



LAMENTATIONS
of the
FLAME PRINCESS
ADVENTURES

England Upturn's

by Barry Blatt

The Parts of Holland
and neighbouring parishes

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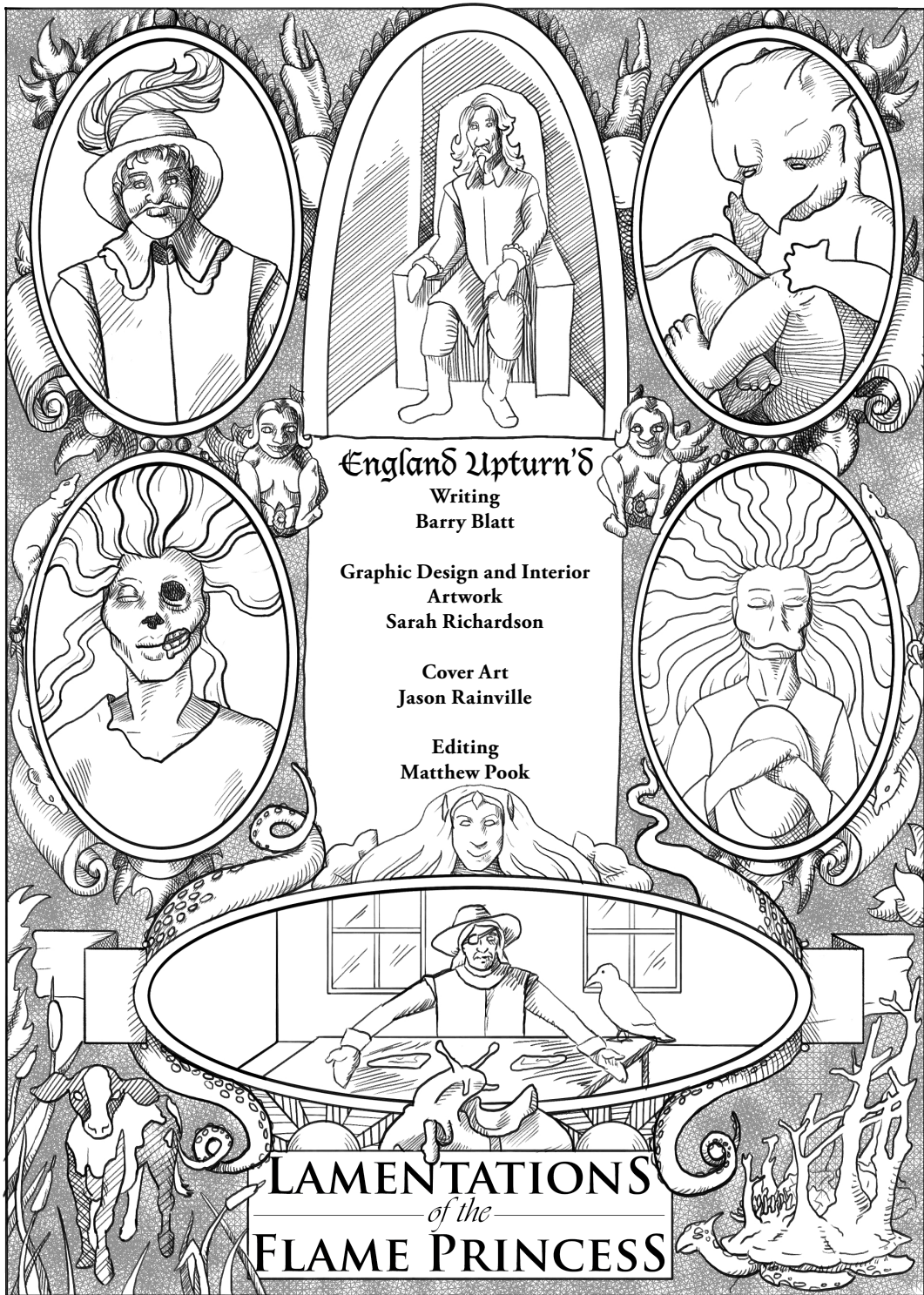
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England Upturn's

Writing
Barry Blatt

Graphic Design and Interior
Artwork
Sarah Richardson

Cover Art
Jason Rainville

Editing
Matthew Pook

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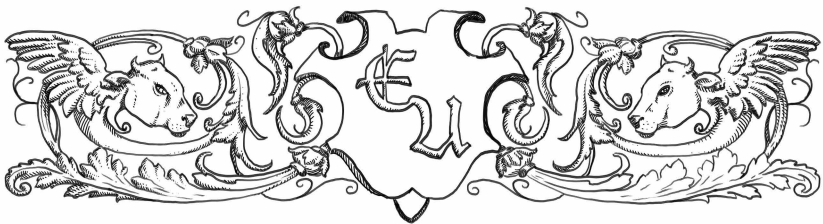


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Chapter 1:



The English Civil War Explained



he English Civil War was one of those 'interesting times' the Chinese have cursed about, and an ideal setting for playing *Lamentations of the Flame Princess*, it being Early

Modern and a bit weird.

The Civil War, more properly called the Wars of the Three Kingdoms, was a fine example of what can go wrong with a monarchy. King Charles I was a piss-poor monarch convinced of his own divine right to rule. Many volumes have been written on how Charles managed to aggravate his subjects in all three of his kingdoms into civil war, but in brief it was a combination of suppression of the popular political voice, taxation without permission from the people, and interference with religion.

The British Isles had mostly avoided the brutal carnage of the Thirty Years war raging across Europe in the early 17th century, but made up for it now with a series of hard fought battles and long drawn out sieges, interspersed with the odd massacre.

At the time it was decried as the 'World Turned Upside Down', an explosion of lawless anarchy and bloodshed, depicted as an apocalypse in the religiously tinged propaganda pamphlets. Seen from the convenient distance of almost four centuries later it is a war with many romantic and appealing images: the brave, but slapdash Cavaliers fighting the dour, but brutally efficient Roundheads, the foundation of many novel religious sects, the emergence of modern ideas about democracy and the state, the utopian efforts of Gerard Winstanley and the proto-communist Diggers, the hints of dark conspiracies. Plus for the fashion conscious, the outrageous cavalier hats and the iconic red coats of the New Model Army didn't hurt either.

While the Civil War changed little in itself, it marked out the issues that the Glorious Revolution of 1688 eventually resolved. The waves of emigration immediately preceding, during, and after it exported those same issues to the American colonies, which had a few rebellions and riots of their own at this time.

Lamentations of the Flame Princess does the Early Modern period well enough already, but in the appendices you will find optional setting specific rules to give an English Civil War game a bit more flavour should the Referee wish to expand on this adventure and run a full blown Civil War campaign.

Needless to say the author is not a historian and various small liberties have been taken with the facts in the interests of fun and not 'boring the arse off' the reader with too much tedious historical exposition. This adventure features real locations in Lincolnshire and refers to real people alive at the time; my fictional depictions are just that - fictional, no offense is meant, and hopefully none will be taken.

This adventure owes an obvious debt to the film *A Field in England* directed by Ben Wheatley, what with the alchemy, the buried treasure, mud, and hallucinogenic ending. If you haven't seen it, do so.





Chapter 2:



Where and When the Events Occur



his adventure is set in southern Lincolnshire, called the Part of Holland, starting on Saturday, 3rd May 1642. Most of the serious action will take place in

the village of Fosdyke, which lies on the River Welland. This river flows through an area known as The Wash, which is a tidal marsh with wide water meadows and many pools and lakes. It is the closest English equivalent to the Florida Everglades.

One of the money-making schemes King Charles had resorted to during his period of 'personal rule' was the sale of licenses to drain the Lincolnshire fens. This incensed the locals; their lifestyle had evolved around hunting and fishing on common land, as this was necessary to supplement the unreliable living from arable farming and herding. The fens were unpleasant places to live and work, but they were THEIR malarial swamps held in common, and various aristocrats and gentlemen were stealing this land from the people by draining it and making the resultant farmland their own personal property!

The area is also a stronghold of Puritanism, the most radical section of the Church of England and the religion of the most vehemently rebellious Parliamentarians, including the as yet obscure Member of Parliament (MP), Oliver Cromwell. The nearest large town to the north of Fosdyke is Boston, and the area is the original home of many colonists who left England for Massachusetts and the other American colonies in the 1620s and 1630s.

In 1638, many ordinary Scots and their church leaders had signed the 'National Covenant', swearing to maintain Presbyterianism in their country come what may, while still professing loyalty to the King. The King had plans to Anglicanise the Scottish church and create one Church and one Kingdom from the disparate parts of the British Isles. He ended up causing riots and armed rebellion, as well as the invasion of the northern counties of one of his kingdoms, England, by another, Scotland.

Charles, who had not called a Parliament since 1629, was now forced to do so, as only a Parliament could approve the taxes he needed to raise an army large and well-equipped enough to take on the Covenanters that were invading England. This so-called Short Parliament immediately started demanding redress for the eleven years that Charles had spent ignoring the needs of the common people and as consequence, it was dismissed.

Nevertheless, Charles still needed the money and in late 1640 there were more elections and the so-called Long Parliament was called. This took up the demands for reform where the last had left off, including reviving the 1628 'Petition of Rights'. Such was Charles' desperation that he agreed to the impeachment of the Lord Deputy of Ireland, Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford over an alleged incident where Strafford had threatened to use an Irish army raised to attack the Scots rebels to invade England instead and sort out the grumbling dissenters there. Similarly Parliament also imprisoned Archbishop Laud in the Tower of London as he was responsible for much hated 'Popish' changes to the Book of Common Prayer that triggered the Scots' rebellion in the first place.



Strafford wrote to the King asking him to sign his own death warrant, in the hopes that Parliament would blame him for all the failings of Charles' government. This would give Charles a chance to reconcile Parliament and thus get the funds he so sorely needed to field an army against the Covenanters, who had now even submitted a bill to their anointed King for the expense of their occupying northern England!

Unfortunately Strafford's execution in 1641 inflamed the Irish and they revolted too, attacking and massacring the English and Scottish protestant settlers in Ulster. They somehow believed that they had the King's blessing to expel the settlers, and most certainly feared attack from the rabidly anti-Catholic Scottish Covenanters.

The need for an English army to reunify the realm was obvious to all, but who was to control it? Parliament certainly did not trust the King, whose chief minister had so recently threatened to use an Irish army to suppress them, and whose previous military efforts had been disastrous. Parliament claimed control, but the King refused to sign the resulting Militia Ordinance, regarding the defence of the realm as very much a core duty and prerogative of the King. In January 1642, he marched into Parliament with an armed escort to arrest the five most rebellious Puritan MPs and a member of the House of Lords, claiming that they had encouraged the Covenanters to invade England. The members had been tipped off and were in hiding.



Armed men in Parliament was the last straw, and the London mob threatened to riot. Charles fled to Oxford along with a number of loyal Members of Parliament and members of the House of Lords. The remaining MPs at Westminster passed the Militia Ordinance on their own cognizance and claimed the right to raise an army. In response, the King and his 'Oxford parliament' revived the late medieval custom of issuing Commissions of Array and began sending recruiters out into the shires.

The inevitable clash will start in August 1642, four months after this scenario is set, with Royalist attempts to seize the port of Hull at the northern end of Lincolnshire, and a successful Royalist takeover of the armouries at Lincoln and Leicester. Charles will raise his standard in Nottingham on 22nd August and

on 23rd October the first pitched battle will happen at Edgehill in Warwickshire.

In the meantime, the situation in Fosdyke may be jumping the historical gun, with hostilities yet to open elsewhere, but purely local issues and tensions may well lead to a bit of skirmish down by the River Welland.







Chapter 3:



The Battle for the Soul of a King—Referee's Intro



he actual adventure set-up will look straightforward enough at first to the players—there is some Royalist-leaning Catholic ditch diggers, some angry Parliamen-

tarian and Puritan agitators in Fosdyke, A + B = fight.

The roots of the conflict lie deep in England's medieval past. In 1216 another useless specimen of a monarch, King John, was rushing through this part of the country trying to reverse the Magna Carta by beating the hell out of the Barons who had forced him to sign it. Somewhere along the way a rapidly rising tide coming up the Wash caught John's baggage train, and his crown jewels were lost in the mire. John himself had contracted dysentery while on campaign, an occupational hazard of siege warfare the soldiers of the current civil war will rediscover, and he died at Newark Castle two weeks later.

Except there was more to it than that. The Plantagenet line had a bad reputation; they were allegedly scions of the Devil himself, something the irreligious King Henry II liked to joke about. His fourth son, Prince Geoffrey, Duke of Brittany, really was a secret diabolist and sorcerer. John lived at Geoffrey's court for a while when he was a child, and big brother Geoff initiated him into the basics.

Geoffrey made a phylactery that would hold his soul after his death, and when he came to a mysterious end of an alleged heart attack at the age of 27 while at the court of King Phillip of France, his soul entered it. It looked like a

rather nice reliquary of the kind used for holding mouldy bits of long dead saints, and he left it to John in his will. The plan was that John, having been told that Geoff had put a powerful servitor demon inside, would open it and Geoffrey's soul would take his body over and would live again, while John's soul would go to the space in hell Geoffrey imagined had been reserved for him.

Trouble was John had been studying a bit on his own. He was wise to the trick and never opened the box. After he became king—and don't go thinking King Richard catching a crossbow bolt at the Chateau of Chalus-Chabrol was merely ordinary bad luck—John had all kinds of trouble with his nephew Arthur, but eventually got the lad imprisoned in Rouen. He took Arthur out onto the River Seine with the reliquary and a big rock chained to his leg. He forced Arthur to open it, thus making Geoffrey reincarnate in the body of his own unfortunate son. John then chucked the rock over the side of the boat and gloated while Arthur/Geoffrey glugged their way into oblivion.

John re-enchanted the reliquary for his own use, and it was part of the royal treasure lost in 1216. John was not accompanying the goods wagons and pack horses in person as a number of years before he had treacherously slain a pagan Danish mercenary wizard and his followers rather than pay them, and the expiring Dane had cursed him in the name of the Norse gods. John wasn't sure that the curse had any potency, but thought it politic to stay away from the coast where the drowned Viking Draugr might leap out of the water and get him. So it was that when he died at Newark his



soul entered the lost reliquary and spent centuries trapped beneath the sticky and unglamorous mud of Lincolnshire.

Andrew Smeaton, secretary to Willoughby de Eresby, Earl of Lindsey, found a letter in 1640 in an archive in Newark which described the site where John had lost the crown jewels. King Charles was easily persuaded to license Lindsey and some other gentlemen to drain the Lincolnshire fens and claim the new farmland as their own. Smeaton is a small time sorcerer himself and knows from contemporary descriptions of what was in King John's treasure that many of its pieces were magical. He is as yet unaware of the true nature of the reliquary and what it contains. The earl knows little of this, he just knows Smeaton is doing some treasure hunting alongside the drainage works, and given the state of the King's army and finances any extra gold and silver he can uncover will come in damned handy in encouraging recruits.

The fly in the ointment is **Niklas Brahe**, a witchfinder. Niklas claims to be the nephew of the famous Danish astronomer Tycho Brahe, and looks, by the one eye and the battered gorget he continually wears, to be a veteran of the continental Wars of Religion. His pet raven spies out witches for him, he says. However, he is in fact the Norse god Odin. Odin's powers of foresight have waned as fewer people believe in him, but he has managed to divine that old King John is about to re-emerge somewhere in the area and is here to see that he gets his proper comeuppance.

Brahe will attempt to convince the player characters, and anyone else in Fosdyke who will listen, that Andrew Smeaton is a witch. With local tensions running high over the drainage project, he thinks he ought to have no problem getting a posse to go down to the excavation. He will then inveigle some poor soul into finding and opening the phylactery, thus reincarnating John before he calls down the wrath of the Aesir upon him with a strange ritual called 'upturning'. This will swap an area of Midgard, the Middle Land, with Niflheim, the Dark Land beneath. Pity about the yokels of Fosdyke and the surrounding villages, but serves them right for having ancestors who abandoned the worship of the Old Gods and took up Christianity back in the day.

Such is the situation the player characters are dropped into. What they make of it and how they affect the future history of England is up to them. If any of these nefarious plots reach completion, the Civil War will take on a distinctly magical turn with creatures of the underworld on the loose and possibly a high level power-crazed Magic-User entering the fray on one side or the other or possibly creating a third faction.



3.1 Running the Adventure

The Referee must decide where his players are going to start out. He may have them roll into Fosdyke on Saturday afternoon, or he may start them at one of the three main towns, Boston, Spalding, or (off map) King's Lynn, with some pressing reason to leave town in the direction of Fosdyke. If the player characters are English, members of one of the sects described in Appendix 4, and have already picked sides between Parliament and King (see Appendix 3), then it should be easy enough to coax them out into the countryside.

Boston is a Puritan stronghold a bare two dozen miles from the King's forces at Lincoln. Perhaps it is best that the player characters leave quickly if they do not want to be in the front line, or perhaps they might want pursue the rumours of Catholic spies on the loose in the fenlands.

Spalding is likewise tending towards Puritanism and Parliament, and the drainage works here have just finished. Perhaps the player characters have been involved in this and are looking to get in on another lucrative project, hoping the political fracas will blow over while they earn an honest shilling.

King's Lynn is tending toward Royalism, so any dissenting player characters will suffer from being bullied and targeted for recusancy fines.

Of course, people in all three locations may pick up tales of King John's lost treasure and the digging going on right where the loot might be, and almost no adventuring party has been known to pass up the chance of easy money.

Once on their way, the Referee should not forget the risk of Ague (see Chapter 4.2, p. 24). If the player characters go off the road in pursuit of one of the small side adventures associated with the villages, they may end up lost in the swamps and come down with dysentery.

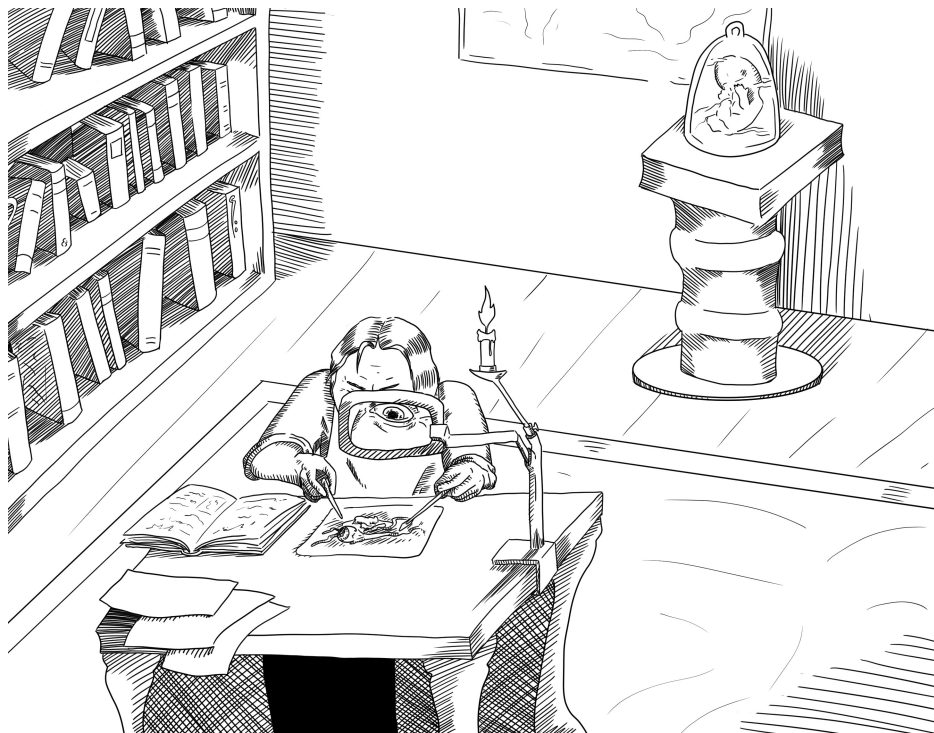
If the player characters do not visit Fosdyke and just wander (despite all the rumours of loot, employment, enemies of England etc.) then on 21st of May roll a d6:

On 1-4, Brahe leads a party of villagers who fight the Irish workers and Smeaton and win, forcing Smeaton to flee. Brahe has one of the poor yokels open the reliquary and then unleashes the Upturning with horrible consequences all round.

On a 5-6, Brahe is arrested for subversion or possibly killed, Smeaton finds the Crucible of Hermes, and Father O'Malley opens the reliquary of St Thomas and becomes possessed by the soul of King John. Over the next few weeks strange rumours of assassinations and heresies surface as King John and Andrew Smeaton follow their inimical magical agendas.

If the player characters do reach Fosdyke, the Referee should start the clock—if they do nothing to intervene one way or the other, in nine days Smeaton will unearth the reliquary and O'Malley will open it. It will take three days to start recovering material from the new hole, and each day thereafter another odd relic gets found and is either taken to Smeaton's lab in the Church tower or thrown in the river or kept by O'Malley depending on how evil he thinks it is. On the ninth day it will be the reliquary of St. Thomas a Beckett. This schedule may be delayed by bad weather—heavy rain makes digging impossible—or accelerated—hot weather may cause the water level to go down a little. Brahe will rouse the villagers into action by the seventh day, but there is a 5 in 6 chance that his mob will be defeated by the Irish and Smeaton's magic without the party's help. If so, Brahe will be forced to flee, and a price will be offered for his head. He will spy on the dig site and be ready to unleash the Upturning once he is sure King John has been re-embodied, and he has a 4 in 6 chance of getting away with it before being caught.





Andrew Smeaton

Level 4 Anglican Magic-User, Royalist Roundhead (OR), Armour 14, 8 hp, Attack +1, Morale 8, -1 Strength bonus, -1 Constitution bonus, +2 Intelligence bonus, -1 Charisma bonus, flintlock pistol, rapier.

Spell book:

Level 1: *Charm Person, Comprehend Languages, Detect Magic, Feather Fall, Identify, Magic Missile, Mercurial Messenger, Summon, Thread of Knowledge*

Level 2: *Force of Forbiddment, Locate Object, Stinking Cloud*

Typical memorised spell repertoire: 1 *Charm Person*, 1 *Mercurial Messenger*, 2 *Force of Forbiddment*, 2 *Stinking Cloud*

Languages: English, Modern French, Norman French, Latin, Ancient Greek, Arabic.

Special Items:

Ring of Anubis—the classic poisoner's ring, carrying a concealed dose of poison in a compartment under an agate seal bearing an Egyptian hieroglyph. Smeaton has a dose of powdered hellebore he can put into it, but more usually has a small dose of cocaine, a drug he acquires from a certain sea captain in Wapping. Snorting this will give him +2 initiative, +1d3 Intelligence, -1d6 Wisdom, and +1 saving throws versus Poison for an hour, followed by -1d3 intelligence, -1d6 Constitution, and -1 on all combat and skill rolls for three hours.

Crocodile boots—made in Amsterdam by a cobbler with access to exotic Egyptian wares, these fashionable riding boots grant +1 Armour, and once a day can be commanded with the words 'Ik denk dat ik moet vertrekken' ('I think I should leave' in Dutch), to allow the wearer to walk on water for a minute.



Pocket Bible—this has the spell *Summon* written onto a page of the Book of Deuteronomy that Smeaton rendered blank using the *Thread of Knowledge* spell. It is bookmarked with a ribbon and will act as a scroll of that spell if read out loud. A ploy he has used with enemies in the past is to ask them to pause before shooting him and allow him to read once more his favourite passage from the bible before meeting its author in heaven, then unleashing upon them whatever horrible demon turns up. The bible has had steel plates inserted into the covers, and any musket ball that would otherwise kill Smeaton has a 5% chance of bouncing off it.

Silver snuff box with three doses of cocaine.

Potion of *Cure Light Wounds* in a silver hip flask.

Golden pen for writing mercurial messages (see below).

Glass vial with a prepared mercurial message for his brother Sir John in a padded pouch made of sheep's fleece.

Small brass key to the secret compartment in his desk at the church, a similar silver one to his desk at Smeaton Hall, a larger brass key to his chest of clothes at the Vicarage in Fosdyke, and three tiny golden keys to his spell books, all on a ring attached to a penknife.

Unique spells:

Thread of Knowledge

Level 1

Duration: Special

Range: Touch

The caster taps on the spine of a book and a small black thread falls out between the cover and the paper. This can be threaded onto a bobbin and wound up, extracting all the ink and information in the book as a continuous sticky black thread. Depending on type size

up to ten thousand words can be reeled in per minute if the caster has had the forethought—as Smeaton has—to make a little fishing reel-like device for this purpose. The book's pages are left blank.

To reconstitute the book the thread must be put through a silver needle and stuck through a blank piece of paper. Casting the reverse form of the spell causes the needle to dance and sew the words back into existence, as many words as will fit on the paper. Each needle costs 12sp, and each may only be used five times.

Smeaton has stolen numerous books from friends' libraries in this fashion.

Mercurial Messenger

Level 1

Duration: 1 hour

Range: 1d3+1 miles per caster level

Using a golden pen, a message can be written in metallic mercury on a small piece of black marble. The mercury can then be commanded to coalesce into a single drop and sent to wherever the caster wishes within range, zipping along at five miles an hour. Unless a person knows what they are looking for, this silvery streak will probably go unremarked. Once it reaches its destination it will spread itself on another piece of black marble to be read. Messages can also be kept in glass eye droppers for emergency use, as long as the spell is kept memorised and the final words uttered just before release. Smeaton has just such a message 'Come to the dig, trouble is brewing', and has left a suitable black marble on a mantelpiece at Smeaton Hall. The pen can be used 1d6+2 times before the reaction with the mercury makes it unusable, and costs 40sp for a goldsmith to manufacture.



Appearance:

Smeaton is an alchemist, steeped in Hermetic lore and the currently fashionable Rosicrucianism. He is also a bit of a dandy, toggled out in the latest lacy collared shirt, a bright yellow buff coat with embroidered pocket flaps, crocodile skin boots, and a hat with a large feather. This doesn't conceal the fact that he is a pasty-faced and overweight specimen in his mid-thirties, with blueish lips, receding hair, and a threadbare moustache, all due to progressive mercury poisoning from his alchemical work. He is taciturn and secretive and has no discernible sense of humour, except when using his favourite 'Inca snuff', the cocaine he keeps in a silver box in his coat pocket. He then becomes voluble, chatty, and licentious.

Smeaton is a thoroughgoing Royalist. He regards the common people as mere sheep, and no threat to his plans. He bullies his younger brother Phillip while deferring to Sir John, who he intends to poison at some point in the near future. The so-called witchfinder fellow does seem to have riled a few people up though, so Smeaton feels that it might be politic to have him quietly done away with and dumped in a canal with rocks in his pockets. He is a foreigner after all, no one will miss him. Smeaton's Anglicanism is mere lip service of course, and he actually prefers to work with Catholic minions as they must always stick by him in the face of a hostile local population.

Smeaton's Schedule:

Monday to Friday; after breakfast at the Vicarage roll d8:

- 1-2 Visit excavation and see interesting find, stay all day supervising works in hopes of finding an artifact.
- 3-5 Visit excavation, O'Malley has an artifact found previous day, return to All Saint's Church by lunchtime and spend rest of day messing with it. If it is an especially good one, then spend all night on it too, taking dinner in his laboratory while evening service goes on below.
- 6 Bored with digging, spends morning in his laboratory pottering and researching spells, afternoon out walking and taking potshots at local wildlife if weather permits.
- 7 Ride to Smeaton Hall for a day to talk politics and plot with Sir John.
- 8 Riding to hounds with Sir John, and possibly Phillip and one or two other local gentlemen, sleep at Smeaton Hall after getting drunk.

Saturday: Check in at the excavation, deliver supplies and wages, then dinner at Smeaton Hall before returning to Fosdyke around 9 pm mildly sozzled on Sir John's excellent wines and cocaine, having likely got into an argument with his sister-in-law Anne over his rude behaviour.

Sunday: Attend Church in Fosdyke in the morning, tinker in his laboratory until evening, more church (yawn), dinner with Philip and family (yawn), early to bed.



Niklas Brahe (aka Odin)

Level 5 'Puritan' (actually Pagan) Magic-User, N, Armour 14, 17 hp, Attack +1, Morale 11, +1 Constitution bonus, +2 Intelligence bonus, +2 Wisdom bonus, magic sword.

Familiar: Huginn the Raven; Armour 18, 4 hp, Beak 1 damage

Spell book: All Level 1, 2 and 3 spells have been memorised by Huginn, and he will whisper them into Odin's ear in order for him to learn them. Huginn cannot cast any spells himself, though he does have a couple of magical abilities. Huginn only speaks Old Norse and will need a lot of persuasion to become another magician's aide memoire if Odin is killed.

Typical memorised spell repertoire: 1 *Faerie Fire, Shield, Sleep*, 2 *Haste, Mirror Image*, 3 *Protection from Normal Missiles*

Languages: He has obviously been about a bit; he speaks English, Danish, Dutch, French, German, and Swedish, and of course, Old Norse, Latin and the tongue of the Niflung.

Special items:

Horn of the Sea Goat—this small battered horn appears to be from a goat, but is in fact a wand able to cast the Level 3 spell *Gust of Wind* for one charge and the Level 5 spell *Airy Water* for three charges. It has 6 charges left. Each use temporarily drains 1d3 Strength points from the user, regained at a rate of one per week.

A piece of scrimshaw with two landscapes marked on it arranged horizon to horizon on either side of a sawtooth line. The landscapes are different, though at first sight it might look like a place reflected in a lake. It is old and fragile and will, when broken, cause the Upturning of a huge section of the Wash and the summoning of the Niflung to land (see Chapter 9, England Upturn'd!).

Runesword—Brahe's sword is a nearly new, standard issue straight cavalry blade with a basket hilt, but on the blade are seven Old Norse letters forged into the metal itself during manufacture (see the Ulfbeht swords). The first four are the name of the blade—'Gram'—the next three are magical. Each may be used once, then all trace of it disappears. The first gives a one-time automatic hit against any foe; the second gives off a strange hypnotic gleam that will paralyse a target for one round if they fail to make a saving throw versus Paralysis; and the third will shatter any blade it parries in a defensive move. If player characters notice the runes and ask Brahe about it he will say 'Ulfbeht made it for me in Hamburg last year. I lost the original on campaign in Germany, slew a Catholic Cardinal with it and his acid demon blood destroyed the blade.' (All utter bullshit of course...or is it?).

A copy of Snorri Sturlusson's *Poetic Edda* in modern Danish rebound in a plain leather cover with a cross on; Brahe will tell everyone it is a Bible.

A pocket *New Testament* in French just in case anyone expects him to spout a real Biblical passage.

A copy of the *Ephemerides* and a small Dutch telescope. The *Ephemerides* has notes in Swedish relating to tides in Hamburg, Boston, and in Lincolnshire. It mentions the orbit of an 'Inner Moon' though it gives no numbers or indication on where to find it (since it is of course underground).

Huginn the Raven, in addition to being a font of all magical knowledge, may detect the presence of a Magic-User at any time and communicate it to his master. The raven will also know what spells a caster has available, and has a 50% chance of anticipating any incoming attacking spell and avoiding it; his warning only confers a +2 to the saving throw versus Magic for Odin himself.



Appearance:

Niklas Brahe is weatherbeaten and scarred looking man in his late 40s. He wears a battered steel gorget and a leather stock round his neck, which partly conceal a rope scar—it looks like he has been hanged and survived—and he has one eye covered in a black patch which gives him a -2 penalty on all missile fire due to his lack of depth perception. If asked he will admit that he was in the army of Gustavus Adolphus in the Wars of Religion in Germany (which will go on until 1648), and will vaguely mention the horrors of the Magdeburg massacre, the subsequent Wurzburg campaign and the cleansing of witches from Karlstadt in 1631 (see *Better Than Any Man*, also published by *Lamentations of the Flame Princess*). He may mention that he used to have two ravens, but one died in Karlstadt, slain by witchcraft.

He dresses almost entirely in severe black 'Puritan' clothes without any decoration. He wears an undyed buff coat marked with a black cross sewn over the heart and a couple of old bloodstains and powder burns, and his hat is a floppy and weatherstained mess of black leather. He wears good quality hobnailed walking boots, a present from a grateful cobbler whose village he rid of a witch.

He is vehement in his condemnation of Catholics, and in his opinion it is the aesthetic laxity of Catholicism and what he has seen of Anglicanism that allows witches to prosper. He asserts that he himself is a proud Calvinist, and has a pocket edition of the *New Testament* in French printed in Geneva supposedly under Calvin's supervision.

Brahe may or may not be a real incarnation of Odin. He certainly thinks he is: he hung himself from a tree for three days in a wood near Uppsala and lived, he plucked out his own left eye, he has visions of Valhalla, he knows where to find old Norse relics, and had an enchanted sword made for him in Hamburg. He also may or may not be Tycho Brahe's nephew; he uses astronomical jargon freely, carries a small brass

telescope, and has a dog-eared copy of the *Ephemerides* with crabbed notes in Danish in the margins.

His schedule in Fosdyke:

Monday to Saturday: Sleep in Middlecott's hay loft, wake at 6 am and pray, at 7 am help Middlecott's farmhands with the milking, at 9 am attend morning prayers at Church while doing his damndest to make Reverend Phillip uncomfortable and try and engage him in theological debate, accusing him of harbouring a witch within the walls of a church, demanding access to the tower, etc. Roll 1d8:

1-3 Spend half a day labouring for his keep by working for Middlecott, assisting people with gardening their plots, cutting rushes, and fishing.

4-6 Preach by the market cross trying to drum up interest in a witch hunt and the arrest of Andrew Smeaton. Will judiciously sneak off if any gentry ride by, and if it is Sir John he will skedaddle back to Middlecott's barn and hide.

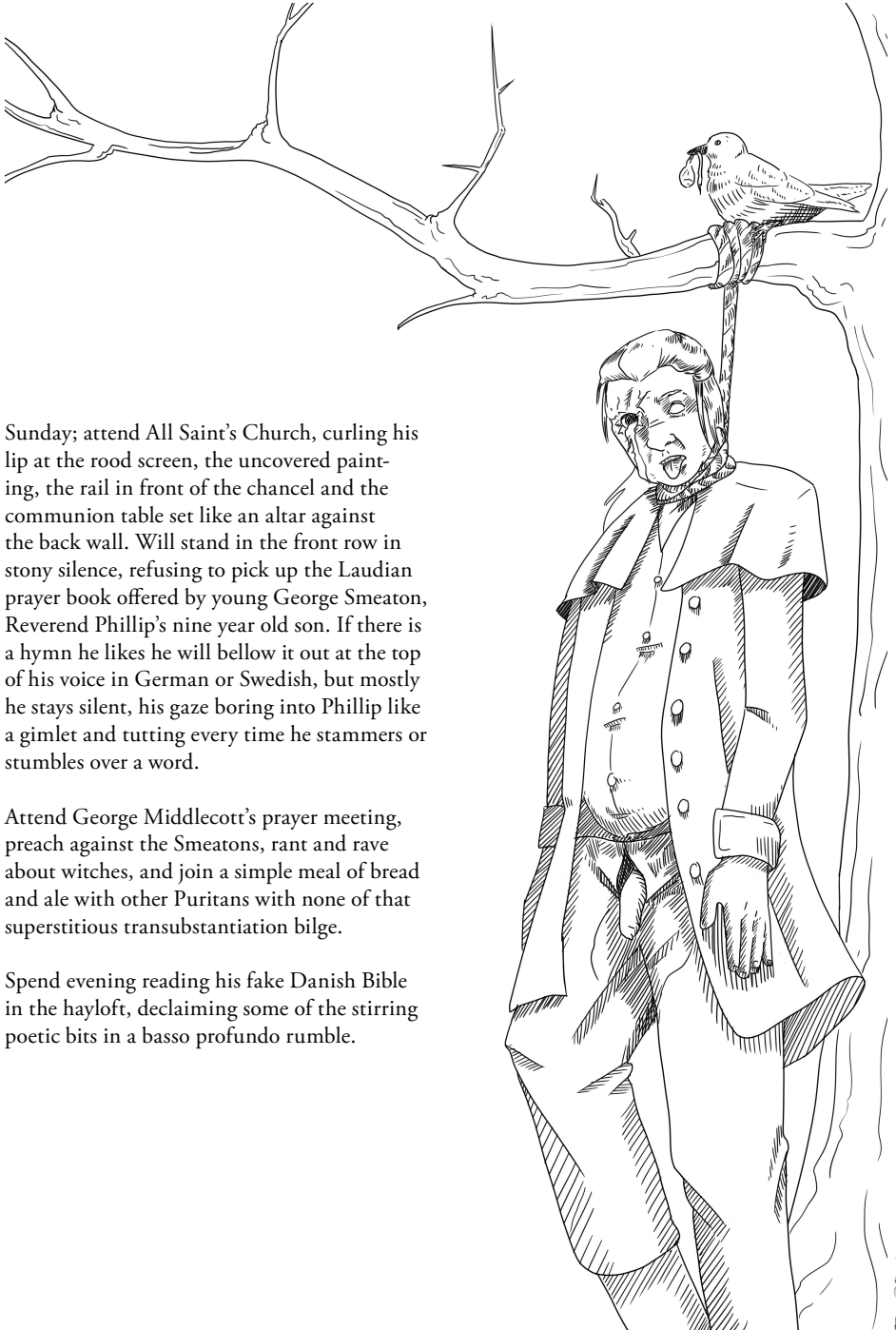
7 Spy on Smeaton's tower by lurking in the churchyard and looking at the tower with his spyglass and also sending Huginn to peek in through the windows.

8 Spy on the excavation. Takes a punt out by a circuitous route to watch the Irish go about their muddy business.

After lunch, roll the dice again to vary his activity for the day.

In the evening he will attend prayers, again with an eye to annoying the hell out of Phillip Smeaton and troubling his conscience, eat a meal at Puller's alehouse, and spend the night there reading the bible, or studying his ephemerides and peering alternately at the night sky and any lit windows in the church tower or the Vicarage. He may discuss an upcoming raid on the Irish with any locals he has convinced to help him.





Sunday; attend All Saint's Church, curling his lip at the rood screen, the uncovered painting, the rail in front of the chancel and the communion table set like an altar against the back wall. Will stand in the front row in stony silence, refusing to pick up the Laudian prayer book offered by young George Smeaton, Reverend Phillip's nine year old son. If there is a hymn he likes he will bellow it out at the top of his voice in German or Swedish, but mostly he stays silent, his gaze boring into Phillip like a gimlet and tutting every time he stammers or stumbles over a word.

Attend George Middlecott's prayer meeting, preach against the Smeatons, rant and rave about witches, and join a simple meal of bread and ale with other Puritans with none of that superstitious transubstantiation bilge.

Spend evening reading his fake Danish Bible in the hayloft, declaiming some of the stirring poetic bits in a basso profundo rumble.







Chapter 4:



South East Lincolnshire, the 'Part of Holland'

4.1 The Terrain



his area is known as the Part of Holland and the landscape certainly resembles the Netherlands—flat and damp, but wonderfully productive where the soil is dry

enough to farm. The **farmlands** are bounteous with growing grain where the ground is a little higher, and is full of green grass and cattle in the frequent boggier areas. Cabbages, turnips, carrots, and potatoes are all found growing in smaller plots and backyards. However, many crops spoil and rot due to the frequent floods. Roads and trackways are usually raised above the surrounding terrain here on embankments, with bushes and ditches on either side. Once you get off these pathways expect thick mud. There is a farm every mile or so.

The **fenland** is the area most prone to flooding and is full of brackish water at high tide, but freshwater at low. It always has at least six inches of water and is choked with thick reeds interspersed with 'meres', shallow lakes and ponds, with patches of quicksand and quaking bog. The best way to get around is by punt, a shallow draft boat that is little more than a board with a slight edge to it, and even then going is slow. Midges and mosquitoes abound, but so do ducks, and it is well worth hunting them. There are roads throughout the area, partly raised on embankments and partly on wooden piers.

The fens are held to be 'common land', that is no one person owns them and anyone can go and fish, hunt duck, put to pasture whatever pigs or cattle he can persuade to wade into the shallows, cut reeds and rushes and so on without the permission of another. Given the frequent floods, plenty of people in the area still rely on using the fens in this way to get by.

The **mudflats** are where the ground is too salty and too wracked by the tide to support much vegetation. It is extremely hazardous going, with frequent shallow creeks and quicksands, and being caught by a rising tide while out here will lead to drowning. You can dig shellfish out here if you know the terrain well enough.

The rivers meander through a number of channels, barely distinguishable from the surrounding marsh. Drainage projects are underway to canalise the rivers and create drainage ditches to carry water away from potentially lucrative farmlands.

4.2 The Ague and Dysentery

This area is rife with malaria, locally known as the **Ague** (ay-gew). We don't generally think of malaria as a British disease anymore, but that is only because we drained all our most pestilent swamps centuries ago. In the 17th century the mortality rate in areas near the Fens was thought to be comparable to West Africa today.

Anyone living here for any length of time is going to be bitten by a mosquito and exposed to the disease. In *Lamentations of the Flame Princess* terms, a character wandering about within a mile or so of the fens will be exposed.



Ague

Exposure:

The character must make a saving throw versus Poison, adding his Constitution bonus, and an additional +4 if he is native to the area. This roll needs to be made every week if the character has been within two miles of a fen.

Incubation:

Anywhere from a week up to a year for real malaria, but for game purposes, just a week.

Effect:

Make a saving throw versus Poison every three days; on a success the person merely feel a bit off and loses 1 Constitution for the next day, on a failure the person has a full on fever with headache, aching muscles, lack of energy and appetite. He loses 1d3 from Strength, Constitution, Intelligence and halves his hit points, rounding down. If he takes to his bed and does nothing, the effect leaves him after a day and he is back to normal. If he insists on travelling, fighting and adventuring, then he loses 1 point from each of the affected stats and a quarter of his hit points for the next three days. It will take an extra day of bed rest to restore these lost stats. It is possible that a character can ignore malaria and soldier on, but eventually it will kill him.

Recovery:

It is impossible to recover from the ague, as it is a long term disease that is with you for the rest of your miserable life. Nevertheless, since this an RPG and we are being generous, if the character makes a saving throw versus three successive attacks, then he is considered to be cured. There are numerous herbal remedies, which may or may not be effective at the Referee's discretion, and some of which, like belladonna, are downright toxic. Quinine was first used as a treatment in Rome in 1631; a well-informed Lincolnshire doctor might well have heard of it, but in England, it is only available in London. Quinine grants a +4 bonus to save versus Poison on the character's next ague attack. If a 1 is rolled on any save versus Poison for the ague while using quinine, the character also suffers from quinine poisoning, and will develop red flushed skin, tinnitus, nausea, and diarrhea and will lose 2d6 Strength, Constitution and Intelligence. The character will not die unless all three of his stats go down to zero, but he will not get better unless he stops the treatment.

Dysentery is another fun disease caused by drinking unclean water, and there is plenty of that in the fens. Everyone in 17th century England drinks ale, a weak beer, whose alcohol content is enough to kill off any germs. Of course, if you are a silly adventurer who gets stranded in the marshes far from an ale house and succumbs to thirst, or even if you just fall in a fen, then you might get dysentery.





Dysentery

Exposure:

Drinking the local water has a 1 in 3 chance of exposure, while falling in a mere 1 in 10. To stave off the infection, the character must make a saving throw versus Poison adding his Constitution bonus to the roll.

Incubation:

1d6 hours.

Effect:

The character must make a saving throw versus Poison every day or lose 1 Strength and 1 Constitution. If either of these stats falls to zero, the character is dead.

Recovery:

The disease will last 1d6+6 days, but the person must have water or ale each day or he will lose an additional 1 Strength or 1 Constitution (50% chance of either) due to dehydration. Giving them swamp water may well just re-expose them to the bug and extend the disease by 1d6 days. Lost stat points can be recovered at 1d2 points per day if active, 1d2+2 points if resting.



4.3 The Weather

When this adventure begins on Saturday 3rd of May, 1642, the weather is warm, with outbreaks of drizzle (5 on the chart below). On the following day roll 1d4, add this to the current weather number, and then roll another d4 and subtract it. If the result is below the number of the month add one, if it is above subtract one. So on 2nd of May the weather may be $5 + (d4 \text{ roll}) 1 - (d4 \text{ roll}) 4 = 2$. Add one because the month number is higher (5) and the result is 3, varying temperature and rain, with a 25% chance of high winds.

On the following day take the current weather number and do the same again, but do not let the weather vary by more than ± 3 from the month number, so in May it can go as low as 2 or as high as 8, in June from 3 to 9, etc. Weather in England is a bit of a lottery, but there are limits.

The table is modulo 12 so $-1 = 11$, $0=12$, $13=1$, $14=2$ etc. but I have added extra columns for the unmathematical.

| Weather Number | | | Temperature | Precipitation | 1 in 4 chance of... |
|----------------|----|-------|-------------|---------------|---------------------|
| | 1 | 13 | Cold | Heavy rain | Snow |
| | 2 | 14 | Cool | Dry | Heavy Rain |
| | 3 | 15 | Warm/Cool | Rain | High Winds |
| | 4 | | Warm | Dry | Light Rain |
| | 5 | | Warm | Light Rain | Hot |
| | 6 | | Hot | Dry | Torrential downpour |
| | 7 | | Hot | Dry | Drought |
| | 8 | | Warm | Dry | Rain |
| | 9 | | Cool/Warm | Light Rain | High Winds |
| -2 | 10 | | Cool | High Winds | Heavy Rain |
| -1 | 11 | | Cool | Rain | Snow |
| 0 | 12 | | Cold | Snow | Blizzard |



4.4 Random Inhabitants

The areas marked farmland are fairly densely populated, with d3 farmsteads or labourers' cottages in every hex. If inhabitants are required, roll on the following tables, which are applicable for all of East Anglia and the surrounding counties of Cambridgeshire, Nottinghamshire, Leicestershire, and Northamptonshire at the start of the war. Other areas are home to more Anglicans and Royalists and there were even a few Catholics in the northern counties. This table can be used to fill out the undescribed cottages in Fosdyke village itself.

For details of the alignments and religions see Appendices 3 and 4.

Religion and alignment d30; all people in a settlement will usually be the same religion, roll 1d8 for alignment:

1-2 Cavalier
3-5 Neutral
6-8 Roundhead

| | |
|-------|--------------------------|
| 1-7 | Anglican, Royalist |
| 8-11 | Anglican, Neutral |
| 12-14 | Puritan, Neutral |
| 15-22 | Puritan, Republican |
| 23-26 | Seeker, Neutral |
| 27-28 | Seeker, Republican |
| 29 | Presbyterian, Republican |
| 30 | 1 2-4 5-6 |
| | Ranter |
| | Digger |
| | Leveller |

Settlement size 1d6; a quarter of the inhabitants (round up) will be men, a quarter (round up) women, and the rest children.

1 Manor—large hall with subsidiary buildings, 3d6 inhabitants.

2-4 Farm—main house with a barn and either a chicken shed or pigsty, 2d6 inhabitants.

5-6 Cottage—small house with a garden with a pig or a chicken run, inhabited by farm labourers. 1d6 inhabitants.

Class and Level, d20:

| | |
|-------|------------------------------------|
| 1-9 | Level 0 |
| 10-15 | Level 1d6-3 Fighter (minimum 1) |
| 16-17 | Level 2d4-4 Specialist (minimum 1) |
| 18-19 | Level 1d6-3 Cleric (minimum 1) |
| 20 | Level 3d4-7 Magic-User (minimum 1) |



Quirks; one person per settlement has a quirk:

- 1 Yokel, notably ignorant of anything beyond his own bailiwick.
 - 2 Garrulous; guaranteed to hear all kinds of gossip, possibly a rumour.
 - 3 Well read; buys news pamphlets and broadsheets or goes to the ale house to hear them read, has opinions on politics that he is only too eager to share.
 - 4 Knowledgeable; can tell you something useful about the local area.
 - 5 Paranoid; "You're one o' them highwaymen/witches/Royalists/Republicans, ain't you?!"
 - 6 Criminal; moonlights as a highwayman, smuggler, burglar etc.
 - 7 Well-armed; has a matchlock musket, powder, shot and a helmet.
 - 8 Superstitious; "There's witches about, they're the cause of this!"
 - 9 Irreligious
 - 10 Pious
 - 11 Very pious; expect bible quotes.
 - 12 Downright fanatically pious; stand by for theological discourse if you are of a different sect, possibly even violence.
 - 13 Taciturn; uses one word at a time, and thinks about that word very carefully.
 - 14 Smokes a pipe or drinks coffee, both still luxuries at this time. If poor may use some horrible local substitute.
 - 15 Ridiculously superstitious; "Tis the fairies, I saw 'em, I did!"
 - 16 Bigot; "It's all down to those Dutch/French/Spanish/people from Cambridgeshire/inhabitants of Spalding etc..."
 - 17 Weird name; if a Puritan named 'Hope', 'Perseverance', 'Endeavour' or something biblical like 'Hosea', 'Isiah', 'Jericho' etc. If not then has a foreign surname, probably French or Dutch, from past immigration
 - 18 Witchy; even if not a Magic-User can do some bucolic magic like predict the weather, speak to pigs, cook up a healing salve, get high as a kite off local mushrooms etc.
 - 19 Alcoholic; when met will be drunk, 50% chance of being belligerent, 50% happy.
 - 20 Ill; has the ague, possibly someone in the house has come down with dysentery, consumption is not uncommon either, 5% chance of bubonic plague.
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4.5 Rumours

In the towns, villages, and settlements along the way there are all kinds of rumours that can be picked up. These come in many flavours, and the Referee should pick one from the list. Only one player character should receive a rumour at any random settlement, two at a named village, and all of the player characters in a town. The Referee should also note what is going on in nearby towns and locations and use these as rumours too.

Rumour Nature:

1d6 + Charisma or Wisdom bonus,
whichever is lower

| | |
|-----|-------------------------|
| 1 | False |
| 2-4 | Possible or meaningless |
| 5+ | True |

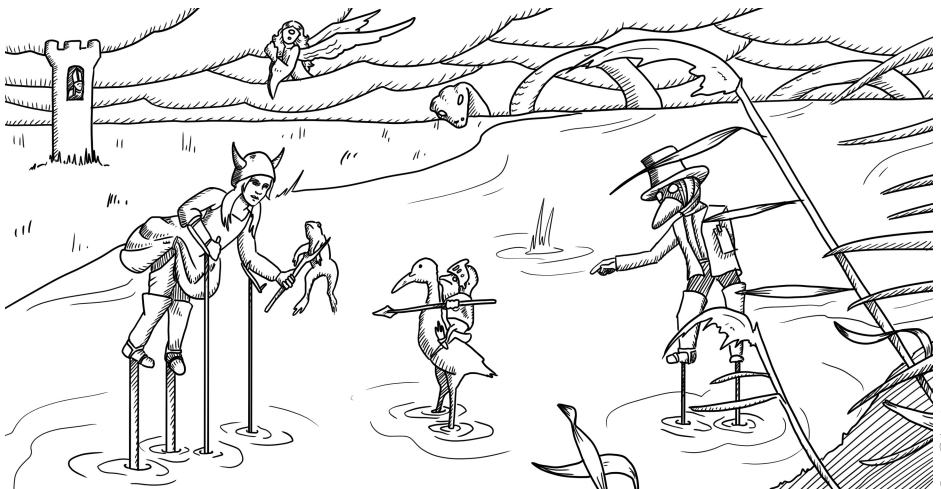
Rumour Type:

1d6, +1 if a Cleric, +3 if a Magic-User

| | |
|-----|-------------|
| 1-5 | Mundane |
| 6 | Historical |
| 7+ | Fantastical |

False, Mundane

- The King has converted to Catholicism, always knew he would sooner or later.
- The King has been promised support from his brother-in-law, the King of France, expect French troops to land in Boston soon.
- The Irish have landed at Preston in Lancashire, the town burnt and the population mas sacred—Liverpool will be next!
- The Catholic Spanish are going to invade and take revenge for the raids of 1626.
- If you chew a clove of garlic every day it will prevent the ague.
- Belladonna is the sovereign cure for the ague.
- Stilts are the best way of getting about in the fens.
- Queen Christina of Sweden is going to send veterans of Gustavus Adolphus' army to help Parliament; met one the other day, a feller called Nicholas Bray.



Possible, Mundane

- Ague is caused by 'bad air', it's why the Italians call it 'Mal-aria'; try not to breathe while in the fens, especially in places where gas bubbles to the surface.
- The King's recruiters have been attacked by Puritan mobs in Boston.
- The King will try and seize any armouries or gunpowder mills first to stop them falling into Parliament's hands.
- Parliament is recruiting many Puritans to its army, this could end up getting nastily sectarian like the Wars of Religion in Germany.
- Archbishop Laud is in prison; serves him right, he was a bit power crazed and put lots of people on trial for disputing his Papist prayer book.
- There is a conspiracy to free Archbishop Laud from the Tower of London.
- Pigs are immune to ague; wear pigskin leather boots and jerkins and you will not suffer either.
- The Scots still occupy Newcastle, the King will be lucky if they stay out his war in England.
- The only reason Laud wrote the new prayer book was to annoy the Puritans and keep them out of church so he could make oodles of cash suing them for recusancy, so as to finance the King's army to purge them from England and load them on boats to the American colonies which don't exist anyway as the colonists are all chucked overboard in mid-Atlantic. Read it in *Reynard's Letter*, a news pamphlet from London, it must be true!
- A balladeer, Robert Dyeland, sings you a 17th century protest song:

*The law locks up the man or woman
Who steals the goose from off the common
But leaves the greater villain loose
Who steals the common from off the goose.*

*The law demands that we atone
When we take things we do not own
But leaves the lords and ladies fine
Who take things that are yours and mine.*

*The poor and wretched don't escape
If they conspire the law to break;
This must be so but they endure
Those who conspire to make the law*

*The law locks up the man or woman
Who steals the goose from off the common
And geese will still a common lack
Till they go and steal it back.*



True, Mundane

- There's a bloke down in Fosdyke who is hiring labourers to work on the ditch digging at four pence a day. With the army paying eight pence he'll be lucky to keep his men.
 - There's a load of Catholic Irish down in Fosdyke. They need locking up or hanging before they start a massacre like those bastards did in Ulster last year.
 - The locals are forming a 'club' to keep order in the troubled time ahead. There is already banditry afoot.
 - The King is marching to Nottingham, but the only men he has with him are his household cavalry and nobles and infantry from Yorkshire.
 - This war is going to be a bloody shambles—most of the men in these so called armies are raw recruits, they don't know one end of a pike from another.
 - The Earl of Essex is now Parliament's General, the Earl of Lindsey leads the Royalists.
 - Parliament's army is better paid than the Royalists, Parliament have all the tax money after all, for all the King's embezzlement.
 - The Earl of Lindsey stands to make a lot of money out his drainage patent from the King, of course he's fighting hard for him, the greedy bastard.
 - A local clergyman was put on trial by Archbishop Laud for disputing the validity of the new prayer book and thrown out of the church! "Load of papist nonsense!" or "Damn right too!" depending on political and religious allegiance.
 - Agree and fens just go together. This more than anything else is a good reason to drain them.
 - There's been riots in Essex, mobs have been attacking and looting Catholics, kicking out Laudian clergy and fences round enclosures have been torn down and the land re turned to the commons.
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False, Historical

- The Earl of Lindsey traces his line back to the old Norse Kings of the Danelaw; he might be loyal to the King now, but he might reestablish the old kingdom of his line.
 - Lincoln has always been the key to the Kingdom of England. When King Stephen lost the battle here in 1141, he lost his right to rule to the Empress Maude.
 - Lincolnshire is still divided into 'wapentakes', the old division used by the Norse kings when summoning their Viking raiders. This gives the King of Denmark the only legal right to summon troops here, Parliament and King alike have no legal authority!
 - There was a Lollard martyr burnt here during the reign of King Edward III. The Lollards were medieval Protestants who disputed with the dictatorial Pope, we should do the same with our ecclesiastical dictator, Archbishop Laud.
-
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Possible, Historical

- Lincolnshire was called the Kingdom of Lindsey as far back as the days of King Arthur.
 - The Earl of Lindsey is a descendant of a Norman Frenchman, still the English yeomen struggle under the Norman yoke! Rise up, Diggers all!
-
-

True, Historical

- Bad King John died in Newark in Nottinghamshire. He was a broken man, he'd lost his treasure in the Wash and all his army abandoned him.
 - The last really big battle in Lincolnshire was against the French. They had invaded England in support of Bad King John, and stayed here even after the evil bastard had died. The great knight Sir William Marshall threw them out and secured the kingdom for Henry II.
 - The Fens have been the last refuge of all kinds of defeated peoples. The Iceni hid here after Boadicea was beaten by the Romans; Osbert, king of Northumbria hid here from the Danes; Hereward the Wake hid here from the Normans; Sir Cedric de Moulton hid from the armies of the Yorkist king, Edward IV. This is why Charles is draining the fens, so Essex and Pym and all the other rebels will have nowhere to hide.
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False, Fantastical

- The dead have come back to life! Hereward the Wake, the Saxon rebel, and his army have come out of the fens to fight King Charles as the last descendant of William the Bastard, conqueror of England. End the Norman yoke!
 - The Lambton Worm has arisen and eaten a regiment of Scots pikemen just outside Newcastle.
 - With Mars in his fifth house, King Charles is destined to win a war. He's lost all the ones he's fought in so far, but maybe he will break his unlucky streak with this Parliamentary rebellion, eh?
 - The Jesuits are wizards, they know a spell to make themselves so tiny they can fly about on their Hosts like snowflakes in a blizzard.
-
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Possible, Fantastical

- Strange lights have been seen at the old ruined abbey between Wyberton and Frampton.
 - The world is going to end, all the preachers say so. God will make a great, great flood again and all us miserable sinners will be drowned. There's an Armenian fellow who is making a new Ark out in Turkey, he will be the new Noah, though I hear a widow in Lincolnshire has had the same idea.
 - The Frog Knight of Moulton has been seen riding out; the frogs and toads of the fen sing his praises as he passes. The herons won't stand for this, mark my words, there will be a battle in Fleet Fen.
 - The MPs John Pym, John Hampden, Denzil Holles, Arthur Haselrig, William Strode, Viscount Mandeville, and the Speaker of the House, William Lenthall are all witches! But a coven is thirteen, who are the other six? The Earl of Essex? Lord Fairfax? And which is the covenmaster?
 - A baker in Spalding has made a miraculous currant bun that came out of the oven looking just like Jesus. The Puritans said it was idolatry and fed it to a pig.
 - It has begun. The year 1666 will be a bad one, read your bible closely and maybe you'll have a chance.
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True, Fantastical

- The Earth is hollow I tell you, hollow! You can hear the mutterings of the people below in the splashing of the Fens and the bitterns call news of the underearth to each other as they boom in the twilight.
 - There's a witchfinder about. If you have any of the Great Art beware, he has a raven that spies for him and tells him your secrets.
 - Have you heard of the quicksilver messenger service? Best way of getting a secret message hither and yon.
 - The Muggletonians say that Heaven lies six miles above the surface of the Earth, and that anyone can see it if they can work out how to fly high enough. Hell lies six miles under the earth, but only the Cornish tin miners have gone that deep.
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4.6 Encounters on the road

This is not, as yet, a warzone; encounters will therefore be mostly dull and mundane, the local animals are not at all dangerous, the local people suspicious, but not hostile, though this may change. In May, the Referee should roll a d6 on the tables below, in June and July a d10, and in August, when war is well and truly underway, a d12. The chance of an encounter is 2 in 6 per day on a high road and 1 in 6 on a minor road.

If the Upturning has happened (see Chapter 9) all bets are off. Any number of peculiar beasts from the Underworld could be on the loose, the Nifflungr could be out capturing people for slaves and food, or expeditions of scholar-magicians could be investigating the district, depending on how fantastic the Referee wants to make it.

Roll d6/d10/d12:

- 1 Local. Inhabitant of nearest village or a farm going about some innocuous business, digging in a field by the road, cutting hedges, etc.
 - 2 Gentleman traveler. 50% chance of a 'squire', clergyman, or doctor on horseback, 50% of a carriage with 1d3 gentlefolk including a woman and a driver.
 - 3 Carter. A farm wagon taking produce to or from market. 1 in 6 chance of 2-4 drovers moving cattle, pigs, or geese, blocking the road.
 - 4 1-4 Local as 1 above. 5-6 Gentleman as 2 above.
 - 5 Recruits. 1d6 young men (and the occasional young woman pretending to be a man) looking to join (d6) 1-2, the Royalists, or 3-6, the Parliamentarians. They will be Level 1d6-5 Fighters. 1 in 6 chance of young gentlemen on horses, otherwise peasants.
 - 6 Tinker, peddler, or other itinerant. (d6) 1-3 on foot, 4-5 with a packhorse, or 6 with a cart. 1 in 12 chance of being a Gypsy family.
 - 7 Messenger. Riding quite hard, carrying letters. (d6) 1-4 civilian mail, lots of letters from worried relatives, pamphlets supporting one side or another, religious tracts foretelling the end of the world, etc. 5-6 Military messages from Royalists or Parliamentarians. Messenger will fight to protect them, letters may be in code.
 - 8 Recruiter. Level 1-2 Fighter, 50% chance of Level 1-2 Cleric, and 2d4 recruits of Level 1d6-5 on their way to martial glory or near certain death. 1 in 6 chance of Royalists, otherwise Parliament. Will offer inducements to join up with them.
 - 9 Vagabond adventurers. A miscellaneous group of 2d4 persons who may be out to steal or recover treasure while everyone is having a war, on a secret mission, 'righting wrongs', etc.
 - 1-4 Level 1d6-3 Fighter (minimum Level 1)
 - 5-7 Level 2d4-4 Specialist (minimum Level 1)
 - 8-9 Level 1d6-3 Cleric (minimum Level 1)
 - 10 Level 3d4-7 Magic-User (minimum Level 1)
 - 10 Clubmen. A patrol of 2d3+1 local men looking for highwaymen and other criminals known to be taking advantage of the war to cause trouble. 3 in 6 chance of being mounted. Will want to see documentation and proof of identity, but will accept the good word of a local worthy known to them. May have a reward to offer for arrest of a local miscreant.
 - 11 Military patrol. Squad of three to six armed and armoured cavalry, Level 1d6-2 Fighters, patrolling the roads. Will demand to see any letters of safe conduct, and may engage in combat if the party looks weak enough to take on, otherwise they will ride off to fetch help. In this area they will be 1-5 Parliament, 6 Royalist. Safe conduct letters can be gained from officials in the larger towns.
 - 12 Military unit on the march. 10-40 Cavalry, 30-90 Infantry, a third with matchlock muskets, two thirds with pikes, armoured with at least a buff coat and helmet, 1 sergeant per ten men is a Level 2 Fighter, one officer per 30 is a Level 3 Fighter, and a captain per 100 is a Level 4 Fighter. 1-4 Parliamentarian, 5-6 Royalist.
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4.7 Law and Order and Recusancy

Law is mostly kept by the Justices of the Peace, which are local landowners tasked with any number of administrative and legal duties. This is not feudalism—the position has been divorced from the need to hold a title and any oaths of allegiance other than being a loyal English subject and Anglican—but a Justice of the Peace (JP) will probably have some education, employ labourers on his own farm, and will rent land to tenants. They have the legal power to demand local men help him arrest wrongdoers, to hear minor cases, and to levy small fines. The position will probably be held by a member of the gentry, who may even hold a minor title, but holding a title is not a requisite for the position.

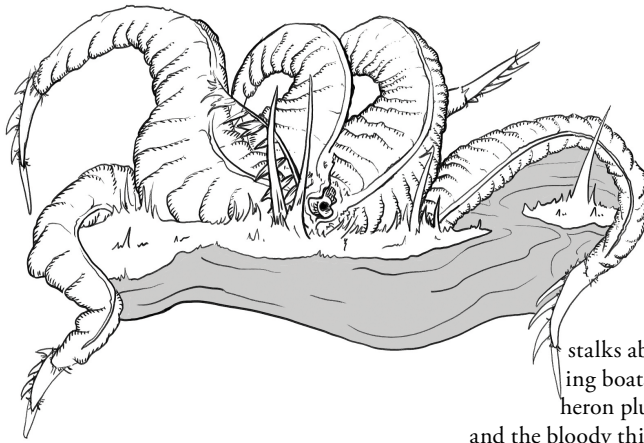
With the upcoming war, many of these men are taking up officer positions in the Royalist and Parliamentary armies, and disputes as to whether they have any legal authority at all are increasing. Local organisations to keep the peace, later called the Clubmen, are forming. These vary between a well-organised apolitical militia and mob rule. Player characters who commit crimes will soon find that there is someone after them, but as utter anarchy never quite broke out anywhere in England during the war, this may range from a couple of aggrieved peasants with pitchforks to a posse of mounted gents with flintlock pistols, hunting dogs and pike armed infantry, or anything in between.

The player characters will definitely run up against the Recusancy Laws. These were established in Tudor times to punish any lingering Catholics and force them to convert to the Church of England. Anyone who does not attend a Church of England service on a Sunday will be fined a silver piece. Everyone is on a parish register and will be ticked off by their local vicar. Visitors to a town present on a Sunday will be noted by him and the local JP, and if they do not attend, will be paid a visit later in the day to offer damned good excuses as why they did not or be fined on the spot.

Nonpayment of the fine may lead to imprisonment—if the JP has a jail handy, as most rural ones do not and will lock them in a cellar or barn—or more usually sentence them to a spell in the stocks.

These days the main victims are those Puritans who feel the Church of England has veered so far back towards Popish practices and is so corrupted by its association with the tyrannical King that they cannot in good conscience attend an Anglican service. Some have already left for the colonies, some grumble loudly but pay up, most sit in the pews in stony dissenting silence and have their own prayer meetings elsewhere later in the day. There are more than a few Anglican clergy who have now thrown out Archbishop Laud's 'Papist' edition of the prayer book and order of service, and run the kind of Puritan churches their congregations want, defying the authority of the Bishops.





stalks about taking men out of fishing boats as easily as a normal sized heron plucks up and swallows frogs,

and the bloody thing breathes fire in the bargain. The fact that the Fen is utterly flat, has very few trees, and therefore nowhere for the great heron to hide does not put off the true believers, who all say that they know people who know people who have lost relatives to the thing.

The Fleet Fen is prone to will o'wisps, which are lights caused by the ignition of methane gas bubbles coming up from below, and there is a beast out there, just not the one people think it is. It is a vast upturned starfish-like creature, a spiny bag with a sphincter-like mouth on top with a low profile that hides in the mud. Its digestive processes are primitive, more like a compost heap than anything else, and a lot of gas builds up inside it. When a punt comes and its punter pokes the upper surface with his pole, the mouth opens and burps, causing a vast fizz of foul smelling bubbles to rise up under the boat, like those in a just-opened bottle of champagne. Both punt and passenger will sink immediately into the froth and fall into the vast mouth, which then reseals behind them. If it happens at night and the punter has a lamp the effects are spectacular, with gouts of blue flame accompanying his sudden demise.

There is only a 1% chance of meeting the fenbeast on any given visit to Fleet Fen. This drops to 0.1% if the visitors stick to the edges like most of the locals do.

4.8 The Towns and Villages

Algakirk has been visited by Niklas Brahe in the last couple of weeks and a suspect witch, Norman Wilks, was killed by a house fire before he could be properly arrested and sent to face justice. His wife Sarah left for Spalding to the south with her young son. Norman was an argumentative loudmouth and had allegedly put the evil eye on a number of local farmers' best milk cows and caused several villagers to come down with the ague.

Boston is the major market town of south Lincolnshire and is also a small port, linked to the Wash by The Haven, a tidal channel. It has a population of three thousand or so, almost all Puritan, and many of the extreme 'Separationist' kind. The *Mayflower* settlers included a number of Bostonians, and Reverend John Cotton, who named Boston in Massachusetts, left the town in 1630. People here are grimly waiting the start of the war with the King. Lord Lindsey's men have been trying to recruit here for the King, but got short shrift and ran back to Lincoln before they were lynched. The town is a great place for a fire breathing sermon on the King's many misdeeds.

Fleet is a moderately sized village on the edge of an undrained fen. The Fleet Fen is allegedly home to the Fleet Beast, a gigantic heron that

The Fenbeast: Armour 16, Hit Dice 8, Attack +10, 50 hp, Move 10', submerged, Morale 9.

Attacks

Burp: always causes surprise, affects a 20 ft. diameter circle with sudden loss of buoyancy; make a saving throw versus Paralysis with penalties for armour and encumbrance or immediately begin to drown; make a saving throw versus Poison or suffer loss of consciousness due to the toxic gases. If the gases ignite then an additional 2d6 damage is inflicted, halved if a saving throw versus Breath Weapon is made.

Swallow: affects a 20 ft. radius, does no damage in itself, but the person is trapped in the dark water filled belly of the beast. To get out, he must kill it from the inside, or find the mouth and struggle his way out, rolling Strength+1d10 versus a Strength of 20+1d10. The beast loses 1 Strength per 5 points of damage done to it.

Arms: it has seven of these, each of which can grab and hold a character under water and pull them into its mouth. Each arm only has an attack of +6 and a Strength of 15 and do 1d3 damage per round in addition to giving the swallow attack an additional +2 to hit and encouraging the drowning of the grabbed victim. Each arm can be severed by an attack that inflicts 10 points of damage.

Drowning: a character can hold his breath for one round per point of Constitution, after that he takes 1d4 damage per Level per round (so a Level 1 character takes 1d4 points of damage, a second level 2d4 etc.—thus a swordmaster can expire as quickly as a novice when trapped underwater). The foul contents of the things gut will also cause automatic exposure to **dysentery**.

Fleet Hargate has an alehouse, a couple of farmhouses, and that is pretty much it. The ale is good though, since the brewers use comfrey and borage to flavour the beer in the traditional way, with none of those newfangled Dutch hops (which have only been in use for two hundred years, they'll never catch on). The alehouse has a traditional Saxon ale-mug as well, a huge thing with pegs running down the inside marking off each measure of ale, and a carving of a dragon on the outside, an intricate bit of knotwork. Oddly enough the dragon seems to have the head of a duck.

Frampton is in turmoil, as a calf is accused of deliberately murdering its own family through arson. Some of the local Puritans accuse the farmer of witchcraft, many others of stupidity. The farmer, Giles Garret, is adamant that it really happened. His tale is that as he was doing the milking, the calf somehow ignited the hay at the other end of the shed, and the fire spread rapidly. He was nearly trampled and much of his herd incinerated in the confusion. The guilty calf fled into the marches, mooing evilly, and he wants the local Justice of the Peace to raise a posse to go after it and arrest it. A local warlock, Thomas Kember, is secretly prepared to offer a prize for the capture of what he thinks is a Gorgon. It is in fact a Bon-nacon, and woe betide anyone who catches up with it.



Bonnacon Calf: Armour 14, 1 Hit Die, 4 hp, movement 60' ground, Morale 6.

Attacks by expelling a cone of caustic excrement that sticks and burns like napalm, all within 15' range; make a saving throw versus Breath Weapon or suffer 1d6 damage, plus 1d3 per round until washed off. Adult Bonnacon can be up to 4 Hit Dice and do up to twice as much damage.

Freiston has a church dedicated to St. James that was once part of a larger priory. A few cottagers live right down on the edge of the mudflats and dig shellfish and go out in fishing boats on the Wash at high tide. If any visitors want a guide to the mudflats, then they are the people to ask. According to Harriet Creen, spinster of this parish, men are deliberately drowned by witches out on the mudflats, and drowned men lost in the quicksand pull in passersby to join them.

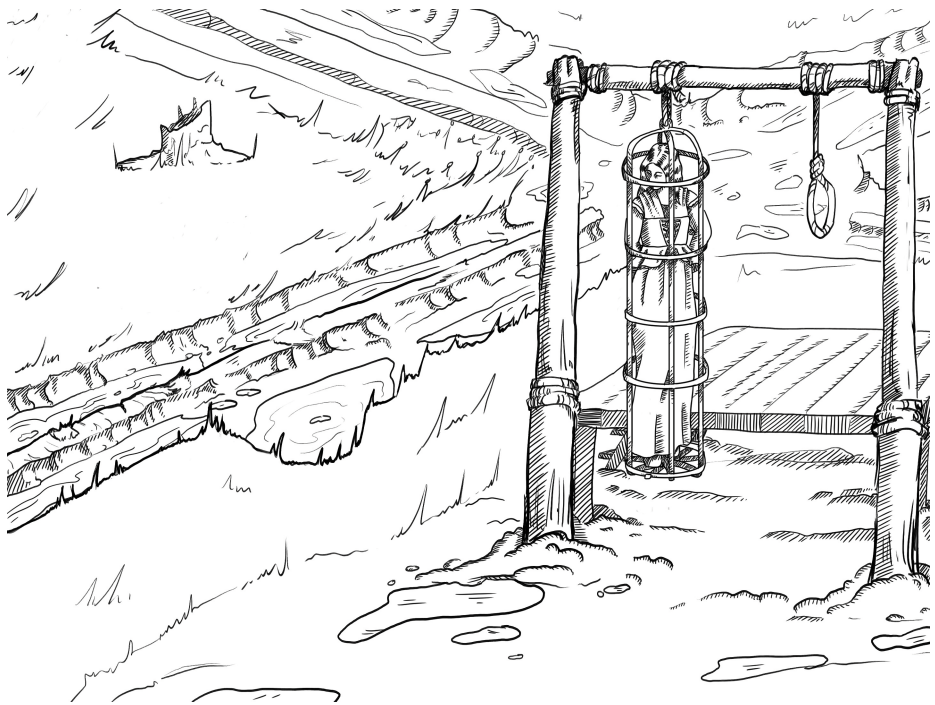
Fishtoft's church is dedicated to St. Guthlac of Crowland, a little known Saxon saint. The vicar, Thomas Hobbes, is pleased to tell you the tale of how St. Guthlac settled on the isle of Crowland in the fens south of Spalding, and found he could understand the language of the Old British demons that haunted them and withstood much suffering from the ague they inflicted on him. People seeking a cure for the ague still occasionally come and pray to the statue of Guthlac that now sits in an alcove in the tower, but Hobbes, who tends toward Puritanism, is far from convinced it ever does any of them any good. Killing and curing is at the will of God, and all is predestined in his dour opinion. Fishtoft too has a few fishermen, who sail down The Haven to the sea.

Gedney is a small village that currently consists of a row of five alms houses, three farms, and a church. The Church of England is supposed to maintain the alms houses out of donations from the local landowners, but they are in a run-down state. The unemployed labourers here did some digging work down near Spalding, but were sacked from Smeaton's employ for being non-conformists, since most are Seekers and one man is a Digger. There is also a Ranter, Horatio Vaughan, squatting in one the cottages who has no shame about begging, cadging, and selling black market tobacco.

Holbeach is an old market town, and has 800 inhabitants. Archibald Campbell, 7th Earl of Argyll carried out one of the first drainage works in this area in the early 1630s and owns a huge wedge of land to the north of the town. The old earl had converted to Catholicism to please his wife, but the 8th and current earl, also Archibald Campbell, is a solid Presbyterian and a leading Covenanter.

There is a Presbyterian chapel in the town and a number of the farms have Scottish tenants. There has been no real Union of Scotland and England at this point, and the Scots are definitely regarded as foreigners, though the fact there been no floods since 'Auld Archie' undertook the drainage, means he and his family are well regarded. 'Young Archie' is currently in Scotland pretty much running the country, but seeing how things are panning out in England he has sent recruiters to help raise a regiment for Parliament and a firebrand preacher or two to spread the message about the dictatorial doings of Charles in Scotland.





Holbeach St. Marks is somewhat isolated by the fens and the inhabitants are allegedly smugglers, bandits and ne'er do wells according to the inhabitants of the other villages. It is a quiet place, with an old Norman church in poor repair dedicated to St. Mark and the New Inn, which actually is a haven for smugglers evading duty on wine from the continent.

There is one abandoned cottage on the edge of town. A sad tale, seven years ago the daughter of the house had a child out of wedlock, and the child was born in a bloody and fatal Cæsarean section performed by the midwife Goody Whitlow and the local Doctor, William Jackson. Goody Whitlow was hung for witchcraft a couple of months back, having been smelled out by a Swedish witchfinder named Bray—her body is in a gibbet a mile outside town where two farm lanes cross each other—but Jackson is still about. He is reluctant to give details, but says the child was 'all wrong'. He preserved the corpse of the awful thing and passed it on to a noted scholar, Mr. Andrew Smeaton of Fosdyke, for further study.

Off the map to the east lies **King's Lynn**, which is home to about 2,000 people. While Norfolk as whole is quite Puritan and Parliamentary, this town's more prominent residents tend towards the King. Royal recruiters are here, clandestinely encouraging likely lads to seek out Earl Lindsey in the city of Lincoln.

Kirton is home to Goodlord Barebones, cousin of the famous preacher Praisegod, and his family. He has named his recently born son Armageddon Barebones. The local Anglican vicar and gentry put it down to his being a semi-literate Puritan fanatic and pulling random words out of the bible as names, but if you ask Goodlord he says it came to him in a vision from the Almighty. Local gossip says three-month-old Armageddon strangled a viper that attacked his crib, laughs at unseen angelic playmates, and looks uncannily like an image of St. Michael kept in a barn since such carvings became unfashionable.



Moulton is large prosperous village with a magnificent church, All Saint's, which has a surviving medieval rood screen; a brand new windmill in the Dutch style pumping water out of the local meres into a finished canal, and an earthwork and ruin to the south called Moulton Castle. The noble de Moulton family was wiped out during the Wars of the Roses and the site was common land, being part of a seasonally flooded fen. Since then, it has been drained and the revealed castle has become the source of rumours about ghosts and curses, mainly related to a 'Frog Knight', said to be defeated by the first de Moulton centuries ago. Peter and Margaret Corby, Puritans who scoffed at such superstitious tosh, took some of the old stones to build their new cottage and the roof fell in last year, leaving Margaret crippled with a crooked leg, which just goes to show...

Pinchbeck has one of Philibert Vernatti's windmills on the highest point in the Part of Holland—the southern section of Lincolnshire—a whopping 20 feet above sea level. Vernatti has bought some land round here, and the locals are sure he intends to build a Catholic church on it. The Puritans of the village want to nip this in the bud and plan to send someone down to Spalding to shoot the bugger, while the Seekers continue to preach tolerance. The fact that the King is allegedly thinking of making the Italian engineer a Baronet is only increasing local distrust towards the man.

Spalding lies to the south on the River Welland. This town of 2,000 souls is subject to frequent floods and an Italian engineer named Philibert Vernatti is based here, organising ditch diggers and the building of windmills. The work is mostly completed, and Vernatti has high hopes that the annual winter floods will be seen to have abated. Stories of a guy named Cromwell, MP for nearby Huntingdon, can be heard in the local taverns and a couple of local men have signed up for his cavalry regiment.

Stutterton has a fine inn, a stop for coaches heading west to the Midlands. A band of five Royalist cavalry are using the inn as a base after a minor knight of the shire was ambushed by not far up the road by bandits who may hold parliamentary sympathies. They have not paid for any of the food, beer, or fodder they and their horses have consumed and the landlord would like them to leave.

Surfleet's chief claim to fame is the leaning tower of St. Lawrence Church, whose top lies over 6 feet away from the perpendicular! The congregation blames the recent lean to the drainage works carried out nearby by 'that Eye-tie pillock' Philibert Vernatti based in Spalding, and some suspect him of being a Jesuit spy who is secretly trying to demolish the soundly Protestant church. The locals are dubious about the drainage and loss of common rights over the fishing and fowling anyway, and are thinking about burning down the windmill Vernatti has built to work the pumps pulling water from the local fen into his ditch.

Weston is not very interesting in itself, but nearby is the site of the medieval village of Wykeham, depopulated and abandoned after the Black Death of 1349. Rumours persist that the Black Death is making a comeback, noting that there was a serious outbreak in Norwich in 1625, but David Fincham, a grim faced old man with old scars from a fire, says that was not the Black Death, but will not say what it was... (see *Forgive Us*, also published by *Lamentations of the Flame Princess*). The locals say it is best to avoid Wykeham. The only person who lived out that way was a witch, Jenny Offord, and this witchfinder, Nicholas Bray, found out that she was digging up old bones from Wykeham churchyard so they hung her last Saturday. Investigation will reveal a recent burial here, a poor show with a crude coffin made maybe a week or two back, and a wooden board to mark the grave saying Colin Moran, RIP. He was an Irish labourer who worked for Smeaton and who died of dysentery.



Whaplode has an inn for travellers going to King's Lynn and Norwich. It also has highwaymen and anyone who looks like they might have some money who passes through has a 50% chance of being ambushed someplace between here and Holbeach by three masked bandits on horseback with buff coats, breastplates and morions, pistols, and swords. Their masks are made of wood and feathers and resemble a heron like bird. They are not out to kill, just intimidate and rob. They have a hideout in the fen, a hut where they stash their ill-gotten gains and stable their horses when not out conducting highway robbery. Davy hangs around the inn looking for marks, helped by his girlfriend, who is a maid there. The Horrocks are of gentle birth, but their family has hit hard times due to shipping investments gone bad, and it would be a real scandal if they were found out. Michael has tamed one of the local birds, a bittern—a local wading bird like a short legged heron—and it will call out if people approach the hideout. Michael is an odd looking lad, with a big pointy nose and thin legs, a little bit like a bittern himself.

Highwaymen:

Davy Horrocks, Fighter Level 2, Anglican, CN, Armour 15, Attack +3, 14 hp, Strength bonus +1, Wisdom bonus -2, Charisma +2, Morale 8; has a brace of flintlock pistols and a sword with a basket hilt.

Stephanie Horrocks, Fighter Level 1, Anglican, CN, Armour 15, Attack +2, 9 hp, Constitution +1, Wisdom -1, Dexterity +1, Morale 9; single flintlock pistol, sword with a basket hilt.

Michael Day, Specialist Level 2, Anglican, CE, Armour 12, Attack +1, 7 hp, Dexterity +1, Intelligence +1, Wisdom -1, Charisma +1, Morale 7, Skills: Search 3, Stealth 3, Bushcraft 2; single flintlock pistol, tuck.

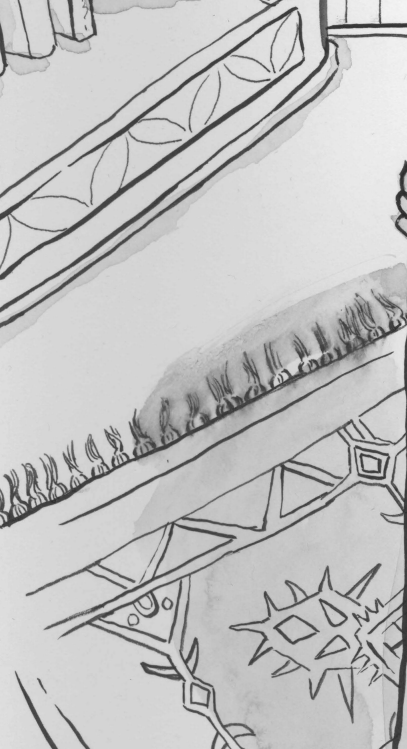
Wigtoft is home to a large Seeker community. Since the King fled London and war has looked inevitable, they have been singing hymns in shifts non-stop and some of the other locals wouldn't mind if someone shut them up. The Seeker preacher, a cartwright called Thomas Cartwright, says he has seen the Black Hound of War bearing a sword on the outskirts of the village, and he is sure that the singing is the only thing keeping it at bay.

Barguest: Armour 16, 4 Hit Dice, 20 hp, Movement 80' ground, Morale 12

Attacks with a two handed sword for 1d10 damage +2 for strength OR with its bite for 1d6+2. Can become incorporeal and walk through walls, and while in this state it cannot attack and can only be attacked with enchanted weapons.

Wyberton has a castle—actually an earthwork with a moat upon which sit some crumbling rocks that used to be a castle. William Coppeldyke, a local landowner, is making a half-assed effort to fortify it in the modern Dutch manner under the guidance of Tobias Shandy, a fanatical Puritan who took part in the Wars of Religion as a mercenary, taking a musket ball to the brain and living to tell the tale. Coppeldyke has even bought a small cannon, and is unsuccessfully trying to teach his swineherds to load and fire it. The militia makes a great show of stopping everyone passing on the main road and questioning them, even if they aren't sure what to do with the information.





4.9 Other locations

1. Smeaton Hall: Home of Sir John Smeaton, elder brother of Andrew, and the Rev. Phillip in Fosdyke. A fine farmhouse with a number of outbuildings, the hall has a priest hole built in the previous century for hiding Catholic clergy.

The secret room is used by Andrew as a library, and is guarded by an unnamed demon. It is made of dream matter, has Armour 10, 2 Hit Dice, and causes *Confusion* with each hit unless a saving throw versus Magic is made, and does 1d3 damage. The demon lives in a hollow fulgurite, a piece of rock created when a bolt of lightning hits and fuses the soil, which lies on the desk as a paperweight. It emerges as a wisp of sparkling smoke which solidifies into a crab with an ever changing number of legs and tiny snapping pincers.

The shelves of Andrew's library currently houses fifteen tomes on various aspects of numerology, Rosicrucianism, astrology, and Alchemy, worth 300sp in total. The prize items include a volume on cryptology, which holds the principle behind a cipher used in Royalist communications; a paper that looks like an Egyptian Coptic papyrus, (perhaps an original document by Hermes Trismegistos himself); three blank books; a scroll of the spell *Thread of Knowledge* (see Chapter 3) written in Latin; and a notebook filled with zodiacal symbols.

The Coptic scroll is of the 9th Level spell *Temporal Stasis*, that will require knowledge of the Coptic language and alphabet to translate, and also includes information on the Crucible of Hermes, a magic item found in King John's hoard (see Chapter 10), including hints at the existence of a stele telling its great secret. It has been affected with an *Obscure Language* spell and *Comprehend Languages* will not work on it.

The notebook is written in an astrological substitution cypher using symbols for planets, zodiacal signs, etc. along with various alchemical symbols to stand for whole words. The language used is Latin, so it is no trivial task to decipher or even recognise it as being a code. Anyone who attempts to decipher the code must know Latin, and roll 1d20, add his Intelligence bonus, his Magic-User Level, +1 if he knows any cryptology, and +1 if he has exceptional skills in astrology or alchemy or access to texts on those subjects. This roll can be for each 6 whole hours spent on the deciphering attempt. On a result of 20 or more, the code is cracked. The notebook records Smeaton's work on the Coptic manuscript and contains a partial translation.

The desk drawer has a silver needle, a couple of empty bone cotton reels and three reels marked I, II and III with what looks like black cotton on them, and a fourth with a short thread that is unmarked. These are unthreaded back-up versions of Smeaton's spell books (see Chapter 6), the unmarked one is a printed page from a pocket edition of the bible, a particularly dull passage from Deuteronomy.

On the mantelpiece over the fire in the reception room is piece of polished black marble. If Andrew uses it in conjunction with *Mercurial Messenger* to contact his brother, this is where the message appears.

Sir John knows that his brother is a scholar, but has no idea he is dabbling in demon summoning. If approached about his Andrew's curious activities in Fosdyke he will be dismissive, but might be persuaded to let the player characters search the secret room if given enough and sufficiently startling evidence that witchcraft is afoot.



Sir John is a 3rd Level Fighter and has a footman and huntsman who are both 2nd Level Fighters, plus another six servants and farmhands of Level 1 and six of Level 0. He also has a fine selection of flintlock pistols, and a fine Italian Estoc (see Appendix 1). If the hall is attacked, Sir John will send a messenger on a horse to fetch help from neighbouring farms.

Andrew has been stockpiling arms at the farm in preparation for coming civil unrest. Sir John thought this was nonsense, but now sees the wisdom in this. He is still dubious about arming Andrew's Irish Catholic ditch diggers, but any local reaction will hopefully be nipped in the bud by the arrest of the dozen or so local Puritan notables and agitators on the proscription list Andrew has given him. Sir John keeps this list in his pocket at all times now, and notes with approval that it is sealed by Willoughby de Eresby, Earl of Lindsey, himself. Nabbing these miscreants for the Earl will stand him in good stead with the King, but he must wait for the right moment—the petty legalists might argue that the arrests are arbitrary and illegal, but decisive actions are necessary once the realm is in mortal danger of overthrow.

Sir John Smeaton

Anglican OR, Level 3 Fighter, Armour 15, hp 22, Attack +4, Morale 10, Strength +1, Dexterity -1, Intelligence +1, Charisma +1, brace of flintlock pistols, basket hilt estoc.

2. **The Ship Inn:** A tumbledown wooden frame structure that is apparently abandoned, and bears an inn sign saying 'The Bull' with a broken wooden bull hanging under it. The word Bull has been roughly painted out and replaced by the word 'Ship'. In a shallow pond in the back yard is a listing barge inhabited by Esme Harding.

Esme is in her 50s, and is in perpetual mourning for her son, Ernest, who ran away to sea 20 years ago. Esme drinks, a lot, and operates not only a brewery in the old stable, but also a still on board the boat making potato spirit. She has come under the influence of George Middlecott, the Puritan preacher in Fosdyke and is convinced that his tales of the end of the world and a repeat performance of Noah's flood are true. She abandoned her inn and took up residence in the barge a couple of years ago. Dragged here by an expensive team of dray horses, the barge is still structurally sound and will float.





3. The Rune Stone: At the mouth of the Welland there is a small mound on the south-west side sticking out of the treacherous mud-flats bearing a large grey boulder. This boulder is barely submerged at low tide.

It is covered in bladderwrack and barnacles, but careful observation will reveal that there is a peculiar sign written on it, in thin angular letters. Cleaning off the detritus will reveal a partial runic inscription—‘...and Guthrum had me made’—on one side and some kind of illustration on the other.

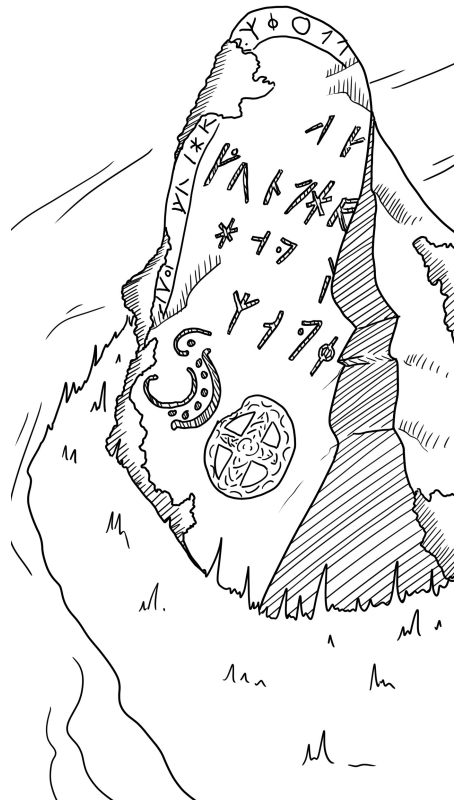
A very well read player character with some knowledge of history might be allowed a roll to recall that East Anglia was briefly ruled by a viking king called Guthrum in the 9th century. The boulder will detect as magical and part of it has been obviously broken off. This other part can be found incorporated into the fabric of All Saints Church in Fosdyke.

Fixing the two parts of the stone back together will enable a Magic-User of Level 5 or above to control the weather in the Wash and to a lesser extent up and down the Lincolnshire coast. Back in the old pagan days, Guthrum used to chain slaves to the stone and let them be drowned by the sea gods as the tide rose to ensure his fleet of longships had safe passage and to raise storms to sink those of rival vikings coming to raid his little kingdom. It will still work today if anyone is callous enough to try.

It will also hold the land still and prevent the ‘Upturning’ planned by Niklas Brahe and the landing of his ‘Niflung’ friends from beneath the sea (see Chapter 7). Guthrum had plenty of godi, Norse priests, who knew all about the lands of Niflheim and knew that there were places hereabouts where their inhabitants could get through.

4. The Dig Site: Here Andrew Smeaton’s Irish ‘badgers’ are hard at work on the great ditch that will enable the Smeatons to expand their landholdings to the south east of Smeaton Hall.

There is a wooden bridge here built on decaying wooden piles. Rather rickety and unstable, it is not much improved from the Medieval one swept away by the storm surge in 1216 (see Chapter 7 for further details).



5. The Old Abbey: On a low hill rising 20 feet or so out of the surrounding fen is a ruined abbey. Originally a Benedictine house, it was destroyed during the dissolution of the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII over a century ago. Its burnt walls are now covered in ivy and cracked flagstones buried under turf and wildflowers. Its roof has long fallen in and its stones have long been liberated by many local farms for the walls marking their field boundaries.

There are a number of places where the ground is very uneven—someone has been digging holes and filling them in again. If dug out they will be revealed to be graves. The most recent contains a stone coffin which has been opened and resealed with bands of lead. The skeleton inside has been curiously marked and has odd burns as if someone has used a branding iron on it, and both femurs and the mandible are broken. This was in fact done by Andrew Smeaton and a wizardly accomplice, Thomas Kember of Frampton, who is adept at speaking with the dead. This old monk was a bit reticent to speak, so Smeaton branded and broke his bones. Since the jaw is broken no one can now use the same magic to question the monk again. All around are other old holes, and other monks with broken jaws, the result of Kember's work over the years digging up ancient secrets, though he never went so far as to torture the skeletons himself.

At the foot of the hill are three ancient stones; the hill is a Neolithic long barrow, but the internal chamber has long since collapsed and the stones lay tumbled and half buried. One bears a carving in Ogham, the old Irish alphabet whose secret is currently known only to a few scholarly Catholic monks in Ireland. If it is somehow translated it will read 'canobachan' or 'hill of the hinge' in Irish. This site is at one end of the 'axis' by which a large area of South Lincolnshire can be flipped over by the Upturning to reveal the land within the Hollow Earth (see Chapter 7).

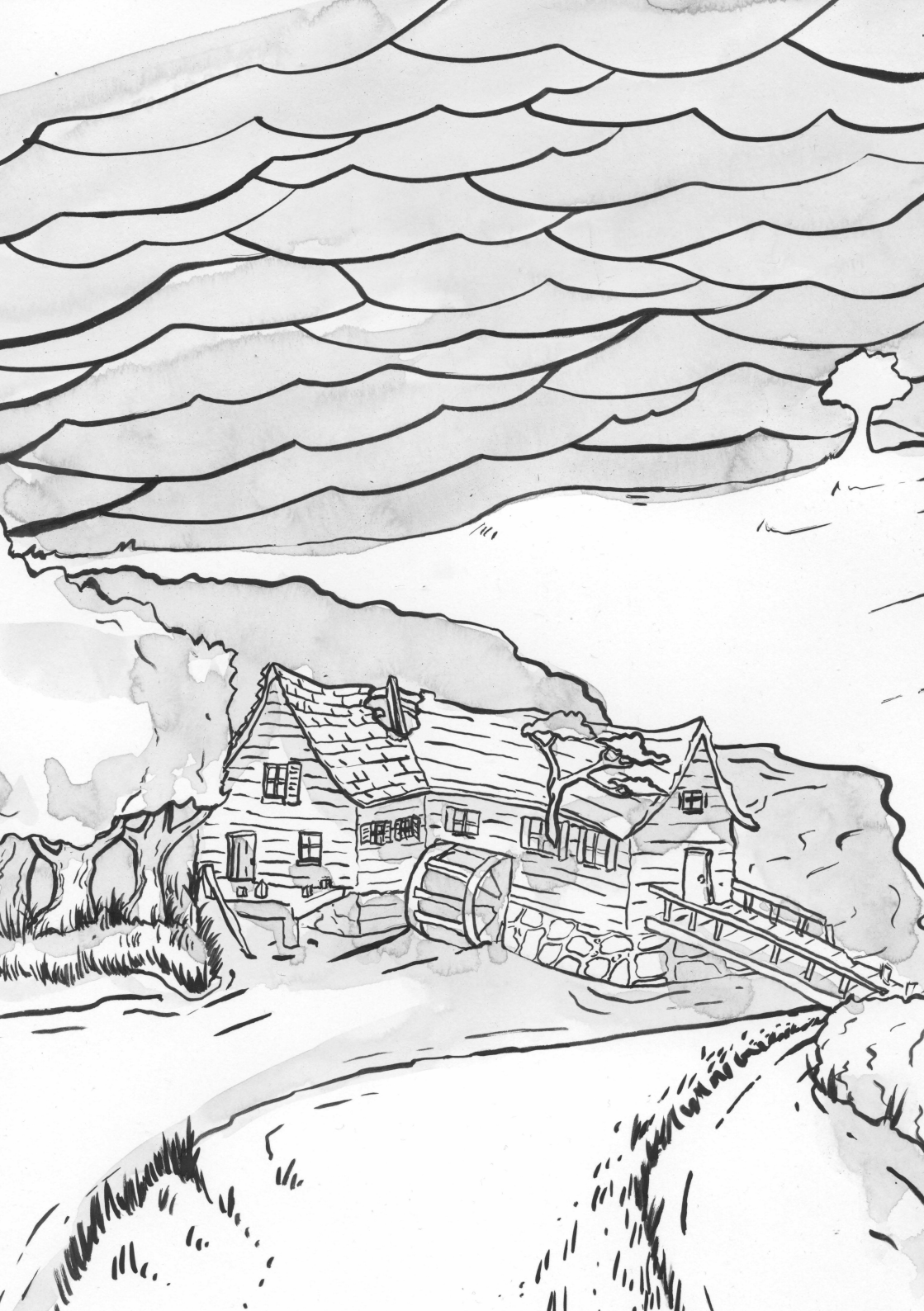
Looking south east along the axis of the long barrow will, with the aid of a spyglass, reveals another mound on the horizon with a grey building on it, just beyond a small village.

6. Gully's Farm: Thomas Gully and his family live at this utterly unremarkable farmhouse in the midst of the muddy South Holland fields. It stands on a mound about 20 feet above the surrounding mire and has an earthwork round the whole place just below the summit. Gully says his great grandfather chose the spot because it was well above the flood level. The earthwork? He isn't sure, but the Reverend Peel down at Holbeach St. Matthew says it is a Roman camp, where Julius Caesar himself pitched tent. For a few coppers he will show any visitors the 'Roman' objects he has dug up from the fields.

The site is genuinely Roman, but Gully's objects are a load of tat for the most part, medieval farm tools turned to rust and ruin, with one silver coin with an Arabic inscription brought here by one of Guthrum's Vikings. The only objects of any interest are a clay statuette of a bittern with human arms folded across its breast, and a corroded lead tablet written in execrable Vulgate Latin wishing 'harm on all Boudicca's damned water fowl that dare to steal my cabbages'.

This is the other end of the 'axis' on which the earth might be upturned, a Roman military outpost established on the edge of a fen where the defeated Iceni and Trinovantes retreated after the defeat of Boudicca's revolt in AD 61. The site had previously been an Iceni village with a druidic shrine, and before that a site for a neolithic standing stone, but no trace of these now remain.







Chapter 5:

Fosdyke Village



5.1 Locations in Fosdyke

1. Old Fosdyke Farm



ow owned by George Middlecott and family, this rather rickety medieval building was built on the site of a Roman Villa. Middlecott

is a Puritan through and through, and he and his wife and children can be seen parading through the streets dressed in severe black. He attends church only to shake his head pityingly at the lacklustre and weak-willed Vicar, Phillip Smeaton, who he considers to be a well-meaning, but pathetic reptile who only has the living of Fosdyke because of his wealthy brother. George accepts the need for the draining of the fens, but hates the way it is being done, and especially hates that the awful Smeatons are going to be getting the best of the land while he gets none.

Ploughing in the field at the back of the farmhouse is always turning up old bits of pottery and roof tiles, which Middlecott, ignorant and uninterested in their import, is always tossing away. An investigation of his rubbish heap might yield something of interest.

George holds his own prayer meetings in his barn (location 6) after the official Church of England service every Sunday morning. Nicklas Brahe is staying in the hay loft. Middlecott suspects Brahe is batshit crazy, but he has uncovered some witches in neighbouring villages, and if he can get some real dirt on one of the Smeatons, then good luck to him.

Middlecott can be persuaded to let the player characters stay in the barn if he is satisfied that they are 'of good character', that is, not Catholic and not overtly loyal to the King.

George Middlecott

Level 1 Puritan Cleric, RE, Armour 14, 6 hp, Morale 9, +1 Wisdom bonus, +1 Charisma bonus; sword, flintlock pistol. **Spells:** 1 *Cure Light Wounds*; if given sufficient warning of a fight he will pray for *Praise the Lord and Keep Your Powder Dry* (See Appendix 4).

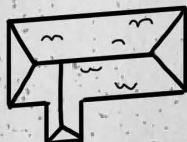
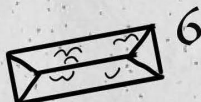
2. Water Mill

This mill is not very effective as the flow in the millrace is pretty pathetic and local farmers now send their grain to be ground at windmills near Spalding. The mill is dirty and run down and has plenty of rats and a leaky roof. The mill pond at the back is green with scum and slime and needs a good clean out. It does however have a wheeled ducking stool installed nearby, last used twenty years ago in the trial of Peggy Welland, a notorious scold and alleged witch, as many older locals will tell visitors who ask about witches or the ducking stool.

Peggy was drowned—of course—and not buried in consecrated ground, but laid to rest in the field behind the mill under a willow tree. She harbours considerable resentment against the village and especially the Smeaton family, since Richard, father of John, Philip, and Andrew, was the magistrate at her 'trial' and she was dobbled in by Sally Smeaton, then a young lady who tried to procure an abortion from her after a dalliance with none other than George



Willer Lane



Bell Lane

10

Main Road



15



8



fosdyke

Middlecott, who was not quite so puritanical in his youth. Sally was sent away, and the child was born in secret in Lincoln. One of the player characters might be that child.

Digging up Peggy's remains will yield some damned interesting gossip if a *Speak with Dead* spell is used, and Peggy will make a deal—she will cast her best spell, *Stinking Cloud*, once for the party, in return for them setting fire to Old Fosdyke Farm, the church, the alehouse, and Smeaton Hall. She might be argued down to some lesser vengeance, and may be persuaded to use her other spells, *Hold Portal* and *Unseen Servant*. In any event, even if her spirit is never contacted, a charm made with one of her bones will give +2 to saving throws made versus Magic cast by Smeaton and levy a penalty of -2 on all saving throws versus Magic made by Smeaton for spells cast against him.

Peggy will try and haunt one of the player characters. More so if one of them is the long lost illegitimate son of George Middlecott—the Referee should ask the players for a hint of their characters' family backgrounds and offer one of them the option of being an orphan from Lincoln. If a player takes the option, the Referee should make his character have dreams—dreams of the unsuccessful abortion, being in a warm comfortable place, then half poisoned with abortifacients, then stabbed, and finally emerging into a bright cold place where he can only scream.

3. Walling's House

Theodore Walling is the current miller, a slow witted oaf left behind when the rest of the family left for Barbados four years back. He is a loyal Anglican and proud to serve as Sexton at the Church, and to spy on the Middlecotts on Andrew Smeaton's behalf. He can be found ineptly lurking round the Middlecott's barn (location 6) on any Sunday, hoping to pick up something overtly subversive in George's sermons, otherwise he pootles ineffectually round the church and churchyard or sits in the alehouse and prattles on about how his dearest brother Thomas is going to send money for passage to the colonies. He is illiterate and gets people to read him letters from Thomas about how well he is doing as an indentured farm labourer bullying actual slaves on a plantation in Barbados.

Walling wakes up in the middle of the night screaming on a regular basis, as the spirit of Peggy Welland haunts his dreams and tells him what a hopeless failure he is and what utter swine the Smeatons are. Walling is loyal to the Smeatons, but the jingle of cash might persuade him to betray them.

Theodore Walling

Level 1 Anglican Fighter, CO, Armour 13, 6 hp, Morale 5, -1 Intelligence bonus; billhook, club, keys to the church.



4. Cheerful Hedger's house

Cheerful Hedger is a patriarch with family in a number of villages, many of whom work as labourers or carpenters on various farms hereabouts. The player characters might run into Charity, Prudence, Hopeful, Regretful, Ugly, Uglier and Ugliest (three brothers from a more cynical branch of the family), etc.

Cheerful is a broad shouldered and strong man in his forties and he has a formidable wife, Millicent Hedger (nee Grendell) and two even bigger and tougher sons Gog and Magog. His family are all avowed pacifists and follow the Seeker religion, and attend George Middlecott's alternative prayer meetings.

Gog has a curious bronze object he recovered while ploughing in Middlecott's fields, a Roman lamp shaped like a small man with a colossal phallus. Gog thinks it might be magical and has lit it under the window of Jenny Pullet, who lives down the street. Sure enough she is taking an interest in him, but the lamp is nothing to do with it. He will sell it for 20sp.

Cheerful Hedger

Level 2 Seeker Fighter, RN, Armour 12, 12 hp, Morale 10, +1 Strength bonus; billhook.

Millicent Hedger

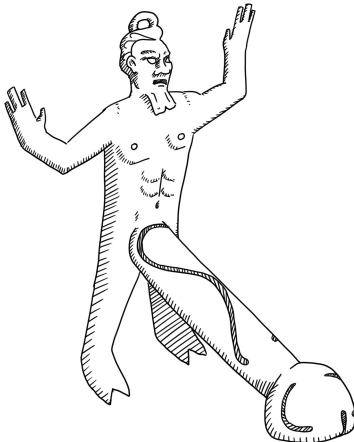
Level 1 Seeker Fighter, RN, Armour 12, 6 hp, Morale 11, +2 Strength bonus; knife.

Gog Hedger,

Level 1 Seeker Fighter, RN, Armour 12, 8 hp, Morale 9, +3 Strength bonus; billhook, crossbow.

Magog Hedger

Level 1 Seeker Fighter, RN, Armour 12, 8 hp, Morale 9, +3 Strength bonus; billhook, crossbow.



5. Pullet's Alehouse

This is a traditional alehouse, with Margery Pullet's parlour serving as the public room where she sells ale brewed on the premises. Ale is universally drunk in 17th century England as it is a lot healthier than the water, especially when you live in a swamp, and teetotalers are unknown.

The Smeatons have their own brewery at the Vicarage, and are said to favour beer with hops, still regarded as a bit of a novelty and possibly with some suspicion as it is said to be the invention of the supposedly godless Dutch. There is large iron key hung up on a hook by the back door of the parlour. This is the key to the stocks, and anyone who gets drunk and rowdy will be put in them by their fellow patrons as an act of rough and instant justice.

Margery, her daughter Jenny, and son Mark are conventional Anglicans, but are increasingly annoyed with the King and don't disagree with those suggesting that an armed uprising might be necessary. Margery is also notably superstitious and wary of any allegations of witchcraft. Jenny Pullet, a girl of sixteen, might be persuaded to join any expedition to spy or annoy the Smeatons just for the fun of the thing.

Jenny Pullet

Level 1 Anglican Specialist, CE, Armour 13, 4 hp, Morale 7, +1 Dexterity bonus, -1 Constitution bonus, Skills: Climbing 2, Stealth 3, Sleight 2; knife.

Who is drinking at Pullet's?

On any weekday there will be 1d4-2 customers here during the day, 1d6-1 in the evening, on Sunday morning everyone is at Church, on Sunday afternoon 2d4+2 people will be at the alehouse, and 1d4+1 will stay until evening. Only a quarter of the drinkers will be women, as in these sexist times they generally prefer to take their ale home and catch up with the gossip at the laundry. Rumours of the doings of Andrew Smeaton and 'Nicholas Bray' as they call Brahe the witchfinder are easy to pick up, and another 1d3 random rumours (see Chapter 4.5) can be heard. After the first visit there will be little new to hear. Roll 1 special customer per three ordinary customers on the table below (d12), and Brahe drops in from time to time (see Chapter 3).

-
-
- 1 George Middlecott (see location 1)
 - 2 Ted Walling (see location 3) wanting a letter read.
 - 3 1d4 Hedgers (see location 4)
 - 4 Ted Punter (see location 7)
 - 5 Thomas Carshalton (see location 8)
 - 6 Eleanor Kitchener (see location 9)
 - 7 Jack Brigham (see location 13)
 - 8-9 Perseverance Hedger (see location 14)
 - 10 A hunter or fisher offering his wares
 - 11-12 A transient; roll on the Road Encounters in Chapter 4.6
-
-



6. Middlecott's Barn and Meeting House

George Middlecott installed a crude pulpit overlooking the threshing floor of this barn a couple of years back. Now every Sunday after the normal church service at All Saint's he regales his farmworkers and most of the villagers with his own Puritan sermons, and readings from the inflammatory pamphlets and tracts he gets his brother to post from London.

Hidden under the floor of the barn is a secret stash of weapons: 14 pikes, 7 tucks, and 2 matchlock muskets, along with a keg of powder and a bag of 40 musket balls. George always thought it might come to war with the King after he followed Hampden's case against the King levying Ship Money in the news journals.

Niklas Brahe sleeps in the hay loft, with his creepy raven keeping watch.

7. Ted's Punts and Carts

Theodore Punter makes punts, little flat bottomed boats propelled by a pole that are the best means of navigating the fenlands and broads. In *Lamentations of the Flame Princess* terms it should be treated as a canoe capable of taking two people, three if they are willing to risk capsizing the punt. He will sell them for 5sp each and has two in stock and can knock up a new one in a day. He also has a farm wagon for sale at 75sp, though he can be knocked down to 50sp by a good bargainer as he is dying to get it out of his yard.

Ted often goes out on one of his own punts fowling with his retriever dog Neville. He can guide people along the backwaters should they want to sneak up on someplace in the fens and knows about the broken runestone out on the mudflats.

Ted Punter

Level 1 Puritan Specialist, NE, Armour 12, 5 hp, Morale 7, +2 Dexterity bonus; tuck, crossbow.

Neville

Armour 12, 1 Hit Die, Morale 5, Attack Bite 1d4.

8. The Old Bell Tower

A half-ruined bell tower made of stone and wood. The bell used to be rung on foggy days to warn barges on the Welland to steer clear of the shore, but it never really worked. It is now used by Thomas Carshalton, a servant from one of the farms towards the coast, and his cohorts to store smuggled goods. They are concealed on the apparently rickety second floor, accessible only by a ladder kept concealed between some blackberry bushes and the south wall.

The smuggled items include wine, brandy, and tobacco, 2d6×10sp worth at any one time. If the player characters approach the tower by night, they will have a 10% chance of encountering Thomas and 1d6 sailors, either storing goods or taking them by circuitous routes out into the fens to put on a barge.

Thomas Carshalton

Level 1 Anglican Specialist, CN, Armour 13, 4 hp, Morale 8, Tuck, Dagger, Crossbow.

Sailor

Level 1 Anglican Fighter, CN, Armour 13, 6 hp, Morale 7, Tuck, Dagger.



9. The Vicarage

A large two-storey house with brick footings and timber frame construction above. The home of the Reverend Phillip Smeaton and his wife, Anne, and their three children, George 9, Maude 7, and John 2. They have a live-in servant, Eleanor Kitchener, and the Reverend's brother, Andrew Smeaton, is staying at the house as well.

It is a comfortable place, if rather crowded, with some nice furniture, a dresser of fine dinnerware, and some silver cutlery. Looters will find it worth 3d10×10sp overall, though some items might be difficult to carry. The stable houses two riding horses, one Phillip's, the other Andrew's, plus a draft horse for pulling Anne's 'car', a light carriage.

The house has two antique long swords as decorations above the fireplace and in the gardener's shed, an old crossbow and an even older longbow, along with an old target and a dozen bolts and arrows. Both crossbow and longbow are still useable with a bit of care and attention. Philip has taken to carrying his pistol with him everywhere, much to his wife's dismay.

Anne Smeaton knows nothing of her brother-in-law Andrew's nefarious plans, and dislikes him intensely. She is outwardly loyal to the King and to the Church, but she is quietly coming round to the idea that the Puritans might be right and that the country could use some moral reform and the likes of her brother-in-law's employer Lord Lindsey and his louche friends taken down a peg or two.

The servant, Eleanor, is a widow of about forty and she positively despises Andrew. She is convinced he is a witch, and will take very little encouragement to come round to Niklas Brahe's opinion that he ought to be burned forthwith. She is however a witch herself, but sees her minor magical dabbling as benign and helpful, while Andrew Smeaton's academic sorcery is obviously the work of the devil.

Rev. Phillip Smeaton

Level 2 Anglican Cleric, NO, Armour 12, 7 hp, Morale 6, Flintlock pistol, Rapier

Spells: 1 *Cure Light Wounds*, 1 *Sanctuary*.

Anne Smeaton

Level 0 Anglican, RE, Armour 12, 4 hp, Morale 6, Kitchen knife.

Eleanor Kitchener

Level 2 Anglican Magic-User, N, Armour 12, 4 hp, Morale 8, Kitchen knife,

Spells: 1 *Unseen Servant*, 1 *Mending*.





10. All Saint's Church

A large church with parts dating back to Saxon times, but extensively rebuilt and enlarged over the years. It is here that Andrew and Philip Smeaton plot and experiment in magic (see Chapter 6).

11. Market square

Unpaved, this patch of bare ground is often marked with puddles and mud, at the centre of which stands a market cross, a wonky one that leans to the west. A small market is held here on the first Wednesday of the month, though a few farmers selling root vegetables and chickens, peddlers with cheap cloth, and tinkers repairing pots are not going to arouse much interest from any visiting adventurers.

It is a good time to pick up gossip though, and hanging about on market day will garner 1d3+1 rumours.

12. The Stocks

There are two sets of stocks here, heavy wooden bars in a frame set so the miscreant can sit facing the market square and the disapproval of passersby, held by a sturdy crude iron bolt and lock (+1 to tinkering to open it, -1 to attempts to force it by Strength). They are not often used; most crimes such as brawling and burglary require sterner measure to be handed down at a proper courthouse in Spalding or Boston, though the odd case of drunk and disorderly gets stuck in them by irate villagers. The Rev. Phillip has a key, as does Margery Pullet.

13. Brigham's Smithy

Jack Brigham is the local smith, shoeing all the horses in the district, forging the odd farm tool, and making nails. He is in no way a weaponsmith or armourer, though he will have a go if paid to. The closest thing he has to some weapons in stock are some sharp(ish) knives and some billhooks. He is also frequently laid low by the ague, on any given day there is a 1 in 3 chance that he will be too unwell to work.

Brigham's wife Louise is French, and local gossip says she is Catholic, though in fact she is a Protestant Huguenot who fled from Catholic persecution. 'Well she would say that' say the meaner locals, and suspect her of Catholicism none the less. She also has not had a child in the seven years she has been married to Jack the gossips note; Brigham's ague is getting worse, she can be heard muttering something in French when she hangs up the washing and sees her neighbours watching her; she leaves town frequently, allegedly visiting her aged mother in Boston, but you never know with these Frenchies...

Niklas Brahe has been tipped off about her as being a possible witch already, but thanks to Huginn he knows there is nothing in such claims. Still, if he needs to make a dramatic gesture to get the villagers on his side he will bow to popular opinion and denounce her, pointing at a bucket of frogs by her back door which he alleges are messengers she sends to Satan, not a cheap dinner she has hoiked out of the fen.

Jack and Louise might be persuaded that the best way of squashing the gossip would be to help the player characters smear and attack Smeaton, or quietly do away with Brahe before he starts something serious.

Jack Brigham

Level 1 Puritan Fighter, Armour 12, 7 hp, Morale 7, Strength +1, Constitution -1, Intelligence -1; large knife (1d6), billhook.

Louise Brigham

Level 1 Puritan Specialist, Armour 12, 4 hp, Morale 6, Intelligence +1, Charisma -1, Skills: Bushcraft 2, Tinker 2, Languages 2, Search 2; knife.

14. Perseverance the Butcher

Perseverance Hedger, a cousin of Cheerful, has a butcher shop here. The farmers and cottagers actually do most of their own slaughtering and butchering, so Perseverance does more trade in the wildfowl and fish he buys from the many locals who pursue the traditional fenland ways to supplement their income. He also makes rushlights—bullrushes dipped in tallow—at a copper piece for a bundle of two dozen, dries rushes for thatching, makes baskets and corn dollies, weaves fishing nets, and carves fishing rods and generally does any odd job or craft he can to get by.

He is a widower and lives alone, apart from his dog, Indolence, and a cat, Indifference, and likes a bit to drink. On any given visit roll 1d6; 1-2 shop open, stock available, slightly drunk; 3 shop shut, out in the back yard pottering away at an obscure craft; 4 drunk; 5-6 off in the fens in his punt with his dog.

Perseverance knows a lot more about everything than he lets on. He speaks to the same fen demons that St. Guthlac did, he knows how to make an ointment that will repel the ague-bearing mosquitoes, can understand the calls of the bittern, can shoot a longbow, and knows where the beast of Fleet Fen lives, and never goes there. As he says, you can learn a lot lying about drunk in a punt, just listening.

He is nominally an Anglican, but he really doesn't give a hoot about religion and Sir John Smeaton can't be bothered chasing him for Recusancy fines if he happens to miss church due to being dead drunk on a Sunday morning.

Perseverance

Level 5 Anglican Specialist, N, Armour 13, 5 hp, Morale 11, Attack +1, Strength +1, Constitution +1, Wisdom +2, Intelligence -1, Charisma +2; Skills: Bushcraft 5, Languages 2, Stealth 2, Search 3; tuck, longbow.

Speaks: English, Old Brittanica,

Indolence

Armour 12, 1 Hit Die, 4 hp, Morale 5, Attack + 1, Bite 1 damage.

15. The Laundry

There is a bridge here, taking Main Road over the mill stream that's wide enough for a small farm cart or two horses abreast. Upstream from it is a wooden platform where villagers can collect water from the stream, and downstream another wooden platform serves as an outdoor laundry. There will be 1d3 women and 1d6 children here on any day it is not raining, laboriously cleaning clothes. Soap is so heavily taxed that it is only for the rich, so they use ashes and boiling water to make lye and beat it into the clothes with a paddle, then remove it with a corrugated washboard and a lot of scrubbing. Good place for heavy exercise, gossip, and also for the odd political scrap between Anglican and Puritan ladies armed with battledores, as the laundry paddles are aptly called.





BE RE LYES YE
BODY OF
CUTHBERT
SWEET
AGED 74 YEARS
DIED 18 OF
FEBRUARY

Anne Hedger
Beloved Mother

Life is ever on the wing
And death is ever nigh
Moment when our life be
We all begin to die.

John Middlecott
struck by lightning
1615, Fosdyke

What you are reading o'er my bones
I've often read on others tombs.
And others soon will read of thee
What you are reading now of me.



Chapter 6:

All Saint's Church



At first sight, the exterior of All Saint's Church is that of a typical country church, set amongst a graveyard full of grave-stones covered in lichen and moss, rendering their inscriptions mostly uninterpretable. More recent and cleaner stones reveal names found in the village today, such as Hedger, Middlecott, Pullet, and Smeaton.

The fabric of the church has obviously been renovated multiple times, and a knowledgeable sort will be able to spot Norman bits and pieces here and there. The rune stone in the chancel (location 4) can be clearly seen at ground level on the south side of the chancel, with spidery Norse runes running slantways, that read

'... the nail-stone of Aegir and bring luck to all who cross his ale-pot, may the foam support ... the whale-road run straight, may his sweet daughters caress you with ripples and breezes, may the seas and sands never upturn beneath your keel, may the draugr sleep sound in their kelp-strewn beds and accept the slaves I gift them.'

The window to the ground floor of the tower will be open during the day and there is a 50% chance it will be open all night; the smell of rat droppings and sulphurous compounds emanating from the tower is detectable from the nave and Phillip and Walling are trying to reduce it and may forget to close it.

1. The Porch

The porch of the church has a fine Sheela Na Gig carving over the west window, a Green Man over the east window and a modern rendition of a stern looking bishop over the doorway. The latter has had its face smashed off and a graffito scratched into the stone next to it—'Fukke Bisshop Lawde!'. The statue of the bishop was brand new and was recently been mortared into place. The original medieval gargoyle that was there before lies discarded in a corner of the churchyard among some other recently replaced stones, a gremlin looking thing with a wide toothy smile. If it is picked up and kept, the gargoyle will consider itself rescued, and if its current owner is slain the gargoyle will animate and attack the perpetrator, though being a mere 6 inches high it will not be able to do much in the way of damage.

Tiny stone gargoyle: Armour 18, 1 Hit Die, movement 80' air, tiny stony bite for 1d3 damage, +4 on all saves due to being made of stone, immune to petrification.

The door to the church itself has a large iron lock, which is so crudely made that anyone trying to pick it will have +2 to his Tinker skill.



2. The Tower

There is no bell in the tower, as it rusted away long ago and was never replaced. Then two years ago Andrew Smeaton moved his laboratory in.

An old carved rood screen has been put up to separate the ground floor of the tower from the nave of the church, mounted on feet like a modern cubicle divider. This fine old medieval piece of woodwork is covered in images of praying priests, angels, knights, and kneeling peasants. All of their faces were hacked off or defaced with a hatchet by protestant zealots back in Tudor times and then it was stuck in the crypt for a while. As a consequence, the rood screen has some mould and a shelf fungus in one spot.

The ground floor -

In the middle of the tower's ground floor stands a workbench beside which is a bench for sitting. On the workbench are a few provisions: a wooden trencher, a bowl of half eaten porridge gone cold, a couple of mugs, and an earthenware jug of hopped beer. There is also a box containing lumps of charcoal and several earthenware pots of cheap bulk chemicals—yellow sulphur, nitre, alum, rusty iron filings, beeswax, and pine pitch. Under the bench is a basket with a stained yellow canvas work smock, slightly charred in places, a pair of leather gauntlets, and a plague doctor-style mask with some old and musty potpourri in the beak. If Andrew Smeaton is working upstairs then he will be wearing this. There is also a wooden cage containing a white rat and two rat pups, with a bowl of water and a bowl of rather rancid scraps of chicken fat and grain. This area smells strongly of rat and sulphurous compounds and can be detected from the back of the nave.

In the ceiling there is a trapdoor. It is closed and cannot be reached without the use of a ladder—it certainly cannot be reached by standing on the workbench. The narrow stairs

up into the tower are accessed through a tiny door that most people will need to crouch to get through. The door has a crude iron lock, so anyone trying to pick it will have +1 to his Tinker skill.

The middle floor -

There is no door from the stairs onto the middle floor, but its doorway is new and its masonry rather crudely made. It is here Smeaton has established his laboratory, which is well-appointed with alembics, several pestle and mortars, and a bookshelf with a glass door to protect from spills. There are two tables, one with a marble top and one with a wooden top. The latter has a thick piece of slate screwed to it, atop which sits a small charcoal furnace.

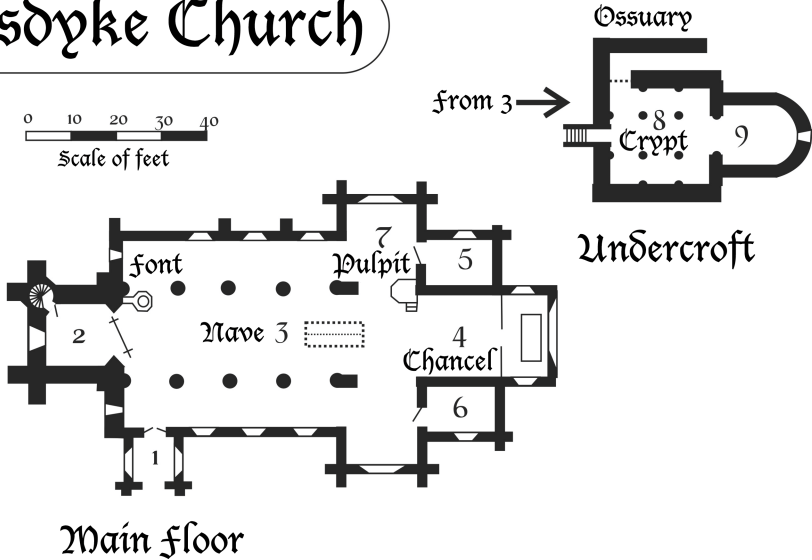
The furnace has a tiny bellows operated by a trained white rat bound to the table by tiny silver shackles on its hind legs. The rat has had one its eyes put out and has burns across its back from floating embers. If a way of communicating with it is found, it will plead for release and the release of its wife and children from the cage in the room below. In return it will show the player characters the secret compartment in Smeaton's desk upstairs.

On the marble-topped table is a piece of black marble and a vial of quicksilver for use with Smeaton's *Mercurial Messenger* spell.

The bookcase has three of the journals in which Smeaton records the outcomes of his experiments. Written in his astrological code, they include the true name of a demon 'Niscolopsis'; a couple of pages of work on the runes on the stone in the chancel; and a diagram of and discussion of Oannes the Neverborn, the fetus in a jar in the top room, including the formula of the pig's blood-based mixture that Smeaton is feeding him. The journals are written in Latin and the code is complex. Anyone attempting to decipher the code must know Latin, and roll 1d20, adding his Intelligence bonus, his Magic-User Level, +1 if he knows any cryptology, +1 if he has any exceptional



Fosdyke Church



skills in either astrology or alchemy or access to texts on these subjects. For each full 6 hours spent deciphering the code the d20 can be rolled. On a result of 20 or more, the code is cracked. The bookcase also has a standard text on Alchemy worth 20sp, with many pages damaged and stained.

There is a trapdoor to the lower floor and the roof hoist above it has a block and tackle hanging. A rope for the block is coiled by the book case.

The top floor -

The door to this room will be locked if Smeaton isn't in, but the lock is again quite crude, so anyone trying to pick it will have +1 to his Tinker skill.

Here under the bar that by rights ought to hold a fine church bell is Smeaton's office. There are four items of furniture in the office—a small display stand, an astrolabe, and an enormous writing desk in front of which stands a stool.

On the display stand is a large glass jar of formaldehyde with flakes of gold floating in it, containing a preserved human fetus with a long section of umbilicus attached and with some pretty scary features—no ears, just holes, beady black eyes that are too far apart, large feet with splayed toes that look like webs, deformed and long fingers, odd spikes growing out of its head and back, and an extended upper jaw with a sharp claw-like structure on the end. The thick glass lid of the jar is sealed shut with red sealing wax, though there is a hole drilled in it which is sealed with a cork plug. Beside the jar is a pipette smeared with black stains.

The thing inside the jar is Oannes Neverborn, a foetus who cut his way out of his mother—a mentally disabled woman who lived in St. Mark's—with the egg tooth on his face before being trapped by the local witch and preserved by William Jackson, the local physician. If anyone enters the upper tower floor other than Smeaton, Oannes Neverborn will reanimate fully. Should anyone smash the glass, Oannes will reanimate immediately.



When the player characters enter the top floor of the tower for the first time, they will hear a plinking noise, and the more perceptive (Roll 1d20, add Search skill and Wisdom bonus, score 15+) might hear it again, or perceive ripples in the liquid. Then, 1d6 round later, a second plink may be heard, followed by a crack forming in the wall of the jar and its liquid contents beginning to drain, first onto the stand and then onto the floor. The liquid draining from the jar will be obvious from its awful stench. Then 1d6 rounds later the full reanimation of Oannes Neverborn will occur.

Oannes Neverborn, animated mutant foetus.
Armour 15, 3 Hit Dice, 14 hp

Attack +3, Morale 9, movement 50' flying, Umbilicus attack does no damage on first round, but target must roll Strength+1d10 versus a Strength of 18+1d10 to get it off or automatically suffer 1d6 strangulation damage per round thereafter. Oannes also magically sucks the life force from anyone held in its umbilical grasp in the bargain, transferring 1 hp per Level of target to himself in the process, as well as draining 1 point of Constitution permanently.

In addition, upon reanimating, Oannes emits a bloodcurdling wail, which necessitating a saving throw versus Paralysis from all who hear it or cringe gibbering in terror—all attacks are at -4 and there is a 50% chance of flubbing any magic. Anyone who makes the saving throw upon hearing Oannes scream is immune to it, but will need to make another saving throw upon seeing him strangle and drain anyone.

Oannes also knows a number of spells and can cast them in addition to his umbilical attack. The spells known include: 1 *Hold Portal* × 2, 2 *Knock* × 2, *Forget*, 3 *Protection from Normal Missiles*, 4 *Dimension Door*.

He may be turned as if a 6 Hit Dice undead.

The astrolabe is used to locate and predict the positions of the Sun, Moon, planets, and stars. Anyone knowledgeable on the subject can use it to cast horoscopes. Mounted on an iron pole and constructed in brass, it is marked in Latin and careful examination will reveal the name 'Georg Hartmann'. Anyone with knowledge of the sciences will recognise the name as being that of a German instrument maker and astronomer. It also indicates that the astrolabe is about a century old. It is an expensive item worth 100sp, though heavy and difficult to transport.

The stool placed before the large desk has a tapestry hassock embroidered with the Smeaton family coat of arms. The hassock is pretty threadbare and has the sheep's wool stuffing coming out of one corner. Poking about in this corner will reveal a velvet purse containing three gold sovereigns (worth 20sp each) and a gold signet ring with the de Eresby family coat of arms cut into a garnet. It is worth 60sp, but should anyone know that de Eresby is the family name of Robert Bertie, 1st Earl of Lindsey—the Earl's subsidiary title is Baron Willoughby de Eresby having been Earl in 1626—then he may also realise that the seal of a leading royalist military commander could be used to cause all kinds of trouble, at least up until he dies at the Battle of Edgehill...

The large writing desk stands by the window. On top of the desk sits a backstaff for measuring the height of stars on top. The desk has four drawers. In the first are quills, paper, some actual parchment, red sealing wax, a small jar of pounce (fern pollen used to quickly dry ink), and a couple of bits of blotting paper. Examining the blotting paper will reveal a palimpsest of old letters, notes, and diagrams, mostly unintelligible. On the newer piece are several words that can be interpreted quite easily 'Johanus Plantagenet Rex'.



The largest drawer holds a small abacus of the five and two bead design with six strings, and a small wooden dowel for operating it, plus a polished brass disk, a cutthroat razor, a hollow silver cylinder maybe 3 inches long, and a small set of scales with weights in the once down to the 1/32 of an ounce range.

The third drawer is locked and contains an odd miniature fishing reel made of brass and steel, with two bone cotton bobbins marked with astrological codes with a few feet of black thread on each one. One of the threads has flecks of red in it. Two more bobbins are empty. A little pin cushion has a silver sewing needle stuck in it.

If the letters on the bobbins are reconstituted on fresh paper with the *Thread of Knowledge* spell they will be found to be two letters from King John himself in Norman French to his chancellor, instructing him to find lodgings and supplies for himself and his army near Spalding, 'as you well know my aversion to seawater'. This is dated September 1216. A second letter dated October 1216 orders the execution of five named royal officials, and also says, 'if any of the thrice damned teamsters remain yet undrowned, drown them forthwith! A rock, a river and rowboat, it is easily done, as we well know. But if any of the villains be Danes or the sons of Danes have them brought to me with Gerald the Limb-breaker and all his array in attendance; if the late but still damnable Olave de Arhus is involved I will (illegible and very angry scrawl to the end of the sentence, big blot of ink and signature of John R Plantagenet, King of England, in red ink).

Any person with a knowledge of modern French will be able to understand these letters by rolling under a target of 3 plus his Intelligence bonus on a d6. A player character may know a smattering of Norman French if he is a lawyer; as not all of the old Norman French laws have been superseded by English ones yet and many French legal terms are still in use.

The fourth drawer is also locked and contains a seal with the Smeaton arms and a letter of credit with the King's Treasury for fifteen gold sovereigns 'for services rendered', with a wavy cut edge bearing ink marks for security in the old Elizabethan court style.

There is a large secret compartment in the back of the desk, behind the drawers, locked and trapped with a poison needle—anyone pricked by the needle must keep making a saving throw versus Poison or lose 1d6 Dexterity again and again until either the saving throw is made or or all Dexterity is lost and the person is paralysed and expires of suffocation in 1d6 minutes. Wearing thick gloves grants a +3 bonus to the initial saving throw. If the secret compartment is broken into instead of being opened properly, then there is a 1 in 6 chance (roll 1d6) of each object within being damaged. The secret compartment contains three spell books, a bundle of letters, notes and plans, and a couple of odd items.

Each of the three spell books is locked with gold clasps, but not trapped, although they do contain blood curdling illustrations of the demons that will allegedly rend your soul if the books are stolen. Reading any of the demon's names aloud may actually summon it (1% chance per demon per mention) as per the *Summon* spell. Smeaton just knows the names of these demons; he never had the guts to actually cast *Summon*. The demons' names are 'Nicolopsis', 'Baphometrix' and 'Calpogoron', one in each book. For each spell in the books roll 1d10; on a 1-5 it is in English, 6 Greek, 7-9 Latin, and 10 Arabic. All the 'trapped' versions are in English.



Book I, bound in black leather: *Charm Person, Identify, Feather Fall, Magic Missile, Thread of Knowledge, Mercurial Messenger, Detect Magic, Feather Fall**.

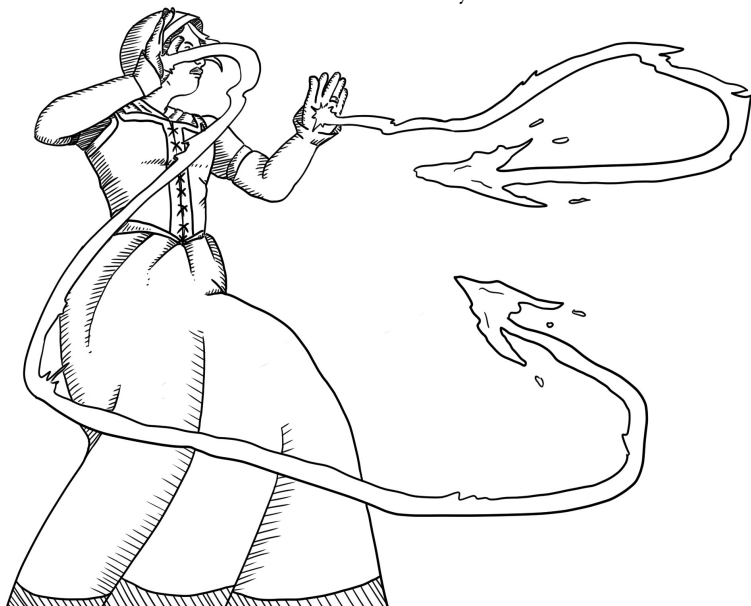
Book II, bound in undyed bay horsehide: *Comprehend Languages, Detect Magic, Summon, Magic Missile*, Identify*.

Book III, bound in red morocco leather: *Stinking Cloud, Force of Forbiddment, Locate Object, Stinking Cloud**.

The asterisked spells are fake ‘trapped’ versions of the proper spells. The fake *Feather Fall* simply does not work, and though the person may feel light as a feather with a tingling in his feet, he will just plain plummet if he tries to use it; the *Magic Missile* spell summons the requisite number of missiles, but they all target the caster; likewise the *Stinking Cloud* emanates from the caster’s armpits and rectum, pouring out of his collar and cuffs, then out of his ears, eyes, mouth, and nose. This will probably suffocate both him and his friends in the process.

The plans are of the excavation, with lots of notes about its progress. The plans are marked with a big red X a few feet from the current working face, plus several smaller ‘x’s and notes in English as to what was found at each spot. In one corner it says, ‘Note to self: Shoot Fr O’Malley!’. Attached to this is a list of supplies and costs all neatly totaled up.

There is a note in Norman French on modern paper, a transcript of part of the list of goods lost by King John during the flood in the Wash in 1216. Several items have red alchemical symbols beside them, these are the ones that Andrew Smeaton thinks are magical, here denoted by dull old asterisks.



They are:

- An athame of cunningly twisted copper (athame indicates a dagger for ceremonial use)*
- A fine wrought dagger of Damascus steel
- A reliquary of Saint Thomas a Beckett containing a part of his skull with attached hair and brain, the light of his thought can be seen within (Thomas was of course bloodily done in by knights loyal to John's father Henry.)*
- A reliquary of Saint Denis in the shape of a hand, containing his finger bone
- A robe marked all over with the sigils of the Four Archangels
- A square plate of Mahomedan prayers, proof against the Djinn
- A horn of a Unicorn, which will dispel all poisons
- A stone beetle which will lead you to treasure*
- A robe all woven from the scales of faery fish*
- The crucible of Hermes, that makes base metal into gold* (this one also has a note 'see AMCR' indicating the 'Alchemical Marriage of Christian Rosenkreutz', a new and dangerous book in 1642).

There is a copy of the *King James Bible* in English with a few words underlined. The only thing the words have in common is that they all have seven letters and that there are seven per book of the *Old Testament*. These are used as keys in the simple substitution cypher used in Royalist secret memos.

A small wooden box of crudely purified cocaine, four uses.

A brass encoder/decoder disk for doing transposition ciphers, annoyingly set to the null 'no code position'. This bears the engraved name 'Captain Midnight esq'.

There is also a fossil of a trilobite, about two inches long in a block of limestone three inches square, a fine specimen with only a slight crack in it and showing marks behind as of a myriad tiny footprints. The underside of this has been polished flat and has a Latin inscription in tiny chiseled Roman letters; 'Hic est Joannes Rex brucus. Visitas eum sanum. Quaerere.' None of these words actually do anything, though the object detects as magical. The proper use of the beetle is to use a *Stone to Flesh* spell on it (6th Level Magic-User) which will temporarily reanimate the little beast and it will head right for the biggest cache of gold within 500 feet before returning to its limestone slab.

There is a scroll of *Locate Object* written on fine vellum, and a bunch of notes on the *Wizard Lock* spell that will save anyone researching it 19 days' worth of research.





If the player characters visit the church and search the tower on day 4 of their stay or later, the Referee should roll a d8 to check for an additional object in the room, recovered from the dig site and taken for examination, plus an additional object for each day after that.

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- 1 Nothing—the Athame has been chucked into the river by O'Malley.
 - 2 'A fine wrought dagger of Damascus steel' is in the process of being cleaned and polished.
 - 3 Nothing—O'Malley at the dig site will have found the Reliquary of St. Denis.
 - 4 'A robe marked all over with the sigils of the Four Archangels' will be in tatty bits all over the marble table on the middle floor of the tower, while fragments will be lying in a chalk magic circle marked on the slate and the box it was found in will be on the ground floor adding a note of muddy decay to the existing stench.
 - 5 'A square plate of Mahomedan prayers, proof against the Djinn' will be lying on the desk with a paper transcript of the letters on it and a series of notes in Astrological code about how useless it looks.
 - 6 'A horn of a Unicorn, which will dispel all poisons' will be sat on marble table on the middle floor of the tower. Fragments of it will have ground up in the pestle and mortar that sits beside it along with a sharp knife.
 - 7 'A robe all woven from the scales of faery fish' will be in a linen box under the desk on the top floor. The box will be closed and locked with a brand new clasp and padlock. There will be a letter to a Dutch magician named Erasmus Hoogstraten in Amsterdam offering it for sale or trade for 'one of van Oom's guns of which I know you have two' (see *The Magnificent Joop van Ooms*, also published by *Lamentations of the Flame Princess*)
 - 8 'The crucible of Hermes, that makes base metal into gold' will be either sat on the desk if Smeaton is away or in the laboratory being examined if Smeaton is present. Otherwise, Smeaton will keep it hidden in the secret compartment of his desk in a locked wooden box wrapped up in red velvet cut from a woman's dress, along with a new notebook of coded notes. The notes are again in Smeaton's astrological code.
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3. Nave

Plain wooden pews run much of the length of the nave. Its stone flagged floor is only broken up by two large and heavy wooden trap doors. Both have slots cut into them at top and bottom by way of handles. The trapdoors open to reveal stairs down into the crypt.

Along the north and south aisles the walls are plastered and whitewashed, although here and there faded glimpses of old paintings can be seen, long obscured by the Reformation's mistrust of religious imagery. On one section the white wash has been removed and the old painting, flaked and crude, of a knight's foot in a steel sabaton can be seen. If asked, Reverend Philip Smeaton will state that it was a picture done in memorial of an old ancestor of the Middlecotts, a soldier who fought for King Henry of Lancaster, before commenting, "Why on earth shouldn't it be shown in church?" Should George Middlecott be asked, he will grumble that, "Whoever it was, no one should be vain enough to need a portrait done anywhere, let alone in a church! God knows what his faithful look like, and that is all that matters!"

4. Chancel

The chancel is separated from the nave by a plain altar rail of varnished wood, as the original rood screen was relegated to the back of the church after a long stay in the crypt. The altar is a nicely made oak table draped with a white linen cloth edged in lace. The original stone one is long gone, dumped in the fen someplace no doubt or recycled into a wall. Reverend Phillip is sad about this as he had visited a church in King's Lynn that still has its old altar and it really adds to the atmosphere of the place. The cross is a gilded brass job donated by the Smeatons, in the properly severe modern style, though the more Puritan among the congregation would prefer an even plainer wooden one.

One stone in the fabric of the chancel is extremely old. On the ground on the south side near where it meets the nave, this large stone has a picture visible on it in very fine carved lines and a few Norse runes. The picture is of a Viking longship on a sea of waves, below are women riding sea-horses and men laying on a sea floor among depictions of skate and starfish.

The upper part of the stone has a brown patch where an iron lug was sunk into the stone, but it is now just a corroded mass of rust inseparable from the rock itself.

There are a couple of far more recent holes, with fragments of rock dust on the floor beneath them. One has a small plug of copper inserted into it, while the other has a bit of a metal that an alchemist might recognise as zinc. These are traces of experiments conducted by Andrew Smeaton to understand the nature of the stone's magic.



5. Vestry

A small room separate from the rest of the church. Here there is a comfortable chair and wooden side table on which rests several books, a tin jug, and a wooden mug. The books are a bible, the Archbishop Laud's controversial edition of the *Book of Common Prayer*, and a stack of chapbooks from London dealing with some quite racy crimes in Southwark and Cheapside. The jug contains hopped beer while the mug is empty. In one corner sits a chamber pot with a cover while in the other sits a chest containing Reverend Phillips' day clothes or his priest's robes, depending on whether his duties require him to officiate in capacity in the church. In the bottom of the chest is a crucifix, a real piece of scandalous Catholic idolatry, carved in wood and coloured with faded paint, with fragments of gilding still adhered to the thorns in the crown, and with more than few woodworm holes.

6. The Lady Chapel

Walled off and now a separate room like the vestry, this used to be a chapel to the Virgin Mary, though now it is rather prosaically being used by the sexton, Ted Walling, for storing the following: brooms, brushes, old prayer books (including one in Latin), a busted pew, wood working tools, three of the four iron handles for lifting the doors to the crypt, a shovel for digging graves, and a small pick or adze for levering the lids off old coffins so the remains can be bunged in the ossuary in the crypt.

7. The North Transept

The only piece of furniture here is a small table upon which stands a vase of whatever wild flowers are in season left by Esme Harding, the landlady of the *Ship Inn*. They are usually quite wilted, but she manages to replace them every two weeks. There is also a loose brass plate on the table which reads, 'In memory of Gilbert Harding, 1554 to 1604, and his wife Mary 1555 to 1606, put up by his loving children.' It bears the lower half of the image of an angel, the upper half having been sawn off. Esme, landlady of the Ship Inn, a mile up the road, would like to light a candle in memory of her husband and in hope that her lost son will come back from the sea, but Reverend Philip regards that as too Popish even for him. She has been told by Middlecott that it would be sinful and vainglorious as her husband and son have met whatever fate god willed for them. However, she does not get the subtlety and thinks a candle would make her feel better even if it will not do much for poor deceased Harold up in heaven and Ernest, wherever he may be.



8. The Crypt

This space is notably dank and damp, and has water puddles on the floor at high tide and drips falling from the ceiling during inclement weather.

The low vaulted room contains five stone tombs, sarcophagus style, though the effigies on the top are simple relief carvings rather than sculpture, and in one case an engraved brass plate now corroded green as grass. All are smoothed and weathered almost beyond recognition.

In the northwest corner, an iron gate that is rusted shut seals off a short corridor. The corridor leads to a small square chamber that is a jumble of skulls and bones of all sorts, an ossuary for the remains of the ancient dead disinterred by the sexton, Ted Walling, to make room for modern graves.

One of the tombs, a very old one, has the figure of a woman carved into the lid in the usual oddly drawn medieval robes. Her face is damaged, but her hands are in the usual prayer position, her feet appear to be ducks feet poking out from under her long dress, and she has fish carved on either side. Looking at the inscriptions little can be made out, but her name looks like it was deliberately chiseled off leaving only the first letter 'E'.

Opening the tomb is not an easy task, requiring four people to simultaneously make Open Doors rolls or requiring the use of tools and block and tackle to hoist the lid.

Inside, Edith of the Golden Mere lies in all her decayed glory. She died in 1012, a Saxon noblewoman who just happened to be partly related to some mysterious mythological entity. From the bones, she was obviously pretty damned odd looking with an elongated neck, a prominent mandible with no chin, no teeth but a bony ridge that extends up from her lower jaw, oddly jointed arms with deformed hands,

the remains of what look like the central ribs of feathers folded along them, a prominent breastbone, and long feet with splayed toes. Clutched between her hands is an enamel and silver jewel which depicts a swan armed with a sword. The lower part of the silver casing has a socket into which a staff could be inserted. It is worth 20sp to a collector of antiquities. Edith is quite dead and no strange spirit or magic remains to affect the living. Those who have encountered the foetus in Smeaton's office will note the similarities.

9. The Underchapel

The only item of note in the underchapel is a foot high statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary standing at the far end under the window. It appears to be weeping, but closer examination shows that it is not. It is simply standing under a dripping leak that makes it look as though it is. The rest of this room is filled with mildewed and decaying junk—old pews, a sodden prayer book or two, and so on.



Who is in the church?

At 8 am every weekday morning, Reverend Philip Smeaton conducts morning prayers. His children and wife are present, as well as 2d6 of his parishioners and Ted Walling. Afterwards, Walling will leave the church open and spend 1d3 hours doing maintenance work, while Phillip goes home,

At midday, Eucharist is held, an Anglican form of Communion. This is very poorly attended, only one or two old ladies bothering to turn up, and sometimes (4 in 6) Esme Harding from the Ship Inn. This is so Catholic a service in the opinion of the Puritans that it is a grave offense to attend.

In the afternoon Phillip will either (1-2) write sermons in his Vestry, (3-4) work on restoring the medieval painting on the north wall, or (5-6) go and work on his garden or visit parishioners (roll d6).

At 6 pm, evening prayers are held, after which the Church is locked up, though if Andrew Smeaton has the urge to work late, Phillip will leave him the key to let himself out and lock up again.

Services are held several times on a Sunday, starting at 8 am, 12 am, 5 pm, and 8 pm. Each service lasts two hours, except for the one at 12 am, which only lasts an hour. The whole of the village will attend the 8 am service, most notably Sir John and his household coming up from Smeaton Hall. Even the Catholic diggers attend, coming in at the last minute to stand shiftily at the back of the church before leaving as fast as they can to get back to the dig site for their own Mass. For the rest of the day 3d6 people attend each service, many of them farmers coming in from outlying farms.

Only the Sunday morning service is compulsory under the local interpretation of Recusancy Law, and only on Sunday morning will Ted Walling go round the village with a handbell calling everyone to prayer. Between 10 am and 12 pm Sir John Smeaton, Reverend Phillip Smeaton, Ted Walling, and two burly labourers will go round the village looking for Dissenters. It is rare that there are any and they usually end their rounds by poking their noses in on George Middlecott's alternative service, note who is there and then leave.







Chapter 7:

The Excavation



7.1 Smeaton's Badgers



he workmen on Andrew Smeaton's ditch digging crew are all Irish Catholics, and some are ex-mercenaries who fought for various Catholic powers in

the Thirty Years War. One, Eric O'Malley, is even a Catholic priest, though he will not let on unless he really has to. Smeaton suspects this is so, but he does not wildly care as long as the job gets done. The diggers get 4 pence (copper pieces) a day, and this is only given out intermittently as Smeaton, believing the old Irish stereotypes, suspects that they will just run off and spend it on drink as soon as they get it. They have also been promised a share in any loot they dig up. Smeaton has told O'Malley that there are saintly relics down the hole and that he is welcome to have them as long as Smeaton gets the rest. O'Malley is also well aware that there is something evil in the hole and that Smeaton is a sorcerer. O'Malley is in two minds whether to lose the evil object in the river as soon as it is unearthed, or let the arrogant English prick Smeaton get it, play with it, and damn himself and hopefully a few of his countrymen to hell. Not very charitable thoughts for a priest, but he has seen the Ulster plantations and the way in which Scots and English settlers treat his own people, and can easily understand how the rebellion in Ireland so quickly turned into a massacre. He still has faith in the King though; if Charles only knew what Ireland is like he would reign in his cursed Protestant subjects and allow the loyal Irish more leeway. O'Malley has contracted

the agree and there is a 1 in 3 chance that he is having an attack when the player characters visit the excavation site.

Father Eric O'Malley

Level 3 Catholic Priest, NO, Armour 12, 9 hp, Attack +1, Morale 9, Strength -1, Wisdom +2, Charisma +1; knife.

Spells: 1 *Purify Food and Drink*, 1 *Detect Evil*, (will have *Confession* and *Bless* memorised on a Sunday) 2 *Heroism*

Niall Fitzpatrick is called the Feldwebel by his workmates because that is exactly what he was in the regiment of the Catholic Prince-Bishop of Minden. He quit over the increasingly gruesome turn of events in the religious war in the Holy Roman Empire. He has heard that there is a Swedish veteran up in Fosdyke passing himself off as a witchfinder and he is all set for going up there and killing him, and will regale the player characters for hours about the massacres perpetrated by the Swedes, Karlstadt and Wurzburg being prime examples, and why Niall went to Germany to fight in the first place.

Niall Fitzpatrick

Level 2 Catholic Fighter, RO, Armour 13, 12 hp, Attack +3, Morale 10, Strength +2, Constitution -1, Wisdom -1, Charisma +1; sword, matchlock musket.



Simon Murphy, Conor O'Sullivan, Peter Healy, and William Fitzgerald are all ex-mercenaries who have seen various kinds of service overseas. They are worried about what is going on back in Ireland, and once they have found this damned loot and have enough cash they intend to go home, though Murphy and O'Sullivan say they might sign up for the King's army here in England. Murphy and Healy have ague and there is a 1 in 3 chance they will be having at attack on any given visit.

Level 1 Catholic Fighter, CO, Armour 12, 8 hp each, Attack +2, Morale 8, Strength +1, Constitution +1, Intelligence -1, Wisdom -1; knife, bill hook, two have crossbows.

Anthony Kavanagh is a thief who spent a while in jail in London. He is brown nosing for a place as Smeaton's manservant and will be the least likely to betray him.

Level 1 Catholic Specialist, NO, Armour 12, 6 hp, Attack +1, Morale 6, Dexterity +1, Intelligence -1, Charisma -1, Skills: Sleight 2, Backstab 2, Stealth 3; knife.

Stephen Kelly is teenager who left Ireland to seek adventure and maybe go on to the continent to fight. He has got as far as a swamp in Lincolnshire, and now has the ague and wants to go home.

Level 0 Catholic labourer, N, Armour 12, 4 hp, Attack +0, Morale 4; knife.

Sean Hoolahan, Oisín Regan, and James Murphy are all laid up with dysentery. Murphy is an ex-mercenary and has the same stats as the Level 1 Fighters above, the other two are Level 0. They currently have Strength -2, Constitution -2 and are at half their hit points. O'Malley is doing what he can for them, but he is not well himself. One labourer, Colin Moran, has already died and is buried in the ruins of a churchyard in Wykeham near Weston (see Chapter 4.7). O'Malley reckoned that as the place was abandoned long before the invention of Anglicanism it still counted as consecrated Catholic ground.

The Irish will all have to check their Morale if O'Malley is killed or incapacitated, and again if Fitzpatrick goes down. For their part, if the villagers formed a mob and came after them, the members of the mob would need to check their Morale if a notable person such as George Middlecott is killed, and again if Niklas Brahe is with them and he is incapacitated.

Such is the fear of witchcraft any suitably dramatic display of magic power, even from someone on your own side, will trigger a Morale check as well.

1. The Road

The main road from Fosdyke to King's Lynn, called Main Road, runs along the top of an embankment 4 feet above the level of the surrounding fen. Over the years various landowners have had work gangs pound gravel into the top to try and improve the surface, and there are cobbles poking out of the muck that can be used as impromptu missiles. Farm carts will get stuck in it in the rain, horses may founder in potholes, men will trudge through mud and puddles, and a noble's carriage will creak and bounce at a snail's pace. Still it is better than the fen.

The hedges on either side are about 4 feet tall and full of the usual English hedgerow species—Michaelmas daisies, nettles, thistles, burdock, dandelions, and brambles, with the odd holly bush and stunted alder for variety. Getting through them will be difficult without a bill hook or sickle.

The bridge farther down has a wooden bed and stout supports, but the rails on either side are mostly missing. The labourers hang their washing here to dry and there are some hook lines tied to the remains of the uprights on the northern, or downstream, side.

2. The Kitchen Fire

The camp kitchen has been set up on the road itself as the driest land for a mile on either side, and O'Malley will be here trying to make the best of the rations. The men have set fishing poles in the bridge and tried to shoot the odd duck, but otherwise they have a lot of root vegetables and not much else. O'Malley will have Fitzpatrick's matchlock with him, loaded and hidden in a nearby bush, just in case the Protestants up the road get lively.

The taste of the food is not in the least improved by the kettle of hot tar O'Malley has going on a second fire nearby. This is for caulking the timbers in the pit and hopefully keeping the swamp water out.

If Andrew Smeaton is at the site, his horse will be tethered here. He will either be conferring with O'Malley and Fitzpatrick as to how the dig is going or in the dig itself, perhaps examining the latest finds, or pointing out where the men working for him need to dig.



3. Supply Tent

A gangplank leads down to a platform made of duckboards. The gangplank is treacherous and slippery with mud and unless care is taken a d20 roll under Dexterity is needed to avoid a tumble. At night the gangplank will not be there at all.

The supply tent set up here has a bench and a trestle table as well as a bundle of rushlights and two rushlight holders, two picks, a shovel, a block and tackle, 20 yards of rope, four great wooden mauls, a half used barrel of ships caulking tar, and a couple of buckets. On the bench is a bale of oakum, while on the table are sacks of turnips, carrots, and potatoes; a barrel of apples (rather wormy); a small sack of flour; some wooden bowls and spoons; a barrel of sour and slightly off tasting beer; a couple of pewter mugs; and some carpentry tools. Two bed rolls are in here amongst the rest of the neatly arranged supplies; Fitzpatrick regards this as enemy territory and like the good soldier he is has arranged watches over night, leaving his matchlock musket with whoever is on night watch.

Out of sight behind the supplies is an old linen chest in which O'Malley stashes the most interesting looking oddments taken out of the excavation. When the player characters first pay the excavation site a visit, this will contain only a human skull and arm bone, the remains of one of King John's unfortunate pack drovers; on later visits it will have 1d3 items from (d6);

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- 1 A piece of royal gold plate worth 10-30sp.
 - 2-4 A Corroded lump made of 1d10x10 copper (1-4) or silver (5-6) coins. They will be worth 10-60% of their original value if smelted as if they were an ore.
 - 5 A further human bone
 - 6 One of the special items noted in the table in section 5.3 below waiting for Smeaton to collect it.
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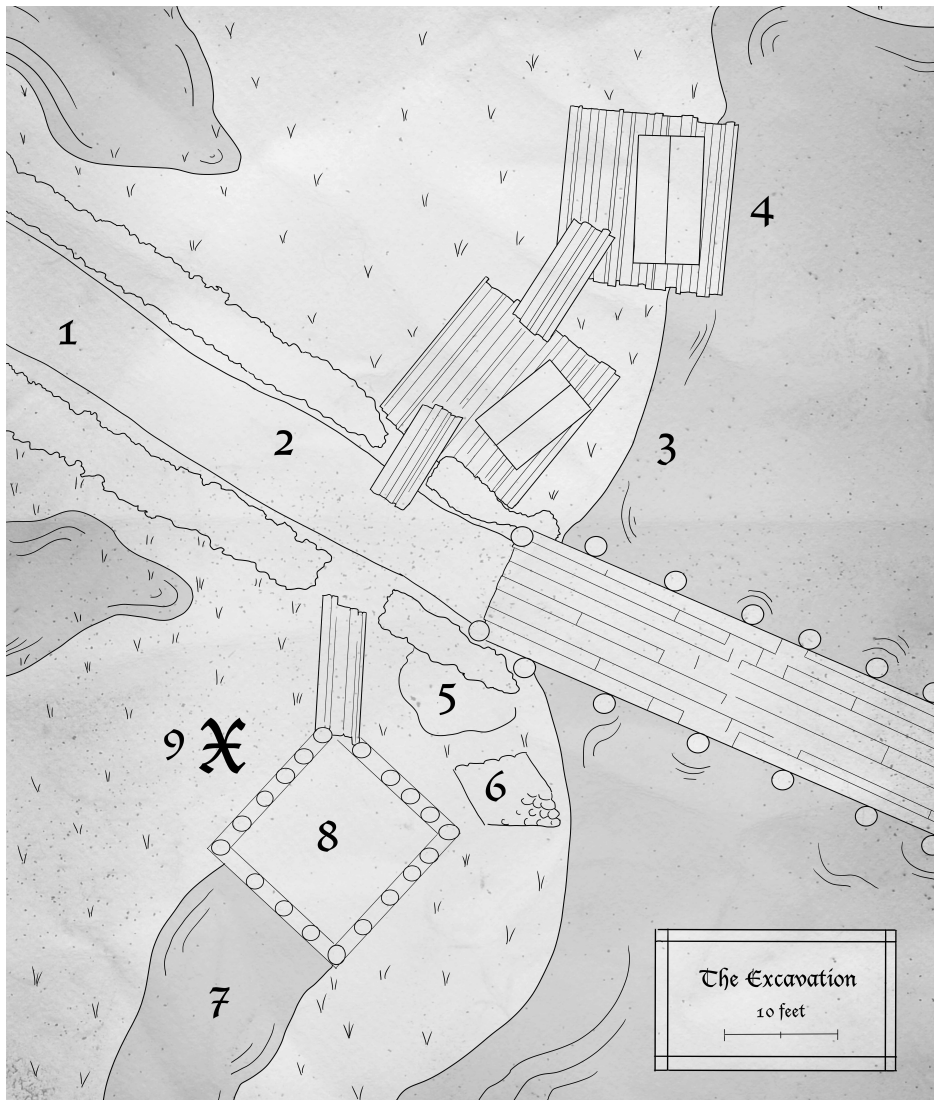
4. Sleeping Tent

Another eight labourers sleep here. During the day those laid up with dysentery or ague will be resting here. The area whiffs of the results of the dysentery; they defecate into the river from the edge of the platform, but the water is so slow flowing the smell lingers. There are a few meagre personal items wrapped up in the blankets: purses with 1d6 coppers, wooden crucifixes and rosary beads, dry socks, and a halfway decent shirt with only a bit of dirt and stink and one patched elbow. O'Malley has some candles, a small wooden box that used to contain communion wafers, and a half empty bottle of cheap wine hidden in his blankets.

It is pretty tight fitting eight men in here, and there is not a lot of room to keep the sick ones apart. If any player character sleeps in here with them, there is a 1 in 3 chance of his being exposed to dysentery. Sleeping here also requires an automatic extra saving throw versus the ague, as the mosquitoes are mere feet away and the idea of mosquito nets will not occur to anyone in Europe until the mid-18th century.

5. Spoil heap

Here stands a foul smelling heap of decayed vegetation, mud, and grunge dug out of the excavation. Next to it are a few moderately interesting items; the very decayed remains of a wood and leather pack saddle, bits off a harness including a corroded horse brass, and various bones from large horses. Digging through the muck and the mess reveals that the Irishmen have been very thorough and have missed nothing of any value or interest.



6. Woodpile

A half barge-load of stout wooden logs 12 feet long has been dumped in a heap, half-in and half-out of the river. When the diggers need a new log for piling they whack it with a pickaxe and drag it out. The logs are utterly water logged and will not burn, not even with lamp oil and not even with lamp powder.

7. The Ditch

The remains of the initial digs by Smeaton and his team are now full of water, making a sort of ditch running parallel to the river for 10 yards or so. Anyone making an Architecture roll can see that as a drainage ditch this is an absolutely pathetic effort and will be completely filled in by mud in a couple of years.

8. The Hole

This is accessed by another slippery gangplank and is 8 feet deep and has a foot of water in the bottom. It is surrounded on all sides by wooden pilings and next to the parapet is a large leather bucket on a counterweighted arm that can be used to pull water and mud up out of the bottom. There is room for five men to work with shovels in the bottom of the hole and the bucket needs two more.

If Andrew Smeaton is present when the player characters first visit the site, he will be at the bottom of the hole using a willow dowsing rod, carefully stepping towards each wall from the centre of the hole and then back again, and stopping to make white chalk marks on various piles around him. Any Magic-User in the party will recognise this as a *Locate Object* spell in action if he rolls under his Intelligence + Level $\times 2$ on a d20, automatically succeeding if he knows the spell himself, otherwise onlookers may be inclined to dismiss Smeaton's actions as pseudo-magical faffing. After ten minutes of umming, ahing, tutting, wobbling his stick, and splashing about getting his boots and breeches splashed with mud, Smeaton will produce a knife and carve an ascending node sign, familiar to all astrologers and magicians, on the northwest wall of the pilings.

Smeaton will try and pass off the performance as an application of the latest engineering techniques to find the most suitable course of the drain, by which it will naturally accumulate the most water from the land to the west and take it northwards to the river channel and thus the sea. Again an Architecture roll will determine that this is a very unconventional procedure and may well be utter bullshit.

After the player characters' first visit the hole will be abandoned and a new dig will be begun. On day four after they arrive in Fosdyke, the labourers will be in the process of removing the piles and the hole will be mostly flooded with mud.

9. X marks the Spot!

The various items of loot are buried 5 to 8 feet down within 10 feet of this spot. The Referee should roll a d8 scatter dice and a d10 to get precise locations if using detection magic. A player character who uses *Locate Object* and who can visualise clearly what the items they are looking for ought to look like from their descriptions in the list Smeaton has hidden in his office in the Church tower, will not get an exact location. Instead they will be within 1d6 ft of it, depending on how good the visualisation is. Smeaton has gone to a lot of trouble looking for similar objects in the collections of antiquarians and has a much better idea and better fix.

Anyone casting a Clerical *Detect Evil* will detect strong emanations of evil from the direction of the site, but will be unable to tell how far away it is. All they will know is that the evil is hidden somewhere within their line of sight. If they have the objects dug up and in front of them they can easily tell which is the evil one—it is the Athame of Hecate. *Detect Good* will indicate the direction of the Robe of the Archangels, different from the Athame of Hecate by mere degrees unless you are practically standing on top of them. The box containing the soul of King John is not in itself evil. John is still a mere mortal, a nasty mortal to be sure but he is not an extra planar demon lord himself—at least not yet.

Detect Magic will not work as any magical object must be clearly visible and unconcealed.

It will take three days to drive in piles round this site and dig deep enough to start recovering loot. If the player characters visit the site on Day 3 or after and decide excavate the site themselves, the Referee should allow the participants one search roll each to find one of the special items in section 5.3 below.



5.3 Digging for Victory

Andrew Smeaton will be willing to take the player characters on as labourers at his usual rate of 4 pence a day, on the condition that they save any interesting finds for him and do not make a fuss about the rest of the team being Irish and Catholic. Anyone who is Republican or Puritan will need to convince him that they can behave themselves and not argue with or hit the other help. One way of sorting this out will be to have a fistfight with Fitzpatrick on the spot and get it over with. Fitzpatrick is a mercenary sergeant after all; he is well aware of the value of a good punch up to clear the air between gentlemen and establish authority. He will not fight with women however, suffering a -2 penalty to both hit them and damage done to them through misplaced manners. He will only give it his best if she knocks him down to half Hit Points, and if she wins, he will accuse her of cheating somehow. This is the 17th century, after all.

Anyone Andrew suspects of being a Ranter, Leveller, or Digger will be told to leave immediately, and he will inform his brother Sir John that there is a subversive about and to have them arrested and whipped out of the parish forthwith. He is okay with known thieves, and after a due warning that if they steal from him he will make them wish they were dead, will set them to spying on his enemies in Fosdyke village at 6 pence a day.

He readily offers shares in any treasure found, thinking that most of these oafs will not know a magical crucible from a beer mug. If any Magic-Users offer their services he will be very happy, offering them a silver per day, and asking them to use any *Detect* spells they know to help him find the real treasures that he is digging for. He will also make a mental note to have them fingered for witchcraft at a later date, though not by that annoying Swedish 'git' Brahe, there's another fellow called John Stearne down in Bury St. Edmunds in Suffolk who seems much more reliable.

Having done his divination, Smeaton will direct the team to begin a new pit, hammering wooden posts into a square with mauls, then bailing it out and digging down, caulking the gaps with tar as they go to keep the water out.

Digging away at this new pit leads to the following event table. Add the Intelligence bonus of the supervising engineer, plus any skill in Architecture, +1d3 for any previous experience in civil engineering, and +1 if a majority of supervisors are Roundheads. A Royalist player character will insist on one person being in sole charge of the project and give either their whole bonus or none, Republicans can act jointly and apply one or two of the three bonuses at a -1 penalty. Neutrals can combine, but get a -2 penalty.

Using *Locate Object* spells to guide the digging adds +2 to the roll, *Detect Evil* adds +1.

The direction of Andrew Smeaton is worth +6, since he has used magic, is quite smart, and helped the works by Vernatti down in Spalding.

The Referee should determine how many men are digging, since there can be a maximum of five at any one time in the hole and two working the crane. An excavation turn lasts an hour and a man can dig for one third of his Constitution in hours before becoming fatigued and will lose 1d3 Strength per hour of digging thereafter. This loss can be regained at rate of 1d3 if a hearty meal is eaten and another 1d3 for each night of good sleep.



1d10 roll per hour and add the accumulated bonus so far.

1-5 Excavation collapses. Anyone in the pit must make a saving throw versus Paralyzation with a penalty for armour and encumbrance or end up underwater. For each round spent underwater, he must roll under his Constitution or lose 1d3 Constitution. By rolling under his Strength (penalised by his encumbrance), he will be able to resurface and then on a second roll be able to get out of the pit. All progress in the pit so far is lost, three hours' worth of labour is needed to pump out the hole and start again.

6 Quicksand. The floor of the excavation has hit quicksand and the diggers are in danger of sinking. As per drowning, anyone in the pit must fail two saving throws before he becomes stuck, but once stuck must roll under half his Strength to get free. Half of the half bonus accumulated in the dig so far is lost.

7-8 Small progress made: +1 to further rolls per five men working, round down.

9 Small collapse: lose 1d3 points of the accumulated bonus and a random digger is struck by falling pilings for 1d4 damage (half damage if a saving throw versus Paralysis is made).

10-11 Better progress made, +1 to further rolls per four men, plus the Strength bonus of strongest man.

12 Small collapse: lose 1d3 points of the accumulated bonus, and a random digger is struck by falling pilings for 1d4 damage (half damage if a saving throw versus Paralysis is made).

13 Excellent progress made, +1 to further rolls per three men digging, plus the Strength bonuses of the two strongest men.

14 Quicksand. The floor of the excavation has hit quicksand and the diggers are in danger of sinking. As per drowning, anyone in the pit must fail two saving throws before he becomes stuck, but once stuck must roll under half his Strength to get free. Half of the half bonus accumulated in the dig so far is lost.

15-16 Find a bone from a pack horse, +1 extra bonus as the diggers realise that they are on the right track.

16 A human bone.

17 A chest. It is cracked open and full of mud and the contents, probably cloth, are utterly destroyed.

18 A locked chest (roll d6). On 1-3, it contains nothing but mud as above; 4-6, it contains 1d3 items of gold plate such as a cup, plate, or dish from King John's dinner service, each worth 10-30sp.

(Continued on next page)



19 A deposit of 1d10×10 coins that were once in a sack (roll d6), 1-4 copper, 5-6 silver. They will be corroded into a lump and worth 10-60% of their original value if smelted as if they were an ore. Increase the bonus by +2 to next roll as the diggers are definitely on the trail of the treasure.

20 A chest with 1d3 significant items inside. Each item can be found only once. For the first item roll a d9 (d10, re-rolling a 10), cross off the item; for the second item roll a d8 to choose amongst those remaining, then a d7, d6 etc. as the items are dug up.

1 'An athame of cunningly twisted copper'

Now an utterly useless corroded chunk of copper permanently sealed in a wood and leather sheath, detects very faintly as magical, but is in fact useless apart from the carnelian set in the pommel which is worth 30sp. This dagger detects as evil as it was dedicated to the Greek goddess Hecate—or some deity John thought was Hecate—and has been used for human sacrifice. It is not magical.

2 'A fine wrought dagger of Damascus steel'

The dagger's sheath is heavily damaged, but although the dagger is speckled with rust, it was well oiled when it went into the mud and has miraculously survived. When polished and sharpened it is a beautiful thing, worth 150sp, and will ignore armour up to Armour 15.

3 'A reliquary of Saint Thomas a Beckett containing a part of his skull with attached hair and brain, the light of his thought can be seen within.'

The reliquary is a box made of wood and has scenes of the gruesome death of Thomas a Beckett carved on the sides. The top has a red gem set into it which glows softly. This reliquary contains the soul of King John, and the person opening it is in for a big, big surprise. It detects as magical, but not as being evil.

A strange red fume will emerge from the open box, and the gem will grow dull. The person holding the box must make a saving throw versus Magical Devices at -4 or he will breathe in the fumes through his nose. If the saving throw is made, then the fumes will target the next nearest person, then the next nearest, and so on. It will never stray more than 120 feet from the reliquary in search of a host. While in this state a *Magic Jar* spell can trap the wandering soul in another prepared phylactery object if the soul is recognised for what it is.

If the saving throw is failed solely because of the -4 penalty then he is in the uncomfortable position of sharing his body with King John's evil and crooked mind. See Chapter 8 for what this might entail.

(Continued on next page)



4 'A reliquary of Saint Denis in the shape of a hand, containing his finger bone'

A bog standard reliquary with a pretty standard bit of a rather boring saint in it. French Catholics will pay 400sp for it, other Catholics 300sp, Anglicans might purchase it as a curio for 50sp as the reliquary itself is nice. Puritans and Presbyterians will burn the thing as a monument to Popish superstition.

5 'A robe marked all over with the sigils of the Four Archangels'

This is a mangled mass of dirt with some gold and silver thread mixed up in it. It detects as good and as magical, but is worthless as it will disintegrate as soon as anyone tries to unfold it. Originally it gave a permanent *Protection from Evil* to the wearer at the cost of some minor inconveniences about reducing the effect of Sorcerous spells cast while using it.

6 'A square plate of Mahomedan prayers, proof against the Djinn'

Somewhat corroded, but still legible, covered in quotes from the Koran in Arabic. Detects as magical, but in fact does nothing. It is a trinket that some fraudster put a *Magic Aura* spell on centuries ago.

7 'A horn of a Unicorn, which will dispel all poisons'

The actual horn of an actual Narwhal, now sadly broken. Worth 10sp as a curio though.

8 'A robe all woven from the scales of faery fish'

This is found intact. It is a cloak made of large iridescent fish scales sewn to a cloak of cured octopus leather. This object is magical and will confer the ability to swim underwater at normal speed and to breathe water for 12 hours. It is heavy, counting as one object even when worn, and if the wearer is hit with physical damage then it will lose 1d20% of its scales and the swimming speed will become slower and the water breathing proportionally less in duration. The biggest drawback is that the 'faery fish' wants its scales back, and if the Niflungr (see Chapter 9) are summoned they will pursue the wearer and kill him for daring to wear it. John originally acquired it from Olave de Arhus, the avatar of Aegir and half-Niflungr prince.

9 'The crucible of Hermes, that makes base metal into gold'

This object is magical and evil, but does not look like much, being just a clay jar eight inches high with a triangular mouth four inches on a side and a triangular lid with a small handle, with smears of multicoloured metallic residue inside. However for an experienced magician it has all kinds of interesting uses, as described in Chapter 10.





Chapter 8:



The Once and future King?—King John's Victory



pening the reliquary containing the soul of King John will almost certainly result in the long dead monarch possessing someone. There is a very, *very* slim chance

that John's disembodied spirit will be left flitting around the fens while the player characters and nearby NPCs make a successful escape.

If an NPC ends up with John's soul then they will appear to have gone temporarily mad. John will be initially confused and outraged that his cunningly laid plans for reincarnation went so terribly wrong and will rage and scream in Norman French in full on carpet-chewing Plantagenet style, but then he will apparently calm down and fall into a coma when he realises his best way to assimilate what kind of situation he has ended up in is to play dead and keep his ears open. The barbarous speech of the Anglo-Saxon oafs who have uncovered him will take a while to pick up, but after four centuries trapped in a box in a swamp John is nothing if not patient.

His priority will be to get his old spell books back, but they of course went missing after his 'death' at Newark Castle in 1216. Currently the Castle is occupied by John Henderson, a Scot loyal to King Charles and it will become the focus of a number of sieges by Parliamentary forces. Nor is there any guarantee that the books or any of the other material John had with him when he died are still there. The Bishop of Lincoln, owner of the castle in 1216, may have removed them. In 1547 King Edward VI seized it, and then sold it on to a private buyer, and it has changed hands again since

then. If the player characters are still nearby, then they will of course be drawn into this plot.

Nevertheless, John is pretty resourceful, and will soon be seeking out the leading magicians of the land to raid their libraries. By 1644 he will emerge as a 'third force' in the civil war, drawing on old demonic alliances to pull off some pretty nasty plots and passing himself off as a preacher of a new religious revelation, telling people that this mundane world is in fact the uppermost Hell, and that on a certain date God and all his angels will break through from Heaven above and save them, hopefully before the army of demons advancing from below reach the surface!

If a player character ends up with John's soul then the Referee has the option of declaring the character dead, and having his body soldier on as an NPC inhabited by John as above, or the player can carry on with King John as his new player character and try and make the best of it.

If John fails to fully oust the player character's soul then things get difficult. Add the Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma and Level of the player character to determine an Ego score and compare it to John's Ego total. If it is lower, then John has the upper hand and gains control of the body. If higher, then the player character is in charge. Ego can change if any of the stats is lowered, for example, by illness, poison or damage. Divide the player character's Level by his hit points and do the same for John. Each time the body suffers this amount of damage, the Ego is reduced by 1. For example, say a character is Level 4 and has 22 hit points.



$22/4 = 5.5$, round to 6. For each 6 hit points this character loses, his Ego goes down by 1, as they become exhausted and ill from injury or disease their mind weakens and the insidious John may take over. On the other hand if John is in control of the body and he loses hit points his Ego score goes down in the same way and so the character may get a chance to gain the upper hand.

John won't be happy about sharing a body, but until he can find his spell books and redo the ritual of the phylactery he isn't going to be able to leave it. Once he does, he will kill 'himself', allowing his soul to go into the phylactery while the original owner's soul stays stuck with the mortal remains. John will have arranged for the phylactery to be opened by some stooge or other, and *voilà*, new body—and hopefully John will be in full control this time. He might even be able to wangle it so he gets to take over King Charles body.

John's Stats

Strength, Constitution and Dexterity will be as per the original body, Intelligence, Wisdom and Charisma are John's. The hit points will also be John's, but if the body gets a bonus per Level due to Constitution, John will add that times his own Level to the total.

John's spells depend on how successful he is at recovering his own spell books or stealing others. This is an opportunity for the Referee to deploy whatever magical exotica he fancies, as John's books will be the best there are, representing the accumulated years of original research by the lackeys and apprentices of a very rich and very nasty royal wizard, not to mention the fruits of kidnapping every rival magician he could lay his hands on and torturing their secrets out of them.

King John Plantagenet

'Catholic' (actually an amoral diabolist and quick to declare himself a Protestant when he sees how history has turned out)
Royalist/Roundhead

Magic-User Level 13, 32 hp, Charisma 13 (+1), Constitution *, Dexterity *, Intelligence 18 (+3), Strength *, Wisdom 8 (-1)

Languages:

Norman French, Old English, Latin, Arabic, Hebrew, Coptic.

Spells:

5 × 1st, 5 × 2nd, 4 × 3rd, 3 × 4th, 3 × 5th, 2 × 6th, 1 × 7th

None in memory when he is reawoken from 426 years in a fake reliquary of Thomas a Beckett.

Special abilities:

Blood of the Devil—John gets +1d6 on any rolls to dominate a being summoned by the *Summon* spell.

Names of the Damned—John knows the names of good dozen demons of known powers and nature, and thus can summon them by name, making the *Summon* spell a bit less hairy. There isn't a 100% guarantee that he will summon the demon he wants when he wants, but if he makes a successful saving throw versus Magic when he casts it, then he does.







Chapter 9:



England Upturn'd!—Brahe's Victory



nce John is manifested in a body, Niklas Brahe/Odin will exact his revenge if possible. If Brahe is not present when John is re-embodied, he will break the

scrimshaw as soon as he is sure that the event has occurred. He gave a lot to get hold of that bone and will pay a lot to make the Upturning happen, so he really wants to be sure that John is alive and well before pulling the rug out from under him.

The Upturning

Not many people realise it, but the Earth is hollow. Beneath our feet is an inner world, with lands, waters, animals, and people similar to our own. The Old Norse knew it was there, they called it Niflheim, or Muspelheim depending on which bit you were talking about. The Ancient proto-Aryans knew about it too, and they left stories of it in India and Tibet, and Zoroaster knew more than he let on in his holy books.

There is normally little access between the two realms, just the odd transfer by individuals caught up in magical accidents, unless someone performs an Upturning. When this is done, a whole plate of the underworld can swap places with the upper Earth's surface, literally swiveling along an axis.

On the map of South Lincolnshire on the endpapers is a large more or less circular area that will flip when Odin breaks his magic scrimshaw. People nearby will see a huge plug of earth suddenly rise out of the ground on the south-western side and collapse into the

ground on the north-eastern. There will be a colossal roar and a shockwave will emanating from the flip site, followed closely by a tidal wave and then a flood.

Everyone within two miles of the edge will be swept of their feet by a massive tidal wave and must make a saving throw versus Breath Weapon twice. They will take 2d10 damage, halved if they made one saving throw, then halved again if both are made. The water level will quickly rise by 5 feet then fall away again within five minutes or so, but there will still be a chance of drowning. The flip will take about twenty seconds to happen, enough time for everyone to disbelieve what they are seeing while screaming themselves hoarse against the howling wind and crashing waters.

The only way to stop the Upturning happening is to replace the old Norse 'Nail Stone' by taking it from the church and securing it firmly with mortar and preferably iron brackets to its base out in the estuary of the Welland, or to take the scrimshaw and hide it somewhere it will never be found and never broken. If Brahe discovers that the stone has been replaced he will make sure that it is broken off again before he unleashes the Upturning. The person triggering the Upturning will lose one experience Level, whether it happens deliberately or accidentally.

The Result

Anyone caught within the Upturned area will find himself in the hollow Earth, but a whole chunk of Lincolnshire will have come with him. The black starless sky and the curious stationary light directly above his head that fades on and off over 24 hours will be a bit of a



giveaway that something odd is going on. This will be confirmed when he meets the denizens of this nether world, but that will not happen immediately.

Although anyone outside of the area will initially be busy recovering from the tidal wave, once they survey the area, they will find that little will have changed, at least geographically. In fact the underworld mirrors the upper one pretty closely in its mundane geography, and will appear to be peaceful and calm once the waters recede.

Up until about 6500BC, the southern half of the North Sea was dry land, an area known to 20th century paleontologists and geologists as 'Doggerland'. As the ice age meltwaters raised the sea level and the land sank, the region flooded. It was home to the last of the Neanderthals of northern Europe, who had been retreating from the advancing sapiensis subspecies for millennia. In Doggerland, in the few thousand years between it becoming a large offshore island the size of Ireland and sinking to a mere sandbank, they reached their cultural apogee. They developed a neolithic farming culture along the same lines as their sapiensis cousins in the Fertile Crescent far to the south, but their land was sinking and the barbarians were at the gates, so they Upturned their lands to take advantage of the magical emanations of the Under-sun that lay at the Earth's core and only occasionally used magic spells to contact the surface people and give them nightmares about being drowned.

They are now the **Niflungr**, as the Old Norse called them, the people of the land of mist, also called the Draugr, the drowned ones, in the mistaken belief that they are drowned sailors somehow transformed. Their lands did flood, even in the underworld, and they became an amphibious species, using magic to maintain undersea cities in bubbles of air and to colonise floating icebergs. Odin arranged with a group of these people to wait near their underworld version of the Wash for another Upturning,

after which they would sail up the Welland and snatch King John and take their leisurely revenge for the death of Olave de Arhus, an incarnation of Aegir the Norse sea god who was also partly of princely Niflungr blood.

Shortly after the Upturning has happened and the tidal wave has subsided, a gigantic turtle rises out of the sea at the mouth of the river Welland and beings to swim inland at about a mile an hour—good going for a beast which is 300 yards long, 150 yards wide and rises 50 yards above the water. It quickly grounds and begins to laboriously crawl. On its back is a castle made of coral of many bright colours which fade to pastel shades as the bright polyps that created it fold up inside their cups and seal themselves in. A multitude of jeweled crabs scatter across the back of the beast and jump into the water. When it reaches about four miles inland it stops and the Niflungr disembark by huge polychaete worms that unroll from the castle to create ramps reaching the ground.

Niflungr are about 7 feet tall, and would stand taller if it wasn't for their habitually hunched over stance. They have deep socketed eyes, sloping brows, and receding chins, and their eyes are deep blue and alive with intense intelligence. They have red-brown hair on their heads and eyebrows, but they are hairless elsewhere and their pale white skin is soft looking due to subcutaneous fat. They wear armour made of giant spider-crab shell and carry lances tipped with jagged bits of coral. Their helmets are giant snail shells, and living sea-lice and isopods scuttle across their borrowed carapaces.

They ride Nuckleavee, great horse-like beasts with snail-like heads and rasping radulas covered in iron hard teeth and transparent skin. Their green ropy muscles and pulsing brown blood vessels can be clearly seen as they gallop. This is what 7000 years of solid development in sorcery gets you.



The initial scouting party is seven strong, six women and one man. There are another fourteen of them in the castle on board their turtle, of varying levels.

Female Niflungr

Fighter Level 3/Magic-User Level 1, Armour 16, 20 hp, Morale 11, Attack +4, Strength +3, Constitution +1, Dexterity +0, Intelligence -1, Wisdom -1, Charisma -1; mounted lance 1d10+mount damage bonus, mounted javelin 1d8+ mount damage bonus, short spear 1d6.

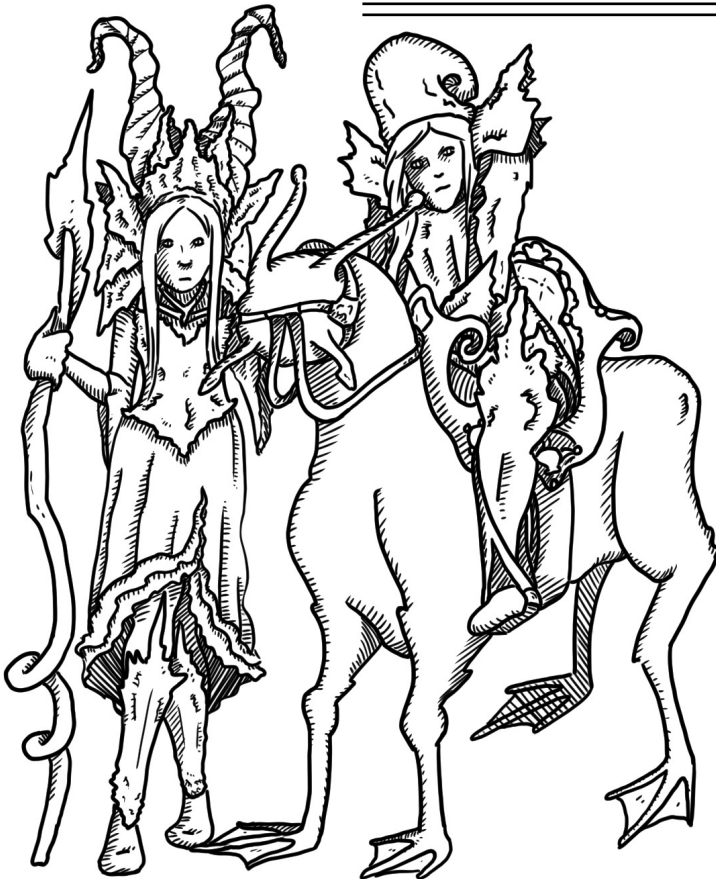
Spells: 1 *Faerie Fire*

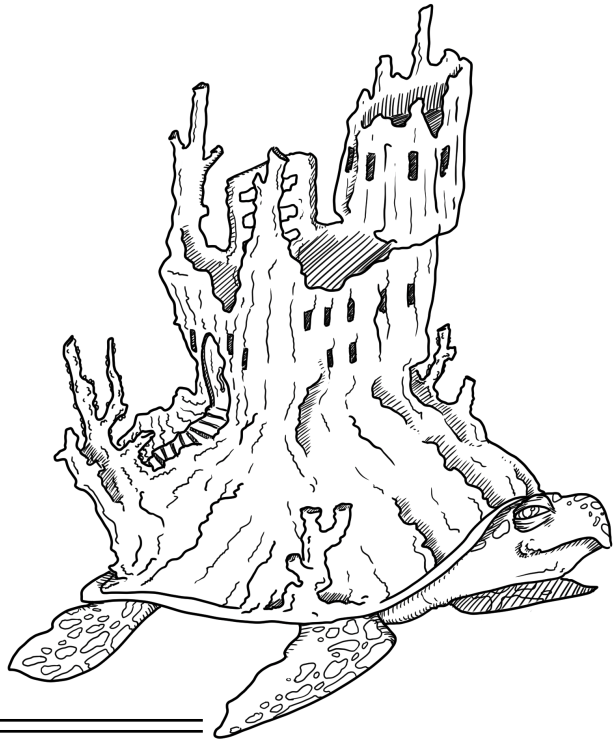
Male Niflungr—'Jrkkykke'

Fighter Level 1/Magic user Level 5, Armour 16, 18 hp, Morale 11, Attack +2, Strength +2, Constitution +0, Intelligence +2, Wisdom +2, Charisma +2; mounted lance 1d10+mount damage bonus, mounted javelin 1d8+ mount damage bonus, short spear 1d6.

Spells:

1 *Comprehend Languages*, 1 *Magic Missile*, 1 *Floating Disc*, 2 *Change Self*, 2 *Wall of Fog*, 3 *Army of One*





Nuckleavee

Armour 12, Hit Dice 6, 27 hp, Morale 9, Attack + 6, Strength +4, Attack: Lick 1d6 damage. Can run at 480' per round and swim at 360' per round.

All Niflungr are multi-class Fighter/Magic-Users, and can be of any level in either class. They roll stats as per humans but have -3 Charisma, -3 Constitution, +3 Strength, and +3 Intelligence.

Once they have John in custody, he will be taken up to the castle and imprisoned.

They will stay where they are on the Welland, an improbable castle on an impossible beast in the middle of a disaster area. The turtle will die in a few days and the castle will be abandoned because of the incredible reek, but by then the Niflungr will have made contact with the local

population. They will be working out what they intend to do in this new world now that honour has been satisfied and John Plantagenet has been disassembled into a plaited nervous system, spinal column, skull, and larynx which will do nothing but scream for all eternity as along as it is occasionally watered with blood. The Niflungr castellan will bear it as a sceptre, gagged until she needs John to remind any visiting human of what agony awaits them if they offend her.

Scholars and tourists will be clamouring to see them, regiments of committed Christians will be trying to exterminate them, the Pope will graciously grant them an audience, as will the Tsar of All the Russias. In short, the 17th century equivalent of a media circus will be unleashed, possibly followed by an accompanying crusade.



The Upturning will not delay the onset of the Civil War by much, but there might be bit of a diversion of forces to Lincolnshire to fight or parley with the mysterious invaders. For their part, the Niflungr recall their ancient legends of the tribes of savage beasts who drove them out of Europe on to an ever shrinking island in a cold and stormy sea. The invaders only speak their own tongue, unlike anything spoken in the surface world, and various awkward semi-sorcerous arrangements will need to be made before they are prepared to negotiate, as they refuse to grunt like the animals they have found themselves among.

Their terms might be hard to meet; they are accustomed to enslaving lesser beings back in their own world, and have no taboos against eating intelligent creatures. In fact they prefer it, as a nice big juicy brain is a delicacy when all you usually have to go on are the tiny tasteless ganglia of fish and crustaceans. They have a magic ritual by which they can absorb 1d6% of the XP of an individual if they eat their brain.

Odin himself will remain long enough to thank the Niflungr leader in their own tongue, poke a few red hot needles into what is left of John, and then disappear about his own mysterious business.

The other, far more numerous, inhabitants of the Upturned area are the **Colfach**. The Icenii and Trinovantes rebelled against Roman rule under Queen Boudicca in AD 60. After massacring the inhabitants of several towns and beating some small Roman detachments, they were soundly beaten in battle and fled into the fens. Their Druids, desperate for a way out,

hit upon the ritual of Upturning and flipped over the land. The Roman garrisons left to guard against their raids were dumbfounded. There was a massive earthquake and flood in the middle of the night, half of their men were killed and afterwards the hidden Britons had disappeared entirely. In the Underworld the tribesmen adapted to their new world, mutated by the sorcerous light of their new sun, and in a few generations became the Colfach.

A Colfach is about 4 feet high with the legs of a wading bird and a birds' stealthy walk and beady eye. They have human-like faces with long beaks or bills and feathers down their arms and on their chests, all though they cannot fly. They have two tribes, one beaked like the bittern and one billed like the duck; the tribes of the Billed Colfach and the Beaked Colfach mistrust each other immensely.

They have retained a basic iron technology based on recovering nodules of bog-iron, but live in utter terror of the Niflungr, who hunt them for sport and enslave a lucky few.

They speak a language descended from Old Brythonic, the language of the pre-Roman Celtic inhabitants of Britain, and anyone who speaks Welsh has a 50% chance of making out what they are squawking and quacking about.

After the Upturning, there will be several small villages scattered across the fens inhabited by these creatures, and they will be cautiously exploring the surrounding area to see what has changed. They are habitually terrified of everything, and it will take a while for the rest of Lincolnshire to realise that it has yet another species of new inhabitant, as the dramatic ar-



rival of the Niflungr has taken up so much of people's attention.

Colfach are mostly Specialists, with the odd Druid (Cleric/Magic user) dedicated to their swampy gods. None has ever got above 4th Level as a Specialist or 3/3 as a Cleric/Magic-User, as the Niflungr take great pride in hunting down such uppity individuals and eating them. Colfach have 2d6 Charisma, 2d6+6 Constitution, 2d6+6 Dexterity, 2d6+2 Intelligence, 2d6 Strength and 2d6+2 Wisdom. They are skilled in Bushcraft and Stealth and in setting traps, stakes set into the muddy bottoms of fens and creeks being a favourite.

South Lincolnshire Upturned

Key

A - The Turtle and Coral fortress.

Named Castle Prepostera by humorous pamphleteers in London who do not believe any of this lunacy ever actually happened. Later known as The Isle of Damnation by those who realise it did and just what kind of sorcerous devils have turned up from appears to be Hell.

B- Villages of the Beaked Colfach.

Each is made up of nests hidden among stands of trees and bushes on stilts and houses around fifty Colfach.

C - Villages of the Billed Colfach.

Identical to the Beaked Colfach, but the tribes are enemies.

D - The Island of Apples and Lake of Swans.

Mysterious sites with sacred significance to the Colfach, could house any bizarre nonsense the Referee likes.

E - The Emerald Forest.

A dank swampy forest resembling those in Louisiana, of a kind not seen on the island of Britain since the Ice Age. Anything could live here.

A number of villages have disappeared completely, either upturned or washed away by the tidal wave. A few battered and confused survivors who were away from home when the disaster happened may be met round the edge of the Upturned area, traumatised by the incomprehensible event.



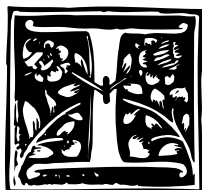




Chapter 10:



The Homunculus : Smeaton's Victory



f Andrew Smeaton gets hold of the Crucible of Hermes he will be overjoyed, and will be willing to let all the rest of the magical gewgaws unearthed from the

fens go to anyone who helped him. This one though, he wants badly. He will fake interest in the useless Moslem charm plate and the ruined Athame to detract attention from this seemingly mundane cup, and then appear to give in gracefully and say it might come in useful for cooking up a potion or two.

He will be curious as to what lies within the reliquaries if anyone cares to open them in his presence and will hang around to watch, but he will leave as fast as he can once the red mist emerges from the Thomas a Beckett box. He may later become a henchman of King John's, or become part of an Embassy sent to the Niflung by King Charles if events turn towards the Upturning, but use of and further research into the Crucible will be his priority.

Smeaton has a manuscript in Coptic Egyptian dealing with the basic functions of the Crucible that contains references to now-lost Hebrew texts. Snippets of these Hebrew texts are alluded to in elaborate symbolic language in *Fama Fraternitatis*, one of the Rosicrucian manifestoes, published in 1614, and *The Chymical Wedding of Christian Rosenkreutz*, published in 1616. He will find further clues in Marguerite Porete's *Mirror of Simple Souls*, a text of the extinct Antinomian heretical sect, the Brethren of the Free Spirit.

The Crucible and Homunculus

The Crucible can reduce the cost of potion making to 25sp a day if merely used as an ordinary crucible, but it can also be used to incubate a homunculus. With access to the texts mentioned above, a spell of Level 3 can be researched which will enable the creation of a homunculus in this vessel using such ingredients as semen, menstrual blood, sulphur, quicksilver, salt, gold, lead, and most importantly of all a mandrake root, a 'vegetable man' which grows in the semen spilled on the soil as a reflex action when a man is hanged. The materials cost 1,000sp, and the process takes at least seven weeks of constant work in an alchemical laboratory. Only one homunculus may be active at any one time per Crucible of Hermes owned (there is more than one, but where the others might lie is anyone's guess).

The homunculus has the same six stats as a human, and must be created with at least one point in each, which must come from its creator. It must also have at least one hit point, again taken from the creator. The homunculus' stats may be boosted by being particularly careful in selecting the source of the mandrake, menstrual blood, and semen. One extra stat point can be gained per Level of man hanged to make the mandrake—Andrew Smeaton will try and see to it that some powerful person is framed for a crime and hanged, he may even resort to kidnapping someone of note and hanging them from a tree in a far off spot, a job that some adventurers might be employed to help him with. Gaining semen and menstrual blood are also dubious processes, but Smeaton can use them to drain part of the soul of the donor for his homunculus, in game terms draining 10% of each donor's XP.



The homunculus is a tiny man just 1d6 inches high at creation and is a Level 1 Magic-User. It will add its own Level to the effective caster Level of its creator while in his presence and will be able to remember an extra First Level of spell for him per Level it possesses. If it reaches an Intelligence of 9 it will be able to cast its own spells independently.

Each Level the homunculus gains 1d3 points of its own to be distributed among its stats and gains considerably in height, growing 1d6 inches per hit point up to a height of 58+2d8 inches. It is never perfectly human, there are always flaws, sometimes quite glaring ones, as noted on the table below.

The workings of the Crucible are based on the mystical Kabbala, and the created homunculus starts out influenced by the Sephiroth of Malkut. When it gains a Level it can move to one of the connected Sephiroth at random and gain a power or flaw from that table, then randomly move on again to another Sephiroth at the next Level. The higher sephiroth are only accessible if certain of the lower ones have been reached, and the ultimate one, 'Keter', the sephiroth of the Increate, the Primum Mobile, the true Light and Centre of the Universe, the Ultra Thoth (or Azathoth) can only be reached once all the others have been visited once.

Sadly Andrew Smeaton will be missing the point. It is not the homunculus he is supposed to be perfecting, but himself, but to use the crucible to do that would require skills in meditation and faith in a radical spiritual sect like Ranterism, Sufism, or some kind of Yoga, and instructions from the true book of Hermes, which is written in hieroglyphs on a stele that stands in a long forgotten copy of the Jewish Temple in Upper Egypt. Reading this stele and practising its exercises will result in the student acquiring the new skill Qabbalism at a skill level of 1 and enable him to roll for a skill from the Malkut table.

Smeaton has the instrument to turn himself into a superman, but in his ignorance he uses it to create a living toy to spy and steal for him.

The Slave and the Master

Although its creator will be its master when the homunculus is first created, should the homunculus gain sufficient Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma, and Levels, it may become the master. It is all a matter of Ego. The Intelligence, Wisdom, Charisma and Level needs to be totaled up for both the Magic-User who created the homunculus and the homunculus itself, to get their respective Ego scores and then compared. Ego can be lowered by sickness or injury, so it should be adjusted for their current hit points. Whomever has the highest Ego is the master and the lower the slave, so a powerful homunculus can take over a weak master.

This ultimately will be Smeaton's fate; after a couple of false starts, the weakened and half-mad Smeaton snatches a bit of the blood shed by his beloved King Charles and amalgamates it into a new homunculus which he takes with him when he flees to France. He lavishes care and sacrifices on it, becoming the terror of the Rue Morgue before eventually the homunculus returns to England. Since the homunculus looks, talks and walks like the son of King Charles, has had its horns filed off and wears a curly wig, and the original was killed at the battle of Worcester in 1651—covered up by the preposterous 'Royal Oak' legend—it has little problem becoming King Charles II...



Initial Homunculus Defects

- 1 Conjoined twin; $(1d8+1) \times 10\%$ of the homunculus is duplicated.
 - 2 Has non-functional wings (roll d6):
 - 1-3 bat-like
 - 4 bird-like
 - 5 insect-like
 - 6 like webbed human hands
 - 3 Asymmetrical with one half of its body being withered and useless.
 - 4 Strange colour (roll d10):
 - 1 Black
 - 2 Blue
 - 3 Brown
 - 4 Green
 - 5 Orange
 - 6 Purple
 - 7 Red
 - 8 White
 - 9 Yellow,
 - 10 The Colour out of Space or Ulfire, Jale, Dolm or some other hue never before seen by human eyes.
 - 5 Head ornamentation (roll d8):
 - 1 Corrugated or lumpy forehead
 - 2 Goat Horns
 - 3 Deer Horns
 - 4 Unicorn Horn
 - 5 Antennae
 - 6 Exposed Brain
 - 7 Bulbous Cranium
 - 8 Microcephalic, (maximum Intelligence 1d3)
 - 6 Other deformity (roll d6):
 - 1 Webbed fingers and toes, can swim, but needs to live in water
 - 2 Scaled skin, chameleon power, lives only on insects,
 - 3 Tardigrade-like with four pairs of stumpy limbs and circular mouth, can dehydrate and become inert and almost invulnerable,
 - 4 Polysexual, changing sex by the phases of the moon, goes through 'hipe' and 'syncarp' stages, sexes not known to humans,
 - 5 Scaled on the back like a Pangolin, can roll into a ball,
 - 6 Head is one large expressionless eyeball, no means of communication until it learns the ESP spell and no visible means of nutrition, yet food disappears when owner is not looking.
-
-

The Powers of the Sephiroth

The initial power of Malkut is free, but further powers are gained by moving to a new Sephiroth. A homunculus does this automatically when it gains a Level; a human who has mastered the necessary meditative arts will need to complete a quest or task based on the tarot card linked to the Sephiroth.

While a homunculus moves randomly, a human who makes a successful Qabbalism skill roll can choose a path.

Receiving the same gift a second time means the person can reverse it—useful for the curses—or receive the same gift again.

10 Malkut: The Kingdom

Relates to the physical world, the four elements, the mundane stars and planets and natural sciences, its Qlippoth is Lilith, discarded first wife of Adam, the spirit of the desert who eats her own children.

- 1 +1d3 Strength
- 2 +1d3 Constitution
- 3 +2 on saving throws versus an element (roll d4 for type); Earth, Air, Fire or Water
- 4 Develop epilepsy, 1 in 10 chance of any stress triggering a seizure for 1d6 rounds, with a 1d6 hour recovery period during which the person has half hit points, half Intelligence, half Wisdom and half Charisma.
- 5 -2 on saves saving throws versus Disease.
- 6 1-3 gain or 4-6 lose a Hit Die appropriate to your character class.

Routes out
to Hod 20 Judgement
to Yesod 21 The World
to Netzach 18 The Moon

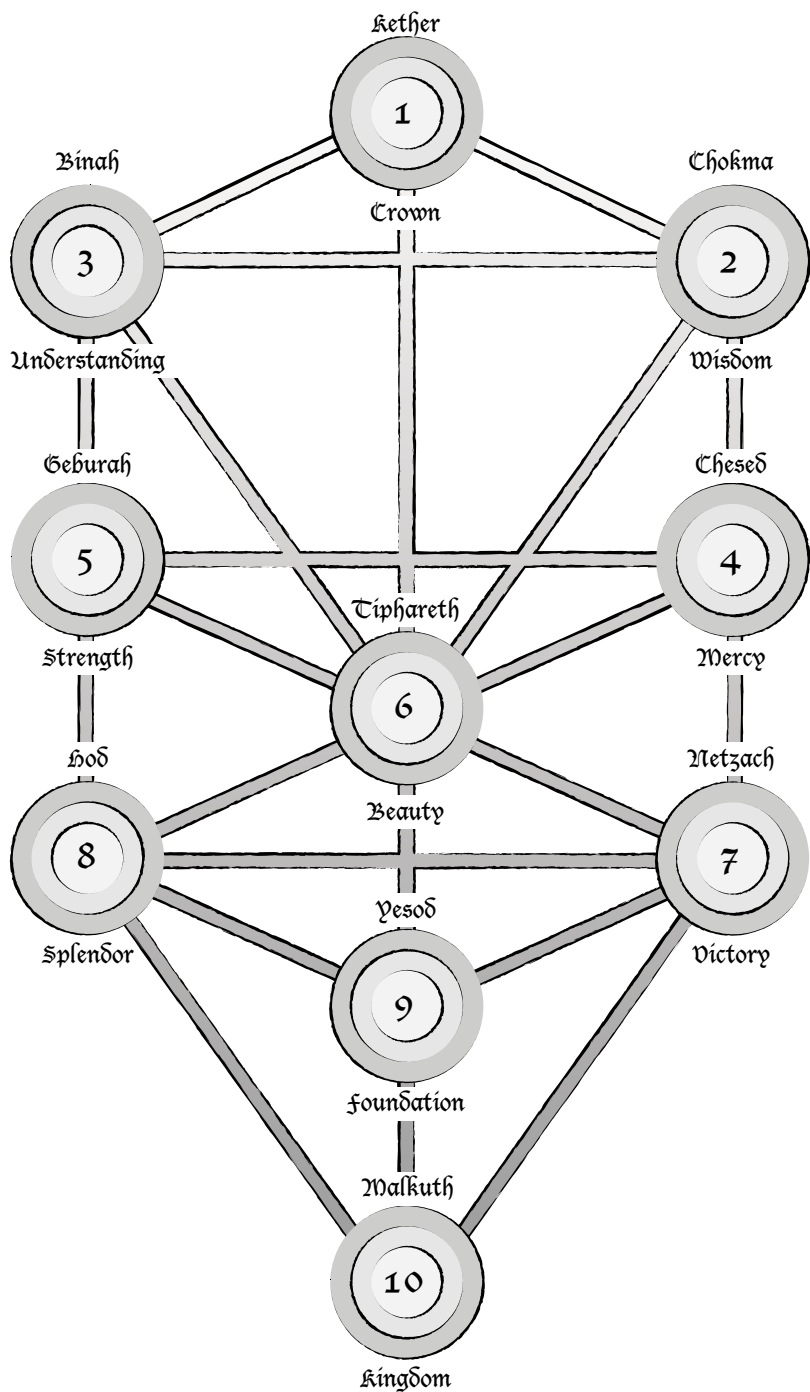
9 Yesod: Foundation

Associated with the Moon, sex and the Holy Spirit. Its Qlippoth is Gamaliel, the Polluted of God.

- 1 Gain +1 Qabbalism skill if already known or 2 skill points in any other skills
- 2 Transfer 3 points of Wisdom to Intelligence when the Moon is waxing and 3 points of Intelligence to Wisdom when it is waning.
- 3 Gain 1d3 Constitution.
- 4 Become obsessed by sex. Each day the person goes without intercourse, he loses 1 Wisdom.
- 5 Only have maximum hit points when the Moon is full, the day before and the day after. At the new Moon the person will have half of his hit points, at half moon he will have three-quarters of his hit points.
- 6 1-3 gain a 10% bonus to any future XP earned, 4-6 lose 10% of all future XP gains.

Routes out
to Malkut 21 The World
to Hod 19 The Sun
to Netzach 17 The Star
to Tiphareth 14 Temperance





8 Hod: Splendor

Relates to language and magic, the turning of energy into forms and the reification of ideas. Its Qlipoth is Samael the Desolation of God.

- 1 Gain +1 Language skill.
- 2 Gain +1d3 Intelligence.
- 3 Can learn extra spells, having the same slots as a Magic-User one Level higher. If not a Magic-User this skill gives you a single Level 1 spell slot.
- 4 Struck blind by Samael.
- 5 Homicidal urges, must kill one human or other intelligent creature a month or lose a point of Intelligence. This means striking the killing blow, as merely being one person in group who fought a creature to the death does not resolve the urge.
- 6 1-3 gain or 4-6 lose +1 attack bonus.

Routes out
to Malkut 20 Judgement
to Yesod 19 The Sun
to Netzach 16 The Tower
to Tiphareth 15 The Devil (only accessible if already have a power of Yesod)
to Geburah 12 The Hanged Man

7 Netzach: Victory

Associated with endurance, fortitude, patience and leadership. Its Qlipoth is A'arab Zaraq, the Ravens of the Burning of God.

- 1 +1d3 Wisdom
- 2 Can trade Intelligence points for Strength points.
- 3 Gain use of the *Command* spell even if not a Cleric. Takes up a Level 1 spell slot for Magic-Users, non-spell casters gain a Level 1 Cleric spell slot, but can only use this spell in it.
- 4 Become overcome by fury and anger at the slightest provocation. If damage is taken during a fight, may only attack physically using a Press attack.
- 5 Lose 1d3 Wisdom
- 6 1-3 gain or 4-6 lose +2 to saving throws versus illusions and mind control magic.

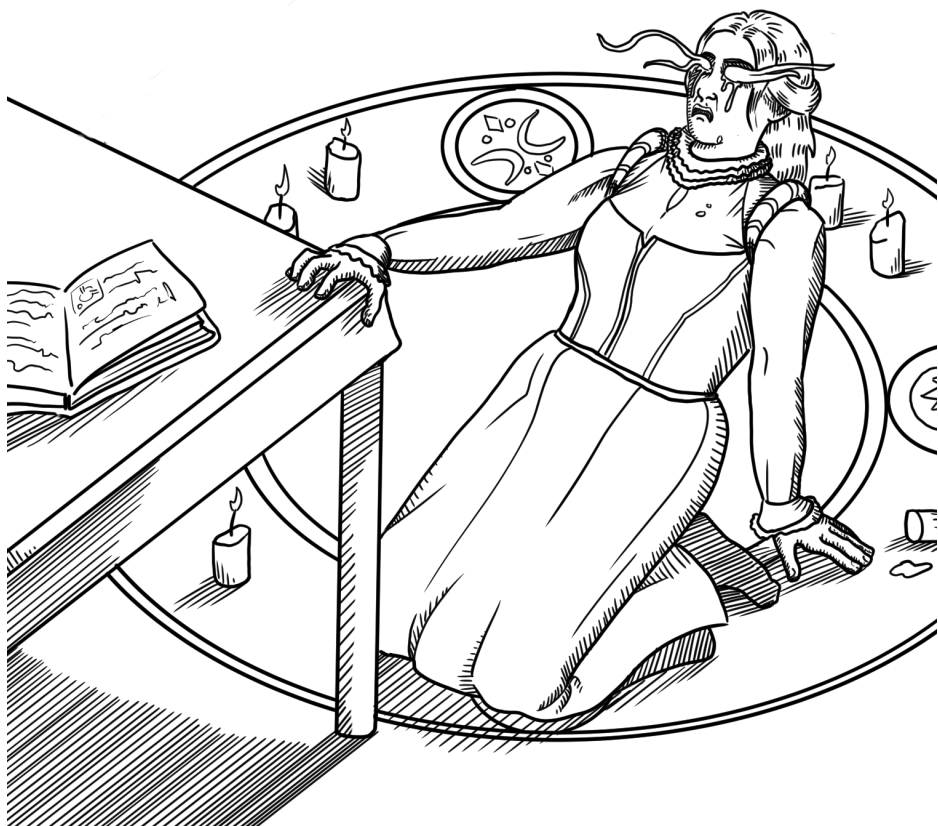
Routes out
to Malkut 18 The Moon
to Yesod 17 The Star
to Hod 16 The Tower
to Tiphareth 13 Death (only accessible if already have a power of Yesod)
to Chesed 10 The Wheel of Fortune



And so on. The Referee who has a player who takes up the use of this device can easily research the necessary tables; *Liber 777* by Aleister Crowley is as good a place to start as any, and Israel Regardie and Bill Heidrick have both expanded on his tables of Qabbalistic correspondences.

Each step up one of the columns requires power from each of the Sephiroth below it—so Binah requires Geburah and Hod, for example—and Kether is not available until a power has been gained from all nine other Sephiroth.

When Kether is reached something unfortunate happens—the player character enters a trance state and never wakes up. His spirit has become one with the godhead. He might later turn up as a demon, plucked out of the aether by a *Summon* spell, but his adventuring career is over, and his body is an empty shell that will die unless someone cares for it and feeds it and gives it water. That shell will however be immortal and will live forever as long as such care is provided, but will not be able to do anything of its own volition, as that volition has faded away to become part of the underlying fabric of the universe.





Appendix 1:



The Arms and Armour of the Civil War



he appendix to the *LotFP Rules & Magic* book covers the use of Early Modern arms and armour.

Most long guns at the start of the Civil War are matchlocks, while pistols are flintlocks or 'doglocks', a version of the flintlock with an external catch (the dog) to hold the half-cocked position rather than an internal spring. In game terms they are exactly the same as a Flintlock. Rifled barrels are not used.

As well as the famous pikes, the typical infantry man of the day also carry a 'Tuck', a usually rather crudely made short sword with a simple cross-hilt, a typical Small weapon in LotFP terms, that suffers a -1 penalty to hit when used against anyone wearing armour that gives them Armour 15 or greater. The Italian Estoc that the common 'Tuck' is modelled on is a much finer weapon and a wielder receives a +1 bonus when used against anyone wearing armour that gives them Armour 15 or greater. Cost is 20sp City/50sp Rural.

During this period sergeants sometimes carry a Spontoon or Partisan, a short polearm with a triple bladed head, still carried by the Yeoman Warders of the Tower of London today. Carried even as late as the Napoleonic Wars as a badge of office for Sergeant Majors, in the English Civil Wars they are still occasionally used.

The Pike is the classic weapon of the Civil War, a rather unwieldy polearm that gives +2 to Initiative rolls on the first round of combat, but -2 if the target manages to get inside its effective range. The pike is an excellent weapon when used *en masse* in the typical square battlefield formation, but of limited use in man-to-man combat.

The typical sword or rapier of the day has a basket hilt that could be used as a cestus. Add 5sp to the cost of a Medium weapon for a sword so equipped.

The Crossbow remains in wide use, especially in rural areas like Fosdyke, but the long-bow has not been fashionable since the days of Henry VIII and hardly anyone has the training to shoot them anymore. The Referee should only allow them for Fighters who roll 20+ on a d20+Strength bonus roll.

Firearms can go wrong in a number of entertaining ways. They are not death traps, but as the table below shows they did add a number of words and phrases to the English language. On a roll of a natural 1 using a Firearm roll d12 on the table below.



Roll Result

- 1 You are in such a hurry that you leave your ramrod in the firearm. There is a 50% chance that the ramrod skewers your target, doing 1d6 damage, or does 1d6 damage to a randomly determined adjacent combatant (even an ally). The firearm cannot be reloaded until you get another ramrod.
- 2 The weapon goes off half-cocked while you are still trying to load it. Make a saving throw versus Device or take 1d6 damage from powder burns, nearly being hit by the bullet etc., half damage if the saving throw is made; roll d20+Dexterity and get 15+ or drop the weapon; weapon must be cleaned for 2 rounds before it can be reloaded.
- 3 Match has gone out/flint breaks. If you are using a matchlock your matchcord has fizzled, spend 2 rounds relighting it. If you are using a flintlock, the flint has broken, spend 4 rounds replacing it (if you have a spare).
- 4 Flash in the pan. The powder in the pan goes up, inflicting 1d3 damage on you, and unless you make a saving throw versus Device, you are blinded for 1d3 rounds and suffer a -4 penalty on all rolls.
- 5 Not enough charge. The gun goes off, but your ball travels a few feet at best.
- 6 The recoil from the firearm sends the weapon flying. You drop it and are disarmed; make a saving throw versus Device or take 1 damage to your shoulder.
- 7 The weapon fires a bit too close to your ear canal, making your ears ring loudly and distracting you. The next enemy to attack you gets a +2 bonus to his Attack Roll.
- 8 The firearm discharges smoke that burns your eyes. You suffer a -4 penalty to your next attack roll.
- 9 You leave your finger on the trigger and discharge the firearm into the air before you can bring the weapon to bear at your intended target. Take 1d3 points of damage as a bird, squirrel, bat, or rock from the ceiling falls on your head. Roll d20+Dexterity bonus and get 15+ or drop the weapon and fall over.
- 10 Backfire! Too much powder used. You take 1d4 points of damage from powder burns and the weapon is rendered useless. It will take a gunsmith a week or so to fix it. Additionally, you are at -2 to all attack rolls with the hand that was holding the weapon until you have healed.
- 11 Backfire! Far too much powder, as above plus everyone within five feet must make a saving throw versus Device or catch fire. If they happen to have powder on them or are in the process of loading their own musket this could be unfortunate...
- 12 Hangfire—the powder is packed too tight and is not burning as fast as it should, just fizzling really, but the gun will go bang, next round... As far as the player character is concerned it is a misfire and nothing is happening. Let us hope that he is not dumb enough to look down the barrel, or unlucky enough to be cleaning it out when it finally blows. Could hit the owner, could be a random target, could be anyone, really...





Appendix 2:



Reaction and Persuasion



his is primarily an investigative scenario and interaction with NPCs will form a major part of the action. There will be some pretty vicious fights at the end,

but there will also be a lot of travelling round the Part of Holland and Fosdyke village picking up rumours and trying to fathom just what Andrew Smeaton is really doing and whether it might be a good idea to help Niklas Brahe stop him, or help his interesting little project along. The basic mechanism is the same as Wrestling in *LotFP*; opposed rolls of a d20 with suitable modifiers, highest wins the argument or persuades the other to help him.

The persuader rolls d20 and adds his Charisma bonus, his Intelligence bonus, and his level, while the target of the persuasion rolls d20 plus his Charisma bonus, his Wisdom bonus and his level, and this is subtracted from the Persuaders score.

The Referee should always reward a player who can come up with a glib argument, impassioned speech, cunning con, or other bit of clever roleplaying with a +1 or +2 bonus. In addition the Referee can apply modifiers for differences in alignment, religion, prior dealings and so on.



Score and outcome

- 15 or less If the person you are attempting to persuade can do you down in some way he will.
- 12 to -14 The person you are attempting to persuade does not like you at all. Insults will be exchanged, at the very least an appeal will be made to the authorities to get rid of you, and quite possibly he will resort to lethal levels of violence if he thinks that he can get away with it.
- 8 to -11 Unfriendly. Go away or the person will get annoyed. A brawl may occur. If you were lying to the person you were attempting to persuade, he can tell immediately and will not be impressed.
- 3 to -7 Unfriendly. Wants you to go away, but is not going to make a big deal out of it. If you were lying to the person you were attempting to persuade, he will be suspicious.
- 2 to +2 Minimal response, polite, but disinterested.
- +3 to +7 Friendly, but not helpful. Will not help without a good reason such as money, a strongly supported cause in common, etc., and even then only if there is no risk to the person you were attempting to persuade.
- +8 to +11 Friendly. Will help if there is a reason to and the risks are minimal
- +12 to +14 Very friendly. Will offer minor help for free, and offer major help if there is a clear benefit to the person you were attempting to persuade.
- +15 and above Helps to the best of his ability.

Further interaction

The initial reaction is one thing, but subsequent player actions can make things better or worse. The Referee should allow the players at least one chance to modify the reaction score. Each attempt will give +/- 1d4 shift to the initial score, but if players continue to argue with the NPC or do things to antagonise him, then each subsequent attempt is at a cumulative modifier of -1 as they are just annoying the NPC and making him more defensive.

Sticking your oar in

Initial exchange is with one player character. If a second player character wants to try and persuade the same character, keep the same score but modify it by the new player characters modifiers, plus a -1 penalty for ganging up.

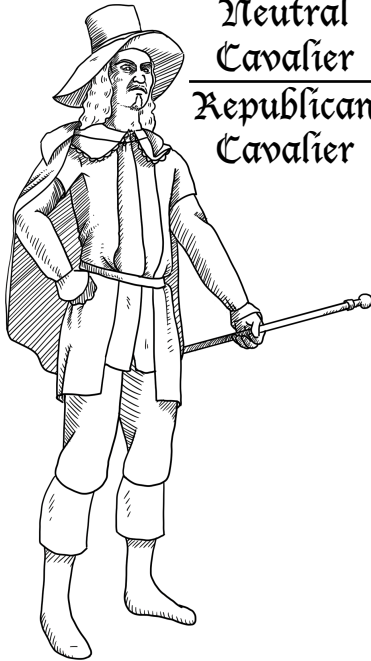




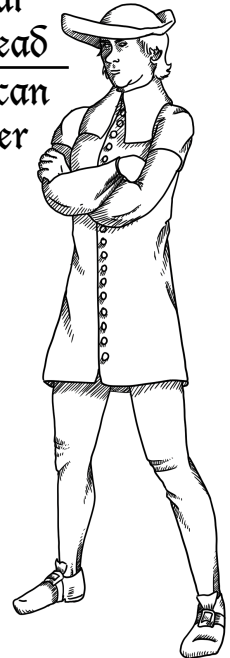
Appendix 3:



Alignment in the English Civil War



| | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|---------------------|
| Royalist Cavalier | Royalist Neutral | Royalist Roundhead |
| Neutral Cavalier | Neutral | Neutral Roundhead |
| Republican Cavalier | Republican Neutral | Republican Cavalier |



hat's all this rubbish about Law and Chaos? No one in 17th century England, not even them drunkard Ranters, ever sat down and said, "Hi folks, I'm a Chaotic!".

The *LotFP* Law/Chaos alignment could be left untouched of course, but this variant would add to the atmosphere of a campaign set during this period. The Law/Chaos of *LotFP*, alignment in the English Civil War is a two dimensional affair, as in old AD&D.



Cavalier versus Roundhead

Cavalier characters are, well, a bit cavalier. They are hearty fellows, pleased to live life to the full, but also a bit inclined to go into things cockeyed, like a cavalry troop at the gallop, hoping their natural panache will see them through if things get a bit difficult. They like adventuring for the look of the thing, to pay for the fine wines, strong ales and the rich living they intend to get done before Judgement Day or a stray musket ball takes them off this mortal coil. They are brave, but easily discouraged if there's a bit of hard work to be done to get their just reward.

Roundheads are a lot more sober. They are stubborn and unwavering in the pike square, or when methodically reloading their matchlocks while the damn fool cavaliers bounce off their prepared positions. They measure twice and cut once, do not suffer fools gladly, and follow many other sober and sonorous proverbs besides. Sometimes they may be too cautious, but they feel their careful and planned approach to adventuring leads to a bigger and better pay offs in the long run than the cavaliers' smash and grab raids.

Neutrals are everyone else; not too rash, not too careful, not liable to start a punch up over possession of a fine hat feather, not over obsessed with counting the gunpowder to the last grain and weighing its cost against the value of the purse in a highway robbery.

Royalist versus Republican

Royalists work from the top down; there are people in charge and there are people who are not, and it is just the way the world is. If you follow orders without whingeing and backchat and impress your betters you can get promoted, and might get to be considered a gentleman too. Loyalty is the primary virtue, everyone knowing their place in the world, swearing an oath to God and King and sticking to it the only honourable way. Being disrespectful to the King and Bishops is the next best thing to cheeking God himself. If these people weren't meant to be in charge why did the almighty allow them to prosper?

Republicans work from the bottom up. No man's opinion can be discounted for naught, all men have reason. The actions of the nation must be decided by a Parliament of equals chosen by the men of the boroughs, solid citizens who have earned the trust of their fellow man, not had position bestowed on them from above by some nincompoop who happens to have a fancy hat on. God made all men equal in his sight, all men should be equal before the law and government of the land also; that idiot Charles Stuart is merely a man like the rest of us, and he would do well to remember it.

Neutrals just cannot make their minds up. The old ways worked, you knew where you were; you were probably face down in the mire with a noble with his boot on your head, but you knew where you were. Parliament? A lot of clever gents well learned in law, but would their way be any better? They certainly seem to be a lot more hardworking and upright than them fancy pants courtiers, but, ech, puritan lawyers...



The classic combinations are Royalist/Cavalier and Republican/Roundhead, but there are plenty of neutrals on the Royalist side and a few dedicated roundheaded fanatics who will carefully plot in the King's cause. Likewise many Republicans are a bit cavalier, caught up in the romance of the revolt, inflamed by the bold words of the Scottish Covenant or the English Petition of Rights and highly likely to shoot first and ask questions later.

Alignment Bonuses and Changing Alignment

In the course of play actions that are in accordance with the character's declared alignment may be awarded with bonus experience points at the Referee's discretion.

People with 'corner' alignments will get more opportunities for XP bonuses than 'side' alignments, and double neutrals, being wimpy middle of the road snivelers liable to be run down by carriages, will get no bonuses until they get off the fence.

Changing alignment from neutral to Cavalier, Roundhead, Royalist or Republican will cause no XP loss. Moving towards neutrality, or even to the opposite side, will cause an XP loss.

In addition, changing from a Royalist to a Republican, or vice versa, may garner you a reputation as a turncoat. Royalists and Republicans will almost always fight each other anyway, but a traitor will have a bounty on his head and may well face hanging, drawing, and quartering if captured. Don't let the bastards take you alive!

In character descriptions **O** is for **rO**yalist, **E** for **rE**publican, **C** indicates **C**avalier, **R** is **R**oundhead and **N** is **N**eutral. Thus **NC** = Neutral Cavalier, **ER** = Republican Roundhead, etc.





Appendix 4:



Religion in the English Civil War



he English Civil War is not primarily a war of religion, at least not in England itself, though religious rhetoric is universally deployed to bolster the political cases

made by each side and one of the prizes for the victorious faction is the chance to remake the Church of England in their own image.

Religious innovation is rife throughout the period. The 1640s saw the start of any number of religious sects, some quite bizarre in their beliefs and attached to extreme—for the 17th century—political agendas. For ease of play, only a few distinctions will be made here between primarily spiritual sects like the Quakers and primarily political ones like the Levellers; if historically such sects thought they had God on their side, then for game purposes they have.

If the Referee would rather gloss over religion then he can by all means do so, but again, using the terminology and factional disputes of the time adds no end to atmosphere of an English Civil War set game and especially an ongoing campaign.

All player characters will be required to choose one of the Sects below to be a member of, at least initially, and they may receive a bonus of some kind as a result.

The list of available sects given here is not quite historical for its planned start point in 1642, but it gives the players the chance to experience the joys of being a Muggletonian or Digger

from the beginning; even if the sect did not emerge from the fog of history until a later date there were assuredly people who had similar beliefs years before, but kept them quiet. The death of Charles, the apparent end of Anglicanism, and the heady revolutionary atmosphere of the Commonwealth encouraged any number of radical oddballs to openly preach their own off-brand of salvation.

New sects, and they seemed to crop up like weeds during this period, can be founded by player characters as part of an ongoing campaign. They could pre-empt the historical founder of one of the real ones (see Wikipedia: English Dissenters for an extensive list), or cook up their own. A Cleric should be of at least level 5 before trying this, and without sufficient Charisma he will remain nothing more than a lonely street corner preacher.

A player character may change religion in the course of the game if he so chooses, at a cost of 10% of his total XP.

The alignments mentioned reflect the overall character of the religion, but a player character following it can vary by one square on the alignment table.



Catholic

Being openly Catholic anywhere bar Ireland, the Scottish Highlands, and the few parts of England that still had Catholic aristocrats, is going to be difficult. Given the Thirty Years War, the massacre of Protestant settlers by Catholic Irish rebels in 1641, and the long history of plots to overthrow both Queen Elizabeth I and King James I, paranoia about Catholics is high, though official persecution has eased off since Charles' Queen, Henrietta Maria, is Catholic. Unofficial persecution, as perpetrated by Parliamentary mobs and militia, is rife.

Catholics are natural Royalists; Charles being the first monarch to give them anything close to an even break for a century and Parliament has more than enough of the kind of fire-breathing 'Pope is the Antichrist yarble gibber' variety of Presbyterian and Puritan to make it clear how things would go if they got to be in charge. Further, early in the conflict Catholic nobles and gentry are targeted by rioting mobs.

The Catholic church takes a dim view of sorcery in any of its many and multifarious forms, and regards some of what the natural philosophers spout as pretty dubious as well. However, there are Catholic Magic-Users, who must take holy orders and be supervised by a specially trained Cleric confessor of at least 3rd level (to dish out the many, many absolutions these sinful wretches require to enter heaven).

Catholic Clerics get the spells **Confession** and **Absolution**.

Confession

Cleric Level 1

Duration: Depends on the sinner

Range: One Confession Booth or 3' (whichever is the closer).

A Catholic Cleric may only cast this spell on a Catholic character of lower level than himself. The sinner must confess all, and the priest must listen and forgive however extensive and grim the list, and must never betray the confidence of the confessional. This sinner must confess *all* of his sins, even the mortal ones or he will gain no benefit from making the penances issued by the Cleric.

Once the appropriate penance has been made, the sinner feels unburdened and gains +1 Morale and +1 to all saving throws versus Magic and Magical Device until the following Sunday or until he commits another sin, whichever comes first.

The Confessor gains 1 XP per Venial sin confessed per level of sinner—a nice little earner when acting as chaplain to bunch of hooligans like an army unit—and death bed confessions might take hours but are very much looked forward to. Should the confessor ever break the sanctity of the confessional, even accidentally and even over a piffling venial sin, he loses 10% of his total XP.



| Religion | Alignment | Likes | Dislikes |
|----------|---------------------|---|-------------|
| Catholic | Royalist Neutral | 'Idolatry' The Pope Confession 'Equivocation' Latin | Protestants |

Absolution

Cleric Level 2

Duration: Instant

Range: Touch

If a Catholic character commits a Mortal sin (murder, sodomy, sorcery, idolatry etc.) he must undergo Absolution before next attending communion. If he does not do so, he must either leave the Church (and take a one off XP penalty) *or* take a penalty of 10% from all future XP and if he dies he goes straight to hell. He could of course evade communion and confession forever after, but other people might start questioning his loyalty to the Church and the cause of the King, and that could be terminal.

Having *Absolution* cast on you absolves all this, and allows normal life to continue. The Cleric is free to add penances, and donations to the Church are always welcome. *Absolution* is always worth an XP bonus of at least 5 XP per level of sinner, and the Referee—a.k.a. 'God'—may award extra bonuses for creative forms of penance.



Anglican

Anglicans don't like Dissenters, all those opinionated wafflers who seem to be under impression that they can worship God however they please and who want to ditch the time-honoured ecclesiastic hierarchy of Bishops and Archbishops. A country where anyone can preach and where any church goes is just asking for anarchy—look at Europe with its warring hordes of Calvinists, Lutherans, Anabaptists, and the like. They also don't like Catholics; a church that owes allegiance to foreign potentate is the enemy within. Opponents of Anglicanism caricature it as a halfhearted religion for halfhearted people, half reformed and half stuck in the Popish past.

There are Churches of Ireland and Scotland during this period. Both are 'provinces' of the Church of England under their own Archbishops, but influenced by the English church, and far more influenced by Calvinist Puritanism.

It is perfectly acceptable for an Anglican to be a Magic-User. The official line is that sorcery is a bad thing, but as long as you refrain from doing anything outrageous like animate the dead, mutilate and kill people or summon demons you are merely regarded as an enthusiastic and practical scholar. Of course, Magic-Users frequently do outrageous things, and will often find their local Vicar writing a strongly worded letter to the Bishop about having them excommunicated, though this generally means you won't be buried in consecrated ground, and up until 1650 at least, fined for being a 'Recusant' and not attending the church you have just been banned from. Being excommunicated in this way does not result in an XP penalty. However, the Anglican laity can take matters into their own hands. If the local 'scholar' is found to be dabbling in witchcraft then the Bishop's admonitory letter is often addressed to a hanged corpse.



| Religion | Alignment | Likes | Dislikes |
|----------|---------------------|---|--|
| Anglican | Royalist Neutral | The Book of Common Prayer Bishops The King, God save him! | Presbyterians The Pope 'Liberty of Conscience' |

Anglicans get one special Clerical spell:

Invoke Episcopal Authority

Cleric Level 1

Duration: 1 turn per level or one command.

Range: Self

An Anglican clergyman can use this spell to remind those he is addressing that he is an ordained minister in the official Royally approved state church of the realm of England (or Ireland or Scotland). He automatically gets +1 on any rolls to influence or convince anyone of Royalist alignment that he is a person worthy of respect and who should be obeyed. He gets +2 if he is a bishop, +3 if he is an archbishop and +5 if he is the Archbishop of Canterbury himself. He can alternatively use the spell as a *Command* spell, against which Anglicans suffer a -2 penalty to their saving throws if they qualify for one.

Puritans can be affected by either form if they fail a saving throw versus Magic, but they add +4 to their save, Catholics and most other sects are immune, trying to use it on Presbyterians allows them to use their *Vehemence of the Lord* spell against you as if you were a Catholic.



Presbyterian

As far as the early **Presbyterians** are concerned the Pope is the Antichrist and they make no bones about saying so loudly and frequently. They regard mere faith as no guarantee of salvation, you were of the 'godly' and destined for heaven or you were not. They also have no truck with the separation of Church and State advocated by some of the more wishy washy Protestant sects; in Scotland, the Presbyterian church is the *de facto* government throughout the Civil War period, an outright Theocracy. They take a strong line with heretics, that is people who dared disagree with them on pretty much anything, and have no truck with religious diversity unless they absolutely had no choice.

Presbyterians are also damn sure that the plague of witches and warlocks that have been seen in the land since the war started are agents of the Devil and are debating whether hanging is punishment enough for Magic-Users, or whether to revive burning. Presbyterian Magic-Users do not exist, any half-way devout Presbyterian who accidentally finds himself casting a spell through a magic item will immediately panic and run to his church and grovel to God in case he has lost his chance at salvation.



| Religion | Alignment | Likes | Dislikes |
|--------------|-----------------------|---|--|
| Presbyterian | Republican Neutral | Plainness Scripture Elders Meeting Houses The Sabbath | Bishops 'Heretics' 'Idolatry' The Pope 'Liberty of Conscience' |

The Presbyterians get one special spell:

Vehemence of the Lord

Cleric Level 1

Duration: 10 rounds plus Cleric Constitution bonus

Range: Self plus 3 Presbyterian faithful plus Cleric level plus Charisma bonus

The Presbyterian preacher lets fly with all his favourite biblical quotes, threats of hell, curses, gesticulations, and all around Sunday best hollering, inspiring himself and his congregation to get out there and bash some sinners.

All affected receive a +1 bonus to any attack roll against Catholics, any especially heinous heretics such as Ranters and Diggers, and all Magic-Users. They can in addition include any Anglican who has previously tried to pull rank over the faithful. Being strict Sabbatarians, fighting on a Sunday is not allowed and they will suffer a -1 penalty, or a penalty equal to their Cleric level on all combat rolls on that day.

If a Puritan overhears a Presbyterian preacher delivering such a sermon and fails to make a saving throw versus Magic, he will receive the same bonus to his attack rolls should he join the fray. The Referee may rule that Puritans who do this more than once or twice may be convinced to change religion.



Puritan

There is no one **Puritan** credo, but rather a spectrum of beliefs based on the teachings of John Calvin and his many successors. Their outlook is similar to the Presbyterians, since they are convinced that only 'godly' behaviour leads to salvation and many are strict Sabbatarians. They dislike 'Popish superstition', but without going the whole hog and declaring it Satanism, and seek to establish a rational church based on a close analysis of scripture.

Early in the war they commit various violent acts of iconoclasm, literally re-forming churches with bricks through the stained glass windows, taking axes to the altar rails, repurposing fonts as kitchen sinks and using statues of saints and the Saviour for musket practice. For some the ideal church is a plain white box with some pews and a table—not even a cross in sight!

In the fantasy version of the English Civil War they are a tiny bit more tolerant of sorcery than the Presbyterians, but they are still sure that witches, paganism and black magic are on the loose, so any Magic-User they catch had better be pretty glib and quick with the biblical exegesis or face stringing up. There are again no Puritan Magic-Users, they believe in faith, and such scholarship as they pursue is mostly scriptural in nature.

While they are mostly still within the Anglican church, the Puritans want radical reform. Some, termed 'Separatists', have just upped and left the Anglican church and in the case of the Pilgrim Fathers of Massachusetts, have left the whole country. Almost all want an end to Bishops. They believe in predestination and plenty believe in Millennialism—the idea that the end of the world is nigh and unless the Church of England is reformed and public morals improved we are all quite literally going to hell in a handcart. One such group, the Fifth Monarchists, claims that 1666 is going to be the year of judgement and that they are the Saints who will lead the new holy government under prime minister Jesus Christ.



| Religion | Alignment | Likes | Dislikes |
|----------|-------------------------|------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Puritan | Republican Roundhead | Plainness Scripture | Bishops 'Idolatry' The Pope |

Puritans receive two special spells:

Purity of Speech and Thought

Cleric Level 1

Duration: 1 hour per Cleric level

Range: Self plus 3 plus Charisma bonus Puritan faithful

This induces a devout certainty in the caster and the listener that they are RIGHT and that anyone disagreeing had better change their mind quick before succumbing to heresy and turning into a limb of SATAN. This gives any Puritans so affected a resistance to being persuaded, charmed or converted equal to their Wisdom bonus plus their Cleric level (if any) +1. If however the player of any character under the effects of this spell utters one, even very mild curse word during the course of play, his character loses the bonus. If the caster is struck while using this spell he must make a saving throw versus Paralysis to keep his concentration and keep the spell going.

Praise the Lord and Keep Your Powder Dry

Cleric Level 1

Duration: Instant

Range: 10 feet radius

Oliver Cromwell did not in fact use this phrase, but it is the kind of motto that he would have been wholeheartedly in favour of. A Puritan Cleric can bless any guns, ammunition and powder that have been affected by the elements, not only negating any penalties for trying to shoot in wet weather for the next shot only, but also granting a +1 bonus to hit.



Seeker

The Seekers are an amorphous group of religious experimenters who are so open-minded that their detractors suspect that their brains have fallen out. They definitely do not like priests or bishops telling them what to think and believe that only Jesus himself can establish a 'true' church. Their worship often involves sitting in silence waiting for divine inspiration, and in between times they hold wide-ranging meeting house debates on a variety of religious subjects.

They spawn a number of other groups during the Civil War period, most notably the Quakers, all holding to the idea that the experience of the Holy Spirit is more important than scripture-based rules for salvation. They are also dedicated to Liberty of Conscience; that people should be able to worship however they like, and even Catholics and outright Atheists and Pagans should be tolerated. (Their Wikipedia entry says they 'demanded the church to be an entirely voluntary, non-coercive community able to evangelise in a pluralistic society governed by a purely civil state.' It isn't known if they wore headbands and said 'groovy man'.)

Being more part-time preachers rather than clergy, Seeker Clerics can multi-class, dividing their XP equally between each class. If they ever convert to a more conventional creed, they lose their Cleric abilities and their Cleric levels are converted to their other class with a loss of half XP. For example, Nigel Cavendish is a multi-class Seeker Cleric/Magic-User with 5000/5000 XP. He stops being a Seeker (maybe he finally found something?) and ceases to be a multi-class character, losing his Cleric levels and adding $5000/2=2500$ to his Magic-User XP. He thus ends up with 7500XP and is now a mere level 3 single class Magic-User.



| Religion | Alignment | Likes | Dislikes |
|----------|---------------------|---|---------------------------------|
| Seekers | Neutral Cavalier | Meeting Houses Spirituality Liberty of Conscience Pacifism | Bishops Priests 'The Man' |

Seekers are dedicated Pacifists. They cannot initiate combat and if they actually physically hurt anyone they suffer -1 morale, -1 to hit and a 5% chance of any Clerical spell failing. This is cumulative for each target injured up to -5 to hit and 100% spell failure. If they actually kill someone they suffer the -5 penalty to hit and a 25% chance of spell failure immediately. In either case, these penalties can only be removed by talking things over with a group of fellow Seekers of at least equal total level to oneself.

On the plus side they cast the Cleric spells *Augury*, *Bless*, *Commune*, *Cure Disease*, *Cure Critical Wounds*, *Cure Light Wounds*, *Cure Serious Wounds*, *Delay Poison*, *Dispel Evil*, *Heal*, *Holy Word*, *Neutralize Poison*, *Protection from Evil*, *Protection from Evil 10' Radius*, *Remove Curse*, *Resist Cold*, *Resist Fire*, *Sanctuary*, and *Word of Recall* as if one level higher, adding another level if the target of a curative or protective spell is themselves a Seeker.



Ranter

The Ranters are extreme Antinomians—they believed that the laws and codes of ‘godly’ behaviour were irrelevant to one who had been truly saved and had become one with the Holy Spirit through their program of prayer, meditation and free love. Once you had been saved you could fornicate, drink, smoke and even take other people’s possessions—property was man’s law, not God’s—with impunity. A Ranter is one with God, he has experienced the enlightenment that Jesus himself had gone through, and nothing could be sinful to such a person. Having your worldly goods liberated and consumed by a Ranter could be seen as a divine favour, reminding you that material things are what keep us from true enlightenment. Once everyone has been saved the world will be perfect and everyone will follow the one useful commandment discovered by the Ranter prophets William Preston and Theodore Logan; ‘Be excellent to each other’.

Needless to say they are not in least bit popular with anyone. One of their noted thinkers, Abiezer Coppe, is continually in and out of jail, breaking all oaths to keep the peace out of principle, since oaths were man’s law and an invention of a Satanic Demiurge to limit the freedom of the Holy Spirit.

They do get away with their anarchist hi-jinks for a while during the Civil War, but inevitably the dour Puritans will catch up with them and they are all jailed, transported to the colonies or converted to less demented spiritual sects like the Quakers. But who knows? Perhaps in the fantasy English Civil War Ranterism will take off, though who knows what lunacy that would lead to...



| Religion | Alignment | Likes | Dislikes |
|----------|----------------------|--|---|
| Ranters | May only be Cavalier | Tobacco Drinking Free Love Spirituality | Bishops Priests 'The Man' Property Laws Materialism |

Ranters, like the Seekers, are an anti-clerical sect, and may combine Cleric levels with another class as per the Seekers. Being spiritual anarchists they must behave badly; if there is a chance of cadging a free meal they will, they are obliged to indulge in casual sex, and if an opportunity to pilfer from a non-believer crops up they must take it—the Ranter must reaffirm his spiritual freedom and transcendence of the mundane. Ranters are also generous to a fault, they will happily blow all their money on a party for all comers and give away any possession on a whim to prove their indifference to materialism.

The Ranter's Charm

Cleric Level 1

Duration: 1 hour per level

Range: Self

A ranter who is hung over, intoxicated, ill, or otherwise feeling below par may instantly ready himself for action using this charm, postponing any ill effects until the charm has run its course. If the ranter is drunk while under the effects of this charm he gains +2 to all saving throws and +2 to his Charisma bonus, and does not suffer the -2 Dexterity penalty. When the charm wears off he suffers a -1d3 penalty to his Constitution for as many hours as he was affected by the Charm. There are high-level Ranters who have spent days or weeks under this charm, constantly refreshing it before it runs out. They are heading for a terminal hangover...



Muggletonian

The Muggletonians are not founded until 1651, but they are absolutely the best religious sect ever and well deserve a mention. They are founded by a couple of Ranters, Lodowicke Muggleton and John Reeve, who realised that they were the last two prophets as mentioned in the Book of Revelation (or possibly they claimed this for a bet or to wind up the Quakers).

They avoid all forms of preaching or evangelism and meet only for discussion, actual worship being pointless since in their opinion God does not pay any attention to what happens on Earth. They believe, among other things, that philosophical inquiry is a waste of time, reason is unclean and the only true Devil in the world, sin exists mainly in the mind of the sinner, God is somewhere between 5' and 6' tall, and that the apocalypse is nigh, during which God will extinguish the stars, moon and sun leaving the Earth in total darkness while the Muggletonians will dwell in the light of heaven, which actually lies a mere six miles above the surface of the Earth. They are chiefly noted for laying curses on those who disparage their beliefs.

Remarkably the sect survives until 1979, when the last true believer, a Kentish fruit farmer named Philip Noakes, leaves the Muggletonian archives to the British Library.

Muggletonians may only be True Neutral in alignment, as the enthusiasm and commitment to be anything else is alien to them. They cannot be Clerics, their belief in the general disinterest of God is incompatible with using magic in his name, nor may they be Magic-Users, since that is a form of futile philosophical inquiry that ultimately leads nowhere except up one's own wazoo. However Fighters and Specialists may become devout Muggletonians by espousing their belief publicly when asked.

Muggletonians have the ability of Scepticism, a +1 bonus to saving throws versus all forms of magic, and in attacking and defending against all forms of implausibly supernatural creatures such as the undead, demons, spirits etc.



| Religion | Alignment | Likes | Dislikes |
|---------------|-----------------------------|------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Muggletonians | May only be True Neutral | Spirituality? Beer? | Bishops Priests 'Haters' |

Muggletonians may Curse anyone who mocks their beliefs if they roll a d100 under their Wisdom. The effects of this curse are obscure, even to the Muggletonians. They admit that it might not do anything at all, God not actually giving a tinker's damn about the doings of us piffling plebs down here on Earth, and is really only waiting around until it is time to turn off the lights. A couple of Muggletonians have claimed that the curse makes one of the dimmer stars go out prematurely and causes the cursee to fall over in horse manure or get hit by the contents of a chamber pot, but the rest of the sect remain unconvinced.



Leveller

The Levellers are a primarily political movement that emerges from the lower ranks of the New Model Army after the end of the First Civil War in 1646, but there was probably plenty of underground egalitarianism of the Leveller variety about before this.

The New Model Army had fought hard for victory, but the ordinary troops were appalled by the actions of their Parliamentary paymasters after the dust settled, not least because they had not in fact been paid. They also took issue with not getting the vote after all their sacrifice—only relatively wealthy burgesses and gentlemen could vote before the war and there was no sign of Parliament passing any electoral reforms, leaving the working class troops who had bled for the Parliamentary cause wondering what it had all been for. When they were banned from petitioning Members of Parliament they realised they had replaced an autocrat with set of oligarchs. Then there was the attempt to make the church Presbyterian, a form of religious dictatorship in their view, and some were also unhappy about the negotiations taking place to put King Charles back on his throne. Yes, Charles would be severely limited in his actions by all kinds of new charters and statutes, but after all the bloodshed did anyone really want the bastard back under any terms?

Historically there were attempts at negotiation at the Putney debates, but they broke down and there was a brief war within the NMA itself, the Levellers either being imprisoned or shot for mutiny on the orders of Cromwell and the 'Grandees', the gentlemen and aristocrats of the high command. But who knows? In the fantasy English Civil War, bold Leveller player characters might be able to effect a real revolution.



| Religion | Alignment | Likes | Dislikes |
|-----------|-----------------------|---|---|
| Levellers | Neutral Republican | Egalitarianism Liberty of Conscience | Aristocrats Gentlemen Not being paid! |

Anyone of Republican alignment may be a Leveller, and if they are voted in by a group of at least ten fellow Levellers they can become an 'Agitator', the Leveller answer to the Cleric. The main benefit is a +1 to their Charisma bonus. If they get 100 Levellers to vote for them they get +2, and if they get 1000 or more they get +3. This may be a detriment when the 'Grandeess', the gentlemen and aristocrats who form the upper ranks of the New Model Army get round to putting the sedition down.



Digger

The Diggers, who called themselves the ‘True Levellers’, are a group of religious communards founded in 1647 by Gerard Winstanley. They believe God intended property to be held in common, that all men were equal in the eyes of God and should be on Earth as well, and Winstanley declared that “true freedom lies where a man receives his nourishment and preservation, and that is in the use of the earth”. They believe that their form of society had been common in England before the Normans came and made themselves Lords and true Englishmen serfs, and like peasant rebels of the past, they were throwing off the latest incarnation of the Norman Yoke.

They set about establishing collective farms on common and unused land and got harassed, evicted, imprisoned and accused of Ranterism, causing the movement to fizzle out. Alternatively, who knows? In a fantasy English Civil War could the Diggers turn England into the world’s first socialist state?



| Religion | Alignment | Likes | Dislikes |
|----------|-----------------------|--|---|
| Diggers | Neutral Republican | Digging Liberty of Conscience Communism The environment | Aristocrats Gentlemen The Norman Yoke Land ownership |

The Diggers special ability is Solidarity; any Cleric spell cast by a true son of toil gets a +1 to the caster level if he has 1-10 Diggers in support, +2 for 11-50, +3 for 51-100, +4 for 101-500 and +5 for 501+. He can, if praying for spells, use this bonus to increase his effective level for spell memorisation, if he is in a Digger community and has the confidence of the people. For example, George 'Hardhands' Tibbet is a Level 3 Digger Cleric and usually gets three first level spells. His colony has 70 people, so while he is in their chapel (a cowshed actually, but swept out for services), he is effectively Level 6 and can learn three first, three second and two third level spells. Wherever he may be, he casts his spells as if sixth level as long as he has the confidence of his flock.



Other Religions

As of 1642 there were no Jews in England, and probably only a bare handful of Moslems. The Jews had been deported *en masse* in 1290, but Oliver Cromwell encouraged Jewish bankers from Amsterdam to move to London as part of his plan to revitalise the economy in 1657 after the civil wars were over. Moslem corsairs from the Barbary Coast had been a serious problem in many parts of Europe in the early part of the 17th century, partly because of the conversion of ruthless Dutch privateers such as Ivan de Veenboer, a.k.a. Suleiman Reis, and English ones like John Ward, a.k.a. Jack Asfur 'the Sparrow'.

Corsairs had taken slaves in raids all over Europe for sale to the Ottomans, and captured ships to sell the passengers and crew. They even raided Iceland and in 1625 they occupied the British island of Lundy in the Bristol Channel and used it as a base. England theoretically had peace treaties with the Barbary Coast states by the 1640s, but any Moslems in the country will either be sailors minding their own business or ambassadors from Turkey.

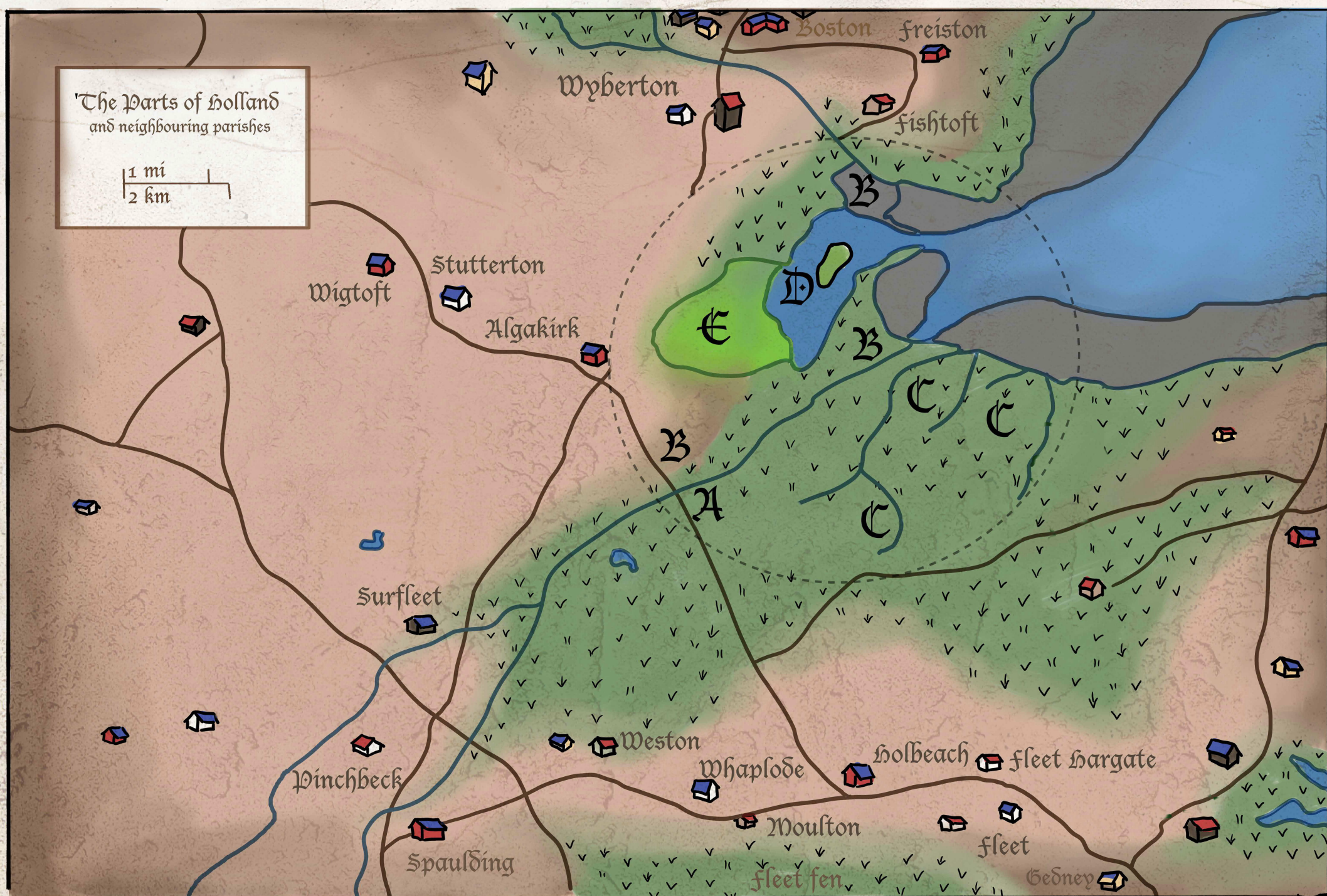
Paganism is well and truly over by the 17th century. The surge in witch-hunts at this time were looking for imaginary devil worshippers and the story that these were the last remnants of an ancient pagan tradition doesn't have any real historical evidence. In the fantasy English Civil War witches in England are in fact small time Magic-Users, and most of those hung by the witch-hunters are just ordinary people with enemies in their village communities.

Odin does appear in this adventure, but his appearance is a bit of a one-off and might just be a magician who has gone irredeemably insane. If player characters want to start worshipping him and reviving the Old Norse/Anglo Saxon religion that is up to them, and up to the Referee to work out how successful it will be with such a threadbare and weakened deity.



'The Parts of Holland
and neighbouring parishes

1 mi
2 km



The law locks up the man or woman
Who steals the goose off the common
But leaves the greater villain loose
Who steals the common from the goose.

The law demands that we atone
When we take things we do not own
But leaves the lords and ladies fine
Who takes things that are yours and mine.
The poor and wretched don't escape
If they conspire the law to break;
This must be so but they endure
Those who conspire to make the law.

The law locks up the man or woman
Who steals the goose from off the common
And geese will still a common lack
Till they go and steal it back.

'Protest Ballad, Anon. circa 1635'

England Upturn'd is an adventure set during the English Civil War,
for use with Lamentations of the Flame Princess Weird Fantasy
Role-Playing and other traditional role-playing games.

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