

Midderzine

More green for your game

OSR
OLD SCHOOL RPG

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

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Mark Nolan, the Rudgley Murderer.

Rumours from The Haven Gazette.

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location near Shroomsbury.*

A New Class: *Serpentist.*

New Monsters, Oddities and more...

Issue 4
April 2020

The Ophenicus Villa



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LAYOUT, COVER ART, AND PROJECT MANAGEMENT: Glynn Seal.

TEXT: Glynn Seal (all pages except noted below),
Mark Nolan (pgs. 2 & 3), and
Gary Dawkins (pgs. 5–6 & 8–9), and
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THE FELL TYPES ARE DIGITALLY REPRODUCED BY IGINO MARINI.
www.iginomarini.com

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 'Midderzine Article' with a quick overview.
It can be really short (a few sentences), or a few pages.

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

WHERE CAN I GET MORE STUFF?

Well, here: <https://monkeyblooddesign.co.uk/store/>

Here: <http://www.drivethrurpg.com/browse/pub/7771/MonkeyBlood-Design>

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Also [follow us on Kickstarter](#) to keep an eye out for future projects.



INTRODUCTION

WELCOME TO ISSUE 4!

Hello everyone,

The long-awaited fourth issue of the Midderzine has arrived! Good things come to those who wait, as they say.

It's been a while since Issue 3, with a lot going on in terms of writing, drawing and commissions, but we are ploughing through it.

HandyMaps Buildings & Structures had a really successful Kickstarter campaign and everything shipped out in February.

The Midderlands made a short debut onto Kickstarter as a 5E version in association with Necromancer Games, but we decided to delay the campaign due to the new virus pandemic and its implications. It will be back later this year, and work on the artwork continues apace.

As I write this, the United Kingdom is in lockdown due to COVID-19 sweeping across the world, so I am housebound other than collecting essentials. Times are unprecedented and everyone is struggling to do what they used to do. We hope that you and your families are all staying safe and well, and the impacts are not too far-reaching.

I hope that this issue gives you some lightness in these darker times, or fun with your groups assuming you are reading this after the event. Stay in the light of the gloombug lanterns. More now than ever!

Thanks so much,
Glynn (April 2020).

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. In this issue, we welcome...

MARK NOLAN

Mark has contributed text to *The Midderlands*, *The Midderlands Expanded*, and *Adventures in Great Lunden*, as well as releasing an adventure for *Fate* called *Carnival of Dreams*.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE AND IS IT COOL?: I live in a small town called Rugeley, in the middle of the Midlands. That puts me in the thick of it when it comes to *The Midderlands*! We used to have a fully functioning power station but they are currently dismantling it. I should write something about the queen's men coming to take away power stones!

WHAT IS YOUR CURRENT FAVOURITE RPG?: At the moment I would have to say it is *Coriolis*. I am fortunate enough to be in multiple gaming groups. One of them meets regularly pretty much purely for RPG gaming. Our most recent campaign was in the world of *Coriolis*. I really enjoyed the mix of sci-fi culture and exploration.

WHAT IS YOUR ALL-TIME FAVOURITE RPG?: When I was but a wee bairn, my mate and I used to play *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay*. I was a dwarf with a

ridiculous toughness. I then played an elf who was a much less reputable character than an elf should be. I really enjoyed playing those games, at a time when being a geek was less accepted by society I got a lot of peace of mind and pleasure from those games.

WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE MIDDERLANDS-RELATED THING?: I could spend all day on this! So let me pick a couple. I love the maps of towns... all of them... literally all of them. The detail and the fact you could use and reuse them for years is brilliant. Then if I were to pick something I would have to go for the game of 'Spade'. Anyone from the United Kingdom probably spotted similarities to a game called British Bulldog. A game long-since banned from playgrounds. For those who don't know the game. One person would be 'on' or 'it', everyone else would go to one side of the playground. Everyone then had to run to the other side while whoever was 'on' or 'it' tried to stop them. Anyone caught also became 'on', and so the numbers in the middle would grow as the runners dwindled. It was a great game even if it could get a little rough. That was the germ of the idea for Spade.

IF YOU LIVED IN THE MIDDERLANDS, WHERE WOULD YOU LIVE?: I do and I love it. I have Cairn Chase Forest right next to me. I was passing through it in my 'carriage of many horses' the other

moon when I reined in the horses to marvel at the Tower of Pye! I then proceeded on to my destination.

WHAT IS YOUR BEST PIECE OF RPG WORK TO DATE (EXCLUDING THE MIDDERLANDS, OBVS) AND WHERE CAN WE FIND IT?: Well generally my work has been in the Middelands books. I also have a *Fate* one-shot called *Carnival of Dreams* which is available through MonkeyBlood Design at [DriveThruRPG](#). I also have multiple pieces mid-completion. Maybe with the current situation I can finish some more and publish them! One is a system agnostic horror one-shot, the other is a Middelands one-shot.

WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE FOOD?: A good old fashioned Sunday roast.

DO YOU HAVE A WEBSITE?: I have a domain but not a site. Every time I think about doing one I find something else I need to be doing. Like writing about rivers and mountains in the Middelands.

HOW CAN WE COMMISSION YOU?: I am available on my primary email address mark@caelestis.net or feel free to contact Glynn, he can sub-commission me.

THE HAVEN GAZETTE

THE LATEST IN HUSHED MURMURINGS FROM ACROSS HAVENLAND

THIS MONTH'S GAEL/GRIMM COUNT

Murders	85
Hangings	467
Burnings	114
Taken in the night.....	198
Possessions	12

Lost in sewers	54
Drowned	254
Mudcow stampede	24
Building collapse	3
Lost at sea	597
Executed by witchfinders ...	322

Lost in the middergloom	34
Consumed by neighbours.....	8
Missing	2,264
Taken by a plague	666
Bitten by large snake	1
Choked on vegetables	18

SHROOMSBURY IN DOOM

The annual horticultural event 'Shroomsbury In Bloom' which celebrates the gardening skills of the local folk has been halted. Its organiser, Jakob Pollingsworth, has been fatally bitten by a huge snake whilst in his allotment north of the river. The snake has disappeared and Lord Tessinger is urging local folk to be vigilant. According to the local guardsmen, the fang marks suggest a snake of between ten to fifteen feet in length. Lord Tessinger is asking anyone with expertise in serpents to contact a captain at the closest City Watch post.

GOBLINFIGHTING IN ABBOTS BREAM

The Goblin Head merchant's guild in Abbots Bream has seconded one of its warehouses to the relatively new sport of goblinfighting. The guild are paying good money for captured Lesser Havenland Night Goblins so they can put them in an excavated pit to fight each other, thus betting on the outcome. The fights are barbaric, and a new twist has emerged where local folk can earn good money fighting the goblins themselves. So far, it is believed that

seven local folk have died, although the deaths have not been confirmed or officially recorded. A goblin known as Buggergob is the reigning champion of the pit with nine wins. The secret to his success appears to be his rabid craving for human flesh.

LOST IN THE MIDDERGLOOM

A new entrance into the Upper Middergloom has been discovered. Found just north of Weston Netherly in the boggy moor, the surge in missing folk from Tealford and Staffleford has local lords worried. They are urging local folk to avoid the area, and gossip suggests, rather unusually, that someone from Great Lunden is en route to coordinate matters.

HOLY SHORK

An 18-foot-long Great-green-three-finned Shork has been caught in Hemlock Water by Father Malcolm Thomas from the Church of Saint Athern in Atherstone. Using fifty feet of silk rope with one end wrapped around a tree, and the other sporting a sharpened grappling hook with terrified ratdog pup as bait, he struggled for two days to land the beast. It is currently on show outside the Old Ox Inn.

A GOMAN VAMPIRE IN LUNDEN

by Gary Dawkins

INTRODUCTION

Plumes of green mist rose from sewer grates like phantom columns, melding high into a canopy of gathering darkness. The ebb and flow of Great Lunden's nightlife camouflaged the darksome thief as she moved amongst affluent and beggars alike. Four-wheeled coaches plied their paths through the city looking like the skeletal husks of beetles, their black sheens mirroring the impending doom that swirled in the heavens above.

A heavy brass door bell let out a single '*clank*' of warning before the thief's dexterous fingers sought the bell's clapper, silencing it. A shaft of viridian lantern light filtered through the soot-covered windows bathing her attractive features. Her brilliant brown eyes darted cautiously around the unusual establishment of *Mordeviant's Rare & Wonderful Antiquities*.

The owner—and vampire—known simply as Mordeviant, allowed his deathly pale features to appear from the darkness. His eyes held an inner light and suggested confident power as he watched the flow of blood through the thief's neck. She let out a sudden gasp, startled by his presence, and fell back against the door making the bell '*clank*' once again until her trembling fingers were replaced with those of the vampire.

"I've startled you." he simply stated, listening to the quickening pace of her heart. He looked upon her with a strange fascination.

"I'm f-fine..." the thief stammered, quickly composing herself. She stepped awkwardly but nonchalantly into the chamber, "I've heard you were looking for someone to take care of a few minor difficulties you may be having?"

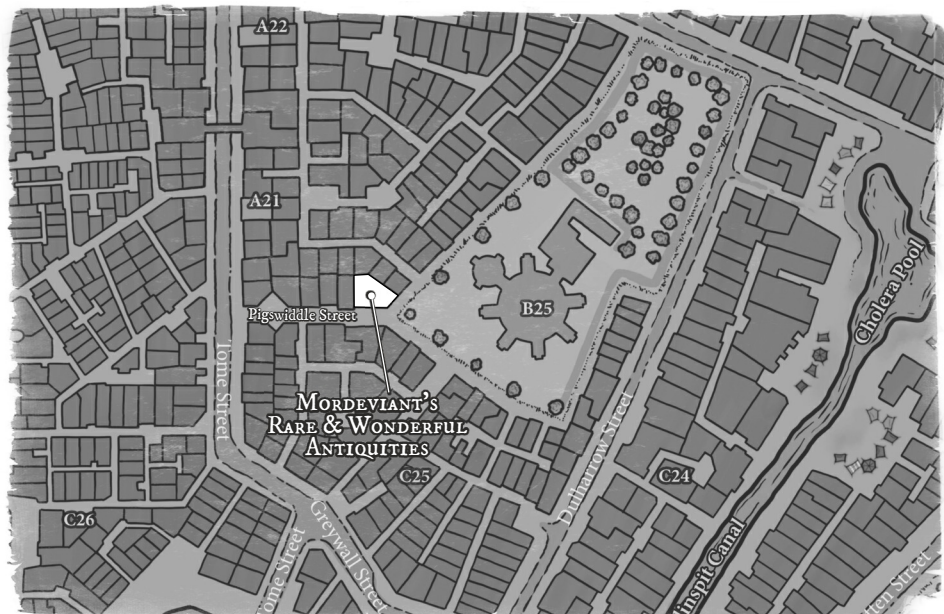
The vampire seeped through the shadows, following the rogue's advance, "There are one or two things I might require assistance with..."

The thief stopped, running a hand across an antique coffer covered in beaten gold and semi-precious stones, "You wanted the best..." she stated matter-of-factly, "That's why I'm here."

Mordeviant smiled at her boldness, "It's one thing to say you're the best," as he placed long nails and pale hands across her shoulders, releasing a deathly whisper, "but it's another thing to..." She cut him off.

"You name it!" stepping away from his grasp, "Test me—and I will always come up tip-top." She turned to face him, finding naught but the dissipation of long shadows creeping into the greater gloom of the store's interior.

Mordeviant cocked his brow and smiled ruefully, "We shall see, my pretty..." he muttered to himself, "We shall see."



The thief followed him further into the store. She purloined a dusty green bowler hat from a passing stand, smacked it on her side in a cloud of dust and placed it askew on top of her head.

She moved amongst rows and niches of magnificently crafted display cases eventually leading her to the store's office. Mordeviant smiled a wide rictus upon her approach, "Very well my beauty, I shall give you a chance..."

"That meets well with me" She nodded back with approval.

"Let's start this relationship with a test of sorts," Mordeviant grinned, "You complete the test and you get the job..."

"Very well, what's the test?"

MORDEVIAINT'S RARE & WONDERFUL ANTIQUITIES

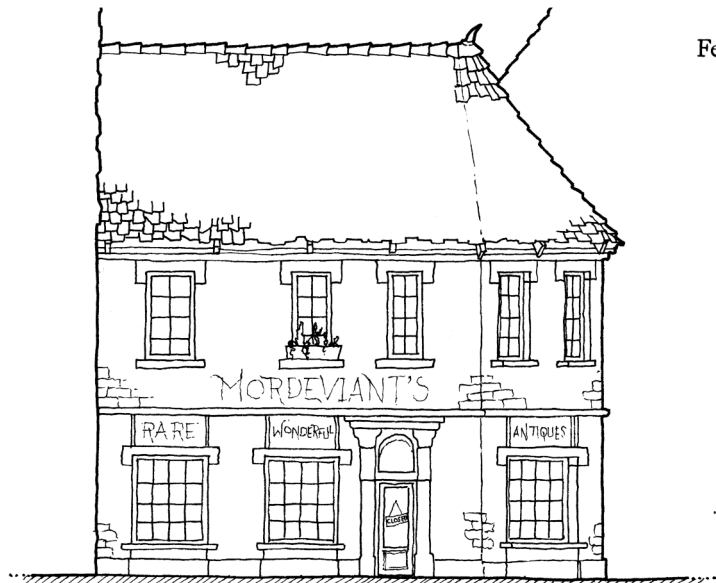
LOCATION

The shop, located within the hustle and bustle of Hamlet Ward, has been down at the corner of Pigsiddle Street near to the Queen's Infirmary for as long as anyone remembers.

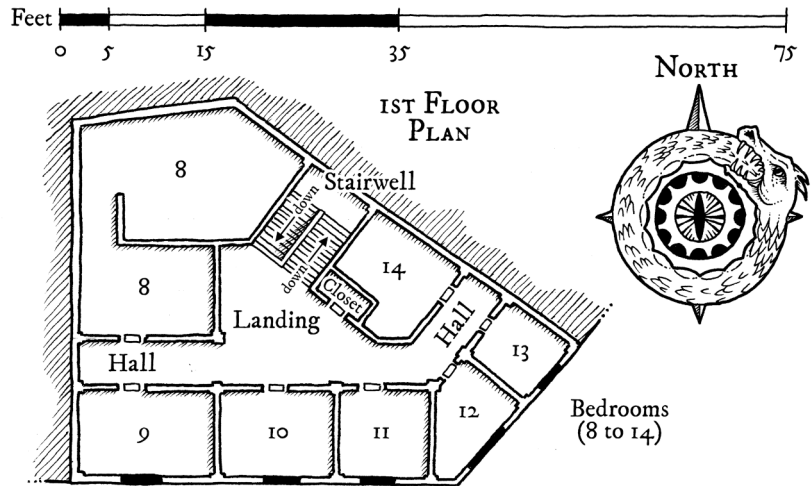
NOTE: As an alternative, the shop transports itself at night to various locations throughout the city. Wherever it resides, locals always remember it as having been there, or they've forgotten that it had ever been there (whatever the case may be).

DESCRIPTION

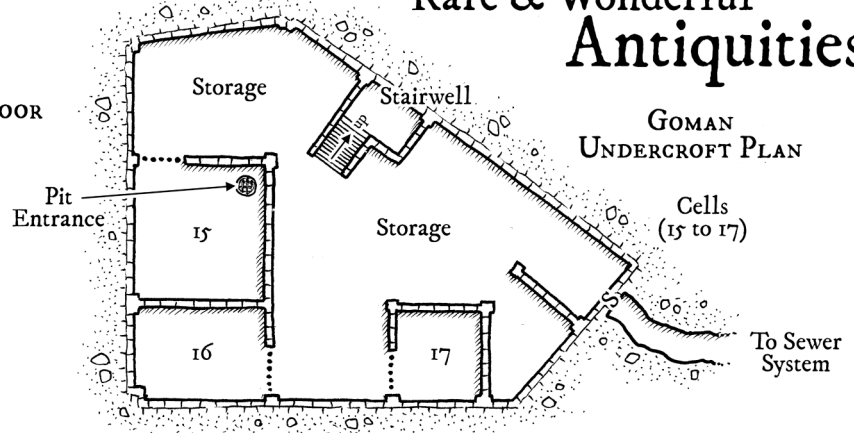
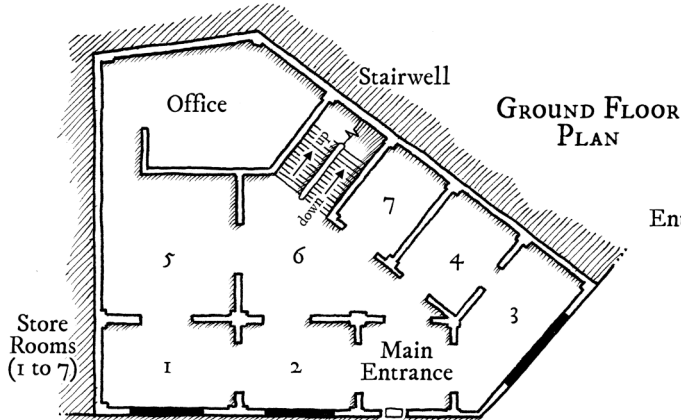
The shop is located on a corner and is two-stories tall with a non-descriptive soot-stained edifice. A permanent 'Closed' sign hangs on the inside of the



FRONT ELEVATION FROM PIGSWIDDLE STREET



Moredeviant's Rare & Wonderful Antiquities



glass entrance door. This sign has kept most locals at bay, but while they are at home sleeping, the witching hour brings late-night stragglers and newcomers to the City of Great Lunden. They end up passing its door and finding the sign has suddenly flipped to 'Open', or something inviting has lit up in a display window, drawing their attention.

The shop is owned by a lesser vampire called Mordeviant.

GROUND FLOOR SHOP

The store itself is at street-level; large rooms with high-ceilings and arched doorways tying them together.

The store is cluttered with rare and wonderful antiquities—hence the name. Some items are cursed, some are magical, and others require a discerning eye to find true value. There are a plethora of elaborate antique display cases in every direction you turn.

TRAPS

The store at ground level is trapped, should the owner-vampire desire to activate them. GMs may choose from the following or make-up your own:

1) **IRON-Maiden***: Appearing as a well-polished piece of fine furniture without a speck of dust that has the ability to change its outwardly appearance to a couch or wardrobe, and lure the last person in a group to examine it. Anyone sitting upon it, or entering the wardrobe will be affected as follows:

- The victim is spiked as if inside an iron maiden and cannot get out without assistance, or

- Transported to one of the cells in the Goman undercroft below.

The victim is always the last 'straggler-PC', or the 'PC that leaves the party' and ends up disappearing.

"Oh dear," Mordeviant's eyes narrow, "Missing you say?" he acts faux-innocently.

2) **TRAP-Door**: It's a 20-foot deep deadfall into a waiting cell located in the Goman undercroft below.

3) **GAS-Trap**: A bejeweled coffer covered in beaten gold and semi-precious gems. GM's choice of item and type): Knock-out, Poison, whatever).

Towards the back of the shop there is an office and also a wide stairway that leads downwards into the limelight of an ancient Goman Undercroft.

The office holds a massive darkwood desk, with a clutter of papers, deeds, and ledgers atop its surface. There are a score of cubby-holes, pockets and drawers:

1. Dagger with leather sheaf,
2. Magnifying glass,
3. Wax & seal,
4. Drawer of books (multiple shapes and sizes), being devoured by silverfish,
5. Scroll of 1d4 spells, amongst many other parchments and papers,
6. Silver-plated mustard pot filled with spicy brown mustard,
7. Collection of silver thimbles, needles, and thread,
8. Small drawer of ancient Goman coins mixed with more recent currency (covered in contact poison),
9. Small coal-miner's lamp (with oil),

10. Leather case pen & ink set (feather quill, bottle of blood),
11. Jasmine scent bottle,
12. Hand bell (to call for tea),
13. Drawer with many pens and ink bottles, empty or broken,
14. Random papers (GM's choice),
15. Lucky scrimshaw carving: A very well-endowed mermaid,
16. Green leather book of goblin words and phrases (silk bookmark sewn into binding),
17. Tin of leeches. When the tin is opened, 2d6 leeches burst out onto the holder,
18. Hair jewellery (female, mourning),
19. Deed to a flat (row-house) on the other side of Great Lunden,
20. Black leather book (interior pages cutout—holds keys to the cells in the Undercroft below.

A brass bucket in the corner of the room holds various walking sticks and a sword-umbrella. The office is decorated with old dusty and fading paintings (if touched, several moths take flight).

1ST FLOOR

This floor is partially-furnished with antique items covered in dust and cobwebs. There's nothing happening here.

There are three rooms (see map locations 11, 12 and 13) that have been modernised and are immaculate enough for the discerning tastes of any princess. It just so happens, there is a foreign woman in each of these rooms that Mordeviant visits and feeds upon at his convenience.

The vampire-owner preys mostly upon foreigners to the city, in order to maintain a low profile.

He also has a servant, Gavin, who resides in one of the bedrooms (see map location 14). Gavin is a *Havenland were-bat* (see page 16), who sleeps inverted on the ceiling when in his room. He takes care of his master's visitors, as well as any chores that come his way.

Gavin wields a mainz gladius called 'Ghoul's Tongue' (see page 21).

UNDERCROFT

There are three cells in the undercroft (see map locations 15 to 17), and a secret door to the sewers.

In one of the cells (room 15) a 120-foot deep shaft leads down into the darkness. The entrance to this shaft is covered with debris and secured by a sturdy circular iron grate.

At the bottom of the shaft is a great underground chamber that holds three stone coffins with iron candelabras. The darkness around these coffins holds a pack of *giant shadow rats* (see page 16) with midnight-green fur and glowing slits for eyes. Mordeviant has a habit of tossing victims down into the shaft to feed them. There are many human bones littering the floor. He rests here during the long daylight periods and travels up in gaseous form at night.

NEW LOCATION

THE OPHENICUS VILLA

*See inner front cover illustration.
The Haven Isles Map Hex L20*

DESCRIPTION: Located north of the River Sixx, the villa has been on the slopes of Callop Hill since Goman times. It has been maintained and almost rebuilt in its original style over the centuries.

Other than one change of hands, it has been in the Ophenicus Family ever since. Generally reclusive, they tend their land and make rare trips to Shroomsbury only when needed. The local farms don't have much to do with the family considering them to be a bit socially-challenged.

The family have secretly worshipped serpentine gods for over half a millennia, and built a temple in a cave off their cellar, where they carry out dark deeds and strange rituals. The villa is currently the residence of four family members: Lucius Ophenicus, the head of the family and now in his seventies. His wife passed sixteen years ago and is buried in an adjoining orchard. Also living in the villa is his son, Pontius, his wife Bella, and their young son Jarrod.

The family members will be located as per the descriptions but feel free to adjust that to suit the PCs time and method of arrival. It may be that Pontius has spotted approaching PCs from the balcony and attempts to keep them away by shouting for them to leave his property.



1 ENTRY HALL

This simple entry hall has a tiled floor with a serpentine mosaic. Small niches in the walls hold stone busts of deceased family members.

2 KITCHEN

The kitchen has a clay-tiled floor and rendered stone walls painted in grubby whitewash.

Bella can be found here baking bread. If anyone enters this room uninvited, she grabs a large knife, shouts for Pontius, then attacks the intruders.

Bella Ophenicus: (Level 2 Serpentist)

Hit Points 9, **AC** 6 [13] **Leather apron**, **natural armour**, **Atk** +0 **Knife** (1d4), **SV** 14, **Special** Talk With Snakes (1/day), snakeskin **AC** 8 [11], **MV** 12, **AL** C, **CL/XP** 2/30

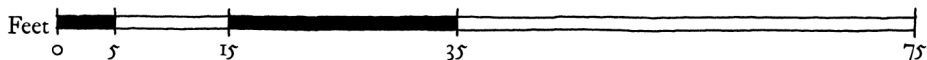
3 HALLWAY

The hallway floor is tiled with clay tiles. The walls are rendered, whitewashed, and painted with elaborate serpentine designs.

4 PONTIUS & BELLA'S ROOM

This room has a clay-tiled floor with rendered and whitewashed walls. It contains a double bed, wardrobe, set of drawers, and a large trunk. Hanging on the wall is a large oil painting of an albino serpent's head with three-eyes.

Behind the painting is a loose stone hiding a niche containing 68 gold quids worth of currency, and a *potion of healing*.

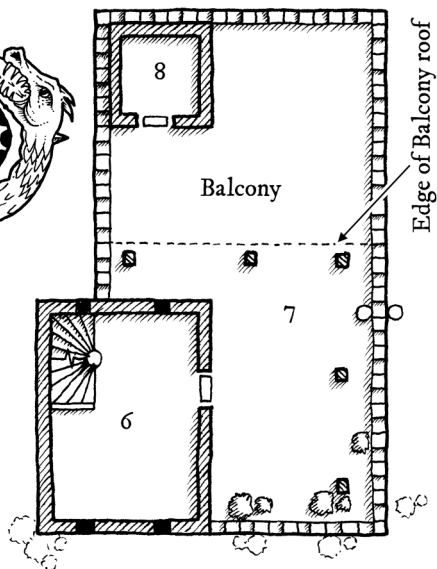
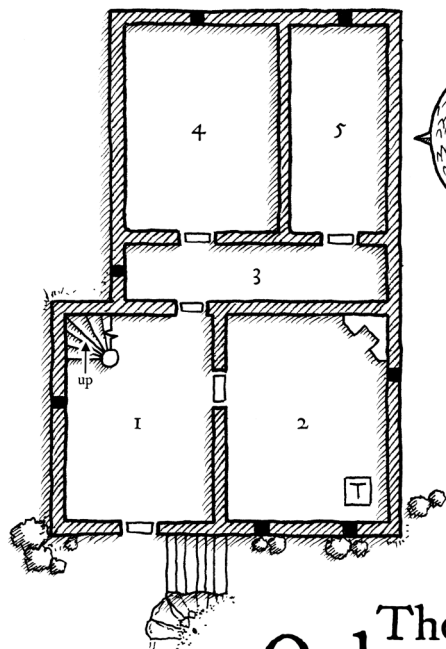


GROUND FLOOR

NORTH

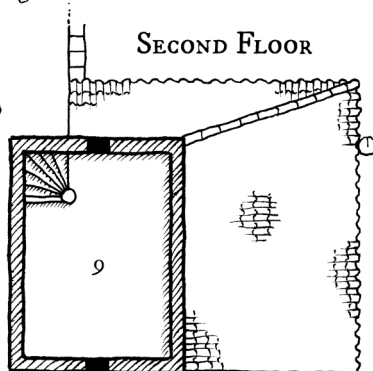


FIRST FLOOR

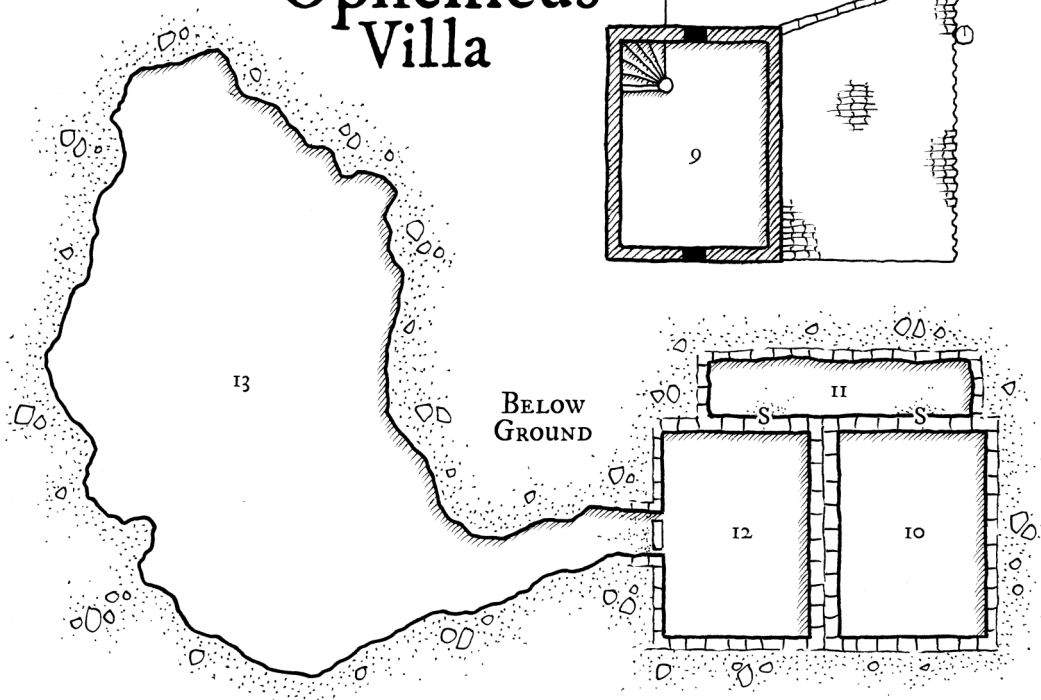


The Ophenicus Villa

SECOND FLOOR



BELOW GROUND



5 JARROD'S ROOM

Jarrold is in his room. It has a single bed with set of drawers and a wardrobe. If alerted by his mother or father, he will be hiding behind the door with his penknife, ready to attack.

Jarrold Ophenicus: (Level 1 Serpentist)

Hit Points 5, **AC** 9 [10], **Atk** +0 Penknife (1d3), **SV** 15, **Special** Talk With Snakes (1/day), **MV** 12, **AL** C, **CL/XP** 1/15

6 DINING HALL

On the first floor, the staircase rises up into a dining area. A large oak table with four wooden chairs around it. The family eat here when its too cold or wet on the balcony.

7 BALCONY

Another wooden table and four chairs are here. Pontius can be found near the gardening store doing some potting. His crooked nose, black bowl-cut hair and stocky frame covered in his ring mail shirt make him look like he has had his fair share of fights in the past. If he hasn't already been alerted to the PCs, he grabs a garden fork resting against the wall and attacks.

Pontius Ophenicus: (Level 5 Serpentist)

Hit Points 24, **AC** 4 [15], **Atk** +2 Garden fork (1d8) or bite (1d3 + save versus 5 extra damage), **SV** 11, **Special** Talk With Snakes (2/day), **Poison** resistance +2, Snake features, Snakeskin **AC** 7 [12], **MV** 12, **AL** C, **CL/XP** 5/240

Pontius has a *potion of invulnerability* upon him which he tries to quaff as soon as possible.

8 GARDENING STORE

Inside the gardening store are numerous implements that can be used as weapons, clay pots, and two hidden *potions of healing*. There is also a giant constrictor snake inside the shed keeping warm near to the tiles in the roof. It attacks anyone entering that is not a family member.

Giant Constrictor Snake: **HD** 6, **AC** 5 [14], **Atk** Bite (1d3), **SV** 11, **Special** constriction, **MV** 10, **AL** N, **CL/XP** 7/600

9 LUCIUS' ROOM

Lucius is not in his room.

This room has a clay-tiled floor and terracotta-painted rendered walls. It is part-living space, part-shrine. Against the western wall of the room, is a double bed, chest of drawers, and two large trunks.

Against the eastern wall of the room is a long table with carved wooden idols of snakes and serpentine forms. The eastern wall is also painted with white serpents and what look to be passages in a strange sinuous script.

The script can be deciphered as belonging to an ancient language with little known origin. The text seems to be passages related to the power and deification of serpents.

10 CELLAR

Filled with barrels and casks of red wine. A small crawlspace is hidden behind a fake barrel which leads into a short corridor.

II SECRET CORRIDOR

The corridor is daubed with whitewash, and crude paintings of serpentine forms in red paint. Empty iron sconces fashioned into snake-like forms are placed either side to hold torches.

12 HIDDEN CELLAR

This cellar contains less casks than the previous cellar. It also holds a set of empty shelves and a large open crate with its lid ajar sits in the centre of the room. Daubed in red paint on the side it reads: 'Caution: Snakes'.

An oak door leading west is decorated with snakes and sinuous forms.

13 THE SNAKE TEMPLE

Lucius can be found here having just completed an important ritual. The chamber is large and contains all manner of snake-inspired religious paraphernalia, summoning triangles and pentacles, and arcane-looking devices.

Small harmless snakes of various sizes writhe throughout the chamber.

Lucius is transformed using his Snake Features ability gaining an optional bite attack. He is guarded by two *giant constrictor snakes*.

Lucius carries a wavy-bladed dagger engraved with snakes, which drips with paralyzing poison requiring a Saving Throw if the target is damaged. Failure results in 1d6 rounds of paralysis.

Lucius Ophenicus: (Level 7 Serpentist)

Hit Points 36, **AC** 5 [14], **Atk** +2 Dagger (1d4 + paralysis poison) or Bite (1d3 + save versus 7 extra damage), **SV** 9, **Special** Talk With Snakes (2/day), Poison resistance +3, Snake features, Snakeskin **AC** 7 [12], Serpentform, **MV** 12, **AL** C, **CL/XP** 5/240

Giant Constrictor Snake (2): **HD** 6, **AC** 5 [14], **Atk** Bite (1d3), **SV** 11, **Special** constriction, **MV** 10, **AL** N, **CL/XP** 7/600

The ritual that Lucius has completed summons an *amphisbaena* called Ssslith Kalii Slanooth, which appears 1d6 round after the PCs enter the chamber irrespective of the PC's actions and Lucius' state. It attacks instantly.

Ssslith Kalii Slanooth the Amphisbaena: **HD** 6, **AC** 5 [14], **Atk** Bite (1d3 + poison) + Bite (1d3), **SV** 12, **Special** lethal poison, **MV** 10, **AL** C, **CL/XP** 8/800

A thorough search of the chamber reveals the following items, some of which are offerings or parts of the summoning ritual:

- 1d100 silver shillings,
- 1d50 gold quids,
- 1d10 gems worth 10 gold quids each,
- 1d10 jewellery worth 20 gold quids each,
- 1 × magic weapon,
- 1d4 × potions.

Additionally, the local lord of Shroomsbury, Lord Tessinger will be very thankful that this insidious threat has been dealt with.

RANDOM TABLE

A collection of more crap you can find on Midfolk for spicing up your game.

MORE CRAP YOU FIND ON MIDFOLK

ID100	RESULT
1	A old and tatty <i>WitchPig</i> deck missing 1d6 cards.
2	A 6 inch tall carved stone head.
3	Five dead <i>spugmunch jaspers</i> .
4	Three barely alive <i>gloombugs</i> .
5	The broken tip of a <i>Midderland carp</i> horn.
6	A <i>Wort Tench</i> eyeball.
7	A <i>horn-chinned halftroll</i> horn.
8	A dried-out dog poo.
9	A selection of toenail clippings.
10	A single <i>WitchPig</i> card.
11	A single <i>WitchPig</i> card scrawled with 'at the bottom of Holyhand Pond'.
12	Buckle off a <i>witchfinder's</i> hat.
13	Door knocker
14	Candle
15	1d6 iron spikes
16	An iron necklace chain
17	A folded sketch of a tree
18	A broken dagger blade
19	A small dried fish
20	A <i>zapper fish</i> proboscis
21	Some small animal bones
22	A handwritten IOU for '2 casks of <i>mudcow</i> offal'
23	A peeled label off a <i>Nightsight Mead</i> bottle

MORE CRAP YOU FIND ON MIDFOLK

ID100	RESULT
24	A silver snake earring
25	A gold moon earring
26	A broken tankard handle
27	A roll of strong string
28	Three small onions
29	One large tomato
30	A severed ear
31	A gold quid with the edges filed down
32	A small box carved from bone
33	A small section of fishing net
34	A roll of fishing line
35	A snot-filled handkerchief
36	A jar of fish oil
37	A phallic-shaped piece of wood
38	A horseshoe
39	A <i>mudcow</i> tentacle
40	A <i>greater-horned goat</i> horn
41	A piece of dried and rolled-up animal (or human) skin
42	A pouch of pipe weed
43	A pet toad
44	A pet stoat
45	A shopping list
46	A non-viable herbal remedy wrapped in a lilypad leaf
47	Some cat gut
48	A leather cord
49	A leather belt
50	A bone flute
51	A small book of simple words

MORE CRAP YOU FIND ON MIDFOLK

ID100	RESULT
52	A quill
53	A small pot of ink
54	A meteorite shard
55	A stolen letter
56	A handful of smooth sling stones
57	An almost perfectly-round, black stone
58	A joke written on a small piece of parchment
59	A glass vial filled with layers of different-coloured sand
60	A cracked monocle
61	A broken pair of spectacles
62	A scratched magnifying glass lens inscribed with 'Roger's'
63	An apple with a bite out of it
64	A pear
65	A handful of small, dried mushrooms
66	A pair of itchy socks
67	A pouch of itching powder
68	A handful of <i>Bognock Gooseberries</i>
69	A pair of sheep testicles
70	A vial of <i>mudcow</i> spittle
71	A clutch of short reeds
72	A dead <i>Midderlands Magpie</i>
73	A small model of <i>Triplepire Cathedral</i>
74	A clay idol of the <i>Watcher from the Shore</i>

MORE CRAP YOU FIND ON MIDFOLK

ID100	RESULT
75	A pair of severed thumbs
76	A small brass key
77	A large iron key
78	A piece of beaten copper sheet
79	A leather knee patch
80	A roll of sewing thread
81	Three small darning needles wrapped in parchment
82	A bag of glass marbles
83	Four links of iron chain
84	A whistle fashioned from bone
85	A pair of iron manacles
86	Four cloves of garlic
87	A lock of ginger hair
88	Some ginger root
89	A small and tarnished mirror
90	A piece of flint
91	Several flint arrowheads
92	A set of old lock-picks
93	A silver belt buckle
94	A small glass orb, three inches in diameter. Could be magical
95	+1 <i>penknife</i> (1d3 damage)
96	A pair of iron pliers
97	A bag of dried potato slices with salt and pepper seasoning
98	A set of false teeth
99	A map of part of the <i>Upper Middergloom</i>
100	A <i>Golden Mycena</i> mushroom (unbeknownst to its owner)

NEW MONSTERS

GIANT SHADOW RAT

HIT DICE: 3

ARMOUR CLASS: 6 [13]

ATTACKS: 2 claws (1d3) and 1 bite (1d6 plus shadowplague)

SAVING THROW: 14

SPECIAL: Weapon immunity, shadowplague

MOVE: 12

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

CHALLENGE LEVEL/XP: 5/240

DESCRIPTION: Giant Shadow Rats can be found in deep, dark places below ground. Their forms are shimmering shadows of greeny-black miasma.

Due to their shadow forms, they can only be affected by silver or magic weapons. Piercing weapons of magical or silver nature do half damage.

If the bite attack hits, the victim must make a successful Saving Throw or become infected with shadowplague. This causes the blood in the target's body to visibly turn to black shadow within 1d4 days. A *cure disease* spell will cure the effects of a shadowplague.

HAVENLAND WERE-BAT

HIT DICE: 4

ARMOUR CLASS: 7 [12] natural

ATTACKS: bite (1d6 plus blood sucking) or 2 fists (1d6 each) or weapon

SAVING THROW: 13

SPECIAL: Blood sucking

MOVE: 12/12 (flying)

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

CHALLENGE LEVEL/XP: 5/240

DESCRIPTION: These slightly smaller than man-sized anthropomorphic winged bats are not affected by lycanthropy or the result of lycanthropy, despite their name. They are a the result of cruel experiments millennia ago by vampires of Oldenwale.

The Oldenwale variants are the original breeds, but there are also Havenland and Scottish breeds.

They can wield both one and two-handed weapons, bear shields, and wear armour as long as it is modified for their wings.

If the Havenland were-bat hits with its bite attack, it can suck blood from its victim dealing an automatic 1d6 damage. If the victim is prone, it will latch on and deal this damage each round until the victim is drained (dead).

MORDEVIAN THE LESSER

VAMPIRE

HIT DICE: 6

ARMOUR CLASS: 3 [16]

ATTACKS: Bite (1d10 plus XP drain)

SAVING THROW: 10

SPECIAL: See below

MOVE: 12/18 (flying)

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

CHALLENGE LEVEL/XP: 9/1,100

DESCRIPTION: Mordeviant is a lesser vampire. He is not quite as powerful as his other long-lived ancestors.

He is considered to be undead, but turns as a spectre rather than a vampire, but cannot be turned automatically.

He can only be damaged by magic weapons or wooden stakes (see later).

Mordeviant can assume a greeny-black shadowy gaseous form at will. He can charm people as per the *charm person* spell on a failed Saving Throw roll (no modifier).

His bite requires a successful Saving Throw or drains 200 Experience Points per current hit point total of the target (after bite damage).

He can regenerate at a rate of 1 hit point per round.

If killed via normal methods, or turned, he will assume gaseous form and flee to his coffin to regenerate.

He can be killed permanently via the following methods:

- Immersing in running water,
- Exposure to sunlight,
- Wooden stake through the heart whilst in its coffin.

Mordeviant cannot enter consecrated ground unless invited in by an ordained member of a religious order.

DEATHSNAKE

HIT DICE: 10

ARMOUR CLASS: 6 [13]

ATTACKS: Bite (1d10 plus special)

SAVING THROW: 6

SPECIAL: Crush, swallow whole

MOVE: 12/12 (swim)

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

CHALLENGE LEVEL/XP: 9/1,100

DESCRIPTION: Deathsnakes are colossal black serpents reaching fifty-feet in length with heads the size of a goat. They can swallow humans whole. If the bite attack is successful, the deathsnake can choose to crush or swallow whole.

If it opts to crush or swallow whole, the target must make a successful Saving Throw. On a success, they escape its clutches. If the victim fails they suffer as follows:

- *Crush:* Take 2d10 damage each further round until they escape with a successful Saving Throw.
- *Swallow Whole:* The target is swallowed whole, and cannot take any actions, relying on others to help free them.

NEW CLASS

SERPENTIST

Serpentists have given their lives over to the worship of snakes and their deities. This devotion gives them power over snakes and their own forms.

Serpentists use the Cleric attack tables.

PRIME ATTRIBUTE:

Wisdom, 13+ (5% experience bonus)

HIT DICE: 1d6/Level (Gains 1hp/Level after 9th.)

ARMOUR/SHIELD

PERMITTED: Any at Level 1. As their Snakeskin improves, they wear less armour. At Level 2 they can wear Chain or less. At Level 5 they can wear Ring or less. At Level 8 they can wear Leather or less. At Level 11 they wear no armour. They can always use a shield.

WEAPONS PERMITTED: Any

RACE: Any

THE SERPENTIST CLASS ABILITIES

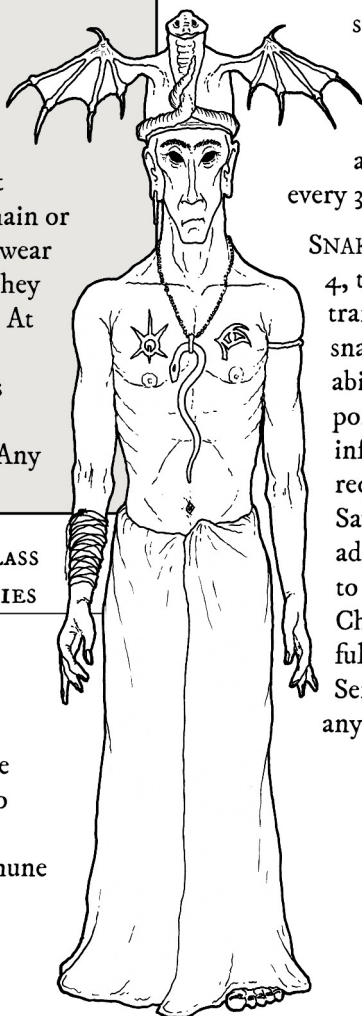
ALIGNMENT: Serpentists must be of Chaotic alignment.

POISON RESISTANCE: The Serpentist gains a bonus to Saving Throws caused by poison. They become immune to poison at Level 21.

TALK WITH SNAKES: At Level 1, a Serpentist is able to talk with snakes. They can activate this ability (1/day) which lasts for 10 minutes (1 Turn). The numbers of times they can use this ability per day increases every 4 levels. The ability becomes permanent at Level 21.

SNAKESKIN: The Serpentist gains a thickening scaled skin as they gain levels, giving them an improved natural Armour Class. It is still possible to wear armour on top. The Armour Class improvement begins at Level 2, and increases every 3 Levels.

SNAKE FEATURES: At Level 4, the Serpentist can transform their head into a snake's head at will. This ability gives them a poisonous bite which inflicts 1d3 damage and requires a successful Saving Throw or suffer additional damage equal to the Serpentist's Level. Changing features takes 1 full round in which the Serpentist cannot do anything else.



SERPENTFORM: The Serpentist can turn into a ten-foot-long python, shedding all worn and carried items.

Python: HD 6, AC 5 [14], Atk Bite (1d3), SV 11, Special Constriction, MV 10, AL As Serpentist, CL/XP 7/600

If killed whilst in Serpentform, the Serpentist returns to human form on half the hit points they had before changing, and naked. They must retrieve their worn and carried items. They can switch in and out of this form at will. Changing takes 1 full round in which the Serpentists cannot do anything else.

SERPENTIST LEVEL TABLE

LEVEL	XP REQUIRED FOR LEVEL	HIT DICE (D6)	SAVING THROW	ABILITIES
1	0	1	15	Talk With Snakes (1/day)
2	2,000	2	14	Snakeskin AC 8 [11]. Chain or less.
3	4,000	3	13	Poison Resistance +2
4	8,000	4	12	Snake Features
5	13,000	5	11	Snakeskin AC 7 [12]. Ring or less. Talk With Snakes (2/day)
6	20,000	6	10	Poison Resistance +3
7	40,000	7	9	Serpentform
8	60,000	8	8	Snakeskin AC 6 [13] Leather or less.
9	90,000	9	7	Talk With Snakes (3/day) Poison Resistance +4
10	130,000	9 +1 hp	6	<i>Sticks to Snakes</i> as spell (at will).
11	200,000	9 +2 hp	5	Snakeskin AC 5 [14] No armour.
12	400,000	9 +3 hp	4	Poison Resistance +5
13	800,000	9 +4 hp	4	Talk With Snakes (4/day)
14	950,000	9 +5 hp	4	Snakeskin AC 4 [15]
15	1,100,000	9 +6 hp	4	Poison Resistance +6
16	1,250,000	9 +7 hp	4	Talk With Snakes (permanent)
17	1,400,000	9 +8 hp	4	Snakeskin AC 3 [16]
18	1,550,000	9 +9 hp	4	Poison Resistance +7
19	1,700,000	9 +10 hp	4	<i>Snake Charm</i> as per spell (2/day). 2HD of snake/snakes for each Serpentist Level
20	1,850,000	9 +11 hp	4	Snakeskin AC 2 [17]
21+	+150,000 per Level	+1 hp/Level	4	Poison Immunity

SOME RANDOM ADVENTURE HOOKS

by Peter Day

CLOWNING AROUND

LOCATION: Any street

FIRST IMPRESSION: A terrifying vision approaches wearing bright yellow and red clothes, with purple hair and a pasty white face.

A CLOSER LOOK: With an evil cackle, it raises its weapon and whilst you are too stunned to move, it takes the opportunity to bop you on the nose with its balloon on a stick! It hands you a leaflet then walks away.

HIDDEN LORE: Every year a circus shows up at a random town. The performers are trapped by a demon and forced to perform in the circus. One member of the audience is the demon in disguise. For once, clowns are innocent! The demon feeds off the crowd's emotions.

ADVENTURE HOOK: You look down at the leaflet, it's a free pass to tonight's performance. Oh great, a circus!

A LUSTY SUMMONING

LOCATION: Any warehouse

FIRST IMPRESSION: With work opportunities being a bit slack you find yourself standing outside a warehouse on a cold night. Your last night of guard duty brings a noise from within. Damn it!

A CLOSER LOOK: It sounds like singing?

HIDDEN LORE: Bodrick and Susanna Tanner are devil-worshippers. They're trying to put a bit of spice back into their marriage. This is a bit of exciting, erotic fun. They are unaware that the stars are aligned tonight, and the passages from the scarcely-known Book of Z'na-tra'choanah are quite powerful.

ADVENTURE HOOK: A naked couple, holding hands over an open book, swaying and chanting is an unusual sight, but all those things were written in the stars. An emerald-hued portal appearing above them seems a bit unusual too. Is that a devil's talon?

GAME OF TURNIPS

LOCATION: Near to warehouses

FIRST IMPRESSION: A man runs from a large warehouse, whooping in delight.

A CLOSER LOOK: Behind him half a dozen men chase, shouting half-hearted insults, they stop almost before they start. Shaking their heads, they turn back inside.

HIDDEN LORE: Two companies, Crad's Supplies and Berries Trading have been playing a game on Shrove Turnip Day for years now. On the first weekend in March, the turnip is celebrated. On this weekend, both companies must get a golden-painted turnip to a designated location in the other companies property to score a goal! After fifteen year Crad's Supplies just tied the game at 167 turnips each. It's an affable game with some minor fracas, and there is always a party at the end.

ADVENTURE HOOK: Malcolm Berrie approaches the PCs, a smile on his face. "Excuse me, would you like a job for the

weekend? One of the rules is you have to work for Berries Trading. Officially!"

THE RUNAWAY CHILDREN

FIRST IMPRESSION: It's a wonderfully warm day warranting a cool beverage as the PCs sit outside their favourite Tavern.

A CLOSER LOOK: A two-horse drawn cart pulls up to the store opposite. A young couple riding it jump down and head inside.

HIDDEN LORE: Jooles and Brant Smithy have already sold their wares harvested from their farm just outside of town and are just grabbing supplies for their homebound journey. The last thing they said to the kids in the back of the wagon was "We'll only be a minute!"

ADVENTURE HOOK: Watching the couple enter, you think it's too warm a day for work as you take another sip. The cart unexpectedly jerks away as a young man whips the reins. The woman rushes from the store screaming, "My babies!" Two little heads appear above the back board as it pulls away down the street at speed.

HEDGE YOUR BETS

LOCATION: Anywhere

FIRST IMPRESSION: Since waking, you've been hearing a nebulous rumour about the marketplace and finally decide to go look for yourself.

A CLOSER LOOK: Upon arriving you think to yourself, 'It's not often you see a 50-foot-high hedge surrounding the

whole market!' People mill around wondering what to do.

HIDDEN LORE: Ooter the Scraggy, a local druid, has a somewhat severe disagreement with the local town council and has created a portal to 'the wild' out of spite. Even he doesn't know what's going to happen, or when! But he's really pissed, so doesn't care!

ADVENTURE HOOK: A young man, spurred on by his friends is almost atop the hedge. Upon reaching the top a ragged cheer erupts from the crowd, and a guard calls out, "What do you see?", he leans to look inwards and calls down, "It's all dark....." A piercing shriek fills the air, and he disappears.

TAKE YOUR TABLETS

LOCATION: Your room

FIRST IMPRESSION: A long stretch turns into a yawn. Welcome to another day! You stand and scratch your nether regions, and that is when you notice the small stone tablet leaning on the inside of the door.

A CLOSER LOOK: As you look at it writing appears; "Find us all and the prize is great!"

HIDDEN LORE: These have appeared all over town to a very select group of people. When all twelve are put together, it reveals the location to a small maze under a local distillery. They start to glow when another tablet is near. No-one knows who is doing this or why, and not everyone is willing to share the final reward.

ADVENTURE HOOK: The tablet starts glowing and the door is kicked inwards

with shattered wood flying everywhere. A large woman stands in the doorway, brandishing an enormous crossbow. "Hand it over!" she says, placidly.

ANGELS VERSUS DEMONS

LOCATION: Anywhere

FIRST IMPRESSION: Last night you were kept awake by all the thunder and lightning, but oddly there was no rain. Tired and cranky you decide today is going to be a duvet day.

A CLOSER LOOK: A walk through the streets was needed to wake you up, and that's when the rumble started. Enough to lose your balance, make water ripple and animals uneasy.

HIDDEN LORE: An angel and a demon battle in the heavens above. Last night's storm was just the start, the next few days is where they really get going. The ground will shake, increasing in magnitude, until culminating in a moment of earthquake proportions that will crack the streets and destroy virtually every building within three miles!

ADVENTURE HOOK: The ground shaking doesn't appear to want to stop, it's no longer just the animals that feel unease. A chimney crashes to the ground, it's defiantly getting stronger. If only there was a way to get them to fight elsewhere. Oh wait, what about the Rulebook of Planar Combat?

A WISE HEAD ON YOUNG SHOULDERS

LOCATION: Any street

FIRST IMPRESSION: A small boy is watching you intently, then disappears into the crowd.

A CLOSER LOOK: Later in the day, you're positive a couple of robed characters are also watching you keenly.

HIDDEN LORE: Lashiena is the soul of an angel, he was summoned from the heavens by a group of shadowy cultists. Intent on using the angel's power to generate greater influence for themselves, they forced the soul into Davad Shorin, an eight-year-old street orphan. They didn't know Davad was a trainee thief and Lashiena has used the lad's body and skills to escape the cult and is looking for someone to help release him from the boy's body and return home.

ADVENTURE HOOK: One of the robed figures approaches, stops before you and with an angry emphasis says, "We suggest that you hand over the boy!"

NEW ODDITIES

AMULET OF SERPENS MOR

See inner rear cover illustration

This golden disc is five inches in diameter and half an inch thick. It is set with seventeen small rubies.

Buried in the thick silt at the bottom of Holyhand Pond, it has lay there undisturbed for 1,372 years, and there it should stay.

One of three matching amulets, it is capable of summoning a Deathsnake (see page 17) when used as part of a summoning ritual. The ritual is detailed in a leatherbound tome deep in the vaults of Triplespire Cathedral in Leechfield. It talks of a more powerful ritual capable of summoning a deific being if used with its sister amulets.

The whereabouts of its sister-amulets are unknown, although some say Olivia Issington, a drunkard and ex-adventurer living in Great Lunden, might be able to shed some light on it.

VALUE: 75,000 gold quids.

GHOUL'S TONGUE

Ghoul's Tongue is a mainz gladius which glows a deathly pale-glowing green.

A most foul and evil Goman relic, Ghoul's Tongue deals 1d6 damage and requires a successful Saving Throw or become paralysed for 1d6 rounds.

VALUE: 20,000 gold quids.

STAFF OF NETHERSEAL

See inner rear cover illustration

The Staff of Netherseal belongs to William of Greyfort and is part of his strange collection of mystical items. He is unaware of its power, and hasn't done any research into the item.

The staff is capable of casting the following spell-like effects:

- *control weather* (1/month)
- *control tempeprature, 10-foot radius* (1/day)
- *commune with nature* (1/week)

The staff acts as an unbreakable +1 magical two-handed staff. It also adds +1 to Saving Throws made by the wielder when held.

On command, it can extend to 15-feet in length and be used a vaulting pole or similar.

VALUE: 90,000 gold quids.

SACK OF SHITE

This small hemp sack allows anyone placing their hand within it to withdraw a random item(s). Roll on the More Crap You Find On Midfolk table (see page 14 and 15). The inside of the sack is dark and intangible.

The rummager is allowed one withdrawal per day, and will withdraw the result (whether it's a single or multiple items). If a second attempt is made in the same day, the sack appears empty.

VALUE: 10,000 gold quids.

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Amulet of Serpens Mor



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