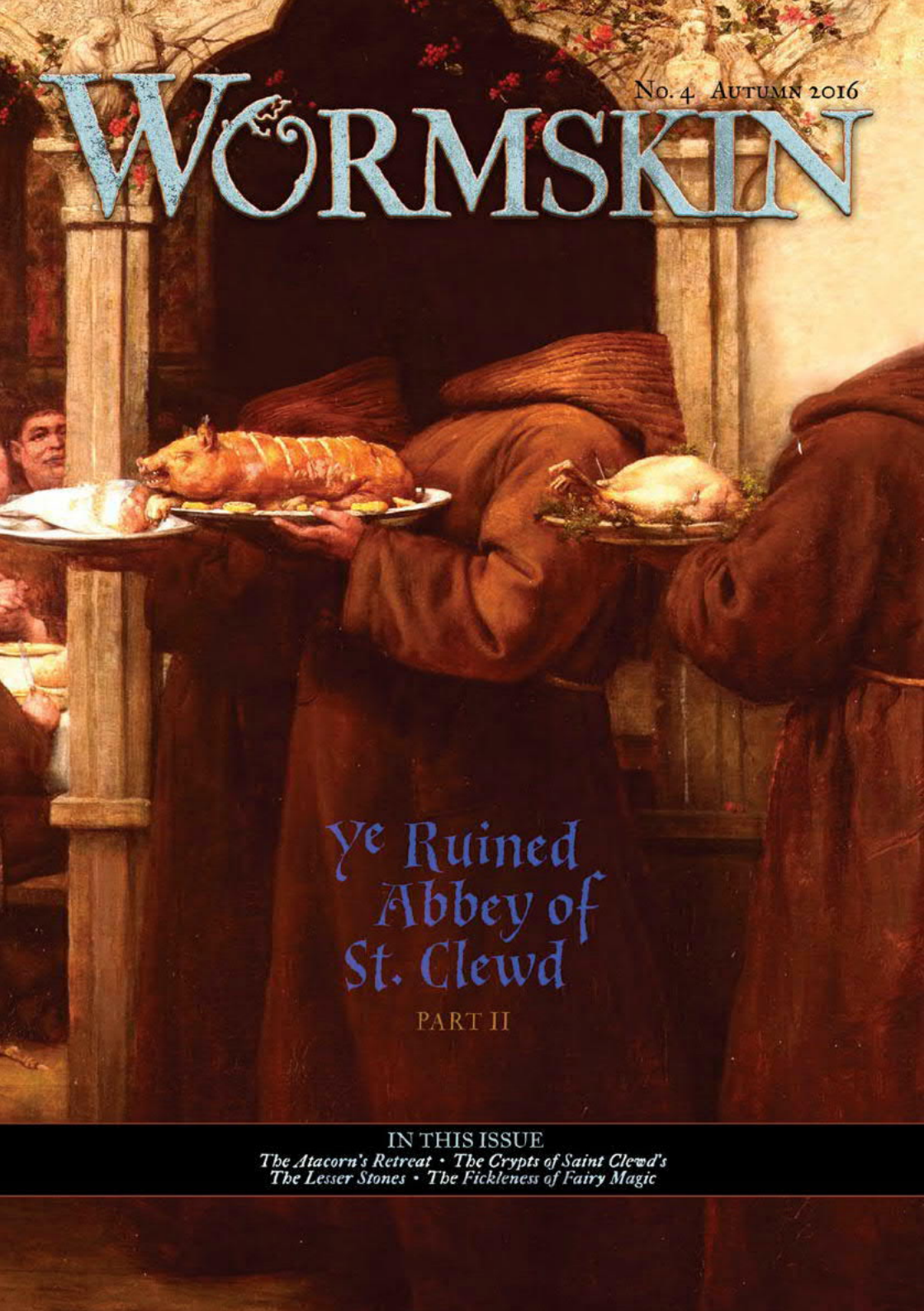


No. 4 AUTUMN 2016

WORMSKIN



ye Ruined
Abbey of
St. Clewd

PART II

IN THIS ISSUE

*The Atacorn's Retreat • The Crypts of Saint Clewd's
The Lesser Stones • The Fickleness of Fairy Magic*





WORMSKIN

Volume 1, No. 4 AUTUMN 2016

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Wormskin — *Issue Four*

Welcome, way-befuddled wanderer, to the fourth issue of the world's most popular Dolmenwood zine! These pages further unfurl the time-chafed scroll of Dolmenwood trivia, revealing something of the fickle ways of fairy magic and classifying the odd phenomena which attend the numerous standing stones of the wood. Additionally, the lair of a curious creature — the Atacorn Farthigny, spawn of the Nag-Lord — is described in lavish detail, ripe for collision with unsuspecting player characters.

To top it all off, in this esteemed issue, we delve into some of the deepest secrets of the monster-haunted forest, Dolmenwood, via the traditional medium of the dungeon crawl. In the crypts of the abbey of St Clewd, deeds took place which unwittingly changed the course of history in the region: a great saint was driven mad and imprisoned, while a great beast was unleashed on the unsuspecting denizens of the wood. And yet none know of these events! Read on to discover more, O curious referee...

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THE ATACORN'S RETREAT



Many have heard the whispered rumours of the Atacorns, offspring of the Nag-Lord's trysts with witch-mothers. Atacorns are mule-things with varying human features and they usually dwell near rivers and underground streams. If witches are sometimes characterized as malicious, the Atacorns are regarded as experts in the area of cruelty. (For more about the Atacorns, see *Expanded Petty Gods*.)

Farthigny, often called "The Fiddler in the Dark", is the second eldest Atacorn and lives in the shadow of his sire's rule. He dwells, with a retinue of moss dwarf servants, in a cottage near the crossing of the ley-lines of Ywyr and Lamm on the shore of Lake Longmere (in hex 0807), roughly three miles from the Bafflestone (hex 0907).

Like his brethren, Farthigny is a cloven-footed, cow-tailed humanoid with mulish ears, face, and muzzle. He sports a unicorn-like horn—although his horn grows sideways from his chin. He has carved his horn into an ever-present fiddle. He spends much of his day whittling away at his growth to maintain its pure sound and carries a small carving knife in a leather sheath.

It is rare to encounter Farthigny during daylight hours. At dusk, he sits on the rocks near shore, playing achingly beautiful songs for hours on end. He often sings as he plays. His lilting measures drift for miles on quiet nights.

He prefers to negotiate his way out of direct conflict or to make use of his enchanted fiddle bows (see magic items) to deter attack, but is a furiously determined combatant if challenged. He prefers close attacks with knives, daggers, and hand-axes.

Farthigny (Atacorn)

HD 4+1 (25 hp), AC 5, Att: 1 × 1d6 (bite) or weapon, Ml 11, Mv 90' (30'), Al C, XP 215. Farthigny saves as a fighter of 8th level.



Adventure Hooks

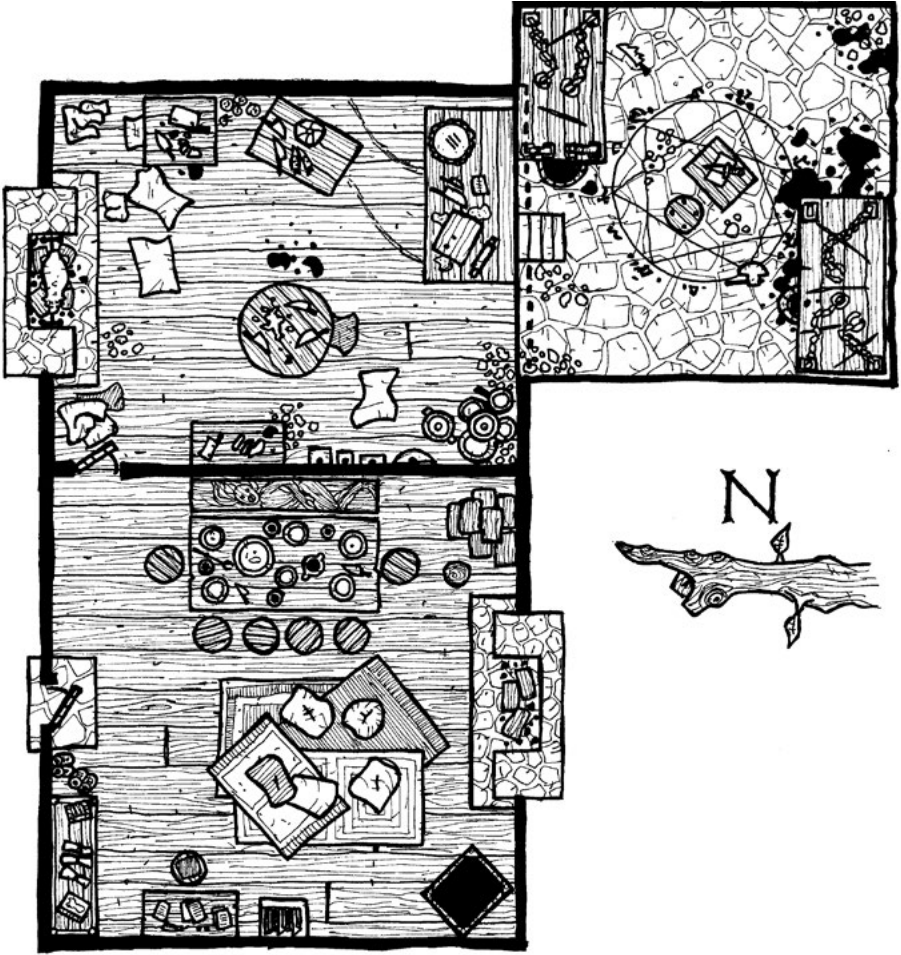
The referee may wish to use one of the following hooks to introduce Farthigny into the campaign.

- ♦ The party easily finds his cottage and Farthigny currently hosts a group of extremely drunk and happy adventurers. The moss dwarf servants are noticeably nervous.
- ♦ The adventurers discover a severely beaten moss dwarf corpse. In one hand is clenched a fragment of parchment scrawled with odd musical notation written in rust-coloured ink. The other hand points at a path to Farthigny's cottage.
- ♦ If musicians make camp in this section of the wood, Farthigny will appear and challenge them to a musical duel. Regardless of the outcome, he will be in good humour and invite the party to dine at his cottage the next morning before they set off.
- ♦ Farthigny stands on the shore of Lake Longmere and beckons to passing boats. He needs new strings for his horn-fiddle and will trade food and supplies for suitable material.
- ♦ All pack animals with the party spook and bolt. They can eventually be found grazing outside Farthigny's cottage, each attended by a moss dwarf minion. One of the pack animals is strung up in a tree and a moss dwarf is about to slit its throat.
- ♦ A blood-spattered estray grimalkin scrambles out of the woods, its intestines clutched in its paws as it mewls in pain. It whispers "The scream is a song! The scream is a song!" before it collapses and dies.
- ♦ The bardic guild has offered a bounty of 5,000gp for the fiddle of Farthigny so they can destroy it; they do not know it is part of his body, but think it a cursed instrument.

Rumours (Idio)

The following rumours have been passed on by travellers, merchants, and caravaners. No one knows if they are true.

1. Lord Malbleat is displeased that Farthigny chose to operate close to his own estates. The Nag-Lord himself intervened to warn his child to steer clear of his Lordship's affairs.
2. Caravans in the region regularly report losing one or two travellers, usually unattached men and women under 20.
3. One of Lord Barrathwaite of Lankshorn's informers disappeared while on the road to Prigwort. She was found last week by frog giggers in Hag's Addle. Her belly was ripped open and her intestines stuffed down her own throat.
4. Farthigny was borne of a Drunewife mother who sacrificed her life to free the Dolmenwood of a dark power's influence.
5. The moss dwarfs who serve Farthigny are shunned by others of their kind.
6. Farthigny is afraid of the Bafflestone and will not go near it unless under threat of death.
7. A moss dwarf delivered two hundred horseshoes to the farrier in Lankshorn.
8. Witch-owls avoid the woods around Farthigny's cottage.
9. A ferryman claims he has rowed Father Eggwin Dobey of Lankshorn to the shores near Farthigny's cabin several times under the light of the full moon.
10. Farthigny knows spells that can warp the flesh and turn animals to men.



The Atacorn's Cottage

Farthigny lives in a spacious 2-room bungalow hidden in the woods. He is attended by a small retinue of Moss Dwarfs (1d6+2) whom he regularly beats. They like it and never complain. Careful observers will notice a continually rotating staff of dwarfs, but never more than initially encountered.

Farthigny is a delightful host. He entertains visitors with song (he takes requests) and plies visitors with food and drink. However, everything he serves is laced with spangle maker or triple-sod (see *Wormskin* issue two), depending on the season (he is immune to the drugs' effects). When his victims are thoroughly drugged, he disembowels them to examine their livers—the Jale God warned Farthigny he would be killed by someone whose parent's liver bled umber-blue.

I. Main Room

This large room is divided into two sections: a living area and a dining area. Both sections are pristinely clean, but look well-lived in. A large fireplace and hearth take up the southern wall.

Living Area

Tapestries and large throw pillows create a comfortable lounging area (Farthigny sleeps here, too). Against one wall is a writing table & chair, the surface littered with parchments, quills, and a few bottles of ink. A small bookshelf contains an assortment of rolled parchments and hand-bound books. A large trunk holds neatly folded clothes. Two pairs of boots are tossed casually in a corner.

Dining Area

The dining area contains a long dining table, a 4-seat bench and 6 chairs. The furniture is of rough-hewn oak. Plates and cups are of mismatched sets; no two items display the same colour or pattern. The only utensils for guests are wooden spoons. Farthigny reserves a two-pronged fork for his own use.

All food is served on simple open platters, community style. See “Common Tavern Fare” in *Wormskin* issue two for typical meals served at Farthigny's table.

continued overleaf

**SONGS OF THE
FIDDLER IN THE
DARK (ID8)**

1. *Dreams of the Nymphs of Nyf*. Mourning air about two nymphs who loved a goatman.
2. *Make Me a Bed of Thistledown Under Castle Brackenwold*. Bawdy jog satirizes the failure of a nobleman to produce an heir.
3. *Sing Not of Lord Malbleat*. Bittersweet ballad recounts his Lordship's first love.
4. *Meet Me, My Sweet, 'Round the Witching Ring*. Lively reel celebrates two doomed lovers.
5. *Never Ever Swim Through the Fever Marsh*. Pun-filled country rag pokes fun at lost travellers.
6. *Travellin' Horse-Eye Road*. Purely instrumental galop—usually accompanied by moss dwarfs clapping and stomping in a rowdy show.
7. *The Boys of Fort Vulgar*. 3/4-time waltz tells the tale of a major military victory.
8. *I'll Quench My Thirst at the Lethbean Well*. Rollicking hoedown recounts a broken-hearted lover's suicide plans.

Items of interest:

- ♦ One of the **parchments** on the desk is a detailed map of Lankshorn; each building is labeled with who owns, lives, or works there. Some of the buildings have been crossed out, and others have small skulls drawn on them.
- ♦ An intricately carved, uncharged ash wand is hidden in a bundle of firewood near the **hearth**.
- ♦ The **throw pillows** are stuffed with human hair and fairy wings.
- ♦ A small pouch under one of the **throw pillows** is full of powdered swamp onion. These wild green onions, which grow in boggy areas of the Dolmenwood, are rumored to be a powerful aphrodisiac.
- ♦ On first glance, one of the **tapestries** depicts the birth of each of the 17 atacorns. On closer examination, it depicts the life story of one of the party members. If removed from the wall, it depicts a ritual sacrifice in one of the temples of the Jale God. The wall behind the tapestry sweats sweet-smelling urine. The tapestry cannot be burned. A scrap of parchment with the note "keep upstairs" is pinned to the tapestry's back side.
- ♦ The desiccated body of a Dryad is visible in the seat of the **dining area bench**. She might still be barely alive.
- ♦ One of the **boots** has a false heel. Inside is a golden chain and heart-shaped locket. The locket is engraved with the initials "BB." A few strands of goat hair are twisted in the chain.
- ♦ An assortment of fiddle bows hang on a wooden rack beside the **writing desk**. They are enchanted and produce different effects (see *magic items*).

2. Kitchen

The moss dwarfs prepare foodstuffs here. They also sleep on the floor. Sometimes at the same time.

A fireplace and spit large enough to cook a small pig takes up the north wall. Rough-hewn tables line the rest of the space, all at moss dwarf height. Various cooking implements are scattered on surfaces or hanging on nails driven into the walls. The floor is splattered with food stains, dried blood, and bits of mould and other fungus.

The largest work table blocks access to a secret trapdoor. It takes four moss dwarfs to move the heavy table.

Items of interest:

- ✦ Wrapped in a dirty linen rag and stuffed in an **empty crock** is a *ring of Calibraxis* (see *magic items*).
- ✦ A **sealed crock** labeled “Cucumber Pickles” contains equal parts cucumbers and human thumbs.
- ✦ A lidded cooking pot is buried in the **fireplace ashes**. Inside is a delectable Bogswine Sausage & Mugwort Greens Stew. In the stew is a brittle, multi-coloured glass marble, a *fey spyglass* (see *magic items*).
- ✦ On one of the **food preparation tables** is a perfectly baked Loch Trout Pie, cooling off before being served. Two barrowbogies hide in a stack of pots and crocks at the other end of the table.
- ✦ Three goatmen horns with bits of dried flesh and bone at their stumps are tied loosely together with string. They lay on one of the **work tables**, next to a hand-held cheese grater and a pile of horn shavings. Scratched into one of the horns is “Bandit; Feastday.” On the other two are scratched “Thief; 2nd Bloodmoon.”
- ✦ There are no knives in the kitchen, but 3 butcher cleavers and 2 hand-axes can be found mixed among the **cooking utensils**. One of the cleavers has a silver blade.

3. Secret Room

A secret trapdoor in the kitchen opens on a set of unlit stairs leading to a rock-hewn room beneath ground level. The room reeks of old blood and rotting flesh. The stumps of hundreds of used candles litter the floor, as if they were simply dropped and kicked away after being blown out.

Two upright, blood-stained tables rest against walls on opposite sides of the room. The tables are the same workmanship as others in the cottage. These tables feature shackles on each corner and their surfaces are scored with sword marks, burn marks, and axe slashes. One table rests in a small pool of relatively fresh blood.

NOTE TO REFEREE

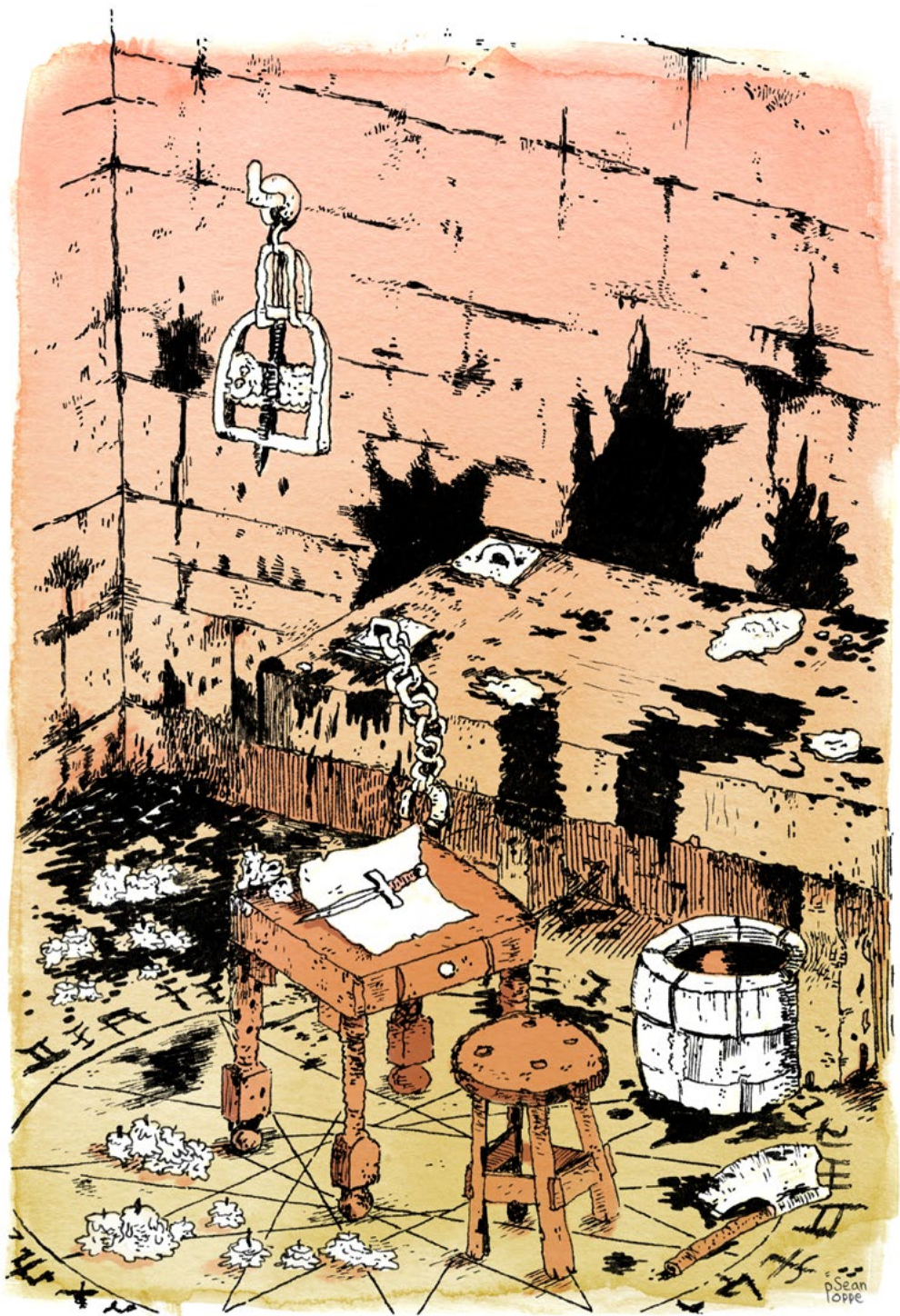
Farthigny conducts musical research in this room, trying to capture the death songs of as many creatures as he can, particularly humans and demihumans. He devised his own chromatic scale notation system, which roughly correlates to the circle of fifths. He is unaware that he inadvertently tapped into an aspect of eldritch magic while doing so.

A four-legged stool and small writing desk with a single drawer sit in the middle of what appears to be a summoning circle between the two tables. 7 sigils, some of them accompanied by 1 of 2 smaller glyphs, are etched on the outer ring of the circle. They do not form any known containment spell and seem to be entirely contrived.

The writing desk contains a fresh blank parchment, a freshly sharpened quill, and an unsheathed silver dagger caked in layers of old blood.

If the tapestry from the main room is laid on the floor to cover the summoning circle, there is a 30% chance the tapestry will depict, in order, the many deaths that occurred in the chamber, accompanied by the death song of each victim. All PCs in the room must immediately save vs. spells. For all except paladins, failure means death by brain implosion. Paladins experience alignment shift.

continued overleaf



Items of Interest:

- ✦ The dagger on the **desk** was stolen from Lord Malbeat's treasury. It is a blood knife (see *magic items*).
- ✦ A locked and warded iron-clad chest, **beneath a table**, holds pages upon pages of nigh-unreadable musical notation of Farthigny's invention, hand-scribbled in blood. Some have annotations in the common tongue, noting names and dates. Others are transcriptions of songs barred by bardic guilds across the realms. Others still are madness-inducing, otherworldly compositions that play themselves in a reader's head. Many are written with the same symbols as etched on the floor of the room.
- ✦ Some of the **candles on the floor** are mourning candles (see *magic items*).
- ✦ Mixed in a small pile of bloodstained and partially-shredded clothing **on the floor** are a pair of money pouches. These are fey purses (see *magic items*).
- ✦ Two small tins of rosin made of pine resin, beeswax, and meteoric iron are in the **writing table drawer** (rosin is necessary for a bow to grip an instrument's strings to produce a clear sound). Any bow rubbed with this rosin will produce the most beautiful notes the musician can play, even if their fingering and technique are poor. The bottom of each tin is stamped "Hrpl Aph, Wlthmrp."
- ✦ A giant mottlecap fungus (see *Wormskin* issue one) **behind one of the upright torture tables** is actually a slumbering moss dwarf who has entered fungal symbiosis. If awakened, he has no idea where he is or how he arrived. He is telling the truth. He will offer each of the PCs a bite of his mottlecap in exchange for 5gp or a bottle of really good wine.
- ✦ One leg of the **four-legged stool** is hollow. Inside are three poison darts tied together with a simple handmade blue ribbon. The ribbon is lightly scented with a perfume of lavender, rose, and violet. The name "Breygata" is embroidered on the ribbon with white thread.
- ✦ A small pliers and a pouch containing roughly 1,000 fingernails sit in plain sight near the **bottom step**. At the bottom of the pouch is a brass snuff-box.

Magic Items

The following magical items are found in Farthigny's cottage, in the locations noted in the preceding section.

Blood Knife

A semi-sentient weapon; the essence of Ybbatsnosnibbats, a minor murder demon, is trapped in its blade. It imparts no bonuses or special abilities beyond those of a normal silver weapon. However, if the dagger is cleaned, it will attempt to influence its holder to re-coat it in blood. It takes at least 50 coats of different blood to satisfy the demon. The dagger refuses to be sheathed and will not reveal itself to be sentient unless examined by someone trained in the darkest of arcane arts.

Enchanted Fiddle Bows

Farthigny's fiddle bows produce different effects when used. The following table can be used to determine the qualities of an individual bow. Roll 4d6 and consult each column separately or 1d6 and read across a complete row, for a quick result.

1D6	WOOD	HAIR COLOUR	HAIR SOURCE	EFFECT (LASTS 1D6 HOURS)
1	Black Willow	Yellow	Human	Hives
2	Hawthorne	Grey	Elf	Effervescent joy
3	Pear (fruit tree)	Black	Moss dwarf	Insatiable appetite
4	Red Maple	Red (Ginger)	Goatman	Incurable weeping
5	Rowan	Brown	Horse	Incessant belching
6	Spruce	Auburn	Mule	Panicked anxiety

Fey Purses

A pair of purses, one made of pigskin, the other of spider silk. Anything placed in the pigskin pouch will appear in the spider silk pouch. Anything placed in the spider silk pouch will appear in the pigskin pouch, but damaged and scarred beyond normal usability (coins melted into a lump, gems turned to dust, live creatures warped into cubes of living flesh, etc.). Fey purses are banned in the realm by royal decree; possession is punishable by death.

continued overleaf

Fey Spyglass

A brittle, multi-coloured glass marble. Invisible things are made visible when viewed through it. It can break if handled too roughly.

Mourning Candles

Placed at the head, foot, left and right of a corpse; all but the light at the head are lit. If the three lit candles are allowed to burn until completely extinguished, it is assured that the deceased will not be animated, resurrected, or summoned, or interrogated from beyond the grave.

Ring of Calibraxis

A cursed item that summons a murder demon who parasitically inhabits the right hemisphere of the wearer's brain. Should a knife be held in the wearer's left hand, the murder demon will seize control of that hand and cause the wearer to self-mutilate, carving summoning sigils into the wearer's flesh to call forth demon larvae. These minor demons will worm their way out of the victim's flesh like moths emerging from cocoons before spreading their wings and flying away. The ring can only be removed by amputating the hand on which the ring is worn—amputating the finger isn't enough. If the ring is worn for more than 1d20 days, the wearer must make a Save vs. Death, or be completely consumed in a pillar of fire by the murder demon, the ring falling to the ground to await another victim.





THE FICKLENESS OF FAIRY MAGIC



The kingdoms of Elfland are filled with wonders which mortals can scarce conceive. Sometimes, wanderers from that land into our own bring with them trinkets which may fall into mortal hands. Men and women describe these things as magical. The magic of these objects does not always last, however: time may erode it. When players obtain an enchanted item crafted by fairies, goblins, or elf-lords, the referee may choose to roll 1d12 to determine how long the fragile fairy magic survives in the mortal realm.

The item continues to operate until:

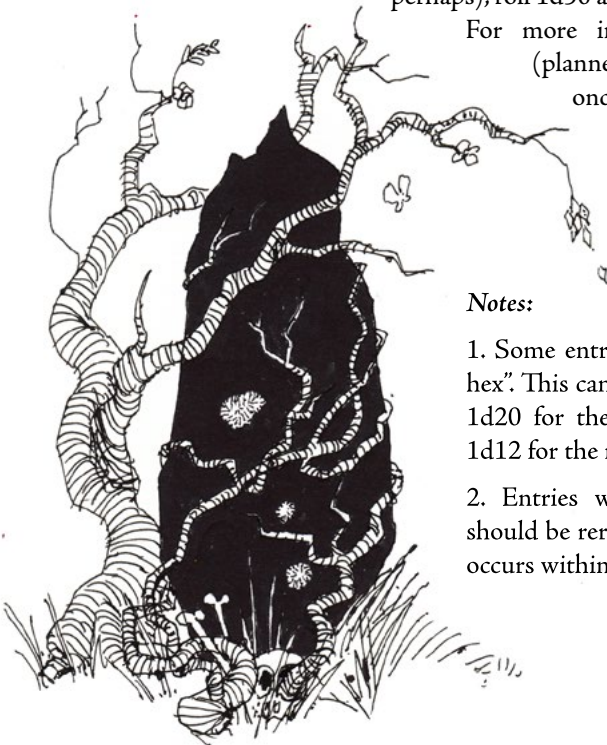
1. Sunlight touches it.
2. It crosses a stream or creek.
3. It is exposed to birdsong.
4. It casts a reflection (as in the surface of a lake or a mirror).
5. You stop looking at it.
6. You stop breathing on it.
7. A black dog appears before you in the road; at which time the item will vanish (50%) or transform into a mundane animal (50%).
8. A witch calls you by your full name.
9. You fall asleep.
10. You have coitus.
11. You murder an innocent.
12. You die.

LESSER STONES OF DOLMENWOOD

The Wood of Dolmens is clearly a place brimming with stone monuments, erected by its inhabitants since the long forgotten past. Wandering in the woods, adventurers are bound to come across these stones and may wonder at their origin and secrets. Indeed, many of the stones of Dolmenwood have seen use in occult rituals, or mark geomagnetic nexii, or are themselves enchanted.

The table on the following pages may be used by the referee to generate a nigh-infinite variety of standing stones. For a quick dolmen dalliance (a random encounter, perhaps), roll 1d30 and read across a whole column.

For more in-depth monolithic musings (planned locations, for example), roll once per column.



Notes:

1. Some entries refer to “a random hex”. This can be selected by rolling 1d20 for the east-west index and 1d12 for the north-south index.
2. Entries which refer to fairies should be rerolled, if the encounter occurs within the witching ring.

ID 30	MATERIAL	FORM	SURFACE	SETTING
1	Granite	Collapsed dolmen	Flawlessly smooth	Deep in the undergrowth
2	Sandstone	Shattered monolith	Cracks and grooves	Intertwined in the roots of great trees
3	Obsidian	Plinth fragment	Carved with elaborate knotwork	In a quiet clearing
4	Iron ore	Minor menhir	Overgrown with brambles	In a circle of scorched earth
5	Grey basalt	Cube	Spattered with bird droppings	At the top of a cliff
6	Chalk	Column	Carefully cleaned (by whom?)	Slid into a ditch
7	Chalk/flint composite	Pair of obelisks	Crawling with ants	In a gloomy glade
8	Pumice	Arch	Roughly hewn	In a pool
9	Coal	Cairn (stones stacked in a pyramid or pile)	Blood-stained	Under a rocky overhang / cliffside
10	Fossilized wood	Slab	Moss-covered	In the mouth of a small cave

UNUSUAL PROPERTY	FEATURE OF NOTE
Attracts birds	Way-markings to a place named Houndshollow, which exists on no map and in no records.
Warm to the touch, frost resistant	The musings of a nameless hermit, written in Old Woldish, discussing the presence of a "water weird" named Gheillough, which dwelt in the great lake and was worshipped by a dark, occult brotherhood.
Attracts dying animals, insects, birds – covered with corpses	Arcane/technical markings and the phrase "Potential tap point. Property of King Magh. Tamper on pain of death", in Old Woldish.
Fairy table	Marks the entrance to a fairy kingdom.
Radiant	Magical script – <i>read magic</i> reveals a random 1st level spell.
Semi-ethereal	Geometric symbols featuring recognisable landmarks in the wood. If studied, the markings reveal the location of a treasure hoard.
Exudes a lingering purpleness	Fine, Drunic script surrounding High Elvish runes (the latter of much greater antiquity). The runes possess the power to 1. warp time, such that the full moon will occur this night; 2. summon a flock of ghost crows (see <i>Wormskin</i> issue three) to do the invoker's bidding; 3. bring about extreme, unseasonal weather in a mile radius for 24 hours. The power of the runes has been tapped such that only one versed in Drunic ritual may command it.
Slowly rotating	Way-markings, in Drunic, naming and pointing to the closest nodal.
Watches with a living eye	Bears the Drune mark – an owl in flight, with pentagram eyes.
Smells of elderberries	A warning, written in a coded form of Woldish (actually the witches' cant), that spellcraft here is treacherous. Any spells cast in the vicinity are doubled in potency, accompanied by anguished wailings, and carry a 50% chance of opening a ley-rift through which a malevolent astral being steps.

ID 30	MATERIAL	FORM	SURFACE	SETTING
11	Flint	Ring of small stones	Carved with boar heads	On the summit of a mound
12	Limestone	Cracked obelisk, held together with metal bands	Veined with metal	At a crossing of paths
13	Black marble	Sentinel pillars, vaguely man-shaped	Engraved with geometric designs	Among the trees, close to a path
14	Slate	Trilithon, intact	Scorched	Beneath a small waterfall
15	Soapstone	Trilithon, collapsed	Acid scarred	Embedded in a tree
16	Meteoric	Small boulders forming a spiral or labyrinth	Scratch marks of some great beast	Partially sunken in a bog
17	White marble	Rough, animal-shaped obelisks	Pocked with small holes	Leaning against an old stump
18	Red basalt	Line of stones	Covered in garish lichen	Incorporated into a wall / foundation
19	Dolomite	Rubble	Clad with oozing fungus	Floating several inches above ground
20	Jasper	Toroid	Carved with eerie skulls	Surrounded by shabby offerings

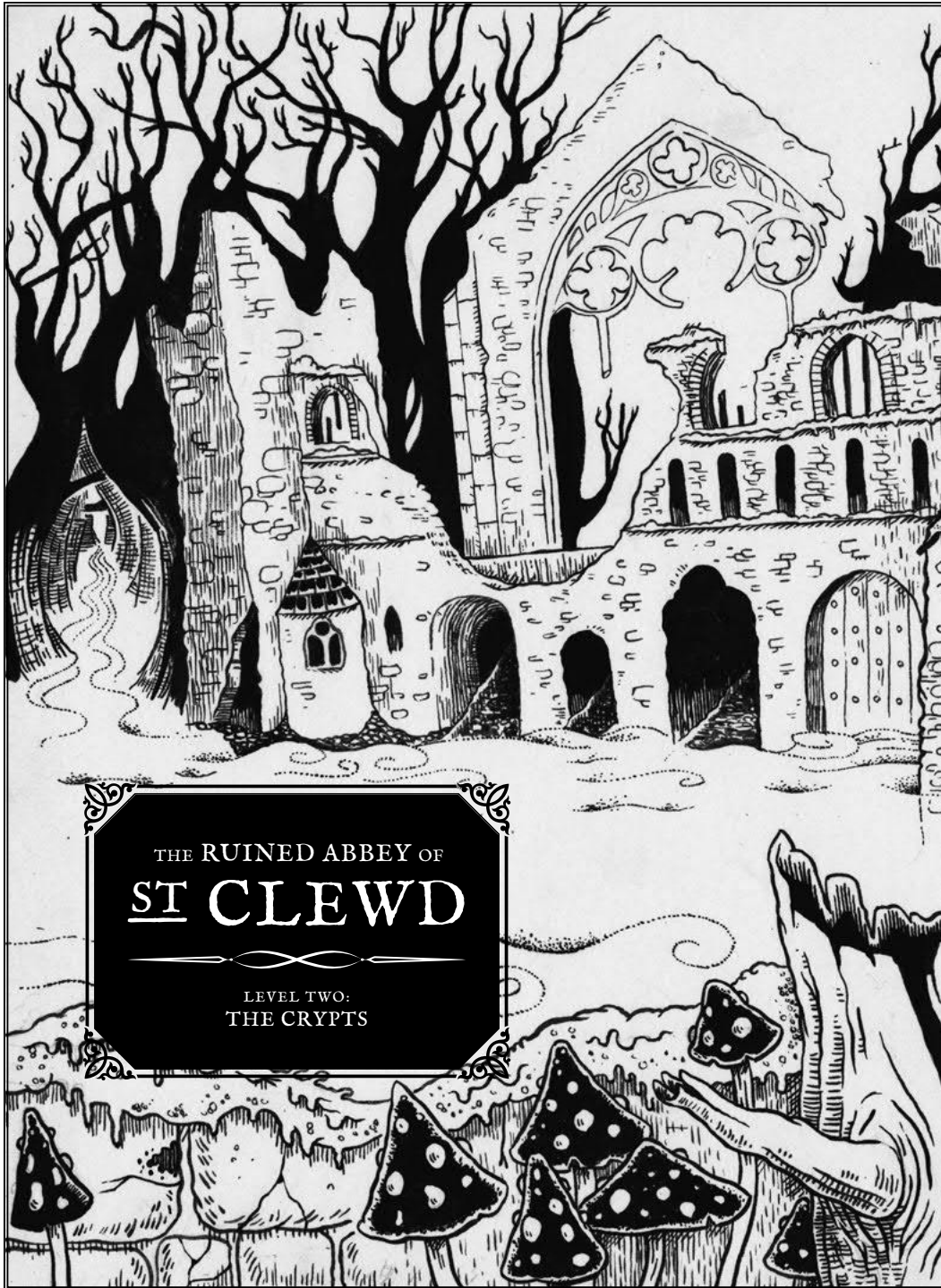
UNUSUAL PROPERTY	FEATURE OF NOTE
Oozes liquid (blood, milk, pus, oil, etc)	Age-worn, High Elvish runes claiming the surrounding lands as property of an elf lord. Passing the stones incurs a curse (save versus spells). Only high magic (abjurations cast by a character of 13th level or greater) or the decree of the named lord may nullify the curse.
Wails and moans	Jumbled scripts of various antiquity. None remain fully readable, but it appears that the stone had some ritualistic function.
Murmurs obscenities at passersby	A single symbol of unknown provenance.
Cold to the touch, covered with frost	Touching the stone causes a vision wherein glimpses of another (random) hex may be had.
Reeks of rotten fruit	A letter, neatly enveloped, lies at the foot of the stone. It contains a quaint poem, written in Sylvan or Woldish (50% chance of each), eulogising the craters of the moon. A person who places a replying letter beside the stone may come into communication with the inhabitants of a particular fairy kingdom.
Wet, absorbs moisture from the air around it	A <i>symbol</i> (per the spell) plus symbolic, Drunic verse alluding repeatedly to the chaining of “the wyrm of Longmere”.
Hums like a cloud of bees	Unreadable script – worn by time or weather. If the script can be restored (by magic, for example), it reveals a lost spell of level 1d4+2.
Sings popular ballads in falsetto	Touching the stone inspires the irresistible urge to dance.
Attracts snakes	A grotesque sigil which wavers and warps as it is regarded. Touching the stone triggers a momentary vision of a cackling goatman horde led by a giant, leering, black unicorn.
Casts no shadow	When touched, acts as a one-way teleport to a random hex.

ID 30	MATERIAL	FORM	SURFACE	SETTING
21	Moon-stone	Stacked slabs	Coated with ash	Amid droves of fallen leaves
22	Coalesced shadow	Millstone	Carved with stag motifs	Among many fallen trees
23	Quartz	Fallen column	Carved with ivy motifs	In a flowing stream
24	Skulls	Sphere	Dewy	Surrounded by a sludge-filled moat
25	Salt crystal	Circle of pillars	Barnacle covered	In a grotto, ringed with stalactites
26	Jade	Balanced stones	Covered with furry mould	Crawling slowly atop a thousand insectoid legs
27	Rammed earth / clay	Pyramid	Engraved with eyes	In a ring of bright toadstools
28	Ice	Symbol of the One True God, ruined	Imprinted with paw or hand prints	At the centre of a small, overgrown hillock
29	Hundreds of pebbles	Standing monolith	Wrapped with wild roses	In the middle of a path
30	Concrete	Pylon	Cracked. Birds or rodents nesting	Within a circle of white rope

UNUSUAL PROPERTY

FEATURE OF NOTE

Sheathed in a vortex of wind	Speaks in a grinding tone and claims to be “the voice of the wood”. The voice is disgruntled at the growing influence of the Nag-Lord and may invite friendly PCs to a nocturnal meeting of concerned parties who intend to unseat the beast. (The referee may decide whether there is any truth behind this resistance movement or whether the voice of the stone is misleading or mad.)
Metal in the vicinity is drawn in the direction of the Nag-Lord’s court	One who touches the stone becomes partially ethereal for 1d6 turns. In this state, the character takes half damage from mundane attacks and can perceive border phenomena such as spirits or invisible fairies. Such creatures are wont to accost mortals who desecry them.
Phantom lights flit around	A single sigil. May be recognised as the mark of Ygraine.
Appears bathed in moonlight	Script, in an unknown language, describes the means of summoning an exotically-named demon.
Causes weapons to drop to the earth, unsheathing themselves or leaping out of their owners’ grasp	The stone speaks with a sinister, droning voice, offering gifts of jewels and silver in return for assistance with various small tasks. The voice of the stone is that of an emissary of the Cold Prince, who seeks to discover and destroy the Summerstones (see <i>Wormskin</i> issue three).
Exudes a cloud of pale mist or steam	Religious verses, in Liturgic. A devout person who prays at the stone may gain a minor boon (<i>cure light wounds</i> or <i>bless</i>).
Causes recent dreams to come sharply back into consciousness	Whispers secrets of a random hex in return for: 1. blood sacrifice, 2. gold, 3. magical script, 4. other secrets.
Strains of ballroom music drifts from somewhere nearby.	Macabre poems, written in High Elvish.
A rumbling can be heard beneath the stone, deep underground	Astrological markings indicating a specific date on the lunar calendar. It may happen that this date is due to occur in 1d20 days’ time. The referee should determine what occurs on the eve of the noted day, as well as the identities of any other beings who attend.
The sound of ocean waves drifts from it	When touched, acts as a teleport to a random hex. An identical stone stands there, providing a means of return.



THE RUINED ABBEY OF
ST CLEWD

LEVEL TWO:
THE CRYPTS



Overview

The crypts beneath the chapel of St Clewd have lain virtually untouched for three and a half centuries, since the sacking of the abbey. It is a strange twist of fate that, despite outward appearances, the destruction of the abbey was brought upon it from within — from the crypts and the saint who lay interred there.

The Fate of St Clewd

The beginnings of the tale go back to the death of St Clewd in the heart of Dolmenwood and the foundation of the abbey at the site of his demise among a ring of pagan stones. St Clewd, as was previously described, died in mortal combat with a black unicorn whom men named Sallowbryg. What none of the saint's followers realised was the true nature of his death — St Clewd and the unicorn did not merely vanquish one another in battle. In fact, it transpired that the saint could not match the eldritch power of the unicorn and was close to defeat. In a final bid to rid the world of the depraved monster, the saint petitioned his God, laying down his own soul that the unicorn may be banished. A bolt of lightning struck the ring of stones, in response to the saint's prayer, and the souls of both — martyr and monster — were stripped from their bodies, bound together, and transported to a barren, grey realm where they would wage eternal battle, neither alive nor truly dead.

The Deeds of the Clewdites

Believing their blessed master dead, the followers of St Clewd took it upon themselves to build a great abbey in his honour — at the very site of his death — and to inter his relics in the crypt there. This they did and for many centuries the bones of the saint lay in peace. That was until, 360 years ago, the abbey came under the charge of a monk named Lummingwyll.

The new abbot was an erudite, ambitious, and vainglorious man who wished to increase the abbey's (and his own) sphere of dominion beyond Dolmenwood and into the wider world. Over the years, the abbots had come into possession of a prodigious collection of occult texts — illegal under their doctrine and locked up "out of harm's way". Abbot Lummingwyll, believing himself, in his unshakeable piety, able to master any occult force, delved into the secrets of these tomes, seeking out anything that may be used to the abbey's benefit. After

some years of slow, careful study, the abbot discovered the instructions for a ritual to consult with the spirit of one deceased. A chance to discourse with St Clewd himself!

A Ritual Gone Awry

The abbot's haste and over-confidence were his undoing. Despite his fastidious research, he was, in truth, a mere novice of the arcane arts, with virtually no practical experience in the performance of occult workings. The solemn ritual, involving a dozen of his most trusted servants and performed in the chamber constructed beneath the site of St Clewd's death (the pool of martyrdom, area 2 on the map of the crypts), went awfully wrong, unwittingly amplified by the latent geomantic energies inherent in the place, once marked by the ring of stones on the surface. Instead of conjuring the shade of St Clewd for consultation, the saint's spirit was dragged from limbo and given physical form, now twisted and deranged from timeless battle with the beast Sallowbryg. Worse, the spirit of the monster, bound to that of the saint, was also made manifest. And worst of all, the collision of the mortal world, the limbo-realm in which the spirits had done battle, and the astral nexus present at the site caused a tear in the fabric of reality, unleashing a stream of chaotic energies into the crypt.

The Oath of the Wardens

Many monks were killed instantly by the chaotic forces which wracked the crypts, but Abbot Lummingwyll and seven others escaped into the western crypts, where they were able to seal themselves inside the inner sanctum (area 13), along with the resurrected, twisted St Clewd, whom they trapped (somewhat ironically) inside his own tomb (area 14). In an act of remorse at his foolishness, Abbot Lummingwyll swore a sacred oath that he would remain in the crypts as a guardian of his patron saint until either death should take him or the saint be cured. The other seven monks who had taken refuge in the inner sanctum were required to swear likewise. Thus was born the Order of Wardens and their strange, subterranean life.

For a time, life in the abbey continued (more or less) as normal. The crypts were barred, as the destructive energies of the dimensional rift still raged, and all who were underground were presumed dead. Charge of the abbey moved to a new abbot, who did his utmost to cover up the "accident" in the crypts.

NOTE TO REFEREE

The true tale of the battle of St Clewd and the unicorn is known to none who live, save for those whom it concerns — the beast Atanuwe and the saint himself (who does indeed live still). These are among the deepest secrets of the wood and should be guarded well by the referee, only revealed in hints and clues, as players come into contact with the remnants of this ancient tale.

The Sacking of the Abbey

One question plagued the mind of Abbot Lunningwyll: what of the unicorn? He had clearly seen the beast rush forth from the rift, along with St Clewd, but, search as he might, no traces of it could be found in the crypt. In fact, the beast had fled out of the chapel and into the north of Dolmenwood, where it came into contact with the wild goatmen and their horde of lawless cohorts and began to establish itself as their lord and god. Two years after the summoning disaster in the crypts, the unicorn — now known to its servants as Atanuwe, the Nag Lord — ordered its armies to march on the Abbey of St Clewd, with the intention of destroying all those who might have some knowledge of its origin and past. And so it

came to pass that, in the space of a single night, the great abbey was ruined and none left alive.

None, that is, except the Order of Wardens, who, as fate would have it, were shielded by the evil energies which raged still in the crypts and which succeeded in repelling the invaders.

The Current State of the Crypts

The crypts are divided into two areas, which are described in detail in the sections which follow:

- ✦ The eastern crypts, where the chaotic effects of the dimensional cataract are, while diminished over the centuries, still prevalent.
- ✦ The western crypts, wherein the Order of Wardens dwell to this day, guarding the sealed tomb of St Clewd, who remains demented and warped. The manner in which the monks have survived underground for three and a half centuries will later be revealed.

The Eastern Crypts

The ritual to consult with the spirit of St Clewd, going horribly awry, created a tear in the fabric reality, bringing our world into contact with an utterly alien dimension. The interaction between these two realities results in a cataract of chaotic energies whose influence extends across the whole of the eastern crypts. Over time, the effects of the cataract have lessened from the explosive vortex of magical energy which it initially created (it may be that it, in several more centuries, it will become closed), but its presence continues to warp these chambers.



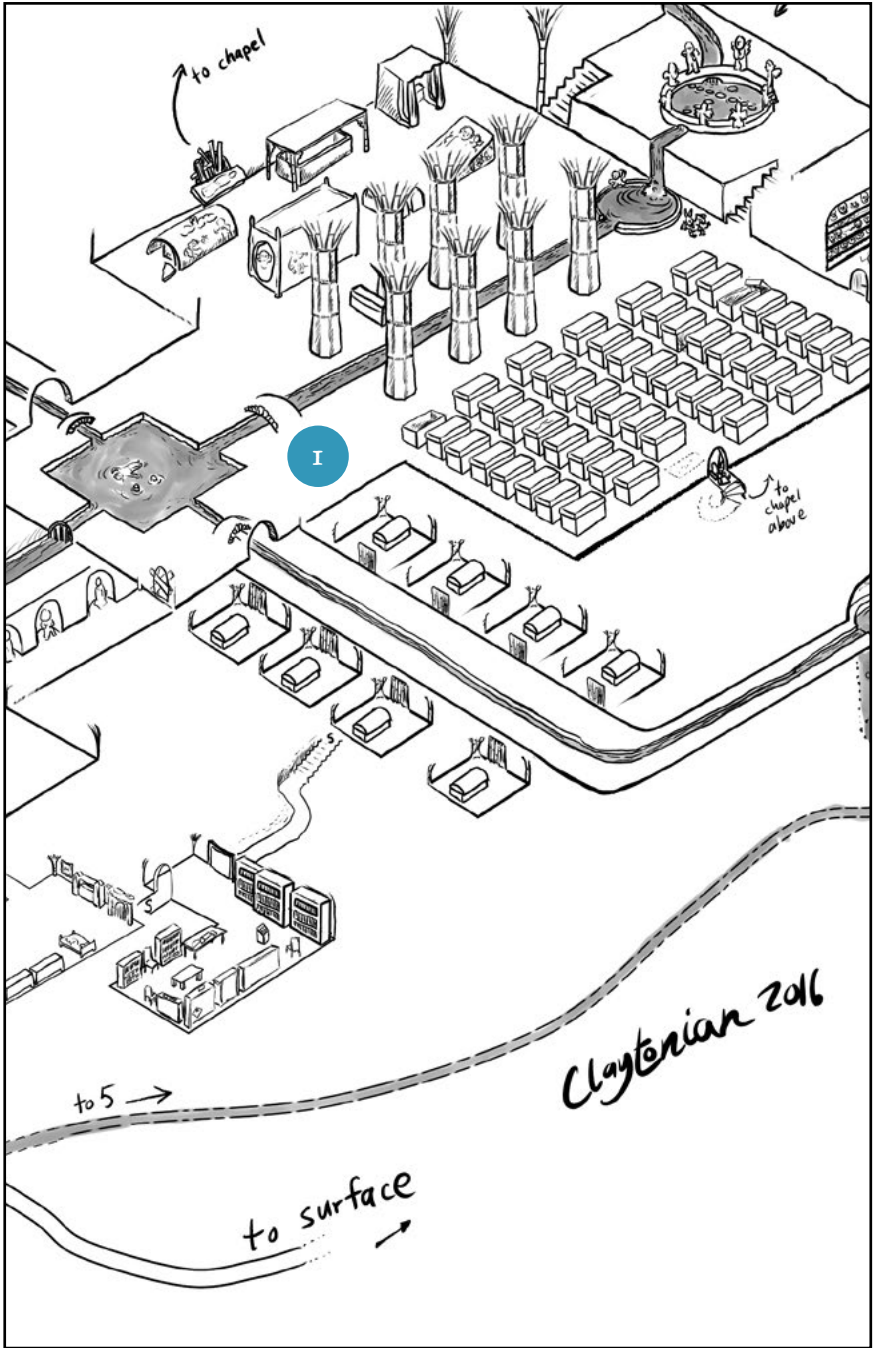
As a result of the cataract, the whole area encompassed by the eastern crypts is riddled with magic. *Detect magic* or similar reveals a powerful, chaotic enchantment about *everything* in this place.

Random Encounters / Chaotic Happenings

Every turn, there is a 2-in-6 chance of one of the following encounters or events occurring:

1. **Audrune.** A member of the Drune cult who is devoted to warding the standing stones of Dolmenwood. The Audrune know the secret of astral travel through the ley lines and occasionally enter the crypt (via the cataract) to investigate the dimensional phenomena which rage here. HD 6, AC 8, Att: $1 \times 1d8 + 2$ (astral sword / staff of green-flame) or spell, Ml 9, Mv 120' (40'), XP 820. Spells: *charm person*, *invisibility*, *dispel magic*, *dimension door*, *cloudkill*, *death spell*. An audrune, if threatened, is able to use the cataract in area 2 as a means of escape, via dimensional travel.
2. **Lambent wisp.** Shreds of radiant ectoplasm, loosely formed into a 10' diameter cloud of tendrils. HD 5, AC 6, Att: $1 \times 2d6$ (envelop) or irradiate, Def: can only be harmed by magic, Ml 9, Mv 180' (60'), Al C, XP 650. Envelop: the wisp can attack any number of creatures within its 10' area and roast them with its inner heat. Irradiate: twice per encounter, the wisp can unleash a blast of prismatic radiation affecting all within 40'. This causes blindness (1 turn, save vs death to avoid) and 1d12 damage.
3. **Warp worm.** Giant (30' long, 5' diameter), floating, pink worm with hundreds of yellow eyes along its flanks. HD 12, AC 5, Att: $1 \times 3d6$ (bite) + $2 \times 1d8$ (bash), Ml 10, Mv 150' (50'), Al N, XP 2,000. A victim bitten on an attack roll of 19 or 20 will be swallowed whole and suffer 1d6 digestion damage each round thereafter. After swallowing a victim, warp worms tend to become ethereal and disappear, 1d4 rounds later.
4. **Amphibious fungoid.** Aquatic salamander-shaped monstrosity formed of webs, nodules, and crests of vibrant, fungal matter. HD 6, AC 6, Att: $3 \times 1d12$ (lashing tendrils) + infection, Ml 9, Mv 120' (40'), XP 820. Infection: save versus poison or become afflicted with injected spores, lasting one turn or until the fungoid is killed. Affected creatures will either stand drooling or attack their allies, in defense of their fungal master (50% chance of either, per round).

5. **Resurrected monk.** A resident of the western crypts, entering the eastern regions for the following purpose: 1. Placing the body of a deceased brother in an empty tomb; 2. Reinforcing the wards on the stairways to the surface; 3. Studying antique carvings on a nearby wall. (See the monk generator in the introduction to the western crypts.)
6. **Killer frog.** Man-sized amphibian, mutated and purple after its journey through the chaos-fizzing waters of the pool of martyrdom (area 2). HD 3+2, AC 7, Att: 1 × 1d8 (bite) + poison, Ml 8, Mv 120' (40'), XP 100. Poison: save or become paralysed in 1d6 rounds. The paralysis lasts 1d6 hours.
7. For the next turn, all sounds are transformed into words. Footsteps unleash curses, echoing away to sinister whispers; cries become choral peans; actual speech is reflected, twisted, and fractalised.
8. Gravity is nullified for one turn.
9. Psychedelic-hued phantoms drift from the walls, moaning silently and reaching out to the PCs. Their touch may be evaded by a DEX check. Those who fail: 1. Fall asleep for one turn and dream of feasting; 2. Are transformed into a half-beast (half-goat, half-cow, half-wolf, etc); 3. Are overcome with a screaming fit, lasting for one turn; 4. Experience a vision of a beautiful, pink-watered pool in hex 0904 and cannot rest until they have ventured to it.
10. Space shudders and something gets mixed up: 1. Two random PCs swap heads; 2. The PCs find themselves on the surface in a random hex in the forest; 3. An item held by a random PC is enlarged to gargantuan proportions (20' long / wide); 4. The PCs are teleported to a random location on the crypt map (roll 1d20).
11. The blackness of the crypt is illuminated for one turn, but all sources of light (lanterns, *light* spells, etc) are transformed into pools of darkness, also for one turn.
12. A single word echoes from a corner (something random, like: “cheese”, “ungulate”, “discombobulated”, etc). Repeating the word causes the named substance, object, creature, or quality to manifest.



Area Descriptions

1. Central Crypt

A huge undercroft with vaulted ceilings fifteen feet high, punctuated with massive pillars and elaborate tombs. The esteemed men who served as abbots were interred here in glory, amid the fundament of the chapel. Sounds of rushing water fill the space.

The crypt is haunted by three **wights** — the undead corpses of abbots who were once interred here but now lurk in the shadows behind the tombs and pillars, hateful of the living. They are dressed still in the ceremonial robes in which they were buried, including pendulous gold crucifixes (300gp).

Wights: HD 3, AC 5, Att: 1 (energy drain), Ml 12, Mv 90' (30'), Al CE, XP 110.

The Doors to the Surface

The resurrected monks who dwell in the western crypts have taken great pains to seal the doors to the surface, preventing escape. The barrier takes two forms: firstly, a physical barricade of wooden pews and stone coffin lids; secondly, a magical ward which manifests as a ring of candles suspended in the air upon feathered wings.

From this side, the barrier cannot be passed without the use of magic. From the surface, it can be broken through by mere physical force.

Eastern Pool and Waterfall

The underground river (see area 3) cascades into the central crypt where it flows through a series of pools and channels into other areas. The pool beneath the falls was surrounded by marble statues of gargoyles and cherubs, now animated and splashing around playfully in the frothing water. The creatures are non-violent, but are likely to chase approaching adventurers, spitting or pissing water onto them whilst shrieking. (If anyone attacks the statues, they have 1 HD and AC 2.)

continued overleaf

Western Pool

Twelve corpses lie at the bottom of the pool, moving slightly, as their limbs are wafted by the water currents. These are the remains of a party of clerics and their men-at-arms who came here, long ago, in an attempt to reclaim the chapel. Submerged in the enchanted waters, their bodies have not rotted, but have become grotesquely swollen and violet-hued. They appear unwounded — the cause of their deaths is unclear. Upon their persons can be found, in addition to mundane equipment: six gold crucifixes (75gp each); a silver mace enchanted such that the wielder weeps tears of holy water (in battle, this causes -1 to hit, but the tears cause $1d4$ extra damage, if in melee with undead); a helm, emblazoned with the curled cross of St Gondyw, which grants the wearer a +1 bonus to armour class and the ability to walk upon water.

Pillars

Supporting columns for the foundation of the chapel above, the pillars are mighty constructions of granite. They are largely devoid of ornamentation, but, if touched, will groan and creak. (This is mere caprice — they are perfectly stable.)

The Tombs of Abbots Past

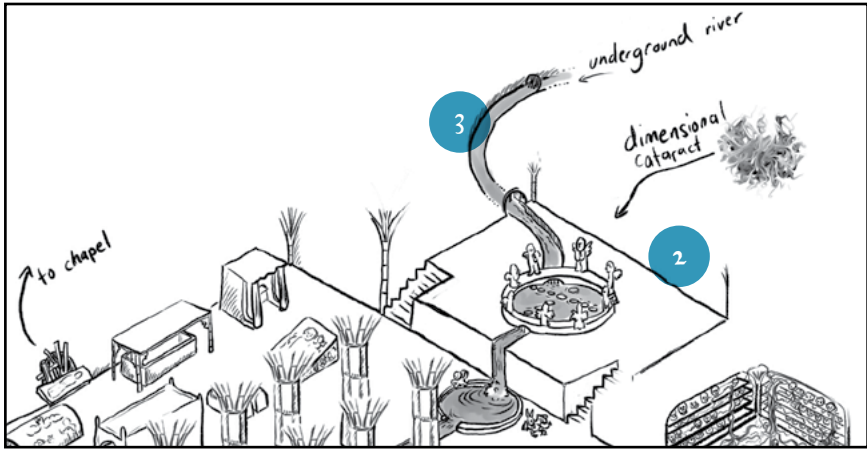
The tombs vary in size and construction, as the norms of the church (and the egos of the abbots) changed over the years. The earlier tombs (toward the south) are humble, stone coffers, unadorned; the later tombs (toward the north) are pompous affairs with daises, elaborate scrollwork, marble statuary, and extravagant portraiture. The tombs are open and empty, with no sign of the interred.

The Miracle of Resurrection

In this area, the most celebrated miracle of St Clewd (the resurrection of Gondyw) is relived, in a twisted form, via the chaotic influence of the cataract. If a corpse is placed inside one of the coffers here, roll on the following table at dawn each day to determine what happens to it:

1. The flesh rots at a frightening rate.
2. The eyes are revitalised, rolling in their sockets and blinking. *
3. Begins to dance with macabre glee. *
4. Crawls about in search of meat. *
5. Wails and moans, but cannot move. *
6. Shouts obscenities and moves about in a fumbling fashion, attempting to grope any living flesh that comes within reach. *
7. Reanimated as a non-sentient undead monster (zombie or skeleton).
8. Reanimated as a sentient undead monster (ghoul or wight).
9. Returned to life with an utterly different personality.
10. Returned to life with an unusual (possibly supernatural) physical mutation. (Tables of mutation may be utilised.)
11. Returned to life, but with several mental aberrations or oddities. (Tables of insanity may be utilised.)
12. A perfect resurrection.

(*The corpse is reanimated, but non-sentient. It may be turned as a zombie.)



2. The Pool of Martyrdom

The waters of the Sinkhole Creek (3) enter the crypt here, passing through a circular opening ringed with the remnants of a metal grate, now broken and rusted away to ineffectiveness. The water flows into a large pool, surrounded by eight angelic statues and crossed by a series of stepping stones. The statues are carved of solid marble and yet they sway and ripple, perturbed by...

The Dimensional Cataract

Directly above the pool, an area of space is wrong. A swirling, purple-blackness hangs in the air, at once profoundly opaque, allowing fleeting glimpses of other worlds, and yet somehow transparent, not there at all. This is the dimensional cataract which resulted from the monks' botched attempt to consult with the spirit of St Clewd. Any physical object (or person, or body part) which touches the cataract is utterly and instantly annihilated, triggering an immediate roll on the random encounters / chaotic happenings table.

Chaotic Happenings

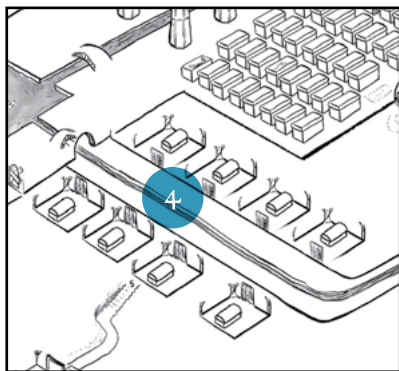
In this room, a random encounter or chaotic happening occurs every turn (100% chance). Summoned creatures will disappear back into the cataract after one turn.

3. Sinkhole Creek

The Sinkhole Creek flows through a mile-long system of natural caves in the stony ridge upon which the abbey is located. The chapel itself is built precisely above the subterranean river, which flows through the crypts below in a series of pools and channels integrated with the foundations of the chapel. A series of iron grates, placed in the caves and at the points where the river enters and exits the crypts, originally prevented intruders, large fish, or river monsters from making their way into the chapel's underground portions by way of the river. These grates have, over centuries of neglect, mostly become detached, rusted, or broken, allowing the crypt to be accessed by any who may navigate the course of the underground river.

4: Priors' Tombs

A wide, vaulted passageway, with numerous, sturdy, oaken doors on either side. A 3' wide channel, filled with flowing water, runs along the middle of the passage, eventually passing under the door to area 5 and cascading into the cistern.



The doors along the passage open onto individual tombs, decorated with pillars carved in the likeness of ivy-clad trunks, wherein the bodies of especially blessed senior monastics below the rank of Abbot were interred. The deceased were placed in oblong, stone coffers, engraved with religious imagery, extracts from scripture, and the name of the interred, in large, Gothic script, on the centre of the lid.

4a. The Tomb of Prior Heathrough

This sarcophagus is sealed, but empty and utterly clean inside. The stone slab at the base may be pushed (in an easterly direction) and slides away, revealing a stairway down to area 16. This may be discovered by descriptive experimentation (knocking on the base, attempting to move it, inspecting the corners at the base, etc) or by a simple "I search the coffer" (2-in-6 chance).

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The Other Tombs

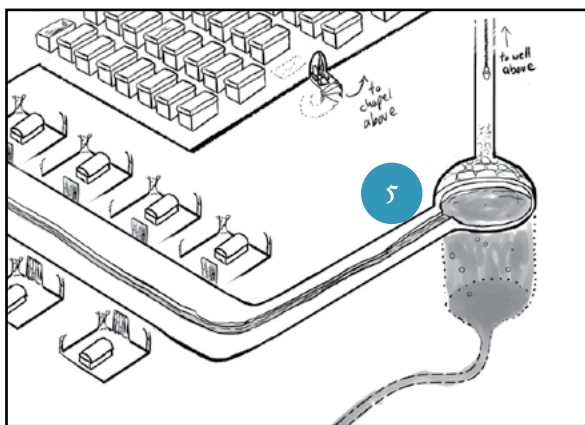
Roll 1d3:

1. Lid pushed aside, coffer empty but for dust and a few scraps of decayed cloth or the odd bone.
2. Sealed, with the corpse of the named monk still inside, resting in eternal peace.
3. Sealed, with the corpse of the named monk still inside, now awakened as a chaotic undead monster, hateful of those who have disturbed it. HD 3+1, AC 7, Att: 1 × 1d8 (touch) + chaotic effect, MI 10, Mv 120' (40'), XP 100. Chaotic touch: save versus spells or: 1. Two random ability scores permanently swapped; 2. Alignment inverted; 3. Wreathed in cold or flame, causing 1d6 damage for 1d4 rounds; 4. Hit point maximum permanently reduced by 1d6.

Each monk is interred with: 1. A silver crucifix (100gp); 2. A ring of gold and ruby (300gp); 3. A gold censer (250gp); 4. A pearl and ebony rosary (200gp); 5. A painted icon (100gp); 6. Nothing of worth.

5: The Cistern

A 70' tall, stone space, 60' of the height filled with fresh water. The door from area 4 opens onto a small ledge several feet above the body of water, the water in the channel falling to join the volume of the cistern. The dripping, algae-drenched ceiling looms just above head height.



The cistern was designed to feed the well on the surface above. (A 5' wide, 60' deep shaft in the ceiling leads up to surface area 1 — see *Wormskin* issue three — though its upper reaches are choked with plant matter.) At the base of the pool, a

drain flows into a natural channel which rejoins the main flow of the Sinkhole Creek, outside the abbey grounds, on the western slope of the hill.

A **giant telepathic catfish** lairs here — originally a normal fish which swam into the crypts and was awakened and mutated by the chaotic energies in the waters. The creature has dwelt here for nigh two-hundred years, feeding on the radiant energies of the water and bloating to monstrous proportions (25' long). Its skin is mottled subterranean white and garish pink, its eyes bulged into 3' orbs of space-deep blackness, and its whiskers extruded into many-branched, prehensile tendrils of orange and mauve. The creature's mind has also evolved, over its years of hermitage in the cistern, into a great but abstruse intellect, wracked with telepathic visions of the forest above. It can speak any tongue, via empathic resonance, and may be open to communication with adventurers who wander into its lair. Its state upon being encountered is:

1. Floating close to the surface, in the throes of a vision.
2. Curled in contemplation at the base of the cistern.
3. Swimming at great velocity in spirals, up and down.

Disturbing the fish's pool is unwise, causing it to lash out:

Giant telepathic catfish: HD 12, AC 6, Att: 1 × 2d8 (bite) or 4 × 1d8 (tendrils), Ml 9, Mv 180' (60') swimming, Al N, XP 2,000. On a roll of 19 or 20 with its bite, the victim is swallowed whole and digested into radiant plasma within three rounds.

The Visions of the Catfish

The fish may recount one (and only one) of its visions to any who engage it:

1. A sacred gathering place of the Drune, where they are seen performing their most secret rites and keep the store of their most precious tomes. The vision shows the location of this place, in hidden caverns beneath the slopes of hex 0507. The invisible cliff-door which grants entry to the caverns may be opened by presenting an intricate sigil, drawn in human blood.
2. A secret chamber beneath Castle Brackenwold (hex 1508) wherein the firstborn daughters of the Dukes of the castle are sacrificed to a great evil which lurks there in the form of a great stone pedestal and throne.

continued overleaf

3. A mighty water-dragon, flashing white and azure, in the vibrant waters of Lake Longmere. In the vision, a sickly green shadow passes over the lake and the dragon is poisoned, pulled into the bottom mud where it drifts in eternal slumber. The dragon's dreams manifest in the form of a wicked water-worm whose wailings cause madness in men.

Any who listen to the catfish's vision must save versus spells or become obsessed with visiting the locale described and bringing souvenirs of the journey back to the catfish.

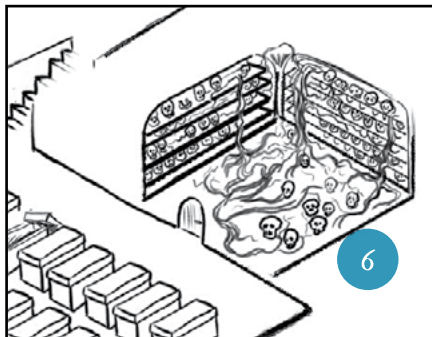


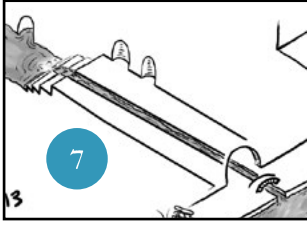
6: The Undercroft of Chattering Skulls

An uneven room of rough-hewn stone, it is lined with hundreds of skulls which chatter incessantly, producing a maddening cacophony. (These are the skulls of patrons of the abbey — laymen who made donations to the church in return for the honour of being (partially)

interred in the catacombs.) The warping influence of the cataract has transformed the ossuary into a chamber of living flesh, perverting St Clewd's resurrection miracle. Pillars of muscle and bone bleed profusely, raw nerves cover the floor, making any number of skulls cry out in pain when trod upon. The undercroft shudders in revulsion as fire is brought into the room, the chattering skulls momentarily forgetting the agony of sloughing flesh and liquefying eyeballs.

Seventeen of the skulls are marked with a red cross atop the cranium. Within each of these are stashed 3d20 gold pieces. Systematically searching all of the skulls in the undercroft takes one person twelve turns. A random search for one turn has a 1-in-6 chance of uncovering one of the marked skulls.





7: Passage of The Dead

A broad corridor with a 3' wide channel of rushing water in the centre. The passage is divided into two sections by a steep stairway (and miniature waterfall), halfway along. The northern half of the passage is flooded up to waist level.

Mosaics

The alcoves along the eastern wall contain mosaics representing the four states of death, according to Church doctrine (from south to north):

1. *Torment*: The sinful are seen in the clutches of white devils, being roasted alive for a gory orgy of toad-demons which await with knives and forks ready. A section of the mosaic — what appears to be a many-tentacled serpent — is missing, at the base.
2. *Limbo*: Phantoms drift in a grey mist, clawing their way towards a ray of light from above.
3. *Judgement*: An angelic scribe sits at the gates of heaven, weighing the deeds of the deceased who await entry.
4. *Glory*: The blessed sit beside a beautiful fountain, enrapt at the music of the angels who hover above with harps.

The Vault Doors

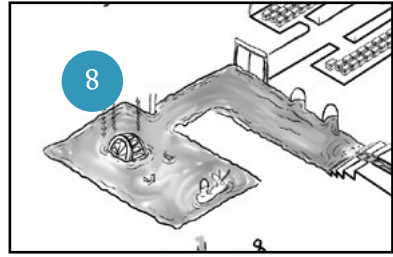
Two great monoliths of black marble guard the chapel's treasure vault. No handles, lock, or opening mechanism are visible. The doors were originally opened by mechanical means, driven by the water wheel in area 8 (which is now utterly broken). The doors could be pulled open by the force of eight strong men (though this would require some clever means of attaching a handle or rope to pull on) or may be magically commanded to yield. Opening the doors causes the vault to flood.

Anyone standing by the door will certainly attract the attention of the seven sisters, who dwell in area 8.

8: The Water Wheel

The whole chamber is filled with swirling water up to waist level. Rotting planks and beams of wood drift forlornly on the surface.

A seven-headed water hydra lairs here, having been brought to life from one of the murals in the passage of the dead (area 7), many decades ago. The creature has a lithe, serpentine body, with aquatic fins and frills. Each head of the beast has its own name, personality, and power, as follows:



1. Jezebel: salacious; the head of a charming maiden; may charm menfolk by gazing into their eyes (save versus spells).
2. Wyfe: jealous; the head of a she-sphinx; gaze causes fear (save versus spells).
3. Hagkzach: slaughterous; the head of a bloated boar; once per day may breathe forth a gust of green vapour: a 10' sphere causing unconsciousness for 1d6 turns (save versus poison).
4. Pollitude: avaricious; the head of a golden-eyed serpent; bite carries a venom causing eternal sleep (save versus poison).
5. Mermidor: deceitful; the raven-locked head of a seeress; can cast *phantasmal force*, *charm person*, and *confusion* (once per day, each).
6. Seemee: raucous; the goggle-eyed head of a crone; deafening laugh: save versus spells or deafened for 1d3 rounds. (When deafened, spellcasting has a 2-in-6 chance of failure or misfire.)
7. She-who-damns: baleful; the upside-down head of a cow; may pronounce a curse, once per day, causing madness in all who hear it (save versus spells).

Collectively, the beast and its various personalities call themselves “the seven sisters”. They have spent decades in this pool, hunting river creatures and bickering among themselves.

continued overleaf

Typically, at any one time, one of the heads (determine randomly) is dominant and will be the first to investigate intruders. Encountering an adventuring party, the beast may react as follows (1d3): 1. Driven by the urge to mate (followed by feasting on flesh), will attempt to charm males and drive off females; 2. Insane with self-obsessed loneliness, willing of idle talk (followed by feasting on flesh); 3. Mad with hunger; lustful of living flesh.

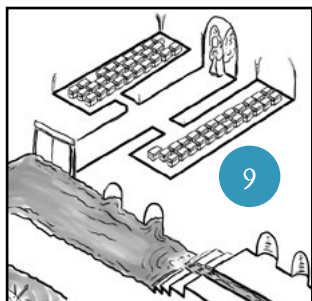
The seven sisters: HD 10, AC 4, Att: 7 × 1d8 (bites) or powers listed per head (see above), Ml 9, Mv 120' (40') swimming, Al CE, XP 8,000. Each 8 points of damage suffered by the monster indicates the severing of a head.

The Shattered Wheel

In the centre stands a dilapidated structure which appears to have once operated as a water wheel of sorts, now smashed and creaking. Thick, rusty chains hang listlessly from holes in the ceiling, where the force of the following water was once directed to control the doors to the crypt and the vault. The entire mechanism is now beyond repair.

The Chute

In the floor of the western end of the chamber is a wide basin with a statue (of St Clewd skewering a monstrous unicorn with a spear) and a chute through which the water flows out of the room. The chute is 4' wide and partially covered by a twisted, rusted grate and a jumble of planks, beams, and broken barrels. The waters in the chute will give anyone who jumps into it a boisterous ride into the pool in area 13.



9: The Treasure Vaults

Two dusty, low-ceilinged vaults, connected by an arched passageway, ending in a niche where stands a marble statue of an angel, kneeling in prayer.

Fifty stone caskets are stored in the vaults (30 in the north vault and 20 in the south), each engraved with a quote from the gospel of St Clewd: "In charity, may the heart find solace".

The contents of each casket may be determined by rolling 2d20 on the following table (1d20 per column). (Centuries-long proximity with the dimensional cataract has rendered some of the treasures less valuable than they once would have been.)

D20	ITEM (POTENTIAL VALUE)	CONDITION
1	Stacks of land deeds (10,000gp)	Figmentary. Disappears when taken beyond the abbey grounds.
2	Silver coins, neatly stacked in leather pouches (20 × 200sp)	Dimensionally unstable. Evaporates when touched by living hands.
3	The relics of another saint: bones and ancient, decaying cloth (5,000gp)	Normal.
4	Antique liturgic texts (1,000gp)	Cursed. One who removes the item from the crypts cannot sleep.
5	Gold bars (20 × 50gp)	When exposed to light, begins to diminish in size until it vanishes, after 7 days.
6	Religious statuary in silver and mother-of-pearl (5 × 100gp)	Normal.
7	Gold chalices, encrusted with amethyst and beryl (6 × 150gp)	Covered in tiny, beady eyes which watch with a critical gaze.
8	A great, golden crucifix, engraved with psalms and wrapped in silk (1,000gp)	Cursed. The possessor is plagued with nightly, vivid dreams of their mother's death.
9	Loose coinage (1,200cp, 2,400sp, 700gp, 150pp)	Normal.
10	A silver shortsword, emblazoned with the cross of St Clewd. The sword is blessed and bursts into flame when wielded against undead or devils, inflicting double damage (2,000gp)	Exudes a pearlescent gel which (roll daily): 1. is treacherously slippery; 2. sets solid, until dawn; 3. acts as a contact poison.
11	A magical rod (roll on the magical treasure tables), tipped with a silver cross (varies depending on enchantment)	Emits a hideous screeching or wailing when beheld by mortal eyes.
12	A black velvet box. Inside the box is a human skull studded with rubies and crystals (1,000gp)	Normal.
13	A silver crown engraved with the words "VICTORY, DOMINION, PIETY"; in Old Woldish runes, and wrapped in black silk. The crown is that of Prince Gaspar of Brackenwold and was gifted by him to the church in secret, 900 years ago. The Dukes of Brackenwold believe the crown lost and would greatly value its return (800gp material value, up to 4,000gp to the right buyer)	Cursed. One who takes the item from the crypt will find their body slowly be tattooed with the complete gospel of St Clewd.
14	Stacks of crumbling, leatherbound ledgers alongside a sack of gold coins (800gp)	Pronounces atrocities from a ghoulish mouth.
15	10 vials of holy water (10 × 25gp) and 10 large wafers, wrapped in purple silk (10 × 100gp). Each wafer heals 1d4hp, if consumed	Normal.
16	Assorted silver jewellery (rings, necklaces, bracelets) in small sacks (total of 2,000gp)	Can only be seen under firelight.
17	16 silver crucifixes on platinum chains, individually wrapped in hessian (16 × 100gp)	Cursed. The one who carries it loses all subtlety -- they can only shout and cannot conceive of deception.
18	A golden censer and 16 boxes of fine incense (500gp, 16 × 50gp)	Normal.
19	A blackened, mummified hand, wrapped in a bundle of white wool. The hand has the following magical property: 1. cures disease once per week; 2. can move and write to communicate messages from a saint; 3. turns undead as a 10th level cleric, once per day (2,500gp)	Metamorphoses into the shape of the character who touched it, as a baby. The item cannot be restored to its original form.
20	6 silver jewellery boxes full of uncut onyx (6 × 500gp)	Is able to fly and is most capricious.

The Western Crypts

The Order of Wardens, led by Abbot Lumbingwyll, inhabit the western chambers of the crypts in relative safety. Their unspoken assumption, in the early days, was that the energies of the dimensional cataract would, in time, subside and the monks who dwelt on the surface of the abbey would venture once more into the crypts to make contact. This never came to pass. In fact, the Order of Wardens were the only survivors of the sack of the abbey by the goatman army, kept safe in the hidden recesses of the crypts by the very forces they had unleashed but a few years prior. In the intervening centuries, unaware of the goings-on in the outside world, the brethren have (with increasing, zeal-fueled stubbornness) maintained their sacred vigil over the crypts and St Clewd, labouring to prevent the deranged saint from fleeing the abbey, until they find a way to undo the evil they unleashed on Dolmenwood through their ill-advised summoning ritual.

Many of the Order wished secretly for death, for their subterranean life knows no comforts, not even those scant few to which monastic brothers are accustomed. A strange twist of fate — the warped recreation of the miracle of resurrection (see area 1) — denied them even this respite. Members of the Order aged, died, and were interred in improvised coffers in the crypts, only to be raised from the dead. Over time, their numbers swelled, as many of the monks who had lain at rest in the crypts even before the sacking of the abbey were granted life anew. Those returned monks who were still of sound body and mind were made to swear the sacred oath and became part of the Order.

The Wardens now live in the western chambers, the rest of the crypt surrendered to chaotic energies and dangerous creatures. There are seventy monks all told, though only thirty-two of them can still be considered human, after the bodily and mental strain of numerous deaths and resurrections. The remaining thirty-eight are referred to as “the afflicted brethren”: unintelligent zombies and shambling skeletons. The living monks see it as their sacred duty to care for these undead brothers.

A Fracture in the Order

After hundreds of years of living in constant fear and darkness, a rebellious faction has emerged among the monks, as yet a minority, but the schismatics continuously try to recruit more of the loyalist monks. The abbot grudgingly allows a small measure of dissent, but harshly punishes any brother whom he feels oversteps his bounds or breaks a commandment. Fearing the abbot's retaliation, the schism is thus mostly a philosophical one, limited to endless discussions, halfhearted plotting, and a few more drastic actions by one or two desperate brothers. As a symbolic sign of protest, the schismatics keep their hoods raised during mass.

The Loyalists or Fidelii

The majority of monks remain loyal to abbot Lummingwyll and prior Dingley. They are known as the Fidelii, Loyalists or True Believers and number twenty.

The Scripturalists or Cardinites

The schismatics, numbering twelve, are those who want to leave the abbey and are known as the Old Believers or Scripturalists, based on their argument revolving around a passage from the gospel of Saint Clewd: "[...] truly, only in death the righteous man shall lie contented, for only then can he say he has kept his vigil and served his brother." The Scripturalists have come to interpret this passage as meaning that their holy oaths were fulfilled when they died, and they should not be forced to remain if they choose to leave.

The schismatics are also referred to as Cardinites, after their erstwhile leader. Cardin was a monk who claimed to have found a secret way out of the crypts and would lead any who wished to leave in a joint exodus. Cardin vanished during the night however, and his severely mangled body was found in the deserted catacombs. To the dismay of the mutinous, Cardin resurrected as a mindless zombie and never was able to reveal his discovery. Even now Cardinites put great effort into rehabilitating their zombified deliverer. Cardin's claim was in fact correct. A secret passage, unsealed, leads to the surface, but its existence is known only to the abbot.



Faction Leaders

Abbot Lunningwyll

The leader of the Order, in general, respected primarily by the loyalists. Lunningwyll is of lean, looming frame, with hawkish nose and eyes. To this day, he wears the mitre of his station as abbot, though it is in a rather poor state of repair. The abbot is ruthlessly driven, obsessed with the Oath of the Wardens and utterly unwilling to conceive of ever leaving the crypts. Indeed, he would gladly imprison or even kill any who made a serious attempt to escape.

Subprior Proster

The current leader of the Cardinites; one of the more zealous schismatics who believes the only way to end the cycle of resurrection is to release Saint Clewd; that the

saint's insanity is caused by his imprisonment and will dissipate when the saint is freed. Proster believes Clewd has a divine purpose, unfathomable for the ordinary monks. The Loyalists (and some Cardinites) worry that Proster is slowly becoming mad, as he begins to refer to himself as a prophet, warning about an impending apocalypse. The subprior is a small, agitated man with ragged clumps of white hair and the spark of insane genius in his eyes.

Life in the Western Crypts

The Wardens live a spartan life of repetitive, religious devotion that would drive a man of lesser will insane. Indeed, some of the brothers have succumbed, over three centuries underground, to a variety of mental and personality quirks. Their Oath and their shared routine of duties and religious rituals have kept most of them broadly sane, though.

The following points of subterranean life bear noting:

- ✦ *Light*: the brethren spend substantial amounts of time praying for enlightenment. Their prayers are answered in the form of simple lamp oil.
- ✦ *Food*: likewise, the brothers are sustained by the fruits of their prayers, in the form of sacramental wafers and wine.
- ✦ *Water*: is plentiful, due to the course of the Sinkhole Creek.
- ✦ *Sleep*: the Wardens maintain an approximate day and night cycle, though it no longer bears any relation to that of the world above. When PCs enter the western crypts, the referee should randomly determine whether the Wardens are asleep or awake.
- ✦ *Routine*: the monks engage in a rigorous routine of daily ritual. When PCs enter the western crypts, there is a 50% chance that the majority of the monks are in the tabernacle (area 20) engaged in a solemn mass. If this occurs, only monks described as guarding specific areas will remain in the noted location.

Resurrected Monk Generator

The charts in this section may be used by the referee to generate details about individual Wardens, as PCs encounter them. Either roll 1d8 and read the indicated entry from each chart or roll 1d8 on each chart individually.

There is a 1 in 3 chance of an individual being a Cardinite.

The monks have the following combat stats: HD 1, AC 9, Att: 1 by weapon (see chart), Ml 10, Mv 90' (30'), Al L, XP 38. Special ability: low light vision (adapted to the darkness, lighting penalties are halved).

Name

1. Mirrowyne
2. Chafely
3. Hobwill
4. Jacobus
5. Ledger
6. Andor
7. Grayneforth
8. Shadwell

Appearance

1. Emaciated
2. Haggard
3. Decrepit
4. Pallid
5. Grey
6. Near death
7. Bent
8. Crippled

Trait

1. Shaking hands
2. Habitual genuflection
3. White whiskers down to knees
4. Goggle-eyed
5. Shivering
6. Muttering with occasional outbursts
7. Vow of silence
8. Gruesome facial tick

Character

1. Excitable
2. Scheming
3. Jittery
4. Sage-like
5. Sycophantic
6. Morose
7. Perky
8. Fearful

Weapon

1. Candlestick, 1d6
2. Chair leg, 1d4
3. Pointy stick, 1d4
4. Knife, 1d4
5. Wooden rake, 1d4
6. Brass crucifix, 1d6
7. Staff, 1d6
8. Shovel, 1d6

Spells

1. None
2. None
3. *Cure light wounds*
4. *Bless*
5. *Light*
6. *Hold person, Bless*
7. *Silence 15' radius, Light*
8. *Know alignment, Cure light wounds, Hold person*

10: Passage of the Penitent

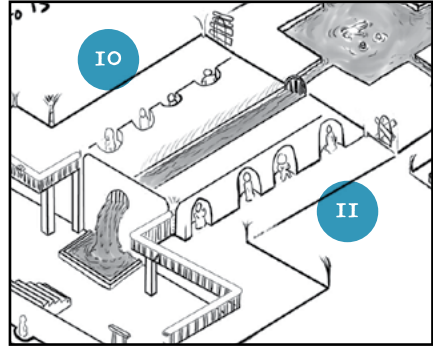
Two **monks** guard the heavily barricaded door to the central crypt (1) at all times. The walls of the unlit passage have empty sconces at regular intervals; the ceiling is completely covered in soot. This passage is used exclusively by the monks of lesser ranks (below the position of hieromonk).

Murals

The northern wall of the passageway is adorned with murals illustrating the parables of St Clewd's wandering years.

Statues

Four alcoves in the southern wall each hold a statue of the saint, representing the four cardinal virtues a Clewdite should always aspire to.



East to west:

- ✦ *Humility*: Saint Clewd genuflects and bows his head;
- ✦ *Tolerance*: Saint Clewd holds out both hands to the passer-by, palms up; visible wear-and-tear;
- ✦ *Charity*: A simple stone bowl stands at the feet of the statue;
- ✦ *Pacifism*: A sword lies at the feet of the statue, broken in twain;

11: Passage of the Hierarchs

Two **monks** guard the heavily barricaded door to the central crypt at all times. The unlit passage sports brackets for lanterns at regular intervals — the lanterns have all been removed. This passage is used exclusively by the monks of higher ranks (hieromonk and above).

Statues

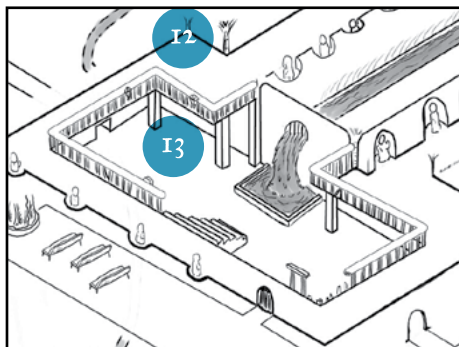
Four alcoves in the northern wall each hold a statue of the most prominent figures of the Order in general and the Abbey in Dolmenwood, in particular.

From east to west:

- ✦ Saint Clewd
- ✦ Saint Gondyw
- ✦ Abbot Purslough
- ✦ Abbot Rensfred, the later archimandrite Heccadedicon

12: Balcony

The balcony skirts the entire perimeter of the inner sanctum (13), with a colonnade overlooking the pool at the point where the passage of the penitent (10) and the passage of the hierarchs (11) lead into the balcony from the central crypt (1). A broad stone stair leads from the western walkway eight feet down to the inner sanctum.



The walkway is dimly lit by lanterns on the balustrade along the northern, eastern, and southern edge of the balcony, as well as the lights from the sanctum, below. During the day, unsettling, ghoulish wailings can be heard from the secret door at the north-western corner of the balcony (see below). A door in the south-west corner leads to the tabernacle (20).

Four **monks** patrol the balcony (in pairs), day and night. Small piles of rocks and fragments of rubble are deposited along the perimeter, which the patrolling monks use to pelt any intruder reaching the inner sanctum through the water chute in (8).

Sculptures

Along the western walls are four sculptures in high relief. These represent four evils — in the guise of local folkloristic devils — that the Clewdites must vanquish in their daily lives. Precepts from Saint Clewd are engraved beneath them. From south to north:

- ✦ *Self-glorification*: Vuggus, a bloated toadman, bearing a scepter. *The self thus coronated knows only its own delusions*;
- ✦ *Self-righteousness*: Lanklygga: an eyeless, long-tongued hag. *The self thus mutilated knows only its own lies*;
- ✦ *Self-indulgence*: Barglemut: a many-mouthed, cadaverous wight. *The self thus macerated knows only its own calamity*;
- ✦ *Self-destruction*: Xerzylpyrd, a goat-headed, bat-winged humanoid. *The self thus vitiated knows never grace*.

Secret Door

The northernmost relief (the beast Xerzylpryd) hides a secret door leading to the cells (17) and torture chamber (19). By day, the door is wedged open by the monks, to facilitate the frequent comings and goings. During the night it is closed as the wails of the afflicted brethren unnerves those sleeping in the inner sanctum (13). When it is closed, characters actively examining the stonework have a 2 in 6 chance of discovering its whereabouts. As a security mechanism against the unlikely event of a prisoner escaping, it can only be opened from the side of the balcony, accomplished by depressing the thirteenth letter of the inscribed verse.

13: The Inner Sanctum

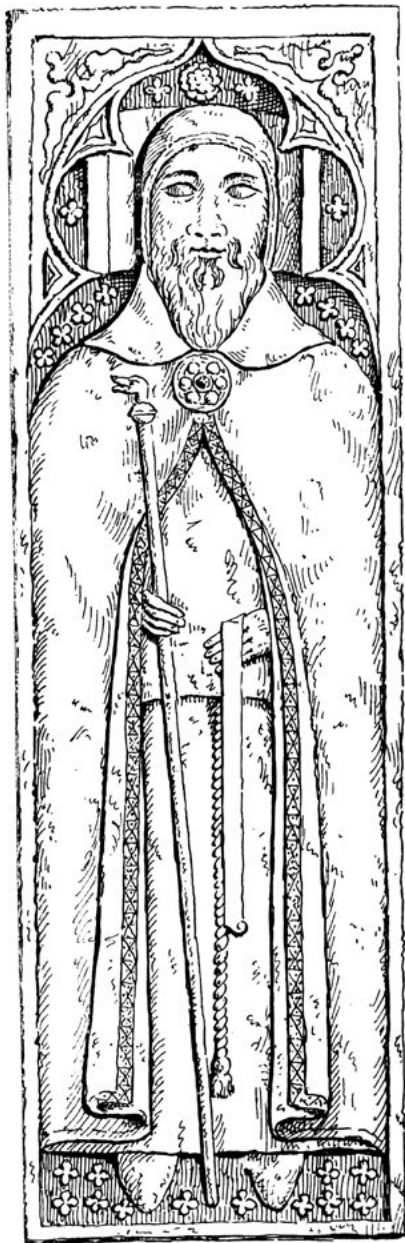
A court of plain stone and masonry, serving as the central meeting place for the remaining monks of St Clewd's. It is devoid of any ornamentation, except for the carved, rectangular pool at the eastern side. Makeshift trestle tables and weapon benches, constructed out of the pews that once stood facing the pool, stand haphazardly along the western wall, among the dirty bedding for a dozen monks. During the "day" it is lit by two large lanterns suspended from the ceiling.

To the north, a heavy stone door leads to the tomb of St Clewd (14). To the south, a plain door with the inscription *By the Bowl and the Rod* leads to the sacristy (15). During the day, unsettling, ghoulish wailings can be heard from the secret door at the north-western corner of the balcony, above (see 12).

The sanctum is a hive of activity, with **monks** engaged in the following activities at all times:

1. 2d4 sleeping.
2. 1d4+1 guarding the pool. (Due to the danger of creatures entering the sanctum through the water chute.)
3. 2 guarding the door to the tomb of St Clewd (14) at all times. They will admit no visitors.
4. 2d4 engaged in:
 1. Having a meal of sacramental wafers and wine;
 2. Refreshing the binding ritual on the doors to the Tomb of Saint Clewd;
 3. Mopping floors, rinsing chamber pots and crockery;
 4. Washing of bedding and tunics in the pool.

continued overleaf



Pool

The ornamental pool is fed by two sources. Where the river flows westward from the central crypt (1) through a grated channel between the passages 4 and 5, a waterfall rushes down an 8 foot drop. Additionally, the pool in (8) drains down a 4 foot wide channel into the pool in the sanctum. Along the way, the pipe branches off into several smaller ducts, which feed the water features along the wall above the pool: carved figures of weeping saints and angels, and spewing gargoyles and devils. The water in turn drains through a 10 foot wide grate in the bottom of the pool, resuming its original course. The sanctified pool is the only source of potable water and also has to do double duty as waste disposal unit.

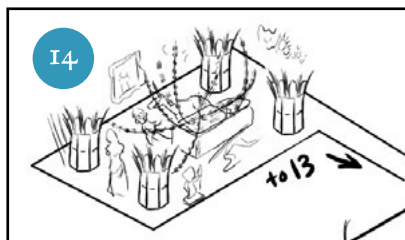
The Door to the Tomb

The heavy stone door to the tomb sports a relief of St Clewd, his right hand raised in benediction, amid a field of bones overgrown by vines and wildflowers. The epitaph reads: In Faith Life Everlasting. There is a 1 in 2 chance that faint wailing can be heard, muffled by the thick stone.

A particular skull protrudes from the scene. The door is opened by placing one's fingers in the eye sockets and pressing downward. Complete darkness and the fevered shouting of an insane presence within await beyond the threshold.

14: The Tomb of St Clewd

The tomb in its earliest iteration was a simple, unassuming burial chamber. Over the centuries, various abbots saw the need to add to the abbey's (and their own) prestige by adding to its splendour. Intricate mosaics cover the original frescoes, statuary and architectural flourishes of clashing designs now adorn the walls and ceiling. A majestic sarcophagus, ornamented in gold leaf, was once the centrepiece, but now lies in ruin.



Four pillars, one in each of the corners of the room, depict St Clewd during various stages in his life. Between them run iron chains toward the centre of the tomb, coalescing in interlocking shackles which hold captive the maddened **St Clewd**.

The saint has been resurrected as an unholy amalgamation of a man and the physical manifestation of the seven-legged Nag-Lord, Atanuwe. Being bound in this twisted body has left St Clewd utterly demented and infused with chaotic energies, which regularly manifest of their own volition:

1. Intangible demonic sprites cavort and taunt the saint, singing ribald songs.
2. The spirit of St Clewd briefly projects from his warped flesh, wailing; a few intelligible words may be heard.
3. The saint grows additional heads and bestial limbs, grotesque in appearance, which shrivel and fall off immediately.
4. St Clewd vomits a puddle of pure darkness, which forms into tiny mannikins that crawl back into his mouth.
5. Any light brought into the tomb burns blood-red, draining all colour from the character holding the light.
6. The door disappears and the walls move in on the party, driving them closer to the saint until they become entangled, after which the illusion ends.

St Clewd's mind is reduced to a ruination of its former self and PCs are unlikely to get any sense out of him, if they try to communicate. At best, they may elicit a bellowed recitation of some psalm or scripture. If released, the saint will attempt to flee to the surface, attacking any who get in his way.

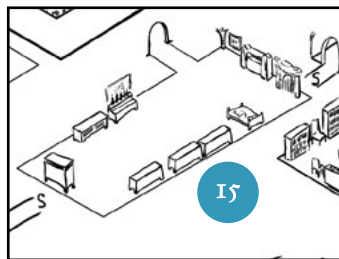
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The deranged St Clewd: HD 8, AC 5, Att: $1 \times 1d8$ (bare hands) or spell or acid vomit, MI 11, Mv 120' (40'), AI CN, XP 2,060. Spells (at-will): *darkness*, *silence* 15' radius, *curse*, *finger of death*. Acid vomit: a 15' cone of vile green/black ooze causing 3d6 damage (save for half).

15: Sacristy

A lavishly decorated and adorned room, lit by oil lamps, which once housed the sacramentals used for the secretive rituals held in the tabernacle (20). Abbot Lummingwyll has repurposed the sacristy as his personal quarters. During the day, the **abbot** and **prior Dingley** can be found here, discussing the daily management of the abbey. A further 1d4 **monks**, those most trusted by the abbot, sit around in deep contemplation, either:



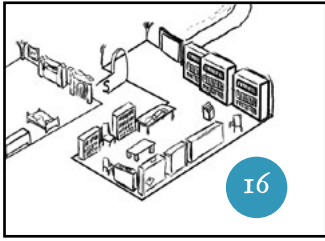
1. Praying for sustenance (an hour of prayer by a tabernacle containing a chalice and ciborium creates thirteen sacramental wafers and a cup of altar wine).
2. Praying for enlightenment (an hour of prayer over an empty sanctuary lamp refills the vessel, providing half an hour's worth of illumination).

The Pearly Gates

An elaborately carved portal on the eastern wall, representing the pearly gates, hides a secret door to the chamber of records (16). There is a 1 in 3 chance the door is ajar. Due to its frequent use, obvious scuff marks on the stone floors signal its location. Therefore a character actively searching the area has a 3 in 6 chance of discovering the secret door when it's closed. The imitation gates are opened simply by pushing the stone inward.

Cabinet and Secret Door

On the western wall, a heavy credens cabinet holds four liturgical vestments, richly embroidered with goldwork and pearls, worth 300 gp each. Hidden behind the cabinet is another secret door, leading to the ruined quarters of the abbot on the surface, by way of a long passage ending in a narrow spiral staircase. The door has been unopened for centuries and is immaculately set into the surrounding stonework, featureless but for a small rectangular keyhole roughly three feet up from the floor. Anyone examining the wall (if the credens is moved), has a 1 in 6 chance of spotting the keyhole. The door can be opened from the side of the sacristy using the abbot's ring; on the other side it is operated by means of a lever. Its existence is unknown even to the monks, except for the abbot himself.



16: The Chamber of Records

A small study and library which primarily holds the entire recorded history of the abbey in many dozens of large, leather-bound ledgers. These consist mostly of lists of inventories, records of donations and expenses, enrollment numbers, harvest results and winter stores, and

the like. Of greater interest are the shelves holding proscribed tomes which the monks confiscated during the centuries; heretical literature and magical texts which were deemed too valuable to destroy, but too dangerous to be kept in the public library. The place is a treasure trove of arcane lore, for those with the time to spend leafing through its many volumes.

Day and night, 1d4 elderly and infirm monks are present, studying the scriptures by the dim light of oil lamps and falling asleep in threadbare reading chairs, hoping to find a ritual to reverse the disastrous summoning of St Clewd. The monks are near-blind, and can easily be snuck past by those light of foot.

A stairway at the easterly end of the chamber, ending in a stone slab which must be shoved aside, leads to the tomb of Prior Heathrough (4).

Tapestries

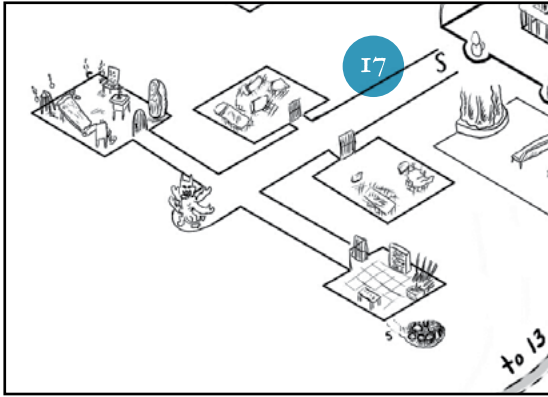
Six heavy, well-preserved tapestries (worth 500 gp each) line the walls of the hall. The tapestries depict detailed representations of the holdings of the two branches of the Clewdite order:

The Order of Brothers Mendicant, Pursuivants of the Holy Clewd by the Bowl and the Rod (white Clewdites):

- ✦ Abbey of St Clewd at Dolmenwood
- ✦ Monastery of St Clewd at Oldgate Crossing
- ✦ Monastery of St Gondyw at Firsworth

The Most Sacred Order of Adherents of the Faith Universal in the Disciples of the One True God (grey Clewdites):

- ✦ Basilica of St Clewd in Gasclin's Hold
- ✦ Episcopal palace in Loom
- ✦ Cathedral of St Clewd in Loom

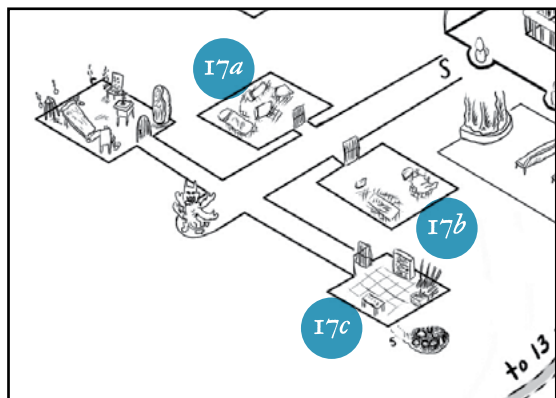


17: Prison Cells

The door mechanism leading to the balcony (12) was designed to prevent the unlikely event of a prisoner escaping, thus it cannot be opened from inside the cellblock once it has been closed. It is evident from the stonework that these passages are of much more recent construction than the remainder of the crypts.

The two cells off the initial passage (17a and 17b) are now the quarters and confines of the afflicted brethren, those monks who were resurrected but — due to their advanced decay — lost their human-level intelligence.

During mid-morning and mid-afternoon, 1d4+2 **monks** can be found here, tending to these unfortunates. There are two sets of keys to the cell doors, carried by the monks caring for the afflicted. In case of an overwhelming attack, they have orders to unlock the cells and barricade themselves in the sacristy (15) together with the other monks, allowing the afflicted to roam free and take care of the intruders.



17a: Cell of the Impure of Mind

The northernmost cell holds sixteen rank-smelling cadaverous monks who still look passably human, but zombie-like and cadaverous. 1 in 2 have missing limbs, gaping wounds, protruding entrails, and the like. During the caretaking, they are quite active, trying to get at their living brethren through the bars of their cell, which the monks like to interpret as a hopeful sign. When left alone they become lethargic, given to shuffling around and wailing.

The following activities may be taking place in this area at any given time:

Cleaning: done by three living monks at a time. One by one, the impure are brought out of the cell by two monks using pole hooks. The zombie's dirty tunic is removed and it is fed a wine-and-wafer porridge. The zombie is subsequently washed with water, with an added sprinkling of holy water — in the hopes of scouring the sin away, which greatly upsets the zombie. Finally it is clothed and released back into its cell.

Communion: outside of feeding times, one or two brothers will sit by the cell reading Scripture to the zombies or trying to engage them in normal conversation.

Constitutional: once a week, the zombies are taken one by one for a walk to the pool and the tomb of Saint Clewd (8) to aid their recovery. The cell is meanwhile cleaned from the outside using jury rigged ten foot brooms.

Cadaverous monks: HD 2, AC 9, Att: 1 × 1d6 (bite or throttle), MI 12, Mv 90' (30'), AI CN, XP 20.

17b: Cell of the Impure of Flesh

The southern cell houses twenty-two ancient, resurrected **monk husks** who are at their worst little more than animated skeletons, and at their best mummy-like husks. The living monks consider these to be hopeless cases and their care for them is aimed at providing comfort rather than turning them back to normal. These undead do not require feeding and are content to stand around silently. Once a week they are dusted with a broom; occasionally a skeleton requires some reassembly after too vigorous a cleaning.

Monk husks: HD 1, AC 9, Att: 1 × 1d4 (bite or throttle), ML 8, Mv 60' (20'), Al N, XP 10.

17c: Storage

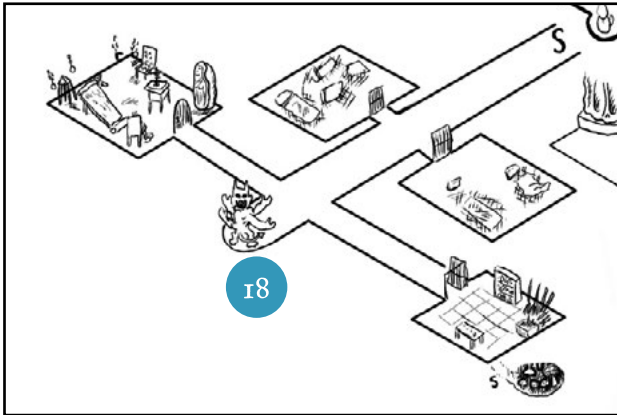
The third cell is used as a storage room for the few mundane possessions of the brethren: cleaning supplies, zombie-care equipment, spare linen, half a dozen torches and candles, rope, and a ladder.

At night, there is a 1 in 3 chance of finding 1d4+1 **schismatic monks** here, engaged in:

1. Idle talk.
2. Slapdash (a game of milk caps using sacramental wafers and heccadeces as discs).
3. Chuffing (smoking hand-rolled cigarettes of wafers laced with psychedelic mushrooms, see below).
4. Binge drinking sacramental wine.

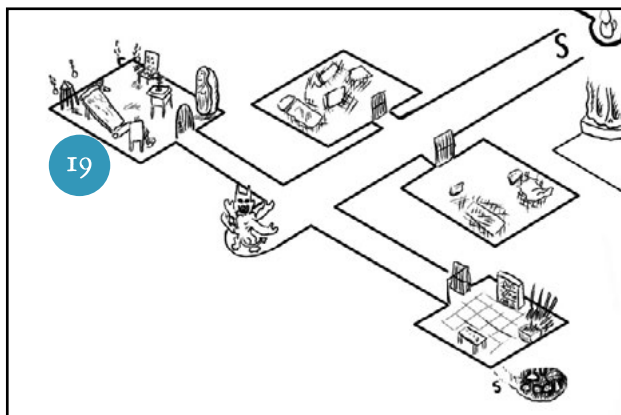
Mushroom Cache

A flagstone in the south-west corner of the cell can be removed to reveal a short crawl space dug into the earth. Originally conceived as an escape tunnel, the effort was put on hold when a number of Cardinite conspirators were punished by the abbot. Now its existence is kept closely under wraps by a handful of monks, as various psychedelic mushrooms have meanwhile sprouted in the tunnel (4d6 portions of 1d6 different species can be gathered, see *Fungi of Dolmenwood* in *Wormskin* issue one).



18: Hellish Scenes

The eastern wall of this corridor is carved with an intricate scene depicting the torture of damned souls by demons of terrible countenance. The recess at the end of the passageway contains a sculpture of an especially large, four-armed devil, constructed such that torches may be placed in its two upper arms and a candle fitted into a space in the back of its head, causing its eyes and mouth to glow with flame. This scene was intended as a tongue-loosening encouragement to those unlucky enough to be brought into these secret chambers against their will.



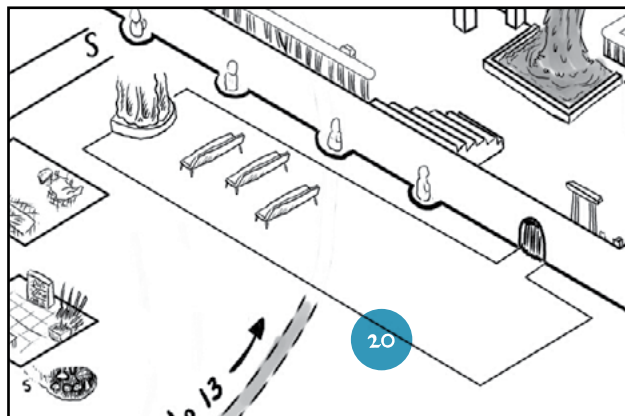
19: Confession Chamber

A sturdy oak door bars entry to the confession chamber. Under normal circumstances, it is kept locked, the key held by the abbot.

The confession chamber is a bare stone room, containing a collection of ghastly devices: a rack, an iron maiden, a judas cradle, and two iron chairs. The floor around them is discolored by bloodstains. At the far end of the room are multiple stands showcasing implements of torture, a brazier with pokers, and two chairs with iron restraints. Currently, **brother Parsley**, a Cardinite who tried to release Saint Clewd from his tomb, is kept bound and gagged in one of the chairs.

A soft wailing can be heard from within the iron maiden. Inside is **brother Bertram**, a zombie who permanently became too rowdy to be kept with the other afflicted brethren, after he took a bite out of a brother high on shrooms. He is occasionally used to scare torture victims.

At night, there is a 1 in 3 chance of 1d4+1 **schismatic monks** hiding in this chamber, indulging in a game of “pin-the-stole on brother Bertram”, a popular if unsanctioned pastime where schismatics bet rations of altar wine and chuffs on the outcome.



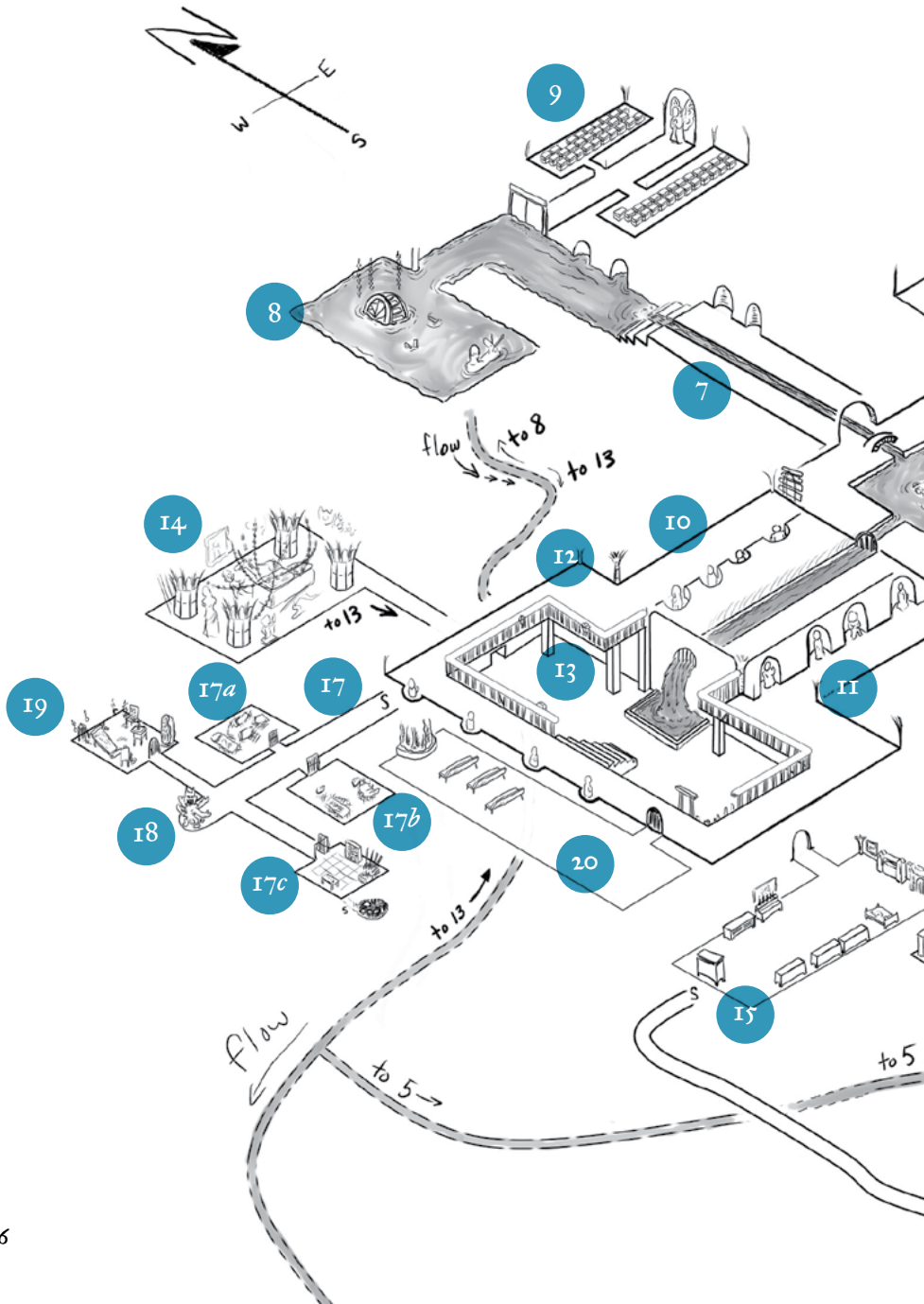
20. The Tabernacle

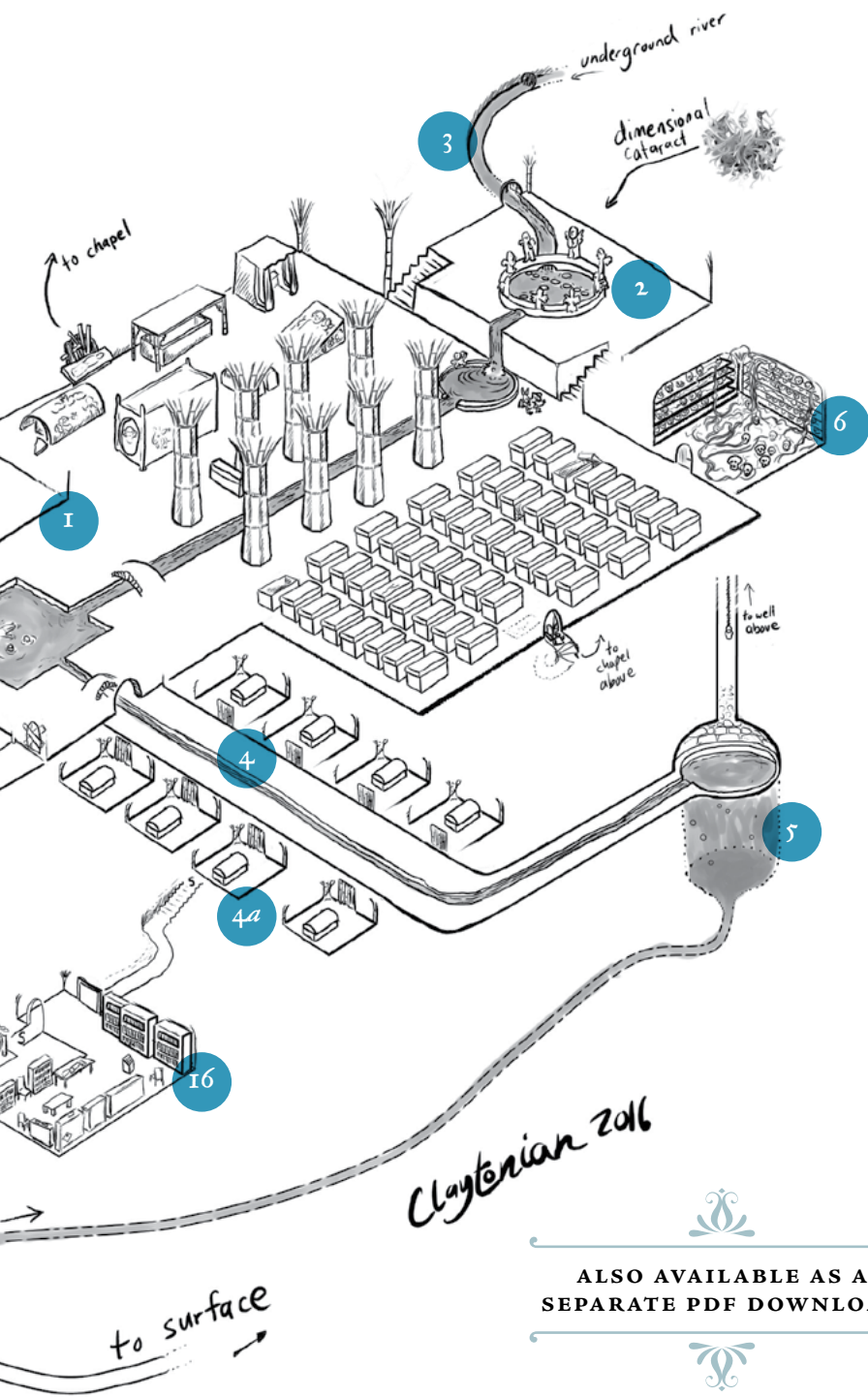
The Tabernacle was the holy of holies of the Abbey, where once a year the secret ritual of the One True God was conducted by the abbot. Only the abbot was allowed entrance. Currently it serves as the place of worship for all the remaining monks, celebrating high masses, feasts, induction and elevation rituals. A few rows of simple wooden pews have been placed inside to seat the congregation, with most of the original furnishings having been removed and stored in the sacristy (15). Behind an ornate purple curtain at the far end of the room, in a display case on a raised dais, stands the Epitome of Life; a solid gold, jewel-encrusted casket worth 5,000 gp, which holds a piece of unicorn horn, removed from the lifeless body of St Clewd by the monks who found him after his duel with Sallowbryg.

Every day a solemn mass takes place (see introduction to the Western Crypts):

1. *Requiem*: remembrance mass for a brother who died that day, or the anniversary of (one of) his death(s).
2. *Professio*: ritual mass for the anniversary of the taking of the holy orders by one of the brethren.
3. *Celebrans*: Weekly high mass dedicated to Saint Clewd. Once a year the Feast of Saint Clewd takes place, during which the mass is thrice as long and the brethren re-enact various scenes from the life of the saint.
4. *Unctionem*: sacramental mass for the sick and dying, for a particular brother or the afflicted brethren in general.

5. *Resurrectio*: mass celebrating the glorious resurrection of a particular brother or the abbey as a whole. Concluded by retaking the vow to protect Saint Clewd.
6. *Baptismus*: yearly reaffirmation of the baptismal sacrament of one of the brethren, concluded by a dipping in the sacred pool in the Inner Sanctum.
7. *Exorcismus*: cleansing ritual for an afflicted brother when he has been acting up more than usual, concluded by a dipping in the sacred pool in the Inner Sanctum.
8. *Obligationem*: special high mass on the feast day of a canonized saint or one of the major holy days of the liturgical year.
9. *Flagellatio*: ritual mass for the joint atonement of sin; during which wickedness is cast out by slapping it out of oneself and his brethren, using only the open hand in accordance with the teachings of nonviolence by Saint Clewd.
10. *Cantata*: special high mass for the elevation in rank of one of the brethren; during the whole day all monks must abstain from speaking, the mass in its entirety is sung.





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