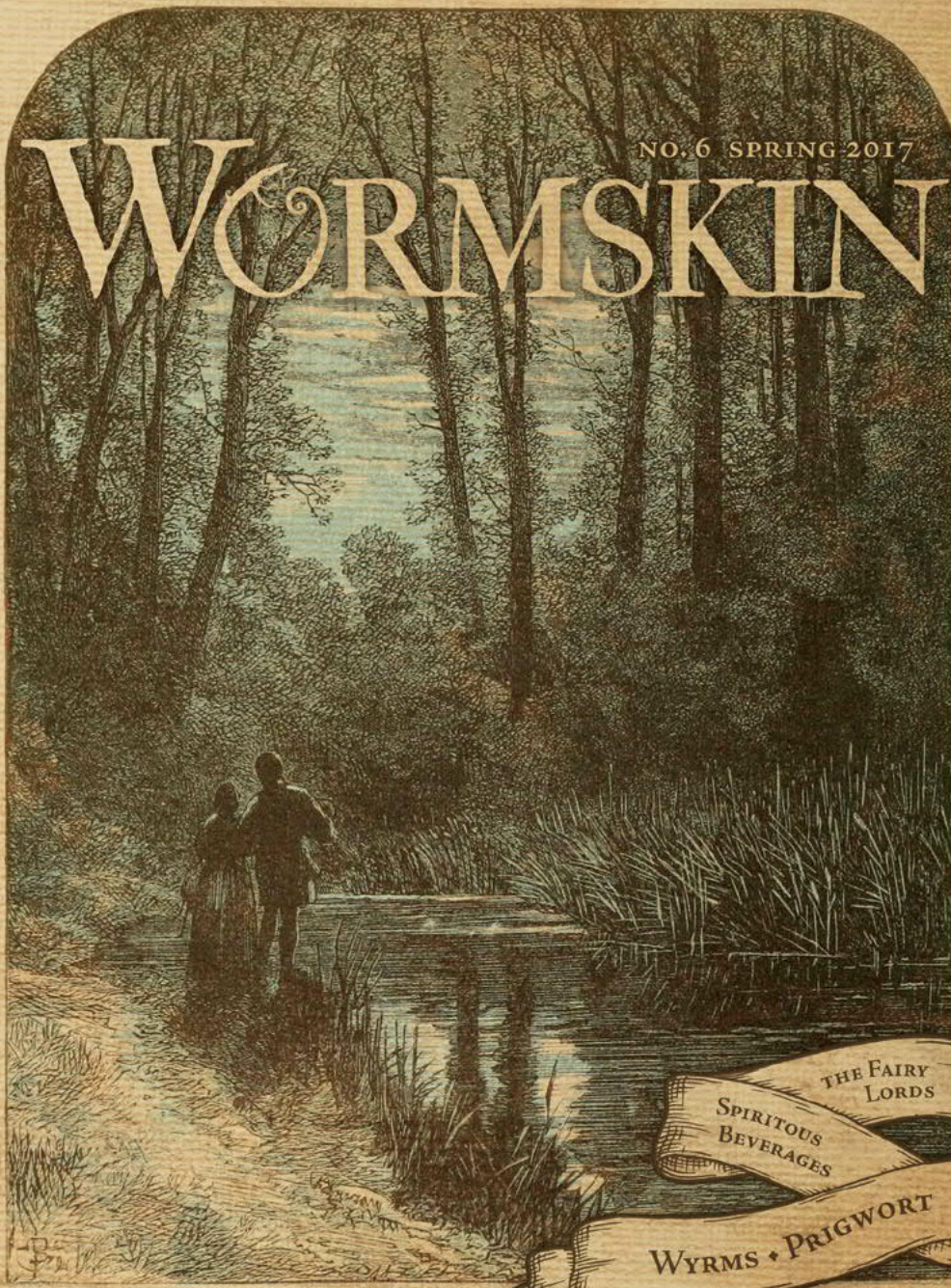


NO. 6 SPRING 2017

WORMSKIN



THE FAIRY
LORDS

SPIRITOUS
BEVERAGES

WYRMS • PRIGWORT





WORMSKIN

VOLUME I ✧ NO. 6 ✧ SPRING 2017

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Wormskin — *Issue Six*

In this sixth issue of the world's premiere Dolmenwood zine, we zoom in on the town of Prigwort — the largest settlement within Dolmenwood, at the heart of its trade roads. An assortment of places of interest to adventurers in and around the town are discussed, along with details on the governance of the town and some of the most commonly encountered NPCs. Several interesting shops are presented, along with random tables delineating the sorts of extravagant gear that may be purchased by adventurers with a little coin to spare. The most famed export of Prigwort — its spirituous beverages — are, naturally, not neglected!

The area surrounding Prigwort is also discussed, adding seven more full hex descriptions to the growing roster of detailed locations. One of these locations, an enchanted bakery, is also elaborated in depth, providing an interesting site for a number of possible adventures to unfold.

These location descriptions are accompanied by the usual mélange of articles expanding the background of the setting and an assortment of monsters, including a Tolmenwodian take on the kelpie — a classic fairy of folklore — and perhaps the most iconic monster of them all: the dragon!

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THE FAIRY LORDS OF DOLMENWOOD



In the primeval days of yore, long before the dominion of man had spread wide across the earth, beings from the timeless realm of Fairy found their way into the dew-fresh glades of Dolmenwood. It was thus the elves and other fairy-kin who of all sentient folk first laid eyes upon the great forest. Some tarried for a short while before returning to their own realm, but others, acquiring a taste for the odd collusion of arcane energies in the forest, established outposts, dwellings, manses, and castles there. As time passed, these early settlers became known as lords of the forest, still long before the first man set foot within its eaves. Some eventually abandoned their domains in Dolmenwood and returned to Fairy, but many retained their presence in the forest, even after the arrival of mortal races.

The most important of these fairy lords who have dealings with or have (or have had) dominions overlapping the mortal realm of Dolmenwood are as follows:

1. **The Blind King.** Liege of a vast, lightless realm. All of his servants are blind: it is said that his countenance brings eternal death. The King's fortress stands at the summit of a great peak known as the Mountain of Whispers. Legend states that, during thunderstorms, the lightless realm draws near to Dolmenwood, allowing transit for those who know where to look.
2. **The Cold Prince.** Exiled from Dolmenwood, dwells only in his Kingdom of Frigia, in Fairy. His ice-palace is named Ruvanaith. All paths between Frigia and Dolmenwood are now warded.



3. **Duke Mai-Fleur.** Rumoured to be half-elven (with a mortal mother), the duke rules a small area of eastern Dolmenwood (hexes 1605, 1705, 1706, 1805) and a moderate forest realm in Fairy. The duke's castle, called Ravenmere, is ruled by his wife; the duke himself spends three out of every four seasons hunting with his retinue in the tangled depths of the forest. It is said that the Wild Hunts which cross over from Fairy into Dolmenwood are at the command of Duke Mai-Fleur.
4. **The Duke Who Cherishes Dreams.** Dwells in a fortress named the Alabaster Spire, in the Fairy dominion of Hypnagogia. The waters of the Dark Mirror (hex 1802) are traditionally counted as a part of the Duke's dominion and his pale ships may, at times, be sighted upon the lake at dusk.
5. **The Earl of Yellow.** Rules over the golden plains and rolling meadows of Whyforth, in Fairy, as well as a dominion in central Dolmenwood, encompassing twelve miles around the Gorthstone (hex 1205). In hex 1406, a series of hidden portals give access to Whyforth — it is from here that the emissaries of the Earl (enigmatic knights clad entirely in yellow and riding atop great golden wolves) enter Dolmenwood. The folk of Prigwort secretly pay fealty to the Earl, in addition to their loyalty to the dukes of Brackenwold.
6. **The Hag-Queen Thorn-Rosy.** Mistress of illusion. Keeps an extravagant bath-house where fairy nobles, powerful wizards, astral travellers, and the like may find rest and recuperation. According to legend, the bath-house may also be encountered in Dolmenwood, appearing upon an isolated island or beside a serene lake or pool. Mortals who espy the bath-house in this way are never permitted entry as guests, but may apply for employment as maids or furnace-tenders. Adventurers may also, upon occasion, be granted an audience with one of the eminent guests of the baths who seeks emissaries, servitors, or mercenaries.

7. **Lady Belladonna.** A rare, wandering noble — the whereabouts of her ancestral dominion is unknown; some speculate that it was destroyed in war or disaster. She roams far and wide in Fairy (where she is treated with respect) and in Dolmenwood. In the mortal realm, her typical shape is that of a well-bred lady in distress, seeking the aid of adventurers in some grave matter. Inevitably the quest they undertake for her will be under false pretenses. If the party do not look like fools, as a result, they will certainly look like criminals and earn themselves some new enemies.
8. **The Lady of Midnight.** Dwells in a Fairy domain of misty forests and broken deserts. She keeps a great garrison in the walled city of Tainglass, which is eternally beleaguered by mindless hordes which descend from the ever-full moon. On nights where the moon in Dolmenwood waxes near to brimming, the walled city in Fairy can be spied in the depths of Lake Longmere.
9. **The Lady of Spring Unending.** Keeps a small dominion in north-western Dolmenwood (hex 0203) and is rumoured to be entirely exiled from Fairy. Despite her cheery name, the lady's lands are dreaded — few who set foot into her ever-blossoming death glades are ever seen again by mortal eyes.
10. **Lord Gladhand.** His dominion in Fairy is a great manse and gardens, said to be of fathomless extent. Gladhand often wanders in Dolmenwood, taking the appearance of a kindly old wizard. He takes an interest in adventurers, who may encounter him in this form. Typically, the lord sends the adventurers on a dangerous quest and then assumes the role of their antagonist. Occasionally he lets them win — this is actually the worst possible scenario for it is a sign that Gladhand's interest in the party has been piqued. Very soon he will seek to infiltrate their ranks and torment them from within the party, manufacturing interpersonal conflicts willy-nilly. When discovered, he will reveal himself and then disappear, impossible to encounter again for 1d3 years.

- 11. Prince Mallowheart (also known as Prince Seven-Past-Noon).** A wicked and capricious fairy, the estranged half-brother of the Cold Prince. It is not known whether the Prince keeps a castle or dominion within Fairy, but he may seemingly come and go as he pleases within Dolmenwood's bounds (though the ring of Chell bars him, as it does all of his kind). Mallowheart is decadent and cruel, delighting in trickery and torture, regarding mortals as mere playthings. The Prince and his entourage of sadistic knights, amoral courtiers, and jaded ladies are sometimes encountered upon the roads of Dolmenwood, either charging toward some unknown destination or arrogantly setting up court in the middle of the road, forcing beings of lesser stature to trudge through the underbrush.
- 12. Princess Andromethia, Half-Satyr.** A kindly woman with a single spiralling horn above her left ear and the hoof of a goat in place of her right foot, of ancient years and yet eternally young. Princess Andromethia is liege of a wide expanse of carefully tilled farmlands, rolling hills, and wild meadows in an obscure region of Fairy. Her dominion is famed among mortals for the immortal, pastoral beauty of its blossom fields, where it is said a man may rest and dream for a century, without a care in the world. The blossom fields are partially coexistent with a small region of rolling meadows to the south east of Dolmenwood (hexes 1212, 1311, 1312, 1410). In the balmy days of high summer, mortals of light spirit and good intent may chance upon the Princess and her courtiers, picnicking among the fields that we know. Her hampers are said to contain the most bountiful luncheon snacks that one could wish for.
- 13. The Prince Who Is Seven.** Dwells in the ruined fairy city of Harkthold, at the centre of an endless waste. The Prince's courts are host to a ball and banquet without end — a languid decadence has evolved here over centuries beyond memory. Mortals may enter the ruined city via its ancestral necropolis — it is believed — by making certain ritualistic offerings beside a tomb in the dead of night.

14. **Queen Abyssinia.** Also known as the Queen of All Cats (though it is not known whether cats themselves are in agreement with this title). Scattered portals throughout Dolmenwood lead into her dominion, Absynthe, which encompasses a great, phantasmagoric thornwood and a vast estate of frozen gardens. It is said that Queen Abyssinia was once an ally of the Cold Prince, but spurned him long ago.
15. **The Queen-King Hathor.** Rules over an infinite city called Hul Nostra, whose vaults and catacombs are said to date to before the creation of the mortal world. The Queen-King is renowned for her/his boundless carnal lusts and keeps a harem encompassing miles of the city. It is said that mortals of great beauty may be drawn into the Queen-King's harem via portals in Dolmenwood.
16. **The Queen of Blackbirds.** Her dominion once encompassed the region of Hag's Addle, in Dolmenwood, but has now retreated into Fairy alone. One doorway from Dolmenwood into her dominion in Fairy still exists; it is guarded by the Hag of the Marsh (see *Wormskin* issue five).

A note on fairy names: Fairy nobles are often known to mortals by curious epithets. These are, of course, not their true names, but are merely simplified transliterations of the elaborate titles by which they are addressed in the High Elfish tongue.

THE BRACKENWOLD CALENDAR

Developed by the sage Perondyche of Brackenwold, five centuries ago, the most common reckoning of time in Dolmenwood divides the year into 12 months of 7-day weeks and a total of 352 days. The lunar cycle is $29\frac{1}{3}$ days, yielding precisely 12 lunar months per year (how convenient!).

Note that *Wormskin* does not stipulate any specific calendar year as the “current year” in Dolmenwood. It is suggested that the referee choose a year number when starting a campaign, selecting a number which is in some way evocative of a historical period or wider setting. For example, the year 1658 might be selected as the current year, lending an early modern feel to a campaign.

A fully laid-out calendar suitable for printing and use in campaigns is available as a separate free PDF download from the **Necrotic Gnome** storefront.

Days of the Week

1. Colly
2. Chime
3. Hayme
4. Moot
5. Frisk
6. Eggfast
7. Sunning



Months of the Year

Each month consists of exactly four standard weeks with the days mentioned above, the first day of the month always being Colly. However, many months contain more than 28 days. This disparity is made up for by the addition of uniquely named days at the end of the month. These are known as *waesendays*.

The months, their place in the procession of the seasons, their lengths, and the names of their *waesendays* are as follows:

1. **Grimvold.** The onset of winter. 30 days: 4 standard weeks, Hanglemas, Dyboll's Day.
2. **Lymevald.** Deep winter. 28 days: 4 standard weeks.
3. **Haggryme.** The fading of winter. 30 days: 4 standard weeks, Yarl's Day, The Day of Virgins.
4. **Symswald.** The onset of spring. 29 days: 4 standard weeks, Hopfast.
5. **Harchment.** High spring. 29 days: 4 standard weeks, Smithing.
6. **Iggwyld.** The fading of spring. 30 days: 4 standard weeks, Shortening, Longshank's Day.
7. **Chysting.** The onset of summer. 31 days: 4 standard weeks, Bradging, Copsewallow, Chalice.
8. **Lillipythe.** High summer. 29 days: 4 standard weeks, Old Dobey's Day.
9. **Haelhold.** The fading of summer. 28 days: 4 standard weeks.
10. **Reedwryme.** The onset of autumn. 30 days: 4 standard weeks, Shub's Eve, Druden Day.
11. **Obthryme.** Deep autumn. 28 days: 4 standard weeks.
12. **Braghold.** The fading of autumn. 30 days: 4 standard weeks, The Day of Doors, Dolmenday (the last day of the year).

Unseasons

The standard procession of the seasons, as noted above, does not always turn unhindered. At certain specific points in the year, rarer environmental conditions — known as *unseasons* — may take hold, as follows:

- ✦ Following the Day of Doors in late autumn, there is a 1-in-4 chance of the unseason known as *Hitching* occurring. Hitching lasts for twenty days (through most of Grimvold), wherein the trees drip with dew, the woods are filled with balmy mists, and the eternal night of Fairy encroaches upon the mortal world. In this unseason, the fey moon shines at night, alongside the true moon, which the witches pray to.
- ✦ Upon the first five days of Haelhold, it is known that *Chame* — an unseason of snakes and unease — may take hold (1-in-20 chance per day). Chame lasts for 2d10 days. During this time, serpents of all sizes fill the wood, creeping from underneath rocks and slithering out of holes in trees. Some are venomous and deadly, others are possessed of oracular powers. Travel in this unseason is perilous and men hide restlessly within doors.
- ✦ Every three to five years (1-in-4 chance), the month of Iggwyld sees the blooming of particularly beautiful and fecund fungus throughout the forest. These blossoms last for the entire month and grow to fantastic proportions, dwarfing humans as they go about their way. Then, upon the last eve of Iggwyld, the fungi dissolve into a rainbow-hued sludge which drains into the rivers and washes away. The unseason of the giant fungus is known as *Colliggyld*.
- ✦ In the latter months of winter (Lymevald and Haggryme), a dangerous unseason known as a *Vague* may come about (1-in-10 chance per week). In these times, lasting 1d6 days, a thick, sinister fog emerges from the earth and rolls in great clouds through the forest. In addition to the normal hazards of fog (reduced visibility, increased chance of getting lost), the coming of a Vague is accompanied by a rising of the dead. Ghosts, phantoms, and ghouls roam with the fogs, ensuring that only the desperate venture out of doors.

High-Days

Major Feast Days

Many local festivities are celebrated in the obscure hamlets and out-of-the-way villages of Dolmenwood, but the following dates are universally observed throughout the region:

- ✦ **The Feast of Cats** (2nd of Symswald). For reasons lost to the vagaries of time, the people of Dolmenwood associate cats with the first blossoms of spring. Thus, their spring dances are accompanied by screeching fiddle tunes and all are masked as cats.
- ✦ **The Feast of St Clewd** (25th of Reedwryme). The patron saint of Dolmenwood, in whose honour unicorn-effigies are burned atop bonfires and pheasants and partridges baked into spiced pies.
- ✦ **Festival of the Green Man** (30th of Reedwryme, Druden Day). A relic of ancient pagan worship in Dolmenwood. The Green Man was, at one time, honoured as King of the Wood. In modern times, that title is given to another, who is believed to have slain the Green Man and brought woe to Dolmenwood. This festival pays memorial to the slain king through the hanging of effigies of moss and wood in the branches around villages.
- ✦ **The Hunting of the Winter Hart** (30th of Braghold, Dolmenday). On this night, a white fairy stag of great nobility and beauty rushes through Dolmenwood. Men of villages throughout the forest ride into the woods and return at the twilight of dawn. If a man catches the Winter Hart, it is said that winter will be banished for a year.

Astrological High-Days

Primarily of note to witches, the Drune, and other workers of the occult.



- ✦ Winter solstice: 19th of Grimvold.
- ✦ Spring equinox: 20th of Symswald.
- ✦ Summer solstice: 18th of Chysting.
- ✦ Autumnal equinox: 19th of Reedwryme.

Saints' Days

According to tradition, precisely one hundred saints are revered within Dolmenwood¹. There is at least one shrine within the forest dedicated to each of these holy men and women and a feast day associated with each. For the most part, these days are only observed by the clergy and by common folk who live in the vicinity of a shrine to the corresponding saint. The full list of 100 saints and their associated feast days is not presented here, but is included in the separately available Dolmenwood Calendar PDF.

The saints of Dolmenwood will be discussed in detail in a future issue of *Wormskin*, along with the legends and miracles associated with them.

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¹ The sum used to be one hundred and one — a more auspicious number — before the posthumous corruption and heresy of St Howarth and the reversal of all miracles associated with him and his relics. (Lankston Pool, in hex 0610, is an example of such a locale. See *Wormskin* issue two.)



PRIGWORT AND SURROUNDS



1005 – The Shrine of St Hollyhock & Shub’s Finger

The Groaning Loch feeds here into Sinkhole Creek. To the north, the land descends into the Valley of Wise Beasts.

The Shrine in the Cliffs

As one navigates the currents of the Groaning Loch, at the point where it begins to narrow, feeding into Sinkhole Creek, an overgrown ledge and the hint of a ruined stairway descending to it may be seen close to the summit of the southern cliff. The thorn bushes on this ledge conceal a grotto in which a shrine to St Hollyhock (“the jubilant”) is located. The shrine is utterly overrun with shrubbery, fungi, and bats, but the idol itself is intact.

Shub’s Finger

Close to the western side of this hex, a small, rustic-looking pathway forks off from the main road and leads south into the woods. At the junction stands an old wooden signpost (known to locals as “Shub’s finger”), propped up against the stump of a dead elm. The signpost indicates (roll 1d6 each time the characters pass this way):

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. The devil's mill | 4. Snankton-by-water |
| 2. Snablesby | 5. Castle Wrackenbold |
| 3. Court of the Warbelowe | 6. Little Chittering |

None of the indicated places exist; the path simply leads into the deep woods of hex 1006. The referee may invent further imaginary place names, if the players pass this way often.

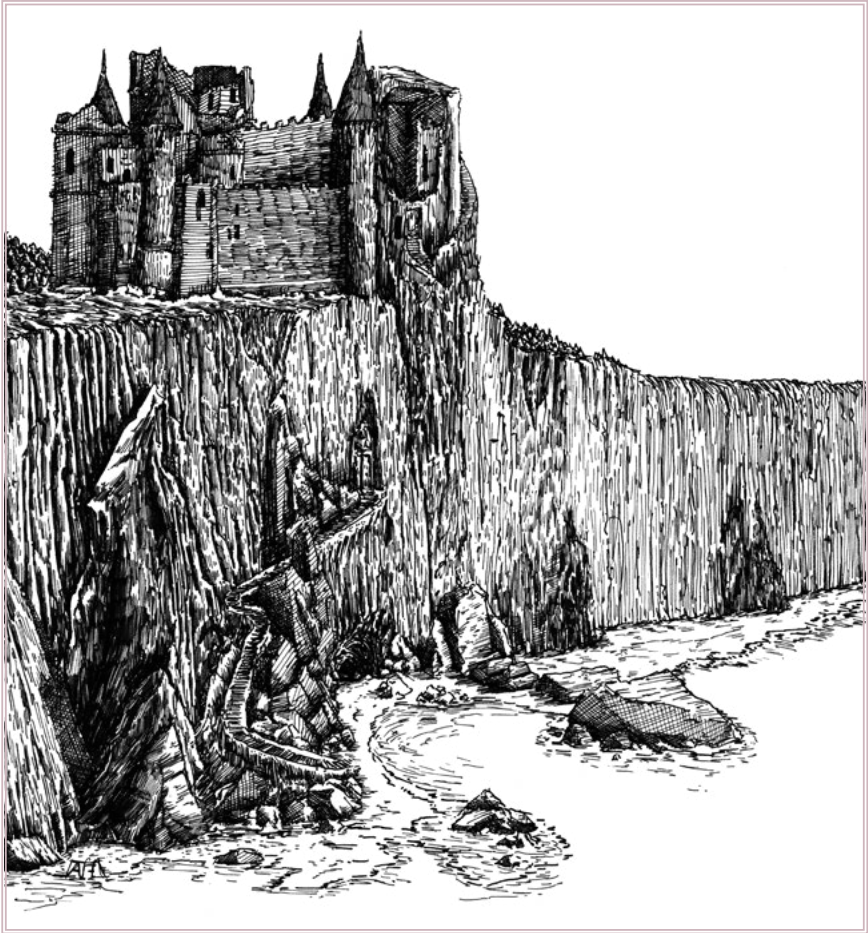
If the signpost is damaged or tampered with, it reappears intact the following morn, as if nothing had happened.

1006 – The Witch Glade

Close to the centre of this hex, along the path of the ley line Ywyr, a peaceful glade surrounded by silvery-leafed sycamores is found. The glade is sacred to the witches of Dolmenwood and the paths that lead to it are enchanted such that only women may follow them to the end. (Men who come this way will at first feel uneasy, as if being watched from the trees, then experience an itching upon the face. Those who persevere will find their flesh welling up into great lumps, first upon the face then followed by the rest of the body. A save versus polymorph must be made at this point, with failure indicating that the foolhardy man is permanently transformed into a limbless, misshapen worm-like creature of animalistic intelligence. Those who make the save may continue along the paths but are wracked with great agony and permanently disfigured.)

The glade itself, aside from its notably serene atmosphere, is unremarkable. It is here that the witches, upon occasion, commune with the wood-god they call Lilmwdd the Quiet Brother, whose giant body lies a mile beneath the earth here, like a seed awaiting the spring. One versed in the rites of the witches — or other magicks of invocation or communion — may make contact with this entity here.





1105 — Harrowmoor Keep and the Groaning Loch

Three miles wide (at its widest point, in this hex), fifteen miles long, and of unfathomed depth, the cold waters of the Groaning Loch divide the man-realm of south-eastern Dolmenwood from the weird reaches of the northern woods (the Valley of Wise Beasts, the Fever Marsh, and the domain of the Nag-Lord). The unpredictable currents and whirlpools and the presence of **kelpies** (see *Monsters of the Wood*) make the loch the most dangerous stretch of the river trade which connects the realm to the north of Dolmenwood, via Kewen's Creek, to Dreg and the region to the south.

continued overleaf

Harrowmoor Keep

Perched upon the high, granite cliffs that verge the southern extent of the loch is the hereditary seat of the Harrowmoor family, who have lordship (under the Duke of Brackenwold) over this region of Dolmenwood. The keep is tall and heavily fortified, with a steeply-roofed turret at each corner. Its gates face away from the loch, to an avenue which joins Lochsbreth Road several miles to the south. To one who looks upon it from the loch, it appears that the keep is carved from the same granite as the cliffs, with hardly a join.

The Harrowmoor family have a reputation as being distant, unwelcoming, and severe. The Lady may, however, offer her hospitality to intellectuals, academics, or those of poetic spirit. She is herself possessed of a great mind and is an expert on the history of Dolmenwood. All her thoughts are currently preoccupied by the recent disappearance of her daughter Violet (see area 3 of The Ruined Abbey of St Clewd, in *Wormskin* issue three).

The Cove of the Forroth

A steep stair, carved into the granite of the cliffs, winds its way from a doorway beneath the keep (actually a secret door in an ancient library) down to a desolate, stony cove beside the loch. At this site, at midnight on a moonless night, one who performs beautiful, mournful songs with voice or pipe may summon an entity known to the Harrowmoor family as the Forroth.

The Forroth is a gargantuan, jelly-like monstrosity which lurks in the abyss of the loch. Its form is that of a rough, spherical mass, sprawling with luminescent green tentacles. Once summoned, it enters into a telepathic communion with all present in the cove, drawing them into a dream of the black, watery chasm in which it dwells. This fugue lasts until dawn. The after-effects are 1d3 days of exhaustion plus an insight into a puzzle or problem which plagues one's mind.

Consultation of the Forroth in times of trouble is a tradition among the lords of Harrowmoor, though several people in the line were driven insane by over-frequent contact with the entity.

1106 — The Town of Prigwort

Nestled in a series of clearings in the deep woods, the town of Prigwort is a located at the crossing of four of the largest roads which traverse Dolmenwood and is thus a major stopping point and an important trade hub. Prigwort is said to be the first settlement to have been founded within the forest and, whatever the truth of that statement, is certainly the largest. Its bustle of quaint, wooden cottages and high-gabled inns — all decorated with colourful, pseudo-heraldic imagery and elaborate wood carving — presents a homely point of rest for the weary traveller.

Aside from its position as a market town and local centre of commerce, Prigwort is renowned for its breweries and distilleries, whose creations are famed in the whole of the Duchy and beyond.

The town finds itself under an unusual triplicity of rulership, as follows:

- ✦ Located within the Duchy of Brackenwold, the town pays fealty to the Duke. The Lady Harrowmoor (1105) is the direct liege of the town.
- ✦ Local government takes the form of a council of brewmasters — meritocratic positions earned by long practice in the arts of fermentation.
- ✦ Lying south-west of Gorthstone (hex 1205), Prigwort falls within the dominion of the fairy Earl of Yellow. The brewmasters have secret council with emissaries of the Earl. This allegiance, though of great antiquity and of common knowledge within the town, is not spoken of publicly.

Descriptions of some of the most important people and places of Prigwort are given later in this issue.

1107 — The Wyrm Cave

A great tangle of overgrown hazels and holly in the southern reaches of this hex conceals a deep chasm, long forgotten to men. At the lightless fundament of this hole is a winding cave along which a small stream trickles. Half a mile underground, the passage opens onto a cavern, two hundred yards across. It is here that the **mature yellow bile wyrm** (see *Monsters of the Wood*) named Chasobrithe makes its lair.

This beast has lived in the region of Prigwort for many years and, in olden times, brought great terror upon the local folk. Since more than 200 years, however, the wyrm has lain in slumber, believed dead after being almost decapitated by the knight errant Sir Windlass¹. During its long slumber, the wyrm's wounds have healed (it is now two-headed — a snake-necked cockerel's head having grown from the near-fatal wound) and it is now once more at full strength. An intrusion into its lair would certainly awaken it.

Chasobrithe: HD 12 (72hp), AC -1, Att 1 × 2d10 (bite) and 1 × 1d6 + petrification (cockerel bite) and 1 × 2d6 (tail / flank) or breath, MI 9, Mv 240' (80') — flying or slithering, AI C, XP 6,000. The wyrm's second head petrifies any who are struck by its bite (save allowed). Immune to mundane damage. Aura of *fear* (see monster description). Takes only 1 point of damage from +1 or +2 enchanted weapons. Takes half damage from fire, lightning, and cold. Immune to acid and poison. The wyrm's vulnerability, as the legend implies, is sunlight.

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1 The legend of Chasobrithe and Sir Windlass is a popular fireside yarn in Prigwort. In the tale, the wyrm Chasobrithe, after terrorising the townsfolk unchallenged for many a year, is confronted by the wandering knight Sir Windlass who arrives in the town and agrees to act in its defence. After a great battle in the town square, the first rays of the sun at dawn dazzle the monster, allowing the knight to bring home a mighty blow to its neck, almost severing its head. The beast, with its last strength, flees back into the forest and Sir Windlass gives chase, saluting the chief brewmaster, the elevated Yagwild, as he leaps into the saddle. Neither the dragon nor the knight were ever seen again in Prigwort, so the tale is regarded as having a happy ending. Indeed, many other tales tell of the further adventures of noble Sir Windlass and his lifelong — but ultimately thwarted — desire to return to Prigwort to marry the brewmaster's daughter. In fact, the chase led back to the wyrm's lair, where it slew the knight and fell into a deep slumber, lasting until the present day. The relics of Sir Windlass — including his fabled sword and shield — now lay among the dragon's hoard.

The hoard of Chasobrithe is as follows:

- ♦ 198,033cp, 44,290sp, 2,522gp, 1,051pp.
- ♦ 30 gems: azurite (10gp), blue quartz (10gp), lapis lazuli (10gp), rhodochrosite (10gp), 2 × tiger eye agate (10gp each), turquoise (10gp), blue quartz (25gp), moss agate (25gp), obsidian (25gp), banded agate (50gp), eye agate (50gp), chrysoprase (75gp), sardonyx (75gp), star rose quartz (75gp), 2 × citrine (100gp each), sardonyx (100gp), smoky quartz (100gp), citrine (250gp), 2 × moonstone (250gp each), sardonyx (250gp), aquamarine (500gp), jet (500gp), chrysoberyl (750gp), coral (750gp), jade (750gp), emerald (1,000gp), fire opal (1,000gp).
- ♦ The shield of Sir Windlass, a 5' tall, oblong-shaped item of shining steel, emblazoned with the Brackenwold coat of arms. The shield was blessed by St Willofrith and carries several enchantments: 1. it grants the wielder a +3 bonus to AC; 2. it brings light in dark places (*light* spell once per day), 3. it is immune to mundane damage and wear, remaining untarnished, despite its antiquity; 4. it instills an utter honesty in its owner, who becomes unable to lie.
- ♦ The sword of Sir Windlass, a broad-bladed longsword forged of a golden metal, inlaid with zigzag patterns in mithril. The sword is of fairy make, with a +2 bonus to hit and damage and a glamour of mirth about it (the owner is prone to levity, laughter, and whimsy).
- ♦ A battle-axe with a clear, quartz pommel, ashen-scaled haft, and blade of flaking, black metal. Despite the somewhat crumbling appearance of the blade, the axe is extremely sharp. It is of deep-elf construction and has a +2 bonus to hit and damage and a glamour of darkvision (penalties due to darkness halved).
- ♦ A ring of interwoven, brass filaments upon a skeletal finger in a crushed gauntlet. The ring has the power of *plant command*.
- ♦ An ivory casket (value 200gp), engraved with an angelic choir, containing a potion of fire resistance and a scroll. The scroll is a map — annotated in Liturgic — denoting the location (within hex 1705) of the lost relics of St Jorrael (his skull, his shoe, and his cap).
- ♦ The bones and rusted armaments of Sir Windlass and fifteen other knights.

1205 – Gorthstone

Gorthstone is a fifteen foot high obelisk of hard, black rock, veined with silver. It stands atop a dais of crumbling, weed-clad sandstone at the centre of a clear pool — fifty yards from the shore. The pool in which the nodal stands and the glade which surrounds it are subject to an enchantment whereby the prevailing weather conditions are reversed. Thus, on sunny days, the pool is veiled with fog and storms; in the deep cold of winter, a clement warmth surrounds the stone; and so forth.

The stone is under the ward of the audrune Haygral, who has abandoned his physical form² and now exists solely in the astral realm that corresponds to the flow of the ley energies around this stone in Dolmenwood. The audrune has not abandoned his duties, however, and is fully aware of any who approach the stone. Non-drune who do so will be reported to the aegis (see *Wormskin* issue five).

Interactions with the pool:

- ✦ Gazing into the waters, a pale, shrouded form is visible, drifting among the lily stems. This is the **phantom** of a young woman who drowned in the pool long ago. See next page.
- ✦ Touching the waters of the pool (with bare skin) has two effects. Firstly, it disturbs the phantom, which rises from the water. Secondly, it causes a sudden drowsiness: the one disturbing the pool must save versus spells or fall instantly into a deep slumber.
- ✦ One who drinks from the pool likewise falls instantly asleep, but with no save. Upon awakening, they suffer a permanent alignment reversal. Those of neutral alignment are thrust to a random extreme.

Interactions with the stone:

- ✦ A close examination reveals that the nodal is inscribed with tight bands of text in ancient Drunic with elements of an unknown, older script.
- ✦ A magic-user who studies the script may gain the knowledge necessary to cast the *dispel magic* spell.

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² Three of the audrunes of Dolmenwood now exist in this incorporeal state. Their bodies are in temporal stasis, ritually interred in the crypts of the Drune Lodge, out of the reach of any who may wish them ill.

- ✦ The script also describes a ritual which may be performed at this site whereby even the deepest enchantments may be unwoven. The ritual requires the participation of five sorcerers of at least fifth level and must be performed upon the night of a solstice. For each aspect of the enchantment to be undone (aspects may correspond to the “ingredients” used to create the dweomer or elements of its power), a rare or precious object must be used as a catalyst. Each of these objects must exhibit an antipathy to one of the magical aspects to be unwoven. (For example, an enchantment of fire may require the use of ice from the elemental plane of water or a ring stolen from the Cold Prince.) At the culmination of the ritual, the catalysts are consumed and the aspects of the enchantment unwoven and released as free-willed plasms — entities of pure magical energy. (The fate of these entities should be determined by the referee, depending on their nature. The Drune know further magical techniques to bind and make use of these entities.)

The Phantom of the Pool: HD 6, AC 5 (only harmed by magic), Att 1 × 1d6 plus energy drain (touch) or 1 × insanity (wail — see below), Mv 120' (40') flying and incorporeal, MI 10, AI N, XP 1,320. A pale, spectral woman dressed in a sodden, white robe of ancient cast, seemingly the holy vestments of some long-forgotten sect. In her eyes burns an unholy, blue light. Upon being awakened from the pool, the phantom drifts across the water's surface and approaches the nearest living creature, beseeching that “the staff of the apostle must be restored”³. If the listener does not understand her pleas (or ignores or mocks her), she attacks. Once per combat, she may let out a wail of unearthly and mind-melting beauty — all within 60' must save versus spells or be stricken mad for 1d12 days.

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 3 The phantom is, in fact, a demi-plasm that was released when this holy relic was unwoven at Gorthstone by the Drune. Originally a mortal woman (a high priestess of a pagan sect), she was murdered by drowning in the pool. Her spirit was later summoned and bound — along with a multitude of heathen souls — into the staff of the apostle, a powerful relic of the Church. The phantom may now only be laid to rest if the staff is recreated. (The Drune understand her nature and leave her to her fate, acting as a guardian of sorts to the nodal. They have means of temporarily banishing her, when need be.)

1206 – Highway Robbery and Tasty Pies

The Bakery

Nestled in a small glade in the wood, located some half a mile south of the road, lies the charmingly rustic residence of a **baker** (and enchantress) and her **twelve daughters**. The inhabitants of the house are friendly and welcoming to guests and will gladly invite travellers to a hearty meal (for which they demand no payment). They do not, however, allow groups to stay overnight and hold a number of secrets which they are loathe for strangers to delve into. The location and the thirteen women are described in detail later, in *The Baker's Dozen*.

Highwaywomen

Travellers along the road in this hex may find themselves confronted with a gang of **3d4 young women** intent on highway robbery of a quaint kind. Typically, one of the gang stands in the middle of the road, dressed in a ladylike fashion, and may call out to approaching wayfarers, pleading for their aid in some imagined emergency. The remainder of the rascals, dressed in forest garb and masks, hide behind bushes and rocks by the roadside, only to leap out at an opportune moment, brandishing light crossbows⁴. Their cry of “Give us all your baked goods!” is genuine — they can indeed be pacified by the relinquishing of high quality pastry products. Failing that, they will accept a sum of one gold piece per traveller. They typically do not trouble locals, favouring strangers to the wood.

The young highway robbers are, in fact, the daughters of the baker who lives in the forest to the south of the road. They ply their trade here when not helping out in the bakery.

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4 Dolmenwood exists in an odd temporal nebula. In terms of the real-world periods which have influenced the setting, it is an amalgam of medieval folklore, early modern semi-science and derring-do, and even 19th century gothic romance. An individual referee may roll with this historically questionable, grab-bag approach or may prefer to set Dolmenwood neatly in a more definite historical period (or the equivalent of such in an imagined world). For those who wish to inject a little early modern feeling into Dolmenwood, a simple, flavourful option is to replace bows and crossbows with early firearms. For example, the highwaywomen who may be encountered in this hex may be in possession of flintlocks, rather than crossbows. The “default” presentation of the setting — for easier compatibility with B/X and other old-fashioned adventure rulesets — does not include gunpowder weaponry, but it is a trivial change to make, should the referee wish it.



Highwaywomen: HD 1, AC 9 / 8 (dresses / forest garb), Att 1 × 1d6 (light crossbow) or 1 × 1d4 (knife), MI 8, Mv 120' (40'), AI Various (see later), XP 10. Each wears silver jewellery worth 40gp. Melysse, the eldest, possesses a *knife of severing*, which she wields with glee in melee.

Knife of Severing

A small, +1 enchanted knife (1d3+1 damage) of fairy make with the remarkable ability of chopping off appendages whole. A natural attack roll of 19 or 20 results in a randomly determined body part of the victim being lopped off: 1. finger, 2. hand, 3. foot, 4. arm, 5. leg, 6. head. A natural attack roll of 1 results in a fumble and a finger of the wielder being severed.

The wounds caused by the knife are partially cauterised, thus victims do not bleed to death.



THE BAKER'S DOZEN



As described in hex 1206, half a mile to the south of the road stands a cosy, rustic cottage in which a middle-aged woman dwells with her twelve adult daughters. Together, they run a bakery of some local repute. The inhabitants of the house are friendly and welcoming to guests and will gladly invite travellers to a hearty meal (for which they demand no payment). They do not, however, allow groups to stay overnight and hold a number of secrets which they are loathe for strangers to delve into.

Inhabitants of the Bakery

Mother

The baker is a plump, jolly, middle-aged woman, with a rolling pin in her hand, a floured apron on her front, and a twinkle in her eye. She is always referred to simply as “mother” and will not reveal any other name. In kind, she addresses strangers as “deary” and does not inquire after their names.

Mother: HD 4 (14 hp), AC 9, Att 1 × 1d4 (rolling pin) or spells, Ml 8, Mv 120' (40'), Al N, XP 245. Mother is an enchantress of some power and is able to cast the following spells once per day: *en croute*, *gingerbread charm*, *ginger snap*, *yeast growth* (see *The Gingerbread Grimoire*, later in this issue, for the spell descriptions). She also possesses a *ring of vanishing* and a *wand of condiments* (see page 27), which she keeps on her person at all times. She commands the gingerbread golems which work the dough pool (area 8) and can summon them to aid in 1d4 rounds.

The Daughters

The names of the twelve daughters, along with their age and alignment and brief notes on their appearances and personalities follow. All are possessed of a striking beauty, of one kind or another.

1. **Megynne** (21, N, flashing blue eyes, flowing red locks, shy, enigmatic, bookish)
2. **Claer** (16, N, tomboyish freckles, cropped copper hair, boisterous, sleepy)
3. **Lyssandra** (19, N, wild, raven hair, dark eyes, moody, willful)
4. **Melysse** (33, N, long black hair, tall and elegant, misanthropic, talented flautist)
5. **Kyndra** (27, C, pale of hair and complexion, slow-witted charm, treacherous)
6. **Lilith** (17, N, lustrous brown plaits, green eyes, impish, loves dancing and pies, above all)
7. **Gretchen** (18, L, blond, buxom, blushing, retiring, poetic soul, mother's favourite)
8. **Clune** (18, N, twin of Gretchen, forthright, indignant)
9. **Almony** (30, C, pale brown hair and eyes, dainty, mousy style, loves lace and crochet, jealous)
10. **Hilda** (31, L, red curls, blue eyes, hale, vivacious, pious)
11. **Gertrwynn** (28, N, auburn tresses, pixie face, always dresses in white, speaks Sylvan, fairy friend)
12. **Amonie** (29, N, ebony locks, grey eyes, tall as a knight, passive, erudite)

One who inquires into the origin of the daughters too deeply will come up against a mystery upon which none of the inhabitants of the house will elaborate — the baker is unmarried and the daughters never speak of their father or fathers. For combat stats, see page 23.

Guests

There is a 2 in 6 chance of a gentleman being present in the house — a guest of the baker's daughters. Only the most dashing, charming gentlemen are invited to stay and only those who come alone. The daughters seduce such visitors, using their natural charm or, failing that, *tarts of infatuation* (see area 5). When they tire of a guest, he will be bundled into the oven and baked into a gingerbread golem (see area 7).



Mother's Magic Items

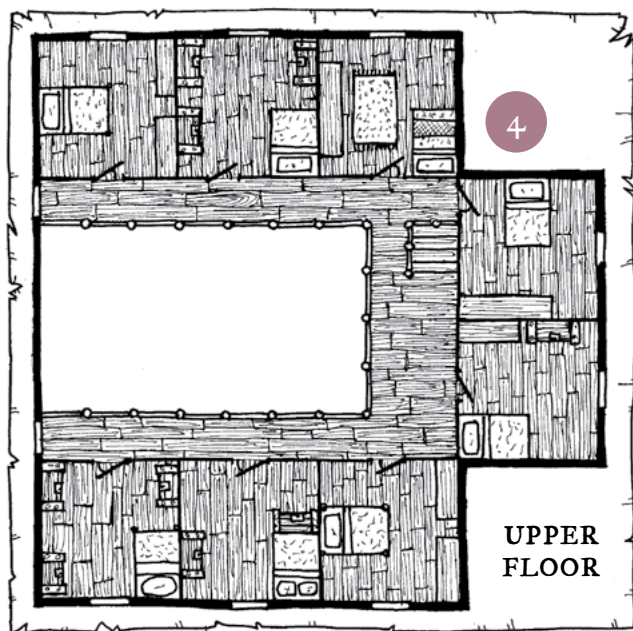
Ring of Vanishing

A plain silver ring which can be used once per day upon the utterance of the command word "MIGRAMANALANAX". The wearer teleports to a selected location within 50' and becomes invisible for 2d6 rounds.

Wand of Condiments

A wooden spoon engraved along the handle with mystic script. Using *read magic*, a magic-user can understand the script, which reveals the command words for the wand and is accompanied by a recipe for a delicious stew. In the hands of a magic-user, the wand has the power, upon command, to produce small quantities of: salt, pepper, garlic, mustard, chilli powder. It also has 15 charges which can be expended. A charge can produce one of the following effects:

- ♦ *Salt blast*: a cone of salt, 40' long and 20' wide at the end. Causes 1d3 hit points' abrasion damage to all in the area (save vs wands for half). Sluggish, snail-like, or snowy creatures (or others which the referee judges would be damaged by salt) suffer 4d6 damage (also with a save for half).
- ♦ *Garlic bomb*: a clove of garlic shoots out of the wand's tip and lands up to 60' away (treat like a thrown oil flask). The clove erupts into a 10' radius cloud of garlic gas. Most creatures are unaffected by this, but vampires will be caused to cower.
- ♦ *Pepper / mustard / chilli spray*: a cone of dust 20' long and 10' wide at the end erupts from the wand. All in that area must save vs wands or begin choking / coughing / sneezing — unable to perform any other actions. A save versus poison is allowed per round to recover.

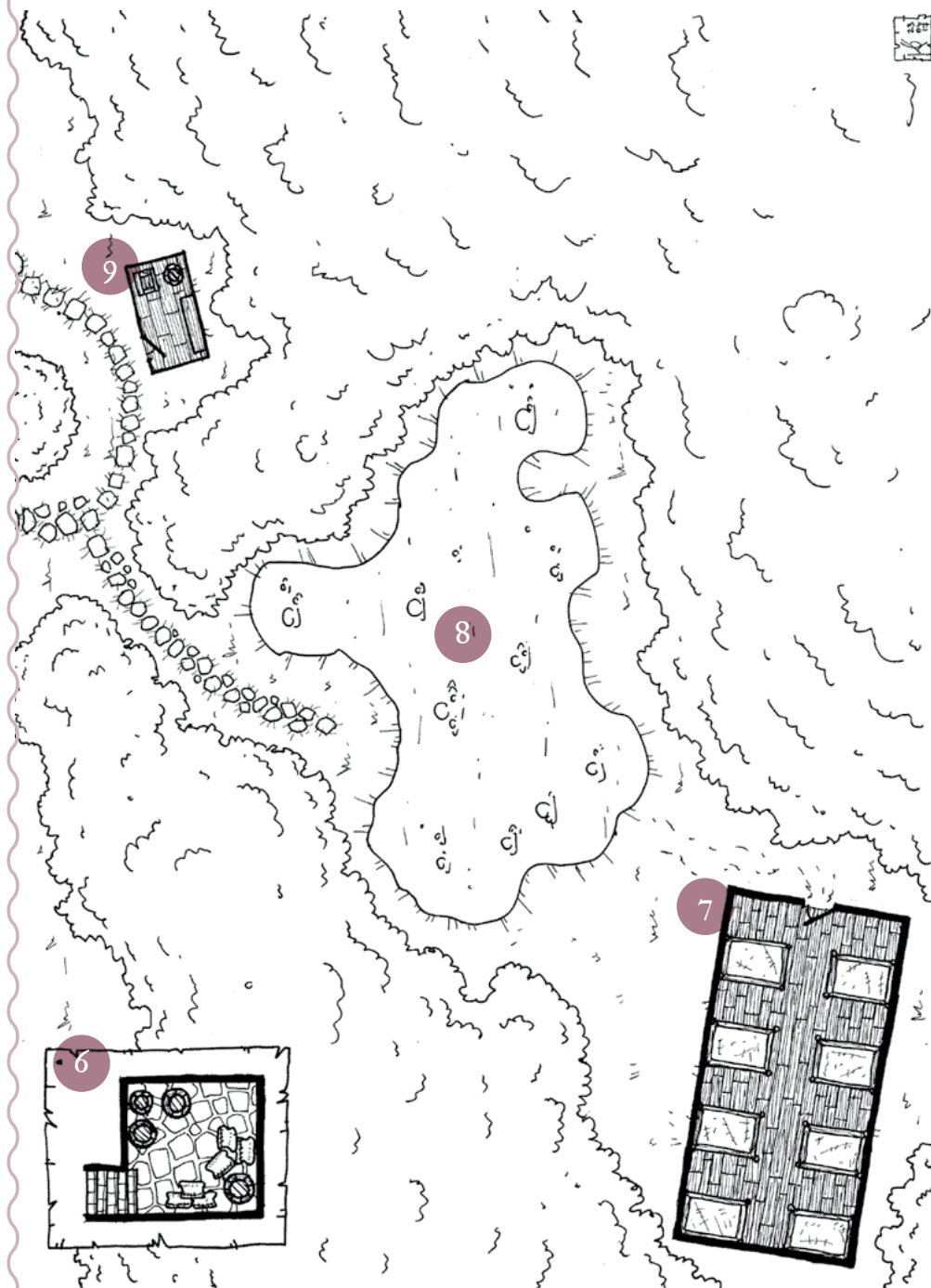


THE WELL

OUTHOUSE

GARDEN

STAIRS TO THE CELLAR [6]



Locations In and Around the Bakery

1. Porch

A cramped wooden porch, stuffed with neatly stowed umbrellas, boots, and coats. Sprigs of lavender scent the air.

2. Living Room

The spacious central room of the house, dominated by a massive oaken table, constantly decked with the preparations for or remnants of a hearty meal. Cats leap and play in the beams and rafters above the table. Shelves to the sides of the room are laden with homely crockery and chinaware of all kinds. Drawers in the table contain a profusion of doilies and cutlery, including a fine set of silverware worth 100gp.

3. Mother's Room

A dark, cosy room, clearly inhabited by the same person for many decades. The shelves and desk are overbrimming with tomes on the subjects of cookery, baking, herbalism, and rustic poetry. Those who look more closely will also notice, in more hidden corners, treatises on sorcery and enchantment.

Hidden beneath a loose floorboard, wrapped in greaseproof paper, can be found *The Gingerbread Grimoire*, mother's spell book. It contains the following spells: *en croute*, *gingerbread charm*, *ginger snap*, *yeast growth*, along with recipes for *tarts of infatuation* and *healing cookies* (see area 5) and gingerbread golems (area 7).

A jewellery box hidden beneath the mattress of the bed contains: 16 pearls (each worth 100gp) and a diamond hat-pin (worth 600gp).

4. Daughters' Rooms

Each of the twelve daughters has her own bedroom on either the ground floor or the upper floor. Each room is decorated in a style which reflects the tastes of its inhabitant, but they all feature: wooden wardrobes and armoires stuffed with clothing of a well-made, rustic quality; a crossbow and case of bolts hanging from a hook (when not in use); a delightfully cosy feather bed of dimensions somewhat too great to be entirely respectable for a young lady.

5. The Kitchen

The spiritual centre of the house. Mother is usually to be found working here, assisted by several apron-clad daughters. The kitchen is stocked with a wonderful array of jars, crocks, and casks, brimming with all varieties of pastries, biscuits, flour, herbs, and spices. The space is dominated by the bulk, heat, and mouth-watering aroma of the enormous oven, which is usually loaded with tarts, cookies, and pastries.

In one of the many jars can be found a batch of twelve *healing cookies* (choc chip) and in another five (bakewell) *tarts of infatuation*. A third jar, concealed at the back of a deep shelf, contains the bakery's cash: 17pp, 214gp, 112sp.

6. Cellar

Kept spotlessly clean and dry, large barrels of spices (worth up to 200gp) and flour are found here, alongside vats of bubbling sourdough.

Healing Cookies

Utterly normal-looking (i.e. delicious) cookies which have the power to heal 1d6 hit points per cookie consumed.

Tarts of Infatuation

Dainty baked tarts with a delightful almond glaze, these items carry a subtle enchantment which can cause the inflammation of a gentleman's passion toward the one who bestowed the tart upon him. A saving throw versus spells is allowed, but, if this fails, the victim of the tart's power can do nothing to resist the romantic allure of the owner of the tarts. This effect lasts for 24 hours.

7. Ramshackle Cottage

A small, tumbledown shack which is home to six **gingerbread golems**, when they are not working. The golems are full-sized gingerbread men, animated by the magic of mother's oven. They are mindless and absolutely loyal to her. Inside each golem is the charred skeleton of a man who was baked alive inside the gingerbread dough. Despite their mindless state, they maintain some semblance of humanity and sleep in beds beneath woollen blankets. Eight beds are located here.

Gingerbread Golems (6): HD 2, AC 7 (crusty), Att 1 × 1d6 (fists), MI 9, Mv 120' (40'), AI N, XP 20.

8. The Dough Pool

In the forest at the back of the house is located a large pool of frothing dough. It is tended and worked by gingerbread golems, who periodically spoon quantities of finished dough into wheelbarrows for delivery to the kitchen.

A raging yeast demon — a malevolent fungal slime spirit which manifests as a frothing, blobby, tendril-covered form in the sludge of the dough pool — has recently taken up residence in the dough pool and has dragged two of the gingerbread golems to their deaths.

Raging Yeast Demon: HD 6, AC 7 (slippery — only harmed by magic), Att 2 × 1d4 (tendrils / limbs), MI 9, Mv 120' (40'), AI C, XP 820. Anyone who is hit by the demon's attack must save versus paralysis or be dragged into the yeast pool, where they are helpless and will drown in 2d4 rounds, unless rescued.

9. Tool Shed

A variety of tools for tending the dough pool (long ladles, shovels, spoons) and for general maintenance (axes, hammers, nails). Wheelbarrows lean against the side of the shed.

Adventure Hooks

The following hooks may be used by the referee to bring the player characters into contact with the inhabitants of the bakery:

1. The baker has been commissioned to bake a great cake for the Earl of Yellow and requires one special ingredient: the feathers of 24 blackbirds slain by fiddle music. The PCs are offered something they need (or just cash, as appropriate) to acquire this item. The baker believes that only the fiddler Farthigny (see *Wormskin* issue four) has the requisite talents.
2. The bardic guild puts out a reward for information on the whereabouts of one of its members: a wandering minstrel named Cranduil “velvet touch” Challiman. The PCs have a tip-off that he was last seen chatting up the baker’s daughters at the town market. (He has been charmed by the daughters and taken back to the bakery, to become a gingerbread golem, before long.)
3. The bakery is plagued by the incessant pie-raids of a horde of barrow bogeys (see *Wormskin* issue two). Despite the daughters’ skill at arms, the assistance of mercenaries is required to hunt down the pests. (The fairies are actually under the command of a local witch, from whom the baker stole her wand of condiments. The fairies’ pie-theft is just a cover; they really seek the wand.)
4. A desperate merchant seeks the aid of the nearest adventurers to recover a score of special buns — stolen by vagabond women — that he was carrying to the court wizard of Castle Brackenwold. He will pay surprisingly well for their return. (The buns are actually enchanted to allow communion with astral intelligences. The baker’s daughters may have already indulged.)



THE GINGERBREAD GRIMOIRE



En Croute

Level: 2nd

Duration: Special

Range: Touch

A single humanoid target becomes wrapped in a pastry crust, ready spiced for baking. If the target is unwilling (most are), the enchanter must make a normal attack roll for the spell to take effect. A victim successfully encased in pastry is able to breathe, but is immobilised by the magic of the crust. The victim may try to escape from the crust, with success dependant on STR score: 5 or less: three turns, 6 to 8: two turns, 9 to 12: one turn, 13 to 15: five minutes, 16 to 17: one minute, 18 or greater: 1d4 rounds.

Gingerbread Charm

Level: 1st

Duration: Special

Range: 5'

Casting this charm upon a figure of freshly baked gingerbread causes it to come to life. The spell affects a single animal or humanoid figure, to a maximum size of 1'. Living gingerbread creatures have a movement rate of 30' (10'), an armour class of 9, 1d3 hit points, and cannot attack in any meaningful way. They are, however cunning (INT of 12) and very stealthy (able to go unnoticed on a 1-4 on 1d6).

continued ...

The wizard who gave life to the creature is able to communicate with it via a limited form of telepathy which only functions when the two make eye contact (assuming the gingerbread creature has eyes of some kind) and enter into a brief hypnotic trance. The personality of the gingerbread creature is one of the following, determined at random (secretly by the referee):

1. **Loving.** Wants nothing more than to cuddle and nestle with its creator.
2. **Duplicitous.** Outwardly friendly to its creator yet secretly strives to undermine his plans. What does the creature do at night while mortals sleep?
3. **Adventurous.** Lusts after travel and new experiences. Will abandon a staid creator.
4. **Contrary.** Stubbornly refuses to obey its creator. If left to its own devices, may create beautiful things.
5. **Homely.** Loves to help with household chores.
6. **Hateful.** Takes pleasure in causing pain (especially physical) to living creatures, including its creator.
7. **Wise.** Its head is empty of knowledge and experience, but the creature is surprisingly perceptive when asked for moral or personal advice.
8. **Demanding.** Has extremely high standards of living. Will have tantrums if it doesn't get its way.

As a form of construct, gingerbread creatures do not require air, food, or water for sustenance, and are immune to poisons. They may, however, be affected by spells of charm and mind manipulation, including (curiously) *sleep*.

Living gingerbread creatures naturally perish after 24 hours, disintegrating into crumbs as the enchantment which binds them dissipates. They may, however, be kept alive indefinitely if fed small quantities of one of the following substances daily: mercury, fine rum, human blood. (The liquid stains their mouths.)

The spell may also be cast upon a normal loaf of bread, enchanting it such that the hair of anyone who eats part of it will turn permanently bright red.

Ginger Snap

Level: 3rd

Duration: 1d6 rounds

Range: 30'

The selected target must save versus spells or be partially or fully (depending on the level of the caster) transformed into brittle gingerbread. For every two levels of the caster, one limb of a humanoid target is transformed. A 10th level caster can also gingerbreadify the torso of the victim and a 12th level caster the whole body, including the head.

Affected body parts are brittle and useless and can be easily snapped. Indeed, a successful attack roll with intent to snap a gingerbread body part will reduce it to delicious, gingery cookie crumble. A fully transformed victim can thus be killed with a single blow.

Yeast Growth

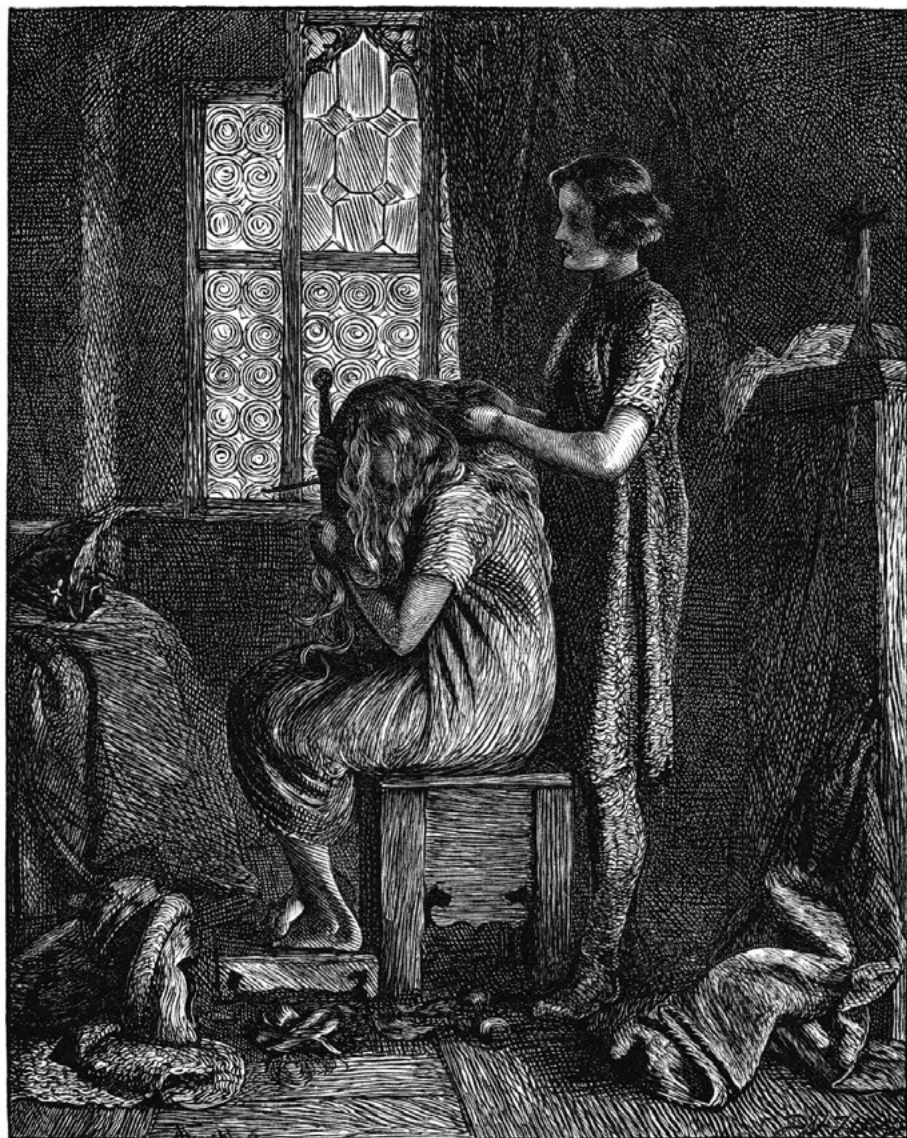
Level: 1st

Duration: Instant

Range: 30'

This spell causes the radically accelerated and greatly augmented growth of all naturally occurring yeast organisms within range. As yeast exists virtually everywhere, the result is that all creatures, objects, and surfaces in range are rapidly engulfed in a slimy mass of frothing yeast. The yeast itself is normal and harmless and can be wiped off with some small effort. However, all affected creatures suffer a 2-in-6 chance per round of slipping over and a -1 penalty to attacks, until they are free of the yeast.

This spell can also be used to accelerate a process of yeast fermentation such as that used in beer brewing or bread making. Such processes can be completed instantaneously with an application of this spell.





PEOPLE AND PLACES OF PRIGWORT



The Elevated Council of Brewmasters

Dominating the town square is a large, elaborately decorated building with two pointy ornamental turrets and an ostentatious, portcullised gate. This is the town hall of Prigwort, seat of the elevated council of brewmasters.

The council consists of seven members, one representing each of the town's seven ancient producers of spirits and ales. In addition to their mundane role as legal arbiters in the town, the councillors — all masters in their craft — curate one of the town's greatest treasures: its cellars. The collection of vintage wines, spirits, ales, and ciders kept in store beneath the town hall rivals that found in the palaces of kings. Many of the finest brews in these cellars are products of the brewmasters' own craft, which is perfected to such a degree that their concoctions acquire magical qualities.

The brewmasters are active members of the community and, for the most part, perform their roles with humility. They can be seen, upon occasion, in the public houses of the town and can be recognised by their insignia: a pewter torc in the form of a two-headed eagle. (The origins of this symbol are unknown, but it dates back as far as records exist.)

The Consulting Wizard

In a roomy, thatch-roofed residence of multiple wings, the wizard Mostlemyre Drouge lives, on the outskirts of Prigwort. Drouge is a wizard of some experience (approximately equivalent to a magic-user of 8th level) who has now retired from adventuring and spends his days engrossed in research. He is reclusive and has little to do with the townsfolk, though they hold him in friendly regard (he has, in fact, lent supernatural aid to the brewmasters upon several occasions, earning their trust). The most that is ever seen of the wizard in public is the visits of one of his three, mysterious, black-wreathed servitors to the market to buy provisions for the household.

The wizard's residence is known to occasionally host visitors (mostly of sagely or adventurous sort) and the arcane consultations he offers are of some repute among adventurers in Dolmenwood. These services are as follows:

- ♦ *Detect magic*: 25gp per item.
- ♦ *Read magic*: 25gp per spell.
- ♦ Identification of basic magical function (what a magic item does): 100gp per item.
- ♦ Unraveling of command words or activation conditions: 250gp per word or condition.

It usually takes 1d3 days to gain an audience with Drouge and all services require that the item or items to be analysed are left with him for 1d3 days. Note that the advanced techniques of analysis which Drouge employs allow him to handle cursed items without being exposed to their effects. (Though cursed items are also not revealed as such by his analysis.)¹

continued overleaf

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¹ It is the author's opinion that NPC wizards need not be bound by the same rules that govern PCs of the magic-user class. Thus, Mostlemyre Drouge of Prigwort is described as having magical abilities that are beyond the remit of the traditional *detect magic* or *identify* spells (and, indeed, are not even presented as spells). One possible explanation of this (if such is needed) is that, just as wizards may devote long periods of time to the construction of magic items or the development of novel spells, a non-adventuring wizard may discover unique magical abilities or procedures by such research. Referees who find this concept entirely distasteful may prefer to replace Drouge's ability at identifying magic items with the exact effects of the advanced *identify* spell.

Drouge himself is a fat man with pudgy, clammy hands clad with bejewelled rings (no doubt enchanted). He dresses in purple silks and wears a curious pair of spectacles with thick, prismatic lenses. His areas of arcane specialisation (unknown to the townsfolk) are dimensional magic (including summoning) and meta-magic. He is forthright and businesslike in his dealings with strangers, but has a general liking for adventurers, taking roguish antics with a pinch of salt.

Brandybile's

In an alleyway behind the town hall can be found a small, red-painted doorway with a shiny brass knob and a plaque bearing the inscription "Brandybile's, by appointment only (inquire at the Wrinkled Medlar). Member of the esteemed guild of tailors. Rogues beware: affiliate of the guild of enchanters."

Inquiring at the inn, as specified, may gain well-to-do looking clients an appointment on the following day. Beyond the red door are located a series of elegantly appointed chambers containing the workshops, display racks, and boudoirs of this high-class tailor. As if to confirm the establishment's connection with the enchanters' guild, the place is lit by candles which flicker on and off as clients walk between rooms. The items which the proprietor (one Algenon Brandybile) has for sale or can custom-tailor (as the referee wishes) are listed in the following charts.

As the plaque on the shop's exterior door implies, the premises is warded by several enchantments:

- ✦ Weapons taken through the door heat up to a degree whereby they burn through cloth and cannot be wielded.
- ✦ Use of enchantment magic within the shop causes a small silver bell to tinkle.
- ✦ Items removed from the shop without the owner's willing permission are cursed: the one who carries them must save versus polymorph or be transformed permanently into a hog.

Algenon Brandybile: A weasley man, always dressed to the height of fashion, with curl-toed moccasins and a moustache to match. The tailor is fawning and sycophantic to the right breed of customer, condescending and abrupt to the wrong breed, but may be brought around if his expert opinion on fashion

is deferred to. He hates the chief boudoir-ward of the Duke with a burning jealousy and would gleefully see him ridiculed.

[Note: verisimilitude is cast aside in favour of comedy value, where the dashing garments charts are concerned.]

[Also note: shops such as this, with a nigh endless selection of frivolous and expensive items, go extremely well with house rules whereby PCs earn experience points for gold that they spend.]

Dashing Garments Lists

Type of Item and its Cost

Id40	Item (# of coins)
1	Ball gown (100)
2	Bell bottoms (10)
3	Braces (5)
4	Britches (7)
5	Cape (8)
6	Chaps (7)
7	Chastity belt (10)
8	Chemise (10)
9	Cloak (12)
10	Coat (15)
11	Codpiece (15)
12	Corset (20)
13	Cumberband (15)
14	Doublet (15)
15	Garter (6)
16	Girdle (5)
17	Habit (8)
18	Hose (7)
19	Jerkin (10)
20	Jockstrap (10)

Id40	Item (# of coins)
21	Jodhpurs (12)
22	Kaftan (10)
23	Kilt (10)
24	Knickers (4)
25	Leggings (6)
26	Leotard (12)
27	Loin cloth (5)
28	Negligee (20)
29	Nightgown (9)
30	Pantaloon (9)
31	Petticoats (14)
32	Poncho (8)
33	Robe (12)
34	Sou'wester (15)
35	Thong (8)
36	Toga (8)
37	Tunic (10)
38	Tutu (13)
39	Vest (7)
40	Waistcoat (15)

Material and Type of Coin

id40	Material (type of coin)
1	Angora (gold)
2	Beaver fur (gold)
3	Cashmere (gold)
4	Cheese cloth (copper)
5	Chiffon (gold)
6	Chunky knit (silver)
7	Cotton (copper)
8	Crocheted (gold)
9	Denim (copper)
10	Ermine (platinum)
11	Felt (silver)
12	Fishnet (silver)
13	Flannel (copper)
14	Goatskin (copper)
15	Hemp (copper)
16	Herringbone (silver)
17	Houndstooth (silver)
18	Lace (gold)
19	Lambswool (silver)
20	Leather (silver)

id40	Material (type of coin)
21	Leopardskin (platinum)
22	Oilskin (silver)
23	Paisley (gold)
24	Patent leather (gold)
25	Plaid (silver)
26	Quilting (silver)
27	Rubber (gold)
28	Satin (gold)
29	Scratchy wool (copper)
30	Silk (gold)
31	Snakeskin (platinum)
32	Spandex (gold)
33	Squirrel skin (copper)
34	Starched linen (silver)
35	Suede (silver)
36	Tartan (silver)
37	Tweed (silver)
38	Velvet (gold)
39	Wolfskin (gold)
40	Wormskin (platinum)



Embellishment and Additional Cost

id40	Embellishment (add'l cost)
1	Beading (+25gp)
2	Bejewelled (+1,000 to +10,000gp)
3	Bells (+25gp)
4	Buckles (+10gp)
5	Coat of arms (+20gp)
6	Down-stuffed (+15gp)
7	Emblem (+15gp)
8	Embroidered (+50gp)
9	<i>Enchanted</i> : Dazzling (+1,000gp, stun all within 15' for one round, once per day)
10	<i>Enchanted</i> : fireproof (+500gp, +2 to saves vs fire)
11	<i>Enchanted</i> : glowing (+500gp, light spell once per day)
12	<i>Enchanted</i> : insect repellant (+250gp)
13	<i>Enchanted</i> : invisibility (+1,000gp, once per week, per the spell)
14	<i>Enchanted</i> : protective (+1,500gp, +1 AC bonus)
15	<i>Enchanted</i> : shadow-wreathed (+1,000gp, 3-in-6 hide in shadows)
16	<i>Enchanted</i> : silenced (+1,000gp, 3-in-6 move silently)

id40	Embellishment (add'l cost)
17	<i>Enchanted</i> : spell-reflection (+5,000gp, reflects 10 levels of spells)
18	<i>Enchanted</i> : waterproof (+250gp)
19	Feathers (+20gp to +200gp)
20	Fringe (+5gp)
21	Fur trim (+20gp to +200gp)
22	Fur-lined (+50gp to +500gp)
23	Glitter (+10gp)
24	Gold studs (+100gp)
25	Gold thread (+50gp)
26	Lace trim (+30gp)
27	Padded (+5gp)
28	Plated (+10gp)
29	Ribbed (+10gp)
30	Ribboned (+3gp)
31	Ruffles (+10gp)
32	Runes or sigils (+20gp)
33	Sequins (+15gp)
34	Silver studs (+40gp)
35	Silver thread (+20gp)
36	Spiked (+10gp)
37	Studded (+5gp)
38	Tassles (+5gp)
39	Tie-dyed (+4gp)
40	Wyrm-scales (+1,000gp)

Raptappen's Quadrant (Wayside Lodgings)

Raptappen's is a large set of black timber buildings with subtle eggshell coloured trim, surrounding a grassy courtyard in which wavers a single stunted elm. The squat black walls are visible through the whispering foliage as wayfarers enter the on the outskirts of Prigwort along Lochsbreth Road from the north. A narrow, well-kept track leads off just before Prigwort proper, with a small black sign depicting three concentric yellow squares and the austere inscription 'Raptappen's'.

Secure, quiet lodging is on offer here and, indeed, after dark, wan lights indicate that the majority of its rooms are usually occupied, though the actual traffic of travellers seen to check in or out is negligible. Rumour has it that Raptappen himself is in direct correspondence with the Earl of Yellow (q.v. Fairy Lords of Dolmenwood).

Inside, the atmosphere is one of preternatural calm and quiet, with only the occasional guest or scurrying servant-lad to disrupt the still tableaux of carpeted halls and parlours. Tittering and mutters belie the presence of large groups in closed rooms, though these are never glimpsed (and will fall silent if the door is knocked on).

A popular Prigwort galliard is sometimes set to nonsense lyrics that suppose sets of "warrens" or perhaps "casts" (that is, with reference to earthworms) exist under the Quadrant or in the surrounding soggy woodland. Despite the atmosphere of permanent crepuscular unease, many a traveller will tell you all idle chat is bunk and report good, clean rooms, a decent taproom, and polite service at the Quadrant:

- ♦ Rooms are on offer of all sizes, ranging from 3-8sp a night.
- ♦ Stabling of mounts or animal companions at 4sp a night.
- ♦ Four quiet, communal dining rooms all serve the same menu, tending towards the diffuse and insubstantial, though fresh fish from the Groaning Loch is sometimes served. Meals cost 5sp per person.
- ♦ Crisp, clean tasting white wine of indeterminate vintage — 15sp per bottle
- ♦ Discreet garment laundering and repair services are on offer: 1gp/customer.
- ♦ The courtyard boasts several ancient sets of traditional lawn games such as quoits and skittles.



Proprietor

Raptappen is a sighing man in his fifties of gaunt, saturnine aspect who, despite his obvious high parentage, will bow scrapingly low to even the lowliest beggar. He is given to maudlin proverbs. He smells very strongly of mothballs and will often enquire with genuine curiosity of an adventurer's recent brushes with death.

The servant-lads are of an indeterminate number, but none seems to be older than fourteen. They will absolutely never speak unless first spoken to, employ an affected timorousness in conversation with guests, and dress in rust-coloured livery and starched ruffs that contrast with the mossy green carpets and dark wood panelling of the Quadrant.

The Oaf-in-the-Oast (Pub and Baths)

The huge, creaking sign of this former oast-house sports the motif of a slack-jawed hunchback obviously scratching his behind as a fire kindles beneath his nethers. The exterior walls are coated in once bright primary colours, now obscured by layers of thick varnish. Outside are various terracotta pots fashioned as hog-like creatures, trailing a riot of brittle vines and dead flowers.

Inside, the circular saloon bar in the roundel is where most serious drinking takes place. This somewhat cramped space benefits from the high ceiling usual to oast houses — on warm nights the lofty cowl may be opened, allowing nightly zephyrs to sweep away the fust and fug of the bawdy toppers. The arc-shaped mahogany bar is usually busy from mid-afternoon onwards and strangers will often be pointedly overlooked by the server. Grimalkin theoretically are welcome, but so are (mundane) dogs and cats, and all are treated alike.

The far larger oblong room at back is now used as a store and the small brewery for Heggid's beers — the landlord and some of his more exclusive clientele sometimes sullenly drink in here betwixt the looming masses of two ancient mash tuns. Those wishing a quiet space for deals or threats may be found here; rumour has it that Heggid keeps pet adders amongst the stores to deter the curious.

Standard tavern fare is limited here as a point of pride, a real pub being one concentrating on the alcohol:

- ✦ Coarse doorstep sandwiches with filling of the day (generally fish-paste, slabs of mild smoky cheese, or cold tongue). Treat as one ration. 5cp
- ✦ Large, orange radishes, to be dipped in salt. 2cp.
- ✦ Two-pint ceramic steins of Heggid's Bitter at 15cp apiece. The steins are worked into faces of rosy-cheeked barmaids, rather gaudy and alarming.
- ✦ Strong porter in pint tankards. Good, bracing stuff that sadly imposes upon the drinker a slightly furry feeling tongue. 8cp.
- ✦ Baths in the basement, under the floor of the main bar. These are only offered to groups of 4 at a minimum, it not being worth stoking the fires to heat water otherwise. 1sp attended by Heggid. 1gp attended by Gawda or Blessie. (Prices per person.)

Proprietors

Heggid has 'always owned the Oaf, and always will.' He is barrel-chested and lantern-jawed, with hairy forearms. Broken teeth and a broken nose do not detract from an almost noble carriage in the swing of his proud beer gut. Taking an expansive pride in the fact that his clientele don't need any High Wold affectations to feel like real men, Heggid may bar those that seem too clever on sight, for no real reason (anyone with INT above 10 or WIS above 14 will be spotted in 1d6 rounds and asked forcefully to leave). Ironically, behind the thatch of his matted blonde pate lurks a scheming and sly intellect which he does his best to conceal.

Heggid keeps on Gawda and Blessie, two buxom barmaids that have the necessary brawn to shoulder through the thronging drinkers. Their temperaments and flesh have developed armour plating at the hands of their customers over the years and, while they can be sweet as honey in the baths, they are simply not to be crossed.



The Clashed Antler (Gardens, Pub, and Lodgings)

The Clashed Antler is actually a pub, several freestanding structures and an outdoor area — which according to the Blino's (the proprietor's) ramblings, were intended to be grounds and outbuildings of Lord Bag-In-Hand's unfinished manor (see page 52). A sign outside the pub shows two stags (one purple, one orange) locking horns against a backdrop of blue stars.

The pub interior is grandly rustic, with thick beams, intimately cramped nooks and crannies, comfortably low ceilings, and a horseshoe bar that looks solid enough to withstand a battering ram. Every wall sports shelves heaving with endearing trinkets and geegaws. Unfortunately, the pub's reputation is beginning to tarnish as the years crawl by, perhaps in no small part to the roistering of Austache's Bounderboys, a group of self-professed vigilante youths that spend as much time raising hell at The Antler as they do tracking down ne'er-do-wells.

The Clashed Antler has a sprawling beer garden that bleeds into the eaves of wild Dolmenwood near the back of the property, where the wall sections are most ridden with decay. Lamps of purple and orange glass are dotted about amongst the trees and large wagon wheels are used as tables. Although they have been asked repeatedly not to, the Bounderboys will often enter onto the premises directly from the woods rather than through the pub door. The following services are available:

- ✦ There are three modest, private cottages for rent in the grounds, somewhat shabby and musty, but serviceable. 8sp per person per night includes a simple breakfast.
- ✦ Stabling at 4sp a night.
- ✦ Prigwort's usual array of spirituous beverages are all on offer here (see later).
- ✦ Fine, hearty fare is always on offer, most often rich goulashes and tasty soups. 3sp for a huge helping.
- ✦ Sespretta bakes an immense bundt cake every three days, slices of which are free to all patrons, as well as passing beggars.

Proprietier and Patrons

Blino and Sespetra are the octogenarian couple that own The Clashed Antler. Once a proud strong-backed man with no tolerance for poor behaviour, Blino has become somewhat dodderly and enfeebled in recent years. He will not have a bad word said about his nephew Austache, but will look on in silent reproach during the boy's debauches, fretfully hand-wringing and chewing his moustaches. Sespetra is an expert only in the arts of disapproving tutting and sour glances.

Austache's Bounderboys were formed under the loose motivation to drive out criminals deemed 'wrong-uns' from Prigwort. The manifesto detailing what constitutes a 'wrong-un' is kept in Austache's jerkin and he will constantly edit and re-edit it with a hand made shaky by early onset alcoholism. Driven by booze, boredom and vicious braggadocio, these rambunctious toughs can be easily fallen afoul of if a visitor does not watch their conduct.



The Wrinkled Medlar (Inn)

It is here that all cultured travellers with the need to enter Dolmenwood convene. The Wrinkled Medlar cultivates the reputation of “luxury away from home” and caters to the more well-to-do merchants, clergy, and minor aristocrats who visit Prigwort. The establishment operates a strict door policy; those unsuitably dressed (this includes wearing armour or carrying weapons) will be denied entry.

Physically, the inn is a three-winged building with a spacious courtyard (including statuary, a charming fountain, and benches cloistered among rose-clad nooks). The ground floor is constructed of ancient stone blocks, while the upper floors (there are two) are wood-beamed and painted with murals of the town market. An archway in the centre, through the courtyard, gives way to the inn’s main entrance (to the left), tradesman’s entrance (to the right), and the stables, at the rear. Hanging above the arch is the inn’s sign: a dried-up medlar fruit atop a luxurious cushion of purple velvet; a dog’s paw reaches in from one corner toward the fruit.

The interior of the inn exhibits a carefully curated balance between dim, rustic cosiness and timeless elegance. Tables in the common room are decked with linen, candles, and silver cutlery; liveried waiters serve guests at their seats; the aromas of fine cuisine waft from the kitchens. Only the finest minstrels are permitted to set foot upon the stage, situated between the double staircases to the guest rooms on the upper floor and beneath the overlooking balcony of the intimate “evening bar”, above.

In addition to the standard tavern fare (see *Wormskin* issue two) which is served in the common room, the Wrinkled Medlar offers sumptuous meals in several private dining rooms at the rear of the building.

Prices:

- ♦ Lodging for 6sp per night in a private room.
- ♦ Rental of a suite (a bedroom, dressing room, and lounge) for 15sp per night.
- ♦ Stabling (including fodder) for 6sp a night.
- ♦ A bath in private chambers for 4sp.

- ♦ Personal services (manservant, maid, barber, coiffeur, etc — strictly nothing seedy) can be arranged by the inn for 1gp per day.
- ♦ Sumptuous meals, served in a private dining room, for 1gp per person.
- ♦ A private dining room (seats up to 15) may be rented for purposes other than dining for 2gp per evening.
- ♦ Local ales and ciders for 12cp per pint.
- ♦ The finest of Prigwort's spirituous beverages. Price varies by brew; see later in this issue.

Proprietors

The Wrinkled Medlar is managed by the able hands of the identical twin brothers Hydball (Adran and Mollicop), their spouses, and their younger, unmarried sister, Maydrid. Adran and Mollicop are slick-haired men of stocky build, morose countenance, and serious mind. Adran (the elder, by several minutes) manages the inn's finances and orders, while Mollicop oversees the kitchens and staff. Maydrid, a slender, vivacious, and charming woman in her late twenties is the "face" of the inn, in a manner of speaking; while her brothers prefer to remain behind the scenes, Maydrid is often seen in the common room, welcoming guests and organising accommodation.

The Delegate of the Bardic Guild

A foppish dandy by the name of Sprediman Kneeeve keeps a small office behind an inconspicuous door at the back of the stage. He acts as the representative in Prigwort of the esteemed bardic guild² and can be seen sitting with critical attention beside the stage during performances and flitting between tables to lap up his share of praise after a particularly successful show.

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 2 The bardic guild has stationed representatives in performance venues throughout the land to check credentials and collect fees from unlicensed performers. In many cases, this guild representative is also a member of the Taverner's League. The guild aggressively defends its territory and actively persecutes performers who do not recognize its authority. Many a lone lutenist has gone missing on the road between towns after refusing to pay the required dues. The bardic guild in Dolmenwood will be described in a future article in *Wormskin*.

The Town Market

Every Frisk (the fifth day of the week), a bustling market takes place in the town square. Everyday clothing, household tools and items, common adventuring gear, farmyard animals, and brewing equipment are the main commodities for sale. A stall selling a selection of exquisite pastries and cakes from the bakery in hex 1206 is also usually present, under the care of 1d4 of the baker's daughters.

The Town Gate and the Bagwall

The extent of the town of Prigwort is bounded at the east by a short section of stone wall³. The Horse-Eye Road leads directly from the town square, through an ornamental, turreted gate (including portcullis and guard posts) and into Dolmenwood. Merchants (this includes adventurers who are obviously laden with treasure) are assessed for various taxes upon the goods that they carry in either direction through the gate. Bypassing the gate on one's way eastwards out of town is an offence.

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3 The partial town wall is a running joke among the locals. It is not, as may at first be surmised by outsiders, unfinished or partially destroyed, but is in fact a folly, of sorts. Some centuries ago, a local eccentric known now as Lord Bag-In-Hand had mind to relocate to Prigwort and build a manor there. This lord was, however, mortally afraid of squirrels (or rats, or badgers, or fairies — the tales vary). Undeterred, he commissioned a firm of builders from Castle Brackenwold to begin construction of a wall around Prigwort which would, by means of the polished mirrors to be affixed to the outer edge, without doubt repel the offensive creatures. After a year of work (and the completion of one-fifth of the wall), the builders upped and left, claiming that their employer had simply vanished. No more was heard of Lord Bag-In-Hand, except in folklore. Some believe that he died of the plague, alone in his isolated manor. Others claim that he was, in fact, the Earl of Yellow in disguise, playing a prank or granting some obscure and mysterious boon upon his subjects.

The Church of St Waylaine and the Walled Graveyard

Beside the gate, on the inner side of the wall, stands the church of St Waylaine of the Sack⁴ — a rambling structure with a narrow nave extended by many side-chapels of differing styles and antiquities.

A large, walled graveyard stands behind the church, at the edge of town. To anyone familiar with religious practices within Dolmenwood, it is obvious — from the Liturgic-engraved iron gates and fortified watch-tower — that the cemetery is under the protection of the order of lichwards⁵.

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4 Saint Waylaine is patron of executioners and axe-grinders. Accused of treason and tax evasion, the saint (then a vicar of low repute) was due to be killed by beheading. The executioner, however, was unable to bring the axe down upon the saint's neck, his limbs freezing at the apex of every strike. After the sub-executioner and the assistant executioner experienced the same anomaly, the saint was pardoned.

5The lichwards are a clerical order of the Church of the One True God, dedicated to Saint Signis the Silent. They have the special function of warding the souls of the dead and bringing to rest those lost souls who linger in the mortal world (i.e. the undead). The order may be found in all lands where the Church is active, but have taken on a much more elaborate and important function in Dolmenwood, where the souls of the deceased are believed to retain their connection to the corpse indefinitely. This is known, in scriptural terms, as “mortalism” and is a phenomenon of some dispute within the Church. There are those, on one extreme, who claim that the lingering souls of Dolmenwood are to play a vital role in some apocalyptic battle at the end of time. There are also those, on the other extreme, who believe the forest to be fundamentally accursed and advocate the utter destruction of the place.

Rumours in Prigwort

The following tales and gossip may be heard if PCs spend time in the common rooms of any of the town's public houses:

1. Something fishy is going on at the bakery in 1206. The miller says that their orders of flour are utterly insufficient for the extravagant quantity of pastry they produce. (*True. They get most of their dough from the magical pool behind the bakery.*)
2. The wyrm Chasobrithe was said to lair in the woods to the south, until it was slain by the noble Sir Windlass ("the laughing knight"). The body of the monster was never found. Its bones may lay in some forgotten grove, to this day. (*Partially true. The wyrm is not dead.*)
3. The baker in hex 1206 is said to have the power to bake enchanted cakes, for the right price. (*True.*)
4. The brewmasters' prize spirits have a secret ingredient, kept under tight guard. It is believed to be moss dwarf bones. The bones are procured from unscrupulous gravediggers who enter moss dwarf villages under cover of night. (*False.*)
5. A weapon of great magical potency — a staff topped with flaming antlers, known as the "awlfame" — is believed to be in the possession of the Watchers (the Drune) in this region. It is said that the antlers were procured from certain special stags who roam the forest to the east (hex 1306). (*Partially true. The weapon is no longer possessed by the Drune, having been stolen by a band of wild goatmen and brought to their master the Nag-Lord, who uses it as a toothpick.*)
6. If you travel west along Swinney Road, don't trust the waymarkings on Shub's Finger (hex 1005)! (*True.*)
7. Maydrid Hydball of the Wrinkled Medlar has regular written correspondence with a mysterious stranger in the woods. It is suspected that she is an apprentice witch and these letters contain her reports to the Witch Queen. (*False. She is in love with a wandering bard by the name of Gherigew Thorncripe, with whom she corresponds by letter.*)

8. The woods around the Sinkhole Creek as it flows into Longmere are accursed. Men who pass that way are doomed to fall upon each other in a fit of jealousy, no matter how deep their bond of friendship. (*True. See hex 0806, in Wormskin issue three.*)
9. Despite his long exile from Dolmenwood, Prigwort is still under the rule of the Cold Prince, who sends messages to the Brewmasters through the lips of ice statues which they keep hidden in their cellars. (*False. Such talk most likely comes from other travellers and may be based on the fact that the town pay fealty, in secret, to the Earl of Yellow.*)
10. The lords of Harrowmoor Keep are said to consort with a monstrous entity in the lake, which grants them wisdom in exchange for their mortal souls. Upon death, their bodies are cast into the loch to be taken to serve their unholy patron. (*Partly true. The Harrowmoor family do consult with an entity in the lake, but there is no sinister pact in place. Their bodies are interred in the crypt beneath the keep. See hex 1105.*)
11. The village of Odd, along Lochsbreth road, to the northeast, is famed for two things: their heathen ways (their church is used as a cow stall!) and the presence of the sage Philontimus the Wizened, an expert on pagan religions and foreign tongues. It is also of note that the people of the village themselves do not refer to the place by the name “Odd”, having their own secret monikers for their settlement. (*Mostly true. The church is not used to house cattle.*)
12. The Elevated Smyde, of the council of brewmasters has been suggesting some unusual policies of late, including the introduction of the position of an Overmaster of the Council. (He naturally proposes himself for the role.) While this may have its advantages — the council is notoriously slow in arriving at decisions — it would be a major break with tradition. (*True. Smyde has, in fact, come under the sway of the Duke’s court wizard, Paglimon the Perspicacious, and secretly intends to cut the town’s ties with the Earl of Yellow.*)

13. The most eligible woman in town is Maydrid Hydball, proprietress of the Wrinkled Medlar. Every dashing young man in town has made an attempt to woo her, but she rejects all, without exception. (True.) Some say that she has sworn herself to a fairy prince, whose return she awaits. (False.)
14. The Duke himself sometimes visits Prigwort, disguised as a merchant from distant Walthamthorp, wearing a green feather in his cap. The finest suite at the Wrinkled Medlar is always put at his disposal. (False.)
15. If you intend to travel westwards, it's quicker to use the shortcut indicated by the old signpost that stands about 10 miles along the Swinney Road (hex 1005). (False. This "advice" is given by someone with malicious or capricious intent.)
16. In the woods to the north-east can be found a standing stone of great mystery and power. The ghost of Lady Harrowmoor's great-great-grandmother — who was murdered at the site of the stone for her insolence at standing up to the waxing power of the Watchers — haunts the place. The stone is shunned by all sensible folk. (Partially true. The presence of the stone and the phantom is accurate, but the story about her origin is false.)
17. A moor of barrow mounds and treacherous bogs lies to the east in hex 1306. The place is said to be haunted by the restless spirits of ancient, pagan folk who jealously guard the accursed riches with which they were buried. (True.)
18. Beware the woods to the west of town (hex 1006): the trees are possessed of evil spirits and exude a poisonous fume into the air. All who go that way return with their flesh bruised and inflamed, if indeed they return at all. (Partially true. The cause of the curse is misunderstood.)



*Elevated Brewmasters Smyde and Wilfry
adjusting the spicing of a vat of Buckland Fizz.*



SPIRITUOUS BEVERAGES



Adventurers who find themselves in the inns and taverns of Prigwort are sure to want to sample the prize produce of the town: its spirituous brews. The generator table on the following page may be used to quickly select a random brew (roll 1d20 and read across the indicated row) or to generate a custom concoction (roll on each column, ignoring the first, “Name”).

Buying Spirits

The listed price is for a single measure of the spirit when purchased in Prigwort, at the source, as it were. Further afield, these beverages are likely to be more costly: anything up to three times the listed price. It may sometimes be possible to persuade a landlord to part with a whole bottle. This costs as much as twenty measures and contains twenty-three.

Effects of Spirits

When characters are drinking, have them make a CON check after each measure consumed. If the check fails, the character is drunk and comes under the noted effect.

Drunk in the Dungeon

Characters under the effects of alcohol while adventuring gain 1d3 temporary hit points (these disappear after a night's rest), but suffer a -1 penalty to attack rolls. Drunk wizards have a 1-in-4 chance of mis-casting spells, causing a backfire or magical mishap. Percentage chances of all thieving skills are halved.

d20	Name	Appearance	Taste	Effect (cost per measure)
1	Old Swythener	Colourless	Charred beech and honey	Rampant disorientation (5cp)
2	Wakelyke's scarlet	Deep red	Acrid	Gagging and shouting (4cp)
3	Cobsworth pale	Fizzing yellow	Cherry sirup	Pointed philosophical debate (5sp)
4	Distillation of dusk	Ultraviolet	Oaken	Listless lounging (7sp)
5	Lord Oberon's ambrosial	Inspid brown	Sour rosehip	Blissful reverie (1gp)
6	Buckland fizz	Clear and bubbly	Bitter herbs	Dreamlike visions (12sp)
7	Prigwort pure	Rich, emerald green	Woody salmon	Eloquent camaraderie (7sp)
8	Smooth Albsy	Yeasty grey	Peach and lemon	Jovial banter (1sp)
9	Pilston's heartbreaker	Milky white	Singed elderberries	Cackling and misdirected aggression (4cp)
10	Green aspintheon	Lime green	Like the smell of wet grass	Away with the fairies (per the spell <i>reveal the liminal</i> , see <i>Wormskin</i> issue two) (5sp)
11	Barrowblaster	Streaked black and white	Iron	Belching and goggling (9cp)
12	Ether of blue	Translucent aqua	Custard with a hint of skunk	Languid eroticism (5sp)
13	Prigwort tipple	Electric blue	Chestnut and fennel	Giddy hijinks (3sp)
14	Pokey nog	Egg-yolk yellow	Creamy	Rambunctious speaking in tongues (5sp)
15	Purple aspintheon	Pale mauve	Bitter liquorice	Clear-headed, feel immortal (1gp)
16	The night liqueur	Violent greenish-purple	Tasteless but astringent	Soporific languor (6sp)
17	Porrid's full moon	Profound indigo	Blackcurrant	Cathartic bellowing and screeching (1sp)
18	Marrowhyte dark	Black as midnight on a moonless night	Smoky bacon	Woozy empathy (2sp)
19	Minstrel's cordial	Frothy orange	Malted rye	Unexpected poetry (2sp)
20	Halthwidden's	Gloopy and grey	Plum and cinnamon	Indiscriminate sexual advances (3sp)



MONSTERS OF THE WOOD



Kelpie

HD: 5

AC: 6

Attacks: 1 × 1d6 (bite) and 2 × 1d4 (hooves)

Move: 180' (60') (on land and in water)

Morale: 8

Number Appearing: Solitary, no lair

Alignment: C

Intelligence: Wily

Size: L

XP: 350

Possessions: Bridle

Hoard: V/VII (remains of victims)

Demi-fey shapeshifters which dwell in rivers, lakes, and pools. Their primary form is that of a black horse, slick with foam and water, with a bridle of silver. Upon closer inspection, it may be noticed that the creature's bridle is in fact made of woven pondweed and its hooves are backwards. Unlike normal horses, kelpies are able to swim with extraordinary agility, both beneath and at the surface of the water. Occasionally, kelpies leave the water and wander along banks and bridges in the form of charming young men (3-in 4 chance) or women dressed in an old-fashioned, formal style. They can be recognised by the pond weed tangled in their hair.

In both their forms, kelpies can speak Woldish and Sylvan.

Special Abilities

Song: the beautiful song of a kelpie, heard lilting across a lake or river, is exquisite and enchanting to sentient beings who hear it. On a failed saving throw versus spells, the listener is compelled to venture toward the water's edge to meet the kelpie and mount its back (which can extend to carry up to a dozen individuals). After giving them a wild, aquatic ride, the kelpie will dive, drown its victims, consume their flesh, and leave their entrails by the water's edge.



Charming voice: the voice of a kelpie in human form can charm a person of the opposite sex (save vs spells). A victim will wander and tryst with the beast for a time, before being drowned and devoured at the water's edge. There is a 50% chance of a kelpie falling in love with a charmed victim of especial beauty (CHA 16+). When this happens, it will serve the person for 1d8 days before either fleeing or choosing to become permanently human (50% chance of either).

Vulnerabilities

Bridle: one not charmed by the kelpie's song may attempt to remove its bridle. This requires a successful unarmed attack roll and a save versus magical devices. If successful, the kelpie is bound to serve the one who holds its bridle for 1d8 days.

Iron and silver: like all creatures of fairy origin, kelpies are vulnerable to iron, suffering double damage from such weapons. Though they do not suffer additional damage when struck with silver weapons, a kelpie in human form who is damaged by silver reverts immediately to its equine form.

Traits (equine)

1. Dappled green and brown flanks.
2. Pearly eyes.
3. Covered in small snails and shellfish.
4. Glimmers as if in moonlight.
5. Eyes aflame with an unholy light.
6. Eyes and tongue rolling madly.

Traits (human)

1. Silver hair.
2. A horse's tail, hidden beneath clothing.
3. Whinnies with pleasure.
4. Reeks of raw fish (carried in a pouch).
5. Dripping wet.
6. Prancing skittishly.

Encounters

1. Cries and wails like those of a drowning child come from the steep bank of a nearby pool or stream. A kelpie lies in wait to attack any who approach.
2. A red-headed maid clad in white, charging through the brush atop a wild black horse (her kelpie lover). The pair are fleeing a group of the girl's fearful relatives — armed with pitchforks — who suspect the fairy nature of her newfound amour.
3. A dashing young gentleman (a kelpie) strolls beside a bubbling brook, muttering to himself “it must have been around here somewhere”. If addressed, he claims to be looking for his black horse, which he left in the area. If a woman is present in the party, the kelpie's voice will work its charm upon her. If she fails the saving throw, she will do whatever is in her power to slip away from the party and return to the stranger's aid.
4. A bundle of skins and a brace of pheasants lie beside a pool. Splashing and whoops of joy can be heard across the water. A grizzled hunter and a young lad are riding gleefully upon the back of a kelpie in the water, about to be drowned.

Wyrms

The dragons of Dolmenwood differ from those known in other realms. They are long, limbless, wingless wyrms of five subtypes associated with the five elements and the five bodily humours: black bile wyrms (earth), phlegm wyrms (water), blood wyrms (air), yellow bile wyrms (fire), and ichor wyrms (ether). Wyrms of the denser elements (black bile wyrms and phlegm wyrms) are the least long-lived, the least dangerous, and the most commonly encountered in Dolmenwood. Blood wyrms and yellow bile wyrms are more powerful and rarer. Ichor wyrms are mere legend — none are known to be extant in Dolmenwood and, even among sages of dragon-kind, their historical existence is debated.

The following characteristics are shared by wyrms of all kinds, with details on each of the subtypes following.

Reproduction and society: there are substantiated reports of clutches of wyrm eggs being discovered in their lairs; it is thus hypothesised that wyrms reproduce much as other reptiles do. However, the creatures are known to have a jealous loathing of others of their own kind, so it is not known how or when they meet to spawn. The distinction (if, indeed, one exists) between male and female wyrms is also not clear to human scholars.

Age: for the purposes of combat stats, wyrms are divided into four age categories: young, young adult, mature, ancient. In the following pages, statistics such as size, Hit Dice, and hoard are listed with four variants, one per age category, separated by dashes (e.g. HD 2 - 4 - 6 - 8). A wyrm's age also determines the chance that it is encountered in its lair or abroad: 7-in-8 young wyrms are encountered abroad, 5-in-8 young adults, 3-in-8 mature wyrms, and 1-in-8 ancient individuals.

Speech and intellect: all wyrms can speak their own tongue as well as that of serpents and the common tongue of men (Woldish), the latter with a varying degree of eloquence: the lesser wyrms are only capable of uttering the most simplistic phrases in Woldish, while the greater are silver-tongued and may speak additional languages (e.g. Sylvan, Old Woldish, and occasionally even High Elfish).

Magic: unlike the traditional chromatic / metallic dragons, the wyrms of Dolmenwood are not spell-casters. They do, however, have innate spell-like abilities (these vary by subtype).

Lairs, hoards, and sleeping: wyrms of all kinds make subterranean lairs where they mound up the treasure that they have amassed. Typically, they have short periods of activity — wherein they eat flesh and pillage treasure — followed by long periods of sleep. When a wyrm is encountered in its lair, there is a 50% chance of it being asleep. Wyrms are light sleepers, however, keeping one eye half-open, most of the time. It is thus difficult to catch one fully unawares. If adventurers manage to creep up on a sleeping wyrm without disturbing it (this requires careful stealth!), the beast is surprised on a 4-in-6 chance.

Energy immunity: wyrms are immune to acid and poison and cannot be harmed with mundane fire, lightning, or cold. They take half damage from magical fire, lightning, and cold.

Immunity to weapons: all wyrms possess a degree of immunity to damage by mundane weapons and magical weapons of +1 or +2 enchantment. (The degree of immunity to weapons varies by subtype.)

Regeneration: wyrms are able to naturally recover from grievous wounds, given time to rest. Even severed portions of their bodies will regrow.

Vulnerability: all wyrms possess a vulnerability by which mundane and lesser enchanted weapons may inflict normal damage. The exact nature of this vulnerability varies, however, by individual. Reconnaissance and research pay off, when facing a wyrm. The chart below gives some ideas for wyrm vulnerabilities, but the referee should consider inventing unique variations, to keep players guessing.

Wyrms Vulnerabilities

1. Exposure to daylight.
2. The presence of a pure-hearted virgin.
3. Hallowed ground.
4. The light of the full moon.
5. Unicorn horn.
6. The stench of rotting fish.
7. Atheist philosophy.
8. Pagan magic.

Wyrms Encounters Type

When a wyrm is encountered, roll d100 to determine its subtype and age:

d100	Wyrm Age and Subtype	Chance Found in Lair
01-16	Young Black Bile Wyrm	1-in-8
17-28	Young Adult Black Bile Wyrm	3-in-8
29-36	Mature Black Bile Wyrm	5-in-8
37-40	Ancient Black Bile Wyrm	7-in-8
41-52	Young Phlegm Wyrm	1-in-8
53-61	Young Adult Phlegm Wyrm	3-in-8
62-67	Mature Phlegm Wyrm	5-in-8
68-70	Ancient Phlegm Wyrm	7-in-8
71-78	Young Blood Wyrm	1-in-8
79-84	Young Adult Blood Wyrm	3-in-8
86-88	Mature Blood Wyrm	5-in-8
89-90	Ancient Blood Wyrm	7-in-8
91-94	Young Yellow Bile Wyrm	1-in-8
95-97	Young Adult Yellow Bile Wyrm	3-in-8
98-99	Mature Yellow Bile Wyrm	5-in-8
00	Ancient Yellow Bile Wyrm	7-in-8

Black Bile Wyrms

HD: 2 - 4 - 6 - 8

AC: 2

Attacks: 1 × 2d6 (bite) and 1 × 2d4 (tail / flank) or breath

Move: 180' (60') / 60' (20') burrowing

Morale: 9

Number Appearing: solitary, chance in lair depends on age

Alignment: C

Intelligence: Savage

Size: L (30' long) - H (80' long) - G (120' long) - G (150' long)

XP: 65 - 315 - 1,570 - 3,060

Possessions: None

Hoard: C/XX - D/XIX - F/XVII - H/XV

Lump-fleshed and prone to coiling, with brown-black, partially furred or feathered scales and leering, almost lupine faces. Black bile wyrms are cunning and rapacious monsters which delight in killing for its own sake. They use their ability to burrow through earth to lay ambush against unwary travellers, surprising 4-in-6.

Black bile wyrms have a lifespan of around two hundred years, reaching maturity after fifty.

Special Abilities

Immunity to attacks: black bile wyrms suffer half damage from mundane weapons and those of +1 or +2 enchantment.

Breath weapon: three times per day, a black bile wyrm may vomit up a gout of caustic black bile. All within a 10' wide stream up to 30' from the wyrm's mouth suffer damage equal to the wyrm's current hit point total, with a save allowed for half damage.

Commanding growl: in addition to their breath weapon, black bile wyrms are feared for their voice. Though they seldom speak in more than broken sentences, they may utter a growled command once per day, having the same effects as the clerical command spell.

Traits

1. Reeks of sulfur.
2. Eyes of phosphorescent amber.
3. Plume of lustrous, black feathers around the neck.
4. Vicious thorns at end of tail (tail attack does +2 damage).
5. Salivates and froths at the mouth.
6. Scales covered with moss.

Encounters

1. A knight of Duke Brackenwold, vainly battling a black bile wyrm in a bog. The man's horse is already slain and lies wrapped among the wyrm's coils.
2. A mound of freshly dug earth with an old woman's body lying bloody at the summit. A black bile wyrm lies concealed beneath the mound and will attack any who approach.
3. A black bile wyrm in a blood rage, crashing through the forest, levelling small trees as it passes. It has just ravaged a cluster of woodland huts and is hungry for more flesh.
4. A black bile wyrm enraged and coiled around an 8' sphere of black energy. Inside the sphere is a wizard (the sphere is a protective globe emanating from a ring he carries). He is waiting it out, but would be appreciative of any help from outsiders.

Lairs

1. The nest of a giant bird — possibly still containing an unhatched egg — amid the branches of a mighty tree. The wyrm is adept at climbing up and down the trunk.
2. A muddy hole burrowed out of the side of a hill.
3. A nest of feathers and furs in the deepest hole of a natural cave network. Outside, the bones and ravaged remains of victims are strewn around the cave mouth.
4. At the base of a natural canyon, overgrown with brambles at either end. (The wyrm descends down the sides.) The monster collects the blood of its victims in a basin at the centre of its treasure hoard.

Phlegm Wyrms

HD: 3 - 6 - 8 - 10

AC: 1

Attacks: 1 × 2d8 (bite) and 1 × 1d10 (tail / flank) or breath

Move: 180' (60') slithering or swimming

Morale: 8

Number Appearing: solitary, chance in lair depends on age

Alignment: N

Intelligence: Languid

Size: L (30' long) - H (80' long) - G (120' long) - G (150' long)

XP: 110 - 1,320 - 2,560 - 3,800

Possessions: None

Hoard: C/XX - D/XIX - F/XVII - H/XV

Elegant and sinuous, with scintillating silver-grey scales, weed-like fringes of purple, serpent-like faces, and flashing, golden eyes. Phlegm wyrms are the least aggressive of all their kind and can, at times (i.e. when not hungry) be treated with. They love gems and hypnotic music, above all.

Phlegm wyrms prefer to dwell in or close to water (they are able to breathe underwater) and have a lifespan of around four hundred years, reaching maturity after a hundred.

Special Abilities

Immunity to attacks: phlegm wyrms suffer only a single point of damage when hit by mundane weapons and suffer half damage from weapons of +1 or +2 enchantment.

Breath weapon: three times per day, a phlegm wyrm is able to spit out a great ball of venomous phlegm, targeting creatures in a 10' diameter up to 120' distant. Any caught within the phlegm take damage equal to the wyrm's current hit point total, with a save allowed for half damage.

Hypnotism: thrice per day, a phlegm wyrm's gaze may hypnotise an onlooker. This has the effects of the wizardly *suggestion* spell.

Traits

1. Dazzling scales reflect an unseen light.
2. Triple-forked, yellow tongue.
3. Third, violet eye in centre of forehead.
4. Loves riddles and speaks in rhyme.
5. Accompanied by smells of exotic, aromatic resins.
6. Covered in a clear slime.

Encounters

1. A pair of anglers atop a barge in a pool. The men cry out as the submerged silver coils of a phlegm wyrm agitate the water around them, rocking the barge.
2. A minstrel standing upon a large boulder, playing a frenetic melody on his pipe. At his feet, a phlegm wyrm writhes in hypnotic ecstasy. Disturbing the music could have grave consequences.
3. The serpentine head of a phlegm wyrm emerging from the undergrowth with a sack of pillaged coin in its teeth. A band of mercenaries has brought jewels to trade.
4. Commotion around a caravan toppled beside a stream or pool. A phlegm wyrm has darted from the water and is dragging the caravaneers to their doom.

Lairs

1. A murky pond beside a ruined mill. The wyrm stores its hoard beneath the old waterwheel.
2. A narrow passage behind a small waterfall leads into a dripping, stalactite-filled grotto where the wyrm lairs. All sound here is amplified in cascading echoes and threatens to bring down the stone spikes from above.
3. A pine-clad island in the centre of a bog. Cattle may be found, tied at the edge of the bog — sacrificial offerings from local people to appease the wyrm.
4. In a pool — once tended by nymphs — at the top of a skyfall (a waterfall which “falls” upwards into the sky).

Blood Wyrms

HD: 4 - 8 - 10 - 12

AC: 0

Attacks: 1 × 2d10 (bite) and 1 × 2d6 (tail / flank) or breath

Move: 240' (80') flying or slithering

Morale: 9

Number Appearing: solitary, chance in lair depends on age

Alignment: C

Intelligence: Fluent

Size: L (30' long) - H (80' long) - G (120' long) - G (150' long)

XP: 355 - 3,060 - 4,500 - 5,200

Possessions: None

Hoard: D/XIX - F/XVII - H/XV - H/XV

Deep crimson in colour, with human-like faces, pupil-less blue eyes, a ridge of barbs or antlers at the neck, and a thorny, whip-like tail. Blood wyrms are cruel and scheming, often enslaving lesser beings to do their bidding.

Blood wyrms are believed to have a lifespan of around a thousand years, reaching maturity after two hundred.

Special Abilities

Immunity to attacks: blood wyrms are immune to mundane weapons and suffer half damage from weapons of +1 or +2 enchantment.

Breath weapon: three times per day, blood wyrms are able to vomit forth a great gout of boiling blood, 120' long and 15' wide. All caught in the area of the stream must save versus breath weapons or suffer damage equal to the wyrm's current hit point total.

Charm: the voice of a blood wyrm carries a powerful enchantment. Those who hear the beast's words must save versus spells or be affected as per charm person. Those who resist the charm are immune to its effects in the future.

Flight: blood wyrms are able to fly with sinuous agility. Having no wings, their flight is seemingly by magic.

Traits

1. Causes others to weep blood in its presence.
2. Antlers decorated with skulls of victims.
3. Leaves a trail of clotted blood in its wake.
4. Long, orange beard.
5. Reeks of carrion.
6. Two lesser mouths which speak in unison with the primary.

Encounters

1. A blood wyrm plummets to earth (perhaps with a chance of crushing player characters!) harried by a swarm of griffons in the service of a powerful wizard. They are instructed to kill the monster and retrieve its body.
2. A lone knight in the livery of a templar of St Gondyw, in battle with a blood wyrm. The knight rejects any offers of aid, apparently being engaged in some duel of honour. The wyrm's servants (a motley band of brigands) lurk nearby, ready to pounce at an opportune moment.
3. Wild-eyed elves — the charmed victims of a blood wyrm — who attack all they encounter and drag the captives to their master, the wyrm, which waits nearby.
4. A heavily guarded merchant caravan, unloading all of their most precious goods into chests by the roadside. A blood wyrm speaks from bushes, threatening doom if they do not comply.

Lairs

1. A ruined manor house, recently partially cleared and repaired. A blood wyrm has made its lair in the banquet hall and is attended by six charmed servants, who treat the monster like a king.
2. A natural cave system inhabited by a clan of moss dwarfs, all of whom have come under the charms of a blood wyrm. They serve the monster as their god, tricking strangers with feigned hospitality, only to be sacrificed to the wyrm in the night.
3. Upon a magical, floating sky-island, among the ruined laboratories of the wizard who created it. All manner of curious, magical treasures may be among the wyrm's hoard.
4. A hidden cleft among high, rocky peaks, nigh inaccessible on foot. A tribe of wild goatmen dwell in the peaks and serve the wyrm.

Yellow Bile Wyrms

HD: 5 - 10 - 12 - 14

AC: -1

Attacks: 1 × 2d10 (bite) and 1 × 2d6 (tail / flank) or breath

Move: 240' (80') flying or slithering

Morale: 9

Number Appearing: solitary, chance in lair depends on age

Alignment: C

Intelligence: Erudite and treacherous

Size: L (30' long) - H (80' long) - G (120' long) - G (150' long)

XP: 950 - 4,500 - 5,200 - 6,000

Possessions: None

Hoard: D/XIX - F/XVII - H/XV - H/XV

Deep tan or tarnished gold in hue, with grotesquely misshapen heads, huge, bulbous eyes of pure black, and tufts of wispy, white hair around the muzzle and along the extent of the body. Yellow bile wyrms are hoarders of more than just gold: they also greatly value knowledge and their enormous lifespans enable them to amass it in great quantity. They feign wisdom and cooperation, while always scheming to abuse and betray. Over many centuries of such behaviour, yellow bile wyrms tend to develop a bitter and melancholic mindset, hateful of all other sentient life. The full lifespan of yellow bile wyrms is not known, being well beyond the extent of human knowledge. They are believed to reach maturity after about five hundred years.

Special Abilities

Immunity to attacks: yellow bile wyrms are immune to normal weapons and suffer only one point of damage when hit by weapons of +1 or +2 enchantment.

Breath weapon: thrice per day, a yellow bile wyrm may belch forth a 60' cone of sticky, caustic, yellow bile. Any caught within the cone take damage equal to the wyrm's current hit point total, with a save allowed for half damage. The bile also causes damage in the round following the breath attack, as it drips off — 2d6 damage to those who failed the save and 1d6 to those who succeeded.

Aura of Fear: the mere presence of a yellow bile wyrm causes lesser beings to quake. All beings of less than 8 HD or levels must save versus paralysis or be afflicted by *hold person* or *fear* (50% chance of either).

Flight: yellow bile wyrms are able to fly with sinuous agility. Having no wings, their flight is seemingly by magic.

Traits

1. Huge, fatty jowls.
2. Bifurcated tail.
3. Milky pus, oozing from between the scales.
4. Lolling, violet tongue.
5. Dozens of small, white eyes on the cheeks and forehead.
6. Twisted, black tusks.

Encounters

1. A yellow bile wyrm flies overhead, bellowing. The nearest settlement is likely to be in grave danger.
2. A yellow bile wyrm, accompanied by a host of wild goatmen, engaged in tense negotiations with a delegation of drune and their wicker servitors. Third parties will be expelled with great violence. Those who approach stealthily may overhear plans to besiege the court of the Nag-Lord.
3. A yellow bile wyrm lounging in the sun atop a hillock. If approached, the monster claims to be on a pilgrimage, seeking redemption at the ruined abbey of St Clewd (see *Wormskin* issue three). In truth, it is resting after having eaten sixteen pilgrims. It is laying upon their equipment, including a holy banner of St Vinicus “thrice-hanged”.
4. A fairy lady, clad in dewdrops, whispering in the ear of a yellow bile wyrm that lies beside a misty pool, discussing ancient days. There is a 50% chance of the wyrm suddenly swallowing the elf whole (she may survive for a few rounds).

Lairs

1. A huge cavern deep underground. The wyrm has cultivated a menagerie of slimes, moulds, and jellies to protect the multitude of passages which lead to its lair.
2. The ruins of an old church (patron saint may be determined at random). Among the catacombs, the wyrm has amassed a collection of books, whose pages it leafs through by delicately blowing on them.
3. Atop a stormcloud which looms permanently above this section of the wood.
4. A hall of wood, erected by a group of sorcerer-acolytes who worship the wyrm. It shares enigmatic tidbits of its vast knowledge-hoard with them, in exchange for their servitude.



*Presenting the
People and Places
of Pastoral and
Perilous Prigwort*



NECROTIC



GNOME