

Midderzine

More green for your game

IN THIS ISSUE:

More fodder for your
'The Midderlands' OSR
campaign setting.

Rumours from The Haven
Gazette.

Details on the village of
Stonecastle.

3 new monsters:
The Catvile, Gloomrat, and
Devil's Goat.

The Crowmaster class.

New Oddities, Flora, and
Fauna including: Catvile
Spittle, Demonfeathers, and
Plague Flies.

Jim Magnusson:
The Scandinavian Artist
Sensation.

And more...



Issue 1
September 2018



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SUBMISSIONS

DO YOU WANT TO CONTRIBUTE AN ARTICLE OR ARTWORK TO THE MIDDERZINE?

Why not drop an email to glynn@monkeyblooddesign.co.uk with the title 'Middertzine Article' with a quick overview. It can be really short (a few sentences), or a couple of pages.

If we use it, you will be credited above in the relevant issue and receive a complimentary softcover copy.

WHERE CAN I EXCHANGE COINS FOR MIDDERLANDS STUFF?

Well, here: <http://www.drivethrurpg.com/browse/pub/7771/MonkeyBlood-Design>

Here: <http://monkeyblooddesign.co.uk/The-Midderrlands>

And here: <http://monkeyblooddesign.co.uk/Middertzine>

Keep an eye out for future Kickstarter projects too.



GS
2017

INTRODUCTION

WELCOME TO THE MIDDERZINE, ISSUE I!

This is a fanzine for The Midderlands campaign setting for old school games. Although The Midderlands was written for *Swords & Wizardry Complete*, it works with all the old school games and retroclones with little or no conversion. Hell, you can even adopt it for any fantasy roleplaying game.

Within this issue you can find news articles, information about locations, NPCs, monsters, races, classes, oddities, spells, flora, fauna, and just about anything to do with the Midderlands, the Haven Isles, and further afield.

When The Midderlands was successfully Kickstarted back on 31 July 2017, I had no idea that it would be so very well-received. I didn't realise that it would motivate creation of a second book also driven by Kickstarter funding (The Midderlands Expanded, along with its Rivers & Lakes supplement).

At this time, there are two further hardcover books planned for Kickstarter, some adventure hook cards, a card game called WitchPig, and more issues of this 'zine.

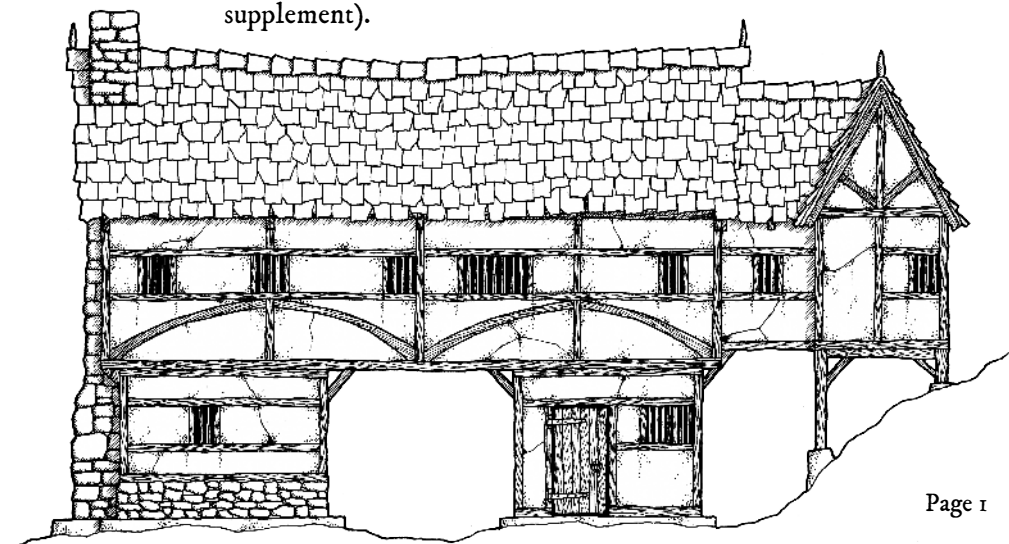
The setting belongs as much to the fans and supporters as it does us, and it's a truly wonderful feeling to create something that has spread so far and wide. The pinnacle of that support was winning a gold medal at the 2018 ENnie awards.

So, thank you. All of you.

It is currently undecided on the frequency of this 'zine, but as soon as enough content has been collated for the next one, the layout and art can be undertaken and a new issue can be released on the world, making the green and unpleasant land of The Midderlands grow even larger.

We hope you enjoy the extra official content, and hope to gather some fan-provided content in later issues.

Thanks so much, Glynn (Sep 2018).



MEET THE MIDDERLANDER

This piece is where we promote the work of another person that has helped in our process and journey of self-publishing, and whose work we greatly admire. This issue, it is...

JIM MAGNUSSON

WHERE DO YOU LIVE AND IS IT COOL?:

I live in the north of Sweden in a city called Umeå. It is a university city so the populace is quite young and diversified. This city has many RPG-players and is probably the only Swedish place that is host to no-less-than-four OSR conventions per year.

WHAT IS YOUR CURRENT FAVOURITE RPG?:

At the moment, my favourite RPG is playing *The Middlerlands* (in Gaulandia) with *Ut mot skären* – a Swedish little hack. It has a sweet *Into The Odd* feeling.

WHAT IS YOUR ALL-TIME FAVOURITE RPG?:

AD&D 2nd Edition.

WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE MIDDERLANDS-RELATED THING?:

I do not think anyone has noticed but have

you seen the art style of Glynn Seal? I mean, he should get some award for his cartography or something!

IF YOU LIVED IN THE MIDDERLANDS, WHERE WOULD YOU LIVE?:

I would settle down in Bear Maw, it is along the coast and I should feel at home.

ARE YOU A SELF-TAUGHT ARTIST?:

I went to art school but I hardly think they taught me my particular style. I did learn though that painting is way-more-boring than illustrating the fantastical.

WHAT IS YOUR BEST PIECE OF ART TO DATE AND WHERE CAN WE SEE IT?:

I do like the illustrations in the *The Middlerlands - Rivers and Lakes* appendix book, and my wife and I have 21 illustrations in James Raggi's (LotFP) 44-page *Sounds of the Mushroom Kingdom* book, it has art on every second page, and the Mooshroom is funny.

DO YOU HAVE A WEBSITE?:

I have skipped creating any websites and mainly keep to Google+. I love the open community feeling over there.

HOW CAN WE COMMISSION YOU?:

If someone wants to commission me it is best to just to ask me on G+.



THE HAVEN GAZETTE

THE LATEST IN HUSHED MURMURINGS FROM ACROSS HAVENLAND

THIS MONTH'S GAE/GRIMM COUNT

Murders	105
Hangings	322
Burnings	29
Taken in the night.....	72
Possessions	12

Turned into devil	13
Drowned	265
Mudcow stampede	8
Explosion	12
Lost at sea	734
Executed by Witchfinders ...	92

Lost in the Middergloom	71
Consumed by neighbours.....	6
Missing	1,720
Taken by a plague	422
Spontaneously combusted	40.5
Consumed by badgers	19.5

THE LEPER KNIGHTS OF SAINT CORROBIN IN HELM'S FORD

In Helm's Ford last week, the growing group known as the Leper Knights of Saint Corrobin were granted rights to erect a monastery on the outskirts of the 'Without' part of town. Many of the townsfolk are unhappy about the close proximity to the disfigured and contagious outcasts, but Lord Porc Turmeric has confirmed that they are part of a defensive strategy for the town and anyone who obstructs the rights afforded to them will be dealt with harshly.

GAMBLER PRIEST 'WINS' KEEP

Earlier this month, Edmund Fester of Holl – a divine gambler – won the deeds for an old keep just north of Darlow, near Wodensberry. Unknown to him at the time, the place is avoided by most and also weighed down by a huge debt of taxes and other liabilities accrued over years. The unsuspecting cleric – whose faith lies in The Watcher from the Shore – was less-than-lucky in a drunken gambling setup at the Golden Fountain Tavern. Allegedly, his companions were highly amused by his reckless behaviour.

GARDEN GOBLIN'S CORNER

Musings from our resident garden expert, Mulch Fertilwiddle.

As a Garden Goblin, I am always asked about the best way to maintain slug-free turnips. My answer is to eat them.

I appreciate that not all folk like the taste of a particularly juicy and wriggly slug, so the other way is to create a protective circle of salt. Now, I don't want you to kill these tasty delicacies, so this method acts as a ward to deter them instead. Here's how I do it:

Using salt, create a circle around the area you want to protect. It is best dispensed from a bottle with a generous opening. Trace a ring around the protected area taking care not to tread on the salt as you do this. Once the circle is completed, you must state in a loud and commanding voice, "*Salt! Behold, for I am the Salt Master, and this circle shall be a ward against those of slugkind. Heed me, and fear me. Salt, salt, salt!*"

Once done, you may sit back and relax. I can suggest a nice cup of Broom tea, sipped in a three-sip-two-slurp manner.



A Shroomsbury Guard about to become missing.

SHROOMSBURY GUARD PLAGUED BY DEMONIC EYES

Reports have reached us that the town guards of Shroomsbury are being taken from their watchtowers and guard stations in the night, without leaving a trace. Victrus Dallaby, a local net mender, told the Gazette that he saw glowing blue eyes in the darkness, then the guard just disappeared into the gloom beyond.

TAX COLLECTOR GOES MISSING

A tax collector, originally from Leechfield but residing in the hamlet of Battlecroft in Staffordshire, has gone missing.

Ivan Mulharrow was last seen in The Cock & Pocket Inn west of Battlecroft just before the inn collapsed into a

sinkhole. His body has not been recovered, but a witness reported seeing him escape from the rim of the sinkhole on that rainy evening. His Battlecroft home has not been visited since, and many suspect foul play.

WITCHPIG CRAZE SWEEPING THE HAVEN ISLES

The card game of WitchPig is sweeping across the Haven Isles. The gambling game, which is said to be esoteric and shrouded in hidden mysticism, is frowned upon by those of a theological persuasion, and it is deemed a ritual device of devils, witches, and warlocks.

The Witchfinder General, Lord Tolbein Moorcock of the Grand Malefizhaus in Great Lunden, has issued an order to all witchfinders that anyone found playing the game should be arrested and investigated for their possible allegiances to devilry.



A typical WitchPig card.

SHARKFOLK TERRORISE SCAR BURG

Sharkfolk have been carrying out daring night-time raids on the twin harbours of the town of Scar Burg. It is unusual for sharkfolk to raid as far north as the town, and it is believed that either their usual food sources have been depleted by larger predators, or a large group of more malign sharkfolk has broken away from an existing Dog Sea tribe under the influence of a daring and fearless leader.

The raids have generally focused on stealing catches of fish, and more recently, a raid on the harbour front around the Harboured Grudge Inn saw townsfolk dwellings being raided and set alight.

Lord Basen has asked for assistance in stopping the raiders, but in the meantime, underwater nets and patrol barges protect the harbour entrance at night.

MONUMENT TO THE QUEEN VANDALISED

The Havenland Monument in Yawmouth has been vandalised by unknown hands. The majestic statue perched on the top of an ornate column of stone has had her head removed.

The criminality – which occurred overnight, two weeks ago – prompted a frantic, three-day search, but as yet, the head has not been found. Lord Greycraw of Yawmouth has issued a reward of 200 gold quids for its safe return. Additionally, he has been

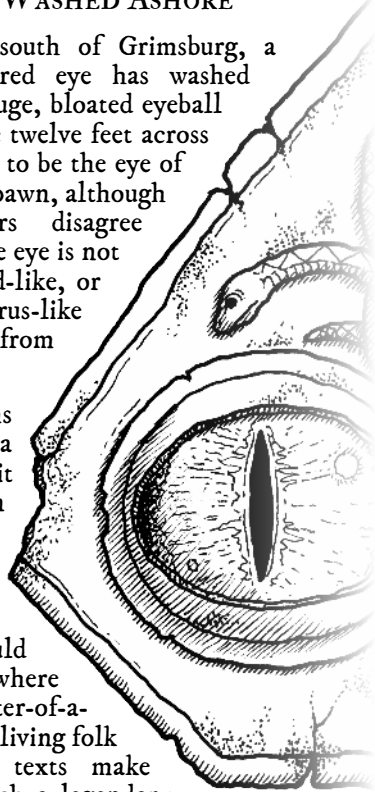
pressured by the Queen's advisors to treat the perpetrators with the same fate as the monument, and have their heads removed.

GIANT EYE WASHED ASHORE

On a beach south of Grimsburg, a gigantic, severed eye has washed ashore. The huge, bloated eyeball measures some twelve feet across and is thought to be the eye of a Leviathan Spawn, although some scholars disagree stating that the eye is not fish-like, squid-like, or even walrus-like enough to be from that creature.

The eye seems to be of a serpent, and it has been suggested that if it belonged to a serpent or snake form, then it would have to be anywhere up to quarter-of-a-mile long. No living folk or historical texts make mention of such a legendary beast.

The eye remains a mystery, but one that the Queen and her spymaster have taken a great deal of interest in.



HEXES & UNIQUE LOCATIONS

PLINTH OF DULLEN FIELDS

The Midderlands Map Hex 0610

To the west of Weston Netherly, on the borders of the Weston Moors, lies a field of headstones. These gravemarkers are all that remain of a conflict that occurred six hundred years ago, between the Lords of the towns of Shroomsbury and Staffleford.

It is said that a witch hexed the old Lord of Shroomsbury, and he became possessed by a devil. Staffleford had acted to prevent the malignancy from spreading. However, the Lord of Shroomsbury also believed the same about the Lord of Staffleford, and had acted in the same manner.

The whole subterfuge was the work of an actual witch living in Tealford and serving the ruler, Sir Jobe Stalton. Together they had hoped to rid at least one of the lords, whom they disliked for treating Tealford with disdain and unimportance.

As the Battle of Dullen Fields raged, news of the treachery reached both lords, and they ceased their fight. The witch and Sir Stalton where found and executed on the spot in the field where the plinth now stands.

The plinth is a series of six

stacked and progressively smaller, circular steps. The largest and bottom-most step is 12 feet in diameter, and each step is two foot high and 2 feet less in diameter.

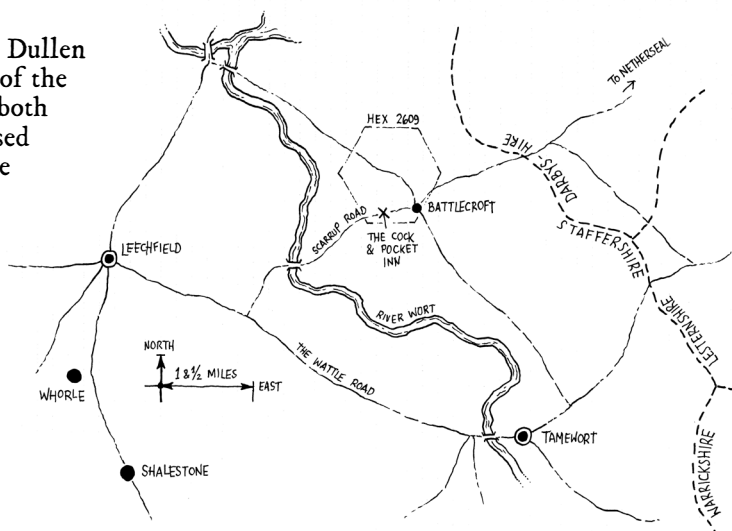
Every thirteen years after the exact moment of the execution of the witch, the plinth begins to vibrate, hum, and emit an acrid green smoke. A pitted, dark stone, about 2 feet across appears and starts spinning for 13 days.

Any that touch the stone disappear, only reappearing in the Dullen Fields when the stone ceases its 13 days of spinning, and the plinth returns to normal. The disappeared have no recollection of being elsewhere.

THE RUINS OF THE COCK & POCKET INN

The Midderlands Map Hex 2609

If you turn off the Wattle Road between Leechfield and Tamewort, you can follow the Scarrup Road northeast towards Netherseal. Before it reaches the hamlet of Battlecroft, but after it



crosses the River Wort at Peabody Bridge, you come across the remains of The Cock & Pocket Inn.

Until a few months ago, a two-storey inn stood here. It now lies shattered in the bottom of the sinkhole that swallowed it one fateful night. The remains of the southern garden walls, stables, as well as a few piles of stones that were once part of the outside bog and front entrance porch, still stand on the precarious edges of the hole. The rest of the inn lies 80 feet below.

The inn was once home to Isabella Coleman who has now moved to Leechfield and took over the running of The Rampant Hedgehog Inn and Massage Parlour.

Buried in the rubble of the sinkhole, a muddy shaft slides down over a hundred feet further into the gloom below. The descent ends in a water-filled cave, and further investigation finds that a submerged passageway leads further into the subterranean.

At night, those peering into the sinkhole have reported wisps of beryl-hued mist and unearthly noises.

RATDOG TOR

The Miederlands Map Hex 3615

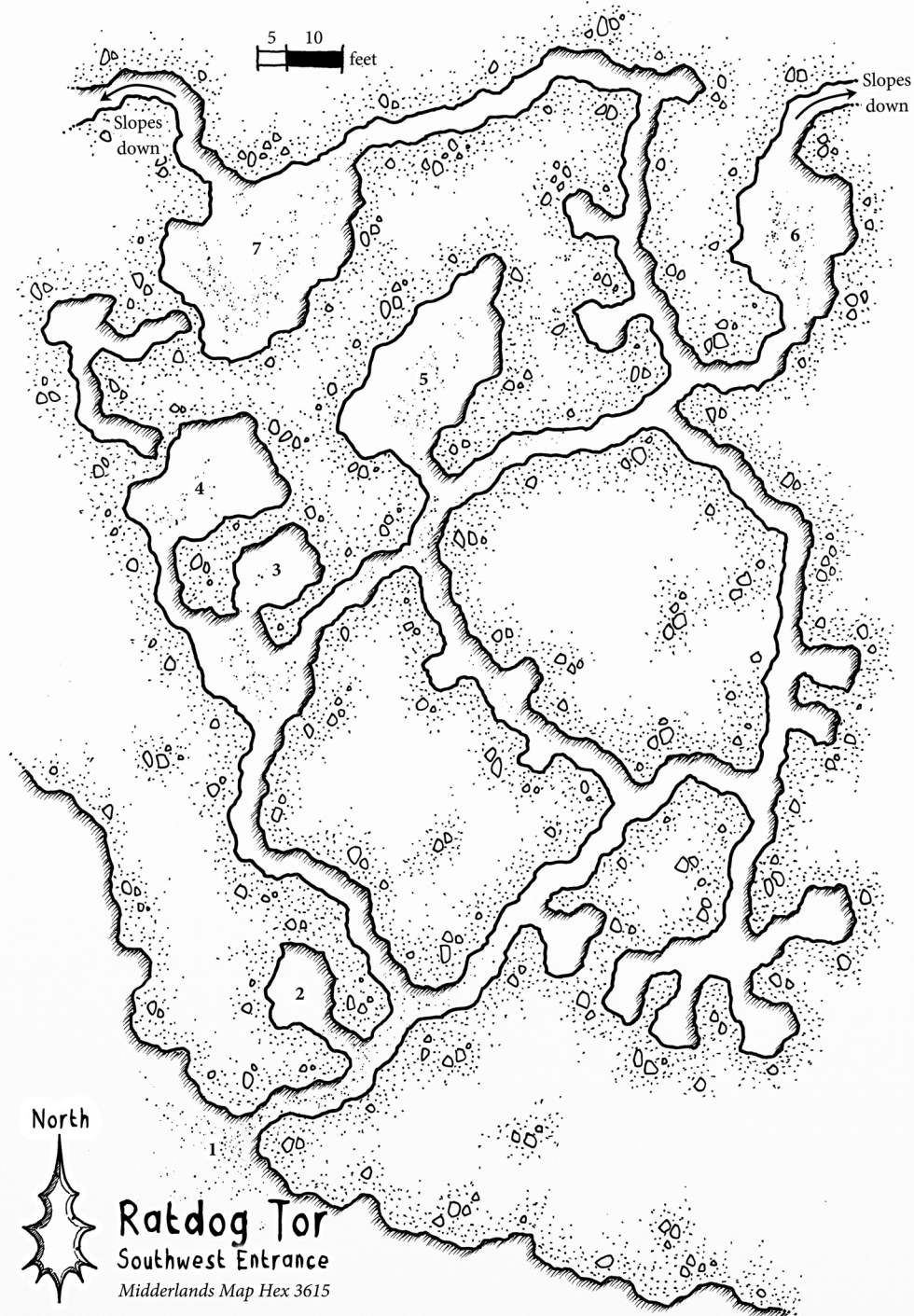
This location is briefly described in *The Miederlands - An OSR Setting & Bestiary* on page 213.

"A solitary, rocky tor rises out of the ground ahead. The slopes are covered in large rocks and scree. Amongst this, several large, burrowed openings lead into warrens within the tor. These warrens are home to a pack of short-borned ratdogs. Inside the warrens, carcasses and bones of various species litter the floor."

The map on the following page details the warrens from a single opening on the southwestern side of the tor.

General: Throughout the warren, there are nooks and crannies where sleeping ratdogs lie.

1. **ENTRANCE:** The ground before the entrance to the warrens slopes up, and is littered with scree, bones and ratdog shit. Anyone scrambling up the scree will alert the ratdogs in Area 2.
2. **WATCHDOGS:** Two ratdogs can be found here, and will start yapping and yelping an alert before aggressively defending the entrance. In 2 rounds another six ratdogs will come from various places in the warrens.
3. **LITTER:** a venerable, female ratdog rests here with her litter of ten pups. She is weak and barks angrily, but doesn't fight unless provoked. She will aggressively defend her pups.
4. **ALPHA:** Redthroat, the alpha male ratdog of the pack can be found in this part of the tor.
REDTHROAT: HD:4, AC: 6 [13], Atk: Bite (1d8), SV: 14, Special: Headbutt, Pack Attack, Ratdog Disease, MV: 24, AL: Chaotic, CL/XP: 6/400.
5. **PACK DEN:** There are twelve ratdogs here.
6. **NORTHEAST PACK:** This chamber is home to five ratdogs that protect the pack from the northwestern pack that resides in the tor.
7. **MIDDERGLOOM:** This chamber is home to six ratdogs that protect the pack from incursions from below. The passage leads down into the chthonic depths.



North



Ratdog Tor

Southwest Entrance

Middlerlands Map Hex 3615

NEW VILLAGE (4)

STONECASTLE

The Haven Isles Map Hex M21

The village of Stonecastle is ruled over by the Fellchurch family, and the current ruler is Sir Uriah Fellchurch (see *The Midderlands Expanded* page 182). Sir Fellchurch treats the villagers well, and they respect him.

The village falls under the governance of Stoke Pottington, and its Lord Josiah Hedgewood. Stonecastle tends to self-run under the steady hand of Fellchurch, so the Claymasters and Clay Guard have very little cause to intervene unless taxes are not getting paid.

The villagers work hard and make their living from the river, surrounding woods, and farming. Consequently, the tithe barn is always well-stocked.

1. NORTH STONE CIRCLE

This is a very old stone circle, and is reported to have been in this location for more than 450 years, which shows, as all the stones are worn and

weathered. The circle comprises ten, four-foot-high stones in the outer ring, and three, larger 8 foot-high stones clustered in the centre.

What no-one knows is that the three central stones are the final resting places of The Coven of Blood. Two witches and a warlock are entombed in the stones. Their bodies were hung, drawn, flayed and stripped to skeletons, then they were encased in mud, which was then turned to stone. The three stones were then placed upright in-situ, and protected by an outer ring of warding stones.

The northernmost stone has weathered more than the others, and a very close inspection reveals what looks to be a fragment of bone breaking the surface.

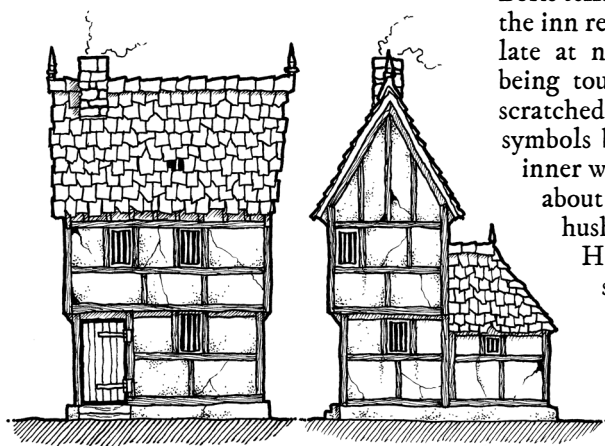
Should one or all of The Coven of Blood be freed from their stone tombs, an unknown curse will beset the lands.

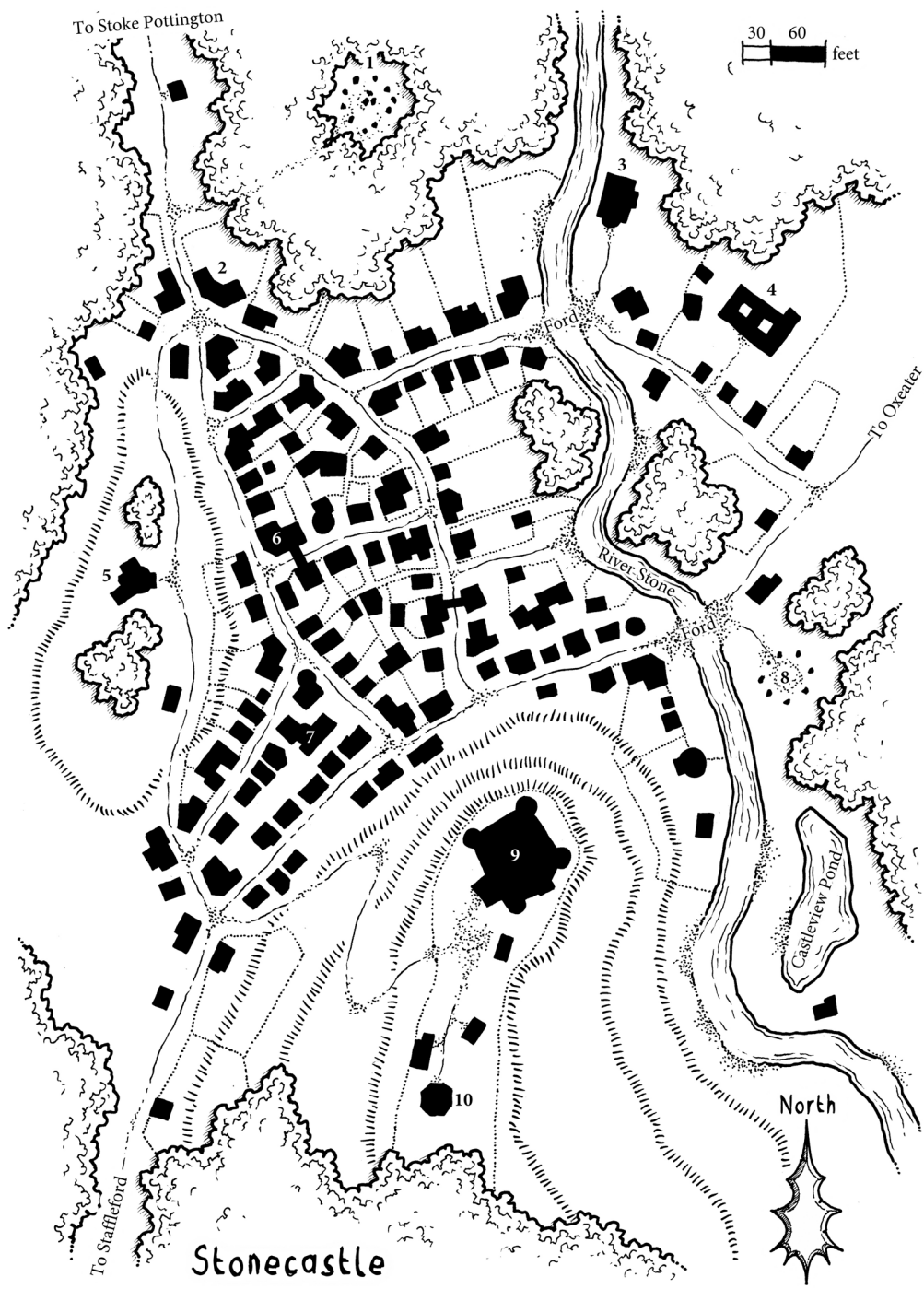
2. THE TICKLED TENCH INN

Run by the affable Boris Walteson and his daughter Beckatrice, The Tickled Tench is a good place to stay in Stonecastle. Reasonable food and good ales.

Boris tells of a spirit that has moved into the inn recently, as he has seen shadows late at night, things moving without being touched, strange symbols being scratched on mirrors and glass, and symbols being daubed in blood on the inner walls. He's a little 'freaked out' about it, but also trying to keep it hushed up in case it affects trade.

His daughter has also seen the shadows of three figures walk through the walls and out into the yard and the woods beyond.





To Stoke Pottington

30 60
feet

Ford

River Stone
Ford

To Oxeter

Castleyview Pond

North

To Staffleford

Stonecastle

STONECASTLE MAP KEY:

1. North Stone Circle
2. The Tickled Tench Inn
3. Gael's Hall (Church to Gael)
4. Master Grubbing's Villa
5. Tithe Barn
6. The Wet Toad Inn
7. Oggin's General Store
8. Upping Stone Circle
9. Stonecastle Keep
10. Puddling Beacon

3. GAEL'S HALL (CHURCH)

Next to the river is a well-kept church built of stone, with a stained glass window depicting Gael ascending the heavens embracing a farmer who in turn is clutching a lamb under one arm, and a piglet under the other.

This church to Gael is maintained by Father Trent Morley – a deeply-religious man by day, and a devil-worshipping, lycanthrope by night. When affected, he takes the form of a werpig and heads east towards Oxewater where several outlying farms have been menaced.

4. MASTER GRUBBING'S VILLA

Master Grubbing is a bastardly man who has seen almost fifty winters. His villa is enclosed with a ten-foot-high stone wall. It seems unclear as to how his fortune was made and if questioned, he seems vague and elusive.

Sir Felchurch leaves Grubbing alone as long as his taxes are paid.

5. TITHE BARN

A large building that contains the tithe taxes paid by the villagers. The large

building is made of timber and stone and supported on over a hundred saddle stones to prevent rats from spoiling the grains inside.

6. THE WET TOAD INN

The Wet Toad is a slightly rundown establishment and attracts the less-discerning client. A precarious walkway spans the roadway and connects the main taproom to the sleeping rooms. The clientele often amuse themselves in the late-evening by aiming wheat-smelling piss on those that walk under it.

The inn is run by Tode Underhill, an industrious and charming halfling with a desire to cash in on anything. He offers an escort service for women of the village and beyond, and chooses from a selection of fine men that are eager to earn some extra money.

7. OGGIN'S GENERAL STORE

Peekul Oggin runs Oggin's General Store. Peekul is a hook-nosed wart goblin and his stock is wide and varied. If it isn't available in the store, he will send his older and simpler brother, Deekul, to go find it. All items from the *Swords & Wizardry Complete* rulebook Table 20: General Equipment, can be found here at +20% of the cost.

Other more unusual non-magic items can be obtained at the Game Masters discretion for +50% of the usual cost. Lesser magic items can be obtained or +200% of the cost.

What many do not know is that Peekul is an agent for the Feathered Coin (see *The Miederlands Expanded* page 134). Anyone that watches the premises will occasionally see Deekul head out of the

back to release a jackdaw with a message tied to its feet. The same bird (or certainly one similar) can sometimes be seen returning. This is Peekul's way of communicating with his handler in Coven Tree.

8. UPPING STONE CIRCLE

This stone circle comprises eight upright stones, each six feet tall, and carved with weather-worn symbols. The top of each stone is pierced with a square hole facing in towards the centre of the circle, and some suggest that it may have once supported timbers to create some kind of shelter. The circle's original purpose is long-forgotten.

9. STONECASTLE KEEP

The home of Sir Uriah Fellchurch and the family before him for the last 116 years. This large, stone keep sits on the steep hill known as Fellchurch Rise overlooking the village. It is occupied by a force of thirty guards, and tunnels below the keep are stocked with additional food stocks for when times are hard, and taxes are still to be paid.

10. PUDDLING BEACON

On Fellchurch Rise is another structure known as Puddling Beacon. A tall, octagonal tower, with an unlit beacon fire atop it. The tower has three floors, with the topmost being exposed to the elements and generally covered in pigeons and shit, but those who are willing to risk slipping over on the greasy stone floor get a commanding view of Stonecastle, and the Peek Forest in the distance to the north.

The tower is manned at all times by two guards who keep a caged intestinal hawk as a pet, which they have named Polly.

Despite the innocuous name, Polly is mean-spirited and spite-filled from her captivity and frequent teasing.

If the guards feel threatened by intruders, they will open the cage to let Polly loose. It is as yet unclear as to whom she will side with, although she has associated the guards tabards with pain and suffering.

RIVER STONE

The river passes through Stonecastle and is forded at two places. A trickle in the summer and autumn months, the level rises in spring and especially in winter when the snows melt.

Six winters ago, flooding of the river almost reached Master Grubbing's Villa to the east and as far as the first road to the west.

Lots of small fish suitable for eating can be found close by, and even some decent perch.

CASTLEVIEW POND

This pond is deep and a remnant oxbow lake from when the river chose a different path. Unbeknownst to many, the pond is home to a friendly Redlure Stickleback. Known as Sloosh-fin-mantang. The redlure has made friends with Tode Underhill of The Wet Toad Inn and at night they regularly sit in the old hut, south of the pond, to discuss matters of importance.

NEW CULT

THE EYELESS HARROWERS

The Midderlands Map Hex 0603

The Eyeless Harrowers live in a sprawling, white-washed monastery topped with russet tiles. It is surrounded by fields lined with old oaks and hazel hedgerows.

The Harrowers have lived at the monastery for two hundred years, and keep themselves to themselves taking unkindly to intrusion. They can often be seen dressed in dark brown, hooded habits preparing the fields and tending the malt, barley, and wheat that they grow there.

They have a herd of mudcows used to help with the heavier tasks, such as ploughing and harrowing.

It is not known how these blind men and women are able to go about their tasks without sight, but they do so, and do it well.

The only contact they make with the outside world is to sell their ale to the inns and taverns of Staffleford and Rudgley. Brother Seamus has milky-white eyes, yet still makes a monthly mudcow-drawn cart journey, laden with barrels of Harrower Ale, and returns to the monastery two days later. He sleeps next to the cart at night, and makes no camp. He has no guards to protect his stock, yet he remains unmolested by brigands and those who would seek his cargo, or do him harm.

At the back of the monastery, the northern fields are given over for corn, and the trees that surround these fields

grow closer together and have a lattice of thorny brambles in between.

The Eyeless Harrowers have been spied leaving the monastery and disappearing into the corn field, where they reappear some hours later and return to the monastery.

Rumours of below-ground rituals, sacrifices to an eyeless god, and experiments with gloomium have all been bandied about.

The head of the monastery is Brother Feign. His hands touch and feel the air around him as if sensing his surroundings. A bald man, with scarred sockets where his eyes used to be, his face is gaunt and his skin saggy. Along with his eyeless visage, a green and faded tattoo on the top of his pate is another reminder of his imprisonment as a young man. There he became bitter at the world around him and sought solitude and vengeance.

He does not sell the mead for goodwill, or pity, but for profit... and if a few folks die or become infected with the vile diseases he harbours in secret rooms at the monastery all the better – if only he could see it.

NEW NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS

EDMUND FESTER OF HOLL

RACE: Human male, 2nd Level Cleric

ARMOR CLASS: 1 [18]

HIT DICE: 2

HIT POINTS: 14

BASE ATTACK BONUS: 0

ATTACKS: +1 Heavy Mace (1d6+2)

SAVING THROW: 14, +2 vs

Paralysis/Poison

SPECIAL: Spells – Level 1: *Cure Light Wounds* x2. Turn Undead

MOVE: 12

ALIGNMENT: Lawful

CHALLENGE LEVEL/XP: 4/120

EQUIPMENT: +1 *heavy mace*, plate armour, shield, and general adventuring equipment.

DESCRIPTION: Edmund Fester travels the Western Midderlands with his fellow adventurers; the human thief, Vex Vandel; the dwarven fighter, Grimtail Featherballs; the human magic-user, Kariuss Dar; and the elven fighter, Dlaiff.

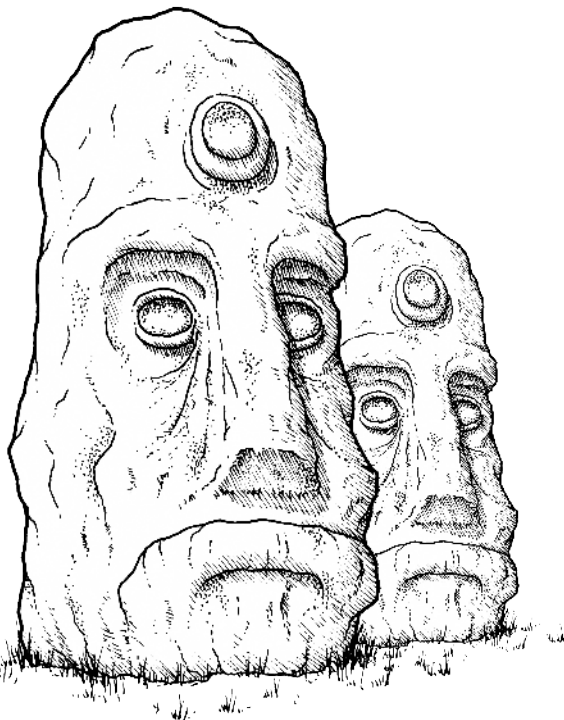
Edmund is devoted to The Watcher from the Shore, long-rooted in

his memories and upbringing in Holl.

The middle of Havenland is not a usual place for those so-removed from the coastal waters, yet Edmund reminds them that water is always close, and that rivers are the very beginning of the seas, and if anything, are the lifeblood of the oceans.

Edmund is also a compulsive gambler, and hides a WitchPig deck amongst his possessions.

The tales of a recent gambling game have found their way onto the pages of The Haven Gazette.



CORLIN LACKCRAW

RACE: Human male, 3rd Level

Crowmaster

ARMOR CLASS: 6 [13] Bark

armour plus Dexterity bonus.

HIT DICE: 3

HIT POINTS: 13

BASE ATTACK BONUS: +1

ATTACKS: Club (1d4), +1 Two-handed Staff (1d6+1)

SAVING THROW: 13 (+2 versus effects caused by avians and avian races).

SPECIAL: Crow Ear, Speak With Crows, Spells: Level 1 – *Locate Animals*

MOVE: 12

ALIGNMENT: Neutral

CHALLENGE LEVEL/XP: 5/240

EQUIPMENT: Bark armour, club, +1 two-handed staff, *potion of healing* x2, *ring of poison resistance*.

DESCRIPTION: Corlin Lackcraw is in the discrete service of Sir Uriah Fellchurch. He dispatches Corlin around the lands to see what the crows are saying, and feedback any information that may be of use to Stonecastle.

Sir Fellchurch doesn't know that Corlin is also in the service of the Claymasters of Stoke Pottington, and to make the betrayal worse, neither know that he is actually a Silver Hand agent.

Corlin looks after a number of key crows in the areas where he frequents,



and one particular bird on the southern outskirts of Stoke Pottington, whom he calls, Blackenwing seems to possess a cunning that has made him particularly useful. Blackenwing does not look like a crow, but he is able to converse with him all the same.

Corlin doesn't know that Blackenwing is actually a polymorphed druid loyal to the Claymasters, who have discovered his allegiance to the Silver Hand, and are currently attempting to gather as much information about their interests as they can.

NEW MONSTERS

GLOOMRAT

HIT DICE: 2

ARMOUR CLASS: 6 [13]

ATTACKS: Bite (1d6)

SAVING THROW: 16

SPECIAL: Poison, Tail ending

MOVE: 12

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

CHALLENGE LEVEL/XP: 3/60

Gloomrats are nasty, vicious bastards, the size of a large dog with three black orbs for eyes on their heads. Their body is covered in pale skin which is marked with calluses, warts, spines, and patches of short, wiry hair. Their maws are filled with piercing sharp fangs and they can bite through flesh like a hot knife through butter. They are found alone, or in packs of 2d6 creatures.

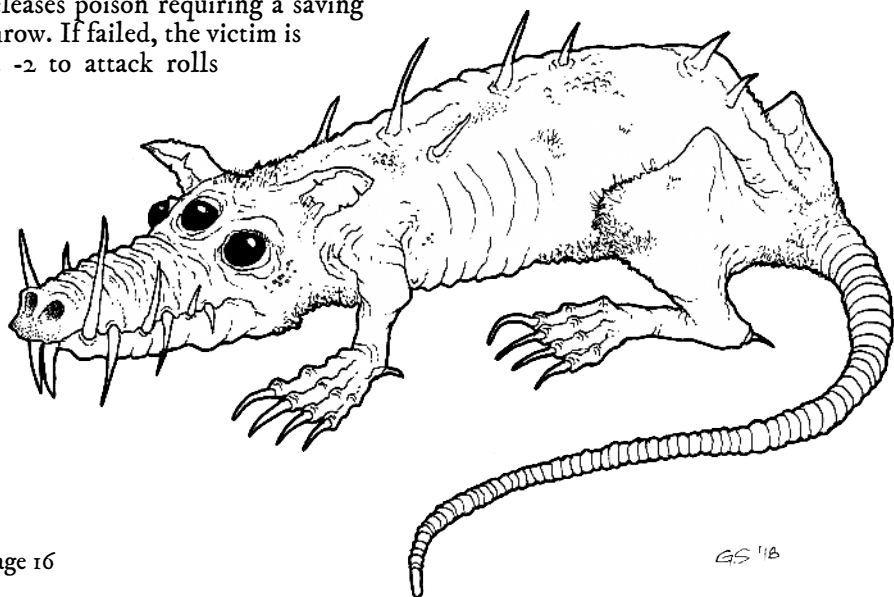
The successful bite attack of a Gloomrat releases poison requiring a saving throw. If failed, the victim is at -2 to attack rolls

for the rest of the combat, as the painful poison courses through their body. Multiple bites are not cumulative.

The tip of a Gloomrat tail sometimes ends in a weird, usable appendage. Roll 1d6 to determine if the Gloomrat has an appendage and what type it is. For ease, you can roll this once and apply to all creatures, or roll for each individually.

TAIL ENDING TABLE (1d6)

1. No tail ending.
2. No tail. At all.
3. Mace-like bone ball. Gloomrat has an additional attack (1d6).
4. Withered claw. The Gloomrat can hold and use a dagger gaining an additional attack (1d3).
5. Stinger. The Gloomrat gains an additional attack (1d3 plus poison).
6. Bioluminescent lure.



CATVILE

HIT DICE: 3

ARMOUR CLASS: 3 [16]

ATTACKS: 2 Front claws
(1d4) and Bite (1d6)

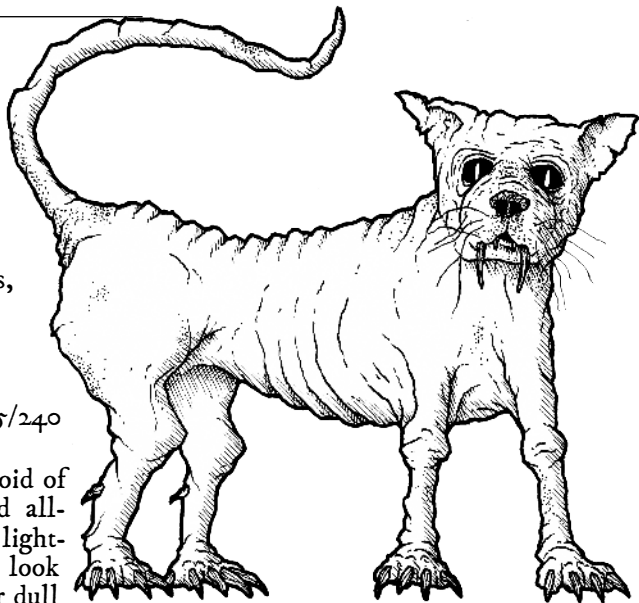
SAVING THROW: 13

SPECIAL: Rake, Nine Lives,
Hard to Spot.

MOVE: 24, Climb 12

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

CHALLENGE LEVEL/XP: 5/240



Catviles are large cats devoid of fur, instead being covered all over with loose, dark, light-absorbing skin. They look emaciated, yet lithe. Their dull black eyes have piercing red pupils that occasionally shine in the dark.

Catvile's are nocturnal and live in and around anywhere that supports large rat populations – their favourite prey. They hide in dark corners, and stay away from gloombug lanterns. They are good climbers and can scale a building to take to the rooftops. They move fast and are difficult to spot.

Their skins are worth a good, few quids for those that want a cloak making them hard to spot at night.

Rake: If both front claws hit an opponent, the Catvile will rake with its rear claws for an additional 1d6 damage.

Nine Lives: When a Catvile reaches 0 hit points or less, it runs off and escapes combat to lick its wounds. A single individual Catvile can do this nine times before it actually dies.

Hard to Spot: Due to their black colouration, any attacks against a Catvile in low light have a 25% miss chance. Low light is determined by the Game Master, but should be considered to be dusk, dawn or outdoors at night with full moon or gloombug lighting. This does not affect dwarves, elves and half-elves.

DEVIL'S GOAT

HIT DICE: 5

ARMOUR CLASS: 4 [15]

ATTACKS: 1 Bite (1d6) and 2

Tentacle Barbs (1d3).

SAVING THROW: 12

SPECIAL: Barb of
Discord

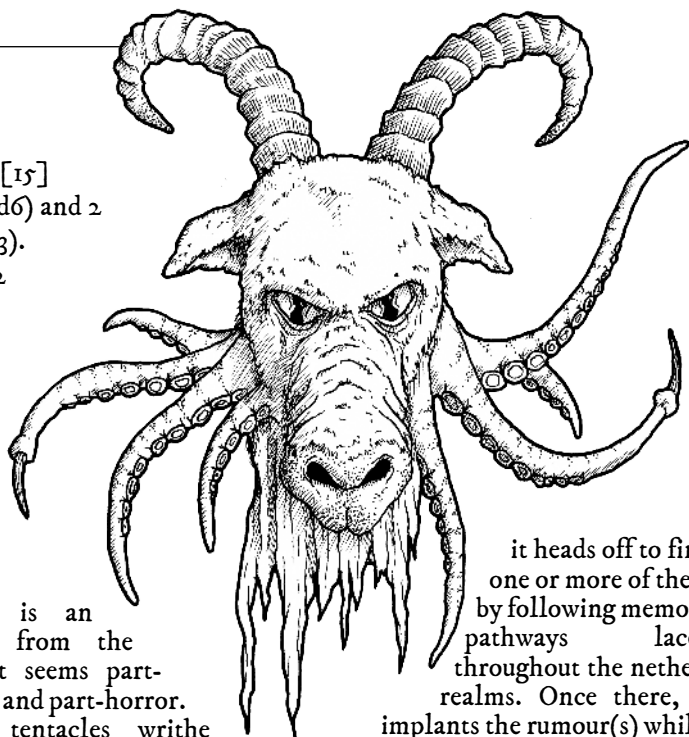
MOVE: 12, Nether-
realms 36

ALIGNMENT:

Chaotic

CHALLENGE

LEVEL/XP: 5/240



A Devil's Goat is an horrific creature from the nether-realms that seems part-goat, part-octopus, and part-horror. Eight, suckered tentacles writhe around a white goats head spattered in red blood. Tendrils of loose skin hang below the disembodied animal.

This rare creature drifts throughout the nether-realms sowing discord, suspicion, and conflict for its victims.

Barb of Discord: Whenever a tentacle barb hits a victim they are required to make a saving throw. If they fail, then a malign rumour is later implanted in the minds of people that know the victim. They do not know if it is true, or how they heard the rumour, but they might now view the victim with suspicion, and tell others of the rumour.

They rarely fight to the death. Once it has made a successful tentacle barb strike, it learns of the victims associates, and when it decides to leave the combat,

it heads off to find one or more of them by following memory pathways laced throughout the nether-realms. Once there, it implants the rumour(s) whilst they sleep, in the form of nightmares.

Multiple rumours from multiple hits are possible at the Game Master's discretion.

TYPICAL RUMOURS (1d6)

1. The victim has stolen a valuable item from a prominent member of society.
2. The victim has killed a member of a local community.
3. The victim is an imposter.
4. The victim is plotting to kill a fellow player character.
5. The victim is plotting to overthrow a local lord, duke or monarch.
6. Game Master's choice.

NEW CLASS

CROWMASTER

Crowmasters spend many years alone wandering the woodlands, moors, and valleys of the Haven Isles learning the ways of crows and their ilk. They tend to avoid large populations, such as cities or large towns. Whenever a battle occurs, Crowmasters can be seen standing on hilltops watching the crows feed on the dead below.

When found in adventuring groups, they are usually less reclusive, but still prefer their own company at times.

For the purposes of gameplay, the term 'crow' includes crows, rooks, ravens, jackdaw, magpies, and jays. Any creature that is part-crow,

may be included at the Game Master's discretion.

In combat, Crowmasters fight as Druids.

CROWMASTER CLASS ABILITIES

ALIGNMENT: Crowmasters can be of any alignment.

SPELLCASTING: Crowmasters have access to, and cast spells as Druids do.



PRIME ATTRIBUTE: Wisdom, 13+
(5% experience bonus)

HIT DICE: 1d6/Level (Gains
1HP/Level after 12th.)

ARMOR/SHIELD PERMITTED:
Crowmasters only use armor or
shields wholly fashioned from
wood, such as wooden shields, bark
armor (treat as leather), etc.

WEAPONS PERMITTED:
Crowmasters only use weapons
wholly fashioned from wood, such
as staves, clubs, etc

RACE: Any.

CROWMASTER LEVEL TABLE

LEVEL	EXPERIENCE POINTS REQUIRED FOR LEVEL	HIT DICE (D6)	SAVING THROW	ABILITIES
1	0	1	15	Crow Ear
2	1250	2	14	
3	2500	3	13	Speak With Crows
4	5000	4	12	
5	10000	5	11	
6	20000	6	10	Crowmaster
7	40000	7	9	
8	80000	8	8	
9	160000	9	7	Crowflight (2/day)
10	320000	10	6	
11	480000	11	5	Crowsteed
12	640000	12	4	
13	800000	12 +1 HP	4	Crowflight (3/day)
14	960000	12 +2 HP	4	
15	1120000	12 +3 HP	4	
16	1280000	12 +4 HP	4	
17	1440000	12 +5 HP	4	Crowflight (4/day)
18	1600000	12 +6 HP	4	
19	1760000	12 +7 HP	4	
20	1920000	12 +8 HP	4	
21+	+160,000 per Level	+1 HP/Level	4	

SAVING THROW BONUS: A Crowmaster gains a +2 Saving Throw bonus against effects caused by avians and avian races.

CROW EAR (1ST LEVEL): The Crowmaster is able to listen to and understand the general chatter of crows. They may overhear something interesting or useful. Bear in mind that

crow chatter might not be spoken in terms the crowmaster understands, such as them not knowing the names of people, places or things.

SPEAK WITH CROWS (3RD LEVEL): The crowmaster can talk to crows. The crows treat the Crowmaster neutrally, but can be hostile or friendly depending upon their treatment.

CROWMASTER (6TH LEVEL): All crows treat the Crowmaster with respect and will make deals with the Crowmaster. They can be bargained with to spy on people and places, deliver messages and small objects, and even gather in murders to harass or waylay folk. All bargains must be fulfilled on both sides once agreed. If a Crowmaster does not fulfil his bargain, then crows locally will lose trust in the Crowmaster and he will lose this ability within that locale.

CROWFLIGHT (9TH LEVEL): At Level 9, a Crowmaster can fly as per the Fly spell but with a shortened duration of 6 rounds. They gain this ability twice per day. This increases to an extra use every four levels.

CROWSTEED: At Level 11, the Crowmaster gains the service of a giant crow that is the size of a pony. The crowmaster should name the crow, and when its name is spoken along with a simple one sentence instruction, the Crowsteed will carry out the request. The Crowsteed will hear any requests irrespective of distance. It can carry a single passenger in flight.

CROWSTEED: HD:4, AC: 7 [12], Atk: Bite (1d8), SV: 13, Special: Carry passenger while flying, MV: 4/18 Flying, AL: As owner, CL/XP: 5/240

NEW SPELLS

COVER IN SHIT

SPELL LEVEL: Magic-User, 2nd Level
RANGE: 50 feet.

DURATION: Immediate.

DESCRIPTION: The caster covers the target in foul-smelling, runny and lumpy shit. The target and anyone within ten feet begin to wretch.

The target is at -2 to Attack rolls and Saving Throws. Anyone within ten feet is at -1 to Attack rolls and Saving Throws. The effects last until the target is washed.

BAG OF CRAP

SPELL LEVEL: Magic-User, Cleric or Druid, 1st Level
RANGE: 5 feet.

DURATION: 10 rounds.

DESCRIPTION: Once cast, the spell summons a leather pouch at the feet of the caster. Inside, the caster can feel around, and pull out something from the 'Crap You Find on Folk' tables found on page 219 of *The Middlerlands - An OSR Setting & Bestiary*, or on *The Middlerlands GM Screen*. Anyone can reach in a pull out an item at the rate of one roll on the tables per round. Once the duration expires, the bag disappears but the items withdrawn remain.

NEW ODDITIES

CATVILE CLOAK

A Catvile Cloak is sewn from the skins of Catviles. It takes seven Catviles to make a cloak of human size.

As the skin is the blackest black in colour, it is highly sought after by those that wish to become one with the shadows. Thieves, assassins, and other night-lurkers want them, and agents of The Silver Hand will reward handsomely for a Catvile Cloak.

When donned and the hood is pulled over the head, the wearer has a +50% chance to Hide in Shadows attempts. Those without the Hide in Shadows skill gain it at 50% chance.

Additionally, when worn in combat in low light levels (or darker), such as outdoors at dusk or sunset, at night under a full moon, or in a gloombug lantern-lit street, attacks against the wearer have an additional 10% miss chance (resolve attack roll normally first, to account for critical hits or fumbles).

VALUE: 20,000 gold quids.

CATVILE SPITTLE

The spittle of a Catvile has healing properties. A vial of spittle extracted from the maw of a Catvile (either living or within 1 hour of its death) must be quickly bottled and corked. It will last for 1d6 days.

It is possible to extract 1 vial from a dead Catvile, or a captive Catvile can be milked of 2 vials per day.

A single vial, when applied to wounds, can heal 2d6+2 points of damage and also acts as a *Cure Disease* and *Neutralize Poison* spell.

VALUE: 1,000 gold quids.

GOAT ORB

A goat orb is a small sphere, most often three to four inches in diameter and made of goat horn.

The wielder of the orb can activate its power by holding it aloft cupped in both hands and shouting passionately the command phrase "*Devils of the Horned One, make this witching orb work for me*".

Once spoken, the orb spins above the head of the one that commanded it, and issues forth three, black and angry goats around the wielder. The goats are daubed in sigils of blood. These goats protect the orb owner from harm and will attack anyone that damages the wielder (Refer to Angry Goats of the Orb statistics).

The orb remains above the wielders head until all the goats are killed. The goats will follow the wielder everywhere until that point.

Activating the orb in public or within earshot of anyone not allied to the bearer is likely to arouse suspicion and there is a chance that the would-be do-gooder attracts the attention of the local Witchfinder or Lord's men.

VALUE: 10,000 gold quids.

HIT DICE: 1

ARMOUR CLASS: 8 [11]

ATTACKS: 1 Bite (1d4)

SAVING THROW: 17

SPECIAL: Headbutt.

MOVE: 12

ALIGNMENT: Aligned as wielder

CHALLENGE LEVEL/XP: 1/15

DESCRIPTION: Instead of biting, the goat can make a headbutt attack. This causes 1d6 damage and requires a successful saving throw to avoid being knocked prone.

CURSED WITCHPIG DECK

This full deck of WitchPig cards looks like any other deck of WitchPig cards. The person that owns the deck is cursed to never win a game of chance. They do not have to be holding the deck or even have it upon their person. As long as they have it in their possession, they are affected by the curse it holds.

An owner of a Cursed Witchpig Deck who knows they are bound by its curse, cannot willingly give it away, although those that know can make it easy for a would-be thief to steal it.

A Witchfinder can sense a Cursed WitchPig Deck within a half mile, manifesting as a sense of unease growing greater the closer to the deck they get.

VALUE: 500 gold quids.

DOOMSHIELD

The doomshields are only six in number and have been in existence for almost as long as the myth of the Gloomium Blades. Their whereabouts is unknown with the exception of one that is kept securely guarded in the bowels of the Mad Queen's Palace in Great Lunden.

Said to be borne by the six personal guards of the first king of Havenland – King Barthen Paindregen, each has a bas relief skull on a black and yellow quartered field. The yellow quarters contain a varying number of black triangles from one to six. The queen has the third shield, known as the Third Doomshield of Sir Lasserloth. The others are thought to be as follows:

- First Doomshield of Sir Gallad,
- Second Doomshield of Sir Perivile,
- Fourth Doomshield of Sir Pallomede,
- Fifth Doomshield of Lady Mergayna,
- Sixth Doomshield of Sir Maldredd.

The shields provide a -4 [+4] bonus to armour class, as well as providing a +4 bonus to saving throws.

Additionally, the bearer can use the following abilities:

- *Darkvision* as per the spell. Always active whilst held.
- *Detect Invisibility* as per the spell two times per day.
- *Dimension Door* as per the spell two times per day.

VALUE: 700,000 gold quids.

NEW FLORA & FAUNA

GOBLIN FLIES

These flies are the size of birds and their visages resemble those of hook-nosed wart goblins. Many believe them to be the result of a cruel experiment, and that may be true enough.

They dive-bomb their victims, intending to drive their sharp proboscis into their targets. They are a menace to livestock, and lay eggs in their the livestock they kill, which in turn become Cadaver Worms, before mutating into more Goblin Flies.

The scent of green-crested bottlejack urine will keep goblin flies at bay.

GOBLIN FLIES: HD: 1, AC: 8 [11], Atk: Divebomb (1d6), SV: 17, MV: 4/12 Flying, AL: Chaotic, CL/XP: A/5

CADAVER WORMS

These six-inch-long, maggot-like worms are the offspring of Goblin Flies, and are found in large cadavers where they lurk waiting for fresh flesh to feast on. Once a victim nears, they burst out of the cadaver and attempt to bite into a major artery with its three scissor-like teeth.

CADAVER WORM: HD: 4 hit points, AC: 9 [10], Atk: Bite (1d3), SV: 18, MV: 1, AL: Neutral, CL/XP: A/5

SNAGWEED

This kelp-like plant is found in rivers, lakes, and seas around the Haven Isles. It grows from the floor of the body of

water it is found in, and is lined with small hooks that snag clothing, skin, and equipment. Anyone falling into snagweed is quickly entangled and can easily drown if not freed. Wriggling free makes matters worse, and any tangling weed needs to be cut away.

Snagweed can grow to lengths of over 100 feet and tends to grow closely together in 'forests'. Rotting, bloated carcasses of many creatures can be found in snagweed forests, and the river, lake or sea floors is often littered with barnacle-covered equipment.

DEMONFEATHERS

Despite their avian-sounding origin, these are actually plants. Named because of the resemblance of their leaves to feathers, these large plants thrive in moist conditions and need little light. Consequently, they thrive in caves near to water courses.

The plant is a collection of stems that can grow to 12 feet tall. Each look like giant, russet feathers. However, these fronds hide a more menacing trait than tickling. When a living creature is within 5 feet they release a transparent poisonous gas requiring a saving throw. If the subject fails, they pass out, and the Demonfeather uses its fronds to wrap around the victim. They are then dragged into the centre of its stems, where they open up to reveal a large maw, lined with sharp, bony ridges for cutting and chewing. Buried in the ground is the plant's root system, which consists of a large chamber filled with corrosive acid. It can devour a whole human and turn it into plant-bile within 2 hours.

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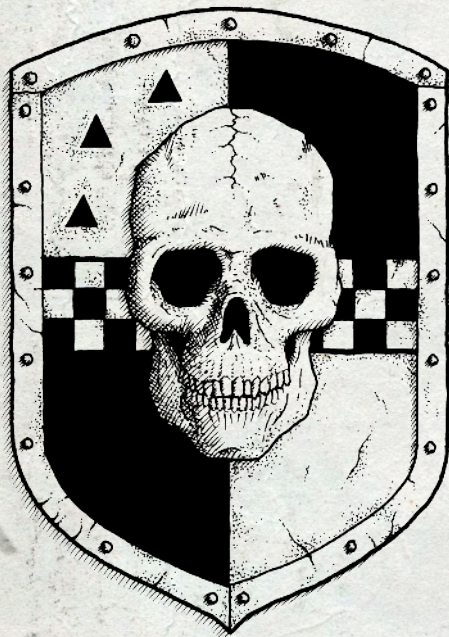
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