye on who goes where in the night know that one of the "trusted man" goes to each of the hovels on the night before Sunday. He then returns to the foreman's house. Sometimes, men are gathered on the following day to tear down a hovel and drive away its inhabitants. In summer, numerous tents appear on the cleared ground, as many people with no work come to Ravenpine to earn money as laborers. Those must rent the right to camp their from the foreman, too.

Said foreman is **Gerard Duncomb**, but next to everyone just calls him "the foreman". He is in his 40s, barrel-chested, cleanly-shaved and wears the best boots in Ravenpine. A stern man that is jovial to those that do his bidding and seemingly submissive to those of higher standing. He is a 2nd level Specialist with no attribute beneath 11, CON of 14 and WIS of 12. He owns a blockhouse where he lives with a 15 year old

maidservant that does not speak much, and not at all when the foreman is around.

Edmund Cuthberting is a young hunter and the son of the huntmaster of the local lord. As the lord of this fiefdom has sent him there (to make sure that no poaching happens and to take care of dangerous animals that may threaten the loggers), he is one of the few people in Ravenpine that is not on the foreman's payroll, and thereby does not fear him a bit. In fact, he thinks little of Gerard Duncomb and gives him a wide berth whenever possible. With most of the others the lanky young hunter gets along well, but everyone who is new among to the settlement he treats like a potential poacher during the first weeks. Edmund sleeps in a hovel he build himself, as he cannot stand the large communal sleeping rooms in the barracks the others live in. Most of the time, he is out in the forest and only shows up in the inn once a week. If the PC are around to deal with any trouble in the forest, Edmund Cuthberting may become a "henchman" (zero level specialist; 3 points in Stealth and Bushcraft).

Lewes is the barber-surgeon in charge of the bathing house. He pays rent for it to the foreman, but is otherwise his own master. Handsome, if small and growing gray before his time, he is popular with his servants and aides (most of whom are women of every age) as well as with the lodgers: he happens to have a voice made for singing and knows a LOT of tavern songs (back from the days when he traveled across the country to earn his living). He knows that this settlement will become deserted as soon as the contract between Thomas Benyt and **Baron Payton** runs out, so he makes the best out of these good times. For 20sp a day Lewes will work as a physician, but there is a 2 in 8 chance that his techniques and treatments will fail to have any effect (but at least, he knows enough to do no harm). Among his aides there are two women (a former traveling whore and a young runaway with loose morals) whom are from time to time willing to join the men in the bath tubs. In this case, they make it known to Lewes who in turn makes an offer to the fellows in question, and haggles the price for them.

Cedric is the second son of the inn owner of the next town to the west. As the inn was erected in Ravenpine, his father arranged it that Cedric could rent the place, which is now known as "**the Axe & Stump**". He is close to 30 years and as good an inn owner as it gets. "The trusted" get an ale for free each evening, to make sure that somebody that the loggers respect is present most of the time. The tap room is large, as it doubles as a meeting hall for the foreman in the morning and as the church on every third Sunday. The tables are trees split in half, with long benches to the left and right. Three round tables with eight chairs each are reserved for the foreman, his "trusted" and any special guests of the inn. The foreman himself can be found in the tap room on any given evening. The quarters of the innkeeper, those

of his aides (one for the men and one for the women) as well as a couple of rooms with two beds each are located in the upper floor. A stone-walled annex holds the large kitchen. The larder is next to it and the size of small house itself. *"The Axe & Stump"* serves thin ale, good beer and the kind of hearty meal that loggers need at the end of a workday. To those, a meal and two ale are served each day (paid from their wage). As popular as the ale is "the stump plate": cheese, bread, a bit of sausage and a small bowl of cooked and spiced beans. As literally everyone in Ravenpine eats at *the Axe & Stump*, Cedric employs a large number of aides and is rarely seen outside of the kitchen during the hours of noon, sunrise and sunset.



Boarswood Forest lies right at the center of the fiefdom. At the edges it is a mix of broad-leaved trees and conifers, with the latter being the exception. Away from the hamlets, villages and the town of [Calvenhill](#), spruces, fir trees and pines become more dominant. At its middle the forest is dark: little light touches the ground. The heart of it, so it is said, has not been seen by the eye of men yet. Those who have the permit to do so drive swine into the outskirts and collect firewood, while [Baron Payton](#) and [his son](#) use it to hunt boars, which are plenty therein.

At the edge of the wood, an encounter with wild animals is unlikely as the proximity of men has driven most of them deeper into the forest. There is only a 1 in 8 chance every two hours to encounter 1d6 boars. Wolves only come close to human settlements if a hard winter makes them hungry enough to do so (which is indicated by a result of 8 in that season). A few miles deeper into the wood, things are different: a d6 is rolled every hour: a 1 indicates an encounter with one or more wild boars, while a 6 indicates an encounter with wolves (see below). Of course, herbivores (e.g. common deer) and other predators (e.g. lynx, foxes) inhabit the forest as well, but these are to shy to be encountered by chance.

Fully grown wild boars are HD:1 +2 and do 1d6 damage on a charge and 1d3 damage thereafter. They receive a -2 penalty on all attacks against opponents with an unadjusted AC:15+. Their own AC: is 12; Moral is 8.

Solitary male boars are HD:2 +3, do 1d6 or 1d6+1 damage on a charge and 1d4 or 1d4+1 damage thereafter. They will use a *charge* at the start of a battle and receive a -2 penalty on all attacks against opponents with an unadjusted AC:15+. Their own AC: is 13, Moral is 9. Any other boar that is not a piglet is a HD:0 monster that deals 1d4 damage and has an AC: of 12 and a Moral of 7.

Roll 2d6 to determine the number and kind of boars encountered. Any case of "doubles" means that the characters encounter a solitary male boar, between 2 and 5 years old.

- 3-5 that number of young male boars, 1d4 of them will count as fully grown wild boars.
- 6-8 a sounder with that many female boars, non younger than a year. 2/3 of them count as full-grown wild boars.
- 9 a sow encountered with piglets or near the "ditch" that contains its young. This turns her into an aggressive MW: 12 creature.
- 10-11 That number of boars. 1/3 of the sounder are young, the rest are full grown females accompanied by one impressive male (treat as solitary male).

The **wolves** in this area are gray wolves. The number encountered is determined with 2d6, and a "12" means that a solitary old wolf is encountered. There is a 2 in 6 chance that such an animal is a man-eater that will not shy away. Wolves are HD:1 creatures that are twice as fast as humans. Their bite deals 1d4+1 damage, but they receive a -2 penalty on all attacks against opponents with an unadjusted AC:15+. Their own AC: is 14 (due to agility), they are likely to *ambush* when they attack. Their moral is equal to their number +3. A man-eater will try to use stealth to attack a human, but will retreat as soon as it meets any serious resistance: man-eaters are what they are because they discovered that killing humans is -easy-. If a specimen proves to be different, they give up or try again later on.



The Witch of Boarswood Forest

#d12 Rumors

1	She is as old as the forest itself, and commands its spirits.
2	The beasts of the forest are under her command.
3	Those that displease her, she turns into boars
4	She steals the children out of the wombs of unfaithful women.
5	She knows the future, the past and the answer to all riddles.
6	She bewitched the Baron, who is in love with her and her protector.
7	She is the whore of the devil, and able to curse anyone with just a gaze.
8	She summons devils deep in the woods, and seduces young women to dance naked with her around bonfires
9	She brews poisons and elixirs, and is versed in the dark arts.
10	She mates with the boars, and has hideous children that hide near her cottage to do her bidding.
11	She is nothing but an old woman.
12	She knows the heart and soul of everyone she looks at.

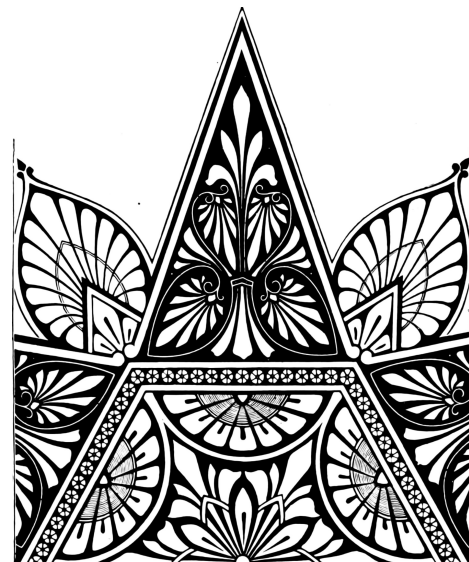
Somewhere in the forest, not to far from [Keepsfoot](#), there is a lone cottage under an ancient oak. This, so the people say, is the home of the witch of Boarswood.

Her name is **Fiona**, but few know it and she is not introducing herself by name to everyone. "Who do you think I am?" she asks instead with her raspy voice, and whatever is replied she will answer with "well, then that shall be me then" with a cackling laugh. She is old, but not the kind of hag most people think of when they imagine a witch: she is not hunchbacked nor crooked over, has a swollen round nose instead of a hooked one and looks rather friendly and hearty (aside from the missing teeth in her mouth and the gray-white bushy hair that stands away from her head in every direction).

Those that follow her into her hut will find it full of drying herbs and roots, all tied to nails in the ceiling. Aside from very simple furniture (a small table, three stools, a bed) there are cupboards filled with animal bones, pelts and hides, a jaw trap, blocks and a tackle as well as a few bound books in between. A trap door leads down into a hole under the cottage that functions as a cellar. In a stone chimney rests an iron cauldron over the fire place. Fire wood is piled up next to it, on top of which rests a hatchet. Near the bed more than a dozen clay vials cover the ground, each ranges in size from a gallon jug to flasks so small that they can only hold a dram of liquid.

Fiona is a witch and 3rd level Magic-User. Her Intelligence is 13, her Wisdom is 15 and all her other attributes are 7. Her spellbook she hides in a small chest under the bed, stored beneath her other belongings and wrapped in linen. She knows the following spells: *Read Magic; Comprehend Languages, Magic Missile; Detect Magic; Identify; Bookspeak; ESP, Invisibility; Speak with Animals*. On a usual day *Magic Missile, Comprehend Languages* and *Invisibility* are those she will have prepared and ready. Most people that visit her seek cures for minor ailments. Others seek her service as "angelmaker" (abortionist), and some want to buy a poison from her. At times people come to have others cursed, and she gladly takes the money of those fools after she learned why they wish somebody else ill. Few visitors come for her true powers, and those that do must pay her good.

...if she helps them at all! A Reaction roll decides about that. An *Unfriendly* or worse reaction means that she will turn *Invisible* once she becomes aware of the characters presence. If she is *Hostile* she may even attack with *Magic Missile* once a character disturbs her home or dares to steal from her. She will only do that when she thinks that she can kill all present this way, or when the group is leaving and she may thereby attack from the back. Her reaction is -2 on an initial encounter with any group of three or more. Magic-Users that reveal their profession gain a +3 bonus, Clerics give a (-1) penalty and Elves a +1.



Services of the Witch Fiona

Bookreading: if somebody brings her a book and wants to learn about its content, she will want the book for a day so that she may answer two questions about it on the next (that must be named to her before). For each answer she will charge 15sp, and will use *Bookspeak* on the next morning to learn the desired information.

Identify a magic item: Fiona's "laboratory" is a talisman tree with an old druid altar in front of it. It is hidden deeper in the forest, about two hours away from her cottage. She adorned the talisman tree with rune-carved animal bones and skulls, buried aborted children next to its roots and sacrifices small animals on the altar on a regular basis. To her, the place is a 1000sp laboratory that she may use to *Identify* magic items. Before she even gets started, she demands 30sp "for taking a look at it", and tells the characters to come back tomorrow (as she needs to prepare *Detect Magic*). If the item turns out to be magical, she will demand different ingredients (worth a total of 100sp) and another 30sp (sometimes in goods instead of coins, depending on her current needs) to reveal its secrets.

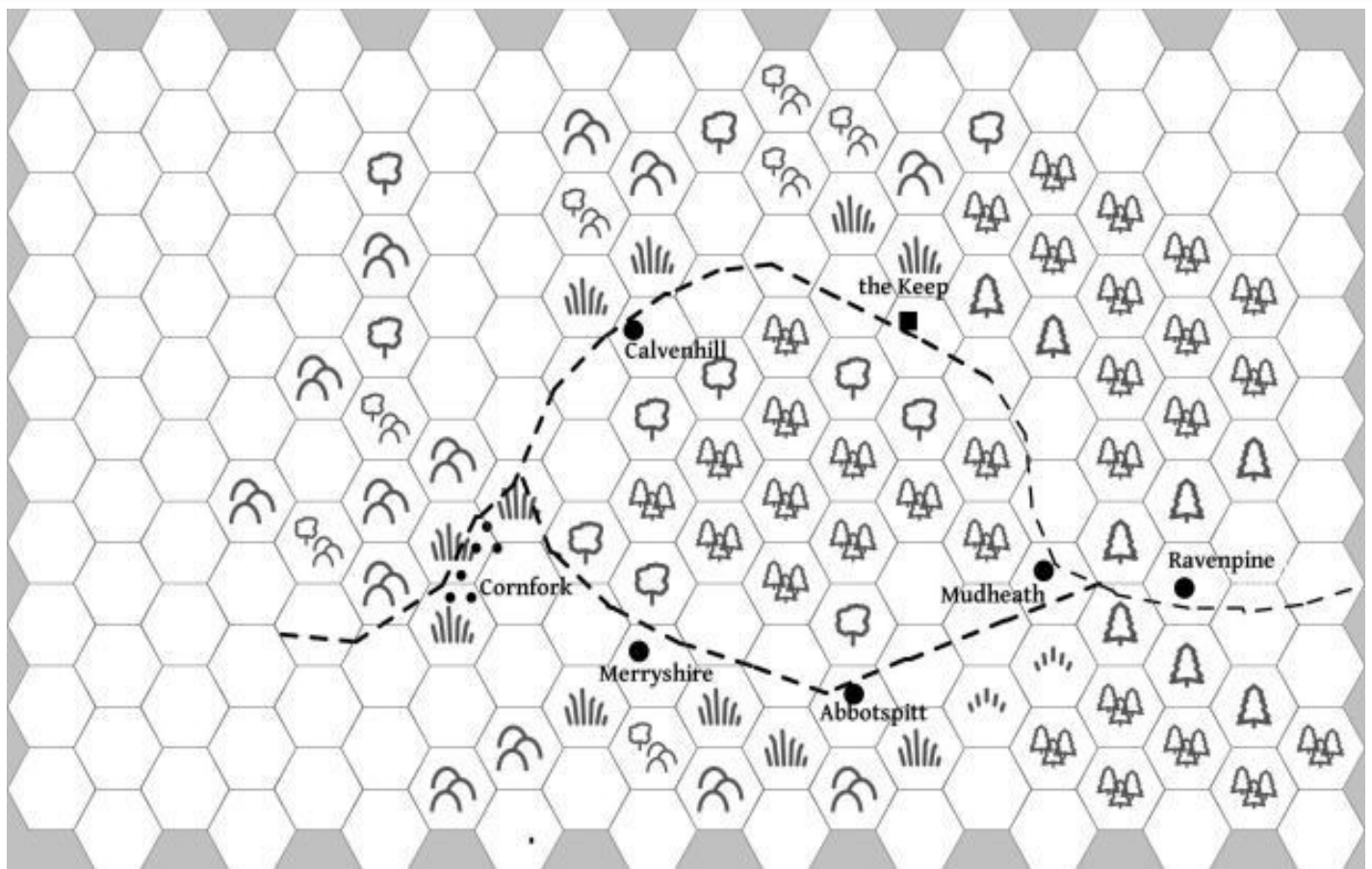
Magic potions: Fiona will only sell potions to those that gained a better reaction than *Indifferent*, and even then she will only sell potions of *ESP* and *Invisibility*. One of each she will always have in her home, as well 1d4 concoctions of *Anti-Venom*. If the latter is imbibed 1d6 rounds after a Saving Throw against a *Venom* (a poison delivered by a beast) was failed, a second roll may be made to fend off the effects. The anti-venom she sells for 25sp a dose (they go off after 1d4 weeks); the others for 500sp per potion (and will demand much of it to be paid in ingredients). All of them are 2nd level.

Spell scrolls: some of the tanned hides on her cupboard are spell scrolls (one of each of the following spells at 2nd level: *Magic Missile*, *Detect Magic*; *Invisibility*, *Speak with Animals*). She will trade those for other 2nd-level spell scrolls, or one of them for two 1st level scrolls. If the PC suggest to pay her in coin, she will demand a fortune for a scroll (1.000 sp).

Cures & treatments: the witch can brew many a cure for minor ailments and knows a lot about treating minor wounds. For 5 to 25 sp (depending on how wealthy a character appears to be) she can offer concoctions, salves and tinctures that will either aid in wound healing (a re-roll of the dice for natural healing; the better result is kept) or in overcoming a disease (+2 bonus on all Saving Throws to cure it, but never against an infection as such). Each vial will hold enough for 6 applications. While wound treatment is rather "universal", a given cure will only work against a specific type of disease or malady.

Poison: the witch knows how to brew a deadly tincture out of mandrake, wolfsbane and toadstool. The taste is peculiar, even when covered in spiced wine, but a character that imbibes only a little of it will immediately become weak, have trouble to breath, lose orientation and will fall into a coma after a turn. If a Save vs Poison (-2) is passed the victim will wake up again after 2d6+3 hours, but with STR and CON temporarily halved (regained at a rate of 1 point per day each). On a failure, the victim dies before the next turn is over. Fiona sells this tincture for 40sp, but only to those that received a better reaction than *Indifferent* from her.





Traveling in Boarswood

A hex equals 3 miles. The road that leads to [Ravenpine](#) as well as the one from there to [Mudheath](#) and to [Abbotspitt](#) is in a shoddy state and only counts as a path (2/3 of the regular traveling speed). Otherwise, the roads around the central forest and near [Cornfork](#) are in a good condition (regular traveling speed).

[Cornfork](#): there is a 1 in 6 chance every day that the *Fieldside Inn* has a traveling merchant among the guests on the way to Calvenhill, and the same chance for one traveling to Merryshire, (and often to Abbotspitt as well; 4 in 6 chance). Usually, those are willing to take a few people along (Reaction Roll) for a few coins (1d4+1 cp).

[Calvenhill](#): a coachman in Calvenhill will take travelers around: from there to Merryshire, to Abbotspitt and the same route back again. The tour starts in the morning and the coach never spends more than half an hour at any stop. The price is 1sp per stop per person.

[Ravenpine](#): every 1d6 days merchant wagons arrive from the next city with provisions and trade goods. Those will travel back the following day, and may take the PC back with them (see "Cornfork" for the conditions). It is a rare thing for somebody to travel from Ravenpine to Mudheath.

Investments

A new shop in Calvenhill, run by a craftsman or aspiring merchant that already has some capital on his own, will need between 600sp and 1200sp. The yearly return will be 1d6-3%, the chance of bankruptcy is 7% in the first year, but will decline by one percent per year till it reaches 3%.

A share in the mining/smelting in Calvenhill is a bit risky. The investment will grow by 1d20-10% a year. The chance for bankruptcy is 25% in the first year, 10% in the second and 7% from then on. At least 1500sp need to be invested.

An inn in Mudheath (or more precisely, bringing the old inn back to life) is a risky investment as written in the book (see LotFP p. 54). At least 750sp would have to be invested.

A new shop in Abbotspitt would be a stable investment as written in the book, and calls for 500sp to 1000sp.



Plot Hooks & Ideas for Sidequests

There will be Trolls!

[Sir Durham](#) became aware of a growing number of rumored sightings in the [Borderbarrens](#) of what is described as trolls. While [his father](#) brushes those aside as “peasant ramblings”, he wants to set out into the hills and have a look at things himself. The PC seem to be just the right kind of men to take along (especially as Baron Payton is unwilling to send any men-at-arms onto such a foolish errand). Sir Durham is willing to pay a piece of gold, plus 10sp per day. If they really encounter “a troll nest”, Sir Durham offers equal shares of the spoils for everyone that joins him in the fight. What will the group find in the Borderbarrens...?

Take me Home!

[Master Hollowbelt](#) had been exiled for decades. Now, the sentence is served and he wants to return to his people as quickly as possible. As he knows the characters as adventurers, he offers each of them 350sp if they escort him back to the underworld city of his kin. This is a three day travel into the depth of the earth, two of them through a region that is home to strange things no man knows about. The latter is a fact the Dwarf will not reveal to the PC at first.

To good to be true...

At the [Red Rooster](#) the characters win (or buy) from a dubious traveler as piece of silver jewelry (45sp). This jewelry will turn out to be a magic item of no small power. What the characters do not know is that it has been stolen from an Elf, and he and two other 3rd level Elves now use *Locate Object* to follow its trails to get it back. First, they will try to gain it through stealth and/or trickery, then(!) they will ask the characters to turn it over to them. In the end, they will try to ambush them.

Oh brother

[Timothy](#) is gone. The last time he was seen, he had been drinking heavily with a bunch of armed strangers in the [Fieldside Inn](#). [His sister](#) is afraid that he is doing something stupid, and is thereby willing to pay the PC to bring him back. The stupid decision of Timothy was to drink with armed strangers, for those were highwaymen that have now abducted him, and currently discuss how a high a ransom they shall demand. Their hideout is an abandoned homestead in the hills

What a night!

The PC are staying at the [Fieldside Inn](#) on a rainy night as some of the other guests (a bunch of ruffians) start a brawl. [Quintine](#) acts quickly and tells them to leave his house, at gunpoint! After doing so, he locks all doors and windows, for he has a hunch that this is not over yet. After an hour to sober up a bit, the ruffians will try to break into the place to get revenge.

A just cause...

After hearing more and more tales about [the Witch of Boarswood](#), [Vicar Rishley](#) decides that it is time to find that hag and put her on trial. He hires the characters to help him, and pays them twice as much as a guard would usually earn. How will the PC react when he orders them to capture [Luella](#) so that he can question her? What do they do when said questioning includes torture, and they are to hold her still? How far are they willing to go during a witch hunt?

Things at Night

The farmers in [Merryshire](#) are confronted with nightly disappearances of their life stock. As a shot in the dark fells a thief, it turns out to be something neither man nor dog, but closer to both than any wholesome thing should be. Now, howling cries are heard in the night, and odd tracks are found near the homesteads during the day.

The Ghost in the Fens

The wails attributed to the ghost of *Foolish Young Thistle* are heard every night now, and they grow louder. There is no doubt that something calls from inside of the [Thornmist Fen](#), and animals are found to shy away from it now. Is it really a ghost? A dread akin to a banshee? What can be done about it? What will happen if nothing is done?

Attack on Ravenpine

[The logger's settlement](#) is under attack by weird forces: foxes, badgers and other creatures of the forest, grown to gigantic proportions, assault the settlement and scare the workers away. This is the doing of a group of dryads that fear that at some point, the loggers will come for them and their trees, too. Setting out to find the source of the giant creatures will lead the PC to these very trees. They will end up facing the dryads on their very own ground. Is negotiation possible? Will trees fall or will flesh fail first?

The Wulfen of Boarswood Forest

A month ago the nights of the full moon saw the slaughter of many sheep and even some cows and other life stock. According to the tracks that were found, all this had been done by one monstrous wolf that came out of and retreated back into [Boarswood Forest](#). It stopped after a few nights, as the moon was no longer full. But the full moon has now returned, and with it the beast and the slaughtering. [Baron Payton](#) is quick to offer a bounty for the beast's head via a herald. Will the characters be able to collect it in the two remaining nights of the full moon? And what is it that they have to face?

Offers & Prices: *the Old Mug* ([Keepsfoot](#))

Beer; tankard (cheap)	1cp
Beer, tankard (not bad)	2cp
Beer; tankard (from the abby)	3cp
Soup; thin	1cp
Stew	2cp
Stew; with extra meat	3cp
Pie; hearty	3cp
Roasted Chicken /w vegetables	4cp

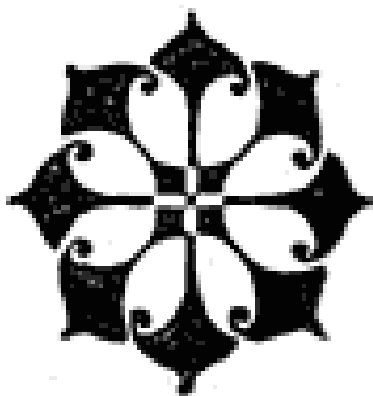
Retainers Keepsfoot & other hamlets

Animal Handler	15 sp/day
Guide	15sp/day
Laborer	7 sp/day
Linkboy	3 sp/day

The soldiers of Baron Payton will only be “lend” to characters that have already performed a valuable deed to either Baron Payton or to his fiefdom as such. Even then, a result of *Talkative* or better on a Reaction roll is needed. If this prerequisites are met, Baron Payton may order up to three of his men-at-arms (AC:13; armed with small weapons or a pike) to assist the PC, based on the following compensations (up front).

Guard Duties	10 sp/day
Soldiering	25 sp/day
/with arquebus	+25 sp/day

No matter what, Baron Payton will not “lend” his soldiers for tasks that take them further than a neighboring fiefdom, and will not send them away “for treasure hunting”: their must be a danger to “the populace” that needs to be dealt with. In addition, he will demand 100sp per soldier as a deposit: if a man does not return, this is to cover the Lord’s expanses in recruiting new men-at-arms.



Offers & Prices: Keepsfoot & other hamlets

Some items are only available in limited numbers: new wares for the merchant arrive in the middle of each month with a wagon from Calvenhill. Sometimes a traveling merchant makes a stop (2 in 6 chance each month).

The peasants will offer the characters to stay in one of their barns over night on a Reaction roll of *Indifferent* or better. They will only sell weapons to them on a Reaction roll result of 8 or better.

Item	Price	Available
Backpack	1sp	1d4
Pouch	1cp	enough
Sack	2cp	enough
Cart	25cp	1d4
Ration; Standard	4cp	enough
Ration; Iron	2sp	enough
Feed; Animal	5cp	enough
Lodging; Barn	1cp	Reaction
Candle	1cp	enough
Chain; per foot	1sp	2d6 foot
Chalk	1cp	enough
Clothes; Normal	2sp	2d6 foot
Clothes; poor	5cp	enough
Clothes; winter travel	6sp	1d6+1
Cooking Pots	5cp	enough
Flask of Lamp Oil	5cp	2d6+2
Lantern	5sp	1d4
Lard	1cp	enough
Mallet	1cp	1d6+1
Nails	2cp	enough
Pipe	5cp	enough
Rope; 50'	3sp	2d6+2
Shovel/other iron tools	3sp	1d6+2
Spike; iron	5cp	enough
Spike; wood	1cp	enough
Tinderbox	7sp	1d6+1
Torch	1cp	3d6
Waterskin	1sp	enough
Whistle	1sp	1d6+1
Minor Weapon	6sp	Reaction
Spear	4sp	Reaction
Bow, short	30sp	Reaction
Arrows	6cp	2d6+10

Offers & Prices: [the Jolly Carter](#) (Calvenhill)

Bottle of Liquor (decent)	1sp
Bottle of Wine (decent)	2sp
Bottle of fine Wine	5sp
Drink (Liquor)	2cp
Drink (Wine)	3cp
Drin (Fine Wine)	5cp
Meal (Standard)	5cp
Meal (Rich)	12cp

Stabling	5cp (per animal/day)
Room	6sp (per night/person)
Bed in the common room	2sp (per night/person)

The Jolly Carter has a good reputation, and the owner does not welcome rabble and do-no-goods in his house. Armed strangers ("PC") that are not the guard of a merchant may learn that they are not welcome (Reaction roll of worse than *Indifferent*).

Offers & Prices: [the Coalface](#) (Calvenhill)

Drink (Thin Ale)	1cp
Drink (Strong Liquor)	3cp
Drink (Beer from the Abby)	2cp
Bottle (Ale)	5cp
Bottle (Strong Liquor)	2sp
Bottle (Beer from the Abby)	1sp

Meal (Oatmeal)	1cp
Meal (Stew)	3cp
Meal (Stew with more flesh)	5cp

While the crowd in *the Coalface* is loud and sometimes raunchy, they are all in all well-meaning souls. The miners will break up any fight immediately, gambling of any kind is not tolerated by the owner. If somebody ends up to drunk to leave on their own, the miners will bring the drunkard home. A stranger they will carry to the stable of a mule breeder who will charge 1cp for the lodging on the next morning.



Offers & Prices: [the Red Rooster](#) (Calvenhill)

Drink (Cheap liquor)	1cp
Drink (Ale)	2cp
Drink (Wine)	3cp
Bottle (Foreign Wine)	10sp
Meal (Standard)	3cp
Meal (Fancy)	5cp
Meal (Delicate)	7cp

One of the four rooms	5cp
„Company“	2sp

Characters may gamble in the Red Rooster. In game terms, the player decides about the amount of money he wants to risk (between 10cp and 100 cp with the commoners below, between 10sp and 100sp with the better-offs on the second floor), and then rolls 2d6 to check on the table below (modified by INT bonus). The result is that of an evening of gambling.

- 2 All the money is gone.
- 3 All the money is gone.
- 4 Half of the money is gone.
- 5 1/3 of the money is gone.
- 6 1/5 of the money is gone.
- 7 Won some, lost some; no changes
- 8 Gains equal to 1/10 of the money.
- 9 Gains equal to 3/10 of the money.
- 10 Gains equal to half of the money.
- 11 Gains equal to the money.
- 12+ Gains equal to twice the money.

If a PC ends up with 10+, a Reaction Roll decides if somebody accuses the character of cheating (hostile reaction; an NPC will demand the money back and may draw a dagger or other weapon).

Characters that want to sell loot may find the owner of the Red Rooster willing to buy (as he is a fence). On a reaction roll of *Indifferent* or better, he will buy whatever the PC have to offer BUT weapons and armor for 50% of the list price. On any giving week, he is not able to spend more than 200sp on such goods, but will ask the characters to come again next week (and will then be able to pay up to 400sp).

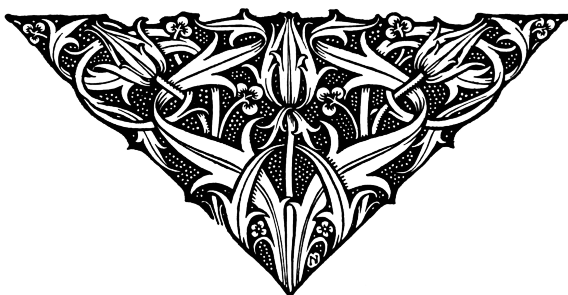
Master Terrel, the Armorer (Calvenhill)

Leather Armor	35sp
Chain	100sp
Plate	1000sp
Shield	15sp
Barding, leather	250sp
Barding; chain	500sp
Barding; plate	1000sp
Lance	10sp
Mancatcher	20sp
Polearm	30sp
Rapier	15sp
Spear	4sp
Weapon, great	50sp
Weapon, medium	25sp
Weapon, minor	5sp
Weapon, small	10sp

Master Terrel has a supply of *spears*, *minor weapons* (iron daggers and short cudgels) and *small weapons* (hatchets and iron-banded clubs).

Furthermore, he will have 1d4 leather armor/s, 1d4 lance/s, 1d6+1 pole arms and 1d6+1 medium weapons (maces, axes and one sword) when the PC meet him for the first time. Everything else on the price list above, he is able to forge on order. Shields do not take long (a couple of days), weapons take far longer and any kind of armor but those made of leather will take a long time (one or two adventures/scenarios for a weapon, at least three for a suit of armor). Strangers (e.g. PC) that order a suit of armor will have to pay 1/3 of the price up front. He can adjust any provided armor to fit a certain person (which will cost 1/5 of the list price of the armor).

Weapons and armor the PC offer to Master Terrel for sale will be bought for 40% of the list price. On any given week, the armorer has up to 500sp to spend on those items. If the characters are willing to include the items they want to sell in a bargain to acquire some goods from Master Terrel, he will treat those as being worth 50% of the list price. Furthermore, he will buy any other metal item for 40% of its worth.



Master Hollowbelt, the Dwarf (Calvenhill)

Crossbow, Heavy	32sp
Crossbow, light	27sp
Lock	10sp
Specialist's Tools*	50sp
Pistol*	40sp
Arquebus*	40sp
Pistol; wheellock	300sp
Arquebus; wheellock	300sp
Firebomb*	7sp
Gunpowder; shot	5cp
Matchcord; meter	1sp
Powder Horn	1sp

Master Hollowbelt will always have a few (1d4+1) crossbows and wheel-lock pistols ready for sale. "*Mere matchlock's*" he will only build on order. He is skilled enough to produce any kind of specialist tools that any character may be able to think of, and chances are that he even has one set in store (3 out of 6), but tools for lock picking he will only sale on a Reaction roll result of 9 or better. Same is true for firebombs, as he is not selling "*to a scoundrel*"

The mechanics of his wheel-lock weapons are so precise and delicate that the chance of misfire is reduced to 1 in 10, but they break automatically if the weapon is used as a club. While he sells gunpowder and matchcord, he does not sell shots as he "*will not bother myself with such trivial work. Go to the smithy down the street, there you get cast iron.*"



Offers & Prices: [Calvenhill](#)

Bedroll	1sp	Lard	1cp
Block and Tackle	2sp	Mallet	3cp
Book, blank	10sp	Manacles	10sp
Book, reading	20sp	Map, local	3sp
Caltrop	5cp	Mirror, glas	10sp
Candle	1cp	Mirror, silver	30sp
Chain, per foot	1sp	Mirror, steel	3sp
Chalk	1cp	Nails	1cp
Clothing, extravagant	>25sp	Paper	2cp
Clothing, normal	4sp	Pick, Miner's	6sp
Clothing, poor	1sp	Pipe	1sp
Clothing, winter travel	8sp	Pole, 10'	1sp
Cooking Pots	5cp	Riding Gear	15sp
Crampons	5sp	Rope, 50'	3sp
Crowbar	2sp	Scroll Case	1sp
Drill	5sp	Shovel;	3sp
Fishing Gear	1sp	Soap	1cp
Flaks of Lamp Oil	5sp	Spike; Iron	3cp
Garlic	3cp	Spike, Wooden	1cp
Grappling Hook	5sp	Tent, grand	25sp
Holy Symbol, silver	50sp	Tent, paviliion	50sp
Holy symbol, steel	10sp	Tent, personal	7sp
Holy Symbol, wood	1cp	Tent, regular	15sp
Holy Water	25sp*	Tinderbox	1sp
Hourglass	100sp	Tobacco	1sp
Ink	3cp	Torch	1cp
Instrument	>5sp	Empty Vial	5cp
Jewelry	>10sp	Waterskin	1sp
Ladder, 10'	10sp	Whistle	1sp
Lantern	4sp	Wolvesbane	1sp

Offers & Prices: [Waywell Point](#)

Bedroll	1sp	Nails	2cp
Block and Tackle	3sp	Paper	2cp
Candle	1cp	Pick, Miner's	12sp
Chain, per foot	2sp	Pipe	5cp
Chalk	1cp	Riding Gear	25sp
Clothing, normal	2sp	Rope, 50'	3sp
Clothing, winter travel	5sp	Scroll Case	3sp
Cooking Pots	5cp	Shovel	3sp
Crampons	5sp	Soap	1cp
Crowbar	2sp	Spike; Iron	5cp
Drill	5sp	Spike, Wooden	1cp
Fishing Gear	1sp	Spyglass	250sp
Flaks of Lamp Oil	5sp	Tent, grand	25sp
Lyra	8sp	Tent, personal	10sp
Ink	5cp	Tent, regular	20sp
Jewelry	>10sp	Tinderbox	5sp
Ladder, 10'	7sp	Tobacco	1sp
Lantern	5sp	Torch	1cp
Lard	1cp	Empty Vial	7cp
Lock	10sp	Waterskin	1sp
Mallet	3cp	Whistle	1sp
Map, local	5sp		
Mirror, glas	15sp		
Mirror, steel	5sp		

Offers & Prices: [Fieldside Inn](#)

Local Liquor; bottle (bad)	10 cp
Drink, cheap liquour	1cp
Drink, wine	5cp
Drink, beer from the Abby	3cp
Drink, thin beer	2cp
Meal, simple	3cp
Meal, hearty	5cp
Meal, rich	10sp
Ration; iron	1sp
Ration, standard	5cp
Ration, animal	5cp
Stable (per animal)	5cp
Room for the night	5sp
Night in the tabroom	5cp

Retainer	Wage/d	Wage/m
Animal Handler	14sp	140sp
Craftsman	-	100sp
Guard	9sp	84sp
Guide	14sp	
Laborer	6sp	56sp
Linkboy	5sp	42sp
Servant	6sp	56sp
Teamster	10sp	100sp

Offers & Prices: [Merryshire](#)

Equipment	Price	Equipment	Price
Bedroll	1sp	Lock	10sp
Block and Tackle	3sp	Mallet	3cp
Book, blank	10sp	Manacles	15sp
Book, reading	20sp	Map, local	5sp
Candle	1cp	Mirror, glas	15sp
Chain, per foot	2sp	Mirror, steel	5sp
Chalk	1cp	Nails	2cp
Clothing, normal	2sp	Paper	2cp
Clothing, poor	5cp	Pick, Miner's	12sp
Clothing, winter travel	5sp	Pipe	5cp
Cooking Pots	5cp	Pole, 10'	5cp
Crampons	5sp	Riding Gear	15sp
Crowbar	2sp	Rope, 50'	3sp
Drill	5sp	Scroll Case	3sp
Fishing Gear	1sp	Shovel	3sp
Flaks of Lamp Oil	5sp	Soap	1cp
Garlic	1cp	Spike; Iron	5cp
Grappling Hook	10sp	Spike, Wooden	1cp
Holy Symbol, silver	50sp	Tent, personal	10sp
Holy symbol, steel	10sp	Tent, regular	20sp
Holy Symbol, wood	1cp	Tinderbox	5sp
Ink	5cp	Tobacco	5cp
Instrument	>5sp	Torch	1cp
Jewelry	>10sp	Empty Vial	7cp
Ladder, 10'	7sp	Waterskin	1sp
Lantern	5sp	Whistle	1sp
Lard	1cp		

Animals	Price
Carrier Pigeon	100sp
Dog	2sp
Horse, riding	100sp
Livestock	6sp
Mule	25sp
Pony	50sp

Containers	Price
Backpack	1sp
Barrel	6sp
Chest	5sp
Pouch	1cp
Quiver	10sp
Sack	2cp
Saddlebag	5cp

Food	Price
Ration; iron	1sp
Ration, standard	5cp
Ration, animal	5cp

Offers & Prices: [Master Sanford](#)

Weapon & Armor	Price
Spear	4sp
Staff	3sp
Weapon, minor	5sp
Weapon, small	10sp
Whip	25sp
Morion	30sp
Pistol; matchlock	50sp
Arquebus; matchlock	50sp
Gunpowder; shot	6cp
Powder Horn	1sp
Scattershot	1sp
Shot Bag	1sp

Offers & Prices: [The Grancourt House](#)

Food	Rural
Decent wine; bottle	1sp
Drink; decent	2cp
Drink, good	4cp
Meal, fancy	5cp
Meal, rich	10sp
Meal, standard	3cp
Room; 1 bed/night	3sp
Room; 2 bed/night	5sp
Room; 4 bed/night	9sp
Stable; animal/night	5cp

Offers & Prices: [Ye ol' Ryhton](#)

Offer	Price
Decent wine; bottle	2sp
Drink; decent	3cp
Drink, good	5cp
Meal, fancy	5cp
Meal, rich	10sp

Offers & Prices: [The Longhouse](#)

Offer	Price
Drink; cheap	1cp
Drink; decent	3cp
Drink; good	4cp
Meal, horrid	1cp
Meal, standard	3cp
Meal, fancy	7cp

Offers & Prices: *Abbotspitt*

Equipment	Price	Equipment	Price
Bedroll	1sp	Lard	1cp
Block and Tackle	4sp	Lock	12sp
Book, blank	12sp	Mallet	3cp
Candle	2cp	Manacles	20sp
Chain, per foot	3sp	Mirror, steel	6sp
Chalk	1cp	Nails	2cp
Clothing, normal	2sp	Paper	3cp
Clothing, poor	5cp	Pick, Miner's	12sp
Clothing, winter travel	6sp	Pipe	5cp
Cooking Pots	7cp	Pole, 10'	5cp
Crampons	5sp	Rope, 50'	3sp
Crowbar	3sp	Scroll Case	4sp
Drill	6sp	Shovel	3sp
Fishing Gear	1sp	Soap	2cp
Flask of Lamp Oil	6sp	Spike; Iron	5cp
Garlic	2cp	Spike, Wooden	1cp
Holy Symbol, silver	60sp	Tent, regular	20sp
Holy symbol, steel	12sp	Tinderbox	5sp
Holy Symbol, wood	1cp	Tobacco	6cp
Holy Water	25sp	Torch	1cp
Ink	6cp	Empty Vial	7cp
Instrument	>6sp	Waterskin	1sp
Ladder, 10'	7sp	Whistle	1sp
Lantern	6sp	Wolvesbane	3cp

Item	Price
Shield	30sp
Spear	4sp
Staff	3sp
Weapon, minor	7sp
Weapon, small	14sp
Bow, short	35sp
Sling	5cp
Arrows	7cp
Sling bullet	2cp
Backpack	1sp
Barrel	7sp
Chest	6sp
Pouch	1cp
Quiver	12sp
Sack	2cp
Dog	3sp
Livestock	5sp
Mule	30sp

Offers & Prices: *the Hooded Friar*

Food	Price
Liquor; bottle/decent	1sp
Drink (Liquor)	1cp
Drink (Beer from the abbey)	2cp
Drink (Milk)	1cp
Soup and Bread	1cp
Lamb /w vegetables	6cp
Stew	3cp
Ration; iron	1sp
Ration, standard	5cp

Lodging	Price
Room; person/night	3sp
Night in the tap room	1cp
Stabling; per animal	6cp

Offers & Prices: *St.Gytha Abbey*

Lodging for the ill or wounded	2cp per day
/plus medical care (physician)	20sp per day for five days
/plus prolonged medical care	30sp per day
Access to the relics of St.Gytha (aside of her deathday, counts as 2 st level Bless once a month)	>10sp per person



Offers & Prices: Ravenpine

Equipment	Price	Equipment	Price
Bedroll	2sp	Pick, Miner's	12sp
Block and Tackle	3sp	Pipe	5cp
Candle	1cp	Pole, 10'	5cp
Chain, per foot	2sp	Rope, 50'	3sp
Chalk	1cp	Shovel	3sp
Clothing, normal	4sp	Soap	1cp
Clothing, poor	6cp	Spike; Iron	5cp
Clothing, winter travel	7sp	Spike, Wooden	1cp
Cooking Pots	1sp	Tent, personal	10sp
Crampons	6sp	Tent, regular	20sp
Crowbar	3sp	Tinderbox	5sp
Drill	6sp	Tobacco	1sp
Fishing Gear	2sp	Torch	1cp
Flask of Lamp Oil	6sp	Empty Vial	7cp
Holy Symbol, wood	1cp	Waterskin	1sp
Instrument	>5sp	Whistle	1sp
Ladder, 10'	7sp	Ration; iron	2sp
Lantern	5sp	Ration, standard	1sp
Lard	1cp	Ration, animal	1sp
Lock	10sp	Backpack	2sp
Mallet	3cp	Barrel	1sp
Manacles	15sp	Chest	10sp
Mirror, steel	5sp	Pouch	5cp
Nails	2cp	Sack	3cp

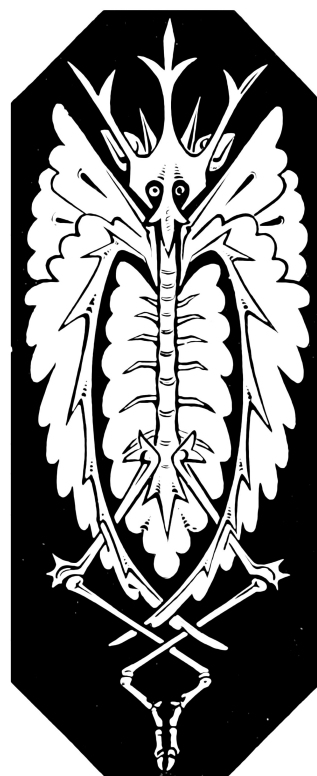
Offers & Prices: The Axe & Stump

Food	Price
Simple Liquor; bottle	7cp
Drink, Liquor	1cp
Drink, thin Ale	2cp
Drink, good beer	3cp
Drink, good wine	2cp
Drink, good	5cp
Meal, fancy	1sp
Meal, simple	2cp
Meal, standard	5cp

Lodging	Price
Stabling, per animal	5cp
Room for the night	1sp

Other offers and services in Ravenpine

Bath; tub with up to six other	1sp
Bath; tub with up to two other	2sp
Bath; private	4sp
<i>Half price for "second usage"</i>	
"Company" (willing bathhouse wench)	>2sp
Laundry	1cp
Pulling out a bad tooth	1cp
Wound care (prevents infection)	3cp
Cutting the hair/beard	>3cp
Amputation; finger/toe	2cp
Amputation; limb	6cp
Bloodletting	2cp
Medical care (barbar-surgeon)	20sp/day
A night with a hovel whore	1sp
Permit to erect a tent; day	1cp
Permit to erect a tent; week	4cp
Peddler's permit (to sell goods)	>5cp



Recommendations & Self-Advertisement

Rampaging Monsters by Zzarchov Kowolski

In fact, the Barony of Boarswood started out as nothing more than a number of hamlets with names and brief descriptions that I had created with *Rampaging Monsters*. I wanted to see if I could be able to write a one-session adventure (all my early attempts ended as multi-session events). The names of Mudheath and Abbotspit are products of the hamlet generator found therein, and I would be a liar if I would claim that Ravenpine and Cornfork had not been inspired by it as well.

England Upturn'd by LotFP

If you have a taste for England as a backdrop for LotFP games, I suggest to buy this release. It gives you lots of material to work with, plus an adventure that may change your England forever.

100 Old English Names (Male) by Ennead Games

...just in case you need a few more and do not want to search for free online lists on the net. It simply spares you some time if you spend some coin instead.

Creepy Copses by Gallant Knight Games

This is an "inspiration generator" for descriptions. I like it a lot, also I usually omit the "senses" table.

100 Medicinal Herbs & Their Uses by Lee's Lists

Do you like to drop in some non-fictional names of herbs when the *medicus* or the wise woman administers something? Then, consider this list.

Lusus Naturae by Neoplastic Press

If you want to ramp up the weirdness, release one or more of the monsters described in this release into my plain, simple Boarswood. WARNING! On my personal weird-meter, *Lusus Naturae* is a 12 on a 0 to 10 scale: this is not for everyone.

RPG Sound Tracks by Plate Mail Games

Dark Woods; The Hinterlands; Blood Peat Moors; Farmlands; Medieval City Slum;

Fords Faeries by Kortex Studios

A collection of monsters, faeries and others inspired by the artwork of Henry Justice Ford. A FREEBEE.

Gregorius21778: What the Smithy has to offer

A list with weapons and armor that the characters might be offered. Pay-what-you-want.

Gregorius21778: Beware of the Spirits of the Woods

Some strange encounters for a mystic forest. Perhaps just the right thing for the heart of Boarswood or certain places in Ravenpine. Pay-what-you-want.

Gregorius21778: The Day of Manifest Misfortune

A good way to ruin the day of your party. Pay-what-you-want.

Gregorius21778: Works&Misfortunes of Ye Alchemist

Just exchange Turlough Coalbelly with Askel Hollowbelt, and you can insert ye alchemist straight into Calvenhill.

Gregorius21778: Good Help is Hard to Find

Are your hirelings and retainers a bit bland? Do you want to sneak a foul egg into the basket? Than this title is for your.

Gregorius21778: Foul is all Magick

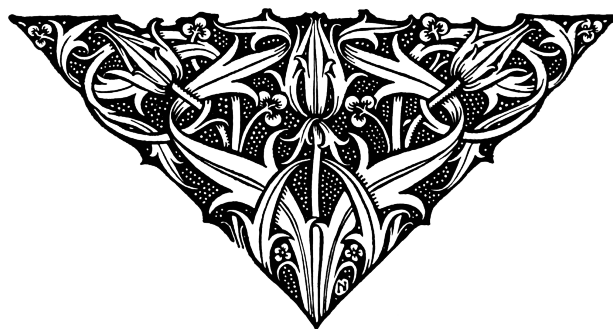
A simple table to create ingredients necessary for a spell or ritual. Just the right thing to spice up Fiona's price for a potion or deed a little. Pay-what-you-want.

Gregorius21778:20 Sacred Site

Do you want to place a sacred site into the region? Perhaps into the heart of Boarswood Forest or into the Borderbarrens? Or somewhere else to travel to as a part of an adventure? Have a look at this one then.

Gregorius21778: What is on the Mule?

A sheet to note the items that the characters leave on their trusted mule (or pony) most of the time. Pay-what-you-want.



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