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THE LONELY COAST



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THE LONELY COAST

The furthest flung outpost of a mighty kingdom, turbulent waters and forbidding, trackless forests separate the folk of the Lonely Coast from civilisation's gaudy lights and soft pleasures. Pirates and slavers ply the southern storm-tossed waters while goblins and other foul things creep through the gloom of the Tangled Wood that seemingly chokes the forgotten holds and sacred places of the Old People. Deep within the forest, a narrow, rock-choked defile piled deep with shadow cuts through a nameless range of rugged, tree-shrouded hills birthing dark, fearsome legends of terrifying monsters and glittering, doom-laden treasures. The perils of the Lonely Coast are legion and thus there is always a need for those with stout hearts and skill with blade and spell, or for those merely hungry for glory, to defend humanity's most tenuous enclave.

CREDITS

Design: John Bennett and Creighton Broadhurst

Additional Design: Eric Menge, Martin Tideswell

Development: Creighton Broadhurst

Art: Larry Elmore, Rick Hershey, William McAusland, Brittany Michel, Matt Morrow, Dave Peterson, Marc Radle and Maciej Zagorski (The Forge Studios). Some artwork copyright William McAusland, used with permission. Publisher's Choice Quality Stock Art © Rick Hershey / Fat Goblin Games

Cartography: Tommi Salama

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Welcome (back) to the Lonely Coast!

Raging Swan Press first revealed the Lonely Coast back in 2010, and it seems, therefore, rather fitting to re-visit the setting for our ten-year anniversary. (I can't believe it's been ten years since Raging Swan Press started releasing supplements for the Pathfinder Roleplaying Game, but I've checked, and it is!)

The Lonely Coast was my first take on a gritty, quasi-realistic mini-campaign setting. Designed for low-level play, the Lonely Coast was the setting for our first adventures—*Retribution* and *Road of the Dead* and the first proto-Village Backdrop—*Swallowfeld*. Originally, much of the Lonely Coast remained undeveloped; I'm a huge fan of leaving design space for those using Raging Swan Press supplements and settings. One of the strengths—in my mind—of the Greyhawk campaign setting is that Gary created a cracking foundation and then left space for individual GMs to customise and tweak the setting as desired. I had a similar tactic when it came to designing the Lonely Coast, but I realised shortly thereafter that actually I'd left too much design space. Hence shortly thereafter John Bennett crafted the villages of Bossin, Hosford and Oakhurst, the town of Wolverton and the brooding, doom-laden adventure 5th-level adventure, *Against the Cult of the Bat God*.

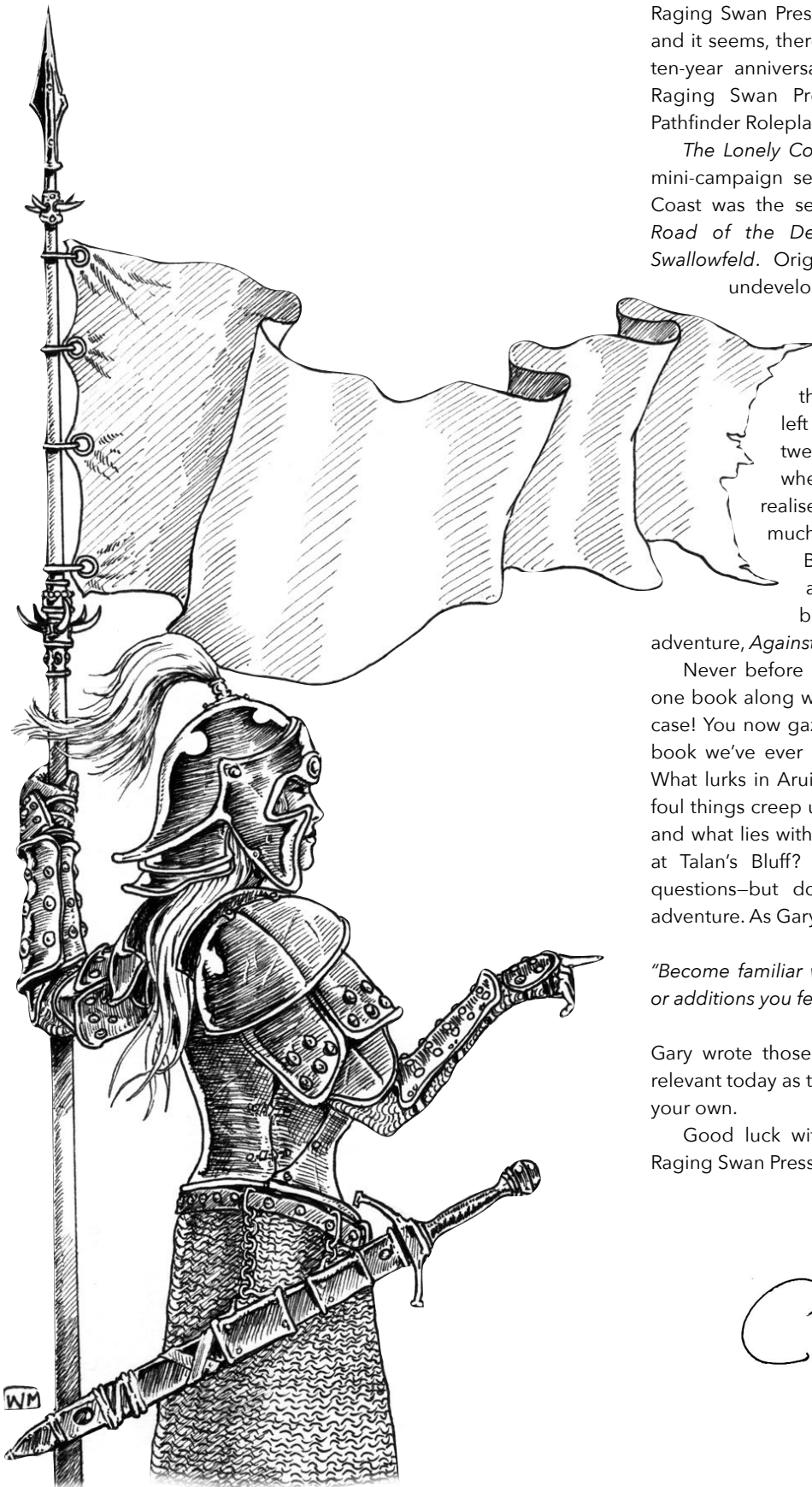
Never before has the basic Lonely Coast been published in one book along with all its settlements. Well, that's no longer the case! You now gaze upon the most comprehensive Lonely Coast book we've ever printed. There is still loads to design, though. What lurks in Aruis's Watchtower or in the Twisted Gorge? What foul things creep under the shadowed-boughs of the deep forest and what lies within the time-worn bounds of the ancient hill fort at Talan's Bluff? I currently don't have the answer to those questions—but don't let that stop you hurling yourself into adventure. As Gary once said:

"Become familiar with this module, then make whatever changes or additions you feel are necessary for your campaign."

Gary wrote those words in the early 70s, and they are still as relevant today as they were then. Have fun. Make the Lonely Coast your own.

Good luck with your game, and thank you for supporting Raging Swan Press,

Craig



INTRODUCTION

The furthest flung outpost of a mighty kingdom, turbulent waters and forbidding, twisted forests separate the Lonely Coast from the glittering lights of civilisation.

The gloomy, trackless Tangled Wood constricts humanity's tenuous grasp upon the Lonely Coast. In the twilight world beneath the forest's boughs, goblinoid tribes incessantly war against one another. Occasionally, a few tribes band together under a charismatic war leader and bloody war engulfs the Lonely Coast. Men whisper that ghosts of an elder age stalk the deepest, unknowable reaches of this ancient woodland. Along with the forsaken holy places and forts of a long-fallen elder civilisation, a debased, twisted race of half-goblins haunts the forest's remotest reaches, and preys on any who fall into their clutches.

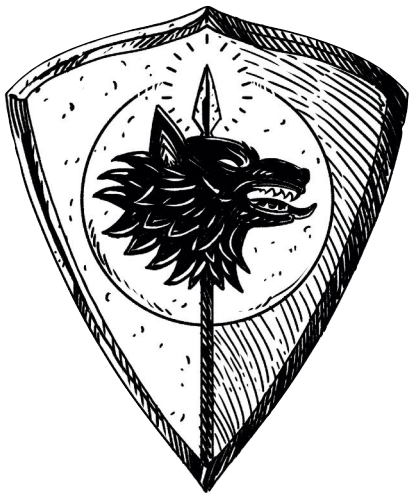
Deep within the forest, a nameless range of rugged, tree-shrouded hills thrusts upwards. Tales of these scarcely explored, monster-infested uplands are legion. At the heart of the range, a deep gash shatters the hills. This narrow, rock-choked defile—the Twisted Gorge—features in many taproom tales. Here the frigid waters of the Dark Mere birth the swiftly flowing Arisum and a lofty series of cascades tumble over slick, broken cliffs. Passageways and caverns honeycomb the unstable canyon walls. Dangerous monsters dwell there in profusion.

The impregnable fortress of Caer Syllan and the redoubtable Lord Locher protect the folk of the Lonely Coast while they scratch a living from the surrounding farmland or toil in their lord's mines. From here flows the Locher's lifeblood—precious stones and metals—to the kingdom's bustling markets.

Pirates sail the surrounding storm-tossed waters while smugglers ply their trade on moonless, fog-shrouded nights eluding pirates and Lord Locher's patrols alike in pursuit of gold. The lost treasure of Peder Uren, a famed pirate who disappeared almost fifty years ago, yet lies hidden somewhere along the coast. Legend and rumour of it of its vast size and worth have spawned many fated, ill-advised expeditions.

Countless old mine workings pierce the Lonely Coast's proud cliffs. Many are nothing but abandoned water-filled shafts. Others are truly ancient. All are dangerous.

Behold, the Lonely Coast.



IN YOUR CAMPAIGN

The Lonely Coast is an isolated borderland territory isolated by thick forests and stormy waters from the surrounding lands. (In your campaign, the Lonely Coast can be the far-flung holding of practically any extant kingdom).

Populated by hardy, industrious folk such a remote place is the perfect breeding ground for heroes. Characters growing up in the locality are probably of hardy peasant stock determined to better their lot for some reason.

Alternatively, characters new to the Lonely Coast could have arrived on one of the many merchantmen coming here to procure slate and tin or to trade for the furs and pelts gathered under the Tangled Wood's glowering boughs. Some visitors come in search of adventure while others embrace the anonymity of the frontier. Still others, tiring of civilisation's decadence, come to start a new life. Adventurers are normally intent on battling the ferocious humanoids of the interior or on uncovering the ancient ruins and hidden treasure caches of the Old People lying forgotten in the untamed places of the Tangled Wood.

This supplement provides a backdrop for dungeon delving and wilderness exploration. Adventure can also come to the villages and town, though. Occasionally wolves or other marauders take a lone woodsman or foraging villager. Other times, small bands of marauders raid a village, before melting away into the forest's trackless depths. The intrigues of the villagers can also lead to adventure as old feuds and imagined (or real) insults turn to violence.

The presence of the politically powerful Lochers also provides you with the option of running more roleplaying-intensive adventures, if desired.

A PERSONAL DEMESNE

In high-level campaigns, the Lonely Coast could serve as a character's personal fief.

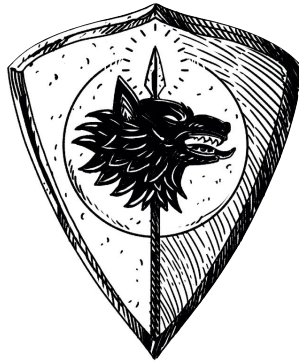
For example, you could rule the Lochers have fallen from favour or been implicated in some treasonous scheme. Consequently, stripped of their lands and exiled (or perhaps even executed) the Lochers are no longer a power on the Lonely Coast.

The character, as a loyal subject of the crown, has been gifted the fief with the dual charges of keeping it safe from the ravages of the raiding humanoids and of weeding out any surviving Locher loyalists. Such campaigns could centre around the machinations of Locher loyalists, or even a surviving family member intent on reclaiming their birthright.

Alternatively, for those more interested in battle-glory, the tribes of the Tangled Wood could unite and once again boil forth from the forest with sword and flame, intent on sweeping the humans from the Lonely Coast.

THE LONELY COAST AT A GLANCE

Ruler: Lord Kenver Locher
Government: Feudal fief
Population: 6,200
Alignments: LN, N, CN, NG, NE
Languages: Common, Goblin
Towns: Wolverton (pop. 1,923)
Villages: Bossin (pop. 648); Hosford (pop. 678); Oakhurst (pop. 413); Swallowfeld (pop. 526)
Fortifications: Caer Syllan, Kerensa's Hold
Resources: Lumber, tin and slate



Turbulent waters and forbidding, trackless forests separate the Lonely Coast from the pleasures and comforts of more civilised lands. Avaricious pirates and merciless slavers ply the storm-tossed waters while atavistic goblins and other foul things creep through the gloom of the Tangled Wood that chokes the forgotten holds and sacred places of the Old People. Deep within the forest, a narrow, rock-strewn defile choked with shadow cuts through a nameless range of rugged, tree-shrouded hills birthing dark, fearsome legends of terrifying monsters and glittering, doom-laden treasures.

FEATURES OF THE LONELY COAST

The Lonely Coast has the following geographical features of note:

Dense Woodland: The Tangled Wood shrouds most of the coast. Much of it is trackless and unexplored. Vicious humanoids, strange wolves and other threats lurk within.

Trails and Tracks: Meandering tracks link the main settlements with a patchwork of farms and the isolated farmsteads of hunters and charcoal burners.

Cliffs: Lofty sea cliffs dominate the approaches to the Lonely Coast. In a few places, shingle beaches stand at their base, but most are inaccessible from the cliffs above.

Hills: A nameless range of rugged, tree-cloaked hills rises to the north. Beyond the range lies the deep Tangled Wood, and unknown perils.

LOCATIONS OF NOTE

The Lonely Coast has several locations of interest:

Talan's Bluff: The remains of an ancient hill fortress, sprawl across the summit of a high hill giving impressive views over the Tangled Wood.

Aruis's Watchtower: A ruined tower hidden deep in the Tangled Wood, the watchtower is famous for the powerful conjurer who once dwelled within (and for the eldritch manner of his disappearance). Legends cluster thickly around the ruin.

The Twisted Gorge: Caves and passageways honeycomb the steep, overhanging cliffs of this foul place. Ferocious monsters dwell here in profusion, and a rambling ruin of precariously perched buildings and pathways cling to the cliffs at the head of the gorge.

Deepwater Lake: This lake's cold and deep waters are rumoured to hide much treasure (and a ferocious beast).

Priory of Cymer: This isolated, rundown church dedicated to Darlen and the defeat of a slumbering evil said to lurk in caverns beneath the priory welcomes few visitors these days.

The Orestone: Wind-swept and wave-lashed, this shard of rock lies a mile or so offshore from Wolverton. Many ships have come to grief on this spray-drenched rock. Caves and passageways honeycomb the Orestone; certain deep shafts quest downwards to the squat, cyclopean ruins of the ancient (but not abandoned) troglodyte city of Kar-Loth.

DISTANCE AND JOURNEY TIMES

DISTANCE (TO THE NEAREST MILE BY TRACK & TRAIL)

		Wolverton			
		Bossin	4 miles		
		Hosford	12 miles		
		Swallowfeld	6 miles	18 miles	14 miles
Oakhurst	8 miles	14 miles	26 miles	22 miles	

TRAVEL TIMES (20 FT.)

		Wolverton			
		Bossin	2 hours		
		Hosford	6 hours	4 hours	
		Swallowfeld	3 hours	9 hours	7 hours
Oakhurst	4 hours	7 hours	13 hours	11 hours	

TRAVEL TIMES (30 FT.)

		Wolverton			
		Bossin	1 hour		
		Hosford	3 hours	2 hours	
		Swallowfeld	2 hours	5 hours	4 hours
Oakhurst	3 hours	5 hours	7 hours	6 hours	

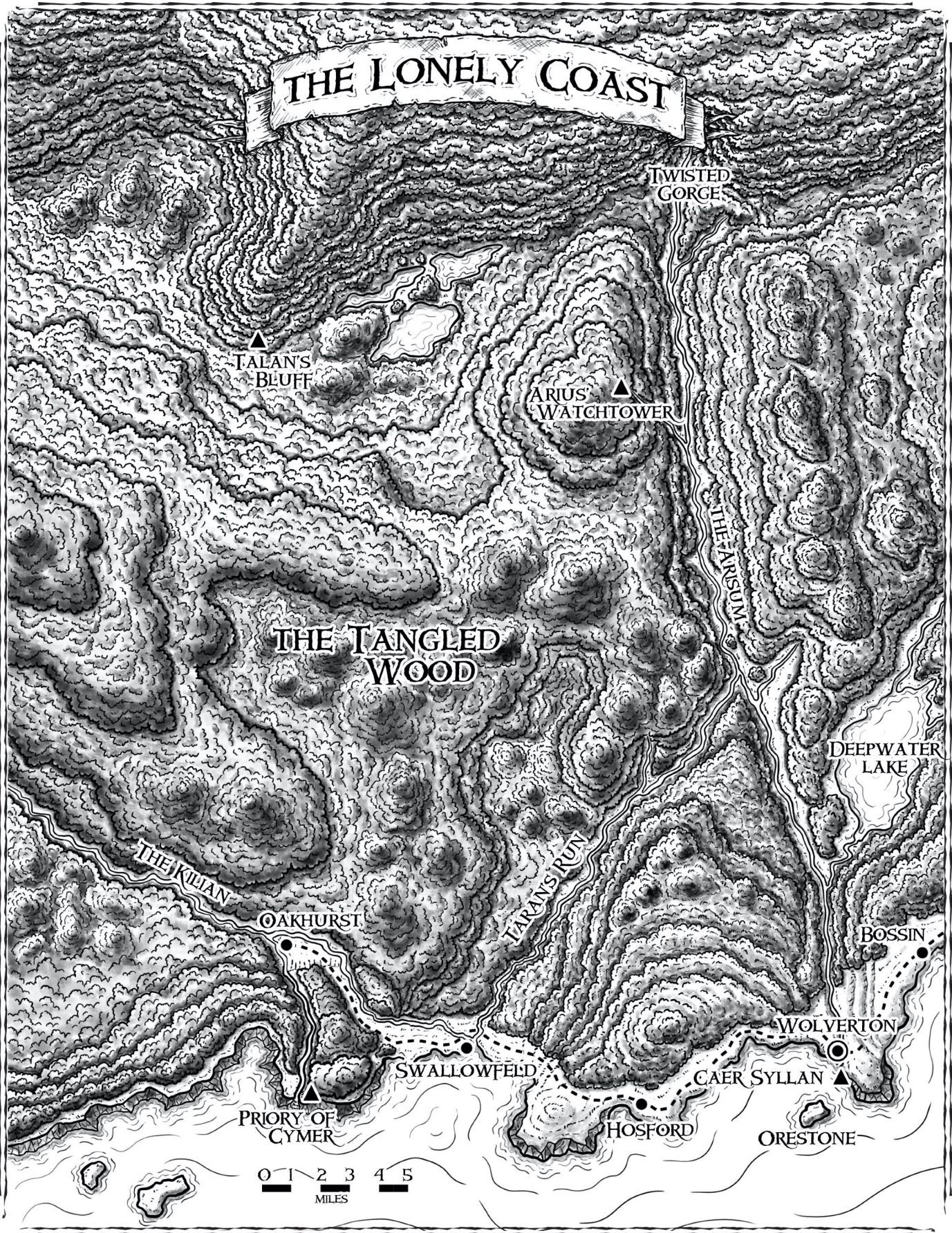
TRAVEL TIMES (40 FT.)

		Wolverton			
		Bossin	1 hour		
		Hosford	3 hours	2 hours	
		Swallowfeld	2 hours	5 hours	4 hours
Oakhurst	2 hours	4 hours	7 hours	6 hours	

TRAVEL TIMES (50 FT.)

		Wolverton			
		Bossin	1 hour		
		Hosford	2 hours	2 hours	
		Swallowfeld	1 hour	4 hours	3 hours
Oakhurst	2 hours	3 hours	5 hours	4 hours	

THE LONELY COAST



TALAN'S
BLUFF

TWISTED
GORGE

ARIUS
WATCHTOWER

THE TANGLED
WOOD

THE ARSUM

DEEPWATER
LAKE

THE KILIAN

TARANS RUN

OAKHURST

BOSSIN

PRIORY OF
CYMER

SWALLOWFELD

WOLVERTON

CAER SYLLAN

HOSFORD

ORESTONE

0 1 2 3 4 5
MILES

SETTLEMENTS OF NOTE

Four villages and a small town are home to around 4,000 souls. A further 2,000 settlers dwell in the surrounding lands, surviving as best they can. A few hardy folk dwell in isolated farmsteads on the forest's fringes. Such individuals are mostly hunters, trappers or charcoal burners. A rudimentary stockade, thick hedge of brambles and thorns or a ditch often surround their homes.

The Cliffway links the villages of Swallowfeld, Hosford and Bossin to the Lonely Coast's capital—Wolverton.

BOSSIN (VILLAGE)

Nestled in a deep dell behind the cliffs guarding the Lonely Coast, Bossin is a troubled village. The rich bounty of the nearby mines and the excellent farmland should provide the villagers with a comfortable life, even though the lower part of the village periodically floods, but instead the populace now labours under the tyranny of Jacca Lander and his hired thugs. Extortion, disappearances and "accidents" are a daily feature of life in Bossin and the villagers are desperate for salvation, but they dare not speak of their woes for fear of ending up in the Pit.

For more information, refer to "Bossin".

HOSFORD (VILLAGE)

The quaint village of Hosford rests along the Cliffway on the Lonely Coast. The industrious folk of Hosford diligently work the area's largest mine, digging deep into the cliffs for ores and gems. Tragically, decades ago, a large section of the mine collapsed into the sea, taking a chunk of the cliffs with it along with a handful of homes. Out of this disaster was born opportunity as the collapse created a sheltered cove and natural harbour for small fishing boats. Thus, in addition to their mine, the villagers ply the coastline, narrowly avoiding the submerged sharp rocks that would doom larger ships to a watery grave.

Yet, terror now grips Hosford. Folk have recently gone missing, including the former village reeve. A sea drake secretly stalks the area, fed on fresh human sacrifices by a senile old druid who believes the creature to be some sort of god. The lord of Caer Syllan, Lord Locher, has dispatched a new reeve—an ambitious, inquisitive young man to look into the disappearances but so far all he has uncovered are old grudges as neighbour accuse neighbour of these sinister disappearances.

For more information, refer to "Hosford".

OAKHURST (VILLAGE)

The village of Oakhurst squats deep amid the gnarled boughs of the Tangled Woods. The Lonely Coast's smallest and most isolated village, only the most daring or the most desperate call it home, surrounded as it is on all sides by monstrous denizens and half-goblin tribes. Its dilapidated buildings sink into the squalor of the streets, presenting a loathsome and unwelcoming appearance. Oakhurst's villagers are no better. Mostly trappers and hunters, the grim folk of Oakhurst distrust outsiders and keep to strange ways and customs. Visitors are strongly discouraged from overstaying their welcome.

HISTORY OF THE LONELY COAST

Twenty centuries ago the first humans to creep forth from the forests—the Tuath—constructed a great hill fort atop Talan's Bluff. Built as a place of refuge from their ancient enemies—the goblins of the Tangled Wood—the stronghold was their greatest (and eventually final) bastion.

The Tuath also raised crude temples to venerate the primitive spirits of earth and water they believed dwelled in the forest, sought precious metals deep below the towering cliffs and built great monuments to their fallen hero-kings.

The Tuath warred incessantly with the goblins that pressed ever inwards upon their lands. This bloody, merciless struggle lasted for centuries until eventually the Tuath's strength was shattered in a final battle of terrible carnage at Talan's Bluff. The few survivors—remnants of a broken people—disappeared back into the deep forest from whence they came.

With their defeat, the Tuath's holy places and strongholds fell into neglect, the forest reclaiming those not occupied or destroyed during the fighting. Their many tombs built to honour their dead were broken into and systematically looted. Within a century little remained to tell of the Tuath's hold upon the Lonely Coast. Now they are remembered simply as the "Old People"—subjects of fanciful, half-remembered tales of fallen glory.

For centuries, the Lonely Coast was a lawless place; roving bands of goblins and other predators drifted northward as they tested the boundaries of the fledgling kingdoms struggling to establish themselves there and the coast became a haven for pirates and smugglers.

Occasionally, vessels sheltered in isolated bays from fierce storms or put ashore a party to replenish water supplies and to hunt the boar and deer of the forest, but in the main the dense forests knew not the tread of human feet for many long years.

A century ago, one such expedition carrying a powerful noble noted the defensive properties of the rocky promontory of Din Kershal. The noble—Maban Locher—instantly realised the potential of such a site to act as a check against both the pirates preying on the realm's shipping and the humanoids infesting the surrounding woods. Claiming the promontory, and surrounding lands as his own, he set about building the fortress of Caer Syllan. In the process, Maban discovered the vast quantities of slate and some smaller deposits of tin buried in the bay's towering cliffs.

Ten years later, Caer Syllan was complete and the Lochers turned their attention to the profitable business of mining the cliffs and hurling back the humanoids tribes periodically emerging from the forest. A small town—Wolverton—grew up in Caer Syllan's shadow, and slowly civilisation came to the area.

To this day, Wolverton and the nearby villages suffer raids from the humanoids dwelling in the deep woods and pirates sometimes sail north from the Picaroon Peninsula to raid shipping and the like. These expeditions are never strong enough to seriously threaten the Locher's grip on the area, and thus the Lonely Coast endures.

Yet, Oakhurst's darkest secret lies in a cave piercing the nearby cliff. On full moons, the villagers lock their doors and shutter their windows, pretending they do not hear the incessant flapping of wings in the sky overhead. Oakhurst's oldest family, the Wearnes, long ago made a pact with a fell god, gaining the power of lycanthropy. Years of inbreeding to keep the line pure have driven the family of werewolves to the brink of madness. High in the cave, the Wearnes participate in vile rites to their dark god, offering worship to one of its hideous servants. As the family slips further into insanity and their devotions grow more heinous, Oakhurst becomes ever more dangerous for the unwary.

For more information, refer to "Oakhurst".

PRIORY OF CYMER (CHURCH)

A lonely outpost dedicated to the veneration of Darlen the Priory of Cymer is a place of faded glory and neglect. Once a site of pilgrimage and sanctuary, few travellers now visit the priory. The temple is dilapidated; some areas are all but abandoned and everywhere the signs of neglect are evident. Where scores of worshippers once answered the call to prayer, only a remnant linger to worship their patron and to watch for the evil foretold to one day arise from the deep caverns below the temple.

SWALLOWFELD (VILLAGE)

Named for the vast numbers of swallows nesting in the surrounding forest, Swallowfeld is a relatively quiet place. Protected by the garrison at Kerensa's Hold the folk work hard in the fields or nearby mines. Sir Talek Annear, Lord Warden of the Lonely Coast, has his seat at Swallowfeld. Most of the villagers are simple folk loyal to their neighbours and lord but a small Braalite cult has quietly established itself in the village. The cult's kidnapping and murder of several small children has thus far been blamed on marauding humanoids or hunting wolves.

For more information, refer to "Swallowfeld".

WOLVERTON (SMALL TOWN/CAPITAL)

The mighty fortress *Caer Syllan* keeps a protective eye over Wolverton's harbour which hosts ships from all over the world coming to trade for the precious metals and gems pulled from the nearby mines. A muddy, noisy place, Wolverton is home to hardy frontier folk eking a living from the earth while contending with half-goblin tribes, packs of shadow wolves and other monsters dwelling in the nearby Tangled Woods.

Although the town serves as Lord Locher's seat and the capital of the Lonely Coast Wolverton's muddy streets are far from safe. While regular patrols ward Wolverton and the surrounding villages from monstrous incursions, new threats rise to weaken the Lochers' iron-fisted grip. Merchants tired of high taxes and tariffs secretly plot to take power while in the streets smuggler gangs fight one another in a vicious turf war. Beyond these threats lurk even greater dangers. In a black stone tower, a vile necromancer plots his path to lichdom and the conquest of the Lonely Coast while a villainous monster secretly makes his home in the previously abandoned sea caves of *Morveren's Galley*. Thus, brave adventurers will always be welcome in Wolverton!

For more information, refer to "Wolverton".

CAER SYLLAN & DIN KERSHAL (FORTRESS)

The headland of *Din Kershal* ("fortress of rock" in the Old Tongue of the Tuath), is little more than a huge granitic monolith linked to the mainland by a narrow, steep-sided ridge of exposed rock. Sheer cliffs, slick with spray, ring the promontory except in one spot where low tide reveals a narrow shingle beach. *Din Kershal* slopes downwards from west to east; its western cliffs are fifty-feet higher than those to the east.

The impregnable fortress of *Caer Syllan*—seat of family *Locher's* power—dominates *Din Kershal*. The fortress's upper and inner wards stand atop *Din Kershal* itself, while its lower ward (bounded by a great earthen ditch) controls access to the promontory. *Caer Syllan* is the safest place on the Lonely Coast.

The bulk of the fortification stands upon the western portion of the promontory, but several small watchtowers stud the eastern and southern cliffs.

The rest of the headland is unfortified. Occasionally, Lord *Locher* allows the townsfolk to drive their sheep and cattle onto *Din Kershal* to crop the patchy grass growing there. A small, sheltered garden, established in a natural fold in the rock, provides a quiet place of contemplation for the ladies of the court and their companions.

Lord *Locher*, his family, servants and a substantial garrison dwell within the fortress. In times of trouble, there is ample space for the populace of the Lonely Coast to retreat onto *Din Kershal*. This is a refuge of last resort, however, as murderous onshore winds renders such a sanctuary extremely cold (at best).

A large sea cave, *Morveren's Gallery*, bores right through the promontory. While it is possible to traverse the cave at low tide, the surge of water within is dangerous in the extreme. At high tide, the cavern is almost completely submerged; exploring the cave at this time is tantamount to suicide.

A few side caves and galleries (all cut-off at high tide) radiate outward from *Morveren's Gallery*. When *Maban Locher* arrived at the Lonely Coast a century ago, the witch *Morveren* lurked in these caves. Local tradition describes her as either a powerful spellcasting vampire or a degenerate mix of human and goblin steeped in demonic lore. Whatever the truth, *Maban* drove her out, claiming *Din Kershal* for himself. Since then, few have dared to explore this small network of caves; the dangerous tides and *Morveren's* fearsome legend combine to dispel most people's interest. Occasionally, small bands of adventurers brave the caves—those that do not return are assumed to have either fallen prey to the cave's murderous tides or the depredations of whatever lurks in that sunken, gloomy place.



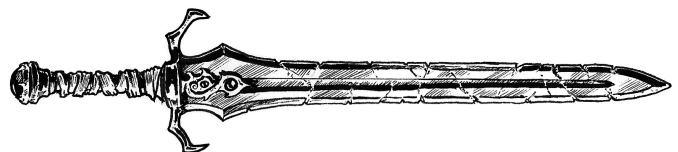
WHISPERS & RUMOURS

Whispers and rumours swirl through the Lonely Coast's villages and towns carried by travellers as they go about their business. Many are nothing more than gossip about a neighbour's business or indiscretion. Others deal with the machinations and actions of the great and the good of the Lonely Coast or the exploits of adventurers exploring the tangled depths of the Tangled Forest. Still other rumours are more local legend and detail the peasants' commonly held views on a particular subject or locale.

A character attempting to learn the current rumours must spend 1d4 hours chatting and gossiping, spend 2d4 sp on drinks, gifts and bribes.

D%	RUMOUR
01-05	Tracks discovered in the forest show where bands of goblins have been spying on Wolverton. Lord Locher worries they are planning an attack.
06-10	Strange lights have again been seen in the upper floors of Arius's Watchtower. It could be that bandits or other marauders have again occupied the tower or some strange devilry could have arisen from the tower's hidden dungeons.
11-20	A hunter discovered a stretch of forest around one of the Old People's monoliths that has begun to wither and die. The cause of the deforestation is unknown.
21-35	Hunters have reported the appearance of several new sinkholes at Taran's Bluff. No one has yet dared the sinkholes but they are thought to lead to a hitherto unknown chamber buried deep below the hill fort.
36-40	A smugglers' ship went down off the Orestone a few nights ago. Fishermen and beachcombers have been finding wreckage ever since (and a few bodies).
41-55	The Company of the Green Cloaks recently bested a group of Blood Moon goblins north of Bossin. They report many of the goblins were already injured and seemed to be in a hurry to flee.
56-60	Recently, something large has been swimming in Deepwater Lake. (Drunk) witnesses report it as being almost 20 ft. long and akin to a dragon! Much treasure lies in Deepwater Lake but this creature is sure to put off any casual (or sane) treasure hunters.
61-64	Lord Locher is about to raise taxes again. This time, there'll be trouble.
65-70	The folk of Oakhurst have become even more unwelcoming of late. Two itinerant merchants have gone missing in the vicinity and others are refusing to visit the village until the matter is resolved.
71-80	A new band of bandits—thought to be the survivors of a shipwrecked pirate crew—have begun to haunt the area between Swallowfeld and Hosford. The gang are vicious and have killed several travellers.

81-84	The smugglers are engaged in a vicious war—with themselves! Whispers of a rising new power have swirled about Wolverton's docks for several weeks now. The fighting is vicious, clandestine and sustained. Several bodies have been pulled from the surf.
85	Lord Locher is planning to again garrison the ruined Arius's Watchtower. He needs brave folk to scout the tower and discover what, if anything, lurks within.
86-88	Hunters have found dead goblins in several places throughout the Tangled Wood. The dead belong to several tribes and it is thought the goblins are fighting among themselves.
89-90	Three nights ago, a faint flickering light was seen atop the Orestone. Was it wreckers trying to lure a ship to its doom or something entirely more sinister?
91-92	A large winged creature has been seen flying over the Twisted Gorge. The creature's scales were bright green and it had a long spike growing from its tail.
93-94	A strange body was discovered in the depths of a mine near Wolverton. The creature had gray scales, a long tail, crests on its head and back and long claws. Strange tattoos covered its scales. It had been killed by a rock fall and no obvious reason for its presence was evident.
95-97	Wolves have again been seen in large numbers in the deep woods. Several different packs have been reported—each led by a wolf of fearsome size. Some say these larger wolves are almost as big as a horse!
98	The Priory of Cymer is an isolated place where few people now go to worship. The clerics there believe some obscure legend about an ancient evil that lurks below waiting to arise once again, but the clergy in Wolverton is growing tired of funding the outpost; many believe it may soon be abandoned.
99	Incessant mining nearby and under Hosford is putting the village in danger. Several decades ago half the cliff fell into the sea and they haven't stopped digging. Lord Locher wants the mine to remain operational, but some of the villagers are terrified of the danger of collapse.
100	Sea caves and tunnels honeycomb the headland of Din Kershal upon which stands Caer Syllan. The witch Morveren once lived in the caves, but was slain by Maban Locher 100 years ago. Some say her ghost still lingers in the dark waiting to wreak revenge on the Lochers. Others say she worshipped before a dripping stone altar of ancient and alien design and that her treasures were never found.



LIFE ON THE LONELY COAST

THE YEAR

The weather and the passing seasons rule life on the Lonely Coast—particularly in its villages. While many of the villagers’ tasks are carried out day in and day out—baking bread, feeding livestock, repairing clothes and so on—some major tasks are carried out only at certain times of the year.

Early Spring: Villagers plough their fields and prepare for the first sowing; lambing begins.

Late Spring: Crops are sown and the long process of weeding begins. Much beer is brewed ready for harvest time.

Early Summer: Sheep are sheared, wool is spun and the cows, gorged on grass, produce prodigious amounts of milk that is made into butter and cheese.

Late Summer: The wheat harvest is the culmination of the year’s farming. Orchard fruits, wild soft fruits, nuts, mushrooms and wild berries are gathered and stored away or made into jams or pickles. Hay is made and stored.

Autumn: Root vegetables are harvested and stored. Winter wheat is planted and some trees are felled for firewood or as raw material for repairs of fences and outbuildings. In late autumn, the barley is ready to be malted, and wool and flax are spun.

Winter: Hedges, fences and outbuildings are maintained or rebuilt, livestock are slaughtered and beef and mutton hung. Bacon and ham are salt-pickled in brine, sweet-pickled or dry salted. Many farmers, if they have the time, work in the Lonely Coast’s mines during the winter.

THE CALENDAR

The year is divided into thirteen 28-day months. A new moon heralds the start of every month.

MONTH	SEASON	FESTIVALS/ EVENTS
Nifredith	Winter	Hallmote Day of Creation (Abarin)
Nithui	Winter	
Hithring	Spring	Still Water (Serat)
Lauganor	Spring	
Arduchir	Spring	
Laerdonna	Summer	
Galaer	Summer	Summer Solstice, Hallmote
Norith	Summer	Summer’s End
Anoriul	Autumn	The Hunt
Isablin	Autumn	
Narberon	Autumn	
Helagos	Winter	Winter Solstice
Gritheron	Winter	

THE WEEK

Each month has four weeks. Each week has seven days.

DAY	ACTIVITY
Moonday	Work
Starday	Work
Seaday	Work
Earthday	Work
Sunday	Work
Godsday	Worship ¹
Freeday	Leisure/Rest ²

1: Most church services are held on this day; however, Serat’s worshippers commune with their mistress on Seaday while the Mother’s followers worship on Moonday or Sunday.

2: In theory, this is a day of rest; however, leisure time (or the lack of it) is dictated by two things: necessity and the local lord.

PHASES OF THE MOON

The moon moves predictably through the sky and acts as a crude, but accurate, calendar. Some peasants call the full moon a “Wolf Moon” because of its effect on lycanthropes.

DATE	MOON PHASE
1st	New Moon
2nd	Waxing Crescent
7th	First Quarter
8th	Waxing Gibbous
14th	Full Moon ¹
15th	Waning Gibbous
21st	Third Quarter
22nd	Waning Crescent

1: Super Moons occur on the Summer and Winter Solstices; high and low tides, and lycanthrope activity, peaks on these nights.

FESTIVALS & TRADITIONS

The Lonely Coast’s inhabitants celebrate many festivals, holy days and local traditions. A sample of the most widely (but not universally)-celebrated appear below.

Summer Solstice: The folk of the Lonely Coast mark the summer solstice with a three-day celebration. On the first day, celebrants compete at slinging and footraces. The second day features a wrestling competition while the final day features an inter-village hurling tournament. Each day ends with a sumptuous outdoor feast. The Lochers provide the bulk of the provender for this but each family is expected to contribute a token amount of food or drink.

Summer's End: At summer's end, the peasants give thanks for the harvest. Afterwards they gather at dusk to cast small wooden tokens decorated with lit candles into a nearby river or stream.

The Hunt: When the first autumn leaves fall, the peasants commemorate Maban Locher driving out the witch, Morveren from a cave below Din Kershal. (See "Caer Syllan & Din Kershal"). One celebrant takes the part of Morveren, even dressing in what the villagers believe is an authentic witch's costume. She then hides somewhere and the other celebrants hunt her down. Once apprehended, the witch is paraded through the village before the celebrations proper begin. Such celebrations last long into the night; few rise early the next day.

DAILY LIFE ON THE LONELY COAST

The Lonely Coast is a vibrant, bustling place. Daily life is hard, however; all members of a family contribute to putting food on the table. Peasants rise with the sun on their backs and work until after dusk. In the villages, the men work in the fields or mine slate and tin for their lord in the nearby mines. In Wolverton, they toil over their specialist trades. Women carry out many daily tasks including weaving, spinning, repairing clothes, cheese-making, cooking, cleaning, gardening, foraging for nuts and berries, haymaking, child raising and tending the family's animals. Even children and grandparents work, helping around the home or foraging for nuts, berries and firewood in the fringes of the Tangled Wood. (However, no one ventures into the woods too deeply as such folk have a tendency to disappear).

Many families own a few sheep. Many also have pigs, a cow or two and a small flock of chickens.

TYPICAL VILLAGE HOME

Most of the Lonely Coast's rural dwellings adhere to the same basic design, although they vary in size and quality dependant on the owner's wealth. Most families comprise husband, wife, one - five children and one or more grandparents.

Outside: A small fenced yard lies between the road and the house. Here, chickens scratch about while behind the house higher fences and a ditch gird a much larger area used to cultivate vegetables and other crops.

Inside: Each dwelling comprises a single high-ceilinged room, divided into a number of bays, each around fifteen-foot square. A raised central hearth dominates the hall and the floor is of hard, beaten earth covered with straw or rushes.

At one end of the house stand the buttery and pantry. A narrow passage between the two leads to the kitchen. In many houses, a solar above the service rooms houses a sleeping chamber. Few windows pierce the building's walls. Shuttered, but never glazed, they are open during the day to provide ventilation. The atmosphere inside is often smoky—a legacy of the perpetually burning central fire over which water, milk or porridge is always simmering.

Dwellings also lodge a peasant's livestock; these are kept at the other end of the house in the byre.

LANGUAGE

Humanity's Common tongue is the most widely-spoken language on the Lonely Coast. Visitors, of course, bring their own languages with them and Dwarven, Elven Halfling and Gnome can all sometimes be heard on Wolverton's streets. More uncommonly, some adventurers and the like speak Goblin while certain sages speak the foul, harsh language of the troglodytes.

The Old Tongue: Once spoken by the Tuath, and now only found in carvings in tumbled ruins, hidden tombs and the like, the Old Tongue is only understood by scholars, sages and other learned folk attempting to uncover the Tuath's secrets.

SOCIAL ORDER

The Lonely Coast has a highly developed social order. The peasants form the bottom of that order, overseen by the village reeve and protected by the village bailiff, who is often guided by the village priest. All are beholden to the Locher family and have certain duties they must perform in return for his protection.

The village reeve oversees the day-to-day running of the village. He ensures Lord Locher receives his due from the harvest and each villager spends the required amount of time labouring for their lord (often in the many mines dotting the coast).

The village bailiff is responsible for the village's safety and security; they lead the militia's monthly drills as well as overseeing the day-to-day maintenance of the law.

Village priests receive their due from the villagers who look to them for spiritual leadership. Priests bless children at birth, marry them as adults and bury them when they die. Many peasants are superstitious and village priests have much influence over their view of the world—particularly in matters religious or supernatural.

LAW & ORDER

Several legal mechanisms regulate life on the Lonely Coast.

HALLMOTE

Twice a year villagers gather for the hallmote. The hallmote—presided over by the village reeve—transacts all the village's legal business, facilitating the trouble-free running of daily life. Here, the villagers settle land disputes, pay their taxes, formalise matters of inheritance, handle formal grievances between villagers, punish those guilty of minor crimes and so on. Furthermore, the hallmote promulgates the various laws, traditions and customs governing the use of the various fields, pastures and woods surrounding the village. It dictates where animals can be grazed, who should harvest when and other vital facets of village life.

THE LORD'S COURT

Serious crimes such as murder, rape and assault are heard in the Lord's Court. The Lord's Court follows no fixed schedule and convenes as necessary. Lord Locher rarely sits in judgement; instead, the village bailiff hears most proceedings. Justice is swift and harsh, but fair. The guilty are rarely incarcerated. Common punishments include heavy fines or property confiscated. Serious violent crimes are punishable by execution or mutilation.

WEATHER ON THE LONELY COAST

Use these tables to determine the weather on the Lonely Coast. These tables are not designed to be hyper-realistic; rather they provide the tools for a GM to describe the weather in generalities; the exact temperature, for example, is rarely of crucial importance.

To determine the weather on any given day:

- **Temperature:** Roll d20 and consult the relevant season table.
- **Weather:** Rolling d20 and consulting the relevant temperature column of the appropriate season table.
- **Precipitation Duration:** If precipitation is indicated determine its duration on the Weather Duration table.
- **Wind Direction:** Roll d20 on the Wind Direction table, but note the wind's direction may only be relevant if the characters are on the coast or aboard ship.
- **Wind Speed:** Roll d20 and consult the Wind Speed table.

WINTER

Winters are cold and harsh; snowfall is not uncommon and storms are common. During hard winters, trade and commerce shudder to a grinding halt as peasants huddle in their homes and great drifts of snow driven by the savage wind choke the Cliffway. In particularly brutal winters, the coast is cut off by gale-force winds and high seas making ocean-going travel impossible for all by the bravest (or desperate) mariners.

D20	COLD (1-13)	COOL (14-20)
1	Heavy fog	Heavy fog
2	Heavy fog	Light fog
3-5	Light fog	Clear sky
6-7	Clear sky	Light cloud
8	Light cloud	Light cloud
9	Light cloud	Light cloud, drizzle
10	Light cloud	Light cloud, rain
11	Overcast	Light cloud, rain
12	Overcast	Overcast
13	Overcast	Overcast, drizzle
14	Overcast, sleet storm	Overcast, rain
15	Overcast, hail storm	Overcast, rain
16	Light cloud, light snow	Overcast, sleet storm
17	Light cloud, light snow	Overcast, hail storm
18	Overcast, light snow	Overcast, light snow
19	Overcast, heavy snow	Overcast, light snow
20	Overcast, heavy snow	Overcast, heavy snow

SPRING

With spring comes a general thaw and although sea fog often blankets coastal regions, the winds are less harsh and temperature generally warmer. During the spring, the winds gradually shift to the south (where they generally stay through to the autumn) and lessen in force. Rain is common and many trails (and stretches of the Cliffway) degenerate into morasses of mud.

D20	COLD (1-8)	COOL (9-20)
1	Heavy fog	Heavy fog
2	Heavy fog	Light fog
3-5	Light fog	Light fog
6-8	Clear sky	Clear sky
9-10	Light cloud	Light cloud
11	Light cloud, drizzle	Light cloud
12	Light cloud, drizzle	Light cloud, drizzle
13	Light cloud, rain	Light cloud, drizzle
14	Overcast	Light cloud, rain
15-17	Overcast	Overcast
18	Overcast, hail	Overcast, drizzle
19	Overcast, sleet	Overcast, drizzle
20	Overcast, light snow	Overcast, rain

SUMMER

In the summer, the clouds clear, the winds quieten and the climate becomes markedly more pleasant. The frequency and strength of rain also drops off, although during particularly hot periods thunderstorms often blow in from the south. Much commerce is carried out during these months as travel is easy by land and sea.

D20	WARM (1-13)	COOL (14-20)
1-3	Light fog	Light fog
4-8	Clear sky	Clear sky
9-11	Clear sky	Light cloud
12-13	Light cloud	Light cloud
14-15	Little cloud, drizzle	Light cloud, drizzle
16	Light cloud, rain	Light cloud, rain
17	Overcast	Light cloud, rain
18	Overcast, rain	Overcast
19	Overcast, rain	Overcast, rain
20	Thunderstorm	Overcast, rain

AUTUMN

As the temperature cools, the winds begin to gust with greater power, although severe winds are still rare. Autumn brings rain and fog to the Lonely Coast.

D20	COLD (1-9)	COOL (10-20)
1	Heavy fog	Heavy fog
2-3	Heavy fog	Light fog
4	Light fog	Light fog
5-6	Light fog	Clear sky
7	Clear sky	Clear sky
8-9	Clear sky	Light cloud
10	Light cloud	Light cloud
11-12	Light cloud	Light cloud, drizzle
13-14	Overcast	Light cloud, rain
15	Overcast	Overcast
16	Overcast, drizzle	Overcast
17-18	Overcast, rain	Overcast, drizzle
19	Overcast, sleet storm	Overcast, rain
20	Overcast, light snow	Overcast, rain

WEATHER DURATION

Precipitation falls on the Lonely Coast all year round, though it is less common during the summer. Rain and the like is most common in the early morning when the winds shift to onshore.

WEATHER	DURATION ¹
Drizzle	1d10 hours
Hail storm	1d4 hours
Heavy fog	2d4 hours, then 1d4 hours of light fog
Heavy rain	1d12 hours
Heavy snow	4d6 hours
Light fog	2d4 hours
Light rain	1d12 hours
Light snow	2d6 hours
Sleet storm	1d6 hours
Thunderstorm	1d4 hours

1: If the maximum value of the die or dice is rolled, roll again and add the two results together to determine how long the precipitation lasts. Do not roll a third time.

WIND DIRECTION

Except in the winter, most wind comes from the south.

D20	SPRING	SUMMER	AUTUMN	WINTER
1-3	S	S	S	S
4	S	S	S	SW
5	SE	S	SE	SW
6	SE	S	SE	SE
7	SE	S	SE	SE
8	SW	SE	SW	SE
9	SW	SE	SW	E
10	SW	SE	SW	E
11	W	SW	W	E
12	W	SW	W	W
13	E	SW	E	W
14	E	W	E	NW
15	E	W	E	NW
16	NE	E	NE	NW
17	NW	E	NW	NE
18	NW	NW	NW	NE
19	NW	NE	NW	NE
20	N	N	N	N

WIND SPEED

In the winter, the wind howls about the Lonely Coast; sometimes effectively cutting it off from sea-borne traffic.

D20	SPRING/ AUTUMN	SUMMER	WINTER
1-3	Light	Light	Light
4-5	Light	Light	Moderate
6	Moderate	Light	Moderate
7	Moderate	Moderate	Moderate
8-9	Moderate	Moderate	Strong
10	Moderate	Moderate	Strong
11	Moderate	Moderate	Strong
12	Strong	Moderate	Strong
13-16	Strong	Moderate	Severe
17-18	Severe	Moderate	Severe
19	Severe	Severe	Windstorm
20	Windstorm	Severe	Windstorm

CIVILISED FOLK OF THE LONELY COAST

The folk of the Lonely Coast are predominantly of human stock; comparatively few of the common non-human races call the place home. Of those that do, the vast majority are adventurers, retired adventurers, servants of important people or important personages in their own right.

HUMANS

The humans of the Lonely Coast are predominantly dark-haired, grey-eyed folk. Occasionally, some have light brown or even blond hair. Eye colour can also vary, individuals with blue eyes being relatively common. Humans are often heavily tanned, a legacy of countless hours spent stooped over their crops.

Peasants rarely have more than two or three sets of homemade rough wool or linen clothes. Men wear coarse tunics and long stockings as well as thick sheepskin cloaks and woollen mittens and hats in the winter (the more valuable of which are fur-lined). Women tend to wear long dresses and stockings. Most clothes are of brown hue or other drab colour such as ochre, sienna or grey. Everyone wears wooden clogs or shoes made of thick leather. Children dress as miniature adults.

PLACE OF BIRTH

Use this table, to determine a native human's place of birth on the Lonely Coast.

D%	PLACE OF BIRTH	COMMON ALIGNMENTS
01-10	Bossin	LE, LN, NG, LG
11-22	Hosford	LG, NG, LN, LE, CE
23-29	Oakhurst	N, CN, CE, NE
30-38	Swallowfeld	LN, N, CN, NG, NE
39-70	Wolverton	LG, NG, LN, N, LE, NE
71-90	Isolated Settlement	LN, N, CN, NG, NE
100	Other	Any

NOMENCLATURE

Names come down through the family and are a source of great pride. When they are born, children are given their first name, but when they reach majority they are gifted their adult name, which they use for the rest of their life.

Male Names: Alan, Cadan, Cador, Colan, Conan, Daveth, Myghal, Digory, Gawen, Geren, Howel, Jacca, Jory, Jory, Kenan, Kenver, Kenwyn, Kevern, Kitto, Maban, Madern, Margh, Massen, Melor, Myghal, Peder, Perran, Petrok, Ruan, Talan, Talek, Tomas, Tristan, Wella, Jory and Ythel.

Female Names: Beryan, Blejan, Caja, Chesten, Crewenna, Sowena, Ebrel, Elowen, Eseld, Eva, Hedra, Jenifer, Jenna, Kensa, Kerensa, Kerra, Loveday, Lowenna, Mellyn, Melyor, Metheven, Morveren, Morwenna, Rosen, Sowena, Steren, Tamsyn, Tecca, Tegen, Tregereth, Tryfena and Wenna.

Surnames: Ahearn, Annear, Boden, Bonython, Cass, Crago, Dobell, Endean, Faull, Goninan, Jewell, Joliffe, Keast, Kersey, Lander, Mayne, Menadue, Nance, Nankervis, Negus, Odgers, Pascoe, Perrin, Tangye, Skewes, Tangye, Teague, Terrill, Uren, Veale, Vosper and Wearne.

DWARVES

Dwarves are not native to the Lonely Coast. In demand for their mining skills, however, most dwarves on the Lonely Coast have at one time or another served in Lord Locher's mines. Also sought after as doughty warriors and bodyguards some dwarves serve wealthy merchants and other well-to-do folk as bodyguards.

Male Names: Aldal Garsten, Anvar Erdukr, Erivar Kilak, Fargrim Harmek, Ovlon Torsten, Whurel Ovlag, Yurthic Farnoan.

Female Names: Barita Dellode, Dalastra Helmalk, Elren Darzak, Elren Kildann, Norren Weraln, Vonya Yurnoe.

ELVES

The primal beauty and unspoilt nature of the Tangled Wood draws adventurous elves in search of ancient mysteries to the Lonely Coast. Such individuals eschew the stench and confines of Wolverton to either live in one of the four villages or in other even more remote locales.

Male Names: Arndul Baelaroarn, Caellynir Natityrr, Feradul Renriainn, Solalith Myloneir, Vilimzair Koehelvar.

Female Names: Aellian Cyelrae, Firatris Uthliavar, Janaela Ridriainn, Lamahs Nuninrae, Naillae Pyvinrae, Tahlys Pyloninn.

GNOMES

Fey creatures, and children of the wildlands, gnomes dwell in small numbers in remote warrens hidden deep in the Tangled Wood. They are a quiet, shy folk, but are implacable enemies of the goblins and half-goblins lurking in the wood's shadows.

Male Names: Daladin Aduren, Dinejan Ennalle, Ennafaer Beren, Erfael Heddig, Herlefaer Erfanen, Janel Folkor.

Female Names: Arumalenae Nackel, Gaeral Raulnor, Leneal Neblor, Rasal Pogor, Ural Turen, Vanalenae Rurig.

HALFLINGS

As they do all over the world, halflings dwell among the other races. There are no exclusive halfling settlements on the Lonely Coast; most dwell in Wolverton.

Male Names: Antal Hilltop, Dricolen Goodwater, Illioper Faststep, Opeelur Silverleaf, Reenor Longhole.

Female Names: Arveelenn Earthcloak, Erea Longwanderer, Lineeyon Quickfingers, Merla Underbough, Verna Thornhill.

HALF-ELVES

As wanderers, inevitably many half-elves find their way to the Lonely Coast. Perhaps they are fleeing the prejudice of their birth or seek a place where their heritage counts for nought. Many become merchants or bards. Few half-elves are native to the area.

Names: Half-elves use the naming conventions of either their human or elven parent.

HALF-ORCS

Drawn to the conflict inherent in the Lonely Coast, half-orcs can be found among the ranks of Lord Locher's garrison as well as serving in the mines (where their great strength and ability to see in the dark prove most useful). Many also find a place among the smugglers of Wolverton.

Male Names: Ausk Axe-Ripper, Feng Splinter-Shield, Gor Strong-Arm, Oggor the Stabber, Yarg the Widow-Maker.

Female Names: Dergoka the Mighty, Kroran the Merciless, Myev the Ripper, Mzon the Shadowed, Uzlen the Terror.

Other Names: Some half-orcs—particularly those brought up among humans—take a human name.

ADVENTURERS ON THE LONELY COAST

Many adventurers make their home on the Lonely Coast. Some were born there, while others have journeyed here to investigate the mysteries of the Tangled Forest.

BARD

As in more civilised places, bards are welcomed throughout the Lonely Coast. Famed for their great store of stories and ability to distract folk from the harsh realities of their daily lives bards can often live for free among the folk of rural communities.

CLERIC

The folk of the Lonely Coast have much need of clerics. Whether offering spiritual guidance, protection from the lurking horrors of the Tangled Wood or magical healing, clerics are at the centre of every community of note on the Lonely Coast. In the main, such folk worship Darlen or Conn, although a few depraved individuals venerate Braal. The troglodytes dwelling deep below the Orestone yet cling to their worship of Amon-Pyr—the only creatures on the Lonely Coast to do so.

DRUID

The druids of the Lonely Coast dwell far from the noise and stench of Wolverton and its satellite villages. Tending hidden groves they are the friends of hunters and woodsmen alike. Drawn to the places of the Old People, they live in harmony with the wild, untamed Tangled Wood and protect it from the worst depredations of human and goblin alike.

FIGHTER

Mercenaries, sellswords and freebooters are drawn to the Lonely Coast like flies to offal. In humanity's most precarious enclave, the services of those skilled at arms are much in demand. Fighters can serve as bodyguards, men-at-arms, officers commanding Lord Locher's troops and in a myriad of other positions.

MONK

Monks are extremely rare on the Lonely Coast. The locale, climate and constant danger of humanoid attack are not conducive to the rigorous study of the ancient disciplines needed to become a monk. A few monks serve in Darlen's temple in Wolverton.

PALADIN

Only a few paladins dwell upon the Lonely Coast. Those that do, almost exclusively worship Darlen and serve their patron by acting as travelling judges, arbiters and protectors. The normal folk of the Lonely Coast (except those degenerates dwelling in Oakhurst) welcome and respect paladins; they are among the most welcome adventurers in most places.

RANGER

A wild land, the Lonely Coast has many opportunities and attractions for rangers. Those skilled at hunting, tracking and surviving in the wilds are at a great advantage on the Lonely Coast. Rangers hunt in the Tangled Wood and those in service of the Lochers range deeply into its depths in search of the feral, savage humanoids of the interior.

THIEVES

Perched on the very edge of civilisation, and despite Lord Locher's best efforts, the Lonely Coast is a wild place in which opportunities for smugglers, thieves and others willing to bend, break or ignore the law abound. There are many thieves among the smuggler gangs of Wolverton, but others work freelance, landing their meagre cargoes on isolated beaches in the dead of night. Beyond Wolverton's bounds, there is little worth stealing on the Lonely Coast except for the lost treasures of the Old People and accumulated wealth of the humanoids lurking in the Tangled Wood; thus, many rogues gravitate toward an adventurer's life.

WIZARDS

The Lonely Coast is a place of ancient, mysterious power. As such, wizards, sorcerers and the like are surprisingly common among the folk dwelling here. The rigours of living in such a wild, remote place do not allow much time for learning the esoteric mysteries of wizardry and so native wizards are rare—many come here to study the Tuath and to recover what lingering magics may yet lie among the ruin of their civilisation. A few magic-users dwell in Wolverton, but without the town they are few and far between. The wizards of Wolverton have not formed a guild as such, although several have taken on apprentices (mainly drawn from the families of wealthy merchants and the like).

RELIGION ON THE LONELY COAST

This section present more details of the commonly worshipped deities and demons extant on the Lonely Coast. For a more comprehensive pantheon, refer to *Deities & Demons*, also by Raging Swan Press.

AMON-PYR

CE troglodyte demon lord of darkness, evil, madness and water



Epithets: The Master, the First

Symbol: A coiled whip

Favoured Weapon: Whip

Raiment: Intricate tattoos of various shapes and styles depending on the seniority and position of the worshipper

Worshippers: Troglodytes

Teachings: Give yourself to the darkness. In madness is found wisdom. One day darkness will rise to again cover the world and then the faithful will be saved and have dominion over all the world.

Holy Text: None survive intact, but fragments of an ancient book—a foul text so depraved possession and knowledge of more than a few pages can drive the possessor mad with terror—are thought to survive.

Additional Notes: Amon-Pyr is an ancient demonic power worshipped by troglodytes since the earliest days of the race's long-fallen empire. A tentacled demon that crawled from the unknown depths of the frigid, slime-coated waters of the Sea of Perpetual Misery, Amon-Pyr is a terrible figure from the world's pre-history. Only a few isolated troglodyte clans yet cling to his worship. Guarding fragments of ancient knowledge, these groups perform rituals the meaning and significance of which they have long since forgotten.

Temples & Shrines: Amon-Pyr's worship is wholly confined to the ancient, ruined troglodyte city of Kar-Loth.

BAT GOD, THE

CE nature spirit of blood and hunting



Epithets: Blood Drinker, Dark Wings, ol' Red Eye

Symbol: A red eye over a pair of bat wings in an enclosed circle.

Favoured Weapon: Dagger

Holy Text: *Dark Thoughts Whispered*

Teachings: Prey on the blood of the weak for your sustenance. Prey on the blood of the strong for they will make you stronger. The world is your hunting ground.

Additional Notes: The Bat God does not hold the power of a true god. A primitive, animalistic spirit, it haunted the Lonely Coast long before humans settled the land. When the first humans wandered into its domain, it fed on them, but then realized these creatures were far different to the simple animals on which it preyed. Knowledge of the Bat God is lost with time, though ancient Tuath records speak of a hideous deity once venerated by a degenerate race of humans engaging in bloody ritual sacrifice, cannibalism and other atrocities. The Tuath battled the tribe and their wizards eventually sealed the entity away in a separate plane.

Temples & Shrines: Worship of the Bat God is confined to the dismal, decaying village of Oakhurst; there dwell the cursed, lycanthropic Wearnes.

BRAAL

NE lesser god of hate, malice and revenge



Epithets: The Hated, Dweller in Shadows

Symbol: A cloven skull

Favoured Weapon: Morningstar

Raiment: Braal's adherents wear cowled black cloaks smeared with their sacrifices' blood and often shave their heads.

Worshippers: Braal whispers dark promises to the disposed, the bullied and those who desire power over their compatriots. Goblins and half-goblins also worship Braal, although he disdains such odious worshippers.

Teachings: Strike from the shadows; punish those who have wronged you and show no mercy. Take what you want and destroy that which you cannot take.

Holy Texts: The worship of Braal is not as prescriptive as other religions. No universally agreed upon text exists, but several dark tomes are preferred by various sects.

Additional Notes: Braal is the dark to Darlen's light. The struggle between the two is ancient and unending, and great enmity exists between their worshippers. For all his plotting and evil doings, however, Braal is nothing compared to the elder power of certain ancient, primal demons.

Temples & Shrines: Braal's temples are dark, hidden places concealed far from the prying eyes of non-believers. Normally his worshippers organise themselves into cults that confine themselves to a small geographical area. His followers are always secretive types, well versed in hiding in plain sight. A Braalite cult is quietly establishing itself in Swallowfeld, and certain odious individuals in Wolverton have also turned to the Dweller in Shadows.

CONN

LN greater god of community, family and rulership



Epithets: The Father, the Lawgiver

Symbol: Two hands clasped in a handshake

Favoured Weapon: Footman's mace

Raiment: White robes with two clasped hands sigil

Worshippers: Nobles and peasants

Teachings: Order brings prosperity, safety and happiness. The family is the most important unit of society; its protection is a sacred duty.

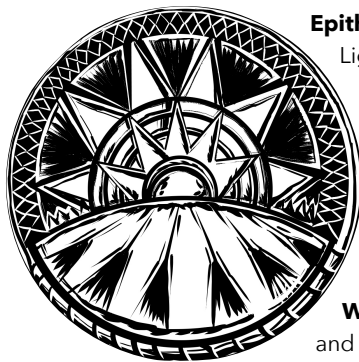
Holy Texts: *Law and Duty*—a dense, legalistic text—sets out Conn's teachings and the place and duties of each worshipper. Other important texts and commentaries deal with legal decisions made by the faithful's judges along with musings on the power of law and the depravity of chaos.

Additional Notes: Conn is the god of law and order. His teachings bind the people of Ashlar together and his clergy are the most powerful in the duchy. Conn's clergy serve as judges who oversee Ashlar's law courts, and, thus, they are widely reviled by near-do-wells, thieves and assassins alike.

Temples & Shrines: Conn's worship on the Lonely Coast is centred on the Fellowship of Friendship in Wolverton. The church is famed for its beautiful stained glass windows and its halfling high priest, Galden Hearthtop. Another minor temple—the Church of the Father—stands in Swallowfeld.

DARLEN

LG greater god of law, order, justice and the sun



Epithets: The Justicar, the Shining Light, the Noble One

Symbol: The rising sun

Favoured Weapon: Longsword

Raiment: Voluminous, white cowled habits; unless expecting battle, clerics do not wear armour

Worshippers: Nobles, paladins and warriors; enemies of Braal

Teachings: The strong must protect the weak. Those with great abilities or aptitudes must use their gifts for the betterment of their fellows. The faithful must be ever vigilant for evil's rise, but must show mercy when dealing with its tools.

Holy Texts: Darlen's teachings are set down in the *Scripture of Law*—a vast tome containing teaching, stories and lessons by some of his early, prominent followers. *Divine Order* and *On Darkness' Rise* are important early commentaries penned by legendary high priests.

Additional Notes: An ultra-orthodox sect of Darlenites, the Brotherhood of the Unalterable Way believes the lessons appearing in the *Scriptures of Law* are the literal words of their divine patron. Darlen is a god and thus perfect. Therefore, his lessons are perfect; changing or interpreting them is a mortal sin. Their most central belief, that to attain salvation believers must physically cleanse themselves of sin, is also their most controversial. Members of the Brotherhood interpret an obscure passage in the *Scriptures of Law* describing true believers as the "scourges of sin" to mean adherents should whip the sin from their own flesh. Some extremists go further forcibly whipping anyone guilty of committing sin. Such extreme beliefs make the sect very unpopular.

Temples & Shrines: Darlen's worship centres on the Justice of the Light in Wolverton, but the faith maintains two other places of worship: the Daystar Church in Hosford and the increasingly dilapidated and isolated Priory of Cymer.

PAZUZU



Epithets: King of Demons

Symbol: A black feather dripping blood

Favoured Weapon: Gutripper (the harpies of Pazuzu's Fury) or longsword (all other worshippers)

Raiment: None

Worshippers: The harpies of Pazuzu's Fury

Teachings: Power is all. Kill in the King's name and power will be granted to you. Take what you want, and kill or subjugate any who oppose you.

Holy Text: None

Additional Notes: Pazuzu delights in possessing mortals and corrupting them utterly. Commonly-known legends hold that merely speaking Pazuzu's name is enough to draw the demon lord's attention. Folk speaking his name are in danger of being possessed and forced to do unspeakable things.

Temples & Shrines: No permanent temples or shrines to dedicated to Pazuzu are extant on the Lonely Coast. The harpies of Pazuzu's Fury worship their king wherever they happen to be nesting at the time.

GUTRIPPER

The gutripper is a foul weapon used by the harpies of Pazuzu's Fury. The harpies' legends say the claws of the vlocks who serve the King of Demons inspired the weapon. Its name describes its preferred use by the harpies who have a taste for their prey's sweet innards. Guttrippers combine a serrated longsword and a shortened glaive. Guttrippers deal 1-8 damage against small or medium foes and 1-12 damage against large creatures.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Almost limitless opportunities for adventure lurk on the Lonely Coast. This section presents a small selection of adventure seeds, for your convenience. Use or modify them as you deem appropriate for your game.

A GATHERING STORM

The characters are in Swallowfeld when a traveller staggers into the village. A storm is gathering and the traveller is obviously very unwell (he is suffering from a terrible, wasting disease). His only chance is to get to the healers at the Priory of Cymer before the storm hits in hope that the clerics there can heal him. None of the villagers will take the dangerously ill man and it falls to the characters to aid him.

ARIUS'S WATCHTOWER

Hunters and rangers have reported flickering lights have once again been seen in the upper windows of Arius's Watchtower. Lord Locher has not garrisoned the place lately and no adventurers are known to have journeyed to the ruin. Who or what now lurks in the ruins is a matter of much rumour in the taverns and markets of the Lonely Coast.

THE BABBLING MONOLITH

Set across Taran's Run in the village of Swallowfeld the Babbling Monolith is an ivy-shrouded remnant of an elder time. Every spring equinox when the sun first strikes the stone, the monolith awakens. Most years, the stone babbles nonsense; occasionally, however, it spouts a cryptic prophecy about the coming year. In thanks for the stone's proclamation, the villagers have taken to indulging in a nightlong revel, which culminates with the stone speaking to the inebriated villagers. What strange message will the stone impart this year?

PESTILENCE

A number of travellers arrive at Wolverton aboard a merchant vessel. Several days pass and suddenly one of the travellers falls gravely ill. Examinations reveal the unfortunate is suffering from plague (or some other highly infectious, lethal disease) and they are immediately quarantined. Panic grips the town as the populace wait to see if anyone else is infected.

The doomed plague carrier could be a follower of the god of disease seeking to spread his lord's "gift," a dupe of those working against Family Locher or simply an unfortunate traveller. In any event, the man soon dies (as likely do those he was lodging with).

The extent of the infection is up to you but the characters could get involved enforcing the quarantine, searching for herbs, helping maintain law and order or hunting down the doomed man's "employers."

PLACE OF THE OLD FOLK

Adventurers returning from a foray into the Tangled Wood have spread tales of discovering a previously unknown place of the Tuath. Searching for shelter from an impending thunderstorm, the adventurers took cover in a relatively intact burial cairn. A natural shaft at the back of the cairn descended some distance into a large natural cavern. Lacking the necessary equipment to make a safe descent, they returned to Wolverton and are now offering a map for sale purporting to show the location of the hitherto unknown cairn.

SHIPWRECK

A merchant vessel has grounded in sight of the coast and heavy seas are slowly breaking it up. A few of its crew have made it to shore, but others remain trapped on the disintegrating vessel. Many villagers immediately set to sea, not to save the crew but to salvage what they can before the Lochers claim salvage.

A merchant begs the characters to retrieve several choice items for him, promising a large reward for doing so. Industrious villagers have already salvaged some of the items and the characters must track them down. Exactly what the merchant wants recovered is up to you, but they should be items not immediately useful to the villagers. Possibilities include small quantities of exotic spices, letters of credit or a small box containing a few treasure maps or confidential letters.

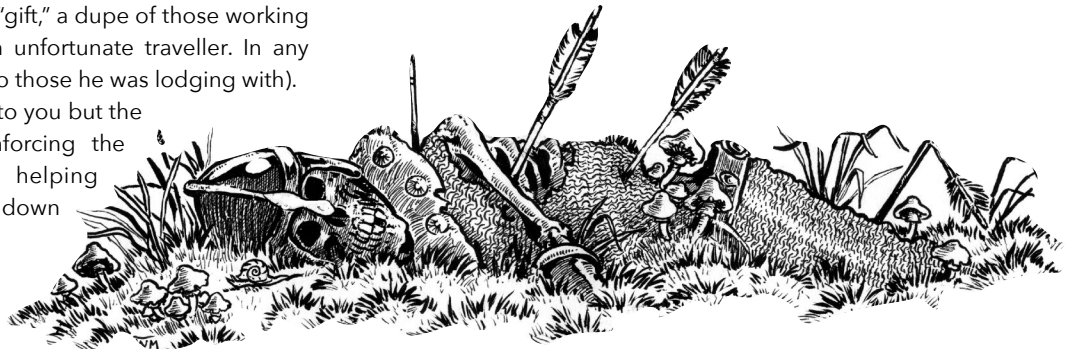
RAIDERS

Goblins raid a village in search of slaves and wealth. The militia and Caer Syllan's garrison fight them off but a small patrol despatched to harry them back to their lair is now overdue. The characters are asked to investigate; the trail leads back to the Tumbled Gorge.

THE TWISTED GORGE

A badly injured adventurer staggers into Wolverton. The only survivor of his adventuring party, the Warriors of the Blood Spear, he seeks others to accompany him to the Twisted Gorge to recover his comrades' remains.

When the characters reach the Gorge, they discover many of the tribes dwelling there have formed an uneasy alliance and are preparing to sack Wolverton. With no time to return to Wolverton to warn of the impending danger the characters must do what they can to disrupt the fragile compact.



THE LAY OF THE LAND

THE TANGLED WOOD

The Tangled Wood is a truly ancient place; many of its trees are hundreds of years old. Sprawling for miles on end over a range of steep-sided, craggy hills some parts of the forests have never known the thread of human feet.

FLORA & FAUNA

Great thickets of brambles hinder exploration of the interior; these completely untouched portions of wilderness boast trees of great age and size. Mighty oaks, hornbeams and grey-brown-barked elms all grow here in profusion, interspersed with box elder and holly and occasional stands of birch, pine and willow. Many small streams and brooks wend their way through the murk.

The forest floor is a perpetually gloomy, twilight world. An almost impenetrable canopy of thickly woven branches and boughs allows but a little light to filter through to the forest floor.

Wild pigs, boars and deer as well as bears, packs of wolves and the feared shadow wolves (Appendix 1) all haunt the wood. Smaller creatures—foxes, rabbits, badgers, squirrels and so on—live here in profusion.

A deep, springy layer of leaf litter carpets the floor, enriching the soil and providing perfect growing conditions for a vast array of lichens, moss, mushrooms and berry bushes, which (at the forest's fringes) peasant harvest along with wild fruits (raspberries, blackberries and whortleberries) and nuts.

WILDERNESS DRESSING

Use this table to add minor features of interest into the characters' travels.

D%	DISCOVERY
01-05	An arrow is stuck into a gnarly tree trunk. A knowledgeable character identifies the arrow as of goblin or half-goblin origin.
06-10	The smouldering, partially covered, remains of a campfire betray the presence of other explorers; of those who set it there is no sign.
11-20	The characters encounter a woodsman or hunter. The man knows the local area well and can guide them (for a fee), but will not engage in combat or other obviously dangerous activities.
21-35	The skeletal remains of a humanoid lie deep in tangled undergrowth. The creature died a violent death and its equipment is mouldering and rusted.
36-40	The butchered carcass of a deer lies below a tree. A ranger or other skilled hunter can see the carcass has been expertly butchered.
41-55	The cold remnants of a campfire are evident as is trash left behind by those resting here. It is obvious the campsite is months old.
56-60	The overgrown remains of a hut; lichen and vines cover the ramshackle building and the roof has long since caved in.

61-64	A small stream crosses the trail; the characters can refill their water flasks.
65-70	A fallen tree lies across the trail, blocking it.
71-80	Sudden sounds of movement in the undergrowth herald the retreat of pheasants.
81-84	The party discover a confused jumble of tracks. A ranger, druid or other skilled tracker can identify the marks as wolf tracks.
85	A mouldering backpack holds rotting gear (a bedroll, traveller's clothes, food and so on) litter the ground.
86-88	A game trail wends through the tangled trees. It follows the natural folds of the land, but in places Medium or larger characters must crawl through tunnels forced through dense undergrowth.
89-90	A small, steep-sided dell features a small stream and pond. The whole is difficult to find by accident and is an excellent campsite. The chance of random encounters in the dell is halved.
91-92	The trail is muddy and tracks are clearly visible. A skilled tracker can identify them as goblin, half-goblin or human tracks.
93-94	A huge tree grows much higher than its lesser brethren. A character scaling the tree can get an excellent view of the surrounding area.
95-97	The trail traverses a precipitous slope; characters ascending or descending the slope must move carefully or fall.
98	This tumbled pile of stones overgrown with moss and ivy is the remains of a Tuath burial cairn. Digging into the pile reveals nothing of interest except the brittle, broken bones of a human dead centuries.
99	A dense mass of thorn bushes grow over a low hill. In fact, the hill is a Tuath burial mound (and could be as yet undisturbed and unlooted).
100	A spear through its chest pins a goblin's (or other humanoid's) mouldering remains to a tree. The creature has been comprehensively looted.

FOLK OF THE FOREST

Not all the Lonely Coast's populace dwell in Hosford, Swallowfeld, Bossin, Oakhurst, or Wolverton. Many folk live in isolated settlements on the forest's fringe. Some of these places have only one family within while others may have three or four houses clustered close together. Most such settlements have at least a stockade or thick hedge of brambles and suchlike protecting the homes. Folk living on the edge of the forest are normally hunters, trappers, woodsmen or charcoal burners. Theirs is an even more dangerous life than that of the folk dwelling beyond the Tangled Wood's bounds.

Several druids also dwell in the Tangled Wood—tending their deep, hidden groves and the surrounding woodland.

THE OLD PEOPLE

"The Old People" is the colloquial name given to the race of humans that lived on the Lonely Coast long ago. Learned scholars instead know these fallen folk as the Tuath—a race of proud, warriors who strove for centuries against the wicked goblins of the Tangled Wood before being overwhelmed in blood and slaughter.

While the Tuath have been dead centuries, remnants of the civilisation yet linger under the twisted boughs of the Tangled Wood. The ruins of the Old People—hidden beneath ten centuries of slow, inexorable growth, choked with bushes and ringed with near-impenetrable walls of thorn bushes—lie scattered throughout the forest. Tree-shrouded burial mounds, stone circles dominated by ancient oaks, and time-worn hill forts all slumber beneath the Tangled Wood's gnarled boughs. The humanoids of the forest always vigorously contest such places, seemingly drawn to them as a moth drawn to flame.

Occasionally, a previously unknown site is discovered and adventurers return to Wolverton laden with treasure; several wizards and sages in the town are particularly interested in the Tuath and pay good coin for relics of their civilisation.

HUMANOIDS OF THE FOREST

Many goblin tribes lurk within the Tangled Wood's dim and shadowy depths. The tribes of the Tangled Wood spend their time incessantly struggling against one another or creeping forth to steal cattle or slaves. Occasionally, they band together to bring bloody ruin down upon the human settlers. Goblins and half-goblins hate each other and normally kill each other on sight.

Bugbears: A vicious tribe of feral bugbears (the Gloom Stalkers) hunt here. They live in the deep wood and slay all they come across. The tribes numbers fewer than 50 individuals.

Goblins: Known goblin tribes include the Blood Moon, Dripping Skulls, Broken Spear, Back Stabbers and Gut Rippers. Most tribes have fewer than 100 members; those of larger size have several holds scattered throughout the forest.

Half-Goblins: Several isolated clans of half-goblins (Appendix 2) dwell in the Tangled Wood. Known tribes include the Broken Spear, Gouged Eyes and Splintered Knees.

ARIUS'S WATCHTOWER

This impressive ruin stands upon the crown of a hill that struggles above the Tangled Wood's dense canopy. Set near the headwaters of a minor tributary of the Arisum, several faint game trails lead to the ruin's general vicinity.

Arius was a mighty conjurer of little morality, skilled in binding otherworldly creatures to his service. Eighty years ago, a ritual went terribly wrong when he lost control of that which he had summoned. In the ensuing battle, his tower was devastated and at the height of the conflagration Arius disappeared. Only a single apprentice survived to tell of the disaster.



For three days, an eldritch glow marked the night sky above the tower. Since then, bandits, goblins and other foul creatures sporadically infest or inhabit the tower and the tunnels below fighting among themselves for dominance. Several times, black-hearted wizards have claimed the ruins so that they might steal Arius's impressive cache of magical lore. Most linger for a while, before leaving empty-handed. On occasion, the Lochers seek to take control of the tower, but attrition of the garrison and the difficulty of keeping them supplied stymies such efforts. Neophyte adventurers often explore Arius's Watchtower before moving onto the Twisted Gorge's greater challenges.

Rumours persist of deep, unknown cellars. In his gloomy, subterranean realm Arius is said to have performed his most esoteric and dangerous spells and to have bound powerful otherworldly creatures in arcane prisons that yet hold their charges. The entrance to such a domain—if it exists—remains lost.

Some sages and wizards believe Arius built his watchtower over the ruins of an ancient site of Tuath power. Sages point to the presence of several huge, ancient stones replete with faded, time-worn carvings seemingly of Tuath artifice incorporated into the tower's lower walls as proof of this fact.

DEEPWATER LAKE

The cold waters of Deepwater Lake are over sixty feet deep; in several places, underwater currents lurk ready to drown the unwary. The lake is well stocked with fish of many kinds including trout, carp and several large pike.

Deepwater Lake claims a few victims every decade, prompting speculation of a monster lurking in its depths. No definitive

TRIBES: PAZUZU'S FURY

The harpies of Pazuzu's Fury believe they descend from a cloister of Darlen's nuns that fell to the Pazuzu's honeyed whisperings. When the church sent holy warriors to wipe them out, the demon prince saved the fallen nuns by transforming them into harpies. The harpies revere Pazuzu and consider him their patron. Pazuzu gives his blessing to the harpies and infuses them with demonic power. When a harpy of the tribe makes her first kill, she brings the heart of the victim to the harpy lair. There, the tribe enacts a foul rite to the demon prince and summon a corrupting aspect of Pazuzu. The aspect fills the harpy with demonic strength as she consumes the heart.

The harpies of Pazuzu's Fury are taller and more slender than common harpies. They bear the plumage of the hawks common to the Lonely Coast, giving them an almost noble appearance. In addition, the profane rite (or perhaps choicest bits of their victims) that infuses the harpies of Pazuzu's Fury with fiendish power gives them a feral and malevolent beauty.

The harpies garb themselves in shredded habits that echo what may have once been worn in a cloister. They wear jewellery in great abundance and find pieces with iconography especially pleasing. Almost every harpy in Pazuzu's Fury has a rosary featuring an abstract bird-winged man with a hawk's head.

evidence of such a creature has ever been recovered, however; most deaths in the lake are the result of a combination of vicious currents, alcohol and darkness. The tales of treasure hidden in the lake's depths have similarly never led to any great find, but brave folk sometimes occasionally explore the lake's environs.

TALAN'S BLUFF

The remnant of an ancient hill fort sprawls across the summit of this high hill. Two rings of timeworn earthen ramparts yet ward the bluff's summit. A single, wide entrance protected by a complex series of (now shallow) pits and smaller ramparts, designed to disrupt a charge, pierce each defensive ring. In the summer, bluebells and other wild flowers carpet the hill's crest; peasants call the area Battle Meadow for the fragments of bone and weapons still found there.

Built untold centuries ago by the Tuath, it was their last stronghold to fall before the goblins' might. During the final

TRIBES: BLEACHED SKULL GNOLLS

Feral, predatory creatures dwelling in the deepest, wildest reaches of the Tangled Forest, the Bleached Skull gnolls are bloodthirsty creatures driven by atavistic and sadistic lusts. Here they seek sanctuary from their ancient enemies and sporadically burst forth to raid nearby settlements for slaves and booty. Driven into the forest from their normal hunting ranges by some long forgotten inter-tribal warfare, the gnolls found sanctuary among the forest's ancient trees and eventually cast aside their old gods to worship the woodland spirits of their new home.

The primal spirit of the woodlands touches a few of the warriors. Within their veins courses the savage, primal vitality of the wild. Such creatures hold positions of power and influence within the tribe through dint of their exceptional strength and boundless bloodlust.

The tribe's shamans dwell apart from the main tribe, living in sacred groves protected by near-impenetrable mazes of gorse and thorns. There they commune with the forest's ancient, blood-soaked spirits whom they venerate with living sacrifices buried in death pits carved from the thick earth beneath the trees' roots. As the creature dies, the trees drink their lifeblood and become stronger. Such practices corrupt the trees, which take on fell, twisted aspects. Sometimes, the shamans manage to awaken and corrupt a tree with such practices, creating a bloodspawn treant. The bones and suppurating corpses of sacrifices choke the grove's ground.

In contrast, the skulls of their honoured dead are placed among the boughs of the grove's great trees to watch over the tribe. During storms, the wind moans through the skulls' gaping eye sockets and open jaws creating a terrible, high-pitched whistling sound, which drives the gnolls wild. They believe young conceived at such times possess the powers of the dead. Adventurers daring their lair during storms are often confronted by nothing more than the writhing bodies of gnolls locked in an orgiastic frenzy of procreation.

battle, a great slaughter was wrought on the defenders. Occasionally, travellers and adventurers use the ruin as a campsite or dig there in search of forgotten antiquities. Most folk do not venture to Talan's Bluff; they believe the shades of the ancient fallen haunt the hill. During times of trouble, the garrison at Caer Syllan post lookouts atop the hill and set great bonfires upon the fort's ramparts to warn of marauders creeping from the hills. Most soldiers fear such duty as it is a virtual death sentence.

THE TWISTED GORGE

The Twisted Gorge runs for almost a mile, cutting through a range of steep, heavily wooded hills roughly 35 miles north of Wolverton. Like a great, festering wound, the Twisted Gorge draws creatures of evil to it as a corpse calls to a starving wolf.

The gorge is narrow and steep-sided. The ground is choked with rocks, boulders and trees fallen to ruin from the surrounding cliffs. Bleached bones, rotting corpses and rusted and mouldering equipment—legacy of the many battles fought here—lie intermixed among the tumbled mass of stones and boulders in mute testimony to the violence wrought in this place. An aura of bleak desolation hangs over the place like a foreboding cloud.

Huge trees throw their leafy crowns far out over the precipitous, crumbling cliffs, further adding to the gloomy shadows piled deep upon the gorge's floor. During the winter months, sunlight never reaches the gorge's deepest recesses.

Even in summer, full daylight only illuminates the Arisum for several hours around noon sun.

Caverns and passageways honeycomb the cliffs. Tribes of kobolds and orcs claim many of these caverns while others are home to powerful and territorial monsters. Warfare between the tribes is frequent; alliances shift with the fortune of war.

Other passages and chambers plunge still deeper to link up with networks of caverns. What lurks in this convoluted web of twisted caverns is unknown, as most of the creatures of the upper caverns do not dare to explore these caverns and no adventurers are known to have survived a lengthy exploration of their depths.

At the head of the gorge, a nameless waterfall tumbles over slick cliffs into the Dark Mere's frigid waters. This foreboding, ill-favoured lake of unknown depth births the swiftly flowing Arisum. Above the lake—carved into the cliff's living rock—a rambling ruin of precariously perched buildings and pathways flank the waterfall. Access to the ruins is by a steep, slippery flight of foot- and handholds carved into the cliff face.

The Twisted Gorge is a place of dangerous adventure and peril-laden battle from which many neophyte adventurers do not return. For a few, however, the tumbled rocks, dark shadows and lurking perils are the anvil upon which their legend is forged. These lucky few stumble from the gorge, their packs full of battle-booty, their sword arms aching from constant use and their desire for adventure and glory undimmed.



COASTLINE AND CLIFFS

Tall, sheer cliffs dominate the Lonely Coast. Of granite, they stand eternal guard against the sea's remorseless advance. Comparatively few pathways wend their way down these steep cliffs. Seaweed (and the occasional rock fall from the glowering cliffs above) make these rocks slick and dangerous to explore. Many of the cliffs' most inaccessible portions are home to noisy colonies of slender guillemots, black-and-white razorbills and the ever-present gulls. Small numbers of golden eagles and peregrine falcons that prey upon the rest and the rabbits infesting the cliff tops also nest here.

In places, sea caves cut into the cliffs; most are completely inundated at high tide. White-flowered rock samphire and rock sea lavender grow in profusion in spray-drenched crevices and on ledges toward the base of the cliffs. Peasants harvest these during the summer (the rock samphire as a pot-herb and the sea lavender for its fragrance).

Most of the coasts' beaches are all but inaccessible, and only good swimmers or those with a boat can reach them. Some of the more adventurous peasants hunt at low tide in the narrow, rocky beaches' tidal pools for crabs and shellfish. The remainder graze their sheep atop the cliffs and trap rabbits for their meat and fur.

WILDERNESS DRESSING

Use this table, to add minor features of interest into the characters' travels.

D%	DISCOVERY
01-05	A small cove pierces the cliffs. A narrow, worn pathway leads down from the cliffs to the cove's shingle beach.
06-10	Wreckage—spars, scraps of a sail and several barrels—bobs in the surf just off-shore.
11-20	The crumbling remains of a stone wall perches hard against the cliffs; the wall—the remains of a small building—protects the unwary from tumbling into a mine shaft sunk into the cliff.
21-35	Nothing but tufts of thick, coarse grass and a few stunted bushes grow on this exposed, wind-blasted section of coast.
36-40	A cairn of piled stones stands close to the cliff edge. (Herein may rest one of the Tuath's olden heroes, a traveller who died on the road or a drowned mariner washed up on a nearby beach).
41-55	The muddy path is slippery and steep; unwary travellers could slip and fall, before sliding (ignobly) all the way down
56-60	A ramshackle wooden shack—seemingly one storm away from total collapse—stands in the lea of a small hill. A thin stream of smoke drifts from its chimney.
61-64	A small stream flows out of the forest to tumble over the cliffs as a small waterfall.

65-70	A mile or so out to sea, a sailing ship makes for the nearest port.
71-80	A stand of trees fills a hollow running down to the sea; a small stream gurgles down through the trees to a small tidal beach.
81-84	Towering cliffs overlook a bare stretch of wave-swept rock pockmarked by tidal pools. Seabirds nest in the cliffs and locals come here to fish in the tidal pools and to take the birds' eggs.
85	Driftwood and deep clumps of seaweed cover the white sandy beach of this small cove backed by wild and rugged hillocks.
86-88	A lonely shard of rock juts from the sea a scant hundred yards from shore; seabirds cluster thickly upon the rock and wheel through the sky above.
89-90	The remnant of a two-chambered cairn overlooks this isolated beach. Characters crowding inside find signs someone—or something—camped here recently; judging by the trash they were here for over a week.
91-92	A small wood fills a damp depression cut by several streams. Ferns, lichens and moss grow everywhere; in the summer, butterflies are found here in profusion.
93-94	Barely thirty-foot from shore a small, steep-sided island rises from the surf. At low tide, a shelf of rock links the island to the mainland. A strange rock formation atop the island looks a bit like a throne.
95-97	The remains of a crumbling stone building and a wave-battered wooden dock stand in a sheltered corner of a small bay accessible via a steep, overgrown pathway.
98	A weed-covered spoil heap betrays the presence of a nearby abandoned mine working.
99	Nine small burial cairns—the resting places of drowned sailors washed up on a nearby beach—stand amid a small field of wild flowers.
100	An abandoned smugglers' cart—one wheel broken—lies on its side. Perceptive and diligent characters may find contraband the smugglers overlooked when they abandoned the cart.

ABANDONED MINE

Abandoned mine workings litter the Lonely Coast's cliffs. Over the last hundred years or so the folk of the four villages have sunk many shallow exploratory shafts, searching for tin and other valuable metals. Many such mines failed to turn up any precious metals while others produced a little wealth before playing out.

Other older, much deeper mines of unknown origin stud the cliffs. A few delve so deeply into the cliffs and even out under the ocean that the sea has broken in. Such mines have a tidal system of sorts and are extremely dangerous. These places are invariably water-filled death-traps rife with unsafe workings and fatal dead-end passages.

SMUGGLER'S COVE

Those desiring to avoid the attentions of the Lochers' servants sometimes use small, isolated coves to land particularly valuable (or illegal) commodities. No pathway reaches the narrow shingle beach from the cliffs above. Instead, the only access to the cove is through a disused mine that cuts through the granite cliffs. Atop the cliffs, the mine's entrance is well hidden beneath a great jumble of bramble-cloaked rocks. A small group of ne'er-do-wells use the mine to hide their contraband. Occasionally, they also allow fugitives use of the mine (for a hefty price).

GM Note: This location can occur anywhere on the coast.

THE CLIFFWAY

Hugging the Lonely Coast's high cliffs, the Cliffway links Swallowfeld to its sister-villages of Oakhurst, Hosford and Bossin as well as the capital, Wolverton.

Abandoned and active mine workings dot the nearby cliffs. Occasionally steep and treacherous side-paths lead to desolate beaches of shingle and rock. For much of its length, the Cliffway is little more than a wide, muddy track.

THE ORESTONE

The Orestone is a forlorn, windswept and wave-lashed chunk of bare rock jutting out of the sea roughly 500 feet from shore. Cliffs encompass three of its sides with the fourth comprising a series of

spray-drenched rock shelves rising out of the surrounding, treacherous waters.

Many vessels have come to grief on the Orestone; their wrecks litter the surrounding sea floor. When a ship strikes the Orestone, every boat-owning peasant descends on the location to both assist the unfortunate mariners and to recover as much salvage as possible before the Locher's agents arrive to claim the wreck.

In ancient times, fell creatures lurked within the caverns, creeping forth when a gibbous moon hung in the sky and strong winds whipped the foaming sea into a frenzy to perform terrible, sanity-shattering, half-forgotten rites. Remnants of those folk-degenerate troglodytes (Appendix 1)—yet linger in the tunnels and still faithfully serve their aboleth master, Irfel-Thoth (an ancient, gigantic aboleth), among the squat, cyclopean ruins of the ancient troglodyte city of Kar-Loth.

KAR-LOTH

Atop the Orestone's highest point stands a pile of jumbled rounded boulders. Worn smooth by the wind and rain, the stones conceal a small sinkhole penetrating deep into the Orestone's living rock before intersecting a large, partially flooded tidal cavern. Here, faded alien carvings of sinister and deranged provenance cover the walls. The handiwork of uncountable generations of troglodytes, the carvings venerate strange, alien beings and depict aberrant ceremonies of primal bestiality. To gaze upon them is to gaze upon a reality of madness and devilry.



From here, passages tunnel deeper into the rock; most are little more than dead-ends, inundated by the sea at high tide. One, however, plunges ever deeper over a series of treacherous escarpments until far below the seabed it follows a circuitous route northeast. Eventually, the passage intersects with a partially flooded ancient mine several miles south east of Wolverton.

Another passageway—far more ancient than the first—plunges ever deeper, heading away from the mainland. Here, the shuffling tread of countless troglodytes have worn the floor almost smooth. Eventually, the passageway gives out into a huge cavern. Water drips from the lofty ceiling, filling the air with the unending, thunderous sound of dripping water. A huge lake fills the cavern and at its centre, set upon a low, rocky island, rears the squat, cyclopean ruins of the ancient troglodyte city of Kar-Loth. Immeasurably old, the ruins seem somehow wrong as if built by a crazed madman.

THE TROGLODYTES OF THE EBON LAKE

Slaves of their tentacled master, the elder aboleth Irfel-Thoth, the Troglodytes of the Ebon Lake creep through the eternal darkness of their home searching for new ways to reach the surface and for discarded remnants of the ancient civilisation that raised their cyclopean home millennia ago.

Primitive even by troglodyte standards, the Ebon Lake tribe have no recollection of their race's elder glories. Squatting in ignorance among the ruins of their forebears, they marvel at the might of a culture able to raise such vast, cyclopean buildings. Even though they have dwelt here for millennia they have explored little of the extensive tunnels under the city; such fetid, claustrophobic places terrify the superstitious troglodytes.

The troglodytes have forgotten the secret of fire and eat their food—mainly fish, mushrooms and fungus—cold and raw. They prize fresh meat (particularly human flesh) above all other foods and regularly consume the bodies of the fallen—their fellows and fallen enemies alike. Discarded bones litter the tumbled ruins of their forefathers and the Ebon Lake's muddied bottom.

In the tribe, females roughly equal males in number. Hatchlings and eggs are numerous, but untended—the young are expected to fend for themselves and many die while still infants. Those surviving their early years are treated little better than slaves by their elders—only when they can defend themselves are they deemed adults.

Within the tribe might equals right but all authority both spiritual and temporal flows from the tribe's tentacled master, Irfel-Thoth. He cares nothing for the petty disputes of individual troglodytes (which are frequent) and does nothing to govern the tribe's daily life.

Irfel-Thoth: The malevolent master of the Ebon Lake has lurked in the deep, chill waters surrounding Kar-Loth for thousands of years. Unknowably ancient and steeped in lost, forbidden lore, Irfel-Thoth searches the ruins for objects of ancient power.

Irfel-Thoth came to Kar'Loth millennia ago hunting for more slaves to take back to his fellows in the darkest reaches of the undersea. At first, he hunted the troglodytes, but when he

uncovered Kar-Loth's history he enslaved the tribe and took up residence in a sunken fane deep below the cyclopean ruins.

The city beneath which he now dwells was once strong in the worship of Amon-Pyr and its priests held an artefact of the faith—the *Amoninomicon*. The book bestowed upon its possessor great power over various sorts of demons. As the city fell, Amon-Pyr's priests fought over the book, each ripping from it handfuls of pages. Imbued with powerful magics, the pages themselves are almost indestructible, and were lost among the ruins. Irfel-Thoth has slowly been amassing the scattered passages in a bid to rebuild the book and unlock its powers.

Utterly without remorse, guilt or regret, Irfel-Thoth is implacable and unswerving in his search for ancient knowledge. The desire to possess the *Amoninomicon* has consumed his soul utterly. Disdainful of all other forms of life, Irfel-Thoth has no compunction about slaughtering intruders or his own slaves in pursuit of his goal. He dwells alone in his fane, endlessly plotting and planning what he will do when his search is complete and the book is once again complete.

Religion: In ancient times, the troglodytes of Kar-Loth crept forth to perform terrible, sanity-shattering, half-forgotten rites atop the Orestone to venerate the demonic Amon-Pyr.

At Irfel-Thoth's command, the troglodytes yet worship this elder power so steeped in evil and forgotten knowledge that uttering his name is forbidden. The troglodytes believe Irfel-Thoth is the physical embodiment of the demon lord. In truth, Irfel-Thoth cares nothing for its followers' beliefs, using them as nothing more than a device to ensure the troglodytes' fanatical devotion.

Troglodytes' Appearance: The troglodytes have dwelt underground for so long their rough, leathery scales have faded from dark grey, taking on a mottled light grey pattern. Males are distinguishable from females by their fin-like crest running down over their head, neck and upper back.

The troglodytes decorate their bodies with simplistic patterns to venerate their tentacled master. Using a thick paste made from mixing naturally occurring minerals with the thick mud dredged from the Ebon Lake they liberally daub themselves with ancient symbols. Additionally, the troglodytes employ several stylised patterns to denote their rank within the tribe.

- **Black Circle:** This basic mark daubed on the troglodyte's chest denotes it is part of the Ebon Lake tribe.
- **Three Eyes:** Added into the black circle and normally done in deep-red or blue this mark denotes the wearer as steeped in the master's ancient mysteries. (Troglodytes bearing this mark are clerics of Amon-Pyr).
- **Sinuuous Tentacles:** Black tentacles covering the subject's arms and back identifies the troglodyte as a warrior—the more skilled and successful warriors possess more tentacles.
- **Jagged Black and Red Stripes:** Warriors covered in jagged black and red stripes are the tribe's elite warriors and are Irfel-Thoth's fanatical personal bodyguards.

BOSSIN

Nestled in a deep dell behind the lofty sea cliffs guarding the Lonely Coast, Bossin is a troubled village. The rich bounty of the nearby mines and the excellent farmland should provide the villagers with a comfortable life, even though the lower part of the village periodically floods, but instead the populace now labours under the tyranny of Jacca Lander and his hired thugs. Extortion, disappearances and "accidents" are a feature of daily life in Bossin and the villagers are desperate for salvation, but they dare not speak out for fear of ending up in the Pit.

BOSSIN AT A GLANCE

Ruler: Jacca Lander

Government: Overlord

Population: 648

Alignments: LE, LN, NG, LG

Languages: Common, Dwarven, Elven

Resources & Industry: Farming, hunting, mining

The village of Bossin sits nestled in a deep dell behind the lofty sea cliffs guarding the Lonely Coast. Storms periodically batter the village, flooding the lower portion where the poorest villagers dwell. Yet, the rich bounty of the nearby mines and the excellent farmland provide the villagers with a comfortable living.

Routine patrols from Caer Syllan offer a measure of safety to the unfortified Bossin, deterring raids from the half-goblins and other monsters dwelling in the Tangled Woods. To the east, a series of broken cliffs and unexplored forest provides plentiful game for hunters.

Life would almost be idyllic in Bossin if it were not for the machinations of the village reeve—the retired adventurer Jacca Lander. Seeing an easier way to accumulate wealth than risking his life exploring old ruins, Jacca quietly disposed of the previous reeve and brought in a group of thugs to consolidate his power. He and his men regularly extort money from the villagers for their “protection,” rigging accidents to dispose of those who do not cooperate. For the peasants, life in Bossin is hard and getting steadily worse. Jacca, of course, ensures no word of this reaches the ears of Lord Locher in the fortress of Caer Syllan, and so far he seems content to rule Bossin as his personal fiefdom.

BOSSIN LORE

A character may know something about Bossin, its history and surrounds. Determine how knowledgeable the character is and then impart some (or all) of the information below:

- Bossin is well-sited amid rich farmland and a few small mines.
- A famous retired adventurer, Kiernan Lokmor who single-handedly held off a tribe of half-goblins while his party escaped, calls Bossin home.
- Jacca Landers extorts the villagers for protection money. His gang of thugs bully the villagers, keeping them quiet so word of his misdeeds do not reach Caer Syllan.

VILLAGERS

Appearance: Most villagers tend towards blonde to mousey brown hair with dark brown eyes that are almost black. The arrival of the Goldrock clan has started a trend in long braided beards amongst the men.

Dress: Bossin villagers typically wear fine serviceable leathers dyed in earth hues. Women wear simple jewellery fashioned from semi-precious metals and gems from the nearby mines.

Nomenclature: *Male:* Cierwin, Dorwell, Kellen, Panwill, Timus; *Female:* Dorla, Finwe, Janny, Risla, Walma; *Family:* Entmoor, Morway, Northam, Tallbrook.

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

While in Bossin, a character may hear one or more rumours. The character can learn this information in several ways: perhaps by overhearing two locals gossiping, chatting with regulars over a few drinks at the local taverns and so on. Use the table below, to determine which rumours the character hears.

1D6 RUMOUR

1	Jacca seeks to marry Brisila. Men who get too close to her tend to disappear.
2*	A pile of gold lies buried at the bottom of the Pit. People who search for it go missing.
3	Brisila often frequents Keirnen’s shop. Sometimes she’s not seen leaving until early morning.
4	Jacca hides his vast wealth, in a nearby abandoned mine and sometimes goes there to count his gold. Not even his hired thugs know the mine’s location.
5	A half-goblin has been seen sneaking around the village at night. Is this a prelude to an attack or does the foul creature work with Jacca?
6*	The Goldrock dwarves seek to lure the village children to their ancient kingdom hidden in the cliffside. Who knows what horrible things the dwarves do to those falling into their clutches.

*False rumour.

JACCA’S THUGS

NE male human fighter 1

This brutish human wears dirty leathers; a well-used sword hangs naked at his side.

Jacca’s brutes are cowards, deserters and bullies. They enjoy harassing the local populace and travellers alike, with threats ranging from the puerile to the life-threatening. They are secure in their position, content that the local populace is sufficiently cowed to cause no trouble.

The thugs ignore adventurers just passing through. However, if such folk notice the villagers’ plight, and seem intent on doing something about it the thugs take steps to dissuade them from that course of action.

The thugs’ threats and intimidations include:

1. Dead animal left near where the characters sleep.
2. Urinating/throwing faeces into the Pit, onto the captives.
3. Blowing particularly vile pipeweed smoke in the characters’ faces. Repeatedly.
4. Stealing the character’s ale and/or food.
5. Unprompted harassment of attractive characters.
6. Daily demand of a 1 gp “head tax”. The thugs find a bag full of rats and demand that they have heads, too.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

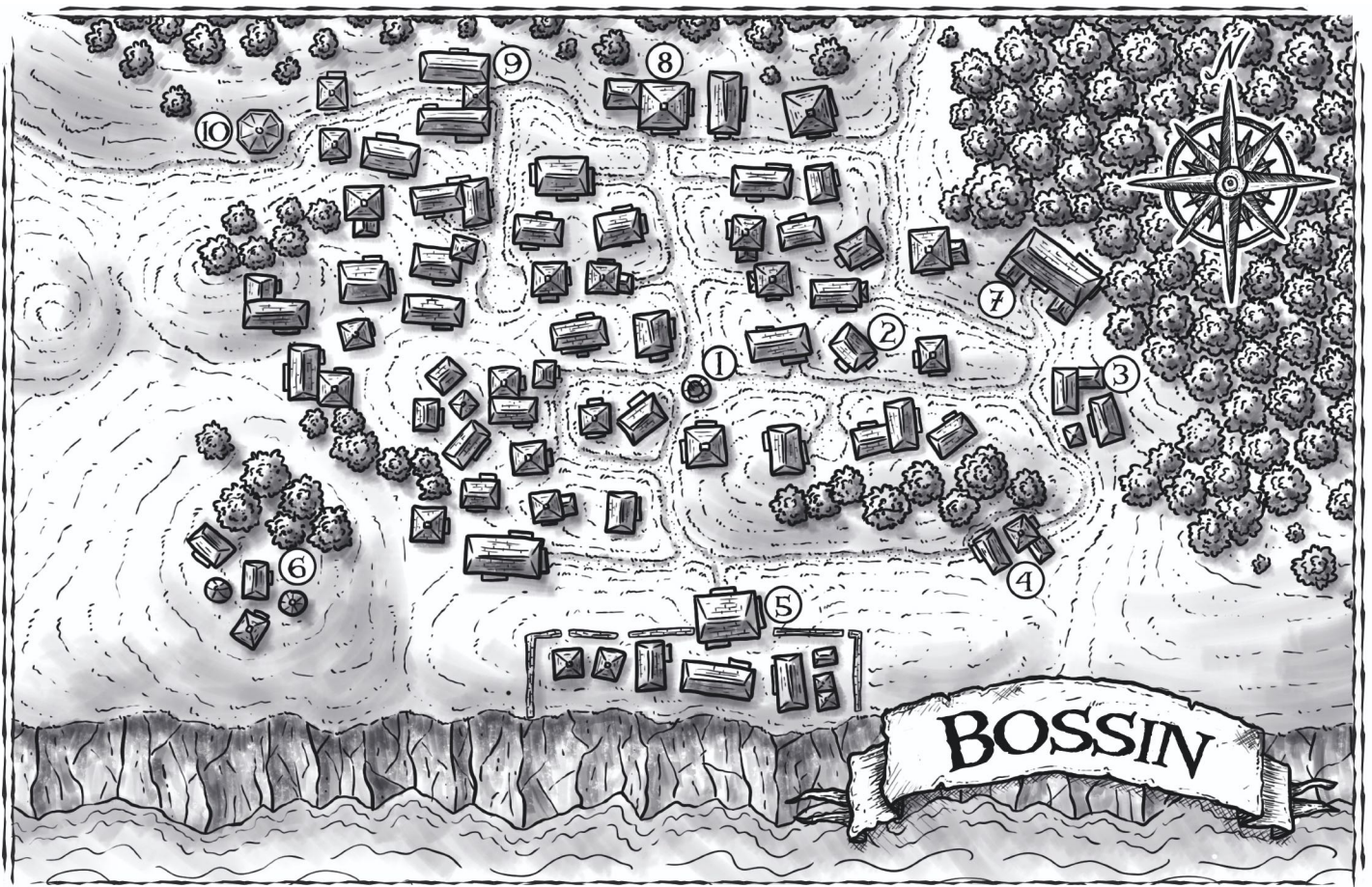
Most of the village comprises peasant homes. A few locations, however, are of interest to adventurers:

1. **The Pit:** Those who displease Jacca often end up imprisoned at the bottom of this old well.
2. **Hovels:** Bossin's poorest live here in wattle and daub shacks.
3. **General Store:** Keiran Lokmor runs this well-appointed general store which features a stable and a small smithy.
4. **Brisila's Home:** Brisila lives here in a cottage cluttered with racks of drying herbs.
5. **Goldrock Compound:** The Goldrock dwarven clan dwell in this walled compound.
6. **Hunters' Huts:** A small community of hunter's live here in wooden huts and animal skin tents.
7. **Jacca Lander's Manor:** Jacca used his riches to build this ostentatious stone manor house to lord over the village.
8. **Bell o'Dell:** Bossin's largest inn and tavern serves as a front for Jacca's gang.
9. **Prison:** This low stone building sees frequent use. Nearby stand quarters for the soldiers from Caer Syllan to use if they have to spend any time in the village.
10. **Watchtower:** This squat stone tower has a beacon fire atop in case the village is attacked.

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the population are nothing more than hardworking peasants. A few, however, are of interest to adventurers:

- Brisila Toldan** (location 4; NG female human druid 4) serves Bossin as its resident herbalist, healer and midwife. She despises Jacca Lander who has made his intentions to marry her well known.
- Holwin Half-Breed** (location 6; NG male half-elf ranger 3) lives on the outskirts of Bossin. A taciturn hunter, he sometimes serves as a guide to those wishing to explore the Tangled Wood.
- Jacca Lander** (location 7; LE male human fighter 2/thief 3) extorts the villagers for his own gain; he is the corrupt village reeve.
- Keirnen Lokmor** (location 3; LG male human fighter 4) retired from adventuring after a poisoned half-goblin arrow crippled his left leg. He runs the village's shop.
- Sneev** (location 9; NE male half-goblin thief 4) serves as Jacca's spy and informant. He wears a (perhaps magical) disguise to appear as a dirty human. Only Jacca knows his true identity.
- Turgon Goldrock** (location 5; LN male dwarf fighter 2) leads the Goldrock clan in Bossin. A miner by trade, he is beginning to chaff under Jacca's ever increasing protection fees.
- Wartham Briston** (location 8; NE male half-orc fighter 2/thief 2) serves as Jacca's chief enforcer. His unique skill set allows him to bash heads or rig accidents equally well. Surprisingly, due to his upbringing, he is a skilled musician.



NOTABLE LOCATIONS IN BOSSIN

1: THE PIT

This decrepit, dry well roughly 12 ft. around, has slick, smooth walls. It descends nearly 100 ft. before opening into a small, natural cavern only 20 ft. wide. A thick rope rests above ground and is used to haul prisoners in and out of the well. (Scaling the Pit's walls is a very difficult proposition).

Jacca enjoys using the well to hold those who refuse to submit to his extortion, imprisoning recalcitrant villagers right before the rain comes. The fear of drowning has made many see the wisdom of obeying Jacca.

2: HOVELS

The poorest of Bossin's villagers live here at the deepest point of the dell. When it rains heavily, flooding often occurs here and the villagers hurry to higher ground with their valuables or otherwise seek refuge on their roofs. Afterward, the ground becomes a morass of thick mud and filth. The older stone houses have half sunk in muck while newer, wooden houses sit above the ground on stilts.

3: GENERAL STORE

This well-fashioned building built from stone and wood serves as Bossin's general store. Attached to the main building is a tidy stable and another small building housing a smithy stands nearby. Keirnen Lokmor (LG male human fighter 4) owns the place.

Most basic goods as well as a good variety of common weapons and armour are sold here. Additionally, Keirnen has a few magical items for sale.

- **Service:** Since Keirnen employs a smith, he can also take orders for custom-made items.
- **For Sale:** *scroll of locate object* (600 gp), *scroll of sanctuary* (300 gp)

KEIREN LOKMOR

LG male human fighter 4

Muscular, but slightly overweight, this man moves with an obvious limp.

Distinguishing Features: Keiren's eyes are strikingly blue.

Mannerisms: Keiren moves about with a pronounced limp.

Personality: While Keiren hates paying Jacca's protection fee, he feels unable to fight back because of his lame leg. Keirnen is particularly affable with clients who are known adventurers.

Background: A former adventurer, he suffered a grievous leg wound while holding off a half-goblin hunting party pursuing his companions. Unable to continue his career, he used what he had earned to set up shop in Bossin.

4: BRISILA'S HOME

A patchwork collection of stone, wood and sod, Brisila's cottage can be mistaken for a mound of earth from a distance. Brisila (NG female human druid 4) devotes one room of the cottage as a sick room where she treats her patients with herbal remedies. Her care and treatment of Bossin's downtrodden often puts her at odds with Jacca. Yet, it is this fiery unbroken spirit that attracts Jacca.

5: GOLDROCK COMPOUND

The Goldrock clan built a small collection of stone buildings abutting the nearby cliff to serve as their home and store for their mining equipment. A 10 ft. high stone wall surrounds the compound. The dwarves use the rooms on the ground floor to conduct business with visitors and to store their gear. Strangely, for dwarves, they dwell above ground on the upper floor.

The Goldrock clan is beginning to chafe paying Jacca's hefty fees especially after a recent string of accidents in one of their mines hurt not only their pocketbook, but their pride as well. Trouble will result.

Turgon Goldrock (LN male dwarf fighter 3) leads the Goldrock clan in Bossin. A miner by trade, Turgon is getting increasingly irritated with Jacca's ever increasing protection fees; soon the two will clash over the matter; conflict, blood and death will probably result.

6: HUNTERS' HUTS

Tanned animal skins, more tents than homes, lie on the outskirts of Bossin proper. Holwin Half Breed (NG male half-elf ranger 3) and a motley collection of hunters and trappers forage the fringes of the Tangled Woods, making a brisk business out of animal skins and meat. Holwin knows the southern fringes of the Tangled Woods well and serves as a guide for 10 gp a day. He sports a recent black-eye and busted lip, a result of being a little short on his protection fee for the month.

CIERWIN NORTHAM

N middle-aged male human

Wearing creased clothes and a wan smile upon his face, a general air of unhappiness hangs over this balding middle-aged man of otherwise unremarkable appearance.

Distinguishing Features: Cierwin is sensitive about his balding pate, and sometimes tries to cover the offending patches with a badly attempted comb-over.

Mannerisms: Cierwin rarely smiles and often sighs deeply. His speech is monotone, and he exudes boredom and sorrow.

Personality: Cierwin is sad—he does not recognise his beloved Bossin, and desperately wants to leave or see Jacca dead. However, he lacks the courage to choose either path.

Background: Cierwin inherited the Bell o-Dell from his mother. He loves the inn, and tried to stand up to Jacca when he first arrived; all that got him was a broken spirit.

7: JACCA LANDER'S MANOR

Jacca (LE male human fighter 2/thief 3) recently built this two-storey stone manor house. Despite its large size, Jacca lives there alone except for a few servants. His most frequent visitor is a magic-user from Wolverton he pays once a month to cast warding spells. Jacca is quite proud of his home, a testament to the power he holds over the villagers. Several of Jacca's thugs are always lounging about the manor to keep away riff raff and the like.

8: BELL O'DELL

Formerly called "Bell of the Dell," the name was shortened when Jacca took ownership of the inn when he settled in Bossin. Jacca's main interest in the place is as a headquarters for his gang of thugs and he leaves the running of the actual business to Cierwin Northam (N middle-aged male human) who is thoroughly cowed and miserable. Despite this, it serves as a gathering place for the villagers to trade news, have an ale and listen to music.

Wartham Briston (NE male half-orc fighter 2/thief 2) performs almost nightly here when not out and about on Jacca's business. Despite his fearsome mien, he boasts a surprisingly rich singing voice, a product of his upbringing in a travelling troupe.

JACCA LANDER

LE male human fighter 2/thief 3

This tall man wears dark leathers. His black hair and moustache are well oiled, and his eyes are as cold and lifeless as two pieces of flint.

Distinguishing Features: Jacca looks like a thug from the slums, playing dress-up in aristocratic finery. He tries to cultivate an air of distinguished manners and fails miserably at every step—whether its cutlery, chivalry or general good manners.

Mannerisms: Jacca always talks in a loud and boisterous manner. He also likes twirling his moustache. He enjoys providing a verbal beat-down just as much as a physical one, with a particular fondness for one-liners. His one-liners include:

- "I am Jacca Lander, but you may call me: THE LAW!"
- "You. Me. To your end."
- "I have no tolerance for the talking dead."

Personality: Jacca is a bully, but unlike most bullies, he doesn't seem to be a coward. Looks can be deceiving, though. While Jacca doesn't fear the villagers (or any other mortal), he is very much afraid that his past may catch up with him—Bossin is a means to an end for him.

Background: Jacca's adventuring days may be long behind him, but deep in his heart, he is afraid of his erstwhile companions returning for him—he abandoned them to die in some long-forgotten hell-hole of a dungeon. He still has the map to this place as a good luck charm, believing his role as the group's cartographer for the place to be the reason he managed to escape the creature that caught his comrades.

- **Food & Drink:** Meal (stew) 3 sp, ale 4 cp, wine (pitcher) 2 sp.
- **Rooms:** The Bell o'Dell has six shabby rooms (5 sp per night); all have good locks (but Jacca has the master key).

9: PRISON

The prison comprises two long, low stone wings attached to a small building. Troublemakers and strangers, particularly adventurers, end up here if they displease Jacca. He also likes to fill the cells with the poorest from the Hovels (location 2), when the soldiers from Caer Syllan visit, to show he is keeping the peace.

Sneev (NE male half-goblin thief 4) lives here in an unused cell. Jacca's spymaster, he keeps tabs on the visiting soldiers and other outsiders. The soldiers have their own quarters nearby in squat stone buildings for when business keeps them overnight.

10: WATCHTOWER

This 40-ft. high square tower comprises three storeys of barracks and other living quarters, though the furniture is musty from age and lack of use. At its top rests kindling for a huge bonfire. The bonfire is only to be lit to let the surrounding villages know Bossin is under attack, though with the frequent patrols from Caer Syllan, the bonfire has not been lit in recent years.

SNEEV

NE male half-goblin thief 4

This dirty, scrawny humanoid wears filthy rags caked with dirt and an oversized hat.

Distinguishing Features: Sneev always wears a hat—the trepanning procedures have not only resulted in hairless patches on his skull, they have also left a faint, iridescent glow in the dark that is counterproductive to his vocation.

Mannerisms: The psychotropic spices poured into Sneev's brain have changed how the goblin perceives the world—he professes to taste sounds, hear light and see emotions as auras. Not even Sneev is sure whether these are hallucinations or genuinely supernatural abilities.

Personality: Sneev is a snivelling crony who actually worships Jacca. He even has a little shrine devoted to him, hidden in his quarters. (Jacca would probably be rather disturbed, if he found out). He is otherwise a sadistic and thoroughly unpleasant being, even for a goblin.

Background: An outcast from the Cloven Skull tribe, it is a wonder Sneev managed to live through the ordeal of trepanning and brain cannibalism, the traditional punishment for traitors to the tribe: Jacca happened to slaughter the chief, just as he was pouring psychotropic spices through the trepanning holes in Sneev's skull. To Sneev, Jacca appeared like a psychedelic vision of a god of war, a saviour in blood, come to deliver him from his former tribe. While the goblin hasn't been right since, this act of unintentional kindness has rendered him fiercely loyal to Jacca.

LIFE IN BOSSIN

Bossin is the easternmost of the small villages situated along the Lonely Coast. Tall, rocky cliffs border Bossin to the south while to the north and west looms the shadowy Tangled Woods. Ancient ruins of the Old People litter the vast woodlands, promising treasure to adventurers. Yet, the numerous tribes of half-goblins and packs of shadow wolves make the woods a dangerous place to explore. Other treasure-hunters seek wealth by exploring the nearby mines, some of which abandoned by humans, are now claimed by tribes of humanoids and other fell monsters.

Life in Bossin is relatively quiet. Jacca's control of the village is absolute and the only trouble that comes is from those who get out of line. Most villagers keep their heads down, content to simply avoid Jacca's thugs.

LAW & ORDER

Jacca's gang keeps the villagers in line. Usually travelling in groups of four or five, they extort money from the local businesses and the wealthiest villagers at the beginning of every month. Jacca offers very little protection for the money he receives. Those that complain or threaten to go to Caer Syllan end up in the Pit (location 1) until they change their mind.

The regular patrols from Caer Syllan deter bands of brigands and other horrors from the Tangled Woods encroaching too closely on Bossin.

TRADE & INDUSTRY

The villagers pull tin and slate from the cliffs fringing the Lonely Coast. Others work the rich earth surrounding Bossin. Few venture into the Tangled Woods for lumber because of the half-goblins and other dangers lurking among the ancient trees. Those daring to enter the woods are intrepid hunters and trappers, rounding out Bossin's trade goods with fresh meat and animal pelts for trade with passing merchants and the like.



EVENTS

While the characters are in Bossin, one or more of the below events may occur. Choose or determine randomly:

1D6 EVENT

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 | A patrol of soldiers from Caer Syllan has recently arrived. Jacca's thugs prowl the village, looking to fill the prison's cells. |
| 2 | A group of thugs hassle an old weaver in front of her shop, threatening to throw her in "the Pit" if she cannot pay her due. |
| 3 | A group of villagers stand talking in excited voices: a half-goblin was seen skulking about the village. |
| 4 | The Goldrock clan is having difficulties with a group of kobolds inhabiting a recent mine they excavated. |
| 5 | A group of villagers approach the characters. Fed up with Jacca Lander, they are willing to pay to rid themselves of the problem. |
| 6 | A group of village children exploring the cliffs have gone missing. The parents offer a (meagre) reward for the children's safe return. |
-

VISITING BOSSIN

Characters in Bossin find that while the villagers appear friendly and outgoing, they are reticent to talk about village news. Most of them have accepted Jacca's extortion and fear his wrath if suspected of talking about it to outsiders. Generally, adventurers have little to fear from Jacca's thugs unless they take up permanent residence in Bossin or make friends with the villagers. Jacca knows outside business is good for the village, as long as outsiders keep their noses out of his affairs.

MOUNTING TENSIONS

Jacca Lander's hold on Bossin is nearly absolute. Fear and intimidation keep the villagers in line and from speaking out. As far as Caer Syllan is concerned, Jacca is a hard man but he produces results. However, the one thing Jacca has not been able to extort is the love of local herbalist Brisila (location 4). Her haughty attitude and open defiance of Jacca incites his passion for her even more. Jacca is a jealous suitor and those he suspects of getting too friendly with Brisila often disappear. So far, he does not know Brisila has started a relationship with Keirnen Lokmor (location 3). While Keirnen hates paying Jacca, he wants to live in peace. Yet, lately, Brisila has been urging Keirnen to take action against Jacca, organise the villagers and fight back. Brisila also beseeches characters frequenting Keirnen's store for their help. However, if Jacca finds out about the two lovers, it will likely mean Keirnen's death.

HOSFORD

The quaint village of Hosford rests along the Cliffway on the Lonely Coast. The industrious folk of Hosford diligently work the area's largest mine, digging deep into the cliffs for ores and gems. Tragically, decades ago, a large section of the mine suddenly collapsed into the sea, taking a chunk of the cliffs with it along with a handful of homes. Out of this disaster was born opportunity as the collapse created a sheltered cove and natural harbour for small fishing boats. Thus, in addition to their mine, the citizens of Hosford sail the coastline, narrowly avoiding the sharp rocks lurking just below the water that would doom a larger ship.

Yet, terror now grips Hosford. Folk have recently gone missing, including the former village reeve. A sea drake secretly stalks the coastline, fed on fresh human sacrifices by a senile old druid who believes the creature to be some sort of god. The lord of Caer Syllan, Lord Locher, has dispatched a new reeve, an ambitious, inquisitive young man to look into the disappearances but so far all he has uncovered are old grudges as neighbour accuse neighbour of these sinister disappearances.

HOSFORD AT A GLANCE

Ruler: Pio Varrin

Government: Overlord

Population: 678

Alignments: LG, NG, LN, LE, CE

Languages: Common, Dwarven

Resources & Industry: Fishing, mining

The small village of Hosford stands on the Cliffway between Swallowfeld and Wolverton. Boasting the area's largest operational mine, Hosford is also known for its fishing. Years ago, a section of the village mine collapsed, dropping part of the surrounding cliff and a few cottages into the sea.

However tragic the accident, the collapse created a sheltered cove—a natural harbour for small fishing vessels sailing the coast. Unfortunately, a large number of rocks just below the surface make the harbour too treacherous for larger vessels.

Recently, a rash of disappearances has caused concern in the small community. So far, five villagers have gone missing, including the previous village reeve, Cardin Unger. Unbeknownst to the villagers, a local hermit, Dag Tunner, recently discovered a sea serpent living in an underwater cave in the nearby cliffs. Suffering dementia in his old age, Dag believes the creature to be a god and has been kidnapping villagers to feed the beast's ravenous appetite.

A new village reeve, Pio Varrin, has been appointed to replace Unger. Though young, Pio possesses a keen intellect, precisely the reason Lord Locher directed him to discover the cause behind Hosford's disappearances. Thus far, Pio has not got very far in his investigations.

THE DISAPPEARANCES

When word reached Caer Syllan of Cardin Unger's sudden disappearance, Lord Locher dispatched Pio Varrin as the new reeve tasking solving the mystery. Pio Varrin is, however, a bit in over his head, between the sullen villagers and a bailiff trying to stay out of the trouble. While new faces in the village immediately draw the suspicion of the locals, Pio Varrin tries to enlist the newcomers' aid if they seem capable of handling themselves.

Alternatively, if you plan on the characters visiting Hosford regularly—perhaps as they pass through between adventures—the first time they visit, things are relatively quiet. As time passes, the frequency of disappearances increases until Hosford's villagers are in an uproar.

HOSFORD LORE

A character may know something about Hosford, its history and surrounds. Determine how knowledgeable the character is and then impart some (or all) of the information below:

- Seventy years ago, a section of mine collapsed taking a large section of the nearby cliffs with it. As a result, a small cove was formed the villagers were quick to exploit.

- Pio Varrin's only here to do the work the soldiers from Caer Syllan should be doing—uncovering the truth behind the disappearances plaguing the village.
- One of the old mine tunnels led to an underground cave, but it was sealed up when the mine collapsed.

VILLAGERS

Appearance: A Hosford native's skin belies his trade. Those working the mines frequently have pale skin, dark hair and a squint to their eyes from long days spent underground. The fisher-folk are deeply tanned from long hours at sea and have sun-bleached hair.

Dress: Most wear long, dark tunics to hide the dust and debris from the mines. The fisher-folk dress in short trousers and shirts, their garb infused with the salt from the sea.

Nomenclature: *Male:* Digory, Jacca, Margh, Peder; *Female:* Caja, Hedra, Kerra, Wenna; *Family:* Ahearn, Jewell, Mayne, Tangye.

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

While in Hosford, a character may hear one or more rumours. The character can learn this information in several ways: perhaps by overhearing two locals gossiping, chatting with regulars over a few drinks at the local taverns and so on. Use the table below, to determine which rumours the character hears.

1D6 RUMOUR

1*	Half-goblins from the Tangled Woods have been kidnapping people! Lord Locher should lead his troops into the wood and slay them all.
2*	Hilsa ran out of fresh meat for her stew so she's been kidnapping villagers and cooking them!
3	Kandin says he's seen a gigantic sea serpent swimming near the village. Crazy old cotter—how could such a beast stay hidden?
4	The new reeve spends a lot of time talking to people, asking all kinds of questions, but no time actually doing anything. He's a waste of space.
5*	Father Halman says the disappearances are a punishment from Darlen. "Repent", he says, "Or suffer His divine wrath!"
6	I haven't seen crazy old Dag Tunner in ages. I bet he's gone missing too. That or he's died—the crazy old hermit is stubborn and more than a little mad.

*False rumour.

FOR SALE

When the characters arrive at the village, the following items are for sale:

Potion: *Water breathing* (600 gp).

Scroll (Cleric): *sanctuary* (300 gp).

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

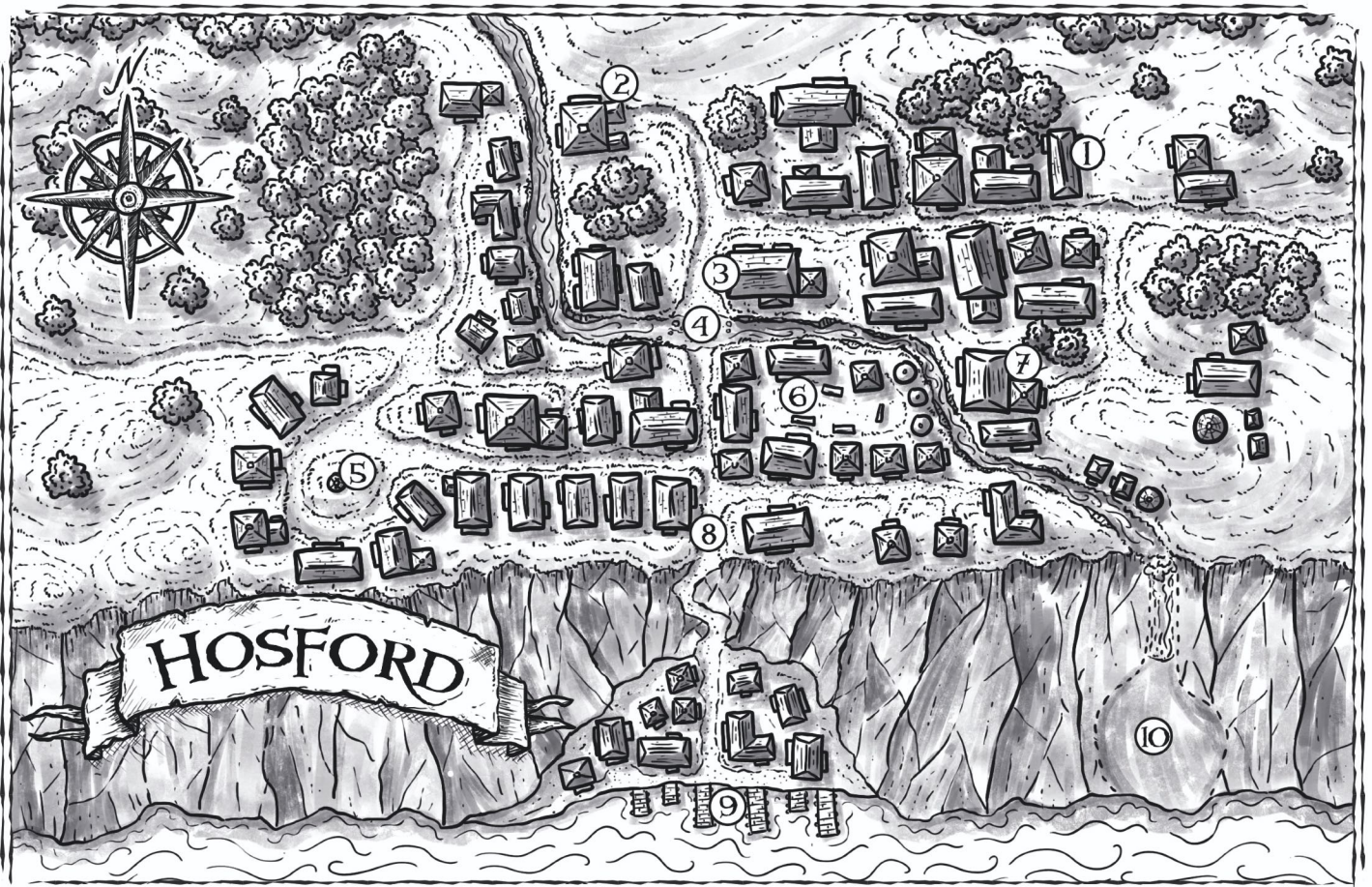
Most of the village comprises peasant homes. A few locations, however, are of interest to adventurers:

1. **Hosford Jail:** A collection of stone buildings that is seeing more frequent use as Hosford's residents accuse one another of the recent disappearances.
2. **Unger Manor:** This small, two-storey manor house was built by the previous reeve, Cardin Unger.
3. **Daystar Church:** This small church features a bell tower and is the heart of the community.
4. **Ford:** A small ford crosses the small, fast flowing, Hoslo.
5. **Artisan Market:** Hosford's resident artisans and craft folk live here in their shops.
6. **Fish Market:** Hosford's fishermen sell their catches in market stalls, here.
7. **Hoslo's Rest:** A small country inn, the Hoslo's Rest has large doors facing the river that can be opened in warm weather.
8. **Mines:** Mines riddle the cliffs; an excavated tunnel connects them to Hosford Cove.
9. **Hosford Cove:** A mine collapse created this sheltered cove 70 years ago.
10. **Sea Cave:** The Hoslo ends its journey here, diving underground through the cliff and spilling into a large cave where Dag offers up his sacrifices to the resident sea serpent.

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the population are nothing more than hardworking peasants. A few, however, are of interest to adventurers:

- Aeglis Hammerstone** (location 4; LN male dwarf thief 3) specialises in crafting jewellery and gemcutting. He is a distant relative of the Goldrock clan of Bossin.
- Dag Tunner** (location 10; N old male human druid 8) suffers from dementia and this once a harmless hermit now believes a sea serpent to be a god.
- Hilsa Devvon** (location 7; LN female human) runs Hoslo's Rest. Short and stout she is often mistaken for a halfling.
- Jarrin Penn** (location 2; LG old male human fighter 4) serves as Hosford's bailiff, but spends as much time fishing the Hoslo as he does doing his job.
- Kandin Bellick** (location 9; N old male human) tells tall tales, like the one about the sea serpent he claims to have seen.
- Pio Varrin** (location 3; NG male human thief 4) serves as village reeve, but his true purpose in Hosford is to uncover the truth behind the recent disappearances plaguing the village.
- Renald Halman** (location 5; LN male human cleric 5) leads Hosford's faithful, and is using the current crisis to fill seats at the church (and the collection plate).



NOTABLE LOCATIONS

1: HOSFORD JAIL

These low, squat buildings of quarried stone have seen a lot use lately. The recent disappearances plaguing the village have stirred up a lot of old grudges between neighbours who now use flimsy pretences to accuse each other of being the perpetrator. Unfortunately, Pio Varrin (NG male human thief 4) wants to investigate any such accusation so he has commanded Jarrin Penn's men to round up the accused for questioning. Jarrin Penn (LG old male human fighter 4), an old man now, for his part spends most of his day fishing the Hoslo and trying to stay out of everyone's way.

2: UNGER MANOR

Built with a stone foundation and a wooden second storey, this small manor house features a crude, bird excrement stained statue of the former village reeve, Cardin Unger (who was one of the first to disappear), by its front door.

The new reeve, Pio Varrin (NG male human thief 4), has claimed the manor as his own, cluttering the small study with a large number of books on various subjects. Hailing from Wolverton, Pio possesses a keen intellectual and inquisitive mind which Lord Locher's saw as perfect for getting to the bottom of Hosford's disappearances. A bit odd, Pio feels more comfortable with his books than he does people and thus is open to any assistance offered in his investigations—as the villagers have, in the main, not taken to their new reeve.

3: DAYSTAR CHURCH

This small, well-built church dedicated to Darlen sits on the banks of the Hoslo, near the ford. A small bell tower rings a flat, monotonous tone hourly—even at night.

Father Renald Halman (LN male human cleric [Darlen] 5) leads Hosford's faithful. A shrewd man, he sees the recent disappearances as an opportunity to increase his congregation (and the church's tithes). His sermons of late speak of Darlen's punishment visiting Hosford because of the villagers' unfaithfulness. Many villagers are beginning to believe the good father, and talk among them is turning to redemption and the methods of winning atonement. Father Renald's influence is thus growing in the village, and he makes no secret of his disdain for the new reeve—Pio Varrin—who yet looks for a mundane cause of the disappearances.

4: THE FORD

This well-maintained ford straddles the Hoslo and remains passable except after severe rainstorms. Muddy tracks lead down to both sides of the ford, and some attempts have been made to lay a bed of stones in the mud to make the approaches easier to use during bad weather. When the Hoslo is in full flood only the brave or desperate use the ford.

5: ARTISAN MARKET

Hosford does not boast a general store. Instead, its resident craftspeople (including a blacksmith, potter and a weaver) live and work here. Its most famous resident is Aeglis Hammerstone (LN male dwarf thief 3). A distant relative of the Goldrock clan, Aeglis is known throughout the Lonely Coast for his gemcutting skill. Adventurers looking to unload gems or other precious stones would be well-advised to seek Aeglis out as he offers a fair price.

6: FISH MARKET

Hosford's fisherfolk bring their daily catches here to be sold in small stalls, while other merchants prepare salted fish for sale throughout the Lonely Coast. The market is busiest when the village's fishing boats return with the daily catch, and virtually empty at other times. In addition to barrels of fresh fish and the like, spicy bowls of fish stew can be bought here from various stalls for only 3 cp. Children often earn a 1 cp a week helping to carry large vats of stew to the miners.

PIO VARRIN

NG male human thief 4

This clean-cut man wears a long leather coat with many pockets. He puffs on a pipe wedged firmly in his mouth while touching and fondling a small object hidden in his hands.

Distinguishing Features: Pio has a tic that keeps his hands ever-busy with something, as he considers the tactile senses to be closer to his concept of reality than sight or sound. He constantly fiddles, adjusts, scratches and touches items.

Preventing him from touching and fondling things makes him first sweat and then break down like an addict in withdrawal. He (irrationally) fears a lack of touch-based interaction with the world may expel him from it.

Mannerisms: Pio loves good pipeweed. He always carries around a whole box of it, though he never can seem to recall in which of the numerous pockets of his coat he's put the box. This results inevitably in long, peppered tirades of curses as he's fiddling through them, littering obscure and often surprising objects on the floor.

He is also inordinately fond of the word, "Evidently".

Personality: While Pio obviously has studied and learned a lot, he tends to think in binaries and as such, he has had trouble relating to the complexities of the emotions of most folk. This results in an unfortunate tendency to disregard others as irrational or compromised in their judgment.

Tendencies like this notwithstanding, he is equipped with a keen sense of justice and his almost eidetic memory has served him well in investigating the disappearances haunting Hosford.

Background: An eccentric more at home with books than people, Pio is an incredibly intelligent, if somewhat scatterbrained man, who has had a top-notch education befitting of his mind, courtesy of the Lochers who saw potential in the young lad.

7: HOSLO'S REST

Thick stone walls support this inn's sagging eaves. One wall features a series of large doors facing the Hoslo that can be opened on warm days.

The proprietor, Hilsa Devvon (LN female human) employs a family of halflings to help run the place. A short, stout lady, Hilsa is often mistaken for a halfling herself. Prone to gossip, she speaks of a number of conspiracy theories about the recent disappearances to anyone who will listen. None of her theories are true, but they do contain a lot of dirty secrets about certain villagers that fuels the rampant accusations sweeping the village.

DAG TUNNER

N male human druid 8

This man wears a thick patchwork jerkin made from seal and shark skin. His lank white hair is in disarray.

Distinguishing Features: Dag looks like a cross between an old, ship-wrecked hermit, a muscled captain and a kind grandfather. An aura of tranquility seems to surround him and gulls in particular like circling him serenely. When angered, his firm step becomes threatening and, like the sea he worships, one can almost feel the brunt of a storm's wrath blazing from his eyes. His senility has reduced him to an unconscious, almost animal cunning, which, paired with pity and his meek demeanour, makes for the perfect cover.

Mannerisms: Dag often hums the vaguely threatening, but also strangely soothing hymns he has heard during his travels among the raiders of the north and the inhabitants of the trackless southern jungles. His firm, stomping step acts almost as a kind of percussion, making it seem like he's accompanied by forces beyond one's ken. He stumbles a lot and his cherubic, almost innocent smile dispels any doubts as to his health. He also likes handing out delicious shellfish to the local children, "with blessings from the waves", he says, a subtle melancholy suffusing his words.

Personality: Dag honestly believes the sea serpent he's worshipping is the incarnation of the ocean's will. With a grim resolve, believing the needs of the many outweigh the sacrifice of the few he takes. A kind old man, his burden would have broken a lesser man, but he faces his task with singular, grim determination and a conviction that would make most fanatics pale. And yet, tears always flow when he placates the serpent he mistakes for an agent of divine providence.

Background: Dag's fate is a tragedy—the once mighty druid's faculties have deteriorated to nigh senility after a long life guarding the seas and coastal regions. He wouldn't even recognise his erstwhile companions and his capacity for long-term memory has all but vanished—but strangely, all faculties that aid him in his grim task are just as acute as they have always been. Honed to a spear's point, a life spent above and below the waves, fighting with the things below now seems like but a prelude to his final divine mission.

- **Food & Drink:** Meal (smoked fish or fish stew) 3 sp, ale 4 cp, wine (pitcher) 2 sp.
- **Rooms:** Hoslo's Rest has eight two-bed well-appointed rooms (1 gp per night); all have good locks on the doors.

8: MINES

Hosford boasts the area's largest mine, rivalling the output of the smaller mines scattered about nearby Bossin. Numerous entrances riddle the cliffs—a result of the villagers' decades-long quest for semiprecious metals and gems. After a mine collapse 70 years ago that caused a sizable chunk of the cliffs to collapse, the villagers have become more cautious about where they tunnel. After that incident, a large tunnel was dug through the cliff to connect Hosford proper with the cove.

The villagers keep their mining equipment in long stone and wood buildings on the outskirts of Hosford.

9: HOSFORD COVE

A large tunnel opens up onto a sandy cove flanked by towering cliffs. A growing number of villagers are leaving the darkness of the mines for the open sea, skirting the coastline in small boats. However, large rocks lurking just below the surface mean certain destruction for any large vessels docking at Hosford. Rickety wooden docks reach out into the sea while behind them rests a small number of salt-stained cottages and businesses catering to the fishermen's needs. Local fisherman, Kandin Bellick (N male human) has spent more time on the seas than anyone in Hosford. A teller of tall tales, he claims to have once seen a giant sea serpent in the waters near the village.

10: SEA CAVE

The Hoslo empties out into a large sea cavern. A monstrous sea serpent has recently claimed the place as its own.

A mine tunnel, once sealed off (but now cleverly disguised, requiring careful inspection to find) opens onto a small ledge on the cave's western side. A few large rocks rise out of the water, creating slick platforms.

A crude tent, Dag Tunner's (N male human druid 8) home, stands on one such platform. Nearing the end of his life, the old druid suffers from senility, honestly believing the sea serpent dwelling in the cavern to be a nature god. An aloof hermit, he has managed to escape any suspicion he could be involved in the disappearances so far.

An exit on the south end, underwater, leads out to sea. It is this passage the sea serpent has been using. A stupid beast, it realises the dirty old human brings it fresh food—the kind that wiggles and screams—to eat and thus it does not attack Dag. Unbeknownst to the villagers, Dag's sacrifices keep the sea serpent from preying on Hosford's fisherfolk; when he dies the serpent will quickly become hungry and slither forth to feast on Hosford's fisherfolk.

LIFE IN HOSFORD

Hosford rests almost equidistant between Swallowfeld to the west and Wolverton to the east. The relatively quiet life in Hosford has been shattered by the recent disappearances as its folk turn on one another. Even if the disappearances stop, it will take some time for the village to heal.

North of Hosford lies the mysterious depths of the Tangled Woods. Home to tribes of half-goblins and other vicious monsters, the ruins of an ancient people lie scattered about, luring adventurers into the forest with tales of treasure.

To the south, lies the sea. Grizzled fishermen love to relate stories of strange creatures dwelling in sea caves along the cliffs and mysterious islands that appear only at night and vanish with the dawn.

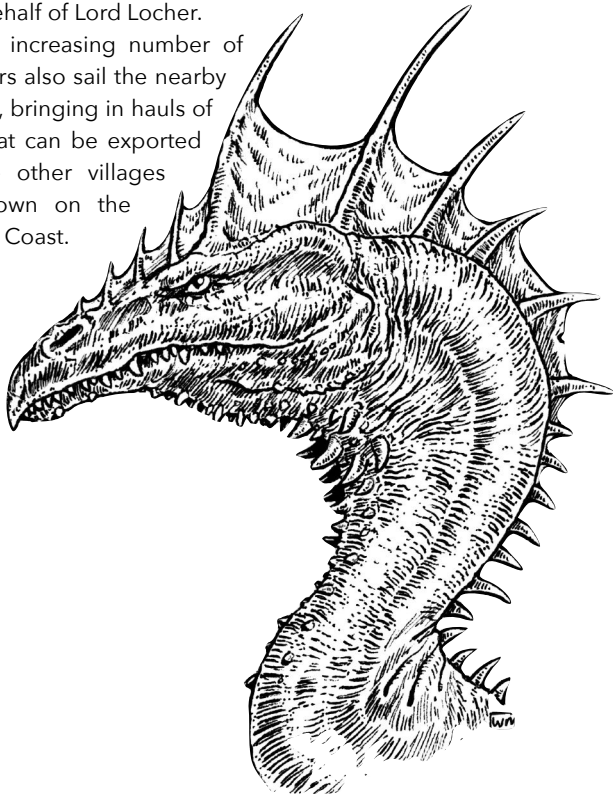
LAW & ORDER

Bailiff Jarrin Penn kept the peace in Hosford for years. An old man now, Jarrin feels he is out of his league investigating the disappearances. This shame leads him to distance himself from others. As such he spends most of his time idly fishing. Pio Varrin's talents lie more in investigating and less in rulership. The village guard spends more time bringing people in for questioning instead of solving real problems. Thus, Hosford is in danger of slipping into anarchy.

TRADE & INDUSTRY

The Lonely Coast's largest mine lies nearby Hosford; thus, the majority of the villagers spend more time than usual pulling metals and gems from the earth and behalf of Lord Locher.

An increasing number of villagers also sail the nearby waters, bringing in hauls of fish that can be exported to the other villages and town on the Lonely Coast.



EVENTS

While the characters are in Hosford, one or more of the below events may occur. Choose or determine randomly:

1d8 EVENT

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 | A group of villagers stands outside the church. They shout at passers-by to repent and accept Darlen. |
| 2 | Soldiers drag a sullen-looking man along. Suddenly, the man breaks free and runs towards the characters, shouting for help. |
| 3 | Dazed miners stream out of the mine; a tunnel collapsed, trapping some of the miners inside. |
| 4 | A woman arrives at Hoslo's Rest and asks if anyone has seen her husband. His boat has not yet returned, and she is worried sick. |
| 5 | A posse of villagers is gathering supplies. They plan on marching into the Tangled Forest, looking for half-goblins to slay. |
| 6 | The shattered remains of a fishing boat bob in the swell a few score yards from shore. Once the wreck is noticed, it is retrieved by worried fishermen; even a cursory glance at the wreckage suggests something large destroyed the boat. |
| 7 | Several irate villagers are working themselves into a frenzy over the disappearances. They demand something be done, and assuming the party are agents of Lord Locher accost the party. |
| 8 | A large merchant vessel foolishly tried to dock at the cove during a storm the previous night and has taken substantial damage. The crew is still on board but the ship is beginning to sink. |
-

PIO VARRIN'S CALL FOR AID

Pio Varrin's (location 1) approaches the party and asks for aid in uncovering the truth behind the disappearances plaguing the village. He first appeals to their good natures; if this fails he offers to put in a good word for them when he reports back to Lord Locher in Wolverton. Pio does not have a lot of gold and thus offers no material reward. If the characters refuse his call for aid, he mentions their selfishness to Lord Locher—which could cause embarrassment and minor problems for the party if they should ever meet or run afoul of the nobleman.

RENALD'S CALL FOR AID

Father Renald Halman (location 3) approaches the party. A shrewd man, he wants to be known as the man who saved Hosford. If any of the party worship Darlen, he appeals to them for aid—hinting the blessings of the church will be bestowed upon those that aid him.

OAKHURST

The village of Oakhurst squats deep amid the Tangled Wood's gnarled boughs. The Lonely Coast's smallest and most isolated village, only the most daring or the most desperate call it home, surrounded as it is on all sides by monstrous denizens and half-goblin tribes. Its dilapidated buildings sink into the squalor of the streets, presenting a loathsome and unwelcoming appearance. Oakhurst's villagers are no better. Mostly trappers and hunters, the grim folk of Oakhurst distrust outsiders and keep to strange ways and customs. Visitors are strongly discouraged from overstaying their welcome.

Yet, Oakhurst's darkest secret lies in a cave piercing the a nearby cliff. On full moons, the villagers lock their doors and shutter their windows, pretending they do not hear the incessant flapping of wings in the sky overhead. Oakhurst's oldest family, the Wearnes, long ago made a pact with a fell god, gaining the power of lycanthropy. Years of inbreeding to keep the line pure have driven the family of werebats to the brink of madness. High in the cave, the Wearnes participate in vile rites to their dark god, offering worship to one of its hideous servants. As the family slips further into insanity and their devotions grow more heinous, Oakhurst becomes ever more dangerous for the unwary.

OAKHURST AT A GLANCE

Ruler: Talek Wearne

Government: Secret syndicate

Population: 413

Alignments: N, CN, CE, NE

Languages: Common, Elven, Orc

Resources & Industry: Fishing, hunting and trapping

Deep within the Tangled Wood's dark depths squats the malodorous village of Oakhurst. The decayed eaves of its houses sag under the weight of mildewed thatch while its roads are little more than trails of muck and grime traversing the forest floor under the oak trees that give the village its name.

The Lonely Coast's most isolated and distant village, Oakhurst attracts people of the basest sort. Trappers and hunters mingle with thieves, outcasts and murderers, all conducting their business in grim silence. Visitors to Oakhurst receive cold looks if not outright hostility. Its insular folk keep to their own.

A tributary of the Kilian River flows through Oakhurst, dividing the village into eastern and western sections. Trade and industry, often illicit, takes place in the rundown and sagging shops in the eastern section. Yet the true horror of Oakhurst lies across the river to the west, where a network of maze-like game trails winding through the trees leads to the homes of the Wearne clan, a family of werewolves. The true rulers of Oakhurst, years of inbreeding to keep their condition pure has finally brought them to the brink of madness. In a high cave in a nearby cliff, they conduct their hideous rites, offering prayers to a dark god believed to have granted their ancestors their gift long ago. When a red glow emanates from the cave at night, most villagers lock their doors and shutter their windows, ignoring the ominous chanting voices carried upon the wind.

OAKHURST LORE

A character may know something about Oakhurst, its history and surrounds. Determine how knowledgeable the character is and then impart some (or all) of the information below:

- Oakhurst is the Lonely Coast's most distant and isolated village, located deep in the Tangled Wood.
- Mainly trappers and hunters, the villagers are a grim and dour lot, distrustful of strangers. Outcasts from other parts of the Lonely Coast often make their way there as the villagers ask few, if any, questions.
- Rumours of inbreeding and strange religious practises have plagued Oakhurst for generations.



VILLAGERS

Appearance: Men sport thick, shaggy beards and the women grow their greasy hair past their waist, believing it taboo to cut it. Dirt cakes their nails.

Dress: Villagers wear a ragtag collection of animal pelts. Bones interspersed with pieces of glass serves as jewellery.

Nomenclature: *Male:* Anen, Cofan, *Ferlin*, Myrghal, Talek; *Female:* Corwenna, Henna, Jeni, Tyrwenna; *Family:* Cass, Dorwain, Nettle, Wearne.

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

While in Oakhurst, a character may hear one or more rumours. The character can learn this information in several ways: perhaps by overhearing two locals gossiping, chatting with regulars over a few drinks at the local taverns and so on. Use the table below, to determine which rumours the character hears.

1D12 RUMOUR

1	Strange lights and faces are sometimes seen in the windows of the old ruined manor house.
2	Bartrel once adventured with Jacca Landers, the reeve of Bossin. He helped Jacca turn against his own tribe for a bit of profit.
3	On full moons, fires can be seen burning in a cave high up in the nearby cliff. Those who are clever stay inside and do not interfere with those who practice the old ways.
4	Less children are being born alive to the strange, old Wearne clan. It's driven some of them mad, like Caja Wearne, old Talek's favourite cousin. Soon there will be no more Wearnes.
5	The Wearnes know black magic and are really vampires hiding among us!
6	The Witching Rock blocks a tunnel leading straight to Hell. Those who investigate too closely are drawn into the rock and never seen again.
7	Two strangers, a young woman and man, were seen at the Bloody Ear, but have since disappeared.
8	The Wearnes disappear on the night of the full moon, only reappearing several days later.
9	A couple of strangers, a young woman and man, hired Daveth to take them upriver.
10	Rasala is an evil nature spirit! She cooks and eats strangers. Beware the smiling gnome!
11	Kensa Boden, the reeve's wife, has been more drunk than usual and mutters about seeing giant bats at night.
12	If you sleep on the Witching Rock at night, you'll be blessed with good dreams.

*False rumour.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

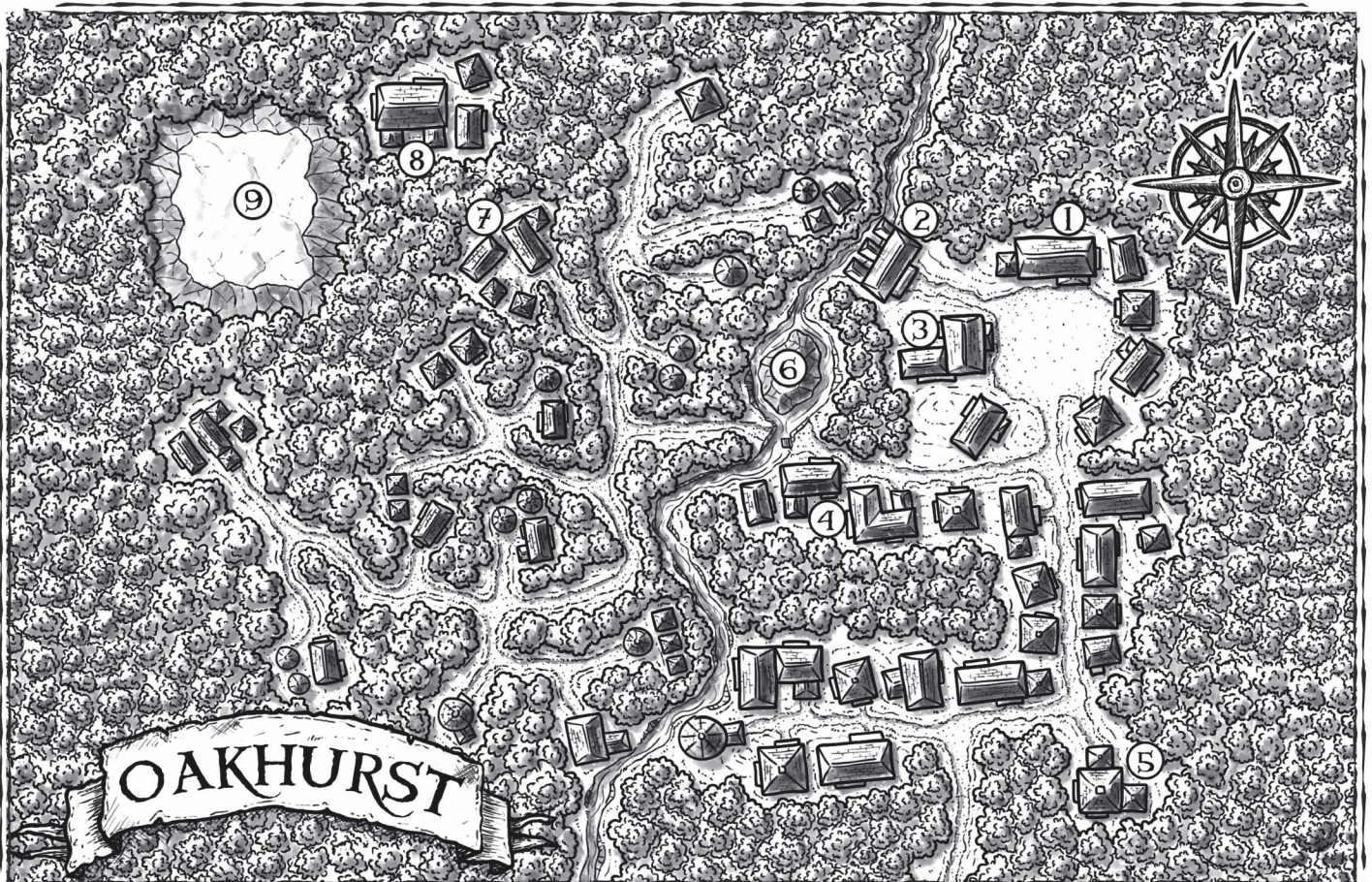
Most of the village comprises peasant homes. A few locations, however, are of interest to adventurers:

1. **The Bloody Ear:** One of the sturdier buildings in Oakhurst, a collection of dismembered ears decorates the wall behind the bar.
2. **Oakhurst Jail:** The smell of death and decay waft from this large wood and stone building.
3. **General Store:** A faded sign hangs in front of this worn, dilapidated building.
4. **Daveth Cass's House:** From this long shack, Daveth operates his ferry business.
5. **Rasala's Bear Trap Emporium:** From this unusually well-kept building, which also serves as her home, Rasala crafts and sells well-made bear traps.
6. **The Witching Rock:** A large boulder thrusts out of the river, splitting its waters in two.
7. **Wearne Farmstead:** The ancestral home of the Wearne family is nothing more than a shabby collection of huts and shacks stuck together.
8. **Ruined Manor:** The burnt remains of a stone manor rest in deep, cloying shadows under the trees.
9. **The Cliff:** A rocky cliff, 40-ft. high, rises precipitously out of the forest. A cave entrance near its top faces due east.

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the population are nothing more than hardworking peasants. A few, however, are of interest to adventurers:

- Bartrel Ebon Axe** (location 1; NE male half-goblin fighter 4) runs his gang of thieves from his inn, the Bloody Ear. He is an outcast, and outwardly appears human.
- Caja Wearne** (location 2; CE female human werebat thief 3) oversees the village jail (which is mostly now just a torture chamber). She is insane.
- Colan Boden** (location 3; N male human fighter 4) serves as the village reeve. Balancing two masters—the Wearnes and the Lochers—has greatly aged the retired soldier.
- Daveth Cass** (location 4; CN male human) operates the village's ferry, and for a small price, is willing to sail up or down river. He is a sullen man.
- Kensa Boden** (location 3; N female human) drinks heavily and is often drunk. She is Colan's wife, and runs the village's dilapidated general store.
- Rasala Neblor** (location 5; CN female gnome thief 3) runs a shop making and repairing bear traps. She is a shy woman.
- Talek Wearne** (location 7; NE male human werebat cleric [Bat God] 6) speaks for the dark god that lives in Oakhurst. He is the patriarch of the Wearne family.



THE BAT GOD AND THE WEARNES

Knowledge of the Bat God's origin is lost with time, though ancient Tuath records speak of a hideous deity once venerated by a degenerate race of humans engaging in bloody ritual sacrifice, cannibalism and other atrocities. The Tuath battled the tribe and in the midst of the conflict, a manifestation of the foul god appeared. It fought and almost defeated the Tuaths' greatest warriors before their wizards sealed the entity away in a separate plane. Afterwards, the savage humans were exterminated and all knowledge of the Bat God lost.

In reality, the Bat God does not hold the power of a true god. A primitive, animalistic spirit, it haunted the Lonely Coast long before humans settled the land. When the first humans wandered into its domain, it fed on them, before realising these creatures were far different to the simple animals on which it normally preyed. The fear these primitive humans felt made their blood not only sweeter but gave the evil spirit a new strength. It began to cultivate them, like a farmer breeding cattle for the slaughter. The Bat God slowly consumed them, entering their minds and driving them to worship it and let it feast upon them.

Yet, by the time it battled the Tuath, the Bat God had not reached full godhood, although it was able to grant spells to its bestial priests. Its tie to the Material Plane, however, made it vulnerable. When the Tuath realised this, they smoothed a large boulder (representing earth since the Bat God is an air spirit) and inscribed a powerful spell on it. The spell created a demiplane within the boulder to trap the Bat God, after which magical wards were placed on it to seal it away.

The Tuath died out and over the centuries, their magic weakened, allowing the Bat God's presence to seep out, like pus from an infected wound. It found willing subjects in the Wearnese and used its power to twist them into lycanthropes.

The Bat God's desires and goals have not changed over the long eons. Born of chaos and blood, it only wants two things: to hunt and to feed.

THE WEARNES

Over a century before the Lochers arrived on the Lonely Coast, a hunter, Ravin Wearne, sensed the Bat God's faint presence in the Witching Rock. Promised power if he and his descendants would free it, Ravin sold his soul, and those of his family, to the Bat God, who transformed them into hideous werebat creatures. Wanting to keep the family's condition secret and bloodline pure, the Wearnese embarked on a path of inbreeding. Over the long years, the Wearnese gradually slipped into madness as each new generation fell further under the Bat God's decadent influence.

Since Ravin sealed his fateful pact, the Wearnese have dedicated themselves to freeing the Bat God, promised rulership over the Lonely Coast for their service. Of course, blinded by their lust for power and unending hunger, rulership to the Wearnese means turning the region into one giant hunting ground.

Worship of the Bat God takes place on the full moon when it glares in the night sky like a giant eye. The Wearnese conduct living sacrifices of intelligent humanoids (often travellers to avoid

suspicion), dedicating the unfortunates' souls to the Bat God before spilling its blood. Each new sacrifice serves to further weaken the Bat God's prison as the blood grants it strength.

Talek Wearne, the family's current patriarch, possesses greater abilities than those who came before him. A powerful oracle able to commune with his ancestors and share in their knowledge, Talek studied the runes inscribed into the Witching Rock, finding a key to help him free the Bat God. Consulting his family's collection of decayed books of forbidden lore, Talek summoned a powerful servant of the Bat God. Conducting hideous blood sacrifices, culled from lone travellers wandering the Tangled Woods, Talek seeks to convert the Bat God's servant into a full-fledged avatar of his vile deity.

The Living Book: Each generation of Wearnese records their progress toward freeing the Bat God in a living book, *Dark Thoughts Whispered*. The book serves as both a holy text, diary and research tome. The sentient abomination lurks in the dungeons below the Wearnese's decrepit, crumbling manor house, and holds much blasphemous, sanity-shattering knowledge within its horrid covers.

CAJA WEARNE

CE female human werebat thief 3

This dirty woman has sharp features and oversized ears.

Distinguishing Features: Caja's painful life has left her belly and lower abdomen horribly scarred and mutilated: from below her breasts to her knees, she is covered in scar tissue. When she is alone, she absent-mindedly cuts herself without showing any sign of relief, the wounds carefully hidden beneath her long gowns. Much to the horror of her captives, she gives names to her torture devices and talks to them as though they were sentient beings and accomplices.

Mannerisms: Caja moves with the practiced grace of the socialite and predator, with no superfluous movements and a calm, quiet dignity. Behind her serene demeanour waits a cold, self-destructive fury that seeks to spread death and her own annihilation in a final burst of savagery, bloodshed and delicious despair. When she is agitated, she places a hand over her barren womb, the void in her eyes and her mask-like face giving away nothing of the feelings she once may have had.

Personality: Caja is cold, calculating, reserved and her dark eyes resemble soulless, hollow voids. Even in her sadism, no glee or exaltation ever brightens her features.

Background: Indoctrinated from birth, born into a cursed bloodline, wed to one of her siblings—Caja Wearne's fate must seem like a horrid tragedy to outsiders. However, she is calculating, cruel and thoroughly devoted to the ideal of a pure bloodline. This gaunt woman bears the convictions of a true fanatic, untempered by the grief of countless miscarriages etched into her hollow cheeks. Most tellingly, Caja, in spite of her aristocratic bearing, dutifully carries out her vocation as Oakhurst's jailer and torturer.

THE WEREBATS OF OAKHURST

The Wearne werEBats differ from the common werEBat in that the claws at the tip of their bat wings are too feeble to use in battle. The dark power granting their lycanthropy craves blood, and thus they share characteristics with the vampire bat. This grants them the ability to suck their victims dry of blood and some locals mistake them for vampires.

The Wearnes guard their secret closely, mostly preying on the numerous half-goblins in the Tangled Wood and the occasional lone hunter, trapper or traveller who wanders into their clutches. However, the dark power that gifted them lycanthropy recently sent the Wearnes one of its hideous servants. Thus, to appease this herald of their god, the Wearnes have become increasingly aggressive in their hunting, especially as years of inbreeding have induced a madness amongst most of the family.

Unlike most other lycanthropes, the Wearnes retain full use of their deranged faculties while transformed—their savagery is fed by their undying devotion to the Bat God.

Furthermore, their dark pacts have made them allies of the forces of undeath—undead never willingly attack them. Many of the Wearnes have the abilities of clerics or magic-users specialising in the dark arts of necromancy and in the conjuration of horribly entities. Although they are mostly mad and inbred, they make formidable foes.

When in werEBat form, a Wearne retains their normal abilities and gains the following statistics:

AC: 4

Move: 12" (flying)

Damage/Attack: 1-6 (bite, but note a Wearnes werEBat does not pass on lycanthropy like other lycanthropes)

Special Defences: Hit by only silver or +1 or better magic weapons



NOTABLE LOCATIONS IN OAKHURST

The eastern part of Oakhurst is where most visitors arrive in the village and contains most of the businesses and homes of non-Wearne villagers. Most of the buildings are unmapped and if characters enter them, describe them as a typical house or store, albeit with a gloomy air of decrepitude and decay. Many are inhabited by dirty women and children whose men disappear for days at a time hunting and trapping in the surrounding woods.

The river Kilian splits Oakhurst in twain. Visitors wishing to explore Oakhurst's western section either have to swim the river or pay Daveth to ferry them across. Daveth charges obvious adventurers 1 gp each for a round trip. This is much higher than he charges villagers, but by looking at the visitors, he assumes they can afford it.

Although decay and decrepitude hang heavily over the village's eastern precincts, the western part of Oakhurst is even worse. Roughly half the houses here are empty; most are abandoned, but a few hardy souls dwelling here are out hunting the surrounding forest. The balance belong to members of the Wearne's extended family. Wearnes are hostile to outsiders poking about, and although they do not immediately attack visitors they rudely rebuff any questions.

1: THE BLOODY EAR

From this sturdy inn of mud bricks and stone, Bartrel Ebon-Axe (NE male half-goblin fighter 4) bullies more than leads a small gang of thieves. A former adventuring companion of Bossin's reeve, Jacca Landers, Bartrel built the Bloody Ear with his adventuring loot. He offers free drinks to anyone bringing in a severed ear (which he displays on a wall behind the bar). He looks more human than goblin, and the wise do not bring up his heritage. Outsiders seek Bartrel out to fence stolen or illegal goods and often mistake him for Oakhurst's true power. Bartrel knows the Wearne's secret and serves them faithfully. His wish is to prove himself worthy enough to be inducted into the family.

2: OAKHURST'S JAIL

Ivy and moss cling to nearly every surface of this stone building, built in Oakhurst's better days. Three small cells protrude from the back of the jail, set deep into the riverbank. Cramped enough that a prisoner can only stand, when the river is swollen a grate floods the cell, drowning the occupant. In olden days, it was used to force confessions from criminals, now it is just one of many torture tools of the decayed Caja Wearne (CE female human werebat thief 3). Talek Wearne's favourite cousin, years of miscarriages have driven her insane. She takes out her frustrations on unlucky individuals caught in the Tangled Wood or villagers who become too nosy about Wearne business.

3: GENERAL STORE

This store's roof sags so much that with its darkened windows, the store front appears to be scowling. A worn sign sticks out like a wart, above the front door.

The wife of Oakhurst's village reeve, Kensa Boden (N female human), runs the place, drinking while lamenting the "promotion" that brought her and her husband to Oakhurst. When sober, Kensa goes about her business sullenly, the disarrayed shelves and dust-covered items testament to her work ethic. When drunk, she is prone to gossip about Oakhurst's citizens who she considers nothing but heathens and barbarians. Her husband, the village reeve, Colan Boden (N male human fighter 4), knows the truth about the Wearnes but is wise enough to keep his mouth shut, even to his wife. The stress of placating the Wearnes and Lord Locher of Caer Syllan has given him a permanently dour look and premature white hair.

4: DAVETH CASS'S HOUSE

A long rambling building of wood and animal hides rests near the river. A small pier juts out into the water where Daveth Cass (CN male human) docks a small, well-worn river barge.

Daveth Cass is the village's ferryman, carrying folk from the village proper to the western side of the river. For a fee, Daveth is willing to sail up or down the river. He knows the Kilian well, especially where the half-goblins like to set up ambushes. Villagers that have to travel the river know to pay him well so he does not lead them into such an area. Stubborn rumours persist he has a half-goblin family hidden upriver somewhere.

BARTREL EBON AXE

NE male half-goblin fighter 4

This squat, brutish man has slightly rounded ears reminiscent of a goblin.

Distinguishing Features: As a half-goblin, Bartrel's features and physique are almost human-like and even for his kind, he looks surprisingly human. However, he has filed his lower incisors in a misplaced (and harshly punished) act of devotion when he first beheld the Wearnes' might.

Mannerisms: Bartrel's enunciation is immaculate and precise, though he does inject a glottal stop after every single word he utters. A wide, predatory smile invariably steals on his face when he can see bats flying through the skies, the fanatic's gleam evident in his eyes.

Personality: Bartrel is a schemer, as far as that can be said of any half-goblin. Within the deep recesses of his black heart, he longs for the flight of the bat and its grace. His devotion to the Wearnes is unwavering.

Background: Bartrel is cunning for a half-goblin, and can even manage to pass as human, a fact his brethren ruthlessly exploited. However, after a brief encounter with Jacca of Bossin, he realised there had to be more—and he was right. In Oakhurst, he found a worthy cause to serve, dreaming of flight and the apotheosis into the magnificent predator-form of the werebat. He has served the village's true rulers ever since. His keen mind has made his smuggling business a successful operation, but to him this is just a means to an end.

5: RASALA'S BEAR TRAP EMPORIUM

Tucked away behind a copse of trees near the main road into town sits a small, well built, wooden building with an attached workshop belonging to Rasala Neblor (CG female gnome thief 3). A crafter and sometime smith, Rasala did not fit in with the few gnomes that dwell deep in the Tangled Wood. Here in Oakhurst, she can work in peace and has made a name for herself selling excellent, homemade bear traps (10 gp). While her relations with the villagers are good, she is no fool and keeps a crossbow under the counter loaded with a silver bolt and has two silver daggers hidden on her person. If befriended, Rasala is willing to forge simple silver items—bolts, arrow heads and daggers. She keeps three bottles of belladonna and a quiver of silver-tipped bolts in her workshop.

6: THE WITCHING ROCK

A huge granite boulder thrusts up from the tributary of the Kilian, splitting the river in two. Rising ten feet above the water, it is strangely flat, looking as if some giant blade had cut clean through it. Named the Witching Rock, the villagers believe the ancient Tuath once conducted ceremonies atop the boulder. Scholars have come here to transcribe and study the ancient symbols carved into a circle on the boulder's top surface. Talek Wearne used to be seen for hours pacing back and forth, examining the symbols while consulting a massive tome. He has not done so recently, however.

7: WEARNE FARMSTEAD

Though many intermingled lines of the Wearne family live throughout Oakhurst, this two-storey wood and brick house with accompanying barn and shacks is considered the Wearne ancestral home. Animal (and some humanoid skulls mark the path leading up to a rickety porch attached to a worm-eaten house that looks like it would fall over in a strong wind.

Here, the current Wearne patriarch, Talek Wearne (NE male human wererat cleric 6), lives with his wife (actually sister), sons and daughters. Most Oakhurst residents, even many of the Wearnes, give the farmstead a wide berth, believing Talek to be a magic-user of the foulest character. A basement leads to a small, heavily trapped cavern network where Talek keeps the family collection of crumbling, ancient tomes of magic and religion.

8: RUINED MANOR

When the Lochers settled the Lonely Coast, and established the village of Oakhurst, the first reeve constructed an elegant two-storey, stone manor house. Not long after, a mysterious fire swept quickly through the home, killing the reeve and his

family. Local legend claims the reeve tried to outlaw the strange religious practices of the Wearne family, and the Wearnes used evil magic to eliminate him.

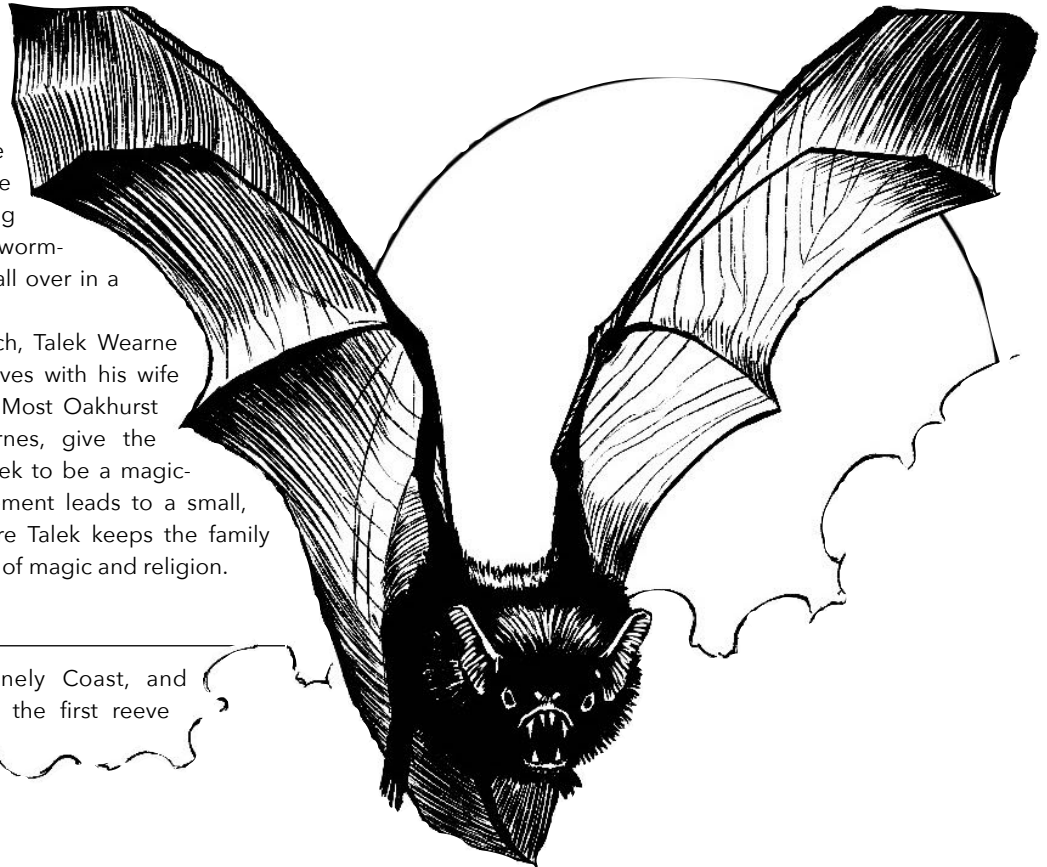
Whatever the case, those who come across the manor house claim to see glowing lights moving passed blackened windows and the ghostly cries of screams coming from inside. Those who explore the manor house do not come back and so the villagers have let the woods reclaim the ruin.

9: THE CLIFF

A 40-ft. high sheer granite cliff rises suddenly out of the woods. A wide cave entrance lies just below its eastern summit, but its near vertical sides make reaching it nearly impossible to scale without both excellent skills and tools.

The cave entrance widens to a deep natural cavern filled with thick stalagmites and stalactites. A man-made stair winds down from a ledge to the cavern's floor. Here, the stone has been worked to create a smooth floor inlaid with strange runes similar to those on the Witching Rock.

An altar carved with giant bats rests on a pedestal at the far end of the floor. A circular pit 20 ft. in radius leads downward 50 ft. through unnatural, inky blackness that consumes even magical light. When the moon is full, the Wearne clan fly in to nestle amongst the numerous stalactites while Talek performs rituals to the strange dark god they worship. A servant of the god, a monstrous beast, dwells within the pit and rises forth to accept homage and sacrifices.



LIFE IN OAKHURST

As the Lonely Coast's only point of civilisation within the Tangled Wood, Oakhurst is a natural base for those looking to explore ancient ruins or adventure further north in the Twisted Gorge. While not friendly, most of Oakhurst's citizens are not aggressively hostile. However, wise travellers conduct their business quickly and move on. Surrounded on all sides by the dangers of the Tangled Wood that shelter many tribes of half-goblins, a bit of coin can loosen the lips of the villagers as to where dangers might lie just outside the village environs.

Life in Oakhurst is hard and joyless.

TRADE & INDUSTRY

The majority of Oakhurst's industry lies in trapping and hunting. The villagers who brave the Tangled Woods for their livelihood quickly learn to avoid the half-goblins and shadow wolves lurking amongst the trees. Animal pelts and meat are sent down river to Swallowfeld or by wagon to Wolverton. Bartrel does a brisk business fencing and selling illicit goods from his inn.

LAW & ORDER

Though the reeve, Colan Boden, represents the Lochers, he has very little real power. The Wearne clan acts as the de facto leaders of Oakhurst. However, the Wearnes are more concerned with their strange religion than actually ruling and so most villagers try to avoid them. When a crime is committed, it falls to the aggrieved party to seek their own restitution. Occasionally, soldiers from Caer Syllan appear and round up some ne'er do-wells as a pretence of keeping the peace in Oakhurst.

EVENTS

While the characters are in Oakhurst, one or more of the below events may occur. Choose or determine randomly:

1D20 EVENT

1	Dark robed figures light a fire on the Witching Rock. A strange chanting can be heard.
2	Daveth Cass fishes a body from the river. A healer can determine the desiccated human female corpse had its blood sucked out.
3	Black smoke roils in the air from Oakhurst's chimneys; the wind blows the smoke in thick, cloying curtains across the streets.
4	Kensa Boden stumbles out of her shop, a bottle of liquor in her hand, screaming about giant bats. Villagers nearby, make a show of ignoring her.
5	A legless man in a small cart pulls himself forward using just his arms. He spits on the ground in the characters' direction as he passes by and mutters under his breath.
6	A hooded woman beats a mouldering rug hung on a line between two houses. She cackles madly with each swing, sending up a cloud of dust.

7	Maggots crawl across an animal's unidentifiable corpse lying in the road. It gives off a horrid, sickening smell but the few heavily cloaked passers-by pay it little heed.
8	A pair of dirty, naked children play at swords using sticks. They run inside a house at the characters' approach. A woman appears at the doorway and makes a sign to ward off evil.
9	A filthy old woman approaches a random character, leaning forward to whisper something in his ear. She mumbles unintelligently before kissing the character on the cheek and moving off.
10	A dead wolf, arrows sticking out of it, bobs in the river, caught in a clump of reeds. After a moment, the current carries it downstream, and the corpse disappears.
11	A wind picks up, carrying the smell of mould, decay and unwashed bodies. Bits of debris tumble down the narrow, crooked streets.
12	Drunken villagers use a half-goblin corpse as target practice, laughing uproariously. A few arrows stick out of the unfortunate creature but most lie stuck in the ground nearby.
13	A man throws opens a window's shutters before glaring at the characters and then slamming them shut. A moment later, they hear the sound of a heavy bar dropping into place against a door.
14	The sound of maniacal laughter alternating with deep, heavy sobbing drifts loudly from a house. A woman stands in the home's doorway, sweeping it while humming a jaunty tune.
15	Deeply cloaked figures pull a small cart laden with foul-smelling vegetables, through the streets.
16	A naked man holding a bottle of liquor is having a garbled argument with himself. It quickly turns violent as he begins hitting himself. He appears to be losing his own fight.
17	A man sits outside his house, slowly sharpening a knife as he observes the characters. He spits on the ground before getting up and with a backward glance at the characters, goes inside, slamming the door shut.
18	Children play a game, jumping over sticks laid on the muddy ground. They chant a horrific nursery rhyme involving night monsters that come to suck blood. They seem unaware of the rhyme's horrific content.
19	Passing by a ruined house, the characters smell rotting eggs. Ivy crawls along its remains. A pair of eyes glows from its darkened interior followed by a dog's threatening growl.
20	The wind blows past the houses, causing trees to creak angrily. A random character hears their name uttered on the wind in long drawn out syllables. The rest of the party hear nothing unusual.

SWALLOWFELD

The village of Swallowfeld stands hard against the turbulent waters of the Lonely Coast and the forbidding depths of a trackless, primeval forest. A hard, frontier place hemmed in by danger without and threatened by a lurking darkness within, the village is in dire need of doughty protectors.

SWALLOWFELD AT A GLANCE

Ruler: Sir Talek Annear, Lord Warden of the Lonely Coast

Government: Overlord

Population: 526

Alignments: LN, N, CN, NG, NE

Languages: Common, Goblin

Resources & Industry: Lumber, foodstuffs, furs, slate and tin

Named for the vast flocks of swallows found here by the first settlers, Swallowfeld is an isolated place, perched upon the very edge of civilisation. Pressed closely on three sides by the Tangled Wood's near-trackless expanse and bounded to the south by the turbulent, storm-flecked sea, the village is far removed from the decadent courts and thronged cities of its parent kingdom. It is a hard, frontier place.

Much of the surrounding territory is little more than wilderness. In places, humanity has hacked out small enclaves from the thick, brooding forests shrouding the multitude of rocky valleys running down to the Lonely Coast's towering, spray-drenched granitic cliffs. A swath of farmland, studded by occasional homesteads, radiates outwards for several miles from the village on a network of tracks and pathways that links Swallowfeld to the neighbouring villages of Oakhurst and Hosford. Few folk brave the trackless expanse and steep valleys of the interior leaving the village dependant on passing merchantmen and the trickle of trade flowing between villages for news of the outside world.

Swallowfeld is a frontier settlement; life is not comfortable or easy for those living there. Although the village of around 500 souls is primarily a human settlement, members of all the major races dwell within. Its folk are resilient and independent, well used to the hardships of borderland life. A few foul individuals, however, have turned to Braal's (NE god of hate, malice and revenge) dark embrace. Their machinations could soon cast an ebon pall over the community.

Small groups of pilgrims sometimes trudge through Swallowfeld on the way to the Darlenite Priory of Cymer. Darlen's faith has long since fallen from prominence and an aura of faded glory and neglect hangs over Cymer.

Swallowfeld's militia train regularly and Lord Locher's troops aggressively patrol the surrounding area keeping raiding goblins in check. The threat of marauders, pirates and slavers is ever-present, though, and there is always a need for those skilled with sword and spell in Swallowfeld.

SWALLOWFELD LORE

A character may know something about Swallowfeld, its history and surrounds. Determine how knowledgeable the character is and then impart some (or all) of the information below:

- Swallowfeld is the Lonely Coast's largest village.
- The village is famed for the Babbling Monolith—a magical stone that awakens once a year on the spring equinox.
- Children occasionally disappear in the surrounding woods.

VILLAGERS

Appearance: Swallowfeld's villagers are predominantly dark-haired and grey-eyed folk. Many are weather-worn—a legacy of much time spent working outside.

Dress: Villagers wear (often dirty and worn) homespun wool or linen clothes in a variety of boring, drab hues. Folk wearing more colourful garments are invariably richer than the norm.

Nomenclature: *male* Alan, Conan, Gawen, Margh, Peder, Ruan, Talek; *female* Blejan, Jenna, Kensa, Rosen, Tegen, Wanna; *family* Annear, Cass, Keast, Nance, Terrill.

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the population are nothing more than hardworking peasants. A few, however, are of interest to adventurers:

Beryan Teague (NG female half-elf fighter 3) takes her role as village protector very seriously. If not loved by the villagers, she has earned their respect many times over. She is a retired adventurer (whose past may soon catch up with her).

Jory Mayne (location 4; N male human wizard 5) drinks heavily and is a drunkard. His drink-fuelled exploits are the butt of many village jokes and anecdotes.

Kenan Dobell (LN male human cleric [Conn] 3) obsesses over the evil that could be lurking in the village. He is a pleasant, but superstitious, man.

Kitto Joliffe (location 2; NE middle-aged male human fighter 2) serves as the village miller and is a Braal cultist.

Maban Tangye (location 1; N male human) runs the Wolf's Head inn and obsesses over cleanliness. Welcoming to all he rents his rooms to anyone with coin.

Mellyn Vosper (location 9; N female human ranger 3) knows the near reaches of the Tangled Wood better than anyone else. Shy and quiet, she is the best archer and hunter in the village.

Melor Keast (LN male human) serves as the village reeve. Melor is too terrified of punishment to cheat the Lochers. Much of the populace dislike him because of his resultant unbreakable honesty.

Myghal Endean (location 6; N middle-aged male human fighter 2) lives above his smithy. He is a flirt and an incorrigible leech. Myghal is unmarried, lonely and craves a woman's company.

Sir Talek Annear (location 3; LN male human fighter 4) resents being stuck in Swallowfeld, and is obsessed with duty and honour. His is the son of a minor nobleman.

Sowena (NE old female human wizard 4) looms large in the village children's fears. She is a horribly scarred, more than a little mad and jealous of her privacy.

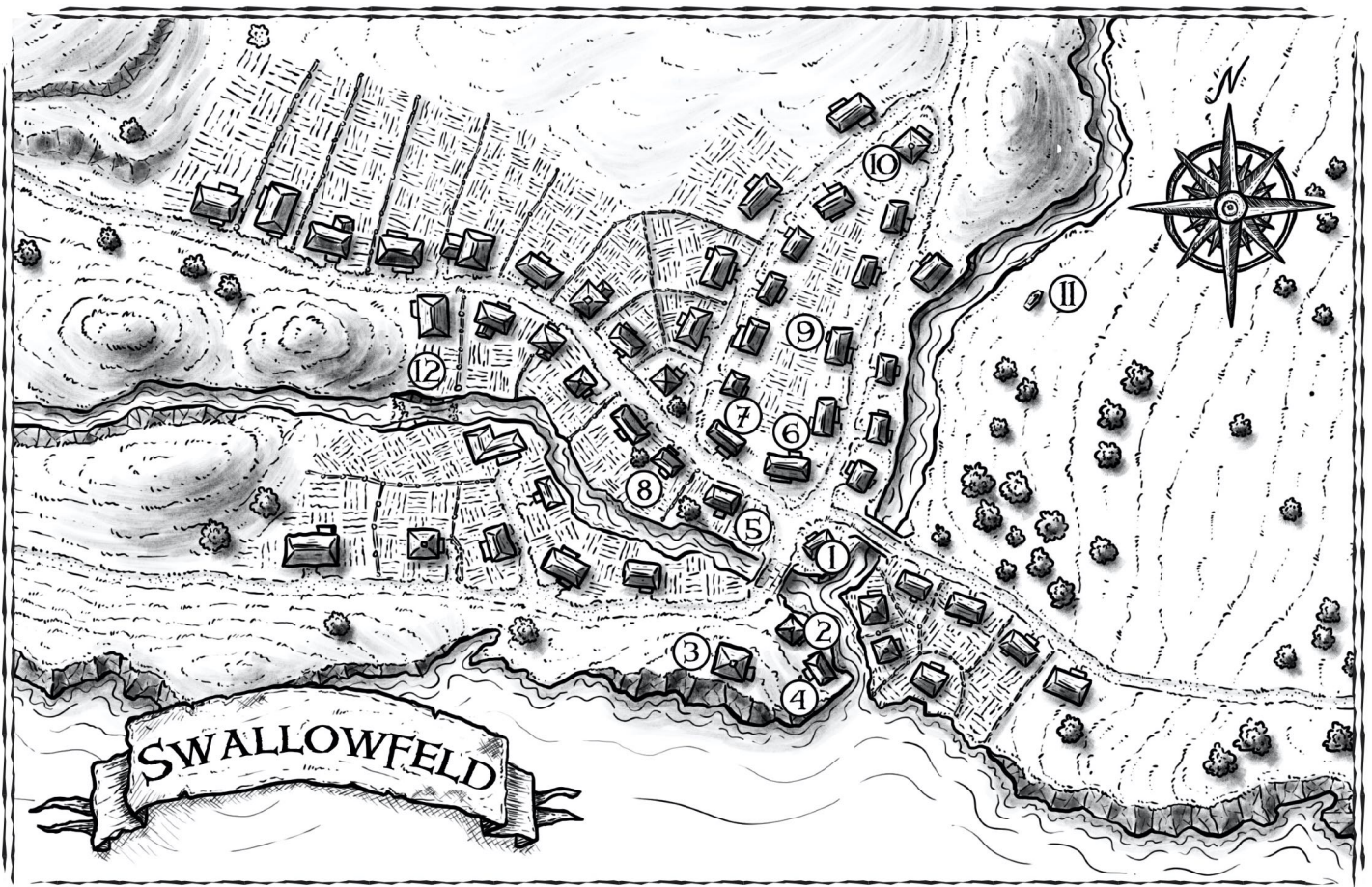
Tecca Joliffe (location 2; NE middle-aged female human cleric [Baal] 4) has delved deep into Braal's mysteries. A sadist she has not yet discovered the full depth of her depravity.

Tryfena: (location 7; N female doppelganger thief 3) infiltrated the village years ago and is quietly amassing a fortune. She has dealings with smugglers and other roguish characters.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Most of Swallowfeld comprises peasant homes. A few locations, however, are of interest to adventurers:

1. **The Wolf's Head:** The inn is the social centre of the village. Maban Tangye and his inquisitive wife, Bleja, know much of what occurs in the village. When the day's work is done, many of the villagers gather here to meet friends and exchange their news.
2. **Grist Mill:** Run by Kitto and Tecca Joliffe, the mill is the centre of a minor Braalite cult. The childless couple Kitto and Tecca are relatively rich and well-respected members of the community. Tecca leads the cult, aided by her morose, child-obsessed husband.
3. **Kerensa's Hold:** Built by the ferocious warrior woman, Kerensa Faull, a garrison commanded by the noble Sir Talek Annear use this small fortress to patrol the locality.
4. **The Crumbled Tower:** The drunkard Jory Mayne dwells within the Crumbled Tower. Heatless, writhing flames dance on the ruined tower's battlements. A moderately skilled mage, Jory is a slave to alcohol. Jory has a few magic items for sale.
5. **Church of the Father:** This simple building is the village's spiritual heart and home to Kenan Dobell—the superstitious, but well regarded, village priest. A small crypt lies below the church. Kenan has a few magical items for sale.
6. **Blacksmith:** Wind chimes hang thickly from the gables of Myghal Endean's home and smithy. Myghal lives here with his apprentice, but desperately wants a wife.
7. **Tryfena's:** Swallowfeld's trading post is the only place in the village selling finished goods of interest to adventurers. A stockade protects the trading post as does a motley band of six mercenary guards. Secret tunnels under the trading post hold all manner of illicit goods, brought here for safe storage by Wolverton's smugglers.
8. **Melor's House:** Here dwells the village reeve; his house is the most impressive in the village.
9. **Mellyn Vosper's House:** This small, impeccably kept house is home to the best hunter and archer in the village. Mellyn will serve as a scout and guide, for the right pay, and sometimes has particularly sharp, well-balanced arrows for sale.
10. **Sowena's Hovel:** The oft-shunned Sowena dwells in a ramshackle hovel at the edge of the village. She is widely thought of as a witch.
11. **The Babbling Monolith:** This magical stone awakens once a year on the spring equinox to babble bizarre prophecies about the coming days. The villagers have taken to indulging in a nightlong revel the night before.
12. **The White Fall:** The spray from this lofty waterfall often drifts through the village. A dry cave behind the waterfall provides a private place for lovers to meet.



EVENTS

Swallowfeld is a living, breathing society; things of local interest happen every day. Many of these have no impact on the exciting, danger-filled lives of adventurers while others can provide welcome relief or a minor diversion before the next daring trek into the wilderness. Alternatively, some seemingly minor events could foreshadow larger, more important events.

Once a week, check on the table below to generate a minor event of interest. Weave the indicated event into game play, introducing it in a logical fashion. For example, the characters may hear the confused shouts of several farmers carrying an injured comrade through the village to the church or may notice an approaching ship as they carry out a minor errand. Allow the characters to get involved if they so wish and gloss over events in which they show no interest. They may hear about other events over drinks in the Wolf's Head.

Characters helping to resolve the situation (if applicable) may make friends in Swallowfeld. If the event is important enough (for example, if the characters defeat a party of raiders), the characters may even come to the attention of Kenver Locher and be invited to Caer Syllan. While the majority of the populace are farmers with little wealth, even the poorest family can provide shelter, local information or other aid in return for the party's good deeds. Additionally, other locals with greater resources, such as Beryan Teague or Curate Kenan Dobell, may be more predisposed to offer future aid. Of course, characters ignoring calls for aid may find themselves ignored or reviled by the local populace.

D%	EVENT
01-05	Lord Locher issues a new law or desires the villagers to hear some vital piece of news; the reeve, Melor Keast, makes several proclamations throughout the village.
06-10	A local gives birth to a healthy child, which is cause for generally rejoicing. However, this news sends Tecca Joliffe into a frenzy of jealousy. If she can, she kidnaps the baby and/or the mother who are destined to take a central role in the cult's next blasphemous ritual.
11-20	A merchant dealing in small luxuries such as smoked meats and the like arrives in the village and sets up a stall in the village square; Tryfena is unimpressed with the newcomer's arrival and engineers a (nonfatal) accident for him.
21-35	A child goes missing in the forest or disappears while foraging along the cliffs. It could simply be lost or trapped by the tide, or there could be a more sinister reason for the disappearance (perhaps the Braalite cult has stuck again).
36-40	A villager dies of natural cause, such as illness or old age. The funeral is a few days later at the Church of the Father and is well attended. Kenan Dobell takes the opportunity to improvise a long, rambling sermon about the evil he fears is lurking in the village; ironically, many of the Braalite cult are present.

41-55	A minor accident involves one casualty. Perhaps a farmer cuts himself with a scythe or a rock fall injures or traps a miner. A character healing the injured villager gains a new friend.
56-60	A major accident involves up to ten individuals. Perhaps a fishing boat overturns, a cave-in traps a small group of miners or a building collapses.
61-70	A ship arrives at Swallowfeld. The vessel is likely a merchantman, but could also carry travellers. Alternatively, the vessel could be crewed by pirates seeking loot and/or slaves.
71-80	A brawl erupts over some mistaken insult or long-standing rivalry between two families. Such an event almost certainly takes place at the Wolf's Head but could happen elsewhere at your discretion.
81-84	A small pack of wolves or several bears appear near the village. The villagers organise a hunting party and invite the characters to help.
85	Travellers emerge from the forest. Such individuals are viewed with great suspicion, as it is almost unheard of for someone to survive a long trip through the forest.
86-88	A small fire breaks out in the village. One building suffers minor damage but no one is hurt. The fire could be an accident or a deliberate act.
89-90	A major fire destroys one or more buildings. The conflagration could trap one or more people and may result in their deaths unless quick action is taken.
91-94	A villager has an item of value stolen or is assaulted (probably by another villager). If the offender is identified they are dealt with at the next hallmote. If the characters are new in the village, suspicion inevitably falls on them.
95-97	Someone is murdered, raped or is the victim of another serious crime. If the offender is caught, the Lord's Court convenes. The crime upsets many of the villagers.
98	One of the villagers observes an adverse omen, news of which casts a pall over the village.
99	One of the villagers observes an auspicious omen, news of which cheers the villagers.
100	Humanoids raid the village. They damage one or more buildings and carry off or kill several people. The villagers beg the party to save those taken before the raiders eat or sacrifice them to their dark gods.

ADVENTURE SEEDS

Almost limitless opportunities for adventure lurk on the Lonely Coast. While many adventures await characters exploring the depths of the Tangled Wood or the many flooded mines piercing the nearby cliffs other adventures can occur in Swallowfeld itself. A selection of such hooks appears throughout Swallowfeld's location key, for your convenience.

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

Whispers and rumours swirl through Swallowfeld. Many are nothing more than gossip about a neighbour's business or indiscretion. Others deal with the machinations and actions of the Lonely Coast's great and good or the exploits of local adventurers exploring the Tangled Wood's shadowed depths. Still other rumours are more local legend and detail the peasants' commonly held views on a particular subject or locale.

A character attempting to learn the current rumours must spend 1d4 hours chatting and gossiping with the villagers (perhaps at the Wolf's Head) and spend 2d4 sp on drinks, gifts and bribes.

D%	RUMOUR
01-05	Sowena (location 10) is a witch. I heard someone say she's got a pet skull. She must be worshipping dark powers. Why doesn't Kenan (location 5) do something?
06-10	Bleja Tangye (location 1), landlady of the Wolf's Head, is a gossip—be careful what you say around her if you want it to stay secret. She is a good cook, though, and the Wolf's Head is a good tavern.
11-20	Kitto and Jecca (location 2) have been heard arguing again. Kitto wants a child, but after her son was stillborn several years ago, Tecca wants no part in it. She's been seen with Kenan Dobel a lot lately.
21-35	Tryfena (location 7) drives a hard bargain, but she can afford to—there aren't any other traders in the village, and few visiting merchants stay too long. If you want anything see her. If she doesn't have it, she's got contacts all over the coast who can get most things given enough time and coin.
36-40	Jory (location 4) is the most powerful user of magic in the village. He even has a few magic items for sale at his home—the Crumbling Tower (location 4). Watch out, though, the man's a drunk.
41-55	Beryan Teague has lived here for several years and does a good job keeping us safe. She is reticent over her past, but I've heard she's got a horrible black, claw-life scar on one shoulder. That can't be natural.
56-60	Watch out for Melor Keast (location 8); he's honest to a fault—but a bit of a coward—and will demand Lord Locher's fair share of any treasure you recover. If you don't pay, he'll just come back with lots of soldiers and take what is rightfully owed.
61-64	Wolf packs have been seen in the deep woods. Some of the wolves are bigger and cleverer than their fellows and can even cast magic spells.
65-70	Many vessels have come to grief on the Orestone. I've heard the rock is riddled with passages and chambers, some of which are decorated with alien, time-worn carvings. Good, sensible fisher folk give the place a wide berth.

71-80	Mellyn Vosper (location 9) is the best archer and hunter in the village. He knows the Tangled Wood like no other, and serves as a guide if the pay is right.
81-84	Myghal Endean (location 6) is the village blacksmith. He's a good blacksmith, but a horrible leech. If you've any women in your group he's bound to come calling eventually. The women of the village avoid him, whenever possible.
85	The goblins and half-goblins of the Tangled Wood hate each other. They are always fighting among one another—which is good for us!
86-88	The folk of Oakhurst are a queer, inbred lot given to worshipping strange, horrible powers. More than one travelling pedlar or wandering merchant has gone missing after being seen heading in the direction of that accursed village.
89-90	Talan's Bluff is the remnant of a hill fort of the Old People. A great slaughter happened there long ago and fragments of bones and weapons are still found there occasionally. During times of trouble, Lord Locher garrisons the hill fort, and sets warning beacons there, but such a duty is a virtual death sentence.
91-92	Deepwater Lake is very deep—no one knows exactly how deep—but it is said its cold, black water hides lost treasures of the Old People. Other people say something horrible lives in the lake.
93-94	Smuggling is rife on the Lonely Coast. The smugglers use hidden, inaccessible coves and old mines to hide and move their goods about. Wolverton is the centre of such activities, and Lord Locher has vowed to eradicate such practises.
95-97	The reeve of Bossin, Jacca Lander, is up to no good. Folk are unhappy at the taxes he is raising, but he's got a band of thugs who keep the villagers quiet. Lord Locher doesn't care as long as he gets his fair share of the taxes.
98	Nameless things skulk in the shadows of the Twisted Gorge and strange sounds emanate from its depths. It is said the Arisum's headwaters are particularly cold at the moment and that flickering lights have been seen in the ruins above the gorge.
99	It seems something or someone may once again be dwelling in the forsaken, blasted ruins of Arius's Watchtower. Lights have been seen among the rubble.
100	Figures have been seen skulking at night on the fringe of the woods to the north. They are never seen in numbers, although footprints have been found. Who they are or where they go is a mystery. They might be goblins, half-goblins, or something even worse! (In truth, these are Braalite cultists heading to their secret, blasphemous meetings).

NOTABLE LOCATIONS IN SWALLOWFELD

I: THE WOLF'S HEAD

The Wolf's Head is Swallowfeld's social centre. The building is a two-storey affair; one of the only such buildings in the village. A small stable block and barn comprise the three sides of a muddy courtyard. All are of local granite and slate.

The inn-keep, Maban Tangye (N middle-aged male human), a tall, thin and perpetually bearded man is an important person in the community, much respected by his peers. Slightly less well respected, his inquisitive wife, Bleja (N middle-aged female human), is famed for her overdone makeup.

A common room, small private dining room and kitchen dominate the ground floor. Unfortunately, while the private dining room has a heavy door to ensure privacy from those in the common room the room is directly above the cellar. If those using the room seem particularly suspicious or interesting, Bleja sneaks down to the cellar to eavesdrop before passing on gossip to her circle of trusted confidants.

- **Food & Drink:** Thin stew (1 sp), good stew (3 sp), roast chicken (5 sp), mug of ale (4 cp), mug of Old Man ale (brewed on the premises, 1 sp), pitcher of wine (2 sp).
- **Rooms:** The Wolf's Head has eight double bedrooms on the first floor. Five are of simple quality (4 sp per night) and three are of superior quality (1 gp per night). Guests can sleep in the common room for 5 cp per night.
- **Other Services:** Stabling costs 1 sp per night per mount. The inn's private dining room can be hired for 5 sp per person.

Daytime: The inn is quiet. Most of the villagers are hard at work in the fields or down the mines. The only people normally present are the Tangyes and the occasional lazy traveller. The Tangyes use this time to clean and tidy the common room and the various bedchambers, restock the bar and prepare for the evening.

Night-time: Their work done, many of the villagers head to the Wolf's Head to relax. Most arrive after dusk and stay for but a few hours. A few villagers play games of chance for pitifully small stakes, or sometimes a day's labour, while others talk quietly among themselves. Regulars include:

- **Myghal Endean** (location 6) drinks to ease his loneliness.
- **Petrok Lyon** (location 6) does not drink much, but tries to talk adventurers into hunting the goblins of the nearby forest.
- **Jory Mayne** (location 4) is often here in the evenings. If merchants or travellers from the kingdom are staying, he is almost certainly here, lurking in a shadowy corner.

Drunken Letch: Myghal spends most evenings at the Wolf's Head. Female travellers inevitably attract his attention. If Myghal takes a liking to a woman, he pursues her relentlessly. He finds excuses to talk to her and presents her with many small gifts of his own creation (wind chimes and such like). After a short while, he professes his love for her. If rebuffed, he takes it badly and takes to drinking heavily. If she seems taken with one of her adventuring

companions, Myghal provokes a brawl to show how tough and fearless he is in the mistaken belief this will impress his love.

Cadan is Missing: The Tangyes's eldest son was part of a patrol sent out from Kerena's Hold to patrol the road leading to the Priory of Cymer. The patrol is two days overdue and Bleja is

THE TANGYES

The Tangyes run the Wolf's Head. Happily married for over two decades, they are still very much in love. Maban is particularly liked throughout the village, but although Bleja has a close circle of female friends, jokingly referred to as "the Coven" by other villagers, she is seen as too inquisitive for her own good.

Three of the couple's four children—Jenna, Kevern and Kew (all N human)—work at the tavern. Their eldest son, Cadan (LN male human fighter 1), serves in the garrison.

MABAN TANGYES

N middle-aged male human

This bearded, grey-haired man has a long, drooping nose and thick, bushy eyebrows.

Cleanliness-obsessed innkeeper with an open mind.

Personality: Genuinely happy in his life and job, Maban welcomes all visitors. He is obsessed with cleanliness and spends a lot of time cleaning.

Mannerisms: Maban feels the cold terribly and consequently wears a fur cloak almost constantly. Bleja ridicules him in a good-natured fashion about this and the two often argue about the temperature much to the joy of those listening.

Distinguishing Features: Maban wears his thinning hair in an obvious comb over. Comments about this upset him greatly.

Hooks: A wandering mercenary spills a full beer in the taproom. An argument quickly escalates.

BLEJA TANGYES

N middle-aged female human

Wearing too much makeup, this woman's wide face seems almost frozen in place.

Inquisitive and friendly cook who enjoys a good gossip.

Personality: Bleja likes to know what is going on in the village and eavesdrops whenever possible. She also likes people to know she knows other's business. She is loud and friendly.

Mannerisms: Whenever relating another person's secret, she starts with, "Don't tell anyone, but..."

Distinguishing Features: Bleja does not willingly appear in public without her makeup. She is famed throughout the village for her terrible over-application of such.

Hooks: Bleja overhears another group of adventurers discussing their next foray into the Tangled Wood. She mentions it to the party in passing and acts surprised when she "discovers" they know nothing about it.



2: GRIST MILL

Although owned by the Lochers, the Joliffes have operated Swallowfeld's grist mill for decades. The Lochers allow the Joliffes to levy a small toll on those using the mill; consequently, they are relatively well off. Kitto (NE middle-aged male human fighter 2) and Tecca (NE middle-aged female human cleric 4) are arrogant and not well loved.

The Joliffes lead a small cult that either meets at the mill or in a hidden cave a mile or so from the village. They are responsible for the periodic disappearances of children foraging in the wood. Such events are rare and the two are extremely careful; thus, wolves or goblin raiders get the blame for these disappearances.

The cult meets once a month on the first night of the new moon. Tecca and Kitto have built the cult up to include thirteen like-minded individuals. Most of their ceremonies comprise little more than chanting and wild adulations. Tecca is very much in charge of the cult; even her husband fears her wrath.

Cultists' Lair: While exploring the surrounding forest, the characters stumble upon a small, hidden cave. While it is evident the cave has lain unused for some time, evidence of strange rituals and sacrifice abound.

Characters searching the cave find a half-dozen unmarked graves containing the heartbreaking skeletal remains of several children. Each clasps a few wild flowers (a last pathetic apologetic gift from Kitto). This discovery could be the first clue of something sinister lurking in Swallowfeld and may eventually bring the characters into conflict with the the Joliffes and their followers.

Strange Lights: The Joliffes meet several of their minions at night to discuss their next fell ritual. Characters out late at night, might see the groups flickering lights burning in the mill's upper floor and wonder what they occupants are up to so late at night.

3: KERENSA'S HOLD

This small castle occupies a commanding position overlooking the village. From here, the garrison of 30 soldiers have an excellent view of the Tangled Wood to the north and the ocean's turbulent waters to the south.

Led by Sir Talek Annear (LN male human fighter 4) the garrison protects the village and occasionally patrols the surrounding area. The soldiers are reluctant to enter the Tangled Wood, however, and only venture there in times of great need.

Two sergeants-at-arms aid Sir Talek in his duties. The two are a strange pair. The first is Gloriz Baxcral (LG female dwarf fighter 2) who seems the archetypal, if cunning, gruff dwarven warrior. The other, famed for his great anger and wilderness lore, is Feng Reterson (N male half-orc fighter 2).

Dead Brother: Word reaches Talek of the death of one of his brothers. The news sends him into a black mood. For several weeks, he sinks into a deep lethargy and drinks heavily before emerging from his chambers in a terrible rage. He takes to his horse and disappears into the Tangled Wood in search of enemies to slay. If left to his own devices, he will eventually encounter a group too large even for his puissant skills.

4: THE CRUMBLLED TOWER

Constructed of weathered black stone the Crumbled Tower predates the village by several decades. Now, the once imposing edifice is well past its prime; the top two floors have collapsed in upon themselves leaving only the bottom three floors habitable. Heatless flames yet writhe about the surviving battlements, illuminating the tower at night and giving it an eldritch air. The surrounding land has lain uncultivated for decades; weeds, gorse and several small copses of trees cluster close in upon the structure. Rubble litters the ground around the tower.

Jory Mayne (N male human wizard 5) lives here and has done so for several years. The villagers know him as a friendly, but magically powerful, drunk.

Spellcasting: Jory is happy to cast spells for adventurers (100 gp for a 1st-level spell, 200 gp for a 2nd-level spell, 300 gp for a 3rd-level spell, and the cost of any material components).

Items for Sale: Jory has a few magic items for sale:

- **Weapon:** +1 spear (3,000 gp).
- **Scrolls:** *Identify* (300 gp), *knock* (600 gp), *strength* (600 gp).

SIR TALEK ANNEAR

LN male human fighter 4

Immaculately turned out, this brown-haired and broad-shouldered man wears the clothes of a nobleman. A well-worn longsword hangs from his belt.

A nobleman and skilled warrior, Sir Talek is Lord Warden of the Lonely Coast and commands the garrison at Kerensa's Hold charged with protecting Swallowfeld and the surrounds. When not overseeing the garrison, or patrolling the Cliffway, he visits Wolverton to further ingratiate himself with the Lochers.

Personality: Sir Talek resents his older brothers and greatly desires to improve his standing. He seeks glory and fame wherever it is to be found, and chafes at being stuck in such a backwater village as Swallowfeld. A snob, he believes in divine right and the nobility's inherent superiority to commoners.

Confident and self-sufficient, Sir Talek has no patience for sloth, incompetence or indecision. Consequently, many of the garrison hate him. Sir Talek studies military history and has a small supply of such tomes in his chambers.

Mannerisms: Sir Talek either patronises or berates those of a lower social standing, dependant on his mood. To those of equal or greater station, he is unfailingly polite.

Distinguishing Features: Interested in old stories of military valour, Sir Talek affects the braided hair and drooping moustache of the heroes of old.

Background: Talek is the third son of a minor nobleman. Born into wealth and privilege, he hungers for a greater role in his family. Athletic, he chose war as a means of advancement. Having gained some small success in border skirmishes, Talek was sent to train with the Lochers.

CULTISTS!

Ostensibly, the murderous Joliffes are pillars of the community. Universally seen as a dour, joyless couple, most observers put this down to the tragedy of their stillborn son.

Kitto is a fourth generation miller, while Tecca is a native of Oakhurst come to the village after her parents were slain by goblins. The two were soon married, but found it hard to conceive a child. A decade ago, Tecca finally fell pregnant, but her son was stillborn. She has failed to conceive again and her rage and despair acted like a lodestone to Braal into whose fell embrace the couple fell. Tecca is uninterested in adoption; in Braal she has found her purpose and a child would only get in the way. This is a matter of much disagreement between the couple, and the subject of occasional blazing rows.

KITTO JOLIFFE

NE middle-aged male human fighter 3

Long hair and a drooping moustache frame the face of this dour-middle-aged man.

Joyless, the miller craves a son, and would adopt a suitable baby, if given the chance. After a raid by goblins or other marauders, he often appears ghoulishly interested in the fate of any children—particularly orphans.

Personality: The joy of life has long since faded for Kitto; in truth he is miserable. He worships Braal because he hates all those living happily with their children. Of the couple, Kitto would be easiest to pry from Braal's embrace.

Mannerisms: Kitto projects a smug and superior, but slightly miserable, demeanour to all but Tecca and his social superiors.

Distinguishing Features: The miller has only four fingers on his left hand; he lost the other in an accident four years ago.

TECCA JOLIFFE

NE middle-aged female human cleric (Baal) 4

Long brown hair tumbles over the shoulders of this attractive, buxom middle-aged woman.

Tecca plots suffering and death for her neighbours.

Personality: Tecca is abrasive and acts unaware of her elevated social status. In truth, she uses items—jewellery and clothing—to subtly underscore her relative wealth and position, and delights in getting her own way.

Tecca believes her neighbours should experience the same suffering and pain she has endured. She is patient, though, and works slowly to that end. She hates goblins and delights in slaying or torturing any she captures. She is a sadist who loathes and envies those lucky enough to have children.

Mannerisms: Tecca's perpetually purses her lips as if judging a person's worth. She never looks happy (except when worshipping her dark lord).

Distinguishing Features: Tecca wears an abundance of poorly applied makeup.

What Has Gone Before: Kerimar Serpent-Hair, a powerful wizard obsessed with the Old People and their ancient places of power, built the Crumbled Tower. Kerimar refused to swear loyalty to the Lochers when they claimed the Lonely Coast but did not contest their control of the area. The wizard has not been seen for fifty-odd years and is assumed to be dead.

The Crumbled Tower was shunned, until Jory settled within. Some braver villagers have chunks of the tower's fallen battlements in their homes; variant flame-like *continual light* spells still dance on such shards and are much valued as a source of free, unending light. Superstitious villagers, including Kenan Dobell, believe the rocks are cursed and views with suspicion anyone possessing one.

Newcomers in the Village: When a ship arrives at Swallowfeld, Jory spends more time than usual in the Wolf's Head seeking news from the sailors and merchants.

Afterward, he flees to his tower. Lights burn at all hours and strange, many-hued smoke rises from the tower's twin chimneys. Jory ignores any visitors during this time. He emerges several days later and acts as if nothing is wrong.

JORY MAYNE

N male human wizard 5

This corpulent man wears a wine-stained jerkin stretched over his immense belly. A goatee frames his mouth and thick, lank red hair tumbles over his shoulders.

Jory is well known around the village; the Tangyes (owners of the Wolf's Head) are particular friends of his as are many of the village children. Jory is on speaking terms with many of his neighbours (although they are in awe of his awesome powers).

Jory spends his days in his tower or sitting atop the nearby cliffs watching the ocean and composing terrible poetry.

Personality: Jory is friendly and open but only to a point. He evades or ignores questions about his past but is happy to talk to scholars about magical matters (preferably over a cup or two of wine as he is a borderline alcoholic).

The wizard loves to compose poetry and flowery literature, but is terrible at both. Sadly, he knows this and sometimes a great moroseness comes upon him when he realises exactly how terrible his work has turned out.

Jory loves children and uses his magic to entertain them; he views himself as their protector and would sacrifice his life in their defence. Anyone injuring a child feels his full wrath.

Mannerisms: Jory coughs incessantly and appears generally unwell in a nonspecific way.

Distinguishing Features: Jory is the fattest man in the village. His eyes are bleary and his hair unkempt.

Background: Jory came to Swallowfeld a decade ago and has never explained why he did so. (While an apprentice, he witnessed his master, and several other cowed figures, performing forbidden, blasphemous rites. Terrified, Jory fled to Swallowfeld hoping to lose himself in the frontier.)

5: CHURCH OF THE FATHER

A stout stone structure, the church is the second oldest building in the village. Inside, religious frescos decorate whitewashed walls. The entirety of the ground floor is given over to worship.

First Floor: The lone priest, Kenan Dobell (LN male human cleric [Conn] 3), dwells in chambers on the second floor. He has slowly transformed these rooms into comfortable apartments filling them with ostentatious, but faded, furniture and other comforts. Here, he maintains the village's records of births, deaths and marriages, storing them in his cluttered office-library.

Crypt: A small crypt lies below the church's altar; used to bury the priests of the church and devout villagers with the coin to buy a bier it is a cramped, cold and little-visited place. Kenan dislikes the atmosphere of the crypt and only visits it when he must do so to perform his duties.

Spellcasting Services: In return for a donation to the church (100 gp for a 1st-level spell and 200 gp for a 2nd-level spell, and the cost of any material components), Kenan is happy to cast spells for visiting adventurers.

MYGHAL ENDEAN

N male half-orc fighter 2

This muscular and hulking half-orc's eyes dart here and there, until the come to rest on the nearest woman.

An inept, but incessant, womaniser Myghal is lonely and desperately craves the love of a woman—any woman. Myghal is a blacksmith and one of the most skilled craftsmen in the village. He is also wealthy in comparison to most of the villagers. Sadly, his social skills do not equal his blacksmithing skills and so he lives alone with only his apprentice for company.

A relatively skilled warrior Myghal is one of the most dangerous folk in the village. He owns his father's battered weapons and plate armour and relishes the opportunity to use them. He trains enthusiastically with the militia (partly because he has not given up on a romantic liaison with Beryan and partly because he likes to show off) and the other peasants have grown wary of his great strength.

Personality: Although outwardly human, Myghal has his father's coarse, lecherous demeanour which makes him particularly unpopular with the local women. (Instead of seeing this as a character flaw, he sees himself as a man's man).

Mannerisms: Myghal rarely looks a non-hideous woman in the eye, instead casting his covetous gaze over her body. He knows he does this and is trying to stop, but can't help himself. When he thinks no one is looking, he likes to pick his nose.

Distinguishing Features: Myghal wears his hair in a topknot, in imitation of his father. He appears human, although his skin looks a little grey.

Background: Myghal's father was a half-orc adventurer who retired to Swallowfeld. Myghal's mother died a decade ago of a terrible wasting disease. Myghal had a deep bond with his father until he died of old age and is now intolerably lonely.

Items for Sale: Kenan has several magic items for sale (which he keeps in the crypt to safeguard from the attentions of light-fingered adventurers):

- **Armour:** +1 shield (2,500 gp).
- **Potions:** *Healing* (2; 400 gp).
- **Scrolls:** *Protection from evil* (300 gp), *slow poison* (600 gp).

Demon Child: A child exhibits magical powers (unexplained burnings, small items levitating and so on when the girl is nearby). Kenan decides demons possess the child (when really the child's sorcerous abilities are beginning to manifest themselves) and decides to fight fire with fire. He tries to burn the child alive, and the terrified parents beg the characters for aid.

Teaching Tecca: When the characters come to the church to speak with Kenan he is instructing Tecca Joliffe (location 2). She hangs around, trying to overhear the characters' conversation with the village priest.

KENAN DOBEL

LN male human cleric (Conn) 3

Handsome and clean-shaven this man wears the white robes of a follower of Conn.

Kenan believes in the forces of darkness and sees their insidious influence everywhere. Now middle-aged, Kenan has dwelled in Swallowfeld for much of his adult life. Popular with his flock, he is charismatic, and influential among the peasants who think highly of Kenan as he uses his divine powers for them without any demands for contribution to the church's coffers. He also acts as an unofficial arbiter in disputes between the faithful.

Personality: Kenan is devoted to his god and often holds impromptu sermons around the village. He is wildly superstitious and those commanding or using "dark magic" earn his ire. He fears and distrusts Sowena who he suspects of trafficking with dark powers. (Ironically, Kenan spends much time with Tecca Joliffe, believing he is comforting her in her ongoing grief. In truth, she uses these meetings to make sure he suspects nothing of the presence of Braalites in the village—Kenan suspects nothing.)

Mannerisms: When he gets excited (particularly when preaching), Kenan dribbles and spits.

Distinguishing Features: Kenan is handsome in a middle-aged, fatherly way. He is proud of his hair and always makes sure it is clean and tidy.

Background: The church forms the structure of orphaned Kenan's entire life; his earliest memories are of religious instruction. His is a life spent in service to his god.

Kenan arrived in the village a neophyte priest to replace the previous incumbent who had died of old age. To impress the locals, he alluded to noble origins and his lie has stuck; in truth, he has no idea of his parents' identity and fears the truth coming out. Lord Locher knows Kenan's secret and occasionally uses knowledge of it to force the cleric to do his bidding.

6: BLACKSMITH

This large, rambling building stands behind a wide, open courtyard. The workshop overlooks the yard; many wind chimes dangle from the porch, jangling gently in the sea breeze.

The smith allows anyone into his forge to barter for work; Myghal (N male human fighter 2) is a bit of a leech and although in peasant terms a catch (being comparably wealthy) his incessant and inept attempts at womanising have alienated all local, eligible women. He tries to ingratiate himself with female travellers, offering fast or cut-price work to worm his way into their affections.

His long-suffering, but loyal, apprentice, the slender and muscular Petrok Lyon (NG male human fighter 1), acts as impromptu matchmaker for his master if circumstances allow. He hates the goblins of the Tangled Wood for the disappearance of his baby sister and tries to talk adventurers into hunting down "a few score of the bastards." He offers to accompany any adventurers agreeing to his suggestion but Myghal—older and wiser—gets wind of his apprentice's plans forbids it.

TRYFENA DOBELL

N female doppelganger thief 3

Avarice and secrecy govern Tryfena's life. Living as a merchant Tryfena has dwelled in Swallowfeld for over a decade. Intelligent, and possessing a natural talent for accumulating wealth, she has thrived in the village. Ostensibly, she mainly deals with travellers and adventurers but on dark, moonless light smugglers and other rogues visit her compound.

Personality: Tryfena's main goal is the accumulation of wealth and she has little or no regard for anyone but herself. While she is not evil, she doesn't hesitate to do what she must to survive and prosper. She is also somewhat of a coward and relies on her mercenary guards to keep troublemakers at bay.

Mannerisms: Tryfena enjoys the use of sarcasm, employing it to belittle those who dare bargain with her.

Distinguishing Features: In her public form, that of a beautiful human woman, she is inordinately proud of her hair—which is always perfect. She wears several feathers in her hair, the colours of which are chosen to match her blue eyes.

Background: Arriving destitute on the Lonely Coast, Tryfena first traded in Wolverton, using her natural mind-reading ability to always strike an excellent deal. However, the bustling town was too busy for her tastes and discovering Swallowfeld's quiet, staid community, she purchased a ramshackle building and transformed it into her store. From her time in Wolverton she has contacts with several smuggling groups and such folk often store valuable goods in the secret tunnels below her home.

Note: Tryfena is aware of the Joliffes' true nature, but does not know of the terrible deeds they have perpetrated. She takes care not to cross them; actively avoiding them wherever possible and thus she has not yet learnt how far they have fallen into darkness. She has learnt, though, from reading the thoughts of another cultist that Braalites hide within the community.

Amorous Blacksmith: Myghal takes a fancy to one of the female characters. He often appears when she is at the Wolf's Head or other public place in the village. His unobtrusive stares and comments leave no possibility of misunderstanding his intentions.

7: TRYFENA'S

A stout wooden stockade enclosing the main building, a barn and numerous other storage sheds, protects the village's only trading post. Six surly and arrogant mercenaries (N male human fighter 3) protect Tryfena Dobell (N female doppelganger thief 3) and her wares. During the day, they play interminable games of chance or carry out menial tasks. At night, some frequent the Wolf's Head. Occasionally, trouble flares with off-duty soldiers from the garrison but nothing more serious than a bloody nose ever results.

Items for Sale: Tryfena stocks a bizarre mishmash of items—most things normally available in a general store are available here. She has a limited supply of weapons and armour available, but can send to Wolverton for special items. She charges between 20% and 30% above book prices for her stock; she knows she has a virtual monopoly on trade in the village and ruthlessly exploits it. Travelling merchants often suffer bizarre, but nonfatal, accidents while trading in the village and many avoid coming to Swallowfeld as a result.

Tryfena has the following special items for sale:

- **Special Mundane Items:** Silver holy symbol of Darlen (55 gp), sprig of wolfsbane (3; 13 sp each).

Hidden Tunnels: Five years ago, Tryfena hired miners to create a small network of tunnels under her compound. None of the miners survived their return journey to Wolverton and her mercenary guards know nothing of the tunnels (within which she stores her wealth and illicit goods purchased from the smugglers frequenting the Lonely Coast's many hidden coves and beaches).



8: MELOR'S HOUSE

Home of the village reeve, this is the largest and most ostentatious dwelling in the village. Most villagers believe he hides much wealth inside, but all collected taxes are held at Kerensa's Hold before being transported to Wolverton.

The craven and obsequious Melor Keast (LN male human) conducts essential village business in a chamber at the front of the house. Howel (N male human) his son is often present at these meetings as Melor endeavours to teach his eldest the "family business." If anything, Howel is even less liked than his father because of the boy's sudden, cruel temper.

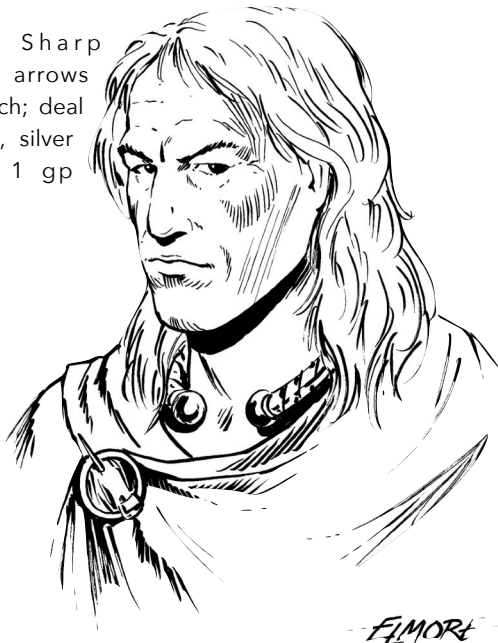
A Nasty Piece of Work: Melor's son, Howel, is a nasty piece of work. A bully who uses his father's position to terrorise the other local children, Howel finally pushes another child too far and receives a severe beating. The characters witness the attack; if they intervene, Howel demands they take the attacker to his father for punishment.

Pay Your Taxes: Melor Keast is responsible for collecting taxes and levying fines on those dwelling in the village. This includes adventurer-types temporarily resident in Swallowfeld. When the characters return from their adventures, Melor quickly seeks them out to request his lord's due share (10% of the total recovered) of their booty. If he does not receive it, he warns refusal to pay the tithe will have consequences (the confiscation by force of goods of double the appropriate value). Thereafter, he scurries off to Beryan Teague or the garrison at Kerensa's Hold for aid.

9: MELLYN VOSPER'S HOUSE

This simple dwelling is home to Mellyn Vosper (N female human ranger 3), a skilled tracker, hunter and bowyer and fletcher. The best archer in the village, she knows the surrounding territory better than anyone else. A quiet, shy woman, she finds solace in her self-imposed isolation. She is often asked by adventurers to guide them on their quests, but rarely agrees. Mellyn crafts exceptionally sharp arrows.

- **For Sale:** Sharp nonmagical arrows (12; 1 sp each; deal +1 damage), silver arrows (5; 1 gp each).



10: SOWENA'S HOVEL

Set at the very edge of the village, this partially collapsed building belongs to Sowena (CN old female human wizard 4). Neglect is evident everywhere; the front yard is hopelessly overgrown and the boundary fence leans drunkenly.

Horribly burnt and widely assumed to be mad, Sowena is shunned by most folk on the infrequent occasions when she emerges from her home to purchase supplies. Occasionally, children dare one another to sneak into the hopeless tangle of weeds surrounding her house to spy on the old woman. When she spots such intruders, she chases them away with liberal use of minor illusionary magics.

Sowena Goes Shopping: Sowena only occasionally emerges from her home to purchase supplies. When she does so, she is often the target of the village children. While they are too scared to actually get close to the horribly disfigured woman, they taunt her from a distance; the particularly brave ones hurl stones. Characters intervening do not earn her gratitude, simply

MELOR KEAST

LN male human

This craven reeve hides behind the power of his office. Because of the nature of his role, Melor is not well loved by the populace. No one, however, seriously wishes him ill and all are aware of his inflexible, but honest, nature.

Although he is unscrupulously honest, his father's morals were more flexible and so the Keast family has built up sizeable holdings in and around the village. Consequently, Melor is Swallowfeld's richest commoner.

Personality: Precise and punctilious, Melor is an inquisitive fellow who hides behind his title. He enjoys poking his nose into other people's business but is not physically brave. At the first sign of trouble, he backs off and calls for aid (either from Beryan, other nearby villagers or the garrison).

Melor is obsequious in the extreme to those above him in the social order. He is loyal to the Lochers, and because he is too terrified of being caught he deals honestly with all. (Much to the chagrin of the villagers, this renders him immune to bribery). He holds grudges indefinitely.

Mannerisms: Melor rubs the side of his nose when stressed or under pressure.

Distinguishing Features: Melor (and his family) dress in fine robes to underscore their status and rarely perform any form of physical labour.

Background: Both Melor's father and his grandfather were village reeve; Melor diligently continues the family tradition. Obsessed with status and position he occasionally brings his young son, Howel, with him on business so the youth can learn the family "trade." Sadly, the youth seems ill-suited to the role and this vexes Melor greatly for if the family lose the power and influence that comes with the position, their fortune will inevitably suffer.

garnering a hard stare and a tirade that she can look after herself. However, she does not forget their kindness and may offer them some small measure of assistance in the future.

The Polished Skull: Sowena keeps the bleached skull of her long-time tormentor hidden in her hovel and sometimes brings it forth to berate or lovingly caress (as her unpredictable mood takes her). A brave child—on a dare—creeps to Sowena's house and peeks through a window. He sees her stroking her "beloved" skull and his story quickly spreads through the village. Some of the hotter-headed villagers, led by Kenan Dobel, gather outside her house. Talk of witchcraft and a burning pass quickly through the fledgling mob. If the characters do not intervene, Sowena uses her powers to fight off the mob, with dire (and fatal) consequences for

SOWENA

NE old female human wizard 4

Much of this wizened old crone's face is withered by fire, and her left arm is missing below the elbow. Wisps of thin, snow-white hair poke out from under a dirty woollen bonnet.

Tragedy and suffering fills Sowena's life. The folk of Swallowfeld variously hate, fear or revile this bitter, old woman. She has no friends and few acquaintances (a notable exception to this is the merchant Tryfena who she almost sees as a friend and who she senses is also an outcast of sorts). Sowena only occasionally emerges from her hovel, and when she does she rarely has a kind or good word to say to those she meets.

Personality: Sowena is a bitter, old woman, crushed by the many hardships heaped upon her. She is not classically evil; she does not mercilessly destroy those who oppose her or mete out pain for pleasure. Rather, her treatment at the hands of the superstitious and frightened neighbours has compounded the mental damage inflicted by slavers in her youth.

Sowena is a loner; earning her trust is practically impossible.

Mannerisms: Sowena shuffles along with the aid of a staff, and often mutters to herself, shaking her head as if in disagreement with an unspoken provocateur. (Sowena believes the oar slaves she accidentally slew long ago yet haunt her and she constantly argues with them; in reality, she is more than a little mad).

Background: Sowena was born in Swallowfeld almost 60 years ago. At the age of five, the fast-advancing tide trapped her while she was exploring a beach. Swept out to sea she would have died if a slaving vessel had not fished her out of the sea. Its master kept her as his slave for the next two long decades and subjected her to horrific abuse.

Finally, she broke free, burning the ship down to its keel in the process and killing the crew. Unfortunately, all the other slaves—chained to the vessel's oars—also died; their screams remain with her to this day, but she does not regret her actions for she had her revenge and her fellow slaves gained a freedom of sorts. As a trophy, she took the head of her abuser and eventually returned to her home to discover her parents dead and her siblings gone.

many of its members. Such an act cannot go unpunished and the next day Sir Talek Annear arrests her. Shortly thereafter she is taken to Wolverton to await Lord Locher's justice.

11: THE BABBLING MONOLITH

Set on a hillside to the east of the village, the Babbling Monolith has seemingly stood since time immemorial. Wreathed in thick vines and ivy, the stone is the centre of one of the village's most anticipated annual festivals. (See "The Monolith Awakes").

Faded carvings and pictograms cover the stone's surface, but weather and graffiti have rendered them unreadable. A druid, or other character steeped in nature lore can—with careful study—discover the symbols are reminiscent of an ancient form of Sylvan. *Detect magic* reveals the stone radiates divination magic.

What Lies Beneath? A group of neophyte adventurers comes to Swallowfeld with the express purpose of digging under the Babbling Monolith to see if any treasure lies below the ancient stone. The villagers, led by Curate Kenan Dobbell, object to their plan and an ugly stand-off develops. Unless the characters intervene, blood may flow.

The Monolith Awakes: Every spring equinox, when the sun first strikes the stone, the monolith awakens. Most years, the stone babbles nonsense; occasionally, however, it spouts a cryptic prophecy about the coming year. In thanks, the village folk have taken to indulging in a nightlong revel, which culminates with the stone speaking to the inebriated villagers.

12: THE WHITE FALL

The Kilian tumbles down the hills to the west of the village to form the White Fall, a thirty-foot-high waterfall. In warm weather, children play here in the spray.

Year round inshore breezes blow the waterfall's spray into the village. This spray mingles with frequent, thick sea mists which periodically wreath the whole settlement. A wide, lofty (and surprisingly dry) cave pierces the cliff behind the White Falls. Lovers seeking privacy often use the cave.



LIFE IN SWALLOWFELD

Swallowfeld is peaceful, in the main. Sometimes goblins try to raid the village, but Sir Talek's vigilance, coupled with the garrison and burgeoning village militia means the village is largely safe.

The villagers rise early with the sun, work hard all day and end their toils at dusk. Some then drink in the Wolf's Head while others spend time with friends and family.

LAW & ORDER

By and large, the villagers of Swallowfeld are peaceful and law-abiding. Exceptions—particularly the Joliffes' cult and the duplicitous Tryfena—exist, but are not the norm. Two people—Melor Keast and Bryan Teague—oversee the day to day running of the village while Sir Talek Annear as Lord Warden of the Lonely Coast watches over the surrounding locality.

THE MILITIA

Once a month, Swallowfeld's militia train for a half-day under Beryan Teague's watchful eye. At full strength, the militia comprises 100 members, but this figure includes both very young and very old members who are even less useful in a fight than normal, healthy farmers. Twelve hunters (who serve as skirmishers and scouts) round out the force. These folk know the surrounding territory well and normally provide the village advance warning of marauders and other interlopers.

The militia is capable of hunting down woodland predators, such as bears or wolves but is incapable of offering all but the briefest of opposition to numerous, well-organised raiders.

TRADE & INDUSTRY

Most villagers are poor, possessing little coin. Consequently, between locals, barter is the preferred form of payment. Coins (normally copper and silver) rarely change hands and then only normally at the Wolf's Head or Tryfena's Trading Post.

Tryfena's Trading Post is the only place to buy and sell goods in Swallowfeld. Tryfena drives a hard bargain, particularly with adventurers or with those who can afford it, simply because she can. If she does not stock a required item she can order it, but it routinely takes weeks or months for such items to arrive in the village (unless they can be found in Wolverton).

If one requires weapons or armour made (or repaired) the lecherous smith, Myghal Endean is the man to see. A fine smith, but a man of base tastes, Myghal is happy to undertake commissions for adventurers and the like (but charges a small premium for such a service).

In general, prices in Swallowfeld for finished goods are 20% higher than normal. Items of no everyday use to peasants (including weapons and armour) and specialist adventuring gear are 30% percent dearer than normal.

The villagers engage in a number of trades vital to their survival. The most important of these is farming. Many also work in the mines (normally in the winter months) and several operate small fishing boats. A few brave individuals dare to hunt in the Tangled Wood, selling their wares to Tryfena Dobell (location 7).

Farming & Agriculture: The land surrounding the village is split up into three large fields which themselves are divided up into many different plots. Most families own small plots in all three fields, although the exact amount of land is dependent on the family's wealth. Each small plot is sewn according to the family's individual needs and so the fields give the overall impression of disorganisation and chaos.

Fishing: Several families own and operate small fishing vessels that trawl the closer reaches of Lonely Coast. There is a dangerous life as squalls and gales often appear with little or no warning.

Mining: The Lochers are the sole owners of the nearby slate and tin mines. All the villagers are required to work in the mines for fifteen days a year, although for some (normally the poor) the mines are their only source of work.

BERYAN TEAGUE

NG female half-elf fighter 3

Worry lines mar this attractive half-elf woman's face.

Entrusted by Kenver Locher himself with Swallowfeld's safety, Beryan takes her role seriously. The half-elf makes it her business to meet all newcomers soon after their arrival. She warns all such folk to keep the peace while in the village. Having once been an adventurer herself, she knows trouble follows such folk like flies drawn to offal. Thus, she takes a special interest in any new arrivals, spending extra time in the Wolf's Head to dissuade any alcohol-fuelled foolishness.

Beryan can call on the garrison at Kerensa's Hold in times of need. She also leads the village militia and has enacted a monthly half-day training program (which has proved unpopular with most of the levy) but which she sees as vital for Swallowfeld's security.

Personality: Stern, but fair, Beryan is a good teacher and a tenacious foe. She is ferociously loyal to her adopted home; the villagers' safety is her priority.

Mannerisms: Beryan weighs her words carefully and is abrupt in speech. She speaks forcefully and punctuates her points with strong hand gestures.

Distinguishing Features: A black claw-like scar mars Beryan's left shoulder. (The mark is a legacy of her escape from the Crypt of Ebon Nightmare; she does not display it willingly).

Background: Beryan came to Swallowfeld after a disastrous incursion into the Crypt of Ebon Nightmare ended in the death of her companions. Traumatized by what she saw, she has lived quietly in the village for almost a decade. Although the villagers now accept her, they do not love her even though her vigilance and skill has made the village a much safer place.

Hooks: Unbeknownst to Beryan, something dark has crept forth from the Crypt of Ebon Nightmare to revenge itself upon her. The thing has tracked her to Swallowfeld (drawn to her scar like iron to a lodestone), and begins to slaughter villagers. Beryan quickly realises what is going on, but tries to deal with the situation herself. Without the characters' aid, the creature eventually slays her after killing a dozen or so villagers.

SWALLOWFELD'S SURROUNDS

Swallowfeld is far more than the sum of its buildings and folk. Several features of interest stand in around and the village; most are part of village life but some conceal unknown dangers

Swallowfeld stands at the mouth of a small valley. To the west and east, cliffs rise steeply. The sheer, granite cliffs shelters the village somewhat from some of the worst weather battering the coast, except when strong inshore winds force heavy storm clouds directly over the valley. Abandoned and active mine workings dot the nearby cliffs. Occasionally steep and treacherous side-paths lead to desolate beaches of shingle and rock.

Small numbers of golden eagles and peregrine falcons prey upon the rabbits infesting the cliff tops and the large, raucous colonies of sea birds nesting below.

Two small rivers, the Kilian and Taran's Run, meet at Swallowfeld before flowing into the sea. Both rivers are tidal and at low water, the retreating waters reveal dark, viscous mudflats treacherous to those crossing them without the benefit of local knowledge. Stout wooden bridges span both rivers and the villagers moor their fishing boats at the rivers' confluence.

Taran's Run is a tributary of the Arisum; the cold waters of this fast-flowing river run all the way from the Twisted Gorge to the sea. Occasionally, the water bears the corpses of strange and terrible monsters or the mangled remains of adventurers downstream to terrify the villagers.

Hugging the Lonely Coast's high cliffs, the Cliffway links Swallowfeld to its sister-villages of Oakhurst, Hosford and Bossin as well as Wolverton. For much of its length, the Cliffway is little more than a wide, muddy track. It is the Lonely Coast's busiest thoroughfare, and it is rare to travel its mud-splattered length without encountering merchants, wandering adventurers, beggars, pedlars and the like.

Corpse in the Water: A fisherman spots a horribly battered corpse floating down Taran's Run toward the sea. Once recovered, the corpse is identified as one of Lord Locher's soldiers. A skilled healer can determine the man died in battle a few days ago. The man's death could be the result of a small skirmish between a patrol and a group of goblin raiders or could be the only clue to the whereabouts of a patrol now a full week overdue.

If Sir Talek Annear becomes aware of the characters' involvement or interest in the matter, he asks them to investigate by retracing the patrol's footsteps.

Tribal Gathering: Sir Talek Annear receives word several goblin tribes have banded together with the intention of sacking the village. As Beryan Teague gathers the militia and Talek sends to Wolverton for aid, the characters are charged with sneaking into the Tangled Wood to disrupt the impending attack. Their missions could include assassinating prominent tribal leaders, destroying supplies, gathering intelligence, slowing the goblins' advance and so on.



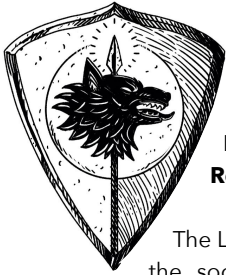


WOLVERTON

Wolverton rests on the rocky shores of the far-flung Lonely Coast. The mighty fortress Caer Syllan keeps a protective eye over its harbour which hosts ships from all over the world coming to trade for the precious metals and gems pulled from the nearby mines. A muddy, noisy place, Wolverton is home to hardy frontier folk eking a living from the earth while contending with half-goblin tribes, packs of shadow wolves and other monsters dwelling in the nearby Tangled Woods.

Although the town serves as Lord Locher's seat and the capital of the Lonely Coast Wolverton's muddy streets are far from safe. While regular patrols ward Wolverton and the surrounding villages from monstrous incursions, new threats rise to weaken the Lochers' iron-fisted grip. Merchants tired of high taxes and tariffs secretly plot to take power while in the streets smuggler gangs fight one another in a vicious turf war. Beyond these threats lurk even greater dangers. In a black stone tower, a vile necromancer plots his path to lichdom and the conquest of the Lonely Coast while a villainous monster secretly makes his home in the previously abandoned sea caves of Morveren's Galley. Thus, brave adventurers will always find a welcome among the folk of Wolverton!

WOLVERTON AT A GLANCE



Ruler: Therrin Bhule
Government: Autocracy
Population: 1,923
Alignments: LG, NG, LN, N, LE, NE
Languages: Common, Dwarf, Elven, Goblin
Resources & Industry: Farming, fishing, trade

The Lonely Coast's only town, Wolverton stands at the social and industrial heart of Lord Locher's domain. Protected by a high earthen berm, dry ditch and rambling stockade, the town and the attendant fortification of Caer Syllan are the safest places on the Lonely Coast.

Wolverton is a loud, malodorous place. Its muddy streets ramble along both of the Arisum's steep banks, straddling the river bank just north of where it widens into its estuary. Unfortunately, for the folk dwelling along the lower west bank much of the area is prone to flooding. Consequently, only the poorest and most desperate folk dwell there. Above the stench and detritus of the main town, the houses of a few well-to-do merchants and other wealthy folk perch upon steep-sided bluffs overlooking both Wolverton and the ocean.

No traditional thieves' guild controls the illicit activities of Wolverton's criminal fraternity. Instead, a loose confederation of master smugglers regulates their crews' nefarious activities so that none grows too powerful. Competition between the various crews is far from friendly; the bloated corpses of smugglers not skilled or lucky enough to defeat or avoid their competitors often wash up at low tide on the Arisum's steep, muddy banks.

Wolverton's docks are the pulsating mercantile heart of the town (and indeed the entire Lonely Coast). Without the constant flow of goods from more civilised states, life on the Lonely Coast would be all but impossible. A weekly market, held in the aptly named and flood-prone Water Meadow, provides an opportunity for local traders and merchants to sell their wares and an excuse for villagers to visit Wolverton. Such events are the social highlight of the week and are usually busy.

The worship of Conn dominates the religious landscape of the town but a small temple of Darlen (that doubles as the town's magistrate's court) stands in its shadow. Few common folk worship there but as the clergy act as the local magistrates the faith clings to some measure of influence.

WOLVERTON LORE

A character may know something about Wolverton, its history and surrounds. Determine how knowledgeable the character is and then impart some (or all) of the information below:

- Wolverton is named after the vicious shadow wolves dwelling in the Tangled Woods.
- Gangs of smugglers regularly dock at Wolverton.
- Merchants plot against Lord Locher to rule Wolverton and the Lonely Coast in his stead.

HISTORY

Over a century ago, a ship carried Lord Maban Locher and his retainers to the far flung Lonely Coast, a frontier area inhabited by ruthless tribes of monsters. Realising the rich potential for gems and precious metals locked within the region's cliffs, Maban set about colonising the area. Setting camp on the highly defensible Din Kershal, he soon faced his first challenge. Within a series of sea caves linking Din Kershal to the mainland, lived the fearsome witch, Morveren. While the details of Morveren are lost to time, it is told Locher and his men finally cornered the creature in her lair, slaying her and sealing whatever they found in there away. With the first threat to his plans defeated, Locher turned to the task of establishing his domain's first settlement.

While the building of Caer Syllan on Din Kershal progressed, those that came with Locher set up the settlement, at first nothing more than a small village, that would become Wolverton. Locher's second challenge came that first winter when an unnaturally organized group of wolves descended on the village. Three days the battle raged, as the leader of the pack seemingly directed the wolves' assault with something approaching human intelligence. The villagers, trapped in their homes fought back as best they could while Lord Locher led lightning quick strikes from Din Kershal before retreating. Finally, during a night of heavy snow, the wolves launched their final assault. During that epic battle, Lord Locher, despite suffering numerous wounds, slew the great wolf leader with his spear, the Locher ancestral weapon, *Eirmiir*.

Ten years after the Lochers arrived on the Lonely Coast, construction finished on their impregnable fortress of Caer Syllan. With Caer Syllan serving as a bastion against the depredations of pirates, more trade began to flow into Wolverton borne by the bright canvas sails of foreign ships. Meanwhile, soldiers protected the growing small town from the roving bands of half-goblins and wolves lurking in the Tangled Woods. It was during this time Wolverton's initial and quickly built wall was replaced with a new, higher stockade and the dry ditch deepened and expanded.

The criminal element soon emerged in the wake of Wolverton's rising prosperity. Smugglers docked their ships in Wolverton's natural harbour and set up their operations. At first, there was a rise in violence as the smugglers competed with each other before realising a truce was in their best interest. This truce has remained mostly intact since then, until recently.

TOWNSFOLK

Appearance: Men keep their hair and beards short while women often wear their hair coiled up in buns atop their heads.

Dress: Most citizens wear drab, earth and neutral tone clothing of simple tunics and breeches. Merchants wear lots of jewellery and belt their tunics with brightly coloured sashes. Jewellery is often simple, fashioned from semi-precious stones.

Nomenclature: *Male:* Alan, Conton, Deryan, Ferrin, Nory, Tendrist; *Female:* Camsyn, Dory, Keryan, Odrel, Yseld; *Family:* Ahearn, Bhule, Jewell, Negus, Varrin.

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the population are nothing more than hardworking peasants. A few, however, are of interest to adventurers:

- Alan Jewell** (location 27; LN male human fighter 3) serves Lord Locher as the capable and dedicated steward of the mighty fortress of Caer Syllan.
- Artolek** (location 1; CN male human illusionist 8) keeps his true appearance hidden by magic and shrouds his tower in illusions to add to his mystique.
- Beren Skewes** (location 21; LE male human thief 5) seeks a way to supplant the Lochers. Considered one of Wolverton's "nobles" he is the second richest man in town.
- Beryan Huln** (location 14; N male human ex-paladin 3) succumbed to his vices and now works as a smith creating statuettes and the like of a wanton and alluring nature.
- Cadan Manye** (location 3; LN male half-elf fighter 3/wizard 3) runs a general shop catering to explorers, adventurers and other foolhardy folk with his gnome partner, Cadan.
- Conton Willowpole** (location 18; CN male halfling fighter 2/thief 3) leads the struggling Crazy Sharks gang and tries to keep peace between Wolverton's smuggler groups.
- Digory Ahearn's** (location 22; LN male human) avarice knows few bounds. He is Wolverton's wealthiest and greediest merchant.
- Ebrel Menadue** (location 9; LN old female human) gives balls which are the lynchpin of Wolverton's slowly emerging moneyed aristocratic class.
- Enrist Negus** (location 20; LE male human wizard 3) serves as apprentice to Kargan the Red. He is a scrawny, troublemaker who feels his new powers elevates him above "common" folk.

WOLVERTON: WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Since settlers first arrived on the Lonely Coast, the ancient woodlands and deep valleys have long been famed for the number and intelligence of wolves stalking the area. These creatures are no ordinary wolves, imbued as they are with the Tuath's ancient druidic magic.

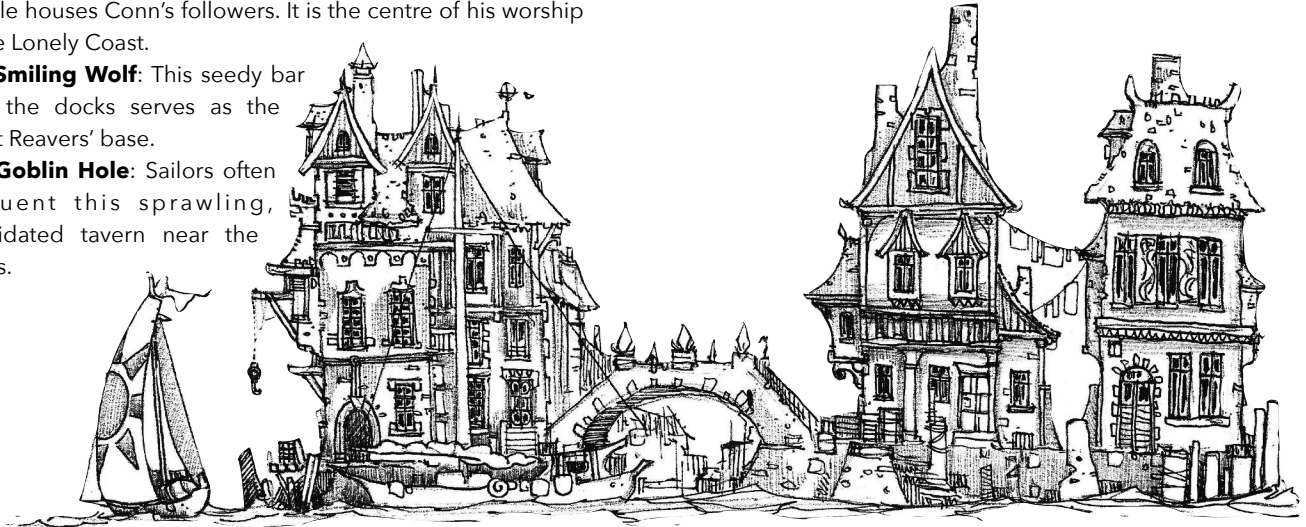
Since their arrival, the settlers have endured many attacks by packs of wolves driven from the surrounding forests by harsh winters and scarce game. The worst of these attacks came during the settlers' first winter when a huge wolf pack emerged from the forest. Led by a beast of uncommon strength and intelligence, the wolves fell upon the village that would become Wolverton in an orgy of bloodshed and death. The villagers met the wolves with spear and flame. For three confused and terrifying days, the wolves ranged throughout the settlement, breaking into homes and slaughtering all they found. During the final night of battle amid the bloodstained snow and gnawed, frozen corpses, the pack's leader died upon Maban Locher's legendary spear, *Eirmiir*. When it was finally over, the dazed survivors emerged from their homes to bury their loved ones. Scores of frozen wolf corpses lay stark in the fields and homes of the survivors and the fledgling town had its name.

- Eseld Negus** (location 20; LE female human fighter 1/thief 1) feels it is her duty to humiliate those who mock or disrespect her family. She is Enrist's older and bigger sister.
- Feradul Alwynnaith** (location 23; LE male half-elf wizard 7) seeks lichdom, is obsessed with death and the undead and craves dominion over the Lonely Coast.
- Galden Hearthtop** (location 15; LN male halfling cleric [Conn] 5) has a bit of dwarf in him—or so the rumours have it. Serious-minded Galden is Wolverton's first halfling high priest of Conn.
- Gio Varrin** (location 8; NG male human) endlessly tinkers and invents in his home workshop. He is the father of Hosford's current reeve, Pio Varrin.
- Gor Thunderhammer** (location 2; CG male half-orc fighter 4) owns The Hare and the Ass and brews a popular dark beer taught to him by the dwarven family that took him in and raised him.
- Hoff Stelde** (location 6; N male human) takes great pride in the River's Rest inn and tavern. He is a prim and meticulous man.
- Hols Nance** (location 11; LN male human fighter 6) keeps strict order in Wolverton as the captain of the town guard. This grizzled warrior's nickname is "No Nonsense Nance".
- Is't'sha'ka** (location 26; LE male spirit naga) recently took control of the Blood Weepers gang.
- Jory Veale** (location 13; N male human wizard 4) deals, along with his mute twin sister, Lory, in fortunes and divinations.
- Kargan the Red** (location 20; CG male dwarf wizard 7) prefers loud, flashy spells. He is boisterous and loud.
- Kiyana Yuellywn** (location 5; CG female elf wizard 8) crafts the best armour on the coast.
- Lord Kenver Locher** (location 27; LN male human fighter 6) rules with a stern, but fair, hand.
- Lory Veale** (location 13; N female human wizard 4) tells fortunes and performs divination—normally to find missing people and objects, with the aid of her blind twin brother, Jory.
- Melyor Vosper** (location 12; LG old female human cleric [Darlen] 7) serves Darlen as his High Priestess. Melyor is Wolverton's magistrate and is somewhat hardened by years of dispensing frontier justice.
- Pera Safaden** (location 21; NE female human cleric [Braul] 5) turned to evil through a curse. The former lover of Bossin's Jacca Landers she leads the infamous Night Reavers gang.
- Ruan Kersey** (location 3; NG male gnome thief 4) retired from "trapfinding" and now runs a general store with his former adventuring partner, Cadan Manye.
- Tamsyn Locher's** (location 27; NG female human wizard 1) arcane powers began to manifest at her 16th birthday, a fact she hides from her father. She is Lord Locher's headstrong daughter and only child.
- Therrin Bhule** (location 4; LN male middle-aged human fighter 4) serves as Wolverton's reeve. He is utterly loyal to the Lochers.
- Tillo Iwanda** (location 10; CN male human) owns Wolverton's first (and only) theatre. He is exotically handsome.
- Zar the Mangler** (location 21; CE male half-orc fighter 4/thief 4) grew up among the town's poorest folk. His nature makes him the perfect puppet for Is't'sha'ka's as apparent leader of the Blood Weepers gang.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Most of the town comprises peasant homes. A few locations, however, are of interest to adventurers:

1. **Artolek's Tower:** The illusionist, Artolek, dwells in this tower whose appearance constantly shifts to suit his whim.
2. **The Hare and the Ass:** The tavern has few rooms; locals crowd its large tavern room for its fairly priced meals and ales.
3. **Kersey and Mayne:** This shop specialises in travel and adventuring equipment. It is popular with heroes and the like. Minor magic items can sometimes be found for sale here.
4. **Therrin Bhule's Manor:** Wolverton's reeve, Therrin Bhule, dwells here. Therrin is famed (or reviled depending on one's view) for his loyalty to the Lochers.
5. **Kiyana's Armour Shop:** The elf Kiyana fashions and repairs armour in the workshop attached to her shop. She is tremendously skilled and can craft magic armour.
6. **The River's Rest:** This pleasant inn and tavern catering to outsiders stands on the Arisum's east bank.
7. **Cemetery:** Wolverton's dead lie interred in mausoleums, here.
8. **Gio Varrin's House:** The inventor and tinkerer Gio Varrin creates strange wonders in his home.
9. **White Cliffs:** Wolverton's elite build their homes on the steep bluffs overlooking the ocean.
10. **The Moonlight Knavery:** Wolverton's only (open air) theatre put on plays and comedies all year round. Its exotic proprietor, Tillo Iwanda, is popular with the ladies.
11. **Wolverton Jail:** Wolverton confines its criminals in this well-maintained and well-garrisoned prison.
12. **Justice of the Light:** This small temple dedicated to Darlen also serves as Wolverton's courts.
13. **The Veale House:** Twin witches, one mute, one blind, divine fortunes from their home.
14. **Beryan's Forge:** The ex-paladin Beryan runs Wolverton's most prosperous smithy, and is renown for his ornate metal sculptures of fantastical creatures and titivating women.
15. **Fellowship of Friendship:** This stout, richly appointed temple houses Conn's followers. It is the centre of his worship of the Lonely Coast.
16. **The Smiling Wolf:** This seedy bar near the docks serves as the Night Reavers' base.
17. **The Goblin Hole:** Sailors often frequent this sprawling, dilapidated tavern near the docks.



18. **The Golden Turnip:** This dicing hall and brothel hides the activities of the Crazy Sharks gang.
19. **Water Meadows:** Wolverton's weekly market takes place here in this often flooded field.
20. **Kargan's Manse:** The fiery evoker Kargan the Red lives in this stout tower.
21. **Beren Skewes's Warehouse:** Skewes' warehouse serves as the hideout for the wicked Blood Weepers gang.
22. **Ahearn's Emporium:** This well to do shop serves the general populace of Wolverton. Its owner, Digory Ahearn, despises his rival Beren Skewes.
23. **Feradul's Tower:** The secluded necromancer Feradul plots of conquering the Lonely Coast from this dark stoned tower. He is often in need of adventurers to secure various things for his foul researches.
24. **Docks:** Wolverton's docks are always a riotous collection of noise, sights and smells. Merchant vessels and fishing boats jostle for position in this natural harbour.
25. **Din Kershal:** A narrow ridge of rock connects this heavily defended stony promontory to the mainland. The reputedly impregnable fortress of Caer Syllan stands upon Din Kershal.
26. **Morveren's Galley:** A network of (tidal) caves riddles Din Kershal. Various rumours circulate about what foul things lurk within; not everyone who enters the caves reemerges.
27. **Caer Syllan:** The Lochers' castle rests on the western end of Din Kershal. Caer Syllan serves as the Locher's family seat.
28. **The Arisum:** Flowing from under the Tangled Wood's shaded boughs this river divides Wolverton almost in half.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS BY TYPE

Inns: The Hare and the Ass, the River's Rest

Taverns: The Goblin Hole, the Golden Turnip, the Smiling Wolf

Homes: Artolek's tower, Feradul's tower, Gio Varrin's house,

Kargan's Manse, Therrin Bhule's manor, the Veale house

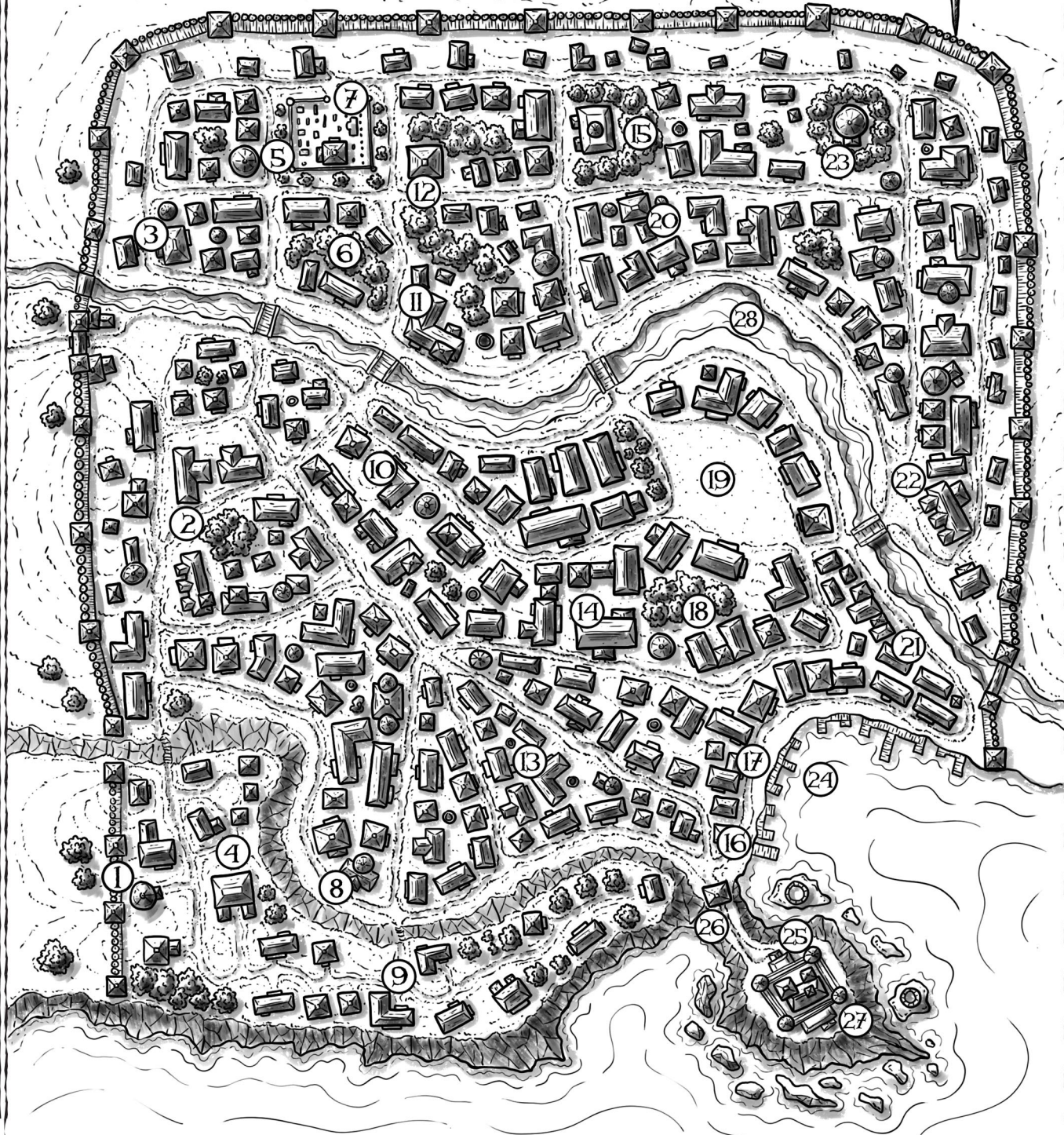
Businesses: Ahearn's Emporium, Beryan's Forge, Kersey and

Manye, Kiyana's Armour Shop, the Moonlight Knavery

Fortifications: Caer Syllan, Din Kershal

Temples: Fellowship of Friendship, Justice of the Light

WOLVERTON



MINOR LOCALES

Use the tables below to generate the names of the minor locations the characters visit during their stay in Wolverton.

PUB & TAVERN NAMES

D20 NAME	D20 NAME
1 Rat and Ferret	11 Hole in the Wall
2 Two Bells	12 Waterman's Arms
3 Snooty Badger	13 Countryhouse
4 Coopers	14 Rising Sun
5 Boar's Head	15 Star Tavern
6 Dryad's Arms	16 Nag's Head
7 Hope and Grapes	17 Five Stars
8 Vilimzair and Kraken	18 Goat & Basilisk
9 Bell and Dragon	19 Beardless Dwarf
10 White Swan	20 Headless Bard

BUSINESS NAMES

D20 NAME	D20 NAME
1 Ardolf's Emporium	11 Sleeping Blade
2 Arches, the	12 Complete Outfitters
3 Kivutar's	13 Bell & Whistle
4 Able Isto's Metalworks	14 Dog's Life
5 Swords & Daggers	15 Kalervo's Outfitters
6 Jegor's Goldsmiths	16 Kari & Saara's
7 Trader Sohvi's	17 House of Bargains
8 Vilina's Acquisitions	18 Juggling Dog
9 Anything & Everything	19 Sun & Moon
10 Adventurer's Backpack	20 Niko Hirvi's

RANDOM URBAN FEATURE NAMES

D20 NAME	D20 NAME
1 Old Oak	11 Old Mill
2 Elsa's Chapel	12 Nine Elms
3 Steps, the	13 Slumbering Dragon
4 Elle's Mere	14 Black Chapel
5 White Tower	15 Stretched Neck Corner
6 Cartmeet	16 Stinks, the
7 Dulstone	17 Bleak Home
8 Bald Man's Corner	18 Wuthering Head
9 Windy Hill	19 Greenway
10 Chuffy's Rock	20 Wolfway

ALLEY & LANE NAMES

D20 NAME	D20 NAME
1 Dagger Alley	11 Church Way
2 Cutpurse's Way	12 Cock Lane
3 Muddy Alley	13 Cross Keys
4 Smelly Alley	14 Swallow Way
5 Old Man's Lane	15 Gutter Lane
6 Witch's Way	16 Hood Court
7 Blind Man's Passage	17 Love Lane
8 White Hart Lane	18 Pudding Lane
9 Puddle Lane	19 Rose Alley
10 Angel's Lane	20 Skinner's Alley

ROAD & STREET NAMES

D20 NAME	D20 NAME
1 Ironmonger's Street	11 St. Chuffy's Way
2 Riverside	12 Short Street
3 Elm Court	13 Four Barrels Walk
4 Chapel Way	14 Tower Hill Way
5 Brandwood Road	15 Vintner's Street
6 Falcon Street	16 Wormwood Street
7 Ford Street	17 Old Noble's Street
8 Duke's Street	18 Priestwell Road
9 Waterman's Walk	19 Cemetary Junction
10 Carter's Street	20 Half Moon Way

COURTYARD & SQUARE NAMES

D20 NAME	D20 NAME
1 Bard's Court	11 Preacher's Corner
2 Square of the Lions	12 Abbey Square
3 Broken Column Place	13 Three Lions Square
4 St. Noora's Square	14 Knight's Place
5 Market Green	15 Two Bridges
6 Sohvi's Place	16 Poorhouse Place
7 Old Market	17 Pakkanen's
8 New Market	18 Red House
9 Primrose Square	19 St. Tuomo's
10 Hangman's Place	20 The Exchange

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

While in Wolverton, a character may hear one or more rumours.

D%	WHISPERS & RUMOURS
01-02	Lord Locher needs adventurers to clear the area around Deepwater Lake so he can found a new village.
03-04	Strange things happen around Lord Locher's daughter, Tamsyn; she's rarely seen in public, now.
05-06*	The witch, Morveren, lives! She kidnaps naughty children at night and spirits them away.
07-08	Pera Safaden recently visited the temple of Conn. When she left, she looked angry.
09-10*	The ladies like Tillo Iwanda. They say a faraway king put a bounty on his head for stealing away his queen.
11-12	A fisherman saw something lithe and black dive from Morveren's Galley into the water.
13-14	Digory Ahearn's daughter, Jenna, eloped with the Skewes boy. Digory's been trying to track her down but he's had no luck.
15-16	Hols Nance is grimmer than usual. He worries about "dark shadows slipping into town."
17-18*	Never visit Artolek uninvited. Those who do wander forever in the maze hidden in his tower.
19-20	Kargan the Red wants to open a magical academy. He can't even control his one apprentice!
21-22	The Veale twins are an odd pair. They often talk to a third sibling who isn't even there.
23-24	Feradul seeks heroes to explore Arius's Watchtower.
25-26	Gor brews the best dwarven beer and he's not even a dwarf! This annoys his dwarven customers.
27-28*	Therrin Bhule is plotting with Beren Skewes to overthrow Lord Locher.
29-30	Alan Jewell's been consulting with Wolverton's resident wizards about accursed Oakhurst.
31-32	That so called "wizard," Enrist, and his bully sister are always looking for a fight.
33-34	Late at night, I saw a half-goblin in Wolverton!
35-36	Beren Skewes is always interested in employing those with certain "talents."
37-38	Feradul slinks around the graveyard at night.
39-40*	The Veale twins are descended from Morveren and they curse people they don't like.
41-42	Explosions often come from Gio Varrin's house. What is that crazy old man working on now?
43-44	Some of Conn's clergy aren't happy with having a halfling high priest.
45-46	Kiyana is a great armourer but she makes her best armour only for those she considers friends.
47-48*	A shadow wolf is loose in town!

49-50	Tillo Iwanda wants Artolek the illusionist to assist him in presenting a new performance for his theatre.
51-52*	The watch commander, Hols Nance, and the high magistrate, Melyor Vosper, are lovers.
53-54	Melyor Vosper won't rest until she has eradicated corruption in Wolverton. She hates Beren Skewes.
55-56	Beryan is in love with that elf lady in town but too shy to court her. That's why he is drinking again.
57-58	The town guard is keeping an eye on the graveyard; someone is stealing corpses.
59-60	Hoff Stelde is a bit of a cold fish but if you have a lot of coin or a bit of fame, he warms right up.
61-62*	Lord Locher's rarely seen daughter is a hideous, deformed creature—some even say she's a demon.
63-64	No one talks about it, but Pera Safaden and that gloomy wizard, Feradul, used to adventure with Jacca Landers, the reeve of Bossin.
65-66	The soldiers report they've been seeing lone half-goblins close to Wolverton. What are they up to?
67-68	Beren Skewes was seen at the Goblin Hole last night.
69-70	The merchants are pressuring Lord Locher to remove Bhule as reeve and institute a merchant's council.
71-72	Ruan Kersey retired from adventuring after losing his lover during an adventure.
73-74*	Kargan is going to challenge Feradul to a duel!
75-76	Gio Varrin is working on an invention that might work!
77-78	Melyor Vosper wants to crack down on the local smugglers but lacks the necessary manpower.
79-80	Enrist Negus has been spending time with the Blood Weepers. That can't be good.
81-82	The work on the jail is going poorly. The merchants keep raising the prices of building materials.
83-84	Cadan Manye keeps a special stash of magic items for sale to special customers.
85-86	I heard some dwarves talking about how to steal Gor Thunderhammer's beer recipe.
87-88*	I saw Artolek's true face—he is one of those dark skinned elves from the Ebon Realms.
89-90	Pera Safaden once saved me from being robbed; she's not as bad as people say.
91-92	More corpses float in the Arisum as the Night Reavers and Blood Weepers settle old scores.
93-94	Lady Menadue is planning a party but only the rich are invited. She's always looking for extra security.
95-96	A young girl has been asking about magic. Why doesn't she visit one the wizards living here?
97-98	Many people think we'd be better with the merchants instead of Lord Locher running things.
99-100*	Alan Jewell, Locher's steward, is an evil magician that uses his powers to enslave Lord Locher!

*False rumour.

SIGHTS & SOUNDS

A thriving frontier town, Wolverton's muddy streets are always a lively place.

D%	SIGHTS & SOUNDS
01-02	Sailors scramble to unload crates from a recently arrived galley under a merchant's stern gaze. He screams in fury as a barrel slips off the gangplank, plunging into the water.
03-04	A large, reptilian creature crawls along Artolek's Tower, howling in rage (as <i>spectral force</i>) while people look on delightedly.
05-06	A wagon with a busted wheel holds up traffic along one of the bridges spanning the Arisum. Irate cries ring out from the wagon travelling behind it.
07-08	A group of people crowd outside the magistrate court. They are having a heated argument about taxes being raised. They lower their voices, though, when two guardsmen wander by.
09-10	A family floats makeshift paper boats down the Arisum. Perceptive characters spot a body floating face down in the river nearby. If they try to recover the body, it disappears before they reach it.
11-12	At the Moonlight Knavery theatre, a man announces the new performance of "I Loved a Dragon of a Man" begins within the hour.
13-14	A strong smell of incense wafts from a small house. Closer inspection shows a small, dirty sign above the door depicting an open eye surrounded by arcane markings. Perceptive characters notice most passersby keep away from the door.
15-16	A patrol of four stern-faced town guardsmen march down the street determinedly. A woman wearing the flowing white robes of a Darlenite follows them. The five seem alert, and ready for trouble.
17-18	A horse-drawn carriage speeds by, splattering bystanders with mud. A group of children dart out of its way as it passes by recklessly, heading for a series of high bluffs dotted with houses.
19-20	A group of deeply tanned sailors stumble out of an inn, obviously drunk. One of them retches on the ground before passing out. His fellows, laughing, abandon him to his rest.
21-22	A man drives a noisy herd of goats before him, heading for Caer Syllan. He argues with the guards at its outer stone ward before they begrudgingly raise the portcullis and allow him access.
23-24	An argument erupts between two men in scholarly robes wearing the holy symbol of Conn. Heatedly, they begin to debate a point of law dealing with inheritance, both men shoving books in each other's faces to make their point.
25-26	A group of children engage in a mudball fight before an adult arrives to scold them. The children are grinning, and covered in mud.
27-28	Mailed soldiers escort a manacled half-goblin through the streets. One of its eyes is closed and blood stains its tattered clothes. The soldiers appear to be headed to Din Kershal.
29-30	A woman beats the dust out of a rug hung on a line while her children play in the mud at her feet, rolling around in it like pigs.
31-32	The hiss of hot steel hitting water mingles with the clangour of hammers on anvils as smoke billows forth from forges in an open air smithy. A soot-covered man mops his head with a rag.
33-34	A man, his head and arms locked in stocks calls loudly for a drink followed by a proclamation of his innocence. A barrage of rotted vegetables assails him, thrown by a raggedy old woman and her brood of dirty children.
35-36	A group of skinny children run along a shingle beach during low tide on Din Kershal. They carry bags with them, looking for washed up treasure amongst the driftwood and heaped clumps of seaweed.
37-38	The smell of salt and fish suffuses the air near the docks as a fishing boat unloads the day's catch. A cat suddenly pounces and makes off with one of the smaller fish.
39-40	Merchants haggle over a bolt of silk at a stand when one of them, offended, suddenly scoops up mud and flings it at the other.
41-42	A small boy at a stall calls out, "Fresh fish soup—the best in all of Wolverton!" He then pours a small bowl of the thin gruel for a customer, a thin old man with a pronounced limp who flashes a completely toothless smile before hobbling away.
43-44	The smell of cooked lamb and potatoes wafts appetizingly from a tavern with a sign depicting a rabbit and donkey. The door opens as someone leaves, letting the sound of warm laughter and a bard's voice raised in song drift outside.
45-46	Folks gather around a dwarf with a bristling red beard in front of a well-appointed house. With a grin, the dwarf speaks words of magic before launching a ball of fire high into the air. The ball explodes in a shower of harmless sparks which delights the crowd of onlookers who enthusiastically cheer the display.
47-48	Workers load crates and barrels onto a flat bottomed river barge in the Arisum. A whiff of exotic spices hangs in the air for a brief moment as one of the crates is loaded.
49-50	A small funeral procession winds its way through town. A Connite, swinging a censer filled with thick incense, leads the group towards a cemetery filled with towering mausoleums.

51-52	A man stumbles about as if drunk, pushing through the crowd of people. He collapses onto his knees for a moment before pitching forward into the muddy street, a dagger sticking from his back. A perceptive character spots a red tear tattooed under the man's right eye.	77-78	Pedestrians clamber over narrow, crooked foot bridges criss-crossing the Arisum. Below, a flat-bottomed river barge barely makes it under one of the teetering bridges as it passes below.
53-54	Townfolk lay down wooden boards to serve as makeshift walkways due to the Arisum recently flooding the western half of Wolverton.	79-80	Barefoot women walk through the muddy streets, baskets of laundry held high, heading towards the Arisum where a number of other folk busily wash clothes in the river.
55-56	A perceptive character notices an older halfling slip a town guardsman a small pouch. The guardsman takes a quick look around before pocketing the pouch and moving on.	81-82	Seagulls caw greedily as they swoop on piles of refuse piled between the narrow, cramped buildings along the docks. The smell of rotting fish taints the still air, while beyond, the sea drifts lazily at low tide.
57-58	A pair of grizzled hunters carry the carcass of a shadow wolf on a pole down the street, heading towards a building giving off the acrid smell of a tannery.	83-84	Workers mill about Wolverton jail, hammers at work as they construct scaffolding to erect the first wall of what appears to be a new wing. A prisoner yells invectives at the workers from behind a barred window. They ignore the man who—emboldened by their indifference—hurls ever more colourful insults.
59-60	An exotically dressed merchant, his well-oiled moustache teased into an unusual shape, steps down from a gangplank, followed by his equally exotic guards. A Wolverton merchant greets the foreigner in a strange language.	85-86	Private guards escort a group of richly dressed townfolk towards a paved road that winds up a set of steep sided bluffs where a row of houses perch glowing red in the sun.
61-62	Town guardsmen on a small, flat bottomed raft use poles in an attempt to fish a corpse out of the water. The strong current keeps moving the corpse away from them as they drift further downstream.	87-88	The rich smell of cooked crab and warm bread wafts invitingly from a pleasant two-storey inn sitting on the eastern bank of the Arisum. A servant diligently washes even the slightest smudge off its clear glass windows.
63-64	Merchants argue loudly in the Water Meadows, one of them trying to forcibly move his neighbour's stall with little luck. Customers ignore both merchants—thus they both lose out.	89-90	A beggar picks through a pile of refuse behind a tavern, holding up discarded wine flasks in the hopes of getting a drop before tossing them away. A town guardsman passes by him without even a glance at the homeless drunk.
65-66	A clamour arises as a man in freshly polished, silvery full plate tumbles and falls into a nearby merchant's stall, spilling fruit and vegetables. The man kicks his armoured legs and waves his arms futilely in an effort to stand up.	91-92	A merchant sits behind a stall, weighing small silver nuggets against a stack of foreign coins on a large set of scales while an exotically dressed woman, a large snake wrapped over her shoulders, looks on with a bored expression.
67-68	A horn blows a loud, long note. With a groan of protest, the portcullis protecting Caer Syllan rises and a group of mailed soldiers on horseback thunder out. Townfolk scramble to get out of the way.	93-94	People mill noisily around a large, open air market, haggling at numerous merchant stalls while the delicious smells of fish and crab stew drift in the air. A bard plays a jaunty tune on a wooden flute while another juggles burning torches. A fearsome looking half-orc grins as he taps a keg of golden brown beer.
69-70	Small fishing boats sail towards Wolverton, avoiding the wake of a larger ship, bearing a flag of a distant country heading into port.	95-96	Loud whistling noises and something sounding like a small explosion erupt from a large house. Oddly enough, passers-by do not even give it a second glance, just nodding knowingly.
71-72	A wagon bearing vegetables almost tips over as the horse pulling it suddenly rears up to avoid a group of running children. The wagon driver curses vehemently as he regains control of the wagon.	97-98	A scrawny man in a robe and another man with a sword circle one another while a crowd looks on. The scrawny man shoots a jet of fire at his opponent, and the swordsman flees into the crowd.
73-74	A beautiful elven woman wearing a blacksmith's apron inspects a pair of daggers at a stall before shaking her head in disapproval while the merchant looks on nervously. She throws the weapons down and stalks away, muttering.	99-100	Smoke rises from the chimneys of many small wood and stone houses, blown away by a wind heavy with the smell of salt and fish coming in from the sea.
75-76	Dogs growl at one another, over a pile of discarded fish head and guts. Both dogs sport scars from previous fights. They are interrupted by a sea gull that swoops in and makes off with the choicest guts.		

EVENTS

The events below can be used randomly or inserted into your adventure to add local colour to proceedings.

D%	EVENTS
01-02	As the characters navigate the streets, they see people turn and run in terror. Ahead, flames shoot from a young woman's (Tamsyn Locher) hands, igniting a nearby stall as she screams in terror, yelling "No, not again! Help, please!"
03-04	A hunched figure in a heavy cloak bumps into one of the party. A perceptive character notices the individual is a disguised half-goblin (here to deal with one of Wolverton's smuggling gangs). The figure moves away quickly, trying to lose itself in the crowd.
05-06	A street urchin offers a character a free bowl of stew. If the character accepts, they discover the stew tastes rather bland. The urchin then attempts a pick pockets roll (with a 30% chance of success) to steal the character's coin pouch.
07-08	One of the party matches the description of a man wanted by the guard. A patrol intercepts the characters, demanding the particular adventurer comes along quietly without causing trouble.
09-10	A man in stocks outside the Justice of the Light yells to the party to free him. Proclaiming his innocence, he tells of a small fortune hidden away he will give them. It is, of course, a lie.
11-12	A desperate woman approaches the party. She is seeking her brother who was last seen on the shingle beach around Din Kershal. She is afraid either the tide has taken him or worse, he went exploring Morveren's Galley, and has met some horrible fate.
13-14	A young sea drake attacks fishing boats a few hundred yards off the docks. A perceptive character or a druid or ranger notices a harpoon sticking out of the beast. The pain is driving the creature berserk.
15-16	A wagon, with a broken wheel, blocks traffic on one of the larger bridges crossing the Arisum. Its two drivers, a gnome and a half-elf, notice the strongest character and beckon him over for help.
17-18	Tillo Iwanda approaches the party near the Moonlight Knavery, targeting the character with the highest Charisma score. He tells the character, he has the perfect look for his new play.
19-20	Near Artolek's tower, a green dragon (as <i>spectral force</i>) materialises and lashes out at the characters. If they party react aggressively, nearby townsfolk howl with derisive laughter.
21-22	Beryan stumbles out of a tavern and collapses in front of the characters. With tears in his eyes, he retches and then whispers the name "Kiyana" before falling unconscious at their feet.
23-24	The characters hear the cry of a small boy. The tide is coming in, causing the shingle beach around Din Kershal to disappear. The lad has climbed as high as he can but he cannot hold on long before the rough waves claim him.
25-26	A group of young women surround the characters, placing garlands on their heads before skipping off as suddenly as they appeared.
27-28	People run by carrying buckets of water. Ahead, flames crawl along the upper storey of a tall house where a woman by an open window cries for help.
29-30	Kargan the Red approaches the party, if he sees a wizard type in the group. He asks that character if they want to have a <i>fireball</i> shooting contest. The loser has to buy dinner at the River's Rest.
31-32	A man runs out of the Ahearn General Store, careening towards the party as he clutches something against his chest. A merchant in the store's doorway yells, "Thief!"
33-34	A man thrusts a piece of paper at the characters asking them to sign it. The paper is a petition to Lord Locher to lower taxes. The petition is doomed to failure.
35-36	A knife fight breaks out between a man and halfling. The halfling nimbly dodges out of the way, causing the other man to inadvertently attack a random character (+2 to attack, 1d4 damage).
37-38	An attractive woman in a tight gown approaches a character and offers them a free drink at the Golden Turnip (location 18).
39-40	A chamberpot's contents dumped out of a window may hit a random character. That character must make a saving throw against breath weapons to avoid getting covered in the chamberpot's foul contents.
41-42	A richly dressed merchant looks the party up and down and then offers the character with the highest Strength score 10 gp to serve as his bodyguard at his stall in the Water Meadows. He is afraid someone will steal his favourite spot there.
43-44	A fierce looking half-orc appears in the doorway of the Hare and the Ass. He asks the party to come in and try a new ale he has been working on. The first pint is on him, he says.
45-46	A group of men gather in a square, loading crossbows. When they see the party, they call them over and explain that somehow there is a shadow wolf loose in town. There is a 50 gp bounty for its head.
47-48	A seedy-looking man in a fine tunic approaches the party. He explains his master (Beren Skewes) is always looking for folk of talent if they are interested in "protection" work.
49-50	Along the docks, two merchants argue about who makes the best fish stew. Seeing the characters, they ask they assist them in a blind taste test. Both stews are equally bad.

51-52	Enrist Negus bumps into a random character. Infuriated, he turns on the character, demanding an apology. If not given one, he immediately challenges that adventurer to a duel.	77-78	A man in a fine gold threaded doublet approaches the party. He inspects them for a moment before nodding in appreciation. He explains Lady Menadue seeks capable individuals to provide security at a ball she is throwing in two days' time.
53-54	Townfolk begin heading towards Din Kershal. If the characters ask why, they are told Lord Locher is holding an important meeting concerning Wolverton and the future of the Lonely Coast.	79-80	The characters stumble upon a wounded guardsman. The guard (0 hp) looks surprised by the wound staining his abdomen before looking at the characters and collapsing. If revived, he has no recollection of his attacker's description or identity.
55-56	As the party pass the Goblin Hole, a bar fight spills out onto the street, quickly encompassing them. A drunk-caught up in the moment-swings a chair at a random character (-2 to hit, 1d6+1 damage).	81-82	As the characters cross the Arisum, a dead body drifts below passed them. If the characters investigate, they cannot find the floating corpse.
57-58	A loud explosion sounds from Gio Varrin's house followed swiftly by roiling smoke pouring from the windows. The door opens and Gio Varrin stumbles out, bumping into a random character.	83-84	Eseld Negus struts down the street. She winks at the male character with the lowest Charisma before moving on. If the characters pursues her, and acts inappropriately, they could quickly get into a fight.
59-60	The characters see a pair of feet lying in an alleyway suddenly disappear, dragged away. If they investigate, they see a member of the Night Reavers dragging off a slain Blood Weeper.	85-86	A man sobs in an alleyway as the characters pass by. If they inquire, he states he is a visiting merchant but was robbed by men who all had a single red tear drop tattooed under their right eye.
61-62	A town guardsman approaches the characters, showing them a sketch of Tamsyn Locher. The guardsman claims Tamsyn went missing yesterday afternoon, and there is a 100 gp reward for those returning her unharmed to Caer Syllan (location 27).	87-88	While on the street or in a tavern, the characters hear a group of men discussing infiltrating Artolek's tower to steal a great treasure. It is clear they are still looking for a suitable wizard to accompany them.
63-64	Two farmers argue over a milk cow while a bushy bearded halfling (Galden Hearthtop) listens patiently. The cow moos loudly as the characters approach and the argument shows no sign of subsiding.	89-90	A sudden, pounding rain sends townfolk scurrying inside. The already muddy streets become even more swollen and glutinous. The rain continues for the rest of the day.
65-66	A woman sobbing inconsolably bumps into the party. She apologies, explaining she just visited the Veale twins (location 13) who (falsely) accused her husband of having an affair.	91-92	As the characters pass the Light of Justice, they notice a group of townfolk gathered around a makeshift gallows. A condemned man, noose around his neck, smiles wanly at the characters as the platform below him is dropped.
67-68	A man or woman approaches a random character, explaining they have seen them around town and would like to know if that character would accompany them to a performance at the Moonlight Knavery that night. The stranger is insistent that the show will be a good one.	93-94	Townfolk unhappy with a tax increase riot near the docks, tossing crates of goods into the water. The towns guard begin taking aggressive actions which only seems to make the situation worse.
69-70	A pier suddenly collapses, dumping 1d4 people into the cold water. They flail about, yelling for help.	95-96	The characters see a town guardsman hanging a wanted poster for a vicious half-orc smuggler named Zar the Mangler. As soon as the guard leaves, another man with a red tattoo under his right eye walks up and pulls the poster down.
71-72	A Connite approaches the characters to inform them that this week for anyone who attends tomorrow's service, spellcasting services at the temple are half the normal price.	97-98	Wolverton is abuzz with news of Lady Menadue's upcoming costume ball featuring a performance from the much-in-demand-Tillo Iwanda and maybe even illusions provided by Artolek.
73-74	A town crier announces the town gates will close in the afternoon due to a sightings of shadow wolves. He seems incredulous if the characters haven't heard of shadow wolves.	99-100	Near the docks, the characters notice one of Locher's soldiers floating in the water. Investigation reveals a large bite mark on the remains of the dead soldier's neck as if he had been bitten by a large serpent.
75-76	The door at the Smiling Wolf suddenly opens as a sailor is tossed out by the barkeep. Standing up, the sailor looks perplexed. Completely sober, he asks the characters, "Do you know why they wouldn't serve me a drink?"		

DAILY LIFE

Wolverton's citizens might seem at first glance to be a hard and dour people. Shaped by life on the frontier, far away from any major cities and always under threat from the half-goblin tribes and other dangerous denizens of the Tangled Woods, the townsfolk know they must be on their guard. Life can be hard and short. Yet, they appreciate what they have and strive to improve their lot to give a better future to their children. The townsfolk often arise before the sun to prepare for the day. After breakfast, shops open and stay open until dark. Fishermen get up even earlier, to bring the catch to the markets before they close. When night falls, doors lock, not against each other, but as a habit to protect against the terrors that stalk the night (though Wolverton is much safer than in the past). Commerce still continues on the docks but any business at night is usually of the illicit kind. For regular common folk, the evening hours are spent with family and engaging in enjoyable activities. Large families are encouraged in Wolverton, as the Lonely Coast takes its fair share of lives through disease and battle.

TRADE & INDUSTRY

Wolverton thrives primarily on trade. Its docks reach out into a natural harbour safe from attacks under the watchful eye of Caer Syllan's towers. The metals mined from Wolverton's cliffs, as well as from Hosford, along with the crops produced by Bossin and Swallowfeld, and the furs taken by Oakhurst, all flow through Wolverton onto ships bound for distant lands. Other merchants import foreign goods, driving them by wagon to the surrounding villages.

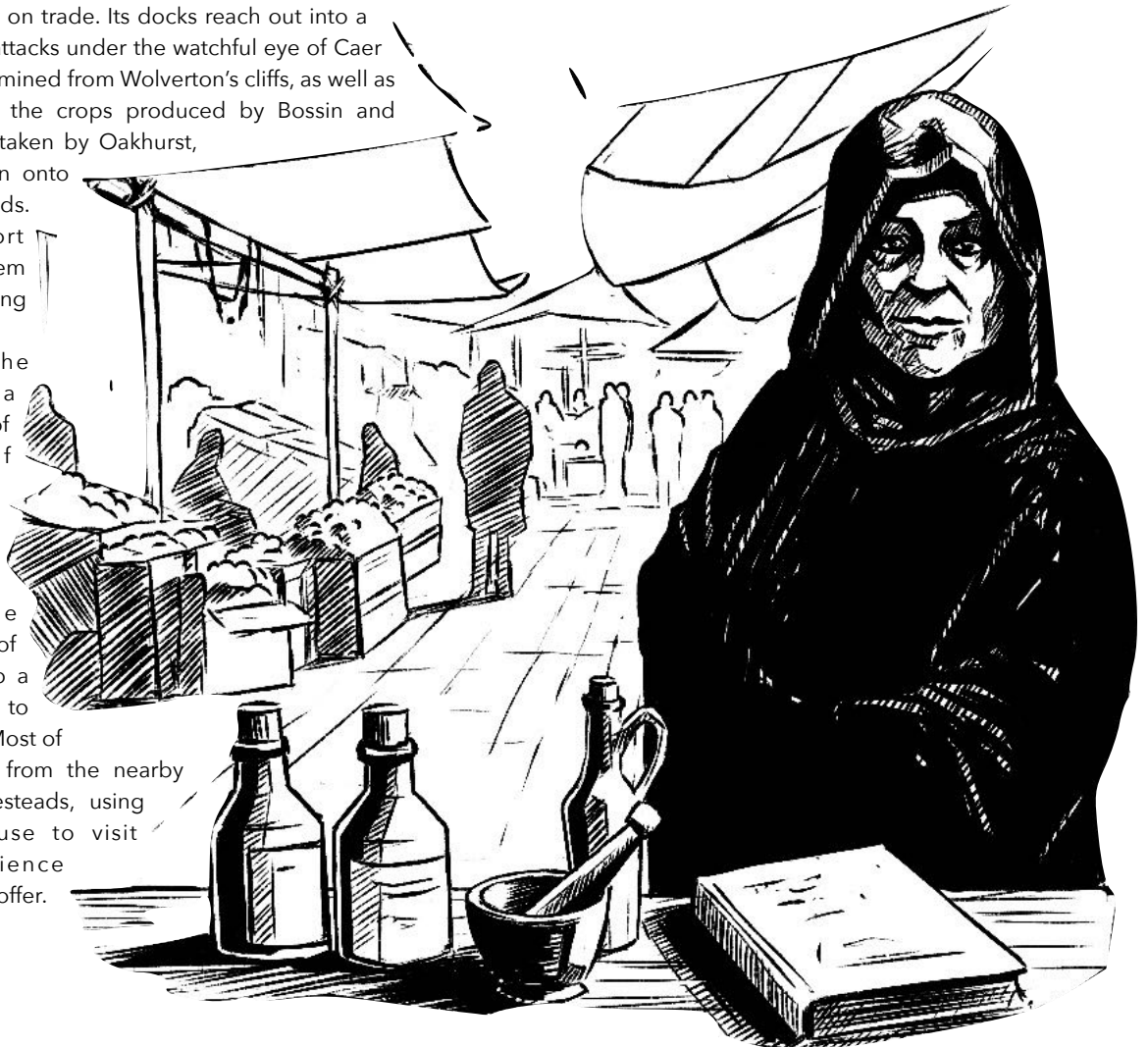
Weekly Market: The Water Meadows hosts a weekly market at the end of the week. Most of Wolverton's merchants attend as well as some from the neighbouring villages to sell their wares. Minstrels provide entertainment and many of Wolverton's taverns set up a keg or two of their finest to slake the shoppers' thirst. Most of those attending travel in from the nearby villages, farms and homesteads, using the market as an excuse to visit Wolverton and experience everything town life has to offer.

LAW & ORDER

Wolverton maintains a well-disciplined town guard that makes regular, routine patrols. If they are expecting trouble or responding to a particularly dangerous incident, a cleric of Darlen often accompanies the patrol. Troublemakers are quickly hauled off to the jail where they eventually appear in the magistrate's court. Sentences for minor crimes include time in the stocks and community service. Serious crimes such as murder warrant more severe punishment, most often hanging or beheading. While Hols Nance runs a tight ship, corruption is still common among town guardsmen, especially those patrolling the docks districts who are paid to occasionally turn a blind eye.

While the Darlenites run the criminal courts, the clerics of Conn handle most other legal matters, offering their services as lawyers, mediators and adjudicators. It is not uncommon to see two Connites passionately arguing on opposing sides of a case as victory raises one's status in the church.

Lord Locher regularly sends out patrols along the Cliffway, the road connecting Wolverton to the nearby villages. Ever vigilant for half-goblin war bands and other monsters raiding out of the Tangled Woods, these patrols are entrusted with the Lonely Coast's safety. It is a grim, hard job with little reward.



THERRIN BHULE

LN male middle-aged human fighter 4

Clad in fine banded mail this silver-haired human warrior carries a longsword at his hip.

Wolverton's reeve, Therrin is utterly loyal to Kenver Locher. The two are old companions, and Therrin saved the young lord's life several times while fighting against the half-goblin tribes of the interior. His reward was the position of reeve.

Personality: Unimaginative, but tenacious, Therrin believes in the rule of law. He is fiercely loyal to the Lochers and will die defending Wolverton if necessary.

Mannerisms: Not as young as he once was, Therrin walks with a slight limp—a legacy of an old wound, and he hates it when people mention his slight disability.

Distinguishing Features: Therrin's shoulder-length hair and beard are fading to grey.

Background: A career soldier, Therrin spent much of his early life fighting half-goblins. When Lord Locher assumed lordship over the Lonely Coast he elevated the trustworthy soldier to reeve.

Hooks: Therrin suspects Beren Skewes (location 21) is plotting against the Lochers and tasks the characters to find out more about the treacherous merchant's nefarious schemes (once he has ascertained the characters are trustworthy).

HOLS NANCE

LN male human fighter 6

Clad in fine plate armour this grizzled, muscular warrior carries a bastard sword strapped to his back.

Nicknamed "No Nonsense Nance," Hols is almost universally feared (and hated) by Wolverton's smugglers and lowlifes.

Personality: Dour and almost entirely without a sense of humour Hols is dogged and determined. He respects Therrin Bhule with whom he once served, and hates lawbreakers. Secretly, Hols has a soft spot—as a father would for his daughter—for Tamsyn Locher who he once served as a bodyguard. Woe to any who would harm Tamsyn.

Mannerisms: Hols never smiles; he maintains a grim demeanour even when triumphing over Wolverton's smugglers.

Distinguishing Features: Sporting a grey, grizzled beard Hols cuts a menacing figure in his plate armour (which he wears when patrolling the town with his men).

Background: A veteran of Caer Syllan's garrison, Hols came to Lord Locher's attention when dealing with a man-at-arms discovered guilty of theft. For the last decade, he has led the town guard and under his watch crime has dropped noticeably.

Hooks: Rumours of the characters' misconduct reaches Hols' ears and he tracks them down to ascertain the truth. They quickly discover how implacable is his search for the truth.

Instead of a traditional thieves guild controlling illicit activities, a number of smuggler crews fill that void. In times past, the crews formed a loose confederacy to keep an uneasy peace (though fights still occasionally occurred). Recently, two of the most powerful crews, the Night Reavers and the Blood Weepers (both under new leadership), have become increasingly aggressive. As a result, the number of dead smugglers found floating in the harbour is on the rise and the authorities fear having to intervene in a brewing gang war.

SMUGGLER GANGS

Three gangs control the illicit flow of goods through Wolverton:

Blood Weepers: *Leader:* Zar the Mangler (CE male half-orc fighter 6/thief 3); *Headquarters:* Skewes' Warehouse (location 21); *Notes:* The spirit naga Is't'sha'ka (location 26) controls Zar and secretly leads the Blood Weepers.

Crazy Sharks: *Leader:* Conton Willowpole (CN male halfling fighter 2/thief 3); *Headquarters:* The Golden Turnip (location 18); *Notes:* The least of the three major smuggling gangs, the Crazy Sharks crave (and need) an end to the current cycle of violence.

Night Reavers: *Leader:* Pera Safaden (NE female human cleric [Braal] 5); *Headquarters:* The Smiling Wolf (location 16); *Notes:* Pera Safaden is under the curse of a magical helmet which drives her to commit increasingly terrible acts.

FESTIVALS & TRADITIONS

In late Winter, when the worse snows are over and a hint of spring tinges the air, Wolverton celebrates its victory over the wolves that assailed the town during its first winter long ago. Called "Wolves' Night," the townsfolk bake biscuits shaped like wolves and children eat sweet breads representing wolf fangs. A parade is held and some adults wear wolf pelts to scare the children while the story of that famous battle is recited.

Worshippers of Darlen celebrate the Summer Solstice to honour their god. Lighting a large bonfire on the safety of Din Kershal, the townsfolk engage in dances to call down Darlen's blessing of protection on themselves and the nearby farms. Some non-worshippers attend for the dancing and drinking but Lord Locher keeps a contingent of soldiers on duty to ensure the festivities do not get out of hand.

In the Fall, Conn decrees a holiday to foster the community spirit. Businesses stay open later than usual and offer discounts on goods and services. Neighbours often bake a special cake for one another that is eaten later that evening.



NOTABLE LOCATIONS

1: ARTOLEK'S TOWER

Often identified as one of Wolverton's "wonders" and a frequent stop for visitors, Artolek's Tower is covered in shifting and changing illusions of fantastical structures and outlandish designs. Not much is known about Artolek (CN male human illusionist 8) except he arrived many years ago and built a tower under the secrecy of night, by day cloaking its construction in illusions. Few claim to have seen Artolek, though most know he could easily pass unnoticed if he chose, and those that have seen him cannot agree on what he looks like. While Artolek wishes to study in peace, he is a bit of a showman and enjoys the wonder the illusions cloaking his tower (and the colourful rumours about him) provoke among the masses.

2: THE HARE AND THE ASS

A stone foundation props up this mostly wooden two-storey inn and tavern with rough cut glass windows and a slightly sagging roof. A faded, but legible sign depicts a race between a rabbit and a donkey with the rabbit just barely ahead. Two hearths sit at either end of a large, cosy common room. The tables and chairs, though worn with age and use, are sturdy and comfortable. A creaking, spiral staircase leads to the smaller second floor given over to simple, but mostly clean, rooms.

While its previous owner never found fortune or fame running the inn, its new proprietor has raised a few eyebrows. Gor Thunderhammer (CG male half-orc fighter 4), raised by the nearby Thunderhammer clan after he was taken in when the dwarves defeated his tribe, recently bought the languishing inn. Though a half-orc, as an official member of the Thunderhammer clan Gor was taught the secret of their special beer recipe, a beer that sees numerous locals bellying up to the bar to buy a pint or two. A number of competitors, a few wealthy merchants, and even some dwarves, have offered Gor large sums of money for his secret recipe which he refuses, on his clan's honour, to share.

3: KERSEY AND MAYNE

Advertised as a shop catering to explorers, its owners, retired adventurers Ruan Kersey (NG male gnome thief 4) and Cadan Manye (LN male half-elf fighter 3/wizard 3), live and operate their business out of this two-storey wood and stone building. Unlike a general store, Kersey and Mayne's focuses on gear specific to adventuring—from common tents and bedrolls to more unusual items. They buy and sell minor magic items, mostly scrolls and potions, though occasionally the odd minor wondrous item or enchanted weapon is also available.

Ruan and Cadan enjoy regaling customers with tales of their own exploits, most occurring in distant lands, though they have explored points of interest around the Lonely Coast. If asked why they settled down, the pair suddenly grow quiet—a past tragedy with their old adventuring party still weighs heavily on their hearts. Some speculate that running the shop is a way to commemorate the memory of their old companions.

For Sale: Ryan and Cadan have a few magic items for sale:

- **Potions:** *Potion of esp* (850 gp), *potion of gaseous form* (400 gp), *potion of healing* (400 gp).
- **Scrolls (Wizard):** *Identify* (400 gp), *tongues* (900 gp).

4: THERRIN BHULE'S MANOR

Therrin Bhule (LN middle-aged male human fighter 4) lives in this stone, two-storey manor house. An ex-soldier, Therrin saved Lord Locher's life more than once as a young man on campaigns against various half-goblin tribes. Earning Lord Locher's trust, Therrin found himself elevated to the responsibility, and the headaches going along with it, as the reeve of Wolverton. Therrin's loyalty to Lord Locher has never wavered, earning him the enmity of some of the merchants, in particular, Beren Skewes (location 21). Therrin knows one of his maids is a spy for Beren and keeps her employed to feed the treacherous merchant false information.

5: KIYANA'S ARMOUR SHOP

The near-constant sound of hammering reverberates from this large, round stone building sporting unusually curved windows in an elven style. Inside, apprentices meticulously tend to finely wrought suits of armour on display and it is obvious the hammering noise comes from the workshop comprising the back half of the building.

Kiyana Yuellywn (CG female elf wizard 8) forges all the armour sold here and any standard armour that is chainmail or lighter is also for sale. Kiyana takes commissions to fashion more expensive and elaborate armour of exceptional quality. An unusual elven smith, Kiyana found that even with her long life, she could not obtain the level of artistry she longed for living with her kin. Instead, living amongst humans with their short, frantic lives, greatly inspires her. Kiyana carefully guards the fact she is also a wizard but those befriending her, find her willing to craft enchanted armour for the normal prices.

For Sale: Kiyana has the following magic items for sale:

- **Armour:** +2 *chainmail* (7,500 gp).
- **Weapon:** +1 *bastard sword* (2,000 gp).

6: THE RIVER'S REST

This stout wood and stone two-storey inn and tavern, resting on the banks of the Arisum, displays a well-tended sign detailing the flowing waters of a river between two rounded banks. Its windows are fashioned from high quality glass and polished to a high gloss.

Wolverton's priciest inn, the River's Rest caters mostly to visitors and its owner and manager, Hoff Stelde (N male human) ensures they are well-taken care of in clean and comfortable rooms. Hoff only employs professional cooks for the kitchen and has an impressive wine cellar. Hoff dreams of improving his standing with the richer citizens living on the White Cliffs. He can sometimes be a bit clingy and over-accommodating to famous guests or those displaying true wealth. Hoff often passes information about his guests to Beren Skewes (location 21) who beguiles him with future promises of wealth and fame.

7: WOLVERTON CEMETERY

Wolverton's often soggy, muddy ground is not ideal for traditional burials so its citizens set aside a plot of land to construct large mausoleums for their dead. Many families have modest tombs while the rich adorn theirs with depictions of angelic creatures. Despite the grim dark stone, many of these monolithic mausoleums and tombs display great artistry of design. Rich families hire artists to chisel their history into the stone. The necromancer Feradul (location 23) occasionally sneaks into the cemetery to steal corpses for his vile experiments and research.

Missing Bodies: The characters hear of bodies disappearing from the cemetery and rumours of a necromancer raising an army of the undead to overthrow the Lochers. Several folk swear they saw a heavily cloaked figure in the graveyard late at night. (This was Feradul [location 23] gathering bodies for his experiments).

8: GIO VARRIN'S HOUSE

Located in the western section of Wolverton, Gio Varrin's (NG male human) neighbours moved their houses due to the numerous explosions and occasional fires that issue forth from his house. Many see Gio Varrin as a menace, but the eccentric inventor has the patronage of Lord Locher and some of the wealthier merchants who see the wizened old man as a genius. Certainly, some of his inventions have proved at least promising if not entirely useful yet. Gio also dabbles in making alchemical items which he sells at a 20% discount. However, there is a 10% chance the item will not work when used.

Gio is proud of his only son, Pio (NG male human thief 4), who recently became the reeve of Hosford (as a pretence to conduct an investigation into a rash of disappearances there).

Missing Son: Gio Varrin is worried about his son, who has not returned several of his letters. If the characters visit the old inventor in search of alchemical items, he begs them to travel to Hosford to make sure Pio is safe.



9: WHITE CLIFFS

Named for the salty residue left by the waves crashing against them these steep-sided bluffs host Wolverton's richest citizens. Rising well above Wolverton's flood prone western section, the White Cliffs offer spectacular views of the sea and allow its rich residents to literally look down on the poorer townsfolk.

Lead by socialite Ebrel Menadue (LN old female human), Wolverton's richest are slowly transforming themselves into the Lonely Coast's aristocratic class, using their wealth and influence to put political pressure on Lord Locher. In particular, Beren Skewes (LE male human thief 3) seeks a way to elevate himself to the nobility, cultivating men and influence while his hands dip into many pockets.

10: THE MOONLIGHT KNAVERY

A high wooden wall surrounds this open air theatre. Rows of wooden benches lead down to a low stage connected to a sprawling wood and stone building housing the props, dressing rooms and living quarters of its proprietor, Tillo Iwanda (CN male human). A ticket booth outside stands next to the wide, garishly painted doors leading inside.

During inclement weather, a large canopy runs from the stage over the benches. A recent newcomer to Wolverton, Tillo puts on plays, mostly comedies to lighten the spirits of the dour citizens. Most see him and the actors flocking to him as vagabonds and wastrels. This is often opined by the menfolk as many of the female citizens seem strangely drawn to the dark and mysterious Tillo. No one knows truthfully why someone like Tillo would set up a theatre in Wolverton, so rumours abound that Tillo stole the love of a foreign queen from her king or pilfered a powerful relic from a former patron. Tillo shares nothing of his past, instead concentrating on making his performances more of a spectacle. He is especially interested in anyone displaying magic talents particularly in the conjuration and illusion schools of magic.

11: WOLVERTON'S JAIL

This sturdy two-storey stone building is being expanded; a half built wall supported by wood scaffolding shows where the new wing will stand. Hols Nance (LN male human fighter 6) serves as commander of the town's guard. A former soldier, Hols Nance does his duty with a grim determination, his face, covered by a grey-grizzled beard, never cracking a smile.

As Wolverton continues to expand, crime has increased and Hols recently received the funds to construct a new wing. The recent rash of murders between the smugglers worries him but the town guard does not have the same influence along the docks as in other parts of town. Still, Hols sends out ever more alert patrols looking for trouble. Often, a priest of Darlen accompanies the patrol as the two groups have a good working relationship.

12: JUSTICE OF THE LIGHT

An elegant stone and wood two-storey building, the temple of Darlen also serves as Wolverton's magistrate's court. Its courtroom glows with the dark brown shine of mahogany, intricate scrollwork etched in the furniture comprising the room. The high priest, Melyor Vosper (LG female old human cleric [Darlen] 7), also serves as the town's high magistrate. A stern but fair woman, years of living in a frontier town have hardened her heart to pleas for mercy. It is not uncommon to see at least one person in the stocks in front of the temple for even the lowliest crime. Melyor despises the corruption she sees amongst many of the merchants and the commoners, driving her to stay on as the high magistrate when she should retire. Whereas Conn's priesthood focuses on law in regards to disputes in the community, the priests of the Justice of the Light often work with the town guard to assist in criminal investigations and keeping the peace.

To Cymer: Melyor worries about Curate Ruan Gloyne (LG venerable male human cleric [Darlen] 5) growing increasingly frail in the dilapidated Priory of Cymer. She hires the characters to carry him a missive, and to find out how he is.

For Sale: Melyor has the following magic items for sale:

- **Scrolls (Cleric):** *Augury* (600 gp), *bles* (300 gp).

13: THE VEALE HOUSE

A sign depicting a single glowing eye surrounded by arcane symbols rests over the door of this small, wooden house. Inside, the smell of strong incense clings to old, moth-eaten furniture where the twins, blind Jory Veale (N male human wizard 4) and mute Lory Veale (N female human wizard 4) run their fortune telling and divination business. Though they have access to spells like *augury*, they have little true success in predicting the future or find missing people or objects. Still, when people are desperate and have no other options, they seek out the unusual twins. Over the years, the twins have developed a unique way to communicate with one another that seems almost telepathic, but in reality consists of a series of touches and odd rapping on

MELYOR VOSPER

LG female old human cleric (Darlen) 7

This aged woman carries herself with an air of distinction.

This elderly high priestess would have retired long ago, but she believes her work in Wolverton is not yet complete.

Personality: Cut from the same cloth as Kenver Locher, Melyor is stern but fair. Her hard heart is inured to pleas of mercy from wrongdoers. She loathes corruption.

Mannerisms: Weakened by age, Melyor walks with a stoop.

Distinguishing Features: Melyor dresses impeccably.

Background: A Lonely Coast native, Melyor has served Darlen her entire adult life. She once had an affair with Ruan Gloyne, the curate of Cymer.

objects. Some speculate they are not in really twins, but triplets with a third sibling so monstrous it is hidden away.

14: BERYAN'S FORGE

Thick smoke constantly billows from this open air workshop. An attached stone house serves as the residence for Wolverton's most acclaimed smith, Beryan Huln (NG male human ex-paladin 3). A former paladin of Darlen, drink and women and, as most like to speculate about, a dalliance with a demonic woman lead to Beryan's fall from grace. Now, Beryan focuses on the simpler things in life to keep himself clean from his past sins. In addition to common everyday items, rich patrons seek Beryan out for his unique metal sculptures, often depicting fantastical creatures and titillating women. Beryan seeks frequent advice from armourer, Kiyana, with whom he is secretly in love. Recently, his sculptures have taken on a darker tone and friends worry about him slipping back into his old ways.

15: FELLOWSHIP OF FRIENDSHIP

An expertly crafted large stone building, this temple of Conn features stained glass windows, a rarity in Wolverton, depicting Conn and his servitors. Inside, thousands of lit candles glow in

PERA SAFADEN

NE female human cleric (Baal) 5

This dark skinned, exotic-looking woman wears black chain armour. Her dark eyes are cloudy as if seen through a fog.

Leader of the Night Reavers smuggler gang, Pera is dominated by the magical helmet she wears.

Personality: Under the helmet's curse, Pera is cold, dispassionate and capable of almost any depravity or savagery. On the few occasions she is free of the helmet's influence she remembers all she has done and weeps for the terrible acts she has wrought.

Mannerisms: While under the helmet's influence, Pera is utterly confident in her abilities; her speech, body language and stance all reflect that view.

Distinguishing Features: Pera is never without her winged helmet. A close inspection of the hapless cleric reveals her dark eyes have a cloudy film across them.

Background: An exotic beauty, Pera was a slave in a far-off land. Clerics of Darlen saved her from a terrible, lingering fate as someone else's chattel and she joined their order.

When she was a young woman, she became obsessed by Jacca Landers, now the reeve of Bossin, and joined his adventuring group. Though in love with Jacca, she shunned his evil ways but that changed when their group discovered a magic helmet that when she donned it, cursed her and changed her alignment. As a result of this sudden change, she fell under Baal's fell influence and abandoned Darlen's worship. Since then, she has led the Night Reeves in a savage war with rival gangs for control of the smuggling business in Wolverton.

elaborately wrought candelabras while fragrant incense burns to create a sense of peace, harmony and unity.

Galden Hearthtop (LN male halfling cleric [Braal] 5), a bushy-bearded halfling, leads the worship of Conn in Wolverton as its first demi-human high priest. This does not sit well with some of the more conservative clergy who feel Conn is a “human” god. Priests often take the roles of lawyers, mediators and law experts to assist in settling legal disputes in Wolverton (leaving the criminal matters to the Darlenites). It was exactly Galden’s ability to persuasively present a case that landed him the high priest role.

16: THE SMILING WOLF

A leering wolf holding a human in its slaving jaws graces the sign over this ramshackle, dank building. This tavern serves as the hideout for the notorious Night Reavers smugglers. Inside, filthy tables crowd together uninvitingly while a bartender serves watery beer in dirty mugs to keep most visitors away.

A hidden trapdoor in the backroom leads down into the smuggler’s base: a series of cramped, earthen rooms and tunnels leading out to where the Arisum’s estuary dumps into the sea.

Pera Safaden (NE male human cleric [Braal] 5) heads the Night Reavers. Once she was a follower of Darlen, but a magical helmet warped her values and she quickly fell into Braal’s clutches. Under the helmet’s spell, she drives the Night Reavers to increasing savage acts of violence. While under the helmet’s control she is usually encountered with gang members. They may be plotting their next attack on a rival gang or punishing a dock worker for some real or imagined transgression.

Two Faces: Occasionally, the helmet’s hold over Pera weakens and her true personality reasserts itself. Such lapses do not last long, but during them she desperately searches for help.

Pera Safaden has temporarily thrown off the magic of the helmet controlling her. The characters observe her crying in the street; as they watch, she suddenly composes herself and enters the Smiling Wolf. If they investigate, the helmet has reasserted control of the unfortunate cleric, and they find a very different person—surrounded by her minions—within.

GALDEN HEARTHTOP

LN male halfling cleric (Conn) 5

This slight halfling wears fine clothes embroidered with a symbol depicting two hands clasped in a handshake.

Galden is Conn’s high priest on the Lonely Coast.

Personality: Affable and polite, Galden possesses great powers of persuasion. He grows frustrated when people don’t take him seriously because of his small stature.

Mannerisms: When thinking deeply on a matter of import, Galden slowly strokes his beard.

Distinguishing Features: Galden wears his beard bushy.

Background: Galden has been a priest his entire adult life.

Hooks: Often out and about in Wolverton, Galden tries to calm an argument in which the characters are engaged.

17: THE GOBLIN HOLE

Rumour holds a half-goblin founded this tavern, building it from driftwood and other material he could scavenge since no one would sell to him due to his heritage. The building certainly looks like an inferior architect fashioned it—its pitched roof leaning at awkward angles over crooked walls. Sailors stopping at Wolverton frequent this raucous bar for its cheap drink and its specialty brew—Goblin Grog, which, true to the tavern’s supposed founder, is made with whatever is to hand.

Wolverton’s notable citizens sometimes send agents to the Goblin Hole to hire outsiders to do the clandestine tasks and other jobs they wish to remain secret.

18: THE GOLDEN TURNIP

A gaudy sign displaying a halfling pulling a yellow turnip adorns this wood and earth building standing in Wolverton’s western district. Visitors enter a lobby where a primly dressed halfling escorts them either to a door on the right (the gambling hall) or a door on the left (the brothel). A place frowned upon by many of Wolverton’s more conservative citizens, neither business is illegal and thus as long as the Golden Turnip pays its taxes, and its customers stay out of trouble, the law leaves it alone.

As profitable as it is, the Golden Turnip serves as a front to the Crazy Sharks smugglers, led by old sea-dog, Conton Willowpole (CN male halfling fighter 2/thief 3). The Crazy Sharks have seen better days as the truces that once allowed the smuggler gangs to operate peacefully has been broken by the power mongering between the Night Reavers and Blood Weepers. Conton tries to get the gangs to coexist peacefully, but only sees his efforts end in bloodshed as the rival gangs gain in power at the Crazy Sharks’ expense.

Senseless Bloodshed: Conton Willowpole has begun to suspect there is more to the battles raging between the Night Reavers and Blood Weepers than mere competition. He contacts the party and asks them to investigate. He doesn’t do this out of any civic duty; rather he worries about his own position and profits. This adventure hook will likely lead the characters into conflict with both the Night Reavers (location 16) and Blood Weepers (location 21) and may even lead them to the Morveren’s Galley (location 26).

19: WATER MEADOWS

A piece of land too soggy to build on in Wolverton’s western district known as the Water Meadows hosts a weekly market. Merchants travel from the nearby villages to sell their wares at this open air market that attracts many visitors to Wolverton. Stalls from local taverns and a number of entertainers make the weekly festival a high point of the week and gives the hard working townsfolk a chance to relax. Games of chance and skill are also held, adding to the mystique and excitement of the market.

The town guard makes its presence known to keep the peace and resolve any quarrels, usually between the merchants who, arriving early to set up at the best spots, accuse one another of trying to encroach on their stall or stealing their spot.

20: KARGAN'S MANSE

An elegant two-storey building crafted from magically infused, red-hued rock serves as the home of Wolverton's fiery evoker, Kargan the Red (CG male dwarf wizard 7). Kargan started his life as a miner with a penchant for demolition and a sharp mind that eventually lead him to study the magical arts. Kargan wandered in his younger years before settling in Wolverton. Possessing a genuine love for magic, the gregarious wizard seeks to take other young wizards under his wing. However, his desire to see only the good in others sometimes blinds him to their faults, like his current apprentice Enrist Negus (LE male human wizard 3), a once bullied boy who now uses his new powers to lash out at others. Kargan wishes to take in more apprentices and is always willing to give magical advice to those in need, for a modest fee.

21: SKEWES'S WAREHOUSE

A successful merchant, Beren Skewes (LE male human thief 3) utilises a large wooden warehouse near the docks. Recently, he has allied with the fearsome Blood Weepers smuggling gang and it now serves as their base. Skewes hopes to use the Blood Weepers to form his own powerbase to bully and intimidate the other merchants. Skewes, however, is unaware the Blood Weepers

ZAR THE MANGLER

CE male half-orc fighter 6/thief 3

Scars mar this brutish half-orc's body.

Zar leads the Blood Weepers and dreams of sweeping aside the other smuggler gangs of Wolverton. Unbeknownst to the rest of his gang—or his other allies—Zar is the puppet of the sinister spirit naga, Is't'sha'ka.

Personality: Bloodthirsty, violent and avaricious, Zar embodies everything most odious about orcs.

Mannerisms: Zar likes to smash things—preferably with his great club (which he calls “Crusher.”) When he can't do that, he uses his prodigious strength to cajole and intimidate those around him.

Distinguishing Features: Blessed with enough human heritage to appear human—at least to a casual glance—scars nevertheless mar Zar's body.

Hooks: The characters could fall afoul of Zar's enforcers or witness a battle between smuggler gangs. Alternatively, they could meet the half-orc in a seedy tavern moments before a brawl breaks out. He targets the toughest-looking character and remembers them whether he wins or loses. Finally, if Is't'sha'ka perceives the party as a threat he commands Zar to slay them.

Background: Growing up among Wolverton's poor, Zar's early life was not pleasant. He fled Wolverton at the first opportunity and spent years wandering the Lonely Coast and the Tangled Wood as an adventurer and enforcer for several smuggler gangs. Returning to Wolverton he took control of the Blood Weepers. Several months ago, he fell under Is't'sha'ka's fell influence.

supposed leader, Zar the Mangler (CE male half-orc fighter 6/thief 3), is under control of Is't'sha'ka (LE male spirit naga). Is't'sha'ka uses Zar to manipulate Beren Skewes for his own devious ends. Oblivious, Skewes now serves as an unknowing agent of the naga, which delights the foul creature. Skewes is always looking to add to his ranks and recently has been courting the ill-tempered Negus siblings.

ENRIST NEGUS

CN male human wizard 3

This scrawny, pimply young man wears a constant sneer.

This troublemaker duels over any slight—real or imagined.

Personality: Enrist is impetuous and impulsive. He is a troublemaker, who believes his magical powers elevate him far above the town's common folk. This strongly held belief manifests itself in his dealings with nearly everyone. The only other person Enrist loves is his sister, Eseld.

Mannerisms: Enrist is always rearranging his robes.

Distinguishing Features: Enrist is a scrawny fellow.

Background: Bullied as a child, Enrist grew up unhappy and alone, except for his sister. The two have a powerful bond.

Hooks: The characters encounter Enrist as he duels with a baker's apprentice over the attentions of a tavern maid. If not stopped, he easily wins; the baker's apprentice barely survives.

ESELD NEGUS

NE female human fighter 1/thief 1

This black leather-clad woman walks with a warrior's swagger.

A bully from an early age, Eseld has forged a reputation as one not to cross lightly.

Personality: Eseld is devoted to her brother. She works to humiliate those disrespecting her or her brother. She loves her brother, Enrist, and would do anything for him. She is a little bit intimidated by his intelligence, though. Eseld despises weakness and views kindness as the worst form of weakness.

Mannerisms: Eseld leans forward aggressively into a person's personal space, when angry or upset.

Distinguishing Features: Eseld is muscular and walks with a pronounced warrior's swagger. She often sports bruises—which she wears with pride.

Background: Eseld has always been bigger and stronger than her peers. Realising from an early age she could take what she wanted from those weaker than herself this advantage transformed Eseld into a bully.

Hooks: Eseld is often to be found drinking in taverns or guarding certain less than trustworthy merchants as they go about their business. In taverns, she is often subjected to unwanted male attention—few men make the same mistake twice, though, as she has no patience for such behaviour and educates the offender with well-placed punches.

22: AHEARN'S EMPORIUM

A long two-storey stone building with expensive glass windows holds Wolverton's largest and most prosperous general shop, owned by the wealthy merchant Digory Ahearn (LN male human). Ahearn carries many imported goods brought in from distant shores plus he sells items made by craftsmen from surrounding villages on commission. The bottom floor caters to the needs of everyday Wolverton citizens while the top floor contains more exotic and expensive goods appealing to Wolverton's richest, including (occasionally) some magic items. An astute businessman whose business ventures are legitimate, Digory uses his fortune and influence to undercut and squash competitors. His absolutely despises his rival, Beren Skewes, an unscrupulous man whose deals are getting more dirty and illicit by the day.

23: FERADUL'S TOWER

An aura of cold malice wraps around this tower fashioned of blackened stone and fire-twisted iron. This is the home of Feradul Alwynnaith (LE male half-elf wizard 7) and is a cold, dark and uncomfortable place shunned by the townsfolk. A former adventuring companion of the reeve of Bossin, Jacca Landers, Feradul uses the fortune he amassed to study the dark arts of necromancy. He resents his weak human side and yearns for the immortality that should have been his as a full-blooded elf. Therefore, he has already started down the long path to lichdom, often hiring adventurers to search ancient ruins in search of the

FERADUL ALWYNNATH

NE male half-elf wizard 7

This gaunt faced, sallow of skin half-elf broods under form-fitting, black robes.

This brooding necromancer seeks the secrets of lichdom and ultimately dreams of ruling the Lonely Coast.

Personality: Obsessed with immortality, Feradul hates his (now long-dead) human father for cursing him with a shorter lifespan that he believes by rights should have been his birthright. He is cold, utterly without a sense of humour and focused wholly on his goal. He has few friends, and cares nothing for the normal interactions of civilised society.

Mannerisms: Although of elven descent, Feradul's rarely smiles and never laughs.

Distinguishing Features: Feradul wears his long black hair loose and always wears form-fitting, black robes.

Background: Feradul came to the Lonely Coast over a decade ago in search of somewhere quiet to sink into anonymity. A former adventuring companion of Jacca Landers, the reeve of Bossin, Feradul enjoyed a successful adventuring career. His adventures, though, were only a means to accumulate enough wealth to settle down and begin his research into immortality. He purchased his tower (location 23) from the family of a mage who disappeared into the Twisted Gorge five years ago.

objects and information he needs. Feradul cultivates relationships with numerous half-goblin tribes and plans to take the Lonely Coast by force when he becomes a lich.

I Need Corpses: Feradul requires a steady stream of fresh corpses for his vile experiments. Thus, he occasionally breaks into the cemetery (location 7) to secure "supplies." Characters abroad at night could run into the necromancer and stymie his plans.

Bring Me Old Things: Feradul hires adventurers to search the Lonely Coast's ancient ruins for any Tuath objects or information relating to lichdom and the undead. He rarely uses the same group more than a handful of times, to keep his research secret.

24: DOCKS

Numerous wooden piers jut out from a natural harbour forming Wolverton's liveliest district. Ships come from far away, bringing in goods and exporting the precious metals and other goods produced in the Lonely Coast. Noisy, muddy and colourful, the docks feature many warehouses and small taverns catering mostly to sailors. Wolverton's citizens launch their own fishing boats from here, hauling in large catches of fish and crabs for the plethora of fish stalls squeezed amongst the other buildings. Here the influence of the town guard is weakest, with rich merchants and smugglers plying them with coins to allow them to bring in illicit goods or to bring attention to a competitor. Regular ship patrols from Din Kershal are enough to deter all but the most desperate pirates from preying on the ships visiting Wolverton.

25: DIN KERSHAL

Din Kershal rises out of the nearby sea, a giant monolith of sea-slick granite connected tenuously to the mainland by a steep, narrow ridge of stone. At low tide, a small shingle beach hugs the ridge, curving along Din Kershal's northern side.

A number of smaller promontories ring Din Kershal. Two watchtowers on the larger southern promontories and eastern side guide ships into Wolverton's harbour and keep watch for pirates and other raiders.

Din Kershal rises 50 ft. higher on its western cliffs than its eastern side. Here stands the great fortress of Caer Syllan. From its battlements its sentinels have a commanding view of the surrounding area. In times of trouble, Wolverton's citizens take refuge on Din Kershal and occasionally bring their livestock to graze its tough grass. A small natural garden is maintained in the folds of the rocks for the women of Lord Locher's court.

Flotsam & Jetsam: The bodies of three adventurers wash up on Din Kershal's northern shingle beach. The bodies are horribly battered and smashed—a legacy of the sea's rough treatment—but all are also burnt by magic. Lord Locher commands those finding the bodies to secrecy, but inevitably rumours escape into the town. It is not long before rumours of Morveren's (location 26) return circulate through the town.

26: MORVEREN'S GALLEY

A large sea cave bores through Din Kershal, named after the witch rumoured to once live there when Maban Locher first settled the area. Most of the cave system is accessible only at low tide and floods almost completely at high tide.

Over the years, a few treasure hunters have attempted to explore Morveren's Galley and its side caves. Most misjudge the tides and are never heard from again and those that do return come back empty handed. Most sensible people avoid the place, tales of Morveren, in some a vampire, in others a degenerate half-goblin, keep them away.

Recently, a vicious spirit naga, Is't'sha'ka (LE male spirit naga), took up residence in the higher caves. The naga, a refugee from a distant land, sees Wolverton as an easy target to rule and live a life of decadent luxury. His first step was to charm its way into the Blood Weepers smuggling gang. Is't'sha'ka keeps his identity secret from the populace of Wolverton, using Zar the Mangler (CE male half-orc fighter 6/thief 3) as the face of the gang. The naga has not explored all of Morveren's Galley yet—the former witch's private chambers have been sealed with rock and magic wards.

27: CAER SYLLAN

The impregnable fortress of Caer Syllan perched on Din Kershal looms large over Wolverton. An earthen ditch bounds its lowest ward controlling access to the promontory while its upper and inner wards ramble over Din Kershal before they meet the keep and towers of Caer Syllan along Din Kershal's higher western side.

From here, the Lochers have ruled the Lonely Coast for a hundred years, battling the fell creatures and monstrous tribes lurking in the Tangled Woods. The current lord, Kenver Locher (LN male human fighter 6), wishes to expand his holdings.

Kenver's only child and heir, Tamsyn (NG female human wizard 1), recently celebrated her 16th birthday. A headstrong, capable young woman, Tamsyn's sorcerous powers have recently begun to manifest themselves. Confused and frightened, Tamsyn hides herself away, sometimes sneaking into town to search for someone who can help control her burgeoning powers.

Clear Deepwater's Surrounds: Lord Locher plots of expanding his holdings by founding a new settlement near Deepwater Lake. To do so, he must clear the area of monsters. Adventurers earning a reputation for bravery and honesty inevitably come to his attention.

Tamsyn's Distress: The characters witness an uncontrolled outburst of Tamsyn Locher's (location 27) burgeoning power. If they try to help the young woman, she is eternally grateful, but swears the party to secrecy. If the party numbers a sorcerer among its ranks, she begs him to help her gain control of her powers. Even if he does not agree, the headstrong young woman engineers a numbers of meetings between the party and herself. Eventually, these meetings come to the attention of her father, Lord Kenver Locher, and the party must explain themselves as he suspects one of their number of a romantic interest in his beloved only daughter.

28: THE ARISUM

The Arisum flows south from its source deep in the Tangled Woods, splitting Wolverton in half, before its estuary empties into the sea just outside Wolverton's walls. Its eastern bank rises higher than its western, leading to flooding in the western half of Wolverton in the spring and during intense rain storms. A number of small foot bridges span its length for pedestrian travel while larger, sturdier bridges allow for horse and wagon travel. Some flat river barges move people and goods up and down the river for a modest price. As a natural trade route, Lord Locher seeks to establish future settlements along the Arisum.

LORD KENVER LOCHER

LN male human fighter 6

This muscular, stern-faced man wears fine robes.

The ruler of the Lonely Coast, Lord Kenver is a hard, but fair, man who loves his only daughter.

Personality: Stern, but driven by a deep sense of honour and duty, Kenver Locher is a confident man who believes he knows what is best for his people. He enjoys riding and occasionally tours his holdings.

Mannerisms: When he is angry, Kenver clenches his fists spasmodically. He is quick to temper.

Distinguishing Features: Lord Locher's face seems perpetually locked in a scowl, except when he is with his only daughter, Tamsyn Locher.

Background: Direct descendant of Maban Locher, Kenver has ruled the Lonely Coast for almost 20 years.

LADY TAMSYN LOCHER

NG female human wizard 1

This dark-haired teenage girl wears a fine tunic and scarlet cloak.

Only child of Kenver Locher, Tamsyn is destined to one day rule the Lonely Coast—if she can control her sorcereous powers.

Personality: Well meaning, and genuinely interested in the lives of her people, Tamsyn is somewhat out of touch with the harsh reality of frontier life. She is scared by her burgeoning powers and desperately needs a more experienced sorcerer to guide her through this difficult period in her life.

Mannerisms: Friendly and open, Tamsyn seems to always be smiling—except when her powers manifest themselves.

Distinguishing Features: To the touch, Tamsyn's skin always seems particularly warm—this is a legacy of her faltering control over fire magic.

Background: A privileged child, Tamsyn has never known hardship or suffering. Her mother died in childbirth and she has only known her father's hard love.

APPENDIX ONE: NEW MONSTERS

DEGENERATE CREATURES

Living in a feral state, degenerate creatures dwell in the wild places of the world, scavenging for what they need to survive. Often the survivors of fallen civilisations or those dwelling in isolated places removed from civilisation's light, they live simple, primitive existences.

ECOLOGY & SOCIETY

Degenerate creatures live in a state of regressed barbarism. While they may dwell amid the ruins of their fallen civilisation, they have forgotten almost all the higher knowledge possessed by their forebears. They live as hunter gatherers and scavengers, taking what they need from the surrounding area.

Dwelling in tribal groups, degenerate creatures believe in elder, primitive powers shunned by more civilised folk. Normally led by the most physically powerful member of the group, degenerate creatures care nothing for the trappings of civilisation.

Tribal groups of degenerate creatures live where generations of their forebears dwelled. Their lairs are filthy, communal affairs often decorated with crude wall paintings.

DEGENERATE CREATURE LORE

A character recognising the degenerate creature for what it is might know some more information about the creature:

- Degenerate creatures have regressed into a more primitive state than their predecessors. More primitive than other creatures of the same ilk, they have forgotten much of what they once knew and live in a state of barbarism.
- Degenerate creatures are stronger than their more civilised brethren and skilled in surviving in harsh conditions. They use only the crudest weapons in battle, but their natural attacks often deal more damage than normal for their size.

COMBAT & TACTICS

Degenerate creatures are vicious combatants. Most degenerate creatures use only their natural attacks in combat or crude weapons (such as clubs). A rare few use better weapons scavenged from the bodies of their fallen enemies.

CREATING A DEGENERATE CREATURE

Any living creature can be a degenerate creature. Such creature retains all the statistics and abilities of a normal creature of the relevant type except as noted here:

Armour Class: The creature's armour class improves by +1.

Melee: Degenerate creatures gain an enhanced natural attack, due to their strength, savagery or large, sharper talons and the like. One of their natural attacks gain a +1 bonus "to hit" and deal damage using a dice one size larger than normal. For example, a troglodyte's claws normally deal 1-3 damage; a degenerate troglodyte's claws deal 1-4 damage.

Skills: Degenerate creature are skilled at surviving in the wild or in inhospitable places. They are also often agile climbers and strong swimmers.



HALF-GOBLINS

Frequency: Rare

No. Appearing: 4-40

Armour Class: 6

Move: 12"

Hit Dice: 1

% in Lair: 50%

Treasure Type: Individuals K, Lair C, S

No. Of Attacks: 1

Damage/Attack: 1-6 or by weapon

Special Attacks: Nil

Special Defences: Nil

Magic Resistance: Standard

Intelligence: Average

Alignment: Neutral evil

Size: M

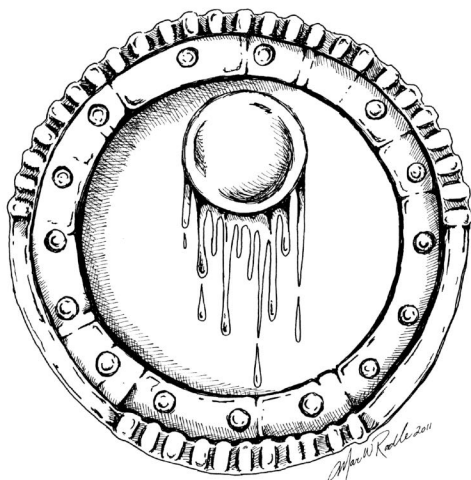
Psionic Ability: Nil

Attack/Defence Modes: Nil

*Half-breed savages in tight-knit clans,
Bitter and twisted, shaping evil plans,
No friends have they among other races,
Fear and loathing etched in their faces,
The mongrel spawn of monsters and men,
Civilisation's light is lost to them,
Neither man nor beast, there's no trace of good,
In these half-goblins of the Tangled Wood...*

Men whisper that ghosts of an elder age stalk the deepest, unknowable reaches of the Lonely Coast's ancient woodlands. Along with the forsaken holy places and forts of a long-fallen elder civilisation, a debased and twisted race of half-goblins haunts the forest's deepest thickets. The mongrel descendants of a tribe of humans subjugated by goblins centuries ago, half-goblins are a bitter, evil folk. Never numerous, and dedicated to dark powers, they skulk about civilisation's fringe weaving terrible plots to destroy their neighbours.

Half-goblins have normal infravision (60-foot range) and speak Goblin. Leaders and shaman also speak Common.



HALF-GOBLIN LORE

A character recognising a half-goblin might know additional information about the creature:

- This creature is a half-goblin. A debased and twisted mongrel race they dwell in secluded, wild places. They hate humans and goblins with equal vigour.
- Half-goblins are stealthy and fleet of foot. They can see in pitch darkness and are skilled riders.
- Half-goblins normally worship Braal.

ECOLOGY & SOCIETY

Although thoroughly evil and despicable, half-goblins have nevertheless developed a tight-knit, hierarchical society. Assailed by innumerable external threats, half-goblins have learnt personal survival and advancement depends on that of the clan.

Half-goblins dwell in small clans—little more than extended family groups—of no more than forty individuals. Although the clans compete among themselves for glory and wealth, contact and trade between groups is brisk and relatively peaceful. An elder, assisted by the learned folk of the clan, rules each clan. Groups of clans, in turn make up a tribe. No one individual rules the tribe except in times of great crisis or war. Normally, clan elders form a council which loosely directs the tribe's activities.

Relations: Half-goblins hate all other races, viewing them as potential aggressors. In particular, they hate goblins (who hunt them) and humans (who treat them as normal goblins to be killed on sight).

Alignment and Religion: Half-goblins are sadistic, hate-filled creatures concerned only with the survival and advancement of their clan at the expense of others. In the main, they worship Braal (NE god of hate, malice and revenge) a few worship fell demonic powers or the ancient, atavistic spirits of the woodland in which they dwell. Others stray toward lawful evil. Most such individuals dream of uniting the disparate clans under a strong leader (normally themselves) and scourging the Tangled Wood clear of both the human and goblin infestations.

Male Names: Anarl, Bartrel, Carlai, Cerlal, Destrel, Earlal, Estrel, Ferel, Krel, Marl, Steril, Terlal, Terl, Vartel, Werlal, Xerl.

Female Names: Arala, Barsala, Carlux, Eratla, Harastra, Jerix, Larsala, Narlix, Oparlix, Severa, Varla.

Clan Names: Black Arrow, Blood Knife, Broken Spear, Cloven Shield, Crimson Blade, Dark Shadows, Dripping Blade, Ebon Axe, Gouged Eyes, Sneaking Death, Splintered Knees, Twisted Neck.

LAIRS

Half-goblin clans dwell deep in the Tangled Wood, in places well hidden from the prying eyes of their enemies. They often choose defensible caverns, but the elder places of the world—places where ancient peoples raised mighty temples or high fortresses—also attract them.

For every 20 half-goblins encountered there is a sub-chief (a 2nd-level fighter). For every forty encountered there is a chief (a 3rd-level fighter) and a shaman with the abilities of a 3rd-level cleric). More exceptional individuals exist, at the GM's discretion.

See "Half-Goblin Player Characters" for details of how to generate such exceptional individuals.

COMBAT & TACTICS

Keenly aware of their low numbers, half-goblins avoid stand-up fights wherever possible. Rather, they prefer striking from ambush unleashing missile weapons and spells upon their hapless foe.

Alternatively, they love to manipulate their foes into fighting each other. For example, half-goblin scouts could lead a goblin raiding party to a human settlement or (disguised as goblins) attack wandering adventurers.

Half-goblins are typically armed with:

Sword and bow	30%
Sword and spear	30%
Spear and dagger	10%
Bow and dagger	20%
Battleaxe	10%

HALF-GOBLIN PLAYER CHARACTERS

Most player character half-goblins are outcasts from their tribe for some reason, and fleeing some terrible punishment are forced to endure human civilisation's perils. Perhaps their outlook on life is different to their brethren, or maybe the same burning hatred for humankind does not surge through their veins.

Few half-goblins wander the world without a compelling reason. The more learned folk among them—clerics and druids mainly—search for ancient knowledge and power and the life of an adventurer suits them very well as it enables them to plunder ancient sites of power and accumulate power and wealth.

Alternatively, raiding goblins could have destroyed the character's clan; the life of an adventurer—particularly one that fights goblins—suits such fellows perfectly. Finally a half-goblin player character could have fled his home to escape death at the hands of his enemies or rivals. In both cases, perhaps he quests to gain enough power to return and crush his enemies.

Most wandering half-goblins fall into the small portion of the race that can pass for human.

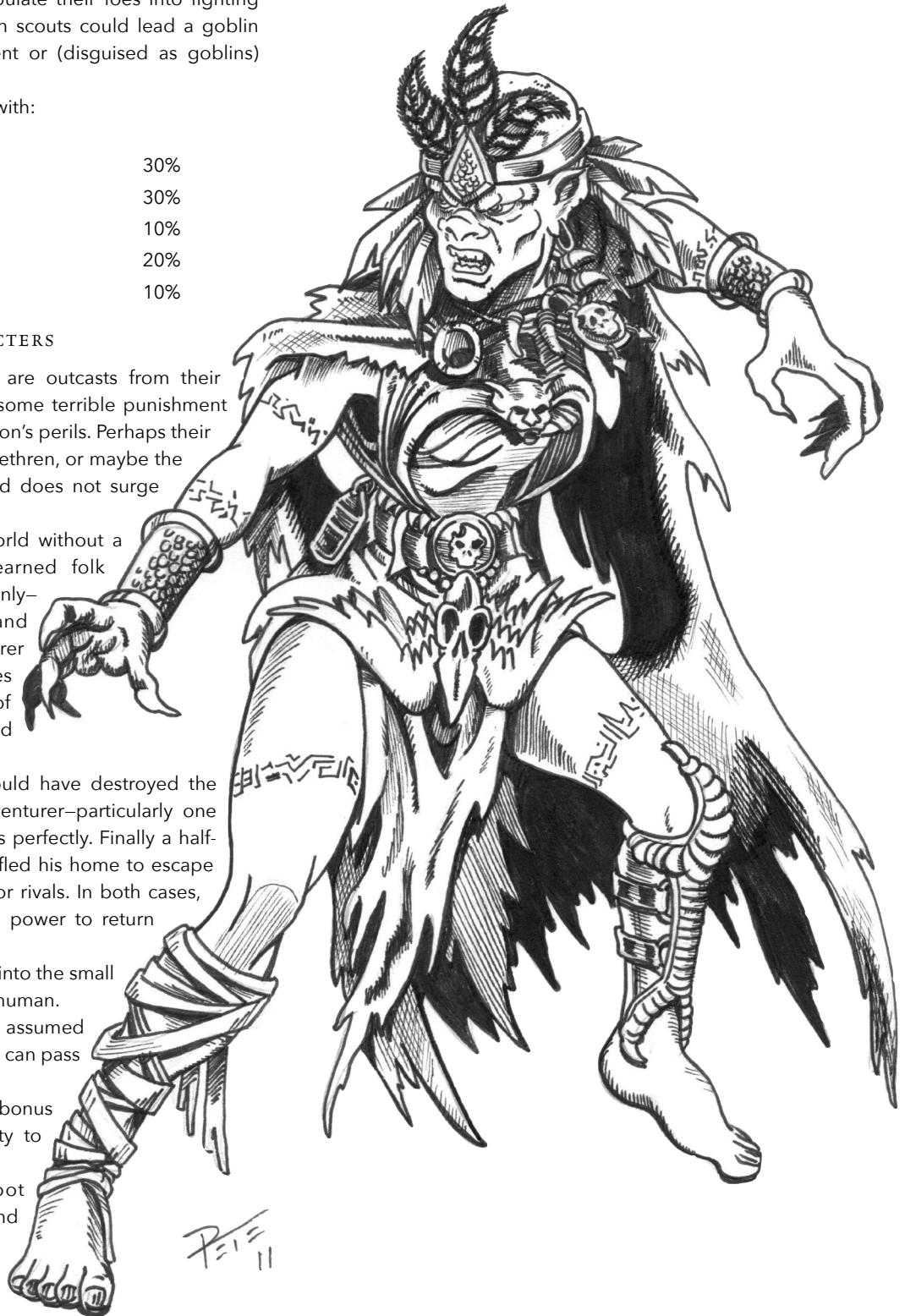
Half-goblin player characters are assumed to be one of the 10% of the race that can pass for human—albeit an ugly human.

Half-goblin characters gain a +1 bonus to Dexterity, but suffer a -1 penalty to Charisma.

They have infravision (60-foot range) and can speak Goblin and Common.

A half-goblin character can become a cleric, druid, fighter,

ranger, thief or assassin. They can also multi-class as fighter/clerics, fighter/thieves, cleric/thieves, fighter/assassins and cleric/assassins. Multi-classed half-goblins must abide by the armour restrictions of the least favourable class. All earned experience points are divided equally between the two classes, even if the character cannot gain levels in one of the classes.

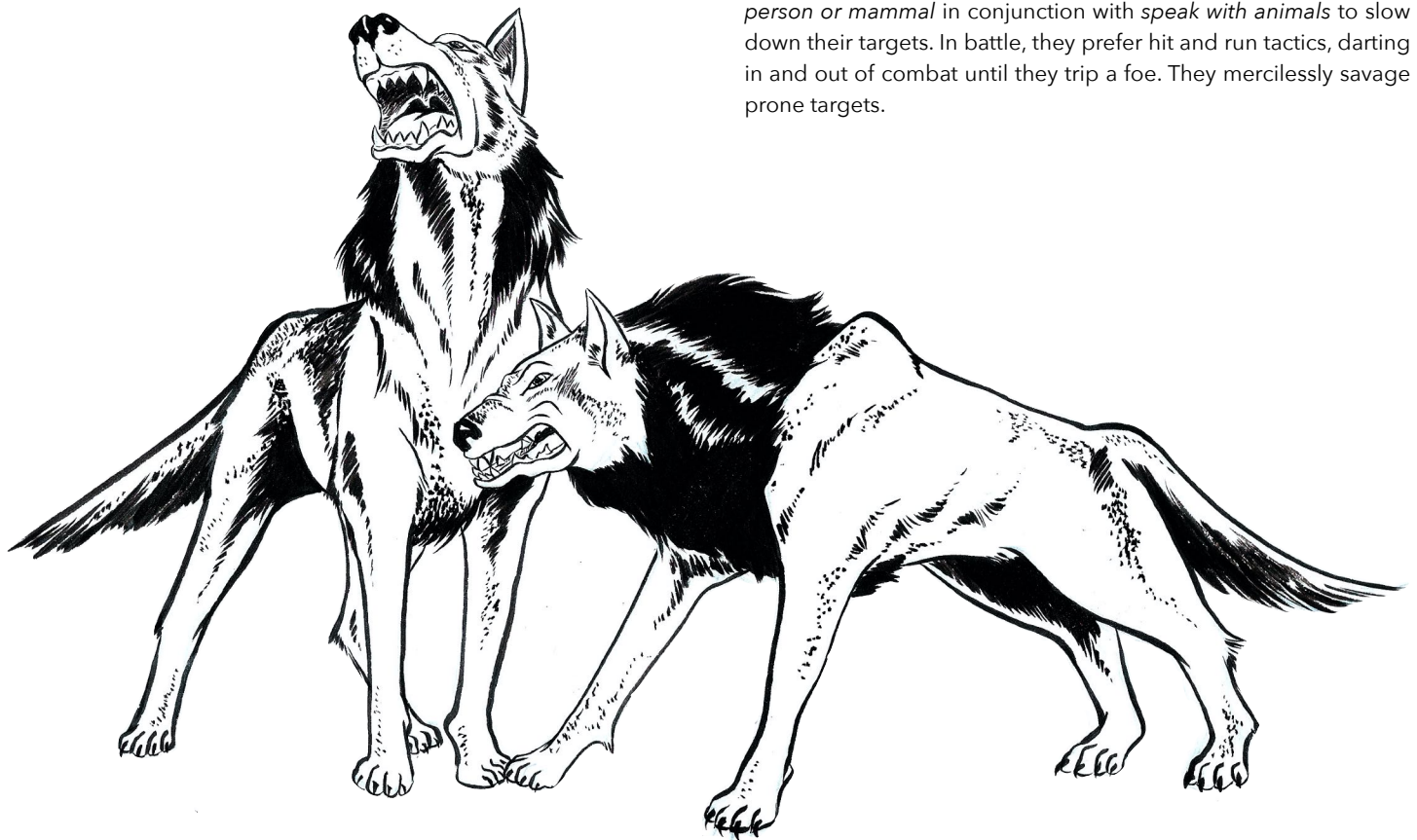


SHADOW WOLVES

Frequency: Rare
No. Appearing: 2-8
Armour Class: 5
Move: 18"
Hit Dice: 4 + 4
% in Lair: 10%
Treasure Type: Nil
No. Of Attacks: 1
Damage/Attack: 2-8
Special Attacks: Spells (see below)
Special Defences: Nil
Magic Resistance: Standard
Intelligence: Average
Alignment: Neutral
Size: L
Psionic Ability: Nil
Attack/Defence Modes: Nil

The progeny of ancient druidic magics, these savage and cunning hunters dwell deep within the gloom of the Tangled Wood. When food is scarce, they burst forth from the forest to feed upon the humans of the Lonely Coast and their livestock.

Shadow wolves are larger than normal wolves; some of the oldest and most deadly individuals grow as big as a warhorse. Such beasts are incredibly swift and strong. Even large, well-armed patrols fear battling such a creature. Local superstitions also gift them with the ability to talk to and control other wolves.



ECOLOGY & SOCIETY

Shadow wolves are drawn to ancient places of druidic power; packs often claim such lost or abandoned sites as their own. They dwell in groups of up to a dozen individuals and follow the lead of the largest, most aggressive male. Shadow wolves mate for life and are viciously protective of their mate and young.

Shadow wolves are creatures of nature warped by ancient magics; a rare few possess far greater druidic powers than their lesser brethren. Occasionally such individuals send packs of lesser wolves to harry those encroaching upon their woodland fastness.

SHADOW WOLVES LORE

A character recognising a shadow wolf might know additional information about the creature:

- This creature is a shadow wolf. They are clever, powerful foes given to stalking their prey.
- Shadow wolves have magical abilities that enable them to charm or paralyse normal animals.

COMBAT & TACTICS

A shadow wolf's mottled black and grey fur aids it to lurk in the forest's deep thickets and tangled undergrowth. Creatures of stealth and sudden ambush, they prefer stalking their prey to running it down.

Shadow wolves can use *charm person or mammal*, *hold animal* and *speak with animals* each once per day as a 3rd-level druid.

If a pack is hunting men, and the men have horses or other animals with them, the wolves first use *hold animal* or *charm person or mammal* in conjunction with *speak with animals* to slow down their targets. In battle, they prefer hit and run tactics, darting in and out of combat until they trip a foe. They mercilessly savage prone targets.

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