

LOCKWORK & CHIVALRY

Thou shalt Not suffer



RUNE QUEST II



Thou Shalt Not Suffer

Kingdom & Commonwealth II

by Peter Cakebread & Ken Walton

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Printed in the USA.



Dedication

Ken: to Thym, alte Hexe

Peter: to Marie x

Acknowledgements

Once again, thanks to Angus and Dominic at Cubicle 7, and Matthew at Mongoose Publishing for their support; to the Tuesday Night Folks (Bil Bas, Marian Hughes and James Walkerdine) and the League of Ratcatchers (Nicola Cakebread, Andy Dodgshun, Pete Murphy and Spanna Redfearn) for play-testing and giving us ideas we wouldn't otherwise have had; and to our heroic artists Tim Rigby and Gary Buckland. All interior illustrations are by Tim Rigby, apart from those in Chapter VII, which are period illustrations in the public domain.

A Note on Geography

The Cornwall and Penwith maps are based on Joan Blau's 1688 atlas of "Anglia", and place spellings are taken from there – some bear little resemblance to modern names for the same places.

Witches

We've portrayed Witches in this book very much as the evil villains they were portrayed to be by Witch Hunters of the day. In reality, of course, they were the innocent victims of a particularly unpleasant form of persecution, victimised by people with their own religious, political, or financial agendas who, by portraying a sub-section of humanity as less than entirely human, felt able to inflict inhuman and degrading treatment upon them. Don't try this at home, kids!

Harrison Ainsworth

Harrison Ainsworth wrote a novel called *The Lancashire Witches* in 1849. It was a bestseller in its day, though it seems rather turgid to modern eyes. But it's worth reading for the epic scene at the Witches' Sabbat, from which the verses in this adventure are slightly modified. (Book 1, Chapter 10, The Nocturnal Meeting). It's long out of copyright, and can be found on the Project Gutenberg site at www.gutenberg.org.

Clockwork & Chivalry on the Web

Cakebread & Walton have a web site at www.clockworkandchivalry.co.uk. Visit us for the latest news and downloads. We also regularly publish adventures and support material for *Clockwork & Chivalry* in Mongoose Publishing's downloadable gaming magazine, *Signs & Portents*, available free at www.mongoosepublishing.com.

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Introduction

In which the intentions of the current volume are explicated

“Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.”

– Exodus, 12:18

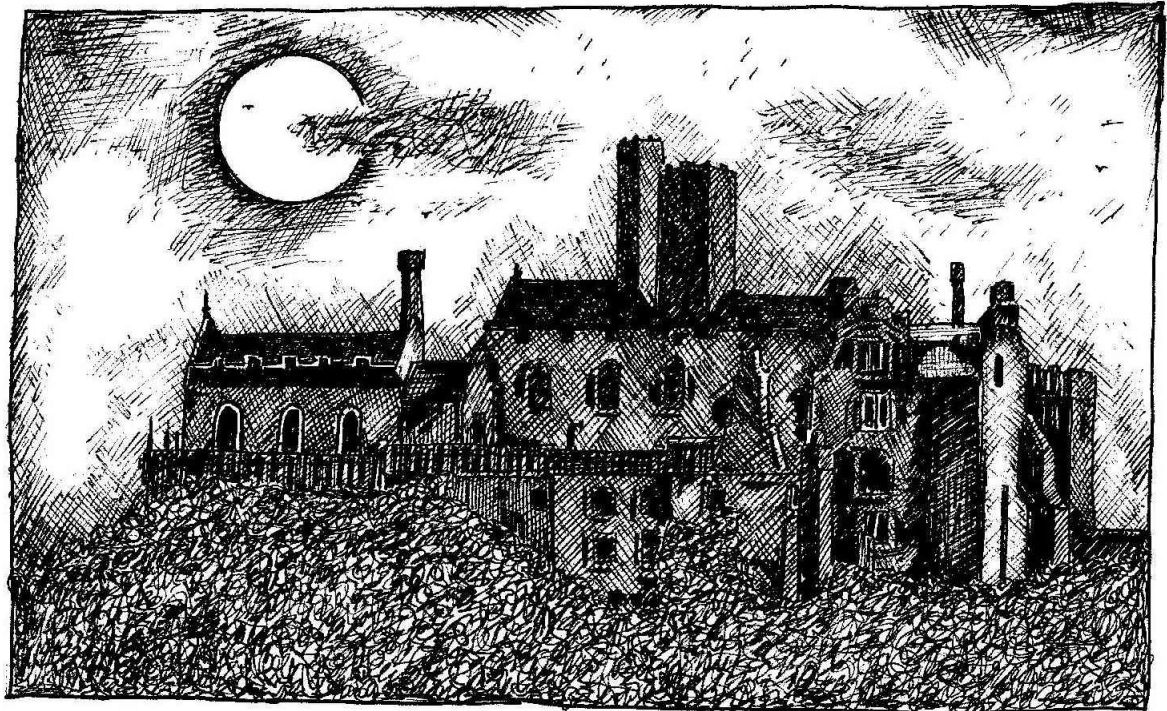
Thou Shalt Not Suffer is an adventure set in the *Clockwork & Chivalry* game world, using the *RuneQuest II* rules. A copy of the *Clockwork & Chivalry Core Worldbook* is required to run the game, as is a copy of the *RuneQuest II Core Rulebook* available from Mongoose publishing. It is playable by a group of Adventurers from any Faction or a combination of Factions (see notes below). *Thou Shalt Not Suffer* is the second instalment in the epic *Kingdom & Commonwealth* campaign for *Clockwork & Chivalry*, but can also be run as a standalone adventure. Look out for Volume III, *No Man's Land*, coming soon.

At the back of the book is a collection of standard NPCs (miners, villagers, wreckers, etc.) which can be used in running the adventure.

Chapter VII (p.82) contains rules for Witchcraft, new Factions and new Professions, useful for both Games Masters and players. The rest of the book is for the Games Master; if you are intending to play the game, rather than be the Games Master – stop reading now!

Spoiler Alert

The following information is for the Games Master's eyes only!



Chapter I

In which our heroes receive a warm welcome at the Spattered Receptacle

"I should have no compassion on these witches; I should burn them all."

– Martin Luther, 1483-1546

The Adventure

Thou Shalt Not Suffer is mostly set in the Duchy of Cornwall, the far southwest peninsula of England. The Adventurers will be asked to travel to Cornwall to investigate the murder and attempted murder of influential Royalist and Parliamentary officials; to find out what ills are besetting the Cornish Gentry; and to follow up rumours regarding an evil enchantress of reputedly immense and growing power. Inevitably, if they want to solve the mystery and protect the Kingdom and/or Commonwealth, they will need to find a way to hunt down and destroy the Witch Queen.

The Witch Queen wields magicks formerly unknown. Her servants provide her with vast powers and her influence in the Duchy of Cornwall is wide-reaching. She has hit upon a method of expanding her control and the Adventurers will find themselves beleaguered by a web of her (often unwitting) servants. The Adventurers will need all their courage and wits if they are to survive her malevolent attentions.

This adventure will take them through rural backwaters, where they will encounter rugged miners and desperate wreckers; into villages, where surly locals engage in age-old unfathomable rituals; and on to bleak moors, about which superstitions abound and where it is rumoured black masses take place. Equally as fraught with peril, they will be

entertained by the most influential men in Cornwall and come up against ruthless ambition and voracious greed. Danger will await the party at every turn, although if they keep a steady course, they will eventually discover the Witch Queen's lair and reach the dreadful climax of the story.

Kingdom and Commonwealth

This adventure can be run as a standalone. If this method is chosen, the party will be introduced to Sir Reginald Perkinson and Henry Ireton, described later in this chapter, and the adventure can begin from that point. *Thou Shalt Not Suffer* can also be run as the second part of the *Kingdom & Commonwealth Campaign for Clockwork & Chivalry*. If so, the Adventurers will have probably finished *The Alchemist's Wife* adventure, which takes place early in the new year of 1646. As the events in that adventure were set at the end of a bitterly cold winter, and *Thou Shalt Not Suffer* doesn't start until April, the Adventurers will have had time to undertake some activities in the interim.

Alchemists may have used the time between adventures to research new spells, manufacture Philosopher's Stones and make some potions. Clockwork designers and engineers may have been able to design, and possibly build, a unique Clockwork Device, which may (or may not) be of



some use (although note the section on “Travelling in Cornwall”, on p.16). Other Adventurers should be allowed to give an account of their activities as well. They may come up with some imaginative ways of spending their reward money from the last adventure; or have been meeting up with old contacts. Allow the party to have shopped and developed their friendships. As long as it all seems reasonable and balanced, there is no need to actually roleplay any of this unless your adventuring group are particular fans of fantasy shopping (although it would be a shame not to use those accident and injury tables where the Alchemists and engineers are concerned).

Of course, you may have other pastimes that you wish the Adventurers to pursue – perhaps you have other quests and adventures you want to run in the interim. If the Adventurers have become more experienced and powerful, *Thou Shalt Not Suffer* should still provide plenty of challenges.

The party’s relationship with Sir Reginald, and his demeanour, will also be potentially effected by the events in the last adventure. This book assumes that the party saved the day and that although his wife, Lady Cecilia, is still “unwell”, his daughter Rosalinde has returned safely with him to Oxford. If things in your campaign took a bloodier turn, this should be reflected in his interactions with the party.

Why Get Involved?

Royalist Adventurers will likely have Sir Reginald as a patron or close friend. Adventurers might be attached to Sir Reginald’s household, they may be students, or former students of his from Oxford, or they may be a part of his social clique. Otherwise they will have been directed to him by their own patrons, who will be sympathetic to Sir Reginald’s cause. Royalist Adventurers will have been instructed by their patrons to attend a meeting in the upstairs of “The Spattered Receptacle”, an Oxford drinking house usually favoured by students.

Parliamentarian Adventurers have possibly been ordered to Oxford by their own patron, Henry Ireton, or one of his close allies. Ireton, or one of his minions, will have asked the Adventurers to travel to Oxford, swearing to keep their Parliamentarian affiliations a secret. He will give them a letter of passage signed by Sir Reginald Perkinson, a leading Royalist, which will allow them access to Oxford unhindered. Once there, they are to go to the “The Spattered Receptacle”, some sort of bawdy house no doubt, at the stated date and time, and go to the upstairs meeting room where they will receive further instructions.

Adventurers from Other Factions will have a variety of motivations for becoming involved, be it

for the love of adventure, personal glory, or good, old fashion avarice (a substantial reward will be offered for resolving the difficulties in Cornwall). The Background Connections section of the Adventurer Creation rules provide plenty of motivations for players to journey together – using these rules creates solid relationships between party members, ensuring that they have good reasons to look out for one another. Of course there might be a whole range of other personal agendas that mean Adventurers are happy to undertake the task – Journalists might sense a good story, and Witch Hunters will be glad of the opportunity to cleanse the shores of the most notorious Witch in England (although many Parliamentarians claim that dubious title should be given to Prince Rupert, the Royalist Commander).

The Word Is...

The following rumours can be gleaned regarding the Witch Queen and the state of affairs in Cornwall. These might be passed on to the party by Sir Reginald Perkinson, Henry Ireton, or perhaps at an inn in Devon or tavern in Plymouth, before the party cross the Tamar River and enter Cornwall. The rumours might form the sum pool of the party’s knowledge about the Duchy before they depart for the county. Tittle-tattle might be passed on by learned (or not so learned) friends and acquaintances that the party consult with before, or during, their journey to the southwest. Once in Cornwall, such gossip might be harder to come by. The Cornish will feel it is ill-luck to speak of the Witch Queen, and besides, they tend not to trust strangers to the Duchy, believing that their affairs are not the business of others and thus should be kept secret. Allow the party two rolls to begin with, then a further roll for each additional source of information they consult. Roll 1D20 for each rumour and consult the table below. Alternatively, pick the rumours you feel are most appropriate to the world-view of the person concerned.

1. Cornwall is run by the most powerful triad of Witches the world has known. They govern the Duchy through their dark arts, their magicks fuelled by baby sacrifice and unholy orgies.
2. The Cornish are little more than pagan savages; unruly and ungovernable, they plot to restore their own Cornish prince to the throne and then invade England and France in order to recreate the empire of Arthur, who they misguidedly believe to have once been their own king.
3. The Witch Queen is the oldest of the Cornish Witches. She rules her unholy sisters, goading them to ride with her astride broomsticks across the whole of Europe, spreading plagues, discord



Sir Reginald Perkinson

Royalist Alchemist

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 16 POW 15 DEX 12 CHA 14

SR 14 CA 3 DM 0

Faction: Self Interest (Peace) RP: 65

Hero Points: 1

Skills: Alchemy 82%, Elemental Casting (Fire) 76%, Elemental Casting (Earth and Water) 59%, Evade 29%, Influence 76%, Persistence 61%, Rapier 54%, Resilience 41%, Unarmed 28% (1D3)

Spells: Dismiss Salamander, Fireblade, Heal, Ignite, Mend Body, Summon Salamander, Summon Undine, Warmth

Carries a 6 point Philosopher's Stone, with access to more.

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Sir Reginald may be a Royalist Alchemist, but he has been secretly working with other influential individuals to prolong the peace which broke out following the devastation at Naseby. He is limited in what actions he can take in this regard, mainly confining himself to cordial correspondence with like-minded people. Sir Reginald is extremely wealthy, genial and generous, although his geniality has been tested by a tragic past and a



turbulent present. He is charged with fighting a war he cares little about, has lost his wife, (or, depending on whether the party have played through *The Alchemist's Wife* and what occurred within that adventure, she is still alive but insane) and both of his sons, in tragic circumstances, and finds himself attempting to bring up an unruly daughter (likewise, assuming she is still alive post-*Alchemist's Wife*). Sir Reginald craves a more peaceful and stable world, in which his daughter might settle down, and he might be able to leave politics and warfare behind.

Sir Reginald is an extremely influential individual within Royalist circles, and has orders from the highest authority to support the Adventurers on their mission to thwart whatever evil is brewing in Cornwall. He has used his connections with Henry Ireton to secure cross-Faction support for the mission. Sir Reginald, who dislikes angry displays, is upset that Ireton seems to be more hostile than before and wishes he could find a way to persuade his friend to work once more for peace.

and murder wherever they roam.

- The moors of Cornwall are inhabited by Piskies. These fell creatures live to trick travellers out of their gold, their wits and inevitably their lives.
- The superstitious Cornish folk believe their land was not created by God, but rather Giants, who wiped themselves out due to constant warfare, or who were turned to stone by the saints for their wickedness.
- Cornwall is the pathetic remnant of the once great land of Lyonesse where King Mark, Tristan and Iseult once dwelt. Lyonesse plunged into the ocean many years ago, a punishment

- wrought on the pagan and Witch-fearing people that inhabited the place, no doubt; or perhaps the lands were allowed to slip into the sea as a judgment on the adulterous court filled with its petty jealousies.
- Cornwall is awash with Catholicism. That explains the Cornish loyalty to the former king and the Cornish hostility to Parliament.
- The Cornish Gentry are extremely Godly, but they struggle to minister to their heathen flock, who bring animals to church services and prefer Popish incantation to a decent sermon.
- The Cornish plead poverty, but they are



Henry Ireton

Parliamentarian Soldier

STR 14 CON 15 SIZ 11 INT 13 POW 12 DEX 16 CHA 14

SR 15 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Athletics 57%, Evade 62%, Influence 75%, Persistence 49%, Pistol 76% (1D6+2), Resilience 59%, Ride 71%, Sword (rapier) 78% (1D8), Unarmed 62% (1D3)

Faction: Parliamentarian RP: 58

Armour: Steel Breast- and Back-plate 6

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/6
4-6	Left Leg	0/6
7-9	Abdomen	0/7
10-12	Chest	6/8
13-15	Right Arm	0/5
16-18	Left Arm	0/5
19-20	Head	0/6

Henry is a brave and talented commander. He was shaken by the Regicide and uneasy at the rising influence of the New Model Army's Clockwork Regiment, and the attitudes of the unruly rabble of troublemakers within its ranks. He still has private concerns about Leveller, Digger and other radicals, who he thinks are using the conflict for their own ends. Respected by his men (some of whom are the very radicals whom Henry thinks are dangerous extremists), he fought at Naseby, where he was wounded in Rupert's assault on the Parliamentarian horse cavalry, whom Henry commanded on the day.



Henry's initial misgivings about the Regicide and Protectorate are slowly being placated by his friend Cromwell; as his marriage to Cromwell's daughter, Bridget, looms nearer, Henry's views about the Civil War are hardening. Henry now feels the only way to end the conflict is to secure a resounding victory over Prince Rupert and he works hard, as an MP, within the military and serving on various Parliamentarian Committees, toward this end. Henry attended Oxford University before the war, where he became firm friends with Sir Reginald, with whom he has corresponded throughout the conflict. Initially he was sympathetic to the peaceful gestures that Sir Reginald tried to make to those willing to listen. Now he is less patient with such talk; although he still cares for his friend, he has no intention of working against Cromwell or the Parliamentarian cause. Henry realises that the threat from Cornwall is a significant one and has orders from the highest authority to support the Adventurers in eliminating the danger.

notorious for hiding immense riches. Their money is not earned, however – it is provided by smuggling, by pillaging ships that are wrecked upon the coast and by devilish pacts, made with Piskies and Witches.

10. Although a Duchy, supposedly owing allegiance to the crown prince of England, Cornwall has always ruled itself. It has its own Parliament and own courts and the Cornish laugh at English rule and English justice.
11. The whole of Cornwall is recently bewitched. Those who have travelled through the Duchy recently have seen unholy masses upon the moors, the people subdued and less willing to leave their lands to fight for Rupert and strange

omens and portents of devilry throughout the county (spoiled food, animals falling from the sky, people disappearing, etc.).

12. As well as worshipping Satan, a practice long encouraged by the Witches who rule the Cornish, many worship the stones of the ancients, which litter the moors and headlands of Cornwall, testament to the unholy nature of the place.
13. Cornish rock has power. Aside from the ground being filled with treasures that the miners exploit, there are ancient standing stones in Cornwall, the Logan Stones, which have the power to heal, and even, it is whispered, grant wishes, if only the correct incantation and ritual

is performed. Perhaps the party would care to be told of such rituals. For a price.

14. Some of the Cornish mines are no longer used. Not because of rotten workings, flooding or because they are worked out, but because they have been invaded by fearsome demons from the depths of Hell.
15. Madgy Figgy, the Witch of St Levan, has a chair of rock on which she sits, casting spells that cause shipwrecks.
16. The Cornish are excellent archers and many of them still use bows rather than muskets. They are also excellent wrestlers – beware grappling a Cornishman.
17. There are many stone circles in Cornwall. They are the remains of people who have been turned to stone due to their sinfulness – for dancing on the sabbath, revelling indecorously and engaging in various pagan activities.
18. Something has gone very wrong with the Royalist leadership in Cornwall. That is why the Cornish did not fight at Naseby and why their leaders refuse to leave the southwest. It is claimed they are possessed and in fear of the stake, despite being of noble birth and high courtly status.
19. Cornwall is best avoided. The land is constantly raided by Barbary pirates. If they catch you, ravishment, slavery and a life of pain awaits you.
20. This source is abundant in gossip. Roll twice on the table, ignoring rolls of 20.

The Spattered Receptacle

The party have been gathered together to attend a meeting in the Spattered Receptacle. The Oxford tavern is usually full of drunken students, some boasting of their bravado and fighting skills (which they hone giving battle to their rivals, the apprentices), others noisily hold forth on subjects such as philosophy, theology or science. Today, however, the atmosphere is subdued, although the inn is as busy as ever.

A group of armed men are blocking the bottom of the steps that lead up to the meeting room above the bar area, and the students eye these fellows warily. A scuffle with some apprentice lads is one thing, these men look dangerous. Likewise a party of rough rural types are gathered around a table near the bar, swigging the cheapest of ales; they don't seem to have much to say to each other as they down their rot-gut. They look out of place surrounded by academics.

There is not much to do until the time of the meeting; the students are not in the mood to patronise the party, exams are nearing and the usual sport of “mocking the uneducated” has given away to nervous introspection. The farm workers will just mumble sullenly if approached. At the designated hour, the party can present their letters of invitation to the guards and go upstairs to their meeting. No-one seems very interested in their comings and goings, there are often meetings in the room above, although if asked, the students will comment that the guards are unusual.

A Secret Meeting

Upstairs is a finely decked-out meeting room. It is a favourite with the more controversial student debating societies, as it is somewhere they can meet away from the unwelcome gaze of the college authorities. There are only three people present in the upstairs chamber at the moment, aside from the party – Henry Ireton and Sir Reginald Perkinson (either or both of whom will probably be known to most, if not all, of the Adventurers) and a young Lady, who will probably not be known to any of them. Read the following to the party:

As the guard leads you upstairs you notice that he and his colleagues seem far better equipped than the usual town watch or, for that matter, even the regular soldiery. At the top of the stairs he motions you through a door and into a large room. The room is decorated with fine wall hangings, some of which, on closer inspection, portray slightly risqué subjects; others are just downright bawdy. The centre of the room is dominated by a large, oval-shaped table, where Sir Reginald Perkinson sits, flanked by Henry Ireton and a smartly-dressed young Lady. The Lady stands as you enter, but Sir Reginald quickly motions for her, and all of you, to be seated.

Nearly all of the Adventurers (any with a martial background, courtiers, journalists, those from Royalist or Parliamentary Factions, etc) will realise that Henry Ireton is taking a great risk being in Royalist Oxford. Even though it is not uncommon for gentlemen to entertain their opponents privately as guests, it is certainly not usual for such a senior Parliamentarian to be abroad in the Royalist capital. A great risk indeed!

Those who know Sir Reginald and Henry will notice (on an Insight Roll) that perhaps there is a little more tension between the two of them. They are usually the best of friends, despite being on opposing sides, but there is a measure of (successful Insight Roll at -20%) hostility that was not there before.



Sir Reginald and Henry are not so close, because while Sir Reginald is still working to bridge the gap between the warring parties and find a path to peace, Ireton has been talked round by Cromwell and is working more solidly within the Protectorate. Sir Reginald is not stupid, and realises that Cromwell is allowing Ireton to work with him as long as it suits his (Cromwell's) aims. This has caused Sir Reginald to lose his trust in his dear friend Henry, and Henry knows it. Both men are, however, united in wanting to see an end to whatever devilry is haunting Cornwall – and are happy to co-operate, for now at least, to that end. Continue reading the following:

Sir Reginald looks at you, a strained expression on his tired face, and begins:

"It is good of you to come. For some of you it may have been a little inconvenient, but I am grateful that you have made the effort. The matter I have gathered you here to discuss is of extreme import, and highly sensitive. Before I continue, and I apologise for insisting in such an indelicate manner, but I must ask you all to take an oath, before your God, that you will act in this matter with the utmost discretion, and only reveal as much to others as is absolutely necessary in order to conduct the burdensome task with which you are to be charged."

Hillaria Edgcumbe



Once Sir Reginald has extracted suitably solemn promises (and he won't proceed until he has) he will continue:

"Now, to the matter in hand. Let me introduce you to Hillaria Edgcumbe." Sir Reginald bows slightly to Hillaria as he introduces her.

Any party members who have any Regional (Cornwall) Lore (at -20%), or other skill you deem relevant, might know that she comes from a reasonably important Cornish family, with local, but not national influence.

"Hillaria has had the honour of serving as Lady-

in-Waiting to the late Lady Elizabeth Hopton." Sir Reginald pauses, perhaps waiting to see if any you were acquainted with the Lady, before carrying on, "Lady Hopton died while staying on the Isle of Jersey. Most unfortunate that she could not be with her Lord when she died, but the War puts such a strain on us all." Most, if not all, of you will know that Lord Hopton is one of the most important commanders for the Royalist cause in the southwest of England, second, perhaps, only to Goring – a highly influential and important personage. "Unfortunately the exact, ah..." Sir Reginald looks uncomfortable, tugging at his collars as he continues, "...circumstances, of her death, are...unusual. Perhaps it is best if I allow Hillaria to explain."

Hillaria stands up, and encouraged by Sir Reginald, tells her tale.

"Begging your pardon, but my poor Lady Elizabeth died a lonely and terrible death. She wasted away on Jersey, and I watched her go. But I swear it was no ordinary death." She looks at you all defiantly as if daring anyone to disagree. "Lady Elizabeth was cursed, cursed by a Witch. Cursed by a powerful Witch who claims to work for the Witch Queen herself." Hillaria looks terrified, as if she might be likewise struck down at any moment. She quickly composes herself, and looks expectantly at you all, as if she needs prompting.

The party should have an opportunity to interview Hillaria, although if they miss any vital clues at this stage they will be assisted by Sir Reginald (for now Ireton is remaining silent, seemingly taking little interest in what appears to be a domestic matter between Royalists).

Who cursed Elizabeth Hopton?

Hillaria - <looking terrified> *"I don't know for sure, only what my lady told me. Lady Hopton went away, and I was taken with a fever and could not accompany her. When she returned, it wasn't bad at first, and even later...well, she wasn't a young Lady, so I would have just thought it her time. But it was what she told me. The very night she returned to Somerset, you see we hadn't moved to Cornwall by then..."*

Ireton will interrupt and tell her to "get on with it".

"Yes, I am so sorry. The first night she returned she seemed just a little tired, but she told me the Witch, Madgy Figgy, had cursed her. She said they were all cursed, all of the Royalists in Cornwall. They would be approached, one by one and have to swear to Satan, or face the Witches' Curse." Hillaria breaks into sobs and needs a moment to compose herself

before she can speak again.

Sir Reginald – “Early in the war, nearly four years ago, Lord Hopton travelled the length and breadth of Cornwall, recruiting troops to accompany him. He travelled as far as Penwith, to Land’s End itself, scouring the countryside for soldiers for the King. He was successful too, many Cornishmen rallied to the King’s Standard.”

Hillaria - <wide eyed> “Penwith! That is where m’Lady said the Curse was cast. At the beginning, afore the sickness truly gripped her, I remember her many a time shaking her head and ruing the day she set foot in Penwith.”

How did she die?

Hillaria - “At first she showed no signs of actual physical affliction. But she spoke of being damned and cursed, and we could not let her out. She lived for years after her madness began, but slowly she wasted away. I attended her and at times,...we had to force her to eat. But she did not want to live and eventually she died from self hatred, I am sure of it.”

What proof is there of witchery?

Hillaria – “Sirs, for three long years m’Lady could speak of nothing but her curse. She tried...she tried to end her own suffering, but I could not let her damn herself. She spoke of Devils tempting her, first at night in her dreams, then in the waking hours as well. She could not go out, for we feared others hearing her lurid tales.”

(Party members should make Insight Rolls (-20%). Ireton and Sir Reginald look uncomfortable at this description, as if it is a familiar tale, although they will admit nothing yet).

“I had no proof. Until I saw her dead at last. She had rallied a little, and I am sorry... I left her side for a moment. When I returned she was dead, but in her hands she was clutching this.”

Hillaria has a small figure, a stick figure, made of straw, with (human) hair wound into the “head” at the top, covered in a little cloth. Anyone with Lore (Witchcraft) will know it is a poppet – a figurine that Witches are said to fashion to work their evil magicks.

Lord Hopton

Hillaria - “He was obviously upset by his Lady’s ill-health...and the war has been a terrible strain on him. He has been wounded you know, and he has many responsibilities. ...I think he was not himself, and would brook no talk of curses, probably afraid that accusations might be made about his household.” Hillaria looks anxiously around at this, “But I really can’t tell you more. I was sent with m’Lady to Jersey and came straight to Oxford after

she died. I will not return home now until my father instructs it.”

Sir Reginald – “We have no word from Hopton. He is at Launston, although hopefully not all his men are holed up there with him. He is charged with sending troops to find and arrest the traitor Grenville, and with other matters that, as I am sure Henry will understand, I cannot discuss now.” Ireton looks less than pleased. Perhaps Hopton has been charged with recruitment for a fresh campaign.

Trouble at the Top

After the party have asked all the questions they wish, Ireton speaks at last:

“And now girl, you must go. We have other matters to discuss. Off with you!”

Then he shouts “Guard!” and a guard dutifully escorts Hillaria away.

Sir Reginald looks a little askance at Ireton, perhaps perplexed by his brusque manner, but then both great men give you their full attention. Ireton begins:

“If only things were as simple as attributing this to the superstitious prattle of a mere girl. However, there are other omens, nay, not just signs but manifestations of hellish intent emanating from accursed Cornwall.” Ireton almost spits this last. The Parliamentarians have taken some terrific beatings and suffered terrible casualties in Cornwall, so perhaps Ireton’s mood is tempered by his remembrances of comrades lost. Sir Reginald steps in while his friend looks downward and frowns.

“’Tis true. There is something strange afoot in the Duchy. Perhaps we should have seen the signs earlier, but there is something rotten about the place. When the call came to give battle, last year, the southwest uniformly let the king down. It was not mere tactical blundering or inefficient mobilisation; good, talented men failed to make progress to the king’s banner. Now my Lord Goring resides at Taunton, drunk and insensible. Lord Hopton is in Launston, rebuffing our requests for information, and Grenville is outlawed, on the run somewhere in the Duchy, and without a doubt, up to no good. We believe the place is truly accursed.”

“And there is more,” Ireton chimes in. “There have been difficulties outside of the southwest as well. Cornish folk have been...acting strangely. Cornishmen have been involved in assassination attempts...attempts using magick.”

Ireton looks a little suspiciously at Sir Reginald, who refutes any Royalist connection



immediately.

"I assure you, this is no Alchemical magick. Or at least, none known to us. Whoever is behind this, Hopton, Grenville or whoever, they have access to some powers the like of which are unknown. No Philosopher's Stones have been found, not even ash remains, and the Cornishmen involved are certainly not Alchemical Scholars. Senior army commanders on both sides have been struck down, some by fire, some drowned. Others have not been killed, but...". Both men look down, grim expressions on their faces. Ireton takes up the tale.

"There is worse. It seems somehow that some control or deadly 'fluence has been cast upon them. Some very...senior men have been struck down. I fear the country might descend into chaos if their identities were known." Ireton and Sir Reginald study you closely before Ireton finishes. "Such is the level of the threat and the urgency of the task before you. Whatever malevolence is haunting Cornwall is abroad in England too. If we do not put an end to it, or the pamphleteers get wind of it, the people will take matters into their own hands and string up every Cornishman they can find, guilty or not."

Sir Reginald, pain and worry etched into his face, continues.

"Messengers have been sent to Goring. They have returned with no news, except to say that Goring is inactive. We are more concerned about the messengers we have sent to Cornwall. None of them have returned, and our, ah... informants, seem to have met with a similar fate. Thus we would urge you to make your way to Launston at once, find Hopton and..."

Before Sir Reginald can finish his sentence there is an almighty bang, then another, followed by a rapid succession of further explosions. As the deafening noises subside there is still crashing and other worrying sounds coming from below. Within seconds there are muted screams, shouts of "Fire!" and the smell of smoke starts to creep beneath the door. The floorboards you stand on begin to feel very warm beneath your shoes.

The rural fellows below were in fact agents from Cornwall, although unwitting ones. They have all died a horrible death, exploding due to a Combustion spell, cast on each of them and activated through the rings they wore. Such is the intensity of the blast downstairs that nearly all the occupants of the bar have been killed, including Hillaria, or else have been grievously wounded (and thus will not be able to give any witness statements for the foreseeable future). The guards have also been killed, or asphyxiated by the smoke.

Fire!

Any Adventurer attempting to leave by the main entrance to the room will be hit by a wall of smoke and flame as they open the door. They will take 1D6 damage to all hit locations, and must make a Persistence test if they wish to close the door again. If the door remains open, the room will immediately begin to fill with smoke and the fire will leap across the room setting fire to wall hangings, rugs and furniture; within four Combat Rounds the room will be ablaze, and characters within will begin to take 2D6 damage per hit location every combat round (see "Fire/Cold" in *RuneQuest II*. p.58).

Ireton calls out, "Quick! We chose this place for its back door." He points to one of the hangings on the opposite side of the room from the door. "Behind there! There's a ladder attached to the wall below the window!"

Assuming one of the Adventurers moves the cloth hangings to the side, read them the following (if more than one Adventurer makes to move the tapestry and open the exit, read this to the first to have suggested it):

Behind the wall hanging is a shuttered window. As you move the hanging, the shutters fly open, and for an instant you can see a woman's face, jaws open in manic laughter, pointed black hat atop her head. The shutters clatter shut and then open once again, but she is gone, nowhere to be seen. You feel a heaviness in your heart as you realise you have met the gaze of a Witch and she has seen into the depths of your soul, sensing out everything about you, any weaknesses you might have, and what kind of threat you may represent. Truly you are damned!

Any Adventurer seeing this must make a Persistence roll. On a failure, they lose 1D10+5 Righteousness Points and are severely shaken. On a Fumble, they will refuse to leave via that route and insist on attempting to leave the same way they came in.

There are iron rungs attached to the wall outside the window, leading to an alley which runs behind the inn. Everyone must make a successful Easy Athletics roll (+20%) to get down the ladder safely (this takes one Combat Round); it is 3 metres to the ground, so anyone falling will take 1D6 damage to a random hit location. A character who jumps will free up the ladder for someone else to climb down in the same Combat Round – see rules for jumping under the Athletics skill, *RuneQuest II* p.35. Alchemists with the Extinguish spell will need to cast it at Magnitude 3 to put out the fire in the room for long enough to escape safely.

If none of the characters opened the main door, there

is no further danger to the Adventurers, as long as they act swiftly to open the shutters and climb down the ladder to the ground floor.

Characters who have climbed down the ladder will find themselves in an alleyway with a fine horse (Ireton's). There is also a guard, sprawled in the gutter, dead. There are no visible signs as to the cause; it seems his heart just stopped. Anyway, there is not much time to consider things further. Ireton leaves hurriedly, taking the time to pause and grip the arm of any Parliamentarian Adventurers and wish them well before mounting his horse and galloping away. Soldiers from the garrison will start to arrive soon after, as well as a couple of Alchemists with Extinguish spells, and they will assist the townsfolk who are already fighting the terrific blaze. They will leave Sir Reginald in peace; he is well known as a senior Alchemist and Royalist and above suspicion or reproach.

Departure

After the fire and following Ireton's swift withdrawal, Sir Reginald orders the party to make haste to Cornwall, to discover what is going on. He will allow them to briefly stay in his townhouse, while they make any vital preparations for their journey, but will brook no delays.

- He suggests the party head first for Launston, to meet with Hopton who is still officially in command of the Royalist force in Cornwall. He may have some clues as to what is going on, or he may even be the culprit, perhaps implicated in a plot aiming to establish an independent Cornwall.
- Or perhaps the villain is Grenville, the turncoat. He once fought for the Parliamentarians, then the Royalists, and then tried to persuade Prince Charles to stay in Cornwall, rather than flee to Europe. He urged the Prince to renounce the throne of England, and attempt to rule as King of Cornwall instead (no doubt with Grenville acting as the real power behind the throne). Charles was having none of it, and fled abroad to join his mother, vowing not to return until Rupert had the throne of a pacified and united kingdom to offer him. Grenville's whereabouts are unknown, but perhaps Hopton will have some idea of his current location.
- Or, maybe the Duchy has turned en masse to Satan and is ruled directly by the Devil himself and a cohort of Witches.

Whatever the cause of the rot, the party must seek it out and destroy it, for the sake of every God-fearing soul in England.

Under no circumstance will Sir Reginald reveal the identities of the powerful people who have possibly been cursed. If any really persistent Adventurers try to find out more, they won't be able to. Parliamentarian and Royalist leaders alike are ensconced in Councils of War, not to be disturbed, which might tantalise the speculative...

If Adventurers ask why Prince Rupert doesn't send the army into Cornwall to sort out the problem, Sir Reginald will point out that for one thing, it might tip the already fractious Cornish into open rebellion, and for another thing, they're not entirely sure what's going on, and an army is a very blunt tool for conducting an investigation.

On a practical level Sir Reginald can offer the following:

- The use of as many swift horses as the party needs (an indication of the importance of the powers-that-be are giving this mission). Sir Reginald will try to insist the party travel on horseback in order that they can make due haste (which will mean Alchemists will have to abandon their mobile laboratories or have them sent down separately by servants).
- Letters of recommendation from Cromwell and Prince Rupert. These notes should stop anyone from attempting to impede the party, and should give them authority to act as they see fit. Important papers indeed.
- Pay. A daily subsistence allowance for individuals of the Adventurers' status, to be paid on completion of the adventure (to cover costs of accommodation, etc); plus 200 shillings to be paid up front, and a bonus of a further 1,000 shillings to be paid on completion.
- Expenses. The party can equip themselves at the exclusive and rather expensive (or snobby and overpriced, depending on your point of view) Rumpole's Outfitters, to the tune of 750 shillings. This amount is for the entire party. All prices are double those listed in *Runequest II* or the *Clockwork & Chivalry Core Worldbook* due to wartime inflation.
- A Guide.

Kit Trenparne

Royalist Messenger and Local Guide

STR 11 CON 13 SIZ 11 INT 12 POW 11
DEX 14 CHA 12

SR 13 CA 13 DM 0

Skills: Athletics 45%, Brawn 40%, Culture (Cornish) 15%, Evade 60%, First Aid 40%, Language (Cornish) 20%, Lore (Regional -



Southwest) 75%, Persistence 50%, Resilience 60%, Ride 75%, Stealth 55%, Sword 50% 1D8, Unarmed 45%

Faction: Royalist RP: 60

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	1/5



Kit Trenparne left Cornwall as a small lad. He was apprenticed by his parents to a cruel Merchant, who after brutally terrorising the boy, showed no hesitation in using forged papers to have him indentured to a Farmer. He then worked for a while as a stable-boy on a farm in Devon, although the Farmer and his family were as ill-tempered as the Merchant. When his master was forced off his farm due to unpaid rents, through luck and cheek, Kit managed to secure a job with the Lord of the manor in Bideford. Kit made himself useful, and his excellent Riding skill meant he often found himself running messages for his new master. When the Civil War began, Kit became a full-time messenger. He knows every inch of the road from Exeter to Oxford, and is well acquainted with many more routes beside. He has no real desire to return to the place of his birth, however. He assumes (for no real reason) his parents are dead and has heard tales of the accursed nature of the place from other messengers. Kit is aware that lately messengers have been going into Cornwall never to leave, and he fears that will be his fate if commanded to do the same. Kit has a fine horse, Boye, renamed

after Prince Rupert's dog familiar, and excellent tack (which he constantly polishes and tends when not grooming his horse), and is extremely proud of both.

Kit will know that the best route into Cornwall, if travelling to Launston Castle, will be over the Horsebridge at Tavistock in Devon, on the River Tamar.

What is Going On

There is indeed Witchery and conspiracy afoot in Cornwall, and Sir Reginald and Ireton are right to fear the scale of the threat to both Royalist and Parliamentary alike. What neither of them have guessed is the level of influence that Witchcraft has gained in the region, nor the ancient roots of the malignancy.

Tristan, Iseult and Lyonesse (Very Distant Backstory)

There are many different accounts of the story of Tristan and Iseult, but all contain the tale of the tragic love triangle between Tristan, Iseult and King Mark. The following does not attempt to recount the nuanced differences between the various re-tellings of the tale – all of which have lost some crucial details and much of their historical accuracy. These errors crept in due to the constant refinement and representation the tale has gone through, made to please whatever tastes prevailed at court at the time they were first recounted. Instead the following contains the tragic, epic and bloody truth of the matter. The party may discover elements, or even the whole tale, as they adventure, but it should not be an easy task for few know much of the true story, and perhaps only the Witch Queen herself knows all of it.

Cornwall was once merely a part, and a small part, of a much greater whole – the mighty Kingdom of Lyonesse. Lyonesse extended to the south of the current Cornish land-mass, stretching as far as Ys, the lost land that in turn used to be attached to Brittany. It also stretched out to the west and south-west beyond the Isles of Scilly which were of course, at the time, not isles at all. The capital of the Kingdom, The City of Lions, after which the land was named, was located on the Seven Stones Reef, eighteen miles into the sea from Land's End.

The last and greatest King of Lyonesse was King Mark (although many scholars, who believe that King Arthur came from, or at the very least ruled, Lyonesse, would hotly refute it). King Mark sent his most favoured knight, Sir Tristan, on a mission to Ireland, to fetch Princess Iseult. Princess Iseult was

Chapter I: A Warm Welcome

to be escorted by Sir Tristan to Lyonesse, where she was to be married to King Mark, to rule the mighty Kingdom by his side, as his Queen.

Overcoming various obstacles Tristan reached Iseult. What he didn't know was that Iseult was a powerful Witch, trained in the magickal arts by a conclave of Witches, Druids and Warlocks. Iseult did not reveal her powers, but took with her a cauldron and various supplies with which to practise her arcane arts.

As she travelled with Tristan she found herself drawn to him and eventually fell completely in love with the knight. He did not share her feelings, refusing to compromise his position with his liege. Hurt, Iseult turned to her cauldron, producing an intoxicating Elixir of Love, which she gave the young knight. Instantly bewitched, Tristan found he could not resist, and they became lovers.

On reaching Lyonesse, Iseult and King Mark married. King Mark was besotted with the beautiful young Witch (without the aid of any potion) and she cared for him, despite reserving her true desire for Tristan. For a while the love triangle continued; King Mark and Queen Iseult seemed the perfect couple; Tristan the noblest and most favoured of Mark's knights; while secretly Tristan and Iseult regularly met as lovers. Iseult trained many of the Ladies at Court in the arcane mysteries, and few were concerned, for she seemed a fair and goodly Queen. None of them used their magick for ill, and the land flourished. Iseult no longer needed to make potions to bind Tristan to her. She bade a smith forge a ring of gold, and cast a spell upon it, binding Tristan to her for as long as he wore the ring. The spell also prevented him ever willingly taking it off.

At one of the many feast days at Court, King Mark and his Queen appeared to the people flanked by their knights. The smith recognised the ring Mark wore, and a plan grew in his stony heart. He met secretly with Mark's younger brother and told him the tale for a bag of gold. The brother, who had always been jealous of his older sibling's good fortune, began following Tristan, eventually finding the moorland spot where the knight and Queen would meet to dally.

One day, when he suspected Tristan and Iseult were thus engaged, he suggested to his brother the King it would be amusing to go on a hunt. The wily Prince ensured the King caught his wife and most trusted Knight in a compromising position. The King commanded that a lance be handed to him, and lowered the weapon, spurring straight for Tristan. Tristan lay mortally wounded, the Queen fled and the King knelt by his friend, weeping as he watched him die.

In Cornwall some people still share stories which

refer to the darker side of the lovers' tale. A few believe that Iseult bore Tristan children, fay creatures who took to living with the Piskies and other fairy folk. Others know nothing of Mark, Tristan or Iseult, outside the courtly romances, but tell of the lost lands of Lyonesse, claiming that the ruins are revealed at certain times of the year by low tides. Few know the true ending of the tale.

Iseult, enraged and hurt, was terrible to behold. She had become a very powerful Witch and, as head of the entire Lyonesse Coven, she could marshal much power. She then made a pact, a pact which changed everything. She swore her allegiance to Satan. It is unknown whether the Beast lent her the power, or whether turning her back on all that was good gave her a faith in her own wickedness that culminated in what happened next. Iseult flew to St Michael's Mount (which at the time was well-defended, though landlocked), and began to summon her Coven.

Iseult then began to weave perhaps the most terrible spell the world has known. As her Coven came to her she withered them, draining them of their magicks. She stirred her Cauldron, which seemed to magickally grow, as did she, akin to a Giant of old. The power intensified, and an almighty storm began to brew above her, but still she chanted, stirring her cauldron and consuming her servants. Eventually the sky itself appeared to tear apart and a gigantic wave could be seen to the west. Whether it was the tidal wave that drowned Lyonesse, or whether Iseult, in her unholy anger, managed to actually sink the land is not clear. It is a moot point – Lyonesse was no more, sunk beneath the waves. All that remained, later, after the waves had subsided, was Cornwall, a few rocky isles off her shores, and a handful of survivors, scratching about, shocked and bemused, wondering what had become of their once golden kingdom.

The Witch Queen

Iseult survived the sinking of Lyonesse. But it was centuries before she was once again able to make her presence felt. After weaving her terrible spell she immediately felt horror at what she had become, mixed with a realisation that her hatred had not subsided, despite her unholy revenge. But the spell and the crashing tidal wave left her weak. She slipped from the Mount, under the water, finding a cave in which to dwell. Oblivious of the years passing above her, she slept and slowly recuperated. Centuries passed before she awoke once more, her survival a result of the vast magickal power she had accumulated.

When she awoke she realised her magick had waned somewhat, without followers to feed her, but also she had changed. The cavern in which she dwelt was



underwater, and her body had altered, adapting to the environment. She no longer had hands and feet, but instead masses of tentacles; her body had bloated, still giant in size, but now blubbery and pitted. Her eyes had become lidless and huge, able to stare beyond the murky waters. And although she no longer had ears she felt drawn to far-off voices. Voices that she realised called to her beneath the waves.

The Servants of the Witch Queen

The voices that called to Iseult, or the thing that was once Iseult, were the voices of the few who knew of her. Witches. Madgy Figgy led a small Coven in Penwith and Iseult heard her chanting and the spells she was weaving, resonating through the Cornish rock. Iseult called back, and begun the process which has led to the current situation. Gathering first a trio of the most powerful Witches in Cornwall, Iseult has instructed them in powerful magicks. In return, they have done her bidding. They have had gold rings manufactured, with which Iseult has bound them, and is now now able to communicate with them at a distance, rather than having to meet with them in underground chambers in order to instruct them.

She has also begun to work on a larger scheme. She has instructed the three Coven leaders, Madgy Figgy, Ennor Wyse and Kay Calwodeley to begin work on her plan. First, she had them recruit more Covens throughout the region. She has instructed them on how to draw power from their Covens and how to make the lesser members of each coven accumulate power for them (which, of course, she intends in due course to harvest for herself). She has also shown them how to make copper Binding Rings, with which they can control others and even use bound victims as conduits for spells.

She has instructed them with other specific tasks. Madgy Figgy has been told to work with the wreckers and continue to draw ships to the shores of Penwith. There they might flounder, particularly with a little help, and the Witch Queen can feast on the unfortunate mariners. Kay Calwodeley has been charged with using her considerable charm to monitor the actions of the people of influence within the Duchy; she is a favourite at the mock Court Hopton has set up in Launston. The Witch Queen has also instructed Kay to supervise operations within an old disused mine – mining has started again and the metals are being forged in underground workshops. The end products are

Binding Rings, which are being distributed throughout Cornwall by all three Witches. Some are used to control people of influence, some to create networks of servants throughout the Duchy, some to Bind slaves in the mine and some to dominate coastal folk so they might be sent to Ennor Wyse. Ennor is tasked with arranging for the wholesale selling of village populations to Barbary pirates, in exchange for monies, but more importantly rare spell ingredients from the east.

Iseult does not completely dominate the three senior Witches; she allows them free reign, and they work willingly for their mistress, enthralled by the powers the Witch Queen offers. She can communicate with them at any time, and they with her, and she can, if she completely focuses on the task, see through their eyes

Travelling to Cornwall

The journey to Cornwall can be as eventful or uneventful as you like. Unlike *The Alchemist's Wife* (the previous adventure in the Kingdom & Commonwealth campaign) this adventure is not designed to be played as a “road trip”. After visiting Launston Castle, much of the adventure will take place in one small area of Cornwall, Penwith, the westernmost tip of the Duchy.

However, the Adventurers may wish to investigate Lord Goring (who is holed up in Taunton), in which case they will find out very little. He will refuse to see them, hiding in a drunken stupor, surrounded by plenty of guards who will enforce his privacy. He is not actually under the influence of a Witch spell or in possession of a Witch Ring, he is merely suffering from an extremely Melancholic Humour, following his failure to mobilise the southwest to do battle at Naseby and the execution of his king. If the Adventurers do somehow get to see him, all he will say is that the Cornish are heathen and damned and he washes his hands of them.

After the episode in Oxford you may just want to skip forward to the next scene, “Entering Cornwall”, below. If so, it will have taken the Adventurers about a week if they have ridden directly down to Cornwall, quicker if they have pushed their horses hard and/or utilised coaches for some of the journey (which will have cost them a small fortune, as they are very scarce due to the war, although they will be able to apply for reimbursement later), much longer if they have failed to heed their patrons’ advice and insisted on taking carts, etc.



Chapter II

In which our heroes enter the Duchy of Cornwall

“The whole Countrie of Britain... is divided into iiii parts; whereof the one is inhabited by Englishmen, the other of Scottes, the third of Walleshemmen, the fowerthe of Cornishe people, which all differe emong them selves, either in tongue, ...in manners, or elles in lawes and ordinaunces.”

– Polydore Virgil, Italian scholar, writing in *Anglia Historia*, 1535

Entering Cornwall

Much of the boundary between Devon and Cornwall is defined by the River Tamar, which creates a natural border. Unless the party decide to head to the most northerly extreme of the two counties, they will have to cross the river. If they enquire, they can easily find someone to tell them that the most direct way into Cornwall, if travelling to Launston Castle, is probably Horsebridge, from which it is but a small cut north to Launston. This confirms what they were told in Oxford.

There is a more southerly crossing at Gunnislake, but it would take the Adventurers near to Plimouth where a siege is in place and, like the more northerly crossings, would take the party away from Launston. Ferries are available in several places along the riverbank, but all of them can really only manage pedestrians, and the party will probably want to take their mounts with them.

Assuming the party decide to cross at Horsebridge, read them the following:

As you approach the bridge, you notice a solid, stone-built coaching inn. There is a freshly carved Royal Seal set into the wide step leading up to the hostelry, which is the last inn on the Devon side of the River Tamar.

(If the Adventurers think to ask someone, the seal was gifted to the innkeeper by Charles I, for services

rendered earlier in the war.)

The party may want to stop and rest, in which case the inn, recently renamed the Royal, is friendly enough (run by husband and wife, Peter and Mary Brimecombe), the food is excellent, and the beds, while not the cleanest, are very comfortable. Once a nunnery, the place has been used as an inn since the Dissolution, back in the time of Henry VIII. The other guests at the Royal are all heading up or down the River, rather than venturing across the border. The Adventurers might pick up a few rumours during their stay. Eventually, though, they will need to leave the Brimecombes' hospitable lodgings and venture into Cornwall.

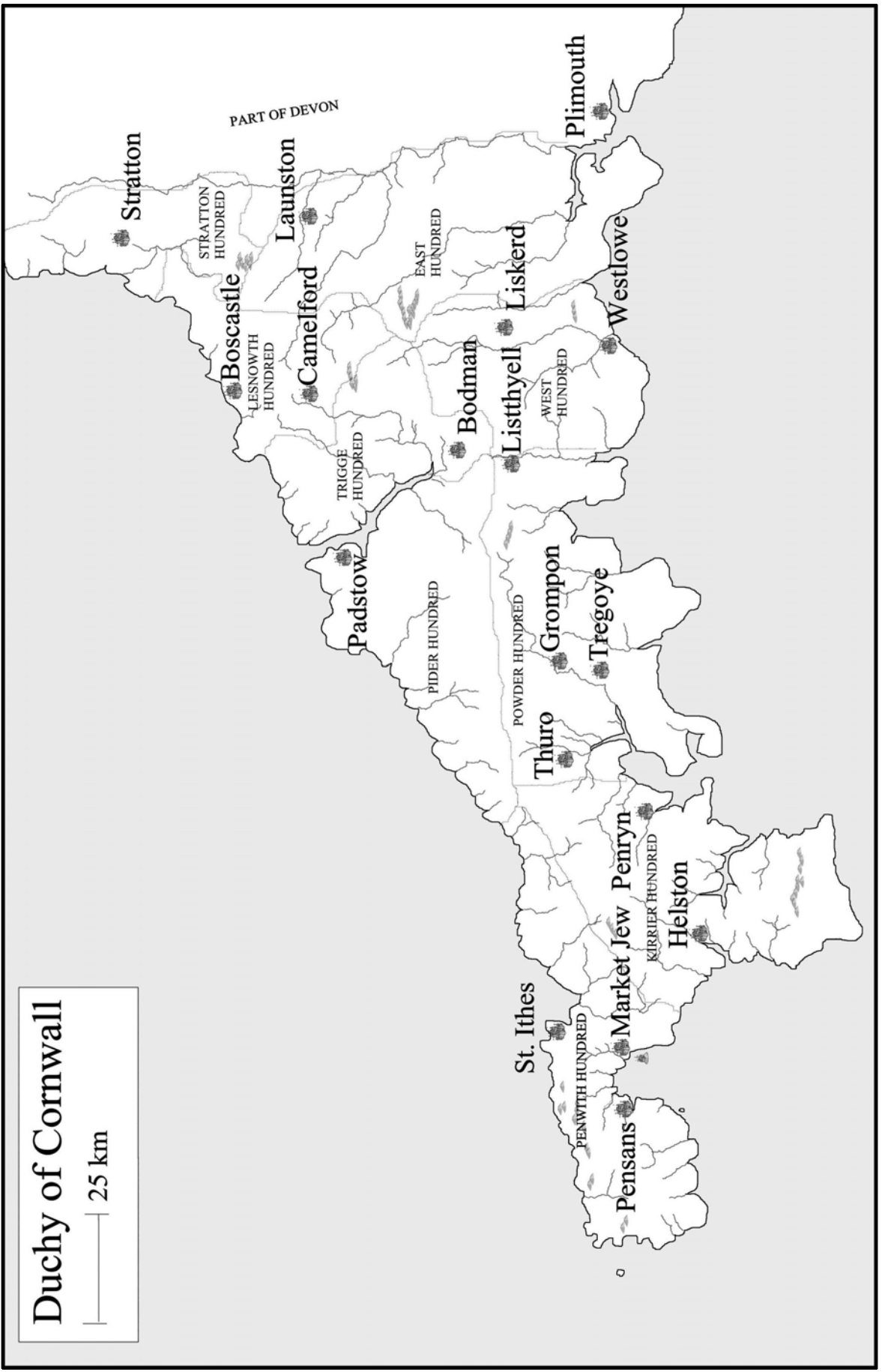
You see a fine bridge in front of you. It is a substantial, many arched affair, and it is easy to travel across on horseback. There is a bored looking picket of Royalist soldiers on the Cornish side; some infantry resting on the verge of the road, some dismounted cavalry chatting while they hold their horses' bridles.

The Soldiers ask the Adventurers' business. If they tell the truth, the Soldiers will be happy to let the party pass, and won't even ask them for a toll. They will offer to provide a guide though, who will accompany the party to Launston Castle; he is a dull-seeming fellow, Francis Symonds who, despite his dreary persona, may be privy to the odd rumour or a minor piece of gossip (although he will give no useful information, confining himself to tittle-tattle



Duchy of Cornwall

—| 25 km



Chapter II: Into Cornwall

about his fellow troopers). If the party don't tell the truth, then the troops will probably still let the party pass. In this case, they will send a messenger straight to Launston Castle (they will know an alternate route to avoid being seen overtaking the party), where Lord Hopton will immediately dispatch some men to capture the Adventurers and have them thrown into the dungeons as probable spies.

The cavalry are all gloved, which should not be especially pointed out to the players as they are fairly standard cavalry gloves, and all wear a copper Control Ring. If anyone asks, Lore (Military Tactics) or similar will reveal that it does seem to be a rather large picket for such a small crossing so far into Royalist territory. That said, the soldiers seem relaxed enough, so there shouldn't be any cause for alarm.

Having travelled all the way from Oxford, you have finally passed into Cornwall. Launston Castle is only a two hour ride away. Before long you might indulge in some feasting, find some answers to your Patrons' questions or, at the very least, be able to rest your travel-worn bodies.

Cornwall

As the party enter the Duchy of Cornwall, emphasise the changes to their surroundings. Cornwall may seem like a foreign country to Adventurers who do not hail from there. Certainly the Cornish, aside for the Gentry, some of whom aspire to gaining the acceptance of their English peers, will treat outsiders as if they are foreign. This strangeness should be stressed for dramatic effect. In the rural and more remote areas people will stop what they are doing and stare at the Adventurers as they pass. If the Adventurers are of high status, the peasantry will make no disguise of their contempt for such "foreign" dignitaries.

Although some manors exist, mainly in the east of the Duchy, village life is somewhat different than in the rest of England, and there are fewer Gentry about. People tend to live in smaller hamlets, two or three houses clustered together. Chapels therefore often stand alone, rather than being in the centre of a village, perhaps with just a Rectory nearby. Farms are scattered, isolated from their neighbours, fields often enclosed by thick dry-stone granite or slate walls. These farms are joined together by snaking tunnel-like lanes that run under lofty hedge-banks.

The miners also work for themselves. Mining, ship-building and quarrying are the lifeblood of the economy. The Cornish themselves tend to be very wary of town life and Townsmen; and many of the

residents in the Cornish towns are "foreign" – predominantly French, English, Flemish, Irish, Breton and Dutch.

The soil, where it exists, is poor and thin; pasture is rough and sparser than in the green Devon valleys (unless the party insisted on travelling across Dartmoor while in Devon, in which case they may be a little more familiar with hazardous moorland territory). Consequently, life is hard and the people mostly poor; often even poorer than their humble counterparts in the rest of England. Due to the poverty and unforgiving landscape, the land is relatively scantily populated.

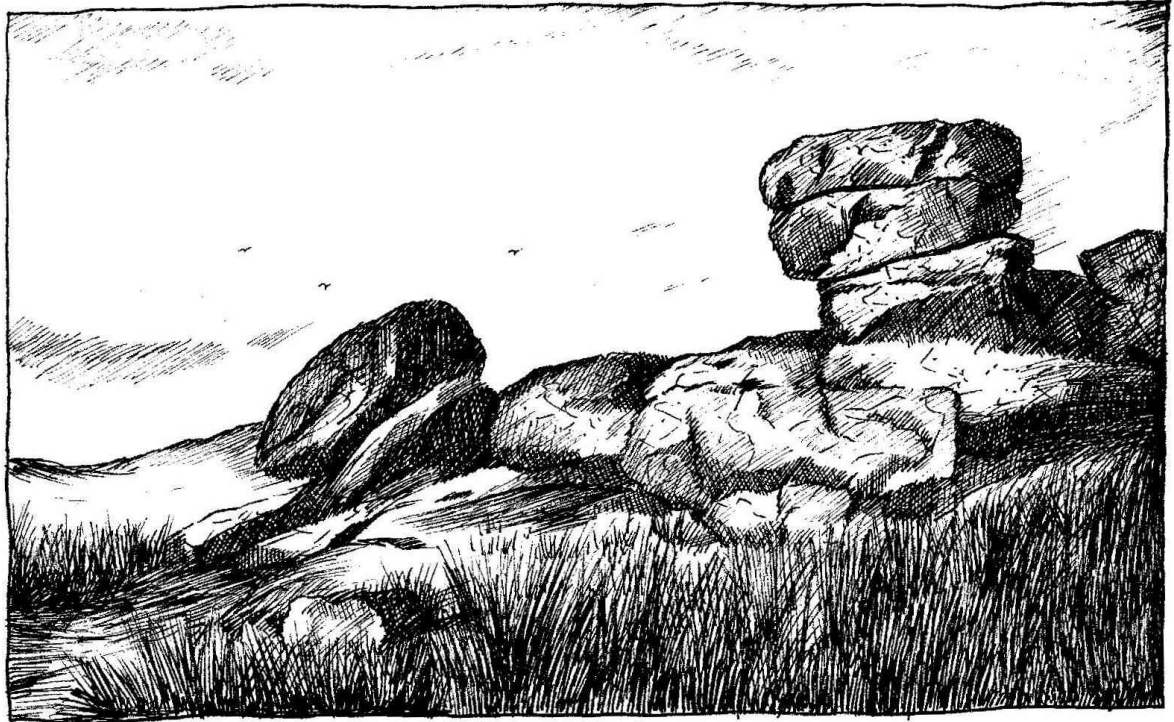
The Cornish moors are bleak and forbidding, the stones steeped in superstitious tales and ancient lore. Make much of the tricks of the light which cause the primeval tors (piles of granite stone) to appear as giant figures or other unnerving tableaux – perhaps they resemble a great Witch, hat atop head; a slumbering dragon; or form huge archways, which look as if they have been intentionally crafted to lead to terrifying drops. There are many traces of the activity of the ancients as well. Stone circles, standing stones (Logan Stones) and barrows abound, constant reminders of a pagan ancestral way of life that has perhaps not been totally forgotten.

The coastline is spectacular – dangerous, jagged cliffs conceal hidden coves and bays; treacherous paths snake atop wild headlands. The wind whips in viciously from the sea and the waves roar as they crash relentlessly onto the picturesque but deadly rocks. In some areas caves are dotted around the coastal headlands, worming their way into the mainland. Some are mere traps in which the unwary explorer can find himself quickly overwhelmed by a rapidly rising tide. Others conceal a smuggler's boat or wrecker's treasure trove. There are splendid beaches where dozens of fishing boats are hauled up, when they are not out to sea working to feed the hungry population. Piers, jetties and harbours are also lined with boats and the Customs Houses are busy, recording the trading of Cornish cloth, copper and tin for imported goods and cash.

The Duchy

Cornwall has had its own unique relationship with the rest of England. In some ways, the Cornish are fiercely independent, yet in other ways the Cornish value their status as a Royal Duchy and their particular relationship with the crown. Some of the fierce independence of character is due to geography; however, despite the Duchy's remoteness, the Cornish are hardly isolated. In many ways, the Duchy's location means that the Cornish are used to visitors; Cornwall boasts a maritime tradition, and accompanying trading centres, linking





it firmly to the rest of Europe.

Medieval kings realised that by bestowing Cornwall with the status of Duchy, and by incorporating certain privileges within Royal charters, the Cornish would be able to preserve their sense of semi-autonomy, while at the same time being pulled into the Royal remit. This was reinforced further by the decision to make the Heir Apparent the Duke of Cornwall, tying Cornwall to every future king. The Duke rules Cornwall in the manner a king might rule a kingdom, again emphasising the Cornish separation from the rest of England at the same time as reinforcing the power of the English monarch in Cornwall. The current Duke, the young Prince Charles, is in exile, which has heightened Cornish insecurity.

Cornwall's remoteness and unique culture does mean that in times of turbulence within English politics, such as the Wars of the Roses and the present Civil War, the possibility of the Duchy slipping into independence, lawlessness and piracy increases. The Cornish overwhelmingly side with the Royalists and, apart from a few of the Gentry, the majority of Cornish folk are keen to fight to retain their Duchy status. The Stuarts have been supportive of the Duchy, while the Cornish fear that Parliament are outsiders who, like the Tudors, might do away with their traditional Stannary system of governance and impose their values on Cornwall. Even the Godly Gentry are still mainly Royalist, tied to the cause through the Duchy; the handful of Parliamentary supporters fled to Plymouth long ago.

Stannary Law and the Stannary Parliament

Stannary law developed out of a combination of Anglo-Saxon, Norman and Cornish customary law. It originally allowed tinnors (tin miners) to be dealt with in a separate court, rather than by other civil or ecclesiastical authorities, as long as the alleged crime was not especially serious. The system arose from the reciprocal arrangement whereby the tin coinage flows to the Duke; the Duke oversees the political power of the Stannary Parliament and Courts; and the Parliament and Courts oversee and protect the rights of the miners.

Over time the remit has been extended; firstly, to miners and their families; and finally, to "anyone connected with mining". In much of Cornwall it is possible to claim some connection, however tenuous, with mining. There are four Stannaries, or mining districts (including Penwith-with-Kerrier), but the boundaries of each are, perhaps deliberately, vague. In the Stannary Court, if a mining related offence is alleged, the jury is comprised of just miners; if it is a non-mining related matter then half the jury will be miners, the other half "foreigners". An example of parochialism within parochialism – the miners see all non-miners as "foreigners", Cornish or not.

The Stannary Parliament acts as a kind of mini-House of Commons for Cornwall. The Parliament's powers include the right to veto any act, ordinance, or statute, etc., by any king, their successor, or even

the Duke of Cornwall, if such a measure prejudices tinnars or anyone connected with the trade. Thus those that sit in the Parliament, the 24 Stannators (six from each mining area), have considerable power.

The whole Stannary system is another factor reinforcing the sense of Cornish uniqueness and territorial independence.

Rebellion

The past one-hundred-and-fifty years have seen a shift in the relationship between Cornwall and the rest of England, a shift that has led to rebellion, the decline of the Cornish language and a lingering atmosphere of Cornish resentment and English suspicion. Whereas Cornwall, in the past, often allowed itself to be technically governed by England, while retaining independence in reality (which in turn ensured Cornish customs could be followed, despite waves of settlement and changes within the English elite), the aftermath of the last Cornish rebellion ended that.

The first rebellion, one-hundred-and-fifty years ago, ended without harsh punishment. Although fines were imposed, the eventual Charter of Pardon, if anything, reinforced Cornish rights and many of the fines were quickly dropped to appease the Cornish.

The second rebellion, fifty years later, ended in massacre, execution and suppression. The Act of Uniformity and the imposition of the Universal English Prayer Book, in effect imposed English on the Duchy, even though some Cornish folk could not even speak it. After this rebellion, the Cornish language was, wrongly, associated with Popery, and the Cornish nursed a hatred of the Tudors and adopted a more insular and parochial mindset.

The relatively lowly Cornish Gentry were further divided from their own people as they sided with the English against the rebellion. New Cornish Members of Parliament were created, rewards for the Gentry, but the Cornish saw these MPs as knowing little of Cornish interests. The Cornish Gentry themselves often affect the manners of the English, yet are seen as inferior by the English, at Court or in the capital.

This history has created a climate of Cornish hostility toward the English. In fact the Cornish are not even keen on their Royalist allies; they have refused to let the Queen's Guard in (because they are French) and Rupert is anxious that he has armed a group who fight not as Royalists, but as Cornish.

A Note on Language

The Cornish language is under threat, and nearly all

Cornish scholars agree that its days are numbered. Once spoken throughout most of the region, over the past hundred years the tongue has become geographically isolated, confined mainly to the tip of the peninsula (including Penwith, a place to which the party will eventually travel). Most people are completely fluent in English, and know little or no Cornish. The further west the party head the more likely it is that they will encounter people who know some Cornish. In Penwith and the far west there may still be some isolated rural dwellers who primarily speak Cornish and know less English.

Although nearly everyone speaks English, many Cornish folk will not admit it. When the members of the party address locals in English, they will often receive the reply, "*Meea navidna cowzasawzneck*", which translates as "I will not speak English". The person using the phrase will probably not actually speak Cornish. The phrase has become a resentful rebuttal to "foreigners" from England, and is technically true. The speaker can speak English, but won't to the party!

Travelling in Cornwall

Although the mines have brought some wealth to the otherwise impoverished Duchy, the roads are poor. There is always the risk of banditry, and some of the soldiery, awaiting back-pay which never seems to materialise, are not immune to the temptations of using bullying tactics to gain a purse. The line between soldier, miner and deserter is often blurred, quite apart from the already thriving career criminal fraternity who dabble in piracy, smuggling and various other nefarious pursuits. The party will possibly be subject to additional unwanted attentions due to being "foreign". Even if the party manage to avoid being waylaid, the going will routinely be slow in Cornwall. Reduce movement by between a quarter and a half of the daily rate, due to inadequate highways and difficult terrain.

Despite the risk of robbery, the Adventurers will always not always be treated badly. The party will be able to provision at the larger towns, they will possibly be able to garner more "exclusive" goods if they are prepared to deal with the Smugglers and they should be able to find adequate stables and smithies along the way to care for their horses. There are plenty of welcoming inns and cheerful traders who will be happy to deal with the party; and many of the Gentry will be glad of a visit from their English cousins. If the party do enjoy the local hospitality, they might be treated to such delights as freshly caught game, breads dipped in rich cream, and gut-busting pasties filled with sweet pickled fruits at one end, savoury meats in the other; plus various other local delicacies.



The party may well find themselves excluded from the tight-knit little hamlet communities, many of whom are in a state of terror due to the threat from slavers, tales of evil abroad, and the constant hardships that accompany dependence on hazardous occupations such as mining, fishing and farming, where rock-falls, storms and failed harvests constantly threaten disaster.

All strangers may be treated with fear and suspicion – but some Adventurers will arouse stronger reactions than others. Certainly Alchemists, Scholars and Physicians will be met with an awed respect or fearful suspicion. Any Parliamentarian Adventurers will need to keep their allegiances secret, if they want to avoid unpleasant summary justice. Clockwork technology is anathema in Cornwall – although at first sight it might cause the frightened observer to flee rather than confront the engineer. If captured a Mechanical Preacher is likely to meet a very unpleasant end!

Cornwall County Wandering Encounters

The following encounters are all designed to be played out within the Duchy of Cornwall. At the bottom of each table there is a seventh encounter. These encounters have the potential to give the party additional clues as to what is going on in the Duchy, are relevant to the central plot, and should all take place within Penwith. Again, it is not essential to run all of these events, but they may be useful, particularly if the party has failed to follow up other leads or seem to be otherwise losing their way.

Coastal Encounters

The party may well find themselves taking coastal paths as they travel through Cornwall. Some of these routes are ancient and well-worn. The coastal paths veer inland at times, where the cliffs break into jagged rocks which are unnavigable (or at the least make the journey tediously slow and prevent safe progress on horseback), cutting through farmland or through hamlets as they do so. Most of the coastline is dominated by high cliffs. But there are also plenty of inlets, coves and bays. At times the paths lead down onto little beaches, the sand providing a more direct route, always supposing that the tide is out, than a longer detour inland.

1. As the party round a headland they see a group of men stood beyond the cliff path, near the edge of the long drop to the sea. They are masked and armed. There is a bundle of firewood at their feet. They say nothing, staring impassively at the party. If the party continue on their way, the men do nothing. If the party hail

the men in English they gruffly reply – “Meea navidna cowzasawzneek” (trans. “I will not speak English”). If they are addressed in Cornish they will still give an unfriendly response, directing the party to leave immediately. They are preparing to give a signal, later in the evening; their fellows are on the beach below with small rowing boats, preparing to rendezvous with a ship bringing in illicit goods. It takes fifteen minutes of slow clambering with Athletics rolls to get to the beach by the most direct route, or a twenty minute walk if the party can locate the long way round (Perception rolls at -20%, brambles have been pulled over the path entrance). If the party approach the men en masse, they will attack. 3D4 Smugglers stand guard atop the cliff; 4D6 are on the beach below (see Appendix for Smugglers’ statistics). If the party are travelling in the evening, a hazardous task considering the landscape, double the number of Smugglers and increase the ferocity of the Smugglers’ warnings to stay away, as the operation will be more imminent.

2. The path winds up and down, away from the sea for a while, then zig-zags back toward coastal cliff-tops. As the party look down from the cliffs, over the choppy ocean, they see (roll a few Perception rolls for them) what appears to be a gigantic beast in the far distance. Might it be the hump of a huge sea creature? Perhaps the coils of a sea serpent? Or maybe it’s the enormous tendrils of some other fantastical beast? As the Adventurers stare, the beast disappears into the water once more and doesn’t resurface.
3. As the track swings out onto a high cliff-top, the Adventurers get a breathtaking view of the ocean. A large ship is visible, tacking close to the shore. Flags fly from the mast, some are scarlet with yellow crescents others are a solid red – the ship belongs to Barbary pirates and the red flags symbolise that they will give no quarter to their victims.
4. The coastal path leads down onto a long, beautiful, sandy beach. Across the bay another path leads up onto the next headland. (It would take 1D6 hours to avoid crossing the beach and finding a way back around behind the rocky headlands). If the party proceed along the beach they will realise that the tide has suddenly started to rush in. The Adventurers are in real danger of being engulfed by the rising tide and will need to run or gallop their horses to the headland opposite and scramble over the rocks to the path. Athletics or Riding tests should be made to avoid twisted ankles or lame horses.



- As the party navigate a particularly torturous section of the coastal path, they meet a elderly man, staring out to sea. The man turns and tips his hat, smiling a crooked smile and greeting the party with “*Dydh da!*” (“hello”, in Cornish). If the party bother to respond, or explain they are English, etc. the man will nod and smile, and in broken English wish them a pleasant day. The man wears a copper Binding Ring, and has been set to the task of watching for strangers, by Madgy Figgy. If the Adventurers are already known to Madgy (at least one of them will probably have been seen through the window of the “Spattered Receptacle”) then she will send a group of 1D6 Villagers (see Appendix p.95) to attack them later the same day, one of whom will have had a Combust Spell (Magnitude 15) cast upon them, ready to explode at the moment they are near enough to cause damage to an Adventurer. The Villagers will attack the party until either they or the Adventurers are all dead or incapacitated (unless the Adventurers manage to take their Binding Rings, in which case they will stop fighting and look extremely confused).
- As the party round the headland, they can see a small cove below them. A treacherous path leads up from the cove, intersecting with the coastal road the Adventurers are on. There are tiny figures below, hauling something off the beach. If the party investigate, they will encounter 3D4 Wreckers. The Wreckers have not actually caused the boat to flounder, this time, the small Breton trading vessel was a victim of the sea rather than human agency. The Wreckers will ignore the party, or become surly if any legal official within the party asks awkward questions; they may just fancy a fight if the party don’t appear too powerful. They are carrying recovered kegs, and depositing them at the top of the beach, not far from the corpses of three Sailors. Splinters of the ship and its mast, mingled with other debris, are scattered along the beach. In fact the owner of the vessel is not far away, and if any conflict breaks out he will try to calm things down, possibly ineffectively as he will flap his arms and shout all the while. The owner, Erwan Jequel, possesses a small fleet of the boats, and is more concerned about salvaging what he can from his loss, a task which he is paying the Wreckers to assist him with, than with his three dead crewmen, who he sees as replaceable. If there is a scuffle, in his panic Erwan will forget to speak English, or Cornish, shouting “*Paouez! Paouez!*” (“stop!”), at the top of his voice, in his native Breton.
- Penwith Only:** As the Adventurers traverse a small beach they might spot (Perception rolls) a

struggling mariner, out to sea. The fellow is waving frantically and if he is to survive, the party will need to rescue him. If they manage to retrieve him from the choppy waters (Athletics tests to save him, failure will mean that the Adventurer survives but cannot drag the man out of the water, Fumbling will require the Adventurer to be saved) he will live, although he will pass out for 1D6 minutes. On coming back round, Tresco Butler will profusely thank his saviour. Tresco, a middle aged Cornish fisherman, was out on his little fishing boat, when a freak wave washed him atop a rock. His little boat splintered and Tresco fell out. He has a badly damaged arm, which is why he couldn’t swim to safety, although the shock of the escapade, and the coldness of the sea, means he hasn’t noticed the blood pouring from the wound. If any Adventurer offers to dress the wound, Tresco will be grateful, between his protests of “*Thank, you sirs. You already done so much fer me, don’ you worry about poor ol’ Tresco.*” Tresco will try to persuade his rescuers to come home with him. His wife will thank them, fuss over Tresco, and Tresco will attempt to get the party to stay for some food and a pipe of tobacco. If they do, he will explain that the sea is cursed, because Madgy Figgy sits on her chair at Porthcurno, casting malicious spells. He and his wife will regale the party with all they know about the Witches of Penwith (which is really only that, unless you want to add some extra detail).



Inland Encounters

You are never that far from the coast in Cornwall, but if the party decide to keep inland they will find themselves travelling through a mixed countryside. There are bleak moors – granite uplands, covered with heather and rough grasslands. But there are also well tilled farmlands growing arable crops and well tended pastures, which provide food for the farmer and grazing for his livestock.



Barbary Corsairs

The Barbary Corsairs (or Barbary Pirates) are a loose association of Muslim pirates. They are based along the North African coast, but their sphere of operations stretch as far north as Iceland and far to the south, down along the west African coast. However, most of their predation takes place in the Mediterranean, where they capture vast amounts of European shipping. Aside from preying on merchant ships, they have another quarry – they raid coastal towns, snatching the locals to be sold at slave markets in Africa. Such raids commonly target Portuguese, Spanish and Italian villages, but have been launched against the Netherlands, Britain, France, Ireland, and even Iceland.

These attacks on vessels, and slaving expeditions, are by no means rare – vast tracts of coastline have been abandoned along the Spanish and Italian shores, inhabitants fleeing in order to avoid the grisly fate of life as a slave; and thousands of ships have been lost. For the past fifty years the Barbary pirates have all but ruled the waves – while the rich might be released once a ransom has been paid, the poor have little hope of ever returning home. Many nations pay a tribute in order to avoid the attentions of the pirates.

In *Thou Shalt Not Suffer*, one of the Witches, Ennor Wyse, has been selling Cornish slaves to a Barbary Prince, Ahmad Saad, in exchange for money and rare spell components; and another Witch, Kay Calwodely, is preparing to have her miners, who are coming to the end of their usefulness, likewise sold to the Prince. All of the Cornish fear the Barbary Pirates. Dread tales of the white slave trade are commonplace, and fresh news, in lurid and gory detail, of the depredations committed against Christian captives, filters in with alarming regularity.

1. The party are stopped by a patrol of 2D6 Royalist cavalry (see Appendix). The patrol ask to check the Adventurers' belongings. They don't explain what they are looking for. They were the victims of a carefully worked-out heist. They were resting at an inn, on their way from Truro to Launston, when their baggage was relieved of one of the chests carrying coin to Lord Hopton. They don't know who took the money, and haven't any leads. If they find any Clockwork devices while searching, they will possibly arrest whoever has it, hoping that Hopton will spare their necks if they bring him a Parliamentary spy. He won't, but the party will have to either talk their way out of it

(Influence, at -40% for non-Royalists), resist, lose a member or find a way to rescue their compatriot.

2. As the party travel across rough moorland they crest the top of a tor. They see a strange sight on the other side. There is a granite archway, formed by a slab perched on two waist-high standing stones (an old ancient tomb entrance, still standing, although the barrow is long gone). On top of the horizontal slab lies a thin girl, naked and shivering. A group of adults are standing around. The party may think that this is a Witches' ceremony; perhaps the child is to be sacrificed, etc. The villagers will ignore the party, idly drinking cider and chatting to themselves whilst their wise man says a prayer. In fact it is a traditional remedy for rickets, and if the party do nothing, then the group will leave after a few minutes, wrapping the child in a blanket and carrying her, chilled but unharmed, with them. If the Adventurers intervene they will have to fight 2D6 Villagers (see Appendix) who will try to calm the Adventurers, but will be embarrassed by their superstitious (and ungodly) ritual.
3. It is a bright Spring morning. The party are travelling over territory dotted with grassy hillocks. Party members failing a Persistence roll (make this roll for them in secret) will hear a strange wailing, like a small child crying, coming from one of the dips between the mounds. Anyone investigating will need to make an Athletics roll. Adventurers who fail will fall, through the thin grass covering, into a concealed pit. They take 1D6 damage to 1D3 locations (armour offers no protection, aside from to the head) and will need hauling out of the hole. It is a long disused opencast mine. The bones of a child lie discarded on the mine floor.
4. A Farmer waves down the party and asks if they can help him, saying "*Allo, me darlin's, would you lend me an' 'and, I'd be ever so grateful*". He is attempting to move a cart, but his mule is lame, he has no oxen, and he can't shift it. If the Adventurers agree, afterwards (6 successful Brawn rolls, each taking ten minutes to drag the thing to his farm) he will eye them for a moment, as if weighing them up, then offer to sell them a secret for a shilling. If the party protest that they have already earned the information, he will explain slyly that the secret is worth five shillings, but they have earned four at the most. If the party agree, he will whisper in the ear of whoever gives him the shilling that they should "*give a drap o' this to 'oever 'ud be yer luvver*". He will then slip them a small vial of liquid. It is at the Games Master's discretion



whether the vial contains a genuine Love Elixir or merely mule urine mixed with rose petals. He will explain, but only if forced at the point of a sword, that he got it off a Wise Woman in a nearby village.

5. The party are attacked by 2D4 Soldiers (see Appendix), deserters from the Royalist army who are living as bandits. If they are captured they will be strung up by the Cornish, as they came from Plimouth, but left the place, ostensibly to fight for the king, but in reality to practise highway robbery. They were nearly caught in Devon, so fled over the border, but now wish they had never left Plimouth at all.
6. As the party meander along, they (those that fail a secret Persistence test) see some figures wrestling in the distance. They appear quite close, but if the party approach they will realise that they are actually far away, but unnaturally massive. As the party get nearer still, the figures stop, stock still. On examination the figures are merely lumps of rock, forming a strangely shaped tor.



7. **Penwith only:** The party will be approached by a panic stricken-man, with once fine, but now ripped and soiled clothing. His arm is in a sling, set awkwardly, and he looks anxiously about him. He explains that he was intending to travel up-country to Oxford, taking the coastal road until he got nearer the border, but that his horse stumbled outside Pensans, throwing him off and knocking him to the floor unconscious. When he awoke his purse was gone, and his horse vanished. He wonders if the party will lend him a few shillings to secure a cart ride home, so he can begin his journey again with a fresh mount, when his broken arm has mended. If any of the Adventurers agree they will meet the man, Piran Treffry, later in their travels, blind drunk on the Adventurers' coin and arm miraculously healed. If the party threaten him, or if he can find a way to sell the information for a few more coins, he will reveal a secret to them. He tells the party

that Master and Goodwife Wyse, of Pensans, have recently made their fortunes, not because Master Wyse is a shrewd businessman, but because Goodwife Wyse is a Witch. He saw her leaving her home in Pensans, clad in a Witch's garb and, suspicious due to the lateness of the hour, followed her. She met with a clutch of other Witches, near a beach on the outskirts of town, and heard them begin some unholy ritual. He fled without actually seeing what was going on, as he was worried he would be spotted by the coven. Piran would regret telling the party such a secret, if he had a chance to sober up, but he will not have the chance. They will find him on the road later, dead. All his limbs have been broken, and his head has been twisted a full 180 degrees around.

Village, Farm and Manorial Life

The following encounters are all designed to be used for when the party pass through or stop at a village, farm or manor on their travels. As mentioned previously, there are far more little hamlets than villages, and far fewer manors, particularly the further west one travels.

Hamlets and Villages in Cornwall

1. The village is engaged in a spring celebration. Villagers will allow the party to observe, but not take part. Some of the villagers are wearing costumes, fashioned out of garish cloth, to resemble animals; others are holding puppets, fashioned from animal skulls atop caped sticks. Others look like Morris Men, bedecked with ribbons and flowery hats. The villagers are chanting songs and parading through the streets, ending up with bawdy music (it seems everyone in the village plays some sort of instrument) and an abundance of alcohol. The party will be invited to join in the drinking, but if they try to join in any of the traditional ceremonies they might find themselves repeatedly struck around the head by villagers wielding sticks with bells on, raucously mocked and have their pint pots tipped onto their laps.
2. The hamlet dwellers are a sullen lot. Not one of them can, or will, speak a word of English, and they will avoid eye contact with the Adventurers unless they are Cornish, in which case they will be greeted warmly. If the Adventurers ask about staying for the night, a hand will be thrust out and, if they part with enough coin, they will be given a comfortable enough guest room and a hearty breakfast in the morning. It will all be done with a grudging



manner and in complete silence. The hamlet suffered badly in the aftermath of the last rebellion. Half of the able bodied men were executed and the community has never really recovered. The stories handed down through the generations, telling of the atrocities, fuel the occupants' disgust at the barbaric English.

3. The little village is quiet and peaceful, all the villagers seemingly working away on their little farms or busying themselves with domestic chores. When they finally notice the party they will be pleasant enough, although will not engage more than is necessary. The villagers have a secret. They are all practising Satanists, having been converted by a minor coven member. At first they resisted, but one by one the extremely clever and charismatic leader drew them in to her religion. The few objectors have been disposed of (those that weren't slaughtered are working in Calwodeley's mine) and only the preacher remains, the solitary objector. If the party investigate the little chapel they will find that it has been defiled, the preacher himself has been bound to a wicker chair, a bundle of sticks have been shoved down his cassock, and four villagers are attempting to set him on fire. The fire is not taking hold due to the amount of animal blood the villagers have smeared on the unfortunate holy man. If the party attempt a rescue a further 3D6 villagers (see Appendix for stats) will join the fray.
4. The small hamlet is welcoming enough. An inn is operating out of one of the homes, and miners from a nearby temporary settlement come and drink the evening away, before staggering back around midnight. As they make their way home there is a the noise of cursing and shouting. The miners swear they have seen figures flying through the air, astride broomsticks. Despite their rugged demeanours they are all petrified by what they have witnessed.
5. The pleasant little hamlet is practically run by one individual, a Wise Woman, Hillary Trelow. Hillary will offer the adventurers a place to stay, and will take a great interest in their business. She is completely sincere, always keen to learn as much as she can from anyone. She has no useful information, or will not reveal it, but she is a formidable healer and can assist any wounded Adventurers, being able to administer herbal remedies, set broken limbs, etc. She will expect no coin for her hospitality but will be secretly pleased if the party do offer her a fair amount for her trouble. In such a case she will offer the party a bottle of preventative Elixir, guaranteed to bolster the resilience of the recipient to miasmas. It gives +40% to

Resilience for 1D3 days after each dose. She will give a bottle with 3 doses for free, and she can sell the party a further three bottles, for five shillings each. A bargain.

6. The hamlet dwellers are all going about their business when the sky appears to darken. The residents will urge the party to run indoors with them. Frogs start to fall from the sky, mostly dead as they hit the ground, but some hopping around. They appear sickly and slightly toxic specimens. The ground is thick with them before the deluge subsides. The villagers fearfully explain that there have been poorly animals dropping out of the sky, on a regular basis, ever since their spokesman (a Cunning Man) sent Madgy Figgy packing from their hamlet, years ago. They say that at least it was frogs this time, as some of the larger animals are a devil to clear up!



7. **Penwith only:** The party arrive at the village to find the Witch Finder, Solomon Rake, holding court in the little chapel. He has seized a suspected Witch, Widow Roche, and decided, in the absence of regular justice in Cornwall, to hold his own court. Solomon is thoroughly unpleasant, but he has decided that the widow is a Witch, and most of the superstitious little community are now in agreement with him. He has had her examined and decided that she has enough suspect pimples to feed an army of imps. He is currently giving the poor old lady a tirade of abuse, in front of all her neighbours, and she is reduced to tears, begging for forgiveness and mercy. The party will have little chance to assist the widow (and of course they might not want to). If they show her any kindness at all however, she will send for them. The Adventurers will be permitted to visit in the evening (her dunking, and possible burning is set for the next morning). She will ask them to give her love to her son, if they happen to meet him, a wealthy man of business who lives elsewhere in Penwith. She will also warn the Adventurers: *"I'm done for, my flowers, so*

thar's nothing you can do fer me. But I warns you, yer bein' hunted by the greatest Witch of 'em all. Summas' say that be Madgy Figgy, but she's not the worst of 'em. Oi'm talkin' of the ancient bisum, 'oo lives under the rock. She 'as bin 'ere ferever an' a day, an' she'll be the death of you if you don't take care. She carn't walk the land mind, but she 'as a power an' no mistake." If the party ask about the rock, all she will say is, *"the 'oly rock, out in the water."* She will then ask the party to leave her be, so she may make her peace with God and the world, before her ordeal.

Farms and Manors in Cornwall

Adventurers cannot just expect to turn up at a manor and be given free accommodation. That said, it would be considered bad form not to give a stranded traveller, of the right kind of background (Middle Class at a push, preferably Gentry or Nobility), a place to stay if stranded and away from home. Manors might have many spare rooms and servants, and will be run by the owner or his (or her) steward/chief valet. In Cornwall manors are scarcer than in many other parts of England, and land-owning Gentry fewer in number. Farmers may make some extra coin allowing people to lodge overnight, or they might take umbrage, or may be petrified by the arrival of strangers.

1. The cheerful owners of the small manor house, Paul and Wendryn Praed, offer the party a place to stay and do their best to make them feel most welcome. Paul explains that he was once a miner, a Stannator no less, and that he struck it big, finding a rich seam of gold. He bought his house, invested a little and retired. He is happy in his retirement, but extremely worried by the current atmosphere in the Duchy. He isn't sure what is happening, believing maybe the Civil War, a general lack of Godliness, or perhaps something more sinister is responsible for the strange goings on – but he has heard reports of disappearances and abductions; an increase in drunkenness; and most worryingly (to him) debauched scenes at Launston Castle. One of his old friends has told him that Hopton has gone quite mad, and that the once proud armies of Cornwall have fallen apart.
2. The owners of this large farm are brothers, who served in the Royalist army that routed the Parliamentarians at Lostwithiel. Any Parliamentarian Adventurers are going to have to make countless Righteousness tests as they boast about how many Roundheads they slaughtered in the rout after the battle, how they looted countless corpses and the cruel treatment they meted out to prisoners.
3. The owner of the little manor is Rowan Wallstock. Originally not from Cornwall, her late husband insisted she moved to his family home. Rowan is in mourning, her husband was one of Grenville's captains in the army, and when Grenville went on the run, he was captured and killed. Rowan can confirm that Grenville did indeed try to plot with Prince Charles to declare himself King of Cornwall and abandon the rest of England (and Rupert) to Cromwell. She does not know where Grenville fled to, once he was declared a traitor.
4. The "owners" of the little manor, Adam and Rosen Fleming, will apologise, but explain that the party can't stay. If pushed, they will let the Adventurers in and ask their cook to make the party some food. They will not offer to share a meal with the party, making their excuses. Any Adventurer Middle Class or above will find the Flemings' behaviour strange. The cook, if asked, will explain she is new, having only been in post for less than a week. She admits she finds her new employers odd. The Flemings are actually a couple of Thieves. They have successfully stolen a chest containing nearly 6,000 shillings, which was being escorted from the Mint in Truro to Launston Castle. They have hidden the chest in a bedroom closet. The house is not theirs, they have paid the owner's representative (the owner is a Parliamentarian sympathiser who fled to Plymouth) a generous rent, and were hoping to lie low for a while before eventually either crossing the Channel to Brittany or the Tamar to Devon.
5. The large farmhouse is packed to the rafters with children. There are two families living here, and between them they have over twenty little ones (there are twenty four, but they don't stay still long enough for the Adventurers to count them). The adults will happily let the Adventurers stay, have some provisions for sale and will be able to provide directions, although they are distracted as they have a lot of work to do on the farm. The children will spend all their time trying to scrounge pennies, treats and asking questions, wide-eyed at any stories such worldly travellers can tell them. At least one of the children will try to get the Adventurers to take him with them as an apprentice or servant.
6. The owners of the house, Kenan and Anne Harvey will offer the Adventurers hospitality. Anne is a Witch (see Appendix). She is the head of a coven and takes direction from Madgy Figgy. She is not exceptionally powerful, but will fight if exposed (she has a small Satanic Shrine, hidden in a secret room, beside the cellar). Anne is not privy to the deeper secrets



of Figgy, Wyse or Calwodely (although she does know their names and faces) nor does she know of the Witch Queen. Anne will try to find out what she can of the Adventurers' mission and will report everything she hears back to Madgy Figgy. Kenan and Anne both wear copper rings, although Anne's is concealed by delicate gloves, and Kenan wears several other dress rings, alongside the Binding Ring.



7. **Penwith only:** The owner of the little Manor (really a large farm), is called James Roche (although he was christened Jago). Roche will be extremely welcoming to any English visitors. Roche is as Cornish as they come, but insists on trying to show any visitors how cosmopolitan, and in particular, how "English" he is. He makes much of this throughout any visit, commenting that the Adventurers might like to join him around his table, manufactured in the London style, and enjoy some meats and pickles prepared to "English" recipes, etc. He will moan about the "backwardness" and ignorance of his Cornish country folk. If the Adventurers can put up with him, in return for updating him on the news from England, and perhaps some fashion tips, Roche will be able to provide the party with some useful information. Roche is extremely knowledgeable about goings-on in Pensans, where he does a lot of business (Roche invests with several of the town's Merchants). He will comment on Ennor Wyse's husband's startling good fortune; his suspicions about the goings-on at the Vomiting Dog (the Smugglers are under-cutting some of his partners) and the terrifying Witch Hunter that is staying in the pub; and any other character from the town that you wish the party to be made aware of. Roche is despised by his small staff (a groom, a Valet and a Maid), not so much because he is a snob, or because he looks down upon them, but mainly because they think he is an idiot and because he has abandoned his elderly mother to a life of poverty, stuck back in the little village he hails from.

On the Streets

Although not especially large, there are several thriving market towns in Cornwall, their importance boosted by the wealth derived from the mines. The following encounters can be used if you decide to allow the party to stop in such places. As usual, feel free to select encounters randomly, or choose the encounter you feel would be the most appropriate.

1. The party are approached by the Florentine Merchant, Giovanni Sirenia. Giovanni is in a panic. He has a shipment of goods (cloth and tin), which he is wishing to export, but his warehouse guards have fled, following a tip-off that the place is likely to be raided by local Thieves – in fact, Smugglers who feel that Giovanni should have traded through them, rather than the official channels. Giovanni is proud, and would have been prepared to pay, if he had not been threatened (after all, such pay-offs are a standard practise). Now, he is determined he would rather pay the party a cut of his profits, if only they will act as warehouse guards for the night (up to 200 shillings in total, for one nights work – when his crew arrive he will no longer need the Adventurers' protection, as they can both load the goods and provide security). The Smugglers (see Appendix for stats) might attack, in which case there will be 4D4 of them.
2. The party will be approached and offered the opportunity to do some shopping. The person making the offer is a representative of the Smugglers, and he will basically arrange for the party to be able to purchase anything they desire (use common sense) for the standard book price (cheap in the current economy). This includes Alchemical equipment, for although there are few Alchemists in Cornwall (most are at Oxford or engaged as Battle Alchemists in the Debatable Lands), many items of Alchemical equipment (fine glassware, etc) are imported. Clockwork equipment will not be offered, and if such an inquiry is made, the Smugglers will report the party to the authorities, and 2D6 Royalist Soldiers (see Appendix for stats) will attempt to arrest them if they are not satisfied the request was innocent.
3. A nervous man, with pinched cheeks and a bruised temple, will approach the party. He is a Journalist, Jago Paynter, who has been on the receiving end of a beating. He explains he tried to eavesdrop on a ship's crew in Pensans, when they leapt on him. He thinks they were the crew of a pirate vessel and explains it is a mercy that he wasn't sent to the grave. He will attempt to find out everything he can about the party, their

views on the war, how they are finding the Duchy, etc. Jago is not a very successful Journalist, the one local pamphlet rarely runs his pieces, and he is desperate to find some juicy gossip. He fears if he does not become more successful soon he will have to give up journalism and go back to his wealthy, but unsupportive family, cap in hand.

4. The party are approached by a preacher and his wife. They explain they are collecting for local orphans. If the party ask more questions, they will find out that there have been a spate of babies, found in their cribs, their parents disappeared. Those that are found and who have survived are cared for by the kindly couple. (The waifs are the offspring of parents who have been left Binding Rings, and have either been consigned to working in the Spearne Consols mine, near St. Just, or sold to Barbary pirates).
5. The party hear the clattering of pots and pans and raised voices. The residents of this quarter of the town are parading a drunken man about the streets, pushing him before them and loudly proclaiming to all and sundry that he is a violent coward and savage wife beater. Every so often, someone from the crowd launches a hefty kick in his direction. A small gang of young pickpockets are using the distraction to dip for purses and sneak treats off stalls. One of the children will attempt to rob an Adventurer; if caught, the crowd are as likely to turn on the party as the children.
6. A Portuguese couple are fighting in the street with a Dutch couple. They are cursing, spitting and jostling each other, and the Adventurers may decide to help separate them. If they manage it they will have to listen to a long list of complaints – each couple seemingly despises the other. They are business competitors, have religious differences and think their rivals politically suspect (pointing their fingers and shouting “*Spies!*”, “*Traitors!*” etc). In fact they are all sleeping with their rival’s partners and if the episode turns to violence or serious trouble they will become upset.
7. **Penwith only:** If the party have been asking around, about Witches or Binding Rings, they will receive an unsigned note, asking them to meet the sender at the Smuggler’s Crutch, a bustling inn in the seediest quarter of the town. There they will notice there are an abundance of rascals, ne’er-do-wells and ruffians, although they will ignore the party, unless they make a nuisance of themselves. A barmaid, Gwendryn Padrock, will make a fuss of the party, slapping away the hands of other customers, that reach

out to her, with cries of “*Sauce!*” and “*un’and me, you old goat, there’s others here who might as be int’rested, but I’m not.*” She is dressed bawdily and winks enough, and offers to find the Adventurers a private booth, away from the “*riff-raff*”. The other customers don’t appear offended, enjoying the banter (and there is fine ale and plenty of whores to distract them). If the Adventurers allow themselves to be shunted into the little booth, Gwendryn will make sure one of the other serving girls keeps watch, while she explains she sent the note. She can tell the Adventurers that she worked out that the Binding Rings were the work of Witches; that an escaped child, from the Spearne Consols mine, told one of her associates in Pensans that the rings were being manufactured at a workshop in the mine. She will apologise and say that she cannot tell them who her contacts are, but that they may be able to get help from the miners at Boscregan mine, near Spearne Consols, as they are anxious about the goings on there. Gwendryn (that is not her real name), is a Royalist Spy, who is loyal to Rupert and Prince Charles.



Arriving at Launceston

The party will likely make their way, with or without an escort, to Launceston Castle, as per Sir Reginald’s instructions. Launceston Castle is not particularly useful defensively. Its main purpose is as a prison and the keep, or Castle Tower, is run by gaolers (who are able to call on Soldiers to assist them if necessary). The main Tower is purely given over to this penal function. The Gatehouse provides the only entrance in and out of the walled pathway to the main Tower. See map, p.33. The upper floor of this Gatehouse has become the residence of Lord Hopton (who has a small garrison of personal guards, stationed below him, on the Ground Floor of the Gatehouse).

A curious reception will await the Adventurers at Launceston. On arrival they will be allowed through



the main doors to the rear of the Gatehouse and, once they have stated their business, escorted up to the first floor. There Lord Ralph Hopton, former husband of the late Elizabeth Hopton, is holding a rather peculiar feast. As the party approach the castle, read them the following:

As you approach Launston Castle you see a large Gatehouse in front of you. The Gatehouse is at the bottom of a hill. The top of the hill is dominated by a large tower, or more accurately a tower within a circular outer wall – Launston Castle. It is an odd arrangement for a castle, and there are signs that the place has been assaulted over the past few years, although there is little sign of any proper repairs, or decent defence-works in place to prevent a fresh attack.

On arriving at the gates, they are swung open by a pair of Royalist men-at-arms. They are flanked by other soldiers, who are obviously there to check that you are not up to no good. They don't seem to see you as too much of a threat though, as they have opened the doors to let you in. One of the guards asks you to state your business.

Once the party have introduced themselves, the guard will scuttle off to tell Lord Hopton of their arrival. Then they will be escorted up, via the outer stairs that lead directly to the first floor of the Gatehouse, to meet with Lord Hopton and his guests. The guard will say something to the Adventurers, as they ascend the stairs, along the lines of:

"You are in luck. Lord Hopton is entertaining some guests, and would have you join him for a meal."

The Curse at Launston Castle

Lord Hopton, the current Commander of Launston Castle, is under the influence of a Curse, which has been cast upon him by the Witch, Kay Calwodely. When he and his wife Elizabeth visited Penwith, some years ago, he was asked to do some menial tasks by Madgy Figgy (although her true identity was unknown to him at the time). He complied, but his wife Elizabeth refused and Madgy fashioned a Poppet with which to punish her. Ralph was extremely worried by his wife's peculiar behaviour, but thought she was going mad, not believing her tales of Witches' Curses. Last year, however, he was to learn the folly of his ways. Sent back to Cornwall, to once more muster an army to fight for the king at Naseby, Hopton was himself Cursed. The Witch Queen had grander plans, which did not entail having the flower of Cornish manhood being murdered on a battlefield for the Stuart cause. She asked Kay to curse Hopton, which she duly did.

Kay Calwodely was warmly welcomed by Hopton when she came to visit him at Launston. Hopton was flattered by the attentions of the pretty young Lady. All the more so, having been somewhat estranged from his wife due to her bizarre behaviour. Kay easily managed to acquire a lock of Hopton's hair, and fashioned a Poppet with which to Curse him. Initially the Curse was enough to deter Hopton from raising a fresh muster for the king. But Kay has decided to use Hopton further, to monitor the Cornwall/Devon border. His troops are scattered up and down the Tamar, ready to bring any interesting interlopers to Launston.

Hopton, although bound to comply with instructions from the Witch, is attempting to resist the madness which the Curse is causing him. He thinks he has "caught" his wife's insanity, and it is particularly troubling to him when he drifts off to sleep. While asleep he experiences nightmarish hallucinations and the horror of the Satanic Curse he is under fully manifests itself. Thus Hopton, confined at Launston by the Curse, has ordered his men, and any guests he can persuade to stay with him, to provide him with amusement and merriment to keep him awake. What started as an extended feasting session has descended into a nightmarish event – a marathon of unending misery for his guests. Hopton is hovering continually between being awake – a state in which he makes increasingly bizarre demands, is permanently drunk and orders the arrest of anyone who challenges him – and snatched moments of fitful, feverish, sleep.

Hopton's Soldiers

Lord Hopton once commanded a substantial force. Now he has a small group of Soldiers stationed with him at Launston. He also has a larger force of cavalry who are placed up and down the Tamar, scouting throughout the Duchy on behalf of the Witches. Most of these cavalry are wearing Binding Rings. They were placed for them to find following a "celebratory" meal, to which all the Dragoons were invited, post-Naseby. There are also a few infantry scattered along the Cornish side of the Tamar, mostly maintaining the river crossings and checkpoints. The rest of his force have returned to their homes and former occupations, not so much wilfully deserting as drifting back as pay and rations failed to materialise and their Commander seemed to lose interest in holding together his forces.

There are twenty-four Soldiers at Launston presently. All, bar two of them, are wearing Binding Rings – two of the guards did not put them on when they found them. The two Soldiers who are not wearing them are, secretly, very worried about the strange goings on at Launston Castle (they have felt like prisoners themselves these past few months).



Chapter II: Into Cornwall

They will be scared of saying anything to the Adventurers as they don't want to draw attention to themselves.

Generally the Soldiers are deployed as follows. At any one time, eight Soldiers man the walls and maintain gate keeping duties; six or seven Soldiers are asleep in the Barracks; and nine or ten Soldiers are directly attending to Lord Hopton. These dispositions vary; for instance, there will be less Soldiers guarding Hopton and the walls if some are required to escort prisoners to (or from) the Tower.

Dinner Guests

The Adventurers will be escorted into the first floor of the Gatehouse, into what has essentially become a full-time feasting chamber. Read them the following when they first arrive:

You are led into a large hall, dominated by a dining table in its centre. At one end of the table is a nobleman, dressed in finery. He looks absolutely exhausted, although his tired eyes seem to brighten as you enter. Along one side of the table sit a couple, their backs to you; they appear somewhat drably dressed, although seemingly wealthy enough. On the other side of the table there is a pretty young woman, by her bearing, probably a Lady. She smiles a little as you enter, but then looks down shyly. Around the edges of the room guards stand, watching over the diners. The nobleman speaks.

"Well, sit down why don't you? Come, come, join me. We are just having dinner. Cook! Bring more food for our new guests. And hurry up about it."

A guard relays the message, and a serving man hurries up the stairs, making up places for you all to be seated at. The servant looks tired and harassed, but makes no complaint as he attends to his duties.

Assuming the party sit down, Hopton introduces himself:

"I am Lord Hopton, Commander of Rupert's armies in Cornwall. But you can call me Ralph. Where's that food, where's the drink? Come on cook, you are starving us." He then begins to giggle, his laughter somewhat manic. Once he has recovered himself he demands, "Come now. I have introduced myself. Now who might you be?"

Hopton is currently "entertaining" a couple of members of the local Gentry. The insipid couple, Henry and Gwenda Walshe are absolutely frozen with fear. They have been sat at the table for the best part of three whole days, occasionally slumbering in

their chairs. They have already seen a visiting Merchant taken out and hung for Hopton's amusement, and seen another of their fellow guests, a Royalist messenger, arrested and taken to the Tower for attempting to leave. They will restrict themselves to polite conversation, avoid eye contact and drift off into sleep every so often.

The other guest, the pretty young lady, will smile coquettishly at any male Adventurers, but will otherwise appear shy and demure, humbly deferring to all present. If asked, Hopton will not be able to remember her name, and she will gently remind him it is Faye Woldecaldy. In fact she is a powerful Witch, Kay Calwodely, one of the trio of senior Witches who are working directly for the Witch Queen.

Over the course of the bizarre dinner the following events will occur.



- *The pretty young Lady stands. She smiles at you all, and nods politely to Hopton. "I apologise, my Lord Hopton. I must away. Darkness will soon threaten and I must make haste." As she leaves, she brushes past you ever so slightly. Hopton waves her farewell, and the young woman is gone. If the party inquire, Hopton will say she hails from Penwith or some such godforsaken place, and good luck to her.*
- Henry falls forward into his soup. Hopton will be very agitated at this, and Gwenda will shake Henry awake. Once awake, the bewildered Henry will be wiped down by a Soldier, and resume smiling politely at Hopton.
- Hopton will demand that somebody sing. If none of the party will sing, he will demand Henry or Gwenda sing, saying that he is bored of his Soldiers' voices. Gwenda will try, but her voice is awful. If any party member is a good singer, Hopton will clap his hands and stamp his feet with pleasure.
- Hopton will demand an amusing story. Whoever tells the story, Hopton will start to drift off to sleep. He will then wake suddenly with a start, a scream cut off in his throat. He



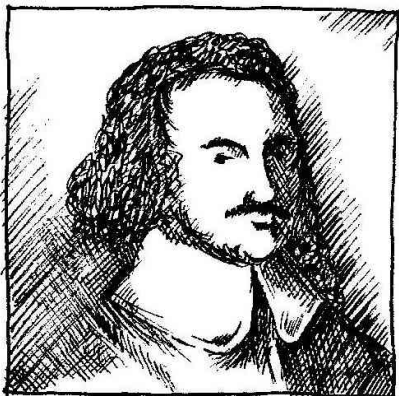
will claim it was a terrible story, wagging his finger at the teller of the tale.

- At some point, it is inevitable that Hopton will order the party arrested and have them taken to the Tower. Ideally, this should be after Kay Calwodely has already left. Hopton will order the Adventurers to be held: if they appear to be spies; if they ask questions about Witches; if the party question Hopton about his bizarre lifestyle; if the party refuse his hospitality; if the party mention Hopton's wife, etc. But he will not necessarily arrest them straight away – he is desperate for some distraction, and will wait until he feels he can gain no more entertainment from them before having them locked up. At that point, read the following:

Lord Hopton stands up, swaying slightly as he does so. He points at one of the party. "I know your game, you know. I know what you are about. Spies. Blackguards. Traitors. Arrest these fellows and put them in the Tower at once." As the guards move in to arrest you, Hopton falls back into his chair, his head nodding forward onto his chest as he does so. It seems he is falling asleep.

Of course, the party might decide to fight it out at this point. Unless they are either very powerful, or numerous, it will probably go badly. Hopton will call for the sleeping guards from the barracks downstairs, which means the party will have to fight their way past sixteen or so guards, just to leave the room, and there are more guards stationed on the walls outside!

Lord Hopton



Cursed Royalist General

STR 13 CON 10 SIZ 11 INT 13 POW 11
DEX 14 CHA 11

SR 15 CA 2 DM 0

Skills: Athletics 17%, Evade 22%, Influence

35%, Persistence 12%, Pistol 36% (1D6+2), Resilience 16%, Ride 31%, Sword (rapier) 32% (1D8), Unarmed 22% (1D3)

Note: Skills above are adjusted to take account of Hopton's Fatigue level of Exhausted see *RuneQuest II* p.62

Faction: Cursed RP: N/A

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

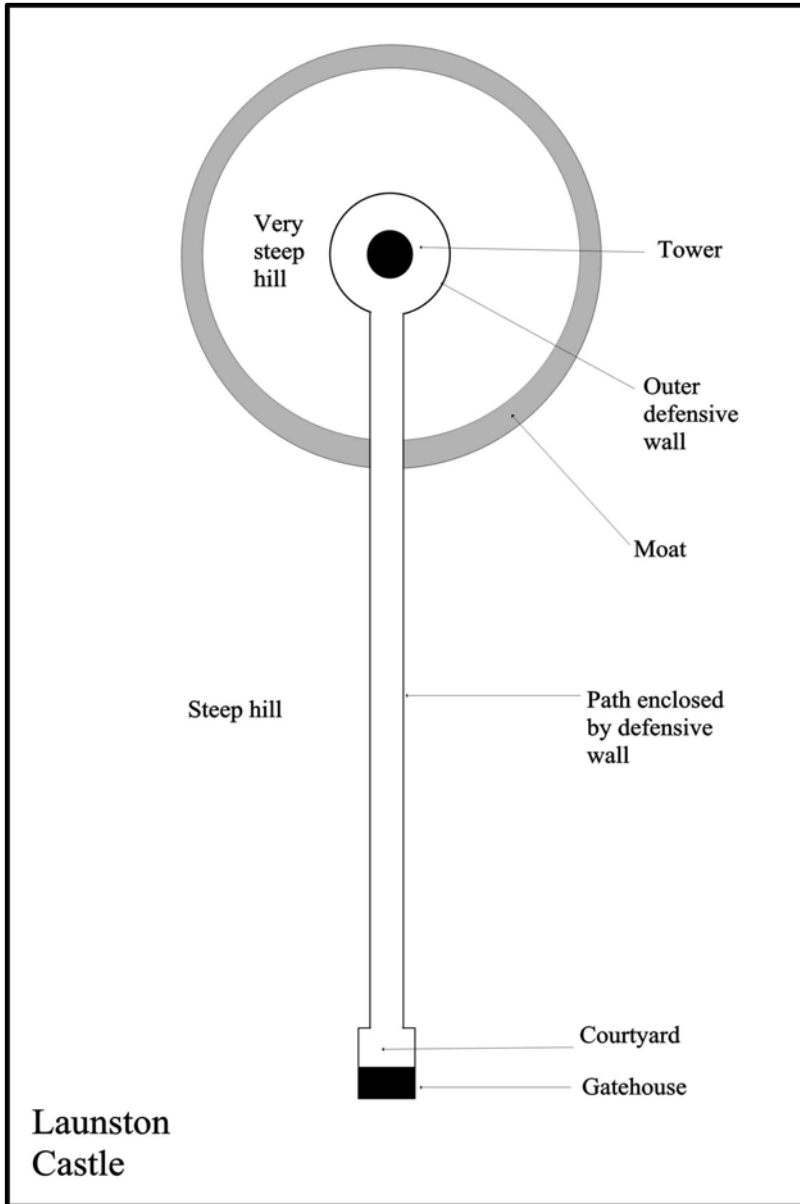
Lord Hopton was once a favoured and able general, hailing originally from outside the Duchy. He became associated with the place, appointed by the king to raise an army of Cornish and fight for his cause. This he did to the best of his ability, although he was grieved that his wife was becoming increasingly unwell as the war progressed. For a while he despaired at his wife's madness; the woman claimed she was Cursed! Earlier in the War he had sustained a wound and known great privation, yet still bravely fought for his king. Lately though he has sunk into a great despair; his wife was right – the Hoptons, like the whole of Cornwall, are Cursed. His wife is dead and he must do as Kay Calwodely bids him. His dreams are nightmarish hallucinations that threaten to murder him – such are the ferocity of the visions that he has while asleep, he fears his heart will give out. And he is trapped in the Gatehouse, desperately trying to stay awake, charged with confining or executing strangers from outside Cornwall. His face is puffy, his eyes blackened by sleeplessness, he now drifts on the edge of madness, his occasional lapses into sanity terrifying reminders to Ralph of what he once was and what he has now become.

The Gatehouse

The following descriptions are of the main locations within the Gatehouse. See maps pp.34-35.

Gatehouse Ground Floor

a. Barracks. This is where off-duty Soldiers rest. There are normally six or seven Soldiers resting here



Tower if they do not please the erratic Lord. The Brittons receive fresh supplies from the local town. Hopton has a large enough purse to provide for his gluttony. The Brittons are not in possession of Binding Rings and are absolutely terrified, realising that something is very wrong with their Lord. The only door leads from the rear of the kitchens into the walled enclosure between the Castle Tower and Main Gates. A spiral stair leads up to the feasting hall, so the Brittons don't have far to travel with their platters of food.

Gatehouse First Floor

d. The Feasting Hall. This is where Lord Hopton is holding his perpetual banquet. The room is dominated by the huge dining table. At one time Hopton had a private chamber, secluded by hanging tapestries, but he has long since had the wall hangings removed and his four poster bed destroyed. Guests are not even given the use of a garderobe, having to relieve themselves in a bucket in the corner, which the cooks (the only remaining domestic staff), or the Soldiers, occasionally remove (the Soldiers themselves find a spot outside). Spiral stairs lead down into the barracks and the kitchens. A door opens onto a platform which leads to an

at any one time. The only door in and out of the Barracks is a rear door, which exits onto the walled path stretching from the Tower to the Main Gates. Spiral stairs lead up from the Barracks to the First floor of the Gatehouse, enabling Hopton to be able to quickly call up reinforcements if needed.

b. The Main Gates. The Main Gates are the only way in and out of the walled enclosure that leads up to the Castle Tower (aside from by actually scaling the walls).

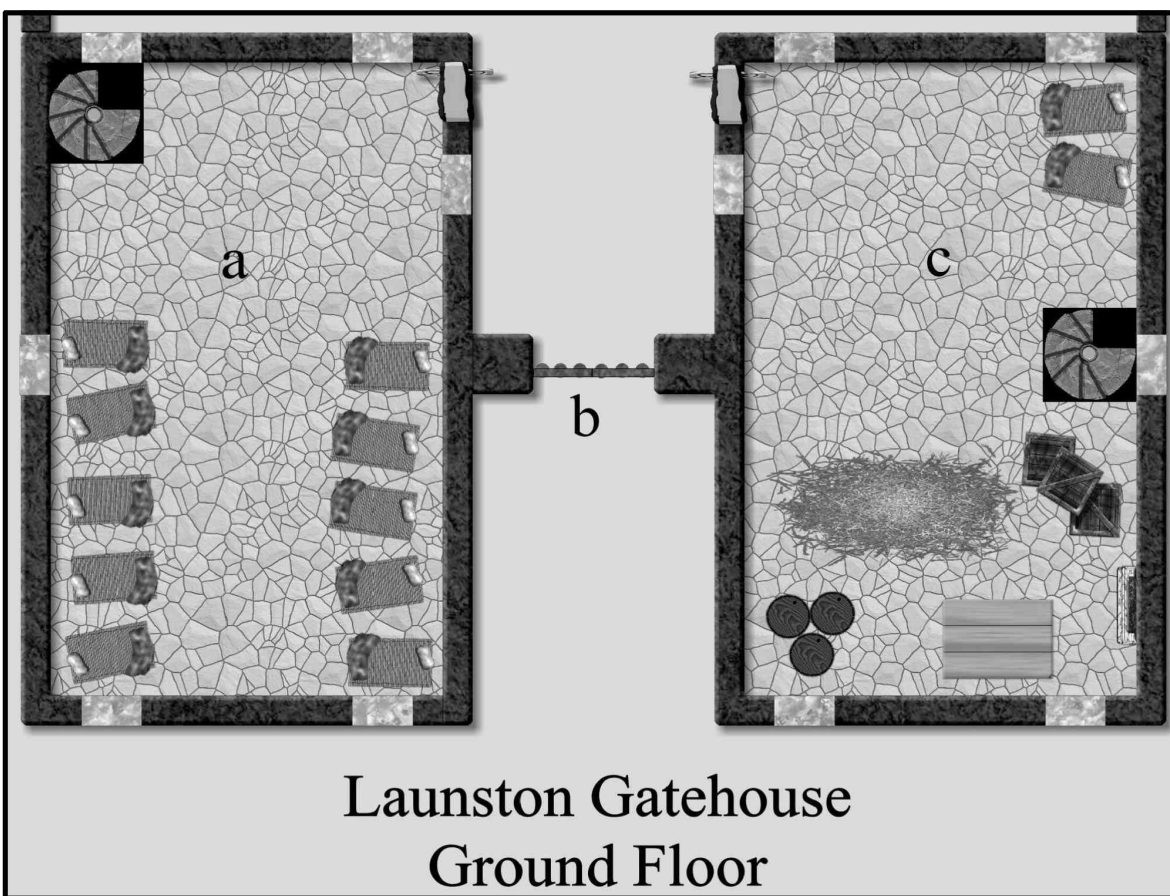
c. Kitchens. The Kitchens provide Hopton with his perpetual banquet. Hopton is constantly ordering food, as part of his attempt to distract himself from his accursed sleep. The two cooks, husband and wife, Boulton and Beryan Britton, are thus exhausted, taking it in turns to snatch what sleep they can, fearful that Hopton will have them locked up in the

exterior set of steps, going down into the walled courtyard which stretches between the Castle Tower and Main Gates (the other end of the platform continues alongside one of the courtyard walls, providing the guards with a place to stand, from which they can defend the courtyard walls if necessary. A similar platform, accessed by ladders, is attached to the opposite wall).

Held at Hopton's Pleasure

It is very possible that the party might find themselves cast into Launston gaol, if they are not very careful/lucky, after enjoying (enduring) the hospitality of Hopton and company. They will find themselves taken to the prison tower where their experience will differ according to their social class.





Launston Gatehouse
Ground Floor

Gaoler Scraps

Royalist Gaoler

STR 17 CON 12 SIZ 17 INT 10 POW 8
DEX 11 CHA 6

SR 15 CA 2 DM +1D4

Skills: Athletics 67%, Club 65% (1D6+1D4),
Evade 56%, Craft (Torture) 78%, Insight
44%, Persistence 34%, Resilience 68%,
Unarmed 78% (1D3+1D4)

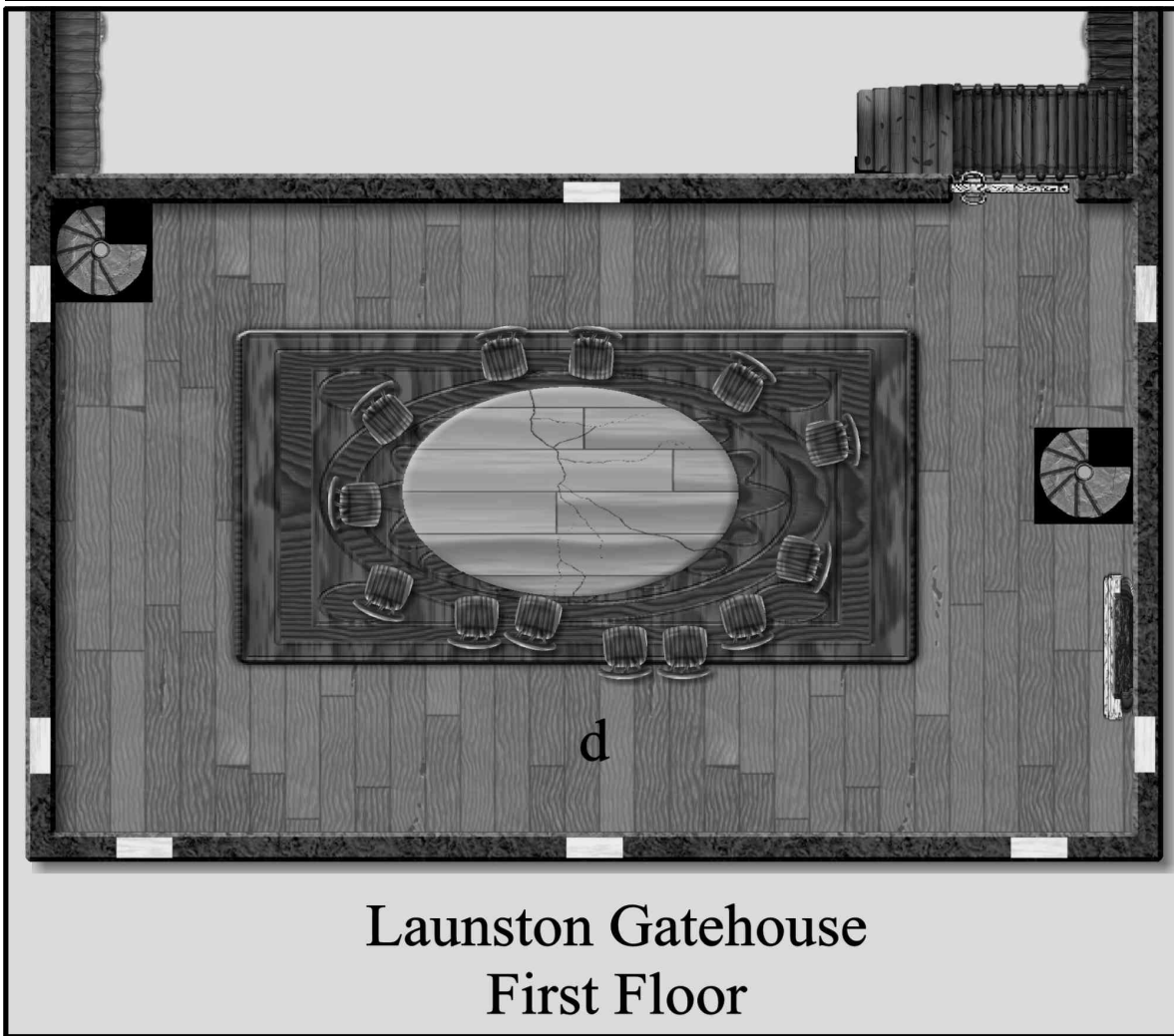
Faction: Royalist RP: 34

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/6
4-6	Left Leg	0/6
7-9	Abdomen	0/7
10-12	Chest	0/8
13-15	Right Arm	0/5
16-18	Left Arm	0/5
19-20	Head	0/6

The Head Gaoler, Denzel Scraps, is a scabrous fellow who many believe was originally a felon himself. It is thought he



was elevated from key-holder to Gaoler, and Gaoler to Head Gaoler as a result of a series of unfortunate accidents befalling his predecessors. Personally, he is proud that he has made something of himself, although quite what that something is, is hard to tell. He is often to be found drunk, but he is not completely stupid. He tends to stay just about sober enough not to be bamboozled. He has a couple of juniors, young men, one of whom will always be sober (under threat of a severe beating from Scraps if he ever finds out that they allowed themselves to both become drunk at the same time). Denzel will ensure



Launston Gatehouse
First Floor

the Adventurers' property is held secure. Scraps has been a Gaolor long enough to be aware that justice can be arbitrary, and doesn't wish to be strung up for theft, he makes enough money from the prisoners as it is. The two young apprentices, Carne and Jorel Whalley, are both scared of the monstrous Scraps.

The Castle Tower

The entrance to the Castle Tower can only be accessed by going through the Main Gate. Once a visitor has gone through the Main Gate, they will need to travel up a walled path/courtyard toward the Tower. The Tower itself is encircled by a wall. This wall has a large open doorway which gives access to a set of steps which climb up, in a circular manner, around the outside of the inner Tower. These steps lead up to the only door to the Tower, which is on the first floor. The Tower is not particularly high, although its position on top of a hill makes it seem taller than it actually is. See map, p.33. The following descriptions are of the main locations

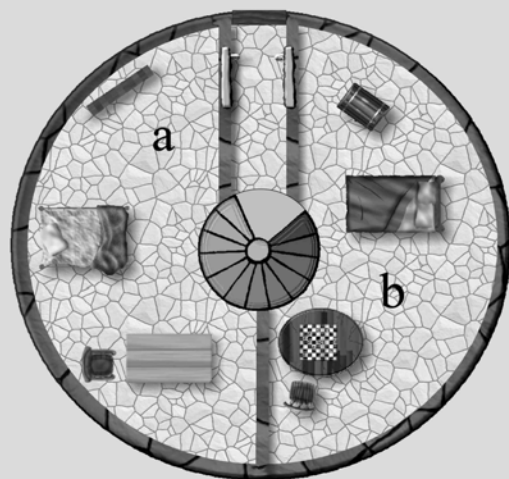
within Launston Castle Tower. See maps above.

Launston Tower First Floor

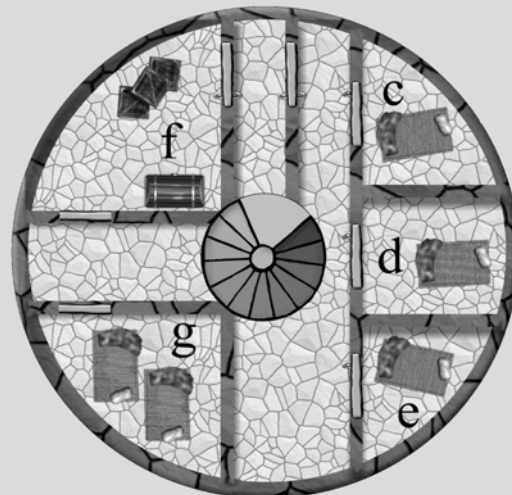
The doorway to the Tower from the outside is on this floor. The smell from the Dungeon below is still unmistakable, but marginally more bearable up here on the First Floor. The corridor running between the exit and the spiral staircase down has door on either side, which lead into the two cells reserved for wealthy prisoners, able to pay for the relative luxury they afford.

a. and b. Cells – The cells on the top floor of the Tower are, in fact, fairly luxurious. Noble prisoners are able to pay the Gaolor for these cells – a staggering 50 shillings a day. They will not be permitted to share – if there are more than three nobles in the party only two of them will be able to secure a room. If an Adventurer wants to stay here they will either need the money, or be suitably famous that they are considered a fair bet to get the money sent for their upkeep from loved ones. Better food can also be purchased by any of the prisoners (30 shillings for proper food per day, 10 shillings for





Launston Tower
First Floor



Launston Tower
Ground Floor

more simple, but edible, fare). Hopton's cooks prepare it and the Gaolors will deliver it. Prisoners in these cells will not be allowed to associate with other inmates, but are allowed to receive visitors, although since Hopton has been cursed, any visitors have themselves been consigned to the dungeons. There are currently no inmates occupying these rooms. The rooms include a small sink, for which jugs of fresh water can be ordered (as ever for a price), a garde-robe, a small writing desk and clean beds.

Launston Tower Ground Floor

The Ground floor contains a spiral stair, which leads up to the first floor and down to the dungeon. The stench from the dungeons below is fairly overpowering. The corridor from the spiral staircase gives access to two doors – the western one leading to the Gaolor's quarters and a storage room; the eastern door leading to another corridor, lined with cell doors.

c. and d. Cells – Like the rooms above, these cells are reserved for prisoners able to pay for the luxury of not being consigned to the dungeons. The cost is 10 shillings per day, more than most ordinary people can afford for long. The rooms are bare, just containing a dirty pallet on which to sleep. Rats do scurry about at times, and it is draughty and the stink from the dungeon below is unmistakable. As with the better rooms on the first floor, there is only one inmate to a cell. If there are too many Adventurers, and they cannot afford a room, or there is no space above, some will have to reside in the Dungeon. Occupants in these cells, while not able to associate with other inmates, might pay to receive a visitor (10

shillings).

e. Cell – This cell is occupied. A “highwayman”, Hugh Cross, is imprisoned within. In fact, Hugh is a Royalist messenger, who was thrown into prison after a brief time feasting with the cursed Lord Hopton. He has endured torture, and is weak, but if he deems it safe (all seems quiet and he cannot hear any guards), he will attempt to talk to any prisoner in Cell d. Due to the thickness of the walls he will have to shout, which means any guards on the same level, or using the spiral stairs, will have a chance (-40%) of hearing Hugh and the Adventurer conversing. He will be able to tell whoever is in Cell d that no-one leaves the Tower; most succumb to disease, torture or are hung by order of Hopton. He knows little of what is actually going on, but will beg the party to release him if they attempt to escape – he has been condemned to hang by Hopton, who has forgotten that he passed the judgment, so has not actually set a date for execution (the Gaolors are unwilling to remind their Lord, as they want the extra 10 shillings income Cross pays them).

f. Storage - this room is where the slops for the prisoners who are unable to purchase better food is prepared. The slops are truly revolting – cold, grey and smelly; anyone consuming the slops must make a Resilience roll (+20%) to avoid succumbing to nausea. This room is also where the Adventurers' gear will be kept if they have been imprisoned; it will be locked in a large trunk or stashed in boxes.

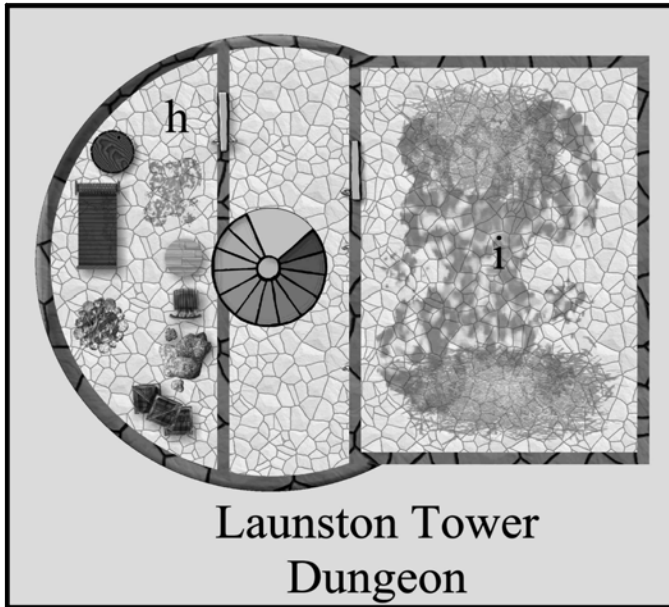
g. Gaolor Room - This is where the Head Gaolor, Scraps, and his apprentices sleep. Only one of them will ever be asleep at any one time. Scraps uses one of the pallets, the apprentices have to share the use of their rough mat.

Launston Tower Dungeon

h. Torture Chamber –The Torture Chamber is a truly horrific place. The smell of blood and fear is so intense that it even manages to compete with the stench of the main dungeon chamber. The room is equipped with a multitude of devices, many of which stopped being widely used years ago, and nearly all of which are officially banned. Amongst other things there is a primitive rack; a table at which a variety of iron tools (thumbscrews, jawscrews, etc) and wooden crushing devices are applied to the unfortunate victim; a water butt full of stinking water, used for dunking; and boards and stones used for pressing.

Adventurers who find themselves incarcerated might be shown the torture chamber, but will not actually be tortured unless Hopton has commanded it. Scraps himself supervises the torture, though he keenly tries to encourage his two young charges to “*have a go. Go on, ‘tis fun, I tell thee*”. They are unskilled and make a unfortunate mess of any such task; hands shaking, they lack the barbarity, and strength, of their senior.

i. Dungeon – The Dungeon is a wretched room. It is designed to hold ten at a push, although it is crammed full before the addition of any party members. The smell in the communal cell is rank – unwashed bodies, human waste and vomit are the order of the day. The dungeon is located underground, and there is no natural light. A candle



might be purchased. If so, some of the hungrier debtors will eye the light source as if considering the nutritional properties of tallow.

Peasants and Townsmen will find themselves thrown into this communal cell, where they will be manacled to the wall and floor. They will have the company of a variety of other felons. If they have the money they will be offered better food, and a little time (taken in turns) unchained. They will not be able to buy better accommodation if it is already occupied by their fellow party members, although they may do so if it is unoccupied – it’s that or slops and misery.

Read the following to any Adventurers thrown into the communal Dungeon:

Peine forte et dure

The use of “pressing” is one of the few forms of torture that is still legally practised (although Hopton isn’t the only nobleman who maintains a private torture chamber). When a suspect refuses to enter a plea, he or she may be crushed, by being laid under a board and having increasingly heavy stones placed on the board over their chest. This results in the victim either entering a plea (which means they can then be tried), or dying. The “advantage” for the victim is that if they are accused of a capital crime (for which the death sentence may be given) and die by crushing, their lack of a plea means their family might inherit their estate. A guilty person’s estate otherwise becomes forfeit to the crown. Thus, some people accused of a crime refuse to plead, so that their families might not suffer destitution.

The sickening stench gets stronger, threatening to completely overwhelm you as the door to the dungeon is swung open. The floor is wet through, ventilation and drainage nonexistent, and all the prisoners groan as you enter the already overcrowded tunnel. The occupants are manacled to rings set into the walls and floor, and the Gaoler motions for the Soldiers to restrain you, so you to can be likewise bound. The prisoners are squinting, sheltering behind cupped hands, the meagre light shining in through the open doorway too much for their unaccustomed eyes to manage. One of them coughs, most unhealthily, and your fears are confirmed when you see that the sickly fellow has an unwholesome rash about his features. Once you have been restrained, the Soldiers leave, the gaoler stays a little longer to check the restraints are all secure, aiming a kick at any prisoner who stretches a hand too near for his comfort. “Welcome to hell, scum”, the chief Gaoler sneers at you. “If you ‘ave the coin, I c’n make



life a little more comfor'ble, otherwise good luck to yous and may God 'ave mercy 'pon yer souls."

The Other Prisoners

Aside from Hugh Cross, on the level above, the other existing prisoners at the Tower all reside in the grim Dungeons.

Currently there are three "debtors" - Harry Carpenter, William Flynn and Samuel Fines. Harry is slowly starving and looks like he is dying of Gaol Fever (he has become Phlegmatic and has a skin condition, he has been rotting here a while after all, but mercifully there are no Miasmas present). They are not all debtors at all. In fact, Harry is a Royalist messenger who has been imprisoned by Hopton, in order to prevent him reporting back to Oxford about his findings in Cornwall (like Hugh above). He hasn't discovered much, aside from the fact that Hopton seems to have stood down most of his army and given up fighting for the Royalist cause. William and Samuel were other "dinner guests" of Hopton, who tried to leave his company.

There are two elderly sisters, Goodwife Hammnett and Goodwife Lambs, both of whom have been locked up due to Goodwife Lambs' daughter making statements which aroused the suspicions of Kay Calwodely. She instructed Hopton to have her and her family arrested, which he duly did. The daughter, Polly Lambs, has been accused of witchcraft and is awaiting a visiting Witch Finder - an ironic state of affairs which amuses Kay Calwodely.

There are also two highwaymen, brothers, Kip and Nathan Shepherd. They are genuine rascals, only recently caught and awaiting trial by Hopton. Although they have only been incarcerated a few days, they have already begun to steal food from the others. They will only fight for themselves if there is a gaol break, not caring a jot for the fates of their fellow prisoners.

There is also a "vole fancier", John Tripkymin, who is still to be tried by Hopton. All of the other prisoners despise Tripkymin, despite his protestations of innocence and attempts to befriend them. He will be particularly interested in, and helpful to, any Adventurers who own livestock.

Polly Lambs

The only prisoner who can offer much in the way of really useful information, is the young woman, Polly Lambs. Despite her youth, Polly learnt much from her late father, a Cunning Man, and has become a Wise Woman herself. After the prisoners spend a few moments weighing the Adventurers up, tell any

of the party present the following:



Most of the prisoners are sat sullenly contemplating their miserable fates. A young woman suddenly speaks to you. "So, you 'ave been sent here to find out what is going on. A powerful man, or men, I should say, it was that sent you. Tis a pretty mess that you've ended up in this place so soon. My, but there is so much you should know, and I am pressed for time to tell you."

The two old women in the cell, sat either side of the younger woman, try to tell her to be quiet. One of the highwaymen mutters, "tis true then. She is a Witch."

The young woman continues. "Matters not if I be a Witch. They will 'ang me as one, an that 'is how it is. It matters that you know that there are others, though. Real Witches. Witches that have the Duchy in their thrall. There are three of 'em in all, an they plot their wicked deeds in Penwith. One of them was here, though, I know it. You probably 'ad dinner with 'er an 'Opton. But she's garn now, back to Penwith to be with her sisters, no doubt. Go to Pensans. Someone there will be able to point them out, an' tis a good as place to start as any. An' beware, if you don't defeat them Witches, you'se allus be doomed, I tell ye."

The cell door suddenly swings open, and before the young woman can say much more, guards enter. They take the young woman and her two elderly relatives, and then they are gone.

If any of the party ask where they are being taken they will be told that the Witch Finder awaits her, and she will be escorted to be searched, watched and, if found guilty, hung. She is being taken from the Castle for her ordeal. The party will not be able to trace her when they escape.

Escape From the Tower

Inevitably, the party will need to escape Launston Castle, if their adventure is not to be a short one (or

a long and depressing one). They will possibly come up with their own plan in order to do this. They are not completely alone in this endeavour, however. After a couple of days, Captain Penrose and his men arrive at Launston. Captain Penrose is free of any curses and is not enslaved by any Binding Ring. He will quickly come to the conclusion that Hopton has been compromised, and will be secretly approached by the two other guards at Launston who are free of the Witches' control.

Penrose thinks it will be easier to depose Hopton with the help of the Adventurers – he only has six men with him, and even with the additional help of the other two, nine men seems hardly enough to be assured of victory over Hopton and his twenty-two loyal guards.

Penrose will insist on seeing any Noble Adventurers on the first floor of the Tower first. Scraps will not feel he can refuse him such a visit. Failing that, he will see any of the Adventurers confined on the ground floor. If all the Adventurers are confined to the dungeon, he will take a risk, and demand a private audience with the Adventurers in the Torture Chamber. Scraps will happily agree to this, grinning all the while, assuming that Penrose intends to torture the party.

Make the Adventurers think of how they intend to escape, rather than having Penrose come up with a plan. Of course the party may just break out from the Torture Chamber and start fighting with the gaolers.

The rescue or escape should be run in as cinematic and dramatic a way as possible. Penrose will attempt to get the Adventurers to help him, by providing a diversion, but also in directly fighting for control of the Castle. Unfortunately the plan will be difficult to achieve, because the Binding Rings ensure that the Soldiers protecting Hopton will fight to the death. Hopton himself will command his Soldiers to attack Penrose and his men, and the party if they have been freed. Penrose will not wish to see Hopton actually killed, his priority will be to have him securely held. Hopton is of such importance, nationally and locally, that Penrose will ironically defend him to the death if he is pushed. Penrose is a true chivalric man of honour, and he will feel he simply does not have the authority to execute his superior officer. The only factor which might make him compromise this decision, is if a member of the party is of an even higher rank. When running the battle, use the Tower and gatehouse maps, and the overview map, in order to get a clear idea of the players intentions and Hopton and his Soldiers' reactions. If things are going badly for the party, Penrose will inevitably sacrifice himself in order to aid their escape, particularly if he know of their mission to prevent the Duchy sliding into further wickedness.

Captain Piran Penrose



Royalist Captain

STR 15 CON 17 SIZ 12 INT 14 POW 11
DEX 15 CHA 11

SR 15 CA 3 DM +1D2

Skills: Athletics 67%, Courtesy 52%, Evade 59%, Insight 44%, Mortuary Sword 67% (1D8+1D2), Persistence 73%, Pistol 75%, (2D6+1), Ride 62%, Resilience 68%, Unarmed 41% (1D3+1D2)

Faction: Royalist RP: 62

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/6
4-6	Left Leg	0/6
7-9	Abdomen	0/7
10-12	Chest	0/8
13-15	Right Arm	0/5
16-18	Left Arm	0/5
19-20	Head	0/6

Captain Penrose has had a difficult time of it. He was abducted from a transport ship ferrying troops from Cornwall to Dorset, earlier in the Civil War, and taken by Barbary Pirates to a slave market in Tunis. He was offered release terms, but only if his family paid a ransom. Penrose declined, although it wasn't really in his power to do so – his family had already sent the money. Not knowing his ransom had been paid, he escaped the slavers, liberating some of his men into the bargain. They have spent the best part of a year, slowly returning, first from Africa, and then across Europe, eventually gaining passage back home. On landing near Plimouth, Penrose heard odd rumours about Hopton and his army, but only on returning to Launston Castle has he



realised the extent of the madness that has gripped the Royalist General.

Leaving Launston

The party will finally leave Launston; either having defeated Hopton (a short-term victory as most of the local cavalry are in possession of Binding Rings) or as escaped prisoners, on the run from Hopton's men. They will possibly have been told by Polly Lambs that they need to head to Penwith, or they will need to piece this course of action together from what Sir Reginald told them, their audience with Hopton, and other encounters they have had and the rumours they have heard.

Travelling to Penwith

Run the journey to Penwith as you see fit. The players may already have a clear idea of which leads to follow up – at the outset Hillaria Edgcumbe mentioned that Elizabeth Hopton's Curse originated in Penwith; and Polly Lambs may have met the Adventurers in Launston Tower and informed them that a trio of powerful Witches are in Penwith and that they might be able to find out more in Pensans in Penwith. The party might have adventures on the way, and aside from any Wandering/Random Encounters you wish to run, they might be attacked by servants of the Witches – Kay Calwodely and the Witch Queen will know of the Adventurers' doings at Launston through the Binding Rings. Or you may just want to run the section of journey from Launston to Penwith as a simple narrative. Either

way, the party will eventually arrive in Penwith, ready to begin hunting those responsible for the Cursing of the Royalist and Parliamentary worthies, as described by Sir Reginald and Ireton.

Penwith

Penwith is the westernmost Hundred of the Duchy of Cornwall. The peninsula is rich in minerals, positioned as it is on a bedrock of granite, abutted by an abundance of shales brimming with rich ores. Farming is hard because, away from the coast, which is dominated by rugged cliffs (many of which shelter beautiful beaches), the soil is thin. For those who don't mine or scratch a living from the land, there is good fishing off the shores. The small towns have benefited from sea trade and the supply of rich ores that the miners provide.

Penwith is one of the least Anglicised areas of the Duchy – Cornish is still widely understood in the villages, although nearly everyone speaks English as well. The independent and rebellious reputation of the Cornish is especially deserved in Penwith.

Penwith is the home of Witches, who have lately been causing much trouble – Madgy Figgy lives in Porthcurno, wrecking ships and feeding her mistress the bodies of mariners; Ennor Wyse lives in Pensans, condemning innocents to a life of slavery in exchange for spell components and gold; Kay Calwodely manages operations in the Spearne Consols mine, forging and distributing Binding Rings; and the Witch Queen herself has her base in Penwith, in a cave beneath St Michael's Mount.



The Magick of the Witch Queen

Iseult, the Witch Queen, remembers magick she learned before the sinking of Lyonesse, magick known to no-one else now living, except for the few spells she has taught her three disciples, Madgy Figgy, Ennor Wyse and Kay Calwodeley. Since these powerful spells are unavailable to Adventurers, they have not been included in the spells list in Chapter VII, but they are described in the adventure text in terms of their effects. Games Masters should feel free to improvise magical effects rather than relying on the spell list where these four Witches are concerned.

Binding Rings

While there is a fair amount of copper and even some gold in the mines of Cornwall, in certain mines there are small veins of these two metals which are, due to their special purity, more easily imbued with magickal power. In the Spearne Consols mine in particular, these magickal metals are relatively easy to extract. The Witch Queen instructed Kay Calwodeley to supervise the mining of these minerals, and from them, once Iseult had cast a Create Binding Ring spell on the raw metal, a large number of copper Binding Rings have been manufactured. In a sabbat at St. Michael's Mount, involving thirty-nine Witches (the covens of her three acolytes, Figgy, Wyse and Calwodeley), she caused the Binding Rings to be magickally distributed throughout Cornwall, where they would be found by people who could be useful to her cause.

The Binding Rings are irresistible to most people. Once worn on a finger, the victim dismisses the importance of the ring, barely thinking about it. Most of the time, those so Bound continue to act normally and have no knowledge that they are now a servant of the Witch Queen. But by concentrating on an individual group of Bound servants, she can make them do what she wants, and even cast spells through them, a spectacular example of which takes place in the first encounter in Oxford where she Combusts several of her servants!

A Bound person will play down the significance of the ring they are wearing, truly believing that is just "a little trinket I found and took a liking to", though if anyone asks them to remove it, they will refuse, and if force is used, they will fight or flee to avoid this, believing they are being perfectly rational and that the person trying to remove the ring is unreasonable and possibly dangerously unhinged. The ring Bound are compelled to do

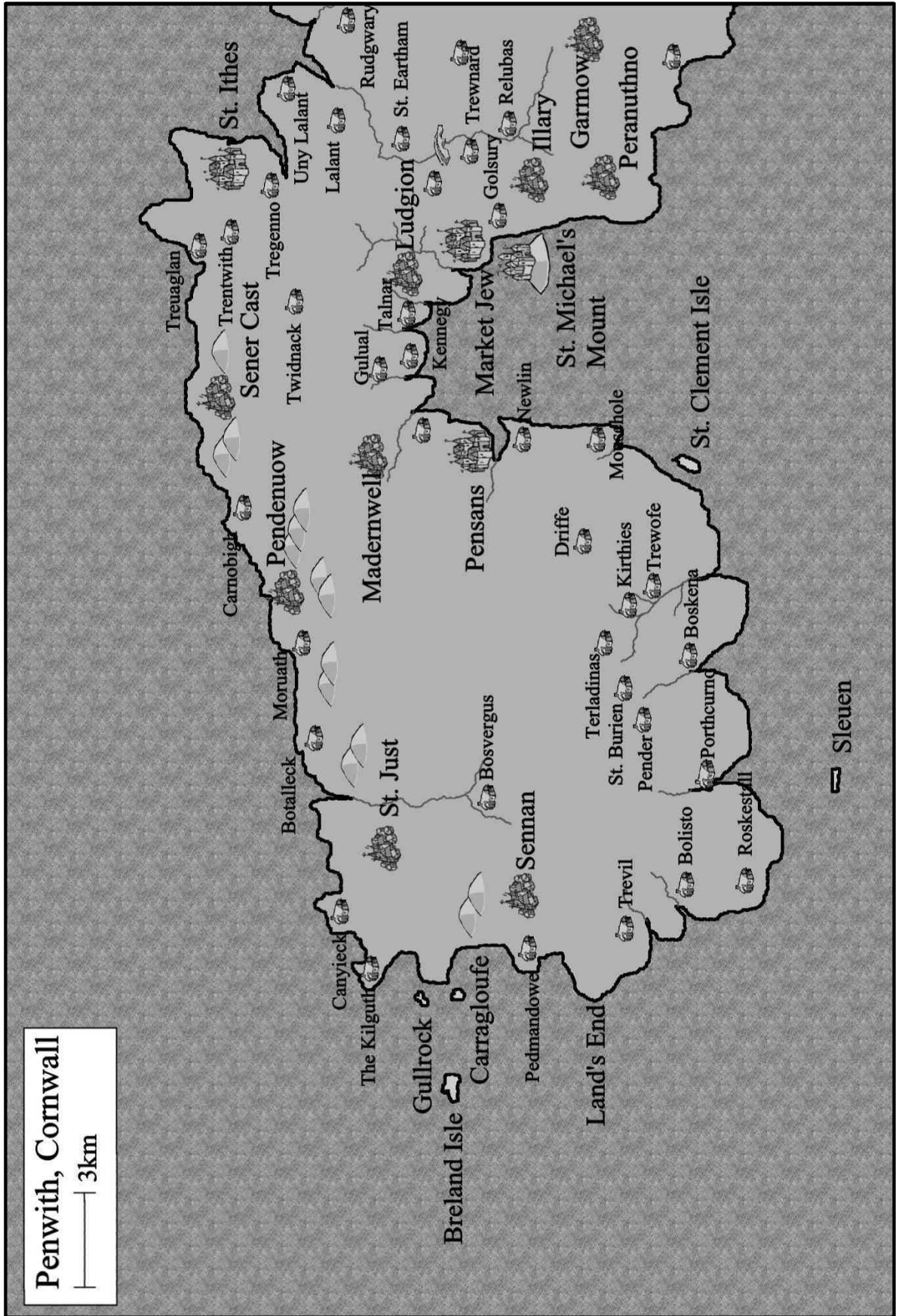
what they are commanded, but once a command has been completed, they will only be vaguely aware of what they were doing and have no recollection of why. It is perfectly possible for somebody to go about their day-to-day business and only actively fulfil their "command" when certain conditions are met; e.g., find out the business of strangers. Others will have a more global command; e.g., work as a miner. Certain rare individuals can resist the lure of putting on a Binding Ring, when first found, but none can resist the instructions of Iseult if she has chosen to bend her formidable will to taking direct control of an individual wearing one.

Figgy, Wyse and Calwodeley wear a form of Binding Ring themselves. But their rings are gold and worn willingly, the wearers having full knowledge of the powers of the rings they wear. Rather than being used as a control mechanism, these rings allow Iseult to maintain a mental link with her key servants. The trio of senior Witches also have their own Bound ring wearing servants, that they control on behalf of Iseult - after all, despite her formidable powers, Iseult can only actually concentrate on one thing at once. So Figgy controls the wreckers; Wyse the coastal dwellers who are to be sold as slaves; and Calwodeley the miners at Spearne Consols. All the Witches also command a number of spies, who are usually commanded to inform them if certain questions are asked, places explored, etc.

Iseult's Plot

Iseult has been gathering her strength (mostly by eating sailors!) and is now ready to put the next part of her plan into operation. A massive gathering of thirteen covens of Witches will meet on St. Michael's Mount to cast a massive Earth Binding spell. This will cause the unique power of the magickal metals in the Cornish mines to spread throughout all the rocks of Cornwall. The end result of this will be that *everyone* in Cornwall will fall under the Binding of the Witch Queen - Binding Rings will no longer be necessary, as anyone crossing the border from Devon will automatically fall under her sway, and remain that way. She will then be able to command the entire population to march eastward to conquer England. As she takes each area by force of arms (and sheer numbers), she will then be able to cast the Earth Binding spell again, so that everyone in that area too is bound to her will. Quite where her ambitions end, no-one but Iseult knows, and she isn't telling.





Penwith, Cornwall
| | 3km

Chapter III

In which our heroes visit Pensans and meet a variety of pirates

*“Go, ye heroes, go to glory,
Though you die in combat gory,
Ye shall live in song and story,
Go to immortality.
Go to death, and go to slaughter
Die, and every Cornish daughter
With her tears your grave shall water
Go, ye heroes, go and die.”*

Gilbert and Sullivan, *The Pirates of Penzance*, 1880

Pensans is a likely destination for the Adventurers. In Pensans, the Witch Ennor Wyse is busy working to supply the Barbary Prince with slaves, in exchange for rare spell components and gold. The Adventurers should also be able to find clues to the other senior Witches – Calwodely near St Just and Figgy in Porthcurno. When the Adventurers have exhausted their investigations in the rest of Penwith, one of their Pensans contacts will also be able to provide them with evidence, and advice, which will lead them to a final confrontation with the Witch Queen.

Pensans is a fairly large town, with a population of about 2,000. About 5% of the population are in possession of Binding Rings. If the party are aware of the Rings’ uses already, they will notice this fact – the rings do not seem to be distributed with any real logic, scattered about the population fairly randomly.

Pensans is effectively the capital of Penwith, a market town formally incorporated thirty years ago. It is built around a harbour, with many steep cobbled streets leading down to it; there are storage facilities and merchant houses to the north-east around the stone jetty; the newly built Customs House is toward the centre of the seafront, and the south-west end of town is overrun with seedy taverns, reputedly home

to Thieves, Smugglers and even Pirates. The harbour is very busy at present, bustling with trading vessels. Pensans is in Mount’s Bay (the area dominated by St Michael’s Mount, which sits offshore) – Lands End, the most westerly point in Cornwall, is but 16 kilometres to the west and Market Jew, which is attached to St Michael’s Mount by causeway, is just 9 kilometres to the east. Pensans suffered a devastating attack fifty years ago, when it and the surrounding villages were raided and burned by the Spanish, seven years after the Armada, but it was not the first time the town had been raided and, as ever, it has bounced back.

Obviously, if the Adventurers are visiting Pensans after they have been to Spearne Consols and Porthcurno, adjust the Pensans encounters accordingly (see Return to Pensans, p.52).

Useful Contacts and Loose Tongues

Although the Adventurers may have been told that Pensans might be a good place to seek advice about what is going on in Penwith, they probably have not been told who to speak to. If they ask about, they might be able to get some sense of where to start,



though. Bribery should accompany relevant skill checks, and make sure that the person passing on the gossip is appropriate to the information shared. For instance, if the party is trying to find out about Merchants, they are probably best off not asking a fisherman, and if they want to find a Smuggler contact, they might be best off asking around in a harbourside pub. The following information is all fairly freely available, however. More specific information is described in later sections of this chapter.

- The Vomiting Dog pub on the harbourside will be mentioned as a good place to seek out “lowlife” contacts. If the party have encountered Jago Roche (p.28) they may already know this.
- If the party ask about Ennor Wyse they will hear that she is a fine upstanding citizen, the goodwife of the most successful investor in Pensans, Jory Wyse. She lives in one of the fine Merchant houses, down by the harbour, near the newly-built Customs House.
- The Customs House is struggling. Since the war there seems little point in paying taxes as it is uncertain where they are destined. No, things were far better before the Customs House. And Ennis who runs the place is an officious wretch who is best avoided.
- If you want to find out about the affairs of the Merchants in the town then it might be worth asking around the harbourside. Of course, the Customs House is probably even better, as Ennis keeps all manner of paperwork.
- Solomon Rake the Witch Finder stays at the Vomiting Dog pub from time to time. Strange such a zealot should hang around near so many undesirables.
- There is no justice in Pensans. Since the outbreak of the Civil War there is no real central authority and the systems of local governance hardly function. Some citizens might help deter the worst excesses in the wealthier parts of town – but beware, the streets are no longer safe.

1. The Customs House

The Customs House has been designed with ample storage downstairs to inspect goods, receive payments and store confiscated items. At present however, mainly due to the war and in the absence of any local Justices, Loren Ennis is on his own, futilely recording the fraction of goods that are reported to him. He has no men to help him and is only loyally staying on because he does not know what else to do, the late king having invested him with the power to levy duties. If the party visit, read

them the following:

The fine building is all but empty. You have to show yourselves up to the first floor where, behind a wood and glass partition, a harassed looking man is working away. He looks up nervously and waves you in.

Loren can offer various tidbits of information. He is a helpful soul who would rather be just about anywhere than where he is, although he feels guilty thinking such thoughts, knowing that there are a lot worse off than he.

On His Job - *“Oh it’s a thankless task. Everyone has always had to pay Customs, but the people here just ignore the law. Well, they do since the war started, anyway. The local Justices are all Merchants, and they have just let the system go to ruin, saying there is no call to employ any men for me, since there is no king to pay a duty to. I don’t know what to do. If I lived in London I would have a navy vessel to back me up but here...” He shrugs his shoulders helplessly. And “I know it is me they will blame, not the swindlers hereabouts. The only Merchant who pays a fair tax is Master Gosforth, oh, why can’t the others be as honest?”*

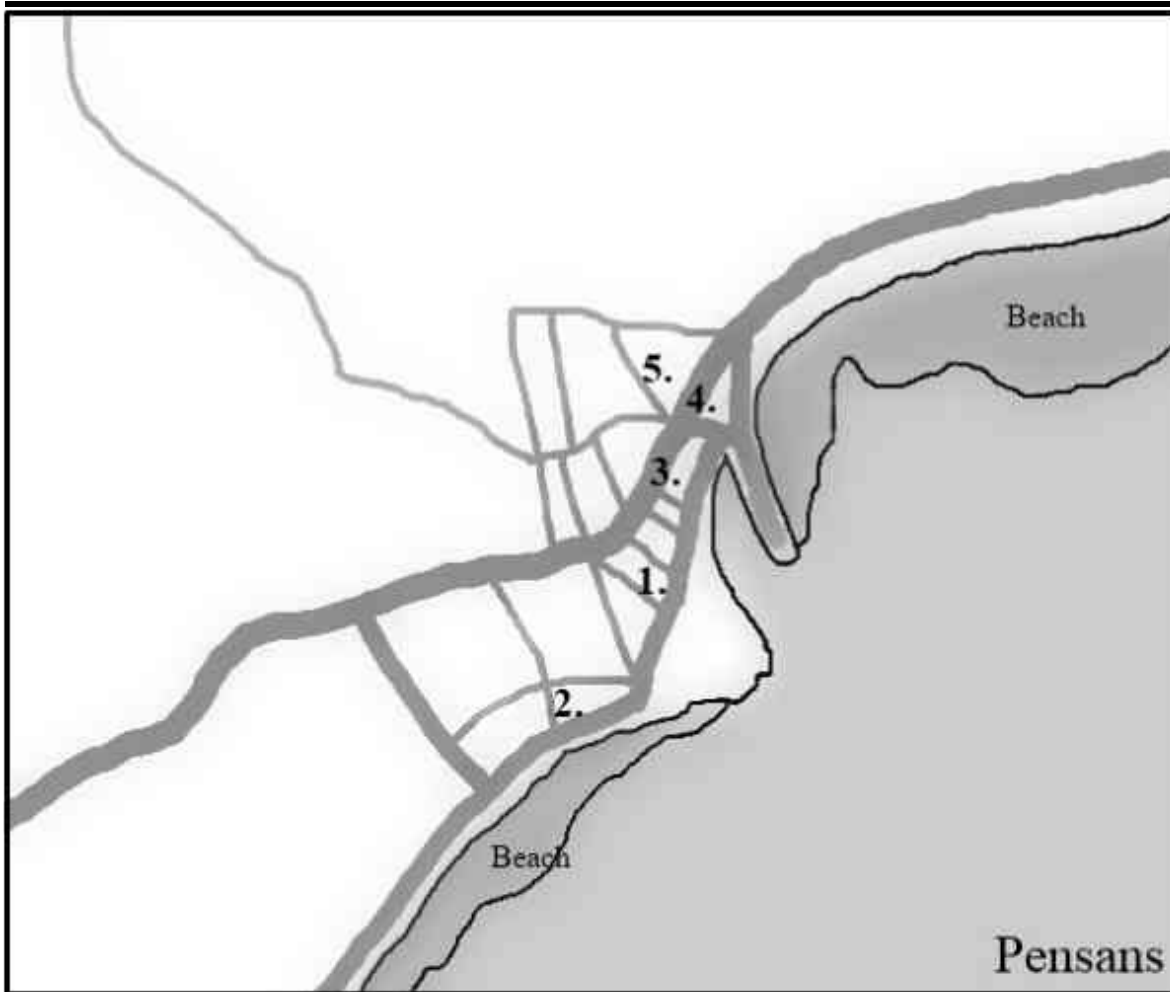
On Ennor Wyse - *“Oh, she is the wife of Jory Wyse. Very well-to-do. I don’t know her well, I’m afraid, but she seems very pleasant.”*

On Jory Wyse - *“Hmm, yes he is a very successful Merchant you know. They have a house just across town.” If pushed - “Mister Wyse is an example of quite what is wrong with the whole of Pensans.” Ennis wags his finger admonishingly. “Mister Wyse’s business success is the talk of the town. Certainly he appears to have made quite the fortune in a very short space of time. But has he paid his duties? Of course not, hardly a penny – just a few swathes of cloth and the odd barrel of Virginia declared. It really won’t do.”*

On Kernow Harvey - *Loren looks extremely nervous. No Insight roll needed. “Mister Harvey owns a little shop, just around the back of here.” If pushed - “I-I-I’m sorry, but it really does no good to ask such questions. Mister Harvey has a little shop. But...be careful with Mister Harvey, just...be careful.” Loren will try to avoid elaborating further; as Kernow Harvey is the Master Smuggler in Pensans, he is Ennis Loren’s nemesis, but Ennis is under no illusions that Kernow could have him removed from his post and murdered with ease. Despite despising the man, Ennis would never think of saying a word against him – until, that is, Royal authority once more reaches Pensans and he has the backing of a naval frigate.*

He knows nothing (nor would want to) about the Pirates staying in the upstairs of the Vomiting Dog,





Witches, or any other conspiracies, and can offer no further useful information.

2. The Vomiting Dog

The Vomiting Dog is a hive of useful information, but also contains perils for the unwary. There is a main bar, where shanties are constantly sung, ale is drunk in vast quantity and much bawdiness occurs. Upstairs there are rooms, but the party will be told in no uncertain terms that they are out of bounds.

At any one time there are 2D10 Smugglers who will assist the barkeeper if there is any trouble. If the party brashly ask about Smugglers they will get short shrift, particularly if they are wealthy looking. If they are a little more discreet they will be asked what they are after, although nobody will commit to anything. Any downright foolish questions, and the patrons will completely clam up. If the Adventurers ask about Witches, the Witch Finder Solomon Rake or any of the sinister goings on in Penwith, then at first nothing will happen, but a little later they will be invited upstairs. If the Adventurers accept the invitation, read them the following:

As you ascend the stairs, you realise the first

floor rooms are accessed in a similar manner to climbing through to a deck on a ship, rungs lead through a hatch in the ceiling. One by one, strong arms grab any of you willing to visit the upstairs of the Vomiting Dog. The room above is a large, single chamber, dominated by one large table. But that is the only manner in which it resembles the Spattered Receptacle in Oxford, where you started your journey weeks ago. The room is bedecked by netting, strangely coloured silks billow around the rigging, a makeshift plank has been erected which stretches from the table, out of the only window, which is really little more than a small skylight.

The inhabitants are a motley crew, Sailors, nay, Pirates for sure, bedecked in exotic jewellery and cutlasses, and with a roguish look about every one of them. Their leader looks quite plain, compared to his garish crew. He greets you, his voice deep and clear.

“Arr, welcome me hearties, and good it is you’ve come to see Captain Morgan. Tis a sad day though, me lovelies. Old Harnow here is retirin’”. He pats a nervous-looking Pirate on the neck with his left hand, deftly side-steps

backward, raises his right hand, which is holding a pistol, presses it to "Old Harnow's" head and squeezes the trigger. Blood and brains fly everywhere.

Allow the Adventurers to react, but stress the numerical superiority of the Pirates. Before a fight breaks out (and of course there may be no such prospect, although the Adventurers should still be a little curious as to what is going on) Morgan will speak again:

"Could'n let that l'il bastard just walk me l'il plank now, could I? No fun and games with these ones, I tell 'ee. Now lookee here." The Pirate reaches down, his knuckles a flashing whirr, somehow a knife in the place where the gun sat but a few seconds before, and he slices something from Harnow's hand. He looks at you all and grins. "So you bin askin' about Witches. Well, what do makes of this?" and he throws a severed finger, copper ring still attached, to the nearest Adventurer.

Morgan Bonnyfon

Cornish Pirate

STR 12 CON 15 SIZ 12 INT 14 POW 13
DEX 16 CHA 15

SR 15 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Athletics 59%, Boating 72%, Cutlass 67% (1D6+1), Evade 71%, Persistence 44%, Pistol 62% (2D6+1), Resilience 75%, Shiphandling 82%, Unarmed 61% (1D3)

Faction: Self-interest (Greed) RP: 78

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/6
4-6	Left Leg	0/6
7-9	Abdomen	0/7
10-12	Chest	0/8
13-15	Right Arm	0/5
16-18	Left Arm	0/5
19-20	Head	0/6

Morgan Bonnyfon is a Pirate's Pirate. Wedded to a life of danger, Morgan is viewed with something akin to awe by his crew. Aside from fighting Witches (Pirates are a superstitious lot, Cornish Pirates doubly so), his crew will do anything for their Captain. For although he may seem a brute, he is in fact loyal, fair (for a Pirate) and has the luck of the devil (an important factor in such a risky trade). He is sharp-witted, as quick to make a friend as to strike down an enemy, a

heartbreaker and, given the opportunity, a hero. He could make a useful contact for the Adventurers. Although he is busy, his ship is being repaired in a hidden dock, and he always has deals to juggle; he will be happy to join in if there is the hint of some action.



On Captain Morgan Bonnyfon - *"Should I tell ye I'm an 'onest trader, or some such bollox? Of course not, fer I'm a Pirate. I was born a Pirate, an' I'll die a Pirate, an' I'm happy to tell it." He winks at his crew, "An pretty good at Piratin' I am too!" At this his crew cheer and heartily swig some grog.*

On the Binding Rings - *"Witch business." Morgan's crew can all be heard sucking in their breath. "Kernow tol' me - though I 'ad me own suspicions. That's 'ow they get to you." The Pirate crew look nervous at this. "But lookee see, they don'ts get it all their own way now do theys," and so saying points down at Harnow's corpse. The crew look ill at ease at this, their obvious fear of Witches getting the better of them.*

On Solomon Rake - *Morgan spits, and wipes his mouth on his tattered sleeve. "Pah! That bully and scoundrel. 'E calls himself a Witch Finder - but he does'n want to find real Witches. 'E's as lily-livered as this bunch 'o whelps," he scoffs as he motions to his crew, who look most put out and try to avoid their Captain's gaze. "I tol' him where he could start looking, but no doubts about it, he will be burnin' some harmless oldster rather than standing into real danger. Pah!" Morgan spits in disgust once more.*

On Penwith - *"There's power in these old rocks. Nothin' like this place on earth, an' I've done me share of travellin'. Of course the place is full of twisters, an' imps and devilish doin's, but there are the stoutest hearts and brawniest buggers about these parts an' all." He turns to his men, a twinkle in his eye, "An of course the best way to best a twister or a devil is to out twist the bugger, an' Captain Morgan's the biggest rogue of 'em all." The crew cheer, and more grog flows, mugs clatter and cutlasses rattle.*

On Witches - *“Scum o’ the earth they be.” Morgan’s crew look very uncomfortable, as if their Captain is tempting the worst of fates. “I hates the bastards an’ would happily string ‘em up from here to the Indies. An’ I’ll tell ye, Penwith’s riddled with the poxy curs, worse now than ever.” He looks round at his men. “I’d rid the shores of ‘em if I ‘ad a crew. But I ‘aven’t. I got a sissy little lot of princesses, who hide behind their nanny’s skirts, rubbin their little peepers an’ a sayin’ a boo hoo, an’ god save me. Pah.” He spits, and his crew look suitably shame-faced, all refusing to contradict their Captain. “I’ll tell ye what I told Rake – the worst of ‘em is Figgy. The bitch lives up at Porthcurno, an’ she’s the enemy of all that take to sea. Get rid of ‘er, an’ I will call you all Captains too, and if you ever need to sail I’ll give yer passage fer free.”*

On The Witch Queen - *“I’ve heard rumours, but who can say? Some around ‘ere are a superstitious lot, jumping at the wind an’ as hearty as calves at a teat.” He smirks at his crew. “Some say though, that she lives out to sea these days.” At this his crew make frightened yelping noises and look like they would love to stop Morgan continuing if only they dared. “There is certainly sommat out there, though.” Morgan looks a little contemplative, “but I don’t know much fer sure.”*

On Ennor Wyse - *“Could’n help you there. Local is she? You might ask Kernow, if anyone’ll know of ‘er, he will.”*

On where to turn to for help - *“Well, you can allus come an’ see Morgan if you wants something, no promises though, an’ I’ll not be here ferever. Then, of course, if its information your after, there’s Kernow, he owns a little shop other side of the ‘arbor, on the road behind. Other than that, they’re an untrustworthy shower o’ bastards in these parts, so I could’n tell ye.”*

On the Barbary Pirates - *“An evil lot. Would slit yer throat as soon as look at yer.” Morgan grins. “Like us really.”*

On Kernow Harvey - *“Oh, he’s a tricky one, an’ no mistakin, arr he is.” Morgan looks approving. “Nothing gets past Kernow. If you want to find out about something he’s yer man. Take care to pay him some coin though, an’ ask about others, not ‘im himself, if yer know what’s good fer yer.”*

On the Customs House - *“The what?”*

3. Kernow Harvey

Kernow Harvey is a hard-working soul, content to make an honest living trading in essential supplies from his little shop in Pensans. At least, that is what he tells people. In fact Kernow is the Master Smuggler in Pensans, a place teeming with dealers

in illicit goods. Like Morgan Bonnyfon at the Dog, little gets by Kernow and he is aware that there is something strange about the copper Binding Rings that seem to be all the rage of late. He found one himself, but resisted the desire to put it on, and for the first time in his life, baulked at selling something on to some poor sap. Since then he has been careful to avoid dealing with anyone wearing the Binding Rings.

Kernow also deals in information, but he has found it difficult to find out quite as much as he would have liked about the Witches. That upsets him as he likes to know everything about what’s going on. That said, he knows more than just about everyone else (aside from the Witches themselves) about the subject. He has such a wide network he can usually piece things together, even if his superstitious Smugglers are uncharacteristically tight-lipped (often, to his frustration he has to deduce things from the topics his Smugglers avoid). Ironically he knows little of the most local Witch, Ennor Wyse. She knows all about Kernow and has been careful to avoid his attentions, although she has been thwarted in getting a lock of his hair, or some such, to fashion a poppet of him.

Kernow’s shop is on a road running parallel behind the storehouses, which run along the more affluent end of the harbour. If anyone orders wares from him, he will send his hired help (of whom there seem to be an endless supply) “out the back” to get the goods. Anyone observing the operation would soon work out the scam – but funnily enough no one watches the little shop – for long! People who show too much interest in Kernow’s shop disappear (often to be found later, bobbing onto the rocks somewhere along the Penwith coast). Kernow offers very reasonably priced goods and a stream of carts stop by to load up with alcohol, tobacco and cloth. Kernow only maintains the pretence of his shop for amusement at the moment (although it suits his controlling personality to be at the hub of operations), but if ever there is any official interest from outside of Pensans, he is adept at converting his shop into a proper front, his men able to quickly construct a wall between the back of his shop and the warehouses.

If the party try to take on Kernow they will find themselves in opposition to a vast and highly organised Smuggler operation. Kernow will happily explain the scale of his business, describe what happens to people stupid enough to cross the Cornish Smugglers, and insist that the Adventurers never make such any detrimental comment about him or his organisation again and then all can be forgiven and forgotten. A party too stupid to take this advice will find themselves continually assaulted by large groups of Smugglers throughout



their stay in Penwith.

Kernow Harvey



Smuggler

STR 15 CON 9 SIZ 13 INT 17 POW 10
DEX 11 CHA 11

SR 14 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Commerce 78%, Dagger 54%
(1D4+1), Evade 59%, Evaluate 93%, Insight
64%, Persistence 73%, Pistol 42%, (2D6+1),
Resilience 68%, Unarmed 41% (1D3+1D2)

Faction: Self-interest (Greed) RP:89

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Kernow sees himself as a simple businessman, and uses dubious methods to ensure he and his countless employees are all kept in gainful employment – he will bear no real grudge to any legal official – but he will refuse to be crossed. (In fact Kernow is a control freak, who at times displays sociopathic tendencies; but of course he doesn't see it that way at all and his outward manner is usually that of a mild shopkeeper. Kernow is desperately unhappy about the influence of the Witches in Penwith, but is unable to mobilise his mob of Smugglers, who are every bit as superstitious as the Pirates, to move against them.

If the party are visiting on the advice of Morgan Bonnyfon, read them the following:

You see some surprisingly large double doors, which are pretty much the size of the whole frontage of the little shop. Men are loading goods onto a cart. When you go through the doors you can see the shop is very bare, but more men are rolling barrels out from behind a curtain, which are in turn stacked outside ready for the next cart. An amiable looking man sits behind a little counter, introduces himself as Kernow Harvey, and asks how he can help you.

If the party question Kernow he will be able to provide them with a lot of information. If the party tell him that Morgan sent them, then he will provide the information about the Witches for a token penny or two (he *really* doesn't need the money – it is the principle of the thing). Otherwise he will charge a lot more, an extortionate amount if he takes a dislike to the Adventurers. If he thinks the party might actually act against the Witches he will encourage them to buy all his information, although professional pride will mean he will still insist on charging them for each piece individually.

On Kernow Harvey: *"I am a shop keeper. I work hard and that is all there is to me." If pushed - "I buy and sell things. If you wish to buy or sell, then we have a common interest. Otherwise, I am busy."*

On Smuggling: *"A disgraceful trade, I am sure. Why bother with such people? I am sure if there is anything you need, I can acquire it."*

On Penwith: *"There are a few who would see an independent Cornwall, away from England's apron strings. I would prefer an independent Penwith. But then, I am just a shopkeep, and know nothing of politicking."*

On Witches: *"Ah, I might have heard some things. Of course, I have had to pay my sources a few coins. I have to pay for information, you see, so I can keep up with the latest trends." He gestures around his all-but-empty shelves. "I would love to recoup a little of what I have spent. What specifically is it you are interested in?" If the party pay him and just ask a general question, he will reply: "Well I could tell you more about the Rings that they use, Witchcraft in general or perhaps about a specific Witch."*

On Witchcraft: *"I must confess, I despise Witches. So bad for business, and evil too. Still what do I know? I am not a theologian. They meet, in covens, to cast their spells. Each coven is comprised of thirteen Witches, all women. Occasionally they ask a man along to... "help" with the magick, I believe. And Penwith is currently riddled with them. People have disappeared, started engaging in strange acts; even, I believe, stopped fighting in some war or another, all due to Witches. They seem very powerful."*

On the Binding Rings: “Ah, yes, have you noticed those? Copper rings, all appeared at once.” He reaches into his breast pocket. “I found one.” He traces the edge of the ring with his finger and slips it away once more. “I believe this is how the Witches are gaining strength throughout Penwith. They have left hundreds of the things about and people seem to want to wear them. Clever. I wonder how they work?”

On Jory Wyse and Ennor Wyse: “A businessman. Not particularly bright. Become very wealthy all of a sudden and I don’t know why.” Kernow frowns slightly at this. “I don’t know much about him or his wife, although there was one rumour...a vagrant mentioned that he saw her dressed as a Witch. But the man was a fool and I never really had a chance to speak with him further. I am sure if there were any actual Witches in Pensans, I would know all about them.” Kernow has no real evidence about Ennor, although he had heard a drunk had been making some allegations about her some days ago. Kernow also has a lack of information on Jory, considering his sudden rise in status, and this angers him as he feels his Smugglers have been neglecting their duty to tell him everything. “I know. Why don’t we turn the tables. Speak with Master Gosworth, he is a very successful Merchant, and a neighbour of the Wyses. He was going to pass on some information to me, but appears to have forgotten. If it is of any interest, you might earn a coin from me.”

About Kay Calwodely: “Ah. Miss Calwodely. Friend of Hopton and busying herself near St Just, I believe. I wonder if she is involved in the goings on at Spearne Consols? I wouldn’t be surprised. A Witch, you think?”

About Madgy Figgy: “The most notorious Witch in Cornwall. Sits on a chair made of rock near Porthcurno and her magick is reputed to create mighty storms which wreck ships on the rocks in those parts. Evil Witch. No doubt about it.”

About Spearne Consols Mine: “Hmm. Near St Just. I have heard rumours. It was disused but has been opened up, and yet...I don’t think the local miners are too pleased about it. You could ask Arthur, the Stannator at the Boscregan works, it is just along from Spearne Consols. Or, of course, you could investigate yourselves.”

About Morgan Bonnyfon: “An enterprising fellow, I am sure.”

About the Barbary Pirates: “Foreign rogues. They are led by a Prince no less, Ahmad Saad. Devils, the lot of them, harassing our ships and raiding our shores. And they are getting worse.”

About Loren Ennis: “A charming fellow. Does excellent work, I am sure.”

About the Witch Queen: “I have heard rumours, of course. But she’s just a story to frighten the children. Isn’t she?”

4. The Wyse Residence

If the Adventurers attempt to visit Ennor Wyse before the evening of the slave exchange, they will not find her at home. Jory and Ennor have a large multi-storied residence on the wealthier side of the harbour. It will appear no-one is home, and the Adventurers will have to all-but break in before anybody answers the door (and they will attract hostile attention from other residents if they do so). If the party are truly persistent (and noisy enough), eventually Jory Wyse, looking nervous, will answer the door.



He will explain:

“I’m terribly sorry, I can’t hear the door you know, you will have to speak up.”

If the Adventurers wonder why he looks nervous, Jory will explain:

“I thought you might be one of the Gosforths. They came around to our door last night and made quite the scene. Quite upset poor Ennor. Terrible showing, I have always been a fair man in business, and for a competitor to be so obnoxious...well, it quite upset me.”

Jory didn’t hear much of the argument between his wife and the Gosforths, but does comment that the Gosforths have seemed jealous of his business success on a number of occasions.

Jory (who wears a Binding Ring), if asked, will explain that Ennor visits the local villages doing charity work, and that she won’t be back until late that evening. Jory is quite deaf, and will struggle to hear any questions the Adventurers might have for him.

Jory Wyse is an innocent Merchant who is unaware of his wife’s activities. If his Binding Ring was removed he would still believe his wife to be doing



“charity work”. In fact Ennor, is out and about ensuring that she has one hundred locals ready for the evening, when she will sell them to the Barbary Pirates in exchange for gold and spell components. The Pirates like to send a representative to inspect the proposed slaves to ensure Ennor sends them useful specimens, as they fetch a higher price in the North African slave markets. Jory knows nothing of this business. If asked, he will explain that he has made his fortune as a Merchant, trading, and can be no more specific than this. If he was not wearing the Binding Ring he would say the same, but would be a little uneasy as he will have no specific recollections of his business deals.

If the Adventurers did decide to search the premises they would find a cauldron and swan pit (as used in the Boost Duration spell, p.90) in the cellar – see end of Running the Fight in this chapter. The Wyses’ money is not here, although various notes refer to large deposits of gold being transferred to local and foreign banks. If the Adventurers check on the Wyse business, they will find there doesn’t seem to be one; no ships, no storehouses, etc.

5. The Gosforths



The party might attempt to see the Gosforths, once they have visited Kernow. If not, they will notice the Gosforths’ house if they decide to check on the Wyses’ property. Master Blyth Gosforth is nervously surveying the harbour from an upstairs window. If he sees the Adventurers, he will be anxiously trying to decide whether they are possible allies or working in cahoots with Ennor Wyse. The party may notice him (Perception -20%) watching them from an upstairs window.

If the party decide to visit the Gosforths, read the following:

Eventually somebody comes to the door. There is the sound of heavy objects being shifted, and then the door opens. A nervous looking man ushers you quickly in.

If the party can reassure him they are not working for Ennor Wyse, Blyth Gosforth can offer the

following information:

On Blyth Gosforth: *“I am sorry. I am so scared. It’s my wife, Jenifer, she has been Cursed and it seems she will die.”*

On Jenifer Gosforth: *“She is upstairs. I don’t think there is anything you can do for her – unless you can slay the Witch that cursed her. It was Ennor Wyse.” He looks around fearfully. “I know we shouldn’t have said anything, and now Jenifer might die.”* Jenifer is indeed upstairs, debilitated by a powerful Curse. First she lost the power of speech, then her legs became weak, and now she lies paralysed and mute.

On Jory Wyse: *“The man’s a menace. He doesn’t pay a penny in tax and seems to have much wealth – I have contacts who are financiers and they have told me. I believe he must be a rogue.”*

On Ennor Wyse: *“Well that’s just it. My wife and I have been suspicious of the sudden wealth the Wyses seem to have acquired, and Jenifer went to have words, you know, to tell them that they should help more with the running of the town and pay their dues, as it were. Jenifer and I understand that Smugglers operate in Pensans, but before... well, he may not of been as wealthy, but Jory was an honest Merchant. It seemed odd that a good Christian should have turned his back on his principles. Well, we were shown in and there was a row, but it would have all been fine I am sure... But Ennor was called away and Jenifer followed her. She overheard Ennor planning a “shipment”, for midnight tonight, on the northern beach. Well, she went to challenge her. Profiteering and smuggling, it won’t do. Anyhow, Ennor turned on poor Jenifer, said she would die a terrible death, was Cursed and that it served her right for poking her nose into the business of others.”*

On Smuggling: *“Perhaps you can catch the Wyses red handed on the northern beach. Jenifer clearly told me the shipment was due for midnight tonight. There is a little shelter of rocks at the top of the beach. You could see what they are up to from there. Perhaps even find a way to strike down the Witch. I will pay you handsomely if you do.”*

On Kernow Harvey: *“Despicable, but best not crossed. I was so desperate I thought of turning to him...but I daren’t leave my wife. I must check on her.”*

On the Customs House: *“I seem to be the only one who pays a Duty. Poor Loren.”*

If Ennor dies, Jenifer will recover and Blyth will pay the Adventurers a handsome reward.

A Nasty Business

Sure enough, at midnight on the designated night, the Barbary ship will pull up at a jetty which stretches out from the northern beach. Ennor Wyse dares not miss the rendezvous, she needs the spell components she is exchanging for the enslaved locals. If the Adventurers don't interrupt, then she will simply supervise the loading of a hundred Cornish folk, all enslaved with Binding Rings, onto the Barbary vessel, and then the unloading of her bizarre items – various body parts from exotic animals, rare spices, strange totems and a cornucopia of other peculiar oddities. Some of the captives are from Pensans, others are from the outlying villages.

Assuming the party do decide to observe the jetty, they will be able to find an observation spot, where they can conceal themselves and look down from the cliff-tops onto the beach and pier. If they think to ask him, Morgan Bonnyfon will actually help the party, and he will even bring a group (3D6) of his men along. If the party tell him about Ennor Wyse, he will suggest that they do not discuss Witchery in front of his men and that they should deal with her, as his men will not join any attack if they think a Witch will be present.

At midnight a large, sleek vessel glides into the bay. It streaks forward at an incredible speed then, as it reaches its intended destination, the moorings you have been observing, it slows. It times a turn perfectly so that it pulls alongside the long pier without crashing into it and finishes up perfectly alongside it, ready to head back out to sea once its business has been conducted. Whoever is piloting and crewing her know their business. The beach must recede at a sheer angle, for the vessel finds no difficulty in mooring beside the stone jetty, the depth of water obviously enough even for such a relatively large vessel.

No flags can be identified in the moonlight, the party would need to get closer. The party may decide to head straight down, but they won't get very far, such is the efficiency of the operation taking place in front of them, before they see:

Some of the crew are already ashore, nimbly climbing down and attaching ropes to the jetty and attaching a stairway which leads up onto the deck. Simultaneously a line of shapes can now be seen walking slowly to the awaiting ship. The figures are moving slowly but surely, in single file, a space between each marcher. The first of the shadowy figures reaches the jetty.

Assuming the party decide to investigate further and

close the distance they will see:

It appears that the line of figures are now preparing to board the ship. The ship's flags are adorned with crescents – the vessel must belong to Barbary Pirates. The line of figures preparing to board the boat are obviously local, some are men and women, many of them are children.

Once the Adventurers are this close, the Pirates and Ennor Wyse will be able to start making Perception tests (-20%, it's dark) to spot the party and a fight will ensue, or the party may decide to launch an attack to save the locals.

Running the Fight

Try to run the combat with plenty of dramatic narrative – clashing sabres as the pirates attack, stumbling villagers flailing with bare hands and Ennor desperately spell-casting to prevent her plans from going awry.

Assuming the Adventurers attack, they will not have such a battle as they might have done. The Barbary Prince, Ahmad Saad, is getting greedy. He is not placing as many fighters on his vessels in order to reduce his bills and provide more room for slaves – after all, he is not having to seize his captives, they are boarding the ships willingly. Ahmad himself is not on the vessel (he may or may not still be at the Spearne Consols mine, depending on which order the party have decided to tackle things). Any defence will be led by Ennor Wyse, who is, of course, able to call on some of the villagers with Binding Rings to attack the party, and Hasan Hadda, the Captain of this particular vessel.

Hasan Hadda



Barbary Pirate Captain

STR 15 CON 17 SIZ 12 INT 14 POW 11
DEX 15 CHA 11

SR 15 CA 3 DM +1D2

Skills: Athletics 45%, Evade 43%,
Persistence 73%, Resilience 68%, Scimitar



67% (8+1D2*), Shiphandling 85%, Unarmed 41% (1D3+1D2)

* Scimitar always does maximum damage as Wyse has cast a Damage Enhancement spell on it.

Faction: Moslem RP: 62

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/6
4-6	Left Leg	0/6
7-9	Abdomen	0/7
10-12	Chest	0/8
13-15	Right Arm	0/5
16-18	Left Arm	0/5
19-20	Head	0/6

Ennor Wyse

Satanic Witch

STR 11 CON 11 SIZ 8 INT 14 POW 17
DEX 11 CHA 12

SR 12 CA 2 DM 0

Skills: Evade 43%, Manipulation 86%, Persistence 73%, Resilience 68%, Witchcraft 95%, Unarmed 41% (1D3)

Spells: Damage Enhancement, Damage Resistance, Boost Duration, Fly, Focus Magick, Palsy, Smother, Tap STR

Faction: Satanist RP: 78

Note: Wyse has cast Damage Resistance on herself prior to the fight.

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	4/5
4-6	Left Leg	4/5
7-9	Abdomen	4/6
10-12	Chest	4/7
13-15	Right Arm	4/4
16-18	Left Arm	4/4
19-20	Head	4/5

The fighting will end when either: eight of the Barbary Pirates are killed (Hasan will only deploy a maximum of twelve from the ship); Hasan is killed; the Adventurers retreat; Ennor Wyse is killed; or Ennor Wyse retreats.

Ennor will try to retreat if all is going badly; likewise Hasan will lead his remaining men away if any of the above conditions are met (bar the Adventurers retreating), back onto their boat (which

will contain more than enough Pirates to conduct a better onboard defence, although Hasan will be worried that he might lose too many to be able to safely sail the boat). Of course, Morgan and his men might have other ideas, he might just decide to capture the prize!

If Ennor Wyse is killed, then the captives will appear dazed and stop what they are doing. The party will have a small window of time in which they can remove the Binding Rings from the captives. If they are not quick enough about it though, the Witch Queen will reassert her control through the Rings directly, and will furiously order the entire group of captives to relentlessly attack the party until either they or the party are dead.

After the fight, if the Adventurers think to go back to Ennor Wyse's house, and she is dead, they will find that her husband has hung himself. Also they (or someone) will find a swan pit in the cellar containing a Poppet, dressed with a Cavalier hat and in a fine little uniform parodying the courtly fashion, a curly lock of hair folded into its tiny head. It is accompanied by a similarly-fashioned poodle miniature. If Ennor is not dead, the same can be found (she will have fled and won't be seen again until the finale), except Jory Wyse will have been forcibly strung up by some of Kernow's men.



Return to Pensans

This encounter will either be played once the Adventurers have exhausted their leads throughout the rest of Penwith, or if they have visited Pensans after Spearne Consols mine and Porthcurno (perhaps because of rumours and other encounters which tipped them off). At some point a messenger will approach the party, a Smuggler. He will pass on the message that "*Kernow has your goods and they should be collected, two days from now, first thing in the morning.*" If the party don't understand the message then the messenger certainly can't enlighten them, as that is all he has been told. He will, if cross examined, appear to have a very good idea of the Adventurers' movements of late – Kernow has obviously been keeping his eye on the

Chapter III: Pensans

party. The messenger will simply reiterate that Kernow has their goods, and they should make their way to his shop, at the appointed time, in order to receive them. (If the party have managed to completely alienate Kernow, then they will still be invited to go and see him, the messenger explaining that all will be forgiven on condition they go and see him, early in the morning, in two days time).

If the party fail to go to the appointed meeting, Kernow, who is displeased for the reasons given below, will have them kidnapped, and forced to kneel before him and listen to his message at pistol point. Assuming the party *do* arrive at the appointed time, they will be ushered through the curtains at the back of the shop:

You find yourselves in a little antechamber; the little shop is behind you, doors to a large warehouse ahead. Your escort reaches to the wall to one side, and obviously releases or presses a lever, as the wall slides backward and then to the side, revealing a secret room. You are ushered in. Once inside, you see the most exquisite little office, beautifully furnished with the rarest and most luxurious timbers panelling the walls. The door, or rather wall, shuts behind you, and Kernow sits before you, behind an expensive and expansive desk, free of clutter, a tea set adorning a silver tray in the centre.

The party will be invited to sit and sip tea, and Kernow will not be rushed to deliver his message, although in fact he has summoned the party at a very early hour. Eventually, when the party have had a good gawp at Kernow and his office, he will continue.

"I must confess, I usually let my clients approach me for information, but the following came to me in a most unorthodox manner." Kernow looks extremely cross and has to take deep breaths for a few seconds in order to compose himself before continuing.

In fact, there is nothing unusual in somebody paying Kernow to pass on a message through his network, but the client, Arabella Blackwood, *told* Kernow to deliver the message, *insisted* that he do it himself and *ordered* him to do it at the allotted time. Although he is trying hard to contain it (Insight rolls) Kernow is furious at the woman's cheek in her dealings with him, and furious at himself for actually doing what she demanded. He is doing his best to tell himself that he is only being helpful because it suits him, but deep down he knows that he could not have refused her had he wanted to, and that knowledge has caused an almighty rage to burn

within him.

"A woman," Kernow almost spits the words at you, "told me I must summon you and speak with you. She said you might understand why she does not deliver her news herself when I tell you her name. She is called Arabella Blackwood." As Kernow speaks the name, the muscles in his cheeks are spasming with pent-up fury.

If the party have played through the adventure *The Alchemist's Wife* (the first part of the Kingdom & Commonwealth Campaign) then they will recognise the name and no doubt be curious as to why Arabella is in Cornwall. Kernow, again, much to his chagrin, will not be able to tell them – it appears even he is not privy to such information. He will make no secret of his annoyance of the fact, his usual composure quickly dissolving, rattled by Arabella's enigmatic nature. Once the party have had a chance to assimilate the news that Arabella is about and question Kernow about her, he will deliver the message she sent for the party. He will deliver it from memory.

"Essentially she wanted you to be aware of the following facts. Tonight there will be a coven of covens – that is to say a gathering of all the covens of Penwith. It is to take place on St Michael's Mount. A spell will be cast the power of which has not been seen since the time of the Ancients. The spell is to be cast at the behest of the mighty beast that lives beneath the Mount – the Witch Queen herself. The beast will be helpless while the spell is being cast. You can reach the foul creature by heading down a well, which can be found on the east path from the Mount harbour. The western path heads up to where the ceremony takes place. If you can stop the ceremony, that will thwart the Queen's plans, but it will mean defeating 169 Satanists – better to kill the Queen and have done with it. If the Queen is not stopped, none of you will ever leave Cornwall alive and the whole of England will be in grave danger."

Kernow is appalled by the contents of the message. He has a phenomenal memory and can repeat the whole thing or any section of it word for word. He will, as ever, refuse to help in person, but will urge the party to do as Arabella bids, believing her mad story.

In fact, Arabella has been up to her usual scheming in Cornwall, but she is completely telling the truth. Of course, she is more concerned about the competition that the Witch Queen poses than the threat to England, but that is another story...



Chapter IV

In which our heroes visit Porthcurno, where things are not quite as they seem

“Superstition, idolatry and hypocrisy have ample wages, while truth goes a-begging.”

– Martin Luther, 1483-1546

Following clues from previous encounters, the Adventurers will make their way to Porthcurno, on the trail of the infamous Witch, Madgy Figgy. There they will meet a village full of Wreckers, a small nest of Ghouls, a strange group of heretical Christians and eventually Madgy Figgy herself.

What’s Going On

Madgy Figgy knows some very powerful weather magick, and together with her Coven (drawn from the poor fishwives and farmhands of the area) she regularly (usually on the dark of the moon) brews up storms to draw ships onto the rocks of Tol Pedn. Most of the local people of Porthcurno and the surrounding farms know all about this; indeed, for many, the gleanings from the wrecks form a major part of their livelihoods. In return for these treasures, the Wreckers help Madgy Figgy by throwing the Sailors from the wrecks (dead or alive!) into the Blowhole on the headland. For some, this is just a way of “tidying up”, while others see it as a ritual of propitiation to “Our Lady of the Deeps” – who is, of course, actually the Witch Queen, Iseult.

Some of the locals deplore this activity, but they are too scared of Madgy Figgy and her curses (as well as the anger of the rest of the villagers) to do anything about it; it will take the arrival of the Adventurers to (perhaps) stir them to action.

Madgy Figgy herself is hiding in plain sight – she has spent the last fifteen years passing herself off as the mother-in-law of Squire Upcote, one of the few people in the village who is unequivocally against Witchcraft and wrecking.

The Adventurers can explore the area in whatever order they choose – what they find in each location will depend on when they arrive. Events taking place in the village over the next two days are described in “Fixed Events” (see p.62), as well as mentioned in the relevant location descriptions, but are summarised here for convenience:

- **First evening:** Women of the village parade along the Corpse Road to St Levan, where they gather spring flowers in the valley, then go into the church to make them into wreaths. The vicar performs a blessing, then the women parade up to the headland with the statue of Our Lady of the Deeps and decorate the “Well” (actually the Blowhole).
- **First Night:** Todd Tirlawnee, the landlord of the inn, together with some of the villagers, attempts to murder the Adventurers in their beds. They are rescued by Squire Upcote who takes them to safety at Trendrennan Farm.
- **Second Night:** Madgy Figgy and her coven gather on Tol Pedn to perform a wrecking spell, while most of the villagers gather on the beach



below to await the treasure, and to throw the unfortunate Sailors into the Blowhole.

Porthcurno

Porthcurno is a remote village of fifteen houses and an inn scattered along the slopes of a steep-sided valley leading down to a small sandy cove. The only road into the place is a badly-maintained track leading down from the main Pensans to Sennan road to the north; there is also a track (known as the Corpse Road) going over the headland, a steep climb leading about half a kilometre to the church of St. Levan, which stands in a small valley of its own and serves as the church for the village and the surrounding farms and hamlets to the west, such as Tревil, Bolisto and Roskestall.

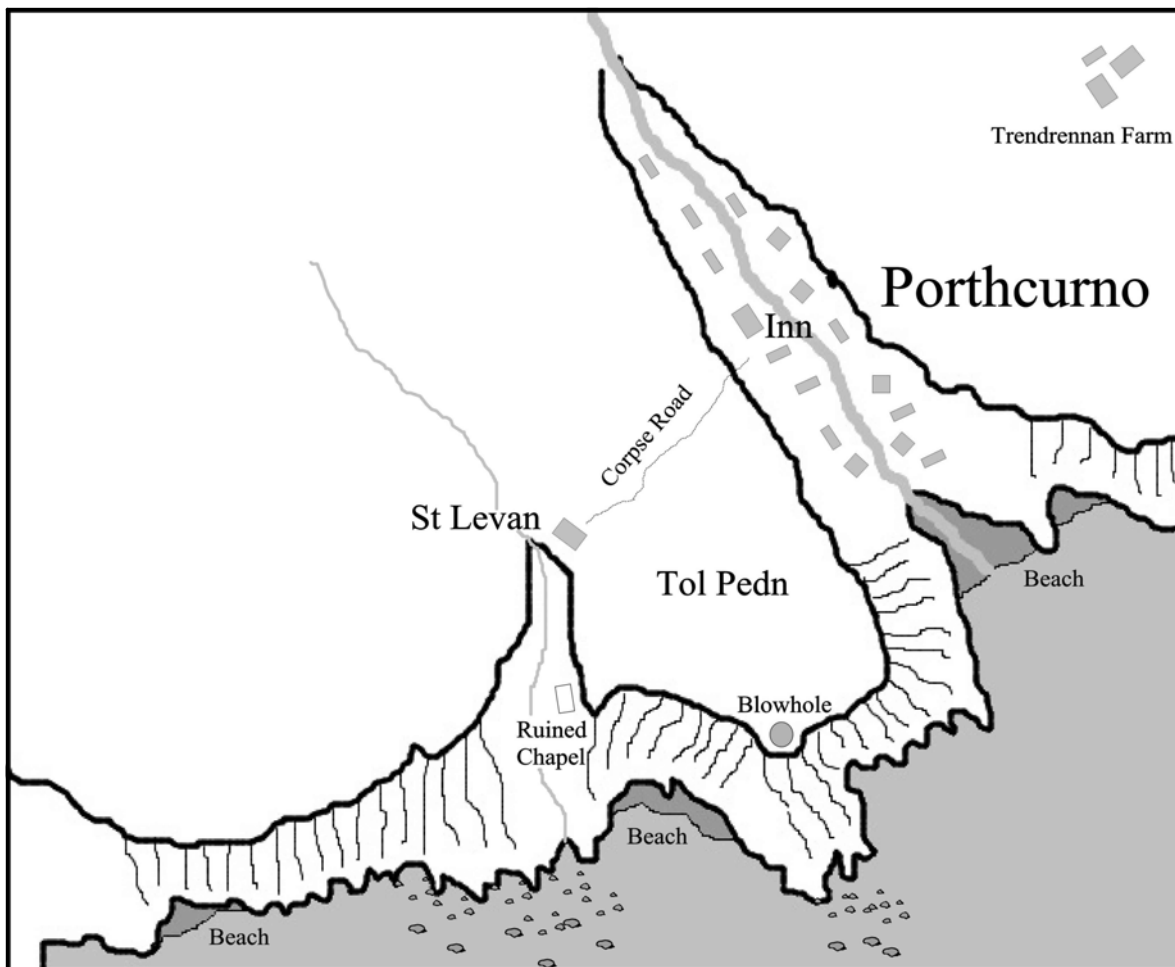
This part of the coast is dominated by high rocky granite cliffs, surrounded by treacherous rocks, on which a ship can easily founder if it goes astray. Away from the sea, the land is comprised of gently rolling hills, divided into small fields by dry-stone walls, where hardy sheep graze. It is almost always windy.

The Villagers

While the village is ostensibly a fishing village, and there are a number of fishing boats pulled up on the sandy beach at any one time, the village survives mostly on the proceeds of wrecking. The villagers are (as usual) suspicious of strangers, especially since Porthcurno is not on the way to anywhere else, so they get little in the way of travellers visiting them. They have long been settled into a routine of ship-wrecking, and though they know that many in the “outside world” would see it as an evil act, to them it is perfectly normal – a night on the beach in a wild gale, hunting for treasures and cargoes from distant lands is something of a treat, an outing for the whole family!

Arrival

As the Adventurers are approaching the village down the track into the valley, have everyone make a Perception roll. Any who succeed will see someone watching them from the farm buildings about half a kilometre away, over the fields, to their left. Before they can speak to him, he will turn and go indoors. This is Squire Upcote, one of the few in



the village not involved in the unpleasant goings-on. He is worried for the fate of the strangers.

When the Adventurers arrive in the village, they will find they are not treated with any great hospitality. Any peasants outside their houses (chopping firewood, mending fishing nets, washing clothing in the stream, making baskets, etc.) will stop what they are doing and stare at the Adventurers. Children will hide behind their mothers (most have probably never seen a horse before). If addressed, the villagers will answer with the smallest possible number of words, either "Yup," or "Nope," or (mostly likely), "Dunno."

If asked if there is somewhere to stay, they will be told, "You'll be wantin' the Portugee," accompanied by a vague hand-wave in the direction of the inn, without it being clear whether the Portugee is a person or a place.

If asked directly about Madgy Figgy, the general response will be either "Dunno," or "Never 'eard of 'er."

Have the Adventurers make a Perception roll. On a success, they will notice that there appears to be no church or chapel in the village, quite an unusual state of affairs for a place of this size. If asked about this, the villager questioned will get positively garrulous: "Quickest way's over Corpse Road," waving a hand toward a narrow path that climbs steeply up the valley side toward the top of the headland. "Don't want to go that way, though. Boat's safer." If questioned further on this, the villager will mutter about "...people garn missin'... bad do, it is... not right..." (See "The Corpse Road", below, for more information on the problems with the Corpse Road).

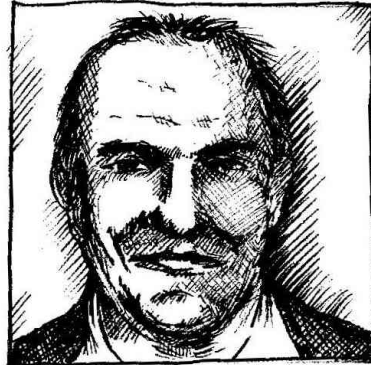
The Drowned Portugee

The inn sign shows a bloated corpse in fancy clothing, washed up on a beach covered in a scattering of gold coins, with a sea gull perched on his head, about to pluck out an eye. This is a reference to a particularly fine wrecking, when a Portuguese galleon was brought ashore by Madgy Figgy, and the innkeeper was able to build an inn with the gold collected, and stock his cellar with hundreds of bottles of very fine port, which the locals have been failing to appreciate ever since.

The inn itself has a low ceiling held up with thick, strangely-curved, oak beams, and the furniture, while well-made, is also oddly shaped. There are rich, but rather stained, tapestries on the walls, showing Mediterranean hunting scenes. Much of the inn and many of its furnishings are made from the wood of wrecked ships, and the place is decorated with treasures which have washed ashore or been

salvaged from wrecks.

Todd Tirlawnee



Landlord and Wrecker Leader

STR 13 CON 11 SIZ 13 INT 14 POW 10
DEX 11 CHA 15

SR 13 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Evade 54%, Dagger 62% (1D4),
Influence 45%, Commerce 67%, Persistence
62%, Pistol 54% (1D6+2) Resilience 44%,
Unarmed 65% (1D3)

Faction: Self-interest (Greed) RP: 86

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

The innkeeper is Todd Tirlawnee, a genial man in his fifties. His face is covered in grey stubble and a clay pipe constantly sticks out of one corner of his mouth. He likes to give the impression of being a retired sailor, but has never in his life been further than St Levan and gets terribly seasick in even the slightest swell.

Tirlawnee knows exactly what's going on in the village and is, indeed, chief of the Wreckers. It is he who meets with Madgy Figgy to make arrangements for the next wrecking, and he who organises the work parties who, after the wrecking, carry the bodies up the cliff path to throw in the Blowhole. He is a brutal realist, not believing

in God, Satan *or* Our Lady of the Deeps; as far as he is concerned, wrecking is a good way of life which keeps the village relatively well off when most round about are dirt-poor, and what's wrong with that?

Tirlawnee will be suspicious of the Adventurers when they arrive, but will greet them jovially, declaring how nice it is to see a fresh face, and will they be staying long? What he is really thinking is that the Adventurers probably have money and valuables on them, and there's good eating on those horses, but it would take an opposed test of Insight against his very high Influence to figure out that he's not sincere.

He will serve them with good locally made food (fresh fish is definitely on the menu, particularly mackerel) but, somewhat surprisingly, rather than the usual locally-made beer or cider, he will be able to supply them with a fine selection of foreign wine, port, sherry, brandy and the like. He will wink at them and say "It's surprising what washes ashore after a storm."

If asked about the dangers of the Corpse Road, he is obviously genuinely scared:

"Oh, you don't want to go over there. Cursed, that old headland is. You feel the need to go to church, you ask one of the fishermen to row you round the coast."

This is one of Tirlawnee's few genuine fears – he is half-convinced that the Ghouls who have taken up residence on the headland are a punishment on the village sent by the God-he-doesn't-quite-believe-in for their dealings with Madgy Figgy. He's half-tempted to go to church and try saying a prayer, but since he daren't go over the headland and intensely dislikes travelling by boat, he's not plucked up the courage yet.

If the Adventurers spend the evening in the inn, as the night progresses, it will slowly fill up with locals (all men). At first they will be surly and uncommunicative with the party, but as the wine and port flows, they will become more talkative. They will be interested in news from "foreign parts" (anywhere east of Pensans counts), but most reluctant to talk about themselves or the village. Their way of life has been virtually untouched by the Civil War, and they will be genuinely shocked and surprised at most things that the Adventurers can tell them. Some even express disbelief that the king has been beheaded – "taint natural!"

If asked where the women are, they will be told they are "doing women's things." They are actually up on the headland, involved in the "Well Dressing" (see "The Blowhole", below).

Asked about Madgy Figgy, or Witches in general,

the locals will deny all knowledge of such things in the vicinity. "We're good, God-fearing folk round here. That Madgy Figgy story, that's just an old tale to frighten the children into being good." An Insight roll will tell the Adventurers that the locals are lying, but won't be able to get any more out of them and if repeatedly challenged, the locals in question will leave the party's table muttering about stuck-up foreigners who think they know everything.

The Corpse Road

A steep path winds up the west side of the valley onto the headland. Once on top of the headland, there is a fine view of the Atlantic Ocean, with wild waves coming in and dashing onto the rocky shore. The path heads across the top of the headland, and at the apex of the path there is an old stone Celtic cross. About fifty metres further inland is a tor, one of the seemingly precariously-piled jumbles of granite boulders which are characteristic of the Cornish countryside.

The tor is home to a small group of Ghouls.

The path was originally the route by which coffins were carried from Porthcurno to the church at St Levan, and the Ghouls moved in and started attacking funeral parties to steal the corpses. Since then, bodies have been carried round the coast by rowing boat, though this can be difficult in stormy weather. As this is also the main route to the church, attendance at the Sunday services has dropped in the six weeks since the Ghouls moved in; although the Ghouls would not attack a large group of villagers, the locals have a superstitious fear of them, thinking they must have something to do with Madgy Figgy. On a relatively calm day, villagers will go to church in a boat round the headland, but it is often too rough for all but the most hardy.

There are eight Ghouls (see *Clockwork & Chivalry*, p.105) living in among the rocks close to the corpse road. They are desperately hungry, since there has been no-one much up on the headland lately. As mentioned, large groups of people (such as the women of the Well Dressing ritual) will be left alone, but a group as small as the party will be attacked. The Ghouls will crawl out of crevices between the stones of the tor and run howling at the Adventurers and a fight will ensue!

The Ghouls have a superstitious dread of the stone cross by the path, and if anyone is fighting with their back to the cross, a Ghouls must make a Persistence roll to attack, or will lurk just out of sword range.

If three of their number are killed, the rest will retreat to the rocks and disappear into crevices. There is a small chamber beneath the rocks, but



anyone trying to squeeze in will face frenzied attacks, and if they do manage to get in, will be facing several Ghouls in a confined space, in pitch darkness and on their own ground. Not good odds!

Any Ghouls who survive their encounter with the Adventurers will turn up at the Sabbat at the end of this episode.

From the top of the headland, the path falls down steeply to another small valley, in which the church of St Levan is to be found.

St Levan

The Church of St. Levan is a fine stone-built building with a square stone bell-tower, tucked into the hillside and surrounded by a graveyard. It is the only church for miles around, so the congregation is drawn from all the hamlets and farmsteads in the area.

Inside, the place is very “high church”, with lots of stained glass, an altar rail, golden chalice and candlesticks and the like. Many of these items were looted from wrecks, and give the place a distinctly “Popish” look, though the vicar is a Laudian.

There is an ancient tradition in St. Levan, which dates back to pagan days; the worship of Our Lady of the Deeps.

Our Lady of the Deeps

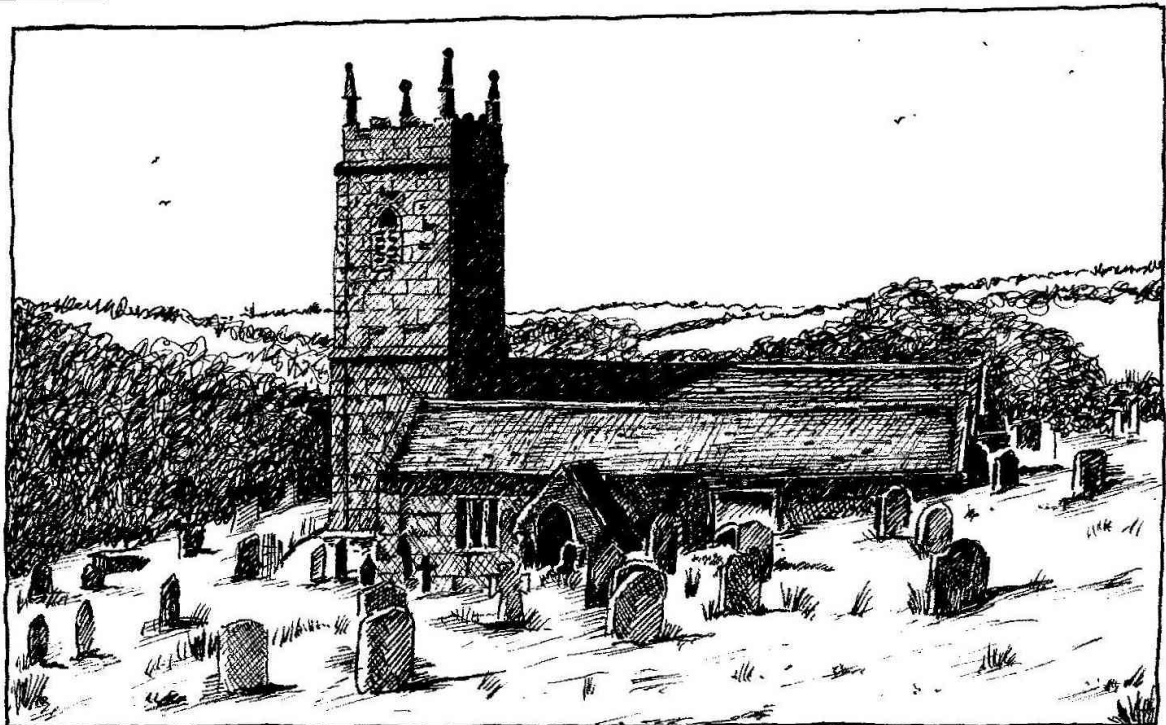
In an alcove, to one side of the church, is a very

peculiar statue. At first glance it appears to be of the Virgin Mary, but a closer look (Perception roll) reveals that the hands – held out from the sides at waist level, as if in welcome – have tentacles instead of fingers, and the eyes are huge and saucer-like. The statue’s robes are painted green, rather than the more traditional blue, the statue’s eyes are a deep black.

This is, of course, a representation of Iseult; worship of her as a sea-goddess was subsumed into the veneration of the Virgin Mary with the arrival of Catholicism, and has carried on in this quiet corner of Cornwall despite the Reformation. Generations of vicars have been happy to go along with this tradition, seeing the prayers to Mary, for good fishing and safety from storms, as part and parcel of the duties of a church in a community like Porthcurno, which relies on the sea for its livelihood.

Since the return of Iseult from her long sleep, things have become rather less Christian in nature. In the past, the vicar turned a blind eye to Madgy Figgy’s machinations and the wrecking of ships on the shore. But the current vicar, Rev. Bartholomew Penrose, one day found a copper ring on the plinth in front of the statue of Our Lady of the Deeps and put it on; he is now enthralled by the Witch Queen. It was he who instigated the throwing of bodies from the wrecks into the Blowhole, and the fact that tendrils rise up to accept these offerings shows the solid reality of this manifestation of the Mother of God.

The worship of Our Lady of the Deeps is largely a



women's "cult" in the Porthcurno area, and is quite separate from the Satanist Faction of thirteen Witches who help Madgy Figgy. The women involved (and it is most of the women in Porthcurno) do not consider themselves evil; the Well Dressing is part of an ancient local tradition, in which women have been making offerings to the sea for the safety of their menfolk since time immemorial. If it is supported by the Church, how can it be anything but a good thing?

Reverend Bartholomew Penrose



Heretical Vicar

STR 9 CON 8 SIZ 11 INT 14 POW 16
DEX 7 CHA 14

SR 10 CA 2 DM -1D2

Skills: Evade 21%, Beliefs (Laudian) 78%,
Lore (Theology) 61%, Persistence 73%,
Resilience 26%, Unarmed 16% (1D3-1D2)

Faction: Bound by Iseult RP: N/A

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/6
4-6	Left Leg	0/6
7-9	Abdomen	0/7
10-12	Chest	0/8
13-15	Right Arm	0/5
16-18	Left Arm	0/5
19-20	Head	0/6

The Reverend is a softly-spoken man in his late thirties, who has been Vicar at St. Levan's for the last fifteen years. An educated member of the Gentry from Thuro, he was originally brought in by the church authorities to try and wean the locals off their strange belief in Our Lady of the Deeps. But being both not very pious and something of a realist, he quickly decided that the old worship was doing no harm and was, in fact,

helping to keep the community together. Since he found one of the Witch Queen's rings, he has instigated the practice of throwing the bodies of wrecked sailors down the Blowhole – he presented the idea to Tirlawnee as a practical solution to a perennial problem (what to do with the bodies), while presenting it to the women who have "dressed the well" once a month for years, as the re-institution of an ancient custom. A few women stopped attending the monthly ritual at this point; they have largely been ostracised by the other women of the village, and those remaining within the cult who have misgivings go along with the new practice to avoid a similar fate.

If the Adventurers meet with the Reverend, he will be perfectly friendly with them, and happy to discuss Our Lady of the Deeps as an ancient belief that keeps the community together. He will dismiss the wrecking as a minor aberration, which it's easier to turn a blind eye to in such a poor community, and will deny all knowledge of Witches or Witchcraft in the area. He doesn't realise that he's being controlled by the ring he found, though he will, of course, refuse to take it off. If the Adventurers manage to get it off him without doing him serious damage, his eyes will be opened to the terrible nature of the sacrifice of Sailors, and he will become an ally of the Adventurers for the rest of this section of the adventure – though his combat skills are poor and he can do little other than add his voice to the chorus of disapproval against Witches and human sacrifice.

Tol Pedn

The high, grass-covered headland of Tol Pedn is surrounded by steep cliffs dropping down to dangerous rocks at the shoreline. Slightly inland is the Corpse Road (see above).

The Blowhole

On the edge of the cliff is a blowhole, a 60 metre deep hole in the rocks which goes down to an underwater cave. The sea, washing in and out of the cave, pushes air up the shaft, causing a sinister moaning in the throat of the Blowhole; or is that Our Lady of the Deeps?

It is possible that the Adventurers discover the Blowhole on their first arrival, in which case it will appear to be nothing but a spectacular natural formation.

It is more likely, however, that they will find it



either during or after the Well Dressing ceremony (see “Well Dressing”, below, for details). In this case, the edge of the Blowhole will be decorated with spring flowers – daffodils, primroses, buttercups and the like, woven into a wide circle with catkin-covered hazel twigs, surrounding the entire Blowhole. On the landward side of the Blowhole, the statue of Our Lady of the Deeps from the church (see above) stands, also draped with necklaces of buttercups and primroses.

Madgy Figgy’s Chair

Close to the Blowhole is a natural rock formation in the cliff-side which slightly resembles a chair. This is known locally as Madgy Figgy’s Chair, and is where the infamous Witch sits when summoning up a storm. A Perception roll at -20% will be needed to spot its resemblance to a chair when there is no-one sitting in it.

Anyone sitting in this chair must make a Persistence roll; on a failure, they will get a feeling of intense evil and will lose 1D10+6 Righteousness Points; on a critical failure they will be petrified with terror for 1D10+5 minutes and incapable of speech or movement on top of losing the RPs.

Porth Chapel Ruins

This small rectangular area, surrounded by low, crumbling stone walls, is the remains of a tiny chapel where St. Levan, a 6th century Cornish saint, is said to have lived. A narrow stone stairway cut into the rock leads down to the chapel from the church above. Next to the path is a spring, which is said to be a holy well; it has been used for baptisms for many years.

Anyone who shelters inside the walls of the chapel will be immune to Witch spells being cast from outside, and no Witch will dare enter the enclosure. Any Adventurer from a Christian Faction will gain 1D6 RPs if they drink from the well or splash the water on their foreheads.

Trendrennan Farm

A somewhat rundown, sprawling farm about half a kilometre from the village, this is the home of Squire Richard Upcote and (as he thinks), his mother-in-law, Marjorie Crustarde, together with two farm hands, James and William Golightly, who are brothers. The farmhouse itself has a sagging roof and is attached to a barn which has collapsed entirely. The fields surrounding the farm are filled with scrawny, ill-looking, sheep.

Squire Upcote was once an upstanding member of the village, and when his wife was alive, his farm

thrived. About seventeen years ago, his wife died of a wasting disease (actually a curse put on her by Madgy Figgy), and about six months after that Marjorie Crustarde turned up, claiming to be his mother-in-law, fallen on hard times since the death of her husband in Pensans. As Upcote had barely seen his wife’s mother since the wedding, he believed it was her, and took her in. She has done her best to help around the house, though she is rather frail.



Soon after her arrival, Marjorie revealed to Todd Tirlawnee (not then the landlord of the Drowned Portugee) that she was, in fact, the notorious Witch Madgy Figgy. Together they planned the regular wrecking of the ships on the coast. Squire Upcote spoke out against this practice, and has since been more or less ostracised by the village. On top of that, Madgy Figgy has put a Curse on the farm and its animals, which has the double effect of showing the locals what will happen to them if they go up against the Witch, and throwing suspicion away from her Marjorie Crustarde persona, for who would put a curse on the very place she was living?

There is an air of gloom and doom about the farm, a feeling of despair on entering the house, which is caused by the Curse upon the farm; Adventurers will be at -10% to all skill rolls while within the buildings.

Note: Whoever saw the Witch through the window at the Spattered Receptacle (see p.12) will recognise Madgy Figgy on a Hard Perception roll (-40%). If successful, they must succeed at a Persistence roll, or run, screaming with fear, out of the house. They will be incoherent for 1D6 hours. If Figgy is recognised with will cast Phantom (Sense), summoning up an illusion of Satan, horned and hooved, while she grabs her broomstick and makes her escape.

Madgy Figgy’s Swan Pit: By the door to the barn is a stone slab, under which is a pit lined with swan-skin, containing a poppet in the form of a Puritan in black clothes and wide-brimmed hat, with a lock of black hair attached.

Squire Richard Upcote



Gentleman Farmer

STR 14 CON 11 SIZ 12 INT 11 POW 9
DEX 10 CHA 10

SR 10 CA 2 DM +1D2

Skills: Brawn 50%, Club 60% (1D6+1D2),
Courtesy 40%, Craft (Farming) 76%, Evade
40%, Musket 60% (2D8+1), Persistence
53%, Resilience 48%, Unarmed 41%
(1D3+1D2)

Faction: Puritan

RP: 52

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Squire Richard Upcote is a harassed gentleman farmer in late middle age. A committed Puritan, he is widely disliked in the village for his staunch opposition to both wrecking and worship of Our Lady of the Deeps, which he sees as a pagan heresy (he's right!). He puts the poor state of his farm down to his inability to cope since the death of his wife, but labours on (with the help of two rather feckless farm hands), since he feels it is his duty to look after his wife's aged mother, not realising that she is actually the cause of all his troubles. He is a fundamentally good man, and his poverty can be put down to his blighted livestock and the fact that he doesn't take a share of the wreckers' proceeds. He does his best to keep up appearances, and if the Adventurers stay with him, he will give them his best food and

drink, even though he knows this will leave him short of vittles by the end of the month. His current state of stress and bleary-eyed fluster is not helped by the fact that it's lambing season, and he's out half the night in all weathers helping to deliver lambs, most of which are still-born due to the Curse. If the Adventurers do manage to rid the area of Madgy Figgy, he will be one of the few locals to benefit, though passing sailors will stand a much better chance of survival!

Whether the Adventurers visit him before they stay at the inn, or after he has rescued them (see "Unwelcome Guests" below) he will tell them all his troubles, from the dead lambs, to the worship of Our Lady of the Deeps, to the regular wrecking of ships with the help of Witchcraft.

If "Marjorie" is there (she will be during the day, but not at night – she retires to her room at sunset, from where she flies off on her broomstick to do her wicked deeds), she will sit in a corner nodding and agreeing with Upcote; "ooh, yes, terrible it is!" She passes herself off as a slightly senile old woman who potters about, asking the Adventurers if they want a cup of beer then forgetting to bring it, talking about her daughter Eleanor as though she's just popped out rather than being dead, mishearing the Adventurers in a comical fashion, and generally being a stereotypical dotty old lady.

James and William Golightly

Argumentative Farm Labourers

STR 17 CON 17 SIZ 17 INT 7 POW 6
DEX 9 CHA 7

SR 8 CA 2 DM +1D4

Skills: Brawn 70%, Club 60% (1D6+1D4),
Craft (Farming) 60%, Evade 30%,
Persistence 23%, Resilience 78%, Unarmed
71% (1D3+1D4)

Faction: Puritan

RP: 21

Hit Points: 17

James and William are twins in their late thirties who do most of the heavy work around the farm. They are not very bright, and argue about almost everything; the only thing they can agree on is that working for the Squire is "pretty poor" ("ar, pretty poor, aye" echoes the other). He doesn't let them take part in the wreckings, so their standard of living is much lower than any other farm hands in the area.

(Use Farmer/Villager stats for James and William, but add 3 to their STR, and take 3



from their INT).

Fixed Events

The following events will happen at fixed times.

Well Dressing

At about six o'clock in the evening of the Adventurers' arrival in the village, a group of about twenty women, dressed in their Sunday best, will set off from the village over the Corpse Road to the church at St. Levan. They are led by Lowenna Pendennis and as far as they are concerned, they are involved in a perfectly respectable church ceremony which happens on a monthly basis, and is strictly for women.

It is quite possible that the Adventurers will assume they are Witches on their way to a Sabbat. If they decide to follow the women, they must all make a successful Stealth roll or they will be spotted. Lowenna Pendennis will confront the Adventurers. Her exact approach will depend on whether there are any women in the party or not. If there are none, she will berate the men for following them:

"Who do you fellows think you are, following ladies around as they go about their business? Do you not know this ceremony is for women only?"

If there *are* women in the group, she will speak to them, ignoring the men:

"Now you leave these rough men and come along of us. This is women's work we do, celebrating Our Lady of the Deeps. Send your menfolk away and join us."

If all the party are women, she will invite them along without reservation.

If any of the Adventurers accuse the women of Witchcraft, Lowenna will be incensed.

"Witches? How dare you? We're good Christian women going about our religious duties! Be off with you, before we tell the vicar – and our husbands!" The other women crowd round you, waving and pointing at you and saying "Ay, get out of 'ere! We don't your sort stickin' your noses where you're not wanted."

The women will parade over the headland to the church at St. Levan, and then will spread out to gather spring flowers in the evening light. They will take them to the church, where the Reverend Penrose will say a blessing over the women and the flowers "in the name of Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and Our Lady, who looks out for us upon the deeps and brings us home to safe harbour." Puritans may

find it all a bit popish, but it's not quite heretical.

After the blessing, the women will parade back up to the headland with the flowers and the statue of Our Lady of the Deeps; they will wind the flowers together in a huge circle round the Blowhole (which the women call "the well") and put the statue to watch over it, facing out to sea. They will sing hymns in Cornish; anyone who speaks Cornish will be able to understand that they are about "Our Lady, who calms the storms and brings the fish to our nets and treasures to our shores."

At the end of this, the women will disperse to their homes, laughing and talking. If a woman Adventurer is with them at this point, she may (on a Perception roll at -20%) overhear someone mention "tomorrow's sacrifice". If she tries to find out more, Lowenna will intervene:

"Now, now, my dear, let's not put the horse before the cart. We hardly know you yet. Settle down in the village for a few months, and we'll let you into all our little goings-on, but not quite yet, I fear."

Lowenna Pendennis



Cult Leader

STR 9 CON 8 SIZ 8 INT 11 POW 12
DEX 11 CHA 14

SR 11 CA 2 DM -1D4

Hit Points: 8

Skills: Beliefs (Our Lady of the Sea) 79%,
Evade 21%, Influence 70%, Persistence 70%,
Resilience 26%

Faction: Our Lady of the Sea RP: 95

Widow of one of the better-off gentleman farmers in the area, Lowenna Pendennis is a pillar of the local church. Well-meaning but a bit officious and bossy, she sees nothing at all wrong with worship of Our Lady of the Deeps; her mother and grandmother

participated before her and tradition is a fine thing. She has joined in with the ceremony of throwing foreign sailors down the Blowhole with enthusiasm – after all, they’re not local, and if the deaths buy prosperity for the village, how can it be anything but a good thing? Our Lady would have stopped providing the wrecks if she felt it was wrong. Accusations of witchcraft will upset her deeply; as far as she’s concerned, she’s a good Christian woman.

Unwelcome Visitors

Todd Tirlawnee has decided that having strangers in the village when Magdy Figgy’s coven is summoning up a storm to cause a wreck is a bad thing; especially since they’ve been asking a lot of nosy questions. Assuming the Adventurers stay at the Drowned Portuguese, he will arrange to have them killed in their beds.

The only room in the inn suitable for guests is a communal room with six beds in it (if there are more than six Adventurers in the group, Tirlawnee can find some straw pallets for the others to bed down on. The room is on the first floor, and there is one door into it, and one window. Tirlawnee will not join the attack, but will employ two Wreckers (see Appendix, p.95) for each Adventurer in the party.

When Tirlawnee is fairly sure the Adventurers are asleep in their beds, the Wreckers will attack on two fronts, one group coming in via the door, the other group via a ladder to the window. The door has no lock, so if the Adventurers want to be safe in their beds, they’ll have to push a bed in front of the door or wedge it in some way (there’s no other furniture in the room).

Allow the Adventurers a Perception roll (-40% if asleep) to hear the Wreckers before they bash in the door and break the window, otherwise that will be their first warning, before the attack begins.

If the Adventurers are having a bad time of it, or after a few rounds (time it for maximum dramatic potential) Squire Upcote and the Golightly brothers will arrive to help the Adventurers. Upcote saw the Adventurers arrive and suspected Tirlawnee might try something like this; he arrived in the village after dark and has been watching the inn; when he saw the Wreckers arrive, he tried to get in after them, but Tirlawnee locked the doors. It took him a little while to break into the inn without being seen, which is why he’s a bit late.

Once the fight is over (or if the Adventurers and Upcote flee) the Squire will take the Adventurers back to Trendrennan Farm, where he will tell them all he knows about wrecking and witchcraft (see

“Trendrennan Farm”, p.60). Tirlawnee and the Wreckers will not follow, but they will bear a grudge, and Upcote’s life may be forfeit once the Adventurers have gone on their way.

The Wreck

There are no Witches in the direct vicinity of Porthcurno – Madgy Figgy has carefully recruited her Coven from further afield. There are several reasons for this; it is partly because she fears they would give away her cover if they lived locally; it is partly because she fears competition (she is over a hundred and seventy years old and knows that it is only a matter of time before someone younger challenges her for leadership of the coven, and once that happens she will lose the power that is keeping her alive and she will, she believes, go straight to Hell); but mainly it is because she likes to maintain a wider web of conspirators to feed her useful information.

On the night of the sabbat, Witches fly in from various parts of Cornwall, thereby disguising the fact that Figgy herself actually lives near here – only the landlord of the Drowned Portuguese knows the truth.

Preparations

The monthly wrecking is normally a carefree affair at Porthcurno. The Witches gather on the headland, with Madgy Figgy in her chair summoning up a storm to carry a ship onto the rocks; the men wait on the beach to murder any surviving Sailors as they come ashore and to take them up to the women by the Blowhole; who in turn sacrifice their bodies to Our Lady of the Deeps, while singing pious hymns. Then the Witches disperse and the whole village goes down to the beach to collect and distribute the treasures washed up from the wreck.

This time, it is different. Tirlawnee is worried (probably rightly) that the Adventurers are going to disrupt the sabbat; he orders twelve of the Wreckers to guard the sabbat and prevent its disruption, and equips them with whistles to summon help from the other Wreckers.

In the meantime, Squire Upcote has told the Adventurers what is happening this evening, and is prepared to help personally and provide the muscle of the Golightly brothers. He suggests that disrupting the coven’s ritual will prevent a wrecking and save a lot of lives, and that killing or capturing Madgy Figgy would be a good thing in the long term.



Finale

The grand finale of this section could go any number of ways, very much depending on what the Adventurers decide to do and when. What follows is a timetable of events – which show what would happen if the Adventurers did not intervene at all. The Games Master should listen to the Adventurers' plans, perhaps using the character of Squire Upcote to steer them toward the sort of ending required. It may be that the Games Master would like to run a straight fight between Madgy Figgy and the Adventurers, in which case they could discover her true identity before the Coven arrives. At the other end of the scale, the finale could be a massive and spectacular affair involving a coven of Witches, the whole village, a wrecked ship and the tentacles of Our Lady of the Deeps.

Bear in mind that it is dark but for the flames of the Witches' cauldron fire, the flash of lightning and the lanterns which the wreckers light once the ship is wrecked, so the Adventurers will be at -40% to all Perception rolls.

Madgy Figgy



Satanist Witch

STR 9 CON 18 SIZ 7 INT 18 POW 17
DEX 7 CHA 16

SR 13 CA 3 DM -1D2

Skills: Evade 43%, Manipulation 150%,
Persistence 89%, Resilience 68%, Witchcraft
163%

Spells: All spells in Chapter VII.

Faction: Satanist RP: 99

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/6
4-6	Left Leg	0/6
7-9	Abdomen	0/7
10-12	Chest	0/8
13-15	Right Arm	0/5
16-18	Left Arm	0/5
19-20	Head	0/6

Timetable

- 9pm "Marjorie Crustarde" retires to her room, "feeling unwell". She dons her Witch garb, sneaks out of the window of Trendrennan Farm and flies off on her broomstick to meet with her coven on the headland.
- 9.15pm Witches arrive on the cliff top, flying in through the dusk on their broomsticks. (Use standard Witch profile from the Appendix – all are trained Witches with spells, rather than mere cultists.) Tirlawnee sends out twelve Wreckers to guard the Coven; they place themselves in a large circle around the top of the headland.
- 9.30pm The women and children of the village go up to the Blowhole and begin singing hymns (in Cornish) to Our Lady of the Deeps, led by the Reverend Penrose. Meanwhile, the men go down to the beach to await the wreck. The Witches set up a cauldron on the headland and begin dancing around it. Madgy Figgy stirs in various ingredients and then retires to her "chair" to summon up a storm. She begins beating the air in front of her with her hands, and as she does so, massive waves appear on the sea. She swirls her hands in the air above her head and clouds start to gather out to see, heading for land.

The Witches on the headland start chanting:

*"Beat the water, Iseult's daughter!
Till the tempest gather o'er us;
Till the thunder strike with wonder
And the lightnings flash before us!
Beat the water, Iseult's daughter!
Ruin seize our foes and slaughter!*

*Mount, water, to the skies!
Bid the sudden storm arise.
Bid the pitchy clouds advance,
Bid the forked lightnings glance,*

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*Bid the angry thunder growl,
Bid the wild wind fiercely howl!
Bid the tempest come amain,
Thunder, lightning, wind, and rain!*

*Beat the water, Iseult's daughter!
See the tempests gathers o'er us,
Lightning flashes – thunder crashes,
Wild winds sing in lusty chorus!"*

Over the next five minutes, a massive storm comes in from the sea. Huge waves pound against the cliffs, clouds roil overhead, torrential rain falls, thunder rumbles, lightning tears the night apart. In the flashes of lightning, a sailing ship can be seen out at sea, heeled over in the gale, drawing closer to the rocks. It seems to move toward the shore with supernatural speed, and Madgy Figgy sits on her chair, beckoning it in and cackling insanely.

9.45pm The ship, a French merchant vessel called *Desiree*, crashes on the rocks, then swings round and beaches itself on the sand of the Porthcurno cove. The Wreckers rush into the surf armed with clubs, and begin attacking the dazed Sailors as they stagger ashore. The bodies are flung in a heap.

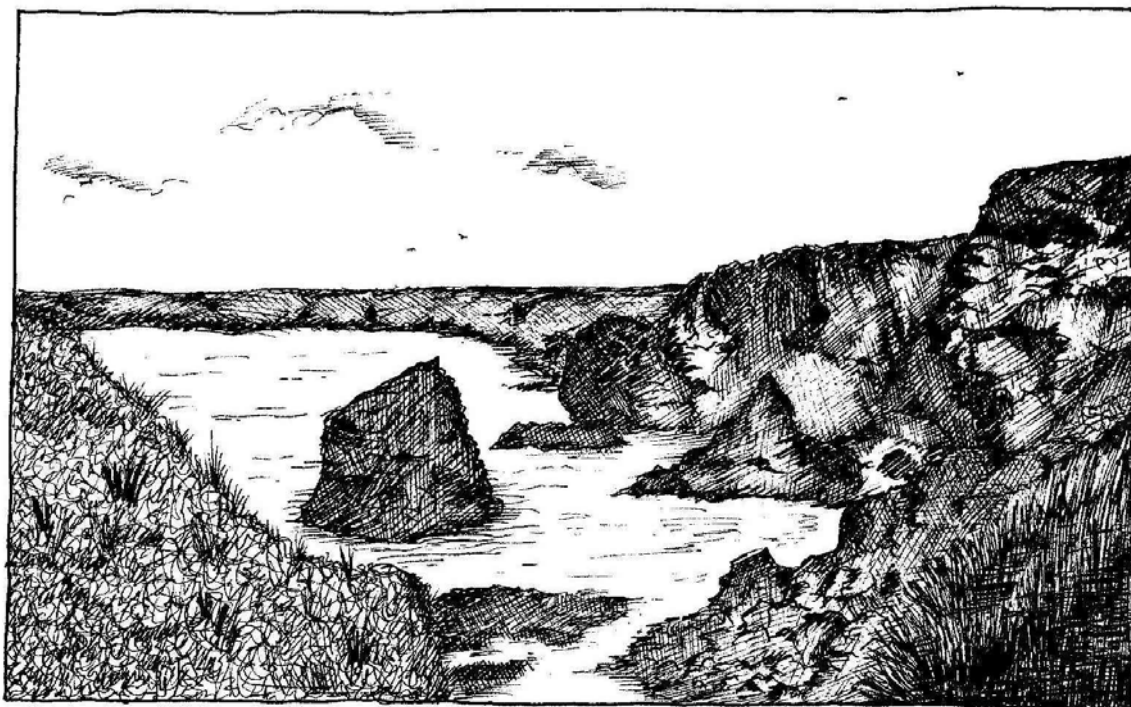
Any remaining Ghouls from the tor by the Corpse Road make their way down to the beach. Under cover of darkness, they creep down to the shore and begin stealing bodies from the pile.

10pm The storm begins to die down, and the Wreckers carry the bodies of the Sailors up through the village then up the Corpse Road and across the headland to the Blowhole. While the women sing hymns, the bodies are thrown into the Blowhole. With each offering, tendrils rise from the depths of the Blowhole and grab the body – this is the tendricular “hand” of Iseult, rising from a subterranean cave to harvest her prey.

10.15pm By this time, the last of the bodies have been sacrificed, and the sky has cleared to reveal a beautiful starlit night. The Witches mount their broomsticks and fly off in different directions (Madgy Figgy returns to her room at the farm and resumes her disguise). The whole village goes back down to the beach, and by the light of a myriad lanterns, sorts out the treasures of the wreck.

Aftermath

The Adventurers will no doubt have made enemies of the whole village in this episode and would do well to make themselves scarce. They could find themselves fleeing the village with a mob of Peasants on their tails – but since they (hopefully) have horses and the villagers do not, they ought to get away in the end.



Chapter V

In which our heroes visit the mines of Penwith

*“Where it’s dark as a dungeon and damp as the dew
Where the dangers are many and the pleasures are few
Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines
It’s dark as a dungeon way down in the mines.”*

– Merle Travis

It is likely the Adventurers may wish to investigate the Spearne Consols mine. They might have heard rumours in Pensans from Kernow, or from the Gwendryn encounter (p.29). If they visit St Just they will hear rumours that the Boscregan Miners are unhappy that the disused Spearne Consols workings have been reopened, the usual tales of people mysteriously disappearing, and little else. The mines are along the coast from St Just (to the east), Boscregan a couple of kilometres away, Spearne Consols a couple more; they head into the actual coastal cliffs (although some mines then head back out to sea, once down below sea level).

Boscregan

The party may decide to visit the Boscregan workings first. If so they will be greeted by suspicion (unless they happen to be playing a party where every Adventurer is a Boscregan Miner).

As you head toward the workings, you see a makeshift camp, where the miners must sleep and a wide pit entrance which tunnels into the rock behind, where there are piles of ore, ready to be taken off to be smelted or awaiting sorting. Women and children are scrambling through this pile, separating the rocks into different grades. A large man approaches you, dirty and dishevelled; his doesn’t doff his cap as he speaks.

“What you be doin’ at Boscregan? What’s your

business, strangers?”

The party will certainly be treated with disdain, and if they number some wealthy Adventurers, they will be mocked throughout their stay at the humble little camp. If they ask about Kay Calwodely or the Spearne Consols workings the guard will look perplexed, and tell them to wait a moment. He will return with a large group of Miners, who look pleased for the break. One of them is obviously the leader, the Stannator, Arthur Trowgellan. He asks, *“What you want to know about that for then?”* If the Adventurers ask about the workings at Spearne Consols, Arthur and the other Miners can provide the following between them – but the information should be given begrudgingly – the Miners are a suspicious lot.

- They stopped working Spearne Consols because it is haunted by particularly bad-tempered Piskies. If the party push, they will be told that there is a shaft in Spearne Consols, the Sinkhole Shaft, that was not dug by the Miners, it must have been formed by an underground collapse, as they lost a lot of good men down there.
- They believe it is bad luck to have reopened Spearne Consols.
- Spearne Consols did not provide a massive yield – but the metal was very pure.
- They found some Copper rings made from Spearne Copper - they threw them out to sea to



avoid the Piskies' Curse.

- The mine “owner” at Spearne is a young woman – terrible on many counts. There shouldn’t be an owner, that undermines all their traditions and rights; there shouldn’t be a woman owner – women should work above ground, shifting and sorting, not down below; the place is cursed and should be avoided, not worked.
- The young woman is likely a Witch. Don’t know why, just stands to reason.
- An odd group work at Spearne Consols by all accounts. “*T’ain’t Nat’ral*”.
- Someone swears they have seen black devils near Spearne Consols, just today.

The Miners would normally have simply smashed the other workings and prevented the goings-on there, but they are superstitious and scared (although loathe to admit it). The Stannator Arthur will need convincing it is worth risking Curses and bad-tempered Piskies if he is to be persuaded to help at all (Righteousness tests needed). The Miners will look displeased, and are all quite happy to chip into the discussion, accusing the foreigner Adventurers of stirring up trouble. If the party talk Arthur around then he will say “*Come now, brothers, join with me an’ we’ll march down there and have this out, once ‘n fer all.*” 2D6 Miners will join him.

Arthur Trowgellan



Miner’s Leader

STR 16 CON 11 SIZ 14 INT 11 POW 9
DEX 10 CHA 12

SR 11 CA 2 DM +1D2

Skills: Brawn 62%, Club 56% (1D6+1D2),
Craft (Mining) 76%. Evade 49%, Persistence
41%, Resilience 65%, Unarmed 41%
(1D3+1D2)

Faction: Guild (Stannery) RP: 72

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

Spearne Consols

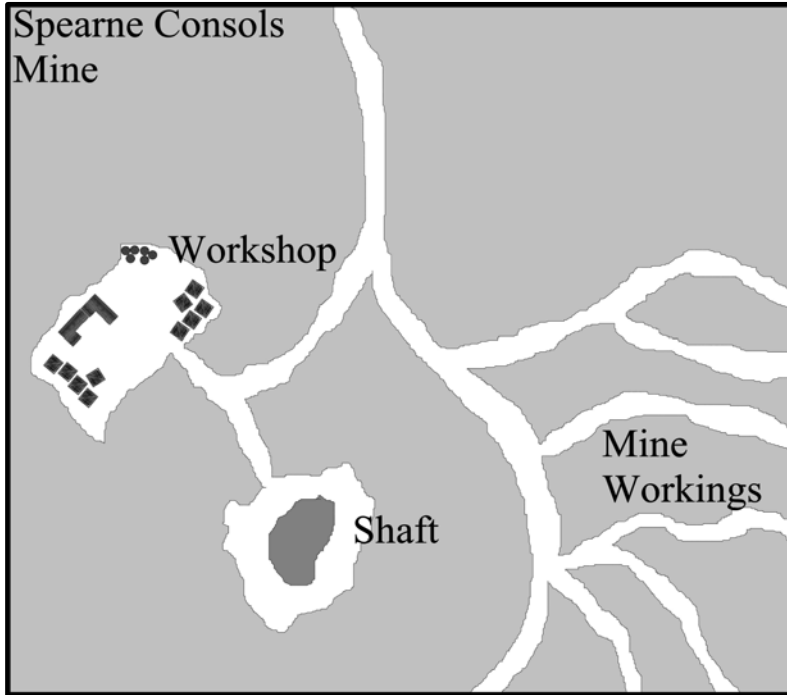
The mine at Spearne Consols has been used over the past few months to provide the metal for the Binding Rings the Witch Queen uses to control her followers. The mine was abandoned due to the Witch Queen assaulting the original Miners, attacking from below and snatching the unwary as they worked in the Sinkhole Shaft. After a few disappearances, the superstitious Miners decided to clear out and dig elsewhere. Then Kay Calwodely organised a fresh group to take over the site, numbers growing as more Binding Rings became available. For all of the slaves working the mine it is a terrible life, unending toil and misery – and at the end of their usefulness, a bunch of exhausted servants are often thrown down Sinkhole Shaft to feed Iseult (who swims from under the Mount, around Penwith, and occupies an underground cove for the purposes of such a feast). It is even worse for some of the mine’s occupants. The Binding Rings dull the awareness of the wearer, but there are children who work in the mine, having followed their parents in, who are terrified, barely understanding the horrific set-up.

The Adventurers have arrived at a critical time. Due to the Binding Ceremony the Witch Queen is planning (see Chapter VI), the mine is no longer needed by the Witches. Thus today there are two things happening – the Witch, Kay Calwodely is meeting with the Barbary Prince, Ahmad Saad to help him select slaves for him to purchase and move aboard his ships, which are hidden in a nearby cove; and any that Ahmad doesn’t want are to be thrown down the Sinkhole Shaft and fed to the hungrily waiting Iseult.

Running the Adventure

Essentially there are two locations of note; the workshop, which is where Ahmad and Kay will be, assuming the party retain the element of surprise; and the Sinkhole, where a couple of Pirates are supervising the murder of unwanted “Miners”. There is also a whole warren of other tunnels where the Miners have been working (and some of which remain from before Calwodely’s time). Describe the





The Mine Workings

The main mine workings where the actual excavations of ore have been taking place are a maze of tunnels. If the party wander down this way you could roll 1D6 for an event from the following table:

1. As you turn a corner, you come face to face with a group of Miners. They ignore you, shuffling disconsolately along the passageway, heading toward the mine entrance. As you look more carefully, it seems they are an odd group to be mining – a real mixture of ages, men and women, but all ragged looking, clothes tattered, unwashed and unkempt. A

few young children are accompanying the Miners, and they approach your party, explaining that they are scared and don't know what the strange men want with their parents.

2. A group of people, all looking thoroughly ill, exhausted and on the state of collapse, are being led down the passageway by a group of 1D6 Barbary Pirates. As soon as they see the Adventurers, the Pirates will ask (in very poor and heavily accented English) who they are. If not satisfied, they attack.
3. A small child is huddled in a little alcove in the wall. The child's name is Mariot, and she explains her parents have been taken away and she has been hiding here and doesn't know what to do.
4. The passage seems to be long disused. In the distance, there are the sounds of high-pitched laughter. If the party investigate, they won't find anything but there will be a rock-fall (Adventurers must make an Athletics roll or suffer 1D3 damage to 1D3 random hit locations). The party may get separated and unless they have tools it will take an hour (half an hour with successful Brawn rolls) for them to be reunited.
5. There is a strange odour in the air. If the Adventurers are carrying lanterns, they will start to burn with an eerie green flame. If they don't douse their lanterns and turn back, they risk a causing a gas explosion – 1D6 Damage to a random location for each party member. There is a 75% chance a rock-fall will be triggered by

state of the Miners (many of whom are on their last legs). Not all of the Miners have been primed to attack strangers, only the specific ones who have been commanded to stand guard. Also describe the reactions of the terrified children, who find themselves caught up in the nightmare.

The Entrance to the Mine

With or without the help of Arthur Trowgellan and his men, the party might find themselves at the Spearne Consols workings. Set slightly back from the shore, again with a wide opening, the works stretch into the Penwith rock. There doesn't seem to be much activity outside, though. There are two guards, one a Bound Miner, the other a Barbary Pirate. The party will have to devise a plan to get past them or they will run inside to raise the alarm.

The place is swarming with Barbary Pirates and Bound Miners. Ahmad has brought about fifty of his crew with him, in all, and there are over three hundred Bound Miners, although their numbers are dropping by the minute...

As the Adventurers enter the mine for the first time, read the following:

The wide entrance-way, leading into the cliff rock, narrows quickly. The mine has been roughly hewn through the shale. In places where the rocks seem loose and crumbly, planking has been fastened in hoops, buttressing the walls, to shore up the debris. The passage dips further into the cliff face, gently sloping downward as it goes. Beyond the daylight it is pitch black.

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the explosion (Athletics roll or 1D3 damage to 1D3 random locations each).

6. 1D6 Barbary Pirates, assigned to round up the Miners, attack the party.

The Workshop

If the party manage to sneak to the entrance of the workshop, they will see two Barbary Pirates on guard, although unless they have been warned of the Adventurers' presence they will not be very attentive, looking into the room themselves. If the party sneak forward they might hear the raised voices of Ahmad and Kay negotiating:

Ahmad: "But you must understand, leopard heads are not cheap, and the elephant feet have to travel a long way, and they are not easy to keep so fresh. And these slaves. Many of them are worn out and quite useless."

Kay: "But, we had a deal, my fair Prince. And my mistress will be most displeased if things go awry. And of course you have been provided with so many fine slaves already."

If the party manage to listen further they will hear more of the same, slightly flirtatious but fairly tough negotiating between the two of them. If the party get to the entrance of the room without being spotted, read the following:

You see a large oblong room, chiselled out of the rock. It has a higher ceiling than the rest of the mine workings and several lanterns hang from hooks. There is a young woman sat upon cushions, talking to a man dressed in exotic looking clothes. The room contains various boxes and barrels. Some seem to contain ore, but others contain strange looking items, fruits, animal skins and the like. There are two guards, probably Africans, with their backs to you as you approach, but you can now see there are further guards within the room. The woman looks up and, spotting you, shouts "Dahama!" and the guards attack.

Kay Calwodely

Satanic Witch

STR 11 CON 9 SIZ 8 INT 14 POW 16
DEX 10 CHA 17

SR 12 CA 2 DM 0

Skills: Courtesy 68%, Evade 60%, Influence 61%, Manipulation 76%, Persistence 71%, Resilience 58%, Witchcraft 85%, Unarmed 41% (1D3)

Spells: Blight Crops, Boost Duration, Fly,

Animate (Rock), Focus Magick, Palsy, Smother, Tap DEX

Faction: Satanist RP: 78

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/4
4-6	Left Leg	0/4
7-9	Abdomen	0/5
10-12	Chest	0/6
13-15	Right Arm	0/3
16-18	Left Arm	0/3
19-20	Head	0/4



Kay will fight to the best of her ability, but will attempt to flee the mines if things appear to be going badly. If she does escape she will not be seen again until the events in Chapter VI.

Prince Ahmad Saad



Barbary Pirate Prince

STR 15 CON 17 SIZ 12 INT 14 POW 11
DEX 15 CHA 11

SR 15 CA 3 DM +1D2

Skills: Athletics 45%, Courtesy 75%, Evade 43%, Persistence 73%, Resilience 68%, Scimitar 59% (8+1D2), Shiphandling 55%,



Unarmed 41% (1D3+1D2)

Faction: Moslem RP: 78

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/6
4-6	Left Leg	0/6
7-9	Abdomen	0/7
10-12	Chest	0/8
13-15	Right Arm	0/5
16-18	Left Arm	0/5
19-20	Head	0/6

There are only five guards in the room in total, and Prince Ahmad will attempt to escape if things seem to be going badly for him. He will explain that he has “no quarrel” with the party, but will not tarry, either running, or resuming the fight if the Adventurers won’t negotiate. He has no real desire to die down a mine in Penwith. He only came ashore personally because he likes flirting with Kay Calwodely (and wanted to ensure a good deal), but he has no real loyalty to her, not being Bound and having wives at home to return to. He will, of course, plan to return with more guards and enslave the Adventurers (although not if he gives his word not to in return for free passage), but won’t bother if the mine collapses (see Collapsing the Mine later in this chapter).

The Sinkhole Shaft

You see before you a large cavern, the centre of which slopes gently down to a hole in the ground. A line of wretched individuals, looking exhausted and beaten, are queuing before the hole. They are being overseen by three men, dressed with turbans and probably of African origin. The person at the front of the line walks into the hole. He doesn’t resist, dropping down without any attempt to climb or break his own fall. Something about the sight is sickening. You feel certain that wherever the shaft is taking them, the wretches are falling to their deaths.

This is where Iseult reaches up and “blesses” the ore which is to be transformed into Binding Rings, as well as the site where exhausted Miners are shoved down the shaft to feed her from time to time. Iseult herself sometimes helps by flicking up a vast tendril, which can reach the top of the shaft, and extend several feet into this location. She will first attempt to slap down anyone resisting her, doing damage as she does so, then if successful she will attempt to wrap her tendril around anyone within reach and pull them down to her maw. It is really not possible to use the shaft to reach Iseult to fight her at this stage – it is not very wide and drops into an

underground tidal cove. Any Adventurer falling through who doesn’t get eaten will likely be drowned. Iseult will certainly react violently if either her tendril gets chopped off, or if Kay Calwodely gets killed, casting various spells at the ground above her before submerging herself and heading back to her base at St Michael’s Mount. Of course, an Alchemist might decide to cast a spell down the shaft, but it is likely that it will be little more than annoying to Iseult, the Witch Queen of Lyonesse.

Iseult’s Tendril

Flailing Finger of the Witch Queen

STR 15 CON 8 SIZ 17 INT – POW – DEX
15 CHA –

SR 15 CA 3 DM +1D2

Hit Points: 25

Skills: Unarmed 78% (1D3+1D2)

On a successful Unarmed hit, the tendril wraps itself around its victim in a grapple (see *RuneQuest II* p.92) If it is reduced to 0 Hit Points or less, it will withdraw down the hole.

If the party disrupt the feeding or go within three metres of the Sinkhole Shaft, then Iseult will attack them with a tendril.

As you near the pit-head, down which the poor wretches have been thrown, you cannot see much through the darkness, just a rough hole, slightly bigger than a man, which seems to go on forever. Then a whip-like shape lunges toward you. The thinness of the end of the appendage is deceptive - you realise you are being attacked by a huge tendril, as thick as a person, covered in molluscs and slime, and made of solid muscle.

At the sight of the tendril, any surviving Barbary Pirates will flee in terror.

Iseult will continue attacking until either the party have gone, or they have destroyed the tendril (which will enrage her, although there is little she can do about it until Kay has left the mines – she doesn’t want to harm her servant in a rockfall). She can’t make eye contact, she is too big to come up from the sinkhole, and she will be unwilling to shuffle around and advance another tendril, just to have it chopped off. She will dive deep down and wait, before either collapsing the mine or swimming back to her lair, content that she will have a bloody revenge on her enemies after the grand ceremony she has planned.

Collapsing the Mine

If Kay Calwodely is killed or otherwise forced to

Chapter V: The Mines

flee the mine then read the following:

Suddenly, there is a strange thrumming, a vibration from beneath where you stand. The onset of the peculiar noise is followed by an unearthly cracking sound. It seems again to come from below, and shakes the mine to its very core. Dust is dislodged from the old mine workings, then small clusters of debris and loose stones begin to fall, through the rough wooden planking which is shoring up the ceiling.

The mine is collapsing. Iseult, who is swimming in the sea beneath the mine workings, is angry that someone has dared interfere with her plans. The magickal and physical assault she is launching on the underside of the mine works will cause all the mine passages to collapse in 6D6 rounds (feel free to adjust for dramatic effect). If the players haven't got the message, read on:

The thrumming noise seems to be increasing, and the sounds of screaming are coming from the tunnels. There is a second almighty cracking sound, louder than the first, and more stones begin to pour from the ceiling. There are now the sounds of multiple cave-ins – it can't be long before the mine is totally destroyed...

Describe the effects of the cave-in and have the collapses follow the Adventurers as they try to escape. Each turn, they should make Athletics rolls to avoid falling rocks (1D3 damage to random location), etc. Hopefully the party will exit the mine just in time, in which case read the following:

As you exit the doomed mine, there is a final deafening noise – the entire mine seems to have

gone, the entrance barred by tons of fallen rock. Dust obscures the whole area, but there are the sounds of some survivors, frightened children wailing in fear, and through the haze you can make out dazed adults, standing in ones and twos, absolutely bewildered.

If Kay is actually dead then the enslaved miners will begin to come to, dazed. There will be a short time when they will agree to having their Binding Rings removed, but if the Adventurers don't act quickly enough, then the Witch Queen will reassert her control. Of course, she will not do this until she has stopped destroying the mine, so the party will just have to drag whoever they can out with them if they want to save the innocents as well as themselves. Also, with Kay gone, any Barbary Pirates remaining within the mine will ignore the party and flee; they will not stop once outside the mine, but will keep going until they reach the shore and immediately row their little boats to the cove in which their ships are anchored.

If the party look out to sea, read them the following:

You see three large, fast ships, bedecked with the crescent flags of the Barbary Pirates. As they begin to cast off into the ocean, heading for Atlantic waters, one of the ships seems to stagger. Something has hit it below water, and in a matter of seconds it begins keeling over. You think that you glimpse a vast form, moving under the ship, then both the alien shape and the boat are gone. Vast air bubbles, exploding up through the choppy waves, and pathetic, smashed debris, are the only signs of the vessel and its poor crew, now forever lost.



Chapter VI

In which our heroes visit St. Michael's Mount and a conclusion is reached

"It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tost upon the sea: a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle and the adventures thereof below..."

– Francis Bacon, 1561-1626

Having been told of Arabella Blackwood's warnings by an angry Kernow Harvey, the Adventurers should realise that if grave disaster is to be averted, they will need to travel to St Michael's Mount, kill the Witch Queen, and put a final end to the atmosphere of malevolence that is afflicting the Duchy. Before they set out, they may have some planning to do and will possibly try to marshal some forces to help them in their endeavours.

Kernow himself (if still alive and well) will refuse to accompany the Adventurers and he will not attempt to force his men to help either. He will be able to offer them a boat if they decide to cross over to the Mount by water. Morgan Bonnyfon will certainly be happy to come with the Adventurers, and he too will be able to provide a rowing boat or two, if that is the route the party decide to take. He will be able to persuade a few of his shipmates to join him; he will ask for volunteers, though – he is a Pirate after all, not a Naval Officer. 1D6 Pirates will join him; if any Adventurers make a suitably rousing speech – stressing the "No more Cornwall if we don't act" aspect of the affair and playing down the "Witch Queen who might Curse us all" part of the proceedings, they may be able to persuade a further 1D6 crewmen. The Adventurers will then have to plan how they are going to reach the Mount (see the Getting There section, later in this chapter).

The action will all take place on the evening after the party have seen Kernow and discussed his

message from Arabella. An evening which will start with pleasant enough weather, but will finish with a storm, the like of which even the Cornish have not experienced for a long time.

The Mount

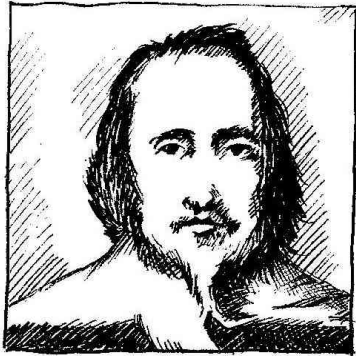
St Michael's Mount has had a dramatic history. Once a part of Lyonesse, it was the site of Iseult's last actions as a human being – the great Witch stood atop the Mount when she cast the great spell that consigned Lyonesse to the waves. As she fed her subjects into her cauldron, she took on the aspect of a giant, before slipping from the Mount and settling to sleep in the cavern below. Such tales have been bastardised and are long forgotten, but, of course, Iseult has recently woken, now in the form of a changed beast, and has been plotting her next move with the aid of Madgy Figgy, Kay Calwodely and Ennor Wyse.

Over the intervening years, the Mount was settled by monks and became a holy site for centuries, was briefly captured by force of arms, then became a holy site once more until the dissolution of the monasteries. More lately, it has been the home of the Bassett family. Sir Francis Bassett recently died, and his brother, Sir Arthur Bassett, a staunch Royalist, travelled to the Mount to take charge. Sir Arthur has nearly bankrupted his family, so enthusiastic has his financing of the Royalist cause been. He decided to check on how some of his money had been spent,



going to the Mount to greet fifty new soldiers, inspect some new cannons and check on the fortification works. Instead, on arrival he was seized and thrown in prison – his castle having fallen into the hands of Sir Richard Grenville.

Sir Richard Grenville



Satanist Turncoat

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 13 INT 12 POW 10
DEX 16 CHA 9

SR 14 CA 3 DM 0

Skills: Athletics 47%, Evade 51%, Mortuary
Sword 71% (1D8), Persistence 81%,
Resilience 52%, Unarmed 41% (1D3)

Faction: Satanist RP: 62

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/6
4-6	Left Leg	0/6
7-9	Abdomen	0/7
10-12	Chest	0/8
13-15	Right Arm	0/5
16-18	Left Arm	0/5
19-20	Head	0/6

Sir Richard Grenville has thrown in his lot with Satan – becoming a Devil-worshipper in league with the Witches. He is not bound by a Binding Ring, willingly working with them. At the outset of the war, Sir Richard joined the Parliamentarian side. He quickly turned coat and became a Royalist. While in Cornwall, he converted to Satanism, convinced it would be the quickest way to achieve great power. At the behest of the Witches, he tried to persuade a fleeing Prince Charles (the late Charles' I's son) to forget dreaming of winning back his throne, and to declare himself ruler of an independent Kingdom of Cornwall instead (with Grenville, of course, installed as the real

power behind the throne). The Prince refused, fleeing to France, and word got back to Prince Rupert, who immediately declared Grenville a traitor. Grenville fled, took over the castle at St Michael's Mount with the Witches' help, and now commands the fifty guards there, all controlled by Binding Rings. Sir Bassett has not been fed to Iseult yet, because it amuses Sir Richard to gloat over the loyal old Royalist.

Running the Finale

This final chapter should be fast paced, the action building throughout until the final confrontation with Iseult herself. There are potentially lots of different groups involved, and where the non player characters are engaged in struggles separate to the Adventurers, these conflicts should be dramatically described, rather than played out roll-by-roll.

When the party leave to go to the Mount, take care to describe the pleasant weather and peaceful conditions – by the end, as the party descend into the well (or, if they choose the harder route, which offers a lesser victory, a final conflict with the massed covens) there will be the mother of all storms raging about them. By then, huge waves will be crashing into the Mount, lightning will be streaking the sky and striking the castle buildings and such fierce winds howl around the Adventurers that they are nearly bowled off their feet.

Initially, the Mount will be patrolled by Sir Richard's guards. They will be scattered in several groups, and not all fifty men will be patrolling. Sir Richard himself, wearing a goat head and dressed in a loincloth, will initially be too busy to join in deterring unwanted Adventurers, but if he gets wind of their presence he will discard his goat mask, strap on his sword and take personal command of his troops. He will always leave a substantial guard in the castle, though. It is likely he will get to the party just as they are entering the well, which should lead to a chance for some heroic duelling.

Of course, the Witches and coven members might well have some impact on events as well. The ceremony lasts a considerable time, and ideally, all the participants are needed – but the spell will not fail unless over 15% of those taking part are slain (which means slaying 25 coven members). That means that the Witches can afford to release a few members to aid in tracking down the Adventurers if need be. Of course, if it looks like they have taken too many casualties, the Witches will be keen to ensure their soldiers don't go gallivanting off, as they will want their protection – they are desperate that the spell doesn't fail!

If the party are accompanied by Morgan and some of



Chapter VI: St. Michael's Mount

his Pirate crew, then they might be deployed to protect the well entrance, as fresh waves of assaulting soldiers and/or coven members move to attack. If the party is looking as though they will be completely overwhelmed, Sir Francis Bassett will lead some troops out of the castle to assist them. He will have made his move and his companions (all missing a ring finger) will be ready to die for their commander to make amends for their past disloyalty!

Getting There

There are two ways to get to the Mount – by foot or horse over the causeway, or by boat. The causeway is often covered by the tide, but will be accessible at dusk, the time the ceremony on the Mount is due to take place. If travelling by boat, the Adventurers will have to choose where to land – they could either make for the harbour (which is guarded) or the sheer cliffs at the rear of the Mount (which does have a path that stretches up to the Mount, but it is dangerous, twisting at tortuously steep angles to the summit); there are no other suitable/safe places to land the boats. If the party are going by causeway, they will have to set out from the town of Market Jew; likewise, if going by boat it would be a sensible place to leave from, although they could elect to row a greater distance if they wish.

The Causeway

If they decide to go by causeway, read the following:

As you set out from the town of Market Jew for

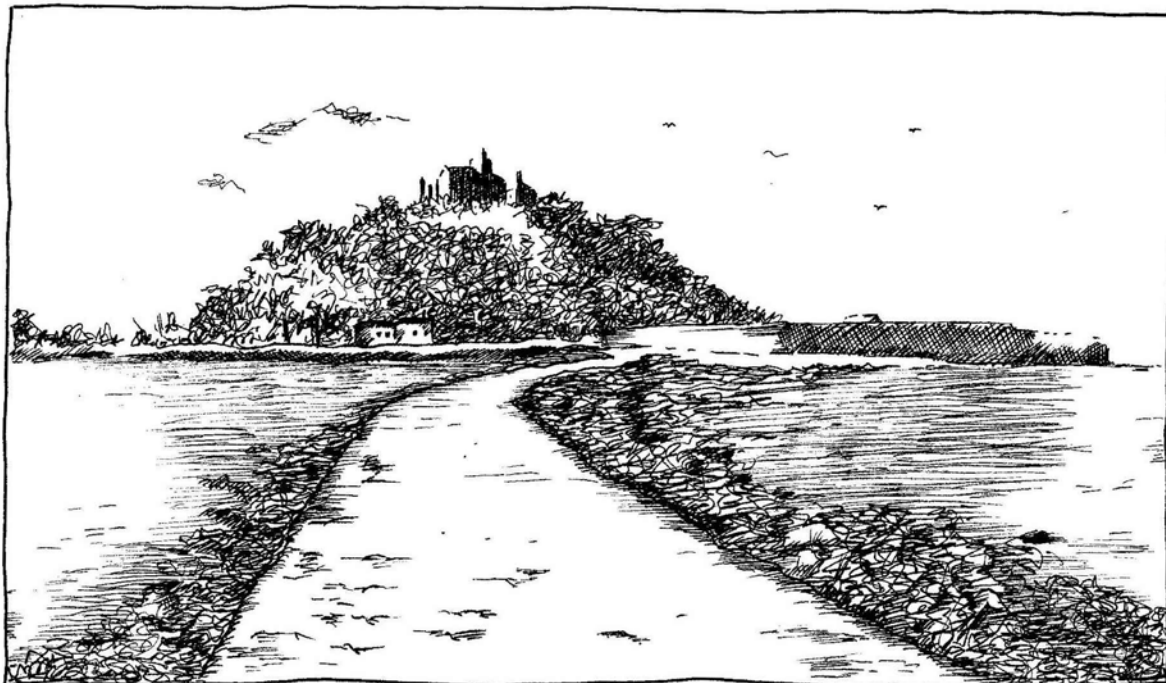
the Mount, the gentle sunset is turning to dusk. It has been a warm and pleasant day, but the evening threatens to be a little chillier. The causeway under foot is ancient. When the tide is right, as it is now, it provides a physical link between the Mount and the mainland – a wide path which leads to the island ahead of you. The path is reasonably straight for the first two thirds of the journey, but curves gently at the finish, ending to the immediate left of the harbour on the Mount.

The Causeway is about 350 metres long, and plenty wide enough to ride down two abreast. As the party get about halfway, read the following:

As you progress further along, you notice, in the shallows, that there seem to be oddly-shaped wooden forms in the water. If you study them a little longer you realise that they are not odd at all, as such – they are ancient, stunted, tree stumps and perhaps even the remains of houses, lost to the sea many centuries ago. You are about halfway along the causeway now, the paving stones are larger and more worn than before, you are on an even older section of the ancient pathway. The chilly wind is picking up, the shallows becoming choppy, and rain is beginning to gently fall.

As the Adventurers push on, when they are about three quarters of the way to the Mount, read them the following:

The Causeway has now changed course, and you can see it terminates where a path begins, heading up onto the Mount, running parallel



Chapter VI: St. Michael's Mount

with one of the arms of the harbour. Two guards have made their way to the base of the path and have obviously noticed you. Perhaps, in the increasingly foul weather, they cannot be certain of exactly who you are; they are clutching their cloaks around them and trying to hold onto their helmets as they peer in your direction. To your horror, you realise the tide is quickly rising. There will be no easy return to the mainland. Not only is the tide rising, but the waves are quickly building in size and ferocity, the rain is now slashing down, and a storm is brewing. Unless you move fast you are likely to be dragged under to your deaths.

If the Adventurers are riding, have them make Ride rolls to get to land safely; on a fumble, their horse slips on the cobbles and plunges into the rising sea. Once ashore, they should have a chance to overwhelm the guards, but it will be a close-run thing. As they come charging onto the Mount, it will dawn on the guards that they are under attack and they will make a break for it, attempting to alert other patrols and their commander, Grenville, to the Adventurers' presence.

To the Harbour

If the party decide to go by boat, they have a choice of places to land. The most direct route will take them into the harbour (or they can risk attempting to land at the back of the Mount, by treacherous rocks and a daunting path – see The Back Door, later in the chapter). Assuming they have chosen to head for the harbour, their experiences will not be much different than if they had chosen to cross the causeway. They will be unable to get back easily to the mainland, as the rising tide with its unpredictable swells will not allow it. If they have been very successful in recruiting Pirates they will probably need more than one boat.

At the outset, read the following:

As you set out for the Mount, the gentle sunset is turning to dusk. It has been a warm and pleasant day, but the evening threatens to be a little chillier. You can see the ancient Causeway to your left, the harbour directly ahead of you. You have to take care to avoid being beached, the gentle shallows being just enough to keep your little flat-bottomed boat afloat. The rowing is fairly easy, and you are confident you will reach the Mount in no time at all.

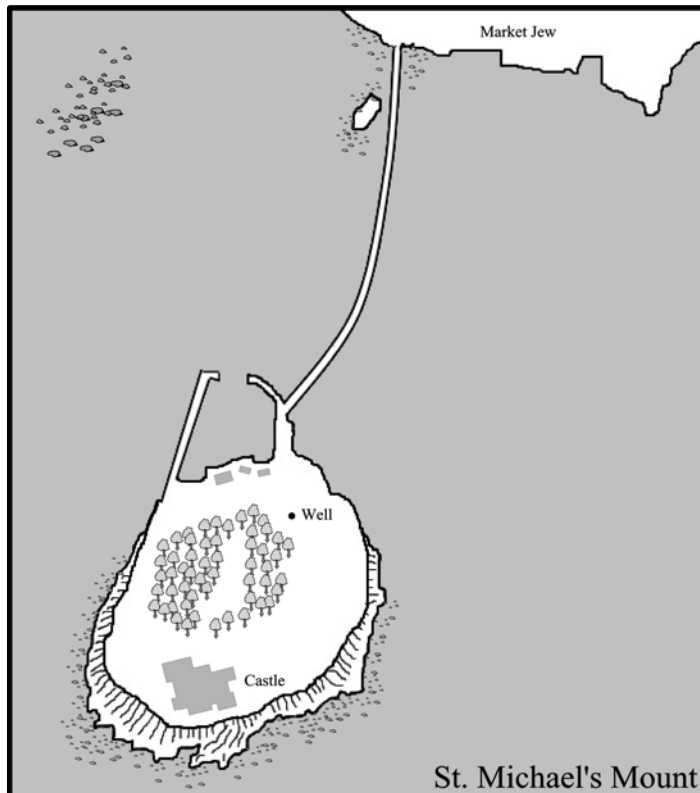
When the party are about halfway there,

read the following:

As you get closer to the island, you notice, that there seem to be oddly-shaped wooden forms in the water. If you study them a little longer you realise that they are not odd at all, as such – they are ancient, stunted, tree stumps and perhaps even the remains of houses, lost to the sea many centuries ago. You are about halfway there now, and the chilly wind is picking up, the shallows are becoming deeper and choppier, and rain is beginning to gently fall.

Just as they are entering the Harbour, read the following:

You can see steps in the left hand corner of the harbour, leading up to a path which in turn heads up onto the Mount proper. Two guards have made their way to the top of the steps and have obviously noticed you. Perhaps in the increasingly foul weather they cannot be certain of exactly who you are; they are clutching their cloaks around them and trying to hold onto their helmets as they peer in your direction. To your horror, you realise the tide is quickly rising and the waters are becoming far more dangerous, even within the protective walls of the little harbour. There will be no easy return to the mainland. Not only is the tide rising, but the waves are quickly building in size and ferocity, the rain is now slashing down, and a storm is brewing. You will have to row with all your



might to get to the steps and safety, or your boat is likely to capsize and you are all likely to be dragged under to your deaths.

Have the person rowing the boat make a Boating roll; on a fumble, they lose an oar, and are likely to be smashed against the harbour wall, and will need to make Swim rolls to get ashore- safely.

As in the Causeway section above, the party should have a chance to overwhelm the guards, but it should be a close run thing. As they come pouring out of their little boat(s), it will dawn on the guards that they are under attack and they will make a break for it, attempting to alert other patrols and their commander, Grenville, to the Adventurers' presence. Once out of the boats, the Adventurers should see the boats – whirled into the air by the violence of the sea, now that a full-blown storm is brewing. The little rowboats are smashed against the harbourside, their splintered remains irretrievable and irreparable.

Now Which Way?

Whether the party decided to go to the Mount via boat to the Harbour, or along the causeway, they will pretty much have ended up in the same place, and have been challenged by a couple of guards. Read them the following:

As you look up, you can see that the only route up onto the Mount proper is afforded by a path running past a cluster of nearby fisher-folk cottages. The path continues up for a few metres and then forks to the left and right. Both directions will likely snake in a circular route, eventually rejoining at the front of the castle. The castle is now lit up by a violent lightning storm; it is a dark and forbidding shadowy shape in the distance.

Once they reach the fork in the path:

The left hand path probably leads up to the well, as described in Arabella's message. To the right, you can make out a large gathering in a clearing among dark trees. It looks like a large group, possibly hundreds of people, are collected there. They had been slightly concealed by a slight reverse in the incline of the ascent, but now, you can clearly see there seems to be some sort of ceremony taking place. There are lit torches, the noise of what sounds like chanting drifting on the howling wind toward you and, from the look of it, the crowd is surging around in a circle, perhaps dancing as they do so.

As you survey your choices, you see that there are various little clusters of men, scouring the Mount. It seems that patrols have been deployed to keep a watch out for interlopers such as

yourselves.

The Back Door

Of course, the party may not have gone by Causeway or landed at the Harbour. The alternate route to the Island avoids being spotted by guards at the outset, but is probably more dangerous. If the party decide to row to the steep path at the rear then it should not be made easy for them. The storm will build, the waters become more dangerous, but they will not have such an easy route once they are actually at the Mount. Read them the following:

As you reach the back of the Mount you realise that you have picked the most dangerous route. The waves threaten to smash your little boat to pieces on the rocks, the wind is so fierce now that it threatens to blast you over and the sleeting rain is making visibility poor. Your desperately cold hands are all but slipping from the oars and you fear you will perish before long. It will take great skill to hitch up to the rocks and ascend the torturous path that heads up to the rear of the castle atop the Mount.

If Captain Morgan is with the party, they would probably be better off letting him command the little rowboat, although if they have been very successful in their Pirate recruitment then they might need more than one boat (perhaps fitting eight to each boat). If they succeed in their Boating roll to moor up, they will still need Athletics rolls to scramble across the rocks and up to the safety of the Mount. Again, their boats will be smashed behind them. If they fail their mooring or Athletics rolls, they will hole their boat or take some minor damage as they haul themselves up, respectively. If they fumble...well, don't fumble!

Once on land, again read the following:

As you look up, you realise that the ascent you have to make will be treacherous. There is a path that zig-zags up to the castle, your only route as the rocks about you are quickly being submerged by the rising tide; but you will have to cling to the side of the Mount all the way. In these bitter conditions, worsening by the minute, one foot out of place could send you plummeting to your death on the jagged rocks below.

Again, Athletics tests should be made to avoid some occasional falling damage, and the building storm should be emphasised, lightning forking the sky as they make the summit. Once there, they will need to snake left or right around the castle walls, finally coming to the front of the castle, and then being presented with a similar choice of routes as if they had accessed the Mount another way; this time the path to the left of them heading down to the Black



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Mass, the path to the right the well and the lair of the Witch Queen.

What Now?

However the party travelled, they are now on the island and will have to choose what to do next. All the while they will have to dodge patrols, contend with increasingly poor weather and should be reminded of the urgency of their mission as the Black Mass causes a bigger and bigger build up of magickal energies (see Running the Finale p.73). The party will either need to head straight for the well, or might want to get nearer the Black Mass to see what is going on (and possibly even attempt to disrupt the proceedings).

The Castle

The Castle is seemingly well defended, and nigh on impregnable from the outside while the doors are shut. The party could attempt to sneak in or scale the walls, but it will mean fighting the best part of twenty or thirty armed soldiers (until Sir Arthur Bassett can begin to aid them) and presents them with no real strategic advantage. The cannon have not been maintained so can't be brought to bear on the Black Mass and the entrance to the Witch Queen's lair is only accessible down the well.

To the Rescue

As mentioned previously, if things are looking grim for the Adventurers, or in any event, after the party have defeated Iseult, Sir Arthur Bassett will swing open the doors of the castle and lead a ragged band of Soldiers, attacking any coven members or Bound Soldiers that get in their way. They will show no mercy to coven members, but if they can they will try to simply overwhelm Bound Soldiers and cut their ring fingers off, releasing them from the Witches' control.

You see an elderly man, proudly cutting his way through a knot of soldiers and coven members. He is fighting with a skill and conviction that belie his venerable look. He shouts, "For God and Prince Rupert!" and the little band of soldiers that seem to be fighting for him take up the cry and redouble their efforts against their foes.

Sir Arthur Bassett

Ageing Royalist Commander

STR 11 CON 11 SIZ 13 INT 12 POW 13
DEX 11 CHA 15

SR 12 CA 2 DM 0

Skills: Evade 39%, Mortuary Sword 59% (1D8), Persistence 78%, Resilience 52%, Unarmed 31% (1D3)

Faction: Royalist RP: 71

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	0/6
10-12	Chest	0/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5



The Coven of Covens

The Black Mass has gathered to cast the spells necessary for Iseult to put the next part of her grand plan into action. She is casting a spell which, if successful, will mean she can control every single man, woman and child in Cornwall without the need for Binding Rings. Who is actually present at the Mass will be in part determined by the Adventurers' previous actions/successes. If they have slain any combination of the senior Witches, Figgy, Calwodely or Wyse, they will obviously not be there. Instead there will be alternate covens, their leaders substituting for the fallen. All in all, there are 169 coven members – thirteen covens of thirteen, gathered together.

The Witches are currently casting a grand Focus Magick Spell. A spell of this Magnitude would take any Witch, other than Iseult, over a day to cast. For Iseult it will take: one hour, if all her senior Witches are present; two hours if there are only two of them left; three hours if there is only one of them leading the ceremony; and a full eight hours, if she is relying on a coven of covens with none of her specially trained cadre. If the party decide to try to disrupt the ceremony, they will need to take twenty five coven members out of action, or all the coven heads (one



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of them needs to lead the chanting, etc.) – an extremely tall order!

If the party decide to take a closer look at the Black Mass then read them the following (this description assumes all of the senior Witches survived. Read ahead; if any have perished, substitute as necessary):

As you creep nearer the large gathering, you can see that the crowd are indeed conducting some vast unholy ceremony. At the head of the ceremony, encircled by the others present is an old Witch, the Crone (Madgy Figgy if still alive), who is leading a chant.

(Use the following poem, broken up as you see fit, throughout the Black Mass scene).

*Head of monkey, brain of cat,
Eye of weasel, tail of rat,
Juice of mugwort, mastic, myrrh –
All within the pot I stir.*

*Here is foam from a mad dog's lips,
Gather'd beneath the moon's eclipse,
Ashes of a shroud consumed,
And with deadly vapour fumed.
These within the mess I cast –
Stir the cauldron – stir it fast!*

*Here are snakes from out the river,
Bones of toad and sea-calf's liver;
Swine's flesh fatten'd on her brood,
Wolf's tooth, hare's foot, weasel's blood.
Skull of ape and fierce baboon,*

*And panther spotted like the moon;
Feathers of the horned owl,
Daw, pie, and other fatal fowl.
Fruit from fig-tree never sown,
Seed from cypress never grown.
All within the mess I cast,
Stir the cauldron – stir it fast!*

As the Crone speaks the words, the Maiden, a younger Witch (whom the party will recognise as Kay Calwodely, if still alive) casts various ingredients into a gigantic cauldron, while the Mother, a middle aged Witch (Ennor Wyse, if living) stirs the pot. In front of the pot a demonic figure, with the head of a goat (Grenville in his goat mask) seems to be enacting some bestial ritual with some of the younger coven members. Some at the front of the gathering are rushing around in a circular dance around the central tableau which appears to be gathering pace. Others are concentrating on echoing the words that the crone is chanting. The spectacle is bewildering, frenetic, and without a doubt the unholyest thing any of you have ever seen.

The party might attempt to sneak away, in which case they might be spotted and attacked by a few coven members or Soldiers, or they might advance, in which case a fight will definitely ensue.

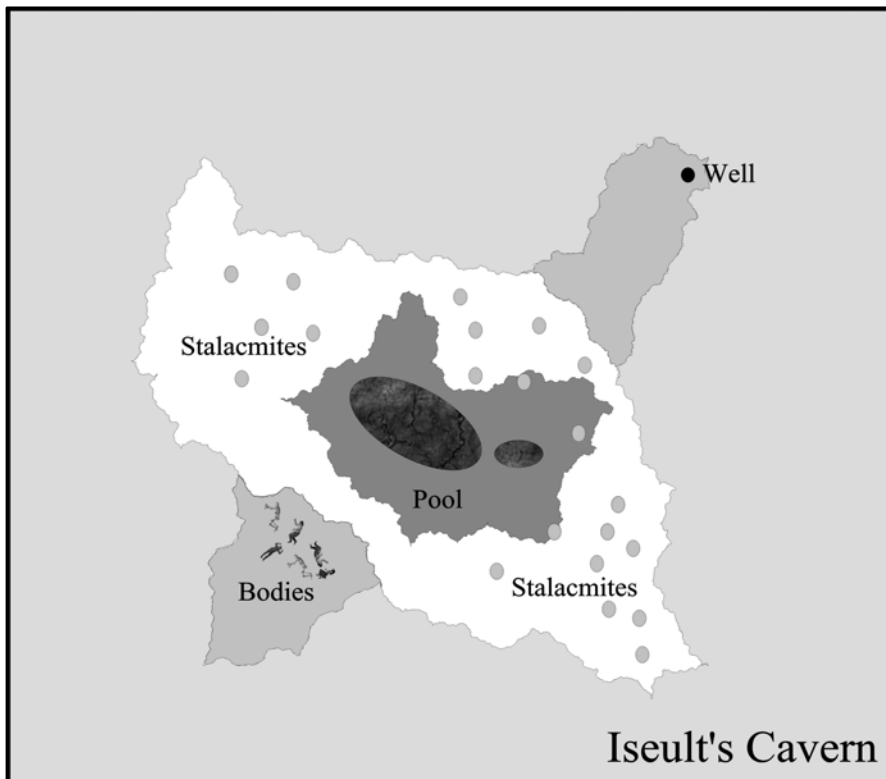
Several of the Witches have Shapechange (Human) to (Wolf) and are wearing the necessary wolf skins, while others may cast Palsy on the Adventurers.

The Well

As you head up the path, the icy wind now causing you to have to set yourself firmly into it to advance, you see a stone well before you. Two soldiers are guarding it, but don't seem to have noticed you, they are huddling from the driving rain, seeming startled by the onset of such foul weather.

If the party have not yet encountered him, Sir Richard Grenville will now attack:

There is a roar behind you. A curious figure, dressed in a loincloth and wearing



a sword (if the party witnessed much of the ceremony they might recognise him as the chap who was wearing the goat head; he has a distinctive mole) comes rushing toward you. He is accompanied by two armed guards, and alerted by his shouting the two Soldiers at the well head also attack you.

Be sure to check out the weather rules in *RuneQuest II*, p.189-90. Assuming the party defeat them, they will be able to descend the well.

The Lair of the Witch Queen

To gain access to the Witch Queen's lair, the party will need to enter the well, which has a ladder attached within, leading a long way down, eventually terminating in the cave in which she resides. She will be helpless down there unless she breaks off from the spell she is casting, which she will be loathe to do.

As you stare into the inky blackness, there is the terrific cracking of thunder. The lightning is striking close by, hitting the Mount itself. Looking back down, a small stone drops into the depths. You have to struggle to hear it land; it is a long way down, and it seems the well is dry. Iron rungs are barely visible, set into the interior of the well, the only possible means to reach down such a long way.

About half way down:

You have been climbing for an interminable amount of time. Your hands are beginning to rub raw on the sharp rungs set into the cold stone. Below you, you can hear the lapping of water, and something more, perhaps a throbbing or humming sound, overlaid with the beating of a drum or some such. A rank smell begins to penetrate your nostrils; you realise it has been present throughout, but perhaps you put it down to the briny air that you have recently become accustomed to.

As they near the bottom, read the following:

As you look down, you see that you are nearing the bottom. You can count the rungs and realise you are about to descend into a large open cave. The noise has increased in volume, and as well as water splashing, the otherworldly vibrating noise and the bizarre drumming, there is a strange keening tone, that overlies the assault on your ears. The smell has intensified also, no longer just reminiscent of the sea, it has turned into the concentrated sickly stench of the abbatoir. A strange light is illuminating the cavern below, and although the well shaft drops into an area at a narrower end of the chamber, you sense it is a large space that you are about

to enter. As you wearily climb down the remaining steps, you can turn and see the most bewildering of sights.

Iseult

The party have now entered the lair of Iseult, the Witch Queen. Iseult is in the process of spell casting. She is doing this half submerged, her body and head mostly under the water. Despite her massive bulk and formidable powers, while she is casting, she is completely helpless. Of course, the party don't know this, and you can always have a few of the coven members or Grenville's men try to put the party off, but it really isn't necessary. When Iseult stops casting, she will be more than enough of a handful!

You are in a fairly low, though wide, natural passage way, but after a few metres it quickly balloons out into a large cavern. The cavern in itself is a marvel. A veritable grotto, it is covered with amazing rock formations that glow ethereally, in a myriad of colours - cream, blue, red and green veins shoot through the bizarre rock shapes. Viciously sharp stalactites hang down in places and blunted stalagmites grow up from the floor. In the centre of the room is a huge pool of water, a deep channel that no doubt heads down to connect with the sea. Around the pool is solid ground, and a similar, although slightly smaller passageway stretches out opposite the one you are standing in. Something lies on the floor over there; you are not sure in the poor light, but it looks like a heap of broken bodies, perhaps the source of the sickly stench. The noise in this room is deafening, the wailing, keening sound so loud now that it is impossible to tell from which direction it is coming, the throbbing noise painful to your ears.

As the party comes into the main chamber:

So big that it was hard to comprehend from a distance, the pool is almost full. A gigantic beast appears to be lying face down in the water, the throbbing, a pulse of noise that the creature is emitting in waves, the wailing no doubt also coming from the pool. You cannot be sure, because only two vast humps are visible, but it looks as though tendrils extend from the front of the beast, down into the waters. You realise as you stare, horror-struck, at the scale of the unnatural thing, that the larger hump is the creature's back, the smaller one, which is still metres across, possibly the back of its head, giant bubbles floating up from beneath, bursting as they hit the surface. The beast's flesh is mostly a pallid grey colour, though in some places silver-green scales have formed, but in others,



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the flesh is pink and porcine, possibly even human, although hairless and waterlogged.

The party have an opportunity to attack Iseult. If they think to shoot at the stalactites (an easy shot as there are so many of them), they can dislodge 1D4 on a successful hit and they do 1D10+1 damage each. They should probably hit Iseult as hard as they can – she won't fight back until she is at a quarter Hit Points. She is desperate not to stop casting her spell – she knows that it will take years to get to this point again, and now she has shown her hand (well, tendrils) she will have to find a new lair. Stopping casting will mean the whole ceremony above will fail and she will have to start accumulating the personnel, ingredients, etc. all over again.

On the other hand, she has her breaking point, and doesn't want to die. If she is reduced to 0 Hit Points in one location, she will give up. And she will not be pleased. At all.

The creature has shown no signs of suffering from your onslaught, continuing with the drumming and wailing, and not reacting in the slightest to your provocation, despite the appalling toll your attacks have taken on the flesh of the beast. Suddenly that all changes. A deafening shriek pierces the cavern, causing stalactites to fall. The creature drops slightly into the water, bunches up and then springs upwards in one terrifying, fluid, movement. Before you, the thing now rears up. From where its arms should be, vast tendrils lash out at you. Its face is contorted with rage, its maw is stretched in an unholy screech, its two massive, ugly eyes protruding from its oversized head are seeking you out as it prepares to destroy you.

Iseult

Witch Queen of Cornwall

STR 50 CON 39 SIZ 50 INT 17 POW 19
DEX 15 CHA 3

SR 16 CA 3 DM +2D12

Skills: Evade 10%, Fist 120% (1D3+2D12),
Manipulation 215%, Persistence 73%,
Resilience 110%, Shiphandling 85%, Tendril
78% (1D3+1D2), Witchcraft 310%

Spells: All spells in Chapter VII, and any
new ones you care to make up.

Faction: Self-Interest (Rule the World?)
RP: 99

Armour: Blubbery flesh, 3APs all locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	3/20
4-6	Left Leg	3/20
7-9	Abdomen	3/21
10-12	Chest	3/22
13-15	Right Arm	3/19
16-18	Left Arm	3/19
19-20	Head	3/20

After the final fight the party will either be victorious, although probably bloodied and bereft of Hero Points, or no more. If victorious, describe the final blow, then read the following:

The beast thrashes about in its death throes, seemingly beaten. The pool is filled with blood and gore and the vast creature at last begins to go limp, and slips backwards into the pool and, like a giant dead fish, slithers down and down into the depths. You can see nothing in the bloody blackness, but there are no air bubbles rising and no noise breaks the stillness. The thing is dead.

The party will hopefully stop to check the bodies on the opposite ledge, before going back up the ladder (the only way out). The bodies are those of mariners that Iseult has dragged under the sea to feast on. Some of them are actually still living (she likes her meals fresh) although delirious and dehydrated. With a little fresh water and time they will recover a little, although the party might just want to get back and let someone else supervise their extraction. Assuming the party are able to still climb up and out, a hero's welcome should await them.

A Figure on the Causeway

When the party exit the well, assuming they have defeated, or at least vanquished the Witch Queen, they will be greeted by a chaotic scene:

The hold of the rings that Bound the guards seems to have weakened. Now united, they are acting as a military unit once more, launching assault after assault on the confused coven members, slowly clearing a way down from the castle through the wretched Satanists. From the opposite direction, swelling up from the harbour, it seems that Captain Morgan's pirates have landed – they seem to be taking great pleasure in ferociously laying into the black-clad occultists whose bodies are carpeting the Mount. The coven have now abandoned their ceremony, and are desperately attempting to escape. Some are already astride broomsticks and curious flying animals and the sky is thickening with retreating Witches. Others are too numbed by the loss of

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their Queen to move, and they are being cut down where they stand. While you were in the cavern below, the weather above seems to have changed as well. The storm that once raged has subsided, the sea has becalmed, the tide retreated and the rain stopped, replaced now by a warm balmy breeze. It is hard to tell, but perhaps the pall over the Duchy has at last been lifted. Finally, you realise that your bodies can take no more and you should find a billet, away from the chaos. As you prepare to leave the well-side and do just that, you notice a lone figure, riding out along the Causeway. As you watch, the figure turns, she looks directly at you, but it is impossible to see the expression on her face. Her silver mask twinkles in the moonlight, and Lady Silver turns once more, spurs on her steed, and is gone.

A Job Well Done

The Adventurers will be warmly greeted by Sir Arthur Bassett – who will offer them a bed for the night, his undying gratitude and the services of a Physician from Market Jew, should they require it. The party will also be owed a debt of thanks by

some of the most influential men in the land, although the full extent of this debt may never be fully revealed to the Adventurers.

Sir Arthur will also pardon Captain Morgan and the surviving members of his crew – a pardon the good Captain, if still alive, will thankfully accept, before immediately returning to his chosen life as a notorious Pirate.

If the party have successfully completed *Thou Shalt Not Suffer*, they should be treated to lashings of Improvement Points (6), some Hero Points (4 if they killed the Witch Queen, 2 if they merely dispersed the Black Mass) and of course, once they have left Cornwall, their just rewards from Henry Ireton and Sir Reginald Perkinson (1,000 shillings and any accrued expenses, with possible additional honours from their particular Faction if appropriate, e.g., promotion if the Adventurers are of a military bent, etc.).

Lady Silver (or Lady Arabella Blackwood as she is also known) will appear again, in the next instalment of the epic Kingdom and Commonwealth campaign – *No Man's Land*. But that, as they say, is another story...



Chapter VII

In which the true secrets of Witches and Wise Women are brought to light

“The fearefull aboundinge at this time in this countrie, of these detestable slaves of the Devill, the Witches or enchauners, hath moved me (beloved reader) to dispatch in post, this following treatise of mine, not in any wise (as I protest) to serve for a shew of my learning & ingine, but onely (mooved of conscience) to preasse thereby, so farre as I can, to resolve the doubting harts of many; both that such assaultes of Sathan are most certainly practized, & that the instrumentes thereof, merits most severly to be punished...”

King James I & VI of England and Scotland, *Demonologie*, 1597

There is no doubt that Witches exist. That said, fear of Witchcraft is much greater than the number of practising Witches would justify; for every genuine Witch brought to trial and hung, probably seven innocents are executed.

Things are worse for the innocent in Scotland and continental Europe than they are in England; there, torture is legal and many of those tortured accuse other innocents, who in turn are tortured to reveal yet more innocents, leading to hundreds of “Witches” being burned at a time.

Although torture is illegal in England, the techniques used by Witch Finders can border on it. See *Clockwork & Chivalry Core Worldbook* pp.52-3 for information on their techniques.

Fear of Witchcraft has grown over the last two hundred years. King James I and VI of England and Scotland (father of the recently beheaded Charles), as well as being responsible for the “King James’ Bible”, wrote a book called *Demonologie*, which explained at great length the dangers of Witches and Witchcraft. (While in Scotland, James was often present at the torture of Witches). One of the theories which he perpetuates from earlier treatises on Witchcraft (such as the German *Malleus Maleficarium* or *Hammer of the Witches*, written by the fifteenth century Catholic Inquisitor Heinrich Kramer) is that *all* magick comes from Satan, whether it is used for good or evil purposes. This belief has recently been taken up more by the Parliamentarians than the Royalists, leading to

persecution of Alchemists, as well as Wise Women and Cunning Men who have no link to any Satanic cults, and are indeed strongly opposed to magick used for malefic purposes.

Despite the persecution of the innocent, there does remain a core of Satan-worshipping Witches, who use their magick for the sheer pleasure of doing evil. Whether their magick actually comes from Satan, or whether it is merely that the powerful magickal techniques they employ are only known and taught by Satanist covens, is something a person seldom stops to ask when up against a powerful Witch.

Witchcraft and Witches

There are three types of Witches in the *Clockwork & Chivalry* game world. It is unlikely that anyone other than Witches themselves would make such distinctions; certainly a Witch Finder would not distinguish, and would find all equally guilty and as likely a candidate for hanging. Cunning Men and Wise Women are also often accused of Witchcraft by Witch Finders, though many have no magickal abilities at all; these are covered as a separate Profession on p.84.

In game terms, the three Witch types are as follows:

Unaligned Witch/Warlock

An unaligned Witch (female) or Warlock (male) is one who knows some Witchcraft, but has not sworn

an oath to renounce God and worship Satan. He or she will have a number of simple spells, and will likely be known to her neighbours for her magickal charms. The difference between a Witch and a Herbalist (*Clockwork & Chivalry* p.40) is often minor, the main difference being whether the character knows any spells or not. Many Unaligned Witches and Warlocks use no harmful spells and are entirely benign; others will use a mixture of benevolent and malevolent spells, and will often be tolerated by their neighbours so long as they do no serious harm; a third group are likely to be entirely malevolent and will often be feared and shunned by the local community.

Unaligned Witches and Warlocks could belong to almost any Faction (with the exception of Puritans) but are more likely to gravitate toward the more offbeat Factions such as Diggers and Ranters, or be Self-interested. Their spells will often take on the trappings of their Faction, with spells done by Catholic-leaning Witches invoking the names of saints and the Virgin Mary, while those of Protestants invoke the name of God more directly. Those with some education in academic magick (often at second or third hand) might call on the names of Angels.

The differences between a Witch/Warlock and a Wise Woman/Cunning Man are subtle, and have more to do with the person's intent and standing within the community than with any real differences in abilities.

Unaligned Witches/Warlocks have the Witchcraft skill but not the Manipulation skill (see p.86). Witches of this sort will belong to the Witch/Warlock Profession.

Satanic Cultist

Satanic Cultists are not really Witches at all, though they would likely be found guilty of Witchcraft if exposed. These are people who have renounced Jesus Christ and sworn loyalty to Satan, becoming a member of the Satanist Faction (see p.83). As part of joining this Faction, they will learn the Manipulation skill; this will allow them to help Satanic Witches to cast group spells at Sabbats, but gives them no magickal ability of their own. Satanic Cultists will be members of a local Coven, which will meet regularly (often in remote spots in the open air), to partake in extravagant and often perverse rituals, and to help in the casting of spells to gain power over other members of the community.

Some Coven members are willing participants, drawn to the Satanist Faction by their perverse lusts or desire for power. But others are reluctant members; sometimes a person, in dire need, will turn to a Witch for magickal help, not realising that the

Witch is actually a Satanist, and will be forced to swear allegiance to Satan in order to gain the aid they seek. Once a person has joined a Coven, however reluctantly, they are more or less blackmailed into attending their Sabbats, because if it becomes known that they are a member they will immediately be charged with Witchcraft and likely hung.

Satanic Cultists have the Manipulation skill but not the Witchcraft skill (see p.86). Satanic Cultists come from all walks of life, so can be of any Profession *except* Witch/Warlock.

Satanic Witch

There is only one route to real power for an Unaligned Witch, and that is through Satanism. Many Unaligned Witches are basically good, and have no desire to increase their magickal abilities. But those who lust for greater magickal power must learn the Manipulation skill, and the only way to learn that is to swear allegiance to Satan and join a Coven. Most Covens have thirteen members; these will consist of a number of Satanic Cultists (willing or unwilling), with the remainder being Satanic Witches, who have both the Witchcraft skill and the Manipulation skill, and so can cast more powerful spells than a non-aligned Witch. They will tend to be the head of the Coven, leading the other members in the casting of powerful spells at Sabbats.

Satanic Witches have both the Witchcraft and Manipulation skills (p.86). Characters created as Satanic Witches will begin play in the Witch/Warlock Profession; others can be Satanic Cultists of any Profession who have persuaded the leaders of the Coven to teach them the Witchcraft skill and some spells.

Covens

Most Covens consist of thirteen members. The Coven will be ruled by three powerful Witches, one relatively young, one middle-aged and the other old (the Maiden, the Mother and the Crone). The rest of the Coven is likely to consist of Cultists with no magickal skills, though the most promising members may be taught a few spells if they are being groomed for leadership, and some Unaligned Witches may join already knowing some spells.

The Crone of any Coven is likely to be very old – due to their magickal powers they can sometimes extend their lives to as much as 200 years, if not older. They have to be constantly on their guard against younger members of the Coven who covet their power and will kill them if they can. When this happens, the Mother becomes the Crone, the Maiden becomes the Mother, and a new Maiden is chosen





from among the lower members. These titles are purely ceremonial; it is quite possible that the Mother has no children, and the Maiden is very unlikely to be a maiden at all in the technical sense.

There are no Covens ruled by men; the highest position a man is likely to attain is that of donning horns and taking the symbolic role of Satan in the Coven's rituals.

Covens generally gather once a lunar month (generally on the dark of the moon) in a Sabbat, where they worship Satan, participate in blasphemous rituals and cast powerful spells as a group.

Sometimes larger groups of Witches gather for especially large spell-casting sessions. It is claimed that a "Coven of Covens" (169 Witches) came together off Land's End in 1588 to create the storm which wrecked the Spanish Armada – the Witches knew that they were less persecuted in Protestant England than they would be in an England ruled by Catholic Spain.

New Profession: Witch/Warlock

Social Class: Any

Common Skill Bonuses: First Aid +20%, Insight +10%, Lore (Regional) +10%, Perception +10%

Advanced Skills: Lore (Plants), Lore (One Other), Witchcraft; **Select One:** Healing (Herbal) *or* Survival *or* any one Art, Craft or Lore skill.

Spells: Begin play with a number of spells equal to INT-3.

You started life as a user of small magicks, probably passed down through your family for generations. If you are a Peasant, your local village may well suspect your powers; Townsmen, Middle Class, Gentry and Nobility are more likely to keep such family magick secret, revealing it only to close friends and relatives. If the latter is the case, you may well pass yourself off as belonging to another Profession and choose skills to match.

You have a selection of benign and malevolent spells; maybe you sell charms and spells to others for good or ill, or keep your magickal powers secret and use them for your own ends when you think no-one will be able to detect them. You may be suspected of Witchcraft, or you may practice it openly, relying on fear of your "evil eye" to prevent others driving you out of your community.

Perhaps you are a fully-fledged evil Witch, the sort who flies to Sabbats on a broomstick and worships the Devil; if such is the case, you will have learned the Manipulation skill (see p.86) and will be able to cast much more powerful spells. If so, you are a member of the Satanist Faction (see below). It was probably your quest for power and knowledge that led you down this path to ultimate evil; now the only things you fear are other Witches, Witch Finders and death itself – you will do anything in your power to prolong your life, knowing that when you die you will go straight to Hell.

New Profession: Wise Woman/Cunning Man

Social Class: Peasant

Common Skill Bonuses: Culture (Own) +25%, First Aid +20%, Influence +10%, Insight +20%, Lore (Regional) +25%, Persistence +20%

Advanced Skills: Craft (any two), Lore (Agriculture), Lore (Witchcraft), Lore (one other), Survival; **Select One:** Healing (Herbal) *or* Witchcraft and INT-6 spells.

You are a Wise Woman or a Cunning Man. You use your knowledge and (possibly) spells for the good of the community. Your people respect you and come to you for advice, medical help and a shoulder to cry on. The local priest is likely to be suspicious of you – thinking that the Church should have a monopoly on the services you provide – but your regular visitors know that you can be trusted and that they

can talk about things to you and get answers to problems which would upset or horrify the vicar. You may fulfil the simple and practical role of advisor and counsellor. You may have knowledge of the seasons, of herbal remedies and a keen insight into human nature, that causes you to be trusted and revered by the simple country folk around you. Perhaps you come from a line of wise folk, your folk wisdom handed down from the generations that preceded you.

If you have spells, they are all benign, and only a Witch Hunter could possibly think that your power comes from Satan. If someone does come around who is suspicious of your nature, your community will move in to protect you if it possibly can. In fact many come to you for help *against* Witches – you know enough about Witchcraft to be able to give advice on the lifting of curses and the like, as well as how to calm people who falsely feel they have been bewitched.

There are some who claim that *all* magick comes ultimately from Satan, but you know this is not the case. If you have magickal abilities, you may only use them for the good of your community – should you ever use them for purposes that endanger your community or its members, they will be taken from you. (In rules terms, if a Wise Woman or Cunning Man uses their spells for such purposes, the Games Master may declare that they have lost the Witchcraft skill. The skill can be bought back at base level with two Improvement Rolls after a month of game time, and then they will be able to cast their spells again. The character will no longer have the restriction on not causing harm with magick – they have ceased to be a Wise Woman or Cunning Man and have become a Witch or Warlock instead! This may be the beginning of the long slippery slope to joining a Coven.)

Wise Women and Cunning Men are part of an old tradition stretching back to ancient times. But modern town-based pamphleteers (who are cut off from old country ways) increasingly portray all rural magick as Witchcraft, so you are less trusted than you once were. Your local community may have faith in you, but with the upheavals of the war, there are many strangers about who may have less reason to believe you are benign.

There are several reasons why you may have taken to adventuring: maybe your local vicar has read the latest pamphlets and has been speaking against you from the pulpit; or maybe you lived in a strongly Puritan area which has no toleration for any sort of magick; perhaps you fled East Anglia one step ahead of the infamous Witch Finder General, Matthew Hopkins, or came down from Scotland where torture of suspected Witches is still legal; or perhaps your community has been scattered, wiped out by disease,

the economy or warfare, and you seek new people to assist.

There is no doubt that times are changing and the old traditions to which you belong are in danger of being stamped out; if you want to preserve the ancient wisdom which has been passed down to you, you must first survive yourself.

New Faction: Satanist

- **Satan is the true lord of the Earth** – when the end times come, those who follow him will reign at his side.
- **Worship of Satan is the route to Earthly power** – only he can bestow powerful magick.
- **What you want is more important than what anyone else wants** – everyone is selfish and corrupt, some just pretend otherwise.
- **There is no such thing as sin** – it is a myth put about by Christian clergy to keep the population under control.

Allies: None

Enemies: Everyone

Zeal: 50

Bonus Skills: Beliefs (Satanist) +25%, Manipulation at INT+POW

You are a member of a Coven, which meets regularly to worship Satan and participate in lewd rituals aimed at increasing the power of the Dark One on Earth. Your beliefs are widely condemned throughout the civilised world, and if anyone knew of them, you would undoubtedly be hung as a Witch (or burned in Scotland and mainland Europe).

Perhaps you were not an enthusiastic supporter in the beginning; faced with a problem that the Church could not solve (an unwanted pregnancy, an uncaring lover, a hateful rival) you turned to a Witch for help, and were persuaded to renounce Jesus and swear loyalty to Satan in return for that help. Now you realise that you have forfeited any prospect of getting to Heaven; your only chance of eternal life outside of Hell is to rise through the ranks of the Coven, by whatever means it takes, until you have enough power to prolong your Earthly life by magickal means.

You may be living a lie, pretending to be the same person you were before you renounced God, ashamed of what you have become, forced to attend Sabbats for fear of exposure and an inevitable hanging. Or perhaps you have learned to relish your new-found freedom from the strictures of holy writ and secretly revel in self-indulgence and wickedness. Maybe you seek to corrupt others to



your selfish ways, to bring new members into the Satanic fold.

Or maybe you have learned sufficient Witchcraft to no longer hide your allegiance – you are feared by all around you and use your magick to manipulate others to your will and punish those who will not bow to your rule. You fear only the Witch Finders, and if you are powerful enough, even they will fall before your curses and bewitchments.

Witchcraft

Note: The following rules apply to Witches, Warlocks, Wise Women and Cunning Men, but the term “Witch” is used throughout for ease of understanding.

The Witchcraft rules for *Clockwork & Chivalry* are based on the Sorcery rules in *RuneQuest II* (pp.126-137), but with several differences:

- The Sorcery (Grimoire) skill is replaced by the Witchcraft skill (see below).
- There are no Magick Point costs for casting a Witchcraft spell.
- Witches can cast very powerful spells as a group at a Sabbat, but only with use of very rare spell ingredients.
- Many spells have a physical component.
- There are a number of new spells described below, and some of the Sorcery spells in *RuneQuest II* are not available in the *Clockwork & Chivalry* setting.
- Only characters who are members of the Satanist Faction (see p.85) will be taught the Manipulation skill, though non-Satanist Witches can learn the Witchcraft skill; this means that non-Satanists can only cast spells at their lowest level.

How Witchcraft Works

A Witch works magick through two skills, Witchcraft and Manipulation.

Witchcraft (INTx2)

The Witchcraft skill reflects the knowledge of all the spells learned by a Witch. It is this skill which a Witch rolls against to see if they cast a spell correctly. The skill also limits the effect of the spell. Spells often have a physical component, which may also need to be obtained or made before the spell can be cast successfully.

Witches do not write down their spells, as they are as much to do with emotions, mental images,

symbolic connections and the like as they are to do with words; they must remember them. Witches can only learn a number of spells equal to their INT. If they wish to learn another spell, they must sacrifice one of the spells they already know. If they ever lose INT, they will lose a number of spells equal to this loss, and the spells will not come back if INT is regained later. The Witch can choose which spells are lost.

(A very old Satanic Witch may have lost INT due to age, and may therefore only have a small repertoire of spells; but this will likely be balanced by a very high Manipulation skill, which is why the Maiden/Mother/Crone team works so well – the younger Witches benefit from the raw power of the Crone’s high Manipulation, while the Crone benefits from the larger spell pool of the younger Witches).

Games Masters and players may wish to create “Traditions”, groups of spells which are learned together and form separate skills, in much the same way as each Grimoire is a separate skill in the standard *RuneQuest II* Sorcery rules. If this is done, Witchcraft (Cumberland) would be a different skill, with a different spell list, than Witchcraft (Lancashire). Alternatively, Traditions may be handed down in families, so that Witchcraft (Demdike) would be a different skill from Witchcraft (Chattox). However, unless the entire adventuring party are playing Witches, this is unlikely to be a problem; since learning new spells is already difficult for a Witch/Wise Woman, adding new rules which make it even harder is probably not desirable.

Manipulation (INT+POW)

This skill is almost identical to the Manipulation skill in *RuneQuest II* (pp.127-9), though references there to sorcerers should be replaced with Witches, and references to the Sorcery (Grimoire) skill should be replaced by the Witchcraft skill. Some spells have physical ingredients not needed in the standard *RuneQuest II* sorcery system; check the Spells section (p.88).

It is to be noted that, due to the close association in the minds of believers between worship of Satan and use of the Manipulation skill, the Manipulation skill can never exceed Righteousness Points in the Satanism Faction. If Satanism RPs fall below Manipulation skill level, the skill level will fall to match, only rising to its old level once RPs rise again.

If a character is converted from Satanism to another Faction, Manipulation skill will fall to its base (INT+POW). If the character attempts to use the Manipulation skill once they have become a member of a different Faction, a successful roll will reduce



RPs in the current Faction equal to the amount by which the roll was made. The character believes they are calling on the power of Satan, which casts doubts on their current beliefs.

Casting Witchcraft Spells

The rules for casting Witchcraft spells are the same as those for casting Sorcery spells (*RuneQuest II* p.129) with the following slight differences:

- **Ingredients:** In many cases, spell ingredients are listed for the spell. In some cases these are included in the ritual needed to cast the spell, in other cases, the spell is cast on an item, which is then given to the person on whom the magick is to do its work. If ingredients are needed, this adds to the normal casting time by the amount of time required to prepare the ingredients for use – this time is noted in the spell description.
- **Touch Spells:** Spells designated “Touch” in *RuneQuest II* can be cast by making eye contact with the target if that target is a human or animal – the target gets to make an opposed Persistence roll against the Manipulation roll of the Witch to avoid the spell working; if the Persistence test is successful, the target avoids the eyes of the Witch and the spell automatically fails (unless, of course, the target wished the spell to be cast on them).
- **Casting Critical Successes:** On a Critical Success, the spell can be cast as though it had a Manipulation of 1 higher than actually is the case, even if the caster does not have the Manipulation skill. This is not compulsory – if the caster wishes for a lower effect, this can be done, but no alternative benefits will accrue if that is the case.
- **Casting Failures:** If the spell roll fails, nothing happens.
- **Casting Fumbles:** If the caster fumbles the Witchcraft roll when casting the spell, they lose one level of Fatigue (see *RuneQuest II*, pp.61-62).
- **Remember:** Those Witches, Wise Women, Warlocks and Cunning Men who have not sworn allegiance to Satan will not have the Manipulation skill, and can therefore only cast Witchcraft spells at their lowest level. (See above).

Acquiring Witchcraft

Many Witches and Warlocks learn their first spells from other family members, with mothers often passing on useful spells to their daughters, and

fathers to their sons. Such magick was much more prevalent in England in centuries gone by, but the rise of Christianity and the current Witch Finding craze means that many spells have failed to be passed on, or are now only known to a few isolated Witches in remote areas. Many Witches never learn any more spells than the ones they learned from their family, unless they join a Coven.

To represent this in rules terms, Witches and Warlocks begin play with a relatively large number of spells, but finding spells in play is likely to be very difficult.

Dual Spells

Note that some spells are in effect opposite sides of the same coin, so if a character has one spell, she will have its opposite too (e.g. Diminish STR and Enhance STR). Where this is the case, it is noted in the spell description. This means that some Wise Women and Cunning Men have access to harmful spells – see their Profession description for the effects of casting harmful spells. These dual spells count as one for the purposes of the maximum number of spells known.

Learning spells outside a coven

An Unaligned Witch/Warlock (see p.82) can only learn a new spell if they can find someone to teach them. This will require the Witch to find a fellow Witch from whom to learn – many Witches are naturally reluctant to admit to their magickal powers unless they are sure the other is trustworthy. Unless the other Witch is being open about their profession, it will take a successful Insight roll on the part of a Witch Adventurer to spot that a character is a Witch.

Note to Games Masters: If a group of Adventurers includes a Witch/Warlock character, it is important that the Games Master occasionally introduces characters into their campaign from whom the Witch Adventurer can learn new spells, or the player may feel they are not progressing and wish they had never chosen that particular Profession. In a game which is set in a small area, this could be one particular “patron” character; in a travelling campaign, Adventurers should get the opportunity to meet a Witch NPC from time to time. It is possible that a Cunning Man or Wise Woman would be protected by their community from contact with strangers, in which case, a bit of detective work on the part of the Witch Adventurer may be needed.

Once a potential teacher has been found, the Witch must persuade them that they are trustworthy. This will require a successful Influence roll against the Persistence of the Witch in question – Games Masters should give bonuses for good roleplaying



and persuasive arguments. There will be an automatic -20% to this roll if trying to persuade a member of the opposite sex to teach spells, as many spells are passed down through the male or female line, and teaching a spell to the opposite sex may break a long family tradition. In such cases, a Seduction roll may help!

Once a potential teacher has been persuaded to help, the character must spend a week with them, learning the new spell, its ingredients, incantations, mental disciplines and the like. At the end of that week, the spell can be learnt on the spending of one Improvement Roll. (No actual dice roll is needed).

See the Witchcraft skill, above, for limits on the number of spells which can be learnt.

Learning spells in a Coven

Satanic Witches (see p.83 above) have a much easier time learning spells than Unaligned Witches, as they are part of a Coven and therefore have the necessary contacts to learn spells. It is assumed that Satanic Witches will be Games Master characters rather than Adventurers, but just in case a player Adventurer is foolish enough to swear allegiance to Satan, the rules for learning spells are as follows.

An Unaligned Witch must impress the Crone of the character's Coven before a spell can be learnt. They must make a successful Influence roll against the Persistence of the Crone; if the roll is unsuccessful, the Crone will give the supplicant a task – almost certainly of an evil nature (cursing prominent local worthies, collecting ingredients from graves, killing babies and the like) – before the Crone allows the spell to be learned.

Once the Crone is satisfied with the supplicant, the Witch can learn a spell from any member of the Coven, simply by attending a Sabbat and spending one Improvement Roll (No actual dice roll is needed).

See the Witchcraft skill, above, for limits on the number of spells which can be learnt.

Coven Magick

When performing ceremonial magick at a Sabbat, some Satanic Witches can call upon the Manipulation skill of their followers to boost their own magickal powers, creating very powerful spells. In order to do this, a Witch must know the Focus Magick spell – see the spell description (p.91) for details.

Spells and Ingredients

The following spell list includes many from the



RuneQuest II Core Rulebook pp.129-137, as well as a number of new ones. Spells which are suitable for a Cunning Man or Wise Woman are marked with an asterisk (*).

Note that some spells are in effect opposite sides of the same coin, so if a character has one spell, she will have its opposite too (e.g. Diminish STR and Enhance STR). Where this is the case, it is noted in the spell description. This means that some Wise Women and Cunning Men have access to harmful spells – see their Profession description for the effects of casting harmful spells.

Some spells require ingredients to be prepared or an object to be made and the spell activated later. The Witchcraft roll to cast the spell is not made until the spell is activated (even though the Witch may not be present at the time), as it will not be known until that point whether the spell was performed correctly. If the roll was a failure, the item in question will not work; there are usually no extra penalties for a Fumble – Witchcraft spells either work or they don't, although there are a few exceptions to this, noted in individual spell descriptions.

Ingredients are generally not used up in the casting of the spell (except such things as ointment, etc). So, for instance, a Witch only needs one cat skin to use Dominate Cat; she does not need to kill another cat every time she casts the spell!

It will be seen that casting Witchcraft is often not a quick process, frequently requiring a fair amount of preparation. This gives ample role-playing opportunities; how does the Witch get hold of a lock of hair of her intended victim? What if she is caught while performing some strange ceremony by the light of the moon? It is also worth bearing in mind that the magick items created are themselves incriminating; an Adventurer carrying a Witch's charm (no matter how benign) may well be accused of Witchcraft themselves.

Note: Any spell in the *RuneQuest II* Sorcery chapter which is not mentioned here is not available in *Clockwork & Chivalry*.

Abjure (Substance/Process)*

RuneQuest II p.130

Ingredients: This spell may be cast at its lowest level (no Magnitude) with no ingredients. At higher levels, a small clay bottle containing the substance to be abjured, together with a lock of hair of the person (or people) on whom the spell is to be cast, must be worn round the neck. More abstract processes (such as sleep, dreams, pain, etc.) might require more creative ideas for ingredients, at the Games Master's discretion. (For instance, in the case of sleep, it might be the crusty stuff you wipe from your eyes in the morning!)

Animate (Substance)*

RuneQuest II p.130

Ingredients: A tiny sliver of the substance to be animated, tied in a knot in a piece of string. It takes 30 seconds to tie a knot, and the spell is then cast by untying the knot again. Any number of knots can be tied in a piece of string, but each knot in the same string must contain the same substance. In the case of insubstantial substances like wind, the knot must be tied while the string is being affected by the substance (e.g. to put wind in a knot, the spell would have to be cast outdoors on a windy day).

Note: Witches commonly create strings with winds in the knots to sell to sailors.

Attract (Harm)

RuneQuest II p.130

Ingredients: A lock of hair or a fingernail of the intended victim.

Banish*

RuneQuest II p.130

Ingredients: Holy water taken (legitimately or

otherwise) from a church.

Note: Demonic entities (despite belief in them) are few and far between in *Clockwork & Chivalry*, but this will work on ghosts.

Bless Crops*

Autonomous, Special

This spell will ensure that crops are free of blight, pests, and other such problems. Duration is in days per Magnitude, rather than the usual minutes. Each point of Magnitude blesses 1 square metre of crops. If cast at its lowest level in the days immediately prior to harvest, it guarantees that what is harvested will be good and wholesome, though if the crops have been suffering from blight for some time, the yield may be low.

This spell can also negate the effect of a Blight Crops spell of the same Magnitude or lower.

Ingredients: The skin of a rabbit wrapped round a dried frog, buried in the ground where the crops are planted.

Note: Characters with this spell automatically gain the Blight Crops spell.

Bless Livestock*

Autonomous, Special

This spell will ensure that livestock (cattle, sheep, pigs, poultry, etc.) are healthy, and give good yields of milk, wool, meat, eggs or whatever. Duration is in days per Magnitude rather than the usual minutes. Each point of Magnitude blesses one animal in the herd/flock. Creatures so blessed will not become ill or give low yields, though this will not prevent death from physical attack or old age.

This spell can also negate the effect of a Blight Livestock spell of the same Magnitude or lower.

Ingredients: The blood of a bull painted on the forehead of one of the animals in the flock.

Note: Characters with this spell automatically gain the Blight Livestock spell.

Blight Crops

Autonomous, Special

This spell will cause crops to fail and wither, or become infested with pests and other such problems. Duration is in days per Magnitude, rather than the usual minutes. Each point of Magnitude blights 1 square metre of crops. If cast at its lowest level in the days immediately prior to harvest, it guarantees that what is harvested will be of poor quality and will rot quickly, though if the crops have been well-



maintained up to that point, the yield may be high.

This spell can also negate the effect of a Bless Crops spell of the same Magnitude or lower.

Ingredients: The skin of a poisonous snake (usually an adder in England) wrapped around a rotten apple and buried in the land on which the crops are growing.

Note: Characters with this spell automatically gain the Bless Crops spell.

Blight Livestock

Autonomous, Special

This spell will cause livestock (cattle, sheep, pigs, poultry, etc.) to grow sickly and give low yields of milk, wool, meat, eggs or whatever. Duration is in days per Magnitude rather than the usual minutes. Each point of Magnitude blights one animal in the herd/flock. Creatures so blighted will not die, but will become ill and sickly-looking; milk yields will be small and sour, meat will be tough and stringy and eggs sulphurous and stinky.

This spell can also negate the effect of a Bless Livestock spell of the same Magnitude or lower.

Ingredients: The heart of a bull stuck with pins, to be buried on the land on which the animals live.

Note: Characters with this spell automatically gain the Bless Livestock spell.

Boost Duration*

Autonomous

This spell takes a fair amount of preparation, but greatly increases the amount of time a spell lasts. It can only be used on spells which have ingredients, and in which the ingredients are not used directly on the caster or target. The spell causes the duration of the spell to be increased by a time unit; a spell whose duration is in minutes will last that number of hours instead; a spell which should last hours lasts days; a spell which should last days lasts months.

Ingredients: The caster must first hunt down and kill a swan. (Note that this is a hanging offence in England, where all swans officially belong to the monarch, though the current lack of a monarch may make it difficult to press charges!). Once the swan is killed, it must be skinned. The skin is then used to line a pit, which is sealed with a flat stone. All these things must be done by the caster; if the swan is killed or skinned by anyone else, the spell will not work. Any spell ingredient put into this pit after the spell is cast (poppet, fingernails, etc) will last longer than otherwise.

Castback*

RuneQuest II p.131

Ingredients: This does not require ingredients, but the caster must make the gesture of blocking the spell with an open hand; if the caster has no hands free, the spell cannot be cast.

Combust

Autonomous, Resist (Resilience)

Causes a living being to burst into flame. Each point of Magnitude causes 1D6 points of fire damage per combat round, until the duration of the spell is complete, or the fire is put out (smothered, drenched with water, etc). The damage is to a hit location chosen by the caster. Each extra point of Magnitude can cause extra damage to the same location, or to another location. If enough damage is done in a single round to kill a person, they will, in effect, explode in a fireball, probably setting fire to anything else flammable within 5m.

Ingredients: The ash from a burnt hank of hair of the target, which is scattered in the air as the spell is cast.

Damage Enhancement

RuneQuest II p.131

Ingredients: Three drops of blood from the last person the weapon injured.

Damage Resistance*

RuneQuest II p.131

Ingredients: A lock of the target's hair is tied round a reflective object (often a small mirror, though a polished spoon or something similar would do); preparation takes 30 seconds. The target then carries the object on their person. When they wish to activate the spell, they touch the object and say the words "May my God protect me." This takes one Combat Action.

Diminish (Characteristic)

RuneQuest II p.131

Ingredients: A small poppet (a little doll) representing the victim must be made, containing a lock of hair, some fingernails, or a small piece of clothing which has been worn by the victim. This takes 30 minutes. Pins are then stuck in the poppet while the spell is cast.

Note: Characters with this spell automatically gain the equivalent Enhance (Characteristic) spell.



Dominate (Species)

RuneQuest II p.131

Ingredients: The caster must have the skin of one of the type of creature to be controlled, though it need not be exactly the same species (e.g. a Witch wishing to dominate a wolf could use the skin of a small dog). The caster must touch the skin while casting the spell.

Earthpower

This spell is only taught by Cornish Witches.

Autonomous

There is power inherent in the rocks of Cornwall which can be tapped by those with the knowledge of how to do it. Casting this spell increases the Magnitude of the *next* spell cast by a Magnitude equal to the POW of the caster, even for Wise Women and Cunning Men without the Manipulate skill. The caster must be standing barefoot on naked rock, or touching a standing stone for the spell to take effect. The caster must have either been born in Cornwall or have lived in Cornwall for at least five years without a break for the spell to work.

Ingredients: None

Note: There may be variations of this spell for other counties, at the Games Master's discretion.

Elemental Downpour

Autonomous

Clockwork & Chivalry p. 120

This has exactly the same effect as the Alchemy spell, though range, duration, etc., are affected as per the Sorcery Manipulation Table, as usual for Witchcraft spells.

Ingredients: The spell must be cast on a willow twig (at least 10cm long) outdoors on a rainy day. This takes 10 seconds. The spell is then activated by snapping the twig.

Enhance Characteristic*

RuneQuest II p.132

Ingredients: This spell requires no ingredients, but the caster must touch the target over the heart for 30 seconds.

Note: Characters with this spell automatically gain the equivalent Diminish (Characteristic) spell.

Fly*

RuneQuest II p.132

Ingredients: An ointment containing various herbs, plus body parts from at least two flying creatures (flies, birds, bats, etc). This takes an hour to prepare, then the ointment is rubbed on the person who wishes to fly which causes the spell to activate.

Note: A Witch with Magnitude 60% or higher can cast this spell permanently on an object such as a besom (broomstick), a tree branch, or even a goat! This requires the above ingredients, plus a two hour ritual outdoors on a full-moon night. The Witchcraft roll is made at the end of this ritual, and if successful, the object gains the power of flight with whatever range and duration the caster chose. It can be activated with a simple command, but only works for the person who created it. If the object is broken (or dies!) the spell effect is lost, and will not return even if the object is mended. Witches often ride to sabbats on besoms, though some have been known to fly on animals.

Focus Magick

Special

This ceremonial spell is used by Satanic covens to focus the magick of a whole group into one powerful spell. The spell allows the caster to combine the Magnitudes of all people present in the ceremony to add to another spell, which then becomes more powerful. The spell requires ten minutes of dancing and chanting for every person involved in the ceremony, and if the ceremony is interrupted and 10% of those taking part are prevented from chanting, it must be begun again from the beginning. (If the caster of the spell is interrupted, it must be restarted even if all the others are still taking part). In such a situation, the Magnitude of those removed from the ceremony will be lost. While the ceremony is taking place, the Witch who is casting the spell must add the ingredients to a cauldron in the centre of the circle of dancers. At the end of the ceremony, the spell roll is made, and if successful, the caster can then cast any spell she wishes, adding the Magnitudes of all those present to boost its power. See p.78 for the incantation which is chanted while the ceremony is going on.

E.g. Mother Demdike gathers her coven together to cast an Elemental Downpour spell. She has twelve other Witches with her, who have the Manipulation skill at 67%, 43%, 21%, 59%, 42%, 52%, 82%, 70%, 31%, 41%, 56% and 65%. Her own Manipulation skill is 89%. This gives her a total of $6+4+2+5+4+5+8+7+3+4+5+6+8=67$ points of Manipulation to add to the spell. This means she can



summon up a torrential downpour covering a diameter of 670m – enough to cause major and disastrous flooding which, if the spell is unleashed near a river, could cause bridges to be washed away and houses destroyed far downstream.

Ingredients: A monkey's head, a cat's brain, a weasel's eye, a rat's tail, mugwort, mastic, myrrh, foam from a mad dog's lips gathered during an eclipse of the moon, ashes from the shroud of a plague victim, three eels, the bones of a toad, a seal's liver, flesh from a pig which has eaten its own offspring, a wolf's tooth, a hare's foot, the blood of a weasel, an ape's skull, a baboon's skull, a leopard's skull, three Eagle Owl feathers, three Jackdaw feathers, three Magpie feathers, three feathers from any other carrion bird or bird of prey, a fig, and a seed from a cypress tree. Stir together in a cauldron and simmer for 10 x the number of participants in minutes. Leave to cool. Not to be taken internally.

Glow*

RuneQuest II p.133

Ingredients: A pinch of powdered firefly, scattered in the air when the spell is cast.

Haste*

RuneQuest II p.133

Ingredients: A lock of hair of the target must be wrapped round the back leg-bone of a hare. The target then carries the object on their person. When they wish to activate the spell, they touch the object and say the words "May my God give me the speed of a hare." This takes one Combat Action.

Note: Characters with this spell automatically gain the equivalent Hinder spell.

Hinder

RuneQuest II p.133

Ingredients: A lock of hair of the target must be wrapped round a live slug. When the caster wishes the spell to be cast, they must pour salt on the slug, killing it. The spell is activated when the slug dies. (This takes about 30 seconds).

Note: Characters with this spell automatically gain the equivalent Haste spell.

Intuition*

RuneQuest II p.133

Ingredients: No ingredients are needed, but the caster must make eye contact with the target.

Mystic Vision*

RuneQuest II p.133

Ingredients: The caster must make a broth containing mandrake root and hellebore (plus seasoning to taste). Finding the ingredients requires a successful Lore (Herbs) roll and 1D4 hours in a rural place. Making the potion itself takes 30 minutes. The spell is activated when the broth is drunk. A Fumble on the Witchcraft roll has the effect of a Sleeping Draught (*RuneQuest II p.57*) and the caster has vivid dreams which seem to be memories of seeing magickal things, but all such visions are false.

Neutralise Magic*

RuneQuest II p.133

Ingredients: This requires no ingredients, merely a short invocation.

Palsy

RuneQuest II p.134

Ingredients: This spell can be cast without ingredients, simply by making eye contact with the victim. The victim will recover normally from the injury. For a more permanent version of this spell, a small poppet (a little doll) representing the victim must be made, containing a lock of hair, some fingernails, or a small piece of clothing which has been worn by the victim. This takes 30 minutes. A pin is then stuck in the poppet while the spell is cast; if this is done, the victim will not recover without magickal healing using either the Witchcraft spell Restoration, or the Alchemy spell Mend Body.

Phantom (Sense)

RuneQuest II p.134

Ingredients: None, but the caster must be able to make eye contact with the target(s).

Protective Ward*

RuneQuest II p.134

This spell works exactly as described, requiring a ward to be inscribed.

Project (Sense)

RuneQuest II p.135

Ingredients: A dried and mummified sense organ of the type required (eye for sight, ear for hearing, etc). It will work with animal body parts, but the caster



will be at -20% to all Perception tests in such a case, and also at -20% to casting any piggy-backed spell; human organs work best!

Regenerate*

RuneQuest II p.135

Ingredients: A poultice made from assorted herbs which require 1 hour and a successful Lore (Plants) roll.

Restoration*

RuneQuest II p.135

Ingredients: A poultice made from assorted herbs which require 1 hour and a successful Lore (Plants) roll. This is the only Witchcraft spell which can remove a permanent Palsy spell.

Scry*

Concentration

This spell allows the caster to see a distant place or person by looking into a bowl of water. The person to be watched must have been seen by the caster at least once in the past, or the place to be watched must have been visited by the caster at least once. The caster chooses the target while casting the spell, and then must continue concentrating to keep the target in sight. No other senses are detected by this spell, so while the caster can see the target's lips move, no voices can be heard.

Ingredients: A special metal scrying bowl must be prepared; the Scry spell must be cast on a metal bowl, outdoors under a full moon. Once enchanted in this way, the bowl can be used for scrying, but if it ever gets used for another purpose (e.g. soup!) it must be rededicated with another Scry spell under the full moon before it will work again.

Sense (Object or Substance)*

RuneQuest II p.135

Ingredients: A piece of material is painted with a pentagram and other arcane symbols, on which the spell is cast in a 30 second ritual. The material is then tied to a cockerel, which will walk until it finds the substance and then peck and scratch at the substance in question. Obviously, if the spell is a failure, the cockerel may well just find a tasty piece of food and peck and scratch there instead. The range of the spell is limited by the walking ability of a cockerel, which is about 1km, after which it will be too tired to continue.

Shapechange (Species) to (Species)*

RuneQuest II p.135

Ingredients: The caster must have a skin of the creatures to be shapechanged from and to. If the caster is using the spell to change herself or another human into an animal, she does not need a human skin, as she already lives in one; but she must have a skin of the creature into which she wishes to turn herself or the target.

Smother

RuneQuest II p.136

Ingredients: A small poppet (a little doll) representing the victim must be made, containing a lock of hair, some fingernails, or a small piece of clothing which has been worn by the victim. This takes 30 minutes. The poppet is then held underwater, and the victim suffers the effects of drowning.

Note: Witches cannot use this spell to extinguish fires.

Spell Resistance*

RuneQuest II p.136

Ingredients: The caster must wear an amulet (usually of wood or stone) carved with an eye. Making one requires half an hour and a suitable Craft skill roll.

Tap (Characteristic)

RuneQuest II p.137

A small poppet (a little doll) representing the victim must be made, containing a lock of hair, some fingernails, or a small piece of clothing which has been worn by the victim. This takes 30 minutes. Pins are then stuck in the poppet while the spell is cast.

Treat Wounds

RuneQuest II p.137

A poultice is made from assorted herbs which requires 1 hour and a successful Lore (Plants) roll.

Familiars

Witches often use Familiars, which tend to be an animal or bird that lives with them as a household pet. The rules for Familiars work exactly the same as those in *Clockwork & Chivalry*, pp. 125-7, except that Witches use the Dominate (Species) spell in place of the Dominate Familiar (Species) spell. It is



Chapter VII: Witchcraft

said by Witch Finders that Familiars are actually imps or evil spirits sent from Satan, and they suckle on secret hidden nipples, which are usually to be found in unusual places where nipples ought not to

be. This has no basis in truth, but Witch Finders will often use the discovery of a mole, scar or birthmark as evidence of the "Devil's Mark", the place where the familiar has been suckling.



Appendix

The following statistics use the general hit points rules from *RuneQuest II* p.96. Games Masters wanting all NPCs to have individual hit locations can calculate them in the usual way using the table in *RuneQuest II*, p.10

Cavalry

This profile covers **Royalist Scouts, Heavy Cavalry, Cuirassiers and Harquebusiers.**

STR 11 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 10
POW 10 DEX 11 CHA 10

SR 11 CA 2 DM 0

Hit Points: 11

Skills for all: Evade 45%, Mortuary Sword 45% (1D8), Persistence 55%, Resilience 59%, Ride 60%, Unarmed 55% (1D3)

Skills for Scouts: Carbine 56% (2D6+1)

Skills for Heavy Cavalry and Harquebusiers: Sword and Pistol 59% (1D8/1D6+2)

Armour for Scouts: Breastplate. 6AP to Chest, -2 to SR

Armour for Heavy Cavalry and Harquebusiers: Breastplate, Lobsterpot Helmet and Leather Coat; 6 AP to Head and Chest; 1 AP to Arms and Abdomen, -3 to SR

Armour for Cuirassiers: Full Plate. 6AP all locations, -9 to SR

Infantry

STR 10 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 9
POW 11 DEX 12 CHA 11

SR 11 CA 2 DM 0

Hit Points: 11

Skills: Evade 50%, Flintlock Musket 60% (1D8+1), Persistence 44%, Pike* 56% (1D8+1+1D2) Resilience 55%, Sword (Short Sword) 56% (1D6+1D2), , Ride 64%

* Note that pikes will only be carried by troops in battle, not for everyday patrol!

Armour was very variable, as there were no official uniforms and soldiers used what they could get their hands on. For instance, all wore hats or caps, but not all were armoured. For ease, here are three different selections.

Armour Set 1: Leather coat; 1 AP to Abdomen, Chest, Arms: -1 to SR

Armour Set 2: Leather Coat, Leather Trousers, Lobsterpot Helm; 1 AP to Legs, Abdomen, Chest, Arms; 6 AP to head: -3 to SR

Armour Set 3: Leather Coat, Breast- and Back Plates, Lobsterpot Helm; 1 AP to Arms, Abdomen; 6 AP to Chest, Head: -3 SR

Miners

STR 14 CON 10 SIZ 13 INT 9
POW 9 DEX 11 CHA 7

SR 10 CA 2 DM +1D2

Hit Points: 12

Dagger 40% (1D4+1D2), Evade 46%, Perception 55%, Pick Axe 50% (1D6+1+1D2) Persistence 38%, Resilience 56%, Survival 56%, Unarmed 45% (1D3+1D2)

Peasants

STR 9 CON 7 SIZ 10 INT 9
POW 9 DEX 10 CHA 6

SR 10 CA 2 DM -1D2

Hit Points: 9

Dagger 40% (1D4-1D2), Evade 39%, Perception 55%, Persistence 48%, Resilience 39%, Survival 56%, Unarmed 45% (1D3-1D2)

Farmers are likely to have Pitchfork 45% (1D8-1D2) – use Trident statistics.

Pirates

STR 13 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 10
POW 10 DEX 11 CHA 10

SR 11 CA 2 DM 0

Hit Points: 11

Evade 36%, Perception 55%, Persistence 38%, Resilience 29%, Shiphandling 45%, Survival 56%, Unarmed 25% (1D3)

Cornish Pirates will have Cutlass 50% (1D6+1)

Barbary Corsairs will have Scimitar 50% (1D8)

Satanic Cultists

STR 9 CON 7 SIZ 10 INT 11
POW 9 DEX 10 CHA 11

SR 10 CA 2 DM -1D2

Hit Points: 9

Dagger 30% (1D4-1D2), Evade 39%, Manipulation 50%, Perception 55%, Persistence 58%, Resilience 32%, Unarmed 45% (1D3-1D2)

Witches

STR 9 CON 8 SIZ 10 INT 15
POW 13 DEX 10 CHA 10

SR 13 CA 3 DM -1D2

Hit Points: 9

Dagger 400% (1D4-1D2), Evade 39%, Manipulation 60%, Perception 55%, Persistence 58%, Resilience 32%, Unarmed 45% (1D3-1D2), Witchcraft 60%

Spells: Any 10 spells from Chapter VII

Wreckers

STR 14 CON 10 SIZ 13 INT 9
POW 9 DEX 11 CHA 7

SR 10 CA 2 DM +1D2

Hit Points: 12

Club (1D6+1D2) Dagger 35% (1D4+1D2), Evade 46%, Perception 55%, (1D6+1+1D2) Persistence 38%, Resilience 56%, Survival 56%, Unarmed 45% (1D3+1D2)

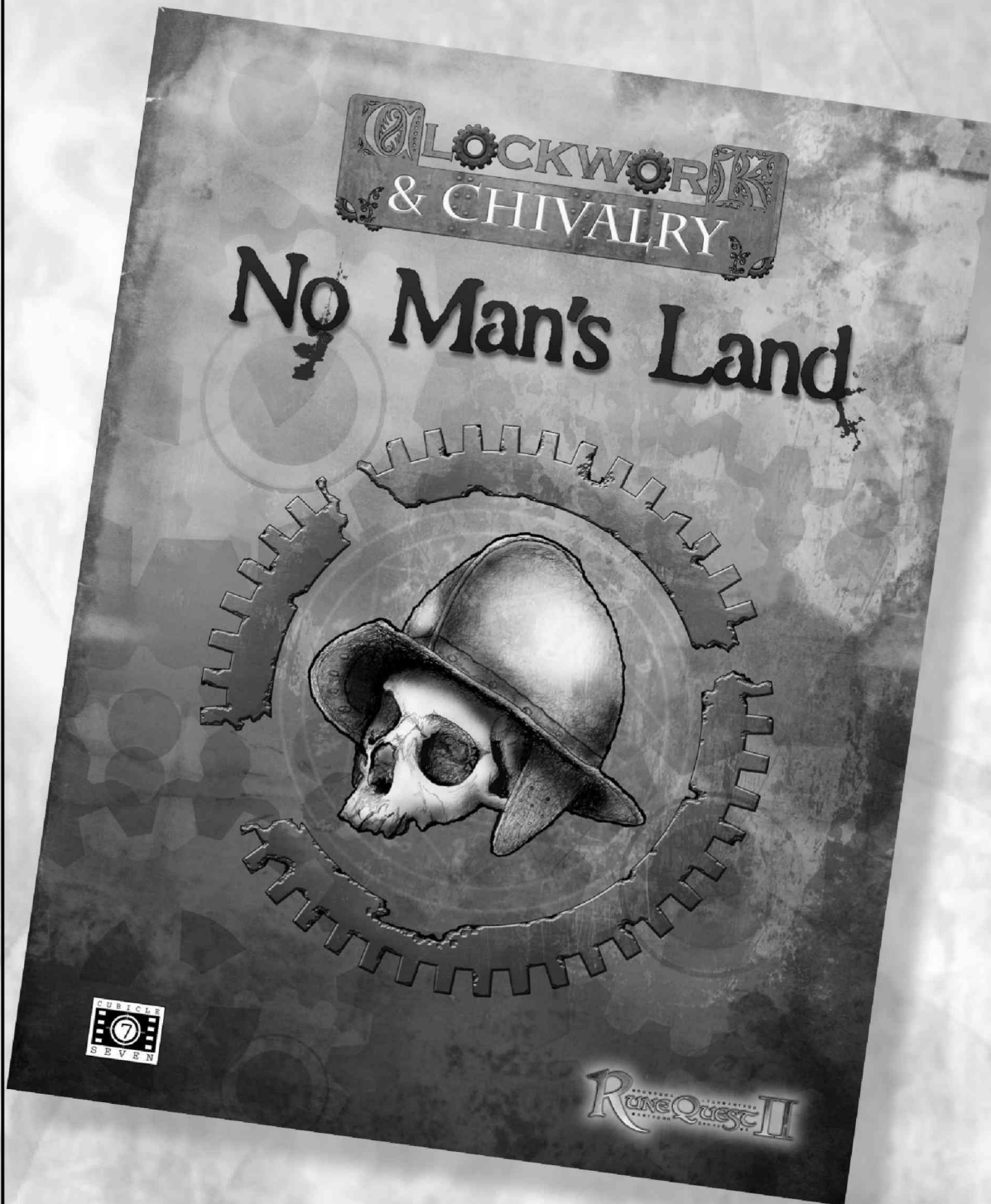


*Volume III of the epic
Kingdom &
Commonwealth
Campaign*

In most of England, an uneasy peace still holds, following the horrific events at Naseby. But in the Debatable Lands, on the outskirts of Birmingham, the conflict continues. Cavaliers and Roundheads are bogged down in muddy trenches, fighting over every inch of blasted ground. Clockwork death machines grind across the landscape; magically-created disease miasmas drift on the breeze and settle in the craters left by the incessant cannon barrages. And in the despoiled wastelands round about, rival gangs on stolen Iron Horses fight over scarce resources, obscure points of theology, and access to the Winding Stations they need to keep their vehicles running.

Somewhere in this bloody chaos, the renegade Clockwork Alchemist, Lady Arabella Blackwood, is up to no good. Can the Adventurers find her before she achieves her nefarious aims?

No Man's Land can be played as a stand-alone adventure, but also forms the third episode of the epic Kingdom & Commonwealth Campaign for *Clockwork & Chivalry*.



Requires the *Clockwork & Chivalry Worldbook* and the *RuneQuest II Core Rulebook*, available from Mongoose Publishing.

No Man's Land – alternate history for RuneQuest II

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Volume II of the Kingdom & Commonwealth Campaign

There are those who claim that witches don't exist! They also claim that tales of curses and crop blights, of midnight sabbats and dark conspiracies, are the fevered imaginings of fanatical Witch Finders. Those people have never been to Cornwall.

In that wild and sea-girt land, the Witch Queen rules through sorcery and fear, and the Royalist majority seem to be in thrall to her evil will.

The Adventurers are sent on a mission to this bleak, remote and sinister place, where they must struggle through a maze of witches, wreckers and pirates, miners, fanatics and superstitious peasants, to find the truth behind a growing evil which could swallow up the whole of England.

Thou Shalt Not Suffer can be played as a stand-alone adventure, but also forms the second episode of the epic Kingdom & Commonwealth Campaign for Clockwork & Chivalry. Alongside a complete adventure are new rules for Witchcraft and information on those who practice it.

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