



The Middlerlands Expanded

Setting Expansion

Nagy • Nolan • Seal

The Midderlands Expanded

More green-hued, twisted, dark-fantasy, old-school mini-setting.
Now expanded to include the whole of the British Isles and beyond.

The first book (The Midderlands – An OSR Mini-setting & Bestiary) focused on the land-locked Midderlands, a twisted version of central England.

This book expands the setting to include the whole of Havenland, Scotland, Oldenwale, Emeraude, and beyond.

Learn about Bear Maw, Darkpool, H'sst-Akal, Middercastle, Queensmyr, Scar Burg, the Great Wall of Hadreen and many more locations.

Explore the shipwrecks of the coast, and be harried by Gloomcrabs, Sharkfolk, Leviathan Spawn and more.

Learn of the dangers of the neighbouring countries, Gaulandia and the Serpentlands.

This book is full of more horrors and threats to the safety of not only the midderfolk, but havenfolk at large. Sea monsters, threats of invasion, countryside travel, island enclaves, and ship combat to name a few.

This expanded setting gives more opportunity for adventure and who doesn't love adventure?



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CONTAINS
STRONG LANGUAGE &
GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS

Authors: Glynn Seal, Edwin Nagy, and Mark Nolan.
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The Queen's Royal Guard

The great midfolk listed below, backed this book and succumbed to the foulness of the Muckulus skin and/or Serpentking leather covers. For that huge service to Her Royal Majesty, Elspeth IV, Queen of all Havenland, they are remembered here forever...

Muckulus Skin Cover

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Chainsaw

M Blake

Iaramiewall

Odin

Serpentking Cover

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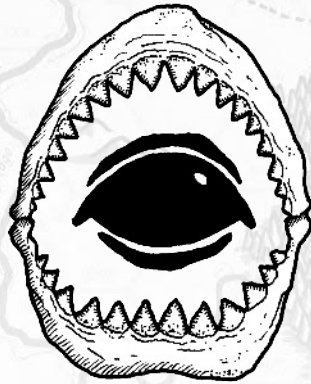
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FOREWORD

The first thing I ever learned about Glynn Seal's 'The Midderlands' was that it had a theme of the color green. This didn't exactly grab me as a "must see" idea, and for a while I didn't think any more about it. Rather like Arthur Dent taking note of the color "yellow" and then going on about his business. It's a good example of the way the Internet can provide exactly the least significant detail about something that's actually quite extraordinary, because once I actually *looked* at The Midderlands book I was completely enchanted. The writing, and Glynn's artwork, immediately threw me back into memories of the old White Dwarf magazine back in the days when Russ Nicholson's artistic stamp defined the look and feel, and when the writing had a dark, uniquely-British approach to fantasy gaming. Glynn's artwork has a definitely Nicholson vibe to it — a sort of grotty Gothic-Tudor mix to the architecture and a distinctly not-high-fantasy look to the people and monsters who inhabit the place.

The Midderlands covered a fairly small area, a large mini-campaign, if you will. This book is an expansion beyond the borders of The Midderlands mini-campaign, bringing in the important additional features of country borders and seacoasts. The absence of those features didn't hurt The Midderlands as a book — in fact, they would be problematic for just dropping The Midderlands into a pre-existing campaign world. In this book, and its accompanying maps, Glynn's objective was to provide a wider scope for those who want to use The Midderlands in its own proper context. I think he has succeeded admirably at the task of giving enough detail to create what's now a true campaign region, but without overloading the area with so much detail that the GM feels constrained rather than inspired.

You're about to read something quite unique and very skilfully executed. If you haven't been here before, welcome to the twisted, thank-god-Europe-wasn't-actually-like-this world of The Midderlands!

Matt Finch

Introduction

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Hello to Jim Magnusson's Mom, Gunilla! To my Dad, Johnnie Punter, who has sailed beyond the sunset, I dedicate my work in this book. Stevie P.

Thanks for the support: Brett Bloczynski, Peter Day, Eric Fabiaschi, Matt Finch, Zach Glazar, Greg Gorgonmilk, Larry Hamilton, Jason Hobbs, John Large, Newt Newport, Gavin Norman, Sean P. Kelley, Venger Satanis, Jeff Talanian, Erik Tenkar, Shane Ward, All of the Google+, Facebook, and Twitter followers who shared, posted, and spread the gloom-laced words, the respective tabletop gaming communities, and anyone I have embarrassingly missed...

3 Toadstools

(<http://3toadstools.blogspot.com/>)

Bud's RPG Review

(www.youtube.com/c/budsrpgreview)

D101 Games

(<http://d101games.com/>)

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WELCOME

Welcome to The Midderlands Expanded, a collection of more content for The Midderlands – a green-hued, dark-fantasy roleplaying game setting. In the same way that the original, *The Midderlands – An OSR Setting & Bestiary*, was written for use with *Swords & Wizardry* and other old school fantasy roleplaying games, this book continues in the same manner.

A Note on Acronyms

Through the course of the book, and because I am lazy, I want to set out some acronyms that I will use later to refer to the published products thus far. These are:

- **TM:** *The Midderlands – An OSR Setting & Bestiary*. This was the first 224-page book in the series.
- **TME:** *The Midderlands Expanded*. That is this 224-page book you have in your hands or on your screen. It is the second book in the series and contains some information found in both TMA and TMAII.
- **TMA:** *The Midderlands Additions*. A 32-page PDF/softcover book of additional content. Only available via www.drivethrurpg.com and www.rpgnow.com.
- **TMAII:** *The Midderlands Additions II*. A further 32-page PDF/softcover book of additional content. Only available via www.drivethrurpg.com and www.rpgnow.com.
- **TMM:** *The Midderlands Hexmap*.
- **HIM:** *The Haven Isles Hexmap*.

The First Cut

As the content for the first TM book was laid out in 8-point text, I began to worry about its readability. I consider myself young at heart, but even I now need reading glasses. My initial plan to produce a 192-page book had to change.

Increasing the text to 9-point looked much better. So, I decided to add another 32 pages, making it 224 pages. This has its downside, mostly related to shipping costs due to increased size and weight. Still, it needed to be awesome. As I laid it out further, I ended up with 234 pages. I restructured the layout and had to cut a little bit of stuff out. That stuff is in this book.

One sacrifice was the Mud Cow. I love this pack animal. It has a lot of character. You can still see it in the TM book – its silhouette is right there – on page 87. It is still listed in the Monster Quick Reference Table on the rear endpaper too. You can find a few more references to the Mud Cow in the TM book:

- **Page 46:** Kildrellan was almost killed by a stampeding herd.
- **Page 209:** An ex-gloombugger, Obediah Poddington, has some special shoes made with mud cow hide.
- **Page 211:** A dozen of them, grazing in Hex 2320 – until they get rudely interrupted.

Head over to the Bestiary and Folk chapters of this book to find out more.

Why Expand?

The first book focused on the land-locked Middlerlands, an area I know well. In terms of a campaign area, it is small – approximately 45 miles by 35 miles – which allows for a feeling of close ties and for the actions of the player characters to have a tangible influence.

I have been to Haven's End, Ill Faircombe, Blymouth, Great Lunden, Windsour, Caer Oldenwale, Bellthorp... the list goes on. I realised that I know quite a bit about some of the other locations around my fair island home. I love the sea, the rugged hills and mountains of Oldenwale, and I frequently take trips to Bear Maw.

I realised I could use the same approach as I used in *The Middlerlands* to twist and mould other locations, and finally make my way to the seas and discover the other landmasses at its borders.

Ports, shipwrecks, Gaulandia, Scotland, Oldenwale, Emerald, and the Serpentlands could all be used to make the setting larger and introduce more alarming horrors and threats to the safety of not only the middlerfolk, but havenfolk at large. Sea monsters, threats of invasion, countrywide travel, island enclaves, ship combat to name a few. An expanded setting gave more opportunity for adventure and who doesn't love adventure?

Shaffingfield should not be in Darbyshire!

For those who are closer to the real-world geography in this twisted version of the British Isles, I made a lot of this stuff up,

so please do not be offended by my carefree movement of real life borders and places. I also took light-hearted liberties with much of the perceived local culture where I could too – all in the spirit of fun and gaming. As with everything in this book, if there is something that you don't like or doesn't fit, change it!

The Collective Lands

In the real-world, of which this setting is based, the countries of England (Havenland), Scotland (Scotland), Ireland (Emeraude), and Wales (Oldenwale) are known as the British Isles.

The United Kingdom is slightly different as it does not include southern Ireland.

Great Britain is just Havenland, Scotland, and Wales.

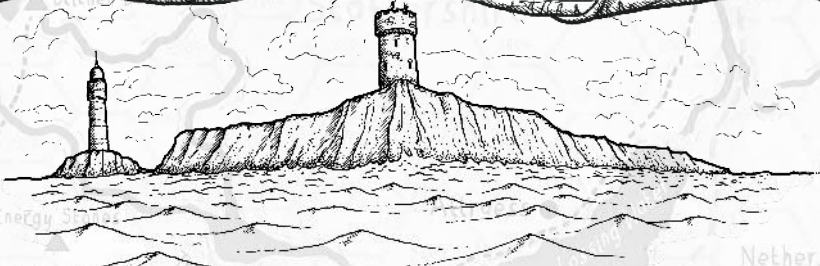
For setting purposes, all of Havenland, Scotland, Oldenwale and any islands in their borders can be considered to be The Haven Isles. Emerald, Gaulandia, and the Serpentlands remain their own countries outside of the collective.

Living as a Havenlander

The other day, I was thinking about what it would feel like to live as a commoner in The Haven Isles. After all, the malevolence is everywhere, but just under the surface. The havenlanders have become accustomed to and live with it.

I thought about what that must be like, living life knowing that mostly-unseen terrors lurk in the dark nearby. Then it hit me... Arachnophobia.

I fucking hate spiders! I know they are there, and as long as I cannot see them,



everything is fine. I continue my existence with my phobia and everything is normal until I see one. Then I freak out. I have learned that spiders tend to stay in one place until mating season, and then the HUGE ones come out to play. I know that if I leave my windows open they will come inside and lay eggs in my mouth and ears while I sleep. Braver people than I live in dangerous places all over the real world, so why should living in The Haven Isles be any different?

This is what I was looking for!

Havenlanders are mostly phobic about the terrors, living in varying degrees of anxiety, but living nevertheless. They know what areas to stay away from, and when the seasonal shifts in activity occur, they know when it is safe and when it is not. They have become accustomed to living with the uncertainty and death.

Welcome to The Haven Isles.

More 'Game Juice'

This book is full of more 'game juice', which is just enough text to provide inspiration and adventure hooks, but without getting bogged down in unnecessary setting canon. It is full of freshly-fallen acorns awaiting a Game Master to cultivate them into adventuring oaks. This book does not tell you everything, leaving you to riff off the text

and create your own kind of setting experience. Enjoy it.

How Much Gloomium?

You can 'greenify' the campaign setting as little or as much as you like, there is no right or wrong way to handle it. Just use it in a way that makes you comfortable and allows you to have fun.

You can have a relatively normal game environment above ground – although tinges of the gloomium taint should be mentioned on occasion – but below ground the greenness gets more evident. You could just go full on green! Green potatoes, hair, and skin colour if you like – although be careful of those nasty Wodensblades.

The 'green' can also be as dangerous as you like too. Things like midderfog should be a visual effect and not harmful. For additional aesthetic effects on creatures and even characters, look at the Gloom-touched deformities on page 10 and 11 of the TM book. If you want there to be a more detrimental effect, then check the effects of holding onto a gloomium ingot on page 17 and 18 of the TM book.

Don't forget, the verdant-hues of the Midderlands gives the setting a hook with which to bring the twisted weirdness into play, but it is not sacrosanct. This is your campaign, bend it to your will.

Locations

HIGHWAYS & TRADEWAYS

The main routes across the Haven Isles remain in a mixed state of repair. Many were originally constructed by the Gomans over 2,000 years ago and are typically built of crushed and compacted stone, and then lined with ditches to handle any rainwater runoff. Along some more heavily used routes, the road surfaces were covered with stone cobbles to ensure they could withstand the passing of heavy carts and military soldiers. Over time this network of Goman roads has worn away to a series of connected, wide, muddy mires. Although efforts have been made to maintain the network, the results are patchy and inconsistent. Within a few miles of the Haven Isles' larger towns, the roads are mostly kept in good repair, but beyond this point, the tax funds available to the local lord or county dukes run too low to continue such efforts. It is not unknown for larger and wealthier merchants to pay for repairs to be made to the trade routes they commonly use. These private repairs help protect their goods by keeping them moving, and by reducing journey times they increase their profits. Some wealthy merchants have even built their own short routes and charge a toll for their use.

WOODLANDS & FORESTS

Aven Forest

This sprawling area of woodland is often called the Cote Wolds by locals. Hamlets and villages nestle in the stream-ridden valleys formed by the rolling hills north of Salisbury Plain. These woodlands are rife with stone circles, thorned briarlings, and some of the biggest deer in Havenland. These large, timid specimens, said to be 8-foot high at the shoulder, are rarely seen – to the point of being thought of as a myth by commonfolk. Another widely-held myth – as no-one living has seen it – is the 15-foot high, bipedal, half-man, half white stag known as The Great White Hart or Cern the Antlered God. Crowned with antlers of iron, Cern is usually accompanied by his pack of seven huge, loyal white wolves, Actaeone, Aranyane, Cybele, Herne, Nemestrine, Silvane, and Vidae. Cern and his wolf guard are no myth. Deep in the dense heart of Aven Forest in an area known as The Dark Cotes, stands an ancient ring of yews and oaks, their ancient trunks all but touching. Beyond this wooden bulwark is an old village lost to time where the long-dead still wander, a sentience seeming to lurk behind their empty eye sockets, fractured skulls, and exposed sinew. In the middle of village square sits a large pentacle formed from thorn and bramble bushes. Levitating three feet above it, standing upright, the Antlered God floats, unblinking and ever-watchful.



Brecken Forest

This massive forest spans the hills and valleys between the lower peaks of the Glammargan and South Powyd mountain ranges. The forest is thick and ancient, but thin in the mountains, often being smothered by heavy snowfall in the winter. Much of the forest remains untouched, but game trails do lead into its depths, many of them from the banks of the River Towery which runs through the forest. Where these game trails reach the river, the trees along the banks have been cleared and the lumber used to construct boats, small piers, and hunting cabins.

The Glammargan and South Powyd mountain ranges are the haunt of hugging snowbeasts.

The poison of the hugging snowbeasts is highly valued by the clans. Once caught, a snowbeast is restrained in a specially fashioned wooden cage to ensure the safety of its handlers as they milk it of its poison. Most of this rare liquid is used to coat the clan's weapons prior to battle, but when mixed with hoodedmycena – which grows in the centre of the forest – the resulting concoction can be used in a poultice which is exceptionally effective in treating severely infected wounds. This has given some clans an ungodly reputation because some of their warriors have survived what should have been mortal wounds.

Unscrupulous kinfolk are prepared sell small gourds of the poison to outsiders, although this is frowned upon by clan chieftains and elders. The poison is expensive to buy, but the cost can easily

be recouped in Gaulandia where it is much in demand at the royal court.

Camarth Forest

Stretching from the western coast almost as far as the River Thief and River Towy, the forest covers hills and flat land alike, swallowing up the western end of the Cairndyff–Fishcairn trade route. Locals often refer to the northern section of the forest that covers the trade route as ‘The Shiny Forest’. The boughs of certain trees along the road are often hung with gleaming trinkets, all just out of reach, even from those on horseback. These trees stand at the entrances to trails which lead away from the road, deep into the forest. Along the trail can be seen more trees hung with increasingly sparkly and tantalising trinkets – some of them of immense value. These ornaments have been placed by ocular goblins to bait humans into their traps. Despite multiple attempts to purge the forest of the ocular goblins they always reappear. Some murmur that they are protected by the thorned briarlings, but no-one really knows. After the last purging, an ocular goblin named OgLev rose to prominence, drawing the remaining goblins together. Bearing a distinctive broken front incisor and one misty green eye, OgLev is always the first to swing down from the trees in a raid to snatch a human. Slightly smarter than the average ocular goblin, and slightly nastier, it was OgLev who devised the trick of using stolen charms to lure humans to their horrific, upside-down demise. If the distraction provided by the trinkets is ineffective, an ocular goblin band will try to snatch a lone victim from the treeline, and rather than killing them,

slice them along the stomach and hang them upside down from a tree in the hope that their screams attract other potential victims. Anyone foolish enough to come to the aid of the screaming victim rarely has time to help before one or more ocular goblin bands leap down from the trees above.

The centre of the forest is home to a clan of thorned briarlings who can often be found striding through the undergrowth of the forest floor, stopping to check on the flora and fauna. Nestled in the southern part of the forest are the remnants of a once magnificent temple, its once sturdy stone walls and cobbles pierced by vines, roots, and branches. Only one building remains untouched by the local flora, a walled courtyard at the centre of which stands a giant oak tree, over 160 feet high. A feeling of peace descends on everything within a 200 feet radius of the great oak; animals of all size, shape, and nature wander through without any aggression towards each other.

The Oldenwale kinfolk who live nearby rarely venture into the forest. They have learned over time that the deeper they try and move into the forest, the more likely they are to lose their herds and children to the menace of dog spiders. So whilst they let their pigs forage under its eaves, they graze their herds on the greener flat lands away from the forest.

Chillingtern Wolds

Although this colossal wood sprawls across seven counties, most of it can be found in the county of Wilting & Avenshire. The wood also hides the

largest population of henge rats in all of Havenland. Deep beneath its roots, between Havenhenge and the River Tessel, in the gloomium-infused glow of fungi and crystals, King Grimetooth sits on a makeshift throne of dead rats. Unlike the scurrying and fearless henge rats he rules, the king is careful and cautious. Standing upright on hind legs, and towering over 7 feet tall, he wears a mish-mash of rusting chainmail and tatty leather. He wields a glowing scythe covered in the blood, skin, and fur of rats who fell victim to his furious rages. King Grimetooth has a retinue of three, somewhat smaller, but equally upright-standing and armour-wearing rats that do his dark, secret and manipulative bidding in the world above.

Dertmoor

Often referred to as the 'Home of Midderfog', Dertmoor is famous for its all-encompassing midderfog, which often clings to the moors for weeks at a time due to the moist, peaty land. Sluggish, mossy green rivers criss-cross Dertmoor feeding the many bogs that smother the lowlands. Passage across the moors is free, but dangerous, with many lone travellers falling prey to its dangers. One means of gaining safe passage across Dertmoor is to employ one of the marshland rats 'certified' as moor guides. As large as cats these filthy creatures are trained to sniff-out safe passage through the moor and wear collars from which hang discs marked with the number of times they have guided travellers safely across Dertmoor. The local lords have a monopoly over who can own and hire out a 'guide' rat. Duke Igor Salt takes a cut of

the monies made in hiring out the rats, but it is a matter of pride between lords over which rat has made the highest number of safe journeys. Rumour has it that traders and merchants whose interests conflict with those of the Duke unknowingly end up hiring an uncertified 'guide' rat. Each year, Duke Salt personally hosts the Bog Challenge. For several weeks prior to the event, the duke's men find fresh sections of Dertmoor and dig long trenches. Participants must swim the length of the trench using nothing but the hollowed-out leg bone of a marshland rat as a breathing tube. Each contestant is given a thirty second head start before flesh eels are released into the trench behind them. The fastest contestant of the day wins a prize-winning turnip and a live chicken of their choice. Those caught by the flesh eels die a quick and horrible death, the jeering of the crowd ringing in their ears. The duke uses the trench digging as an opportunity to look for things lost to the bogs over the years and his men often come across old treasures and other grislier discoveries.

Dertmoor is marked by many tors which stand proud of the land, their rocky tops providing points to rest or find refuge from the dangers of the bogs. On a clear day, it is said that from Watchers Tor, the highest peak in the county, you can see the sea. By royal decree the Duke of Devern must maintain a watch house atop Watchers Tor.

The watch house has grown over the years into a medium sized fort covering the rocky summit. Beneath it is a natural cave system which the current Duke rents out



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as storage space; leading to its nickname Watchers Stores. The stores are managed by a small, porcine, bespectacled man named Cedric. The duke is sure that Cedric is on the take, but the books always look perfect. However, the Duke does not press too hard as he has made use of Cedric's prodigious bookkeeping skills when preparing an account of the queen's taxes he owes, which is also why he knows he can't trust the slippery, podgy bastard.

The fort's perimeter gate is closed and barred at sunset. In the darkness, the howls of short-horned ratdogs drifting up from the midderfog are occasionally cut short, replaced by deathly whimpers followed by a squishy, tearing noise, then silence. No-one who has braved the moors by night to investigate the sounds below has returned, except Fred Cartwright; who admittedly, was quite mad before going out anyway. Rumour has it that he survived by climbing the menhir, God's Finger.

The moors and tors are also home to many menhirs. Seemingly randomly placed and always standing alone. The most well-known being:

- The Sheep's Phallus
- God's Finger
- Riverthyme
- Grey Reach

Dolmenwood

See Emeraude entry.

Gallows Forest

A prime source of wood for much of southern Scotland, the whole of Gallows Forest is under the strict and wealthy control of Thane Olga Lachmon, whose

claims of descent from an ancient clan are questionable, but only then from a safe distance. The thanes of Doomfreshire and South Argengyle often dispute this at annual gatherings, but the druids always consult the gods and find that her claim is valid. The woods are heavily worked by teams of loggers, hunters, and warriors, all paid by Thane Lachmon out of the proceeds of timber, meat, and fish sales to the rest of the lowland clans, and even by ship to Havenland and Emeraude.

The Gallows Pine grows tall and strong, and it makes for good ship masts, while much of the hardwood is sought after for furniture and decorative arts. While few question Lachmon's ancestry to her face, many enquire as to what secrets she has uncovered that make the forest so productive and a provider of such superior quality lumber. She always answers that it is just the blessing of the soil and the sun, and maybe she is telling the truth.

Great Northern Forests, The

Aside from the druid-infested village of Crasksin, the Great Northern Forest is a short, dark, and twisted grouping of trees, great only in the area it covers. Growing up and down the steep, rocky sides of the Scottish Highlands, the trees are constantly subject to the region's biting winds and prolonged periods without sun in the winter. It is home to long-haired mountain cows, red-furred deer, shaggy sheep, giant otters, and small game, but few if any large predators. That is, very few that live above ground. The forest's mountain grottos are home to trolls and ogres of all sorts, and Scotland's long,

deep, and narrow lochs shelter creatures of nightmares.

Gwydonia Forest

Covering the northern mountain ranges of Gwynsnow, the locals know it as The Living Forest. Its vast trees – some of the largest in Oldenwale and Havenland – cover lowlands and mountainsides alike, at least up to the snow-line where strange, five-footed tracks can be found.

Centuries ago, in a secluded glade, the four greatest Dragon Singers of their age battled Imposing Crusher Thangorin the Violator, a gloomium dragon of massive strength and power, with a grudge against those who disturbed his slumber. The battle raged for three days; waves of power rippled away from the battleground, tearing at the air and ground. On the eve of the third day, Thangorin reared onto his hind legs and smashing his mighty wings together created wisps of shifting green mist that grew and spread from the tips of his wings to encase both him and the dragon singers in a miasmatic sphere which seemed to hang in time before shrinking back to nothing and disappearing, leaving the forest glade empty.

The magic unleashed over the course of the three-day battle permeated the fabric of the forest and over the centuries it grew, becoming sentient. Exactly 200 years after the disappearance of Thangorin and the dragon singers, a new threat appeared. A branchspite golem named Mul'ush rampaged through the forest, ripping, killing, and destroying indiscriminately, each kill strengthening its gloomium heart. The then present

dragon singers and kinfolk united to destroy him. They were successful. As the spark from his eyes faded, the evil from his heart bled into the ground infecting it. Years later, a single seed within the droppings of a passing darkcrow took root on this corrupted land. Fed by the evil, it established and strengthened.

Over the years the malevolence grew, infesting more of the forest and its inhabitants, attracting evil to it. The forest centre crawls with gloom-touched and darker creatures, attracted to the surface by the forest's evil. The original tree stands at the centre of the malignity and at its core beats the gloomium heart of Mul'ush. This sentient tree controls many of the creatures that live within this dark place and they do its dark biddings.

There are few if any of the local inhabitants brave – or foolish – enough to enter the depths of Gwydonia Forest. Many believe – or hope – that the dragon singers have a village hidden deep in the forest, and it is from there that they are defending the forest, trying to stem the tide of evil from spilling out of the forest and into the rest of Oldenwale.

Hexenmoor

Hexenmoor guards the only passable land routes to Swinehead and Ill Faircombe. The steep and rocky land is rich with myths of the giants who strode the coastline long before man and goblin. Local legend says that after generations of fighting they grew weary, finally lying down and falling into a deep slumber. As the centuries passed, grass, moss, and the moor covered their enormous bodies, leaving the mountains. The most famous

of these are the twin mountains of Garlith and Gareel. A rocky arch that reaches from one to the other is said to be Garlith's arm stretching out to Gareel.

Pitted and misshapen stone crosses litter Hexenmoor, a luminescent green moss covering their northern face. They are rarely found in the same place twice; anyone returning to the location of a cross the next morning will find nothing more than a singed piece of short horned rat-dog fur. There is a growing trend within some circles to use a rouge made from the moss scraped from the stone crosses to give themselves vivid luminescent lips and lucid and sometimes harrowing hallucinations. This is a pursuit which only the nouveau riche can afford.

The unique origins of Hexenmoor's soil mean that it is fertile ground for many herbs, grasses, and small creatures that would struggle to survive in the rest of Havenland. All are harvested by locals known as Skanks and transported along the Hexen and Claw rivers into the more habitable areas of Devern; here they are used to make poultices, medicines, and some particularly flavoursome local drinks, such as Moor Mead.

Most of the moor used to be farmed by the Devern Skanks. However, in recent years the Dorsomset Skanks have pushed them back to The Post. This 10-foot-high landmark stands near the source of the River Claw, its length carved with gurning faces. A single mud cow skull sits atop the pole. The Devern Skanks fear that losing any more ground will lose them access to the River Claw and their ability to move their goods. The stink of marsh turf war is

in the air and Duke Salt is preparing to teach the Duke of Dorsomset a lesson.

Kelderburn Forest

Legend has it that the spirits of the long-dead haunt this deciduous forest. The main route from the south passes through it on its way north to Middercastle, and the legends – true or not – tend to keep most folk on the trade route and discourage them from venturing further into the forest. In the southern part of the forest southeast of the Kelderwater, lives a harras of equinians led by a noble-looking beast by the name of Grugalian Arfenwhist of the Dark Boughs. They have been seen snatching giant dragonfly off the Kelderwater.

In the north of the forest a darker creature resides. An angry, spite-filled golem, 12 feet tall and formed of dead branches, dry leaves, and forest detritus. The smell of decaying vegetation pervades the air. Inside, a heart of gloomium beats, filling arteries and veins with malice and evil. A single eye of glowing green light atop its vague-shaped head, sees all things in the forest for hundreds of feet around. It has dragged countless travellers into the ground to squeeze their lives out of them.

Laken Forest

Laken Forest is spread across the mountains and valleys of Cymbria. It is home to large expansive lakes and awe-inspiring peaks that break the ceaseless canopies. Home to Mount Fellscar and Greenmere Lake, the area is stunning and treacherous in equal measure, with predators and dangerous terrain in abundance.

Linkern Wolds

Linkern Wolds has a dark and sinister feel to it. Blood-daubed skulls and macabre fetishes hang from the shadowy boughs above, twigs snap and branches break and fall without anyone near. Rumours of dismembered ghosts, spine-chilling screams, and darkly-dressed druids practising vile rituals abound. The rumours are true and the Black Druids of Linkern Wolds ensure anyone entering 'their' domain is quick to leave.

Longchase Wolds

Often referred to as the Sea of Trees, the Longchase Wolds stretch across the south of Dorsomset, all but dividing this southern county in two. This seemingly eternal forest is a haven for bandits and over the years many treasures and stolen goods have been concealed in the forest and never recovered.

The main trade route from Great Lunden to Hexen Tor passes through Longchase Wolds. This section of the trade route is patrolled by Captain Saleece Mathews and her patrol of ten yeoman whom she commands with unwavering discipline. Middle-aged with long auburn hair set in braids reaching her waist, she is known as the Duchesses' Arrow. The nickname originating from her arrow-like ability to reach the Duchesses' aims. Riding up and down the Dorsomset section of the trade route, Captain Mathews is known for dispensing swift justice with her twin hammers and ruling on any disputes on the road, her decision being final. It is not uncommon to see a corpse hanging from a tree next to the road, its features caved in by a hammer.

Wild boar, deer and rabbits roam the forest in abundance, and some sections are protected by royal decree. This has not stopped some peasants from poaching in these areas, and justice is often swift and fatal. In recent years the numbers of bandits and poachers has decreased. More recently, Mathews has led expeditions into the forest, discovering bandit camps littered with corpses; all the corpses skinned and missing a limb, removed with a precision only known to the most-proficient butchers.

Malve Dearn

Straddling the borders of Oldenwale and Havenland, Malve Dearn is an ancient woodland. Every tree is said to contain the soul of an ancestor. Hunters and trappers only gather dead wood from the forest floor in Malve Dearn and make sure to keep their campfires away from the trees so as not to anger the ancestors. Near the middle of Malve Dearn stands a ring of ancient yew trees, known as The Great Fathers. With girths of 50 feet and canopies reaching 100 feet, each of these 27 trees is carved with mystic symbols and weeps gloomium-laced sap. Golden Mycena – thought only to thrive in the Middelands – grow at the base of The Great Fathers. More trees grow inside the ancestral ring of trees, not all of them yews, but all of them near perfect specimens. A young yew grows in the very centre with a hole in its trunk. Inside the perfectly dry hole is a skull-shaped, translucent crystal helm, dancing green lights within its smooth form. The little-trod pathways to the Great Fathers are deceptive and shifting, only wanting to be found when they wish it.

Peek Forest

Spreading across the three counties of Chesternshire, Staffershire, and Darbyshire, the Peek Forest is a densely wooded and rugged area. Pine, oak, and birch trees fight for dominance and the forest is home to much of the flora and fauna commonly found elsewhere in Havenland. The forest is marked with small marshes and swamps as well as cloud-shrouded peaks and misty valleys.

Trappers and hunters tell of a giant, man-eating, red-furred boar known as Red Tusk lurking in the forest. Its eyes shine green in the shadowy darkness cast by the canopies above.

Southernton Down Forest

Stretching between the Rivers Itch and Welling, the flourishing trees of the Southernton Down Forest provide cover for a wide variety of wildlife. Small boar known as Tetchy Boars also roam the forest, half the size of normal boars and twice as angry. The hunters of the forest tell of a herd of twenty or more Tetchy Boars led by a boar they have affectionately named 'Psycho'. He is the smallest and angriest of the herd. Upon spying anything not of the herd, Psycho begins to shake and twitch, seething with anger, green froth bubbling from his mouth and nostrils before charging headlong at the interloper.

Using their numbers to advantage the boars will attack any small to medium-sized creature by swarming and goring it, their frenzy being so great they do not leave enough pieces to eat when they finish. There have been loud calls recently for something to be done about the herd

after they attacked a merchant wagon passing through the forest, repeatedly ramming it until it tipped over, and then killing and eating the horses and teamster.

A ruined church stands in the forest's north-west corner. The roof and wall on one side of the church has long since collapsed, revealing the remains of pews and a small altar; leaves and forest detritus covering everything. The other walls and the remaining half of the sagging roof are covered in moss and dead leaves. The remnants of a low, handmade, stone wall mark the boundary of the church. Long forgotten by outsiders, the locals call it the 'Church of the Dead' and recall a legend that says that if you make a sacrifice on the altar during a gloom moon, a spirit will appear and do your bidding for two hours. The legend does not say what the spirit does once free of the contract.

Stretton, Forest of

This forest straddles Oldenwale and Havenland much like the Malve Dearn, but it is nowhere near as ancient. Planted 500 years ago along the border of Tealfordshire, it was intended to be used as a possible defensive bulwark in which to hide masses of warriors and war machines to counter threats from the clans of North and South Powyd. The fast-growing trees spread rapidly into Powyd due to unseasonal winds carrying seeds across the borders, and saplings and trees began to grow both sides disabling any forthcoming advantages. A strip of land down the centre of the forest scattered with old tree stumps marks the country boundaries.

Weald Forest

Famously home to the Bilewater, Weald Forest spans the great valley between the Sodden Hills of Wessex and the arc of hills between Great Lunden and Cantberry. The eastern half of the forest is only lightly populated, mostly due to the foul smells and evil reputation of the Bilewater. The westernmost third is logged and hunted often, although recent tales of some sort of wolf-beast have begun to be heard as far away as Southerton. If the rumours are true, the forest may be headed back towards its primeval roots.

Yirkdale Forests

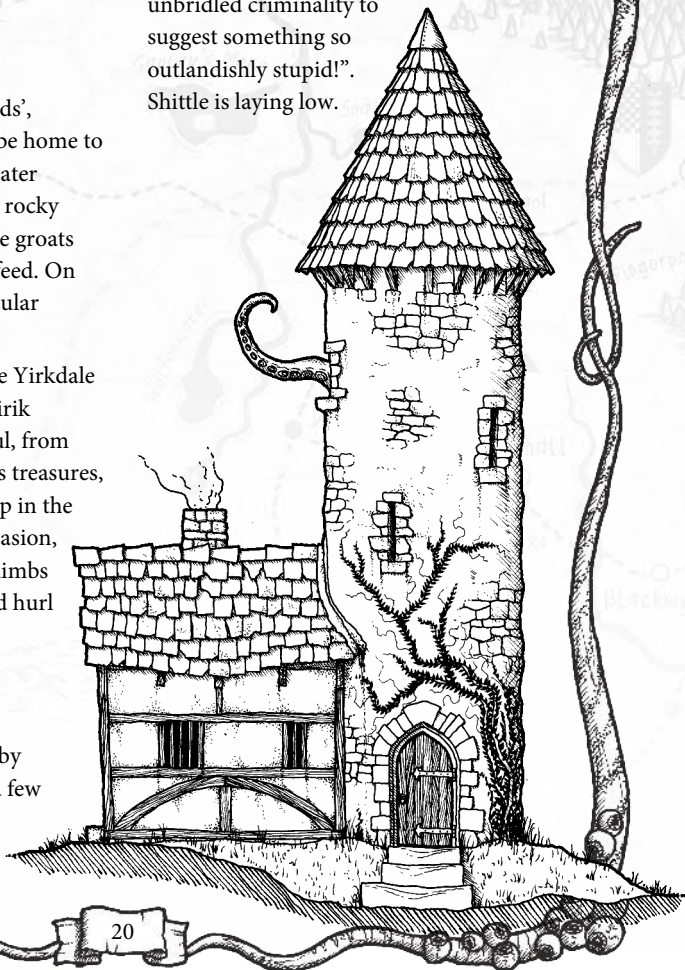
Also known as ‘The Groat Wolds’, Yirkdale Forests are known to be home to hill giants, ogres, and many greater horned groats. Living up in the rocky areas and caves of the peaks, the groats come down into the valleys to feed. On the outer edges of the forest, ocular goblins are rife.

Amongst the tallest peaks of the Yirkdale Forests, rests the stone giant, Eirik Stonebile. Brooding and spiteful, from years of adventurers seeking his treasures, he waits in hewn chambers deep in the roots of the mountains. On occasion, when his anger boils over, he climbs up onto the peaks to bellow and hurl boulders in the direction of Leadtown and Yorric.

Yirkmoor Forest

A large green dragon was seen by sailors near the Teem Estuary a few weeks ago. The beast was spotted above the lumpy hills

of northern Yirkmoor Forest before disappearing further south. Some say it was a wyvern, and not a green dragon, which the sailors saw in the dusk light. Many are reminding folk of the old prophecy, “When wings beat above Yirkmoor, blue orbs thrice covet Havenland”. One old sage from Yorric, Gerhard Shittle believes that a long-thought dead Gloomium Dragon may have returned to the Havenland shores, but his theory has been ridiculed as “Bandytosh!”, “Wild speculation bordering on insanity.”, and even “Sheer, unbridled criminality to suggest something so outlandishly stupid!”. Shittle is laying low.



ISLANDS

Angel Isle

Controlled by the Gwynned clan, it is known throughout Oldenwale as 'Gwyndonia's food basket', with crops being grown and cattle and sheep being raised on the island. Grain and meat are transported back to the mainland via the one bridge over the Angel Strait which divides the island from the mainland. This bridge is regarded as one of the many great feats of timber engineering in all of Oldenwale and it has become a noted – if somewhat risky – stop for members of the nobility on the Grand Tour of the Haven Isles. Some even like to get a painting of themselves on the bridge done by local artist, Alexandra Pouke-Lowery. This takes quicker than you think as Miss Lowery always has several canvasses she made earlier depicting the bridge itself. Even so, it guarantees that the painting subjects will stay a few days in the local inn.

The bridge itself is 30 feet wide and constructed of hundreds of beams which give it the strength and flexibility to withstand the harsh ocean storms and howling gales the Angel Strait is known for. The only blemish on its record is the Great Wood Worm Incident. Spreading unseen through the timbers, the worms weakened the structure to the point of collapse, eventually buckling under the weight of a coach containing the third cousin of Gwalter Caleb, the Clan Chieftain of Clewed. The incident cast the coach and a large portion of the bridge into the ocean. Since then, animosity between the Clewed and Gwynned clans

has been growing, with Lady Owain having to personally arbitrate in an ever-growing number of disputes.

Following the Great Wood Worm Incident, plans were made to build a second bridge and three years ago work began on its construction. However, six months into the build a thick midderfog rolled in from the ocean around sunset, when it eventually cleared four days later the new bridge was found smashed; green ichor dripping from the remains. Each attempt to complete the bridge meets with the same fate.

The fourth time the midderfog rolled in, the workers stayed to protect the bridge. Come morning, the bridge was destroyed and all the workers were missing – all that is, except Gwyndaf Maddix, who was found rocking back and forth surrounded by thigh-sized shards of timber supports and a pool green ichor which had dripped from the broken beams above. He now spends his days sitting in the corner of The Old Lamb tavern on the island. He has not spoken since the incident, but gratefully accepts a pint of beer all the same.

The last attempt to construct the bridge met with no dramas, and still stands as testament to the grit and determination of the Oldenwale folk. Some believe the timbers were treated with some kind of repellent sorcery.

At the heart of Angel Isle stand several sacred groves. The boundary of each grove is marked by a circle of menhirs, their ancient glyphs worn illegible by the touch of many hands, whilst at the centre is a five-foot diameter pool of clear water. Every full moon the glyphs glow with an

iridescent green, lighting the pools which bubble and froth until sunrise. Verdant herb and fungi gardens grow around the edges of each grove and these are harvested by the druids for use in their rituals and ceremonies.

There is one fort on Angel Isle, located on a headland pointing out to Emeraude, on the far side of the island away from the mainland and accessible only via a narrow bridge. It has six towers, all continually manned. The guards in the three watch towers facing west keep a constant eye out for raiders from Emeraude, whilst those in the three towers facing east stand ready to light beacons to warn the mainland of an invasion. The fort boasts a menagerie of strange, caged beasts, created five years ago by Chieftain Maelog Cogan to impress Lady Owain when and if she visits.

The fort, has been the focal point for many uprisings on the island. The islanders resent the fact that all their meat and grain is sent to the mainland and that their hard work is not properly recognised by the clans. The last uprising was fifteen years ago, led by Dewey Gibbs, the fort steward. Chieftain Maelog Cogan personally led his clan warriors in a brutal but short battle to successfully retake the fort. He then personally disembowelled everyone who had taken up arms against him before casting the uprising's leaders into the sea below.

Harron

From the centre of Harron Island spouts one of the largest gloomium springs in Havenland. Consequently, the island is covered all year round in a dense, green

fog and home only to those creatures that thrive in its presence. Harron is shunned by most and a mystery only to be studied at a distance by those who would take an interest in the island. The island is home to many bizarre creatures, gruesome beasts seemingly hybrids of trolls and goblins, and other, even stranger things, each unique and most wildly aggressive. There is also a coven of hags that live near the northern end of the island, but no-one knows what they look like. (The Gloom-touched Deformities on page 11 of the TM book could be useful for ideas). There is also the possibility that very powerful enchantments have come to exist in the gloomium-soaked environment of Harron Island and who knows what the Hags are actually up to?

Holm

216 years ago, the sea captain, Reginald Holm strode into the royal court in Great Lunden and loudly proclaimed that he had beached his boat on a previously undiscovered island off the coast of Havenland. Everyone scoffed and ignored him. It seemed preposterous that anyone could have discovered a new island, especially given how well the local fishermen knew the waters – they just thought he was talking bollocks, and most people thought he was either barmy or seeking to ingratiate himself to the king. When he would not shut up about his discovery, the then king sponsored a survey mission. Nobody expected Holm to return and he was happily forgotten. This lasted a week when Holm and his crew returned with maps of the island and a chart to get there. This time, Holm was called a liar and locked up. It took another

ten years and the efforts of Holm's son to prove that his claims were right. Whereupon, Holm was released, pardoned, knighted, and given a pension by the king. The new island was also named in his honour. Then he dropped dead and his son inherited the title.

The reason why the island had remained hidden was because it was – and is – swathed in thick midderfog all year round. The island is low lying and covered in sparse scrubland with a single beach and dunes running around its whole perimeter. The island is deserted except for a small monastery on its northern side. It was there when Sir Reginald Holm beached his vessel and no one is sure who built it and where its monks come from – not even the monks, who are content to swear fealty to whichever monarch is in power as long as they are largely left alone.

The majestically named Grand Monastery consists of a single one-storey building and some grounds bordered by a low and meandering hand-built stone wall. The building is a single large room which contains a long wooden table with rough wooden benches and an open hearth as large as a horse towards one end. The mingling of the ever-present midderfog and smoke from the fire casting a gloomy haze over the room. There are several store cupboards near the fire and stone cells line the walls where the monks rest and mediate. Despite the fire, the room is cold – none of the shutters or doors fit properly, allowing the icy wind to whip under them and chill the brothers' stone cells. This is deliberate as it allows slugs to slip into the room.

The grounds consist of two gardens, one large, one small, but both containing neat squares of hoed ground in which vegetables and herbs grow in neat rows. Black slate slabs have been laid in the larger garden, forming a circular path which cuts through the vegetable patches and spirals to a stone altar in the centre.

Standing waist height, the altar holds a single, solid gold bowl with various vegetables in states of decay and several large gloom-touched slugs. The brothers who live and work here worship the gloom-touched slugs that can be found in abundance around the island. The larger garden is an offering ground to the slugs. Being peaceful, the brothers will offer lodging to any traveller or crew of a vessel that stops on its shores on condition that the slugs are not harmed. However, the last wayfarer who accidentally trod on a slug was held down by the brothers and force-fed slugs till their stomach burst and the slugs were free again.

Hoy Isle

Hoy Isle is mostly clear of the gloomium fog that rolls off Harron Island by day and night, but when the wind changes, it is an unpleasant place to be. It is this combination of clean, salty sea air and gloomium-soaked breezes that give the Hoy Isle whiskey its special flavour and magical powers. Drunk by many, Hoy Isle Whiskey is particularly popular with seers, mystics, and psychics. The coastal stills keep the small populace busy and wealthy, but there is nothing on the isle to spend it on. Many wonder what the Hoy islanders do with their money or what caves and holes in the ground they are burying it in, but such thoughts never lead

anywhere. This is because any who bring harm to the distillers of Hoy Isle would become the target of many powerful people, both wealthy and connected, and because the distillers themselves are not easy people to surprise or cheat being well-versed in the clairvoyant arts.

Juuba

Mountainous, barren, and infertile, Juuba also falls along the coastal wind passage from Harron so it is frequently covered with thick, green, fog. Needless to say, it is not highly populated. It does, however, conceal a large and convoluted network of ancient tunnels. Whether they were dug by some long-departed creature or are the product of man's toil is unclear. Outlaws commonly use them, especially pirates and smugglers, but any who enter the caves rarely reappear. While the caves near the coast are mostly safe enough – unless you happen to be an honest member of the militia – deeper under the rocky landscape many strange creatures live, soaking in the deep, green essence of the island's chthonic passages.

Lindyfarn

This small island is home to Lindyfarn Castle and the Priory of the Holy Order of Saint Egbert the Even-handed. It is reached from the mainland by a low ten-mile long causeway which can only be traversed at low tide. The length of the journey means that the margin for error to make the trip is small. Once the tide comes in there is no dock on the island to make a safe landing by boat.

The Holy Order numbers some 100 monks and nuns, headed by the current prioress, Teresina Dulac. A stern and

dominant woman in her early fifties, she runs the island with an iron grip, and the monks and nuns do their best to avoid incurring her divine wrath.

In general, only members of the order are allowed on the island, but in rare cases, some non-members are allowed if they need great healing or great rest. Sister Lilith Baylenimn, the assistant prioress, meets all non-members and checks that they have permission to be on Lundy. If they have, she is polite and welcoming; if they do not, then she is stern and unforgiving, refusing them entry onto the island. Sister Lilith is not one for niceties and often screams at people in anger if they did not hear her the first time.

Lundy

Located off the northwest coast of Devern and Cernwall, the calm waters around this small island offer a safer route for shipping up and down the coast rather than the rougher waters further out to sea. Unfortunately, this means that they are also the perfect hunting ground for sea monsters that drag ships and their crew to the sea bottom, and pirates who plunder the ships which survive the sea monsters.

The only settlement on Lundy is the shanty town called Piratetown, a stinking cesspit of drunken debauchery and murder also known as 'Shitterton' for good reason. Pigs, goats, and chickens roam the streets defecating everywhere as do the pirates, prostitutes, and traders. Midderfog mingles with the resulting ordure to form a putrid, brown-green fog that takes the shine off anything ferrous exposed to it for more than a day.

Exposed for more than a month and most



iron will rust and fall apart. Tales tell of boats falling apart and sinking in Piratetown's small harbour because the iron nails holding their hulls together rusted away to nothing. This explains why the pirates either wield non-ferrous weapons or grease them with pig fat.

Captain Arthek Nance, the self-styled 'Pirate King', rules the island through fear, bad mead, and control of plunder opportunities. He has also perfected the infamous jellygloom sea attack used to capture passing merchant ships. In preparation for an attack, Arthek locates a large bloom of jellyglooms and runs his vessel, the *Jolly Gloomer*, directly through, capturing as many as he can in a net trailed behind the ship. Then he seeks out merchant vessels and closes with them to engage in battle as quickly as he can. Once close, he orders the sails dropped and the iron pins pulled from the bottom of the main mast. This allows the mast to be winched backwards and pivoted so it can serve as the main arm of the ship's trebuchet. Whilst the oars are used to manoeuvre the ship and maintain course, the business end of the trebuchet is hooked up to the net of jellyglooms which is then launched at the target ship.

Typically, it only takes a few minutes for the jellyglooms to do their work, and once resistance has died down, Arthek's crew boards the enemy vessel. His 'Gloomer Squad' leads the way, their thick, triple-layered, leather outfits protecting them as they roll the jellyglooms back into the sea. A second boarding party then comes aboard to take command of the vessel and mop any remaining resistance.

Except to go to sea, the pirates rarely leave Piratetown following a harrowing battle at a church at the other end of the island. Long abandoned, the church and what was once the island's graveyard stand in a circle of menhirs.

Locals tell tales of a Deadlord that visited the island many years ago, and raised the deceased from their graves. The pirates fought back, destroying the Deadlord and his creations. For years after, anyone buried in the defiled earth rose again the following night. These undead would leave Piratetown alone, and walk into the sea, heading northeast, presumably towards Deadford in the Middelands. The menhirs were then constructed to stop the dead rising.

The tale is regarded as nothing more than an old pirate's yarn, but the menhirs are marked with symbols which create an invisible barrier stopping any undead from rising. No-one remembers, or cares, who erected the menhirs; however, the years and the elements have taken their toll on the standing stones, eroding them to almost ruin. Their magic is weakening, and who knows what may happen if it fails completely.

Man Isle

Named after the first lord that ruled there 500 winters ago, Lord Man Weevilsworth, Man Isle is independently ruled by the current Lord of Man Isle, Lord Chester Longharm and does not have any overseeing Duke. The Lords of Man Isle swear fealty to the Queen and enjoy reduced taxes and the protection of a Queen-funded militia. In return, they keep watch for invaders from the north,

south, and west and lease half of Weevilsworth's harbour as a trading and naval enclave under the sovereignty of Havenland. Scotland, Emeraude, and Oldenwale all recognise Man Isle as strategically important and have spies everywhere.

The island has a rocky coastline and is relatively flat apart from some hilly bits in the middle. Notably, it is criss-crossed with roadways with one known as 'the course' providing a 47 mile lap of almost the whole island.

Every year, the island becomes a magnet for those who breed and/or ride steeds of all types. The fastest horses, mud cows, and even dogs and wolves large enough to be ridden, are shipped across the short stretch of sea from Fernbarrow. Many are traded at a great horse fair, but riders and breeders alike, really gather on the island to enter and watch a race known as 'The Great Race' or 'Tea Tea'.

The race tradition started 100 years ago, when a horse thief was caught in the act of stealing Lord of Man Isle's best horse from his stables. The rumbled thief leapt onto the horse and made his getaway with the lord's men in hot pursuit. Although they could not outpace the stolen horse, they could not give up lest they face their lord's wrath, and so the chase went around and around the island.

Somewhere after the first lap, as they passed Old Crone Joan, the partly deaf spinster at Dimshallow Cottage, she was thought to have heard the pursuing horsemen shouting, "Tea, tea!". Needless to say, she proceeded to make copious amounts of her special herbal tea ready for the next time they visited. After

completing three full laps of the island, and gathering quite a crowd of intrigued locals, the thief's criminality met an abrupt end at the hands of a local farmer and a row of shovels suspended from a tree bough. Only then did someone explain to the crazy old tea-making bat that they were shouting "Thief, thief!". The name has stuck to this day with 'thieves' on the island being known as 'tea leaves'.

The thief in question met his end at the gallows in Weevilsworth and ever since, the attempted theft has been celebrated as a race to complete five laps of the island by steed. Mud cows have their own separate three lap race because of their slow speed. Farmer Joseph Tuttleshot has the record for three laps of the island with his mud cow, E'Dobbin of 10 days, 3 hours, 26 minutes, and 4 seconds. Given that the previous record was 12 days, 6 hours, 45 minutes, and 19 seconds, most suspect that he cheated by giving the mud cow a concoction of hallucinogenic mushrooms, gloomium-infused mole meat, and mead.

Two areas of interest can be found nestled amongst the hills in the centre of the island. One is The Harrowbraaid, a series of age-old temple structures which consist of little more than ruined footings and low stone walls around which sheep roam. Amidst the voluminous piles of sheep bones and droppings, many of the walls have been daubed with strange symbols, presumably in sheep's blood. It is said that the place is a haven for dark rituals, dangerous creatures, and strange lights in the night. Most islanders steer clear of the place after dark. The other is Harrowbroogh Fort, a large circular



watchtower that sits on the island's tallest hill and can be seen from miles around. In a rough but usable state of repair, the Queen's militia rarely mans this cold and wind-buffed tower. In fact, no member of the Queen's militia wants to be posted there as it is said to be haunted by a vile and horrid beast. This does not stop the militia commander from posting members of militia to the tower as a punishment for various misdemeanours. This punishment never lasts longer than a single night, as any that return from a night at the tower are fearful and pale, choosing not to speak of the horrors they have witnessed. Some less fortunate ones, die of fright where they last stood. Their bodies remain at the tower as a reminder to the next soldier posted there.

Weevilsworth

Whilst Man Isle was named after the first Lord's first name, the thriving port town was named after his last. Weevilsworth is built around a steep-sided natural cove, its buildings and streets leading away from the harbour up the hill. The port itself is split into two areas, one for the townsfolk and visitors known as Weevilharbour. This is usually crammed with fishing vessels and supply ships from the mainland. The other, called Queensport, is separated by stone breakwaters and used by those ships with royal favour and the Havenland navy. Atop the hills overlooking the town and cove is Grimdelf Castle, the dwelling of Lord Chester Longharm. Built on an ancient burial site when Lord Weevilsworth arrived on the island, The Delf, as it is known locally, is another 'supposed to be haunted' location, with tales of headless

wives, ghostly executioners, and the restless ghosts of past lords and ladies. Lord Longharm's chief executioner is a spy in the service of one of the Scottish clans of Doomfreshire. He maintains a secret aviary of dark crows and often sends them down to the Queensport to pick up gossip.

The taverns and inns of the harbours are bustling places, and there is a fierce rivalry between the local fishermen and the Queen's men. Brawls spilling out onto the cobbled dock front are common as is the scuttling of ships in the harbour. The scuttling of the Queen's ships within a mile of the island is a capital crime and she demands that the punishment be carried out as a harsh and highly public spectacle. Lord Longharm grudgingly sees that this is done.

Mermaid Isle

Situated in the murk that is the Great Thameswater Estuary, this small island is home to a tribe of twisted merfolk known as Piscaceans. In years past, they have been a menace to ships heading north up the coast, so ships sailing out of Great Lunden are advised to give the island a wide berth. The Queen's naval forces monitor the tribe, and so long as its warriors trouble no more than the occasional foreign vessel or murkskimmer, they have no reason to remove them from the island.

Muul Isle

While the Scrots believe Muul is part of their loosely-united lands, the people of the isle believe differently, and have refused to send taxes or soldiers to the mainland for several generations. Rich in

good pasture and with access to some of the finest fishing in the region, the Muulfolk can fend for themselves, and their craggy coast and fen-ridden lowlands would make for tough going for an occupying force. So, the Scrottish rulers pretend they are in control while the Muulfolk enjoy their independence. A combination of superstition and sparse population means that the Muulfolk have never torn down the ancient sites – cists, brochs, and menhirs – which dot the island, especially away from the coast. From time to time, a youth chasing a stray sheep or a young couple seeking privacy, finds an ancient treasure at one of these sites. Young Rachel MacDougal brought back a golden torc, the size of her neck, just a year ago. They say she has been having strange visions of a battle between villagers and something resembling a pack of twisted, and vile short-horned ratdogs. The villagers lose every time.

Portland Isle

A long, wide sandbar joins this island to the mainland. Passable at low tide by smaller wagons, during high tide, however, the sandbar is totally submerged and the currents are unpredictable as the sands beneath shift. The island is often beset by storms which cut it off from the mainland for weeks at a time. This is a problem for the Portlanders and the prison the island is infamous for. As agriculture is non-existent on the island and all food needs to be brought across from the mainland. Consequently, the Portlanders and prison maintain food stocks to last weeks.

When the sun sets, the mists that sweep over the sandbar flicker with shifting

green lights as Gloomcrabs swarm the area, attracted by rotting meat the locals scatter over the sandbar at sunset to help prevent prison escapes. The abundance of easy food has led to a Gloomcrab explosion in the area with hundreds swarming the area during the night. Recently, Crazy Sue Hammett dared to risk the crossing at night at low tide, the following morning all that could be found was a single skeletal hand.

At the end of the sandbar are fine-grained, sandy beaches that quickly give way to rough grass. Just beyond the beaches, a single, cobbled road of Goman origin, leads up to the main buildings on the island. Halfway along the road, next to a gnarled twisted tree often selected by the local hangman for executions and known as ‘the stop and drop’, the cobbles are blackened and charred with the outline of a corpse. This is the last resting place of Ben Fargle, having been struck down by an emerald flash of lightning during a storm and burnt into the cobbles. It is believed that during the heart of the storms that wrack the island, his voice can still be heard calling out through the crashes of thunder. Beyond the island’s primary buildings a main road loops around the edges of the island, with side roads at irregular intervals connecting to the various small houses and the few larger structures that scatter the island.

Portland Prison is the largest building on the island. Standing in a depression overlooking the island’s eastern edge, the prison is a towering stone structure, its dirty-green algae covered walls broken only by the double, iron-banded oak doors which face out to sea. The prison’s

Head Gaoler is Basil Farweight, a pencil thin man in his early thirties who is allowed free reign to run the prison as he sees fit by Duchess Irinya Dulharrow – providing there are no escapes.

The prison is the only major employer on the island and the Portlanders' insular nature has led to generations of inbreeding and a pathological distrust of anyone not born on the island. Basil uses this to his advantage, ensuring there is no bond between his staff and the inmates. Basil not only encourages the islanders to leave rotting meat out for the Gloomcrabs to act as a natural obstacle to escape, he occasionally allows an inmate to 'escape' in the night. Their screams act as an effective deterrent to the other inmates. Basil's right-hand man is Gaoler Jeremiah Street, a man of average height and looks with a penchant for hurting others. His gravy-stained shirt, stinking breath, and bloodshot eyes are often the last thing an inmate sees before his large boot renders them unconscious.

The inmates are kept busy during the day hunting and killing Slitherits. Originally descended from rabbits exposed to underground veins of gloomium, Slitherits are hairless and putrid grey in colour, their torsos pulsing softly as if something is writhing under the skin. They hop around on rabbit-like rear legs, but have no front paws, whilst their ears have merged into a single large appendage capable of detecting noise from over 200 feet away. When startled they use their slate-like noses to pierce the ground forcing their way down into the tunnels which riddle the island, disappearing in a matter of seconds.

Slitherit burrows undermine structures, so the prison controls the numbers. The prison also sells the Slitherit noses as they make excellent arrow heads (+1 to hit, but shatter on a damage dice roll of 5 or 6).

On the western side of the island, a small boatyard and compound is cordoned off from prying eyes by a large wooden fence. The locals avoid the compound for two reasons. One is the regular explosions followed by the dirty pea green mushroom clouds which expand over the compound. The other is for the green slime which leaks out under the fence. Touching this slime has led to the loss of limbs, death, and the growth of fungi under the tongue. The locals believe that whatever experiments are going on within the compound are responsible for 'The Claw': A Gloomium crab twice the normal size, which has been known to drag adult cows into the sea in broad daylight.

Port Seven Lighthouse

Located on the southernmost tip of Portland Isle, the current lighthouse is the second to be built on the island. The first collapsed into the sea – undermined by Slitherits. The current tower was designed, and is maintained, by the Great Lunden architect Sir Roger Smears. Smears penchant for less-than-traditional designs made him the perfect man to design the new lighthouse.

Constructed of lumber from Longchase Wolds, the ground level is barely more than a door width wide. Inside, the ground floor has just enough room for a single person to squeeze inside, close the door, and ascend the ladder to the second

level. Here a small wooden chair and workbench has been built snugly against the curve of the wall. Essential supplies litter the room and oils, greases, and small whirring contraptions cover every available surface. A spiral staircase leads upwards towards the top of the tower. The lighthouse continues to widen as it gets higher, the spiral staircase snaking around the outer wall.

The living quarters are located halfway up its height, suspended outside the main body of the lighthouse. Supported by a system of beams and ropes, the living quarters are designed to move with the wind, giving them a gentle swaying motion which the lighthouse keepers say is most restful. Accessed via a doorway in the outer wall, in extreme weather this door is inaccessible, as the living quarters can move so far that it is impossible to get in, or out, of the room. However, as the winds recede, the living quarters swing back into place.

A one-foot thick trapdoor leads up onto the top of the lighthouse, revealing a custom-manufactured, glass dome covering the roof. Inside the dome, wave-shaped metal sheets dominate the space; each piece having been hand-crafted by Smears. In the centre of the highly polished sheets is a machine dubbed 'The Gloomifier'. The device squeezes out gloombug juice, distilling it and increasing the brightness. Despite being 100 times brighter than the natural essence, it has the unfortunate side effect of randomly spontaneously combusting. In case this happens, the outside of the lighthouse is covered by a maze of pipework that allows water to be sucked

up in an emergency to douse the entire top level.

Ruum Isle

Loch Kin is Ruum Isle's single settlement, a small fishing village home to some 60 inhabitants located on the island's eastern coast at the base of a series of peaks that make up the rest of the small island. Greedy, unfriendly, and uncommunicative, the Loch Kinfolk do not take kindly to outsiders and take an even lesser view of the faiths of any not from Loch Kin. The singular and highly independent faith of the Loch Kinfolk involves the veneration of a darker, more death-focused pantheon of superior beings than that worshipped elsewhere in Scotland. Rumours spread up and down western Scotland that the priests of Loch Kin are unnaturally long-lived and that they bring back folk once-dead to some sort of life.

Shepherd Isle

Located just off the coast of Kentshire, in the fetid Great Thameswater Estuary, Shepherd Isle possesses just the one geographical feature – a single hill, 200 feet high. The rest of the island is barely above sea level and other than a thin layer of grass and topsoil, is composed almost entirely of fine clay. The inhabitants, known by both themselves and the mainlanders as Swampers, belong – or are connected – to three large families, each of which works a different trade and a different part of the island. The Mutton family are mostly shepherds who herd the several flocks on the western half of the island, whilst the Fish family operates a small fishing fleet out of Shepherdstown

on the northern point of island, fishing waters beyond the shit-polluted estuary. Shepherdstown is also home to the richest man on the island, Leysdun Brick, supplier of baked, red bricks to the Queen's builders. The Brick family, based in the southern hamlet of Hart, works the open pits, fields of drying bricks, and great, coal-fed kilns which riddle the eastern half of the island.

Of interest to natural philosophers and curio collectors is Renfrew's Relics, run by Madam Julia Renfrew. Over the years, she has amassed a varied collection of plant and animal fossils all pulled from the Brick family clay pits. Access to the collection, which fills many large chests housed in a large tent, costs just five shillings. Inside a visitor can find nearly-complete skeletons of many creatures no longer to be found wandering the land, whilst smaller fossils, petrified plants, and plain old bones, are available to purchase from the adjacent gift shop. According to *Wunderkammer Jammer: A Gentleman's Guide to Stuffing his Cabinet of Curiosities* by Mathias Pouke, Renfrew's Relics is the number one destination for curiosities in all Havenland. Renfrew's Relics also does a delivery service for the gentleman who does not like to get his feet covered in shit, but it is ruinously expensive as curio collecting can be a cutthroat hobby.

Skaslay

The rocky island of Skaslay is home to a mighty watchtower that protects the Firthwater Estuary and the approaches to Eden Burg and the rest of lowland Scotland, from invaders from the sea. 300 feet tall and a mere 40 feet in diameter,

Skaslay Tower is a wonder to behold. The various clans of Eden Burg take it in turn to garrison the tower, a month at a time. The lower levels of the tower house the barracks, whilst the upper levels are used to store supplies in case of a siege or storms. The top of the tower is a covered chamber where a fire is kept permanently ready in case a signal needs to be made to the mainland. This chamber is always manned by lookouts whilst guards make regular patrols of the island. Those not on duty typically entertain themselves with drinking and the occasional race up and down the tower. Clan Kulloch's events also include a naked sprint around the perimeter of the isle.

Skreer Island

Skreer and Harron islands were once part of the same, larger island, but the workings of the gloomium springs separated them sometime before the arrival of the Gomans. Skreer is the dead half – a barren, rocky, mountainous crag lying in the shadow of Harron's smoke. It is home to mutated, lizard-like creatures and not much else. The smallest of these creatures is the size of a cat, the largest, the size of a whale. Skreer is best left alone.

Slithgoe Isle

Three islands, each a different size, in the Dog Sea off Scar Burg, are known as the Three Brothers. The medium-sized one, Slithgoe Island is home to the Hundred Guard, an elite armed force loyal to the Queen. Trained to fight on land, sea, and in the air, the Hundred Guard was originally assigned counter-piracy duties, but that changed after the lone survivor of

The Queen's Sword expedition to the Serpentlands was found washed ashore at Watcher's Point. The Hundred Guard was instructed to prepare for an invasion from the Serpentlands and await further orders. It has faithfully fulfilled these orders for the last twenty-two years, holed up in Slithgoe Keep awaiting further instructions from the Queen's military advisors and watching pirate ships sail by which it has no orders to act against.

Four trained griffons, ready for aerial reconnaissance, are stabled in the keep.

Snakescale Island

This island is the largest of the Three Brothers, and is the only one with a settlement occupied by commonfolk. Situated in the southwest of the island, Scale has a population of less than 300 souls protected by wooden palisades and ditches. Regular supplies are shipped across weekly from Scar Burg in return for crab and fish. Warning beacon watchtowers are found all around the coastline.

Twain Island

Strategically located in the Emeraude Sea, Twain Island is claimed by both Oldenwale and Emeraude – and neither want to give it up. The Oldenwale half is protected by a haggard Elder by the name of Evan Blackfleece, the Emeraude half by a strange, enigmatic goatman known as Lord Brokehoof. Neither Evan or Brokehoof want to fight each other, but the Queen's spies have recently begun carrying out acts of provocation to trigger a war between the two factions, thus giving Havenland sufficient reason to occupy the island in the name of peace.

The island itself is mainly a windswept moor dotted with farms and cattle. Most of the islanders – on both sides – live in settlements built in coves which provide protection and safe mooring for ships. The island is divided geographically and politically in the centre, at its narrowest point. Known as the 'Shaft', it is here that Evan and Brokehoof have built the 'Shaftwall', two parallel walls with opposing watchtowers along their length and a series of ditches between them. Oldenwale warriors and Emeraude soldiers make rude gestures across the 500 feet that separate them, but both have orders to stop anyone from crossing the Shaftwall. There are more tales of those who failed to make the crossing than those that did, after all, whatever their reason for wanting to cross – sabotage or defection – their bodies remain where they fall.

Watcher's Point

The smallest island of the Three Brothers, this bleak rock is home to two wind and wave-battered watch towers and a lighthouse. The watchtower on the north of the island is named Scrotsee Tower, and the other on the east edge of the island is known as Serpsee Tower. Atop these towers are fire beacons, ready to be lit in times of danger. The orange-glow of the beacons can be seen from Snakescale and Slithgoe Islands, and in turn those islands light their beacons for Scar Burg to see. Fast riders then head south to Great Lunden. In times of deep midderfog when light cannot pierce through for long distances, each island has aviaries of homing crows that fly off with messages of the coming dangers.

The lighthouse glows with a green light so as not to be confused with the fire beacons. Painted in faded and cracked, red and white stripes, the Dog Sailors Light is a welcome sight for many seamen braving the treacherous northern Dog Sea.

Wight Isle

This large island off the south coast is self-sustaining with large, well-tended farms, and ample wild deer. Its northern coast is home to one of the largest shipyards in Havenland. Both island and shipyard are under the stewardship of Sir Dillon Cawly. Wood from Southerton Down Forest and Longchase Wolds is transported to the island to build the massive naval ships the yard constructs for the Queen.

Located at the most westerly tip of the island is the High House, a three-storey mansion. Although maintained as a residence for the Queen should she visit, it mainly hosts Sir Cawly and any visiting diplomats or members of the nobility who are on the queen's business. The estate is surrounded by sweeping lawns and well-maintained flower beds, the pride and joy of head gardener, Bill Cramwell, who maintains them all year round.

HAVENLAND

Counties and Locations of Havenland

The counties of Havenland are ruled by dukes or duchesses and are therefore duchies, but no one uses that term other than in ducal or royal circles. The commonfolk consider it to be a vulgar term that demeans them and their status. They have a general disrespect for the dukes favouring the lords and ladies of individual towns and cities with whom they have a much closer association.

Barkshire

Barkshire is also known as the Queen's County because it is home to the Queen's primary residence outside of Great Lunden. This is Windsour Castle, a fortified castle upriver from her palace in Great Lunden overlooking the town of Windsour.

Barkshire is famous for its mud cow racing arena, known as Royal Mudcot. During the summer, Great Lunden's upper classes, dressed in their finery and sporting outlandish coiffures, descend on the arena in their droves to watch and bet on the fastest mud cows. The fastest and most famous mud cow, was U'Ebbren the Lean. Two years ago, she completed three laps of the course in two hours and thirty-six minutes whilst stopping only seven times to munch on the moles that menace the soil beneath the racecourse. Then on the night after her victory, she was stolen from the stables where she was kept and has never been seen since. Some say that she was turned into glue, whilst others

believe she is still alive having been sold to wealthy merchants far to the east as a broodmare.

The farmland of Barkshire is rich and fertile in no small thanks to an agricultural mastermind named Sir Jethro Kull. Using mud cows and inventive mechanical machinery, the preparation, planting, and harvesting of all manner of crops has not only made him, but also many of the landowners across the county, very wealthy.

Windsour

Dominated by the castle that overlooks it, Windsour is a town of two halves, divided by the meandering Great Thameswater. South Windsour is home to the castle and most of the town, whereas North Windsour – also called Eaton by the locals – is smaller and sits on the north side of the river. The two are linked by a wide stone bridge with seven arches.

Eaton College, located in North Windsour, is a college for gifted youngsters. Its staff – sages and the occasional wizard – are easily recognisable by their grey robes and white bicorn hats. They teach lore, science, religion, and the much less-publicised arcane arts. Originally built 250 years ago by the then ruler of Havenland, King Oculon the III, or The All-seeing King as he was known, the current head of the college is an ambitious and highly intellectual man from the east known as Nasir Abd Al-Aziz. His swarthy good looks, shining back hair, and disarming charisma make him very persuasive and men will often follow his suggestions whilst women have been known to swoon at his words. The

mad sage of Dorsomset, Mathias Pouke, a former pupil and member of staff, was dismissed from the college after denouncing him as a pernicious influence upon both pupil and parent alike in his since banned pamphlet, *Eaton Mess*. A series of secret catacombs sprawl beneath the college and under the river to the deeper parts of Windsour Castle's dungeons.

Windsour Castle

Standing tall over Windsour, Windsour Castle is the Queen of Havenland's highly-fortified and defensive retreat. Built over a 1,000 years ago and continually expanded and maintained ever since, the light grey stone structure is the most beautiful and feared castle in all of Havenland. It consists of three distinct areas: the middle ward with central motte and shell keep; the upper ward to the east with its living quarters, opulent grand chambers lined with tapestries and oil paintings, walnut shelf-lined libraries holding tomes as old as the castle itself, exquisite banqueting halls with elaborate chandeliers and silver and fine ceramic tableware; and the lower ward to the west with its guard barracks, stables, chapels and other functional structures. All are encompassed by a 30 feet thick stone perimeter wall. The grounds of the castle are also protected by a much smaller, but more expansive perimeter wall.

The castle grounds lie to the south and east, consisting of painstakingly manicured parks, ponds, and woodland which the upper classes and nobility can visit and enjoy – under strict supervision, of course. The only commonfolk allowed on the grounds are the staff. Anyone else

found in the grounds are dragged through the streets of Windsour behind horses with their hands tied. The castle grounds are bisected by a three-mile-long roadway called the Long Ride, which runs directly south, as straight and true as the royal fletcher's arrows, from the gatehouse in the barbican of the upper ward perimeter wall to a verdigris-covered statue of the old king, Oculon the All-seeing. The life-size statue stands atop a 10 feet tall carved granite plinth and depicts the king resplendent in battle armour with sword aloft on a rearing horse trampling oorghthaxes underfoot. The statue is a bronze golem and was created to protect an assault on the castle barbican at the other end of the Long Ride. The plinth is designed to pivot, but is nigh on immovable unless the golem is activated and steps down off the plinth. Once the plinth has moved, a small shaft, wide enough for a man to climb down, is revealed. The 20-feet deep shaft, lined with a set of rungs, descends to a small chamber from which an arched tunnel, barely tall enough to stand in, leads directly up to the basement of the cellar in the upper ward. The tunnel originates from an attempt to undermine the castle not long after it was built during the Pathetic Siege of Windsour by a force from Gaulandia. The tunnel was rediscovered by King Oculon and rather than collapse it, he decided to use it as an escape route. Passage from the castle to the statue is safe, but a whole series of mechanical, magical, and viciously cruel traps await anyone traversing in the other direction.

Bedshire

A common saying among the folk of Cameshire and Barkshire is that, "You can always find Bedshire folk in their beds." This is because they consider Bedshire folk to be lazy, but to be fair, they are no lazier than the inhabitants of any other county.

The county is split in two by the Great Ooze River, which is crossed by just two major bridges. Those living north of the river are referred to as Norbeds, whilst those living south of the river, Sowbeds.

In the south, the eastern stretch of the Chillingtern Wolds ends in a series of hills that are the source of the River Helm. On the northern edge of the woodland is a large wooden shed where the crazed inventor Siegfried Montgomery has spent the last eight years designing and building a small floating ship. The design consists of innumerable leather hides stitched together and sealed with pitch to create an airtight vessel in which a highly volatile mixture of alchemical ingredients will be placed. These, when burned, will create a gas lighter than air enabling a timber platform capable of carrying eight heavily-armed fighting men to be lifted into the air. Most believe Siegfried to be totally bonkers.

Buckshire

Similar in geography to Bedshire, the county is split by the Great Ooze River to the north and the Chillingtern Wolds to the south. In the north-east of the county, across the Ooze, stands Blettingly House. This fortified manor, protected by an outer perimeter wall and deep moat, is the secret headquarters of the Queen's most

loyal operatives – her spies. It is here they are trained in the ignoble arts of thievery, assassination, coercion, blackmail, and how to break the cryptic missives of those enemies who seek to topple Queen Elspeth's rule, as well as those allies who would not.

The current Spymaster General is Lady Amber Essenwold. A tough, no-nonsense lady of almost 50 winters, she is fiercely loyal to Her Majesty. Her current efforts are focused on intercepting spies from Gaulandia and thwarting a Scottish plot to overthrow the queen.

Cameshire

Cameshire is another county dominated by the Great Ooze River. The banks of the river are dotted with hamlets and villages, beyond which lie woodlands, hills, and farmland. The county is known for two things – Obediah Cromwell and Came Bridge.

Obediah Cromwell lives in an ordinary two-storey, timber-framed house with a thatched roof, in the village of Eel, north of Came Bridge. A well-known orator and charismatic commentator on county affairs with a distinguished war record, Cromwell, is in secret, the leader of a band of dissenters and revolutionaries. He and his men despise the Queen and her dukes for their harsh treatment of the people and the little that is done for their taxation monies. They meet nightly to plot and plan, the latter consisting of travelling to Great Lunden with a small force and placing the Queen's head on a spike outside the palace. The band is close to putting this plan into action, a plan which Lady Amber Essenwold, the Spymaster

General, has only learned of in the last few days, and even then only a few details.

Came Bridge

Came Bridge is one of the major centres of learning in Havenland. Its old buildings rise gracefully out of the landscape with pointed spires and lofty towers, gravity-defying flying buttresses and ornate stone grotesques, green-hued stained-glass windows and sumptuous grey roof tiles.

Between the buildings, ornate covered walkways span the thoroughfares and scholars, academics, and sages nod wisely and engage in learned conversations on the town's cobbled street corners.

Cernwall

The only mountains in Cernwall lie towards Haven's End at the most southerly tip of both the county and the country. The rest of the county is mostly flat and remote. Middlerfog often sweeps in from the sea, making travel along the county's rough roads treacherous.

The majority of Cernwall's larger towns flourish on the coast, supported by fishing fleets which trade their excess catches with the rest of Havenland. Most of the major towns have erected seaward defences as protection against the frequent sharkfolk and pirate raids which plague the county.

Cernfolk are proud, steadfastly defending both their way of life and their Duke, Thaddius Clam. In fact, they often start bare-knuckle fights with strangers who speak ill of him. Although illegal, the people of Cernwall still speak 'Cern', an ancient dialect originating from the Clectics. At the Queen's command, there

have been many attempts to stamp out the practise of speaking Cern. If caught, 'Cern-speakers' are tarred, feathered, and dragged through the street by an angry mud cow. Duke Clam follows the letter of the law, sending out patrols to arrest these lawbreakers. However, the 'Cern-speakers' always seem to go to ground before the 'Cern-hunters' can clap them in irons.

Duke Thaddius Clam looks after the Cernfolk with a fair and even hand. At court he is a pariah, the other dukes and duchesses disconcerted by his constant piercing gaze. Standing in the centre of a room, he will stare at all those around him, periodically spinning to face a different direction and stare at someone else.

Haven's End

Sluggish fog often crawls in from the sea smothering Haven's End. Sharkfolk use this to their advantage raiding local farms under the cover of the fog. For some locals the last thing they ever see is a fin cutting through the fog.

Being on the most southerly tip of Havenland, travelling to Haven's End has become part of the Grand Tour of the Haven Isles for young nobles. This brings in money which the Duke uses to keep the county's cobbled roads well-maintained. However, since brigands started targeting the young nobles, they have resorted to travelling in stagecoaches flanked by ten or more guards.

At the very tip of Haven's End is the Haven's End Inn, the most southerly collection of buildings in all Havenland. To the south it is bounded by the cliffs of

Haven's End, whilst to the north, a wooden palisade arches from cliff edge to cliff edge. Inside this palisade can be found stables, a small garden, and the inn itself. Run by widower Paula Shepherd, a short plump lady with well-rouged cheeks and what many suspect to be a wig, she moved to Haven's End twenty years past. No-one is sure how she came to own the inn.

Truerow

Truerow is a town of narrow cobbled streets which weave their way down to the once-flourishing harbour. These streets are lined with terraced houses notable for their low wooden doors, slate doorsteps, and pots containing wild cressroot and purplehaze flowers which adorn entrances and hang from wooden beams on sea-air-rusted brackets.

The recent opening of two tin mines close to town has led to a decline in the fishing industry, and the spectre of family and work-related feuds. Many of the fishermen feel betrayed by their offspring, who have moved into the mines rather than taking up the family profession, some even changing their surnames. This is compounded by the rivalry between the 'Hill Top' and the 'Devil Badgers' miners.

Hill Top mine is busy at all hours of the day or night, with hook-nosed wart goblins grinding away at the rock faces, supervised by human task masters. However, the Devil Badgers mine – named after the set of badgers that had to be cleared while making way for the mine – is run solely by humans. The remaining fishermen have turned to subsidising their incomes by hunting Sharkfolk. Selling



their fins, teeth, and skulls as curiosities to travellers, and ritual components to druids.

Terrence Smith, the local tax collector, is despised throughout the town as he takes pleasure in punishing those unable to pay their taxes, whatever the reason. He spends most of his time in 'The Miner's Arms' tavern.

Rumours abound that the Hill Top mine has recently broken through into a cave of green glowing stalagmites. However, locals are more concerned with the recent disappearances of their kin.

Taintegel Castle

On the north-east coast of Cernwall, on a rocky headland barely connected to the mainland by a short beach is the magnificent edifice of Taintegel Castle. A high narrow stone bridge, wide enough for a fully-laden cart links the headland. Built by the earliest ruler of Havenland, King Barthen Paindregen, the castle and his rule are steeped in history, myth, and folklore. The castle's defensive position makes it nigh impossible to take by force, but it is large and awkward to maintain, some areas having fallen into a state of disrepair.

King Barthen Paindregen is said to have wielded a unique legendary sword so mighty that gloomium blades were unequal to it. Given to him at Greenmere Lake by a mysterious lady that lay beneath the water's surface dressed in a white gossamer gown. Before slipping into the depths, she raised the sword out of the water for him to take, as well as his title as the first King of Havenland. Myths say it was forged at the same time as the

gloomium blades and built to command them all and in the greenness, bind them. It is called Caledwych, and any that own it unquestionably command all the power in the land. Caledwych is said to be lost in the Middlerlands, and many have searched for it and failed. Some say that Queen Elspeth's stern demeanour cracks whenever Caledwych is mentioned.

The Gaulandians seem to have an unbridled desire to taint the legends concerning Taintegel, King Paindregen, and Caledwych. They dispute all other versions of the legend other than their own, which claims that the blade rests in Gaulandia.

On the mainland, on a rise that looks out to the castle is a weathered bronze statue of a cloaked and hooded male warrior. The statue stands with a sword in front of him, his hands resting on the pommel, the tip of the sword resting on the ground. The statue has stood for centuries, the elements having long weathered holes through it. The statue is known as The King that Guards and legend says that should the statue topple, a long-dead king will return from the grave to protect the castle.

Chesternshire

Duke Jolly Thistlethwaite has the most content populace in all of Havenland. If he could just settle the border and river dispute with Great Mersea and find a way to deal with Great Mersea's corrupt duke, Atticus Silverhand, all would be perfect. The squabbling over the border and who can use which parts of the River Mercy has become a serious problem and the two Dukes are running out of patience, despite

having brought it to the attention of the Queen. Her reply, “Whoever outlives the other gains the river,” has only exacerbated the situation and since then a state of almost all-out war has existed between Chesternshire and Great Mersea, with assassination attempts, coups, and fake deaths all having taken place. So far, Chesternshire has easily repelled several raids launched by Great Mersea, thanks to the large militia force raised by the Lord of Marnchestern. Unable to make any headway militarily, Duke Silverhand has resorted to economic warfare, taking advantage of the fact that the river rises in Great Mersea to frequently dam or divert its course. This disrupts the livelihoods of those down river and squeezes the economy of Chesternshire. Unfortunately, the River Mercy also runs through Darbyshire and affects its economy, greatly annoying its duchess, Gertrude Margoyles. She has recently offered her support to Duke Thistlethwaite.

Chestern

Chestern stands on a bend in the River Cree, close to the border with Oldenwale. Its strong defensive position, with three sides protected by the river, was why Castle Chestern was built here to impose its dominance of the border hundreds of years ago. The fourth side, on the south of the town is protected by a stone wall with watchtowers. Both the fortifications and the castle mean that commonfolk have little to worry about, unless those worries can fly. Unfortunately, whilst the castle is still a formidable structure, parts of it have fallen into disrepair. Nathalya Kilminster, the Lady of Chestern, knows that her duty is to maintain a watch over the border in

case of raids from Oldenwale, but she prefers to spend the taxes on more pressing issues raised by the commonfolk. There are strong trade links with Caer Oldenwale, although the mainly straight and open routes across Clewed make wagons and caravans an easy target for highwaymen and other unsavoury types. Chestern has a large church to Gael at the foot of the castle and a tourney ground outside the southern perimeter wall. Three bridges cross the river, Northbridge, Eastbridge, and Walebridge, each having a defensive structure on the town’s castle side.

The Smashed Tankard Inn is a raucous drinking and stopover place just on the road across the Eastbridge and known for its bare-knuckle, bear, and dog fighting, as well as lucrative centidemonpede racing. The innkeeper is a former militia captain covered in badly blotched tattoos. His shaven head and squashed nose are testament to his former and latter trades. No one knows his real name, but he goes by the nickname of his weapon of choice – Bottle.

Marnchestern

Manchestern straddles the wide banks of the River Mercy. Its Lord, Rodger De Corsey, served in the Queen’s Navy (and the King’s before that), chasing pirates and buccaneers up and down the Emeraude Sea. Still a keen sailor with an interest in the river, he fully supports Duke Silverhand in the River Mercy dispute as it disrupts trade and the good of the country.

Manchestern is a large town, enabling Lord de Corsey to raise a large militia,

much of which has been sent out recently to repel raids from Great Mersea. Usually it is garrisoned in Meddia Keep, a fairly standard keep were it not for the stained-glass windows depicting historic and folkloric scenes recently installed by Lord de Corsey.

The town is also home to Strangepath Prison, a grim and foreboding edifice known to the locals as 'Damnation'. Here, those criminals not condemned to hang, serve out sentences living in their own faeces, gnawed by rats, and covered in pustules and the pox.

Cymbria

The most rugged county in Havenland dominated by high peaks and low valleys with long lakes.

Mount Fellscar

The biggest mountain in Havenland, Mount Fellscar's peak is often shrouded in olive clouds and its upper slopes are covered in chartreuse-hued snow for most of the year. Atop the mountain's very pinnacle is a smooth black obelisk, 20 feet tall and three feet square at its base. The Fellscar Obelisk gives off a weak heat, even in the mountain's thin, cold air, and the elliptical shadow traced by its tip is marked out with smooth one-foot diameter black stones that look alien to the landscape. If moved, they roll back into place as if guided by some magnetic force, unless actively prevented. Even when moved down to the valley far below, they roll back up the mountain to the peak. These stones are known as the Black Balls of Fellscar.

Southcastle

The western end of the Great Wall of Hadreen is marked by Southcastle before it tumbles off a rocky headland into the Solway Estuary below. The small bay at the foot of the headland is home to Southcastle, a small fortified town which serves as the headquarters for a Queen's Navy flotilla assigned to prevent smuggling across the border. Southcastle consists of a stonewall outer enclosure and the dominating Grey Iron Keep near its northern perimeter. The keep wall butts up to the perimeter wall on its eastern flank. The keep's castellan is Sir Heston Marmaduke, a young and ambitious knight loyal to the queen.

Stonycastle Catch, a fishmongers inside the fortified town, is actually a front for an assassins' guild run by the owner, Malcolm Bilecrest. He does not discriminate between killing havenfolk or shirefolk, either brings the same amount of gold. Guild members wear silver rings marked with a hawk motif, giving them their name, Silverhawks. Specialised in killing at range, they often take to the rooftops and use their bows to kill from on high, and before anyone is alerted they are gone. They take on contracts all over the Haven Isles, nowhere being outside of their reach.

Darbyshire

For more information about this county, refer to the first TM book.

Shaffingfield

A town known for its forges and metalworking, the Queen has recognised the Hallam Foundry as being the best



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forged for royal cutlery. Ruled by Lord Quentin De La Oasting, Havenland's most flamboyant lord, he often wears colourful feathers inserted into preposterous millinery. Despite the seeming eccentricities, Quentin is a tactical mastermind and often has the queen's ear when it comes to military matters, much to the irritation of her generals and Duchess Margoyles, who feel undermined by the lesser noble.

Devern

The flatlands of Devern are sandwiched between Hexenmoor and Dertmoor, with the River Hexen cutting a path south to Hexen Tor along the county's eastern edge. The poor quality of its soil, means that both the county and its tax base are poor. This has led Duke Igor Salt to enact harsh measures to ensure taxes are collected on time. He wrings every bit of blood, sweat, and tears from the Devernfolk, dispensing swift punishment on any who fail to meet their obligations to queen and country. The blackened ruins of the hamlet of Malgreen often serve as a reminder to anyone not willing to pay their dues after the duke ordered it burnt to the ground. There is little love lost between the people of Devern and their duke.

In addition to taxing Devernfolk, the duke collects taxes on all trade across the county, on anyone using the Queen's Crossing bridge, and all inns in the county. In fact, all Devern inns are owned by the duke and protected by his militia, resulting in fewer patrols and a rise in lawlessness across the county. The worst outbreak of lawlessness was 32 years ago, during the Winter of Blood, when the

gang known as the 'Bluebells' ran wild, stealing and murdering the duke's excisemen the length and breadth of the county. The Duke, in a desperate bid to stop the Bluebells, released the pirate James Morgan, and tasked him with hunting down the gang and bringing its members to justice. Morgan eventually cornered them at The Knotted Plough and butchered everyone in the inn, including non-gang members. The Duke has retained Morgan to run what is the most famous – or infamous – inn in the county ever since. Technically, the Duke never pardoned Morgan, so the ex-pirate still has to carry out certain tasks for the Duke, despite his age.

Ill Faircombe

St. Mary's Fort sits atop a barrow overlooking the town. Used as a storehouse to protect merchandise from bold sharkfolk and pirate raids, the stink of raw fish mixes with the ever-present fog to make a uniquely unpleasant muggy stench that is carried with the locals wherever they travel. The town economy is evenly split between fishing and agriculture. The fishermen and their families live centred around the port, with the farms stretching out around the town.

At the centre of the town is 'the green'; a large flat lawn, maintained by Ivor Brent, the proprietor of the Broken Tooth Inn which overlooks the green. It is here that the locals gather on a Sunday to play 'Spade'; a game much like the child's game of 'Tag' except played with shovels. All except one of the players stand at one end. These are the 'runners'. The remaining player, the 'shoveller' stands in the centre with a shovel. The runners must get to the

other side and safety, while the shoveller tries to smack them with the heavy end of the shovel. Anyone 'smacked' gets to become a shoveller and stay in the middle once they regain consciousness. This is repeated until there is only one person left without a shovel. Young ladies in the town often use this to signal their liking for a young gentleman by smashing him as hard as possible with a shovel in the face. When visitors say that Jeff Ironcross looks like he was hit with a shovel, the locals reply "*Ar, bloody fifteen smoshes fore he noo she wuz keen on 'im*". Nowadays, crime is almost non-existent, with minor feuds and disagreements resolved through a game of 'Spade'.

A second smaller fort sits on the cliff edge overlooking both the harbour and town. At sunset Agnes Clapper limps up the stairs of the tallest tower, pulling her woollen shawl around her. At eighty-six winters old it takes her over an hour to ascend the tower. She stands all night watching over a series of gloombug lanterns. Duke Salt, not wishing to pay for a lighthouse, conscripted Agnes after she was caught stealing a loaf of bread over forty years ago.

When the townsfolk are needed to man the defences, a bell in the small fort is rung, and men, women, and children scabble for their spades and run to the towns protection.

Blymouth

With the county blighted by seaborne attacks and creatures oozing under the surface from Dertmoor, Duke Salt decided to establish a military college. Blymouth was selected as the perfect place

to train his militia as it was accessible via Devern's main trade routes, but far away enough to avoid the prying eyes of most of the country's dukes and duchesses. This allows him the freedom to train his troops in more surreptitious methods of warfare, such as camouflage, spying, explosives, and seeding unrest and revolt.

The college is run by Sergeant Stone, a kindly man in his early sixties and a grey handlebar moustache who can still best every graduate of the college with a sword. The sound of his thin, bone cane clicking off the cobbles is enough to have every recruit snap to attention. The college, its barracks, training grounds, and protective walls are built from solid grey stone which was shipped in specifically for the purpose, whereas the buildings of the surrounding town are constructed from local timber, with thatched roofs.

Blymouth is also known for its grey sheep, which graze in open fields during the day before being herded into underground pens, safe from the creatures that infest the night. At sunset, the streets become deserted, shutters fixed closed, and doors are locked, bolted, and braced.

Wild cats, twice the size of dogs, wander off the moor into the town in search of food, and sometimes, slithering sucking noises can be heard pulsing against doorways and windows. Blymouth's nightly shutdown led to an extensive network of tunnels being dug under the town, connecting the homes and various taverns. Each dwelling has its own ladder which provides access down to the tunnels. Only the military barracks and the smithy owned by John Black are not connected to the tunnels.

Hexen Tor

A bustling port town, Hexen Tor sees traffic from Blymouth, Southerton, and the River Hexen. The port is protected by a breakwater constructed by hook-nosed goblins. It took them five years to complete, but Hexen Tor has one of the sturdiest breakwaters in Havenland.

Three merchant companies have cornered the market within the town. Shifters Company is run by Henry Eathon-Shaftswell and traditionally deals in goods coming downriver, with most of their warehousing being on the northside of the town. Tim & Sons is owned and run by Tim Farmer and his sons, Ben and Alex, and handles all goods coming in through the port and owns most of the warehouses near the harbour. Jackson's is owned and run by Arthur Jackson, who holds most of the large contracts for moving goods along the main trade route out of the town. The three companies get the first pick of all goods and the best prices on the contracts. The secret behind the trio's monopoly is a green-crested bottlejack called Th'caa'l who is used to pass untraceable messages to each other and so maintain control of business in the town and beyond.

Dorsomset

From the wetlands in the north to the rolling hills in the south down to its rugged coastline, Dorsomset's varied landscape supports various industries, including farming, fishing, silk-making, and wool spinning. This flexibility came about as a response to the Green Plague which swept the county 30 years ago, the dead being left on the streets to liquefy

and be washed away by the rain. With her county left devastated and woefully under-defended against brigands and threats from the Middergloom, Duchess Irinya Dulharrow ordered a one-year conscription for all able-bodied survivors into her militia, the Dorsomset Yeomanry. The militia was directed to help rebuild the county. The duchess worked hard with the commonfolk to consolidate their trades, pouring available resources into wool, sailcloth, and silk manufacture and securing contracts in Great Lunden with Havenland's major shipwrights. Dorsomset's economy has flourished ever since and its commonfolk are fiercely proud of the county and Duchess Dulharrow.

The many coves and beaches of Dorsomset's coast play host to a thriving smuggling operation, with stashes of food, silks, coins, and other goods to be found all along the coast. The queen's taxmen have little success in stopping them and there are hushed rumours that they have the support of Duchess Dulharrow. Not only does their income support the county, but their swords keep the caves free of the many tentacled creatures that would otherwise infest them.

Across Havenland, Dorsomset is renowned for its famous poets and writers, including Thomasina Hardy, the 'Brawling Balladeer', and Dorsomset Marmalade, an ex-spy and natural philosopher who once had five plays on in Great Lunden at the same time. Critics often call them geniuses, gifted, and god-touched. However, the locals refer to them as "fookin' wastrels", pointing to the mad

sage and pamphleteer, Mathias Pouke of Bland Forum, as a prime example.

Green Hill, just east of Wombirne Monster, is rumoured to be nothing but Middium. After all, its weaponsmiths, the makers of the Middium Ear Dagger and Middium Longsword must get the strange metal from somewhere. Near Bessintone on the southwest coast, in addition to other crops, local farmer Fred Wright grows in one corner what he calls 'Bast'd Chillis'. It is believed that the distilled juices of this chilli can be used to both melt metal or make a very tasty supper.

Stilton Gorge

The gorge is shaped by steep sloping hills along one side and a sheer limestone cliff the other. The gorge leads into many of the oldest cave networks in Havenland.

A system of ropes has been rigged from the top of the limestone escarpment to the bottom. A carriage with the wheels removed is suspended from the ropes, and as mud cows turn a pulley system, the carriage is lowered or raised up and down the face of the gorge. Workmen with flags signal to each other to stop and start the cows.

The venerable James Channing gives tours to anyone wishing to explore the caves and return. He will take them on a well-trod route that avoids most of the hunting grounds of the creatures that infest the deeper parts of the caves. The highlight of the exploration is the Cave of Crystals. Here, between green pools, stalagmites and stalactites twice the size of a normal human glisten and glow from within.

Essenshire

A swathe of arable farmland and quaint hamlets.

Helm's Ford

As well as naming the River Helm, it is claimed that the great warrior, Sir Sutton Helm, also founded the settlement here at Helm's Ford. Some say that this is a load of bollocks and that settlements have existed here since the Gomans built a fort there, which in turn was built on more ancient ancestral land. Whatever the history, Sir Helm put Helm's Ford on the map.

Now ruled by Lord Porc Turmeric (self-pronounced, 'Porse Turm-a-reece' and aggressively defended), Helm's Ford sits on a low rise and consists of two concentric circles forming the inner and outer parts of the town. At the centre, a huge round tower provides the town's primary defence, but a close perimeter wall also protects its vital trades, whilst everything else is outside of it at a clear distance of 100 feet. Places are referenced by their position inside or outside the perimeter wall. Thus, the blacksmith, Terd Blackhand's forge is 'Within', whilst the inn, The Lazy Perch is 'Without'.

Commerce and life in the town is governed by several self-proclaimed guilds, from The Guild of Hedgecutters to the Honorable Guild of Assayers, but most of these are fronts for criminal activity of one kind or another. Lord Turmeric rejects any suggestion that his town is home to criminal activity, stating that the guilds regulate commerce. The fact that he lets them continue operating



has nothing to do with the leather bags of coin regularly delivered to his tower.

Under the command of Captain Grayham Bloodscar, the militia is – for the most part – just as corrupt and just as easy to bribe. Captain Grayham Bloodscar is a mean bastard and flogs his men for fun. Many have tried to kill him, but all have failed. It is as if he knows of their plots. Just under five years ago, Captain Bloodscar discovered a ring which he wears and never takes off, always fiddling with it.

Greater Mersea

Riverpool

On the northbanks of the Mercy Estuary, the Lord of Riverpool, Bodbert Dey, does his duke's bidding. From River Castle, Lord Dey watches the folk of the main Seven Streets district and the docks, busying themselves below.

He watches over the estuary at the Chesternshire peninsula, thinking of ways to get back at their shameless attempts to control Greater Mersea's merchant ships and boats. With the unwitting help of the Oldenwale clans, maybe he can.

The most famous drinking den in Riverpool is The Tavern. Located on the edge of the town's docks, it is not famous for its beer, but for its music and live entertainment. Bards, skalds, and entertainers come from all over Havenland and beyond to earn coin. Some of the most successful bards have played here.

Hamshire

Duke Felix Ironfern firmly believes that one day, the county of Hamshire could be

as rich as Great Lunden. Whilst the southern half of the county is covered by the verdant Southerton Down Forest, the fruit farms of the northern half produce bumper crops year after year. Likewise, Southerton Down Forest is rich in game and should provide great hunting for the surrounding counties' nobles, rather than just the forest's eastern portion.

Unfortunately, it seems that the Duke's dreams are unlikely to be realised anytime soon. The problem is Southerton's proximity to the foul waters of the River Itch. This foul, sometimes fatal, river discourages both settlement and development in the southern half of Hamshire, as well as hunting. When the hunting nobles of Great Lunden – avoiding the summer plagues – come to the county hunting grounds, they tend to avoid Southerton preferring the woodland around the River Welling. If the river issue was resolved, Hamshire could prosper as it should.

Southerton

Southerton is a large town built around a well-protected harbour. The wide straits around Wight Isle leading into the estuary keep out the worst of the storms and Duke Ironfern has built defensive outposts on both sides of the estuary to keep out the pirates and other potential invaders. It has access to plentiful produce and relatively safe shipping lanes to southwest Havenland and Gaulandia. It is a common waypoint for merchants and travellers headed inland or just needing safe anchorage before sailing further on along the Havenland coast.

The wharves of Southerton are cleaner than many, and while not strictly safe, are

at least well-patrolled. Folk are unlikely to lose their life or their purse during the day. One of the larger and better-known taverns is Welling Falls, a sprawling establishment spread over three buildings and several floors. Run by Mistress Mary Canthy, her staff includes folks from all over – mostly stranded passengers with no other way of making ends meet. Mary's cook and husband, Tall John, has a running offer of 50 gold quids to the first person that brings proof of having survived the Welling Falls in a barrel.

While many talk about taking his money, so far nobody has. The outer wards of Southerton are relatively affluent, with rich merchants, captains, and knights living in two – or even three – storey houses overlooking the bay.

Southerton has two problems. First and foremost, it is not Great Lunden, and no matter how aspiringly-wealthy and civilised Southerton thinks itself, the Lundfolk rarely deign to notice them, and never in a positive manner. The second, of course, is the River Itch, which dumps its foul waters just east of the town and prevents the entire eastern side of the town from expanding and making full use of the resource. Duke Ironfern's payment for any that take care of that would certainly make Tall John's offer look paltry.

Hertshire

The 'Fuck All' county as it is known. Apart from loads of fields and hamlets, there is not much here. The largest settlement, Little Elphstree is maintained by Lady Hanlea Postlepot and she mostly sleeps. Occasional 'farmer drama', as she calls it, wakes her from her dribble-

inducing dreams of counting tax money. Annoyed at being woken, she often – with barely a move of her hand – wafts one of her slovenly advisors to sort the problems out.

Kentshire

Kentshire is a county of two faces. The northern edge, between the hills and the Great Thameswater Estuary is pock-marked with towns taking advantage of easy access to Great Lunden. These communities mostly thrive on trade and small manufacturing rather than agriculture, and several of the towns and villages are known for their boat building.

The southern three-quarters of Kentshire is agricultural land consisting of chalk and clay, regularly dowsed in the sulfuric scent of the Bilewater. The Kentfolk of this region are a hardy lot, barely making ends meet, who talk regularly of how nice it would be to 'live t'other side of them hills'. The northerners claim to be able smell a southern Kentfolk at 50 paces and would never knowingly offer them work or shelter. Duke Magnus Ham rarely sees the county, spending all his time vying for favour in the Queen's Court.

Blackover

The town of Blackover is situated in the valley of the Sour River where the cliffs have been worn low by the once larger river. It has a large market, moneylenders, shipwrights, and its deep, well-protected harbour has one of the more impressive collections of seedy bars and brothels in Havenland. In the narrow alleys lurk desperate cutthroats looking for an easy way to make a few coins.

Most famous for its high bluffs known as The Green Cliffs of Blackover, Blackover is also the closest point between Havenland and Gaulandia. When the gloomy, low-lying mist over the Havenland Channel lifts, that foreign land, where commonfolk rumour they have tamed the Greater Horned Groat and make cheese from its milk, can be seen. Fortunately, the mists lift rarely, and the folk of Blackover are spared this unsettling view. Blackover is also the end of the road from Great Lunden. Travellers wanting to go on from here, either catch a sailing vessel to Hastings Watch along the coast or cross the channel to La Callhay.

Blackover features an ever-glowing tower that warns nocturnal passing ships of the sharp rocks beneath the cliffs. Built centuries ago from chalk bricks cut from the bluffs and magically-stabilised against erosion, the green has slowly been leeching out of the tower, leaving its top few feet nearly white, while the base is now even darker than the native stone. A circle so dark as to be nearly black stains the ground at its base, and gives rise to mutated, malign grasses. Animals do not go near the tower.

The great chalky, dark-green cliffs of Blackover are stained deeply with gloomium, and chalk pulled from them is prized by chaotic wizards to create dark, arcane symbols. Regular patrols of the Blackover Watch, garrisoned at the fort known as Clifftop, are sent out in a hopeless attempt to prevent the harvesting of this deadly substance. A posting to Clifftop is typically regarded as punishment so the soldiers stationed here are the worst-disciplined and most-

amenable to bribery of any in the Queen's army.

Accessible only from the sea or by a daring climb down the cliffs, the base of the cliffs is riddled with caves leading to tunnels deep into Kentshire. It is whispered that one such tunnel leads all the way to the catacombs under the great church of Canterbury.

Canterbury

One of the most important towns in Havenland, Canterbury's importance outstrips its size. This is because Canterbury is a major pilgrimage site for many of Havenland's faiths, with pilgrims coming from far and wide, including from overseas, to pray at the many shrines and churches within the town's large Temple District. Such devout pilgrims often have trouble keeping their views to themselves, leading to brawls and protests, necessitating a large garrison to keep the peace.

This is not the only reason why the town has a large military presence. Canterbury sits astride a well-maintained Goman-era road which runs from Great Lunden to Blackover and is the first major town for any invading army coming from the south or east. Despite the need for protection, the town only has a great earthen wall surrounding it rather than stone fortifications. The Canterbury garrison also has to maintain patrols up and down the road to protect the pilgrims from bandits and highwaymen. More recently, the merchants from the town, especially those hawking religious trinkets, have been setting up stalls alongside the road vying for pilgrims' custom before they reach

Cantberry. Pilgrims are faced with a procession of gaudy flags, canopies, and 'sale' signs, all screaming for attention. The vendors do their share of yelling as well. The vendors do not take kindly to interlopers attempting to sell to the pilgrims and the resulting fights often need to be broken up by the patrols. Lord Baricent recently imposed a night-time curfew in the temple district, much to the financial dismay of many tavernkeepers that surround the area. There is some talk that he might have been pushed into action by a healthy sum of money that found its way into his pockets from the Eastern Neighbourhood Development Society, whose taverns, inns and shops have been much livelier since the western temple district has been under martial law.

Lankershire

Darkpool

Seven years ago, Darkpool was a bustling seaside town with a long, wide beach, three long piers stretching out into the waves, and a great stone tower overlooking the entire town. Then one morning, traders and travellers approaching the town were filled with a

Darkpool Map Key:

1. Lord Manning's Keep (overgrown)
2. The Dark Pool
3. Dowerling Tower
4. Darkpool Tower
5. The Darkpool Inn and Stables
6. Watchers from the Shore
7. Temple of Moa Dak
8. Thieve's Guildhouse (overgrown)
9. South Road Inn

sense of dread. Those that had the courage to enter Darkpool told of an eerie scene. Doors left open, trade goods left out in the street where they had been placed or dropped, fires still burning, and food still cooking. Livestock and pets had disappeared too. Lord Bernhardt Manning, his advisors, and the town's militia were also gone. For all of the strange disappearances, there was only the one appearance.

Northeast of Darkpool is the crepuscular pool from which the town got its name. Known as The Dark Pool, most people steered clear of it, as people were always going missing in its inky waters and tales of strange occurrences nearby were rife. Standing in the centre of the pool, where there had been nothing before, was a huge, black, stone monolith, 100 feet high and carved in green runes. If you listen closely, it hums a low bass tone.

To this day, Darkpool remains a mystery. Deserted and semi-ruined, overtaken by flora and fauna, no-one knows where the townsfolk went and no-one wants to find out. Except for Henwith Kaight, who suggests in his pamphlet, *The Pillar of the Pool*, that everything went awry when the waters of the Dark Pool unknowingly seeped into the town's water supply. Whatever the truth of the matter, the place instils fear into those that get near its borders. Some creatures and even those hiding from the law have made a 'kind of home here, but they tell of sleepless nights and shadows so long that even night fears them. Darkcrows avoid it. The trade route between Darkpool and Riverpool is rarely used these days and any travelling past

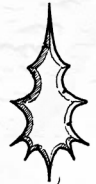
The Middelands Expanded - Locations



To Fernbarrow

To Gokbarrow

North



30 60 feet

To Riverpool

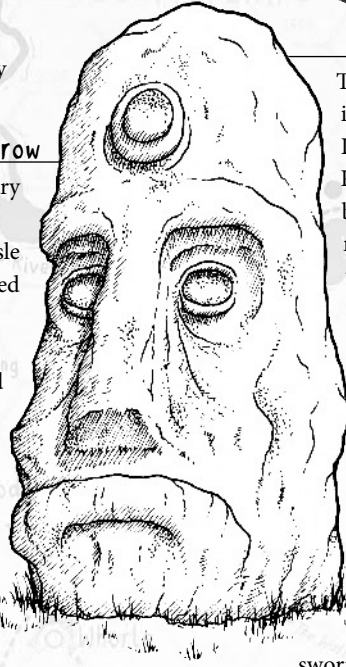
Darkpool

Darkpool en route to Fernbarrow give it a very wide berth indeed.

Fernbarrow

Fernbarrow is the primary port for trade between Weevilsworth on Man Isle and the mainland. Nestled in a secluded cove, it is reached by a single road which switches back and forth up the cliffs behind it. A series of thirteen stone heads line these cliff-tops, keeping watch over the town in the name of the Watcher from the Shore.

The port is home to many fishing vessels and privateers as well as the Weevil Ferry, which takes merchants, tradesfolk, and commoners between the two towns. The town's two inns, The Unfurled Sail and The Smugglers Chest, located at either end of the harbour, are engaged in a bitter rivalry over trade. Poisoned ale, stealing stock, and arson have all been fair tactics. The situation has reached a deathly, violent spiral and now the militia stand guard outside the two establishments. The patience of the Lord of Fernbarrow, Stanley Muddling is wearing thin and he is considering harsh punishments for both owners which currently favour a dagger-only fight to the death in the town's bear-baiting ring.



Greenmere Lake

The largest and deepest lake in Havenland, Greenmere Lake is where King Barthen Paindregen is said to have been given Caledwych. A makeshift hamlet stands on the eastern shoreline, comprised of folk loyal to the myth of the Lady of the Lake as she is known. They wait here for her to come from the water bearing Caledwych once more and give it to the rightful ruler of the lands.

Known as Attendants of The Lady, all are unmarried and

sworn to celibacy, they are led by

Mistress Tabatha Bonehollow, a white-haired lady in her sixties. Her younger assistant, Jessicah Covenstone is a spy for the Queen's advisors, ensuring that any sightings of Caledwych are immediately reported, or so they think. She is actually a double agent working for the Gaulandians.

Lesternshire

For more information about this county, refer to the first TM book.

This county is situated to the east of The Western Midderlands, and has in fact been called the Eastern Midderlands by many people, but not by those who live in Lesternshire, oh no. They are a proud folk, safe in the knowledge that they have lived and worked these lands ever since the Gomans invaded 2,000 years ago. For the most part, the Lestfolk are happy,

which is quite rare in Havenland. They are Lestfolk and proud of it!

The whole county consists of scattered woodland, although not sufficiently cohesive to earn the name of a forest. In these woods extraordinary creatures and druids live side-by-side. When planets align, or full moons are high in the sky, eerie lights and stranger sounds resonate from the shadowy woodland realms. Commonfolk tend to avoid certain areas as they prefer not to be eaten or sacrificed.

In-between the wooded areas, Lestfolk grow crops and herd sheep – which results in as many sheep-related anecdotes as the folk of Oldenwale have to endure – all to feed the beast that is Lestern, the largest town in the county. Lestenshire is also known for its iron and bronze working, especially bell making. Almost every bell in the cathedrals and churches of Havenland bears a Lestern mark. Those forges capable of casting such large bells are found close to Lestern, where workers and materials are readily available.

Abandoned long ago, no-one will settle in Bosswort, despite the best efforts of Duke Ebenezer Hawkins. The earth for almost a mile around the hamlet is blackened and continually stinks of rotten vegetation, as does anything grown in it. Historians tell of a great battle being fought here long ago in which thousands died, including an ancient king who is said to still lie beneath the soil, wringing his dead hands still at those whose treachery led to his defeat. Duke Hawkins scoffs at such tales, but has given up any attempt to settle Bosswort.

Lestern

The bustling town of Lestern is governed from and protected by Lestern Castle, a motte-and-bailey castle with a stone keep and a large stone-walled courtyard. Although it has been long ago since it was used as a defensive structure, the castle is always well-stocked in case of a siege.

The castle is home to Duke Ebenezer Hawkins, although he is rarely in residence, preferring the perversities available in Great Lunden. In his stead, the Lord of Lestern, Jaylius Vineshield resides here, looking after the populace as best he can. The taxes are fair and work is abundant. Jaylius is a good man in his early seventies, well-liked, healthy, and strong enough to go hunting on a regular basis. He has seven daughters and no sons for heirs. The ladies are all married and there is a power struggle behind his back to see who will inherit the seat of Lestern when he dies. Yet to name an heir and unaware of their plotting, Jaylius spoils his daughters rotten.

His eldest daughter Renee Vineshield-Sebastule, has become incredibly vindictive over her father's longevity. All she thinks about is putting her husband in power as soon as possible so her sons can continue the family line of power and wealth. Some suggest this change was sudden and feel that there is an external influence. Some even say that local druids control her, hoping for drastic reforms which curb the encroachment of the county's farmland on the woods where they revere nature.

A mixture of stone and timber-framed buildings, the town is rarely quiet, its

streets bustling with folk and vendors noisily hawking their wares. The town watch conducts regular patrols, for where there is money, there is crime. Rumours abound – as they normally do – that a thieves' guild operates in the town, run by one of Lord Vineshield's advisors. The rumour is partly false, as although there is a thieves' guild, it is headed by the Captain of the Watch, Daniel Coburne. A man in his forties, strong and dominant, Coburne captured the previous head of the guild; taking his place – and head. He has made this his calling card, beheading any that are disobey his orders or are disloyal – several headless corpses have been found in the town over the last few years. For the captain it has been fun, and incredibly lucrative, but now it is time to cash in and leave town. Only one other person knows the guildmaster's identity, his second-in-command at the Watch, Jon Bowman. He plans to take over once Daniel 'retires'.

Recently, Lord Vineshield extended his patronage to Dickie Neale, a local metal smith who is trying to perfect the art of hand-held cannons, making them lighter and easier to use. Duke Hawkins was presented with a brace of these new-fangled, yet unpredictable long-barrelled weapons as a gift and they are the talk of the town. His are not made locally, but are pistols from Gaulandia, imbued with arcane properties. Named 'Thunder' and 'Lightning', the Duke always takes them hunting. He has never been known to miss with either weapon.

The influence of Lestern's Trade Guilds in the town is growing as Lord Jaylius is more lenient with them than Duke

Hawkins ever was. Without anyone to rein in their activities, the guilds have expanded the lands they own and cleared woodland to suit their selfish needs. On many occasions, workers have found the bodies of creatures strewn around the felled trees. Though the Trade Guilds have no issue with a few dead woodland creatures, the druids do, hence their sudden, yet subtle control over Renee.

Adventurers are paid handsomely by either the druids – to guard their woodlands, or the Trade Guilds – to find special ingredients that can only be found in the druid-protected areas. There is an unspoken rule that has been around for years that goes, "If you survive the journey, you may keep the reward." There is good coin to be had if you do not mind getting mauled to death or turned into a newt!

An indication of Lestern's prosperity is the story of Master Henie Worker, a butcher by trade. One day he started cutting up potatoes into thin slices, frying them, popping them into little wax bags, and selling them in his shop with a sprinkle of salt. A year on, there is a barrow on almost every street corner selling Already-salted Workers crisps.

Linkernshire

Grimsburg

The port of Grimsburg sits on the north Linkernshire coast, on the mouth of the Holl Estuary where it has a view of the coastline of Humbershire across the choppy waters. Often windy and wet, the town is aptly named. Its maze of docks sprawls into the estuary and a daily ferry transports folk and cargo across the

estuary to Holl, saving merchants valuable time in making the detour around the estuary to the trade route bridges that cross the rivers Ayr, Derwin, Ooze, and Troutdeep.

A large, dirty red stone tower on the docks, known as The Grim Tower, is home to the harbourmaster Cassius Brine. A strict, white-bearded man of 60 winters, he is still agile and strong. He manages the harbour with an iron fist and acidic tongue, never missing a trick from up in his stony perch, and issuing commands to his subordinates as to who can and cannot come in and out of the harbour and which ship uses which wharf. Grimsburg is known for its fishing fleet and selling the best fish in the land.

The Fishmongers Guild effectively rules and dominates the town, irrespective of what the actual Lord, Montague Willow, might think. He is the guild's puppet, the strings being pulled by two of his advisors, Sir Jellory Codling and Lady Peppa Bass. Both are guildmasters of the Fishmongers Guild and like all guildmasters operate in secret. The Fishmongers Guild has ten guildmasters, known as The Black Gulls for the disguises they wear – black mantles and black-feathered masks and headdresses of seagulls – to hide their identities. Together, the guildmasters decide on how Grimsburg is run, who fishes which waters, and also the market value for the fish sold all over Havenland.

One brash fishing boat captain, Logan Fisker, is a Silver Hand agent. He anchors his knarr in the harbour at night and heads to the seedy side of town to hear drunken tales, and spy on members of the Fishmongers Guild.

A whaling ship known as Scrimshaw recently bought in a large whale caught off Snakescale Island. It shows signs of being attacked by a huge octopus or squid, with gigantic tentacle marks on its body.

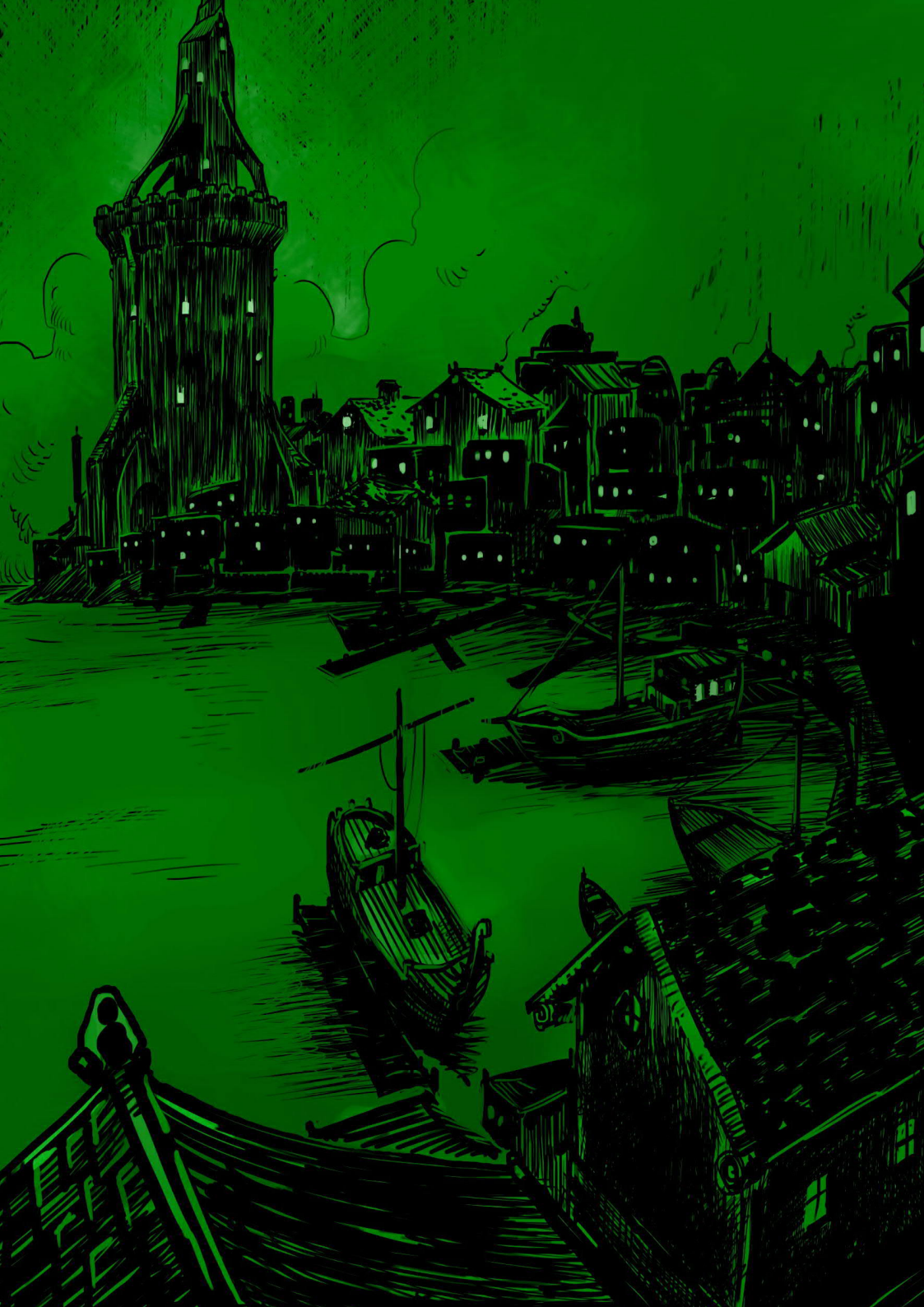
Lundenshire

The Royal County, as Lundenshire is known, is the home of the capital of Havenland, Great Lunden. The local lords and knights of the surrounding towns and villages keep them well-manicured should the queen pass through and stop. She is known to fits of outrage when lilies are found planted with roses. She sees the lily as a sign of Gaulanidan sympathy, and famously beheaded Antoine La Chateau-Rouge for planting an entire field of lilies in the shape of the Gaulandian symbol of a fleur-de-lis.

Great Lunden

The capital of Havenland and home of the Queen. A large city which is home to all manner of trades, folk, and structures. The Great Thameswater river divides the city into north and south, but is crossed by many bridges. The city's cobbled streets are cramped and narrow, with little light as the storeys of buildings above, stacked on top of each other, lean out and block the sky. Crime is rife, with urchins, pickpockets, muggers, murderers, and thugs lurking down every alley. Great Lunden offers everything that Havenland has to offer, but the cost is not always worth the price to be paid.

Great Lunden will be explored in more detail in a further book.



Queen's Palace

The Queen's Palace is an ornate castle of red brick with many towers and turrets. Standing amidst exquisitely manicured parkland, gardens, mazes, and lines of exotic trees, this structure and its backdrop are the most magnificent in Havenland. The main gate to the palace grounds is known as Traitors' Gate for the tall spikes either side upon which the severed heads of traitors are mounted. The wrought iron gates are heavily guarded and serve to reinforce the fact that visitors are entering a place of opulence, etiquette, and peril.

Norfolkshire

Described by the folk of Suffolkshire as "flat as a witch's tit!", the soggy, level marshlands of Norfolkshire are a maze of tracks and small bridges. Largely devoid of trees, the land is flat, and you never need to travel far to find a windmill, as strong breezes blow across the county. Each windmill is a mini-industrial site, its sails turned by the almost perpetual wind, driving gears, saw blades and millstones to grind grain into flour and saw imported lumber into planks and beams for construction. Corn crops grows voraciously in the northern parts of the county.

Queensmyr

Sit right on the gaping estuary known as The Wash, Queensmyr is a port town straddling the Great Ooze River before it widens out into The Wash. Another tributary, the Myr River, joins it before the harbour effectively dividing the town into three wards. These are the eastern High Ward where the wealthy merchants

live and thrive with ready access to the main dock front; the southern Trade Ward where the town's main inns and taverns are to be found, and its smiths, farriers, cobblers, and coopers reside and work; and the western Common Ward where the commonfolk live.

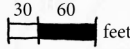
Perched atop Myr Hill, Myr Keep is a poorly-protected structure that overlooks the High Ward, harbour, and the stone-built breakwater known as The Ladies' Arm. The current Lady of Queensmyr is Verity Clegan, a striking and benevolent woman of 30 winters who took over rule when her father, Lambert, was poisoned three years ago. No-one was ever caught for the crime, but many pointed to the current lord of Coalford with whom he had a bitter trading feud. Lady Clegan, whose heart has been broken in the past, has tended to let the past wounds heal, but her benevolent demeanour changes when she talks about Lord Jon Mastiff of Coalford.

A small island on the river mouth, before the harbour, can be accessed via a small wharf. The island known as Fishscale Isle has a tall, narrow, tower structure upon it called Zuulian's Pinnacle. Used as a watchtower over the town and river, the

Queensmyr Map Key:

1. Myr Keep
2. Temple of Aquathea
3. Zuulian's Pinnacle
4. Inn of the Green Kraken
5. Church of Nephthuun
6. The Fighting Dog Tavern
7. Master Helthorne's Smithy
8. Old Horse General Store
9. Morrowstead Farm

Queensmyr



chambers, tunnels, and caverns beneath it spread under the river and below the town allowing any that know its warrens to quickly get to parts of the town unseen.

Northwich

Contained within extensive stone walls and stone-built gates, the town of Northwich is known for four things. The first is its thriving wool trade, with the surrounding farmland being given over to grazing sheep. The second is its square keep, Northwich Castle. The third is the palisade-walled enclosure known as Wichtomb where the dead are buried. Finally, the fourth is the fact that the town has both an eastern and a western cathedral. Mithra's House, the western cathedral, led by Bishop Rufus Slyworth, is an amphitheatre with services to Mithra being held in the open air. Behind the amphitheatre, the main body of the cathedral is divided into two wings. One is the clergy house for the cathedral staff, the other an almshouse dedicated to the poor. Holy Gael's Sanctuary, the eastern cathedral, led by Bishop Rowan Slyworth, is devoted to The Shining One. It overlooks Wichtomb and is the more opulent of the two, with stained-glass windows, lofty spires, and a bell with a distinctive toll that rattles the clay tiles on the roof of Mithra's House.

Whilst both are religious, the brother-bishops Slyworth each took very different paths, but both serve as advisors to Lord Sevrin Brewer who governs the town. Neither can agree on anything and often bicker to the point of frustration, though this does provide Lord Brewer with two opposing views on any matter and helps to make his rule fair and just.

Yawmouth

Yawmouth sits in a small bay formed by a headland and is wholly unremarkable except for its main export – peat. This is cut from the county's extensive bogs, dried, and shipped up and down the east coast in sea-going barges to be sold as fuel.

The town is protected by the Keep of Yaw which stands on the headland, its garrison watching both town and sea. Also on the headland is the Havenland Monument, a tall column with a statue of the queen perched atop looking regal, apart from all the seagull shit. Callahan's Lighthouse, painted in white, its gloomium-powered light providing a warning to ships about the dangerous rocks, stands near the cliff edge. The headland is protected by steep cliffs and a gated stone wall separates it from the town below.

The headland was once larger and longer, but erosion by centuries of storms broke it into three islands, two to the north, one to the south. The southern island, known as Bog Point, is barren and featureless. Spoils

Yawmouth Map Key:

1. Harrowcombe Abbey
2. Shorewatch Armoury
3. Farmstead of Sir Ollen Montgomery
4. Iron Hoof Stables
5. The Gutted Fish Inn
6. Naval Barracks
7. Havenland Monument
8. Keep of Yaw
9. Callahan's Lighthouse
10. Mad Hermit Curios
11. Church of All Gods



North

30 60 feet

Yawmouth

Rock, the largest of the northern islands, is home to Harrowcombe Abbey, a place of worship dedicated to The Watcher from the Shore. It is served by a single, dangerous wharf that catches out even experienced boatmen. Sacrifices to the sea gods are planned here in quiet secrecy and then made on the southern tip of the smaller, northernmost island, known as Tentacle Point. Here, in the shadow of Spoils Rock, young maidens are shackled to the cliff ledge and taken by tentacled horrors from the frothing, olive waters.

Northertonshire

Cheekily known as 'Bootshire' by Lesternfolk, Northertonshire supplies much of Havenland's hard-wearing footwear. Supplied by the county's cattle farms, the leather is worked and fashioned into boots, shoes, and even leather armour. Duke Frotting is keen to tell everyone at the royal court that, "Good footwear keeps an army marching, and a commoner working", and of that there is little disagreement.

Northaston

'Boot Town' as it is known, is ruled by Lord Ichthus Crotching, a seedy, creepy man in his late - arguably - forties. Always sweating, with greasy hair and spotty complexion, Lord Crotching is currently trying to convince the local guild and tradesfolk that leather undergarments could be the future of the industry. To persuade the royal court to fund this endeavour, he has asked for as many samples as possible, each made to his exacting specifications. The Guildmaster is wary of this novel new direction, but has authorised for Lord

Crotching's request for 10 pairs of rabbit-leather jockstraps... with the fur and studs on the inside, to be fulfilled.

Ichthus rules from his manor, Crotching House, on Ichthus Hill, where he hosts wild parties and ostentatious displays of wealth. These only serve to irritate the taxpaying folk of Northaston and there have been murmurs of revolt heard at night in some of the taverns in the town. These seeds of discontent are being spread by the three Marten Brothers, who meet nightly at The Burning Briarling tavern to form plots and hatch plans. Another more secretive member of the plotters, known as 'Dock' comes from afar and offers support.

Notthamshire

Previously part of the Eastern Midderlands, Notthamshire was, until just over a century ago, a farming county best known for its small, but lucrative lace and cotton industry, that began after a local merchant invented a knitting frame. The county's current prosperity is due to its abundant deposits of iron and coal, plus small deposits of silver. Their discovery led to what seemed like an overnight boom, as hundreds of mine entrances appeared, folk flooded into the area for work, and the town of Nottingham grew from nowhere.

To the county's east and south lies the royal hunting ground of Sharewooden Forest where many lords and ladies have cantered across its undulating hills and ancient oaken woodlands and under its dark, foreboding canopy. At its centre stands The Great Oak, the largest oak tree you will ever see. Its trunk takes 30 paces

to circle, its branches are thicker than a man, and it stands over 150 feet tall. It has stood here for over a 1,000 years and is venerated by the commonfolk who have been leaving offerings at the base of its trunk for about as long.

It is rumoured that a great man who served the folk hundreds of years ago is buried beneath its roots. His name lost to time, but legends foretell that when the time is right and the commonfolk need him, he shall rise again, to take from the rich and give to the poor.

In the west is the highest point in the county, a man-made hill constructed from the unused deposits and slag from the local silver mine. Consequently known as Silvery Hill, from its top, on a bright day, you can see for miles across into Darbyshire and beyond. The hill is surrounded by mutated birch trees which sprang from the area's mineral-rich soil and aggressively spread. This strange forest is known as Silvery Woods as its trees glisten silver and green whether in sun or moon light.

The wagonways of Nottinghamshire are considered a civil engineering marvel. Built to ease the transportation of ore, they consist of parallel iron rails on which between six and a dozen heavily-built and laden carts can easily be pulled by only a few draft horses. The wagonways lead from the mines to the Withy or Troutdeep Rivers, where the ore is taken by barge either upriver to be sold to forges or to the coast and loaded onto coast-running, shallow-hulled transport ships. It is a profitable business and the pay is handsome for guards on silver ore transports.

Mines tend to be closed when their deposits run dry. It is not unknown for travellers to stumble across older, defunct wagonways, rusting and overgrown, which lead to long-unused pits inhabited by menaces unknown.

65 years ago, the previous Duke of Nottinghamshire, Alabaster deWalters, grandfather of the current Duke Fitzroy deWalters, was hunting in Sharewooden Forest. Relishing the time away from the bothers of high town life, he decided to stay on the edge of the forest and organise a competition for his travelling companions. Every year after, he returned, and a tradition was born – The Duke's Festival. The festival grew from a private affair into an annual public event with entertainments and competitions for all, including jousting, wrestling, feats of strength, archery, fencing, mud cow racing, and much more. There is even a rat-catching contest and centidemonpede racing. It is open to all who wish to watch and/or compete, with great prizes for those who win or show great courage or skill. The county duke is always in attendance. The current duke upholds this tradition, but always looks bored. If he could find a way to fix the wagers and increase the gore, he would.

Nottingham

Nottingham Castle is built upon a sandstone outcrop overlooking the town. Its substantial defensive ditches and ramparts give comfort to its folk. The local lord however does not.

The 40-year-old Lord Guy Blackborne is an inconstant terror to his people. Mostly, Blackborne plays the part of a lord well,

amiable, approachable, and caring about both his vassals and his commonfolk, but when his mood turns, all do their best to hide themselves away from his ire. When his dark side rears its head, the smallest slight offends Lord Blackborne. It is not uncommon for folk to be given harsh and lengthy gaol sentences or given a public flogging or beating from either himself or his ever-near guards. It is safer when he sleeps.

Lord Blackborne sleeps alone since the death of his beloved Margery four years ago. Some say her death was the beginning of his dark moods, but in truth, she helped keep them in check. As a boy, Guy Blackborne made two important discoveries. One was the network of worked passages and chambers that lie beneath the castle, as well as the unlit and secretive routes in and out. The other was that he liked torture and random killing. It did not take long for Margery to discover the latter and she quickly became adept at guiding him to be more discreet when his mood proved unbearable.

Since Margery's death in an unfortunate riding accident, the murder of the odd peasant has failed to sate Lord Blackborne's unbridled rage. Now the rumours of a murderer living near the castle, motiveless night-time killings, and vile torture at the hands of an unknown black-garbed man have the townsfolk in a constant state of fear, and they are demanding something be done. Unfortunately, their lord does nothing more than laugh it off and their duke simply does not care.

Lord Blackborne is nowhere near as cautious as he once was, and a few of his

retainers have discovered the truth. Aware of his 'shortcomings' as they call it, they are trying to cover up the lord's dark secret. All the townsfolk know, is that it is dangerous to venture out alone after dark, for fear of being the next victim of the sick and twisted killer.

Below Nothingham is an extensive network of twisting, labyrinthine caves and tunnels. Many were begun by miners looking for seams of ore, but these soon connected to already existing tunnels and chambers, either naturally-formed or dug by subterranean dwelling creatures and monsters. The exact number of tunnels and caves under the town – and beyond – is unknown, but some suggest that there are over 500 cave systems close to the town. Lord Blackborne has offered a reward to anyone who can accurately map the tunnels and caves, gratefully accepting any information and adding it to the town archives. Of course, he has ensured that his own secret passages and chambers are not part of any survey with those directly under the castle being very well hidden.

Nothingham's fletcher and bowyers are celebrated for the quality of their bows, crossbows, ballista, arrows, and bolts. Any they make are treated as +1, although are not actually magical. This quality comes with a commensurate increase in price, often as much as two or three times the standard cost.

The town is also noted for the skill of its Runemasters. They use acids to engrave runes or symbols onto an item before finishing the engraving with costly oils and imbuing it with a prayer or spell. These are said to ward off evil spirits and protect the rune bearer from harm. The

Runemasters will engrave almost any rune or symbol, onto almost any surface – it also depends on how much a customer is prepared to pay. Of late, some Runemasters have been attempting to brand folk with the acid-etched runes, although there have been some issues with branding scars spreading and burning painfully for weeks. The process is still being honed, and most branding jobs are done at a low cost, as long as the victim, errr... recipient signs a waiver.

Beneficiaries are also contract bound to visit their Runemaster weekly to report as to how the rune is doing and must immediately report any boils, bleeding from orifices, eruptions, pustules, limb loss, additional limbs, and so on, which might result from the improper use of such runes.

Northumbershire

Barrowburn Keep

Also known as the 'Keep of the Borderlands', Barrowburn Keep is not as large or as extensive as the other castles along the Great Wall of Hadreen, such as Middercastle and Northcastle. Built in white gneiss, Barrowburn strikes an imposing figure on the rise called the Great Barrow. Although not an actual barrow, the folk of Scotland have called it that for thousands of years. It is also where the Gomans burned hundreds of defeated Scotlanders after the Battle of Great Barrow. Nowadays, the Scotlanders take their dead and bury them near the foot of the keep in defiance of the oppression felt by them and their kin. They do this for two reasons. One is that they hope that one day they will have

the capability to raise their kin from their death slumber to defeat any invasion by havenfolk, and the other is that whilst burying their dead, they take the time to extract more earth than is needed to bury the body. In this way, over time, they have built a large honeycomb of passages, chambers, and secret hideouts beneath the castle and well into Havenland, as far south as the Kelderwater. Under the cover of darkness, this enables small raiding parties to emerge safely on the other side of the wall in Kelderburn Forest and plunder parts of Northumbershire before scurrying back to the other side of the border.

A further joke at Havenland's expense is that the Scrots are not even burying any of their kin, who are buried far away, so that they may be left in peace. Instead the barrows are filled with murderers and vagabonds, whose bodies are not only unworthy of a dignified burial, but if they ever rise to repel an invasion from Havenland, will be sure to give the havenfolk a good kicking. Although their excavations under the Great Barrow have gone unnoticed by the garrison of Barrowburn Keep, the Scotlanders must take great care these days as to how far down they dig. They have already exposed a few passages into the Middergloom and know that an emergence of creatures from below would risk discovery of their own tunnels and passages. So, they keep a close watch on what happens below.

Barrowburn Keep is under the command of Captain Truss Mangewort, and he does a shit job. His command is as slovenly as his portly appearance and his men are undisciplined and lazy. Once a

distinguished warrior, he fell into self-loathing and misery after his family were murdered by brigands on the road to Great Lunden. Unable to save his kin, Mangewort discovered the identities of the bandits and tracked them down one-by-one, butchering them in turn, and placed their heads on his family grave. Both the army and the authorities struggled with how to tackle the brutality of Mangewort's offences, and unable to punish the man, decided to banish him to as remote a posting as possible –

Barrowburn Keep. He is often found drunk in the keep's great hall, snoring loudly in front of the large fireplace with bits of food stuck in the folds of his chins.

The castellans

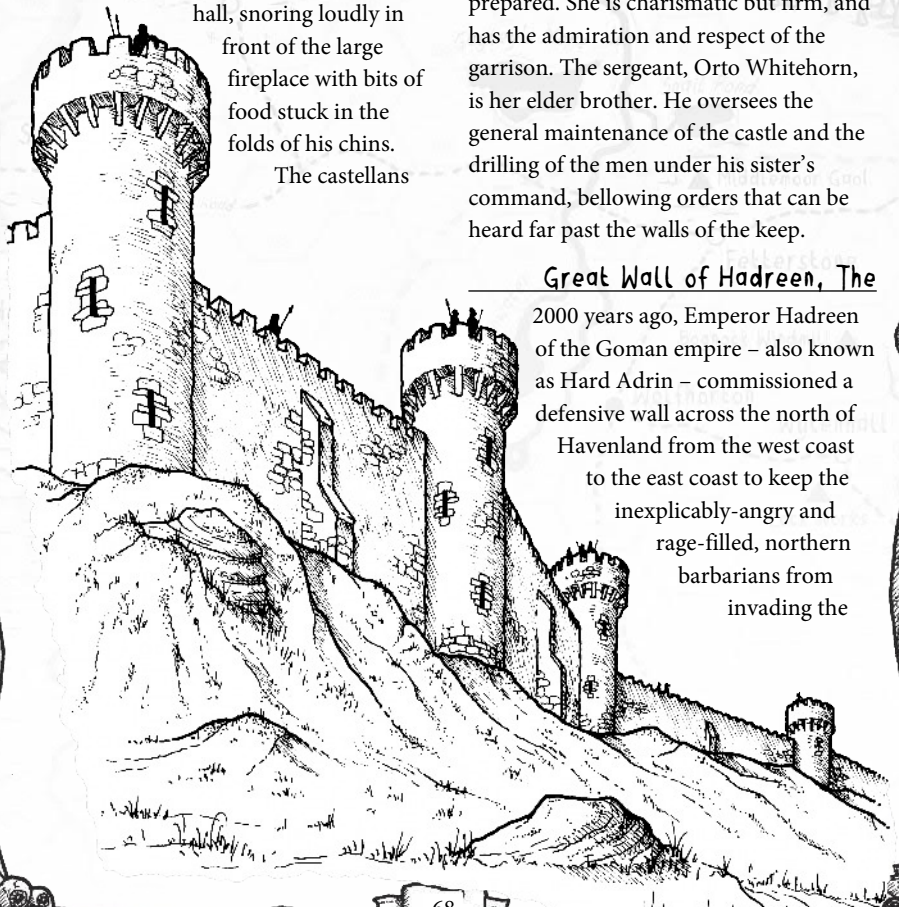
of Middercastle and Northcastle know of Mangewort's distinguished service history and cover up his shortcomings from the authorities further south.

Castleton Keep

The black basalt keep of Castleton is known for the array of ballista and trebuchet that bristle atop its walls and its round defensive towers. The keep's castellan is a woman of unquestionable dedication to her duties. Captain Ellissa Whitehorn is often found pacing the walls in her intricately-etched bronze armour, ensuring that the guards are vigilant and prepared. She is charismatic but firm, and has the admiration and respect of the garrison. The sergeant, Orto Whitehorn, is her elder brother. He oversees the general maintenance of the castle and the drilling of the men under his sister's command, bellowing orders that can be heard far past the walls of the keep.

Great Wall of Hadreen, The

2000 years ago, Emperor Hadreen of the Goman empire – also known as Hard Adrin – commissioned a defensive wall across the north of Havenland from the west coast to the east coast to keep the inexplicably-angry and rage-filled, northern barbarians from invading the



southern lands. He constructed a series of forts and barracks along the wall at regular intervals and stationed thousands of fighting men along its length to keep watch to the north. The Gomans left Havenland long ago, but their defensive structures remained. Some fell into disrepair, but most have been maintained and even further built upon over time by the Havenfolk, to prevent any largescale ideas of Scotland expanding its borders south.

The Great Wall of Hadreen divides the opposing countries either side of it, both physically and culturally. Although the sense of anger felt between those north and south of the wall has long abated, they still mistrust each other. This is not helped by the fact that for anyone other than the armies of Havenland, there is only one way through the wall – the heavily-guarded fortification of Middercastle. Here travellers are rigorously questioned about their business and are even harassed if they want to enter Havenland.

Grimicus Keep

This keep was named after the Goman Centurion-Sorcerer, Grimicus of the Crimson Legion, who fell at this place fighting an entire clan of Scottish marauders – or so the legend goes. It is said that Grimicus, together with 100 Legioncasters, protected the keep by slinging thousands of balls of crimson flame from their determined hands and creating a dome of glowing blood-red force which no man could pass. Yet the combined shamanic magics of the Scottish clans broke it down and the shirefolk swarmed over the walls, cutting

the Legioncasters down one after another until only Grimicus was left standing. Knowing that his end was near, he strode out of the keep and into the courtyard, now crowded with clansmen, and broke his Staff of Blood. The shockwave killed a huge swathe of Scrots and the Centurion-Sorcerer fought on for another three days before he was defeated by Benigal MacDonald, the Highland Thane of the almost-forgotten Clan Nevis.

Grimicus Keep's outer defences are remarkable for the thickness of their crenelated curtain walls and the conical slate roofs of all the towers. The walls are thick enough for enclosed walkways to run between each tower. Inside the bailey, the square keep has lofty bartizans on each corner. The worked fieldstone of both keep and walls is almost entirely original, the fortifications having endured the centuries remarkably well, presumably due to the powerful and long-lasting dweomers crafted by Grimicus. There is still a series of invisible glyphs around the outside walls of the four bartizan towers. These can still be activated to bring into existence a version of the protective dome that Grimicus used long ago to protect the keep, although it is much less powerful than the version he used. The current castellan, Captain Oliver Sharmsworth is not aware of the bartizan glyphs.

The garrison at Grimicus Keep consists of 100 fighting men and women. They include 20 cavalrymen as well as five aerial cavalrymen, although only three of the latter can mount patrols at any one time as the keep only has sufficient mounts for three riders. This is because although the keep has plenty of room to

stable the horses, it only has enough room to stable three tamed and black-feathered griffons it has. Darkenmane, Blackclaw, Nightalon, and their riders can be seen patrolling the length of The Great Wall of Hadreen when not needed for reconnaissance missions to the north. The most decorated and famous of the Griffon Riders of The Great Wall is Sir Issen Greening and it is considered lucky to be showered with griffon shit from Sir Greening and one of his feared steeds. Sharmsworth is also not aware of the Slitherling menace far beneath the keep. They have dwelled in grottos and caves in the Upper Middergloom since Grimicus broke his Staff of Blood. Their numbers are growing, attracted by the intense magics of the staff and the protective glyphs. The two parts of the Staff of Blood lie buried in the ground in the keep's courtyard, each itself an artefact of power. Magic-users casting *detect magic* in the area have their senses assaulted and cannot maintain their concentration.

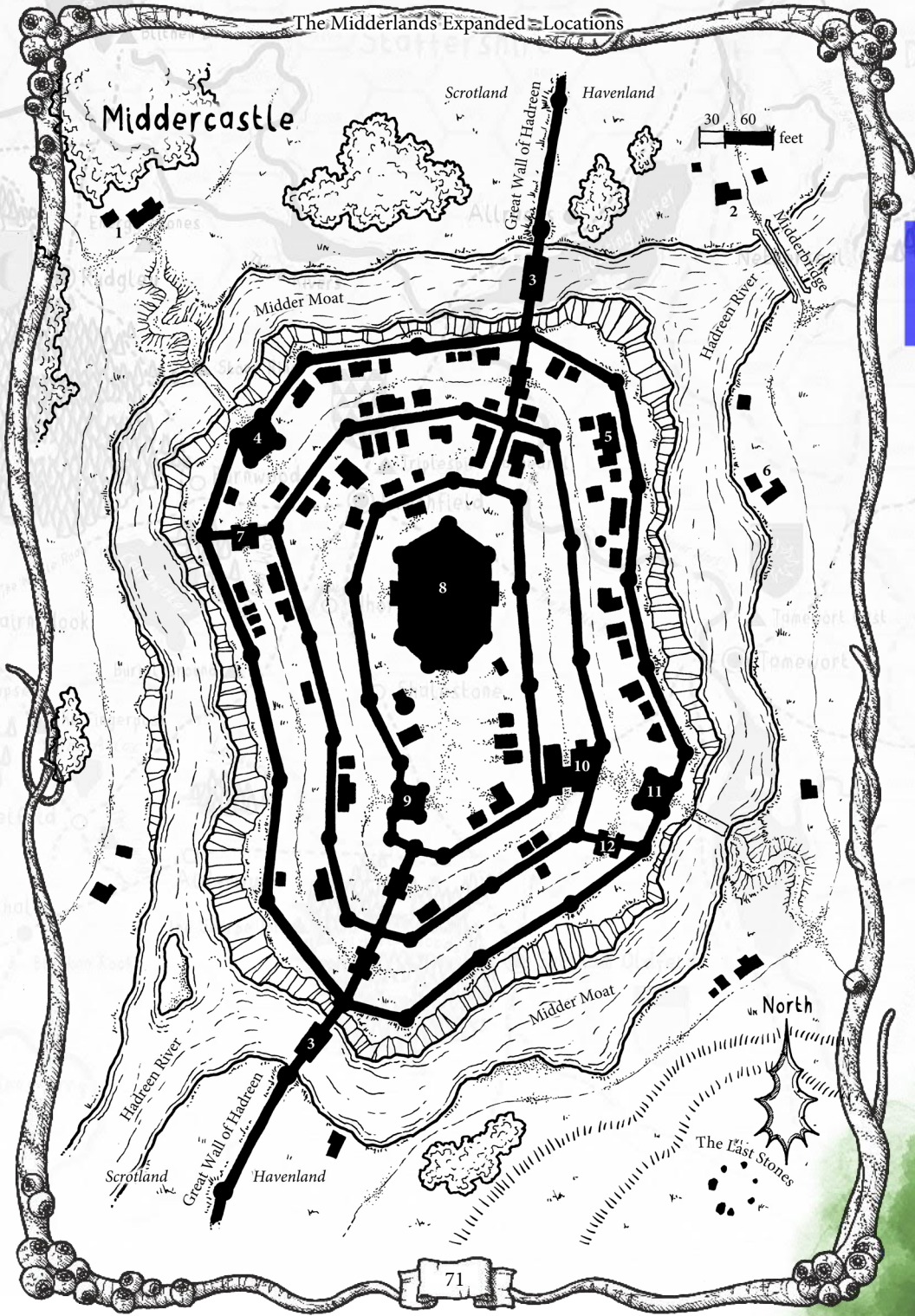
Middercastle

Located half way along The Great Wall of Hadreen is the greatest fortification in the north of Havenland, Middercastle. It is built on an outcropping of basalt and surrounded by the deep, inky Midder Moat which is fed by the Hadreen River as it flows from Scotland to Havenland. Where the wall crosses over the moat at the north and south ends of the castle, two heavily guarded sluice gates have been built to regulate the river's flow into the moat and out again into Havenland and onto the Dog Sea. The sluice gates are only raised a few times a year, typically following the worst rains or when

meltwater runs off the Scrottish mountains in the spring.

The castle consists of three concentric walls and a massive tower keep. The murky, dark-grey crenelated outer walls are dotted with shutters and arrow looped merlons, whilst the two inner curtain walls are fortified with a series of gatehouses, barbicans, and machicolated bastions and towers. The walls, the towers, and the keep are high and thick and "...impervious to all attacks from iron, gloomium, sorcery and demonfire. Impenetrable, I say. All the unbridled rage in Scotland will never break these walls." as famously quoted by the Castellan of Middercastle, Sir Gregor 'One-eye' Hogstead at the somewhat fraught peace negotiations just prior to the Battle Beneath the Wall.

Entry to the castle on both sides of the border is made via great stone walkways which meander up to imposing, if oppressive barbicans, decorated with intimidating grotesques, which protect the drawbridges over the Midder Moat. As the only non-military route through The Great Wall of Hadreen, merchants, traders, and some commonfolk are allowed to enter Middercastle, pass between the outer wall and the first inner wall, and then exit on towards their destination. The high walls prevent any nosy shirefolk from spying on the inner workings of the castle and any troops stationed there. A few traders are allowed to operate within the castle, between the outer wall and the first inner wall, to serve the passing traffic. Each trader pays a hefty annual fee for a Middercastle trading licence and their prices reflect



this. Other than Windsour Castle to the west of Great Lunden, Middercastle is Havenland's most capable, impressive, and imposing defensive structure.

Middercastle Map Key:

1. MacGreglan Inn
2. Haven Arms Inn
3. Sluice Gate
4. Scrotgate Barbican
5. Trentham's General Store
6. Jezzariah Smith's Game & Fish
7. Northern Inner Barbican
8. Middercastle
9. Castle Barbican
10. Main Barracks
11. Havengate Barbican
12. Southern Inner Barbican

Northcastle

Nicknamed 'Windy Castle' because of the brisk and bitter winds that blow from the northeast, Northcastle sits atop granite cliffs where its tall tower serves as a lookout point and lighthouse, giving uninterrupted views of the island of Skaslay and the Firthwater Estuary. The lighthouse, known as the Greenfyr Beacon, consists of a covered cage filled with hardwoods soaked in a dangerous alchemical mixture of oil, gloomium, and middium. Once lit, the resulting green light is so intense it can be seen for 30 miles, even penetrating the worst of the midderfogs which blanket the estuary. The keeper of the Greenfyr Beacon is known as a Fyrmaster, and its current keeper is Hugh Voleman. Known as 'Six Fingers', Hugh has – strangely enough – six fingers on his right hand. The extra digit is said to have grown on his hand not

long after he became keeper of the beacon. His predecessor, Ulysses 'Three Eyes' Thrainsmith threw himself from the tower having been driven mad by long years spent as keeper and not because of the years of exposure to gloomium.

Nowthcastle

According to the locals, Nowthcastle is the canniest town in the 'Grim North'. However, the folk of Sunderedlund sarcastically call it 'Nowtcastle' on account of there being 'nowt' worth seeing in the town. Actually, Nowthcastle is renowned for its gladiatorial coliseum in which blood sports are regularly staged. Known as Gallows Gate, it is also here that executions are carried out in the town. The most famous current gladiator is the Mukdhim warrior, Abrim Al Cadaber bin Hakklamukh, or The Eastern Tiger.

The bustling town is built around a grey stone castle and currently ruled by Lord Allagar North. It is not the most defended place in town though. That is the single drawbridge which crosses over the River Twine and is operable from both sides. It is heavily defended on both sides because Nowthcastle and Sunderedlund have a history of petty squabbles escalating into bloody violence and outright hatred. Fortunately, the Twine River usually stops such squabbles from growing – Lord North usually responds by ordering the drawbridge raised to prevent commonfolk from the two towns clashing, which leaves the only way for them to get at each other is to go up river and cross at the nearest ford. The instigators, whether from Nowthcastle or Sunderedlund, are too lazy to make such a trek. Instead they

gather on the banks of the Twine and hurl abuse, projectiles, and make rude gestures, at each other. Of course, when there is a midderfog on the Twine – which is nearly always – they just hurl abuse and random missiles at each other. The accuracy of the latter is no different to when they can actually see each other.

Oxenshire

Another county cut in two by the Great Thameswater, Oxenshire is mostly arable farmland. In the southwest, near the borders of Wilting & Avenshire, is a hill thought to have been constructed by ancient tribes before the Goman invasion. On the north-side of the hill, a huge stylised, rearing white horse has been gouged out of the earth and filled with chalk. Known as the Uffer Horse, it is maintained by three middle-aged women who live in a nearby hamlet. Each week, the Uffer Horsekeepers come out on to the hill – whatever the weather – and trim the grasses and top up the chalk. Rumour has it that if the horse leaves the hill, an invasion is coming.

The small hamlet of Oxenford is widely recognised as having the most intellectually-challenged inhabitants in the south of Havenland. Besides being small, they are famously incredibly senseless. The innkeeper of The Stubborn Oxen Inn boasts that one day, folk from all over the land will come to Oxenford to learn and contemplate amongst its dreaming spires. A huge stone barn in the west of Oxenshire has stood for over 100 years and is used to collect the local taxes.

Rutshire

Rutshire is nicknamed the ‘Wet County’ because of the number of lakes within its borders. Although there is some arable land, the inhabitants primarily make their living from the marshes and lakes. The largest settlement is Root on the banks of the Rootwater, but every lake has several small villages on its shores.

Staffershire

For more information about this county, refer to the first TM book.

Burnton

Detailed on page 40 of the TM book.

The Wayman

Take the minor tradeway east from Stoke Pottington to Burnton and just before you get to the woodland of the Peek Forest, there is an unsigned side road. Despite the road going seemingly nowhere, it is well-maintained and shows signs of regular traffic. About half way down the road stands a large two-story stone and timber-framed building with white-washed wattle and daub walls on the upper floors, looking sullen against the backdrop of open fields and scattered trees. The building, along with a stable block and a large courtyard, is surrounded by a low, fieldstone wall. A large sign above the solid oak front door depicts a mustachioed man clad in black and wearing a mask, rearing his steed against a field of yellow. The hand scrolled lettering underneath simply states “The Wayman”. Both the rich and noble have been known to travel for days – if not weeks – to visit the legend that is The Wayman.

The proprietor of The Wayman, Lau Harness, is an attractive middle-aged lady who knows a great many secrets about the men and women who visit her inn, and so possesses both wealth and influence. The inn's ground floor taproom is always busy, serving the best wines, spirits, and beers outside of Great Lunden, whilst the upper balcony provides more secluded seating. Corridors from the balcony lead off to rooms for any guests who stay overnight – most do. Behind the inn, a large and separate walled garden, complete with cascading water features, offers greater privacy. Several cushioned and curtained resting areas are available here for anyone wanting to indulge in more carnal pleasures. The services offered here mean that these rooms are often occupied – and sometimes booked months in advance.

Mistress Harness provides many services for her clientele: unpretentious food and drink of excellent quality, accommodation, secret meeting rooms, carnal pleasures, stolen items fenced, a bolt hole for those wanting to remain hidden, and even fresh horses for those evading capture from the authorities. If you have the coin, she will supply whatever is needed. Occasionally, she acts as a middlewoman between two parties who want to communicate with each other but cannot be seen to do so, or that need unsavoury work doing. In return, she promises her silence as part of the high fees she charges for her services, and may the gods protect those who cross her. In the meantime, Mistress Harness has many friends, pays her taxes on time, and

bribes officials handsomely when they need to look the other way.

Stoke Pottington

If you have ever used the phrase “I never even had a pot to piss in!” meaning that “I didn't grow up in the area being discussed, so I wouldn't know”, then you have never lived around Stoke Pottington. From the centre of the town, it is impossible to look in any direction without seeing a bottle-shaped kiln reaching for the heavens belching out acrid plumes of bottle-green smoke. The town, famed for its clay and pottery, is loosely formed like a wheel. Originally it was a collection of six closely built villages: Hanelet, Borsleny, Tumst, Shorton, and Fennon on the edges, with Stoak in the centre. The roads which connect Stoak to the surrounding villages are still known as the Stoak Spokes.

As the local pottery trade gained fame and fortune for the locals, the villages spread out and grew, starting to encroach on each other's boundaries. Eventually, the villages' lords and knights decided that the villages should be merged into a single town to both avoid any disputes and rivalries and ensure their domination of the clay trade. It was decreed to be known as Stoke Pottington and be ruled by a council of six – known as the Claymasters. The original Lord of Stoak, Josiah Hedgewood became the Grand Claymaster and was given an additional casting vote on the council.

The Claymasters are yet to lose their monopoly on the truly amazing and often unique items made from the local clay. They are also immensely proud of the fact

that they are the single supplier of ceramics to the Royal Family and have the great honour of having Her Majesty Queen Elspeth's royal seal on their high-end wares. Josiah Hedgewood is also very proud – and honoured – to have been appointed Lord of Stoke Pottington.

Stoke Pottington itself does not have walls as the need to expand outweighs the necessity for fortifications, as does the need for town planning. Often, by the time any plans are drawn up, the town has moved outwards another 100 yards. Most large kilns are built so they can be moved by man and beast to wherever the next clay pit has been opened. The clay pits themselves are dug out by hand in small quarries in and around the area. The clay sits under peat bogs, which is cut, dried out, and used as fuel for the kilns. These are often backfilled and timber-framed dwellings built on top. Many of the structures built in these areas are low and subsiding.

The town and its surrounding lands are protected by a well-funded militia called the Clay Guard. Led by Captain Raymond Brook, the Clay Guard consists of some 300 men and women who are paid a lot of gold quids to not take any shit from anyone. Consequently, they take their jobs seriously, conduct efficient patrols of both the town and its border, and their enforcement of the town's bylaws is notoriously draconian. Even petty crime is punished harshly, which deters more ambitious criminals from hanging around the town. That said, few if any serious criminals make it as far as the magistrate, as most are... well... dealt with.

The quality of ceramicware from Stoke Pottington is second to none, the skill of its artisans and craftsfolk being highly prized. Dukes and lords are known to pay a fortune – invariably taken out of local taxes – for the delicate tea sets that are so thin you can almost see through them. However, besides being worked and fired into Havenland's finest pottery, the clay around the Stoke Pottington area has another, very special quality. Some years ago, Josiah Hedgewood found that the clay could be moulded in such a way as to hold and enhance the power of any magic stored within. Needless to say, a separate and more profitable business turning out trinkets, urns, and statues capable of being imbued with magic was begun, selling to those with the coin to create such items of power and worth.

Josiah Hedgewood is the only surviving Claymaster of the original six, the others having died under what the rumours describe as unusual circumstances. Not that anyone would point the finger at the Lord of Stoke Pottington, at least not within earshot of the Clay Guard. Despite his advancing years, Lord Hedgewood always makes sure council votes are cast in his favour – and that none dare question such votes. For all the intrigue, the townsfolk are happy, the minority have become quite wealthy and choose to ignore anything bad said about Lord Hedgewood, mainly due to fear.

The first clay golems were created from local deposits. They were made with huge, shovel-like hands, so that they could be used as machines to dig the clay or drain the bogs. Around two dozen of these 10 feet tall automatons have been created at

great expense, their lifeless emerald eyes focused on nothing as they work tirelessly.

There are rumours that a further 'baker's dozen' of clay golems were created in secret, each capable of wielding a great weapon. These were set to guard the mansion of Lord Hedgewood and exist only to protect him. It may be pure coincidence that the Lord of Stoke Pottington's abode has no guards – that anyone knows of. In reality, the rumours are all true, but these clay golems do not guard the mansion alone. It is also protected by the Clay Guard, although they remain out of sight.

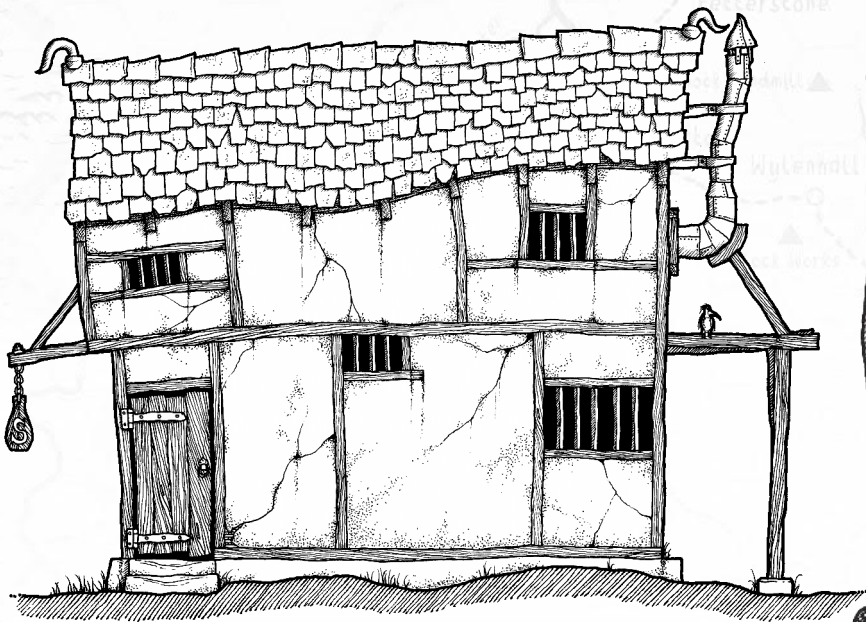
Suffolkshire

If the folk of Suffolkshire describe Norfolkshire as being "flat as a witch's tit!", the folk of Norfolkshire counter it with their own gibe, describing Suffolkshire as being "as soft as a witch's hit!" The folk here are said to lack

strength and fight like children. This rumour is reported to have been started by Duchess Amelia Klarchester herself in an attempt to anger the Clegans of Queensmyr. Suffolkshire is not quite as flat as its neighbour, with rolling hills and scattered woods in its southern half, but its northern half is almost as marshy.

Coalford

Lord Jon Mastiff, Coalford's ruler, is a battle-hardened veteran of wars against the Mukdhim warriors in the east and has a scar running down the side of his neck to prove it. A trained assassin and versed in the use of poisons, he was accused of killing Lambert Clegan, the father of the current Lord of Queensmyr, arrested and thrown into the Tower of Lunden. His imprisonment did not last long, his freedom being secured with an alibi from Duchess Amelia Klarchester. The accusation remains though...



Lord Mastiff remains a loyal servant of the beautiful Duchess Klarchester – and in secret, much, much more. The two are lovers and together they hatch plots to take over Queensmyr and unite the lands of Norfolkshire and Suffolkshire, making Coalford a town to rival Great Lunden itself.

The town sits on the south bank of the River Sour where two bridges cross to the north bank. The inner town is protected by a palisade fence, whilst the outer town is left to sprawl unprotected south into the valley. Docks line the south bank of the river, with boats bringing in supplies and trade goods from as far as Nowthcastle. Boats from Norfolkshire are not welcome in Coalford. To the east of the town stands the large Coalford Barracks where some of the Queen's best guards are trained.

Lord Mastiff, along with his black hounds, live in Canisholme, a fortified manor located across the valley on the north bank. Inside the moat, defensive stone wall, and concentric ditches, the Lord's many bloodthirsty dogs are allowed to run rampant in the manor's courtyards and grounds, harrying servants and trespassers alike. Rumours tell of trespassers being chopped up into pieces and served raw to Lord Mastiff's dogs.

Lord Mastiff's past is catching up with him. Ulkham Bin Odeen and his three companions, Mukdhim assassins from the east, have been observing the town and Canisholme for some weeks now, with the aim of killing Lord Mastiff because of unpaid debts to a spice merchant in Mukdastan. Living off the land and operating mostly at night, they are holed

up in a series of caves hidden in woodland to the south of the town. Recently, they were forced to kill a local farmer after he accidentally stumbled upon the assassin's hideout. They have stashed the body of Elliot Yewtree in one of the caves, but the assassins may have to bring forward their plans as search parties have been looking for him.

Surrshire

Surrshire has neither the charm of Wessex's Weald Forest nor the commercial possibilities of Great Lunden, although a few more recent residents moved here to be able to live close to the capital, but not pay its city taxes. It has neither a coast or major river. It is mostly farming country, its commonfolk growing arable crops in the lowlands or raising sheep on the hills. Lacking in both wealth and culture, few have reason to visit the county and even fewer have reason to visit Surrshire's ruler, Duchess Tabatha Butterchurn. Fat, lazy, and ill-mannered, Duchess Butterchurn embodies the county's reputation for surliness. The county's one export of note is Surrshire Blue, a malodorous cheese made from sheep's milk. Its foul stench ruins any food stored next to it and no-one in Havenland will eat it. Surrshire Blue is exported to Gaulandia in sealed barrels where it is regarded as a Havenland delicacy.

Tealfordshire

For more information about this county, refer to the first TM book.

Shroomsbury

Sprawled across both sides of the River Sixx, Shroomsbury is the largest town in Tealfordshire. Named, rather unsurprisingly, because of the abundance of mushrooms found nearby, although not the Golden Mycena. Shroomsbury town centre is in a meander in the river and it is here that Redcastle – the Lord's residence – can be found, as well as the circular Monastery of Saint Chard. The rest of the outlying town is split into seven wards: North, South, Trades, Divine, Poor, Grime, and High.

Shroomsbury's current ruler is the one legged, one armed, Lord Albion Tessinger, who lost his limbs to a wyvern's poison. The slain beast's head is mounted above Lord Tessinger's throne in Redcastle's great hall. Lord Tessinger is certainly not held back by his disabilities, in fact, they have made him more determined to lead a full life. With his silver filigree inlaid oak leg, and his amazing clockwork arm and hand, Tessinger is known as The Clockwork Lord.

The roads leading into town are flanked by huge Doric stone pillars topped with bronze statues of twice life-size warriors each with one arm outstretched, palm facing out. These are The Sentinels of Shroomsbury and said to come to life to protect the town in times of need.

Shroomsbury is home to Mycenae House, a spectacular villa and gardens dedicated to the cultivation and research of all fungi. It is run by monks and nuns of the order known as the Followers of the One Spore. The head of the order is Prior Tonius

Mulding, an elderly man in his eighties with perfectly intact mental faculties and agility beyond his age.

Brignorth

Brignorth is already detailed in the first TM book, refer to page 34. Also refer to the Adventure section in this book to find more information about the marketplace beneath Brig Tor.

Torhamshire

This county is blessed with fine woodlands and ore-rich hills to the west and an abundant coastline to the east, making it rich in resources. It is also a passing point for trade between the north and south. Capitalising on its position, it has become the richest county in the north making Duke Harold Fletcher even more obnoxious.

Torham

Torham sits on the trade route south of Sunderedlund and Nowthcastle. Anyone travelling north of the town is warned of the rivalry between the two towns to the north as well as the ever-present Midderfog on the Twine. The heavily fortified town is built around a great tor, Tor Holm, which stands in a meander of the River Weer. The tor is home to Torham Castle and Torham Cathedral. Several bridges span the river providing easy access to Torham's markets where many gold quids change hands daily. The town is also well known for its cattle market, but unlike other cattle towns, it does not have a slaughterhouse or a tannery.

The town was founded 600 years ago, when the Bishopkings of the North were

travelling north to parley with Scotland. They brought with them their cattle herd and when they stopped at a ford at the foot of what is now known as Tor Holm, the cows lay down. Their drover was unable to get them to budge, except one, who continually mooed at the tor. The party decided to leave the ford and follow the mooing cow to the top of the tor and the other cows rose and followed. An hour later, at the top of the rise, the party looked down and observed a large raiding party of Scots clearly searching for the Bishopkings to ambush them. The cow had saved them and a raven was sent south to Yorric to send troops to intercept the raiders, who were all subsequently killed. The cow, Daisy, was renamed The Holy Cow and revered by the Bishopkings from that day forth. Tor Holm was also chosen as the place to build their cathedral and help them dominate the north. Cows are still revered in Torham and used for their milk only. No-one in Torham will eat beef – although imported rabbit is popular – and killing a Torhamshire cow is punishable by death.

Sunderedlund

The rivalry with its neighbour across the Twine, Nowthcastle, has achieved almost legendary status. Centuries ago, Sunderedlund (also called Sunnyland) and Nowthcastle were one town, ruled by a drunken and obstinate lord by the name of Benedict Bishop. When he discovered that his much-put-upon wife was having an affair with his most trusted advisor, Celfrid Jarrow, Lord Bishop tried to murder him. Unfortunately, several other advisors, as well as half of the town's militia, sided with Jarrow and Lord

Bishop's wife. As the town split in its support, a local civil war broke out and blood was spilled across both sides of the Twine. Eventually, the only bridge across the Twine was barricaded at both ends and Celfrid renamed the town south of the river as Sunderedlund – a reference to its split from Nowthcastle. Tired of the conflict and its effect upon trade, the then Duke of Torhamshire stepped in to end the civil war. Rather than side with the difficult Lord Bishop, he confirmed the division of the town, appointed Cedric Jarrow the Lord of Sunderedlund, and blessed the divorce between Lord Bishop and his wife and her subsequent marriage to Lord Jarrow. This cemented Lord Jarrow's loyalty to Duke Fletcher and strengthened Duke Fletcher's influence in the county, but earned him the enmity of the Bishop family. The civil war remains a bone of contention between Sunderedlund and Nowthcastle and blood continues to be spilled over it a century later.

Despite the continued rivalry, the two towns still communicate over use of the bridge and river, an undrawn line down its centre forming an unofficial border along the length of the latter for several miles either side of Sunderedlund and Nowthcastle. It is possible to cross the bridge, but only during daylight hours and with a pass issued by the local lord. Some trade is allowed to cross the river, but is heavily taxed on both sides. Sunderedlund is currently ruled by Lady Violet Frostlin, a hard-bitten northern woman who barely smiles, except when she hears of the hardships across the river.

What happens in Nowthcastle must always be out done by Sunderedlund. The town has its own slightly larger coliseum, the Stadium of Blood, which like the Gallows Gate, stages blood sports, only with higher paid gladiators. The town's castle is also slightly taller and painted brighter. The town has extensive docks and builds some of the best river boats in Havenland. The boat builders are allowed to sell their boats to Nowthcastle, but they are always inferior in terms of construction and materials.

Warrickshire

For more information about this county, refer to the first TM book.

Starford

Named for the Star family which has lived and ruled the area for 400 years, Starford sits on the banks of the River Clay and is known for two landmarks, The Silver Tree and The Swanling Ring. The Silver Tree is a giant silver birch tree in a walled park at the foot of the Star family seat, Castle Star. Planted by the first Lord of the Star family 400 years ago, it is said to have mystical properties. The Star family gather and store its fallen catkins to make a green brew that is said to make its imbiber invisible. Many others have attempted to gather catkins from the tree, only to be met with fierce resistance at the hands of the castle guard. The Swanling Ring is a circular timber structure with benches around its inner perimeter, and an open atrium. Popular entertainers perform here and theatrical plays are staged here, as well as cock, dog, and goblin fights.

Currently, Lord Harrington Star and Lady Aaliah Star rule the town. He is a

charismatic, athletic, and powerfully-built man with thick black hair and piercing blue eyes, typically dressed in gleaming chainmail, whilst she is a striking young maiden with blonde flowing locks known for her fine lace gowns. The young couple are determinedly loyal to the queen and work hard to ensure that the shortcomings of their duke, Rufus Ponsonby – both self-centred appropriation and late payment of taxes – are made up for. Thus, when the Stars pay their taxes, they always ensure that additional coin is passed upwards to grease the wheels of favour. The Star family have played the 'game' for long enough to know how it works – and they are good at it. Perhaps, one day, they will be appointed the Duke and Duchess of Warrickshire should Duke Ponsonby be dismissed. Besides Castle Star, Lord and Lady Star own several dwellings in Starford, including a luxurious terracotta-roofed villa with elaborate mosaics and a manor house where they hold grand balls and opulent parties.

Wessex

Wessex is a playground for the nobility of Great Lunden, a hiding place for the channel pirates, and home, just barely, to the foul Bilewater. There is a large disconnect between the weather-ravaged coastal area, and the region of relatively-mild and abundant forest inland. Low hills along the coast mark this divide.

Hastings Watch

The paired watchtowers that give the town its name face northward, away from the channel and the unregulated trade that flows through the town and keeps it

from sinking completely into the channel. Beset by floods, fires, and miserable weather, Hastings Watch would have fallen on hard times were it not for its criminal fraternity which stepped forward and offered to restore the town and its fortunes. In return, Lord Gob Mythers the town steward, accepts regular payments. Lord Mythers not only looks the other way, but actively encourages criminality in the town, collecting enough bribes to both live comfortably and pay the town's taxes. Of course, these taxes are far lower than what might be owed were the town's trade to be regulated.

The town itself comprises the Lord's Keep – a small, old stone fortification, a dozen dwellings, two taverns, and a dosshouse. Several semi-buried peat storage buildings can be found in the low-lying land near the sea. Lacking even a proper port, shipments are made when the tide and weather permit, and boats typically leave for safer waters as soon as cargoes have been loaded or unloaded.

The towers, leftover from the Gomans, are three-storey stone affairs. Cold, clammy, and wind-swept, guards are posted here when shipments are expected or large amounts of contraband are being stored around the town. The watch keeps lanterns ready to signal the arrival of any unexpected visitors, but are often too affected by their remedies against the cold to use them in a timely fashion.

Western Midderlands

For more information about this county, refer to the first TM book.

Broom

A large town in the south of the Western Midderlands, Broom is ruled by Lord Assam Salem Hakim, the only mukdhim lord in Havenland. He grew up a prince in the east, but lost his lands to a rival prince in one of the tribal wars which rage across his homeland. He joined the western crusaders fighting the mukdhim sweeping out of the east and after he swore allegiance to the queen, tales of his heroism against the mukdhims on behalf of the Crown spread far. The Queen herself, intrigued by his heroism and loyalty, invited Prince Hakim to Havenland. Wanting to reward him, it was not long before the prince found himself appointed to the recently vacated seat in Broom. In the years since, Broom has become a refuge town for mukdhims who have fled west to join Lord Hakim in setting up a new life away from the war, giant sandwurms, and spice-raiders.

Broom's town centre is dominated by The Lord's Tower, a large, dark strangely-shaped tower with dagger-like appendages, also pointing upwards, sticking out from its flanks. More protrusions, including dark triangular pyramids, rise from the ground around its base. The Lord's Tower is where Lord Hakim and his advisors work and live. At night a green beacon is lit at its top as a reminder to all the folk below that their lord is ever-present. These structures date from long before the Gomans were in Havenland and some speculate that their origins are other-worldly, including *A Clean Sweep of Broom's Pyramids* by Mathias Pouke.



Coven Tree

Named for the giant, lone oak that once served as a meeting place for the witch's coven, Sisters of Heresy, Coven Tree is a thriving town. The tree stands in the large courtyard of the motte and bailey castle in the town's centre. The keep is round and of stone construction, whilst a wooden palisade surrounds the bailey. The town's administrative offices are also within the palisade. Coven Tree's current ruler is Lord Francis Whittington, a man of 53 winters with a shock of white hair and bushy beard. He wears black chainmail and always carries a horseman's flail. The town is known for its horology workshops which build large clocks and sundials. The horologists are working on making them portable.

The lone tree in the bailey is revered and maintained by a sect of religious arborists dedicated to the Treeman, called Those of the Tree.

A yearly celebration occurs at the height of summer in Coven Tree called 'The Procession of the Naked Lady'. Rumoured to have started hundreds of years ago when the then Lord heavily taxed the townsfolk and caused much trouble and strife. His wife, the Lady of the town, Godyfa proceeded through the town naked on horseback to ask for the town's forgiveness. In unforgiving mood, the townsfolk burned her inside a wicker man. Nowadays, the lady is selected from volunteers and she proceeds through town to Wicker Hill, whereby an effigy of Godyfa is burned inside a wicker man, leaving the volunteer quite safe.

Wilting & Avenshire

Bordering the Ship's Toll Channel to the west, much of Wilting & Avenshire is covered in ancient forests. Until 20 years ago, Wilting & Avenshire were two separate counties governed by two similar rulers. The southern county, Wilting was governed by Duchess Mariella Frostharrow, whilst the northern county, Avenshire was governed by Duke Kestrel Peabody. Both were slothful, gluttonous, and miserly. Much to the surprise of anyone who knew them, they met several times and a shared love of food led to romance and marriage. The ceremony was barely over before the vicious, scathing arguments began. Food and hoarding money is all they cared for; neither would share and they would lie to and cheat each other to get their hands on what the other had. Whilst both had smiled at each other during the courtship, now all they could do was scowl and grimace. Then one day, Duchess Frostharrow's stomach burst from eating too much. Duke Peabody inherited the title and rulership of the lands owned by his wife and smiled once more at his turn of fortune. Duke Peabody's advisor, the young and beautiful Lady Ellenor Tregayen, stepped forward to help the Duke in his mourning, by taking over some of his duties and ensuring he has the best food from all over Havenland. She also suggested that some of the other advisors might not have his best interests at heart, indeed might even be plotting against him, or were weak and that they should be dismissed from his service, so they were. He trusts her dearly. She smiles

wryly behind his back and pulls his strings.

Barth

The town of Barth has existed in some form for many thousands of years. Once part of Dorsomset, petty rivalries and border skirmishes changed the border over 100 years ago, when it became part of Wilting – now Wilting & Avenshire. When the Gomans invaded Havenland 2,000 years ago, they had a legion stationed in Barth and built opulent villas and temples, as well as bathhouse structures over a natural hot spring. Many of these structures still exist today having been protected by royal decree. Queen Elspeth has been known to bathe in the Goman Baths here on occasion. Some say that the waters help to ease her physical ailments although the Queen and her advisors maintain that she is in perfect health. Others say the water permeates the soul and helps ease madness.

Another feature of Barth is The Royal Crescent. A crescent-shaped keep on a low mound surrounded with a moat fed from the hot springs below the town. The Queen stays here when she visits the baths and the Lord of the town, Benjamin Manse ensures that her every need is met exactly and precisely. Some say that Lord Manse dreads visits by the Queen and his eyelids twitch like pennants flapping in a strong breeze for weeks leading up to it.

Havenhenge

Havenhenge is the biggest and most awe-inspiring stone circle in Havenland – and possibly in Scotland and Oldenwale too. It has stood on the Saltsbury Plain for many thousands of years. All the stones

are made of weathered hellstone, a dark grey stone flecked with turquoise veins that have an eerie luminescence in darkness, found naturally only in Scotland. The purpose of the stone circle is lost to most, but it is treated as a place of mysticism and ancient druidic practices. However, a handful of people know its true purpose – as the ensorcelled entrance to Gloomharrow Deep, Havenland's largest series of ancient caves, chambers, halls, and passageways that spread out far and deep under the soil. There are other smaller and less ostentatious entrances to this dungeon, but they are secret and few in number. Those that are known are heavily guarded on both sides by denizens from below and worried lords commanding trembling guardsmen from above.

This enormous stone circle consists of three concentric rings of stones. The outer ring, the Guardian Ring, consists of 600 equally spaced stones some 666 feet in radius. They stand between two and four feet high, up to two feet across at the base, each in their natural now-weathered state. The middle ring, the Watcher Ring, has a radius of 66.6 feet and consists of 60 stones, between six and 10 feet tall, three to four feet across at the base, and all are roughly pointed near the top. The inner ring, the Harrow Ring, has a radius of 13 feet and consists of six 13 feet high runecarved rectangular stones, roughly four feet square at the base, and each of them topped with three feet high ring-forming lintels.

Druidic followers from all over Havenland come to this site on celestial occasions, including at lunar and solar



eclipses, summer and winter solstices, and full, super, blood, gloom, and blue moons, as well as comet sightings and other heavenly happenings. These events are watched over by a mysterious group of elderly horsewomen clad in white cloaks and mantles. They do not involve themselves in the happenings at the henge, and do not talk. They just observe, as if waiting for something that should not happen to happen. When the area clears of folk, they leave. The locals call these secretive women, The White Ones.

The outlying land is largely flat except for a few woods and hills. In the mornings, Midderfog lies across the plains until burnt away by the sunlight piercing through the Drab. Scattered across the plain are barrows and further stones, seemingly randomly placed. These are called the Wandering Stones because they move positions slightly over time, inexorably and imperceptibly creeping from place to place. Stones can move a matter of feet over night, but this is as rare as their remaining stationery. Their typical rate of movement is an inch between full moons.

Any attempts to move the circle stones or break off bits results in failure. The Wandering stones are equally resistant to damage and being moved, and although heavy and cumbersome always find themselves back where they were taken from. Havenfolk often use the phrase “They’ll be back like a Wandering Stone” to imply that someone will return without fail. Havenhenge is the subject of much speculation, such as *Havenhenge: The Henge Unhinged* by Mathias Pouke, which posits the theory that the henge is part of a

network of ancient stone circles which prevent the Haven Isles from breaking up into hexagonally-shaped, equally sized land masses.

Worchfordshire

In the past, Worchfordshire has seen its share of turmoil, much of it at the hands of raiding parties from Oldenwale to the west. These days, many kinsfolk stay clear of Worchfordshire, fearful of either entering the strange forests of Malve Dearn which protect the county’s border or catching sight of the county’s ruler, Duchess Drusilla Cox, the woman ‘ugly enough to curdle milk’ or the lady who ‘fell out of the ugly tree and hit every branch on the way down’.

Primarily, a county of farmers, Worchfordshire is also littered with monasteries, abbeys, priories, and convents. Monks and nuns sworn to all manner of vows thrive in the landscape. The county is also home to the Malve Dearn Hills which sit on the eastern edges of the forest that shares its name. They provide a commanding view of the county and the highest peaks are home to west-facing watchtowers and beacons where watchmen stand primed to light green-hued warning fires should an Oldenwale raiding party be sighted.

Worchwych

Located deep in the eastern reaches of the Malve Dearn, Worchwych is built on an ancient settlement which dates back at least a 1,000 years before the Gomans. This stone and timber-framed town is built within the confines of two massive concentric stone circles at the centre of which is an earthen mound upon which

Castle Worchwych is built. The outer stone circle is called the Little Stones, whilst the inner circle is called the Big Stones on account of its larger stones.

The castle is home to the town's ruler, Lord Elgar Haven and his wife, Lady Honour Haven. Beneath the castle, the dungeons and cellars cut through and into winding catacombs where the ancient dead are buried. Many of the passages in the deeper areas are blocked off with grates, stone, and iron, whilst the more troublesome passages are blocked off with mystical symbols, fetishes, and specially-crafted dweomers.

The folk of Worchwych are well-known for a fine, spiced sauce which they smother all over their food. Called Worchwych Sauce, it is made according to an original recipe created by the first lord's cook, Henry John Lepering. There is a 5% chance that when anyone tries the spicy sauce the first time, they will develop an allergy to its ingredients, consisting of streaming eyes and nose, coughing fits, and a 1% chance of turning blue and dying, no saving throw.

Yirkshire & Humbershire

Known as the Clothing County for its mills and cloth, everywhere you look in Yirkshire & Humbershire, there are smoking chimneys and churning waterwheels of the machine-powered mills. It is the largest county in Havenland and its commonfolk thrive on hard graft and a down-to-earth outlook. It's grim up north.

Holl

Holl was once a fair-sized fishing town, but over the years, the continued influence of The Fishmongers Guild of Grimsburg and the seeds of discord sown by its agents have all but crippled its fishing industry and sent its economy into decline. Now most of its fishermen land their catches at the town across the Holl Estuary and few are the merchants who come to buy their fish in Holl. The crumbling state of the Keep of Holl, standing on Holl Knoll, is indicative of the town's decline, and the town's ruler Lord Edarth Greyfin sits within, depressed and resigned to both his fate and that of the town. Erik Smythe-Carrington, the Duke of Yirkshire & Humbershire, is of little help, having done nothing to support Lord Greyfin or Holl, instead focusing his attentions on the successes and revenues of Scar Burg, all whilst belittling Lord Greyfin behind his back.

Recently, the accomplished sailor and explorer, Captain Graylam Kingston, has returned home to Holl after a 12-year voyage across the seas to the west beyond Emeraude. Having grown up in Holl, he is shocked to see the state of his home port and is seeking to rally Lord Greyfin into restoring Holl to its past glory. Not only did Captain Kingston return with tales of cities made of gold, he brought crates of gold to aid him too.

Holl's harbour, Humber's Quay, dominates the eastern half of the town. Poorly kept, its harbourmaster is Aidan Wilberforce, a fat, drink-sodden asshole who cares not a shit where ships are anchored or docked. He loves rum and will drunkenly share information with a



strange fishman about the harbour and ship movements in exchange for it.

Many of the dockside buildings are covered in sailor's graffiti and daubed with whitewash depictions of fish and sea monsters. This includes 'The Fooking ass', one of the largest and roughest dock taverns in the north. Its original name, The Looking Glass, can be seen behind the current name, the changes having been not-very-carefully made with whitewash. It is frequented by sailors with green splodges that used to be tattoos all over their hands, arms, and faces, many of

whom have missing teeth, peg-legs, glass eyes, and worse afflictions, when they are not on their ships.

Leadtown

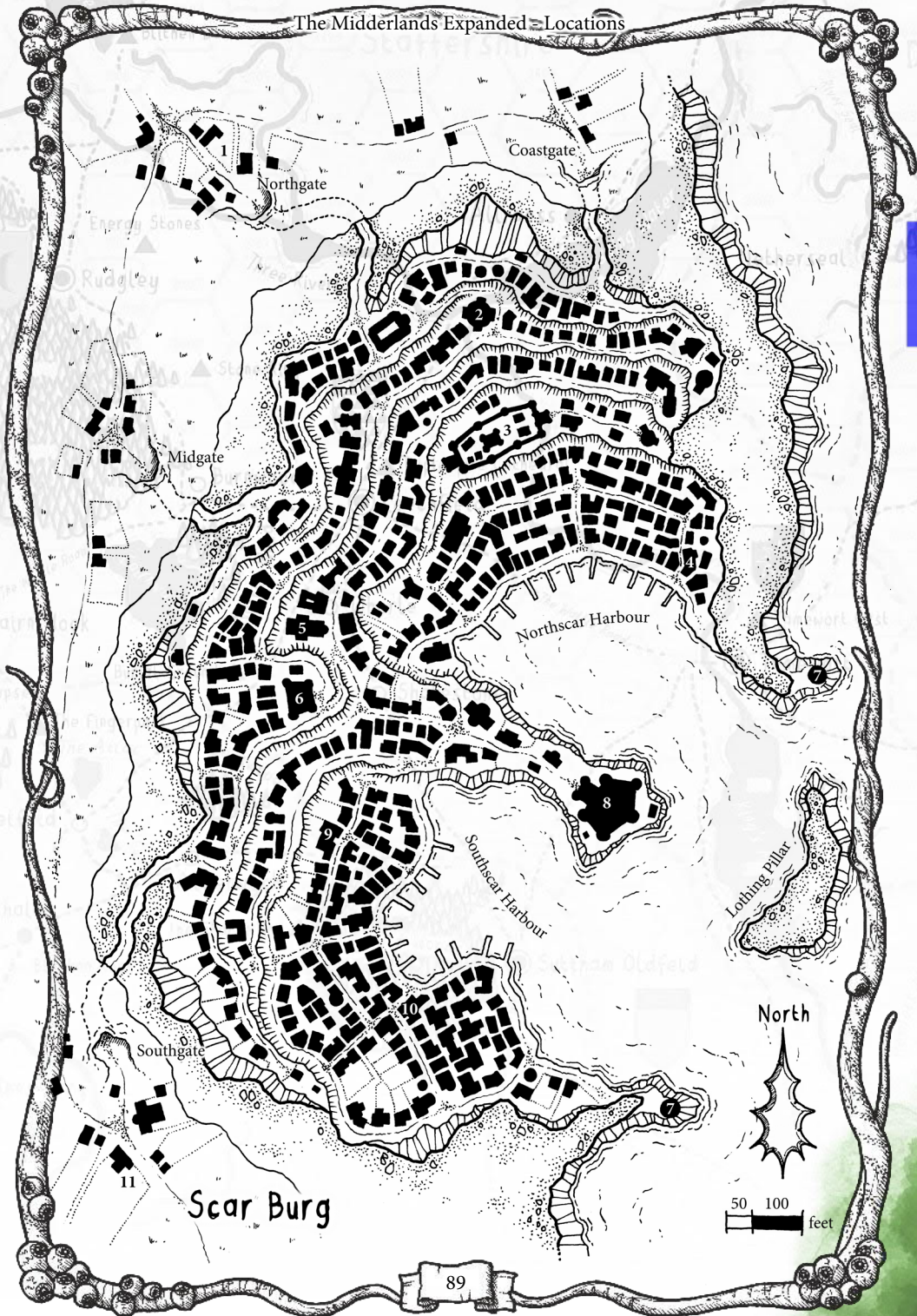
Cloth and lead have made Leadtown a thriving town in the north. The River Ayr cuts through the settlement and is lined with cloth mills.

Unlike most town lords, its ruler, Lord Jackathar Wiseman, is not a veteran warrior, but an astute merchant. Other than living in a sprawling, fortified mansion east of town, the lead merchant is shrewd and thrifty. The lead refinery workshops congregate around the ore deposits found in the western part of town towards the Yirkdale Forest Hills. These supply the town with its remarkable web of lead pipes and aqueducts that supply water to every one of Leadtown's stone buildings.

The town's armoury, The Leaden Sword, is an impressive stone structure that doubles as a keep in times of need. Here, all manner of arms and armour are stored ready for use, whilst rare and valuable treasures are kept in protected vaults beneath the armoury.

Scar Burg

Known as 'The Town under the Cliffs', Scar Burg is almost invisible from the land or sea. A few buildings can be seen atop the cliffs where they stand beside the four wide ramps which wind and disappear down to the town below. From the sea, gaping holes in the cliff faces lead into the darkness of the town beyond. The smoke from the town's industry and the hearths of its folk drifts back up the ramps and out of the cliff face openings. Beneath the



Scar Burg Map Key:

1. The Northscar Inn
2. Hope Tower
3. Scar Barracks
4. The Harboured Grudge Inn
5. Temple of Three Gods
6. Basen Keep
7. Scar Lights
8. Scar Burg Castle
9. Oppendir Stables
10. What You Got? (General Store)
11. Yullington Forge

cliffs is a massive stone-vaulted chamber where the bustling port of Scar Burg is to be found. Its calm waters, protected from the worst the sea has to offer by the twisting cliff face openings, provide safe anchorage for ships in its two harbours. The town is built up and down a series of terraces connected by stone ramps and stairways. Scar Burg Castle, the home of Lord Othinglow Basen, stands on a rocky promontory which divides the town into two halves and the two harbours. For this reason, many of the townsfolk are referred to as either Northscars or Southscars.

At night, the only signs of Scar Burg are the two towers which jut out to sea either side of the cliff face opening into the town.

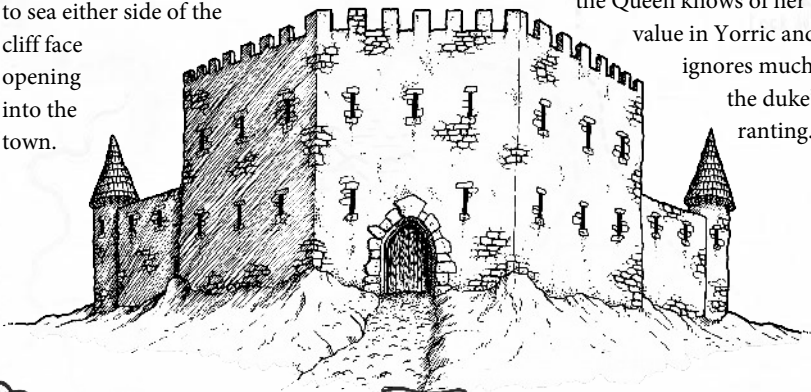
Known as the Scar Lights, their beacons help guide ships safely into the port.

Yorric

Yorric, once called Jorrik, is a former centre of Goman occupation. Long gone, they left behind many structures, many of which still stand today, whilst others have been incorporated into more modern buildings. Yorric is divided into two, The Shambles, the inner town, and Meagretown, the outer town. The River Jorrik flows down from the hills of the Yirkmoor Forest and into the Holl Estuary, but not before dividing Yorric in two and feeding the Blackwater, the wide moat which surrounds The Shambles.

The Shambles is protected by walls and defensive gates as well as the moat. Yorric Castle sits in the centre, home to Lady Jyenna Micklegate, a seasoned warrior despite her being in her early thirties. She is constantly frustrated at the chaotic and ill-prepared rule of Erik Smythe-Carrington, the Duke of Yirkshire & Humbershire, and this often boils over into open displays of defiance against Duke Smythe-Carrington. He has reprimanded her several times and has even attempted to have her dismissed, but

the Queen knows of her value in Yorric and ignores much of the duke's ranting.



Sturdy wooden bridges span the Blackwater, connecting The Shambles to Meagretown on both sides of the river, where Yorric's commonfolk, craftsmen and merchants live. Several watchtowers and militia barracks, which date back from when Scottish raiders would come as far south as Yirkshire & Humbershire, can be found in Meagretown. It is said that the lime mortar used between the stones of the largest watchtower, Cliffers Tower, was mixed with the ground bones of 1,000 Scottish invaders. The town's watchmen often tell of the whispering voices of these grim, dour Scots promising revenge.

The Black Gallows is a prison and houses some of the worst criminals in the north, either awaiting trial or execution. It is a dark, nasty place where the criminals have learned to band together if they are to survive the harsh regime. Guards do not last long here, ending up dead or seriously injured at the hands of the inmates, or forced to retire, unable to handle the intense pressure and danger of life inside the walls.

Yorric Cathedral stands on the south side of Meagretown. Built of white stone, it is intended to be seen for miles. Its bishop, Magnus Tolheim, is also a colossus, nicknamed 'The Giant' on account of his seven-foot stature and powerful build. He had a reputation as an unstoppable killing machine on the battlefields of the Crusader Wars to the east. Nowadays, Bishop Tolheim is a man of peace, preferring to tend the gardens of the cathedral than rip off heads and piss down the holes.

SCOTLAND

Much like Oldenwale, Scotland is comprised of several distinct regions called Shires, the Havenland equivalent of counties. The southern lowlands, near The Great Wall of Hadreen is home to many permanent and semi-permanent settlements. North of Glasshollow, the Northlands are a wild, untamed place full of nomadic shepherds and lake druids. The cold and unforgiving mountains are separated by long, deep, and possibly serpent-filled lakes. The islands that surround Scotland vary greatly, ranging from the gloomium-soaked isle of Harron to independent Muul Isle. Scotland has a millennia-old distrust of Havenland, and although the two countries trade and their inhabitants pass freely from one side to the other – to a point. There is always tension in the lands bordering The Great Wall of Hadreen.

Scotland is ruled and shared by the clans. Each shire is shared between several different clans and some clans may hold territory in more than one shire. Some shires, such as the Highlands, are home to 10 different clans. During the heyday of the Goman Empire, the lowland clans were torn apart and had to band together to survive. Consequently, there is relatively little to tell them apart, whereas the upland clans have maintained their independence and their character.

Each shire is led by a thane, a most often hereditary position held by the main clan in the shire. An annual council of the shire thanes is held in Eden Burg, but it is often sparsely attended, especially by the uplanders – only a major crisis would

bring them all out. The villages and towns along the Wall are also used as neutral locations for meetings by the lowlanders, while the upland peoples tend to parlay under the watchful eye of local druids or a third clan brought in and paid by both parties to keep the peace.

Each clan is led by a clan reeve who is responsible to the shire thane. Besides their clans, clan reeves typically rule towns and villages as well as swathes of surrounding land. In turn, the clan reeves can bestow the honour of clan protector on those worthy of protecting the clan, giving them estates and earning them respect from the shirefolk. Everyone else is one of the shirefolk. One thing all Scrots and shirefolk agree on is their delight at getting one over a Havenlander.

The social hierarchy of Scotland is as follows (in order of importance): Shire Thane > Clan Reeve > Clan Protector > Shirefolk.

Shires and Locations of Scotland

Doomfreshire

Doomfreshire is Scotland's southernmost shire and ruled by Thane Duggal McKraken. He is currently in a dispute with Thane Olga Lachmon over control of Gallows Forest and its rich supply of lumber, even though she is not from Doomfreshire or the neighbouring shire of South Argengyle. Both Thane Oggen Burglund of South Argengyle and Thane Duggal McKraken have called into question Thane Olga Lachmon's ancestry, right to be a thane, and rights to Gallows Forest, but the druids always find in her

favour when consulting the gods, to the chagrin of both. In the meantime, the Doomfreshire-South Argengyle border along the Gallows Forest is one of the few disputed in Scotland.

The many inlets on Doomfreshire's coast are popular with sailors, especially with importers-exporters wishing to avoid paying the thane's taxes. The rest of the shire is divided between six clans, each claiming a few hills. Their boundaries have existed for many years and aside from occasional flair ups over perceived insults, skirmishes between these clans are quite rare.

South Argengyle

South Argengyle is ruled by Thane Oggen Burglund. Gallows Forest, claimed by Thane Olga Lachmon, is in the southwest of the shire. The centre of the shire, south of the River Dusk, is mostly farmland, whilst the clans graze sheep and goats on the hills to the east. The River Dusk is avoided by most, and the small bit of land northwest of it, is home to exiles who have run afoul of their clan reeves. Glasshollow marks the border with North Argengyle and is the start of the western uplands.

Glasshollow

Glasshollow is a surprising town. Sitting on the River Cald at the southern edge of the upland mountains, the artisans of this town are renowned for their ability to work Scottish fireclay. Mages and apothecaries from across Scotland – and even from Havenland – come here to buy their flasks, vials, and other vessels, for they can safely contain the strongest of acids and vilest of poisons, as well as magical potions and concentrated

gloomium. They are as strong as well-wrought iron and they are also resistant to intrusion attempts by green-crested bottlejacks. Of course, they are also the most expensive alchemical containers in the Haven Isles. The Guild of Vesselcrafters is a tight-knit establishment and getting manufacturing secrets out of its members is high-impossible. It is rumoured that their ability to work the fireclay so well rests on an artefact buried beneath the town's central kilns.

North Argengyle

North Argengyle is the start of the uplands, although it maintains some ties with the lowlands through the River Cald and the inlets from the isles. The shire is under Thane Creonus, a tall, slender man with a wicked uppercut. Either favoured by the gods or under some magical protection, Creonus has survived countless challenges and led his warriors to victory over the many smaller clans that used to control this area. It is only a matter of time before he feels the need to expand his domain eastwards. He is still a young man and aspires to someday bring down The Great Wall of Hadreen.

Borderlands

Reaching from Southcastle to Northcastle, the Borderlands is the one location in Scotland where the Scottish are united. For the residents of the Borderlands focus much of their distrust, fear, and occasional anger on the symbol of dominion that has existed across their land for 2,000 years – the border castles and The Great Wall of Hadreen. Many see Havenland as an oppressor and look to undermine its hold on the border, but

despite all this, the equilibrium holds and there is peace.

The Borderlands are tucked in a broad valley that runs across one of the narrowest stretches of the island. There are few settlements outside of the castles, mostly trading caravans which set up temporary trade and tent camps before moving onto the next trade stop. Despite the general level of mistrust between Scotland and Havenland, there is substantial trade across the Wall, and the Borderlands are also where people from all across Scotland come to trade, make treaties, find marriages, and otherwise take advantage of the region's current lack of open hostility.

Midbiggen

A few miles northwest of Middercastle lies a town that has grown up in the shadow of the wall, both physically and morally. A large and established town by Scottish standards, with stone structures and a Reeve's castle of its own, Midbiggen has a thrice-weekly market, churches to several gods, and no fewer than 12 taverns. While nominally in the territory of Clan Selgove, its importance as a thoroughfare to Havenland means that it is open to most who would come this way.

Kinninggross

Kinninggross is a blighted shire ruled by Thane Ochdun MacCleggan. Centuries of internal strife and war within Clan Damnonii has rendered the Firth River valley a land of ghosts and spirits. There is something that lurks below Kinninggross, trapping their spirits within the glen. Most of the area is filled with fog, and within that fog are trapped visages, filled



with hatred. The westernmost region of Kinninggross, along the River Cold, is free of this Haunting of the Damned.

Phyffe

The Kingdom of Phyffe, as the shirefolk call it, is a warrior kingdom ruled by Thane Maighread Burgmeister, a heavyset and heavy-handed woman in her late forties. She inherited it from her father, Thane Malcolm Burgmeister, as a teenager and quickly showed a remarkable ability to keep her head attached to her shoulders and her shire under her sway, despite the efforts of several cousins. She rules from a fortified castle built atop the remains of a long extinct – everyone hopes – volcano near the eastern edge of the hills. Without much trade, and with a lengthy border to defend, Phyffe produces mercenary warriors of great renown. They are hired by thanes and reeves throughout the north and occasionally end up on both sides of a conflict.

Angruss

Ruled by Thane Aidan Edraig, Angruss is a relatively wealthy shire for central Scotland. The Firth of Tary is known for oysters and pearls, the flatlands are well-suited for grazing and farming, especially the floodplains of the River Tary, and the western hills have rich copper mines within easy reach of the sea. Angruss' clans live well, but often fight and squabble over their choice of land. Clan Tarith, back-to-back winners of the Esken Falls race, currently controls the hill region and has been gathering allies in order to finally crush Clan Edwards which controls the lower reaches of the River

Esken. It is rumoured that Clan Edwards has hired mercenary reinforcements from Gaulandia. Some in Havenland fear these rumours of collaboration between Scotland and Gaulandia are the vanguard of an invading force.

Grammpshire

Some say the extra 'm' in Grammpshire is where all its mountains went. A flat land bounded on the west by steep mountains and on the east by the bitterly cold North Dog Sea, Grammpshire's soil is constantly under threat – from the icy winds which threaten to blow it away, the torrential rains which threaten to wash it into the sea, and the snows which threaten to bury it. A land of tough men and women, cattle with thick fur, and almost no crops, Grammpshirefolk somehow survive. The Wildfolk, as they are known, often send raiding parties south and west, trying to improve their own lot in life. They have also developed control over the intense cold and are often seen in the dead of winter walking with bare arms and faces. It is rumoured that they can imbue some of this strange elemental energy into their weapons, making them feared enemies.

Highlands

Home to many biting cold, air-starved peaks, skirmishing clans, monstrous Vaco Magi, loch monsters, and mysterious magics, the Highlands are a wild and dangerous place. Clans here are mostly extended families, and their grudges are long-lived and their savagery frequent. The Highlands are also rumoured to be home to buried artefacts and the most dangerous of beasts. It is also bone-

chillingly cold in the winter and the rivers flood with meltwater in the spring.

Crasksin

The tree-top village of Crasksin is perched high in the Great Northern Forests of Scotland, snuggled in the valley between Ben Klibreigh and Na Gruachean. Home to Clan Crask, the buildings were levitated into the air several generations ago following a moonlight ritual of a now-disbanded druid circle that had ingested more than its share of mystical hazes. Deciding it made for a more defensible town, the clan added supports, trusses, bridges, ladders, and walkways, and carried on with their lives. They have since adapted their living arrangements even more to an arboreal lifestyle, with wind-powered water pumps, strong camouflage under their buildings, and a series of mechanical lifts for bringing up game and other heavy material. Livestock and farming still take place on ground, along with the blacksmith's forge and smithy.

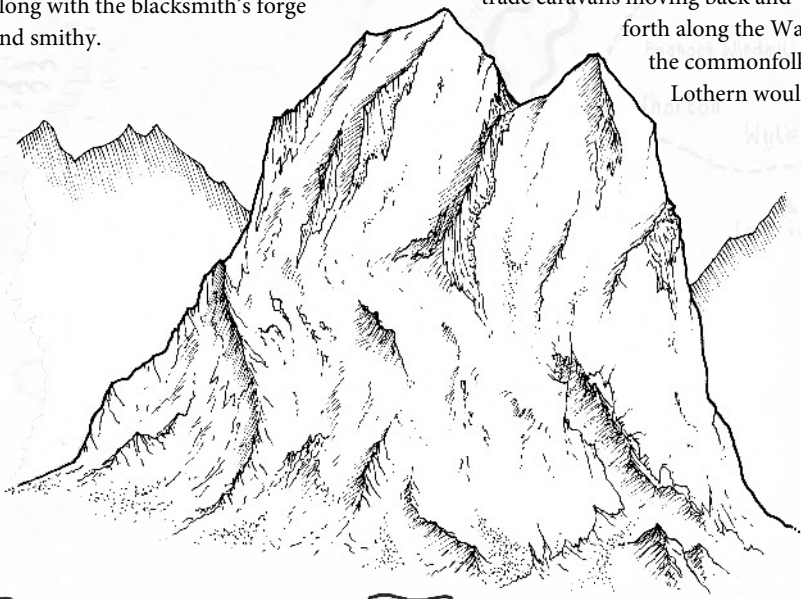
Mount Nevis

Deep in the Highlands of Scotroland towers the barren double peak of Mount Nevis. The tallest mountain in the Haven Isles, it is also the home of the mighty Vaco Magi – giant sorcerers said to have power over the elements.

They dwell in stonehouses in the valley below, but have constructed giant chambers in the mountains heart for centuries, and in the colossal, pillar-lined halls and hallways are the tombs of their ancestors. These hallowed chambers lead down into the depths of Scotroland and myths of Gloomgiants abound.

Lothern

Lothern is known as the 'Region of Peace' thanks to the mysterious horrors at Eden Burg castle. Central Lothern is a collection of small villages and fortified hamlets occupied by the many clans of Scotroland. Were it not for the Borderlands with its trade caravans moving back and forth along the Wall, the commonfolk of Lothern would



declare it Scotland's best place to conduct trade, make treaties, and engage in other inter-clan dealings. Unwilling to declare it the second-best place, they have instead declared it Scotland's most comfortable place to do all of those things. After all, if you really want it, they can run you a bath. The shire primarily consists of rolling hills and craggy coast, although there are a few notable mountains along the border with South Angengyle.

Eden Burg

With the largest town population in Scotland, Eden Burg is more a collection of close villages and fortifications than a true town. Dominated by an ancient fort atop a rocky crag, Eden Burg is a patchwork of neighbourhoods, each surrounded by a low stone or thicket wall. Under a longstanding and mostly upheld truce, the many clans of Scotland leave each other in peace within the ring of stone markers that encircle Eden Burg. The Treaty of the Castle, written centuries prior to achieve an impossible goal, has achieved a different but equally unlikely goal – the creation of a peaceful area where the lowlands clans can trade and negotiate.

Eden Burg Castle

Seated atop a menacing hill of rough, moss-covered rock looms the great castle of Eden Burg. Constructed in antiquity by a forgotten clan known currently only as 'The Ancient Clan', this fort sits empty of living folk. 200 or more years ago, many of the lowland tribes came together in an attempt to occupy it. If they could conquer it, it would form a great defence against invaders from the land and sea.

They did not imagine that taking over an empty castle would be such an impossible task, but the dead residing within rose up and prevented it. With rumours of a stirring across the sea to the east, there is once again talk of inhabiting the castle.

The castle walls have not eroded over the centuries, although they have acquired a certain tinge, possibly from algae coating the walls, or perhaps from a more sinister source. Atop the battlements, catapults and ballistae stand guard. Skeletal archers stand permanent vigil along the walls, visible as vague outlines on foggy and rainy days, but invisible when the air is clear. The occupants never leave the castle and they always repel those intent on sieging it.

Clan Protector Andrew MacGreg, youngest son of the Reeve of Eden Burg, Connor MacGreg, claims to have spent a night in the castle two years ago. He often proudly shows his stripe of white hair as evidence of the horrors he saw. For the right price, which lowers the more he drinks, he offers to show people the entrance he used. He knows of a well-concealed stone door along the banks of the estuary coast. From there a tunnel heads south-easterly leading directly under the castle. The stories he tells about the rest of his adventure are contradictory, entertaining, and possibly false.

OLDENWALE

Oldenwale is much like Havenland, but more rugged and green. Sheep farming is its trading mainstay, and there is no better lamb, hogget, or mutton to be had in the surrounding countries. It has a long history of border wars and disputes between the Queen, dukes, and lords of Havenland, and its clans. These clans rule divided areas of Oldenwale, known as chiefdoms, such as Dyffud and Clewed. They all swear fealty to a singular ruler on her seat of power in Cairndyff, Lady Cerys Owain. Younger and more beautiful than the pallid ruler of Havenland, she is often derided and snubbed by Queen Elspeth. Lady Owain strives to keep the machinations of Great Lunden away from her borders.

The social hierarchy of Oldenwale is as follows (in order of importance): Lady Owain > Chieftains of the Clans > Town Elders > Clansmen or Clanswomen > Kinfolk.

Chiefdoms and Locations of Oldenwale

Dyffud

The Dyffud clan is ruled by Chieftain Dryw Llewelyn, a stooped hobbling man in his late 80s. His face is criss-crossed with scars and he walks with the aid of a stick carved with animals. His sparkling smile comes courtesy of dentures made of sheep's teeth.

Dryw does not have a set seat of power, instead preferring to continually travel around his chiefdom with 100 of his advisors and warriors. Despite his failing

body, his mind has remained as sharp as a gloomium blade, ensuring his clan's future and earning him the unwavering loyalty of both the warriors and the commonfolk of the clan. Local disputes tend to be resolved by town or village elders, but when issues of greater import arise, such as who owns which sheep, the Kinfolk wait for Chieftain Llewelyn's caravan to enter their region before petitioning him for judgement. Besides Chieftain Llewelyn's caravan, packs of clan warriors roam the chiefdom, seemingly at random, but actually at the express direction of Chieftain Llewelyn, ready to respond to any signal fires warning of imminent attack or invasion.

Fishcain

A large natural bay splits the town in two. The eastern side, where wharfs and boats line the edges of the bay, was settled first. As the town grew more prosperous, homes, warehouses, and other businesses grew up along the main trade road which leads into the town, before expanding out and up around the western side of the bay. The winding, cobbled streets of the western side meander over the contours of the underlying earth and stand in stark contrast to the mud roads on the eastern side, which are in a poor state of repair, pock-marked with slitherling-sized potholes.

The disparity between the two sides of the town has led to tension between their respective Town Elders. Davies Bettwy represents the fishermen of the eastern part of town, whilst Gareth Garnat represents the tradesmen on the western side of the town. Both hate each other, suspecting that the other is trying to

swindle them out of any monies which improve their wards. Nevertheless, they meet regularly on neutral ground, the Queens Parlour Inn, which stands between the two wards. This two-storey establishment is well-maintained and has stables and beds to accommodate the traders and carters who need to stay in Fishcairn. Their relationship recently took a turn for the worse when Bettwy nearly died of food poisoning during talks with Garnant. It may have been an innocent mistake, but the chef has not been seen since that night.

Olwin Meyrick is a local hero. During a pirate raid he slew 12 pirates with nothing more than his pitchfork. How he killed the last pirate has become a legend all over Oldenwale – he threw his pitchfork hard enough to pin an escaping pirate against a door. Pirates avoid Fishcairn, but have promised all the gold you can carry to any man or woman who can bring them Olwin's head and pitchfork.

Glammargan

Anyone living in Cairndyff will claim that their town is the jewel in Oldenwale's crown, but almost everyone else in Oldenwale will state that the title belongs to the Glammargan mountains and consider the matter closed. Called 'The Black Jewels' due to its numerous coal mines, the Glammargan mountains sometimes ring with the sound of Dragon Singers, who are often used to bore some of the deepest mine shafts as their songs can reduce the surrounding stone to dust. Coal dug from these mines is moved by teams of goat-powered carts to the River Husk, loaded onto barges and transported

to the main trade route, and on to Cairndyff.

The miners are proud that they do not need specialist protection whilst they go about their labours. The mines hire children as 'watchers' and station them around the mines to keep watch for beasts. If any are spotted they raise the alarm. The miners then flood from the tunnels and mercilessly set about the intruding creature with their picks.

Fredwin Jones and Alec Terfel own the two largest mining operations in the Glammargan mountains. As Fredwin's claim is more westerly he has to move his coal over mountains controlled by Alec. Recently one of his shipments did not arrive for shipping on the River Husk and when he sent men to investigate they discovered the carts at the bottom of a cliff, the track above having collapsed. Fredwin suspects Alec Terfel of foul play and has hired mercenaries to protect his shipments. Alec Terfel has denied any involvement, but shipments from both his and Fredwin Jones' mines have been ambushed in more recent months. With tensions rising between the two mining magnates, Lady Owain's envoy has arrived to try and mediate; but the Lady's only real concern is ensuring the flow of coal around the region.

The miners will pay well for Miner's Breath birds. These small song birds are found in the Brecken Forest and prized for their unusual ability. In the presence of noxious gloom vapours their feathers turn to a green fur. The miners take them into the mines in small cages and if they gain fur, the mine is evacuated and the 'Burners' are sent in. The Burners take

dried moss soaked in a secret oil and tossed into the tunnels as they go, burning out the gasses. Some believe their name comes from their job of burning out the gasses, but it actually comes from the fact that they often burn themselves to a crisp.

Cadfael Jones is the leader of the recently formed Burner's Guild. With his 'singed to nothing' eyebrows he is an underwhelming spokesman. However, his threat to withdraw services to the mines has everyone worried.

Cairndyff

Sitting in the centre of this great port town is a grand stone castle, surrounded by a massive stone wall. A double-portcullised barbican leads through into the central courtyard, just below where the main fortified keep stands on a hill at its centre. Here, Lady Owain holds court and each year she hosts the Oldenwale Assembly with the clan chieftains. They bring along the taxes raised over the course of the previous year, which are mostly spent on making improvements to Cairndyff and the chiefdom of Glammargan, the rest being divided out between the chieftains based on how well they plead.

Although some within the town ape the attitudes and mannerisms of Great Lunden, fawning over travellers and merchants who have come from there, most however hold true to Lady Owain and their national identity. This includes the Master of the Lady's Purse, David Breichiawl. An ancient man, bound to a wheeled-chair, he manages Lady Owain's finances as well as the taxes raised in Oldenwale with impeccable acuity,

knowing exactly how much and what her interests are. When Lady Owain was newly crowned, a group of Great Lunden sympathisers attempted a rebellion. Trying to bring Breichiawl into their midst he ensured that Lady Owain was aware, and within the same day they were stripped of all possessions and given to the various clans to train and use as militia on the borders and the mountains. Below the castle are the Cairn Catacombs. Their existence only known to a select few, they are lined with bookshelves containing the real histories of Oldenwale and the knowledge of the druids. Brother Hughes manages the library, having sworn not to reveal its existence to the extent of voluntarily removing his tongue when he took the post, preventing his ability to speak of it. Each year, when the castle is preoccupied with Lady Owain's birthday celebrations, the druids enter the library to deposit new books and information that has been gathered throughout the year. The library is also the headquarters of her spymaster, whom she has never seen in person. Communications are left on an oak desk near to the library entrance, closed with a wax seal.

Cairndyff's large harbour swarms with vessels transporting goods to and from Havenland. The Harbourmaster, Mister Jefferies, is a middle-aged, jolly man who for a few coins can conveniently forget you were ever there. For a few coins more, he can arrange goods to be unloaded and taken to a warehouse – or vice versa – with no questions asked.

South Powyd

Ruled by Chieftess Arwen Owen, the widow of Culhwch Owen and daughter of the Chieftain of North Powyd, Caerau Baughn. She inherited the position when her husband, Culhwch, was attacked and killed by a hugging snowbeast in the mountains of Brecken Forest. Initially, Arwen faced a struggle to retain control of the clan, several of the clan warriors challenging her, declaring that she was not strong enough to lead them. After disembowelling the first challenger and slitting the throat of the second, no more challengers were forthcoming and the new chieftess declared that the one child she had borne for Culhwch Owen would be her heir.

Whilst dedicated warriors patrol the lower reaches of the mountains, tracking and killing any beasts that wander down from the mountainous peaks, most of the clan kinsfolk wander the lands of South Powyd, allowing their goats and sheep to freely graze. Come the end of the summer, they converge on the river to buy and sell livestock and any other items that need replacing.

The clan is often accused of harbouring brigands and thieves, who after attacking trade caravans, flee upriver into the clan's lands to hide. Whilst they deny it, the accusation is largely true.

Heresfield

A sinister-looking cathedral looms over Heresfield. The locals hold that it is constructed from the bones of their enemies, to act as a reminder to those over the border that they should not go where they are not wanted. Anyone

looking a bit closer will notice a good many mud cow, goat, and sheep skulls mixed in with the human ones. It also acts as a bartering aid, with locals often referring to the cathedral when bartering with Havenland merchants, as in "That sort of price should get you a place in the cathedral."

Many Havenland merchants fear the people and superstitions of Oldenwale, and as such will not travel any further into the country than they must. This has led to Heresfield being a major trading hub. The main town is circled by a constantly guarded, 20-foot high stone wall. Only kinsfolk are allowed within the town walls, so all other business – including merchants from Havenland – is conducted outside the town leading to a sea of tents. Just as Havenlanders come to Heresfield to trade, so do merchants from across Oldenwale, leading to the saying, "if it isn't for sale in Heresfield then it isn't for sale anywhere." Animals, food, weapons, cloth and clothing, furniture, books, curiosities, and more can be found here. A rumour circulating the marketplace is that someone has a dragon egg – and it's for sale!

Within the town stands a central clock tower. Each year, the gates are sealed, and the clan gather around the tower to remember their dead, throwing their weapons to the ground, and crying and wailing openly.

Secret tunnels wide enough for three men to stride abreast run underneath the town into the countryside. Lady Owain and her advisors had the town constructed as a decoy should Havenland attack. The town gate can be closed and barred, and the

kinsfolk can escape through the tunnels and while the Havenlanders waste their time assaulting the empty town, the clans will unite, readying themselves to push the invaders out of their lands.

Gwenthed

Chieftess Aeres Owen rules the Gwenthed clan following her father's death and brother's disappearance during a border dispute near Worchwych. Certain that her brother is still alive in Havenland somewhere, she continually petitions Lady Owain to be allowed to lead a force into Worchfordshire and beyond. In the meantime, she ensures her warriors are trained to the most gruelling standards, a process which takes three years. The first year of their training is carried out bare-chested in all weathers to build their endurance.

The Gwenthed clan warriors want for nothing, being treated as a higher social class whilst the rest of the Gwenthed kinsfolk are left to raise sheep and goats before taking them to market at Heresfield. Every warrior bears a brand of the symbol of Gwenthed – Lady Owain's coat of arms supported on a pair of ram's horns. The punishment for wearing the brand without being a clan warrior – or being a retired warrior – is to be made a live training target for the second-year warriors, upon whom they get to practice their skills. The reward for the best student is the right to finish the target off.

It is rumoured that in her desperation to get an edge on the Havenlanders and to convince the Lady they would easily win an attack she has been experimenting with Gloom Shards. Slivers of gloomium-

infused stone that have been found in the mines of Gwenthed.

North Powyd

Many believe Chieftain Caerau Baughn to be past his prime. Caerau's paunch overhangs his breeches, animal fat stains his shirt, and bits of food are visible in his beard. Caerau is content to remain in his camp, situated between Lake Caerdog and Lake Wyrny. Following his example, his warriors are slovenly and lax, content to move goods from the south up onto the rivers and ship them north. Only the support of his daughter, Chieftess Arwen Owen of South Powyd, has seen him retain power.

However, deep in the snowy mountains of southwest North Powyd, unrest is growing, stirred by a young clansman, Jamie Belth. Hugging snowbeasts hunt their flocks and kill his kinsfolk and there are rumours of something in the night slithering into camps and stealing people away. Caerau sends messages of condolence, but he and his warriors are too lazy to leave their safe camp, let alone help. Instead, he urges them to return to the plains and keep their herds there.

Gwynned

Chieftain Maelog Cogan leads the Gwynned Clan. Faithful to both Lady Owain and Oldenwale, he is a battle-hardened veteran who will challenge and kill anyone who questions his loyalty. Despite his preference for battle, Maelog is responsible for the 'Food Basket of Oldenwale', as well as controlling nearly all of the slate mines. With mainland Gwynned being covered nearly entirely by mountains, the mines and warriors are all

reliant on the food from Gwynned to survive.

Maelog relies heavily on his right-hand woman, Dwysil, and trusts her with his life. Dwysil leads the formidable Minesweepers, and takes her position of responsibility very seriously; having lost two fingers from her left hand to a particularly fiesty slate banger. When slate bangers infest a mine, the specialist skills of the Minesweepers are called upon.

Tales are told of mine owners who sent their workers in to try and clear the mine free of slate bangers, only for the mine to collapse with the loss of many lives. The Minesweepers use popperpillars found in the lowland grasses near the west coast. These small caterpillars explode with a small popping noise when subjected to a sudden jolt. The sound is magnified by the empty mine, herding the slate bangers towards a predetermined 'kill area'. Once there, the Minesweepers move in to finish them off. It is easy to misjudge the ferocity of slate bangers and several Minesweeper teams have been lost to them, their corpses eventually being dug out of the rubble.

The clan provides nearly all of the slate used in Oldenwale. It is used for floors and roofs as well as for fireplaces and hearths. In Cairndyff, the castle's master studyroom holds a fireplace 10 feet wide, the hearth made from exceptionally rare gloomslate. Veins of gloomium cut through the slate, which has been polished to a mirror like shine. The clan is not just renowned for its archers, but also for the armour penetration of their slate-tipped arrows.

Although the druids tell stories of dragons throughout ancient Oldenwale, Gwynned is seen as the sacred and ancestral home of the dragon. Only the Dragon Singers and druids know the true histories behind the dragons. However, as the slate mines continue to delve deeper into the mountains and further down into the earth, it is feared the world may soon again see gloomium dragons in the verdant skies.

Bear Maw

Straddling the north and south banks of the Maw Estuary, Bear Maw is a small, port town set against the backdrop of Maw Rock, a granite crag atop which rests Sixtower Keep. This defence is home to the Elder of the town, Owen Llanmawdach of the Gwynned Clan – a gruff, bearded old man of 70 winters.

The town stands mainly on the north bank of the estuary, but the area on the south bank opposite the town is referred to as Farebone and is reached by a small boat or the large stone and iron bridge that spans the estuary. The local kinfolk call this bridge, The Mawbrace.

In summer, all manner of jellyfish can be found strewn on the sandy shoreline. A Jellygloom, recently washed up on the

Bear Maw Map Key:

1. Gwyn Dowyn Villa
2. North Beach Inn
3. Sixtower Keep
4. Watcher from the Shore
5. Harbourmaster's Office
6. The Last Inn
7. Mawdach Watchtower
8. Mawgloom Retreat

The Middelands Expanded - Locations

To Caer Oldenwale

Two Goblins

North



30 60 feet



Bear Maw

shores of Farebone, has caused a stir. Inside its voluminous hood were the remains of the town elder, Jonas Jones from Aberwyth in Dyffud, identified by his gold ring of office. The elders of both towns never really got on, and often spoke harshly of the other. Now the Chieftains of Gwynned and Dyffud are at each other's throats over suspected foul play and expect Lady Owain to settle matters. In addition to the jellyfish, large, foul-smelling stones are sometimes washed up on the beach, these are known affectionately as 'whale vomit', and for some reason are highly-sought after in Great Lunden to make liquids that improve a person's odour.

On the sand dunes at the head of the beach sits a granite stone head. This Watcher from the Shore has stood here for centuries and often gets covered in sand when the storms blow in and spread sand across the town. Words and symbols are carved and scratched into its surface, some obvious, 'Owain stood here' and others less so, 'Pn'ning Mowg'naf R'ye Cthon Leh'.

The Last Inn stands on the corner of the town as you head from the east. A favourite of fishermen and locals, the inn is covered in fishing paraphernalia, such as nets, lines, lobster pots, rope, and paintings of ships in storms. In the evenings, the place is dark and dimly lit, and tales of things in the sea are regaled to visitors.

Mount Snow

The highest peak in Oldenwale is Mount Snow. Dragon Singers in training must take a pilgrimage to this imposing peak.

Covered by snow all year round, the journey to the summit is treacherous. Shrines placed along the route to the top of the mountain contain bowls of glowing amber fire, shining as a beacon to travellers for miles around. The incline, snow, and general poor conditions on the mountain force any who wish to ascend it to go by foot.

At its summit stands a stone cairn, invariably covered in snow. Once upon the summit the fledgling Dragon Singer dismantles the cairn revealing a stone passageway down which they descend. Their Dragon Singer guide waits upon their return. If after five sunsets they have not returned the cairn is replaced and the trainee is considered lost. If they return, they continue with their training; no-one outside of the Dragon Singers knows what occurs inside the mountain.

Although casual wanderers fear the hugging snowbeasts and white leopards that roam the mountain, the clans fear the rock leech the most. As small as a finger, they lie dormant within the rocks of the mountain. The heat from a sleeping traveller can awaken them. Moving through the rocks they reach the traveller and either attach to their skin or invade them through any available orifice. If attached to the outer skin the rock leech feeds on the iron in the blood before dropping off and burrowing back into the surrounding rocks. However, if the victim is unfortunate enough for it to invade an orifice, the leech starts to exert control over the host's mind, eventually taking them over unless removed.

Caer Oldenwale

Second in size only to the fortification at Cairndyff, the castle at Caer Oldenwale sits atop cliffs from which its 100 feet high walls cast a shadow over a wide swathe of the town. The castle is capable of withstanding year-long sieges, with agricultural gardens, grain stores, animals, smithies, and multiple wells all contained within its walls.

The war-paranoid town elder, Gwyneth Moss and his hand, Medwyn Owen remain within the castle, having been tasked with ensuring it is stocked and prepared should war come. Gwyneth Moss has even gone so far as hiring the best smith in Caer Oldenwale and providing him with a smithy and living quarters above it within the castle walls. Not everyone is happy with this, not least of which his wife, who is not allowed to live in the castle, whilst merchants can no longer buy the best weapons made in Gwynned.

The castle also overlooks Caer Oldenwale's large port which employs most of the local kinfolk. Capable of accommodating the largest vessels from across Oldenwale and Havenland, the port is a crucial part of Gwynned's economy as it enables the shire to obtain resources that are otherwise difficult to ship in via the overland routes. Meic Evans has managed the harbour for 19 winters, earning the trust and respect of both Gwyneth Moss and Medwyn Owen. Gwyneth Moss has offered to make Meic Evans a town elder, but the harbourmaster has so far refused, having no interest in further advancement and preferring the life he has built.

Clewed

The River Cree snakes its way through undulating hills and valleys, the sparsely-populated land seeming to go on forever with no-one in sight. With no major towns or settlements, the Clewed clan, ruled by Chieftain Gwalter Caleb, are amongst the most nomadic of Oldenwale's clans. Since the death of his cousin on Gwynned lands, Gwalter has been looking for an excuse for open confrontation with the Gwynned clan.

The Cleweds have the largest flocks of sheep, goats, and horses in Oldenwale. They trade heavily with North Powyd, specifically buying more of their trained sheepdogs than any other clan. The hills and valleys are often alive with the sounds of songbird whistles.

Often viewed by outsiders as barbaric due to their lack of larger settlements, the Cleweds are more artistic than any other clan. They spend their free time singing and producing jewellery from rocks and pebbles they find on their travels. When they have built up enough of the hand-worked jewellery, they travel to the north road where they will stop passing traders and sell them their wares. Havenland traders, wary of the kinsfolk will buy anything offered when caught on the open road. Traders passing into Clewed territory carry spare items and coin along to trade in case they are waylaid by clan hawkers. These objects can sometimes be found for sale in the affluent shops of Great Lunden for huge sums of money being considered to be 'art'.

SERPENTLANDS

Stirrings from the North East

Across the Dog Sea are the Serpentlands.

No-one goes there. No-one can safely moor a ship there. From afar, the landmass of the Serpentlands appears to rise from the sea like a basalt block cut by a stonemason. Its sheer, wind-lashed cliffs rising up to 500 feet in places are all but impossible to scale and those who have managed to get ashore here have done so at a low point in the cliffs, where a peninsula of land stabs outwards into the sea like a dagger.

The very few folk from Havenland who know of this place refer to it as Lizzard Point.

Early in her reign, the Queen of Havenland funded an expedition to discover more about the lands to the northeast. It was a disaster. Under the command of the great explorer, Sir Lester Draconius, the expedition's ship, *The Queen's Sword*, was driven onto the sharp rocks below Lizzard Point by a storm and lost. The survivors managed to scale the 200 feet high cliffs despite the storm and found refuge from the weather in the dense pine forests which lay inland.

Unlike the familiar green hues of

Havenland, everything in this unexplored land had an eerie-blueish tinge, including the forest.

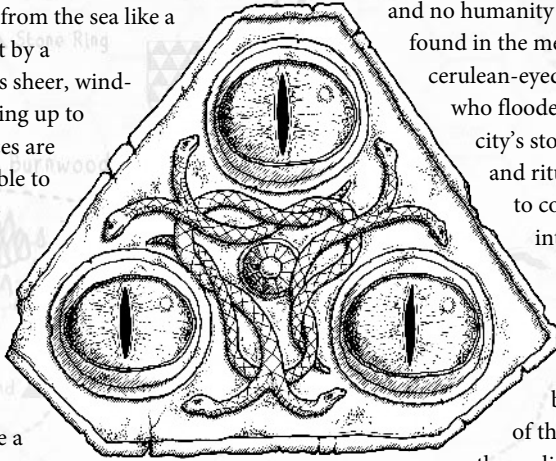
When they stumbled upon a large settlement on the edge of the forest, the survivors hoped it would be their salvation. Instead, it proved to be their demise, for they had found the settlement

of H'sst Akal. No men lived here, and no humanity was to be found in the merciless, cerulean-eyed serpentfolk who flooded out of the city's stone longhomes and ritual step-houses to confront the intruders.

Without mercy or empathy, the serpentfolk butchered most of them, skinning them alive before

leaving their bodies lined up on spikes on the clifftops. Those they captured were brought before the terrifying Serpentlords who ruled the city and then sacrificed to the Serpentkings, their three-eyed reptilian gods, by ripping out their still-beating hearts and tossing the corpses into deep, open pits to satisfy 'the things below'. All this under the ever-present gaze of the colossal granite statues of the Serpentkings bearing their symbol of rule – the three-eyed triangle.

Only one member of the expedition escaped the massacre and the basalt ring walls of the city, a woman named Olivia Issington. The expedition's navigator and only female member of the crew, she was



found weeks later, drifting, barely alive, off the coast of Watcher's Point, with an unusual three-eyed talisman around her neck. Some say she used magic to make her escape on a wooden lifeboat that had miraculously survived the storm, and some say that she had help from the Serpentlords of H'sst Akal, whom she now serves as a spy. Whatever the truth, she still lives, drinking herself into oblivion in the taverns of Great Lunden, and spinning yarns about snakemen, sailing ships, sea monsters, and the coming doom of all Havenland.

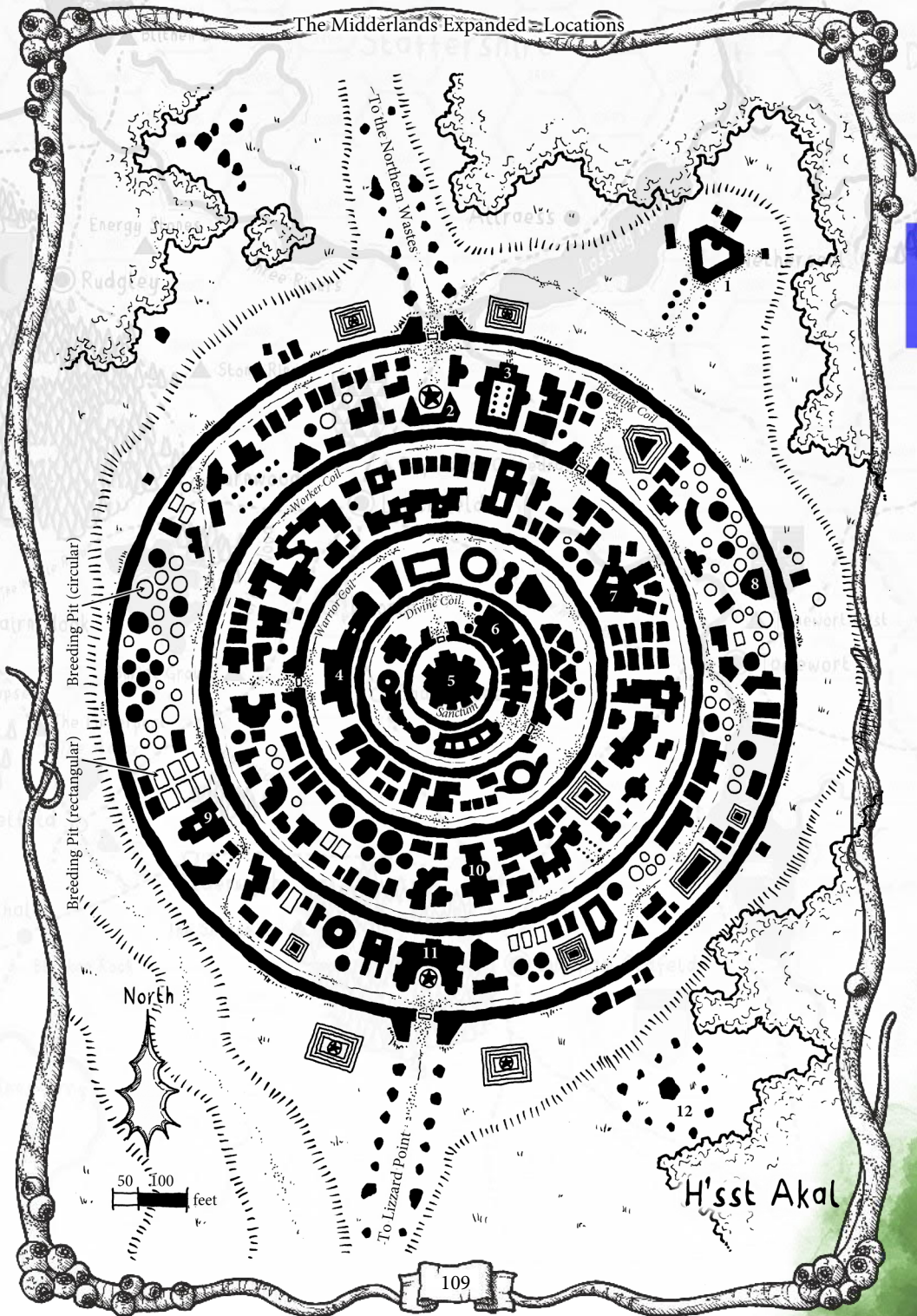
The Serpentlords – in the hissing cities to the south of the Serpentlands – have overseen construction of large pivoting, lifting machines made of timber, iron, and sorcery. They sit above the cliffs of a sheltered bay known in Havenspeak as Writhingwater Bay. Here, they raise and lower sturdy wooden longboats in and out of the waters and steps have been carved into the sides of the cliffs to allow the serpentfolk to move supplies, warriors, and priests between the inhospitable land and the treacherous sea. The Serpentlords have plans...

H'sst Akal

The city of H'sst Akal lies 15 miles inland from the coast across cold, cobalt wastes where the cerulean-fogged pine forests of the Serpentlands begin. Known by the serpentfolk as the Pit of Vipers, they live here in great numbers, ruled by five, unsettling Serpentlords who all swear loyalty to the divine Serpentkings. Everywhere in the city, icons of the Serpentkings and their symbol – the three-eyed triangle – can be found.

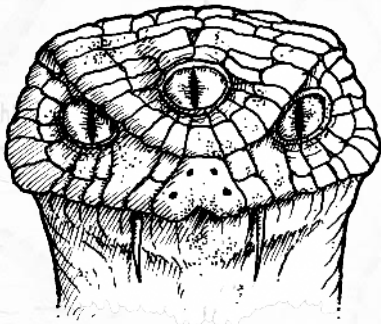
The city consists of a series of five basalt ring walls with alternating gatehouse structures made of bones. The spaces between these rings are known as 'Coils' and each Coil is ruled by a Serpentlord. Most of the buildings within these Coils are stone longhouses, smaller round stone houses known as 'pits', ritual step-houses, large open pits with underground passages, and hulking statues of serpentfolk and the Serpentkings. Other buildings in each Coil denote its purpose and where its inhabitants fit into the social hierarchy of the serpentmen. The coils are ordered as follows:

1. **Breeding Coil:** The first and largest coil. Contains breeding pits and structures used to expand the city's population; ruled by Serpentlord Ss'lathe.
2. **Worker Coil:** The next largest coil. Contains the city's forges and factories; ruled by Serpentlord Muuk'ssla.
3. **Warrior Coil:** Barracks and training grounds for the warriors of the city not currently the wastes and forests outside the city; ruled by Serpentlord Fang'kor.
4. **Divine Coil:** Temples and other religious buildings as well as living quarters for the city's priests and high priests; ruled by Serpentlord Sle'sss.
5. **Sanctum:** Home to the citadel of the city's five Serpentlords, including the ruler of H'sst Akal, Serpentlord H'sst T'ess'len



H'sst Akal Map Key:

1. Slave Pit of S'reesh
2. Black Fang Temple
3. The Cerulean Hall
4. Serpentfang Barracks
5. Slithering Keep
6. Segmented Temple of H'sst Muukal
7. Sapphirehold (Serpentsmiths)
8. Eastern Breeding Pits
9. House of the Egg
10. Arcaneholme (Arcane crafters)
11. Snakebone Temple of Sacrifice
12. Serpentking Stones



Holy Symbol of H'sst Muukal

The Colour Blue

Here are some shades of blue that may help in describing the Serpentlands' menace:

Admiral, aqua, arctic, azure, blueberry, cerulean, cobalt, cornflower, cyan, deep, electric, indigo, midnight, navy, sapphire, sea, sky, teal, and ultramarine.

GAULANDIA

Gaulandia is much like Havenland, except the roofs of the buildings are pointier, the folk dress with more frilly-bits, and they talk a different language to Havenlanders, which from the outside appears to have lots of 'zees' in it. Gaulandia is dark and twisted too, but it is a place of fine arts, great cheese, and wine. In the minds of most Havenlanders, it is home to strange and dark magics, shadowy creatures, and a violently-hallucinogenic cheese made from the milk of devils. The region nearest Havenland tends to be grey, cold, and covered in a perpetual gloom. There are rumours that a glorious, golden sun lights the southern climes.

They have a similar social hierarchy to Havenland just with differing titles, as such:

King or Queen > Duc or Duchesse > Baron or Baronesse > Seigneur or Seigneuresse > Paysan

27th in his line, King Louis XXVII is from an unbroken lineage of kings named Louis, a doddering old man whose days of riding the hunt are long behind him. His sons have all died of daggers, poison, and cliff-side falls, and his grandchildren are scheming mightily to have him killed and take his throne – or just take his throne if a sibling or cousin can be blamed for his death. Should one of the royal princesses succeed King Louis XXVII a constitutional crisis is sure to follow, since Gaulandia has not had a ruling queen in centuries and she certainly cannot be called Louis, can she?

La Callhay

La Callhay is the part of Gaulandia that the majority of Havenlanders know anything about – a massive, grimy, port town that is a centre of trade with Havenland. Its markets are loud, bustling, colourful affairs filled with produce and wares from the Haven Isles and Gaulandia, as well as lands further south and east. Each market specialises in one type of merchandise, the type of merchandise determining how close a market is to the fortified walls of La Callhay Keep. For example, the fish market is closest to the harbour, whilst the more expensive jewellery and gemstone market is furthest away from the harbour, on the hilltop just outside the keep.

Baronesse Isabel Ferdinand de la Mer oversees the keep, the town, and the surrounding land, and keeps a close eye – through her secret agents – on the taxes collected from the many ships which dock in the harbour and the merchants who pass in and out of the town. She is less assiduous when making sure the required percentage makes its way into the King's coffers, in the country's capital of Paree.

EMERAUDE

For all locations on this landmass, with the exception of those noted below, refer to the Wormskin setting by Necrotic Gnome Productions.

Greeningwold and Bellthorp are left for the Game Master to populate and develop as needed.

THE COASTAL WATERS

Shipwrecks of Note

Hamm McGroggan

“Fifty fathoms deep and full of a dragon's treasure!” goes the tale told of this shipwreck in Harron Bay. The truth is not far from the fantasy, although the dragon's treasure in this case is excrement. The captain of the *Hamm McGroggan* was hired by a bold and perhaps foolhardy entrepreneur by the name of Aston McHale to sail west towards the legendary Dragon Isles. The plan, and a successful one it was, up to a point, was to fill the hold with waste gathered from the dragons' dens and sell it to alchemists and healers – or perhaps the Gaulandians would buy it to serve as a delicacy. Once on the island, the crew gathered the desired dung while the dragons were out hunting, and cautiously retreated to their vessel and slipped away, keeping close to the land where possible. They made it around the islands and were just headed up into the bay when disaster struck. The composting dung, packed tight in the ship's holds, heated up and the hull began to smoulder. Soon, the planks held no more, and the ship's hull burst sending it and its cargo to the sea floor.

The sinking extinguished the fires, so the remains of the ship are well preserved. The market value of 4,000 pounds of dragon dung is open to the highest bidder, and of course there is the open question of how much gold and other valuables found their way aboard the ship as well. Before

anyone could begin to profit from the riches of the wreck however, they will need to fight off the water dung beetles that have recently moved in.

Queen's Sword, The

Lost during the expedition to the Serpentlands, *The Queen's Sword* was smashed beneath the cliffs near Lizzard Point. The fierce waters and sharp rocks scattered the wreck far and wide, but all of her the heavy cargo and equipment sank to the silty sea floor. Now covered in 20 feet of sand, the cannons, cannonballs, and silver cutlery are seemingly lost forever along with Sir Lester Draconius' famed cutlass, Sailtearer, and a treasure trove of Sir Draconius' personal magical items in a sealed iron chest.

Redbeard's Revenge

Over 30 miles off the northwest coast of Cernwall lies the wreck of the galleon, *Redbeard's Revenge*. Owned by the auburn-bearded privateer Edward Bleech. Covered in 50 fathoms of cold water, the area is frequented by sharkfolk which come here to make offerings and sate the beast that ended the scourge of the Cernish coastline.

On a midderfog-laden night with no wind 20 winters past, the *Redbeard's Revenge* lay in anchor awaiting the dawn. It shone no lights and made no sound to avoid being discovered by the Queen's fast and agile sail and oar-powered naval galleys that were out hunting for it.

Then, the midderfog began to glow a sickly lime hue. The pirates came out on deck to see the strange light growing ever more luminous as it came towards them in the watery depths. It passed beneath the

ship and stopped – then huge pincer-like claws and tentacles wrapped around the hull and ripped it apart. The crew fell from the deck screaming, as the strange sea creature grabbed and ate each sailor one-by-one. When there were no more screams to be heard, the beast slipped back into the depths and the glow was gone.

The sea creature that devoured the crew of the *Redbeard's Revenge* is an ancient and colossal deformed and gloomium-mutated gloomcrab known in havenspeak as King Blackshell the Cancerous. He is over 600 years old, has a shell over 30 feet in diameter, eight legs, four pincer claws, two long octopian tentacles, and a multitude of eyes all over its exoskeleton.

King Blackshell the Cancerous

Hit Dice: 18

Armor Class: -2 [21]

Attacks: 4 pinchers (1d12) and 2 tentacles (1d10), or bite (1d12), pull apart, squeeze, capsizе ship.

Saving Throw: 3

Special: *Pull apart:* For each two pinchers that hit, Blackshell attempts to pull apart its victim causing an additional 1d10 damage.

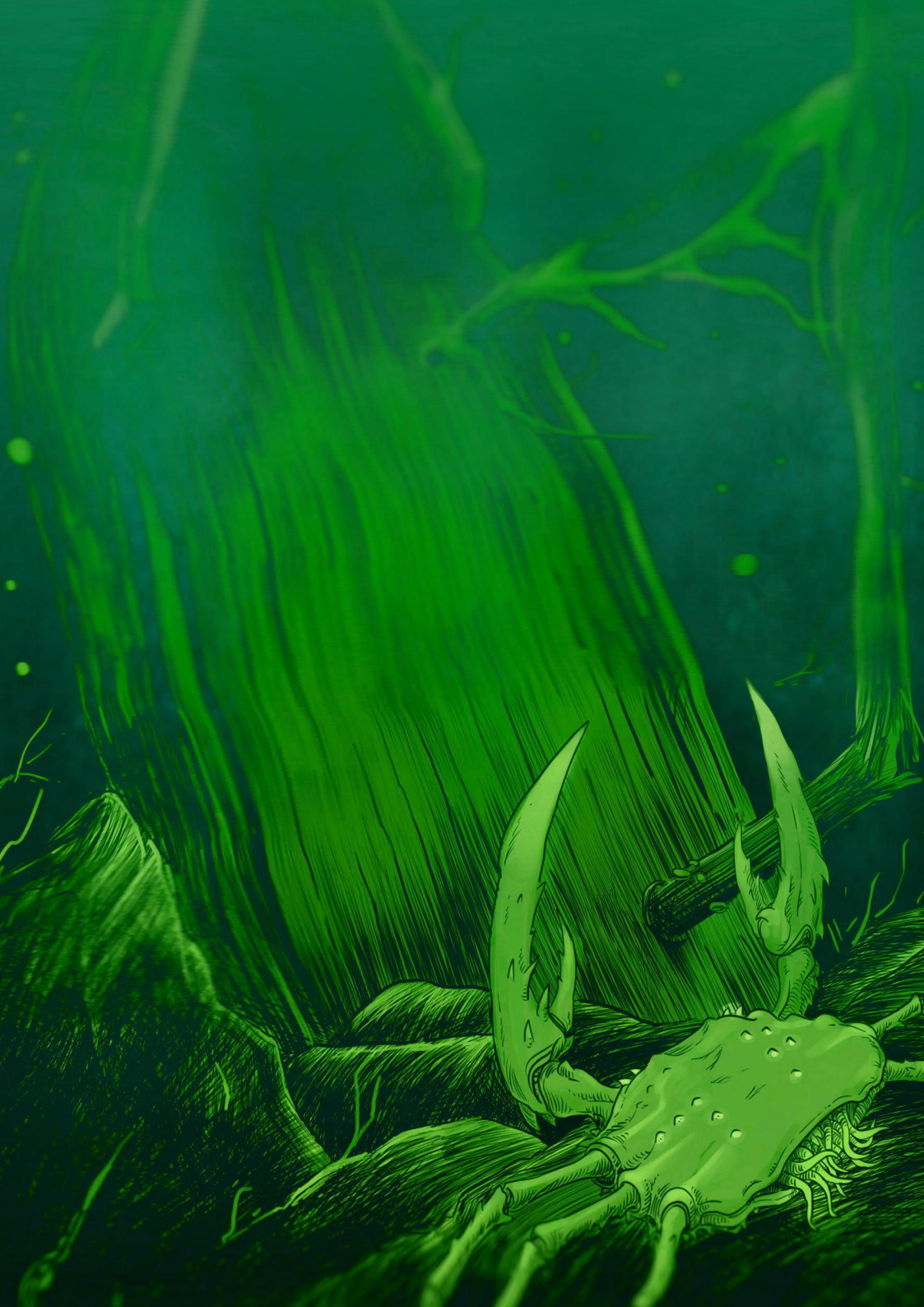
Squeeze: If both tentacles hit, the victim has the life squeezed out of them – like a toothpaste tube. Save or die.

Break ship: If King Blackshell spends 4 rounds grabbing a ship in which he can only attack with tentacles, he has a 25% chance to break apart the ship and cause it to sink.

Move: 24/Swim 12

Alignment: Chaos

Challenge Level/XP: 22/5000



Scythe of Harrowmoor

Off the coast of Emeraude, the caravel *Scythe of Harrowmoor* lies in 200 feet of cold water. The strange black ship decorated in gold-painted knotwork and strange symbols was harassed back to Emeraude by the Scots galleon, *The Nevis*, when it came suspiciously close to landing at Skreer Island. The ship was said to glimmer and seem transparent in the dawn sunlight, although it was still sunk by cannon fire from *The Nevis* before it was chased out of Emeraude waters by six similar black ships.

Sea Wych, The

The Sea Wych, captained by Amos Birdeye sailed the east coast 10 years ago, when it was lost with all hands. Most were not too bothered about the disappearance of another ship, except that *The Sea Wych* was carrying a cargo of gold. Many believe that Captain Birdeye scuppered his ship and made off to Gaulandia with the help of a Gaulandian noble. Captain Birdeye's Gold is a tale told in many of the ports along the southeast coast. More recently, the Piscaceans of Mermaid Isle have been found to be wearing trinkets fashioned from gold, something they had not been seen to do before. Whether that has anything to do with the fate of The Sea Wych remains to be discovered, certainly the Piscaceans are not prepared to say anything.

Sshrack'ssh Gall

The White Scar, a cannon-less naval carrack was patrolling the seas near Snakescale Island when a strange vessel attacked it. It was a longship with a solid

silver, ophidian figurehead and every inch of its wooden surfaces decorated with twisting snake motifs and the recurring symbol of three cerulean eyes, and its crew were serpentfolk! The ensuing battle was the first nautical engagement between the serpentfolk and the folk of Havenland and it confirmed the stories of Olivia Issington. The battle was brought to a sudden end when a beast from the deep rose up and dragged the serpentman vessel into the deep.

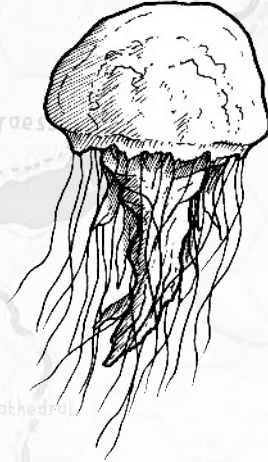
A few of the serpentmen managed to escape their ship and were captured by *The White Scar*. The prisoners not only gave their ship a name – the *Sshrack'ssh Gall* – and stated that it was the largest vessel that the great serpentfolk had ever built, they also confirmed the details of Olivia Issington's stories. The prisoners were subsequently shipped to Great Lunden under a shroud of secrecy and have not been seen since.

The wreck of the *Sshrack'ssh Gall* lies almost intact in very deep, dark water and one the Leviathan's spawn treats it as part of their lair toadying over it like a toy.

White Scar, The

Badly damaged and taking on water after its the engagement with the serpentfolk's longship, *The White Scar* headed to Watcher's Point and transferred her prisoners and some of the crew to a smaller caravel, before limping back to Snakescale Island. Unfortunately, the same beast which had dragged the *Sshrack'ssh Gall* to the bottom of the sea was following her, but this time it did not grab its intended target, but instead rammed *The White Scar*, again and again

in a rage, until the carrack was smashed into a thousand pieces. The wreck of *The White Scar* is scattered across the sea bed and with it, a mysterious serpentfolk artefact known as The Eyes of Cthu'sss, which one of the prisoners was trying to protect and was forced to abandon when they were transferred. The prisoner is yet to reveal the existence of the artefact and were the Crown to learn of it, then Havenland would be as interested in recovering it as the Serpentlords are.

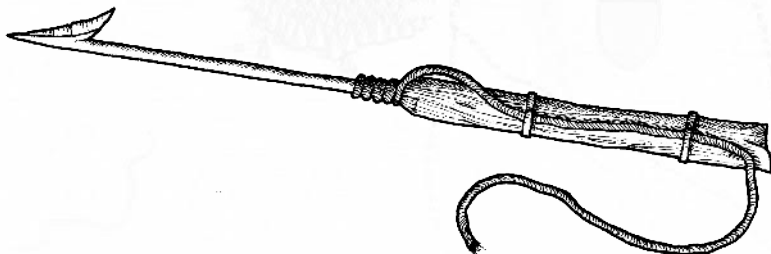


Other Shipwrecks

Shipwrecks are rife around the dangerous coastlines of The Haven Isles. The following wrecks are left for the Game Master to further make up the details:

Other Shipwrecks of The Haven Isles

Vessel Name	Port of Origin	Ownership
<i>Crazed Mermaid, The</i>	Unknown, Man Isle, Havenland	Pirate
<i>Dragon's Bite</i>	Cairndyff, Oldenwale	Lady Owain's Flagship
<i>El Destructor</i>	Cadiss, Espane	King of Espane's Navy
<i>Green Sail, The</i>	Unknown, Scotland	Pirate
<i>H.M.S. Whaletooth</i>	Fernbarrow, Havenland	Queen's Navy
<i>Havenland Rose</i>	Great Lunden, Havenland	Queen's Navy
<i>Le Dragon</i>	La Callhay, Galuandia	Privateer
<i>Pale Lady, The</i>	Bearmaw, Oldenwale	Privateer
<i>Pride of Scotland</i>	Eden Burg, Scotland	Clan McKulgan
<i>Shackleton, The</i>	Great Lunden, Havenland	Privateer



To help bring the wrecks to life, you can use your own ideas or use the Shipwreck Generator Table below.

Shipwreck Generator Table

Roll 1d20 against each column of the table to generate the details of the wreck.

Shipwreck Generator Table				
Roll	Vessel Type	State of Wreck	Main Cargo	Wreck Dangers
1	Cog	Split in two	Gold bars	Gloomium crabs
2	Carrack	Intact	Silver ore	Piscacean seabandits
3	Galleon	Half submerged at low tide	Slaves	Ghost pirates
4	Longship	Buried in silt	Cattle	Sharkfolk hunting party
5	Polacca	Buried in sand	Cloth and fabric	Ghost slaves
6	Man-o-war	Split into three	Pottery	None
7	Caravel	Split into four	Weapons	Leviathan Spawn
8	Brig	Disintegrated	Mead	Gloomcrab Riders
9	Frigate	Pointing vertical, aft raised	Wine	Water Dung Beetles
10	Knarr	Pointing vertical, fore raised	Lumber	Gloomium undersea vents
11	Galley	Overhangs a precipice on the edge of deeper waters	Foodstuffs	Risk of wreck collapse
12	Hulk	Intact, but covered in giant barnacles	Iron ore	Dangerous currents
13	Balinger	Upside down	Rope	Jellyglooms
14	Crayer	Rests in forest of kelp	Bricks	Pitch black water
15	Hoy	Precariously sits in slope of an undersea mount	Glass vessels	Rival treasure hunters
16	Picard	Wreck timbers glow a sickly, green hue	Salted fish	Sahuagin raiders
17	Sloop	Wreck has turned to broken, petrified stone	Salted meats	Located in centre of Sharkfolk undersea village
18	Brig	Totally above water at low tide	Caged, exotic animals	Rest on dangerous and sharp corals
19	Galiot	Wreck still floats, changing position around the coast	Tapestries	Sharks
20	Fluyt	Wreck is a ghostly apparition	Leather boots and shoes	Giant octopus

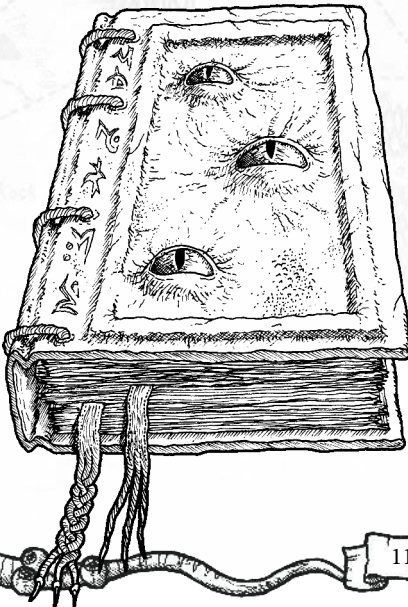
Oddities

ITEMS

Book of the Muckulus

Incredibly rare, this small tome is bound in the hide of a Muckulus and on the front cover are three, red and black-slitted muckulus eyes which occasionally blink. These eyes also occasionally cry, secreting an oily substance that smells like sulphur. Two green ribbons serve as the tome's bookmarks, each made from plaited demon mane and sewn into the binding with hairs plucked from the corpses of drawn and quartered murderers.

The book contains dark and evil writings detailing infernal demon pacts and devil-tongued, licentious rituals. Folk that read the book usually hold it at arm's length, whilst rotating the book trying to make sense of what they are seeing and pulling



faces as if sucking a lemon; muttering things like “Ewwwww” and “What. The. Hell?”, whilst trying in vain to look away from the despicable imagery.

Anyone who reads the book from start to finish suffers from horrific nightmares until they die. They only gain half (rounded up) of the beneficial effects from a full 8-hour rest, lose 1 point of Wisdom permanently, and become vulnerable to iron weapons taking an extra 1d4 damage. They do however, gain 1 point of Intelligence, Dexterity, Constitution, and their Armour Class increases by 1 point due to hard calluses all over their body.

Value: 20,000 gold quids.

Crown of the Staff of Blood

One half of the original Staff of Blood wielded by Grimicus the Centurion-Sorcerer. The Crown of the Staff of Blood still holds great defensive powers and can only be used by a 5th Level Magic User or greater. The crown has 113 charges remaining. All spells take effect as if cast by a Magic User of the wielder's Level. All effects are red-hued in some way.

- The following powers use no charges: *Light, Read Magic, Detect Magic.*
- The following powers use 1 charge: *Shield, Protection from Evil, Mirror Image, and Protection from Normal Missiles.*
- The following powers use 2 charges: *Invisibility 10-ft. Radius, Dispel Magic, Wall of Fire, and Wall of Ice.*

- The following powers use 3 charges: *Wall of Iron* and *Wall of Stone*.
- The following power uses all remaining charges: *Prismatic Sphere*.

Additionally, holding the crown of the Staff of Blood allows its wielder to parry like a Fighter with a Dexterity score of 15.

Should anyone locate both pieces of the Staff of Blood and want to join the two pieces back together, refer to the entry for Haft of the Staff of Blood.

Value: 250,000 gold quids.

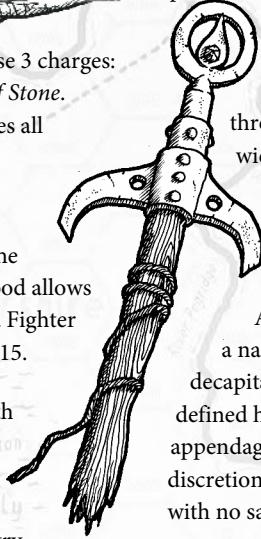
Gripeblade

This shortsword is made from the claw of a six-headed sewer gripe. It is wickedly sharp and dangerous to the wielder if they are not trained in martial combat. The

gripeblade can only be wielded by Assassins,

Fighters, Monks, Paladins, Rangers, and Thieves with at least two Levels of experience in that class.

The blade is -2 to hit as it is unbalanced and awkward to wield without injuring



yourself. Each time an attack roll is made, make a saving throw. Failure results in a cut to the wielder for 1d4 points of damage.

The attack against the target still occurs. The sword does 1d8 damage because of its unnatural sharpness.

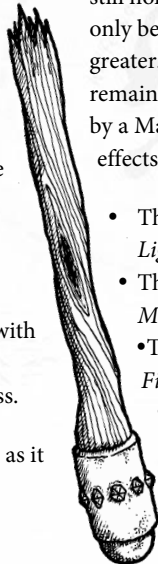
Additionally, on an attack roll of a natural 20, it results in decapitation of any target with a defined head or other protruding critical appendage (at the Game Master's discretion). This instantly kills the target with no saving throw.

Value: 50,000 gold quids.

Haft of the Staff of Blood

The other half of the original Staff of Blood wielded by Grimicus the Centurion-Sorcerer. The haft of the staff still holds great offensive powers and can only be used by a 5th Level Magic User or greater. The haft has 102 charges remaining. All spells take effect as if cast by a Magic User of the wielder's Level. All effects are red-hued in some way.

- The following powers use no charges: *Light*, *Read Magic*, and *Detect Magic*.
- The following powers use 1 charge: *Magic Missile*.
- The following powers use 2 charges: *Fireball*, and *Lightning Bolt*.
- The following powers use 3 charges: *Cloudkill*.
- The following power uses all remaining charges: *Power Word, Kill*.



Additionally, the Haft of the Staff of Blood can be used as the equivalent of a +3 mace.

Should anyone attempt to join the two parts of the Staff of Blood back together (other than just simply touching them together), they will be instantly teleported without error to the mysterious desert land of Trollfang. No one knows if it can be put back together successfully.

Value: 250,000 gold quids.

Lost Symbol

The Lost Symbol is an ancient rune created deep in the Middergloom millennia ago. It is believed that the sorcerers of an ancient race of serpent-like beings created it. These beings are thought to be the ancestors of marauders from the cold, north-east lands across the sea.

The symbol cannot be written down – only explained with a long-winded series of diagrams and explanatory text. The rune itself needs to be drawn in the air in three dimensions at specific time points. The three-dimensional elements consist of a series of connected and unconnected lines, arcs, and geometry. The timing between each element is specific.

The knowledge to create The Lost Symbol fell into obscurity and the few scholars who have heard of it generally agree that details of it were never recorded. The one exception is Mathias Pouke, the dotty sage of Dorsomset, who claims that in later times, instructions to create the symbol were etched onto sets of circular middium

plates. He also claims that a complete set can be found mixed in with the treasure pile of an ancient and mythical Gloomium Dragon deep in the Middergloom.

If successfully created, The Lost Symbol can be drawn in the air anywhere. A 100 feet diameter sphere extends around the point of its creation within which magic becomes totally inactive. The symbol's effects last 1d6 days. The drawer of the symbol instantly falls into a unwakeable coma for the duration of the symbol's effects.

Value: 325,000 gold quids.

Middium Armour

A metal harder than iron, more valuable than platinum, and less dangerous than gloomium, middium is hard and light. It is found only in rare seams in Deep Middergloom, so extracting it is highly perilous. When worked by a specialist smith using only the hardest of tools, it can be fashioned into weapons and armour. Middium Armour provides an Armour Class of 2 [17] and weighs only 25 pounds. Additionally, when its parts touch they produce no sound, making it perfect for those that need both stealth and armour protection. It is rare for suits of Middium armour to appear on the open market, but when they do, they are quickly snapped up by the Dukes and Lords of the lands, typically purchased using diverted tax monies.

Value: 250,000 gold quids.

Middium Ear Dagger

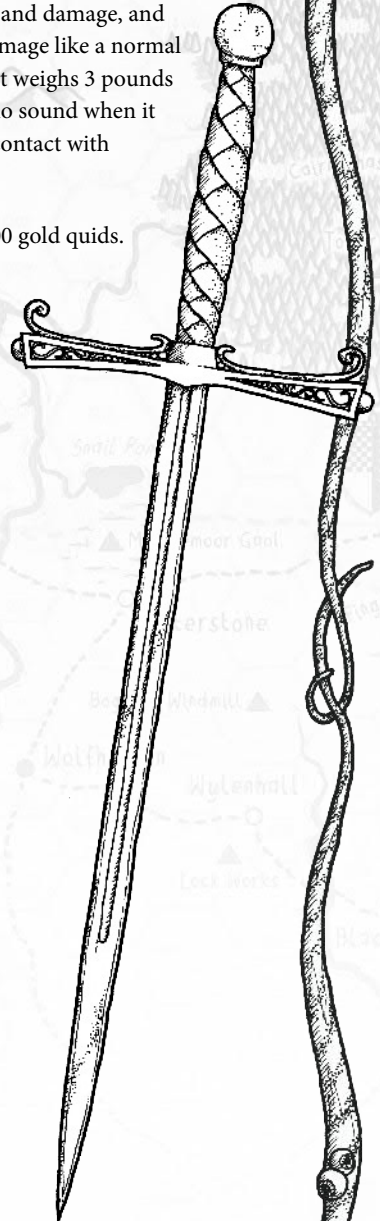
This short thrusting blade is notable for its ear-shaped pommel which is split in two, allowing the wielder to hook their thumb over the pommel and impart greater force to the stabbing blow. Made famous by the weaponsmiths of Green Hill, the Middium Ear Dagger deals $1d3+1$ damage like a normal ear dagger, but is treated as a magical dagger with a +1 bonus to hit and damage (for a total of $1d3+2$ damage). It weighs a pound. Like the Middium Longsword, it makes no sound when it comes into contact with anything however hard that contact is. The other advantage is that it ignores the bonus to Armour Class from soft armour types, such as cloth, leather and studded leather. The Ear Dagger is often seen as a thug's weapon and the Middium Ear Dagger as an assassin's weapon. Middium Ear Daggers are rare because they are typically the first weapon created by a weaponsmith working in Middium and the metal is usually reworked into other weapons. Thieves and assassins will try to buy them – or rather, steal them – whilst the Dukes and Lords of the lands will purchase them for the Middium content which can be reworked into more noble arms and armour.

Value: 15,000 gold quids.

Middium Longsword

A Middium Longsword is treated as a magical longsword with a +2 bonus to hit and damage, and deals $1d8$ damage like a normal longsword. It weighs 3 pounds and makes no sound when it comes into contact with anything.

Value: 50,000 gold quids.



Norfolkshire Scarecrow

A Norfolkshire Scarecrow is a rare thing. Imbued with avian-repelling magic, they are highly-valued by prize-winning crop farmers, especially the corn farmers of Norfolkshire. Once a Norfolkshire Scarecrow is placed in soil, all birds and other avian creatures will avoid the area in a 250 feet radius around it, including vertically.

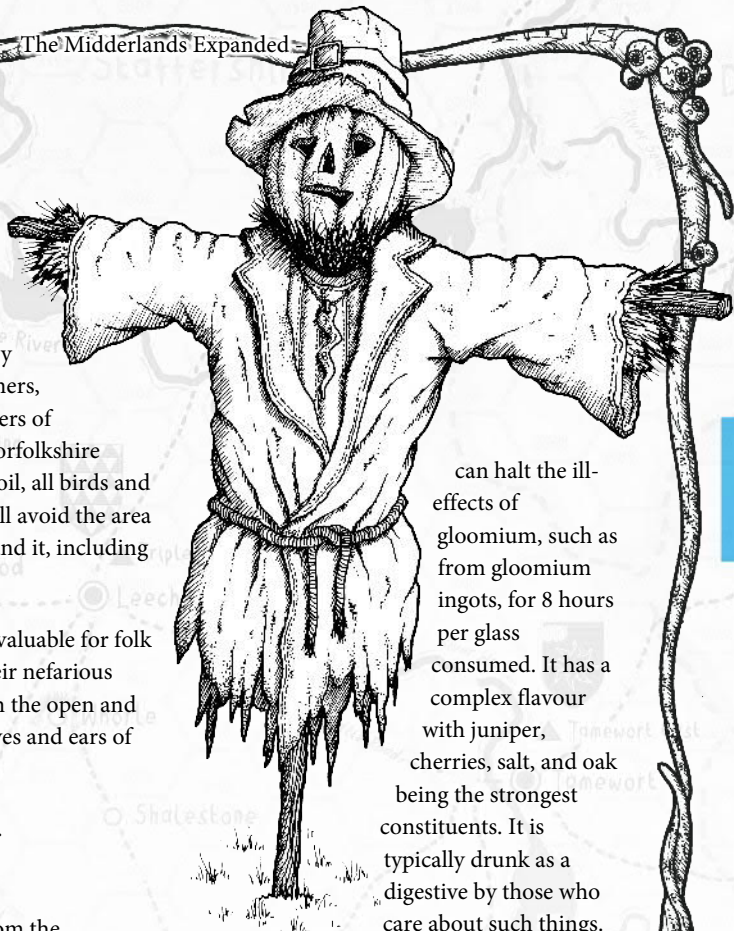
This also makes them invaluable for folk that wish to conduct their nefarious business meetings out in the open and away from the prying eyes and ears of darkcrows.

Value: 5,000 gold guids.

Pucia

A purplish-red drink from the north-western corner of Gaulandia, Pucia is a well-known tonic on both sides of the Havenland Channel.

Amongst its reputed properties are the ability to prevent motion sickness (very important on the Havenland Channel in the winter months), a slight and short-lived hallucinatory effect – usually involving goats, a cure for anaemia, and more importantly it



can halt the ill-effects of gloomium, such as from gloomium ingots, for 8 hours per glass consumed. It has a complex flavour with juniper, cherries, salt, and oak being the strongest constituents. It is typically drunk as a digestive by those who care about such things.

While some establishments buy it in barrels and serve it by the glass, it is most usually found in clear glass, high-shouldered and tapering bottles labelled with a goat's head or fleur-de-lis.

Value: 1,000 gold guids/bottle.



Ring of Ratspeech

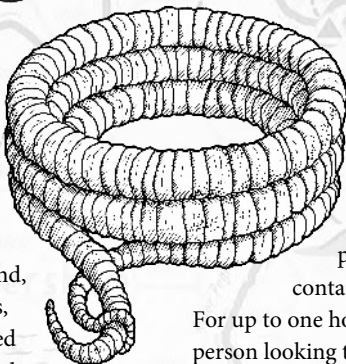
This ring allows the wearer to speak with rats as per the *Speak with Animals* spell. It only works with rats or their kind, such as wererats, giant rats, ratdogs, and greater-horned groats. The ring can be used twice per day.

Value: 10,000 gold quids.

Ringing Mace

The Ringing Mace deals 1d6 damage like a normal mace, but is treated as a magical weapon with a +1 bonus to hit and damage. It weighs 5 pounds and causes a ringing sound when struck against hard armour types like plate or chain mail. If a natural 20 is rolled when such armour is struck, the Ringing Mace breaks the armour, reducing its effective Armour Class by 1. The armour can be repaired, typically requiring a day and 10% of the armour cost per Armour Class bonus lost to the blows of the Ringing Mace. If the bonus of an opponent's armour is reduced to zero, then the armour is broken and cannot be repaired. The Ringing Mace is widely sought after by the Dukes and Lords of the lands.

Value: 30,000 gold quids.

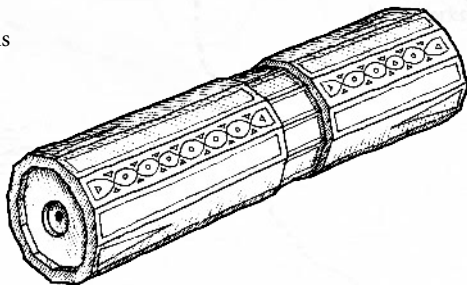


Scrotoscope

This twelve-sided tube is typically painted with complex geometric designs. One end of the tube contains a small peephole, while the other contains a multi-faceted lens.

For up to one hour in each twenty-four, a person looking through it sees beautiful images dancing in twelve-part symmetry. If the user succeeds on a saving throw, the images might provide some dream-like hints of an event likely to occur in the next few hours. This effect only occurs once per day and only the first time it is used for the day. After the Scrotoscope has been used for an hour, it goes magically dark and nothing can be seen through it. These omniscient kaleidoscopes were manufactured by a Scottish wizard of long-abandoned Rocksburg, who died several hundred years ago. While their means of creation have been lost to the mists of time, many are known to exist near the borderlands and quite a few have even found their way south into Havenland.

Value: 10,000 gold quids.



Shadow Hoop

This bentwood hoop is about 3 feet tall and always casts a shadow on the ground. In the darkest places, its shadow is emerald green, and even in the sunlight, its shadow has a viridian-

tinge to it. The hoop goes where it will and cannot be knocked over. A young person, or one that can pretend to be young well (halflings, dwarves, and gnomes have some advantage in this), can often convince the hoop to seek out certain types of places or adventures, although the hoop often interprets requests with its own twisted sense of humour.

Value: 5,000 gold quids.

Staff of the Avian

The holder of the Staff of the Avian can communicate verbally with all avians whilst it is held in at least one of their hands. Although the wielder believes they are talking normally, to an observer, they are communicating in a series of tweets, chirps, warbles, squawks, and trills. The staff-wielder hears bird song as human speech.

It should be noted that in general, many avians do not want to talk to other races, so will be apprehensive



if anyone attempts a conversation with them. Actual conversation with most birds is likely to be a challenge as they do not share the same frame of reference. For example, they are not familiar with the names of places given by the inhabitants of Havenland, so any answers given when asking for directions might not make much sense.

Once per week, the staff-wielder can cast *Polymorph Self*, but must take the form of a hawk.

The staff is also a +4 magical staff in combat.

Value: 32,000 gold quids.

Wand of Silverfinding

Usually found with a wide silver band at its base, this wand can detect silver in a 60 feet radius when held. Each detection activation last for 10 seconds. The wand has 10 charges and cannot be recharged.

Value: 80,000 gold quids.



Wand of Snow

A gnarled looking twig whittled with a series of gouges, both straight and spiralled, and snowflake symmetries along its length. This wand can create snow. Once activated, snow falls from the sky above for 1 hour over a three-quarter mile radius (1 hex on the main map of The Middelands). Assuming that there is no strong wind or sunshine to melt it quickly, the snow sticks and after one-hour ceases, leaving a covering 6 inches deep. Although the wand can be activated underground, its effects will take place above ground as normal. The wand has 6 charges and cannot be recharged.

Value: 5,000 gold quids.

Wand of Whimsy

A short, multi-coloured, metal rod covered with useless knobs and dials, the wand of whimsy is an unpredictable widget. Every hour that the rod is within somebody's

possession there is a 10% chance that it will do something. A small table of effects is given below.
Roll 1d10:

1. All creatures within 15 feet glow for 10 minutes.
2. The floor within 20 feet causes static build-up on anybody walking on it.
3. A rain cloud forms, floating 2 feet off the ground it deposits $\frac{1}{4}$ inch of water.

4. A gentle clover-scented breeze swirls around the wand and wielder.
5. Gravity reduces to 1/2 for 10 seconds within 30 feet.
6. The air changes rapidly through the colours of the rainbow, stopping for a few seconds in the middle of its colour shift - green.
7. Giggling sounds are emitted from the wand.
8. Everybody farts and/or burps within a 15-foot radius.
9. Random patches of floor within 60 feet become covered in grease.
10. A random being within 20 feet of the rod is teleported 5 feet in a random direction.

Value: 3,000 gold quids.

Woodblade

A woodblade is typically a long sword, although daggers, shortswords, and other types of weapons are known to exist. It is fabricated by a powerful druid from the wood of a lightning-struck tree. Someone specifically looking to make one might engage the services of a conus ogre.

Treated as a weapon of the same type it is fashioned to resemble, it is half the weight and is -2 on its damage rolls.

They are often +1 magical weapons, but some can be made up to +3. As well as whatever magical bonus it provides, three times per day the wielder of a woodblade can use it to shock an opponent that it hits for an additional 2d6 damage.

Value: 20,000 gold quids.

SPELLS

Dragon Song

Spell Level: Dragon Singer, 3rd Level; Magic-User, 5th Level

Range: 100 feet.

Duration: Immediate, continues for as long as the caster continues to sing. During this time, they can perform no other actions. Moving or rotating interrupts the spell, as it requires a focused control of all body muscles to keep the perfect tune of the song.

Description: Starting from the caster and stretching out in a 30-foot wide cone for 100-feet, the air vibrates with the deep baritone voice of the caster. Anyone in the cone, must succeed at a saving throw or take 1d6 damage as their eardrums burst, internal organs disintegrate and blood pours from their orifices.

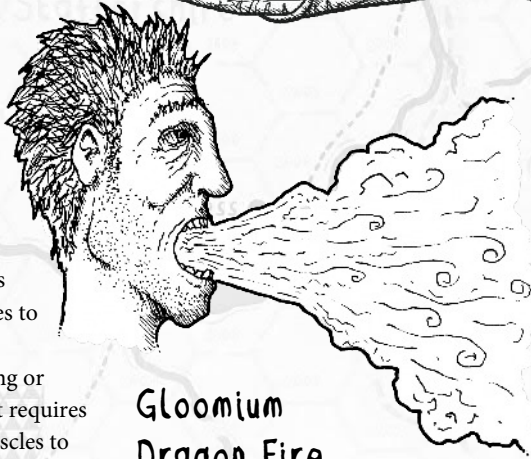
At Levels 9-13, this becomes 1d6 damage + half their Level rounded down.

At Levels 14-19, this becomes 1d10 damage + half their Level rounded down, and targets in the cone who fail their Saving Throw are knocked prone.

At Level 20 and above, this becomes 2d10 damage + their Level, and targets in the cone are knocked prone. Anyone passing a Saving Throw takes half damage, but is knocked prone.

Example:

- A 15th Level Dragon Singer or Magic-User would cause 1d10+7 Damage to those who failed their Saving Throws, and knock targets prone.



Gloomium Dragon Fire

Spell Level: Dragon Singer, 2nd Level; Magic-User, 4th Level

Range: 50 feet.

Duration: Immediate.

Description: Arching their head back, the singer's eyes turn a luminous green. Snapping their head forward, their mouth opens and a gloomium jet is spat directly forwards at a single target. The caster must roll to hit, with a natural 1 resulting in their having vomited the gloomium over themselves and having to take the full brunt of the burning caustic effects.

- A 7th Level Dragon Singer or Magic-User causes 5d6 Damage with this attack.
- A 10th Level Dragon Singer or Magic-User causes 7d6 Damage with this attack.
- A 15th Level or above Dragon Singer or Magic-User causes 9d6 Damage with this attack, and the dragon vomit burns through any armour the target has in 3 rounds, rendering it useless.

Intellectual Intercourse

Spell Level: Magic-User, 4th Level

Range: Single target, touch.

Duration: Instantaneous, although requires 30 minutes of interaction with target.

Description: The caster must touch a single target with whom they are engaged in conversation.

If the target fails their saving throw, they become aroused by the scintillating conversation.

After 15 minutes of conversation, the target reaches the peak of the spell's power and enters a state of total openness and dumbfounded infatuation. During this state, the caster can enter the target's mind and see things they have seen. This can uncover secret information and memories of the target. What is revealed is left up to the Game Master to decide, but it should be 'valuable' to the player characters. After a further 15 minutes, the caster is expelled from the target's mind. The target recovers after 5 minutes feeling a bit peculiar and with a migraine headache, but no recollection of the intellectual intercourse.



Wings of the Dragon

Spell Level: Dragon Singer, 6th Level;
Magic-User, 8th Level

Range: 10-foot radius

Duration: 1d4 × caster's Level in rounds.

Description: Starting at their feet the air begins to twist, and writhe, slowly

climbing up their body and expanding outwards,

solidifying into

shimmering green-

scaled dragons

wings; which cover

the caster and

anyone within 10

feet of the caster.

- A 15th Level Dragon Singer improves the Armour Class by 2 [-2] against ranged attacks, and

1 [-1] against melee attacks for everyone encompassed by the wings.

- A 16th Level Magic-User improves the Armour Class by 2 [-2] against ranged attacks, and 1 [-1] against melee attacks for everyone encompassed by the wings.
- A 19th Level Dragon Singer or Magic-User improves the Armour Class by 4 [-4] against ranged attacks and by 2 [-2] against melee attacks for everyone encompassed by the wings.
- A 22nd Level or greater Dragon Singer or Magic-User improves the Armour Class by 6 [-6] against ranged attacks and by 3 [-3] against melee attacks for everyone encompassed by the wings.

FLORA

Gloom Moss

In the dark caverns and gloomy passages deep beneath the earth grows a moss. It gives off a faint, eerie luminescence. In some places it is sparse and in others it forms a soft spongy carpet.

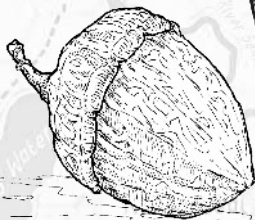
The moss is edible, but foul-tasting. Eating a handful requires a saving throw. Failure results in vomiting. Success heals 1d6 points of damage over a period of 1 turn, but also provides 'Protection from Acid', as per the *Protection from Fire* spell cast by a Third Level caster.

Nether Fern

Nether Ferns grow in the depths of Middergloom near areas of heavy moisture. If picked and used as a bedding material to sleep upon, a full rest takes half the time. The downside is that for each time it is used as a bedding for a full rest there is a cumulative 10% chance of losing 1 point of Constitution. This cumulative chance resets after the loss, with further uses of the Nether Fern bedding result in the chance of further losses to Constitution.

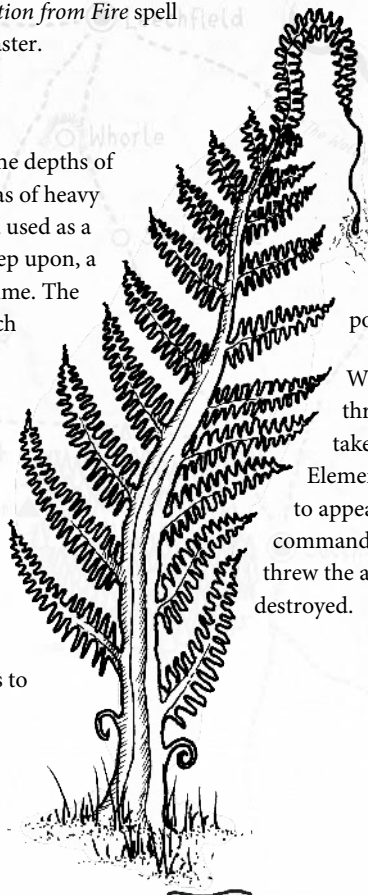
Old Hobb's Acorns

In the forests and woodlands of Havenland, oak trees are plenty. Some however, are older than others, and in deep glades where fey creatures dwell certain mighty oaks thrive, protected by strange dolmens and sorcery. Some of these Great Haven Oaks are over two-thousand years old. Some say they are older than Old Hobb himself.



The leaves of these trees adorn The Dryad Queen's head, and she bears a necklace fashioned from fallen acorns from a Great Haven Oak. The fallen acorns have great power.

When a fallen acorn is thrown onto the earth, it takes one round for an Oak Elemental (see Bestiary Section) to appear. They obey the commands of the individual who threw the acorn. They last until destroyed.



FAUNA

Bog Murmurs

A Bog Murre is a mote of vivid green light often found in bogs, marshes, and swamps. It mimics the glow of larger gloombugs and lantern lights, drawing its prey closer to danger – usually in the form of a creature or treacherous slope or fall.

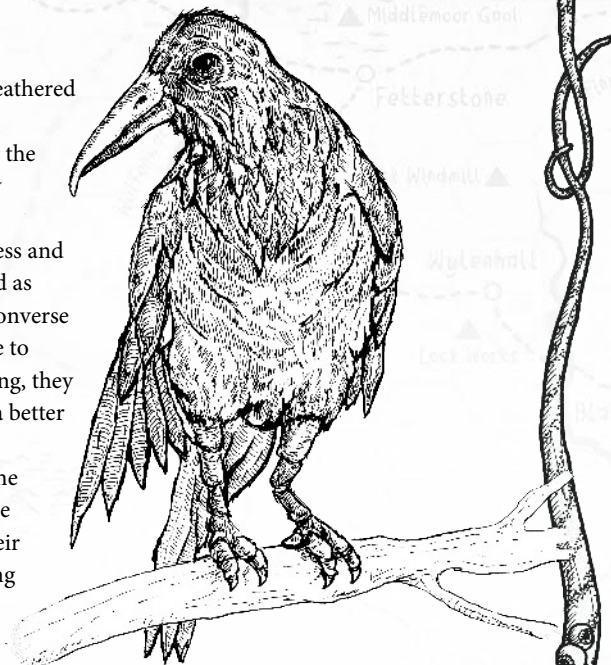
They are hot to the touch. Once the victim is dead, it enters the victim's mouth or nasal passage and burns its way towards the still-warm heart. It is here that it takes over the victim, re-animating it. Once the possessed victim has taken over 50% of its original full Hit Point total in damage again, it slumps to the floor dead, and the bog murre escapes via the victim's anus.

Darkcrows

Darkcrows are intelligent, black-feathered birds. With a two to three-foot wingspan, they are easy to spot on the wing. They travel either as solitary birds or in large flocks. When not moving, they can remain motionless and difficult to spot, and are often used as spies by those that know how to converse with them. There is an intelligence to them, for when spying or surveilling, they sometimes cock their head to get a better look or listen more carefully. The Highland clans of Scotland and the Black Druids of Linkern Wolds use them extensively to watch over their domains and beyond, thus enabling them to maintain a greater reach than they otherwise would.

Henge Rats

Wherever burnt offerings, funeral pyres, and other cooked flesh is left, henge rats thrive. These foot long, dirty, black, and greasy creatures appear in such numbers as to become a plague. With their dark green eyes and razor-sharp teeth, the henge rats cause panic amongst the commonfolk. Their populations seem to spike during the summer and winter solstices. The term 'henge rat' is also used to refer to filthy street urchins in the larger towns of Havenland.



Jellyglooms

Around the coastlines, currents carry jellyfish by the thousand, but in certain stretches of water – particularly off the coast of Oldenwale out towards Twain Island – the Jellyglooms float. Huge translucent-lime blobs measuring four feet across lurk just beneath the surface. Sailors who fall overboard and other sea creatures which wander into the Jellyglooms fall

foul of their dangerous dangling tendrils which cause almost instant paralysis. Nothing can clear a seaside bay, harbour, or estuary like a shoal of jellyglooms.

The bell-shaped hoods of Jellygloom's can be carefully prepared for cooking and are quite the delicacy on the island of Lundy.



Slate Bangers

These small imp-like creatures are made of the same slate that comes from the mines they infest in Oldenwale. Their grey-green, spindly frames stand only a foot high with miniature branch-like arms ending in small stone-like fists. Their elongated jaws hold jagged teeth, whilst their large wide eyes allow them to see in the gloom of the mines. Moving with a simian gait, they use their knuckles to support their weight swinging their feet forwards between their arms. When sleeping, they curl up into tight balls and are often mistaken for small rocks on the cavern floor. Their throats bear deep indents, where legend has it the first men, not trusting the look of the Slate Bangers, tried to throttle them. The Bangers bit themselves free, but have borne the marks on their necks since, as well as a hatred of men in their tiny gloom-filled hearts. If they are not flushed out of the mines regularly, they use their sharp lower teeth to grind away at the wooden mine supports until they are nearly broken. Then the Bangers line up and take it in turns to run at each support, banging it with their heads until it gives way. The final Banger who causes the collapse is usually killed in the resulting cave in; the others knuckle away into the gloom gurgling in a triumphant tone.

Spitting Toad

These toads can be found all over Havenland hiding in festering pools. Roughly the size of two fists, their black bodies blend in with the green scum floating over the pools. Their tongues are

a deep red and covered in pustules and small barbs, whilst their gums hide retractable dagger-shaped teeth. The Middellands Spitting Toad variant is much the same, just meaner.

They hunt by keeping their double-lidded eyes above the water; watching for small animals or children. When a suitable target comes within 5 feet or so, their tongue flicks out, the barbs latching into the target, and the pustules bursting delivering their paralyzing pus. The creature is then dragged into the pool to drown, and eventually soften up, before being eaten.

If caught, cleaned, and cooked, the flesh of the Spitting Toad can have various effects if eaten, roll 1d6:

1. Recover 2d8 Hit Points.
2. They retch and vomit violently; throwing up a toad eyeball. If the player character eats the eyeball, their player must roll higher than their character's Wisdom on 1d20. On a success the character regains 3d8 Hit Points; however, if they fail they lose 2d8 Hit Points instead as they are even more violently sick as the eyeball pops in their mouth.
3. Lose 1d8 Hit Points.
4. Suffers terrible cramps as their body tries to evacuate the toad through any available orifice.
5. The eater's tongue takes on the appearance and shape of the toad's, but not the effects, for 1d10 turns.
6. The eater's skin starts to bubble as 1d6 paralyzing pustules appear.

Folk

COMMONFOLK

The Haven Isles

Anyone from The Haven Isles – Havenland, Scotland, or Oldenwale – is referred to as a ‘havenlander’. Havenfolk specifically refers to anyone from Havenland. Scotfolk or Scrots specifically refers to anyone from Scotland, and Oldenfolk specifically refers to anyone from Oldenwale. Then there are the Gaulandians from Gaulandia, the Emerish from Emeraude, and the Serpentfolk from the Serpentlands.

Havenfolk Populations

The demographic for Havenfolk is the same as for the Midderlands. Predominantly human, there are other races living in The Haven Isles, including several types of goblins and similar races capable of adapting to, or adopting, a civility of sorts. These other races are better tolerated than strangers.

Other Populations

Like Havenland, the populations of Gaulandia, Scotland, and Oldenwale are predominantly human with a mix of other races. The Serpentlands are different. These wretched, often cold lands are inhabited by upright-walking serpents and other sinister, ophidian menaces. No-one knows much about any other races to be found there.

Emeraude is populated as per the Dolmenwood setting described in the

issues of *Wormskin*, the fanzine published by Necrotic Gnome Productions.

Pirates, Smugglers & Privateers

The costal waters and ports of Havenland are rife with smugglers, pirates, and unscrupulous privateers. The southern and south-eastern coastline is particularly bad, with many in Great Lunden saying there are ‘two pirates for every commoner in the west’.

CULTS, GUILDS, LONE WOLVES & PIRATES

The trade routes up and down, and between The Haven Isles are fraught with danger, especially the further travellers are away from major settlements. Aside from the salivating ratdog packs and stampeding mud cow herds, there exist darker, more unspeakable horrors to be encountered by anyone making their way from one settlement to another. Especially at night when travel is a rare undertaking unless the travellers are accompanied by enough fighting men or wielding sufficient fire to keep the hungry maws out in the darkness at bay. It is not uncommon for travellers to go missing in the midderfog-laden moors and valleys, never to be seen again. Sometimes their bodies are found days later stripped of flesh or torn apart. Such occurrences, as well as the unearthly howls and piercing squeals which echo off the moors and out of the forests, raise the hairs on the backs of even the toughest of man and goblin alike. All serve to drive travellers to hurry on to their destinations, and when they

cannot hurry, to journey together in large groups.

As well as contending with these evils, a great many routes are plagued by 'highwayfolk'. Some of these are lone wolves, picking off stragglers and those brave enough to travel alone or in small groups, but many operate as bands, enabling them to harry and plunder merchants and rich-looking travellers as they make their way along the well-trodden routes of The Haven Isles.

Although there are many such bands of brigands and thieves who operate independently, there are many which are secretly controlled by the clans or by the criminal guilds. The following highway gangs and individuals are of note.

Black Dagger, The

The roadways of Yirkshire and Humbershire are occasionally menaced by the mysterious and deadly Black Dagger. A lone figure without a steed, the Black Dagger is presumed to be a man, although none have ever seen his face. The Black Dagger wears a long, black cloak with a cavernous hood – the cloak billowing behind even when there is no wind. He never utters a word, choosing telepathy to issue instructions in a chilling, deep male voice. The Black Dagger winks in and out of existence, and any attempts to attack or grab him always prove fruitless, as the figure disappears only to reappear elsewhere – sometimes laughing sarcastically.

The first sight of the Black Dagger for most travellers is that of a black-cloaked figure on the road up ahead barring their path. The Black Dagger will take money

and jewellery, but his primary interest is in magical items and he always seems to know if the travellers have any, demanding that they toss them onto the ground and then step back. Those failing to give up the items are offered one more chance before the 'the black dagger of certain death' is applied. Victims of this weapon are killed with a precise strike to the jugular with a sharp stiletto-like dagger which leaves a black bruise around the wound.

Black Druids

The Black Druids of Linkern Wolds are a malicious cult attempting to kill 'as many commonfolk as possible in one go' to sate the desires of their demonic god, Ogg-Thuun, Master of the Black Void. They thrive in a temple built into a sandstone ridge within the depths of Linkern Wolds, its many macabre halls and twisted chambers reaching deep into the ground. Many travellers go missing around the wolds, presumably as sacrifices to their vile deity.

Blackened Gulls

These well-established pirates operate seven ships of varying sizes, enabling them to plague the coasts of both Cernwall and Devern. They are led by Captain Otto von Schnabeldorf, a veteran sailor hailing from Germania, where he terrorised the country's north coast, before being captured and sent to the gallows. He escaped the noose and fled to Havenland where his old ways resurfaced. His flag of piracy is black with a white gull, and when he is not out raiding, his carrack, *The Dead Raven* is often to be

found anchored off the south-eastern tip of Oldenwale. Here, the ship and its crew have been given sanctuary by the chieftain of Dyffud in return for their continuing harassment of Havenland.

Cloven Hoof, The

The road all the way between Great Lunden and Lestern is menaced by a well-organised group of lawbreakers known as The Cloven Hoof. Numbering between 20 and 30 men and women, of all ages, they are said to operate from a base somewhere in or near Came Bridge, concentrating most of their efforts on the road between Came Bridge and Lestern, it being less guarded by the militia than the Great Lunden section.

They are lightly-armoured and ride fast horses, preferring hit-and-run tactics.

They also have good intelligence sources and know which caravans to hit and when. So far, the authorities in Great

Lunden have been unable to seize either their leader or any high-ranking members. Any

Cloven Hoof members they do capture never talk, despite suffering disturbing and gratuitous torture at the hands of the

Queen's feared gaolers.

Members of The Cloven Hoof always wear great conical hats which have cloth masks to cover their faces. Known as 'capirote', a type of hat worn by the clergy in the lands south of Gaulandia, the great cones of these hats are often worn bent backwards when the members of The

Cloven Hoof are out on a raid. The Cloven Hoof only sets out to rob its victims, not kill them, but those it kills are found to have a rat skull in their pockets afterwards.

They are led by a highly-charismatic, tricorn-wearing woman in her late-forties, known as The Highway Witch. Her real name, Abbergayle Mitherington, is known only to a select few. She has a scar across her cheek and wields a rapier like no other.

Cutlass, The

The privateer known as 'The Cutlass' and his ship, *The Queen's Favour*, are the scourge of the waters of the west coast of Havenland and the Emerald Sea. Often seen working hand-in-hand with the Queen's western naval fleet, *The Queen's Favour* has been known to harry, board, and even scupper Oldenwale ships which

'The Cutlass' believes are up

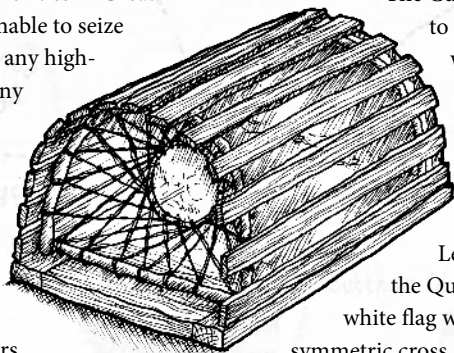
to no good in any

waters. This

infamous privateer is actually Sir John Newtling, an ex-naval captain who has been issued

Letters of Marque by the Queen. His ship flies a white flag with a green,

symmetric cross. A specialist with a cutlass, Sir Newtling is a formidable opponent in melee combat and loves to get 'up close and personal'. He has two fingers missing on his left hand due to an unfortunate incident with a caged gloomcrab. The shell of said gloomcrab has been fashioned into a breastplate he



wears under his emerald green, gold-embroidered doublet.

Feathered Coin, The

An agent of this smuggling network can be found in every main coastal port and inland town in Havenland if one knows who to ask. As well as fencing stolen goods, The Feathered Coin can obtain almost anything, given time and money. Many a time a merchant or noble has simply gone to The Feathered Coin rather than the authorities in order to regain a stolen heirloom or secret documents. The network is led by the mysterious Lady of Feathers, her identity is unknown, but her use of birds as eavesdroppers and messengers is a well known rumour.

Red Lady, The

Elizabeth Williscombe lived in Suffolkshire over one hundred years ago. Known for her good looks, disarming smile, and flowing auburn locks, she was the owner of The Harried Otter, an inn which still stands on the north bank of the Gripping River where it is crossed by the Coalford to Northwich road.

What no-one knew is that Elizabeth Williscombe was also practised in the arts of spellcraft and thievery. Under the cover darkness and disguised in blood-splattered clothing and magical illusions, she would find travellers in need of help and instead offering them aid, would mercilessly slit their throats, and plunder their belongings. The inn served as a ready source of intelligence, allowing Elizabeth to spy upon her patrons to see what riches they had to offer. Elizabeth was as good as she was merciless.

amassing a fortune in gold and jewels which she secreted away in the excavated passages beneath the inn's wine cellars. The inn is currently owned by Elizabeth Williscombe's great great-granddaughter, Josephine Bowman, and her husband, Kip. Neither have any idea about the hidden riches beneath their feet – and nor does anyone else.

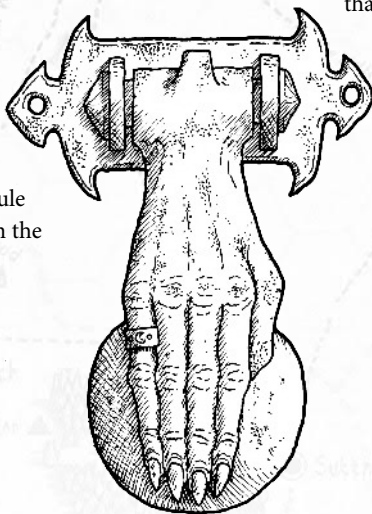
What Josephine does know is that her great, great-grandmother disappeared over a hundred years ago. She thinks that Elizabeth was murdered – and there is a sort of truth in this. Elizabeth met her end one icy winter night – sort of. A rich merchant and his bodyguard heading south, back home to Great Lunden, fell afoul of her murderous ways. The merchant died quickly, bleeding out in seconds on the compacted stone pathway near the bridge over the river. The bodyguard had been well-trained though, and before succumbing to the fatal wounds inflicted upon him, managed to stab Elizabeth. According to his dying declaration, she fell into the river and drowned. Elizabeth was not dead for long. Two months went by and then she re-emerged on the same stretch of highway. This time, she was a decayed, bloated, horror of a woman, her damp and weed-covered red hair and wet, blood-covered night gown evidence of the woman she once was. She collects no riches these days, choosing only to murder.

Secret Knockers, The

Many homes in the larger towns of south-eastern Havenland have a certain knocker on their front door. While people are aware of them, and many even think of

them with a certain local pride, the truth behind them would keep them awake at night. The knockers themselves are simple – a cast iron or copper hand holding or touching a ball, egg, or perhaps a gem. The hand is usually a woman's and wears a ring on the little finger. The men and women whose doors bear these knockers, or at least the original ones, mark them as belonging to an old society of sorcerers. Their agenda is to overthrow the monarchy and replace it with a magocracy, finally being able to act in the open and assert their proper place in the land. Riddled with internal conflict and arguments over incomprehensible differences in arcane philosophy, the group has made little progress in its aims since it was founded by Lady Merleanne Pidot, a sorceress who feels that she should be the one to rule Havenland rather than the

Mad Queen. Although riven by endless debate and indecision, the Secret Knockers have not been completely passive however. For one, they have developed a magical ring, that all adherents wear on their little finger. Each ring is a simple band, its face etched with a crescent moon flanked by two circles. The rings not only spread an aura that shields a person from magical detection, but can also be used to create a deception which hides the signs of spell casting. In addition, one who knows the society's secret knocks and knocks on a house bearing the special knocker, can signal to the occupants that they need to attend an assigned meeting place, to take flight, or that the knocker is in need of refuge.



NOTABLE PERSONAGES

A selection of personalities you might stumble across in the Middelands and beyond. Use as it suits you. For example, you could use Markus Carter as an innkeeper anywhere, not just Suttham Oldfeld.

Abbergayle Mitherington

Leader of The Cloven Hoof highwayfolk.

Race: Race: Human, 9th Level Thief

Armour Class: 5 [14] +2 Black Leather

Hit Dice: 9

Hit Points: 28

Base Attack Bonus: +3

Attacks: +3 Rapier (1d6+3)

Saving Throw: 7 (+2 versus devices/magical devices)

Special: Backstab, Read Normal Languages, Read Magical Writings, Thieving Skills as a 9th Level Thief.

Move: 12/18 (horseback)

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 10/1,400

Equipment: +3 Rapier, +2 Black Leather armour

Description: Abbergayle Mitherington is a highly-charismatic, tricorn-wearing woman in her late-forties, known by her alter-ego, The Highway Witch. Her real identity is known only to a select few. She has a scar across her cheek and is an expert with a rapier.

Captain Halgun Grimm

Black-clad Mercenary Captain, posted at Blithen Dam, near Burnton.

Race: Human, 6th Level Fighter

Armour Class: 1 [18] Plate, Cloak of Protection +2

Hit Dice: 6

Hit Points: 41

Base Attack Bonus: +3

Attacks: +2 Two-handed Sword (+4 to hit, 1d10+4 damage due to 17 Strength)

Saving Throw: 9

Special: -

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 7/600

Equipment: Plate, +2 Two-handed Sword, Cloak of Protection +2.

Description: Originally from the northern parts of Scotland, this forty-something, wiry, red-headed bulk of a man has a long, ginger beard tied into braids. His head and body are covered in woad tattoos depicting skulls and bones interwoven with vines and leaves. His men are loyal through fear. Captain Grimm is – at best – fucking crazy, but at worst, he is a homicidal psychopath. He thinks nothing of beheading his men for disobedience and has ripped out the throat of a soldier with his bare hands for falling asleep on duty. Bodies are dumped in the lake. He is one seriously unstable human being.

Corwin Hitchcock

Town Crier of Staffleford, Staffershire.

Race: Human, Commoner

Armour Class: 9 [10]

Hit Dice: 1

Hit Points: 5

Base Attack Bonus: 0

Attacks: Club (1d4)

Saving Throw: 18

Special: -

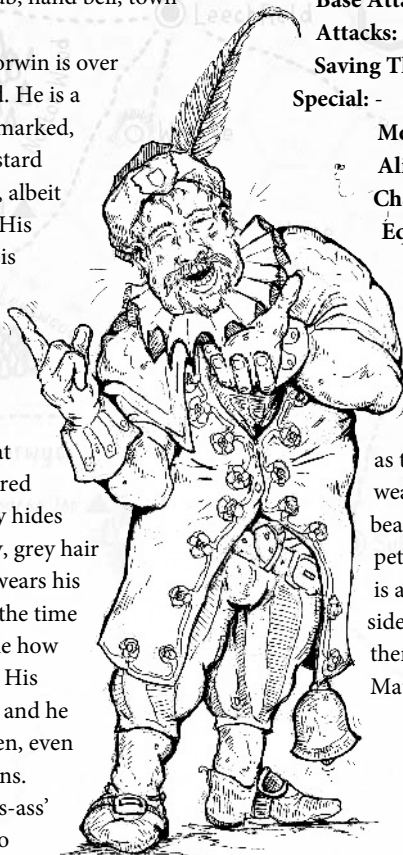
Move: 1d6+3 (lazy and out of shape)

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: B/10

Equipment: Club, hand bell, town crier garments.

Description: Corwin is over sixty winters old. He is a red-faced, pockmarked, sweating, fat bastard with a booming, albeit laboured voice. His official red coat is wrapped tight around his belly, with button holes at full stretch. A black, tricorn hat edged with tattered gold embroidery hides what little wispy, grey hair he still has. He wears his hat and coat all the time to remind people how important he is. His tongue is sharp, and he scowls at children, even spitting at urchins. He is a total 'kiss-ass' when it comes to



Lord Mung, who considers Corwin a fool. Corwin can occasionally be found – if not heard long before – wandering the streets of Staffleford ringing his dull bell and shouting out the Lord's petty rules and diktats.

Dhuune McDhuune

Bear Dancing Trainer from Scotland.

Race: Human, 4th Level Ranger

Armour Class: 6 [13] Leather armour,

Dexterity bonus

Hit Dice: 5

Hit Points: 36

Base Attack Bonus: +2

Attacks: Longsword, +1 to hit (1d8+1)

Saving Throw: 11

Special: -

Move: 12

Alignment: Lawful

Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

Equipment: Leather armour, longsword.

Description: Dhuune is a well-built man in his early fifties with long grey hair and an equally long, grey beard. His accent is as thick as the studded leather armour he wears. This armour is raked with bear claw marks from his huge, pet, black bear named Maul, who is almost never away from his side. To earn money for food for them both, Dhuune has trained Maul to dance.



Maul

Big, Black Bear

Armour Class: 7 [12]

Hit Dice: 5+1

Hit Points: 40

Base Attack Bonus: +5

Attacks: 2 claws (1d3) and bite (1d6).

Saving Throw: 10

Special: Hug

Move: 9

Alignment: Neutral

Challenge Level/XP: 5/240

Description: Maul is fiercely loyal to Dhunne and will defend him until death.

Eelian Smythe (The Birdman)

Hermit, near Suttham Oldfeld.

Race: Human, 15th Level Magic-User

Armour Class: 4 [15] Ring of Protection +4, Dexterity bonus

Hit Dice: 15

Hit Points: 39

Base Attack Bonus: +6

Attacks: Staff of the Avian (1d6+4), spells

Saving Throw: 5

Special: Eelian can cast the following number of spells from each level: Level 1 (5); Level 2 (5); Level 3 (5); Level 4 (5); Level 5 (4); Level 6 (4); Level 7 (2).

Move: 12/18 (flying in hawk form)

Alignment: Neutral

Challenge Level/XP: 15/2,900

Equipment: Staff of the Avian, Ring of Protection +4, Scroll of Teleport.

Description: On the eastern edges of the Oldfeld Woods dwells a reclusive, sexagenarian known as "The Birdman". His real name is known only to him.

Dressed in tattered and patched clothing covered by a long, brown hessian shawl, he roams the woods and stone circles of the eastern parts of the Western Middelands. He rarely engages in conversation unless it is to say something cryptic and tends to avoid the populace at large unless he needs something.

He carries a gnarled, wooden staff that ends a foot above his head. It is decorated with feathers, skulls, and bones from all manner of avian creatures. Atop the staff perches a strange-looking, dark, and very-much alive bird, with a scimitar-like black beak; its piercing, green eyes glowering. Eelian calls the bird 'Abazeel'.

No one knows why The Birdman does what he does, but he can often be seen silhouetted in the dusk or dawn skies overlooking the towns and villages of the Middelands.

Here is a list of twenty things that Eelian might say if foudn. He will very rarely answer a direct question, often choosing to give one of the following answers in a hurried, mysterious, or frustrated manner before sweeping his shawl in the questioner's face and pacing off (or running) in the opposite direction:

1. "Fly from here!"
2. "They watch you, they watch us all!"
3. "Four feathers for each dead king."
4. "Serpents. They are coming."
5. "The circles are the key."
6. "Abazeel devours the demons."
7. "Green devils. Tentacles flap like bird's wings."
8. "WITCH!"
9. "The Witchfinder is the Devil, you know?"
10. "De Wesseling. Yes. Hmm. Yes!"

11. "Cryptic answers are what you seek. I know this. Truth lies in these riddles!"
12. "Fish for me, fish for you. What does Abazeel get?"
13. "What day is it?"
14. "Is it winter yet?"
15. "When is the summer solstice?"
16. "Those stones are dangerous."
17. "Naked I say, naked. Running through town like cavorting devils!"
18. "DEMON! RUN! Run for your life."
19. "Where is my pipe?"
20. "It's a cheek you know? Stopping an old man going about his business."

E'Obbyn

Pack animal found anywhere in Havenland.

Race: Mud Cow, 3rd Level

Armor Class: -1 [20] Chain barding

Hit Dice: 3

Hit Points: 13

Base Attack Bonus: +3

Attacks: Tentacle (1d8), Hoof (1d6), trample. +3 to hit due to Level.

Saving Throw: 14

Special: *Stampede:* When running at full speed, E'Obbyn can attempt to trample a medium or smaller creature. The trample attack starts with a headbutt (1d6), and, if the target fails its saving throw, they are knocked prone and take an additional 3d6 stomping damage.

Ground Sense: E'Obbyn is never surprised. He can detect movements up to 10 feet away for every inch of size of the target up to a maximum of 200 feet away. Thus, he can detect a moving 3 inch mouse up to 30 feet away.

Move: 6/Run 18

Alignment: Lawful

Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

Equipment: Saddle bag of holding, pack frame, trade goods.

Description: Stubborn like most mudcows, E'Obbyn has wrangled himself tooled saddle bags, pack frame, and copper horn wraps. He is light grey with the typical pink skin on his tentacles, but usually covered with chain barding whilst working.

E'Obbyn is a solid beast of burden, working hard with minimal complaints. He insists, however, on being the best-decorated beast in any party and will not move if he feels that another is getting better treatment. He also insists, in his gravely, broken voice, on carrying the more valuable or fragile items, feeling that he is the best at his job. E'Obbyn nuzzles people he likes. If given an apple, he often forcefully nudges people to the point that they fall over. This is a true sign of his affection.

One of E'Obbyn's saddlebags is a bag of holding; concealed beneath a layer of his handler's clothing. E'Obbyn is typically laden with valuable trade goods. His home is on a well-to-do farm where he has a private mud-pit surrounded with scratching posts and hoof scrapers.

Fess Bilatheon

Black-clad Mercenary, posted at Blithen Dam, near Burnton.

Race: Human, 2nd Level Fighter

Armor Class: 5 [14] Chain armour

Hit Dice: 2

Hit Points: 14

Base Attack Bonus: 0

Attacks: Longsword (+1 to hit due to 15 Strength, 1d8 damage)

Saving Throw: 13

Special: -

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 3/60

Equipment: Chain armour, Longsword, Potion of Healing.

Description: Fess is a short, stocky man. His black beard is shaved close, and his bowl-head haircut sits underneath his sallet helmet. He spends most of his time trying to avoid the gaze of his mad captain, Halgun Grimm.

The fact that Fess is missing the little finger on his left hand, bitten off by Captain Grimm as punishment for misplacing his longsword, is proof of this madness.

When off duty, Fess heads into Rudgley and enjoys company of the whores in The Black Sheep Inn. After a few tankards of ale, he invariably talks of things that he shouldn't, and the spy network run by Bettrice Guthelbucket ensures that Lord Orworth and Baron Ippindar are appraised of the happenings at the Blithen Dam. Rather than drag Fess off for questioning in the dungeons, they are using him to their advantage, ensuring the best 'intelligence gatherers' attend to Fess.

Jethro Blackstock

Knight's Collector of Taxes in Brignorth, Tealfordshire.

Race: Human, Commoner

Armor Class: 6 [13] Ring armour under his black cloak

Hit Dice: 2

Hit Points: 11

Base Attack Bonus: 0

Attacks: +2 dagger (1d4+2)

Saving Throw: 15

Special: -

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 3/60

Equipment: Ring armour, +2 dagger, two potions of extra healing, ring of poison resistance.

Description: A swarthy, oily man, Jethro is not a native of these parts. Some say he is an ex-merchant from the East, while others half-jokingly surmise he is part-devil because of his dark complexion caused from too much time cavorting with his devil masters in Hell.

Jethro is paranoid about attempts on his life, so wears ring armour under his black cloak. He also believes he will be poisoned at some point in the future and so paid over a thousand ill-gotten gold guids for his ring. Where he got the money to pay for the ring is another matter. As is the fact that anyone is actually trying to kill him.

Markus Carter

Owner of the Oldfeld Inn, in Suttham Oldfeld.

Race: Human, 4th Level Fighter

Armor Class: 7 [11], Leather apron

Hit Dice: 4

Hit Points: 22

Base Attack Bonus: +2

Attacks: 'Pig Sticker' (1d6+1)

Saving Throw: 13

Special: -

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutral

Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

Equipment: Leather armour, +1 Shortsword 'Pig Sticker', Potion of Giant Strength.

Description: Markus is a man of forty winters with a mop of coarse, black, shoulder-length hair. He wears a thick leather apron that acts like leather armour and is covered in stains, cuts, and blood. Markus does not mince his words and will tell people exactly what he thinks of them in a thick Miederlands accent. Markus has a lot of contacts in the darker, seedier parts of town. He keeps a Potion of Giant Strength behind the bar for when patrons get a bit too feisty or trouble comes looking for him.

Matthias Hopkilt

Witchfinder from Walshale.

Race: Human, 6th Level Witchfinder

Armor Class: 5 [14] Ring armour, Dexterity bonus

Hit Dice: 6

Hit Points: 27

Base Attack Bonus: +3

Attacks: +1 Longsword (1d8+1)

Saving Throw: 10 (+2 versus spells cast by chaotic Magic-Users and Clerics)

Special: Extract Information 70%, Spread Anxiety, *Detect Magic* 30 ft. (2/day), *Detect Evil* 60 ft. (1/day), *Protection from Evil* (1/day), *Bless* (1/day), and *Protection from Evil, 10-foot Radius* (1/day)

Move: 12/18 (on horseback)

Alignment: Lawful

Challenge Level/XP: 6/400

Equipment: +1 Longsword, ring armour.

Description: Matthias is a merciless witch hunter whose reputation has spread as far south as Great Lunden. Wearing his black leather, capotain hat, he travels the villages of the Miederlands on his black horse, Malleus, looking for traces of curdled milk, third teats, strange diseases, impotency, blighted crops, and other tales of witchcraft and devilry.

Matthias once paid a visit to Old Lady Roastenburg upon hearing that she had been seen flying as well as suckling her familiar, a white imp, named Gritzenhoffyr. Matthias left her dwelling ashen-faced and told the authorities to leave the old lady alone. Whenever Old Lady Roastenburg is mentioned, Matthias grows agitated and is quick to anger, changing the subject as quickly as he can.

'Oggy' Grinlock

Messenger found in and around Ashenby.

Race: Human, 1st Level Thief

Armor Class: 9 [10]

Hit Dice: 1

Hit Points: 4

Base Attack Bonus: 0

Attacks: Dagger (1d4)

Saving Throw: 14 (uncanny luck, and +2 versus devices/magical devices)

Special: Thief Abilities, Backstab

Move: 14 (Yup! That's right. Not 12)

Alignment: Neutral

Challenge Level/XP: 1/15

Equipment: Dagger, 5 gold quids.

Description: Oggy is a street urchin known as 'The Hedgehog' on account of the difficulty anyone has attempting to grab hold of her. She may only be ten years old, but if you need a message passing through Ashenby or further afield, and you want to make sure it doesn't get intercepted, then Oggy is the girl to deliver it. Oggy has an encyclopedic knowledge of the rooftops and sewers, the crawl-ways and hiding places throughout Ashenby and the eastern swathes of the Midderlands.

She is quick, wily and focused, but also has uncanny luck. Some say she is part-faerie, part-nobblin, part-human, but whatever the truth of her parentage, she is guaranteed to get a message from one place to another anywhere in the Midderlands without getting caught. Her success and thus her reputation is enhanced by the fact that Sir Irron Longspear has ordered his advisors to ensure that Oggy is kept safe from harm.

Old Lady Roastenburg

Witch from north-west of Staffleford, Hex 0903.

Race: Human, 6th Level Magic-User

Armor Class: 9 [10]

Hit Dice: 6

Hit Points: 19

Base Attack Bonus: +2

Attacks: Dagger (1d4), or spells

Saving Throw: 10

Special: Spells — Level 1: *Charm Person*, *Protection from Evil*, *Read Magic*, *Detect Magic*; Level 2: *Invisibility*, *Phantasmal Force*; Level 3: *Fly*, *Clairvoyance*.

Move: 12/6 Flying

Alignment: Neutral

Challenge Level/XP: 5/240

Equipment: Broomstick

Description: Old Lady Roastenburg lives up near Staffleford in a secluded farmhouse with her white cat, Gritzenhoffyr. No-one has tended her farmland for years and much of it is overgrown and wild.

She has been seen flying across the sky on her broomstick and cackling. Her broomstick is actually non-magical and she uses her *Fly* spell to do this. She also uses her *Phantasmal Force* spell to create illusions of strange glowing flying craft in the area and tells folk she has been visited by creatures from other worlds. She does all this to keep intruders away.

This has drawn the attention of the witchfinders and she was paid a visit by the most renowned witchfinder in the region, Matthias Hopkiln. Instead of proclaiming her a witch, Hopkiln declared her wholly innocent of witchcraft and therefore ought to be left alone. It is

thought that the old lady placed a hex on Matthias.

Rat Stokes

Thieves' Guild member in Cairn Nook.

Race: Human, 3rd Level Thief

Armor Class: 6 [13] Leather armour, plus Dexterity Bonus

Hit Dice: 3

Hit Points: 11

Base Attack Bonus: 0

Attacks: +1 Flaming Longsword (1d8+1, plus 1d6 fire damage), backstab

Saving Throw: 13 (11 versus devices, traps, magical wands or staffs, or magical devices)

Special: Thieving Skills: Climb Walls 87%, Delicate Tasks and Traps 25%, Hear Sounds 4 in 6, Hide in Shadows 20%, Move Silently 30%, Open Locks 20%.

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

Equipment: Leather, +1 Flaming Longsword, Ring of Ratspeech.

Description: Often found hidden under a grimy, black cloak, this young lady has seemingly forgotten her birth name and childhood.

Fire scars the left side of her face and she often stares into the flames of her blade knowing the pain she endured. She avoids the day, preferring to skulk around in the shadow of night. She wanders the sewers and converses with rats using her Ring of Ratspeech.

It is amazing what rats know...

Rodbert Gammons

Town Guard in Burnnton.

Race: Human, Soldier

Armor Class: 7 [12] Leather armour

Hit Dice: 1

Hit Points: 6

Base Attack Bonus: +1

Attacks: Heavy Mace (1d6)

Saving Throw: 17

Special: -

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutral

Challenge Level/XP: 1/15

Equipment: Leather, Heavy Mace.

Description: Rodbert is in his late twenties and generally average in most regards, although he has grown quite an impressive black, handlebar moustache. He wears a leather tabard bearing the heraldic device of the Town of Burnnton, and always acts like his mace is twice heavier than it is.

He can often be found stationed at the western end of the Bridge de Bastallon checking wagons heading over the bridge. On occasion, Rodbert is asked to stand guard outside the private chambers of Lord Regarin in Regarin Keep, a duty which he relishes for all the wrong reasons. He is in fact, a spy in the service of The Silver Hand. To date, no one has any idea he serves another master.

Sir Judas Horley

Keeper of the Blackstone Watchtower in Weeshaw.

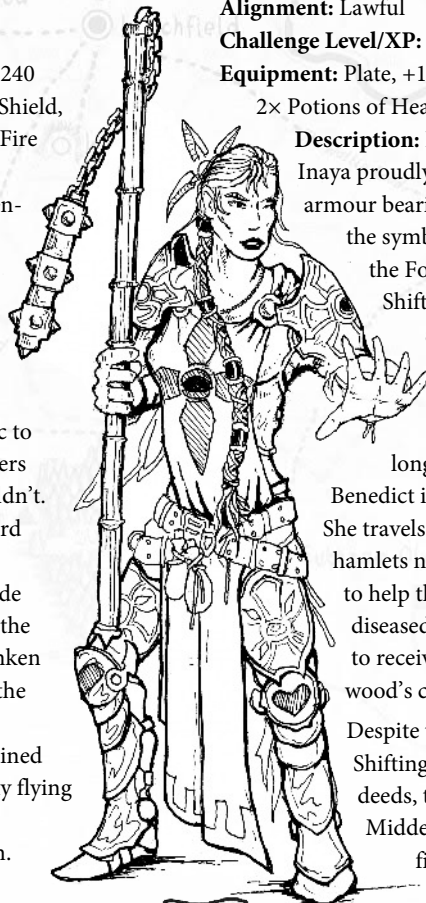
Race: Human, 4th Level Fighter
Armor Class: 3 [16] Chain and +1 Shield
Hit Dice: 4
Hit Points: 29
Base Attack Bonus: +1
Attacks: +2 Longsword (+4 to hit, 1d8+4 damage due to 17 Strength)
Saving Throw: 11, 6 versus magical fire, immune to normal fire.
Special: -
Move: 12
Alignment: Chaotic
Challenge Level/XP: 5/240
Equipment: Chain, +1 Shield, +2 Longsword, Ring of Fire Resistance.
Description: The shaven-headed Sir Judas is the southern-based eyes and ears of the Lord of Tamewort. He especially keeps lookout over the downstream river traffic to ensure that nothing enters Warrickshire that shouldn't. Sir Judas is a hard bastard and most of the folk in Weeshaw give him a wide berth, lest they become the target of one of his drunken rages. Ravens reside in the dilapidated roof of the watchtower, and are trained messengers, occasionally flying north carrying cryptic missives for Lord Ebben.

Sister Inaya Benedict

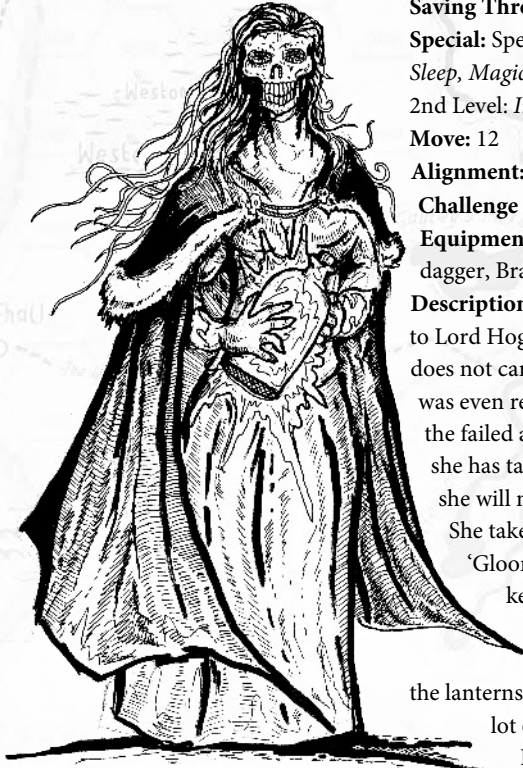
Follower of the Shiftingstone.

Race: Human, 2nd Level Cleric
Armor Class: 3 [16] Plate
Hit Dice: 2
Hit Points: 10
Base Attack Bonus: 0
Attacks: +1 Flail Two-handed (1d8), spells
Saving Throw: 14
Special: Spells: 1st Level: *Cure Light Wounds*.
Move: 9
Alignment: Lawful
Challenge Level/XP: 2/30
Equipment: Plate, +1 Flail Two-handed, 2x Potions of Healing.

Description: In her mid-thirties, Inaya proudly wears her gleaming armour bearing an engraving of the symbol associated with the Followers of the Shiftingstone – a stylised stone on a blazing sun background. With her good looks and long blond-hair, Sister Benedict is a striking figure. She travels to towns and hamlets near the Shiftingwood to help the poorly and diseased, often taking them to receive help from the wood's curative powers. Despite the Followers of the Shiftingstone's charitable deeds, the folk of the Middelands sometimes find the Followers an



annoyance, with their uninvited door-knocking, and claims of healing power within the woods. This is starting to have a demoralising effect on Inaya and she has begun to question her faith and role as one of the Followers.



Victoria Montague

Keeper of Gloombugs, Duddingly.

Race: Human, 5th Level Magic-User

Armor Class: 6 [13] Bracers of Defense

Hit Dice: 5

Hit Points: 17

Base Attack Bonus: +1

Attacks: Dagger (1d4), or spells

Saving Throw: 11

Special: Spells: 1st Level: *Charm Person, Sleep, Magic Missile, Protection from Evil*; 2nd Level: *Invisibility, Web*; 3rd Level: *Fly*.

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutral

Challenge Level/XP: 6/400

Equipment: Skull mask, black cloak, dagger, Bracers of Defense AC 6 [13].

Description: Victoria Montague is loyal to Lord Hoggin Duddingly, although she does not care at all for Sir Kildrellan. She was even responsible for planning one of the failed attempts to kill him, although she has taken measures to ensure that she will never get found out.

She takes her duties as a 'Gloombugger' very seriously and keeps her real identity separate from her gloombugger duties. When not tending the lanterns in Duddingly, she spends a lot of time in the marshes east of Herding Town collecting gloombugs.

NEW CLASSES

Witchfinder

The Witchfinder is a devout religious warrior who dedicates his life to the exposure and punishment of those who practice witchcraft, whether they be male or female.

The Witchfinder distrusts those that practice magic without faith in the gods such as magic users and even elves and will seek to test them to reveal their true affiliations with devilry.

A Witchfinder in the local area causes anxiety and panic amongst the common folk, who sometimes overtly display devoutness to avoid wrongful suspicion.

In combat, the Witchfinder uses the Fighter attack tables.

Witchfinder Class Abilities

Alignment: Witchfinders can only be Lawful.

Resistant to Evil Magicks: Witchfinders gain a +2 bonus on saving throws versus spells cast by chaotic magic-users and clerics.

Extract Information: A Witchfinder can extract the truth from a subject using torture, providing they are at

“Confess your devilry, offspring of Old Hobb. Your third test belies your true affiliations. Thou shalt burn for your witchbery!”

Prime Attribute: Wisdom, 13 + (+5% experience bonus)
Hit Dice: 1d6/Level (Gains 2 Hit Points/Level after 9th.)
Armour/Shield Permitted: Any.
Weapons Permitted: Any.
Race: Human only

the mercy of the Witchfinder. The Witchfinder has a 60% chance to extract truthful information after 1 day of torture.

Witchfinder Level Table			
Level	Experience Points required for Level	Hit Dice (d6)	Saving Throw
1	0	1	15
2	1,500	2	14
3	3,000	3	13
4	6,000	4	12
5	12,000	5	11
6	24,000	6	10
7	48,000	7	9
8	100,000	8	8
9	170,000	9	7
10	240,000	9+2 HP	6
11	310,000	9+4 HP	5
12	380,000	9+6 HP	4
13	450,000	9+8 HP	4
14	520,000	9+10 HP	4
15	590,000	9+12 HP	4
16	660,000	9+14 HP	4
17	730,000	9+16 HP	4
18	800,000	9+18 HP	4
19	870,000	9+20 HP	4
20	940,000	9+22 HP	4
21+	+70,000 per Level	+2 HP/Level	4

This increases by 2% per level after 1st level.

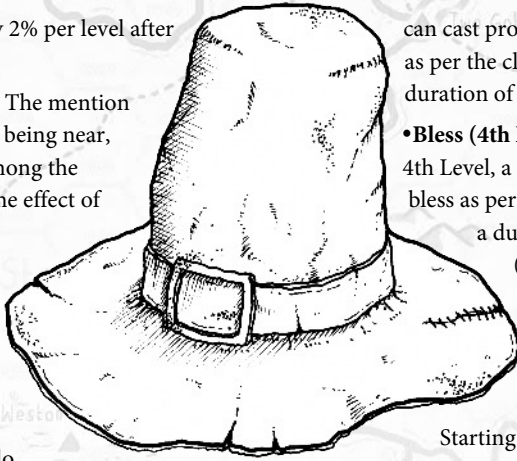
Spread Anxiety: The mention of a Witchfinder being near, spreads panic among the common folk. The effect of this is up to the Game Master to determine.

Common folk will tend to avoid contact with the Witchfinder or do anything to placate them in order to avoid any suspicion that they might be practising witchcraft.

Malefizhaus (9th Level): At Ninth Level a Witchfinder can establish a Malefizhaus (Witch-house) and attract a following of low level Witchfinders who will swear to protect the towns and villages from the blight of witches and witchcraft.

Divine Abilities: The following divine abilities begin at 1 use per day, increasing by an additional one use for every 5 further Levels. For example, a Sixth Level Witchfinder increases the use of detect magic to 2/day.

- **Detect Magic (1st Level):** Starting at 1st Level, a Witchfinder can detect magic as per the cleric spell up to 30 ft., for a duration of 10 minutes (1/day).
- **Detect Evil (2nd Level):** Starting at 2nd Level, a Witchfinder can detect evil as per the cleric spell up to 60 ft., for a duration of 15 minutes (1/day).
- **Protection from Evil (3rd Level):** Starting at 3rd Level, a Witchfinder



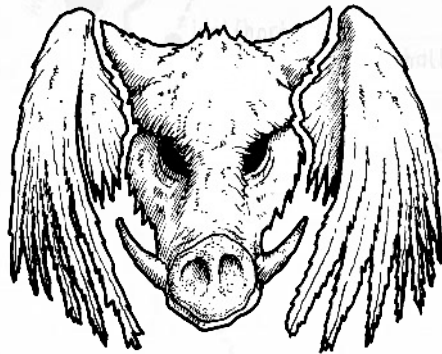
can cast protection from evil as per the cleric spell for a duration of 1 hour (1/day).

- **Bless (4th Level):** Starting at 4th Level, a Witchfinder can bless as per the cleric spell for a duration of 1 hour (1/day).

• **Protection from Evil, 10-foot Radius (6th Level):**

Starting at 6th Level, a Witchfinder can cast protection from evil, 10-foot radius as per the cleric spell for a duration of 1 hour (1/day).

- **Holy Word (17th Level):** Starting at 17th Level, a Witchfinder can cast holy word as per the cleric spell with a range of 60 feet (1/day).



Holy Symbol of Ogg-Thuun

Highland Shaman

The Highland Shaman is a respected member of the clan, and their impact and influence upon their fellow clansmen and shirefolk is never underestimated by the elders.

Their faces are intricately inscribed in blue woad tattoos and their hair and beards are plaited into long braids. They cover their weapons and shields in fetishes and charms and paint them in patterns of blue and white. Wearing animal skins and carved deer skull helmets, they strike a ferocious and animalistic figure on any field of battle.

Whether fighting with their clans or smaller groups, they inspire fervour in their companions, who so emboldened and encouraged, will fight even more fiercely. This is often the reason why the clans are victorious in battle.

In combat, the Highland Shaman fights as a Fighter.

Prime Attribute: Charisma, 13+ (5% experience bonus)
Hit Dice: 1d8/Level (Gains 2 Hit Points/Level after 10th.)
Armor/Shield Permitted: They cannot wear armor but can wield a shield if not casting spells.
Weapons Permitted: They can use clubs, quarterstaves, and shortswords as weapons.
Race: Human only

Highland Shaman Class Abilities

Alignment: Highland Shamans can be of any alignment.

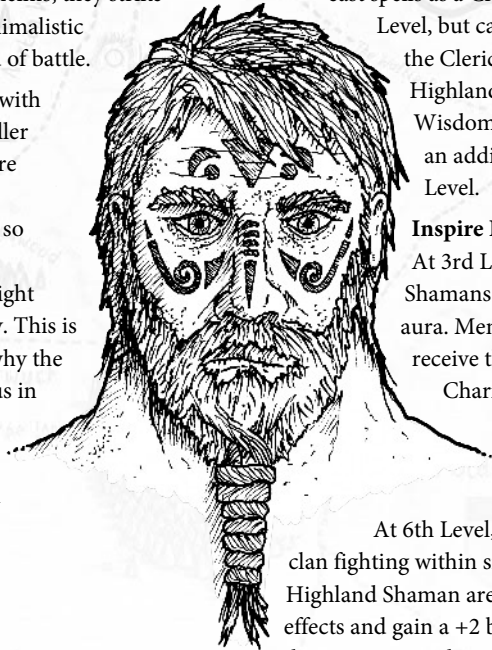
Immunity to Fear: Highland Shamans are immune to fear effects.

Divine Spellcasting: Highland Shamans cast spells as a Cleric of the same Level, but can select spells from the Cleric or Druid list.

Highland Shamans with a Wisdom of 15 or higher get an additional spell at First Level.

Inspire Fight (3rd Level): At 3rd Level, Highland Shamans gain an inspiring aura. Members of their clan receive the Shaman's Charisma bonus on to-hit rolls and saving throws.

Stand (6th Level): At 6th Level, members of the clan fighting within sight of the Highland Shaman are immune to fear effects and gain a +2 bonus to saving throws to resist charm and similar mental control.



Invisibility (9th Level): At 9th Level, Highland Shamans can turn invisible as per the Magic-User spell three times per day. They can only do this while outside.

Shamanic Circle (12th Level): At 12th Level, a Highland Shaman can lead a Shamanic Circle. A Shamanic Circle must consist of at least six Shamans. The Circle can cast any of the following spells: *Clairaudience* (range 1 mile, outdoors only), *Control Weather*, *Conjuration of Animals*, *Conjuration of Fire Elementals*, *Creeping Doom*, *Death Spell*, and *Resurrection*.

A circle can cast a total of half their total number of Levels in spells. For example, a Circle made up of 27 Levels of Shamans could cast a total of 13 Levels of spell, such as *Conjuration of Animals* once and *Resurrection* once. A Shaman can only participate in one circle per day. A Shaman who participates in a circle can still cast spells on his or her own as normal.

The total number of spell Levels that can be cast by a Circle led by an 18th Level Shaman is equal to the total number of Levels of Shaman in the circle.

Highland Shaman Level Table			
Level	Experience Points required for Level	Hit Dice (d8)	Saving Throw
1	0	1	15
2	2,000	2	14
3	4,000	3	13
4	8,000	4	12
5	13,000	5	11
6	20,000	6	10
7	40,000	7	9
8	80,000	8	8
9	90,000	9	7
10	130,000	10	6
11	200,000	10+2 HP	5
12	400,000	10+4 HP	4
13	800,000	10+6 HP	4
14	950,000	10+8 HP	4
15	1,100,000	10+10 HP	4
16	1,250,000	10+12 HP	4
17	1,400,000	10+14 HP	4
18	1,550,000	10+16 HP	4
19	1,700,000	10+18 HP	4
20	1,850,000	10+20 HP	4
21+	+150,000 per Level	+2 HP/Level	4

“To me, shirefolk! We shall tear out their hearts, gouge out their eyes, rip out their throats and hear the lamentations of their women.”

Dragon Singer

Dragon Singers are picked from the strongest voices of the clans. Their voices are trained to channel arcane energies into spells. This takes many years; hence no Dragon Singer can cast spells until they reach Fourth Level.

It is said that the first dragons in Oldenwale taught the first Chieftain of Oldenwale to sing and he became the first Dragon Singer.

In combat, the Dragon Singers fight as Clerics.

Dragon Singer Class Abilities

Alignment: Dragon Singers can be of Lawful or Neutral alignments.

Slatescale: As Dragon Singers gain Levels, their skin naturally hardens into scales of slate. Refer to the Dragon Singer Level Table for this Armour Class.

Dampen Sound: Dragon Singers gain a +2 Saving Throw bonus against any spell or effect with an audible component. They are immune to the song of harpies and other creatures that use sound as an attack.

Songcasting: Dragon Singers cast spells as Magic-Users and select spells from the Magic-User spell list. All spells are cast using their voice and they need no additional components or gestures, meaning they can cast whilst bound, as long as they are not gagged. Spells with an audible part, such as *Magic Mouth*, are

Prime Attribute: Charisma, 13+ (5% experience bonus)

Hit Dice: 1d4/Level (Gains 1HP/Level after 10th.)

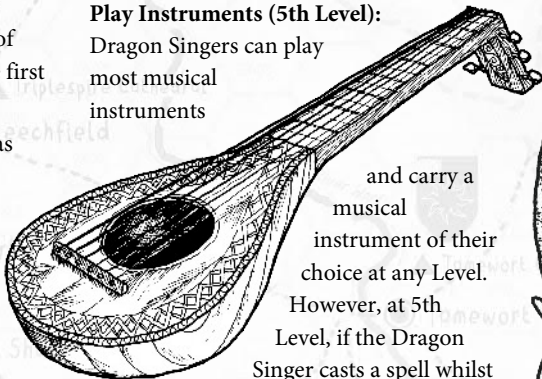
Armor/Shield Permitted: No armour or shields allowed
Weapons Permitted: Dragon Singers can only use one-handed, bladed weapons.

Race: Dragon Singers can only be human and must have been raised in an Oldenwale clan.

cast at one Level higher than the Dragon Singer's Level.

Play Instruments (5th Level):

Dragon Singers can play most musical instruments



and carry a musical instrument of their choice at any Level.

However, at 5th Level, if the Dragon Singer casts a spell whilst playing their instrument, that spell's duration is extended for the length of time they continue to play. The spell breaks if they are interrupted or prevented from playing their instrument.

The Sound of Silence (6th Level): At 6th Level, a Dragon Singer can cast *Silence, 15-Foot Radius*, once per day. This increases by an extra use per day for every three Levels. A 9th Level Dragon Singer can cast twice per day. Dragon Singers cannot cast spells or play their instruments in this silence.

Dragon Singer Level Table														
Level	Experience Points required for Level	Hit Dice (d6)	Saving Throw	AC	Number of spells (by Level)									
					1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
1	0	1	15	9 [10]	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
2	1,250	2	14	8 [11]	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
3	2,500	3	13	7 [12]	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
4	5,000	4	12	7 [12]	1	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
5	10,000	5	11	7 [12]	1	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
6	20,000	6	10	6 [13]	2	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
7	40,000	7	9	6 [13]	2	1	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
8	80,000	8	8	6 [13]	3	2	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
9	160,000	9	7	6 [13]	3	2	1	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
10	320,000	10	6	5 [14]	4	3	1	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
11	480,000	10+1 HP	5	5 [14]	4	3	2	1	-	-	-	-	-	-
12	640,000	10+2 HP	4	5 [14]	5	4	3	1	-	-	-	-	-	-
13	800,000	10+3 HP	4	4 [15]	5	4	3	2	1	-	-	-	-	-
14	960,000	10+4 HP	4	4 [15]	6	5	4	3	1	-	-	-	-	-
15	1,120,000	10+5 HP	4	3 [16]	6	5	4	3	2	1	-	-	-	-
16	1,280,000	10+6 HP	4	3 [16]	6	6	5	4	3	1	-	-	-	-
17	1,440,000	10+7 HP	4	3 [16]	6	6	5	4	3	2	1	-	-	-
18	1,600,000	10+8 HP	4	2 [17]	6	6	6	5	4	3	1	-	-	-
19	1,760,000	10+9 HP	4	2 [17]	6	6	6	5	4	3	2	-	-	-
20	1,920,000	10+10 HP	4	2 [17]	6	6	6	6	5	4	2	-	-	-
21+	+160,000 per Level	+1 HP/Level	4	1 [18]	6	6	6	6	5	4	3	-	-	-

“The deep, baritone song of the Dragon Singer bursts eardrums, disintegrates internal organs, and makes blood pour from orifices. Fear the powerful tones of the Dragon Singers.”

Bestiary

Branchspite Golem

Hit Dice: 10 (45 Hit Points)

Armour Class: 6 [13]

Attacks: 2× Fists (2d10 each)

Saving Throw: 5

Special: *Fire Vulnerability:* Fire deals double damage.

Detritus Magnet: When in an area of forested, wooded, or heavy vegetation, leaves, branches, and twigs fly from the ground and nearby trees and bushes and coalesce onto the golem's body, effectively healing it of 1d6 Hit Points per round.

Disappear into Decay: 1/day, when standing upon a detritus-filled forest floor, a branchspite golem can disappear into the ground leaving a rustling, swirling pile of leaves. It can reappear any time within 6 rounds anywhere within a 100 feet radius from where it disappeared.

Move: 9

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP:

14/2,600

Twelve feet tall, the branchspite golem is an angry, hate-filled construct of forest detritus and decaying vegetation surrounding a heart of part-flesh, part gloomium-infused decaying matter, which pumps gloomium-laced liquids around its

body. Its single jade-hued eye glows in the middle of its twisted, branch-crafted head.

When a branchspite golem fights it gives off a foul-smelling odour of decaying woodland matter.

It is thought these beings were constructed by malice-driven druids at various henge sites around Havenland hundreds of years ago. The techniques and magic needed to create them is thought to have been lost.



Dog Spiders

Hit Dice: 2

Armour Class: 6 [13]

Attacks: 1 bite (1d8), poison

Saving Throw: 16

Special: *Poison:* A successful bite injects a powerful paralyzing poison, +2 save or paralysed for 1d6 rounds. Surprise on 1-5 in 6.

Move: 12, Climb 12

Alignment: Chaos

Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

Dog Spiders are found all over Havenland and Oldenwale and are aptly named. They resemble wolf spiders the size of large dogs. They lair inside leafy trees, preferring evergreens, such as conifers and pine trees. They do not build webs, instead favouring brutally effective surprise attacks which deliver a paralyzing poison injected through their rows of sharp fangs. If left to its own devices, a dog spider will attempt to drag a paralysed victim into a tree and suck out all the unfortunate's juice, leaving an empty husk in a couple of hours.

Some say that Dog Spiders are the spawn of Morgontula, descending from the heavens above as remnants of glittering trails left behind by meteors, and landing as tiny replicas of the horrors that they will become.

Gaulic Gall (Tree Bastard)

Hit Dice: 2

Armour Class: 1 [18]

Attacks: Bite (1d6), special

Saving Throw: 14

Special: *Gloombomb:* Once per day, a Gaulic Gall can emit a 10 feet radius sphere of gloom. Anyone caught within the verdant glow must succeed on a saving throw or gain a random mutation from the Gloom-Touched Deformities table in the main book.

Move: 6

Alignment: Chaos

Challenge Level/XP: 3/60

In north-western Gaulandia, plane trees have developed a special sympathy with the gloomium energy that rises through the clay-laden ground near the coast. As they absorb the nutrients they need, they also pick up gloomium which forms sentient, tumorous galls on their trunks. On the first full moon after a gall reaches maturity – typically a two to three-month process – the gall awakens and detaches itself from the tree to go in search of food, usually meat. A typical gall, growing to a foot or so in diameter, is no great threat for a seasoned adventurer, but if a large number ripen at once near a party sleeping in the forest, well, as the Gaulandians say, “c'est la vie”.

Gaulic Galls have started to appear on the southeast coast of Havenland where they have been named Tree Bastards.

Giant Gloombugs

Hit Dice: 2

Armour Class: 7 [12]

Attacks: Bite (1d4) or Drain Blood.

Saving Throw: 16

Special: *Drain Blood:* as well as the bite damage, a Giant Gloombug drains blood for 1d4 points of damage for each additional round after the first. It remains attached to the victim until a successful hit knocks it off.

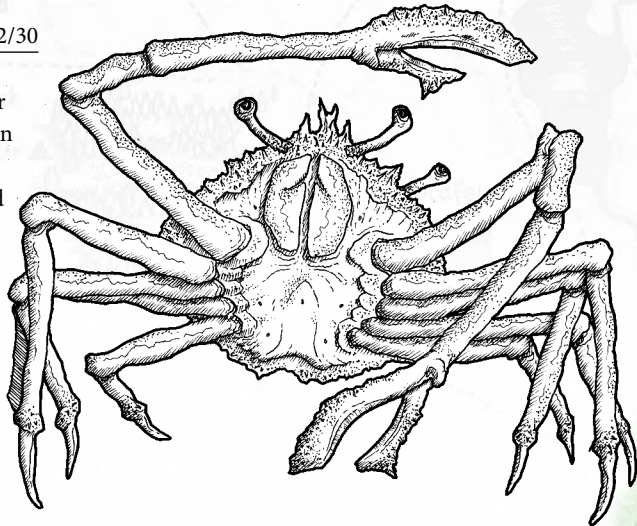
Attracted by Blood: Each round that a Giant Gloombug drains blood, it prompts another Giant Gloombug (maximum of six per victim) to attack, drawn by the smell of fresh blood. No additional Giant Gloombugs are summoned or appear other than the original number intended by the Game Master. This mechanic is intended to draw the available number of Giant Gloombugs to a freshly-bleeding wound.

Move: 3, Flying 24

Alignment: Neutral, but some scourges tend towards Chaotic.

Challenge Level/XP: 2/30

The small and familiar light-givers of the main streets and stinking marshes of Havenland have a cousin, a much bigger cousin. Found in swampland generally closer to coastal areas, these 2 feet long, whirring bastards are a peril to farmers and travellers alike.



A scourge of giant gloombugs will devastate almost any crop, but particularly cabbages. They are also attracted to blood, which they lap up like big puppies.

Gloomcrabs

Hit Dice: 4

Armour Class: 0 [19]

Attacks: 2 pincers (1d6), 1 bite (1d4), or pull apart.

Saving Throw: 15

Special: *Pull Apart:* If both pincers hit, the gloomcrab attempts to pull apart its victim causing an additional 1d6 points of damage.

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaos

Challenge Level/XP: 5/240

In night time coastal waters, especially off the north east of Havenland, fishermen and sailors tell of strange green lights moving in the waters below.

These are the gloomcrabs. Huge spidercrabs with rock-hard chitinous shells growing up to 6 feet in diameter with eight, long legs which stick out beyond the carapace, as well as two vicious, scythe-like claws on tenuous-looking, spindly arms. They roam the sea floor at night in search of decaying piscine matter and foul-smelling vegetation. Hydrothermal vents in the Dog Sea release gloomium-filled steam into the water, leeching into the gloomcrabs that thrive there. The gloomcrabs in turn glow with a luminous verdigris hue and mutate.

Roll (or pick) results on the gloom-touched deformities table on page 11 of The TM book to make the gloomcrabs weirder. As an example, you can add pincers for an extra attack, and for each extra two pincers you gain extra 'pull apart' damage.

The shy and wary sharkfolk of the Cernwall coast often make use of gloomcrabs as steeds whether they are on land or in the sea.



Gloomgool

Hit Dice: 7

Armour Class: 7 [12] Hide like leather

Attacks: bite (1d4), 2 claws (1d6) plus rend.

Saving Throw: 9

Special: *Silver Vulnerability:* The gloomgool avoids being in the presence of more than one pound of silver. If touched by silver, the area touched becomes covered in welts. Attacks against the gloomgool made with silver weapons deal an additional 1d4 damage. If the gloomgool needs to attack anyone wearing silver armour, it must make a saving throw each time to do so. Damage from such hits is reduced by 2 points.

Small Spaces: The gloomgool can squeeze through spaces as narrow as two feet wide by dislocating its limbs.

Breath of Ages: The gloomgool can hold its breath for 15 minutes.

Rend: If both claw attacks hit, the gloomgool can rend the flesh of the victim causing an additional 1d6 points of damage.

Spider Climber: The gloomgool can scale walls and ceilings almost as well as the ground, much like a spider, its talons acting like hooks.

Move: 15, Climb 12, Swim 9

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 7/600

A gloomgool is not actually a ghoul at all. In fact, it's not even undead. It was once a human that has been corrupted by a hundred years in the Middergloom, far exceeding its original lifespan. All it wants now is

blood, which it laps up like a dog until sated – when it can find it.

It still has some vestiges of the conniving intelligence it had during its original life as a brigand, thief, assassin, or other malign human. Gloomgools do not speak, but can understand what is being said.

A gloomgool lair is filled with bones, viscera, blood, and rotting meat. It avoids silver at all costs.

Gloomium Dragon

Hit Dice: 13, 14, or 15

Armour Class: 0 [19]

Attacks: 2 claws (1d8) or 1 bite (3d10)

Saving Throw: 4, 3, or 3.

Special: Breathes Gloomium, 35% Magic Resistance

Move: 12, Flying 18

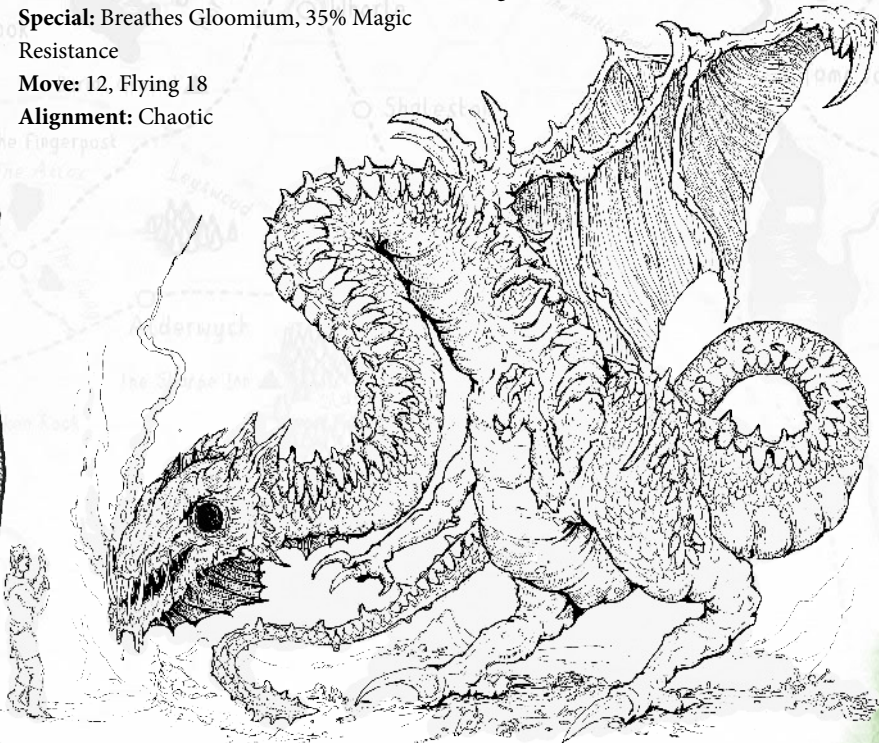
Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level: = (Hit Points/4)+2.

XP: = Adults: 3500/3800/4100

Living in the varying depths of Middelgloom, these rare dragons occasionally rise to the surface world for reasons known only to them. The younger the dragon, the higher up they are usually found, favouring large chambers in which to spread their large translucent, gloomium-hued wings and fly; using the space to soar through the rifts in the earth's innards.

Little is known about them given their deep-living, and most specimens that have been observed are ones that have reached the surface. Looking like a conventional dragon in form, but with a



longer sinewy neck, body, and tail. Its body is covered in flaking scales, and the skin beneath is hard, covered in weeping pustules, angry sores, bristle-haired growths, and vile-looking tumours. The maw of a Gloomium Dragon is lined with sharp piscine teeth and its head resembles that of a giant demonic fish with large round black orbs for eyes, with the iris revealing the green glow inside. The whole body of the dragon gives off a faint bioluminescence, which increases in intensity when the creature is enraged.

Gloomium dragons are fast on the ground despite their size. They are also capable flyers even though they rarely have the room to stretch their wings in the bowels of the earth.

The breath of a Gloomium Dragon is a cone-shaped spatter of gloomium 100 feet long and 30 feet wide. In addition to the Hit Point damage inflicted, victims also suffer the loss of 1 point of Strength, Dexterity, and Constitution, with all applicable penalties. These statistic losses recuperate at a rate of 1 point each per day of full bed rest. Gloomium Dragons can use their breath weapon a number of times per day equal to their age. So, an Ancient Gloomium Dragon can use its breath weapon 8 times/day.

All Gloomium Dragons can talk, favouring ancient dialects spoken in deep, broken voices. They cannot be subdued and will fight to their last breath.

Gloomium Dragons have 35% Magic Resistance.

Gloomium Dragons follow the rules for dragons as presented in the Monsters section of the *Sword & Wizardry Complete* rulebook, with the exceptions noted above.

Gloomium Dragons are rare and mythical and should be treated with awe and fear.

Feel free to give them unique names. Their names often follow the following format: Honorific + adjective + Welsh-sounding noun + evil-sounding honorific, adjective or both. Such as, Esteemed Maimer Cadpwyll the Malevolent, or Majestic Chewer Idris the Human Eater.

Hugging Snowbeast

Hit Dice: 7

Armour Class: 6 [13]

Attacks: Spine hug (2d6) plus poison

Saving Throw: 9

Special: *Spine Hug:* If the initial attack hits, the beast has grabbed the victim in a hug, a second successful attack roll is required to insert the spines and deliver the poison. The hug can be escaped with a successful roll under the victim's Strength score.

Poison: The poison of a hugging snowbeast requires a Saving Throw. Failure results in death in 1d6 rounds.

Cold Immunity: Hugging snowbeasts take no damage from cold based attacks.

Move: 9

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 10/1,400

Despite their friendly sounding name, these beasts are highly dangerous and

usually found where snow covers the peaks, especially in Oldenwale and the Highlands of Scotland. Roughly the same size and shape as a bear, their piercing emerald green eyes can see through the worst blizzards and their long mouthless snout can follow scents days old.

To kill their victims, these beasts rear up on their hind legs, throwing themselves at their prey and wrapping their front legs around them in a crushing hug. Hollow spines extend out from their torso and pierce the victims before injecting them with a poison that quickly liquefies their organs. These runny innards are sucked back up the spines directly into the snow beast's stomach, before the spines retract, and the beast allows the empty husk to drop to the ground.

Leviathan

Hit Dice: 30 (200 Hit Points)

Armour Class: -2 [21]

Attacks: 10 tentacles (2d10), bite (3d12)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: Break ships, 50% magic resistance, methane blast, tsunami

Move: 6, Swim 6

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 34/8,600

The Leviathan that resides in the Dog Sea off the north-east coast of Havenland is unique in several ways. It is unique in that it has its own demonic name, Orth'cthul Baal'tor Mul'groth. It is unique in its size, being a mile-long and half-a-mile wide. It is unique in its form, a cruel and perverse union of piscine forms, cephalopod, and

colossal walrus, a mass of beryl-hued tentacles, blubber, tusks, fins, and scales. It lives at great depths, half buried in the sediments of colossal subterranean caverns caused by ancient upheavals in the earth's crust, and for the most part, it remains there, dormant. This is fortunate, for on the rare occasions when the Leviathan surfaces to feed, ships of all sizes are at its mercy and no coastal town is safe from its predations.

The Leviathan only needs to use a single pair of tentacles to crush and break a ship apart, and since it has ten tentacles, it is capable of grasping and crushing up to five vessels within a 1,500 feet radius of its gaping maw. If it only chooses to use one pair of tentacles, it can still make use of all of its other attacks. For every three rounds it spends crushing a ship with a pair of its tentacles, the ship suffers 2d6 points of structural damage. Unfortunately for anyone dwelling along the coast, the Leviathan can do the same to structures within its reach on land as well. Worse, the Leviathan can drag itself ashore as far as the beach or shallow waters and destroy settlements. In times of hunger, the Leviathan will come ashore and strike out at everything within its reach, smashing buildings, lighthouses, towers, and keeps, before plucking villagers from their beds and tossing them into its vile, tusk-filled cavity. Thankfully, these events are very rare indeed.

Once per month, the Leviathan can eject a blast of methane into the sea from its vile, under-sphincter. This aerates the sea in a 2,500 feet radius and causes vessels of 5+1d10 structural points or less to capsize

and sink. Any creature in the area of effect, whether on land or sea must take a Saving Throw or pass out for 1d6 rounds.

Once every year, when it has the energy or inclination, the Leviathan can break the surface of the sea in an awe-inspiring rage. When it splashes down, a 100-foot high wave radiates out from its position. The tsunami travels at a speed of 18 miles (one Haven Isles map hex) every 3 rounds, but reduces in height by 10 feet per map hex travelled and reaching. The effects of this tsunami are left to the Game Master to determine, but such an event should be catastrophically significant.

Leviathan Spawn

Hit Dice: 20

Armour Class: 0 [19]

Attacks: 6 tentacles (1d10), bite (2d12).

Saving Throw: 4

Special: Break ships, 50% magic resistance, methane blast, wave

Move: 12, Swim 12

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 24/5,600

These horrible things are the spawn of the Leviathan. No-one knows how the hell it breeds and with



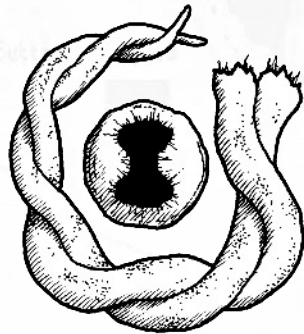
what – and no-one wants to know.
Shudder.

The Leviathan Spawn, like its parent can use a pair of its tentacles to crush a ship and break it apart. Since it has six tentacles, it is capable of grasping and crushing up to three vessels within a 500 feet radius. If it only chooses to use a single pair of tentacles, it can still make use of all of its other attacks. When it spends three rounds trying to break a ship, it does 1d6 points of structural damage. The Leviathan Spawn can do the same to structures within reach on land as well. The Leviathan Spawn can drag itself ashore as far as the beach or shallow waters and wreak havoc among settlements, smashing structures and eating villagers.

Once per week, the Leviathan Spawn can eject a blast of methane into the sea from its vile, under-sphincter. This aerates the sea in a 500 feet radius and causes vessels of 5+1d6 structural points or less to capsize and sink. Any creature in the area of effect, whether on land or sea must take a

Saving Throw or pass out for 1 round.

Once every month, the Leviathan Spawn can break the surface of the sea in the same way as its parent, yet not as awe-inspiring – or quite as dangerous. Splashing down, it creates a 20-foot high wave that radiates out from its position. The wave travels outwards at 3 miles every 1 round, but reduces in height by 5 feet per 10 miles travelled. The effects of this wave are left to the Game Master to determine, but the event should cause damage to nearby ships and wreak havoc on shorelines near the creature.



Holy Symbol of the Kraken

Marsh Troll

Hit Dice: 1, 3, 6, 9

Armour Class: 7 [12], 6 [13], 5 [14], 4 [15] thick hide

Attacks: 1 two-handed staff (1d6+2)

Saving Throw: 17, 14, 11, 6

Special: Clerical spells, Gloombug distraction

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 2/30, 4/120, 7/600, 10/1,400

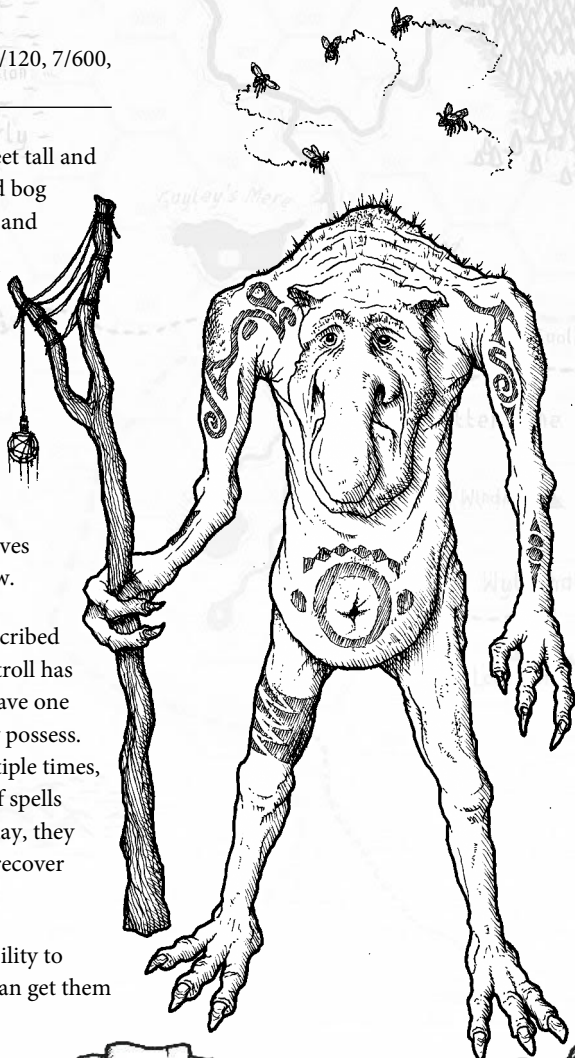
Marsh trolls stand about 7 feet tall and live in marshes, swamps, and bog land throughout Havenland and parts of Oldenwale beyond.

They live off giant insects, especially giant gloombugs, and small goblins. Almost exclusively shamanistic, it is rare for them to wear clothing of any kind, instead covering their bodies in tattoos made with ink from gloombugs. This gives them a faint green-hued glow.

Each tattoo is actually an inscribed clerical spell that the marsh troll has learned. A marsh troll will have one tattoo for each Hit Dice they possess. These spells can be cast multiple times, but after casting a number of spells equal to their Hit Dice in a day, they must take an 8-hour rest to recover their energy.

Marsh trolls also have the ability to mesmerise gloombugs and can get them

to fly in circles above their heads. On command, these gloombugs can be used to distract attackers, by flying in the faces of opponents and making enemy casters take a saving throw to avoid distraction. The gloombugs can be used to affect up to three opponents. All attackers that fail their saving throws are at -1 on to-hit rolls.



Mud Cow

Hit Dice: 3

Armour Class: 3 [16]

Attacks: tentacle slash (1d8) or stomp (1d6), special

Saving Throw: 14

Special: *Stampede:* A

Mud Cow that is running at full speed can attempt to trample a creature of medium size or smaller. The trample attack starts with a headbutt (1d6), and if the target fails its saving throw, they are knocked prone and take an additional 3d6 stomping damage. Stamping Mud Cows will automatically trample any creature in their direct path. *Ground Sense:* Mud Cows are never surprised and detect movements up to ten feet away for every inch of size of the target up to a maximum of 200 feet away. Thus, they detect a moving 3 inch mouse up to 30 feet away.

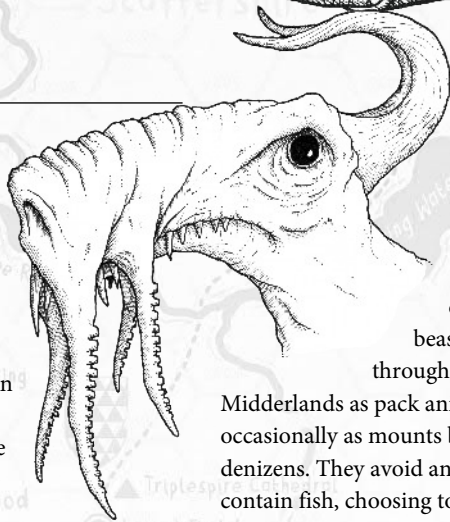
Move: 6, Run 18 (3 rounds max)

Alignment: Neutral

Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

Mud Cows look like miniature elephants or rhinoceroses with a pair of hooked horns atop their rectangular heads.

Their snouts have suckered and serrated tentacles hanging from them, which they use for pulling away obstacles, both living and not.



Three feet at the shoulder, weighing around three-hundred pounds, with a lifespan of twenty years, mud cows are domesticated

beasts used throughout the

Midderlands as pack animals and occasionally as mounts by its smaller denizens. They avoid any water that may contain fish, choosing to drink and bathe only in mud pools or buckets and barrels.

Mud Cows eat small mammals and amphibians such as frogs, rabbits and other burrowing titbits. They will also chase spugmunch jaspers as they are a treat. They are capable of walking long distances due to their great endurance, easily going twelve to fifteen hours in a day, even with a heavy load. Except when stampeding, they never move quickly.

Generally placid creatures, Mud Cows are fearsome when stampeding. They will step on creatures that are pestering them and if annoyed, rake them with their serrated tentacles. The sight or smell of fish affect mud cows like the *Fear* spell. Creatures caught in their path are subject to being trampled.



Oak Elemental

Hit Dice: 10

Armour Class: 2 [17]

Attacks: 2× branch fists (3d6 each).

Saving Throw: 4

Special: *Afraid of Fire:* Oak Elementals will only attack with a single branch fist against an opponent that wields fire. Fire damage deals an extra 1 point of damage per die.

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutral

Challenge Level/XP:

10/1,400

Summoned from Old Hobb's Acorns, these are huge oaken constructs that are said to be held together with elemental force, hence their name. They often take the form of muscular human males or females.

Piscacean

Hit Dice: 2

Armour Class: 6 [13]

Attacks: Trident (1d8)

Saving Throw: 16

Special: Live and breathe underwater.

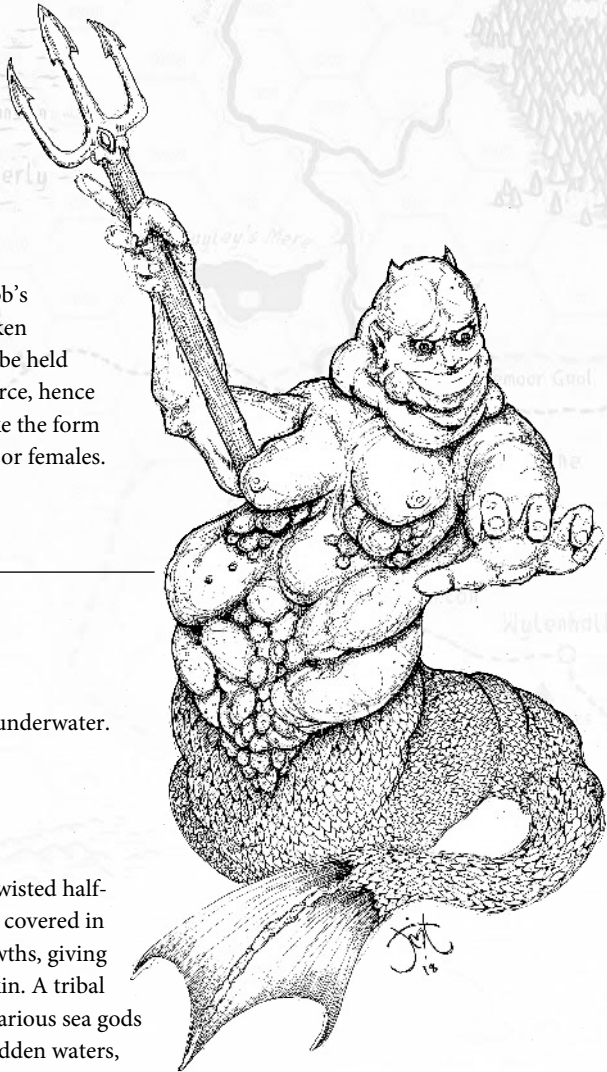
Move: 2, Swim 18

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 2/30

Similar to merfolk, these twisted half-man, half-fish have bodies covered in blisters, callouses and growths, giving them a tough, chitinous skin. A tribal folk, Piscaceans worship various sea gods and inhabit dirty, muck-ridden waters,

particularly settled around Mermaid Isle and also in the waters to the south of Snakescale Island. All Piscaceans are ruled by a single sovereign, King Piscethean III, who lives in his submerged lair called Finscale Castle in the Dog Sea off the coast of Yawmouth.



Salt Miser

Hit Dice: 4

Armour Class: 6 [13]

Attacks: 2 hooks (1d6), bite (1d8)

Saving Throw: 13

Special: Salt aversion, muck vomit (2d6), half damage from blunt weapons

Move: 6

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 6/240

Found all over Havenland, the salt-hating Salt Misers are a race of demonesque slug-like creatures that live in moors, swamps, and other places where muck and insects live. They hate the sea and brackish waters and are subsequently only found inland.

Growing to 8 feet tall, their lower halves are that of giant slugs, whilst their upper torso is deformed and muscular, their backs covered in long, boney spines. They have four arms extending from their torso. Two are long and spined, ending in scythe-like hooks used for grabbing prey. The other two are vestigial and stunted, used to manipulate objects and food. Their demon-like heads sport four emerald eyes and a gaping maw filled with razor-sharp fangs.

Salt misers hoard treasure from their prey, but do not use it, hence the miserly connotation in their names.

Salt misers take half damage, rounded up, from blunt weapons.

Salt misers suffer from salt aversion. A circle of salt on the ground will keep a salt miser at bay. If salt is thrown on a salt

miser it does 1d6 damage per pound thrown.

Once per day, salt misers can projectile vomit muck from their maws. This putrid, acidic vomitus affects a single target and deals 2d6 damage. A saving throw allows half damage, rounded up.

Salt Worm

Hit Dice: 4

Armour Class: 5 [14]

Attacks: Bite (1d8), special

Saving Throw: 13

Special: A salt worm that makes a successful bite can try to skewer its prey with its sharp antennae. Make a further attack roll, and if it succeeds, the antennae do 1d4 damage and the opponent is grappled. The worm can then move its full speed while carrying a human-sized or smaller creature so impaled. Due to their salt-encrusted skin, any non-magical edged or pointed weapon that hits a salt worm becomes dulled, getting a cumulative -1 penalty to damage for each successful hit until the weapon can be sharpened. Magic weapons are unaffected.

Move: 12, Burrow (in salt) 9

Alignment: Neutral

Challenge Level/XP: 5/240

Twelve to fifteen feet long and the colour of rust with shimmers of green salt crystals, salt worms live in tunnels and caves beneath small areas of salt flats of their own making. Excreting large quantities of salt from sweat glands in their bodies which coats their lairs and seeps into the ground. They are almost



exclusively carnivorous, eating raw – and preferably live – animals. A salt worm typically surfaces to grab its dinner and then pulls it down into its lair to dine upon the victim at its leisure.

Sharkfolk

Hit Dice: 2

Armour Class: 6 [13]

Attacks: Spear (1d6), or short sword (1d6), trident (1d8), or bite (1d6)

Saving Throw: 13

Special: Smell blood, frenzy

Move: 12, Swim 12

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 3/60

Harassing ships and sailors off the coasts, sharkfolk are half-human, half-great white sharks that live underwater but, can thrive out of the water for up to 1 day at time. They live in tribes known as ‘shoals’ and use primitive weapons made from bones, coral, and whatever else they can find in the coastal waters. They almost all worship the shark god Kharadon.

Standing 8 feet tall, they are often covered in pustules, barnacles, scars, and rashes. Sharkfolk can smell blood in water from 300 feet away. If a sharkfolk is in the water within 30 feet of blood for three rounds, it goes into a frenzy. During the frenzy, it drops all items carried and uses only its bite

attack, which increases to two attacks per round. The frenzy lasts 1d6 rounds.

Some can talk in the common tongue.

A large shoal of Sharkfolk live off the Cernwall coast, ruled by a much larger specimen known as Empress Whitefin.

Gloomcrab Riders

Some sharkfolk have tamed gloomcrabs and use them as steeds.



Spawn of Morgontula

Hit Dice: 8

Armour Class: 3 [16]

Attacks: Bite (1d10) + poison

Saving Throw: 10

Special: Pus Sac, Poison, Gloomwebs

Move: 12, Climb 12

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 9/1,100

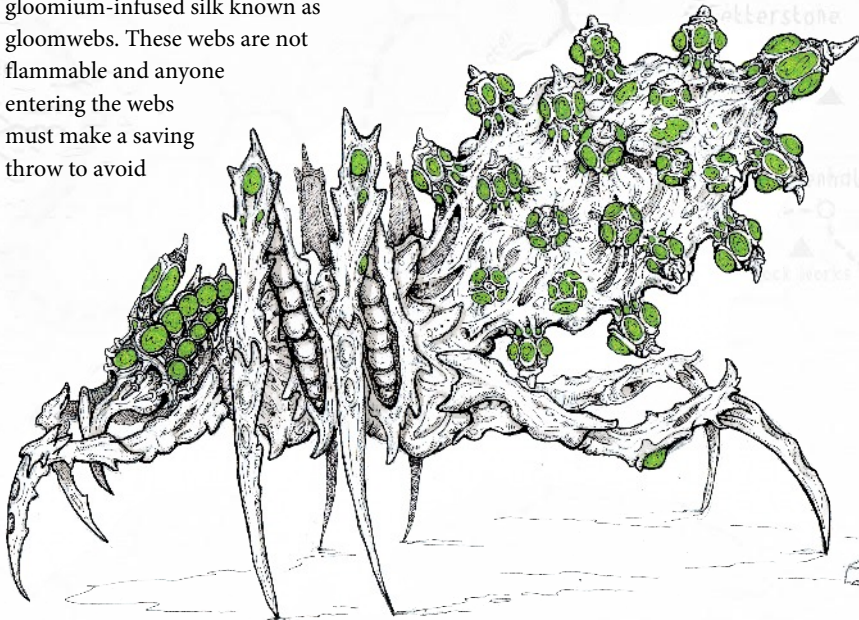
These horrid-looking spiders are known as the Spawn of Morgontula. Up to 10 feet in diameter and full of fangs, these terrible beasts are said to be the spawn of Morgontula herself. Whatever the truth, the vile spikes and green pus-filled boils mark them as different from the giant spiders found in the deep forests of the Haven Isles.

The Spawn of Morgontula spin webs of gloomium-infused silk known as gloomwebs. These webs are not flammable and anyone entering the webs must make a saving throw to avoid

becoming stuck. Those that make their saving throws can fight in and move around the webs at 5 feet per round.

A bite from a Spawn of Morgontula requires a saving throw. Failed saves cause 2d6 points of damage, as well as 1 point of STR, DEX and CON damage. This recovers at a rate of 1 point every hour.

Successful attacks against a Spawn of Morgontula have a 25% chance of bursting a pus sac. Anyone except the Spawn of Morgontula within melee range must make a saving throw or take 1d6 damage.



Tentacled Horrors of Middergloom

Tentacled horrors lurk in the depths of Middergloom, and the deeper you go, the bigger they get. Mostly, the large ones stay hidden down in the bowels of Deep Middergloom, but for reasons unknown, they are known to slither and pull their way to the surface and create mayhem, misery, and destruction.

They appear as seething viridian masses of glistening, pulpy flesh with clusters of eyeballs that blink and ooze amongst the weeping pustules and broken warts of their stinking skin. Then there are the tentacles. Varying in number depending on their size, these long, prehensile appendages, slap, grab, constrict, and pull. Sharp-edged suckers and

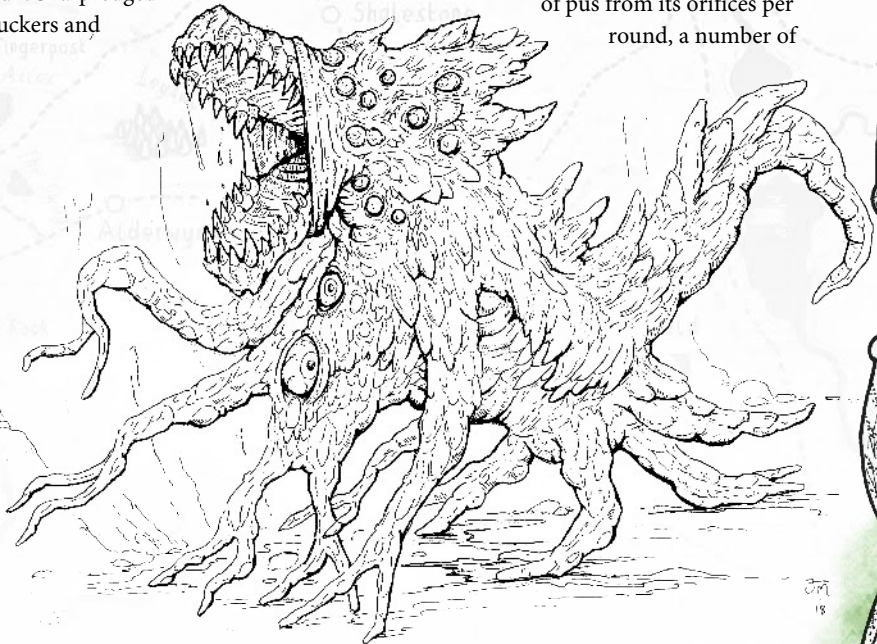
vicious pointed barbs line their length.

They move using the peristaltic action of the muscles on the underside of their bodies, aided by their tentacles which push and pull them where they need to go. They can squeeze through gaps and crevices much smaller than their vile body mass would suggest.

The following special abilities apply to Tentacled Horrors of Middergloom:

Constrict: On a successful hit, a tentacled horror can decide to constrict for an additional amount of damage for each tentacle, each successive round. A saving throw is required to break free from each tentacle.

Gloomium Pus: The creature can expel a / number of gloomium-laced globs of pus from its orifices per round, a number of



times per day equal to their number of whole Hit Dice. These foul-smelling excretions can be fired at separate targets up to differing ranges away and require a to-hit roll which excludes the targets' armour bonuses (Dexterity and magic bonuses are allowed). Each burning acidic hit causes varying points of damage initially and the same amount on each round unless 1 round is spent washing it off with water. Any armour worn by the target reduces the damage taken equal to the armour's bonus. For example, if a glob hits for 5 points of damage and the target is wearing Ring armour, the damage is reduced by 3, allowing 2 points of damage to pass through to the wearer's skin. Non-magical armour and shields can take as many hits by the globs as they have armour bonus, before they become unusable. For example, non-magical ring armour can take 3 hits before it falls apart. The creature cannot use this attack whilst it is constricting or attacking with its tentacles.

Damaged non-magical armour can be repaired at the Game Master's discretion.

Immunity: Some Tentacled Horrors are immune to damage caused by natural or magical acid, fire, cold, or electricity.

Telepathy: Tentacled Horrors from Deep Middergloom and deeper can communicate using telepathy. They speak with a deep, almost haunting, monotone voice that chills to the bone.

Lesser Tentacled Horror of Upper Middergloom

Hit Dice: 1+1

Armour Class: 8 [11]

Attacks: tentacle slap (1d4), constrict.

Saving Throw: 17

Special: Constrict: Does 1d4 points of damage.

Move: 6

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 2/30

At six feet tall, these are the smallest and least harmful of the tentacled horrors. Their single tentacle can melee attack a target up to 10 feet away.

Greater Tentacled Horror of Upper Middergloom

Hit Dice: 2

Armour Class: 7 [12]

Attacks: 2× tentacle slap (1d4 each), constrict.

Saving Throw: 16

Special: *Constrict:* Does 1d4 points of damage.

Move: 6

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 3/60

Slightly bigger than the lesser tentacled horror, it has an extra tentacle. The tentacles can melee attack different targets up to 10 feet away.

Lesser Tentacled Horror of Lower Middergloom

Hit Dice: 7

Armour Class: 4 [15]

Attacks: 4× tentacle slap (1d6), constrict, gloomium pus.

Saving Throw: 9

Special: *Constrict:* Does 1d6 points of damage.

Gloomium Pus: (2/day) Can expel 1d4 gloomium-laced globs of pus up to 30 feet away. Each causes 1d6 points of damage.

Acid Immunity: Immune to damage caused by natural or magical acid.

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 10/1,400

As the depth increases, so does the size, tentacles, and power of the tentacled horrors. These monstrosities can raise themselves up to a height of 12 feet. The tentacles can melee attack different targets up to 15 feet away.

Greater Tentacled Horror of Lower Middergloom

Hit Dice: 9

Armour Class: 3 [16]

Attacks: 6× tentacle slap (1d6), constrict, gloomium pus.

Saving Throw: 6

Special: *Constrict:* Does 1d6 points of damage.

Gloomium Pus: (3/day) Can expel 1d4 gloomium-laced globs of pus up to 30 feet away. Each causes 1d8 points of damage.

Acid & Fire Immunity: Immune to

damage caused by natural or magical acid or fire.

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 11/1,700

These beasts are rarer and seem more calculating than their lesser variants. They can raise themselves up to a height of 18 feet. The tentacles can melee attack different targets up to 20 feet away.

Lesser Tentacled Horror of Deep Middergloom

Hit Dice: 15

Armour Class: 0 [19]

Attacks: 6× tentacle slap (1d6), 2× tentacle slap (1d10), constrict, gloomium pus.

Saving Throw: 3

Special: *Constrict:* Does 1d6 points of damage.

Gloomium Pus: (3/day) Can expel 1d6 gloomium-laced globs of pus up to 50 feet away. Each causes 1d10 points of damage.

Acid, Fire, and Cold Immunity: Immune to damage caused by natural or magical acid, fire, or cold.

Magic resistance: 50%

Telepathy: The creature can communicate with telepathy.

Move: 18

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 19/4,100

These beasts are very rare. They can raise themselves up to a height of 30 feet. The tentacles can melee attack different targets up to 30 feet away.

Greater Tentacled Horror of Deep Middergloom

Hit Dice: 17

Armour Class: -1 [20]

Attacks: 8× tentacle slap (1d8), 4× tentacle slap (1d12), constrict, gloomium pus.

Saving Throw: 3

Special: *Constrict:* Does 1d10 points of damage.

Gloomium Pus: Can expel 2d4 gloomium-laced globs of pus up to 50 feet away. Each causes 1d12 points of damage.

Acid, Fire, Electrical, and Cold Immunity: Immune to damage caused by natural or magical acid, fire, electricity, or cold.

Magic resistance: 75%

Telepathy: The creature can communicate with telepathy.

Move: 24

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 22/5,000

There are less than fifty of these horrific monstrosities. They can raise themselves up to a height of 50 feet.

The tentacles can melee attack different targets up to 50 feet away.

Ancient Tentacled Horror of the Gloomium Core

Hit Dice: 25

Armour Class: -5 [25]

Attacks: 10× tentacle slap (1d10), 1× death tentacle slap (2d10 plus save versus death), 1× petrification tentacle slap (2d10 plus save versus petrification), constrict, gloomium pus.

Saving Throw: 3

Special: *Constrict:* Does 1d12 points of damage.

Gloomium Pus: Can expel 1d10 gloomium-laced globs of pus up to 200 feet away. Each causes 2d10 points of damage.

Acid, Fire, Electrical, and Cold Immunity: Immune to damage caused by natural or magical acid, fire, electricity, or cold.

Magic resistance: 90%

Telepathy: The creature can communicate with telepathy.

Teleport: (1/day) The creature can teleport without error.

Move: 24

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 32/8,000

Of these creatures, there are but three. They are known as the Odious Triumvirate, they are ancient, and some say older than any of the races and creatures on the surface.

They can raise themselves up to a height of 100 feet. The tentacles can melee attack different targets up to 100 feet away. The ancient horrors have two unique tentacle attacks known as the 'death tentacle' and the 'petrification tentacle'.

Vaco Magi

Hit Dice: 15

Armour Class: 1 [18]

Attacks: Weapon (7d6)

Saving Throw: 3

Special: Throw boulders, spellcaster

Move: 15

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 17/7,700

Vaco Magi are distant chaotic cousins of storm giants. Confined to the southern parts of the Scottish Highlands by their weaker, but more numerous brethren, the Vaco Magi must content themselves with reigning over the Scrotfolk and animals of the region rather than lording over the mountains to the north.

They can throw boulders for 7d6 points of damage and cast the following spells as 15th Level casters:

- **1× per day:** *Call Lightning, Control Weather, and Control Wind.*
- **3× per day:** *Clairvoyance* and *Clairaudience* (10-mile range), *Transmute Rock to Mud.*
- **At will:** *Obscuring Mist.*

Water Dung Beetle

Hit Dice: 2

Armour Class: 3 [16]

Attacks: Bite (1d6), special

Saving Throw: 14

Special: Dragon shit magic resistance

Move: 6, Swim 12

Alignment: Neutral

Challenge Level/XP: 3/60

Water Dung Beetles are much like their dry-land brethren, only much larger, being the size of a well-fed goblin, and a lot meaner. Deep black in colour with a green sheen to their carapace, Water Dung Beetles inhabit areas with large fish populations where they live off a diet of fish faecal matter.

Water Dung Beetles who happen to have been feeding on any kind of dragon shit develop 50% magic resistance and a bite that causes paralysis for 2d4 rounds unless a saving throw is made.

Wycheye's Constructs

Hit Dice: 4

Armour Class: 1 [18] granite armour and granite shield

Attacks: granite sword (1d8) or special
Saving Throw: 13

Special: *Shardshower:* Twice per day, the constructs can fire shards of sharp stone spikes from their palms instead of attacking. Range is 20 feet, and each use does 1d10 points of damage unless a successful saving throw is passed for half damage rounded up.

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutral

Challenge Level/XP: 5/240

Examples of these formidable fighting automatons can be found in the caves beneath Brig Tor.

Adventure

THE RATDOG INN

Refer to The Midderlands map, Hex 0304.

The Ratdog Inn lies within the border of Tealfordshire, sitting just north of the River Pig. It is reached via a northward path which winds through a small copse of trees and up a steady rise to its wooden door. You know this is the place, because it is the only place for a few miles, and because the owners have painted its name in three feet high letters above the porch – ‘TH|E RA|TD|OG|IN|N’. Yup, that is how it looks, the letters split by the oak framing of the upper floor.

Despite its size, The Ratdog Inn is not a common stop for travellers, being quite out of the way. Trappers and riverfolk use it on occasion, and there have been some weddings celebrated there, but for the most part it remains quiet.

The Ratdog Inn is run by the ‘well thought of’ Aitchison family. Rowan Aitchison is head of the family and has spent thirty of his fifty winters running the inn. Helped

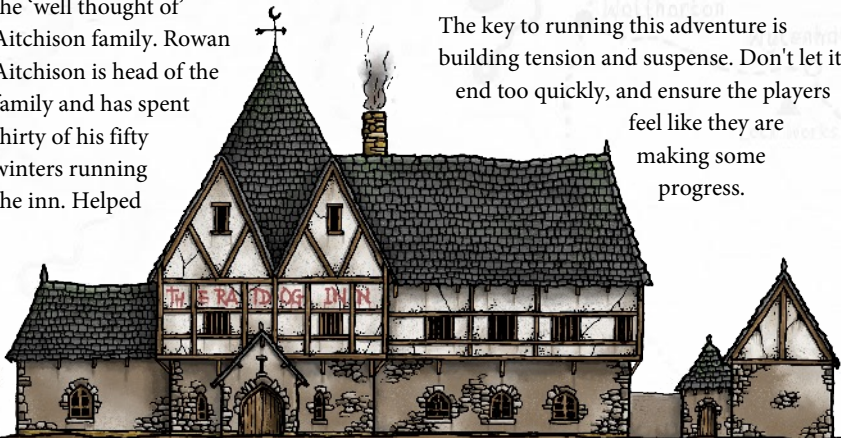
by his wife, Doris, and his twenty-five-year-old son, Ralph, they keep the inn running after a fashion. In addition to the family, there is a stable lad by the name of Adam, almost a teenager – his surname unknown, and a maid named Henrietta Hall, a pretty young thing in her early twenties.

Behind the inn are several small fields and enclosures where vegetables are grown and livestock are raised. Both the Aitchison family and their servants all help to tend the land around the inn, and keep good stocks, so only have the occasional need to rely on outsiders for supplies.

Before You Start...

This adventure is intended to be a horror/weird encounter and as such contains some quite disturbing details. That’s deliberate. The Midderlands is pretty vile in some places. Just make sure you are not going to freak any of your players out first – you want them to come back don’t you?

The key to running this adventure is building tension and suspense. Don’t let it end too quickly, and ensure the players feel like they are making some progress.



If your players are wary about going into the rooms, you are doing it right. Pat yourself on the back.

Here are some ideas to get the vibe right:

- Play at night. Run this session after dark in real life.
- Game autumn or winter. Set the session in the campaign's autumn or winter months so that it's cold and they will want to get to shelter rather than stay outside.
- Turn off the lights. Use a lamp so you can see your Game Master stuff, but be able to turn it away to make things darker for your players.
- Use hushed tones when wandering around the inn. Speaking quietly makes players listen and adds to the suspense.
- When you want to add impact raise your voice, bang on the table, or otherwise add a shock factor.
- Phones away. Tell players to not use their phones whilst you run this.
- Use the 'Tension Table' opposite to add in elements that will make the players feel like their characters are being hunted or haunted. Roll or pick something that fits the moment better.

The Ratdog's Gone Quiet

The player characters should make the acquaintance of Father Horatio Speckleton, a seventy year old member of the clergy residing in the chapel dedicated to Mithra in Leechfield. They could have answered an advert on a hiring board in Leechfield or any of the surrounding towns and hamlets.

RatDog Inn Tension Table

Roll 1d12	Tension Element
1	A loud thud from above, which sounds like a head hitting the floor, followed by blood dripping through the ceiling above.
2	The sound of a door slowly creaking open or closed. Can be from upstairs if the player characters are on the ground floor.
3	Debris falling down the chimney into the hearth.
4	A scratching sound coming from an opposite room. It sounds like nails on a blackboard.
5	A shadow running or climbing past the window outside.
6	You see a severed limb on the floor in front of you – blood still seeping from the veins and arteries.
7	A shadowy figure at the end of a corridor. It abruptly disappears.
8	A huge pool of blood and gristle. Drag marks lead away into a room behind a closed door.
9	The sound of something eating or drinking ravenously, then it stops abruptly.
10	The sound of a creature breathing coming from right behind you, but nothing is there.
11	An unholy screech from outside.
12	Moving light from under a door, but nothing there when the door is opened.

When they meet up with Father Speckleton, the frail clergyman wants some help in delivering a package to his friend and owner of The Ratdog Inn, Rowan Aitchison. He offers them two potions of healing and five gold quids each to make the journey to The Ratdog Inn to deliver the package. The gold is payable on return as long as the player characters return with a note of receipt from Rowan.

A week ago, Rowan wrote a letter to Father Speckleton in which he mentioned that strange 'goings on' had been happening at the inn. Rowan did not go into any detail about these, but enclosed 40 gold quids and asked for a silver holy symbol of Mithra to be delivered to him. This is what is in the package. Unless pressed, Father Speckleton will not reveal what is in the package or say anything about the strange 'goings on' as he fears that the 'spineless' adventurers will take the holy symbol, run off and melt it down. To ensure their lack of evil intent, the clergyman will cast *Detect Evil* on the player characters. If any are detected as being evil, Father Speckleton will confront them about their intentions and request that any devout player characters be responsible for the actions of those he does not trust.

The distance between Leechfield and the inn is 28 miles as the crow flies. By road, the distance is about 45 miles, making the journey about a four-day hike using the main routes. The Wattle Road heads westward from Leechfield to Tealford. Here, the road to Staffleford heads north-east. Five miles north-east of Tealford, a trail splits off northward from the road

following the county border before a stone bridge crosses the River Pig. A three-mile trek through the woods, and the inn sits on a small rise in the distance.

If the player characters open the package to find out what is inside, they will find a holy symbol and a note. The holy symbol is a simple affair, a silver disc suspended on a thick silver chain. Embossed on the disc is an image of a maternal-looking woman. Most characters will recognise this as the holy symbol of Mithra. The note reads: "*Rowan, I hope this finds you well and helps with whatever haunts you, Father Horatio Speckleton*".

Approaching The Inn

Poor weather, a bandit attack, or some other delay should ensure that the player characters arrive after dark – or at least at dusk. (This should serve you well, adding to the atmosphere.) There appear not to be any lights on in the inn, but a light smoke is visible, rising from the chimney. There are no obvious signs of life outside on the approach.

Behind the Inn

There are a few crop fields to the north side of the inn. Besides the fields, the inn has two cows and five sheep that graze the fields; a pig pen with two pigs; plus a chicken coop and several chickens. If the player characters venture behind the inn at any point and start looking around, they find the following:

Fields

The two cows are dead, both badly mutilated, their blood and viscera spewed

out onto the grass. Two of the sheep are in a similar state, whilst one is barely alive stuck in a fence. If *Speak with Animals* is cast on the remaining sheep, it is in a state of sheer terror, and just keeps mumbling "...the creature...", "...killed us all...", "...Larry and Shaun escaped...", and "...I'm the only one left here...".

Pig Pen

Two badly mutilated and partly-dismembered pigs can be found inside the pen. Either something was hungry, mentally-disturbed, or both.

Chicken Coop

A couple of chickens are still alive, covered in blood splatter. The rest have had their heads ripped off. If *Speak with Animals* is cast on the chickens, they only say that they were in the coop when something attacked the others. A long arm with a big, claw-like hand reached in and felt around, but they were hiding in the corner.

Courtyard & Outbuildings

The east side of the inn is enclosed by a fieldstone wall, ten feet high. A pair of ten feet high oak gates stand half open. A breeze makes them rock back and forth slightly, the hinges groaning.

Courtyard

The courtyard is a mixture of compacted dirt, stone, and grass. A few random blood drips can be found. They are recent – within the last day.

Well

The well has a three feet high surrounding wall. A wooden pail, with a 20 feet long rope attached to its handle, sits next to the wall. A series of wooden planks sit on top of the well wall and act as a cover of sorts. The planks have been moved and have some blood spatter on them. There is a blood smear on the inside of the well, as if something reached inside.

The water is 15 feet below the ground level. The bottom of the well opens into a small chamber filled with water from an underground spring. The silty, murky bottom of this chamber is a further 15 feet below the water surface. Also, there is a water-filled passage, approximately three feet in diameter, heading eastwards. After 30 feet the passage rises up above the water level and joins the passage leading to the River Caverns (refer to the Cellar map).

Stables

Inside the stables, the layout is divided into six separate stalls against the east wall. Each stall has a stable door – all partly open – and a feed trough. On the floor of each stall is a layer of straw. All the stalls are empty except the one against the shed wall. A disembowelled horse lies on the floor its face contorted in horror, its guts spilled across the stall floor, and the straw soaked in blood.

Tack & Harness

This room is used for storing the tack and harness for the horses in the stables. It also doubles as the sleeping quarters for the stable hand, Adam. His badly mutilated body lies here in a massive pool

of blood on the floor. His throat has been ripped out and one of his arms has been ripped from its socket.

Shed

Contains building maintenance and farming implements such as wooden ladders, hoes, rakes, shovels, spare roof tiles, sand, etc.

Bog

A simple stone building. Inside, it stinks as you would expect. It has a low retaining wall near the back supporting a worn, rectangular, oak seat. It is pierced with a one foot round hole. A few filthy iron buckets filled with shit and piss sit under the loose top.

External Sides of the Inn

None of the inn's windows have been cleaned recently, so they are covered in spider webs and grime. This makes it difficult to see inside, but if the window to the private meeting room is examined, there appears to be blood splattered on the inside of the glass.

Ground Floor

The ground floor of the inn is floored with fieldstone with mortar joints. The outer walls are three feet thick and the inner walls between one and two feet thick. Unless otherwise mentioned, all doors are unlocked, oak planked with iron banding, and two inches thick. All ground floor windows are oak framed, with low quality, lowland glass – all glass is grubby,

grime-covered, and has a lot of cobwebs across it.

South Entrance

These doors are closed, but unlocked. There is an iron door knocker in the form of a cows head. The doors lead into a porch with another wooden door which is slightly open.

West Entrance

These doors are locked.

Hallway East Door

This door is unlocked. A hand-sized, smeared, bloodstain can be found on the door just above the outside handle.

Taproom East Door

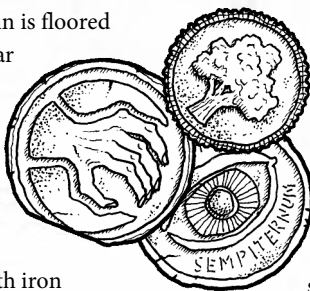
This door is locked.

Main Taproom

The main taproom is large. It has five circular oak tables, each with wooden chairs and stools, and an oak bar runs most of the way across north wall. A few empty glasses sit atop the bar and behind it, shelves hold more glasses as well as a few bottles of Middellands wine. A search

behind the bar will uncover two bottles of Nightsight Mead (refer to the TM book, page 72).

At the western end of the taproom is a recess. A small disturbance seems have taken place here, the tables seems to be out of position, and a couple of chairs have been toppled over. In addition, there is a bloodstain on the ceiling between the west



entrance and the hallway east door. This is from the mayhem in room D2 above.

Private Meetings Room

The door to this room is slightly open. Inside is a macabre scene. The decapitated head of a young man lies on a rectangular table facing the door, eyes closed. The decapitation was not made neatly, as if it was torn off. The body lies on the floor in the south-west corner of the room, almost shredded apart. A blood-spattered, silver-hilted, dagger lies near it.

Staff Room

The staff room door is locked. The key is on Rowan's body. If the player characters force the door, they find everything covered in blood and a huge puddle of it on the floor. It all appears to have dripped through the cracks in the ceiling. Besides a

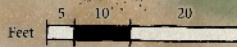
sink for washing glasses, the room's walls are lined with shelves and cupboards containing cloths, mops and buckets, empty demi-johns, spare empty glasses, and so on. In one of the empty demi-johns is a recently dead green-crested bottlejack. It looks to have died of fright.

Kitchen

Everything in the kitchen looks like it was in mid-preparation for a meal. A smouldering hearth lies beneath a large iron cooking pot filled with a still-warm stew. Also, cooked dangler fish and some midderland carp meat lie on the table prepared, but smelling decidedly unappetising. The room's cupboards and shelves are filled with kitchen paraphernalia – pots, pans, colanders, sieves, rolling pins, chopping boards,



Ground Floor Plan



knives, forks, spoons, spices, herbs, and so on.

Hallway

A wooden staircase leads up to the first floor here. Droplets of blood can be seen on the stair treads. A wooden handrail goes up the stairs, it is missing one baluster which appears to have been broken and lies in two pieces on the floor in the hallway.

Pantry

Three sets of shelves store various foodstuffs, including fruit and vegetables, grain, and baked bread as well as other comestibles. Two urns, full of slightly sour milk, also stand in the room. At the back of the pantry is a straw pallet and a small chest of female possessions. The latter belong to the maid, Henrietta, and this is where she slept.

Store Room

The door into the store room is unlocked. Lined with shelves, this room is a bit cooler and contains more perishable food items. There is also an oak trap door which leads down into the cellar via several cold stone steps. There are blood droplets and smears around the trapdoor.

Cellar

Ale & Mead Store

There is a stench of rotting meat here. The smell is coming from the gloomgool's lair to the east of the store.

The lair is accessed by an old secret stone door two feet square which is tucked away behind a row of casks. The rest of the room contains casks of ale and mead, and racks of wine bottles. The oldest bottle of wine is thirty years old and labelled 'Jakken Valley Reserve – A Fruity and Vivacious Red'.

Cold Store

This area is where wrapped meat is stored. This room seems colder than the ale and mead store. Most of the meat has been taken off the shelf, unwrapped, and thrown on the floor. The gloomgool entered this room because it could smell blood, but the meat didn't contain all that much, so it proceeded into the inn and outbuildings to search for it.

Lair

The lair consists of a small depression in the ground littered with detritus, bones, and internal organs sucked dry of blood.



The dismembered and mutilated body of Rowan's wife, Doris lies in the northern part of the lair. Her lifeless corpse is still damp as the gloomgool dragged her body down the well and through the water-filled passage.

Passage to the River Caverns

This passage heads south, but after about 50 feet another passage leads off to the water-filled cavern at the foot of the well. The main passage continues south for about half a mile to a set of water-filled river caverns that eventually emerge on to the banks of the River Pig about a mile downstream.

Passage to Lower Middergloom

This passage winds north and downwards through lichen-covered, water-filled, fungi-carpeted caverns into the Upper Middergloom. Stalactites, stalagmites, mineral formations, strange lights, and gloom-touched creatures thrive in these caverns. This is where the gloomgool surfaced from.

First Floor

Upper Hallway

The wooden staircase opens up into a hallway, with windows overlooking the courtyard and passageway to rooms.

Room A1 to A12 (except A3)

These rooms are identical. They each contain a straw-filled bedroll on the oak floorboards, a wooden chest for belongings, and a wooden pail for water to wash in. Each room has a window except for rooms A8 to A12.

Room A3

As the player characters approach this room, they can detect the metallic smell of blood. Its source is easy to detect – a large puddle of blood runs out from under the door. A dripping sound comes from within adding to a sense of foreboding. Furnished like the other 'A' rooms, this room is however, splattered with blood and viscera, whilst the badly mutilated body of a young woman lies sprawled on the floor. This was Henrietta, the maid.

Room B1

This is the bedroom of young Ralph, son of Rowan and Doris. The room contains a single bed, a chest, a bedside table, and a wardrobe. A hand drawn picture of the family hangs on the west wall, whilst one of the inn hangs on the south wall. Behind both pictures is a small hole that Ralph used to look into the corridor and hallway respectively.

Room B2

This is the main bedroom where Rowan and Doris slept. The room contains a double bed, two large trunks, two bedside tables, and a large wardrobe. There is also a desk and chair. The desk has two drawers, each containing various papers to do with the business of running the inn. On a clip under the drawer is a silver key.

The key opens a small strongbox which is hidden away in a small recess under a floorboard, under the bed. The strongbox contains the family's wealth – 3 middium goats, 12 platinum fivers, and 75 gold quids, as well as other assorted coinage

‘shrapnel’ and the deeds to The Ratdog Inn.

Room C1

This room contains a double bed, wardrobe, large trunk, desk with chair, and pair of bedside tables. A large rug lies in the centre of the floor.

Room C2 - Room for a Knight

Contents are as C1, but the room also has a hearth, still smouldering. This room is unusual, though. Two days before the gloomgool’s appearance, Ralph found a silver-armour-clad knight – unconscious and near to death – by the River Pig. He ran to tell his father, and they took a horse and bought him back to the inn. They placed him in this room and tended to some of the wounds he had received presumably from a roaming Middelands creature. His armour was removed and placed on top of the large trunk for when he regained consciousness.

The gloomgool can sense the silver in here and has opened the door to look, but has not gone inside. It knows there is blood here, but its fear of such a large piece of silver has made it angry and hate-filled.

The knight is Sir Uriah Fellchurch of Stonecastle, a man of thirty winters. He is a kindly soul. He will remain unconscious unless the player characters intervene to

- Room Guide:**
- A. Cheap rooms
 - B. Medium Rooms
 - C. Good Rooms
 - D. Luxury Suites



save him from slipping into a coma and then death. If revived, he has no idea about the happenings at the inn and will be shaky and unsteady and not really in a position to fight. The rest of his belongings are in the large trunk. They consist of a +1 longsword, +1 shield, potion of healing, and a pouch containing 24 gold quids. For saving him and killing the gloomgool, Sir Fellchurch will return home to Stonecastle and reward the player characters with 100 gold quids split between them.

Room C3

As C1, but the room also contains a hearth. A little warmth is still coming up from the kitchen hearth below. There is an iron pail with a poker and tongs next to the hearth.

Room D1

This room is one of the best rooms in the inn. Its centrepiece is a large, four-poster, double bed, with a huge trunk at the end. The room also has two bedside tables, two large wardrobes, a desk and chair, and a reclining couch. With its fine furnishings, the room is relatively opulent in comparison to the other rooms the inn has to offer, but now it is a scene of bloody horror. The body of what looks like it used to be a man is strewn around the room. This was the innkeeper, Rowan. His head lies on the blood-spattered sheets, his arms and legs lie in the four corners of the room, and his torso lies at the foot of the door as you open it, internal organs ripped out exposing his ribcage. Anyone entering the room and walking around is likely (3 in 6 chance) to slip over on the blood and viscera.

Under one of the wardrobes, Rowan's own two-handed, silver sword, 'Invictus' can be found. Rowan had retreated to this room with his sword, but the gloomgool – burning with bloodlust and rage at the presence of the silver overcame him

easily. The sword fell from Rowan's fingers and slid under the wardrobe. Invictus is a +1 two-handed, silver sword.

Room D2

Generally as D1, but without the horrific addition of Rowan's body.

Attic

Access to the attic space is gained via the hatch in the ceiling in room C2. The attic is an open space with supporting timbers creating dark nooks and crannies. There are some small openings in the wall in the gable ends which provide some feeble light.

The floor of the attic is quite weak and any character not using one free hand to hold on to the rafters and beams whilst traversing the attic space, has a 1 in 6 chance of falling through the floor into a room below. Attempting combat or any other 'ambitious' moves increases this chance to 2 in 6. When in the attic, the following additional Tension Elements can be used:

RatDog Inn Attic Tension Table

Roll	Tension Element
1d4	
1	A scratching sound, then quiet. Suddenly, a flock of panicked ravens flap out of the rafters and amongst the PCs. They head out of the openings in the roof gable ends. Each character should test for falling through the floor as per an 'ambitious' move.
2	A sudden gust of wind blows through the attic. You smell the metallic scent of blood - a lot of blood.
3	You see a shadow in the corner of the attic, you blink and it's gone. The hairs stand up on the back of your neck. Is there something behind you?
4	A handful of tiles from the roof crack and fall in around you. You hear the sound of something rapidly scampering across the roof and then it's gone.

The Gloomgool

This gloomgool still has some remnants of the intelligence it had during its original life as an assassin, and knows to close the secret door in the cellar, and also to open and close doors behind itself.

The gloomgool has a lair off the cellar, which is a depression in the ground filled with bones, viscera, blood, and rotting meat.

The gloomgool does not like silver at all. This is the reason why the gloomgool has not entered room C2 or entered the attic area. The knight's armour is made of silver and the gloomgool cannot go near it. It is why that room has remained untouched.

The gloomgool uses the cellar entrance and the well entrance as it needs. If it is being pursued down the cellar, it will escape and come up through the well. It pretty much has free reign to get where it needs to go. It will even squeeze up and down the chimney flues. A single flue goes from each of the four hearths up and out of the chimney stack. The gloomgool can enter the flue in the main taproom, scramble up the chimney to the top, then drop down the flue into room C3. It avoids the flue heading down into room C2 because of the silver armour.

The presence of the gloomgool should not be revealed too soon. The suspense and horror should be maintained as long as it is working and the players are engrossed in it.

Concluding the Adventure

It is up to the player characters what to do about the happenings at the inn. Maybe the player characters bump into a watch patrol checking in on the inn the following morning and they arrest them for murder. Having rescued Sir Uriah Fellchurch could be pivotal in proving their innocence, and even having the body of the gloomgool as evidence.

They could simply go back to Leechfield and inform Father Speckleton of the terrible news. He will make the payment he promised, and if they return the holy symbol, he will let them keep it with his blessing.



BENEATH BRIG TOR

This is not a specific adventure, but the location can be easily adopted for such.

Brig Tor is a rocky outcrop of rock that dominates the town of Brignorth, Tealfordshire. Brignorth is already detailed in the TM book on page 34. This section details more information about the trading place that is found there, and can be used as a place of interaction and adventure.

The map from the main setting book is reproduced on the opposite page. This is the key to the numbered locations, and expands on the original in the book:

1. Hightown
2. Lowtown
3. Highcastle
4. Joon's Villa
5. Vinethorn Lookout
6. Tourny Fields
7. Taxation House
8. Militia Barracks
9. Dunstan Forshaw's Forge
10. Jahmood Alkhan's 'Villa'
11. Baddams Swiftlock's Dwelling

Splitting the two parts of the town, Hightown and Lowtown, is Brig Tor. A one hundred and ten feet high sandstone outcrop carved by the River Sixx thousands of years ago.

In more recent times, early generations of settlers carved recesses and caves into the soft rock, hiding from the elements. These old openings have worn smooth with continual usage. Their uses have been many over time: from grain storage to

hiding places. Nowadays they are used primarily for trade. Most of the caves at the front of the tor form an almost-middle-eastern bazaar and are used to hawk wares of all descriptions. Some of the older caves further inside the outcrop are closed off, leading to places the public are not allowed to enter – assuming they would want to. The local inhabitants call the marketplace, the ‘Tor Bazaar’ or ‘Under Tor’.

Outside the Tor

The Tor Bazaar has numerous entrances, most in the south-eastern face, with one in the eastern face. Above each of these entrances hang the faded and threadbare pennants bearing the Highcastle coat of arms, a rampant black dragon on a red and off-white quartered field.

Taxation House

The taxation house is located to ensure that any goods sold in the bazaar are subject to the correct taxes being paid. These are gathered by Jethro Blackstock, the Knight's Collector. In the direct employ of Sir Hestel Vinethorn, Jethro takes all taxes collected to Highcastle at the end of each day. Jethro is a despised figure in the bazaar and he knows it. He takes great pleasure in the financial misery of the common folk of Lowtown.

It is not uncommon for braver townsfolk to be heard muttering curses behind his back or sometimes shouting, “*Fuckin' toss!*” before hiding in a doorway. Many would see him ‘thrown from the Tor’ – a common punishment for criminals in Brignorth, whereby wrongdoers are thrown, hands and feet bound, from the

Brignorth

To Ironbridge

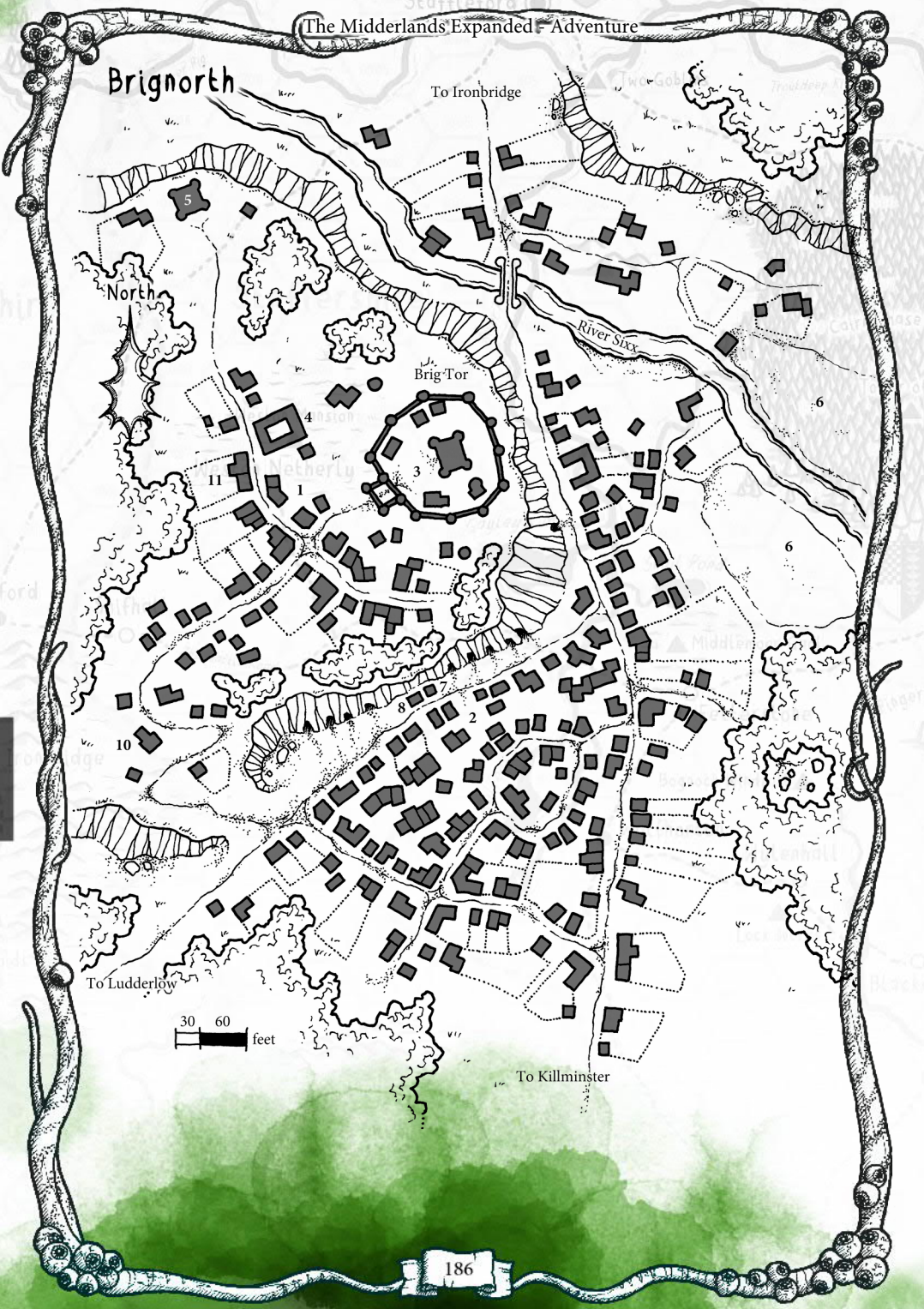
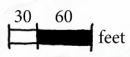
North

Brig-Tor

River Sixx

To Ludderlow

To Killminster



cliff at Vinethorn Lookout – but he is protected by Sir Hestel’s loyal militia based in the adjacent barracks and they know that retribution would be swift, disproportionate, and indiscriminate.

Militia Barracks

The Militia Barracks are home to twenty men-at-arms under the command of Captain Natiana Ironhand. Fierce and muscular, her good looks often belie her pugnacious nature and acid tongue. She has not long returned from fighting Mukdhim warriors in the East for two years and upon taking up a post in Sir Vinethorn’s service, has risen quickly through the ranks.

The guards wear ring mail and carry large tower shields. Their standard weapons are long iron-tipped spears and hand axes, but switch to clubs when quelling disturbances in the bazaar. At all times, two guards are stationed at entrances to the barracks and the Taxation House, plus another two outside the door to the

Knight’s Collector’s office. The remaining guards are inside the barracks either sleeping, eating, cleaning their equipment, or being mercilessly drilled by Captain Ironhand.

Inside the Tor

Tor Bazaar

There are currently some thirty or so trades and merchants working out of the caves and resources of Tor Bazaar. They are only the current traders, as Jethro Blackstock is more than happy to evict those that fail to pay their taxes and his ‘expenses’.

All the internal caves and recesses have wooden shutters across their fronts to prevent access out of market hours, which are usually sunrise until sunset. All external entrances have barred iron gates. The southernmost cave has a solid iron door.

No fires are allowed in the caves. In the winter



months, vendors wrap themselves in layers of cloaks and furs. Snot usually running from their frozen noses is wiped away leaving slug-like trails across their fingerless, coin-grabbing gloves. As soon as it starts to get cold in autumn, soup vendors also set-up outside the tor, paid for by Sir Vinethorn. Much to Jethro's annoyance, they distribute soup and warmth to the vendors inside for free, but charge everyone else. Anyone caught claiming free soup when they should have paid is taken in front of the Taxation House and given thirty lashes. Also, a pint of boiling hot soup is poured ever-so-slowly and ever-so-painfully over each hand. Sometimes, Jethro smirkingly carries out this 'honour'.

The Tor Bazaar is rife with urchins. Some beg for food from vendors or money from shoppers, some play games, some simply hang around. Although some merchants look upon them with kindness, others regard them as a nuisance and up to no good and regularly petition Jethro Blackstock to clear them out. There is some truth in this, as they will often work in groups to create distractions to lure the town-guard away from whatever their actual nefarious activities are.

Although each trader usually deals in one type of goods or service, they are not above dealing in items unrelated to their primary trade. Such items are often bartered for, rather than bought in coin. These are left to the Game Master to determine and can be of magical origin, unbeknownst to the vendor.

1. **Farris Fireworks:** Owned by the soot-faced middle-aged Patrick Farris, who sells all manner of celebratory fireworks. Its secluded location in 'south cave' is intentional as it is hoped that should there be an accident, any fire or explosion will not affect other caves and corridors. There is a limit on the amount of black powder that can be stored here, and the amount allowed in each firework. This is monitored by Jethro on Sir Vinethorn's behalf.
2. **Grime Brothers Butchery:** Richard and Dominic Grime are twin brothers in looks only. Richard is a mean-spirited bastard, yet Dominic is a kind-hearted and generous soul. Both are in their early fifties. They provide quality meat products, some of which they slaughter and prepare in the cave. A small drainage channel is cut into the floor against the western wall, leading out of the caves and into Lowtown. The metallic smell of blood occasionally wafts through the area.
3. **Redfeather Poultry:** Edna Tennant the poultry vendor is a dear old lady in her sixties. Several poles run across the ceiling of this cave, from which dead birds – chickens, ducks, geese, ravens, pheasants, and crows – hang on twine. Edna spends much of her time sitting and plucking feathers from dead birds and stuffing the feathers into cushions and pillows which she also sews and sells. Consequently, loose feathers dance in the tunnel breezes. As well as



Route upwards to
Vinethorn Lookout 39

Outline of Joon's Villa above

Route spirals
upwards to
Highcastle cellars

Outline of Highcastle above

40
Arduous route
downwards to
Upper Middergloom

Iron barred gates,
blocking passage

Off-limits
Public Access

Taxation House
Militia Barracks

Lowtown

Underneath Brig Tor Brignorth

Hex 0417

1 square : 10 feet



selling the birds, Edna also sells their eggs. She also sells Miederland magpies, but because of the superstition attached to them, she keeps these hidden away under her wooden counter. What she does not know is that one of the dead magpies had swallowed a ring before it was caught. The ring is magical and left up to the Game Master to determine.

4. **Fisherman Garbett:** This fishmongers is run by the black-haired and portly Matthias Garbett. A variety of freshly-caught freshwater fish are on offer here, such as barbel, roach, chubb, eels, and the occasional carp. Also, some saltwater varieties like cod, sole, and haddock – dried and salted – are brought in from the Emerald Sea to the north beyond Tealfordshire.
5. **Cotterill Fruit & Veg:** All manner of fruit and vegetables are sold here by Jemima Cotterill. Jemima is middle-aged and pretty beneath the dirt and soil which always marks her face. She sells sprouts, cabbages, carrots, parsnips, turnips, marrows, potatoes, and tomatoes. She buys in apples, oranges, and grapes as she has nowhere to grow them. Most of the items she grows are past their best,

but she tries her hardest on the small plot of land that she owns. Little does she know that her plot is being spoiled by one of her neighbours over a boundary dispute. The spiteful neighbour pours human and animal bile on it in the evenings while Jemima sleeps.

6. **The Waxen Goat:** This is a chandlery run by a frail old lady in her eighties, affectionately known as the 'Old Goat'. What she lacks in physical presence she more that makes up for in harsh words and poured scorn. Her cave is filled with all manner of wax products, candles, and herb-infused soaps. She is not allowed to light her candles due to the fire risk and her proximity to Farris Fireworks. She has asked to be relocated, but Jethro has refused without doubling her rent. She longs to make Jethro into bars of soap.
7. **Double Barrel:** The Double Barrel is run by Tom Cask the local cooper and hooper, although people dispute his last name as being authentic. Tom makes casks, barrels, buckets, butter churns, and hogsheds as well as any other similar wooden container or vessel. Tom is a muscular man with a pockmarked

face. In his dwelling in the north of Lowtown, he keeps several four-foot-tall barrels with hidden compartments. If the barrels are opened, they will be seen to contain onions in pickling vinegar. These onions are only a foot deep as below that is a false base under which are the pickled remains of several people he has murdered. Tom Cask is a serial killer having murdered and pickled twenty-eight people all over The Midderlands. Jethro and Tom seem unusually friendly towards each other, and consequently, the other vendors are cautious of what they say when Tom is around.



8. **The Old Forge:** These recesses are rented by the blacksmith Dunstan Forshaw as a sales outlet for what he creates at the main forge in the south-west of Lowtown. These recesses are run by his wife Maria and their nineteen-year-old son, Lucias. The recesses contain the following wares found in the *Swords & Wizardry Complete Rulebook* at an additional 20% of the cost (multiply cost by 1.2 and round up to the nearest gold quid).

a. **Melee Weapons:** All melee weapons except for lances and polearms.

- b. **Missile Weapons:** All missile weapons except for heavy and light crossbows.
- c. **Armour:** All armour, except for leather.
- d. **Shields:** All manner of metal shields, including bucklers, heaters, pavise, targe, kite, and mantlets. A painting service is also offered to allow shields to be customised for an additional 25% of the cost.
- e. **Ironmongery:** Nails, rivets, hinges, door handles, and any small generic iron parts.
- f. **Office:** This is the makeshift office used by Maria and Lucias. It contains stools, shelves, and a small wooden desk. When not making a sale they huddle in the back of the recess to keep warm from the breeze that blows in from the entrances.

9. **Gregor's Baked Goods:** Run by the master baker, Gregor Bakewell. Gregor used to work in the kitchens in Highcastle, but after a run-in with one of Sir Vinethorn's advisors, Isaac Ross, with regard to 'the suspicious nature of the meat content' of a pasty, he was removed from his post. Loaves, buns, pies, pasties, and occasional cakes are sold here. All are cold but can be taken and warmed up for free in one of the dwellings owned by Lauren Hamnett over the road from the northern entrances. Gregor has a deal going with Lauren for free loaves in exchange for

warming his goods. He is also secretly keen on her, having no wife, and her no husband.

10. **Alkhan Spices:** An olive-skinned, fat man called Jahmood Alkhan sells rare spices here, ‘from the lands across the sea’, as his sign proclaims. He also sells the usual Havenland garden herbs like sage and parsley. He wears a curved dagger tucked in a red sash around his wide girth and bellows his sales pitch at passers-by whilst beckoning with his podgy fingers, “Come, friend. Look at my fine spices. Cook with these and you will be imbued with the power of the Sheikhs of Sulamoon.” Jahmood is a fraudster of the highest calibre. None of his ‘exotic’ spices have come from further away than Duddingly. He uses flour, natural dyes, fine dirt, and flowers to create pungent ‘spices’. His most special creation is Powdered Greenjade Sap, which is delicately laced with small drops of gloomium, which he keeps in a vial locked away in his dwelling near Joon’s Villa in Hightown. A lot of people in Hightown have been feeling ill after eating or preparing meals cooked with the bogus spice, yet no link to it has been made yet.
11. **Well-Heeled:** This is the cobblers cave, run by Rufus Carling. A balding, bespectacled man in his forties, Rufus is a man of few words, but his shoes, boots, and leather foot-wrappings, are top quality and well-priced. The cave is filled with all manner of leatherworking tools and

leather off-cuts. Rufus makes footwear for the Highcastle guard, something that he is quietly proud of, saying, “An army does not march on its stomach at all! It’s the fuckin’ feet! And they should be looked after with good quality footwear.”

12. **Tor Tours:** As folk enter this area, they are usually accosted by Sybil Hall, the local tour guide, thrusting a parchment of rates and available tours. Sybil arranges for anyone that wants it, to be shown around the sights of Brignorth and surrounding environs – usually by an older member of the townfolk wishing to make a few extra coins. By her own admission, Brignorth looks like a boring Middelands town, but scratch under the surface and there is danger, savagery, and horror. Most of the details are wildly embellished from the merest hint of a fact.
13. **The Gilded Hen:** This cave is rented by the pawnbroker, Baddams Swiftlock and his family, consisting of wife, Pandora; two sons, Will and Dexter; and daughter, Mabel. They run a thriving business, such that he has a dwelling up in Hightown. Some speculate that he has contacts in The Silver Hand and his funds are sometimes used for activities that are not altogether lawful.
14. **The Gilded Hen Secure Storage:** This is where all the items brought in for exchange are kept. There are all manner of valuable items here, kept behind a locked door to ensure that they remain safe. Baddams has a

lockwork construct here (refer to the TM book, page 71) just in case anyone should break in. He pays a retainer to some of the Highcastle guard in the event that his amulet activates, so that he can arrive quickly on scene – and with armed backup.

15. **Brignorth Garments:** Richard Coleman is a tailor of questionable skill. He is a master of ill-fitting tunics, dresses, and gowns. Many folk think that his eyesight is failing, but he is too stubborn to admit it. His wife, Marcy, attends to the repairs and she is marginally better. The couple just about make a living. Richard has taken to brewing moonshine in his home, which is forbidden under the town by-laws for residents of Lowtown.
16. **Peece Pots:** The largest public cave in the tor is rented by Percival Peece, a potter and creator of earthenware pottery including tankards, bowls, pots, urns, and vases. Many folk chuckle as they walk past his sign, rudely pointing and proclaiming, “Ha! Piss pots!”. He ignores the ridicule, smiling to himself as the coins roll in. Currently, there are no other competitors in the pottery trade in Brignorth, let alone the bazaar. Consequently, his prices are 20% higher than those found elsewhere. It is thought that Peece has bribed Jethro Blackstock to ensure he maintains this monopoly.

17. The Eastern Recesses

- a. **Barbers:** Aslan Sadik is another traveller from the east. Black-haired with a long, handlebar moustache he is skilled in the art of shaving and cutting hair. Quick and adept with his cut-throat razor and hair snips, the rich folk of Hightown venture down to the Tor Bazaar to get their faces clean-shaven.
- b. **Oils and Scents:** An alluring and mysterious young lady, Eren Abbott wears a sheer, black, face veil and her scents are arresting. Many men have been captivated by her soft voice, mannerisms, and scents. Many women in the town are beginning to suspect she may be a witch, seeking to lure away the men of the town into the clutches of the devil.

The following areas are closed off from public use and contain property belonging to the town’s ruler. A town guardsman is always on duty here just inside the locked gate. He will not let anyone through except for another guard, Jethro Blackstock, or Sir Hestel himself.

18. **Food Storage:** All manner of long-lasting food is stored here. Grains, jerky, dried and smoked fish, salted pork, pickled vegetables, cheese, honeyed fruit, and preserves.
19. **Document Vault:** Many old documents from Highcastle are stored here, some stretching back to the beginning of the town. Records

of taxes, births, deaths, marriages, crimes, punishments, and expenditure. These records date back over a hundred years, with records from the last fifty years kept at the castle. Who knows what interesting facts and incriminating secrets might be found in the vault should someone manage to break in and have the time to sift through its contents.

20. **Maintenance Storage:** Many town maintenance items are kept here, such as spare timber for sign posts, cobblestones, empty gloombug lanterns, shovels, pitchforks, and the like.
21. **Ale Storage:** This cave is filled with casks of mead and ale. It is restocked weekly and once a week a consignment is moved up to the castle kitchens.

The following are in public use by vendors.

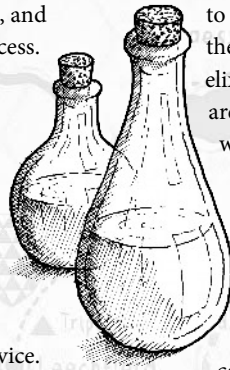
22. **Craft Recesses:** This area has a series of recesses rented by small arts and crafts businesses.
- a. **Lily's Woodcraft:** Simple wooden objects, some useful, some decorative, all small. Run by Lily Thompson, a thin lady with unkempt brown hair, in her mid-thirties.
- b. **Of the Gods:** Ivy Shuttleworth, a grey-haired woman in her late-forties sells all manner of religious items and paraphernalia – holy symbols,

statues, necklaces and pendants, tokens, and small wall-hangings. Generally made of wood or the less-precious metals like copper, iron, and brass. The wares reflect all the gods, even Morgontula!

- c. **Squires' Furs:** Boris Squires runs a furrier business from this recess. He hunts small animals at night, works in the tor bazaar all day until just before sunset, prepares the furs and skins from the previous evening, then grabs a few hours sleep and starts all over again. He has a good selection of skins and furs from common animals, and also a variety of mouseling furs, not to mention the skin from a large green-crested bottlejack.
- d. **Bigham Leather Goods:** Donald Bigham creates fine leather goods here, including belts, pouches, scabbards, and backpacks. Donald is also a prolific pickpocket. Most customers leave without a few coins, even if they did not buy anything. If rumbled, he makes a huge fuss and claims that the victim tried to steal from him, planting a small leather item on them in the process.
- e. **River Valley Art:** Felicity Ross is the daughter of one of Sir Vinethorn's advisors. She creates sumptuously-viridian landscape paintings using brushes made of her own hair.

23. **Aitchison Glass:** Here, Christina Aitchison sells the products that her husband, Norris, makes at his furnace on the outskirts of town. Shelves of glass bottles, jars, and vials line the walls of the recess. Every glass bottle has been filled with salt to prevent green-crested bottlejacks from gating into them and creating a general menace within the tor.

24. **Swift Missives:** Run by Prunella Sharpe, Swift Missives is a messenger service. She works with a scribe known simply as Dick who is an unshaven and haggard old man who wears fingerless gloves. He transcribes letters and messages for those that cannot write in amazingly neat and flowing calligraphy. Prunella employs urchins to run local messages and runners to carry ones to the next towns and hamlets. She can even arrange horseback riders for further afield or missives of importance, and even mud cow pack animals for heavier burdens. Her rates are keen, and she prides herself on her discrete service. Dick, however, is an alcoholic and after a few tankards of mead, falls asleep and mumbles about the messages of the day. The Silver Hand and Thirteen Barbels Cargo operatives often ply Dick with mead in order to discover the content of important messages.



25. **Tor Apothecary:** Obediah Hawkes runs the apothecary. Once a monk from The White Friary in Leechfield, he relinquished his faith and moved to Brignorth to focus on his love of the herbalist craft. His potions, elixirs, poultices, and medicines are said to be just the things for when you are feeling under the weather. Obediah is a trusted member of the community and his advice is taken almost without question. His cave contains work benches and shelves filled with labelled containers and vessels of raw ingredients, weighing scales, mortars and pestles, and twigs and herb bundles wrapped with twine. Obediah has been known to use copious amounts of leeches and has trepanned at least one unstable individual in recent times.

26. **Sixx Antiques:** Named after the river, Sixx Antiques is run by a charming and dapper gentleman in his later years. He is known as Mister J. Goldsworth Esq. and he is an antiques dealer. He does not sell or purchase anything younger than fifty years old and is particularly keen on furniture and walking sticks. No one has yet found out what his first name is.

27. **Tanner Jewellery:** The middle-aged, blond-haired, Elspeth Tanner runs a jewellery shop from this cave. Most of the work is costume jewellery, but she does have some real treasures hidden from view. She waits and

gauges a folks 'means' before asking if they want to see her high-end items.

28. **Highcastle Scripts:** Named after the castle in Hightown above, this cave is home to two scribes, Percy Rogers and Hetty Thrope. They both have distinct styles, but they create beautiful illuminated manuscripts and parchments. They are often commissioned to produce the town's decrees and by-laws in written form.
29. **Silverwork by Cuthbert:** This is where Cuthbert Rubery sells his silversmithing work, including candleholders, tobacco cases, special tankards, cutlery, rings, and bespoke jewellery pieces. Cuthbert is a master craftsman and he has recently accepted a secret commission from the clergy of Leechfield to help craft a religious item.
30. **The Gambling Area:** Nicholas Gillott, a Gaulandian exile, stages all manner of gambling contests here, including centidemonpede racing, bare-knuckle boxing, dog-fights, cock-fights and all manner of bloody barbaric pastimes that can be bet upon. He is wanted in his homeland for several counts of embezzlement and impersonating a noble. Jethro Blackstock caught him cheating and blackmailed him into running the den. He takes a hefty cut of the profits, of course. The pathway to the north is blocked by a heavy iron gate, which is guarded by two town guardsmen built like brick shit-houses. They look very unfavourably

on being bribed, or any attempts to get past them.

The caves deeper into the tor are barred with iron gates. These prevent anyone except the very determined or those with a key from going deeper into the tor.

Past the Iron Bars

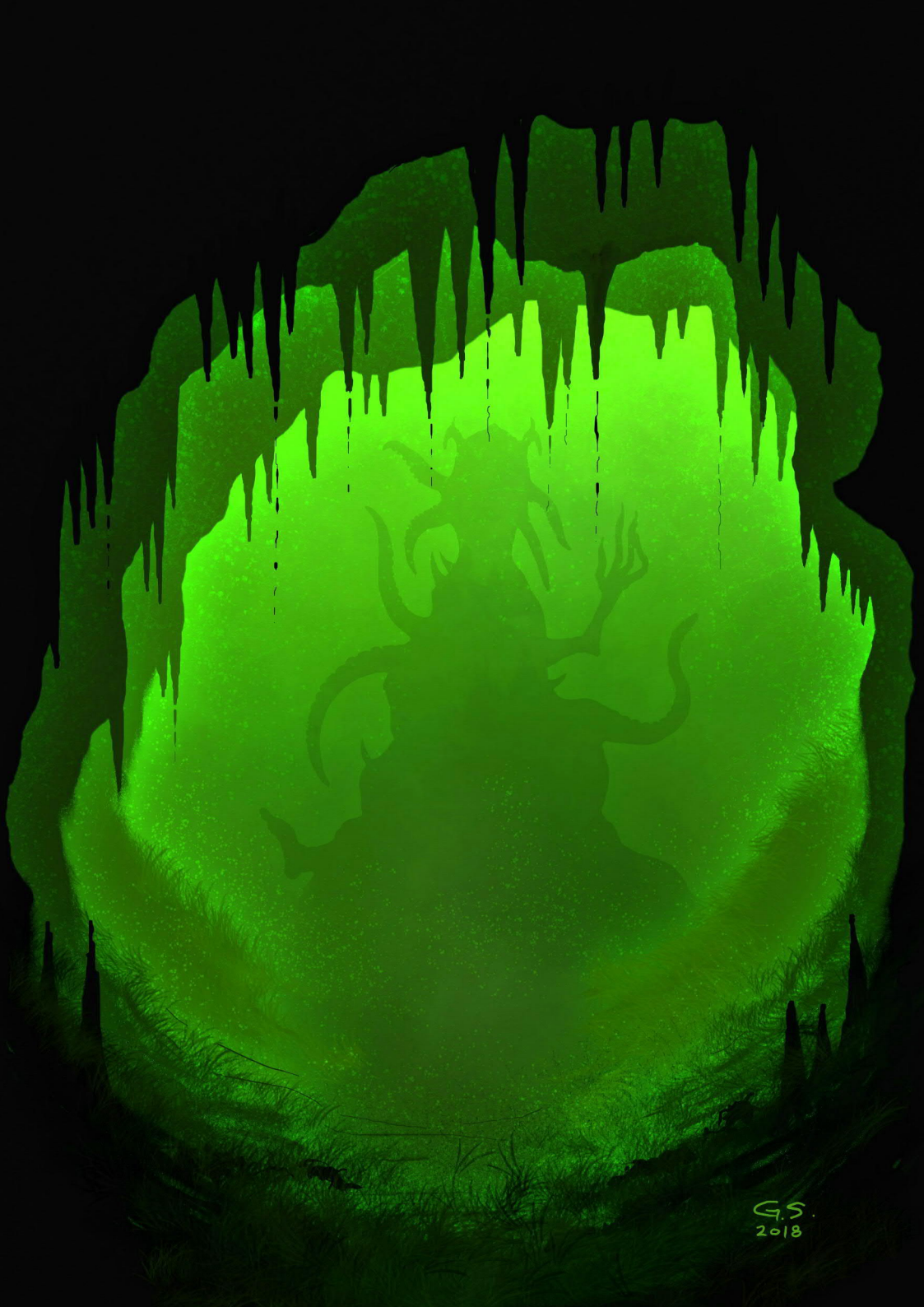
Beyond the iron bars, most of the caves belong to the ruler of Brignorth, but there are some that lead further down into the Middergloom. No one enters these caves if they can help it, lest someone should wake something indescribable.

31. **First Outpost:** Past the locked gate, carved steps descend down into this cavern. A further locked gate lies up ahead. Either side of the cave, out of sight from the Gambling Den, the room has been prepared for quick barricade and defence. Large shields, heavy crossbows, a ballista and ammunition are stored ready for action.
32. **Castle Outpost:** Like the First Outpost, this room has been prepared as a line of defence.
33. **Last Stand Chamber:** This chamber contains rows of kegs marked 'Danger'. These are all filled with gunpowder and designed to cause the tunnels and caverns underneath the tor to collapse should unspeakable things come from the Middergloom below.
34. **Secret Passage to Castle Cellars:** This secret passageway is located behind carefully-crafted stone doors. The passage spirals up to a vertical

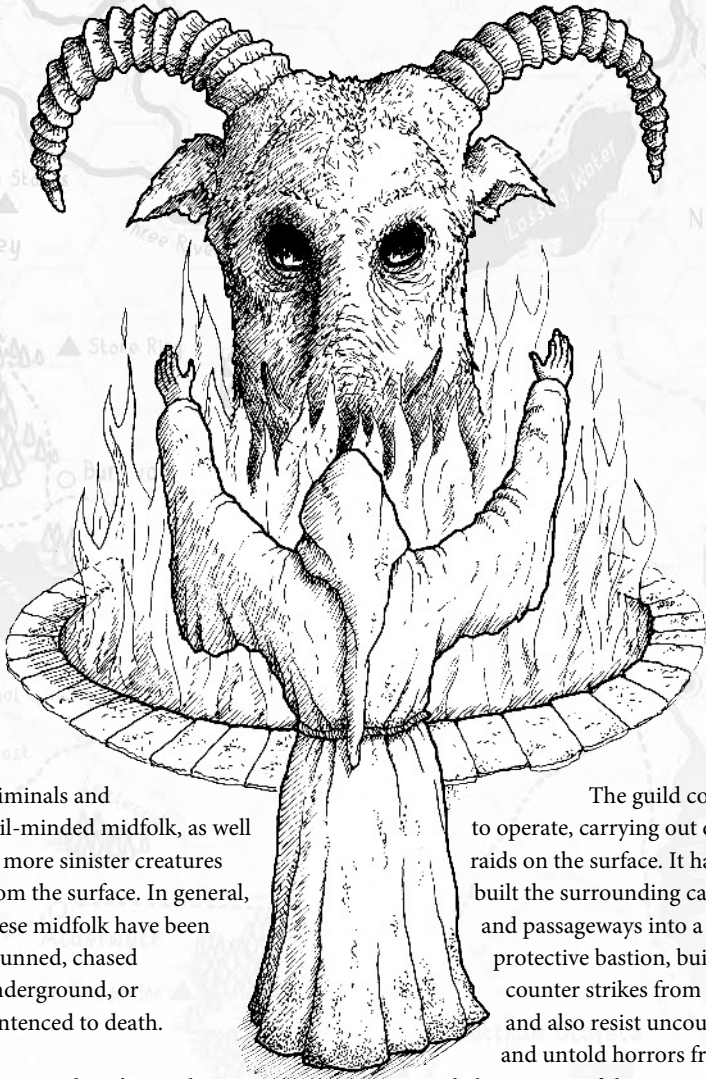
shaft whose iron rungs lead further up to a stone door which opens into a small room in the Highcastle cellars.

35. **Trap Chamber:** This chamber lies at the end of a gradually descending tunnel. The chamber is lined with a sticky sap which traps any creature that steps into it. Wriggling makes it worse. It acts like the *Web* spell except that the sap cannot be set alight and will not burn. Only three successive saving throws allow escape. An attempt can be made every turn. The chamber contains the corpse of a would-be thief; his Middium Ear Dagger still in his withered hand.
36. **Boulder Chamber:** This chamber contains a huge six-foot diameter boulder, hewn to resemble a rough sphere. This huge rock is wedged into position by several oak beams, each of which has been tied with ropes. By cutting the ropes and pulling on one of the timber supports, the boulder can be released to roll down the tunnel.
37. **Water Chamber:** A huge timber vat filled with stagnant water occupies most of this chamber. As with the boulder in the adjacent chamber, several oak beams tied with ropes hold the vat in place. By cutting the ropes and pulling on one of the timber supports, the vat will tip over and release a torrent of water down the tunnel.

38. **Hall of the Constructs:** The walls of this chamber have an eerily faint green glow. In each recess is a stone statue of a 7-foot, battle-ready warrior in plate armour carved from granite. These statues are known as 'Wycheye's Constructs' (see Bestiary section) and are ready to defend the passages beneath the tor from trespassers from the Middergloom below. The constructs have existed for over three hundred years and have activated and fought back the denizens from below on two occasions without casualty. They were created by Silas Wycheye, renowned artificer and mage who served as advisor to several of Brignorth's previous rulers. A stone ring worn by Sir Hestel Vinethorn allows him to give the command to activate the constructs.
- a. **Secret Passage:** In the back of this recess behind the construct is a secret door.
39. **Secret Passage to Vinethorn Lookout:** This passage winds up to the basement level of Vinethorn Lookout.
40. **Passage to Upper Middergloom:** This passage leads to the Upper Middergloom. The route is treacherous and filled with danger at almost every passage and cavern. Many dark things – as well as gloom-touched creatures – wait in the murk, plotting sinister deeds. The route down, as well as parts of Upper Middergloom, are also the hiding and gathering places for various



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criminals and evil-minded midfolk, as well as more sinister creatures from the surface. In general, these midfolk have been shunned, chased underground, or sentenced to death.

About an hour's travel down green-tinged pathways and through verdant crystal formations stands the secret stronghold known as the Caverns of the Blackened Horn. The Blackened Horn is an old guild of exiled thieves, fighters, and assassins originally established two hundred years ago.

The guild continues to operate, carrying out daring raids on the surface. It has also built the surrounding caverns and passageways into a protective bastion, built to counter strikes from above, and also resist uncountable and untold horrors from

below. Many of the craven who have fled into the Upper Middergloom nearby either join Blackened Horn or at least work for it as a matter of survival. The guild is led by a spell-casting assassin known as The Black-horned One who claims to have been the one who founded the guild.

Adventure Hooks

Cerulean Serpentkings

In the coastal waters – where the stinking and fetid Great Thameswater passes through Great Lunden and spews it's not-even-a-bit-fresh water into the putrid, green, salt-ridden sea – bubbles of methane break the surface over a huge area. Monstrous tentacles rise forth from the frothing mass, glowing a luminous, azure blue. These gigantic, vile appendages point towards Havenland, then sink back into the swirling, turquoise depths.

Longboats, lined with round shields decorated with depictions of chaos and death, sail from the north-east.

The figureheads carved into skeletal

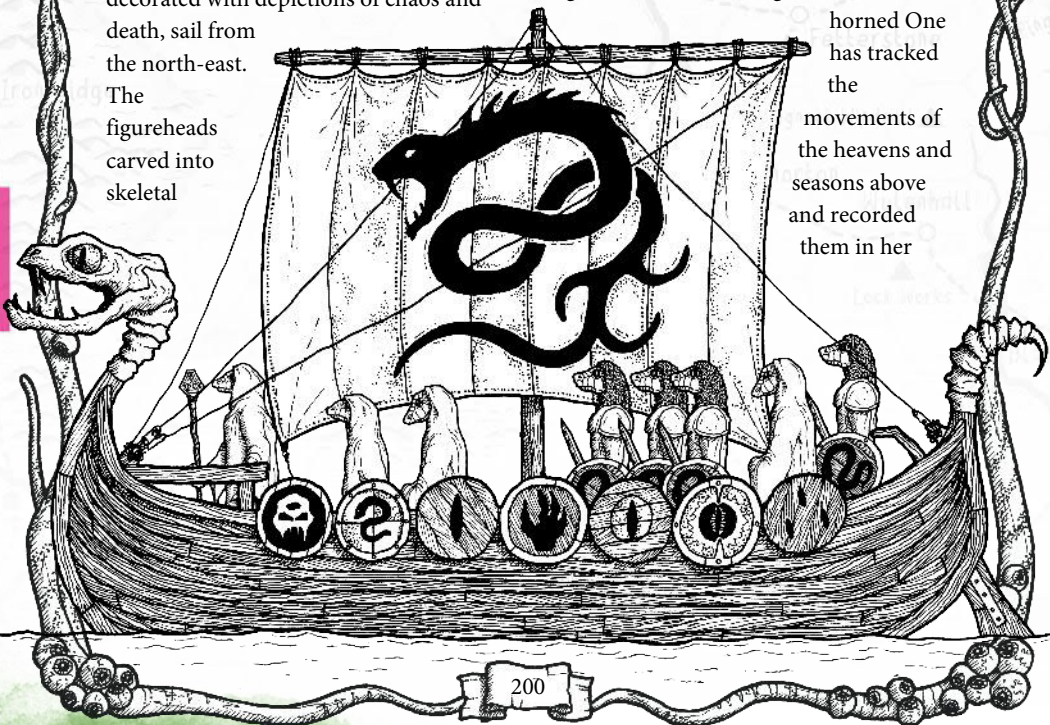
snakes and sharp-toothed lizards painted with shades of blue. The boats are crewed by cloaked serpentmen. Their cerulean eyes glowing menacingly from below hooded mantles.

The Serpentkings are coming!

Dread Almanac of The Black-horned One

Dwelling far beneath the earth almost directly beneath Brignorth, The Black-horned One is thought to be more of a myth than a threat. After seventy years, she still commands and dominates a motley crew of murderers, vagabonds, and psychopaths. She herself, is still a cruel killer that some say was, and is, part-woman, part-devil. Over the years she has been down there, in the turquoise-hued glow of luminous fungi, The Black-

horned One has tracked the movements of the heavens and seasons above and recorded them in her



almanac. This is not all that she records on its pages and over time, it has become much, much more – a malevolent work, smeared with diabolic writings, scrawled with devil-script, and reeking of depravity and sinister intent...

Should any adventurers have cause to use the trails through the wooded areas south east of Abbots Bream, they will come across a black-cloaked body lying face down on the trail. On further inspection, it is the body of a middle-aged, midfolk male, his face contorted in horror. He has an empty, leather messenger's satchel strapped around his shoulder. In his cold and pale hands, he clutches an old, leather-bound tome, marked with strange writing. It appears like the man had recently attempted to view the contents of the book.

Suddenly, a foreboding, bitter wind whistles through the trees, sounding like ghostly, female voices.

"The almanac belongs to me."

Pirates of Blackover

Five years ago, a crew of twisted pirates made their abode within a network of caves and passages in the cliffs north-east of Blackover. Able to watch the channel traffic and attack under the cover of night, The Takers of Blackover, as they call themselves, have plundered many riches from the trade ships passing back and forth destined as trade between Havenland and Gaulandia. They have also acquired many gloom-touched mutations and strange psychic powers from having

lived so long within the gloomium-soaked caverns. In the last year, the traders of the south-east coast have banded together to offer a bounty to anyone that can help rid the waterways of this menace.

Placate the Vaco Magi

Towering deep in the highlands of Scotland is the barren, double peak of Mount Nevis, home of the mighty Vaco Magi. Living in a vale under the ridge formed between Mount Nevis and its neighbour, Carnmord. These wizard-giants are rumoured to control the weather of the Highlands, sending storm-filled clouds out at their whim to punish the surrounding lands.

The famed seers in the remote village of Pitlock have received a congregation of Highland clansmen seeking an audience. They have requested to know what needs be done to appease the seemingly-angry giants, as there have been several years of harsh winters, lightning-filled summers, the flocks are thinning, and the crops failing. Having scried over oil-covered water, the seers have declaimed the following:

"The accursed cousins of the lords of the sky are angry. A new child has been born unto them, and tribute has not been made. An envoy must go bearing wealth and food. A suitable 'childgift' must be taken, of a magical nature and a whimsical personality."

GM Note: While the party may be asked to accompany or even deliver a treasure horde themselves, a perhaps more

interesting mission would be a search for a suitable 'childgift'. Perhaps a Wand of Whimsy or a Scrotoscope, or something similarly entertaining. Certainly, a party willing to brave the lair of some Intestinal Hawks could find something suitable.

Seventh Son of a Seventh Son

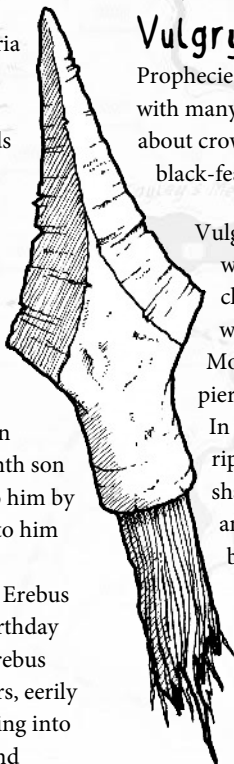
Somewhere hidden amongst the valleys and mountains of Cymbria is a reclusive family of farmers. They live on a sprawling farm tending flocks of sheep and herds of goats. The family elder is the sexagenarian, Bartholomas Blackwater, who is married to Elitha. They have seven sons who all tend the farmlands around them. Their eldest son, Hedderack, now in his forties, is married to Jezebeth and together they have also had seven sons. This seventh son of a seventh son is called Erebus, a name given to him by his father after it was suggested to him by an elderly white woman in a particularly vivid dream he had. Erebus has recently reached his sixth birthday and shit is getting weird, with Erebus exhibiting unusual arcane powers, eerily foretelling future events, and going into trance-like states. The parents and grandparents are fraught with worry at what this all means and what dangers it might bring to the family.

Although every effort has been made to prevent word of Erebus' strangeness from reaching the wider world – limiting the

boy to the confines of the farm and never allowing outsiders onto the farm – news of his existence has somehow leaked. With witchfinders always sniffing out rumours and whispers of chaos and heresy, it will not be long before they begin heading north to look for the Boy-witch of Cymbria.

Shit-tipped Spear of Vulgryph

Prophecies are rife in the Midderlands, with many of its folk being superstitious about crows, ravens, magpies, indeed any black-feathered birds.



Vulgryph is the deity of birds and wealth, and in a legendary climactic battle above the clouds with the dreaded spider god, Morgontula, a thrown spear pierced Vulgryph right in the hoop. In an agonising rage, Vulgryph ripped out the spear, breaking the shaft near the tip in the process, and flung both parts to the earth below. Some detractors refer to Vulgryph as 'The Big Bird wi' Two Shite Holes'.

It is said that when the business end of the Shit-tipped Spear of Vulgryph is found, all of the crows, ravens, and magpies across Havenland will wreak havoc upon the lands and peoples, descending in droves to peck at other wildlife and livestock as well as Havenland folk, plucking out eyeballs and feasting on the carcasses of the poor and weak – which is most of the populace.

A farmer ploughing his fields northeast of Waterhorton recently found a huge, rusty-iron spear tip, measuring 10 inches long. It could be any giant spear, but the end of this one is covered in undeterminable, ancient matter. News of the discovery, and the sighting of increased numbers of ravens around Blackstone Watchtower in Weeshaw to the north west, is starting to generate panic amongst some of the Warrickshire folk.

White Horses of Ashenby

Overnight, a series of thirteen white-painted, fifty-foot high, horses have appeared emblazoned on the side of Ashenby Stronghold's walls. No one knows how they got there and it seems that no one saw anything during the darkness.

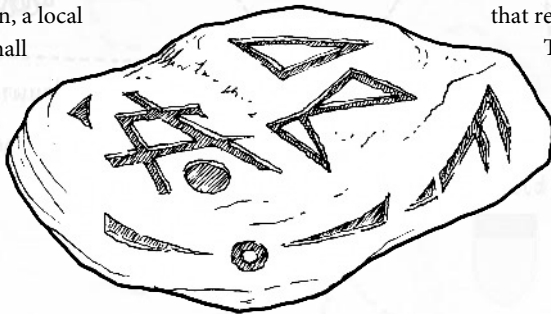
Also, one house in Ashenby has also been painted white overnight. It belongs to Walter Copperton, a local witchfinder of small renown, and he has no idea how his house came to be painted either.

Watcher and the White Cairn

A group of grey-cloaked travellers from the north-western region of Havenland have made their way to the outskirts of Wolfhorton and set up a camp of tents and shelters. They number roughly fifty members and they do not speak - each has had their tongues cut out. They do not share anything of their journey or why they have congregated outside the town.

Over the last three days, they have gathered large, smooth stones from the shores of the Wolfenwater and painted them white, before engraving them with strange symbols infilled with green dye from local plants. These activities have become a source of much debate in the inns and taverns of Wolfhorton, with many different explanations as to why and what they are doing.

The stones have been piled up like a cairn at the foot of an ancient yew tree that residents call The Watcher.



Hex Locations

The setting currently has two hex maps.

The Midderlands hex map, which is hexed in a two-digit column, and two-digit row notation. For example: 1815.

Also, The Haven Isles hex map, which is hexed in a single letter column, and two-digit row notation. For example: H12.

The notation should easily suggest which map the hex location refers to depending on whether it starts with a letter (The Haven Isles map) or a number (Midderlands map).

The following hexes refer to The Haven Isles map.

Hex C31 - Lord Cerney's Mount

This small island is accessible from the mainland via a small causeway available at low tide. Standing at the centre of the island are the ruined walls of an ancient monastery, which according to legend, was built by Lord Cerney. The legend states that he ordered it built after his wife disappeared on the island during a storm, so that the followers of The Gods could ensure the safe passage of his wife's being into the afterlife. However, twenty years after its completion, a great storm left the monastery in ruins. In the green spray and lightning flashes of the storm, some claim to have seen mammoth tentacles smashing the walls down and dragging the monks to their doom.

Others say the song of sirens could be heard among the wails of the wind. Over the years multiple attempts to live on the

small island have been made. Each one failed, with no new settlement lasting longer than a single night, all trace of the would-be inhabitants having disappeared by the following morning.

Hex G07 - Sleeping Gardens

Along the River Dusk, due south of Glasshollow, the infamous Sleeping Gardens of Drum Clough await the ill-prepared traveller. Leftover from the great battle of Drum Clough, the gardens are filled with sleeping combatants from both sides of the conflict. The memories of the battle itself are lost to all, although it may run on in the dreams of the sleepers that have rested in the centuries since. The battle took place when the Bloody Cleavers of Eden Burg were sent to disrupt the druidic Festival of the Great Moon. As the Cleavers approached the festival, the ground beneath turned to mire, trapping them just outside the circle of druids and forcing them to watch as the druids continued their ritual unabated. The ritual was brought to fruition as the moon rose to its peak, but it did not go as the druids planned. One of the Cleavers, Craigie Trundall, had not been caught in the mire and managed to slip unseen into the circle and substitute one of the ritual herbs vital to the ceremony. As the golden rays of the moon hit the boar sacrifice and herb offerings placed on the circle, an olive cloud spread throughout, leaving all in an eternal slumber, neither living nor dead.

On the anniversary of the battle, under the rays of the Great Moon, Trundall rises from his slumbers and pipes a lament for

the lost shirefolk. Never a good musician and only playing once a year, Craigie’s lament is more wail than tune. This annual wailing has only exacerbated Drum Clough’s haunted reputation.

Entering within the cloud-covered field is easily and safely done. Anyone who touches one of the sleeping Cleavers must make a saving throw or enter the dream battle. Stuck in the mire, the character must escape the circle while avoiding the blazing fires thrown from the fingertips of the ghostly druids. Conversely, a character that touches a slumbering druid must read forth the words scrawled in the dirt of the field as crossbow bolts fly towards them out of the mists. These dream encounters are left to the Game Master to have fun with but succeeding at either task allows the character to awaken. The Game Master could use a series of consecutive saving throws or rolls under an ability score to awaken. Touching that same Cleaver or druid again does not trigger the sleep but touching any other will. The soldiers have weapons – axes, swords, and daggers – and small shields and a meagre amount of ancient coins on them, while the druids have herbs no longer known to the Scottish, each possessing various mystical powers.

Hex K08 – Hauberk

Nestled in a valley just west of Grimicus Keep, the quiet, small town of Hauberk survives under a centuries old curse. The entire town, plus the immediate surrounds out to a distance of a quarter mile in all directions, is under a spell of silence. Legends vary as what exactly led to the curse, but most agree on the basics.

Sleeping Garden Druid Herb Table

Roll 1d6	Effect
1	Sleep soundly for 20 minutes, gain 1d3 Hit Points.
2	Wisdom increased by 4 for 4 hours.
3	Numb to pain, add 2d4 temporary Hit Points (last until damaged or 2 hours pass).
4	Extreme dizziness, any augury, clairvoyance, or similar efforts have improved range, duration, or likelihood of success; any physical effort is made at a -2 penalty on all rolls for one hour.
5	Skin turns blue for 24 hours; any effects from gloomium are nullified.
6	Rancid weed causes a loss of 2 points of Constitution and a -2 penalty on all saving throws for 24-hours.

A priest living in the centre of town had spent days, weeks, or months in prayer, hoping to receive word from his god, Gael. What word he was hoping for is unclear, but the part about the neighbourhood children suddenly running through his garden hooting and hollering is pretty consistent in any version of the tale told. The priest, Father Angus, unable to hear the end of the godly message that surely would have led to world peace, or perhaps great wealth, could not contain his frustration and having an open conduit to great power, let loose with his curse, causing the town, barring one day a year, to be silenced until Gael’s own chalice is filled with aqua vitae

from the town's still. It is the still that has kept the people of Hauberk from simply leaving, for cursed though they may be, they are also blessed with one of the most powerful artefacts known in Scotland—a Gloomium Still. In an underground grotto beneath the town square this strange stone contraption does its intoxicating work. The townspeople place grain in a large, stone, crown-shaped bowl and, drop by drop, a slightly-verdigris yet golden fluid seeps from the rocky points of the crown. With a steady supply of grain, the Royal Distillers of Hauberk produces a barrel of Hauberk Gold a week – enough for the townsfolk to enjoy the occasional cup, enough to trade to the Havenland militia stationed at Grimicus Keep – thus ensuring one of the few incidences of friendly relations between Havenland forces and local Scrots north of the border, and enough for the distillers to have been dubbed 'Royal' for the barrel they send to the queen each year. As well as occasionally walking out to the fields just for the chance to talk and even shout, the Hauberkfolk have developed a complex sign language which can be unnerving to visitors they first time they come to town.

'Bampot Day', is a raucous, noisy festival which runs from midnight to midnight on the one day a year when the curse is lifted and everyone can be heard in the town. On that day, Hauberk is flooded with all manner of entertainers, merchants, and comen. The day usually ends in a duel-off between bagpipe players. The winner is the toast of the town and leaves with a bottle of the golden nectar collected from the Gloomium Still. While there are many

in the town who would be excited for a party of adventurers to seek Gael's Grail, there are some who fear that the breaking of the curse may come with a great price—the loss of the still. Fortunately, none of them have any idea if the cup even exists, let alone where it might be.

Hex L02 – The Grammpshire Flats

Salt! Salt and salt worms. Salt, salt worms, and the chance to get fabulously wealthy. The Grammpshire Flats extend over several miles in both directions and are composed of pure, flavourful, rose-coloured salt just lying there for the harvesting. Except for the salt worms. These are the creatures that produce the salt. Living in a great network of tunnels that reach as far as the coast, these large ochre-coloured and salt-encrusted beasts sweat salt. Some of the salt comes from plants, but mostly, it comes from the flesh they live on. Able to carve through the salt with the aid of sharp proboscises, the salt worms sensing movement pop up to the surface to stab their prey before dragging it back down to one of the caves below where they can consume their meal in peace and quiet. Over the centuries, many an entrepreneur, hopeful of striking rich by selling a cartful of the salt in the larger towns to the south, has been swallowed up along with their poor servants. This, of course, means that the caves must be littered with all sorts of indigestible materials – silver bars, golden rings, magical cloaks, and so on. All just waiting for the right person or fool, to break the salt crust of the Grammpshire Flats.

Hex L15 – The Pharoons

Somewhere amongst the peaks here, sits a secluded and sheltered valley. A dozen men and women work tirelessly to uncover the truth and rumours of a lost civilization said to lie just below the surface. The team, whose members come from across Havenland, have gathered together after their leader, Milk Ashton, convinced the Queen herself to fund the expedition. He has assured her that the expedition will uncover the great wealth of an ancient civilization, which Milk has named ‘the Pharoons’.

His second-in-command, Philip Harness, has already uncovered a series of carved stone blocks, the foundations of what he and Ashton believe to be great buildings. So far, broken pottery urns, old rusted weapons, and odd bits of worn stone that look like parts of the human form if you squint at them hard enough and turn upside down a few times, have been found, but nothing of value so far. The expedition has spent over seven months here and funds are running very low. Ashton is still eager to continue digging and is considering going back to the Queen ‘cap in hand’ to ask for more funds in order to continue the excavation.

However, several other members of the team believe that their time is up and that the team leader’s hypothesis about ‘the Pharoons’ is nothing more than rumour and myth and that there is nothing of real value here.

In fact, Milk Ashton is 100% right about ‘the Pharoons’. Just a few feet away from where the team is currently digging, is an entrance way leading to an underground

temple. It was used for sacrifice to the many gods worshipped by the Pharoons in ages past.

Unfortunately for Milk and his team, the treasures long-lost below, are also protected by denizens of the Middergloom. The usual motley collection of traps the Pharoons put in place to protect the temple has been bolstered by many creatures that in the centuries since have made their lairs in the cobweb-filled halls and dank chambers which lie just beneath the expedition’s feet.

Oh, and a demon that has been sleeping for four-hundred and seventy-three years, do not forget the demon, big fellow, twelve feet give or take an inch, malachite in colour, fiery red eyes, large, twenty pointed antlers on his head. You cannot miss him.

“Well met, I am Milk.”

“Did you just say milk?”

“Yes.”

“What? As in the white stuff from a cow’s teat?”

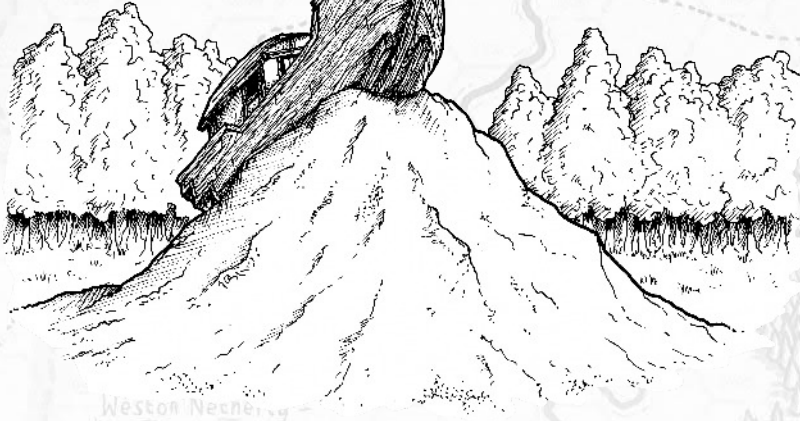
“Yes, well no, well sort of. It’s just my name. I was born with!”

“So, you are named after cow jizz? I’d change that.”

Hex N10 – Ramsbottom’s Moonboat

Whilst travelling through this area, the characters may spot a strange sight sitting upon a hill. There seems to be a boat perched on a ramp, aiming upwards.

This is the site of Percival Ramsbottom’s Moonboat. Percival is thirty-five years of age, tall and gangly, and very over excited.



Anyone approaching the boat will see him constantly moving around it, hammering in a nail or tightening a rope. He has a 15-foot long boat sitting at the base of a thirty-foot ramp. He explains to all who will listen, that he is going to the moon. He found some old gunpowder and has calculated how much it will take to launch the boat into the Upper Drab. He has packed extra layers of clothes because it is going to be cold. The boat has large, extendable, feather wings attached to the hull which fold out to allow him to glide back to the earth like a bird. In his own words, "It has all been very mathematically calculated!"

When not making adjustments to the Moonboat and preparations for his voyage, Ramsbottom will either be staring up at the moon or consulting a tome entitled, *Observations Made Upon Staring at ye Moon* by one Mathias Pouke. It is signed by the author with a dedication wishing Ramsbottom every success in his endeavour. Ramsbottom plans to launch in two nights if they wish to hang around

or come back and watch. He has sent invites to his friends and family in local villages, and they are all coming for the spectacle. Percival is a nice man, if a little eccentric and anxious. He will not be talked out of his maiden voyage, which he has been dreaming of since he was a child.

If anyone wishes to see the glorious maiden voyage, then at midnight, two nights from when they first meet him, the characters can stand at the bottom of the hill and watch. No other witnesses will be there, other than an owl in the tree behind them, because everyone thinks Percival Ramsbottom is an idiot. Here, they can observe one of the greatest spectacles the characters will ever see. Shortly after Percival lights the taper at the rear of his boat and salutes anyone watching, he promptly disappears from the face of Havenland. The boat, half of the hill, and Percival are 'blown to kingdom come' in a rain of splintered wood, iron nail shrapnel, flesh, smouldering soil, and sods of turf. If no-one watches the spectacle, on the night of the launch, anyone outside

within a 20 miles radius sees and hears the huge green fireball that permeates the drab from the direction of where Percival and his Moonboat once stood.

Not quite the moon, but at least bits of him reached the skies.

Hex Q21 – The Demibeast of Northertonshire

Three hundred years ago, just outside of the village of Noseby in the northern reaches of Northertonshire, a hellish, vicious battle took place. Forces loyal to the royal family opposed an army of treacherous souls who sought to replace their rule and replace it with fear, lies, and deceit – which is pretty much the same thing they were doing anyway, but they decided to paint a rather different picture of the truths of the time. This force of corrupted men, known as the Bestialtarians, were a disorderly, but effectively murderous gathering of men and women alike. They were led by a corrupted knight called Sir Tomas Fellingfalks and each was afflicted by a strange plague which has made them chaotic and maleficent. It also marked their skin with green triangular blotches, each triangle made up of three threes. This mark became known as the ‘number of the demibeast’ and Sir Tomas became known as the Demibeast, for his symptoms manifested as changes both glorious and repugnant. Fellingfalks took care to magically hide his leathery wings, reptilian tail, and curved horns that broke his skin and grew as the plague overtook him.

On the day of the Battle of Noseby, Fellingfalks stood on the battle line in front of his men and threw back his cloak, revealing his recently grown horns, tail, and wings to all before him. The sight was enough for Royalist troops on the other side to reel in shock and they had little with which to answer as Fellingfalks leapt into the sky upon his wings and bore down upon them, scything his way through their numbers like a hot knife through butter. The Royalist commander, Lord Jacobbin Astingly quickly fell under the onslaught, but with his dying breath, shot a silver crossbow bolt through Fellingfalks’ bestial head, whereupon the demibeast fell atop Astingly’s body. As the Demibeast’s wings, tail, and horns seemed to wither, so did the symptoms of the plague in the men under his command. As the plague went out of the bestialtarians, so did the fight, and with their strength gone, they fled the field of battle. The Royalists were victorious that day, but it was a victory won at great cost, for the flower of the Royal Court lay scattered and dead.

Little more than sickly scrub grows on the battle site now and the point where the demibeast fell is marked with a patch of stinking dead earth where nothing grows. Below this patch, deep beneath the field, lie the skeletal remains of Fellingfalks. Recently, the owner of the land, Peterian Eldrytch, after years of being unable to use or sell the land, and after much nagging from his wife, has rented it out to a gentleman, Mallachai Nightbane. A few months ago, Nightbane, a doctor and anatomist, discovered that the field is the site of the Battle of Noseby and that it was

where Fellingfalks was buried. Having paid Farmer Eldrytch a large bag of gold coins, Nightbane has spent the last two weeks digging in the field and it will not be long before he unearths Fellingfalks' skeleton. Whatever Nightbane decides to do with the skeleton, it is unlikely to have anything other than a deleterious effect – first on Nightbane, then on the Eldrytches, and then...?

Hex T05 – The Leviathan

In the murky, cerulean waters of the northeastern Dog Sea, about 70 miles off the coast of the Serpentlands, lies a monstrosity. Over 400 fathoms down, it lies – motionless and uncaring. A mile-long and half-a-mile wide, the mass of tentacles, blubber, tusks, fins, and scales that is the Leviathan, rests under the sediments for years at a time, when it is not slumbering in its lair – the colossal caves which lie hidden under the sediments, deep in the undersea ridges. This cruel union of perverse cephalopod, piscine, and colossal walrus forms feeds rarely, but when it does, there is little in or on the sea that is safe. To see it, is to feel overwhelming terror. Not even coastal towns are safe – just ask the folk that lived in Yawmouth four-hundred years ago. Many a crusty old sailor is saying that the Leviathan has left its deep, undersea caverns and waits in the sediments once again. They say it hungers for terror-filled sailors or coastal-folk once again... and it needs to eat a lot of them before it is sated.

Hex Z31 – The Puce Priests

Just where the River Laine broadens out into a bay, the Monastery of the Puce Priests distils its wondrous libations. Pucia, as it is called, is known throughout northwestern Gaulandia, and even across the channel in Havenland, for its rich, vegetable flavour and health-giving qualities. What is less known, is the nature of its manufacturing process and even the religion of monks who produce it. While many of the flavours are obvious – juniper, cherry, salt, and oak, for example – the ingredient that binds them all together and provides Pucia with its thick body is nothing more than goat's blood. And not just any goat's blood, but blood that has been through the tracts of wood ticks. The goats spend their days frolicking in the fields along the banks of the river, but each night they are herded into their tick-filled pens within the monastery's lowest level. The Puce Priests, dressed head to toe in purple habits, pluck the ticks each morning before sending the goats back out to feed. The ticks are crushed, and the resulting syrup added to the liqueur about a third of the way through the nine-month aging process. A crate of twelve bottles costs 10 gold quids at the monastery, while a thirty-gallon barrel can be bought for 100 gold quids. The monks are happy to give tours of the bottling and distilling, but under no circumstances will either of the two senior brothers – that know the full recipe – divulge either the manufacturing process or the most secret of the ingredients, 'puce des puces'.

Appendix

MORE SUPERIOR BEINGS

The folk of the coast tend to worship more piscine, sea-faring, or sea-dwelling deities being more superstitious about the dangers of the sea. The following superior beings expand upon those from the first TM book (page 19):

More Superior Beings of The Haven Isles and beyond.		
Name	Other name(s)	Short Description
Nepthuun	The Sea Giant, Poseidolon.	A mythical giant man who lives under the sea wearing armour made of gloomcrab shell and sharkfolk skin, wielding a trident made of coral. He is said to maintain a balance between the influences of good and evil on and under the sea, taking a neutral stance himself.
Aquaetha	Njordia	The patron goddess of sailors. She is the one that keeps the seas calm, winds strong and favourable, and vessels safe. Her symbol is a ship on a flat sea.
Kharadon	One Thousand Teeth, The Great Shark.	Often depicted as a single black eye, or a maw filled with razor-sharp teeth, Kharadon is worshipped almost exclusively by the sharkfolk.
The Kraken	Enterodoteuthis, The Deepest One, Tangroa-Akan.	A malevolent monstrous creature venerated as a deity by the more sinister creatures of Havenland and beyond. Represented as two tentacles surrounding an octopoid eye. This is not the leviathan of the Dog Sea.
Watcher from the Shore	Rapanui, Moa Dak.	A strange deity whose form is that of a head and shoulders only. Large statues are carved in his or her likeness and placed on coastlines to look out for dangers from the sea. Sometimes as many as thirteen of these statues are arranged in a straight or curved line along the coast.
Ogg-Thuun	Master of the Black Void, The Fell-tusked Beast.	An evil druidic deity represented by a devil with a boar's head and raven's wings.
Cern	The Antlered God, The Master of the Hunt.	Thought to be neutral, but often seen to commit both good and evil acts, Cern is worshipped by some woodland beings and druids. Represented as a levitating human with a stag's head, he is always accompanied by his entourage of wolves.
H'sst Muukal	The Slithering God, The Fanged One, He Who Hungers for Hearts.	Worshipped by the serpentfolk of the Serpentlands. Represented as a white snake with three cerulean eyes.

THE DUKES AND DUCHESSSES OF HAVENLAND

The following lists the dukes and duchesses of Havenland, plus their personality traits:

Dukes and Duchesses of Havenland Table		
County	Head	Personality Traits
Barkshire	Duchess Katherine Sharr	Scheming and coercive
Bedshire	Duchess Penelope Devereux	Murderous poisoner
Buckshire	Duke Molg Bearhood	Lazy and fat
Cameshire	Duchess Olivia Addison	Arrogant and condescending
Cernwall	Duke Thaddius Clam	Thin and staring
Chesternshire	Duke Jolly Thistlethwaite	Fat, booming voice
Cymbria	Duke Septamus Pye	Quiet and untrustworthy
Darbyshire	Duchess Gertrude Margoyles	Angry and spiteful
Devern	Duke Igor Salt	Strong and lacking empathy
Dorsomset	Duchess Iryna Dulharrow	Amusing company, but capricious
Essenshire	Duke Lucius Sparrow	Weak and violent
Greater Mersea	Duke Atticus Silverhand	Corrupt and courteous
Hamshire	Duke Felix Ironfern	Fearless and popular
Hertshire	Duke Ulf Blackspike	Depraved and murderous
Kentshire	Duke Magnus Ham	Blatant liar and unremorseful
Lankershire	Duke Montague Crumb	Arsehole and tyrant
Lesternshire	Duke Ebenezer Hawkins	Bitter and unfriendly
Linkernshire	Duchess Aurelia Oldstead	Unstable and homicidal
Lundenshire	Queen Elspeth IV	Mad
Norfolkshire	Duke Nile Oakhamstead	Depressed and intoxicated
Northertonshire	Duke Patrik Frotting	Amusing company, but perverted
Notthamshire	Duke Fitzroy deWalters	Deceitful and pockmarked
Northumbershire	Duke Illian North	Callous and fiery-tempered
Oxenshire	Duchess Nerys Sturgeon	Frivolous and extravagant
Rutshire	Duke Trype Rathbone	Loud and annoying
Staffershire	Duke Isaiah Harrison	Mean and gregarious
Suffolkshire	Duchess Amelia Klarchester	Beautiful and murderous
Surrshire	Duchess Tabatha Butterchurn	Slothful and disrespectful
Tealfordshire	Duke Benedict Oakwood	Harried and quick to anger
Torhamshire	Duke Harold Fletcher	Rude and obnoxious
Warrickshire	Duke Rufus Ponsonby	Self-centred and always late
Wessex	Duchess Martha Kingston-Fox	Alluring and manipulative
Western Midderlands	Duke Silas Ironhand	Iron-willed and stubborn
Wilting & Avenshire	Duke Kestrel Peabody	Gluttonous and miserly
Worchfordshire	Duchess Drusilla Cox	Ugly and brutal
Yirkshire & Humbershire	Duke Erik Smythe-Carrington	Chaotic and ill-prepared

THE DIE-DROP CARD

The Midderlands Game Master Screen includes a die-drop card and there is one in the front endpaper of this book. This is called the Gloomium Randomiser Chart or GRC. This can be used for generating the following kinds of results:

- Dice dividers/multipliers: /5, /4, /3, /2, 0, ×2, ×3, ×4, ×5, and ×10 for extending ranges and durations of spells and effects.
- Bonuses and penalties to hit and saving throws: -4, -3, -2, -1, +1, +2, +3, +4, and +5.
- Bonuses and penalties to damage rolls: -1, -1d4, -1d6, -1d8, +1d20, +1d8, +1d6, +1d4, and +1.

The GRC can also be used to generate random numbers between 1 and 30.

What is it for?

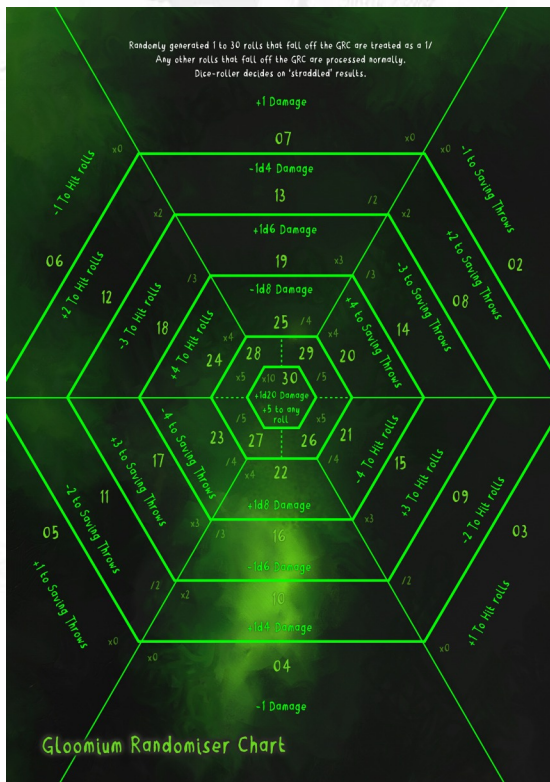
When the Game Master wants to inject a bit of gloomium twistedness into the game, he can allow the gloomium of The Haven Isles to influence matters. It is suggested that for balance, if the players are given the opportunity to roll on the GRC for their characters, then their adversaries should do to.

The Game Master should determine if a specific location allows the GRC to be used. This area is then known

as 'Gloomium Hot'. Gloomium Hot areas can be a section of a room, say a ten-foot square or a whole room, series of caves, or entire dungeon. The locations are more common underground, but there are above ground locations too. Henge centres tend to be good areas where the GRC might be used.

What kind of dice rolls can I make in Gloomium Hot areas?

When allies and enemies are positioned in a Gloomium Hot area, the following rolls – using the normal dice rolled for a throw of that kind – are made on the GRC:



- Any melee weapon or touch spell attack rolls, when attacking from a Gloomium Hot area
- Any missile or ranged spell attack rolls, when firing from a Gloomium Hot area.
- Any melee or spell damage rolls, against targets in a Gloomium Hot area.
- Any missile or spell damage rolls, against targets in a Gloomium Hot area.
- Any saving throws made inside a Gloomium Hot area.
- Any defensive spells or effects cast whilst within a Gloomium Hot area are allowed a dice roll (any dice will do) on the GRC to see if their duration is extended/reduced. This uses the dividers/multipliers.
- Any offensive spells or effects cast whilst within a Gloomium Hot area are allowed a dice roll (any dice will do) on the GRC to see if their range is extended or reduced. This uses the dividers/multipliers.

Making a roll

- Place the GRC on a flat surface.
- Hold your dice directly above and approximately four to six inches off the centre of the GRC.
- Let go of the dice.

Interpreting the results

If the dice lands off the GRC, then the dice roll is processed normally. The gloomium has had no effect.

If the dice land across multiple areas or lands on a line dividing two or more areas, then the dice-roller chooses the

result from the areas the dice are straddling.

Example

Let us assume that the player characters are in a combat situation. The Game Master rules that because the fight in the chamber is near a large pool of water that is glowing green and giving off a gloomium-infused vapour that any die rolls in this chamber are to be made on the GRC.

The first player needs to make an attack roll. Rolling 1d20, the die lands between areas 28 and 29. The player chooses to take the bonus of +3 to hit rolls offered by area 29. He at once adds +3 to his attack roll.

Hitting his opponent, he rolls his damage die on the GRC too. The die lands on the line between areas 38 and 39 on the GRC indicating a non-result (39) or +4 to saving throws (38). As neither help the damage roll, it is processed normally.

Other Uses

The GRC has 30 separate areas, so it can be used to generate random numbers between 1 and 30 (just in case you do not have a d30 handy). Reroll results that roll off the table. Note that as the target areas on the GRC are not equal, this biases the results.

HIDDEN SIGNS & SYMBOLS

Throughout history in the Middelands and beyond, creatures and folk alike have always communicated using written signs and symbols. To those 'not in the know', these signs often go unnoticed, but to others, they indicate warnings, help, shelter – and of course – adventure.

The following details some of the hidden signs and symbols to be found in and around the Middelands.

DANGER <i>(The Iron Circle, Tamewort)</i> 	UNSAFE ROUTE <i>(Thirteen Barbels Cargo, Allraess)</i> 	SHELTER <i>(Rangers, Oldfeld Woods)</i> 	IRON ORE <i>(Guild of Ironworkers, Wyllehall)</i> 
HIDING PLACE <i>(Thieve's Guild, Walshale)</i> 	SAFE PATH <i>(Rangers, Oldfeld Woods)</i> 	RATDOGS <i>(Rangers, Oldfeld Woods)</i> 	
AREA WATCHED <i>(The Silver Hand, Abbots Bream)</i> 	HIDDEN HEALING <i>(Followers of the Shiftingstone)</i> 	MARKED FOR THEFT <i>(Thieve's Guild, Blackwych)</i> 	UNDEAD <i>(Poor Quarter, Leechfield)</i> 
DEAD BODY <i>(The Silver Hand, Abbots Bream)</i> 	HIDDEN DANGER <i>(Town Watch, Brignorth)</i> 	MARKED FOR DEATH <i>(Assassin's Guild, Blackwych)</i> 	
DRINKING WATER <i>(Clergy, Leechfield)</i> 	SAFEHOUSE <i>(The Silver Hand, Abbots Bream)</i> 	AVOID AT NIGHT <i>(Town Watch, Suttham Oldfeld)</i> 	MAKERS MARK <i>(Staffs Mining Equipment, Staffleford)</i> 
WATCH THIS PLACE <i>(Militia, Duddingly)</i> 	HIDDEN PATH <i>(Night Goblin Clans)</i> 	BLACK MARKET GOODS <i>(Unscrupulous Merchants, Rudgley)</i> 	
SANCTUARY <i>(Grey Knights, Duddingly)</i> 	WATCH THIS LOCATION <i>(Brignorth Militia)</i> 	BLACK HORN NEAR <i>(Brignorth Militia)</i> 	
SEWER GRIPE <i>(Thieve's Guild, Tamewort)</i> 	LOOKOUT POINT <i>(The Silver Hand, Abbots Bream)</i> 	ILLEGAL GOODS FOR SALE <i>(Jahmood Alkhan)</i> 	ABAZEEL SPAWNING AREA <i>(Eelian Smythe)</i> 

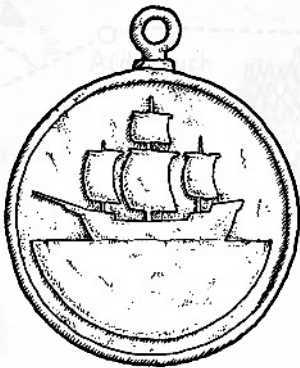
PERSONALISING YOUR EQUIPMENT

Havenlanders, specifically Havenfolk, have a 'make do and mend' mentality. Everyday objects and equipment become part of their lives to the point of reverence. Work tools are handed down from one generation to the next and cooking vessels are treated like heirlooms.

Over time these items get repaired, adapted, and recycled. They become personalised in all manner of ways.

The following tables offer suggestions on how weapons and armour could be made different and interesting. A list of non-magical heirlooms is also provided for flavour.

Many of the weapon and armour personalisations 'could' be applied to the non-magical heirlooms to make them more interesting.



Holy Symbol of Aquathea

Weapon Personalisation Table

Roll 1d20	Personalisation
1	Engraved with the initials 'U. Z.'
2	Engraved with strange symbols of an unknown script.
3	Handle (or where held) wrapped with red leather.
4	Inlaid with intricate bone or ivory depictions of animals.
5	Inlaid with gold knot work.
6	Black feathers tied around it with leather cord.
7	Inlaid with bits of broken, coloured glass.
8	An inscription on the weapon reads, "When this weapon draws blood, let the curse of restless death be upon you."
9	Worn smooth from having been 'rubbed for luck'.
10	Parts painted red or white.
11	Stained with blood.
12	Marked with a series of nicks to indicate how many lives the weapon has taken.
13	An inscription which reads, "Strike fast, strike true, strike first."
14	Bears a crudely scratched depiction of a mud cow.
15	Engraved with skulls, infilled with white paint.
16	Part of the weapon unscrews to reveal a small hidden compartment.
17	Rubbed and polished with beeswax.
18	Rubbed with faecal matter.
19	Etched with numbers.
20	Marked with a series of coloured marks.

Armour Personalisation Table

Roll 1d20	Personalisation
1	Painted yellow with a black wolf's head.
2	Emblazoned with a red dragon rampant.
3	Emblazoned with a flying white griffon.
4	Crudely painted with hand prints.
5	Engraved with tiny skulls.
6	Inlaid with silver filigree work.
7	Leather straps and padding dyed bright green.
8	Scratched with rude words and insults.
9	Marked with a tally of opponents defeated in combat.
10	Painted with black stripes.
11	Deliberately covered in blood spatter and smears intended to intimidate.
12	Metal parts dulled so as not to catch the light.
13	Engraved with the initials K. A. S.
14	Engraved and stitched all over with finely detailed knot work.
15	Gold thread tassels and braids hang along edges.
16	Covered in cut and slice marks.
17	Polished to an almost mirror-smooth finish.
18	Adorned with sharp spikes and pointed rivet-heads.
19	Painted with depictions of animals and hunting scenes.
20	Painted with a green demon, or devil-like face.

Non-magical Heirloom Table

Roll 1d20	Description
1	A shovel.
2	A hoe.
3	A large, iron cooking pot.
4	A large, ceramic urn.
5	An idol to a long-forgotten god.
6	A lucky rabbit's foot.
7	A pair of silver-rimmed spectacles.
8	A set of carved, bone game pieces.
9	A set of ivory dice.
10	A whale-tooth engraved with a sailing ship.
11	An old Goman gold coin.
12	A glass phial containing the blood from an ancestor.
13	A lock of hair from an ancestor.
14	A finger bone said to be from a long-dead, and notable clergyman.
15	A silver ring engraved with the phrase 'Maleficarvm Protector'.
16	A carved, wooden flute.
17	A wooden box inlaid with silver filigree work.
18	A sundial made of sandstone with a bronze dial.
19	A pewter statue of an ichthyocentaur.
20	An old tome on herbalism entitled: <i>De rebus Herbis</i> .

BURGLING

So, one or more player characters have decided that they want to break into a building and rob it during their nightly activities. Rather than a Game Master having to deal with the side trek, just roll on this table (allowed once per night only) to determine the outcome.

In addition to the result, all to-hit, damage, and saving throw rolls suffer a -1 penalty for the next 24 hours due to lack of sleep. This penalty is cumulative for successive attempts

Thieves or Assassins carrying out a burglary gain a +10% to the die roll.

If the burglars are more than one, then each additional non-Thief or non-Assassin grants a penalty of -10% to the dice roll. Each additional Thief or Assassin after the first does not provide a penalty or bonus.

Burgle the Building Table

Roll 1d100	Result
01-05 (5%)	Disaster! All player characters involved in the burglary have been captured and placed in the dungeons by the local militia. All items have been seized, unless a player specifically said they were not taking specific equipment with them.
06-20 (15%)	Failure! One of the player characters (determined at random) got caught and has now been incarcerated in the dungeons by the local militia. All items have been seized, unless the player explicitly said they were not taking specific equipment with them.
21-50 (30%)	Spotted! The building was mostly empty of anything of value, but you managed to get out with a pouch containing 1d20 silver shillings (\times Level of highest burglar). Also, the face of one of the player characters was spotted by a local inhabitant (or the building owner) who gave a very accurate description to the local militia. 'Wanted' posters with an uncanny depiction of the player character are appearing around the area's taverns and marketplaces and the militia is on the lookout for the miscreant.
51-80 (30%)	Nothing! The building was mostly empty of anything of value, but you managed to get out with a pouch containing 1d20 gold quids (\times Level of highest burglar).
81-95 (15%)	Partial Success! The building contained a number of things of value and you managed to get out with 2d20 gold quids (\times Level of highest burglar), plus a potion.
96-100 or above (5%)	Success! There were stacks of great loot to be found in the building and you managed to get out with a good haul: 1d100 gold quids (\times Level of highest burglar), 2d100 silver shillings (\times Level of highest burglar), two potions, three scrolls, and a magic item. All items to be determined by the Game Master.

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